YEARNS FOR HILLS, GIRL RUNS AWAY

CHILD DISSATISFIED WITH LIFE AT BEACH

SEA'S MUSIC DISCORD TO HER

Fourteen-Year-Old Goldie Bunce Leaves the Home of Her Grandfather in Redondo—Detectives Search for Her

Goldie Bunce, granddaughter of J. M. More of 223 Francisco street, Redondo, ran away from home Friday night and detectives have been asked to assist in the search for the young girl.

The child's grandfather appeared at the police station yesterday to report the loss of the little one. "She never did like the beach," said the old man. "Her mother died some time ago and Goldie and her sister came to live with my wife and myself. But Goldie would not live at the beach. She did not like the sound of the waves nor the smell of the brine and complained of the absence of the hills and the meadows. She was raised in Los Angeles.

"Friday night she tried on a dress which her grandmother had made for her to wear to school and then she tried on the longer garments belonging to her sister. This morning when we found that she had left us we looked and found that her new dress was in its proper place but her sister's clothes are gone and we think the child may have worn them."

Goldie is 14 years old but looks younger. She is 4 feet 9 inches tall and weighs about 85 pounds. She has auburn hair and light eyes.

ROTHSCHILD'S UNIQUE FARM

Englishman's Experiments of Interest to Science

One of the unique farms of the world is that of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, brother-in-law of Lord Rosebery, says the New York Herald. He has a large estate in Hertfordshire, and it is given over to his hobby, zoology, for on this farm he has few domestic animals, but numbers of creatures such as one sees in a zoological garden. He has zebras instead of horses, and drives them with the greatest ease. He even takes a team of his striped beauties to town with him in the season, and astonishes the staring Londoners when he drives though Hyde Park behind his zebra four-in-hand.

The place is called Tring Park, and there is something suggestive of the prosperity of a French seigneur about it. Tring itself is a well built, nice little country town lying on the side of the last slopes of the Chilterns. From its hills one sees over the rich vale of Aylesbury the valley of the River Thame, which runs into the Thames near Dorchester.

Tring Park is in the midst of this lovely country, and the houses in the main street fringe the park, and from their upper windows may be seen a stately vista of limes and the brilliant red and white Palladin house. The bricks are as red and the stones as white as possible, and in the green setting of the grass, lime trees and beeches, the effect is charming.

From the house the park covers a great arc in the hills which look down upon it and up the sides of which it runs. Along the top are rich hanging woods, the lower slopes and valleys in the park being pastured by the strange flock and herds of the farm.

The particular interest of this farm park to the naturalist is due to its having been the scene of almost the first modern experiments in acclimatization. Here the Australian kangaroos and wallabies were first successfully acclimatized by the Hon. Walter Rothschild about eighteen years ago, and there they are still, feeding like sheep and almost as tame as domestic animals, the smaller wallabies often allowing the members of the family to fondle them.

There are large herds of fallow deer running wild over the park, and horned sheep, with surprising fleeces.

The zebras are in numbers, having been bred from several generations of their kind trained to harness. Mr. Rothschild finds them tougher than horses, and some of the larger ones are worked regularly on the farm plowing, haying, carting, etc.

Consoling Thought

Slowly and softly the porch climber approached the second story window and pried up the lower sash.

As he did so an alarm bell inside the room began to ring, an electric light was turned on, and a graphophone wheezed out: "Hey, there, you! What do you want?"

Expeditiously the nocturnal visitor backed away, climbed down from the porch, and fled away in the darkness.

"I've always noticed," he muttered, in a tone of deep disgust, "that a feller who goes to all that trouble to guard his stuff hain't got a blamed thing worth stealin', anyway!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Now," said Mr. Hazzard, who was instructing her in the mysteries of golf, "you know what a 'tee' is. Let me explain now the duties of the 'caddie.' You see"—

"Of course," she interrupted, "the caddie's what you put the tea in. I know what a tea caddie is."—Philadelphia Press.

Osterfd—Pa, what's an infernal machine?

Pa—Why, a phonograph after midnight, my son.—Chicago Daily News.

PARISIAN SECRET POLICE

Strangers in the City Are Constantly Watched

About the words, "the secret police," there is a pretty air of mystery. They summon up pictures of cloaked figures, of men waiting in dark alleyways and of stealthy steps behind the curtains of corridors. They are woven into nine-tenths of popular French fiction. The woman concierge, sunning herself in what Parisian doorway you please, feeds her imagination on tales of multiple disguises. For her the agent de la surete, who comes to inquire about her lodgers, is dark with mystery; he is "of the secret police." As a matter of fact this branch of the police, though dressed in plain clothes, is not at all occult. It has to do with plain and simple crimes. Most of the agents of the surete are old soldiers, honorable men. They are supplemented, however, by a band of quasi police, known as indicateurs. These people, who are permanent auxiliaries of the service, are recruited among the street fakirs and masterless rogues who foregather in Paris.

But behind these humdrum agents and those gloomy outcasts, their aids, there is a mighty and mysterious "secret police," about which not one Parisian in a hundred has definite knowledge. The real secret police—today, as under the empire—is that which is known as the brigade des recherches—that is, the brigade of investigation. The members of this force are recruited in a far higher rank of society than the fellows of the surete. Indeed, there is no class—from the old nobility to the new feudality of finance—which does not contribute this occult system of espionage. It is not my purpose here to describe in detail the many ramifications of this ancient and potent order of spies.

A foreigner in France, if he associates frequently with people of importance, comes in time to know them well. They follow him in his comings and goings, report upon his acts and opinions, and sift his life with a care unknown in our careless republic. One of those who was sent out on my trail I came to know very well. What I was suspected of I know not, though during the troublous days of the Dreyfus case I fraternized with many men—one of whom, the Comte du Temple, an ex-deputy, was an aggressive royalist. Anyway, my spy and I came to know each other very well. He played a good game of billiards and was a companionable gentleman.

A little later Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan, the assistant corporation counsel of New York, visited me in Paris. He was greatly interested in the secret police. I could hardly persuade him that from the moment we met and shook hands in the Gare du Nord until his departure from the Gare St. Lazare every act of his had been noted. I got the evidence from my friend (my own pet spy) in the brigade des recherches. The doctor's record was singularly complete. He had not spoken with a man, he had not chatted with a woman, he had not dined out or breakfasted in my garden, he had not bought a pair of yellow gloves, unseen by some ubiquitous spy. The amazed gentleman, when he learned how close had been the watch upon him, shuddered as if he had walked in peril, and went back to New York wondering. So close are the meshes of this police net that not even a casual visitor slips through.

An Immigration Reform

What should have been done long ago is now proposed in the establishment of a bureau of government on Ellis island to give immigrants full authentic information as to the opportunities of settlement and employment in different parts of the country. This is all the more necessary since the contract labor laws threaten the immigrant with deportation if he secure employment in advance of his coming. But between this form of prearrangement and the proposed policy of the government to advise immigrants after their arrival as to opportunities and private enticements by offers and promises of employment there is, in the opinion of Commissioner Sargent, a very great difference.

The commissioner tells the agents of Southern railroad companies that the government will not sanction the advertisement by Americans in Europe of the advantages offered settlers in certain parts of the United States, because in his estimation the stream of new comers is quite strong enough without such inducement. There is a smack of Know-Nothingism about this, but it is partially redeemed by the effort to so administer the immigration laws as to do the least harm. The immigrant may not secure employment before leaving his home, but when he comes blindly the government will help him with advice and information as to the means of earning a living in the land of his adoption.—Philadelphia Record.

The duke of Medina's house at Argamasilla, in which Cervantes wrote Don Quixote, has been burned, according to a cable dispatch from Madrid. This is the house pictured by Prof. George Edward Woodberry, who writes of Cervantes in the April McClure's: "He had married a wife, not a fortune, but she brought him—here opens the domestic interior—beside some vineyards, 'two linen sheets, one good blanket and one worn, tables, chairs, a brazier, a grater, several sacred images, one cock, and forty-five pullets.' His house was the general refuge of the women of the family; there, in 1605, were living his wife, his natural daughter, two sisters and a niece."

When a man and his wife start to go anywhere, says a Missouri paper, he tells her to get out his new suit, fix the buttons in his shirt, get his cuffs, good shoes, tie his necktie, brush his hat, perfume his handkerchief and a few other little jobs. Then he puts on his hat and says "Great Scott! Ain't you ready yet?"

ARTISTIC BOOKBINDING

IN mediaeval days the good monks found relaxation from the monotony of their lives in illuminating the missals which we treasure today. That was their dissipation—the making of books! The gold and crimson, and blue and cream, filled their starved eyes with color that was comfort. Today, the busy, nervous, modern woman joins hands with the monastic dreamer of the Middle Ages; she, too, finds her delight and her distraction in making books.

The last few years have marked a surprising influx of women into the ranks of bookbinders. Rich women and poor women, energetic women and weary women, have taken it up—sometimes as a fad, sometimes as a relaxation, sometimes as a profession. The woman with time hanging heavily on her hands finds whole days burned away by the fascination of making something so intricate and difficult, yet so satisfactory. The woman who has overworked is glad to occupy her tired brain with something fresh and interesting. The heartsick woman finds that her nerves are calmed by the steady work and unremitting concentration. The woman with superfluous life and energy discovers a valuable channel for her vitality. The artistic woman is in ecstasy over the opportunities for fanciful and beautiful work. The woman with a taste for mechanical, manual work finds both her hands and her ingenuity fully occupied.

Mr. Adams' Views

Ralph Randolph Adams, who is himself well known as a master in bookbinding, and who has taught many women the art, said:

"I have had a good deal of experience in teaching women to bind books and I do not hesitate to say that I consider it a craft peculiarly adapted to feminine capabilities. Women have seldom excelled in the larger, broader, rougher forms of artistic work, but they have a wonderful grasp of the finer points in designing—the little delicacies and subtleties which make bookbinding an art, and the lack of which makes it a matter of mechanics.

"There are schools, or cults, in bookbinding, you know, by the bye, and women bookbinders, like the men, belong necessarily to one or another. Probably the most popular school is that headed by Cobden Saunderson, in England. It is a school founded upon certain conventional principles of designing, chiefly Persian in origin. Cobden Saunderson and Douglas Cockerell excel in this conventional decoration and do fine work, Cockerell particularly. But the style is one which is rather antagonistic to broad artistic work and rather cramping to individuality, or so it seems to me. It is easy for the students following in the footsteps of Saunderson and Cockerell to fall heir to their limitations while failing to achieve their greatness.

The Process of Bookbinding

To watch the process of binding a book is distinctly interesting, but it is certain to give the casual looker on a very hazy impression of bookbinding in general. The technicalities of the craft are quite beyond the untutored intelligence, and the wise commentor does not concern himself with them, save inasmuch as they may strike him as interesting from an outsider's standpoint.

First, the book to be bound is taken to pieces, carefully cleaned and washed, the illustrations protected, and the holes made by the previous binding smoothly patched with a special kind of thin, tough paper. Then the leaves are refolded, divided into sections and pressed into a solid block in the big press. The whole is then put into the sewing frame, where each section is sewn with silk or linen, and all are sewn in turn to the heavy cords drawn tight upon the frame, which later form the raised bands on the back of the book. Then the backs are glued—the boiling of the glue pot fills the studio with steam and a queer odor like nothing else in life, and while the glue is still soft the back is hammered into the desired curve with a big hammer. Then the book is backed, the bands are nipped up, so as to stand up firmly and distinctly, the leaves are cut square with the plough, the boards are laced on with the frayed ends of the heavy cords and the whole volume is pressed again. When the leather is on and the head band, which is made of a 'cello string covered with silk, the "forwarding" is over, the book is ready to be finished.

The weary woman who has struggled through the long process of forwarding heaves a sigh of relief and gets out her pencil and paper to work out her design—if indeed she has not prepared it long since. In this connection different methods prevail, but most persons seem to make a rough sketch of what they want, lay it down upon a piece of cardboard the size of their book and use their "gouges" (or decorating instruments) to verify, modify or intensify the design. For instance, suppose one wanted a sunflower and had no tool shaped with quite so sharp a curve as would be necessary for the petals, then one would have either to change the design or have a new gouge made.

After the lines of the design have been changed and conventionalized by the aid of the gouges and compasses, the paper is fastened upon the leather book and the tooling begins. First come the hot irons that are pressed into the soft leather through the paper sketch. This is simply the impression of outline. Sometimes by a combination of extreme heat and moisture the decorator gets a darker impression, which is called "blind tooling," and is left as it is, as part of the design, without adding any gold.

But the prettiest part of it all to watch and the most fascinating to do—or so the outsider thinks—is the gold tooling. The design which is already on the leather is covered by a "glare" made of the white of egg and vinegar, which is allowed to dry. Then the decorator takes a tiny bit of cotton moistened with grease—cocoa butter, almond oil, vaseline or palm oil—and carefully applies the gold leaf. The leaf is cut into tiny strips and is laid on the leather in double layers to be tooled. The brass gouges are heated in the fire, tempered quickly on the big wet sponge in a bowl—it hisses and steams when the scorching tools touch it—and the binder presses the hot metal end strongly and steadily into the gold leaf. When it has or should have adhered the gouge is put aside and the superfluous gold leaf which has not been pressed into the design is rubbed off with a lump of crude rubber—which, by the bye, becomes an odd soft bronze color through its constant contact with gold dust. The straight lines on the book are done with the tooling wheel or roll, which is an imposing weapon, and looks much too large and murderous for its one use to be to mark out a thread of gold.

When the last bit of gold is on and the bookbinder leans back to rest, she may not be satisfied with the result—if she is inherently an artist she will not be—but at least she has the consciousness of a long, hard task completed, the remembrance of hours of patient work, of weeks and probably months of careful thought and application. And that is something of which even so superior a woman as a bookbinder may justly be proud.

"We call this place of ours the 'sanitarium,'" smilingly declared Miss Foote, the head of the Evelyn Nordhoff School of Bindery, the other day. She is acknowledged to be one of the best women binders working today, and she knows whereof she speaks. "Why the sanitarium? Because it does so much for sick and nervous women. They come up here in a wretched state sometimes, and the work seems to do wonders for them. After all, if you can keep a woman's hands and head both occupied and add to that a stimulus and incentive for the imagination you are doing a great deal, are you not? And the very woman who starts in without a shadow of an idea about exactness or concentration finds herself so interested in what she is doing that she gains both qualities without knowing it.

"Oh, yes, I think it is a magnificent profession for women. It develops the gifts that they have and cultivates those that they have not. Woman's love for detail and her imagination are two of her most dominant traits, and no profession in the world demands more of both attributes. And she learns—oh, she learns so much more than merely bookbinding!"

"Butterfly Bookbinder"

Many fashionable women have taken up bookbinding as a fad, and it is only truthful to admit that the professionals do not take them too seriously. These same professionals argue—not illogically—that, as they work eight and ten hours a day and then fall far short of what they should achieve, it is hardly probable that a society woman who takes a lesson or two a week and amuses herself in her workroom during her odd hours could accomplish anything in the least worth while.

Yet the "butterfly bookbinders," as I have heard them styled, have done some very creditable work now and then, and can afford to feel as indifferent as they do to the comments of their more industrious sisters. Women like Miss Kernochan, Mrs. Ripley, Mrs. Seymour Cromwell and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor are already well known for their "addiction to bookbinding." So fashionable women continue to pursue the art, in valiant unconcern, despite the derision of their friends on the one side and their colleagues on the other.

But it is in the workroom of a professional and an artist in one that you see the true love for any knowledge of this beautiful craft. Such a workroom is that of Miss Mary Chatfield, whose work is winning for her an enviable place among those who can appreciate skill and intelligence. She consented to show the reporter her artistic paraphernalia and her ways of working, and in her picturesque studio, littered with queer tools and bits of warm-hued leather, with half-finished books and penciled sketches, she talked enthusiastically and well about the art she loves. Her small fox terrier curled up at her feet as she talked, opening a suspicious eye to bark at the reporter now and then, and Miss Chatfield interrupted herself occasionally to order the little animal to "be polite."

A Worker in Her Studio

"There is nothing like it—nothing!" she declared. "I love it better than anything in the world, and nothing would make me give it up. I work at it ten hours a day and sometimes more than that, yet I have never gotten the least bit tired of it. What else could one say that of, I wonder? But it takes patience; oh, what patience. See this book." She took from a cabinet a copy of "The Knight Errant," with a dull green design formed of shields. "I worked more than ten hours a day for three months on that, but it is worth it. You can't turn back, you can never leave it. If you once feel the spell and fascination of it you never want to do anything else. Style? Oh, yes. I have a style of my own, after a fashion. It would be a poor worker who could not put some individuality, some personality, into what she did. And yet—and yet"—she hesitated as she sorted the big tools and looked out of the window. "I do think it has its limitations, you know. That is the hard part of it. One loves it and keeps forever trying to put something more into it than is possible. I do not think it is a very easy channel for the expression of—one's self."

The fox terrier became impertinent just then and thus switched the conversation off into less serious lines.

"See," said Miss Chatfield, a few minutes later, opening a little flat brown parcel, "I am going to show you something which has just been sent to me from the other side of the world to use in my work." The dull wintry light quite glowed and sparkled as it touched what lay in her hand. "It is Syrian gold," she explained. "In leaf form, of course. And here is some leather from Syria." She held up a splendid piece of dusky crimson. "I'm going to use this leather and this gold," she declared, "to bind something wonderful and Oriental!"

"OURS" NOT "MINE"

Change of Possession Might Lessen Divorce Evil

From the Milwaukee Journal.

"It is mine!"

"I tell you, you are mistaken; it is mine!"

Divorce court.

Which is a terse way of putting the sad history of many a marriage disagreement over the things mine and thine and the domestic misery that follows.

The way to settle such a disagreement is for both parties to say, "It is ours!"

Because of the struggle for mine and thine the records of history are rolled in blood, nations have fallen, barriers of hatred have been raised, brother has fought brother. Envy, dissension and division have come because men have contended for that which is not theirs, but "ours."

Organized selfishness in our day has manifested itself in the great corporation spiders that have spread their webs far and wide, controlling the avenues of approach, watching for victims with their many-faceted eyes, gathering to themselves what is not theirs, but "ours."

The world is "ours."

Sky and earth—ours.

Sunshine and shade—ours.

Flowers and birds—ours.

Fruits and fertile fields—ours.

And the Master of us all taught us to pray, "Our father."

Ladies and gentlemen: Everywhere is needed this doctrine of "ours"—in the family, city, state, nation, world.

The solution of all earth's problem is wrapped up in the one saying:

"Everything is ours."

Not Graham Gems

In a schoolroom the first primary grade was listening to the teacher reading a description of Columbus' first voyage to America. The history was written in words of one syllable.

The teacher reads: "Queen Isabella sold her gems to help Columbus."

"Now, children," she said, "who can tell me what gems are?"

Instantly Robert sprang to his feet, his hands waving frantically and his eyes flashing.

"Well, Robert," she said.

"Biscuits!" yelled Robert.—Boston Herald.

Klaw & Erlanger have secured the American rights to "The Spring Chicken," which is soon to be produced at the Gaiety theater, London. It is adapted from the French piece, "Le Coquin de Printemps."

Henry Arthur Jones is writing a play for Virginia Harned. It will be ready next season.

At the funeral in Cincinnati of Mrs. Johanna Hickey, the rare spectacle was afforded of her five sons, all priests, officiating at the church services. Four sons bore the casket to the hearse.

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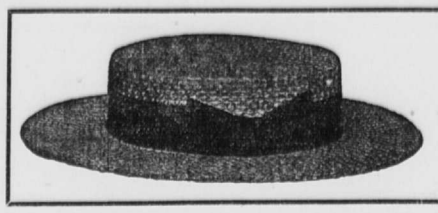

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