

IN THE LIMELIGHT

DEPEW, 78, STILL SPRIGHTLY

Chauncey M. Depew, seventy-eight years old, stepped into the reception room of his wide, high-ceilinged house at No. 27 West Fifty-fourth street, with the same spry, erect carriage which has distinguished him always. With his same old genial smile and hand clasp he demanded to know of a reporter if he were not as young looking as ever. He appeared to be.

"Well," said Mr. Depew, "I suppose you want to know the secret of youth? What? Most wealthy Americans don't know it? So, well, they use their acquisitive faculties so much that they forget how to play. I always mixed work with play in physician-like quantities. It's the secret of health, wealth and pleasure. But I fear it has won me the reputation of being a frivolous person." Mr. Depew shook his head.

"A frivolous person," he repeated meditatively. Then his eyes twinkled.

"Yes," in answer to a question. He had read Joseph H. Choate's declaration that this is an age of defamation and crimination. But he (Mr. Depew) did not agree with it.

"This age isn't a circumstance to former ages," he said. "Why, back in the days when the republic first started if you were to have read the opposition papers you must have concluded that George Washington was everything from a hypocritical liar to an unmentionable bigot, not to mention the other unmentionable mentions made of him. Hamilton was secretary of the treasury, and saying he was a defaulter was a mild form of praise. If he had lived then Mr. Choate would probably have been speechless."

"However, I was reading over some letters written by a Federalist ancestor of mine to his son just after Jefferson's election. He wrote that Jefferson was an infidel and a Jacobin. Further, he said that he was glad he was leaving a republic that was going to the dogs under Jefferson's administration. Whenever I'm blue I read those letters and grow optimistic."

WEYLER MAKES NO APOLOGIES

"I glory in the insults leveled at me by the Americans and the Cubans," declared Gen. Valeriano Weyler, who was the grim Spanish commander of the Spaniards in Cuba—he who built the "trocha," drove within his lines the hordes of starving Cuban "reconcentrados," and was largely responsible, in the minds of many, for the Spanish-American war.

He makes the statement in the fifth volume of his book, "My Command in Cuba," which has just been published in Madrid. It is the last of the series of volumes, the four previous ones having followed each other at intervals during the past two years.

Weyler makes no apologies for the acts that caused his name to be execrated here and in Cuba, except in so far as to state that he believes in justice tempered with severity and never treated his opponents with unmerited cruelty.



In the "epilogue," which sums up his work he confidently maintains that, if he had been in command of the Spanish forces in Cuba when the Americans under Gen. Shafter invaded that island, he would have driven the invaders into the sea and caused the war to go down in history as a Spanish, and not an American, triumph. He criticizes in unsparring terms the conciliatory tactics of his successor, Gen. Blanco, and the latter's faulty military judgment, insisting that, had he been in Blanco's place, his severity would have crushed the Cuban insurrection before the advent of Shafter, thus depriving the Americans of the aid of Calixto Garcia and other Cuban allies, and that his military judgment would have told him that Santiago was the objective of the Americans, instead of Havana, as Blanco erroneously thought.

Moreover, Weyler has no regrets on the score of his "reconcentrado" policy, which earned for him such bitter criticism. Not only was the scheme of driving the inhabitants of the countryside within an army's lines in order to deprive the enemy of succor, no invention of his own, according to him, but he points out that it was later adopted as a legitimate military expedient by the British against the Boers and by the Americans against the Filipinos—by those very Americans who so furiously denounced the Spaniards for herding the Cuban peasants behind their rows of sentries and block houses.

SHE'S MRS. JOHN ASTOR NOW

Although Ava Willing Astor has proclaimed herself a resident of England, and has announced her intention of rearing her daughter Muriel abroad, no intimation has come as to when she will start back to London.

Society is waiting impatiently for this announcement, as from it a fairly definite answer may be gleaned to the one big question which is agitating the four hundred now:

Will Mrs. Ava Willing Astor try to resume her place in society here and become the recognized feminine head of the Astor family?

Public discussion of this phase of the complicated Astor family situation is considered out of the question during the present period of mourning, but private speculation upon it is rife in all circles of society.

The fact that Mrs. Astor, immediately upon her arrival here, took pains to identify herself to interviewers as Mrs. John Astor is taken by many to indicate that she aspires for recognition here as THE Mrs. Astor. That her experience in society would give her a considerable advantage over the youthful Mrs. Madeline Force Astor is conceded. Doubts, however, exist as to whether either of the Mrs. Astors will ever be able to grasp the scepter held by Mrs. William Astor, the colonel's mother.

Had Colonel Astor lived, it is probable that his bride eventually would have been accepted in his set as a leader. But as the colonel died before she could be established in that position, and as before her marriage she started on tennis courts, rather than in ball rooms, it is considered doubtful whether she can ever become the social celebrity that she surely would have become had her husband lived.

In addition, it is asserted that there is no real social leader in New York today—that society is divided into cliques, each with its own leader—and that the Astor clique would oppose Mrs. Ava Willing Astor trying to take the place formerly occupied by her mother-in-law.



MAJ. RHOADES SUCCEEDS BUTT

Major Thomas L. Rhoads, who has succeeded the late Maj. Archibald W. Butt as the president's chief military aid, was chosen from the medical branch of the army service. He is 42 years old and unmarried, like all his predecessors. Serving as the president's aid is one of the most exacting occupations known, and for that reason a bachelor is invariably given the post.

Until recently Major Rhoads served on the medical staff of the Walter Reed General Hospital, near Brightwood, a suburb of Washington city. His duties there naturally kept him from mingling much in the social life of the capital and restricted the range of his acquaintances. But that restriction has now been removed, and Major Rhoads is making friends rapidly. He has always been well liked in army circles. He is somewhat older in appearance than Major Butt, and has more gravity of manner. Major Butt's duties since the latter left for Europe several months ago. Major Rhoads had been assigned as the president's physician, and when Major Butt left the president selected him to fill the aid's post temporarily. Major Rhoads' appointment was decided as soon as it became certain that Major Butt had perished in the wreck of the Titanic.



Fashion Innovation Is Here in the Directoire Parasol



Photo, Copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The handle of the parasol suggests the canes carried by the men. The style evidently was originated to carry out this idea. Fundamentally, though, it is of the Directoire period. The parasol is of white silk with a broad black velvet band and silk fringe. When folded up, it can be carried like a cane.

Dainty Dress



Grey voile with a silk stripe made up over satin forms this dainty dress. It has the skirt first eased into the waist-band and faced up at the foot by a piece of the material, which is piped at the top with cerasse satin.

The bodice also has a lace yoke piped and trimmed on the shoulders with buttons and loops, these also trim the over-sleeves, while the under ones are of the lace. Black satin ribbon encircles the waist, bows and ends are arranged at the left side of front.

Materials required: 3 1/2 yards voile 40 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards satin 40 inches wide, 1/4 yard cerasse satin on the cross, 3/4 yard lace 18 inches wide, 2 yards satin ribbon.

For the Young Girl's Eye.

There is nothing more beautiful than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank and attractive. How

different is affection! The simple minded are always natural; they are at the same time original. The affected are never natural. As for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out and buried it from sight utterly. Be yourself. To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is impossible to attain it. A genuine cent is worth more than a counterfeit dollar, and the smallest person who is real, is worth more than the biggest fraud in existence. Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real.

NOTE IN COLOR HARMONIES Modistes Have Achieved Really Effective Effects With the Materials This Season.

The subtlety of the color harmonies of fabrics, combined with multi-colored embroideries of the evening gowns, are quite sensational this season. Take, for instance, two shades of soft gray chiffon marquisette. It is wonderful what effect can be created by the graceful draping. Then an emerald green tulle over jeweled embroidered satin, which was shown at a recent exhibition, had a suggestion of Titania's gossamer draperies. Another gown suggestive of mystery and the East was in sapphire blue ninon, opening over a side panel of embroidered Parma violet silk.

A regal white satin and diamond evening gown, with narrow lace trimmed train, which had a black note in the velvet bow at the waist and tail feather headdress, was very striking.

Cultivate Neatness.

Tidiness is one of the most attractive of feminine qualities. It is also one of the rarest. Early and persistent must be the training which carries the girl into womanhood with her "bump of neatness" well developed.

Unless inherently fastidious during school days, she is liable to drift into careless habits which she never outgrows.

One girl may have a trick of leaving shoes about her room. As a child she was permitted to do this, and as she grew older the untidy custom was never abandoned, for the simple reason that she herself did not notice anything unusual about it, and probably nobody else took the trouble to correct her. Another slovenly habit is leaving a bunch of combings in the comb or on the dressing table. Constant vigilance on a woman's part is necessary in these small matters if she would be thought really tidy.

DAINTIEST OF TABLE LINEN

Most Elaborate and Expensive is That in Use in Parisian Establishments.

Table linen in Paris today is of the most elaborate and expensive description. Teacloths are made almost entirely of lace composed of squares with insertions of finest embroidery, and serviettes and napkins must also match the cloth. Another expensive habit is to have all the crystals in colored Bohemian cut glass to match the hue of the hostess' afternoon toilet.

At a recent reception given by a society leader harmony of color was very successfully carried out. Plates, glasses and decanters were of pink cut crystal, while the lady of the house wore a teal gown of rose-colored mousseline de soie. The color scheme was also preserved in the flowers on the table, and long-stemmed pink roses were everywhere about the room.

A wealthy host the other day, according to the Cri de Paris, prepared a surprise for his guests by an elaborate "sea fantasy" built up as a table center, with shrimps and tiny eels swimming about in the miniature ocean.

Novel and Useful Clock. Among curious clock novelties is the shadow boudoir clock. With it there is no need of getting up to strike a light or turn on the bulb. All that is necessary is to touch a button and the time is flashed on the wall, after the same fashion that signs are flashed on the sidewalk. When the owner of the clock goes to bed he turns a right dial to the ceiling and when he presses a bulb the electric light reflects from the dial through the lens and appears, giving the correct time in shadow on the ceiling.

Motorists' Lunch Box. A toy trunk makes an inexpensive and practical lunch box for motorists. It will hold enough for several meals, and the tray can be used for napkins and small silver.

Sympathy gives no one a license to pry into one's secrets.

SCENES IN JERICHO

Writer Tells of Wonders in the Holy Land.

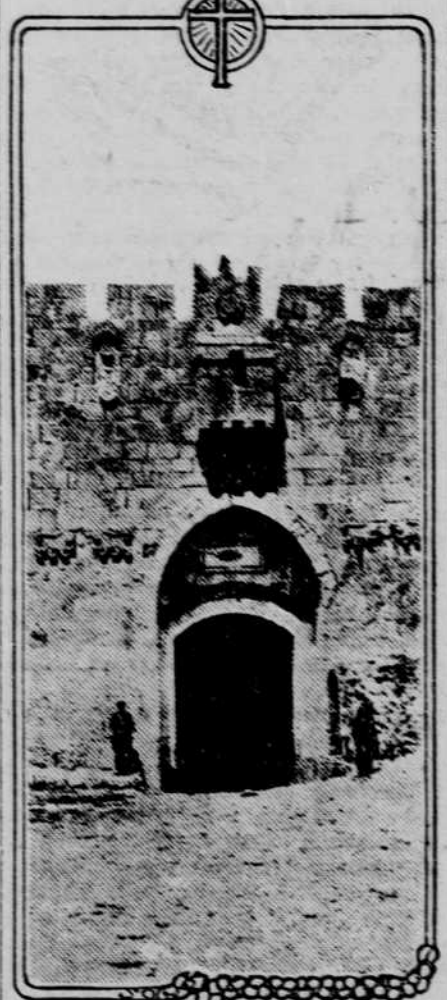
Declares Arabs, Riding on Their Camels in Quiet of Dawn, Passed Like Phantoms—Visited Grave of Lazarus.

Jerusalem.—We had come down from Jerusalem the previous morning with a correspondent, a carriage ride of four hours, and had stopped for luncheon at Jericho, or, more correctly speaking, at Rilla, a little to the east of the site of the ancient city. What memories of brilliant events in Biblical history cling about this spot! Jericho, the city of palm trees; the scene of Joshua's victories; the place where the last days of Elijah were spent, and whence he went forth with Elisha to cross the waters of the Jordan, to be taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire; the spot where the two blind men were healed; the place where our Lord paid a visit to the house of Yachens. Here, too, were the long celebrated and beautiful groves and gardens given to Cleopatra by Mark Antony. Jericho now consists of a large Russian church, a house for Russian pilgrims, two hotels and the mud huts of Bedouin Arabs.

As we descended the 700 feet below Jerusalem the heat increased until we arrived in the tropical plain of Jericho under a blinding sun. First, we visited the pool of Elisha, the waters of which he had healed; then tramped through the ruins of the Jericho of the Israelites, where we saw part of the city walls around which Joshua and his army marched seven times. After its capitulation Joshua pronounced a curse on the city, which was fulfilled. Very recently excavations have been made here by the Germans and the Austrians.

At 4 a. m. came the summons to arise, and with right good will all arose and descended for breakfast. A crescent moon hung in the eastern skies, and the stars twinkled brightly in the deep blue heavens as we drove out from Jericho.

The only sound we heard as we rolled along the sandy soil past clusters of thorn bushes was the tinkle of the sleighbells around the horses' necks. Straight ahead, at intervals, we could discern a dark moving mass on the road, and as we approached a party of Arabs would step aside, all wrapped closely in their cloaks, with staffs in their hands. At another time the dark moving mass would prove to be a caravan of camels moving noiselessly along with their heavy burdens. Daylight came



St. Stephen's Gate.

slowly, for the morning was misty. The outlines of the hills were slowly being defined by the rising sun with a deep purple over their western slopes. Then did I realize why artists so often paint them shrouded in that color; and why the Psalmist would utter the hope and the longing of nations, "I will lift up mine eyes to the everlasting hills whence my hope cometh."

Arabs, riding on their camels along the mountain roads in the all-prevailing quiet of the dawn, with the gorgeous purple hills and the deep blue sky for a background, passed like phantoms, like dream-pictures one used to imagine when stories were told in childhood.

Since that day the whole Scripture narrative has been wonderfully vivid; the abiding peace and beauty of the hills have a sense of sheltering presence over man and beast.

About half way back to Jerusalem we stopped to rest the horses at a khan where once stood the inn of God's Samaritan fame. Nearer to Jerusalem we alighted at Bethany and went down into the grave of Lazarus, carrying lighted candles. The ruins of the house of Simon, the leper, are near by: as is a part of a wall of the house of Martha and Mary. Passing strange it seems that Mohammedans should have the custody of these places, as well as of a few in Jerusalem itself.

Yes, "go to Jericho"; but be sure to come back again.

Cow Inspects Department Store. Norwich, Conn.—A fine Holstein cow, which was being driven through the street here, bolted from the herd and entered a department store. Going up several flights, she frightened the women clerks in the cloak department into hysterics. Finally the owner arrived with a rope and she was safely escorted to the street.

WHITE PLAGUE LESS DEADLY

Decrease in Death Rate From Tuberculosis Means Saving of 27,000 Lives in Ten Years.

In the decade from 1901 to 1910, the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States declined from 196.9, for each 100,000 persons living to 169.3, a decrease of 18.7 per cent. While the general death rate, including all causes of death, declined only one-half as fast, or at the rate of 3.7 per cent, from 1655.6 to 1585.8, according to figures given out by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The figures are based on data abstracted from the reports of the United States bureau of the census, and cover the registration area of this country. According to the statement, the tuberculosis death rate has declined steadily since 1904, when it was 201.6. On the other hand, the general death rate shows a fluctuation downward in general trend, but not as steady as the tuberculosis rate. The decline in the tuberculosis death rate in the last ten years means a saving of 27,000 lives at the present time.

JUST HIS LUCK.



"I never saw such a chronic kicker as Touch is."
"What's his latest grievance?"
"He found a five-dollar bill this morning and is grubbing because a man to whom he owed \$4 saw him pick it up."

The Negative.

The Questioner—But really, Mr. Smith, if, as you say, you know I didn't love you, I don't see why you expected me to marry you?
The Rejected—Well, I know you're frightfully modern and cosmopolitan and all that sort of thing, don't you know; and so, of course, I thought I should come in on the "marriage de convenance" ramp.—The Sketch.

Mania to Play Tennis.

The city of Manila is building ten tennis courts for the use of the public in the sunken gardens opposite the city hall. The courts will have the accompaniments of baths, lockers and reading rooms, which will be made by transforming the bastion near Victoria gate into an up-to-date club.

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletchur in Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

In Pompeii.

"Look at all this smashed earthenware!" exclaimed the tourist.
"Things were pretty generally shattered," replied the guide.
"I should say so! A volcanic eruption is worse than a hired girl."

Cole's Carbolisolve quickly relieves and cures burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Cures without scars. See and buy by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is a family circle?
Paw—A wedding ring, my son.

Mrs. Watson's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

There may be crumbs of comfort in knowing that some people cast their bread upon the water.

The most stubborn constiveness yields, gently and naturally, to the persuasive action of Garfield Tea.

Agriculture supports nearly 19,000,000 of the inhabitants of the German empire.

The Army of Constipation
Is Growing Smaller Every Day.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin, SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 22-1912.