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TUESDAY June 4, 1913

Value of the Newspaper In the Home

Fathers Should Read and Discuss It Intelligently With Their Children

By Mrs CLARENCE E. MELENEY, Sociologist

HOLD TO THE OLD VIEW OF THE FAMILY AND CONSIDER IT A PART OF THE FATHER'S DUTY TO KNOW THE NEWS THAT IS IN THE NEWSPAPER AND TO DISCUSS IT INTELLIGENTLY WITH THE CHILDREN.

The attitude the parents take toward the newspaper will determine very largely its effect on the children. They should come to think of it as a PERVEYOR OF THINGS THEY OUGHT TO KNOW.

I think the press ought really to be commended for the great amount of VALUABLE AND INTERESTING INFORMATION they bring us that is also interesting to the children.

I know of one little boy of ten, for instance, who is very much interested in aeroplanes, and he finds the papers very exciting for that reason. He reads and clips out the stories of the flights and all the details of the art of flying, and he is learning a great deal about this subject.

As for the girls, I find that they are very much interested in news of the day.

All reports on big events the papers have brought us, and these are the things you will read if you know how to read the paper. There is a great deal in knowing how to SKIP when you are reading a paper.

Certainly women ought to thank the press for the space they give to womankind, woman questions and home questions.

Courts Are Least Efficient Department of Government

By Mayor WILLIAM J. GAYNOR of New York

THE COURTS TELL OTHER DEPARTMENTS OF GOVERNMENT WHAT TO DO, BUT I THINK THEY ARE THE LEAST EFFICIENT DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT WE HAVE.

Our merchants know this. They hardly go into our city courts with their claims.

It is useless to do so. Years must elapse; witnesses are gone. There is no excuse at all for the DELAY.

In London cases are brought one month and tried the next, so efficient is the judiciary, although relatively not one-half the size of ours. But they have a SYSTEM.

This is a subject that many of our most prominent men have spoken of, using it as a comparison of our DEFECTIVE SYSTEM.

"JUDGE MADE LAW."

The just feeling pervading the community is that a bench of judges is no more competent than the legislature to decide as to the wisdom or necessity of laws for the health, safety and progress and the material and moral welfare of the community. That is a matter of enlightened opinion which the courts have no right to arrogate unto themselves. The courts of England do not do it, nor do the courts of any other country except ours. And ours base the right to do so on fundamental or constitutional provisions for the safety of liberty and property, which are not peculiar to this country at all, but are to be found in all systems of government and jurisprudence. No such meaning was ever given to these safeguards of property and liberty until by the judges in this country. It is judge made law, pure and simple. It were well if the constitution of the United States were amended by the addition of a provision requiring it to be reconsidered every twenty years, the same as in this state, and in many if not most of our states. A constitution must grow and change, like everything else, but the more gradual the better. As Macaulay says of the British constitution: "Although the changes have been great, there never was an instant of time in which the major part of it was not old." That is the way to amend constitutions and laws—gradually and prudently. But the class of decisions which I have mentioned never had any justification under the constitution, and it is amazing to have to keep on amending the constitution to nullify them.—Mayor Gaynor of New York.

OLD AGE.

If you would insure a peaceful old age be careful of the acts of each day of your youth, for with youth the deeds thereof are not to be left behind.—Isaac Disraeli.

When a noble life has prepared old age it is not the decline that it recalls, but the first days of immortality.—Mme. de Staël.

Before old age it was my chief care to live well; in old age it is to die well.—Seneca.

DANCES IN SCHOOLS.

The advantages from a moral standpoint of including instruction in dancing in some part of our public school work are many. In the first place, if the teaching of dances were in the hands of the physical training instructors or other experts the dances themselves could be made more artistic, more beautiful and more valuable. When responsible teachers of dancing set the styles and the ballroom manners of our young people the "turkey trot" and the "bunny hug" will be considered bad form. Every dancer knows that in the open, lively, rollicking figure or movement there is no opportunity for immodest behavior, and the more difficult the dance is the more pride the young people take in performing it.—Clarence A. Perry of Russell Sage Foundation.

Too Ready With Assistance.

Smith—Guidance is a very generous old fellow. Do you know, he's always helping somebody out. Jones—Really? Yes, I know. I was down to see his daughter the other night, and he helped me out too.—Stray Stories.

My Diplomatic Mission

It Was My First and My Last

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am the daughter of an American admiral. When my father was retired he joined us in Washington, where we lived. At his death, his income being cut off, I found it necessary to do something to add to the small income of my mother and was given a clerkship in the navy department, but the salary was small, and I confess I looked forward to the humdrum life before me with dislike.

Notwithstanding our limited resources I maintained my position in society. Washington does not suffer socially from commercialism as other American cities. I was invited just as often after my entrance upon my clerkship as before. Indeed, I occupied a better social status than many newly rich people who, having suddenly acquired wealth, settled in Washington to spend it.

One evening during a reception at the White House the wife of a member of the Russian diplomatic corps sought me out and drew me away from the throng for a chat. She gradually led the conversation upon myself and asked me how I would like to enter the diplomatic service. Upon asking her what she meant she explained that diplomacy was synonymous with chicanery. There was a constant effort between the diplomats of the world to get possession of each other's secrets and thus forestall action. I was interested, and the lady proceeded to tell me that women were usually mixed up in these affairs and were relied upon principally by their husbands to extract information from their diplomatic rivals. Then, after pledging me to secrecy, she told me that the Russian embassy was at that time in want of an attractive woman to obtain a secret from a diplomat and that she would be paid liberally for the service rendered.

Of course the lady was sounding me to learn if I would undertake the matter. I neither accepted nor declined, leaving her, intending to think it over. I did think it over and came to a decision that may be considered peculiar. I determined that I would not dishonour my father's name by becoming a spy; but, being infatuated with the idea of swimming in that undercurrent of duplicity that had been mentioned, I resolved to accept the offer, but not for pay. I had an object in view that concerned my own individual self far more than Russia. When I had made up my mind I called on the lady who had been given the commission to employ me and told her I was ready to listen to a proposition.

I dare say that this may be considered whipping conscience around the stump, but at the time I was not aware of doing anything dishonorable. I was employed by the Russian embassy—a no particular person in it was specified—to get a secret from the secretary of legation of Great Britain. It was suspected by the Russians that England was making a secret treaty with the sublime Porte. Russia has always been at issue with the other European powers as to Turkey, and ever since the Czar Nicholas I. was outwitted by the British minister, just previous to the Crimean war, Russia has been eager to get even with England by some sharp diplomatic move. I was therefore employed to draw this secret from Edward Cathorne, who would surely be cognizant of it, who had chosen diplomacy as a profession and was expecting soon to be raised to the rank of ambassador.

At the next important social function, given by the secretary of state, a member of the Austrian embassy asked permission to present his friend Edward Cathorne. What the Austrian had to do with the matter I did not know. Evidently he was either in some way connected with the plot or was being made a tool of. That was nothing to me, but I experienced a peculiar sensation of pleasure at being launched in the whirlpool of diplomatic chicanery. I graciously permitted the introduction and found Mr. Cathorne very agreeable. Indeed, he was of the best type of English gentleman, not noble, but well connected at home and in every way desirable. I refrained at this first meeting from anything connected with the work I had undertaken. I simply endeavored to make myself as agreeable as possible to him. I saw at once that he was an intellectual man, and I treated him accordingly—that is, I talked of anything but weighty matters. Girls make a mistake in thinking that men of depth wish keep women for companions. One might as well expect a lawyer to talk law for amusement. However, I permitted Mr. Cathorne to do most of the talking, leaving him to chat as he liked. Small talk is all that can be introduced at social functions anyway.

Mr. Cathorne asked permission to call upon me, which was, of course, granted. We occupied the same house as when my father lived, a two story brick near—circle, and it had in it all the attractiveness of simplicity. My visitor told me during the evening that he would sail for England on leave of absence the next week. I told him that I was about to go abroad, and by comparing notes it turned out that I had engaged my passage on the same steamer on which he had engaged his—that is, I knew my friends of the

Russian embassy would do my bidding in the matter. Mr. Cathorne seemed very much pleased to have my company on the voyage and offered his mother's and sister's hospitality during my stay in England.

I was offered a passage across the ocean and ample funds for other expenses by my employers, but Mr. Cathorne knew that I was not able to travel expensively so I chose one of the poorest staterooms and declined to accept anything from the Russian embassy until I had finished my work. Fortunately I had enough for the purpose saved from my salary. I offered to resign my position in the navy department, but on account of my father's services was given a leave of absence. I learned afterward that those who sent me on my mission were much puzzled at my declining to be furnished with funds. But they continued to be puzzled till they heard definitely from me later, for I gave them no satisfactory explanation. I also learned that from this time they began to doubt me and took measures to get the information they desired through other parties.

Mr. Cathorne was devoted to me on the voyage. He talked about everything except diplomacy, on which he maintained a rigid silence. I did not make the slightest attempt to draw him out in that line. Any effort to do so would have aroused suspicion. But it was not in accordance with my plan to draw him out. Something far deeper was in my mind. Besides, I soon learned from him what was necessary for me to know. He told me that he would remain at home only long enough to make a report at the foreign office in London, after which he would take a little trip on the continent. I well knew that this meant a visit to the Sultan of Turkey.

Everybody knows what an ocean voyage is for matchmaking. We had not reached England before Mr. Cathorne and I were engaged in what in America we call a flirtation. The flirting, however, if it really was flirting, was all on one side. An Englishman is not an adept in such affairs. The game at which he is especially expert is not the game of love, but of diplomacy. I was content, for the time being at least, to let him have his own way at the game of diplomacy provided I could have mine at the same of love.

I had not been in England eighteen hours before I received an invitation from a sister of Mr. Cathorne to visit the family home, near London. I spent several days there, during which I fear the visiting was rather between Mr. Cathorne and me than between me and his mother and sisters. Our affair reached a crisis one evening when he told me that he must run over the next morning to Paris on business. Before going he told me what I had been hoping for—not his diplomatic secret, but that he wished me to be his wife.

Before parting with him that evening—I was not to see him the next morning—he admitted that he was going farther than Paris. I asked him if he was going still farther, and he finally admitted that he would not stop till he reached Constantinople. I asked him why he was going there, and he declined to tell me. I remonstrated with him, saying that a promised wife should share all her fiancé's secrets.

"Not his government's secrets," I threw my arms around his neck, laughed and said:

"You're going to Constantinople on the matter of a treaty between England and Turkey."

Disengaging himself from me, he looked at me with astonishment. I told him that I had been employed—by whom I would not say—to get a knowledge of that treaty; that I had accepted the offer for the fun of the thing and had declined to receive even the money for my expenses. He demanded to know who had employed me, and I refused to answer. That, I considered, would be dishonorable.

Had I set out with the intention of spying upon him his love for me would have turned to hate, even though I had weakened on the way through love for him. My action was incomprehensible to him. He became convinced that I had had from the first no intention of getting any diplomatic knowledge from him, but he could not understand the reason I gave him for entering upon the matter at all. I told him I had yielded to a desire to see something of the undercurrent of diplomatic life. It was not remarkable that he did not understand this, for there was another reason underlying the first.

And now it is time that I give this reason. Before I made up my mind to accept the Russian offer I felt pretty sure that Edward Cathorne was to be the man I was to prey upon. I had seen him often, and the moment I first looked upon him the little gold shot one of his deadly arrows into me. But I had not had an opportunity of meeting the man I worshipped. The Russian offer I regarded as a possible means, at least an opportunity, to win him.

He did not feel easy about me for a long while, but I brought him around in time, and we were married. I made it a condition that he should not return to Washington. I didn't like the prospect of facing the diplomats who had employed me to do their spying. I having married the man I was to spy upon. I learned, however, long afterward that they had a very high opinion of me since they had learned that I would not give them away even to my own husband.

I have continued to be a diplomat's wife at many courts, but the diplomat's effort by which I received a husband is the only one of my life. I am quite content to leave the chicanery of the service to others.

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