

BEJWELED WIFE OF INDIAN POTENTATE.



The above picture is from the first photograph ever taken of the Maharani of Burdwan, the wife of one of the royal potentates of India, and whose jewels are unsurpassed even in that land of gorgeous gems.

TO REFORM CONVICTS

Iowan Would Change Present System of Punishment.

Canon of Episcopal Church Believes Man Found Guilty for First Time Can Be Made Good Citizen.

Des Moines, Ia.—Averring that he will take upon his shoulders the responsibility to society for the future behavior of 20 men convicted for the first time of crime and give a bond to the state to make honorable citizens of three-fourths of them, Robert B. H. Bell, canon of the Episcopal church here, has thrown a bomb into the present methods of dealing with criminals.

Mr. Bell has openly charged members of the state parole board with being hard-hearted and inhumane. Through his influence and work, Rev. Mr. Bell secured the passage by the last legislature of a law which permits courts at their discretion to parole to the guardianship of a private citizen any man convicted for the first time of a crime.

Mr. Bell wants more. Two years hence, he says, he will try to get the law so amended as to make it mandatory upon the courts to parole first offenders.

The plan Mr. Bell would have enforced by law is:

To place the convicted man under the guardianship of a good citizen.

To require the offender to make good to the state the costs of his prosecution and conviction.

To require the paroled man to make good, as far as possible, the wrong he has done.

In case he fails to prove himself worthy of the parole he is to be surrendered, by his guardian, to the court, and to be compelled to work more directly under the eyes of the law.

Mr. Bell's theory is that the man who commits a crime would never do so again if the proper spirit is aroused within him. He contends that the humiliation of a prison sentence, and the feeling on the part of the convict that he has paid his debt to society, the fact that he is turned free without a way to live and other reasons make the man commit the second crime.

Hired to Spend Sage Money.

Francis H. McLean is employed as a "Charity Promoter" by Widow of Millionaire.

New York.—"Charity promoter" is the newest of occupations which owes its origin to the Sage foundation. Such an official has now been taken into the employ of the fund and it will be his duty to travel throughout the country to advise with the charitable disposed of cities and towns as to the best means of distributing help without pauperizing.

His name is Francis H. McLean and he has had a varied experience in all kinds of charitable endeavors. He was formerly connected with the Brooklyn bureau of charities, has dispensed charities in Chicago and has been district agent in several localities in Manhattan. Mr. McLean took part in the relief work in San Francisco.

His work with the Sage foundation will be the standardizing of charity and systematizing the means of aiding the unfortunate. He will have in miniature a charity organization society such as directs agencies in New York.

TEDDY BEAR GUILTY

Real Live Mascot Held to Blame for Court Martial.

Capt. Franklin Called Home to Face Charges of Irregularity—Criticism of Col. Scott's Disposal of Tickets Widens Breach.

Washington.—According to army officers here who say they know the West Point turmoil, which will result in the coming court martial in New York of Capt. Thomas Franklin, the best known man of his rank in the army, all began with a teddy bear, a real live teddy bear. The bear played the part of a mascot at the army-navy football game in Philadelphia in November, 1907, and did it so miserably that West Point lost the game.

The army folks say that if the West Point boys had stuck to the old reliable army mule for a mascot perhaps Franklin might have escaped the limelight which the coming trial will bring on him and his official acts as a commissary at West Point.

Some one had sent out to Montana and got a wee brown bear with enormous ears, that stood out like the wings of a bat, and had brought him on with a keeper for the game. Soon a whisper went around that the bear was ordered when it was thought that President Roosevelt would attend the game, and that possibly he might regard the matter as a delicate compliment. Then, too, it was whispered that the president might ask about it, and who could tell what might follow in the way of promotion.

The bear was surely a bad mascot for the army, for the navy won by a score of 6 to 0.

The West Point folks went home sore about that bear. Soon it became known that Col. H. L. Scott, commandant at West Point, had ordered the bear brought on and had told the treasurer of the athletic association to pay the bill of \$200 or more for its use. Col. Scott was not an officer of the association and it was said that he had no right to order the treasurer to pay such a bill. Capt. Franklin was a leader in the demand for more details.

Then came a time when Capt. Franklin wanted to know about the rumor that Col. Scott had about 600 tickets for the game and had given them away lavishly. It was intimated that they went where a military man anxious to be promoted to be brigadier general would be glad to have them go, while army officers who wanted more than they had were paying \$10 apiece for extra ones.

Franklin wanted the matter put on a business basis for the future. Col. Howe refused to entertain a motion to that effect, and said he never would put it while he remained president of the association. Fifteen minutes later Col. Howe was defeated for president of the association and the bigger trouble was on.

Col. Scott, it is asserted, felt humiliated by the reflections made against him, and especially by Franklin's open remarks. He made a change in the athletic association, taking practical control of it himself. Then there came a desire by Col. Scott's friends to get after Franklin. His records for six years were overhauled. After much searching what appeared to be irregularities were discovered. An investigation followed and Franklin was ordered home from the Philippines to await trial.

FOOTBALL AS BAIT FOR PUPILS

American Teacher Lures Natives of Nigeria to School by Yankee Methods.

Ithaca, N. Y.—That athletics, and particularly football, are just as good an advertisement for a school in Africa as they are in America, is the opinion of Walter W. Hoover, Cornell, 1908, now stationed with the Sudan United mission at Wukari, Northern Nigeria, West Africa. Writing to the Cornell Alumni News, Mr. Hoover says that, although he now has a flourishing school started, and some of his pupils can already read and write, he finds it necessary to hold out amusements and rewards to maintain a regular attendance.

He ordered footballs from America and soon had scores of the native children booting them around the fields. They are enthusiastic about the game, and several teams are to be formed.

Mr. Hoover found that by giving the native children his empty tin he could get large attendances at school. He also discovered that if he distributed fresh game which he shot among them they will flock to school in droves. The natives subsist almost entirely on porridge, he says, and go wild over fresh meat. This he thinks is the logical cause of cannibalism. Recently Mr. Hoover himself was pursued by man-eaters, but escaped.

Her Hat Caught a Robin. New York.—A deluded robin came to grief in Flushing, L. I., because a pretty girl wore a peach-basket hat trimmed with artificial cherries.

The girl was walking along Broadway, near the old courthouse, when the robin, on a lower limb of a tree, eyed the hat and its trimmings. It hopped from its perch on to the hat and started to pick at the cherries. The girl screamed and clutched at her hat. The robin's feet caught in the trimmings, and it was held a prisoner. A man went to the assistance of girl and robin. The robin escaped.

GAINING TIME FOR THE BANK

Various Devices by Which Financiers Have Staved Off Threatened Disaster.

Of all devices resorted to by bankers to gain time and inspire confidence during a run on their institutions, there has never, perhaps, been a more novel scheme than that conceived in a western city. The depositors were astounded to find that they could enter the bank only at the cost of spoiled garments, as the astute president had caused the doorposts to be freshly painted. An English bank once prevented a crisis in its affairs by exhibiting in the windows large tubs apparently brimful of sovereigns. These tubs, however, were simply turned upside down, only a small quantity of gold being piled on their bottoms. An ingenious device was resorted to in Buenos Ayres. There was a run on a large bank, and for several days depositors besieged the premises, withdrawing money and placing it in another bank on the opposite side of the street. It so happened, however, that these two institutions had reached a private understanding; so as fast as the safe bank received the deposits they were returned to the unsafe one by an underground passage, with the result that everyone marveled at its continued ability to meet its obligations.

OF VALUE TO THE SCIENTIST

Vessels Constructed of Quartz Almost Indispensable in the Chemical Laboratory.

It is not so long ago that the text books on minerals used to describe quartz as "infusible." The electric furnace has given the lie to this specification, and now some manufacturers of chemical devices devote special catalogues to apparatus made of this substance. There are two grades on the market—the transparent kind, made from rock crystal and looking almost precisely like ordinary glass, and the cheaper translucent variety, made of common silica and sometimes called in the trade "electroquartz." Both kinds are valuable in the chemical laboratory, because vessels made of either resist all acids but hydrofluoric and cannot be cracked by change of temperature, however violent. Quartz is useful also for its insulating properties, which are nearly perfect.

The Sinner's Progress.

In narrating a story of a naughty girl and an English magistrate in his recent book, "Old and Odd Memories," Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anticlimax, the rebuke a headmaster to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel: "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

The young girl mentioned was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was quite clear, but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she was very naughty indeed, and in the habit of using bad language.

Then, in solemn accents, the magistrate addressed her:

"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your maker, and you have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."—Youth's Companion.

The Man Behind the Blast.

At the head of the rock drilling and blasting gangs in the New York Central yards is a little Irishman who knows the science of breaking up granite cliffs from alpha to omega. He knows rock as well as a southern epicure knows possum.

It is a rare pleasure to see him go about his task. He picks out unerringly the weak spots in the rocky wall before him, probes them deep with cunningly slanted drills and then breaks the solid bluff into tiny fragments.

All the time 7,000 workmen are toiling in the yards about him, and the trains are coming and going every four minutes. His position is onerous, yet this responsibility rests but lightly on his shoulders. He is as quiet and unassuming as a boy and his laugh is as merry and jovial as though he had not a care in the world.—Alcolum.

Great Convenience.

They were seated on the front porch—in the language of the German comedian—"side by each."

"How nice it will be," he said, "when new writhograph machines are installed in every house."

"Yes, I suppose so," she replied, with an expansive smile.

"Then," said he, "I can write to you at any time, and the message will appear on a sheet of paper before you while I am writing it."

"Oh, is that all?" she rejoined in a tone redolent with disappointment. "I thought perhaps it was a new idea to send ice cream around before it melts."

Tit for Tat. Ella—Did he steal a kiss from you? Ella—He tried to, but— Ella—Well? Ella—A fair exchange is no robbery, you know.

During the Unpleasantness. "I—I—I—I'd just like you to understand one thing," he hesitated. "Well, if you're the one thing, I don't ever expect to," she replied, calmly.—Yonkers Statesman.

WORK OF THE YOUTHFUL MIND

Some Fearful and Wonderful Definitions Added to World's Store of Knowledge.

The respective professors of biology history and domestic science were comparing notes after a recent examination at one of a large city's high schools.

"Some of these answers," wrathfully said the biology man, "make me doubt I am teaching pupils who have ever even been in a kindergarten. Look at this—'with brighter disgust and mirth—'in answer to the question: 'What use does the body make of starch?' a husky youth of 15 informs me: 'Starch is what holds the body together,' and in reply to my query as to one of the injurious effects of alcohol, a young miss states that it makes a person look funny, and—"

"Well, you needn't feel lonely," interrupted the expounder of history. "I asked for a description of the crowning of Charlemagne, and was given a two-page reply by one of the boys, winding up with 'and the pope then crowned Charlemagne with olive oil.'"

The domestic science teacher had been listening with a twinkle in her eye.

"I might modestly suggest," she said, "that my girls are none behind your hopefuls. I asked for the distinction between stinginess and economy in housekeeping, and got a definition about as follows: 'Stinginess is what makes a woman, when she finds she is out of butter, go and borrow it from her neighbors instead of buying it from the store.'"

And then the meeting adjourned.

GOOD JOKE ON MILLIONAIRE.

His Determination Not to Be 'Held Up' Cost Him a Few Hundred Dollars.

"It's funny how afraid rich men are of being cheated," reflected Mr. Bates, "especially when they get out in the country. Now last fall one of the fur-lined overcoat kind came up here. He snipped off his words as if they'd been coupons, and though he'd come up here for rest, he seemed to think somebody'd charge him extra for it if he mentioned the fact."

"Well, the Bassett place up on Birch hill was for sale, and he took a fancy to it—looked just like the house where he was born, he said.

"But don't you let it out," he said to me. "They'll be asking some fancy price for it if they know I went it."

"Well, I drove him up there after he'd made up his mind, and we found Isaac Bassett out in the yard.

"I hear this place is for sale. How much?" says Mr. Millionaire.

"Isaac opened his mouth, but that was as far as he got.

"I'll give you \$50 for it, not a cent more," said Mr. Millionaire, slam-bang.

"I'll take it," says Isaac.

"I ain't mean," he says, after he'd made out a check and we'd started off, "nor close, but I won't be done," says he, "jest because I've made my pile."

"I didn't tell him," chuckled Mr. Bates, "that he'd done himself."

"Had he?" questioned Mr. Bates' companion.

"Sure!" said Mr. Bates. "The farm was put up for sale for the taxes, and all they asked was \$50. And I've heard that Isaac had privately offered it for \$500."—Youth's Companion.

Occupational Diseases.

As is well known, nearly every trade or occupation has its own peculiar affection or disease, from which those who follow that occupation are likely to suffer. Familiar examples are those of the glass-blowers, the painters, the printers in the days of hand composition, and the writer's cramp of the bookkeepers. While the medical profession has long had a knowledge of these diseases and has been interested in their treatment, there appears to have been a lack of systematic investigation of the conditions which cause the diseases, with a view to modification and prevention. In Illinois the legislature some time ago authorized the appointment of a commission which has been making an exhaustive study of the so-called occupational diseases and of the conditions under which they occur, but the commission has found the subject so vast that it has asked the present legislature for two years more in which to complete its investigation and prepare its report.

CONVICTS ARE WELL TREATED

Japanese Manufacturers Housed in Groups in Large and Properly Ventilated Cells.

Andrew Soutar, writing of Sukama penitentiary in the Wide World, says: The main building is designed in the form of a dumbbell, the two ends being divided into five-story stories. From the central watch stand the warden can see along the whole of the rays, which comprise 300 cells. And what cells! Think of it—20 feet high and double windowed. The convicts are housed in groups. In a cell of eight mats—all rooms in Japanese measured by mats—12 convicts are accommodated. The floor was covered with tatami and soft matting, and on this the men's bedding is spread when they are ready to turn in. Everything was spotlessly clean.

The chief warden stopped before a door at the extreme end of the corridor and, after trying a dozen keys, succeeded in throwing it open. With some misgivings I entered. The room would have gladdened the heart of an amateur photographer. Not a single ray of light penetrated its walls. It was ventilated by means of small tubes that ran through the cement in such a way that they did not admit light. The warden explained the uses of the structure.

"There are three forms of chubatsu (punishment) for insubordination," he said. "The first is confinement in an empty room, the offender being compelled to sit on a mat without moving or speaking from morning till night. The second form is confinement in a smaller room slightly darkened. The third and most severe is confinement in this totally dark room; the maximum punishment being five days. I have never known a man wish to come here a second time," he added, significantly.

PRINTERS' COMEDY OF ERRORS

Various Warnings Made Humorous by the Eulogy of Great Confederate Soldier.

The death of John William Jones, D. D., at Columbus, Ga., recalls what is probably the funniest series of typographical blunders which ever actually occurred, says the Watchman. The wiser can testify to the accuracy of this series because he read them at the time they were made in the two journals involved. After the civil war Dr. Jones was southern correspondent of the New York Examiner. At that time there was a rival Baptist paper in New York city called the Watchtower. In writing of the death of his friend Stonewall Jackson Dr. Jones praised highly his character and referred to him as a "battle-scarred veteran."

The printers of the Examiner amended this, and it was stated to the readers that Stonewall Jackson was a "battle-scarred veteran." The Watchtower saw a chance to make a little fun of its rival paper and attempted simply to reproduce the error of the Examiner's printer. But the printer of the Watchtower took his turn and made it read that Stonewall Jackson was "a battle-scarred veteran." Now the Examiner had a good chance to get back at its rival and made merry at the trial to correct one error by making a worse one. But alas! It seemed that the expression was doomed to a comedy of errors, for when the Examiner's triumphant counter appeared it informed its readers that in attempting to correct the error in the Examiner the Watchtower had said that Stonewall Jackson was "a battle-scarred veteran." At this both the editors gave it up as a bad job.

The Turville Walnut.

The ancient white thorn at Howth castle, which, according to tradition, was inseparably bound up with the fortunes of the St. Laurences and would die with the last of the line, had its counterpart in this country at Husbands Bosworth hall, the old seat of the Turvilles, near Rugby. In front of the hall was a withered walnut tree, and the superstition was that when the tree died so also would the race of the Turvilles come to an end. The year previous to the death of Mrs. Mary Forrester Turville, sister of the late Sir Francis Turville, and the last of the family in the direct line, the walnut tree was dead at the top, though it had leaves on its lateral branches. The year she died it had not a single leaf upon it, and on examination was found to be dead.—Court Journal.

Retentive Memory.

The painters Horace Vernet and Gustave Dore could paint portraits from memory, and the retentiveness of artists' minds for colors is also remarkable. Asa Gray once assured a friend that he could recall the names of 25,000 plants, and Prof. Theodore Gill has the same faculty in respect to fishes. Probably everyone who knows three or four languages has that many words at his command. The 10,000 verses of the Rigveda are in the minds of thousands of Brahmans, and have been for 30 centuries. Mohammedans recite the Koran without difficulty, and the chiefs of Polynesia can and do repeat hundreds of thousands of words in their genealogies, taking days and even weeks for the task.

Unexpected Conclusion.

Him—I've come to a conclusion. Her—What is it? Him—I realized to-day that I have been a bachelor for 33 years, and— Her—Oh, Jack, that is so sudden. Him—And I decided that I'd had a bully time and that I'd keep it up.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Publié le Samedi 29 Mai 1909. Rédaction: 115 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La. Téléphone: 115. Prix de l'abonnement par an: \$2.00. En vente partout.