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**ULSTERMEN DRILLING WITH CONTRABAND ARMS** 

In anticipation of the trouble that is certain to follow the enforcement of the home rule bill, Ulstermen in

Tension at Snapping Point.

streets and administration of civil du- unloose the flood of war, tension was of our own immaculate American

at the snapping point. It was the navy.

Serve in Army or Be Hung.

Back of the gibbet is a rectangular

pen" under the broiling sun were

from one hundred and fifty to two

and more mere conscripts picked up

the invitation each morning, one who

gun crew let loose again, but appar-

"It's only a coat," concluded the

man is working it back and forth

Coat Makes Last Trip.

across the street."

opened from the sides.

In the weeks the fleet was assemb-

"Probably some native trying to be-

ting his coat full of bullet holes," was

the lieutenant's explanation of the

the "admiral of the king's navee,"

of many admirals. Admirals make

mistakes. So do captains; also many

other dignified, stern visaged officers

Captain Boards Wrong Ship.

to the deck for his orders.

the officer of the deck.

creased proportionately.

vated on the gibbet. In the evening George J. Gould. Edwin, Howard and

"Proceed to the --- with a pas-

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the coxswain.

The bell rang and the boat was off.

DOUBLES BIG GOULD ESTATE

Under Management of George J., Fa-

ther's Holdings Have Been In-

creased Doublefold.

New York .- Under the management

of George J. Gould the estate of the

late Jay Gould is said to have been

more than doubled in value since the

senger and return to ship," ordered

Those who form their ideas of the

strange performance.

every hamlet of the county are drilling, generally with rifles that were smuggled into Belfast.

AT THE PORT OF VERA CRUZ

STORIES OF U. S. FLEET ON DUTY

the Mexican port plans had been son had been learned.

dty. Outwardly the groups of young torpedo tubes

worked out for the occupation of the

city. They contemplated resistance

Vera Cruz, Mexico.-Months before Each sailor boy looked straight ahead.

the landing of the American naval Thoughts flew to homes far away as

forces at Vera Cruz and the capture of war's realities were realized. The les-

by the Mexicans and were not merely ling at Vera Cruz awaiting word from

plans for peaceful patrolling of Washington or a chance which might

Five months ago the battleship vigilance of a stranger in the ene-

New Jersey was sent to Vera Cruz my's country. The island prison-for-

### VOTED FOR HIM TWICE ON SAME DAY



of Philadelphia, who, his friends boast and his enemies admit, won his election less upon political issues than his attractive personality, takes but a small part in practical politics. "I'm very green at the game," he

Representative Michael Donohoe

declares (a good color for a nativeborn Irishman, by the way), "which makes me somewhat of a shining mark in some respects. The morning after my last election there breezed into my office a fellow, large and pleasant. He effusively congratulated me with both hands and every breath -which was alcoholically overcharged-and assured me of the satisfaction it had given him to vote for me. Thanking him, I asked: What part of the district do you

'Oi'm from over th' bridge,' he replied in rich County Carlow brogue! (Mr. Donohoe doesn't have to make

any effort to get that brogue.)

"This meant nothing to me, ignorant of political metes and bounds, so I again asked: "'What ward do you live in?"

"'And Oi'm in Kelly's ward, to be sure, y'r honor,' he replied." "Kelly's ward?" I queried, for I did know enough to identify a wellknown local leader. , 'Why Kelly's ward isn't, in my district at all!' 'Sure, an' it isn't at all, at all,' exclaimed the sly rogue, with delightful

coolness. 'But I voted for yez, Misther Donohoe,' he added with a chuckle-

#### "JERRY" DONOVAN'S CHANGE OF HEART

Representative "Jerry" Donovan. a Democrat from Connecticut, who bristles indignantly when he contemplates absenteeism in the house, renounced the other day an opportunity to preside over that body and gave to Speaker Clark the credit of unintentionally preventing a night session.

Under the special rule for the consideration of the antitrust bills the house was to hold night sessions while general debate continued. When the hour for the dinner recess arrived one, Saturday Representative Webb asked unanimous consent that adjournment be taken until Monday, setting aside the night session.

"I object," said Mr. Donovan. "We have nobody to speak," said Mr. Webb, casting his eye over the twenty-odd members present. "Then go ahead with the reading

of the bill," said Mr. Donovan. Where is everybody? Where are the distinguished gentlemen who ought to be on the Republican side?"

"Where are the Democrats?" interjected a voice from the Republican side. "Well, I'm tired of all this debate," said Mr. Donovan. "You must meet tonight unless the gentleman in charge of the bill agrees to knock off five

Mr. Webb said he couldn't think of doing this. Both Republicans and Democrats crowded around the Connecticut member to beg him not to force a night session. He shook his head.

"The chair names the gentleman from Connecticut to preside at the night session," said Speaker Clark.

Mr. Donovan became thoughtful. "Rather than preside over this body," said Mr. Donovan, who is serving

his first term, "I will withdraw my objection." The house adjourned until Monday.

### WINGO TELLS ONE ON HIMSELF



kansas looks more like the southern | Cruz in the warless war was a fight | used noose still dangles-also shows congressman imaged in the popular over the housetops. Behind the roof against the sky. mind than any man in the capital's parapets and from the high towers public life. In Prince Albert coat, the Mexican smipers fought like deblack slouch hat and black string tie fenders of a beleaguered medieval inclosure. Into this open air "bull falling over a capacious expanse of castle. Each city block of the gray white shirt front, as he walks sedate- stone city made a separate castle. ly down the corridor, he seems to Had their defense been as determined hundred prisoners. Some were army have stepped bodily from the pages of and as united as the attack of the deserters, others prisoners of war some political novel.

is proud of it. Hence, when he told been far more bitter. American fore- invited to enlist in the federal army. the following little story on himself sight knew more about their own city To impress them with the merits of it was only upon the solemn oath of his auditor that not a word of it should appear in print.

It seems that Mr. Wingo, having in tow a visiting constituent whom cal magnitude, was standing waiting days of fighting in Vera Cruz was a have been effective in convincing at the door of an elevator in the sudden awakening that life in the most of the prisoners that their pa-House office building. Mr. Wingo navy is not all pomp, parade, travel triotic duty was to join Huerta's rang the bell; but to his disgust the and play. Many had never seen a fel- army. descending elevator swept airly by low being cold in death, much less a Everything seemed quiet one night

without even hesitating. This hurt. "Why didn't you stop for me on your way down just now?" queried Mr.

"Couldn't stop for you," replied the elevator boy with lofty finality. "Had expeditions before had been for dis- arms waving shot across the narrow Wingo sourly as they were descending on the next trip.

"And this," ejaculated Mr. Wingo, as he told the story, "before that con-

# MAN WHO CAPTURED SANTA ANNA

"And so Gen. Santa Anna surrendered to me," said Sergt. Peter Daly, "and I introduced him to the line surgeant, and off we all went to Gen. Winfield Scott. And," Sergeant Daly added, impressively, "that ended the

On the porch of his daughter's comfortable frame cottage in the Bronx, New York city, on these warm days sits Peter Daly, and smokes his pipe, and tells what he remembers of "the war." There is only one war for Peter Daly, and although he is ninety-one years old, and no one thinks of calling him "Sergeant" nowadays, the salient episodes of his career as a fighter stand out as clearly, and as significantly, as if they had happened yesterday. Sergt. Peter Daly has almost forgotten that the Civil war was ever fought, or that we had battles in 1898 in the West Indies and Manila bay. The Mexican war was his war, and Winfield Scott was

mander surrendered.



his general. And he, Peter Daly, was the man to whom the Mexican com-"It wasn't any of my doing," he explains, lest pride in his good fortune

be mistaken for a false self-esteem. "I just happened to be on the end of the line. That was how it was I took charge of him. I was a cavalryman in the Seventh New York, and I was on guard duty at the east end of the division line. It was a long front, about a mile, and I was on the very end of it. And I saw a man comingtoward the line, all

"Well, I didn't know who it was at first. And then I saw it was Santa than a dozen or more society folk, treasure had almost been given up. Truth is as impossible to be spoiled alone, with a white handkerchief. Anna. Yes, sir. It was Santa Anna himself, cominf to surrender. And he when he recovered for his mother a Vincent uttered a childish cry, "Here by any outward touch as the sunbeam. surrendered to ma. I was on post where he came, so I took him in charge." \$16,000 necklace which she lost at the 'tis," and fished from the sand the Milton.

"Million Dollar Baby" Fishes Necklace Out of Sand After Others Give Up Hope.

of the board walk she continued walking on the sand covered portion of the track. The necklace fell from her B. McLean of Washington, demon- ber of her friends the search was constrated that he was a better sleuth tinued. When hope of recovering the

erties time and again.

Policewoman Is Afraid.

#### This Farmer Man Knew Something About Crows

TASHINGTON.—Consider crowds: A farmer man was going along a business street up Georgetown way above the clash of traffic, he heard a sound that caused him to look upward. And there on a chimney

ledge perched a crow shrilling out his: "Caw, caw, caw." While the farmer man was craning his neck, another man, in passing, paused to inquire fraternally: "Pet of yours got away?"

The answer went off like an ex-"What in thunder do you suppose a farmer wants with a crow except to shoot him? I'm plagued to death every year of my life with the darn

things watchin' my coin hills from the fence rails, and the first thing I hear when I get to town is this infernal cawin'. What do you reckon that rascal yet actually out of repair, but evidentup yonder means by wasting his time here where there are no crops to ly hasting thither. Against them is "Oh, we've got a rockery of 40,000 crows near Arlington, and I've watched original attempt to provide containers,

movements. Every morning in the early gray they fly down the Potomac to their feeding grounds." "That's where they get me, blank 'em!" The farmer man made his come a hero to his senorita by get-

adjective good and strong-no, not good, just strong! "Live along the eastern shore?" "No, sir; I'm from old Charles county, God bless her-"You don't say! I've got relatives down in that section—fine people, too—

and at dusk you ought to see those crows come trailing home in a long, black be cool shade on warm summer afternavy from comic operas may believe line, high up in the sky, in clear weather and sailing low in storms. Oh, there was such a ridiculous person as you can't put me against crows, friend. I've watched them too long." "That's how I got my opinion-by watchin' 'em, with a shot gun. The

rascals are so sharp, though, these days, doggone 'em, that it's hard work made famous in song. Perhaps there was, but more likely the famous Eng- getting a pop at them. And you can't frighten 'em with scarecrows any lish composer created a fictitious per- more. Blank it, sir, they light on 'em, right before your eyes." "Caw, caw, caw," shrilled the crow. son from mistakes, real or imaginary,

## Not So Bad as Cynics Would Have Us Believe

MAN was limping through Lafayette square. It was so early of a Sunday morning that the grounds were empty Late one night when the fleet was except for the man and a lone person who was coming down a path toward and her officers were detailed immetress, San Juan del Ulua, lay grim and off Vera Cruz a certain captain him, and the same primeval stillness diately for a military survey of the menacing. The Americans knew four stepped into his launch and started lay over the streets outside, not countfor his ship. His thoughts were on ing the iconoclastic rattle of passing

officers who were ashore daily were Each night the harbor was dragged the day's work and the plans for the cars. The man limped because of a stiff ing and mounted the stairs of the bat- cane, and it was a slow limp because, again, his architecture included a bay-window front incompatible with to the officer who saluted him at the high speed. He carried a newspaper and was lumbering toward a tree-The officer of the deck did so. He shaded bench, when-

Something in the grass caught cipline laid down its rules. The cap- his eye. It must have been an important find, for, stiff and stout as he was,

he made an elaborate effort to reach down to it-and failed. Then he straightened up, gave a jiu-jitsu twist to his body and tried to stoop sideways. He failed again. Nobody wants to be officious, but the lone person who had come along | done the same have attained their suc-

ranks with a major in the army-met | and was about to pass thought it might be a case of dropped specs, or somehim, saluted and passed on. That thing vital like that, and volunteered first aid. "Thank you, madam. I would very much like to have one of these white

looked around. It was just like his clovers if I might tax your kindness." The lone person picked exactly one clover from the white powdered grass, and handed it to him. The man accepted it with a bubble of confidence due

"The ----, sir," replied the com- the occasion. "These little blooms take me back a half century to the farm that was my home when I was a boy." The woman smiled appreciative recognition of the sentiment as she refrain from a narrow consideration of

passed on; the man lumbered over to his bench and-well, that was really a lamp or lamps and, instead, to reall there was to it except-When a stiff, stout man, over fifty, can carry about with him enough honest boyhood to prize a clover top for the sake of its associations, the

## Thing That Thrills Some Visitors to the Capital

NE thing about the small town visitor that thrills is the niceties he preserves in eating. If a confirmed habitue of one of Washington's fashionable restaurants happens to drop a particularly choice bit of meat on the



tablecloth he calmly and unhurriedly retrieves it. He is not nervous about it. He is not even nervous if the

waiter looks at him reproachfully. The writer saw one huge, bronzed man with a mighty walrus mustache and an appearance which justified the belief that he could face 15 bad men with guns and not wink an eye. The bad man had ordered a veal cutlet. And one of the best bits of the cutlet escaped the curtain-draped cave that he called his mouth and fell slushily

death of the widow of the latter. Perupon the white cloth. The mighty man extended a hamlike hand to pick it sonal fortunes of the Goulds have inup and had almost captured his game when, looking up, he caught the eye of the waiter. His face turned crimson. His colossal hand flapped feebly Criticisms directed to previous around, while he pretended to be trying to look at the salt cellar, the sauce--Gould management of their railroads anything. The waiter went toward him icily. had obstinately refused it was ele- find no basis for repetition against

"Anything, sir?" he wanted to know. "N-n-nothin'," faltered the big man. "I was-"

"Salt, sir?" asked the waiter, solicitously. The big man clutched at the suggestion like a drowning man clutching

at a straw. "Ye-es," he stuttered. The salt was handed him and he spoiled the remainder of his cutlet

And during the rest of the dreary meal he ate solemnly, sadly, hopelessly, while the waiter stood guard and the fallen piece of meat gleamed wickedly from the tablecloth. Occasionally he would look reproachfully at the waiter. Then he would bow his head mournfully over his food.

## This Congressman Comes From a Land of Plenty

66 COME," said Representative Holland of the Norfolk, Va., district-and there was a world of pride in his tones—"I come from that land famed the world over for its good things to eat. A land the fair renown of whose

oysters and terrapin and hams is sung throughout the length and breadth of the nation from where"-and Mr. Holland, waxing eloquent, harked back to valedictorian days-"from where the icy waters of the Atlantic beat upon the bleak crags of Maine to where the placid waters of the blue Pacific kiss

the golden-" "It's a fact, sir, a fact," concluded Mr. Holland, when reminded that these stories must be limited to 400 words. "I'm right about it; dead

has charge of all the cuckoos lets

them loose from her basket. The old

dame is said to be of very irascible

right!" And Mr. Holland is right about it; dead right. Just listen to this luscious litany of the succulent, savory things hailing from the district that

calls him representative—a litany he chants with reverent ecstacy. Lynnhaven oysters, canvas-back duck, diamond-back terrapin, Crisfield crabs, Norfolk spots, Chesapeake shad, sora, reedbirds, Smithfield hams,

March strawberries, April green peas-Here, waiter, quick! What's tariffs to terrapin, or currency bills to canvas-backs! And don't forget the peanut!

by prosaic, "natural gas" works, still When the Cuckoo Arrives. Sussex alone of English counties possesses a park, whose romantic hidhas one fixed and unalterable day den ravines and wealth of foliage for the arrival of the cuckoo. This is would furnish an ideal retreat for the April 14, the date of the "Cuckoo fair," "wandering voice" of Wordsworth.at Heathfield, where an old lady who London Chronicle.

Sounded Personal. "Our porter got mad at an innocent

FI COME FROM

WATERS OF TH

ATLANTIC

BEAT UPON

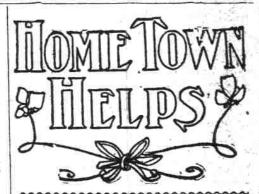
TH' BLEAK

MAINE TO -

CRACS O'

O'O'D WHERE TH' ICY

disposition, and allows only one or question. two cockoos to escape if anything has "What was that?" "I asked him if there were any train happened to ruffle her temper. What-ever truth there may be in the story, robbers left in this part of the West." Heathfield, though now partly spoiled |-Kansas City Journal.



CONTRAST IN BACK YARDS

Are Side by Side and of the Same Size, But What a Difference!

From a seventh story window we looked down on two back yards. They lie behind houses of the same character; they are of one size; they are bounded by the same tight board fences. There the likeness ends, says the Milwaukee Journal.

One yard is bare and brown, with patches of mud here and there. At the back are two or three sheds not piled rubbish that has overflowed the their goings and comings for forty years. You could time a clock by their The yard is a patch of ugliness, a waste of the space.

The other yard is carpeted with the bright fresh green of the season, through which runs a neat walk to orderly sheds that show no signs of decaying from neglect. Two little trees give promise that some day there will noons, a breathing spot in the midst

of the downtown district. It isn't difficult to argue from the difference in these yards the difference in the people who occupy the houses. It means a difference in habits of living, in ideas of cleanliness and thrift, and even beauty. Sometimes children play in the grassy yard, but the neighboring alley is more attractive than the muddy yard. And yet one might be made as attractive as the other, not in a moment, for neglect has gone too far, but with a little care and attention, which could be found as readily by the dweller in one house as the dweller in the other.

#### PLAN LIGHTING WITH CARE

System Means Much More to City Than Seems to Be the General Impression.

The city beautiful represents co-operative effort on the part of individuals. The merchant who tries to make his establishment attractive and, different from the commonplace thrives and prospers, and cities which have cess through the consistent co-opera-

tion of such citizens. Merchants' associations and similar organizations should consider the special problems of their communities exhaustively before deciding upon lighting which may prove to be more of a hindrance than a help to civic progress. It is absolutely necessary to gard light and its accessories as a part of its environment, influenced greatly by other than street light and dependent upon a careful adjustment of everything which has a direct bearing on the general effect and its difference from the commonplace. The city de luxe does not imitate, but originates in its lighting as in all things.

Gardens for Children. Miss Celeste Parrish, supervisor of rural schools in Georgia, is the moving spirit in a campaign to have school children create gardens in the back yards of city residences.

The plan is an excellent one. It is well, as Councilman- Ashley suggests, to make the back yard as ornamental and well kept as the front yard. Health and beauty lie :n that direction.

gent interest in gardening his life will take on a fresh, an inspiring and a broadening influence. The idea is valuable, also, as incul-

If the child can be given an intelli-

cating habits of industry and love for the soil. The little money and time spent in

the innovation would return dividends out of all proportion to the negligible investment.-Atlanta Constitution.

#### Beauty and Utility.

Why not combine beauty and utility by growing a few globe artichokes along the back fence. Surely the plants are as ornate and as graceful as any century plant, aloe, yucca, etc., found in local gardens and the buds are considered by many as an esculent superior to asparagus. If the common green globe sort does not appeal to your artistic taste, there is a variety bearing buds of purple that really make the plant attractive. Give these and other economic plants a chance to demonstrate their value, and you will find many have a double claim to space in the garden.

Value of Beauty to Towns. Many towns have increased their taxable property by the simple and inexpensive expedient of cleaning out unsightly buildings around the railroad station, and planting trees and shrubbery. Thus beauty has its distinct commercial value. A street with trees and flowers makes every house more salable at higher prices. Other things being equal, prospective residents will pay more money to live in a town where a consistent attempt is made toward beautifying the place .-Newcastle Courier.

#### The Microbe Age.

The old-fashioned boy who used to eat red ants spread on his bread and butter now has a son who won't touch a table knife until he knows that it has been properly sterilized .- Cincip nati Enquirer.

Reparation. "I think, William. I'll ask those new beople next door to take dinner with us tonight." "What for?" "Well, the butcher, by mistake, left their meat order here, and it seems only fair."-

#### merely sightseeing, riding or walking for mines or wires. Every moment next, and as his boat came to a stop through the quaint old city and have the tubes were watched. The Maine off a gangway he stepped on the landing the best of times. Actually, the disaster had not been forgotten. tleship's deck. city was as carefully charted as if it One night in December, across the "Tell the boat to cast off," he said were a coast of dangerous reefs and moonlit waters came the steady thump shoals. The spots along its water of the air compressors working in the front were selected where the men of fort's torpedo magazines. On the top of the ladder. the sea should land whenever hostili- battleship Rhode Island the big gongs knew it was not his captain, but disties might start. The straight streets which sound only the call to general which might be swept by the deadly quarters clanged forth. The ship's tain strolled across the afterdeck. hail of bullets from machine guns searchlights illuminated the fort as if The commander—a commander is at noonday. Enough guns found the next in rank to a captain on a batrange to blow the island and fort out Streets Very Crooked. tleship, is on duty 24 hours a day and In a seventeenth century Spanish of the sea. The thump of the air city such as this straight streets are compressors stopped. San Juan del the exception. Many, streets are Ulua hasn't found a torpedo yet. seemed strange to the captain. He During the fighting the cruiser Praicurved and more have jogs every few blocks, so that the street appears | rie, lying outside the breakwater, was ship, but something seemed strange. to end abruptly until the end is directly in front of one of the tor-"What ship is this?" he asked. reached, when it is seen to continue pedo tubes. While her guns on the a hundred feet or so to the right or shore side were turned on the naval nander, facing about at attention. academy one of her eight-inch pieces "I thought it was my ship," said The buildings whose commanding on the fort side was trained on the the captain. roofs would sweep these streets were torpedo tubes. The fort commandante "Drat that coxswain, why did he put listed. The dozen or more high para- had been warned that his first move me off at this ship?" demanded the petted stone and plaster towers which to open the torpedo sluice gates would captain from the officer of the deck. overlooked various parts of the city be the signal to fire a deadly fulwhich also was not according to rules. The captain descended the gang- world can't be half so bad as the cynics would have us believe. were known even to the location of minate shell into the ancient fort. stairways, so that no time might be | The line to raise the sluice gate hung way. The ship's boat drew up to receive him. The coxswain looked up

lost in reaching their commanding tur- | slack. rets. The flat roofs were charted like A picturesque grove of six cocoasteps. They were to be occupied in | nut palms stands on the sea promonsuccessive series, all the time advanc- tory of the same fort. Coming into ing over the housetops until the city the harbor their waving tops stand clear against the colorless skyline.

was swept and secured. The developments of the day As the ship's launches come closer a showed that the precautions were gibbet-a single upright with a pro-Representative Otis Wingo of Ar. | wisely taken. The capture of Vera | jecting arm, from which a now unmen from the ships the story of Amer-And Mr. Wingo knows it; also he ican death and bloodshed would have in the streets and sabanas. All were

> than they did themselves. It struck straight for the high spots. Fighting Sobers Jackies. To probably more than half the he was tossed over the sea wall to bluejackets and marines the first two the sharks. The argument is said to man killed, or been under fire before. along one of the streets being pa-It was a changed body of young men trolled by marines from the New Jerthat came back to the ships. Shore sey, when suddenly a black form with business, in which comrades of the down the street saw it and let loose other happy shores had died, where with a roar and the bullets hummed the blood lust of revenge had run down the street. A minute later it high, and in a twinkling they had shot back with the same defiant wav-

changed from carefree boys to hard- ing of arms. The excited machine ened men. In the Plaza d'Cathedral the hos- ently with the same futile result. pital corps gathered up the mangled Lieut. C. D. Barrett, with a couple of remains of a Mexican defender. A his marines, stole down the street. three-inch shell had torn away both If the uncanny apparition dodging legs. The close fire of a machine gun | back and forth through the hail of had chopped the body as if with bullets was human it was the strongknives. Across the plaza to the ears est man they had ever seen. of an officer to whom war had ceased to be play came the ribald chatter. | lieutenant. "And it's on a rope and a

"Carry the body down the street!" he directed the hospital orderlies. It was lifted on a stretcher. The men with the red cross on their A minute later the coat started to sleeves started at a brisk pace. Cu- flap across the street again. The ma- Helen Gould are co-trustees in charge ward to look. With a shudder they it in vain. The arm appeared for half At one time George J. Gould, with drew back. The words froze on their an inch. Half a dozen marines let the aid of the estate's funds, loaned lips. It was as if some invisible hand go with their rifles. That was the the Missouri Pacific as high as \$20,of ice had stilled their heart beats. troublesome coat's last trip. No 000,000 to hold off receivership. This Along the line moved the human traces of blood were found, but the was in 1894. Since that date the eswreckage of their bullets. It was woodwork of the door was bored as tates funds have saved various propdeath's muffler. One glance sufficed. if by augers.

the nearest boys stepped for chine gun two blocks away barked at of the estate.

GETS MOTHER'S \$16,000 GEMS | Devon horse show. Mrs. McLean had | string of gems. Mrs. McLean was overleft her box for a stroll. At the end loyed throat. Unable herself to find it, she policewoman, is afraid to go home in Philadelphia.-Vincent Beal Walsh sent for the bodyguard who accompathe dark, and when she is forced to McLean-the "hundred million dollar nies her little son on all occasions. work late has a policeman to escort baby"-son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward The boy came with him. With a num- her home.

Chicago.-Mrs. Mary C. O'Connell, a