

SPIRITUAL BRIDE RULES OUT CUPID

Mental Friendship Is View to Marriage Given by 6 Months Bride.

New York, May 27.—Mrs. Harriet M. Gordon, bride of a half year, whose theory is that marriage should be a "strong spiritual friendship, nothing more," granted an interview, in which she explained her views on marriage.

Mrs. Gordon's husband, Jacob D. Gordon, a young lawyer, with offices in this city, recently instituted proceedings for a separation at Patchogue, L. I.

Since parting from her husband on the evening following their marriage, Nov. 9, 1910, Mrs. Gordon has been living under her maiden name in apartments in the neighborhood of Gramercy square. She continued teaching also under her maiden name in one of the largest public schools in Manhattan.

"I am just a lonely school teacher," began Mrs. Gordon. "I am not a problem, not a philosopher, nor a harmonious theorist."

"But your thoughts," suggested the caller. "They you must admit, are slightly at variance with the accepted order—a bit peculiar, perhaps, and, as such, are interesting."

"That is true," returned the young woman, "and perhaps I owe it to Mr. Gordon as well as to myself to make clear my view."

"In the first place let me say that I feel the same admiration, the same respect for my husband as on the day that I married him. He is a man of the highest intellectual attainments, a man of whom any woman would be proud."

"All our trouble has been due simply to a misunderstanding. Although I am 27 years old and have lived the usual life of an American girl, I can now truthfully say that I did not fully understand all the duties of married life."

"To me marriage has always been an ideal state of perfected friendship, of flawless mental companionship. Of course, I knew of what I might term the standard viewpoint of matrimony, but only vaguely. Its real significance did not dawn upon me until after I had married the man whom I thought of as the perfect friend."

"They Agree to Separate"

"Then I knew I could never conform to my husband's standards, and so decided to leave him. Courteous gentleman that he is, he agreed with me that it would be best to separate."

"Looking back upon the experience now, I realize that my fatal mistake was in taking it for granted that his views conformed to mine. I knew he was as lonely as I, and I thought he wanted only a mental companion—a perfect friend. That I was prepared to be to him."

"Our mistake was in not discussing these phases of married life with absolute frankness before we were married."

"I have come to think now that I knew not the difference between friendship and love. Some day, perhaps, mad, overwhelming love will come to me. Until then I shall remain in my sphere of singleness. I have come to the conclusion that the work of propagating the race can be carried on by those whose convictions are in accord with natural lines upon this subject."

**SIX DIE FROM HEAT
IN CHICAGO; RELIEF**

(National News Association)

Chicago, May 27.—Another hot day settled down on Chicago today and according to the forecast, new records for humid torridity would be scored.

Some hope was held out for tomorrow, however.

During the present spell of hot weather, six persons have died and hospitals are filled with prostrated. The entire middle west is suffering from the heat wave and reports of prostrations hourly are brought in by telegraph dispatches.



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At Local Theaters

Murray

What might be termed the banner bill of the season will be the current week's offering that of Manager Murray will present at the popular Murray

theater to local theater goers, as he has arranged one of the biggest and best bills ever presented at the theater.

The Ramsey Sisters in a novelty musical act entitled "The Messenger Boy" open the show. These young ladies are both good musicians who play well, on several different instruments.

The Tambo Duo have a singing and talking act that can make good anywhere, they also introduce roller skating and tambourine manipulating in the course of the act.

Red Ike, a comedy sketch by Edward de Corsia and company is one of the features. The scene presents a school teacher's home in Texas and involves a rancher who falls in love with the school teacher, and wins her by impersonating "Red Ike." It's a scream from start to finish. Truly it's great.

The four Comedy Casting Campbells display wonderful ability on the bounding mat and give several new turns never seen here before. The act is heralded as one of the most sensational acts of its kind in the world today.

THE WAISTCOAT.

It Became Popular by the Patronage of Charles II.

Few men realize how much they are being influenced in their dress by King Charles II., and yet it is to that monarch we owe the adoption of the waistcoat as a regular article of gentleman's dress, says London M. A. I.

At least that is so if we are to accept the statement of Peppys, who in his diary under date of Oct. 16, 1666, states: "The king has declared his resolution to set a fashion which he would never alter," and "This day King Charles II. began to put on his vest. It is a very fine and handsome garment."

Prior to this date they were exceptional garments, and there is even some doubt whether they were originally worn by ladies or gentlemen, though there is good reason to believe they superseded the doublet, such as was worn by Raleigh, Essex and other notables of the Elizabethan age.

A neat waistcoat "wrought in silk and gold" is mentioned in "Patient Grisell," 1602, and there is a painting in distemper of a vest on the walls of Winchester cathedral, dated 1480, so that what Charles II. took was merely an existing garment, which he remodeled, and by his patronage so popularized it that it became a standard article of gentleman's dress.

Clever Reasoning.

Rather an original lesson in political economy was that once taught by the Japanese nobleman Awoto and thus translated by Sir Edwin Arnold in "Sons and Lands."

One evening as he was going to the palace to take his turn in keeping the night watch he let ten cash drop out of his tinner case into the stream and then brought fifty cash worth of torches to search for the lost coin. His friends laughed at him for spending so much in order to recover so little, and he replied, with a frown:

"Sir, you are foolish and ignorant of economics. Had I not sought for these ten cash they would have been lost forever—sunk in the bottom of the Namerigawa. The fifty cash which I have expended on torches will remain in the hands of the tradesman. Whether he has them or I is no matter, but not a single one of the sixty has been lost, and that is a clear gain to the country."

Wedding Ring Mottos.

When posies or mottoes inscribed inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known, but from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings. These mottoes seldom consisted of more than two lines of a verse, often of only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines were used. Some of these posies are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. The South Kensington museum has a good collection of posy rings, and among them are the following inscriptions: "United hearts death only parts." "Let us share in joy and care." "Love and live happily."—London Standard.

Brave and Fearless.

Her—But you have never shown that you are brave and fearless.

Him—Haven't I? Say, don't the doctors say that there are germs in kisses? And have I ever shown any hesitation in facing those invisible terrors?—Toledo Blade.

Dancing Tuesday night at Jackson Park. Music by Smith and Jelly.

28-29

HUSBAND NAPPED AT WIFE'S FEET

Her Gentle Caresses Were Entirely Proper, Gallant Jury Rules.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 27.—A jury here decided that a woman has a perfect right to sleep at the foot of the bed with her feet resting on her husband's face.

Mrs. Stella Derringer had sued her husband, W. B. Derringer, a wealthy wagon manufacturer, because, she said, he repeatedly punched her.

Derringer testified that his wife took delight in sleeping at the foot of the bed with her feet resting on his face and in doing many other things to which he was not accustomed.

Among the other things he assured the court that his wife had thrown hot water in his face while he was asleep; had kicked him on the shins; smashed a sugar bowl over his head, thrown seven pounds of flour over him, broke window panes in a fit of anger, and ejected from the house a friend of his, whom he had brought home to sleep.

The wife then testified that her husband had struck her several times. She said he was a widower with five children when she married him seven years ago. She asserted that the man he had brought home with him was a drunkard and staid in the house two days.

The jury decided against the husband. The court postponed sentence until June 3 to enable husband and wife to patch up their differences.

A Queer Fish.

A male fish which hatches the young of its mate is the Chromis paterfamilias. It is found in the Lake of Tiberias, Palestine. Strange to say, this industrious fish hatches its young in its mouth. When the female has spawned in the sand, the male approaches and draws the eggs into his gills, where they remain until hatched, when they struggle out of their confinement into the parent's mouth. As many as 200 perfect young are sometimes found in the mouth of an adult male. How the fish manages to feed itself without swallowing the young is a mystery. The grown fish is about seven inches long and one and three-quarters wide. Its back is olive green, shot with blue, and the belly is silver white, marked with green and blue. Near ancient Capernaum some hot springs form a small stream which runs into the lake, and it is in these warm waters that the chromis abounds.

No Common Dog.

Gentleman (to dog dealer)—I gave you a high price for this dog last week because you warranted it to be a good house dog. My house was broken into last night, and the dog never even barked.

Dog Dealer—No, sir; I quite believe you. He was too busy looking for the burglars, as to be able to identify 'em, to even think of barking. If you was out with this 'ere dog and was to meet 'em burglars he'd know 'em in a minute. He ain't no common barkin' dog; he's a regular 'ective an' worth 'is weight in gold, he is.—London Answers.

Not Her Fault.

Mrs. Lapelling was expressing her regret that she had been unable on account of illness to be present at the funeral of a neighbor.

"I always feel," she said, "that I ought to attend the obsequies of a friend, but I just couldn't go."—Chicago Tribune.

Inherited.

"And now," said Professor Longhunter as he greeted Henry Peck, "what shall we make of your little boy—a lecturer? He has a sincere taste for it."

"I know he has," replied the male parent. "He inherits it from his mother."

Dividing Her Weight.

"Don't stand on that delicate table to hang the picture, Martha. It'll break. You're too heavy."

"Oh, no, I'm not, mum. It'll bear me. I'm standing only on one foot."

We are inclined to believe in those whom we do not know because they have never deceived us.—Johnson.

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Only a Little Smoke

By RAYMOND JALOUX

Under the starlit sky in a garden surrounded by high walls, a throng of women dressed in white with little black masks hiding their features were promenading arm in arm with young men in evening dress. Venetian lanterns everywhere shed their soft diffused light on the scene. It was a carnival in the "Cercle des Arts" in Avenue Marceau. Standing a little aside from the rest, Claude Celere looked at the crowd flitting back and forth.

Somewhere lightly touched his arm. A voice with a slight foreign accent said to him: "Will Monsieur Celere, the famous painter, honor a stranger with a few moments of his company?"

The strange lady was tall, unusually tall. Her satin robe left bare a pair of dazzling white, perfectly moulded shoulders. She wore a costly diamond tiara on her dark hair, and through the openings in her mask, she saw a pair of brilliant large and magnetic blue eyes of indescribable charm.

Claude and his unknown admirer walked to an artificial shrubbery of orange trees which hid them from view.

"It was to meet you that I came here tonight," said the young woman. "I wanted to see you, if only once."

"Why only once, madame?"

"Because we must not meet again. The night was warm and fragrant. The presence of this mysterious lady whose beauty he felt, exerted an irresistible charm upon Claude. He grew eloquent, witty, brilliant in his conversation as he tried to persuade her to meet him once more, but she only shook her head. At last she arose.

"I must go now," she said. "My friend who brought me here has given me the signal that her car is waiting."

Celere took her hand.

"I can not part with you like this. I want to meet you again. I must see you once more."

"Are you discreet? Will you promise me never to try to find out who I am, or where I live?"

Claude was ready to promise anything.

"Well! Be at Porte Dauphin tomorrow evening at ten. An auto will call for you. Two men will blindfold you and take you to my house."

The next night Claude was at the appointed place ten minutes ahead of time. A big car drove up noiselessly and a bearded giant, evidently a Russian, jumped out. He asked the painter to enter the limousine, tied a handkerchief around his eyes and sat down next to him. Another man of equal stature was seated opposite. The car sped along for half an hour at a rapid pace. Celere could feel that he was breathing the fresh air of the country. Then he was led up a wooden stairway.

At last the bandage was removed from his eyes and he found himself in a beautiful salon hung with costly gobelins and illuminated by scores of candles. The air was fragrant with incense and the aroma of the Russian cigarettes.

The unknown entered without any mask now and her beautiful face was at the same time gay and sad. She looked even more statuesque than at the carnival.

"You see," she said to Claude, "I have confidence in you. You probably think it strange that I should resort to such tricks, but I am married to a husband whom I love with all my heart, who is so insanely jealous that he watches me continually and will not allow me to see anybody or make any friendships, though he must understand that a woman with my interests in literature and art cannot be caged up and made lonely without suffering mentally. I must have companions and friends with whom I may talk about the things that interest me. I must know personally the great poets and artists that I admire. Fortunately my husband gambles but when he

goes to his club he leaves two men to watch or guard me who are equally devoted to him and me. Now I have bought this little place outside of Paris and here I often see my friends, though I know I am taking my life into my hands in doing so. If you knew who I am you would try to meet me, so I prefer not to tell you. To you I will merely be Alexandra Philippovna. And now tell me if you are not sorry you came. Would you not prefer to have seen me only with a mask?"

For a month or so Claude met the unknown lady twice or three times a week. She sat for him when they were alone, but often other artists and poets were present. She knew everybody, was intelligent, bright, charming and brilliant and he fell madly in love with her. No word of love, however, at any time passed his lips, for he felt that her heart, in spite of all, belonged only to her husband of whom she often spoke.

One evening Claude waited for the auto at Porte Dauphin but it did not come and he went home wondering what might have happened, greatly distressed and worried. A week passed, at the end of which he received a letter from Berlin containing only a few words of regret that she had not been able to say goodbye.

He never heard anything more of Alexandra Philippovna and for a long time was on the verge of despair, for no woman had ever made such an impression on his mind.

Years passed. Claude Celere's fame as a painter grew. An exhibition of his paintings and sketches was the event of the Paris season and among the pictures were about thirty portraits and sketches of the unknown Russian lady. The past was dead, so he had exhibited them with the rest.

One evening as he was about to leave his studio, he received a visit from a handsome Russian who introduced himself as Count Feodor Pavlovitch Semarine, member of the Russian legation.

"I was very much impressed with your paintings," he said. "I had not seen any work of your before, for I left Paris years ago. You may imagine therefore, how surprised I was to find a number of portraits of my wife."

It was rather dark in the studio, so Count Semarine did not see how Claude first blushed and then turned pale.

"How have you been able to paint

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her picture so true to life, Monsieur? I do not remember ever having seen you at our house."

In spite of the darkness, he tried to read the painter's face. Claude remembered that Alexandra Philippovna often attended the Opera, so he said he had often seen her there and hurriedly made the sketches without even knowing the name of his model.

"Has the Countess Semarine also seen the portraits," he asked in a careless tone.

"My wife is dead, Monsieur. She died twelve years ago, two months after leaving Paris. When were these portraits made?"

"In November, 1892," Claude murmured.

"And we left here in December," said Count Semarine.

Count Semarine wanted to buy some of the portraits of his wife. Claude refused to sell any, but he offered him one as a present. The Count at first objected but finally consented with evident joy.

Claude sent them to him in St. Petersburg, when the exhibition closed. Then alone in his room he looked long at those he had kept. He saw again the Countess as he had first met her at the carnival, her beautiful shoulders, the ever changing expression in her dark blue eyes, heard again her voice, with the deliciously soft Russian accent, her witty remarks, her silvery laugh. And now she was dead. She had died without ever having known of his love, without ever seeing him again. No woman would ever be able to fill the place she had occupied in his life, never!

It was evening, a big fire was burning in the fireplace. A smile sighed as he threw one of the portraits into the flames. A smile that seemed still alive, a gesture of the arm, an outline of her profile, a study of her hair, all disappeared in a short moment in the flames and left nothing but dead black ashes. Claude sat long in front of the fire until it gradually died out.

(THE END)

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