

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT



From Official Photograph of the President, Recently Made

STRING AGED BEADS

Indiana Woman Gets Collection 3,500 Years Old.

Priceless Collection of Corals from an Ancient Egyptian Tomb, of Rare Flesh Color and One-third the Size of a Pea.

Indianapolis.—"Did you ever see a string of beads 3,500 years old?" asked Police Matron Rena Reiser of visitors at her office. Her visitors never had.

"Well, those are that old," she continued, holding up a package which contained ordinary looking pink beads. Her friends were incredulous. They had to be shown.

It was not until Mrs. Reiser explained that the beads had been taken from an Egyptian tomb and sent to her by her cousin, Dr. George Reiser, head of an archaeological expedition for Harvard university 500 miles up the Nile.

The beads are of rare flesh-colored coral and each is about one-third the size of a pea. They are said to be very valuable. They were presented to Matron Reiser with other relics by Dr. Reiser, who has been in Egypt three years, and were brought to Indianapolis by the Misses Hazel and May Reiser, sisters of Dr. Reiser, who were his guests in Egypt for six months.

Dr. Reiser, a former Indianapolis boy, who is a graduate of Harvard and a former student at Berlin, during the last three years has been employed by the British and Egyptian governments in archaeological work and is one of the foremost in that line of study. Recently he resigned from the foreign employ to head similar expeditions for Harvard university, and is now working on excavations.

About 400 men, mostly natives, worked under the direction of Dr. Reiser, digging ancient burial places and temples. Half of the things which are recovered by the searching parties go to the Egyptian government and the other half are transported to this country.

Among the valuable ornaments brought back by the doctor's sisters is a small scarab now in the possession of Miss May Reiser. It is the likeness of a small beetle, apparently carved from colored stone, except that it is much finer than the average.

An odd incident is related by the young women. Some time ago the wife of Dr. Reiser became ill of Egyptian fever and a hasty journey down the Nile was necessary to save her life. At the place where a great dam in the Nile has been built by the government boats are let through a series of locks. As few boats pass, it required 500 natives to open the locks.

When Dr. Reiser reached the dam he asked to be passed through, and the official in charge of the dam signified his willingness, but said he did not have the men to open the gates. "I will furnish the men," said Dr. Reiser, and the official opened his eyes.

"Who are you?" demanded the official. When Dr. Reiser made known his identity the official was profuse in apologies over the expedition's delay and before the following morning 500 men were collected, the gates opened, and the boat passed.

There was a decrease in England's drink expenditure last year of seven and a half millions.

TRIAL MARRIAGE IS FAILURE

Mrs. Jane Parks Caldwell, Who Took an "Intellectual Affinity" in Husbandless Now.

Eminence, Ky.—Charles A. Caldwell, one of the wealthiest men in Kentucky, whose bride, Jane Parks Caldwell, suddenly flitted to New York, where she joined her "intellectual affinity," has procured a decree of absolute divorce.

Mrs. Caldwell, who attempted to explain why she left her husband by saying hers had only been a "trial marriage," put in no defense. The last heard of her was in New York.

The marriage of Mr. Caldwell and Miss Parks last Christmas day was a social event. A week later she wrote to William Milne, New York, a lace salesman, with a salary of \$15,000 a year, that she had tried Caldwell as a husband and was dissatisfied.

A week later she quit her home and with only a suitcase of clothing hurried to New York. There she was quoted as saying she and Milne loved each other, and that if only Caldwell and Mrs. Milne would give them an opportunity they would be married.

When the exposure came Milne was completely crushed. He went to his home in Haworth, a Jersey suburb, and there begged his wife's forgiveness. The wife did forgive, and when he was stricken with pneumonia, a month later, she nursed him till the end, which came on February 10. Doctors agree that Milne had been killed by worry because of the scandal more than anything else.

Mr. Caldwell has always insisted that his was not a trial marriage. He believed his wife happy and contented until the day of her disappearance.

ESCAPES NIAGARA; WIFE LOST

Husband Who Made Attempt to Rescue His Wife After Leap Suffers from Experience.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Fear that Louis Cohen of Buffalo will lose his reason as a result of his attempt to rescue his wife when she leaped into the river here near the falls is expressed by physicians.

The woman, apparently fascinated by the water, was being carried to the falls when Cohen seized her.

A rope was thrown three times by rescuers before it fell within the grasp of Cohen holding to a tree. When he did catch it he was too weak to tie it about his own or his wife's waist. The two were twenty feet away from shore. Pinned against the tree stump by the rush of water, he was unable to keep his wife's face above water.

When he held the rope the men on shore began to pull, and Policeman Martin, who was in front, slipped and fell into the stream, but quickly regained his feet. When within fifteen feet of the shore Cohen lost his grip on his wife's body and it was carried downstream. When it was found life was extinct.

Girl of Fortune?

Los Angeles, Cal.—Germany has taken a hand in a pretty California romance, and now the chances are that a young clerk in one of the leading hotels of Los Angeles and a pretty San Francisco girl must wait possibly three years before they can be married.

Otto Schroeder and Miss Taggart of San Francisco are the principals concerned.

If Schroeder does not show good and sufficient reason why he should not serve under the German flag as a soldier the government will cut him off from his share of his father's estate, which is large.

PRIDE OF AMSTERDAM JEWS.

Synagogue in That City, Built by Refugees, Is Easily the Finest in the World.

In the midst of the Jewish quarter stands the pride of Amsterdam Jews, the grandest synagogue in the world. It is "great" in everything. In its size, its proportion, its age and its traditions. There is no synagogue like it anywhere, and while it stands there cannot be anything like it.

The great temple in the Rue de la Victoire in Paris may perhaps be larger, the splendid synagogue in the Oranienburgerstrasse in Berlin may be more ornate, but the Portuguese synagogue in Amsterdam has a glory all its own. Its majestic columns, its solid oak, its noble ark and its lovely windows all speak eloquently of the type of Jew that sought the hospitality of Holland when the cruel and short-sighted policy of the Spain of those days drove the pioneers of the community into the hardy little northern country.

The history of the congregation is not, however, an unbroken record of peace and glory. Curiously enough, its early members, free themselves at least from persecution, seemed at times to make up for the persecution they had endured by their own internal intercommunal intolerance.

Their treatment of Uriel Acosta is a most painful chapter in their local history, and their attitude toward Baruch Spinoza was an error for which no compensation can ever be made. To the visitor to the synagogue is still shown the seat which Spinoza is supposed to have occupied, but the tradition is probably apocryphal.—Jewish Chronicle.

MALE "LADY OF THE HOUSE"

Not Uncommon for New York Boarding Places to Be Conducted by Men.

"A man acting as 'lady of the house' in a first-class boarding house was a distinct surprise to me," said a New York woman who has been trying to find a pleasant home for a friend from out of town. "In a single morning I came across two boarding houses where men were in charge. The first man was quite communicative and when I expressed my regret that I could not make arrangements with his wife instead of himself, he said:

"Oh, I run the place now. My wife died three years ago and rather than break up I took charge of it myself. People wanted to stay and it was easier to let things go on in the old way."

"The second man didn't have the same excuse, as he'd never had a wife. He'd been living in the same house for a good many years and when it was about to break up several years ago he took it over rather than give up his comfortable home. Incidentally he told me he was opening a small boarding house down at the seashore, which was easily reached by the elevated road, and that his guests could come down there for a week end and always feel at home. He laid no claims to being a hotel keeper—just a man who was playing 'landlady' in a boarding house."—New York Sun.

Where Church and Circus Meet.

"On one point at least the church and the circus touch common ground," said a clerk in the naturalization bureau. "Each member of a circus performer's family and each member of a country preacher's family claims a different birthplace. Very often families consisting of grown-up brothers apply for citizenship. In most cases they are poor people whose parents certainly could not afford to be globe trotters, and all the children were born in the same village or town. But once in a while I meet three or four or maybe five or six brothers each of whom has first seen the light in a different place. In a case of that kind my first question is:

"Parents in the circus?"

"Usually they were." "If not, I guess again."

"Church?" I ask, and that time I hit it. Funny, isn't it, that of all institutions only the church and the circus produce professional wanderers?"

Melody on the Farm.

If you like music and pretty pictures, you can have them at your will by getting up early on the farm and listening to the songs of the birds and all the signs and sounds of nature's resurrection. You can hear the chickens, the cows and the hogs—the neighboring horses as the farmer comes with their feed. You can hear the voices at the lot—as the boys or the hired hands draw water for the stock and make ready for the day. Then, as the first long golden lance of light strikes down across the silent fields, you can see all the life and bustle of another opening day. And all of it is sweet, and brings peace and joy—as we find out sometimes when we have left it and pine for it again.—Sylvania (Ga.) Telephone.

Cheering Up.

"When your work seems to be going wrong," says a woman who mixes practical philosophy with her work, "blow yourself to something nice. Go out and buy yourself a lovely dinner at a nice place, or get a new dress, or buy some flowers for your apartment. You know it will cost money, but the impetus it will give you in your work will amply repay you. When you see those things you will say to yourself: 'Well, I'm doing pretty well after all, when I can afford to blow myself so,' and when you feel that you are doing well you will do well."

MR. JURGLETON HAS NOTICED

No Man, Young or Old, in a Stovepipe Hat, Ever Seen Carrying a Baby, He Declares.

"Did you ever," said Mr. Jurgleton, "see a man in a silk hat carrying an infant child? Never, I venture to say."

"You do see plenty of fathers, young fathers, mostly, carrying their babies, and very willing to carry them, indeed proud of their offspring; but you never see such a father in a tall hat. They may wear forty-seven other kinds of hats—derbies, soft hats, straw hats, or as many kinds of caps; but no father carrying an infant ever wears a silk hat."

"Of course there can't be any fashion decree about this. Refraining from wearing a silk hat on such occasions must be due just to instinctive common sense; the baby is an extremely informal thing, liable to scream or cry or wriggle or squirm at any minute, to bear itself in many ways in a manner quite incompatible with high hat dignity, and even young fathers seem to know this, and so they leave their stovepipe hats on the shelf at home when they go out with the baby. They seem to know what is fitting instinctively; but you never see a man in a stovepipe hat carrying a baby."

ART IN OLD ENGLISH HOUSES

Beautiful Carving and Paneling That Had Long Been Concealed Is Discovered.

When a low range of buildings at Little Horkesey, Essex, England, which for a century and a half had been let in five separate tenements, came into the market and was bought by an owner who, having an eye for things old and curious, had the walls stripped, surprising discoveries were made. It was found that all five were really parts of one old Tudor house. Behind the whitewash and plaster and common wall paper were brought to light beautiful carving and paneling of the Tudor period. The doors were found to be of oak heavily studded with nails.

During the last summer the village church at Doddington, Kent, underwent that process known as "restoration," which in too many cases has spelled destruction, and in the course of the work the removal of a quantity of plaster led to the discovery of an unexpected lancet window of the thirteenth century, which had been blocked up for many generations.

The plays were well preserved, and the discoverers were rewarded not only by finding the arch of the lancet beautifully decorated with stars and roses, all in excellent preservation, but by the revealing on one of the plays of a noble figure of a monk, nearly seven feet high, portrayed in the act of giving the benediction.

Popularizing the Potato.

One of the most remarkable men ever drawn up must have been that of the feast in Paris to which Benjamin Franklin, Lavoisier (the founder of modern chemistry) and other distinguished men sat down as guests of Parmentier. Every dish at this banquet was made of potatoes, and even the brandy and liquors were the product of the same vegetable. This was Parmentier's final proof to his skeptical fellow countrymen that potatoes were not poison, as they persisted in believing. Louis XVI. himself was one of Parmentier's earliest converts, granted him land on which to grow his plants and did not disdain to wear the potato sower as a buttonhole. Then Parmentier cleverly posted guards round his potato fields by day and withdrew them by night, so that people were tempted to come then, steal, and be convinced. The all-potato banquet was the climax of the great campaign.

Didn't Express It.

"There are many points about our machine, Mr. Foadick," the agent was saying, "that you don't find in typewriters usually. For example, the whole line, as you write, is visible—by the way, Mr. Foadick, have you ever had a visible typewriter in your office?"

The merchant looked about absently at the red-haired young woman with the green gown who was hammering away industriously on the morning correspondence in the outer room.

"Visible?" he said. "We have one, that's more than visible—she's conspicuous."

Seasoning Lumber.

A workman was packing salt about a pile of timber. "Seasoning timber with salt, eh? It sounds like a joke, doesn't it?" he said. "It is often done, though, especially in ship timber. Ships built of salt-seasoned timber get a better insurance rate. Some very rich woods are seasoned in boiling oil. That's an ancient and costly process. A new dodge is electrical seasoning. With strong electric shocks the sap is driven out of the wood and replaced by a solution of borax and resin. The scheme is cheap; not half as good as salt."

Belgian Coal Miners.

While coal is mined at a greater depth in Belgium than in most countries, the number of miners killed in accidents is less in that country than in any other. For the ten-year period from 1911 to 1920 the number of fatalities per 10,000 workmen was 18.84 per annum. In the metallic-mines the number of workmen who have been killed by accident is one-third that in the coal mines.

SEES RETURN OF WITCHCRAFT

Much Food for Thought Furnished in an Article by Prof. William Graham Sumner.

Belief in witchcraft is not dead. It is latent, and may burst forth anew at any moment. "The difference (from age to age) is not so much in the amount of credulity as in the direction it takes." At the present day it is in politics. Lecky thought that the cause of persecution was the intensity of dogmatic opinion. That may be a cause. No man is tolerant above anything about which he cares very much, and in regard to which he thinks that he has "the truth." Struggles for political power, however, cause even intenser rage. It is political factions which in the future may return in violent repression of dissent. In the history of city after city we meet with the intensest rancor between classes and factions, and we find this rancor producing extremes of beastly cruelty, when interest seems to call for it. The cases of the Van Artevelde of Wulpenweber, in Lubek, of the Democrats in Ghent, in 1839, as well as the proceedings of the committees of safety against Tories in the American revolution, may suffice as examples. Socialism is, in its spirit and program, well capable of producing new phenomena of despotism and persecution in order to get or retain social power. Anarchists—who are fanatical enough to throw bombs into theaters or restaurants, or to murder kings and presidents just because they are such, are capable of anything which witch-judges or inquisitors have done. If they should think that party success called for it. If bad times should come again upon the civilized world through overpopulation and an unfavorable economic conjuncture, popular education would decline, and classes would be more widely separated. It must then be expected that the old demonism would burst forth again and would reproduce the old phenomena.—Prof. William Graham Sumner, in the Forum.

SOFTENED THE CAP'S HEART

Remarkable Catch Made by "Big Bill" Lange Was Worth \$200 to the Player.

The greatest individual feat ever performed was one by which Bill Lange, now retired, saved a game for Chicago and \$200 for himself in Washington, in 1895, writes H. S. Fullerton in the American Magazine. There is an odd story connected with the play. Lange had missed a train in Boston two days before, failed to reach New York in time to play there and Anson had fined him \$100. Thereupon he missed a train to Washington—arrived on the grounds after the teams had practiced and just in time to play, and for that Anson fined him another \$100. The game that afternoon went eleven innings. Chicago scoring one run in the eleventh. There were two men out and a runner on the base, when "Kip" Selbach, then one of the hardest hitters, smote the ball a terrific blow and sent it flying over Lange's head toward the center field fence. The hit seemed a sure home run, but Lange, a man weighing 235 pounds, turned and, without looking, sprinted desperately straight out toward the fence, racing with the flying ball. At the last instant, as the ball was going over his head, Lange leaped, stuck up both hands, turned a somersault and crashed against the fence. The boards splintered, one entire panel crashed outward, and out of the wreckage crawled Lange, holding the ball in his hand, and the crowd went mad. Lange came limping in, with the crowd standing on seats shouting, and he said to Anson: "Fines go, Cap?" "None," said Anson, and the catch had saved the big felder \$200.

What a Man May Do.

I know of one conspicuous example of what may be done by men of inherited fortune. A young man of ample means who did not wish to engage in any business pursuit thoroughly educated himself here and abroad at the universities. He then made himself master of a technical pursuit by the study of forestry abroad. After a year or two of professional work he relinquished it to accept a responsible position in the government, where he is now rendering great and highly appreciated service in working out the best policy for conserving our forests and other natural resources.—From A. Barton Hepburns "The American Business Man," in the Century.

German Prince Now Merchant.

Prince Henry XXXII. of Reuss has just passed his examination at the Commercial academy at Cologne whereby he secures a diploma as a qualified merchant. The prince, who has been studying at the Cologne commercial college for two years, is the first prince in Germany who has trained himself for a commercial career. He will follow up his successful examination by entering the office of a great Hamburg merchant as a voluntary unpaid clerk, and in this capacity he will serve his apprenticeship. His choice of a business calling is regarded as a remarkable sign of the times.

An Antiseptic Settlement.

"How's he getting along with his wife now?" "Much better. She's resigned from her bridge club and he's agreed to wear his coat during meal times."—Detroit Free Press.

WORRY OF THE DRUG CLERK

Curious Mania Some People Have for Getting Medicine Prepared and Not Taking It.

The woman left the prescription and said she would call for the medicine in half an hour.

"I'll bet five dollars she won't," said the clerk. "She just looks like the kind that gets medicine put up for the fun of the thing."

"I didn't suppose there was anybody foolish enough to take her fun that way," remarked the next customer.

"Oh! yes, there are such people, lots of them," said the clerk. "Seldom a week passes that we do not put up a prescription that is never called for. Why in the world the people who thus neglect their remedies after ordering them compounded will go to the trouble and expense of consulting a doctor is more than I can figure out. If they don't want to take the stuff prescribed they certainly don't have to, but they might at least have the grace to come in and take it home after we have gone to the trouble to prepare it, and not throw it back a dead loss on our hands. Why, I've got a regular morgue back there for the repose of uncalled for bottles of medicine. I keep the stuff indefinitely, hoping that in case the customer has not been carried off by sudden death she will show up again some time and ask for the bottle. If I happen to know the delinquent's address I send it around. C. O. D., but people who make a practice of ordering medicine that they never intend to take are not apt to leave their card with the druggist."

GIVE UP NICKELS BY TONS.

Interesting Facts Brought Out Regarding System of Rapid Transit in New York.

If each of the 1,050,000,000 passengers who rode on the surface cars of Greater New York last year had paid a nickel there would be enough coins to carpet Madison Square park to the depths of an inch and a half.

A column 1,035 miles in height could be built out of the nickels if placed one on top of another. End to end they would reach a distance of 18,000 miles, a distance as great as that from New York city to Shanghai, China.

These are among the many curious facts regarding New York transit conditions brought out by the graphic chart prepared by D. L. Turner, chief inspector of the public service commission. Assuming that each passenger paid five cents, the total would be \$51,000,000, about 5,550 tons of nickels.

The chart, arranged in half-mile zones, shows that of 17,000,000 passengers boarding surface cars within a given period within the half-mile about the city hall 20,000,000 were bound for Brooklyn and 19,100,000 went northward in Manhattan. This did not include elevated and subway travel.

World's Oldest University.

The University of Oxford has the honor of being the oldest of the world's great seats of learning. It is supposed to have been founded by King Alfred in 872, although the early records of the institution are not extant and the exact date of its foundation is not known. It was not until nearly 400 years later—1267—that Oxford's rival, Cambridge university, was founded. Meantime the University of Paris had been established by King Philip II, a distinguished patron of learning for his time, in about 1200.

Harvard university is the oldest institution of learning in the United States, having been founded in 1636 at what was then Newtown, Mass., now Cambridge. William and Mary college came near being the first in this country. The initial steps for its foundation were taken as early as 1617, but it was not until 1693 that a charter was granted and the college opened at Williamsburg, Va.

The first of the public schools established by legislation were in Massachusetts, 1645, but the pioneer town school was opened at Hartford about three years earlier.

On the Embassy Ball.

"Did you see the dark gentleman was a general?" "Yes, that's Gen. Cabalero. Next to him is Gen. Lope de Poscho. They are all generals in that bunch."

"How fine! And they are distinguished men, of course?"

"Well, not so distinguished as the eccentric little man who is talking to the ambassador. That's Sebastian Colino. There are 27 Central American generals in the room. He is the only private."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Skeptical.

"I kind of agree with the folks who say that story about George Washington and the cherry tree is a myth," said Farmer Cortnessel after a thoughtful silence.

"For what reason?" inquired his wife.

"Well, human nature is purty much the same in all generations. And if I had a boy who picked up an ax and voluntarily went out to chop wood, I wouldn't chide him. I'd hand him medals."

Truthful Evason.

"Have any luck fishing yesterday?" asked the man who gives out casting. "Sure," replied the truthful fisherman. "I brought home a fine string." "Then to see," his conscience, he added, under his breath. "There wasn't anything on it, but over."