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TUESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1913.

Move the baseball schedules up!

Now the cry in Washington is "Play ball."

January is so agreeable as to arouse suspicion.

Vaccination has set the town to scratching.

The Democratic senatorial fight is beginning early.

Talk may be cheap but sometimes it can be terribly expensive.

The Roosevelt Progressives are beginning to see the way home.

May the mild winter not wind up with an Inauguration Day blizzard.

Wilson is a greater problem to the politicians than ever Cleveland was.

The Wilsonizing of Washington society promises to be very interesting.

Suburbanites should be enjoined from tracking mud into our immaculate city.

Millinery experts say that small hats will be the style. For this relief much thanks.

Dandelions that bloom in January are like those human beings who lose their heads over a smile.

England will lose a great opportunity if it does not induce the peace congress to pay a little attention to the suffragettes.

A man who died in Massachusetts when near 90, ascribed his longevity to eating molasses. To him literally life was sweet.

In the insane asylum to which he has been sent the assailant of Colonel Roosevelt is ostracized by the other patients. This is certainly making the punishment fit the crime.

It is a man, of course, who proposes aluminum hats for women. He claims for them that they will last a life time; but durability is the last thing a woman wants in a hat.

So many peers seem to be taking brides from theaters where the said brides can make a good living, that the peerage is assured from want even if the House of Lords is abolished.

If simplicity is the craze of the age it must be confessed that some of the modistes succeed splendidly in foisting dresses that are nothing short of simple upon pliant womankind.

The President-elect's disapproval of the inaugural ball indicates that he proposes to take his job seriously. But at the same time it is to be hoped he possesses the saving grace of a sense of humor.

It is announced that winter is on its way. The blooming flowers and singing birds are to have the surprises of their little lives, but the peach crop will be joyously to the front with its annual frost.

In St. Louis the "Black Hand" is demanding blackmail on the instalment plan. As all of its proposed victims cannot afford to pay big sums down, this method has been selected as more convenient. The blackmailers are strictly up-to-date in their proceedings and take advantage of the latest American business improvements to graft onto their original measures.

Turkey now offers to give up half of Adrianople. It will evidently be driven from its position by the powers piecemeal. In the meantime it has another ultimatum just issued to add to its already extensive collection.

The Taft smile will be sadly missed around the White House. It is one of those gifts of the gods bestowed upon but few mortals and for which there can be no substitute. There may be other smiles, but none "just as good" and none that do so much good.

The Nevada legislature may make it a matter of two years before divorces granted in that state can be effective. The self-respecting people of the state are beginning to be restive under the stigma which the divorce mill industry is bringing upon them.

A lawyer in Utah wants condemned criminals, who in that state are now allowed to choose between hanging and shooting, to be permitted to commit suicide. The tender consideration for the feelings of criminals is one of the strange and not altogether healthy symptoms of the day.

HARVARD FOR RESEARCH.

No one who is disposed to treat lightly the alleged phenomena of spiritism will feel otherwise than a disposition to incline toward a scientific theory for the effects produced by psychological research workers once he has come close to their investigations. So that the fact that Harvard University has taken the stand as first among the great institutions to accept a gift of money for the carrying on of psyychological research will be regarded with more than passing interest.

Let the explanation of fakeism be advanced and buttressed, all the evidence adducible, for the end of science is to have refutation of ill-grounded claims, and if the claims for psychical principle behind the more or less trivial and extravagant phenomena are ill based it is time for its refutation.

A generation has lived and died since the Fox sisters startled the world with their table rappings, and the explanation has not advanced one whit beyond what was then put forward, namely, faking. If this is the real fact then Harvard University would do a world service in establishing it. Otherwise the university would be a similar service by ascertaining the real psychological laws that control the manifestations, so styled.

A SURE FAKE.

If anything was wanted to prove that the spirit message business is run upon a dubious basis, it would be furnished by the alleged message of the late Professor Willam James, of Harvard, to Professor Hyslop, of the Society for Psychological Research, in which the late philosopher advised his former associate in esoteric research to write a paper against woman's suffrage. The postcript for him not to let his wife see the paper when he wrote it is additional evidence against the authenticity of the spirit world.

No one for a moment would think of the spirit world—a world presumably of beings better and higher in intelligence than those who inhabit the mundane—advising against woman's suffrage. The spirit world a place for ancient grudges and of cankered prejudices with beautiful angels flitting about in its opalescent sunshine? Truth forbid! The very nature of the message shows that it was evolved from the subconscious realm of the man who received it and who by that fact can confidently be rated as a prophobist.

The women and their cause march on, and even if they have to oppose as many demons as Luther threw his ink well at they will march to victory, let old fogy ideas sift from the spirit world as they may. Any well-bred spirit and worthy the name is in favor of the cause and if this is doubted, the women are prepared to take the consensus of views from the spirit realm.

TOO MUCH AT HOME.

It seems commonplace to say that most persons live too much at home. The meaning is very clear, is it not, that most persons are afflicted by too great proximity to the things that count least in the sum of the effects of true and inspired existence? It is not worth while to review the things of proximity, the things at hand. One knows them all, from the band of ingratitude to the lap of luxury, from the pain in the heart to the ache in the mind. How many, how very many, are the things that one sees, tastes and handles in his every-day commerce of living. They are so familiar that one can hardly reflect upon them without sharing the stereotyped opinions of others, he cannot enter into them with individuality and zest; that is, if he is not accustomed to being abroad as well as at home.

Because of the burden of the known and the pressure of the circumstance and the despair bred of baffiement, men and women are told to look to the great beyond. And this is the highest wisdom, for from the hills cometh the help that man may derive from nowhere else. Yet there would be infinitely less of tragedy inspiring the look to the everlasting hills if there were no such complicity on the part of the person to foster the ills of his existence. For we measure to the brim the cup of bitterness for ourselves and we pour out the bitter draught of distress of spirit for our own lips. Sometimes one gets into a nervous state, at other times he regards himself as temperamentally afflicted, again he believes that life is so dark that melancholyis alone possible in his existence.

The world will always believe in the sentiment, Home Sweet Home. Truly there is no place like it. And for this reason one should not cumber it with the mortal woes and afflictions of spirit that may be avoided. He who forms the habit of living outside himself and his surroundings is the one who learns the art of widening his horizon. More than this, the one who trains his spirit to abstract itself from the things at hand learns to revel in contemplation of the beautiful and the good, to take up the song of life as given forth by the poets and the philosophers and to study the lines of beauty in existence, from the canvas of the painter and the marble of the sculptor. These persons have learned to live away from home. They are not artists, literateurs, poets, philosophers, but they have learned to live with a sense of change and they derive the benefits.

In the same way one can live in the lives of others. The whole round world invites to communion, to reflection, to character formation, to the widened horizon, to the eternal open and zest for action and acquisition. Living half lives causes the vast bulk of distress in the world. They who live full-robed lives live as those who feel that sentiment is too true to be missed and service is too agreeable not to be attended to and that the highest sanctions for existence must be sought in the best experiences of one's fellows. Just to get away from the narrow entering of life will bring one back to homely duties vastly refreshed and quickened.

THE JEFFERSONIAN REVIVAL.

Let everyone forget the nasty things that one Theodore Roosevelt, historian, has to say about Thomas Jefferson in the course of his literary scribbling and the invidious remarks made about the same early American by the president-elect and don his bathing trunks and prepare for a dip into the Jeffersonian waves. For the wave of Jeffersonian revival has already proven itself to have tidal proportions. It has swept the time-honored Inaugural Ball before it like a chip in the stream, and other traditional and august functions of the induction of the new president may meet like fate. While 50,000 would-be subscribers to the inaugural ball are holding on to custom and its wont by the skirts and pressing to their bosoms settled usage, the tide of revolution is rising. What would Thomas Jefferson think of a ball of bunny hugs and turkey trots and—well, the modern dressmaker has something to answer for in the un-Jeffersonian lavishness of the central inaugural event.

Jeffersonian simplicity has scored one and it has hit a solar plexus blow at the social interest of the one event in which Americans delight as savoring of Old World pageantry. Having made this score, what next will follow in the progress of Jeffersonianizing the nation? It was darkly hinted that footmen, doormen, factotums, court usages and the like were redolent in the regime of Mr. Roosevelt and other president's liked much to have about them the flavor of their high position and prerogatives. Who is disposed to question this kind of liking save only a true Jeffersonian?

But if inaugural simplicity is sought, should it not be borne in mind that the true exemplar of the hoi pollol spirit of the occasion was that sturdy and undeflectible Democrat, President Jackson, whose entrance upon the office was marked by such an inpouring of the flotsam and jetsam of American life as the capital had ever seen before, and has never seen since. Why not throw open the president's mansion as he did and let the people pour in unmitigated hordes through the reception rooms and invade the private apartments of the rightful occupant and even save a night's lodging by sleeping in the magnificent halls and corridors of the executive mansion? This would indeed be a true revival of democracy and the world would be tempted to take up the throat swelling strain of American plebianism. Great is Demos!

Those who have been seeking and sweeping corners to find the lost coin of Democratic principles and have given up the hunt, will find here an issue that will warm the cockles of the hearts of the faithful and down all the luxurious tendencies of the times. This issue is the principle of back to Jefferson, the man who disdained to warm his heels in the waiting-room of an old-world monarch, however lofty he might be, the man whose dislike for aristocratic forms made the dilettanti court fops scorn his breeding.

The Jeffersonian tide is on and is already up to the eaves of the house and anyone who does not know the trick of Jeffersonianizing himself had better go to some costumers or make a study of Jefferson and his time in order that he may truly depict the Jacobin simplicity that is now to prevail in the land.

Evelyn in his diary, tells of how upon the return of Charles II., the people who had worn the drab and grey that was suited to the temper of and times of the commonwealth, were quick to throw aside these somber colors and quickly get into the peacock gauds that they had discarded in order to keep in favor with the rulers of the land. So that if a man is to be known by his Jeffersonianism, there ought to be a revolution in dress and demeanor and the modes of expression and style of attire of Jefferson should come again into vogue. In order to do this Jefferson business right it must be done thoroughly, and knocking out an inaugural ball is a lone feat, even riding or striding down the avenue in solitary meditation would be but a small concession to the unction and zest of Jeffersonianism. Let the full swing of the Jeffersonian revival be felt and the full flavor of his time prevail and democracy revel in the renewal of the font, ceasing to drink from which the Democrats went into wilderness exile!

TURKEY UNFIT TO FIGHT.

Turkey has no funds, the powers will give her no credit, she is warned against resuming the war, so that only the most arrant show of fanaticism would cause the overwhelmingly one-sided strife to be begun anew. That country would be wise to save the things that remain and to accept the good will of the powers for the development of the Asiatic possessions that are rich in possibilities, and where Turkey could establish an empire amid congenial surroundings, that would more than repay losses entailed through the Balkan War.

Unfit to fight, yet desperate over the demand for the surrender or cession of Adrianople, the Turks are making a strong show of desperate purposes. They will surely yield the point, but they hope that still further concessions may be promised by the powers before they yield. With nothing to lose, but something to gain by holding off, the Turks are bent upon playing the game of Machiavellianism to the limit.

The time for fomenting a breach among the powers themselves has past. That card was played and lost. The powers know too well the tremendous costs of war to be drawn into a general conflict on account of disagreements concerning the Balkan settlement. Turkey cannot fight; it must yield.

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

Those who are advocating the plan of an ornamented highway from Washington to Gettysburg as a more appropriate and adequately expressive method of commemorating the memory of Lincoln than by the proposed plan of a Greek temple overlooking the Potomac, seem to be winning the attention which the highway plan should be given. When the question is freed from the traditional prejudices which are committed to the conclusion that a memorial to a great man must necessarily be some sort of mausoleum, it should readily appear that a grand Lincoln highway from the national capital to the National Battleground Park, where the great President made his most famous address to the American people, is of far more stately and dignified impressiveness than any Greek tomb would be, no matter how big and costly.

It requires an imagination of something above the commonplace order to grasp the ultimate significance of the advocated Lincoln way. In time this highway would become the most beautiful avenue in all the world—such a roadway as could be found in no other country. It would properly be made a continuously parked way. The strip of land constituting the way should not be less than 260 feet wide. The driveway need not be over 60 feet wide, but on either side of this driveway there should be a reserved and parked strip at least one hundred feet wide. This would prevent any erection of road houses or privately owned structures close to the road line. These bounding strips would make room for tree-planting and continuous ornamentation. Such a highway would be a grand and enduring memorial.

WILD-CAT WATERWAYS.

In the January number of the Century Magazine there is an article under the title of American Waterways and the Pork Barrel, in which the writer presents an astonishing array of figures collected from river and harbor appropriation bills, showing how recklessly and wastefully public moneys have been squandered in appropriations for the betterment of rivers and creeks that never, under any circumstances, can be expected to be routes for other than small local commerce. While Baltimore and other Atlantic ports, whose water-borne commerce runs into hundreds of millions of tons, have been accorded grudging recognition money has been furnished with almost reckless lavishness for developing river systems upon which a less commerce moves during a whole year than comes into the Patapsco during a single average day.

The successive reports of government engineers have declared it to be impracticable to make the Missouri River navigable except for light draft barges, but Congress had committed the government to a scheme to expend $42,500,000 upon this stream between St. Louis and Sioux City and $11,500,000 has already been expended in an effort to make a channel in this treacherous River. Over this river 41,000 tons of freight were carried in 1910—less than is floated in Baltimore upon any average day. The national government has expended $1,700,000 on three small creeks in West Virginia and Kentucky the annual traffic upon which amounts to about 2,000 tons—or less than one-third the tonnage that single ships bring into or carry out from Baltimore every day in the year. And the worst of it is that the Eastern port cities pay more than half the cost of this foolish waste of money upon impassable rivers.

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

A SUBSTITUTE.

What if disappointment
In Washington reigns,
Because of the futile
And practical pains
To put the ball over
With all its plans made?
There still in reserve is
The suffrage parade.

'Tis true no gay dancing,
No turkey trot tricks,
No bunny hug prancing,
Will merrily mix
In halls of the nation.
New regime to aid;
But no edict's halting
The suffrage parade.

When on they come marching
In beautiful line,
The fair and the graceful,
The neat and the fine,
The ball will be truly
Forgotten, 'tis said,
In glory enwrapping
The suffrage parade.

ITS TENDENCY.

"Does the training for the leaping contest keep you busy?"

"Well, it keeps one on the jump!"

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION.

"I am afraid that picture maker is a dangerous grafter."

"Doesn't his busness naturally lead to frame-ups?"

ITS NATURAL PLACE.

"Where is this site you're talking about for your suburban cottage?"

"As yet, it is all in my eye."

QUEER RESULT.

"So she treated you in an icy manner?"

"Yes; I tell you she made me hot."

THE RISK.

"Why won't you take young Biffins in with you? He is such a promising young man."

"That's just it."

"What?"

"He's a promising young man. This is a paying enterprise."

THE CAUSE.

"Judging from the accounts from the Congo and South America, rubber must be a very bad sort of business in its moral effects on traders."

"Perhaps it is because naturally it tends to make their consciences elastic."

A SILENCER.

"I am glad to see your husband attends my sermons regularly, my good woman."

"Yes, sir. He says they're the best thing he's tried yet for his insomnia."

SURE OF ONE THING.

"I tell you, the man is a dipsomaniac."

"There! I knew he was something dippy."

THE LITERAL THING.

"When you made that long journey, did you sleep in transit?"

"No; I slept in my pajamas."

JOSH WINK.

TRAPPING A LAWYER

In some cases counsel receive answers to questions that they had no business to put, which, if not quite to their liking, are what they justly deserve. The following story of George Clarke, a celebrated negro minstrel, is a case in point. On one occasion, when being examined as a witness, he was severely interrogated by a lawyer.

"You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?"

"I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it."

The lawyer fell into the trap.

"What was your father's calling?" he inquired.

"He was a lawyer," replied Clarke, in a tone that sent the whole court into a roar of laughter as the discomfited lawyer sat down.—Weekly Telegraph.

CHEAP EXERCISE.

At a funeral in Scotland a stranger clad in solemn black had taken a place in one of the carriages. His presence had attracted the curiosity of one of the other three occupants, who thus addressed him:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the dead?"

"No," replied the gloomy stranger, "I'm no brither o' the dead."

"Well, then," pursued the curious mourner, "ye'll be his cousin?"

"No, I'm not that," was the reply.

"No?" went on the insatiate querant.

"Then ye'll be a friend?"

"Not that, either," admitted the stranger. "To tell the truth, I'm not weel myself, and as my doctor has ordered me to take some carriage exercise I thought this would be the cheapest way to take it."—San Francisco Bulletin.

LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Kinsman of the Hohenzollerns in the Leather Trade — Tragic Tale of Sleeping Policemen.

Special to The American.

Although a favorite form of fraud on the part of German adventurers in America is to insist that they are relatives of the Kaiser, as illegitimate sons or grandsons of old Emperor William and of Emperor Frederick, as, for instance, the soidisant Teuton baron who got into trouble in New York a few days ago, yet there are occasionally men to be found in this country making a hard fight for a living who have perfectly authentic Hohenzollern blood in their veins.

An instance in point is Count Joachim Taveggi, who now represents the interests in Germany of the firm founded by his American father-in-law, the late Theodore Heitmeyer, a multimillionaire leather goods manufacturer of Hoboken, N. J. The Count is a grandson of that old Princess Frederica of Hohenzollern who died four years ago. She was the aunt of King Charles of Rumania and a cousin of the present Kaiser, in addition to which she constituted a link between the Hohenzollerns and the French Empire. For her mother was Antoinette Murat, who was married at the Tullieries in 1808 to Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, being given away at the altar by Emperor Napoleon, who just before the wedding created her a princess of France. She was the daughter of Count Peter Murat, elder brother of Joachim Murat, King of Naples.

In 1844 Princess Frederica of Hohenzollern, the issue of this union, married at Bologna her cousin, the Marquis Joachim Pepoli, whose mother, Princess Letitia Murat, was a daughter of Murat, King of Naples. The Marquis Pepoli, who belonged to one of the old patrician families of Bologna, took a very active part in the war of 1848 and 1849 against the Austrians, and in the subsequent struggles that culminated in the transformation of the various states of the peninsula into one united kingdom of Italy. He became senator, minister of commerce and of agriculture in the Ratazzi cabinet, and died a little over 30 years ago, his widow, Princess Frederica of Hohenzollern, following him to the grave in 1906. They had but one daughter, Countess Antoinette Pepoli, who married Count Carlo Traveggi. One of the two children of this union is married to Baron Beyr von Schweppenburg, lieutenant colonel of the Third Regiment of Foot Guards at Berlin.

The other, a son, Count Joachim Taveggi, after financial reverses in Europe, came to America and underwent many hardships and followed many trades, including those of riding master and wine tout, before finally winning the hand of Elfride, daughter of old Theodore Heitmeyer, of Hoboken, who commenced life as a poor apprentice boy in a tannery, and died at the head of one of the greatest leather concerns in America. It is a concern which has developed into an international enterprise, with branches in England, in Germany and in Austria, and Count Taveggi is now in charge of the German end of the concern and makes his home at Kripp, on the Rhine.

Another bona-fide kinsman of the Hohenzollerns in this country was Alexander von Waldenburg, great grandson of Prince Augustus of Prussia, and of the latter's fair friend, Frederica Wichmann, of Berlin, who at the instance of her royal protector was ennobled and accorded the name of Von Waldenburg. Prince Augustus left a number of illegitimate children at his death, and while the major portion of his immense property returned to the reigning House of Prussia, certain estates were left in trust for this left-hand progeny.

Five years ago it was decided to sell a portion of this property and to effect a partition thereof among the Prince's various descendants. The sanction of all of them was obtained, with the exception of Alexander von Waldenburg, who had emigrated to the United States and who had been lost sight of. Through the agency of these letters he was found on Staten Island, living in the humblest circumstances, and in due course sailed for Germany to receive his share of the inheritance, amounting to some 50,000 or 100,000 marks. Alexander von Waldenburg, now a man of 40, is the great grandson of Prince Augustus. The latter, by Frau von Waldenburg, had three daughters, who died unmarried, and a son, Edward, who became chief of his royal father's household and who in turn had two sons and two daughters.

The older of these sons, also named Edward, married a Scotchwoman, Miss Selina Grogg, daughter of one of the gentlemen in waiting of King George IV. of England, and Alexander is the oldest child of this union. Prince Augustus himself was the younger son of that Ferdinand of Prussia who who was a younger brother of Frederick the Great. Ferdinand survived the latter long enough to receive a courteous visit at his palace of Bellevue, at Berlin, from Emperor Napoleon, when he entered the Prussian capital as a victor in 1806.

Viscount Hardinge is responsible for an extraordinary story to which he has on several recent occasions given public utterance on the authority of his younger brother, the Viceroy of India, who is now slowly recovering from the serious wounds which he received on the occasion of the attempt to assassinate him by means of a bomb filled with scraps of iron and gramaphone needles when making his state entry into Delhi a few weeks ago. Viscount Hardinge declares that whenever the Viceroy travels in India members of that magnificent Indian police force, which numbers, all told, some 200,000 men, are stationed along the railroad line at intervals of 100 yards. The policemen often become sleepy and lie with their heads on the rail in the expectation of thus hearing the approach of the train. Sometimes its approach does not waken them in time, and on one occasion no less than 50 police sentries had their heads cut off or crushed in this fashion by the Viceregal locomotive.

Viscount Hardine, who makes this statement, has been a frequent visitor to India since his younger brother has been viceroy there, and has made long stays with him at Simla and Calcutta. He is colonel commanding one of the battalions of the Rifle Brigade, and served in the Nile expedition of 1885, and also during the South African War, in the latter instance on the staff of Field Marshal Lord Roberts. He is the chief of the Hardinge family, and the third in descent from that first Viscount who won distinction in the Peninsular war, and was afterward viceroy of India and field marshal commanding in chief the entire British army. Viscount Hardinge is not the kind of man to make such a statement as this, or to give his wounded brother as an authority for it, without plenty of foundation, and though his assertions have been questioned he sticks to them.

After all, it is plausible. In Russia military sentinels are stationed at a hundred yards' distance from one another on both sides of the line whenever the Czar travels by rail, and sometimes this row of sentinels extends all the way from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and from Moscow to the Crimea. There have been so many outrages and attempted assassinaotions in recent years in India by native malcontents that it is perfectly natural that elaborate precautions should be taken for the safety of the Viceroy when he travels—precautions which are not always successful, as shown by the injuries which he received at Delhi the other day.

Every schoolboy knows that by placing his ear to the rail he can hear the approach of a train long before it appears in sight. That the Indian police sentinals should endeavor thus to hear, and should fall asleep with their heads on the rail while thus listening, is also perfectly natural. That the Viceroy's train, rushing along through the night, should occasionally run over a sleeping sentinel is, therefore, quite possible, although shocking. What is difficult to believe, however, is the number stated to have been killed in the course of a single journey.

It is by no means improbable that the Viceroy may be forced to resign his office as the result of his injuries. The wounds received at Delhi prove to be far more serious than at first published; one large wound cutting through the muscles of the shoulder taking a particularly long time to heal, while another of the results of the bomb has been to render the Viceroy almost completely deaf. Whether this will be permanent is a matter upon which his medical attendants disagree.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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Only More So.

Mr. Wilson says he has smoked but once and never will again. We predict that Mr. Bryan will give him that same feeling.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Recorded.

Our wide reading of history shows no record of a statesman dying of overwork after election.—Atchison Globe.

MEN AND WOMEN

Jane Bicknell Young, the widow of Joseph Young, brother of Brigham Young, is dead in Tacoma, Wash., at the age of 98½ years. For 30 years she had been a follower of Mary Baker Eddy's teaching.

News of the death of Brother Joseph, successor to Father Damien, in charge of the lepers on the Island of Molokai, Hawaii, has been received in New York, he having devoted the later years of his life to ministering to the isolated sufferers there. Brother Joseph was born Ira Barnes Dutton, in Vermont, 69 years ago.

Wah-Hah-Gun-Ta, which, translated into English, means Wiley Wimpuss, Chief Firemaker, the 131-year-old Blackfoot Indian from Glacier reservation, will soon celebrate another birthday. Chief Firemaker is said to be the oldest human being in the world, having been born in the region now knows as Glacier National Park in 1781, according to well-autheuticated tradition.

The author of A Vagabond Journey Around the World, Hardy A. Franck, has mailed from Quito the complete manuscript of his new book, Zone Policeman 88, which will be published shortly. The new book deals with Franck's experiences as plain-clothes policeman and census taker during five months in Panama before starting on his long tramp through the wilds of South America.

Two fine baby boys, and not twins at that, arrived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Yon, Altoona, Pa., after the excitement incident to two visitations of the family doctor and the stork had cooled down it was discovered that Mr. Yon is one more time a grandpa and his son Marion has acquired a new baby brother—a very plain affair when it is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Marion Yon make their home under the parental roof and to them was born Baby No. 1 at a very early hour. Baby No. 2, who, by the way, is an uncle of the first arrival, came to Mr. and Mrs. James Yon about 12 hours later.

Warning to Men.

No man should tell the woman he marries that he is unworthy of her. She will find it out soon enough.—Toledo Blade.

Pointing With Pride.

The Democrats who land the offices this year are going to do all the pointing with pride.—Houston Post.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

Henry E. Dixey is in vaudeville.

Everywoman is breaking records in the South.

A new tabloid musical comedy is called The Money Girl.

John Cort is to produce a new play called The Iron Door, by Allan Davis, of Pittsburgh.

At the close of Robert Mantell's road tour he and Florence Rockwell are to appear in a new play.

John R. Rogers, generally known as "Yours Merrily," is giving instructions in physical culture on the order of William Muldoon.

Fay Templeton, who has not been on the stage, except on special occasions, for some time, is to reappear in vaudeville in New York.

W. A. Brady is to make a revival of Rosedale in the spring, with Grace George as Rosa Leigh and H. B. Warner in the leading male part.

Robert Warwick will play the leading masculine role in The Bridal Path, by Thompson Buchanan. He will be featured in the play with Ann Murdock.

Edward Martindell has been engaged for the cast of The Firefly, with Emma Trentini, at the latter's request. He sang with her in Naughty Marietta.

The Shuberts are to organize a permanent light opera company on the order of the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company, and this company, which will have no particular star, will present European and American light opera successes. The company now playing in The Man With Three Wives will form the basis of this new organization.

Grace Field, who sings and dances so charmingly in The Red Petticoat, is a gifted musician and has turned composer. Her first attempt was a march, which a music publisher refused with regrets. Some time after Miss Field heard an orchestra playing her composition, which was published under another name. She declared this was the last time anyone would have the opportunity of "stealing a march" on her.

NO INAUGURAL BALL.

[From the New York Times.]

The social fans of Washington
Are splashing gobs of tears
And doing all they can to change
Inauguration gears
Since Woodrow Wilson, Jerseyite,
Has had the awful gall
To come right out and say there'd be
No ball.

He bangs tradition in the neck,
And by his word he cans
The beauty and the chivalry
Of all the social fans
Of Washington who make a kick
And raise a mighty squall
Because this rank outsider says:
"No ball."

The bobs and nabobs of the court
Are plunged in blackest woe,
And like a funerar, they say,
Will be the Wilson show,
Because their pomp and panoply
Is changed into a pall
By him who says that they can have
No ball.

Hang crape upon the ballroom door,
And all the flags half-mast,
For by this act is Wilsonized
The glory of the past;
The sound of revelry that once
Rang clear in Pension Hall
Is hushed and still forever now;
That's all.

W. J. LAMPTON.

PUBLIC OPINION

Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—Our Foreign Commerce.

[Washington Post.]

The fact that the foreign trade of the United States has grown from $1,853,718,000 in 1907 to $2,170,320,000 in 1912 furnishes adequate justification for the business policy of the State Department that has come to be known as "dollar diplomacy." If Secretary Knox's administration of that department were notable for no other achievement it would be vindicated by this great growth in the foreign trade of the United States.

If it were true that the State Department had neglected the interests of her citizens in foreign countries in the zeal for increasing the country's commerce, criticism of "dollar diplomacy" would have some merit. But the department has been aggressive in protecting the lives of American citizens, as was clearly shown in Nicaragua.

As a result of assistance extended by the State Department, American interests have secured valuable contracts and concessions from foreign governments. The efficiency of the consular service is shown by the fact that in 1905, the year before the service was reorganized, consular officers abroad sent to the State Department a total of 4,500 commercial reports, while in 1912 they prepared and forwarded 22,000 reports of this character.

No Hopes There.

[Buffalo Express.]

The collective note delivered to Turkey by the powers is interesting because it is a collective note. It advises Turkey to consent to surrender Adrianople to the Bulgarians and to leave the settlement of the Aegean Islands to the powers, rather than continue the war. In return for these concessions, the powers will protect Mussulman interests and mosques in Adrianople. The fact that the powers unite in this advice must disabuse the Turks of any idea that by keeping up the fight they can provoke a general European war which might serve their own interests.

The powers in effect advise the Turks to give up the very things upon which the Turks have insisted most. Perhaps this bit of advice is really what Turkey has been waiting for. After this, it will be easy for Turkey to yield to the demands of the allies and save her face by declaring that it was done under compulsion from the powers.

The federation of the Balkan nations was a remarkable spectacle. The agreement of the powers in a policy which cuts Turkey to shreds is another remarkable policy. If the allies had not forgotten their jealousies, the powers would not have forgotten theirs.

Less of Lynching.

[Boston Post.]

If the crime of lynching is not on the wane in this country, the statistics for 1912 are certainly misleading. Their total for the year was only 64, the smallest since 1884. Of these cases reported 50 occurred in the seven States of Alabama, George, Florida, South Carolina, Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee. This, of course, is to be expected, although one atrocious lynching occurred in Pennsylvania and another in Ohio in 1911.

But the outlook seems cheering. Even in Southern States strong antilynching sentiment is beginning to appear. Some governors down there do not agree with the mob-inciting Blease of South Carolina, and are doing their best to discourage illegal executions. The process of education will be slow, but it may be sure in the end.

The penalties for permitting lynching are becoming more severe. The Supreme Court of the United States not long ago imprisoned a sheriff of Chattanooga, Tenn., who allowed his neighbors to lynch a prisoner having an appeal pending in Washington, Governor Harmon, of Ohio, removed from office the mayor of Newark, who did nothing to prevent a similar crime.

Man Is Growing Handsomer.

[New York World.]

The announcement in the current number of a medical magazine of high repute that the American man is handsome and better housed and fed and clothed than ever man was before, comes timely to meet a pressing need of the day. Within a comparatively short time no fewer than five colleges in this country have presented claimants to the honor of being a perfect woman, measured by the accepted model of Venus of Milo, but not one has put forth a man claiming to approach the Apollo Belvedere.

The injustice is not confined to colleges. Magazines have done worse. The romancers that write their advertising, the realists that furnish their stories, and the artists that illustrate the lack of ideas of both, show a like tendency to depict man either as a pigmy beside some daughter of the gods divinely tall or else as a dummy on which to exhibit new styles of clothing. It would be difficult to find any pictorial art, so called, of our periodical literature, including the commercial pages, in which a man's figure is presented in any other aspect than that of a foil to a girl or a display of ready-made raiment. Wherefore it is good to have a champion to the fore. Man may not be so pretty as his sister, but he is handsomer than his father.

Banana as a Cheap Food.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The banana must be reckoned with as one of the staple foodstuffs of the people of the United States. The extent of consumption will be a surprise to persons unfamiliar with the statistics of tropical imports. In a recent official publication regarding the banana supply of the world and the annual use of that article in the United States, estimating the average number of bananas on a bunch to be 140, it appears that the people of the United States utilize more than 6,000,000,000 bananas a year, or more than five dozen for every man, woman and child in the country, including Alaska and Hawaii. The value of bananas imported during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1900, was $5,877,835; in 1905, $9,987,821; in 1910, $11,642,693, and in 1912, $14,368,330. These figures indicate an increase of 23.4 per cent. in the last two years and of 144 per cent. in 12 years.

There is apparently no danger of any future failure of the banana supply. There are great areas of untilled land in nearby tropical countries suited to banana production. If it be admitted that the banana serves as a partial substitute for our other daily food, its cheapness certainly serves to measurably reduce the cost of living.

Japan's Real Purpose.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Every now and then someone professes to see covert designs in the slightest move of Japan in international affairs. If there is a Japanese settlement in Mexico or Central or South America, the cry at once goes up that it is a vast "colonizing" scheme for the purpose of striking at the United States in some vulnerable point and that Japan is contemplating early hostilities.

A news dispatch from Willemstad, Curacoa, may give voice to these calamity howlers. It says that the Asiatic Island Empire is making preparations to improve its commercial relations with the Southern and Central American republics in view of the approaching completion of the Panama Canal.

As a matter of fact, it is highly probable that the improvement of Japan's commercial relations is the prime object of all present Japanese diplomacy. The empire has suffered a tremendous drain from war and has by no means recovered. It is not a rich nation and must look to peace and industry for prosperity.

We have no right to complain of trade competition, and that, apparently, is the worst we have to fear from Japan.

Conclusive Proof.

After telling people that it is not only needless, but foolish, to grow old, Lillian Russell (nata 1861) declares: "I am still an infant." If you don't believe it, read what she says and be convinced.—Indianapolis News.

Bail It First.

Health authorities now declare that the finger bowl is full of germs. Never drink from the finger bowl.—Detroit Free Press.

MUCH IN LITTLE

St. Petersburg drinking water is to be sterilized.

Mrs. N. Graber, of Los Angeles, keeps 63 pet dogs.

The English language is spoken by 150,000,000 people.

Judge John Orr, Reno, has resigned. He is tired of divorce cases.

American fly paper sells in great quantities in Vladivostok, Siberia.

New Guinea, with 323,000 square miles, is the largest of the islands.

The mean annual temperature of the world is 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

Swedish railroads have decided to adopt flashlight in the signaling system.

Vacuum cleaners have now been constructed for the cleaning of boiler flues.

Henequen plantations have been extended in German East Africa to 50,000 acres.

R. H. Robinson, of Washington, naval constructor, says battleships 1,000 feet long will be built within 10 years.

William Castlebury, of Bartlesville, Ok., aged 90, is celebrating the birth of a baby daughter. Mrs. Castlebury is 36.

Dr. Samuel Wilson, pastor First Congregational Church, Washington, is a cousin of President-elect Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

An anchor for lifeboats has been invented that is hollow, and filled with oil, which will still the waves after it has been thrown overboard.

In a bill introduced in the House of Representatives of Uruguay it is proposed that the manufacture of alcohol be made a government monopoly.

An English factory has completed two harbor launches designed for taking passengers and luggage off incoming liners at a Brazilian port. To withstand rough seas and bumping alongside very heavy rubbing pieces and coaming have been fitted.

Auckland is making vigorous preparation for an industrial, agricultural and mining exposition, to be opened on December 1, 1913. Since the last exhibition was held, in 1899, the population of Auckland has doubled, and the city is today the metropolis of New Zealand, and one of the most important ports in Australasia.

The Middletown Car Company has, by decree No. 9855 of November 6, been authorized to operate in Brazil. The domicile of the company is Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A. The object is to manufacture and sell iron and steel, build and sell cars and other rolling stock, etc. The capital is $5,000, divided into 50 shares of $100 each.

All stock foods, tonics and veterinary preparations of every kind are classed as patent medicines in Norway. All patent medicines or preparations classified as such can be sold through druggists only and are subject to examination by a board called the Medisinal Styrelsen. If found harmful, or the claims made for them are considered misleading, or if analysis shows that they are priced out of proportion to the cost of their ingredients, their sale is forbidden.

Seem to Be Safe Now.

We really don't know what perils threatened the republic in the event of the late Castro getting a foothold on our shores, but as they are all averted now the committee in charge of the inaugural ceremonies for March 4 next may go right ahead just as if nothing had happened.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Its Fame Passing.

The Balkan situation appears to be in danger of slipping over onto an inside page.—St. Louis Times.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

Ethel—After you refused Jack did he propose again

Maud—Yes, but it was to another girl. Boston Transcript.

Sillicus—What is the age of discretion?

Cynicus—There isn't any. I know a man over 70 who married his fourth wife the other day.—Philadelphia Record.

She— Did you hear the thunderstorm last night?

He—No, there was a suffragette meeting in the next house to mine.—Penny Illustrated paper.

"I had to stand when I boarded the water wagon, it was so crowded."

"And now?"

"Oh, we hadn't gone very far before a fellow dropped off and I got his seat.—Detroit Free Press.

"I've just been introduced to Professor Smythe; such a charming man to talk to! He doesn't make one feel a fool, in spite of his cleverness."

"Ah, my dear, but that's because of his cleverness."—Puck.

"Bliggins is one of those people who envy others the slightest elevation above ordinary suroundings."

"Yes. His family can't eat a meal without being afraid he'll get jealous of the baby and want the high chair."—Washington Star.

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a patriot?"

"There are many kinds, my son. Very frequently a patriot is a man who knows the office is seeking him, and fears it may not be able to find him unless he keeps shouting."—Washington Star.

"You are wasting your time writing poetry."

"But I sell poetry," protested the other.

"And that convinces me that you can sell anything. Such being the case, why not take up high-class bonds, or steel bridges, or something big?"—Boston Advertiser.

"Our family is most interesting. John dances divinely, Tom sings like an angel, Dave is a famous football player and Susanne paints with great taste."

"And Henry?"

"Oh, Henry. He's rather a dull fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When little Bob bumped his head, Uncle Jim gathered the youngster in his arms and said.

"There! I'll kiss it and the pain will all be gone."

Cheerfully smiling, the youngster exclaimed:

"Come down into the kitchen, the cook has the toothache."—Judge.

The station master on the Eastern Indian Railway had been given strict orders not to do anything out of the ordinary without authority from the superintendent. This accounts for his sending the following telegram.

"Superintendent's Office, Calcutta—Tiger on platform eating railway porter. Please wire instructions."—Tit-Bits.

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