THE OHIOAGO TRIBUNE: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1898.

A MD'C MEWDOR



1898, by A. Conan Doyle.] none to the simple-

asked, these gentle ir order above all others for this constant superwould have answered ther Superior. ster Monica had worked an alley in Lisbo lte gown. went on working and ing sympathy and she had come from her own life. cold and serene. the wretched and

the confessor, reassuringly; " have no fear, | last sermon which Father Garcia delivered

at to the shelves of their final refutation of every in thisk of what I had believed that I had at last forgotten. Every tone of your voice. brought back the memory of Pedro."

As by A. Conan Doyle, T
Be and Be by B. Configure, T. B. Statill the abbess hesitated, and when at the singular voltwe offering to an at the singular voltwe offering to an other beach of the singular voltwe offering to an other beach of the singular voltwe offering to an unworthy abbess, to whom all thoughts of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach dauted by ond the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach dauted by ond the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe offering to the sould the scale beach of the singular voltwe of the singular voltw

Commissioner McGann Has an Idea That Will Be Interesting to Many Taxpayers.

Armour Park exists up to the present only the brain of Commissioner of Public The confessor started at this indiscretion, | Works McGann, who, however, is hopeful | Watson, though he has some of the latter's

Stephen Phillips, Who Won the Academy's Prize. AN ADMIRER OF MILTON. He Is Partial to Blank Verse and Does Best at It. MERITS OF HIS WRITINGS. They Have Many Good Features and

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LAST BOOK.

HE most talked about poet in England today is Mr. Stephen Phillips. This is not, perhaps, so much because Mr. Phillips has just published a volume

of poetry, for he has done that before, but because the Academy has awarded him its \$500 crown. You may remember that at

he time the Academy named its list of orty Immortals it said that it was going Forty immortals it said that it was going to crown with a £100 note the book that it considered the best book of the year. In this competition, in which no one competed, Mr. Phillips carried off the prize. The English papers of the last week have been filled with discussion of his merits as a poet and I have read fragments of his verses that have been need by the reviewers in the convect of their read fragments of his verses that have been used by the reviewers in the course of their reviews. It was only today that I had the pleasure of reading Mr. Phillips' poems com-plete, having received a copy of his book damp from the Bodley Head, Mr. John Lane's well-known publishing house, of which there is a branch on Fifth avenue. I may say at once that I do not go to the extreme of some of Mr. Phillips' admirers, at the same time I may also say that I think erary, and he is not so



hat so lures us from the Trut ok original night; his own ras, large and blank and free,

Idas, the mortal, argues in this wise: Idas, the mortal, argues in this wise: Thy face remembered is from other worlds; It has been died for, though I know not when. It has been died for, though I know not where. It has the strangeness of the luring West, And of sad sea horizons; besides thee I am aware of other times and lands, Of birth far back, of lives in many stars. O beauty lone and like a candle clear In this dark country of the world! Thou art My woe, my early light, my music dying. Here is Narpessa's argument, by which Apollo had to abide, for, woman like, she had the last word, and brings the poem to a

had the last word, and brings the poem to a

The N hern wind; how strange the summe

ag earth to those who vainly love. sadness have we made this world d; the sea sighs in our brain, heart that yearning of the moon. s sorrow was I born, and since human womb I came, I am to forego it; I would scorn the headback and the the

he sting, the wonder. Yet should I s thee in felicity, open eyes through liquid bliss I I must grow old. O, I tee, Apollo, and should note ild not be, but yet are dim, th thee nudge thyself ices that once were sweet: thou once were swift, rememberin se lips which once thou couldst no

ect thee by the Western ray ouldst grow kind ms, and touch my heart. ind in hand live and watch setting sur shall touch his

ough youth tht hedge, r and o'er, thful peace; and wind,

kinder eyes all grow old f eyes,

ow step,

### VOLNEY W. FOSTER'S HUMANE IDEA.



It is now more than fifteen years ago hat Volney W. Foster of Evanston en-eavored to revive and make more effective

# **MRS.COBB WEARS MANY HONORS**

Among Them Is That of Being W. J. Bryan's Step-Great-Grandmother. Kokomo, Ind., Feb. 5.-[Special.]-Mary Sorbes Cobb of New London, this cou who has the distinction of being the laughter of a revolutionary soldier now

between the Alleghany Mountains came with the sap, pangs with the teele heard of her, and, becoming in

Captain Daniel Gano, whose father



sin. These little animals are also builted regularly. The result of this fries attention to the birds and squirrels has b in ordinance touching the protection of indis and their nests. This was done by publication of the ordinance and the distri-uution of copies in the public schools. At hat time Mr. Foster hit upon the plan of reeding birds which visited his premises. This was done by the use of galvanized iron roughs attached to the trees.

The innovation met with such popularity that a day, designated as bird day, was set apart by the School board, the object being to teach the children the value of birds in their relation to nature. Since then Mr. Foster has given 130 troughs to the Park committee of the Evanston Council. These are illustrated in the accompanying sketch, made last week. Many of the residents have followed Mr. Foster bought several col-onles of squirrels and turned them loose. He secured them in Arkansas and Wiscon-

Shed Skin 20 Times. Little Boy's Terrible Eczema. Mass Running Sores From Head to Foot.

Not an Inch of Body Unaffected. Skin Came Off With The Bandages.

Screams Were Heart-Breaking, Four Doctors and Medical Institute No Avail.

Commenced to Improve After Second Application of Cuticura Remedies.

Now Cured Healthy and Strong.

In the fall of 1896 my little son, a boy

an than Father Garcia,

la was a priest whose arcia was a priest whose s through all Catholic Eu-orthy successor to those Xaviers and Loyolas, who company of Jesus. He was a writer; above all he was had carried the gospel into iome back with splintered ed wrists as a sign of his de-tillated hands raised in ex-wred his hearers more than ed his hearers more than dark and bent worr

elf-discipline, with a keen, a curved predatory nose churchman. Once that r and power, but in youth e which neither man nor upon with indifference. , which had disfigured the additional grace in the 1. So warped, and worn the man's whole appear ht have doubted whether which burned in the

ance and the absolution

into that one glance.

did put it, Pedro."

" What about our wasted lives?"

"Your window was the third upon the

again.

A convulsed face was looking out at framed in that little square of oak.

the tufted brows. they consisted of the of Lisbon or of the gentle inic. When they gleamed nounced sin and threatened hen, more seldom, they serene light as he preached they forced those who emotion which they ex-at the foot of the altar, figure and his eager face every flash of those te but most of all he move yes were never taken it was noticed that she or so long to have le his world beneath her sat r-like face as white as the against the wooden fro ne lay sister of the

of the retreat was over urday night each nun was al confession as a prepara ter another these white whose dress was em ouls, passed into the con ility and penitence to gentle admonitions them. So in their due novices, sisters, they hapel, and waited or abbess to finish the

a had entered the little , and saw through the atticed opening the side -latited opening the side adlitering ear, and a claw-covered the rest of the face. was burning dimly by the i she heard the faint rustle the leaves of his brevlary, one who discloses the most she knelt, with her head humfilty, and murmured buts which still united her slight they were, and so st was wondering in his there was which would

said she, "is the worst

nay not be very serious," said I The Sisters of St. Deside



#### STANDING AT THE FOOT OF THE ALTAR.

Operty-owners in Thirty-firth street and Chicago City railway company are en-voring to get the South Park Commis-ers to give up the Thirty-fifth street levard, which forms the connecting link ween Michigan and Grand boulevards, so "Divity of the street trellow line may be She had risen from the cushion and was turning to go, when a little gasping cry came from beside her. She looked down at the hirty-fifth street trolley line may be inded to Cottage Grove avenue. The position most favored is to boulevard irty-third street from Michigan to South rk avenue and South Park avenue from irty-third to Thirty-fifth. grating and shrank in terror from the sight terrible eyes looked out of it, two eyes so full of hungry longing and hopeless despair that all the secret miseries of thirty years flashed

ty-third to Thirty-fifth. hen this is done Commissioner McGann joing to fight for the extension of the levard until it intersects the Western nue boulevard. Owing to the large steel ks east of the South Branch Thirty-d street cannot be cut through, and the levard will have to make a turn or two. McGann has thought of several poutoe And she leaned against the wooden parti-tion of the confessional, her hand upon her heart, her face sunk. Pale and white-clad, "It is you, Pedro," said she at last. "We must not speak. It is wrong." "My duty as a priest is done," said he. "For God's sake, give me a few words! Never in this world shall we two meet again." levard will have to make a turn or two, . McGann has thought of several routes, regards Thirty-third and Morgan streets, rty-fourth place, and Thirty-fourth street the most advantageous. Thirty-fourth ce lacks a few hundred feet of reaching South Branch, and there is a break of f a block in Thirty-fourth street near cher avenue, between the river and the stern avenue boulevard, but no important instrial plants or expensive dwellings uld have to be removed, and the cost of ening the required boulevard would be all.

She knelt down upon the cushion so that her pale, pure face was near to those terri-ble eyes, which still burned beyond the "I did not know you, Pedro. You are very changed. Your voice is the same." "I did not know you either-not until you mentioned my old name. I did not know that you had taken the veil." She beaved a centle sigh.

Residents either of the extreme southern western portions of the city are able to tch any of the parks or boulevards with the difficulty," said Mr. McGann, "but pro is a great section on both sides of the er in the southwest which is utterly cut from enjoyment of the city drives and asure grounds. The people pay park ces down there, but get no return what-er. From Thirty-third and Morgan streets is a mile or two before one finds a decent d, to say nothing of a boulevard, and be-es it is too far to go down to the Fifty-th street boulevard if one wants to go in the West Park system over to Grand or Residents either of the extreme southern She heaved a genile sigh. "What was there left for me to do?" said she. "I had nothing to live for when you had left me." It is an including to hive for when you had left me."
His breath came thick and harsh through the grating. "When I left you! When you ordered me away," said he.
"Pedro, you know that you left me."
The eager, dark face composed itself suddenly with the effort of a strong man who steadles himself down to meet his fate.
"Listen, Julia," said he. "I saw you last upon the Plaza. We had but an instant, because your family and mine were enemies. I said that if you put your lamp on your window I would take it as asign that you wished me to remain true to you, but that if you did not I would vanish from your life. You did not put it, Pedro." from the West Park system over to Grand or Drexel boulevard. There ought to be an intermediate connecting link."

# TO SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES.

Invitations Issued by the Men's Club of the Second Presbyterian

Church.

top." "It was the first. Who told you it was The Men's Sunday Evening club of the scond Presbyterian Church, Michigan ave-a and Twentieth street, has issued invi-tions to its friends and their families to be our cousin Alphonso-my only friend My cousin Alphonso was my rejected sent at the special services to be held h Sunday evening at the church during winter. The pastor, Dr. S. J. McPherson, one of the Committee on Invitations. Dr. Junkin is the chairman and the other uitors" The two clawlike hands flew up into the ir with a horrible spasm of hatred. "Hush, Pedro, hush!" she whispered. "I have said nothing." "Forgive him!" "No, I shall never forgive him. Never! abers are: H. R. Safford, A. Lucas Hunt, S. E. Wood, D. Mills.

## You did not wish to leave me, thea." A. Hitchcock, H. McKinnie, " I joined the order in the hope of death." " And you never forgot me?" " God help me, I never could." " I am so glad that you could not forget me. O, Pedro, your poor, poor hands! My loss has been the gain of others. I have lost wy love, and I have made a saint and a His First Client at the Age of 83.

vansville, Ind., Jan. 18.—At the age years Joséph P. Elliott defended his fi my love, and I have made a saint and 'a he had sunk his face, and his gaunt lers shook with his agony.

by which the penitent had involuntarily uttered the name of her lover. She heard his breviary flutter down upon the ground, but he di not stoop to pick it up. For some little time there was a silence, and then, with head averted, he pronounced the pen-ance and the absolution that of the author of "Paradise Lost." where's the harm? A writer of blank erse could hardly have a better model. Again, as in the poem. me of another Bodley Head poet --- Mr.

horrible subject has inspired "The A norrhote subject has inspired "The Vife," none the less horrible because the tory is true, as the poet tells us in a foot ote. His other poems are fortunately less rewsome. Though in some of them he would seem to be the Hubert Crackenthorps poetry. For instance, in "The Wife I in "The Woman with a Dead Soul," latter this is a stanza, he is very rackenthorpeish:

Crackentnorpeish: Allured by the disastrous tavern light, Unhappy things flew in out of the night; And ever the sad human swarm returned, Some crazy fluttering and some half-burned. Among the labourers, gnaried and splaghed with

mire, The distilutioned women sipping fire, Slow tasting bargainers amid the flare And lurid ruminators, I was ware Of that cold face from which I may not run, Which even now doth slay me in the sun.

Describes the Soul's Death. This is the way in which he describes the soul's death:

e feit it die a little every day, atter less wildly, and more feebly pray, iller it grew; at times sho feit it pull, ploring thinly something beautfol, id in the night was painfully awake ad struggled in the darkness till daybreak r not at once, not without any strife, died; at times it started back to life, ow at some angel evening after rain uilded like early Paradise again. ow at some flower, or human face, or sky th silent tremble of infinity; c at some waft of fields in midnight sweet, r soul of summer dawn in the dark street. As a poet can be done best justice by quo-ation, I quote freely from Mr. Phillips fere is a striking poem called "The Ques-

Father, beheath the mooness ment This heavy stillness without light, There comes a thought which I must speak: Why is my body then so weak? Why is my body then so weak? Why is my strength so quickly flown? And hark! my mother sobs alone!"

And Market my money and meet "My son, when I was young and free, When I was filled with sap and glee, I squandered here and there my strength, And to thy mother's arms at length Weary I came' and overtired; With fever all my bones were fired; "Therefore so soon thy strength is flown, Therefore thy mother sobs alone."

Father, since in your weaker thought, And in your langout I was wrought, Put me away as creatures are: I am infirm and filled with care, Feebly you brought me to the light, Ah, gently hide me out of sight igth be flown

stir up the fire, and pass -Blind " is in a de-

round-not without tears-ah God! one must go first; one blow for both were good; friends, glad to have met, and leav a wholesome memory on the earth. ou, beautiful God, in that far time, in thy setting sweet thou gazest down y head, wilt thou remember then I pleased thee, that I once

That once " young ?" When she had spoken, Idas with one cry Held her, and there was sllence; while the god. In anger disuppeared. Then slowly they, He looking downward, and she gazing up, He looking downward, and she gazing up, ooking downward, and she the evening green wander

Into the evening green white a way. I have just seen a photograph of Mr. Phil-ps, and I am happy to say that, while he bes not look unlike a poet, he does not get shelf up in any eccentric style. Mr. Le lienne contends that a poet should wear hair long and his neckties loose, and that should make himself at all times and in Il places as picturesque as he knows how. an places as picturesque as he shows how. Mr. Phillips does not seem to share this opinion. He has a smooth-shaven face and wears his hair cut short. His eyes are his most poetic feature, for they are large and soft, their expression is rather that of the suthor of "The Question", than of the su-The Question " than of the au-



In Spite of Its Failure German Army Officials Still Have Faith in It.

German officials think the problem of aerial navigation has been solved by the invention of Herr Schwartz, and, though the first trial of this aluminium device was not wholly successful, it does not seem to ot wholly successful, it does not seem to ave dampened the enthusiasm of the War

tepartment. The experiment was made the other day on the Tempelhoff Common in Berlin, in the presence of a great concourse of people. The balloon, not unlike a glgantle oil can a shape, was 140 feet long and 40 feet in liameter, and contained 40,000 cubic feet of gas. Both balloon and car were con-structed entirely of aluminium. On both ddes and in front of the car it was fur-nished with screw-shaped wings, which were liven by a benzine motor carried in the Indeted entirely of dufinition of the car it was furtished with screw-shaped wings, which were briven by a benzine motor carried in the initian of the start these wings enabled the calloon to make some headway against the sould it was blowing fairly strongly at the time. The balloon rose to a height of about 1,000 feet, and then disappeared be head to a cloud. At this moment, it appears, the wind blew the driving belt off the transmission shaft, and the balloon became unmangeable. The steersman had therefore no choice but to extinguish the fire and let the balloon sink to the ground, which is did so violently that both the balloon and car were badly damaged, the steersman head therefore only saving his life by jumping from the car.
The balloon was invented by the late Herr Schwartz of Agram, an engineer, who spent several years and a large sum of money in perfecting his invention. When he dide the balloon detachement, but the expenses were entirely defrayed by private individuals.
New Paper Spool.
An up-town caterer, when speaking of the tipping wither of the additional gain involved as because of the balloon detachement, but the expenses were entirely defrayed by private individuals.

A new spool designed to take the place of the more expensive wood spools is composed of a strip of stiff paper colled to form a tubular core, and extending in opposite di-rections to form a flattened body portion having retaining ears at the outer ends.

Queer Form of Persia's Royal Crown The royal crown of Persia, which dates

MARY FORBES COBB.

Cobb enjoys reasonably good h

candidate, W. J. Bryan. The elder Bryan was a private soldier in a company of Kenthe widow was married who died in 1844. Mrs. Co hood has extended over a p y-four years. She lived in F nchester, and in the Counties of (

She is in great demand at all old picnics, where she takes her old wheel. She is remarkably well preser and bids fair to reach the century ma She still smokes her pipe, but says sh tapering off and may quit it entirely s time. She smokes mullein leaves along ington. Her Kentucky home was near Henry Clay homestead, and she was w acquainted with the great commoner. She is the mot r of eleven children, five by iage and six by her second. hat she is the only woman now living wi an claim the honor of being both a daught f a revolutionary soldier and the widow veteran of the war of 1812. Congressma iteele, who has presented a special bill : her relief, says that the pension record how that there are seven surviving widows

of revolutionary soldiers and nine daughte of revolutionary soldiers, Mrs. Cobb bein the only one of the daughters west of t Alleghanies except Mrs. Lovey Aldrich Los Angeles, Cal. He says there are 2, widows of soldiers of 1812 now living. TIPPING MUCH LIKE GAMBLING.

Waiters Prefer It to Higher Wages with the Element of Chance Elim-

An up-town caterer, when speaking of the tipping evil the other day, said that he would like to abolish it in his place, but that this couldn't be done. "I give my waiters \$25 a month and their heard."

a comparative pleasure. Even when 1 gets less than the sum I think my waite average, \$1, he feels like the gambler wh winning was that of losing."-New York Sur

Prevents Joltings at Crossings.

of rails as a car ap

You can use this testimonial in whatever vay you please, and if any proof outside of ny word is needed I will refer to any of our

ROBERT WATTAM, 4728 Cook-st., Chicago, Ill.

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SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with UTICURA [ointment], purest of emolitent skin ures, mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLV-NT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

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