

Artist Sidney Laurence Predicted His Own Death

Recently, the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette, which advertises itself as America's oldest daily newspaper (having been established in 1784.), carried this item under the heading "25 years ago:"

ANCHORAGE, Alaska — Sydney Laurence, 74, world-famed Alaskan artist whose paintings hang in famous galleries around the world, cheerily told friends he met Wednesday:

"I'm going to die tomorrow."

He wound up all his business af-

fairs, bid his acquaintances—sourdoughs and fishermen—farewell, and went to a barbership to get "pret-tied up to die."

When the barber had finished the shave and haircut, Laurence walked to the mirror, patted his hat on his head.

"Good-bye, old boy," he said.

He walked to the Anchorage Hospital. Physicians scoffed at his forecast of death, but gave him a room and followed instruction to call his wife.

His astonished wife unbelievably bid him "goodnight" after they had finished their little chat.

"It's not good-night this time," he contradicted. "It's good-bye. I won't be here tomorrow."

He was there, however. He ate a hearty breakfast, smoked and read. Then he rose from the bed.

He fell to the floor, victim of a stroke. He died without pain.