

McBride is Enjoined.

Neligh, Neb., Oct. 10.—Special to The News: The American Express company has secured from Judge Welch a temporary injunction restraining Willis McBride, president of the Elgin National bank at Elgin, Neb., from issuing any more of the eighty-five express money orders for \$20 each, with which he has been making things hot for the express company.

A NEAR-FIRE AT LINDSAY.

3-Year-Old Boy Starts Blaze in Closet Upstairs at Home. Lindsay, Neb., Oct. 10.—Special to The News: Ed. J. Weddner's residence had a narrow escape from being burned early yesterday morning when a 3-year-old boy started a fire in a closet upstairs. Mrs. Weddner had an errand upstairs soon after and discovered the blaze. The fire alarm was given and the fire was extinguished with little damage to the building, but all the clothing in the closet was destroyed.

They Shot Some Ducks.

Lindsay, Neb., Oct. 10.—Special to The News: A party of three, George Hesselman, Ralph Johnson and John Sweeney had just returned after a week's duck shooting from Goose Lake, about sixty miles northwest of here. They killed enough to eat while there, but did not bring any game home, the weather being too warm and the sky too clear.

Monocle is Coming.

New York, Oct. 10.—The woman with the monocle is coming. She has bobbed up in Paris, but as yet has not had courage enough to visit London. However, it may be expected that before many months she will be seen in New York, in the Metropolitan opera house, the theaters or along Fifth avenue. The lorgnette has been put aside to a great extent in Paris. Women have acquired the habit of using only one glass, which they hold before the eye by the muscles of the cheek. Some carry the glass on a long handle. The monocle is reported to have many advantages over the lorgnette, and Paris women have taken to it with much eagerness. The monocle may be seen in the theaters and opera houses in that city, and even Berlin has taken it up.

News want ads for results.

PLAY SHOWS THE SKELETON.

The Novel Hides It, That's the Difference, W. J. Locke Says.

New York, Oct. 10.—W. J. Locke, the English novelist and playwright, is making a second visit to New York. Some of the plays made out of Mr. Locke's novels have been big successes as such. Others have not been so fortunate, in spite of the great popularity of the books from which they were drawn. As delicately as possible the impertinent question was put to him, "Why?"

The author tied his legs into something resembling a bowknot, but otherwise took the question unperturbed. "If you've not a good dramatic story in a novel, there is no reason why the latter shouldn't be successful as a play," he returned. "If you haven't, then you don't get a good play."

"What I feel about making a drama into a novel is this: In a novel one has a certain skeleton which one hides from the public view, not the skeleton of the closet, exactly, but a skeleton which he covers over with flesh and all the graces and charm that he can. Very often the mere articulation of the skeleton in the novel is not the element with which the writer wants to make his appeal. Now, in converting a novel into a play one has simply got to make the skeleton prominent and as there are only two or three hours in which to do the whole story one has got to sacrifice a host of things for which he really wrote in dramatizing a novel. The 'Morals of Marcus' was successful as a play, for the simple reason that the story, 'The Morals of Marcus Ordene,' lent itself to dramatic use.

"Do I think the public taste in fiction is changing? Not at all. It is the same as ever. But there are many publics. After all, there is only one story in the world—a man, a woman, and a possible baby. It is the human story that alone is interesting."

"Is it not a fact that you now have a wider public in the United States than in England?"

"Well, of course, America is a much larger country, and there may be something in the fact that the Americans are a nation of book buyers and not a nation of book borrowers, as we are in England. Here if anybody wants to read a book, he goes and buys it, while in England he waits his time until half a dozen other persons have finished reading the copy belonging to the circulating library."

BOY OF 62 SENT TO JAIL.

Parent Says Decrepit 'Lad' is Incorrigible and Court Sentences.

New York, Oct. 10.—That decrepit bad boy, Frank T. Wilnot of Williamsburg, was sent to the workhouse for six months by Magistrate O'Reilly today. The lad went pitifully as he was sentenced, declaring that in his sixty-two years of life such a disgrace never had been visited on him before. Young Wilnot, his whiskers carefully combed, appeared in court on an adjourned hearing of his father's charge that he is incorrigible. The

distressed parent, George Washington Wilnot, who is 84, said it was a bit too much at his time of life to look after a boy who drank the way young Frank T. did.

"He's a good boy for all but that," quavered old Wilnot, "but I can't control him, and I wish the law would take a try at it."

"Well, I think you are an incorrigible young scamp," said Magistrate O'Reilly, and then sentenced him.

Commissioners Proceedings.

Madison, Neb., Oct. 4, 1910, 1 p. m. Board of county commissioners met in regular session according to law. Present, Commissioners Henry Sunderman, John Malone and Burr Taft. The minutes of the meeting of September 29, 1910, were read and approved as read.

On motion the following bills were allowed and warrants ordered drawn for the same:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Julius Zachert, Fred Preusker, E. J. Baumann, Fred Byerly, J. T. Moore, J. H. Massman, B. B. McGinnis, William Blauer, Fred Heath, August Braasch, B. B. McGinnis, John Brosh, James Hughes, James Hughes, Fred Byerly, J. T. Moore, E. J. Baumann, Omaha Brick & Tiling Co., Hamm & Roessler Eng. Co., Battle Creek Valley bank, B. B. McGinnis, Gus Kaul, I. M. Macy, Dr. A. E. Gadbois, S. M. Dowling, W. P. Dixon, R. W. Linn, B. B. Hetrick, Hume-Robertson-Wycoff Co., G. C. Hunter, S. M. Dowling, B. B. Hetrick, Loonan Lumber Co., L. M. Johnson, Gabrielson & Co., R. D. No. 13, Madison Telephone Co., Hume-Robertson-Wycoff Co., N. A. Housel, S. R. McFarland, S. R. McFarland, John Malone, Joe Malone, Hume-Robertson-Wycoff Co., W. H. Field, John Malone, Joe Malone, Hume-Robertson-Wycoff Co., Burr Taft.

On motion the board instructed the county clerk to advertise for bids for the erection of an addition to the county jail. Such addition to be built according to plans and specifications on file in the county clerk's office. Each bid to be accompanied with a certified check for \$250 as a guarantee that the bidder will enter into a contract and furnish bond for the fulfillment of same in case his bid is accepted.

On motion the board adjourned to meet October 25, 1910, at 1 p. m.

DIETZ A CAPTIVE.

Defender of Cameron Dam Surrenders to Sheriff.

Winter, Wis., Oct. 10.—"If papa comes out will you promise not to shoot him? He is shot through the hand and wants to surrender."

These words, spoken to Sheriff Mike Madden at the edge of the clearing surrounding the besieged home by little Helen, youngest daughter of John F. Dietz, brought to an end the stubborn resistance of the man whose stand for the last six years against what he considered injustice has attracted widespread interest.

The surrender did not come, however, without death and bloodshed. One man is dead, three men and a woman are wounded and much property has been destroyed.

Oscar Harp, 25 years old, deputy sheriff, killed Saturday.

The injured: John F. Dietz, 49 years of age, defender of Cameron dam, shot through the hand.

Chet Colepuch, 35, deputy, right ear shot off.

Clarence Dietz, shot through arm.

Myra Dietz, shot through body, will recover.

The last two named, children of John Dietz, were shot a week ago by deputies.

Harp was found on a hill beyond the Dietz cabin with a bullet hole in his head. He, with Mont Wiley, Thomas Pomeroy and William Rankin, all deputies, had tried to crawl to a place of vantage in the lumber piles near the Dietz barn when a well directed bullet caught him. According to Wiley three bullets whistled through the air at about the same time, and one of them struck Harp. The other deputies retreated without trying to rescue their comrade. He was found at 3:30 o'clock and had been dead about three hours.

Dietz was not wounded during the morning fusillade as had been supposed. His drop to the ground was merely a ruse to fool the deputies. He was injured, however, while firing from the barn during the afternoon, when a bullet went through a crack and passed through his left hand. Dietz denied that the wound caused him to surrender.

To Father Joseph Pilon, the priest who was largely instrumental in bringing the long drawn-out contest to a close, it was whispered that a baby was about to be born to his wife, and he feared that both she and the infant might die.

The surrender of Dietz was very dramatic. The alert lumbermen, leaning on their rifles at the edge of the clearing and gazing intently at the windows of the log cabin, suddenly saw the flutter of a white handkerchief at the door. Then little Helen appeared and, advancing with cloth over her head, walked to the edge of the clearing, where she announced that her father was willing to surrender.

A short consultation followed between the sheriff and his deputies, and Deputy Heffelfinger volunteered to go back with the girl. In the meantime, Father Pilon, a priest, in his eagerness to bring the combat to an end, had started running toward the cabin. He waved a handkerchief as he ran and unhesitatingly entered the door. When Heffelfinger got half way the priest was returning. He did not stop, but hurried on to meet the sheriff.

"Dietz will surrender," said the priest, "but he wants a doctor to dress his wounds and he desires to talk with the newspaper men."

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

D. L. Crellin of Plainview Tells of His Trip—Rain Scarce.

Portland, Ore., Sept. 20.—I left Centralia in the tender care of Buffalo William and his Wild West show. Passing through Chehalis, you are pointed out the place where Tracy, the bandit was killed some years ago. I stopped off at Winlock and an old time friend, Frank Baxter, met me at the train and drove me to his ranch a mile east of Toledo. This is an inland town seven miles from the railroad, at the very edge of the settlement on Cowlitz river. It is the head of navigation on that noble stream. Some of the "prairies" near there were settled at the time the Hudson Bay company had trading posts in the vicinity. This company had a bigger trust on the fur business than the Standard has on oil. Great crops are raised on these level plateaus and land is valuable. Lumbering is one of the principal industries, but fruit raising and dairying are growing more prominent. Here the Jersey cow has a climate similar to her native land, and she is at her best in the woods and pastures of the Cowlitz.

In this part of Washington a great deal depends on the roads. From Winlock to Toledo the roads are surfaced with crushed rock and are as good in wet weather as in the dry season. A few miles beyond Toledo the road ends and there is only a blazed trail through the dense forests. Here are deer, bear and congers galore. The streams are full of trout and salmon, and you can get as close to Nature as you desire. In the deep recesses of these vast forests are said to be private stills and the rendezvous of bandits and outlaws. The people of Toledo are good, loyal and hospitable citizens, who strictly enforce the laws of their state. In fact, this little burg of 600 souls could be profitably taken as an example by much larger places. Portland is seventy miles down the Cowlitz river from Toledo. It is the largest city north of San Francisco, and as truly American as any of the cities of the east. With a population of 250,000 and growing fast, it is a rival of Seattle.

The Columbia river rolls majestically by to the sea, bearing on its broad bosom the commerce of this city with other ports, all over the world. The business houses have the finest displays in their windows of any city in the union. It is the most orderly big city we have ever seen. The architecture is modern and her sky scrapers rival those of any city of her size. Viewed from an elevation by night the electric lights are too beautiful to describe. Although people sleep there is no night in Portland, so far as commerce is concerned. It is a very pleasant place to live in and the scenery is grand. Mountain peaks, with a mantle of snow, loom up in the distance. The smoke of the city seems to rise and disappear and does not hang like a pall over the city, as in some places. The public buildings of Portland are second to none. Education, culture and art are found here and the inhabitants are always planning for a great and glorious future. All Americans are, and ought to be, proud of Portland.

Yreka, Calif., Sept. 25.—Special to The News: The ride over the Southern Pacific railroad, through the glens, gorges, canyons and passes of the mountains, over the lofty Siskiyou range is delightful to the mortal who has soul enough to appreciate sublime and wonderful scenery. As you near the summit the train climbs the mountains in spirals, loops and graceful curves, and crawls through a tunnel on the summit said to be a mile in length. When you emerge you behold the sun shining on the snowy slopes of Mount Shasta. I stopped at Montague and boarded the motor car that runs up the stub line to Yreka. When you alight in this city you pass from the new to the old, back to the middle of the last century. Yreka has a population of 2,000. This queer and quaint old town owes its existence to the gold excitement of 1849. There are many interesting and weird stories told of the accidental discovery of big mines and it is a fact, that like other great discoveries in art, science and invention, most of them are found when least expected. Gold was found by an ordinary chap named J. J. Poole in 1849. He got a panful of dirt on Yreka flats which looked good to him. He pulled up some grass by the roots and found some nuggets about the size of buckshot. The glad tidings spread on the wings of the wind and miners by the thousands proceeded to tear up the ground about Yreka.

Yreka has two weekly newspapers. We made a fraternal call on each and got the glad hand from the "boys" in both offices. This city is the county seat of Siskiyou, a county about the size of the state of Massachusetts. The first newspaper established here was the Mountain Herald in 1851. We were shown the files of the paper back to that date. Although yellow with age it was wonderfully well printed and there were no typographical errors. The files are bound in book form which represent a history of the town, county and state extending over a period of nearly sixty years. The Herald was changed to the Yreka Journal in 1860, and from 1854 remained under the management of Robert Nixon for nearly fifty-three years. Mr. Nixon's record can hardly be paralleled in the history of journalism. The subscription price of the Mountain Herald was \$10 a year, the price for advertising being correspondingly high. The subscription has been gradually reduced to the customary rates.

While gold by the million was being produced in this part of California, the Journal was a big, seven column semi-weekly. Since the gold fields have been well worked out, it became again a weekly. The first type and press were brought over the mountains on the backs of pack mules. The freight being fifty cents per pound. Some of the largest poster type that had been in the office since 1851 was used last week in the job department in printing a placard for one of the candidates for a state office and it is fairly well preserved. The present editor of the Journal is ill with consumption and was absent. His brother is in charge during his absence.

The file of this paper is replete with accounts of the stirring events of the pioneer days, of Indian uprisings and massacres, crimes, mobs and doings of Judge Lynch; finds and failures and periods of starvation when the hungry gold seekers seized and ate provisions. This county being mountainous it was an ideal place for Indians to hide in and the redmen were hard to catch. For more than twenty years one Indian war followed another.

In the year 1873, Captain Jack, chief of the Modoc Indians, refused to stay on his reservation. He liked to the east part of the county among the lava beds, a region of volcanic formation, and defied the soldiers to capture him. By this time the Indians had armed themselves with rifles and were expert marksmen. General Canby and a Methodist minister from Yreka with an interpreter met the Modocs under a flag of truce, in a cave within Captain Jack's stronghold, for the purpose of negotiating terms of surrender. At a signal from Captain Jack the party of white men were cruelly murdered. General Canby being killed by Jack's own hand in the most treacherous manner. The remains of the murdered white men were brought to Yreka and laid in the Masonic hall, where they were embalmed and shipped east by stage lines. The old building where the bodies laid in state, is now used for a cafe. Fifty of the dirty Modocs defied a regiment of troops for several months. Jefferson C. Davis, a brave and able officer, took command after General Canby's death, April 11, 1873. One thousand dollars reward was offered for Captain Jack. Davis hunted him persistently from one hiding place to another, and the bad Indian and some of his followers surrendered. They were tried by court martial. Captain Jack and five of his warriors were hung at Fort Klamath, October 3, 1873, in the presence of a great crowd of soldiers, miners and Indians.

General Davis thoroughly subdued the Indians after that. He afterward became president of the confederacy and narrowly escaped being hung himself—on a sour apple tree.

Most of the business men of Yreka are descendants of English, Welsh and Scotch miners, and people live in the staid old English style. We saw two houses built in 1853. They are in fairly good condition both occupied

oaken bucket. This is a product of the rainy season and strange to say in the wet part of the year is said to be the most healthy. For six months there is no dust and no sun bonnets needed. The children of Roseburg have roses in their cheeks and they are a healthy, happy lot. One is especially impressed with the city and almost forgets the drawbacks as they linger and are loath to leave.

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Most of the business men of Yreka are descendants of English, Welsh and Scotch miners, and people live in the staid old English style. We saw two houses built in 1853. They are in fairly good condition both occupied

by respectable families. There are a few Indians. Most of them are Modocs who have returned from their new reservation in Indian Territory, a later and better and wiser generation. While the gambling for gold was on, a man named Churchill got hold of the water rights at Klamath Falls, harnessed them and now sends an electric current that supplies light and power to every town and hamlet in the county.

Some of the signs of the business houses are so old that they have become curiosities. The Yreka Bakery could be spelled forward or backward. There has been no rain here since last March, yet the real estate men of the city, I am told, wonder why the land craze of the middle west has not reached them. There is little irrigation in this rough country, but little fruit raised, mostly grapes. Tomorrow I will take the stage for a sixty mile ride into the mining districts.

D. L. Crellin.

HOG CHOLERA SERUM A SUCCESS. Experience at Omaha Leaves no Doubt of its Efficacy as a Preventive.

Washington, Oct. 10.—Cholera, the great scourge that has so long served to render the raising of hogs a hazardous undertaking, has, in the opinion of experts of the agricultural department, been conquered. The bureau of animal industry of that department has been getting cumulative evidence for some time to show how efficacious as a preventive of the disease is the serum, which the bureau has been testing for several years.

The bureau describes an experiment at the union stock yards at South Omaha, in co-operation with the union stock yards company of Omaha. A similar experiment was conducted at the Kansas City stock yards in the summer of 1909. The report on the Omaha experiment says:

"The stock yards company purchased, thirty pigs, weighing from forty to sixty pounds each, from a farm which had been free from hog cholera for several years. These pigs were brought to the stock yards, July 23, 1910, and four of them were injected with blood from hogs sick from hog cholera. These inoculated pigs were placed in a pen by themselves, and within five days they had become sick, at which time eighteen of the remaining pigs were each given one dose of the serum, while the other eight pigs were not treated in any way. The eighteen serum treated pigs and the eight untreated pigs were then placed in the same pen with the four pigs which had been made sick by inoculation.

"The four pigs which were first given hog cholera all died and the eight untreated pigs all contracted the disease from them. The eighteen pigs which were given serum and which were confined in the same pen with the four original sick pigs and with the sick untreated pigs remained perfectly well and were finally turned over to the officials of the stock yards company upon the completion of the experiment September 17, 1910."

The experiment at Kansas City was equally successful.

The department of agriculture does not distribute this serum to farmers, but is endeavoring to bring the value of this method to the attention of the stock raising interests in order that they may arrange to secure state funds for the manufacture and distribution of the serum.

AMERICANS MOST TACTFUL.

Baron Mitsui Says They Are World's Best Business Men.

New York, Oct. 10.—Baron Mitsui one of Japan's big commercial men—banker, broker, miner, exporter and importer—is staying at the Plaza with his wife. The baron, after introducing his wife, astonished his interviewer by announcing that he had been here on business once before, thirty-seven years ago. If ever there was a young looking man it is the baron, from his quick, light step to his sparkling eyes and dark, grayless hair.

"Americans," he said, "are the most tactful, accurate and reliable business men in the world. I prefer them to deal with above all others. Thirty-seven years ago, I was amazed at the gigantic scale on which business was carried. But I assure you it was nothing compared to what it is now."

"You are keeping pace with the times, constantly readjusting things, improving, growing, perpetually moving along the road of progress."

HOBBLES FOR THE HAIR, TOO.

Otherwise a Hobbie Skirt Makes a Woman Appear Top Heavy.

New York, Oct. 10.—The woman who wears a "hobbie" skirt now must put "hobbles" on her hair to be up-to-date. Instead of the "hobbie" skirt dying out, it is receiving an impetus from similar fashions that are being introduced. With the "hobbie" skirt the old style of hair appears funny. It gives the woman a top heavy appearance to have her hair dressed high with puffs and things, while her skirt is drawn around her feet.

"To dress your hair in hobbie fashion," said a hair dresser recently, "you take it and part it in the middle. Then you drape it back from the face in some soft way, and finally you bunch it at the back in a big mass, around which you twist a coil of hair or a band of ribbon or anything else that may strike your fancy. This makes hobbie. While a hobbie may sound awkward for the head, it is really the most becoming arrangement we have had in years, for it does away with the top heavy chorus girl pompadour and makes a woman's head look more nearly ideal. Her head keeps its shape and the knot at the back suggests to the uninitiated that it is merely a method of twisting up her own hair."

Advertisement for TONE BROS SPICES. About Pepper. HEAT develops the exquisite flavor of pepper. Always season food with Tone Bros' Pepper while cooking; the aroma and flavor of the dish are much improved. Tone's pepper and all TONE BROS SPICES are three times the strength of common spices. At Your Grocer's—10c. or send us a dime for retail package and "Tone's Spicy Talks."

Roosevelt Disowns Tariff Plank. New York, Oct. 10.—Colonel Roosevelt disowned the tariff approval plank in the New York state republican platform, saying he preferred to be judged on his speech as temporary chairman.

American League Season Ends. Chicago, Oct. 10.—After a season in which the Detroit, three times winners of the American League championship, were ousted from first place, the American League season came to its end with Philadelphia in first place.

Two Suspects at Oakdale. Oakdale, Neb., Oct. 10.—Special to The News: Two suspicious characters were arrested here yesterday, but when searched they had nothing on them to indicate they were bank robbers. MRS. ASTOR MET THE KING.

In Scotland the Divorcee Was Presented to British Royalty. London, Oct. 10.—Mrs. Waldorf Astor has met the king and queen in Scotland. Her majesty has taken a great fancy to the millionaire's wife. There is a strict law that no woman who has been divorced by her husband or has divorced him shall be admitted to make her bow at the British court.

There was an idea that this statute of court etiquette would be withdrawn by King Edward in favor of those of his subjects who were themselves blameless. There were a few, like Mrs. Astor, whom he would have been glad to welcome. He was advised, however, that things better had be left as they were. The action of King George and Queen Mary has caused a great flutter in society.

Mrs. Waldorf Astor was the famous beauty, Nanette Wheeler, Langhorne, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Chiswell L. Langhorne of Virginia. She is the third of five Langhorne sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, the original "Gibson girl."

At "Mirador" the Langhorne home, noted throughout Virginia for the royal hospitality extended to all its guests, Robert Good Shaw of Boston married Miss Nanette, October 27, 1897. It was a great society event. In 1902 Mrs. Shaw separated from her husband and the following year a decree of absolute divorce was granted her.

Advertisement for The ONE Cleanser For The Farm. The ONE Cleanser For The Farm. Cleans, Scrubs, Scours, Polishes. Old Dutch Cleanser. It is the only thing you need to do all your cleaning—in the kitchen, dairy, bath-room, parlor, pantry and throughout the house and in the barn.

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