

SECOND MRS. VANDERVELT

By A. H. LAIDLAW.

"Mrs. Vandervelt will be down in a few moments, sir," the servant said, as she ushered the visitor into the drawing room.

Vandervelt gazed about the room and his eyes rested on a photograph lying on the table. It was the portrait of his divorced wife—the woman who "would be down in a few moments."

"A picture of her," he muttered, with a wistful, but hopeless look in his eyes. He still loved her—yes, loved her more than ever before—but he knew now that this folly had built a barrier between them that could never be torn asunder.

"A picture of her—just as she looked when I last saw her; at least, just as she would have looked had she been happy. How she must hate me now. God knows, I deserve the hate."

The man who had once been strong and brave and reckless dropped into an armchair beside the table and buried his face in his hands. Mrs. Vandervelt entered and looked upon the picture of despair. She stepped lightly, and so deeply engrossed was he in his bitter thoughts that Vandervelt did not hear her as she approached.

"Allen," she said, softly, her voice quivering, as she put her hand on his head and stroked his hair.

Vandervelt started violently. He was frightened, so suddenly was he awakened from his meditation, and bounded from the chair as he would have leaped from a railway track to escape death beneath the wheels of an approaching train.

"Allen," she finally said again in a voice tremulous with emotion, "you—you—come back to—"

"Ask your forgiveness," he supplied. "—to stay?" she finished.

"To ask your forgiveness," he repeated. He took a step forward, looked up at her and burst forth passionately:

"Margaret, I want you to listen to my confession. God, how wrong I've been. I—"

She put up her hand and shook her head and she stopped.

"Don't," she said. "Please don't tell me. Let me spare you that—and myself. I could not listen to any confession. I forgive you without the confession. I know you did not love—that other woman. You did not love her—did you, Allen?"

Vandervelt replied brokenly and remorsefully:

"No, I did not love her. It was merely a situation—a false infatuation—I never loved any woman but you."

"I knew it. I knew it," she continued. "I knew you would come back—and everything would be all right. We can begin over again—and we can be so happy, for I love you so—I love you so—"

A light of happiness had sprung into her eyes as she spoke, and she rushed toward him and put her arms about his neck.

"Allen, I forgive you," and she kissed him. He could not respond and he could not resist. He was powerless and stood motionless, almost limp, with eyes cast toward the floor.

His attitude produced a frightened light in her eyes, and she drew away from him as she released him.

"Oh, I had forgotten the divorce," she said, "I had forgotten the divorce. We are not husband and wife. What folly that divorce was."

Then the look of fright disappeared and she almost laughed as she continued:

"But after all, that need not be a barrier, Allen. We can be lovers again, and you can ask me to marry you as you did that beautiful afternoon in the rose garden—at father's and mother's—that sweet, beautiful afternoon. And I can say 'Yes,' and then—and then— Oh, Allen, we can bury the past. Can't we, Allen, dear?"

She had put her arms about his neck again and spoke with passionate appeal.

Vandervelt broke away from her and broke into a sob as he bitterly exclaimed, pacing the floor:

"Why did I ever come back? I have returned only to torture you. I might have known—you could not know."

"What do you mean?" The look of fright again appeared in her eyes and again she brushed her hand across her face. "Can't everything be all right again?"

"It can never be," he continued bitterly. "It can never be. I am a married man. Oh, why did I ever do it?"

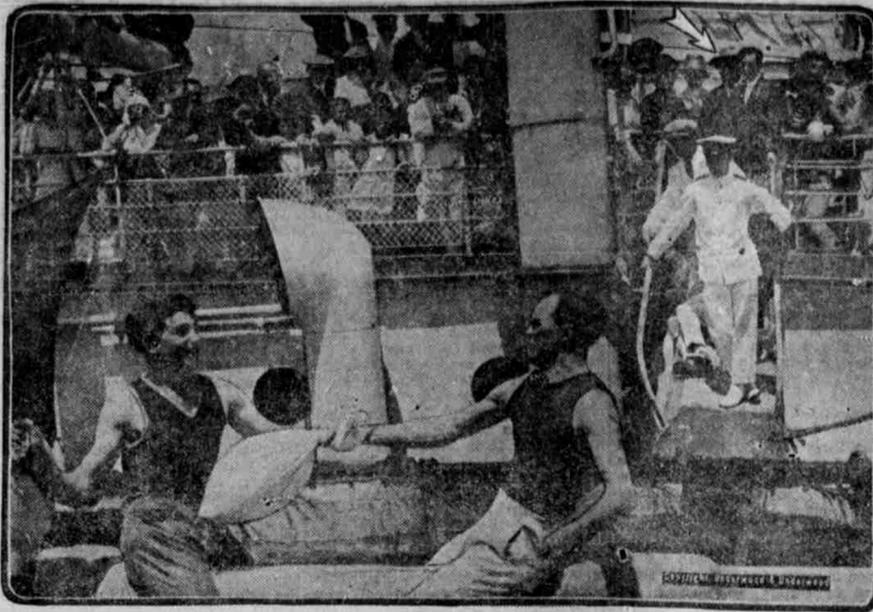
She gave a startled cry and tottered as both hands went to her head. She would have fallen had he not caught her and assisted her to the arm chair.

"Then—you—married—her?" Her lips quivered violently. "She—is—your—wife and is—living?"

"Yes." "And you—didn't—come—back—to—stay?" "No. I came for your forgiveness. I had to have it. I couldn't live any longer without it—and I thought I might get to see the boy."

"You—you have—my forgiveness—now leave me—please."

ROOSEVELT PARTY WATCHING DECK SPORTS



The Roosevelt party watching the deck sports aboard the S. S. Vandyck of the Lamport & Holt line as the vessel was crossing the equator. Much laughter was evoked by the pillow fight between McCarroll (left) of the Y. M. C. A. and Hoffman (right), an officer in the Russian army, seated on a spar directly over an improvised swimming pool. The Roosevelt party is seen directly at the head of the gangway on right, Colonel Roosevelt next to bareheaded man.

EUGENIE'S END NEAR

Some Features in Life of Former French Empress.

How the Daughter of a Spanish Grandee Captured the Heart and Throne of Napoleon III.—Attempted Suicide Once.

London.—Empress Eugenie lies ill in Farnborough. Press reports say she is dying. The woman, once the leader of the gayest court in all Europe and the most beautiful woman of her day, is now plunged in the most profound melancholy. She has retired completely from society and refuses to permit any one to talk to her about the time when, as empress of the French, she shone with regal splendor. And the end is drawing near for one of the most tragic figures in France. Here is only the shadow of a name.

"The tragedy of my life," she says to friends, "is almost ended. My visitors come to witness the last act."

Eugenie was not born to the purple. Her mother was the daughter of an Irish adventurer; her father was the count of Montijo, a grandee of Spain. The mother was a light, frivolous woman, but Eugenie and her sister Francesca grew up to be adorable little girls. Their father having died after inheriting the title of his brother, they were sent to a convent in Paris and came back to Madrid, where their mother was living as maid of honor to Queen Isabella. Suitors flocked around them. The countess encouraged the attention of the dashing young duke of Alba and bade him choose between the sisters. The duke chose Francesca.

When the young girl, beaming with joy, hastened to tell the news to her younger sister, she found Eugenie lying in bed. At first she believed her sister asleep, but on approaching closely she saw that Eugenie's eyes were staring wide, her cheeks were wet with perspiration, her features contorted by convulsions. Eugenie had heard the duke's proposal to Francesca and had taken poison in her sorrow. Slowly she regained her health, but the incident changed her character. The convent bred girl became determined to dazzle the world. She rode through the streets of Madrid on an unsaddled horse. She led the applause at bull fights, flirted with terrors, and embroidered caps for them in gold.

She received attentions from none except serene highnesses and dukes. The queen, angry at being outshone, dismissed mother and daughter from court. Eugenie tossed her beautiful head and vowed that if she ever came back to Madrid it should be as a queen. There was at this time in France an interesting young man who had just been elected president of the second republic of France. And he was destined to fulfill the young girl's ambition to be a queen.

Shortly after he met the charming madcap girl, the prince-president, Louis Napoleon, had brought about the famous coup d'etat by which he caused himself to be re-elected for a term of ten years, and in 1852 to be proclaimed emperor with the title of Napoleon III. He was fascinated by the young girl's beauty and her happy-go-lucky sort of existence appealed to one who had so long led an adventurous hand to mouth life. So he at once made love to her in an easy going way. She and her mother were invited to the Elysee.

But Napoleon had no notion of marrying this fascinating Spanish girl. He realized that the best way to strengthen his throne was by an alliance with some woman of royal blood. He begged Prince Hohenzollern for the hand of Princess Adelaide of Prussia. He appealed to the dowager duchess of Baden to help him find a princess for his wife. Queen Victoria

TAME OWN SAVAGES

Madrid Paper Urges That Spain Care for Its Own.

Heraldo Declares Illiteracy in Alfonso's Kingdom Amounts to National Disgrace—12,000,000 People Cannot Read or Write.

Madrid.—In an article headed "Spain's National Disgrace," the Heraldo de Madrid (newspaper) says: "Out of the total population of some 19,000,000 that Spain possesses, 12,000,000 can neither read nor write. In thousands of villages and small towns in the interior of the country no one knows how to read or write. There are in Spain 30,000 rural villages without schools of any kind, and many thousands which can only be reached by a bridle path, there being no high roads nor railway communication of any kind. Attendance at board schools is voluntary, not obligatory. Seventy-six per cent. of the children in Spain are illiterate, and this is especially noticeable in the capital."

"With such facts, such shameful ones, before us as the foregoing we have embarked on a mission (which is costing the country millions) to civilize Morocco. If it were not said it would be laughable. Let us first set ourselves to educate and tame the innumerable savages we have among us before attempting to civilize Morocco."

"And this is Spain in the twentieth century! Would that heaven would send us a minister with the temperament and energy of Lloyd-George! Will those in power in Spain never awake to the real needs of the country?"

In this connection it is interesting to note that the first battalion of the King's Own regiment has recently gone to join the army in Morocco, and that among the officers accompanying it was H. R. H. the infant Don Alfonso de Bourbon, the Infanta Eulalia's son and the king's cousin. The little prince of the Austrias, heir presumptive to the Spanish throne, is honorary colonel of the regiment. He addressed the following telegram to the captain commanding the battalion:

"Greatly regretting that my tender years do not allow me to place myself at the head of my regiment, which is about to take the field in Morocco, I salute my comrades and brother officers, not forgetting the rank and file, wishing them all good fortune and occasions to add new laurels to their famous regiment."

ENVOY'S EXPENSE BILL HIT

Comptroller Figures Over R. C. Kerens' Travel Account and Government is \$2.85 to the Good.

Washington.—Comptroller Downey of the treasury department cut an expense account of R. C. Kerens, late ambassador to Austria, by \$2.85.

Kerens resigned his post last June and returned to St. Louis by way of Washington, putting in a travel expense for \$300.25. The auditor for the state department decided because

Mr. Kerens had been granted leave of absence he was not entitled to any travel expense at all.

Comptroller Downey overruled this decision, but declared the ambassador in traveling from New York to St. Louis by way of Washington had journeyed 67 miles farther than he would have done by the shortest route. At five cents a mile for 67 miles the ambassador's account was reduced \$2.85.

New Chorus Girl Law.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Chorus girls and actresses who are under twenty years of age will not be permitted to remain on the stage after 9 p. m., according to the new state labor law. The new law also prohibits the employment of females who are under age, after 9 p. m.

Aged Couple on Long Tramp. Philadelphia.—After walking 100 miles from this city to Palo Alto, near Pottsville, to visit friends, Mrs. L. McGlynn, seventy-seven years, the learned that they had left the city several years ago.

Philadelphia.—Most ingenious is the snow velocipede that has been patented by a Pennsylvania man. On it a boy can "coast" down snow-covered inclines, or he can pedal up them. In its general appearance this vehicle resembles the ordinary velocipede, but the front and rear forks are mounted on runners, instead of on wheels. To be sure, there is a driving wheel, but that is journaled and vertically movable in the front forks.

THE DEVIL'S SLIDES

Colorado and Montana Both Have Natural Phenomena.

One Near Yellowstone Park is a Great Trough Pitching Down the Cinabrar Mountain of the Gallatin Range.

Denver, Colo.—There is a Devil's slide in both Montana and Colorado, quite different in character, yet of such tremendous proportions, so steep and so jagged as to suggest that only the devil himself could accomplish the slide down them and continue to do business thereafter. The Devil's slide in Montana, shown in the illustration, is near the Yellowstone National park, a great trough pitching down Connabar mountain of the Gallatin range, formed by two huge parallel knife-blade ridges of white quartzite. The space between these two almost vertical backbones is quite narrow and constitutes a vertical chute ending in a small lake at the base of the slide into which the devil was supposed to plunge at the end of his toboggan ride. The Colorado Devil's slide is an exceedingly steep slope on the almost perpendicular sides of the Gunnison canyon. The rock here is entirely devoid of vegetation and the "slide" is quite unclimbable. Any person, devil or otherwise, starting at the top would certainly reach the bottom and plunge into the foaming Gunnison river in record time. The Devil's slide is not far from the great Gunnison irrigation tunnel which the Government Reclamation service has bored through a tremendous mountain wall to divert the waters from the Gunnison river out into the fertile lands of the Uncomphagre valley. The Devil's slide of the Gunnison is but one of the many awesome sights which met the gaze of the party of government engineers who made an exploration, on an inflated raft, of the Black canyon of the Gunnison a few years ago before start-



Devil's Slide.

ing to tunnel the mountain. This was the first time that anyone was known to have passed through this portion of the canyon.

STORAGE PLANT IS UNIQUE

Water From Lava Springs Used to Cool Fruit in Valley of Oregon.

Hood River, Ore.—A unique cold storage building is now being completed in this valley. The structure adjoins the lava beds near Woodworth Park and has been built of this stone entirely. The building is three stories in height. The lower floor, which has a capacity of 10,000 boxes of fruit, is constructed on a foundation of the loose stone eighteen feet in depth.

Water from the lava springs, flowing almost directly from the ends of glaciers and but a few degrees above the freezing point, will run along these loose stones. The water of the cold springs is also allowed to pass through numerous pipes attached to the ceiling and along the walls of the building. In the second and third stories the apples will be packed and sorted.

REFUGE TO 2 MILLION BIRDS

The Audubon Societies Maintained Reservations and Colonies for Songsters.

New York.—Two million birds found a safe refuge this year on reservations and guarded colonies of the National Association of Audubon societies, according to the annual report of the organization made public here. In addition 10,000 airgrettes have been protected in brooding grounds throughout the southern states by sixteen armed agents of the association. Fifty-two thousand boys and girls have been enrolled as junior members and \$80,000 was given by American bird lovers.

Studied Law to Prosecute Own Son. Riverhead, N. Y.—After having studied law for four years to be able to prosecute her own son for slander against her nephew, Ernest W. Tooker, a local lawyer, Mrs. Arietta Baird, seventy-seven, forgot the date, failed to appear, and the suit was dismissed.

VELOCIPEDE IN WINTER SPORT

Can Be Used for Coasting or Ridden Up a Hill or on the Level.

Philadelphia.—Most ingenious is the snow velocipede that has been patented by a Pennsylvania man. On it a boy can "coast" down snow-covered inclines, or he can pedal up them. In its general appearance this vehicle resembles the ordinary velocipede, but the front and rear forks are mounted on runners, instead of on wheels. To be sure, there is a driving wheel, but that is journaled and vertically movable in the front forks.



Wheel Moves Up and Down.

The vertical movement of this wheel is controlled by a lever in the handle. When the velocipede is used to coast down a hill the wheel is raised above the bottom of the runners. On the level ground, or going up an incline, the wheel is lowered until it can get a purchase on the ground or snow and pedaled like the wheel of an ordinary velocipede.

FOSIL REPTILES REACH N. Y.

One of Three Largest Collections of African Types at Museum of Natural History.

New York.—Dr. Robert Broom, a noted authority on South African paleontology, and who has spent 16 years or more in exploration and research in Africa, has brought his famous collection of South African Permian reptiles to the American museum of natural history for purposes of comparative study. There are three great collections of South African reptiles in the world—that of the British museum, that in the Cape Town museum and Doctor Broom's. Until a few years ago it was supposed that American reptiles were different from those in any other part of the world.

"Four years ago, however, while looking at specimens here," said Doctor Broom, "I found them moderately closely allied to South African forms. Among the South African types we have a continuous record of land reptiles from the middle Permian period to the upper Triassic period. When the South African deposits are completely investigated we will have a history of the world for a period of three million years. That period would prove the most interesting in the world's history. These mammals of that period were the first evolved."

Doctor Broom's collection of fossil reptiles contains the almost complete skeleton of the endothiodon, a reptile which has limbs and toes like a modern warm blooded animal. It is the belief of Doctor Broom, after spending years of investigation and research in African wilds, that the fauna of that region and the North American Permian originate from a common source.

WALKING HEN COOP ARRESTED

St. Louis Man Pleaded That the Fowl Flew in Under His Coat to Get Warm.

St. Louis, Mo.—A policeman in the outskirts of the city saw a man whose form was anything but a perfect thirty-six. His coat looked as if some tailor had settled an old grudge in the general fit, and he fidgeted along like a person who is harboring a bee.

Suspicious, the officer pursued the man and lifted his coat. Three fowls cackling gratefully, fell to the ground. The officer asked for an explanation and the portable hen coop informed him that the chickens flew into his coat to get warm. The police regulations prohibit the belief of anything as rough as that and the man was arrested.

Drunk for Science's Sake.

New York.—When arraigned in court here charged with being intoxicated, Dr. George L. Delbert told the magistrate that he had rendered himself intoxicated to determine the effects of alcohol. The court told him he should confine his experiments to the house and discharged him.

Rockefeller Has a "Double."

Brockton, Mass.—A report that "John D. Rockefeller" was eating in a quick lunch room here spread rapidly. In a few minutes police reserves were necessary to hold the crowd back. Reporters questioned the "oil king's" double, who said that he often had been mistaken for Mr. Rockefeller.

Must Not Wink at Ladies.

New York.—"It's had form to wink at ladies, even though she does live at the same house," said Magistrate in the night court here, as Fred Walter Hines five dollars, a resident of Mrs. Josephine's house.