NO SUCCESSOR.

Directors Will Continue to Lead Christian Scientists.

MRS. EDDY WAS NOT ACTIVE.

Business of the Church For Many Years Had Been Out of Her Hands, Says Alfred Farlow, Press Representative.

Boston, Dec. 6.—The funeral of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science church, will be held Thursday morning at 11 o'clock, according to an announcement made today.

Leaders in the Christian Science church said that no one would assume the leadership held by Mrs. Eddy, but that her book, "Science and Health," would be the teacher and guide of the church.

Details of the funeral services will not be made public until Mrs. Eddy's only son, George W. Glover of Lead, S. D., arrives in Boston. He is now on his way, accompanied by two of his three children, Mary and George.

It is reported that Judge Clifford P. Smith, first reader of the Mother church, in Boston, will officiate at the last rites at the Chestnut Hill mansion. This preliminary service perhaps will be attended only by Mrs. Eddy's immediate relatives and members of her household. Burial probably will be in Tilton, N. H., the girlhood home of the founder of the Christian Science faith.

The directors of the Mother church arranged with the passenger traffic officials of the Boston and Maine railroad for a special train to convey the body and the mourning party to Tilton, N. H., provided Mrs. Eddy's son decides upon that village as the place of interment. Concord, N. H., where for several years Mrs. Eddy resided at Pleasant View, also has been spoken of as the last resting place.

Mrs. Eddy died consistent in her belief in the adequacy of faith to triumph over death. In the shadow of death she did not waver nor ask for aid outside the prayers of her pupils.

From the official statement made by Alfred Farlow it is evident that henceforth this church of over 2,000,000 souls is to be governed supremely by the board of directors of the Mother church here in Boston.

Mr. Farlow said Mrs. Eddy had never been a member of the board of trustees and that, although her advice always had been potent, she had not taken a very active part in the administration of church affairs for a good many years. He believed that such privacy would attend the burial of Mrs. Eddy that no newspaper reporters would be permitted to be present.

BELIEVE LEWIS IS DEAD.

Officials Exhuming Body Suspected to Be That of Trunk Murderer.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 6.—Believing that a man who died here on Nov. 9 was William H. Lewis, the waiter who is wanted for the murder of Albert C. Callier in New York, the health officer and the coroner of the town of Foster, near here, have started to exhume the body.

With these officials was a detective from New York, who has a photograph of Lewis. The man went under the name of William H. Lewis. He was killed by falling from a wagon, the front wheel of which passed over him.

Coroner Winterbottom of New York announced the result of the examination made by Professor Larkin of Columbia university and Coroner's Physician Lehane of the body found in a trunk once the property of William Lewis.

According to the report of these authorities, the description of the body does not fit that of Albert Callier, an artist, as given by those who knew him.

AUTO WRECKED; ONE DYING.

C. J. O'Hara Receives Fractured Skull When Car Crashes Into Tree.

Englewood, N. J., Dec. 6.—Charles J. O'Hara, president of the Northern Valley Paper company, is said to be dying from a fractured skull, the result of an automobile accident on Hook mountain, near Nyack.

The chauffeur says the car skidded as he turned out to allow another car to pass, and as it crashed sideways into a tree O'Hara and Thomas O'Neil, a policeman, the other occupant, who were in the rear seat, were thrown out. The policeman received a severe cut that extended from the top of his head to his nose.

O'Hara inherited considerable money after his father's death.

Some Nautical Facts.

A knot is 6,080 feet long. The distance from New York to Liverpool is 3,064 nautical miles by the northern track and 3,139 by the southern track. The former course is taken by vessels bound for New York, the latter by vessels bound for Liverpool. From Liverpool to New York the distances are respectively 3,039 and 3,109 miles.

In estimating records the points taken on either side are Sandy Hook and Daunt's rock, Queenstown harbor. The first light sighted on the British coast is the Bull, Cow and Calf, Ireland, and on the American coast either Nantucket or Fire island.

JAMES A. PATTEN.

Cotton Man Is Charged With Restraint of Trade.

New York, Dec. 6.—James A. Patten, the cotton man; Eugene G. Scales, a cotton broker, of Dallas, Tex., and William P. Brown, a New Orleans cotton dealer, were arraigned before Judge Hough in the United States circuit court on an indictment found by the federal grand jury Aug. 4 charging conspiracy to monopolize and restrain interstate trade and commerce in violation of the Sherman act.

Colonel Robert M. Thompson, a silent partner in the cotton brokerage firm of S. H. P. Pell & Co., and Frank B. Hayne, a cotton dealer, of New Orleans also are named in the same indictment, but they are out of town and will not be arraigned until next week.

The accused men previously have been indicted on practically the same charges.

The defendants pleaded not guilty and have two weeks in which to take action. They were released on $5,000 bail each.

STRANDED TWICE IN TWO DAYS

Pilot's Ignorance of Shoals Piles Big Vessel on Sand Bar.

Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 6.—Bungling work on the part of the man at the helm of the three masted schooner L. S. Q. Wishard has again piled the big vessel on the sand bars not four miles from where three government cruisers worked six hours the previous day in releasing her from the sands of the South Brigantine shoals.

The Wishard, which was bound from Jones River, Va., to New York with a load of railroad ties, now is pounding heavily on the bars off Little Egg Harbor. Life guards who assisted the crew of six men safely ashore say the vessel will be a total wreck.

After government crews had pulled the schooner into deep water ignorance of the pilot of shoal positions again became apparent, for the Wishard was sighted hugging close to the shore just before a raging snowstorm struck the coast. Later a lull in the falling snow revealed the boat piled up on sand bars a half mile off Little Egg Hrbor. She was flying signals of distress.

LINER LOST PROPELLER.

Kaiser Wilhelm Is Moving Slowly, Wireless Message Reports.

New York, Dec. 6.—The North German Lloyd liner Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse will not make this port from Bremen before tomorrow afternoon. Captain Polack sent a Marconi wireless from the ship saying that she had carried away her port propeller in rough weather Sunday and that she was loafing along at about 16 knots under her starboard engines.

When the wireless message was sent the Kaiser was about 850 miles east of Sandy Hook. The sea was then smooth and the air clear.

The skipper's dispatch said no damage was done to the ship and that all hands were well.

All Invalids.

When the office boy came in the old broker looked over his glasses with a frown.

"Young man," he said slowly, "why were you absent from your work yesterday afternoon?"

"Went to see the ball game," confessed the lad, fumbling with his cap.

"You did, eh?"

"Yes, sir. You said the only occasion I could take an afternoon off would be to visit the sick."

"And what has that to do with it?"

"Well, sir, this was one of those occasions. It was the sickest bunch of ball players that ever came down the pike. We got whitewashed to the score of 17 to 0."—Boston Post.

Accomplished.

First Passenger—That is Conducter Punchem. He is one of the most experienced men on the road. Second Passenger—I knew it before you told me. First Passenger—How so? Second Passenger—Because he slams the door at the precise instant that he calls the station's name.—Judge.

One Better.

First Suburbanite—We've got a baby grand in our house. Second Ditto—We can go you one better. We've got a grand baby in ours.—Baltimore American.

G. W. PEPPER FOR JUSTICE?

Taft May Appoint Counsel For Pinchot to Supreme Court.

Washington, Dec. 6.—President Taft is considering George W. Pepper of Philadelphia for appointment to the supreme court. Mr. Pepper was counsel for Gifford Pinchot in the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation. The president, it is known, desires to fill one of the supreme court vacancies by the appointment of a Pennsylvanian.

Mr. Pepper is known as an excellent lawyer and is the author of several law text books. He is forty-three years old.

ROB IN PRISON'S SHADOW.

Safe Containing $1,800 Is Blown Open In Auburn.

Auburn, N. Y., Dec. 6.—Cracksmen, after giving this section a wide berth for three months, returned and within a stone's throw of Auburn prison blew open a safe in the wholesale and retail grocery of C. G. Meeker, obtaining $1,800 in cash.

The place is inspected by police every half hour, but not even the sound of the explosion was heard by the officer on the beat. The robbers escaped.

Government Job For Jeurnalist.

Washington, Dec. 6.—Announcement is made of the appointment of P. T. Brahany as executive secretary of the tariff board. Mr. Brahany is a member of the Washington staff of the New York Tribune. He has been in close connection with political and economic questions as a senator's secretary and a Washington correspondent for twelve years. He will take up his new work Monday.

What They Ate.

Tobias Smollett wrote his "Humphrey Clinker" in 1771, the last year of his life, giving therein a spirited account of the society and customs then prevailing in London town. He exposed the iniquities practiced by the purveyors of provisions at that time. Oysters were "bloated" and "floated" then as now; veal was whitened by repeated bleedings of the live animal; greens were boiled with brass half pence to improve the color; the wine in common use was a "pernicious sophistication, balderdashed with cider, corn spirit and the juice of sloes," and other revelations not suited to repetition in this polite age indicated that almost every article of diet was profitably "treated" before it reached the ultimate consumer. That "bleached" flour is no new commodity was also shown, while Smollett's added comment furnishes excellent food for reflection:

"The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration, but they prefer it to wholesome bread because it is whiter than the meal of corn."—Washington Post.

Fires and Insurance.

The agent of a well known insurance company stood on the fringe of the crowd watching the firemen retiring from the scene of a small blaze in an uptown flathouse.

"I'll do business tomorrow morning," said he grimly, "and most of it will be with women who have 'forgotten' their insurance has run out. There's nothing like a blaze on the block to set thoughts in the direction of insurance. Last week a woman was waiting for me when I opened my office. Her husband had given her money to take out insurance weeks before, and she had spent it for a new hat. The night before a fire had broken out on the second flat above theirs, and, believe me, that woman must have suffered tortures until the fate of the house was settled. She paid the premium in small change, which I believe she took from a child's bank, rather than confess her neglect to her husband."—New York World.

The Poor.

We all love the poor. It would be entirely unnecessary, if not positively caddish, to say that we hate the poor. But there are two kinds of poor—the individual poor and the collective poor. It is not the individual poor that we love; it is the collective poor. It is not the poor that we know and see, but the poor that we do not know and have neither time nor inclination to look at. We are afraid if we see them we shall cease to love them. We never say, "God bless the iceman, or the coal heaver, or the motorman." For them we find our execrations for not contributing to our comfort just so and so and so.

It is with great fervor, however, that we can say, "God bless the poor," because the poor do not interfere with our comfort to the slightest degree.—Life.

Far From Upright.

Reilly and Coran were "having it out." They had been deadly enemies for years, but neither had offered to lay hands on the other up to now, both of them being somewhat afraid of the issue.

Before they commenced it was stipulated that it was to be a fair "stand up" fight, and with that they started. Coran had it all his own way from the beginning. He kept knocking Reilly down and down again until that worthy was about sick of it. He turned to the bystanders and said, "Sure, an' wasn't it to be a fair, stand up fight?"

"It was," returned an onlooker.

"An' 'ow, thin, can he be expectin' me ter folght 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the time?"—London Ideals.

"POP" COREY IS TO WED.

Athletic Son of Head of Steel Trust Announces Engagement.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 6.—Announcement is made of the engagement of Alan Tyle Corey of New York, better known as "Pop" Corey, captain of the Yale baseball team and quarterback of the eleven, to Miss Marguerite Johnston of Detroit. It is understood that the wedding will take place soon after the Yale commencement next June.

"Pop" Corey is the holder of more "Y's" than any other student of Yale university. His father is William Ellis Corey, head of the steel trust.

Promoted.

"They're beginning to put on airs."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; their washwoman is now a laundress."—Detroit Free Press.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

COLD WAVE DUE.

Low Temperature Predicted For Greater Part of Week.

Washington, Dec. 6.—Low temperatures will prevail over the country east of the Rocky mountains during the greater part of the week, according to the prediction of the weather bureau. The disturbances over the Rocky mountain region will advance eastward and is expected to reach the Atlantic states by Tuesday.

Following this there will be a marked change to colder weather that will spread eastward and southward as far as the gulf states.

Not All Hawks Chicken Thieves.

The hawks have as bad a reputation as the crows, and all hawks are called "hen-hawks" by those who are ignorant of what they do live on, but the majority of the hawks do not live on poultry by any means. A great many live on insects and mice form a large item in their bill of fare.

The sparrow hawk is the one that is to blame for the hard name given to his brethren, and it is he who kills the chickens and hens. When hard pressed for food other hawks rarely may carry away a hen or chicken, but this is the extreme rather than the average case.—Maine Woods.