Baltimore American.
AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

139 YEARS OLD

"We Build"

THE DAILY AMERICAN,
ONE CENT
SERVED BY CARRIER IN ANY PART OF THE CITY SIX CENTS A WEEK.
BY MAIL, POSTPAID.
ONE YEAR.....$3.00
SIX MONTHS.....$1.50
THREE MONTHS.....75
ONE MONTH.....25

SUNDAY AMERICAN,
Three Cents Per Copy. One Year, $1.50.

TWICE-A-WEEK AMERICAN,
One Cent Per Copy. One Year, $1.00.

Remit by Postoffice or Express Money Order. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must give their old, as well as their new, address.
Address all letters to
CHARLES C. FULTON & CO.,
FELIX AGNUS, Publisher.

PERSONS LEAVING THE CITY CAN HAVE THE DAILY AND SUNDAY AMERICAN MAILED TO THEM BY ORDERING IT AT THE BUSINESS OFFICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS received at regular rates at American District Telegraph Offices.
1904 N. Charles St., 332 McMechen St., 209 Richmond St., 13 N. Eutaw St., Hotel Rennert.
Postal Telegraph Offices—704 Madison Ave., 2120 Alicanna St.
Knight & Andrews, Frederick and Augusta Aves., Irvington, and Frederick Ave. and Garrison Lane.
Hanback Bros., 2120 W. Pratt St.
H. A. Reindollar, Stricker St. and Lafayette Avenue.
F. W. Bien, Laurens and McCulloh Sts.
Wm. G. Lauer, S. W. Cor. Edmondson Ave. and Schroeder St.
Warner & Potterfield, Greenmount Ave. and Twenty-fifth St.
Philip F. Brenner, 2401 E. Federal St.
C. J. Eisermann, 149 S. East Ave., Highlandtown.
E. E. Moyer, 4000 Park Heights Ave.
A. E. Muse & Co., Mount Washington.
Fuller Drug Co., Fulton and Riggs Aves.

BALTIMORE AMERICAN TELEPHONES,
PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE,
Chesapeake and Potomac,
ST. PAUL 6000.
Connecting All Departments.

FOR USE DAY AND NIGHT.
(In addition to Private Branch Exchange.)
St. Paul 4740—Business Office.
St. Paul 434—Editorial Department.

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.
NIGHT SERVICE—St. Paul 4740.
DAY SERVICE—St. Paul 6000, Station 17.

NIGHT SERVICE.
(12 o'clock Midnight to 8:30 A. M.)
St. Paul 6000—Business Office.
St. Paul 6001—Business Office.
St. Paul 6002—Editorial Department.

London Bureau—3 Regent St., London, England; George W. Kettle, Manager.
Washington Bureau—1410 Pennsylvania avenue; Louis Garthe, Manager.
New York News Bureau—1005 World Building; C. H. George, Manager.
New York Bureau—Brunswick Building; Verre & Conklin, Inc., Eastern Representatives.
Chicago Bureau—901 and 902 Marquette Building; C. George Krogness, Manager.
Atlantic City Bureau—Walter E. Edge, Manager.

Have The American Follow You

Baltimoreans who are leaving the city should not fail to have The American follow them. In this way only can they keep informed about affairs at home. The American will be mailed to any address in the United States and Mexico at the rate of 25c. a month for the Daily and 40c. a month for Daily and Sunday, prepaid. Address may be changed as often as desired.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1913.

The man of the hour is the chap with the tallest tale of cold in the suburbs.

Fortunately the Sherman act does not apply to manipulating the thermometer.

These Arctic blasts are reminiscent to Lieutenant Peary—if not to Doc Cook.

There are some skates acquired around Christmas that are still good for service.

It would seem only the human thing to do for the big powers to put the Turk out of his misery.

Now the shivering ones are lamenting the hard things they said a few days ago about the unseasonably mild weather.

Who says there is no sentiment in business when pleaders before the Tariff Commission argue for their right to give the people "a slice of happiness?"

Spain is to have a government school of aviation. The new pursuit will be useful for furnishing highways to its justly celebrated castles in the air.

It is a pity that the county sewer case cannot be settled according to the old way by single combat. Then it could be made interesting, as well as decisive.

The grade crossing anywhere is a menace to human life. Within city limits it is a direct invitation to accident, and future municipal progress will abolish it.

The plea for rifle-target practice in schools will be viewed with much alarm by that portion of the population who have hitherto escaped the speeding automobiles.

The climate of the East may be variable and at times unpleasant, but at least we don't have to lose time in digging our trains out of snowdrifts as they are doing in the Northwest.

Fortunately congressmen don't settle their differences with sabers as they seem to do in the Hungarian Parliament. Here in America it's a case of What'll you have? and the thing is forgotten

The number of Democrats who don't want duties lowered on their manufactured products is an expost-facto indorsement of the Republican theory of tariff. But why didn't they vote that way?

It is small wonder that New York seems to be in a perpetual state of investigation about something, for so much of the Mayor's time appears to be taken up in rebuking clergymen and the newspapers.

If it is true that a mascot goat committed les majeste by butting an admiral there is consolation in the thought that it is the only living thing that would dare commit so grave an offense against the uniform.

A fraternal order of fools has been started in New York. There will be difficulty about the order's reunions, for no one place in the country will be big enough to hold all of the members at one time.

A woman has just died in Brooklyn at the age of ninety-six who never had a doctor in her life. Whether her longevity was because of that fact or in spite of it would furnish an interesting topic for speculation.

The biggest ocean liner in the world is to make her maiden voyage shortly, but it is next to certain that the tragedy of the Titanic will not be repeated in the taking of any risks for the sake of making a record.

The body of John Paul Jones will soon be removed to its final resting-place. This distinguished body has made almost as many journeys and experienced as many adventures as did its famous owner when his spirit inhabited and inspired the movements of the same.

Now the militant suffragettes in London are angry because they are not admitted to the trials of their captured sisters, and are planning revenge for the exclusion. The feelings of the authorities while the nature of these plans remains unknown can better be imagined than described.

The determination of the militant suffragettes in carrying on their crusade is shown by the fact that one of them, sentenced to an unusually long term for destroying mail matter with acid, is a cripple unable to get about except in a tricycle. Her misfortune is one for the authorities also, as her punishment will be accompanied by a certain amount of odium for them, yet the destruction being wrought by the women in their desperate fight has probably made the authorities as desperate as they.

A SHIPPING COMBINE.

No mystery has surrounded the fact that shipping combines rule the sea as combines rule the land. But the House Merchant Marine Committee has been sifting the charges and getting at the facts, and these seem to support the contention that the territory is divided up between the conference lines. Invaders from the outside are met by fighting boats of the combines, boats that reduce rates to a prohibitive point, the loss being divided pro rata between the lines in the combine.

It is well for this country to be in possession of all the facts obtainable as to the existence and scope of the combine, which is said to direct traffic to whatever ports it may desire. For in this way some ports are discriminated against to the injury of shippers, while others are favored beyond their deserts. The United States is bent upon building up a merchant marine, but to do so it must get rid of the combine barnacle upon the freedom of trade. It is, therefore, the purpose of the House committee to go to the bottom of the question with its probe and to afford Congress the facts whereby it will be in position to curb the ocean combine in favor of the development of a domestic merchant marine.

BISHOP'S WAR TRUMPET.

That Methodist bishop who in Philadelphia asserted that he is not a believer in unmarred peace, but would welcome a bloody and destructive war, ought to be consistent and go to the front in the first war that breaks out. For, if warfare is righteousness and the world is uplifted by wars, then he ought to be an exemplar of his faith and seek to do some of the uplifting of this kind.

But as the good book says a bishop should not strive, it is inconceivable that anyone bearing the title should advocate the unbridled lust of blood and rapine, with the nameless horrors of war, for the sake of uplifting the nations. The church that he belongs to has expurgated the imprecatory psalms from its liturgy, then why should one who bears its bishopric crook seek to lead the sheep into the ravening ways of the wolves and bears of human depravity and slaughter?

This seems to be a case where excess of oratory has clouded ideas, and it is not to be believed that the bishop would long stand by his own tenet in the cold blood of calm discussion. Certain indirect good may be attributed to war, but the pen has always been mightier than the sword and the plowshare is vastly to be desired to the implements of carnal strife.

FARMING EDUCATION.

Governor Goldsborough, as ex-officio chairman of the board of trustees of the Maryland Agricultural College and as a members of the special committee having charge of rebuilding and general reorganization plans, has taken a practical method of securing suggestive aid in the work now facing those responsible for the future of the institution. The letter of inquiry which he has sent to prominent farmers in various sections of the state inviting suggestions concerning the selection of a president of the college to succeed President Sylvester and asking other suggestions which those addressed may have in mind as to how the institution may be made to yield the greatest service to the agricultural interests of the state, should at least arouse a very general interest in the task with which the trustees of the institution must soon grapple.

The Governor believes that the college should be reorganized along broadened lines. While the agricultural industries of the United States outclass in the value of their annual yield all other industries combined, the comparative statistics show that, after all, we are not getting anything like the potential yield from our acres. The farm crops of the country last year, so the Agricultural Department tells us, represented a money value of about $9,000,000,000. But when it comes to acre average the farmers of either France or Holland are obtaining far larger results.

The Governor's idea seems to be that the State Agricultural College should aim at practical and resultful education—the sort of education that will result in better acreage yields and, in short, in applying scientific methods wherever such methods can be applied to advantage.

INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION.

The giving out of the plans of Dietrich Brothers for a new structural steel plant in this city that will involve an outlay of half a million of dollars constitutes the third announcement of a manufacturing expansion on a big scale to be realized during the present year. The other industries referred to are the proposed plant of the American Tin Can Company and the addition to the Hooper cotton mills. There have during the past twelve months been added to the city's industries scores of enterprises operating with a lesser capitalization than those indicated, and the prospect is favorable to a continuation of this industrial expansion. Every new industry that is developed here or that comes here from somewhere else adds to the city's wealth, importance and prestige.

And as our manufacturing industries grow and expand our trade with outside in like proportion will grow and expand. All the fabricated steel turned out from the big structural steel plant that is in contemplation will not be used in Baltimore—it will be shipped northward, southward and across the big waters. The tin cans made here will also be sent into all the nooks and corners of the earth, though we shall fill them most likely with corn, beans, tomatoes, oysters or some other food commodity before we distribute them. The same general distribution will occur as to Baltimore textiles, shoes, hats, clothes, steel rails, millinery, drugs, bottle stoppers and a hundred other things of common use. Baltimore welcomes the big plant and likewise the little plant.

A SOLID REPUBLICAN PARTY.

There are persons who, every time a gust of wind sends a lot of dust whirling in an eddy, claim that a veritable whirlwind is at hand. As a matter of fact, the gusty ebullition passes by and the normal action of the winds remains. It is thus with the Republican party at the present time. An unusually gusty day marked the holding of the late national election. As a result, lots of ballots went whirling about and failed to land in the Republican count. Where they did land does not much matter, as the ebullition was but a passing phenomenon, and the Republican party is solid. This does not mean that the Republican party is indulging in braggadocia, for it fully recognizes that another ebullition may come with the next election and perhaps with other elections. But there will never again, in all probability, be any such unusual sweep of the ballots as marked the last election.

The confidence of the Republicans in this regard is based upon the fact that the Republican voters have had a chance to see the effects of dividing their strength so as to bring the Democrats into power. Then, too, the Republican voters have seen that the chimera of promises that led them astray can have no foundation in fact. They have been deceived and they are bitter against their deceivers. Then, too, the many of the leaders of the defection have had a bad case of what is colloquially styled "cold feet," in view of the enormous outlay they made simply to wreck a party, the prospect of utter barrenness in the future and their certain knowledge that intelligent voters will not long support a party that has nothing but promises and chimeras to offer. Another fact in favor of the recovery of the Republicans is that the Republican party will be brought strongly into contrast with the Democratic in the measures that will come up before the dominant party. The third party has no record and only an existence that is involved in a single personality. In consequence the one foil to the Democratic proposals will be the facts of Republican history. These will shine out so vividly to the view of the country that every act and fact of Democratic administration or maladministration will be a rewriting in letters of credit the things that Republicans have accomplished. Every Republican will have to enter into the credit of his party's performances, by whatever name he may at the present be styled. So that every time the Democrats make a play for progressiveness Republicans will be quick to point to the facts of progress of the Republican party that the Democrats cannot duplicate. As a matter of fact, vociferous declamation to the contrary, the Republican party has been consistently the party of progress, of practical progress, and not vagary misleadings. The Democrats will be presented with the alternative of making progress in the established directions, or of entering the field of doubtful experiment. It may be assumed that Mr. Wilson, while standing for progress, will seek to save his party from Bryanesquing the country. But will he succeed? It is believed that he will make prudential compromises. Hence the Republican party will be enabled to bring in striking contrast actual facts of progress, with promises of ultra progressiveness unrealized.

During the campaign Mr. Roosevelt was rampant in his claim that the third party would get the progressive votes of the Democrats. It did nothing of the kind. The Democrats got the loan of a million and a half Republican votes. Having failed to secure the Democratic progressive following, the third party would like now to piecemeal the Republicans. There is no hysteria in the Republican party. That party has the opportunity of its lifetime to stand pat while the party in power agonizes with radicalism. When the Democrats have gone to the wall in their efforts to square the circle, the Republican party will stand forth scintillating in its record and ready with relief, able to profit by the Democratic experimentation and to place before the voters a party that has every feasible factor of definite progressiveism to its credit and in its program, with new blood and renewed vim.

There is, therefore, no undue optimism in holding faith in the future of unadulterated Republican principles. The spasm of third partyism is passing. It will die out. The Republican party can bide a while, whether, as Mr. Taft remarks, this be for four years or eight years. But its return to power is as sure as the law of the Medes and the Persians, and it asks only that Republicans of every name and nature who have pride in their party's performances, who are not Democrats in fact, who are capable of appreciating the political history and political philosophy, to stand by and see the cycles of change bring it again into power. In the meantime, it will receive the best kind of advertising and accrediting from the work of the Democrats during their brief tenure of office.

A NEW NICKEL.

It is safe to bet a nickel that not one out of a thousand persons who handle nickels every day can without first looking at a coin describe the design and inscription upon the coin with anything like accuracy. Is it not well to bear this fact in mind when considering the fact that the Treasury Department declares that the new nickel will be one of the most artistic coins ever minted?

Are the people so engrossed with the currency value of the nickel that they will take no account of the pose of the buffalo or the kind of Indian head or other facts of design that will go to make up the artistic nature of the new coin? Have things come to such pass that the American people are only interested in the artistic designs of the coins of Beelzebub and the Pharaohs under whom the Israelites did taskmaster jobs?

If this is the case, then should not the Treasury Department engage lecturers to go among the people and give art talks on coins in circulation, so that instead of handling a million or so of a given design and knowing no more of it than one does of his own character, a person might be able to hit off, so to speak, the design and inscription of the coins with expert accuracy.

NOW FOR FAIR SKIES.

Those doubters who could not be persuaded to believe that behind the fog banks there was the shining cloud of silvery lining find that not only silver, but gold was inside the rims of the nebulous mist that settled upon the community and upon the adjacent country in successive banks.

With the lift of the clouds came buoyancy of spirits, for the cold weather cleared the atmosphere of grip germs and the pneumonia-fostering miasma swept off to sea and carried with it all the assorted plagues that follow with the reign of such unmitigatedly foul weather. The coming of fair skies does not mean their long continuance, for the season of snow is here, and despite the fact that the precipitation has been slight thus far, snow in sufficient quantities to make the people realize that the full circumstances of winter are present is scheduled.

The fair skies of winter in this region are peculiarly pleasant, for the atmosphere takes on just the right amount of zestfulness and the tang of the breeze is inspiring. Baltimore suffered less than other places in the path of the recent big winds, and that is the general record of this locality. While the weather is changeful, Baltimore gets little of the extremes of heat and cold.

WHOSE LAKE?

During the time when the question of whether the United States or Japan would ultimately dominate the commerce of the Pacific was under general discussion a paragraphic commentator delivered the now famous aphorism that "the Pacific Ocean is nobody's lake." The same maxim, it might be thought, would apply to the Atlantic Ocean. But some of the testimony that is being delivered before the congressional committee that is investigating the alleged Atlantic Shipping Trust seems to imply that this "conference" or "merger" or by whatever other euphemous term it may be designated, is, in practical effect, handling the Atlantic Ocean as its own private mill pond. A member of a New York city exporting firm told the investigating committee that "the idea that the ocean is free is a fallacy. The control of the ocean is more of a monopoly than any combination of trade which exists today on land."

He meant, of course, the control of the ocean-carrying trade, which, in practical effect, is the same thing as control of the ocean. It is nothing new that nearly all the vast ocean traffic which goes out from this country, as well as that which is brought in, is handled by foreign ships, and it is hardly surprising that the foreign shipping lines should "pool their interests" in a way to divide up the business and that new lines owned in this country have no show in the competition. All of this and more has been brought out during past sessions of Congress in connection with various bills designed to aid American shipping interests to enter on something like equal terms with the ocean-carying trade competition. These bills, proposing liberal compensation to American ships for carrying the mails over specified routes, have one after another been rejected. What is the good of an investigation unless a remedy for the shipping monopoly evil is in contemplation?

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

GOOD ADVICE.

When Jack Frost is here,
With his biting kiss,
Do not flee inside
His embrace to miss;
But with laughing face,
Lungs filled with fresh air,
Learn his wealth of health
Knowingly to share.

Though his breath is sharp,
And his winds are chill,
Energy and strength
Are within them still.
Leave the fireside warm,
Walk in breathing pure,
Than to languid loll,
Better to endure.

To the open run.
Live a life outside,
In the clear, keen cold
Find young health abide,
Till the glowing blood
Course through heart and brain,
Bringing vigor new,
And one's youth again.

THE CLASS DISGRACED.

First Tramp—You can associate with our noble fraternity no longer. You have a bar sinister in your escutcheon.
Second Ditto—I? What is it?
First Tramp—A bar of soap.

THE OLD TRICK.

She—May dear, I can't get this portrait of you hung right.
He—Oh, just give me rope enough and I'll hang myself.

THE APPROPRIATE KIND.

"What kind of a pet dog has your prizefighting friend?"
"Naturally, he has a 'pug.'"

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

"How rejoiced the knights of old were when they got their lady's glove."
"And how mean they look now when their girl gives them the mitten."

HIS FATE.

"There is one thing in which a successful author differs from all other successful men."
"What is that?"
"The more popular his works are, the more they are shelved."

THEIR RULING PASSION.

"It would never do to have you women operating in Wall Street."
"Why not, pray?"
"Because you would hang on like grim death to wash sales."

HIS RULE.

"What are you burning all your love letters and bills for?"
"Because I always try to make light of my troubles."

FLIGHT FOR CAUSE.

"Is there anything suspicious about this gentleman's financial knowledge?"
"Nothing except he's gone very suddenly to Europe."

JOSH WINK.

READY TO OBLIGE.

A Texas sheriff, visiting New York to take a prisoner back to the South, was turned over to an inspector who was to be his amusement guide. They wound up at an East Side ball where there were a few dips present.

After a half hour the inspector called one of the crooks to one side and said:

"See that tall man with the sombrero?"

"Yes; what about him?"

"He's a Texas bull I'm showing around and I think it would be a fancy idea if you could nick him for his ticker."

"Nix, you're trying to put me in bad."

"Nothing like it—purely a joke, that's all. To show you I'm on the level I give you my word that you won't get in trouble and I'll give you a $5 note for his watch."

"All right; here it is."—Chicago Post.

IT DEPENDS.

Henry R. Williams, when president of the Puget Sound extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, gave a great deal of his time to personal supervision of the improvements on the line, especially being interested in the growth of the new towns and their various businesses. He heard that a barber had located at Maiden, a division point in Washington, and upon visiting the place proceeded to patronize the razor artist.

The barber lathered and stropped and then took a swipe down the cheek of his customer. Williams winced, whereupon the barber asked:

"Does the razor hurt you, sir?"

"That depends," dryly answered the victim. "If you are skinning me it don't, but if you are shaving me it does."—New York Tribune.

LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Why the Sultan of Turkey Never Sleeps in a Bed—Ruthyn Castle and Its Dungeons.

Special to The American.

There is one sovereign in Europe who never goes to bed from one year's end to the other—who has not, indeed, slept in a bed for near a quarter of a century. It is the present Sultan of Turkey. Like his elder brother, ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, he is very superstitious. When he was very much younger a fortune teller from Salonica who was visiting his harem, while relieving him of the fear of assassination, of which he then, as now, stood in dread, predicted that he would die in bed. Ever since he has avoided beds and sleeps on a divan or couch in a sitting position, reclining against a pillow, which leans against the wall. By this means apparently he expects to live forever, although his health is, according to all accounts, in a shocking condition—infinitely worse, indeed, than that of ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, who is now in turn in a palace on the Asiatic shores of the Dardanelles.

The Salonica fortune-tellers have long been famous in Turkey and are welcome visitors in all the harems. They are women of Spanish-Jew descent, with a very strong strain of Gitana blood in their veins. They are descended from the Jews expelled from Spain by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, by Emperor Charles V. and Philip II. In Charles V.'s time a vast number of these exiles were invited by Sultan Soliman to settle in his dominions, and he encouraged them to establish themselves at Salonica, believing that they might be of use to him in his warfare against Germany in an economic if not in a military sense. Their descendants have remained Jews and have retained the Spanish language to this day. The women of the lower classes are, many of them, adepts in the arts of palmistry and divination.

Ruthyn Castle, the grand old place in Denbighshire of Col. William Cornwallis West, father of the young Duchess of Westminster and of the Princess of Pless, which he has just advertised for sale in the early spring, was near a hundred years ago the subject of a species of lottery, for the various daughters of Richard Myddelton on his death drew lots for the possession of the property. Maria Myddelton was the winner. She married the Hon. Frederick West, younger son of the second Earl de la Warr. They were the grandparents of Col. William Cornwallis West, and it was through them that he inherited the castle and the very extensive estates. The castle is an old fortress of the Marches of Wales, was built by Edward I. upon rising ground in a dish of mountains, and takes it name of Ruthyn from Rhyddin, the Welsh for the hue of the stone employed in its construction.

In 1282 it was granted by the Crown to one Reginald de Grey, from whom the Lords Grey de Ruthyn descended. It underwent many vicissitudes in the course of history, was seized on one occasion by Owen Glendower, and was besieged and taken also by General Nutten, one of the principal commanders of Oliver Cromwell, who pronounced it to be "the most convenient place for a garrison in all North Wales, as things now stand with us." The castle is extremely interesting. In fact, its interest may be said to be almost inexhaustible, since the full extent of the great area of dungeons underground has never been entirely explored. With its grand octagon tower, its ancient walls, its moat, its stately terraces, it constitutes a particularly appropriate background and setting for those Eisttedfods, so strongly suggestive of old Wales, that have often been held there.

If Col. William Cornwallis West is offering his entire property in the vale of Clwyd for sale—a sale which will probably entail his resignation of the high office of lord lieutenant of the county of Denbigh, since the possession of land in the shire is an indispensable qualification to the appointment of the sovereign's principal representative there—it is because he has two beautiful places in Hampshire, especially the estate of Newlands, on the borders of the New Forest, and overhanging, so to speak, the Solent. Passionately fond of yachting, both Col. Cornwallis West and his wife, one of the most famous beauties in the England and Ireland of 30 years ago, have always preferred Newlands to Ruthyn Castle, and the neighboring prosperous seaside resort, known as Milford-on-Sea, owes its entire existence to the Wests, who derive therefrom a considerable revenue.

Newlands comes to the Colonel through the Cornwallis family, to which, however, he is in no sense of the word related. When the last Earl of Cornwallis, and famous admiral, died 60 or 70 years ago, without leaving any heir, he bequeathed his Hampshire estates to his friend, the late Frederick West, the father of Col. W. Cornwallis West, who received the permission of the Crown to assume the name and arms of Cornwallis in conjunction with his own, on coming into possession of the estates. At Ruthyn Castle Col. Cornwallis West has always been obliged to maintain a considerable state, and was overwhelmed with obligations of every kind as lord lieutenant of the county. At Newlands he is merely the prosperous squire and enthusiastic yachtsman, free to follow his own devices, and has consequently felt more at home there.

Col. Cornwallis West does not relish the additional duties imposed upon the lords lieutenant of counties, under the new regime, and in view of the onerous fiscal burdens which the present Chancellor of the Exchequer has placed upon the owners of land, finds it too great a drain upon his resources to keep up several establishments.

It is also well known that neither Col. Cornwallis West nor his wife were pleased with the marriage of their only son, George Cornwallis West, to the New York-born widow of Lord Randolph Churchill; a lady whose sons, especially Winston Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, are older than her young husband. The feud between Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West and their American daughter-in-law has never been wholly healed, and they, neither of them, relish the idea of her queening it at Ruthyn Castle as the principal lady of the county.

As their son has no children by his marriage, and is not likely to have any, Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West prefer to convert the Ruthyn Castle property into cash, so as to add to their own income during their respective lives, and to the competence of the Colonel's brilliant wife, if she survives her enormously tall and still wonderfully good-looking husband. The Colonel is slow of speech; that is to say, he stammers. His wife, like all brilliant Irish women, is terribly impatient, and nothing is more amusing than to witness her impatience when he talks and begins to stutter. The more impatient she becomes the more he stutters, and when I used to see much of them — true, some years ago — matters would generally wind up by her flinging a book, preferably, or the first light object handy, at him, in her exasperation; missiles which long experience had taught him to dodge with a degree of quickness and deftness hardly to be expected of so big a man.

The Colonel and his wife have retained the affection of their two beautiful daughters to a very extraordinary degree, and the Princess of Pless, whose name of Mary has been transformed to Daisy, and the young Duchess of Westminster, who, though christened Constance, has always been known by her own people as Shelagh, are never so happy as when staying with their wonderfully good-natured, genial father, who idolizes them, and with their mother, with whom they have so much in common, in everything save stature. For, whereas, they are both "divinely tall," Mrs. Cornwallis West, like her mother, that wonderful old lady, Olivia Fitzpatrick—the most lively of parsons' wives that it has ever been my fate to encounter—is decidedly petite.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

[Copyright, 1913, by the Brentwood Company.]

Enough to Make It Famous.

Whatever evil may be said of the year 1913, it should not be forgotten that it was the year chosen by Hon. Joe Bailey to deliver his swan song.—Chicago Record-Herald.

One of His Weaknesses.

Understand that Bryan is enthusiastic over the coming administration. Bryan always was enthusiastic on the subject of his own ideas.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MEN AND WOMEN

In Betty Bide at Home, Beulah Marie Dix tells the story of a girl who preferred to do her duty in her home even though it cost her a college career.

The Duchess of Marlborough, like her mother, Mrs. Belmont, is a militant suffragette, and attends meetings regularly and favors the work of the militants in England.

Eliza Wentworth Merrill, of Gray, Me., aged 102 years, still enjoys corresponding with her friends. She writes a beautiful hand. Mrs. Merrill retains an indistinct memory of seeing her father return from Portland, where he had gone to enlist during the War of 1812.

When Fred Thompson and Miss Lida Evans called at the home of Rev. F. W. Hart, at Chardon, O., to be married, they found a ministers' meeting in session there. Rev. Mr. Hart called upon two of his guests to assist in the ceremony, so the young people were married by three ministers.

The death of Whitelaw Reid in London arouses interest in the personality of his son, Ogden Mills Reid. He was graduated from Yale some years ago and then joined the staff of his father's paper, The Tribune. He is now the president of the corporation that publishes The Tribune, of which he is managing editor.

Sir William Robertson Nicoll, author of The Problem of Edwin Drood, is the editor of the British Weekly. He has been called the hardest working man in England. His worth and political power brought him knighthood from King Edward. He is the discoverer of Ian Maclaren, and the friend and counsellor of J. M. Barrie.

P. N. Myer, one of the most successful botanical explorers of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has again started for China, where he will conduct investigations in a remote field never before visited by an agricultural scientist. During his former travels he was especially interested in drouth-resisting trees and fruits.

Henry Clay Frick has approved the architect's plan for what will be the finest residence in New York city. It will occupy the entire block on Fifth avenue, from Seventieth to Seventy-first street, and the cost will be $3,000,000 for the building alone. The lot cost $2,400,000 and with the furnishings the total cost will be above $6,000,000.

Frank Rockefeller, who is not on good terms with his older and much wealthier brother, John D., says that the latter is "the most lonesome man in all the world. There is no man who walks the earth that he can call his real friend. He has been relegated to the background by all the big business men with whom he once did business. None of them will have anything to do with him."

No Longer Any Doubt.

If the object was to show General Castro that he is not excessively popular with the officials at Washington the effort was a success.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Oh, Very Well!

As we understand it, Senator Bailey says the nation is going to destruction and he declines to go with it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

Rose Stahl has just finished a run of 17 weeks in Boston.

Harry Clay Blaney is going to produce Across the Pacific in Australia.

At the White Horse Tavern is to be made over into a musical comedy.

Hugh Jennings, the baseball player, is appearing in vaudeville in Boston.

Mrs. Fiske will begin her road tour in The High Road in Boston, this month.

The Military Girl is to resume its tour, with Arthur Deagon probably at its head.

Charles Cherry is to begin his tour in The New Secretary in Atlantic City next week.

Adelaide Keim has been engaged by Julius Cahn for a stock company at Portland, Me.

Margaret Anglin will end her tour this month, as she has decided not to use her new play this season.

It is said that Rosedale and Rob Roy are to be revived with excellent prominent players in the casts.

Mary Pickford, the pretty little Juliet of The Good Little Devil, has a three-year contract with David Belasco.

Cohan & Harris have secured the dramatic rights to Back Home, by Irving Cobb, originally published as a serial.

The Shuberts will produce Romance, by Edward Sheldon, as Winthrop Ames has disposed of his rights in the play to them.

Marion Leonard, who has been in the moving-picture drama, is to appear in a sketch on the vaudeville stage called The Strange Woman.

As a pleasing addition to the report that Harry Lauder contemplates leaving the stage to oblige his wife comes another report that Mrs. Harry Lauder wants to go on the stage.

Bertha Kalich denies the report that she is to play Lady Macbeth with Tyrone Power. She will remain in vaudeville with Mrs. Fiske's tragic playlet, The Light From St. Agnes.

THE SKY SHEEP.

[From the New York Times.]

Little Bo-peep, she lost her sheep,
All in the cold, blue weather;
Up in a misty, azure sweep,
Huddled and cuddled together.

Crook of the curved new moon she bore,
Sheep of her flock for tending;
Kirtle of crimson cloud she wore,
Over her lambkins bending.

Snarling, the Northwind drove them down,
Down from their sky fields, bleating;
Fluttered and frightened, to Hilltop Town,
Through the bare meadows fleeting.

Over the brown fields fleeing fast,
Each little white little straying;
There to be folded, safe at last,
Far from the wolf wind's railing.

Little Bo-peep in the morning glow,
Found them, so safely sleeping—
"See," said the earth folk, "how the snow,
All in a night came creeping!"

—GRACE STONE FIELD.

PUBLIC OPINION

Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—Nothing to Regret.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Secretary Knox is easily within the truth when he declares that the outgoing Republican administration "has nothing to regret, but much of which to be proud." Contemporary opinion and the verdict of history will agree in this respect.

This was also a keynote of President Taft's good-humored speech in New York on Saturday night. The "swan song" which came some weeks ago at the Lotus Club, and the wise and witty address of the "corpse", at the "wake" on Saturday night must rank hereafter as the model utterances of a defeated president.

The President has shown himself manly in defeat. Now that the passions and prejudices of the campaign are over and almost forgotten—so rapidly do we live nowadays and so readily do we accept the results of an election—the citizens of the United States are sufficiently imbued with notions of fair play to give abundant credit to the Chief Executive under whose administration the prosperity enjoyed by the country, as Secretary Knox expresses it, "is epochal."

Old Enough to Walk Alone.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

That the Indian is hampered and handicapped by the too paternal care of the federal government is the substance of the last report of Robert G. Valentine, former Indian commissioner. Mr. Valentine would have the Indian placed side by side with the white man as soon as possible, and give him an equal chance in the game of competition.

It has become apparent that the Indian of today who enjoys the advantages of education is fully able to walk without leading strings. He makes his way in any walk of life which training or predilection leads him to choose. He is as far removed from the miserable "blanket Indian" of the reservation as the "blanket Indian" is removed from his free ancestors who held the land before the coming of the Europeans.

For generations the course of the Indian was steadily downward. The white man brought him so low that he seemed destined to become an extinct race. Then the white man's conscience awakened, and he began to work earnestly for the salvation of the aborigine. The work has been tremendously handicapped by selfishness and dishonesty in the Indian service, but it has progressed so far that the Indian is once more on the upgrade. It has progressed so far that the debt to the Indian is almost paid.

Russia Struggling for Light.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The Russian Council of Empire has adopted a law abolishing the last vestiges of serfdom in the great domain of the Czar. Practically, serfdom was abolished when the "rescript of emancipation" was issued in 1861, but the Caucasus was excepted because of "special conditions" existing there. Even these "special conditions" seem no longer to have weight against modern enlightenment, and today, in the most backward of civilized nations, there is at least no legal slavery.

Progress in Russia is slow. The great body of the people is sunk in ignorance and conditions are permitted to exist which would not be tolerated for a moment in a more enlightened nation.

Nevertheless, there are indications that even Russia is feeling the weight of modern thought and the promulgation of the law of January 1, 1913, definitely abolishing serfdom throughout the empire, is one of them.

It was a good way to inaugurate the new year, and if this action be followed by an extension of individual liberty and a greater general tolerance this year will deserve to be ranked among the greatest in Russian history.

Paying By Check.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

The Secretary of the Treasury, by his decision to pay the expenses of the government hereafter by checks on banks, instead of by warrants drawn on the Treasury or the subtreasuries, has met, without legislative interference, one of the chief criticisms presented against our present money system, namely, the hoarding of money in government vaults. So long as the general expenses of the government were met by warrants drawn against the Treasury it was necessary to keep in the Treasury enough money to meet them. This meant, of course, the withdrawal of funds from the banks. Now it will be just the other way around. Money will have to be kept in the banks to meet the checks. This ought to be a very considerable relief to the banking world, and we have no doubt that it will be. Very often an unsatisfactory condition is the result of administration and not of the law. The law has never kept any money uselessly tied up in the Treasury, but administration has. The action of Secretary MacVeagh is most wise.

Transient Togas.

[Boston Globe.]

The resignation of Senator Bailey and the death of Senator Davis leave an opening for two journalists of the Southwest to get into the Senate for a few days.

Colonel Johnson, of the Houston Post, has been appointed by the governor of Texas to Mr. Bailey's seat and Colonel Heiskell, of the Little Rock Gazette, has been appointed by the governor of Arkansas to Mr. Davis' chair. Their appointments are for the term expiring March 4; but if the legislatures, which meet next week, don't happen to like the Houston Post and the Little Rock Gazette, this editorial excursion into politics will not last even two months. In other words, the legislatures will have to elect. Will they be unkind enough to recall the colonels before they have had time to find their way to their seats without the guidance of a page?

They are secure in one respect. However brief their stay in the Senate, their names are written forever on its rolls.

Helping Men to the Farm.

[Omaha Bee.]

If Congress grants the request of the Department of Commerce and Labor for $3,000,000 appropriations to maintain bureaus of information at Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco, the department believes it can accomplish great results in the next few years in getting men from the city to the farm. It will proceed with the work, whether it gets the amount asked or only $500,000 in all, as rather expected.

This plan does not contemplate a "back-to-the-farm" movement primarily as a means of diverting the trend of population countryward. Its purpose is to find out the men in the cities who are tired of that life and are anxious to get on the land, either as laborers or proprietors, and its inquiries would be chiefly directed toward men who came from the farm, either in the United States or Europe. It would also aid in bringing back from Canada large numbers of American farmers who went there and became tired of conditions.

Trend of Things.

[Ohio State Journal.]

While we may belive that the world is growing better, there is a manifest trend toward lubricity these days. It is one of the results of prosperity to bring on looser thinking, looser living, looser pastimes. It will probably keep up until the penalty comes in hard times. It has always been so; always will be. We can only hope that when the penalty comes it will not be severe. But this is wholly within our control. We can make it light or heavy, or none at all, according to the way we use our prosperity. These things are governed by the same law that God Almighty ordained for the constellations and seasons. There is nothing haphazard about it. As ye sow ye shall reap. We gather thistles from thistles, and there are many sown in these days of prosperity. It is no more a moral lesson than a cosmic fact that grapes do not grow on thorns.

Solving the Problem.

You can't have an omelette without breaking eggs, and it looked for a while as though we couldn't have eggs without breaking ourselves. But, fortunately, it appears that we can break the price of eggs if we only get mad enough about it.—Hartford Times.

Swans Don't Sing.

Senator Bailey's final effort strengthens the belief that swans do not sing.—New York Telegram.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Pernambuco now has 125 autos in use.

Denver is planning to hold a world's fair six or eight years hence.

Chicago's death list shows pneumonia the deadliest disease just now.

Sweden has ordered 1,000 tons of American armor plate for new battleships.

India passed laws governing airships in 1911, before any airships had entered the country.

New Yorkers are discussing the advisability of limiting the height of office buildings.

Gregory Rasputin, spiritualist medium, is said still to control Emperor