

The CZAR'S PERPLEXING DAUGHTERS

ONCE upon a time there was a king and he had four daughters. And the king was much perplexed where he should find suitable husbands for them. For he was a kindly man and they were beautiful girls."

We can well imagine this as the opening paragraph of an old-time fairy tale. But in this case it is an actual, acute situation staring in the face that much harassed man, the czar of all the Russians. Several years now the scandal-mongers of Europe have been explaining marriages of expediency arranged for the charming quartette. Perhaps they have been right.

The cloud of rumors has swirled most thickly about the proud Olga, the eldest daughter, because there is great likelihood of her inheriting the throne by the demise of her tubercular little brother.

Here is indeed a fitting subject for the romancer. Sweeping, imperial, with a curl of her lip so cold and haughty that it would almost belie her reputation for good nature, she is every inch a queen. There is magnificence about her youthful carriage rarely attained even by royal blood.

Yet she cares nothing for the throne, the ermine, the crown diamonds and the scepter. It is well authenticated that she tried to throw herself away upon her young cousin, Prince Dimitri Pavlovitch, the son of the profligate Grand Duke Paul.

For years a romance developed between them. There were clandestine meetings and the royal girl concealed in her bosom a diamond pendant which the young prince had given her. The revelation of her infatuation to the czar and zarina precipitated several fearful scenes. The czar dacha stamped her foot like any common girl. She would not be sacrificed as a wife for any pin-headed princely weakling. She would marry the man of her choice.

The czar is said to have at last consented. It was decided that the betrothal be published to the world.

And then the Grand Duchess Olga had the rudest shock that ever came to any young princess of the blood. Prince Dimitri confessed that he loved her sister, Titiana more than Olga!

Where Olga is stately, Titiana is irresistibly attractive. Where the elder sister is magnificent, imperial, capable of gracing a throne, the second daughter is winsome, magnetic, capable of becoming a great actress and taking captive the heart of a nation with her magic smile.

If there had been turmoil in the czar's household before, it was as nothing compared to the storm now. The czarina, always neurotic from the many nameless terrors that surround her family, collapsed completely and retired to her beautiful retreat in the Crimea. The prince who was the cause of the trouble left the country. His exile was complete—absolute. He seems now to have been shut out of the list of eligibles entirely.

This list of eligibles is not a long one and the daughters of the czar have a way of turning up their pretty noses at almost every name on it.

Leading her list is the young prince of Wales, a schoolboy, thin faced, weakly, given to overmuch cigarette smoking, perhaps too greatly coddled by a foolish mother. Accustomed to the virile, if dissipated, society of St. Petersburg, the grand duchesses are not so much impressed by the British heir apparent. He is said to admire much the beautiful Titiana, but the reports that the affection is mutual are not well borne out.

The second most eligible young man from the point of rank and station is Adalbert, third son of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. He is stocky, rugged, far removed in appearance from the prince of Wales. Royal parents have thrown him and the quartette of imperial girls together. But nothing has happened.

In the olden days nothing was expected to happen. Rather, it made no difference. But times have changed. The royal girl demands her romance. She will not be cheated out of her need of love and affection. She has read the romantic novel and she knows what is her due of love and affection as a woman. She demands to marry the man she loves. She will not take this one or that one to please her father's prime minister.

This changed attitude of the royal young lady seems to have been the stone wall on which the plan for sealing the Balkan peace by royal match-making was shattered.

Last autumn there was much indignation, and just indignation, over the pitiless plan by which the diplomats intended to mate up the young folks of a stern European royalty.

In the first place, Olga was to be married to Prince Alexander of Serbia, the heir apparent to a throne stained with blood. It will be remembered that King Peter, Alexander's father, took this throne from assassins who killed King Alexander and Queen Draga, and even then the latter to pieces and cast the remnants of her body out of her bedroom window. Prince Alexander's elder brother, George, committed many horrible crimes, including the murder of the husband of his mistress, and was shut out from the line of succession. Alexander is said to be little better, a sot and a debauchee. The court at Belgrade is rude and barbarous. Olga's fate in such a union might well be pitied.

Then Titiana, she of the witching eyes, was to be wed to Prince Charles of Roumania. He is the oldest son of the crown prince of Roumania, who is the nephew of the aged king and queen Roumania is slightly more civilized than Serbia, but the Roumanians seized some of Bulgaria's spoils of war recently and the fierce Bulgarians



PRINCE DIMITRI PAVLOVITCH

THE CZARINICH

CZAR NICHOLAS

sent to become the bride of Nicholas Alexandrovitch.

Today she would probably have refused. Much history would have to be rewritten had princesses always been as independent as they are now.

FAT MEN UNPOPULAR NOW

The slim figure is in the ascendancy. Even the great of the earth cannot afford altogether to disregard the dictates of the fashion which decrees that all men and all women shall present to the world the outlines of spare severity, says the London Saturday Review. The Kaiser and Mr. Taft have both found it necessary to go in for a process of weight reduction. It would be interesting to some student of manners what trace with precision the process whereby what thinking people call "embodiment" came into general discredit. Fat is now regarded as an indiscretion, and almost as a crime. Only the very strong-minded dare to be fat at all, and there are few indeed who glory in corpulence.

There were some ages, indeed, when few were in position to cast a stone at the plump man. The eighteenth century, especially, seemed to run to over-nourishment. Ruminative repetition is the prevailing expression in the portraits of the period; and the majestic swag of corpulence is visible in the rolling periods of Gibbon, Burke, Johnson and the rest, not excluding theologians. Their eloquence seems early dinners; their satire suggests the twinges of gout.

The tradition lasted well into the nineteenth century. Dickens nearly always treated the fat man—at least the benevolent fat man—with affectionate respect. His Pickwick and Cheerybles seem to reflect the convictions that stoutness is not only a natural but a rather laudable condition for the elderly. And when Tony Weller declared that "width and wisdom go together" he was merely condensing into an epigram the very common English idea that native sagacity was to be found in its perfection in alliance with a profile of pronounced convexity. But now the fat man has no defenders. The medical man denounces him. The tailor only makes him a suit under protest. The novelist gives him no quarter. The dramatist will allow him no nice benevolent parts; he is only introduced to look foolish. The labor cartoonist adopts him as a type of the capitalist.

No Sincere. Apropos of a rich wife's desertion of a poor husband, George Ade said, at the Chicago Athletic club: "The man without means, artist or musician or what not, who marries a rich girl, earns his money. He's got to stand around, or—biff—out he goes."

"A young magazine editor told me, jubilantly, the other day that he'd resigned his job. 'I'm going to marry,' he said, 'a girl with an independent income.' 'No,' I warned him, 'what you're going to marry is an income with an independent girl.'"

In England there are at least three farms devoted to the cultivation of butterflies and moths.

Henry Clay Folger, Jr., is said to have one of the finest collections of Shakespeareana in the United States. He recently became the owner of the late Sir Edward Dowden's Shakespearean library, comprising some two thousand volumes. Book collecting is Mr. Folger's avocation; in the business world he is known as the president of the Standard Oil Company of New York.

The wife of an old soak rarely seems to realize that others are wise, too.

Unlimited Picture Machine. Professor Cranz has lately submitted to the German Physical society a machine which allows the taking of pictures at the rate of 100,000 a second. This enormous limit is higher than anything which has been previously done. Machines are on the market which allow pictures taken at the rate of 5,000 a second.

Bodies moving at marvelous speed can be photographed in flight. For instance, the pistol shot can be caught and followed as far as the camera lens can reach. Infinite possibilities seem to be opening up along the moving picture line if this high-speed photography can be practically carried out.

Professor Cranz goes so far as to say that this limit is not fixed, but that the number can still be greatly increased if it is found necessary.

Daily Thought. A blessed companion is a book—a book that fitsly chosen is a lifelong friend.—Douglas Ferrol

Displaced. "Don't you sometimes regret your retirement from official life?" "Well," replied the man who used to be great, "it is a little disheartening to find all the humorous stories formerly associated with me coming out with another man's name attached to them."

Forced on Him. "What a fine library you have!" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "The architect said the house wouldn't be complete without one."

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

Liberia is the panacea that will cure all ills from which the black man suffers in this country, as well as in Africa. This is at least the view expressed by Bishop William H. Heard of the African Methodist Episcopal church, who returned to his home in Philadelphia after six years' residence in the republic of Liberia.

Bishop Heard was United States minister resident and consul general under Presidents Cleveland and McKinley from 1895 to 1899. It was during these years that he became convinced and strongly advocated that the best way to solve the problem of race antagonism in this country was the deportation of the American negroes to Liberia. Of this fact he is equally sanguine today, and he claims his idea is strengthened by the rapid growth and progress made by the people of Liberia along educational and Christian development.

The object of the present visit of Bishop Heard to this country is to complete plans for the establishment of a large and more thoroughly equipped industrial school modeled after the one of which Booker T. Washington is the head at Tuskegee, Ala. In speaking of his plans, Bishop Heard said:

"After years of contact with the native African, what he needs most today in order to civilize him is not so much Bible theory as practical manual training and to be taught the dignity of labor. Liberia has a population of 2,000,000 natives, foreign-born negroes from America and the West Indies included in this number. Thirty thousand are civilized and about 52,000 semi-civilized."

"For an industrial school like that of Hampton or Tuskegee no race appeals so strongly to the Christian world as the natives of Africa for this sort of aid—Christian education—and to no people do they make this appeal with so strong a right as to the Afro-American. No race was ever so plainly marked to help the natives of Africa. God never more plainly designated two classes to march together hand in hand to the working out of their own destiny."

"The longer the conversion of Africa is delayed, the harder and slower it will be in the end for the church of Christ to do its best and most effective work. Hence I deem it our duty here in America to do that work. The natives of Liberia less than a century ago were like the aboriginal Indians in America."

"Civilization may mean either his continued enlightenment or ruin. The only thing that can save him is Christianity and industrial education, and this is what is intended to be given the native African in the industrial school, which has already been established at Freetown, in charge of Rev. Harvey C. Knight, an Afro-American, graduate of Lincoln university."

"The school, although under the management of the African Methodist Episcopal church, is being encouraged and receiving some little support from the Liberian government. The school is an absolute necessity. We are training the natives to become instructors, for they have an advantage in teaching the African, as there are several dialects spoken which are difficult for the foreigner to master intelligently. This, you see, is an advantage over outside missionary workers, and to this difficulty the native is the key."

The best thing to do is your best. It is a fine thing the negro leaders in Kansas City are undertaking in bringing together their various charities in a federation. The charities which they sustain are highly creditable to the energy and self-sacrifice of the colored people themselves. There is very great need for all these institutions. Much of the work they do is preventive in character. Consider, for instance, the wholesome effect of the domestic science school which Mrs. T. H. W. Williams has instituted in her own home, which has trained 366 negro girls. With the various organizations federated, so they can avoid duplication of effort and co-operate more effectively, their efficiency and influence in the community must be greatly increased.—Kansas City Star.

The highest determined point in Florida is Mt. Pleasant, 302 feet above sea level, according to the United Geological Survey. The approximate average elevation of the state is 100 feet above the sea.

How greatly hunting enters into British social life is shown by the fact that there are, according to a recent computation, 456 recognized packs of hounds in the United Kingdom. Of these, England has 364 packs, Ireland 75 packs and Scotland 17 packs. In round numbers, the packs which hunt the fox and deer total some 9,000 couples of hounds, while of harriers and beagles there are 3,500 couples.

None but very handsome women should take a chance on using slang.

While the colored people of the Chesapeake basin are gradually growing into a landed class, even many of the landless majority have acquired personal property of various kinds. Some own their village homes, and it is believed that about half the colored farm laborers in Delaware own horses and carriages. In the bargain struck for wages between the white farmer and the colored farm laborer, it is a very common thing for the farmer to undertake the feeding and housing of the laborer's horse at a charge of about \$2 per month to be taken out of the wages, which may be from \$20 to \$25 a month, with board and lodging. On Saturday night the colored people crowd into the Delaware villages, many of them bringing their wives and children in their own conveyances, and making purchases for the week to come.

There are few regions in the United States where comfortable living is so cheap as it is in the Tidewater area of the Chesapeake basin. Here for 6,000 or 8,000 square miles all the inhabitants are within easy reach of perhaps the richest waters in the world. Fish, oysters, clams and for much of the year aquatic game birds of many kinds, to say nothing of the muskrat, sold for food as "marsh rabbit," are amazingly plentiful, while employment in the industries dependent upon the tidal waters is almost continuous and extremely well paid.

How big the negro department, or Nashville institute, is likely to bulk in the regeneration of the South is plain when we realize that negro churches have to date absolutely divorced religion from social service, writes Mary Bronson Hart in the Boston Transcript. A negro theological student gets Greek and Hebrew and systematic theology enough to enable him to shine as a professor in a divinity school; but not one hour's training is given him in sociology, public hygiene or any topic fitting him to deal with the acute problems of the salvation of his race. Two negroes die of preventable disease for every white man. Yet the religious leaders of the people have made no capital of "Cleanliness next to godliness."

The social clinic of Nashville institute sends its students into the field as a part of their course. A kindergarten and milk depot are maintained at the school, and students of nursing, sanitation and home economics go out into the negro quarter to study and to help.

In a recent lecture was shown a significant photograph of a negro hovel of the worst ramshackle type, set in a vilely insanitary dooryard, so close under the shadow of the finest negro church in Nashville that the beautiful stone tower fills the background of the picture. In the dooryard stands a negro student from the new school for negro workers, himself a clergyman, dramatically dissertating upon the sanitary dangers of rubbish and urging the reformation of the cluttered dooryard. For years the church had looked down serenely on that hovel, satisfied with emotional fervor and quite unaware of its criminal neglect of life.

Gathering and selling acorns is a new industry in Arkansas to supply eastern nursery firms with material for forest planting.

Kansas City schools have shortened study days one hour.

The patrons of the negro public schools in the vicinity of Ellicott City, Md., have asked that the board of the Howard county school commissioners increase their teachers' salaries and make certain changes in the manner of conducting their schools. In addition to increased pay for their teachers they ask that they be paid monthly, instead of quarterly as at present. They also ask that colored trustees for the schools be dropped, and that the school board take charge of selecting their teachers and conducting their schools.

The colored petitioners also urge the establishment of a negro industrial school at Alpha, where the colored people own a tract of land. They would raise \$500 toward the cost of the erection of the building. If the school should be built and meet with the approval of the state board of education, \$1,500 would come from the state treasury for its use.

The Philippine Bureau of Forestry reports that American and European lumbermen are trying to procure large and regular shipments of Philippine woods, mainly for cabinet making.

Full Panel. The jurors filed into the jury-box, and after all the 12 seats were filled there still remained one juror standing outside.

"If the court please," said the clerk, "they have made a mistake and sent us 13 jurors instead of 12. What do you want with this extra one?"

"What is your name?" asked the judge of the extra man.

"Joseph A. Braines," he replied.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "take this man back to the jury commissioners and tell them we don't need him as we already have here 12 men without Braines."—The Green Bag.

Cheers Replace Grog. For years it has been the traditional custom of the czar of Russia to drink the health of the troops after reviews and parades. Emperor Nicholas has just intimated to the minister of war that this custom is now abrogated, but that the commander of the troops is authorized to propose cheers for the czar and other members of the imperial family.

FIRST FIRM OF WOMEN ARCHITECTS



Schenck & Mead is the name of the latest firm in the field of architecture to swing its shingle before the eyes of New Yorkers. The members of the firm are Miss Anna Pendleton Schenck and Miss Marcia Mead. Both are very serious about their work and are meeting with considerable success.

facd boy was in his prime. We lived in the county seat of a county up state. My only sister—always my great pet—and I were intensely excited when we heard that the lad with the canine countenance was to come to our town.

"We had saved up all our pennies and when the boy arrived we had twenty-five. We figured the admission would be ten cents and we would have a nickel over for candy—for what's seeing a dog-faced boy without candy to chew while staring?"

"Well, the boy arrived and we went down to the tent where he was being displayed. To our horror the admission was 25 cents. We puzzled long, but the tragic conclusion was always the same—only one of us could go in. So, with tender fingers, I drew forth the 25 pennies and in a voice husky with the emotion of disappointment I said: 'Here, Dot, you go in. I don't mind, and you can tell me all about him when you come out.' 'My sister protested, but finally went. In five minutes she was back.

I was all eagerness to hear every detail of the famed face. "How was he—how was he, Dot? What did he look like? It he a really truly dog? Tell me quick!" "Dot gazed at me and her lip quivered. 'Oh, Jack,' she said, 'when I got in I was so scared I couldn't look at him.'"

Close Connection. "You don't believe I love you?" she said. And she pressed him for his answer.—Ohio State Journal.

SELF-SACRIFICE FOR NAUGHT

Early Experience of New York Lawyer Has Almost Convinced Him of Its Utility.

"I heard a cynic talking on the futility of self-sacrifice the other night," said a New York lawyer. "I didn't agree with his conclusions, but his theme recalled an incident in my youth that was certainly a case in point on his side.

"When I was a youngster the dog-