

BRIEF NEWS NOTES FOR THE BUSY MAN

MOST IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK IN CONDENSED FORM.

WORLD'S NEWS EPITOMIZED

Complete Review of Happenings of Greatest Interest From All Parts of World.

Southern

That Gen. John H. Morgan, the Confederate leader, whose mysterious escape from the Ohio penitentiary November 27, 1863, together with five of his staff, has puzzled historians for almost half a century, walked out of the penitentiary to freedom through the front gate, either boldly or aided by officials at the institution, is the belief of the authorities of the prison. After forty-eight years of searching, the alleged Morgan tunnel was uncovered by prisoners excavating for new cell blocks.

Gathered in Washington to discuss plans for a comprehensive scheme of advertising to present the boundless resources of the South to the people of other sections, were the representatives of practically all the Southern railroads and connecting lines. While the meeting was an executive one, and no statement was given out as to the specific details of the measure discussed, it is known that the plan which received the most attention calls for co-operation by the Southern business men and industrial corporations generally, through the railroads are expected to contribute a liberal share of the sinews of war.

Representative J. H. Tidwell of Florida resorts any reference to his "harem skirt" bill as a "freak" measure. The legislator recently introduced in the Florida house a bill prohibiting the wearing of the streets or in public places, harem or hobble skirts. It was referred to the committee on Indian affairs, which reported favorably without amendment. The editor of a Florida paper, commenting on the Tidwell measure, called it a "freak." The author of the bill regrets the term.

With welcoming speeches by Gov. Joseph M. Brown and Mayor Courtland S. Winn, the third annual conference on woman and child labor held for a two-days' convention in Atlanta. Hon. Malcolm Patterson, ex-governor of Tennessee, who is the president of the conference, presided at the meetings, and responded for the visitors to the addresses of the governor and the mayor. Features of the convention were stereopticon lectures by A. J. McKelway, the well-known secretary of the national child labor commission. Mr. McKelway showed pictures of factory conditions in the South, which he thinks should be remedied.

Delegates representing 4,717 members of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith in the South held the first business session of the twenty-eighth annual convention of the order in Little Rock. Officers elected include the following: President, Leo Pfeiffer, Little Rock; first vice president, Leon Schwarz, Mobile; second vice president, Ephraim Frisch, Pine Bluff, Ark.; secretary, Nathan Strauss, New Orleans.

General

The first book ever printed from movable type brought the highest price ever paid for any book. The prize was the Gutenberg Bible, the purchaser Henry E. Huntington of Los Angeles, and the price \$50,000. The purchase was made at the sale in New York of the library of the late Robert Hoe, the largest public auction sale of books ever attempted.

Argument on the petition of counsel for Dr. B. Clark Hyde for a writ of habeas corpus to obtain Hyde's liberty on bail was begun before Judge Stover in Kansas City circuit court. He recently was granted a retrial by the state supreme court on the charge of killing Col. Thomas Swope, the millionaire philanthropist. It was the first time he had been out of jail since his trial.

John J. McNamara, secretary of the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' Association; his brother, James N. McNamara, and Ortie E. McNamara, the alleged dynamite conspirators, accused of blowing up The Los Angeles Times newspaper plant, last October, killing 21 men, are in the Los Angeles jail, in separate cells, surrounded by extra guards. All three are charged with murder.

Twenty-four miners are reported to have been killed in a gas or dust explosion in Ott mine number twenty of the Davis Coal and Coke company, about a mile from Elk Garden, W. Va.

Gov. Woodrow Wilson is to swing around the circle and light the bonfires for his 1912 boom for president.

The situation in Morocco, which is still serious, is more hopeful. The French government received advice that quiet prevailed at Fez April 15; the rebels apparently having been subdued by their defeat by Captain Bremond's column April 12.

An armistice of five days affecting the district between Juarez and Chihuahua, was made in an exchange of letters signed by General Madero for the rebels and General Navarro for the government.

That the men who translated the King James Bible 300 years ago knew how to use the English language better than any body of the scholars who could be gathered together in the whole world today, is the opinion of President William H. P. Faunce of Brown university, who spoke at the Bible Tercentenary meeting in Boston.

adopted now or never, and must stand or fall by its own terms. So declared President Taft in an address in New York City at the fourth annual joint banquet of the Associated Press and the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. His address was the first of a series in which he plans to evoke public sentiment in support of his policies, and he appealed to the company of editors and newspaper owners gathered from all parts of the land to impress on the public mind that reciprocity should stand alone and "ought not to be affected in any regard by other amendments to the tariff law." His recommendations were warmly cheered.

The Dutch have taken possession of Palmas islands, 60 miles southeast of Mindanao, Philippine Islands, lowered the United States colors and substituted the flag of Holland. It is understood that Washington does not intend to protest against the action of the Dutch, the United States government regarding the island as valueless.

Edward Tilden, Chicago packer, and William C. Cummings and George M. Benedict, president of the Drovers' Trust and Savings bank of Chicago, were arrested on a contempt charge by the Illinois senate. This action by the senate was taken on recommendation of the senate bribery investigation committee after Tilden, Cummings and Benedict, through their lawyers, had refused to produce Tilden's personal bank account for the months of May, June, July and August, 1909.

Following an attack on an American woman by Mexican students, the wives and families of Americans are being hurried from Mexico City and adjacent places in the republic, according to a statement made by Mrs. W. H. Southgate, who arrived in Fort Worth, Texas. Mrs. Southgate said the attack was against Mrs. Tillman, society editor of an American paper. Mrs. Tillman, Mrs. Southgate says, is a Southern woman and has been outspoken in regard to the Mexican situation.

Figures which throw light on what nations of various nationalities are doing in the way of increasing the population of the city of New York have just been issued by the health department. In the Jewish district the birth rate is the highest, averaging 55 per 1,000 of the population. In typically Italian sections the rate is 50.5. In the negro districts the birth rate averages 25.6. But in the big class native American private residence districts the rate is less than 7 per 1,000.

Washington

The Houston bill, which passed the house, leaves to the legislatures of the different states the power to rearrange the congressional districts in their respective states on the new population basis of one member for each 211,877 of inhabitants.

Americans are doing more for the children of Guam and the Philippine Islands than for those in the Southern mountain districts of this country declared Miss Martha S. Gielow of Washington at the International Congress on Child Welfare here. She said children in the Southern mountains were often compelled to walk seven miles to school. More than four million American children, she said, were being brought up without educational facilities of any sort.

After declaration that annexation is the desired end of the Democrats in pushing reciprocity and a speech by a new member, revealing rumors of a tariff fight in congress featured the debate on the free list bill. Mr. Prince of Illinois (Rep.) sounded the annexation note. President Taft's speech in New York furnished his text. He said the pouring of Americans into the Canadian northwest and the attitude of the Democratic party could mean nothing else than annexation.

Attorney General Wickersham will appeal to the Supreme court to sustain the so-called "corner counts" in the government's indictments of Eugene C. Scales, James A. Patten, William P. Brown, Frank B. Hayne and Robert M. Thompson, charged with leading the May cotton corner of 1910 on the New York cotton exchange. Judge Noyes, in the United States circuit court for the southern district of New York, sustained all of the counts of the indictment except those charging a corner to fix the price of raw cotton. He condemned the practice unreservedly, but held it did not come within the jurisdiction of the law upon which the indictments were based. Attorney General Wickersham's appeal is from that part of the decision.

Speaker Clark does not agree with Senator Root that congress is likely to adjourn by June 1. At the white house where he said he had talked "neighborhood gossip" with Mr. Taft, Mr. Clark declared that nobody in the world knew how long congress would be here. "I know as much about it as Senator Root, and he knows as much about it as I do," said Mr. Clark. "I have attended two special sessions of congress called to revise the tariff which lasted into August. There you are."

Under the reapportionment bill, which for the second time passed the house of representatives, the size of that body is increased to 433 members, giving Georgia one additional member. The measure goes to the senate to try its fate there. At the last session the senate failed to approve the increase in the size of the lower branch of congress. What it will do this time is somewhat problematical, but the strong hope is entertained that the senate will permit the house membership to have its way in this regard.

The reported declaration of Ramon Corral, vice president of Mexico, that Americans were fomenting trouble in his country to force intervention, has encountered the disfavor of the United States government. The state department has called the matter to the attention of Mexico to establish officially whether the interview with the vice president, in which the statements are said to have been made, was authentic. The question will be taken up by Ambassador Wilson at Mexico City, and he will demand an answer.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN, ETC." COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

James Wilson or Jimmy was called by his friends. Jimmy was retound and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people seemed to regard him as a joke. He is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone would expect to find him and his wife. He and his wife, Mrs. Wilson, were divorced. Those who attend the party are Miss Katherine McNair, who is a divorcee, and Mrs. Dallas Brown, the Misses Mercer, Maxwell Reed and a Mr. Thomas Harbison, a South American civil engineer. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selma, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. Jimmy gets his funds from Aunt Selma and after he marries she doubles his allowance. He is to tell her of his divorce, as she is opposed to it. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence, he tries to devise some way so that his aunt will not learn that he has no longer a wife. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Kit refuses, but is finally prevailed upon to act the part. Aunt Selma arrives and the deception works out as planned, as she had never seen Jimmy. She is being taken away in the ambulance. Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Bella tells Kit it wasn't Jim she wanted to see, but Takahira, the Jap servant, as she wished to secure his services.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.) "It's immoral," I protested. "It's amoral to steal you—" "My own butler!" she broke in impatiently. "You're not usually so scrupulous, Kit. Hurry! I hear that hateful Anne Brown."

So we slid back along the hall, and I rang for Takahiro. But no one came. "I think I ought to tell you, Bella," I said as we waited, and Bella was staring around the room—"I think you ought to know that Miss Caruthers is here." Bella shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, thank goodness," she said. "I don't have to see her. The only pleasant thing I remember about my year of married life is that I did not meet Aunt Selma."

I rang again, but still there was no answer. And then it occurred to me that the stillness below stairs was almost oppressive. Bella was noticing things, too, for she began to fasten her veil again with a malicious little smile.

"One of the things I remember my late husband saying," she observed, "was that he could manage this house, and had done it for years, with flawless service. Stand on the bell, Kit."

I did. We stood there, with the table, just as it had been left, between us and waited for a response. Bella was growing impatient. She raised her eyebrows (she is very handsome, Bella is) and fung out her chin as if she had begun to enjoy the horrible situation.

I thought I heard a rattle of silver from the pantry just then, and I hurried to the door in a rage. But the pantry was empty of servants and full of dishes, and all the lights were out but one, which was burning dimly. I could have sworn that I saw one of the servants duck into the stairway to the basement, but when I got there the stairs were empty, and something was burning in the kitchen below.

Bella had followed me and was peering over my shoulder curiously. "There isn't a servant in the house," she said triumphantly. And when we went down to the kitchen, she seemed to be right. It was in disgraceful order, and one of the bottles of wine that had been banished from the dining room sat half empty on the floor.

"Drunk!" Bella said with conviction. But I didn't think so. There had not been time enough, for one thing. Suddenly I remembered the ambulance that had been the cause of Bella's appearance—for no one could believe her silly story about Takahiro. I simply left her there, staring helplessly at the confusion, and ran upstairs again: through the dining room, past Jimmy and Aunt Selma, past Lelia Mercer and Max, who were flirting on the stairs, up to the servants' bedrooms, and there my suspicions were verified. There was every evidence of a hasty flight; in three bedrooms five trunks stood locked and ominous, and the closets yawned with open door. Empty. Bella had been right; there was not a servant in the house.

As I emerged from the untidy emptiness of the servants' wing, I met Mr. Harbison coming out of the studio. "I wish you would let me do some of this running about for you," Mrs. Wilson, he said gravely. "You are not well, and I can't think of anything worse for a headache. Has the butler's illness clogged the household machinery?"

"Worse," I replied, trying not to breathe in gasps. "I wouldn't be running around—like this—but there is not a servant in the house! They have gone, the entire lot."

"That's odd," he said slowly. "Gone! Are you sure?" In reply I pointed to the servants' wing. "Trunks packed," I said tragically, "rooms empty, kitchen and pantries full of dishes. Did you ever hear of anything like it?"

"Never," he asserted. "It makes me suspect—What he suspected he did not say; instead he turned on his heel, without a word of explanation, and ran down the stairs. I stood staring after him, wondering if every one in the place had gone crazy. Then I heard Betty Mercer scream and the rest talking loud and laughing, and Mr. Harbison came up the stairs again two at a time.



Why, the man wouldn't expect me to leave; I would have to play out the wretched farce to the end! "I'll go down and see them off," I finished lamely, and we went together down the stairs. Just for the moment I forgot Bella altogether. I found Aunt Selma bonneted and cloaked, taking a stirrup cup of Pomona for her nerves, and the rest throwing on their wraps in a hurry. Downstairs Max was telephoning for his car, which wasn't due for an hour, and Jim was walking up and down, swearing under his breath. With the prospect of getting rid of them all, and of going home comfortably to try to forget the whole wretched affair, I cheered up quite a lot. I even played up my part of hostess, and Dallas told me, aside, that I was a brick.

Just then Jim threw open the front door. There was a man on the top step, with his mouth full of tacks, and he was nailing something to the door. Just below Jim's Florentine bronze knocker, and standing back with his head on one side to see if it was straight.

"What are you doing?" Jim demanded fiercely, but the man only drove another tack. It was Mr. Harbison who stepped outside and read the card.

It said "Smallpox." "Smallpox," Mr. Harbison read, as if he couldn't believe it. Then he turned to us, huddled in the hall. "It seems it wasn't measles, after all," he said cheerfully. "I move we get into Mr. Reed's automobile out there, and have a vaccination party. I suppose even you blasé society folk have not exhausted that kind of diversion."

But the man on the step spat his tacks in his hand and spoke for the first time.

"No, you don't," he said. "Not on your life. Just step back, please, and close the door. This house is quarantined."

It was after eleven before they were rational enough to discuss ways and means, and, of course, the first thing suggested was that we all adjourn below stairs and clean up after dinner. I could have slain Max Reed for the notion, and the Mercer girls for taking him up.

"Of course we will," they said in a duet. "What a lark!" And they actually began to pin up their dinner gowns. It was Jim who stopped that. "Oh, look here, you people," he objected, "I'm not going to let you do that. We'll get some servants in tomorrow. I'll go down and put out the lights. There will be enough clean dishes for breakfast."

It was lucky for me that this started a new discussion then and there about who would get the breakfast. In the midst of the excitement I slipped away to carry the news to Bella. She was where I had left her, and she had made herself a cup of tea, and was very much at home, which was natural.

"Do you know," she said omnisciously, "that you have been away for two hours? And that I have gone through agonies of nervousness for fear Jim Wilson would come down and think I came here to see him."

Another kind. "Ha!" said the Russian count, with a fierce scowl on his Muscovite features. "This worm of an American writer has insulted me with his pen!"

"Has he written a biting satire about you?" inquired the fair charmer to whom he spoke.

"Nothing so gentlemanly!" yelled the count. "He has named his pig after me!"

Not Boscley's Style. "Lush—That man Boscley is a regular sponge. Nipton—You're unjust to the sponge, old man. Lush—How's that? Nipton—When a sponge gets soaked it loosens up.

situation, Dai," I said icily. "There will be plenty to do. There isn't a servant in the house!" "No servants!" everybody cried at once. The Mercer girls stopped giggling. "Holy cats!" Max stopped in the act of hanging up his overcoat. "Do you mean—why, I can't shave myself! I'll cut my head off."

"You'll do more than that," I retorted grimly. "You will carry coal and tend fires and empty ash pans, and when you are not doing any of those things there will be pots and pans to wash and beds to make."

Then there was a row. We had worked back to the den now, and I stood in front of the fireplace and let the storm beat around me, and tried to look perfectly cold and indifferent, and not to see Mr. Harbison's shocked face. No wonder he thought them a lot of savages, browbeating their hostesses the way they did.

"It's a fool thing anyhow," Max Reed wound up, "to celebrate the anniversary of a divorce—especially—"

Here he caught Jim's eye and stopped. But I had suddenly remembered. Bella down in the basement! Could anything have been worse? And of course she would have hysteria and then turn on me and blame me for it all. It all came over me at once and overwhelmed me, while Anne was crying and saying she wouldn't cook if she starved for it, and Aunt Selma was taking off her wraps. I felt queer all over, and I sat down suddenly. Mr. Harbison was looking at me, and he brought me a glass of wine.

"It won't be so bad as you fear," he said comfortingly. "There will be no danger once we are vaccinated, and many hands make light work. They are pretty raw now, because the thing is new to them, but by morning they will be reconciled."

"It isn't the work: it is something entirely different," I said. And it was. Bella and work could hardly be spoken in the same breath. If I had only turned her out as she deserved to be, when she first came, instead of allowing her to carry through the wretched farce about seeing Takahiro! Or if I had only run to the basement the moment the house was quarantined, and got her out the areaway or coal hole! And

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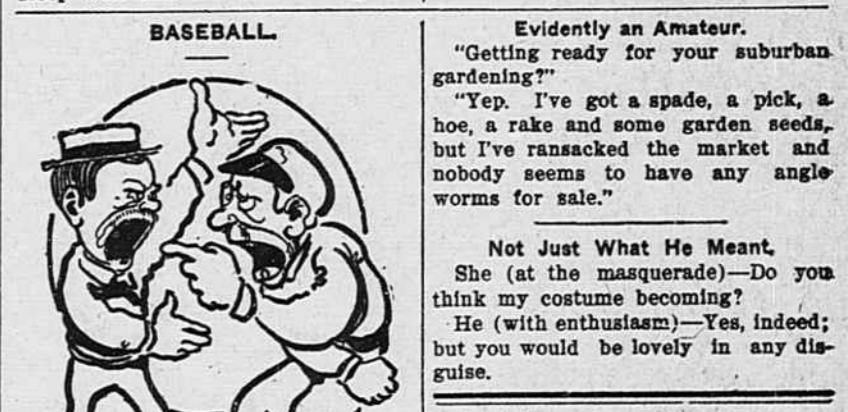
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Evidently an Amateur. "Getting ready for your suburban gardening?" "Yep. I've got a spade, a pick, a hoe, a rake and some garden seeds, but I've ransacked the market and nobody seems to have any angle worms for sale."

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