

# THE DAILY REPUBLICAN

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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

## HATBOX OF NOTED AUTHOR.

Jerrold's Property Was Given to Michigan Woman by a Relative.

Seared with age, its surface showing the effects of long years of hard service, a leather hatbox, once the property of Douglas William Jerrold, famous English dramatist and humorist, is numbered among the treasured possessions of Mrs. Caroline E. Haven of this city, a Detroit correspondent of the New York Herald says. How Mrs. Haven came into the proprietorship of this memento of the man who before he was 20 had written and produced numberless pieces; whose "Black-Eyed Susan," his first great success, ran for 300 successive nights at the Surrey theater, London, in 1829, and who in addition to his work as a dramatist enriched current humor with Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "Punch's Letters to His Son," and other contributions whose fame outlived their author, is in itself an interesting story.

In the year 1861 my late husband was called to take charge of St. Paul's Church, at Lewiston, Niagara County, N. Y., said Mrs. Haven, detailing the incident. "In that little town was living a son of Douglas Jerrold. The owner of the line of buses running from the depot to the Niagara River to meet the steamer from Toronto, Mr. Cornell, also proprietor of the hotel, was the cause of Jerrold coming to so small a town. Jerrold was a fine painter and he was kept at work on the omnibuses. He came from Canada and had a wife and two children—a son, Douglas, and a little girl, Anne.

"One day a gentleman called at our home. After his departure I inquired who he was.

"That was Douglas Jerrold," said my husband. "He wants me to come to his home. After his departure I inquired who he was."

"Jerrold has not been in Lewiston

more than a year when he enlisted in the army, taking part in the Civil War. After a time the family moved to Syracuse, N. Y. When Mrs. Jerrold was leaving she gave me a hatbox that once belonged to Mr. Jerrold's father, the famous Douglas Jerrold, who died in 1857. The box was brought from England by the son, who went there at the time of his father's death. In addition he had with him a number of his father's works and a good many volumes of "The Best of All Good Company," of which a brother was, I believe, the author. Jerrold was very poor, and when he enlisted his wife sold as many of the books as she could. Some twenty years after they left Lewiston I saw a brief item in one of the newspapers to the effect that a son of the great Douglas Jerrold was very sick in one of the Carolinas and in destitute circumstances. I have often wondered whether it was the Douglas Jerrold who once painted omnibuses for a living in Lewiston."

Although the hatbox is yellow with age it is still possible to trace on it the name of Douglas Jerrold. It is also ornamented with numerous labels, one of which Ipswich, is still plainly discernible.

## OLDEST ATTIC LETTER.

Gives a Glimpse of Manners and Customs in Demosthenes' Time.

A little leaden tablet, tarnished, ugly and otherwise trivial in appearance, was sent a few years ago from Athens to the Imperial Museum of Berlin, the Scientific American says. On one side of it was some writing which only recently was deciphered with precise correctness by Adolph Wilhelm, an Austrian savant who lives in Athens. The tablet is the original of a private letter that was written about the time of the orator Demosthenes.

The writer of the letter lived in a rural neighborhood and wished to send a commercial order to a town. The form of the address was: "To be taken to the pottery market and to be handed to Nausias, or to Thrasyllus, or to the son" (perhaps the son of the writer was meant). The weekly market, to which the Attic countrymen had gone to offer their produce and wares for sale, may be imagined in progress. There the boy who was bearer of the letter was to find the stand or booth of one of the three persons to whom it was addressed and deliver it to him.

The text of the letter says: "Mesiergoes greets you cordially, he greets your family with the same esteem and wishes them good health, and he says also that his own health is good. Please be so kind as to send me a mantle, either of sheepskin or of goatskin, and let it be as cheap as possible, for it does not need to be trimmed with fur. Send with a pair of heavy soles also. As soon as I have an opportunity I will pay you."

So much for the letter, to the motive of which the reader can point with as much precision as the author. Apparently it was written in winter, poor Mesiergoes having been surprised out in the open country by one of those icy snowstorms which sometimes even at this day cover the temples of Acropolis with a mantle of snow. Therefore he desired to receive as quickly as possible the heavy and warm garment of the poorer countrymen, a goatskin, which could be bought for 4 drachmas, and the strong soles which were worn under the ordinary sandals on the rural plains and hillsides. A good pair of the latter could be bought for 4 drachmas, as well-preserved bill of date shows.

A noteworthy feature of this artless letter is the formula that may be

found used in very numerous letters that were preserved by the Greek literature of later times. Even at the present day every letter written by a rural Greek begins with the same cordial inquiry about the health of the person to whom the letter is written and with the brief information about the health of the writer.

## NOT SO MUCH EXTRAVAGANCE.

Bank Statistics Show That People Still Save Money.

James J. Hill, when he charged that much of the higher cost of living was in part the result of reckless extravagance on the part of the American people and their inclination to riotous indulgence in all sorts of luxuries, could not have had before him any statistics relating to the savings of our thrifty masses. Otherwise Mr. Hill would have surrounded his admonition to the public with the reservation at least of confining this wasteful extravagance of the newly rich, of whom it is quite safe to say our country has its share. Statistics published this week, by the American Banking Association will at least relieve the great mass of the people of the indictment of extravagance. They have stowed away in the savings banks the enormous sum of \$5,678,735.379. This is 40 per cent of all the accumulated savings of the world. The average deposit is \$381.28. In the rest of the world the average deposit is but \$101.66. One out of every six Americans has a nest egg saved up for a rainy day, whereas one out of every eight is the average in all of the rest of the civilized world, including France, which country is often referred to as a nation where thrift has been reduced almost to an economic science.

These figures indicate that the simple life and frugality are still the dominant traits of the average head of an American family. They also bring assurances that the foundations of our national wealth have not been impaired in the least degree. Much of the extravagance we hear so much about is more or less superficial. Financial World.

## Too Realistic.

During a performance of "Captain Lapalisse" at a Valencia theater some years ago an incident occurred which for lifelike effect left nothing to be desired. During the said play some of the actors mingle with the spectators in order to co-operate from the body of the house. No sooner had Miralles, the actor, taken his seat in the stalls than a daring pickpocket robbed him of his gold watch. Miralles seized the man by his coat collar and called out in a deep bass voice:

"Police! Help! Thieves!"

The audience, taking this little episode to be part of the performance, roared with laughter. Even the policemen joined in without stirring hand or foot.

"This is no farce!" cried the actor in tones of despair. "That fellow has got my watch!"

The voice sounded so natural that the audience broke into loud applause at "such excellent fooling." Meanwhile the thief managed to break away from his captor and escaped.

## A Judicial Expert.

The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe.

"Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' courthouse?"

"None," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been suing Abner Hawley for alienatin' th' affections of his wife, an' Judge Musgrove told th' jury to bring in a verdict of 6 cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage was worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at th' judge, an' he had her arrested an' put in th' cooler."

"But didn't th' judge go a little too far when he fixed her value so low?"

"Not at all, not at all! You see, he was her first husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Inventor of the Steamboat.

Fulton is famed as the inventor of the steamboat, but history attests that he was not the first. In 1543 Blas de Garay, a sea captain of Spain, exhibited in the harbor of Barcelona, in the presence of Charles V. and his court, a steamboat capable of a speed of three miles an hour. For nearly 200 years Blas de Garay's invention was lost sight of, and not till the end of the eighteenth century was the subject taken up again.

## Not Invigorating.

"Don't use too long words," said F. Hopkinson Smith, the author, at a luncheon at the Franklin Inn in Philadelphia. "I was once on the way to Reading by train, and at a town next to the river, I came out on the platform and drew in deep breaths of the pure, delicious air.

"Isn't this invigorating?" I said to the brakeman.

"No, sir; it's Conshohocken," said he.

## Anticipation.

"Doesn't it make you the least bit envious to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Eveyf is putting into her house next door?"

"Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

## His Little Weight.

"That chap used to be a champion lightweight."

"What! A boxer?"

"No. A grocer."—London Opinion.

Some women won't be happy in heaven unless they can clean house twice a year.



## Cornelia's Curls.

Cornelia hasn't many toys. Although she's very good—No toys to lend to others, though She'd like to if she could. The other children come to school With little things to show, With candles, which they give away To children that they know.

Cornelia hasn't anything Like other little girls Except—and, oh, she's glad of this— The sweetest golden curls!

In rings and twists and twines and twirls They fall, a soft cascade, A sight to thrill the little girls Who only have a braid.

The children love Cornelia, and They love her golden hair, And she has found that here at last Is something she can share.

For when a child is sad at school Cornelia whispers, "There, Don't cry, and I will let you play A minute with my hair."

She throws her hair back on the desk, And, oh, what fun to play With those soft, twisting golden curls That drive the tears away!

Cornelia hasn't many toys Like other little girls, But that will never trouble her. While she can lend her curls. Philadelphia Record.

## A Little Maid's Guess.

A certain wise little woman 8 years old has two brothers, with whom she

trious any builds its nests in straight lines directly north and south and enables one to easily determine the direction without the aid of instruments or watching the sun.

## Nailing It Fast.

Once when I was a little school-girl, a visitor said something in a speech he made to us which I shall never forget.

"Suppose," said he, "you were building a house, and instead of putting the shingles and weatherboards on with nails, you fastened them in place with tacks. It would be a foolish way to work would it not? For the first high wind would send them off in all directions."

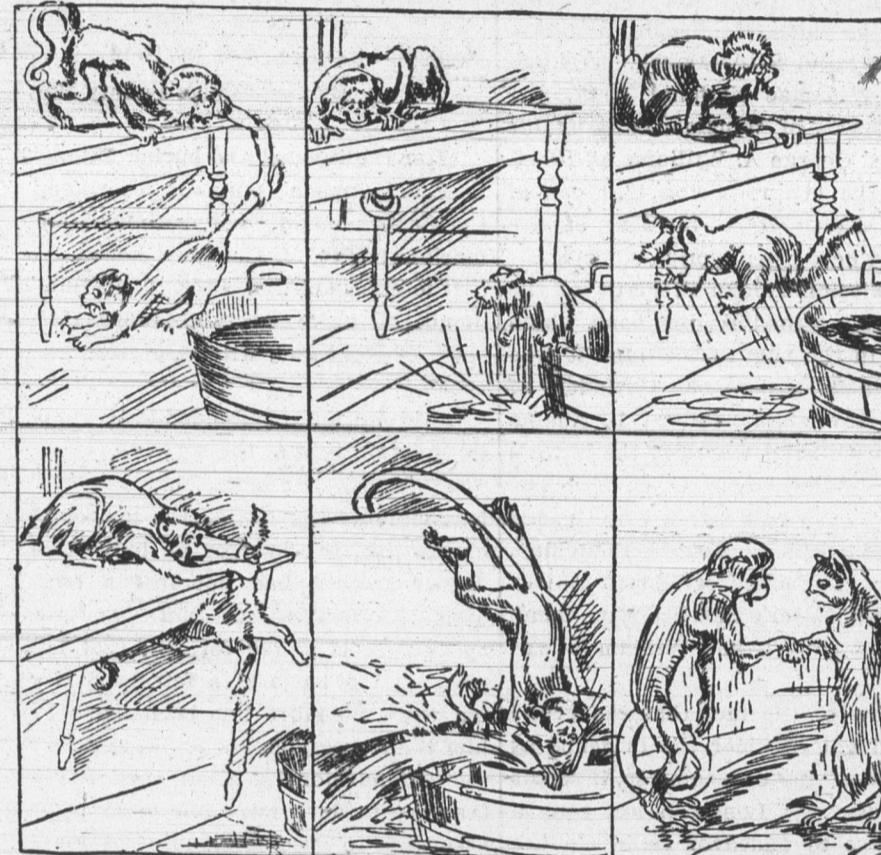
"None of you would do so silly a thing as that, I am sure. But how are you doing your school work day by day? Are you just tackling the lessons on so they will stay long enough for the recitation and then drop off your memory, or are you nailing them fast, so that they will stay on for life and become a good, sound part of your education?"—King's Own.

## WELL-PAID STAGE MANAGERS.

### Directors of Motion Picture Companies with Large Incomes.

The stage directors of motion-picture companies are the highest salaried stage directors in existence, says Success. There are four in this country who receive salaries from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year and commissions on every foot of exposed film turned out. These men direct the work of the actors through megaphones. They do not suggest words or lines to their people, but suggest the "business" which is just about to come, always keeping in mind that a photographic result is the only thing to be gained. The actors do not "make up" as they would to withstand the glare of the footlights, but, instead, accentuate the eyes to an alarming degree because so much depends on their expression.

## MONKEY SHINES.



has been on intimate terms for all his eventful life. She often wishes that she had been born a boy, but as that desire cannot be accomplished she participates in their joys and sorrows, in their pleasures and their toil, as much as circumstances will permit. And she has a thorough understanding of a boy's character.

The other day her brothers came home from school with a problem in arithmetic which had caused a good deal of discussion among their playmates, and submitted it for the edification of the family at the lunch table:

"If a boy draws his sled to the top of a hill nine times and slides down eight times, where is he?"

The wise young woman from the depths of her experience answers without hesitation:

"I dess he has gone home for his mudder to mend his pants."—Washington Star.

## The Thread Game.

Some rainy day when you are shut up in the house try what is called the thread game.

The thread used is a piece of red worsted or cotton, twelve or fourteen inches long, the ends fastened together with as small a knot as possible. Then saturate it with water, place it on a damp slate, and with a pencil you can push the moist thread into all sorts of forms, and make pictures of leaves, fruits, flowers, stars, furniture, and so forth.

For instance, place the wet thread on the slate so that it forms a circle; then if you push the top of the circle in toward the middle, you have a heart-shaped cooky. If you push the top down a little farther toward the middle, you will have a bean, and by pushing the lower half of the circle upward to the middle, papa's eye-glasses will appear. Then by pushing on the right and left sides similarly, you get a pretty four-petaled flower.

There is no end to the figures thus made, for the slightest push of the pencil changes the shape, and we have a soldier cap, a Christmas stocking, a knife, fork or spoon. As you grow more skilful and observe more closely the outline of objects about you, you may be able to make a thread picture of your dog, or the kitty as she sits on the rug.—Youth's Companion.

## The Ants' Compass.

Travelers in Australia do not need a compass to assist them in finding their directions. A species of indus-

trous is never used in costuming save in the men's evening dress. It does not photograph properly, therefore some more decisive color, such as gray or cream, must be worn. Every picture is made twice to be sure of a satisfactory product, and never more than seven or eight rehearsals are held before the film is exposed. By a working agreement between the manufacturing companies the releasing of films is limited so that only two pictures of 1,000 feet each are sent out weekly by each factory. This means that thirty reels are released weekly by American producers, and about the same number by European makers.

The rental price of these pictures depends upon their importance and their newness. The first film of the Wright brothers during aviation week at Rheims brought \$1,000 for the week. The next week 100 duplicates were released at greatly reduced rentals, and two months later any manager could secure the film for \$50.

## The Order Pleased the Cook.

The following story is told on a missionary of the China inland mission, a bachelor keeping house for himself in the southern part of China: One morning in ordering his dinner he wished to tell his cook to buy a chicken. Instead of saying "ye" for chicken he aspirated the word, saying, "Buy me a 'che'." His cook thought that was an eminently proper command and went about his marketing in high good humor. At noon the missionary found no chicken cooked—in fact, no dinner at all, for his cook had not returned. About dark the man came back, saying: "This was not a good day for buying wives, and I have been all day looking for one, but at last I found one for you. She is rather old and not pretty, but you can have her cheap. I have promised \$40 for her."

## Assailant That Ran.

"When I rose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "some one hurled a base, cowardly egg at me, and it struck me in the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked a fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

When a father objects to the object of his daughter's affections his objections are about as effective as the bite of a toothless dog.

## BREAKING DOWN THE FENCE.

### Mother Was a Master Hand at Making Neighbors.

"And how are you getting on with your new neighbor, mother?" Mrs. Dale's married daughter asked, as she drew some work from her bag and set it down for an "afternoon home."

Mrs. Dale reached over and took the little dress from her daughter's hands. "I'm going to finish this," she said. "If you don't bring work enough for two twill serve you right to sit idle. But that Mrs. O'Connor," and a perplexed expression crossed her motherly face, "really, I don't know what to say, Lucy. I've sent her in hot biscuit and honey and flowers, and she's been real polite, acting, but I haven't seemed to get anywhere at all with her."

"Perhaps she doesn't want neighbors," Lucy suggested, wickedly.

Mrs. Dale stopped sewing and pushed back her glasses.

"Now, Lucy Prescott, you know that's nonsense!" she declared. "Everybody wants neighbors—it's part of being a human; and the folks that don't know they want them are the very ones that want them most. It just makes me ache to see that child going round with her forehead screwed into a knot over something and I sitting here and not helping. I just want to get her in my arms and cuddle her up like a baby. I know 'twould do her good."

Lucy's eyes were tender, although laughter yet lurked in them.

"Well, mother, I'll still back you," she said. "If you can't break down the fences, I don't know anybody that can."

Mrs. Dale shook her head sorrowfully