

BY JAMES S. HAMMOND. SELL FORD, known among baseis material for a true psychological baseball study. There must indeed ball players and fans alike as be something strange and deeply interthat mysterious pitching marvel," esting about this unique baseball celebrity, and as soon as the opporwas apparently applying some new sort

was apparently applying some new sort of five-finger exercise to an old, well-nigh incapaciated ball when I entered the clubhouse at the New York American League plant. I wanted to get a close range look at this wonderful boxman Nemesis of Tyrus Cobb, John Franklin Baker and Tristain Speaker, the batting prides of the Ban B. Johnson organization, and ask him what he had to say about his many pitching triumphs.

Ford is one of that class of siabblats who posses something more than the skill of a strong right arm, He

blate who posses something more than the skill of a strong right arm. He carries a strange mental force to the corner of the diamond with him whenever he goes in to pitch feeling perfectly "right" that gets on the nerves of the greatest batters more effectively

an his puzzling curves and shoots.

I have heard many of them say so I have heard many of them say so with pronounced evidences of discomfiture, as if confirmed in the belief that there is something occult in the personality this man Ford uses to annoy them with when they face him at the plate.

Aha! I thought to myself, when I first heard these solemn expressions,

felt his sharp retort had occasioned me to employ, and uttered the following explanation with unquestionable affability:

"I wouldn't allow myself to consider them as anything other than designing from them as anything other than designing them as usggested itself to me and promises greater accuracy and higher speed, as I suppose my automobile friends would put it. It means gripping the ball along the rough seams instead of taking hold of it any old way."

Ifints on Pitching.

Ional purpose happen to be acquaintances of them as in private life?"

"I wouldn't allow myself to consider that any of them actually try to avoid your even?"

"Have you ever felt any effort on friendship ceases' is the decree of old the part of the batters to get your ball along the rough seams instead of taking hold of it any old way."

Ifints on Pitching.

"In wouldn't allow myself to consider than designing the rough your even?"

"Have you noticed that any of them actually try to avoid your even?"

"Have you ever felt any effort on the part of the batters to get your mental 'goat' in the same way?"

"I certainly have. The best of them can anything other than designing the rough your even?"

"Have you over felt any effort on announce this sentiment orally and with no mild evidence of meaning just what the words express."

Hints on Pitching.

There could be no question of the highly developed intelligence of young Mr. Ford. I assured myself of this deduction by the time he had explained to me that new grip on the ball which I found him so studiously practicing when I entered the clubbouse. He displayed no marked mannerism, but, on the other hand, there was nothing of the commonplace in his demeanor. I was pleased to find him the quiet, impressive strategist I had expected to

pressive strategist I had expected to meet.

The conventional human being would probably have made the customary display of welcome greeting and asked me what he could "do for me," but Mr. Ford did neither. His attitude placed me at ease and commanded me to proceed with the object of my appearance in his presence to my entire satisfaction without the use of words.

"Mr. Ford," I began, "I am sure you do employ something more than a strong arm and puzzling benders in rour pitching triumphs. Tell me what are your thoughts immediately after being assigned to pitch?"

"First, I get a mental picture of the batting order of the opposing team."

"And then—?"

"I recall the faces of the men who are to confront me in the box."

"Next in order—?"

"All their individual batting characteristics are brought up in my mind, one after the other. In the order they

"All their individual batting characteristics are brought up in my mind, one after the other, in the order they are to appear before me at the plate."

"Why, does it disturb you?" he reponded pleasantly, with a sharp exhange of question for question that ad a marked combative ring in it ind which gave me the first insight no his pronounced mental characteristics.

"Oh, no, not in the least," I replied with an effort at composure which I must acknowledge I didn't quite feel. It is like a warning of being brought face to face with many designing and powerful enemies. Sometimes I'd rather be the famous pugilist who has the nerve to enter a pugilist who has the nerve to enter a

express."

"Do you affect a facial expression calculated to disturb the natural confidence of each batter as he faces you."

"Yes, I suppose I do. Sometimes I find occasion to mix a few vocal inshoots in with the best of my arm work."

work.

work."

"Which of the famous American League batters all of whom have faced you so often, display the most confidence when they come up to bat?"

"Cobb, Lajoie, Collins, Speaker, Baker and, in fact, all of the 'three hundred and over' batters like to make the pitchers feel they are going to line out anything offered to them. Cobb affects the most confidence. He has a habit of talking to the boxmen, telling them to 'put up the best they got and watch him kill it."

"How do you go back at him when he hurls that kind of badinage at you?"

You?"
"I don't notice it and that seems to bother him more than any of the 'come back' stuff I might cut loose."

back' stuff I might cut loose."

"Do you actually prepare yourself to look the first man directly in the eye and get his 'goat' by peychic influence if you can?"

"I exert all the mental force I can gather up in an effort to disturb the batter's confidence and sometimes I really seem to feel it take effect."

"Just what comes up in your mind when you catch the batter's eye?"

"I find myself endeavoring to read his intentions and if the mental connection appears to be effective I try to exert an influence over his actions."

"Did you ever try to make a batter

to exert an influence over his actions."

"Did you ever try to make a batter swing on a bad ball that he had no chance of hitting by this system of mental suggestion?"

"Yes, and it has often seemed to work, but I tried it on Lajole once and he knocked out a clean home run. You see I hadn't counted upon Larry's preference for wild ones. His marked characteristic is to let the good ones go by and pound out safe hits on the bad ones."

"Do any of the batters show a marked degree of nervouseness when

trying to impress them that they are reading their inmost thoughts and getting a true angle on what is coming up to the plate before each delivery. Baker always assumes this sort of psychic attitude at bat."

psychic attitude at bat."

"Can you recall an instance of such an experience with Baker?"

"Yes, many instances. One in particular. John Franklin had me in the 'three and two' hole and he did his best to get a line on my next delivery. I gave him a drop plumb over the center and he lined out a two-base hit. He gave me the impression of expecting to be passed and I believe he wouldn't have swung on that drop had it gone up lower and over the inside corner instead of cutting the good onone in half right about where he wanted it."

"Do you allow yourself to go so far with this effort in mental telegraphy that you assume you actually do read

with this effort in mental telegraphy that you assume you actually do read the thoughts or intentions of batters when they face you?

"I often find myself doing so quite unconsciously, the habit has become so ordinary with me."

"Do you figure that any of the batters endeavor to read your mind in this fashion?"

Development of Psychology.

"I try not to give the slightest thought to what mental extraction they may have working on me. But I suppose some of them are keen to the same undertaking."

"Then you stoutly believe there is something much more subtle to the duel between batter and pitcher than the commonplace guessing contest view of it."

"Why containing I feel sure of it."

"Why certainly. I feel sure of it."
"Have you considered the wonderful possibilities a greater development of this mental phenomena should bring about?"

"Surely I have. I believe the day will come on earth when men will not be able to 'cloak and dissemble' their real doings or intentions as they do now. I don't presume that our minds are going to become like open books, but I do have a feeling that the present evidences of the power of mind



over mind will develop greater mental surprises."
"Do you know that a great many

for questions that I had in mind and have failed to ask you?"

ballplayers say they don't see how you mind reading. I wouldn't unuertake get away with that easy stuff you to look into one's brain for mislaid articles, and to be perfectly frank, I articles, and to be perfectly frank, I

pitch?"

"Of course I do. That's a common remark for them to make, but you may depend upon it those who say it don't believe it themselves. Just like some of them will tell you they can hit anything.

"They all look alike to me, you know, is a common saying in baseball circles, but the records fail to back it up."

"Can you remind me of any question to look into one's brain for mislaid articles, and to be perfectly frank, I don't think you have missed any. Now the process of questions you prepared for me?"

Well. I was forced to admit that I bad, he I exchanged a pleasant good-bye handshake with young Mr. Ford, the pitching psychologist, and passed to be perfectly frank, I don't think you have missed any. Now the process of questions you prepared for me?"

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Well. I was forced to admit that I be pitching psychologist, and passed to be perfectly frank, I

## WRECK OF THE UNDINE—A GRAPHIC STORY BASED ON FACT

John Welsh Narrates Thrilling Adventures of Wreck in Pacific and Isolation on Desolate Island-How He Alone Survived.

John Weish is living in Liverpeot, Enginad. It is 52 years since Captain
Charles Adams, of Plattsmouth, Neh,
first heard him tell of the loss of the
lind in make that he remembers the
lind in make that he remembers the
story almost word for word. He has
heard if many times since. It was in
the plain little sitting-room of the
while has been worded and the water
John Weish was boarding in 1800, which he had been
when it was dark the cold grawed
when it was and on the little and said I
the plain little sitting-room of the
wells-Street Sailors' Home, where
John Weish was boarding in 1800,
was no lower than when we had first
the plain little sitting-room of the
wells-Street Sailors' Home, where
John Weish was boarding in 1800,
was no lower than when we had first
take in to the pumps. The carpenter

They had come added at the
end of a week. All we could do was
throw the body overboard and keep
on into the wast or uselves. I felt as
the pump into die like poor old Dave did,
like poor old Dave did,
low repersones many must have
on ly to die like poor old Dave did,
low repersones many must have
on ly to die like poor old Dave did,
low repersones many must have
on little and said I
fell and one of the mate's pea
the rock in my senses."

The was hardly any motion to the
ship, and the sameness of
the mate's pea
on into the water up." I said. "It's
the pumps."

There was hardly any motion to the
ship, and the sameness of
the mate's pea
on into the water up." I said. "It's
the pumps."

The come and the cold grawed
the rock is not into the like poor old Dave did,
low repersones many must have
ship, and the sameness of
the mate's peasant the mate's peas
the rock is not not not the water. Two
the loss of the heavy weather had been
only to die like poor old Dave did,
low repersones many must have
the loss of the heavy weather had been
on into the water up." I said. "It's
the rock is not in the list of the mate's peas
the rock is that the two men met.

Hello, John. Where have you been!" asked Adams. John Welsh was a young man, but the eyes he turned to his friend were

"Where have I been!" he muttered. Then he told this story as though it faseinated him.

those of one old in auffering.

WE cleared from Liverpool in 1858. That's what the log said, but that's only two years ago tell you it must be ages since the Undine, with canvas wings spread, swept down the widening Mersey, out into the Irish Sea, and the old light at Birkenhead paled and disappeared.

It was years ago, friend, even if the log did say '58. With our cargo of general merchandise for China and the Indies, we beat down the coast, mostly against head winds, till we rounded the cape, then we struck our first gale. Lord, how it blew! We reefed down and scudded along under less canvas than you'd need to swing an awning old masts groaned and spars creaked as though spirits were about.

There was no danger of wreck, but the ship was straining all the time. We never had a chance to ease up on they'd stand. Every time I went below for a little rest, I waked up hoping the wind had dropped, but always there were the great seas teetering all about When we were on the crest, the horizon looked as though the rim of the earth and been scalloped with a

I was steering one night and Captain Williams and Mr. Clark, the mate, were talking near me.

This can't go on much longer," said the captain. "It isn't in the nature of timber and cable to stand It."

"No," said Mr. Clark, "and there is that heavy machinery down in the hold. If that gets loose with this rolling and pitching, it'll stove a hole in the side quick as greased lightning." "Mr. Clark," said the captain, "I don't

ike it any way you look at it. Sound the well every four hours. I've never seen such nasty weather for so long a time at a stretch. As soon as one gale blows out, another starts." That set me thinking. The captain

was worried and so was the mate, and

they were old on the sea. Every four hours from then on the well was sound-Each time the lead was dropped our hearts went down with it, and there was almost an audible sigh of relief when it was pulled up and showed no more water in the hold than usual. Three weeks of that weather we had, then, very gradually and very gently, the gale blew itself out. The sea looked so warm and kind you were ashamed of yourself for ever fearing It. The rigging swarmed with men shaking out the canvas and we pounded along with all sail set. That night I lay down

and his men had been working in water over their ankles, but they could

not stop the leak. The captain saw it was only a matter of hours and some of the men were set at getting ready to abandon. At about eight bells in the morning watch, while the captain was by the pumps, cheering up the men, the carpenter hurried to him and reported another seam sprung. There was no time for further preparation. The water was already within a few feet of the main

The boats were lowered away and all hands piled in except Captain Williams who shouted that he would get into the second mate's boat as soon as he had taken something from his cabin I was in the first mate's boat and we rowed about a cable's length from the ship and lay on our oars alongside the third mate's boat, waiting for the captain to come up the companionway again. The ship lay there like a great sodden log and we watched her in fear, wishing that the captain would hurry.

the bow reared almost out of water. We shouted to the men in the second mate's boat. They saw what was coming, but they waited just a second to see if the captain wouldn't come. It was a second too long. With a gurgling that reached almost a shrick, the Undine sucked down out of sight. In the very act of rowing frantically away, the men in the waiting boat were twisted and thrown from their neats, the boat spun round and cap-

Suddenly the stern plunged down and

sized. Then all disappeared. Our oars bent as we pulled to where the ship had been, hoping that some of the men might rise, but the suction had claimed them all. Not so much as a cap was there to show that our comrades had ever lived. They had been good shipmates, those poor drowning men, and while the two boats bobbed on the gentle waves, the mate, Mr. Clark stood up and said a little

prayer. Then it was business again. The captain had taken the bearings that morning but had not told them to the mate before the Undine sank We did not know where we were. Mr. Clark was positive that there was a small island to the westward, but he dld not know how far. There was a light breeze out of the east, so we stepped masts and set little leg-o' mutton sails and bore away for the island.

The second night we encountered s fog. Long as we could hear them we shouted to the men in the third mate's boat, and when their answers began to sound dimmer and dimmer we rection from which their weakening ories seemed to come. Despite that, fainter and fainter grew the calls and at last there was no sound save the lapping of water against the sides of our boat, the creak of our row-locks, and our own frenzied calling.
We never sighted the other boat

curving surface and the contour nowed out plain against the sky. My tongue was swollen so that my mouth would scarcely hold it. A furnace heat parched and tortured my skin. But every time I turned and glimpsed that growing land, my tired muscles took a little more punishment and I managed to drag my oar through the water. When we were so near we could see the palms, straight and rigid, we felt that comfort, and water, and food was with-in our very reach, and yet it seemed

that not another stroke could we pull.
When the boat beached, six haggard,
tottering men stumbled into the sand. Some threw themselves to the ground groaning or panting. Others started in search of water, but Mr. Clark stopped them and roused the others. There was danger that the tide might carry away the boat and he drove the men to pull it high and dry before leaving it. There was but little beach and the

mountainous heights we climbed before we found a pool of brackish water. None waited. Each man, scrambling to the pool, lay face downward and gulped

men. The heights which we had thought mountains in the climbing proved to be only rocky ridges rising

Soon after my meal I encountered Mr. Clark and Tom Collins, one of the seamen. They had also eaten raw eggs seamen. They had also eaten raw eggs and had collected many for the next meal. In the morning when the sun was strong, we kindled a fire by means of some dried seaweed and the mate's watch crystal. By roasting the eggs on a flat atone they were made more palatable and after the edge had worn off our hunger, we were careful to use only the good ones. There were many shell fish along the beach and at low tide we could always pick up enough for several meals. Some of them made us sick at first when we ate them raw, but we soon learned to distinguish the harmless ones. The others seemed not

We made rather a happy little colony there at first, the six of us who had been snatched from the very jaws of death, but as time wore on the mono-tony and desolation began to pall and Island rose steep from the narrow plain we spent hours at a time searching that skirted the shore. Up what seemed from the pinnacle of our island for the speck of a sail which might spell rescue. It did not come and the food and the solitude oppressed us more and more. One of the men, Dave

thought mountains in the climbing proved to be only rocky ridges rising perhaps 50 or 60 feet above the level of the sea.

Very soon I had startled a flock of sea birds into flight, and in the moonlight found their nesting place. Hundreds of the fowl swooped about me, shricking and flapping, but I was heedless of them and swallowed egg after less of them and swallowed egg after them. Instead of fighting off the weaks and the light and linty, just as I found them. I think at first I did not even crack the shells, but ate the whole

If a big winged creature had swooped down over the island during the night up again. Because I was afraid to face the fact, I fought off them to many heart that they might never get up again. Because I was afraid to face the fact, I fought off them to might and seatch of the loss of all my heart that they might never get up again. Because I was afraid to face the fact, I fought off them to might and smatched him away, he could not have disappeared more completely.

Bill Dawson and Joe Beil had been alling for some time and the loss of Brickett affected them terribly. It seemed to sap the vigor right out of them. Instead of fighting off the weaks—them. Instead of fighting off the weak—and the sand. That meant that there was booming and roaring against the coral reefs would be fish washed up on to the heach and I hurried down to the water. Tom Collins was desperately weak and that noon had eaten nothing. He could scarcely speak, but I knew that his stomach had revolted against the could scarcely speak, but I knew that his stomach had revolted against the could not have disappeared more completely.

Bill Dawson and Joe Beil had been along of the fact, I fought to face the fact, I fought that I might be left alone.

One afternoon the swell and roarin

of a nest which was filled with eggs. I ran down and managed to turn both of them on their backs. When I yelled, Mr. Clark and Tom Collins came running and we killed the reptiles. Right there we made a fire and cooked

Right there we made a fire and cooked the meat and the eggs, then went to get the other two men for the feast, our hearts warm with pleasure.

Bill Dawson was lying cold dead. Bell was sleeping near him and I guess he didn't know of his mate's death. We waked Bell, but he was so weak he couldn't sit up. The turlies and the eggs were forgotten while we worked over Bell as best we could. He never got up from the ground and we worked over hell as best we could. Ho hever got up from the ground and we buried the two of them, side by side, off in a little corner of the beach at the opposite side of the island.

That left three of me, and a mighty lonely three we were. There was but little wood on the island and the boat had been amanded for kindling. Most

had been smashed for kindling. of that had been burned and we were often forced to eat the eggs and molluses raw. The pool, too, was very low, and we feared a water famine if It did not rain soon.

God knows I would gladly have died.

the pool, lay face downward and gulped the lukewarm liquid. When I had drunk I felt a great heaviness and fell island like a wild animal in a cage, alinto the first sound sleep I had had since we left the ship. It was night when I awoke and after drinking more to himself all the time realized again the pangs of hunger. Three of the other men were asleep at the very edge of the poot. I did not wake them, but wandered off in search of food and the other two men. The heights which we had thought mountains in the climbing. but life seemed tenacious in me, and when the mate and Tom Collins be-came ill I was able to tend them, pro-If a big winged creature had swooped at my heart that they might never get

were my arms.
"John," he whispered brokenly. "In my-pea coat-there-there is a pack-

Take it-to my mother-if you are I pressed his hand to let him know

that I understood.

There were no words that I could speak, and if there had been my throat would have refused them. Down my cheeks but tears coursed. The moon climbed the blue heavens and lighted the face of the man suffering there, and smidst all that cruel beauty, the

that palm-tufted, coral hell. There, or that I could see, I stood and cursed. I could see, I stood and cursed. I cursed the moon and all the beauty of the scene that mocked my misery, until I fell from sheer exhaustion and

sky and sea-looked grey. The live color was in the embers The only miserable fire. They glowed and shone blood red, until the dank mist are into their life, too, and the red coals became

sky and the mist. sky and the mist.

I don't know how long I stayed there thinking, I don't knew what; some stily stuff about the coals of life, up there by the spring, that were fading and fading, and in the dying embers of the fire I seemed to see the facea of Mr. Clark and near Tom Collins. Clark and poor Tom Collins.

duller and duller, finally crumbling into

Clark and poor Tom Collins.

When I roused myself the fish was nearly chilled and I upbraided myself for carelessness. Scrambling up the bank, I hurried with it to Tom. He was stretched out on his back, his arm open as though he were about to em trace some one. There was really a his face was grey, grey as the mist and

The fish dropped from my hands un heeded. I knew that he was dead be-fore I felt over his heart and pressed my fingers to his wrist. There was the smile on his lips and I did not pity him, only felt sorry for myself that l could not go with him where there were things at which to smile. The mate was asleep. I was too weak and crushed to move Tom's body. At Inst I had to face the fear that I would be alone. For hours I sat

would be alone. For hours I sat hunched on a jagged rock lost in a world of grief and terror. Unknown to me, the mist blew away and left the black sea to reflect the rold, hright stars. As though I was watching from another world, I saw the upper lip of the moon jut above the horizon and grow and grow. The mate called to me I had to The mate called to me I had to lean close to his ear to hear him. "Water." he whispered. The edge of the tin cup scraped the

bottom of the rocky pool as I scooped the water. I held it to the mate's lips. Just a swallow he took, then turned his head aside. He tried to lift a hand. but could not. With his eyes he beck-oned me closer and I leaned far over, almost tottering on my hands, so weak

For a few seconds he gathered strength, then went on:

old mate slipped his cable,
And, my God, friend, then I was all
alone. Alone with two dead men in

With my first realization of life came a burning thirst. I lay fiat by the tepid pool and drank and drank. With tottering steps I dragged the two poor bodies to the beach. There I scooped a little shallow and laid them aide by side, covering them with sand at the expense of my jast ounce of strength. Hisch thoughts crowded into my

clutched fast in my hand. I wept and sobbed, and grief for the men I had come to love as brothers shook my frame, and it saved my life. Perhaps

It saved my soul.

I used my last bit of wood to carve one mean little headplece for the four graves on the beach. One night when the mist was blowing in from the sea. dank and gray as the ashes of the fire or the face of old Tom Collins had been, I set the woeden grave piece deep in the sand, and while I prayed there the mist blew away, and the moon, cold and beautiful, peeped up over the edge of the world at me and climbed the sky After that I don't remember.

After that I don't remember. It seems as though I slept for years, and yet I dimly recall running about the island and talking to old Dave Bricket who had disappeared. I felt no surprise at seeing him and never even thought to ask him where he had been. Tom and the mate never came to talk to me, though I think I called to them often, down there by the little wooden

headpiece. Then, one morning, I remember waking, and standing by me were two heatly clad sallors, well fed and brawny,
and I thought they must be gods. I
did not remember that men ever looked
like that. I didn't know men could be
so beautiful. They seemed to be speaking, but I could hear nothing. Just as
they were fading into nothingness, one
of them reached down and slipped his
arms about my body. I seemed to be arms about my body. I seemed to be floating somewhere, then I thought I

The next time I waked there was a medicine smell in the cabin in which I lay. Right away I thought some of the boys might be alck, but when I tried to get up I wasn't able to move and knew it must be me, so I turned over and slept some more. When I became conscious, there was a man standing

beside me with some hot broth and after I had taken some of it I began to remember all that had happened.

That's about all, my friend. It was a yacht that had picked me up, the captain having spied me through his glass. We put into Auckland, New Zealand, and the British Consul and the British Consul and and the British Consul sent me back to Liverpool. But I never want to be slone, friend. When there's no on near. I can hear the devilish howling of the gale that drove us round the Cape, and I can see a lone, starved man, flighting there to preserve a feeble little flicker of life in that desolation of water and palms and rock. (Copyright, 1912, by the Associated Literary Press.)

## A Happy Disposition. It is to be taken for granted that

most girls are anxious to be charm ing. True charm of manner often comes from a happy temperament, a pleasant disposition. There is no doubt that charm may be cultivated by true politoness, a sincere wish to please, an unwillingness to hurt another person feelings by word or act. The cultivation of good manners refines, sweetens at strengthens the character, makes or thoughtful and considerate of other unselfish in doing little kindnesse firm in determination to live up to his standards of conduct. Manners must a ways be the outgrowth of character real polish which is the result care, not a thin veneer, which is me ly superficial. It is in the power every girl to form her manners so t of Simonetta, pride of Florence, they said she was "the Renaissance-made woman," the antique nymph found again, running, walking and speaking a new language of fancy and liberty, in a wonderful period when, every and liberty, where, in a marvelous renewing of the said and state point of the mourning fiance, and often like thoughts crowded into my mind. I do not know what I might have brought upon myself. I cursed all things and rebelled against my there way through it.—Ladies' World-

## PORTRAITS OF THE MONA LISA SISTERS **CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2**

of art, literature and gentle living was | her province, and the bric-a-brac merchants from Italy showed her their goods before submitting them to the

Among many old pictures brought to her from Italy, she took a fancy to a portrait of an earlier generation. It represented a mournful youth of the Bersikhelli family, whose doleful expression and strange attitude aroused the curiosity of Duchess Anne. Why did he puil the engagement ring from the third finger of his left hand?

She sent out inquiries to learn the history of this portrait and its original. News came to her that the family was excinct; the youth had never married; and, bit by bit, she learned that, pulling the ring from his finger. ong many old pictures brought to

with all sail set. That night I lay down for the first good, untroubled sleep I'd had in many a day.

It was scarce sun-up when the third mate stuck his head down the hatch

er son, of a family beneath her own family and married the elder brother; things, forgotten beauty seemed to be exalted position.

Anne conquered her sorrow. She was the first woman to wear a bang. At 16 years of age she led the styles; but that is nothing. Every department but that is nothing. Every department of art literature and control or an article of art literature and control or an article of art literature and control or article of art literature and control or article o said Prince Cosmo, "was a benediction." And the great Lorenzo said, "When she is in the room I feel the world less wicked." She really created beauty around her, and as long as she was there it was not an illusion. It lasted five years. During these for Simonetta, refused the right to stand beside her wronged love, even in a picture!

So Duchess Anne developed for the next the stand and developed to the point of the point region. The point region is a picture of the next the stand and a long as she was there it was not an illusion. It lasted five years because five years she was the one of whom the foreign the point region of the point region. The point region is a picture of the next the point region of the point region.

for the portrait. Did she substitute herself for Simonetta? Both had reached the same of admiration and esteem, and if the greatest homage a woman can win is to become the col-bective dream of an entire people, both Simonetta and Anne could testify its vanity, in face of a sacrificed love.

End of Primrose Path. Of Simonetta, pride of Florence, they

too ardent and hurried to live because they feel that they have only a short Fair Stmonetta died, one April dawn, in Florence, just as the stars of the scene that were going out, punished for having until I fell from a been too happy. She was only 24 years lay until daylight

Duchess Anne - collective When dream of the French world of her epoch -came to this part of the story, she used to smile with bitter incredulity. She did not die at Is. She lived on to be the leader of the Frende, wonderful old woman. She always kept the por-trait of the mourning fiance, and often told its story.