



Some Men and Women of the Hour



Horace White.

Chief Kohler.



JUDGE CRANE.

THE trial of the Hains brothers at Flushing, N. Y., for the slaying of William E. Annis at the Bayside Yacht club last summer is a proceeding that naturally excites more than local interest on account of the prominence of the families concerned and the sensational character of the tragedy. Military society and literary circles are especially absorbed in the outcome of the trial, for the name of Hains has been an honored one in the army and a noted one in literature, while in leading social circles in Washington, Boston and New York the families now enjoying so much undesirable publicity were formerly conspicuous.

The distinction of presiding at this trial—one bound to become celebrated in legal annals—belongs to one of the younger judges of the supreme bench of the state of New York, Frederick E. Crane of the borough of Brooklyn. On the opening morning of the trial when the court attendants rapped for order the standing audience saw Judge Crane advance in his black robe, very fair in complexion, clean shaven, youthful looking and indicating by every action that he was brimful of energy. The lawyers had already learned that he did not purpose tolerating any delay that could possibly be avoided. He had informed them that he would hold night sessions, and from the outset he expedited the preliminaries.

Judge Crane is a graduate of the Adelphi academy and the Columbia Law school and before elevation to the bench was counsel in many noted civil and criminal suits.

Joseph Pulitzer, who is accused by President Roosevelt of libeling the United States government through publications in his newspaper, the New York World, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with the World only a few weeks ago. As the president's recent special message to congress was devoted chiefly to the alleged offenses of the World in connection with the charges of scandal in the negotiations associated with the purchase of the Panama canal, the personality of Mr. Pulitzer is thrust into the foreground. It is an unusual thing for a private citizen to be mentioned specifically and singled out for criticism and denunciation as the proprietor of the World was in this message. Mr. Roosevelt's action was based on his belief that the circumstances of this case justified a departure from precedents.

Mr. Pulitzer was born in Budapest, Hungary, in 1847 and, coming to this country in 1864, entered the army and served until the end of the civil war in a cavalry regiment. Taking up his residence in St. Louis at the close of the war, he joined the Westliche Post, German, as reporter, rising to the managing editorship. In 1878 he bought the St. Louis Dispatch for a price said to have been \$500, "and expensive at that." He united it with the St. Louis Post, and by application of his ideas he turned the Post-Dispatch into one of the best paying and strongest papers in Missouri. In 1883 he bought the New York World and



JOSEPH PULITZER.

duplicated his Post-Dispatch success. He served in the Missouri legislature and in 1885 was elected to congress from a New York district, but resigned after a few months' service.

Frederick Kohler, chief of police in the city of Cleveland, O., is the best chief of police in America, in the opinion of President Roosevelt. That crime in the cities can be reduced to a minimum, if not actually checked, by the simple observance of the Golden Rule Chief Kohler thinks he has proved. A year's trial of this policy in dealing with crime and criminals in Cleveland has convinced him of it, and now other cities are preparing to follow the example of Cleveland in instituting the Golden Rule policy. It is only a question of time, its advocates say, until it will be adopted everywhere throughout the United States. Chief Kohler was the first man to em-

ploy the Golden Rule in treating with crime, so to him belongs the credit of whatever success it has attained. The Golden Rule policy was put into effect a year ago, and statistics for the first nine months, which have just been compiled, prove it to be an unqualified success.

The Earl of Warwick, who is on a visit to this country and who has been talking over with President Roosevelt the subject of game in Africa, has made a number of hunting trips to the section the president expects to visit. He prophesies that Mr. Roosevelt will have no end of sport and would not be surprised if he bagged an elephant, though the earl himself has not been fortunate enough to get one. The British nobleman has been brought to notice in this country more on his wife's account than his own. The Countess of Warwick, who has been in turn brilliant society leader, philanthropist and Socialist advocate, visited this country not long since for the especial purpose, it was said, of studying the condition of the Socialist movement here. It was reported at one time that the earl had a leaning toward socialism, too, but his utterances during his American visit do not bear out such a view. Indeed, he intimated that his wife was like a good many women, somewhat changeable in her ideas, and therefore he did not like to define her position on economic questions because it might have shifted a little by the time of his return.

The earl and his accomplished wife expect to entertain President Roosevelt at Warwick castle during his stay in England, and the earl has undertaken the commission of having a pair of hunting boots built in London for Mr. Roosevelt specially suitable for service in the African jungles.

Douglas Robinson, President Roosevelt's brother-in-law, whose name figures in the Panama canal controversy, has made specific denial that he had

anything to do with the transactions regarding the sale of the canal property to the United States. He is connected with banking and railway enterprises in New York and is at present co-receiver with Adrian H. Joline of the Metropolitan Street Railway company. He is a brother of the present Mrs. Roosevelt and is reputed a man of considerable wealth.

Much general interest attaches to the investigation of methods of finance in Wall street which is to be made by a commission recently appointed by Governor Hughes of New York. The commission is charged to report if any changes are desirable in the laws bearing upon speculation in securities and commodities or relating to the protection of investors. At the head of the commission is the noted author and editor Horace White.

Mr. White was born in Colebrook, N. H., Aug. 10, 1834, and was graduated from Beloit college, Wisconsin, in 1853. He early went into newspaper work, becoming city editor of the Chicago Evening Journal in 1854 and Chicago agent of the New York Associated Press in 1855.

In 1857 Mr. White joined the Chicago Tribune in a position which brought him frequently into relations with Abraham Lincoln. He reported the entire series of Lincoln and Douglas debates for the Tribune and in 1860 was secretary of the Illinois Republican state committee during the presidential campaign. During the civil war he spent four years in Washington and with others formed the first syndicate of newspapers in this country for the reception of a joint news service from the front. From 1865 to 1874 he was chief editor of the Chicago Tribune, resigning because of ill health. He joined the New York Evening Post on its reorganization by Mr. Villard in 1881. He has for years been known as one of the greatest financial authorities in the United States and is the author of a half dozen scholarly works.

HE WOULD STAND IN RAPT ADMIRATION, most perfect in its schedules. Every body cleaned house in the morning, with just time for a hurried lunch before squeezing into the uniforms for the matinee, and as soon as the rush was over all but two of the boys were taken off to perform other duties.

Those who remained were water boys, parading the aisles with trays of glasses, which they offered to the patrons. Now and then a penny or even a nickel or a dime fell to the water carrier, but Billy was content if the ladies smiled their thanks. All this was before "E 112" came. After that there was but one woman in the world for William, just as there is but one woman for each of us at some stage of boyhood.

"E 112" was worthy of his worship. Even the box office boy had confided to Calkins, the manager, that it was "a dead swell dame who took up the seat for Tuesday mats," and the manager had condescended to approve the statement, though Calkins' own preference was for blonds. "E 112" had dark hair of the soft, wavy kind that makes a fellow long to stroke softly, admiringly.

But Billy remembered nothing but her eyes after he had received one direct glance. He could look into those liquid depths clear down into the untroubled soul beyond. Every Tuesday afternoon the girl occupied the same seat. The Century reserved seats for its regular patrons by the season, and once when the head usher sought to shift Billy to the balcony, where there was a better chance of making tips, Billy promptly forgot the fact that it was supposed to be a favor and pummeled his benefactor until the latter promised to put him back on his old aisle.

To such an extent had Billy become enslaved that he even rejoiced in the water job. He would work the front rows very slowly, waiting with patience for each patron to finish with a glass, and when "E 112" asked for a drink he would stand in rapt admiration, ignoring the request of others for glasses from the tray until she had returned hers and there was no longer any excuse for standing at her side.

Long before the middle of the season Eleanor Golden, otherwise "E 112," had come to know the earnest, freckled little face, and the day that she passed him in the street and gave him a nod and a bright smile was a golden one in the Baxter calendar. Then came the day which even now Calkins hates to recall because of its one moment of nightmare. There was an act at the house that opened with the supposed explosion of an automobile off the stage, the comedian entering with a tire and part of the rim of a wheel hung about his neck. The effect was obtained in the time honored fashion of firing into the air a shotgun loaded with salt instead of shot. The salt scattered harmlessly, and yet the report was louder than when powder alone was used. On this day a tiny bit of the wadding was carried into the air and flut-

BILLY AND "E 112."

By COLIN S. COLLINS.
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To Billy Baxter every moment he spent in the theater was to his liking, but the best of all was when the band filed in and the house lights went up. Then the music and the rush of arrivals made a delightful stir.

These were busy moments for the ushers, because in the ten minutes preceding the rise of the curtain half the house had to be seated, and it was hard for Billy to bear in mind the managerial caution that the right hand aisle was not a cluder track laid for his amusement.

It is hard to walk when the music plays a lively air, and there were times when Billy would sprint up the aisle as though bent upon breaking all records for the hundred yards.

These ten minutes twice a day repaid the boy for the rest of the work, and it was work for all who were employed about the Century theater.

Calkins, the manager, had spent his days devising a system that was al-



tered against one of the huge drops hung above the stage. There were four of these hung close together, and no one noticed the spiral of flame run up between this drop and the next. The scenery was fireproofed, but the rough surface of the canvas was coated with dust, and the dust carried the flame.

A watchful fireman discovered the smoke and turned in an alarm, while he gave the signal to the stage manager to lower the fire curtain.

As the great asbestos shield descended one of the actors stepped before the curtain line and made an announcement that an accident had occurred.

"There is positively no danger," he assured, "but merely as a precaution you are asked to leave the house as quickly as possible."

The band was still playing and the people in the rear of the house were moving toward the entrance when the stage hands in the flies cut the ropes and permitted the scenery to fall to the stage, where the fire could be fought with greater ease.

Until then there had been an orderly movement. At the speaker's suggestion the people in front were waiting until those in the rear seats had gone that there might be no crowding.

Billy, watching over "E 112," had his sharp eyes on the people in his section, and as the heavy battens from which the scenery was hung came crashing to the stage one man sprang to his feet.

He was sitting in the fourth row, and in a flash Billy realized that should this man break the order of departure there would be a crush in which many would be hurt.

Billy still carried his now useless tray, and quick as a flash he pretended to stumble and fall against the panic stricken man. In falling he thrust the fellow back into his seat, and the ice cold water drenched the man's face and neck and trickled down inside of his clothing.

Those near by laughed, and the crowd, which had been upon the verge of a panic, cooled down. The panic was averted.

But Billy had slipped on one of the thick tumbled rolling under his feet. An instant he was on the floor of the aisle on top of the clutter of broken glass, and his face and arms were badly cut before the girl in "E 112" could spring to his relief.

Strong arms bore the boy to the head of the aisle, where already the doorkeepers were turning back the crowd with the assurance that the fire was all over. And almost before he realized it Billy was lying on the sofa in the retiring room, and "E 112" was bathing the cut hands and face with soft cloths, while Calkins stood helplessly by.

"Gee," said Billy ruefully, "I bet I have to pay for a new uniform. This looks like I been working in a butcher shop."

"Nonsense," broke in Calkins, who could be human at times, though it was seldom that he exhibited this trait. "You saved the day, Billy, and you can have a new uniform every week if you want one. This lady tells me that in drenching that fool you stopped a panic."

"Well, he had it coming to him," said Billy. "He was a husky guy in D 112, and he had the willies, he was so scared. I says to myself that if he got 'em runnin' 'E 112' would have the chance of a snowball in—well, you know where. So I plugged him with the glasses, and then he was good for awhile. I wouldn't let them walk all over you," he added to the girl.

The glorious eyes grew more tender as she realized what the boy was saying. Men had sought to do great things to show their love for their ladyloves, but this boy of twelve was as brave and as fearless as any knight who ever wore his lady's favor in his helmet.

His thought had been solely for her, yet he had probably saved scores from death or injury, and it was she who was responsible for the deed. Slowly she bent her beautiful head and pressed her lips against his own.

"It was very brave of you, dear," she said in a whisper, "I am very proud to think that it was for me you did so fine a deed."

Billy blushed; then he looked with adoring eyes into the brown ones that were searching his face.

"I'd burn down the theater every Tuesday—when you come—for that," he declared as he lapsed into unconsciousness, and it was Miss Golden's turn to blush. Could he but know it Billy had for the moment become more than a boy. He was a man and the knight of "E 112."

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Russian Education.
The "Intelligenzia" of Russia, writes the Hon. Maurice Baring in "A Year in Russia," is, properly speaking, composed of every one who can read or write. But the term is generally used to designate those members of the middle class who belong to the professional classes—doctors, professors, teachers and literary men. The average man or woman of the Russian middle class is better educated than the average English man or woman of the same class.

They are saturated with the foreign languages. They often speak two languages besides Russian, and they are conversant with modern thought in the various European countries so far as it is allowed to reach them. They are taught at school things which will be useful to them.

Every one receives a general foundation of knowledge. The average Russian boy knows more about English history than the average English boy, let alone European history. A cultivated Russian of the middle class is saturated with John Stuart Mill, Ruskin, Morley and Carlyle, and Shakespeare, Milton and Shelley are treated as Russian classics.

The Mystery of the Yellow Room

BY GASTON LEROUX
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN



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For sheer originality and ingenuity we reckon this the best detective story published for some time . . . as original as it is fascinating. Nor often does a detective story end with so total a surprise, which, nevertheless, when known seems logical and natural.—N. Y. Evening Post.

The Foregoing from High Literary Authority Assures Our Readers that We Continue to Give Them the Best in Fiction

Information Concerning Eighth Grade Final Examinations.

I. Dates:
Three examinations annually. Each county superintendent to select months for his county.

- (a) January 21-22, 1909.
- (b) May 13-14, 1909.
- (c) June 19-21, 1909.
- (d) September 2-3, 1909.

2. Program:

- (a) Thursdays—Arithmetic, Writing, History, and Civil Government.
- (b) Fridays—Grammar, Physiology, Geography, and Spelling.
- (c) Sources of Questions:
 - (a) Civil Government—United States Constitution.
 - (b) Geography—State Course of Study; Redway and Hinman's Natural School Geography.
 - (c) History—List of topics from History Outline in State Course of Study and Current Events.
 - (d) Language—Buehler's Modern English Grammar, no diagramming.
 - (e) Reading—The teacher will send to the County Superintendent the applicant's class standing in reading, which shall be taken by such superintendent as the applicant's standing on the subject.
 - (f) Spelling—Eighty per cent

from Read's Word Lessons, and twenty per cent, from manuscript in Language.

(g) Writing—Specimens of penmanship as indicated in copied matter and from manuscript in Language.

Respectfully submitted,
J. H. ACKERMAN,
Supt. Public Instruction.

The first Eighth Grade examination for the year 1909 will be held January 21-22.

Teachers preparing classes for this examination will please report to this office the number of applicants at least thirty days before above date.

Respectfully,
J. C. CONLEY,
Supt. of Schools.

A Sprained Ankle.

As a rule a man will feel well satisfied if he can hobble around on crutches in two or three weeks after spraining his ankle, and it is often two or three months before he is fully recovered. This is an unnecessary loss of time, as by applying Chamberlain's Liniment, as directed, a cure may as a rule be effected in less than one week's time, and in many cases within three days. Sold by Burroughs & Mayfield.