

POLITENESS.

The decay of French politeness has become a subject for passing concern on the part of the French themselves. It has been frequently remarked by visitors to France, who have alleged a change in French manners within the period of their recollection, says the Charleston News and Courier. The same phenomenon is something alleged of the weather in New England. Scientific meteorologists poo-poo this. They declare it to be all out of the question for climate to be materially affected except by imperceptible processes requiring ages to show results. So as to politeness in France; some contend that the change is more apparent than real. Most of those taking part in the controversy insist or admit it to be a fact. These urge that the causes be identified and correctives applied. There is a disposition, of course, to attribute it to women, "especially elegant women whose ill-manners have no limit," as one expert submits. Is the matter worth serious consideration? Or, rather, should not the symptom be welcomed? Is not politeness itself a symptom of decay, like the beauty of old cathedrals, the mellowness of long-stored vintages, or the art of telling the truth? Man in a natural state is not remarkable for good manners and will be cheerfully. That school which holds that the decadence of a people may be traced by observing its cultivation of the habit of telling the truth would probably reason that the diffusion of politeness is in the same way significant, if a less important barometer of falling physical and intellectual virility. A robust entity does not bother about etiquette.

Modern life is complicated. It is swift. We live at high tension. The sins of society people have become inured to them. Neurasthenia, one knows, is often the inevitable, though much-to-be-deprecated, result of going the pace, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. But what is one to think of neurasthenia in the poultry yard? Comes a publication which devotes itself to poultry and other topics of the farm. In it a correspondent writes of the symptoms of one of his hens—listless, nervous, indifference to food and society. And the editor replies that the symptoms are those of a nervous disease, and he declares that the only cure for the hen is the rest cure in some quiet retreat, away from the feverish atmosphere of the poultry yard. This is a withering indictment of present-day civilization. A neurotic hen—think of that! A debutante of last season, no doubt, who should now be in the full feather of glorious youth a victim of nerves!

The form of Curtiss biplane which travels on the water and land as well as in the air is winning admiration at San Diego. The machine is a standard biplane equipped with bicycle wheels and a pontoon about three feet wide by twelve feet in length placed immediately beneath the aviator with its long axis at right angles to the planes. At the extremities of the lower plane are two small triangular copper tanks, whose function is to prevent the planes from cutting too deeply into the water. Mr. Curtiss seems to have thought of everything but a name for his novel craft. The suggestion that it be known as the hydroterro-aeroplane shows closer acquaintance with the classics than with the habit of the American people to insist upon cutting long words short.

The February fire loss this year in the United States and Canada amounted to \$16,415,000. While a million more than the February loss last year and \$300,000 in excess of the February loss in 1909 this was five millions below the aggregate for last month, and somewhat below the average monthly loss during the twelve months last past. There is nothing alarming nor is there anything encouraging in the fire loss figures of the first two months of the present year. On account of a heavy loss in January, they are eight millions in excess of the total for the first two months of 1910, but half a million below that for the corresponding period of 1909.

Because a Chicago man insisted upon being a candidate for trustee of one of the large New York life insurance companies, the company has been obliged to spend about \$50,000 in having ballots and proxies printed in eleven different languages and mailing them in sealed envelopes to all parts of the world. He is the only candidate on the so-called policyholders' ticket, although 38 trustees are to be elected. It was a wise law which made provision for policyholders' tickets, but in this instance it has not been advantageous from a financial viewpoint, at least.

IS HERE TO STAY

Control and Publicity for Public Service Corporations.

VERDICT OF PROMINENT MAN

Theodore N. Vall, President of Western Union and Telephone Companies, Recognizes Rights of the American Public.

Public regulation of public service corporations has come to stay. It ought to have come and it ought to stay. That is the flat and unequivocal assertion of Theodore N. Vall, president of both the American Telephone and Telegraph company and the Western Union Telegraph company. It came in the form of his annual report to the seventy thousand stockholders of the two great corporations. Although Mr. Vall's advocacy of full publicity in connection with the affairs of such concerns was well understood, nobody in financial circles had anticipated so frank an avowal of full public rights in the shaping of their general conduct. It came consequently as a surprise, not only because of its novelty and squareness, but also on account of the unqualified acquiescence of a board of directors comprising such eminent and conservative financiers as Robert Winson, of Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Henry L. Higginson of Boston, Henry P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Senator W. Murray Crane, George F. Baer, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Norman W. Harris, John I. Waterbury and others.

President Vall's declaration is heralded as the first recognition by those in high corporate authority of the justice of the demand that the public be regarded as virtual partners in all matters that pertain to the common welfare. He goes directly to the point.

"Public control or regulation of public service corporations by permanent commissions," he says, "has come and come to stay. Control or regulation, to be effective, means publicity; it means semi-public discussion and consideration before action; it means everything which is the opposite of and inconsistent with effective competition. Competition—aggressive, effective competition—means strife, industrial warfare; it means contention; it oftentimes means taking advantage of or resorting to any means that the conscience of the contestants or the degree of the enforcement of the laws will permit.

"Aggressive competition means duplication of plant and investment. The ultimate object of such competition is the possession of the field wholly or partially; therefore it means either ultimate combination on such basis and with such prices as will cover past losses, or it means loss of return on investment, and eventual loss of capital. However it results, all costs of aggressive, uncontrolled competition are eventually borne, directly or indirectly, by the public. Competition which is not aggressive, presupposes co-operative action, understandings, agreements, which result in general uniformity or harmony of action, which, in fact, is not competition but is combination, unstable, but for the time effective. When thoroughly understood it will be found that 'control' will give more of the benefits and public advantages, which are expected to be obtained through such ownership, and will obtain them without the public burden of either the public office-holder or public debt or operating deficit.

"When through a wise and judicious state control and regulation all the advantages without any of the disadvantages of state ownership are secured, state ownership is doomed." "If Mr. Vall is right," says Harper's Weekly, in a concise summing-up, "then it seems pretty plain that we are entered upon a new era in both economics and politics. And it is high time we did if evolution is to supplant revolution as an efficient force in the development of civilization."

Fighting Man.

It is man's nature to fight. It is his merit to fight for what he believes to be right. Courage and bravery are not achieved by hiring a lawyer. A man who is not willing to fight to the death for the right or for his own is not as good or complete a man as one who is willing. But opinions about this are not so important as the fact that it is man's nature to fight, and that neither resolve nor legislation nor provision to get over all kinds of trouble in any other way than fighting will avail.—Ellwood Hendricks, in Atlantic.

More to the Purpose.

"Are you in favor of a ten-hour day?" "I don't care anything about the days," replied young Rounderley, "but it would be a jolly good thing if we could have 24-hour nights."

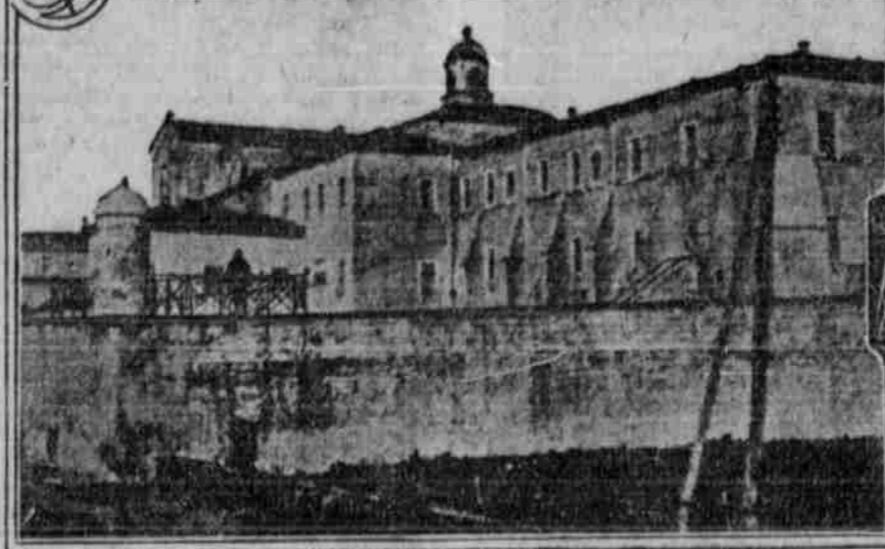
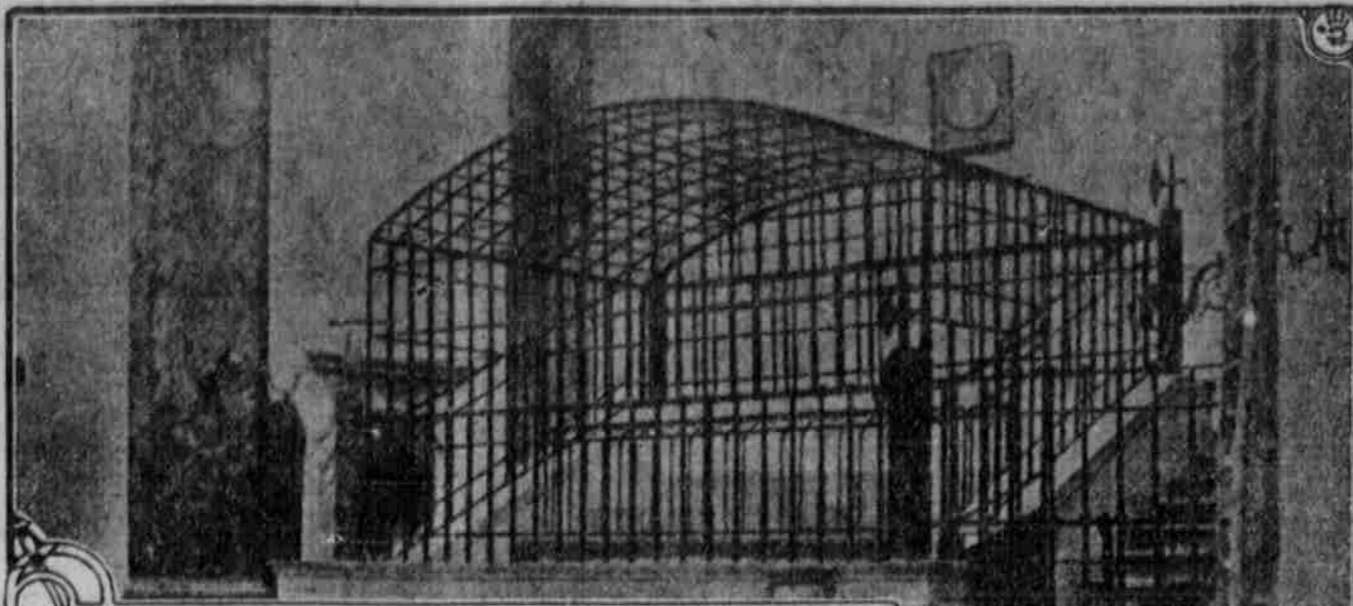
Misguided Energy.

"I am bound to make a noise in the world," said the determined youth. "But be careful how you go about it," replied Mr. Osage Spouter. "An amateur with a bass drum can spoil the finest symphony ever written."

Joyous Economist.

"You don't mind high prices?" "No," replied the resolute philosopher. "When prices are high, think how much more you save every time you decide to get along without something."

CAMORRA TRIAL EXCITES ALL ITALY



MONASTERY OF GARDI

VITERBO, ITALY.—Few events in recent years have so stirred Italy as has the trial of members of the Camorra now going on here. Dramatic scenes are of daily occurrence, and only the other day the court was compelled to adjourn because of the wild demonstrations of the 41 defendants in their cage and of their friends in the courtroom. The trial is expected to last for about a year, and will be one of the most remarkable in history.

PILOTED BY AN EAGLE

Big Bird From Cebu Held by Twenty-Fathom Line.

Captured by American Naturalist After Two Weeks of Arduous Mountain Climbing and Watchfulness—Goes to Zoo.

New York.—Piloted up the bay by an immense American eagle, the steamship Pathan closed a two months' trip from Cebu, in the Philippine islands. The eagle has a double claim to the title American. Its native eyrie in the mountains of Cebu is under the American flag, and the bird itself will make its permanent home hereafter in the Bronx Zoo.

After nearly two weeks of arduous mountain climbing and untiring watchfulness, the bird was trailed to its nest high upon the face of a precipitous cliff by Professor Kingcome, an American naturalist, who had a thrilling adventure making it captive. Accompanied by three Filipinos, he climbed the mountain by a roundabout trail, coming out on the cliff some 40 feet above the eagle's nest, at an elevation of 9,000 feet above the sea. The face of the cliff was sheer and presented no foothold by which the bird hunter could descend.

Making a rope fast under his arms, and taking a turn with it around a tree, he instructed the little brown men how to lower him by slacking away easily. The descent was made all right, and the eagle, found asleep, was easily captured by means of a heavy net. Getting back to the top of the cliff was another proposition. The Filipinos are not noted for big muscles, and the professor, with the added weight of the eagle, proved too much for their strength. For more than an hour they tugged and pulled at the rope, only to give out entirely.

TRAINING GIRL FOR MOTHER

Woman Dean Says College Should Be Preliminary to Knowledge of How to Care for Babies.

Cambridge, Mass.—Believing that her four college years are merely preliminary to a girl's training, in which studies should serve to make, first of all, a competent wife and mother, Sarah Louise Arnold, dean of Simmons college, declares herself an advocate of "home education."

Dean Arnold says that, although the girl usually goes to college on the advice of her mother, her father is most anxious to establish her as a competent householder, and, if necessary, a wage earner.

"A girl should have opportunity to train herself for married life," says Dean Arnold. "She needs to learn how to take care of home and children and how to earn her living if thrown on her own resources."

"When the daughter goes to college the father does not often appear except in the signatures to checks. When a father does accompany a girl, or when he conducts a correspondence, a different conception of a girl's needs is generally apparent. In the conferences with fathers one may discern no less solicitude for the daughter's welfare, but oftener a clearer vision of the paths open before her."

with the naturalist and his captive dangling in midair some 15 feet below the first foothold on the cliff.

For a time Professor Kingcome thought his aids had deserted him, as they made no reply to his shouted orders. Finally he made them pay attention, and under his instructions a bight of the line was lowered over the face of the cliff. This he made fast to the eagle, and leaving the bird swinging there, the professor climbed hand over hand to the top of the rock. After that it was a simple matter to haul up his prize.

Throughout the trip the big bird was at liberty daily at the end of a 20-fathom line, and led the ship for hours at a time. The line, made fast to a shackle on the eagle's leg, working in a swivel to prevent jamming, did not seem to worry the captive. When liberated it would dart up into the air to the full length of the line; then, as it felt the restraint, would gradually settle down to about the level of the ship's deck, and with its wings full spread would maintain a

HEN HAS MONKEY'S FACE

New Jersey Fowl, Marked in Its Egg-hood Days, is Hatched Out a Real Nature Freak.

New York.—Moritz Adler has a country home and farm near Deal, N. J. He also has a Plymouth Rock chicken. He gave her a place in the back yard of the home, with a dry goods box for a coop.

Though perfectly normal in every other way, Rose—that's her name—has the shrewd face of a monkey. She drinks soup from a spoon held in the hand of her nurse. Having no beak, she does not peck at meat scraps, after the manner of fowl, but picks them up daintily with her strawberry-hued lips.

The facial expression of Rose is piquant. She has a rather set expression at the corner of her mouth, indicating firmness of character. Her nose is well defined. Rising from her rather broad forehead is a pompadour of feathers in the style that young girls affected with their hair a year ago, when Rose was a smooth white egg instead of a remarkable chicken. The general contour of her face is somewhat like that of Susie, the funny little orang-utang from Borneo who delights children at the Bronx zoo. Her snappy black eyes light up wonderfully when she sees cracked corn or oatmeal mush.

"She was born a year ago," said Adler. "I knew her mother well. She was a fine old fussy Plymouth Rock hen, who stuck steadily to the business of scratching gravel and producing eggs. She wasn't quite as progressive as some of the more flashy Brown Leghorn and Indiana game young ladies of the barnyard. She didn't take kindly to new-fangled ideas like women's rights. Nothing made her so mad as to see some other hen strutting around and clucking about wanting a vote."

"An Italian organ grinder passed the farm one day with a funny little South American monkey. He gave old Mrs. Plymouth Rock quite a fright. The old lady disappeared, and three weeks afterward I found her nest under the haymow. Twelve little yellow chicks had just hatched out. The remaining egg was cracked, and something inside was peeping sadly. All the other chicks had pecked their way out with their bills, but this one was trying to get out and couldn't. 'I broke the shell, and then I saw why—it didn't have any beak. And

position ahead of the ship for hours, keeping the line as taut as the hawser of a tug. When tired of playing, the bird would come aboard and make no resistance to being tied up with a shorter line on deck.

When the Pathan leaves here for Baltimore there will be a vacancy in the berth of one serang, Husein Ben Ali, ho's'n and serang of the Malay crew, was attacked with appendicitis and taken to the Long Island College hospital, where the surgeons operated on him. The ho's'n has been with the ship for three years, and is an important man on board from his authority over the crew. The Malays will choose one of their own number to act as serang until the ship reaches Liverpool, where Husein Ben Ali will rejoin her if all goes well.

This is not the only surgical case entered on the ship's log since leaving Cebu. While at sea, nearing Singapore, Chief Officer Walker was superintending the breaking out of some cargo to get at a spare anchor, when the tackle slipped and one of the big grappling hooks struck him on the cheek, fracturing the jaw. Whether the eagle's presence was responsible for these casualties on board the ship's company does not say.

FARMERETTES TO TILL SOIL

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont Opens First Class in Agriculture for Young Women of New York.

New York.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont opened her first class in farming for girls the other day. Twenty young women "farmerettes," she calls them, garbed in blue bloomers, broad-brimmed hats and boys' shoes, are comfortably ensconced tonight in the farm house at "Brockholt," Mrs. Belmont's 1,000-acre estate on Long Island.

The young women were selected from 600 applicants from New York factories. They will first be instructed thoroughly in household duties upon a farm, and with the arrival of "planting time" in the spring will take up plowing, planting and poultry raising. Not a man will be on the premises, even to chop wood or tend the horses. The girls will receive \$4 a week during their two-months' course of instruction, and thereafter may purchase small farms from their benefactress, if they wish to do so, upon agreement to till the soil themselves.

Takes Wrong Suit Case.

Seattle, Wash.—A comedy of errors which probably will result in profuse apologies on the part of A. Walters of 1413 Charles street occurred in an exchange of suitcases on a Beacon hill street car.

Walters boarded a Beacon hill car on his way home from downtown. He sat beside a woman who also had a suitcase case. When Walters reached home he opened the case and discovered he had taken the woman's. "These aren't mine," explained Walters to the desk sergeant at police headquarters.

"I can't wear those," as he drew forth a handful of lingerie and begged the police to assist him in locating the woman who now has a case of men's clothing.

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A trial package of Munyon's Paw Paw Pills will be sent free to anyone on request. Address Professor Munyon, 53d & Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. If you are in need of medical advice, do not fail to write Professor Munyon. Your communication will be treated in strict confidence, and your case will be diagnosed as carefully as though you had a personal interview.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, they do not grip, they do not weaken, but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. In my opinion constipation is responsible for most ailments. There are 26 feet of human bowels, which is really a sewer pipe. When this pipe becomes clogged the whole system becomes poisoned, causing biliousness, indigestion and impure blood, which often produce rheumatism and kidney ailments. No woman who suffers with constipation or any liver ailment can expect to have a clear complexion or enjoy good health. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale of nine-tenths of the cathartics that are now being sold for the reason that they soon destroy the lining of the stomach, setting up serious forms of indigestion, and so paralyze the bowels that they refuse to act unless forced by strong purgatives.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverish it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

These pills contain no calomel, no dope; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to act without physic.

MADE HIS ESCAPE IN TIME

Metaphors of Millionaire Found No Response in the Breast of the Farmer.

The millionaire accepted the farmer's cordial invitation to ride, and with much scrambling gained a seat on top of the hay.

"My good man," said the millionaire, patronizingly, "this swaying, rolling, sweet-scented divan is a couch upon which I could win slumber and be irresistible to the arms of Morpheus whenever I courted sweet sleep."

The farmer stiffened. "I'll hear no more of your talk; I'm a respectable married man, an' I'll ask you where you're goin' so I can avoid the place." Dreamily the millionaire smiled. "I'm getting back to Mother Nature, who has been outraged and abused by me for years; I am a broken man, and she will forgive me and bring me back to health."

The farmer stopped the team and pulled a three-tined pitchfork from the brace socket—but his passenger was gone.—Success Magazine.

Badly Scared.

"Were you born with that stammer?" "No; I acquired it in trying to propose to a rich girl."—Washington Herald.

Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.—Chatham.

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