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The Man Who Tried to Be Avenged on Napoleon

He Tackled a Big Job When He Took the "Mona Lisa"—And the Precedents Were All Against Him

Leonardo de Vinci's "Mona Lisa," the most famous painting in the world, has been found again; this time, it is declared, the genuine painting, which was stolen from the Louvre in Paris in 1911, has been recovered in Florence and will be returned to the French government.

The public has become skeptical of stories concerning this famous and mysterious painting, but for purposes of meditation we may consider that the real masterpiece has been returned, and listen for a moment to the explanation of the thief:

"I was ashamed," he said, "that for more than a century no Italian has thought of avenging the spoilation committed by Frenchmen under Napoleon, when they carried off Italian museums and galleries, pictures, statues and treasures of all kinds by wagon loads, ancient manuscripts and thousands of gold by sackfuls."

Perugia, the reputed thief of the painting, has a difficult job on his hands if he would justify himself on the ground that Napoleon committed a theft in a big way, and, therefore, he can commit the same crime in a small way and escape.

The wholesaler always has the better of it, the retailer is abused, if the trade be murder, robbery or groceries. The wholesale grocer is a merchant prince and the retail grocer is a shop keeper; the wholesale murderer is a conqueror, the retail murderer is marked for the gibbet. Magnitude seems to carry with it its divine right and palliation.

Napoleon spoiled Italy. He felt himself justified in that as in other things he did. Possibly he was paying a subtle compliment to the Italians by his act, which carried with it the intimation that the French were more in need of art culture than the Italians, and his robbery of Peter to pay Paul was educational, not malicious. But the fact remains that Napoleon could spoil the museums and galleries of Italy and bear no minor blemish on his great name, while the man who took "Mona Lisa" may yet be sent to jail as a felon.

To take revenge on France for Napoleon's deeds is too big a job for any one man, even considering, as many thinkers do, that Napoleon was always fighting for democracy as against aristocracy, and his good works outshine his bad.

The Wonderful Magnet

How Wild Superstition Settles Down Into Scientific Reality

Everybody knows something of the peculiarities of the magnet. As a boy you led tiny painted ducks around the water basin, holding a magnet in your hand, or you owned a horseshoe magnet that would pick up nails and needles.

You know now in a general kind of way that the magnet is a very useful as well as a somewhat mysterious thing.

The old Greeks and Romans simply knew that some remarkable iron ore found in Lydia, near the town of Magnesia, and hence called magnet, was capable of drawing and holding pieces of metal.

The ancients had the wildest theories concerning the magnet, just as we have wild theories about things that are new and strange to us today.

They thought that the magnet could be used in cases of sickness; that it could attract wood and flesh; that it influenced the human brain, causing melancholy. They believed that the power of a magnet could be destroyed by rubbing garlic on it, and that power brought back again by dipping the magnet in goat's blood. They believed that a magnet could be used to detect bad conduct in a woman; they believed that it would not attract iron in the presence of a diamond. They believed much other nonsense quite as ridiculous as the nonsense that we believe today.

It must have seemed a great waste of time in wise men in the old days to discuss the magnet or think about it at all. Please observe how the apparent nonsense of early speculation finally ripens into actual utility, and learn to respect those who deal as best they can with questions that seem beyond our comprehension.

First the magnet was made actually and wonderfully useful in the compass. Who discovered the compass nobody knows. It was probably invented by the Chinese and brought to Europe through the Arabs. Anyhow, some genius found out that a small needle brought in contact with the so called lodestone, or magnetic ore, absorbs the qualities of the lodestone, and when placed on a pivot will always point to the north.

In the magnet there were and there still are many mysteries. A form of perpetual motion seems to be embodied in the principle of magnetism. One strange fact is this, that the weight of the metal is exactly the same before it is magnetized and after it is magnetized.

Early students thought that the magnet pointed toward some particular spot in the sky, perhaps some magnetic star. One genius felt sure that there must be huge mountains of lodestone near the north pole. This suggestion was followed by ingenious yarns to the effect that in the extreme north ships had to be built with wooden nails, instead of iron nails, as the magnetic mountains would draw the iron nails out of the ship.

After this came the more rational conception that our own earth is a great magnet, and that the little magnet in the compass simply obeys in pointing the greater force of the earth magnet.

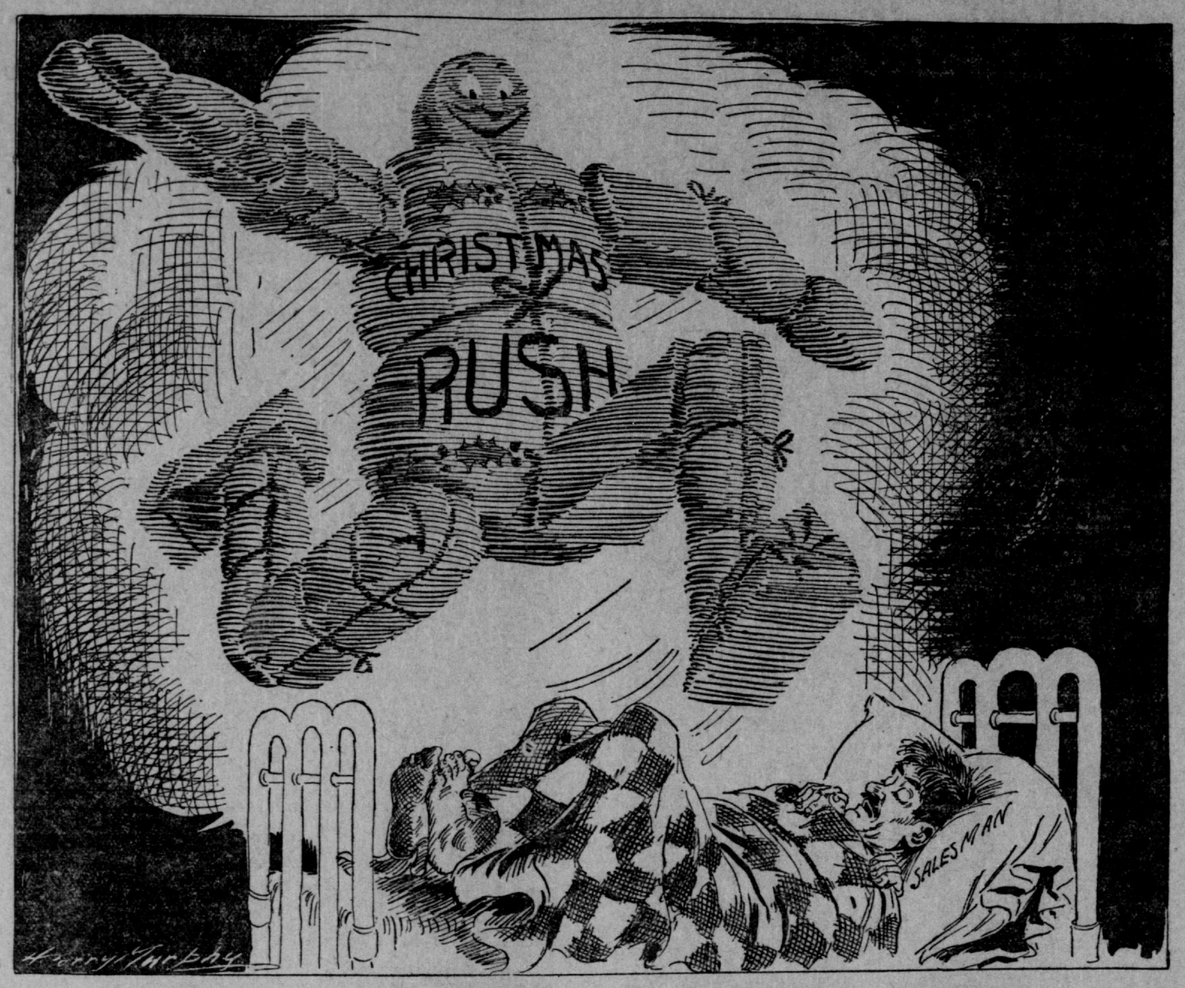
In thousands of ways today this magnetic power is utilized.

That the earth itself is a great magnet can not be questioned. And there is no doubt that each of us human beings is a compound magnet on his own account, depending for his welfare on magnetic force.

The millions of red corpuscles in the blood, each with its infinitesimal particles of iron, absorb in the lungs and distribute throughout the body the electric forces on which we depend, and with which we do our work.

When you read of men and women dealing in a blundering kind of way with abstract, abstruse speculations and problems, do not laugh at them too heartily. They are no more ridiculous than the old Greeks who thought that a magnet could be regulated by garlic or goat's blood. And their wild theories of today may settle down into great utility centuries from now. This applies to Christian Science, faith cures, telepathy and the many other speculations of the present day. There is unquestionably much future fruit and value in many or all of them.

HIS DREAM



FATHER MAY GET A CHRISTMAS GIFT

Evening Calls

Unpopular types—the Egg-otist who eats eggs every morning.

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Progressive whist has been superseded by another chair changing game, called progressive governorship.

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President Wilson has asked Secretary Lane for an opinion on the Hetch Hetchy bill. Well, you know the answer.

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The man who cornered the calf market has been sent to jail for two years. Here's one prodigal who won't want veal when he returns.

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It is suggested that Chicago school children protest against the forced resignation of Ella Flagg Young by striking—their party might be known as the Youngsters.

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It strikes the old man as a funny joke to see suits and overcoats advertised for sale at this time of the year, when all he can afford to buy is a grand piano player.

Evidently "experience" is not considered an ideal qualification for a juror.

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We hear much about the "farce of the jury system"; all opposed go back to England before the reign of King John.

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A woman has just agreed to pay her husband $10 a week to keep away from her. That's a cheap bargain with such a fellow.

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London newspapers are not to appear on Christmas morning. Then how are the folks to know if Santa Claus arrived the night before?

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Tetrazzini ate a rooster and wears his tail as a millinery remembrance. Does that procedure explain why foreign soldiers wear horse tail plumes?

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Andrew Carnegie nominates Mr. Root for president as the "wisest man in the country." But Mr. Carnegie proves his own wisdom by not predicting Mr. Root's election.

Footnotes of Humor

"Lucille," said a haughty lady.

"Yes, madam," the maid answered.

"Look out of the window and see if any person is using the ocean. If not, I may bathe."

* * *

An amusing story is told by Mr. R. G. Knowles about a keen temperance advocate who was one night addressing a public meeting on his pet subject.

"I should like," he declared, "to take every bottle of wine and every bottle of beer and every bottle of spirits and sink them all to the bottom of the sea."

A man at the back of the hall jumped up excitedly, shouting: "Hear, hear! Hear, hear!"

The lecturer paused in his remarks to beam delighted approval on the interrupter.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "I can see you are a good teetotaler."

"No, sir; I'm a diver," said the man.

* * *

Secretary Bryan, at a luncheon in Washington, said of a man who, through modesty, had declined an important and useful office:

"So, he wants to hide his light under a bushel, eh? Then perhaps the country is just as well off without his services. When a man talks of hiding his light under a bushel, I usually think that a thimble would answer the purpose just as well."

* * *

Jim—"Honesty is the best policy, arter all."

Bill—"How."

"Remember that dog I stole?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im, an' no one offered more'n $5; so I went, like a honest man, an' guv him to th' ole lady what owned 'im, and she guv me $10."

* * *

"The ignorance of the masses on artistic matters is appalling," said Mr. Walter Emanuel, speaking at a discussion on "Execution in Literature and Painting" at the Authors' club recently.

He was passing through one exhibition recently when he saw a group of persons. One of them said: "Is it a droring?"

The reply was: "No, stupid, it's an itching."

A third person interrupted and said: "No, you are both wrong; it's a pastille."

Mr. H. E. Fenn, the oldest reporter of the divorce court, London, who recently published a book entitled "Thirty Years in the Divorce Court," died the other day. It is said that he had listened to 30,000 divorce cases.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

—ON—

Man and the Modern Woman: Two Points of View—Does She Want Him for a Master or a Slave?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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(This article by Mrs. Wilcox expresses—in the person of the stupid young woman who wants her husband to be "her master"—the average female who objects to woman suffrage.

There are among us many savages, both men and women. The savage woman does not want the vote. She wants a husband who will knock her down, drag her around by the hair and be very kind to her when he is full of meat or otherwise kindly disposed.

The worthless young person named Delphine in this article by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is typical of the anti-suffragette. She belongs to the class that is dying out—to the class that existed in England when the law was made saying that it was lawful for a husband to beat his wife with a stick no bigger around than his thumb.

Mrs. Wilcox's "Delphine" will probably find the man that she wants, and be very sorry for herself afterward.)

CLASS mates, room mates, friends, similar in coloring and attire, the two girls talked together in the twilight.

Yet were they as far apart and as incapable of mutual understanding as the equator and the north pole.

MARJORY—I suppose you will marry Harold in the fall, Delphine?

DELPHINE—Not in the fall, Marjory.

MARJORY—In the spring?

DELPHINE — Not in the spring.

MARJORY—But when will it be?

DELPHINE—I shall never marry Harold, Marjory.

MARJORY—Never? But he adores you; he is such a catch; and he is absolutely your slave.

DELPHINE — That is the trouble. I could not be happy as the wife of my slave. I want a master.

MARJORY—Any girl ought to be on her knees with gratitude to such a lover as Harold. Think how he walked miles to get you a certain kind of violet to wear at the Junior Prom! And he even devotes himself to your Pommeranian dog, because it is yours; though I have heard him say he only cares for big canines.

DELPHINE—But I do not want a man to be valet to my dog, or to act as a messenger boy at my whim. I want a man who would inspire me to serve him; and hire others to wait on me.

MARJORY—Oh, Delphine! I think you are so queer. I confess I am unable to understand your point of view, regarding men and love.

DELPHINE—I fear it is quite primeval, dear. The man I love must be my protector, but not my servitor; he may support me, but never wait on me; I must appreciate him for what he IS, not for what he does for me. Why, Marjory, when he came lugging in that big box of violets, all out of breath, for fear he was too late, I felt I should tip him like a tired A. D. T. boy. He lost dignity in my eyes. I actually believe if I married him he would like to bring me my breakfast in bed.

MARJORY—But why not, if you wanted it? You would do that for him?

DELPHINE—Not for Harold, Marjory; but I would love to do it for the man who was my master; and to fetch his slippers.

MARJORY—Master is an obsolete word, Delphine, between modern husbands and wives.

DELPHINE—But I love the word, for I mean by it the master of my deepest affections. To be that a man must not be my slave. I could always understand how a Prince might wed his slave, but never how a Princess could be won by an inferior.

MARJORY—To my thinking, love levels all distinctions.

DELPHINE—But love to me would be impossible, unless the man kept my eyes lifted. I am glad I did not live in the days when lovers knelt to propose. I would prefer to be a cave woman and have my lover beat me down with a club and carry me away by force. The capture of the Sabine women by the Roman soldiers always fascinated me. There were masters for you.

MARJORY—Delphine, I think your ideas are simply awful.

DELPHINE — I want my heart to be Awe-FULL when I give myself to my mate.

MARJORY—It is impossible for me to understand you, Delphine.

DELPHINE—Don't try, dear.

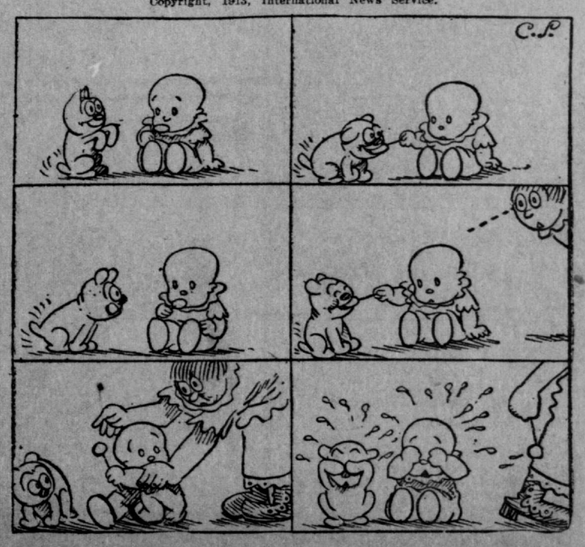
A CREED

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

I BELIEVE, as through life we are hurrying,
We could all do some deed every day
To keep a poor brother from worrying
Or drive some one's teardrops away.
We think more of taking than giving,
Each plans for himself, and not you,
And I do not believe we are living
In the right kind of world when we do.

I believe that the Bible is beautiful,
But can not believe all it tells;
I believe that a man should be dutiful,
But laugh at all heavens and hells.
I believe in the gospel of kindness
And in making ways smooth that are rough,
But too many grieve. I do not believe
That we help one another enough.

I believe that the king egotistical
Who rules o'er his serfs near and far
Should think of the universe mystical
And what tiny atoms kings are.
If we spend our spare moments in freeing
Some brother from care or unrest,
I believe that the God of all being
Will crown us for doing our best.

PUTTY: It's a Cute Kid, Isn't It?

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