

GEORGE'S HEIR MAY WED CZAR'S DAUGHTER



If the British and Russian governments can bring it about, and if the opposition of Queen Mary can be overcome, then the marriage of Grand Duchess Olga (left of her sister Tatiana) to the Prince of Wales, heir to the throne of Great Britain, will, according to the latest rumor from England, take place. Diplomats are certain that such an alliance would strengthen the Anglo-Russian sentiment in both countries.

WOMEN MEN'S PEER

Writer Tells How Suffragettes Outtalked the Premier.

Says Feminine Forces Can Prevent Return of Liberal Party to Power at Next Election—Sees End of Militancy.

London, England.—Returning to England after an absence of four months on the continent, I have been interested in ascertaining whether there has been any change in the situation regarding woman suffrage, says a London woman writer. In writing to Mrs. Fawcett, president of the constitutional association, the National Union, I said it seemed to me that, with the remarkable four weeks' pilgrimage of thousands of women from all parts of the country, the great peaceful demonstration in Hyde park and later the receiving of their representatives by Prime Minister Asquith, the movement had entered upon a new era.

She answered: "I feel with you that suffrage matters in England are on the point of new development, but we know nothing positively at present," and this represents truly the existing condition. Nobody, constitutional or militant, official or private citizen, will hazard a definite opinion as to the next step.

In her address to the premier, Mrs. Fawcett appealed to him to find a way out of the "impasse" in which not only the suffragists but also the liberal party found themselves, and this correctly expresses the condition. The former are no more hopelessly up against a stone wall on this question than in the latter.

Why did Mr. Asquith, after refusing to receive a deputation at the time thousands of women were in London for the Hyde park meeting, voluntarily agree to do so a week later? He said it was because he understood they "had fresh evidence of popular support to lay before him."

At the time one division of the "pilgrims" had reached Oxford and was holding a mass meeting, the prime minister was discovered incognito in one of the colleges there, evidently seeking for himself what everybody knows—that there is a tremendous public sentiment behind this movement. He pretended to be impressed at the testimony of the women as to the friendship of the workingmen shown all along the march, and yet for a number of years this has been expressed by an overwhelming vote at the conventions of the labor party.

Never was the wily politician more in evidence than at this interview, but the women matched him at every point.

"The liberal party will bow to the will of the people," he said.

"How is that will to be expressed?" they asked.

"Well, there is the referendum—would that suit your ideas?"

"Two speeches have been made by your colleagues on the referendum," answered Mrs. Fawcett; "one said it was the best way ever invented for stopping anything and the other said it was the best way of dealing with women suffrage!"

The premier asserted that "the interests of women had not been unduly neglected by the house of commons" and Miss Royden asked him what degree of neglect was "due?" She pointed out one instance after another where the interests of men have been protected and those of women ignored; declared that "even good government is no substitute for self-government" and that "women had become politically conscious and never would be sent to sleep again."

"There is but one way of finding out what the people think," said the prime minister, "and that is through the representatives they send to parliament."

"True," answered Miss Robertson, "and there has been a majority for women suffrage in the house of commons for 25 years!"

There is only one course open to the suffragist and that is to prevent the return of the liberal party to power at the next general election. English women are trained in politics and if the suffragists would lay aside all minor difference and concentrate on this one object, they could accomplish it. The Women's Liberal federation, an annex of the liberal party, with a membership of over 100,000, could do this unaided. It would mean, of course, the retirement from office of the men of their own families and the defeat of the party to which they always have belonged, but many of them are prepared to make this sacrifice. It seems to be accepted on every hand that the conservative party when it comes into power again will grant some measure of suffrage to women. This will not be done as a matter of principle, but because it will not wish to subject itself to the experience of the liberal party at the hands of women, and because the sentiment of the country is so obviously in favor of their enfranchisement.

INVENTS A FREAK AIRSHIP



Carl Browne and His Octoplane.

Los Angeles.—Carl Browne, the odd old Californian, says that he has solved the problem of safe aerial travel. His machine is built on the principle of the monoplane, but instead of having one

JUSTICE IN RUSSIA

"Devil Entered Little Body of Baby Natalia."

So Russian Official Report Said After She Threw Dirt on a Prominent Governor's Coat—Village Forced to Beg for Forgiveness.

St. Petersburg. — From Harkov comes a story showing how the wheels of administrative authority go round in Russia.

The governor, of the province, Mr. Katerintch, started out from Harkov in an automobile, accompanied by a mounted escort of the district chiefs of police. What befell him is set forth in an authorized published report.

When a few miles outside the town the governor and his cortege passed through a village where a little girl, seated on the roadside, was making mud pies.

"There the devil," says the narrative, "entered the little body of Natalia Kolatchenko, aged five years. She took up some dirty earth and threw it at the automobile and it fell on the governor's coat."

The entire cortege halted. A police sergeant dismounted and made after the little girl, who ran screaming into a kitchen-garden. A body of police surrounded the garden and she was put under arrest. Her mother, returning from work in the fields, was also arrested, and had to march under armed guard for 12 versts to the chief of police station of the district. The chief of police then summoned all the villagers to meet at once and decide what penance they would offer to palliate the enormity that had occurred within their commune.

Meanwhile the little girl's father, who was employed at the railway works at Harkov came home, and he, too, was arrested and marched off for 12 versts to the police office. A private inquiry was held on him to learn whether he was a well-disposed or ill-disposed person. He was released at three in the morning to find all the villagers up at a meeting summoned by the chief of police, who had a petition for them to present to the governor craving forgiveness for little Natalia. He wished them to present it on their knees, but that they refused to do.

The Governor returned to Harkov next day, and they all stood uncovered on the road with their petition. He looked the other way and they had to shout "Walt, your excellency! Walt!"

The villagers were then let go after a severe admonition on looking after children. But the mother was sentenced to 15 days' imprisonment.

MANIAC GUIDES SHIP TO RUIN

When Captain Leaves Bark Insane Man Takes Command and Sails Away.

Philadelphia.—Somewhere in the Atlantic ocean, mastered by a maniac and manned by a frightened crew, the Norwegian bark Ravensport is rushing to destruction, according to a story told here by Captain Jansen of the steamship Admiral Schley, which arrived from Jamaica.

The Ravensport was bound from Dunkirk, Scotland, to a gulf port. On the voyage a giant Swede sailor became insane and cut and slashed the crew at will. He was captured and confined after two of the crew had been seriously injured. Captain Duss, master of the ship, put off in a small boat for Buff bay to get medical aid.

Just as the yawl reached shore the maniac broke loose and commanded the crew to raise anchor. When they were unable to do so he ordered the chain broken. When Captain Duss saw his ship sailing away he started in pursuit in the small boat. A chase of ten miles wore out the men who were rowing and they were forced to turn back. Captain Duss believes that the maniac is speeding the ship to destruction on the shores of Cuba. The Ravensport is a steel bark of 1,642 gross tons and is owned by Grestan & Norlofson of Arendal, Norway.

fixed plane at the forward end has

eight revolving ones, four on each side. Any two of these will act as the fixed plane of the monoplane. When the aviator encounters strong cross currents of air Browne claims that instead of the machine being overturned that the planes will merely revolve and the "octoplane" will proceed on an even keel. Another feature claimed for the invention is that the blast of air from the propeller will be conserved by the slanting planes and will provide a "river of air" on which the machine will ride. Browne's parachute attachment he says will open and allow the "octoplane" to gently descend to earth from a height as low as a hundred feet.

Still Applies. New York.—"A guilty conscience carries the load of seven dromedaries," the prophet Mohammed once wrote. That aphorism evidently applies to Brooklyn as well as it did to Damascus in the olden time.

A small package, addressed "Police Headquarters, Brooklyn," came through the mail to the State street detective headquarters. It contained a pair of gold cuff links marked with the capital letter "F" in old English script and a half karat diamond stickpin. There was no note of explanation in the box.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Was Determined to Hold Some Kind of a Job



WASHINGTON.—Bryan F. Mahan, who as representative from the Second Connecticut district is serving his first term in the lower house of congress, is the only man in that body who is also simultaneously mayor of a city as well. Mahan got re-elected mayor of New London, Conn., last year, for about the nth time, and when he was put up for congress last fall on the Democratic ticket he thoughtfully held on to what he already had.

Of course, with the Republican party split wide open in the district it looked like a cinch for the Democrat, but you never can tell in politics, and Mahan was bound and determined to hold some kind of a job whichever way the cat jumped.

After he was elected the question arose: What was he going to do with the mayoralty? Local politics in New

London was in such a fluid state that Mahan didn't know of any available man who would or could maintain the true Jeffersonian principles of the fathers as mayor except himself.

"This being thus," suggested a friend, "why not keep on with the job?"

It listened good to Mahan. He looked up the law and found that while it was forbidden to hold two federal jobs at the same time, nobody was enjoined against mixing federal, state and local offices to suit, provided he could get them. So Mahan stuck.

Now he "week-ends" at New London, where he is mayor. The rest of the time he spends in Washington legislating for the whole people. It's a great combination.

Mahan's salary as mayor is only \$1,000 a year, and as his railroad fares must total up nearly that much in the course of a twelvemonth, it may be assumed that he is either plugging for glory or immolating himself upon the altar of principle. Or, again, maybe he is cannily keeping his grip on the organization that sent him to congress. To a representative 1914 is nearer than the calendar would have him believe.

Remarkable Ornament on an Old Trophy Cannon

MANY persons stop to examine more or less closely or more or less carelessly the handsome gray-green bronze trophy guns at the foot of the stairway at the north entrance to the state, war and navy department building. It is surprising, or it is not surprising, according to one's caste of thought, how many spectators fall to see the remarkable and unusual feature of the gun on the east side of the entrance—the gun which is the younger and the more ornate of the pair.

The east gun bears among various inscriptions the words *Le Farouche*, which may be translated "The Fierce," "The Savage," or "The Wild." On the casabel or the base of the breech of this venerable smooth-bore muzzle-loading cannon, cast by Jean Maritz at Douy, France, in July, 1748, is the face of an angry lion with the butt of a thorned stake or war club protruding from its mouth. Whether the name of the gun was given it because of the fierce image on its base or whether the image was cast there because the gun was to be called "The Fierce" neither the writer nor the superintendent of the state, war and navy build-



ing, who is the custodian of this and other trophy guns, knows. But the face is there.

Thousands of tourists gaze on the art handles of the gun. They are bronze dolphins. The tourists puzzle over or study the coat-of-arms of France, the crown of France, the battle emblems, sabers, cannon, drums, flags and trumpets, the circle of fleur-de-lis of the house of Bourbon and the face of Pallas surrounded by the rays of a blazing sun. But few of the pilgrims ever stoop to study the remarkable face and club at the butt of the historic gun, which, by the way, though French, was taken by Americans from one of the forts, either the Morro or Sacopa, at the mouth of Santiago harbor in 1898 and mounted in Washington in the spring of 1899.

What Would You Do if You Had This Queer Bill?



If you were handed a yellow-back with \$50 marked on one side and \$100 on the other side would you think that you had been the victim of the "money changers," or would you think that an error had been made and you had been given just double the amount that you should have received?

Inquiries made by a reporter the other night as to the value of such a note brought forth varied answers.

"Why, I should say that the bill is worth \$50," asserted one man.

"It is good for \$75," said a youth who had evidently been learning something about the mean proportion in mathematics.

Still another declared that \$100 was its value, while others declared that

it was worthless and would cause the owner trouble if he attempted to exchange it. All doubts as to the value of the bill were laid at rest when Joseph E. Ralph, director of the bureau of engraving and printing, stated that it was worth \$50 and explained how the note originated.

Just two of these bills are in circulation, according to H. O. Granberg—the owner, of one—a wealthy mine owner of Colorado, who brought his collection of "freak" money to an exhibit held recently in Detroit. Both bills were printed in the bureau of engraving and printing.

"The error can be accounted for," said Director Ralph, "in only one way. The upper end of the plate prints \$100 bills while the lower end prints \$50 bills. The paper is then turned over and another impression is taken for the other side. In some manner the plate was turned the wrong way for the second impression, and the two bills issued. Although they passed through the hands of fifty people before they left the building, they were eventually put into circulation."

The Senator From New Mexico Had to Explain

It was during the discussion of the Indian bill in the senate that Senator Gallinger asked:

"What is peyote?"

"The senator from New Mexico can explain," replied Chairman Stone.

"But I would prefer to have the senator from Missouri explain," persisted Gallinger, who saw a little fun in it.

But Stone turned to Senator Fall, who told the senate that Peyote was a drink which the Indians made from cactus, which was not so intoxicating as whiskey, but a fair substitute.

It was Senator Gallinger who replied to Senator Owens' sneering remarks about men from the east who go out west and "nose around among the Indians." It was Senator Gallinger who called attention to men from the east who had always given the best in them to the Indian service. He first mentioned Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, who devoted his sen-



ate service to the red men. Then came Senator Platt of Connecticut, whose long service on the Indian committee made him known as a friend of the Indian. Then he alluded to Senator Quay, "whose last speech in the senate was about the Indians and brought tears to the eyes of many senators."

Probably no three men ever gave more unselfish devotion to any cause than those three men to the Indians. And there are few western men who will not agree with that statement.

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A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A CALIFORNIA CASE



Louis G. Wardwell, 1550 Pacific St., San Bernardino, Cal., says: "I had so much pain in my back I could hardly get off and on the wagon. The jarring I got while riding brought on the trouble. The kidney secretions were filled with sediment. I tried many remedies, but Doan's Kidney Pills were the only one that cured me. They drove away all the pain and lameness and fixed my kidneys up in good shape."

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HAS NEW IDEA IN SURGERY

New Yorker Confident of Ability to Graft Limbs of Dead on Bodies of Living.

Dr. A. L. Sorel, a New York surgeon, who astounded the world at the recent medical congress in London by stating that he would soon be able to graft the limbs of the dead upon the bodies of the living, will resume his experiments at his New York laboratories.

"So far I have only taken the limbs of dogs and grafted them on other dogs," said he. "The work is so new that I have to make the instruments to use, and that takes time and patience."

"The dogs on which I have experimented are today just as sound as though they had been born with the limbs grafted on them. When working upon the dogs I take one that has just died and immediately graft his limb to that of a living animal. But with human subjects that question of time is the most serious."

It is.

"He has money, health, position, influence—ah, he should be a full life."

"Well, he does tank up considerably."

Dry.

Miss Gueb—I simply bathe in talcum powder—I do love it.

Miss Sar-Castic—Sort of a dry cleaning. eh?—Judge.

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