

THREE RUBENS UNDER HAMMER.

Art Collection of Eccentric Hermann Linde to Be Sold Soon.

It falls to the public administrator of the county of New York to scatter the collection of old masters on which Hermann Linde so set his heart that he died in destitution rather than dispose of even one of his precious canvases.

Among the 121 pictures which are to be sold at the 5th avenue auction rooms are three attributed to Rubens, for which shortly before he died Mr. Linde refused \$120,000, as is shown by a letter found among his effects. The entire collection is said to be worth half a million dollars, the New York Herald says, and once in an ecstasy of enthusiasm over some new find the eccentric owner declared that he would not take a million for his artistic possessions.

Of the three canvases which seem the most important there is good reason to believe that one, at least, "The Feast of Herod," is the work of the noted Flemish master, Peter Paul Rubens, while the others may be of his school or by students who filled in from his sketches. Several experts have even expressed the opinion that the head of "The Sorrowing Magdalen" was actually painted by Rubens himself.

It would be hard to get together a more variegated assemblage of worthies and unworthies than Mr. Linde collected in his life. He was a Shakespearean reader and he had been known to recite entire plays of the bard of Avon. He gave recitations in his palmy days at Steinway Hall and, despite the grotesqueness of his manner, his zealous appreciation of the genius of the dramatist drew large audiences.

Mr. Linde inherited a small fortune and invested it in pictures, good, bad and indifferent. Some he acquired in out-of-the-way shops, others at auction and many in his trips to Europe. Occasionally he would make an important find.

Mr. Linde brought suit against the estate of the late Colitis P. Huntington seven years ago for \$6,000, the price of an alleged Correggio, but was unable to recover anything. He became fonder of his collection with the flight of years and cherished the ambition that he might establish a museum where it could be shown to those willing to pay a small fee for admission. His idol was the small Rubens representing "The Feast of Herod," which, whatever its origin may be, is certainly a meritorious work of art.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Social progress and religious progress should go hand in hand.—Rev. C. S. Dutton, Unitarian, Brooklyn.

There is no other happiness in this world than that obtained by companionship with God.—Rev. Dr. Duval, Presbyterian, Winthrop.

No matter how small you start, if you increase one atom every day you will come day by day the whole universe.—Rev. J. H. Denton, Congregationalist, Boston.

A mind may be so stored with knowledge and yet have no system of thinking. Knowledge is the raw material of an education.—Rev. J. W. Francis, Presbyterian, Parkersburg, Va.

Religion is the outward act by which man indicates his recognition of a God, having power over his destiny and to whom allegiance, service and honor is due.—Rev. A. W. Ivins, Mormon, Salt Lake City.

The employing class often have enough power not only to enable them to secure justice, but to compass in their own interests injustice for the poor.—Rev. J. E. McConnell, Congregationalist, Providence.

A man's desires and needs are ever for better things and the yearning beats his own fulfillment. The same power that implanted the wish will not fail to satisfy it.—Rev. R. Stuart, Unitarian, Detroit.

Some of the music I have heard has made me feel like hitting some body. I refer to hymns and songs that go droning along and put nearly every body to sleep.—Rev. J. A. Milburn, Congregationalist, Chicago.

The real Christians of the present age are not half so much interested in establishing the universality of the deluge, as they are in removing this present universal deluge of sin.—Rev. C. C. Pierce, Baptist, Los Angeles.

The things granted to us all, without partiality, by providence by our asking and knocking are the spiritual possessions which are the unfailing cause of real success in life.—Rev. H. Vrooman, Presbyterian, Providence.

The prosperity of labor and capital is inter-dependent. One cannot subsist without the other, any more than the brain could live without the support of the stomach, the heart, the liver and the other organs.—Cardinal Gibbons, Roman Catholic, Baltimore.

The Specifications.

Lady (prospecting for a cook)—Now, I want a girl who will be able to think for herself; one that I won't have to watch and correct every minute of the day. I want one in whom I can repose perfect confidence, sure that she will get the meals at the time and in the way I like them. I want a cook.

Superintendent Intelligence Office—Excuse me, ma'am, but you don't want a cook. What you want is a fairy godmother.—Puck.

Descriptive.

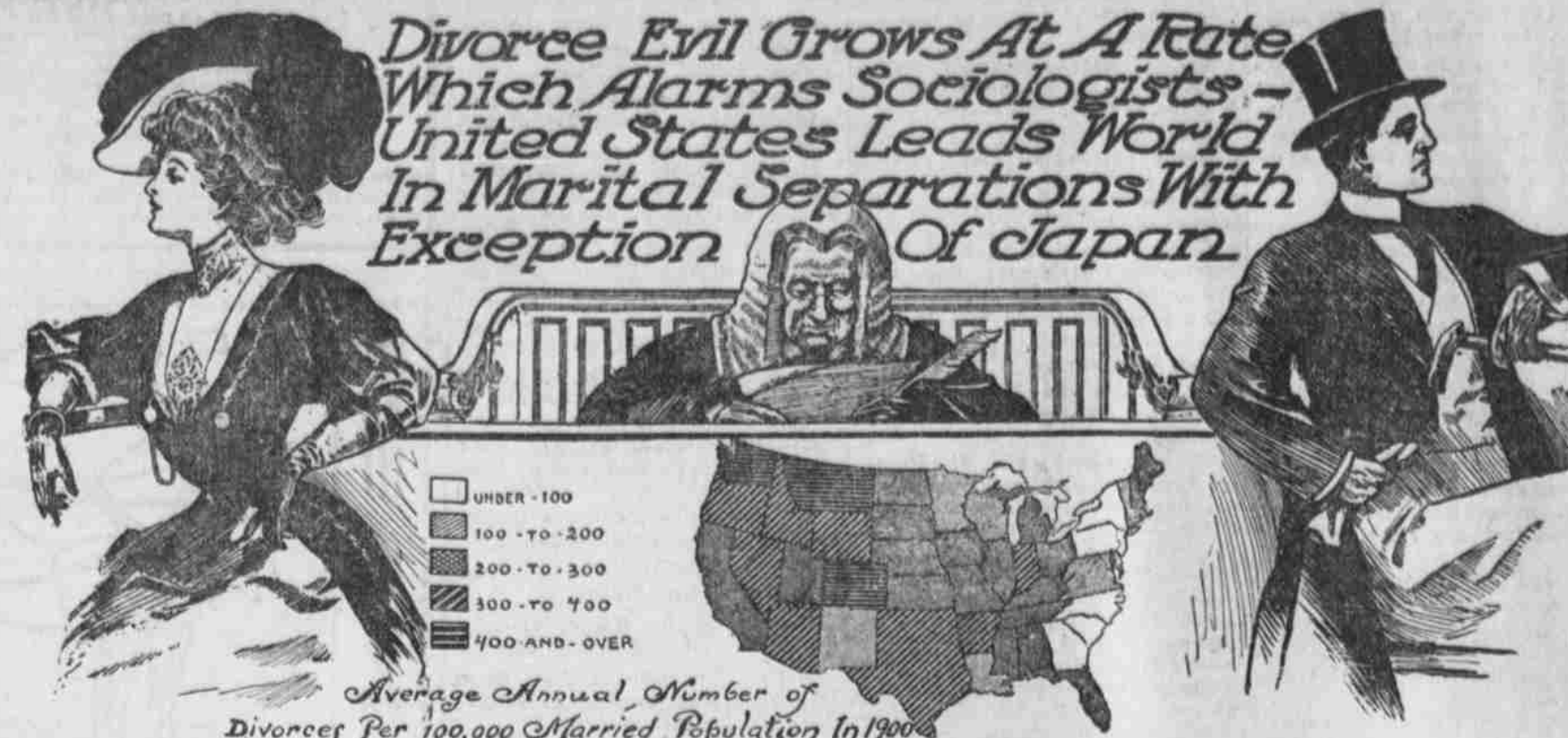
"What kind of looking girl is this to whom you have become engaged?" asks the old cigar manufacturer of his son, who has come home from college with the glad news. "Oh, she's a leader!" enthusiastically replies the youth. "Colorado Clara, hair and a panatella shape dad!"—Judge.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who waxed his mustache into a horizontal line dividing the north and south portions of his face?

Occasionally a good woman lifts a man from the gutter, but more often the job is turned over to a policeman.

THE WRECKING OF AMERICAN HOMES

Divorce Evil Grows At A Rate Which Alarms Sociologists—United States Leads World In Marital Separations With Exception Of Japan



Average Annual Number of Divorces Per 100,000 Married Population In 1904

THAT the divorce rate is higher in the United States than any other country excepting Japan may not surprise the many who have never given the matter any serious thought. During the years 1890 to 1900 the increase in our country was three times the rate of population, against two and two-thirds for the ten preceding years. This would mean that one out of every sixteen marriages was disrupted in the divorce courts, and to-day the average is even greater, one in every twelve. South Carolina is the only State in the Union that makes no provision in its statutes for divorce and it records fewer marriages. The west and the middle west are the divorcing states. The State of Washington reaches the highest mark of all, while Montana tallies second, Texas third and Indiana outranked Illinois between the years 1890 and 1900. The most frequent grounds are cruelty and desertion, and women do most of the divorcing. Back of these facts and figures lie the cause for this increase in the annulment of the marriage tie. Who is the most to blame, the man or the woman? The man, it would seem at first glance, since woman does most of the divorcing. She instinctively prefers the home and maternity to outside interests, despite statistics and figures that would seem to tell another story.

Woman is essentially volatile and plastic from years of necessary dependence. She is by instinct and training economical and conservative; so much depends upon her—the judicious management of the home, the wise control of the children and their proper training. Was it not an all-wise Providence that made, protected and supported females, the mothers of children? Civilization and society were formed for woman, by man, in his desire to shield and protect her from stress of business and the conditions that differentiate her from her sex. There were three things woman used to take hard (like whooping cough in old age), and they were religion, matrimony and love. Something has transpired to change her ideas, for the old fashioned gospel of life is no longer fashionable. Matrimony is now considered an episode, a thing with which to juggle. Religion is a story of the past and love has many names and guises as the fertile imagination can conjure. What has taken the place of the old-time friends that were more than anything else responsible for the character of the nation? For every gain there is a measured loss, as we outstrip the waiting things about us. Every desirable condition is attained at the expense of something less desirable, and vice versa. There is more of wealth, luxury, pleasure and more evidence of things material in the world to-day than ever before.

We all know what woman considers as her rights, absolute equality, but the Chicago Inter Ocean asks, what of man? Has he any rights? Can they be found, and if so, could they be determined in the present unsettled conditions? Will he continue to meekly support a hustling, vulgar, masculine wife? One who does not trust him sufficiently to let him care for her best interests without her interference? What has been the incentive for man's

endless striving through the ages? Has it not been for the benefit of woman, to give her more of every desirable thing? If this be so, then what is the cause of the deplorable increase in divorce statistics? Man knows as well as woman that the cause of one means the ultimate cause of many, so closely has the human family been united. That woman should establish her identity by becoming a part of the great plan has been conceded from the beginning. That she should become a seeker along all the avenues of learning is as it should be, but the wild struggle for equality will reduce her to the ranks where romance, chivalry and the finer ethics of deportment will no longer be deemed a necessary part of man's training. Will he meekly continue to support a hustling, vulgar wife? One who does not trust him to care for her best interests without her supervision? Will he be agreeable when she brushes cheek by jowl with his wife, sister, mother or daughter at the polls?

A womanly woman has always been considered the fairest gift to man. A masculine woman is as bad, or even worse, than an effeminate man. When woman grows indifferent or unappreciative man becomes neglectful, then sooner or later resorts to brute force, the primitive method of subduing the weaker one. This may in a measure account for the most frequently named grounds for divorce—i. e., "desertion and cruelty."

The home has been and ever should be considered supreme. It has been the one substantial, tangible thing around which our present form of government, our civilization, has been built. When the home is divided it means disruption. If woman can adjust herself to the new conditions of her creating—the clubs, polls, etc.—it ought to be an easy matter to understand the temperament of the man she has chosen to be the parent of her children and a possible life companion. Her place outside the home, her economic value in the region of man's heretofore undisputed realm, has not yet been established, or, if so, it has been grudgingly conceded by man. Why?

He considers her a home producer, a home producer. Lack of sympathetic understanding in each other's ambitions, endeavors, desires is the paramount cause for three-quarters of the unhappy marriages. The ambitions of one may increase while the other remains satisfied with old customs, old conditions. Sentiment, temperament, tastes, plans, even one's conception of love, life, futurity, death may change while the other one resolutely adheres to old theories. Under these conditions, any one of them is sufficiently strong to disturb the harmony of a perfect understanding. Thoughts become diversified, antagonism enters into the scheme of things and happiness, the one condition to which all humanity is forever striving to attain, becomes remote, temporarily, at least, and the divorce courts hear the plea of two more misadventured creatures who desire to be freed from the irksome bonds of matrimony.

ANTI-PROFANITY CONGRESS.

A Remarkable Gathering to Be Held in Rome Next Month.

A most remarkable international congress against swearing and profane language will be held in Rome next month, when representatives from almost all the anti-profanity leagues in the world will meet. Strangely enough, Italy, which to-day is considered the country where swearing is most prevalent, boasts an institution against swearing which is seven centuries old and still flourishes in Florence under its old title of the Venerable Archconfraternity of St. Mary.

Toward the middle of the thirteenth century the Florentine porters used to congregate to drink and gamble in a wineshop on the Via Adinari, and they swore so much and so loudly that one of them, an old man named Piero di Luca Borsi, in the hope of saving his fellow workers' souls and at the same time putting a check on their profanity, proposed to impose a small fine on the swearers. His proposal was accepted and within a short time a large sum of money was collected, which it was decided should be used in some work of expiation.

BRIBERS HOLD BABY FAST AND IT IS FROZEN TO DEATH.



Held fast by bribers bordering a ditch, John Heier, 3 years old, was found frozen to death near his father's home at Sayreville, N. J. The child had been missing several days.

The 12 principal crops of this country show a valuation of \$5,000,000,000.

OLD AND NEW IN UNION

Modern Methods and Oriental Ways Side by Side in the Mexican Republic.

LEGENDS OF ANCIENT TOWNS.

Sleepy Tourists Awakened at 5 O'Clock A. M. by the Jangling of Sweet Bells.

Every high school girl knows that "Across the Alps lies Italy," but how many educated, well-informed Americans know what lies beyond the Rio Grande river in Mexico? I have now been a month in this wonderful—Old Mexico—writes an Omaha Bee correspondent from Guadalajara, and every minute of those thirty days has been filled with delight. Our eyes have feasted on a riot of color in sky in the tinted colors on old cathedral walls. Every morning tumultuous ringing of church bells din in our ears—not ringing slow—funereal—sedate or in Sunday chime as with us, but each individual bell ringing like our old-time fire bell, all at the same time. Little tenor bells that can be heard only in a quiet interval—ponderous booming brass bells brought from old Spain before our pilgrim fathers took ship on the Mayflower. The little bells swinging in exuberant excitement clear around the wooden beams to which they are strapped with bands of iron or with leather thongs. The great bells disdaining to move are struck with huge iron hammers on the outside rim or with ponderous clapper from within. Such a deafening burly-burly of bell-ringing never wakened a sleepy tourist at 5 a. m. in any country but Mexico.

The scent of jasmine, of orange and lemon blossom and of roses and the new, almost overpowering odors of gorgeous tropical flowers fill the sun-laden air you breathe. The strange new fruit, sweet and luscious, that tickle our palates and the peppery dishes that surprise our conventional befeeling Anglo-Saxon stomachs. All these pleasant, new surprises to our senses make the physical man happy. But rich as are these sensations, they sink into insignificance when compared with the appeal this old land makes to our imagination and to our sympathies. No town or hamlet, but has its legend of old Aztec days or castle or church of Cortez, the conqueror.

This is Egypt over again. The Orient at our gates, and nothing charms the western mind as does the mystery that lies behind this old civilization. It is as if we saw our ancestors come to life again after 1,000 years. We can see here what was meant by the command, "Take up thy bed and walk," when we see the native unroll himself out of his serape—the garment of one piece—that is at the same time his protection against the weather and his bed by night. We know that to go up on the housetop to pray—here, as in Palestine, is to do the conventional—the flat roof of the house is intended to live upon as well as to shelter the one-story rooms below. The sandals on their feet, the bottle made of whole pig or sheep skin—to carry water or "pulsque," the native beverage—are the same we hear about in the "Lesson for the day" in our church at home. This is the simple life and a more contented, carefree, devout people I have never seen.

Side by side with this oriental life, unhampered even with the rudiments of sanitary science, are evidences of the latest word in scientific mining and electrical apparatus, magnificent state and municipal buildings, enlightened provision in the way of state theaters, beautiful public parks, fountains and statuary and, mirabile dictu, we have a new Paris in the City of Mexico, with fine, wide asphalt streets that challenge any city in the world, most beautiful public buildings of the latest French architecture, costing from \$2,000,000 to \$12,000,000 each; model electric street car lines and cleaner streets than can be found elsewhere on this continent. A vigilant police administration that makes us ashamed of our great metropolitan cities in comparison.

A FRANK MILLIONAIRE.

Says He Has No Right to His Money.

Joseph Fels, the millionaire Philadelphia soapmaker, was in Cincinnati recently on an inspection tour to see how his crusade on poverty, to which he is contributing \$100,000 every year, is getting along. At a dinner in a fashionable hotel, at which he was the guest of honor, he said:

"A man cannot be a millionaire without being a beneficiary of this system of robbery. I am well protected. There is a tariff that keeps foreign goods out of the country. I own stocks in street railway companies that are private property and are under public franchise and do not pay taxes on those franchises. I own stock in railroads that are private monopolies and should be public property. I own many things that I shouldn't.

"But I intend to hold on to these things in order to make more money with which to fight the system that has made me rich—at the expense of others. I believe I am spending my money better than Rockefeller is spending his."

Hinting the Fallen. "See that young fellow over there?" inquired the talkative stranger. "Yes, what about him?" inquired Smithson fretfully. "That young fellow, mister, is devoting his life to a noble cause. The best part of his time is spent in an endeavor to raise fallen humanity—to lift those who are down and set them on their feet again."

"Indeed!" replied Smithson. "And who is he?" "Oh, he's the attendant at a roller skating rink!"

KING CUTS DOWN PRICE

Purveyors to England's Monarch Are Restricted to a Profit of 10 Per Cent.

EDWARD MAKES A SCHEDULE.

His Majesty Sees Tradesmen Supply Wholesalers' Bills for Purposes of Comparison.

It may be hardly credible, but it is the fact that while the struggling citizens of America are being forced to pay exorbitant profits on the necessities of life the King of England permits none of his tradesmen to charge him more than allows them a profit of 10 per cent, the New York World says. They can like it or leave it, but those are his terms.

In the days of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who was given the reputation of being stingy, because she never gave anything away, the royal traders had an easy time. And they made hay while their sun shone. They little dreamed, though, of the severe day of reckoning that was coming.

The distance from the railroad station to the castle at Windsor is less than half a mile. The hill to the castle is rather steep, so most of the hotel carriages have two horses. The fare for such a vehicle is half a dollar. For the ordinary one-horse cab the fare is only 25 cents. The charge to her majesty when she ordered a carriage from a hotel to bring a guest from the station to the castle was \$2.50.

Edward VII. allows instead of \$2.50 just 81 cents. He says that is too much, but allows the extra few cents because he insists on the hotel keeping horses such as his master of the horse will pass as respectable-looking, and maintaining a stable of them all the year round, whether they are wanted or not. There is in England a great desire to supply the king. It is one of the best possible forms of advertisement. His majesty makes the tradesmen pay for it. A royal order is always given on large and beautiful specially engraved paper. But previously the tradesman is granted a

WITH THE SAGES.

The descent to hell is easy.—Virgil. Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller. Eat not thy heart; which forbids to afflict our souls and waste them with venacious cares.—Plutarch. He who gives better homes, better books, better tools, a fairer outlook and a better hope, him will we crown with laurels.—Emerson.

"S. O. S." Ambulance Call of the Sea



A SHORT time ago W. G. Maginnis, the wireless operator, stepped to his key on the sinking Kentucky, and sent out the signal "S. O. S.," the international wireless distress call. Before the water reached the dynamo his cry for help was heard. The Mallory liner Alamo, guided by information furnished by the operator, located the Kentucky and rescued her company just before the steamship went down. This happened near Diamond Shoals, down the Southern Atlantic coast of the United States, and before morning came the story of the rescue was told ashore, and "S. O. S.," the new ambulance call of the sea, was made famous. The story of that rescue has been duplicated a number of times since the wireless became a feature of the equipment of nearly every passenger-carrying vessel which puts to sea.

A decade spans the development of applied wireless, and even now, when it has not reached a perfected state, it has not only become a commercial factor, but it has robbed the sea of half its terror. Accidents which in the not so long ago were of the gravest sort and meant not only sleepless nights to the officers and passengers, but days of heart-breaking toil to the men, have become but exciting incidents of an ocean voyage.

The sinking of the White Star liner Republic made the distress signal "C. Q. D." a by-word around the world. "C. Q. D." is the call meaning to stand by or to give attention. In continental news services where several "royal warrant," which is something to frame and preserve as an heirloom. That enables him to put the royal coat of arms up over his store window and everybody else rushes in, since what the king buys must necessarily be the best. But his majesty has a schedule of profits. It was drawn up actually by himself. In that schedule is the amount of profit to be permitted to every class of tradesman. On groceries the profit allowed is only 5 per cent. On meat it is 10 per cent.

operators are on a loop the call "C. Q." signifies that a message is coming through for all operators to take.

It saves time. The Marconi Company uses it as a general call for attention. They added the letter "D" to the combination. This stands for danger and is the signal of danger demanding that every operator stop all business and prepare to receive message to follow.

The "S. O. S." is the wireless distress signal provided for in the service regulations of the International Wireless Telegraph convention adopted at Berlin in 1906. The combination of letters have no especial significance except that they are easy to sound and click out strong and are easily read.

What happens on a disabled steamship after the "S. O. S." call has been sent out? There is little of the hysterical terror of old-time shipwrecks, for there is always the assurance that help is coming and the story as told by the wireless messages is one of calm seamanship which brings relief to passengers and inspires the men to work.

The story of the saving of the sinking Kentucky on Feb. 4 is a straight-away tale of an operator who sat at his key until the water reached the dynamo and shut off the power. "S. O. S."—"S. O. S." was the call he sent through the air, while below him the men were working with might and main to keep the fast-filling vessel afloat until help came.

"S. O. S."—"S. O. S." Maginnis kept clicking away, and then, when hope seemed lowest, came the answer. The steamship Alamo, bound down coast, had caught the cry.

"—the trouble?" was the fragment of the first call Maginnis got when he snapped the receivers on his ears.

It was enough. His call had been heard. Then, frantically, he told what had happened and that help was needed. The Alamo was ninety miles away, and the next message from her was for the Kentucky's position.

"We have changed our course," was the next comforting message, and soon after the water reached the dynamo, and the vessel, so low in the water that the winter seas broke over her, wallowed through the water with the crew at the rail waiting for the Alamo to come. She got there in time. The boats from the Kentucky were lowered at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon. At 3:00 p. m. the Alamo was alongside. Ten minutes later the Alamo was under way and the Kentucky left a fast sinking derelict.

erpool-killed beef, he can charge the royal household 22 cents a pound and not a fraction more, although in London the price is probably 25 cents a pound to other consumers.

The women of America cannot, perhaps, do what the Kings of England do so easily. But many of them express the belief that by combination they can do much to prevent themselves from being robbed by unfair profits that go only to swell the already overblown coffers of the powerful trusts.

SPLINTERS.

A minute's work cuts more ice than an hour's talk. Even a well-read man can have the blues sometimes. Heaven must seem far off to those who about their prayers. You don't have to go up in an airship to have a high old time. If you monkey around a bee hive you must expect to get stung. If it wasn't for the little dog's bite he would never be heard from.

More interesting.

Fair Girl—My father made his fortune when he was a young man. Would you like to know how he did it? Gallant Youth—Not particularly, but I would like to know if he has it still.—Catholic News.

When His Turn Comes.

"What? You're engaged to Mr. Brown? Then you won't marry Mr. Jones, after all!" "No, not after all. But, perhaps, after Mr. Brown."—Cleveland Leader.

Little Things Worth Knowing

Steamship working hours are four on and eight off to the end of the voyage. The Cundarders serve broken bits of butter-scotch candy along with the afternoon tea aboard ship. In a turbine steamship the rhythmic thumping of the pistons disappears, and instead the engines give out a thin soprano song that rises or falls in key with the speed, sometimes suggesting a continuous squeal.

Sounded Like Smoke.

"Isn't it disgraceful the way women smoke nowadays?" "Why?" "I just saw an advertisement offering to any woman six puffs for a dollar."—Purple Cow.

Reckless Driving.

"What is the matter? I see you've got your hand in a sling?" "Reckless driving." "Horse?" "No, nail."—Tit-Bits.