

RECENT WASHINGTON BRIDE



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One of the society events of the national capital was the recent wedding of Miss Lena Hemenway, daughter of Senator Hemenway of Indiana, and Mr. A. Bennett Gates, also of Indiana. The affair was honored by the presence of practically the entire United States senate and a number of congressmen, including Speaker Cannon. Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for a short bridal tour through the north.

MAY ABOLISH FORCE

MOVE MADE TO DISBAND FAMOUS TEXAS RANGERS.

Organization of Dare-Devil Peace Officers and Gun Fighters Used Against Indians and Mexican Outlaws is Threatened.

Austin, Tex.—An attempt will be made at the coming session of the legislature to abolish the military organization known as the Texas Rangers. This little body of dare-devil peace officers and gun fighters has made bitter enemies in some localities of the state where by force of circumstances the soldiers have had to conduct their operations.

In many counties where the sheriff failed to do his duty the rangers stepped in and enforced the law without fear or favor. The opposition to them and the movement for their discharge as an organization comes mostly from disgruntled sheriffs, it is said.

The creation of the Texas Ranger organization, or frontier battalion, as it originally was called, took place in the early history of the state, at the time when Indians and Mexican outlaws were giving much trouble upon the western frontier and along the Rio Grande border.

Following the clearing out of the Indians, the rangers found plenty to do in rounding up smugglers, cattle thieves, stage robbers and hold-up men. They finally cleared the state of most of these outlaws, and it was generally supposed that the time was not far distant when the services of the rangers could be dispensed with.

Instead of their work becoming lighter they have been kept busier than ever during the last few years. Their services are in constant demand in investigating murders, lynchings, bank robberies and various other crimes which were comparatively unknown in the earlier history of the state.

Adj. Gen. J. O. Newton declares that the rangers are an indispensable adjunct to the state's militia. They have the powers of military and peace officers combined. They can go to any part of the state and make an arrest. The present force of rangers consists of only 27 men and officers.

Adj. Gen. Newton will submit a recommendation to the legislature that the number of rangers be increased to 100 men, exclusive of the officers. The legislature will therefore have to decide as between the two extreme propositions before it—one for disbarring the force and the other for its increase.

It is stated by Mr. Newton that, as a matter of fact, if he would grant all the requests that are made of him for the services of rangers he could keep a force of more than 100 men constantly employed.

**Eats Fifteen Pies in One Hour.**  
Chester, Pa.—Edward Kelley, a youth, won five dollars the other day as a wager that could not eat 15 meat pies in an hour.  
Kelley, who prides himself on being the champion pie eater of Delaware county, started in on his contract in a local restaurant.  
He succeeded in devouring the first ten pies within half an hour. The remaining five had to be eaten with less rapidity, but the youth succeeded in getting away with the entire 15 in 53 minutes.

AN ANCIENT RACE DYING OUT.

Ve dahs of Ceylon Regarded as Representing the Stone Age.

The oldest inhabitants of Ceylon are passing away. These are the famous Ve dahs.  
Fifty years ago it was estimated that 8,000 of them were still living in the forests, but Dr. Max Moszkowski, who has recently visited them, says there are only 50 or 60 of them still alive and that a few more years will see the end of their race.

The Ve dahs have interested anthropologists because they have been regarded as the best living types of the man of the stone age.  
The attitude of the Cingalees toward them is remarkable. They hold the poor creatures in great honor and rank them as belonging to the highest caste in the island. The reason is that they are reputed to have descended from the ancient demons or spirits that were the original possessors of the island.

These nomad, hunting people, never leaving their forests living under trees and in caves, without knowledge of pottery or any other art, except that of making bows and arrows, are perishing because of their way of living and of their inability to stand up when stronger folk are pressing closer around them. They are exactly what they were centuries ago when people of India came and conquered their green island.

INURED TO POVERTY AND TOIL.

Natives of Shantung Province Live Lives of Wretchedness.

Of Shantung province, China, a correspondent writes: "A little more than a generation ago one of the greatest famines in the memory of man spread devastation in the great over-populated sections of the west of this province and now famine faces the stouthearted of the land once again. The Shantungese illustrate well the law of the survival of the fittest, for such dire poverty only permits the strong ones to live, with the result that we find sturdy men of great endurance all over this province. Living on the land, which barely produces a sufficiency for Shantung's teeming millions, the people have become hardy, for they are hardened to all kinds of privations. Their brains are deadened by ceaseless toil and this may account for the reputed backwardness of this province in progress along commercial and industrial lines. A less long-suffering people would have a revolution every year. It is an axiom with westerners that discontent is an absolute condition of progress, and we who live among the Chinese know there can hardly be a race in the world so contented as they are, considering their lot. This is one of the factors which makes the regeneration of China such an enormous problem."

WOMAN CAPABLE NAVIGATOR.

Captain Smith and His Wife Off for Stormy Crozettes Whaling.

New Bedford, Conn.—The smallest schooner or vessel that has ever been to the stormy Crozettes, that bleak part of the Indian ocean where the New Bedford whalers find right whales in abundance if they have a staunch enough craft to withstand the rigorous weather, was fitted out by Capt. Horace Smith.

Capt. Smith is the premier right whaleman of his port. He has taken more right whales than all the rest of the skippers put together, and he would now be in command of a fine large vessel but for one thing—the fact that he had a disagreement with the last owners he sailed for over the question of the kind of whales he should catch.  
His first trip to the Crozettes resulted in his making a \$100,000 voyage, and this started up the owners of several crafts to try their vessels' luck on the grounds.

This is the kind of weather that Horace Smith knows that he will encounter in his little schooner, but he isn't afraid, not one whit; and neither is his wife, his assistant navigator.  
Capt. Smith has not been on a voyage in more than a dozen years on which his wife has not accompanied him. She has been a navigator for many years, and takes a solar and a lunar as often as does her husband, and does it just as accurately.

**Called Across Sea by Baby.**  
Four Grandparents Start for Manila When They Hear of Grandson's Birth.

San Francisco.—Four grandparents from New York left here the other day for Manila to listen to the goo-goo of a nine-week-old grandson. They are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Teall of Little Falls, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Snyder of the same town.

Lieut. Teall of the Twenty-sixth, married Miss Snyder in September, 1907, and soon afterward the young officer and his bride left for the scene of his activities in Manila.  
Their parents, now on the Pacific, have not seen them since, but an announcement that a son had been born in the far away islands brought the grandparents westward.  
Messrs. Snyder and Teall are both under 45 years of age, and there are no prouder men walking the decks of the Siberia. They are inseparable, the far away cry of the little boy born in the island possessions having bound them together in an ironclad friendship.

On leaving Little Falls Messrs. Teall and Snyder were given a banquet by their friends in honor of the newborn grandson. All the town folk were present and heaped congratulations on the pair of grandfathers. They intend to encircle the globe after spending some time with Lieut. and Mrs. Teall and their baby.

**Maryland Boy Gets a New Ear.**  
Haltimore, Md.—Six-year-old Eric Elamere of Aberdeen has just undergone a delicate operation at the Maryland Homeopathic hospital to make him look like other boys. He lacked a left ear, having been born so. Skin was removed from the child's body, and, after being molded into the shape of an ear, was placed in position. Bandages were then placed over the artificial ear. They will be kept in position for about two weeks, and it is hoped that an orifice for hearing may be formed.

**Conditions as We Make Them.**  
In a way we are all children, but destiny is a good mother when we are obedient to the laws of honesty and goodness. We must work for what we get. We can avoid illness by taking care of ourselves. We can avoid heart-aches by growing strong and self-sufficient. We can draw friends to us by being a good friend. If destiny hits us over the ears, or trips us up on the journey, it is a little rebuke that is coming to us and which will make us keep our eyes and ears open and watch the way better.

**In Book Form.**  
"He is going to put his play into book form."  
"What does that mean?"  
"Means he'll write 100,000 words, divide 'em into chapters and print 'em between covers."

A TRAP FOR EAVESDROPPERS.

Simple Device Well Calculated to Insure Privacy.

The eavesdropper, ere applying his ear, applied his eye. Through the keyhole another eye looked coldly into his. He started back, pale with fright. He tiptoed off hurriedly. "I'll lose my job," he muttered.  
Meanwhile his mistress, the widow, sat with the young and gallant captain in the room from whose door the eavesdropper had retreated. A cigarette smoldered between her slim fingers and her dimpled elbows were on the table, among the litter of fole mas sandwiches, cold partridge and champagne.

The young captain pointed to the door. A hand mirror, its silver gilt back towards him, hung from the door knob.  
"Why did you put that there?" he asked.  
"It is a trap for peepers," replied the widow. "Suppose my butler or cook stole to the door and put his eye to the keyhole. His eye would meet another eye. Believing himself discovered, he would trot silently away."

DAYS OF TRIBULATION OVER.

Persistent Office-Seeker Had Finally Landed Soft Job.

"I remember one man from my home town," a westerner senator said recently, "in the good old days of civil service examinations, whose dream of earthly attainment was a government place. When his party was finally successful he immediately set out for Washington and was 'on the job' long before the 4th of March, but there seemed to be a hitch somewhere. All through the spring he would see him, striving for or just after an audience with some department official. By June he was agitated and broken looking, but still appeared to be 'game.' Finally I found him in the gallery of the senate chamber apparently endeavoring to kill time.  
"Well, have you given it up?" I asked, trying to be sympathetic.  
"Oh, I got the job, all right," he replied with a satisfied smile. "I'm working now."—Success Magazine.

HE HAD THE FAMILY FAILING.

Humorous Apology Made by Pompous Old Colored Butler.

A relative of Thomas Nelson Page, who resides in the south, has in his employ an old family butler, who goes by the name of "Ebe," short for Ebenzer. Ebe is a very pompous "colored gent," intensely proud of "de family and emulative of his master, 'de cunneh," in every possible instance.  
A few days ago there was a big dinner "up at de house," and in the colosseum Ebe took advantage of the occasion to get gloriously intoxicated, and was unable to attend to his duties for a day or two. A daughter of the household undertook to reproach the old man who expressed great repentance, promised reform, and, finally, when he saw how seriously his offense was taken, ended with:

"Now, Miss Lucy, don't yo' be too hard on my dink, Ah knows ah oughtn't tuh drink dat whiskey when all dem folks was bash, but den yo' knows, Miss Lucy, Ah's jus' lak 'de cunneh; and, Miss Lucy, yo' knows yo'self none ob us Pages evah could stan' no liquor."

The Earliest Religion.

Religion was at first purely dogmatic, an affair of the family, pure and simple. The gods were the dead ancestors, and the worship consisted of the perpetual care of the hearth fire and the graves of the departed relatives. It was the ancient belief (the most ancient, so far as we know) that the departed ancestors continued to live in or about the tomb, and that their peace and happiness depended absolutely upon the care with which their posterity looked after their worship. If the hearth fire was allowed to die down, or the tomb was neglected, or the food and drink were not faithfully taken to the tomb, their existence became a wretched one; whereas, if these things were carefully attended to, all was serene with them. There is much to show that this domestic belief obtained for a long time before the belief in God and a future life came in.—Chicago American.

Mirror for the Sick Room.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad, will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, aghast, and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant, has buckled up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror, wisely handled, is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

Loved and Hated.

Europe hates our rich art patrons and loves them. It loves them for the money they have made and are willing to spend on old masters and new masters, even when they are spiritual. It hates the rich American when he beats a rich European in competition for some highly desired art treasure. Then Americans become mere men who triumph by brute strength of the longer purse, and, worst than that, art consumers who raise art prices to unreasonable heights by their traditional desire to get what they want, when they want it.

Seen There Before.

A new constable was on duty at one of the London police courts, and was conducting a prisoner to the cells.  
"Mind the step," he said, as they came to a dark corner.  
"All right," muttered the prisoner; "I knew that step before you were born."

Chance to Make Up.

"Why so sorrowful, girl?"  
"We have parted forever. He writes me to send back the ring."  
"Tell him to call for it," advised the experienced friend.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Would Seem So.

Crawford—Do the rich know how the other half live?  
Crabshaw—After taking their money from them they must be able to form some idea of how they are compelled to live.—Puck.

IN THE DAYS OF THE DUEL.

Reminder of Times When Gentlemen Met on "Field of Honor."

The years which separate us Americans from duelling are fewer than most of us realize. The late Prof. Shaler's Autobiography, in the Atlantic, has this amusing reminiscence:  
"The first occasion was when a silly cousin of mine with too much wine in him challenged a well-known duelist, James Jackson, who as a general fell at Perryville. Fortunately, I knew Jackson well as a boy of 18 may know a man of twice his years. I made my plea to him to give my kinsman an easy way out. At first he was obdurate, saying that he would have his life—he had, indeed, reason to be vexed—but in the end he told his second to 'fix it up' with me. My good, I may say indeed affectionate, relations with Jackson had begun a year before in a like absurd business in a ballroom. Frankly, I had accidentally stepped into a mess made on the floor by the breaking of a bottle of champagne, which he as manager was trying to have cleaned up. With a sharp word, he pushed me aside; my new-found manly dignity was offended; so therefore, as usual in such cases, I asked him for his card. His answer was: 'I beg pardon, my dear sir, I took you for a boy.' We both saw the fun of the situation, and became friends. He was one of the gorges of this world; he lifted my sense of what it was to be a man—the ancient type of gentleman."

"Well, Mr. Bancroft, what do you think the people of the old parish say of me now?"  
"I answered, 'I hope something good.'"  
"They say, 'If we find fault with him he does not mind it at all; and if we praise him he does not mind it, but keeps steadily on his own way; we therefore have concluded that it is best to let him alone.'"  
"The farmer mentioned the fact as a subject of laughter, but I thought, and still think that, taking the declaration in its bearings, it was the proudest compliment I have received through my whole life.—Youth's Companion.

COMPLIMENT FOR THE PASTOR.

Remark Not So Intended Really Amounted to as Much.

Aaron Bancroft, the father of the historian, was a Massachusetts clergyman who revolted against the Calvinism of the day. The young minister found himself held at arm's length by the surrounding clergy. In "The Life and Letters of George Bancroft," Mr. M. A. DeW. Howe quotes the following item from the old minister's "Memoranda."  
"An honest but very intelligent farmer of my parish, some ten years ago, accosted me in this manner:  
"Well, Mr. Bancroft, what do you think the people of the old parish say of me now?"  
"I answered, 'I hope something good.'"  
"They say, 'If we find fault with him he does not mind it at all; and if we praise him he does not mind it, but keeps steadily on his own way; we therefore have concluded that it is best to let him alone.'"  
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AT TOMB OF GREAT WARRIOR.

Description of Last Resting Place of Genghis Khan.

Genghis Khan, the Mongol chief in the thirteenth century proved himself one of the world's greatest warriors. His tomb exists at Edchen Koro, and is described in Count de Lesdain's "From Peking to Sikkim." "Two small tents, one behind the other, and connected by a very low inner door, made of worn-out felt, and admitting through their rents the rain and the wind, are the monuments destined to perpetuate the renown of the greatest conqueror the world has known."  
The ashes of the body of Genghis Khan are deposited in a kind of chest, cubic in shape, and placed on a wooden support made of small colored pillars, adorned with paintings on all its sides, except that facing south, which is covered with a finely worked copper plate representing a divinity surrounded by four animals which are difficult to identify.  
The tomb, in fact, has not always been here, but it is difficult to know exactly where the first descendants of the great emperor laid his remains."

Give Your Dog More Water.

Fully one-half of canine misery comes from lack of drinking water. The agony of thirst frays dog temper to the vicious point, and impatient animals are much like cross humanity, ready to resent an act or look.  
Thoughtful families leave basins of fresh water where stray animals can find it, but they are not many, and they will never do as much good as running water in places where it can be reached at will. Dog lovers are many, but they do not always give due attention to the animals which more than repay their kindness and affection. Let us make a New Year's resolution to use our influence to establish a few sensible preventives of mad dog scares, chief of which is plenty of fresh water for all animals.

Where They Came From.

It is surprising from whence came the most common articles of food. The onion, the leek, garlic and pea were favorites in Egypt; rye and parsley in Siberia; the citron and currants in Greece, and radishes hail from China and Japan.  
The horsechestnut is a native of Thibet. "The Forbidden Land," and the mulberry tree, walnut and peach traveled westward from Persia. Very few consider that oats originated in North Africa at a time when Egypt was the granary of the world.  
The chestnut came from Italy, celery from Germany, spinach from Arabia, the sunflower from Peru and cucumbers from India. Tobacco is a native of Virginia.

Principles of Education.

At the foundation of the art of education must be the following principle, which those who make in advance the plans for such education must understand. It is necessary to bring up children so that their education shall be future not to the present, but to the future, perhaps better, condition of the human race—that is, it should be adapted to the idea of mankind and to its entire designation. This principle is important in the highest degree. Usually parents bring up their children so that they shall be fit only for the present world, even though it is depraved. But they should educate their children better in order to create thus a future better state of mankind.—Kant.

Small Boy Then and Now.

This is the way the editor of the St. Joseph, Ga., Eye writes it:  
"David was considered a noble little fellow because he went forth and slew the giant Goliath, with his sling. It pleased King Saul and all the children of Israel to such an extent that he was at once crowned as a hero and made a ruler. Very little heroism would be credited to an act of that kind in our day of the world.  
"Give the average ten-year-old boy a sling of the David style and he would not only kill all the giants within four miles of him, but there would not be a window light nor a dog within that radius."

Fashion and Good Taste.

It is very foolish and betrays what a small mind we have to allow fashion to sway us in everything that regards taste, in our way of living, our health and our conscience. To have a hobby is not to have a taste for what is good and beautiful, but for what is rare and singular and for what no one else can match; it is not to like things which are perfect, but those which are most sought after and fashionable. It is not an amusement but a passion; and often so violent that in the meanness of its object it yields only to love and ambition.—Jean De La Bruyere.

A Cockroach Remedy.

A housekeeper who was recommended to try cucumber peels as a remedy for cockroaches strewed the floor with pieces of the peel cut not very thin and watched the sequel, says a writer in Suburban Life. The pests covered the peel in a short time so that it could not be seen, so voraciously were they engaged in sucking the poisonous moisture from it. The second night that this was tried the number of cockroaches was reduced to a quarter and none were left on the third night.

Pearls.

Pearl—in the first chapter of this novel it states that the heroine has hazel eyes and in another chapter it alludes to her liquid eyes.  
Ruby—Liquid! Well, er—perhaps she has witch hazel eyes.