

NO RACE SUICIDE IN NEW CABINET; ONE DADDY OF NINE

Thirty All Told Born to the New President's Official Advisers. NO CHILD IN ONE HOME. Secretary of Labor, Also Named Wilson, Is at Head of List.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—Gatherers of statistics who have been compiling facts about the new Wilson Cabinet announced with satisfaction to-day that its members are simple, home loving and, by example, active anti-race suicide propagandists.

Of all the Cabinet families, only that of Secretary of War Garrison is without children, and even this is discounted by that fact that Mr. Garrison, far from being a child hater, has always taken a deep and sympathetic interest in small boys and girls.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan is a lawyer, like her husband, but she has found time amid her professional duties to rear two children. Mrs. Richard Harveys Jr. and William J. Bryan Jr., whose wife will make her home in Washington with the family.

Three daughters call Mrs. Albert Sidney Burleson, wife of the Postmaster-General, "mother." One of the daughters, Mrs. Richard Van Wyck Negley, has a son about six weeks old.

William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, and Mrs. Redfield, have a married daughter and a son, Humphrey Fuller Redfield, who is a student at Amherst college.

Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, has a sixteen-year old son, Franklin, Jr., and a daughter, Nancy, several years younger. Mrs. Lane is a college woman, but thoroughly domestic.

NINE CHILDREN IN ONE CABINET FAMILY. If ever an actual anti-race suicide organization is established among the families of the Cabinet officers, Mrs. William B. Wilson, wife of the new Secretary of Labor, will be at its head by right of achievement.

There are three children in the family of David Houston, Secretary of Agriculture. The youngest, Lawrence, is only two months old. He was left behind in St. Louis because it was thought he was too young to appreciate the significance of the inaugural ceremonies.

Mrs. Joseph Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, also has several children. She is as much interested in the names of her boys as in the conduct of her hospitable household.

Mrs. Nona McAdoo will preside over the Washington home of her father, William G. McAdoo, the new Secretary of the Treasury. She made her debut a short time ago. There are two other daughters, one married, and three sons.

There are twenty-seven children in the family of the new President. The total number is at least thirty.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—News of a revival of the "Baby" movement is being spread to-day by the President in scores of letters and telegrams, informing him, these new citizens, born on March 4, have been named after him. Heretofore, Mr. Wilson has replied personally to all the "baby" letters and it was expected that he would continue this practice.

THE LENTEN LOOKING GLASS

Twelfth Article of a Series.

A Man Should Say No to His Friends As Easily as He Can Say It to His Wife

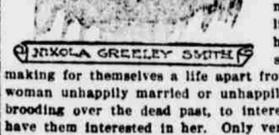
"This World Would Be a Happier Place in That Event," Writes "Adeline W.," Who Says Her Husband Doesn't Treat Her Right and Thinks Half the Wives in New York Are Not Appreciated.

"It Would Be More Beneficial to Search One's Own Heart and Mind Rather Than to Depict the Faults of Others," Says Avici.



BY NIXOLA GREELLY SMITH.

"If a man could learn to say 'No' to his friends as easily as he can to his wife, the world would be a happier place." So a young woman summarizes her impressions of life as the Lenten Looking Glass reveals it to her. Perhaps this rather gloomy vision is colored by her own unhappiness. It is to be hoped that the condition of unrewarded effort and unrequited devotion which she describes is not common to half the married women in New York, as she assures us is the case. But to whatever wives are in the same state of distress, it seems worth while to suggest that they try to find happiness within themselves if marriage has failed to bring it to them. We all know that women are more unhappy in marriage than men, and of course that is because they make so much more of it. They accept the masculine assertion that man's love is of his life a thing apart, yet they don't seem to realize the advantage of making for themselves a life apart from love. The important thing for a woman unhappily married or unhappily in love is to have no leisure for brooding over the dead past, to interest herself in other persons and to have them interested in her. Only very young or very silly creatures believe that love should cast a longer shadow upon a woman's life than upon a man's, and among those the majority think so much of love chiefly because they haven't anything else to think about.



NIXOLA GREELLY SMITH

The average man's main preoccupation is his business, profession, job whatever brings him a livelihood, and so the average woman tends to concentrate herself on the sentimental relations with man which still constitute her main job, business or means of livelihood. To such a woman the failure of her marriage means the bankruptcy of her life—an unfortunate condition which results inevitably from what Ida Tarbell describes as "the business of being a woman," and will continue so long as being a woman is made a business. When women learn to treat sex as an accident, at most an incident of life, instead of viewing it as their reason and excuse for being, they will take sentiment in all its aspects less seriously and more successfully, as men do now.

ALL PARTNERSHIPS REQUIRE CONCESSIONS. Those women who regard marriage as the main business of life should reflect that no business is ever immediately successful, no partnership so perfect that it does not require many adjustments, compromises and concessions following many disagreements.

When such a woman invests her heart she is apt to look for excessive dividends and too often she becomes the prey of some 500 per cent. shark, some romantic adventurer, instead of placing her feelings in a safe, safe mortgage on the earning capacity of a sober citizen whose emotions would never pay more than 6 per cent., but would slip no dividends.

When a woman finds herself married to a man who does not appreciate or return her affection the momentum of that her feeling may carry her along for a few years, but eventually she is bound to regain her sanity and her equilibrium. She is going to stop loving the man who does not love her, unless she foolishly puts up the shutters on soul and mind and turns her heart into a mortuary chamber for a dead passion.

When a woman finds herself married to a man who does not appreciate or return her affection the momentum of that her feeling may carry her along for a few years, but eventually she is bound to regain her sanity and her equilibrium. She is going to stop loving the man who does not love her, unless she foolishly puts up the shutters on soul and mind and turns her heart into a mortuary chamber for a dead passion.

When a wife decides that she is not among the number, who she is sure that her unhappiness comes from without, not from within, it is time for her to build another mansion, to move into it and to move out of the old one. The new house may be fashioned of interest in a great world movement like woman suffrage or it may take the form of individual philanthropy. It may be joining a club, it may be writing a play or adopting a profession or business, whatever it is, she should move into it and put up the shutters on the old house. When love is dead he will never be any more so. Only idiots hold a

management, &c., his chest swells out and he takes all the glory to himself, never thinking the compliments are paid to me. Here is the vision which the Lenten Looking Glass revealed to an unhappy wife:

Dear Madam: Nearly all the letters about the Lenten Looking Glass have been from men criticizing women, who go to show that in man's eyes, he is ready to discuss the faults of others.

I have found that man's conceit and absolute selfishness are the cause of most of the trouble, and here there are a good many "butterfly" wives, especially here in New York, they are far outnumbered by their brother "good fellows," whose only care seems to be to crowd as much dissipation as possible into the shortest time. My observation has been that those men who have really worthy and good wives are not so sure of them that they neglect them utterly, and the man who has a "butterfly" is kept so busy gratifying his many demands that he has little time to think of anything else, least of all himself.

I will state my own case, and when I do will be stating that of at least half the married women in New York to-day. I have been married six years and am a home-loving woman; yet a great reader and fond of amusements and clothes. All the years of my married life I have struggled to help my husband, and gone without even the necessary clothing in order to get on our feet. He made a lot of debts while temporarily fascinated by another woman, and in my blind devotion I never suspected him until through the woman's husband things were aired in the daily paper, and the papers all took delight in making it all front page matter, as we were both well known in my home city. After a million promises to do what was right and make up to me the humiliation and heartaches he had caused me, I finally decided to come here with him and start all over again. It was a fine move for him, for he was able to do a good deal better here, and for a time all was well. Only, however, until he made new friends here. Now we are just about straightened and he makes life so miserable for me that I am about to take steps to free me from my slavery.

Every day at 4 he is through with his work, but usually sets home for his dinner at 8:30 or 9 and expects me to wait for him. Half the time he is intoxicated and grows very abusive. We have free access to all the theatres, yet I have seen in the shows all winter, and then only after I had kept the phone wires hot in asking and reminding him. His friends all admire me greatly, as I am fond of entertaining his friends and glad to have some one call, so as to bring him home earlier. As he is what is known as a "street angel" and "house devil," he, of course, does not let his friends even suspect that all is not well with the marriage.

When they comment on my intelligence, appearance, my cooking, my

WIFE GETS A JOB TO AID PENNILESS HEIR TO WEALTH. Mrs. Walter L. Hanson Gives Up Uncertain Stage Career to Work in Shop.

The referee's hearing continued from yesterday before Albert Fortmuller of Saratoga County to determine the legal residence of Walter Lathrop Hanson, the twenty-two-year-old heir to the Stanford estate, left by Mrs. Leland Stanford, wife of the founder of Leland Stanford University, brought out the fact that young and pretty Mrs. Walter L. Hanson, in an effort to help her husband, who is without work and without allowance from his mother, has sacrificed the uncertain career of a vaudeville artist to a prosaic but permanent position in a department store in this city.

The hearing, which took place in the offices of Rockwood & Hanson at No. 50 Broadway, was adjourned this noon until March 28 at 10 o'clock. The hearing is a step in proceedings which began shortly after young Hanson's marriage to Miss Henrietta Reutt, this marriage, which Hanson's mother did not approve of, widened the breach which existed between Mrs. Hanson and her son. Having his allowance cut off, being without work and having no property in the world but the clothes he wore, Hanson took steps, through Attorney Vincent S. Lippe, of this city, to recover a bequest from his father, which, according to the statement of his mother he voluntarily resigned to her.

Mrs. Hanson replied to this action first by an injunction preventing her son from claiming the \$20,000 bequest, then by starting proceedings before Justice Kellogg in the Saratoga courts to have her son declared incompetent, a victim of alcoholism, and to have a guardian appointed for him. The contention of Attorney Lippe that his client is a resident of this city and that the courts of Saratoga have no jurisdiction in such a proceeding has made necessary the hearing to determine the legal residence of Hanson.

BARON EXCHANGED HIS COAT FOR U. S. ATTORNEY'S GOAT

Ocean Trip in Stokehole Never Dimmed Lustre of Freiherr's Raiment or Nerve. HELD AS A STOWAWAY. Arraigned in Court He Nonchalantly Tosses Hat and Cane to Federal Prosecutor.

That noble birth is not necessarily coupled with prodigality of expenditure, was strikingly illustrated to-day in the story told to United States Commissioner Shields by Baron Josef von Puszynski of Castle Puszynski, Lemberg, Austria.

Baron Josef appeared in the Commissioner's courtroom nattily attired in the latest delicate pearl-buttoned cutaway that the tailors of the Rue de la Paix have been able to invent. His feet were in long pointed patent leathers of European mold, and his ankles were swathed in voluminous white spats. A scarf that would have made the famous coat of his biblical namesake Joseph, look like a mourning garment, descended from the opening of his collar, and in its midst sparkled a jeweled pin of extraordinary workmanship. His carefully slicked blonde hair was surmounted by a fuzzy little soft gray hat, with one of those feathers stuck at the side that make you want to yodel at night.

Commissioner Shields, who is somewhat of a particular dresser himself, looked up with surprise. He noted that the Baron was accused of having conspired with a White Star line steamer to have himself smuggled into the land of the free—after they let you in.

THREW HAT AND COAT TO AN ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY. "Are you the person who tried to get smuggled in here?" demanded the Commissioner.

Baron Josef nodded languidly. Without deigning a glance to right or left he passed his yodeling hat, malacca cane and boxy surlout to a young man standing near him, saying brusquely, "Hold those."

The young man was so surprised that he took them automatically. Then he let them drop with a clatter to the floor, because they fell in the face and staked out of the room. He was one of the Assistant United States District Attorneys who had come in to witness the proceedings.

The Hochgeboren Josef, Freiherr von Puszynski, as they would call him in the home of Emperor Franz Josef, seated himself comfortably in a new news chair, shut his cuffs and looked inquiringly at the Commissioner.

"Tell us about it," the Court ordered. "Well, you see, My Lord," Baron Josef began in English with a Teutonic twirl, "I had been around Europe quite a lot gambling and making money, and I thought I would try it at Chebourg. I chanced this fellow steamer, Otto Gormann, on the steamship New York to meet. He told me that he could me to America get if I would only so little money pay."

"Always having the United States to see wished, I thought I would give a fine chance. For I had ten shillings and a half-past two in the morning comes and me under his bank he smuggles. Then I pay him a whole pound, English. MUCH COAL AND GRIME FOR A DAINTY NOBLEMAN.

"I have my clothes in two big bags packed, and I wear an old hunting suit that I had when I was in the Schwartzwald hunted. Under the first man's bunk, believe me, there is much of coal and grime, and the food is bad, but then I am happy, for am I not money saving?"

"When we are only from America one day away, I must some fresh air have, and all coal and grime that I am, I take a little walk. A beast of an officer sees me, locks me in iron up, and also my poor friend the freeman. But I am water to wash myself given. "And so, My Lord, I am not here allowed to land, and I am from my pocket one pound, ten shillings and six pence. Baron von Puszynski, in spite of the atrocious blood in his veins will probably be deported. Commissioner Shields reserved decision on the criminal charge against Gormann of attempting to smuggle an alien into the United States.

WHEN PLAYS A SUCCESS WHO GETS THE CREDIT? Qualifying as an expert witness, Daniel Frohman, theatrical producer, today testified before Supreme Court Justice Cushman on the relative value of the names of known and unknown authors when in collaboration. The occasion was the hearing of argument in Walter Hackett's application for an injunction restraining playwright Eugene O'Neill from billing the play "The Frothers" without the mention of Hackett's name as a collaborator.

Hackett claims he wrote the play and that O'Neill merely straightened out the lines in its action. O'Neill claims that while the theme was Hackett's the play became a success only when he added new acts and situations. He further asserts that Hackett has no claim to the credit as a collaborator as he "wrote" and O'Neill "straightened out" the lines. Frohman's testimony was that the author of the theme has not the right to claim the recognition given the man who whips the play into such shape that it becomes a success.

SACRE! THAT BOLD PAUL ELOPES WITH CHILD OF M. HENRI

Ah, but He Will Pursue Them Over Seas—And When He Catches Them!

Sarcastically, almost contemptuously, Mrs. Helene Rendet and her stalwart young husband, Paul, waved good-by to Mrs. Rendet's father, Henri Latée, from the deck of La Lorraine, as that vessel backed out from the French pier into the North River to-day, bound for Havre. Henri Latée was on the dock, waving an umbrella and exploding French and English epithets like a roman candle, for his daughter was eloping and he had arrived too late to stop her.

But Henri Latée was not completely felled. La Lorraine sailed at 10 o'clock. At noon the Celtic sailed for Liverpool and on board was Henri Latée. Should fair weather favor, the Celtic and La Lorraine will be in sight of each other during most of the voyage across the Atlantic, until La Lorraine strikes off to the eastward to enter the English Channel and the Celtic bears more to the North toward Liverpool.

Henri will meet them at Havre or in Paris. "And then," shouted Henri, as he was starting on his voyage, "Ah, my friends, what I shall do to that big boob of a backslider will cause him to wish he had never met my little Helene."

La Lorraine had just cleared the pier to-day when Henri Latée hurled himself from a taxicab. He is stout and stout and wears a bristling moustache. Two steps at a time, he climbed the stairs to the second floor and started down the big enclosure, waving his umbrella and shouting, "Stop the sheep, stop the sheep!"

"Ho-ho!" yelled Henri Latée. "Kidnap! Stealer of a child! Ho-ho! Oh, you big boob of a backslider! Boob!" His daughter waved kisses at him, his son-in-law doffed his hat and bowed with exaggerated politeness. Latée almost blew up under the pressure of his emotion.

SWAIN WOODED HER BY MAIL FROM PARIS. Latée is a wholesale liquor dealer in Newark. His daughter, Helene, is educated in Paris, his former home. She came here two years ago, at the age of seventeen, bringing a deep and abiding love for Paul Rendet, the owner of a Paris system of taxicabs. For some reason Papa Latée looked with little favor on Rendet. But his

daughter corresponded with her Paris sweetheart. Some time ago Latée intercepted a letter from Rendet to his daughter and forbade any further communication.

Paul Rendet reached New York two weeks ago. At about that time Latée gave his daughter permission to visit Atlantic City with a girl chum, Violet Wrenn. At Atlantic City the girls met Paul Rendet, and Paul and Helene were married.

In making her arrangements to start back to Paris with her husband Helene gave her chum a letter to be handed to her father this morning. The letter stated the daughter was married and that at the moment of its receipt she and her husband would be on the ocean on La Lorraine, bound for that dear Paris.

Violet Wrenn mailed the letter last night and Latée got it in the early mail this morning. He could not get over from Newark before La Lorraine sailed, but he was in plenty of time to catch the Celtic.

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Most Women are looking forward to Easter Sunday, the day of the dress parade. Do you know what date it falls on?—March 23d. Rather early. Easter Sunday is also shown in table form for each year of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Church calendar and many other interesting features in the 1913 World Almanac NOW ON SALE