

## LITTLE PRINCESS TO CHOOSE HUSBAND

Victoria Louise of Germany Has Arrived at the Marriageable Age

### THE KAISER'S ONLY DAUGHTER

She is Over Seventeen Years Old, and Already a Monarch and Two or Three Princes Have Asked for Her Hand in Marriage.

Berlin, Germany.—Emperor William's only daughter, "the little princess" as she is affectionately styled by relatives and the people, it is reported, is soon to have the weighty responsibility of choosing a husband.

While "the little princess" is not a beauty, there are several princes belonging to Europe's most august royal houses who would eagerly accept an alliance with the little girl who is the apple of the mighty German emperor's eye. The identity of the royal wooers who have already laid marriage proposals before the kaiser has not been revealed, but it is known that one is a monarch, another a Russian grand duke, and one an English prince.

The kaiser, while he wishes his daughter to meet these suitors, has declared that she shall not be hurried into marriage and that she shall have as much freedom in choice as is compatible with the dignity and interests of the Hohenzollern house.

Hitherto the princess has been leading rather a retired life with her books, her painting, her needlework and, it must be added, her dolls. In a few weeks she will blossom out as a full-blown Hohenzollern princess.

Princess Victoria Louise is an unassuming young woman and reticent. What her opinions are no one knows, unless it is her English companion. The probability is that her opinions are in an imperfect state of development. Her studies have not been remarkable for extent or variety.

She cares nothing for dress and is utterly indifferent to what she wears. Her English companion seeks to instill into her right views on this important point, but it is of no use.



Princess Victoria Louise of Germany.

Sometimes the princess goes to breakfast in the shabbiest of old skirts, put on anyhow, and resents it if she is told to return to her room and make herself less dowdy. She is far younger than her English companion. She shows considerable interest in kindergarten work, in infants' homes and in the improving of the condition of poor mothers with multitudinous families of babies.

The princess has somewhat improved in looks lately and promises to develop into a pleasant-looking German girl, without pretension to beauty, but with kindly, winning ways and absolutely devoid of vanity. In fact, her lack of dignity is a source of worry to her English companion, and more than once lately she has been sharply taken to task for neglect of the dignity of her position.

#### BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

Lad Fell Over 150-Foot Cliff, but was Found to Have Escaped Death.

Jackson, Cal.—Lying unconscious in a coffin, Cecil Miller, a sixteen-year-old boy, was drawn up a one hundred and fifty foot cliff on the bank of the Cosumnes River, near Plymouth, on Sunday.

While hunting on the banks of the river Miller stepped out on a large rock, which suddenly gave way and threw him down the bank to the water's edge. A companion ran to Plymouth, a distance of three miles, for assistance. Believing that Miller was dead, a coffin was taken along by the rescuers.

After much difficulty two men were lowered with the coffin over the bluff. The boy was found alive, but terribly injured. He was placed in the coffin and raised to the top of the bluff.

**For Paying Salvage on Human Life.**  
Brussels.—The International Congress of Maritime Law adopted, practically unanimously, the provisions of the proposed international convention relating to collisions and salvage at sea. One of the clauses provides for the recovery of salvage upon human life as well as upon cargo.

# PAID IN FULL

Novelized From Eugene Walter's Great Play



EUGENE WALTER,  
Author of "Paid in Full" and "The  
Easiest Way"

"Yes, four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five."

"All right. That's all."

Brooks went out, closing the door behind him, and returned to his desk. He was in a bad temper himself and made no effort to conceal it, for a sudden scowl marred his handsome and usually genial face. Not only was Joseph Brooks handsome, but a rather distinguished looking young fellow, whose clothes sat well and becomingly upon him, albeit they were somewhat shiny from wear and from ironing by inexpert hands at home. And if his collars and cuffs also were just a trifle the worse for wear at least they were immaculately clean.

"Cheer up!" admonished one of his fellow clerks, noticing his ill humor. Brooks' moods were never taken seriously, for with him fits of despondency alternated with a contagious cordiality and an optimism that knew no limit. Of late, however, his spells of gloominess had become wearisomely frequent, and usually they were accompanied by a nervous irritability.

"Cheer up?" was answered, with some heat. "I don't see any reason for cheering up, and I don't feel like cheering up. Did you hear how the brute received those delegates of the Longshoremen's union because they asked him to add a little to their starvation pay to help them keep skin and bone together? Why shouldn't he raise them? Why shouldn't he raise all of us? He's reeking with money, doesn't know what to do with it, yet what does he do but grind us down—grind and grind and grind—grind us as a grain of wheat is ground to powder between the millstones—grind us with his heel, squeezing from us the very sap of brain and life that he may add to his pile?"

The clerks near him had listened to this outbreak with amused surprise.

"Well," said the man who had addressed him before, "I haven't noticed



"I hope the longshoremen do strike!"

you sweating blood to any extent under the grinding process."

"Jenkins, you're a—a camel," retorted Brooks. "For a wisp of hay you'd let yourself be loaded till the last straw broke your back, and then you'd lick the hand that crushed you."

"Sure," said Jenkins enthusiastically. "Anybody can load me up that wants to."

"And I'll back his liquid capacity to equal that of any camel," chimed in another clerk, while every one within earshot grinned.

"Oh, you can laugh," grumbled Brooks, "but it doesn't alter the truth of what I say. It's men like him that have made our society today what it is, a soulless, heartless, oppressive civilization in which Croesus walk roughshod over the men who are down and thrust them deeper into the slough with one foot as they climb higher and higher to the power that the possession of inconceivable wealth carries with it."

"Check came today," was the laconic reply.  
"Full amount?"

By  
John W. Harding

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"Twas ever thus!" sighed Jenkins. "But there is yet hope. Our Joseph bath received a call to uplift the downtrodden."

"How did he get it? What is his record?" went on Brooks, ignoring the interruption. "Why, he started out as a sealer or a south Pacific trader, which in those days was the same as being a pirate, and you know and I know that his name was a terror to sailors from San Francisco to Australia. He made his first money by bullying and ill treating other men and killing them, too, on occasion. It's a matter of common knowledge. And he's been a buccaneer ever since. Didn't he bunko and sandbag my father-in-law out of control of this company? And what has he done since then but act the brutal tyrant over everybody connected with it, beating us down to the lowest wage a man can exist on that he may add to his dirty heap, running this office with fist, boot and rope end as though it were his lawless ship and we were his groveling Lascars crew. I hope the longshoremen do strike! They would be doing humanity a service if they'd fill him full of bullets."

"There's a lot of truth in what Brooks says," asserted a youthful clerk in low tones, looking around cautiously as he did so.

"Well, after all, I don't see that you've got such a fierce kick coming," observed Jenkins to the disgruntled orator.

"You don't, eh?" sneered Brooks.

"You think \$20 a week is big pay for an accountant and collector who's handled half the money of the line for five years, eh?"

"No; I mean that you are at least solid with the boss and sure of your job, which is more than anybody else here is, and that you stand to become an officer high up in the company one of these days. Williams is a friend of your family, isn't he? You yourself have boasted often that he visits you and your wife."

"That's just it. The swine takes advantage of his relations with my wife's people to keep me down and rub it in. Other people get their salary raised, but I don't. Do you call that a square deal?"

"It hardly seems so, but perhaps there's a reason. He may have some object that will appear in due course, and you'll go up several numbers at one sweep. In the meantime," continued Jenkins, lowering his voice, "I wouldn't let on like you have this afternoon if I were you, Joe. It can't do any good and might do you a deal of harm. You don't know who might hear you, and the boss somehow knows everything that goes on in the office."

"I don't care," affirmed Brooks sullenly. "I'd just as lief tell him to his face what I think of him, and, by gum, I will one of these days, darn him!"

"All right," laughed Jenkins. "I hope I'll be around at the time so that I can perform for you the last sad rite of gathering up your scattered remains. Ah, here's Jimmy Smith!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### Smuggling Chinese.

Australia is perturbed by the discoveries of Mr. Batchelor, the commonwealth minister for external affairs, who has been inquiring into the illegal influx of Chinese. There is a wealthy organization in China with agencies in all the principal Australian ports and with the connivance of ships' officers the systematic smuggling of Chinese into Australia has been carried on for a long time.

The ships trading between Hong Kong and the Australian ports have been so cunningly supplied with false bulkheads, walls and floors that hiding room has been provided for eighty Chinese stowaways on a single voyage. Ship cooks have been secretly paid to supply the stowaways with food.

The trade is very profitable, as Australia is only a few days' steaming from China and many thousands of Mongolians are always ready to pay large sums and run all sorts of risks to get to the land of gold.

#### A Poor Man's Drink.

The yerba mate of Paraguay tea has an immense consumption in the lower parts of South America, almost to the exclusion of tea and coffee. It grows wild and plentiful, is cheap as dirt and has a good per cent. of "theine," the active principle of tea and coffee, but less than either. It has a genuine high therapeutic soothing, stimulating effect upon the stomach and the whole system. The people over a large part of South America have the very strongest belief in its curative and consoling effects. The Argentine peons and cowpunchers live on so much meat and so few vegetables that if they did not drink "mate" the effects of so much animal food would certainly hurt them. They usually suck up the hot mate tea through a straw, and that is all they get from sunrise to midday. It may become the poor man's drink of the world.



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