

CZAR FERDINAND OF BULGARIA WILL VISIT THE UNITED STATES

One of the Leading Factors in the Recent Balkan War Coming to America With Queen Eleanora, the Princess Eudoxia and an Army of the Leaders of His Country, to Study Our Methods and Absorb New Ideas.

New York.—Czar Ferdinand is coming to the United States. The man who would be king, and who was and is king, and what is more, czar, is coming to America with Queen Eleanora, the Princess Eudoxia, and many of the leaders of his country. He is looking for new ideas, American ideas, for this ruler is the apostle of modern ideas to his people and in full sympathy with them.

There was a time when the world thought Ferdinand would never be anything more than the Man Who Would Be King. When the young prince of Saxe-Coburg was considering the offer of the Bulgarian leaders, Bismarck succinctly remarked to him: "Take it, young man, it will always be a pleasant reminiscence."

But it was 27 years ago when Ferdinand first began to rule the Bulgarians and the experience isn't a reminiscence yet. Every year there are rumors Ferdinand is going to abdicate, Ferdinand is going to be assassinated, Ferdinand is tired of his job, and some power or other is going to give Ferdinand the experience of his predecessor, who was practically kidnapped by the Russians.

But every January 1 Ferdinand is there on hand as usual, working full office hours, drilling his troops, scheming with his captains of industry, planning new railroads and ports, intruding in regal fashion, and altogether doing business at the old stand.

Ferdinand ought to prove intensely interesting to America for one thing, if for no other. He is the world's champion trust maker and magnate creator. Ferdinand came in 1887 to rule over what was sometimes called the Peasant state. It was a country of rough, capable, self-reliant farmers. There was no middle class (merchants) and no upper class (aristocracy). Ferdinand has created these two classes. He has caused Bulgarian life to be largely patterned on the rest of Europe. But his methods are

the American missionary, who was held by bandits for many weeks. He is a hard worker and a thorough student. Among other things, he has the distinction of being the only monarch who can talk Yiddish. Bulgaria has been freed of the curse of antisemitism which has thrown its dark shadow over Roumania and Russia. Ferdinand was the first royal personage to go aloft in a flying machine. On July 5, 1910, his majesty went for



Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

a flight with Dalamine, a Belgium aviator. Prince Boris, the heir-apparent to the throne, and Princess Cyrille, the king's second son, also flew that day.

Besides these two sons, Ferdinand has two daughters. All four are children of his first wife, who died in 1899. His second wife was before her marriage Princess Eleanora of Reuss. She was forty-eight years old when he married her and it is said he took this step in order to protect his daughters from court intrigues.

This is not the first time that Ferdinand has seen America. In 1879 he visited his brother, Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, who had married the younger of the two daughters of the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil. The princess made a long botanical voyage in the interior of South America and when Ferdinand returned to Europe he wrote it up in Latin that it might be read by all scientists. The visit of Ferdinand here eight years before he ascended the throne, did not attract much attention, and little was written about it.

When Ferdinand decided he would take the more high sounding title of czar instead of prince he was not arrogantly assuming something for which there was no basis in history and precedent. It was a reversion to what Bulgaria had been in the tenth century. At that time the Bulgarians, revolting from the Byzantine empire, established a new realm, of which the capital was the ancient city of Tirnova. Bulgaria became a powerful state, extending to the Adriatic as well as to the Black sea, and its chief ruler, Symen, was crowned as czar.

When the commissioners of the Panama-Pacific exposition visited Ferdinand recently he told them of his admiration for things American, and set before them an American dinner, in which wild turkey, pork and beans figured prominently. "The teeth cost a lot of money," she said, "and I can't do my act without them."

The king is convinced that Bulgaria can learn more from the United States

than from any other country on the best methods of developing the industries of his kingdom and proposes to bring here with him, in addition to the queen and the princess, a number of his most able citizens, who, on their return to Bulgaria, will apply the lessons they have learned to the teaching of others.

SEEK GOLD IN DESERTED CITY

Panning, Rocking and Sluicing Ruins and Sidewalks—Find Nuggets and Coins.

Redding, Cal.—The streets and ruins of the old town of Shasta, once the most prosperous gold mining camp in the state, are being mined for gold and coin. For weeks Perry Davis and Harry Paige have been making \$10 a day each.

They are panning, rocking and sluicing underneath the sidewalks, in the ruins of the brick buildings that line the west side of the "good old town" and in Main street itself. They recover not only gold nuggets and gold dust, but silver and gold coins.

In the good old days one could scarcely walk up Main street of Shasta for the jam of pack animals and the crowd of miners on their way to the placer diggings near by. Gold dust was plentiful. The miners spent money like princes.

No one claims the brick buildings that have stood tenanted for years. Davis and Paige have ripped up the floors and worked over the rubbish they found underneath. Thrown into the sluice boxes or else panned out by hand, this rubbish has yielded nuggets and coins. Dimes by the score have been recovered, some of them dating back to 1814, and none of them being of more recent mintage than the early fifties.

NO WAY TO COOL A CAT

Put on Ice, Pussy Leaps Into Barroom in Frenzy and Makes Wreck of It.

New York.—John Tonkes, proprietor of the Colonial hotel, Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, thinks locking a cat in a refrigerator by mistake is likely to make it wild. He reached this decision the other day.

Someone closed the refrigerator door on a big black cat. When it was opened two hours later pussy tore out in a frenzy. She made straight for the barroom. Here were a dozen men, among them Colonel Bambrich, a Civil war veteran.

They got out—all except Colonel Bambrich. He took a chair and raised it to throw at the animal. The rest of fur rushed between his legs and upset him.

Wary of marathoning up and down the floor, the cat took to the shelves, shattering cut glass worth \$150 at every bound. Colonel Bambrich in his upset dislocated a hip.

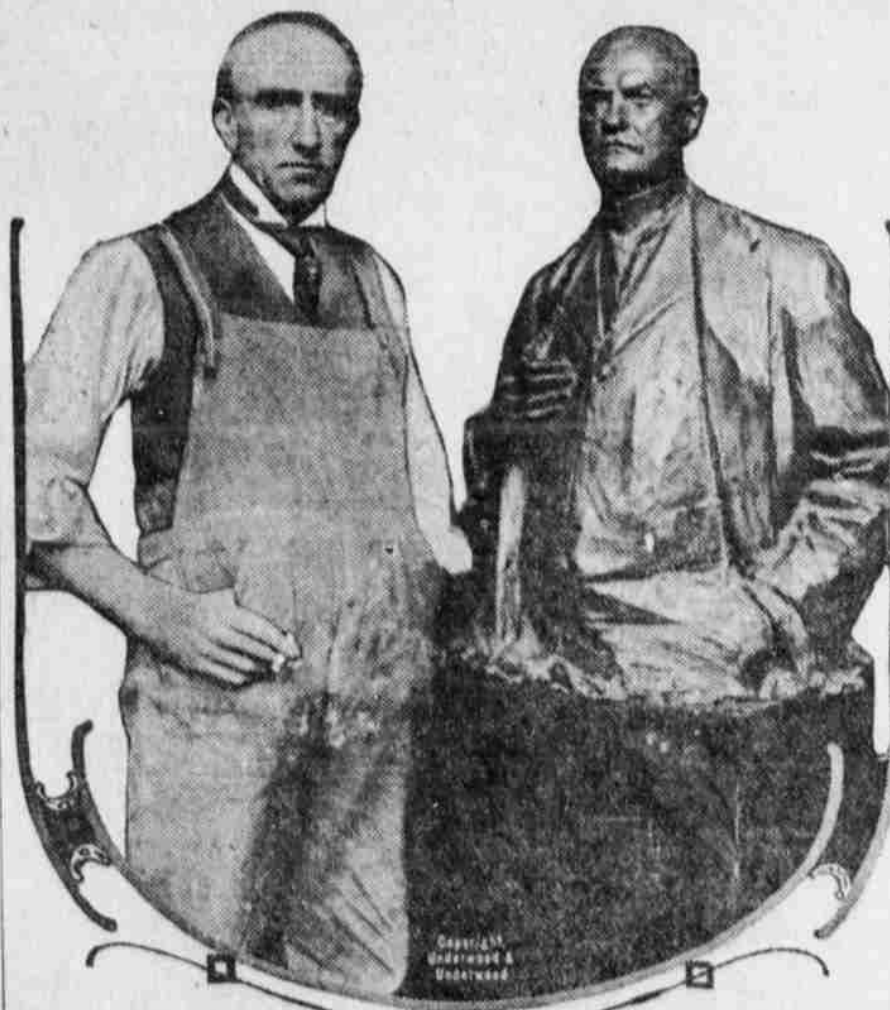
MOTOR HEARSE CAUGHT FIRE

Funeral of a Woman Interrupted by Blaze in New York—Thousands Witness Sight.

New York.—The sight of a motor hearse containing a body and ablaze from end to end, attracted thousands of curious pedestrians on Lower Broadway. Harry Duris, the chauffeur, swathed in a big fur coat, was slightly burned before volunteers stripped off the garment. The body, that of a woman, was removed from the blazing hearse by the police. Firemen then put out the fire. It had caught from the motor.

Asks Police to Find Gold Teeth. Chicago.—Miss Trixie Sing, a vaudeville singer, appealed to the police to find her two gold teeth which she lost trying to eat a tough steak in a restaurant. "The teeth cost a lot of money," she said, "and I can't do my act without them."

TITLED SCULPTOR HERE EXHIBITING WORK



Prince Paul Troubetsky, the famous Russian sculptor, is in America exhibiting some of the creations which have won for him a high place in the world of art. The photograph shows him standing beside a bust of Thomas F. Ryan. The prince's mother was an American and he is fond of this country.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Note That Was Signed by Webster and Clay

WASHINGTON.—What always charms one about Washington is to realize that, after all, men are human, and that no dignity or distinction can eliminate the spirit of democracy on which the republic is founded. To walk along and have a chat with Chief Justice White and find that the man who has written decisions of historic moment from which there is no appeal retains an interest in everyday affairs and wears a fuzzy hat, and about the some sort of clothes, shoes and neckties as any other man, only serves to emphasize his real dignity. The chief justice is as simple as he is dignified. He loves to spend his vacation days at the old home in Louisiana, where neighbors and friends still hail him with the affectionate greetings of the days when he was forging his way to the front as a promising young lawyer.

The men in official Washington seem to have less of a halo about them than in the good old days, when the towering form of Webster or Henry Clay would attract more attention on Pennsylvania avenue than a brass band or a tango dancer in 1914. In a bank the other day was shown a note indorsed jointly by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. The story is told that Clay asked Webster to indorse a note with him for \$500.

"All right," said the studious and thoughtful Webster, "I'll do so, Clay, if you'll make it \$1,000 and give me half." Clay agreed to the compact, and the two set out for Banker Riggs, signed the note with due solemnity, and secured the proceeds. As they swung out across the threshold on to the avenue and divided the money, Webster in his ponderous voice remarked to Clay, "Henry, why do you suppose Mr. Riggs wanted our names on that note?"

"It baffles me, Daniel," responded Clay, "perhaps he desired some memento to hand down to posterity, for I cannot at this moment conceive how it is going to be paid by the present generation."

The canceled note is today a valued souvenir worth many times its face, because of the illustrious signers.—National Magazine.

Bachelor Member of House Embarrassed by Plea

REPRESENTATIVE MOSES KINKAID of Nebraska, a bachelor, was embarrassed in the house the other day. He was almost obliged to agree to get married in order to secure the passage of "a bill providing that the marriage of a homestead entryman to a homestead entrywoman shall not impair the right of either to a patent, after compliance with the law for one year."

Mr. Kinkaid said the present laws are an impediment to marriage in the public land states, and that this condition of affairs should be no longer tolerated.

"The gentleman from Nebraska has a good deal of nerve to call this bill up," suggested Representative Mann of Illinois. "He says it is against public policy to prevent marriage, while the gentleman all his life has been preventing one marriage that ought to take place."

Mr. Kinkaid blushed and stuttered and then exclaimed haltingly: "I think I can make up for this omission, dereliction, or lack of opportunity, by helping to promote a law of this kind."

"If I thought this bill was designed in any way to permit the gentleman to join his affairs with some entrywoman I should certainly favor its passage," returned Mr. Mann. "I doubt whether the gentleman can make up for his own failings in this manner."

"I do not stand in the way of marriage of worthy widows, widowers, bachelors, or maidens," responded Mr. Kinkaid.

"I suggest an amendment including our Nebraska friend," observed Representative Madden of Illinois.

"I would be included," said Mr. Kinkaid, smilingly. "We should like to help the gentleman get married," said Mr. Mann. "I will accept all help gratefully," replied Mr. Kinkaid. The bill was passed.

About the Easiest Thing in the World to Say

"ASK Washington," is the phrase that makes the corps of correspondents at the national capital ill. It is the easiest thing in the world to say, and sometimes entails endless labor. It means that somewhere in this country a paper is going to press, and some one on that sheet wants to know, for instance, what was the color of President Arthur's eyes.

"Ask Washington," says the managing editor, and the telegraph editor clicks off the message.

The Washington correspondent gets the query. It may arrive in the middle of the night, or it may arrive even later, but he has to answer it in order to preserve the inviolate reputation that a Washington newspaper man can answer any question in the world. Somebody in this town will remember the color of those eyes, and the paper will have it.

That is not an extreme example, either. Didn't one Washington bureau get a query not long ago, in the "wee sma" hours of the morning, asking the number of steel missiles aboard one of the battleships. How would you like to get that problem put up to you at 1 a. m. with the understanding that the answer had to be fired back instantaneously?

Another query, from a Canadian paper, asked for the number of employees out of work in nearly every big city in the Union, the cost of clothes and food in all those cities and the probable effect on general business. Another query asked a correspondent here, "Who is Coup d'Etat and where is he from?" The correspondent had been using French in his political stuff. One of the most famous queries came from a yellow sheet in a big city. It read: "Something in the air. Send 500 words."

The paper had a hunch that something was doing, and wanted to stir up the bureau.

Senator Martine "Glad to Meet" the Ambassador

SOCIAL affairs in congressional circles under the present Democratic regime lack the formality which characterized republican gatherings of a similar character under preceding administrations. At least that is what society people in Washington say, and they are telling a good story on Senator James E. Martine of New Jersey to illustrate their point.

At a reception given by the senator not long ago, so the story goes, members of the diplomatic corps, with their gold braid and medals of honor, mingled with the more modestly dressed civilians. Senator Martine was circling the room, greeting his guests in his bluff, hearty way, when his glance happened to rest on the Spanish ambassador, gaily caparisoned in uniform of his rank.

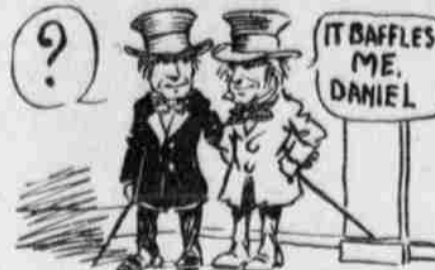
"Who in thunder are you? Where in thunder do you come from?" said Senator Martine in his characteristically explosive manner.

Somewhat abashed by the senator's frank question and boldness of expression, the ambassador managed to stammer out:

"I am Senor Don Juan Riano y Gayangos, chamberlain to his majesty the king of Spain, and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from that country."

Senator Martine's nerve never has been known to fail him in an emergency and it stood him in good stead in this instance.

"Well, by gad, sir," he replied, extending his hand cordially, "I'm glad to meet you."



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35 BUSHELS PER ACRE was the yield of WHEAT

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