

HE MAKES MILLIONS OF MONEY. BUT WAKES UP WOZZILY



I was all lit up thinking what a good thing I was.

Well, wit me hotel and opra house running on scientific principles what do I do next? I automobiles me patrons. Does any man who is old enough to have made a dozen million want to ride a mile a minute on a gasoline tank? Nay, nay! Folks automobile in six hundred dollar machines for fun, dey automobiles in twenty thousand dollar machines to get their names in de papers. Well, I has a machine fixed up dat smells of oil, electricity and street dust, and will break down if you speak to it unkindly. But it costs seventeen dollars. De motor power is a dollar-a-day Dago inside de turnover wit his feet on de ground. A ride from me hotel in dat safe and sane machine will be eighty-seven dollars, and every time me guests rides in it de fact will be printed in me paper at de usual rates. Do you see where I'm going to land? Me, to de 'millionaires' club. No indignation at me hotel, but de rate a hundred a day; nothing to bore at me opra house, but seats fifty a trun; no danger in me automobiles, but eighty-seven dollars a whirl. Say, if you want to be known as de spender de money, and are ready to take chances at poison and sudden dat at de dining table to prove dat dey has de price; is willing to stand six hours of Doublelunge by a Byzantine artist; dea posse, dat dey has de price; is willing to court de coroner by riding in a real automobile to prove dat dey has de price. How foolish!

MARRIAGES SOME THAT ARE HAPPY SOME THAT ARE NOT

"Milestones on Love's Pathway." Mrs. Theodore Butro of New York has contributed to the world of literature a beautiful and unique volume of prose and verse. The volume consists of poems written to her by her husband during a long and unclouded married life. At the outset the single purpose Mrs. Butro had in view was to offer to her husband an evidence of her appreciation of his devotion and of the love between them. Later there came another purpose which she now explains. "This little volume may teach husbands and wives that wedding anniversaries are good things to remember, for they recall a tenderness and affection that never should be forgotten." On Washington's birthday Mr. and Mrs. Butro received all of the members of their family and their intimate friends and entertained them with music and places in his hands and carried a copy of the book. The Butros were married October 1, 1884, and the title of the book, "Milestones on Love's Pathway," is to commemorate the forty-third anniversary of their marriage. The letters and poems breathe the tenderest and purest love. "My husband did not know I had saved his letters and poems," said Mrs. Butro. "I had to be sure he knew, but I suppose he really did. And so I kept the secret of the book from him until I had the volume ready to place in his hands and carried a copy of the book." Here are extracts from the book: (Copyright, 1924, by Courtesy of Mrs. Theodore Butro.) The book opens with this dedication: "My dear husband, I accept this compilation of some of the very many beautiful letters you have written to me. I have called them 'Milestones on Love's Pathway.' May they recall to you the happy occasions, and may the thought that I have preserved them inspire you to continue these lovely milestones—which mark the way on the road of happiness through the years of life and loving affection. Fondly, FLORENCE." The first letter in the volume, which follows an artistic reproduction of the photographs and the marriage certificate, is dated October 1, 1884. A poem that was presented to Mrs. Butro by her husband, with her portrait framed in silver, for the celebration of their crystal wedding in 1899, is as follows: To Florence, Far too costly is this setting For the picture you behold; But 'tis vain to be regretting Workmen never do as they're told! Yet this one whom you are giving Buidled better than he knew; For a happy thought, abiding From his costly framework grew! Crystal with the wood and steel, While the striker is inviting Hopes of happiness to last! Crystal fete and wooden end! What wedding gift is there the foregoing But the three together blended Here, in wonderment, you see! These are symbols full of glory, Milestones scattered on the way, To mark the path of life's journey One personal wedding day! On May 1, 1897, Mrs. Butro wrote from their present home address, No. 270 West One Hundred and Second street, New York, the following letter in memory of her birthday: Dearest, Sweetest Little Wife: Again the lovely day has come round which everybody believes in because it is more soothing to our vanity to feel that we are unlucky than to admit that we are fools, or shirks, but in reality there is no luck about it. Luck has nothing to do with the kind of man or woman a wife or husband pick out. That is the result of their own judgment. Neither has luck anything to do with matrimonial felicity. That is the result of will power and determination. Barring the few criminals of both sexes—and the people who complain of the dullness of married life, are more disgruntled than anybody—there is no man or woman with whom you cannot get along if you try, and none with whom you can get along if you don't. If she wants to keep married life from being dull for her husband a woman must praise his virtues and ignore his faults. If women would devote as much time to studying their husbands as they do to studying Browning, there would be no use for the divorce courts, which are to turn the Tower of Babel upside down, and we must say that interesting to his wife he must make her his partner, and give her a fair share in the pleasures and perquisites of life. Being a woman doesn't make a high-spirited individual enjoy begging. Souls do not wear petticoats. If a man wants to make married life thrilling for his wife, he will spend his

Why Married Life is Dull. (By Dorothy Dix.) MARRIED life is dull because neither husbands or wives devote sufficient thought to their lot toward making it interesting. The greatest enemy that humanity has ever known is the individual who first advanced the luck theory in regard to matrimony. Everybody believes in it because it is more soothing to our vanity to feel that we are unlucky than to admit that we are fools, or shirks, but in reality there is no luck about it. Luck has nothing to do with the kind of man or woman a wife or husband pick out. That is the result of their own judgment. Neither has luck anything to do with matrimonial felicity. That is the result of will power and determination. Barring the few criminals of both sexes—and the people who complain of the dullness of married life, are more disgruntled than anybody—there is no man or woman with whom you cannot get along if you try, and none with whom you can get along if you don't. If she wants to keep married life from being dull for her husband a woman must praise his virtues and ignore his faults. If women would devote as much time to studying their husbands as they do to studying Browning, there would be no use for the divorce courts, which are to turn the Tower of Babel upside down, and we must say that interesting to his wife he must make her his partner, and give her a fair share in the pleasures and perquisites of life. Being a woman doesn't make a high-spirited individual enjoy begging. Souls do not wear petticoats. If a man wants to make married life thrilling for his wife, he will spend his

BEHIND THE SCENES OF WAR

From the London Mail. HOPE who for one reason or another prophesy the speedy termination of the war in the far east omit to take one important matter into consideration. They forget the magnitude of the problem involved in the repatriation of nearly half a disillusioned and discontented soldiery. A large proportion of the troops has been drawn from Finland and from Poland, the inhabitants of which countries have, naturally, no sympathy for the slaughter of their relatives in the streets of St. Petersburg or elsewhere, or the ruin of their homesteads, the result of their enforced absence from the plough-tail, will make their homecoming a particularly cheerless one. What a chance for a Boulanger to exploit the forces of discontent which are rapidly developing in the army of Manchuria, were its commissioned ranks capable of producing an effective military protest! The discontent is there, but the man is apparently wanting. Letters from the front which have appeared in extra-Russian periodicals, and consequently have escaped the censor, give us some insight into the conduct and capacity of the leaders and into the feelings engendered in the minds of the rank and file. Yestochagin, the well-known artist, who was drowned with Makaroff in the Petropavlovsk, gives us a picture of Kuropatkin as he was when serving as chief of the staff to Skobelev, to whom he was the very antithesis. We are told how Kuropatkin opposed tooth and nail the proposed winter march across the Balkans, which had such immense influence on the result of the campaign. "It's all very fine," said he, "to talk of a glorious death. It's easy enough to die; but the point is, is it worth while? And it would appear that the spirit of

The London Esperanto Club

From the London Mail. Binjor Di starigu. Malamalkojn pelu Kaj failigu! Piatu politikon, Venku frizion, Al el el konfidu! Dio nin savu! THESE verses are not a peculiar form of Rumanian, to which they bear a dim facial resemblance, but the second stanza of "God Save the King," as rendered in the last and perhaps the most rational of the universal languages, which are to turn the Tower of Babel upside down, and we must say that "Binjor Dio" and "Trijonajon" (knaveish tricks) greatly amuse us. They were performed at the "Dua Esperantista Jarkunveno," the second annual meeting of the London Esperanto club, at Essex hall. The proceedings opened with a speech in Esperanto from the president, Felix Moschels, who declared that the Esperanto movement had taken place in the brotherhood, under the similitude of the history of two babies, with a due number of allusions to the judgment of Solomon. This tickled the audience, and he said, "kaj veno," they say in Esperanto. It seems that these Siamese twins now have a separate existence, one as the London Esperanto club, and the other as the British Esperanto association, and each infant has a journal of its own to advertise itself, one the Esperantist and the other the British Esperantist. Miss Lawrence, the secretary, then read the report, and a balance sheet in her native tongue. The club has opened 150 in the bank, and is going to contribute two of them to the international meeting of Esperantists to be held at Boulogne from August 2 to August 10, the whole of which you can attend for two francs ("du frankoj"). Mr. Mundie also spoke, most competently (although he has never been absent from me) I have received from my incom-