

WHEN HE ORDERED LEMONADE

Kansas City Residents Were Going to Shoot, Said This Writer.

The other day a man was rummaging through a second-hand book store on Twelfth street, when he came across a narrative which was written by a traveling scribe away back in 1857.

The historian tells of his arrival in Kansas City, and gives some details concerning the village which are very funny.

The author says that after staking out his live stock near the river, he walked into the village to see what he might see.

"Don't you know it's as much as your life is worth to ask for such a drink in this town? Three men were drawing their guns and were going to wing you when I rushed you out."

This yarn is related as a fact by the gifted descendant of Ananias who wrote the book.—Kansas City Star.

COULD USE ANOTHER ONE.

His Attention Called to Matter, Inebriate Felt Chilly.

J. N. Barr, director general of the Jamestown exposition, said last month of a proposed addition to the exposition's rules:

"I am against this addition. I am sure it would be worthless. In fact, it would be as worthless as the drunken man's request."

"There was, you know, a drunken man who threw himself one chilly autumn night, under a cart to sleep off his debauch."

A watchman approached, prodded the drunkard with his stick, and said:

"What are you doing under that cart, you poor fellow?"

"Just sleeping," was the calm reply.

"But," said the watchman, "isn't it cold?"

"The other shivered."

"I do feel rather chilly," he said.

"Just throw on another cart, will you?"

Congo Wiles.

An ivory dealer uttered a cry of rage.

"Done again," he said. "Done out of \$50."

And he laid aside one of the tusks from the great heap that he had been examining.

"It is ballasted with lead," he said.

"That is a common Congo trick. The native, when he gets a good big tusk of 80 pounds or so, melts up 10 or 15 pounds of lead and pours it down into the tusk's hollow. He fills it, so to speak, as a dentist fills a tooth."

"We dealers know the dodge, and every tusk is gone over carefully for a lead filling. My new trader, though, is rather careless, and this is the second filled tusk that has been worked off on him in the last quarter."

The dealer's frown vanished and he smiled.

"Of course the trader, and not I, will have to stand the loss," he said.

Glass Telegraph Poles.

A stock company has been organized and a factory for the manufacturing of glass poles has been built at Grossalmerode, a town near Cassel, Germany.

The glass mass of which the poles are made is strengthened by interlacing and intertwining with strong wire threads.

One of the principal advantages of these poles would be their use in tropical countries, where wooden poles are soon destroyed by the ravages of insects and where climatical influences are ruinous to wood.

The selling price of the poles has not been fixed yet, but the company is willing to accept 23 marks (\$6) for a pole of the length of seven meters (about 23 feet).

The imperial post department which has central of the telegraph and telephone lines in Germany, has ordered the use of these glass poles on one of their trunks.

School Teacher a Growing Giant.

Greene county, Pennsylvania, has produced a prodigy in Stanley Wright, a youngest school teacher, who, for height and avoidpudol, it is believed, stands without a peer in the state.

Young Wright is a product of Richhill township, and although only 17 years old, stands six feet seven inches in his hose, tips the beam at 256 pounds, and is still growing.

He wears a No. 18 shoe, which he has made to order. The young giant will teach in one of the schools of Richhill township, and the foolish Richhill schoolboy who undertakes to lick the teacher will need to be a David and know how to throw stones.

Submarine Smack.

Eva (in bathing). No, I can't kiss you now. Mamma told me to be sure and scream my loudest if a young man tried to kiss me.

Jack (gloomily).—Then I suppose there isn't much hope.

Eva.—Oh, cheer up and wait until I die.

Jack.—H'm! What is the difference?

Eva.—Why, I can't scream under water, you goose!—Chicago Daily News.

WEATHER MOVES IN CYCLES.

Period of 35 Years Figured Out by Some Scientists.

In 1912 the weather will be as it was in 1878 or thereabouts. Prof. E. A. Gregory, of Queen's college, London, notes that the cycle of 35 years shown by solar phenomena corresponds exactly with a cycle of weather changes on this earth of ours.

Prof. E. Bruckner discovered some few years ago that there is a periodic variation in climate over the whole earth, the average length being about 35 years. No matter what weather observations are examined, in the tropics or in polar regions, a variation in a cycle of 35 years can be detected in them.

Rainfall, pressure and temperature, the movement of glaciers, frequency of severe winters, or the height of rivers, lakes or inland seas, all vary year by year. But neglecting individual years, it is found that the conditions for about 17 years are below the average, while for the next 17 years they are above the average.

Taking several years together, it is believed that the rainfall will be more than usual until about the year 1913, just as it was 35 years ago—in the seventies of the last century. On the average we may expect that during the next ten years the pressure will be below the normal and the rainfall will be above the normal.

Here, then, is a clue to a well-marked circle of change in terrestrial and solar meteorology. It is a cycle of about 35 years, that is, about three of the 11-year periods of sunspot frequency.

In a period of a little more than 11 years spots upon the sun wax and wane in number and extent. This 11-year period is of definite character. The magnetic conditions of the earth vary in precisely the same cycle. At the present time the sun is in a condition of maximum activity.

TO RIDE OR NOT TO RIDE.

London Undecided Whether It Is Good Form to Use Motor Cab.

It has not been decided whether it is good form or bad to use the motor cab. Such a decision does not matter one atom, but the verdict will have to come.

The penny bus and the twopenny tube are, of course, quite smart, but that must be because the bishops have taken to using them. Distraught, it has been said, made the fortune of the hansom when he called it the gondola of London.

Yet the duchess of Cleveland never thought the late Lord Salisbury quite respectable, because he drove about town, not in a coach-and-six, but, as she mentioned in tones of horror, in a brougham. Herbert Spencer did no wrong, except that, owing a little victory, he jebbed horse and driver.

All these equipages have some time or other to run the gauntlet of the mentors of society. The victory of the mentors is a triumph ever won by the bench of bishops. For it was banned by bill, book and candle not so long ago.

Prof. Vambery, when he was learning to tread the straight and narrow ways of London society, was caught by a lady riding on the top of a bus. "Sir," she said, when he came humbly down, "take care not to be seen there again, otherwise you can no longer appear as a gentleman in society."—London Sketch.

Window Glass Her Test.

Some people study the architecture of the houses under construction, or comment on the building material employed, said the woman. "That's all very well, and I try to appreciate these things, too, but somehow, I can't get my mind off one detail concerning new buildings. I always look at the kind of glass put in."

"The windows in a house seem to me to indicate whether the building is cheaply put up or the reverse. If the glass is of good quality—it needn't be plate, though that, of course, is the supreme mark—I know that pretty much everything regarding the structure is intended to be first class. Poor glass, on the other hand, inspires me with suspicion. I feel that with such an advertisement everything within and without are apt to be shoddy, at least, I have my doubts until convinced otherwise."

An Odd Legend.

Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Jefferson family of actors, was remembered curiously in the will of Weston, who was himself an esteemed member of Gartick's company. Weston's will contained this item:

"I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness. I, therefore, leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of."

His Mistake.

"He hasn't succeeded in his political ambitions."

"No, the trouble with him is that he aces the swell people."

"That's not the trouble. He might ace the swell people all he pleased if he didn't afterward monkey with the plain people."—Catholic Standard and Times.

It Pays.

"How do you find things out this way?" asked a stranger.

"By advertising for 'em," was the prompt reply of the native.—Detroit Free Press.

TOAD IS 6,000 YEARS OLD.

Dug Out of Solid Cement Bed by Australian Miner.

Melbourne.—A miner has sent to the zoological gardens, Perth, a live toad which he dug out of a strata of hard cement while sinking a shaft with explosives. It is believed that the creature has been entombed for centuries.

When released from confinement the toad was quite inanimate. Its eyes, which were transparent, with no pupil, gradually became normal, and it is now in excellent health.

The chamber in which it was confined was perfectly smooth, and there was no room for movement. The toad is now being examined by geologists.

The secretary of the zoological gardens cites an instance of a toad being found in a bed of magnesium limestone 25 feet under the earth. The age of the toad was believed to be 6,000 years. This creature was presented to the Hartlepool museum.

"It is well known," he says, "that toads at the present day bury themselves in mud when the water in which they have been living dries up, and so remain there till the next rains come."

"If a drought sets in, and no rain comes to that spot, there will be no change in the condition of the toad, and therefore nothing to bring him to a state of animation, and so he may continue for all time, until some one comes along with a plug of gelignite to unearth him."

"This seems very hard to believe, but still we have the fact that the toads are there, alive, and so must have got there somehow. In some cases they have been found at great depths under the surface imbedded in rock, as in the present instance."

"The toads seem to be in a state of suspended animation, and do not lose weight when in that condition."

THINK DOGS GO TO HEAVEN.

Woman Says They Should Because Better Than Some People.

Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Chetwood Smith, a member of one of the best known families in this region, believes that dogs go to Heaven.

"Go to Heaven." Of course, they do," she declared. "I know they do, and it is wicked to kill them as they have been killed this summer on suspicion of having rabies. Not one dog in 100 killed for that disease has it, and to kill them in lots of 50, as has been done here, is nothing less than criminal."

Mrs. Smith recently lost a pet dog. The dog catcher brought one to her for inspection, but it was not hers. When she knew it was to be killed tears came in her eyes, and she said: "Never mind, doggie! you will go to Heaven and a great deal happier than you would be here." In reply to a question as to whether she really believed that dogs go to Heaven, she said: "Why shouldn't they? If people can go there, why not dogs? They are a great deal better than most people, and they do their best every time. Give a dog a chance, and he will be the most faithful friend anybody ever had."

Mrs. Smith and her husband breed and raise high-grade hounds. Her brother-in-law, Harry Smith, is one of New England's most prominent sportsmen, owning the famous pack of fox hounds which won from the English pack in Virginia last year.

MOOSE SCARES CAMPERS.

Enraged Monarch of the Woods Scattered Merry Party.

Duluth, Minn.—A bull moose brought genuine terror into the camp of men and women fishing on the River Bleau, near Port Arthur, Ont., a few days ago. Capt. H. A. White, of the freighter Briarlow, had several women passengers on the ship, which carried a cargo of coal to Port Arthur. During the unloading he took the party up the river on a launch to fish for trout. They built a fire near their camp, and toward evening, when all were near, a bull moose appeared. His attitude was not hostile until one of the men fired a revolver in the air to frighten him. Then, instead of being scared, the moose showed fight.

The women took refuge behind the men and then the men fell back a little way. They feared to shoot the moose with a revolver, lest it wound, ed, the moose would kill everybody, and held their weapons in readiness as a last resort. The moose approached the fire, shaking his head in anger, and after scattering the fire with his antlers disappeared much to the relief of the party.

Took Snapshot in Pulpit.

London.—A snapshot photographer scandalized the guests at the marriage in a London church of Lady Edith King-Tenison, daughter of the earl of Kingston, to Capt. Power O'Shea.

The vicar had refused the photographer permission to take the photograph of the wedding from the gallery of the church. While all eyes were turned on the bridal procession the photographer crept up the steps of the pulpit unobserved.

The click of his apparatus, however, betrayed him, and the vergar rushed up the steps of the pulpit. For a few moments the congregation was occupied in watching the frantic efforts of the vergar to eject the photographer.

He finally succeeded, but the photographer had taken a picture of the wedding party at the very moment that the vows were taken. One of the bridesmaids fainted and had to be placed in a carriage and sent home.

FIGHT FOR FRANCE

SOLDIERS OF FOREIGN LEGION HAVE GLORIOUS RECORDS.

All Nationalities and Types Serve Under the Tri-Colored Flag in the Colonies of the Great European Republics.

In the bloody hand-to-hand fight with the Moors over the dead body of their commanding officer, Major Prevost, the men of the French Foreign Legion were true to the organization's record for gallantry.

Miscellaneous fighting in the French colonies has been the Legionaries' specialty. They campaigned against the Black Flags and filled hundreds of alien graves in Tonkin. In Dahomey 800 of the Legionaries bore the brunt of the fighting and earned Gen. Doua's praise as "the best soldiers in the world." By tradition they never serve in France. One of their most brilliant achievements, however, was the defense of the bridge in the first battle of Orleans in 1870, where fewer than 1,000 men held an entire Prussian army corps at bay and made it possible for the French army to retreat without serious loss and save its artillery. The Legion lost 500 men in the action.

Into the two infantry regiments drifts a steady stream of plain soldiers, bankrupt adventurers, fugitives from justice, political refugees, gentle blacklegs in disgrace, men of title and men of no account, ready to march 30 kilometres a day under the flaming African sun, so they can lose their identity. It is a brigade of mystery and romance.

In one company some years ago were found a Roumanian prince suspected of having murdered his brother, an Italian cavalry officer, dismissed from his country's army for cheating at cards; a Russian nihilist prince who had escaped from Siberia, an ex-canon of Notre Dame of Paris suspended from ecclesiastical functions for the best of reasons; an English ex-major of Hussars and a German count who had held high military rank at Berlin. After a terrific engagement with the Kabyles, in which both the surgeon-major and his assistant were killed, no one was left to care for the wounded. "Assembly" was sounded, and riding along the line the major asked, "Any doctors or surgeons among you?" Nine men left the ranks, each of whom had taken his degree in a European university.

A hard-drinking, quarrelsome, duelling, declamatory lot of social castaways and professional soldiers, the Legionaries are ruled with iron discipline. The slightest act of aggression against a superior officer is punished with death. During the war in Tonkin 17 members were court-martialed and shot in one day. But in the face of danger, whatever their vices or their crimes, the wearers of the smart kepi and baggy red breeches never fail to give a good account of themselves. They are always ready and eager to fight. Men like Marshal Bazaine, Gen. de Negrier and Gen. Dupin have led them. Count de Malesherbes, a court favorite in Napoleon III's time, having been disgraced for life, sought their command. Villibris-Mareuil, who fought with the Boers, was once an officer in the Legion.

Nothing Doing.

Harrison Gray Fiske discussed at a dinner in New York the art of acting.

"I believe," said Mr. Fiske, "in subtlety and restraint. A nod, a shake of the head, a silent pause—these things are often more effective than the most violent yelling and ranting."

"Life is like that, subtle and silent. What, for instance, could be more expressive than this scene, a scene without a spoken word, that I once witnessed in the country?"

"An undertaker stood on a corner near a noble mansion. He elevated his brows hopefully and inquiringly as a physician came from the house. The physician, compressing his lips, shook his head decidedly and hurried to his carriage. Then the undertaker with a sigh passed on."

Old Relics Found.

Whilst making excavations at the Cape Town railway station for wall-building purposes last year, some workmen found several loose stones with inscriptions, such as were used by the captains of ships calling at the Cape before Van Riebeck had built his little fort. To denote the places where letters might be found. Further search revealed the flight of steps on the old seashore, which constituted the first landing place for persons arriving by sea, and may have been used by Van Riebeck himself. The stones were found at a depth of over 20 feet, and with them a small tobacco pipe and a key. All the relics have now been placed in an alcove on the station platform, erected at the exact spot where they were found, and an inscription in both English and Dutch tells their history to travelers.

Will It Come to This?

It was a bright Sunday morning in 1917. "John," called the impatient woman at the foot of the stairway, "please come down. I have been waiting two hours for you to dress."

"Keep on waiting, Martha," shouted her gleeful husband; "you didn't think anything of making me wait for you to dress ten years ago; I told you then that men would some day wear shirt waists that button at the back and get even. Revenge is sweet."

PLATT A LIFE-SAVER.

Senator's Advice Brought Friend to See Joy of Living.

"Did you ever hear how Senator Platt saved Ashley W. Cole's life?" asked one of the amen corner regulars.

"While Ashley Cole was railroad commissioner he went to Platt's apartments and said, 'Senator, you know that I have been suffering from rheumatism in the small of my back for about five years. The pain has almost driven me mad. I have suffered tortures. I have tried a score of doctors, going from one to the other as each failed to give me relief. Recently I have thought of suicide as the only escape, and I have come to consult with you, my closest friend, on that very subject.'"

"Suicide," said Platt, "stuff and nonsense. Before you think seriously of passing in your checks, why not go uptown and see the man who has done such wonders with my crippled legs?"

"Cole hadn't much faith in the expert, but agreed to call on him to satisfy his old friend, the senator."

"Rheumatism, eh?" said the expert, as he examined Cole's back. "I guess not. Just lean over this chair."

"Cole complied. The expert struck him a powerful blow on the back and commanded him to straighten up."

"How is the pain?" he asked.

"It's gone," said Cole with a shout of joy.

"It was merely a dislocated muscle and Cole did not commit suicide!"—New York American.

ARE WORLD'S FINEST STABLES.

Most Luxurious Horse Quarters on Earth to Be Found in Newport.

No one feature of Newport extravagance more clearly shows the mint of money lavished on this playground of millionaires than the wonderful stables attached to every establishment, says the Broadway Magazine.

Take, for instance, the O. H. P. Belmont villa. It has a stable for its ground floor of such dimensions that a coach and four can drive in, turn about and drive out again. It contains the most elaborate equipment of carriages and harness in the world; stalls are decorated with rare old prints and blue-ribbon prizes. The estates of the brothers Vanderbilt, Alfred and Reginald, at Sanda Point, are veritable villages of stables. As you pass, Dr. Austin Flint whirrs by in his motor, and you remember that people from Maine to California are reading that "Miss Reginald Vanderbilt is confined in the house with a cold."

The mere incidents impress you at first with the extravagance of Newport. The prices of papers, periodicals, candy, flowers, etc., are doubled. The millionaire sets the pace even in the simple process of buying a paper of importance—what is important is the gigantic abortive extravagance dreamed of in the philosophy of the millionaire, and ably shown by the magnificent homes of the very horses and motor cars.

Ship Sinking in Quicksand.

Broadside on the sands of the west coast the big Kosmos liner Seseatis is bleaching in the sun, a helpless wreck, frustrating every attempt to move her from the quicksand in which she daily sinks lower and lower until in the course of time she will probably be completely swallowed. The last and final attempt to save the valuable ship was made by the Anubis, one of the Kosmos ships, now in this port.

The Seseatis went aground at Ocos, Peru, about six months ago, and due to her having lost her anchor, although she struck head on, she has been washed by the waves until she is now high and dry on the beach.

It is possible at all times to board her without wetting one's feet, and at low tide she is completely out of the water. There were at times rumors of her being converted into a hotel.

Mistakes of Drug Clerks.

"There is one loss sustained by druggists that very few people know about," said the experienced clerk. "That is in the prescriptions that have to be made over, the same as clerks, stenographers, writers and artists, no matter how painstaking, frequently have to do their work over. The most careful drug clerk in existence is bound to make mistakes sometimes in measuring and mixing."

"He may pour in too much of some kind of liquid or sift in too much of a certain powder. In most cases the overdose would not really affect the value of the medicine, but the conscientious clerk isn't going to take any chances of murdering anybody, so he throws away the whole mixture and makes up another prescription."

Natural Curiosity.

A singular forest of stone columns at Diklitch, in Bavaria, has been visited by Prof. De Launay, a French geographer, who reports that this rule-like formation extends over a space about 1,500 feet long by 100 to 150 feet broad, on the edge of a plateau in the open country. The columns being 15 to 20 feet high, and some of them a yard thick, their shape being absolutely cylindrical. They have been produced by erosion of masses of the gray nummulitic limestone, broken by jointing. A special study was made by Prof. De Launay, and he concludes that whirls in the bed of a torrent gave the column their isolation and shape.

SCHOOLBOY A WONDER

YOUTH HAS REALLY REMARKABLE RECORD.

E. Frank Schey, of Easton, Pa., Was Not Absent from His Studies One Day in Eleven and a Half Years.

Easton, Pa.—The recent publication of an article regarding the remarkable record for attendance and punctuality achieved by a graduate of the Easton high school, Ellsworth S. Krantz, led to an interesting investigation of the records of the public schools of this city in order to ascertain who held the best average in that respect, and to E. Frank Schey, of South Fourth street, belongs the honor.

Young Mr. Krantz, during a school career of 12 years, lost but one and a half days through absence, and during the past nine years was present every day. He had a perfect record for punctuality, never having been tardy.

Mr. Schey, however, exceeded this record. He was not only never tardy, but during the 11½ years that he has attended the public schools of Easton, was never absent—not even a half day.

Mr. Schey entered the primary school taught by Miss Ella J. Gersach on the opening of the second term of 1874-1875. He passed through each successive grade, repeating his record for punctuality and attendance until September, 1884, when he entered the high school.

He remained a student in the high school six months, terminating his school career on the last day of February, 1885. He entered the high school on this playground of millionaires than the wonderful stables attached to every establishment, says the Broadway Magazine.

Take, for instance, the O. H. P. Belmont villa. It has a stable for its ground floor of such dimensions that a coach and four can drive in, turn about and drive out again. It contains the most elaborate equipment of carriages and harness in the world; stalls are decorated with rare old prints and blue-ribbon prizes. The estates of the brothers Vanderbilt, Alfred and Reginald, at Sanda Point, are veritable villages of stables. As you pass, Dr. Austin Flint whirrs by in his motor, and you remember that people from Maine to California are reading that "Miss Reginald Vanderbilt is confined in the house with a cold."

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