THE TROUBLES OF A POOR PRINCE

How an Impoverished Ruler Overcame a Difficulty.

There was once a German principality—Sarvania—which has disappeared from the map of Europe, having been absorbed by the kingdom of Prussia. Its domain consisted of about 10,000 acres, its inhabitants of about 4,000 people. The government was supported by a tax on the people which produced in our money about $6,500 a year. Of course it was necessary to be very economical.

The occupation of the inhabitants of Sarvania was growing grapes which produced a sour wine. After awhile the soil became barren, and there was no crop and no income. The people declared that since there was nothing to pay with they should not be taxed, but the prince argued: "If there is no tax there is no government. That means anarchy. Anarchy means no more crops. The people will starve." That did not satisfy the malcontents, and there was a rebellion. Three hundred men armed with scythes and pitchforks stormed the palace. They were met by the regular army of fifty men under the general in chief, routed, and their leader was captured.

The possession of this arch rebel occasioned the prince as much mental disquietude as the capture of Jefferson Davis caused President Lincoln. In the Sarvania case it was simply a matter of economy. There was no executioner in the principality, and to send one from a distance would be very expensive. Considering that the royal revenue was cut off, this was not to be thought of. And yet if the man lived his keeping would be a drain on the exchequer. A cabinet council was called to consider what was to be done. The prince stated the case. It would require an expenditure of $2,500 to deprive the traitor of the necessity for food, and it would require $200 a year to feed him. The cabinet decided in favor of the smaller expense.

A jailer being expensive, the prisoner was put on his parole not to leave at first his jail, afterward the kingdom. He readily gave the required promise, since he had no means of support and his jail was a small house hired for his especial occupation, there being no other prisoners in the principality. Some makeshifts at fertilizing the soil were adopted which were partially successful, slender crops raised, and at the end of five years a sufficient sum of money was saved by the government to hire an executioner. But that year the prince desired to go on a tour and required all the means he could scrape together. When he returned, he received a petition from the prisoner, who stated that he was tired of life and desired that the sentence be carried out.

Here was an embarrassment. A cabinet council was called, and it was determined to attempt to secure the services of an executioner on credit. Europe was searched for one who would agree to accept a debenture of the principality, but none was found. Meanwhile the prisoner was taken ill with a fever, and the government was encouraged by a secret hope that he would die. Unfortunately he recovered. The physician who pulled him through was banished.

One day while the prince was hunting he became separated from his suite. His horse, stumbling, threw him, and his royal highness plunged headlong into a well. A man who was fishing in a stream near by heard his calls for help and, going to the well, leaned over the well house and asked what was the matter.

"I am drowning," called a feeble voice.

The man above let down the bucket and then slid down the rope. Presently the prince's suit came up and, hearing sounds in the well, went there to find out whence they emanated.

"Wind up the rope!" cried a voice from below.

The crank was turned, the work requiring several men, and the prince was brought up in the arms of—

"Great heaven, the prisoner!"

When the prince, who was more frightened than hurt, recognized his preserver, his heart beat with a new hope. Here was good cause for a pardon.

"You have saved our royal life," he said. "Ask any boon, and it shall be granted."

"I have only to beg that your highness will free me from an existence that has long been a burden."

The countenance of the prince fell, and the courtiers made no effort to conceal their displeasure. Taking the prime minister aside, the prince conferred with him.

"It will cost $2,500 to execute him," said the ruler. "May we not compromise with him for a less amount?"

"Try him," replied the minister.

"No," said the prince after reflection; "it will avail nothing." Then suddenly he added, "I want your resignation."

The minister bowed to his sovereign's will, and the prince, turning again, said to the prisoner:

"You are hereby appointed prime minister of our royal cabinet. Come with me to the palace that we may consult upon the innovation you suggest."

The new prime minister contracted for all the dead animals in the neighboring principalities, which he buried under the grapevines. This effectually [illegible] and profitably to the prince and people of Sarvania.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts.

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Senator Winthrop Murray Crane of Massachusetts, who has announced that he will retire from public life at the completion of his present term in the United States senate, is the last of the old guard in the upper house. Aldrich of Rhode Island and Hale of Maine quit a couple of years ago.

A man of extreme silence, who has never delivered a speech in the senate, the pre-eminence of Mr. Crane's popularity with all factions was admitted. He was a silent leader of great capability and tremendous influence.

Mr. Crane is a native of Dalton, Mass., and is fifty-nine years old. He is the head of a large paper manufacturing business that was established by his grandfather in Dalton and is very wealthy. He has served two terms as lieutenant governor of his state and was twice elected governor of the commonwealth. In October, 1904, he was appointed to the United States senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George F. Hoar. The following January he was elected to fill out the unexpired term and in 1907 was re-elected. His term will expire in March, 1913.

Senator Crane became a member of the Republican national committee in 1892. He was a delegate at large to the national conventions of 1892, 1896, 1904 and 1908. At the recent primaries he was a candidate pledged to the nomination of President Taft, but was defeated.

New Head of Amherst College.

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, the new president of Amherst college, succeeds the Rev. Dr. George Harris, who resigned last November. With one exception he is the only president of Amherst who has not been an alumnus of the college and a clergyman. For the past eleven years he has been dean of Brown university.

A native of Glasgow, Mr. Meiklejohn came to this country when a boy with his parents. He graduated

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN.

from Brown university in 1893 at the age of twenty-one. He took a post-graduate course of two years, receiving the degree of A. M. in 1895. Two years later he became an instructor at Brown and from 1899 to 1902 was assistant professor of philosophy. He was appointed dean in 1901 and also assumed the duties of associate professor of logic and metaphysics.

As an undergraduate at Brown Mr. Meiklejohn was not only one of the big scholars of his class, but one of the most popular men. That popularity with undergraduates increased after he had joined the faculty.

One of Uncle Joe's.

Representative Barnhart of Indiana has been a farmer and editor, is a director of the prison at Michigan City and a trustee of the state hospital for the insane.

Uncle Joe Cannon noticed the biography one day in thumbing over the directory and remarked:

"This fellow Barnhart is a consistent Democrat. I see here that he started out as a farmer, then became an editor, went by easy stages to the state prison and then to the asylum and, finally, logically enough, reached congress."

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Owl.

On a stormy night when the rain beats down
Tap, tap on the roof o'erhead
I always go
Up the stairs so slow
When it's time to be in bed.

For it seems so lonely to be a boy—
Yes, lonelier nights than days—
To leave my chair
And the grown folks there
Still sitting before the blaze.

But I play I'm an owl—Whoo-whoo!
Whoo-whoo!—
When I'm snug in my bed at last,
In a hollow tree,
Warm as warm can be,
My nest rocks high in the blast.

And all night long as the rain beats down
Tap, tap on the roof o'erhead
Nobody knows
I'm an owl, I suppose.
They think I'm a boy in bed.

—Youth's Companion.

Sweeping Cobwebs.

To play this game there must be an old woman of the sky with her broom, and two of the players must each hold the end of a skipping rope. The other players stand in line.

The old woman says:

I want a helper to sweep the sky.
Who can jump high? Who can jump high?

She looks down the line and points with her broom to one of the players, who comes forward and stands in front of the rope. Holding out the broom, the old woman says:

Take this, take this,
Be sure you don't miss.

The player takes the broom, holding it horizontally with both hands, and the rope is held for him to jump. He has three trials. Each time the rope is held a little higher. If he takes them all he stands on one side; if he fails the old woman beats him with the broom and he is out of the game. When all the players have been tried those who have been successful have a final trial, and the one who can make all the jumps is selected to help the old woman sweep the sky.

This game is specially adapted for out of doors and a large number of players.

Conversation.

To play this game successfully two of the company privately agree upon a word that has several meanings. The two then enter into a conversation which must be about the word they have chosen, while the remainder of the company listen.

When any listener imagines that he has guessed the word he may join in the conversation, but if he finds he is mistaken must drop out.

To give an illustration: Supposing the two players who start the conversation decide upon the word "box," they might talk about the people they had seen at the theater. Then they could say how they admired it in the garden and how large it sometimes grew. If some one joined in on this they could quickly change and tell about a large case holding a great number of things, and so on.

If the word should be correctly guessed the person guessing it chooses a partner and the new pair choose a word and start a conversation anew.

Conundrums.

Who are the most wicked people in the world, and why? Penmakers, because they make people steel pens and tell them they do write (right).

Why are you better looking than a carpenter? Because he is a deal plainer (planer).

Why is a pretty girl like a lock? Because she is a thing to a door (adore).

Why is a pretty girl like a locomotive? Because she sends off the sparks, transports the mails and has a train following her.

What are the most unsociable things in the world? Milestones, for you never see two together.

Why is the letter F like death? Because it makes all fall.

When may a man be considered to be really over head and ears in debt? When he owes for his wig.

What is it that a man has not, never can have and yet can give a lady? A husband.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Sea and Her Children.

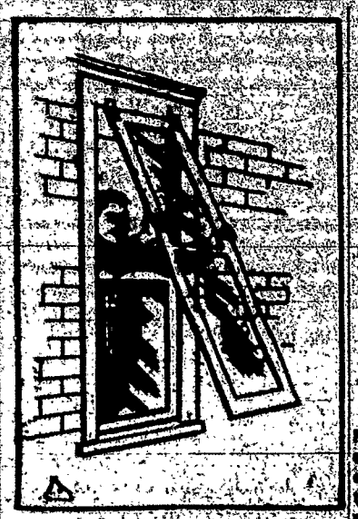
The players seat themselves in a circle, one of the number remaining in the center to represent the "sea." Each player takes the name of some fish, and the sea walking around the circle calls each person by the name adopted. As they are every one called they must rise and follow the "sea." When all have left their seats the "sea" begins to run around crying, "The sea is troubled." Suddenly she seats herself, when all her companions must try to do the same, but there will be one seat short, so there will be one player left over, and this player becomes the "sea." No player must seat himself until the "sea" has taken a chair, and she can create some fun by running about and pretending she is about to seat herself. Any player seating himself before the "sea" must pay a forfeit.

Height and Weight.

An authority on height and weight states that a man five feet one inch in height should weigh 120 pounds; one five feet two inches, 126 pounds; five feet three inches, 133 pounds; five feet four inches, 136 pounds; five feet five inches, 142 pounds; five feet six inches, 145 pounds; five feet seven inches, 148 pounds; five feet eight inches, 155 pounds; five feet nine inches, 162 pounds; five feet ten inches, 169 pounds; five feet eleven inches, 172 pounds; while he who has attained to the height of six feet should weigh 178 pounds.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Window Sash That Can Be Used For Fly Screens.



A Minnesota man designed the hanging and fastening device shown in the illustration, and he claims it provides the easiest way to hang storm sashes or full length fly screens. At each of the upper corners of the frames are plates with holes which fit over the hooks. At the lower corners of the frames are either bolts or loose hooks of the type that engage staples in the window sill. To hang the frame, lower the window from the top and thrust it out horizontally. Hook it first on one spike and then on the other, and let it drop and fasten it at the bottom. These hangers, as has been said, can be used either for the storm sash or the fly screen, provided, of course, that the latter is of the full length variety.

Strawberry Nail Pudding.

Two cupfuls bread flour, two teaspoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls butter, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt, about three-fourths cupful of milk, one box of strawberries, sugar. Make a baking powder biscuit mixture of the flour, salt, sugar, baking powder, butter and milk. Roll into an oblong one-quarter inch thick and sprinkle thickly with one-half box of berries quartered. Then dredge with sugar. Roll like jelly roll, cut across in slices one-half inch thick, lay in pan and bake about twenty minutes in moderate oven. Serve with strawberry sauce made from remainder of strawberries.

To make this, crush fruit; boil together one-half cupful sugar and three-quarters cupful of water five minutes; add berries and juice and pour on to a well beaten egg white, whipping constantly. Add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve at once.

Cucumber Pickle.

Twelve cucumbers, washed and scrubbed thoroughly. Slice very thin without peeling. Put in a granite saucepan, with a scant cupful of salt sprinkled between layers. Let it remain in a cool place twenty-four hours. Drain off liquid, chop very coarse six good sized onions, add to cucumbers. Mix up well. Cover with good cider vinegar and eight tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Mix in two ounces of celery seeds and one ounce each of yellow and white mustard seeds. Stir all together. Can in jars with rubbers as you would hot fruit. This does not require cooking and will keep any length of time.

Potatoes With Cheese Sauce.

Put alternate layers of cold boiled potatoes, diced, and cheese sauce into a baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake till well browned.

Sauce.—Blend two tablespoonfuls of flour into two tablespoonfuls of butter, melted, add slowly one cupful of milk and a little salt and pepper and one-half cupful of grated cheese. Cook until it thickens and the cheese is melted.

Rhubarb Marmalade.

Ten cupfuls diced rhubarb, two cupfuls walnut meats, chopped, one cupful raisins, ten cupfuls sugar, four lemons. Cut fruit in inch pieces without peeling; add one pint water, boil till soft, add nuts when rhubarb is nearly soft, sugar, juice of lemons and grated rind of two lemons. Cook to consistency of orange marmalade and jar as usual.

Broiled Beef's Liver and Bacon.

Scald bacon, drain and set in baking pan in hot oven to cook. Scald liver, let stand five minutes in water, then pull off outer membranes and remove tough veins. Dip in the bacon fat and broil for five to six minutes, according to thickness, turning from side to side. Add salt and pepper and serve at once, garnished with bacon.

Fried Turnips.

Peel white turnips, cut them into cubes about one-half inch square, let stand in cold water one-half hour, then boil in salted water until tender. Drain and fry in butter until a golden brown on both sides.

Apple Lemon Pie.

Peel and grate three large apples on their equivalent, and the grated [illegible] one half juice of two lemons, [illegible] sugar and one well beaten egg. Mix thoroughly and bake between two crusts.

HOMEWOOD'S QUIPS

A Revised Love Song.

[illegible]

The Walkoff Sermon.

At the banquet of the Cook County Sunday School association, held a few evenings ago, Hugh Cork, the newly elected state secretary of the association, told this story of the "walkoff sermon."

"An old darky attended services when a high church dignitary preached.

"'How did you like the sermon?' uncle was asked.

"'I likes the sermon fine, boss. It was a regular get up and walkoff sermon.'

"When asked what kind that was he replied: 'It's like this: After the good Lord has done up the world he makes twelve men out of mud and stands them alongside a wall to dry. He says to them: "Now, you must here until you are dry as dust and then I'll come back and put some brains into you and make you men."

"'Well, some of them they stands and waits to get their brains, while others they don't like to wait and gets right up and walks off without no brains at all. Them's what you call walkoff men! And a walkoff sermon is the same way—it has some go to it.'"—Chicago Tribune.

When Bill Squared Up.

Down in a southeast Kansas town lives a rather simple minded youth by the name of Bill Beasley, whose facility in contracting small debts at the local stores is only equaled by his success in evading their payment. One day recently, however, Bill made the mistake of showing some money before one of his creditors, and after the hard fought argument which followed the money was handed over to the storekeeper.

"Now," said Bill sadly, "we're square, and I want a receipt. Make it legal so you won't be after me again."

And here is the receipt which Bill proudly exhibited to his friends:

"To whom it may concern, greeting—All men know by these presents, he-bees scripe and sur vention, that Bill Beasley don't owe this firm nothing and ain't going to.

"JOHN HOBBY."

—Kansas City Star.

Grafting Extraordinary.

Luther Burbank, the "wizard of horticulture," is subjected to constant annoyance at home and abroad by obtrusive and inquisitive strangers. He was walking on the street in San Francisco recently when one of them seized him by the arm, captured his reluctant hand and pumped it vigorously.

"How are you, Burbank? How are you?" he inquired effusively. "What miracle are you working on now?"

"Well, it's a secret," replied the expert, "but I don't mind telling you I'm grafting milkweed on eggplant."

"Yes—yes? What do you expect to produce?"

"Custard."—Saturday Evening Post.

Lovely Time.

Dorothy was so homesick at her first party and cried so bitterly that the hostess' mother suggested that it would be better for her to go home.

Dorothy accepted the idea, but a few minutes later upon answering a timid ring at the door the hostess found Dorothy bathed in tears.

"Well, Dorothy, I am glad to see you again. Did you decide to come back to us?"

"No'm'm; I forgot to say I had such a nice time!"—Browning's Magazine.

Joys of the Suburbanite.

"What's become of that train you used to take into the city in the mornings?" asked the city man of the suburbanite.

"Oh, it's been taken off!" replied the suburbanite.

"You must miss it!"

"Not as often as I used to."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Look Ahead.

A flotilla of hydroaeroplanes hovered about the great ocean greyhound which was but 200 miles out of New York. "Is it an aviation exhibition?" queried a passenger of the captain.

"No; merely the customs officers and quarantine inspectors coming aboard."—Buffalo Express.

The Youngster Knew.

Newly Made Country Gentleman (who is visiting the village school) can any one of you boys tell me something in [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] yesterday.—Punch.

IN THE SPORT WORLD

Items of Interest from the Field of Sport.

Photo by American Press Association.

J. Franklin Baker, the [illegible] and third baseman of the [illegible] Americans and [illegible] rival of Wall, the [illegible] has been [illegible] that since the [illegible] Jackson and [illegible] outfielder [illegible]

Chicago [illegible]

"Keep your eye on the [illegible]. This is the battlecry of [illegible] who are [illegible] Old Hard Luck [illegible] Chicagoan will be [illegible] season. Meanwhile, [illegible] that the Cubs are [illegible] the support of [illegible] seem to be [illegible] team has little or no [illegible] National league pennant.

Good School [illegible]

"The American league [illegible] usually lacking in [illegible] men," says Arthur Irwin, [illegible] New York Americans. "The [illegible] are well fixed with [illegible] the right man in Chicago [illegible] Highlanders have a fine [illegible] Gardner. The Red Sox are [illegible] meeting with Wagner, [illegible] Yorkes.

"The Washingtons have [illegible] eced man in Cunningham. [illegible] of the Browns is ordinary. [illegible] ego White Sox haven't [illegible] a regular second baseman, [illegible] hanty of the Tigers is an [illegible] At the end of this season [illegible] that Collins, Lajoie and [illegible] outclassed the others in the [illegible] pressive manner."

"Fight For Fights" [illegible]

Johnny Kilbane, the world's [illegible] pion featherweight, is a [illegible] white lot of good [illegible] also a thorough knowledge of [illegible] may be expected of a fighter. "It's [illegible] snap getting to the top," said [illegible] the other day, "and once you [illegible] the coveted goal there are always [illegible] hundred ready to drag you off [illegible] perch, and, strange to say, the [illegible] or many of them who wanted to [illegible] you advance to the top, are [illegible] ready to shout for the other [illegible] beat you."

Plans Elaborate Golf Course.

The Evanston Golf club of [illegible] is about to purchase [illegible] grounds and intends erecting [illegible] clubhouse and lay out an [illegible] links course that will [illegible] of Chicago. [illegible] the plans of the [illegible] tive committee [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]