MISSIVES OF WOE

PRESIDENT'S MAIL FULL OF APPEALS FOR HELP.

All Pass Under the Watchful Eye of Secretary Loeb, and Only Most Important Are Seen by Chief Executive.

In President Cleveland's second administration letters that did not relate to official business usually were left unanswered and even unacknowledged. It was Mr. McKinley who established the rule that a typewritten form of acknowledgment should be sent in reply to every letter addressed to the White House, no matter how humble the writer or how insignificant his communication. This custom frequently was misunderstood as implying that, in referring letters, he had recommended favorable action upon them. There was then, and is now, a firmly established rule that neither the president nor any other executive officer shall exert his personal influence in behalf of any private matter.

Only the letters of the president's personal friends and those of prominent officials relating to confidential matters are reserved by Secretary Loeb for the perusal of his chief. The bulk and scope of the president's daily mail renders any other course impracticable.

In every administration the White House is the target for every form of suggestion or appeal that presents itself to either the well ordered or the disordered mind. However, the greater number of the president's would-be advisers—at least of the gentler sex—are neither erratic nor insane. They are the good, patient, self-sacrificing women of the country, and by no means all are of the solid and desirable class referred to by Abraham Lincoln when he said that "the Lord must have loved the plain people or he would not have made so many of them."

The letters written by women to the president, almost without exception, are extremely touching. No small number bear evidence of hours of careful and even prayerful effort in preparation. In others defective spelling, false syntax and crippled logic combine to present appeals which the writers firmly believe to be just. Many are profuse in their apologies for encroaching on the time of the busiest chief executive this country ever has had, but all are convinced that it is in his power to aid them.

The rapid advance in the intelligence of the women of the United States has failed to disabuse the mind of the average woman of the idea that the president, if he would, could right every wrong that besets the country. This idea, while entertained mainly by the uneducated, is not monopolized by that class. Hundreds of young women who could pass almost without an error an examination in the civil government of the United States in matters that concern them personally are prone to attribute to the president impotent power, and in publicity request him to exercise it.

During the administration of President McKinley appeals for money were the most numerous of the letters sent to the White House. Many petitions of this character also received by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, even though their numerous "olive branches" furnish an abundant explanation as to the manner in which the highest of official salaries may be made to disappear. Parents of large families, especially those including twins or triplets, have a fancy for making known to the chief executive that they are taking due precaution against race suicide. A very modest gift sent to each of these interesting families would cover Sagamore Hill with mortgages in less than a year.

Precious Stones on Hats.

People seem to be sewing their rings and their brooches into their headgear. Hats of some of the diplomatic women at the capital glitter like "sunbreakers' windows with a 10-candle power. Even before the fashion was prevalent, one prominent old lady here of the old school that wears caps always sewed several pair of solitaire earrings into the frills of her caps when en grande toilette.

The jeweled hat of Miss Kean, sister of the multimillionaire senator from New Jersey, has for some time been a sartorial celebrity. Miss Kean, who bears a remarkable physical resemblance to Mrs. Roosevelt, was a pioneer here in jewel-plated chapeaux. At least a dozen diamond and emerald and sapphire rings gleam from a pretty lace confection that Miss Kean often wears on her head. The gemmed hat makes a brave showing on duty in a box at the theater. Miss Kean, contrary to the custom of most women of fashion, wears very low common sense heels on her walking boots, little higher than the spring heels of children.

What family jewels you have left after you've trimmed up your hat you sew on your shoes. Miss Katherine Elkins, the handsome and thoroughly indulged young daughter of the senator from West Virginia, has gems the rubies set as gauds for her pretty slippers.

Has Never Needed Physician.

One hundred years without the services of a physician and without taking medicine is the remarkable record of William M. Starr, the most notable figure in the Association of Oldest Inhabitants of Washington. He was born in Virginia in 1807, upon the soil where a half century later the terrific battles of Bull Run were fought.

No Sense of Humor.

Little Bobby was entertaining Mr. Geezer while Miss Flapper was upstairs adjusting her back hair and giving her face a few final dabs with the powder puff. "My sister says you ain't got no idea of humor," said Bobby.

"Indeed!" Mr. Geezer returned, "when did she say that?"

"Just after you was here the last time. She said she saw you lookin' at yourself in the mirror and you never laffed wunst."

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

Take the girl, after she has been well whirled around a brilliantly lighted room some scores of time to Strauss, Sousa and Herbert, to a secluded corner of a moonlit veranda. Turning your face so that the moonlight falls across it with good effect, look up into the sky and observe:

"It is very lovely!" I have often studied this with the "spot light" on the stage, and know that it causes the eyes to come out well.

In almost a whisper she is bound to reply, "Beautiful!" for she cannot help noticing your fine profile blanched into a delicate marble, and your large eyes looking almost like twin Mars.

Then sigh as you remark: "This time to-morrow I shall see the moon shining on the Hudson from my lonely abode in town." Look for a shade of disappointment on her beautiful face; however, continue without the shadow: "Yes, I must go back to the office, the daily grind; it would not do for a poor devil like myself to have too long a spell of happiness; it unfits one for the work-aday world again." Now heave a 60 H. P. sigh. After regaining your breath pursue as follows, and observe all the directions I give:

"Yes; I must go back to the grindstone. (Slap your forehead hard.) I shall think—(put the very quintessence of saddened melancholy in your voice)—I shall think (place hand on back of the settee) to-morrow, when I see yonder light, of this place, of this hour, naturally, (let your voice tremble and remove hand), and of something—I mean some one who—some one else."

She won't answer; so keep right on. The following speech should be memorized and recited before a full-length pier glass. Be sure to be letter perfect in it. No gestures are necessary; just straight talk:

"There are some days, Miss Goldenrod, which we think of at times as forming oases in our life's desert. My week end at this house has been one to me. There are hours, too, hours when tears rise in the heart and gather to the eyes almost involuntarily and feeling is stronger than speech—its very intensity depriving us of giving expression to what—to what the heart would fain utter. Have—have I your permission to call this hour mine? May I think of it, in after days, as I shall think of it, oh, how often—may I then think of it as mine?"

Keep your ears open for a tremulous whisper to the effect that "You may." You should say, "Thank you," or "God bless you!" and it is natural that you should take her hand in yours to give due force to your words; natural enough, too, that you should hold it there beyond the time necessary to give it a gentle squeeze.

Let the moon play an important part in the impressive silence that will follow the aforesaid squeeze. In theatrical parlance, let the moon "do the leading business" and hold the center of the stage for a brief moment. Now, are you ready?

"Miss Gold—Gwendolen! for this once—(passion must ring in your sunburned throat)—I cannot bear this longer. I know how weak it is; but I cannot, cannot help myself. Gwendolen, (or whatever her name is), do you not see that I love you? Forgive me my weakness, pardon it as springing—as springing from the strength of my love. I did not mean to have told you this. How could the struggling, unsuccessful—(I always use "author," but you may chance to be a bank clerk or a real estate broker)—author, the penniless, disappointed artist who has seen the dream of his ambitious youth fade and die away under the blighting influence of—of dastard enemies, leaving him almost without a hope, how could such a man ask you to share his lot?—a lot not on Fifth avenue, a lot not even 25 by 100? Ay, even though he saw in you the realization of his ideal, though since he has known you his thoughts have known none else; even then he could not tell you this. The very pride which has been the chief obstacle to his success in life prevented him. This foolish weakness, which made him forget his purpose for the moment, your noble nature will forgive, I know. Good-bye, Miss Goldenrod— I had rather not face the people inside just now. Good-bye! Good bye! Will you think of me sometimes when in after years, when—when—when you are happy, and I—Will you think of me then as one who staked his all on a vain hope which his sense of honor bade him give up, though it was to drive him forth again into the world a soulless vagabond? Good-bye, summer, good-bye! Good-bye for ever! I cannot stay in New York, for I might see you in the autumn, and it—it—wouldn't do, you know."

You will require a short rest after delivering these lines. You will find the hand that lies in yours quite passive. Look in her face and you will see tears glistening in her eyes. Tenderly kiss her good-bye, and, like the good, honest American you are, inquire, "Will you be my wife?"

It is dollars to doughnuts that the girl replies, "I will."

For the last 15 minutes she has been admiring you as an actor; now she loves you as a man of business.

Riches of Simplicity.

Poverty is relative. Thousands who call themselves poor would be rich on their incomes if they would abandon a senseless and vulgar competition with their neighbors and live more simply.—London Truth.

Japanese School Appliances.

South China is being covered with Japanese educational appliances specially adapted for Chinese use—school books, maps, globes, anatomical and other charts—all helping to rescue the people from their ignorance. Every school teaches physical and military drill. In every town of any size, and often in villages, there are now schools with foreign fittings for teaching western learning.

HAD SOME IDEAS ABOUT ART.

Rural French Critics Gave Sculptor Unhappy Half Hour.

At Chalon-on-the-Saone has just been inaugurated the monument executed by Moreau-Vauthier and Berard to commemorate the national defense—superb cuirassier who carries across his saddle the body of a color bearer who yet clasps in his arms his broken standard.

On the eve of the unveiling the municipal council, presided over by the mayor, repaired to the foot of the statue to examine and see if it should be accepted.

"Are you not going to tear off this green mold?" asked the mayor of the sculptor.

"But, monsieur," replied the sculptor, "that is verdigris."

"Verdigris! Verdigris!" said the mayor. "I understand that very well. Parbleu! I know that this is verdigris; but it is dirty. If I had a kitchen outfit of that color I would have it scoured. That must be cleaned up. You'll have to make that shine."

"But, monsieur—"

At that moment a member of the council having struck the body of the bronze horse with his cane, they all cried out: "This sounds hollow!"

"Your bronze is hollow, monsieur," said the mayor.

The unhappy sculptor then took great pains to explain that all bronze statues were hollow. The mayor maintained an air of defiant incredulity, and as he passed around the monument said: "It appears to me you have hardly detailed the hair in the tail."

This was too much for the sculptor. "I wished," he said, "to screw natural hair into his tail like the hair used in children's hobby horses. It would have taken six months to have done so, and I reflected that it would have cost you too much."

And the municipal council of Chalon agreed with the justness of this observation. Le Cri de Paris.

Keep Burglars Out.

Buy at any hardware store a small, plain hinge, one and one-half inches long by one inch wide when closed, or smaller. Screw one side of hinge upright on to the lower right-hand corner of upper window sash, directly above the slight flange on all upper sashes. See that the hinge is toward and almost touching the window casing. This will leave one side of the hinge free to turn. When wishing to fasten window turn the free side of the hinge as far back as possible. This brings it over the lower sash. It will be invisible from the outside, but will prevent the lower sash being raised or the upper one lowered. When hinge is closed it will not interfere with raising window, and does not disfigure or weaken the window sash.

So.

at 'xpect to ketch tchin' hay hev got low's that, Jabez?" ds his time pitch-

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