

Convict Labor Is Free Labor And Should Be Compensated

Temporarily Depriving a Man of His Freedom Should Not Make Him a Serf—Payment of Prison Labor Has Splendid Effect on Convicts.

By Peter Cotton, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

Payment of prisoners for labor performed is coming to be accepted as proper by most states. Iowa has not adopted the plan as it relates to all prisoners in penal institutions, but it has for many years, in one way or another, provided some of the penal inmates with opportunities for making money. The question of payment to all prisoners has at various times been discussed by criminologists and prison wardens. The principles involved are clear, but so many difficulties were encountered, and so many formidable objections raised to the plan, few have ventured to hope for its rapid progress.

The officials of the Iowa penitentiary are, however, strongly in favor of it, and with respect to a great deal of the outside state work which has been done, Warden Sanders has paid large sums of money as proportionate earnings of inmate labor. In the general case of this "pay" has been diversified and unmistakable benefit to others than the inmate. In addition to it, a short time ago a number of men on contract work were earning from \$10 to \$30 a month for their time. At present the only remaining contract pays 10 cents a day and "over-time," and all of the outside prison labor for which the prison receives pay is divided with the men. The result has been more than satisfactory.

With this experience as a guide, the "pay principle" seems to be a good one. Payment to prisoners means less punishment and much relief to both public and private charity. Moreover, it is an incentive to good habits, to reclamation, and to a return by many erring men to paths of rectitude and industry. Under puritanical systems, families and friends are often punished more severely than offenders, and such systems have led to the most deplorable poverty, despair, and crime on the part of innocent sufferers who might otherwise have retained honesty and respect.

Here are two cases:
A young husband was sent to prison for a crime which clearly demanded punishment. He left behind him a young wife and a baby. Neither knew of his crime until exposure came. The wife was not able to cope with the world, her child demanded the care of a mother, and both had to live. The light, contemptuous scorn the public generally gives to convicted men, reflected its influence upon her. Men were not as respectful as they would otherwise have been. Poverty came in at the door. It was followed by despair. Then came the deadening sense of isolation in a world teeming with prosperity and ringing its well worn call of humanity. And she was a thing apart because of another's sin. Prostrated with grief, sunken in shame, torn by the pinched face and the pleading eyes of an innocent babe, every part of her being yielded to the will of others—to proffers of assistance thinly veiling a terrible picture. Shortly afterward the husband was sued for divorce upon statutory grounds. The wife drifted with the Magdalenes. The baby died. A family was disrupted. A death ensued. And he who was once sunken in abyssal shame and a man clouded with an unforgetable past, was told to go and sin no more. He had worked years for the state without earning a dollar.

Nor did the other case receive pay from the state. But, fortunately, he was given opportunities. He was given a chance. Serving a sentence of life for the crime of murder, he came into prison a young man with two small boys dependent upon him.

CHASING AUTO THIEVES REQUIRES MUCH SKILL

Crooks Change Numbers on Cars, Remove Name Plates and Defy Owner to Identify.

Since the morning when Fagan taught Oliver Twist to pick pockets and the nights when the James boys terrorized Missouri, the crooks have found new field for their activities, a field where the "graft is rich" and the chances for a "clean getaway" better than good. There has developed a new class of criminals. Their "kit" is simple, consisting of a license, a set of spitch keys, a pair of nippers and a set of metal stamps. The victims are the motor car owners.

The stealing of motor cars has developed into almost a science. The police have reported gangs working systematically in every large city. Thousands of cars have disappeared in various cities during the last year, most of which have left nothing but a scent too indistinct to trace.

Clever crooks they are, too. One young man who has improved himself and might be termed "highly successful" by his business associates, decided this last summer to cast aside the old time methods of relieving persons of their valuables and take to stealing motor cars. There was only one drawback. He didn't know how to drive a car. The automobile columns of a newspaper solved his problem. He found a German who had advertised a Ford for sale and he asked the man for a demonstration. During the ride the crook confessed that he didn't know how to drive a car and asked to be taught.

He Returned For Car.

The demonstration over, the crook said he thought he would take the car and would return for it in the morning. He did return, but not with the car. A man expected, shortly after midnight in fact, picked the padlock on the garage, cranked the car and rode away. "Red" James became a very "successful" motor car thief until caught in Chicago three months after his lesson on driving a car.

An experienced motor car thief would never have made James' mistake. A "talented" crook would have worked 15 minutes on the car with file and stamps to cover up his work. He would have changed the number of the engine by filing off the old one and substituting a new one. He would have removed the factory plate and mutilated the body number. He'd even cut off the numbers on the tires. Because there are so many thousands of cars of the same make on the street today the identity of the stolen machine is practically lost by the changing of the brands.

Cheap Cars Stolen.

Four out of every five machines stolen are the cheaper "no-no's." They are more difficult to recover than any other make because they all look alike and are hard to identify. The change-

ing of the factory numbers on the car makes it sometimes impossible for a man to identify his own car, and cases have been known where four persons claimed the same car.

The cheaper cars are more easily disposed of. Since the purchaser of a stolen car is not as suspicious of a crook license as of a stolen car, he will pay as of the thief who asks the same price for a Packard or Marmon. According to the police, recovering stolen cheap machines that have been tampered with is hard enough, but discovering the rightful owner is harder.

It is not difficult to steal a motor car. A smooth thief can invent a hard luck story feasible enough to fool the most scrupulous second hand dealer or garage keeper. And proving that such a buyer is a receiver of stolen property is often impossible. There are also "fences" where stolen cars are disposed of. There is said to be one dealer in an eastern city who keeps on hand a stock of delivery bodies which he puts on chassis purchased from thieves, junking the passenger bodies. Many of the reports of "fences" prove to be myths upon investigation, however.

Movies and Eye Strain.

Letter to New York Times.

The enormous increase in the number of glasses being worn and in the number of eyesight examinations is probably attributable more directly to the moving picture shows than to any other cause.

The constant flicker taxes the focusing muscles (ciliary); the marvelous photographic plate (retina) in the back of the eye has to telegraph messages to the brain and the brain has to telegraph back, but by no means least, is the effect of the white glare of the screen. As the optometrist well knows, this light is especially bright in the ultra-violet rays, which are the most active and intense and consequently most irritating.

Every person who frequents the movies should wear spectacles, preferably a pair of large amber lenses, preferably in spectacles. I prefer an amber tint, as it filters the light better than smoked or blue. As this suggestion will not be followed by every one, I hereby suggest that the movies be shown in yellow only where they are shown before. A law to this effect should be enacted.

A Deserved Tribute.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

The tribute paid to H. W. Thornton at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Great Eastern railway in London was not only a compliment to Mr. Thornton, but to the American school of railroad management. He was well trained, and to the Long Island road upon which he secured a good deal of his experience. There was the usual outcry about the "talented" crook would have worked 15 minutes on the car with file and stamps to cover up his work. He would have changed the number of the engine by filing off the old one and substituting a new one. He would have removed the factory plate and mutilated the body number. He'd even cut off the numbers on the tires. Because there are so many thousands of cars of the same make on the street today the identity of the stolen machine is practically lost by the changing of the brands.

Put On the Waiting List.

From the Kansas City Star.

Congressman—Want a job, eh? What can you do?

Constitution—Nothing.

Congressman—Sorry, but those high salaries jobs are all taken long ago. You must wait for a vacancy.

MOTOR CAR GREATEST WEAPON IN BIG WAR

Without It, There Is No Telling How Problems Would Be Handled.

(From Scribner's).

"This is not a war of men. It is a war of machines." Such was the dictum of a distinguished officer when the great European war had been eight weeks in progress and it had become evident that the quick firer and the machine gun were the most potent weapons of offense on either side.

But the war is also one of "machines" in a totally different sense; and whereas quick firers and Maxims, though more liberally employed than in any previous campaign, are new things of themselves—the feature which is new and paramount alike is the use of the "petrol" motor in its every shape and form. In England, as soon as the British expeditionary force, with an immense motoring equipment, had been safely transported across the channel, the war office placed orders with 14 different firms for the whole of their motor lorry output for the next 15 weeks! In other words, new vehicles of this type have been issued from the factories and shipped to the front at the rate of 100 a week.

Food Supply Carried by Motor.

The supplying of ammunition and food supply, without which no army can live, is the vital question. Imagination reels at the prospect of what would have happened to the opposing armies, operating in millions over such extended fronts, if they had not been able to cope upon mechanical locomotion from the very opening of the campaign. It was this factor which enabled the Germans to make so rapid an onslaught through Belgium and France until they received their historic check at the battle of the Marne. It was this factor which enabled the allied forces to sustain the rigors of the initial retreat from Mons. The British equipment was magnificent. In addition to its own normal supply of four-ton lorries, a special war office type, it had at its disposal large numbers of five-ton and three-ton vehicles.

A Utility Car is the Motor Bus.

Most conspicuous of all, however, has been the part played by the motor bus. Several thousand employees of the London General Omnibus company alone are serving at the front, and great is the variety of ways in which the business themselves have been employed, whether in the original form or converted into motor wagons. They have carried our troops, now ammunition, now food and even wounded men, while in the bombardment of Antwerp they were instrumental in aiding the retreat. As for the French army, it has used large numbers of single-deckers recruited from the Paris streets.

Bravery of Drivers.

No less striking than the inestimable services rendered by these essentially unwarlike vehicles is the way in which it has been proved that civilian drivers, with no military training, can meet themselves to the sternest exigencies of battle. They do not receive mention in the dispatches, but private letters from the front afford innumerable evidences of the highest bravery. One British soldier, for example, testifies to the fact that food is regularly driven right into the firing line of the original form or converted into motor wagons. They have carried our troops, now ammunition, now food and even wounded men, while in the bombardment of Antwerp they were instrumental in aiding the retreat. As for the French army, it has used large numbers of single-deckers recruited from the Paris streets.

The German officer retired and the British officer stood up, faced the long line of vans and called on the drivers to make a dash for it. Every one of them, only a short time before, had been driving a motor bus on the London streets, but without a moment's hesitation they answered to the call and went straight through the Germans, who were scattered all over the left, and only succeeded in capturing the last wagon in the line.

A type of machine of which the use is confined to the German army is the motor plow, designed for trench cutting. These mechanical plows are fitted with engines of no less than 200-horse power. They are capable of cutting a trench four feet wide by four feet deep and can even be used for the gruesome purpose of burying the dead. The German military motor cars are also specially equipped with wire cutters, consisting of a frame work of light steel which protects the lamps and extends over the heads of the occupants themselves. If wires are stretched across the road at night, the plow will cut them and otherwise decapitate the driver; they are kept up by the apparatus in question and severed by a cutting edge.

What with automobiles of every shape on terra firma, and aeroplanes hovering constantly in the empyrean, the war has been revolutionized at every point. Even the great European conflict may seem to be resolving itself all too slowly; but, without the motor, no one, in the face of these teeming millions, could have dared to antedate the finish.

Court Without Lawyers.

From the Kansas City Star.

As to that Chicago "court without lawyers" the lawyers will tell you that it violates severely and collectively the following things: Magna Charter, the Bill of Rights, the Federal Constitution, the Illinois Constitution, the Chicago city charter, the United States Constitution, the law higher than the Constitution, the "12 tablets," the Decalogue and the law of Nature and of Nature's God.

Mizpah.

Go thou thy way and I go mine.
A part, yet not afar.
Only a thin veil hangs between
The paths we travel where we are,
And God keep watch 'tween thee and me.
This is my prayer;
He looketh thy way, He looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way home will be;
If mine will lead through marching sands
And thine beside the sea;
Yet God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,
So never fear;
He holdeth thy hand, He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face,
But since this may not be,
I'll leave thee to the care of Him,
Who cares for thee and me.
"Keep you both beneath my wings,"
This comforts dear,
One wing'er thee, and one o'er me,
So are we near.

LIFE MEANS NAUGHT TO JESSE POMEROY

Mother of Charlestown's Famous Prisoner Dies After Sorrowful Life.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Recently there died at North Weymouth, Mass., a broken old woman. She was Mrs. Ruth A. Pomeroy, mother of Jesse Pomeroy, the famous prisoner of Charlestown. She was 74 years old. The last 40 years of her life had been devoted almost exclusively to endeavoring to obtain either a pardon or a mitigation of sentence for her son.

It was in 1874 that Jesse Pomeroy, then 14 years old, was sentenced to a life term of imprisonment. Until last year the sentence was literally and rigorously carried out. For 40 years Pomeroy has lived in solitude. Perhaps his brain was not just right from the start. Whether it was or not, one can only wonder that the perpetual prisoner has not long ago become a maniac.

Last year, the last year of her life, Mrs. Pomeroy prevailed upon Governor Walsh to modify Jesse's punishment very slightly. The solitary prisoner was given the privilege of attending the prison religious services on Sundays. This was the last fruit of the mother's 40 years of patient, ceaseless endeavor.

Mrs. Pomeroy was 20 years old when Jesse was born. She was 34 when he was sent to prison. From that time on her life was one oppressive sorrow. Year after year she strove, till even hope must at last have vanished, to secure a sentence on a 14-year-old boy, no matter what his crime; and the wonder is that Massachusetts has not long ago mitigated the cruelty of the punishment both on the son and the mother. Now it is too late to heal the broken heart of the mother. As for Pomeroy, he might as well remain in prison. A man of 54 who has not known the meaning of liberty since he was a child would be lost and useless in the outer world.

If life imprisonment always meant what it has meant in the case of Jesse Pomeroy there would be few to claim it as an easy means of escape from the hangman.

GASOLINE.

(By J. C. Burton, in Motor Age.)

Being a paraphrase of Rudyard Kipling's "Gunga Din" and inspired by the opening sentence of a dispatch from London, which said: "Tommy Atkins, swinging a musket instead of a swagger stick, has formed an alliance with the motor car and in impending battle will be fought by British troopers there will be frantic calls for Gunga Dins that carry gasoline tanks instead of water bags."

In the conflicts past and gone
War lords placed dependence on
The steel from which the bayonets were
eried,
And the trenches flowing red
Dum-dum bullets run of lead
Made a sickening feast on which the war
deaths gorged,
But in Europe's bloody hour
There's a new and mighty power,
In Napoleon times quite unforeseen,
Now a factor in the field,
Where Death claims its blighting yield,
'Ally of the blood-mad hordes is gasoline:

It is gas-o-line,
Made from rotting dinosaur gasoline;
Used by women to go shopping,
Also where carbines are popping,
High test, sixteen-cent a gallon gasoline.

When the dust-gray foe is massed
And the frontier line is passed,
You must get your matter'd troops there
double-quick!

You can shout till hell is cool
At the horse and patient mule,
But no animal on earth can turn the
erium!

There's a call for men from Lige
To withstand the racking siege,
Mothers kneel and pray to God to inter-
cede!

But the millions of grim Mars
Mobilize the motor cars
And the spirit that they praise is gaso-
line!

It is gas-o-line,
Lubricized when used for pleasure,
But when armies clash a treasure,
Taking men to fight and perish, gasoline.

For one hundred miles or more
Gaul and German splash through gore,
Madly coveting the crimson mark of
Cain;

Uhlans charge with frenzied shout
And the French are put to rout—
Panic sweeps along the banks of river
doles!

There's a call for supreme speed,
For a cool man there is need,
One to curse Pierre and rally feeling
Jenn,

And to march thirty miles a day,
He can ride and save the day,
If he quits his horse and takes to gaso-
line!

It is gas-o-line,
Though your odor's far from perfume,
Neither oaths nor orders heeding,
You are called to stop the riot, gasoline.

'Mid the din of clanging steel
Scores of German heroes reel,
By tomorrow widows' tears will flood
the Rhine;

And with a shower of shrapnel rain
By the silent heaps of slain
You can trace the course of Europe's
murder line!

There's a wounded trooper falls,
Curses—eyes—stumbles—crawls,
Racked by pain and crazed by horrors
he has seen,

But with agonizing breath
He shakes off the clutch of Death—
Quick! The stretcher, ambulance and gaso-
line!

It is gas-o-line,
English petrol or French essence, gaso-
line!

In the fighting you're a wonder,
But you're greater yet, by thunder!
Saving kids from being orphans, gasoline.

Baseball and Alcohol.

From the Springfield Republican.

Conde Mack, whose Athletics have won five American league pennants and three world's championships, is quoted by a magazine writer as saying that "alcohol inevitably slows a man down." And slowing down, he continues, is the reason for the shelving of by far the majority of players. "Who puts the player out of the game?" he goes on. "You should naturally suppose the umpire; yet all the umpires together haven't put as many players out of the game as Old Man Booze." He explains further, that it is not only excessive drinking that does harm, but that even the moderate use of alcohol will do for the professional player. It will take off from three to five years of his baseball life. The Athletics have no rules concerning their personal habits, but out of 25 players in the 1913 world's contest 15 had never taken a drink in their lives. When they were playing the Chicago Cubs, Mack said to them: "It would be bad enough to lose the championship without having a bundle of regrets to pester you. It's hard enough to lose to a man who beats you, but to beat yourself—say, that's the way to throw away a game after you have won it. Clean living and quick thinking; that's the stuff champions are made of."

FIKERS UNROMANTIC SAYS MISSOURI WOMAN

Descriptions of Lovely Hours Lolling in Luxury, Waited Upon By Sinuous Maids and Fanned By Dark Skinned Eunuchs Are Overdrawn By Romanticists.

Mrs. Margaret Linnich, in the National Geographic Magazine.

In Bagdad I went to an Arab harem and visited with the "harem," as the women are called. It was not an ordinary, illeked harem of a common trader or desert sheik that I saw. It was the ornate domestic establishment of a rich and influential person—a former government official and a man of prominence in the days of Abdul Hamid.

I went one Sunday morning in spring. The pasha's imposing home—a Moorish house of high walls, few windows, and a flat roof and parapets—stands near the Bab-ul-Mazraa in Bagdad. Scores of tall date palms grace the garden about the "Kasr"—palace. In a compound beside the palace park Arab horses stood hobbled, and a pack of desert hounds, called slugeys, used for coursing gazelle, leaped up at my approach.

The dignified old pasha himself escorted me through his domain. Clad in shining silk, turban, flowing abba, and red shoes with turned up toes, he looked as if he might have just emerged from the dressing room of some leading man in a modern musical comedy.

In the Harem of Fancy.

As we walked toward the doorway of the walled, windowless structure, wherein the women were imprisoned, my fancy rioted with visions of languorous eastern beauties in baggy bloomers and gilt slippers. I thought of all the insipid, maudlin rot sprung from the false pens of space writers whose paths never led to this mal-treated east. I thought of marble baths, wherein olive skinned beauties lolled, as in the toilet soap advertisements. I thought of precious perfumes and beaded mirrors 30 feet high, of priceless jewels blazing on beautiful breasts and of bronze eunuchs waving peacock fans, while sinuous serving maids gently brushed the soft tresses of some harem favorite; but these dreams did not last long.

Down to Matter of Fact.

The interior was a great square court, surrounded on three sides by small rooms—the individual rooms of the pasha's wives and women folk. On the tiled floor of the court was strewn a variegated lot of cheap Oriental rugs and passats. A few red plush covered chairs and divans completed the meager furnishings.

Scarcely were we within when my host called out, and women began pouring from the tiny rooms. Fourteen females, of various size, shape, hue and dress emerged—each from her own little room. I looked at their faces—and their clothes—and I knew suddenly that all my life I had been deceived. It came over me that an amazing amount of rubbish has been written

TELLS OF INCIDENT IN BERLIN THEATER

Germans Quickly Squelched Man Who Criticized Gerard—Food Aplenty, Says Pyne.

New York, (Special)—Details of the incident in a Berlin theater, when the American ambassador, Mr. Gerard, and a party of Americans were criticized because they were conversing in English, were described today by H. Rivington Pyne, private secretary to Ambassador Gerard, who reached here on the Lusitania. The theater party, Mr. Pyne said, was composed of the ambassador, Grant Smith, secretary of the American legation at Vienna; Mr. Pyne and another American.

"We were sitting in a box," Mr. Pyne said, talking in a low tone. An occupant of an adjoining box in a loud voice said, that inasmuch as Germany was at war with England, the English language was out of place in a German theater. He was expressing his objections loudly when a German sitting nearby rose to his feet and stopped him, saying: "Sit down; don't you see those gentlemen are Americans?"

"At the same time several men from other parts of the audience approached and the disturbance was escorted from the theater. Immediate apologies were offered by the theater attendants and German residents in the audience; and afterwards an official apology came from the Berlin city authorities."

Asked about the reported shortage of food supplies in Germany, Mr. Pyne said: "So far as I could see, when I left Berlin, no serious shortage was apparent. Prices for foodstuffs had not materially advanced, although there was a little white bread to be had. Theaters were running, restaurants were well patronized and Germans were confident that their armies will be successful."

Mr. Pyne expects to return to Berlin in a few weeks.

History—Or Romance?

From the Kansas City Star.

People who wish to discourage war should begin with the history writers. If half the historical untruths that have been written about the wars were expurgated from the books half the traditions that tend to glorify it would disappear with them.

The number of persons who could give any intelligent reason for calling Frederick II. of Prussia "the Great" probably is very small, but history has put him down by that designation as he is known by it as long as history is read; and just so long, too, will the name and all it implies tend to keep alive the illusion that war offers exceptional opportunities for a bright, pushing young man, who happens to be born a king, to come to the top.

If history were a little less prodigal in the matter of clapping these descriptions to unjust kings of a roving disposition and unconventional views respecting property, it might be less difficult to convince the world that war doesn't pay.

But history will have its little touches. It will have the Charles the Greats, its Fredericks and its Ales. It will have its epigrams, its anecdotes, its attitudes and its pictures, all going to make a shame of the small virtues of peace and exalting the great ones of war.

Napoleon makes his watchful round of the sentries at night (all great generals do that, leaving the small detail of planning the morning's battle to subordinates) finds one of them asleep, shoulders his musket for him and performs the neglected duty. Sleepy head wakes up, sees his general and lives bluffed out of him. Not if the historian knows himself and his business. Sleepy head gets a good Napoleonic epigram, a slap on the back and lives to meet death elsewhere, probably without an epigram to sweeten it. But where is the historian who has made it his business to tell the world of that

around the hidden life of harem women. And before I left that strange institution I felt that even Pierre Loti juggled lightly with the truth in his harem romance, "Disenchanted."

No Beauty to Western Eyes.

The women before me were not beautiful—at least they were not to be compared with any type of feminine face and figure commonly thought attractive by men in our western world. Two or three were exceptions; light of complexion, large eyed and not too fat, they resembled very much the Circassian maids—and possibly they were. Any one familiar with Turkey knows to what extent these girls—often very beautiful—have figured in the harem life, especially about the Bosphorus. Most of the women who stood before me in that Bagdad harem, however, were absolutely commonplace; some of them even stupid looking.

A few wore bright colored scarfs about their necks, with more or less jewelry on their wrists and wrists. The popular item of dress seemed a shapeless sort of baggy "Mother Hubbard" like garment, worn over yellow trousers. Gilt or beaded slippers adorned the feet of the younger and better looking women. The older ones were barefooted. None of them seemed to have made much of an effort at hairdressing. Two or three wore their hair loose, hanging in tangled wisps about their faces.

However, the old pasha beamed with pride as he looked them over; and after all, he was pasha, and his eye was matted. He introduced me all around and bowed himself out, leaving me alone with the 14. Two girlish youngsters—in their early teens—he had told me were his daughters; but to this day I do not know which of the several wives shared their ownership with him.

A Mutual Surprise.

Hardly had the old pasha withdrawn when the women were up and about me. And such chattering, giggling, exclaiming, pulling and pushing as followed! It was a great day—a day long to be remembered—in that Bagdad harem. So far as the American girl in Bagdad when I, an American girl in street clothes, appeared among them. They crowded about, feeling my hands and face, getting down on their knees to admire my high heeled shoes, stroking the skirt of my blue tailored suit, and all the while their excited children with a new toy. My hatpins were a source of great wonder.

Think what a sensation would ensue in any American sitting room if an Arab woman in such a dress and eye-lashes dyed, her limbs tattooed, rings in her nose and anklets jangling, might suddenly appear—silk bloomers and all—in the midst of a crowd of Yankee women! Our own composure and self restraint might not be any greater than that showed by these Arab women at Bagdad when I, an American girl in street clothes, appeared among them. They crowded about, feeling my hands and face, getting down on their knees to admire my high heeled shoes, stroking the skirt of my blue tailored suit, and all the while their excited children with a new toy. My hatpins were a source of great wonder.

other act of magnanimity—the act of sleepy head's presiding over a historical painting while she shed the cabbage at home? Somebody ought to have gone and told her what the American men her husband and Napoleon were on that dramatic canvas and recorded her remarks.

Frederick has a deserter brought before him (historian had behind his chair with pencil out).
"Why did you desert?" demands the king.
"Alas, your majesty," replied the trembling wretch, "we are so few and the Austrians are so many that defeat is sure to come."
"Well, my son," says the king kindly, "try it one day more, and if things don't mend we'll both desert." (Applause from behind the chair.)

"Mighty fine and one would like to sob if it wasn't for a thing or two. Chiefly, that while this affecting scene is enacting Frederick's press gangs are snatching 12-year-old boys from their parents; they are trying to feed the small mouths their fathers left behind them when they were with their own country. It is an unwarranted part to label their bayoneting with their own contriving. It is all right for the world to have what it wants it, but it ought to understand it is war and not a copy book exercise.

This Takes "Some" Love.

From the Christian Herald.

I know a man not far from Sumson's country who loved a maiden outside his own people and district. When he went to see her he had to take other horsemen with him lest the young men of the maiden's tribe should resent his visits, according to the rude customs of the countryside, and play their tricks upon him and his father. When the day came to claim his bride the father and bridegroom were obliged, according to the custom, to surfeit the whole town with feasts of food, and camel loads of rice and native butter were consumed in the process. Then followed feats of physical strength in which the bridegroom and his friends were forced to prove their superiority before they could win the bride and carry her outside her native town.

An Enormous Log.

There is to be seen at Palmer park, Detroit, Mich., an enormous log, the inside of which is hollowed out and contains a chair and table, which were themselves carved from the log. It is large enough for a man to walk through, and the cage end of it was at one time used as a menagerie and contained a lion and tiger. One end of the log measures 8 feet 6 inches, the other 8 feet 3 inches, while the length is 35 feet.

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall go, and each a wondrous wreck, defying death
And all unconsciously share exceptional fate
And end each wandering step to this one end
That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way
So nearly side by side that should one
turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face
to face
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet
With groping hands that never clasp, and
lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

—Susan Marr Spalding.