THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-TUESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1902.

make some recognition of his early rec-

yourself? His time is out in Septem-

ber, and then I am going to promote

one of the two men you mentioned as

"Which one?" asked the correspond-

"I am in favor of Blank," replied the

but Root has got to give in to me this

No other president ever talked so

Two Englishmen, one of them a mem-

able title, were stopping at the Arling-

ton hotel. A resident of Washington

who had received some courtesies from

them while in England, had called to offer his attentions during their stay in

possible, for he had read in the news-

for Pittsburg that night and would not

return until October. The Washing-

tonlan remarked that it might be pos-

sible to see him that morning, went to

the telephone, called up Mr. Cortelyou,

Within five minutes after his desire

was expressed his lordship was on his

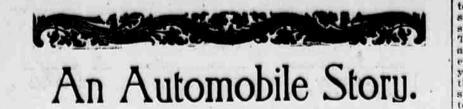
way to 22 Lafayette Square, the tem-

porary office and residence of the presi-

and an interview was arranged.

dent.

more competent.'



greatest of these is charity." Anice covered her rosebud mouth, hand as she stood in argumentative occurred, attitude before the flickering gas log. "Ye're

10

'I'm sick of the first two, lady mother. Therefore will I practice charity." "Well," said the mother plaintively,

taking up a novel, "do be careful with that automobile. Don't let it run away with you. You'll get smallpox or something down in that awful Ghetto, as you call it. And he sure to shange your clothes before----"

But her tall, willful daughter was already halfway down stairs. Pausing in the hall and thrusting her hands into the sleeves of her long ragian, she said: "Go back to my rooms, Celeste, and bring me the violets to wear."

'Oul, mam'selle, bue ze violets have faded since yesterday. Ze pink roses go better with mllady's gown."

Miss Anice repeated her order more imperatively. She would have told you that she detested dictation and pink teas. Dr. Givins hed been guilty of the first

in an eminent degree. In consequence he was carrying around a returned diamond ring in close proximity to a very heavy heart, which had also been declined with thanks, as though it were an unavailable manuscript. Charity covers a multitude of heart-

Therefore was Miss Anice aches. speeding on errands of mercy this clear 16th day of December. And the fateful Juggernaut car

which had ridden ruthlessly over two frantleally. fond hearts and brought about this She ran l state of affairs was no other than the little white electric, runabout which was now carrying her Ghetto-ward.

"Harvey was always so superior!" she thought scornfully as she pressed down on the accelorator and shot around Dead Men's curve, narrowly grazing a policeman, and scattering his convoy of pedestrians. "I can run the White Arrow as well as he can." For But poor Mose was too frightene qualifications as a chaffeur.

To be sure, the little Jewish newsboy, to whom she was playing Lady Bountiful, was laid up with a pair of smashed toes as a result of a contested right of way. In the encounter her automobile had come out on top in every sense of the word, and had been since gallantly carrying supplies to a defeated foe whose wound the far-seeing parents would not allow to heal too rapidly.

"But of course everybody has to learn to be anything." she comforted herself, not choosing to remember that Harvey had counseled her to wait till calmiy, backed the runaway slowly and she did learn before venturing out of the park. "Papa bought me the White tion of Mose's trembling finger. Arrow only in October. I think I've done pretty well in that time."

She sighed when she thought how long it had been, because it was only the week after that Harvey---- Oh And he had said something dear! about a pearl necklace for Christmas! tient," he bowed gravely as he descend-Now, among her tiresome gifts, not ed from the carriage. one from him, not even a bunch of

"Society, frivolity, charity, and the lurking impishly in its hiding place bewith little Mose Rudinsky's bump of half blown into a yawn, with a gloved curiosity much inflated, the inevitable

> "Ye're afraid." What juvenile bosom ever failed to espond to that battle cry? Mose scrambled up the big fat-

ushioned wheel. "Der loidy zed fer not ter tech up! warned another stolidly, while a third cautiously fingered the shining unlit eye of the forelight.

Moses stood up and grasped the steering lever. It moved, and the front wheels with it, bumping viciously into the shins of the boy who had ques-tioned the courage of Moses, whereupon that young gentleman laughed triumphantly and sat down comfortably on the soft leather seat, his grimy face, tousled black hair and greasy garments ludicrously out of place among the luxurious cushions. His elbow struck the controller handle. There was new food for investigation. Moses investi-

gated. The White Arrow started obedently down the street. Miss Anice was descending the rickety stairs amid a shower of blessings when she heard a shout below. "What's wrong? she demanded of a

panting child. "Yer nottymobile!" he gasped. "It' un-off-wid Mose!"

When Anice reached the pavement. breathless and pale, she could see down the narrow street a runaway automo bile, with a frightened, bareheaded boy

clinging to the seat and screaming She ran blindly after him, dizzy with

visions of a sickening collision on the street car line a few blocks away. A burly policeman joined in the chase and recruits swarmed up, seemingly from the ground.

Suddenly a tall young man in a long ulster appeared around the corner "Jam your lever back," he shouled But poor Mose was too frightened to their quarrel had been brought about obey. He only clung tighter to the con-by a difference of opinion as to her troller, pushing it to the third notch. and the carriage shot forward. As it

bowled toward the tall young man he sprang out almost directly in its path. He waited until it sped alongside, then quick as a flash flung himself on the rear of the auto. Grasping the projecting axle he swung himself up, then reached over the back of the seat and seized the controller.

"Lift your foot!" he commanded. Mose, with face very white under its dirt, obeyed meekly,

"Now, youngster, where did you ge this machine?" The tall young man seated himself

turned it around, following the direc

Miss Anice was waiting to receive them at the crossing.

"Oh, Harvey-you!" she said, then, very dignifiedly: "Thank you, very much, Dr. Glvins. I had no idea-"I was down below here to see a pa

"In Hester street?" she queried.

flowers-he who had sent her violets "Yes," he said, meeting her glance every day! But she blushed as she unflinchingly. "I have several in this glanced down at those tucked under region, Ikey Meemstein among them." He did not deem it necessary to add

ten to the way she varies the vowel away until I have finished with these sound in her "Ah!" during the five or gentlemen." correspondent sat The six times she utters it in "Imprudence." down to wait, and the president having There is a lesson in vecal coloring for dismissed the last of his callers, said; any one. Mrs. Fiske's voice has chang-"Look here, Jones, I saw what you said ed very much during the past five years. It has grown darker, heavier, in your paper about the promotion of Colonel So-and-So, and I want to exthough it has lost none of its old-time plain to you that I don't think much suppleness. It is now better adapted more of him than you do. I sympathize to the expression of tragic terror, and entirely with your critteism, but you also to those semi-rythmic intonations must remember that he is an old man. she employs in "Mary of Magdala." He has been in the service a long time.

In his early days, when he was in his Mrs. Le Moyne has easily the besttrained voice among the actresses now prime, he was a very valuable and here. And Fay Templeton has the competent officer. He goes on the remost characteristic-that is, charactertired list in three months, and I thought istic of any one she chooses to imitate. it was only justice to him that I should

Her natural voice is big, deep and eloquent. It is often hoarse-how can a ord. Now, wouldn't you have done that woman talk or sing in a dense atmosphere of tobacco smoke? Miss Templeton, like Yvette Guilbert, really acts with her voice. Mrs. Carter has so

long patterned after French models that there has crept into her speech some strange foreign flavor. She ac-

cents certain rapidly delivered phrases president. "Root wants the other man In the crisp, staccato style of Sarah In discuse. She has the unimpeded time flow for effective use in moments of dramatic stress. She is often shrill, frankly as that about official appointharsh, even raucous; but it is usually ments turned to profitable account. Mrs. Carer can make you laugh-that is, she ber of the house"of commons, and the has an easy command of humorous inother wearing an ancient and honor-

flections-In the expression of the tender, of the poetic, she is less successful. She is apt to deliver such passges with a shade of irony lurking in ter tones. Her voice has range. And all these artists-with a few exceptions the city, and, after making some plans, -could vastly improve their speaking one of them remarked that he was very

voice by studying vocal emission with desirous of meeting the president, but a sound teacher of singing. realized, of course, that it would be impapers that his excellency was leaving

OUR DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT

Nothing Like the Unaffected Good Fellowship of Theodore Roosevelt Has Ever Been Known

at Washington.

shown into the back parlor, where Mr. W. E. Curtis, in Record-Herald. Cortelyou has a desk, and were offered The democratic ways of the president are a never-ending source of amazement to Americans as well as foreigners who come to Washington. There was never a president like him. We had a period of Jeffersonian simplicity a century ago, which did not compare with that which now prevails, for President Roosevelt puts on no more airs and assumes no more dignity than

a college student, and is accessible to everybody, old and young, poor and rich, small and great. A newspaper correspondent happened

house one day while the president was talking to a group of strangers. Colonel Roosevelt's eye caught him, and he waved his arm in recognition as one schoolboy might do to another. Callters of introduction to people out west

ing across the room he said: he wanted them to know. "Jones, I want to see you. Don't go The Englishmen were almost over-

seats. They had not been waiting three minutes when the door was suddenly opened and the president appeared and said:

He and his companion were

"When Lord So-and-So comes, show him right into my room."

Mr. Cortelyou arose and presented the gentlemen. The president grasped their hands with the vigor of an athlete, led them into his office, and handing each of them a fan, sat down and talked for ten minutes about King Ed-

ward, the postponed coronation, the to enter the ante-room at the white shipping combine, "the American invatalking about their interview, although sion of England," the prosecution of the trusts, laid out an itinerary of a they declare that nobody will believe them if they describe it truthfully. western trip for them, and called a stenographer and dictated several let-

SOME USES FOR SALT.

For neuralgia take a small bag made of muslin or flannel, fill with salt, heat,

come with amazement and admiration for the president, and will never cease talking about their interview, although they declare that nobody will believe taken at the start, gargling every hour, or half-hour if necessary. One tenspoon-ful of salt in a glassful of water is a wound went with the mixture, then bind it with a cloth covered with salt. One remedy for snake-bite is common salt fnixed with the white of an erg to the consistency of paste, then spread on the wound. Salt-strewn carpets sweep eas-ily and are left with brightened colors.cure for many stomach troubles, reliev-ing colic and indigestion when taken regularly once a day. Wash the head occa-sionally with salt and water to lessen the falling out of the hair. Salt dissolved in





her coat lapel

tears back that she did not see the October, numerous warning symptoms of the great lower East Side, the hundreds of last as he caught sight of the faded children, abundant riches of the poor. violets. Becoming mistily conscious of a gurgling squall stopped halfway down glance and blushed furiously. a baby throat, she looked back and saw a sprawling infant in her wake.

The White Arrow had gone complete ly over the child "straddling" it neat- n't you, Anice dear?" ly, so she picked him up more frightened than hurt. After comforting him with some confectionery supplies she rode on, leaving him with round eyes still staring tearfully and rounder mouth peacefully stuffed with raisins. Arriving at last in Hester street, she

checked brake and lever in front of the tenement where Ikey abode. She was at once swarmed upon like a queen bee hordes of children, to whom the daily visit of the white horseless buggy was a great event.

It is sad to relate that with all her vaunted capability as a chauffeur Mistress Anice forgot a small but very im-She went upstairs portant matter. loaded with good things to gladden the heart of Ikey and his numerous relatives, and forgot to take from its socket the little plug of the White Arrow. With that tiny key safe in her chatelaine bag the capacity for mischief in the combination of small boy and automobile was reduced to a mini-Her electric horse would be mum. hitched fast. But with the brass plug

The Price of Pleasure.

It is hard for a lovely woman to forego the pleasures of the life which she was created to enjoy and adorn. She may have to be busy all day in office or in store, yet she cannot deny herself the social pleasures which are offered her.

But the fatigue is often too great for her, and she suf-fers from headache and backache as a consequence of over-exertion. Women who are tired and worn out will find a perfect tonic and nervine in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures headache, backache and the other aches and pains to which women are subject. It establishes regularity, dries weak ening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weak ness. It makesweak vomen strong and sick women well.

"I au so pleased with your instructions, I hardly know what thanks to give you for your kind favors," writes Mrs Milo Bry-ant, of Lota. Thomas Co., Ga. "I auffered so much with great the lower part of my u of the Beart, that at e down. Could hardly , but after using three scription ' and two vials Pellets. I am like a new

ially those suffering of long standing, are in-alt Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, adence is held as strictly pri-

She was winking so fast to keep the that he had practiced charity only since "Shall I assist you Miss-Anice?" the She followed the direction of his

> "There was no card with them." she excused, weakly. "But you knew they were mine, did

"Yes; I thought so," she said softly, Then she bravely flew the flag of unconditional surrender.

"Won't you please take me home, Harvey? I don't think I can manage the White Arrow very well-yet." His face lit up joyfully as he swung *** into the seat beside her. His left hand was under the controller, but his right disappeared under her ragian sleeve .-Persis Penrose, in St. Louis World.

FAMOUS ACTRESSES' VOICES.

An Essay on Their Peculiarities of Tone Emission. James Huncker, in the Sun. The most beautiful voice that New York has listened to in a long time is that of Edith Wynne Matthleson, the comely Everyman in the old morality play. Her organ is of huscious quality, and in the lower register booms like a hold. There are in it familiar cadences. bell. There are in it familiar cadences, **** the cadences of Ellen Terry. Few young English actresses have escaped the influences of Miss Terry's once charming, caressing voice. Our own Lillian Russell has a clear speaking voice, which she varies after the manner of a well-bred English woman. But it does not carry conviction in its cadences. It is always crystalline-and often chilly. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's 宗宗祭 voice is changing: not exactly roughening, but it no longer has the slightly veiled, delicious quality. She uses it

too much. ************* Katherine Grey is the possessor of a deep, vibrant voice and a well-modulated one. The timbre is rich; it moves us when the speaker is agitated. Eleanor Robson's voice is as pure and as sweet as her profile. It lacks variety. So does Viola Allen's speech. Here is a remarkable contralto, and if she did not listen to it so consciously it would gain in sweep, in nuance. But it is all in one agonized key nowadays. Virginia Harned has a fine, sonorous organ, that was always flexible even in the old Lyceum days. She has improved it much during the past decade. Ethel Barrymore speaks in the fresh tones of girlhood. Her volce, however, ×. needs rigorous training, both as to emission—she breathes badly—and elo-cution. Many of her speeches, which now drawl, would be strengthened by a little study. She has an appealing timbre at times.

timbre at times. Mary Mannering is a contraito; hers is the "dark" voice, the voice for sus-tained though langorous sentiment. It is a very un-American voice, without any nasal or flat tones. It is a pleas-ing voice to listen to; it comforts the ears. And, then, she never talks too fast, the besetting vice of our young actresses. Fay Davis shows what care-ful culture will do for a light, reedy organ. She lived in London and learned to shokus the shellware in organ. She lived in London and learned to subdue the shrillness in her upper tones. They are now often bird-like in their sweetness. It is a voice which

expresses archness, pouting inflections, blithe spirits; and it can also convey distinct emotional meanings. Just lis-



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