

The Semi-Weekly Telegraph

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908.

NO. 88

VOL. XLVII.

BIG ROW THREATENED IN DEMOCRATIC CAMP

Proposed Eulogy to Cleveland Starts the Trouble.

Bryan's Friends Say Reference to Ex-President's Soundness on Finance and Power of the Courts is a Slap at the Twice Rejected Candidate—Johnson and Gray's supporters Think First Ballot Wont Settle the Nomination.

Denver, Col., July 2.—Charging that Alton B. Parker's resolution of tribute to the memory of the late President Grover Cleveland is a clever move on the part of the enemies of Wm. J. Bryan to induce factional feeling into the Democratic national convention, friends of the Nebraskaan today determined to offer a resolution of a character designed not to raise controverted political issues. Through control of the temporary organization of the convention, the Bryan following expects to have its resolution brought to the attention of the delegates immediately after the speech of the temporary chairman by a character designed not to raise controverted political issues. Through control of the temporary organization of the convention, the Bryan following expects to have its resolution brought to the attention of the delegates immediately after the speech of the temporary chairman by a character designed not to raise controverted political issues.

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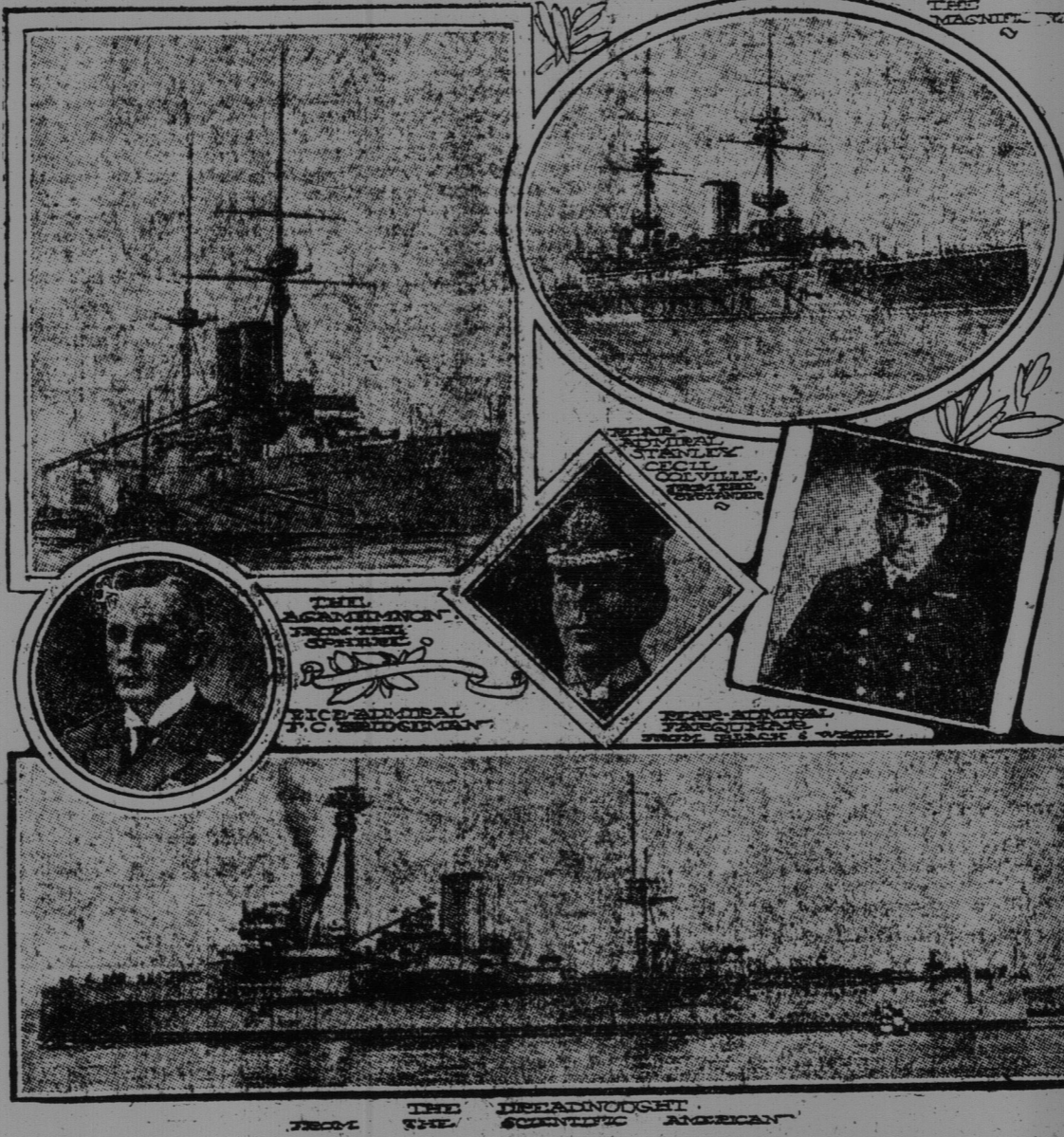
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SOME OF THE BRITISH WARSHIPS AND THEIR COMMANDERS TO TAKE PART IN MOBILIZATION OF GREAT BRITAIN'S HOME FLEET



London, July 1.—The mobilization of Great Britain's home fleet takes place this week, when the number of ships on a war footing in home waters will be raised to 312. These vessels will be engaged in manoeuvres and exercises from July 1 to July 21, when the operation will be complete. There will then still remain in home ports some sixty vessels, of which about one-third are under repair and the remainder allocated for special duties, such as the escort of the Prince of Wales to Canada, etc.

LAURIER BACKS DOWN ON ELECTION BILL

Provincial Lists Will Be Used in Manitoba, British Columbia and Unorganized Portion of Quebec, But Government Proposes to Take Change of Franchise in New Ontario, and Opposition Will Fight It—Aylesworth Surrendered Against His Will, He Said.

Ottawa, July 2.—Mr. Aylesworth made it plain today that he had accepted the arrangement made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in regard to the Manitoba voters' lists in that he had been boss of the show he would not have given away.

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MURDER ON G. T. P. LINE IN VICTORIA COUNTY

Italian Kills Fellow Countryman at New Denmark in Row Over Woman.

Sheriff and Constables Scouring Country for Assassin—Body of Murdered Man Found on Roadside With Bullets in Head and Body—One Report Says a Second Man is Seriously Injured.

One man was shot to death last night and another was seriously wounded in a row among Italians engaged on Grand Trunk Pacific construction work at New Denmark, Victoria County, when a second one seriously injured in the trouble and that there was a woman at the bottom of the affair which has ended so tragically. Few particulars reached Grand Falls, the deputy sheriff and a constable started from there on receipt of the news, to go to New Denmark. Communication with Attorney-General Hazard or Solicitor-General McLeod was also being sought.

SHAM BATTLE ENDS SUSSEX CAMP

Attacking Party, Under Lt. Col. McKenzie, Will Hurl Themselves Against the Town, Which Will Be Defended by Force Under Lt. Col. Chipman—Proposed Boxing Match Last Night Not Permitted by D. O. C.

Sussex, N. B., July 2.—With the sham battle, tomorrow which will be over by noon, drill at Camp Sussex will be practically finished and the homeward movement will be begun tomorrow night when the 6th Regiment and the engineers break camp.

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BRITAIN TO PUT HER CLOCKS ONE HOUR AHEAD

Law Likely to Become Effective April 1; Will Give the Masses More Daylight for Work and Play.

London, July 2.—The Daylight Bill, a measure by which the United Kingdom is to be hurried into starting the day's work one hour ahead of the time indicated by the sun, has received the sanction of the House of Commons and all indications now point to its becoming effective next April. The bill proposes to advance the clock one hour in April in order to promote the greater use of daylight and to give the masses an hour more playtime by light of day.

FATHER KILLED AND SON STUNNED BY LIGHTNING

Auburn, Mo., July 2.—Frank Isabelle, a Frenchman employed as a section hand was killed by lightning in the storm this afternoon while working on the Maine Central R. R., about four miles from this city. His boy was standing near and was knocked over by the shock, but not injured. Isabelle leaves a wife and children.

FIVE KILLED AND MANY INJURED IN SOUTHERN WRECK

Knobnoster, Mo., July 2.—Five persons were killed and at least thirty-six injured two miles east of here today when the fast California special from St. Louis on the Missouri Pacific collided with the St. Louis special from Kansas City.

CLEVELAND LEFT FAMILY COMFORTABLE

New York, N. Y., July 2.—The will of Grover Cleveland has been filed with the surrogate of Mercer County, N. J., and will be probated within ten days, at which time Mrs. Cleveland will come to Princeton from her mother's home in Tamworth, N. H., where she has been staying since the former president's death.

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FROM ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES

AMHERST. Amherst, N. S., June 29 (Special)—About four o'clock this morning fire broke out in the barn of David Smith, Lapland street, completely destroying it and its contents. A horse belonging to F. A. Cain of the Globe Laundry, a laundry wagon and a quantity of laundry machinery stored there was burned. Mr. Smith's loss is covered by \$100 insurance and Mr. Cain has about \$300 only. A barn in the rear owned by W. E. Doyle was also burned while the houses occupied by T. E. McNair and E. T. Chapman caught several times but were saved without much damage. The burned buildings were situated between Lapland and Edy streets, and surrounded by valuable residences.

DIGBY. Digby, N.S., June 29.—Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Oakes, of Boston, Mass., are spending the summer in Weymouth where Mr. Oakes has a large power yacht. Mr. Oakes is the gentleman who, a few years ago, tried to start a knitting factory in Digby and met with little encouragement. He later started one in a town in Massachusetts, where it has proved a great success and is a source of big revenue to its young and enterprising owner, Mr. Oakes, who is a Digby County boy.

ST. MARTINS. St. Martins, June 30.—On Saturday eve. Effie Maud, Capt. Fred Gough, left for the Wolves, having on board Messrs. Geo. Patterson and O. White, with their crew of about 20 men and portable mill outfit, the intention being to saw lumber for Ernest Vaughan.

HARTLAND. Hartland, N.B., June 30.—Mrs. Andrew Alton is entertaining her sister-in-law, Mrs. Isabelle Jameson, of St. John, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. David Alton, of Riley Brook.

NORTON. Norton, July 1.—Miss Dora Venning, of Newton, is visiting at the Baxter House.

REXTON. Rexton, N. B., June 30.—A destructive fire occurred yesterday afternoon at East Galloway by which Philip Mallett's house and Damas Richard's house and barn were burned to ashes. The fire which started in Richard's barn is supposed to have been started by the children playing with matches. There is no insurance.

MONCTON. Moncton, N. B., June 30 (Special)—A posse of farmers is searching the country in the vicinity of Port Elgin for the two men who last night entered the home of Mrs. Harris Chapman at that place, and stole three hundred dollars worth of jewelry.

FREDERICTON. Fredericton, July 1.—Canada's National Day was quietly observed here under very good conditions approaching the ideal.

NEWCASTLE. Newcastle, June 30.—The funeral of the late Mrs. James Donovan, of Norton Settlement, took place on Saturday, at Nelson. Deceased, who was 70 years old, leaves one son and one daughter.

NEW WAY TO BE WELL: Healthfulness of Oranges

The one lesson which most people never seem to learn is, how to guard their health. We have been eating oranges since time immemorial, yet how many of us know that orange juice contains a medicinal principle which has a marked action on the stomach, bowels, kidneys and skin. Some physicians are so sure to say that they can cure the average case of indigestion, constipation, Biliaryness and Dry Skin with orange juice and proper diet.

Teachers' Association held in Fredericton, N.B., June 29. H. H. Stewart, of New castle, resigned the secretary-treasurer which he had held for five years.

HOLIDAY CAUSES BERRIES TO DROP

Buyers Neglect the River Boats and Prices Take a Big Tumble. The holiday caused strawberries to take a big tumble in price, and it happened in this way. The Washademo steamers, which arrived at Indiantown about 1 o'clock, brought more than 100 crates of the berries but on account of the holiday there were no buyers on hand to bid for them and so in comparison with other days, they practically went begging to dealers here, and the rest were bought by some of the Indiantown merchants.

CHURCHES JOIN FOR JULY AND AUGUST

Congregations of St. Stephen's and St. Andrew's to Amalgamate. Because of the absence of quite a number of the members and families in the city, the members of St. Stephen's and St. Andrew's Presbyterian churches unite for the months of July and August.

DALHOUSIE SCHOOL CLOSING AND THE PRIZE WINNERS

Dalhousie, N. B., June 29.—The closing exercises of the Dalhousie Superior school were carried out today. The departments were open for inspection by the parents and tests of the year's work were given. At 2 o'clock the departments assembled in the Roman Catholic department for the presentation of prizes.

A Wonderful Constitutional Treatment for Cancer

Seven weeks treatment free to one person in each locality. Send particulars of your trouble and learn all about what we have been able to do for others.

B. VITALLIA REMEDIES CO., TORONTO.

SEEKS NEWS OF HER MISSING HUSBAND

Good Offices of Seamen's Institute Again Asked to Locate Lost One. One of the phases of usefulness of the Dominion Institute in this city is located men or youths of the sea who have failed to keep in touch with those at home, to the great anxiety of wife, mother, or other relatives. In more than one case the institute has been successful and has brought joy to saddened hearts.

Dear Sir: I would be very much obliged if you would let me know if you have such a man as James Barlow. He went out to Canada last June. I heard from him last Christmas. I have not heard from him since. The last time he wrote to me he was in Buckingham. I wrote to him to Buckingham post office but I got no answer. He has a fair complexion, sandy moustache, blue eyes, about five feet. He has a birth mark of a brown rat on his right or left side. I would be very much obliged if you could let me know if anything has happened to him, or if you could let me anything about him. I am his wife.

Please oblige, Mrs. BARLOW, 16 Tiltstone, Rochdale Road Manchester, Eng.

THOUSANDS VISIT CAMP SUSSEX WEDNESDAY

Redcoats Sweltered but Drill and Inspection Went on Just the Same.

Headquarter's Officials Look the Boys and Their Equipment Over--Eighth Hussars Function Tuesday the Social Event--Singing of Infantry Voted the Best Yet--Quebec Regiment Getting Special Attention.

Sussex, N. B., July 1.—The birthday of the Dominion was observed in a royal fashion here today. Camp Sussex was thronged with thousands of visitors and the troops looked their best under the inspecting eye not only of the public but of the general militia officers. Col. Leonard, adjutant general; Lt.-Col. English, C. C. A.; Lieut.-Col. Weatherbee, R. C. E., and Major Pym of the headquarters staff. Col. Leonard has been in camp since Tuesday at noon and has observed the troops at their ordinary routine. Major Pym has investigated the small arm conditions and Col. English and Col. Weatherbee have inspected respectively the artillery and engineers. Tomorrow Col. Williams will spend the day in inspecting the 8th Hussars.

What may be called the social event of the camp took place on Tuesday when the annual at home and bungalow dance was given by the Hussars. The affair was a grand success in every way. In the absence of Miss Wedderburn, sister of the adjutant general, the duties of the social officers were performed by the senior officers present. About 300 guests assembled. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Jones, of St. John, provided excellent music and every one enjoyed themselves.

The afternoon programme included brigade drill by the infantry and outposts and wheeling exercises by the Hussars. The artillery and other corps were given an afternoon off. The usual review and march past in single file was dispensed with but the routine brigade drill was carried out with interest by the visitors. Col. H. H. McLean was in command and was assisted by Col. D. McLeod, Major and Brigade Major E. L. Dudgeon and Lt. Montgomery Campbell. The 6th, 7th, 73rd and 74th were arranged in the order named, with the Quebec battalion on the extreme right giving the 71st the central position. The Quebec battalion turned out in full parade dress with white helmets. The 6th wore the usual caps with white covers and the 71st looked comfortable in sweaters and straw hats. The 73rd and 74th appeared in full parade dress.

DROWNED IN PRESENCE OF FRANTIC FIANCEE

William A. Green, of Dartmouth, Perished in Lake Deschene Wednesday.

Knocked Overboard by Jibbing of Main Boom, and Efforts at Rescue Fruitless--Laurier Expected to Make Announcement Today About Aylesworth Election Bill--New Brunswick's Contribution to Battlefields Fund Acknowledged.

Ottawa, July 1.—Under exceptionally distressing circumstances William A. Green, of Dartmouth, N. S., aged 21, tiler in the Union Bank here, was drowned in Lake Deschene today.

Young Green made one of a party of six, who had sailed across the lake, hunched on the opposite shore and were returning to Aylmer when the accident occurred. In the boat were the owner, Mr. LaPlante, Mrs. LaPlante, their two sons and Miss Brewer, all of Ottawa. The wind was blowing freshly from the southwest and a choppy sea was on. The boat was running free and Green, who was at the tiller, was standing on the poop when the mainmast jibed. The main boom knocked him overboard and his feet being entangled in the sheets he was doubtless half suffocated before disengaging himself. The occupants of the yacht threw a life buoy over, but it fell short. Green made a feeble attempt to reach it, but he went when the yacht cut quarters were reached.

Mr. M. Courtney, honorary treasurer of the Quebec battlefields fund, acknowledges the contribution of the New Brunswick government of \$5,500. Tomorrow the Aylesworth election bill will probably be taken up in the house and the result of the negotiations between the two leaders will be announced by the prime minister. The expectation is that Sir Wilfrid will make a satisfactory amendment to the objectionable first down before the boat could be brought

SUFFRAGETTE MOB, BARRED FROM HOUSE OF COMMONS, BREAK ASQUITH'S WINDOWS



ASSEMBLY AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. THE FAMOUS LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

London, June 30.—Contrasted with the receipt orderly and impressive suffragette demonstrations, today's demonstration was a comparative failure and is calculated rather to injure than to advance the cause it intended to serve. Nothing like the number of suffragettes anticipated appeared on the scene and the affair seemed to lack definite plan and organization. The real leaders of the attack on the House of Commons, in fact, remained behind at Cannon Hill receiving themselves, as they now explain, for another projected invasion of parliament on Thursday.

The police, mounted and on foot, were in strong force in the vicinity of parliament and for two or three hours that neighborhood was the scene of riots and skirmishes through the efforts of the suffragettes to break through the cordons and enter the House of Commons. Numerous riots and disputes were employed for this purpose, but none succeeded and in the end two women were arrested, including two bold spirits who drove in a cab to Downing street and threw stones and smashed the windows of the premier's residence, and others who chartered boats in the Thames and tried to burgle the members of the house on the terrace through megalophones.

Mrs. Asquith had been watching events in the street with her daughter and a governess, but the party was swept away by a sudden rush of the mob and some of the women were roughly addressed and handled by a policeman who supposed they were suffragettes. Mrs. Asquith then disclosed her identity and the policeman escorted her to safety in the hotel. She afterwards expressed her strong disapproval of the methods of the militant suffragettes.

The premier himself left Parliament on foot and passed unrecognized, there were enormous crowds around parliament. Scenes of the greatest disorder were enacted but it is estimated that not more than five per cent of those gathered in Parliament Square were women.

FASHION

Being Some Wisdom from the Mouth of Some Babes

A Severe Gouge at the Prevailing Mode in Women's Drapery--Why Fashion Exists, Anyhow--It's a Way People Have of Pretending to be Richer Than They Are--What Women May Expect from Their Infant Young, When They Get Themselves Up to Look Like Folded Umbrellas.

(Dion Clayton Calhoun, in the London Mail.)

"I've had a terrible shock today," said a baby in blue.

"We've had a loss, too," said the child in white.

"Nurse isn't looking; let's sit down," said the baby in blue.

"Just let me tell you from the beginning," said the child in white.

"Same said the baby," said the baby in blue.

"When father came down to breakfast," said the child in white.

"I know," said the baby, "I'll keep an eye on nurse."

"What's the difference between a woman and a baby?" asked the child in white.

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one way people have of pretending to be richer than they are. If ladies' fashions didn't change every year there would be no competition. Nowadays you need heaps and heaps of new clothes, or people would think you weren't smart, and so smart people, just as far more than to have good taste, or to be beautiful, or witty, or good, or even rich.

"Why doesn't every lady wear what suits her best?" asked the little boy.

"My dear little boy," said the child in white, "that's got nothing whatever to do with it. People who are smart don't wear what suits them; they wear what suits the smart people. Just as far more than to have good taste, or to be beautiful, or witty, or good, or even rich."

"And what happens if you can't get fat?" asked the little boy.

"Then you're just old-fashioned and frumpy until fat goes out of fashion again."

"It seems rather hard," said the little boy.

"Women's lives," said the child in white, "are very hard. They never know what shaped figure will come in next."

"Oh, please, why?"

"Well," said the baby in blue, "I'll tell you a secret. No woman has the courage of her own opinions when it comes to dress. The staid features, the classical women dare not dress to suit their particular form of beauty. Fashion says they've got to dress like Dresden shepherdesses. The pretty fluffy women are terrified when a classical fashion comes in, but they do their best to look like Greek goddesses dressed in Paris. The big, rosy Englishwomen never see their own absurdity when they dress like skinny ladies of the First Empire."

"The baby in the perambulator woke up again."

"Oh, oh!" he cried, "Doris, look at that roll of newspaper that's been out in the rain, walking about like a child in white, 'that's a lady.'"

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TAFT LIKELY TO CARRY OUT ROOSEVELT'S POLICIES



WATERVILLE, Me., June 20.—Henry C. Taft, the New York banker, in commenting on the nomination of William H. Taft for president by the Republicans in an address before the Maine Bankers' Association here tonight, said he believes that the event of Mr. Taft's selection, his 'saviour' will be no less appreciated and better liked than President Roosevelt's strenuous methods.

He said while Wall Street prefers Taft to Roosevelt, they may find that his firmness may be equal to Roosevelt's and his methods no less effective. Mr. Taft has been discussing the question of government control of great aggregations of capital. He said he believed it to be right that the government should exert greater control over these combinations of capitalists than over individuals because they stand more in need of government control.

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"In this connection it is very significant that capital should have become so wary towards Mr. Taft and so cold to Mr. Roosevelt. Wall street has smiled approvingly on Mr. Taft but frowned on Mr. Roosevelt because of his policies; yet his policies are great and sound and have laid bare and eliminated fraudulent practices in corporate management, particularly railway rebating and raised the standard of true business methods. Although Mr. Taft has avowedly stood for Mr. Roosevelt's policies, he has been milder in manner and speech and less impetuous in denunciation than Mr. Roosevelt.

"I have no reason whatever to doubt that the reforming policies of President Roosevelt will continue to be a vital force for good, long while after this generation has passed away. He is a great apostle of the 'square deal,' and his policies, being sound and just, will stand the test of time and will be above Congress and the presidency on all constitutional questions and the protecting bulwarks of liberties of the people."

"Any person who utters a false statement about a financial institution or firm that is in any way harmful to its credit is a criminal slanderer, and should be indicted, tried and convicted. From such a source fires are kindled that have often burst into raging flames and produced Wall street panics. The people are the greatest sufferers by panics, and they should be protected by stringent laws, vigorously enforced."

BERGS AND BRITISH CLIMATE

That Old Yarn of the Effect of Greenland's Floating Mountains

(Shipping Illustrated.)

The monthly North Atlantic Pilot Chart, which was wrapped up in the United States Hydrographic Office show that last year's icebergs have not altogether ceased in the vicinity of Newfoundland. This is an exceptional but certainly not unique. In some years bergs are passed near the Grand Banks, where the hardy toilers fish for cod throughout the whole twelve months, but, as a rule, they are most in evidence from March to August, and are toward the middle of the Gulf of Mexico, a cold current of surface water is setting toward lower latitudes, and under certain conditions this Labrador current, as it is called, bears extensive fields of ice, some of which are as large as the British Isles.

Every year the Arctic ice-bergs are broken up by the increasing heat of the sun, which is moving majestically to the northward along the equator; fields of ice, sometimes covering an area of 100 square miles, are broken up by the summer sun, and the icebergs are carried toward the south during the past half century. The icebergs start seriously on a career of length which depends upon very complex causes such as the motion of the water on the coast of Greenland, the sea surface currents. Some get into the back-water of Belle Isle Strait and remain there until dissolved by the summer sun, and the warmer sub-surface water. At least 1,000 bergs have been observed under way for summer climes in Baffin's Bay, and over 300 when south of Cape Race.

In January, 1890, the steamer Minola passed a berg on the Grand Banks which was 700 feet from water line to summit, and the British North Atlantic Pilot Chart there was given a very interesting sub-chart of the waters in the vicinity of the Grand Banks on which were plotted in geographical position symbols representing phenomenal icebergs reported during the last century. The icebergs were 400 feet in height. The steamer Lord Lansdowne apparently holds a high place in the record for phenomenal icebergs, for she was on her way to the west coast of Greenland, she passed close to the remnant of an iceberg in 54 N. 22 W., in September, 1900, and in May, 1907, she sighted two more of ice in 31 N. 38 W.

Many will remember how an American whaler picked up the British Arctic discovery ship Resolute, which had been left to her fate, frozen fast in the heart of an ice mass, and had drifted south with the Labrador current. She was thoroughly refitted on this side of the stormy Atlantic, which divides, yet unites, kindred nations, taken across to England by an officer of the United States navy as a gift to the United States, and was received in part by the late Queen Victoria as an object lesson that, as good old Commodore Tassell said, "Blood is thicker than water."

QUOTING FROM GRAY'S ELEGY

Try It Yourself and See How Near Right You Can Come.

(Youth's Companion.)

"That's it," said a man who had stopped in the corner grocery store to get three and one-half pounds of granulated sugar. "I'm going home tired. I remind myself of the line—"

"The plowman homeward wends his weary way."

"You mean plods his weary way," said the schoolmaster, as he went out the door with a can of kerosene. "You meant to quote the line that reads—"

"Homeward the plowman plods his weary way."

"I meant to quote just what I did quote," said the first speaker, sternly. "The weary plowman homeward plods his way."

"I understood your quotation," said a man who was sitting on a sugar barrel. "The weary plowman homeward plods his way."

"You are wrong," said a neighbor, who was inquiring the price of hams. "He said—"

"The weary plowman homeward plods his way."

LEAPED TO HIS DEATH FROM THE NEGRO TOWN BREAKWATER

George E. Pike, Trying to Make Double Somersault, Strikes Flat on Water--Brought Ashore by Brother and Friend and Died Few Minutes Later.

In attempting to turn a double somersault while diving off the breakwater near Fort DuRoi on Wednesday afternoon, Geo. E. Pike met his death from the force of the blow with which he struck the water. The shock caused hemorrhage of the lungs and he lived but a few minutes after being rescued.

Mr. Pike, who was the son of John Wesley Pike, steward on 213 Queen street, Carleton, had been a member of No. 2 Company, Artillery, for about three years and Wednesday afternoon was firing in the rifle competition at Fort DuRoi for the cup presented by Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Al. Baxter. About 4 o'clock, in company with others, he went on the breakwater to bathe. The drop where the fatality happened is about fifteen feet and before making his dive he was heard to say that he would turn a double somersault.

Miscalculating his distance he fell on the water flat on his stomach. The shock of the fall caused hemorrhage of the lungs and he lived but a few minutes after being rescued.

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"You see," said the baby in blue, "I know."

FIVE YALE STUDENTS TO TAKE VESSEL TO LABRADOR MISSIONARY

Boston, Mass., July 1.—Five Yale students who are willing to brave the rigors of the bleak and desolate Labrador coast that they may be of some assistance to Dr. Wilfrid T. Grenfell, the Arctic missionary, tonight boarded the sturdy little schooner Pomik, tied up at Lewis wharf, and, with the rise of the sun, will set sail for Baffin Bay, Labrador, stopping at Halifax en route. The students are: J. T. Rowland, 11, of Greenwich, Conn.; Sheldon Yates, 10, of New York City; Scoville Clark, 10, of Salem, N. J.; Carpenter, 11, of Winghampton, and C. E. Richardson, 10, of Salem.

The students offered to take Dr. Grenfell's new schooner, Pomik, which has been recently built at West Lynn, to work on the storm-ridden coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, to the scene of its future mission. The offer came in response to a statement of Dr. Grenfell at Yale last year that he was looking for a crew to take the schooner north.

Deeming it best to have a practical sailing master along, the students hired Captain Laurence Hayes, of Everett, to go along and take charge of the schooner. The schooner is 36 feet 10 inches long over all and 10 feet beam and is equipped with a fifteen horsepower oil-burning engine, capable of making eight miles an hour. She has bulging bows, a square stern and short stubby masts, the top of which is as unsteered to the gales of Labrador. Altogether she is built to withstand gales and ice floes. The students have sufficient supplies to reach Halifax and they will take on more to enable them to reach the more northern port which is their ultimate destination, Battle Harbor. When the trip is over, Clark and Yates will remain for the summer in Labrador assisting Dr. Grenfell and studying the country. Rowland will spend some time in streams and lake fishing, while Richardson and Carpenter will return as soon as they are able to secure passage home.

The girls for him. (Everybody's Magazine.) A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day in the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rises is the lass for me."

Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain



The young Queen of Spain is here shown wearing the black mantilla. The white gown is relieved with a touch of blue at the waist. She wears a red Spanish rose in her hair as she sits in this palace garden with green lawns.

EXIT MRS. PACE

BY SOPHIE KERR UNDERWOOD



THE MOST REMARKABLE LOOKING PERSON

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By Sophie Kerr Underwood

THE Thursday Bridge Club has always had only the very nicest people in it. Of course, I don't mean the real society people who have yachts and diamond tiaras and divorces, but we were all comfortably off and lived nicely with two and three maids and several of us had carriages or autos. And we almost all belonged to St. Andrew's. We had sixteen members—that made two four tables and was not a tax to entertain, and was not so large a crowd that we could not select who was to belong. There was Mrs. Garrison and Mrs. Kent, and Mrs. Foley and Miss Maxwell and Mrs. Ten Eyck and Mrs. Perry and Miss Grey—and oh, a lot of others. The most of us lived in Pemberton square, too, and that made it convenient.

charming. I'm sure she would be delighted to be asked."

There wasn't one of us but had some dear friend we would have liked to see in Mrs. Hollis's place, but Mrs. Garrison by speaking first had us in rather an awkward position. So we all looked at one another and Mrs. Kent said:—"Land avenue! That's rather an out of the way street, don't you think?" But Mrs. Garrison explained that Mrs. Pace was a new-comer and did not know much of the city, and finally we all said gracefully that we'd be glad to have any friend of Mrs. Garrison's, and that was the way it was settled.

If we had only known. The first meeting was Mrs. Garrison's, and we all dressed a little more smartly than usual just to show her that her old neighbors were not quite out of her way of living even if she had moved into that big house and had an English butler who had once been in service to a duke. I never believed he had, anyway, or if he had he had probably stolen the jewels and was afraid to go back to England.

I was one of the first to arrive and I was shown upstairs by a nice looking maid—the butler had let me in—and into a magnificent bedroom, the furniture all Caucasian walnut and the hangings in coral and amber. Such ostentation! Well, I don't know what I'd do if I became suddenly wealthy, and I've known Sally Garrison too long not to know that these foolish fancies of hers don't affect her real character, and at heart she is sterling. I had taken off my coat and was patting my hair and straightening my hat before the dressing table when in came Lullie Kent and Hannah Maxwell and Mrs. Berry, and right behind them the most remarkable looking person. Her hair was too yellow and her cheeks were too pink and her eyebrows were too black. She had on a black princess gown made in the most exaggerated and gaudy style, with a sort of bolero effect outlined in gold and black braid, and she wore a light blue hat and a white veil with big blue dots. Her figure was pinched in at the waist and simply immense above and below. I spoke to the little ones I knew and started out, and Lullie Kent, who had thrown off her wraps, rushed after me and seized my arm at the head of the stairs.

"My dear," she whispered, "that's Mrs. Pace."

"Oh, not really!" I groaned. "Why, she's perfectly dreadful."

"Ssh," said Lullie, "here she comes." And in another minute we were down stairs speaking to Mrs. Garrison and being introduced to Mrs. Pace. I will say for her that she talked things pretty well, and said the proper things, only with a little too much gush. But her getup! Hannah Maxwell asked me if I didn't think she had just come off the vaudeville stage, and I remember whispering back yes, and perhaps Mrs. Garrison would ask her to do a song and a dance for us.

During that first afternoon I studied the woman. I think she must have been a belle of some small college town, for a more self-assured person I never met and I never met one who felt herself so irresistible. She told us all about her ancestors and said that her father was on General Lee's staff. But I didn't believe it. For one thing, her hands and feet were so big, and I've never in my life seen a well born Southerner with large hands and feet. Of course that's a little thing, and Edward laughs at me for saying so, but it's true all the same. And she talked a good bit about things to drink, and that always stamps a woman to my mind, as lacking real refinement. Well bred women do not have the bar-keeper's manual at their tongue's end.

She talked a great deal, anyway, it seemed to me. She hadn't any children. And then she playing! I'm not a bridge fiend, but I've had good lessons and I play a steady game, nothing brilliant, but I won three first prizes out of the sixteen meetings last year, so that speaks for itself. But Mrs. Pace had evidently been taught by a novice or picked it up out of the newspapers' "Half Hour Lessons in Bridge." She made misplays, gave the wrong leads, talked over the board and was so daring in making the trump that Mrs. Foley spoke to her about having more caution. Actually! At the very first meeting! Mrs. Foley is a fine, conservative player and hates to have a poor partner.

After we stopped playing we had sandwiches and salad and coffee. It is one of our rules never to serve more than two things to eat, with a drink, for refreshments. We made that rule so that our club would not degenerate into a scramble for each hostess to outdo the last. Of course we always have bonbons and salted nuts and olives and such things. They don't count. Sally Garrison's salad was not so very good, though she'd ordered it from Keith, and he's the best caterer in the city. My cook can make better.

All the time we were eating Mrs. Pace kept talking and making up to every one in the club. She told me how often she had heard of me and how she had longed to meet me and how much she hoped I would come to see her. She said she had so few friends, only cousin Gregory—Bishop Maybaird—and his family had been so good to her. Well, I wasn't taken in by her a minute. I smiled and listened and thanked her when she asked me to call—but I didn't say I would, and I do think that's a direct cut and any one ought to know it.

Then she tried her arts on Lullie Kent and found out that Lullie used to live in Atlanta. So she said she had some relatives in Atlanta—the Morrises—and asked Lullie if she knew them. When Lullie said yes she did Mrs. Pace said at once how interested Mr. Pace would be to know that she had found some one who knew her relatives, and that she was going to bring him to call—very soon—on Mr. and Mrs. Kent. Lullie's face was a study. I've laughed to myself since to think of it.

And that was the way she went on to each of us. She asked Miss Maxwell if she were any relation of the great artist, Henry Maxwell, and said that she knew him in New York before she went to Paris. And she told Mrs. Ten Eyck that Mr. Pace's sister had married a man named Ten Eyck Robinson, and she told Miss Grey that she begged her pardon for a personal remark, but that she had the most wonderful eyes and lashes she had ever seen. It was almost like a play. For with every speech she was making an enemy, and was imagining all the time that he liked and admired her. If she had been at all possible I believe I'd have felt sorry for her.

I asked Lullie Kent to drive home with me, and when we were in the carriage I turned around and looked at her and raised my eyebrows without saying a word.

"Yes, quite so," said Lullie. "I'm surprised at Mrs. Garrison. If that is the sort of person we are expected to associate with if we ever have lots of money I hope I'll stay poor." That is her extreme way of speaking.

"Do you know those Atlanta people she spoke of?" I asked.

"Yes, the Morrises are a fine family, too. I'm going to write to Henrietta Morrow and ask her what she knows about this woman. I can't think that they are closely related, or even well acquainted. Why, this creature is positively a barnyard type."

"Oh, say shop girl," I protested. "Barnyard is a little extreme."

During the week that followed I just made it my business to find out what the other members of the club thought of Mrs. Pace. One and all they were of the same opinion. Ordinary, impossible, loud, common, were but a few of the adjectives I heard applied to her. We all felt about the same. "What did I do?" what could we do? We were all justly indignant with Mrs. Garrison for bringing such a person among us. Little Mrs. Kirk, the quietest and most refined of women, had been talking with Mrs. Pace, and some mention was made of obstinate people. "My father," said Mrs. Pace promptly, "was one of the most obstinate men that ever lived. When he had made up his mind to anything he wouldn't have changed it if the angels from heaven had come down and fanned their wings in his face." Mrs. Kirk was stunned. That is just one instance of the outlandish speeches she made. And slang! Now, I don't object to an occasional word of slang, provided it is not coarse, in a pretty woman's mouth. It adds piquancy. But any time and all the time it was mixed with Mrs. Pace.

We all went home feeling uncomfortable and cross and out of sorts. Personally I felt like drawing right out of the club, but then I reflected that things often turned up, and I should not despair too early, and, besides, I had not yet entertained the club, and it would look as though I was trying to get out of doing so.

Two days later, early in the morning, Lullie Kent came rushing over. I was still at the breakfast table, so you may know how early it was, because I make an unbreakable custom always to have breakfast with Edward, and he leaves at a quarter to nine. I don't approve of letting one's husband go away in the morning without knowing whether he has had anything fit to eat or not. I told the maid to bring Mrs. Kent into the dining room and I poured a cup of coffee for her, but she waved it away.

"I've just finished," she said, and looked at me so queerly. "Oh, Lydia," she burst out, "what do you think! That awful woman and her husband actually came to call last night!"

I was struck speechless. I could only look at Lullie in the blankest astonishment. "Yes," she went on, "we had just finished dinner, and the bell rang and she was in the house and right in the library before the maid had time even to ask for cards and give me a chance to say 'Not at home.' She simply forced herself into the room where we were."

"What did you do?"

"There was nothing to do but make the best of it. She had on that absurd light cloth gown and her face was so covered with rouge and powder that she looked like a pink marshmallow. Oh, my dear, I never lived through such an evening. She gushed over me as though I had been her long lost twin sister, and her behavior toward Mr. Kent was outrageous—simply outrageous!"

"Oh, Lullie, what do you mean?"

"Why, she made eyes at him like a chorus girl and tried to talk kittenish—oh, you know—fairly jumped down his throat. I never was so angry in my life. She was so dignified and quiet I could not conceive of any one acting that way in the presence. 'What did Mr. Kent do?' I asked.

"He simply froze!" Lullie laughed a little. "Oh, it was funny too. He looked all over and gave her the shortest answers, and the more quiet and monosyllabic he became the more gushing and intimate—she acted."

No words seemed to me to compass the situation. At last I asked vaguely:—

"What is her husband like?"

"He's about twenty years older than she, I suppose. Rather a flashy, sporting type. The sort of man who talks about getting drunk—'sophisticated,' he calls it—and how his wife behaved when he came home. He thinks such things are humorous and she stays and stayed—they never went home until nearly eleven o'clock. Well, I must go; I have a hundred things to do this morning. But I couldn't settle down to anything until I had told some one. I don't think I'll ever go near a Thursday bridge again."

"I felt that way too, Lullie," I said. "But then I reflected that I hadn't entertained the club, and the members might think I was trying to get out of it."

"That's so," said Lullie. "I suppose that applies to me too. Oh, dear—well, goodbye."

As I thought over the things she had said I couldn't blame Lullie Kent for being most women have, that your own house was the one place where you did not have to come in contact with people distasteful to you, and to have them literally force themselves upon you—why, it destroys the whole tradition of the home.

She called on us all, and on some of us twice, on the pretext of a new embroidery stitch or a book she wanted us to read or something equally futile. She begged us all to call on her, urging us to be quite informal, and she even invited Lullie Kent and me to luncheon. I declined, of course, and so did Lullie. She came to the meetings early and stayed late, and it's hard to say which irritated us more, her frocks or her efforts to be familiar with us. We did not return her calls, and we tried, in a well bred way, to subdue her, but it seemed little use.

By the time the Thursday Bridge Club's season was half over we were completely disgusted. Mrs. Garrison, I'm happy to tell, had been brought to see her mistake and she was more than anxious to expiate her—I nearly said crime—offense. Especially since she had found out that Mrs. Pace was no real kin to the Bishop and would be no use to her at all. She really had been the most disagreeable of us all to Mrs. Pace, and I suppose it was natural of the eighth meeting. I shall never forget that day if I live to be a thousand.

We were all rather late—the meeting was at Miss Maxwell's—and Mrs. Pace was already there when Lullie Kent and I came in. The creature had on another new frock, a green checked silk with yoke and sleeves of pink flowered organza, and very much shirred and lace trimmed. On anyone else it might not have been bad, but I don't believe she could have looked like a lady in anything—no, not even in deep mourning, with a crepe veil to hide her face and hair and a loose coat to cover her hour glass figure.

Every one seemed depressed, and we played listlessly. All the flavor of good fellowship was completely gone. I thought Mrs. Pace's manner was a little sharp and sharp, but I set it down to natural behavior of the woman and paid no attention. After we had finished playing and were sitting about waiting for Miss Maxwell to announce the prize winners and give the prizes, Mrs. Pace spoke up, very loudly and clear:—

"I can tell fortunes on the cards, perfectly," she said, apropos of nothing that I had heard. "Do let me tell yours, Mrs. Kent."

Lullie murmured something about not believing in such things, but of course she could not tell Mrs. Pace outright to stop. We all just turned to watch, and Mrs. Pace shuffled the cards and asked Lullie to divide them in three parts. As she looked at the first pile she gave a little start.

"Dear me," she said, "I suppose it would be unfair to ask it, but it's very plain that you did not marry for love. Here's a love affair with a dark man

plainly shown—your husband is fair—and, oh, yes, you've been rather indiscreet in various flirtations, have you not, Mrs. Kent? But perhaps you've outgrown that for here is a card," and she laid one down, "that shows what a jealous temperament you have, and its nearness to this king of hearts proves that you are intensely jealous of your husband."

Lullie Kent went white as a sheet. I thought for a minute she was going to strike Mrs. Pace. But she never moved. Mrs. Pace picked up the second pile of cards. My tongue was dry. We were all leaning forward like people at the theatre.

"Ah, here's the reason of that jealousy," went on Mrs. Pace. "Here's the blonde woman you know has your husband's real affection. And money troubles, too, you're having, aren't you? There's nothing good here. I'll just go on to your future."

"Dear me, the death of a near relative, loss of money, the peridy of one who professes to be your dearest friend. And there's a lot of sickness in your family coming soon, among the children, I should judge from the cards. I really hate to tell you all the bad luck the cards say is in store for you. But here's the end of your husband's affair, with that blonde woman, at least, and the dark man re-appears for you." She paused a moment and threw the cards together. Now, all of us knew that Lullie had been engaged to Tom Jenkins before she met Mr. Kent and was said to have married for pique. I don't believe it, but you know how people love to talk.

Before any one could relieve the strained situation with a commonplace remark Mrs. Pace looked up at Miss Maxwell, who had been standing, struck dumb like the rest of us during the last half of the fortune. "Now I'll tell you, Miss Maxwell, please, and I'll lay them out and tell you all about yourself."

Hannah Maxwell cut the cards and tried to act natural and say something about being afraid of such a prophesied evil—it really was the kindest thing she could do to try to spare poor Lullie confusion—and Mrs. Pace deftly laid out a double row.

"So you're an old maid from necessity," she said cruelly, "even though you do go about and try to attract men's attention. Well, it is of no use, you'll die without a proposal. You've had great hopes this year, to get the bachelor brother of an old friend of yours; she glanced at Mrs. Ten Eyck, "but it is no use, he is mixed up with a little stenographer downtown."

Mrs. Ten Eyck's eyes positively stood out like marbles.

"You have not been successful in the art you tried to follow; no one would buy your work." Poor Hannah's minarettes are the despair of all her friends. "You have a fondness for the vain things of life and go out a great deal and entertain, sometimes laying aside more serious considerations of charity and church work in order to seem to be one of the social whirl. The church work and the charities," (she pointed to two cards)

"would be far more fitting to your age. According to these you have never tried to make the most of your family ties; a certain death of a near relative not long ago was a positive relief. It looks as if you were to travel very soon and meet with a railway accident, but there is nothing to show that you will not. Now," she went on, sweeping the cards together, "I'll tell yours, Mrs. Garrison."

Why some of us did not get up and stop this dreadful ordeal, none the less dreadful because of its vulgarity, for the most of her statements held just enough truth to make them uncomfortable, I can not tell. But no one moved. We were fascinated by the sheer nerve of the performance. It was evident that she meant to pay up every alight and snub she had received.

"You are very sickle," she began after she had read her cards, and looking straight at Mrs. Garrison. "You have recently acquired a great deal of money and its possession lies heavily upon you. You have not yet learned how to spend it with the ease of one who has always been used to such things. But you are trying very hard to live up to your new possessions, and would be willing to sacrifice your friends, your family, anything, to get a better social position—something you will never achieve."

I suppose I am only human, but I did feel a little satisfaction in hearing those plain truths told to Sally Garrison! She had been awfully overbearing at times since she got her money.

"No, you will never achieve it," repeated Mrs. Pace. "You have tried very hard to find acquaintances in a better set than yours, but they only laugh at you. You find, too, that your husband will never be brought to sympathize with your social ambitions, and that he has all the manly virtues, he never could be polished into even a remote likeness of a gentleman."

Gasp—we all gasped. I believe the woman had written it out and learned it by heart, she said it off so pat. But she was not done with Sally by any means. "You are soon to have your life darkened by the breath of serious scandal and will have great difficulty in proving yourself innocent, and will never be entirely free from the taint of it. You will learn what it is to have those whom you have looked down on look down on you, and there—that red queen, that might be your daughter, I presume—well, it looks as though she were to be deserted by her father at the very steps of the altar."

That wasn't the end. She went on and flayed alive every woman in that club. You'd never believe the things she said. She scored Miss Grey on her vanity, and told her she would be twice married and twice divorced, and have two sets of twins. She ridiculed Mrs. Ten Eyck's pretensions to fine ancestry, and said that her family tree and her coat of arms had been bought outright from some unscrupulous genealogist. Pretending to find all these things on the cards, too, the wretched fellow! No little thing that had been said or done or even looked against her seemed to have escaped her and she paid us up in full. She even told me—that I was a hypocrite and a gossip, and she intimated that my husband was not true to me. Oh, heavens, I almost choked.

It was nearly six o'clock before she got allowed. Then she got up and put down the cards and walked up to Miss Maxwell and said, "I'm so sorry, Miss Maxwell," and every word had a spiteful emphasis, "that I cannot attend any more of these delightful meetings, but I have been invited to join Bishop Maybaird's Ethical Culture class, which meets on Friday afternoons, and since he is my cousin I feel that I ought to do it. I want to thank you for the many delightful afternoons I have had and the uniform kindness and cordiality you all have offered me."

And she flounced out of the room. For a few minutes we sat there without a word. But when we heard the front door slam and knew she was out of the house we just looked at one another and burst out in the wildest laughing—we laughed and laughed—we just screamed. Lullie Kent was almost hysterical. But that laugh cleared the atmosphere and restored us to our normal selves. The Thursday Bridge Club was itself again.

She hadn't been invited to join the Bishop's class—that was just a bluff. And Hannah Maxwell did marry Mrs. Ten Eyck's brother. We have another member now in Mrs. Pace's place, a Mrs. Crane, from Boston, who is perfectly lovely and lives in Allen avenue, a block above Mrs. Garrison. And she is a D. A. R. and a Colonial Dame and a second cousin of mine and I invited her into the club.



HE WENT ON AND PLAYED ALIVE EVERY WOMAN IN THAT CLUB

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