QUEEN MAY QUIT KING

VICTORIA SAID TO BE DISGUSTED WITH ALFONSO.

Young Spanish Monarch Is Declared Going the Pace That May Eventually Put Him in Manuel's Plight.

Madrid, Spain.—Grown tired at last of the openness of King Alfonso's neglect of her, Queen Victoria has, it is said, decided to return to her home in England for an indefinite stay. From confidential court sources it is learned that the queen's visit will virtually amount to a royal separation, as she has declared that she cannot longer tolerate the insults of the king, whose treatment of her is now an open book throughout Spain.

During his prolonged visit in Paris, Alfonso's movements were such that the Paris police were driven nearly frantic in their efforts to guard him and keep his identity unknown. Alfonso's frequent incognito trips to Paris, knowledge of which the cabinet tried hard to suppress by official announcements that the king was spending a few days in the retirement of his home, it now transpires, have been nothing more than flagrant escapades in the gay life of the French capital. On one of these trips Alfonso remained in Paris for nearly three months, although the official time of his stay was announced as only a few days. English detectives had a similar experience on Alfonso's last visit to England.

This is the third time that Victoria has been on the verge of renouncing her queenship and returning to England. The first was soon after their honeymoon, when there were authoritative stories of violent differences between the royal pair. The second was during the Catalan revolt in 1909, when the British government sent special emissaries to Madrid to investigate the situation and kept secret service agents in readiness to assist in the contemplated flight.

All stories that the marriage of Alfonso and Victoria, in May, 1906, was the culmination of a real love affair have long since been wholly disproved. In their place is the hard, cold fact that the marriage, like most of the other royal unions of Europe, was arranged purely for political purposes. Alfonso never disguised his dislike of the heavy Anglo-Saxon type of his wife and the latter was less backward in showing her displeasure with most of the qualities possessed by Alfonso.

WILDCAT NOTE HAS HISTORY

Bill Stolen by Stage Robber in Wolverine State in 1836 Is Found in London Street.

Bay City, Mich.—From "Lower Saginaw" in 1836 to Whitechapel road, London, in 1910, is a far cry and just how an old "wildcat" note, issued by the Saginaw County bank of Lower Saginaw, in that year, could be picked up nearly three-quarters of a century later on a busy London thoroughfare is a mystery which is only partly solved by a letter received in the local postoffice a few days ago and turned over to M. M. Andrews, cashier of the Old Second National bank.

The letter came from William Roger Miller, who gives his address as Houseditch, E. C., London, and is addressed to the "Managing Director, Saginaw County bank of Lower Saginaw."

The letter states that the writer found the note along the Whitechapel road and being of no value without a signature he forwarded it for the same.

The note, with a large amount of other notes, was en route by stage to the bank just being organized when the stage was robbed and the notes in blank were taken.

Much of this stolen paper, even though absolutely worthless without the indorsement of the bank, was put into circulation, no doubt, and this note is probably one of them. The bank never did business, as the period of "wildcat" banks was over before another batch of money could be secured from the printers.

The bill received from Mr. Miller is so far as known the only one of the kind now in existence, and Cashier Andrews values it highly as a souvenir. He will correspond with the finder, who will undoubtedly be suitably rewarded for his trouble.

THERE WAS NO ICE FOR ELIZA

Novel Suit for Damages Filed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company in Indiana.

Evansville, Ind.—Because Eliza could find no ice upon which to escape and the bloodhounds could not follow her trail, Ernest Harrington, proprietor of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, has filed suit against the Big Four railroad for $1,000. He charges that the railroad company's employes at Carthage, Ind., allowed the ice, trees and other accessories to Eliza's flight to stand out in the rain on the depot platform, despite his warnings.

The result, he says, was that the ice was washed off the canvas and the scenery so smudged and run together that it all resembled the chocolate hue of Uncle Tom's face.

Tooth Brushing Law Asked.

Lynn, Mass.—If an order now before the school board is passed by the city government, all public school pupils will be obliged to brush their teeth on arriving at school each morning.

The Brass Bowl

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfields, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country seat, he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelors' club. Her auto had broken down. He fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised lady in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. She, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared on the same mission. Maitland overcame him. He met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Snaith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was felled by a blow from "Snaith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the gems. Anisty, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet and divide the loot. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anisty, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

But where to put them, that he might find them without delay? It must be no conspicuous place, where O'Hagan would be apt to happen upon them; doubtless the janitor was trustworthy, but still . . . Misplaced opportunities breed criminals.

It was all a risk to leave the treasure there, without the protection of nickeled-steel walls and timelocks; but a risk that must be taken. She dared not retain it longer in her possession; and she would contrive a way in the morning to communicate with Maitland and warn him.

Her gaze searched the area where the lamplight fell soft yet strong upon the dark shining wood and heavy brass desk fittings; and paused, arrested by the unusual combination of inverted bowl and super-imposed book. A riddle to be read with facility; in a twinkling she had uncovered the incriminating hand-print—incriminating if it could be traced, that is to say.

"Oh!" she cried, softly. And laughed a little. "Oh, how careless!"

Fine brows puckered, she pondered the matter, and ended by placing her own hand over the print; this one fitted the other exactly.

"How he must have wondered! . . He is sure to look again, especially if—"

No need to conclude the sentence. Quickly she placed bag and case squarely on top of the impression, the bowl over all, and the book upon the bowl; then, drawing from her pocket a pair of long gray silk gloves, draped one across the book; and, head tilted to one side, admired the effect.

It seemed decidedly an artistic effect, admirably calculated to attract attention. She was satisfied to the point of being pleased with herself; a fact indicated by an expressive flutter of slim, fair hands. And now, to work! Time pressed, and— A cloud dimmed the radiance of her eyes; irresolutely she shifted in her chair, troubled, frowning, lips woefully drooping. And sighed. And a still small whisper, broken and wretched, disturbed the quiet of the study.

"I can not! O, I can not! To spoil it all, now, when—"

Yet she must. She must forget herself and steel her determination with the memory that another's happiness hung in the balance, depended upon her success. Twice she had tried and failed. This third time she must succeed.

And bowing her head in token of her resignation, she turned back squarely to face the desk. As she did so the toe of one small shoe caught against something on the floor, causing a dull jingling sound. She stooped, with a low exclamation, and straightened up, a small bunch of keys in her hand; eight or ten of them dangling from a silver ring; Maitland's keys.

He must have dropped them there, forgetting them altogether. A find of value and one to save her a deal of trouble; skeleton keys are so exasperatingly slow, particularly when used by inexpert hands. But how to bring herself to make use of these? All's fair in war (and this was a sort of war, a war of wits at least); but one should fight with one's own arms, not pilfer the enemy's and turn them against him. To use these keys to ransack Maitland's desk seemed an action ever more blackly dishonorable than this clandestine visit, this midnight foray.

Swinging the notched metal slips from a slender finger, she contemplated them; and laughed ruefully. What qualms of conscience in a burglar, self-confessed! She was there for a purpose, a recognized, nefarious purpose. Granted. Then why quibble? She would not quibble. She would be firm, resolute, determined, coldblooded, unmindful of all kindness and courtesy and— She would use them, accomplish her purpose, and have done, finally and for ever, with the whole hateful business!

Registering Under the Name of "Mr. Daniels."

There was a bright spot of color on either cheek and a hot light of anger in her eyes as she set about her task. It would never be less hideous, never less immediate.

The desk drawers yielded easily to the eager keys. One by one she had them open and their contents explored—vain repetition of yesterday afternoon's fruitless task. But she must be sure, she must leave no stone unturned. Maitland Manor was closed to her for ever, because of last night. But here she was safe for a few short hours, and free to make assurance doubly sure.

There remained the dispatch box, the black japanned tin box which had proved obdurate yesterday. She had come prepared to break its lock this time, if need be; Maitland's carelessness spared her the necessity.

She lifted it out of a lower drawer, and put it in her lap. The smallest key fitted the lock at the first attempt. The lid came up and—

Perhaps it is not altogether discreditable that one should temporarily forget one's compunctions in the long-deferred moment of triumph. The girl uttered a little cry of joy.

Crash!—the front door downstairs had been slammed.

She was on her feet in a breath, faint with fear. Yet not so overcome that she forgot her errand, her success. As she stood up she dropped the dispatch box back into the drawer, without a sound, and, opening her hand-bag, stuffed something into it.

No time to do more; a dull rumble of masculine voices was distinctly, frightfully audible in the stillness of the house; voices of men conversing together in the inner vestibule. One laughed, and the laugh seemed to penetrate her bosom like a knife. Then both strode across the tiling and began to ascend, as was clearly told her by footsteps sounding deadened on the padded carpet.

Panic-stricken, she turned to the student lamp and with a quick twirl and upward jerk of the chimney-catch extinguished the flame. A reek of smoke immediately began to foul the close, hot air; and she knew that it would betray her, but was helpless to stop it. Besides, she was caught, trapped, damned beyond redemption unless—unless it were not Maitland, after all, but one of the other tenants, unexpectedly returned and bound for another flat.

Futile hope. Upon the landing by the door the footsteps ceased; and a key grated in the wards of the lock.

Blind with terror, her sole thought an instinctive impulse to hide and so avert discovery until the last possible instant, and on the bare chance of something happening to save her, the girl caught up her skirts and fled like a hunted shadow through the alcove, through the bed chamber, thence down the hall toward the dining room and kitchen offices.

The outer door was being opened ere she had reached the hiding place she had in mind—the trunk closet—from which, she remembered remarking, a window opened upon a fire-escape. It was barely possible, a fighting chance.

She closed the door, grateful that its latch slipped silently into place, and fairly flung herself upon the window, painfully bruising her soft hands in vain endeavor to raise the sash. It stuck obstinately, would not yield. Too late, she remembered that she had forgotten to draw the catch—fatal oversight! A sob of terror choked in her throat. Already footsteps were hurrying down the hall; a line of light brightened underneath the door; voices, excitedly keyed, bandied question and comment, an unmistakable Irish brogue minging with a clear enunciation which she had but too great reason to remember. The pair had passed into the next room. She could hear O'Hagan announcing: "No wan here, sor."

"Then it's the dining room, or the trunk closet. Come along!"

One last, frantic attempt! But the window catch, rusted with long disuse, stuck. Panting, sick with fear, the girl leaped away and crushed herself into a corner, crouching on the floor behind a heavy box, her dark cloak drawn up to shield her head.

And the door opened.

A flood of radiance from the relighted student lamp fell athwart the floor. The girl lay close and still, holding her breath.

Ten seconds, perhaps, ticked on into eternity; seconds that were in themselves eternities. Then: "No one here, O'Hagan."

The door was closed, and through its panels more faintly came: "Faith, and the murdhering divvle must 've flew th' coop afore ye come in,sor."

The girl tried to rise, to make again for the window; but it was as though her limbs had turned to water; there was no strength in her; and the blackness swam visibly before her eyes, radiating away in whirling, streaky circles.

Even such resolution and strong will as was hers could not prevail against that numbing, deathly exhaustion. Her eyes closed and her head fell back against the wall.

It seemed but an instant (though it was in point of fact a full five minutes) ere the sound of a voice again roused her.

She looked up, dazzled by a gush of warm light.

He stood in the doorway, holding the lamp high above his head, his face pale, grave, and shadowed as he peered down at her.

"I have sent O'Hagan away," he said, gently. "If you will please to come, now—"

CHAPTER IX.
Procrastination.

The cab which picked Maitland up at his lodgings carried him but a few blocks to the club at which he had, the previous evening, entertained his lawyer. Maitland had selected it as the one of all the clubs of which he and Bannerman were members, wherein he was least likely to meet the latter. Neither frequented its sober precincts by habit. Its severe and classical building on a corner of Madison avenue overlooking the square, is but the outward presentment of an institution to be a member of which is a duty, but emphatically no great pleasure, to the sons of a New York family of any prominence.

But in its management the younger generation holds no suffrage; and is not slow to declare that the Primordial is rightly named, characterizing the individual members of the board of governors as antediluvians, prehistoric monsters who have never learned that laughter lends a savor to existence. And so it is that the younger generation (which is understood to include Maitland and Bannerman), while it religiously pays its dues and has the name of the Primordial engraved upon its cards, shuns those deadly respectable rooms and seeks its comfort elsewhere.

Maitland found it dull and depressing enough, that same evening, something before seven. The spacious and impressive lounging rooms were but sparsely tenanted, other than by the ennuied corps of servants; and the few members who had lent the open doors the excuse of their presence were of the elderly type that hides itself behind a newspaper in an easy chair and snorts when addressed.

The young man strolled disconsolately enough into the billiard room, thence (dogged by a specter of loneliness) to the bar, and finally, in sheer desperation, to the dining room, where he selected a table and ordered an evening paper with his meal.

When the former was brought him, he sat up and began to take a new interest in life. The glaring head-lines that met his eye on the front page proved as bracing as a slap in the face.

"'The Maitland Jewels,'" he read, half aloud: "'Daring Attempt at Burglary. "Mad" Maitland Catches "Handsome Dan" Anisty in the Act of Cracking His Safe at Maitland Manor. Which Was Which? Both Principals Disappear.'"

The news-story was exploited as a "beat;" it could have been little else, since nine-tenths of its "exclusive details" had been born full-winged from the fecund imagination of a busy reporter to whom Maitland had refused an interview while in his bath, some three hours earlier. Maitland discovered with relief that boiled down to essentials it consisted simply of the statement that somebody (presumably himself) had caught somebody (presumably Anisty) burglarizing the library safe at Maitland Manor that morning; that one of the somebodies (no one knew which) had overpowered the other and left him in charge of the butler, who had presently permitted his prisoner to escape and then talked for publication.

It was not to this so much that Maitland objected. It was the illustrations that alternately saddened and maddened the young man; the said illustrations comprising blurred half-tone reproductions of photographs taken on the Maitland estate; a diagram of the library, as fanciful as the text it illuminated, and two portraits, side by side, of the heroes, himself and Anisty, excellent likenesses both of the originals and of each other.

Mr. Maitland did not enjoy his dinner.

Anxious and preoccupied, he tasted the dishes mechanically; and when they had all passed before him, took his thoughts and a cigar to a gloomy corner of the smoking room, where he sat for two solid hours, debating the matter pro and con, and arriving at no conclusion whatever, save that Higgins was doomed.

At 10:15 he began to contemplate with positive pleasure the prospect of discharging the butler. That, at least, was action, something that he could do; wherever else he thought to move he found himself baffled by the blank darkness of mystery, or by his fear of publicity and ridicule.

At 10:20 he decided to move upon Greenfields at once, and telephoned O'Hagan, advising him to profess ignorance of his employer's whereabouts.

At 10:22, or in the midst of his admonitions to the janitor, he changed his mind and decided to stay in New York; and instructed the Irishman to bring him a suit case containing a few necessaries; his intention being to stay out the night at the club, and so avoid the matutinal siege of his lodgings by reporters and detectives.

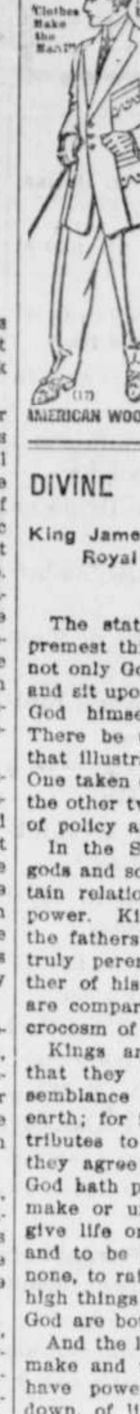
At 10:45 a club servant handed him the card of a representative of the Evening Journal. Maitland directed that the gentleman be shown into the reception room.

At 10:46 he skulked out of the club by a side entrance, jumped into a cab and had himself driven to the East Thirty-fourth street ferry, arriving there just in time to miss the last train for Greenfields.

Denied the shelter alike of his lodgings, his club, and his country home, the young man in despair caused himself to be conveyed to the Bartholdi hotel, where, possessed of a devil of folly, he preserved his incognito by registering under the name of "M. Daniels." And straightway retired to his room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wear This Stylish Suit!



The man who is admired is the swell dressed man whose clothes are fashionable, and are 1911 styles. You will be that man in your neighborhood! 1911 styles are just in. Get this suit—the swellest, classiest, snappiest style we ever created—and better your appearance! THIS IS OUR IDEA: We want one man as our representative in your neighborhood. You've got a lot of friends. They wear clothes. It is the easiest thing in the world to get them to order their clothes from you. Prices, $7.50 and up. Those orders mean a big business that more than doubles your salary, and the work is the easiest, cleanest, nicest occupation in the world. New representatives make $5 to $10 a day. You simply take the order and measurements and mail them to us. We make the clothes, ship them on approval to your friend and hand you the profit money. A Regular Cinch! That's the beauty of being in business for yourself. Sit right down now; write us a postal or a letter for the free outfit to representatives. And you get the swellest suit of fashionable tailor-made, all-wool, 1911 clothes ever worn in your neighborhood, if your personal appearance and a big business is worth a postal or a 2-cent stamp to you, then act now—write us today. Address

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Dept. 512, Chicago

DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS

King James' Complacent Estimate of Royal Dignity as Expressed in Speech.

The state of monarchy is the supremest thing on earth; for kings are not only God's lieutenants upon earth, and sit upon God's throne, but even by God himself they are called gods. There be three principal similitudes that illustrate the state of monarchy. One taken out of the word of God and the other two taken out of the grounds of policy and philosophy.

In the Scriptures kings are called gods and so their power is after a certain relation compared to the divine power. Kings are also compared to the fathers of families; for a king is truly perens patriae, the politic father of his people. And lastly kings are compared to the head of this microcosm of the body of man.

Kings are justly called gods, for that they exercise a manner of resemblance of divine power upon earth; for if you will consider the attributes to God, you shall see how they agree in the person of a king. God hath power to create or destroy, make or unmake at his pleasure, to give life or send death, to judge all and to be judged nor accountable to none, to raise low things and to make high things low at his pleasure, and to God are both soul and body due.

And the like power have kings; they make and unmake their subject, they have power of raising and casting down, of life and death, judges over all their subjects and in all causes and yet accountable to none but God only. They have power to exalt low things and abase high things, and make of their subjects like men at the chess—a pawn to take a bishop or a knight—and to cry up or down any of their subjects, as they do their money. And to the king is due both the affection of the soul and the service of the body of his subjects.—From a Speech of James I. Before Parliament in 1609.

HOW TO DOCTOR THE TREES

Some Simple Directions for Treating Cavities Which Are Still Small.

Many of the so-called tree doctors, as well as the people who employ them, have become so elated over the idea of tree surgery that they find some cause for treating almost every and any tree, regardless of its necessities or the results of such treatment, or whether it is worth while to spend either time or money upon them.

A word of caution is therefore not out of place. If you feel that your trees need attention, look into the matter of tree doctoring, so that you may know something about it, and then call upon a responsible man with a good reputation to do your work.

When the tree has been neglected and cavities have formed in the trunk of the tree, something should be done to stop the increase of the opening, for, after it has become so large as to encircle the greater portion of the tree, or where the entire center has been destroyed, it is not worth the time and money it takes to properly treat these trees. In cases where the tree can still be treated the cavity should be scraped and cleaned of all dead wood, then give the cavity a thorough washing or spraying with a solution of copper sulphate. This solution, applied to all parts of the cavity, will kill all the remaining rot spores. Now the cavity is ready to be filled with a cement mixture, using one part of cement to three parts of clean, sharp sand. This is packed into the cavity, filling it to one inch of the finished surface, and then apply a covering of one part cement to one part sand. This is put on so as to bring the filling to a smooth surface, making it conform to the contour of the tree trunk. A coat of coal tar may be applied to discolor the cement and aid in making the filling water-tight.

Question of Disposition.

Dissatisfied Patron—Gentle disposition! Why, he wants to bite the head off every dog he meets. I've been swindled!" Dog Merchant—"You didn't ought to keep dogs at all, mister. The animals you ought to keep wiv your temperament is silkworms."—Punch.

The Limit.

"He absolutely lacks the business instinct." "Does he?" "Why, he'd have no more idea of business than to open a garage in Venice."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Force of Habit.

"Do you know, Dr. Knifem walked deliberately past me today and never spoke."

"Don't mind that, Emmy. He's so used to cutting people that he did it without thinking."