

AMERICA'S GREATEST NEED

Mrs. Logan Declares It to Be Devoted Mothers Who Will Personally Train Their Children.

Quest Helene of Italy has given a most interesting interview as to the duty of mothers in the matter of the care of their children, and the kind of impressions that should be made on their youthful minds, also as to the duty of mothers to train their children, especially their daughters, in industrial habits.

Almost all mothers in royal families feel the responsibility of their children more than mothers of our republic, because they realize that these children will some day occupy positions of power, and that their example will be for the good or the ill of a nation.

Beyond questions there is more rigid discipline of children in royal families than in any other households. Children of royalty have harder tasks and less indulgences than any others, to teach them self-denial and the right principles of justice and humanity.

Imagine the spoiled little misuses of our millionaires bemisleading by making one dozen handkerchiefs daily for poor children, or the indulgent wealthy masters being obliged to devote hours in the performance of tasks assigned to them. They have been allowed to dispense charity in a lavish way through money given them by their parents or guardians, but know nothing whatever of practicing self-denial or working for the money to provide relief and comfort for others.

There once said the greatest need of France was homes. This remark may be paraphrased by saying that the greatest need of America is devoted mothers who will give their personal attention to the training and education of their children, to the end that they may be good and useful citizens of the American republic.

CRONKEY'S WHISKY CACHES

Sportsman Who Hides Jugs of Liquor Throughout the Woods in Case of Emergency.

"Going up in the Adirondacks after trout, eh?" said the sportsman. "Well, if you strike the Beaver River country look up my friend Dave Cronkey. Dave is not only an excellent guide, but he possesses a magic wand that can locate a cask of whisky for you whenever you want it. And this in spite of the fact that he never touches a drop himself. I was up there last fall after deer, and the first day out I had a chill. We were away over near Witch-hope lake, ten miles from anywhere. 'D' give a good bit for a drink of whisky,' I said. 'I guess I can fix you,' said Dave, and walking to a hollow log about a dozen rods away, he produced a bottle. I took a good swig, and he put the bottle back. The next day he repeated this performance over on Branch mountain, and the third day he uncovered a bottle in a pile of dead leaves along Red Horse creek. You see, the people who come up from the city to shoot and fish generally bring along a supply, and what is left over when they go home they leave with Dave. He hides it at various points throughout the woods for use in case of emergency. He tells me he has over a hundred bottles cached in this matter. Take my advice, and cotton to Dave."

The Poor Poor.

"Lord Lansdowne, the head of the Tory party in England, has all the 'Tory' goodness," said a London correspondent at Atlantic City.

"Lord Rosebery, a Liberal," the correspondent went on, "blamed the poor the other day for saving up for holidays. The poor should be thrifty," said Lord Rosebery, who has never learned by experience what hard work being thrifty is. They should save up just the fun of saving up. But Lord Lansdowne goes further than that. Lord Lansdowne in a recent speech in London said that the nasty English climate was a good thing.

Finger Print Identification.

The use of finger prints as an aid to the detection of criminals was shown in a remarkable manner at Dublin, Ireland, when a prisoner named Keegan was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for breaking into a church. On the broken window was found a finger mark, which was identified as the prisoner's in the habitual criminals' register department of Dublin castle. The head of that department said that about 150,000 finger prints had passed through his hands and no two had ever been found alike. This system of identification had now superseded all other methods and he believed it to be infallible.

Why at First.

Pat—Mebbe, why is kissin' your garrill like a bottle of olives?  
Mike—Give it up!  
Pat—Cause of you can get one the best one easy.

Practical Affection.

"Do you really think a young wife would doze on even a rich old husband?"  
"Certainly, if he were in his dotage."  
—Baltimore American.

ABSENT-MINDED CLERGYMAN

Forgot Having His Key and Climbed to the Street in His Canonical Robes.

Some years ago a minor canon of Norwich (the Rev. Orlas Lindley) met with an amusing experience. On a certain day he was to preach in the cathedral. He was aware of his own infirmity of absent-mindedness, and therefore gave the key of his study in the close to his landlady, with instructions to lock him in and to let him out just in time for service.

She did not wish to take responsibility, and finally gave him back the key, but she retained it as he desired. He read his sermon over until the bells began to ring. Then he put on his surplice and waited. Of course, no landlady came to release him. He grew uneasy as he saw the congregation assemble. Then the great bell began to toll for the assembly of the dean and chapter. Still no one came to let him out.

At last, in despair, Mr. Lindley threw open a window, and by the help of a water-butt and spout he climbed, in his full canonical robes, into the street. Fortunately for his dignity, it was so late that almost everyone was in the cathedral and few saw him, but the two or three privileged ones who witnessed it enjoyed the performance hugely. On his return home Mr. Lindley mechanically put his hand in his pocket for the key, found it, and had opened the door of the room before he realized that his difficulty had been imaginary.—Sketches of Old Times and Places.

THE SURPRISE IN THE BOX

Two Discoveries by Brother Claude in a Single Afternoon—Summer Hat Not Bass Drum.

"I have seen some strange things in our city street," said Brother Claude, "but never until today had I seen anybody carrying a bass drum in a box, and yet here this very afternoon and in my own block I met just that, a boy carrying a bass drum enclosed in a monstrous pasteboard box. 'Why should anybody want to put a bass drum in a box? What was there about this particular bass drum that required such tender care? Why should anybody put a bass drum in a box? Really it was most extraordinary, but a greater surprise awaited me.

"When I got home at night I saw that identical bass drum in the same box in the room of my sister Belinda. 'And why,' I said to her, 'why do you want a bass drum? You play the harp and the zither, the mandolin, the guitar and the piano; why, under the blessed canopy, Belinda, why do you take up the bass drum?' 'Whereat Belinda was duly bewildered, and 'What, wh—at, Claude,' she said, 'is the matter with you?' 'Whereupon I pointed at the big bass drum right there in the box before her, and at that her smile came back, and then much silvery laughter. 'Why, that, Brother Claude,' she said, 'is my new summer hat.'"

Aged Explorer.

Sir Clements Markham is regarded as the grand old man of British geography and exploring enterprises. His official connection with the Royal Geographical Society has lasted for nearly half a century, and when he retired from the presidency in 1905, he had held that post continuously for twelve years. His interest in the society and in geographical science generally has not abated, in spite of the claims which historical and antiquarian research have upon his time. On the eve of his eightieth birthday he gave the clearest proof of his dauntless energy by giving a remarkably interesting and suggestive lecture on the "Land of the Incas" at a recent meeting.

Charge of the Fish Brigade.

A curious scene was witnessed at Bezhil-on-Sea (Eng.) one afternoon lately when a stretch of water close to the shore suddenly became dark and cloudy for some hundreds of yards. Upon inspection the patch was seen to consist of myriads of tiny fish and a little further from the shore were shoals of mackerel. The smaller fish apparently were fleeing from the mackerel and from time to time, as the mackerel charged the small fry, many of the latter got among the tiny breakers and were thrown in hundreds upon the shore. This went on for several hours in the view of many spectators.

Paradise for Suffragettes.

Finland, the national constitution of which the Russian duma has voted away, is in many ways an exceedingly interesting country. Some travelers say the most delightful city in northern Europe is Helsinki, the capital. Its population is 80,000. It is a city of boulevards and cafes set in a sea of Mediterranean blue and against a background of pine-clad hills. It has no slums. Finland is a paradise for the suffragettes. Women there can be anything from stone masons and members of parliament to bank cashiers. They take an important part in the government.

An Explanation.

"How much the baby looks like its father," said the visitor who meant to be agreeable.  
"It's only the warm weather," replied Mrs. Rasper. "The child is usually right cheerful and handsome."

WHY HE WAS CONSIDERATE

Foxy Grocer's Scheme to Discover That His Credulous Customer Had No Scales.

The grocer's voice was really seductive in its sweetness as he telephoned to the new customer that he was afraid his clerk had short-weighted her order of sugar and asked her to weigh it over and let him know how many, if any, ounces were lacking.

"But I have no scales," said the woman, "and any way, I have used so much of the sugar that I couldn't weigh it now if I had."  
"Wasn't that lovely of him to be so conscientious," she told her husband that night. "Never again will I believe those stories about so many grocers cheating in weight. If they do happen to run a little short now and then it is done through mistake, and they are anxious to make restitution."

But if that trusting soul could have looked into the grocer's back room five minutes after the telephone conversation she might have been less credulous. The list of names, one headed "Yes," the other "No," were tacked to the wall. The new customer's name was added to the list of "Noes" and the grocer said: "It's all right in the fourth floor, at No. 211, Jim. She ain't got no scales."

YANKTON'S BELATED WISH.

Deacon Was Sorry He Hadn't Gone to Paris Before He Was Convinced.

Joseph Widener, the millionaire horseman in Philadelphia, was lunching with a party of Americans at the Ritz in Paris. Some young women of the "professional beauty" type entered. Their clinging, gauzy gowns were made of the fashionable mouseline de soie. Their huge hats, covered with waving plumes, descended, as all fashionable hats should do, nearly to their pretty noses. Their white necks were circled by strings of pearls.

The appearance of these young ladies caused the conversation at Mr. Widener's table to turn to the amusements of Paris. "The amusements of Paris," said Mr. Widener, "are, in the main, clean and wholesome. The theater, the opera—those are the real amusements of this gay and beautiful city. Only the uninformed—only men like Deacon Yankton—regard Paris as a modern Babylon. 'Yankton, you know, got a wrong idea of Paris from the tall yarns of some college boys at his hotel, and said regretfully, as he left for home: 'Gee, I wish I'd come here before I got converted.'"

Changes in Bible.

The tercentenary edition of the English authorized edition of the Bible, over which there was a conference of learned men in Princeton last week, is to have some changes. Where the meaning of words has changed the text is to be changed so as not to be misleading; where the old version is obscure it will be changed in the interest of clearness; where it is infelicitous in choice of words that will be set right; and for words that have become obsolete others will be substituted. Damage could be done on all of these lines, but happily the work is in the hands of men of taste and judgment, who will make no change for the mere sake of change. As to obsolete words, it may be said that no word that is in the Bible can become obsolete. The Bible words live, and undoubtedly the English Bible has done a service to the English language in keeping some good words in use that might otherwise have passed out of it. "Let," in the sense of hinder, is said to be condemned by the revisers, and perhaps rightly, but it was a good-old word in that use of it.—Harper's Weekly.

Joan's Portrait.

It is claimed that a contemporary picture of the Maid of Orleans has been discovered. On the walls of a room in an old house in the Rue Taubour in that city a quantity of rough graffiti drawings have been uncovered which have been drawn by an unskilled hand, presumably that of a soldier who wished to show his host the lineaments of his leader. One drawing shows an armed personage, with its uplifted right arm holding a three-edged sword and its left a shield; on the head is a helmet, and surrounding this a nimbus, by which the saint is identified; the vizor is raised, but the report does not give any clue as to the features. The drawings are undoubtedly of the Joan of Arc period.

A New Wedding-Cake Superstition.

The debutantes of the season will have no difficulty in getting together the coveted six boxes of wedding cake, which means that the seventh will be her own, for the list of brides-to-be is long, and wedding receptions are in plenty, accordingly. The superstition holds that no box must be opened. Each one must be tied to its predecessor in order of date, and each one must be legitimately given to the owner as an invited guest—so cards transferable, so to speak. This charm never fails, it is said.—New York Tribune.

Not Effaced.

"The defendant in that breach of promise case manages to be cheerful."  
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He has at least the satisfaction of knowing that in his present position he attracts more attention than he would have as a bridegroom."

RELICS IN WINDSOR CASTLE

Many Exquisite Foreign Pieces Among the Vast Treasures of Plate and Jewels.

There is not much ancient English plate in the gold pantry at Windsor castle. Charles I. melted down all the plate in his day and coined it into money. But there are some exquisite foreign pieces, among them a great silver flagon taken from the flagship of the Spanish armada, and the famous Nautillus cup, made by that master of the art, Benvenuto Cellini. There is a shield by the same great Italian, and the wonderful gold tiger's head taken from Tipoo Sahib's throne after the storming of Seringapatam, in 1799. This tiger's head is a marvelous work of art. It is life size, and its teeth and eyes are cut out of pure rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time is the jeweled bird called the Uma. In shape it is like a pigeon, with a peacock's tail. Its feathers blaze with precious stones, and a magnificent emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India. Detectives who reside at the castle as ordinary officials guard these vast treasures of plate, and also the jewels, which are locked in another underground safe. These jewels are distinct from the crown jewels, which are kept in the tower. They are the private property of the royal family. Queen Alexandra's personal jewelry is of immense value. There is an old law, still un repealed, which enables the reigning sovereign to put to death any person or persons through whose carelessness any of his gems may be lost.

GERMANY'S PRECIOUS WINE

Has Been Preserved Since 1621 in the Vaults of the Town Hall of Breme.

The most celebrated of all the wines of Germany is known as rose wine, and according to a French contemporary it is jealously preserved in the town hall of Breme.

The wine has been in the vaults, so we learn, since 1621, when the conscript fathers had six great vats made at Johannesberg and six others at Hockheimer. Each received the name of one of the apostles. It is an unwritten law that as soon as a bottle of wine is drawn from the vats a similar quantity of the same vintage is put into the tun, consequently they are always full.

Each of the tuns or vats in the town hall at Breme cost originally \$240, and their capacity is about 57 gallons. Now we have our French statistician again at work as to the cost of the upkeep of the cellar. He comes to the conclusion that each time a bottle of this wine is drunk it represents a sum of over \$250.

During the war of 1870 the French occupied the town, and the officers, braving the anger of the council of Breme, made free with their precious wine, and it was said that the town of Breme paid more to France than all the other towns in Germany. At the time of the crown prince's wedding we further learn that he was allowed one bottle and one only.—London Globe.

Resuscitation Rules.

The United States Life Saving service has adopted new regulations for restoring the apparently drowned. Although the Howard method has been productive of excellent results in the practise of saving lives, the government has seen fit to combine it with the Sylvester method; the latter producing deeper inspiration, while the former effects the more complete expiration. The combination therefore of the two methods tends to produce the most rapid oxygenation of the blood—the real object to be gained. The government will urge the general public to familiarize itself with these rules, that proper directions may be given in restoring the apparently drowned and thereby serve as a means of saving many lives annually.

"Gold Filled" in Its Two Varieties.

A gold filled tooth and your gold filled watch case may be said to be inversely analogous, that is, your gold filled tooth has more or less of the tooth structure or enamel on the outside, with gold as a core filling the center. Your gold filled watch case consists of two sheets of gold, having between each sheet some baser metal, to which the gold is soldered. As to the gold in the case, it may be of any fineness and any thickness, commonly referred to as the term "gold filler." A jeweler will tell you that ten carat gold is not gold, having too much admixture of baser metal. Many persons have the idea that the gold filled case is an amalgam of the kind instead of a sandwich of gold smeared in the inside with the base metal.

For St. Patrick's Day.

Spader Johnson, the celebrated clown, once kept a livery stable at Rushville Ind. A week before St. Patrick's day the president of the local lodge of the Ancient Order of Hibernians came around to interview him.

"Spader," said he, "Of was-ant twenty-two gray horses for th' procession on th' 17th."  
"All right," replied Johnson, "I have a dozen or so on hand now, but tomorrow I am expecting three carloads of green horses from the west."

"Tare an' ouss, Spader, why didn't ye tell me that afore?" ejaculated the patriotic Celt. "Never mind th' gray horses at all, all make 'em all green."—Denver Post.

PIGEONS PECKED FLOWERS

Industrious and Pesticiferous Squabs Plucked Them All From the Window Boxes.

As the woman and her visitor sat in her den a white pigeon flew down on her window box and began to chew at the lower leaves. She sprang up and shoed it away.

"Do you know some gentle thing that would kill a few pigeons off quietly without hurting them much?" she asked as she sat down again. "I don't want to hurt them or the feelings of my neighbors, who are raising squabs, but I would like some flowers in my window box this summer. Here are all gone. It's all right for her pigeons to eat her flowers if she'd rather have the squabs, but do you think mine ought to suffer? Every time I call on her I begin to wonder out loud how it is my flowers look so hepped this summer. I'd call it pigeon pecked if I dared, and they begin to give all sorts of reasons, she and her husband and her brother-in-law. It's the hot weather, they say, or the sun because the flat is on the seventh floor, or I don't water them enough, when all the time I'd just like to get up and say, if I only had the courage, 'You know very well what's the matter with them; it's your darned old pigeons. That's what it is. You'll have a fine time eating the squabs when they are ready, but this is the first summer that I haven't had the finest flowers ever in my window boxes, plague take it all!'"

GOT THE BEST OF HIS WIFE

Philadelphia Man is Chuckling Over How He Worsted Her in an Argument.

Sometimes man has the last word, but it isn't often in these days of suffragettes, and a certain business man of West Philadelphia is chuckling over the way he got the best of his wife in an argument the other day.

She is a nice, little curly-headed woman, who adores her husband, home and babies, but has been inoculated with the germ of votes for women. So every day at breakfast she greets her husband with: "George, I'm going to a suffrage meeting today, and I want you to tell me something about the attitude of men toward women's rights," or "George, at the meeting yesterday I was told I must bring you to reason."

George had borne it patiently till, coached by a militant neighbor, his wife stood up and in a voice suited for the rostrum cried: "You must admit my ability and right to vote. The women of the country are aiming all their power against you husbands now, and—"  
"Forget the rest, my dear," said George, belligerently, "and just let me tell you that so long as women are aiming at the men they'll never get the right to vote. No female ever yet hit a mark she aimed at."—Philadelphia Times.

Compulsory Military Service.

A scheme of compulsory military service is being considered by the South African government. If it comes into operation all schoolboys between the ages of ten and fifteen will be compelled to join the cadet forces, and from fifteen to eighteen to enroll in the senior cadets. Provision is made for all cadets to undergo training in camps annually. From the ages of eighteen to twenty-five young men will have to take part in drills and a course for trained soldiers, with an annual camp lasting 14 days. From twenty-five to thirty-five they will join the union reserves and will be required to spend a week in an annual camp. To carry out the system the whole of South Africa will be divided into small areas, with a permanent instructional officer to each, while a military college will be established at Bloemfontein for training officers.

Stutterer Sang the Order.

A confirmed stutterer went into a restaurant and met a few casual acquaintances, who at once commenced chaffing him most unmercifully respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one of them, a part little fellow who had been making himself rather conspicuous by his remarks, said: "Well, old man, I'll bet suppers round you can't order them without stammering." "D-d-d-done," says Brown, and, to the astonishment of the company and the discomfort of his challenger (all of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutterers, a first-class singer), he beckoned the waiter and sang the order without the slightest hitch. Then, turning round to his tormentor, said: "N-n-n-now, y-y-you c-c-can p-p-p-pay."

Foreign Students in Paris.

Parisian newspapers take especial pleasure in noting the remarkable increase in the number of foreign students in the University of Paris, which now leads the universities of the world in that respect. Twenty years ago there were 457 foreigners enrolled in this university. Ten years later the number had increased to 1174. There are now 1500 foreigners studying in Paris, of whom 107 come from the United States. Russia has the largest delegation, 1356. South America, as well as Mexico and Portugal, Turkey and the Orient, are well represented. Among the reasons for this affluence of foreign students in Paris are the exceptional library facilities—some sixteen in number, of which at least six contain more than 200,000 volumes each—excellent laboratories, and free tuition to all.

COST OF LEARNING TO FLY

Beginner May Achieve His Ambition for \$1,000 to \$5,000—Biplane is Easiest.

London.—Nowadays any ordinarily active man, on deciding to learn to fly, may achieve his ambition in less than a month's time, provided he is prepared to spend some money. If he is content to acquire the art of airman'ship without actually owning an aeroplane of his own, it will cost him \$1,000 or slightly more. Should he buy a machine his expenditure may be \$2,500 to \$5,000, according to the make and reputation of his aircraft.

But the pronouncement of experts should be cited as regards the use of monoplanes and biplanes from the novice's point of view. They say, and experience certainly bears them out, that the beginner learns to fly more easily and more safely upon a biplane than upon a monoplane. The reason is that when a biplane begins to lose its balance in the air it heels over far more slowly than a monoplane, thereby giving the pilot more time to alter his levers and bring it again upon a level keel.

The damage that can be done by a bad descent was indicated rather quaintly by one airman of experience, who contends that "you can smash up a machine apparently quite badly, and yet the repair will not be more than \$500. An awkward landing, causing the breaking of a skid or several wooden stays, will not cost more than \$10 or \$15."

To a beginner who is not well acquainted with aeroplane motors the services of a special mechanic will be essential. The salary of a reliable man—one who thoroughly understands the delicate "tuning up" process necessary every now and then with aeroplane engines—ranges from \$15 to \$25 a week. Two or three odd men are generally necessary at the commencement of each flight to assist in maneuvering the aeroplane.

HOBBLE SKIRT IS AMERICAN

Reputable Makers of Paris Modes Shift Responsibility for Ridiculous Fashion.

Paris.—Annoyed to an accident which happened to a fashionable Parisienne the hobble skirt has come in for a lot of indignant denunciation, all the more interesting in that an American is credited with the invention of that garment and blamed for its introduction to Paris. This is, probably, the first time the old order of derivation has been reversed in regard to so important an article of feminine attire. The accident in question occurred when a young woman was alighting from a taxi-auto. She fell and broke a leg, and received distressing bruises on her head and face.

A leading man dressmaker of Paris, on being interviewed on the hobble skirt as a dangerous evil, declares it was brought here by certain fair Americans, and that reputable makers of Paris modes have always opposed it. It is only worn, said he, by women who specially desire to make themselves remarkable on the public streets. The hobble skirt has never been acclimated here in the upper social classes. Another grand couturier said the hobble skirt is now seen only in ready-made fashions, and never was adopted by the really elegant. This grotesque mode is soon to disappear, as in winter it becomes absurdly impossible for women to manage gowns built in that manner.

LIFEGUARD CREW IN REVOLT

Officials and Men Refuse to Take Charge of Woman's Teeth While She Swims.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Officials and men of the lifeguard revolted on gallantry the other day when faced with a request from a young woman bather to take charge of her false teeth while she entered the breakers. Fearing to lose her make-believe molars while she was in the surf the woman boldly approached the beach tent and requested that she be allowed to leave the teeth until she came out.

Started to Milk Mule.

New York.—Dan Friedman's baby cried lustily for his milk earlier than usual the other morning and Dan stumbled out in the darkness to the shed of his home in Maspeth, L. I., to seek out a gentle Jersey cow. In the dark he lost his sense of location and with his milk pail seated himself in the stall of a mule. Friedman was taken to the German hospital, badly injured.

Cure Credited to Lightning.

Paris.—A girl of 20, bedridden with a bone disease since the age of six, was apparently cured at Chalons when her house was struck by lightning and she jumped out of bed and ran downstairs. She appeared to be quite well the next day.

Widow's Remedy.

—Mrs. Burgess ministered to her husband's ailments with a bottle of "Widow's Remedy," or "Once or Several Times Daily Assumption of Strasburg Cathedral Tower society," in the title of a society which has just been formed in Strasburg.