

AND THOUGHT THE WORLD WELL LOST

UP leaf-strewn Kay street, which leads to the Newport reading room, strode a solitary figure the other day. Hands in his pockets and coat-collar turned up, he walked along with bowed head. He was Amos Tuck French, clubman, millionaire and brother of Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt.

Not two blocks away, around the corner in Everett street, two laughing young people were posing for their pictures in a big automobile, with a dog between them, says a writer in the New York World. She was tall, well-groomed, arrayed in a fetching frock, and nestling close to the young fellow who sat at the wheel of the machine. They were Mr. and Mrs. John Edward Paul Geraghty—the young couple who eloped last August—she from Amos Tuck French's villa near the Cliffs, he from his Newport garage.

All society knows of their runaway flight in their automobile last summer, with detectives, Mr. French and Mrs. Vanderbilt on their trail in autos. And society knows of the reconciliation that never was because the pretty bride would not go home unless they accepted her chauffeur husband—"demonstrator" he likes to be called—and of their taking their little cottage home in Newport where young Mr. Geraghty, son of one of the town hucksters, has an interest in two garages now, one in Fillmore street and the other in South Baptist street. Modest but happy home.

"Come in," laughed young Mr. Geraghty, opening the door of his Everett street cottage.

It is a pretty little cottage—his

clothes than Mrs. Somebody; giving a more extensive party than some one else; having the most men trailing around after you; getting somebody else's husband away from her—these are the things Newport people care about.

But to the cozy little home of the elopers.

There is a square hall to the left as one enters and back of it is the kitchen. To the right is the modest parlor, and back of that is the dining room. It is a home that a clerk in a prosperous store might have, or a tradesman who has a nice little business in shoes or fish. But it isn't anything like Tuck's Eden, at Tuxedo, or the villa of Newport, where the Amos Tuck Frenches live.

Difference in "Home."

It isn't the kind of home that the pretty bride had up to that fateful day in August last when she made up her mind to run away with young Geraghty and upset Newport by the elopement as it has seldom been upset before.

The hall is in red, with a few conventional pictures hung about. There



Works as Other Newporters Work Who Are Neither Rich Nor Poor.

Ham and eggs this morning," laughed young Geraghty. "But she sure can make coffee."

modest home where the girl from the Cliffs has come to stay. Outside it is a dun green; inside it shines with new wall paper, new rugs, new furniture, new china. All that is old in it are the little girlish souvenirs of her former life which the eloping bride brought from her other home.

"Well," laughed the young bridegroom. "There it is—this is our new home. And don't forget, everything is bought and paid for."

The Geraghtys live as a thousand other Newporters live who are neither poor nor rich. There are 30,000 of them, but only 300 get their names in the society columns. As yet the former Miss French has not been chronicled that way. Very frankly, she is not on speaking terms with her father and mother. "We have eleven rooms," said the bridegroom, "four on this floor, four upstairs and three in the third story. Pretty nice, isn't it?"

Indeed, the young fellow might well be proud, for it wasn't so long ago that he was making \$50 a month, hardly enough to pay the rent of his present home. Mrs. Geraghty was upstairs making the beds and singing merrily.

Mrs. Geraghty Does the Honors.

But there was a household tragedy on—Josephine, the colored maid of all work, was away and there was nobody to cook but Mrs. Geraghty, who always before had a lady's maid to wait upon her personally and a butler, footmen and chauffeurs to see that everything she wanted was properly done.

On the parlor table were relics of the bygone days which Mrs. Geraghty has put behind her. As she said:

"Society women are all vapid and the men are fools. I haven't any use for the crowd. Money, an artificial social position; having better looking

There were lamb chops lying ready for the deft fingers of the bride, and a basket of potatoes. And within the nice little ice box was the cold meat and salad for the evening meal—like other Newport villagers the Geraghtys dine in the middle of the day. Out at the villa the butlers say "Dinner is served" at 8 p. m. But there is no butler for the young elopers.

"Darn my socks!" he repeated. "Sure she does. She knows how to run a house with the best of them. She does everything just right. She knows how to cook, make beds, to sew and to wash things. We're having great times together."

All village Newport knows the Geraghtys now. They are out on the streets very often and they go to every

new show in town. Moving pictures are their delight.

Young Mrs. Geraghty's chum now is her sister-in-law, little Miss Edith Geraghty, daughter of the village huckster. They walk down Thames street of an afternoon to go to market or to see the ships that lie out in the harbor.

But Bellevue avenue, the Casino and the Cliffs know her no more. She belongs now to the village, not to the villas.

But she is happy.—New York World.

The Mind of Joseph Pulitzer.

When summing up the gist of any matter declarative of his own thought in regard to it, his speech was a lesson in diction and construction. No essayist or pamphleteer or historical writer but would have profited by listening to him. Everything that he himself has written or dictated shows this clarity of expression. He would have made a great lecturer, a great pleader before the bar, had not journalism and politics in his early youth swung him away from his legal studies to the most exacting of all professions. By long practice each of his secretaries had learned to know his needs and his methods of listening. Every article read to him from the magazines, reviews and quarters had to be prepared, rehearsed, marked and deleted. Even the novels, of which he was a voracious reader, had to be thus condensed.—James Barnes, in Collier's Weekly.

Natural Result.

"What a thin voice that doctor has!" "I suppose it is the result of his constant efforts at skeletons' articulation."

Rivalries.

"Why do so many musicians speak disparagingly of instruments that play mechanically?" "I don't know," replied the gentleman with Circassian hair. "But I don't see why we should be more generous toward a mechanical instrument than we are toward each other."

is a nice, new rug, a hat rack, and the telephone stands on a little table. The parlor—it can't be called a drawing room—is modestly papered in green and the dining room back of it is in brown. There is mission furniture—brand new—and a few pictures, but the most interesting thing is the great collection of photographs in silver frames that line the center table and the mantel.

These are of society people, Mr. and Mrs. French, all the other members of the family, the Newport society girls of the bride's eighteen years, young men who frequent the Casino and the reading room, those that the former Miss Julia French knew in the days when she drove her electric runabout and was asked out to dine and dance every evening of the summer.

Most interesting perhaps is a little frame hanging on the wall near the door to the hall. In it are preserved three sprays of lily of the valley, part of a bride's bouquet. Written in a childish hand over the browned and faded leaves and flowers is this:

Pauline Le Roy French
Samuel Jones Wagstaff
May 5, 1908.

This was a wedding in the French

TEST OF HUMAN ENDURANCE

Shoshoni Indians Dance for 72 Hours at a Stretch, Without a Moment's Cessation.

The Shoshoni sun dance has been the subject of so many protests, writes T. B. Le Stur in the Red Man, "that of recent years the Indians have called it the 'sand dance' or 'half dance,' hoping to deceive its opponents. But though shorn of some objectionable features it is still inconsistent with the teachings of Christian civilization.

"It is scheduled to take place about June 22, when the sun has gained its highest northern point and is preceded by the gathering of the tribe at some selected spot. A circular space having a radius of about forty feet is cleared and in the center is placed a long, forked post.

"This post is the object of the most elaborate ceremonies, being bathed in holy water and being dedicated or consecrated to the sun. It is supposed to embody the Great Spirit and

to contain the essence of that Deity sufficiently to cure all human ills or confer any favor. Where failure occurs it is always attributed to some outside influence or interference.

"The arena encircling this sacred post is enclosed with the interwoven branches of trees, and only those participating in the dance are allowed inside. The dance begins with due ceremony. It is a wild, weird and fascinating performance; a fanatical fantasy; an orgy in which nearly naked and frenzied Indians, to the accompaniment of the doleful chant of the singers, the dull thumping of a relay of drums and the shrill whistles of the dancers, for three days and nights without cessation, without food or water, dance in mute appeal, supplication and atonement to a long, forked post.

"I recently had occasion to attend one of these so-called sand dances. One of the dancers, already in a weakened condition from a long illness, died the second day from the exposure and exertion, and he died in the firm belief that the performance in

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

STILL IN HARNESS AT 72

In 1891, twenty years ago, United States Commissioner John A. Shields of New York, then fifty-two years old, and for thirty-seven years a federal office holder, was spoken of in a newspaper article as having held office as long as any other public official. Recently Commissioner Shields celebrated his seventy-second birthday, and it found him still holding office after fifty-seven years of service.

Commissioner Shields is the patriarch of all federal officials. Mention is never made of the commissioner in print without speaking of his whiskers. They are snow white, silky, long and full, and he wears them parted in the middle, like Lord Dundreary. They bespeak venerability, but they are the only symptom of age to be found anywhere in the commissioner's personal neighborhood.

"I have served the government fifty-seven years," the commissioner said to a reporter, "and the only reason I will not live that long, if I do, however, you probably will find me still here at the end of that time."

In April, 1855, Johnny Shields, sixteen years old, entered the government's employ as a messenger boy. He put in his spare time studying law. In 1869 John A. Shields, thirty years old and a member of the bar, was appointed United States commissioner. In 1888, at the age of forty-nine, he was made clerk of the United States circuit court, which office he has held continuously ever since. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been received by him for the government in the ordinary routine of his office duties, a single day's fines once amounting to over \$100,000 in some railroad rebate cases.

BEAUTY OF TRIPOLI

Snapshot Taken of Belle in Fete Dress.

Tripoli.—In the picture is portrayed a charming native Tripolitan girl wearing a special fete dress. She is one of the dusky beauties of the country now being fought for by Italy and Turkey, and the natural pose and grace of the subject lured the snapshotter to the creation of a work of art.

In Tripoli, peopled by almost every race under the sun, the women and children are possessed of a high degree of beauty, and the place has been called a city of romance. Pirates and corsairs, doomed by gubaots and modern progress to refrain from their nefarious exploits, thronged the cafes until the recent invasion of Italian troops. In blue zouaves and loose, baggy trousers, faced with brilliant touches of gold and red embroidery, they remain at heart untamed. The streets of the city are described as a riotous fantasy of architecture, with high whitewashed buildings, quaint projections and perforated windows, whence the harem ladies, themselves unseen, viewed the passing throng. The shops and bazaars were numerous, and sometimes had overhead a latticed roof, densely overgrown with vines. In the moving mass in the streets were Jews, Armenians, Suijanese, Arabs, Turks and Bedouins. Donkeys nosed their way through the clattering crowd, and beggars in picturesque attire appealed silently for alms.

But the most remarkable scene was to be witnessed every Tuesday in what was known as the Halfa market. There caravans used to arrive from the south and east, and camels bearing various products were formed into

IN THE GARB OF AN EMPRESS

So Gowned London's Most Popular Actress Becomes the Bride of a Scotch Laird.

Lily Elsie, the most popular actress in London, has become the bride of a Scotch laird. She is shown in a magnificent wedding gown, which was copied from one worn by the famous Empress Josephine.

real name is Elsie Cotton, but when, at a very youthful age, she appeared in "the provinces" as a member of a theatrical troupe she was appropriately called "Lily" by enthusiastic admirers and so as "Lily Elsie" she has since been known. Her rise is one of the romances of the stage.

While yet in her teens she became a favorite in London and at the time of her marriage, which took place recently, was reckoned as the most beautiful and winsome actress in all the vast English metropolis. Naturally, titles and fortunes have been laid at her dainty feet, but of them all the Yorkshire Lily choose the dignified Scotchman. For her is predicted a triumphant reign as a society queen, for even the haughtiest of aristocrats are forced to own her charm.

The illustration shows Lily Elsie clad in her wedding gown which was copied from one worn by the famous Empress Josephine.

JUDGE WALTER BORDWELL

Judge Walter Bordwell was the presiding judge in the McNamara trial at Los Angeles, which abruptly ended by the confession of guilt of the accused, and it was he who pronounced the prison sentences upon the brothers. The judge issued a formal statement giving his views as to the trial and especially what brought about its termination. This, he said, was done with the hope of correcting if possible some misconceptions due to erroneous publications.

In the first place, the judge declared, the claim or suggestion that the termination of the cases was due to the efforts of outsiders who undertook to influence the officers of the court—other than the judge—was without justification in fact. He also denounced the claims of a certain writer and of other persons for him that the change of pleas from "not guilty" to "guilty" was due to his efforts as groundsless.

The district attorney, the judge said, acted entirely without regard to the outsiders and on lines decided upon before the latter appeared on the scene. The district attorney, according to Judge Bordwell, could have had James B. McNamara's plea of guilty long before if he had been willing to dismiss the cases against his brother, but he refused.

"The lesson taught by the cases," Judge Bordwell concluded, "is that the law must be rigorously enforced against all offenders—whether they be rich or poor, high or low, capitalists or laborers—and that only by obedience to the law can society be maintained or its blessings enjoyed."

BRITAIN'S UNIONIST LEADER

The new leader of the Unionist party in Great Britain, Arthur Bonar Law, is first of all a business man and has little of the politician in his make-up. While he has been in parliament since 1900, representing a Lancashire district, he has not taken any very notable part in political management and is regarded as much inferior to Lord Balfour, whom he replaces, in statesmanlike grasp of public affairs and political sagacity. Although the ostensible reason for Balfour's resignation is given as poor health, it is well known that he was almost forced out of the leadership by the standpat element, or the "last ditchers," as they are called, which was dissatisfied with the conduct of the fight waged in connection with the reform of the house of lords.

Mr. Law is a native of New Brunswick and received his earlier education at Hamilton, Ont. He is now a wealthy iron merchant of Glasgow. If he succeeds in rehabilitating the Unionist party, succeeding where Balfour failed, he will achieve a notable triumph. The party is badly rent and perhaps there is no question upon which the various elements can agree except opposition to Irish home rule.

His father was a clergyman. He was educated in Scotland and engaged in the iron business in Glasgow until he entered politics in 1900. From 1902 to 1906 he was parliamentary secretary of the board of trade. He is a strong protectionist.

CANDLESTICKS USED IN 1829

Indianapolis Woman Possesses Heirloom Pair That Make the Antique Searchers Envious.

Indianapolis.—Mrs. George Bolin, 639 South Delaware street, is the possessor of a pair of parlor candlesticks that would make the eyes of the searcher for the antique glow with covetousness. They are of solid glass, as clear as crystal and of perfect smoothness, and weigh within a fraction of three pounds. They are twelve inches high and are cupped to hold a receptacle for candles.

Mrs. Bolin has the candlesticks as an heirloom. They were handed down

CAPTURED SHIP CONTRACTS

Rear Admiral Francis Tiffany Bowles proved his great enterprise when he bid against the world for the contract to build two mammoth battleships for the Argentine Republic and walked off with the prize. The price is not given, but it must be a large sum, judging by the figures that show size and armament. The two vessels are the Rivadavia and the Moreno, the former of which is now being built at the Bowles shipyards in Quincy, Mass. Each boat is of that huge type which will dwarf the battleships of the earlier "Dreadnought" class having a displacement of 38,000 tons, an indicated horsepower of 39,000, and carrying 12 of the 12-inch, 12 of the 6-inch and 16 of the 4-inch guns.

Rear Admiral Bowles was for several years chief constructor of the United States navy, until 1903, having previously graduated from the naval academy. He was the builder of the original battleship Texas and the protected cruiser Raleigh. He belongs to the younger generation of great ship designers, having only recently passed his fiftieth year. At his Quincy yards he is engaged in ship building on a large scale, being considered one of the most eminent naval architects of the times.

Clothes Her Hens.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Mrs. E. Stocker of Colorado City, rather than see her chickens, which had moulted late in the season, suffer from the cold, has made neatly fitting coats which button under the wings and has provided the chickens with soft flannel caps, fastened with dainty colored ribbons that tie under the beaks of the fowls. The chickens strut about apparently comfortable, and from all indications are proud of their clothes. Mrs. Stocker said that the hens, just to show their gratitude, are laying eggs to their full capacity every day.

This Fellow Some Eater.

Lakeview, Ore.—Friends of Charles Winkelman are anxious to back him against any man in the United States in a heavyweight eating contest, following Winkelman's performance when he consumed nine pounds of solid food, one glass of beer and three of water in 55 minutes. The meal consisted of 32 large beef and ham sandwiches, 16 large pickles and 16 huge pieces of fruit cake. Winkelman is sixty years old. He says he has eaten 16 pounds of food at one sitting.

Bites Wife's Leg; Fined \$100.

Chicago.—A fine of \$100 and costs was imposed by Municipal Judge Cawley upon Antonio Narski, who was accused of having bitten his wife, Mary, on the left leg during a quarrel in their home. "He attacked me and while we were struggling he stooped down and bit me in the leg," Mrs. Narski told the court.

Stars That Give Little Light.

Scattered through space are innumerable stars that give forth very little light or heat. Either they were never, at any period of their history, bright and glowing like the myriad stars that make the midnight sky so beautiful, or in the course of countless ages the heat they once possessed has radiated away from them into the depth of space, and now they are, as their name describes them, "dark stars."

No Good.

"I don't believe in forcing schools for children," said Woodrow Wilson at a dinner in Trenton. "A child that knows at four as much as ordinarily it would know at eight is, to my mind, about as useful an object as Calhoun Clay's watch. That's a fine watch you've got there, Calhoun," said a friend. "Is it a good one?" "A good one," said Calhoun Clay. "Well, you got your life it's a good one. Why, it can do an hour in half the time!"

TEST OF HUMAN ENDURANCE

Shoshoni Indians Dance for 72 Hours at a Stretch, Without a Moment's Cessation.

The Shoshoni sun dance has been the subject of so many protests, writes T. B. Le Stur in the Red Man, "that of recent years the Indians have called it the 'sand dance' or 'half dance,' hoping to deceive its opponents. But though shorn of some objectionable features it is still inconsistent with the teachings of Christian civilization.

"It is scheduled to take place about June 22, when the sun has gained its highest northern point and is preceded by the gathering of the tribe at some selected spot. A circular space having a radius of about forty feet is cleared and in the center is placed a long, forked post.

"This post is the object of the most elaborate ceremonies, being bathed in holy water and being dedicated or consecrated to the sun. It is supposed to embody the Great Spirit and

ANCIENT CANDLESTICKS.

from her grandmother, Mrs. John B. Crawford, Sr., late of New Albany. Mrs. Crawford, with her husband, settled in New Albany in 1829 and the candlesticks were part of their household equipment. The candlesticks were highly prized in those days and were admired by all visitors to the Crawford home.

Carried Needle 23 Years.

Atlantic City, N. J.—A pair of tweezers were used by Edmund C. Gaskill, one of the best known lawyers of the state, to remove a needle, which for 23 years has been in his body. During that time the piece of steel worked its way from a knee to a shoulder, where he discovered it while bathing the shoulder, believing he was suffering from rheumatism.

When a boy of eight years Gaskill fell upon his mother's sewing machine and the needle was jabbed deep in his knee. Doctors were unable to locate it and he forgot all about it in a few days. He suffered from severe pains in his right shoulder and the other day discovered the cause. Gaskill's height of six feet eight inches probably is responsible for the long time the needle remained in his body.

Hog in Well Lives 52 Days.

Henryetta, Okla.—A hog that had been at the bottom of a dry well for 52 days was found alive by John H. Jordan, farmer. When the animal was pulled out by Jordan and four neighbors it was only a skeleton. It walked a quarter of a mile to the barn.

TEST OF HUMAN ENDURANCE

Shoshoni Indians Dance for 72 Hours at a Stretch, Without a Moment's Cessation.

The Shoshoni sun dance has been the subject of so many protests, writes T. B. Le Stur in the Red Man, "that of recent years the Indians have called it the 'sand dance' or 'half dance,' hoping to deceive its opponents. But though shorn of some objectionable features it is still inconsistent with the teachings of Christian civilization.

"It is scheduled to take place about June 22, when the sun has gained its highest northern point and is preceded by the gathering of the tribe at some selected spot. A circular space having a radius of about forty feet is cleared and in the center is placed a long, forked post.

"This post is the object of the most elaborate ceremonies, being bathed in holy water and being dedicated or consecrated to the sun. It is supposed to embody the Great Spirit and