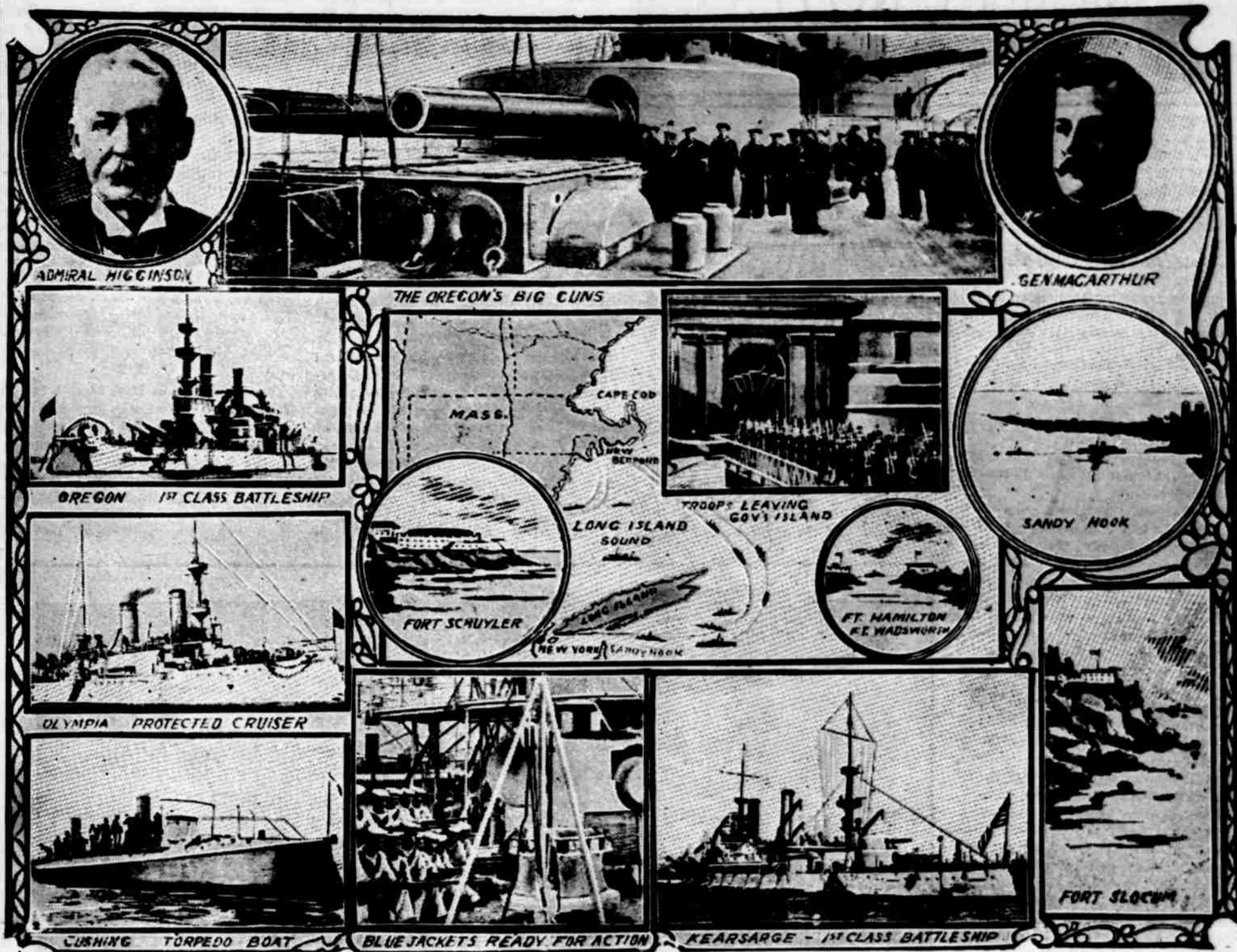


BIG WAR GAME OFF NEW ENGLAND COAST



Copyright, 1902, by Purdy, Boston.

Never in the history of the United States navy or army have there been held naval and military maneuvers of a magnitude such as those scheduled to take place at the end of this month. The mammoth mock war has been as carefully planned as if our fleet and forts were really in imminent danger of attack from a foreign foe. No expense is to be spared in making the maneuvers as elaborate and realistic as possible. Full service charges and service projectiles are to be used in most of the target practice, and every discharge of a turret gun on a big battleship costs nearly \$600. Thousands of dollars worth of coal will be burned up. All the available ships of the North Atlantic squadron will be employed; battleships, cruisers and gunboats as well as a fleet of fifteen torpedo boats and twelve torpedo boat destroyers. The European squadron and the South Atlantic squadron may be ordered to attack the eastern coast. All along the eastern coast modern powerful searchlights have been established. Wireless telegraphy will be actively employed. The forts have been thoroughly prepared to resist attack. Plans and details are shrouded in greatest secrecy. The press is to be kept in the dark as in war times. The above cut shows the locality where the attack and defense will take place. Admiral Higginson will command the naval end of the fight. Gen. MacArthur will conduct the coast defense.

othy Evelyn and Edith Florence. As soon as Deacon was released from prison he went to Paris to bring suit for divorce and custody of his children, who, till then, had remained with the mother. He also brought a similar suit in New York. Mrs. Deacon tried to head him off by a counter suit, but failed. He secured a divorce and the custody of all the children, but a settlement was shortly afterward effected by which the two oldest girls were left with Mrs. Deacon. In 1896 Deacon returned to this country with Dorothy and Edith.

Mrs. Deacon stayed in Paris and for some time there was much talk of a marriage between her and Count Louis de Turenne—a union that seemed very desirable to that nobleman because Mrs. Deacon was credited with having a personal income of more than \$10,000 a year. Deacon developed symptoms of mental disease shortly after his return and had finally to be confined in an asylum in Somerville, Mass. Previous to that Mrs. Deacon and the other two daughters had also returned here. It was said at the time that they had come at the request of Deacon. Soon the world was told of a complete reconciliation between husband and wife Mrs. Deacon went to live with her brother, Charles Baldwin, at San Francisco. Deacon died in the asylum July 6, 1901. By his will his estate, valued at \$120,000, was equally divided between his daughters.

The New York and Paris papers were spreading themselves just two years ago on the report that Miss Gladys Deacon was to wed the Prince of Lich-

enstein. Deacon, the father, was then in an asylum. According to the New York and Paris papers the following sequence of events occurred:

The young prince, who was a nephew of the famous Austrian diplomat, Prince Aloys Lichtenstein, met Mrs. Deacon—or Mrs. Baldwin, as she was known. Young Prince Lichtenstein succumbed at the first sight of this beautiful woman. It was the old story of a beautiful matron's capacity for arousing the infatuation of a susceptible young man. The second time he met Mrs. Deacon, the young prince told her something of this sort:

"Hush," she said. "You haven't even met my daughter yet."

The next day the prince met the daughter. In a few days the impressionable young nobleman was much more overcome with the charms of Miss Gladys Deacon than he had ever been by those of her mother. His attentions were delicately insistent. Miss Deacon's acceptance of them was marvelously ready, her friends thought. In short, their romance developed by leaps and bounds. In two weeks Paris had heard of it. The summer came on. Both went to the seashore—different places on the same seashore. The next winter Paris had forgotten. The prince had, too, Miss Deacon had, too.

\*\*\*

The Rev. Dr. Lawson, of Camden, N. J., has a pretty wit. He says that Christian Science, which is neither Christian nor scientific, reminds him of the guinea pig, which does not come from Guinea and is not a pig.

**New Book Trust to Stop Price Cutting**

"The much talked of book trust, or in more colloquial terms, a publishers' association, will not increase the price of reading matter," said a Lincoln bookseller to a reporter. "The combination or trust, was organized for the protection of the dealers, instead of for the purpose of making additional profit, as some have said. The principal object of this association is to prevent the department stores from cutting the price of books in order that they may attract people into their stores, to sell them other goods. Before this rule went into effect, the department stores would mark the popular books way below cost. For instance a book would be advertised for ninety-five or ninety-eight cents, probably within five cents of the selling price.

"The new association has curtailed this. Most books are marked 'net' and the dealer who sells below the price will be scarce on books in the future. Department stores in the east undertook to fight against this association but were cut off in their supply of books. Until a book is a year old it is protected by the association, after that the dealer may sell the book for any price he pleases. The handling of books in the department stores is very demoralizing to the book store, since a great many people

buy all their books in those big establishments.

"Books can be ordered from the publishers, but the dealer usually sends to the nearest jobbing point. There are hundreds of new books coming out every year, but there is a great tendency to run to fads. Out of a hundred new books, only ten or twelve, perhaps, become very popular. People read a late book, tell some one about it, and in this way it becomes known. The result of this fad is that the dealer very often has a lot of unsalable literature on hand.

"The best books do not always have the largest sale. There are hundreds of books, with no literary merit whatever, but some one has recommended a certain book, and one has a desire to read it. The trade is very dull just at present, only light fiction being sold, the book season in reality beginning in October and continues till long after the holidays. People like to sit by their fires on winter nights, and read. The association is certainly philanthropic in every sense of the word, for it protects the rights of booksellers distinctly."

\*\*\*

Cholly Tenper—Heavens! old chap, why do you persist in cleaning your clothes with gasoline? Everybody you pass can smell the dreadful odor.

Harold Hallroom—Is that a fact?

Cholly Tenper—Certainly.

Harold Hallroom—Just imagine how many people will think I own an automobile!