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New York Store.

WHY GIRLS GO ON THE STAGE

Sextet Members in "Our Gibbs' Admit They Seek Husbands.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—It's a queer sort of bridesmaid who wouldn't rather be the bride and the sextet of "Our Miss Gibbs" is no exception to this rule. These six pretty girls are playing the part of bridesmaids on the stage because they want to play the part of brides in real life. It's not the glamor of the footlights or the call of the wild that has attracted them to Broadway but the hope of dancing their way into the heart of some nice man with the price of a wedding ring and perhaps a million or so to spare.

It was Freda Brann, the youngest of the six, who first confessed to hankering after domestic joys.

"Why I came on the stage just to get married," she said last evening as they gathered in the dressing rooms at the Knickerbocker after the play.

"Oh," exclaimed the others in horrified chorus.

"Yes, I bet the rest of you came on for exactly the same reason. A girl enters the profession either to become famous or to get married to a better man than would have come her way if she'd never gone on. Now isn't that true?"

The others nodded their heads in reluctant agreement.

"And do any of you think that you are going to be famous?" there was not a little sarcasm in her voice, as she put the question.

Nobody ventured to say that she did.

"Then there you are," said the little cross-examiner with a wave of her hand.

"You're right, Freda," admitted one of the other girls. "We're all looking for husbands. Any good looking girl on the stage can find one in less than a year if she wants to. There's an air of romance about the stage that attracts the men. You read about princes and dukes who have fallen in love with chorus girls and it's a common complaint with millionaires. Perhaps one of us will have the same good luck."

Our Rug and Housefurnishing Sale closes Saturday.



Can See Meteorites Every Hour.

Meteorites, or shooting stars, as they are more generally called, have from the beginning of things been bombarding the world at a rate estimated by the highest authority at many thousands an hour, of which, however, an average of only five or six are visible to the naked eye during the same period of time. Fortunately, owing to our protecting envelope of air, very few of these missiles reach us. In size, meteorites vary from a few ounces to many pounds in weight, and it is only very occasionally that one is of sufficient dimensions to survive the passage of eighty to one hundred miles through an atmosphere increasing in density as the earth is approached. The speed at which they enter the atmosphere, calculated at not less than thirty-five miles a second, generates such intense heat by friction that the iron of which the meteor principally consists is immediately reduced to an incandescent vapor, which is the luminous train so frequently seen in the heavens on a clear night. The vapor rapidly cools, and condenses in form of these minute particles, which assume the spherical form as does shot during its fall from the top of the tower. Finally, the little spheres are scattered by the winds and currents in the upper regions, and gradually descend in their millions as an invisible but never-ending shower.—From the Strand Magazine for September.

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FOR SALE
A number of first class street paving taxbills in amounts from one hundred to two thousand dollars. These taxbills are first lien on the property improved, bear eight per cent interest and are personally guaranteed by me. They are splendid investments, being absolutely safe. I also have some good interest bearing notes secured by first mortgage on real estate for sale.

J. A. STEWART,
Exchange National Bank Bldg.

Stella—A dreadful experience, you say?

Bella—Yes, I saw a great bargain in shoes when I had a hole in my stocking!—St. Louis Star.

HEROES OF A FAMOUS CHARGE

Most of the Survivors of Light Brigade Dependent on Charity.

There are believed to be only thirty-two survivors of the rank-and-file who took part in the historic charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and of these twenty-two are in necessitous circumstances. The oldest is 86 years of age, and but for philanthropic effort he and his companions would have had their last days overshadowed by want. At a moment when the thoughts of the nation have been fixed once more upon the Crimean campaign by the death of Miss Florence Nightingale, the need for money to aid these old heroes will assuredly not be allowed to exist for a single day. It is thirteen years since Mr. T. H. Roberts established the Balaclava Light Brigade Charge Survivors' Relief fund. At the banquet then held, seventy-four men attended, and it was discovered that several of them were spending their last days in workhouses—forgotten and neglected.

In the intervening years more than half these heroes have gone to their rest, and it is a duty which the nation owes to itself that none of the survivors shall be again permitted to need any of the simple comforts which can add a solace to their last days. The work of aiding these veterans, it need hardly be added, has lost a sympathizer and supporter in Miss Nightingale.

The money which goes to these neglected heroes is well spent. They are sent weekly pensions by post, and when at length the "Last Post" sounds each of the old men receives a decent funeral.—London Daily Telegraph.

Woman Suffrage in England.

Woman has just demonstrated in behalf of her own enfranchisement on a scale so gigantic in London that forty bands of music were inadequate to the diapason of the parading feet. The thousands of women, dressed mostly in white, had mobilized in protest against the fate of the bill favoring votes for women. The Pankhurst prediction that this famous measure would prove no more than the merest theatrical device in a parliamentary comedy staged by Prime Minister Asquith seemed to the suffragettes to have realized itself before their disillusioned eyes. Yet the seriousness of the attitude with which the Commons discussed the fateful measure, the packed galleries, the eager comment in the newspapers, revealed how completely the feminist movement had seized a psychological moment. "Woman's franchise is now no longer a minor problem in modern politics." Some of Britain's most famous men and women at once organized the National Anti-Woman Suffrage League to wage against the movement headed by the Pankhursts and their like the same energetic campaign—minus the militancy—which has resulted in so much throwing of stones and street violence. "The battle of woman suffrage is only just beginning in earnest."—Current Literature.



In "Silver Threads" at Columbia Theatre Tonight.

Let Alva T. Fountain INSURE your property

Fair Aeronaut Perplexes Guards.

Guards at Forest Hill, John D. Rockefeller's Cleveland estate, last evening did not know whether they were dreaming or saw a vision.

Standing in the center of a grassy spot with shrubs and bushes for a background stood a young woman in brilliant red tights. She smiled as they approached, brushed some dirt off her blouse and resumed a task of separating a parachute from a bush upon which it had caught.

The aforesaid guards approached hesitatingly. They questioned the propriety of intruding upon what might be a visitor from an unknown world. Mustering up courage they finally approached.

"What are you doing here," one of the guards finally blurted out, at the same time giving the strangely attired young woman a closer scrutiny.

"Oh, I just dropped in too see if things were all right," replied the dazzling visitor. "Where am I?"

"This is Forest Hill. You are a trespasser," replied the guard without showing the least susceptibility to feminine charm.

"Well, if that ain't the limit," remarked the young woman. She detached a large silken cloak from the parachute, wrapped it about her and followed directions to the nearest car line.

Then she went to Luna Park, from where she had ascended a half hour previously. She is on the bill as Miss Gertrude Thomas.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drowning as a Livelihood.

A remarkable association of youthful professional drowners and life-saving heroes has been discovered by the police. The number of boys who have fallen into the river and been rescued by their companions during the past few weeks has grown to such an extent in the St. Louis district that the local magistrate ordered that the boys on the embankment should be watched. Louis Gerbaud, aged 13, was seen yesterday to let himself drop cautiously into the water, and the next instant two of his comrades sprang heroically after him and brought him to land. Gerbaud played his part to perfection and, feigning illness, was transported to the salvage station. One of his gallant rescuers remained with him, while the other hastened away, as it was afterward ascertained, to give the news to the press in order to obtain a reward.

Gerbaud and his friend afterward made a full confession. Their association had a number of members, they said, but they refused to give the names. They had found the profession a paying one, as the heroes were nearly always recompensed, and they always loyally shared all their profits.—Paris Letter to the London Express.

New "Cuss Words" Wanted.

An excitable New York man, gasolining through his native Virginia, offered \$1,000 for a new cuss word to express his emotions when his machine balked. He was disappointed. He must so remain.

For one dowered with Saxon speech to crave aid in expletive is like seeking coals in Newcastle. What surcease of his muted sorrow can Germany offer, where "Thunderweather!" and "Potshousand!" are blasphemy supreme; or France, with its "Sacre blue!" and "Name of a Pipe!" or Turkey, where you murmur "Destiny!" when a wheel breaks; or Italy, where a too-deliberate donkey is invited to "Put one foot before the other;" or Spain, where one may bid a persistent beggar, "Go in peace, little brother?"

Eloquence of expression Northern races may indeed study in warmer climes. When a Latin says "Caramba!" or "Diavolo!" it "ain't so much wot 'e says as the mawsty 'e says it," as the British sailor explained when charged with assault. But for extensive and intensive "cussing out" a Colorado mule conductor, a Pennsylvania section boss or a New York stevedore can face the world unshamed.—New York Herald.

"I think we shall like our new neighbors."

"That so? Have you met any of them?"

"No, but I watched their furniture being carried in yesterday, and there wasn't a phonograph or a music box in the outfit."—St. Louis Star.

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EXPLANATORY BULLETIN FREE.

JOHN R. KIRK, President.

Circumventing Papa.

"Reginald, I'm awfully sorry, but papa says he doesn't want to see you coming here any more."

"Boadicea, your father's wish is law. He shall not see me again if I can help it. What evenings in the week does he spend downtown?"—Chicago Tribune.

Five first-class workmen at The Tiger Barber Shop, 910 Broadway.

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The special rate of one dollar for the Missourian until Jan. 1, 1911 is still in effect. Many have taken advantage of the offer. If you wish to have the paper sent to you till Jan. 1, 1911, either call or mail your subscription this week. The offer is good to both old and new subscribers.

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