CHAIRMAN INAUGURAL COMMITTEE

Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

Edward J. Stellwagen, well-known Washington banker, who has been appointed chairman of the inaugural committee. The inauguration of President-Elect Taft promises to be one of the most spectacular affairs of this kind which has ever taken place.

HEAD OF BIG FAMILY

DELAWARE MAN NUMBERS DESCENDANTS BY THE SCORE.

Five Generations Are Represented in Group and All Are Alive—Pater Recently Celebrated Ninety-Second Birthday.

Smyrna, Del.—When President Roosevelt issued his celebrated fulmination against race suicide it caused Samuel Bendler of this town no prickings of conscience. He squared his shoulders, stroked his gray beard complacently and gased with undaunted eye toward the White House. Bendler was the proud possessor of an earth-peopling record he felt sure no Roosevelt could equal.

"The president isn't talking to me," he said, and he went on his way rejoicing.

The old man has seven children, 36 grandchildren, 54 great-grandchildren, one great-great-grandchild, eight sons-in-law and daughters-in-law and 22 grandsons-in-law and granddaughters-in-law. That makes a total of 128, and the best of it is that they are all living.

Members of the family say it is likely there will be a material increase in the number before the old man is a year older. He was 92 years old on December 1 last, and celebrated his birthday quitely in the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Webb, in this town.

One of his granddaughters is Mrs. Frances Bendler Morrison, wife of Alvin R. Morrison, president of the Morrison Dredging Company in Newark, N. J. Two of his great-grandchildren, Alma H. Morrison and Hay H. Morrison, also live in that city. Herman Webb, a grandson, is assistant superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia.

Samuel Bendler, another grandson, of Port Penn, is an inspector for the United States government, and so is Joseph Yearsley, a grandson-in-law, in that town. Three of the old man's granddaughters, Carrie, Lizzie and Jennie Bendler, all sisters, are Delaware school teachers.

The old man, who can look President Roosevelt straight in the eye on the race suicide question, was born in Haddonfield, N. J., on December 1, 1817. In early manhood he was associated with Samuel Roe in the nursery business there. In that connection he superintended the planting of hundreds of elm trees in Haddonfield, Camden and Woodbury, N. J., which now evoke much admiration from lovers of large trees.

Bendler also planted many of the trees in Pitman grove and in the lowlands in Burlington and Cumberland counties, New Jersey. One of his most cherished recollections is that in 1848 he carted potatoes across the Delaware river on the ice from Cooper's Creek, Camden, to the present site of Cramp's shipyard in Philadelphia.

Teamster Etiquette in Chicago.

Chicago.—A school of etiquette for teamsters is to be established, with John T. Stockton, known as the Chesterfield of the teaming industry, as instructor. In a dispute at a freight house over precedence, according to the new authority, the "language" must be after the following model:

"Pardon me, Mike, but I believe I have the right of way. If you will permit me to suggest that under rule 23 of the revised code of 'Manners and Morals for Teamsters' my claim has precedence—"

"All right, old man, back up; you've won."

JUDGE RELENTS LATER ON.

Repays Fine of Man Who Declares It Unjust.

San Francisco.—A group of clubmen were seated around the big long fire in the bar of the St. Francis. In the party were former Judge W. H. Hogue of Portland, Ore. M. H. Thompson, an insurance man and permanent guest at the hotel, walked up. Judge Hogue was introduced.

"I think I ought to remember you," said Thompson. "You cinched me for $25 once."

"I did not catch that remark, sir," said Judge Hogue.

"Well, five years ago in Portland, Ore., I was arrested for fast driving and the case came up before you, and you fined me $25," explained Thompson.

"Am I to understand, sir, that you feel that you were unjustly treated?" asked the judge in a quiet, well modulated voice.

"Yes, I most certainly do," replied Thompson, hotly.

"Well, all I can say is that I never intentionally wronged any one," said the judge. "When I sat on the bench I tried to act fairly and conscientiously to all. If you feel that you were unjustly treated it is not too late now for me to attempt to repair the wrong."

With that Judge Hogue wrote his check for $25 and handed it to Thompson, who accepted it and put it in his pocket.

Then the incident was closed. Judge Hogue is no longer on the bench at Portland, Ore., but is practicing law with great success.

HARPOONS WHALE IN WEIR.

Fisherman Used Bomb Lance and Will Make $500.

Provincetown, Mass.—The whaling industry had a brief yet lucrative revival the other day when a 40-foot cetacean became entangled in the fish weirs in the cove and was harpooned by Capt. Joshua Nickerson with his old bomb lance, half the town shouting encouragement across the harbor. Capt. Nickerson thinks he will get 30 barrels of oil and a couple of hundred pounds of bone out of the monster, worth $600.

The whale had been reported in the bay for a day or two, but no one looked for his appearance in the harbor, and much less among the weirs. The captain, who is one of the few remaining whalemen in the town, loaded up his bomb lance and, with his son, pulled over to the cove. It was a fine chase for a few minutes, for the whale was dashing about, wrecking poles and netting and gradually rolling himself up into a cocoon of sticks and twine.

Capt. Nickerson ranged up alongside and, getting the whale as he rolled over on his side, fired. The bomb exploded inside and the whale rolled over dead.

Laughed Jaw Out of Place.

Philadelphia.—John W. Bratcher of 2152 Alder street heard an ancient story that caused a fit of laughter which raised the roof of his house and dislocated his lower jaw. Open-mouthed, he applied at the Samaritan hospital for relief, and the jaw was reset by Dr. Ruff. In attempting to retell the joke the fit of laughter began again and Bratcher had to quit, as his jaw showed signs of going out of place. The story will never be told by him.

Milk Town's Only Product.

Spokane, Wash.—Fairbanks, Wash., a new town in the Palouse wheat belt, south of Spokane, will have the distinction of being the only community in the Pacific northwest devoted exclusively to dairying.

MUST PLEDGE GOOD BEHAVIOR.

Terms on Which Strangers May Enter British House of Commons.

One of the most important alterations which members of the British house of commons will notice when they reassemble will be a strangers' bureau. Its construction, which is now in progress, is the sequel to the scenes created by the suffragettes in the house during last session. In the last month of the autumn session as the result of their conduct no stranger was seen within the house of commons.

A committee was appointed to draw up new rules for admission of strangers. The members recommended the passing of an act making it a criminal offense for strangers to brawl within the chamber, and they also recommended that strangers should be made responsible for their own good behavior and should sign a paper accepting that responsibility. That being done the committee saw no reason why women, as well as men, should not be admitted to the strangers' gallery.

It is in preparation for the change that the new bureau is being made. As heretofore, tickets for the gallery will be balloted for by members in advance.

LEAD THE IDEAL SIMPLE LIFE.

Finns Devote Summer Months to Enjoyment and Pursuit of Health.

In Finland everybody lives the simple life in summer time. They camp out on islands, in the forests and always somewhere near the water, for everybody swims and bathes. Almost all classes sleep and eat al fresco at this time of year, and the town councils of the towns in this progressive and altogether delightful little country provide public fireplaces and public bathing sheds in all places where the working classes go in search of fresh air.

But the simple life is by no means dull with the frisky Finns. They combine it with a surprising amount of gayety. They eat, drink and are merry in their picturesque little log cabins outside the cities.

When they are tired of bathing and splashing they dance, they sing, they watch fireworks and practice gymnastics, they all become like children and are the happiest, merriest, most good natured, most easily pleased and most healthy holiday makers in the world. We might take many leaves from the Finns' book.—Ladies' Pictorial.

Fools.

What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guilty and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better; of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves.—John Ruskin.

Homage to Brawn.

The triumphs of the scholar the public regards as individual; the prowess of the athlete is popularly held to establish the name and fame of his college. Of course, this is unreasonable, for the reputation of a university as an institution of learning should depend upon the liberal education she gives to those within her gates. But it is quite true that, despite the excellent reasons why it should not do so, the public continues to pay homage to brawn rather than brain, in so far as the undergraduate is concerned.

A Monster Loaf.

Bakers in Germany are fond of making odd experiments, the following being reported from Duisburg, in Westphalia. At a children's party recently held in that town there was exhibited, and afterwards cut up and distributed among the youngsters present, a bread twist which for size at least has surely rarely been equaled. Weighing no less than 180 pounds, it had a breadth of six feet and a length of ten feet, and was thus found sufficient to supply a satisfactory afternoon collation to as many as 500 boys and girls.

When Tower Loomed.

It was while Charlemange Tower was ambassador to Russia that a New York city newspaper "spread itself" upon a fete held at St. Petersburg. A green copy-reader produced this result:

"As pleasing to the eye as was all this decoration there was additional pleasure in the sight, as one stood at the head of the Prospekt Nevska, of Charlemagne Tower, brilliantly illuminated, looming grand and imposing against the winter sky."—Success Magazine.

Took Precautions.

"You ran into this man at 30 miles an hour and knocked him 40 feet," said the court.

"That, or a little better, I suppose," answered the chauffeur.

"Why didn't you slow down?"

"Mere precaution, your honor. Once I shut off speed and hit a man so gently that he was able to climb into the machine and give me a licking."

HIGH IN CIVILIZATION'S SCALE.

Unknown Peoples of America Who Have Perished Utterly.

Between the region occupied of old by the Aztecs and the realm far to the south over which the Incas ruled lies an immense stretch of territory, a thousand miles long and 800 wide, where the remains of unknown and wonderful civilizations are being discovered, says a writer in Van Norden's Magazine. This region extends from the northern boundaries of Peru to the southern limits of Costa Rica. In one section alone along the coast of Ecuador six entirely unknown civilizations were recently brought to light by Prof. Marshall H. Saville, and a vast collection of relics has been brought to New York. This collection is to be the nucleus of a great American museum, which will represent the history of ancient peoples who attained an extraordinarily high degree of civilization, yet whose very existence has been hitherto lost in antiquity.

The famed marble chairs of Rome at its zenith were not more symmetrical or beautifully carved than those of one of these unknown civilizations. No pottery of any other ancient race was more delicately patterned than that found in vast quantities, as numerous almost as pebbles, on the sites where these extinct peoples dwelt. Their cloth was of truly marvelous weave; in beauty of design, richness of color and fineness of texture no fabric of to-day surpasses it.

MAKES KNOTTY POINT IN LAW.

Owners of Property Have Right to Forbid Flight of Airships.

A law framed thousands of years ago by the ancient Romans, and the only one bearing on the subject, may have to be amended or wholly nullified before airships go shooting about through space at their own sweet will. This important fact was brought out at a meeting of aeronauts in London. At present nobody has the right to fly across occupied land. The world is governed by the ancient Roman law, "Usque ad Coelum." It means that every landowner has a right to the air above his head as far up as he chooses to go, and can get an injunction to restrain anyone from flying through it. So far nobody has attempted to put the law in force. It would be most uncomfortable, not to say disastrous, for a farmer suddenly to emerge from his barn or smokehouse and pepper one's airship with bullets. The fact that the aeronaut from his lofty perch could not be expected to see the "No Trespass" sign might not prove a mitigating circumstance with the rural magistrate.

Where She'd Wear It.

Somebody sent this to the society editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and made affidavit that it really happened.

Here it is: They were out at an afternoon card party. A stout woman dropped a card to the floor. "Would you be so kind as to pick up that card for me?" she inquired of the little woman at her right.

"Certainly," said the accommodating woman at the right, picking up the card.

"You see," explained the stout woman, "I've got on a brand new $50 corset, and I'm afraid I'll strain it if I lean over."

"Hum!" commented the other woman, enviously. "If I had a $50 corset I'd wear it on the outside. I really would."

Strength of Money.

When we consider the amount of wear and tear to which a bank note is subjected, we ought to be able to realize its physical strength. In a recent experiment sheets were drawn at random from piles of paper weighing 14 pounds to the ream. Each sheet was halved and weighed, and each half was folded double when tested. One, offering 61 square inches, stood a strain of 100 pounds. The same-sized sheet, 16 pounds to the ream, stood a strain of over 300 pounds. The average results of Crane paper, 14 pounds to the ream, with sizing, were a perpendicular strain of 3 1-3 pounds to the square inch, and a transverse strain of 4¾ pounds. Pretty nearly as tough as shoe leather.

How to Get Thin.

When one has just begun to acquire superfluous flesh complete abstinence from sweets and starches, a moderate amount of food at all times, and daily exercise either indoors or out will effect a cure. The effort, however, must be persistent, and the watchfulness must continue even after the desired weight has been reached. Spasmodic efforts either at diet or exercise will be absolutely without lasting results. When one's weight has crept far beyond the normal amount the restraint in diet must be more strenuous and the exercise more violent.—Harper's Weekly.

Some Singular Wills.

One of the most singular wills ever recorded was that of a British sailor, who requested his executors to give his wife a shilling to buy hazelnuts, as she had always preferred cracking them to mending his stockings. More subtle, however, was the sarcasm of a will proved in 1830, in which a wife was left $2,500, but was only to enjoy it after her death in order that "she may be buried suitably as my widow." A French merchant bequeathed a large fortune to a woman of his acquaintance to show his gratitude for her refusal to marry him 20 years before.

TO HESITATE LONG IS TO FAIL

Successful Business Man Must Have Attribute of Courage.

Many a man fails because he does not dare to take risks, to take the initiative.

When do you expect to do anything distinctive in life? When do you expect to get out of the ranks of mediocrity? The men who do original things are fearless. There is a lot of dare in their make-up, a great deal of boldness. They are not afraid to take chances, to shoulder responsibility, to endure inconvenience and privation.

There never was a time when the quality of courage was so absolutely indispensable in the business world as it is to-day. It does not matter how many success qualities you possess, young man, if you lack courage you will never get anywhere. Not even honesty or perseverance will take its place. There is no substitute for courage.

It does not matter how well educated you may be, or how good a training you may have had for your vocation, if you are a hesitator, if you lack that courage which dares to risk all on your judgment, you will never get above mediocrity.

The men who stand at the top of their line of endeavor stand there because they have the courage of their convictions. They had the courage to climb, had the nerve to undertake even against the advice of others.—Success Magazine.

TOOK UMBRAGE AT ASPERSION.

Citizens Resented Being Voted for as Town's "Meanest Man."

Old Scrooge might be a philanthropic Carnegie alongside certain tight wads in Mount Vernon, but William Friedberg has no license to determine publicly who are the men who would squeeze a dollar until the eagle yelled: "Help! I'm melting!" For conducting a voting contest to determine the meanest man in Mount Vernon Friedberg, who keeps a cigar store there, was fined five dollars by Judge Platt here. A warning went with the fine.

Friedberg lives in Astoria, but does business in Mount Vernon. He placed in his window a placard: "Come in and vote for the meanest man in Mount Vernon!" This was followed by a list of names. Conspicuous in the lot were the mayor and chief of police. Then came many solid and staid citizens. After every name was a number signifying the votes the owner of the name had received so far.

Great was the wrath of the so-called "meanest men." Friedberg was ordered to take the sign out of the window, but he refused to do so. His indictment for libel followed. In court he pleaded guilty, but asserted he did not know he was violating any law.—White Plains Cor. New York Sun.

The Power of Enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is one magnet of power. You must fire every event with it, touch thoughts and acts with it; it will transmute dross into gold, drudgery into delight. What matters if the soul which lives beside you is cold and selfish. Set him a good example! Joy is sunshine and he will feel it. Every irksome task is a chance for power. For the qualities which they bring out are God's gifts which fit us to enjoy better things. Easy things will come, if you have spent your heart's blood on gaining strength, for the very goal of power is the ease which comes from strength. We laugh at things and people who used to cow or annoy us, we do gracefully and swiftly the tasks, once so hard. One by one, we have unriveted our chains, we are free!—Nautilus.

Sensation in "Mystery Ship."

Sydney, Australia, has had a novelty in the shape of a "mystery ship." An American steamer, the Coronet, arrived by night in the harbor unsignaled and unannounced. It was peopled by a strange-looking crowd of men, women and children. The officers were dressed in clerical attire—long coats and white ties. Nobody was allowed on board save the government medical officer and the harbor master. The Sydney reporters ascertained that the ship is connected with the newest American sect, the "Holy Ghost and Us," whose head, a man named Stanford, claiming to be the reincarnated Elijah, is on board. The Coronet has been cruising for some months among the Pacific islands.

Rats!

A captain on an ocean liner tells the following story: Coming from the old country was a very nervous old lady who complained that she was sure there was a rat in her stateroom.

"Keep it there, madam," said the captain.

"But do you like rats?" asked she.

"I've got a nest in my cabin," retorted the brusque seaman, "and I never disturb them. When they leave the ship I do."

"Why, you must be superstitious," urged the dame.

"No, ma'am,' wound up the captain. "I'm not, but the rats are."

Ring in Offertory.

After having taken the collection in the Cullompton (Eng.) parish church the church warden noticed a gentleman's gold ring in the offertory box.

At the conclusion of the service the vicar announced that a gold ring had been either accidentally dropped into the box or given as a thank offering, and would be restored to its owner if put in by mistake. No one claimed the ring.

LIKE NOTHING ELSE ON EARTH.

Night Lights of New York Are a Vision of Magnificence.

The sky line of New York is always changing. So, too, the night lights shift and grow in wonderful magnificence, creeping continually further upward toward the stars, until the lower city, grouped around the Singer tower, has become a veritable Chimborazo of glitter and glow. The little lamps that mark the dark wharves barely show. Above them the scant candles of the older city twinkle here and there, but not enough to mar the dark foreground beyond which come the palaces more goregous than any ever coaxed from genii land by slaves of Aladdin's lamp. From the platform towers of the great bridge the picture sets to the best advantage. It begins with the sinking sun. The murky view beyond the bay betcomes dull and dark. The torch in Liberty's hand suddenly gleams starlike in the night and then, like the twinkling in a kaleidoscope, the palaces begin to glitter in the gloom. There is no vision like it elsewhere in the world, yet only now and then does a bridge pedestrian pause in his hurried walk to give the spectacle a momentary glance. The usual New Yorker cares little for the splendor of his town.—N. Y. World.

SHOW HATRED OF FOREIGNERS.

Chinese Historical Plays That Keep Alive Race Prejudice.

Historical plays are acted everywhere in China. They are popular in the quiet villages, the homes of the rich, in the crowded cities, and in the busy market towns. These plays are written with the object of intensifying the bitterness and contempt of the people against the foreigner. The story of plunderings and massacres of their forefathers is vividly portrayed, with all the dramatic power that the actors possess. The foreigner is represented as a monster in appearance. His face is dragged out of shape and his mouth is made to appear near his ear. His beard on one side is red and on the other blue. His eyes are fierce and staring, and murder is stamped upon his hideous features. The people of the interior, who have never come into actual contact with the foreigner, have this conception of the hated barbarian. To their minds Americans, French, English, Germans are all alike, barbarians to be destroyed.

The Quaint Beluga.

Caviare can be made of the roe of any fish; but the principal supply comes from the sturgeon and the beluga. The latter is about the most curious fish in the world. It weighs up to 1,000 pounds and inhabits the waters of the swift-flowing Volga. It is so abundant that the natives of Astracan throw away the flesh—which is whiter than veal and very dainty—and preserve only the spawn, of which they sometimes take as much as 200 pounds out of one fish. This beluga lies on the bottom of the river at certain seasons and swallows many large pebbles of great weight to ballast itself against the force of the stream; that is, the pebbles act as an anchor. When the flood subsides and the waters are less violent the beluga disgorges itself; that is, it unballasts, hauls in its anchor and swims about for provender.

Peculiar African Race.

There is a peculiar sort of people living in northwest Rhodesia. These natives are small of stature, with large horns on their heads. The horn springs from the scalp, consists of the native's hair mixed with fat and filth, and is sometimes as much as 18 inches long. For the most part these Kaffirs live on the great open flats to be found on both sides of the Kafue river. They build their huts on the great ant heaps which appear like hills scattered over the flats. When the Kafue is in flood and the flats are changed into great lakes these people are safe in their huts on the ant heaps. Their cattle also take refuge on the ant heaps on which corn and mealies are likewise grown.

Send for the S. P. C. C.

A "Young Mother" asks our opinion of "the alleged injurious effects of rocking on babies."

We must frankly say that we consider it a brutal practice. As the father of a great many babies, of all ages, we never rocked on any of them intentionally, and we would probably be arrested if we expressed our full opinion of any woman who would presume to do so.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Flattery in Lieu of Tip.

How to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant: When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him: "I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment much better than the preceding proprietor did." During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant you escape.

Getting Ahead of One's Self.

"If I have anything to do that I particularly dislike, I start to work on it the first thing after breakfast, subordinating all routine work to that task," said a successful housekeeper recently. "One can expend enough nervous energy thinking about and worrying over an unpleasant duty to accomplish it. When it is finished and off one's mind early in the day, one gets ahead of one's self, so to speak."

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