

PROMINENT PEOPLE

PRESIDENT SUN IS A HAWAIIAN



Probably nowhere was there greater surprise felt over the election of Dr. Sun Yat Sen as the president of the provincial republic of China than in Hawaii, where Dr. Sun was born. So true is it that a prophet is not without honor save in his own land. All during the years that Dr. Sun has been arousing his countrymen to longings for a newer and freer national life and organizing for it the people of Hawaii have looked on him as a professional adventurer, careful of his own safety while exploiting the rising patriotism of his compatriots.

From time to time for years past have come reports of uprisings in China, some of them of formidable promise, said to be the result of his propaganda. Each report of the kind has brought out in some of the Honolulu papers sarcastic or satirical paragraphs, describing him as a long-range revolutionist and a patriot for revenue.

Nowhere was there more surprise than in Honolulu, therefore, when news came that the leaders of the present revolution, both in the field and in the council, men of whom Wu-Ting-fang is typical, had recognized Dr. Sun as the leading spirit in the movement and had chosen him president.

Dr. Sun was born in the district of Kula, on the island of Maui, in the Hawaiian group. His father was one of the early Chinese immigrants to Hawaii, coming in the early sixties of the last century.

Sun was sent by his mother to Honolulu to be educated, going to Iolani college several years and ultimately embracing Christianity.

COLLEGE HEAD THREE DECADES

With no particular celebration to mark the event, the Rev. James D. Moffat, D. D., LL. D., recently entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his presidency of Washington and Jefferson college, a record for length of service and accomplishment which is equaled by few if any of the college and university presidents of the United States. A man widely known for his learning and for his business ability, a former moderator of the Presbyterian church and recognized as one of the most prominent divines of the Presbyterian denomination, Dr. Moffat has ably kept up the standing of the famous old school here which in its more than a century of history has gained a wide reputation as a classical institution of the highest order.

Dr. Moffat was born in New Lisbon, Ohio. After finishing his preparatory schooling he entered Washington and Jefferson, graduating with the class of 1869. In 1873 he was ordained a minister in the Presbyterian church of Wheeling, W. Va. In January, 1882, he became president of Washington and Jefferson.

When Dr. Moffat began his work 30 years ago the college had no scientific laboratories, no gymnasium, no library, no athletic field, all of which things it now possesses. The endowment when Dr. Moffat took charge was less than \$200,000. Today the endowment fund is more than \$640,000 with plans well under way for the raising of a \$1,000,000 endowment fund.



BRIDE'S MANY REGAL GIFTS



Four million dollars in stocks, bonds and other securities was given to Mrs. Oliver Cromwell the other day by Edward T. Stotesbury, head of Drexel & Co., bankers, as a prelude to their marriage in the afternoon.

Besides the securities, Mr. Stotesbury gave his bride jewels valued at a million dollars.

The ceremony was performed at four o'clock at the home of the bride, 1808 New Hampshire avenue, Washington, D. C. The bishop of Washington, Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, read the service in the presence of a small but distinguished company, which included the president of the United States and Mrs. Taft, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan and J. P. Morgan, Jr. Arthur Emlen Newbold of Philadelphia acted as best man. Mrs. Cromwell was given in marriage by her elder son, Oliver Eaton Cromwell, acting in the place of her father, James H. Roberts, who is ill in Florida.

The splendor of the bridal gifts amazed Washington society. Chief among the jewels presented by the groom is a long string of pearls, the most beautiful collection which Washington society has been permitted to view, purchased from a Parisian jeweler at a cost of half a million dollars. So long is the string that Mrs. Cromwell can wear it only after it has been coiled about her neck several times.

U. S. AMBASSADOR RESIGNS

Robert Bacon, ambassador of the United States at Paris, has resigned to ally himself with Harvard university.

Ambassador Bacon's letter, in which he announced his resignation to President Taft, was received by the President at Washington a few days ago.

Mr. Bacon especially refrained from making his retirement public, as he desired the first announcement to come from Harvard university, which recently chose him to be a fellow in place of Judge Lowell, deceased.

Ambassador Bacon said he wished his friends to know that there were no ulterior motives for his resignation. He had been for 17 years a member of the board of overseers and could not, he said, decline the honor of becoming a fellow of Harvard, which he considered to be the best single influence for good in America.

Mr. Bacon added that he welcomed the opportunity to identify himself actively with the great problems of American civic and national life.

"Is your resignation at this time influenced by the presidential election?" he was asked.

"No," was the decided answer. "I have no intention of entering politics. My relations with President Taft are most friendly and most cordial. This, moreover, I have voiced in my letter of resignation."



KEEP TRIBAL CUSTOMS

SARCEE INDIANS DISREGARD MARCH OF TIME.

History, intended for posterity, still is recorded in Crude Fashion on the Hides of Steers—Old Men Tell of Adventures.

Within twelve miles of Calgary, a city of 50,000 people, and with telephone communication with that city, the Sarcee Indians pursue their lives and observe exactly as their forefathers did the ancient habits and customs of their tribe, says the Toronto Globe.

Two years ago there was a great festival at which seven of the oldest chiefs related the stories of their exploits, which the painter of the tribe preserved for posterity on two immense steer hides. These hides are now carefully preserved at the office of the agent on the Sarcee reserve.

The Indian lad relates for his history on campfire stories and a well-tanned steer hide covered with queer characters, painted crudely with a sort of ink made of the juices of plants.

These records are not haphazard, but they are not altogether regular. When several chiefs and medicine men of the tribe are growing old an assembly is arranged where the famous Indian interpreter and painter meets the aged men. One by one the old men stand forth before the people and recount the stories of their lives.

They tell thrilling tales of the battles in which they have fought, of the scalps taken, and the horses they have stolen. These three achievements are regarded as the three most honorable and valorous exploits of the great men. Compared with these the white man's election to parliament, his appointment to high office, and his great commercial achievements are as nothing.

Sometimes their meetings last several days. The old men are enthusiastic in their descriptions of by-gone days; they recite rapidly and gesticulate much. The members of the tribe, sitting about them, listen eagerly, storing the details to be told over and over again to their son's sons, until they are tribal traditions of the long past. As they talk the painter sits upon the ground with his steer hide spread before him and paints with his rude eyes pictures to illustrate the incidents.

A circle represents a barricade or encampment; awkwardly drawn pictures of animals stand for the horses he has stolen; a galloping horse, with a man on his back, suggests the story of a wild flight across the prairie before pursuing enemies; a flag may mean a bloody battle won; a tadpole-like mark, a scalped Indian. The figures are very crude, the drawings no better than those a four-year-old child makes on its slate. But some ingenuity is exercised in the grouping, and each sketch is, in a way, a key to the thrilling tales which in time become history.

Dog Under Arrest.

A dog thief—not a dog stealer, but a dog which had been trained to steal—has been arrested by the French police. He was caught "en flagrant delit," we read, when he was in the act of stealing a pair of lady's shoes from an establishment in Nolsy-le-Sec. His procedure was so cunning that it left no doubt among the police that the dog's was no "untutored mind."

Nothing could be drawn from the animal at the police office, so it was decided to shut him up without food. After some hours confinement the dog was released and a police cyclist was in readiness to follow the dog home. But the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

The dog when liberated instead of rushing home deliberately walked to the other side of the road, and there sat down on a doorstep and awaited events, every now and again throwing suspicious glances at the police in waiting. Finding that there was no chance of the dog going home he was again taken into the police office and sent to the fourriere, where he met an untimely end.

American Airs.

A woman recently back from foreign parts has a grievance against the way in which military bands there play American airs, states the New York Press. To begin with, says this woman, two-thirds of the bands and orchestras of Europe think "Dixie" is the national air, and this mistake is not difficult to comprehend, as applause generally greets this tune. Next in popularity comes "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," and, strange to say, then comes "Old Dan Tucker."

No amount of expostulation avails to change this notion. "The Star Spangled Banner" is reserved for solemn occasions, and it must be confessed Americans are not wildly enthusiastic over it. Not one in a thousand remembers three lines of the verses, not even the school children who shout them every day. "Maryland" is popular, but the tune is that of the old Presbyterian hymn, "Beulah Land," and may be heard wherever Scotch and English folks gather.

Heard in a Newspaper Office.

"Honesty is the best policy." "I wish I could believe it, but I have in mind the woman who sent in an advertisement reading like this: 'Wanted—A husband with money; object alimony.' Did she get an answer to her advertisement? Not one."

SOMETHING OF A NUISANCE

Mr. Fatherly Comes to the Front With Some Remarks About Mamma's New Footstool.

"The only Christmas gift whose presence in the house I regret," said Mr. Fatherly, "is a footstool which our girls gave to mamma."

"Mother is not an old lady, but the girls thought it would be nice for her to have something to put her feet up on and then I think that as a sort of subsidiary idea they had a fancy that it would look well in the house."

"I am not familiar with footstool architecture and so I don't know of just what design this one is, whether it's a Louisa XIV. or Louis V. or what; but I know it's built of mahogany, is oblong in shape, upholstered in green, has carved legs with claw feet and that for its size it is a pretty solid piece of furniture."

"On Christmas night when the girls put that footstool under mamma's feet 'isn't that lovely?' they said, and mamma said it was perfectly beautiful and she sat with her feet on it for the rest of that evening. But she has never used it since; she isn't a footstool lady yet."

"Then the girls began setting that footstool around in our parlor or in our library, where they thought it would appear to advantage and where it would, by its presence, enhance the attractiveness of our outfit. It has been during this time, while the girls were placing the footstool around here and there to see how it would look, that I have become best acquainted with it by stubbing my toes against it."

"For, you see, it was new to me, and then, with the girls forever shifting it around, really it seemed as if I couldn't go anywhere in those two rooms without falling over that footstool."

"Just now the girls have got that footstool under the piano bench; they are trying to see how it looks there. The bench is of mahogany and it has curved legs and claw feet, like the footstool's, and in a way the two pieces of furniture do harmonize. I hope that this harmony will appeal to the girls strongly, and that there under the piano bench, for a long time they will let this curiously, one might almost say malignantly, obstructive footstool remain."

Pursuing Woman.

Whatever the law of man may attempt or achieve in the way of reforming the harmless, necessary bachelor, there is a higher natural law of quest and capture which—in the opinion of expert feministologists—the predatory woman rather than the comparatively timid and quiescent man fulfills. Nowadays woman is the pursuer, man is the pursued. The luckless wight who hopes to escape the mantraps and springs of matrimony has need of all his cunning; there is no safety but in retreat; he is no match for the devious cunning of the huntress who has marked the game for her own. Mr. Man may take refuge in splanetic lyrics about The Female of the Species, or The Vampire, but that is his sole satisfaction. The woman spins her web and smiles and is demure; she knows that he may fling his caustic epigram about The Serpent's Tongue, but—clever arachnid that she is—she will have him at the last. She can afford to bide her time and be patient, for whether it be leap year or some other year, her net will enmesh him and he will grant whatever she desires, even to the extent of letting her vote or go to congress or be president.—Phila delphia Ledger.

Proof of the Man Shakespeare.

Sir Sidney Lee, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, indorses the conclusions of Ernest Law, who has endeavored to prove that certain documents in the public record office in London relating to Shakespeare, which were long supposed to be impudent forgeries, are, after all, genuine. The documents concern the production of some of Shakespeare's plays at the courts of Queen Elizabeth and King James. Sir Sidney remarked in a speech at the annual meeting of the Shakespeare birthday trustees that "the fact that in these documents Shakespeare is mentioned categorically as 'the poet which made the plays' should be specially interesting, if a little disappointing to certain persons, who think that there is no genuine contemporary evidence of the existence of any such author."

Paris Women in Strange Headgear.

It is at such places as the Grand Guignol that one sees quaint clothes. I went one night this week and saw some of the funniest headgear I have beheld anywhere.

One girl had a bonnet rather like the sort of thing a knight of old would have worn in a tournament. It was made of gold metal in a chain pattern and it completely covered her head right down to the nape of her neck.

Another had a Mother Hubbard cap trimmed with a wreath of scarlet flowers; another wore a high, pointed hat of old brocade trimmed with fur round the brim, and several wore bands of beads bordered with deep fringe, which hung all round the face after the fashion of a lampshade.—The Queen.

Pays to Be Up-to-Date.

"A man has to be up-to-date to do anything nowadays." "Yes," replied Dustin Stax. "When I talk to an investigating committee I find it desirable not to dwell needlessly on the past."

KING'S WAR ROBE ON VIEW

At the Museum in New York City You May See the Feathers Kamehameha III. Wore.

As an example of the past royalty of Hawaiian kings, a remarkable feathered war robe, once the property of Kamehameha III., and said to be the equal in value of diamond ornaments in several of the European regalia, is displayed in the hall of South Sea Islands at the American Museum of Natural History. This emblem of Hawaiian royalty was presented by the king of the islands to Commodore Lawrence Kearney, U. S. N., in 1843. It is a war cape with a history and, according to Dr. Brigham, an authority on Hawaiian feather work, a similar cloak, completed in the reign of one of the kings of the islands, was in process of fabrication through eight previous eras.

The Kamehameha royal cape is made of innumerable feathers of the Iwi and Oo birds, which were hunted in the ravines and wooded slopes of the mountains of Hawaii for the decoration of these robes of rank. The royal cape, which is crescent-shaped, consists entirely of small red and yellow feathers, which are interwoven upon a fiber network made from the bark of the Oloha plant. Contrary to the custom of the Peruvians, who first made the feathers fast to a cord and then knotted the cord to a cloth, the Hawaiians attached the feathers separately to the netting.

Although a fortune in labor is represented, the feathered war robe only weighs six pounds. It was presented to the museum by George S. Bowdoin, and is mounted flat between two plates of glass, as is another specimen, which is said to have been used by a former owner as a sleigh robe, in ignorance of its great value.

Among the noted collections containing specimens of this craft are those at Windsor castle, which includes examples given by Queen Victoria, and Lord Brassy's, whose trophies include a rope brought to England by Captain Cook. In the archives of the Hawaiian islands a history of each cloak made has been inscribed. The capes are sometimes worn at ceremonials in the islands to denote the rank of the wearer.

Baseball Language.

Baseball language, like West Point French, is something different. Like all successful literature, it embodies the attempt of the intellect to surmount obstacles. In poetry the obstacle is rhyme and rhythm; in drama it is the "unities," the principle of suspended interest, the need to tell a complete story in less than three hours. In baseball writing the obstacle is the fact that there are only two things in the game, batting and fielding; that in each of the two big leagues there are about 150 games to be reported, one very like another, and that the sapience of "fandom" is such that its members by scanning the scoring tables can visualize a game as completely as the broker can visualize a scene on 'change from his ticker.

The problem of the sporting column is to tell the reader something he cannot get from the score, and so to report day after day for six months the interplay of batting and fielding, that one day's story shall be unlike another's. Hence the flights of fancy which turn a ball into a "pill," a pitcher's arm into a "salary whip" and his "fast one" into his "smoke." Hence the conception of an emergency pitcher as at once "the wrecking crew" and old "Doc Crandall."

Bride's Love of a Clay Pipe.

Rather than give up smoking her cherished clay pipe an Irish bride named Johanna Wood has left the workhouse at Faversham, Kent. Her husband, who was also an inmate of the workhouse, has left with her.

With a careless disregard of the fact that they were both practically destitute, the man and the woman, whose ages are respectively sixty-two and forty-nine, were married on December 11. The honeymoon was spent at the workhouse.

"Mrs. Wood," stated one of the workhouse officials yesterday, "seemed to find her greatest source of pleasure in tobacco. She smoked a clay pipe and would not have parted with it for anything. On being taxed with smoking in the workhouse she said: 'I cannot do without my pipe; I have smoked since I was a little girl.' She was told that she must either give up smoking or leave the workhouse. She elected to take the latter course and left with her husband."—London Daily Mail.

Too Much.

Willis—What was the cause of his death?

Gillis—The doctors said it was an excess of pure joy. He had just shaved himself with a razor that had his face feel like the advertisement, put on a suit of clothes that made him look like the advertisement and was smoking a brand of tobacco that smoked like the advertisement.—Satire.

Sounds Plausible.

"Why do you suppose our ancestors had those atrocious daguerreotypes taken?"

"I suppose to prove that they might have been worse looking than they really were."

A Chipper Chopper.

Customer—I want to order my wife a round. Butcher—So do I mine, sir; but she orders me around.

WICKEDEST OF CITIES

CRIME EASY AND CONVICTS HAPPY IN IRKUTSK, SIBERIA.

Thousands of Russian Felons Visit the City Annually to Revel, Unmolested, in Robbery and Murderous Outrages.

San Francisco.—What San Francisco was in '49 when it flourished as the gilded city of western America, Irkutsk, the largest town in Siberia, metropolis of the Asiatic gold fields, is today, with additional trimmings. Residence in Irkutsk is not quite a rest cure for the nerves. With a population of 120,000, crammed into a picturesque bend on the Angara river, it produces some 100 or more murders or murderous assaults each year, with ten arrests or so, four convictions with sentences of a matter of a few days in the city jail. Those are last year's figures, and with a throb of civic pride the natives tell that 1911 was quite an off year.

Of the tens of thousands of convicts in Siberia, a large proportion visit Irkutsk at the expiration of their terms, anxious to get a few weeks of enjoyment before making plans for the future. Every Russian subject, equally with the foreigner, must have a passport. At the end of their terms dangerous convicts receive a "black passport," which generally prevents their getting employment.

They become beggars by day and cut-throats by night. Their "black passports" are just what they need to get on the right side of the police in Irkutsk and soon they are back to their old tricks of robbing and murdering right and left. Finally when they have acquired a little coin they leave for parts unknown, sometimes the victims of the very police who protected them.

The city's policing is done partly by the municipal authorities and partly by private patrolmen, subsidized by property owners. The private constables deserve special mention, for they walk the streets, and make the nights hideous by clattering a powerful wooden bell, to warn burglars not to sin while they are near. The main streets of the city are lighted, but the side streets are not, making these a happy hunting ground for burglars. Timid householders, without any objection on the part of the police, fire a shot from their bedroom windows just to show possible lurking burglars there is a gun in the house.

One fine day last year there were 22 assorted murders and attempts at murder at Irkutsk. A vigilance committee was recommended. Ex-convicts and delegates of murderers rolled in their dozens and volunteered their services. In a few days there was such a wave of crime that respectable men went gunning for the vigilance committee and cleaned it out. Then Cossacks, sent to guard the government laboratory in which much gold was stored, turned robbers themselves and carried away the gold, going to the additional trouble of wrecking the place. Much of it found its way into China in the corpses of Chinamen who were being sent home to be buried.

GAVE HER BABY TO STRANGER

Poverty and Sickness Drives Woman to Part With One of Her Children.

St. Louis.—Worsted in her battle against poverty and sickness for herself and her two children, Mrs. Frances Jesse, twenty-five years old, a widow, has given away her two-months-old baby, Frank. An East St. Louis woman, whose name is unknown to the mother, took the child.

To make it impossible for mother love to cause her to interfere in the future with the rearing of her child Mrs. Jesse refused to take the name and address of the woman to whom she intrusted Frank. She does not know where the child is, and perhaps he has gone completely out of her life.

Mrs. Jesse still has Michael two years old. She can leave him with neighbors, she said, while she looks for work to support herself and Michael. When Frank was born, three months after his father's death, Mrs. Jesse found it impossible, she said, to keep her family together.

Weak from the lack of proper food and driven frantic by the cries of her hungry children, Mrs. Jesse told a neighbor, it was said, that she would end it all by jumping from the Eads bridge with the two boys. The man was unable to help her, but took her to police headquarters, where she told her story. The police told her she could find a good home for the baby if she would let it be known that she would part with him.

Mrs. Jess consented and newspapers told of the two-months-old baby who could be had for the asking. The East St. Louis woman called for Frank and carried him away.

Hair Lengths Are Mooted.

Munich.—The question is being raised here as to what is a good length of hair. There is a sudden revival of the story of the young lady in the fairy tale who, imprisoned in the tower, enabled her lover to climb up to the window of her cell by letting down her wonderful locks. According to the Munich News, although the young ladies of the present day cannot hope to parallel in real life this poetic invention, there is actually a record of a head of hair ten and a half feet long. Strange to relate, this did not belong to a lady, but to an Indian chief.