Congress has declined to incorporate the hundred million dollar Rocks feller philanthropic trust, and perhaps it is just as well; not so much because the trust might in the dim future somehow menace the libertles of the people, as because the refusal is indirectly a blow at the tendency of the time to syndicate and organize all altruistic endeavor. Individualism is what we should encourage in this field, says the Columbia (S. C.) State The syndication method excels, per haps, in "efficiency," if one appraises philanthropy by the rate and degree in which it translates good will or the one hand into relief and uplift or the other. But we have never under stood that the good of the recipient was the whole of a gift's blessings Well-doing at second hand is not comparable with well-doing that requires individual thought, anxiety and selfdenial. One's sense of humanity and his powers of compassion atrophy under the syndication system, but where one performs himself the maximum of kindly acts, philanthropic virtue is constantly being elicited, exercised and matured. It is good to see a ten dency checked which in its logical extension would cause people to repose a smug content in the doing of good on the installment plan, as they might pay for a piece of furniture.

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. Most of us do more or less desultory thinking about them, and to that extent are philosophers. The ancient Greeks were the first to consider the problems serious and they brought to bear on them the keenest sort of intelligence. Since their time other keen minds in all ages have been concerned with them. When we get a new idea, for instance, we often feel as if we had known it all the time, only it had never come to the surface before in our minds and been recognized before. Does this mean that somehow all fragments of it come to consciousness? We describe a certain table as smooth. But looked at through a microscope it seems rough. A still more powerful glass might radically change its appearance. Which is the real table? What is behind the data that our senses give us? We wonder where we come from and what the real meaning of life is. These and similar problems come up at times in the minds of most persons, whether students of philosophy or not, says the Kansas City Star. A consideration of such questions certainly tends to widen the horizon, and to give a possible background to 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 who will be known as cashiers. Their thing "different" and exclusive. business is to handle the large sums in nickels, dimes and quarters which reach the offices of the company from pay stations in different parts of the city. It is stated by officials of the company that they have found women more reliable and less inclined to yield to temptation than men in handling cash. And yet there are men who assert that women have no sense of business honor.

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. The company ought to be required, also, to carry an extra pair of trousers for the relief of the passenger in case of such an embarrassing occurrence.

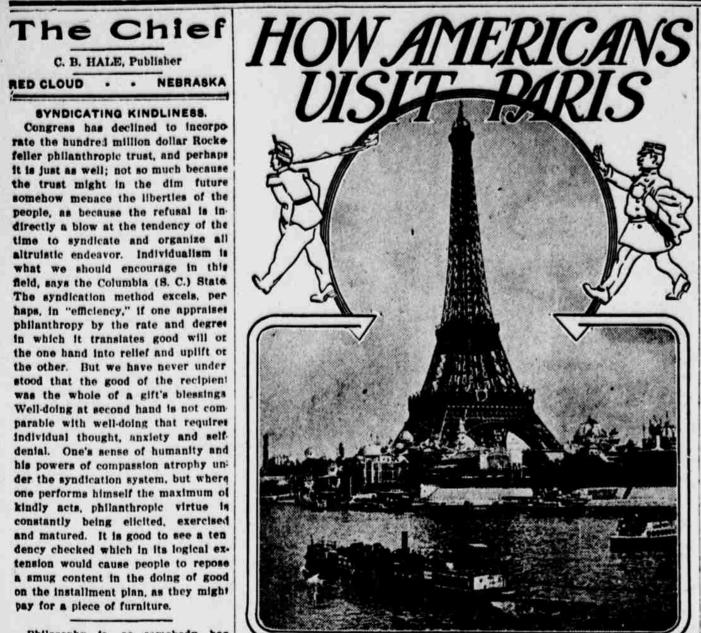
schools girls over twelve years of age are taught cooking, sewing, laundry work, the care of children, respect for husbands, the wise management of incomes and some art by which they can earn a living. But Denver omits to mention bow many are graduated each year.

The management of one of New York's largest vaudeville houses has bonds of its employes aggregate a like decided to bar mother-in-law jokes and to probibit "humor" which is based upon a man's ability to be untrue to his wife without permitting her to know it. This is the kind of an uplift that may really uplift.

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 invent ing 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 kies ber. Almost any husband should feel proud of the compliment.



EIFFEL TOWER

N American city woman was sailing home from Paris. with a bold spot, but still in circulation; "Charlie, I am quitting this Mod-

ern Babylon, this Cavern of Folly---"Pardon, Mabel, but you got about with celerity," replied the gouty one. "No Parisienne of my acquaintance can begin to touch your record."

"Oh, but Charlie, it was not for pleasure," she reproached him gently. "Often I was quite tired, but I kept up-just to see."

Such were her last words. His were: 'Mabel, you're a fraud!" But he was mistaken. All the rich Americans who come to Paris get about the resorts with energy, fearful of missing something. Parisians do not understand. They just wanted to see!

The husband of Mabel and two others trusted Charlie to take the ladies to supper at the Abbaye after the theater. Amid gypsy music, lights, toilettes, popping champagne, laughter, practical jokes and calls from table to table, they noticed a pair of Spanish "It's a surprise, Charlie," she said guiltyily; but the scolded. "You know possessed you?"

"Oh," she answered, "It is just to Grand Dukes, it will be delightful! make a study!"

After all, she said to him, because a whole series of very smart resorts base their existence on a previous Parisian ing proposition in Paris. Laurent's is former positions by engaging women, desire to make a "study," to see some-

> All the genesis of the little jewel box theatres a cote, "on the side," so popular alike with rich Americans and Parisians, is here.

Pay for Insults.

evenings the fashionables began arriving in dress clothes and a string of elegant equipages, to pay the beer \$3. and be good naturedly insulted by the price. chorus of habitues as they departed.

Next it was the Cabaret of Janitors, the Quat'z-Arts, the Tavern of Assassmart world still goes-and many another, all copied on the same model. It was seen that the fashionables were glad to enter a little hall, where everybody could not go because there was not room, because it was dear and Denver boasts that in its public different. As soon as the middle class and tourish public caught on the fashionables quit and tried another.

Grasping this taste of the rich the managers of those that remained smart kept their prices very dear. Thus, you pay \$2.60 for the poorest back seat at the Michel than for a orchestra chair at the Grand Opera! Insignificant-looking resorts insure

their cloakroom for a million and the

Rich Americans flock to the Capucines, hidden on the boulevard, opposite the Olympia. The Olympia, blazing with lights, has a 40 cents entrance. You must hunt for the Capucines through a dim porte-cochere into an ordinary apartment building courtyard, where it is surrounded and topped by business offices and flats. There is scarcely a sign. Inside, a bijou hall, with 14 rows of seats, six boxes, a tiny lewel box stage, Beaux-Arts scenery

12.60 cheapest entrance. Here the young King of Portugal met Gaby Deslys, as star of a Reviewette. Here Regina Badet, one-time ballet queen of the Opera-Comique, plays, sings and dances in "Sappho and Phaon," whose dialogue, however other reasons.

worthy to frame Regina Badet and

witty and refined, would never be permitted on the stage of a large theater. "Charlie," she said to a The same may be said of the costumes.

Parisian friend of the family. At one moment Regina might jump rheumatic, knobby-handed, into the sea and scarcely wet her clothes. There are half a dozen of these theaters of the first class, the Michel, the Arts, the Madame, the Mondain, the Fursy, and so on. The Grand Guignol makes a specialty of short pieces of horror and terror, many of which have been adopted in America. 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. The witching hour approaches. Is

The Sylvan Restaurants.

Dan coming?

There are a hundred Dans, 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. 1 do not say that rich Americans cannot get on without Dan in the evening, but they'd rather have him.

At the instant Dan arrives, all a-go, dancing girls weaving a fandango in and upsets all arrangements. (This the aisles. Charlie stepped aside a surprise and upsetting has its charm.) moment to speak to the maitre d'hotel, It's too fine a night to dine in-doors. and, returning found that Mabel had Quick, telephone to the Ambassadeurs for a table! Great crowd there tonight, the Duc de Montpensier returned from his exploring expedition, you should not do it," he said. "What has a dinner party. Vanderbilt another, Sacha Maghan and the two

Evidently-or they would be stuck. Dinner in the sylvan restaurants of the Champs Elysees is the dearest eatseverely fashionable. Paillard's (Durand's) is as fashionable and slightly gayer. The Ambassadeurs, with its erraces, perron and balconies under the trees yet partly enclosed from the wind, is a charmed spot of gilded youth-and old age-and fresh, laugh-It began when someone discovered ing beauty, a mixed world of aristo-Alecandre Bruant's little cabaret for crats, racing men, actresses, profeslaborers and masons, to whom rude sional loveliness, notable foreigners but powerful song writers warbled and daring married ladies with their their ballads of the "people." Friday husbands. The management is that of 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

Gayety is on the bill of fare. But always within correct bounds. Even lone parties of rich Americans arrive sins, Fursy's Shanty-to which the 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 is dylike 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' tipsy Utopia, with its motto: "Do as you please." To whet your appetite, he will tell you its story-how the disseat at the Capucines and dearer for a credited Montmartre night-restaurant, with cobwebs on its wall was taken in hand by the Cafe de Paris and Armeno ville, and in one week filled with the cream of rioting Paris, the line of private equipages waiting two blocks

The supper for six persons, \$50. And chesp. 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 liquers, count it \$80 low balcony as dear as the rest, a or \$120 for six persons. Habitues 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

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 selfwilled; at eighteen she threatened to elope with a second-rate actor because she was refused a racing motor car. Arriving at twenty-one, beautiful and headstrong, Betty considered herself a very much abused person.

But with all her faults Betty was adorable and adored. Her parents edifice and she slipped quietly into a loved her with a devotion that spoke well for her ultimate good; they knew and Betty was glad because she felt that her perversity would one day like crying. In an effort to divert her melt before the light of reason. In many small instances Betty had already succumbed to their tactful methods, but in big things she was ob- rested on the one above the altar the durate; 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. study painting in the Latin quarter to her and nowliving in demestic bliss. So vividly life to the untutored Betty that the latter felt life no longer possible withevery wile at her command in order to gain her parents' consent and failing. Betty defied parental authority and skipped off with Mathilda to Paris. | pentance. Before taking her leave Betty's fath-

er had looked long and steadily into his wayward daughter's half-shamed

"Remember!" he said with stern risage, "you are leaving my house for steady. He had drawn her up until the last time. In accepting the chaperonage of that woman you are no longer a daughter of mine! We have given you every comfort in life, and now if you prefer to galavant through the streets of Paris with a woman of that caliber to living respectably with your parents you are at liberty to do so." Peter Girard turned from his daughter without so much as a second glance.

By force of will Betty swallowed the great lump in her throat. Had her father taken her in his arms she would probably never have sailed for you going to marry me? Nothing else Paris, but he did not and Betty's eyes flashed.

ly, "I will not come back!" And for fear lest the threatened tears fall nibus. Once inside its musty depths Betty had a good cry. Through her tears she could se her mother's calm. beautiful face when she had said, "I hope you are going to be happy in your new life, Betty.'

And when the rumble of departing carriage wheels died away Peter G!rard turned to his wife and there was a twinkle in his eyes. He took his wife in his arms.

'Cheer up, dear," he told her, "our daughter has merely gone on a trip of distillusionment 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 fee 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 third or even fourth trip to convince palm. 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 stranzer 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 bigclean-minded Tom Hillary. 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 with having one's own way.

After a few weary days of trying for

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

With stubbornness greatly diminished in her nature and pliability augmented Betty walked thoughtfully past St. Paul's cathedral and down Cheapside.

As little things change the current of life, just so a little thing sent s 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 poesy 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 Whittirgton 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 pew. There was no one in the church mind from the lump that was rising in her throat she glanced about at the wonderful windows, and as ber eyes tears came unheeded.

The Virgin Mother was there with ber Christ Child in her arms. Betty suddenly realized that since the time she herself had been a baby in arms Mathilda had a husband somewhere her mother had guarded her from all on the globe but she preferred to trouble and care; had petted and loved

Betty slipped down to her knees on had she painted the joys of student the worn hassock and buried her head in her arms. Her slight frame shook with the sobs she had been forcing out some of those joys. After trying back since the hour she had left her father's bouse

A soft footfall sounded, but Betty scarcely heard, so deep was her re-

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, be-

cause his own voice was not quite 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

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 Betty went hurriedly from her father's 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 Andamanese, the Semang of the Malay Peninsula and the Aetas of the Philippines. Anthropologists have hitherto been divided over the question whether these dwarf peoples represent a distinct branch of the ne groids, or merely stand for so many sporadic failures on the part of the negro stock to display its full power of physical development. Our author plausibly argues that, if further observations bear out his contention that amongst pygmies generally a dwarf stature goes together with brown hair, we must concede to them the status of a separate type on the strength of this double variation .-London Athenaeum.

Living Fish Net.

A peculiar method of fishing is em ployed by the natives of certain of the Islands of Oceanica.

At stated intervals about 200 of them will assemble on the beach, and seemed such good friends would prove all together plunge into the water, the same on land. It would take a each carrying a branch of the coca

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 coca 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. gradually that happiness did not come, The cause is known full well to us Norwegians. We have only one large theater in the realm, the National, the first time in her twenty-one years in this city. There we have had occato plan her own life. Betty decided to sional opera seasons of a few nights, go to London, where she would at at which never more than two operas least be among her own people. It were performed. We had a season of was a relief to waik along the London 'Alda' and one of 'Carmen,' and now streets and find herself unmolested by we look forward to six performances dapper little men with black mus- of 'Lohengrin,' and Norway will have taches No one looked at her upon 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 tactics 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 ben done. Dirt, decay and disease have been vanquished, all pave 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

"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 re-

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

WOMAN, 100, PLANTS ASTERS

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

Pittsfield, Mass.-Mrs. Eliza Van Bramer 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 Bramer was born in Wa-

terloo, 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 Bram, er. 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 Bramer'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 81lence Cries.

Shamokin, Pa.-Aiming 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 shricks 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 fron 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.