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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1913.

Mr. Underwood's Plan.

The people of Washington are winning powerful friends every day in their fight against the plan of a few members of the House of Representatives to overburden them unjustly with taxation for the support of the Nation's Capital. The views expressed yesterday by Representative Oscar W. Underwood must certainly commend themselves to the fair-minded Congressman as strongly as they will to the fair-minded citizen.

First of all, Mr. Underwood admits that the Federal government ought to contribute to the upkeep of the Capital. He is neither in favor of nor opposed to the half-and-half principle adopted thirty-five years ago, because he does not know whether it is on equitable basis today, but with other members whose statesmanship is of the wise and safe brand he will oppose the passage of the Crisp bill, which would tear the organic act of 1878 to pieces and provide nothing in its place.

Mr. Underwood's plan is for the appointment by the President of a nonpartisan commission to investigate fully and determine just what the proportionate share of the Federal government in the expenses of the Capital ought to be. Citizens of Washington, we are confident, will not object to that, and if those members of Congress who claim that the District is unduly favored by the half-and-half system really believe what they say, they ought to be eager to see themselves sustained by the actual figures.

The half-and-half principle in the act of 1878 was adopted after the most painstaking inquiry and extended discussion by the ablest statesmen of that time and many of our best informed business men are convinced that the principle is just as equitable today, and for that reason will be disposed to regard as a waste the time and money which inquiry by a commission will necessarily involve. The Herald is inclined to agree with them, but we believe that from no quarter will there be real opposition to a fair investigation, which will show beyond dispute that the District is not fattening at the expense of the country at large.

Mr. Underwood's suggestion that the commission be composed of men not in Congress is vital. Neither should it be composed wholly of residents of Washington. When the verdict is rendered it should be unassailable. The people of Washington have the fullest confidence in President Wilson and would be perfectly content to leave their case in the hands of any commission he might select.

Meantime, the attitude of Mr. Underwood, leader of his party in the House, is practical assurance that the Crisp bill will not be enacted into law. There still remains, however, the confiscatory section 8 of the District appropriation bill, which is a direct blow at the half-and-half principle, confiscating $1,300,000 of the revenue of the District, yielded by taxation of its residents, and placing it in the Federal Treasury. If Mr. Underwood's plan of settlement is to prevail it is just as necessary to strike out this confiscatory section as it is to defeat the Crisp bill.

If Chairman Johnson, Representative Crisp, and the [illegible] who have manifested such a penetrating interest in District affairs are sincere in their expressed desire to see exact justice done they will help to clear the way for the Underwood [illegible]ary.

Most Terrible of "Jokes."

The sympathy of the whole country goes out to the stricken little city of Red Jacket, Mich., whose people are now mourning over the inexpressibly sad and fearful end of what was intended for a Christmas celebration.

This little town is located in the rich copper country of the Upper Peninsula where a strike has been going on for many months with the usual result of much suffering, and, in many cases, actual starvation.

If the intimations made in the press dispatches that an unidentified man while intoxicated yelled "fire" as a joke, are true, then that man must face for the rest of his life a torment that will give him no peace. It is almost inconceivable that any human being could be guilty of such an awful crime. It is almost equally inconceivable that a body of people assembled as were the families of those starving miners could be so easily stampeded as to cause the death of scores of their number.

Such a catastrophe should bring both capital and labor to a realization of their responsibilities. It should bring them closer together, for both sides know that each is dependent upon the other.

The Herald extends its heartfelt sympathy to the stricken community, and trusts that the terribly sad ending of what was intended to be a jollification will teach the thoughtless such a lesson it will never again be repeated.

The Auto the Goat.

The automobile is often arraigned as a largely contributive factor among the causes of high cost of living, but seldom is so direct an accusation against it made as was stated by Frank Brown, known as the "farmer governor" of Maryland. Mr. Brown, in an interview in New York, is quoted as blaming the automobile for making the cost of living higher and specifically charges that it corrupts the farmer.

According to the farmer governor:

The automobile has taken the farmer away from his fields and, therefore, diminished his production of foods. Of course it was only natural that when automobiles got cheap and the agriculturist saw the banker and the merchant riding about in their cars he should feel that he could get a lot of pleasure out of doing likewise. Therefore he proceeded to invest in a machine himself, in many cases putting a mortgage on his place to do so.

Mr. Brown traces out the effects of the automobile on the honest yoeman along what are the lines of least resistance when the motor mania attacks the smart city chap. The farmer, like the town man, sometimes mortgages his place for an automobile. Similarly, he knocks off work early in the day, and joy rides till late, leaving crops to grow up and harvest themselves. Likewise, having joy ridden till the wee sma' hours he is not up with the dawn to milk the cows, feed the stock and chickens, and discharge those other bucolic functions popularly classed as chores. He puts on a hired man to attend to those vexations details.

When the motor mania is developed beyond the first stage, the farmer, Mr. Brown indicates, becomes so neglectful that he plants less grain, quits raising cattle, and, quite forgetting the value of home-grown product to the farmer, buys his beef and other foods in the city at the high prices which his helpless urban brother pays. As an example of the agricultural delinquencies for which he holds the motor responsible Mr. Brown cites the conduct of the farmers of Frederick County, Md., during the Gettysburg celebration last summer when, he asserts, the farmers of that rich section left their reaping machines idle in the midst of their ripened wheat fields to pile into their automobiles and attend the celebration, with, of course, a consequent damage to their crops.

What former Gov. Brown charges is true of many farmers, as it is of many city folk. But just as the automobile has become almost indispensable in the conduct of life in a city, so it is sure to prove valuable in the country. The city folks are fast getting over the excesses to which the novelty of the automobile tempted them. The country people, just as surely, will recover from their present vain and costly enthusiasm.

Spirit of Chivalry.

There's yet the spirit of romance in Christmas shopping. Utilitarianism cannot drive it out. Even while dripping humanity splashed through streaming streets and shivered in the east wind and wished the Spugs had had the weather foresight to furnish them with umbrellas and overshoes, the infrequent Christmas celebrants abroad yesterday ought to have felt the spirit of romance.

For in the newspapers of yesterday there was an advertisement—a "personal"—in which "the gentleman who kindly paid for the boxes for a lady in the 10-cent store" will please accept her thanks." Fancy may range the whole realm of imaginativeness with such an impulse as this "personal" before it. If the boxes paid for were in a theater or a horse show, there would be less of mystery about it, for the occupants and the holders of those high places of society are usually well advertised. But to pay for boxes in a 10-cent store brings no prominence, though apparently it brings gratitude, which some, whether Spugs or not, may account of greater price.

Perhaps we may have of this incipient romance what in the Essays of Elia is called "so pretty a love story." At least we may have of it an assurance that commercialization, so feared and maligned by the praisers of the good old days, has not totally done for chivalry. With the flower of sentiment still fragrantly blowing in the barrens of bargain-hunting, we should feel secure in our holding of the gentler, finer things of life.

Saints are made on earth, but they live in heaven.

Remember, you should have clean hands when you go to turn over a new leaf.

How does the dynamiting of the Holloway jail prove that British women should be allowed to vote on equal terms with men?

There is no likeness between a Mexican rebellion and truth except that when crushed to earth it will rise again.

POLITICAL PROCESSION.

By F. B. C.

When Col. Thomas Edward Murphy, of Philadelphia, comes to Washington as the guest of Gen. John A. Johnston, late District Commissioner, and a brother-in-law, there is the serious suggestion by other Pennsylvania Republicans that Murphy ought to try the Congressional game before much older. Hitherto the political activity of Col. Murphy has been for his big, fine brother, Robert Murphy, now dead, more's the pity, and who was lieutenant governor with promise of the chief executive honor later.

Now that Governor Bob has gone, it remains for Col. Ned to come into the open and kindly indicate a disposition to do something for the Republican party in an official way, not even overlooking the $7,500 a year salary and the $54.40 mileage accorded a Congressman from Philadelphia. As an orator Col. Murphy has no superior in Pennsylvania, and as lawyer and business man his income permits ample time for looking after a compact city district.

Best of all he has kept firm in the faith, with no progressive frills, and loyal ever to the old guard, led by Penrose and the Stalwart Republican organization of the State, which is now lining up for a campaign in 1914 that will not only indicate the wonderful ability and leadership of Penrose, but set an example to every other normally Republican State on the map, and encourage States not normal in Republican tendencies, but occasionally inclined to the faith.

The Penrose organization needs men like Murphy, even if he happens to be modest and, once a candidate, he would be all the more useful. He has been a delegate to national conventions and is not lacking in qualifications for political leadership—his name alone tells that—and the wonder is that he has not taken hold for himself since changing his residence from Johnstown to overlook a suburb of Philadelphia.

Thomas Woodrow Wilson knew his business when he kindly continued the Taft dictum putting United States consuls under civil service even if it kept something less than a thousand Republicans in office. The Chief Executive may not be much of a politician, but he has been in the game long enough to realize that a consul long in the service and far from home is not a dangerous or even useful proposition in politics.

There was a striking illustration of it last night in the Willard way, when Chairman Woods, of the Republican Congressional committee, was introduced to Frank W. Mahin, United States consul at Amsterdam, and also claiming a voting residence in Iowa, the home of Woods.

Although coming from the same Commonwealth, they had never met, and Consul Mahin was not quite sure which district of his beloved Iowa has given Woods three terms in Congress. Mahin continues a legal residence in Clinton, and his Congressman (Pepper) died this week. After sixteen years in the consular service, all in Europe, Mahin has simply lost track of things political in his home State, and is careful under the new dispensation not to manifest much interest even in a special election which may send a Republican to succeed Pepper. The Mahin instance is only one of many, and hardly ten consuls now doing business in foreign lands could do enough good or harm in a campaign to warrant the expense of a trip home. They are out of the political running, and since the Wilson proclamation are mighty careful not to indicate interest even in the politicians or statesmen who gave them the original appointments. For that matter, most of the veteran consuls were appointed through men now dead or out of Congress and have no one to be loyal to or aid in campaigns. Mahin came in through Allison and Gear. Skinner, who has recently won promotion to Berlin, was a personal appointment of McKinley's, and one of his first. He has won many advancements wholly by merit, and began at Marseilles in 1897. Sam Taylor, now at Nottingham, where Mahin spent some years, was another personal McKinley appointment, and began at Glasgow the first year of McKinley's first term. He had been chosen secretary of state in Ohio with a tremendous majority. After sixteen years' absence he would achieve little in politics if let out by a Democratic administration.

The entire consular list tells the same story, and the administration averts the turning down of a dozen applicants for every place, not to mention the trouble of finding Democrats who could pass the stiff examination required in recent years.

The old examination prior to civil service was easy enough and perfunctory, anyhow. One of Senator Dick's appointees was much worried over the test and related his fears. Dick soothed him with the remark that only one appointee ever failed, and he could not read or write. The Dick appointee took heart and was really complimented on his examination papers.

Statesmen, Real and Near.

By FRED C. KELLY.

Representative Frank E. Doremus, of Michigan, is going to endeavor to keep Congress Democratic, even if he has to pull a beautiful silken stocking or two from his pocket within full view of a startled and expectant populace.

It would not be the first time Doremus has waved a mysterious stocking aloft and told things about it, but if that fails he will doubtless have other Ziegfeld or Belasco tricks that may be equally effective. At any rate, he purposes to leave no stone unturned to keep Congress Democratic, just like it is now, for that is his job. They have elected Doremus chairman of the Democratic Congressional committee. The position is one that has a dry and hollow sound to those of us who find politics and political talk a good deal of a bore. Right at first it sounds about as exciting as if one were to say that Soandso had been elected president pro tem. of the Association of Survivors of the Sultana, or Esteemed Inner Guard of the Knights of the Sacred Sow.

But here is the idea: The Republicans, being the party out of power, will, of course, try to pick flaws in the doings of the Democrats, and undertake to make the next House, or Senate, or both, Republican. If they should succeed it might be difficult for a Democratic President to get done the things he wants to, and if the President can't get anything done, why, he is in a bad fix. Thus we see that the Congressional elections next autumn may determine whether the present administration shall end up as a success or a fizzle, and that puts us right into big league stuff. Doremus is the fellow who will be chiefly responsible for doping out the schemes to get a large mess of Democrats elected and keep Congress the way it is. He is a resourceful person, and, whether it takes silk stockings or——

Ah, yes, that's what you've been waiting to hear about—what that silk stocking had to do with it. You've forsaken the lingerie advertisements over in other parts of the paper to pause and learn if there isn't some high-grade scandal lurking here to surprise and delight you.

Well, to be perfectly frank, Doremus landed in Congress by means of a silk stocking—a $2 stocking such as age worn by French maids in the first act of problem plays. He got up before the voters of Detroit night after night, pulled the limp, but mysterious stocking from his pocket and told what he knew about it. When the voters learned the awful truth they went and cast their ballots for Doremus, and that was the way he broke into Congress. He knows as well as anybody that he wouldn't have got here except for the stocking.

Besides his disposition to sit back and listen and keep out of the conversation, Doremus is noted for his willingness to seek advice. He doesn't agree to take all the advice he gets, but he hunts for it and doesn't care a continental how humble the source. Not long ago he was greatly interested in a bill pending before the House. Another Congressman dropped into his office and Doremus asked him what he thought about the bill. The Congressman gave his views and Doremus listened.

"I must ask some others about that," remarked Doremus.

The door opened and an expressman came in with a package.

Doremus explained the bill to the expressman and asked him what he thought about it. And he listened to the expressman's ideas just as carefully as he had to the Congressman's.

Shortly after he first came to Washington, Doremus was honored by being invited by a Senator to attend an exclusive little dinner to meet a couple of international celebrities.

"Bring a friend," said the Senator. "I am going to bring Mr. Soandso, of the Cabinet, as my guest. We are going to make it a pretty nifty assemblage."

That was the tip for Doremus to bring the most celebrated person he knew.

So he invited the young man who was acting as his stenographer, because he thought the stenographer might enjoy it.

"I have no dress suit. They may frown on you for bringing me," suggested the stenographer.

"Then I'll simply frown back," said Doremus.

So you see he isn't a bad sort.

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The Story of an Almost Forgotten Poet.

(Written Expressly for The Washington Herald.)

By E. J. EDWARDS.

IN a recent conversation Francis William Rolt-Wheeler asserted without any qualification that in his opinion James G. Percival was the greatest poet of his time. Mr. Wheeler himself is an author of considerable repute, and is at the present time one of the chaplains of St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

But if so good an authority as Dr. Rolt-Wheeler at this late day discovers the great merit in the poetry of Percival his early friends and associates in the town of Berlin, Conn., were accustomed to regard Dr. Percival as the greatest geologist of his time.

I have often heard my father speak of Percival, for in his boyhood days he remembered him well and the curious cape which he wore and the queer far-away look that was in his eyes as he went about almost hermit-like on the highways and the byways of the little town of Berlin.

Percival, my father said, was understood by the people of Berlin to have gone to Charleston, S. C., when he was about twenty-five years of age upon the suggestion of John C. Calhoun.

"My recollection is," my father told me, "that Calhoun, who was a graduate of Yale College, met Percival shortly after the latter's graduation and persuaded the young man, who was just to take his degree as a doctor, to settle in Charleston.

"While he was in Charleston, Percival wrote some of his poems. But he had the feeling that the kind of poetry which he wrote did not appeal to the people of the South. Therefore he abandoned Charleston and decided that he would practice medicine in his native town of Berlin. He didn't get much practice; in fact, there wasn't enough sickness in that town to support a doctor. He used to spend all his spare moments, at least when he wasn't writing poetry, in studying geology.

"Well, he became master of geology. I remember very well what excitement and interest were occasioned in that town when we heard that Percival had been appointed State geologist and that he crossed the State back and forth a dozen times or more on foot making his geological studies of the characteristic rocks of the State.

"But one day there came a report which seemed to us young people of Berlin far more astonishing than the reputation he had gained as a poet. They said that Percival had discovered the meaning of that curious conjunction of rock near Hartford, which had for years puzzled the authorities of Yale College as it had many men of science who had visited it.

"Some twelve miles below Hartford there stands out conspicuously a conjunction of traprock and of red sandstone, the very kind of red sandstone which was afterward so extensively used in building the homes in which people of wealth in New York lived.

"Well, Percival solved the problem. He spent many weeks in studying this peculiar meeting of traprock and of red sandstone. He at last demonstrated to the State authorities that it was occasioned by some prehistoric convulsion of nature. That, of course, was interesting to scientific men, but what especially interested us was Percival's statement that this convulsion of nature had thrown up the red sandstone and joined it to the traprock, and in that way a perfect dam was built by nature against the Connecticut River. Percival demonstrated that the Connecticut in prehistoric times turned just at that time and flowed southerly along the lowlands and through the passes at Meriden, and at last emptied into Long Island Sound exactly where the city of New Haven now stands. All that is left of this prehistoric Connecticut are two small streams—Mill River and Quinnipiac River. As the Connecticut River was dammed by this juncture of red sandstone and traprock, it sought another course and found its way to Long Island Sound, practically along the meadows and valleys which it now traverses.

"This demonstration of Percival was afterward confirmed by Prof. James G. Dana, of Yale College.

"It seemed to us wonderful that a man could be both a poet and a doctor of medicine and at the same time be able to solve the riddle of the traprock and red sandstone formation, and to teach us that in the years long gone by the Connecticut flowed to Long Island Sound over the site of the present city of New Haven.

"Percival taught us also that what is now New Haven Bay was, in ages gone by, the mouth of the Connecticut River."

(Copyright, 1913.)

At Washington Hotels.

Powhatan—W. B. Wright, Washington; Jesse W. Smith, New York; R. W. Sheltzmeyer, Peekskill, N. Y.; Fred Biestinger, Peekskill, N. Y.; William H. Y. Hocken and R. O. Beall, New York.

Grafton—W. H. Given, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. Effinger, University of Virginia; Mrs. A. H. Gillingham, Mrs. Height, and Mrs. Johnson, Philadelphia; Robert E. L. Michie, U. S. A.; Dr. Edmond and wife, Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Potter and George C. Ames, New York.

Raleigh—W. S. Morgan, Dallas, Tex.; Miss Val Dela, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. N. O'Donnell, Sumter, S. C.; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. MacNal, Dayton, Ohio; Robert J. Shields, Salt Lake City; H. Stoll, New York; Ensign L. R. Ford, U. S. N.; J. M. Bemis, Warren, Pa.; C. D. Craven, Dallas, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. J. Phillips, Philadelphia; M. H. Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. S. Cohn, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Graybill, Washington; Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wheeler, New York; Dr. M. C. Wemster, Dr. S. E. Schecter, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McCaul, Richmond, Va.; G. Beyer, Galveston, Tex.; Oscar Black, Knoxville, Tenn., and Cyrus Decoster, St. Paul, Minn.

New Willard.—Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Rosen, New York; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Kirkpatrick, Newark, N. J.; H. Sheldon, Chicago; B. A. Van Bennett and wife, Sea Bright, N. J.; Mrs. C. V. Faile, Miss A. F. Crane, New York; Mrs. C. W. Horne, Cincinnati, Ohio; Capt. and Mrs. Wilson, U. S. A.; R. L. Hatch, U. S. N., Annapolis; A. E. Pope, San Francisco; P. A. Aliner, Baltimore; M. Woolsey, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; C. Kihiman, P. T. Dodge, James B. Stubbs and wife, Mrs. C. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Cornish, Emory S. Turner, William Kerr, Mrs. S. Salmon, Miss E. Chambers, K. C. Faile, J. P. Skelly and wife, New York; R. H. May, Anchorage, Ky.; D. C. Fauntley, Old Point, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Nicol, Louisville, Ky.; S. Leftwich, South Boston, Va.; E. L. Vinton, Charleston, W. Va.; W. S. Basinger, Omaha, Neb.

Shoreham—Mrs. J. L. Newman, C. E. Newman, Albany, N. Y.; W. A. Anderson, Trenton, N. J.; Mrs. M. A. Phillips, H. McAtamney, New York; Mrs. Alan Cole, Miss N. W. White, Syl. Stokes, jr., F. E. L. Butterfield, Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald, A. B. Campbell, Arthur B. Campbell, London, England; H. S. Nulton, Virginia; Benjamin B. Cates, Knoxville, Tenn.; Louis Seibold, Alex. Tenenu, New York.

Albemarle—
W. W. Russell.
Sherman Square—
Miss M. Hisert.
Martha Washington—
Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hook.
Mrs. C. Moses.
Gregorian—
Mrs. J. J. Mooney.
Victoria—
C. A. Moss.

New York Hotel Arrivals.

New York, Dec. 25.—Washingtonians arrived and registered today as follows:

Herald Square—
M. L. Bondy.
J. P. Devlin.
Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Upham.
O. T. Cartright.
Portsmouth—
P. Bonilla.
Grand—
J. A. Lynch.
J. S. Boyd.
H. L. Sunder.
Longacre—
J. G. Thrall.

From Baltimore came the following arrivals:

F. A. Barker, Belmont; A. B. Cooch, Grand; M. Reed, Navarre; Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Lang, Grand Union; T. P. Lessell, Manhattan; G. McMurtry, Belmont; A. Nisbet, Broadway Central; J. F. Tennnis, Broadway Central; P. Thompson, Wallick; C. W. Adams, Wallick; Miss H. G. Baker, Park Avenue; J. Brehman, Broadway Central; F. Engels, Continental; E. J. Fidel, Herald Square; L. Gutman, Longacre; Miss K. Reitz, Marseilles; P. Sachs, Herald Square; J. G. Schneider, Latham; L. Somers, Herald Square; W. Wernikoff, Albert; Miss H. Wood, Marseilles.

TRUCE LASTS OVER CHRISTMAS.

Striking Miners and Militiamen Lay Aside Strife for Day.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 25.—In the coal mining districts where men have been on strike since September 23 the industrial strife was forgotten today and Christmas good will was in evidence. Christmas exercises were held in each of the strikers' tent colonies. The festivities were held around huge trees gayly decorated and loaded with gifts for children. The United Mine Workers of America provided more than 8,000 baskets of candies, fruits, and sweets.

Christmas decorations were lavish in the militia camps in the strike section, and holiday boxes from home enhanced the pleasure of the militiamen's festivities.

TWO PERISH IN FLAMES.

Aged Woman and Granddaughter Suffocated in Fire.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 25.—Mrs. Margaret Dalley, sixty-eight years old, and her granddaughter, Miss Margaret Murphy, fifteen years old, were suffocated in a fire in the house of Martin M. Murphy, on Shelton street, early today.

The bodies were discovered by firemen who had forced an entrance through the dense smoke. The fire damage was slight.

News Nuggets from Telegraph and Cable

New York, Dec. 25.—In accord with the unusual Christmas weather on Broadway, two well-dressed men appeared wearing panama hats.

Meran, Austrian Tyrol, Dec. 25.—The death occurred here today of Wenzel Ritter von Zaleski, Austrian minister of finance, who had been a member of the cabinet since November 19, 1911.

London, Dec. 25.—Queen Mother Alexandra has consented to the destruction of the private correspondence of the late King Edward VII, after long resisting the importunities of her son, King George.

Pittsburgh, Dec. 25.—Workmen in the Turtle Creek and Monongahela Valley points received the largest holiday pay since 1907.

Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 25.—It's the married folks who go crazy, according to figures of the Columbus State Hospital. Of 550 patients admitted during the last year, 237 were either married, divorced, or widowed. There was an appreciable increase in the number of cured.

Metchun, N. J., Dec. 25.—Mrs. Amelia Marks, of New Brunswick, left a fortune of $100,000 to charity, cutting off all her relatives with nothing.

New York, Dec. 25.—George F. Parker, an attorney, formerly of Brookline, Mass., who was connected with the law office of Alton B. Parker, committed suicide today by inhaling gas. He was not related to Judge Parker. His friends here could assign no reason for the act.

St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, Dec. 25.—The Danish research ship Margrethe, which had been on a surveying expedition in the West Indies for many months, lies a total wreck on the Anegada reef, the most northern of the Virgin Islands, British West Indies. Capt. Hansen and the crew were all rescued and arrived here today.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 25.—Acquitted of the charge of murdering her husband, Mary Carr, a 300-pound colored woman, threw her arms about Samuel D. Hodgan, her attorney, and a member of the Missouri legislature, and hugged and kissed him, while Hodgan vainly struggled to free himself.

"Help! Help!" shouted the attorney.

Six court attaches came to his aid. They pried Mary from about his neck and fled when she offered to bestow more kisses. Judge Baldwin saw her first when she approached the bench and fled to his chambers.

Daily Short Story

WHEN AUNT POLLY FAILED

By GRACE KERRIGAN.

(Copyright, 1913.)

Fred Landers was twenty-four years old and he and Maggie Travers had been engaged for three months. He had just come back to town from a run down to Chestnut Grange, where Miss Travers lived, when his Aunt Polly arrived from Michigan. As soon as she had removed her hat and the kissing was over she folded her hands on her lap.

"So you are engaged?" she remarked.

"I am, Aunty."

"I hope you have made no mistake."

"It isn't possible."

"But lots of young men have."

"You see, Aunty, I am a bookkeeper. I take 100 as the basis and figure: Good looks, 40 per cent; her love for me, 40 per cent; vivaciousness, 10 per cent; general admirable qualities, 10 per cent. That makes 100 per cent, or par value, doesn't it? There can be no mistake?"

"Then you want to stop this thing right where it is or become a hen-pecked husband and a nonentity! The chances are a thousand to one, however, that she'll cuddle down and let her opinions play second fiddle. I am advising you for your own good. I do not want to see you make a snarl of your life. There was John Truelove and Sarah Woodhouse. She was careful not to cross his opinions while they were courting, and he married her thinking she was as soft as putty. In four weeks—"

But Fred hadn't time to hear more. He gave his aunt's advice serious thought during the next week. There wasn't much boss and bulldozer about him, and yet he realized that somebody in the family ought to be boss—a little bit anyhow. He wouldn't pound on the wall with his fist and get red in the face as he insisted that the whale swallowed Jonah, but how nice it would be to have a wife who wouldn't question the alleged fact and demand more particulars than have ever been furnished the public yet.

"They may be a dozen for all I know, but the main point is does she defer to you?"

"You mean——??"

"I mean does she have an opinion about things and stick to it, no matter what you say?"

"N-o-o, I think not. I don't remember that we have disputed about anything."

"I dunno Fred—I dunno! Most girls will dispute when they are engaged, just to show off, if nothing more. Some do it out of mischief, and others to show that they can't be bossed. When I was engaged to your Uncle Ruben I thought he knew everything worth knowing, and after our marriage it never occurred to me to question anything he said. I have found out since his death that he was wrong in believing the Atlantic Ocean was 9,000,000,000 miles wide, but spposen I had found it out during his lifetime and called him a liar about it? He always insisted that the moon was only twenty-eight miles from the earth, and while I firmly believed that it was at least thirty-five, was I going to get up a row by saying so?"

"I shan't expect a wife to truckle to me," observed Fred.

"But you won't to her?"

"Of course not."

"But somebody's opinion has got to settle things."

"Not necessarily. There is such a thing as agreeing to disagree, isn't there?"

"Why, you poor boy, how little you know about the female sex! Just find me a girl who makes a statement opposed to yours, and is willing to let you off by agreeing to disagree, and I'll find an angel on earth for you! She'll be mad because you don't agree, and there may be strained relations for a week. There was Abigal Hastings and Will Barnes. Will said that a locust had roots——"

"But you see, Aunty, this is an altogether different case. I have taken the basic rule of mathematics and proved to you that Miss Travers sizes up exactly 100."

"Well," said Aunt Polly with a sigh, "if the world has come to the point where girls can be sized up by bookkeeping tactics there isn't much use in wasting any more time in sparking!"

"And your advice to me is——"

"Next time you go down there stick to your opinion. Lord it over her a bit and see what the result is."

"But she may get mad and tell me to go to pot."

He might doubt that the pictures were hung to the best advantage, or that the icebox was in the most suitable place to display its bronze knob and hinges to all callers, and if the wife readily agreed with him what a happy evening they could pass!

Further, there might come a time when she would read that the Princess Louis had thirty-two pairs of shoes. She would at once declare that she was at least half as good as the princess, and set out to collect an assortment of sixteen pairs. It would be for him to put his foot down and for her to put her feet in about two pairs.

His aunt had always advised him for the best, and she being a woman understood the sex better than he did. There might be much gained and nothing lost by carrying out the program. Fred told her of his decision and was highly commended.

There was a creek crossing the highway not far from the Grange, and a dozen times over Miss Maggie and Fred had stood on the little bridge and watched the fish swimming below. They were there again. So were the fish. In her ignorance of fish and fisheries the girl presently almost whispered:

"Oh, Fred, see that monstrous bullhead there!"

"That is not a bullhead, dear—it's a bass," replied Fred.

It wasn't a bass any more than it was a whale, but the golden opportunity had come to the nephew to take advantage of his aunt's advice. It wasn't his words so much as his tone that nettled the girl.

"It is a bullhead and a monster."

"It is a bass and a pygmy!"

"Bullhead, sir!"

"Bass, miss!"

"Fred, did you come down here today to pick a fuss with me?"

"Of course not, but you seem ready for one."

"I simply said it was a bullhead."

"And I simply said it was a bass."

"I shall continue to say bullhead!"

"And it's bass to the end of my born days!"

"You are aggressive, sir!"

"And you are obstinate, miss!"

The tramp coming along the highway had never sailed out of Gloucester, but he could have told that the fish swimming around so care-free was neither a bullhead nor a bass, but what inland fishermen call a "shiner." If they were plenty enough some trust would be putting them up for the best French sardines. But the climax came before the tramp got there.

"Very well, Mr. Landers!" said Miss Maggie with a toss of her head as she turned and walked away.

If Fred had called to her or followed her it would have shown a weakness. He let her go without a word, and stood there like an idiot for forty minutes waiting for her to return and make up.

The rest can be told in his words to his Aunt Polly when he reached home:

"As she didn't return I went to the house, expecting to find her on the veranda. She wasn't there. Then I ran down the road for half a mile. No Maggie. Then I ran up the road for half a mile. No Maggie. Then I whistled and called. No answer:

"'Um!' said the aunt.

"Back to the house, and I had to tell her parents. The father said I was a chump, and the mother said she thought I was that kind of a young man all along."

Two "ums" from the aunt.

"I looked all night, but couldn't find her. I believe I walked forty miles and fell into a hundred swamp holes. See how I was scratched by the briars!"

"Um!"

"The next morning she appeared!"

"Oh, she did, and she wasn't mussed up at all, was she?"

"Fresh as a daisy."

"Um! Been right in her own room all night!"

"I guess so."

"And what happened?"

"Why, she said if I would take it as a great moral lesson and never dispute her again she would try to forgive me."

"And you promised, you ninny!"

"But you see, aunty, she didn't cuddle down and let me boss her, as you said she would. You surely fell down in her case."

The aunt thought it over for five minutes and then said:

"Um! Who would have thought there was such a difference between a Michigan and a York State girl!"

MORNING SMILES.

A Good Layer.

Anthony Comstock, at a luncheon in New York, said of certain tabooed books and plays:

"The motive of these works was perhaps all right. But the expression, the form, was bad. And that spoiled the motive completely.

"Expression, form, you know, is everything. Consider how the lack of it spoiled the mason's speech.

"A mason at a memorial service said of a bricklayer who had been accidentally killed:

"'Yes, gents, I looked out once on the beauties of nature, and all wha ca'm. Our friend, deceased here, was layn' a brick. I looked out once again, and still all was ca'm, but our friend, deceased, was no more. He was layin' a corpse.'"

A Short Term.

"George Cohan, just the day before his automobile accident, was talking to me about a beautiful chorus girl who had married a millionaire of seventy-eight years," said a Philadelphia impresario.

"I was shocked. I was indignant, for the girl is one of the loveliest creatures I've ever seen.

"'To think of her!' I growled. 'To think that that beautiful, beautiful girl should sell herself to such an old ruin!'

"Cohan smiled his queer little twisted smile.

"'My dear boy,' he said, 'this isn't a sale—it's a lease.'"

Basic Weakness.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

London papers profess to be able to see light on the question of militancy in the following story: "Is your mother a suffragette?" asked the man. "You bet she ain't," answered the small boy, "me father's a prize fighter." The moral inferred is that militancy is three-fourths lack of domestic discipline.

The Diplomatic "Lobby."

From the London Evening Standard.

In Mr. Thorold's "Life of Henry Labouchere" this story is quoted: The Grand Duchess of Tuscany had a venerable maid of honor about seventy years of age. She had piercing black eyes, and looked like an old postchaise, painted up, and with new lamps. "How old do you think I am?" she once asked me, with a simpering smile, that caused my blood to run cold. I hesitated, and then said: "Twenty."

"Flatterer," she replied, tapping me with her fan. "I am twenty-five."

Unfinished Job.

From the London Opinion.

Seedy Individual (who has come up just after the rescue)—"Are you the cove wot 'as just pulled my boy aht o' the sea?"

The Hero (modestly, after affecting a gallant rescue)—"Yes, my friend, but that's quite all right—don't say any more about it."

"Orl right? It ain't orl right! Wot abaht 'is bloomin' 'at?"

Called Home.

From Harper's Magazine.

A noted clergyman, whose pastorate is in a well-known city, was spending a few days at the summer home of one of his congregation.

While seated on the piazza one afternoon with his hostess, her little boy and girl came running toward them; the former with a rat held at arm's length by the tail.

"Don't be afraid, mother," he called. "It is quite dead! We beat him and beat him!" each declaration being illustrated by an imaginary blow on the rat. Then, feeling a deference might be due the clergyman, he said, in measured, solemn tones and with uplifted eyes:

"Yes, we beat him and beat him until—God—called—him—home."

CZAREVITCH AGAIN HURTS CRIPPLED LEG

Czarina Swoons When She Hears of Accident—Youthful Heir Is in Serious Condition.

Berlin, Dec. 25.—A telegram from St. Petersburg, published here today, says that the young Czarevitch suffered another mishap yesterday when he collided with a heavy door and seriously injured his crippled leg.

The Czarina swooned when she learned of the accident, and Prof. Fedoroff was summoned to attend the boy, whose condition is said to be serious.

TWINS JOINED FACE TO FACE.

Strip of Flesh Binding Girl Tots Together to Be Severed.

Paris, Dec. 25.—Twin baby girls, daughters of a peasant woman, and joined face to face by a strip of flesh an inch thick, were brought here today to undergo an operation to separate them.

Several attempts were made to obtain the twins for exhibition purposes, but they have fought each other with their fists since they were a week old, and after being clothed in miniature straight-jackets, attempted to bite each other. An X-ray photograph was made of the flesh joining the girls today, and it was found that they share no vital organs.

One boy, after a moment's thought, raised his hand confidently. "I would like to be born half darky and half Jew," he said.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' th' Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

(Copyright, 1913.)

Give me the eyes to see my brother's woe;
Grant me the vision that perceives his care,
That I, amid my Christmas joys, may go
And take some touch of mitigation there.

God point the way that I may quickly find
His sore waiting for the glad relief,
And ope my eyes that I may not be blind
To tasks of love that ease the sting of grief.