

WORE THE "CHANTECLER VEIL."

Spectators on a London "tube" train were enthralled. Have you seen the "Chantecler" face? It makes its owner look like a tattooed Maori chieftain.

The "Chantecler" face made its first public appearance Tuesday, the London Express says. It was seen in a train on the underground railway.

The wearer of the "Chantecler" face was a middle-aged woman. As she entered at the end of the carriage something strange in the appearance of her face attracted the attention of those near the door.

A thrill ran through the carriage, and in a few moments forty pairs of eyes were staring, as if fascinated, at her apparently tattooed features.

Those who were near soon solved the mystery of her astonishing aspect. She wore a gauzy veil, on which were embossed chanteclers, with crowing heads, flapping wings and flowing tails.

There was one large chantecler in the middle of each cheek, a small one upon the end of her nose, one a little larger on the chin, another on the forehead, and on the temples were detached bunches of cock's feathers.

Every "Chantecler" hat in the carriage—there were several with great bunches of sweeping feathers which challenged the title—became utterly insignificant in contrast with the dominating "chantecler" face.

At first the wearer smiled as she noticed the attention which her tattooed appearance commanded. But under the steady gaze of many eyes her courage oozed away and at last she made a dash for the door.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The sky was overclouded and rain had been falling. But as the owner of the "chantecler" face stepped on the platform the clouds parted and the sun shone!



AN EXERCISE IN MNEMONICS

"What did I do with that memorandum?" said a distinguished-looking man, speaking half to himself but with his eyes on the clerk, who stood waiting for his order in a large city grocery. "What I've done with that memorandum this time I really cannot imagine. But you just wait a minute."

He began searching his pockets. From each of them came scraps of paper, big and little, old letters with pencil notes on them, envelopes similarly decorated, two or three small note books, a theater program, and a number of pieces evidently torn from the margin of a newspaper and covered with writing. He examined the scraps one after another and restored each bunch to its separate pocket. The clerk waited, and a customer farther along the counter eyed the display with curiosity.

"Gone," said the gentleman, with an air of finality. "I'll have to trust to memory."

The clerk nodded.

"Six eggs?" he said, with an interrogative inflection.

"Right," said the gentleman.

The clerk wrote it down. "A pound of butter?" he continued.

"A pound of butter," agreed the gentleman.

"Bread?"

"Three loaves."

"Coffee?"

The gentleman hesitated. "No," he said, with decision. "Coffee enough on hand to last the rest of the week." He smiled contentedly, watched the clerk write a name and address at the top of the order, and then went out of the shop whistling.

"How did you know what he wanted?" asked the other customer of the clerk.

"He lives just around the corner in an apartment and he and his wife got their own breakfasts. Always the same things—never any change—but he always has to have it written down."

"Do you know who he is?"

"His name is Bertini, I think. He's a kind of professor. I believe he has a kind of memory system he teaches to people who can't remember things."

The other customer smiled. He had no sense of humor.—Youth's Companion.

The Logic of the Case.

The arithmetic of the little girl in this story was faultless. She knew that two times zero equals zero, and she acted on the knowledge. But mathematics is not business, and the milliner was probably justified in declining to accept Mary's logical conclusion. The incident is taken from the Delicatore.

"I want a hatpin," said little Mary, as she gazed at the cushion full of sparkling ornaments on the milliner's show-case. "How much is it?"

"Oh, nothing," returned the kind-hearted Mrs. Briggs, who remembered that Mary's mother was one of her regular customers.

"I'll take two, then," said Mary.

The Victious Circle.

When Donald came in from school his face showed unmistakable signs of tears, and at the first symptoms of maternal affection they started to flow again.

"Now, Donald boy, tell mother all about it. What's the matter?"

"Ze teacher she scolded me."

"Well, we'll try and forget that, won't we? Never mind."

"But, muzzer, zat's jes' what she scolded me 'bout. She said I never did mind!"

A Brooder.

"I am going to invest in an incubator and a brooder and go into the chicken business this spring."

"Picked out your brooder yet?"

"No, why?"

"I have one I would like to have you consider taking off my hands."

"What sort of a one is it?"

"It is about fifty years old, and is always brooding over the fact that my wife turned down a millionaire to marry me."—Houston Post.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who said of the dog belonging around the house: "He's a nice dog out of doors?"

It is said by anatomists that people bear better with their mouths open.

EVERYONE asks why France is the worst exporter of white slaves, while in Paris the unfortunate ones are fairly well protected from exploitation, writes a Paris correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald. Alexander Coote, secretary of the International Bureau for the Repression of the Trade, is telling the French that American public opinion does them full justice; it was the French government, on Senator Berenger's proposal, that convoked the first official conference in 1902, resulting in the international agreement on which America is basing her efforts. Also, it was the French national committee that organized the magnificent congress that has given results over the entire world. "Yet," says Mr. Coote, in the Paris Matin, "there is truth in the public opinion of America that France exports more unfortunate women than any other country."

Paris papers quote from the American congressional report, and from American magazines and daily press. The French are astonished and distressed at their bad record. Why, they wiped out the cafe-concert slaving of 1902; and only in 1908 a law went into effect tearing out of the hands of the managers of "maisons closes" (boarding houses) their last hold on the girls inveigled into them. The new law caused hilarity at the expense of the disreputable houses. No matter how much money a misled girl may owe the establishment, she can requisition the first policeman to make them

TEACUP POLITICS.

A Bit of Life at Washington in Which Women Are Prominent.

From Ash Wednesday until the summer time scattering, the teapot and the samovar, with the punch bowl and the helpful ally, become potent aids in the forward of political careers at Washington. How efficacious these simple elements in the official game of good fellowship prove to be is past conjecturing, but old-time hostesses well up in the sport of politics as played across the afternoon tea table are the last to deny the tea-drinking habits as practiced in Washington.

The wag who said that "politics is the voice of Washington women" would have found much in the talk of those who surround the tea tables to support his views. Many of the prettiest and apparently least serious young women in officialdom actually have "views" on subjects political, which show that the young heads beneath the elaborate coiffures are better stored with knowledge than even the most ardent admirers would have dared to hope. In the game of politics as played by fair women, the tea table is an all-important adjunct.

Those who make the rounds of Washington drawing rooms assert that everything from a nomination to the corraling of a goodly block of votes may be accomplished at a Washington "afternoon tea." For the orderly and effectual dispensation of incipient ructions "back home" nothing is equal to the simple expedient of asking the wife of a visiting constituent to assist at one of these weekly functions. Feminine insurgency is not equal to holding out against the lures offered by the tactful hostess, and many a cup of tea sipped in the drawing room of an accomplished woman of the world has marked the turning point in a career.

SHOP GIRL BRIDE OF PHILANDER C. KNOX, JR.

The bride of the son of Secretary of State Knox was Miss May Baker, a shop girl of Providence, R. I. Her husband was first suspended from school for his elopement and then was told by his father to look out for himself. He has \$100 a month from an inheritance and has accepted a job as an auto salesman to piece out his income.

To Be Called Early.

"On the morrow call me early. Call me early, mother dear!" Said the maid unto her parent As she brushed away a tear.

"Are you going shopping, daughter? Or why should I call you early. Call you early, daughter mine?"

"Let me whisper to you, mother. Let me whisper in your ear. 'Tis to-night I marry Early—Mr. Early, mother dear!"

—Yonkers Statesman.



THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE IN FRANCE

let her trunks go freely out. As impounding their hats, shoes and street wraps for pretended debt was almost the last resort of constraint, the relief was great. The policeman must respond with diligence and kindness. If the escaping girl requests it they must take her to the commissary—called the "Foyer of the Ward"—with a view to her return home or protection and patronage. Or, if she demands it, the policeman must let her call a cab and go her way. Liberty to go her way holds all the effectiveness of the law.

What astonishes Parisians is the tale of actual violence and physical constraint, when it comes out, rarely. They know that to make an inmate, the girl's good will must first be won. Even passive resignation is not sufficient for one capital act, great with destiny, to doodge which is to risk harboring a girl without a card. This deliberate act, without which no girl can be safely kept a week as boarder, willing or unwilling, is her independent visit to the prefecture of police, to make her sad choice and demand a card. A fatherly party reads the applicant to a solemn lecture, bids her meditate—and return in a week. She is told what the card is—a slavery of its own. The card is, nevertheless, a tower of defense for the innocent against constraint.

Whenever the London officers of the international bureau intercept a cargo of white slaves from France, they find either cynical old hands perfectly aware of their destination or else innocent girls counting on a situation. Mr. Coote complains bitterly of certain French intelligence offices. Recently four girls, well brought up and respectable, were thus sent to London. Each understood that a situation awaited her. Yet no sooner had they arrived than their money was taken from them on the pretext of changing it; and Mr. Coote's agents got hold of them just in time. He seems to be persuaded that violence would have been possible in London. "Surely the French intelligence office should have been prosecuted," he writes, "but nothing was done. However well the French law may be administered at home, it seems to be relaxed when exportation is in question."

He is right. One of the reasons is that the detective brigades in the great French cities have been fully occupied with their specialty. They are only too glad when old hands willingly seek foreign shores. And those who are not old hands have not come under their observation. Intelligence office frauds have not been in the line of these brigades, because the recruiting was not being done for Paris. At the time of the first conference, in 1902, France suffered from a special form of cafe-concert slavery peculiarly insidious, in that it had a public amusement bill for its customers and could lure innocent girls with the promise to put them on the stage. They imagined that they were going into honest vaudeville entertainments. The first step was to put them in debt for "costumes and stage training." The second step was to ship them to the low "cafe-concerts" that sprang up like poisonous mushrooms all over France, even in comparatively small towns. And the third step was ruin on the spot by drink and bad example, because they must sit and "consume" with the audience between turns.

Once they got started, the special brigade wiped out the cafe-concert slave trade promptly. It was a trade of the middle aged, posing as theatrical managers and agents. It had been able to grow up because it was not in Paris.

Present international white slavery is similar new work for the special brigades. Its chief lure is the employment agency. Its chief blind for the police is at present the old stand-by of ridding Paris of female undesirables. But the special brigades have had their eyes opened, and as the operators are but mature rescals of both sexes ripe for jail, a single conviction will be sufficient for each. And France will cease to hold the exporting record of the white slave trade.

WONDERFUL PRODUCTIONS OF THE MODERN STAGE.



THE FINAL SCENE IN THE "CHANTECLER."

Chantecler, the king of the farmyard, is convinced that his role in life is to make the sun rise with his crowing. One day, while Chantecler is happy in his supremacy over all the other birds, the eternal feminine appears in the form of a hen pheasant chased by a sporting dog. Chantecler's heart is won by this beautiful stranger. The second act opens in the depth of night, with a group of conspirators in the form of owls, who, equally convinced that Chantecler's song is the cause of the break of day, determine to kill the author of the hated daylight, and arrange that a fighting cock shall slay Chantecler. Suddenly the "Cocorico" of Chantecler is heard; the valley, seen through the opening in the forest, becomes rosy with the light of the rising sun; the night birds are dispersed and Chantecler and the hen pheasant appear on the scene. In the next act the guinea fowl is "at home" in the kitchen garden. Chantecler fights with the game cock, and is almost killed, but, by an accident, is in the end victorious. At that moment the shadow of a sparrow hawk is thrown over the whole gathering and they rush to the protecting wings of their wounded chief, who crowa defiance at the threatened danger. In the fourth act, "The Night of the Nightingale," Chantecler has wandered into the forest with his charmer, La Faisane. She is jealous of the cock's love of his work, and by a subterfuge, which keeps him asleep till after the sun has risen, shows him how idle is his belief that it is only through his agency that the day is born. Chantecler, however, determines to go back to the farm and pursue his daily task with the same firmness of purpose as before. The golden pheasant is left behind, only to fall into a poacher's trap, and to be brought, chastened in spirit, to the farmyard in subjection to Chantecler. The final scene in the play, which is pronounced the most beautiful, is here pictured.

VANITY'S COST IN LIFE.

Mute Witnesses of the Poverty of New York Tailors.

Appeal to heart and conscience alike must have been powerfully made to the many women and fewer men who were beguiled by social curiosity or led by philanthropic interest to examine the collection of garments and of photographs made by the Consumers' League and exhibited last week at the Normal College in New York, says the Churchman of that city. The photographs showed tenement rooms on the east side with men, women and little children working on the garments that hung close by with placards fastened to them telling the few pennies an hour and a garment that these same toilers had received. A large part of the exhibit was the work of the child victims of the sweatshop system. And it was by no means clothing of the cheaper grades that was most conspicuous, but articles made to meet the wishes of the well to do and even the fastidious, such as are sold in the city's most elaborately furnished stores. For dainty feather stitching on a baby's dress a child—herself hardly more than a baby—is paid perhaps 4 cents. Twelve bunches of artificial roses are made for a penny. If the worker is speedy she can earn 60 cents a day. Artificial violets are cheaper. A mother and four children, of ages from 12 to 5, earn together 60 cents a day. Their work may be seen at the exhibit. It is beautiful; but the system that produces it at this cost of young life is an abomination. Hand-sewed men's neckties, intended to be sold at from 50 cents to \$1 each, pay the maker 55 cents a dozen. The ultra-respectable black collar for elderly women, retailing for 50 cents, costs the vendor for making less than 1 1/2 cents apiece. Is it nothing to those who buy such things that child life is sacrificed to their seams? The Consumers' League exists to help these unarticulate workers to help themselves. It can succeed only by enlisting the co-operation of buyers, for whose protection it has provided a label of investigation and approval stating that the garment that bears it is "made under clean and healthful conditions."

A Bad Sort.

"I wonder why the De Ritches allowed their daughter to marry that broken-down foreign count."

"You know, they are just crazy after bargains, and the count was slightly damaged and very much reduced."

—Baltimore American.

Deserted.

The only girl I ever prized Exposed me for a neighbor Who offered her more pay.—Life.

WITH THE SAGES.

Love can live upon itself alone, but friendship must feed on worthiness. Therefore, the way to secure a friend is to be one.—C. F. Goss.

The young are apt to think that rest means a cessation from all effort, but I have found the most perfect rest in changing effort.—Gladstone.

You cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincerity.—F. W. Robertson.

SPEAKER WHO HAS BEEN SHORN OF HIS POWER.



JOSEPH G. CANNON.

For nearly a generation Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, the stormy petrel of Congress whose wings were clipped by the insurgents, has been a unique figure in public life. "The last of the frontier type of statesmen, of which Lincoln was first"—when a celebrity said that of "Uncle Joe" some six years ago he was applauded for holding the mirror up to life, for picturesqueness and plainness have been so developed and nourished by the seer of Danville that without them he would be like President Taft without the expansive smile, like Theodore Roosevelt without the teeth and eye-glasses, like "Buffalo Bill" without the long hair and slouch hat.

Biographically speaking, Speaker Cannon comes of Quaker parentage and was born in North Carolina in 1838. He spent his boyhood in Indiana, and later moved to Illinois, where he has lived ever since, his home being in Danville. With the exception of one term, when he was kept at home by his constituents, he has been in Congress since 1872, or nearly four decades. Over a quarter of a century ago he was appointed by Speaker Carlisle a member of the committee on rules—the self-same committee over which the stirring battle has just been fought in Washington. For many years he was chairman of the committee on appropriations, and was known as "watchdog of the treasury."

Once upon a time, about eight years ago, Mr. Cannon dictated an autobiography to a Washington correspondent. It was short, succinct and characteristic. It ran: "Mr. Cannon was born of God-fearing and man-loving parents. He made himself, and he did a darn poor job of it."

In appearance Mr. Cannon is a rather slim man, about five feet and a half in height. Despite his 74 years he is as straight as an arrow. His rugged face is ornamented with a grizzled beard, his upper lip being shaved. He is quick and alert in his movements, his eyes have a youthful sparkle. In conversation he is almost as vehement as when making a speech.

In Washington years and years ago he became noted for his keenness in debate. He is a master of satire, of razor-like edge. In the thirty-six years he has been at Washington Mr. Cannon has helped write many an important law. In the forty-third Congress as member of the committee on postoffices and post roads he introduced a bill changing the postal rates on second class matter, and aided in putting through the amendments prohibiting the distribution of lottery tickets and obscene literature through the mails. At the beginning of the war with Spain Mr. Cannon as chairman of the committee on appropriations cautioned delay, but when it became evident that the war would come he put in the bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for national defense.

At Danville Speaker Cannon has what is regarded as one of the best equipped private libraries in the State, and when at home he spends hours browsing on literature. He is ranked as a millionaire, having made his fortune in the street railroad and banking business and in investments in agricultural lands. In oratory Speaker Cannon is galvanic. As he brings forth a new point he comes dancing forth on his tip-toes, swinging his arms like the sails of a Dutch windmill, upper-cutting and parrying and swinging and sidestepping. There is a saying in Illinois that he would not be able to make a speech in a twenty-foot ring. His speeches are well interlarded with biblical quotations, an occasional bit of near-profanity and always with parables and stories to back up each point.

YORKTOWN'S SURRENDER

Yorktown's surrender, every school child has learned, made the efforts of Britain to subdue the colonies hopeless. Penned in by the land forces of Washington and Lafayette on the one side and by the French fleet on the other, Cornwallis had no alternative but to surrender. The French have always claimed credit for the victory at Yorktown, but American historians give to Washington the credit of the plan by which the British forces were penned into the end of a peninsula by superior forces, and he commanded the allied forces before Yorktown. A marble monument which marks the scene of this great event was unveiled Oct. 19, 1885, having been erected by the United States.

Cornwallis had been driven back to the coast in his efforts to conquer Virginia by Lafayette. The young Frenchman won respect from the general who had boasted "that boy cannot escape me." Washington, from his position on the Hudson river, saw the possibility of hemming in Cornwallis between the great French naval fleet under Count de Grasse, when that commander sent a message from the West Indies that he was headed for Chesapeake bay, and had a sufficient land force. Cornwallis had deep water on three sides of him and a narrow neck of land in front; his expectation in retreating to Yorktown was to obtain aid from the British navy.

Leaving the Hudson Aug. 19, Washington's army of 2,000 Continentals and 4,000 Frenchmen reached the scene of action near Yorktown Sept. 18. The French fleet had arrived in Chesapeake bay Aug. 31, and Sept. 5 it defeated the British fleet sent from New York under Graves. Thus Cornwallis was cut off from aid by water, and Lafayette drew across the peninsula leading back to Virginia a strong force. He was shut in his "mouse trap," as the exultant Americans put it.

Cornwallis's army, which numbered 7,247 men at the surrender, was nearly equal to Lafayette's 8,000 men—"and better in quality," says Fiske, "for Lafayette's contained 3,000 militia." But the British general hesitated to try forcing his way out by land, and he had no knowledge of Washington's movements. The arrival of the army under Washington Sept. 8 made an American force of 14,000 men before Yorktown, and with the French fleet barring aid or escape by the sea, it became only a question of time when the British would surrender. Oct. 17, after some fighting that proved fruitless for the British cause, Cornwallis hoisted the white flag, and the formal surrender occurred two days later.

The Flippancy of John.

Mrs. Mott—What is a sympathetic strike, John?

Mott—A sympathetic strike, my dear, is being touched for a quarter by a beggar with a hard-luck story.—Boston Transcript.

An Overrated Harm.

In almost anything you do Some dangers lurk. But one thing kills but very few. That's overwork.—Detroit Free Press.

SPLINTERS.

Early callers—Alarm clocks.

You have got to dig deep if you want to live high.

When two women talk it is usually a secret session.

It doesn't take much of a sprinter to run for public office.

Bessie—Gladys says that she hasn't an enemy in the world. Jessa—She probably never learned to play bridge whist.