Mary MacLane Still the Sensation of the Hour

FROM one to thirteen years I was a terror; from thirteen to fourteen years I was a young person; from fifteen to sixteen I was a paragon; from sixteen to seventeen I was a perfect lady; from seventeen to eighteen I was an old maid, and from eighteen to nineteen I was a genius; Of course I was always a genius; these other characteristics were simply a veneer."

So said Mary Elizabeth MacLane, at Butte, Mont., to me. This remarkable girl, who has just come before the literary world in her book, "The Story of Mary MacLane," is as erratic as her story, and as much of a puzzle to her family as to others.

The young authoress lived in Butte, on the one fashionable street, Excelsior avenue. She makes her home with her mother, sister and stepfather, and they occupy a modest residence that has an air of comfort and evidence of refinement.

In appearance this young, inexperienced authoress is good looking, and, in spite of her claims to untidiness, like her claims to sinfulness, there is no evidence of it. Miss MacLane is of pleasant, unassuming manner, notwithstanding the fact that her conversation is filled with statements and assertions of the most egotistical nature, such as her repeated reminders that she is a genius, that she is excessively odd, that she is wicked, that she is lacking in principle and moral nature, that she has no virtue, that she is a thief and liar.

Miss MacLane is of medium height, slender build, with light brown hair, and a peculiar and indescribable, cold, grayish eye. Her manner is languid and her conversation is not animated, in spite of the contrary impression it would give in print. She will say, "I would like to steal your purse," or "I would kill that man if I had a gun" in the same commonplace tone that she would assume in observing that the sun was shining.

Knew Her Book Had Merit.

When the object of the correspondent's visit was made known the young lady sat down into a chair with a wearied look on her face, and with the air of a martyr, which, however, vanished as the conversation progressed.

"Were you not suprised, Miss MacLane, when your book was accepted and put into print so quickly" she was asked?

"Oh, no," she replied. "I knew the book would be accepted, for, although no one can be expected to understand it, it being the work of a genius, still I knew that it had literary merit and would be published."

Miss MacLane resented the designation of her book as a diary. "It is not a diary," she said. "It is a portrayal—a portrayal of my soul; a communion with my inner self during a period of three months."

"You make such frequent references to 'perfect ladies' in your book and writings. Will you please tell me what you mean by a 'perfect lady?'" Miss MacLane was asked.

"Well," said she, "a perfect lady is one that wears a silk petticoat and calls on her friends and sips tea and eats little cakes, all the while talking about—oh, such shocking things, in a tragical whisper."

The subject of the book was reverted to. When asked when she first discovered the spark of genius within herself she replied:

"Since I was three years old I analyzed myself, but it was only two years ago that I began to write. I know myself, oh, so well, I am a genius.

"The MacLanes are a strange family. I have an aunt from whom I inherit my nature. She was not a genius, but her life was one of bitter disappointment from beginning to end, and so will mine be. I can look at her and see how I will look when I get old."

Satisfied to Be Unhappy.

It was suggested to the morbid young woman that she had it in her power to change her life by changing her thoughts.

"Oh, I don't mind," she replied. "It is the inevitable. There is no happiness for me. I cannot get away from myself. I am bound."

Miss MacLane said she did not expect to make a fortune from her book.

"There is no publisher who would let an author make a fortune out of a book. They would cheat you out of your eyes."

She glanced down at a purse lying in the visitor's lap and said, quite unexpectedly: "If you were not looking I would steal that pocketbook, for I have no morals. I am absolutely without principle, and I care nothing for reputation. I have no virtue."

These remarks might have sounded startling but for the fact that she repeats them to everyone she comes in contact with, and they had been heard before by her visitor. In fact, they were delivered in such a set, stereotyped fashion that one could almost believe they were of her stock in trade.

"I suppose you will write another book, since you have had such success in getting your first one before the public?" she was asked.

"Oh, yes; I shall have a literary career, but I shall never write of anything but myself. I have attained an egotism that is rare indeed, but I am a genius. I am morbid and cannot get away from my thoughts."

Miss MacLane repeated that she had no virtue and that she was lacking in morals.

"But, Miss MacLane, you are a virtuous girl?"

"Yes, in the negative," she replied. "But if the proper temptation should come I would fall."

"Do you have the sensations that you describe in your book?"

"I certainly do," said the erratic soul.

In reply to the question whether she had ever seen any man who resembled her devil, she said:

"No; there are only a few real devils, although many counterfeits."

"Well, now tell me," I urged, "with your fondness for the devil and your longing for 'judicious badness,' do you ever feel real wicked?"

Felt Like Shooting a Reporter.

"Yes," she responded, "if I had had my pistol the other night, I would have shot the reporter who called on me from one of the local papers; but I did not have it."

Miss MacLane confesses to one strange and mad passion—her love for a former girl schoolmate. She says she thinks of the young lady night and day, and for a long time she sent her three letters a day; but the object of her affection deceived her in that she discussed her peculiarities with other schoolmates. Miss MacLane now thinks of her girl sweetheart in secret.

"Of course," she added, "I think most of myself, but I cannot get her out of my mind."

She claims to have but one true friend and thinks that friendship might have been blighted had not the object moved away from Butte. This is the lady spoken of in her book, being the only character mentioned besides Miss MacLane and her devil.

Speaking of her book, the authoress said: "There is a vein of humor running all through it, but of course it is of the kind that leaves a bad taste in your mouth."

She did not intend her book to be sensational, and she objects very much to the newspapers calling it erotic. There is a sort of litany in her work in which she calls upon the "good devil" to deliver her from her various grievances.

"There is one prayer that I should have added to my litany, and that is, 'Good devil, deliver me from the newspapers,'" she said.

When asked about her habits in writing, Miss MacLane said: "I use a pencil when I don't use a pen, and I do not write on a table or desk. I usually hold the paper in my lap. I prefer scraps to large, clean sheets of paper. Scraps give more freedom of thought.

"I scrub twice a week, make beds, wash dishes, sweep and dust, and so on, and do not mind it," she said in speaking of her daily life outside of her literary work.

After this remark she suddenly said: "Oh, let us talk about something else—say, beefsteak and onions."

Miss MacLane was very gracious in allowing herself to be photographed, but when it was suggested that her mother should sit near her she quickly declined to have her picture taken with her mother.

Is an Enigma to Her Mother.

Before the interview with Miss MacLane there was time for a few words with her mother, Mrs. Klenze, who confessed that her daughter was an enigma to her. She said she had always been "queer" from her childhood. She could not understand her daughter and was in ignorance of the fact that she had written a book until she saw it mentioned in the papers. Of the contents of the book she is still ignorant. Mrs. Klenze said there had not been insanity in the famiy on either side.

Of her mother, Miss MacLane said: "She is a perfect stranger to me. She does not understand me. She is nothing to me. My father was the acme of selfishness."

Her uncongenial life at home is one of her favorite subjects, and her utter indifference to her parents is very marked. When asked once if she would not feel bad if her mother were taken away, she looked out of the window and replied:

"Well, I suppose I would miss her; I would miss that telegraph pole which has been standing there for years if it were taken away."

Miss McLane has lived with her parents in Butte for the last ten years. Since her graduation from high school, where she was always looked upon by her schoolmates and teachers as eccentric, she has never missed an opportunity to display her eccentricity. She is regarded by some as insane, by others as a poser, while some of her acquaintances declare she is cunnning and artful, using her peculiarities in an exaggerated way as a means to get before the public.

Hungers Only for Fame.

She has one great ambition.

"I want fame," says this erratic person. "I want to write—to write such things as compel the admiration of the world at large, such things as are written but once in years; things subtly but distinctly different from the books written every day. I can do this. Let me but strike the world in a vulnerable spot and I can take it by storm. Let me but win my spurs, and then, my good people, you will see me, of womankind and young, valiantly astride a charger, riding down the world, with fame following at the charger's heels and the multitudes agape."

It is only by her voluble tongue that one gets an insight, whether correct or not, into this girl's character. She takes a long walk every day, and her favorite stroll is to some old abandoned shaft on the outskirts of the city, where she loves, so she says, to lean over and gaze into the "deep, still darkness below." Sometimes these romantic spots will call forth poetry from her soul.

In conversation this young authoress is anything but complimentary and has a habit of asking very direct questions. Not long ago she accosted a lady with:

"Are those tails on your boa artificial or real? I am so glad, for I hate real things and I detest a perfect lady."

A young man who called to see her a short time ago was startled by the question:

"Are you a nice young man or a devil?" and when he quickly disclaimed any affinity to the last named individual, she exclaimed: "Oh, I like devils."

Claims Vice as Her Ideal.

She claims for herself all the vices in the calendar, but those who know her say she leads a very uneventful life. She is wont to say she is a thief and a liar, but withal a genius. She had been heard to remark: "I would as soon tell a lie as eat my dinner. In fact I am going to the devil as fast as I can. Some call it the demnition bow-wows—it's all the same. After I am dead I shall be herded along with the goats."

Her usual way of showing her peculiarities to a stranger is to announce:

"I am a genius. I care nothing for your opinion; you are nothing to me. You have only a glass heart, and any one can see through you; but I am a genius; that is sufficient. Nobody understands me, but I understand myself. I known myself; is that not enough? I have attained an egotism rare indeed. All this constitutes oddity, and I am quite, quite odd! But I am alone, alone, for nobody understands me. A genius is never understood. It has always been so, and it will always be so."

A short time ago Miss MacLane's picture appeared in one of the newspapers, and the circumstance caused her to remark:

"Heretofore I have been wont to set my intrinsic value at precisely four cents. You may, if you like, call it presumptuous in me to value my poor miserable 'bone and rag and hank of hair' at such a sum. Possibly it is, considering that I reckon the worth of the ordinary human atom at a cent and a half. That, also, is as it may be. But now and henceforward pray remember my value is six cents exactly."

Her favorite authors are Maria Louise Poole, Victor Hugo, J. T. Trowbridge, Albert Ross and Carlyle. The value of Albert Ross, she says, is about two cents, while she estimates Victor Hugo at two dollars and sixty-five cents. This seems her idea of measuring intellectual worth.

Sometimes Miss MacLane will send letters to acquaintances who chance to be out when she calls. Not long ago a woman of literary ability in Butte was the recipient of one of these strange missives. It ran like this:

"You were out today when I called, so I will send you this letter. I like to think of you, although you are of no interest to me. It is only that you make me think of a large dish of freshly made fudge or a fine ripe red tomato, a rare, tender porterhouse steak, a wide expanse of open green country. You quiet my restless soul. You are like a good dinner, well served, or a plate of ice cream on a warm day. You yourself are nothing to me—you have no literary ability, and I am a genius, so how can I feel any interest in you?"

MISS MARY MACLANE.

ST. LOUIS IN 1804

BY HUBERT M. SKINNER

THE postponement of the St. Louis exposition to 1904 is very appropriate from an historical point of view, for the reason that the town of St. Louis did not come into the possession of the United States until 1804. Thus the great fair will be really a centennial event, marking the century of American life in the old city.

It is a singular fact that St. Louis was founded as a French village in the very year in which the vast territory of Louisiana was given up by France to Spain. That was the year 1763. Spanish influence traveled very slowly up the river, and it was not until four years later that the first Spanish governor made his appearance at the post. Across the river, on the Illinois side, lay the old French village of Caliokia, where now the city of East St. Louis is making giant strides in population and wealth. Here, in 1769, occurred a tragic event which possesses an historic interest. Pontiac, the famous chief of the Ottawas, visited Kaliokia, and was murdered by a worthless Indian at the instigation of a British merchant. The act led to a terrible vengeance, which the followers of the great warrior wreaked upon the Illini. The body of Pontiac was taken across the river for burial. Upon the brow of the hill, back of the village of St. Louis, was a deep forest; and among the old trees of this bluff a grave was made for him. There today stands the Southern hotel; and on its walls is a tablet of bronze commemorating his death and burial.

By the secret treaty of 1800 Louisiana was ceded by Spain to France. Yet the Spanish officers remained in full control of the town of St. Louis until after the purchase of the whole territory by the United States in 1803. Indeed the French never really regained control of the place.

A census of the old town was taken by order of the Spanish government in 1799, and showed a population of 925. Probably this was increased by several hundred at the time of the transfer, for there was a disposition on the part of many old French settlers of the Illinois country to remove thither when it was learned that France had acquired again the territory of Lcuisiana. There were two long streets, parallel with the river, which were pretty well built up. Third street was known as La Rue des Granges, or the street of barns, and contained a few scattered dwellings. There were two taverns, three blacksmith shops and one bakery. Strange to say, there was no postoffice until the United States government established one in 1804. The old church of St. Louis occupied its present site, but it was then only a structure of hewn logs. In this building was buried the Spanish governor, Leyba, in front of the altar. The present church of St. Louis dates from 1834, as one can read from the inscription upon it. A score of years ago it looked as though it might be centuries old. Later it was "restored" in part by putty and paint. It is gradually regaining its air of antiquity, as its shiny coat is yielding to the sun and rain. The inscriptions on its front are in Hebrew, Latin, French, and English. This church belonged to the diocese of Ccba at the time of Gov. Leyba's death.

At the time of the transfer of the town there was a stone fort called the "Half Moon," where the floating docks were constructed long afterwards. There were also several other forts, with mud walls and palisades between them, the whole forming a rude semi-circle about the place. The streets were narrow, and the town was distinctly French in its character. No such thing as a newspaper published at St. Louis had been dreamed of. However, the newspaper does not long delay its appearance in an American town, and within four years the Missouri Republican (which evolved into the St. Louis Republic) was established.

Doubtless the St. Louis exposition will bring to light a large amount of colonial folklore. No more interesting relic of the old days remains than the venerable Church of St. Louis; for though the present building will have rounded out but seventy years, its contents are much older and its records go back to the beginning of our Revolutionary war.

"On March 8, 1804," says Prof. Nusick, "Missouri belonged to Spain; on the 9th it belonged to France, and on the 10th it was the property of the United States."

The explanation of this singular fact is this: When Capt. Amos Stoddard, of the American army, was sent to take possession of the town, it was still under the control of the Spanish officers. Since we had purchased the territory from France and not from Spain, it did not seem to be legally proper for us to receive it directly from the Spanish authorities. Capt. Stoddard, therefore, had provided himself with a commission to act as the agent of France. As such he received from Don Carlos Delassus the keys of the public buildings on the 9th of March, and raised the French flag, which thus waved over the town for one day. On the 10th, as an officer of the United States, he lowered the French tricolor and raised the Stars and Stripes.

GOT ALL THEY PAID FOR.

Man of No Account and Funeral Service Accorded With Merit.

Many Maine people who live in a certain part of Cumberland county will well remember one "Abner"—so he was always called in his town. Abner was the wit of the village, although rather looked down on by the average citizen, because of his inability to hold on to the goods of this world.

Abner was commonly selected to take charge of funerals, because he was about the only man in town, who had time hanging on his hands. A citizen died, a man who never amounted to much, who was never positively wicked, because that would have required more of an effort than he was willing to make. He was, however, far enough from being a good citizen, and Abner knew it as well as anybody else.

Abner was requested to ask a certain minister to conduct the service, and he hitched up his old horse and drove to his house. The minister said he would attend and then tried to get a little information concerning the late lamented.

"What sort of a man was he?" he asked.

"Well, about the same as no sort of a man at all," replied Abner frankly.

"I suppose his loss will be deeply felt in the community," said the minister.

"They're all bearing up well under it," said Abner slowly.

"Was he a Christian," asked the minister.

"If he'd been accused of it, the verdict would have been not guilty, and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," replied Abner cheerfully.

"Did he attend church?" asked the minister a bit anxiously.

"I never eard of his doing it," said Abner.

"How did he die?" continued the minister.

"Just the same as he lived, sort of naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his wrath, and a $5 bill, and after the funeral the satisfied Abner said, "Well, we got just what we wanted, b'gosh."—Lewiston Journal.

Quite Impossible.

"As far as municipal affairs go, I believe one political party is as bad as the other." "Nonsense! Both can't be in power at once."—Philadelphia Press.

Lake Hats 10c

500 Pure White Shaving Hats for the lake, for boating, for fishing, etc., Monday only 10c.

Stronge & Warner Co.,

Seventh and Minnesota Sts.

Basket Bargains

12 Choice Plants for 50 cents.

L. L. May & Co.,

64 E. Sixth St.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK

BUCK'S STOVES & RANGES "THE PEACE MAKERS"

WE ARE going to make this last week of May a record-breaker for phenomenal bargains in seasonable goods. We are overloaded in some of our departments, and we take this summary way of disposing of this surplus stock. Remember we have everything in our line that's seasonable, at lowest prices. Easiest terms.

25% Off on Go-Carts and Carriages

Euery Carriage and Go-cart will go this week for at least 20 per cent off regular prices. A few of them (shopworn ones) have had their prices cut in two. Every one is a "KINLEY," which means the best and most thoroughly up-to-date Go-cart or Carriage on the market.

BIG BARGAINS IN NEW AND SECOND-HAND BICYCLES.

We still have about 35 Wheels on hand to close out at next to your own price. Here's a few. Come quickly if you want one.

$60.00 Crescent, new, cut to $30.00
$50.00 White Flyer, new, cut to $25.00
$30.00 Ariel, new, cut to $20.00
$25.00 Wasp, 2nd-hand, cut to $12.50
$30.00 Crescent, 2nd-hand, cut to $15.00
$20.00 Crescent, 2nd-hand, cut to $10.00
$15.00 Fowler, 2nd-hand, cut to $7.50

EASIEST TERMS.

33 1/3% Off on Ready-made Carpets

Our exceptionally heavy spring Carpet business has left us a lot of ends of rolls. We have made these up into Misfit Carpets, and we offer them to you this week at the above reduction. Bring the size of your room. We are pretty sure to have the size you want.

A "COLD BLAST" Refrigerator like this for only

$5.55.

This is but one of dozens of other bargains in Refrigerators and Iceboxes,

$2.95 to $45.

We are sole St. Paul agents for the "DETROIT VAPOR"

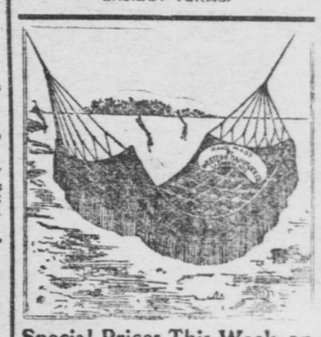
GASOLINE STOVES, the only Gasoline Stove manufactured that is sold under a safety guarantee—it can't explode. Every size and price. Easiest terms.

This Dresser

Is fitted with heaviest French mirror, with beveled edges. Finished golden or mahogany. Our price, cash or credit, is only

$8.95.

It is worth at least $12.50,



Special Prices This Week on Lawn Chairs and Rockers, Settees, Hammocks, Camp Stools, Hammock Chairs, Ice Cream Freezers, Etc.

We can sell you a rattling good HAMMOCK for..... 98c

Easiest Terms.

ST PAUL'S MAMMOTH EASY PAYMENT HOUSE — NORTH STAR HOUSE FURNISHING Co — BUCK'S STOVES & RANGES — 434-436 WABASHA ST. - ST. PAUL

Lowest Prices.

CADETS ARE APPOINTED

AN ADDITIONAL COMPANY WILL BE FORMED NEXT YEAR

Commandant Cole Will Have Charge of the Battalion—Major Will Be Selected From Among This Year's Captains—Long List of Appointments Is Announced — Names of the Lucky Ones.

The last drill of the year of the university battalion was held yesterday when appointments for next year were announced.

An additional company will be formed next year, making seven in all, including the battery.

Commandant Cole will have charge of the battalion next year, the major being selected from among this year's captains.

Captains Fernald and Duncan are understood to be after the position and the choice will probably lie between these two.

Following is the list of appointments:

To be Cadet Captains—T. A. Beyer, C. L. Honey, E. R. Mosher, Chester Tibbitts, S. S. Collins, P. D. McMillan, Barry Dibble

To Be First Lieutenant and Adjutant—Otto Sobotka.

To Be Cadet First Lieutenants—H. E. Barlow, J. Von Williams, J. B. Ladd, R. R. Knight, C. W. Brooke, M. L. Page, Robert Newhall.

To Be Cadet Second Lieutenants—A. C. Whitney, C. F. Stockmaux, J. D. Halleck, E. H. Williams, C. H. Lewis, S. W. Bailey, R. W. Putnam.

To Be Sergeant Major—R. S. Pattee.

To Be Quartermaster Sergeant—George H. Stone.

To Be Chief Musician—S. A. Hatch.

To Be Principal Musician—C. W. Colby.

To Be Chief Trumpeter—J. E. Finley.

To Be Cadet First Sergeants—F. A. Cannon, L. P. Campbell, W. C. Adams, E. L. Noyes, G. L. Gillette, U. T. Rosenwald, W. W. Thorpe.

To be Cadet Sergeants—C. W. Kinnard, F. E. Sweet, C. P. Barnum, C. A. Goodsell, E. A. Woodward, R. H. Keyes, R. S. Schouten, Dwight Yerxa, M. A. Nye, A. R. Gibbons, L. P. Anderson, L. W. Powell, A. P. Asher, E. J. Cheney, R. B. Taplin, H. G. Morton, C. J. Thompson, M. T. Barker, A. F. Kovarik, H. E. Peterson, S. Bockman, G. H. Manthey, U. E. Johnson, J. W. Howatt, C. G. Kelsey, A. R. Fairchild, A. B. Welles, L. S. Alden, T. E. Richard, E. B. Lewis, N. S. Newhall, H. A. Hanson, A. B. Sheldon, U. H. Bosworth, C. H. Benson, A. C. Remele, C. V. Pierce, E. J. Jackson, J. W. Dunn, R. C. Ten Broeck, W. S. Covey, S. Ward, M. Towle, C. T. Glass.

To be Cadet Corporals—G. M. Harrington, M. T. Davenport, L. H. Northrop, H. Aldrich, O. Matteson, I. D. Oakes, H. A. Puffer, H. G. Gerrish, F. H. Newell, F. C. Frary, A. M. Ormond, M. Avedovish, G. N. Heasel, A. L. Peterson, O. G. Treadwell, Walker, R. F. Sanford, G. E. Garter, A. W. Robertson, W. E. Thompson, D. T. Smith, Alexander, W. V. Heights, C. D. Robinson, R. H. Pratt, L. F. Jackson, J. R. MacRae, W. F. Jacobson, C. N. Smith, F. L. Weidman, Jordon Fisher, M. Von Schlegel, J. Sanborn, G. A. Tuck, Abbott, B. Fisher, F. W. Payne, F. A. Wildey, Lagerstrom, P. P. Meyers, Rinker, A. C. Koch, H. L. Bockman, Dorr, L. H. Frahm, Steisegutt, A. W. Kraft, E. K. Parks, Leoch, J. H. Hartzell, Sorenson, R. G. Marshall, A. J. Miller, Simmon, C. A. Bozith, A. D. Smalley, R. H. Smith, J. M. Wardell, C. R. Wright, Cressy, F. A. Olson, P. F. Bunce, J. E. Ransom, Pierce, Albert Thompson, C. W. Burnham, O. L. Lefevre, R. C. Lewis, J. Terrence, C. L. Gilman, P. H. Campbell, C. H. Benson, H. E. Patterson, T. Fairchild, A. R. Joyce, G. A. Boardman, L. L. Kells.

CHRIST CHURCH IS IN DANGEROUS CONDITION

City Engineer Says Walls Are Out of Plumb and Must Be Fixed at Once.

City Engineer Rundlett says the front wall of Christ church, Fourth and Franklin streets, is in a dangerous condition and a meeting extraordinary of the vestry has been called for tomorrow evening to see what can be done.

The trouble, according to the engineer, is due to the two towers or spires which adorn the two corners, measurements taken showing that they are badly out of plum. Their decided leaning has also pulled the front wall out of shape and the vestry has been informed that if it does not want the church closed it must act without delay.

Christ church is one of the oldest religious edifices in the city and though substantially built, there has been a noticeable sinking of the walls and towers of late years. It is thought that the trouble can be rectified at a small expense.

MILLION DOLLARS AS A BAIT.

Salary Offered a German by Morgan All in Vain.

BERLIN, May 24.—Several responsible papers reassert that J. Pierpont Morgan during the negotiations with the navigation syndicate tried to get the German lines to merge their identity therein, offering Herr Ballin, the director general of the Hamburg-American line, a salary of a million dollars a year to act as president of the combine. Herr Ballin, it is again said, refused to consider the proposition on any terms.

The above rumors were current in Hamburg shipping circles a month ago.

Naval Veterans to Attend Church.

The naval veterans of St. Paul and Minneapolis and vicinity will attend service this evening at 8 p. m. at Christ church On May 29 at 11 a. m. the Minnesota association of Naval Veterans of the Civil War will present a picture of Admiral Farragut to the Central high school, Past Rear Admiral Foss delivering the presentation address. On Decoration day the ceremony of casting flowers on the waters in memory of those who lost their lives in the naval service will be performed at Harriet island at 9 a. m. The flowers will be strewn from the shore and the boats of the St. Paul Yacht club.

Children's Meeting Postponed.

The meeting of children for free distribution of flower seeds, which was to have been held this afternoon at the Auditorium, has been postponed for a week. Mrs. A. E. Clark has, however, been giving seeds away during the week, and has also placed a supply with the principals of different city schools.

BURLINGTON HEIGHTS.

The Ladies' Afternoon Euchre club met Friday at the home of Mrs. E. B. Sperry. Favors were won by Mrs. George W. Rowlands, Mrs. H. M. Tuelle, Mrs. Ira Bennett and Mrs. James Daley.

Mrs. George Huntington, of Minneapolis, has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. M. B. Wetherbee, during the week.

Mrs. John Swinburne gave a kitchen shower Thursday evening for Miss Mayme Briggs, a June bride.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Searing, of St. Paul, spent part of the week with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Greaza.

Miss Anna Shalleen, of St. Paul, spent several days during the week with Mrs. John Swinburne.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Vroman, of Minneapolis, spent part of the week with Highwood friends.

Misses Elizabeth and Annie Quinlan, of St. Paul, spent Sunday with Mrs. D. O'Connor.

Mrs. Chase and daughter, Mrs. Theron Smith, left Monday for a visit to Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Mr. Samuel Giltman, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Giltman.

Mrs. F. H. Casserly and children have taken a flat at Highwood, in the brick block.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McGiven, of St. Paul, spent Sunday with Mrs. F. S. Sischo.

NEWPORT.

Miss Bertha Brocht, of Hastings, has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Levi Shelton.

Miss Cordelia Wilkinson has been the guest of Miss Addie Kendall, of St. Paul Park, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schabacker, of St. Paul, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Mary Schabacker.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church met Wednesday with Mrs. E. E. Calderwood.

Mrs. Mary Noltimier is entertaining her son, Harry B. Noltimier, of Valley City, N. D.

Mrs. R. L. Smith entertained her mother, Mrs. Edgerton, of St. Paul, Sunday.

Mrs. M. F. Boice has been entertaining Mrs. Fred Anderson, of Duluth.

Miss Gertrude Dillmore, of St. Paul, spent Sunday with Mrs. Shelton.

Miss Lulu Blackmun is the guest of Mrs. MacDonald, of Greycloud.

Miss Cordelia Wilkinson spent Sunday in Minneapolis.

Sponges of Rubber.

Novelty is shown in a sponge that has made its appearance. It is of Russian manufacture and resembles closely a dark brown sponge, but, while it consists chiefly of holes, whatever solid material there is of it is rubber.

These sponges come in two sizes, oblong, with rounded corners. Whether, being made of rubber, they are less likely to form germ repositories than the genuine article remains to be seen.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Appearances Are Deceptive.

An Irishman boarded a crowded Market street car. He had in his hand a freshly lighted and very odoriferous clay pipe.

"No smoking on this car," the conductor said to him, in loud and harsh tones.

"I'm not smokin'," said Pat.

"You have your pipe in your hand," said the conductor, sharply.

"Yes," replied Pat, "and I have me feet in me shoes, too, but I ain't walkin'."—Philadelphia Times.

Paid With the Turkey.

Mrs. B. Arister—So you cleared that poor Mr. Liftem from the charge of stealing that turkey? I'm glad of it, but he's such a worthless character that I don't believe you'll ever get a cent for your services.

B. Arister (famous criminal lawyer)—Perhaps not, but I've got an all-fired good turkey out in the woodshed, just the same.—New York Times.

May 29th Coliseum Day

HOOP LA! WHERE ARE YOU AT? YOU CAN GET OFF AT

The New Coliseum

NEXT THURSDAY IF YOU GIVE

One Day's Earnings