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WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1910.

Our Major Speaks.

Let us take pride to ourselves that at the recent meeting of the International Association of Police Chiefs, held at Birmingham, Ala., it was the voice of our Maj. Richard Sylvester, the Beau Brummel and Beau Ideal of police chiefs...

It was "up" to the major to come forward in refutation of the sensations that have centered about the police practice known as "the third degree." He called attention to the fact that the sensation-mongers had charged upon the police of most of the big cities a systematic practice of inhuman torture of prisoners...

You noticed Conservative always; courteous, urbane, rhetorical, and well within the truth, Maj. Sylvester evidently felt that he could hardly say more, and could not well say less. He is careful, we may note, not to deny that the infamias of "the third degree" may exist somewhere, but he does not believe that they are practiced by the best policemen, and we are quite sure that he wishes it understood that nothing of the sort ever occurs in Washington.

The average citizen knows little and cares less about police methods; his only care is that the blue-coated officials do their duty in regard to the protection of life and property. So when so prominent and worthy a police chief as Maj. Sylvester comes forward with a positive statement, he is entitled to a respectful hearing and due credence.

English Liberty. The dead King Edward of England is laid to rest in the tomb of his fathers, and the bitter political battle for the liberties of the English people that held pause during a nation's grief has proceeded shortly to be resumed. For a great constitutional issue has been drawn; only the preliminary skirmishes have been seen; the battle must go on to a final decision.

It may be true that the bitter conflict between the House of Commons and the Lords, with all that it involved, hastened the death of King Edward by aggravating his worry and mental strain, but that his death will have any decided effect upon the final issue no one can believe. Kings may come and kings may go, but the English people have been striving for centuries for the fullest measure of liberty under their constitution, and the forward movement can be as easily checked as King Canute held back the waves of the sea.

archy, ruled, nominally, by a king, but after all her form of government is almost ideally republican, and, at the last estate, it is the people who rule. There, more than in any other nation, the voice of the people is the voice of the ruler, and ancient traditions, ceremonies, and titles will not be allowed to choke down that voice.

The preliminary struggle has clearly defined the strength of the people, the weakness of the peers. Soon, now that King Edward has been laid to rest, will the struggle for larger liberty for the English people be resumed. It remains very largely with the peers themselves to say whether the struggle shall be one to the death, or one to larger life. It is plain that if the lords do not radically reform their own house, the people will do it for them, and, possibly, none too gently.

Once more—or, perhaps, yet—is the benzoate brigade urging the public's reconsideration of its all but unanimous verdict against the drug as a food preservative. Dr. John A. Wesener, of Chicago, is being quoted thus:

"The normal cranberry contains from .02 to 1 per cent to .04 of 1 per cent of benzoic acid. How shall a grocer be allowed to sell such a fruit under the pure food act, which forbids the presence of benzoate of soda in foodstuffs? And why forbid his selling a bottle of tomato catsup in which even a less per cent of the acid needs to be used to prevent souring?"

This, ingeniously enough, begs the real question. The American consumer is not so much concerned that benzoate of soda is used in the preservation of certain foods as he is in that such use always be clearly and plainly indicated on the label. It is admitted that a perfectly pure food product may not necessarily be injured by the addition thereto of a certain percentage of benzoate of soda, but it is denied that the addition of the drug to a perfectly pure food is essential to its preservation or enhances its food value in the slightest degree.

When Mr. Roosevelt comes home and undertakes to tell the neighbors about his visits to Rotterdam, Potsdam, and Amsterdam, it is to be hoped they will not imagine he is handing things to some manufacturer of great wealth. The reason the tail of the comet is behaving so queerly is because it seems to have lost its head, of course.

The joint-committee to investigate the Ballinger matter spent, it appears, considerably less than the entire amount appropriated for its use. You may be able to extract a cheerful thought from this circumstance, if you try real hard. The Kaiser says his subjects drink too much beer. The Kaiser's subjects, however, have demonstrated on more than one occasion that they do not believe the Kaiser knows it all.

"There is nobody like Theodore Roosevelt," observes the Hartford Courant. Even the small but respectable minority that might like to believe the statement probably will not. It is announced that women have been voting in Iceland for more than fifty years. This palpable effort to lure the suffragettes to Iceland is not going to work, nevertheless.

Mr. Roosevelt has been made so many different kinds of a doctor by the universities of Europe that he probably would disagree with himself now and then nowadays were he not Mr. Roosevelt. "It is time for the American farmer to get busy," says the Atlanta Constitution. Does the Constitution know of any farmers in its vicinity who are not busy?

Wish old Dr. Cook would come out of his lair. This is fine weather for another north pole row. Congress hung on last summer until well up into August, and while we are not saying it wore out its welcome exactly, still—

The witness who swears he did the real work whereby the sugar trust defrauded the government of millions also swears that he received \$3 per week for doing it. Needless to add, moreover, that he is the one who got in jail first. "Uncle Sam" has decided to send his money regularly to the laundry. That is a mighty poor way for the old gentleman to make his money last longer.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ITS QUOTA. It is not always May— Thus runs the poet's rhyme. 'Tis truth sublime, Part of the time Belongs to March and June.

It is not always May; The same we can't deny. 'Tis very clear Some of the year Is August or July.

It is not always May. So why the question raise? To May, I would say. We can allot But one and thirty days.

Got the Habit. "What's the matter, old man? You're all of a shake." "Somebody swiped the sporting page of my newspaper. I've got to have my daily baseball dope or I'm no good for anything."

Down the Line. "And what will you do when you have finished writing about the shame of the cities?" "Plenty of material to follow," replied the muck-raking author. "Then I'll take up the toughness of the towns and the viciousness of the villages."

For Vacation. We have decided cleverly, Or so the neighbors say. We're going to Beverly; Also to Oyster Bay.

The Depth. "Some poet sings about being knee-deep in May." "Conditions must be extra bad in his locality. It's only up to the tops of your overhoses out our way."

The Young Druggist. "I graduate in pharmacy next month." "And what is your thesis to be about?" "I think I'll make it practical as well as scientific, and read a paper on the molecular energy of the ice cream sundae."

A Budding Morgan. "Going to carry water for de elephant, Chummy?" "Nix. De elephant can't lemme in to see de circus. I'm going to git a scuttie of suds for de doortender."

A REMARKABLE PARISH. St. Christopher-le-Stocks in London Has but One Inhabitant. The heart of London, that region about the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, which has been dubbed "the financial hub of the world," stands in what is the strangest parish in the city.

The church of this parish stood on Threadneedle street, on the site of the church which was demolished at the time of the improvement of the bank in the year 1781. The church was a stately edifice, altered and beautified by Sir Christopher Wren after the ravages of the great fire of London, and embellished by gifts from the city's wealthy aldermen.

The first authentic reference to the church is found in the year 1322, but it is certain that the church was in existence at least 150 years prior to this date. Inasmuch as without the purchase of a pair of stocks for the purchase of those whose offenses had been committed within the city limits. These were abolished in 1322, when Edward I was King.

At the time Henry Wallis was mayor of London the tolls derived from London Bridge were insufficient for its maintenance, so the mayor, with the royal permission, established a fish and flesh market "near by the Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks." The stocks market was designed to aid the market of London Bridge, the bridgekeeper having power to grant leases for market shops. The church was the spiritual resort of all "godly shopkeepers."

In 1624 a graveyard was attached to the church and it was upon this that the Bank of England encroached so that in 1781 the church was demolished. But no doubt to save the consciences of the money makers the parochial rights and dignities were still maintained. The garden within the bank in the city of England marks the site of the burial ground. The last interment took place 109 years ago, being that of one "Jenkins a bank clerk, seven feet six inches high."

So the old Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks went its way, but its parish remains, embracing the open space in front of the bank and the Mansion House. This parish has one inhabitant and he enjoys full rights of voting for Parliament and all municipal councils.

Mistakes Will Happen. From the Cleveland Leader. He saw her sitting in the dark corner and knew that his chance had come. "Noisily he stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, he had kissed her. "How dare you!" she shrieked. "Pardon me," he blurted, readily—"I thought you were my sister."

She stepped out into the light. "You silly fool!" she giggled. "I am!" He fainted.

LONG FIGHT WITH RAILROAD.

Widow Waits Ten Years Before Damages Are Given Her. In an article in the June McClure's on "The Cruelties of Our Courts," John M. Gitterman tells how Mrs. Thomas Kane waited more than ten years for damages for the death of her husband, a fireman, who was killed on the Erie Railroad.

"Juries are proverbially tender-hearted toward widows in cases of this kind, and in the trial court Mrs. Kane received a verdict for \$4,000. The Erie Railroad promptly took the case to the Circuit Court of Appeals. On August 15, 1902, five years after Fireman Kane's death—this tribunal set aside the \$4,000 verdict and ordered a new trial. The fireman's widow appealed to the higher Federal court. This time justice moved with comparative rapidity, for eight months later, in December, 1904, the Circuit Court of Appeals handed down another decision, this time in Mrs. Kane's favor. It awarded her no damages, of course. It merely decided that the verdict of the lower court was not in accordance with the law and the facts, and therefore set it aside.

"On her third appearance in the trial court, however, Mrs. Kane received summary judgment. Judge Cochran refused to let the case go to the jury, directing a verdict in favor of the Erie Railroad. Apparently nothing could discourage the indomitable Mrs. Kane, for she promptly appealed the case. Justice Richards set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial. And now, for the fourth time, Mrs. Kane started the litigation in the trial court. This time she won. But the Erie Railroad again appealed. The decision rendered by the higher court on June 25, 1907, shows that the case was getting on the nerves even of the learned justices. "This case has now been here four times," the opinion reads. "There must be an end of litigation." It decided in favor of Mrs. Kane. The ever-patient Erie Railroad, however, was still unsatisfied.

And he led Mrs. Kane before the Supreme Court of the United States. It was not until this body refused to interfere with the verdict that the corporation accepted the inevitable and paid the claim some time after November 12, 1907.

WOMAN RAISES REINDEER. Mary Antislark, Aged Forty, Has a Herd of Some 300 Head. From the Seattle Times. "Reindeer Mary," known to Alaskans from one end of the country to the other, has the honor of being the only woman in the North possessing a reindeer herd. Supplies for Mary and her herd will be shipped north by the Government Bureau of Education from this port, in the near future. Tanning and training the wild creatures until they are available for hauling purposes as well as food and clothing, this capable native woman has a collection of nearly 300 deer, representing in wealth, far more than thousands of head of cattle would on the plains of the West. She is best known as Reindeer Mary, although her real name is Mary Antislark, or "Queen Mary."

Although Mary is only about forty years old, she has had many years' experience training deer, and labored with her former husband, Simrock Charley, the first native to be given deer by the government for experimental purposes. Charley was an exceptionally shrewd Eskimo, and made good use of the 100 reindeer loaned by Uncle Sam for five years. It was his herd that was used in 1898 by Capt. Bert, Wolf, Wada, and Capt. D. H. Jarvis in their dash to Barrow to relieve the whalers frozen in the ice pack. It was Simrock Charley and Mary who succeeded Eric Lindblom when he escaped from a whaler off Cape Prince of Wales, several years ago, a few weeks before he, with two others, made the gold strike at Nome in 1898, or Anvil City, as it was then called.

Charley, who was formerly apprenticed to the reindeer station maintained by the government at Teller, in 1893, died a short time after the dash to Barrow, of pneumonia. The government had meanwhile taken back the original deer loaned to him, but he left about 50 deer to Mary, who for some years maintained them at Golovin and Simrock. She used to station them on Sledge Island, off Nome, and would drive them from one point to the other as the seasons changed. She acquired considerable education, and is now regarded as one of the most wealthy natives in the North. Each deer represents about \$200.

A few years ago it was decided to have her station the herd in the vicinity of St. Michael. Last summer they were on Stewart Island, off the mouth of the Yukon. They were driven to the mainland as soon as the sea froze over, and will probably summer on the island again. Mary has wedded again. She has five or six Eskimo boys, whom she has trained to take care of the deer, but in spite of this fact, does not relax her personal supervision, and takes great interest in the welfare of her herd.

Another Comet Mystery. From the Philadelphia North American. New York reports that the comet's tail looks like a bunch of whiskers. Yet the earth gave it a close shave. More mystery!

Pactical jokes should be placed by legislators in the criminal code, according to Martin S. Lancaster, of New Orleans, who was seen at the Riggs last night and who had just finished a story in which a practical joker was the principal character. "Oddly enough, nobody ever has been lynched for practical joking. On a few times, comparatively, has the practical joker been haled to the bar of justice for his criminal ignorance. There are no plain records of conviction on such counts. But in this age of nervousness some of the methods of the practical joker have become so set and hackneyed that legislation might do worse than put some of them into the criminal code.

A dangling skeleton operated by wires from the hidden position of a medical student in the ward of the country, the other day, threw a sister of the joker into convulsions and left her life despoiled of physicians. But it was tremendously funny while it lasted. "With the practical joker, whose efforts work lasting harm to the innocent, the unloaded gun is the chief means to his hand. In most of these cases it is deadly because of the simple pointing at the victim; in a few deserved instances the joker impermanently a robber or a burglar, with a revolver, and himself dies at the hand of the startled one. Society, however, still goes on buying such devices generated criminals with all the benefit of clergy and in conspersed grounds.

"The man who rocks the boat never does so unless it is loaded. The world has put aside hundreds of acres of burying grounds to his tens of thousands of victims, while it has gone on with compulsory vaccination for the prevention of a scourge that may never menace the individual. Considering the average shortness of the working season, the rocker of the boat is the deadliest of practical jokers. He has made widows and orphans in every clime in civilization."

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INSANE STUDYING ART.

Drawing School Established for Inmates of Wards Island Hospital. From the New York American. In a sunlit, lofty room, whose large windows permit wide vistas of greenward and foliage in one of the most beautiful parts of the city, there gathers every day a class in art. While there are young men among the dozen students there are also men over forty. For several hours they listen to the suggestions and recitations of a well-known novelist and artist. They make cartoons and water color sketches, draw designs for sofa pillows, and occasionally work in brass and metal.

"But when the day's work is over the students do not doff their aprons and put on queer cloaks coats and broad brimmed hats and troop merrily down the stairs with cigarettes and pipes in their mouths. Instead, they scatter to other rooms which open in series, one behind the other. Then for the first time the visitor will notice that over the windows of the street setting and that the door is locked. For this is the new class in art in the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane on Wards Island. The class is only two weeks old. It owes its origin to the novelist and artist who has been in the hospital for about a year, following a general collapse after a long period of hard work. One day he went to Dr. William Mabon, superintendent of the hospital.

"Doctor," said he, "there is nothing for curing the mental darkness and enabling the mind to perceive as training the eye. I think a class in art would be part of a good system of cure." Dr. Mabon thought so, too. The result was the new art school. No one in the ward of forty men, except the novelist, knew anything about drawing, but all wanted to learn. For the first lesson the ten who were selected for that day's training were told to copy something from a magazine. They were allowed to make sketches, which some of the others who showed a taste and appreciation of color values afterward worked over in water colors. Still others in the ward showed a bent toward decorative design.

By the end of ten days the pupils showed a strong competitive spirit. The inmates of Ward 45 take pride in adding to the beauty and comfort of their apartments. A little fish fountain is the work of a metal worker. At one end of the ward screens were set up on which were planned the works of the class in art. It is quite an honor to have a picture on the screen.

CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE. Eden's Forbidden Fruit Now Means of Driving Sin from World. From Technical World Magazine. The forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden which brought sin into the world is now looked on as the means of driving sin out of the world. No less an august body than the Iowa State Horticultural Society is standing sponsor for the movement to remove the stigma from the apple.

When Eve, sorely tempted, partook of the luscious fruit which she had been forbidden to touch, she all unwittingly cast a blight on the apple which centuries of cultivation and two national shows at Spokane have been unable to remove. It has remained for an apple-loving country doctor to discover that not only can the world be fed until it has secured the necessary calories of energy, but that the craving for liquor—conceded to be the greatest cause of misery and crime—can be eradicated from the human body by the apple. As if this were not miracle enough, it is contended that Gen. Grant might have won the siege of Vicksburg and the battle of Appomattox by munching on a Ben Davis, a Spitzenberg, or a Jonathan, just as well as by puffing on a fat black cigar.

"The use of apples as an article of diet will very much diminish, decrease, and ultimately abate the appetite for alcoholic stimulants," declares Dr. Samuel Bailey, of Mount Airy, Iowa. "That this fact could be proved in many instances if a little care, caution, and vigilance were taken to thoroughly investigate conditions. As a rule, the habitual user of alcoholic stimulants is rarely a lover or consumer of apples. There seems to be a peculiar combination in apples, in the acid in them, or in the peculiar chemical combinations of the apples, that allays the irritation, or so-called appetite, produced by the use of liquor. I am also of the opinion that the best appetite for tobacco is limited by the use of apples. I am thoroughly convinced that any man who is a lover of whisky and is in a condition when he thinks he must have a drink, if he will eat an apple before he takes the drink, will find that his appetite for the drink has been materially lessened, if not entirely abated for the time."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY. De Soto Reaches the United States—May 25. Fernando de Soto, the Spanish explorer, is associated with much of the early history of this country. He is best remembered by us as having been the first European to look upon the Mississippi, the "fathers of waters," an event," says Theodore Irving, "that has more surely enrolled his name among those who live in American history than if he had discovered mines of silver or gold."

The exact date of the explorer's birth is not known. His ancestors were Spanish nobles. At an early age he fell in love with the young and beautiful daughter of his patron, Don Pedro de Avila. To prevent the marriage de Avila induced de Soto to accompany him to America, as he had recently been appointed governor of Darien. This was in 1519. In 1527 he served in the expedition to Nicaragua under Hernandez, but in 1528 withdrew entirely from the service of his patron. He spent considerable time in exploration and in various expeditions in and about South America.

In 1537 he returned to Spain and married Isabella, who for more than fifteen years had waited faithfully for him. Two years later, this time accompanied by Isabella, he sailed for America, having been made governor of Cuba, and graciously privileged by Emperor Charles V to conquer Florida at his own expense.

A large and efficient soldiery sailed with him, chosen from the best of Spanish chivalry, and further strengthened by a number of zealous missionaries. The fleet reached Havana, where the women were to be left until after the conquest was completed, de Soto's wife being placed in command.

De Soto, with the army, pushed on for Florida, where he landed near the present site of Tampa on May 25, 1539. This was the first time he had ever set foot on any portion now constituted as part of the United States. The ships were then sent back to Cuba, the adventurous Spaniards, confident of success, plunging boldly inland, and the inevitable search for gold was begun.

From this time on de Soto never left the country. He and his followers pushed on west, eventually as far as the Mississippi. On its banks he fell ill with a slow fever that he soon realized was to end his life. On the day before his death he called his followers around him and appointed Luis de Moscoso as his successor. His body was wrapped in its mantle and was sunk in the depths of the Mississippi. The grief-stricken band eventually descended the river, reached the Gulf of Mexico, and entered the Mexican coast town of Panuco, where they disbanded. Months later the wife of de Soto, who still waited his return to Havana, learned the news of his death and expired within a few days.

On May 25, 1790, the Tennessee Territory was established. It is the date upon which occurred the second battle of Winchester in 1862. It is the birthday of Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and philosopher (1803); William H. Channing, Unitarian clergyman (1810), and the date on which Dr. William Paley, the philosopher, died in 1805.

AT THE HOTELS.

"It is true that there are isolated cases of treason in the French army; but that also holds good with other countries," said A. L. Jacobson, a civil engineer of Paris, France, at the New Willard, last night. "The French soldier, however, as a general rule, is patriotic and true to his country and her best traditions. No matter whether republican, socialist, or royalist, those who serve under the tricolor of France love their country, and as ever in history would gladly die for their beloved France. The French army, although not as much advertised for its efficiency as the armies of other countries, would give a good account of itself should war be brought to France. There are royalist officers in the French Army—quite a number of them—and so are there socialists, but politics does not enter into the life of a French army officer. That is regarded as his own private and personal conviction, with which the government has no right to interfere."

"The French soldier is unlike the soldier of certain other powers, not a machine soldier; he thinks for himself and acts for himself, and does not neglect his own resources either. He depends upon his own resourcefulness and ingenuity, whereas soldiers of other countries obey the commands of their officers in a machine-like fashion without reasoning for themselves. "Whenever a mistake is made by an officer or soldier in the French army, our papers are prone to magnify the event and thus create a wrong impression of our army abroad. This is very wrong, and I am inclined to think that the French press in this respect might take a lesson from other countries which protect their armies in every way they can, instead of vilifying them."

"I am an engineer by profession," continued M. Jacobson, "and I think it would be of interest to you to know that the education of your American civil, mining, railroad, electrical, and other engineers is quite different from what it is in France. Over there the candidate for engineer honors is taught every branch of engineering, and in three years graduates. He is conversant with mining engineering as well as that of electricity, or radio-telephony, or chemistry. In America engineers are specialists. You study a certain branch of the sciences without acquiring knowledge of the other branches. The authorities in France considered some time ago the adoption of the American plan, and submitted the proposition to a commission of experts. This body, after due study of the subject, decided to adhere to the French plan, which they thought the better and more satisfactory."

"The relations between France and Germany are friendly," added M. Jacobson, who is also a reserve officer of the French army, "and there is no desire for war on the part of either of these countries."

J. R. Masson, a prominent metallurgist of Melbourne, Australia, who is visiting the mining districts of this country, said that "the mining industry in Australia is in a state of transition. The principal mills for the treatment of low-grade ores are as large as those in the Broken Hill district of Australia. Australia is far advanced over America in milling methods. Nearly every mine there has its own mill. Nothing is lost by shipment to the smelters. Many of the mines have their own smelters, too. While the bulk of the ore produced in Australia consists of lead, silver, and zinc, much gold is also mined. West Australia is the principal gold-producing section. Flaser gold is produced in New South Wales and Victoria. Australia boasts of the largest antimony deposits in the world, and the advantage in the difference between the antimony-bearing ores of this country is that there they carry gold, while here they carry silver."

"In the Mount Morgan district of Queensland is the largest chlorination process mill in the world. A liquid solution of chlorine is used. All of the large milling plants maintain a corps of experts to devise new and more economical methods of ore treatment. In this way the cost of handling the ore is always kept at a minimum."

Speaking of Australia as a whole, Mr. Masson declares it to be one of the most wonderful regions on the face of the globe. Its potential possibilities are practically unlimited. The country possesses a larger territory adapted for agriculture than the United States. Its mines have reached a stage of development equal to those of any other portion of the world. Northern territory is now receiving the attention of the mining men. Mr. Masson does not stop to argue the fact that Australia is more up-to-date than America in its commercial as well as its mining development. He is thoroughly convinced on that point, and in his conversation considers this in a matter-of-fact way, as though there was no disputing it—not even by an American.

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