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SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1913.

Turkey evidently hopes to postpone the feast.

An optimist sees a robin—the pessimist a raven.

A clothing strike will not be welcomed in Baltimore.

Don't handle any money; it may be a germ carrier.

President Taft seems as popular a banqueter as ever.

Only a philosopher could be mayor of New York long.

The weather has one advantage—it's fooling the hens.

Poincare with his challenge seems as tempestuous as a Roosevelt.

The powers should have sent that collective note to Turkey C. O. D.

French styles are generally adopted in this country; but our own election fashions are best.

Wilson has a little over a month to enjoy to the fullest the only peace he will get for four years to come.

The powers are still writing notes to Turkey. But so far the pen has not proved mightier than the sword.

Unfortunately, mosquitoes are the easiest of creatures to fool with warm weather into the belief it is summer.

Editors in South Carolina had best beware, for Governor Blease and his gun will get them if they don't watch out.

The cabinet is likely to be enlarged with a new department. This country certainly is growing and so are its needs.

The Pujo committee seems unable to locate the Money Trust. But let it leave a melon around and see the octopus reach out its tentacles.

Already the cloud of an ice famine is hanging over the coming summer. That is where a mild winter can be at the same time severe.

Miss Helen Gould is to have a simple trousseau, to cost less than $1,000. But then she can afford an inexpensive outfit. All brides cannot.

There is no good without its hardships. Possibly the antiexpectoration crusade, vigorously carried on, will cause a rise in the price of handkerchiefs.

The gayety lovers in Washington are coming to the sad conclusion that the next inauguration in Washington will be flat, stale and unprofitable.

They are still hunting in New York for that elusive individual, the man higher up. Indications are that he will eventually be reached only by an airship.

A burglar in a New York prison has invented and patented a burglar alarm. This is a literal application of the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief.

A grand jury in North Carolina refused to indict a student who shot and seriously wounded another student who was trying to haze him. This decision takes much of the fun out of future hazing if victims decide to take violent measures themselves.

It seems that the objection of men to become "angels" is traditional. Besides, their natural gallantry will not allow them to usurp the prerogatives of the angelic sex.

Perseverance and patience can work miracles, as exemplified in the case of the Los Angeles Romeo of eighty who won his 105-year-old Juliet after a courtship of fifty years.

The cobblestone is again attacked. Its removal from the streets of the city would, no doubt, have a very uplifting influence on municipal beauty, comfort, cleanliness and convenience.

Women are excluded from practicing law in England. From their achievements as suffragettes, the men are evidently panic-stricken at the thought of what they might accomplish as lawyers.

The women marchers in the suffrage parade in Washington will be preceded by a woman aviator. Their critics will not be able to say that at least they are not strictly up to date in their methods as well as in their demands.

A resolution has been introduced in the North Carolina legislature to amend the Constitution to permit equal suffrage. The conservatism of the country even in its strongholds is beginning to weaken at the inevitable march of progress.

An English visitor here says that American women are expert in the art of taming husbands. The visitor viewing the situation from the English standpoint, where the husband takes precedence in all things, does not perceive that it is the gallantry of the husbands, rather than the taming of the wives, which makes the difference in American family life.

THE HOLY MOUNT.

At the highest elevation on the easternmost end of the Chalcidian Peninsulas stands Mount Athos, the Holy Mount, that is dotted by convents, grottos and chapels; the foundation of some of which dates back to the times of Constantine. This mount, now occupied by about six thousand monks, has long been regarded as in effect a republic to itself. It has remained for the outcome of the Balkan war to bring it into the unique distinction of being so declared by the powers, possibly under the protectorate of Roumania and Russia.

Among the romances of governments nothing quite like Mount Athos can be found. From here have been rescued many priceless manuscripts. During the middle ages this mount was a leading seat of learning, and from it emanated many expressions in the field of faith and letters, that added much to its fame. Even though the monks now occupying the mount are not distinguished either for purity of faith, learning or industry, the setting aside of the place for a religious republic will doubtless witness the reviving of its ancient glories, and Mount Athos may again be made a place of religious renown. The time may even be at hand when it shall be made The Hague tribunal of religious disputes, and the forces looking to the unifying of the denominations and religious bodies be found there. This would indeed be an evolution for the peninsula feared by the mariners of early days and across which Xerxes once dug a canal.

THE ARTIFICIAL OYSTER.

From a consumer's point of view, there is no danger of an oyster shortage in Baltimore either during the remainder of the present season or during any future season. The consumer obtains a bountiful supply from beyond the state limits. As to whether there may be a shortage in the marketable oysters produced upon Maryland bottoms, that is another point of view. There can be no reasonable doubt that the quantity of oysters fit for market taken from Maryland's natural beds and bars has been growing gradually but surely less year by year. According to indications, the yield of oysters for the present season from the natural bottoms will be much less than the yield of last season.

But there is hope for the future of the state's oyster industries, a hope that is but partially foreshadowed in the statement from the Shellfish Board to the effect that about 15,000 acres of the state's leasable bottoms have now either been leased or applied for. At last it seems to be assured that a start is to be made in artificial oyster culture. The farmed oyster averages far better than the offerings from the unplanted bottoms, for the reason that the reared mollusks are usually older and better developed for market purposes when taken.

It seems now assured that oyster farming is to be inaugurated this year upon a scale that will serve to demonstrate the possibilities of the business. There are probably 300,000 acres of bay and river bottoms suitable for oyster planting which are yet available for the purpose under the conditions of the new leasing law. If the planting operations begun this year are successful, it will not be a long time before every suitable acre of Maryland's available oyster bottoms will be growing oysters.

WHO MAKES THE MUD?

Man is so prone to blame Nature for many of the inconveniences of his existence that it has become a habit to say of things that are unpleasant that they are so by nature. As a fact in the entire range of things, from mud to man, which marks the round of evolution, Nature has made nothing that is not perfect. But it is not the purpose at present to set up philosophical propositions. The plain query that arises is, Who makes the mud? Certainly Nature does not. She supplies moisture, and this applies to the moist soil. But mud is the soil tramped over and rutted by wheels and made generally disagreeable. Nature has no part in this process. She furnishes the material for mud, just as she furnishes the materials for all things else.

If one were disposed to moralize, what a field of reflection this would offer! But the esthetic point of the question is that Nature is at all times beautiful. Let mud symbolize the things that in Nature seem disagreeable—the slushy snow, the sleety and slippery walks and the heavy fog and aught else that enter into the discomforts of the season—and the fact remains that Nature can furnish a clean bill from all the charges brought against her.

Man makes the mud. He makes all things. Nature never makes anything. Her office is higher and is a perfect one. She creates. There is the widest distinction between the two things, for things are made from things that exist; things are created from naught. They are original. Mud was not an original fact of creation. It was an incident to the traversing and trafficking of animals and mankind. Back of the mud lies the powers of vegetable revival. Back of the mud are found the active forces of subsistence. Back of the mud lies the pregnant principles of spring and summer. If mud is unpleasant, it is like many other things for which man is responsible. If it is tenacious, so are many other things that make up the list of unpleasant matters of one's existence. So that the right attitude toward Nature is to regard the soil under the blanket of moisture, beaten by the rains of heaven, soggy from the melting snows, as so representing the activity of the Nature forces in their function to replenish the earth after the passing of the winter season.

There may be no beauty in mud, but the soil and all that it contains and all that it supplies and all that it reveals is a wonderful mirror, so to speak, in which may be seen the reflections of the age-long work of Nature in her efforts to create and ever to create and beauty and benefit.

CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS.

God made a clean world. Man has contaminated it. This is the story in brief of much of the sin and disease that afflict mankind. The adage that cleanliness is next to godliness deserves to be in the Bible, where it is not, despite much popular supposition to the contrary, for the very essence of this teaching is everywhere in the Scriptures. God is represented as taking away the filthy rags of one's unrighteousness and clothing him about with the robe of righteousness. Sin is represented as foulness, and disease is conjoined with it. This fact appears in the case of the persons possessed with demons and the lepers that were ostracised on account of their pestilential condition. Everywhere the exhortation is present in the Scriptures to be clean. The washing of regeneration is spoken of and the very symbol of Christianity is a bath—baptism.

So that both in specific statement and in the inner meaning of much that enters into Holy Writ the lessons of cleanliness are taught, and ceremonial clealiness is the characteristic of the Old Testament. This conjoining of clealiness and godliness is vital and logical. How can one be clean in throught and in purpose if he is slovenly and dirty in his person and habits? How can one be pure in heart and at the same time be content to live amid surroundings that reek with filth? Filthy habits and filthy ideas are bred in the miasma of the dirt and filth of the lower conditions of life. That they rise into and infect all conditions of life does not disprove the fact, any more than the germs of any dirt-bred disease that spread through all society disprove the fact that the disease could be eradicated by sanitation.

The Christian church has laid emphasis upon many things. But if any one has ever heard a sermon delivered in any pulpit upon the direct proposition that one must be clean in body and surroundings to be approved by God he has had an exceptional experience. Yet so linked together are the moral impulses and the association of ideas and the impulses of conduct that one's chances in life are immeasurably advanced if he is lifted above the plane of dirt, and the prospect for healthful living is vastly bettered if he is relieved of conditions of filth. Is it not time for the church to preach the doctrine of personal, civic and national sanitation? Is it not time for it to declaim with vigor and unceasingly against the maintenance of filthy conditions in cities and the country at large? Is it not time for it to declare in no doubtful tones that the men and women who presume to present themselves before God must do so with as few germs of dirt diseases about them as may possibly be the case? One has only to consider that in the range of dirt diseases extending through tuberculosis, smallpox and hookworm multimillions of money are being expended in the contest against their ravages in order to appreciate what it would mean to society if the doctrine of cleanliness is next to godliness were seriously expounded by the churches. One has only to reflect upon the holocaust of lives offered up to the divinities of dirt in order to see the wide ravages made by reason of failure to place the emphasis of religion upon this subject. In the days of merry England and when filth in London's streets was so reeking that one had to be proof against stench and dangerous pitfalls the plague broke out. Society has long passed this condition. Yet no American community begins to live in the conditions of sanitation that prevail upon the Panama Canal strip or in sanitized Havana. Why are not they who sin against the light of science in this respect as culpable as those who commit any other form of enormity?

It is time for the church to bestir itself with respect to this homely and wide-reaching and truly Scriptural tenet that cleanliness is next to godliness. Sanitation is the best practical handmaid of religion. It is the Martha that is busy about many things. A big and prosperous America is not fully great until it shall be made a clean America. This cannot be done until the public conscience is bestirred and men are made to realize the religious and moral as well as the social disasters that follow upon the prevalence of unclean conditions of living. A sound mind cannot inhabit a sound body until that body has been washed, to use the words of Scripture, "in pure water" and presented to God in the holiness of bygiene.

A NEW GAS.

Chemistry a generation or two ago was such a slight science that annually its full extent could be summarized in the review of a single individual. But now no chemist, however varied and wide his attainments, can begin to keep astride of more than a department of the science.

The latest fact of wide interest is the discovery of a new gas. The uncovering of a new metal or gas is something of an epoch in the progress of science that attracts world attention. So that Sir Joseph Thomson, the fortunate British savant, is the center of all eyes.

The new gas exists in iron, zinc and copper. It gets into these metals easily, but to get it out is the very mischief. It is coquettish and elusive, and almost makes one believe it to be a myth, when it straightway appears and proves its tangibility. It holds the same relation to hydrogen as ozone does to oxygen, yet it in no sense resembles ozone. Discovering the properties and possibilities of the new gas will be a field of action for many scientists now that the discovery of the conditions of its findings are known.

CONSCRIPTING THE MARCHERS.

General Rosalie Jones is up to the minute in military resources. There are many smug suffragists who shrink from heeling and toeing the trip to Washington. They believe in the march; they believe in the marchers, but March does not strike them as an equable and interesting month in which to make a raid upon the capital. When wires may be down and drifts may be up and the temperature sporting about the midriff of zero, the attractions of the highways are not nearly as cozy as the fireside in the byways of sheltered domestic hearths.

Suffragists are too sensible to contend with any one who does not take to walking like a duck takes to water. So the ingenious Miss Rosalie has hit upon the scheme of taxing the sisterhood who prefer to stay at home or take the train than to hit the pike. Either submit to a fine, pay for a substitute or be conscripted is the program that is counted upon to fill the columns with marchers and the treasury with funds.

Many generals have written their names imperishably, but for real downright strategy the fair General Rosalie heads the procession of the world's greatest military experts.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN'S VISIT.

Baltimoreans who attended the lecture of Capt. Roald Amundsen at the Lyric last night had a treat in the way of a most unusual kind of narrative; and one that, through the goal that marked the endeavors of the explorer and the incidents of the nerve-stretching feat, can never be duplicated by anyone else. The earth has but two polls, and these have been discovered, America getting the honor for the feat with respect to the North Pole and Captain Amundsen, who already had the signal honor of threading the Northwest Passage, securing the honor of bringing the South Pole into the realm of known and traversed things.

Such a lecturer and such a lecture comprise such an exceptional opportunity that it must be regarded as unfortunate that it was not availed of by many hundreds more than the large, appreciative audience that was present. Such a lecture as this will go down in the history of Baltimore's entertainments, and will be classed as on a par with the lectures heard here under important auspices by the world's greatest scientists and men of achievement.

The Hampden-Woodberry Neighborhood Association, that promoted the lecture and will be beneficiary of a part of the proceeds, is one of those organizations of broad scope and efficient direction that bring credit upon all who are associated with them. This organization during the few years of its existence has become a model for all like associations, and the work it is doing and the ends it has in view make it a civic factor of the utmost importance. So that the auspices of the lecture of last night were not without interest in themselves.

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

HIS IDEA.

"The powers are writing me letters again,"
Says the Turk, the unspeakable Turk;
"They will drive me away at the point of the pen,
Where they think I see danger to lurk,
Or so they propose, but I'm taking no scare,
Of their notes, e'en collective, I need not beware.
I'll wait till I see what they really will dare."
Says the Turk, the unspeakable Turk.

"They want Adrianople—well, also do I,"
Says the Turk, the keen, wily old Turk;
"And many a finger has gone in that pie,
Though they think my ambitions to burk.
If I can only manage to make them delay,
And 'gainst one another their interests play,
Arousing their jealousy surely will pay,"
Says the Turk, the cool, rascally Turk.

"These nations called Christian, don't fight out of love,"
Says the Turk, for he's knowing, the Turk;
"What they can get out of it, goes far above,
And no little finger they'd quirk
Just to help on each other with brotherly zeal;
So I think that before I see time 'tis to squeal,
I'll wait to see how towards each other they feel,"
So he waits, this unspeakable Turk.

THE GENERAL FEELING.

"Don't you think some people think it hard they have to get vaccinated?

"Well, I am sure lots of people are sore about it."

A FALSE ALARM.

"They say daffodils are blooming in Virginia under the impression it is spring."

"The blooming idiots."

A PROOF.

"This college education does not help a boy in business life."

"Oh, yes, it does. My boy was a champion sprinter, and now he's got a good position as a bank runner."

THE WAY TO DO IT.

"How is your brother coming on in Pittsburgh? I heard he was in the flooded district."

"So he is, but thank you, he is coming on swimmingly."

HER KIND.

"Poor David! his wife is never satisfied in one place six months. But she's a picture, isn't she?"

"Yes; strictly speaking, she's a moving picture."

THE SURE RESULT.

If in Washington it is slated
There will be no dance at all,
A paradox will happen,
For there's sure to be a bawl.

THEIR WRONG.

"Did you hear the news?"

"What's that?"

"That the plumbers have decided to sue the weather man for breach of trust in office."

SOMETHING LIKE IT.

"Our next president will be a woman."

"Then the first result of her administration will be a cabinet crisis."

THE DEFINITION.

"What is the call of the wild?"

"That's easy. The joy rider's 'honk!'"

JOSH WINK.

HOOT, MON!

Colonel Roosevelt, an all-around man himself, despises those who pretend without just cause to be all-around.

"With one of these bluffers," he said at a recent dinner, "I recently called on a famous Scot. The Scot was an ardent disciple of Burns, and he had a fine collection of Burnsiana. The bluffer looked at the volumes with feigned interest and then said, warmly:

"'Dear old Tommy Burns! I always did love his books. And what a grand collection of them you've got here. Dear old Tommy?'

"Our Scottish host smiled sarcastically.

"'Tommy Burns?' he sniffed. 'Billy Milton! Georgie Tennyson! Charlie Shakespeare!'"—Washington Star.

COLLECTING ANTIQUITIES.

Slopay received a card on which was engraved: "Professor Brace, Antiquarian."

He knew no such person, so his curiosity led him to receive him.

"What is your business, professor?" he asked, politely.

"I am a collector of antiquities," answered the old man.

"So I imagined. And how can I serve you?"

"By paying a deposit on this little bill you have owed for more than three years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Rear-Admiral Sir Colin Keppel's Heroic Record—A Trusted War Correspondent.

Special to The American.

Rear Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, who has just been appointed by King George to the office of Equerry, which will keep him in close attendance on his sovereign during several months of the year, is a grandson of the fourth Earl of Albemarle, a second cousin of Sir Derek and of George Keppel, and the only son of little Sir Harry Keppel, the famous admiral of the fleet, and Father of the Navy and such a favorite with the Royal Family. Sir Colin has inherited this good will on the part of the entire reigning house, and was for a number of years commodore of the royal yachts.

He has seen a good deal of active service, having been present at the bombardment of Alexandria, as a midshipman, after which he took part in the unsuccessful attempt to rescue Gordon. He was second in command of the boats on the Nile on that occasion, under Lord Charles Beresford, received a wound while performing an audacious feat of gallantry, to which Beresford officially reported that the entire party owed its safety, commanded in chief the Nile flotilla, and the naval brigade that 12 years later co-operated on the Nile, in Lord Kitchener's victories, culminating in the battle of Omdurman, and the capture of Khartoum and commanded again the naval brigade at King George's coronation.

He has on two occasions received the thanks of Parliament, has the Distinguished Service Order, and a vast number of other war honors and decorations, and is, in spite of these marks of favor, and his success, one of the most popular members of the senior service. As Equerry of George V., he will be his constant companion, nay, even the monarch's shadow, during his turns of duty. For it is one of the rules of etiquette at the Court of St. James that the King should always be accompanied everywhere by an Equerry, who is virtually responsible to the government and to the nation for his safety from all harm and molestation.

None of the portraits of the consort of the new regent of Bavaria do her justice, and while there is a strain of seriousness in her character, her features are far less severe than would be imagined from the altogether forbidding expression shown in the pictures of her which have recently been published. Whatever seriousness there is in her nature, dates from the tragedy of which she was an eye-witness in the palace of Schoenbruun. She was in one of the galleries there with her two most intimate friends, Archduchess Mathilde, who was her first cousin, and Princess Frederica of Hanover. Archduchess Mathilde was smoking a cigarette, and, endeavoring to hide it on someone entering the apartment, she set fire to the flimsy fabric of her summer dress, and in barely two minutes was enveloped in a regular sheet of flame. Her two companions were badly burned themselves in endeavoring to save her. But she was so shockingly burned that she succumbed a few hours afterward.

Archduchess Maria Theresa never quite got over this, and retains to this day, along with the scars of the burns which she received on that occasion, an indelible impression of the tragedy. Daughter of the late Archduchess Elizabeth, by the latter's first marriage to Archduke Ferdinand d'Este and of Modena, she lost her father when barely two years of age, and was brought up consequently with the children of her mother's second marriage, her half-brothers consisting of the Archdukes Frederick Eugene and Charles Stephen, while Queen Christian of Spain is her half-sister.

Princess Louis, for that is the title by which the wife of the new regent of Bavaria has always been known since her marriage, has been married since 1867, and has presented her husband with a family of 13 children, two of whom she has lost. She is very popular in the land of her adoption, is the active president of some 30 or 40 philanthropic organizations, several of which she has herself founded; is, like most of the members of the house of Hapsburg and of Wittelsbach, passionately devoted to music and to art. But her special hobby is botany, a branch of science in which has become not merely an expert, but an authority. Indeed, her 40-folio volumes dealing with the subject, are one of the standard works on botany in the German-speaking world.

Although war correspondents have been kept completely in the background and prevented from fulfilling the purposes of their mission, by the allied sovereigns of the Balkan states since the beginning of the war in the southeast of Europe, yet this discrimination does not extend to the remainder of the newspaper profession. For the shrewdest and cleverest of the allied rulers, the one, indeed, who has been the organizer, the moving spirit, and far and away the most notable figure of the coalition, namely, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, has not hesitated to treat James Bourchier, the correspondent of the London Times in the southeast of Europe for several years past, as a close personal friend and trusted adviser.

To such an extent has this been the case that at the instance of King Ferdinand, Bourchier accompanied the Bulgarian Peace Delegates from Sofia to London in order to act as their unofficial counsellor. He is accredited by the Times to Bucharest, Belgrade, Montenegro and Athens, but has all along made his headquarters at Sofia. From the time of the overthrow of Abdul Hamid by the Young Turks he took a stand against them, declaring that they would prove the ruin of the Ottoman Empire. His views were shared by Sir Gerard Lowther, then as now, British ambassador at Constantinople. Sir Gerard fell out with Sir Edward Grey, the secretary of state for foreign affairs in London, to such an extent about the matter that he almost resigned, and in the same way the Times almost lost the services of Bourchier owing to their disapproval of his prejudices against the Young Turks.

Now both Sir Edward Grey and the Times are compelled to admit that they were wrong, and that Sir Gerard Lowther and James Bourchier, being on the spot and, therefore, better able to judge, were in the right. James Bourchier is an Irishman, hailing from County Cork, and is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. He was formerly one of the masters at Eton, but has been connected with the Times for the last 22 years. He is the author of the articles on Bulgaria, Albania, Crete, Greece, Macedonia and Montenegro in the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and belongs to the Athenaeum and St. James' Clubs in London.

To the long list of American women who have obtained titles through marriage must now be added the name of the daughter of Senator John Conness, of Massachusetts. Through the succession of her husband, Major Almeric Rich, to the baronetcy of his distant cousin, the late Sir Charles Rich, she has now become Lady Rich; while her only boy, who bears his father's name of Almeric and who is now going on 17 years of age, becomes next heir to the baronetcy.

Although the late Sir Charles has left an only daughter, it is understood that Claxton Abbey, in Norfolkshire, and Devizes Castle, in Filts, will both go, if not now at any rate eventually, to the new baronet. Although the baronetcy is but little over 120 years old, the Rich family is a very ancient one, and Richard Rich was lord chancellor of England in the reign of Edward VI. One of his younger sons founded a line of earls of Warwick, which became extinct in 1759.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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Unreasonable Selfishness.

Nothing could be more unreasonable or selfish than the present attempt of the Albanians to disturb the peace of Europe by a deliberate and wilful interference in their own affairs.—New York Sun.

No Necessity for Discussion.

"Bryan is never mentioned in the cabinet talks which Governor Wilson holds on frequent occasions." Of course not, that matter being all settled.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

MEN AND WOMEN

Constant prayer for relief from his sufferings resulted, according to George L. Horn, a merchant of Bristol, Pa., in miraculously curing him of double goiter, or tumor of the throat, after physicians had pronounced his case hopeless.

Home economics is the specialty of Mrs. Mary Davoren Chambers, who is the new head of the department of home economics at Rockford College, Illinois. Dean Chambers is a graduate of Pratt Institute and of Columbia University.

Will Allen Dromgoole, an author of some very pretty stories, is a woman, notwithstanding her masculine name. She says that she has great difficulty in getting people who do not know her to address her as Miss instead of Mister. Her friends call her Miss Willie.

N. H. Rowland, famous as an educator of fancy harness and saddle horses, died at his home at Lexington, Ky. He was 73 years old, and up to a few years ago was credited with having conditioned 75 per cent. of the blue ribbon winners at the big shows. Schooling horses had been his profession for 50 years.

Gilman Parker, the 18-year-old Chicago boy who started October 8, 1911, with four friends to work his way around the world, has been teaching school in the Philippines since last August. He has recently been promoted to supervising teacher of the district of Pasig, with nine schools, 40 Filipino teachers and about 3,000 pupils under his supervision.

Speeding in an automobile, near Houston, Tex., with the speedometer registering 63 miles per hour, T. H. Swift and Miss Blanche Williams were married by Judge J. H. Crooker at 1 o'clock in the morning. The couple met Judge Crooker by appointment, and on the spur of the moment they decided that this would be a novel way in which to have the ceremony performed.

When Mary Boureston became the bride of Samuel Hadad at St. Louis, Mo., she was not showered with rice, but with carefully-prepared perfumed candy, in accordance with the Syrian custom. The series of entertainments given by friends of the bridegroom began on Christmas Eve at the home of the bride in Duluth, Minn., and continued through the past week.

The largest family laundry bill on record was ordered paid by Justice Garretson in the New York Supreme Court last week when he directed David Jungman, as executor of the estate of his father, Carl Jungman, to pay to Mrs. Katie Jungman the sum of $546. Mrs. Jungman is a daughter-in-law of the late Carl Jungman, and she testified that for seven years preceding his death she had done the family washing at $1.50 a week without receiving her pay.

Other Qualifications Needed.

As we understand Professor Wilson, a man must have some qualification for office other than the fact that he once went to Princeton.—Detroit Free Press.

Worst Kind of Treason.

'Tis evident that Colonel MMunsey spoke without consulting t'other Colonel.—Chicago Record-Herald.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

Louise Randolph is to appear in a dramatic playlet by Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland, called, His Own.

Among the manuscripts sent Reginald De Koven for a musical comedy, was one from a state prison convict.

Ivan Caryll, the English composer, is in this country to confer with Klaw & Erlanger about the musical play, The Little Cafe, which he is writing in conjunction with C. M. S. McLellan.

W. Somerset Maughm, the English playwright, has been spending three weeks on a farm near Winnipeg, to get atmosphere for a new play he is writing. It will be produced by Charles Frohman.

When in Washington tomorrow, Harry Lauder will call on President Taft and at his evening performance, which the President has promised to attend, will sing a song selected by the latter.

Helen Lowell, the star of The Red Petticoat, has a farm of many acres on Long Island, where she raises fruits, vegetables and poultry. She has also some fine blooded horses and her collection of prize-winning pet spaniels is a remarkable one.

H. H. Frazee is to produce a play by Edward Locke, called The Silver Wedding. In the cast will be Thomas Wise, Alice Gale and Edna Aug. It is a folk play of German-American life, the hero being a lovable German citizen of a small Pennsylvania town.

The committee on drama of the McDowell Club in New York has sent to The American a copy of the club's report on The Yellow Jacket. The object of the McDowell Club, which has no business in connection with theatrical matters, is to bring deserving plays to the notice of the public. The report is sent as the play is to open in this city, and the secretary says this is the first time the club has sought the co-operation of the press in encouraging worthy drama. The report is highly commendatory of the play and its production. Among the members of the committee are Mrs. George C. Riggs, Mrs. Charles H. Coffin, Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne, Rev. W. N. Guthrie, Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton and Mr. Samuel Swift.

A PAEAN OF PEACE.

[From the New York Times.]

Let the battle-drums be silent,
And the battle-flags be furled,
And the guns no more be violent,
And the shells no longer hurled.
Let the swords be hammered over
Into Labor's useful tools,
Sow the camps with corn and clover,
Change the arsenals to schools.

Close the grim and gory pages
Of the records of the past;
Man has climbed through countless ages
And has reached the light at last.
He has learned the greatest glory
Is to save and not to slay,
And a hero's proudest story
Is the toiler's humble day.

Let the gospel of creation
Be the creed of honest toil,
Let the pride of every nation
Be the conquest of the soil.
Ancient wrongs with all be righted
When the battle-thunders cease,
And the races stand united
In a brotherhood of peace.

MINNA IRVING.

PUBLIC OPINION

Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—

Our Silent Teachers.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

They are at work about us all the time, our silent teachers. Their voices are not raised in exhortation, nor in wordy phrases set to trap unwary ears. Their appeal is mute and only by the influence of their example do they work their wonders. There are few persons, indeed, who have not felt their strength, and although some of us in our weakness and ignorance work steadily against their power for good, we are, as a rule, more or less influenced by their silent pleadings. Human nature for all its contradictions and unexpected developments is the same the world over, and just to the extent of our individual tastes and characteristics do we differ in our treatment of certain accepted theories. That which pleases one man and fails to interest another cannot be condemned as useless simply because it does not meet with universal favor. Our individual natures differ in much the same way and many things which appeal with overwhelming force to certain persons, by the same token possess absolutely no interest to their neighbors. Therefore, although many of the silent forces for good in this world do not find response in every heart it does not necessarily follow that their workings are in vain. Indeed, if through their influence only one truant heart is made to thrill with the determination to regain its lost place, or one discouraged soul is bidden to hope anew, the reward of those who work in silence is great, indeed.

The Poets and the Public.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Stephen Phillips has been appointed editor of the Poetry Review, an English periodical intended to bring meritorious versifiers of today in touch with the British public. It is another experiment in publishing poetry so that the writers may hope to obtain some profit from the exercise of their talents. Various ventures of a similar kind have been made in England and America. They have prospered for a time, then languished and finally died of inanition. Even the best magazines are shy of using poetry except for filling out a page. No wonder that "magazine poetry" has become a derogatory term, though in truth a good average of poetic quality is maintained in the lyrical contrbutions to the better monthlies.

If it be true that new poetry is less read in our day than ever before, it is not because the poets do not publish. In the past decade a flood of thin volumes, issued at the expense of singers, has flowed steadily from Boston, increased by streams and rivulets from New York and other centers of the book trade. Few of these "idle singers of an empty day" have received any considerable return from their investments. The fact by no means argues any greater inhospitality toward new poets in our day than at any previous time.

Health on Horseback.

[New Haven Register.]

Do you recall, poor drudge of the city, who never ride by nobler means than a trolley car or a hack or perchance by motor, those glad, simple, free, unreturnable days of your boyhood, when you "barebacked" the old family horse and went to round up the cows? And if you are but honest with yourself, have you had any joy of transportation to equal it since? There was health as well as joy on the farm, and not the least of its contributing causes was the stirring of the vital organs and the blood which came from such "jiggling" as you got on horseback.

The truth of what health there is on horseback has not been entirely overlooked by the city dwellers, yet for various reasons, to judge from obvious facts, the use of horses for riding is steadily diminishing. The lovers of the horse excuse this by saying that with the multitude of motors there is no longer joy or safety in riding a spirited horse. That is partly true and partly an excuse. The machine is the fad of the hour, and with the faddists health matters little. Their actions say louder than their words that with them the horse is out of date.

Restricting Marriage Proposals.

[New Yorw World.]

The latest novelty in the way of matrimonial legislation is a movement to have all proposals of marriage declared invalid unless made in writing. Should the plan be enacted into law, no breach-of-promise suit could be brought upon a verbal proposal. Young ladies at summer resorts would have to carry with them blank forms that could be filled out as promptly as dance programs. Otherwise they might lose the catch after hooking him.

There is danger that the movement may confuse or complicate the plans of the eugenics. It is one of the aims of the scientific marriage people to invalidate all engagements that are not based upon a properly certified license to marry. Under this rule a young man will have to obtain a license from an official physician to acquire a right to make a written proposal. The young lady, therefore, before submitting the blank must first demand to see the certificate. This would seriously interfere with love-making. Perhaps in the end the affair would be left to chaperons, as in Europe.

Happiness and Civilization.

[Ohio State Journal.]

A writer in the North American Review says: "For the individual, religion, according to the observations of William James, 'makes easy inevitable sacrifices and even helps us to happiness.' If this were merely an illusion it would still be an incomparable comfort." And further he remarks: "The entire accumulation of human experience is conserved in an established moral teaching, whose main lines are universal and tangible."

So here we have the opinion, strongly expressed, that personal happiness and civilization are results of the same impulse. The soul and support of society are in moral character, and every man who refuses to recognize that fact in his life is an enemy and plunderer of society. It makes no difference how high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned he is, if he goes back on the moral teaching of human experience, he is a drag and burden to humanity. The only trouble with civilization is there are so many such men.

The Suspender in Suspense.

[Omaha Bee.]

The suspension of a suspender factory explained as in part a result of the belted pantaloon may remind us again that while "clothes do not make the man," styles may break a company of men. And this old friend, the gallus, which has stood the test so long in the interest of comfort, must at last give way to a fickle fancy that encircles the waist.

But recalling how, down on the farm many years ago, dad and brother were wont to do with but half a gallus or none at all, as the case might be, one cannot wonder much at this total eclipse. And he will not wonder at all, if he reflects on the slavish devotion to fashion characterizing this day. The habit acquired as part of refined summer dress, soon obtruded itself into the winter season, when some of the more natty insist upon dis-

Companionship of Books.

[Kansas City Star.]

Someone has suggested that if Napoleon were still on earth it would be out of the question for even a favored traveler to have more than a few minutes' conversation with him. Even in an hour at table one could get only a dim impression of the great man. But with a few books of reminiscenses—The Corsican, Talks With Napoleon at St. Helena, Constant, Napoleon's innermost thoughts are revealed to anyone who cares to know them.

Even books that one rarely looks at have their uses. They are ready to serve at any moment, and their mere presece is a comfort. Boswell's Johnson, Hart's American History, Told by Contemporaries, Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, Newcomb's Astronomy Chamberlain's Geology, Dewey and Tuft's Ethics, Shaw's plays, Ibsen, Dickens, Thackeray, Ross' Changing Chinese, Richard Harding Davis, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Stevenson—to mention a few at random—what a delight they are! Within the covers all sorts of entertainment lies.

Never bored or boresome, modest, unassuming, genial—books are great fellows to have about a house.

He Knows All About Them.

Any layman who questions the extent of Mr. Rockefeller's afflictions can have his doubts removed by consulting the family physician, Dr. Day.—St. Louis Republic.

Takes M. D. to Turn the Trick.

George Henry, the balky money trust witness, should fire his lawyer and hire William Rockefeller's physician.—Washington Post.

MUCH IN LITTLE

New York has 31,000 persons in its madhouses.

France finds its people yearly write 36 letters per capita.

Chicago arrested 87 auto drivers in one day recently for