

LOSS TO WORLD OF ART.

Keen Regret Felt at Death of Jean Leon Gerome.

Jean Leon Gerome, the French painter and sculptor, died at Paris Jan. 10, at the age of 53 years. His death was unexpected. The night before, he dined with a large party of friends, members of the institute. In the morning his valet found him dead in his bed. He had died as he slept, without a struggle to disarrange the drapery of his couch.

The first death of the new year in the world of art is that of Jean Leon Gerome. He passed away in old age, richly crowned with honors. He was a member of the institute, officer of the Legion of Honor, chevalier of the Order of the Red Eagle, and recipient of many medals of honor, among them one from the salon. He had been a great teacher and a noted professor at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He had given some attention to sculpture, but he is best known by his paintings, the list of which is extremely long. He was also famous as a designer and decorator. The subjects of his paintings are mostly either classical or oriental, and are both original and characteristic in treatment, as well as curious in the types introduced. He was an excellent draftsman and modeler, and a master of tone. He was weak in landscape work and did not often employ it, but in interiors and with



JEAN LEON GEROME

figures, especially of animals, he had few equals. Hamerton once said of him: "I would rather have a leash of greyhounds painted by Gerome than by any other painter living. I have seen beautiful studies by him of various other animals. He has a true understanding of animal life in its raw grace and delightful innocence." His death will prove a serious loss to the art world of Paris.

IS PLEASED WITH WASHINGTON.

Dr. Hale Satisfied With His Reception in the Capital.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the new scenic chaplain, expresses himself as vastly pleased with the welcome he has met everywhere in Washington. The doctor tells with glee of an incident in Boston at Christmas time. He had preached in his church and referred to three great anniversaries in the month of December. After the sermon a young reporter said: "Doctor, I can think of but two anniversaries in December—the landing of the pilgrims and the shortest day of the year. What was the third?" Dr. Hale answered: "If you think it of sufficient importance, young man, you might add Christmas day to the landing of the pilgrims and find a substitute for the other one you mentioned."

WHAT IS THE PERCENTAGE?

An Oklahoma territory reader of The Commoner writes: "Is it possible to ascertain approximately the percentage of native born American voters that goes to the republican party in a presidential year? A good democrat puts it at about one-third by counting the foreign and negro vote that usually goes to that party. Please give us what information you have upon the question." If any Commoner reader is able to supply this information, it will be accepted with thanks.

A LITTLE REMINDER.

The Milwaukee News persists in writing itself in a position to be denounced by the G. O. P. as a "traitor" and a "disturbing element." The News calls attention to the fact that when Wall street was solidly in favor of Mr. McKinley's election the republican organs did not froth at the mouth because of "plutocratic interference" nor denounce Wall street support as an "element of weakness." The News is not only sarcastic, but it is decidedly unkind to its republican friends.

The Sioux City Journal says that Iowa has more commissioners than she needs at the present rate of taxation. What has the esteemed Journal to say of the modern republican plan of referring disputed questions to commissions that make places for discredited politicians?

Mr. Root bows and declares that so long as people bark at Wood he will defend him. But what will Wood do when Root leaves, and carries his trunk back to New York?

This is campaign year, and democrats who are loyal to democratic principles should be reminding themselves to a realizing sense of the duty they owe to themselves, their party and their country.

Mr. Carnegie insists that England would give vast sums of money for not 7,000,000 of our negro citizens. General Alger opines that he is able to give England a tip on how to secure a large number at much less rate per head.

Doubtless John Bull could give Czar Nicholas some valuable pointers on this thing of going to war with a people who fight for the preservation of their country.

Crime is crime, whether perpetrated under the guise of "duty" or "destiny."

Among other precautions against panics in theaters and other public places, it might be well to invest something that will squelch the foot who vells "fire," and squelch him, too, before he has time to yell.

Mr. Hanna's friends are quietly insisting that the Roosevelt boom will yet have to seek the services of the incubator that is eating for that six-ounce Colorado baby.

"Are they much to each other?" "Indeed, yes! One has ambition, the other money."

Instructions on America. What is tantamount to the establishment of a chair to teach American questions exists in the College of France. Last year Prof. Loulet gave a course of lectures upon economic questions in America. This year the subject matter of his course will be religious questions in the United States.

Rear Admiral Casey Popular. Rear Admiral Casey, who has just been placed on the retired list of the navy, has seen forty-seven years of active service. He has ever been noted for his bluff exterior and imperious good nature and was a universal favorite with his subordinates.



LOST IN THE WOODS.

Commoner Comment.

LEGAL TENDER.

A Grand Rapids, Mich. reader writes: "Please give me a list of the money in circulation that is legal tender and that which is not."

A Pittsburg, Pa., reader writes: "Will you inform me if national bank notes are legal tender in case of payment of a mortgage when 'good and lawful money' is called for?"

"Good and lawful money" doubtless means legal tender money.

National bank notes are not legal tender. They are, however, redeemable in lawful money by the United States treasurer at Washington or at the bank office. This reader will find legal tender money described in the famous circular No. 123, issued by the United States treasury department. In this circular the status of each kind is set out as follows:

There are ten different kinds of money in circulation in the United States, namely, gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver, gold certificates, treasury notes issued under act of July 14, 1890, United States notes (also called greenbacks and legal tenders), national bank notes, and nickel and bronze coins. These forms of money are all available as circulation.

While they do not all possess the full legal tender quality, each kind has such attributes as to give it currency. The status of each kind is as follows:

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal or face value for all debts, public and private, when not below the standard weight and limit of tolerance prescribed by law; and when below such standard and limit of tolerance, it is legal tender in proportion to its weight."

"Standard silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal or face value in payment of all debts, public and private, without regard to the amount, except where otherwise stipulated in the contract."

"Subsidiary silver is legal tender for amounts not exceeding \$10 in any one payment."

Treasury notes of the act of July 14, 1890, are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

"United States notes are legal tender for all debts, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on public debt."

"Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank notes are not legal tender, but both classes of certificates are receivable for all public dues, while national bank notes are receivable for all public dues, except duties on imports, and may be paid out by the government for all salaries, and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, and associations within the United States, except interest on the public debt, and in redemption of the national currency. All national banks are required by law to receive the notes of other national banks at par."

"The minor coins of nickel and copper are legal tender to the extent of 25 cents."

The Washington Post advocates "sending the poor to the country." That's just what the protective tariff is doing for us. We get the poor sent to this country to compete with American workmen, and the manufacturers hold up the purchasers in the home market under the plea of protecting American workmen.

Mr. Hanna was re-elected senator on the 13th. By providing for all contingencies before electing the legislature (instead of afterwards), Mr. Hanna saved himself considerable annoyance and incidentally made it possible to save a run home from Washington, eventually.

A Pennsylvania carved a car out of a chunk of coal, surrounded it with the national flag, and presented it to President Roosevelt. Owing to the fact that the man did not make the flag, the gift was accepted with effusive thanks.

Sait Lake is said to be drying up, and doubtless Mr. Hanna wishes that a celebrated citizen of the metropolis close by that lake would do the same thing.

Iowa's state house is in ruins, but the fire was not set by any of the state officials working themselves up to a fever heat in the effort to curb the corporation.

King Cotton recently stepped back on his throne and remained long enough to recall how he used to feel in the good old days.

Softleigh—"Do you—aw—wealy believe that a woman can make a fool of any man?" Miss Cutting—"Yes, if nature don't get the start of her."

A PERVERTED XMAS PRESENT.

Business Instinct Highly Developed in Little Freddie.

It was Christmas Eve, Freddie was on his way home from the Sunday school, where he had been a regular attendant for several weeks. His annual conversion had been rewarded in a substantial way, for he had not only feasted upon the good things of this world, but he bore under his arm a beautiful blue and gold book that showed him how to get to the other world. He was well pleased, for ever and anon he would look at the book and fairly glow over it. As he passed the house of an old maid, whose life he had often made miserable, the old lady noticed how he regarded his Sunday school present and rejoiced exceedingly.

"I always said he wasn't a bad boy at heart," she remarked to herself. "Oh, if his father and mother could only see him this blessed moment as he thinks of the home above and resolves to live just as the little boys and girls in the book."

But listen, Freddie is also remarking to himself.

"This is a pretty good book, by gee! It must have stood the Sunday school people in about a dollar. Your ribs is in great luck. I must hurry around to the second-hand book store before it closes up. I ought to be able to trade a book like this for half a dozen dime novels at least."

PREY OF THE BIRDS.

All Forms of Insects Food of Feathered Songsters.

There is hardly a single group of insects which does not suffer from the appetite of one or more species of birds. The eggs and larvae are dug and pried out of their burrows in the wood by woodpeckers and creepers; those underground are scratched and clawed up to view by quail, partridges and many sparrows; warblers and vireos scan every leaf and twig. Flycatchers, like the cat family of mammals, lie in wait and surprise the insects on the wing, more particularly those flying near the ground, while swallows and martins glean a harvest from the host of high-flying insects. When we think of humming birds are taking delicate sips of honey from the flowers, they are in reality more often snatching minute spiders and flies from the deep cups of the calyxes. When night falls the insects, which have chosen that time as the safer to carry on the business of active life, are pounced on by crepuscular leathery bat; the cavernous mouths of whip-poor-wills engulf them as they rise from their hiding places, and the bristles of nighthawks brush at them into no less rapacious maws if, perchance, they have succeeded in reaching the upper air.—New York Post.

THE DEMON OF THE PIT.

A dim, voice-shedding house. A whirl of motes and dust. A little trail, a noise of feet. A score of faint alarms. And standing in the midst of it We see the Demon of the Pit!

A hundred faces, white and strained. Are peering to behold The man whose name throughout the land Is hailed the leader bold, brave, and And standing in the midst of it We see the Demon of the Pit!

Another seat! Another cent! A nodding, fearful sway. The King of yesterday goes down, Another ruler to-day. But now stand in the midst of it We see the Demon of the Pit!

A crash of wasted, blighted hopes. A pistol shot—a scream! Another life is yielded up To join the awful stream. And standing in the midst of it We see the Demon of the Pit!

A ruined mill, with crumbling walls. Ten thousand starving men. How long, O Lord! How long! they cry. Then cutten James again. And standing in the midst of it We see the Demon of the Pit!

Pat's Lesson in Golf. Pat had been helping the greens keeper construct several tees at the new golf links, and during the noon hour had been given a few lessons in driving. A day or two later he was telling his friend Casey about it.

"Faith, Casey," he said, "this game they call golf do be a funny game. You stick a little white ball an' a long stick wid a knob on the end av it, an' ye put the white ball on a little hape av sand. Thin the game is to haul av' an' knock the ball so far yer kin niver find it again."

"An' did yer hit the ball whin yer tried?" asked Casey.

"Did I?" said Pat. "Sure, the funny thing about golf, Shaure, the first time Ol hit it, Ol niver touched it!"

Sympathy Misplaced.

Edward L. Adams, representing the United States as consul general at Stockholm, Sweden, was for several years editor of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. While occupying that position he wrote an obituary notice of a neighbor's child, whose trousers had caught fire during a Fourth of July celebration, burning the little fellow so badly that he died in consequence. Mr. Adams ended his article with the statement that the sympathies of friends would go out to the bereaved parents. His shock the next day may possibly be imagined when the types made him say that "the sympathies of a large circle of friends will go out to the burned pants."—New York Times.

The Fond Parent's Pride.

A reporter was endeavoring to find out the particulars of an accident that had befallen a boy, and was asking the questions necessary in such cases of the father of the injured boy.

"Did the little fellow stand the operation well?" asked the reporter.

"Like a major—came through it all right."

"Did he have to take anything?" continued the reporter.

"Not a god darn thing but chloroform," was the proud reply of the admiring parent.

Took Eight Turkeys, Left \$200.

John Kridler, a farmer near Lebanon, Pa., discovered that his flock of eight turkeys had been stolen one night last week. Farmer Kridler, however, is not mourning, for the robber dropped a wallet containing ten twenty-dollar bills. It is supposed the thief obtained the money while ransacking some residence in the neighborhood.—Georgetown (Ky.) News.

When Betsy Hoskins Married.

When Betsy Hoskins married, Alas, alas, the time! For music and the merriment And every bit of pleasure The time she shared their years. The dark clouds never turned, But every one Came on the run To hide the sun. When Betsy Hoskins married, Alas, my life was up. And all the while of being Married bitter in the cup. The summer time grew winter, A grievous weight I carried. Along the way, By night and day, All black and gray. When Betsy Hoskins married, Alas! Sec? —William J. Lampton.



ROBERT GRALE, HERMIT

BY GEORGE TRENOR.

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They stood a rude and dingy hut leaning against the eaves of a knoll, and built of sticks and boards thrown up by the tide. A flaring light burned within, and gleamed through the crevices and the jagged hole that served the purpose of a window. A man disheveled, gray and decrepit, came out and carefully drew to the rickety door after him. He paused awhile in contemplation of the night, and listened to the mournful breathing of the surf. Then he climbed to the topmost point of the knoll and gazed long over the stretch of water to the distant harbor where shone the myriad lights of the city, and in musing, said:

"Ye're there, somewhere—I know yer must be—drinkin' an' rovelin' an' spendin' yer bit of money in a fool's paradise, while the neglected wife and wee one seek asylum of yer decrepit father."

Then he clenched his bony hands and muttered, while the night breeze played about his tattered raiment. He looked away along the ribbon of winding white beach and described an atom moving at the water's edge, growing larger as it advanced; and he watched it until taking the shape of a man, it bore around the foot of the knoll and disappeared beneath the overhanging crags. The water descended by the path he had come; passing the hut, he waited in the shadow until the man again appeared, then stepped out and blocked his way.

"What do you want here?" His tone was harsh and stern.

"The other hesitated.

"What have ye done with the wife and wee one?" he continued, harsh and stern as before.

"She left my bed and board and took the youngster with her."

"Because you neglected and ill-treated her, and because you will not work. She came to me yesterday in her trouble, not knowing elsewhere."

"It's a lie—I can get no work to do!" and the younger man tried to pass.

"The lie's your own!" rejoined the elder, ever hard and stern. "Not so fast!" and he gripped the other by the arm.

"She wants us out, she's ill, and wants rest and quiet, and she shall not be disturbed."

"I will see her—see what she means," and he thrust the elder man roughly aside. "You cannot harbor a man's wife. There's a law. Besides, you quarreled with your own wife—don't forget that," and again he made to pass.

Stung by the taunt, the elder man struck out a blow, and yet again. Then they grappled and struggled fiercely in the moon of the surf beneath the stars, until at last by a mighty effort the elder man flung off the younger and stood alone.

"I'm yet your master!" he cried, breathing sharp and heavily.

and sold them, and did any odd jobs he could, and heeded not the jibes of low-born wits.

The pure salt air revived the woman; she gained strength and courage, and went about trying to do little things in her housewifely way for the old man's comfort, while the child gathered dowers on the knoll, and romped and splashed in the surf, and laughed and grieved; and the old man laughed, too, in his somber way.

The summer waned and there came a day when the old man went not away to work. He lingered about the hut, or climbed the knoll along the winding beach; then silently retraced his steps and sat within the hut, while the wife and little one hung about the knoll, and often she, too, would pause and look along the stretch of sand.

At last she came, and she turned away her face and called the child, who answered laughing, and returned with spoils gleaned from the heather. Then they laughed, and the woman told him of the many pranks and witty sayings of the child, while she stifled the lights and shades that fled across his face. By and by the child touched the mother's hand:

"Tum! tet! dampa papa tum!" and urged again, until at last they turned and descended to the hut.

They found him laid upon the rude affair that had served him years for bed and couch, with his fingers clasped upon his breast and a saintly look upon his face; and "dampa" would not waken when the wee one called. Sore pressed and weeping, they drew the child away. Physicians came and looked, and said they knew not why death came not months before.

Then a fair, gray woman, fairer than many who were younger, came and looked, and gazed far off, and wept. So passed Robert Grale, the hermit.

Significant Name.

Rev. Dr. William T. McGivern, on the intelligent use of Scripture: "When I was a younger man I met a colored woman in Tennessee, who named her son 'Judas Iscariot,' and when I asked her why, she said: 'Dat's a Scripture name, massa. I reads in ma Bible dat it was good for der man he never been lawen. Well, me-an' ma old man had sixteen children 'fore Judas come, and we jes' called him Judas Iscariot.'"

Cure for Insomnia.

One of the best and simplest cures for insomnia is said to be the odor of raw onions. They should be crushed to a pulp in order to free all the juice. Smell this substance for ten minutes after retiring. It is said to quiet the most nervous person and relax the most overwrought nerves. It is hardly pleasant, but is said to be efficacious.

Farmers Pay Bondholders.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson says the farmers have paid the foreign bondholders.

"Ye're there, somewhere—I know ye must be—drinkin' an' rovelin'!" not high me, else perhaps no law may save you!" And he waited.

Then rose the groveller to his feet and turned to go.

"Stop!" The elder man's tone grew calmer. "Here, ye may see them, but do not waken them," and he turned and led the way into the hut and softly drew aside a rudely hung curtain where the mother and the child lay sweetly sleeping. Then they turned, passed out, and the younger man hung his head while the other spoke.

"Go away and make yourself right with God, and search, and when the chance comes, though small it be, take it and bide by it uncomplaining. The chance will grow, and God's bounty comes to those who first make them-