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THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

To be a little girl of ten
Seems nice enough—to boys and men;
I wonder if they ever tried
To argue from the other side?

I don't suppose they'd ever guess
The stiffness of a starched white dress;
I wonder how they'd like the hooks—
Let alone the way it looks!

They never sit at home and sew,
And watch their brothers come and go;
I should not even like to say
That they would bear it for a day!

They do not know how hard it seems
To be a girl still, in one's dreams,
To feel that one can never be
A drummer boy, or go to sea.

Our brothers say we're hard to please
Because we long for things like these;
They think it is a pleasant life
To wait until you're someone's wife.

When I'm a wife I'll gladly sit
At home, and cook and sew and knit;
But there's a lot of waiting when
You're but a little girl of ten.

Our brothers do not seem to know
That waiting can be very slow;
You see, they've never really tried
To argue from the other side!
—Evelyn Sharp, in Westminster Gazette.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics

By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"It is very beautiful, but there are others I would rather look on just now," said Mr. Rockwell. "Well, we will give it a housewarming," said Hestor; calmly ignoring the melancholy note in Mr. Rockwell's answer. "Let's see. The keys were to be left in a box under the second tree to the left of the big rock. Get us something we can dig with," he said, addressing one of the crew, who returned in a minute with a shovel from the furnace room of the "Shark." He dug at the base of the tree and soon struck a wooden chest, inside of which was an iron box with the key in its lock. Hestor opened the box and disclosed a lot of keys marked with labels.

"Here they are," he said. "The world is ours!" He led the way to the bungalow. There was an air of newness about the structure which told that it had but recently been completed. Scattered around were pieces of lumber, paint pots and saw-horses, which showed that no tenant had occupied the structure.

The first door was of wire screen opening on the veranda. The entire veranda was enclosed in a fine wire screen, as were all the windows. This was to exclude mosquitos and other insects. The door of the main building was next opened, and the party entered into a circular room about 30 feet in diameter. The floors were covered with matting, and the walls finished in burlaps. There was no furniture in this or in any other room in the bungalow. In the center of the ceiling there was a light and air area extending to the glass roof above, the upper floor being supported from the roof. This area was a circle 12 feet in diameter, the upper floor constituting a nine-foot gallery around the room. The kitchen and storeroom were in a building separated from the main structure. A wire netting passage-way, with a protecting roof, connected the kitchen with the dining-room in such a way that communication was possible despite weather or insects, and at the same time the odors of the kitchen were avoided. A large cooking range was already in position. There also was an oil stove.

"This is the dining-room, parlor and lounging room," explained Hestor, as they returned to the large circular room. "I suppose it is really the dining-room, but we will use it in any way we choose. There are 12 sleeping apartments, all opening directly on the veranda. Here is one of them. You will notice that each has its own bathroom."

"Where does the water come from?" asked Mr. Morton, as he turned a faucet. A clear, cold stream of water rushed out at great pressure.

"Oh, shut up!" said Mr. Kent and he went back to his couch, and was soon asleep.

Mr. Walter B. Hestor, owner of the "Shark," and special envoy and correspondent of The New York Record, was not in his room. There was no trace of the "Shark" in "Morton's Bay." The millionaires were marooned.

**CHAPTER XV.
ON SOCIAL ISLAND.**

Had a visitor dropped in on the eight occupants of the Hestor bungalow at seven o'clock that Wednesday morning of the tenth day of May, he would not have imagined they were marooned. Even Mr. Pence had recovered his spirits if not his courage. The cooling waters of a bath infused new life into the millionaire castaways, and at six o'clock all of them, except the phlegmatic Mr. Kent, were assembled in the main room of the bungalow; that gentleman making his appearance half an hour later.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Palmer J. Morton, "we will have plenty of time

rels of flour and crackers, barrels of oil, lamps and lanterns, and an endless variety of cooking utensils. There was also a barrel which Mr. Vincent handled tenderly, and that gentleman took special care of crates containing bottles of claret, beer and Burgundy, to say nothing of cigars, tobacco, sherries, cordials, brandies and liquors. Mr. Vincent arranged these in order, and then stood and gazed lovingly at the imposing array. And still the sailors brought new treasures from the hold of the "Shark." There were library shelves, pictures, mirrors, bric-a-brac, a piano and the parts of a billiard table. There were guns, revolvers and cases of ammunition, together with rods and an assortment of fishing tackle. A huge chest contained a complete set of carpenter's tools. There were numberless articles of necessity and comfort, including a variety of canned foods, jellies and jams, and smoked and cured meats, of which a grocer or market-man might have been proud. These were placed in the storeroom, which was provided with a huge cave which served as a cellar, through which a branch of the brook had been diverted to keep it cool.

By one o'clock all of these articles had been deposited, either in the various rooms or on the broad verandas. Luncheon was served on the yacht, and the crew returned to their task. Mr. Kent and Mr. Rockwell took a hand in the work; so did Sidney Hammond and Mr. Haven. Mr. Carmody took charge of the arrangement of the pictures, while Mr. L. Sylvester Vincent devoted his time to the perfection of the storeroom. Mr. Morton remained on board the yacht for awhile, and then rejoined the busy party. It was warm, but he entered into the spirit of the affair and was soon at work.

"You will find in one of the boxes a great assortment of linen clothing and other wear suitable to this climate," said Hestor. "There are cork helmets and all of the devices to protect you from the glare of the sun. There is also a gas engine and a small dynamo sufficient to run electric fans, which my men are now setting up in the powerhouse adjoining the storeroom. We will have it installed before night. Next

"I have always bragged about being a good cook, and here is where I am put to the test," said Sidney, as he sliced several loaves of bread and prepared to make toast. Vincent remembered there was a supply of grape-fruit and oranges. "Serve both of them," said Sidney. "That means finger bowls. Have we any finger bowls?"

"Sure," answered Vincent, as he made them ready.

In less than half an hour Sidney stood in front of the bungalow and rang a dinner bell which had been found by the inquisitive Mr. Vincent. In the meantime Sidney stepped to the rear of the building and plucked a big bouquet of flowers, which now adorned the table. A massive water service, silver butter dishes, and an imposing array of glass and china were set off by the spotless linen and flowers.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said Sidney. "This is magic," said Mr. Rockwell. "If your menu is as good as your service, we are indeed fortunate."

All were surprised and delighted. Sidney touched a button and set two electric fans in motion. They found the grape-fruit delicious, and Mr. Kent declared that the oranges were the best he ever had tasted. A few minutes later L. Sylvester Vincent entered with a huge platter of poached eggs, cooked to perfection. Sidney followed with crisp bits of bacon and a generous installment of broiled ham. Mr. Morton clapped his hands and proposed three cheers and a vote of thanks for the cooks. They were given with a will. Then all fell on the viands. But the cooks were not yet through. They served French fried potatoes and Saratoga chips, vast piles of buttered toast, jars of jam, and to crown all, Vincent brought in the steaming coffee pot and made the feast complete.

"We have no cream, but this condensed milk is not bad," said Sidney.

"Make no excuses," said Mr. Kent. "You and Vincent are the kings of chefs. Talk about your Waldorf-Astoria! It isn't it!"

The cooks joined in the breakfast, and it was a hungry and a merry party. Mr. Morton sat at the head of the table and was in splendid humor.

"You don't seem to be lost now, Brother Pence," said Mr. Kent, as he helped that gentleman to another portion of bacon and eggs. "You certainly have found your appetite."

"You let Pence alone," said Mr. Morton. "We will make you cook the next meal as a punishment."

"Perhaps you think I can't cook?" said Mr. Kent, defiantly. "You don't know what I can do!"

"I do," said Mr. Haven. "Pass the sugar, please."

Mr. Kent smiled in a sardonic manner at Mr. Haven, and continued by saying that when a young man he had served as cook for six months in a western mining camp.

Breakfast over, they adjourned to the veranda; Vincent volunteered to clear the table and look after the dishes. For an hour he was a busy man. He donned an apron and washed and wiped the dishes, and stored them away in the china closet. During this operation he smoked a large imported cigar. Every once in a while his face would wreath in smiles. When his task was ended he lit a fresh cigar, and joined the rest of the party which was grouped on the west veranda, engaged in conference.

"We must divide our work and assign each member of the party a certain responsibility," Mr. Morton was saying. "In the first place we must ascertain, as near as possible, where we are, and then devise means to return to our homes. We may as well dismiss this man Hestor and his yacht from any further consideration. If not crazy he is a villain, and in either case we have little to hope from him. We must explore this island, and then see what can be done. About where do you suppose this island is located, Mr. Hammond? I have my own idea, and I would like to hear from others."

to discuss our situation and to formulate plans. After consulting my stomach, I am of the opinion that the first problem is that of breakfast."

"Yes, and unlike many castaways of history and of romance, we should not have great difficulty in satisfying our hunger," observed Mr. Rockwell.

"Mr. Vincent, you are familiar with our resources in the matter of food," said Mr. Morton. "Suppose you see what can be done in the way of breakfast. I imagine there is plenty of cold stuff which will serve for the present. Later we will organize our forces and perhaps do better."

"I will help Mr. Vincent," said Sidney Hammond. "You gentlemen retire to the veranda and give us the use of the dining room and kitchen for half an hour or so, and we promise you will not starve."

While the others strolled down to the landing where the "Shark" once rested, Sidney and Vincent took possession of the culinary part of the bungalow. They soon found the table linen, and Sidney arranged the plates, knives, forks, spoons and cruet, while Vincent was busy building a fire in the kitchen range. From the cave Vincent produced two dozen eggs, a part of a large stock which had been kept in the refrigerators of the "Shark," and which were so packed that they would remain fresh for weeks. He brought up ham and bacon and potatoes. There was also a dozen loaves of bread from the stores of the yacht, and plenty of sea biscuits. The coffee pot was soon boiling, and its pleasing aroma filled the kitchen. There was an unlimited supply of condensed milk.

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"We are somewhere in the West Indies, or in the Gulf of Mexico or the Caribbean Sea," said Sidney. "That is rather an indefinite answer, I admit, but we should be able by timing the sunrise by our watches—which are set by New York time—to tell about how far west we are, and possibly we can make a calculation which will determine our approximate latitude. I am inclined to think we are well to the west of Cuba, and not many hundred miles from the Mexican or Central American coast."

"I entirely agree with you," said Mr. Morton. "I kept as close a watch of the direction taken as possible. Monday was cloudy, but I am sure that on that day and on a part of Sunday we were going in a westerly or southwesterly direction. I figure that we ran about 124 hours on a fairly direct course to this island. The 'Shark's' course was erratic only when Capt. Waters was avoiding other craft. Now, if we averaged 20 miles an hour, that would make a total of 2,480 miles. It may be 100 miles either way from this estimate."

Sidney produced an atlas from the library, and all pored over the map of North America, as if demanding a solution of the puzzle from the tinted page.

"You will not solve the problem of where we are at by gazing at that map," said Mr. Kent. "There are thousands of islands in the West Indies which are not on the map, and we may be in any one of them."

"Here is something that may be of service to us," said Mr. Morton, who had been absent for several minutes. "I took a notion to examine the room occupied by Mr. Hestor last night, and I found this on the dressing case."

Mr. Hestor unrolled a sheet of manila drawing paper containing a well-executed map labeled "Hestoria." It was spread out on the dining table and examined amid much excitement.

"Here is what Hestor named 'Morton Bay,'" said Mr. Carmody, pointing to the pear-shaped lake, "and the black L is the bungalow. Here are the hills which surround the lake," said Mr. Carmody pointing to the shaded portions of the map, back of the bungalow and around "Morton Bay."

"This is not a complete map of the island," said Sidney Hammond. "It is merely a detailed map of the immediate surroundings of the bay. There is the reservoir he spoke about, and here is the brook which passes the bungalow. Let's see if we can find any other map in his room."

[To Be Continued.]

A VILLAGE BLUCHER.

Resourceful Editor of a Country Paper—Successful Plan for Raising Money.

Just what would have happened at Waterloo if the Prussians had not come up just when they did is still a matter of conjecture. It is less difficult to determine what would have happened at a certain town in Kansas, if a certain editor had not driven up at the right moment.

This editor, as he is described in the Kansas City Journal, is the versatile, resourceful manager of a country paper. He sweeps out his office, kindles fires, sets type, makes up the forms, wets down the paper, inks the roller, pulls the hand-press, kicks the job-press, solicits advertising, gathers news items, writes editorials, and lives the soberer life of a private citizen.

Not long ago a violent hail-storm broke the window-lights of all the churches of the village. The pastors were at their wits' ends to know how to raise money to make the necessary repairs. In the course of the morning following the disaster they called in a body on the editor for advice. After thinking briefly, he said:

"Advertise a hail-storm union social for to-night. Gather up the hail-stones and freeze ice cream with them. I'll print handbills for you to circulate."

The Exact Truth.

Mr. Douglas Grand, who was the principal witness for the crown at the remount trial at Ennis, tells a good story regarding the examination of one of the witnesses.

"Did you sell Major Studdert a horse?" asked the counsel.

"No, sorr," replied the witness.

"Did your father sell Major Studdert a horse?"

"No, sorr."

"Well, then, did your grandfather sell Major Studdert a horse?"

"No, sorr."

"Did any member of your family sell Major Studdert anything?"

"Yes, sorr, I did," replied the witness.

"And what did you sell Major Studdert?"

"I sold him a mare," replied witness, to the chagrin of counsel and the delight of the court.—London Express.

Encouraging Him.

"There is only one reason why I have never asked you to be my wife."

"What is that?"

"I have always been half afraid you might refuse."

"Well (in whisper, after a long silence), I should think you'd have curiosity enough to want to find out whether your suspicion was well founded or not!"—Tid-Bits.



HAS MARVELOUS POWERS.

Six-Year-Old Lola Cotton, a New York Girl, Is an Accomplished Mind Reader.

Lola Cotton is an extraordinary child, though Lola does not realize that she is different from any other six-year-old girl.

Here are some of the things that she can do, according to the New York Herald:

Blindfolded and with her back turned toward the other occupants of a room she will name and describe dozens of articles selected by any person present. She does this without hesitation and with a rapidity and ease that astonish the listener. If she had eyes in the back of her head the answers could not come with more satisfactory clearness and accuracy in nearly every instance where a test is desired.

Lola can give correct answers to mathematical questions, both in arithmetic and algebra, without an instant's hesitation.

Blindfolded and with back toward a blackboard she will direct what is called the "Chess Knight's Tour" while the person with the crayon moves it swiftly from field to field until the entire 64 fields have been covered in as many moves, without recrossing, concluding at the starting point. Over this network of lines and figures little Lola leads the crayon holder. This she does without error, although the fact that she starts from any field designated makes it necessary that she should be able to follow 4,096 combinations to a successful finish.

How does Lola do the things that no other six-year-old girl in New York can do?

Does Lola know more than she will tell? Or knowing nothing about it, does the secret lie in the unconscious subservience of her brain to another's controlling influence?

All that Lola does is performed in the presence of her father, J. L. Cotton. The questions answered by her are asked by him, although suggested by other people. Mr. Cotton says that the system is that of thought transference; that his blindfolded daughter's brain is in such marvellously intimate communication with the workings of his own that she can follow his thought while his eyes move from object to object, and while they are rest-



LOLA AT THE BLACKBOARD.

ing upon some one thing she will instantly know what the thing is, and will name it. He states that she herself will hold the crayon, and, blindfolded, mark the chess knight's moves with as much ease as she directs his moves when he holds the crayon. She does this, he says, by reading his mind with a rapidity that keeps pace with his own thought.

In brief, Mr. Cotton says that Lola can solve any mathematical or chess problem with which he himself is familiar, and that she can describe any object blindfolded that is within range of her powers of description.

She has never been to school and does not know how to read or write.

Mr. Cotton says that he has been interested for many years in psychological matters, and one day, watching the baby—then four years old—at play, he wondered if he could exert unspoken influence over her. He mentally commanded her to take up certain toys and lay others down, and the experiment proved successful. Fearing to affect her brain, he proceeded cautiously and by degrees, in the meanwhile subjecting her to medical examination to be certain that no injurious results had followed. Lola is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cotton. She was born in Clarkville, Allegany county, N. Y.

Make the Baby Comfortable.

Don't make baby's dress too tight, says a writer in Good Housekeeping, any a baby frets and cries simply because the little arms are restricted, or the neckband is too tight. By making baby's clothes large you will save yourself much extra work and many fretful days. My baby wore her first dresses until she wore them out, some being in use when she was two and a half years old. No change was necessary save in length of skirt. Recently I saw a big, overgrown baby of six months whose yoke met only at one button. I asked the mother if I might loosen the clothes. I did so and found that the sleeves, made for a six-month baby, now cut into the fur arms. The baby at once stopped fretting.

NEW MRS. VANDERBILT.

Her Husband Is the Actual Head of the Vanderbilts and a Man with a History.

William K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Lewis M. Rutherford, who were recently married in London, are pronounced as handsome a pair for their age as could well be brought together at the altar. Mrs. Rutherford's second husband died two years ago at Paris, and she but recently reopened her fine house near the mansion of the Castellanes in Passy. She has lived abroad for many years, and was married 13 years ago in London to the late Mr. Rutherford. She was then the widow of Samuel S. Sands, a wealthy New Yorker, and had been the beautiful Anna Harriman. Mr. Rutherford was one of New York's best known society and club men. He was a brother of Mrs. Henry White. The new Mrs. William K. is a perfect blonde, with a very handsome face, regular features, bright blue eyes and pure golden hair. She is immensely wealthy, and is the owner of the beautiful Tranquillity farm, a fine estate in New Jersey. She was one of the eight children of Oliver Harriman and one



MRS. RUTHERFURD-VANDERBILT.

of the heirs to an estate originally valued at \$15,000,000.

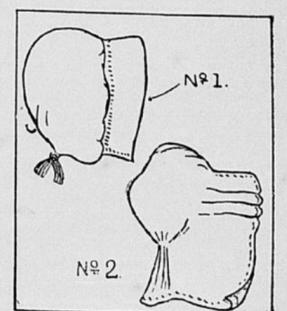
William Kissam Vanderbilt is the second son of the late William H. Vanderbilt. He was born on Staten Island December 12, 1849. In stature he is a trifle below the medium height. He is an able railroad man, safe, conservative and prudent. Socially he is eminent for his diplomacy. His wealth is between \$50,000,000 and \$90,000,000. He is fond of yachting, racing, coaching, hunting and fishing. His friends call him "Willie K."

William H. Vanderbilt's last will and testament disposed of an estate valued at \$200,000,000. He made William K. one of his executors and one of his principal legatees. After giving to each one of his eight children \$5,000,000 outright and placing \$5,000,000 more in trust for each, the testator divided the remaining \$120,000,000 into two equal parts, leaving \$60,000,000 to Cornelius and the same amount to William K. Vanderbilt. With the death in 1899 of Cornelius Vanderbilt William K. became the actual head of the family. In 1878 he married Miss Alva Smith, of Mobile, Ala., whose divorce and subsequent remarriage are recent matters of New York family history.

TWO SWEEPING CAPS.

They Are Not Exactly Objects of Beauty, But for Practical Use They Are the Thing.

For the crown of cap No. 1, cut a piece of blue chambray 15½ by 13 inches. The long side is the bottom. Round the corners at the top. Make a narrow hem across the bottom for drawing strings. Then cut a piece of white Swiss muslin 22½ by 9½ inches. Baste a hem one-inch wide around both ends and one side and featherstitch it down with blue silk on the wrong side. Gather the round top of the crown and sew it to the ether long edge of the muslin, covering the same with narrow seam covering. Fold the muslin back just half and run the narrow blue ribbon in the bottom of the chambray to gather it up. Cap No. 2, though not so quaint and coquettish, is still very pretty.



TWO SWEEPING CAPS.

It is made of a man's red-bordered handkerchief such as can be bought for 12 or 15 cents. Fold one side in half and featherstitch with red embroidery cotton, the two edges together, and tack the back end of the seam forward in a pointed point. This is the top of the cap. On each side, make three half-inch tucks, turning up, leaving the edge for a couple of inches back, in a loose frill. At the back of the neck, make three half-inch tucks on each side, turned to the middle, leaving two inches at the bottom loose. All these tucks should be feather-stitched with the red cotton. Turn the lower corners back diagonally.—Good Housekeeping.