

SYNDICATING KINDLINESS.

Congress has declined to incorporate the hundred million dollar Rockefeller philanthropic trust, and perhaps it is just as well; not so much because the trust might in the dim future somehow menace the liberties of the people, as because the refusal is indirectly a blow at the tendency of the time to syndicate and organize all altruistic endeavor.

Philosophy is, as somebody has said, merely a more than usually determined effort to think clearly. Human nature seems to have been endowed with a restless curiosity about the great problems of existence.

The New York Telephone Company has given twenty of its office men outside work as solicitors, and has supplied the vacancies created in their former positions by engaging women, who will be known as cashiers.

A New York judge has decided that the car company must settle if a sleeping passenger's trousers are stolen from his berth at a station through a window.

Denver boasts that in its public schools girls over twelve years of age are taught cooking, sewing, laundry work, the care of children, respect for husbands, the wise management of incomes and some art by which they can earn a living.

The management of one of New York's largest vaudeville houses has decided to bar mother-in-law jokes and to prohibit "humor" which is based upon a man's ability to be untrue to his wife without permitting her to know it.

The sultan of Morocco has decided that since France has taken everything else he might as well move over to Paris and let France keep him, too.

That report of King George inventing a coal-saving cook stove was sprung just at the moment when it would make him most popular.

One Chicago woman has had her husband arrested because he did not kiss her. Almost any husband should feel proud of the compliment.

HOW AMERICANS VISIT PARIS



EIFFEL TOWER

An American city woman was sailing home from Paris. "Charlie," she said to a Parisian friend of the family, "I am quitting this Modern Babylon, this Cavern of Folly—"

After all, she said to him, because a whole series of very smart resorts base their existence on a previous Parisian desire to make a "study," to see something "different" and exclusive.

It began when someone discovered Alexandre Brant's little cabaret for laborers and masons, to whom rude but powerful song writers warbled their ballads of the "people."

Next it was the Cabaret of Janitors, the Quai-z-Arts, the Tavern of Assassins, Fursy's Shanty—to which the smart world still goes—and many another, all copied on the same model.

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witty and refined, would never be permitted on the stage of a large theater. The same may be said of the costumes. At one moment Regina might jump into the sea and scarcely wet her clothes.

At 7:30 p. m., in the late Paris spring, it is still daylight. The rich Americans, dressed in their evening clothes, begin to get uneasy.

There are a hundred Dancs, all in a hurry, bubbling with life and ardor, knowing everything and everyone. Many are young Frenchmen of best families. Many are English and Americans grown up in Paris.

At the instant Dan arrives, all ago, and upsets all arrangements. (This surprise and upsetting has its charm.) It's too fine a night to dine in-doors. Quick, telephone to the Ambassadeurs for a table! Great crowd there tonight, the Duc de Montpensier returned from his exploring expedition, has a dinner party. Vanderbilt another, Sacha Maghan and the two Grand Dukes, it will be delightful!

Dinner in the sylvan restaurants of the Champs Elysees is the dearest eating proposition in Paris. Laurent's is severely fashionable. Paillard's (Durand's) is as fashionable and slightly gayer. The Ambassadeurs, with its terraces, perron and balconies under the trees yet partly enclosed from the wind, is a charmed spot of gilded youth—and old age—and fresh, laughing beauty, a mixed world of aristocrats, racing men, actresses, professional loveliness, notable foreigners and daring married ladies with their husbands. The management is that of Maxim's. At lunch, the cookery is the best in Paris, and not dearer than the other Maxim's; but dinner is out of price.

Gayety is on the bill of fare. But always within correct bounds. Even lone parties of rich Americans arrive at a semblance of rollicking cheer, while looking on. Half a dozen young men of high family, half a dozen pretty women vaguely of the theater play ladylike practical jokes on each other, so keep things moving. They need not pay for their supper. That is why your bill is higher.

If you want to see real crazy razzle, Dan will take you to the Abbaye de Theleme—reference to old Rabelais's tipsy Utopia, with its motto: "Do as you please." To what your appetite, he will tell you its story—how the discredited Montmartre night-restaurant, with cobwebs on its wall was taken in hand by the Cafe de Paris and Armenoville, and in one week filled with the cream of rioting Paris, the line of private equipages waiting two blocks outside.

The supper for six persons, \$50. And cheap. All the while you have been lulled by love songs. You have had next to nothing to eat. If you want more, it is dearer. Breaking crockery and setting fire to celluloid knife handles, \$40 extra.

Dinner was dearer. If you had melon, lobster, flowers, primeur vegetables, peaches, strawberries, cherries, cigars and liquors, count it \$80 or \$120 for six persons. Habitués get it at half price.

Where Twins Are Desirable. In China women carry their children from baskets that hang from a bar that crosses the mother's shoulders. Twins are desirable as preserving the balance of weight, if not for other reasons.

Betty Repents

By Dorothy Douglas

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Betty had shown signs of rebellion since the moment the nurse had plunged her into her first small tub; at the age of ten she was pretty but self-willed; at eighteen she threatened to elope with a second-rate actor because she was refused a racing motor car.

But with all her faults Betty was adorable and adored. Her parents loved her with a devotion that spoke well for her ultimate good; they knew that her perversity would one day melt before the light of reason. In many small instances Betty had already succumbed to their tactful methods, but in big things she was obstinate; she disliked giving in to the will of another.

The crisis came when Betty's parents flatly refused to let her take a trip to Paris with Mathilda Davis. Mathilda had a husband somewhere on the globe but she preferred to study painting in the Latin quarter to living in domestic bliss.

Before taking her leave Betty's father had looked long and steadily into his wayward daughter's half-shamed eyes. "Remember!" he said with stern visage, "you are leaving my house for the last time. In accepting the chaperonage of that woman you are no longer a daughter of mine!

"Very well!" she cried back defiantly, "I will not come back!" And for fear lest the threatened tears fall Betty went hurriedly from her father's house and into the waiting village omnibus. Once inside its musty depths Betty had a good cry. Through her tears she could see her mother's calm, beautiful face when she had said, "I hope you are going to be happy in your new life, Betty."

"Cheer up, dear," he told her, "our daughter has merely gone on a trip of disillusionment and she will come flying back to her little mother and her daddy before another two moons have waned."

Two months is a long time without Betty," smiled the mother. If two months seemed long to her parents in Long Island, they proved endless to Betty in Paris.

She had enjoyed the ocean trip to the utmost. The newness of it all and the pleasure of meeting so many interesting persons cast out all homesickness for the time being. But try as she might to retard it, Betty felt herself drawing within her shell as far as Mathilda Davis was concerned. The intimacy brought about by sharing one cabin had not enhanced the woman's charm.

Betty had been led to expect that those persons on the boat who had seemed such good friends would prove the same on land. It would take a third or even fourth trip to convince Betty that the friendship of shipboard is only a passing fancy. So Betty met her first disillusionment. In Paris she saw two of the men who had been charmed by her presence on shipboard, but things were not the same and after a dinner at a cafe or an evening at the opera they, too, dropped out of her life. At the end of a fortnight Betty found herself a stranger in a strange land.

That she was paying the greater half of the expenses did not bother her, but the type of men who frequented their studio disgusted her. Betty found herself longing for big clean-minded Tom Hillary, who thought all women pure and beautiful and sweet.

She realized that Paris and many things Parisian would have been beautiful to her had she not been so lonely. It stole over Betty's consciousness gradually that happiness did not come with having one's own way.

After a few weary days of trying for the first time in her twenty-one years to plan her own life, Betty decided to go to London, where she would at least be among her own people. It was a relief to walk along the London streets and find herself unmolested by dapper little men with black mustaches. No one looked at her upon the street and no one seemed even to notice her presence.

Betty's eyes grew wistful and her lips dropped at the corners. No one out of the thousands of human beings in the largest of all cities loved her. She was completely and absolutely alone.

As little things change the current of life, just so a little thing sent a rush of tears to Betty's eyes. It was the sight of four tiny typewriters in a window on Cheapside. Betty's father had bought her one of those very portable machines with the hope that she would develop a budding sense of poetry in her nature.

"Daddy loves me and so does mamma," she told herself, "and I have been a selfish little cat! I am going down to the old Bow street church and think things out."

Betty walked on down toward the church whose bells had told Dick Whittington to turn back again toward London. "Perhaps I, too, can hear something in the bells," sighed Betty.

A sense of awe stole over her when she stood within the ancient, historic edifice and she slipped quietly into a pew. There was no one in the church and Betty was glad because she felt like crying. In an effort to divert her mind from the lump that was rising in her throat she glanced about at the wonderful windows, and as her eyes rested on the one above the altar the tears ceased unheeded.

The Virgin Mother was there with her Christ Child in her arms. Betty suddenly realized that since the time she herself had been a baby in arms her mother had guarded her from all trouble and care; had petted and loved her and now—

Betty slipped down to her knees on the worn hassock and buried her head in her arms. Her slight frame shook with the sobs she had been forcing back since the hour she had left her father's house.

A soft footfall sounded, but Betty scarcely heard, so deep was her repentance. Tom Hillary stopped at sight of the weeping girl, then caught a surprised breath. He slipped an arm about her. "Betty girl," was all he said, because his own voice was not quite steady. He had drawn her up until she stood beside him.

Her eyes clung to his in wonderment. Something deep and steady was glowing there and Tom Hillary knew his moment had come. When he spoke the gladness in his voice brought the color to Betty's cheeks.

"I sailed from home the week after you left and have been roaming the streets of Paris looking for either you or Mathilda. Yesterday I gave up and crossed over to London." He looked down into her happy eyes. "When are you going to marry me? Nothing else matters."

Betty looked down at the little ring Tom had put on her finger when they were children, and smiled. After a moment she said shyly, "Just as soon as I have sent a cable home saying 'Betty repents.'"

Brown-Haired Pygmies. Their frizzly hair is not black, as is that of their neighbors of the coast, the Papuan and Melanesian negroes, but is predominantly brown. On this feature Mr. Williamson lays a good deal of stress, because he finds the same tinge to be characteristic of other pygmy peoples, such as the Andamanes, the Semang of the Malay Peninsula and the Aetas of the Philippines.

At stated intervals about 200 of them will assemble on the beach, and all together plunge into the water, each carrying a branch of the coco palm.

At a given distance from the shore they will turn toward it, and form a compact half circle, each holding his palm branch perpendicularly in the water, thus forming a kind of seine.

The leader of the party gives a signal, and this living net approaches the shore gradually, in perfect order, driving before it a multitude of fishes. Surrounded by this living wall and caught in the coco palm branches many of the fishes are cast on the sands and others are killed with sticks.

Norway Turning to Wagner. "One of the last European countries to accept Richard Wagner," says a letter from Christiania, "is Norway. To foreign ears it seems queer that, despite its high culture, this country has never become acquainted with the works of the great German master. The cause is known full well to us Norwegians. We have only one large theater in the realm, the National, in this city. There we have had occasional opera seasons of a few nights, at which never more than two operas were performed. We had a season of 'Aida' and one of 'Carmen,' and now we look forward to six performances of 'Lohengrin,' and Norway will have joined the Wagner ranks."

CYPRUS IS CHANGED

Island Well Governed by British for 34 Years.

Young Greeks Want Union With Greece—People Keeping Peace Between Turks and Christians, Writes Correspondent.

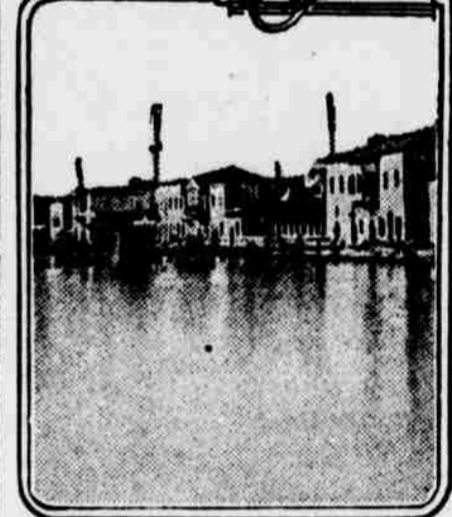
London.—A correspondent, writing from Nicosia, Cyprus, recalls that just 34 years ago the island was handed over to the custody of the English people by the act of a great English prime minister. The annexation was the outcome of the Berlin conference of 1878.

The Cyprus of 1878 was described as a "whity brown paper colored, desert smitten, God forsaken island." But the British are a nation of housemaids, and their first act on acquiring new territory is to sweep and to clean. And right nobly has the work in this instance been done. Dirt, decay and disease have been vanquished, all have disappeared.

The population at the time of the British occupation was 180,000, of which two-thirds were Greeks and the remainder Turks. The art of keeping the peace between these different nationalities is one calling forth a high degree of diplomacy and integrity. Witness the difficult position of a police official in Famagusta, who was waited on by a body of Greeks, asking if they might have a procession the following Tuesday.

"Why do you wish a procession?" he asked. "To commemorate the ever distressful taking of Constantinople by the Infidel Turks," was the mournful reply. Half an hour later a Turkish deputation called upon the same official. Had they the permission of his excellency to fire the cannons the following Tuesday?

"Why do you wish to fire the cannons?" he asked. "To celebrate the ever glorious taking of Constantinople by the true believers of the Prophet," they replied. After some consideration he gave the required permission to both parties, on their solemn assurance there



Cyprus—The Port of Larnaka.

would be no infringement of law and order; and it says much for the prestige of the British government that no heads were broken when the rival celebrations took place in due course.

WOMAN, 100, PLANTS ASTERS

Mrs. Eliza Van Brammer Works in Garden and Plays Whist on Her Birthday.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Mrs. Eliza Van Brammer celebrated her 100th birthday by setting out asters in her flower garden and by playing a rubber of whist with friends who called. She dresses herself, eats three meals a day and reads the daily papers.

Mrs. Van Brammer was born in Waterloo, N. Y., June 8, 1812. She was a daughter of Henry and Mary Presser. She came to Pittsfield in 1853, and in 1854 married Jacob Van Brammer. With the exception of seven years she has since lived in this city. Her father's people were Quakers and her mother's stock were the Dyers, of Massachusetts, who were in the whaling trade.

Mrs. Van Brammer's sister, Mrs. Catherine Harris, of Waterloo, N. Y., is eighty-three years old, and her brother, John Presser, of the same place, is eighty-four.

USED CAN TO MUFFLE BABY

Railroad Shop is Required to Remove Little Sister's Odd Device to Silence Cries.

Shamokin, Pa.—Aliming to soft-pedal the cries of her two-year-old brother Joe, six-year-old Helen Misocky pushed a lard can over the little fellow's head. The baby's muffled shrieks attracted the attention of the mother to the can. Although she held the baby on the floor and tugged at the strange damper, it refuses to budge because it was caught under the child's chin.

The harder the mother pulled the louder the boy cried. Finally the frantic mother took the canned child in her arms and ran with him to the railroad roundhouse, where two machinists attempted to remove the can. They finally had to resort to a pair of big iron shears to remove the can.

As the can came off blood flowed from both sides of the boy's head, and it was found that he had had a narrow escape from losing his ears, both of them being badly lacerated.