

FIGURES IN NAVY ROW; FAMOUS EDUCATOR ILL;
NOTED AUTOIST SERVING JAIL TERM.



JAMES B. ANGELL



MONTAGUE ROBERTS IN CAR IN WHICH HE CIRCLED GLOBE



SECRETARY MEYER



ADMIRAL CAPPS

The latest row in the navy department involves the relations of the house navy committee with Secretary George von Lengerke Meyer and Washington L. Capps, who bears the imposing titles of chief constructor and chief of the bureau of construction and repair and acting chief of the bureau of steam engineering with the rank of rear admiral. Secretary Meyer is reported to be angry with Admiral Capps for speaking unfavorably before the committee. Mr. Meyer recently announced plan for the reorganization of the navy. Paymaster General Rogers has also fallen under the displeasure of Mr. Meyer.

Montague Roberts, the famous automobilist who won the international race from New York to Paris, is serving a thirty day term in jail in Hartford, Conn., for reckless driving. The offense was committed Sept. 17, and Roberts was tried and convicted in December.

One of the country's most famous educators, Dr. James B. Angell, retired president of the University of Michigan, is in ill health. He has been ordered to Florida by his physician on account of bronchial trouble. Dr. Angell is in his sixty-second year.

ADMINISTRATOR FILES SUIT FOR POSSESSION

E. B. Hanley, as Administrator of Bonison, Files Suit for Cardwell Heirs.

After over fourteen years of possession of the property J. Nunan is called upon to defend his title to what is known as the Cardwell place near Jacksonville, according to the complaint filed against him in the circuit court Tuesday.

The complaint sets out the fact of the appointment of E. B. Hanley as administrator of Cardwell, with the estate of James A. Cardwell, with will annexed.

That the decedent was the owner in fee simple of certain real estate described in the complaint amounting to 292 acres.

That the said property belongs to and is now the property of said estate and that the administrator is entitled to immediate possession thereof.

That defendant wrongfully withheld said possession and has done so to the damage of \$10,000 to plaintiff.

Wherefore judgment is asked for \$10,000 and possession of the real property and costs and disbursements.

BERGER GETS WALLOP IN HIS POCKETBOOK

SAN FRANCISCO, March 2.—Sam Berger, Jeffries' sparring partner and manager, is in excellent fighting trim but he received a wallop today in man's weakest spot—the pocketbook—when his landlord entered the ring.

The landlord, Abraham Aronson, rented a store to Berger who is a haberdasher when not fighting. The store was to be ready by March 1 and the inductions recently were that it would not be in shape until March 5. Berger was ready that the store would not be ready by March 4, and said he would pay the landlord \$100 a day for every day up to the 5th of the month, provided the landlord would pay him a like amount for every day after March 1 that the store was not ready for occupancy.

Aronson agreed, completed the store fitting on February 28, and now Berger is passing out \$100 a day for four days.

LOU AND JESSIE.

By M. QUAD.

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Mrs. Spencer had dropped in on the bride of four months. She had had her eye on young Mrs. Gray for some time and was now prepared to shatter her idol.

After observing that there were five cases of married couples separating recorded in the paper this morning she went on to add that her husbands were carrying on these days was something perfectly awful.

"I never read about those things," replied the young wife. "Of course there are good and bad husbands, but my Billy is one of the very best."

"Yes," said Mrs. Spencer grudgingly and with a look of pity in her eyes. "I thought my husband was almost an angel for several years, and then he went for leaving five wives."

"But Billy is different, you know," "Perhaps. On Monday I was in the telephone booth at Calder's drug store to talk with my daughter. It's a double booth, you know. Just as I was ready to ring up, your husband entered the other booth and called up a young woman and had a conversation with her."

"But he didn't say anything to me about it," replied the wife. "What name did he call the lady by?"

"There were two of them before he got through, and he called them Lou and Jessie. He said he'd have more money for them soon. Mrs. Gray, don't go on deceiving yourself as I did."

"But—but I don't think he knows any ladies by those names," faltered the wife as her eyes filled with tears.

"You mean he hasn't told you that he does. Of course not. My husband didn't tell me that he had four other wives. Husbands are sleek, slick and sly. You have got to be crafty to find them out. However, if you want to sit here and do nothing I've no objections."

"But what can I do? I don't know who Lou and Jessie are."

"What can you do? You can be in the telephone booth at noon today; you can hear him talk; you can get sight of him; you can go home and pack your trunk; you can stand right up to him and tell him that his perfidy is discovered."

At noon young Mrs. Gray was in one of the telephone booths at Calder's. Up to the moment she started from home she had said to herself that she wouldn't go.

She had been waiting in the booth only five minutes when a step she knew entered the store. Then some one sat down in the other booth. Her heart was throbbing as central was heard up and a voice called:

"Give me 2043 Jackson."

"Hello! Is that you, old man? Well, how are Lou and Jessie today? I didn't sleep two hours last night for thinking of 'em. Haven't moved yet, eh? Oh, no, I'm not going to throw up my hands. I'll send you a check by messenger at 1 o'clock. I picked Lou and Jessie, and I'm going to stand by 'em. Goodby."

At the usual hour of 6 o'clock Billy Gray came home whistling. He was happy, also hungry, also longing for the kiss that always greeted him. He entered the sitting room to find a woman seated on a trunk.

She had her hat on, and some things she had failed to find room for in the trunk were piled on a chair. The woman was his wife, and she looked up at him with a cold stare.

"Is it you, Ruby? Good lands, but what does this mean? Is your mother dead?"

"Stand back, sir!" she replied as she motioned him off. "I am neither Lou nor Jessie!"

"But what is it? You are pale. You have been crying. You have packed your trunk. Tell me what has happened."

"Sir," she said as she rose from the trunk and extended a piece of paper, "here are the proofs. I don't think you'll want to ask any further questions."

"No. 2043 Jackson," he read and then asked: "But what is it? What does this mean?"

"It means Lou and Jessie, sir! I was right there in the telephone booth this noon when you conversed with them. You picked Lou and Jessie and you'll stand by them! Will you have the kindness to get me and my trunk to the depot? I am going to mother. If you think Lou and Jessie will object I can find a cab myself."

Billy didn't rush forward and try to throw his arms around her. He didn't try to explain. He simply got down on the floor and laughed and rolled over and kicked about until the stern blow had taken away his reason. She had almost decided to send for a doctor when he got a hold on himself and rose up and pulled her down on the trunk beside him and said:

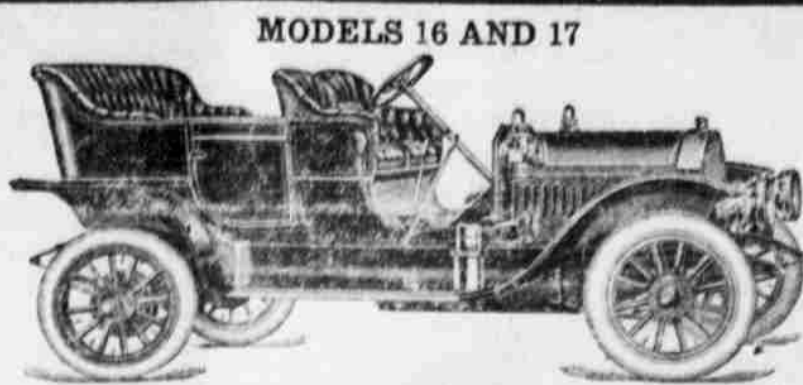
"No. 2043 Jackson is the office of a stockbroker. I can bring you the telephone book and show you. Lou and Jessie are the names of two copper mines I am interested in. The broker is carrying me on a margin. The stock is dull and down, and I've lost a bit, but I am hoping for a rise and hanging on. Here's a circular telling all about the Lou and Jessie and several other mines."

"And you—you—"

"I am not a perfidious wretch. Hustle that hat off and I'll help you get dinner."

The Witch's Trick.

At Peel, in the Isle of Man, it is related that a witch said once the herding fleet would not return. Every ship was lost, and she was rolled down the hill in a barrel set with spikes. The grass has never grown since in the barrel's track.



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