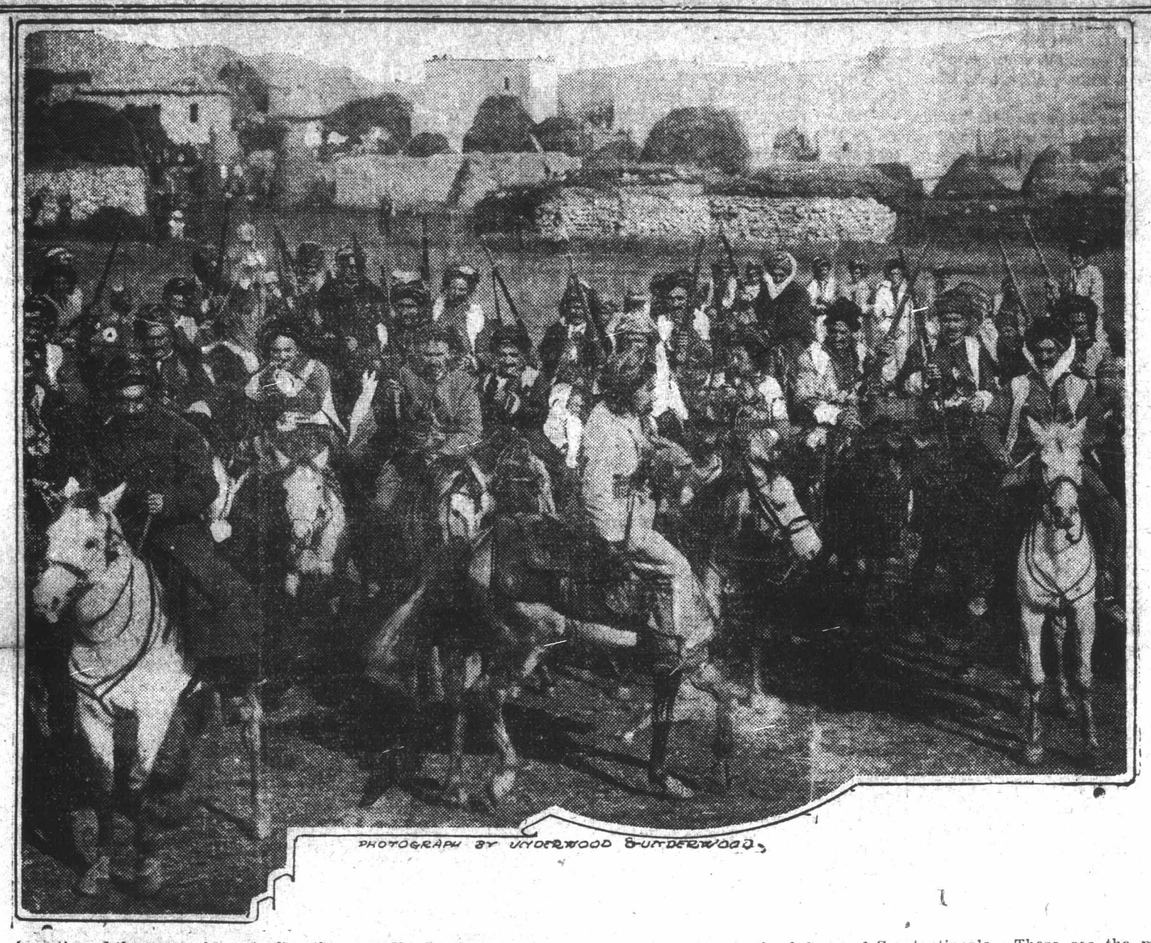


PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A portion of the army of twenty-five thousand Kurds who were being brought from Asia to the defence of Constantinople. These are the most barbarous as well as the most fanatical of the Sultan's soldiers. Their chief sport for centuries has been the massacre of Christians and raids for the purpose of capturing women.

ALICE THAW, ONCE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH, TO WED AGAIN

Pittsburgh, Dec. 26.—Cards were is sued today by Mrs. Charles Whitney of Boston announcing the engagement of her son, Geoffrey W. Whitney of Boston, to Alice Cornelia Thaw, formerly the Countess of Yarmouth. The date for the wedding has not been set, but it probably will take place in the spring.

The fiancee of Whitney is the daughter of Mrs. William Thaw and a sister of Harry Kendall Thaw.

Mrs. Thaw at her home last night confirmed the announcement of her daughter's engagement. Mr. Whitney is the son of the late Charles Whitney of New York.

The wedding of Alice Thaw to the Earl of Yarmouth in 1903 was a notable social event, marked by some stirring incidents. Among these was the fact that after the bridal party had gathered in the church and the officiating rector was ready to perform the ceremony there was a long delay caused by the ultimatum of the earl that before he would allow the ceremony to begin he must receive $1,000,000 of the Thaw fortune.

Finally the attorneys were called in and made an arrangement satisfactory to the principais.

The couple went to live in Hertford Mansion, England, but soon rumors of trouble between the two, especially over money matters, reached this country. When Harry Thaw shot and killed Stanford White in New York the countess came to this country for the trial and sat with her brother during that famous event. She went back to Egnland and in 1908 secured an annulment of her marriage to the earl.

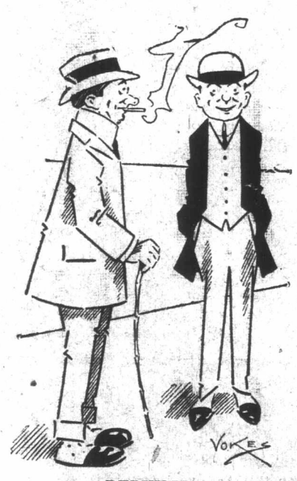
WILLING TO ENCOURAGE HER

I wish I were a heroine, Fred.

Why, it is easy for you to become a heroine, dear.

I'd like to know how?

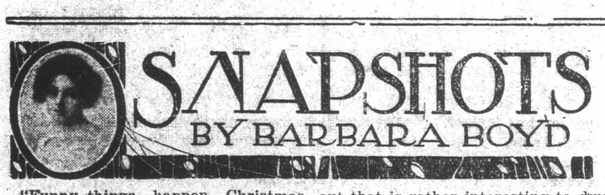
The woman who is not afraid to remain alone while her husband goes to a poker party is a heroine.



REBUKED

"I called at your office yesterday and found it locked. I suppose you were wasting your time at the football game."

"No. It was a great game. You were wasting time at my office."



SNAPSHOTS BY BARBARA BOYD

"Funny things happen Christmas, don't they?" said one of the group of women talking over the events of Christmas Day.

"Things you'd never dream of," acquiesced one.

"What happened to you?" inquired another.

"You know I live in a boarding house," went on the first speaker.

"Yes, you poor soul," symphathized one.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," responded the woman. "I don't have to worry if the cook leaves, or the roast burns, or the groceryman doesn't send the things. But that wasn't what I started to tell. One of our boarders is a dear old man. We all are awfully fond of him, he's so chirpy. He plays cards and seems to enjoy life thoroughly. But he's wonderfully kind and thoughtful, too, and is always doing something for some of us. So we all got together and decided we'd give him a royal good Christmas. One of the crowd suggested that we get a big stocking and put the things in it, and pin his name on it and say, 'Left by Santa Claus because he was such a good boy' and so forth. We thought it was quite a good idea, because it would make quite a lot of fun at breakfast."

"It must have been awfully jolly" said the women.

"We thought it would be. And We had all kinds of nice gifts and funny gifts, and the stocking just bulged. And what do you think?"

"What?"

"He was quite peeved."

"He was!"

"Yes. He tried to be nice about it and all that. But he told some of us privately that we must think him in his second childhood. And do you know, he was really quite depressed.

"The idea!"

"Yes. Would you believe it? You never can tell, can you, just how people will take things."

"There are only two times when people like any reference to their age," said one of the women sagely. "One is when they are quite young and they like to tell how young they are; and the other is when they are quite old and they are proud of telling how old they are, and hearing people say, 'Why, I would never take you to be that old.' The stretch in between is all dangerous ground."

"I guess you are right," said the woman. "At any rate, if you know any semiold people, go slow about putting their Christmas gifts into a stocking. send them in a toy aeroplane or auto. Old people nowadays are quite skittish."—Barbara Boyd.

OVERTAKING THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED ON.

It is rather interesting to speculate now and then upon the other side of life, even though we lay little stress upon the result of our speculation. And so many minds are turning now to the study of the occult, and so many theories are being advanced, that much food is being furnished for speculation.

One of the latest theories has to do with mediums. And in this connection a new idea is being brought out that is rather interesting to dwell upon. There is, as is generally known, many who believe that the medium is a legitimate means of communication between the living and the dead. And this belief has stirred up endless arguments and controversies. But the new thought that is now being advanced is that we should not endeavor to call the dead back to communicate with us, but that we should reach out and overtake them. This is the newer way of looking at the matter. And if we are going to consider it at all, isn't this the more inspirational way? Isn't it more in keeping with growth and progress? Isn't there something uplifting about it?

Heretofore, we have sat in sorrow and wanted our loved ones to come back. The new note is not for us to sit idle and wish them to return from their larger life, but to be up and follow them into their larger life, and get into touch with them there. In other words, to enter into the Beyond now.

We may not be able to do this. The bonds of the flesh may hold us too tightly. But is it not going to be of benefit to us to try to lift ourselves to what we think they are, to try to pierce the veil and see into the Beyond, and to try to live up to the life that is lived there. So that though our body is on this plane, our spirit is on that, and we living with them in spirit, if not in the flesh. Will we nnt for this very striving live a better and a happier life here?

At any rate, it is worth thinking about, is it not? Is it not better than trying to bring them back to a realizing sense of our grief and loneliness and desolation, even were this possible; to bring them back from the larger realization of life to earthly bounds and bonds again. This is no kindness to them, even though it may be a consolation to ourselves. The other is a better way for us and a better way for them. And the very thought is uplifting.

And even though it is altogether denied us to pierce the veil, to cross the threshold, the following of our loved ones in thought into that higher life, the reaching out after them, and the trying to live with them, will make us better men and women here. For if we can see this life from their heights, we can live it more worthily. It will do us good to try to see things here from the other side of the Threshold.—Barbara Boyd.

A CHRISTMAS NEAR-TRAGEDY

Mrs. Williams was doing her Christmas shopping. And although the important day was so near, that most foresight persons had finished their shopping, Mrs. Williams, who was usually foresighted, had still much to do. Therefore, Mrs. Williams was quite flustered and worried.

She was a commuter, and like all good commuters had come to town with a large-sized travelling bag in which to carry her purchases home. For at this late date, she feared to leave them to the uncertainties of suburban delivery.

The day was almost at its finish and so was Mrs. Williams' for she had shopped fast and furiously, and theon the safe side I took this Really, crowds had been dense and the bag heavy. But, with weary satisfaction, she thought she had done pretty well, considering how late she had entered the game. She bought Minnie, who was just coming out this winter a lovely fan. For her sister, was a fine lace collar. John's gold cuff links, which had been left the week previous to be engraved, were safe and secure among the other packages in the bag. At this thought, she breathed a deep sigh of relief, for she had been afraid they would not be finished. With them was a scarf pin for Dick. She had found a beautiful jewelled hair ornament for Alice. Altogether, as she thought over her packages in her bag, she felt well pleased. Although she had left almost all her most important purchases until the last, she felt she had done well.

And then, just as she was leaving the last store, the last purchase having been made, she saw some shirtwaists. Now shirtwaists were a hobby with Mrs. Williams. She wore them spring, summer, autumn and winter; morning, afternoon, and one might almost say, evening. And so at the sight of these shirtwaists, she involutnarily paused, "I ought not to stop to look at shirtwaists now," she chided herself, "when I am so tired and it is so late, and I have so much to do at home." But, nevertheless, she did stop.

The waists were the most wonderful bargains she had ever seen. Never before in all her shopping experience had she found such lace, such embroidery, such material at the price. She set her bag on the floor while she examined them. Some at another table caught here eye. She went over and looked at these. Others further on beckoned her. She got quite excited, and finally bought four. And then just as she was paying for them, she remembered her bag, crammed to bursting with her choicest Christmas packages.

She flew to where she had left it.

It was gone.

Frantically, she looked. Almost hysterical, she questioned sales-people. But it could not be found. No one had seen it.

A sympathetic crowd gathered. Some one suggested perhaps an aisleman had sent it to the Lost and Lost and Found. She hurried to the but he was guiltless. He suggested perhaps some one had taken it to the Lost and Found. She hurired to the far-distant, dark corner of the store, where abode the Lost and Found. But no bag had been handed in .Here also was found much sympathy, but sympathy didn't materialize the bag.

"A person who would steal Christmas presents is about the meanest sneak on earth," said a sympathetic bystander, indignantly.

"Put an appealing ad in the paper, and maybe the thief will return them," suggested another.

So as a forlorn hope, Mrs. Williams finally decided to put the ad in, and then she tearfully went home.

The next afternoon, a little nervous woman appeared at her door.

"Here's your bag," she said.

Mrs. Williams fell upon it in down town with me yesterday. Before I went into Blank's, I met my daughter , and got her to take the bag home. But when I saw this bag, really I was so nearly a hopeless imbecile from shopping, that I couldn't remember whether I had really given my bag to my daughter or not. So to be Christmas does nearly drive a person crazy."

"It really does," a greed Mrs. Williams. "What with losing my bag, I am just about ready for an asylum."

"Well, it will son be over," said the other, as she turned to go.

"Yes, thank Goodness!" said Mrs. Williams. And then she actually hugged the bag and shed tears upon its unresponsive leathery side.—Barbara Boyd.

PHONING THE BUSINESS WOMAN

She was business woman of many responsibilities, and every minute of her time was full of work which she was paid to do and which she was anxious to do to the very best of her ability, for she loved her work and took pride in it. She was also a very popular woman and had many friends outside of the business world, and many social interests; for the personality and capabilities that made her a success in business, made her a success in society.

She was at work like a beaver in the outer room of her office negotiating an important business transaction, when her secretary came to say she was wanted on the phone. with a slight exclamation of impatience, for the deal was at a critical point, she excused herself. And those listening heard her, in a few minutes, talking about a forthcoming festival in which she had an important part, to a society woman. The speaker at the other end of the wire talked interminably, and finally the business woman had to excuse herself and say she would call up later about the matter.

Then she came back to her business conference and tried to pick up the dropped threads, saying apologetically, "If only women who aren't in business could understand how inconvenient such interruptions are."

If they only could,—that is the point. But they never seem to be able to. If they would just project themselves into the other woman's life for a few minutes, and live in imagination her day, then they might be able to realize what it means to be distracted by irrelevant phone calls. But to them, one hour is no more important than another. They are always ready for chatter or gossip. And onther times, they boldly state they call up in business hours so as to be ever matter has come into their head. And that the one at the other end of the wire may not have the time just then for such discussion, never seems to enter their thoughts. At other times, they bodly stake they call up in busines hours so as to be sure to catch the one wanted. But that it may not be only inconvenient, but a serious drawback to the other's work, never concerns them. And some are so childish as to feel quite indignant and hurt, if the busy one excuses herself and says she cannot possibly talk over the matter at that moment.

One woman, who thus called up a business friend when two members of the firm and the head of a department were in her office, is indignant yet at this friend because she said, "I cannot give you a minute now," and hung up. Yet in reality, she was the real offender. A business woman's time is not her own. She has no more right to talk pink teas to friends over the phone than she has to attend them. And the right sort of business woman doesn't want to. She wants in hand. But also she doesn't wish either to offend her friends or wound their feelings. And friends ought to be thoughtful enought to see her day as she sees it, and refrain from intruding with matters that have no place in it. It may seems but a trifle to them to speak to her but a few minutes on the phone But they do not know into what important matter they may be intruding, nor how critical those few minutes may be to her.

So next time you are tempted to call up a business friend during business hours, take a second thought, and don't.—Barbara Boyd.

SAPPHIRES POPULAR.

The sapphire is considered beauty's chief adornment this winter. Blue has prevailed so long in the affections of the well habited woman and the sapphire reflects that wonderful blue which hints of Italian skies at night.

When well chosen the sapphire may be worn morning, noon and night It harmonizes perfectly with the severely tailored suit or the exquisite dinner gown.

The correct sapphire must not be of so deep a shade as to resemble a chip of coal, nor must it be washed out blue which is absolutely characterless. When it's a perfect blue the black frock needs no other adornment than a lovely sapphire drop attached to a small chain. Complete sets of sapphire ornaments are being worn after the fashion of fifty years ago. These sets include a necklace, two bracelets and a brooch or two. If the sets are intended for evening wear, they include a band for the throat, barrette, ornamental combs and frequently a tiara.

An excellent lotion for whitening and softening the hands is made of equal parts of pure olive oil and glycerin, beaten together and perfumed with oil of violets. Where glycerin is objected to, a paste made of two ounces of beeswax and one ounce of sweet almonds, may be used instead of the lotion. Place the ingredients in a jar in a saucepan of boiling water and let them melt together. Stir until well mixed, and, when cold, pot the paste and apply it as often as necessary to the hands, or smear it inside sleeping gloves.

Wedded Bigamist When Sixteen

Cayuga, Dec. 26.—Mr. Justice Leitch at the opening of the assizes this afternoon annulled the marriage of Alberta Dint and Robert Warden on the grounds of bigamy, after the case had been before the high court for almost a year.

The case was a peculiar one, involving an alleged Buffalo divorce. When the application was originally made by the woman, Warden opposed it on the ground that before he had married Miss Dint he had secured a divorce from his former wife, Ethel Michener, in Buffalo, and that the annulment, granted in the United States, held good in Canada.

Owing to the husband's contentions the application was traversed to the Winter assizes, and the wife engaged a firm of Buffalo attorneys to search the records of the divorce court in that city. According to the evidence given this afternoon by the clerk of the county court, there had been no divorce granted Warden, and it was sown that he had made no application for one.

The woman in giving her evidence stated that she had been enamored of Warden when but a girl, and that she married him when she was 16 years old. The marriage was solemnized in Canada. She stated that she had four children, the oldest being 15 years old and the youngest five.

Warden was not present at the trial, and his whereabouts are unknown.

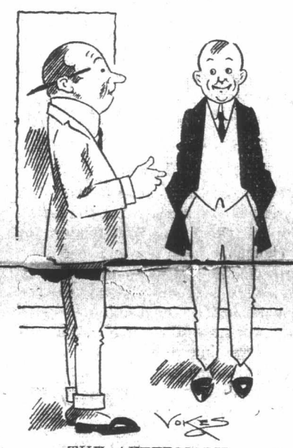
The grand jury returned six true bills against William Draper, of Caledonia, five being for attempted arson and one for conspiracy. It is alleged by the crown that Draper attempted to burn the hotel of Barney O'Rouke, of that village. This is the only criminal case on the assize calendar. It will be eard to-morrow.

IN MASCULINE ATTIRE WOMAN GOES TO WORK; DESERTED BY HUSBAND

London, Dec. 26.—As result of an accident at Newcastle-on-Tyne, it was discovered that a supposed lad of eighteen, who had been working in a wherry since May, under the name of James Palmer, was really a married woman of thrity-one.

Some steel plates for shipbuilding were being loaded into the wherry, when one slipped and fell on "Pamer," causing severe injuries of the body. A doctor was called and "Palmer" asked all men to withdraw. She then told the doctor she was a woman, married to a German sailor, whom she had left on account of his ill treatment of her.

Otherwise she declined to give any information about herself, except that to get food for herself and her two children she had sought employment. as a man. She was taken to a hospital where she was found to be suffering from sever internal injuries.

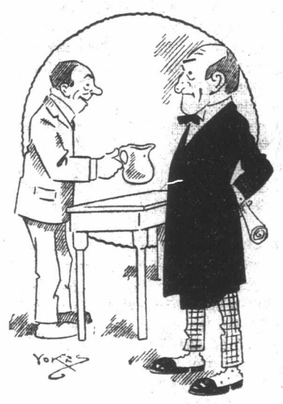


THE AFTERMATH

I think our landlady drew things a trifle fine after Christmas.

As to how?

Gave us celery top soup and cranberry hash.



THOUGHTFUL

"No need for that pitcher of ice water."

"Why not?"

"The speech tonight is to be delivered by a gramophone."

"I forgot about that. I'll get a little machine oil."

GOOD SCHEME

"Out at my uncle's the people go to bed with the chickens."

"Well, at the price chickens sell at now they are certainly worth watching."

$50,000 ROBBERY BAFFLES POLICE

$50,000 ROBBERY BAFFLES POLIC

London, Dec. 26.—A very daring and most mysterious robbery is being investigated by the London, Continental and Egyptian police. The amount involved is about $50,000. Ten days ago the Bank of England despatched 50,000 sovereigns with the usual precautions to the Credit Lyonnais at Alexandria, Egypt, and on the way 10,000 sovereigns were abstracted from the bags and lead substituted. The sovereigns were packed in leather bags, one thousand sovereigns in each. Five bags were then placed in a sealed case. Thus there were ten cases, each of which was sealed with eight seals of the Bank of England and the Credit Lyonnias in the presence of representatives of each institution. The cases were guarded by entrance to the bank whence they were taken by truck to London docks, where they were placed in the strong room of a steamer bound for Bremen. Thence they were sent overland via Brindisi, being most carefully checked at each point of transshipment. Upon being delivered at the Credit Lyonnais at Alexander the seals were apparently intact. The first case was all right. The second contained led, the third and fourth were all right, but the fifth contained lead in place of the sovereigns.

Immediately on the discovery of the robbery there was much excited cabling between London and Alexandria, but so far no clue has been discovered as to the thieves. It is thought the robbers must have had duplicate seals of the Bank of England and the Credit Lyonnais, but how it was possible for them to secure them is what baffles everybody. The Bank of England holds the receipt of the Credit Lyonnais, while the carriers insured the shipment as usual at Lloyd's. From this it would appear that the Egyptian bank stands to lose the money.

THOUGHT HE WAS A DIAMOND STAR

Teacher—Yes, and young Lochinvar came out of the West.

Willie—Gee! And what team did he play on?

BUM STEER

The preacher he preached from a text
How Sampson was barbed and vexed.
And he told it so true
That a man in a pew
Got rattled and hollered out, "Next!"