

Her New Love

Author of Little Lord Fauntleroy and Her Marriage.

A history of Mrs. Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is given by the New York Journal as follows:

Visitors at Cornwall called her "The Little Girl of the Mines." There were many little girls who played, barbed and barbed and with only a bit of a ragged, homespun dress between those dumbed-up extremities, on the Cornish dunes, but for reasons which the visitors could not, or did not try to, explain only one face was remembered, and that hers whom they called "The Little Girl of the Mines."

She had not ever that claim to attention, height. She was short, and she was undeniably fat. Distinguishable chiefly by an overabundance—her mother called it a mop—of brown hair and by a pair of wonderfully luminous blue eyes, the child had an added trick of a sudden smile that brightened a rather heavy face like a sunburst. The hair and the eyes and the smile formed a trifling but challenged remembrance.

The visitors to the mines said she was "quaint." Her mother and the other Cornish women said she was "queer." When they were angry they told her she was "uncanny." She was too good-tempered, too indifferent and too indolent to make any reply.

She used to lie for hours on her back on the dunes, staring at the sky and dreaming away. "Thinking of fairs and the ladies and knights and things," she would say by way of explanation.

II. Vide "The Little Girl of the Mines" transplanted to the American city of magnificent distances, America's capital. See her awaken from her indolence, an emulous devourer of books. See her in a rented room of a tenement house on T street, N. W., shirking household duties as usual, and dreaming day dreams with more assiduity than before. See her growing to the feminine height and dignity of her first love.

It does not matter so much to the development of woman nature which she loves as how she loves. It happened to be Swan M. Burnett, a poor young medical student, with whom the Cornish girl first fell in love. That they were both poor beyond the point of comparison constituted no bar to their romanticism. They married first and considered the problem of livelihood afterward.

That after years of poverty and toil and sacrifice on the part of both these two separated and pursued their paths up the hill of fame alone did not greatly concern the narrators.

The incident of the marriage had to do chiefly with the fact that it was the awakening of a genius to her knowledge of love, that powerful, "mysterious troubling" thing that is a tremendous element in all Frances Hodgson Burnett's novels. She wrote of it as the ghost that will not be, the terrible all-conquering force in whose grasp a human being is as helpless as a log boat in a real whirlpool. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written the most powerful love stories in the woman's share of American literature. And Swan Burnett, the poor medical student, was her first love, her precursor.

Their lives diverged. The court records had something to say of incompatibility. Dr. Swan Burnett pursued his way alone and became one of the most eminent oculists in America. Mrs. Burnett became the leading woman novelist in Washington. They see each other occasionally in society and at Mrs. Burnett's home. They are reported to be "great friends."

III. Mrs. Burnett was wont to quote the words of Cornelia, Roman matron, "These are my jewels." Her two sons, Lionel and Vivian, were her chiefest treasures. It was for them she turned to writing and clothed in literature those airy dreams of "The Little Girl of the Mines."

"I had to do something to earn my living and that of my boys," she says of that time. "Under the circumstances one naturally tries the first thing one loves best to do. I tried writing. It was the only thing I could do. It was what I enjoyed doing, and, fortunately, indeed, it proved successful. I have found literature very profitable, and I think nobody who has an opportunity for me to write pot-pourri and the labor of love in one effort."

Vivian, the younger, was graduated from Yale last year. He chooses journalism as a profession. He is a member of the Denver Republican staff.

It was Lionel, the elder, who inspired his mother to write "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The play and story was photographic. Mrs. Burnett said so herself, and said she offered to divide the immense profit of the book and play with her inspiration. He found that inspiring books was something of a bore. Its results he described as "awful."

He was followed about Washington at a respectful distance. That did not prevent him from hearing the admiring whisper: "There goes the original Little Lord Fauntleroy." When he appeared in New York the clamor had lost its soft, Southern whispers.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy. The real thing!" shouted the newsgirls.

There were Pauline's baby, Pauline's shoes, Pauline's lies and Pauline's knickerbockers. There were Pauline's waltzes ground out by street organs whose real exceeded their music. There were Pauline's puzzles, and that most ardent tribute to fame, tables christened Pauline.

Lionel Burnett grew tired of being the race. His mother took him to London. He was appalled to find that the Pauline's vogue had succeeded him. He went to Paris. It was there before him. He groaned a last protest and submitted to being popular. He was a wise lad, however. He begged his mother to divert attention from him.

IV. Determined to change her son, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett retired to Maytham Hall and wrote "A Lady of Quality."

Maytham Hall is in Kent. Far from London and seven miles from the village station, reached by wondrous old Roman high roads, stands this literary cradle of "A Lady of Quality."

It is an Elizabethan mansion in gray stone. It was built by the Montepenny's in the sixteenth century. Their armorial quarters are respected by the present mistress. Their ancestors' portraits are revered. From the environment of venerable Maytham Hall Mrs. Burnett evolved the burnished, beautiful, wittol "Lady of Quality."

Then Mrs. Burnett experienced the tribulation library. Her son smiled, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was forgotten for the nonce, and only "A Lady of Qual-

ity" remembered. With what her son chose to call "poetic justice" it came about that Mrs. Burnett became invested with the title of her last book.

"There comes the 'Lady of Quality,' could be heard in strong English as they entered the little church adjoining Maytham Hall. The 'Lady of Quality.' You heard the name steadily mingling with the rattle of omnibuses. In London. In Washington the Southern whispers were distinctly audible. In New York the gammas were again ubiquitous. But this time they concerned themselves only with the 'Lady of Quality.' Her companion, 'the original Little Lord Fauntleroy' had outgrown his fame.

"I have long admired your novels. I am honored by this meeting." Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was quite accustomed to these phrases. They had all the savor of conventionalism to her, but she liked the frank, kindly face of Stephen Townsend, F. R. A. S. She met him at one of her brilliant at home in her town house in London.

He had the physique of the average English college-bred athlete. In his face was that which indicated the artistic spirit. Some women's ideal of a god. The late Rev. George Tyler Townsend, of St. Michael's, chaplain to the Duke of Northumberland, had designed that his son should be a physician. The young man was graduated with high honors, but he disliked the practice of medicine, and inclined to the stage.

At this juncture he met and greatly admired Mrs. Burnett. His intelligence and appreciation were so remarkable that Mrs. Burnett decided to employ him as her private secretary.

A week after he was engaged in this capacity, Mrs. Burnett, while driving, was run away with and thrown violently from her carriage. It was thought for hours that she was dead. The private secretary's despatch medical skill was most useful. Had it not been for his prompt measures, while two great specialists were speeding up from London America would have lost its greatest woman novelist.

Scarcely had she recovered enough to leave her bed when a cablegram arrived with the news that her son, Lionel, the Little Lord Fauntleroy, was dangerously ill. Ill as she was she took passage to America, returning within the month with her son.

"Consumption," said the private secretary hesitatingly, sorrowfully. "Consumption," said the great London specialist with professional finality.

The "Lady of Quality" wept pitifully in secret, but always presented a hopeful, smiling face to her son. She took him to Baden. There the three, Lionel, his mother, and the private secretary, battled bravely with Death. Mr. Townsend's devotion, motherly affection in the dying son, admiring respect on the part of the watching world at the German resort.

"The sick boy's brother?" inquired one half of the watching world. "Only a private secretary," said the other half.

Death proved stronger than love. The real "Little Lord Fauntleroy" followed the mimic one to the heaven of boys, and the "Lady of Quality" mourned like a creature distraught. There was no one near to comfort her but the private secretary.

Last month she returned to Europe to wed her private secretary, whom she calls "Her Comforter." They were married at Genoa, February 12. They are spending their honeymoon at Maytham Hall.

Sordid calculators say that Mrs. Burnett is fifty-five years old, that her husband is thirty. They dipantly speak of "the Springtime of love" and "love's afternoon."

But there will always be critics, and Love is always young. It is enough for the "Lady of Quality" ardent friend, the admirers of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" that the "Lady of Quality" is happy.

Just as It Was

Negotiations Between Sultan and Uncle Sam.

This is part of a conversation between the Sultan of Sulu and General John C. Bates, U. S. A., wherein the Sultan, with his wives, chiefs, slaves, the Mohammedan religion and all the customs of his country, agreed to come under the protection of the United States.

The report of the conversation is appended to a copy of the treaty, made with the Sultan, in a paper just furnished to the Senate by President McKinley.

Wherever a paragraph begins "Sultan" an interpreter is speaking on behalf of "His Majesty," and refers to him in the third person as "he."

SECRETARY—The Sultan sends his greetings and begs to be excused, because he has got a ball on his neck and another underneath his arm, and cannot even put a coat on.

GENERAL BATES—I am sorry to hear that, and I trust he will soon be better.

GENERAL—Will you please tell the Sultan I am very glad to see him today; that the gentleman here on my right is the captain of this big war ship out here (U. S. S. Charleston).

INTERPRETER—He asks the name of the captain.

GENERAL—Captain Pigman.

GENERAL—You can tell him now, Mr. Schuck, that this is the translation of the agreement I spoke about just now. Sultan's secretary reads proposed agreement (Jolo Appendix 30), written in their language.

After secretary finished reading it, Sultan, his secretary and Bates engaged in conversation concerning same.

SULTAN—He asks, General, if these fifteen articles as drawn up are final on your part, or if they are open to discussion.

GENERAL—They are open to discussion. Tell him that some of these articles have not been discussed at all.

DATO CALBI—Have you got the sixteen articles the Sultan sent over the other day?

CAPTAIN SMILEY—No; I have no copy in Arabic, but have an English translation.

SULTAN—He says the sixteen articles sent over to you simply represented their ideas as to what they would like, and they would like to discuss and know reasons why some of the articles are refused.

GENERAL—They are so radically wrong that I thought it best to drop them. First of all, one and two we could not agree to; we agreed upon some of them, and it is hardly necessary to go over others as I told them I could not adopt them in that shape at all.

SECRETARY—Article II. (General's agreement) is all right, but in case the Sultan should travel about he should use his own flag.

GENERAL—I told him he could use his own flag, but he must use the United States flag above it, or he will have no protection from us at all, as his flag is not recognized by other nations. If the President of the United States goes anywhere he has his own flag and is saluted everywhere he goes, but he has the United States flag above it. It is his personal flag, and he will be respected the same as he is now and have the protection of the United States, if he has the United States flag above his own.

no intention to do anything of that sort; therefore he wanted to discuss the question fully, so that nothing would happen afterward.

GENERAL—That is right. We want them to understand fully from the beginning and have things satisfactorily arranged, so that in future we will be very good friends.

SULTAN—For that reason he talks to you as he would to his own father, that you might know what his feelings are.

SULTAN—With reference to Article III. "The Rights and Dignity of His Excellency," etc., that article is all right, but they wanted still to put in "that the American Government would not interfere with any customs of the religion."

GENERAL—That does not mean the Juramentados, does it?

(Note—The Juramentados are men who swear that they will do killing Christians.)

SECRETARY—He says that certainly was not in the customs of their religion, because the Juramentados would only be admitted into their religious ceremonies after they were converted.

GENERAL—They will not be interfered with on account of their religion or religious customs. Ask him if that would be satisfactory.

SECRETARY—And all the religious customs shall be respected.

GENERAL—All right, we will put in the agreement: "The rights and dignity of His Excellency the Sultan, and his dates shall be fully respected. The Moors shall not be interfered with on account of their religions, and all their religious customs shall be respected." Will that be satisfactory?

SECRETARY—He says that will be all right.

GENERAL—Well, I want him to distinctly understand now that if any priest or official is implicated in any way with one of these men—Juramentados—and we can prove it, we will punish priest or official just as much as the man who did it. I want him to understand fully what it means. I do not intend to be trapped into anything.

Now, wherever the flag of the United States floats, we claim the right to send our troops there. We do not go as enemies to them. We go as friends to them. We are not hurting them by having our troops there. We expect to do them good. I have talked this matter over so many times that I am simply repeating what I have said before.

SULTAN—He does not understand the idea of the thing. He thought it was taking the land and selling it to the planters.

GENERAL—Oh, no, if we take any land we do not own and place soldiers there and occupy same, we pay the owners for it.

SULTAN—He says that was all right, but any place you want to own in the island and it was property of others, that it should not be bought from the people without their knowledge.

GENERAL—We will do just as the Spanish did; they said convenient places; we say we will occupy such as are necessary for the public interests. That was in Spanish treaty and we cannot wait for the Sultan's consent or anybody's consent.

SULTAN—If you would occupy, for instance, that place on the island here, and it would be to the dislike of the people of that special place, and would have trouble there with the people, if you would make him responsible for that trouble.

GENERAL—Not unless he encouraged them.

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