

AMUSEMENT NOTES

STRIKES A CLEAR NOTE.

Shepherd of the Hills, at Auditorium Saturday, a Wonderful Story.

Occasionally some play strikes a note that rings out clear and true in the midst of the commonplace and impresses its auditor with the thought that it was written not for gain, nor for pastime, but because some man had something to say to other men and he took this means of expression.



Scene from "The Shepherd of the Hills," at the Auditorium, Matinee and Night, Saturday, March 8.

There is the shepherd, the man who came the hills to learn, and remain to teach; Old Matt, who cherished the memory of a wrong that could never be righted; Young Matt, a hero of the hills country, whose strength of heart and soul equaled the strength of his body; Sammy Lane, bright and buoyant with the youth of the hill country, and the other quaint characters that color the play with humor.

The scene of the play is in the high hills of the Ozark mountains. The mists of the valleys, the glories of the sunsets, the magnificent vistas from the summits have been brought out by the wonderful ingenuity of the scenic artist and electrician's craft. It is the spirit of the land that Mr. Wright has caught that makes the play one that is an unique and one that will stand in a field of its own.

The Shepherd of the Hills will be the attraction at the auditorium Saturday, March 8, matinee and night. The enormous popularity of the Harold Bell Wright novel indicates that the engagement of this first play will prove a great popular success.

WINIFRED ST. CLAIR COMPANY.

Several years ago a little mite of a girl who lived in an Indiana village became the talk of the town for her singing and dancing. At every function, on the stage and in private homes, she was the delight of the occasion.



WINIFRED ST. CLAIR and Her Own Company at the Auditorium All Next Week—Matinee Truly, Starting Tuesday.

As years came on, this little girl, who grew taller and became more seasoned, ventured to New York, the great metropolis, where many fond hopes he buried under the weight of lack of appreciation. This little girl knew little of what she was about to face—the great cynical public, the cold critics, the unsympathetic managers.

But this little girl had the one effective weapon which compels respect and ideal success—confidence. And she won. From that New York experience date her career of successful stage work.

This little girl is Winifred St. Claire, the accomplished actress and head of the successful stock company which has won fame throughout the United States. Miss St. Claire will be here all next week at the Auditorium.

When you have seen her act you will agree that she deserves the honor bestowed upon her elsewhere. Usual ladies' special price tickets Monday night if bought and paid for before 6 p. m. The opening play will be "The Turning Point." Seats on sale at the box office. Matinees daily, starting Tuesday.

WOMAN WAR HERO IN NEED

Kady Brownell Only One of Sex to Fight For Union.

BORN ON A BATTLEFIELD.

Went to Front With Husband When a Bride of Three Years—Now Custodian of Famous Jewel Mansion in New York—Once Headquarters of Washington.

New York.—Kady Brownell, born on a battlefield, the only woman member of the G. A. R. and custodian of the historical Jewel mansion, has broken down and is now confined to her bed. Her faculties are failing, and effort is being made to get her husband's consent to have her removed to some institution.

He is Robert S. Brownell and, like her, a wounded veteran of the civil war. He was quite badly hurt, and she always has been the responsible head of the family. Since 1895 she has been an employee of the park department, but is now incapacitated for duty. She is the recipient of a pension, passed by special act of congress.

Her father was Colonel George Southwell, a British officer, who was stationed in the year 1842 in Caffraria, South Africa. His greatest friend, another officer, was Sir James Kady, who had been married at about the same time as Colonel Southwell. The two men agreed that whoever had the first child should name him after the other. Colonel Southwell's wife was proud in the knowledge that she was soon to let him fulfill his part of the bargain.

There was fighting near the station those days, and the colonel's wife drove out with some friends to observe the fighting from a distance. It was while she was there that she was taken ill. An army tent was hastily pitched, and her child was born, a girl child.

A few days later the little girl's mother died, and when her father could



JEWEL MANSION IN NEW YORK, WHERE KADY BROWNELL LIVES.

get away he took her back to England. Then he was ordered out with his regiment again, and he gave her into the hands of another friend, Cameron McKenzie, who was coming to America.

She met Robert Brownell when they both lived in Central Falls, R. I. There they were married three days before the first shot of the civil war. He had been one of the charter members of the Mechanics Rifles of Providence, where his mother lived. He took his bride to see his mother, and the evening of their arrival a call was issued for a meeting of his company. Governor William Sprague was raising troops and the Rifles were called upon. More than 200 men were there when they were asked to step forward if they had nothing to keep them from volunteering. There was just one man who didn't step forward, and he was promptly thrown down two flights of stone stairs.

Robert Brownell went home and told his bride that he was going to war. She said that he shouldn't go without her. At first he laughed, then he begged her not to go. He told her that a regiment made up of men of all sorts was not a place for a woman.

"If a woman wants to she can be a good woman in hell," she answered. When he embarked with the rest of his regiment he was dismayed to find her on board. It was only after the hardest kind of work that she was taken ashore, and she immediately began her pleadings with Governor Sprague. She urged to such good effect that the governor escorted her to Washington and allowed her to take her place beside her husband.

She never disguised herself as a man. She didn't carry a rifle, but she had a light saber and a revolver, with which she could shoot so well that she became known as one of the most expert sharpshooters of her regiment.

The only wound which she received was a shot in the leg at the battle of Bull Run. She stood up under the heavy marches much better than some of the men. One day she plodded along beside her husband over thirty miles of hard roads.

The Belgian army is to be equipped with 90 aeroplanes at an early date.

PLANES IN ARCTIC WORK.

French Expedition to Franz Josef Land Will Carry Two.

Paris.—An expedition supported by the French government is being organized to undertake exploration work in the region of Franz Josef Land.

The leader of the expedition is Jules de Payer, whose father discovered Franz Josef Land in August, 1878, being in command of the ship Tegethoff, which was sent out under the auspices of the Austrian government. The ship was lost in the ice on the return journey, and the crew had to march 440 miles to Nova Zembla in the face of great difficulties.

The land then discovered has since been visited by Leitch, Smith, Frederick, Jackson, the Duke of the Abruzzi, the Duc d'Orleans, the Prince of Monaco, Ziegler, Fiala and Nansen. They, however, left unexplored the more distant northeastern region, including Zichy Land and its group of islands.

It is in this archipelago that the French explorer proposes to establish his headquarters. During the winter the explorers will carry out astronomical and other scientific work, and during the summer maps will be made, currents studied and biological and geological surveys made.

Two aeroplanes are to be taken by the expedition.

CHECK FOR SHAKESPEARE.

"Bard of Avon" Has \$30 Coming to Him.

New York.—If William Shakespeare or his shade will call at Columbia university he will find a check for \$30 awaiting him. It arrived in an envelope, addressed to the registrar. There was a letter, but the registrar neglected that and scanned the check. It was drawn on a Brooklyn bank and payable to Shakespeare. The registrar rushed into the burser's office, but that official didn't know how to get Shakespeare to endorse the check.

Then the registrar, reading the letter, found it was from a young woman who had registered for a course in Shakespeare and had sent the check for a tuition fee.

ENVER BEY MAY BE POLISH NOBLEMAN

Rumor That Young Turk Leader Is Not Mohammedan.

London.—The curious story is told here with a good deal of apparent authority that Enver Bey, the young head of the recent coup d'etat in Constantinople, leader of the Young Turks and most obstinate leader of the Ottoman forces against the Italians in Tripoli, is not a Turk at all by race, but a member of the ancient Polish nobility.

A correspondent writing to the London Observer says that when Enver was last in this capital his visiting card bore his name in Turkish characters, but underneath appeared his Polish name and title and the armorial bearings of his family. The correspondent adds that in conversation Enver Bey attempted no concealment of his Polish origin and, indeed, seemed rather proud of it.

It is also said that Enver Bey is not even a Mohammedan, but is in religion a Catholic. This, however, hardly seems possible in view of the fact that his wife is a princess of Turkish royal blood.

DRINK SEA WATER TO LIVE.

Daily Tonic of Jersey Octogenarian Beats Sour Milk.

Manasquan, N. J.—Sour milk as an antidote for age is not comparable with plain sea water, according to William K. Ireton, who takes it every day as a tonic.

Ireton, who is eighty years old, looks about forty. He is proprietor of a local amusement hall and works ten or more hours a day.

Up at 4 o'clock every morning, he hurries to the beach, where he dips up a glassful of water from the waves and quaffs it as if it were the elixir of life. Ireton says it does not taste good, and he does not like it, but it has the effect he desires.

SEEKS PURSE OF CROESUS.

Archaeologist Digging For Palace of World's Richest Man.

Princeton, N. J.—Howard Butler of Croton Falls, professor of arts and archaeology in Princeton university, is now on the way to Smyrna, Asia, to make excavations at Sardis in quest of the pocketbook of Croesus, reputed to have been the richest man in the world.

Professor Butler and his assistants will continue their search for several weeks. Sardis was a great commercial metropolis and the home of Croesus.

Harvard's Namesake Gets Scholarship. Toronto.—When it became known in a meeting of the Toronto Harvard club that John Harvard, a namesake of the founder of the American university, lived in Welland, Ont., and that he would soon be ready to enter college arrangements were made to award the club's scholarship to the young man.

The club also arranged to trace the genealogy of the Harvard family in Canada to ascertain the exact relationship of the Welland youth to the founder of the university.

DIVIDEND PAYEES—REFORMER WANT ADS.

POLAR DISASTER STIRS SUSPICION

Victims' Relatives May Demand Investigation.

FUEL SHORTAGE A PUZZLE.

Either Food Evaporated or Explorer's Caches Were Tapped by Return Parties, According to Authorities—Lieutenant Evans and Survivors on Terra Nova Refuse to Discuss Details.

Littleton, New Zealand.—If any one of the supporting expeditions was in any way responsible for the death of Captain Scott and his four companions within eleven miles of safety it will not be known until the personal diaries and records of the dead men are placed in the hands of their families.

The reticence of Commander E. E. Evans and the other survivors aboard the Terra Nova has excited the suspicion of those who visited the relief ship that there was some sordid story back of what at first seemed a tale heroic in every detail.

Commander Evans said that no records found with the dead would be



CAPTAIN ROBERT F. SCOTT AND CREW ON TERRA NOVA.

made public until they were given over to the families of the men. Captain Scott in his last message to the public vaguely hinted that his return to shelter was impeded by shortage of fuel, for which, he said, he "could not account."

In the diaries of the other dead men make similar comment their families, it was hinted, might demand an investigation through any of three channels—the admiralty, the Royal Geographical society and the British Antarctic society.

At frequent intervals on his way south Captain Scott left caches of amber and other supplies to sustain him on the return trip.

On two occasions on his final dash the commander sent back return parties. The last of these, from latitude 87 degrees 30 minutes, consisted of three men, under the leadership of Commander E. R. Evans. In his last message Captain Scott commented pathetically on the shortage of fuel and food in his supply depots.

Experts on polar exploration agreed that there was one of two possible explanations—Captain Scott's depots were tapped by the return parties or the blubber evaporated.

The correspondent of the Daily Chronicle at Christchurch, New Zealand, sent a dispatch telling of his unsuccessful efforts to talk the leaders of the expedition to talk on these subjects.

Lieutenant Evans, he said, as well as other officers of the party, was communicative until fuel and Petty Officer Evans were touched on. Then, he said, all the officers became suddenly reticent.

Lieutenant Evans said the fuel shortage was hardly of sufficient importance for a newspaper to deal with and added, "I think you had better not touch upon it."

The officers say the bodies of Scott, Wilson and Bowers could have been brought home, but all agreed that it would be more fit to leave them where they had worked and died. The motor sledges proved a failure and frequently broke down. When the last one collapsed everybody was pleased.

The diaries of all the members of the Scott party who lost their lives are intact and will be sent to their relatives. Lieutenant Evans and others will compile Captain Scott's book on his discovery of the pole and the experiences of his party.

A lot of men find fault with their watch if they forget to wind it up.

An Unromantic Love Story

By SADIE OLCOTT

Edwin Thorpe had been brought up with his cousin, Helen Willmarth, the daughter of his mother's brother, who had been taken into the Thorpe family when she became an orphan. When the two were grown Mrs. Thorpe, who was then a widow, was possessed of a fortune. One day when her son was about to start on a tour she said to him: "It is time, Ned, that I should take thought as to the disposition of my property. It was accumulated by your father, who left it to me, expecting that I would leave it to you. Helen has been brought up as one of our family, and I would like to divide it between you, but I feel it incumbent upon me to leave it all to you. There is a way, however, by which you could relieve me of the embarrassment."

"How is that, mother?"

"By winning her for your wife."

Ned Thorpe had never thought of his cousin in this light. Both sexes seem to prefer to mate with some one they know nothing about than one they know all about. This is a requisite of romance. At any rate, without knowing it, this was exactly the view he took of the matter. From a boy he had had his dreams of some beautiful girl who should find in a box of roses, who should greet him with a blush and a smile and after he had told his story should confess that she had been dreaming about his counterpart since she was a child.

For this reason he received his mother's announcement coldly. He was very fond of his cousin, whom he had regarded rather as a companion than a future wife, but his mother's suggestion was rather too businesslike to commend itself to one who had had such romantic dreams of the girl he should love not only on earth but through eternity. So he told his mother that he would think about it and nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to meet her wishes.

He was gone six months, during which the lady of the bower of roses did not appear. The girls he met were all flesh and blood of an ordinary nature, some of them possessing unattractive traits and some of them being positively disagreeable. The only person he saw during his tour, it is true, he first saw in a bower of roses, but she arose therefrom in a dress cut very low above and very high below, and pruned out toward the foothills before an audience of a thousand persons. His imagination was captivated, but not his common sense.

At last he returned to his home, thinking that, since he would please his mother by marrying his cousin and he had tired of waiting for the lady in the bower of roses to appear, he would consent to his mother's plan. Indeed, he admitted that it was a good plan. He did not like the idea of taking all the family belongings to himself and he didn't like dividing them between himself and some one else. He much preferred that it should be Helen's as well as his own.

Helen had improved during his absence, having passed out of what to some girls is an awkward age. She received him with the accustomed welcome, and his resolution received a new impetus. As soon as he was alone with his mother he said:

"Mother, I've come home with the intention of acceding to your wishes in the matter you spoke about to me just before I went away."

"What matter?"

"Why, in reference to Helen and I inheriting the family fortune as one."

"Oh, I remember, now you speak of it. That plan fell through immediately after you left us. I mentioned it to Helen, and she said that on no account would she accept an inheritance that your father had accumulated and intended should go at my death to his son. She is now studying to be a teacher. But she won't have to teach."

"Why not?" asked the young man, taken quite aback by the turn in the affair.

"Well, a certain man is attentive to her whom it is supposed she will marry."

"Supposed? Don't you know?" exclaimed Thorpe, setting up from his seat, thrusting his hands into his pockets and striding back and forth on the floor.

"Only Helen knows, my dear boy. But what means this change in you? When I proposed this union you did not appear to fancy it."

"Well, suppose I didn't. I've got my mind made up to it, and now I find I've made it up for nothing. It isn't treating a fellow right."

Mrs. Thorpe was looking at him out of a corner of her eye. She did not seem at all hurt at his utterances. On the contrary, she seemed to be endeavoring to conceal satisfaction.

"Well, dear," she said presently, "I'll send her in to you and you can settle it with her."

When Helen appeared the young man said to her:

"Helen, why have you upset this plan of my mother's to—"

"To what?"

"Well, that my father's fortune should be kept intact. Mother says that you—"

"Ned, whatever mother asks of me goes."

"Does it?"

"Yes."

"Same here."

"This was the beginning; no romance, no bower of roses, no cooling. Wrong; there was cooling, but it began where this story leaves off."

LAD'S WIRELESS DEVICE CATCHES ALL WORLD NEWS

Traction Magnate Is Regaled Each Day With Son's Big Reports.

A prominent traction magnate is one man in Olean, N. Y., who is reasonably independent of the morning papers as far as the more important world news is concerned. He has no private press wire in his residence, but every evening when he arrives at his home he finds that his son, who is a student in the local high school, has prepared for him a bulletin report of all that is being sent from the great wireless stations along the coast. The young man, who is an enthusiastic student of electrical subjects, has his own wireless receiving apparatus in his room, and the antennae are stretched from a tall pole at the rear of the house. The apparatus is powerful enough to receive messages from Cape Cod and other points along the coast and from as far west as Chicago. The youngster has developed considerable skill as an operator, and each evening he gathers the news as it is flashed out through space and carefully jots down the items of interest for his father's perusal.

The report of Feb. 12, for example, was in part as follows:

"Weather—Fair, cold, diminishing northwesterly winds Thursday. Mexico City—Battle between rebels and federals continued today. Both sides open heavy artillery firing. Rebels made every effort to storm palace. Three persons re-enlisted for Dinz. German and American ambassadors demanded that fighting cease. Battleships of the American navy are on the way to the scene. Washington—President held a midnight meeting with his cabinet last night concerning the conditions in Mexico and ordered the first brigade of the first division, about 15,000 strong, to be prepared for an expedition into Mexico at any minute."

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Jane Addams, head of the Hull House in Chicago, is going to Egypt for a long stay.

Boston has a centenarian in Mrs. Lucy W. Keys, inmate of a home for old persons.

The next of the famous violin virtuosos to visit us will be Mischa Elman, the young Russian who makes his instrument veritably sing. Like Caruso, Elman possesses a certain charm in tonal effects that no one else seems able to attain.

Dr. Margit Balough, a Hungarian woman, has been appointed by the Hungarian minister of instruction to engage in geological research work in connection with a French expedition to the Atlas mountains, in northwest Africa. Dr. Balough's work will be confined chiefly to the historic province of Constantine, now part of modern Algeria.

Mrs. John Billington, the veteran actress of the English stage, recently celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday at her home in London. Fifty-five years ago she played Venus in "Cupid and Psyche" at the Adelphi theater. Before going to London she had already toured the provinces, where she won considerable fame. Despite her great age she is still in good health.

The Root of All Evil.

As a general thing when a man and his wife fall out over money it is a sign that he has it and she wants it, or she has it and he wants it, or neither has it and both want it.—Galveston News.

BRATTLEBORO MARKETS.

Grain and Feed—Retail.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Corn, Mixed Feed, Oats, Meal, Cottonseed Meal, Bran, Linseed Oil Meal, Proveder, Middlings, Hay, loose, ton, Hay, baled.

Farm Produce—Wholesale.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pork, dressed, Beef, dressed, Lamb, Veal, Fowl, live, Hides, Calfskins, Eggs, dozen, Beans, Maple Syrup, Butter, Cheese.

Groceries and Provisions—Retail.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, storage, Eggs, fresh, dozen, Maple Syrup, Molasses, gal., Currants, Raisins, Sugar, refined, 5 1/2 lb. 18 1/2 lbs for 1.00, Salt, T. I., bu., Flour, roll, pro., bbl., Graham, patent, Corn Bread Meal, Rye Meal, Tea, Japan, B., Tea, Oolong, Tea, Young Hyson, Lard, compound, Potatoes, pk., Sugar Pails, Brooms, Squash.

Meats—Retail.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Pork Steak, Pork Chops, Veal Steak, Pork roasts, Roasts, beef, Corned Beef, Porterhouse Steak, Round Steak, Leaf Lard, Home-made Lard, Hams, Sliced Ham, Hams, minced, Lamb, hind quarter, Lamb, fore quarter, Lamb Chops, Fowls, Chickens, Sausage.

If the serpent had a flattering tongue rather than a forked tongue a whole lot more people would be snake-bitten.

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GEORGE D. ODELL

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