

ITALY, THE LAND OF BEAUTY

USE OF CROSS IN HERALDRY
More Than Four Hundred Forms of the Device Are Recognized in That Science

Beauty and the Doctor

* * *

By CATHERINE COOPE

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In early pagan days the cross was a symbol of shame and ignominy, and those who defamed or misbehaved were forced to wear crosses. But since the cross has become dear to Christians, says the "Ave Maria," the most precious words and metals have been used to make the Christian cross. This may be the chief cause of the custom of making the Sign of the Cross. In the days of Constantine, Christians painted crosses on the entrances of their houses as a symbol of their faith.

The impetus to the use of the cross in heraldry was given by the Crusaders, who wore a cross on the breast of their armor. A token of the obligation they had taken upon themselves. Its form and meanings in heraldic designs are many. In fact, over four hundred very different forms have been recorded by students of heraldry and genealogy.

In heraldry the cross is formed by two perpendicular and two diagonal lines crossing in the center.

The form is modified in various ways by additions and combinations, thus expressing many meanings. It has been said that human intelligence is to be found in the cross, infinite in its varieties and so endless in its application as to be found in the science of heraldry, in which figures are used to represent students of heraldry and genealogy.

Royal Family Herald.

The Italian royal family has been prodigal of its own services to the people, and has given a large number of citizens the king and queen were first at the bedside of the suffering and afflicted. When

the news of the catastrophe came,

the Patriarch cross is recognized by its double crossbar.

The Greek cross has all four arms of equal length, while the Latin cross has the earth end longer than the other three arms. The Calvary or Saltire cross is the cross of the crucifixion.

The cross is the symbol of the

Christian religion.

Now another one of Italy's royal family has taken up the burden of her country's sufferings. This is the

Duchess of Aosta, who did not

concern herself with the details

of the Patriarch cross.

It is a matter of interest that

American families have the cross as

the symbol of their Christianity.

Among them are at least five of the

presidents. The Garfield shield has a

blue cross in the center, and the

family motto is "Pro Christo Pro

Uta." The shield had on it a

bar, two crescents and a cross.

The shield of the Adams family was

adorned by a large crossbar device.

Tribute to Asians.

The magnificent example of the

Women of Dahomey should be made

widely known wherever more civi-

lized sisters are to be found.

Both the Adams and the Adams

shields had on them the

symbol of the Adams family.

It is said that the king had de-

clared he would not permit any

of the royal wives to be married

to any man but a member of the

royal family.

The Duchess of Aosta, whose hus-

band is in direct succession for

the throne of Italy, is not distinguished

by any of the qualities of the

other members of the royal family.

The Duchess of Aosta is the

most radiantly beautiful girl

in the world.

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Manchester Enterprise

BY MAT D. BLOSSER

THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1914

It seems to be the open season for the grizzly bear.

Wearing mustard poultices is a poor way to keep warm.

There has been a noticeable slump in the demand for sleeping porches.

When all is said and done, why should anybody want to go to Russia?

Misssiss is as proud of her sins and lead-pipes as she is of her corn fields.

When the weather starts out to break records it makes a nuisance of itself.

Those who refuse to join the good roads movement intend no doubt to buy airships.

Let us pause to be thankful that the world's supply of coal has not yet been exhausted.

New York, out of its gaseous white, being it is not likely that he did it to spite its face.

The drop in eggs is not suddenly precipitate to knock the bottom out of cold storage corners.

After nine it has been standardized he should be, so that the milk-tum will be close at hand.

Aviators tell us that they are losing interest in the flying game, but eggs show no signs of coming down.

According to Edison's joyful news for newweds, concrete furniture is no longer an abstract proposition.

An effort is being made to establish a new alphabet. Even at that, it's a good way to kill time as playing solitaire.

Some one has enriched the consciousness fund of the Philadelphia treasury by 19 cents. Here's somebody evidently who bound to have peace at any price.

Modern college football is too tame, according to some critics. If the col- leges were to do something like that about the practice of holding peace conferences?

The restaurant owner Fisher is the greatest man in the world. A man in a New York town found three pearls, valued at \$10 apiece, in his plate of oysters.

The greatest panic the country ever known would follow if we had to buy new clothes for six months, says a dressmaker in convention. For panic substitute jubilee.

Conscientious couple announce that they were wedded during the Civil War and have kept the secret fifty years. And yet some people tell us that a woman cannot keep a secret.

A Kansas man who was intoxicated while serving as a Juro was fined \$2 and sent to jail for a week. Now and then we think a sober and industrious man gets the worst of it.

One hundred high school girls in New York studying domestic science have adopted a real baby for demonstration purposes. That baby will be lucky if it survives its part in the field of science.

"No somebody should submit a list of the world's greatest heroes, including the names of the leading philanthropists." That's believeable twenty can be found that have had an egg in each month.

"Boston is lacking in isolation," says Dr. Abbot, but why should the Boston-ers care as long as they have plenty of beans and codfish?

"Gerry's 17 dirigible war balloons are simply 17 goshucks—safely out of date. No other country is a bit alarmed by them."

The census man informs us that there are 16,502 jackasses in American cities. Evidently the census man has overacted a few.

Crocodile tears are what the coal man would shed to express his grief because people are so extravagant in running their furnaces.

New York, strolled in the pathway of a bullet, but a diary which he had in his pocket stopped the bullet, for it was a bullet which had been shot for literature.

A New York grain widow declares that she can't possibly provide for her five-year-old son on \$5,000 a year, which no doubt explains why she's a grass widow.

The Gackwa of Baroda, recently prominent, makes way for the Kukku-tu of Urga, Russia's choice for the "outer" Mongolian monarchy.

A old age, according to a scientist, is a germ. The scientist may be right, but we have reason to believe that it is one of the unsatisfactory kind.

A Philadelphia bachelor, wealthy, killed himself because he was so lonely. There was a case-of-miney—not buying company well enough to marry it.

A New York society woman has married a man she met in the slums, but probably she won't get to the divorce court any quicker than some of the fashionable women who married counts.

A foreign bacteriologist died in consequence of being bitten by a mouse which had been infected with the plague. But scientists generally will not envy his fate in being permitted to share with the mouse the honor of dying a martyr to the cause of science.

The KITCHEN CABINET

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STEEPLEJACK CLIMBS HIGH

IN THE TOP OF TALL FLAGSTAFF IN ZEPHYR, WEATHER AND STRAIGHTS ROPE SUPPORTING Ball.

Chicago.—Edmund Von Kaelen, steel-piecer, the other afternoon climbed the flagstaff in the city hall with the aid of a double-looped five-eights inch rope. He ascended the flagstaff in twenty-two feet, the ball and descended, sixty-five feet to the roof, in safety. "It's ten degrees' colder on top of that flagstaff than down here," said Von Kaelen, "and the gift of the wind is a great comfort." Then I whirled with my head for a pivot.

"My mistress is not at home." The reply which followed was preceded by a laugh.

"You are better, Janet. Tell her I want to see her. Tell her also, that I am a man of importance."

"But I have said that she is not at home. Of course the will be here to-morrow and you can come and see me about it." I edged towards him, on guard for either attack or defense. At the same instant he regained his balance and came towards me. I turned, and the wind growled the heavy voice of one who had been a steed.

"I'm afraid you nothing to say?" I inquired at length, rather coldly perhaps. Her voice came to my ears again, stilled, as she seemed to me, and I could express nothing.

"I very much regret that the affair happened. Certainly you did quite right to protect yourself, and I am sorry for you." Then the notes of the man's voice, which were not written, that he was a man of importance.

"Many other things true Jesus are these which you have said to me."

"This lesson is the one solitary in which I have been a steed for the Master's horse."

"Here is an illustration of what is meant by the inspiration of election. Only those things that were of value to the Master were chosen for his life."

"Many other things true Jesus are these which you have said to me."

"This lesson furnishes a model in character building for the youth Jesus is the example, and the model boy. Jesus was a real boy. He ate, slept, played, grew, and did all the things that other boys did."

"When General Banks was carrying on his Red River campaign in 1864, he was a boy of 18, a soldier of the 11th Iowa regiment, and he was a good boy."

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PANAMA CANAL NEAR COMPLETION



BREAKING every great engineering record of the world's history and surpassing its own most sanguine expectations, the canal digging army at Panama, which has marched from one victory to another under the leadership of Col. George W. Goethals, is now preparing for the final assault on the heights of proud Culebra mountain.

Against what odds this canal army has fought, few, even of its admirers, fully appreciate. When the plans for its construction were prepared, it was estimated that nine years would be required to remove the 303,000,000 cubic yards of material it was then proposed to excavate. Since that time one difficulty and another has arisen and has forced up, notch by notch, the total amount of material to be removed, until today it is estimated that the entire task will represent the excavation of 195,000,000 cubic yards. Slides in Culebra cut have been responsible for a part of this increase, while the widening of that part of the big ditch by one-half has added much more. Then the ocean currents in the Pacific and the work of the Chagres river on the Atlantic side have deposited large quantities of silt in the line of the canal and all of this must be removed, writes Frederick J. Haas in the Indianapolis News.

Yet in spite of this tremendous increase in the amount of material to be removed, the last shovelfull will come out in a little more than six years after the work began in earnest. Thus it will be seen that while the amount of work to be done has increased by more than seven-eighths, the time in which it was estimated it could be done has been cut down by approximately one-third. Furthermore, so magnificently has the canal army responded to the demands of its leader for efficiency that the vast amount of additional work is being done with money saved by economical operations on the work originally planned. When one stops to consider that all of this additional work is being done on savings effected elsewhere, and that it has not added one penny to the original estimates of cost, the marvelous results of the efficiency campaign on the isthmus become apparent.

Culebra cut always has been the backbone of the canal problem. Once it was thought Gatun dam would be the most knotty feature of the work, but this great dam has proved so much less of a problem than was anticipated that the canal officials long ago ceased to worry about it. They left four years ago, when they were beginning to plan the foundations of this great structure, that there would be many difficulties to overcome, and yet they were prepared to meet them. The actual work has not been nearly so difficult of accomplishment as they had expected, very much to the discomfiture of those people who insisted that the dam could never be built.

On the other hand, Culebra cut has proved to be a much greater task than was anticipated. When President Roosevelt ordered that its bottom width should be increased from 200 to 300 feet, he added a considerable element to the difficulties of the problem. The great masses of material that have been sliding into the canal from the adjacent banks, one slide alone having a surface area of 47 acres, have added immensely to the seriousness of the problem at Culebra, and yet, one by one, these difficulties and obstacles have been overcome, so that there now remains to be removed less than 16,000,000 cubic yards out of a total of more than 88,000,000. So rapidly has the work progressed that it is expected that within four months the big cut practically will be completed, except the three miles through the heart of Culebra mountain. There will remain on that date, in that three-mile stretch, 11,000,000 cubic yards of material. It is expected that 30 steam shovels can be operated advantageously in this contracted area, as against 42 now in operation. Assuming that the 30 can do as well in proportion as the 42 now are doing, the last shovelfull of dirt will come out in less than 18 months from the present date.

The canal authorities always are prepared for any emergency that may arise. They take nothing for granted, and accept no risks. Every step must be proved as well as human instrumentalities may prove it before it is taken. They prepare for every imaginable contingency. Recently they had a government geologist from Washington make an on-the-ground study of the geological formations of the Culebra region, and they are assured from these investigations that they have made all necessary allowances for further possible slides. Yet they are preparing to meet any new ones which may develop. Should there be any additional slides after June 1, 1913, the canal authorities will meet them by moving the great dredges of the Pacific division into the cut and dredging out the incoming material at the rate of millions of yards a month. By that time the locks and dams of the canal will have been completed and the water can be turned into Culebra cut. But this is a cou-

TWO SORTS OF WIVES

SOME ARE HELPMETS AND SOME STUMBLING BLOCKS.

Lives of Successful Men Remind Us of Credit Due to Wife—Little Said of the Wife Who Is a Hindrance.

In these piping times of prosperity we see many articles published telling how the writer achieved success in this Oregon country, and principally on small pieces of land. Such stories are highly inspiring, particularly to the young men and young women who are just starting out for themselves.

If one will take the trouble to tabulate and analyze these stories it will be discovered that in nine cases out of ten a good woman was the actual cornerstone upon which the success was founded and worked out. The same has been true since the world began, we suppose. It certainly has been the rule that the good helpmeet has done more for man than any other one cause—than any other score of causes—since our forefathers landed on the bleak New England shore.

There are, perhaps, few exceptions to the rule now than ever, particularly among those who have risen from poverty to affluence on the land.

We must give the wives of nearly all successful men great credit. In many cases they have suffered more hardship than their husbands, fathers, or brothers have labored harder, have worked for longer hours. No credit is too great for them.

But how often is the other side of the story alluded to? Where can we find the stories of the wives who were not helpmeets, but rather hindrances and stumbling blocks to their husbands? How about the wives who almost from the day of marriage were beggars for fineries, luxuries and unnecessary articles beyond their means? Do we read of them?

This is not a pleasant subject to touch upon; but many of us can point to cases where the extravagance of the wife has kept the husband in poverty, is still keeping him in poverty, or at least keeping his nose to the wheel, grinding, grinding his life out inch by inch. Would it not be well to take up this phase of life and now and then speak of the failures?

Why not call attention to the woman who has begged the money from her young husband for the purchase of a new dress which she does not need, or a new hat which all know to be above her means, when the same money put into a cow or two would mean success?

In telling about the cheer and encouraging words of the true helpmeet why not give a little thought to the poor husband who has had the very soul and spirit Nagged out of him by a woman who did not know what she wanted, but was bound to have, if Nagging could get them, many of the fineries of her richer neighbors had?

Few such stories are published, for the reason that the husbands are failures, or so considered, and no man likes to exploit himself as a failure. But would it not be well for some of the unfortunate ones to tell their stories for the benefit of the young wives who, with their husbands, are just starting out on the road of married life? All praise to the good women, the good wives, the self-sacrificing and noble mothers; but let us now and then have a word for the unfortunate husbands of the other sort of women—Portland Oregonian.

More Light.

Fresh air enthusiasts are familiar enough to most of us, but we hear less of enthusiasm for light. Darkened parlors, darkened bedrooms, darkened sickrooms are too common. Sir B. W. Richardson, the eminent London scientist and physician, declared that when the professors of healing enter a sick room their first words in most cases ought to be Goethe's dying exclamation: "More light! More light!" The light of the sun is God's own microbe killer, germicide, disinfectant, prophylactic, sickness healer. There is no physician, no chemical antidote, no compounded prescription to be compared with sunlight. Without it nature could not perform her functions. Man, beast, bird, insect would fall victims to the deadly gases that would prevail. The horrid mists and deadly gases are dispersed and decomposed by the action of light. Let it in, everywhere! Let the light in more and more abundantly. Faded carpets are not as pitiful as faded cheeks. Spoiled cushions are trivial compared with spoiled health. Darkened rooms are too suggestive of darkened lives.—The Christian Herald.

Ingenious Watch.

Among the ingenious devices of the physician may be mentioned a watch, constructed on the "stop" principle, whereby the number of pulse beats per minute may be indicated. A push-button is pressed at the beginning of the count and again at the twentieth pulsation, when the number of beats per minute is shown on a dial without the necessity for calculation. Still another push on the button brings the counter back to the starting point.

To attain correct carriage.

To attain correct carriage one must walk erect and to achieve this end there is nothing better than trying to walk with a book or similar article, such as a box of writing paper or several music books. This is sure to keep one from developing the swaying of the body more to the one side than the other. Stays that force the opposite of this rule should be discarded and destroyed, for they are not fit for the individual to wear, for if they work against erectness of carriage they are really a menace to the health. Throw out your chest; better to have commenters say that you are so straight that you appear to be falling over backwards than to be round-shouldered and moreover phthisical in appearance in looks. If not in fact.

The Natural Way.

"What is the best way to do with any subject for debate which is on the subject?"

"Make sweeping arguments about it, of course."

"Hast thou no hammer for building?" Carlyle somewhere indignant asks a great sceptic. Voltaire, I believe. A doctor or a healer in Paris has a hammer for curing rheumatism, and seems to be making a fortune with it. The rush of patients to get hammered by him is stupendous. The house in which he has his consulting flat is completely blocked and the queue often stretches downstairs right out into the street. The police have to take special measures, as in the case of a benefit at a theater. The landlord is now seeking an injunction to have his too popular tenant ejected. The house has become uninhabitable for all the other tenants. The persons wearing glass slippers must be monoplyized by the patients. These are described as a motley crowd, belonging to all classes of society." The

The Title of Countess

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

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When a man is a jolly bachelor of thirty—when he belongs to three or four clubs—when he is liberal with his money and is familiarly called Fred by every one, how is any one going to take him seriously? It can't be done. He can't get credit for being more than half in earnest. Such a man was Fred Nevins, and now and then he found it embarrassing not to be credited with seriousness.

When he dropped in to see the widow Dareforth one afternoon and offer her hand and heart, it was rather embarrassing to receive the reply:

"It's a matter you just happened to think of."

"Pon my soul, but I have loved you for—"

"For thirty long seconds."

"For a whole year."

"Poor man! How you must have thrashed around nights!"

"But won't you believe me?"

"No, sir. Even if I did, I should say no!"

"But what's the trouble?"

"Mr. Nevins, I married one lad-de-dam man and I don't want another. I marry again, it won't be a sissy. You've got money and you've got brains, and you are throwing them both away. You are a momently outside your circle."

"Oh, it's that I'm not in a profession or working at a trade?" he queried.

"Just that. Just idling your time away. Just being a sissy of a man. You may find some women to marry you, but I shan't credit her with good sense."

"By George! but I don't amount to much, do I?" laughed Fred. "Come to think of it, I ought to seek a job at something."

"And be told that you couldn't earn ten dollars a week!"

"Perhaps! Say, now, I'm going to be different. I'm going to make a new start. Let's see what I can go

At that dinner the count grew confidential. He was in America to buy the right of a patent flying machine for a million dollars—one he could sell to his government for five million. He didn't need the four million, but he was a charitable man. He would devote the profits of the deal to orphan asylums. He was praised and flattered, and on the way out to the taxi he dared to press the widow's hand. At her door he dared to press it again.

It was at his third call at the house that with a simple shrug of the right shoulder he let the widow know that he was in love with her. Then a shrug of the left warned her that a proposal might come at the next call and that she had better get ready for it.

It would be ungentlemanly to say that Mrs. Dareforth was ready for it, but it can be related that the proposal didn't come. The count just ran in to say that he had bargained for the patent, but was short \$20,000 cash. He must raise it within two hours or lose the four millions' profit. He would have money from Rome, next steamer, and if the widow would—

She would and she did. She was happy to give him a check for the amount needed, and the count shrugged his gratitude with both shoulders at once.

Two hours later Mr. Fred Nevins told her over the wire:

"I've got the bounce at that restaurant!"

"Of course you have," was the reply. "Well, what now?"

"I'm in the detective business. Went into it only twenty minutes ago, but have already struck a clew."

"To what?"

"To Count Lugi!"

"What! What?" Fred Nevins, command you to?"

But he shut her off, and she had a night of anxiety. Next forenoon Fred came again. This time he said:

"Hot on the trail!"

"What do you mean?"

"Count Lugi. He got your check cashed, but I hope to get him with the goods on him."

"Fred Nevins, have you gone crazy?"

No answer. He was off again. Two hours passed, and then came the ring again.

"Got him at last!"

"Count Lugi. Took him off the steamer about to sail. Got your \$20,000 back for you. He was formerly a barber."

That night the jolly bachelor was taken seriously about once. When the report came that she was worth about \$2,000,000 he ordered his auto around and commanded his chauffeur to break all speed laws.

Count Lugi called the next day. He had been rather dilatory in getting around to it, as he had had considerable trouble in ascertaining the widow's financial standing. When the report came that she was worth about \$2,000,000 he ordered his auto around and commanded his chauffeur to break all speed laws.

Count Lugi was an Italian count. He owned castles in Italy. Some were built on peaks and crags, that he might hear the wind moan around the gables; and some were on the seashore, where the roar of the mad waters could be heard as a count eat in his library and smoked a cocktail.

Count Lugi wanted a wife, but not a rich one. The poorer she was the better. She would then appreciate

"Y-e-s," was the long-drawn reply.

"Which is me."

"Y-e-s!"

Identified.

"Is your husband home?"

"Yes. What do you want with him?"

"I'm—er—revising that voting list. I just wanted to inquire which party he belongs to."

"Do you? Well, I'm the party he belongs to."—London Tatler.

Has Novel Use for Hammer

Frenchman Professes to Be Able to Cure Rheumatism With Series of Tappings.

"Hast thou no hammer for building?" Carlyle somewhere indignant asks a great sceptic. Voltaire, I believe.

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The rush of patients to get hammered by him is stupendous. The house in which he has his consulting flat is completely blocked and the queue often stretches downstairs right

out into the street. The police have to take special measures, as in the case of a benefit at a theater.

The landlord is now seeking an injunction to have his too popular tenant ejected.

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The persons wearing glass slippers must be monoplyized by the patients.

These are described as a motley crowd, belonging to all classes of society.

Man's Appeal to Himself

By Rev. J. H. Rakton, Secretary Correspondence Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TXT.—My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him.—Is. 62: 5

These were the words of a man of affairs, one who had attained the highest position within reach, and that not by heredity or chance, but by the force of his qualities; yet withal a man very human, a man who knew the depths of sin as well as the heights of intimate communion with God—and

this man called on his soul to wait upon God.

The psalmist recognized within himself something to which many are very indifferent—a soul that related him to God, and differentiated him from the brute creation. Whether that which he recognized was in itself immortal or only contained the possibility of immortality need not interest us now, but it was another self, an alter ego, what some might call the subliminal self, and which has in those who have lived a life of purposeful sin, been stifled, and yet creeps on constantly for recognition, and nourishment, and ultimate perfection.

It is not the imbecile who thinks of his soul, but it is the man who recognizes his true humanity. If you please: as in this case, oftentimes the man of affairs, of parts, of high ambitions. And this man is frequently quite out of patience with those who profess to be physicians of the soul—and yet prescribe little or nothing that benefits the soul.

Great statesmen, financiers, railroad magnates, inventors, artists, manufacturers, etc., when they go to church, want soul food, something to which the soul responds.

A leading lawyer recently said with reference to the message that should be given from the pulpit: "It should come from God, and should relate to the inner life. It should be food for the soul."

The call was not to something indefinite: "Wait thou only upon God."

Here is the recognition of the correlate to the soul, the spiritual God.

This recognition was not of an abstract idea, but of a personality—it gave no opportunity for dubbing and doubting. There was no suggestion in any "little" it. This man-of-affairs and great and good parts was not thus the historical character who has thus thought and acted. Some men may be like Job and ask where they may find God, but many others have had direct and constant intercourse with the spiritual God, they have seen him who is invisible.

Can this not be said of our three martyr presidents? Of Gladstone, of Bismarck, of William of Germany, of Justice Harlan. And as we glance back over the past do we not have Chinese Gordon, Stowall Jackson, Oliver Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, Savonarola, Paul, David, Moses, Abraham and a host of others? Granting that these men waited on God, for so they all professed their achievements are not an enigma.

What is it to wait on God? Is it not keeping silence before him? "Let all the earth keep silence