## How One Woman Feels About The Question of Polygamy

Viola Gillette Relates Incidents of Mormonism In Her Family-Says It Aims at Extinction of Selfishness Which Is Impossible.

"As a woman I feel that polygamy is intolerably unfair and unjust to my sex and ever since I've been able to think for myself I've known that I, for one, could never stand for it. But feminine prejudice aside, the system is absolutely impracticable because it assumes as a starting point the complete extinction of all human selfishness and human expelty"

extinction of all human selfishness and human cruelty."

That's a Mormon woman's honest analysis of plural marriage. She is Miss Viola Gillette, who plays the title role in "Iolanthe." She was born and brought up in the shadow of the great temple in Salt Lake City. Her grandfathers were personal followers of Brigham Young, and one of them, Orson Pratt, was the first man to enter Salt Lake valley. An uncle, Ben Rich, is in charge of the Mormon missionary headquarters in this city.

Although Miss Gillette is a member of the Mormon church, and the most cordial relations exist between her and her people, she discusses their early

her people, she discusses their early theory of domesticity with remarkable detachment and a keen sense of humor. She opened the conversation by humming that bit of "Pinafore," about. His sisters and his cousins and his aunts. And his sisters and his cousins, whom he reckons up by dozens.

And his aunts!

Has Ninety-Three Aunts and Uncles.

Has Ninety-Three Aunts and Uncles.

"More truth than poetry in that for me!" she laughted. "You see, on one side of the family I have 52 aunts and uncles. And on the other side I have 41 uncles and aunts. And as for cousins, I flever had time enough to count 'em'.

"I had an invitation a few months ago to attend a reunion of my mother's family the Riches. There were only 15,000 thousand! We couldn't find a building to hold us and had to meet on the shores of the Great Bear lake in Idaho. And these were just the relatives on my mother's side. When I play in Salt Lake City I gave two special matinees for my relatives and even then they can't all hear me."

"Good gracious!" I gasped. It was not a particularly brilliant remark, but what can you expect from a person who

Philadelphia-George M. Wagner, at-

League club and other high class organ-

izations, lost \$1,000,000 in speculation,

charge of the fugitive's affairs.

None escaped his rapacity; relatives and friends suffered the same as strangers, but the big losers are women, widows of men who were wealthy or in moderate circumstances, according to Receiver Carson. And the money just passed through the hands of Wagner, according ot the meagre account he left, and was immediately thrown into the maw of stock speculation in which he became interested 21 years ago.

issued, one charging him with looting an estate of \$5,000 and the other with looting an estate of \$25,000.

A hundred other warrants might be issued, but the creditors who have decided to subscribe to a fund to have a world-wide hunt for the attorney think two warrants are enough.

report places Wagner in Eu-

rge of the fugitive's affairs.

ording to Joseph Carson, receiver in

and member of the Union

CREDITORS DIG UP

Marguerite Mooers Marshall in the New | mother was a first wife. She looked me York Evening World. squarely in the eye and answered: I was so convinced that it was absolutely right for my husband to marry several times that I myself did the proposing for him in the case of other wives, and made all the domestic arrangements.

made all the domestic arrangements."

"I looked at my grandmother," ended the granddaughter, "and said. Is it possible that you and I are of the same flesh?"

"That was one side of it. On the other hand, I know my mother would have been absolutely wretched if my father had taken another wife, though plural marriages were still performed in their youth. Father never could stay out late without mother's putting him through a regular catechism when he returned. I remember hearing him tell her he knew with her temperament it would be most unwise for him to contract other domestic obligations and he had no intention of such a thing, so she needn't worry.

he had no intention of such a thing, so she needn't worry.

"One of my uncles was very much in love with his wife and didn't want anybody else. But she was so religious she insisted on his raising two families to the glory of God. He refused until she proposed to a young woman in his behalf and actually built and furnished a house for No. 2. Then he yielded. But about 2 o'clock in the morning after the wedding he heard a great thumping on the door of his new house, and when he answered there was my aunt. It is good to be a supposed always to consult his first wife in choosing the others, and, if she seriously objected, to refrain from other unions. Of course,

refrain from other unions. Of course, there were those who didn't live up to this ideal."

Girls Have Right to Refuse. But how about the girls?" I asked.
Were they allowed to refuse to beome second or third or fourth wives,

"Were they allowed to refuse to bebuilding to hold us and had to meet on
the shores of the Great Bear lake in
Idaho. And these were just the relatives on my mother's side. When I
play in Salt Lake City I gave two special matinees for my relatives and even
then they can't all hear me,"

"Good gracious!" I gasped. It was not
a particularly brilliant remark, but
what can you expect from a person who
has only one uncle, one aunt and one
cousin to her name. There's room for
my close relatives in one small birch
bark canoe.

"You see both my grandfathers were
polygamists," Miss Gillette continued,
imperturbably, "They believed in a
large family circle."

"I wonder how your grandmothers
felt about it?" I mused.

Wife Did the Proposing.

"I asked one of them," replied Miss
Gillette.

"One day, when my grandmother and
I were quite alone, I said: 'Now, dear,
tell me truly just exactly how you felt
when my grandfather told you that he
wanted to take other wives.' My grand
Tates were being cut in helf and
I am glad the practice is given up."

"Were they allowed to refuse to become second or third or fourth wives,
if they were unwilling?"

"Certainly, I knew of a Mormon elder
who went to a young girl and said
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that in a dream he had seen himself
united to her, and he hoped she would
that i

rates were being cut in half and in-stead of paying the income he should have had paid he only paid half of the amount.

And still the women he was swind-ling believed him. FUND TO HUNT MAN WHO STOLE MILLION

Shadows. From the Woman's World.

It is the shadows that make the beauty of life.

Victims of George Wagner,
Missing Clubman, Start
World Wide Search.

LONG PRACTICED DECEIT

Many Women Say They Were Left
Penniles By the Speculations of So-Called "Model Lawyer."

Philiadelphia Grown I was the shadows that make us human. It is well to be happy. It is better to be human.

"The shadows!" exclaims Augustus Rodin, as he gazes upon the Venus de Milo in the Louvre. "The divine play of shadows on antique marbles! One might say that shadows love master-pieces. They hang upon them, they make for them adornment. I find only among the Gothics and with Rembrandt such orchestras of shadows. They surround beauty with mystery; they pour peace over us."

Suffering alone can lead souls into

they pour peace over us."

Suffering alone can lead souls into the high majesty of living.

No man could have amassed enough treasures of feeling and of divine humanity to become master of the world, except "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

From the Kansas City Star

From the Kansas City Star.

The debate between Henry J. Allen and Charles F. Scott at Yates Center yesterday was the first of the series to be held in Kansas during the summer.

The report of the debate in the Star of this morning shows that the fear of the republican leaders as to its effect upon Kansas was not altogether groundless. With Mr. Scott contending that there is no place in the grand old party for the progressives, and Mr. Allen presenting the reason why no progressive should be classed as a republican, the debates are certain to increase the discomfort of the old party leaders during the hot summer months.

years ago.

Mr. Carson sorrowfully informed the creditors that he had searched safety deposit boxes and the only thing he could find was worthless paper.

An inventory shows that Wagner robbed the estate of Esther W. Schmucker, an aunt, of \$16,665 in personal property and \$11,150 in real estate. This became known when the aged aunt bravely made the announcement that anything she possessed was at the disposal of her nephew to assist him in straightening out his difficulties. But the decates themselves will be a real source of pleasure to the people of Kansas. Two of its very ablest young men are contending for their political principles in these debates, and the big crowd that heard them yesterday is evi-dence of the fact that they will be the topic of chief interest in Kansas this summer.

Japanese and the Philippines.

In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly appears an interesting article by Victor Rousseau, in which this author takes the view that Japan must soon acquire the Philippines or starve. He goes on to show that the Philippines are in the direct path of Japan's southern expansion, and that they are the only territory in which Japan can adequately settle its surplus people. These islands have an area slightly larger than Japan, and a population of fewer than Japan, and a population of fewer than S.000.000. This article concludes with the following paragraph: "A Philippine republic is an unrealizable aspiration, nor could it survive; nor could we carry out our guarantee of protec-In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly wo warrants are enough.

In the list of creditors names of vidows predominate. Eight estates, under his charge show a loss of \$360,-00, and in almost every case the benediciaries of the estate are left homerope, another in a sanatorium.

Mrs. Henrietta Wertz, 80, who loses about \$83,000 through his peculations, lived with her two daughters on the interest of the money supposed to be safe with Wagner.

"After my husband died," she said, "and it seemed as if on a rock." "After my husband died," she said, "and it seemed as if an angel had been sent me in my affliction."

All the other women seem to have felt the same way about Wagner. He was 55, suave, kindly and always interested. He never drank, gambled with cards, or amoked.

But the record he left behind shows he was a stock gambler of the heaviest kind, and had been from the age of 32, when he took his first flyer into the market. He robbed Peter to pay Paul—took from one estate to keep up payments on another.

His books show he saw his doom approaching. He kept up his speculation piration, nor could it survive; nor could we carry out our guarantee of protection. To set up one would be to invite reoccupation within a term of years. But to approach Japan, offering her the protectorate over the islands, would convert an inevitable enemy into a friend and ally whose assistance would be of incalculable value in the development of our Chinese trade, the recognition of our title to the Hawaiian islands, and our security upon our western shores."

Mrs. Twickembury.

His books show he saw his doom approaching. He kept up his speculation until the last. In the last few years, when he saw the financial flood getting deeper and deeper, he told the persons of whose estates he had charge that investments were had, that the interest ing but a parricide."

From the Christian Register.

"Mr. Green's youngest son," said Mrs. Twickembury, "hasn't done a stroke of work for six months. Just living on his father! I'm afraid he going to be nothing but a parricide."



went to Paris this afternoon, but I expected him to return tonight."

"Monsieur, what I have said is true, for I had it from the lips of Monsieur de Sartines himself."

The baroness tried to imagine the

The baroness had used her appeal for

"Monsieur, I will be frank with you.
That motive was—myself."
"A more charming motive, but one
which I can not, yet fully understand—"

"I had more truly said self-and more truly, selfish. Surely, monsieur, that

man in France, perplexed by an adven-

"Adventuress!"
"There, again!" cried the baroness, opening the door as if to escape. "Another confession! Oh, monsieur, let me go, for if we remain longer together this interview will be destructive to both our self-respects."

De Richelleu took her firmly by the hand closed the door and led her back

hand, closed the door and led her back to her chair.
"Extraordinary and charming wom

an," said the old warrior as she let herself be led like a child. "You are not now talking to Monsieur de Rich-elieu, but to the marechal of France,

who is at your commands, and who

"I obey the conqueror of Mahon."

"Then madame, as a good soldier, I command you to speak. Why did you come to me tonight?"

"I ought to say, I do not choose to remember. I would rather forget. Monsieur, I have changed my mind. When I came to you tonight I came on account of poor Monsieur de Lussac, but I admit I had the thought of packing for a favor for myself at the

asking for a favor for myesif at the all but royal hands of Monsieur le Duc de Richelieu. Well, monsieur, when it comes to the point, my cour-

age is not there to meet me. And I say to myself, "Why should I ask a favor of one who scarcely knows me?"

Monsieur, spare my feelings."

"Madame, spare mine. I burn to be of service to you. Speak."

"Well, then, monsieur," said she, as

though suddenly making up her mind, "I would ask your help."

"Against whom?"
"Monsieur, I am beset by cats."

"Madame d'Harlancourt hates me."

"Madame de Stenlis insulted me

'Monsieur, I have forgotten."

"Forgotten!"

conment for life.

ever escaping.

Synopsis. de Sartines himself."

The marechal took another pinch of snuff. The news did not altogether displease him nor did it altogether astonish him. The king had given him very direct hints as to the political health of his kinsman; there was no disgrace in imprisonment under a lettre decachet, and he felt that a course of severe treatment was just the medicine required to bring his cousin from philosophy to reason. Profoundly selfish, he had no pity at all for the personal feelings of the captive on the matter.

Synopsis.

"THE MINISTER OF POLICE," by Henry Mountjoy, is a romance of Parls during the Louis XV reign, a period when Europe was in a condition of foment and unrest; when Voitaire was breaking to pleces the shackles of religion: when Rousseau at the Cafe de Regenance was preaching the right to think; and when a thousand men, some in the gutter, some near the throne, were preparing the great explosion of the revolution.

Madame Linden, an Austrian lady, after completing a simple mission to the French country, lingers on in Parls, enjoying the gay life there. De Sartines, the minister of police, thinks she has some other motive than pleasure in delaying her departure and surrounds her with sples to discover, if possible, whether she is dabbling in state plots.

De Lussac is a noble of exceptional character of that period. Handsome, with all the elegance of a man of the court, there is still about him something that stamps him as a man apart, something of the visionary, the enthusiast and the poet, are in that age of animal lust, chilling wit and embroidered brutality. He is, in fact, steeped in the philosophy of Rousseau and is trying to put this philosophy into practice through his connection with a secret society that is plotting the downfall of the state. Before he has gone far anough to incriminate himself he falls in love with the beautiful Austrian, who persuades him his method of righting the wrongs of humanity is impracticable, and ends by promising to go to Vienna with the to live.

As he leaves her house a fellow conspirator, his chief, joins him, says several of their members are arrested, and entrusts the secret articles of the association to him. He then explains to De Lussac that their only hope is to intimidate the minister of police. This can be accomplished only by obtaining an incriminating contract signed by the minister of police, obtain the release of the members already imprisoned and be safe them-leves.

De Lussac goes home, buries the papers he has just received, writes Madame Lin-

already imprisoned and be safe themlelves.

De Lussac goes home, buries the papers
he has just received, writes Madame Linlen that he is attempting one last mission
for the society, and also writes an assoclate telling him where the papers may be
found in case of his death. Then he enters Richelieu's home and almost succeeds
in getting the document, but is surprised
and leaves it in a drawer which he has
unlocked. Before he can make another
attempt he is arrested and taken to the
Bastile but not before he has told Madame
Linden how nearly he succeeded in getding the document. She, realizing how
desperate her lover's position is, visits
Richelieu's home and succeeds where her
lover has failed.

CHAPTER IV (Continued).

A knock came to the door and the same servant who had brought the letter from the king entered.
"Monsieur," said the lackey, "a lady

to see you."
"A lady at this hour? What is her name?"
"Madame la Baronne Linden, mon-

"Mordieu!" said the marechal. "Tis late for a visit of this sort. Show her Raffe began to move toward the door.

"You are going?"
"Yes, monsieur, but I leave a piece of advice behind me. This is a woman to beware of." Even as he spoke the door reopened, and Madame Linden was shown in. As she entered Raffe

made his escape.

De Richelieu, who had risen, bowed to the baroness.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, madame."

madame."
"Not to me, monsieur," replied the baroness, taking the chair indicated by him, "since I have come from Paris with the express purpose of seeing

"I feel honored," replied the courtly old marechal; "deeply honored, charmed. And to what motive may I attribute so long a journey at such an hour?—for Paris is five leagues from The baroness laughted in almost an hysterical manner.

"Five! Why, monsieur, it seemed to me 50, alone, shut up in the darkness of my carriage, with no companion other than my own thoughts and the fear of bandits."

'Yes, yes; but the motive, dear lady. forced you to confront these The motive, monsieur, was to make

The motive, monsieur, was to make a confession and to ask a favor."

"And the confession? I will take that first," laughed monsieur le marechal sitting down in an easy chair close to her and producing his snuff box.

"Monsieur. I am in love."

De Richelieu opened the lid of his snuff box, laughing slightly as if a little joke had escaped from it.

"Then, madame," said he, "there is at least one man living who can say with truth, 'I am the happiest man in France!"

happy, he is the most miserable."

She watched his hands playing with
the snuff box; hands still beautiful despite wars and years, and white, almost, as the ruffles of Mechlin lace that

"The most miserable!" "Alas, yes, monsieur." "And his name, this extraordinary

"The Comte Armand de Lussac, mon-

She had no hope at all of immediate help from De Richelleu, yet, as she spoke the words, anxiety almost to suffocation seized her, for she knew that by the manner of the marechal when he heard De Lussac's name she would know whether he had opened the drawer and discovered that it had been tampered with.

tampered with.

De Richelieu, however, showed no sign at all of anger at the name, and she knew by his manner that all was still right. She could have laughed alound, so great was her relief. Hope, the water of the strong and the wine of the week, sent the blood coursing more rapidly through her veins, heightening the color of her cheek and the brightness of her eyes and lending the last touch of perfection to her beauty.

"Well, madaine," said the old warrier "Well, madaine." said the old warrier warming to her charms, "what will you have? You love a philosopher, that is to say, a creature who is miserable when other men are happy, and happy, when other men are miserable: who lives in a tub like Monsleur Diogenes when other men live in houses."

"Monsleur," replied she, "Monsleur de Lussac today, at the order of Monsleur de Sartines, has been selzed and imprisoned in the fortress of the bastile."

De Richelleu started and almost

De Richelleu started and almost dropped the snuff box with which he was still toying.

"Armand imprisoned in the bastile! Why, he is still my guest! We had dejeuner together today; it is true, he

"Monsieur de Joyeuse flung his mud

"But he is not a cat."
"No, monsieur, he is a cur."
De Richelieu laughed. "Well, madame, and how can I help you against these people?"

these people?"

"Oh, monsieur, you have only to raise your voice and all these creatures will fly. But wait! I said to myself, who is there in all France that I can ask for a word of friendliness? All the men of the court are men of the world who would not understand me. There is only one, the Duc de Richelieu, a great soldier, a courtier, and a man whose age places him above the futilities of the world."

De Richelieu made a little grimsce.

De Richelieu made a little grimace "I came here tonight and I found myself face to face with a man who, whatever his age may be, is not an old man, and—you see I am quite frank with you—I feared—"

"Oh, madame, why should you fear?" "Alas! Monsieur—an unprotected

De Richelieu drew his chair close to hers and took her hand.

"Madame," said he, "you have sought my protection. Why, then, should you fear your protector?"

"Why-I fear myself too. Now, you "Why—I fear myself too. Now, you see, I am making more confessions. Believe me, it were better I should go. The women of the court who attack me are better, perhaps, than the men who would defend me. I shall leave France. Monsieur, release my hand." "A moment."

"Ah, yes, a moment—that is what men always say when they can think of nothing better. Monsieur, the mo-ment has passed."

"Well, madame," said he, "now that I have heard your confession, I can guess your request. You wish me to intercede for this unfortunate philosopher. Well, you may rest assured that I will place the whole matter before the king. It will take a few days, no doubt. I do not know De Sartines' reason for this act. Armand I believe De Richelieu, instead of releasing her hand, slipped down on one knee beside her; the fire in the old mare-chal's blood had broken into flame, taking the captured hand in his left hand, his right arm slipped round her act. I do not know De Sartines' rea-son for this act. Armand, I believe, has been mixing himself up with those confounded philosophers, but he is a gentleman, and I am sure has done nothing of a nature that will preclude me from pressing his claims before the king."

"Monsieur," said she, drawing slightly away, "that is encroachment "No, madame, it is the smallest waist in the world."

"Monsieur, if I were a designing woman I might, now, turn you round my finger. Oh, how weak are men!"
"Yes, madame, men are weak, always, before loveliness."

'Then, monsieur, be strong.' "I am; at the moment, perhaps, I am the strongest man in France." "Then have pity on the weakest wo-

The baroness tried to imagine the marechal's face had he known that here, but a few hours ago, De Lussac had tried to rob him of a document involving the honor of the king. She knew that all hope of help from De Richelieu was vain; days must elapse in the most favorable circumstances before the young man could be freed, and during those days the marechal would most certainly discover that some one had been to his drawer, found the secret panel, and attempt to abstract the document. His keen mind would at once know who the culpit was, and De Lussac's fate would be imprisonment for life. man." "I am all pity for weakness; though I hold you like this, it is only to symbolize that protection which is at your service. You say you have wom-en enemies who are pressing you

De Richelieu, for his own sake, would be compelled to act in the matter in such a way that there would be no chance of the scandal against the king

De Lussac only as the opening gambit in the desperate and dangerous game for his life which was now beginning.

for his life which was now beginning.

"Thank you, monsieur," said she. "I knew that in appealing to you I should not be wrong." Then, seeming to dismiss De Lussac from her mind, "but monsieur, I had another motive for my journey tonight—" she paused.

"Yes, madame?"

"Yes, madame."

en enemies who are pressing you hard—"

"No, monsieur, it is you who are pressing me hard and when hard pressed, a woman cries out. Monsieur, I am about to cry out."

"A truce, then," cried De Richelieu, releasing her and rising to his feet. The baroness also rose up.

"The conqueror of Mahon calling for a truce! Monsieur, you are defeated!"

"I acknowledge it."

"I have wound you round my finger."

"Then, cherie, wind me round again," cried Richelieu, laughing, half piqued fire in his eye, and advancing victoriously upon her.

This was the real attack, and Madame Linden, with a little scream, such as women give when they see a mouse, outstretched her hands and held him off. Struggling with him, half laughing, panting, she suddenly drew back.

"Monsieur." said she in a low voice.

"I had more truly said self—and more truly, selfsh. Surely, monsieur, that is a motive that any politician can understand? You see I am frank."

"I hear you say so, madame, and you alarm me."

"In what way?"

"Why, madame," daughted De Riche. He way, why, madame," daughted De Riche. He was to me." replied the baroness with a little grimace, "that I am the first human being to whom Monsieur le Marechal Duc de Richelleu has admitted the fact that he is capable of being frightened." She rose to her feet, "Monsieur, I will go, for at this rate we shall soon have no secrets to hide from one another. You are dangerous to me, I am dangerous to move I am dangerous to move I am dangerous to you." She moved toward the door.

"Stay, madame," cried De Richelieu, perplexed and fascinated, feeling that there was something more personal to mim in the visit of the charming creating in the cause of De Lussac. "One moment." He had risen with her.

"For what?" asked she, pausing.

"For what?" asked she, pausing.

"For what?" Petite mysterieuse! For what did you come these five leagues?

"Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some one at the "Monsieur," said she in a low voor.

"Monsieur," said she in a low voice, "a moment—there is some

"Monsieur," cried she in an even voice, as she unfolded and glanced at the document. "Before I let you in I must dictate terms." He had risen with her.

"For what?" asked she, pausing.

"For what? Petite mysterieuse! For what did you come these five leagues? Why did you face the darkness, the fear of bandits?"

"Ma fol," replied she, her hand upon the door handle. "It seems to me I came to confess that I was selfish, to make you confess that you were capable of fear, and all in the first few minutes of our interview. Heavens! Monsieur, as I said a few moments ago, If our interview were to last an hour. "Anything," replied the voice of the

duc. "Only open. duc. "Only open."

She saw De Sartines' signature, folded the document and gently closed the drawer. All the time she was speaking to him in that wonderful level voice that told nothing of her emotions or her triumph,

"Well, monsieur, my terms are simple. You must promise me solemnly not to molest me."

simple. You must not to molest me.

Monsieur, as I said a few moments ago, if our interview were to last an hour, at this rate, we should have nothing to hide one from the other."

"You perplex me," said the marechal, now completely fascinated but not knowing how to take her.

She laughed. "There you are again, monsieur! More admissions of weakness. Monsieur de Richelieu, who reads women as other men read books. "Yes, yes, I promise."
"Not to touch me." As she advanced toward the door she was putting the document in her pocket.

"On my word." reads women as other men read books, Monsieur de Richelieu, the most astute

"Well, then monsieur, I will open." She opened the door. (Continued next week.)

Amending the Erdman Act.

Amending the Erdman Act.

From the Washington Star.

Efforts to amend the Erdman act in such a manner as to make it more surely operative in the prevention of strikes through arbitration promise immediate success under the stimulus of a desire to prevent a new threatened railroad strike. This is to be accomplished by enlarging the number of arbitrators and the appointment of a mediator by the president, independent of all government bureaus. But this amendment does not reach the vital point of the situation. There is no provision which makes submission to arbitration on the part of two sides to a labor controversy compulsory. The objection to the Erdman act as it stands is that the number of arbitrators is not enough to decide the complicated issues involved in a railroad dispute. The amendment will increase the number to six, with the mediator serving as the seventh member. It will still be possible for either the railroads or the operatives in a dispute to object to submission of a case to arbitration, on the ground of the number of arbitrators or any other ground they may wish to advance. Thus the public welfare is made dependent upon the willingness of one side or the other to go to the arbitration court. Strikes are still possible. Strikes should be made impossible by providing for the assured reference of such disputes as affect the carrying of the people and their goods of necessity to a final tribunal for determination.

His Business. From Lippincott's.
"You insist that the officer arrested

"You insist that the officer arrested you while you were quietly attending to your own business?"

"Yes, your honor. He caught me suddenly by the collar, and threatened to strike me with his club unless I accompanied him to the station house."

"You say you were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or commotion of any kind?"

"Yes, your honor."

"What is your business?"

"I'm a burglar."

## CROP CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA

ARE THE MOST PROMISING FOR MANY YEARS.

The deepest interest is attached to the condition of the grain crops in Western Canada, especially among the thousands in the United States who are financially interested in lands in that country. This interest is fully as great among those who have friends there following farming and the growing of grain.

The reports from Canadian government officials convey the information that the area under crop this year in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will probably be no greater than that of last year. Last fall the weather was such that there was not as much fall plowing as had been hoped for. The getting ready of land this spring made a considerable portion of the grain late in seeding. Notwithstanding this, wheat, oats, barley and flax were got in in good shape, although from a week to ten days later than last year. On the 27th of June the reports regarding crop conditions generally in Western Canada were: "Abundant sunshine with timely and copious rain through out Western Canada gives every assurance of generous harvest. Climatic conditions in recent weeks have been absolutely ideal. Western correspondents agree in predicting every indication of a bumper crop under favor able conditions. Wheat should be headed out in Manitoba between July 10th and 12th, and in Saskatchewan and Alberta from 15th to 17th. The pat crop is looking well, although late and rather short in straw."

This is followed by a report July 5th: "Crop conditions continue in same satisfactory condition as last week. Plenteous rains have fallen all over prairie provinces, followed by general warm and spletchid growing weather. Experts agree sufficient moisture for many weeks, while crop s ten to fifteen days late, prospects are extremely favorable and condidonal upon reasonable weather for next four weeks. Splendid western prop is assured."

There is, therefore, the best reason to anticipate most magnificent crops throughout Western Canada in 1913 .-Advertisement

How to See Through Paper. A very remarkable experiment

which any one can repeat with very little trouble has been unearthed by a German. Take a piece of paper of such thickness that, when it is laid apon a piece of printed matter, the tharacters just show through, but cantot be read. Placing it over a printed sheet, impart to it a circular motion to and fro, and to your surprise you will find that now you can read the print below the paper.

It is rather difficult to explain this peculiar effect. The explanation ofered is that the paper has thin places in it, and by rapidly moving it over the print, every part of the printed matter is exposed in turn underneath one or the other of the thin places in the paper, and thus the entire print can be read. However that may be, the experiment is interesting and very simple, requiring for its performance only the simplest means imaginable.

In the Making of Mirrors.

A chemical action of the ultraviotet rays, applicable to the making of mirrors, was recently demonstrated at the French Academy of Sciences. This action consists in decomposing gaseous metallic compounds and precipitating the metal in finely divided particles on glass to form a reflecting surface. By this method it is possible to produce mirrors backed by a rereflecting layers of zinc, antimony and other nonprecious metals. It is said that the result compares favorably with the silvered mirror.-Popular Mechanics.

Real Diplomacy.

In the silk department a woman was in great agitation. She had bought a 35-cent remnant, found she couldn't use it and wanted it taken back. She was in fear and trembling, and ready to get much excited if they wouldn't But they did. "You wonder why we exchanged that?" asked the buyer. True, we may not be able to sell it again, for she's had it a week, but if we didn't she might never come in the store again. Some are so easily offended. Didn't you see how pleased she was? She might give us a big order now. Yes, women are queer. Some day I'm going to write a book about 'em."

Warm Enough?

While coaching a class of children for a little play, the teacher told the boys that in the third act they would have to wear their heavy overcoats, as that would be the snow scene. After a short silence a little fellow about seven years old raised his hand and "Teacher, father can't finish my overcoat in time because he works late: but will it be all right if I wear my heavy underwear?"

Day of Salling Ship Ended, Apparently, the foreign type sailing ship has practically disappeared for good from international trade in the Pacific ocean. The Hong Kong harbor statistics for 1912 return just one sailing ship entered for that yearthe sole survivor of the great clipper ship trade of half a century and more ago. This lone ship, the large four-master Comet of the Standard Oil company, was the last of a considerable fleet employed in the oil trade between the east coast of the

United States and Hong Kong.