

THEATRICAL NOTES.

AT TOWLE'S.

For B. C. Whitney's production of the musical tomfoolery, "The Show Girl," the management announces an exceptionally strong company.

AT THE GARRICK.

The first American appearance of Miss Lena Ashwell, the great English emotional actress brought to this country by the Schuberts, has proved to be a pronounced triumph.

WHAT DOES IT TELL?

Scrap of Paper, Ye low with Age, Seems to Decide a Will Contest.

SIXTY MILLIONS ARE AT ISSUE

Case Is on Trial When the Scrap of Paper Appears.

Big with Potency It Is of Such Character That Its Message Will Never Be Divulged to the Public.

Philadelphia, Oct. 16. — The fight between two women over the distribution of the \$60,000,000 estate of the late William Weightman, the chemist, was abruptly halted by the production of a small piece of note paper that had turned yellow with age.

Ground of the Will Contest.

William Weightman in 1884 made a will leaving his vast estate equally between Anne M. Weightman Walker, his daughter, and two sons, William and John.

Just a Scrap of Paper.

One of the witnesses was Mrs. Walker; another was Edward T. Davis, for many years private secretary to Weightman, who was a witness to the signing of the last will.

SEEMS TO HIT THE WISTERS

What Is on the Mysterious Paper Will Never Be Published.

After recess Simpson announced that counsel for both sides had held a conference, and at the request of Mrs. Wister's lawyers the opposing side had consented to a continuance of the case.

There was a general shaking of hands, and every other indication that Mrs. Walker was satisfied with the arrangement. The lawyers for Mrs. Wister declined to discuss the case, and all that the attorneys for Mrs. Walker will say is that the paper is neither a will nor a codicil.

One of the attorneys was asked what the paper contained, and said: "I will not tell; it is beyond human possibility for that paper to be made public."

Murderer Is a Maniac Now.

Springfield, Mo., Oct. 16. — It is learned here that Joda Hamilton, who murdered the Parsons family near Houston, Mo., is in the county jail at Carthage, Mo., a raving maniac.

Speaker Cannon in Virginia.

Wytheville, Va., Oct. 16. — A large number of people heard Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, speaker of the national house of representatives at the opera house here.

HER KING CHARLES SPANIEL

By ABBIE F. RANSOM

Rodney Jackson was at his desk in the office of the Hustler in that enviable state of mind which usually follows a good dinner and makes a fine cigar a railroad on which to travel far into the castles of Spain.

Two months before he had been broken hearted because he and Della Baesden had quarreled. She had given him back his ring. It wasn't a diamond. He couldn't afford one. Instead he had bought her an opal—to commemorate the month of our engagement," he said, "and so had luck can follow so happy a courtship as ours."

A lady's voice on the other side of the partition which separated his desk from that of the city editor's reached his ears. It wasn't an ordinary lady's voice—at least not to him—for it caused him to jerk his feet off his desk, sit upright and peer furtively under the corner to obtain a mere glimpse of a blue tailed male, the pink rim of an ear and some locks of brown hair under a brown veil.

Now, tailor made suits, pink ears and brown hair and veils are more common every day than sunshine, but these particular ones made his heart beat to the tune of "Come Back, Sweetheart, to Me," while he strained his own ears to most unmanly fashion to catch every word the voice was saying.

"I inserted the ad. day before yesterday," was what he heard, "and as yet have received no answer whatever. If you will put a little notice among your news items that my dog has been lost, perhaps the finder may see it there.



"I CALLED TO ANSWER AN ADVERTISEMENT ABOUT A DOG."

The dog is a King Charles spaniel, and his collar is marked 'R. J. to D. B.' He was a present from a friend, a very dear friend, and I prize him more than ever now because I have lost my friend."

"I understand." The editor's tone was kind—so kind, Jackson thought, listening behind his desk. "I'll make a note of it and mention it in tomorrow's paper."

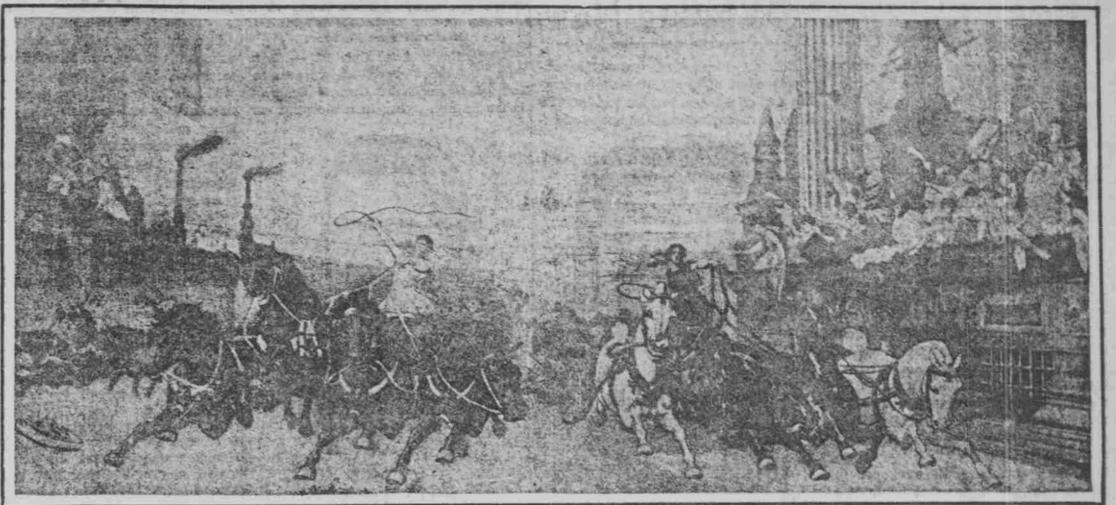
The blue suit turned to go; then the voice spoke again. "Please don't mention what I said of why I value the dear little dog," she said. "I'd much prefer you would not."

"I understand," came the suave reply. "I'll see that it is written in a way to please you, Miss—"

"Baesden. Good morning, Mr. Editor." "Arthur Edson, at your service, Miss Baesden. And I hope our ad. will bring your dog. Good morning."

The blue suit left the office, and scarcely had it disappeared when Jackson was all action. Seizing a pencil, he scribbled a few lines and then dashed like a cyclone upon an innocent boy guarding the entrance of his stand of genies.

"Here, you rascal, get this ad. up, and get it quick! Tell 'em to hold back the earth if necessary to get it in today. Skite! Hurry up, double quick, or I'll order your coffin! D'ye hear?"



The thrilling chariot race in Klaw & Erlanger's stupendous production of Gen. Lew Wallace's stirring romance, "Ben-Hur," which begins an engagement at the Auditorium theater, Chicago, on Monday evening, Oct. 15th.

and his head bent over his writing, a gloved hand laid a newspaper clipping beside him and a voice said: "I called in answer to—"

He raised his head. Miss Baesden stopped, straightened up and said with a dignity sadly tinged with embarrassment:

"Excuse me, Mr. Jackson, I called to answer an advertisement about a dog, and the office boy showed me here. I wish to see Mr. Jackson."

He rose. "Please be seated, Miss Baesden. What is it—trouble about a dog? Perhaps I can help you."

The girl's cheeks burned redder. Something in Mr. Jackson's manner held so much power, knowledge, possession, that she was mastered in spite of herself.

"I've lost my dog," she said, "the one you gave me. I was shopping with Aunt Esther and left the dear little fellow in the carriage. When we came out of Black's he was gone. I advertised him, and then I found this in the found column, and I came here."

"I see," Mr. Jackson responded. "Well, I found a dog—a King Charles spaniel, near Black's. Two other dogs were worrying him, and I picked him up. I thought perhaps he'd been turned down because his owner was tired of him. I've been turned down myself that way, and I know how it feels, so I took pity on the little cuss."

The eyes opposite him filled slowly. "Was it Teddy?" she asked. "Oh, I didn't tire of him; I liked him better than ever after—it was all that opal ring," she added irrelevantly.

He studied her narrowly. "I gave the opal to another girl," he said, "and we haven't quarreled yet."

She rose. "Goodby, Mr. Jackson. Perhaps she will appreciate my dog too."

"Perhaps she might," he said, standing before her. "But, you see, you don't know yet that it is your dog. You haven't proved property."

"I leave it for you to do. Goodby."

"Don't hurry. I forgot to tell you that the other girl was my sister."

"Oh!"

"I've saved enough in the last two months in ice cream, candy and such to buy a ring."

Another "Oh!"

"Is it my dog, Mr. Jackson?"

"Shall I buy the ring?"

"You may bring Teddy up tonight if you like."

"Not unless I buy the ring."

A few minutes later the office boy remarked to himself:

"By gee, she looks as if Jack had been kissing her."

A Quaint Bird Legend.

A medical journal in a recent reference to a work on some old legends in connection with drugs said: "It would be interesting to know if the bird which the author calls 'aster' is known to modern ornithologists. Speaking of it, he remarks that its scent is said to be so strong that fishes are drawn by it as he is flying over the river and so taken up by him, having one leg like a hawk, the other like a duck."

It is not difficult, however, to identify the bird in question. It is the osprey (Pandion haliaetus), which, although not today classified under the genus astur, is related to it. In the Rev. O. Swainson's "Folklore of British Birds" there is a reference to it from Shakespeare, "Coriolanus," act 4, scene 3:

Autidius, loq.— As is the osprey to the fish Who takes it By sovereignty of nature.

And in Peele's play, called "The Battle of Alcazar" (1594), act 2, scene 1: I will provide thee of a princely osprey. That, as she flieth over fish in pools, The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up, And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.

—London Notes and Queries.

A Pathetic Life.

There is something pathetic in the laborious, scrippling, narrowed, plodding existence in ignoble worries over the stock-ticker of the man who said: "When you have made your fortune it will be time enough to think about spending it," and never had the time come for him.—Boston Transcript.

Convenience in Berlin.

Umbrellas can be hired in Berlin at some of the shops for two cents and a deposit of 50 cents.

Sir Walter Scott's First Brief.

Sir Walter Scott had his share of the usual curious experiences shortly after being called to the bar. His first appearance as counsel in a criminal court was at Jedburgh assizes in 1793, when he successfully defended a veteran poacher.

"You're a lucky scoundrel," Scott whispered to his client when the verdict was given. "I'm just of your mind," returned the latter, "and I'll send you a maulin (i. e., a hare) the morn, man."

Lockhart, who narrates the incident, omits to add whether the maulin duly reached Scott, but no doubt it did. On another occasion Scott was less successful in his defense of a housebreaker, but the culprit, grateful for his counsel's exertions, gave him, in lieu of the orthodox fee, which he was unable to pay, this piece of advice, to the value of which he (the housebreaker) could professionally attest: First, never to have a large watchdog out of doors, but to keep a little yelping terrier within, and, secondly, to put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks, but to pin his faith to a huge old heavy one with a rusty key.

Scott long remembered this incident, and thirty years later, at a judges' dinner at Jedburgh, he recalled it in this impromptu rhyme:

Yelping terrier, rusty key, Was Walter Scott's best Jeddart fee. —Westminster Gazette.

Wastebasket Treasures.

"I have in my employ," said a denier in autographs, "a number of celebrities' housemaids. Thanks to these young women, I secure at nominal cost many an autographic gem. All I ask of the maids is that they ship me weekly the contents of their masters' wastebaskets. They bale the stuff up in burlap, and every Monday or Tuesday it comes to me by freight. I go over it carefully, making many finds. Here will be a begging letter from a famous author in hard luck. Here in a brief note a great actor will boast of his last success. Here will be a dinner invitation from a celebrated millionaire. Some celebrities, of course, save their valuable letters, and some sell them, but the majority throw into the wastebasket most of the mail they receive, and I, searching the baskets' contents every Monday morning, find my reward in many a letter worth \$10 or \$20."

The Bed and the Candidates.

Judge Harlan and James B. McCreary once canvassed Kentucky together as the Republican and Democratic candidates for governor. They traveled about the state on a joint debating trip and in many small mountain places had to sleep in the same bed. They were warm personal friends and so did not object to this intimacy. One night Mr. Harlan got into bed first. Senator McCreary was not far behind, and just as he entered the bed Judge Harlan raised his bulky form and said in his stentorian voice, "McCreary, there is one thing certain—the next governor of Kentucky is in this bed."

As he spoke the bed slats broke, and Judge Harlan rolled to the floor. Senator McCreary caught and held himself in bed, and, as Judge Harlan reached the floor, said: "John, you are right. The next governor of Kentucky is still in this bed."

Baneful Bacilli in Church.

The baneful bacilli now go to church, it appears. According to The British Medical Journal, the pews are crowded with them. We wonder whether this explains why men stay away.—London Globe.

Friskey Girls Arrested.

Four English girls were arrested near Manchester for poking fun at an aged spinster's curls.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Straube Piano factory wishes to announce that it has no retail branches or stores in Hammond or elsewhere. The company sells direct from the factory only, at factory prices. Do not be misled or confused by pianos with similar names, but when in the market for an instrument, buy direct from the factory, thereby saving middlemen's profits and agents' commission. Terms to suit. Take South Hoboken street car, come and see how GOOD pianos are made. 10-9-1wk

We have no apologies to offer; no excuses to make.

WE made the first real practical visible writing machines ever placed on the market, and we are making them yet.

WE made them good to start with—we are making them better than ever today.

TODAY we know how to and do make better front stroke wholly visible writing machines than any competitors can ever hope to equal.

IT takes time to prove quality; we've proved it.

Underwood Typewriter Co. 135 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Artistic Commercial Printing--Times Office

Most Business Men Are Unbusinesslike

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, British Dramatist and Critic THE MOST STRIKING PECULIARITY ABOUT BUSINESS MEN IS THAT I HAVE NEVER MET ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS THE SLIGHTEST THING ABOUT BUSINESS.

Business men have certain fixed conventional methods. Propose to them a way of doing business, and, although the new way may mean more profit, they will not accept it UNLESS FORCED TO, and even then they believe they are being swindled.

My own way of doing business is neither harsh nor unfair. But it is novel, and therefore the men I deal with regard me with suspicion.

It is very much as if you offered a man \$5 for doing something for which he had previously been in the habit of receiving only \$1 and having the man denounce you as a swindler.

In making an agreement with an Englishman you may be sure of one thing. If it is not ENTIRELY TO HIS ADVANTAGE he will not keep it. An Englishman, when he wants a house or money or anything else, knows that in order to get what he wants he has to sign something. He doesn't care what he signs so long as he gets what he wants. After he obtains whatever he stood in need of, if he finds the agreement he signed is disagreeable, he will denounce the man who holds it as a knave or a scoundrel.

In my own experience with Englishmen the terms of my agreements, satisfactory at the time of signing, have afterward proved irksome. They would then come to me and say, "Surely, Mr. Shaw, you cannot expect to hold us to such outrageous terms?" And when I would point to the agreements bearing their signatures they would retort, "Surely, Mr. Shaw, you are a gentleman."

Americans are perfect children in business. They have a stratum of romanticism that prevents them from knowing WHAT BUSINESS REALLY IS. This childish, romantic spirit impels them to do something that nobody else has done or to do a greater thing than anybody else has ever done.

ACCIDENTS, OF COURSE, WILL HAPPEN, AND SOMETIMES THEY MAKE MONEY, BUT THE PERCENTAGE OF FAILURES IN AMERICA IS SOMETHING TERRIFIC

Times' Want Ads Bring Results.