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SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1913.

Can't the world get along without dangerous explosives?

◆

There is some skepticism, too, about that tariff-for-revenue-only serum.

◆

Secretary Bryan paid for a new hat with ten silver dollars. He always did love silver.

◆

Reformers generally do the job so well as to cause a reaction to conditions worse than before.

◆

It may be all right to pardon the sinner, but some good Samaritans are now thinking otherwise.

◆

Contrary to expectation, the people must knock at the President's door—that is, when seeking a job.

◆

It is a queer commentary on these days of peace that famous battleships need protection from assaults.

◆

Amid the big and burning questions of the day the gentler subject of the Easter parade is beginning softly to entreat for notice.

◆

The job-hunters may be temporarily nonplused, but they have been in the business longer—very much longer—than the new President.

◆

Would it be appropriate or not to convene Congress in extraordinary session on the first day of April for the removal of the tariff's vital organs.

◆

The call of the Tammany boss upon President Wilson seems to have been a slight variation on the old-time incident: "Here's your hat. What's your hurry?"

◆

It is said serious doubts are entertained as to whether the Oil Trust is really dissolved. Nobody seems to care in the least whether even an octopus may not have feeling to be hurt.

◆

Tammany's chief smilingly observed that Secretary Bryan's cabinet chair was pretty close to the President's. It will surprise many if ere long the Nebraskan isn't dancing on the table.

◆

A New Jersey girl frightened off a burglar with her singing. It is one of the advantages of a burglar's profession, and one denied to polite society, that he can flee on such an occasion.

◆

Since the inauguration hens in Connecticut have been laying eggs of extra size. They have been the first to respond to the President's call for the nation to stand by him in efforts to improve conditions.

◆

Yesterday's snow but raised hope high in the breast of the boy with a sled only to slip away and change him into a pessimist for the moment. But no healthy youngster can be pessimistic long, for this is still a boy's world.

◆

The world's work is filled with danger. It should be the business of civilization to reduce the risk and give constant attention to the greatest of all problems—the conservation of human life.

◆

In addressing a reckless New York motorist who had been acquitted of manslaughter the judge satirically told him that the jury had given him full permission to go out upon the streets and kill somebody else. It seems a defect in our civilization that juries cannot be held to some account for so flagrantly violating their obligations to the public safety.

◆

At the suffrage parade in New York in May there will be a reviewing stand exclusively for men. The women whom the men have so energetically championed in their fight for equal rights evidently feel it is incumbent on them to exchange courtesies with the gallant sex.

◆

King George is going to revive the custom laid aside by Queen Victoria of wearing the sovereign's crown at the opening of Parliament. Kings nowadays have so little real monarchy that they might as well "pretend" with all the insignia which has outlived the power it was meant to signify.

◆

The statement made to the Indians, that they are to be protected from wolves of the human species, will probably much surprise the latter, who cannot imagine what need the red men have for such protection when white men can use their property to so much better advantage than themselves.

◆

A resolution has been introduced in the Harrisburg legislature denouncing the police of Washington for failing to protect the Pennsylvania women who joined in the suffrage parade in the national capital. Perhaps by this time the police authorities of the capital city have recognized the bad policy of allowing their personal prejudices to dominate their official actions, and so arouse the indignation of the whole country.

TAFT, THE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. Taft in private life is enjoying his relief from public duties in the most philosophic manner. He does not believe in worrying about things that happen, and therefore his contentment at being relieved of the work of keeping the White House under the lid. Recreation plays a large part in any normal life and calmness of mind and adaptability to circumstance is the best tonic to any nature.

So that the ease with which Mr. Taft passes to the golf fields of Dixie and enters with zest into sport and takes up smilingly the lesser duties of his individual station should inspire many who are prone to brood and to fret and to worry to cease from such sad repinings and to take the harp from the willow and make melody even in the strange land of disappointment and of desertion.

Mr. Taft is a true philosopher because he believes in destiny and is not actuated by any superficial principle of mere chance. He believes that life and its allotments are all right for the right kind of individual, and, therefore, he feels that length of days may be in the hand of the fate that relegated him to the ranks of nonofficial mortals.

HEDGING THE PRESIDENT.

President Wilson has met two personal defeats in the sphere of patronage. His efforts to secure a place for Miss Tarr, his former stenographer—a very worthy young woman whom it is creditable to endeavor to assist—ran afoul of civil service ropes in all directions, although with ready assistance doubtless the President will be enabled to do well by her.

The defeat of the ambitions of the President's brother to secure the job as clerk of the Senate is of a different nature and the failure in this instance must be laid to indisposition to regard the relatives of the Chief Executive as being warranted claimants for positions upon any footing other than that of any other persons.

It is a worthy ambition of the President's brother to secure a good berth at Washington and there is no reason to wish him otherwise than well. but there seems to be a distinct disposition to hedge about the President with the restrictions that must be satisfied in order for him to place any of his friends in positions other than those that are at his own disposal. Place getting is practical business and its ups and downs may be felt by the most favored and fostered.

RECEIVING THE TIGER.

President Wilson has been visited by the Tiger chieftain. With the professional politicians of the Murphy type there can be no such thing as pride, and humiliation is a part of the game. So that the visit to the man who owes Tammany nothing, who has virtually renounced any allegiance with the body that was so bitterly and caustically flayed by William Jennings Bryan at the Baltimore convention, is one of those curious spectacles that make up political happenings.

The new President is under no obligation to the New York organization, or at least he does not avow any such, and therefore the visit of the Tammany chieftain with others of the clan and members of their families has no bearing upon the political situation.

The Tiger will receive a chilly reception when it comes fawning for favors, but its representatives as individuals will receive, doubtless, the same courteous attention that would be given any other visitors to the White House. The outcome of this policy of formality on the one side and insincere flattery on the other, will be watched with interest, as the Tammany braves have their hatchets only half concealed, although they have very little opportunity of using them if they so wish.

THE CHILLING WINDS.

Shakespeare says something about putting forth today the tender blossoms of hope that tomorrow meet the nipping winds of winter's chill. Yet the tender blossoms continue to be put forth and vegetation triumphs over the vicissitudes of the late chill and inhospitable snows and the killing frosts. The tulips and the crocuses and all the glad array of the early spring blooms have had sad experience with the deceitfulness of March. But who shall say that the setback is a defeat? Who shall say that the gentle, fragile blooms have been discouraged by the trickiness of the month that lured them to confidence only that it might blight them with the breath of frost?

It may indeed take more than one swallow to make a summer, but it takes more than one flare-back of cold to make a dearth of nature's blooms and blossomings. So that in a week or so who will be able to tell the fact that a few brave advance lines of the floral world were crowned with the martyrdom because of their inability to pierce the deep deceit of vengeful winter? The tender blossoms will be put forth, for the chilling winds cannot appreciably diminish the glory of the fields and of the flower beds when once the call all along the line sounds and in infinite variety and deathless charm the myriad of floraldom step forth into the light and glory of the season of unfolding beauty and color.

The chilling winds have shown the early blossoms they can take nothing for granted and those that have gone down in wilt and sadness before the blight of frost have at least given sign to the multitude of their fellows that the time of the cooing of doves may be at hand, but that it is a bit too early to challenge the rear guard of winter with the floral banners of spring and to sound the sweet bugle note of victory for the season that symbolized the end of earth and the rejuvenation of all living things.

Contrast and foil are needful for all things good and beautiful. So that the nipping of the tulips and the narcissi and others of the early floral sisterhood make an effective foil for the crowning of the legionaries of the fields and meadows with the petaled crowns of gladness. The multimillioned blades of grass are rising over the earth like the spear points of spring's militancy, and behind these guards of the season will follow, rank upon rank, file upon file, such a pageantry as the world has never seen since last spring.

THE TRAGEDIES OF LIFE.

Some lives are a series of tragedies. Some meet tragedy in the most smiling moment of existence, when sunshine is flooding the soul and the entire environment is as peaceful as a midsummer night dream. Swift and terrible is the message that comes with the breath of a cyclone, the horror of conflagration, the sweep of pestilence, the catastrophes of earthquake eruption and explosion: "Set your house in order, for ye must die and not live." For "Every man must give an account for the deeds done in the body whether they be good or whether they be evil." Harrowing to the last degree are circumstances such as those that called from time into eternity the hapless mortals working, many of them, cheerily at their dangerous vocation of passing dynamite from float to steamer. They knew that tragedy ever lurked about them as the voracious sharks follow the wake of a storm-beaten ship. But did they so number their days as to apply their hearts unto wisdom? Who may say? Who can pass upon the preparedness of anyone, of himself, indeed, when in such a time as one thinks not the summons of death shall come? Wisdom was uttered by that sufferer from the terrific tragedy who, with arm shattered and otherwise maimed, remarked: "In the midst of life ye are in death."

After all, life is, as Young in his Night Thoughts says, "a little stage one inch above the grave." When the seemingly substantial ends of eternity slip away and a number of mortals go plunging out of existence together the occurrence is styled a tragedy. But who can say as to this? Who can look into the hearts and lives, into the circumstances and incidents of the lives of those who are taken and those who are beloved and bereaved? Who can take in the whole measure of any life but God? Who can fail to appreciate the fact that the will of the Almighty is the one will that must be done? As a prominent surgeon recently remarked in the presence of the sudden death of a little girl who had been pronounced cured, "when the gong strikes we have got to go." This is not fatalism, it is a declaration of the universality of death and the certainty that in one or another form it will reach all.

Even out from such tragedies as that of the unfortunates of the Patapsco River explosion may come forth the good fruits of divine dispensation. It is difficult to understand how consolation may come in any such case and it is always difficult to paint the outlines of a tragedy with the colors of mercy. One may exclaim: "Before I was afflicted I went astray." Another may exclaim: "Out of the depth cried I unto the Lord and he heard me." Another may declare: "Though He slay me yet will I praise Him." Still another may take comfort from the fact that "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." So the consolations of God may be yielded in the philosophy of sorrow. But still it remains true, as the apostle remarked, that "No affliction for the present seems joyous but grievous." Down into the dark valley of the shadow of death pass the souls of men and the comfort of those left behind to mourn them upon the brink of the universal tragedy is the facts of character, of courage, of love and loyalty, of understanding of the deep things of God that they may have shown in their days of strength, when they took little thought of the Destroyer.

Rich or poor, great or lowly, the men who pass through the gateway of tragedy into the great beyond are of the same clay, subject to the same emotions, crowned with the same virtues, and capable of the same heroisms. The magnificent captain of the tug who went back to meet death in his eagerness to fulfil the work of rescue is of truest nobility. So with many of those who went down to death, they would have displayed the courage of self-sacrificing martyrs had the opportunity afforded. Tragedy brings to view the brightest elements of human character and the world is richer in the facts of human character, of spiritual purpose, of heroic altruism, by every tragedy that gives opportunity for the better phases of human nature to be seen.

Despite the tragedies of life, it is beautiful and its rewards are very precious. Death is an incident, and eternity may be the portion of all who seek in the living of the day to be ready for the living of the ages. God alone, who knoweth the thoughts and intents of the heart, can allot to the souls of men their portion. But He is merciful, gracious and easy to be entreated. A flash, a cry, a gaping void, and life has paid its awful toll to death. But over the place where the Alum Chine went down the angel of mercy spread his wings, and the shroud of the death cloud of poisonous gases could not hide the silver lining of the divine dispensation. He does only that which is right who is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. From the highest heavens comes the proclamation of the angel of light to the souls of men bereaved, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

OLD AND NEW GREECE.

With Saloniki as a seaport to the northeastward, the northern boundary line pushed to beyond Janina and the scattered Aegean Isles again under the Greek flag, there will be a modern Greece approaching somewhat in dignity the Greece that was before Alexander the Macedonian started on his career of conquest. How the new Greece will look on the map cannot be determined, however, until the question of dividing the territory wrested from the Turks shall have been settled completely.

Greece at the beginning of the war against the Turks last year was one of the smallest land-area nations in the family of nations. All the islets and provinces represented only 24,822 square miles of land—an area a little over twice the size of Maryland. The population of these islands and jutting peninsulas was 2,631,952, mostly Hellenes—that is, descendants of the ancient Greeks of the Homer period.

Probably this area will be more than doubled as a result of the victory of the allied powers over the Turks. The regaining of lost territory in the Aegean region by the people whose artistic civilization of 2,000 years ago and whose literature of even an earlier date yet influence the thought and the culture of the world will be all to the good of the general cause of civilization and progress. Perhaps there will again develop a wide-ranging Greek empire, or, what will be much better, an extended Greek republic. All of Asia Minor—Turkey in Asia—was once Greek territory. Some future Alexander may make it so again—some day.

LIPTON'S CONDITIONS.

The challenge which Sir Thomas Lipton has sent for another contest for the America's cup has been extended through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and, it appears from a statement given to the press by the secretary of the challenging club, that Sir Thomas is still trying to change the regulations under which the cup may be contested for in a way to suit his own views, or, perhaps, the views of his yacht designer. He is not this time asking for a broader-beamed, heavier kind of craft, but he would have the limitations set for a smaller craft than the old Defender.

It is intimated in the report given out by the Ulster Club secretary that the challenger desires that the waterlines of the 1914 racers shall be limited to 75 feet. Possibly this is in way of a suggestion and not in form of a demand. We shall know when his challenge is opened and given out on this side, which will not be before next Wednesday. But it is a little wearying that Sir Thomas should persist in suggestions of change in the conditions under which the cup may be contested for. The deed of gift under which the cup is held provides that contesting yachts may be anywhere from 65 to 90 feet on the waterline. Sir Thomas may build a yacht 75 feet long, or 65, or 90—as he pleases.

But he has no right to assume the making of a set of conditions for the defender to suit his own views. We have never been able to see on this side why the formulated regulations are not just as fair to a challenging yacht builder as to the builder who designs a yacht to defend the cup. It is absurd to say that they are not equally fair. Let us hope that the challenge, when opened, will not have any string to it.

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

ITS EFFORTS.

First a flurry
Of faint white snow,
Then a whistle
Of March-like blow,
A life-like shiver
Which makes one bow,
And all remarking,
"Real winter now."

Next, ere the snowflakes
Have ceased to fall,
Or frost-like breezes
Have ceased to pall,
A warm wind rushes
Across the air,
And open windows
Are everywhere.

March is deceitful,
And so men say.
We'll get some freezing
While it doth stay;
But vain its efforts
Cold waves to catch;
For on real winter
THIS is a patch!

EXTREMES.

"I ran out with my new machine."

"What happened?"

"I got run in."

NOT ALWAYS.

"Like produces like."

"Does it? Then just you try to get some cold cash from a snowbank."

A PUZZLE.

"I was in a quandary this morning when Jinks told me he wanted assistance, as his wife was getting very lightheaded."

"Why were you puzzled?"

"Because I didn't know whether she needed a doctor or a hair specialist."

HER PRIVILEGE.

"I suppose next women will be wanting to go to Congress."

"I don't see why, when as it is, every married woman, at least, is speaker of the house."

THE REASON.

"What makes that man so stuck on himself?"

"I guess it is the money he made in the glue business."

CAUSE AND RESULT.

"What is the reason of this itching for office?"

"This having to scratch for a living."

LITERAL.

"Young man, do you smoke ad nauseam?"

"No, lady; I smoke cigarettes."

HIS SPECIALTY.

"Did you hear what the successful publisher told his real estate agent about buying some houses for him as an investment?"

"No; what was it?"

"Told him to select those having the six best cellars."

THE LOGIC OF IT.

"That cross old teacher is as tough as leather."

"Perhaps that accounts for his propensity for tanning hides."

PRACTICAL LOVE.

"Does Jane's husband ever bring up fond recollections of their courting days?"

"He does better than that; he brings up the buckets of coal."

JOSH WINK.

ENGLISH DIGNITY.

Samuel G. Blythe and Thomas J. Pence, two distinguished Washington journalists, met last summer in front of the Hotel Cecil, in London, and started to stroll along together.

In the course of their walk they approached a monocled, drooping-mustached, high-hateed, frock-coated, pompous Englishman, packing more dignity about with him than Chief Justice White ever thought of. He looked so much like a typical comic magazine Englishman the Americans were greatly amused.

"I'm going to see if I can break through that dignity," said Tom Pence. As they came up to the man, Tom inquired:

"I say, old chap, can you tell me where Colonel Pence lives?"

"There may be several Col. Pences," replied the Englishman, after adjusting his monocle and looking the pair over.

"O'h, to be sure; but I mean the famous Colonel Pence," explained Tom.

"There may be several Col. Pences," was the Englishman's reply. And he walked away, leaving Tom Pence with heightened respect for the perceptive powers of the native Britishers.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The recent scenes in Belfast, born of political excitement, recall a story of Lord Charles Beresford's illustrative of past political manners in Ireland. Lord Charles was contesting Waterford in 1874, when an aged elector expressed dissatisfaction with the 'new style' in electioneering.

"Shure, ye're no man," he said. "The lasht time wan uv yer family stud for the county it's up to me ankles I was in blood an' up to me brains in whisky; but sorra a drop of aither I've seen this time."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

A Belated Wedding Gift for Germany's Future Ruler—The Fascinating Mme. von Flotow.

Special to The American.

Although the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess have been married for eight years and their union has been blessed with four boys — namely, the Princes William, Louis Ferdinand, Hubert and Frederick—yet they are now receiving one of their most important wedding presents. At the time when their engagement was officially announced it was resolved that the principal cities of Prussia should unite in making a wedding gift to the young couple. A committee was formed, and it decided upon a silver table service.

This service, which is a superb work of art, has taken all these eight years to complete and is only now finished. Many of the pieces are reproductions of the finest specimens of the German silversmith's art in the period of the Renaissance. There are no less than 103 magnificent centerpieces of a purely decorative character, 503 dishes, salvers, bread baskets, ewers, basins, etc; 550 other pieces of silver, combined with glass, and 2,045 other pieces of every conceivable description.

While, of course, the silver and gold-plate rooms of the Kaiser's palace at Potsdam, of King George at Windsor Castle, of Czar Nicholas at the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, and of Emperor Francis Joseph at the Hofburg, at Vienna, contain extraordinary quantities of plate, that of King George being valued at several millions of pounds sterling, there is no one single set that consists of so many pieces, or that represents one gift. The pieces are contained in some 80 large packing cases, and the presentation is, in every sense of the word, both from an artistic, as well as from an intrinsic, point of view, fully worthy of the recipients—namely, the future German Emperor and Empress—and of the donors—that is to say, the leading cities of the Kingdom of Prussia.

Baron von Rucker-Jenison, of whom I gave a sketch in these letters a short time ago, on the occasion of his promotion to the rank of German ambassador at Rome, and whom I described as a first cousin and former lieutenant of Prince Buelow, has been unable to assume the duties of his office, owing to his being stricken with a very severe illness, which has compelled him to retire altogether from the diplomatic service, and Hans von Flotow, the German minister at Brussels, has been appointed to the embassy at Rome in his stead.

Hans von Flotow is also one of the confidants and secretaries of Prince Buelow, and in his appointment, as well as in that of Baron von Rucker-Jenisch, the desire on the part of the Kaiser and of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, to please Prince Buelow, who makes his home in the Villa Malta at Rome, is once more apparent.

Hans von Flotow is the grandson of Friedrich von Flotow, a Mecklenburg noble, the well-known composer of Martha and of other operas. The newly-appointed ambassador married about three years ago the widowed Countess Keller, whose first husband, General Count Keller, renowned as Russia's most dashing cavalry general, fell in the battle of Mukden in the last war with Japan, struck by no less than 40 bullets. She is by birth a Princess Schakowska, member therefore of a family which is, like the sovereign house of Romanoff, descended from Rurik, founder of the latter.

A very fascinating woman, beautiful, in spite of the fact that she has a grown-up son by the late general, she is possessed of a very large fortune in her own right, and there is no doubt that with her as its mistress the Caffarelli Palace, the home of the German Embassy at Rome, will become what it has never been since the days of Prince Buelow, an important center of the so-called White Society of the Eternal City. Mme. von Flotow enjoys an altogether unrivaled position at St. Petersburg. For the late Count Keller's sister, Countess Kleinmichel, is the recognized leader of the Great World in the Russian capital, and not to be on her visiting list means that one does not form part of society in the Czar's capital.

Count Keller was greatly liked and trusted, both by the late and by the present Emperor. Although a thorough man of the world, he had no toleration for those moral shortcomings which society, especially at St. Petersburg, is disposed too often to regard with a lenient eye. Thus, while commanding the regiment of Chevalier Gardes, he was called upon to deal with a scandal connected with some of the officers under his orders, and in which one of the dignitaries of the court, a man bearing a name as famous in history as in literature, was by reason of his power and wealth the individual chiefly at fault.

General Count Keller was so indignant that he insisted that a public example should be made of the personage in question, and that he should not only be dismissed, but likewise punished. Alexander, in spite of his rectitude, and horror of everything that was unprincipled, thought it best to hush up the scandal, whereupon Keller at once tendered his resignation, which was accepted, and he was placed on the retired list.

Alexander, instead of being angry with Keller for his uncompromising attitude, seemed to admire him the more for it. shortly afterward he promoted him to the rank of major general on the retired list, and repeatedly nominated him as a member of the imperial commission, where his services were recognized by public acknowledgment of his sovereign's thanks, and by orders and decorations.

Before Nicholas had been very long on the throne Keller was restored to active service as general in command of the Imperial Military Academy at St. Petersburg, and a year later was appointed governor of Katerinoslaw, where he remained until the outbreak of the war with Japan, his province being the only one in European Russia where there were not peasant disturbances, no Nihilist activity, nor revolutionary outrages.

As soon as Kuropatkin was appointed to supreme command of the forces in the Far East, after the outbreak of the war with Japan, he sent for his old comrade and fellow-member of the staff of General Skoboleff to join him, offering him the command of the cavalry, which Keller immediately accepted. In the battle in which he was killed his then 19-year-old son, who had accompanied him to the front, was wounded dangerously, thought not mortally.

Mme. von Flotow, while still Countess Keller, learned to know Queen Helene of Italy, who was then being brought up under the direction of the widowed Czarina at St. Petersburg. In fact, the Queen, who was then Princess Helen of Montenegro, became very much attached to Countess Keller, and will rejoice to have her as German ambassadress at Rome as Mme. von Flotow.

The marriage between Von Flotow and the Countess was in no sense of the word one of disparity in point of years. For Von Flotow is about 52 and his wife just about the same age. He is tall, good-looking; in fact, an excellent type of the German noble, having the bearing and appearance, thought not the stiffness of an officer of the guards.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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Too Busy Sawing Wood.

According to Governor Sulzer, he works 18 hours a day. It has been noticed, however, that the men who accomplish the most are not the men who explain how they do it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Permanency About It.

Chicago, according to the latest estimate, has a population of 2,307,628—subject, of course, to the operations of the thugs and burglars tonight.—Chicago Tribune.

MEN AND WOMEN

Mrs. H. K. Morrell, of Gardiner, Me., has had a tree toad for four years, which makes its home in the flowerpots. Last November it disappeared from view, but Saturday it appeared again, as chipper as ever.

Besides the $240,000 salary he receives every year from the French Republic, President Poincare will get vegetables for his table from the gardens at Versailles, game from the state forest and fruit from the orchards of Fontainebleau, all free of charge.

The postmaster of a small town in Southern Georgia sent his monthly remittance to Postmaster McKee, of Atlanta, all in coppers. In an accompanying letter the sender stated that there were 5,800 pennies in the remittance, but Mr. McKee found only 5,700 on the first count.

Speaker Cook, of the Indiana legislature, has a sounding board for his gavel. The granite slab formerly used to receive the knocks of the gavel was gradually being broken into bits and Representative Nix, who is a blacksmith, furnished a square piece of steel which is used in its place.

Rev. Franklin C. Smieleau, of Williamsport, Pa., a mute preacher and missionary, gave an illustrated lecture to a number of deaf-mutes. By using the deaf and dumb alphabet he described pictures thrown on the screen. In order to enable the audience to see the lecture a spotlight was turned upon him.

Benjamin B. Harding, of Washington, Ga., carries a heavy walking cane in which are embedded $20 gold pieces and gold coins of smaller denominations, besides four diamonds, the whole valued at more than $4,000. He also wears an ornamented belt made of leather and ivory worth about $1,000 and a watch fob worth $300.

Francis Szatners, 13 years old, of Jamaica, N. Y., was brought before the Children's Court by his mother, who explained that she brought him because during the four months he had been at home she and her son had been able to communicate only by signs and motions. She understands only Lithuanian and he has entirely forgotten the language.

Frank T. Wadsworth, of Eastport, Me., enjoys the distinction of having shot the largest bull moose which has been seen in that state this season. The moose, which was brought down at a distance of about 70 paces, weighs 1,150 pounds. The web antlers have a breadth of 18 inches. One of them has 14 points and the other 12, while from tip to tip the horns measure 50 inches.

Might Have Achieved Fame.

Vincent Astor says if he were not Vincent Astor he would be a reporter. Another case where money is a detriment to a young man.—Toledo Blade.

Chance to Make a Hit.

Woodrow Wilson is President of the short ballot organization. Wonder if he likewise appreciates the value of short presidential messages.—Omaha Bee.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

The Great Divide is said to be in demand by stock companies.

The Good Little Devil is maintaining its big success in New York.

John Barrymore is to appear in A Gentleman of Leisure in a new version of that play.

Blanche Bates is to begin a tour at the end of the month in The Witness for the Defense, by A. E. W. Mason.

The costumes and stage settings in Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company were made under her personal supervision, and reflect her well-known artistic judgment and taste.

The illness of Florence Reed, it is announced, will cause the suspension of The Painted Lady. Miss Reed continued playing against the advice of her physicians and finally fainted on the stage.

In the Liebler production of The Daughter of Heaven, one of the most gorgeous productions put on the stage in recent years, is a cast of 200 people, including a number of Chinese, Koreans and Japanese.

Brieux' play, Damaged Goods, which deals with the results of heredity, is to be played before a selected audience in New York about the middle of the month, and later in Washington for the members of Congress.

It is announced that Lillian Russell is to make a tour of the world, in which she will study the personality and conditions of women of various countries, using these observations as the basis for a series of lectures to be given next year.

Among the favorites who will return for the spring season at Ford's of the Aborn Grand Opera Company are Jane Abercrombie, Edith Helena, Aida Hemmi, Scarretti, Johanna Kristoffy, Henry Taylor, Eugene Battin and William Schuster.

The farewell performances of The Governor's Lady in Philadelphia had the aspect of gubernatorial receptions, as among the parties attending were those of Governor and Mrs. Miller, of Delaware; Governor and Mrs. Goldsborough, of Maryland, and Governor and Mrs. Tener, of Pennsylvania.

THE RIVER.

[From the Galveston News.]

Over the river the shadows are creeping—
shadows that herald the coming of night;
In the dark treetops the tree frogs are cheeping; gone is the rose of the sun's dying light;
Mist, like the wraith of the day now departed, rises o'er masses of lilies and reeds;
Into dim caverns the muskrats have darted, sheltered by cattails and water-soaked weeds.

Slowly the moon rises calm, and the river now is a dark-bordered ribbon of light;
Ripples of silver across its breast quiver, banks that were dull now are gleaming and white.
Far down the river a wild bird is crying
—crying sad-toned and sweet;
Breezes through boughs softly passing are sighing—splash! and a frog dives, its fellows to meet.

Night time has fallen upon the wide river, sleeping the earth, now relieved of its strain—
Sleeping in peace of the world's mighty Giver—losing in slumber its troubles and pain;
While the calm river moves on toward the ocean, silvered and perfect, a-glitter with light,
Almost asleep of its own gentle motion, drifting along through the peace of the night.

PUBLIC OPINION

Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—

To Know Oneself.

[Knoxville Journal and Tribune.]

In the humblest home and heart there may be a privacy too sacred for any probing inquisitor or prying gossip to break. Even in the mutual confidence of closest friendship there may be secrets which one rightfully keep from the other so long especially as mere curiosity pleads for them to be frankly divulged. But the duty of self-knowledge is none the less binding, until one's inner resources and limitations are fully revealed as the outer.

Busy men and women, too, in a worthy sense, are apt to plead they can spare no time from matters social and commercial, to be turning a searchlight where only X-rays are supposed to penetrate. Now that the time for spring cleaning is near, ambitious housewives will insist their caretaking must so extend to every nook and corner of the local habitation, specially entrusted to their minutest inspection, they have not an hour's thought to waste on introspection. But where is their thought-tank located, and do they not have occasion daily to draw from it? Surely that needs looking after. And now to hark back quite a distance. David gathered strength while simply tending sheep at Bethlehem to vanquish the big bully Goliath; and skill to play that wondrous harp which grew mightier than his throne. It would have seemed that Jesus could have illy spared those forty days in bleak seclusion on the threshold of a public ministry lasting hardly three years—but he did. There was pressing need for the great apostle to the Gentiles to begin work at once; yet soon after that sudden miraculous conversion he must —— retire to the desert of Arabia for a period of seclusion.

Familiarity and Contempt.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Familiarity, of course, is a term of straight inheritance from "familia," the Latin name of family; and it is too bad that a word which stands for the beautiful relationship of intimacy in the household should also have come to do duty for another meaning, that of disrespect. Why shouldn't ripening acquaintance mean a continual accession of reverence? Why is it that "no man is a hero to his valet"? Must it be that only the glaring deficiencies and discrepancies progressively appear instead of the graces and the virtues as the points of high relief in the closely scrutinized character?

In the ideal family life there is generous concession, each to each, in the point of view. There is a real affection which creates an atmosphere of tolerance and kindliness. The parents remember that they were not always as old and as wise as they are now. They realize that a child cannot look through their own bifocal lenses on life's problems at quite the same angle or in exactly the same light. Age with increasing wisdom, the "sour saws" and the "severity," ought to bring an added disposition to give youth and impulse the benefit of the doubt.

Old age and youth may not always agree; January and May are traditionally at odds; but they can afford to let each other live, and neither can afford to be condescending. "We are none of us 'infallible,'" said Jewett, "not even the youngest of us."

Looks and Efficiency.

[St. Paul Dispatch.]

Mr. Herbert Kaufman, a worthy and popular writer of epigrams, who each week epitomizes an aeon of philosophy in a half column of sparkling paragraphs, hands an artistic lambasting to "the pretty man," in which he capitalizes such words as Brain and Brawn and Workers and Strength, and the like, and intimates that the world is full of the wreckage of men who pride themselves on neatness, clean hands, fine clothes and well groomed hair. And to make it all appealing he makes the obvious remark that Lincoln was "no great shakes on looks." He waxes sarcastic at the man who does not keep his work as clean as his cuffs, and his records as neat as his finger nails.

All of this is approximately virtuous, true and platitudinous, and yet the reference to warts, clumsiness, homeliness and similar unornamental appurtenances and virtues strikes one as being little more than the usual yellow journal sentimentalism, despite Mr. Kaufman's virtuous motives.

That a man in overalls may be as real a gentleman as a man in broadcloth is a very patent truth, and there is no particular harm in saying so now and then, but when this becomes perverted to mean that no one is a gentleman unless in overalls we have reached an absurd silliness.

Correct Pronunciation.

[New York Evening Post.]

The art of conversation may be lost forever, but its sister art of correct pronunciation will not slip entirely away from us if a Western newspaper is able to hold its readers up to its own high standard in this respect. Mingling wisdom with zeal, it does not attempt to do everything at once, but singles out as a strategic beginning a few of the words locally mispronounced. "The ruler of Japan," for instance, "is the Mikado, with the accent on the second syllable, and never the Mickadoo." A bit of geographical lore is neatly tucked in one hint: "The antipodes—Australia, you know—is pronounced 'antipodeez.'" History is represented by the information that when you have anything to say about the Renaissance, you should speak of it as the "Renesans," with the accent on the last syllable, and not by any chance as the "Renaysans." Nor should one be betrayed into saying "amatoor" or "amachoor" when one means "amaturr." And when the wind soughs through the branches, we read, it "sows," but never "suffs." All this is excellent, but we fear that it will not entirely do away with what the English lady called "your horrid American ahccent."

Preserving One's Temper.

[Ohio State Journal.]

There is scarcely any violation of the Decalogue that is more sinful than where one gets angry at another for simply disagreeing with him on some matter of doctrine or opinion. It is sinful, because in the first place it is anger, and in the second place there is no just reason for it. One man has as good right to his opinion as another man has, for in neither case can either be certain that his doctrine is true. There are no truths except what are axiomatic, self-evident, or what God says, and any man who declares something different and is mad at another because he does not agree with him is worse than the other, even if that man was wrong in his opinion.

This doctrine teaches the lesson of patience, equanimity and kindness; and if it was well learned and acted upon the world would grow brighter and happier, and the truth would have a great deal better chance.

Student Efficiency.

[Boston Post.]

The Harvard authorities have been trying an interesting experiment, the results of which are not announced, to find out, if possible, where the leaks in student efficiency are most prevalent. In cards which have been issued, undergraduates are asked to tell how much time is spent in eating, in sleeping, in studying, in athletics, at theaters and in all other ways. A careful record is to be kept for one week, and the cards then are to be returned to the committee on scholarship.

Providing the students fill in these human documents with entire candor, a good deal of illuminating information ought to be obtained. But what then? Can the undergraduate be made to alter their programs of daily life to suit the dons; has the college any right to call upon them to do so; in fact, if they are not doisterers or chronic "funkers"?

The best the college can do will be to recommend to certain students how they might employ themselves with more profit to themselves and the institution. Helpfulness may come, if tendered in the right way.

Business Is Business.

Prices rose on the stock exchange of the country the day following Wilson's inauguration. Not even Bryan in the Cabinet could make them fall. Business is business, after all. —Springfield Republican.

Two Ex-Presidents.

This week the country will have two ex-presidents, each rejoicing in the other's ex and largely responsible for it.—Kansas City Journal.

MUCH IN LITTLE

The United States petroleum output in 1912 reached 220,200,000 barrels.

Prince Edward Island cans and exports $800,000 worth of lobsters every year.

Arnold Lawson, of Boston, recently paid $20,000 for six English buldogs.

American railroads in 1912 received gross revenues aggregating $3,041,307,905.

Along the human nerves the electric current travels at from 33 to 60 yards a second.

Vancouver, B. C., refuses to accept $50,000 for library purposes from Andrew Carnegie.

Berkeley, Cal., has an antivaccination crusade. As a result 1,200 pupils have quit the schools.

In 16 years American farms have yielded produce valued at $105,000,000,000. The 1912 yield is valued at $9,532,000,000.

In one of the parks of San Jose, Cal., there are benches which cannot be occupied until a coin has been dropped in a slot provided for the purpose.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has appropriated $4,000,000 for extensive improvements in British Columbia during this year, exclusive of any new lines.

In Switzerland houses are built to last centuries and are made of stones, concrete, bricks or wood. Inside partitions are generally made of tile bricks lightly covered with plaster.

Europe is building many other boats more or less like the Selandia, the funnelless vessel, equipped with Diesel engines, whose journeyings have attracted much attention in the shipping world.

Grapeseed oil is prepared in certain parts of Europe. That obtained cold, from the first pressing, is edible. The rest is used for lighting purposes, in the manufacture of soap and in various industries.

The territory of the Comune di Messina embraces a superficial area of 509 acres. The population, according to the latest census, is 130,000, of which about 70,000 are in the city limits. Prior to the disaster there was a population of 171,000, of which 109,000 were urban residents.

The great epoch of the sewing machine began with Elias Howe and the machine patented by him September 10, 1846, patent No. 4750. In this machine a curved, eye-pointed needle was carried at the end of a pendent, vibrating lever which had a motion simulating that of a pickax in the hands of a laborer.

Manila and Mangarin, Philippine Islands, are now conversing by wireless telegraph. A powerful plant was installed at the sugar town, says the Manila Times, under joint action and effort by the Mindoro Company and the Bureau of Posts. The former found it difficult to conduct its extensive industry without immediate communication. When the Mangarin station gets into swing it will be able to converse with Hongkong, as well as with the stations to be erected in the southern islands. In the latter connection it is expected to be a helpful link in Philippine communication.

Task for Woodrow.

President Wilson will doubtless educate Congress to a point where it will be as enthusiastic in cheering him as an assemblage of Princeton graduates.—Washington Star.

Cure for Dyspepsia.

If we all could learn to meet reverses as calmly as Mr. Taft does there would be less demand for dyspepsia cures in this land of the impatient.—Chicago News.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

Wife (bitterly)—When you married me you didn't marry a cook.

Husband—Well, you needn't rub it in. Boston Transcript.

She—I wonder why I've never had a proposal?

Her Friend—Do you never look in a mirror, dear?—Judge.

She—Yes, I will be yours on one condition.

He—That's all right. I entered Yale with six.—Yale Record.

"Biggins always knows the latest story."

"Not the latest," replied Miss Cayenne, wearily, "the longest." — Washington Star.

Fussy Old Lady—I want two good seats for this afternoon in the coolest part of the house.

Ticket Agent—All right, madam, here are two in Z row.—Life.

Judge—Now, I don't expect to see you here again, Rufus.

Rufus—Not see me here again, Judge? Why, yo' all ain't a-goin' to resign yo' job, is you, Judge?—Tit-Bits.

Hobo—I've eaten nothing but snowballs for three days.

Lady—You poor man! What would you have done had it been summer time?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Brown sent me a brick by parcel post, but I got even with him."

"What did you do?"

"Passed the word along to a number of agents that he was figuring on taking out more life insurance."—Detroit Free Press.

"What a pity we have no artists who can paint like the old masters!" said the sincere lover of pictures.

"But," replied Mr. Cumrox, who had just acquired a spurious signature, "the great trouble is that we have."—Washington Star.

Lady—You must ask mamma.

Suitor—But your mother has gone on her travels.

Lady—Yes, but she's left an answer in the affirmative in the gramaphone.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"Haven't found your dog yet, I hear?" asked Smith of his neighbor, Jones.

"No," answered Jones, ruefully.

"Well, have you advertised?" asked Smith.

"What's the use?" said Jones. "The dog can't read."—Our Dumb Animals.

Actress (who had returned from an extended tour to cook)—You have really kept house very well, Mary. What do you wish as a reward?

Cook (who is a member of an amateur dramatic society)—Oh, nothing at all—only show me how to cast up the eyes as you recently did it in the role of Gretchen. If you could teach me that!—Fliegende Blaetter.

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