

is the main difference between a big duck in a little puddle and a little duck in a big puddle.



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**THE ORIGIN OF PAWNSHOPS**

They Were Founded in Italy by St. Bernardine of Siena.

The legacy of 4,000 pounds recently bequeathed by the Marquis de Guerry for the redemption of objects pledged by the poor at the Paris pawnbroking establishment, is an act of charity of a kind by no means uncommon in France, and one which is worthy of the religious origin of the Mont-de-Piete.

When M. Santos-Dumont the pioneer of mechanical flight, won the M. Deutsch de la Meurthorse prize of 4,000 pounds, he gave half the amount for a purpose similar to that to which the Marquis de Guerry's legacy has just been devoted, only stipulating that the money should be used for the redemption of articles of actual necessity, such as wearing apparel and bedclothes.

In France, the state pawn offices and every establishment of the kind is state property in France—still retain their title of Mont-de-Piete, or Mount of Piety, although it is doubtful if the general public pauses today to think how they originated.

One of the symbols of St. Bernardine of Siena, the founder of pawnshops, is a green hill composed of three mounds, with either a cross or a standard bearing an image of the dead Christ on the mound for which the remaining two forms, as it were, are a pedestal. The Italians call this image Pieta.

In every large city in which he gave a sermon St. Bernardine mounted a Mount of Piety, or society for lending small sums to the very poor on trifling pledges. Before his death, branch societies had spread all over Italy, and he saw the system adopted in France as well. The honor of founding a pawn office is said to have been shared with St. Bernardine of Siena, by another monk of the same name—Blessed Bernardine of Feltri. Indeed, some writers seem to place him first in the field. Mention is made of him as preaching in the year 1488 in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence on the necessity of having a Mont-de-Pieta in that town.

The word pawn is derived from the French term pan, meaning a pledge and there is probably some connection between the three golden balls used as a pawnbroker's sign in England and the three mounds of St. Bernardine of Siena.

Another explanation of the English sign, however, is often given. This is that the custom of using three golden balls for the purpose alluded to, can be traced to a wealthy Italian banker who was a member of the princely house of Medici and had three golden pills in his coat-of-arms. As the reputation of the Italian bankers grew, the bankers of other lands, England among them, also assumed the sign of three golden pills.

Today the national flag floating from the doorway and the words Mont-de-Pieta placed above the entrance, alone indicate the pawn office in France, but something of the charitable scheme of its holy founder is still evident in the system followed by the administration. For instance, if an object has been in pledge for twenty years and the interest has been paid regularly, at the expiration of that period it is returned to the owner free of all cost.

If a depositor fails to redeem a pledge or pay the interest it is sold at the expiration of fourteen months from the date of the pledging, but even then he has three years in which—if the pledge has been sold for more than the sum originally lent on it—he can claim whatever was paid in excess by the purchaser. If no such claims is made the money is given to the Assistance Publique, a charitable institution, for the relief of the poor.—Ave Maria.

**"PROHIBITION" IN TENNESSEE.**

Former Camden Boy Gets in "High" and Writes of Politics.

Publishers The Chronicle:

Since I have been in Nashville I have made it a point to study the political situation of Tennessee and compare it with that of South Carolina. My reason for doing this was mainly to satisfy myself that the declaration of some of my friends "Under Gov. Bleasie, South Carolina politics are the rottenest in the Union" is false.

After much deliberation, consideration and investigation, I am

proud to be able to say that the political situation in South Carolina is a heavenly dream compared to that of Tennessee.

The Legislature is now in session, the election of a U. S. Senator and the liquor question are the important subjects of debate. The Democratic nominee, Hon. "Ham" Patterson, has withdrawn from the race, leaving the Republicans, Bull Moose, and Fusionist to fight it out. No matter how bitter the pill the people will have to swallow it without a chance to say who shall be their Senator. "A Government by a chosen few."

As we all know, Tennessee is supposed to be a prohibition state, with His Excellency, Gov. Ben W. Hooper, (Republican), as the prohibition leader. Whether he has "made good" his promise to the people to enforce the prohibition laws will quote from "The Democrat":

"Tennessee has 5,764 licensed retail dealers in liquor. Before the state was blessed with prohibition they numbered only 2,008 and yet the advocates of a policy which multiplies these dealers call their opponents emissaries of the rum power."

What say ye, friends, has prohibition proven the best solution of the liquor question in Tennessee? For better or worse, a Republican Governor, a few Republican and "Sore Head" Democrat Legislators came to Nashville passed this law, called the people together and said unto them, "We have given you a great blessing—Prohibition—go ye to all corners of your state and reap the rich blessings from our gift." The people went forth and reaped more liquor, worse liquor. The "Hill Top Lords" have also done some reaping—Graft.

Only a few days ago I had occasion to call on a wholesale liquor dealer, and I asked him if he had any fear of the prohibition law being enforced, he laughed and said: "Why, Sonny, I hadn't thought about it, but they may give us some trouble ten years from now, if they last that long."

If Tennessee had a few "Simon Pures," who would practice as well as preach prohibition, she might some day realize a little good, but so long as the law is used for the purpose of splitting the Democratic party and not for the good of the people as a whole, I fail to see wherein Tennessee can ever realize any good results from having the prohibition law on the statute books.

The question is, can our five-thousand "Simon Pures" handle the "Prohibition Law" in South Carolina with more success than the "Hill Top Lords" of Tennessee have done? Personally, I believe they can, but is there not danger in forcing one man to take another's medicine?

I have been quite fortunate in having Mr. Chas. C. Taylor, a lawyer, as my friend since I have been in Nashville. In his "Summing up" of the down fall of the Democratic party in Tennessee he, and all the "Regulars" start at the point where the Legislature under Hooper, abolished the "Four mile law" and in its stead forced the prohibition law on the people.

I, for one, am convinced that our dear beloved sister state, Tennessee, can go South Carolina one better when it comes to rotten politics, and the only way for us to keep the dear old party intact in South Carolina is to profit by Tennessee's mistake and support the administration, to a man.

Willbur W. Rollings.  
Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 19, 1913.

**LARGEST SHIP IN WORLD.**

The Emperor to Sail for New York on May 7th.

The Hamburg-American Company's new liner Emperor will sail on May 7 on her maiden voyage to New York. The Emperor is the largest ship in the world. She is an 11-story floating palace 919 feet long, with engines of 80,000 horsepower. Her displacement is 50,000 tons and she can accommodate 5,000 passengers.

Among other luxuries the Emperor is fitted with three electric elevators, a winter garden, summer houses, a theatre, a gymnasium, a Ritz restaurant, swimming baths, a ballroom, telephone, and a cottage cafe. The swimming bath is the copy of one unearthed at Pompeii, with mosaic pavements that are reproductions of those discovered at Treves. The first-class dining saloon is in the Louis XVI style. It is 300 feet long.

**Weird Story of the Wires.**

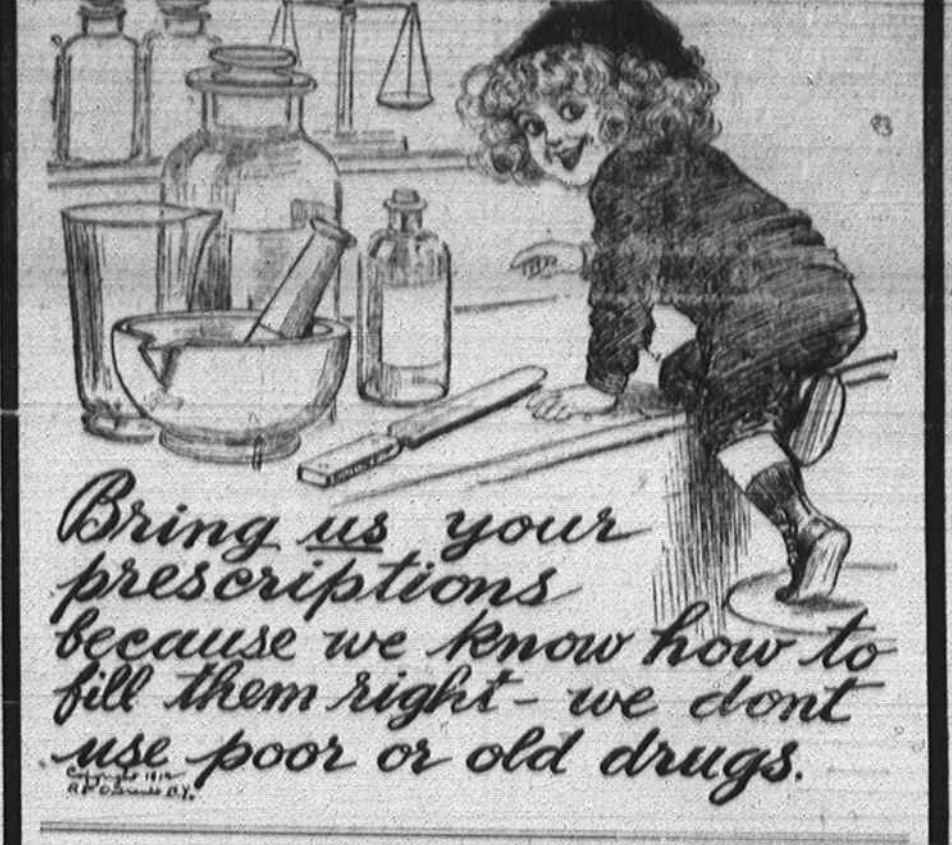
That is a weird story that a correspondent has put on the wires from Lafayette, Ind., to the Eastern papers. As a narrative runs, Evans Jones, who is beginning to recover from a cough that has made his life miserable for the past two years, says the cause was nothing less than a lizard three inches long.

Jones declared that he brought up the reptile while out driving the other day. He had a paroxysm of coughing on the road. At the end of it he choked, he said, and reached down his throat for relief. He seized the lizard and drew it to the light of day.

The lizard seemed to be as happy as Jones to dissolve partnership and was wriggling away as fast as it could, when Jones decided he would capture it and show it to his doctor, Edgar Allen. The doctor dropped the wriggler in alcohol.

Jones got the doctor's theory, which was that Jones must have been drinking at a well or spring or taken a lizard's egg into his stomach. The grateful warmth hatched the lizard.

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**POLO PONY KILLED.**

In a practice game of polo yesterday afternoon at the polo grounds a pony owned by one of the tourist and ridden by Mr. Sydney Smith had its left hind leg broken and had to be shot to end its sufferings. The accident happened as rider and pony were making a quick turn.