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SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1913.

This sunny-side-up weather is very delectable.

Does advertising pay? Ask the suffragists.

Perhaps republics in Europe are but a passing fad.

Better be a wage earner in America than a sultan in Turkey.

Predictions of cold waves, like dreams, are just now going by contraries.

Perhaps the cost of living can be endured until the Fourth of March.

Labor finds capital a beneficent institution when payday rolls around.

Baltimore has always had a warm welcome for President Taft—and always will.

It is a safe bet that milady's winter hat cannot survive this spring weather.

If the waiters' strike keeps up, New York will have to go back to housekeeping.

The Alps are having a record snowfall. They must be cornering the snow supply over there.

The tariff will be safe in the hands of its enemies because so many of them are its friends.

Perhaps we can stand an era of Jeffersonian simplicity if we are not asked to adopt the clothes that go with it.

Diamonds in a bale of rags were lately found in Canada. Here is another rival to the restaurant oyster pearl fisheries.

There is nothing the antis would like better than permission to pack the lunch baskets of the suffragist hikers to Washington.

The Prince of Wales recently kicked the winning goal in a football match. Evidently, royalty is not as decadent as some pessimists have feared.

Constantinople has had an earthquake. Following an assassination and revolution, the inhabitants may be excused for feeling slightly nervous over the affair.

King Alfonso of Spain wants to visit the United States. If the breezy monarch carries out this determination, we will show him the time of his young life.

It has been testified before the Money Trust committee that there is no monopoly. That may be. Still, there does [illegible]t seem to be any general distribution of it, either.

Only good middies in future will be allowed to buy ice-cream and cream-puffs at Annapolis. The bad, who cannot go out into the city for these purchases, may sneer, but it will be anything but a sweet revenge.

A wealthy man in Massachusetts was [illegible]nt to jail for six months for killing a [illegible]man by reckless motoring. It is to be hop[illegible] other reckless motorists in that state will be properly affected by this mild rebuke.

Despite the assurance of the Weather Bureau that there will be winter yet, the suspicion is growing stronger that the winter has been lost, strayed or stolen, and that the best efforts of the weather sleuths have not been able to track it down, leaving it permanently in the list of mysterious disappearances.

The war cloud which was reported to have disappeared, leaving the peace delegates rejoicing, is looming up again, blacker than ever, and will probably continue intermittently looming until the powers settle Turkey for good and all.

Equal suffrage is gaining in Nevada, and the women are to appeal for the ballot in Texas. In a short time the state without a suffrage agitation will be either one which has the suffrage already or the loneliest one in the Union.

The British Colonial Secretary says that the English suffragettes lack mental balance. If he holds this as a test for the ballot, many of the present voters of Great Britain will be also disqualified. Nobody has yet accused the average British voter of perfect mental poise.

Theodore Roosevelt has devoted his strenuous efforts to good purpose in investigating and bringing to light the condition of women and child workers in New York. With his vigorous interest and power of attracting and holding popular attention such a cause could not have found a better or stronger champion.

It is announced that the new Mrs. Shepard will retain her maiden name of Gould, in addition to her married one, in her signature. This is by no means a new idea, as the manner of its announcement would convey. It was made popular some years ago by Mrs. Grover Cleveland in her first signatures from the White House as the bride of the President, and was then generally commented on as an excellent idea, which found immediate imitation.

THE FRIEDMANN SERUM.

No romance of medical discovery reads like that of the professed discoverer of a serum inoculation which is a sure cure for tuberculosis. Multitudes of telegrams have besieged him and adroit methods have been employed to purloin some of the life-giving fluid, for such it would in effect be, if found to have all the worth claimed for it. One industrious medical rival sought to secure bacilli of the serum from the arm of a policeman who had been treated, and yet another claims to have gotten from a preserved culture some of the bacilli of the earlier experiments of the Berlin specialist. And so the cases might be cited.

Now Professor Friedmann has appealed to the chief of the public health department to submit his serum to the severest test, so as to have official declaration for it as the one and only method for the eradication of the dread disease. If the test shall be as claimed and the discovery given to the world, from which the originator could not withhold it, a million beds of suffering and death will be made beds of ease and recovery. But the hopes of mankind have been too often blasted concerning this disease to give ready credence to the claims made for the Friedmann cultures.

MONEY FOR THE CELEBRATION.

One suggestion of ex-Mayor Mahool concerning the proposed 1914 celebration touches the fundamental prerequisite of the undertaking. The ex-mayor remarks that the scope and magnitude of the undertaking can only be arranged when it is determined with some degree of definiteness just how much money will be available for the purpose. Big cities and the big men who make big cities, when they dream dreams know how to make the dreams come true. Financing the celebration is, of course, the most difficult phase of the problem, and it is the phase that should be worked out tentatively in advance.

The state should co-operate with the city in the proposed celebration and the state should assume a fair proportion of the cost. The state legislature does not convene until next January, but an appropriation made then would be available in time for practical use. If the celebration is planned upon an impressive scale thousands of people will be attracted here. But plans should be formulated without delay and the celebration should be given a nation-wide publicity.

The time for talking about the celebration in glittering generalities is about up. It is time to organize, formulate and begin the arduous work of pushing the ideals to a successful realization. Many isolated suggestions have been advanced, but there has not been suggested a complete and co-ordinated plan.

MAKING OF DIMPLES.

With the dimple in vogue, the fortunate possessors of the elusive charm find competitors in the women who are granted the desideratum through the agency of professsional dimplemakers at from twenty-five to fifty dollars per dimple. This field of vanity, once exclusively Parisian, is being cultivated in London and New York.

Here in Baltimore—the home of dimpled girls—the industry would lag for want of support. Nature that in her largeness has bestowed dimples upon the Baltimore girls in profusion, has done so because this is one of the crowning ornaments of the women of the city where flourish the best types of beauty.

The news chronicles the case of a girl who married a wealthy duke on the ground of a fascinating dimple, only to find after wedded confidences were brought forth that the dimple that won her a title and fortune had been produced by falling on a homely coal oil can when getting kerosene for the family lamp.

This method cannot be recommended for popular diversion or a sure way for creating dimples, nor can the professional manipulator be recommended, either, as his efforts not infrequently bring the subject to grief. Baltimore's dimpled-cheeked maidens, therefore, may look with pity upon less fortunate sisters elsewhere who envy them the cupid-lurking charm of cheek and mouth.

KLEI GRANGE.

It is now nearly four hundred years since Sir Thomas More published his Utopia, and during that time hundreds of attempts have been made to found colonies upon social and industrial ideals, which, in theory, would make everybody prosperous, contented and happy. Hardly one of these Utopias, based upon the communistic principle and ignoring the individualistic tendencies of human nature, has been enduringly successful.

The Klei Grange industrial community which A. A. Drexel, of New York, established in Worcester county about a quarter of a century ago seems never to have fully realized the founder's expectations. It is doubtful whether it ever was at any period really self-sustaining. Anyhow, it did not grow and expand in accord with the theoretic expectations upon which it was founded. Now the extended landed property, consisting of 5,000 acres of timber and farming lands, together with the industrial village of Klei Grange, has passed under local management.

The 141 farms into which the big tract had been divided will be sold to individual owners and the last vestige of the communistic or co-operative scheme will vanish. Co-operative industrialism is a beautiful thing in theory, but the instances are few and scattering where it has been made the basis of a lasting system. We shall always have our Utopias, however, in the coming centuries as in the past, and it is well that we should. Even if the dreams do not come true, they are always worth the trying.

DRIFT TO CHURCH COMBINE.

Can there be any church union in the profoundly spiritual sense with disregard of the differences between denominations in the matter of belief? This question is made a foremost one in view of the fact that the process of negating creedal expressions is going on so rapidly that the time seems not far distant when the strong foundations of fixed religious conviction will be supplanted by the shifting sand of individual license in the field of religious belief. There are two forces that ought to go together in the creation of conditions for the unifying of the churches that, in fact, seem to further such union the farther they get apart. These two forces are those organic and creedal conformity. The desire for organic union has grown so much more rapidly than the unifying of creedal expressions that the time has come when many of the churches no longer believe it is important to come to an agreement with regard to faith, provided they can agree as to historical ascriptions and permit the matter of vital belief to remain inchoate.

Yet the foundation of the Christian church from the beginning has been that of one God, one faith, one baptism. The denominations agree as to the one God. As to baptism they agree for the most part, differing only in the matter of form. Yet it is a question whether there is not here a very serious distinction. In all the facts of faith they are divided or else they are indifferent. It is a question whether it is not much better for them to be divided rather than indifferent. Nothing has ever been won in the field of religion by generalized agreements. Conviction, warm and ardent, fixed and sincere, is the very basis of the strength of religion's appeal. Can the churches, therefore, afford to vitiate in any degree ardent loyalty to Christian standards as accepted by the denominations in order to bring these denominations into formal unity? What is the form without the substance but a machine.

Therefore, the fear is entertained that the churches are tending toward the amalgamation of the bigger denominations or their sacrifice of faith in order to secure such amalgamation, even though they attain no more than a loose confederation. This would mean the minimizing of most articles of faith by millions of Christian communicants. What would then be the state of the church? There would be a union or something answering to this among the bigger denominations, with the facts of belief referred back to the individual view and the individual conscience. So that vital and fervent faith, belief grounded, and the reason that should be in every man for the faith that is in him will be found in the smaller denominations only. The practical abandonment of the field of definite faith would promote the outcropping of many new and strange denominations, built upon the fragments of creeds virtually abandoned by the bigger denominations in order to secure the form of union.

The physical effect of union with virtual negation of creeds would be the creation of big ecclesiastical monopolies, while the inspiring and invigorating competitive principle would be relegated to the smaller bodies. Is the era of the church trust coming about and will it include a majority of the members of the present denominations? The question may seem far-fetched, but there are many signs that way. Not the least of these is the proposal for two denominations now completing plans for union to assume the ambitious title of United Protestant Church of America and for another denomination to lay aside the designation that now has sectional significance for that of the Methodist Church in America and the long struggle of the advanced section of one of the denominations to style itself the Church of America, and so on.

All this looks to mere mechanism and form, while the substance of insistence upon faith and definite belief and profound conviction is lacking emphasis. Is there not here a drift toward a big church combine in which the organization will be mighty and the spirit within the wheels impotent?

SNOWDROPS IN MIDWINTER.

With the air just a bit brisk and the temperature almost at the point of discouragement for their appearance, there were a bed of snowdrops in full bloom. The sun played upon them and the winds were warmed by its rays and the snowdrops dared to bloom in late January as though it were in fact the month of March. Often the skies have been overcast, but few have been the snowfalls during this winter in this locality, and it seemed to the observer as though the snowdrops, looking for all the world like a new fall of flakes, were seeking to make good the lack of the mantling whiteness that comes from the clouds.

But let all such speculation be at rest in the presence of the fact that the snowdrops were blooming in January, blooming out of doors, blooming when the temperature at night must have wilted some of them. What a sight it was to see those pure petaled blooms shyly yet bravely lifting themselves to the light and air in midwinter.

Among the Indians one of the duties of the medicine man, the man of wisdom, is to point to the first indications of spring so that the tribe may get ready for its grass dances and festivities. It required no medicine man to discern the signs of spring in the snowdrops. But it would take more wisdom than his to say whether or not the sign was a true one. Suppose the snowdrops were misled and mistaken. Suppose they had no right to take too much for granted, they at least can lay the charge to the account of nature. And, after all, can any one say that nature ever makes mistakes? Suppose the clouds do become ominous with storms and blizzards, who shall say the snowdrops made a mistake when they sought the first opportunity to herald their brightness and purity to the human view? They did their part and did it nobly and they looked so much sweeter and so much more delightful than the flowers in the florists' windows across the way. For nature had nurtured these snowdrops and at her mystical signal they unfolded their anxious petals with all pride and joy.

Now the snow may fall and all the piling up of drifts that may come will not disturb the fact that spring has shown her face, that she has fluttered her skirts through the passages of winter and that the time for the awakening of birds and the outblooming of flowers cannot be very far removed in point of time. The snowdrops have been first in the line of advance couriers of spring, and even though they may be ambuscaded by the legions of winter, still will they die bravely a martyr's noble death.

TAFT IN BALTIMORE.

In securing the presence of William Howard Taft as the guest of honor for their banquet the members of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association secured a card of the first importance. For, in addition to being the head of the nation, Mr. Taft is peculiarly fitted to talk upon subjects of interest to such a body of men. His grasp of the nation's affairs is no less than his comprehension of the quality of manhood and the direction of energy necessary to make a city great in the basic facts of greatness. So that the President, who always has shown a fondness for Baltimore was in his element in the fellowship of the men of wide affairs in the work of city building, upon whose efforts is reflected so much of the credit for the fine name this city has throughout the country.

The association in relax at its annual banquet in a sense is usually found girded more strongly for the fray even than when in harness. For the occasion brings forth bright new proposals and avowals of devotion and suggestions for forward movements that count much in the sum of effects to the credit of the Baltimore business men.

This city is at a peculiarly advantageous point in its career; not only so, it is prosperous and progressive and stable. It holds the key to the South and the Panama Canal, with its vast bulk of traffic, is ready to pay tribute to it. The name Baltimore will play an ever bigger part in the business of the country and of the world, and not the least of the agencies through which it is gaining ground with great rapidity in the competitive spurt of the coast cities is the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association. Such addresses as were made last night at the banquet are vital and quickening assets for Baltimore.

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

A QUEER MISTAKE.

There isn't in the land
 Such a very naughty thing
As a trust of any kind,
 Though denunciations ring
'Gainst their power and their tricks,
 And their enemies insist
They're at work, but they themselves
 Firmly swear they don't exist.

And besides this solemn vow
 Which should clear be understood
As quite true, they do declare
 That as trusts they're very good,
That they're necessary quite
 To the welfare of the land,
And should not be sacrificed
 Because folks can't understand.

Now some people of small minds
 Who for logic ne'er will fall,
Will inquire if they are good,
 How they don't exist at all.
But this is a silly whim
 Out of time and out of place;
As who want to know, can find
 From the lawyers in the case.

AN ITEM.

“What was the latest thing in that sensational wedding?”

“I think it was the bridegroom. They thought he wasn't coming.”

LITERALLY SO.

“Didn't you find Miss Jabbins stunning?”

“I certainly did when she knocked me down roller-skating.”

A CLUE.

“Have you found anybody of thievish propensities about yet?”

“Yes, sir. Your new maid.”

“What did you catch her doing?”

“Stealing glances at the mirror, sir.”

ITS KIND.

“When I asked Miss Oldboy to marry me, her reply was a paradox.”

“How was that?”

“It was a positive negative.”

THE ORIGINAL RECIPE.

“I wonder what was the original of the pie mother used to make?”

“I guess it was the apple 'pi' that Eve made of things.”

HIS MODE.

“Why do you call your little dog Gossip?”

“Because he is something of a backbiter.”

HIS REVERSAL.

“I saw a snake at the zoo reverse the usual order of things when he wanted to be affectionate to his keeper.”

“What did he do?”

“He threw his neck around the keeper's arms.”

THEIR MERITS.

“Miss Gladys likes spaniels for pets, but Miss Meg likes fox terriers better.”

“I think Miss Belle prefers sad dogs to either.”

A SUCCESS.

“Were the charity society amateur theatricals successful?”

“Oh, highly so.”

“Then the charity made a lot of money?”

“No, they didn't make any money for the charity, but three of the girls who took part are engaged.”

JOSH WINK.

A LEARNED VERDICT.

The railway train was rather dimly lit, and one of the passengers, after having tried in vain to inspect his face in the washroom mirror, turned to Rastus, the presiding genius of the Pullman car.

“See here, Rastus,” he said, “I want your opinion in a matter of importance. Just come with me over to the window, and, after having carefully inspected my face, tell me whether or not you think I need a shave.”

The old darky complied with his request and immediately rendered judgment.

“Waal, suh,” he said, with his head cocked to one side, “in respect to de shave, suh, ah should say that it all depends on what yo' intend doin' with yo' chin, suh. Ef yo're jest gwine off'n diss yere train to use yo' chin fo' talkin' yo' don't need no shavin' at all, suh, but ef yo're gwine a-courtin' yo' best girl, suh, ah sorter think ah'd remove some o' dem splintahs from de chin an' de cheek befo' dey done scratch somebody, suh.”—Harper's Weekly.

REGULAR REBATE.

Corse Payton, the Brooklyn actor-manager, was sitting in a New York cafe one evening with a party of actor friends, talking—as is his usual custom—in a somewhat loud and oracular tone of voice.

From a table nearby came a very young, but very self-important looking college youth, who gravely handed Payton a dollar bill.

“What's this for?” asked Payton.

“My admission,” said the youth, “I always pay to hear an actor perform.”

“Thank you,” said Payton gravely. Then he tore the bill in two, keeping one piece and handing the other piece back to the gleeful undergraduate. “Children half price!” he said.—Saturday Evening Post.

LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

Allan Lethbridge's Marriage to a Washington Girl—The Voyage of the Sunbeam.

Special to The American.

Sir Wroth Lethbridge's brother Allan's efforts to avoid all fuss and publicity concerning his marriage to Miss Marjorie Colt Byrne, daughter of Brigadier General Charles C. Byrne, U. S. A, of Washington, seem to have been frustrated. For all that he appears to have accomplished by having the wedding take place very quietly in the Church of the Holy Name, in New York, last month, by Mgr. Kean, has been the announcement of the match a few days ago in a sensational manner with headlines in the newspapers, to the effect that it was “a secret marriage of a baronet's son.”

Allan Lethbridge, who is henceforth to make his home in New York, served from 1903 to 1907 as magistrate and resident in Northern Nigeria, following in this respect the example of his five elder brothers, each of whom has served the state, Sir Wroth Lethbridge as captain of the Grenadier Guards; Col. Ernest Lethbridge, D. S. O., as an officer of the Oxfordshire Regiment in the South African War; Capt. Thomas Lethbridge as an officer of the Somersetshire Regiment; Hugh Lethbridge as an officer of the Natal Mounted Police, and John Lethbridge as a captain of Imperial Yeomanry in the South African War. John, by the by, like Allan, has an American wife in the daughter of Sidney Wood Cooper, of New York.

The Lethbridges are a very old Devonshire family, and figure as such in Prince's Worthies of Devon. Through the marriage of Christopher Lethbridge to Margaret Bowchier, of Tawstock, in 1681, his descendants are co-heirs to the ancient Barony of Fitzwarine, which has been in abeyance for hundreds of years. Another ancestor of Allan Lethbridge in the female line is Sir William Periam, who was lord chief baron of the exchequer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who left a considerable amount of property, which passed into the possession of the Lethbridges through the marriage of the last of his line, Sarah Periam, to Thomas Lethbridge, 1719.

It is from him that Sir Wroth, the present head of the family, takes his second name of Periam. Sir Wroth has not been altogether fortunate in his matrimonial affairs. For last summer Lady Lethbridge applied with success to the divorce court for a dissolution of the marriage, owing to the fact that he had figured as co-respondent in the divorce of Richard Cecil Leigh from Mrs. Leigh. The Lady Lethbridge in question, who rejoices in the queer Christian name of Alianore, is a sister of Lady Claude Hamilton, and of that Miss Chandos Pole who used to stay at Newport, R. I., wtih Miss May Van Alen. She is a daughter of Edward F. Chandos Pole, of Radbourne Hall, Derbyshire, her mother, Lady Anne Chandos Pole, being a daughter of the fifth Earl of Harrington.

King George has found it impossible to dispense with the services of his private secretary, Col. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, who was assistant private secretary to King Edward throughout his reign and to Queen Victoria during the last 10 years of her life. So Sir Frederick's appointment to the governorship has been withdrawn and the office has been bestowed instead upon one of the King's lords in wating, namely, Lord Willingdon. This appointment will be of interest to every reader of the late Lady Brassey's so popular and fascinating volume entitled The Voyage of the Sunbeam, portraying the life of the authoress and of her children on board what is to this day probably the most famous steam yacht afloat. For Lady Willingdon is the Marie Brassey who figures on almost every page of the book.

It was while steaming from Bombay southward en route to Australia on board the Sunbeam that Lady Willingdon, when the yacht was two days out from Bombay, lost her mother in so mysterious a fashion. Lady Brassey had left her husband and daughters on deck to go below for an after tiffin siesta. She was in the best of spirits and in perfect health, while the weather was ideal, the sea as smooth as glass, with not a breath of wind. No one ever saw Lady Brassey again. There was nothing to show that she ever reached her cabin. No one heard or saw her fall or jump overboard. Yet she must have done either the one or the other, since no trace of her could be found on the yacht, nor has ever any clue been found to the mystery.

An equally remarkable though far less tragic mystery of the ocean on that particular voyage of the Sunbeam was the discovery on the surface of the Indian Ocean, thousands of miles away from land and hundreds of miles distant from the track of ocean liners, of a beautifully rigged toy sailboat, such as one sees on the ponds and lakes in Central Park, New York, and on the Serpentine in Hyde Park, London, or on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. The boat, without any name of its maker or anything that could give a clue to its ownership beyond its schooner rigging, was sailing along, without even any signs of being weatherbeaten. How ever it came there, or how long it had been there, Lord Brassey has never been able to discover, and it hangs today as one of the strangest of relics from the ceiling of the perfect museum of curios which he has in his Park Lane house in London.

Lord Willingdon received his peerage on the nomination of Premier Asquith a few months before the death of Edward VII.; formerly represented the Bodmin division of Cornwall in the House of Commons, and belongs to a family which settled in Sussex toward the close of the eighteenth century, to enjoy a very large fortune which, under the name of Freeman Thomas, it had derived from extensive possessions in the West Indies, notably in Antigua. Lord Willingdon's father was an officer of the Rifle Brigade, his mother a daughter of that first Viscount Hampden, so long speaker of the House of Commons, and who was also Lord Dacre. Lord Willingdon's country seat is Ratton Hall, near Eastbourne. He is about 46, very rich in his own right, and also through his marriage, and is a great cricketer, having captained both the Eton and the Cambridge University elevens. He was A. D. C. to his father-in-law, Lord Brassey, when the latter was governor of Victoria, and served as major of the Sussex Yeomanry through the South African War.

As long as the late Countess of Flanders, mother of King Albert of Belgium, was alive, she would never permit any authoritative denial of the scandalous stories relating to the sudden death of her eldest son, Prince Baldwin. Stories were to the effect that he had been killed in a fracas, in a house in the Avenue Louise, in Brussels, about the American prima donna, Sibyl Sanderson, who died as the wife of Antonio Terry, of New York. The Countess of Flanders always declared that to vouchsafe any denial or explanation would be to accord an importance to these stories insulting to the memory of her son. And so, unrefuted, they ultimately came to be accepted in Belgium and abroad as true.

Now, however, an authoritative denial has been issued at Brussels. The explanation is as follows: In January, 1891, Princess Henriette of Belgium, now Duchess of Vendome and daughter of the Count and Countess of Flanders, was seized with the particularly dangerous and contagious form of the grippe which was then epidemic. She was so ill that the sacraments were administered to her, and her life was despaired of. On the 21st Baldwin, after maneuvering his cavalry regiment all day, went, without returning to his home, straight to his sister's bedside, and remained there the entire evening and night, with the doctors, nurses and his father and mother.

Early the following morning he was seized with pulmonary congestion, and a bed was hastily prepared for him in the Flanders palace. He became worse throughout the day, and succumbed early on the morning of the 23d, after having received the last sacraments at the hands of the rector of the Church of St. Jacques. A Berlin journalist in some way managed to penetrate into the palace within an hour after the death had taken place. The intrusion was resented by his being ejected, with a considerable amount of vigor. He revenged himself by starting the story that the Prince's death was due to violence, although the body when it lay in state showed no trace thereof.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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Old Man Grump Loose.

It is just possible that the weather man is saving his winter weather for the opening of the baseball season.—Detroit Free Press.

Overlooked a Few.

But Governor Wilson is not trying to imitate Jefferson in all things.—Kansas City Journal.

MEN AND WOMEN

Karl Wittgenstein, at one time in control of the Austrian iron industry and a noted patron of the arts, is dead at his home in Vienna.

A statue of Carl Schurz is to be erected in the neighborhood of Columbia University by a committee of which Joseph H. Choate is chairman.

The Rev. Cyrus Flint Stimson has resigned as pastor of a Congregational Church in Waterville, Me., to accept the position of field secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

W. H. Surber, the first Seattle policeman, has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday. He was appointed in 1866, when Seattle had but one street and a population of only 200 persons. He served for two years.

Harvard University has accepted an endowment fund of $10,000 for psychical research, as a memorial of the late Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research from 1887 to his death in 1905.

The Prnice of Wales plans to make a formal visit to his German imperial cousins at the conclusion of the present term at Oxford. It is understood that the Emperor will confer on him the decoration of the Black Eagle.

Colonel Glenn, of the regular army, has a plan for taking his regiment on an automobile “hike” from Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., to the Pacific Coast and back. The project calls for the use of 140 trucks and the expenditure of $450,000.

John Babcock, of Kulpmont, Pa., recently applied in court for naturalization papers. During his examination it was found that he had been made a citizen two years ago, but did not know he was entitled to the full privileges of an elector.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick has resigned as director of the department of caild hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation to devote his time to the Campfire Girls' movement, which has been endowed for three years by Mrs. Sage, John D. Rockefeller and others.

Gertrude Stinski, employed in a paper mill at Nenah, Wis., found $300 in the pocket of a coat sent to the mill in a bundle of rags. According to the company's rules finders are keepers. Miss Stinski says that she will pay off the mortgage on her mother's home.

Way to Reform.

Mr. Mr. Wilson has discovered a way to cut out zoological demoralization at a ball. He proposes to omit the ball.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Keeping Him Famous.

It is impossible to forget Jack Johnson so long as the police keep on arresting him.—Detroit Free Press.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

The Man from Home has been placed in stock.

David Warfield is doing a big business in the West.

Grace Elliston is playing with a stock company in Boston.

The next Winter Garden production will be The Honeymoon Express.

The Shuberts have made an offer to star Eva Tanguay, which she may accept.

There is a performance to be given next month of Little Women by child actors.

Gladys Unger has written a new play called The Son and Heir, the scenes of which are of English country life.

Lucille Watson and Mrs. Charles C. Craig have been engaged by Edward J. Bowes for the cast of The Bridal Path.

H. B. Warner has been engaged for The Ghost Breaker, the play by Paul Dickey which Maurice Campbell is to produce.

Klaw & Erlanger are to produce a musical piece adapted from the French by Ivan Caryll and C. M. S. McLellan. It is called The Circus Rider.

A satirical comedy called Movies, travestying moving-picture theaters, is a vaudeville attraction. It has a cast of 12, prominent among whom is Doris Hardy.

Fuller Mellish, who is appearing with William Faversham in Julius Caesar, is planning a revival in the spring of The Palace of Truth, the fantastic comedy by the late W. S. Gilbert.

The Master Mind, by Daniel D. Carter, opened this week in Ithaca, N. Y., with Edmund Breese in the leading role. It is said to be an absorbing and original drama of criminals, unlike others of the detective or underworld type.

Gustav Luders, the composer, died suddenly last week from a stroke of apoplexy, supposed to have been brought on by despondent brooding over the failure of his latest work, Somewhere Else, though many critics who condemned the piece praised his score. His despondency was increased by the fear that he had lost his power of successful work.

EXCEPTIONS.

[From the Chicago Record-Herald.]

The shameless rogue's ill-gotten gains,
 Soon wasted, leave him poor and vile—
Unless he has the luck and brains
 To keep on adding to his pile.

The sinner never thrives for long,
 Disgrace is sure to smirch his name—
Unless he gains, while doing wrong,
 Enough to cover up his shame.

The one who turns to lawlessness
 Is sure to have his wretched hour—
Unless he happens to possess
 A pull with those who are in power.

Right always wins, unless it be
 Ignored, which often is the case;
Vice is a hateful thing to see,
 Unless it has a pretty face.

But even if the slippery ways
 Lead up to splendor, now and then
Still, it occasionally pays
 To go the way of honest men.

S. E. KISER.

PUBLIC OPINION

Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—Taking the First Step.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

There are many times, it is true, when the assistance of another person is of the utmost value to us both as to our present necessity and for future needs, but as a rule, it is the man who stands by himself, who relies upon his own judgment and his own determination who accomplishes the most. Self-reliance is perhaps one of the surest assets in the business of life; it helps us to take the first step which to many persons is the hardest of all and it encourages us to persevere whatever obstacles lie in our path. The beginner is never sure of his way no matter how carefully he may have been forewarned by the experience of others, and unless he goes forth with a firm belief in himself and his powers of accomplishment backed by the determination to succeed he will probably be dismayed by the difficulties he encounters at the outset. The first step is in many ways the most important one we shall ever take; it sets our feet in a definite direction and points the way, as it were, which we are to follow for many days to come. It may not be a long step, it is true, but such as it is it leads to the next and so on through all the years of life. If we are possessed of that particular quality of self-confidence which is tempered by strong common sense we cannot possibly go far wrong at the beginning, and while naturally we lack experience of our own it will not be difficult to promptly realize our mistakes and correct them as far as possible.

Novel of Ideas.

[Springfiled Republican.]

The kind of thinking which the “novel of ideas” fosters is the same kind of thinking produced by a pamphlet or a magazine article, except that it is likely to be looser. It is not to be inferred that the purpose novel has no raison d'etre; on the contrary, it has often done good service in calling attention to needed reforms and in starting a discussion which has had beneficial results. But as an instrument of discussion it is far inferior to the tract or the treatise, because the author is not pinned down to chapter and verse. One can write as good a novel to show that woman's place is in the factory or the army as to show that her place is in the home; the divorce evil or the need for easy divorce can be equally well exhibited in fiction and the story, with no one to hinder, is easily arranged to fit the thesis. The writer of a serious essay is held more strictly to account, and has to meet real arguments instead of knocking down his own men of straw.

The dependence upon fiction for ideas on the topics of the day may do good or harm. Probably, on the whole, it does good, because it stimulates many who would otherwise pass important matters by as dull. In the hands of a great thinker the novel can, of course, like any other mode of composition, be powerfully used as an instrument for discussion; the dialectic of Plato is not the less wonderful for being cast in dialogue form. But to depend for ideas upon the novel of ideas is to risk mental flabbiness.

Fuss and Feathers.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

It is not the man who makes the most commotion who gets the most done. There is a type of individual whose range of thought and action is very narrow, who assumes an air of great consequence, and is pompous about trifles. An old English poet satirizes him:

“He always seemed busier than he was.”

He has no time to listen, no time to sleep or eat, no time and no patience for anything. Yet does he get more done than the man whose every task seems to be “accomplished in repose?” An English politician was dubbed “The young man in a hurry.” To be sure, he got a great deal done while he lasted, but he did not last long. He might have rounded out in serenity a long and honorable political career. Instead, he fretted and tormented himself into an early grave.

The great man, the strong man, saves time not by hurrying but by reducing every affair in which he participates to the rock-bottom essentials. He strips the central issue of all that is irrelevant and by-productive. He trains his mind to go right to the point without delay. He does not let himself get hectic and flurried, and he does not permit a single scintillant iota of his mental energy to expend itself wastefully in mere friction. He accomplishes much because he selects and discriminates, and dispenses with the purely ornamental values when the useful must come first.

The Dearth of Ministers.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

A familiar comment comes from a Western theological seminary to the effect that fewer and fewer men are consecrating themselves to the service of the ministry. This time a presiding elder in Colorado takes the trouble to explain the situation in words which are doubtless severe even though stereotyped. The elder says that men do not enter the ministry for the reason that they see better rewards in other lines of endeavor, because this is a commercial age.

Such is the familiar comment. This time, however, a group of Colorado clergymen arise in unison to offer an explanation of their own. It is not the paralysis of commercialism, but the tyranny of creed that is at fault, they say.

According to their view, the number of men seeking the pulpit decreases from year to year largely because it is not a place of intellectual freedom. Why, they ask, should we shut our eyes to the truth that there are hundreds of young men who are truly religious, but who do not propose to put themselves in a place where growth means either duplicity or a trial for heresy? Many undergraduates are uncorrupted by worldliness, but the creedal bonds insisted on by their denominations are abhorrent to them. Their intellectual training is such that they are repelled from a profession that seems to them to mean the mere advocacy of a dogma.

A Blow at Bachelors.

(Washington Post.)

The policy said to have been adopted by the New Haven Railroad of favoring married employes over bachelors is certain to arouse considerable comment. Not all of it, we suspect, will be favorable to the position taken by this corporation, which admits, in the same breath in which it announces the scheme, the weakness which are inherent in it. According to the railroad company steady married men possessed of wives of industrious habits will prove the most competent and careful employes, and these are to be promoted in preference to “men of sporting proclivities,” or those whose wives show traits of character that may unsettle their husbands and make them worry while at work. Hasn't the New Haven management here placed its finger upon the weakest spot in the married man's armor?

The most unsatisfactory employs of all, we imagine, is the married man of “sporting proclivities” mated to a woman of extravagant tastes and sour disposition. The combination is, indeed, so common as to lead to the suspicion that the traits in the wife may be traced to those in the husband, and vice versa. In preferring happily married men over those not in this class the railroad is doubtless psychologically sound. But why discriminate against the bachelors? Many of them are hard working and worthy citizens, and should be given a chance to live.

No More Trusts.

One thing is settled. After Governor Wilson and the New Jersey legislature get through reforming the trust laws of that state Mr. Munsey will not get a charter for his political holding company over there.—New York World.

Eloquence of Money.

William Rockefeller cannot talk excepting at the risk of his life. But what need has he to talk? His money does it for him. Think how loquacious, how eloquent, how commanding it is!—Salem (N. J.) Sunbeam.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Hungary has completely motorized its postal service.

Colorado leads all Western states in coal production.

Washington is calling for automobile fire-fighting apparatus.

Seattle will shortly use automobiles in the collection of garbage.

South Carolina is talking of adopting a compulsory education law.

France is talking of taxing paintings every time they change hands.

The United States annually expends about $1,000,000 a day on imported luxuries.

Contrary to popular belief, thunderstorms are by no means rare in the Arctic regions.

A pleasant upward circulation of air is claimed for a new electric fan with horizontal blades and a deflecting plate above them.

Two thousands accurate portraits a second is claimed for a new motion-picture camera, with which the flight of an insect has been pictured.

One settlement worker in New York city has made a specialty of teaching boys how to make articles of furniture out of old packing boxes.

A speed of 50 miles an hour has been attained by a motorcycle equipped with a new engine which weighs but 10 pounds, yet develops six-horsepower.

Dr. Charles Wood, of Washington, urging greater missionary activity in China, declares the republic will not endure unless the bulk of its people become Christians.

Salina Cruz is the Pacific Ocean terminal of the Tehuantepec National Railway and Puerto Mexico the terminal of the same railway on the Gulf of Mexico. These ports were especially constructed to handle the transisthmian traffic on this “ocean-to-ocean” highway.

Within a circle whose center is the City of Mexico and whose radius may be about 200 miles, touching the port of Vera Cruz on the east and Acapulco on the west, there is included a territory which is only 12 per cent. of the total area of the republic and yet contains 45 per cent. of the population and 75 per cent. of the country's wealth.

According to official statistics, the total trade between Madagascar and the United States in 1911 amounted to $150,654, compared with $94,122 in 1910. The imports from the United States, however, were valued at only $58,410, against $69,171 in 1910, while the exports to the United States, valued at $92,244, against $24,951 in 1910, showed an increase of $56,432. Of the imports $36,928 worth came direct.

Ten-day training classes on farm subjects of every description will be conducted on Prince Edward Island this winter for the first time. The provincial Department of Agriculture advertises that the short courses in agriculture, which will be held in Charlottetown from January 27 to February 8, 1913, will include instruction regarding (1) live stock, (2) poultry (3) horiticulture, (4) soil cultivation, (5) seed selection and (6) dairying. In addition there will be women's courses in housekeeping, domestic science, etc., and a course in roadmaking is tentatively arranged for. 2

Has Developed a Conscience.

The sensitiveness which led Uncle Shelby to explain with care his vote in the Archbald case has not always been in evidence.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Satisfied With Their Job.

T. R. couldn't precipitate a garment-workers' strike among the Maine legislators working on the senatorial toga.—New York Sun.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

Sapleigh—I've weally been beside myself all the evening.

Miss Keen—I thought you looked bored, Mr. Sapleigh.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Gramercy—You'll find the weather lovely and warm in the Mediterranean.

Mrs. Park—I hope, my dear, it won't be too warm to wear my new set of furs. Judge.

“I guess their honeymoon is about over.”

“Why?”

“She's quit telephoning to him during office hours.”—Detroit Free Press.

“Why have you quarrelled with your cousin?”

“He kissed me the other day, and when I asked him to promise me never to do it again, he actually did.”—Fliegande Blaetter.

“He says his poor children need another mother.”

“Then why doesn't he take one home?”

“Seems the children pay the rent, and they are very hard to convince.”—New York American.

The Lion—The leopard, you know, cannot change his spots.

The Zebra—Well, I can't change my stripes, either, but no one ever thought it of sufficient interest to make a proverb of.—Philadelphia Record.

“How are you going to amuse yourself this afternoon?” asked the first passenger.

“I am going to a moving-picture show in the main cabin. Better come.”

“Can't. I've promised to take my wife for a taxicab ride on the upper deck.”—Pittsburgh Post.

Hardup—Madeline, I cannot live without you.

Madeline—You have told that to other girls.

Hardup—Yes, but on my honor as a gentleman, never when the cost of living was what it is today.—London Opinion.

“She's been very busy telling me how to rear my baby.”

“Well?”

“But she got into a perfect panic when I asked her to take care of the child for a couple of days. You know I was suddenly called out of town.”—Washington Herald.

Tom—I understand that Mabel has been sent to a “finishing school.”

Dick—So I have heard. Say, what do they teach girls in a school like that anyway?

Tom—Oh, they have a general course in civil engineering, I suppose.—The Christian Register.

“Why are you weeping, my child?” said the supervisory relative. “Has your husband hurt your feelings?”

“Terribly. He said that if I marched in the suffragette procession I would look as funny as he did the day he wore a borrowed uniform and rode a horse that was ordinarily occupied in hauling bricks.” Washington Star.

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