

The spring girl is about ready to make her bow.

Milliners say that the size of women's hats will be smaller this spring. But what about the bills?

The war between the hobble skirt and the high car step goes on in many cities with varying results.

The weather man should realize that anticipation is nearly as bad as realization and let up on it.

The freerack trust in China can be trusted to make the republic's independence a day a noisy holiday.

An oculist tells us that alcohol hurts the eyesight, and yet we have known it to make men see double.

Burglars in Gary, Ind., stole a house the other night. Next thing we know they will kidnap the village lockup.

The woman who is dazzling eastern society by wearing diamonds on her slippers is certainly well heeled.

Hens can be taught to talk, according to a Washington scientist, but what we want is less talk and more eggs.

Fighting a duel with wax bullets is a noble sport, but why not use perfume sprays and make it all the rage in Paris?

A New Jersey man has been sent to jail for stealing a loaf of bread, but think of all the advertising he is getting out of it.

Football rules have been changed again, but up to date no step has been taken to equip the rooters with Maxim silencers.

A doctor tells us that anger generates anger in the blood, and yet we have often met amiable men with sweet dispositions.

A Missouri court has granted a woman \$2 for the loss of her husband's affections. The husband probably feels flattered.

Every wedding is declared to be a culmination of a romance. It is useless to try to change the pet phrases of the newspaper man.

An Austrian archduke is to visit New York during the coming summer. More trouble for those on the outer fringe of the Four Hundred.

The Japanese ambassador tells us that the world is at peace. Aside from the fact that there are a few wars in progress, he is right.

With the per capita money of the country down to \$34.61, a good many people will have to be content with their last year's automobiles.

A woman writer tells us that chewing gum steadies the nerves, but it is more than likely that she derives more money from chewing the rag.

A family of six has lived for three months on \$2 a week, says a Boston paper. It is easier to guess what they didn't have to eat than what they did.

One of the most cheerful aspects of the Chinese situation is the regularity with which Wu Ting Fang lands a big job with each change of administration.

A Yale professor rises to remark that \$12.61 a week is enough. We presume that all he gets over and above that amount is turned back into the Yale treasury.

Wearing jewels in the heel is said to be gaining popularity, but only among high steppers.

The race on higher education is expensive. Yale is building this year a \$700,000 stadium.

All musical instruments are denounced as immoral by a New Jersey minister. We would be pleased to have him tell us what harm a bass drum ever did.

Another prophet comes to the front with the prediction that the world will end in the year 4237. We hereby indicate a message of sympathy to the citizens of 4237.

A New Jersey woman has been brought into court for carrying a revolver. It won't do to permit the women to take their leap year privilege too seriously.

A Pennsylvania Enoch Arden of his reappearance was promptly sent to jail. This course followed, as a rule, might tend largely to decrease these poetic resurrections.

A set of fanatical Russian women tried to crucify a man whom they had adopted as their "savior." As he called the police we take it that he was merely willing to live, not die the part.

The New York surrogate has refused to upset the will of a rich spinster who believed that her cat was a reasoning being and possessed a soul. An old established belief of that sort, dating back to the days of ancient Egypt, is surely entitled to some respect.

A Kansas judge says it is a crime to marry on \$9 a week, but the crime is mitigated when the girl's father is well to do.

The testimony that tips are decreasing, given in court by a waiter, should serve as an incentive to the public to cease the demoralizing practice of giving tips. A large proportion of the people who give them do so because it is the fashion. If it is not so much the fashion as it was, the greater the encouragement to this class of tippers to desist.

Tales of Gotham and other CITIES

Juror Quits Work at Sunset Friday



NEW YORK.—Superior Court Justice Lehman said the other day that a situation which confronted him in the county court house was unique in his experience, although there have always been possibilities of it in connection with juries deliberating on Friday night.

Judge Lehman and a jury had been hearing for several days a suit of George Rae against the Pioneer Fruit company to recover \$10,000 on a contract for services. The case went to the jury about four o'clock the Friday afternoon. At six o'clock the jury had not yet reached a verdict and Justice Lehman sent in word that they might remain until about eight o'clock and then sign a sealed verdict.

Juror No. 11, who was John M. Carver, told the court officer that under no circumstances would he remain after six o'clock because he was a Seventh Day Adventist, and as it was sundown his Sabbath had begun. Justice Lehman sent for Carver, had him sworn and then sent him to the witness chair.

"Why is it you refuse to continue longer with this jury?" asked the court. "Don't you know it is your duty to remain until the court excuses you?"

"I cannot continue here any longer because it is against my conscience,"

said Mr. Carver. "Not only would it be a violation of my religious vows to sign any paper on the Sabbath, but I am not permitted even to deliberate or to consider any matter outside of my religion."

"Then I shall have to excuse you," said the court.

Justice Lehman then asked Emil Schultze and a member of John B. Stanchfield's law firm, who were counsel in the case, what they wanted to do, and they agreed to accept the verdict of the other 11.

Word was then sent to the jury room accordingly, but the court attendant came hurrying back with the message that two Hebrews on the jury had notified him that their Sabbath had begun at sundown and that they couldn't sign any paper after six o'clock. The court then sent for the Hebrews and questioned them without swearing them. They told Justice Lehman that they were strictly orthodox and couldn't violate the Sabbath.

"I am a Jew myself," Justice Lehman said, "but I have to lay aside my religious beliefs for my public duties. It is just as important for a Jew to do his duty faithfully as a citizen as to obey the laws of his church."

The two jurors then told the court that if he would remain with them for several hours in order that they might agree, if possible, and obviate the necessity of signing a sealed verdict, they would go back to the jury room. The court consented.

Shortly after eight o'clock the jurors reported a verdict for the defendant.

Here's the Champion of All Lazy Men

CHICAGO.—The great West side lost one of its most picturesque citizens—temporarily—the other day. Gustave Schillinger, who existed—it would be rank hyperbole to use a word implying so much activity as "lived" in Gustave's connection—at 1466 North Paulina street, was sentenced by Judge Goodnow to the bridewell for six months.

Before sending him away Judge Goodnow paid a tribute to Gustave for his unexampled skill in loafing.

"You are the most monumental example of lazy man it has ever been my privilege to meet," said the court. "You are one of those fellows who were born tired and never got rested."

Persons ambitious to fill Schillinger's championship, now that he has been condemned to toil, may well pause as they consider his achievements as they were brought out in court.

Here are some of the records: For nine years he has done absolutely no work, except what he was compelled to do at the bridewell.

During these nine years his wife and eight children provided him with food, clothes and spending money, while his mother provided him with a house, rent free.

It was his custom to wake up late in the morning and send for his breakfast. If there was no money in the house for food, he would send one of his children to his mother with a note asking for 25 or 50 cents.

If his mother happened to be out of funds, he arose and got work for the children, stringing beads. The children could earn from 25 to 50 cents a day at this work. Schillinger never strung any beads himself. He got a comfortable chair and bossed the job.

The clappingboards of the house were falling off. When he was asked why he didn't nail them up he coined an epigram as follows:

"In the winter it's too cold; when it's warm there's no necessity. The plumbing at Schillinger's house is frozen. A few weeks ago it was pointed out to him that unless preventive measures involving a slight amount of labor were taken the pipes would burst.

"Who am I?" asked Schillinger, "to interfere with nature? Let her take her course."

Judge Goodnow heard all this with growing indignation. When the testimony was all in he turned to the defendant and asked:

"Have you anything to say?" "No, I guess not," replied Schillinger languidly.

"Very well," said the judge, "now I'm going to teach you the work habit. Six months."

"O, judge," exclaimed Schillinger, suddenly waking up. "It's too much. I haven't done anything."

"That's just the trouble," commented the court.

Hole in the Snow All That Was Left



KANSAS CITY.—Twenty-three thousand dollars had been stolen from a hiding place on the river front near the foot of Gillis street. There's no doubt the big robbery was committed. The hole is there. You may see for yourself. The snow had been scraped away and the dirt thrown to all sides, indicating that the robbers worked hurriedly when they looted Frank Wyant's cache near his home at the foot of Gillis street.

Wyant gave the first news of the robbery to Judge Porterfield in the juvenile court the other morning when he was up for failing to provide shoes for his ten-year-old son, Jesse, and to pay the boy's board.

Wyant is a laborer, a ditch digger and garbage hauler, who made \$23,000 in cash, besides notes and real estate, by squatting on valuable

switching property in the East Bottoms. As a quarter Wyant obtained a title to the land and sold it. Later he bought shares in a gold mine at a cent a share and sold out for 80 cents a share. He has been in court three times for neglecting to provide for his little son since the first of the year and found it necessary to bring forward a stronger excuse for his delinquency.

"It's gone. All gone, judge," Wyant whispered. "I had it hidden in a hole—took it out of the bank and put it there. You can see the hole down there now, judge, where they stole it from."

Judge Porterfield said he did not believe the story, and his position was substantiated by a probation officer who said Wyant's neighbors had seen him dig the hole on the river bank and then walk away from it. They did not know why he had dug the hole and left it open. Wyant was given 24 hours to buy clothing for the boy and pay up a month's board bill. He was in jail ten days several years ago for the same offense. Wyant admitted he had \$1,500 in loans and that it was bringing him 30 per cent interest.

Muzzle on a Goat Ends a Ticket Feast

MINNEAPOLIS.—Eating his way through trolley ropes and wires into the affections of hundreds of Minneapolis street railway employes, "Near Stop Billy," goat mascot of the street railway system, has lost his prestige by an overt and underhanded act, which came near costing a score of conductors their positions with the street railway company. The conductors were "Near Stop Billy's" friends.

For two months conductors who have hung their coats in the lounge room at the shop have been missing transfers. Whole books of transfers have disappeared from pockets. The men have been rebuked by the company heads. They have been unable to explain.

Late the other day Conductor Welch hung his coat on a hook in the lounge room and hid behind the door. "Near Stop Billy" entered the room, sniffed at the coat, looked around the room, stuck his nose in the coat pocket, extracted a transfer book, ate it, and walked sedately out.

Later when "Near Stop Billy" walked into the car shops expecting his usual tribute of rope and wire he was seized by the men he had counted his friends. Despite his struggles he was thrown to the floor, and there, while he bleated for mercy, he was forced to undergo the only real humiliation a goat knows. He was muzzled.

Then, as additional punishment, Billy was thrown inside a roll of tar felt paper, the kind he had been served for dessert on holidays in the old days. Billy couldn't eat the paper, he couldn't even lick the tar. When he was finally released he lowered his head and made straight for the door. The door was closed. Billy went through. He is still going, or was, according to the latest bulletin which Conductor Welch posted in the shops.



WHO WHO and WHY

FAMED AS A SOCIAL WORKER



When Katherine Bement Davis is at home at Bedford, N. Y., she superintends the State Reformatory for Women, where bad girls are made over into good ones. The making over is a long, hard and difficult process and some two years ago Miss Davis felt that she must have a rest. So she applied for a leave of absence and sailed for Italy, sure that long days of idleness in that sunny clime would bring her the relaxation she so sorely needed.

While she was in Syracuse, there came the horror of the Messina earthquake. A few hours later, refugees from Messina began to arrive in Syracuse. Wounded; frightened almost to a state of insanity; covered at best with one or two scant garments; homeless; destitute and hungry, men, women and children poured into the city. Many travelers quietly packed their grips and departed.

Within a few days four thousand refugees had arrived, one thousand of whom were wounded. Every hospital in the town was full to overflowing; the barracks, halls and every available building received their share of the injured. It was not Miss Davis' affair; she is an American. Besides, she was traveling for rest and pleasure. But she did not pack her grip. Instead she sorted out its contents and, appropriating everything that might answer as bandages, set out for the hospitals.

For a few days she worked there, cleaning and dressing wounds, trying to see that patients received food and doing anything that seemed likely to reduce the prevailing confusion and misery. Then help arrived. The German Red Cross of Berlin and the Italian of Breccia came to Syracuse and took over the hospitals. Within a day they had worked such a transformation that Miss Davis felt that she might effect more good elsewhere.

She went out into the streets, where she continued her relief work. America and Italy have both shown approval of Miss Davis' method of "putting in." One year later, President Taft, on behalf of the American Red Cross, presented Miss Davis with a medal especially engraved. The Italian Red Cross, through the Italian ambassador, also presented Miss Davis with a medal. Finally the city of Syracuse presented her with an engrossed parchment diploma.

Harry Whitney, the sportsman who wintered with the most northern Eskimoes that he might go hunting into the muskox country and then returned on board the steamer Roosevelt when Commodore Peary came back from his successful trip in quest of the pole, sailed from here the other day on a sealing trip with Capt. Robert A. Bartlett.

Mr. Whitney carried with him a motion-picture apparatus with which he expects to get photographs of scenes connected with seal hunting. As far as known no one has ever undertaken this feat. Captain Bartlett, who commanded the Roosevelt, has managed many successful sealing trips to the north.

Mr. Whitney said of his plans on the present trip: "That all depends of course on our luck. The Neptune will accommodate a cargo of 35,000 seals, but whether we will be lucky enough to bring back as many as that of course we can't say, but I am prepared for almost anything that may happen."

"We expect to run into very bad weather and in many ways I am prepared for one of the roughest trips I have ever taken into this part of the country. We will head for the Straits of Belle Island and the coast of Labrador and it is in that region that we hope to get the seals."

"Captain Bartlett, who is making this trip for a sealing company, is carrying with him a large crew, 304 men, and he hopes to get a good number of young seals. These are valuable not only for the skins, which bring a good price, but for the fat as well."

"With this motion picture apparatus I hope to get some good views. Not only do I hope to be able to get pictures of the actual scenes attendant upon the sealing, but pictures of the ship in the ice and many things of interest incidental to the trip. I have with me 20,000 feet of film and I hope I will not spoil it all."

WOMAN WHO AIDS RUSS GIRLS

Anna Maria Krapidinski, special agent of the Russian government from Warsaw, Russian Poland, left Chicago the other day after gathering statistics through the medium of the Immigrants' Protective league and the Juvenile Protective association. She was detailed to investigate the conditions under which immigrant girls are cared for by the United States authorities after their arrival at Ellis Island.

She has a clear conception of the necessities of the situation. A yearly average of 1,800 immigrant girls routed out of New York for western points, most of them traveling via Chicago, are lost en route.

Mme. Krapidinski said in an interview with a reporter: "Conditions are so serious despite the great generosity of public spirited men and women in the United States that it is evident the problem is one not to be adequately handled by private effort. It will require a vast amount of work."

There must be government co-operation and control of a situation that results in figures so ghastly as those shown in the toll of missing girls that start from New York for Chicago and never reach here.

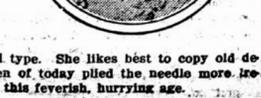
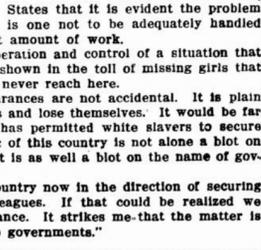
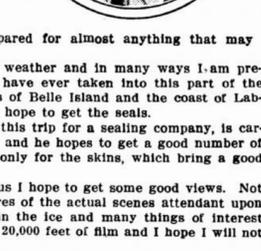
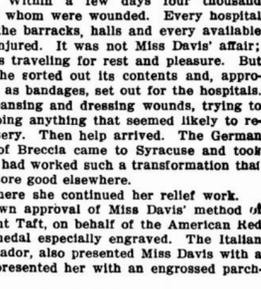
"It is evident that these disappearances are not accidental. It is plain that the girls do not fall off the trains and lose themselves. It would be far better if they did. The neglect that has permitted white slavers to secure so firm a grip on the immigrant traffic of this country is not alone a blot on the fair name of the United States. It is as well a blot on the name of government in Russia."

"There is earnest effort in this country now in the direction of securing a national federation of immigrant leagues. If that could be realized we should have made a considerable advance. It strikes me that the matter is one for co-operative action of the two governments."

QUEEN MARY STARTS A CULT

Owing to the incentive of Queen Mary, who is a devotee of the needle, the cult of stitchery prevails in society to an amazing extent. Every other woman one meets is talking of needlework and the craft of the needle; it is a sort of obsession. The mysteries of satin stitch, padded and otherwise, of crewel work, braided work, couching, herringbone, button-hole and French knots are discussed by everybody. When Queen Mary came back from India and the Durbar she found society as keen on needlework as it used to be on bridge.

One of the cleverest needleworkers is Lady Glenconner (sister-in-law of Mrs. Asquith), who makes her own designs and has original ideas for decoration. She is fond of big, bold patterns in vivid colors and has worked many bedspreads and coverlets in William Morris patterns. There is a splendid specimen of her work at Wildon Manor, Salisbury, on a slender mahogany bed of a very old type. She likes best to copy old designs and says she considers if women of today piled the needle more frequently they would be less restless in this feverish, hurrying age.



NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Keepers Put Ban on Dances in Zoo



WASHINGTON.—Keepers at the National Zoological park are horrified. Monkeys there are doing the "turkey trot" and the "grizzly bear." The little animals do the dances in the most unapproved style. Where the monkeys discovered the dance is the mystery that is puzzling the keepers. Some believe that it must have been danced in the house by some enthusiast. Others contend that it is the result of the monkeys' "artistic temperament."

A discussion of the way and manner they were enabled to become familiar with the famous pastime is not so important as the fact that they were actually caught in the act. Steps were at once taken by the keepers to immediately put an end to the performance, as the antics of the younger monkeys met with violent disapproval on the part of the older animals, thereby causing a rolyo demonstration.

That the monkeys were indulging in the disfavored dance was discovered yesterday when a passing keeper happened to see Julius Caesar, the dean of the monkey house, and Cleopatra, the fascinating, heart-breaking first lady of monkeyland going through the intricate steps of the dance.

He stopped, he looked, and he listened. The face of Julius, according to the keeper, was lighted up with a grin which seemed to denote a happiness and a self-satisfaction that has been strangely missing from the guests of the rustic mansion overlooking beautiful Rock creek ever since the keepers found it advisable to give them cold-storage eggs in lieu of the fresh-laid kind.

The keeper who discovered the monkey's dancing said that in a few minutes the entire population of the monkeys' cage was away to the steps of the dance. He said that it seemed so lifelike that he was almost convinced that he heard Julius say to Cleo, "Everybody's Doing It" and "Roll Your Eyes, My Honey."

The two monkeys that have set the fashion, according to the keeper, do not seem to approve of the younger monkeys indulging in it, and stopped dancing in a vain endeavor to have them desist. This the youngsters refused to do, and the whole affair ended like a "Bowery ball."

Justice Harlan and Chief Justice Fuller were riding home one evening on the back platform of a car, preferring that to a seat in order to smoke. The door of the car was open, and at intervals smoke from their cigars drifted in. Noticing this, the conductor informed them that smoking was prohibited.

"But," objected Justice Harlan, "the wind carries the smoke to the south and we are traveling north."

"That's all right, mister; but them's my orders," insisted the knight of the bell rope. During the conversation Justice Fuller had stepped down on the car step and hidden himself behind the mammoth physique of his argumentative friend. He was enjoying his cigar to the fullest extent.

"Orders are orders, I know," continued Justice Harlan, determined to convince the conductor by logic of the folly of blind obedience; "but there are cases where a law coercive at one time may at another be void. Allow me to cite a certain case in our common law statute book—"

"I take my orders from the sump, and I don't care about no law!" persisted the conductor stubbornly. The car had turned into Fifteenth street by this time.

The little chief justice was just lighting his second cigar, entirely disinterested in the plea of his learned colleague.

As the car reached their destination, just above U street on Fourteenth, both men alighted. Chief Justice Fuller stepped down from the car and gravely offered Justice Harlan the stump of his cigar as a light-er. It was his third! To his credit, though, he did not smile nor make any reference to that fact. Nor did he pass any opinion on the case that had just been tried before him. Which goes to show what a truly courteous gentleman the late chief justice of the United States really was.

CHARGE of assault, which had been pending against William Hart, a foreman in the employ of the Washington Gasoline company, was dismissed by Judge Pugh in police court the other day. The charge against Hart had a peculiar origin. He was foreman of a gang of men who were working in the gas mains in Takoma Park this winter. December 7 12 of the men were overcome by gas and several of them had narrow escapes from death. Hart, with the assistance of Dr. Archibald L. Miller and several citizens of Takoma, got the men out of the trench and revived all of them but one.

The man was in such a serious condition from the effects of the gas that he failed to respond to the methods used, and Hart adopted strenuous means of bringing him around. He rolled the man on the ground, kicked the soles of his feet, thumped him roughly on the back and chest and otherwise mistreated him, it is said, with the result of restoring consciousness and saving life.

Bystanders, including Dr. Miller, who is a dentist at Takoma Park, objected to Hart's manner of resuscitating men overcome by gas, and the assault charge was filed. Hart entered a plea of not guilty and demanded a jury trial.

After considerable delay the case was called up, when Hart withdrew his plea and demand for a jury trial, and asked Judge Pugh to dispose of the case at once. Hart explained that the method he used was one he had used successfully in many other cases, and that it has always been successful. The court held that if men who help resuscitate persons overcome by gas or almost drowned are to be prosecuted for the necessarily rough treatment that must be administered a feeling of timidity will obtain, which may result in the death of many who otherwise might be revived.

Scorns to Work on Cobbler's Bench THERE is a limited diet in store for Marcellus Wilson, an inmate of the Home for the Aged and Infirm, and possibly expulsion from the institution, if Wilson and Superintendent William J. Fay do not adjust their difficulties shortly.

Exasperated by alleged repeated refusals by Wilson to work, Superintendent Fay has brought the matter to the attention of the commissioners of the district, suggesting a limited diet and confinement in a room as a means of enforcing obedience. The commissioners have decided to inform Mr. Fay of their support in the infliction of proper discipline, and if Wilson does not conform to the rules and regulations he will be ordered to leave the institution.

The case is such an unusual one that Superintendent Fay was in doubt as to his authority to inflict discipline. In his letter to the district heads he states that Wilson is in rugged health, although both legs are off at the knee. He is 51 years old and is said to be an expert cobbler, but, according to the head of the institution in which he is given a home by the district, the suggestion that he give his time and attention to the mending of shoes is received only with scorn. The decision of the commissioners to enforce obedience on the part of Wilson with the rules of the house was reached following a report by George S. Wilson, secretary of the board of charities, who says that his "namesake has been a disturbing element in the institution for some time."

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Toasts Worth Recording. A rustic English saying runs: "Here's to the poor man. May his beef and beer keep on increasing year by year. May his dear little wife be the joy of his life and never kick up a racket. May she do all she can to please