

Sicily must be regarded as the most devastating catastrophe recorded in the world's history. It is stated that some 200,000 lives have been lost, and it is impossible to the misery and horror of the disaster.

The above sketches are founded on photographs taken in the various districts affected, and give a vivid idea of

DEATH OF COQUELIN.

Coquelin, greatest of French actors, is dead. Indefatigable as always, he was preparing for the leading part in a new play by Edmond Rostand when the end came. We can imagine the sense of loss of the French people by recalling our own feelings when Joseph Jefferson died.

Like Jefferson, Benoit Constant Coquelin had become an institution. His long and successful stage career, begun in the prime of a former generation and continued so far in the life of its successor, was calculated to diffuse a sort of impression that he always had been and always would be. Securing the first prize in comedy at the conservatory in 1859, he made his debut in the following year at the Comedie Francaise.

The last opportunity Americans had of seeing Coquelin was when be made his tour with Sarah Bernhardt. It is no secret that he was dissatisfied with the impression produced on American audiences, who manifested their preference for the divine Sarah anmistak ably. With the exception of Cyrano none of his roles seemed to appeal particularly to playgoers over here.

Yet, says the Chicago Inter Ocean he might have anticipated that. Wom



an, romance and tragedy are universal Man and comedy are national. The comedian, on going to another country, has to overcome a host of national con-Few nations boast of their tragedy as distinctly national. But all make that claim for comedy. It could hardly be otherwise. No nation believes that another has a real sense of wit and humor.

M. Coquella was, of course, a com dian in the best sense. It is unfortunate that the word has been teduced in this country to serve chiefly as the designation of farceurs. The fountains of tears and laughter lie close together; and the great comedian is the real brother to the great tragedian. No character of the drama illustrates this better than Cyrano, one of Coquelin's favorite roles. Cyrano has a poignant but natural to wish to counsel and act suggestion of tragedy all the way with men everywhere on even terms. Then its fame spread to the village and through. It is a trick of the actor, whether one smiles or sighs.

There is something especially pa- Hopper Gibbons, who had never been thetic in the death of a great actor, identified with the "woman's rights" His is a doubtful immortality. The women, yet acknowledged with demure

The Mournful Woman



NCE there was a woman who gloated over the most melancholy topics of conversation, believed laughter a sin, recreation a waste of time and fresh air a menace to health, and found her greatest delight in attending funerals. "I hope I'll be as beautiful a corpse as that," she would remark, as she stood beside the bier of some friend, "and it won't be long now; it won't be long." Everywhere she went this sad sister carried an at-

mosphere of gloom. Depression filled her mind, fairly embalmed her personality and exuded at every mental pore. She was a perpetual wet blanket to everybody, and her friends dodged her like the butcher's bill or the By and by she actually made herself believe that her liver, heart and

other economy were out of kilter, and at once she acquired a library of home-doctoring books and devoted herself to study. The more she studied the more certain she became that she was on the quick road to the grave. She just knew that she had every symptom in the calendar of diagnosis. About every ten minutes of the day she dosed herself with one of the

seventeen varieties of medicine she needed to ward off ailments, and getting out of bed every hour of the night to take her tonic soon trained her se she couldn't sleep at all.

Then she had a simply be-e-utiful time picturing herself in a lovely rosewood casket, lined with pink silk, and a glit-edged prayer book in her hands with the floral tributes banked in the parlor bay windows, while Dr. Shoozum prayed sonorously for "our dear, departed sister," her friends sniffed into lace handkerchiefs (they always take their very best to funerals) and the choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

For hours and hours she used to lie awake worrying which dress to be laid out in and what kind of a tombstone to order. By and by she died Most anyone who thinks about it hard enough can die.-Chicago Journal.

The great actor, who surely ranks as could. an artist with other artists, leaves only a name, which the years will make inconsequential than a dramatic tradition to the world that faces the proscenium.

FOUR BOXES.

World Governed by Cartridge Box, Ballot Box, Band Box and Jury "The world is governed by three boxes," said an American wit of a cen- ly at the foot of this formidable docu tury ago, "the cartridge-box, the ballot-box and the bandbox."

Between the first two of these great governing powers no one questioned also claim a right to use the ballotbox was, in his day, undreamed of. Half a century later, during the Civil War. Horace Greeley, the famous editor, held the same opinion.

"Madam," he said, bluntly, at a public meeting, to the pioneer Suffragist, ceptions to make himself acceptable. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "the bullet and the ballot go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?" "Certainly, sir," replied the quickwitted lady, to the delight of the audience. "I am ready to fight just as you have fought-with my pen."

Not all the early women suffragists would so readily have countenanced warfare, even in jest; for a notable number of them were Quakers, or of Quaker ancestry, to whom force was abhorrent. In the Society of Friends the rights of men and women have been always absolutely equal; so that, as Lucretia Mott declared, it seemed as she had always done in Nantucket. One Quaker philanthropist, Abby

for a witness to future generations, habit of always taking them" when she

Once, however, she failed to take very important one when she was sum more ghostly. Nothing becomes more moned to do so. She had a singularly bold and firm handwriting, easily mistaken for a man's, and often signed business communications A. H. Gibbons, so that she one day found herself, as a citizen and a taxpayer, imperatively required, in the name of the law, to furnish reasons why she should not serve as a juror.

"I know of none," she wrote serged ment, and sent it back. But the offi cial who read this apparently impertinent response must have investigated the record of his correspondent, and the natural alliance; but that the sex found a reason; for A. H. Gibbons whose box was the bandbox should householder of New York, was excused from service in that fourth box, so important in civilized communities-the jury-box .- Youth's Companion.

Origin of Dominoes.

The origin of dominies has been attributed variously to the Greeks, the Chinese and Jews, but a Paris contemporary has discovered that the everpopular game owes its invention to the Benedictines of Mont Cassin. Two of the order were sent into lengthy retreat, and they hit upon a method of whiling away the spare time without infringing the rules of silence by play ing with square stones upon which vari ous dots were marked. While perfect ing themselves they perfected or rather evolved the game, and were accustomed to frequently repeat when playing in the evening psaims from Vespers, espe cially the first, that is Psalm 109 which begins "Dixis Dominus Domino meo." When the retreat was over the game was soon known in the convent. beyond. The verse was reduced to one word "Domino," hence the name as we have received It.

The man who is liberal with prom poet leaves his books, the sculptor the humor that, although she talked little ises is apt to be miserly when it comes chiscled marble, the statesman his law, about her rights, she had "been in the to making good.

DEPEW AS A STORY TELLER.

to Protests That the Newspapers Have Destroyed His Reputation. Maybe it is a sign of age in Senator Depew that he should undertake a defense of his reputation as an after-dinner speaker. But he did the other night, at a semi-public dinner, where he was known personally to most of the diners, says the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent. Depew let it be known that he felt already the charge often made against him that he told old stories and cracked jokes that had earned retirement. "If my stories are sometimes old," said he, "at least they are my stories, and no one's else. The fact is, the newspaper is the rule of the modern afterdinner speaker. A good story is taken up, sent broadcast, ascribed to any one of a thousand speakers rather than the one who had originated it, and if, in the end, he ventures to tell his own story a second time, he escapes hissing only because of his auditors' good nature. Let me Illustrate by a case in point. Years ago I was asked to speak at a certain dinner. I sat down and thought. In the end I invented several stories, among which was one of the farmer who asked the transportation department of a railroad for four freight cars to ship frogs in. "The summer hotel down at the point,' said he, 'has promised to take all I can catch. And from the racket them frogs out in my pond make, I reckon I can ship four cars full and leave enough for next year's crop.' But a little later he revised his order. 'I dreened my pond and I found that two builfrogs and a tree toad had been doin' all the hollerin'.' Well, that story was well liked, because it illustrated a point I wanted to make. The papers printed it. At the next dinner I attended, the speaker who preceded me told it as his own. I've heard that story an average of twice a year since then, and I have never told it a second time. And yet that was my story. I made it.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

an after-dinner speaker."

The newspapers have destroyed me as

Conscience.

A guilty conscience makes cowards of us all, but a clean conscience makes heroes of men .- Rev. W. P. Hines, Baptist, Lexington, Ky.

Gratification.

Gratification is only a temporary teasing and superficial sensation. Gratify one wish and it only begets a bigger one.-Rev. J. H. Hobbs, Episcopalinn, Utlea, N. B.

Truth.

Truth changes its garments to be in harmony with the age, but its spirit never changes .- Rev. J. Hale Larry. Congregationalist, Providence, R. I.

Building Character.

Creed is necessary in the building of the character. It must dominate a man if his character is to be "built on a rock."-Rev. A. P. Wedge, Baptist, Lowell, Mass.

The Living Church. The idea of a living church is not

soulless corporation, but a body wit faculties and powers, able to receive and assimilate truth and communicate It to others.-Rev., J. R. Stevenson, Presbyterian, New York City. Applying God's Laws.

The laws of the state are applications of the law of God or of the law of nature, which is divine, and no human law is just that does not rest on these solid foundations .- Rev. John L. Belford, Roman Catholic, Brooklyn,

Business of Life.

The business of life is to become Godlike in character. Thought, feeling, will, the three powers of intelligence, are the potencies whose right of development will bring that result .- Rev. T. Edward Barr, People's Pulpit, Milwau-

The greatest danger that faces our nation to-day is not the possibility of a foreign invasion, but the lethargy and indifference of our citizens to the welfare of the various municipalities. -Rev. J. H. McIlvaine, Episcopalian, Pittsburg, Pa. Salvation.

Salvation is the gift of God in Christ and is free to all who will take His way of life. But to take His waythat is a more vital and practical matter than is commonly understood. It means to live the Christ life, sharing His ideals and purposes, and thus coming into His likeness .- Rev. E. A. Hanley, Baptist, Providence, R. I.

The Will of Man.

The sovereign will of man is the mightlest force in human life; it is the absolutely fundamental power in personality, the executive of the individual life. Every man is a small army of faculties, but the will is the commander, the pilot that runs the ship, who can bring it safely through the stress of weather and wave to its destined harbor. The will is the king on the throne of the soul! We are not led into right relations to God in our religious life through the feelings or the intellect; it is not what a man knows, or what he feels, but what he wills to be and do, that makes him a Christian and a man !- Rev. Cortland top of the next plate. Myers, Baptist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

All in the Family. "Those two girls are as devoted to each other." "So it appears.

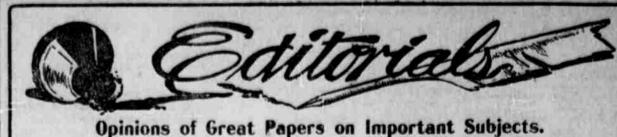
"And yet they love the same man." "Oh, impossible!" "Not at all; the man is their fa

ther."-Birmingham Age-Herald. No Use for New Styles. "They can't drive my wife into any

of these new-fangled, slim-Jane styles of dressing." "Independent, ch?"

"Well, it ain't so much that. She's 38 inches round the waist."

Little Nephew-Auntle, did you marry an Indian? Aunt-Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddle? Little Nephew-Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing table.-Fliegende Blab



ARE AMERICAN WOMEN SLAVESP

HARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN has been talking again, and almost every time she talks she grouns up a grievance. This time it is the awful discovery that the American wife in the average American home is nothing more nor less than a S-L-A-V-E. What do you think of that! The real ob-

ject of Mrs. Gilman, like a large number of her sisters, is revealed in her protest against the ownership of one woman by one man. She makes no protest against the sole proprietorship of one man or many men by one weman. It is all the other way. Apparently she is vastly ignorant of the fact that human society is a complex organization, in which the husband has a duty to the wife, and usually does it quite as well as the wife does her duty by her husband.

If she and her sisters in the cause of "economic independence" for woman are anxious to earn their own living it is safe betting that 99 per cent of their husbands will be glad to get rid of them.

If she is honest in her demand for "the power of selection" of a different father for each of her children, according to her whim of the moment, why doesn't she emigrate to Tibet, where she can have as many husbands as she wants, and display her economic independence by supporting them? Such talk as hers is dangerous to public morals and an insult to every happy, pure American woman who has a husband and a home. Chicago Journal.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.



HE bill to raise the salary of the President to \$100,000 a year and of the Vice President to \$25,000 is the revival of a plan often discussed. It also revives comparison with the allowances of other "rulers," a form of expression that would have been resented a few years ago. What the Kings, Emperors

and Czars receive is, however, of no importance. The one question for consideration and settlement is whether the present salary is sufficient to resounceate the occupant of the White House for the services he performs. There can be no disagreement over the fact that the President should not be obliged to pay the expenses of entertainments whose giving is a part of the semi-social obligations he is under.

When the salary was fixed, first at \$25,000 and subsequently at \$50,000, the obvious purpose was to make the office the best paid in the country. It long ago ceased to be that. The nation has entered on a new era in which the best services command large rewards, and there is no doubt that Mr. Taft, in the practice of his profession, could easily earn more than the presidential salary. Another view is that the salary, considered in its relation to the wealth of the nation, is alguardly.

The real point, however, seems to be that it is not a sum which permits the maintenance of the dignity of the office without the exercise of extreme care, and, un-

less the incumbent practices reasonably rigid economies, he will have nothing at the end of his four or eight years of service. There seems to be a sense of obligation to our ex-Presidents. It is frequently argued that the na-

themselves .- St. Louis Republic,

tion should take care of them. A much better way would

be to pay them enough, so that they may take care of



A PURE POISON LAW. HE bug men of the nation, encouraged by the success of the pure food law, have set seriously about the business of securing the passage of a pure poison law. The trouble now is that we are feeding the bugs of the land on impure, adulterated and ineffective poisons. The paris green that is doled out to the industrious potate bug often contains less than

half its bulk of arsenious oxide. The bug eats merrily away without serious discomfiture, and lays eggs on the arithmetical progression system that obtains in bugdom. Meanwhile, makers of insecticides and fungicides are growing rich off the proceeds of their dishonesty. And also meanwhile, the bug experts are reviled because of the ineffectiveness of their prescriptions.

The proposed law makes it a misdemeaner to manufacture adulterated or misbranded insecticides or fungicides in any territory or the District of Celumbia, and such products are shut out of interstate commerce. Examinations are to be made by the Department of Agriculture, and dishonest products are to be confiscated and their makers prosecuted. Foreign frauds are to be rigorously exluded. The entomologists are on the right track. The bug is entitled to pure poison and should get it.-Minneapolis Journal.

POVERTY AND THE MILLIONAIRE.



PICTURESQUE story, which may be fact or fable, found its way by cable from Moscow the other day. It related how the dying millionaire Petroff withdrew all his fortune from the banks in the form of bank notes and had it incinerated in his presence. Then he summoned certain starving relatives and congratulated them upon their escape from the

evils of wealth. Petroff was plainly a dramatist who had wasted his life in making money by other means. His little climacteric scene was good, but his theme is as old as the institution of property. Millionaires always have been regretting the evils of riches and singing the praises of

But there is none who voluntarily puts away temptation-no, not even Mr. Carnegle-none embraces the blissful state of penury. Even this philosopher Petroff postponed his wisdom to his deathbed, a fact which raises his play up from a melodrama to the plane of satiric comedy.

Though the half-starved poor relations in the audience might place it still higher, as tragedy.—Calcago Tribune.

TWO NOTED LONDON SUFFRAGETTES IN PRISON.

REVIVE OLD DIME NOVELS. Uses Found for Material Once Sent

to the Scrap Heap. Unexpected methods are sometimes employed in the production of books, says the New York Sun. A striking case in point is the dark, mysterious past of certain paper-covered detective romances sold on trains and news stands for 15 cents. Each volume contains three dime novels combined into

cue connected narrative. These curious combinations are is sued by a firm which gets out detective stories in pamphlets as well as in beek form. It occurred to the publishers that they might utilize some of their fiction a second time. After a little experimenting it was discovered that three dime novels similar in plot could be combined into a fairly readable book if the individual stories were connected by a few ingenious paragraphs and had some of their chapters

Another instance of fiction worked over lately occurred when a firm resurrected somebody's stories popular ten years ago and cut them down from 90,000 words to about 30,000, in order to fill a certain number of pages in a series of complete stories appearing

Still another novel literary operation is that which was recently performed on a hundred uncopyrighted English love stories of the type recording the affairs of an impossible heroine who finally marries the mill owner's son after going through vicissitudes unbeard of in real life. The pages are touched up for Americans by converting the Strand into Broadway and moving the Lancasier cotton mill to

Sometimes standard novels are issued in cheap reprints which reach the pub-He with some of their parts left out. In order to compress them into volumes which have a uniform number of pages the work is pruned of many descriptive passages and minor incidents not likely to interfere with the main

story. A different case is that which in volves a change sometimes made neces sary in a page of text when a book reaches the electrotype stage. The reviser keeps in mind the exact number of words as he writes in the new matter, taking pains to have just so many syllables on the last line of the plate It becomes a little more difficult if the last line is part of a sentence at the

This kind of work was made neces sary last year when a publisher decided to reprint some cheap novels from plates he had used five years be fore and in putting them on the mar ket a second time thought it advisable to make changes in the text where the local references seemed out of date.

The last example has to do with po etry. Verse at the bottom of pages in some magazines is oftener a matter of measurement. The appearance of just one stanza does not mean that hard luck overtook the poet at the end of the fourth line and starved his muse into silence. Not improbably other stanzas were part of the poem, but unfortunately for the poet the exigencles of a small blank space at that time made it impossible to consider the respect due the whole composition.

One poet who has studied market conditions turns this method of select mind in the prime of condition for the ing verse to good account. A little be- work ahead of him. If he does not, fore publication day he calls up on the his nine will certainly be the sufferer gets a good many smades.



MRS. MARY PANKHURST.

Being treated as ordinary criminals and forced to adhere closely to the prison routine has not diminished the enthusiasm of Miss Christabel Pankhurst and her mother, sentenced to ten weeks and three months, respectively, for participation as leaders in the suffrage demonstration in the British House of Lords. Educated and reflued, they bear the prison drudgery with a fortitude that has astonished the officials. Never do they complain or in any manner indicate that they suffer or are humiliated by their imprisonment They declare that upon their release they will be more effective than ever in their crusade because of their martyrdom.

timely subject? This sounds like an | year. easy way to dispose of poetry and it is, but only for the man who invented the an unwillingness to obey orders. If

3555555555555555555555555555 BASEBALL MORALS.

~~~~~ That peculiarly American institution, professional baseball, has long suffered from a reputation for bad manners. The following, quoted by the Congregationalist from a letter written by an American League official to a player who wanted to get into the league from the ranks of the amateurs, is worthy of wide perusal. The letter shows that the standards demanded in the higher levels of the business world are getting to be demanded in this, the national sport. Since you have asked me what obstacles stand in the way of your becoming a professional base-ball player, I will frankly reply :

You are charged with frequently being ungentlemanly in your conduct. It is said that you are rude and rough with rival players, that you use coarse language, and that you have been suspected of efforts to spike base-runners. If these charges are true, there is no sport in which you should be allowed to appear, and if they are untrue, you should do everything in your power to prove their falsity. It is absolutely essential in the sports of to-day that a player should be as much of a gentleman as the average business man ta.

You are charged with bad habits, practiced when you are not on the diamond. No player can be trusted in important games whose habits are bad. He needs to keep his body and his

phone the various magazine offices in the end. Not all the players with where he is known personally and asks bad habits have yet been eliminated if they need any "fillers" or could they from the national leagues, but their use a sonnet or a stanza on this or that numbers are growing smaller every

Lastly, I am informed that you show this is true, you would not make a good soldier, and a player is as much of a soldier, so far as orders are concerned, as a man in uniform is. Obsdience to orders is one of the highest essentials of a player's character.

# Her Correction.

"Father, I wish I knew why they laughed at my corrected sentence in English class to-day!" exclaimed a high school girl recently. Her father looked up from his evening paper and asked what the sentence was.

"Well, Miss West gave us each a sentence to correct, and mine was, 'I went to the tonsorial parlors to get a hair cut."

"And how did you correct it?" asked

the father. "Why, I corrected it the only way you could correct it, of course; and Miss West fust doubled up laughing when she read it, and then she read it aloud, and everyone in the class shouted. They didn't know it was my sen-

tence, but I did." "But what did you write?" "Why, father! What would anyone write? I wrote, 'I went to the tonsorial parlors to get my tonsils cut,' of

The Ideal School.

If you want to make a nation of "bookies," by all means cram the boys and girls in your schools with plenty of arithmetic, but if you would rather have a nation of good men and women, then train your children to love all that is beautiful in nature and in art, all that is noble in life or in death. The school of the future will be a beautiful building in a beautiful gar-

den.-Clarion. The girl who smacks of freshness