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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1913.

February started in as if it meant business.

The late January will always be warmly remembered.

Bryan has a lot of cold-storage policies to hand over to Wilson.

This is a different sort of a republic than the one Castro has been used to.

With Bryan in the cabinet it is pretty certain news from Washington won't be dull.

The Turkish situation is very much like a long-drawn-out poker game, with bluff and counter-bluff.

The Empress of Germany is taking the rest cure. The job of royalty must be somewhat of a strenuous one.

The Electoral College will not be abolished for the present. The only innovation so far is the admission of the co-eds.

If the militant suffragettes do nothing more to the British authorities, they can keep them in an unpleasant state of guessing.

Castro must be really infatuated with this country to insist on visiting it after so strong a hint that he is liable to wear out his welcome.

Lo, the poor Indian! Redman Thorpe is to get $7,500 a year for playing baseball. So much for higher education for the wards of the nation.

Culebra Cut will be ready on April 1. This will be in time for it to be a good joke on those who predicted the canal could never be completed.

In New Jersey a joy-riding chauffeur has been sent to prison. If more joy rides had the jail as their goal, paradoxically, there would be fewer of them.

Perhaps the unusually early Lenten season this year may suggest the unusually large number of sins uncovered in recent investigations to be repented of.

Old-fashioned Democrats are patiently striving to master the art of smiling in anticipation of having to do it when Wilson announces the name of Bryan for his cabinet.

According to reports of the cold wave's coming, the world is preparing to smile with the coal man while refusing to weep with the ice man. However, the latter has been smiling rather too long.

A community in Ohio is divided over the question of planting potatoes in a local cemetery to bring down the cost of living. A graveyard vegetable garden is rather a violent adaptation of the sentiment of "back to the soil."

The plan to let loose hordes of mice on the marching suffragists may not be all that the small-boy originators of the dastardly plot fondly believe. With the desire for the ballot the fear of mice is passing from the feminine breast.

Perhaps there is something in the English view that women so militant without a vote would be thrice as dangerous if given the tremendous power of the ballot. Anyhow, the suffragists are doing nothing to correct this impression.

In the intervals of smashing windows and heckling ministers the militant English suffragettes are to pray for the success of the cause. Ordinarily, it is well to avail oneself of all resources in a cause, but these extremes seem rather of the clashing order.

A train robbery took place lately in the center of Chicago by a regulation masked bandit. That city has been afflicted by a crime wave, but such a climax as this bold attempt staggers even that progressive center of Western civilization. Next, the bandits will be burglarizing the police stations.

The course of oratory to be opened at the Naval Academy to turn middies into able after-dinner speakers and do honor to patriotic and gallant toasts will add another to the charms of the heroes of the Navy, who have already won many bloodless victories in the various ports of the world.

A man in Connecticut tried to stop a suffrage address by making the speaker an offer of marriage in the middle of her address. The fact that he was rejected on the spot will probably put a quietus on that ingenious method of sidetracking votes for women on a matrimonial switch.

Pauline Wayne, the famous White House cow, will go out with the administration that gave her her celebrity. There may be other White House cows, but the gentle and placid Pauline will never be excelled by any successor for the dignity and grace with which she filled the lacteal duties of her high position.

With the incorporation of the Harriman Research Laboratory another resourceful agency is set to work to study the conservation of human life. However, much criticism may be directed against our wealthy men, in many instances their riches are responsible for great movements that are bettering the condition of humanity.

## POOR CHICAGO.

If every once in a while a blizzard from out the vacuous Northwest did not hit Chicago a stunning blow, the rest of the country would not know that winter had been out of its lair at all this season. But zero weather gets active along the lake front and Chicagoans shiver as they nestle beside the radiators and wonder how it is that strawberries are being plucked in Maryland, while they cannot gather from the shrubbery anything but literal snowballs.

The fact is that some locality must be the goat, and Chicago is it. With all kinds of malevolent intent the Windy City has blustered and blown in an effort to chase a few of the blizzard blasts as far as Baltimore. But by the time they reach this climate of equable temperatures they are nothing more than a sharp wind or possibly a summer's zephr.

So far Chicago has not been able to pass one over, but it is, of course, rather soon to chortle. Still, next Wednesday marks the beginning of lent, and the likelihood for Chicago to do any real dirty work in firing blizzards this way is scant, indeed. Baltimore is and will remain the center of seasonable satisfaction.

## SUFFRAGE BOMBS.

If the suffragettes are returning to methods of the thug and the anarchist, then they should be treated accordingly. The sending of tubes through the mails, directed to cabinet ministers, that when opened exploded with gas and flames that might well put out the sight of the unfortunate recipient is a piece of nefarious action that warrants the most drastic treatment of any culprit. If the tubes had not exploded when being taken from the mail boxes the plans of the suffragette vixens would probably have succeeded. This element has nothing in common with the law-abiding, high-minded women of that country, who decry all resort to violence and who are seeking to advance the cause by the conquest of reason and appeals to the sense of fairness and justice that mark the character of men, especially in their attitude toward the rights of women.

As well as women in this country are thought of the perpetration of acts of violence—at present unthinkable—by the advocates of votes for women would not only result in a reaction that would destroy the cause for a generation at least, but the sentiment of the men would be to punish the culprits exactly as men would be punished for like offenses. Equality means equality before the punitive law as well as in all other respects.

## GOOD ARGUMENT FOR KNOX.

A Paris reviewer of the Knox responses to the Panama note of Sir Edward Grey treats the subject in a semi-humorous vein and regards this astute response as being made to save the face of President Taft. Some of the foreign newspapers may indulge in ridicule of the position of this country upon the subject of free tolls for American shipping, but it will be found not to be upon the plane of humor, as the United States is determined in its stand to have the limitations proposed by England upon American action and sovereignty forever made impossible.

Secretary Knox did propose to have the matters at issue, when they arose, submitted to a commission, and this is as far as the United States will go. The declaration made in some of the European journals that the United States has taken a stand that cannot be approved by any disinterested persons is the best kind of argument for the refusal of this country to consent to arbitration by The Hague. The prejudice manifested in European discussions of the subject and lack of ability abroad to take a comprehensive view proves that The Hague would be the worst possible court of resort, even if this country could regard the subject as of a kind to be made referable to any save a mixed tribunal of the citizens of the two countries interested.

## THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

President Taft has set his signature to the measure to create a mighty and impressive memorial to Abraham Lincoln, to be set up in Potomac Park, that beautiful waterfront of park that the government has in late years made at great expense and with the service of the very best landscape artists. The $2,000,000 provided for this memorial will be worked into enduring material, and the design and the scope of the memorial will make it one of the most magnificent things of the kind in the entire world.

Thus at the nation's capital the Father of his Country and the country's savior will alike be represented by memorials of a kind to do credit to the artistic taste and the sense of enduring obligation of the American people. It is to be regretted that the plan to construct a great Lincoln highway was defeated, as this would have been so appropriate and suited to the ideas of the rugged president, whose life so linked together the battlefield of Gettysburg and the nation's capital.

As the highway idea has failed, the one thing of value remaining to have the memorial take the form of a vast monumental work in marble or bronze that will live throughout the centuries in educative effect and ennobling interest. Washington will be greatly advanced in artistic interest, in which it leads the world, through the presence of this memorial.

## MILLIONS FOR MISSIONS.

Millions for missions has been the cry of the missionary organizations for some time past. The stupendous task of deliberately going about to bring the facts of Christian truth to hundreds of millions of humankind calls for the expenditure of great bulks of money. One of the effects of the wider information that has come into the possession of the peoples of the Western World with regard to the nature and objects of missions, is to stimulate private benefaction and usher in the era of lavish bestowments for the conversion of the heathen and the progress of the light and truth of the West in the lands of paganism and heathenism. So many persons now know that the work of the missionary is caricatured when it is represented to be that of a mystic or visionary. Most persons now know that the inevitable march of Western civilization must be in the light of that beacon that has been the torch of such civilization in all the centuries. This is the light of the gospel. The command of Jesus to go into all the world and to preach the gospel to every creature has never been rescinded by Him, by the church or by the experiences of the world as to the value of this commission.

It is interesting to note as an indication of the tremendous economic and ethical value of missionary enterprise that men of the widest affairs and largest fortunes give it unqualified support, and the cry of millions for missions is being responded to, so that the other cry of the world for Christ in this generation has been made the rallying cry of Christendom. One of the notable instances of vast benefaction for missionary enterprise is that of the bequest made by a wealthy Englishman of $4,500,000 to be devoted to carrying the gospel to every heathen tribe on the face of the globe, the Baptist Missionary Society and the London Missionary Societies being selected to administer the funds. The idea of this donor is to make the gospel a witness to the heathen and to place in the hands of every tribe of mankind at least the Gospels of St. John and St. Luke, together with the Book of Acts and as much more of the scripture as possible. It must be borne in mind that this means the translation of parts of the Bible into the least known and most uncouth of dialects and tongues.

The plan of specializing endowments for missionary work is becoming more and more popular, and the time is not far distant when a missionary enterprise in one or another land will be provided for by bequests that will not destroy the heroic element in this work, but will tend to give greater effect and greater rapidity to the diffusing of the gospel. Thus, by general missionary effort and specialized agencies, the task of reaching practically all mankind with the teachings of Christ will be brought about at no distant day. The most curious fact in regard to missionary enterprise today is that men of practicality, without any personal religious enthusiasm, are making large contributions to it because of their appreciation of its wide value as a civilizing agency. The time for the need of defense of missions has long since past.

Such indirect testimonies to the kind of value that missionary enterprise has for the world—the value of civilizing and constructive agency—as has been given recently by President Taft cannot but strike the world as being of the widest significance. In his recent speech against the giving of freedom to the Filipinos the President appealed to the testimony of the missionaries as the most credible and competent of witnesses to the effect that the masses of the population are without suitable preparation as yet for the gift of freedom.

This is a striking but not a singular instance of the value of missionary testimony in the framing of national or international policies. For the missionaries of today are trained men and women, with wide world information and competent to pass views upon the social conditions and the racial characteristics of the peoples among whom they work. The war in the Balkans has been indirectly the result of the missionary enterprise in that part of the world. The restlessness of the peoples and their aspirations for freedom have long been fostered by the teaching of the Word, of which it is said: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

## NATURE'S COLD SMILE.

Why should one associate warmth with the radiance of a countenance—that is, if the countenance is not that of a human being, but the countenance of the mother of the race? Nature is surely as winning when bundled up in a mantle of snow as when garbed in the diaphanous textures of the springtime. She is as surely a part of the interests and affection of mankind when passing through the wintry blasts of January and February as when she is directing the forces of generation in the fields of the world.

The smile of Nature is very subtle at times; it is very full of warmth at times, it is very benign at times, but when it is cold and when the countenance of Nature seems to lack magnetic attraction, then is the time to appreciate to the full the sacrifices that she is making for the good of those whom she holds dear. She has the hibernating animals housed in their lairs, she has the tender seedling nestled away in the shell or the husk, she has the flowers of the coming season wrapped safely in their weather-proof garments of winter buds, glossed over and varnished so as to be impervious to the cold wet of winter rain and snow.

At this season Nature wanders forth deserted and seemingly desolate. The poets for the most part have forsaken her; the artists, indeed, picture her, but they do so in such tones and tints of contrast with the warmth and cheer she presents at other seasons as to make their pictures a reproach to Nature. Who sings with any cheer the praises of Nature in midwinter? Who really feels that she is still the truest friend of the race and is doing the marvelous work of heroic salvage of the best things for human weal from the destructive elemental force of ruthless cold?

Nature may, indeed, wear a cold, sad smile, but it is surely not a smile of mockery or lack of heart. One has only to watch the effects of a few days of soft weather at the cold season to see how the lines upon the countenance of Nature take on a deepened expression and dimples come into her cheeks and the gleam of light and brightness to her eyes. She is always warm-hearted, and yet in the season of midwinter her task is hard beyond all calculation. She has stored the sunshine of summer, in millionfold weight of power, in the seeds and bulbs and roots of vegetation, and there it must remain stored away until the right moment for growth to take place. But Nature has a hard task to repress the vital tendencies of life that are suppressed.

But this has been the task of the great dame in all the ages, and will continue to be. Soon the time will come when the sun will brighten and the earth will get warmed and the streams will flow with cheery tinkle and Nature will be made ravishingly beautifull in attire and her smile as winning as her heart. But the cold smile of Nature when understood is as full of courage and hope for mankind as the cheeriest smile that may wreathe her countenance in the days of midsummer sunshine. So let complaining cease and let the smile of Nature, however cold, not be construed as forbidding; for never was Nature so truly the friend of the race as in the drear days of midwinter.

## LISTEN TO THE PROPHET.

This is the fateful day upon which the groundhog is supposed to come out of his subcellar residence and deliver his prognostication as to whether or not the backbone of winter is broken. If it would not confuse and darken his prophetic vision he ought to be informed, as soon as he emerges, that this winter never had any backbone. If the groundhog has been staying below ever since the middle of last November under the mistaken belief that blizzards were sweeping along the upper region, his prophetic abilities are, anyhow, not what they are cracked up to be. Perhaps, however, he knew at the beginning of November what sort of a winter was in prospect, and has been giving himself an out-door airing every day, right along.

If, perchance, he should get a glimpse of his shadow sometime today, will that really and truly mean that we are to have six weeks more of winter? The groundhog test is to be tried this time with such critical attention as was never before brought to bear. All the early weather omens have missed this year, or, at best, have hit only in spots. Some of the before Christmas prophets hedged fearfully by declaring that there would be both cold spells and warm spells during January. It is now up to the groundhog to inform us as to whether we are to have a tail-end winter.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

### LENT'S COMING.

Now the maiden, sadly looking
On her lovely Paris dresses,
On her furs and silks and velvets,
On her jewels, rare and flashing,
On her silken dainty programs,
On the thousand lovely trifles
Which adorn a belle of beauty
At the opera, in the ballroom,
Lays them all away in silence,
With perchance a teardrop trickling
Down her cheek of rounded damask.
For she takes her robes demure
Of a sad and somber brownness
Of a penitential grayness,
Of a plain, untrimmed blackness,
Most severe on color rainbows.
Forth she gets her useful reading,
Cuts some first leaves in her Browning,
Writes acceptance to the letters
Asking her to join the movement
For uplifting of slum dwellers,
For extension of the ballot,
Likewise for brain evolution.
From which signs and from which portents
Those wise in the ways of maidens
Will suggest that Lent is coming.

### THE USUAL TASTE.

"Do you like meat rare?"
"No; I like it plenty and often."

### NO EXCEPTIONS.

"Discipline in the navy is very strict, isn't it?"
"Very strict. They even dock the vessels."

### MORE ROOM.

"Why are clubs so popular with the men?"
"Maybe because home life is such a flat affair."

### THE REASON.

"Why is that man's poetry so lame?"
"Possibly something is the matter with its poetic feet."

### NONE THERE.

"I thought I would come out today and take the air."
"Then why did you get in this car?"

### THE BETTER MAN.

"Gladys is engaged to a hero who once put down an uprising."
"That's nothing. She had better pick out a man who can put down a carpet."

### THE RESULT.

"Jimmy and his friend went on a gudgeon fishing trip."
"Did they catch anything?"
"Not until they got home, when Jimmy and his father went on a whaling trip."

### A SENSATIONAL SILENCE.

"I am going to keep secret the recipe to prevent baldness."
"I see. It is a hair-raising mystery."

### THE BEST ONE.

"Have you an accident policy?"
"Yes, my dear sir—the policy of being absent when the accident happens."
JOSH WINK.

### SUGGESTIVE CRITICISM.

Robert Henri, the noted artist, said at a luncheon in New York:

"It isn't wise for a painter to be too frank in his criticism. I know a very outspoken painter whose little daughter called at a friend's house and said:

"'Show me your parlor rug, won't you, please?'

"So, with great pride the hostess led the little girl into the drawing-room and raised all the blinds so that the light might stream in abundantly upon the gorgeous colors of an expensive Kirmanshah.

"The little girl stared down at the rug in silence. Then, as she turned away, said in a rather disappointed voice:

"'It doesn't make me sick!'"—Minneapolis Journal.

### MANSFIELD'S SUBTLE WIT.

The late Richard Mansfield possessed a very concise and penetrating wit, of which only those who knew him intimately saw the best flashes. One day in his dressing-room he chanced to read a prize offer of $50 to be given for the best story about an umbrella. He scribbled something quickly on a scrap of paper and turned to an English friend who was with him and said:

"I have a good one. Here it is. We will send it in."

The friend took it and read these words:

"Once I bought an umbrella."

The Englishman in telling of it afterward added: "And Mansfield really thought that blooming thing was funny, but we did not send it in."—Kansas City Star.

### PERTINENT QUESTION.

Like many aristocrats, Craig Biddle, the Philadelphian, holds that the founder of a great family is better than the son of a great family—that fine deeds are worth more than fine blood.

Mr. Biddle, in the smoking-room of the Adriatic, was conversing with a young Englishman.

"I," the young Englishman drawled complacently, "I can trace my descent back in an unbroken line to William the Conqueror."

"And what else can you do?" said Mr. Biddle.—New York Tribune.

## LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

### The Amazing Story of a Shoemaker's Vengeance—Strangely Like Dumas Romance.

Most people are aware of the fact that the Island of Monte Cristo, which figures so conspicuously in the most-celebrated and popular of all the novels of Alexandre Dumas, and gives its title to the book, now belongs to King Victor Emmanuel, and that it has been ever since his marriage his favorite retreat and shooting preserve, to which he, with the Queen and their children, retire whenever they wish to get away from the pomp and ceremony of court life.

I have also related in these letters how he purchased it from the late Marquis Ginori, of Florence, whose father had bought it from the last of the Hapsburg Grand Dukes of Tuscany, and how in the early part of the nineteenth century, a wealthy and eccentric Englishman, of the name of Taylor, took a fancy to the place, while yachting in the Mediterranean, and induced the Grand Duke of Tuscany to sell the island to him. He built the villa, which still exists, surrounded it with pretty grounds and parks and lived there in solitude for a number of years, his island monarchy and his strange isolation giving to Alexandre Dumas one of the themes of his novel on Monte Cristo. At length, Taylor tired of the island and disappeared as mysteriously as he had come upon the scene, the Tuscan government, after a time, resuming possession thereof.

Now, it has always been believed that the main part of the novel, that is to say, the long incarceration of Edmond Dantes in the Chateau d'If, in the Bay of Marseilles, his acquisition of great wealth, and his vengeane on those who had betrayed him, were the fruit of the unquestionably brilliant imagination of Dumas, and the offspring of his brain. This is not the case. For the archives of the French Embassy in London, of the latter part of the reign of Charles X., in France, and of George IV. in England, contain curious and interesting proofs to the contrary.

It seems that in 1807 a shoemaker in Paris, named Francois Picaud, a native of Nimes, became engaged to a beautiful and well-to-do girl of the name of Therese. He called upon several of his friends to meet him in the cafe of a widower of the name of Loupian, hailing from the same part of the country as himself, communicated to them his engagement, invited them to the wedding, for which the date had been fixed in the following week, asked them to drink to the health of his bride, and, very foolishly, allowed them to know that she possessed a fortune of 50,000 francs.

When he left, his friends began talking about his good luck, and thereupon Loupian remarking that there was many a slip between the cup and the lip, offered to make a wager that the marriage would not take place on the day appointed. On the others taking the bet and inquiring how he intended to manage it, he exclaimed, "Oh, by means of some practical joke or other." Whereupon a man present retorted, "Well, you had better not let Picaud ever find out about it, because he is a hot-blooded, revengeful sort of fellow, who never forgives an injury."

Loupian, who was bent not only on winning the wager, but also on securing the hand of the girl, and, above all, her money for himself, thereupon addressed an anonymous communication to the then minister of police, the Duke of Rovigo, denouncing Picaud as a secret agent of the Chouan conspiracy and as particularly active in his plottings for the overthrow of the empire and for the assassination of Napoleon. This was quite sufficient in those days to cause the quiet arrest of Picaud and to his being dispatched without trial to one of the island prisons in the south of France, where, incarcerated in a dungeon, he was soon forgotten by the authorities in Paris.

While in prison he made the acquaintance of an Italian priest (of great learning), one of his fellow-prisoners, scion of one of the patrician untitled families of Milan, who before dying in prison bequeathed to Picaud, who had cared for him and had become his pupil, every vestige of his fortune. After the overthrow of Napoleon, in 1814, Picaud was set at liberty, his captivity having completely changed his personal appearance. He made his way to Milan, where, after some difficulty, he obtained the execution of his friend's will and received possession of his property, amounting to several millions of francs, the legal records at Milan of 1814 and 1815 showing this. From Milan he went to Hamburg, thence to Amsterdam and London, finally turning up in Paris, toward the end of 1815.

There he found that his fiancee, after waiting in vain for him for a couple of years, unable to understand his disappearance, which she had ended by ascribing to cruel desertion, had given her hand and her fortune to Loupian. From that time forth Picaud set to work, without letting anyone know his identity, to first ruin, disgrace and drive to despair, and then to death, either by suicide or by murder, not only Loupian, but the latter's children, the faithless Therese and the men who had taken part in the wager, as well as their families—a thoroughly South European vendetta. None of them dreamt of the fate that was pursuing them so relentlessly or were able to penetrate the mystery thereof until when in the throes of death and unable to reveal the secret.

The story of Picaud is almost identical with that of Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo, save for this that Dumas transports the scene to far higher spheres of Parisian society. Loupian was the last to perish, his death taking place in the garden of the Tuileries, where his body was found with a knife through the heart, and a piece of paper, on which were inscribed the numerals 1 and 30, the number 1 indicating that Loupian was the primary object of the vendetta, and the other number that he was the thirtieth victim thereof. This took place in 1825.

Three years later Picaud died in London, ministered to in his last moments by the chaplain of the French Embassy in the British metropolis. To the chaplain he made a deathbed confession, not only to the church, but also for communication to the authorities in Paris after he had breathed his last, and at the same time bequeathed the whole of his large fortune, two-thirds to the church and to religious institutions and the remaining third to the city charities of Paris, appointing the chaplain and one of the members of the embassy to be executors of his will. The money was distributed in accordance with Picaud's wishes, and his confession for the French authorities was communicated through the French Embassy in London and through the Paris foreign office to the prefecture of police in the French capital. These documents bear the date of July, 1828.

Alexandre Dumas must have obtained knowledge of their contents in some way through friends at the embassy in London, through friends at the Department of Foreign Affairs in Paris, or through friends at the prefecture of police. His novel of Monte Cristo appeared exactly 16 years later, in 1844, and the two stories are too similar in every respect and in most of their details to admit of mere coincidence. Edmond Dantes, Count of Monte Cristo, can, under the circumstances, no longer be regarded as the offspring of the imagination of Alexandre Dumas, but as the product of the inspiration which he received from the perusal of the extraordinary official record of the one-time Paris shoemaker, Francois Picaud.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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### Helen Gould and Husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Finley J. Shephard will continue to be Miss Gould and Mr. Shephard with most of us.—Detroit Free Press.

### Never From Choice.

Mr. Bryan has been silent for so long that suspicion grows that he is doing it on a bet.—Pitsburgh Gazette Times.

## MEN AND WOMEN

Charles Rolfe Barnes, of Big Cabin, Okla., is the editor of a local newspaper printed in the Cherokee language.

Captain Hogemann, commodore of the North German Lloyd Line, has applied to the company for retirement after 35 years of service.

Prof. Willard C. Fisher has resigned the chair of economics and social science at Wesleyan University, which he had held for 21 years.

John A. Shields, 27 years old, a student of Ottawa University, accepted the position of national executive secretary of the Prohibition party.

Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut, has named Professor Beach, of the Yale Law School, for the Supreme Court, and Professor Webb for the Superior Court of the state.

Antoine Pollak, a Hungarian inventor, has arrived in this country to demonstrate a method of peculiarly rapid transmission of messages over telephone and telegraph wires.

George M. Lamonte has resigned as a member of the Prison Labor Commission of New Jersey in order to give his entire time to his duties as State Commissioner of Banking and Insurance.

The new chapel in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York, given by Miss Clementine Furness, is to be known as the St. Martin of Tours Chapel, and will cost from $100,000 to $150,000.

The Right Rev. John N. McCormick, of Grand Rapids, bishop of the diocese of Western Michigan, was re-elected president of the fifth department of the Sunday schools of the Episcopal Church.

Miss Roxanna Hill, of Pontiac, Ill., aged 18 years, is thought to be the youngest woman deputy sheriff in the United States. She has been sworn in as office deputy under Sheriff William A. Patterson.

George Maynard, a Worcester (Mass.) printer, 84 years of age, can read 24 languages, many of which he speaks fluently. Mr. Maynard says that he especially enjoys reading The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam in the original Persian.

Dr. Mary Kingsbury, of Pottsville, assistant probation officer of Schuylkill county, a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University, has been tendered the chair of bacterioligical, serological and pathological work in the Swedish Hospital at Minneapolis, Minn.

### Wasting Good Ammunition.

Senator Tillman, formally excoriating Cole Blease reminds us of a 13-inch gun bombarding a toy balloon.—New York Evening Sun.

### Bryan Will Answer for Him.

Meanwhile, what is the Hon. Woodrow Wilson's view of a second Presidential term?—Philadelphia Press.

## GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

Bought and Paid For will be produced in London in March.

Thais Magrane is playing the title role of Everywoman in Henry W. Savage's company.

Nazimova's tour in Bella Donna will be the longest she has made as an English-speaking star. She will go to the Pacific Coast.

The Love Story of the Ages, by Paul Armstrong, was recently produced in Los Angeles by Oliver Morosco, and will later on be seen in New York.

Oh! Oh! Delphine! will open about the middle of the month in London. Courtice Pounds, of Gilbert & Sullivan operatic fame, will be in the cast.

Beth Franklyn, who has been playing in the stock company of the St. James Theater in Boston, intends to sail for Bermuda for a short rest.

Florence Reed is to appear in F. A. Kummer's play, The Painted Woman. Miss Reed has been engaged by W. A. Brady for a term of years.

The Shuberts are negotiating for the American rights of Judith, which Sarah Bernhardt has accepted for production. It is the work of a New York physician.

When the detective play which Edward J. Bowes has engaged W. J. Burns, the famous detective, to write in collaboration, is ready, Margaret Illington will star in it.

James Montgomery, author of Ready Money, was formerly a forty-dollar-a-week actor. The theme of his play is said to have been evolved out of his own desperate need for money.

The Irish Players, who caused such a riot last season, are bravely returning to the scene of their former tribulations in New York with some new plays added to their old repertoire. Lady Gregory is still directing the theatrical destinies of the Players.

Katherine Manning, of the Mind-the-Paint-Girl Company, has only recently adopted the stage as a profession. She made a success in her part in the New York production and also in Philadelphia, and her work attracted favorable notice here as a good character bit.

The New York Dramatic Mirror says in its last issue: "All Baltimore is talking of the society reception dances given in honor of visiting companies playing at the New Academy of Music. The dances are an innovation in the theatrical world and the creation of Tunis F. Dean, manager of the popular playhouse. The next ball is to be given to the members of Hattie Williams and Richard Carle's Girl from Montmarte Company."

### THE MODERN POLONIANS.

[From the Chicago Record-Herald.]

The travelers with eager faces
And hope and earnestness and pride
Will not be found upon the wide,
Smooth ways that lead to easy places;
If you are urged by fair ambitions
And crave the sweet reward of praise,
Turn from the smooth and easy ways
That are devoid of hard conditions.

Choose not the wide ways that are crowded,
But let your laboring be done
Upon some steep and narrow one
That oft in deepest gloom is shrouded;
Keep to that path and that one only,
Nor ever let your bleeding feet
Persuade you weakly to retreat
Or seek the ways that are less lonely.

Grip to your heart strong self-assurance,
To those that sneer be deaf and blind;
Leave pleasure, ease and mirth behind,
And gird yourself for long endurance;
From friends and from enjoyment severed,
Be urged by hope, keep faith alive;
You may not, even so, arrive,
But you, at least, will have endeavored.

S. E. KISER.

## PUBLIC OPINION

### Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—Putting Our Interests First.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

It is all very well and, indeed, quite proper under given conditions to spend the greater portion of our time in concerning ourselves with our own affairs and in doing all that we consistently can to further our personal interests; but it is an entirely different matter when we deliberately and unceasingly place our individual concerns above all other matters in point of importance. Naturally we become ablsorbed in everything that relates to our welfare, and it is to be expected that such matters are uppermost in our minds; but there is a limit to all things, and the annoying way in which many persons persist in putting their own immediate interests first, last and all the time upon the list of their conversational topics is wearisome and trying in the extreme. We all know what it means to be literally "held up," as it were, by some friend and made to listen to apparently never-ending accounts of this, that or the other matter which, while it may be of large interest to him, is really of no concern whatever to us. Yet, for the sake of appearances, we are obliged to display a polite interest in the subject discussed and to bear with what patience and tolerance we can command long-drawn-out accounts of details which are as unnecessary as they are boring. There are few persons who do not number among their acquaintances several with well-developed propensities for insisting upon monopolizing the conversation in their own fashion, completely to the chagrin of their listeners. Such persons are tolerated for one reason or another, but the day must come sooner or later when they are discouraged in every way and finally earnestly avoided.

### Checkrein of Publicity.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Some after-dinner speakers like to prate of the waning influence of the press as they enjoy enlarging upon the diminishing authority of the pulpits. The facts rise up, in the one case as in the other, and give the lie to them. Every morning the vast majority of literate men reads the newspaper as an open letter to the race. This multitude of readers might pay no heed whatever to the editorials. It might merely scan the "news." Yet what is found in the news columns each day is plentiful to make and unmake reputations. The token in proof is that a man held up to ridicule or blame by the mere impassive, impersonal recital of his own action, even when he cannot deny the deed, indignantly resents the publicity.

The mere plain statement of abuses in the newspaper has often been sufficient to correct them. It has been said that the beginning of every reform is to ask questions. It has repeatedly been the useful function of every worthy journal to lead the public to ask questions and to demand an answer. That is what is meant by public opinion, and the power of irresistible public opinion is the power of fearless, conscientious journalism. The certainty that the truth will be made known has called a halt upon the promotion of many a reckless and unscrupulous enterprise.

### Universal Discontent.

[Knoxville Journal and Tribune.]

At this time discontent is universal throughout the civilized world. Much of it is of a character that should not exist. It grows out of inequality of condition. Half the world knows not how the other half lives. The honest man who works hard and exercises the most rigid economy, sees a fellow-man, no better by nature than he is, the possessor of no more knowledge, enjoying everything that brings comfort, rolling in luxury, and it makes him envious. The former feels that he is not being given a chance. He may be happier on the whole than his wealthy neighbor, but he don't know it.

But whatever the source of that character of discontent may be, it is the duty of every good man and every good woman to do whatever they can to remove it. It is better from a moral point of view, it is better from a political or civic standpoint. In a large sense it is the outgrowth of unfair treatment. The man who labors with his hands feels that he does not get a fair division of the profits with the man who labors with his brains and money. The latter may be wrong, but he has reason in instances for believing he is not.

### Talking Shop.

[Indianapolis Star.]

One who is interested in his occupation, whether it is writing novels, painting pictures, shoeing horses or raising corn or potatoes, knows something about his special pursuit that no one else knows, or at least is able to view it from an angle others have not taken, and when his interest and enthusiasm lead him to try to give others that point of view, he may be truly entertaining. Something, of course, depends on the listener's breadth of mind and receptiveness, but if he is of that catholicity which puts him in the class to which nothing human is alien, he welcomes knowledge on any subject and rejoices in the pleasure of absorption of the talker in his theme.

When the actor talks about acting he should have something to say worth hearing; so with the artist, the teacher, the lawyer, the artisan in any line. Even the follower of that driest of all occupations, commercial bookkeeping, may have something to tell that would interest his fellow-beings, for it is said, upon good authority, that accountants may be found who enjoy their work and regard it as a science. Shop talk at its best, indeed, is the very best sort of talk.

### Influence of the Spirit.

[Ohio State Journal.]

You may talk about education, and science, and philosophy, and skill, and knowledge generally, but they all lack their full truth unless they are supervised by the spirit, by the faith, by the aspiration. The beginning of all things was the spirit, and the end of all things will be the spirit, and the matter between loses its high significance and its relation to either if it becomes simply a hard, earthly fact. All progress, social or individual, depends upon the recognition of the divine in every fact and deed. It wouldn't take 10 years to bring a millennium if this doctrine was practiced. We are now confronting great social and political problems; their solution would be easy if faith, love, justice, honor and the other forms of spiritual force were given full play. But they are not. The opposite seems to have the right of way. Every man who has any hope of bettering his fellows will have to drop his envy, his spite, his ill will, his hatred and come square on a spiritual footing or his struggle will be in vain.

### The American Game.

[New Haven Register.]

In America baseball was born. Its rudiments may have been imported, but its foreign forebears would never recognize the game today. Developed to a nicety of skill, depending on keen mentality fully as much as it does on a steady hand and muscular body, baseball is a game that not only requires in the player but induces in the spectator an all-around development. It has grown with the growth of American national character, and it may easily be that not a little of its development, certainly much of its history, is still ahead of it. Out of it Americans get relaxation from their strenuous nerve-destroying pace. Into it they have involuntarily woven much of their character. Its swift movement thrills them. Its fine points keep their minds awake. By it they grow in many essential ways.

For these and other reasons we shall do well to know baseball, if by chance we have failed to do so and learn to esteem it for what it is worth. If we can't see anything in it, if we tend to look down on those who enthuse over it, we'd better suspect ourselves.

### Beyond Human Conception.

Imagine Colonel Roosevelt's emotions as he reads of this inauguration pageant of 10,000 women suffragists.—Boston Herald.

### With Minor Results.

Extracting speech from William Rockefeller seems to be in the nature of a major operation.—Chicago News.

## MUCH IN LITTLE

Chicago now claims a population of 2,343,405.

Pittsburgh is soon to start construction of a subway system.

J. G. Boyd, 86, of Sacramento, Cal., boasts of 780 descendants.

Philadelphia's 1912 death rate was 15.08 per 1,000 population.

Illinois in 1912 produced 28,000,000 barrels of oil of 42 gallons each.

The daily output in Washington of parcel post stamps is 10,000,000.

Wilmington, Del., may shortly add one or more women to its police force.

A public accountants' monopoly has been formed by the 26 experts in Paris.

Mrs. Miranda Phelps, dead in St. Lou