In the PUBLIC EYE

NEW COMMANDER OF SALVATION ARMY

Gen. Bramwell Booth, new commander of the Salvation Army, was deluged with expressions of good will at his elevation to the post left vacant by the death of his father.

The general acknowledged a few of them personally, but the vast majority will have to be answered by a circular letter as their number is so great that individual responses are impossible. Several of his advisers are urging upon the new commander to make a tour of inspection of the more important army posts, as one of the first necesities of his administration.

The new commander of the Salvation Army, Gen. Bramwell Booth, is a big man—physically and mentally. He stands over six feet high and is of military carriage. A British cabinet minister once said of him that he would be worth $50,000 a year to any of the great English administrative departments, and that he could have made millions in the business world.

He now follows his illustrious father in supreme command of the international Salvation Army, with more than 75,000 officers preaching and teaching, and rescuing the fallen in fifty-five countries.

NOMINATED FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK

Oscar Solomon Straus, who has been nominated for governor of New York by the Progressives of that state, has the distinction of being the first Jew who ever became a member of the United States cabinet. In 1906 he was appointed secretary of commerce and labor by President Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. Straus was born on December 23, 1850, and spent most of his boyhood in Georgia. At the age of ten he was placed under the care of a private tutor, and later was sent to Collingsworth institute. In 1865 Lazarus Straus, the father, suffered business reverses and was compelled to move to New York, taking the son with him.

Soon after the family had moved to New York Oscar Straus entered Columbia grammar school, where he remained for two years, going from there to Columbia college, from which institution he was graduated in 1871. Two years later he graduated from Columbia Law school. Later he began the practice of law with James H. Hudson under the firm name of Hudson & Straus. Afterward the firm became Stern, Straus & Thompson.

Mr. Straus was appointed minister to Turkey in 1887 by President Cleveland. His mission to that country was remarkably successful. In 1889 he returned to America. In 1897 he was reappointed to the office of minister to Turkey by President McKinley, which office he retained for three years. In 1902 President Roosevelt appointed him to fill the vacancy in the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague caused by the death of ex-President Harrison.

MRS. POTTER PALMER STUDIES ART

Mrs. Potter Palmer has returned from Paris to Berlin, where she took a thorough course of study in the picture galleries and museums. This she did by way of preparation for society functions next winter, when she will visit Chicago.

Mrs. Palmer believes that more artistic appreciation should be developed in the social life of Chicago, and with this object in view she put herself under direction of the learned Dr. Bode of Berlin. Dr. Bode, who is director of the Royal museums, is recognized as the best living authority on the old masters. His books and catalogues are of the highest value in the art world, and he is frequently consulted by such collectors as J. Pierpont Morgan, but this is the first time Dr. Bode has had a society leader for a pupil. He is loud in his praises of the artistic aptness and intelligence shown by his Chicago disciple.

Dr. Bode followed the peripatetic system—that is, he took his pupil around to the galleries and museums and in them gave object lessons on the theory of art which he is expounding. The course required several weeks.

FAMOUS MAN WHOSE PUBLIC CAREER ENDS

The closing of the Sixty-second congress was also the closing, for the present, at least, of the political careers of many notable men—men who have contributed much to the pages of history of the nation and who have achieved fame by the conspicuous parts they have played in the enactment of legislation, and their contributions to political oratory.

Probably the most notable, without disparagement to the fame of others, is Joseph W. Bailey of Texas. Senator Bailey has been in congress for over twenty years, being first elected to the Fifty-second congress and at the age of twenty-six. He immediately attracted attention; first by the eloquence of his speeches and second by his tenacity of purpose and his keen insight to affairs of public interest and his ability to take care of himself in the fierce debates that characterized the house of representatives twenty years ago.

In what was probably his first speech in the house Senator Bailey proceeded to make an attack upon the rules of that body. He succeeded in drawing attention to himself, and while not so designated, he was as a matter of fact the first insurgent. He received no support in his contention either from his own party or the Republicans, but what, in those days, were considered the idle vaporings of an exceedingly eloquent schoolboy who had broken into congress, have since turned out to be the opinion of eminent statesmen prominent in the affairs of the nation, and Bailey's views on the rules expressed twenty years ago have practically been adopted by the house of representatives.

MENAGERIE A COSTLY THING

Captured Animals Cost Circus Man No Small Penny, Though Their Value Is Fluctuating.

"I want to take little 'Georgie' to see the animals," is what every father says when he starts away from home on his annual visit to the circus, and the same bluff goes for little Gwendolen on Commonwealth avenue and little "Mike" at the north end. Fond relatives always are glad of the excuse to teach the youngsters all about the animals—and see the circus themselves—but the chances are that they do not appreciate the true significance of a menagerie. To the circus visitor it means strange animals and thrills, popcorn and peanuts. To the circus company it means something like $750,000, says the Boston Transcript. This figure, however, is by no means arbitrary, for the value of wild beasts fluctuates remarkably. Today the value of a rhinoceros may be $10,000, but let a few more rhinos be hauled from their African lairs and be put on the European market, and the value per animal may drop 50 per cent.

Another thing that affects the valuation of wild animals is the question as to whether they are acclimated or "green." The mortality rate among the latter—animals fresh from the jungle—is exceedingly high. The wild animal that has demonstrated the fact that it can live in a cage, particularly a cage that hops, skips and jumps over the country with a circus, has more than tripled his value.

A fresh chimpanzee from Africa is worth from $300 to $1,000. Let this same chimpanzee prove by his continued existence that cage life is not mortally tedious to him and immediately his value leaps to $2,500.

Another instance is the giraffe. In spite of the fact that it is a rare beast, its market value is only about $7,000. The simple reason for this is that the giraffe in captivity has such a small chance of continued existence that the average showman does not care to gamble $7,000 on it.

The elephant market fluctuates a great deal. The price of a "green" elephant runs from $1,000 to $5,000. Get that elephant used to captivity and his value jumps; but train him to stand on his head, ring a bell, beat a drum or balance himself on a rolling ball, and immediately his value soars. That is why the herd of 40 elephants in one big show is valued at more than $250,000. The animals born each winter in the menagerie of a large circus are worth about $40,000.

Foiling a Briber.

The justice of the peace was in the south and a marked state of ignorance. He was approached by a man desiring a divorce, and he did not know what to do. Calling a friend to his side, he whispered:

"What's the law on this p'int?"

"You can't do it," was the reply. "It's out of your jurisdiction."

The husband, observing the consultation and feeling keenly his desire to escape from the matrimonial woe, exclaimed:

"I'm willin' to pay well; got the money right here in my sock."

At this the justice assumed his gravest judicial air. Obviously he was deeply pained. Never before in all his life had he been so bowed down by grief.

"You knew before you came here," he said sadly, "that it wasn't for me to separate husband and wife, and yet you not only take up the valuable time of this court by talking, but you actually propose to bribe me with money. Now, how much have you got in that sock?"

"About $6.50, your honor."

"Is that so? Then I fine you $5 for bribery and $1.50 for taking up my time with a case out of my jurisdiction; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"—Popular Magazine.

Japanese Wedding.

"From beginning to end, curiously enough, religion does not play even a small part in a Japanese wedding. No priest appears at any stage. On the evening of the great day, the bride, with a white silk covering on her head and face, and entirely dressed in pure white—not the color of joy, but of deep mourning, for the girl is now parting forever from her parents, more so, indeed, than if it was death that had taken her away, for after death her spirit would continue to be present in the home of her childhood, whereas now both body and spirit are gone—is carried to her new home. There she changes her mourning for a festal garb. A feast is celebrated * * * the young couple withdraw and * * * in the presence of only the middleman and his wife and of two young girls who act as servants, they pledge each other in very solemn form, three times from each of three cups. This ceremony * * * is the essential part of the marriage celebration."—Japan of the Japanese, by Joseph H. Longford.

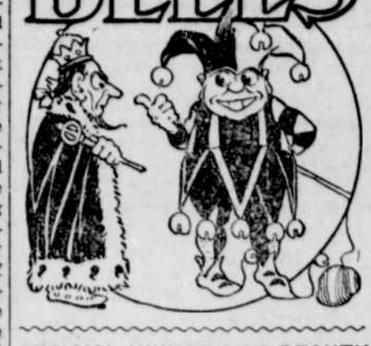
Swift Turtle.

July is the month when the turtles come out of the sea and lay their eggs in the hot sand of the Florida keys.

A turtle will accomplish this task in half an hour. She will emerge from the blue water, crawl up the beach, well out of reach of tide, dig a trench four feet long and a foot deep with her flippers, make in the middle of the trench a deep cylindrical hole, and, laying in this hole about one hundred eggs, she will fill up both hole and trench again and crawl back to the water.

If the hen could equal this celerity there would be more money in chickens than in Standard Oil.

CAP and BELLS



OFFICIAL UNIFORM OF BEAUTY

Potentate of Microscopic South American State Wished to Make Impression on People.

For the seventeenth time in three years the microscopic South American state had undergone a change of administration, and the new potentate, President Casper the three hundred and second, had summoned an artist, and was ordering new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I want something striking," he declared—"something showy, even. My people are impressed by such things. I have here some sketches I made myself. Look them over, and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined them carefully. They were gorgeous affairs. Green coats vied with crimson vests in brilliancy, orange-colored trousers with scarves of Cambridge blue. All the colors of the rainbow were there.

"Ah!" he said, turning the pages. "This is evidently for the navy, this for the army, this for the—this—what is this for, with the long plume on the three-cornered hat, the bright yellow dress, trimmed with purple, and—"

"That," explained the president bravely, "is for the secret police!"—London Answers.

Corrected.

The friend took the visiting Bostonian to the ball game. The Bostonian didn't care for the game, but the local man had nothing else to show him.

"There, see," said the native; "the pitcher has just thrown a curved ball. Did you notice it?"

"I noticed it," replied the Bostonian. "But I wouldn't call it curved. I would call it sinusoidal."

Whereupon the native ceased to offer further information—and they left the grounds at the end of the sixth inning, the home team being hopelessly in the minority.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Real Philanthropist.

A North side lumber dealer contracted to supply a lot of lumber to a stranger. On looking it over he found it full of knotholes and told his customer about it frankly.

"You may not want this lumber," he said.

"Why not?"

"I want to be honest with you. It's full of knotholes."

The stranger only laughed.

"I'll take it," he declared. "This lumber is to go around some baseball grounds. Knotholes won't hurt matters any. I was a kid myself once."—Pittsburg Post.

He Had an Explanation.

A committee had the state senator on the carpet.

"Didn't you promise if we elected you to get our country good roads?"

"Why, certainly, gentlemen."

"Did you do it?"

"No. You see airships are getting very common now, I thought we'd better wait a few years. Maybe we won't need any roads at all then. Fine weather for corn; isn't it?"

NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

Mrs. Uptown—We're living in a much better neighborhood now.

Mrs. Downtown—So are we.

Mrs. Uptown—Have you moved, too?

Mrs. Downtown—No; we're still living on the street you moved away from.

A Glorious Time.

"How do you like your new job?"

"Great! I'm working in an antique furniture factory."

"What do you do?"

"Just what I've wanted to do all my life. I kick the new tables, put my feet on them, spill hot coffee and burn them with cigars and matches. I put each table through 100 years of wear in eight hours."

MERELY MATTER OF "NERVES"

The Nagger, Male or Female, Usually Is the Victim of Business or Domestic Worry.

The newest German medical theories, as propounded by the famous Dr. Sadolin, the nerve specialist, is that an occasional family scrap is the finest tonic in the world for married couples, but that continuous petty strife will, in the end, wear out the most vigorous constitution.

The nagger is about the most unhappy creature in existence, however high the bid her husband, but putting up with her, may make for a Carnegie prize for heroism. She doesn't get any real relief from her own sufferings and the more she makes unhappy those about her, the more miserable she is herself. If her husband will only stay scared half to death for the next couple of weeks, they stand a fair chance of getting along together, is the philosophical German view of a marital predicament which is peculiar to so many households.

There are, however, other authorities who are less inclined to advocate the extreme measure of a rebellious and insubordinate husband. Indeed, on this side of the Atlantic, there are prominent physicians who do not hesitate to say that we have men naggers who are as bad as the worst woman who ever swore to love, honor and nag the meekest of males. These experts put most of the trouble, whichever the nagger's sex, on plain everyday "nerves." That is the way such cases are regarded by Dr. Charles S. Potts, professor of neurology at the Medico-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia.

"It is hard to say which sex becomes the more irritable under prolonged nervous strain," declares Prof. Potts. "Men can be mighty cranky, especially to their subordinates in the business world, when they are worried and run down. There are probably thousands of employes in the United States who can name men bosses who are confirmed naggers—worrying, wearying, overnice, persecuting and annoying taskmasters who appear to take delight in continual faultfinding. Well, some of them are born that way, as some women are naggers by inherent disposition. But the majority of them, like the majority of women naggers, are just unfortunates whose own worries and inner discomforts are reflected in their attitude toward those about them. Apart from those who happen to be born with bad dispositions, it is the nervous exhaustion of life that predisposes women, as well as men, to nagging."

Uncle Joe's Divination.

One summer, in the back woods of Missouri, where I had accompanied Uncle Joe Cannon on a tour of the state stumping, a funny incident occurred at the close of a speech which the former speaker had delivered to a crowd of rustics, one of whom approached with extended hand, saying, with warmth:

"Hulloo, Mr. Cannyun! Reckon ye don't 'member me."

"Of course I remember you!" said the other, accepting the proffered hand of the farmer. "I remember you very well, indeed. How's the good wife? And the old white mule—how's he pulling along?"

"By crackey!" laughed the farmer. "To think you'd 'member old Pete! Oh, he's still eatin' his head off, thankee."

Later in the evening I spoke to Cannon and asked him how he chanced upon the mule episode.

"To confess the truth," smiled the old man, "such a thing never entered my mind. I didn't know the man from Adam; but when I saw a long white hair on his coat I took a chance."—Judge.

Meaning of "At Half-Mast."

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called "half-mast." Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission, but of respect.

In those days, when a famous soldier died, flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half-mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all—the Angel of Death.

Art and Architecture.

John Sloan, the well-known artist of New York, takes the same intelligent interest in architecture as in painting.

A New York architect, aware of Mr. Sloan's excellent taste, took him in his motor car to see a huge and costly country house that he had erected for a millionaire on a bluff overlooking the Hudson.

As the architect stood with Mr. Sloan on the terrace of the new property, he looked up at the mansion's showy facade and said thoughtfully:

"Stupendous! But I haven't decided yet what kind of creeper to have in front."

"The Virginia creeper," said Mr. Sloan, "would cover it up quickest."

THE SCRAP BOOK

BIRD FRIENDS OF HUMANITY

Three Feathered Bipeds That Seem Devoted by Nature to Be Destroyers of Reptiles.

The trumpeter bird is the ragpicker of the woods and swamps of Guiana, where he is always at work at his trade, with his stomach for a pack and his bill for a hook. He performs a useful but most extraordinary service, devouring a perfect multitude of snakes, frogs, scorpions, spiders, lizards and like creatures. But this terrible bird can be made perfectly tame.

On the Guiana plantations he may be seen fraternizing with the chickens, ducks and turkeys, accompanying them in their walks, defending them from their enemies, separating quarrelers with strokes of his bill, sustaining the young and the feeble and waking the echoes with his trumpet while he brings home his flock at night.

The trumpeter is as handsome as he is useful. Noble and haughty in his aspect, he raises himself up on his long, yellow gaitered legs and seems to say, "I am the trumpeter, the scourge of the reptiles and the protector of the flocks."

In southern Africa there is another great exterminator of reptiles, the snake eater or secretary bird, a magnificent creature that attacks the largest serpents, making a shield of his wings and a sword of his beak. The name of "secretary bird" is derived from the plumes projecting backward from its head, which look like quill pens carried behind one's ears.

In South America, in the very neighborhood of the trumpeter's home, there lives the kamichi or kamiki, which wears a sharp horn projecting from its forehead and a murderous spur upon each of its wings. With these three weapons the serpents that he attacks are powerless against him and are easily put to death.

The secretary bird, the kamichi and the trumpeter form a valiant and useful trio. The trumpeter has two merits above the others—the ease with which he can be domesticated and his musical talent.

The natives have a saying that he has swallowed a cornet. Whether promenading or war making, he fills the air with his trumpet calls, and at the sound of his voice of brass the reptiles take to flight.

"Don'ts" for College Girls.

First of all, the girl who goes to college must remember that the initial impression which she makes determines very largely her happiness or unhappiness for the first few weeks. Above all things, she should not arrive in an elaborately trimmed suit, a beplumed hat and pumps. Such things may be suitable for rare occasions at home, but they find practically no place in the outdoor wardrobe of the well-bred college woman. The plain tailored suit cut on good lines, a tailored hat to match, and neat shoes create an impression of quiet, good taste and appropriateness. This keynote of simplicity should be recognized throughout her wardrobe. Elaborate chiffon or net waists and fussy neckwear are of little use, for a college girl's room was never designed for clothes which require careful treatment and protection from dust.—Leslie's.

Severe Caste in China.

The ideals of the Chinese have always been for scholarship rather than for war, for mental rather than for physical accomplishments, and the hero tales told to children show youth arriving at prodigious learning, and consequently high office in the state, after years of labor. Society is still divided into the four ancient classes: Scholars, from whom all officials are chosen; farmers, artisans and laborers, merchants. Yet it is possible for a clever boy of any class to become a scholar and enter the government service, and there are many instances of poor parents scrimping and starving to keep a gifted son at his long and severe studies until he can pass the final examinations, become a mandarin or office holder, and begin to reward his family.—Christian Science Monitor.

Youthful Mendicants.

The man who stops a pedestrian and says: "Say, I'm on my uppers, and need a drink," often lands his quarry, the honest confession being in the beggar's favor. Two barefooted, far from clean boys, who in their day may follow the same tactics, stopped a woman in upper Broadway, and one of them mumbled a plea for a "penny." "What for?" asked the woman. "We're makin' up for a soda," said the boy, with a wink. The woman smiled, and the boys got their "soda."—New York Tribune.

Crowds at Horticultural Show.

London's latest horticultural show attracted 180,000 persons in eight days.