

ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN

Won a Wife by Posing as a Hero Done In Wax.

"Where did you first meet your wife, Halstead?"

The question was asked by a guest of Austin Halstead after dinner, when the wives of the two men had retired to the drawing room and cigars were brought to the dining table. A smile passed over Halstead's face.

"That's a funny story," he said. "I hadn't been out of the Naval academy a year and was as full of nonsense as the day I left Annapolis. Our ship was ordered to the Brooklyn navy yard for refitting, and, having a good deal of time on my hands, I spent it in New York. I found the Eden Musee a good place to get away with an afternoon and spent not only one but several there. One day—I was in uniform at the time, having been ordered on some official duty in New York connected with the ship—I strolled into the show of wax figures along with one of our fellows, Tom Anderson. Tom was on leave and in mufti. We went through the place and sat on a wooden settee to rest and watch the people. A friend of Tom's went by, and Tom left me temporarily to go to speak to him.

"I noticed that several persons looked at me scrutinizingly, suspecting that since I was in uniform I might be a wax figure of some great naval hero, but as soon as they perceived that I was merely a real live midshipman they lost interest in me and passed on. Presently I saw coming a young girl of sixteen, whose dresses had not been let down to the length for women, in the care of a French maid. She was one of the plump kind, full of animation. This was evidently her first visit to the show, and she was intensely interested in everything she saw. She gave me an inquiring glance, then asked her maid in French whether I was fresh and blood or wax. Not getting a satisfactory reply, she came nearer and fixed her sparkling black eyes upon me.

"Of course it was a mean thing to do, but what can you expect from a youngster who has also the disadvantage of being a sailor ashore? I looked straight before me. Tom Anderson was standing at a little distance, talking with his friend, and saw the girl trying to make me out. He smiled and called his friend's attention to the pantomime. Tom had as much devilry in him as I and was equally culpable. Tipping the wink to his companions, he led the way toward me.

"Did you ever see Admiral Farragut as a young man?" he said, loud enough to be heard by the girl. "Here he is just as he was at twenty-one."

"The two stood before me while I stared at vacancy. The girl drew near to hear all about the great admiral. "This waxwork," Tom continued, "was made after photographs taken at the time.

"No one would suppose," said Tom, "that the great naval hero could have been such a miserable looking specimen of humanity in his early days. Look at that nose. Did you ever see such a proboscis?"

"I think he was very handsome," said the girl to her maid indignantly. "Then his hands—big enough for a No. 10 glove. And his feet—they'd cover the quarter deck of a line of battle ship."

"The girl tossed her head and turned her back on the speaker. How I ever retained my gravity I don't know. I remember that I felt a horror of laughing, for it would have revealed a terrible slight upon the young girl. I had already had enough of the joke and wished that Tom would go away and the girl would pass on without knowing how we had fooled her. When she looked away for a moment I gave Tom an appealing look, which he understood and drew his friend to another curiosity.

"As soon as they had gone the girl entered upon an animated dialogue with her maid, in which she former did nearly all the talking.

"Those men ought to be ashamed of themselves to talk that way. We've been studying about Admiral Farragut at school, and it's a disrespect to speak so even about his wax figure. I think he was lovely."

"My heart melted more and more to my charming defender, and I was becoming dreadfully ashamed of my deception. The maintaining of a fixed position was tiresome, but I would rather die than reveal myself.

"I don't see," the girl remarked, "how it is possible to make wax look so lifelike. See the color in the cheeks, the veins. Those eyes can't be glass. I wonder if he is a wax figure after all."

"At this juncture a fly lighted on my nose and made my position intolerable. The girl came very near and examined me critically. Then she raised her taper finger and touched me on the cheek. This was too much. I broke into a smile and said as kindly as I could:

"Mademoiselle, you have made a mistake."

"Oh, goody gracious!" she gasped, drawing away as from red-hot iron.

"I would have apologized, but she turned and ran away as fast as she could go, followed by her maid."

"And the second time you met?" asked the dinner guest.

"Oh, that was three years later at a ball on board the flagship. She recognized me and laughed at the incident. I fell in love with her, and we were married. But there's nothing funny about that."

A QUEER LEGEND.

Fedor Kosmich, the Hermit, May Have Been a Russian Czar.

A curious legend is associated with the name of Alexander I. of Russia. It is to the effect that the emperor in 1825 was sojourning in the Crimea. When near Taganrog his coachman by some means managed to overturn the carriage of a court courier named Markof, who was killed. The emperor, wishing to rid himself of the cares of state, so the story runs, caused it to be reported that it was he himself who was killed. Then he carried out a plan which he had long conceived of retiring to Siberia and living there under an assumed name. Schilder, the historian, professes to have satisfied himself that at all events the remains in the Cathedral of Peter and Paul are those of the emperor. Schilder asserts that he learned this much from the children of Markof.

According to the legend, Alexander I. of Russia died in Siberia in 1864, but history records that he died at Taganrog in 1825. It seems that in 1825 a mysterious stranger appeared in Siberia. He gave his name as Fedor Kosmich and never revealed any other of the place whence he came. He lived the life of a hermit and was received generally with respect. In 1856 he accepted the invitation of a rich merchant to take up his abode in his house at Tomsk. There he was very retired and held communication only with Mlle. Kromof and the merchant, her father. Every one who saw him was struck with his extraordinary resemblance to the deposed czar. The Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovitch contributed an article in the Revue Historique in which he denied the sensational part of the story, but admitted that the hermit of Siberia might have been a natural brother of Alexander I.—London Globe.

IRISH BROGUE.

It Is Really the Old Time Method of Pronouncing English.

Perhaps nothing illustrates better the vicissitudes of pronunciation in English than a study of what is called the "Irish brogue." This lingual dialect, for it is scarcely to be called a dialect, is usually presumed to be a deterioration of language due to lack of education and contact with legitimate sources of English. It proves after a little study to be a preservation of the old method of pronouncing English, which has come down to a great degree unchanged in Ireland from Shakespeare's time.

In Elizabeth's time, however, it came to be realized that if there was to be any real affiliation of the two countries then the Irish language must be supplanted by English, and a definite effort in this direction was made. This change of speech, resented and resisted, was nevertheless successfully accomplished all over the island except in the west within a decade after Shakespeare's death. This fact takes on a new significance when we study what we now call the Irish brogue in connection with what is known to have been the pronunciation of English at that time. The two are found to conform in practically every respect. Irishmen pronounce English as their forefathers learned it and have preserved its pronunciation because they have been away from the main current of English speech variation ever since.—Harper's Magazine.

Uncalled For Courtesy.

The Vicomte Toussaint was formerly a colonel in the French army and mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of a terrible year of war, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

Devoted to Duty.

"Are you ever coming to bed?" he called out.

"I don't know," she replied. "I promised Mrs. Jones that I'd keep track of her husband while she is away, and I'm going to know what time he comes home if I have to stay up all night."—Detroit Free Press.

Went Further.

"Didn't I tell you that when you met a man in hard luck you ought to greet him with a smile?" said the wise and good counselor.

"Yes," replied the flinty souled person. "I went even further than that. I gave him the grand laugh."—Washington Star.

Forget Them.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the slanders you have ever heard. Forget the fault finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it.

A Sensible Start.

"My wife has joined the reform movement."

"What does she propose to do first?"

"Get some reliable woman to take care of baby."—Pittsburg Post.

Room For Improvement.

Agent—Wouldn't you like to try our new typewriter for a spell, sir? Business Man—Not if it spells like the one I'm employing now, sir.—Baltimore American.

World Scouts' Movement In America and Europe

Albert Jay Nock Tells of a Wonderful Organization of Boys. Suggestion That Theodore Roosevelt Lead American Branch.

ALBERT JAY NOCK in an interesting article in the January American Magazine tells of the "world scouts," an organization which he discovered on the other side of the ocean during a recent trip abroad. World scouts are entirely different from boy scouts, with whom every one is more or less familiar. Mr. Nock is the first to bring to this country a complete account of their duties, active and practical plan.

Of course the main object of this new movement is to bring about the end of war. It is an effort to plant in the young what might be called "peace instinct" with a view to developing in the race instinctive hatred for war. It is believed that if small boys are educated in this way they will carry into manhood a lasting prejudice against war. It is a wonderful new idea, a dash of genius that finds immediate response in the boy's soul of honor. A remarkable and interesting man is the leader of this movement—Sir Francis Vane. He has got the youngsters warming up to his idea by tens upon tens of thousands in five different European countries.

The suggestion is made by Mr. Nock that the movement ought to grow rapidly in the United States. He nominates former President Theodore Roosevelt as leader for the boys of our country, just as Sir Francis Vane is their leader abroad.

Mr. Nock's Article.

In part Mr. Nock writes: "Like every one else, I had looked into the scout movement when it first came out, but I could not see much in it except a sort of kindergarten for militarism, so I promptly lost interest. "But one morning I read in the London papers an account of a thirteen-year-old boy who had gone into a burning house and carried out a baby. The little fellow took a risk that grown-ups would not take. It was one of the bravest, finest things I ever heard of. The baby's father offered him a reward, but he refused it, saying: 'No, it is my job. I'm a world scout.'"

"That got me interested again. I had never heard of that kind of thing being part of a scout's job. I noticed, too, that the small hero called himself a 'world scout.' That sounded better. I began to think that either I had overlooked something or that there were two kinds of scouts, and I presently found out that there are indeed two kinds of scouts, differing precisely on those issues which had influenced my own interest.

"There are the boy scouts—we have thousands of them in the United States—and the world scouts. The points of difference are these: The boy scout is trained to believe in two artificial, false, old-fashioned and utterly exploded ideas—ideas that the world has no use for. First, he is taught to believe in the existence of a large class of beings called foreigners; second, that it is normal, right and, above all, very glorious and interesting to oppose these beings occasionally in the institution called warfare. The world scout, on the other hand, is in simple respects not trained at all. He is simply allowed and encouraged to keep the natural, true, clear vision of human beings that he was born with. He is permitted to grow up in the plain natural truth that there are no foreigners and that warfare—modern warfare—is neither glorious nor interesting, but, on the contrary, very sad and stupid.

"The world scout is allowed to go on looking at people as they really are and to take them as he finds them, which is the right way to take them; not as he thinks they must be or ought to be. A boy will keep that point of view easily if he is permitted, because it is natural to him. This explains part of the great success of the world scouts.

Enlisted For Peace.

"The world scout, too, is permanently enlisted for peace, not by having peace preached to him, for that could not interest him a moment. But as he is allowed to see the plain, simple truth about human beings, so he is allowed to see the plain truth about war. As he learns that society tries to deceive him about the difference between foreigners and folks, so he finds that society puts up a shocking deception on him about war.

"The world scout is allowed to see modern warfare as it really is. Not a fight against foreigners and enemies, because there are no foreigners, and those we call foreigners are not enemies, but quite the opposite. Not an adventure in chivalry, because there is no more real adventure or glory of chivalry in modern war than there is in going out into the back yard and shooting the cow.

"Then, being turned off from following a false ideal of chivalry, the scout learns indirectly how to get at the true. Scouts are started out in twos and threes to find something good that needs doing and to do it. Perhaps it is some old woman that needs to be plied over a crowded crossing; perhaps a cat or dog to be rescued from cruelty.

"The everlasting love of adventure,

the fun of never knowing what is going to turn up—that is what holds the scouts to their work. But the world scout soon finds out that if he wants to be efficient in the game of chivalry he must train for it. A hard body, a quick and active mind and a tender heart—he can't do business without them. They learn how to look after themselves in the open—how to build a brush tent, cook, sew, how to know birds, herbs, trees, in a practical way. They spend as much time as possible outdoors and in camp. They are not trained in the use of weapons because they never expect to need them.

"Scouts know the time of trains in their towns, the route of street cars, the layout of streets and how the numbers run, the best way to stop a runaway horse, the elements of first aid, how to swim and run properly and what to do with an incipient fire.

Sir Francis Vane.

"So much for what the scouts are. Now a word about their history, most of which turns on the personality of one man. This is Sir Francis Vane, sixth in line from the Sir Harry Vane of Cromwell's time who had a foot in both worlds, having held office in England and afterward in New England as governor of Massachusetts. Sir Francis Vane is an aristocrat of the purest type by birth, appearance, manner, intelligence and at the same time one of the best democrats living.

"He is tall, soldierly, fine looking. He volunteered for service in the South African war, went through it with credit—two medals and five crosses—and, having done his duty by his country, went home and wrote his book, 'The Britannia in South Africa,' in which he takes the skin off his country's war policy in fifty places at once.

"Sir Francis gave me the history of the world scout movement. He was the principal organizer of the original scouts in 1903 with General Baden Powell. But, seeing the movement captured by the military cabal and fast degenerating into mere illiberal militarism, he branched off and organized the new body.

"Not as an individual organization, however, nor even as rivals in a secular sense, because, as he says, there must be brotherhood between scouts of all orders as long as they keep the scout law. In fact, the relations between the boy scouts and the world scouts are curiously close and cordial. Sir Francis Vane has simply put up the world ideal of brotherhood and universal service alongside the ideal of insularity and militarism and let the two speak for themselves.

"It has been a wonderful success. In the few months of its existence the muster roll has gone up to 50,000 and is growing daily by tens of thousands. There are world scouts of England, Australia, France, Germany, even Russia. It is a scout corps in thirty-five cities and villages.

"There are scout corps in South Africa carrying as many as six nationalities in the same company—Boers, English, 'Doppers,' Kafirs, Zulus and Portuguese. In England there are several Quaker companies.

"The ideal of patriotism to be set before boys is the ideal of the world scouts. Let the boys understand that the country has so many real enemies that it is a pity to waste time and strength against imaginary ones. Let the boys keep the natural world outlook that they were born with. Let them go on believing that Italian and Russian boys are not enemies, but friends; not foreigners, but folks. Let the boys cultivate a chivalry that knows its real dragons and fights them. Let them find the rich mine of adventure that lies in relieving the oppressed, defending the suffering, protecting the weak. Let them seek adventure in saving life rather than destroying it.

Why Not a Branch Here?

"There is no place to do all this like America, no boys as well equipped for this world movement as our boys. We are not familiar with militarism. It is not part of our daily life, as it unfortunately is in other countries. We are a peace loving people, and, having troubles of our own, we don't borrow our neighbors'. America, with its half million boy scouts already enrolled, is the very place to effect a substantial federation of the world scouts with the original movement.

"American boys are the ones to say that the boy scout ideal is not half large enough or half progressive enough to suit them.

"And for leadership one thinks at once of Theodore Roosevelt, that splendid natural human force hitherto content to spend itself upon the mere outside of all our problems, the mere machinery of social physics. What an opportunity for this magnificent energy, this imperial instinct of leadership, at last to spiritualize itself and become a permanent world resource!

"I venture to ask Mr. Roosevelt whether he might not see his own way to a permanent place in the world's history by leading the sturdy march of American childhood through paths of real chivalry and real adventure toward the pure ideal of childhood's natural romance."

DR. W. H. FURNESS SAYS CHIMPANZEES THINK.

Psychologist's Experiments Give Him Faith in Their Power to Reason.

Dr. William H. Furness, a psychologist of Wallingford, Pa., after several years of work has succeeded in educating two chimpanzees to a point where, he declares, they have proved they have reasoning powers.

His experiments, he says, have conclusively demonstrated that chimpanzees are capable of discriminating between objects and that the lower animals when properly trained utilize the functions of brain and really think.

When the chimpanzees had attained perfection in mimicry a gradual deviation was made to other lines in order to determine their reasoning powers. At this point the animals pass from those of merely the animal into the near realm of the human.

Boards were placed in the cages having a large square opening and large holes. The animals were given a ball and square piece of wood, both of which exactly fitted openings in the board. The careful scrutiny of the instructors saw that the animals examined the block and ball and pounced on them against the board in high glee. After a few days one of the chimpanzees looked intently at the square opening in the board and endeavored to force the ball through it. The opening was too small to allow its passage, and the chimpanzee then picked up the square block and pushed it through. Later both animals, Dr. Furness says, by the slow process of pure reason without the slightest assistance on his part, learned that only the ball would fit into the circle and only the block would pass through the square.

An extension of the experiment has been made during the past two years, and it has been learned that the chimpanzees will now differentiate any size or shape.

MRS. JACKSON SIGNS.

Widow of Famous Confederate General Favors Lost Cause Pension.

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, widow of the famous Confederate chieftain, affixed her signature to a petition asking that an amendment be adopted to the Sherwood "dollar a day" pension bill providing for pensions for Confederate veterans. The petition was drawn by members of Mecklenburg Camp of Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy and is being signed by scores of prominent citizens. It will be sent to Congressman E. Y. Webb of the Ninth North Carolina district, who will probably place it in the hands of the North Carolina senators.

The petition recites that the Confederates "fought for a principle which they believed to be right and since they have patiently and cheerfully contributed to pension the federal soldiers, and they respectfully submit that as they help to pay this general pension they should participate in its benefits."

HEARS OF BLOOD, FAINTS.

Juror Overcame Whimsical Word in Spoken in His Presence.

Setting forth that the word "blood" or anything pertaining to it causes him to faint and so upsets him that he is unable to sleep or transact business, Edward F. Kellogg, a contractor, asked Judge Swann in the New York court of general sessions to excuse him as a juror and to strike his name from the panel.

Judge Swann said Kellogg's excuse was a most extraordinary one, but inasmuch as Kellogg put his application in an affidavit and he was supported by his attorney in another affidavit he would do as desired and see that the contractor was called in no more criminal cases.

Kellogg says he has a constitutional aversion to any reference to the word or the shedding of human blood. While Judge Swann was charging a jury he used the word. Kellogg promptly fainted.

WOULD HONOR THE BEAVER.

Government Is Going to Perpetuate Him as a National Institution.

The busy, dam building beavers of the Yellowstone National park have proved so attractive to visitors there that the government, desirous of making the national parks as much as possible the "playgrounds of the people," has about decided to place colonies of beavers in other parks.

"The beaver deserves a place in the history of the country," said a later department official, "for he was a potent factor in the exploration of the Rocky mountain region, the early trappers usually being in search of beavers when they penetrated and explored the fastness of the mountains. The beaver formerly abounded throughout northern America, but is now found only in thinly settled regions and in parks where they are protected."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY NAMED.

The Pope Again Sets It Apart as a Holy Day.

As a result of a decree of the pope issued in July in reference to holy days St. Patrick's day was struck off the list of obligatory holy days on which Catholics are called upon to hear mass and abstain from unnecessary work. On the request of the Irish Catholic hierarchy, however, the holy see has just issued another decree, which is most important to Irish people throughout the world.

According to this, the feast of St. Patrick will continue to be a holy day, without, however, being subject to the law of fasting or abstinence.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

J. F. Hill, New Republican National Chairman.



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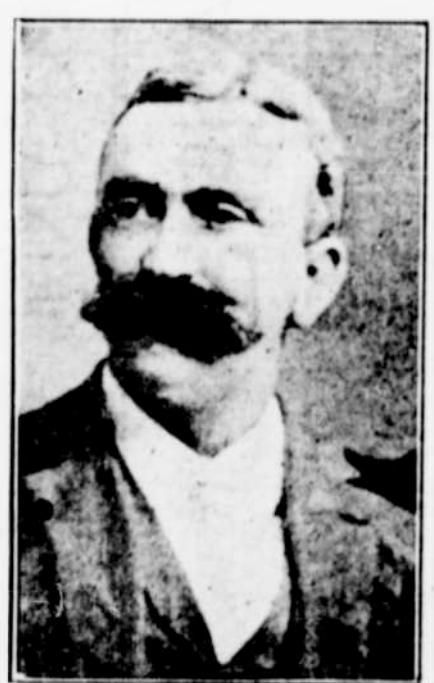
Dr. John Fremont Hill of Maine, the new chairman of the Republican national committee, has been the acting head of that body since Frank M. Hitchcock retired to enter the cabinet of President Taft as postmaster general. He has long been prominent in the political activities of the Pine Tree State, having twice been elected governor as well as serving in both branches of the legislature.

The new chairman is a native of Maine and has just passed his fifty-sixth birthday. Though a graduate of two medical colleges, he has devoted little time to the practice of medicine. For more than thirty years he has been engaged in the publishing business, in which he acquired a large fortune. He is also largely interested in electric railroad development and in various industrial and financial enterprises in his native state. His home in Augusta is considered one of the finest in Maine.

An Arizona Statesman.

As a result of the success of the Democrats at the first state election held in Arizona Marcus Aurelius Smith, long a picturesque figure at Washington, will be invested with the toga. Both Mr. Smith and his colleague, Henry F. Ashurst, were nominated for the United States senate, and as the legislature is safely Democratic their election is assured.

Mr. Smith is a native of Kentucky, a graduate of Transylvania university, Lexington, and a lawyer by profession. In 1881 he went to Tombstone and hung out his shingle, and from that time on Arizona was his watchword.



MARCUS A. SMITH.

He represented his territory as a delegate in six congresses and was the means of passing a statehood bill through the house in three of them admitting Arizona into the Union. The senate on each occasion failed to concur. He bitterly fought the plan to join Arizona with New Mexico into one commonwealth and was instrumental in making valueless thousands of fraudulent Spanish land grants in the territory. While in congress Mr. Smith was one of the most popular of men, and it was often said of him that if Arizona ever achieved statehood he would be one of its first senators, a prediction that is about to be fulfilled.

General Wood's Record.

General Leonard Wood, now chief of staff of the United States army, was graduated in medicine from Harvard and got his military start as a surgeon. When he was made chief of staff of the office of an officer who had been considered for the place remarked acridly: "His hottest ammunition has been disinfected, and he has had more experience with the mouths of bottles than with the mouths of cannon!"

Which remark, while biting and unkind, was not true. Wood has seen the roughest kind of service in the field, especially as a colonel in Roosevelt's rough riders in the Spanish-American war.

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Bright as her eyes
And I gaze on
To understand and
Why I have won
As she who gazes
Across the table
Fragrance of flow
Whiff from the urn
I scarcely know
Sweet is the scent
But oh, that sniff fr
Is surely so.
And smiles seem de
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