

# SOME FAMOUS WOMEN SPIES

By the  
COUNTESS  
KAROLEWITZ



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In no part of the world has the art of the women spy been brought so near perfection as in Europe. It may be unhesitatingly said that in Russia, which fairly swarms with eyes and ears of the ear, the dashing, beautiful woman, of high breeding and title, perhaps, has become the most necessary arm of that underground system which appears to read thoughts as well as detect designs.

The secret service of Russia and Japan is the most efficient in the whole world, and it must not be



MADAME MIDGE-HUNE

She is a woman whom no man could refuse anything, and consequently has artfully acquired a knowledge of international politics of surprising value. There is also in the list of clever women Madame Midge-Hune, a pretty coquette, who has been on the Riviera for years, where all the men have fallen at her feet. Once it was reported that she was engaged to an English nobleman; but it appears she jilted him, for, British-like, he had taken the beauty too seriously. The Countess Karolewitz and Madame Soski-Hungen are other women who have prided into the secrets of many international intrigues with success.

During the period when the relations between Russia and Japan were becoming more strained with each successive day, St. Petersburg society discovered there were several very beautiful Parisiennes in the city. They were not only very beautiful, but charming, and most of them fell in love with young officers of rank. They had letters of introduction and were warmly welcomed in official circles.

One night at a ball given at one of the legations, one of the charming French women was present. She was very friendly with the colonel of a Russian regiment and several times she ineffectually attempted to draw him into a conversation, the burden of which was the length of time he expected to be detained in St. Petersburg, for it was a frequent occurrence for a regiment to be sent to the far east. At each attempt she was interrupted by a dashing Russian woman who happened to be in the vicinity of the pair. Finally the French woman noticed the peculiar circumstance and inquired of the officer the name of the woman who seemed to hover around them like an eagle over prey. He told her, and then she knew her mission was at an end, for she had been detected by one of the cleverest Russian spies.

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The Modernist in Religion. Modernism is not accidental or local, but general and characteristic. It is in the air. The modernist has no serious definite quarrel with the teachings of the church. He is contending not for a new doctrine, but for a new attitude. What he objects to is not orthodoxy, but finality. He maintains the right to examine the assertions of the old divines and of the new alike with equal freedom; he sees nothing sacrosanct in creeds; believing in the Holy Spirit, he expects a constant progress in religion, out of the imperfection of the past into the improvement of the future. He is not inclined to agree with Mr. Chesterton when he says: "An open mind is a mark of folly, like an open mouth. Minds, like mouths, were made to shut." He finds that a closed mouth may belong to a man who is dumb, or ignorant, or afraid; and he infers that the closed mind is a sign of similar conditions. He claims the right to make experiments—and mistakes. His supreme purpose is to restate religion in the terms of current thought for the better application of it to the needs of current life.—George Hodges, in the Atlantic.

## Didn't Get an Interview

Representative Norris Rather Played It "Low Down" on Unsophisticated Newspaper Man.

Since the day when Representative George W. Norris of Nebraska introduced his resolution deposing Speaker Cannon as a member of the committee on rules and enlarging that august body correspondents have felt that their day's work is never complete unless they look up the Nebraska man to get the news from the insurgent camp. A member of the press gallery saw Mr. Norris coming out of the house restaurant a day or two ago and asked him to express his views about the retirement of Senators Aldrich and Hale. Mr. Norris did so in his characteristic language, intimating very plainly that the people of the country ought to be glad that the power of the regulars in the senate was being broken.

"Anything else on your mind?" asked the correspondent, preparing to go upstairs and reduce the observations of the insurgent to print.

"I have nothing else myself," remarked Mr. Norris after a moment's thought. "I think, however, I know where I can put you on to a good story, but I rather hesitate to do so."

"What is the yarn about?" he was asked.

"Oh," observed Norris, "it is right in line with the retirement of these two distinguished senators. In fact, it relates to the retirement of a distinguished member of the house. On second thought, I hesitate to do so. I don't think the member wants the fact to become known just yet."

The correspondent pleaded earnestly for the tip, and finally Norris agreed to give it to him.

"I have just come from the members' dining room," said Norris. "Being late in the afternoon, there is only one member of the house left in there. He is now eating his lunch. He has gray hair and gray whiskers and wears a carnation in his coat. You go in there and tell him you are a personal friend of mine and that I would regard it as a personal favor if he would tell you the story of his retirement from congress."

The correspondent followed instructions and found the man who answered the description given by Norris. It was Speaker Cannon, quietly munching a bowl of crackers and milk—Washington Times.

### Those Complexion Beautifiers.

"Of course," says the first fair young thing, "I am not at all concerned about it, nor am I unduly proud, but I think it is something to boast of when I can say that poems have been written about my eyebrows and my hair and my lips and my cheeks and my hands."

"How nice!" coos the second fair young thing. "I have read those poems."

"You have? I didn't know they had been published. Where did you see them?"

"On some street car cards, as advertising."

### A Most Important Crop.

"How do you desire to be uplifted?" is the question a writer in the New York Sun puts into the mouth of the commissioner at the farmer's door.

"Wal," replied Farmer Hayrick, "ye might start in by growing a better class of city boarders."—Youth's Companion.

## PROOF POSITIVE.



Hix—My son must be insane.  
Nix—What makes you think so?  
Hix—He got married yesterday and he only gets \$10 a week salary.

## 16 YEARS OF SKIN DISEASE

"For sixteen long years I have been suffering with a bad case of skin disease. While a child there broke out a red sore on the legs just in back of my knees. It waxed from bad to worse, and at last I saw I had a bad skin disease. I tried many widely known doctors in different cities but to no satisfactory result. The plague bothered me more in warm weather than in winter and being on my leg joints it made it impossible for me to walk, and I was forced to stay indoors in the warmest weather. My hopes of recovery were by this time spent. Sleepless nights and restless days made life an unbearable burden. At last I was advised to try the Cuticura remedies [Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills] and I did not need more than a trial to convince me that I was on the road of success this time. I bought two sets of the Cuticura Remedies and after these were gone I was a different man entirely. I am now the happiest man that there is at least one true cure for skin diseases. Leonard A. Hawt, 11 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., July 20 and Aug. 3, '09."

At the Bovine Faucets. "I sent my little boy on his first visit to the country last week," said a Washington Heights milk dealer. "Although my boyhood was passed on the old farm, Willie has grown to the age of eight in the city. He had been watching Uncle Hezekiah milk the cow on his first evening, and when he returned to the house his aunt asked him: 'Is Uncle Hezekiah through milking yet, Willie?' 'Not yet,' answered Willie. 'He has finished two faucets and has just begun on the other two.'"

Casey at the Bat. This famous poem is contained in the Coca Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910, together with records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. This interesting book sent by the Coca Cola Co., of Atlanta, Ga., on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. Also copy of their booklet "The Truth About Coca Cola" which tells all about this delicious beverage and why it is so pure, wholesome and refreshing. Are you ever hot—tired—thirsty? Drink Coca Cola—it is cooling, relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—be everywhere.

An Average. "Doesn't it annoy you to be bald-headed?" "Not at all," replied the genial citizen. "When we go out evenings my wife wears more than enough hair for two."

Still a Chance. "Have you ever loved and lost?" asked the sweet young thing. "Not yet," replied the man who had been divorced three times.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, sets quickly. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

You will not get to heaven any quicker by provoking your neighbors to wishing you were there.

FERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for all sorts of aches, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures dizziness and drowsiness. Avoid counterfeit. See box and directions.

The aeroplane chauffeur has some excuse for feeling upish.

DON'T WASH YOUR CLOTHES. Use Red Cross Ball Soap and keep them white as snow. All groceries, 2c a package.

The deeper love's roots the less it runs to flowers of rhetoric.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first got up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Charitable—never gives pain.

Even a charitable pugilist is sure to be close fitted.

FREE FIFTY-CENT BOTTLE GIVEN to those who send for a bottle of Thompson's Eye Water. Write for it to Thompson's Eye Water, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## GNAT CAUSES PELLAGRA.

Committee on Disease in Europe Says Corn is Not to Blame.

London, May 14.—Dr. Sambon, a member of the Field Committee which has been investigating the disease pellagra, telegraphs from Rome that the committee has definitely proved that maize or Indian corn is not the cause of pellagra.

The committee finds that the parasitic conveyor of the disease is the "strutium repans," a species of biting gnat.

## Good Work Proceeds Slowly.

At the present rate of increase nearly forty-five years must elapse before sufficient hospital accommodations to provide for all the indigent consumptives in the United States will be provided, declares the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Although over 7,500 beds in hospitals, sanatoria, camps and wards for tuberculous patients were established last year, there are fully 500,000 indigent consumptives who ought to be placed in such institutions and a total of only 22,720 beds in the entire country. On May 1, 1909, there were 15,244 beds for consumptives and 294 institutions. The annual report of the national association shows an increase of 99 institutions and 7,500 beds.

## Up to Pa.

"Papa, sister's a liar!" "Why, why? Jennie, you mustn't say such things."

"I can prove it by your own self. Last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, I'll call papa if you dare to do it again.' And he did it twice more. Did you hear her call?"

## Different.

Windig—Do you mean to say you believe that story Blinks told us this morning.

Robert—Sure I do.

Windig—Well, I'm surprised. Why, I wouldn't believe it if I had told it myself.

Robert—Neither would I.

## Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

## Placarded.

A pretty good joke was that played on a rotund alderman, who wandered about the streets bearing a placard on his broad back inscribed: "Widened at the expense of the corporation."—Tit-Bits.

## Question of Precedent.

"What makes you doubt that all men are born equal?"

"The absolute confidence of every parent that his baby is superior to any other in existence."

Levi's Single Binder cigar is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state.

Your light goes down as the temperature rises in your neck.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic and wind, cures all the troubles of the stomach.

When a man dries up like a mummy he usually thinks he is a saint.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM—It pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

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It is a perfect ointment—stops itching instantly. Prescribed by leading physicians throughout the world. A few applications will cure the worst case of itching and swollen skin. For sale by all druggists or sent direct in receipt of price, 30 cents per jar.

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

I am glad to say that Resinol Ointment has completely cured me of itching piles. J. H. Kildal, Dentist, Mt. Washington, Ohio.

There's more strength in a bowl of Quaker Oats than in the same quantity or the same value of any other food you can eat.

Most nourishing, least expensive.

Packed in regular size packages, and in specially scaled tins for hot climates.

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GOOD, LIVE, HUNTING, RALLEEN... kills all flies, mosquitoes, etc. in a few minutes. No harm to children, pets, or plants. Sold in all drug stores.

W. N. U., Kansas City, Mo. 24-1910.