

# A ROMAN COMEDY

An American Girl is the Heroine, but There is No Hero

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Two Italian noblemen were sitting on a sidewalk in the Piazza Colonna in Rome, smoking cigarettes and drinking the wine of the country. They were both descended from families that had been prominent several centuries ago, the one from Barbarini, the other from the Sforza. Count Leo Barbarini was speaking to Prince Brunelli Sforza.

"So the fair American has refused you too?"

"She has," snapped the prince. "You do not seem well pleased with your failure."

"Were you pleased with yours?" "Oh, there are more of these American fish as good as any that were ever caught in the sea. I shall try again elsewhere."

"I would like," replied Prince Sforza, "to palm off upon her some low-born man as a prince with a fortune."

"It would require at least a thousand lira even to dress him."

"I can borrow that much."

"And I can raise a thousand more. We can place his estates in some inaccessible country."

"Good!" laughed the prince. "Your suggestions are admirable. Shall we really try it?"

"By all means."

Soon after this interview it was intimated to Miss Evaline Henderson of Idaho, U. S. A., that Prince Gregorio Colonna desired to be presented to her. The Colonna family was already known to Miss Henderson as one of the two great factions—the Colonna and the Orsini—that dominated Rome during the middle ages. She had not come to the Eternal City without preparing herself by historical reading to enjoy its antiquities and was curious to see a lineal descendant of a family that had taken so great a part in past struggles between the holy Roman empire and the papacy. She therefore received Prince Colonna graciously.

Prince Gregorio had been selected to play his part more from his personal appearance than his intellect or education, though he was really above his business, which was that of waiter at a hotel at Frascati. He was tall, massive and solemn as the column standing in the piazza named for his (supposed) ancestors beside the Corso in Rome. His hair was combed straight up from his forehead, and his mustache was elevated from the line of his lips at an angle of forty-five degrees. His estates had been near Perugia; but, they having passed away, he had invested money in Siberian mines that had made him rich. The only means he had of palming himself off as a real Colonna was the 2,000 lira furnished by Count Barbarini and Prince Sforza, the reading of a brief history of his ancestors and the Siberian mines, which were not likely to be hunted up by Miss Henderson. But his chief attraction was his personnel. No American can visit Italy without being impressed with the solemn grandeur of some of their knights of the napkin whose battle-ground is the restaurant and whose fortunes consist of American tips. Prince Colonna was one of the most magnificent of these.

Now, the American girl is regarded all over Europe as a wonder. Europeans are used to their own girls, who are guarded till after their marriage and must then endeavor to throw off that want of familiarity with the world to which they had been therefore doomed. The American girl begins to use her wings almost from the crib. Miss Henderson was as well able to take care of herself as a corps of guardians and duennas could have taken care of her.

The day after the presentation Henry Blackwelder, a young man from South Dakota, who raised wheat enough in one season to fill half a dozen elevators, came to Rome for the purpose of getting from Miss Henderson a reply to a suit of several years' standing. He came at a very inopportune time. Prince Colonna had just appeared on the scene and had evidently been very much struck with Miss Henderson. Mr. Blackwelder could not make out whether Miss Henderson was bent upon assuming Prince Gregorio's historical name or whether she was laughing at him. The prince had the good taste never to mention his family glory unless compelled to do so. When Blackwelder and Colonna and Miss Henderson were together the latter expatiated to the American on the marvelous deeds of the Colonnas of old, showing a remarkable familiarity with them—indeed, a familiarity which at times would startle the prince himself, especially when she gave the names of five Colonnas he had not met with in his historical studies, who had been hanged before the castle of St. Angelo.

Nothing will so fret a man, especially a man in love, as uncertainty. If Miss Henderson had announced her intention to buy her way in among the Colonnas or if she had openly made fun of the prince Blackwelder would have settled down to his fate, whatever it was. Unfortunately she seemed to be wavering between the two. The only persons who seemed to have been made happy by the introduction of the prince were the conspirators, Barbarini and Sforza. One day Miss Henderson, driving along the Corso in an open carriage with Blackwelder and the spurious prince, saw them sitting together in the Piazza Colonna drinking and smoking. They both rose and took off their hats to her, while she seemed to be very proud of the Italian portion of her company. After this she seemed bent on driving by the Piazza Colonna frequently at an hour when she knew her two discarded suitors would be there. If Prince Colonna on these occasions felt embarrassed he concealed his embarrassment under that stolid grandeur of men which was born in him.

"Upon my word," remarked Count Leo Barbarini to Prince Sforza, "I believe our scheme will be a success. Our waiter will marry the American."

"You see, it required those Siberian mines to make it so. Though Americans spend money like water, they value it all the same."

"Who is the other fellow in the carriage, I wonder?"

"An American. But whether he is a suitor, too, cannot matter much to us—that is, provided we can keep up the sham. It is the Colonna name and the right to write princess after it that will win."

"In any event we have had the satisfaction of passing a waiter off upon her as a prince. Did you notice how proud she seemed to be of him as she passed?"

"And the smile she gave us." And so the comedy went on, much to the satisfaction of the conspirators. Prince Colonna's capital was nearing an end, and one day he mentioned before Miss Henderson that a dividend from his mines had been delayed. She promptly asked him how much he required for his present expenses, and while he was refusing to be supplied by a lady she sat down at a desk and, writing a check for 3,000 lira, handed it to him.

"But my remittance will soon be here," he protested.

"Take it and pay when your remittance comes," she replied.

The same afternoon Miss Henderson telephoned to her bankers to know if Prince Colonna had drawn the check and learned that he had done so. Then she telephoned to the prince asking him to call during the evening. When he did so, magnificent in a fresh accession of jewelry, she asked him to be seated and said:

"Giovanni!"

The prince started.

"You are not Gregorio Colonna. You are Giovanni Something-or-other, and you have this afternoon committed a fraud. Some one has been putting you up to this playing prince, and I wish to know all about the scheme. You are welcome to the 3,000 lira, but hereafter I own you, for the moment you refuse to obey my orders or try to deceive me you go to jail. Do as I direct and you are safe from the results of your crime."

Giovanni confessed that he had been a waiter at a hotel at Frascati and that Barbarini and Sforza had hired him to play the part of Prince Colonna and marry Miss Henderson if possible. He further stated that he had agreed to pay each of them an annuity after his marriage.

"Indeed!" she said, with much surprise. "I did not suppose that Barbarini and Sforza had sunk to that. However, since it was murder in the middle ages, I suppose it must be swindling in the twentieth century. Go and steal the paper you signed agreeing to pay this annuity."

"It is not necessary, signorina. There were duplicates made. I have one in my pocket, but I do not like to part with it."

"Either give it to me or"—She went to a telephone and took down the receiver. The waiter knew the meaning of this, and Miss Henderson knew that with the transmitter near her lips she had little to fear. Giovanni opened a pocketbook, drew out a paper and handed it to her. She took it, read it and said:

"Now go to Frascati and tell the keeper of the hotel at which you were employed that I desire dinner for four persons to be ready at 7 o'clock this evening. Any failure to do as I direct will result in your arrest at once."

With 3,000 lira in his pocket and a jail as an alternative there was not much expectation that he would disobey.

The next morning Count Barbarini and Prince Sforza received an invitation to drive with Miss Henderson to the hills near Rome for dinner. She said she had an important announcement to make to them. They accepted, feeling assured that they would learn of her engagement to Prince Colonna. They called at her hotel and were introduced to Mr. Blackwelder. Seeing that they were surprised at not meeting Prince Colonna, she told them that he would be of the party at dinner, but would go in his own conveyance.

The four entered a carriage waiting at the door and, driving across the Campagna, ascended the hill to Frascati and stopped before the hotel. Dinner was served, but the prince did not appear.

"He will be late," Miss Henderson explained.

It was not till the coffee was brought on that he appeared, and then it was in the dress of a waiter, with a napkin on his arm. The guests stared at him astonished, but he avoided the gaze of all, serving the coffee with lowered eyes. The two conspirators paled.

"Gentlemen," said Miss Henderson, "I told you I would make an announcement. It is this—I am betrothed to Mr. Blackwelder."

Then the party broke up, the two noblemen retiring in confusion.



COLORING IN BUTTER.

### Iowa State University Makes Comparison of Different Kinds of Butter.

The Iowa State University Experiment Station makes comparison of different kinds of butter. As interesting and valuable comparison of aniline and annatto butter colors used in the manufacture of butter has been made by Prof. E. H. Farrington, dairy husbandman at the University of Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, and his assistant, Martin Meyer.

A uniform color is one of the desired qualities of commercial butter. The natural color of milk fat from which butter is made varies considerably during the different seasons of the year with the variations of feed, breed and period of lactation. Butter made when the cows are on full pasture feed is of a deeper yellow than that made when they are on dry feed in the stable, and the milk of fresh cows likewise often makes more highly colored butter than that of strippers. The characteristic yellow color of butter made from milk of Guernseys, too, is known to most dairymen. Some makers prefer a more highly colored butter than otherwise, but all demand that the particular standard preferred shall be of a uniform color. These peculiarities of markets and of cows have led to an almost universal custom among butter makers of adding artificial coloring matter to satisfy the demands of the trade. The addition of coloring matter is therefore not a deception, but a result of a desire to cater to the popular demand for a uniform color at all seasons of the year.

### The Food Value of Milk.

The food value of milk lies mainly in three classes of constituents—fats, proteids and sugar. The separator of course removes the fat and we have left only the proteids, which consist of casein, albumen and milk sugar. So far as has been determined little if any difference exists in the amount of milk sugar contained in the milk of different breeds of cattle, but there is some difference in the quantity of proteids. The proteids and milk sugar are usually designated as solids not fat. A German investigator has found that milk from different breeds contains the following amount of solids: Jersey, 9.7; Guernsey, 9.1; Ayrshire, 8.3; Holstein, 8.2. Another German authority gives the following amounts of solids not fat in milk from different breeds: Jersey, 9.73; Guernsey, 8.50; Ayrshire, 9.49; Shorthorn, 9.33; Holstein, 8.71. According to a large number of analyses made by the various Agricultural experiments the total solids in milk from the Guernsey are 9.55; Jersey, 9.35; Shorthorn, 9.33; Ayrshire, 8.95; Holstein, 8.43.

### Salting Butter.

The amount of salt to be incorporated in the butter depends directly or the amount of moisture the butter contains. Butter fat is not a salt dissolving substance. This can be done only by the moisture in the butter. The first thing, then, to get a uniform amount of dissolved salt in butter is to get a uniform amount of moisture.

The water should be evenly distributed through the mass of butter. If it is present in pockets or crevices in the butter when the salt is added, much salt will be lost in the form of brine besides those particles near the pockets will contain more salt than those farther away.

Best results are obtained by allowing the butter to drain well after washing and then apply the salt. In no case should salt be added until the butter has assumed a gathered condition.

When the butter is medium soft after being worked, it has been found that from three-fourths to an ounce of salt for each pound of butter is not far from the correct amount.—Iowa Experiment Station.

### Cheese Factory and Price of Milk.

The injustice of paying one price for all milk received at a cheese factory or creamery is well illustrated by figures furnished by a large owner of creameries who, by the way, tests milk for quality whether paying for all of it by that plan or not. At one factory, the composite tests for the milk show that the dairies run from 2.6, up to 3.4 per cent fat, the average for a month being 3.2 per cent. At another factory, where the milk is paid for by the test plan, the patrons milk another class of cows and the tests for the same period as the other ran from 3.06 to 5.1 per cent, the composite average of all being 4.6 per cent. Imagine Smith getting the same price for his 5. per cent fat milk as Jones with his 2.6 per cent cows. One hundred pounds of the latter milk would make about seven pounds of cheese, while the hundred pounds of the other would make approximately thirteen pounds. This is a square difference of six pounds of cheese. Who gets this, Smith, Jones or the factory man?

Mexico has a brewery which has annual receipts of \$6,000,000.

### Die Fall Dreizehn.

Die Franzosen fangen nun an, dem damit verknüpften Aberglauben offen Trotz zu bieten.

In den Gesellschaften, die in diesem Winter in der französischen Aristokratie gegeben wurden, erregt es ein gewisses Aufsehen, daß man bei einigen der reichsten und angesehensten Familien Frankreichs dreizehn Personen bei Tisch traf. Die Franzosen wollten anscheinend mit dieser neuen Mode zeigen, daß sie sich allmählich von jedem Aberglauben frei machen. Bekanntlich geht der Volksaberglaube dahin, daß von dreizehn Personen bei Tisch eine Person im Laufe der nächsten zwölf Monate sterben muß. Nun hat sich aber die Statistik des längeren und breiteren mit diesem Aberglauben beschäftigt, und eine Aufstellung, in einer französischen Zeitung erschienen, ergibt, daß zur wissenschaftlichen Benachteiligung dieser Theorie statt 13 Personen zugegen sein müßten: Bei einem Durchschnittsalter von 40 Jahren 103 Personen, bei einem Durchschnittsalter von 50 Jahren 73 Personen, bei einer Gesellschaft, in der das Durchschnittsalter der Anwesenden 60 Jahre beträgt, 35 Personen und bei der Durchschnittsalter des Alters von 70 Jahren 17 Personen. Erst wenn die Gesellschaft aus 13 Greisen besteht, von denen jeder mehr als 72 Jahre alt ist, läßt sich annehmen, daß einer von ihnen durch den natürlichen Lauf der Dinge in der Zeit der nächsten zwölf Monate verabschiedet wird. Also, die Statistik hat bewiesen, daß die wissenschaftlichen Grundlagen für die Ansicht, daß 13 Personen bei Tisch ein Unglück bedeuten, nicht gegeben sind. Da man aber als Kulturvolk sich befehligen, den Aberglauben auszumerzen, beginnt man, wie zu ersehen ist, in Frankreich bei den Dingen des alltäglichen Lebens damit. In Wirklichkeit hat man gegen die 13 von jeder eine abergläubische Abneigung. Dreizehn, das sogenannte „Väderdugend“, war ursprünglich das „Teufelsdugend“. Nur bei den Fürsten der Hölle und den Mitgliedern der Hölle bedeutete 13 ein Dugend. Nach der Sage setzten sich 13 Hegen zusammen, wenn sie ihre Versammlungen oder ihre Herenabende abhielten. Im Mittelalter hatte man gegen die Väter, deren Handwerk das populäre war, eine abergläubische Abneigung, und im Volksmund ging die Sage, daß 13 Vädergefallen einen Teufel vertreten könnten. Nach einer anderen Auslegung scheint man die 13 berechtigtermaßen, weil beim heiligen Abendmahl Jesus mit seinen Jüngern 13 Personen ausmachte, und dieses Abendmahl der Kreuzigung voran ging. Diefelbe Anschauung, daß 13 Personen Unglück bedeuten, befindet sich schon in der altindischen Mythologie, wo von den 13 Göttern in der Valhalla einer — Baldur — dem Tode verfallen war. Das aber hindert die modernen Franzosen nicht, sich neuerdings doch zu 13 Personen an den Tisch zu setzen. Fraglich ist nur, ob diese neue Mode aus dem Reiche der Modelgeschöpfungen in die anderen Länder gelangen wird, denn sonderbarer Weise ist man in feiner Beziehung so konservativ, wie gerade im Aberglauben.

### Die theure Blume.

Als Anfängerin hat die später so berühmte Tragödin Rachel den mit Recht geachteten Schauspieler Provost von der „Comédie Française“, zugleich Professor am Konservatorium, um Annahme als Schülerin.

Er sah das schwächliche und armselige Mädchen an und antwortete: „Geh und verkauf' Blumensträuße, mein Kind!"

Die Künstlerin rächte sich eines Abends in der geistvollsten Weise an dem nunmehrigen Kollegen, der ein so schlechter Prophet gewesen war. Das Haus war voll, denn die Rachel gab die Gernione. Man klatschte ihr enthusiastischen Beifall, man rief sie immer wieder, und sie konnte, als der Vorhang endlich zum letzten Male gefallen war, ihre griechische Tunika mit den Blumen füllen, die man ihr auf die Bühne geworfen.

Da ging sie zu Provost, der ihr einst den Rath gegeben hatte, lieber Blumensträuße zu verkaufen, als Künstlerin zu werden, kniete vor ihm nieder und sagte, indem sie ihm ein Sträußchen bot: „Ich habe Ihren Rath befolgt, Herr Provost—ich verkaufe Blumensträuße; wollen Sie mir einen abkaufen?"

Da hob der berühmte Kollege lächelnd die geistvolle Künstlerin auf und sagte: „Ich würde dir gerne so viel für diesen Strauß geben, als du bis jetzt durch deine Kunst verdient hast. Allein ich fürchte, ich habe nicht so viel."

Das dürfte in der That der Fall gewesen sein, denn bald darauf sagte ihm die Rachel lachend: „Ich habe jetzt ausgerechnet, wieviel mein Sträußchen werth gewesen wäre. Von dem Tage an, als ich zum ersten Male aufgetreten bin, dem 12. Juni 1838, bis heute, zum 28. Dezember 1852, hatte ich eine Gesamteinnahme von 3,804,048 Franken 15 Centimes."

Wer der Vernunft dient, kommt der Nothwendigkeit zuvor.

### Get-rich-quick Schemers.

No department of the government comes into closer or more constant touch with the people than the post-office, and valuable though its services are to all there is no class of men who use them to such advantage as the get-rich-quick schemers. The postmaster general is quoted as saying that within a few years more than \$100,000,000 has been taken fraudulently from the people through the machinery of the postoffice and the spread of the rural free delivery system. This is an enormous amount, but the authorities declare that it is far below the actual sum and possibly represents less than one-half of the total amount lost—lost through the rascality of the few and the blind credulity of the many. The whole nation would rise in indignation if our postal authorities attempted to emulate those of Russia by reading the private correspondence of our citizens. The schemers know this and take advantage of it. From county tax lists, business directories and other sources they collect the names of prospective victims. This done the rest is easy.—Christian World.

### The Road to Success.

Just tack this up somewhere where you can see it: Success consists in getting out of yourself everything that's in you. It does not consist in doing almost quite as much or a little more than the other fellow. What the other fellow does doesn't amount to a dent in a doorknob so far as you are concerned. The fact that he succeeds by laying an Atlantic cable, building an Eiffel tower, inventing wireless telegraphy or cornering the world's supply of oil doesn't make you a failure because you haven't got enough ready money to buy an automobile. You're successful when you put to some useful purpose every ounce of energy, every grain of gray matter, every mite of muscle that you've got. You're successful when you've developed all there is to you and have given that to the world.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

### WE ARE DYING YOUNGER.

Only the Babies Have a Better Chance to Survive Now.

In view of all that has been said about the fall in the death rate it seems strange to realize, says Health Culture, that we are not living so long as our grandfathers and grandmother's did. More babies live to grow up nowadays than formerly, but people in later life die younger. Once arrived to adult age the average man or woman has fewer years of survival to expect. This seems on the face of it so surprising a statement that in order to be accepted it should be backed up by data authentic and indisputable. Such data are furnished by the figures of the insurance companies (which all agree on the point), but it is easier to refer to the Government census reports, which tell the tale in simple and convincing fashion. Even in the last fifteen years the death rate among all persons over 55 years of age of both sexes has risen very considerably.

### Value of Salt.

Wissen Feur Alle had a symposium to discuss the value of salt in digestion. One of the physicians wrote that, while salt in moderation is good for the stomach, and often absolutely necessary, it ought to be taken apart from the meals is much the same way as medicine.

### On Saying Grace.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Faerie Queene?—Charles Lamb.

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