



The earthquake which took place in Calabria and 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 realize the number of persons left homeless and destitute. The above sketches are founded on photographs taken in the various districts affected, and give a vivid idea of the misery and horror of the disaster.

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.



Benoit Constant Coquelin. The actor, who surely ranks as an artist with other artists, leaves only a name, which the years will make more ghostly. Nothing becomes more inconsequential than a dramatic tradition to the world that faces the present.

The Mournful Woman

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 atmosphere of gloom. Depression filled her mind, fairly embalm her personality and extended at every mental pore. She was a perpetual wet blanket to everybody, and her friends dodged her like the butcher's bill or the rent man.

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

There is a world governed by three boxes, said an American wit of a century ago, "the cartridge-box, the ballot-box and the handbox." Between the first two of these great governing powers no one questioned the natural alliance; but that the sex whose box was the handbox should also claim a right to use the ballot-box 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, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "the ballot and the handbox go together. If you want to vote, are you ready to fight?" "Certainly, sir," replied the quick-witted 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 but natural to wish to counsel and act with men everywhere on even terms, as she had always done in Nantucket.

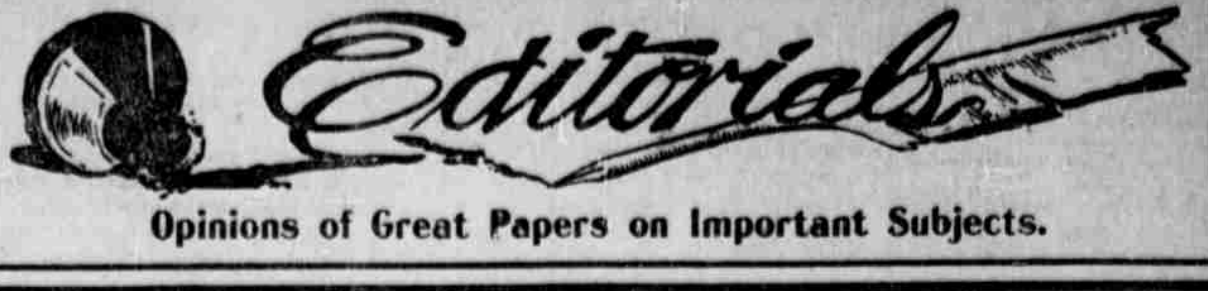
DEPEW AS A STORY TELLER.

No 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, when 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 ruin of the modern after-dinner speaker. A good story is taken up, sent broadcast, ascribed to any one of a thousand speakers rather than to the one who had originated it, and 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 dreamed my pond and I found that two bullfrogs and a tree toad had been doing 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. The newspapers have destroyed me as an after-dinner speaker."

SHORT METER SERMONS.

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, Episcopalian, Utica, 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 a soulless corporation, but a body with facilities 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, N. Y.
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 development will bring that result.—Rev. T. Edward Barr, People's Pulpit, Milwaukee, Wis.

Lethargy. 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. Melvin, 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 way—that 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 mightiest 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 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 father."—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, eh?"
"Well, it ain't so much that. She's 38 inches round the waist."
Little Nephew—Auntie, did you marry an Indian? Aunt—Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddie? Little Nephew—Well, I saw some scalps on your dressing table.—Flegende Blatler.



Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN SLAVES?

HARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN has been talking again, and almost every time she talks she grows 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 object 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 woman. 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.

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 nation should take care of them. A much better way would be to pay them enough, so that they may take care of themselves.—St. Louis Republic.

A PURE POISON LAW.

THE 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 potato 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 misdemeanor to manufacture adulterated or misbranded insecticides or fungicides in any territory or the District of Columbia, 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 excluded. 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 climactic 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 poverty. But there is none who voluntarily puts away temptation—no, not even Mr. Carnegie—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.—Chicago Tribune.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

THE 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 remunerate 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 altogether inadequate. 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-

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 newsstands for 15 cents. Each volume contains three dime novels combined into one connected narrative. These curious combinations are issued by a firm which gets out detective stories in pamphlets as well as in book 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 rewritten.

TWO NOTED LONDON SUFFRAGETTES IN PRISON.



CHRISTABEL PANKHURST. 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 refined, 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.

In the end, Not all the players with bad habits have yet been eliminated from the national leagues, but their numbers are growing smaller every year. Lastly, I am informed that you show an unwillingness to obey orders. If 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. Obedience to orders is one of the highest essentials of a player's character.

BASEBALL MORALS.

That peculiarly American institution, professional baseball, has long suffered from a reputation for bad manners. The following, quoted by the Congressionalist 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 baseball 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 is.

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 mind in the prime of condition for the work ahead of him. If he does not, his nine will certainly be the sufferer 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 tonorial 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 just 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 sentence, but I did." "But what did you write?" "Why, father? What would anyone write? I wrote, 'I went to the tonorial parlors to get my tonsils cut,' of course!" 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 garden.—Clarton. The girl who smacks of freshness gets a good many smacks.