

BEST GEMS OF ART

Any Famous Paintings Have Mysteriously Vanished.

WORKS OF THE OLD MASTERS.

Hundreds of Portraits by Reynolds Are among the Missing Treasures, Besides Masterpieces of Correggio, Titian, da Vinci and Others.

There are many famous paintings by old masters that have mysteriously vanished. They are known to have been painted, but their whereabouts have been an enigma for several hundred years.

From time to time lost pictures come into the knowledge of the world. When the original of the Dutch landscape, the "Philip IV.," was found in a Polish nobleman's castle; when a portrait of Isabel de Valois, King Philip II's third wife, by Coello—the original of that by Pantoja de la Cruz the Prado—was finally identified at the Grafton gallery, to which the Gaeber of Baroda had lent it; when Titian's "Perseus and Ariadne" was found by Sir Claude Phillips in the room of Hertford House, and Botticelli's "Pallas and the Centaur" was identified by an English critic, forgotten and unnoticed in an obscure place in the official gallery—a queer place to find a picture in.

It is declared that no fewer than 400 portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds have disappeared. The historians of art—"Anonimo," Vassari and many others—speak with admiration of pictures so innumerable which have passed into the limbo of the unknown at the announcement of a discovery rarely treated with absolute skepticism, even in the case of the greatest masters. There is plenty of room for the appearance of a number of early works by Valesquez-de Bernete gives a list of them—but especially the portrait of Fonseca, which gave to Velasquez his footing in Madrid, and more particularly the equestrian portrait of Philip IV., which placed him so quickly on the pedestal.

Or take Correggio. There is the picture of "The Savior," a copy of which hangs in the Prado. There is the "Resurrection in Egypt," the "Herodias" triptych, the "St. Bartholomew," the "Young man Fleeing From the Captors of Christ," "The Birth of Venus" and "St. Mary Magdalen" and others besides—lost.

And Titian (a group of whose masterpieces were burned in a great English country house), where on earth is a portrait of Isabella Gonzaga and her son, which is known to us through a copy by Pordenone? Giorgione also. He is so rare a master—rare like to numbers and to quality—that the recovery of his "Birth of Venus" would be an event of the very highest importance in the world of art. The Anonimo speaks of it, but since his day no other writer, so far as experts are aware, has ever set eyes on it.

Although we have so many hundred canvases of that amazing genius, Rubens, the loss of a picture such as his "Cambrises and the Judge" is a distinct deprivation, inasmuch as it is said to have been one of his finest works. It was painted in 1623 for the magistrates' hall in the town hall of Brussels, and no less than 3,000 florins was paid for it.

We might spare, perhaps, the "Head of Christ," by Andrea del Sarto (painted in 1524), for similar works of his exist, but it is otherwise with his "Visitation" of the same year, if only because Andrea was a painter of great importance, historically considered—he who broke away entirely from Gothic rigidity and introduced a sentiment and a delightful sense of gaiety and sweetness that brought art home to hearts untouched by the earlier dignity and gravity which they felt oppressive.

The portraits of Terburg, again, are a delight, and a host of them exist, including not a few not unworthy of him, but really by the hand of his pupil, Koets, yet we cannot read without regret the list of them, as well as of his exquisite subject pictures, which Hofstede de Groot's researches have enabled us to make. We may even regard with relative equanimity the disappearance of Nicholas Poussin's "Rinaldo and Armida." But on quite another plane is the mystery of the portraits which Leonardo da Vinci painted for Ludovico Sforza and which vanished into thin air as completely as his "Mona Lisa" a couple of years ago.

The found lady re-emerged into the light of day, but the Ludovico portraits are practically beyond hope—unless perchance even now, unsuspected in the upper corridors of some great house (mines of unexplored wealth) or the back storerooms of minor dealers.—New York Press.

Caesar Used Elephants in Britain. Tradition has it that Caesar brought elephants with him to Britain and that they contributed to his conquest of the island. Having unsuccessfully attempted to cross the Thames, Caesar built a large turret on an elephant and, leading it with bowmen and slingers, ordered them to pass the stream, whereupon the Britons, terrified at the sight of the unknown monster, fled in confusion.—London Chronicle.

Through want of enterprise and faith men are where they are—buying and selling and spending their lives like ants.—Thoreau.

For the Children

A Little Wail From the War Zone of Europe.



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When the Christmas ship sent from this country laden with good things for the little folks of the European war zone reaches its destination there is sure to be much joy among the recipients of these kindly tendered gifts. But there will be one small person who will not miss them nor feel the need of our generosity. She is the little girl here pictured. She recently arrived in this country from Austria, where much distress has been occasioned by the war. This demure little maiden lived in a district devastated by warfare, and her parents sent her to relatives in this country. Here, far away from dangers of her native land, she can enjoy the Christmas season. Of course she will miss her father and mother, but happily sad thoughts do not linger in the minds of little people. Perhaps when the war is over she will return to her home, but with happy remembrances of her first Christmas spent in the United States.

The Christmas Tree.

Were you ever out in the forest in December?

Well, if you had been out there early this morning you might have seen the Christmas tree silver, for it was very cold there early this morning. The little Christmas tree not only shivered, but it said quite loud enough for the other trees to hear, "Though I'm far from head to foot, I'm very cold."

Then the oak looked at the little one and said: "You'll be warm enough before long, I dare say. I saw the woodman looking at you with greedy eyes. I see your finish, little one."

"Do you mean the old man with the long white whiskers?" asked the little Christmas tree. "That is Santa Claus, and it is for him that I have been growing these many years. I hope I'll please him."

"You are a green one," laughed the great oak. "Ho, ho, ho! What will become of you when the old man carries you off?"

"Santa will put me in the nursery of some good child, and then he'll hang gold and silver balls and popcorn strings and toys all over me."

"What of it? Wouldn't you rather stay with us out here?"

"No," answered the evergreen. "I love to gladden the hearts of children. I love to cheer them. Christmas comes but once a year."

Conundrums.

When was beef the highest? When the cow jumped over the moon.

How do you know that the cow jumped over the moon? By the Milky way.

Why are well fed chickens like successful farmers? Because they are blest with full crops.

What will impress the ear more sharply than a falsetto voice? A false set of teeth.

Why is the letter R like the face of Hamlet's father? It is more in sorrow than in anger.

Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine? Because it has a Cork in it.

What is the brightest idea in the world? Your eye, dear.

What animal dries from the clouds? The rain, dear (rain-deer).

The Christmas Doll.

There once was a doll on a Christmas tree.

Who sighed to the angel that hung above.

"Oh, how I do wish they would keep for me A sweet little, neat little girl to love!

"A dear little mother to curl my locks, To rock me to sleep and to wake me up; To dress me in cute little gowns and frocks And feed me with milk from her silver cup.

"A kind little mother who'd never say A word that was angry, nor let me fall, Who'd always be ready to let me play With bright little friends who should come to call!"

And, strange though the wonderful 'fact may be, That little wax doll's little wish came true; They picked her right off of the Christmas tree And gave her, my dear little girl, to you!

—Youth's Companion.



Some Values

SAVE \$5 Saturday

On the Purchase of a Suit or Overcoat Here.

\$15 SUITS AND OVERCOATS \$10

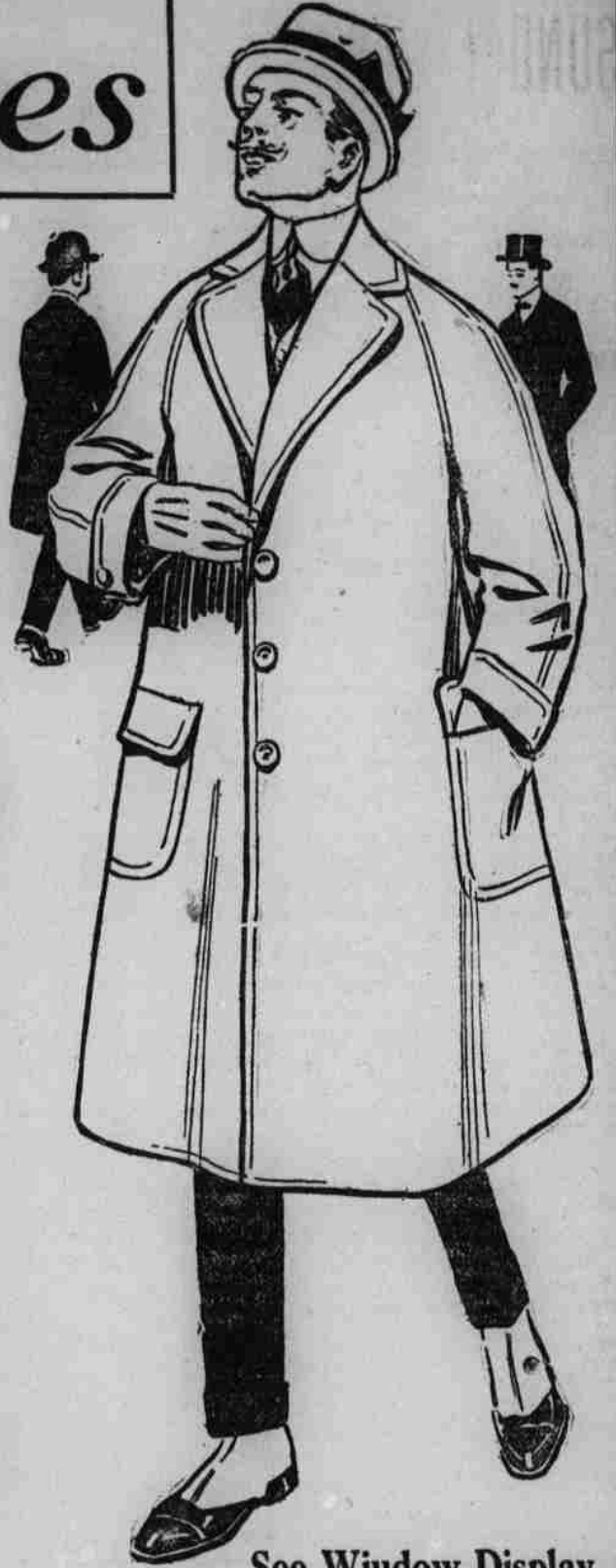
These are not regular \$10 garments. They are \$15 Suits and Overcoats with a \$20 look. They have every appearance and wear-well-qualities of clothing that you would pay double the price for in the average store. A comparison of prices will convince you that this is true.

We are entitled to \$15 for each and every one of these suits and overcoats but bad weather and a backward winter finds us over-stocked and if a \$5.00 cut in price will move the goods they will march right out of this store right now.

DON'T FAIL TO "GET YOURS" SATURDAY.

GEM Clothing STORE

6 Patton Ave.



See Window Display

Told While Waiting For A Train

By EDITH V. ROSS

"You detectives," I said to Bentley, "must have lots of queer cases to tell about. Can't you give me one while we're waiting for the train?"

Bentley looked at his watch. The train was due at 12:15, and it was just 12:05.

"The only one I can think of that is short enough to get into ten minutes is a case wherein a valuable sapphire had been stolen. The thief was known, and all there was to do was to get the property. A jewel is so small that it can be easily got away with, or if necessary to the thief's safety it can be lost either where it can be found by him or where it can never be recovered."

"A man of the name of Frichard and stolen the stone from one who saw him take it. Therefore there was no doubt about it. I was telephoned for immediately and was with the owner five minutes after the theft. He described the thief to me—a man with red hair, striped waistcoat and tuft of beard on his chin. He had gone up the street. I was to find him and recover the property."

"Not much chance, eh? That's just what it was—chance. I hurried up the street and had the good luck to see a man as described coming out of a jeweler's. That was enough for me. He might have sold the sapphire to the jeweler. If so it would keep; if not it was my job to get it. I followed him to another jeweler's and, going in after him, waited for him to offer the article for sale. But he gave me a suspicious look, asked the jeweler to show him some scarfpins and went out without betraying himself."

"Of course I followed him. Being quite sure from his having entered the second store that he had not yet parted with the stone and believing that he had it on his person, I shadowed him, or, rather, kept close to him, in order that he might not drop it without my seeing him do it. Of course this gave me away to him, and it was not long before he knew what I was about, though I fancy he wondered how I got on to him so quickly and possibly how I got on to him at all, for he did not know that he was seen to take the property."

"The problem with him now was how he could elude me, if not how he could get rid of the gem in a way that would admit of his getting it again, or, if this also was impossible, how he might drop it where it would be lost to him. He dodged into alleys, cut into back yards,

went through buildings, but I kept not over twenty yards behind him. Then he took a trolley car. I boarded it and took a seat opposite him, but the car was so crowded that if I had attempted to take the sapphire from him he might have been able to lose it without my knowledge."

"He stuck to the car till it reached the terminal which was on the outskirts of the town. There were a few houses where the car stopped, beyond that open ground. My quarry set off walking on a road till he came to a fork. There he hesitated which road to take, and I made up my mind that he was losing his nerve."

"He didn't take either road, but, stooping, picked up several stones. I knew what they were for and drew my revolver. Suddenly he turned and stood at bay. The next thing I knew a stone grazed my cheek. I called on him to stop throwing stones and give himself up, producing my revolver to enforce my demand. Whether or not he believed I wouldn't shoot, he kept on throwing such stones as he picked up on the road, some large, some small. At last I fired a shot to miss, and this brought him to terms."

"I want a valuable sapphire you have in your possession," I said.

"I ain't got no sapphire," was the dogged reply.

"I advanced and arrested him. Taking him back to the trolley terminal near which was a police station, I took him to the latter and searched him."

"The sapphire was not to be found."

"He had beaten me after all. The only course left me was to drop him, putting another man on to him to shadow him with a view to being on hand when he regained the stolen property—that is, if he had got rid of it where he could find it again. So I held him till I had got a man from the agency, then let him go. I took a trolley car back to town, and the thief took the same car; also the man I had directed to shadow him."

"Frichard on the way home abused me soundly, declaring that I had intended to rob him and he would have me arrested and sent up. I paid no attention to him, buying an evening newspaper and reading it. When we reached the city I left him in charge of my deputy and went home to dinner."

"The next morning when I went to the office there was Frichard in charge of a policeman. My shadower had watched all night before the house where he had slept and in the morning immediately after daybreak had followed him without himself being noticed to the place where he had stoned me. Frichard spent nearly half an hour looking for something. Finally he stooped, picked up what seemed to be a pebble, put it in his pocket and returned to the trolley terminal. There he was arrested, taken again to the police station and the sapphire found in his pocket. He had thrown it at me as one of the stones."

"A very ingenious way of getting rid of it, wasn't it?"

"Here comes our train."

A SPLENDID RESULT IN CLOVER VALUES

Co-operation That Brought the Results as Shown in Agricultural Circular.

An example of co-operation that brought results is forcibly shown in a circular issued by the state department of agriculture. On the 13th day of October, 1913, the state legislature enacted the Brown Legume Inoculation bill authorizing the board of agriculture to manufacture inoculating material for leguminous crops and to distribute same to the citizens of the state that applied for same at cost without a dissenting voice in either house. From August 18th to November 18th, 7,996 acre bottles for clovers, vetches, alfalfa, etc., were distributed and the amount saved to the farms of the state was \$11,850 during the three months.

Based on the best information obtainable the pure cultures sent out by the department of agriculture will add at least an extra \$10 to the hay and fertility value of each and every acre inoculated. Adding the sums together, the amount saved to the farmers and the additional value of the inoculated acres, at least \$90,000 has been added to the agricultural wealth of the state.

It might be claimed that much of the inoculating material would have been purchased from the commercial companies and used and the farmers would have reaped the benefit, even though the legislature and board of agriculture had taken no action. Perhaps that is true, but by cutting the price from \$5 an acre to the actual cost, hundreds of farmers have availed themselves of the opportunity of getting the original article at a reasonable figure, who would not have even thought of using the commercial product at the prevailing price.

It would not be conceding too much if it was granted that half the above amount, \$90,000 would not have been added to the agricultural wealth of the state if the action of the legislature and the board of agriculture had not occurred. Even at that, any member of the legislature or board of agriculture will be proud to know that over \$45,000 has been added to the agricultural wealth of the state as a direct result of his vote in favor of the Brown Legume Inoculation bill.

A military drill for girls is carried on in the Japanese public schools.

THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

One Five Minutes in the Life of Her Dead Soldier Son.

A mother lost her soldier son. The news came to her in dispatches from the war. He had fallen fighting nobly at the head of his regiment.

She was inconsolable. "Oh, that I might see him again!" she prayed. "If only for five minutes—but to see him!"

An angel answered her prayer. "For five minutes," the angel said.

"Quick, quick!" said the mother, her tears turned to momentary joy.

"Yes," said the angel, "but think a little. He was a grown man. There are thirty years to choose from. How would you see him?"

The mother paused and wondered. "Would you see him," said the angel, "as a soldier dying heroically at his post? Would you see him as he left you to join the transport? Would you see him as you first saw him in his uniform? Would you see him again as on that day at school when he stepped to the platform to receive the highest honors a boy could have?"

"How did you know?" the mother asked, her eyes lighting.

The angel smiled. "Would you see him as a baby at your breast? Would you?"

"No," said the mother, "I would have him for five minutes as he was one day when he ran in from the garden to ask my forgiveness for being naughty. He was so small and so unhappy, and he was very hot, and the tears were making streaks down his face through the garden dirt. And he flew into my arms with such force that he hurt me."—C. V. Lucas in "Lucas' Annual."

WAR HORSES IN BATTLE.

Cavalry Mounts Rebel in the Dash and Fury of the Charge.

It will probably surprise you, said a retired colonel of Hussars, to learn that a cavalry horse usually enjoys a battle at least as much as his rider and displays as much courage in it. He will chafe and stamp with impatience while waiting for the order to charge and at the signal will dash forward like a greyhound released from the leash, full of fire and fury and often neighing wildly. At the moment of contact with the enemy he will rear, striking and biting savagely at the opposing horses and trampling down the infantry.

When his rider falls he will dash along with his fellows and crash as gallantly into the foe. In the famous charge of the Light Brigade scores of riderless horses swept down the "valley of death," thundering through the smoke on to the Russian guns, and galloped back to safety with the shattered remnant of the brigade. Five horses raced neck and neck with Lord Alfred Paget, who rode in advance of the line, so eager were they to get at the enemy. And not only is the well trained

charger as brave as his rider. He is often as intelligent. He knows the bugle calls just as well and answers them as promptly. In fact, I have known many a case in which a horse has put his rider right when he has mistaken an order and has gone faultlessly through a maneuver in spite of the efforts of his mistaken master to make him do the wrong thing.—London Tit-Bits.

How to Become Rich.

"My early difficulties taught me some thrift," said Mark Twain once, "but I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last cent for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed a friend, "that a person with so little decision should have met with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain bent his head gravely. "Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last cent I kept it and so became rich."

Coffee Beans.

Coffee grains are only the seed of a fruit which is very much like a cherry. It is very sweet and has a good taste. When the fruit is dried it shrivels up around the coffee grains, of which there are two in each one of the round balls placed with the flat sides together. Sometimes in the cheaper kinds of coffee these little dried balls are found with the two coffee grains snugly held inside.

Confidences.

Stern Parent—What makes you think, young man, that if my daughter marries you she will be supported in the style to which she has been accustomed? Freshleigh—The fact that you are a candidate for public office and can't afford to have members of your family starting in the presence of the dear public.—Richmond Dispatch.

Botanically Speaking.

"Do you think a woman should regard her husband as an oak and herself as the clinging ivy?"

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "I'd rather take a chance on being a clinging ivy than a wall flower."—Washington Star.

Not the Place.

"Why don't you write to this paper for what you want to know? The editor says his columns give a few wrinkles on every matter."

"Not for mine. I want to know how to keep my complexion youthful."—Exchange.

Flattery.

Willie—Faw, what is flattery? Paw—Flattery is telling a woman the nice things she has always thought about herself, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.