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### WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1913.

Will spring beat Easter in?

Running for office is no poor man's job.

April showers are more welcome than March winds.

Aid the women and children bereaved by the dynamite explosion.

Carousels in the parks might be all right if the park band would furnish the music.

Many an officeseeker who once denounced Bryan fervently wishes he could recall those cruel words.

The women of Chicago are planning a monster parade. The police there are sitting up and taking notice.

Roosevelt is evidently subjecting the new administration to a conspiracy of silence. Or is he just peeved?

President Wilson has taken up his duties in profound seriousness. Even a "smile" is out of order in the White House.

England's war specter is Germany, and Germany's war fear is France. The fraternal feeling seems to be advancing crab-fashion in Europe.

It remains to be seen in the distribution of patronage whether the President establishes a distinction between a Wilson man and a Democrat.

The King of Spain will not allow his cousin to appear in private theatricals. The poor royalties nowadays are cut off from any opportunity of distinguishing themselves.

The touch of nature which makes the whole world kin will make itself felt between the nation and its new President when it is known that the latter is a baseball fan.

Secretary Bryan is wondering how a message got by him praising the American ambassador to Mexico. In the opinion of the people it was a case of justice being done by accident.

The resumption of the wearing of the royal crown by King George has not precipitated a sensation. It no longer means as much as it did, but perhaps he likes to feel it is still there.

The next time the Washington authorities have a big crowd on their hands and wish to escape criticism for its handling they should come over and borrow Marshal Farnan. He will show them how it ought to be done.

A London journal warns President Wilson not to run the danger of being called a crank. A man in public life these observant and divergent days must be abnormally colorless to escape this distinction from somebody.

A man in Washington has sued to compel the police to give him a license to carry his wife as passenger on his motorcycle. The capital police do not have to hunt for straws to tell them which way the wind of trouble is blowing.

A Missouri theorist thinks that women should have occupations and share the burdens of life with men. Woman's being a business rival of man will not lessen her attractions, but he is propounding this theory in a state which is traditionally inclined to demonstration.

Massachusetts has joined the fight against the deadly hatpin, and it is now a law in that state that the pins must have their points covered. Women who realize the possible harm of these sharp, projecting weapons will aid the crusade without waiting by law and fines to be forced to do so.

King George did not say anything about woman suffrage in his speech to Parliament. The omission will probably be noted and commented on by the suffragettes. The chief anxiety is about the nature of the comments, with hopes that they will not be something humorous with boiling oil.

The citizens of every civilized community have the right to demand that the transit of high explosives must not involve the possible transit of the said citizens to eternity. It is rather a big price to pay for convenience, especially as those paying the principal cost have no business interest in the matter.

The famous suffragist hike has started a taste for walking clubs in Washington for women. This is a fad of the sound and sane sort, and will do much toward raising the standard of health if adopted by women throughout the country. The sensible English habit of long walks is entirely too much neglected in this land, where health is sacrificed habitually to ease and indolence. Besides, the open-air cure will be effective on many other less healthy fads, physically and socially.

### DEATH TO THE RIDER.

Jockeying with legislation is one kind of malpractice in lawmaking, attaching riders to appropriation bills is vastly worse. For this latter practice is that of the blackguard who dopes the horse that is counted upon to win the race. The country must have the appropriation bills acted upon. And to tie to such bills riders that have no more relevancy to them than Mars has to a muckrake is execrable practice. The latest heinous performance of this kind was the endeavor to legislate out of office Gen. Leonard Wood, through an appropriation bill rider. Fortunately Mr. Taft saw the dodge and called the game and saved the country the disgrace and that able officer his head.

Mr. Wilson now affirms it to be his purpose to veto any and all appropriation bills that contain riders. This is first rate. For legislation that cannot go through on its merits has no right to enactment. The rider on appropriation bills is usually a disreputable piece of legislative proposal that had better get the ax than favorable action. So that there is nothing alarming in the announced intention of the President not only to scotch, but to kill the rider whenever it parasites on an appropriation bill.

### THE SIMPLICITY PROGRAM.

Mr. Wilson says he will take a Democratic row on the Potomac on soft days when the weather settles and doubless he will enter the lists with some of the local sculling champions. Then the country may have the thrill of a neck-and-neck race along the waters of the Potomac with the bulletins noting the President pulling up, then in the lead and finally coming in with a dash for the honors of the contest.

The simplicity program goes to the extent of renouncing the Mayflower, of tender presidential memories, memories so fraught with such good times that the timbers reek with the recollections impressed upon the boat. This renunciation in the interests of simplicity does not go the length of declaring in favor of a bicycle for customary modes of travel. But who will doubt that on fine days the President may be seen roller skating along the avenues of the city with a trail of juveniles seeking to keep up with his strides.

Surely these are the days of Jeffersonian simplicity and those who do not agree with getting down to first principles must migrate to some effete monarchy where form and display still hold sway.

### NO WOLF AT THE DOOR.

According to the recently issued estimate of the Department of Agriculture there was at the beginning of March an enormous surplus of food products still in the barns of the American farmers. While the wheat surplus is only about 43,000,000 bushels greater than the surplus of a year ago there are 400,000,000 bushels more of corn in stock now than there was a year ago. In fact, at the beginning of March there was yet 41.3 per cent. of the 1912 corn crop in the farm barns. Also there was 42.6 per cent. of last year's oat crop yet in hand, and more than twice the surplus of barley that was held in reserve a year ago. A year ago we were importing potatoes; now there is a big surplus for export. Even the hens were more than usually industrious last year. There is a surplus of cold stored eggs which more than doubles the surplus of a year ago.

The farm yield of 1913 will soon be finding its way to market. In fact, the strawberry, the green pea, the cucumber and other kitchen garden products are now arriving in the Northern cities from the Southeastern and Southwestern corners. And the hen has also made an early start with the manifest purpose of beating the last year record. The retail price of eggs has been coming down and down. The fresh supply is now far more abundant than the cold stored product. It is too early yet to determine about the fruit prospect, but the news from Georgia concerning the peach, as likewise from Western Maryland, is cheerful.

### BRYAN AND THE TARIFF.

Mr. William Jennings Bryan as a leading private in the Democratic ranks for many years was so accustomed to have a directive voice in the matter of party tariff positions that now that he is in the cabinet of the President he is looked to as a source of worry and trouble for those who take a conservative view of tariff changes. Mr. Underwood crossed swords with the unrelenting leader when in the last session of Congress his conservative views were opposed by the Bryan demand for free wool. The Nebraskan had satisfaction in making flings at the conservatives for being ready to accede to the protectionist position. The question that now is an important one is whether or not Bryan in office will be as belligerent for his views of tariff reform as the Bryan out of office. Notwithstanding the fact that he opposed the nomination of Mr. Underwood chiefly upon the stand of the latter in the matter of conservative revision, it may be safely affirmed that Mr. Bryan will not now prove troublesome. The reason for this is that his chief stands for less drastic tariff changes than does Mr. Bryan, and the latter will not find it wise or expedient to assert himself in opposition. But a more important reason is found in the statement of The American before Mr. Bryan's assignment to a cabinet place, that the sphere of his activities calls upon him to maintain reserve and that his active participation in the tariff policies of his party would be regarded as impertinence, and that, in fact, Mr. Bryan would be glad to hide under the State Department mantle from the working out of the issue of his opposition to Mr. Underwood and the creation of discord for his party. Mr. Bryan has been effectually silenced, and this doubtless was in the minds of both the Nebraskan—willing to be silenced upon the tariff for the sake of his own and his party's future—and in the mind of Mr. Wilson, glad to have Mr. Bryan placed where he would be least troublesome as a stirrer up of party strife.

### VICE CRUSADE LIMITS.

It remains true, as when Pope so declared, that vice is a monster of hideous mien, but frequent sight of its grisly visage leads to endurance and embrace. It is most unfortunate that the vice crusades are made so frankly and in such direct language and through such exaggeration of conditions as to afford a mass of suggestive material that tends to make the countenance of vice attractive to many who otherwise would be repelled by it. When the country is treated to the testimony of young girls whose evidence is given with flippancy, with gusto and with disregard to the shame and mortification that should attend such recitals, the morals of society are not apt thereby to be advanced. When such recitals are used to point a moral and adorn a tale of wage evils, and when the facts brought out with regard to the wages paid in the investigated industries do not tend to give general support to the assertion that vice and the prevailing wage stand in the relation of cause and effect, the morals of society are affronted without due reparation in serviceable reform.

Where wrongs exist they should be righted. Where wages are at the margin of desperation they should be brought to a living level. Where there is systematic preying upon any class of women this should be corrected. But to augment conditions by overstatement, to seek to make a point and to miss the conclusion of the whole matter, to see only singular instances of vice and not to admit the general good, is to misjudge the facts and to invite worse evils than those that are exploited.

If the rectification of actual wrongs in co-operative spirit by employers should be wrought out without the publicity and the over-emphasis that usually accompanies reform crusades, then the results could be secured normally and without undue drafting upon the moral resources of society. No one can grant for a moment from the testimony adduced in the Chicago investigation that the conditions as charged are in any sense general, that vice and wage are so related in the cases brought out as to make it a foregone conclusion that with the best of wages the tendencies of individuals toward vicious courses would not remain the same.

There is and there can be no condoning of vice, and there is and can be no minimizing of the importance of bettering conditions. But the price is always a costly one when evils are brought about greater than those sought to be eradicated by doubtful methods. Vice is a condition of social standards, and despite all that has been said as to the working women and their susceptibility under conditions declared to exist, the average of morality of such women is and always has been higher than that of the smart set. The best morality of the country is found in the middle conditions of society, and in these conditions are found the great masses of working women.

It is an affront to the multitude of self-respecting women in the stores of the great cities and in the factories of the land to have them exploited as peculiarly susceptible to vicious inducement and to have the impression created that a large percentage of such women are indeed trafficking in the field of vice. Such impression and the suggestions created, such wrong estimates and deplorable misrepresentations are what do more harm than a bit of possible increase in wages in some classes of employment can do good. Conservative constructive work counts for vastly more than radical panaceas. For from the one steady good results; from the latter harmful reaction is felt. This view is the view of the best sociologists of the land. Human morals and manners must be reformed through elevation of standards of conduct, and no amount of law can effect this without the support of moral sentiment. Women seeking the franchise do so because they believe they can better conditions for their sex, and they are right. But they would be the first to resent the gratuitious implications made with respect to the weakness in morals of great classes of their fellow women. No truer members of society can be found than the women who work.

### BLEASE IN NEW STUNT.

Gov. Cole L. Blease, of South Carolina, doesn't allow the newspapers of the country to forget for long that he is a big noise. There doesn't seem any occasion too small for the belligerent Governor to give an exhibition of himself. He has recently been threatening to place the capital of his state under martial law. And for why? Why, a police court fined his chauffeur $3.75 for exceeding the speed limit.

Blease immediately used his authority as Governor, pardoned the chauffeur and remitted the fine. But neither the court nor the city police force recognized the pardon as authoritative. It was unquestionably a flagrant exhibition of lese majeste for any police court to fine the driver of the Blease automobile, and the court ought to have known beforehand that Blease would look upon such an act as insurrectionary and seditious.

And only think of what may be coming! Blease is expecting to break into the United States Senate. But most people residing outside of South Carolina take some comfort in the fact that the next vacancy to be filled from South Carolina does not occur until 1915. In two years—well, in two years South Carolina may change its mind about Blease.

### CLEANING UP CITIES.

New York is getting a grand cleaning up. This is not an observation anent the vice crusade, but relative to the practical matter of the campaign for cleaner streets. The women are piling up the rubbish from cellars and closets and every conceivable nook and corner, until the street cleaning department is swamped in an endeavor to remove the mountain of refuse.

Yet this is only incidental to the full-tide flushing of the streets. Mr. McMillan, who made Havana a spotless town, is in charge, and he declares that the entire contents of a reservoir will be needed to flush all the streets of the big town and to make them as sweet and clean as the women are making the interiors of their houses and the sidewalks for which they are responsible.

This campaign of spring cleaning up is a fine one and should be emulated by other cities and be made a settled practice for every spring time. A little later on when Congress gets through with the Capitol Washington will engage in housecleaning, and the great, big national legislative hall will be cleaned with the mighty streams of the water towers of the fire department. This matter of regular municipal housecleaning is highly important and civilizing. That it is finely sanitary goes without saying.

### FOR A NEW HOME.

At the monthly meeting of the Maryland Historical Society the movement for a new home for the association was definitely launched. By a resolution adopted at the meeting the newly elected president, ex-Governor Warfield, is authorized to appoint a committee of thirty which will be empowered to sell the building now occupied by the society and to develop plans for a new location and a much more costly and better adapted building.

The new president is known to be in favor of the new home proposition, and at the recent meeting he suggested tentatively $150,000 as the building fund which the committee should seek to raise. The sum named should provide a building suciently roomy for the needs of the society during the next fifty years and of an attractive architectural design. While the exact location of the society's new home is yet to be determined it is gathered from suggestions that have been made by prominent members of the association that a site in the vicinity of Mount Vernon Place will be sought for.

The Maryland Historical Society was organized nearly seventy years ago—or on the 24th of January, 1844. Within its vaults are now preserved many priceless records. It has also gathered a large number of historic portraits and other art works. One of the reasons and the main reason why a new home should be provided is that the historic treasures which have been accumulated and many of which could not be replaced if they were destroyed, should be more adequately protected against a fire disaster than at present. The 1904 fire did not reach the part of the city where the Historical Society has its records stored. If it had many of the records would have vanished in smoke.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

### THE INVASION.

Lo, there comes a marching army
  Down the Democratic pike;
And recruits from every section
  Of the nation joined the hike,
Marching with one step exactly,
  Just one thought within their nobs,
With their eyes fixed on one object—
  That big plum tree with the jobs.

It is vain to halt their marching
  With a warning or command;
That the doors are shut against them,
  Not a man will understand,
For the spoils are to the victors,
  And the idea, victory robs
That the tried and trusty faithful
  Must not fall upon the jobs.

On deaf ears will fall the orders
  That they must not dare intrude;
For locked doors, they'll knock against them
  With insistence strong and rude;
For the crib is filled with feeding,
  And the natural instinct bobs
In the hungry hearts expectant,
  To appropriate the jobs.

### JUST THE OPPOSITE.

"This exploring account says that the Esquimaux are very heavy eaters, and that they stole the explorers' candles as quite a delicacy."

"Then I should think they were more inclined to a light diet."

### ITS NATURE.

"The sparring contingent at the athletic club have gone on a strike against the unpopular instructor."

"I see. Another boxer uprising."

### AGAINST LOGIC.

"I don't believe vertical handwriting is going to tempt folks to forgery."

"Why don't you?"

"Because it is too upright."

### MORE NEEDED.

"The fireless cooker is a great invention."

"Yes, but think of the bliss of a home with the pipeless stove."

### LOOKS LIKE IT.

"Is he a man of mettle?"

"Well, he is credited with iron nerve, a grip of steel and a heart of gold."

### ITS KIND.

"My brother went West and rose rapidly from the time he struck it."

"Then I'll bet his rapid rise was at the end of a rope."

### CONFUSED IDEAS.

"Pop, you know what's an ambulance chaser?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, ain't he the same thing as a settlement worker?"

### THEIR MENU.

"I notice the work horses in the streets take their dinners on the European plan."

"How's that?"

"They take them a la cart."

### ADDED INJURY.

He—This steak is burnt.

She—That's right—roast it!

### NO LIGHT AFFAIR.

Reginald—Why are you so angry over such a trifle as my waxing my mustache?

Maude—It is not a trifle. Waxing one's mustache is a cereous performance.

JOSH WINK.

### THE STRENUOUS AMERICAN.

"There's a story," said Pierre Loti, "that illustrates well the energy of your men of affairs.

"A gentleman called at the office of an indefatigable millionaire financier. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the financier lay back in a revolving chair with his feet on his desk and a picture magazine in his hand.

"'I've worked mighty hard for the last 10 years without a day's vacation,' he explained. 'I feel all run down and I'm now going to take a long rest.'

"'And a well-earned rest it will be too,' said the visitor heartily.

"The visitor departed, expecting that the millionaire would set out at once for Europe or California, but the next morning he saw him presiding as busily as ever at an important directors' meeting.

"'Why, how about that long rest?' he asked.

"The millionaire frowned in amazement.

"'Didn't I take it yesterday afternoon?' he said."—Washington Post.

### BY WAY OF ENGLAND.

Mr. Champ Clark has the happy knack of being able to parry inconvenient interruptions with some smart retort that immediately squashes the opposition. He was speaking at a rather noisy meeting not long ago, and after a short time a big chunk of wood was thrown at him. Fortunately, the aim was bad, and it fell harmlessly on the platform.

Mr. Clark picked it up and showed it to the audience.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in tones of mock anxiety, "one of our opponents has lost his head!"—Pearson's Weekly.

## LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

### Russian Stamp the Postoffice Fears to Cancel—Count Ander Festetics Wanted.

Special to The American.

Philatelists will do well to take immediate steps to obtain specimens of the new Russian postage stamps issued in connection with the celebration of the tercentenary of Romanoff rule. For they are about to be withdrawn, and will soon become as scarce as hen's teeth. The reason for this is a curious one. Difficulties have arisen, owing to the fact that the postoffice officials throughout the provinces, and even in Moscow and St. Petersburg, are afraid to impress the cancellation mark and date upon the stamps, on the ground that by thus obliterating or defacing the portrait of their sovereign they are rendering themselves guilty not only of an act of lese majeste, but even of sacrilege, wholly repellant to their ideas. For these new stamps bear the effigies of Emperor Nicholas, and also of several of his Romanoff predecessors on the throne.

In taking this view the postoffice authorities are indorsed by the clergy and the prelates of the National State Church of Russia, 20 of the principal archbishops having forwarded to the Holy Synod at St. Petersburg a strongly worded protest against the use of the imperial portraits on the new tercentenary postage stamps on the ground that it is a "degradation of the august dignity and sanctity of the reigning sovereign and an offense to the sacred memory of his illustrious predecessors."

When one reflects that in England and in most of the monarchical countries of Europe, the defacement of current coin bearing the effigy of the sovereign constitutes not only a misdemeanor, but even a felony, it becomes easy to understand the attitude of the Russian Postoffice officials. (Incidentally, I would say that these English laws were instituted to prevent, among other things, too enterprising tradesman from stamping their own names, or that of their wares, on the coin of the realm.) But so far as I know, this is the first time that any difficulty has occurred in connection with postage stamps, where, instead of being against the law, the cancellation through defacement is absolutely necessary to prevent fraud.

Count Ander Festetics, who is a familiar figure in American society in Paris, in the South of France, and in the British metropolis, who is "wanted" by the London police, and for whose arrest a warrant has been issued in connection with a conspiracy to defraud a Dr. Hans Torsch of $115,000, is by no means a stranger to the London police. In the summer of 1909 he was arrested in London and brought up at Bow Street Police Court, on an extradition warrant, on a charge of theft of jewelry, perpetrated at Brussels.

The prosecutor was a well-known Brussels jeweler of the name of Storck, who, having on sale a pair of emerald earrings that had formed part of the treasure of Duke Charles of Brunswick, popularly known as "the Diamond Duke," had been induced by an individual of the name of Jacques de Ville (alias William Jack, a well-known Anglo-American ex-convict), who represented himself as the secretary of Count Andor Festetics, to submit them to his employer. The jeweler took them to the hotel where Festetics was stopping and showed them to the Count, who declared that he would be glad to purchase them for 55,000 francs, and suggested that they should be left in a sealed package for several days with the jeweler, since he (the Count) had to run over to England for a week or so and would take the gems and pay for them on his return.

The jeweler was much pleased with the transaction; but on the following day it suddenly struck him that the sealed package was somewhat lighter than it ought to be. Accordingly, he took it upon himself to break the seals and to open it in the presence of his lawyer and found therein, not the earrings, but four lumps of sugar, which had been hastily substituted at the hotel while his attention was momentarily diverted.

The matter was at once placed in the hands of the police. Count Andor Festetics and Jacques de Ville, who was his confederate, were traced to London, where it was found that the Count had pawned the jewels for $1,000. Needless to add that both men were speedily arrested, and Andor Festetics was held at the Bow Street Police Court on $20,000 bail, which was furnished by his long-suffering and unfortunate father, who, making his home at Wiesbaden, has almost ruined himself in his efforts to keep his son out of jail. His father in the end indemnified the pawnbroker, secured the return of the earrings to the jeweler at Brussels, paying him a very handsome sum by way of compensation for all the trouble and annoyance to which he had been put in the matter, and in this way obtained a withdrawal of the charge.

On another occasion Count Andor Festetics was condemned, in contumacion, to 18 months' imprisonment in Belgium on a charge of fraud, and still, I believe, has that sentence pending, to be executed whenever he sets foot on Belgian territory. Last summer his name figured in the Bankruptcy Court in London, with liabilities of about $90,000 and assets of $8 and some cents. Through counsel he ascribed his debts to losses at cards, on the stock exchange, particularly in speculation in Union Pacific Railroad and rubber shares. But he failed to put in a personal appearance in court, owing to alleged illness, and so eventually was posted as an absconding bankrupt.

The Count, who is a tall, blond man of about thirty-four, must not be confounded with the near sexagenarian Count Ander Festetics, who is the director of all the crown and state theaters of Hungary and as such a high government official. Young Ander Festetics, now wanted by the police, is one of his nephews and has never held any government office, position at court or commission in the army, having been in trouble of one kind and another ever since he left the University of Budapest. In fact, he has always been looked upon as the black sheep of his family. Whether his father will again come to his rescue is extremely doubtful, for I understand that the sum which Dr. Hans Thorsch has charged him with obtaining from himself by fraud in connection with a Manchurian concessions concern does not by any means represent the full amount of the plunder which, it is said, the Count and his associates obtained.

The head of the family is Prince Tassilo Festetics, who is only very distantly related to Count Ander and who does not even know him by sight. Prince Tassilo's name is familiar all over Europe as that of the principal figure of the old Magyar nobility and is probably the greatest of the territorial magnates of Hungary, his estates extending over nearly a million acres. He has twice declined the office of prime minister, accepting, however, the grand mastership of the Court of Budapest and the Order of the Golden Fleece. Devoid of personal ambition, he has held throughout his life almost entirely aloof from politics, without, however, forfeiting any of the good will of his countrymen, only on two occasions intervening to bring about a compromise of difficulties between the Hungarian aristocracy and the crown.

The Prince has given most of his leisure to horse breeding and horse racing. He is easily the principal figure of the turf, not only of Austria-Hungary, but of Continental Europe, and his colors—the gold yellow jacket and the blue velvet cap—have been known for the past thirty years or more on every European racecourse. He is one of the half-dozen foreign members of the English Jockey Club and likewise belongs to the Jockey Clubs of Paris and Vienna.

In 1880 the Count contracted a romantic union with the late Duke of Hamilton's only sister, Lady Mary Douglas Hamilton after she had secured the annulment of her unhappy first marriage with the present reigning Prince of Monaco. She had a child by this former marriage who, in spite of its annulment was declared legitimate alike by the law and by the church and who is now the Crown Prince of Monaco. As such he represented his father at the coronation of King George.

Tassilo Festetics is a tall, thin, rather English-looking man, with grey, now almost white, side whiskers and mustache, talking English without a trace of accent, very quiet in his manner and sober in his gestures. He has a palace at Vienna in the Loewenstrasse, another at Budapest, next to the Royal National Museum, a palatial villa at Baden-Baden, inherited by his wife from her grandmother, Grandduchess Stephanie, of Baden, and any number of country seats scattered about Austria and Hungary, Keszthely being the most famous of them all.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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## MEN AND WOMEN

Otto H. Kahn, the New York banker, has leased the Villa Christiana at Florence. It was formerly the property of the late Henry Labouchere.

Mrs. Fell, the favorite niece of Lord Macaulay, the historian and essayist, has died in a workhouse hospital, Manchester, England. She was 85 years old.

Twins have been born to the three children of Mrs. John Ouilette, of Littleton, N. H., whose record as a grandmother is believed to be unequaled in this respect.

Mrs. Mehitable Elmira Bush, 88, died recently at Montclair, N. J., in the house in which she had lived since her marriage, seventy years ago. She leaves 50 direct descendants.

J. F. Hughes, dead in Newman, Ga., willed his entire estate, valued at $10,000, to Mrs. William Atkinson, widow of a former governor of Georgia. He wanted to marry her 30 years ago.

Capt. John B. Hobday, of Scranton, Pa., is 93 now and has forgotten a lot of things, but he remembers with perfect distinctness paying $25 to hear Jenny Lind sing in Castle Garden.

Miss Celia M. Howard, a young woman, who lives in Elgin, Ill., was awarded first honors by the state bar examiners of Illinois last week, in a class of 137. She says that she may not open a law office, but that her knowledge of law will be of advantage to her in any work that she may undertake. She was one of four women who made a high record.

John Larsen, a member of the Princeton freshman class, who was formerly a bartender in Chicago, has just received the distinction of being numbered among the list of scholastic honormen for the term closed as a result of the midyear examinations which were held last month. He is listed among the highest 20 men of his class, which numbers more than 400.

Mrs. Marcella Horning, of Altoona, Pa., who, a few days ago, celebrated the eighty-fourth birthday anniversary, bids fair to be the third nonagenarian in her immediate family. She is a sister of the late James Cullen, the Pennsylvania Railroad supervisor, of Spruce Creek, who died at the age of 94 years, and another sister, Mrs. Annie Rooney, died also after she had passed the four-score and ten mark.

### The Melancholy Days.

With neither flies nor politicians to swat, life is likely to become one terrible siege of ennui.—Milwaukee Journal.

### Neronic Infliction.

No wonder the Turks ran. The King of Montenegro started to read them an original poem.—Minneapolis Journal.

## GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

A new sketch is called The Squealer.

Sweet Kitty Bellairs is being played in the stock companies.

The drama of the underworld is still holding the boards.

Way Down East has closed its season, but the play will go out again next year.

George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh are to appear in London in a play by A. E. W. Mason.

Harrison Hunter is appearing as Bill Sykes in Nat C. Goodwin's revival of Oliver Twist.

Dorothy Dorr will be leading woman with John E. Kellerd in his Shakespearean productions.

The play which Richard Harding Davis is writing for Charles Frohman is to be produced in September.

In a burlesque of Hamlet which will be produced shortly for a benefit, William Courtenay will play Hamlet.

Grace George is shortly to appear in a revival of Divorcons, in which she made such a success some seasons ago.

Sarah Bernhardt has been telling them in San Francisco that she will return to that city for the great exposition in 1915.

The old morality play, Everyman, with Edith Wynne Matthison in the title role, was successfully revived in New York this week.

Forbes Robertson is to open his farewell season in London this month in Hamlet. He will present also The Passing of the Third Floor Back and The Sacrament of Judas.

John Craig, in Boston, is presenting with his stock company the Harvard prize play, Believe Me, Xantippe, which is now in its seventh week and is as much a drawing card as ever. He seems lucky with his prize college plays.

Among the organizers and subscribers to Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company season in New York were Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. H. P. Whitney, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson), Mrs. Borden Harriman, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. William Jay Schieffelin, Edward Bok, John H. Iselin and Amos R. E. Pinchot.

### THE OLD STONE WALL.

[From the National Magazine.]

Across the windy hill
  And down the gentle valley,
Where the wind is hushed and still
  And pleasant waters dally,
Marked by the stains of countless rains
  Green moss and ivy clothing all—
Stretches out my grandsire's work—
  The old stone wall!

How often when a boy—
  When summer days were sunny—
I sat with idle joy
  And ate my bread and honey.
High o'er head the white clouds sped.
  I heard the black crows caw and call—
Oh, what a cooling shade it gave—
  The old stone wall.

And then one starry night
  The old home I was leaving.
And life for me looked bright;
  And my sweet lass was grieving.
"Do not weep, my troth I'll keep."
  I said to her, "whate'er befall."
And so we kissed and parted by
  The old stone wall.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

## PUBLIC OPINION

### Comment of Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—Maryland Agriculture.

[Pennsylvania Farmer.]

Maryland agriculture is in a position to profit widely from the thorough manner in which the authorities are going about the reorganization of the state agricultural college. The recent fire which destroyed some of the principal buildings, and the necessity of appointing a new head for the institution have helped to center interest on the needs and possibilities of this school. Existing as a semi-state institution, the college has never been given the financial support which it deserved. It has been compelled to share state funds with a number of other semipublic and private schools, and its possibilities as an agricultural college have been curtailed. It is pointed out that while the state has been spending only $16,000 a year on its agricultural college, it has been annually wasting $26,000 on antiquated and dormant institutions. The growth that has been made by the college has come through the efficient work of the men in charge rather than the advantages which the state should provide, and which other states are giving to similar schools. The authorities are now going about the work of reorganization in a thoroughly business-like way. Through the efforts of the city-wide congress of Baltimore, all the business interests of the state are being appealed to, and the ready response from all sources shows how ready the state is to place its agricultural college in the front rank of similar institutions of the East. There can be no mistaking the desires of the bankers and commercial clubs, as well as the farmers' clubs and granges now working in the interest of placing the college on a firm basis as a state institution, and Governor Goldsborough is giving careful attention to this appeal in laying plans for the reorganization.

Perhaps no state in the East is in such need of a strong vigorous agricultural college as Maryland. It has communities of wonderful agricultural possibilities that have never been developed. It has many other communities in which local interests have developed co-operative and community interest organizations, which are not equaled for efficiency and practical service in any other state in the country. The leaders in these communities are ready to follow the direction of state leaders in all effectual work in state improvement. This leadership should come from a strong agricultural college, organized for definite work and unhampered by doubtful financial support. With the college as a state institution, and with a president selected for his conception of the practical needs of agriculture, as well as his qualifications in executive and scientific work, the state will be taking an immense stride toward better farming and its benefits.

### Judge Leser's Good Work.

[From Yesterday's News.]

There is probably not another large city in the United States that can show as even an assessment of its real estate as can Baltimore in those sections in which the work of reassessment has been completed. This is largely Judge Leser's doing. If he has made occasional enemies, it is because, as the city official upon whom the raising of funds for current expenses depends, he has bent his energies to the faithful, impartial and scientific performance of his duties. Were he more lenient, he would be by so much the less valuable a public servant.

In a city as poor as Baltimore taxation even for legitimate and unavoidable expenses becomes a heavy burden. Despite the high rate, the per capita payments are among the lowest of all the cities of the first class. Under such conditions there is abundant temptation to looseness and partiality in the administration of the Tax Department, and opportunity to make political capital out of favoritism. That, despite them, our Tax Department is noted the country over for its efficiency and systematic organization is alone sufficient testimonial to the value of its chief, and sufficient cause for his retention as long as his services remain available.

### The Diminishing Kings.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

What petty fellows are the kings of the present day in comparison with the grand moguls of olden times, whose "off with his head" was as potent as the stroke of the headman's ax itself. The Emperor of Germany has just been beaten in a law suit by one of the tenants upon his Cadinon estate.

The suit just decided in favor of Helmuth Sohst, farmer, was the third instituted against him by the Emperor. Sohst beat the Emperor in two suits in which the plaintiff sought to force him to make certain improvements upon his leasehold. A third was filed when he refused to obey a royal command to get out. The Emperor's contention that his tenant was a worthless man was opposed successfully in court. And now Mr. Sohst will continue to farm, presumably in the way that the late Judge Hargis said that he conducted his affairs, without paying any further attention to the royal wishes or the imperial temper.

The modern monarch is indeed well described in Colonel Roosevelt's statement that he is something like a combination of American vice president and leader of the smart set. Gone are the days of kingly dignity, when an occupant of a throne could order the cook roasted upon his own spit if the roast was underdone. Even the consolation of ordering a man off the royl demesne has been sheared from the prerogatives of titular rulers.

### Unions and Riders.

[Providence Journal.]

There is reason to believe that another supply bill, if loaded with a provision calculated by the government organizations representing labor or agriculture, under the antitrust law, will meet the same fate at the hands of President Wilson as the Sundry Civil bill suffered from President Taft's forceful pen. It happens that at the present time a suit is going forward against locals of the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, the charge being obstruction of the interstate operations of the Postal Telegraph Company; although the Sherman act is not specifically mentioned in the complaint. The classic case, if not the only one, of appeal to the Sherman law, that of the Danbury hatters', which determined that an interstate boycott is a violation of that law, was prosecuted by private parties. Private action would not have been restrained by the rider on the Sundry Civil bill.

Mr. Gompers has long been trying to have the statute amended. Had he succeeded complete immunity from prosecution by the government, by cutting off funds, was the next best thing. Underlying the issue is the manifest impropriety of attempting radical amendments to general statutes by riders on supply bills.

### The Smiling Marshall.

[New York Tribune.]

Envy the Vice President! The "Marshall smile" has already become famous. Who in Washington at this juncture but a vice president has the leisure, the unstrained nerves, the freedom from a sense of responsibility to smile? Mr. Marshall smiles with no thought of the morrow. He beams upon whom he will and no rumor spreads that the irradiated person is chosen for a fat collectorship or to represent this country in distant parts. He may light up his countenance with benevolence, for no man, expects offices of him.

He may utter words like those in joyous abandon: "You know, I believe with Andrew Jackson that if there's any job a Democrat can't fill it should be abolished," and be the idol of the job hunters who gaze disconsolate at the "No Admission" sign on the White House. An easy popularity is his. He presents a contrast. How many men have derived their greatest happiness from presenting a contrast, since the time when the man thanked God that he was not as other men were? Though no such prayer is Marshall's.

### A Real Cleaner.

Uncle Sam is the modern Hercules. After the Augean Stables of Manila, Havana, Molokai and the Canal Zone, he will tackle Guayaquil. More power to his elbow!—Brooklyn Eagle.

### Also In Trouble.

The Madero family is largely interested in banks throughout Mexico.—Galveston News.

## MUCH IN LITTLE

Chicago hotels must equip with fire-escapes or close their doors.

Los Angeles recently received 225 new settlers in a body from Calgary.

Chicago school teachers demand wage increases aggregating $1,000,000 a year.

There are said to be 14,000 mental defectives at large in the State of New York.

H. B. Lovelace is walking from San Francisco to Bangor, Me., about 3,000 miles.

Ten thousand new coke oven are to be built in Connellsville, Pa., at a cost of $20,000,000.

American steel piling has been used in the great irrigation works at Hindia, near Bagdad.

In 1912 Lloyds Insurance Company paid out $36,250,000 on account of vessels lost at sea.

The restaurant privilege in Grand Central Station, New York, is valued at $1,000,000 a year.

J. F. Alee has just remarried in Kansas City the woman from whom he was divorced 28 years ago.

The receipts for passenger service of the Swiss federal railways for 1911 were a trifle over $15,000,000.

E. G. Hinds, 90, of Winthrop, is said to have traded horses oftener than any other man in Maine and is still at it.

The approximate average annual output of dried fruit in Cape Colony in recent years is stated officially as follows: Apricots, 200 tons; prunes, 400 tons; pears, 12 tons; peaches, 85 tons; raisins, 550 tons; figs, 25 tons; walnuts, 12 tons; apples, 2½ tons; almonds, 2½ tons.

Phylloxera is spreading rapidly, especially at Taranto and in the Province of Bari, and has damaged vineyards in most localities in Italy. Experience has taught that there is no remedy against this pest, and the only thing to do is to eradicate the whole vineyard and replace it with American plants.

The population of Norway, from a census taken December 1, 1910, is 2,392,698. Of this number 1,701,906 live in rural districts and 690,792 in cities. The largest cities are Christiana, with a population of 247,488; Bergen, population, 76,917; Trondhjem, population, 45,228; Stavanger, population, 37,118, and Drammen, population, 24,904.

The earliest attempt at sewing by machinery of which there is any authentic record was in 1755, in which year a machine was patented in England by Charles F. Weisenthal. In this machine the stitch was formed by a needle, having two points with an eye at midlength, which passed completely through the goods in imitation of hand sewing.

It is probable that the slow adoption of Western methods by the Chinese people will eventually lead them to the use of baking powders. At present the Chinese use nothing of the sort. The most common form of food which corresponds to the bread and biscuit of the United States is an enormous cake of unleavened dough, baked on the top of a native stove or furnace, first on one side and then on the other, after the manner of griddle cakes.

### Chance for Revenue.

Now, why not a state license for pie-hunters? And a federal license for those making an interstate hunt for pie?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Makes Up the Deficiency.

Aside from Mr. Bryan, the is little in the Middle West in the new Cabinet; but Mr. Bryan is quite a good deal in himself.—Chicago News.

## IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

He—Don't you think it is barbaric for a woman to wear earrings?

She—Not if they are $500 diamonds.—Somerville Journal.

Gerald—Pratley is an awful tightwad!

Geraldine—Is he?

Gerald—I should say as much! He won't even tell a story at his own expense!—Judge.

Arthur—Who is that girl with Percy?

Reginald—That's his fiancee. He says she is pure gold.

Arthur—Where did he dig her up?—Chicago News.

Randall—I don't know what will become of my son, the author. He writes nothing but drivel.

Rogers—Why not get him a job as society reporter?—Life.

Settlement Worker — Jimmy, do you think you can use the word "disguise" in a sentence?

James—Yes'm. Dis guy's got me marbles!—Stanford Chaparral.

Miss Winn—Does Wallie own that auto he drives?

Miss Blinn—I think so. He never sees me when he passes. If it wasn't his he'd pretend it was and ask me to ride.—Chicago News.

His Fiancee (finding her younger sister ensconced on her young man's knee)—Why, Mabel, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Get down!

Mabel—Shan't. I got here first.—London Opinion.

"The girls are getting up another party."

"Well, inviting people to one's house is a delightful pleasure."

"True, but the keenest enjoyment seems to come through leaving people out."—Washington Herald.

"She has great confidence in her husband."

"That so?"

"Yes; she even takes it for granted that he has fixed the furnace for the night before he retires."—Detroit Free Fress.

"Sir!" she exclaimed when he kissed her; "you forget yourself."

"Possibly," he replied, calmly; "but I can think of myself any old time. Just now you are occupying my undivided attention."—Boston Transcript.

"We haven't seen you anywhere this winter, miss. Don't you go in society at all?"

"I have taken to winter sports entirely. Mamma thinks she must always accompany me to the balls."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"So you claim to be a literary man, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I wrote that book: 'A Dozen Ways to Make a Living.'"

"And yet you are begging!"

"Yes, sir, that's one of the ways."—Houston Post.

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