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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1913.

The shortcake follows the shad.

A well-paved city is a healthy one.

Whatever the weather let us have it in moderation.

Every baseball team is a pennant winner just now.

Spring is a progressive—somewhat blustry and apt to blow hot or cold.

That license idea does not seem to have been such a success this year as tried on the dog.

President Wilson means to have his way with Congress; but does Congress mean him to have it?

It was not the unexpected which happened when little Montenegro agreed to big Austria's demands.

Perhaps in filling the diplomatic posts the President inclines to the belief that rich men are brainless.

Unless tariff revision actually does reduce the cost of living Democracy will have to turn in its commission.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has had his wrist broken. But it was not while trying to slap a suffragette.

There is no danger of a dull, sickening monotony following recent exciting events. The D. A. R. are to have an election.

The airmen and flying machines of the Navy were brought back to Annapolis on a collier. This sounds like adding fuel to the fire of insult to aviation.

That bailiff who ordered the Supreme Court of the United States to get down to business ought to go down to South America and become a dictator.

An antisuffragist argument is that too many fools are voting now. To many fools are living now, but that is no good reason for killing off sensible men with them.

Now teachers in Chicago want to keep on with their work after marrying. Evidently, the teachers of the big cities are not picking husbands who seem able to support them.

Now that the militant London suffragettes have taken to spoiling golf links, perhaps really severe measures will be taken with them. That is touching the ruling classes in a tender spot.

The fireman ought to be well paid and well cared for. He is prompt to respond to the call of duty, fearless despite danger, and indifferent to personal risk when fighting for the community.

Mr. Underwood says he believes firmly in equal suffrage, but thinks it is a matter for the states to decide to suit themselves. Which is dodging a great responsibility for his preference in the matter.

A man sentenced for arson in a neighboring state was released from prison because the petition of his five-year-old child to "let papa come home" touched the gubernatorial heart. It is about time that this subservient use of sentimentality of a power meant to prevent injustice should cease in the public interest. Such soft hearts should not be placed in stations of stern duty.

Spring has begun ominously with the terrible tornado in the West. But both spring and the year are young enough to redeem themselves in the record yet to come. As for the disaster, the genuine American spirit of hopeful reconstruction is shown in the announcement that no outside help is needed by stricken Omaha, which will take care of its own people. Baltimore, which passed through one of the record disasters of the world, can appreciate the spirit displayed by the Western city.

MAKING FIRE HEROES.

Baltimore now has a school in which potential and prospective fire-fighting heroes may get an education while they wait for an opening to join the service. The school for drilling probationary firemen gave an open-air recitation to a class at Gay and Water streets on Monday afternoon which was an interesting exhibition to the large number of spectators that gathered to watch it. The methods of instruction used warrant the conclusion that Chief Emerich is an able professor in the science and theory of handling a modern fire-fighting equipment.

The members of the Fire Board all believe that the establishment of one or more training schools for firemen will make for the development of the service along lines of efficiency. It is expected that the training system which has been inaugurated will be further developed. The plan, too, will conduce to fairness that will be beyond question in filling vacancies. The young fellow with hero stuff in him can be picked with more certainty if he is seen in action.

The aim of the Baltimore board to develop the Baltimore Fire Department into the best, in proportion to size, in the whole world, is a high ambition, but one of possible achievement. The training school scheme will certainly assist immensely in the accomplishment of this praiseworthy purpose.

A COLD-STORED FEAST.

The cold-storage barons of the Central West have apparently put their heads together and agreed upon a scheme of confusing and confounding their many critics. They are to give a huge banquet in Chicago about the end of next September, to which eminent scientists from all over the world will be invited. It is expected that fully 1,500 of these eminent personages, who know all about comparative food values, causes of food deterioration, the ratios of the balanced ration and such matters, will be at the feast.

But why collect these learned men from the four quarters of the earth around a Chicago banquet board? Those who make this inquiry will get a glimmering understanding of the inspiring motive when it is told that everything served at this prospective feast will be taken from the cold storage boxes. Nothing on the menu will be of the strictly fresh brand. The eggs will be of the early 1912 vintage; the butter will date back to 1910, and as for the poultry and the game—all of it will have been in cold storage for at least twelve months.

It is expected that the feast will convincingly demonstrate to the assembled scientists that perishable foods in cold storage, like wines in a cobwebby cellar, grow better and better with age. It is not stated in the advance reports whether or not each article of food served is to have an age label attached, but in the cause of exactness this should be done.

METHODIST CONFERENCES.

With the assembling of the Methdist Episcopal Church at old Eutaw Street Church in this city, the convening of the sister communion of the South at Staunton and the meeting of the Methodist Protestants at Lynchburg next week, to which may be added the session of the Wilmington Conference at Crisfield, the sheaf of Methodist assemblies will be full. No other events in the year have half the interest for the members and the ministers of the Methodist persuasion than these annual conference gatherings. The large number of Methodists in Maryland, the exceptional record of Methodist origins in the state, the fact that the present sessions of the several bodies have peculiar importance, all tends to give to the meetings more than usual interest.

The Methodist Protestants in general are about to pass upon the subject of union with the United Brethren Church and to assume under that union, if effected, some such title as Protestant Brethren or United Methodists. If this union is settled upon there will be created a great church of more than half a million members.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South is considering dropping the sectional descriptive from its name, thus creating a title that would parallel that of the northern branch of Methodists. This action would cause much controversy, and already controversy is at rising tide.

Aside from all facts of controversy as that, for instance, which centers in the claim of the Methodist Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal South Conferences to the title of "Baltimore Conference" is the general interest of the churches in the matter of their fate by conference appointment for the coming year. In the theory every Methodist minister goes to Conference without an appointment and every church is without a minister. This is a remarkable form of policy that causes interest in the Conference action upon appointments to be looked forward to with avidity. But as the men of these Conferences are all hard workers and able preachers the Churches, even if disappointed in specific instances, should still feel they have been well cared for in whatever assignments are made them.

CONSPIRACY OF THE STORMS.

Seldom in history has there been such a conspiracy of storms to do infinite damage to life and property as that which caused several states to shrink with horror from the tempest and deluge and from the fire and ravage that was wrought. Omaha, the unfortunate center of the elemental fury, lies gasping from the blight and fury of such cyclonic and tornado violence as has seldom stripped any city on the continent. Certainly not since the St. Louis cyclone of 1896. On Saturday morning the center of the cyclone was Modena. On Sunday morning it was Denver. Gaining in focus and fury it reached Omaha on Sunday night and stripped and tore through the town while the population were in their bed. It ripped roofs from houses, battered in walls, lifted edifices from foundations and crumbled residences by blocks into debris. It lit the torch of fire and consumed the massed debris, while the pall of night hung over the city whose destruction seemed to be sought by the whirling wind as it raced across the town and laid everything in its wake. For the cyclone bred on the east slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in the land of the great divide, was met by a tremendous sympathetic tornado from the South that raced through the country below Muskogee and arrived at Omaha in time to contest with the cyclone the revel of wreckage that was being wrought. While the tornado passed out from the stricken city and lost itself in the Lakes, the cyclone chased across the waters and went hurtling with diminished force far into Canada. Such seemingly intelligent demoniacal work as this can be figured out in terms of cause and effect by the weather expert as can the storm of last week that wrought havoc in the South. But for the average person the condition itself transcends in interest any account of the causes for such tremendous freaks of weather. Twisted and whirled about, the tornado-desolated section of Omaha through which the storm passed in its combined fury was only worse off than some other places by reason of the larger population.

Passengers on railroad trains watched towns torn from their roots and saw cars whirled from the rails and witnessed the engulfing of fleeing persons and were immeasurably shocked by the tragedies wrought about them. The various states through which the cyclone passed have been made to grieve on account of the destruction to towns and hamlets and the destruction of isolated dwellings and the tremendous loss of life, combined with a vast number of fatal injuries inflicted upon persons. For no one had warning and no one had time to flee. To flee was to meet conditions no less perilous than those that beset the people of earthquake-stricken San Francisco.

The funnel of death was drawing into its vortex human beings and cattle, houses and all things else. Following the storm and the darkness and the fire and the fury came the fall of snow and the chill of winter was over all the stricken city. The upper waters of the rivers of the devastated section, fed by tremendous downpours of rain, swollen and angry, overflowing banks, carrying destruction along the routes of their channels to the farming lands and the hamlets, has made a sequel to the extraordinary condition that sets the full malevolence of the catastrophe in view.

Such is but an outline of conditions that the imagination may fill in from the meager details that come from a section where the lines are down and where the railroads were blocked and where communication was, consequently, scanty and unsatisfactory. The full story of this epochal storm will probably never be set forth and the totaling of the damage done could not readily be made at any time. Millions is the general figure that may be safely employed, because no one can certainly say how many millions of loss were involved.

The sister cities of the land stand ready to send succor to the stricken member of the Middle West and to all those who have endured the unspeakable miseries and sufferings of the storm at any point along its course. There is no assurance that there may not yet be a counterblast of the storm, but the aftermath already reaped makes such a toll of loss and suffering as to preclude likelihood of anything more to follow.

FOOD ON FREE LIST.

Food on the free list must not by any means be interpreted free food. Those who are licking their jowls at the alleged intention of the Democratic President to stipulate for this treatment of the articles of imported food supplies must not eat their sphagetti without money and without price even in fancy. For the idea of loading the larder without paying the cost has not yet come about and the economic forces that govern in the field of food supplies will operate without regard to any force or persuasion with regard to the tariff on food items.

The nearest approach to free food came under a Democratic regime that sought to free of all tariff trammels as many articles as possible and the people had both opportunity and invitation to march in line to the free soup counters and regale themselves as subjects of public charity. Much the same state of affairs existed at the time of the "reign" of that notable Democrat, Andrew Jackson, whose administration created ideal conditions for free food.

There need be no parallel from the Democratic past instituted with the present conditions, but free food is a delusion and a snare whether it comes in terms of freedom of food articles from tariff tolls or free dispensa[illegible] food to the hungry. The[illegible] alleged innovation of the [illegible] will not carry the people off into the deserts of disappointment in pursuit of a mirage.

MARYLAND'S ANCIENT CITY.

The Maryland Day orations and essays which were delivered yesterday to a hundred or more gatherings distributed throughout the state, discussed in the main that epoch in Maryland history immediately preceding and following the transfer of the seat of government from St. Marys to "Anne Arundel Town." This transfer took place in 1694, when the General Assembly for the first time met at the town on the Severn. The next year the new capital of Maryland was officially called Annapolis. At this time Annapolis consisted of only a few houses clustered at the end of a road leading down to the river. But it was a shipping port for tobacco and here Lord Baltimore's agents collected the export tax on tobacco.

But after being made the capital of the province Annapolis rapidly grew in importance. It soon became both a political center and social center. A city charter was granted in 1708, many handsome buildings were erected and King William School—the first school in America—was, in 1715, an established institution. Annapolis during the first half century following its selection as the provincial capital flourished amazingly. Just prior to the outbreak of the revolutionary war one chronicle of the period refers to the Maryland capital as the "center of opulence and fashion" and another contemporary recorder calls it "the social Athens."

Annapolis is yet a glorious old city. There is no other city in the country which contains so many interesting architectural reminders of the colonial period. Many of the fine old mansions that were built before the revolution are yet in existence. There is a modern Annapolis in process of development, but the ancient dignity still dominates.

NOTES AND NOTIONS

BY JOSH WINK.

THE MALADY.

'Tis in the air,
'Tis everywhere,
The plague that's called spring fever;
It may be only for a term,
It gets a hold that's very firm
Upon our system, does this germ,
This little gay deceiver.

'Tis in our veins,
It gives us pains,
It makes us feel just horrid;
It makes us think we are too sick,
To do of work a single lick,
And too far gone to even kick,
Or talk in language torrid.

Depressing 'tis,
For that's its biz,
Although our woe is hazy;
We moan that hard to us is fate,
Our feelings bad we contemplate,
But while ourselves compassionate,
The truth is we're just lazy.

ITS WEIGHT.

"Cholly complained of having something on his mind."

"I know what it is. I saw him strike his head against a lot of cobwebs in the corner."

A PUZZLE.

New Nurse—I couldn't answer the doctor this morning when he asked if the young woman patient who arrived a short time ago, was light-headed.

Other Ditto—Why couldn't you answer him?

New Nurse—Because I didn't know whether he wanted to know if she were delirious or if she were a blonde.

ITS KIND.

"I met a man yesterday who offered me an unspeakable insult."

"Why was it unspeakable?"

"He was dumb and had to spell it out on his fingers."

ALWAYS SO.

"In that boat-upsetting, I see they saved the dressmaker."

"Yes, the old rule—the survival of the fit-ist."

HIS BUSINESS.

"There is one man who can be safe always in taking his customers at their face value."

"Who might he be?"

"The beauty doctor."

PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

"That fellow certainly did throw me down."

"Well, did you expect a square deal from a rounder?"

PROVING IT.

"Foreigners are always misplacing prepositions in their speech."

"Sure. The one who married my daughter told a friend they were coming back from their travels to live WITH the old man, when he meant ON the old man."

COMPENSATIONS.

"Isn't it horrible, this scientific proposition to kill idiots in their infancy?"

"All wrong, of course, but then there would be none left to rock boats."

JOSH WINK.

BERGSON IN A NUTSHELL.

A friend writes to the Star to ask for an explanation in language that a plain man can understand, of the philosophy that the distinguished French philosopher, Henri Bergson, is now expounding in this country.

Well, somebody—was it Dr. J. W. Hudson, of the University of Missouri?—has said that Bergson's philosophy is summed up in the line of the song:

"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."—Kansas City Star.

Why He Wouldn't Say It.

The president of a small college was visiting the little town that had been his former home and had been asked to address an audience of his former neighbors. In order to assure them that his career had not caused him to put on airs he began his address thus:

"My dear friends—I won't call you ladies and gentlemen—I know you too well to say that."—Ladies' Home Journal.

LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY

American Girl to Wed Descendant of Queen—Hortense—Lady Joan Byng's Engagement.

Baron Lothaire Heeckeren d'Anthes, who is to marry Miss Esme Lyon Ward, a daughter of Mrs. Pardo Matthews, of New York, and a niece of the American ex-Princess Joseph Chimay, in St. James' Church, London, on Tuesday next, is, like the Duc de Morny, a left-handed descendant of Queen Hortense of Holland, the fair, but frail, daughter of Empress Josephine by the latter's first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais. Queen Hortense while occupying the throne of Holland had many admirers. One of them was the Comte Charles de Flauhault, the father of her son, who afterward became the first Duc de Morny, the present Duke being the second of his line.

Another of her admirers was a good-looking Dutch diplomat of the name of Baron Heeckeren, by whom she had a son, who received the name of Georges d'Anthes. After the overthrow of the Bonapartes, Baron Heeckeren retained sufficient influence in high places to secure his appointment as Dutch minister plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, and he took along with him his son by Queen Hortense. Young d'Anthes was extremely good looking, and, owing to his parentage, which was no secret to the Emperor Alexander and Nicholas, they permitted the young fellow to receive his military training in the Imperial School of Pages, and on graduation gave him a commission in the crack regiment of Chevaliers Gardes.

Meanwhile Baron Heeckeren had legally adopted him, and he was known by the name of Baron Georges Heeckeren d'Anthes. In course of time he married one of the daughters of Nicholas Goncharoff, and thus became a brother-in-law of the famous Russian poet, Alexander Pushkin, who married Natalie Goncharoff. The poet was of an intensely jealous disposition, and, having inherited from his maternal great-grandfather, Hannibal, the favorite coal-black general of Peter the Great, some of the marked physical characteristics of the negro race, including the dark complexion, thick lips and peculiar hair, realized that in looks, at any rate, he suffered by contrast with his extremely handsome brother-in-law, Heeckeren d'Anthes, whose comeliness was of the blond type. Pushkin ended by becoming convinced that his domestic happiness had been wrecked by Heeckeren d'Anthes, insisted upon challenging him to a duel, and received a fatal wound, to which he succumbed a few hours afterward.

Although the duel had been forced upon Heeckeren d'Anthes, and he had had no alternative but to fight, he was court-martialed, deprived of his commission in the Muscovite army, and expelled from Russia, in deference to public indignation, due to the immense popularity of Pushkin, as the best loved of all national poets. In fact, to this day patriotic Russians consider it necessary to expectorate, in token of execration and disgust, when the name of Heeckeren d'Anthes is mentioned.

Heeckeren d'Anthes on leaving Russia made his way to Paris, and 11 years later, when his half-borther, Napoleon III., was elected to the presidency of the French republic, he attached himself to his fortunes. After the coup d'etat which landed Napoleon on the throne of France, Heeckeren d'Anthes was oreated a senator, and received a number of other lucrative offices and dignities, besides an annuity from the imperial privy purse. He had a son and namesake, Baron George Heeckeren d'Anthes, whose son, young Lotharre Heeckeren d'Anthes, is to wed an American on Tuesday next; Lothaire being therefore a great grandson of Queen Hortense.

It is of interest to note here that the child to whom the widow of Alexander Pushkin gave birth four months after his death, and the paternity of whom the poet had been inclined to ascribe to his brother-in-law—though there does not appear to have been much foundation for the suspicion—married when she grew up General Doubelt, chief of the Russian secret police, eloped from him with Prince Nicholas of Nassau, a brother of Queen Sophia of Sweden, and is by Prince Nicholas the mother of that Countess Torby, who is the morgantic wife of Grand-duke Michael of Russia. She died on Sunday last, under the name of Countess Merenberg, a title which she received on her morganatic marriage to Prince Nicholas of Nassau. The countess was subjected to a most extraordinary attack a few years ago, in the pages of the Almanach de Gotha, which in a foot note charged her with having furnished them with a mendacious date of her marriage to the Prince, in order to create the belief that her eldest daughter, now Countess Torby, had been born subsequent instead of prior to the marriage.

Lady Joan Byng, daughter of the present Earl of Strafford, has gone so much about in English society under the chaperonage of her American aunt, Cora, Countess of Strafford, who was born as Cora Smith of New Orleans, and was widow in turn of Samuel Colgate, of New York, and the fourth Earl of Strafford, her third and present husband being Martyn T. Kennard, of Norfolkshire, that the news of her engagement to the eldest son and heir of the wealthy Lord Dunleath may prove of interest to a number of my readers. Lady Joan's fiance is a captain of the Irish Guards, in which he serves as the Hon. Andrew Mulholland—a name familiar throughout Ireland in connection with the ownership by his family of the great York Street Flax Spinning Company, of Belfast.

Indeed, Lord Dunleath, the head of the concern, and the chief of that particularly prosperous flax-spinning industry of the Emerald Isle, shares with the brewing peers, Lords Ardilaun and Iveags, the distinction of being one of the three richest men in Ireland. The match is a fortunate one for Lady Joan, who, a pretty and clever girl of about 24, has no money whatsoever. In fact, her father, the Earl of Strafford, one of the parson members of the House of Lords, is among the most impecunious of peers. He was, prior to his accession to the title, chaplain to the speaker of the House of Commons.

His succession to the family honors was the result of a tragedy. For on the very day that his American sister-in-law, Cora, was presented at court as Countess of Strafford, her husband, that is to say, his brother, was run over by a railroad train and killed, at Potter's Bar, near London. The present earl used to be known by the name of "Poodle" Byng, owing to his curly hair, and in order to avoid being a charge upon him, two of Lady Joan's elder sisters started a shop for fine work and embroidery, in Belgrave street, London. One of these sisters, Lady Dorothy Cuthbert, was accidentally killed by her husband, while out pheasant shooting with him. Their marriage had been a singularly happy one, and he became insane with grief, being for months afterward under restraint, to prevent him from harming himself. He has now recovered, but leads a very retired life.

The present line of the Earls of Strafford is descended from a younger son of the first Lord Torrington, who was governor of Barbadoes, and a brother of that ill-fated Admiral John Byng, who was shot, in accordance with the sentence of court-martial, in 1757, on the quarter-deck of his own flagship, at Portsmouth, on conviction of failure to relieve Minorca when it was being besieged by the French fleet.

The earldom was created in favor of John Byng, who died as field marshal, and who was one of the most distinguished commanders of the Peninsular War, and at the battle of Waterloo. He was allowed to take the title of Strafford, owing to the fact that his mother was a granddaughter and the heiress of the last of the Wentworth Earls of Strafford.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

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Bravery of Tom Marshall.

Tom Marshall has just celebrated his fifty-ninth birthday anniversary. Some Vice Presidents will do anything to get a little publicity.—Washington Post.

Not for Old Men.

Porfirio Diaz will not return to Mexico. It's no country for an old man.—Philadelphia Record.

MEN AND WOMEN

Uncle Joe Cannon has returned to Danville, Ill. He may make a tour of Mississippi and Arkansas.

Miss Florence Markham has traveled 86,400 miles in 24 years, carrying mail in Eastern Massachusetts.

Henri Fromagest, of France, has been chosen by the United States and Great Britain as the third member of a commission of three to adjust pecuniary claims.

President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, has been granted a year's leave of absence and will go to Europe in the interests of international peace.

The birthplace of Stephen Foster, composer of Suwanee River, My Old Kentucky Home and Old Black Joe, has been bought by the Allied Board of Trade of Pittsburgh and presented to the city.

Katherine Daly, the three-year-old daughter of Capt. J. J. Daly, of Worcester, has earned the sobriquet of "the mermaid of Lake Quinsigamond," as she frequently takes a swim in that lake. She has already taken her first dip of the season, and expects to do considerable swimming on the approach of warm weather.

A. J. Balfour, former premier and until last year leader of the Unionist party, is one of the very wealthy men of Great Britain, his annual income being placed at some half million dollars. Most of this comes from his Scottish estate, Whittinghame, Haddingtonshire, the chief products of which are potatoes and metal for road making.

Don't Be Caught Napping.

Enough activity is being shown by Colonel Roosevelt to indicate that he does not intend to let 1916 catch him napping.—Washington Star.

A Tremendous Task.

The hardest job we wot of is to be President and right at the same time. Washington Post.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE

Fannys' First Play will stay in New York far into the summer.

A sister of Gaby Deslys is to make her stage debut shortly in a Parisian revue.

William Faversham may play in London the role of Iago to Forbes Robertson's Othello.

Eleanor Gates, author of The Poor Little Rich Girl, has had two other plays accepted for production, one of which is a comedy of American life.

Baron Henri De Rothschild has written a play called Croesus, dealing with a multimillionaire. The play is to be produced in London and Paris.

Francis Wilson was welcomed in New York as author and star of a new play, The Spiritualist. Mr. Wilson plays the part of an involuntary medium.

Ruth Lincoln, who is playing the role of the milliner in Sweethearts, is well known in England, where she sang the prima donna roles in Madame Sherry and Veronique. She has played also in Australia and South Africa, but this is her first appearance in America.

The one hundredth performance of The Conspiracy, under Charles Frohman's direction in New York, has been celebrated by the distribution of handsome souvenirs in the shape of silver, gilt-lined bonbon baskets, with an appropriate inscription of the occasion.

A Man's Friends, by Ernest Poole, was produced this week in New York, and received much favorable notice. It is a play of New York politics, in which a reform district attorney tries to break up a corrupt ring, his chief obstacle coming from the fact that the principals stand by one another out of friendship, his own son-in-law being one of them. George Fawcett made a big hit as the political boss. The performance was attended by ex-President Roosevelt.

PUBLIC OPINION

Comment of Leading Newspapers on a Variety of Topics—The Officeseekers.

[Washington Post.]

It is necessary in politics that the workers should receive recognition in the form of office. The worker in politics performs a real public service. There are countless thousands of men who need prodding to take the walk to the polls to cast their ballot, and without active electioneering the number of stay-at-homes would be infinitely larger.

It is a healthy sign that there should be so many officeseekers, but there is no good reason for overturning the whole government service for their benefit. Where there is a choice between two men, both well equipped for office, it is proper to give the job to the man who works for his party.

The government, however, is expected to serve all the people, and inasmuch as the nonofficeseekers are so greatly in the majority, their needs must be considered first. President Wilson has made it clear that he believes in giving an efficient administration of the government. He doesn't intend to turn out good public servants to oblige the politicians. If the officeseekers can serve the public intelligently, and can be placed without impairing the efficiency of the government service, they will get their chance. But the welfare of all the people, including the millions who are not seeking office, must receive first consideration.

Not Peculiar to the Sex.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

More or less learned and labored dissertations may be expected upon the report from Redwood City, Cal., of the acquittal of a horsethief who had practically admitted his guilt, by women jurors, who held that he was "really too handsome to be a horsethief" and that "no man with such heavenly eyes should be put in prison." Already you can hear the chorus of "told-you-so's" and masculine sarcasms about woman's being swayed by emotion rather than intellect and all that. It may be so, but there are a few other details in the case that should be taken into consideration.

As a matter of fact the records will show and most newspaper readers will readily recall scores of instances where susceptible male jurors have brought in verdicts at variance with all the facts where a fair plaintiff or defendant was concerned. And in those cases, the jurors being all of the sterner sex, the responsibility cannot be evaded. In this horsethief case it is not proved that a jury of women would have acquitted him because of his eyes or his beauty. It is always well to be fair even in these comparisons of the sexes in their new rivalry as political equals. The Alaska solution of giving women the ballot and exempting them from jury duty may seem to some a preferable solution, But that exemption was made on quite other grounds than will be asserted in the criticisms of this California case. As an example the horsethief precedent is not at all convincing or illustrative one way or the other.

Moral Influence of Clothes.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Let not the flippant speak lightly of the suggestion that the way to reform women in prisons is to give them corsets and pretty clothes. The feminine philosopher who propounded this road to redemption was entirely sound in saying that there is no reform without self-respect, and the relation between self-respect and being well dressed is intimate. It was another feminine philosopher, one from Boston, who said that the consciousness of being well dressed imparted a peace of mind which not even the consolations of religion could give.

The warden who thinks a woman is no worse when a corset is taken off her and no better when one is put on, perhaps forgets that in his own prison the convicts do not wear striped clothes, and the wardens of some other penal institutions are putting on the convicts plain clothes under which it is possible for a sense of self-respect to grow. The cropping of the hair and the lockstep have been abolished from several prisons to avert the psychological effect of a personal appearance that is incompatible with self-respect.

There is more in this idea of giving women prisoners corsets and pretty clothes than some of the penologists, social reformers and physicians interviewed thereon recognize.

Peace or War?

[Charleston News and Courier.]

Dispatches from London state that the end of the Balkan war is now but a matter of days. Although the same forecast was made many weeks ago, it is probable that this time the prophets will not prove to be mistaken. Turkey's funds are gone and the allies are not in much better case; and without money war cannot be carried on. The scheme for mediation submitted by the powers to the Balkan States will probably be accepted within a few hours and under its provisions hostilities must at once come to an end.

Immediately, however, looms up the larger problem of settling to the satisfaction of the great powers of the continent all the questions created by the Balkan conflict. It remains to be seen whether or not this will be accomplished. Ostensibly, in agreement as to their views, the powers have, nevertheless, made extraordinary preparations during the past few weeks for possible war; and disagreement as to any one of the many details which must be arranged in the readjustment of Balkan affairs might fire the powder magazine of European jealousy and suspicion and start a conflagration.

Our Vanishing Beef.

[Pittsburgh Gazette Times.]

The United States for years has been living and exporting from its capital of beef cattle instead of from the annual interest or increase. That fact illuminates the reason for the increased cost of beef as well as other meats, for the experience of the cattle and beef trade is practically duplicated with other food animals. The situation is made clear in a trade report of the proper bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It shows that the number of cattle on the farms on January 1, 1907, was 72,534,000, and that by January 1, 1913, the number had decreased to 56,527,000. Cattle are following the bison and if the present pace should be maintained will be only zoological exhibits within a measurable period and people may be going out to the Carnegie Museum to view stuffed specimens and the diplodocus.

We have ceased to be an exporting nation in the matter of beef and beef cattle and have already become importers.

The Good Old Days.

Moreover, the cost of living was a good deal lower when a woman felt all right to go on a visit to the neighbors with a shawl on her head and her bare hands wrapped in her apron.—Galveston News.

A Startling Revelation.

There is nothing that startles the public more than to find a man who got elected going ahead and trying to do what he promised while running for office.—Washington Star.

MUCH IN LITTLE

The tide from Italy to America in 1911 is figured at five million.

Canonsburg, Pa., will this year celebrate the birthday of its founder.

Cripple Creek mines are to be merged by a $30,000,000 English corporation.

A hurricane of 100 miles an hour represents a force of 49,200 pounds a square foot.

Chicago's lighting gas rate is now 81 cents, but it is said quality has been reduced.

Winnipeg's municipal electric light plant claims to be making a profit of $1,371 a month.

Latest statistics show about 5,527 reports of lightning stroke in this country a year.

Mrs. John Perrine, of Jamesburg, Pa., has a cat which she says is able to play the scale on a piano.

Greek Catholics in Philadelphia have started missionary work for negroes, in charge of a negro priest.

St. Patrick's Catholic parish, St. Louis, is spending $10,000 for a day nursery for poor children of the parish.

Waltham, Mass., now has a woman as superintendent of public buildings and another as assessor and clerk of the board.

Policemen have repeatedly been called on to aid in enforcement of a new no-smoking rule on Philadelphia street cars.

A. K. Shay, of Springfield, Mo., was probably fatally burned the other day when a spark from his cigarette set fire to his shirt.

The secretary of the Montreal Builders' Exchange predicts that the value of buildings which will be undertaken in Greater Montreal this year will run into $40,000,000.

It is officially announced that the new 50,000-ton Cunard liner Aquitania will be launched at Slydebank on April 21 next. The new Gladstone dock on the Mersey, to be opened by King George in July, can accommodate the vessel.

The work of completing the Panama Canal, which will effect great changes in the commerce and trade of the world, has been progressing satisfactorily. While the entire world will be benefited in no small measure by the opening of this channel for commerce and navigation, this is especially true of the states of South America, the Canadian Pacific Coast, Japan, China, Hongkong, the Philippine Islands, Australia and New Zealand. What great benefit Japan will derive it is almost needless to say.

Lost In Elihu's Shoes.

Now that the Colonel has again praised Boss "Bill" Flinn, of Pittsburgh, as one of the greatest men in the country, he takes the place where Elihu Root used to stand in the Colonel's esteem.—New York World.

Where Kansas Is Supreme.

Four states surpass Kansas in the value of their agricultural output, but Kansas raises more kinds of "Cain" than any of them.—Kansas City Journal.

IN THE BEST OF HUMOR

Bertie—What makes you think I've got a sense of humor?

Gertie — Your self-appreciation.—Harvard Lampoon.

Patron—I have just been admiring your picture—but what does it mean?

Artist—Ah, that's it. The title is The Mystery.—Judge.

"Waiter, this is outrageous! I ordered some potage!"

"I beg pardon, mister; I tink you say sapotage!"—The Masses.

Willie's Mamma—Is James a nice boy for you to play marbles with?

Willie—Sure. I can beat him every time.—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Dilks claims to be a poet."

"I wouldn't mind his claiming to be a poet, if he didn't try so hard to prove it."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Which of us do you like best, uncle, dear?"

"Children, I'll write that to each of you after I have left."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Teacher—What is the difference between 'I will hire a taxi and I have hired a taxi?"

Kid — About $6.50. — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Tom—They say that every woman is beautiful in someone's eyes. Do you believe it?

Jack—Certainly—if you include her own.—Boston Transcript.

"It's quite simple, sir," remarked a woman witness at London Sessions yesterday. "The prisoner is my husband's brother's wife's brother."—London Daily News and Leader.

Cook—Look here! What d'ye mean by bringing me this? Missis ordered lamb, not mutton?

Butcher Boy—That's all right, ole dear; prime cut o' larst year's lamb! Punch.

The guide, in referring to the Egyptian pyramids, remarked:

"It took hundreds of years to build them."

"Then it was a government job—eh?" replied the wealthy contractor.—Tit-Bits.

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