

HOW WEATHER HAS CHANGED HISTORY

Plays Important Part in Progress

EXAMPLES ARE GIVEN

Atmospheric Conditions Have Changed Destiny of Entire Nations—Rain-storm Helped Preserve American Independence

The weather—especially bad weather—has made a lot of history, and has had an influence, for good or bad, on much that it did not make outright. The weather in its worst moods becomes historic itself, of course, when its behavior becomes so violent that great storms destroy cities, sink ships or devastate extensive areas of country. But in less strenuous temper it has had an important part in effecting the progress of human affairs, says the Kansas City Star.

Every student of American history knows that high winds and rough seas drove the Pilgrim fathers to make a landing and establish themselves on the coast of Massachusetts, when their original intention had been to form a colony somewhere near the mouth of the Hudson river—a change that might have had a notable effect on early history in this country. Three months of stormy weather so discouraged Capt. John Smith that he abandoned one of his colonization schemes, and that, too, may have had to do with changing the map of the new North America. The first winter experienced by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Mass., tested the hardihood of the sturdy Puritans to the utmost; had the easygoing Virginia colonists been blown upon such an unfriendly shore, it is doubtful if any would have survived.

One of the more remarkable incidents

(Advertisement)

"I would not convict a yellow dog on such evidence,"

Said Judge A. O. Lane

during the famous fake police probe at which Bodeker was fired from his job.



G. H. BODEKER
EFFICIENCY AND
EXPERIENCE
VOTE FOR HIM

(Advertisement)



H. P. HEFFLIN for Solicitor

To the Democrats of Jefferson County:

The reports that I am receiving from all over the county are very gratifying to me. The bitter and unfair fight that has been made against me has failed of its purpose.

No man ever had with him in a political campaign better men and truer friends than the men who are standing by me in this fight. Doctors, lawyers, preachers, merchants, mechanics, miners and farmers—men who earn their living by the sweat of their faces—good men in every walk of life are supporting me, because I have dared to prosecute the big criminals, and have never failed to show mercy to the poor and unfortunate, dragged into court on frivolous offenses, by the fee-grabbing officers of the county.

I am grateful to every man who honored me with his vote four years ago, and I am grateful to those who did not support me then, but who have given me kindly assurances of support in the primary election today; and I say to all, that if re-elected, as I believe I will be, I shall continue to faithfully, impartially and fearlessly discharge my duties in the enforcement of the criminal law in Jefferson county.

Yours sincerely,
H. P. HEFFLIN.

HOW THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER WILL APPEAR IN PART OF HER CHOICE SELECTION OF HER WEDDING TROUSSEAU



MISS ELEANOR WILSON AS SHE WILL APPEAR IN A WHITE CREPE AND NET EVENING DRESS AND AFTERNOON DRESS OF GOLD AND CREPE DE CHINE; PURCHASED FROM J. M. GIDDING AND CO. AS PART OF HER WEDDING TROUSSEAU

The accompanying picture shows how Miss Eleanor Wilson, the President's daughter, who is soon to be married to William G. McAdoo, the Secretary of the Treasury, will appear in part of her wedding trousseau. It shows her in a blue dress and one of all white, which she purchased from J. M. Gidding when she was trousseau shopping in New York. The dresses are quite simple in design. One is a blue dress of an unusual style and is intended for the afternoon. Both the tunic and the jacket back of the blouse are cut in fish tail points. The material is crepe de Chine, an exquisite old blue shade, with a collar and belt of gold colored crepe. The other is a simple evening dress. This is of ivory white crepe de Chine and silk net, the combination of net and silk being considered one of the fads of the season.

LATE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE LONDON STAGE

By JOHN AVA CARPENTER

London, April 6.—(Special.)—Henry Arthur Jones is looking upon the world with a more cheerful countenance these days. On May 22 there is to be a great gala performance of "The Silver King," with E. S. Willard emerging from his retirement to take his old part. Royalty will be present, and it is a current report that, on this occasion, the principal actor of the play will become Sir Henry, taking the place beside Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir James Barrie. If the report isn't well founded it ought to be, for, after all, Henry Arthur Jones has worked as hard as any man living for the British drama, and has even gone so far as to make sacrifices now and then for his ideas. Maybe a knighthood would take the edge off the rather cruel cynicism and even bitterness of some of his later plays, and prompt him to write another "Silver King," or another "Middle Man."

Not only is "The Silver King" to be "gilded," it is also to be dovetailed to the benefit of Jones, the late Henry Herman, and the Wilson Barrett estate. Many publishers have realized what a good novel play would make, and have been on hand, and have felt through owing to the difficulty of getting the various parties interested to agree. On top of this the film rights of the play have been sold at big figures, and probably the film will be put on the market before summer all over the world, and thus give another striking indication of how many ways there are to turn a piece of work to account. If it is really above the average, and for how long a time it can be made a source of revenue. The Jones revival of luck doesn't stop here either, for in the last few weeks he has signed fat contracts for the filming of four other of his plays, thus leading the way for Pinero and Barrie, who have not yet gone into film deals—probably for the reason that they had been led to expect impossible prices.

Although the beautiful Martha Hedeman does not really fit Sutra as a lady, "The Two Virtues," Sir George Alexander, on the other hand, finds in the play a better part for himself than anything he has had since "The Importance of Being Earnest" and the play has settled down for a comfortable run. The American rights of it has been bought by Winthrop Ames and Lee Shubert. Sutra is now rehearsing another comedy, with which Gerald du Maurier will follow "Diplomacy." If the revival of that piece ever comes to an end. The 45th performance was passed some time ago, and the pit and gallery queues still to be seen walking around Wyndham's theatre nightly. It is said that Gerald du Maurier's next venture after the Sutra comedy will be a revival of "Raffles," by E. W. Hornum and Eugene Presbrey. Meanwhile "Raffles" has been going steadily in the country towns, and was lately revived with much success in Paris. Elsie Janis, who has arrived in town for rehearsals of the new revue, "The Passing Show," soon to be put on at the Palace, has already won the hearts of several critics who have called upon her by her engaging modesty and simplicity. She has sensibly decided that if she does not make good immediately she will, like Monroe and Fisher, after the former fell fat in "Hullo Tango," silently fold her tent and steal away. Only she and Alfred Butt know the salary the latter is paying for the services of little Elsie, but it must be a staggerer. Stars like Elsie Janis are not leaving the United States for London nowadays for a shoe string.

There has just died in London one of the strangest figures that ever graced the theatrical profession. For two generations W. H. C. Nation, a stepbrother of the mother of those two splendid actresses, Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, has been running theatrical seasons at various of the West End theatres at a loss. A man of independent means, management became a hobby with him, and although he had little or no idea of what the public wanted—and, indeed, cared less—he persisted in the expensive business of renting large theatres and putting on strange combinations of short musical comedies or burlesques and so-called dramas. Many of these were written by himself and all of them were rehearsed and directed by him. Although the public never patronized his box offices he at times enjoyed considerable luck in giving away enough tickets to fill a few of the seats of the various theatres run by him and in this way he seemed to jolly himself into a

Hold Your Umbrella Up

From the New York Sun.

"There are a great many persons injured on windy, rainy nights because they hold their umbrellas down in the rain, to protect their faces from the driving rain," explained an ambulance surgeon. "In their desire to protect themselves from the rain they place themselves in grave danger of being struck and run over by surface cars, automobiles and other vehicles."

"If you wish proof of my assertion just stand in a doorway some night where you are protected from the rain and where you are in a position to see an expanse of thoroughfare which all kinds of vehicles use. You will be surprised at the large number of persons you will notice crossing the thoroughfare with their umbrellas held down so far that it is impossible for them to see anything approaching danger. They seem oblivious of danger, and a spectator would suppose from their actions that there was not the remotest chance of an accident occurring. It is a fact that many pedestrians are injured on windy, rainy nights. With their umbrellas pulled down so that it is impossible to see ahead or to the sides, the pedestrians walk in front of vehicles and are knocked down and injured before they realize what has happened."

Jones' Gift

From the Florida Times-Union.

"I asked my friend Jones, who works for a typewriter company, to send me a cover for my typewriter."

"Did he send it?"

"Yes; he sent me an automobile coat with the words, 'To be worn over a peekaboo waist.'"

MOTORBOAT OUT OF PLACE IN VENICE

May Eventually Oust Gondolas, But Not Soon

SPEED NOT DESIRED

Only American Tourists Who "Do" Venice in Day or So Are in a Hurry—Passing of Gondola Would Be Irretrievable

As the hansom cab was the gondola of London, so is the gondola the hansom cab of Venice, and as the hansom cab has undergone extinction, so, it is thought, may the gondola, says a writer in the London Daily News, its rival—and maybe successor—is the motorboat, which is to be seen on the canals in increasing numbers.

It was, I think, De Musset who said that the secret of the subtle charm of Venice is only to be discovered by him who lies in happy idleness in the black cabin of a gondola, slowly paddling along the silvery canals on a midsummer night. De Musset, of course, knew all there was to know about the fascinations of the Queen of the Adriatic, and his romantic excursions in luxurious gondolas are still a tradition amongst the Venetian populace.

One may rest assured, therefore, although the passing of the gondola is predicted to be at hand, that the hour is yet far off. Were it true, Venice would suffer an irretrievable loss; the loss of its peculiar, old-world atmosphere, which seems to breathe on the foreign visitor an irresistible invitation to a restful and careless laziness. The slow, rhythmical, methodical gondolier, never in a hurry to get anywhere and always ready to expand on the beauties of his native lagoon, would disappear forever.

Opposition of the Motorboat

And what would take its place if the gondola succumbs to the motorboat? A greasy, hustling and matter-of-fact chauffeur, who would rouse with his sacrilegious hooting and indignant echoes among the historical palazzi, who would fill with the smell of gasoline the sleepy canals where, from the fronts of the old houses, jasmine and roses stretch down to the water edge.

It is true, indeed, that an increasing number of motor boats have lately been seen in the lagoon, and there is reason to believe that a few more will soon be carrying on a vain and unequal competition with the gondola. Yet Venetians, who so strongly deprecate this attempt to rob their city of one of its charms, are not greatly concerned. They firmly believe that, at Venice at any rate, mere speed has not a serious chance against picturesque and beauty.

As far back as 1880 the municipality introduced a service of omnibus-steampers between Venice and the Lido. Although there were protests, the service remains to this day. For American tourists who wish to "do" the town in a day or so, gondolas, of course, are too slow. But the motor boats, as well as their occupants, are out of place. Nothing is more ludicrous than the sight of a motor boat spluttering through the old canals, where every stone, mirrored by the as yet unruined water, recalls to the sympathetic mind memories of days long gone by. But, the Americans, when touring Europe, seldom have time for memories.

Seldom by Venetians

Venetians, with the feeling for beauty of which their hotelkeepers lacked, resented the appearance of motor boats by the piazza of San Marco, and pelleted them with stones and rotten fish and fruit as a protest. The mayor, Count Grimani, who was urged to rebuke the old "buses" (gondolas) playing up to 12 people, was powerless against the hotelkeepers, who cared little about the desecration of the ancient waters, but much about the exploitation of the foreign visitor. It is the latter who uses the motor boat, a Venetian being seldom seen in one. A small syndicate has now been formed to build a new fleet of motor boats, it ought to be understood, however, that these are only to ply between Venice and the neighboring islands of La Giudecca and Murano and the Lido. From Venice itself the gondola never will disappear, because of the amazing net of narrow canals, mostly unknown to tourists, in the interior of the town, which could not

News of Ensley

Funeral services over the remains of W. R. Hornsby, who died yesterday morning about 7 o'clock at the Cunningham infirmary from the result of being badly burned at the steel plant on Saturday a week ago will be held from the family residence on Besse avenue this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment in the Oakland cemetery. He is survived by his wife and two children. Mr. Hornsby was seriously burned and otherwise injured at the steel plant on Saturday, March 28, by a premature shot while engaged in blasting slag at the slag pit of the Ensley furnace. He was badly burned about the face and body and was taken to the Cunningham hospital, where it was thought that he had a chance to recover but on Saturday morning he took a turn for the worse and died yesterday morning. He was a prominent member of Steel City Lodge No. 156, Woodmen of the World, which will have charge of the funeral services.

The First Italian Presbyterian church of this city was organized yesterday afternoon with the Rev. Angelo Mastroto as pastor. About four years ago an Italian mission was established on Avenue I and Seventeenth street with a very small membership but from time to time it had steadily grown until now it has about 45 members in the Sunday school and about 50 members of the congregation. The committee of the Northern Alabama presbytery organized the church. The following members were on the committee: Rev. H. C. Keyser, Rev. T. P. Hay, Rev. J. A. Bryant, Judge S. D. Weakley, and W. J. Montgomery. At the organization G. D. Giacconi was elected elder and Giuseppe Beninato was elected deacon.

The Oak Avenue City Beautiful club will meet on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock with Mrs. William Zima. All committee chairmen are requested to be present. At the meeting reports from the different clubs will be heard and further plans will be made. All ladies residing in that district who are interested in this movement are invited to be present.

A large number of the Ensley and Pratt City lodges of the Woodmen of the World attended the unveiling of J. T. Camp's monument at the Forest Hill cemetery yesterday afternoon.

Pierre Loti's Discovery

From the New York Sun.

It is not generally known that Mme. Edmond Adam introduced Pierre Loti to the public.

One afternoon in 1880 the editor of La Nouvelle Revue dropped in at the publishing house of Paul Calmann-Lévy and while rummaging through the newspapers on a table said:

"Haven't you anything new? Just now I have no novel that I think would please my subscribers. Can't you find me a whole blackbird?"

Paul Calmann-Lévy picked up a manuscript entitled "Alyade" that had just been received from mite provinces.

"By whom is it?" asked Mme. Adam.

"A young man, I believe, who wishes to keep his identity a secret," the publisher replied.

Mme. Edmond Adam skimmed through several chapters and exclaimed: "But this is delightful; may I have it?"

Shortly afterward there appeared in the Revue the first work of the writer who later signed himself Pierre Loti.

"Le Mariage de Loti," which followed, was a revelation. The author described his own adventures under the romantic skies of Tahiti. All Paris went mad about Barahut, the little aviator, who in the despair of unrequited love, cut off her own hand. Loti was famous!

be navigated without extreme danger by swifter vessels.

The Electric Light

It may be conceded that motor boats have come to stay, as the electric light has come and tarried. There were horrified protests when it was installed a few years back along the embankments. It was then said that the glare of the arc lamps would dissolve the mysterious enchantment of the Venetian nights. Of course, electric light has not destroyed the poetry of the night. It has even subserved a humanitarian purpose in being the means of saving mysticisms from drowning, as many were drowned who fell, in the old days, in the dark canals while groping their way home. But to meet the wishes of the minority opposed to electric lighting it was arranged that the old gas lamps alone would be lighted on Wednesday night, and the arrangement is still in force. The result is that on every Wednesday night there is not a gondola in the Lagoon but carries a pair of happy lovers, and there is not a pretty girl in Venice to be found at home.

Mr. Voter!
Do You Want Batson for Sheriff?

The Birmingham News says editorially he will be, with Lee a CLOSE SECOND



GUS LEE

For your information, I have had on file in my office for 30 days the signed pledges of 4372 registered voters who are loyally working for me and will vote for me.

I will win this race—Have gained tremendously during the past 10 days.

It's up to you. Which will you have, Lee or Batson?

VOTE FOR GUS LEE!