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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1913.

Spring fever is but an euphemism for laziness.

Pretty near time for the keep-off-the-grass signs.

Give a boy a baseball and a bat and you give him health.

Since it is a Democratic year, perhaps father's old spring hat will do.

England's only chance of getting rid of the militants is to set them fighting each other.

How long is Mexico going to compel Uncle Sam to stand with a gun at the border line?

The suffragists are not drawing any golden hopes from the quality of President Wilson's silence.

Industry is so smothered with orders that it can't get its breath for a single second of pessimistic talk.

Farmers in Pennsylvania flocked to a bargain sale of coffins. A bargain sale will excite a live interest in anything.

When it comes to tariff revision, the Democrats in Congress are pretty likely to fall out over their need for protection.

A crusade against smoking in Congress has been started. Perhaps its supporters feel that too much of the session goes up in smoke as it is.

A member of Parliament wants the militant suffragettes deported. Not in this direction, though, while the big policeman is on duty.

With England taking offense at Secretary Bryan's espousal of home rule for the Irish, the Nebraskan may find it politic in the future to drown the orator in the diplomat.

Sometimes it is difficult to distinguish whether the enthusiastic rush to declare that low wages do not force the majority of girls to go wrong is a defense of the latter or of the former.

It is a misfortune that we have no funds to bring back escaped criminals, but then the states that want to keep them may have them, in which fact there is some compensation.

The people have a way of resenting official dictation. If the President has any preference among Maryland senatorial candidates, concealing the fact may prove more effective than open support.

Life is just a matter of waits. If it isn't Christmas it's Easter, and then, the worst of all, waiting for the opening of the baseball season. But as everything comes to pass in due time, the rewards amply justify the waits.

The English may be assured that if the new Secretary of State twisted the British lion's tail in his St. Patrick's Day speech it was inadvertent. Perhaps his baiting by the suffragettes have made the royal beast somewhat sensitive.

Now an English visitor says that American homes are only playgrounds. Other foreign visitors lament that Americans will not take the time to play. It is quite astonishing, if not altogether enlightening, what things we learn about ourselves from our foreign visitors between meals.

The Duke of Marlborough is going to put part of his extensive estate under cultivation and erect cottages for his employes. A wideawake peer does not have to put his ear to the ground these days to hear the oncoming of republicanism.

Iceberg warnings are to be sent broadcast. It is hardly within the law of coincidence that the terrible disaster of the Titanic will recur, but even its repetition on a minor scale will be prevented, if possible, and when aroused human prudence and care can work miracles in minimizing accidents.

The Turkish women have issued a remarkable appeal to the queens of the Christian countries of Europe asking the latter to use their influence with their people and their governments to bring the Balkan war to an end. It is also a strong arraignment of the selfish interests and cruelty which are disguised under the pretense of Christianity.

The sentence for manslaughter of the students in North Carolina who hazed a companion to death was made a farce by their being "farmed out" for the extent of their term to their own families, where, of course, they got no punishment at all. It is better for authorities to acknowledge frankly that the law bows to influence than to make such a pitiful pretense of enforcing its penalties.

A woman in St. Louis secured presents of jewels, money and other things from five hundred men, ranging from twenty-one to seventy-five years, eager to marry the beautiful brunette she described herself in her advertisement. When captured she was found to be snubnosed and sallow. Yet men smile at the easy way in which women allow themselves to be duped by gay deceivers after their cash.

THE NEW SOUTH.

The appointment of W. S. Manss, of Chicago, to the managerial post in the Southern Settlement and Development Organization is in itself suggestive of the results at which the organization is aiming. For Mr. Manss comes to his new station, with headquarters at Baltimore, bringing an impressive record of accomplished results as an organizer and promoter of farming industrialism. What he has been instrumental in accomplishing in the Northwest gives an inkling of what he will undertake to accomplish in the Southeast.

During the past fifty years the new blood that has been pumped into agricultural enterprises has made for the progressive development of the West and the Northwest until every state bordering the Pacific has been laid out into farms. Now, there is a distinct return tide to this Western trend in agricultural development. In no other section of the United States is there such attractive opportunity for farm-land investment as in the southeastern corner, from Maryland to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. The old South, during the next fifty years, is to be made into a new South. This making-over process is now under way, but what remains to be accomplished is of tremendous magnitude.

The Southern Settlement and Development Organization is aiming to direct the flow of farming energy and farming capital to the land of cotton and corn. The South Atlantic and Gulf States constitute an agricultural empire that would absorb the land areas of either France or Germany. The population which now occupies this area can be advantageously quadrupled and the land yield can be increased more than fourfold.

ORVILLE WRIGHT'S RETURN.

It is gratifying to know that Orville Wright, who has just returned to this country from a stay in Europe, which was devoted to contesting in the courts the infringement of his patent rights, won all of his suits, some of which were brought in Germany and others in France. The winning of these suits establishes the claim of Wright as the inventor of the aeroplane—of an aeroplane that would actually fly. He has succeeded in establishing his claim that foreign models, in the important devices, are constructed upon his ideas and discoveries.

On this side of the waters we have learned enough of the characteristics of the remaining one of the two famous inventors to place expectant reliance upon any slight promise of betterment or progress in the art of moving through the air which he may make. As might have been expected, he is working upon a new type of machine. He is intent upon developing a hydroplane that will travel over rough water—"skim the waves or ride them like a gull"—and which, if his hopes are realized, will travel twice as fast as the fastest steamship.

What will be the practical significance of such a hydroplane? The most commonplace imagination can forecast certain immensely important results that will follow the working out of the latest Wright problem. Such a machine, keeping to the water surface, would be far less dangerous than a high lifter. Then it is to be surmised that with water as the sustaining element machines to carry a hundred or possibly more passengers would ultimately be built. As a sporting contrivance such a craft would become immediately popular, but would also be of great commercial use. Autoing on the water routes would soon become as common as autoing on the macadamized highways.

SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE.

Nothing in military annals since the siege of Port Arthur by the Japanese has been so heroic and determined as the siege of Adrianople by the Bulgarians. The months of fighting without opportunity to revictual, the ceaseless pounding of the fortifications by shells for days at a time, the tremendous havoc to the holy city and the distress, past recounting, to the population pent up in the doomed city that Turkey had resumed war to preserve—even when an armistice for the framing of terms of peace was otherwise progressing favorably—make up a chapter of courage and pertinacity that has few parallels.

The outcome of this siege cannot in any wise diminish the glory of the besieged. For the Turks who have fought their battles with the grim purpose of fatalists have been so devoted in their defense as to awaken the admiration of the world. It is no wonder that the powers have declared that the terms exacted by the allies are preposterous, for such terms would lay Turkey ravished before the world. Yet such are the fortunes of strife and such is the course of destiny with respect to the fate of nations.

Since the end of last October the Bulgarians have been expending their ammunition upon the fortifications about Adrianople and the inveterate fighters have showed mettle that has put the bigger powers of Europe upon notice. According to the measure of military glory, the defenders of Adrianople are deserving of a full share. But civilization has been shamed and humanity has been horrified at the apalling display of warlike brutality that attended the siege of the holy city. And the world would be glad to be assured that no like event will ever again mar the annals of peace progress and world order. The plea of the women of Turkey to the queens of the world is full of the touch of nature that makes all mankind kin.

TORCHBEARER OF AFRICA.

Until David Livingstone penetrated the wilds of the dark continent and left behind him a trail of light and advancing civilization Africa meant little more than mystery and horror to the masses of mankind. The traffic in wares and in men that was being carried on was a traffic that did not reach far into the interior. The history of the indefatigable labors of Livingstone is the history of the awakening of the continent that is now ramified by routes of trade and that has been penetrated to its remotest parts by the railroads. It may be said that all this would have come about without a Livingstone, and this fact, if such it is, does not subtract from the value of such labors as he performed, and that make the world tributary to his high-souled and devoted zeal in behalf of science, religion and civilization. These are the mightiest words in human experience, and for any one individual to range them about his personality so that he stands head high win them is to have accorded him the noblest tributes of human appreciation.

The boy of ten at work in the mills of a hamlet in Scotland who caught the mighty vision of the redemption of a continent from barbarism and backwardness, and who, with set purpose, bent his energies and dedicated his talents to the prosecution of the work, is the type of youth that maturing into men of achievement make up the world's heroes. One hundred years, the centenary of the apostle of Africa, have only served to augment the value of the work of Livingstone, whether this be considered in either of the aspects of his varied career. For while the world is honoring the name of Livingstone the missionary the world is also honoring the name of Livingstone the discoverer and the scientist.

With a commingled passion for the truths of science and for the diffusion of religion and the extension of liberty, he who went forth single-handed to grapple with the darkness of ages, lived to see results from his labors that turned to him the admiration of his times. But these results were not comparable to the later effects that have flowed out from his life. Built of heroic mold, he rests in death in Westminster Abbey, where so many heroes of English birth have been laid. Yet the heart of the man who had dedicated his life to Africa rests under a spreading tree in the land for whose illumination he carried the torch of his unflagging zeal.

The fact that the Livingstone centenary finds the Christian world in the midst of holy week but tends to give added impressiveness to the celebration of his birth. Scientists may fill in imagination with whatever content they may, the men and women who do the mighty deeds of world reformation and world progress and civilization touch mankind at every point of contact and enrich their characters by a multitude of feelings and sympathies that give them the closest ties of relationship to an age. Whatever may be the division of opinion as to the specific value of religious enterprise through missionary agencies in general, no one falters before the specific value of life that irradiated the higher values of civilization so as to make it luminous for the benighted and atrophied savages of jungle wilds. Africa is yet a long ways from being lifted out of the slough of ignorance, depravity and barbarism, but the stream of influences that have flowed on ever since the days of Livingstone has been increasing in power and effect. The scientist missionary was also an ethical prophet. He detested the institution of slavery as only one could who was in as close touch with its depravity as he. The desire of his nature and the mighty effort of his labors to eradicate it have borne fruit. Today the world views the almost complete obliteration of the traffic in human beings. Certainly with respect to Africa.

It would be difficult to overvalue the direct and derived results of the scientific discoveries of Livingstone, who virtually created a geography of a large section of interior Africa. The scientists are paying tribute to him for his unexampled heroism and intelligent devotion in bringing to light a mass of material in various realms of scientific inquiry that has enriched the world. The United States is glad to have sent out a Stanley to find Livingstone, thus to create a chapter of heroic romance having few parallels. England and the United States are peculiarly associated in their admiration for the man who represented the best type of their common traditions.

RETURNING GIFTS.

Possibly bearing in mind the warning against Greeks bearing gifts, President Wilson is returning to senders over all parts of the United States the gifts they sent him, in cases where he does not know the giver. It is a nuisance for a man in high public office to be besieged by all manner of persons with all manner of gifts and tokens, knowing that each and every one of the senders possibly feels that in some degree he has placed the recipient under obligation to him.

Even a president has a right to refuse to have his privacy and his personal privilege invaded by promiscuous persons bent upon seeking a measure of personal gratification by making him a target for their bestowments. As many of these things are sent for the purpose of gaining advertisement for wares, there is double reason for returning them.

The new President is following the practice of his predecessors, and, despite the fact that the custom of returning gifts prevails, the foolish ones will continue to vaunt themselves in this wise.

CAUTIONING BRYAN.

There is surely no good ground for the Morning Post of London to take the new Secretary of State to task for his speech at an Irish banquet in Washington, in which he lauded the Irish and predicted home rule and execrated the Lords. It must be borne in mind that there are more Irish in the United States than in Ireland, and that they form a part of the homogeneous population. In addition to this fact, the United States has always felt at liberty to hail the advance of liberty, and even the country's high officials have not been reticent in the presence of a decided advance in the direction of self government anywhere upon the face of the globe.

Mr. Bryan, however, needs cautioning. It is to be feared he would be indiscreet in his direct address with regard to policies bearing upon this country or in expression of views upon such other subjects as would be unfortunate for the American Secretary of State to be quoted upon. The position that Mr. Bryan holds calls first of all for the exercise of reticence, and Mr. Bryan is not reticent either by nature or by practice. This was the chief complaint against the prospect of his selection for the American premiership. The United States does not care to enter upon a fresh regime of shirt sleeve diplomacy, and it cannot afford to do so.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

Just fifty years from the day he was chosen to rule over Greece King George met death at the hands of assassins. He was shot down by cowardly murderers in the streets of Saloniki, Turkey, where he had been in command of his soldiers since they captured the fortress. Since the war started King George had been a conspicuous figure among the commanders, hoping to regain for his country some of the power and prestige lost when his Greeks were so badly and so quickly defeated by the Turks in 1897. Either the Greeks have fought better or the Turks worse, for in this Balkan war the soldiers of King George have proven valuable allies, and the King has not hesitated to demand a full share of the fruits of victory.

For a half century King George ruled over Greece and found it no hard task. He made a fortune for himself by speculation in America's wheat market and enjoyed a life that was not overstrenuous nor marked with any unusual amount of hard work. Popular with his people, well knowing their limitations as well as their possibilities, he did not worry over his failure to put Greece among the progressive nations of the world. Wisely, perhaps, he judged it better to let well enough alone, counting it fortunate, indeed, if Greece could hold her own among the aged nations of the south of Europe.

Greece remains the land of historic fame, but little more. Its throne is more secure now than it has been for fully half a century, for Turkey has grown weaker, and no one can foretell how much will be left to the Sultan when the Balkan allies and the powers get through with him. So King George leaves his throne to his son in good shape, and with a chance for a long reign, should the bullets and daggers of assassins spare him.

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THOSE STYLES.

When legislators get to work
Designing Paris styles,
They will prepare unto themselves
A time of strife and trials;
Although in passing bills like that,
Each married member thrills
To think how he can pass a law
To cut down other bills.

The nation's gaze is fixed upon
The great and only show
Which will appear, when fashion's fixed
By law in Ohio,
When gowns are cut and fitted by
Dressmakers of the law,
And legislators patterns make
Of fancy rude and raw.

And then the real question comes:
Will freak gowns taste can't bear,
Such as no state has ever seen,
Ohio women wear?
Or will they rise vociferous
Against interfering men
And tell what they do think of them
Till the welkin rings again?

THEIR CLASS.

"Prisons ought to have their inmates classified."

"Then I suppose they would put the smart ones in brain cells.

EXPLAINED.

He—Look at Blinks able to retire from business, and I am still in harness.

She—Yes, but Blinks isn't a mule.

SPITEFUL.

"Are there any antiques in this neighborhood?"

"There is a family of them on the next block."

NOT MUCH.

"Do you believe in auto hypnotism?"

"Well, I've never seen one hypnotized yet."

BOTH TRUE.

"I heard quite a paradoxical remark the other day."

"What was it?"

"That though there is no excuse for crime, there is generally a warrant for it."

EXCEPTIONS.

He—Must stolen goods always be restored?

She—Certainly.

He—All right. Will you now take back the kiss I stole last night?

UNREASONABLE.

"I call my underworld sketch The Fixed Post."

"And yet you expect it to run?"

CRUEL.

Chappy—I am going to try the mind cure.

Daffy—What's it got to work on?

APPROPRIATE.

"What did the railroad man get for his birthday present?"

"Some new ties."

JOSH WINK.

IMAGINARY INSOMNIA.

Brand Whitlock, who is writing stories and books when he is not mayoring and reforming, hates, with all the vindictiveness that is in his heart, clocks that strike the hour and throw out on the silvery air of night their bell-like chimes.

One evening he went to Columbus and put up at a hotel near a church tower, which was some tower when it came to chiming. Brand got into bed, and, after tossing restlessly about for a long time, heard the big clock strike "one." After what seemed an interminable hour, during which his brain was teeming with ideas for uplifting the human race and taking money away from publishers, the bell rang twice.

"Two o'clock," groaned Whitlock. "I'll never get to sleep."

Three o'clock struck.

"Insomnia!" wailed Brand. "I'm going mad!"

He sprang out of bed, turned on the light and looked at his watch.

It was a quarter to 1 o'clock in the morning, and his agile brain had changed the quarter chimes into hour bells.—Popular Magazine.

WOULD BURY ALL.

Bingtown was not particularly proud of its police force, and when Patrolman Shadbark died and a subscription paper was started to pay his funeral expenses the collector met with a rather cool reception from most of the business men he visited. finally he reached the office of Squire Pepper, and after he had stated his business the squire asked: "How much do you expect me to give?"

"About $5 is what we figured on from you," replied the collector.

"Hm-m! $5, eh? How many men have you got on the force?"

"Thirty-seven, including the chief."

"Thirty-seven," mused the squire, "thirty-seven. Well, $5 is a little too much to pay for burying one policeman, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you an even $100 if you'll agree to bury the whole force, including the chief."—The Argonaut.

LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

A General Whose Subordinates Are Scions of Royalty—Gibraltar's Governor.

Special to The American.

Charles Baron von Plettenberg, whose name is well known in this country, has just been appointed to one of the most difficult and delicate of posts of the German army, namely, to that of general in command of the Army Corps of Guards. Its difficulty lies in the fact that this corps d'elite of the German army comprises among its officers all the sons of the Emperor and most of the princes of the blood of the other sovereign states of the German Confederation. Brought up among courtiers to a keen sense of their own importance, it is no easy matter to maintain among these youthful scions of royalty that amount of discipline which the Kaiser requires on the part of his guards, who, garrisoning the metropolis and Potsdam, are always more or less under his eye.

In fact, the Emperor himself takes so active a part in the supervision and control of what is called the Gardes Corps, that it is only by means of the utmost diplomacy and tact that the general entrusted with the command thereof can avoid having his authority clash with that of the monarch.

General von Plettenberg succeeds General von Loewenfeld, who was over here at the inauguration of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, and at the unveiling of the Frederick the Great statue at Washington, and who is not only an excellent soldier, but a courtier through and through.

Baron von Plettenberg took part as an 18-year-old ensign in the war of 1870, winning the Iron Cross by conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Mezieres. He was for several years in command of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, those giants upon whom Frederick the Great and his father set such store, and in which all the Prussian princes make their military debut. It was this that brought him into close contact with the Emperor, who appointed him a member of his military household. For the last two or three years he has been in command of the Ninth Army Corps, with headquarters at Hamburg. He is married to Countess Clara Wedel, niece of the Governor General of Alsace-Lorraine.

Baron Karl von Plettenberg, his cousin, spent some years in New York in the employ of the North German Lloyd Company, of which he is now a director, living at Bremen. While living over here he received an incognito visit from the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, which attracted a good deal of attention by reason of its brevity, and by the atmosphere of mystery with which the Grand Duke endeavored to surround it.

Gibraltar is one of the most important strongholds of the British Empire, commanding as it does the entrance to the Mediterranean, and consequently the shortest route to India and the Far Orient. It is occupied by a large garrison of soldiers, and there are always some warships in port. Among its civilian population, however, natives of Great Britain are only sparsely represented. The greater part of it, in fact fully 90 per cent., is composed of what can only be described as the scum of the Levant, who, although they only know a few words of English, and talk a jargon of Greek, Italian, Syrian, Arabic and a sort of bastard Spanish, nevertheless claim to be British subjects. This civilian population is supplemented during the day by laborers from the mainland of Spain, who arrived in the town of Gibraltar early in the morning, and return across the lines to the mainland at night.

Recently this civilian population has been manifesting a degree not only of arrogance, but of actual ill will and insubordination, acting as if they were the principal parties of the Rock, and that the English authorities, and, above all, the English troops and sailors, were merely there on sufferance. They inaugurated all sorts of pin-prick annoyance and attempts at obstruction. Finally, matters reached such a pass that about three weeks ago the governor, Sir Archibald Hunter, found it necessary to institute certain very necessary restrictive measures in connection with the floating foreign population. The local chamber of commerce sent a deputation to him to protest, whereupon Sir Archibald, who is extremely plain spoken, expressed himself very freely to the deputation, causing his speech to be subsequently promulgated in the Official Gazette of Gibraltar.

In his speech he declares that the town of Gibraltar is like "the Augean stables," that it is a disgrace to the English flag; that Gibraltar is, first and foremost, a fortress, and that he intends that order, cleanliness, discipline and general decency shall be maintained there. He states that he intends to be responsible for everybody who comes into the stronghold that he commands, and that he will not have there people for whom he cannot be responsible, and, above all, that he objects to the class of transient labor that the civilian population employs, which cannot be tolerated in a fortress at a moment when every power is arming for war.

To civilians at home the speech of Sir Archibald Hunter may seem harsh and autocratic. To army and navy men, and also to civilians who have ever had occasion to stay for a few days at Gibraltar, it will seem that the General could have put matters even much more strongly than he did. Just now, when Germany and France are each increasing their respective armies by hundreds of thousands of men, at colossal financial sacrifices, and when on both sides of the Vosges it is freely declared that when war breaks out it will be without any previous declaration, and by means of an unannounced attack from one side or the other; at a moment when war is raging in the Balkans, and when Turkish men-of-war are bombarding seaport towns in the Adriatic, it behooves the governor of the great stronghold of Gibraltar to look after his defenses and to take all necessary precautions for the protection of this fortress from any surprise.

Sir Archibald Hunter has been one of the principal lieutenants and devoted followers of Lord Kitchener, who was with him through the various Sudan campaigns, and in South Africa. He has been wounded any number of times, quite seriously. Indeed, when hit at Koshoh, in the Sudan by a bullet after it had passed through a pair of field glasses and their holders' head in front of him, the doctors wanted to amputate his arm. He refused the offer, and after several years of repeated operations, massage, electricity and weight exercises, his bridle arm is now almost as useful as before.

He was a major general of the British army before he was 40, thanks to the fact that he was in the vanguard in all the fighting on the Nile. For 14 years he was always on the frontier; 14 years of bugle and bullet by night and by day, always on the qui vive, the idol of every English officer, of every English soldier, and of every black man or Arab who had served under him. In South Africa Hunter did so well as to win promotion to the rank of lieutenant general, and when Kitchener became generalissimo in India, Hunter received the command of the southern army of the great oriental dependency.

Hunter left India about the same time as his chief, and was thereupon appointed to the governorship of Gibraltar, at a salary of $25,000 a year, a couple of very handsomely furnished residences, and all sorts of allowances and prerogatives. Three years ago he married the widow of that second Lord Inverclyde, who succeeded his father in the presidency of the Cunard Steamship Company. Mary, Lady Inverclyde, was Miss Fergusson, and, having no children by her first husband, inherited all his large fortune. Lord Kitchener served as best man at the wedding.

Archie Hunter may be said to have inaugurated his term of office as governor of Gibraltar by welcoming to the Rock the fugitive King of Portugal, with the two queens. He is of medium height, about 5 feet 8, and distinguished by an appearance of hazel-eyed youth and an extraordinary faculty for pleasing everyone—excepting, of course, the civilian population of Gibraltar. He is, however, of iron firmness in all matters professional, and entertains deep-rooted opinions as to the necessity of the British being always victorious and always honest.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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Imputing Motives.

Somebody is sure to see in the smallpox scare at the State, War and Navy Buildings a Bryan move to keep out officeseekers.—New York Herald.

Occupation for a King.

King George is going to put his crown on at the reopening of Parliament—Boston Advertiser.

MEN AND WOMEN

Vice Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who entered the British Navy in 1866, retires at the close of this week.

John Mitchell has been offered the post of head of the New York Department of Labor by Governor Sulzer.

Dr. Romulo S. Naon, Argentine minister to the United States, is to lecture at Harvard, on Higher Education in the Argenine Republic.

Dr. John C. Phillips and Dr. Glover M. Allen, of the Boston Society of Natural History, have just returned from a four-month hunting expedition through Egypt and the Soudan.

A world-wide observance of Mothers' Day is being planned by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, founder of Mothers' Day in the United States. Mothers' Day is the second Sunday in May.

Edmund Trowbridge Dana, master of arts (Harvard), grandson of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, is working as a conductor for the Middlesex and Boston Street Railway Company at 21 cents an hour.

In the employ of the Indian Service of the United States government in Denver, Col., is a full-blooded Oneida Indian girl, Leila Somers by name, who attends to the stenographic and clerical work of the department.

A cedar tree, felled 58 years ago, was made into fence posts a few days ago by O. P. Adams, who is nearly 85 years of age, is a pioneer of the Grove country, Ore., and remembers when the tree was felled by James Shields, another pioneer, who has passed away.

Married eighty years, Milo Warrick, a centenarian and the oldest undertaker in the United States, with his wife, Mary J. Warrick, celebrated their long period of married bliss recently. The couple were married in Clarkson, O., March 2, 1833, and have resided there since that date.

Joseph R. Jackson, aged 43 and a cripple, died in Wichita, Kan., recently. A will was found in which he left his property, valued at $3,000, to Sedgwick county. Ten years ago the county took care of him, and he states in his will that he wants to pay the debt with compound interest.

Mrs. Frederick Schoff, president of the National Mothers' Congress, thinks that parents should be educated to the responsibilities of parenthood. She thinks the responsibility of this work in the home should be thrown upon the church, which could see that parents are properly educated in the line of their duties through pamphlets, and by training courses in reading and other instruction.

Beaten to a Frazzle.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but it isn't half as interesting as some of Colonel Roosevelt's efforts.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Horrible Example.

A Japanese expert has arrived to study the New York police. Possibly for points to avoid.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

Elsie Janis is to play in London next year.

James Corbett has received offers from the moving picture men.

A municipal opera house will be opened in San Francisco next fall.

Chicago is to have a censorship ordinance proposed for the theaters.

A. H. Woods is going to produce a musical farce called The Joy Ride.

Alice Lloyd is appearing on the Pacific Coast in the title role of The Rose Maid.

Janet Beecher is making her first appearance in musical comedy in The Purple Road.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to go into vaudeville next season with scenes from her principal successes.

Clara Morris this week celebrated her sixty-fourth year. She received many flowers and congratulations.

Eugene Cowles has joined the company which is to present The Tic Toc Man, to be produced by Oliver Morosco.

A vaudeville piece by Victor Herbert and George V. Hobart called Billy's Blacksmith is to be produced next season.

Laurette Taylor was presented with a silver-mounted dressing table mirror by the members of her company on the occasion of the one hundredth performance of Peg o' My Heart.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond sent a check for $200 to the Actors' Fund to show her appreciation of the work done by the profession in the gigantic Titanic benefit of which she had charge.

The revival by the Shuberts and W. A. Brady of Carl Millocker's Beggar Student will be made in New York the latter part of this month. The revival of The Geisha will be made at Weber and Fields' theater a week later.

Lillian Russell is enthusiastic about the work she has taken up, believing that she is doing a great public good through the medium of her doctrine. Health of the body and of the mind is the primary foundation upon which her discourse is constructed.

LAND OF SILENCE.

(Capt. Robert F. Scott and Comrades.)

[From the Independent.]

Deep in the heart of the snow they lie,
Deep in the heart of the snow,
'Neath a cross-crowned cairn, under storm-swept sky,
Where only the brave may go.
Down the twice blazed trail in the shuddering cold,
In the land of silence their tale is told,
Ice mantling shrouds their limbs enfold
In their bed in the heart of the snow.

Deep in the heart of the world they live,
Deep in the heart of the world.
Men of the mold of those who give
Their all for a flag unfurled
Not the end of the earth, but it marks the goal
Of a selfless courage, no dribbled dole
Of a half-lived life—'twas the call of the soul,
For a home in the heart of the world.

ELLIOT FIELD.

PUBLIC OPINION

Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—Diplomatic Simplicity.

[Pittsburgh Gazette Times.]

That was an interesting announcement by Secretary Tumulty, with the advice and consent of his chief, that "President Wilson desires simplicity in the diplomatic corps and that men for these positions will be chosen regardless of their wealth." It is the manifestation of a proper spirit and we wish it well in the practical application. No doubt the principle will be applied in something of the spirit of the old Quaker's advice to his son: "Do not marry for wealth, but if thee can find a rich girl that thee can love wed her if she will have thee."

President Wilson is not likely to appoint men to diplomatic places or others requiring cabinet quality merely because of wealth; no president has done so. Neither will he bar men who happen to be wealthy, for that would be foolish. He picked men for his cabinet regardless of their wealth, which is to say that at least one has only his official salary to support him and others are more comfortably fixed—the head of the diplomatic service, for example, the secretary of state. It was regardless of his wealth that Mr. Bryan was chosen, and he has wealth.

Some perfervid Democratic contemporaries are fond of pointing to Benjamin Franklin at the court of France in repudiation of the notion that wealth is needed to properly represent this country at a foreign capital. Well, bring on the Franklins.

Break the Arson Trust.

[New York World.]

The bill which Assemblyman Walker will introduce, with intent to break or cripple the Arson Trust, should receive the prompt attention of the legislature.

The bill requires all persons desiring fire insurance to apply in writing, giving the value, location and description of the property to be insured. Agents must examine and certify the risks they pass upon. An applicant must state whether the property has previously been insured and for how much, whether fires have ever occurred in his premises there or elsewhere, and whether insurance has ever been refused him, with due explanation in such case. A proposed change in the penal law will make it a misdemeanor to answer such questions falsely.

No law can prevent a desperate man from setting fire to his property. But the Walker bill enacted and enforced would make it harder to carry on arson as a trade. It would save property. It would lessen a frightful hazard hanging over human life in tenements.

A system under which Fire Commissioner Johnson could secure and exhibit $127,500 of insurance in 135 policies upon a few cents' worth of property puts a premium on fraud and murder. Recent trials of arson cases in the courts have shown how the almost criminal recklessness of insurance companies has fostered crime. It is time for a change.

Practice and Precept.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

We all dislike to seem to be moralists, for we are well aware that our conduct falls short of the stature of our ideals. The most effective sermon is a character.

Men have written books with prescriptions whereby other men may succeed in life. In cold print it looks easy. The fulfilment of the advice is difficult. Not everybody reads the exhortation, but everybody has a hero, whether he admits it or not, and—whether he knows it or not—is influenced by another life he more or less admires and imitates.

We listen respectfully to the counsel of a man who lives what he tells us. We do not care for the philosophy of one who cannot carry his lofty ethical code down the pulpit stairs into real life. There is the ring of a hollow mockery in what he says—his words are belied by what he does.

Some natures fortify themselves with all manner of good resolutions. If that is any help, it is a good plan to make them; but you may paper the wall with them and it will have no effect upon your character till you start to carry them out. Then comes the fight between the old order and the new. Creatures of habit, we are most reluctant to change. We know perfectly well what is good for us, but it is so much easier to go on doing as we have always done.

Pay for Safety.

[Cleveland Leader.]

The surviving members of the Madero family have chosen wisely in making the United States their temporary—perhaps their permanent—place of residence. They will be safer here than anywhere else, except in some land across the ocean remote from their own country. But they must not forget the fair and just price they are to pay for protection.

It is simply respect for the laws and international obligations of the American republic. They must not expect to use this haven of refuge as a place to plot and foment rebellion against the government of the land from which they have fled, no matter how bloodstained and dubious its title to power may be. There has been far too much use of the United States for this purpose, and public sentiment is tired of the activities of Mexican juntas on American soil.

For the sake of international justice and for the promotion and protection of good relations between the United States and Latin America, there must be stricter enforcement hereafter of the laws which forbid such abuse of the right of asylum by political refugees or other persons evilly disposed toward the government of Mexico.

Guatemala and Salvador.

[Providence Journal.]

Instead of revolution rumors of war float from Latin America. The explanation that the recent assassination of the President of Salvador was provoked by domestic politics is now linked with the suggestion that the domestic political animosities had been previously provoked from the capital of Guatemala. A mobilizaton of Guatemalan troops on the border is mentioned, and the people of Salvador are reported in a belligerent mood. Both these countries have a relatively good record for internal peace and, except that Salvador had always to be prepared for aggressions when Zelaya ruled Nicaragua, for a tolerable restraint of the militant temperament so common in that quarter. Both are industrious and just now apparently prosperous. Guatemala has twice the population of its neighbor, and a standing army, on paper at least, as large as that of the United States. Salvador maintains its military establishment on a peace footing far less formidable. It is a familiar story that wars are threatened in Central America by the interference of one government in the domestic concerns of another, but the circumstances in this instance are obscure.

The Book Cemetery.

[Omaha Bee.]

Uncle Joe Cannon politely declines to consider the suggestion of writing his autobiography, compiling into book form the story of his interesting political career. In the first place, he regards his experiences as of insufficient public interest to be preserved in printed pages, and next he is such an ardent conservationist that he is unwilling to contribute to the devastating of our forests, from which must come trees for the manufacture of paper into books and periodicals. These are multiplying amazingly every year at tremendous cost to our timber resources.

And then Mr. Cannon, buttressing his characteristic humor with his quaint wisdom, points out that not one book in ten is remembered, and only one in 1,000 survives, and, perhaps, he might have added, deserves to survive. Books are now ground out by the hundreds and marketed as any other article of commerce with often least attention to literary merit. They are written upon the slightest provocation, of men and by men with neither the story to tell nor power to tell it that Uncle Joe possesses. It is very considerate, therefore, of him to stay out of the book cemetery.

A Pleasant Worry.

Vice President Marshall seems worried because he has nothing to do but draw his $12,000 salary. At any rate, he has chosen something pleasant to worry about.—New York Evening Sun.

The Real Sufferer.

In the United States it's the poor downtrodden man who goes on a hunger strike when his wife becomes a suffragette.—Washington Post.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Newark, N. J., has 221 miles of paved streets.

Cleveland has annexed the suburb of Newburg.

King George of England dislikes horseback riding.

Olean, N. Y., is exterminating all unmuzzled dogs.

Toronto is to have a 20-story building, to cost $2,400,000.

Philadelphia this year has 2,164 licensed saloons, a loss of one over 1912.

St. Paul's water department in 1912 took in $425,645.64 and expended it all.

Wendell Austin Cope, age one year, of Jerseyville, Ill., has ten living ancestors.

Mrs. Sarah Foster, of New York, survived a fall of 120 feet down an elevator shaft.

Miss Ella Morrison, dead in Philadelphia, was the second cousin of