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SUSPENDERS.

Society has frowned on the masculine suspenders. So the suspender must go—has gone almost, say those who sell wearing apparel for men. It's the age of the belt. Manly shoulders must be unhampered by straps; only the patient diaphragm is to be subjected to a harness. So passes another useful device, sacrificed to fastidiousness. We used to eat mashed potato with a knife till someone with supercilious manners came along and told us the fork was the proper utensil for that important duty. Formerly people poured out their hot coffee into saucers, "blew" it cold and then drank it from saucers, all unconscious of the terrible impropriety involved. Nor was it formerly considered an indication of boorish origin for one to sip tea from a spoon. Oh, these changing times! Suspenders gone the way of the bicycle and the crocheted necktie! Is no one bold enough to do them reverence? Fashion is a tyrant. It takes no cognizance of man's various shapes—his embonpoint, his fullness or deficiency of girth—it merely issues a fiat and expects all to obey. The time is opportune for a new declaration of independence. Let every man who prefers suspenders to a belt buy a pair forthwith and wear it in defiance of the world.

Some people are determined not to let Christopher Columbus rest in peace. Not long ago a celebrated Jewish rabbi insisted that the great explorer was a Jew, and now comes a member of the Royal Geographical society with the claim that Columbus was a Spaniard and not an Italian. The Spanish scientist says that the veil of mystery that has for four centuries enshrouded the cradle of Columbus has at last been torn aside to reveal him without doubt or argument as a Spaniard. Dr. Horta says that the Italian lineage of the discoverer was accepted because there was no "authentic, respectable and authorized historic documents" to prove to the contrary. On the other hand, the Spanish historian says the only accepted proof of the Italian birth of Columbus was his own statement that he was born in Genoa.

An Englishman in Shanghai was twitting the eldest son of Dr. Sun Yatsen about his father's cosmopolitanism. "Nobody knows for certain where your father was born," he said. "Canton claims him and so does Honolulu. Before the revolution he had not been here in China for many years. The English port of Hongkong was the nearest he ever approached. I don't see how your father can call himself a Chinaman, and in fact, I don't know what to call him." "Part of what you say is true," answered the son of the famous patriot. "For fifteen years my father was a man without a country, but now," and the boy smiled proudly, "a country has been made for him."

Ireland is to send a deputation to this country to protest against the landing at Queenstown of certain mentally defective persons alleged to be Irish and having Irish names, but declared to be from other countries of origin than Ireland. These objectionables are excluded from the United States as undesirable immigrants. It is said they have no claim on Ireland. Certainly they have no claim on the United States.

The mines department of Canada is preparing an official announcement that the effective smelting of Canadian ores is a commercial possibility. The iron business has undergone a revolution every few years for more than a century. Is another due? Will it result in the general adoption of electric smelting?

Scientific experiments demonstrating that caffeine is fatal to rabbits and that nicotine paralyzes the optic nerve, should impress the public. Hereafter no truly humane persons will give the rabbits coffee for their breakfasts, nor put cigars, smoking or chewing tobaccos in their own or others' eyes.

In New York there is a man who has been married 11 times. Nobody except a New York waiter could pay alimony to ten women.

London has a hotel that has gained fame through its onions. Certainly a smart bid to fame.

A naturalist informs us that the lobster is becoming extinct, but the two legged variety we have with us always.

A college professor has solved the mystery of the curve ball, but it takes a horny handed lowbrow to hit 'em where they ain't.

Bossy, the hygienic cow, now looks hungrily upon her owner's straw hat that will soon be hers to devour.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Visitor of Importance Spends a Day in the House

WASHINGTON.—It didn't make a bit of difference to Benjamin Oswald Johnson, aged six, what was going on around his little head the other afternoon. He was busy with his own devices? This young Ben Johnson stumbled around the floor of the House of Representatives, while the real Ben Johnson, from Kentucky, and other legislators and statesmen thundered and argued over the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

Little Ben is one of the five children of Representative Joseph Johnson of South Carolina. He kept the House of Representatives amused from noon until 4:39 o'clock p. m., when the gavel fell for adjournment.

Ben appeared on the house floor at noon dressed in a dark blue sailor suit. His father had troubles of his own, for he is in charge of the legislative bill, and Representative Fowler, with his loudest voice, was out after the scalps of several of the items in that bill. While Representative Fowler was being replied to by Representative Johnson, Little Ben was playing tag around his father's legs, going in and out between them in most marvelous fashion.

Young Ben interviewed pretty nearly every member of the house. He didn't wait for an introduction, but clambered right into the laps of the country's law makers. From the Democratic side he would hop to the Republican end of the chamber and pull out the watches of his father's dearest political foes, "just to hear the wheels tick." Uncle Joe Cannon contributed to Ben's war chest to the extent of a silver coin, and at the end of the day Ben's fists were bulging with nickels, dimes and quarters, which had been pressed upon him by admiring friends. He leaned against Representative Mann of Illinois while that statesman was shooting sharply pointed parliamentary arrows at Ben's own father. The little boy gazed calmly into the face of Representative Sereno Payne as the great tariff expert appeared to be sleeping peacefully at his desk. He rolled upon the middle aisle and forced Representative Ollie James to step over him, while the child himself was unmindful of the gigantic figure passing over him.

Strange Sounds Come from Smithsonian Building

IF you are passing across the front of the Smithsonian Institution at midnight and hear strange cries coming from the Byzantine, Norman or rounded Gothic towers, buttresses, battlements, groined arches and cornices, keep your nerve. The moon may be floating through the southern sky. Now it will be hidden under dense cloud masses, and then it will burst through the black mist and cast its silver sheen over the heavens and the earth. Against all this, the long red sandstone buildings, dark but for a watchman's lamp in the central vestibue, will be submitted. It looks gloomy and lonesome. One almost feels the damp and stagnant vapor that would rise from the moat around it, if a moat were there.

You can reassure yourself that you are not in the depths of a haunted forest and before some dismal medieval castle by looking northward to catch the glitter of the lights in the post office tower or by listening to the purr and soft ripple of the fountain not far removed from the northwest corner of the building.

The sounds that have stopped you, and it may be, chilled you, come from —not mortals—but from bats. There are many of these aberrant insectivorae or flying mammals, family gallopithecidae, order of chiroptera, in the shadowy nooks of the Smithsonian building.

Satisfied that no harm is near, you fall to thinking of James Smithson's bequest of 1826; of James Renwick, the designer of this building, the first of its style not ecclesiastic, to be reared in the United States; your glance goes up to the top of the tallest tower 145 feet above the asphalt, all strewn with dead leaves, and your mind goes back to the time when President Polk and his cabinet and hundreds of proud men, now dust, attended the cornerstone laying in 1847.

Cigarette Smoking Under Ban of Censorship

CIGARETTE smoking by women has come under the ban of censureship by society women in Washington, who are leading a crusade against smoking and drinking in the social set at the capital.

Mrs. William H. Haywood, who put herself on record several years ago, when she served only grape juice at the debutante ball of her daughter, Miss Doris Haywood, is one of the leaders in the anti-cigarette movement, and is said to not permit women to smoke in her house.

Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter, who many think is to be the social leader in place of the late Mrs. John R. McLean, has also declared her willingness to aid the crusaders against feminine cigarette smoking.

Mrs. John B. Henderson, who is the arbiter of dancing and dancers in Washington, has always been opposed to the practice. It is said she requested a fair smoker to go outside.

Lady Alan Johnston, daughter of Mrs. James Pinchot, is one of the defenders of the weed, and smokes when and wherever it strikes her fancy. She even puffed her cigarettes while riding in an automobile from one place to another.

Lady Johnston struck the first note in the battle some time ago, when she offered her cigarette case to other guests at a luncheon. The hostess was a crusader, and is said to have requested Lady Johnston, who happened to be the guest of honor, not to smoke.

Mrs. Franklin MacVeagh, who has recently completed her million-dollar palace on Sixteenth street, has provided little balconies from her ballroom windows for the men to smoke between dances. If the lady guests wish to smoke they have to go outside also.

Miss Helen Taft, at a recent luncheon, displayed her displeasure openly when cigarettes were passed.

Ice Skating a Real Fad in Society at Capital

THAT part of Washington society which delights in outdoor winter sports has started a movement to discuss the ways and means of promoting ice skating. To that end invitations were sent out by a committee of interested men and women for a meeting which was held in the banquet hall of one of the large hotels. It is hoped the feeble efforts of "Jack Frost" in Washington may be supplemented and real ice skating provided for those who wish.

The tidal basin at the foot of the Washington monument is unsafe at best, and then there are only a few days' skating on it through the winter. Last year the time was extended somewhat because of the almost unprecedented cold weather in this region. There are many expert skaters in Washington, who come from all parts of the world. Most of them belong to the diplomatic circle, although not a few are people who have spent the greater part of their lives in the northern part of the United States.

Among those interested in the propect is Major Henry T. Allen, whose wife was Miss Johnstone of Chicago. Major Allen is also an expert horseman, and with his daughters, the Misses Jeannette and Desha Allen, takes an active part in the Hunt club of this city. The secretary of the navy, George von L. Meyer, is another of the promoters of the scheme to "build" an ice pond. The Meyer family is from Massachusetts, where nature, unassisted, keeps winter sports going for months. The daughters of the secretary and Mrs. Meyer are adepts in skating, which they learned in their native state, and in which they had a chance to exercise when they were living in St. Petersburg, to which capital their father formerly was accredited by the state department.

INDIA IS DESCRIBED

Writer Gives Graphic Description of Country.

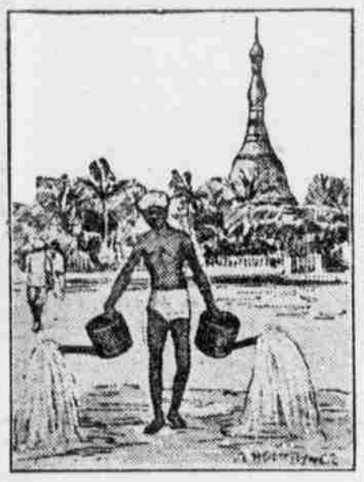
Many Houses Have Never Been Entered by a European and Never Will Be—Women Are Always Closely Veiled.

Bombay, India.—Reviewing J. A. Spender's book, "The Indian Scene," the London Spectator says:

To those who have not seen India the descriptive chapters of "The Indian Scene" will be of very great interest. Mr. Spender is content to describe what he saw in the simplest way, and by this means gives the reader a strong sense of the reality of what he is told. Nowhere is this done with more completeness than in the opening chapter on Bombay. What strikes him is not the place so much as the people. Every street swarms with them, and "no half dozen seem alike." Their color varies from white to very nearly black, their costume "from the frock coat to the loin cloth."

Then there is the contrast between life and death, between the rich Parsee living in his pretentious stone built house on the seashore, and the same man carried, as soon as he has closed his eyes, to the towers of silence, with their "obscene semicircles of vultures sitting huddled together on the rims of the two pits waiting for their next meal." And then there is the fact—more separating races perhaps than any other feature of Indian life—that into the vast majority of houses which "to all outward seeming might be the homes of European nouveaux riches," no European has ever entered or ever will enter. He must not see the women who live in them. When a shuttered or curtained carriage passes him for the first time in the street, he is told that a woman is inside, and that is his nearest approach to knowledge of one-half of Indian life.

When he leaves Bombay Mr. Spender, does his best to answer the simple question, What does India look like? Somewhat north of Baroda he opens the shutters of his sleeping carriage and at first sees nothing to tell



A Primitive Substitute for the Water Cart. Native Method of Watering a Road.

him that he is not in Europe. The country is flat, it has many trees, it is cut up into small fields and very closely cultivated. It is the human element and the animal element that make it unlike Europe—the women "swathed in crimson muslin," the children "either naked or fantastically dressed up, the thin walnut colored men, with white turbans and bare legs, the big loose limbed donkeys who pass in a kind of ambling gallop," the humpbacked cattle, "mild miniature beasts," the straight-backed lead colored buffaloes. Then comes a railway station and a fresh "riot of color and fancy." Opposite the carriage stands a venerable gentleman in bright green flowered silk dressing gown, with a pink turban and white pajamas; near him there is a woman "in a shapeless mass of orange cotton," a tiny child, "with embroidered coat and absurd little buff trousers ending in red shoes," and an old man who crowns a gray frock coat with a crimson turban, and wraps his legs in "a careless swathe of white muslin." Mr. Spender's train was delayed for ten minutes because a party of ladies had to be got out. An immense sheet was held in front of their carriage, in which they were somehow enwrapped, and the group was left "standing like a great, white box in the middle of the platform."

12 RICH WOMEN ON A JURY

Court Officer in Kansas Makes Up an Odd Panel for a Case of Disorderly Conduct.

Independence, Kan.—Twelve of the wealthiest and most prominent women of this city were summoned to serve on a jury in the case of James Blue, charged with firing a shot through the window of an interburban car near her, endangering the lives of the passengers. Among the women summoned by the court officers are the wives of two millionaire oil operators, two bankers' wives and two suffragist leaders.

Donkeys Annoyed Neighbors.

New York.—Five donkeys were made the performers at a "night in Arabia" in the party given at one of the fashionable cafes and their braying annoyed the neighbors.

A Communion Sermon

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TEXT—What mean ye by this service? —Exodus 12:26.

The chapter in which this text is found sets forth the detailed arrangements of the Passover. It is assumed that the children, observing this preparation, would ask their parents what was meant by it. In answering the children the parents were thus afforded a good opportunity of stating to the child the facts in connection with their redemption from bondage. So today, in like manner, the Lord's supper is often the means of arousing questions in the minds of both children and adults. What is the Communion service? What does it represent? What truth does it teach? In answering these questions the Christian afforded an opportunity of stating the facts of the Christian faith.

First, the Communion commemorates a fact of history. One can take boat or train and soon arrive at Calvary. He may climb this hill and reach its summit where once stood the cross on which Jesus Christ died. No intelligent person will deny the historicity of the fact of Christ's death.

Second, the Communion is a fact of Christian faith. True, Jesus died, but what did he die for? Here Christian faith declares itself by answering, "He died for our sins." The question of sin must be dealt with, its debt must be paid, the divine wrath against it must be appeased, some ground must be found upon which a righteous God may deal in mercy and pardon with sinful man. The Communion table tells us that all this has been accomplished in the death of Christ. It acknowledges the reality of both sin and death, and relates these two great facts in the death of Christ. In the words of Jesus we say, "This cup is the New Testament in my blood, shed for the remission of sins." Preachers may deny the vicarious atonement of Christ; the pulpit may be silent touching the substitutionary character of Christ's death, but this table has proclaimed since Christ's death and will proclaim until he comes the fact that he died for our sins; that

> "Bearing shame and scoffings rude,
> Sealed my pardon with His blood.
> Sealed my pardon with His blood
> Hallelujah, What a Savior!"

The Communion is a fact of prophecy. "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do show forth the Lord's death till he come." A fact of history, a fact of Christian faith, a fact of prophecy—that the Communion links itself to the past, present and future. It reminds us of our Lord, who, while present in spirit, is absent in body, and assures us that he will some day come again personally and visibly to this earth. There are two pledges for Christ's second coming: The resurrection (Acts 17:31), the pledge to the world; the Lord's supper (1 Cor. 11:28), the pledge to the church. The Communion table is aglow with hope and promise; it constantly preaches the second coming of Christ. Every time we gather around this table we should look forward with joy to that glorious day when we shall see not only our blessed Lord, but also "Those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile."

> "When from loved ones we are parted,
> And our eyes are dimmed with tears—
> Almost feel we broken-hearted,
> As we struggle with our fears.
> But, it will not be forever,
> We shall meet them all at home;
> Separations will then be over—
> They are only 'Till He come.'"

The Communion is a fact of memorial. Jesus said, "Do this in remembrance of me." The Communion is to be a tangible reminder to us of our Lord. Sight helps memory. How the mementoes we have of our loved ones remind us of them, of what they were to us, and of our love for them. We so soon forget what we do not see. Is it not strange that of all that Jesus did when he was here upon the earth the one thing he would have us remember was not his life—wondrous as that was, nor his miracles—startling as they were, not even his resurrection—convincing as it was of all supernatural claims, but his death. The Communion table is a memorial of that death, and every time we gather around it we please the Master by doing that last thing he asked his disciples to do in remembrance of him. The mother goes to the bureau and from the drawer she takes two little shoes. They are simple, and plain, and worn; they have no commercial value, but, oh, what a flood of memories they bring to her heart and mind and soul as she thinks of the one who has died! Let us not forget our Master; he will not forget us.

> "Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own
> And ever faithful be;
> And when Thou sittest on Thy throne—
> Dear Lord, remember me."

The microbe of love is sometimes devoured by the germ of suspicion.

Turn about is fair play—except when applied to a hand organ.

"Health's best way—Eat Apples every day."—Coyne.

The sting of defeat outlasts the sweets of victory.