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Venezuela in The Hague Court.

An Arbitration by That Tribunal Would Sidetrack Certain Implications of the Monroe Doctrine.

In urging President Roosevelt to refuse to act as arbitrator between Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, on the one hand, and Venezuela, on the other, certain American newspapers plant themselves on the not untenable ground that in assuming the responsibility of judging, and, perhaps, ultimately enforcing, European claims against a South American government, the United States would virtually be forced to recast the Monroe Doctrine.

There seems, indeed, to be no escape from the conclusion that this country, once engaged in the embarrassing task of auditing and liquidating South America's debts to Europe, would soon find itself booked for an unbroken series of receiverships. If while forbidding European powers that ultimate recourse of the unpaid and angered creditor—the seizure and annexation of South American territory—the United States as an impartial arbiter should find judgment against a delinquent debtor like Venezuela, honor and reason alike would bind us either to secure to the injured plaintiff the satisfaction of his claim or to suspend, to the defendant's detriment, the territorial aggrandizement prohibitions of the Monroe Doctrine.

Beyond doubt, if the President accepts the role which Germany, Great Britain, and Italy seek to thrust upon him, his Administration will be called on to readjust and regloss the Doctrine enunciated by Adams and Monroe at the instance of Canning.

But in declining to act as umpire in a dispute which vitally concerns American policy—a dispute, too, in which no settlement can be reached which does not require the ultimate sanction of the United States—should we not, as a nation, slight and jeopardize the role to which we are committed in New World politics? Our assertion of the Monroe Doctrine involves a necessary limitation on the rights of an aggrieved European creditor, inasmuch as it forbids the satisfaction of European debts through sequestrations of American territory.

No such limitation would be admitted or recognized by an international law tribunal. It has no more foundation in international usage or contention than Mr. Olney's famous dictum that on the two American continents "the fiat of the United States is law."

Can this country, then, seriously welcome the suggestion that the dispute between Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, on the one hand, and Venezuela, on the other, be sent for unconditional settlement to The Hague Conference Arbitration Court? A judgment given against Venezuela in that court would be unqualified by any recognition of the scope or value of the Monroe Doctrine.

Venezuela defaulting in payment, the creditor powers would certainly be morally justified in seeking the only satisfaction left them—military seizure and territorial annexation. But such a recourse would inevitably force a test of strength and purpose with the United States.

We explicitly declined at The Hague Conference to submit to an international tribunal any differences arising out of our adherence to traditional American policy on distinctly American questions. We know that in that court the Monroe Doctrine can expect no tolerance or recognition.

Why, then, should we be so imprudently anxious to invite an arbitration in which the peculiar role assigned to the United States in the settlement of American problems will be either wholly ignored or, at the best, dangerously minimized?

Filipino "Toussaint L'Ouverture"

The Essential Difference in the Cases of the Haitian Leader and Tagalog Agitator.

It is not surprising to learn that Boston anti-imperialists are attempting to secure the return of Apolinario Mabini from Guam, where he is spending his days in more or less comfortable exile, to Manila, the scene of his earlier intrigues and machinations. In their eyes the erstwhile chief of Aguinaldo's "cabinet" is a much-abused patriot, held against all warrant of law in durance vile, and presenting to the world the spectacle of a victim of political persecution. The letter, indeed, signed by Charles Francis Adams, Carl Schurz, Edwin Burritt Smith, and Herbert Welsh, and addressed to the President, compares the mental suffering of Mabini in exile to that of Toussaint L'Ouverture's, whose life, they say, "was cut off by his imprisonment in a French fortress under the despotic rule of the First Napoleon."

Without wishing to question the historical accuracy of this statement—which we might do successfully, if so inclined—we shall rest content by pointing out the essential difference between the cases of Toussaint and Mabini. The former died in a French prison without ever having been given an opportunity to make his peace with the powers that imprisoned him; the latter is free to leave the island of Guam, over which he roams without let or hindrance, if he so desires, tomorrow.

All that is required of him is an oath of allegiance to the United States. He prefers, it is said, to "maintain a principle." What that "principle" is we have no means of knowing. We don't much care, either. If Mabini is anxious, in addition to getting his board and lodging at the expense of the Government, to assume the part of martyr—that is his business, not ours; and it shouldn't be that of our anti-imperialistic friends. But they think differently, and, Heaven bless them! if it amuses them, who so cruel as to interfere while they coquet with the Toussaints and Washingtons of the Philippine Islands?

What, by the way, has become of Aguinaldo? Have his Boston admirers retired him from circulation? Or is he simply laid up temporarily, as it were, for repairs. An inglorious end, to be sure, to the career of a Filipino Washington; one, moreover, that must make the prospect of wearing the martyr's crown appear anything but attractive to a Filipino Toussaint.

Macaulay's Library.

A London book dealer with whom Macaulay used to deal, says that the historian seemed not to care about the condition of his books, and was not in the least dainty in handling them, however valuable they might be. When, after Macaulay's death, this dealer bought his library, he found it in a most dilapidated state—pages torn out, covers torn off, and nothing which showed signs of ever having been repaired. The books were sold in one lot to a New York dealer.

Always Under Fire.

Harry—When Ricker's boy came to our place he was fired with enthusiasm.

Dick—And how did he hold out?

Harry—Wonderfully. At the end of the week he was again fired.—Boston Transcript.

How They Do It.

Gossippy Man—The Joneses keep up a very imposing establishment.

Grocer—They do that, indeed, and my store's the one that's mostly been impaned on.—New York Times.

THE ASSIMILATION OF THE JEW.

A Reply to RABBI JOSEPH SILVERMAN.

By the Rev. LOUIS T. LOEB, Congregation Adah Israel.

It takes a Jew to incite public sentiment against the Jew! The Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, a reformed rabbi, has made himself conspicuous by his "kind" advice directed toward orthodox Jewry, which savors of anything but the "faithful woundings of the friend."

He starts with a chewing of the old cud, an arguing of the question whether or not Jews are justified in persisting to call themselves a nation. The question of name is indeed of little or no consequence. Yet to argue the point we must not lose sight of the etymological signification of the term "nation," which, according to authoritative lexicography, "originally denotes a family or race of men descended from a common progenitor." Even in modern expression it implies a body of men linked together by language, or certain common interests, which feature is especially manifest in the case of the Jew, who is cognizable as such in every land and region.

Considering all this it will be readily admitted that Jews are still a nation. Their nationalism is part and parcel of their ancient faith. Their religious hopes are also their national aspirations, and so long as the Jewish religion is preserved and properly maintained, they will continue to be the peculiar people of yore.

"We are no longer a peculiar people," says Rabbi Silverman, "save in our religion." But what is our religion? Is it not coupled with this very term "peculiar people?" Who imposed it on us if not the Bible itself, and what is its purport if not that we be steadfast in the profession of the unity of God and the observance of his law—though we be "the fewest of nations," though all the rest of mankind should differ with us in our views?

The moment we cease to be a "peculiar people" we cease to be Jews, and the Jewish religion advocated by Rabbi Silverman remains a hollow and conceited ceremonial, anything but Jewish. Change the Sabbath day, quit the act of circumcision, cease to sanctify your conduct to "be holy as the Lord is holy," contaminate your body by unclean food, leave off the phylacterics, and do away with such other peculiarities and "signs between God and the children of Israel," and the Jewish religion is no longer in existence; the life of the Jewish race is extinct, and the assimilation theory is accomplished without any special effort on the part of Jews.

There is no compromise in the Jewish religion. To be or not to be is the only solution; either believe in the absolute unity of God and fulfill his commands, as ordained in the Bible, which itself is of divine origin, or take no stock in it—believe in nothing, pretend nothing, before the eyes of the world.

Let a Jew begin to be wandering in his faith, to esteem lightly the written or traditional law, and he is neither Jew nor man; neither honorable nor trustworthy. It will be particularly noticeable that the truly religious Jew is steadfast in his loyalty to state and has the highest respect for existing authority. His very religion demands of him a praying and striving for the welfare of the land wherein his lot is cast. Anarchy and demoralization are the products of "free thought," and deviation from the dictates of religion, whether they occur in the slums of a ghetto or amidst the fashionable quarters of the upper West Side of New York city.

The accusations made against Jews on the ground of orthodoxy and the peculiar practices of religion are as unjust as they are unfounded. The orthodox Jew, as a rule, is a loyal, a law-abiding citizen; he feels for his country, rejoices at its progress, sympathizes in its grief, is solicitous for its welfare and will readily give his life in its defense. A Mordecai Noah, a Judah Touro, and other Jewish-American patriots were pious and consistent Israelites, not reformers. Moses Montefiore, Isaac Cremioux, and other benefactors of humanity descended from our race were and are genuine Jews. Even a Disraeli and a Heine, whom circumstances impelled to embrace another creed, even they had after all pronounced themselves more of sympathizers with Judaism than are the reformed of the present age, the advocates of assimilation.

If the priests of reform presume to settle the Jewish question by an overthrow of Judaism they are grossly mistaken. The eight or nine million orthodox Jews all the world over will never assimilate, and never give ear to such theories. Centuries of trial have made Israel's faith proof against any onslaught from within or without. It matters not whether it be accounted natural or abnormal, the fact remains that the Jew will never relinquish his hold on life, never succumb to a suicidal extinction of his race by assimilation.

And, in truth, so long as the world at large has not yet assimilated the Jew, he must remain at his post, for this is his mission, to teach the world of one God for one brotherhood of mankind, and this by the silent testimony of his own existence as a peculiar people. As the master of the situation would have everybody aboard and then enter himself, so the Jew must be the last of all to yield; as he was the first one to promulgate divine truth. He has but one God and has nothing to give up. Either a Jew or an atheist.

The Jew can only propagate to the world a universal assimilation, and when this end is accomplished join the happy fraternity, who are all children of one Universal Father. But to assimilate himself, to let himself be engulfed by the current of surrounding environments without having accomplished that purpose—this will never occur.

In the Public Eye.

Thomas Edison is gifted with a good deal of dry humor. Recently, in the course of an examination before a commissioner in chancery, he was asked: "Do you know Jesse H. Lippincott?" "I did when he was alive," was the calm reply.

Thomas Dixon, author of "The Leopard's Spots," tells a story on himself, connected with his small son. The boy wanted a goat. The father replied that a boy and a goat was a combination which he positively refused to tolerate. The boy waited his turn, and on his father's return from a lecture inquired:

"Papa, why have you given up preaching and given all your time to lecturing?"

"I am after the almighty dollar," was the reply.

"Yes, papa, more after the dollar than the Almighty."

Those who know Sidney Lanier only as a poet can have no idea of the thoroughness and scope of his studies in English literature, and in what may be called the science of writing. His poems give the impression of simplicity and spontaneity. They were in reality the outgrowth of careful and systematic study of the principles of verse. In a work on "Shakespeare and His Forerunners," made up of lectures delivered by him on the Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan age of English poetry, this thorough scholarship is shown.

Andrew Carnegie denies the report that he will present his magnificent new home in New York to his little daughter as a Christmas gift. He declares that the child is not to be saturated with the idea that unlimited wealth is to be at her disposal.

The Czar has sent a check for $5,000 to W. S. Johnston, an Englishman employed by the Taku Tug and Lighting Company as a token of his appreciation of the gallant services rendered by Johnston during the bombardment of the Taku forts.

The secretary of the newly-chartered British Academy is Israel Gollancz, editor of the "Temple Shakespeare" and university lecturer in English at Cambridge. He is a Cambridge man, and is not yet forty years old.

SORRY—A MAN'S PLEA.

Darling, I never meant it,
That scornful word I said,
It would break my heart to remember
That word, if you were dead.

So, living, I ask you dearest,
Forget that word if you can.
You will, I am sure, for a woman
Will always forgive a man.

—Margaret E. Sangster in Every Where.

Unconsidered Trifles

Blissful Innocence.

"Harry," said the young wife in perplexity, "who is Mr. Ginn?"

"Mr. Ginn?"

"Yes; I heard he was so popular. There was a man telling at the opera last night how many evenings he and you had spent with old Tom Ginn, he called him. Why don't you bring him up to the house some time?"

Harry blessed Providence that it was he, and not the other man who explained.

Wages Modernized.

"And what will be the salary?" asked the man who had just been accepted for the clerkship.

"Two dollars a month and your beat!" replied the busy merchant.

Which only goes to show that the thing toward which we have been drifting has assuredly come.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not the Right Kind.

John Smith was about to be sacrificed, when Pocahontas intervened.

"Can't you see," she protested, "that he is not the kind of breakfast food they advertise? He would only be an Indian meal.'

Perceiving that he was not ready to serve, the braves desisted, and woman's wit once more won the day.—New York Sun.

IN THE COURTS AND CAPITALS OF THE OLD WORLD

European Royalists Incline to American Dentists—Crown Princess Chooses a French Professor and Establishes an Exception—An Inauspicious Ancestry—Victor Emmanuel Treads on His Own Toes—Story of Archbishop of Canterbury and His Voice.

Dentists In High Favor.

The American dental profession seems to possess a particular fascination for Old World royalty judging from the numerous occasions on which members thereof are stated to have played the role of heroes in episodes which it would be polite to describe the "romances" of the reigning houses of Europe.

According to Carlist scandalmongers it was Queen Isabella's American dentist who was the father of the late King Alfonso. It was the exaggerated favor shown to an American dentist by the late King of Wurttemburg that led his ministers to confront him with the alternative of either banishing his New England crony or abdicating his throne. The American dentist was heard of once more when the Queen of Roumania left Bucharest and her husband in anger and disgust caused by the failure of her deeply cherished project of a marriage between her nephew, the crown prince, and her favorite maid of honor, the sloe-eyed, blue-black haired and now portly Helen Vacarescu.

The late Dr. Thomas Evans certainly directed the flight of Empress Eugenie from Paris after the overthrow of the Empire in 1870, exposing thereby not only his property but even his life to danger at the hands of the infuriated revolutionary mob, and if we are to believe the assertions of the worthy doctor, who was one of the most picturesque figures of his day, it was he who negotiated her marriage with Napoleon, and who afterward fulfilled many confidential missions to foreign courts, both for the Emperor and for herself. His nephew, Dr. John Evans, who, by grace of the Pope, is Marquis d'Oyley, and who has earned a large fortune by caring for the teeth of those scions of royalty who visit Paris, is the most intimate European friend of the present Shah, who has showered all sorts of honors upon him.

An Exception to the Rule.

It is not therefore altogether astonishing that when it became known that the crown princess of Saxony had abandoned her husband and left for foreign parts everybody at once jumped to the conclusion that it was an American dentist once more who was the hero of this romance, and who by looking into her teeth, had won her heart. It is rather disappointing, under the circumstances, to learn that the person responsible for this matrimonial shipwreck at Dresden was merely a French professor, and not a member of the dental profession of the United States.

It cannot be denied that popular sympathy is largely with the fugitive crown princess, as her husband has never been popular. In fact he has been ever since he came of age the most cordially disliked member of his family, and is as dull-witted as his wife is bright.

Interesting Stories of Royalty.

That he should have been a faithless husband is not astonishing in view of his ancestry. For he is descended from that King Augustus the Strong of whose domestic arrangements Carlyle gives us such a graphic description in his story of Frederick the Great. The grandfather of the crown prince, old King John of Saxony, was so sensible to the fascinations of the fair, even in his old age, that a foreign envoy accredited to his court was forced to ask for an immediate transfer owing to the old King's unwelcome and persistent attentions to his daughter.

The late King of Saxony had a large family of children born to a union not sanctioned by the church, the mother being an actress who was compelled to leave the kingdom along with her family, when he was forced much against his will to marry Queen Carola. The crown prince's aunt, that is to say, the sisters of King George of Saxony, is that old Duchess of Genoa, who only a few months after the death of her first husband became so infatuated in her good looking chamberlain, the Marchese Rapolo, that her spiritual adviser insisted on immediate marriage as the means of legitimizing a condition of affairs that could not be tolerated by the church.

Victor Emmanuel Boomerang.

Her brother-in-law, King Victor Emmanuel, was infuriated by the marriage, which he declared to be infinitely more disgraceful than the absence of any such ceremony would have been under the circumstances, and he promptly proceeded to banish her from the kingdom, depriving her of the custody and guardianship of her children. Nor did he relent and permit her to return to Italy until he had himself perpetrated a still greater mesalliance by marrying that gamekeeper's daughter whom he created Countess Miriafiore.

From this it will be seen that the Crown Prince of Saxony "chasse de race," as they say in French, and that his ancestry has not been of a character to render it probable that he would ever make a faithful and devoted husband.

Archbishop "Spoiled the Show."

A peculiarity of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, which I have not seen referred to in any of his obituaries, was the extraordinary harshness and rasping character of his voice—a peculiarity of which he was well aware, and concerning which he was wont to tell all sorts of amusing stories.

Among them was one to the effect that on a Sunday evening, having slipped into a back pew of a popular church in the East End of London, and joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn from a hymn book which had been extended to him in friendly fashion by a laboring man, the latter at the end of the first verse drew away the hymn book from him, gave him a dig in the ribs with his elbow, and remarked in a loud whisper: "Here, dry up, mister, you're spoilin' the show."

Nor have I seen it mentioned that the late archbishop was descended in a direct line from Lady Godiva, so famous in connection with her somewhat decollete ride through the streets of Coventry. The old archbishop was very proud of this ancestry, as well as of the fact that he was entitled to bear the same coat-of-arms as Leofric, Earl of Mertia.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Statesmen and Their Ways.

Parker's Presidential Boom.

The Parker Presidential boom is having a renaissance in the South. Here and there in all parts of Dixie sentiment in favor of the Empire State jurist abounds. The statesmen of the South, after following the illusive rainbow of promise in the West, have again turned their eyes toward the East, and their gaze rests upon the modest and retiring man who might have been governor of the State had not certain events happened of which every man in New York with any political instinct knows full well. At this early date, a year and a half before the nominating convention is held, prominent Democratic politicians are beginning to talk Parker in a way which indicates that "his honor" may be called by the great quadrennial conclave of his party in 1904, to leave the bench and become Democracy's standard bearer. Certain it is that the South, as has been evident for some time, is wearied of its alliance with the West, and is willing to break the silver cord and reunite with the Democrats of the Empire State in the hope that victory may once more perch upon their banners.

West Nothing to Offer.

The West has nothing more to offer, now that silver is no more; it has no other bond of political sympathy with the land of cotton. The West, as was manifested by the election last month, has practically returned bag and baggage to the Republican party. Hence, whether they would or not, the Democrats of the South must join with their old allies, the Democrats of the East. But in the changes which have been wrought in the past ten years, more than New York is necessary to insure victory, but with New York in line, there is at least hope. Southern politicians believe that Judge Parker will be able to carry the Empire State, and that he will prove a strong candidate in those other States which were formerly found in the Democratic column, namely, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, and Indiana. Then they will stand some show of winning. The latest recruit to the Parker ranks is the Hon. Joseph W. Bailey, and he has carried with him practically all the Texas delegation in Congress. This is significant, for the distinguished Senator from the Lone Star State has heretofore been accredited to the followers of Gorman. The effect will no doubt be to influence many other Southern leaders, who have expressed themselves as favorable to the supposed candidacy of the Maryland Senator. Today, Judge Parker would undoubtedly receive the solid vote of the Texas delegation in the convention, and unless there is for some reason a change of sentiment before the meeting is held, he will continue to grow in strength, not only in Texas, but elsewhere throughout the South.

Croker's Christmas Card.

Richard Croker, from his quiet home in Wantage, sent a Christmas remembrance to each of his old Tammany chieftains and leaders, and this fact is believed by many to indicate that the former "boss" is to return and assume his old post at the head of the great political organization. His gift was not a bottle of Pastuerized milk, as might have been expected, but to each he mailed simply a card, probably one with a flower upon it, perhaps holly or mistletoe, and an apropriate Yuletide rhyme. It was just to let them know that he had not forgotten their faithful services and their favors. The gifts should not be regarded as significant. When Richard Croker, if he ever does, decides to return to New York and take the helm of the Tammany organization he will not herald his coming by sending picture cards to his former lieutenants.

He will just drop in at the Democratic Club, without notifying anybody, but his arrival and his every movement will be known to every man, woman, and child in New York, for they will be chronicled in detail by every paper in the metropolis, and persons having the entree will call to see him. Croker never plays politics with picture cards; he uses loaded dice, and there ought not to be the slightest importance attached to the fact that he has sent a Christmas greeting to his old friends at home. Until this little event transpired many persons had been inclined to take the butter-maker of Wantage at his word and believe that he had retired from politics for good and all.

Cards Arouse Suspicion.

His simple Christmas presents have aroused their suspicions anew. But really, why should Croker desire to return to the hurly-burly of political strife in Manhattan? Now he has nothing more sonorous to disturb him than the mellow lowing of his blooded kine as he calmly washes the milk pans, turns the churn crank, and quenches his thirst with a glass of fresh Jersey buttermilk. To return to New York would mean a renewal of strife, of cliques, factions, and contests, not compatible with the nature of a man who desires to lead a simple pastoral life, far removed from the turmoil of politics. The Christmas cards do not mean that Richard Croker is to come back and depose the Hon. Charles F. Murphy, whose brief career at the head of Tammany has been marked with signal success.

Goes a Peg Higher.

After having served his State in Congress for sixteen years the Hon. Samuel Willis Tucker Lanham will resign his membership in the House on January 20 to become governor of the State of Texas, to which office he was elected last November. His immediate predecessor, Governor Sayers, left Congress to become the executive of the Lone Star State, and it is becoming quite popular for members to quit Washington for State capitals. The reason for it is probably to be found in the fact that in the House of Representatives with its large membership a man, unless there be special reasons in his favor, is obliged to sink his personality and to a large extent lose his individuality. He is simply one of many. He votes with his party, and generally follows the dictates of its leaders, while as the governor of a sovereign State one is supreme within its borders. As governor he is a ruler; as a Congressman he is ruled. While this is not particularly true of the Hon. Samuel Willis Tucker Lanham, whose career in Congress has been a long and able one, he has decided to round out his political life with a term as governor of the largest State in the Union, an honor which any man might be proud to have conferred upon him.

Mr. Lanham began his service in the Forty-eighth Congress, and has served continuously with the exception of two terms, the Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Congresses, when he declined to be a candidate. He has won the love and respect of members on both sides of the chamber, and while congratulating him upon his election to the governorship, they at the same time deplore his loss to the House. His seat will remain vacant for the remainder of the term.

LINCOLN'S EARLY DAYS.

Some Reminiscences of His Boyhood Days in Indiana.

Until a few years ago there was in Gentryville an old wooden fire shovel, on which Lincoln had traced these verses:

Time—What an empty vapor 'tis,
And days, how swift they are;
Swift as an arrow speed our lives,
Swift as a shooting star,
The present moment——

The stanza was not finished, but it was kept for many years until the old fire shovel disappeared, and its whereabouts are unknown to this day.

There used to be a character around Gentryville in its early days known as "Old Holmes," who was often intoxicated.

One winter night "Old Holmes" would have been frozen but for Lincoln, who found him and carried him home, sitting up all night to resuscitate him. This incident started a temperance wave over Spencer county, and the debates were startling and interesting.

Half way up the long wandering street for many years stood an old blacksmith shop. In front of it was a wide spreading tree, that still waves its boughs, but every sign of the old shop is gone.

The ground on which stood the smithy for years was owned by the Rev. Fred Heuring, past commander of the Indiana Grand Army of the Republic, but is now the property of Jacob Dendinger, the town marshal.

This old blacksmith shop was a famous place in the life of Gentryville and was a favorite resort for the people of Spencer county.

The old blacksmith, whose name every one seems to have forgotten, was a natural story-teller, and he had around him a crowd of as good story-tellers as himself.

Abraham Lincoln was at this shop a great deal, and it was a common resort for his father, Thomas Lincoln, and Abraham's uncles, John and Dennis Hanks. The shop was the country newsstand and the lecture platform, and it was there that Abraham Lincoln learned many of the stories that he told in after life.

It was here that Dennis Hanks told the story of Sykes' dog, a story that Lincoln told to Grant after the fall of Vicksburg, and which was one of the most famous of Lincoln's stories.

Sykes had a dog that was a nuisance, and some one fed him a large cartridge that exploded, and the animal never amounted to much after that as a dog.

Lincoln's application of the story was that those who were complaining of Grant for paroling so many of Pemberton's army did not realize that after the fall of Vicksburg it did not amount to much as an army.

The Crawford School, which Abraham Lincoln attended, was situated about three miles from here. It was built of round logs and was not more than six feet high.

Some of the older persons in this country remember their parents telling of Andrew Crawford, the teacher, and his brother, Josiah Crawford, the latter known as "Blue Nose" Crawford, a name given him by Abraham Lincoln.

Josiah Crawford once loaned Lincoln a copy of a "Life of Washington," and Lincoln got the book wet, for which Crawford charged him 75 cents, a debt that Lincoln paid by working for three days pulling fodder.

The local history is that he never forgave Josiah Crawford, and the name "Blue Nose," that it is said he gave him, is part of the legends of Spencer county to this day.

Of the enemies that Lincoln made, none were greater than some members of the Grigsby family, many of whose descendants still live in this neighborhood. Sarah Lincoln, sister of Abraham, married Aaron Grigsby, and two years later died.

Abraham, it is said, always declared that his sister was not properly treated by the Grigsbys. This brought about a social feud.—Gentryville (Ind.) Correspondent St. Louis Republic.

GOD'S GREAT GIFT OF WOMANKIND

God set his star in yonder sky,
On earth he planted vine and tree,
He took the sun and with his hand
He placed it where all men might see.

Not lovelier sky nor smiling flower,
Nor sun into the Heaven hurled
Than the sweet gift of womankind
Which God has given to all the world.

—Baltimore American.