LIGHT STILL BURNS FOR LOST DAUGHTER

Old Romantic Story, Strange and Ghostly as Tale of Poe or Kipling.

Baltimore.—And the lamp is still burning.

The lamp in this case refers to the lamp on the front door of the old Wilson T. Walters' homestead on Mount Vernon place, which has burned night and day for many years.

In the minds of Baltimoreans is the old romantic story, strange and ghostly as a tale of Poe, or Kipling, which thousands have heard as to why the lamp was burned.

Mrs. Warren T. Delano, daughter of W. T. Walters, the latter known in art

Had Given Directions That It Always Was to Be Burning.

circles all over the world as the founder of the Walters gallery, gifted to New York, is now dead.

Explaining it all, the lamp long as a memorial methods, as Mrs. Delano Lester Wallpeck. Walpeck had also opposed of the marriage. It is said, and had turned her out of his house. Repenting later, though not in words, he put lamp on the large window on the number "6," that of the house, shone only out against the night and the day.

For so the story ran, he had given direction that it always was to be burning night and day until his daughter returned. And it always has.

It is known that Walters had a prejudice against his daughter's husband. Reports were heard at the time of his death that he had cut her off with 50 cents and that there had later made way to her part of her father's estate. This was denied by the family, however.

Thousands of Baltimoreans have grown accustomed to watching for the Walters light. There is a superstition among the Negroes of the city, it is said, that the house is haunted. None of the more superstitious will go by it at night.

Mrs. Delano was seventy years old. Her husband, Warren Delano, railroad director, died two years ago, when a horse he was driving, became frightened and ran into the path of an express train at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Even when the worm turns, it's not all it can turn to be the other cheek.

Much that passes for philosophy is no more than a good digestion.

When will the nations learn that war is hopelessly old-fashioned?

Anyway, old King Tutankhamen took his riches at far as he could.

Every time old King Boreas has seigned this winter he has poured.

A distant relative is any relative who has more money than you have.

Who are they called film plots? A film is something you can see through.

Why is free verse popular? Because everybody writes it and nobody reads it.

LEAVES PRISON AFTER 22 YEARS

Oklahoma Man, Held as Slayer, Liberated by Confession of Murderer's Wife.

FINDS CHANGED WORLD

Indian, Sentenced to Life Imprisonment in 1900 for Murder, Finds Himself Wealthy as He Steps Into New World.

Muskogee, Okla.—After serving 22 years in prison for a murder he did not commit, Charner Tidwell, of Welch, Okla., has returned here, probably a millionaire. When seventeen years old he was convicted of killing James Brown, a farmer, in Adair county, and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Recently a woman, Josie Gregory, made a deathbed confession, declaring that Tidwell was innocent and that her late husband, Robert Gregory, killed Brown, and that both of them, as well as relatives, swore to false evidence at Tidwell's trial in 1900. Brown was mysteriously shot to death in 1899 while riding along a highway to his farm. Tidwell was at the time employed on the farm and suspicion fastened on him as he had quarreled with Brown shortly before the tragedy. Much circumstantial evidence was produced by witnesses to convict him, despite the fight of his attorneys.

Finds Changed World.

Tidwell, who is part Cherokee Indian, found a different world when released. Twenty-two years ago he went to the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. Oklahoma and Indian Territory still were the "frontier." Then small villages of one story unpainted houses and the central spot of the night carried the entertaining portrays of youth. Now he is trying to become accustomed to skyscrapers, electric street cars, automobiles, and ladies dressed in the height of the white man's fashions.

Governor-elect Johnston, told all these years, will now be paid to him,

Found a Changed World.

and lands, taken from him when convicted, will be restored. He owns an farm of 80 acres in a rich agricultural section that is now in a big paying oil belt.

Three presidents refused to pardon him when friends interceded for him. Judge A. V. Thomas, who presided at his trial, and who was working to set him free, was slain during a prison uprising at McAlester. Tidwell's mother, who devoted her life to secure her son's freedom, died. Twice she has gone to Washington to ask help from a president. It was Tidwell's only sorrow that his mother is not living to rejoice with him.

Husband killers have become so numerous that the promise to love, honor and obey in the marriage ceremony may be superseded by a simple request not to shoot.

of them in wooden overcoats.

Wireless telephone messages have been sent across the Atlantic. Still, even without that Europe has been able, for the last two or three years, to hear the dinner dishes rattle all the time in the United States.

A demonstration of the drainage of swamps, ponds and lakes has come from Dr. Barton W. Evermann, a native of Indiana, now residing in California, and director of the Museum of California Academy of Sciences. He says not until recently have we come to realize that the drainage of swampy lands, marshes, ponds and small lakes may be fraught with great danger to certain species of animals and plants of economic importance, and that the pests are often harmful rather than beneficial to agriculture. He quotes A. G. Boswell, who writes in a recent issue of the Bulletin of the American Game Protection Association, that the havoc wrought in some sections has been so great as to amount to a calamity and recommends that steps be taken to see that such areas are not drained. He thinks it necessary in the interests of the public and the general public well be.

If one is to believe the tales told in the divorce court, there are some mighty strange men in this world. Only the other day a husband testified in a case of desertion that his wife refused to support him, wouldn't work, wouldn't cook, wouldn't do anything. It appeared that he couldn't, wouldn't, and never had. He was at least a man of his word. But he would never entitle me a penny to support or decorate a wife. On the other day the wife in another case testified that after years of married life she was suing the first bond herself for $25 a pair of $2 shoes. He gets what he asks for, and he got it, in a certain way. Men will fall foolishly for a pretty skirt, remarks the Los Angeles Times, but shoe laces are hooked up two months after the wife buys 'em.

Shakespeare has been called the poet of the ages, and the poet laureateship of Rhodesia by a Matabele chief is about to be given to Mr. Rhodes and Cecil gives educational advantages that he is also the poet of all countries. It appears that the chief was impressed by a dark lady with inky locks and shell like eyes, who was more than willing to read the bard's sonnets to him. Cecil has a long and long ways to go to get a chance to read Shakespeare's sonnets to