

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1497—Second patent granted to John Cabot by Henry VII. of England to make a western voyage of discovery.
- 1652—New Amsterdam incorporated, and a municipal government established.
- 1663—The valley of the St. Lawrence visited by a disastrous earthquake.
- 1690—Schenectady, N. Y., attacked and burned by the French and Indians.
- 1693—Nearly 2,000 persons killed in earthquake in Sicily.
- 1775—Second Provincial Congress met at Cambridge, Mass.
- 1776—The Gadsden flag presented to the American Congress.
- 1783—Sweden recognized the independence of the United States....Final cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain.
- 1787—Gen. Arthur St. Clair elected President of the American Congress.
- 1793—Salary of President of the United States fixed at \$25,000 a year.
- 1811—Prince of Wales appointed regent for King George III. of England.
- 1814—Massachusetts abolished imprisonment for debt.
- 1831—Baron Aylmer entered upon his term of office as Governor of Canada.
- 1859—Gen. Zuloaga resigned the presidency of Mexico.
- 1861—The government of the Confederate States of America organized at Montgomery, Ala....Texas convention passed an ordinance of secession.
- 1867—The Earl of Carnarvon, British colonial secretary, introduced the British North American Act into the House of Lords....Nebraska admitted to Statehood by act of Congress.
- 1874—Coomassie captured by a British force under Lord Wolseley.
- 1876—Manitoba abolished the legislative council....National League of Baseball Clubs organized at Cincinnati.
- 1883—Toronto opera house destroyed by fire.
- 1887—Sir Alexander Campbell appointed Lieutenant Governor of Ontario....David Turpie elected United States Senator from Indiana.
- 1888—Completion of the Lick observatory at Mount Hamilton, Cal.
- 1889—United States Senate rejected an extradition treaty with Great Britain.
- 1899—Commander Taussig took possession of the Island of Guam in the name of the United States.
- 1892—The Behring Sea Commission met at Washington.
- 1893—The Illinois Legislature repealed the compulsory education law.
- 1895—Insurrection in Cuban began.
- 1897—Pennsylvania State capital at Harrisburg destroyed by fire.
- 1900—Sir Wilfrid Laurier delivered memorable speech in Parliament on the relations between Canada and Great Britain.
- 1901—L. P. Broderick elected speaker of the Dominion House of Commons.
- 1904—Beginning of the great Baltimore fire, which lasted two days and destroyed property to the value of nearly \$150,000,000....William H. Taft became Secretary of War.
- 1905—The Reid company awarded \$1,500,000 for the loss of telegraph rights of Newfoundland.
- 1908—Manual II. ascended the throne of Portugal.
- 1909—Isfahan, Persia, captured by the rebels.

Cold Facts.



Hen—There, my dear son, go eggs laid by my grandmother, who is dead and gone these two years.—Life

Quite So.

"Mrs. Comeup's conversation is perfectly killing."
"In what way?"
"The way she murders the king's English."—Baltimore American.

Her Answer Ready.

"What a peculiar way that Gimbleton girl holds her lips."
"If you propose to her you'll find out what it means. She's all fixed to say 'Yes'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHANGES IN WOMEN.

Views of British Playwright on New and Old Types of Femininity.

The changes that are taking place in the character of woman and her attitude toward man formed the subject of an address delivered by Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, at the dinner of the Society of Women Journalists at the Waldorf hotel.

Woman, like all other animals, he said, constantly changed in response to her environment, and a certain environment always produced a type exactly fitted to it. In Morocco last spring he caught glimpses of the women in the harem of a native potentate—dusky, fatted faces, stealthily and mischievously peering and grinning from behind the blinds, ignorant, animal, sly, childish, inane, prematurely old. Granted the environment, that was the type of womanhood produced. "It is a commonplace to say," Mr. Jones proceeded, according to the London Daily Mail, "that our civilization, that wholly new civilization inaugurated only a generation or two ago by railways and electricity, is fast producing a different type of man and woman from anything the world has ever known. If we ask in what chief particular the attitude of woman toward man is changing I think the reply would be that she is becoming more and more the intellectual comrade of man.

"In the theater women are necessarily our companions and comrades. In journalism and in other intellectual professions women are every day more and more showing themselves our successful competitors and staunch and welcome comrades. In fiction they are proving themselves our equals in matter—superiors in number. Doubtless, in this particular art, the art of fiction, they have always been our superiors, though their talent has generally been exercised rather in the practical concerns of life than in writing novels."

Some of the disappearing types of women might be regretted. Jane Austen's women, Dickens' Dora and Agnes, Thackeray's Amelia, George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser and their counterparts in real life were passing away. One type that specially won his admiration was the type of Portia, the wife of Brutus. He hoped nature would sit tight and keep on producing Portias.

"How far our swiftly changing environment may change our type of English womanhood we can hardly pretend to guess. In what direction I think we may roughly guess.

"I am prepared to allow that, granted woman could be placed in the exact conditions, granted we could govern and enforce those conditions, and granted an unlimited length of time—I am prepared to allow she might be developed into a creature as far superior to man as is that female spider, who, when the poor male spider comes timidly up to her to make love to her, if she doesn't like the look of him, simply eat him up then and there. I say such a development of woman is conceivable. But I am glad I shall not live to see it."

"ADAM" BEDE'S NEW IDEA.

Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Soil Is Needed.

A Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Soil is advocated by J. Adam Bede, former congressman from Minnesota and humorist of national reputation, the St. Paul Dispatch says. Not only does he believe in such a society, but he says he expects to live long enough to see one organized under government supervision.

"Stuff! This thing of increased cost of living," Mr. Bede said yesterday. "It doesn't cost more unless you make it. If we'd live like our grandmothers did it wouldn't cost any more. The trouble is, we're living too fast and too luxuriously. I worked my way through school. I'm paying the way of my children. Grandma did her own housework. We're hiring ours done. It's just that kind of thing which causes us to spend money. And luxuries! Why, the farmers are getting so wealthy they want to ride in automobiles. Cows upstate are getting so they won't give down their milk unless you turn on the electric lights and have a Caruso to sing. It's the rust, not the trusts, which is hurting us. Traveling down through Kansas a short time ago, I saw all kinds of farm machinery, wagons, buggies and implements standing out in the weather—rusting. We're too lazy to take care of the things we have. We're not making the ground produce as it should. We're neglecting it. We have not learned to rotate the crops. We plant wheat and more wheat until we have 'wheated' the ground to death. That's why I want to see a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soil."

Keeping Cupid on the Job.

"That widow is a good manager, isn't she?"
"Manager! I should say so. She got that house of hers practically fixed up like new for nothing."
"How did she manage it?"
"She was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber."—Baltimore American.

Fighters.

Yeast—Did you say the boy came from a fighting family?
Crimsonbeak—Yes, his father was a colonel in the army, and his mother was a suffragette.—Yonkers Statesman.
Father, in his future, is always coming home in a new automobile, and mother, in her future, is always going over the hills to the poor farm.

A RESTRAINING HAND.

Its Action Followed by a Voice That Warned.

"Patrick H. McCarren once told me of a funny incident that happened in Rome," said a Brooklyn lawyer. "McCarren said that on his first visit to Rome, after he had seen the Coliseum and the Forum, he visited the Ara Coeli Church, on the left of the Capitoline Hill. He climbed the grand stairway leading to the church, the finest open air stairway in the world. He pushed back the heavy leather curtain, and, entering, he found a service in progress. So he put his hat on the marble floor at his side and took a seat.

"After ten minutes or so he decided he would go and reached down for his hat. But a restraining hand was laid on his, and he desisted. He knew, of course, that some churches don't like people to leave in the midst of a service.

"Ten or fifteen minutes more passed. The service still continued. Senator McCarren got impatient and again reached for his hat. But again the unseen hand restrained him from the rear.

"A little later, however, the senator quite lost patience. This was, he told himself an important service, of course. Nevertheless, he did not propose to miss his luncheon, and it would harm no one if he slipped out quietly.

"So a third time he reached for his hat, and the invisible hand a third time detained him. He persevered, however. The silent hand pushed and his silent hand pushed against it. But just as he was conquering in the struggle a voice said in good American: "Cheese it, boss; that's my hat you're taking."

Legal Information

While a girl passenger was on a train she was the recipient of the demonstrative and unconventional attention of the conductor thereof. In Birmingham Railway, Light & Power Company v. Parker, 50 Southern Reporter, 55, the complainant alleged that the conductor had wantonly assaulted her by grasping her by the arm and shoulder and by winking and smiling at her. It was contended that the count was bad in that it charged two assaults, grasping, the first, and then the winking. The Alabama Supreme Court held that one assault only was charged, and as a circumstance of aggravation it was averred that the conductor at the same time made demonstrations which may well have been offensive and shocking. They need not be taken to constitute the assault alleged, or even any necessary part of it, but, if proved, gave a character and meaning to the assault; and further stated that a carrier's duty was to protect feminine passengers from obscenity, immodest conduct, or wanton approach, which cannot be frittered away by questions of whether the servant was acting within the scope of his authority.

The Ohio Constitution provides that all elections shall be by ballot. In State v. Board of Deputy State Supervisors, 89 Northeastern Reporter, 33, the purchase and use of voting machines was objected to on the ground that it transgressed this provision. Cardboard ballots are attached to the machine; they do not pass into the custody of any voter, nor, by the act of voting, into the control of the officers of the election. To speak of such cardboard as the ballot of the Constitution is obviously paying but mock deference to that instrument. However consistently with the intention of the designer the machine may operate, and however simple its manipulation may be to those who have become familiar with it, it is in contemplation that it shall be used by the body of the electors, most of whom have no knowledge whatever of its operation, and that from the necessities of the use but little time can be allowed to acquire such knowledge and understanding, one minute being the time allowed by the statute to each elector for that purpose. The Ohio Supreme Court declared the use of this voting machine unconstitutional.

A Federal statute made it a criminal offense to violate any rule which should thereafter be made by the Secretary of the Interior. The regulation in question prohibited the pasturing of stock within the forest reserves without a permit. In United States v. Grimaud, 170 Federal Reporter, 205, defendant, having been arrested for pasturing sheep within a reserve, contended that the statute was void because it did not define the acts to be punished, and because it delegated legislative power to an executive officer. It did not declare the grazing of sheep to be a crime, nor make any reference thereto, but declared that whatever the executive prohibited should be punishable. There was no way by which a person examining a statute could conclude that the act referred to was criminal. The executive officer by the statute was allowed to define and determine the crimes, which, according to all the authorities, is a legislative affair. The United States District Court concluded that there could be no crime except those created, expressly defined, and penalized by an act of Congress, and that the indictment could not be sustained.

For the first two months of her married life a bride keeps her expenses down to \$6 a week, and her friends boast about it for twenty years.

Men agree pretty well on one point: They don't like the idea of some other man spending their life insurance.

THE DAY'S SHROUD.

From sunrise to the set of sun
The Winds went to and fro,
Singing the while they deftly spun
A garment white like snow.

And in the dusk, unto the west
They bore the robe of cloud,
And for the grave the dead Day dressed
Within this snowy shroud.

Then slowly vanishing from sight,
I heard them softly sing,
And saw above the grave at night
The stars all blossoming.
—Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE SECOND EDITION

"Does Miss Mary Molyneux live here?"

The stout, ruddy, prosperous-looking man, whose black coat and silk hat looked out of place in this north country farmyard, gazed about him as he spoke, with a smile which puzzled the recipient of his query.

"One might fancy the place belonged to him," thought Jim Molyneux, with natural proprietary resentment.

"Yes," he said, aloud.

"Can I see her?" pursued the other. Jim looked at him with a growing sense of inquiry.

"I'll see," he remarked, grudgingly. "Aunt Polly's very likely upstairs."

The visitor, stepping into the room, responded before Jim had time to formulate the query. "I'll wait till Miss Molyneux comes down, thank you. We've met before."

"Set a cheer and ax the gentleman to tak' a seat," came the mandate from above.

Mary Molyneux was a middle-aged woman, comfortably stout, her round, ruddy face was now shining from the recent application of yellow soap; her brown hair was smoothed on either side of her broad brow and plaited with uncompromising tightness behind. "I'm sure I'm very sorry to ha' kept you so long waiting," she began. Then she gasped, "It's never you, Will Prescott!"

"It's me, though," returned that gen-



tleman. "And how are you, Mary, my dear?"

Mary dropped into the nearest chair, staring as though unable to believe her eyes.

"Coom back arter all they years!" "Yes, I've come back," said Mr. Prescott; "and what's more, I've come back with a tidy bit of money."

"Have ye?" said Mary, reviving in some measure and smiling. "That's great news."

"I've more news for you than that, my dear," said Will, with a knowing look; "but I want to hear what you've got to tell me first. A man doesn't stay away for twenty years in America without expecting to hear of a few changes. I was more than a little bit surprised to find that you were single still, my dear. Why, what were the young fellows about that they didn't snap you up?"

"If I didn't get wed, it wasn't for want of being axed," said Mary, with a toss of the head. "I'd my reasons for keepin' single."

"I wonder if I can guess what they were," said Will, edging his chair a little nearer and gazing sentimentally at her.

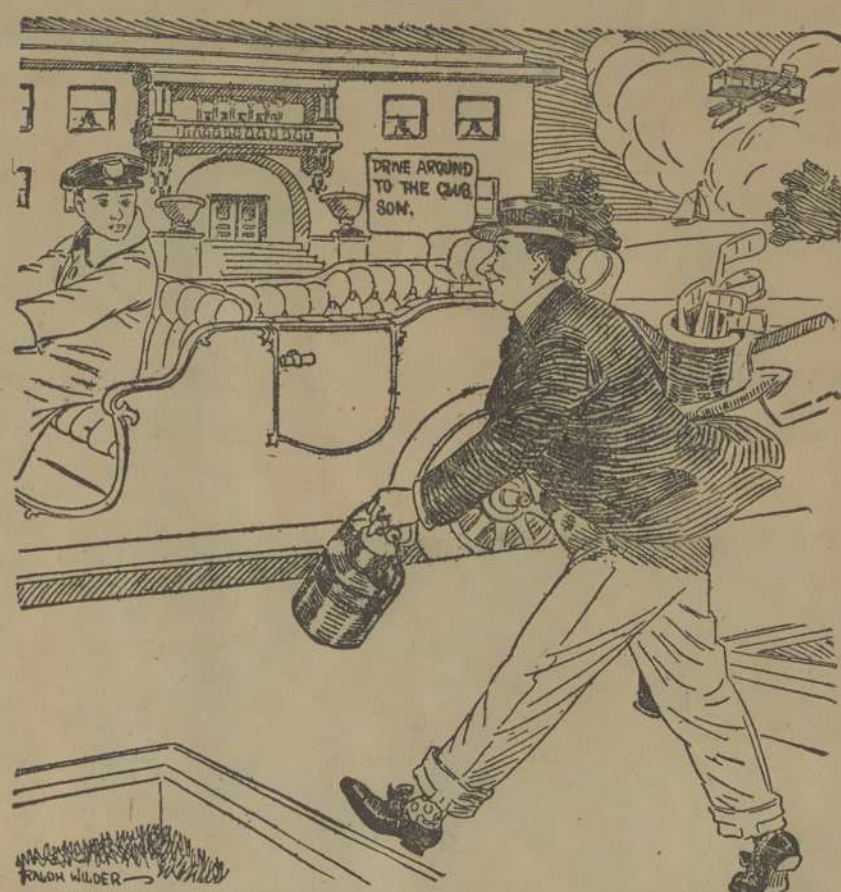
"Nay, I don't suppose you can," returned she, briskly. "Our Tom—my brother, you know—his wife died, you see, when our Maggie was born—that's her youngest, and he axed me to come here and keep house for him and bring up childer, so I agreed and I've been here ever since. Our Tom died ten years ago and left farm to me to keep a home for all three childer, so they can never turn me out, even if they was minded to; but they wouldn't do that. They're good lads—very good lads; and our Maggie is as nice a wench as ever stepped shoe-leather."

"Ah," said Mr. Prescott. "So the farm's yours. Well, you'll have no need of it now; you can make it over altogether to your nephews and nieces. I've come back from America to make you a lady, my dear."

"Eh!" said Mary, flushing to the roots of her hair, and gazing at him with a dropping jaw. Something within her, something long dead and forgotten, stirred faintly when he called her "my dear"; no one ever addressed her after that fashion.

"I don't think I could manage very

GOING TO WORK IN 2110.



MR. EDISON DECLARES THE ORDINARY LABORER WILL THEN LIVE AS WELL AS A MAN WITH A \$200,000 INCOME CAN NOW.

Thomas A. Edison has decided upon the two most important problems of the future and declares, with their solution, the workingman 200 years from now will live as well as a man at present with \$200,000 annual income. The two great problems, says Edison, in the Independent, are the elimination of friction and the saving of fuel. These will mean the greatest possible development of power and consequent reduction of the cost of all commodities and comparative affluence for the laborer. He deprecates the value of the monoc rail, condemns chemical foods, suggests improvements in aeroplanes and bitterly assails the use of whisky.

well to wed you, Willum, thank you," she said, with a polite firmness which belied her inward trepidation. "I'm too old to change my ways now, and I'm wanted at this place."

"I have your promise, Mary."

"Why, you never so much as wrote a line after the first year," said Mary.

"That wasn't altogether my fault, my dear," returned he. "I was traveling about, you know, and one thing or another. Well, I may as well make a clean breast of it—I was married for some years, Mary."

"Oh, and was you! Well, then, I think you needn't go casting up promises at me."

"You'd have nothing to do," said Prescott, grandiloquently, "an well afford to keep two maids and a man. When you are not driving in your own trap, you can be sitting in your own drawing room."

"Sit wi' my hands before me!" exclaimed Mary. "That's the last thing I'd like, and so I tell you. I doubt I couldn't do wi' you, Willum Prescott."

"You gave me your word to marry me if I came back for you," insisted Will, "and I have come back, so you must keep your promise."

"Dear, I wish you'd kep' away altogether, since you kep' away so long. I'm sure I don't want no sweateaths to come molderin' here at my time o' life."

"Sweethearts!" exclaimed an astonished voice; and as the startled couple turned round a young girl entered the room.

The ruddy light which streamed in from the open door gilded hair as smooth as Mary's own, but if a warmer brown, and made a glowing rim around a soft cheek, dimpled and delicately rosy as hers had once been.

William Prescott beheld the reincarnation of the girl-sweetheart of twenty years ago, and his heart gave a sudden leap. Here was the lass whom he had courted in his dreams. Mary, yonder, if the ample figure and determined ways, had much changed.

"And whatever you are cryin' for, Aunt Polly?" asked the girl. "Who is this gentleman? What is he comin' for?"

"Eh, lass, I cannot choose but cry. Eh, I scarce know how to tell thee. Dear o' me, when I think o' partin' with thee as I took in my arms the very minute thou was born, I may say."

"Partin' wi' me?" gasped Maggie, turning very pale. "But I didn't know the gentleman. Dear auntie, you know I allus said I'd never leave you."

Clasping the wooden arms of her chair, Mary Molyneux gazed fixedly at the girl, a sudden light coming into her blue eyes the while.

"Bide a bit, my dear," she said, faintly; "wait till thou's heard all as the gentleman's got to say." Turning quickly to Will Prescott, she saw the dawning light of understanding interest in his eyes, and continued hastily: "This is Mr. Willum Prescott, as used to be a neighbor if ours in old days, when I were young. I knowed him well then, and I know as he's the kindest heart as ever beat in a man's breast."

Mr. Prescott cleared his throat and looked keenly at Mary, a smile flickering somewhere in the meshes of his black beard; then he looked at Maggie, realizing even more fully than before that she was certainly very handsome, handsomer than Mary had ever been, though amazingly like her. "He's comin' back from America," resumed the elder woman, "on the lookout for a wife. He's made his fortune out there, and he says his wife's to be a lady. Mr. Prescott's only 42," said Mary; "quite young for a mon—and you must own he's noan ill to look at."

Maggie glanced slyly at the suitor from beneath her long eyelashes and William fidgeted in his chair

"He's a very religious mon," went on Mary, "awful religious—'tis a great comfort to a woman to know that. And he's thinkin' of coming here tomorrow in a taxicab and taking you for a spin, if you fancy it."

William Prescott made up his mind.

"If your aunt will trust you with me, Miss Molyneux," he said, "I shall be delighted to take you for a drive, and I hope it may be the means of our becoming better acquainted."

"Well, I'd like the drive," admitted Maggie, with blunt north country candor, "but I'm sure I don't know about anything else. It seems so sudden, doesn't it, aunt? I can't think how ever Mr. Prescott came to think o' me."

Mary rose to the occasion. "Mr. Prescott really came to see me, my dear, bein' an old friend and that, and we got atalkin' and he telled me how he were lookin' for a wife, and I mentioned as I brought you all up—you see, knowin' me so well, he'd be sure to think any lass as was up-brought by me would be like to turn out well—and then the very minute you coom in the room he lost his heart to ye—didn't ye, Willum?"

"Willum," with a bewildered air, admitted that he had.

"Well, then," said Mary, with a conclusive air and a look of deep satisfaction, "I really think as you couldn't do better nor consider him, my lass."—Country Life.

WORLD'S COMMERCIAL CENTER.

City of London Soul of Empire with \$400,000,000 Population.

But the city of London proper, which lies in the heart of Greater London, has a living population of but 35,000 by night, although 300,000 people do business there by day, while all of the currents of British life pass through its portals. Here is the soul of the empire, with its population of 400,000,000, and its area of 11,400,000 square miles, or more than one-fifth of the population and area of the globe, says Frederic C. Howe, in Scribner's. Here, too, is the heart of the trade, commerce and financial transactions of the world. From this little spot "the nation of shopkeepers" sends forth its administrators and its soldiers; its men-of-war and its merchant marine to every nook and cranny of the globe, at the command of Lombard, Gracechurch, Threadneedle and Fenchurch Streets and Bartholomew Lane. It was at the behest of the city that Clive and Warren Hastings subjugated India, that the opium trade was imposed on China; that Gordon went to his death in Khartoum, and the flower of England went to South Africa.

Out from this pulmonary center the commercial life of Christendom radiates. London is the counter of the world. And the old city corporation, with its banks, its brokers, its offices and machinery for exchanging the products of India with Africa, and of China with America, is the clearing house of us all. England is the only great nation which opens its doors to the trade of the world, unhampered and unrestrained by taxes, imposts or octorol. White, black, yellow and red, the followers of Christ, of Buddha, of Mohammed and Confucius, all send their wares, in consequence, to the ports which invite them. For trade hates barriers. It will go around the world to avoid a tariff war. And because of this fact Great Britain is the counter across which the wealth of the world is exchanged. Here the products of every clime are freely swapped.

A good many people who believe they are indignantly protesting against sin are really gossiping.

Money that a man burns seldom helps to enlighten the world