During the holidays Bolivar spent a good deal of time in trying to instill the principles of economy in the mind of his son William, a student at a wellknown school in New England, which

shall be nameless. "You must remember, my son, that dollars do not grow on bushes in the back yard where I can go out and pick them whenever I need them, nor have I one of those magic vests that in the old fairy days provided everybody with all the spare change they happened to want whenever they happened to want it. You must learn to make a little goa great ways. You must bear in mind that a dollar is earned by hard and anxious toil, and you must curb your desire to possess things which are beyond your means. Be careful of your clothes, and do not let them pass away from you without getting out of them their full value. In economy is

wealth." "Yes, father," said the dutiful son. "I will remember."

"Good!" said the old gentleman. "Now, goodby; have a good time at school, and remember what you are there for."

The lad departed, and two weeks passed by. One morning his mother received a letter, referring to his urgent need of a new overcoat.

"I have grown so much since it was bought," wrote the boy, "that I can hardly get it on. Can you not send me a new one?"

"You have had the overcoat only six months, my dear William," wrote his mother, "and it seems to me that there ought to be at least two years' more wear in it. Have you forgotten what your father said about economy?"

"Have not forgotten," telegraphed the boy, collect. "Am sending the overcoat home. Have it cut down for father!"

## EXPLANATION OF THE CREOLE

English Writer at Some Pains to Make Facts Patent to His Readers.

I have used the word "creole." To the average Englishman I imagine it conjures up visions of a dark and beautiful woman gloriously appareled and with a large proportion of colored blood in her veins. It is necessary to get that idea out of one's head at the very beginning, as it is a wholly mistaken one. The first and essential claim to the title of crecle is that one should be of the purest European blood; the second, so far as the West Indies are concerned, is that one should be a native of the islands.

If Queen Victoria had happened to be in Trinidad when her eldest son was born, King Edward would be a creole. The word simply applies to two things-parentage and birth. You may be an English creole, a French creole, a Spanish creole; but you cannot be a creole if you are born in England or France or Spain, even though your ancestors had been born and bred in the West Indies for generations. The one thing which is impossible in a true creole is exactly what the ignorant think the word implies—that is, the least suggestion of

negro blood. Please remember, then, that the true creoles are as white as you are. and that those of the upper classes have nearly all been educated in France or Bugiand; and that if you meet one in a London drawing room and expect vells and nose rings and a jangle of barbaric jewels you will be grievously disappointed. They are just ordinary ladies and gentlemen, a little paler than you because, living in the tropics, they have not been so much under the open sky-citizens also of the British empire and loval subjects of King Edward, although sometimes they can only speak French or Spanish.-London Saturday Review.

Value of Cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is one of the most valnable assets that a girl can possess. For it will make friends, will hold them, and, best of all, it will inspire the individual with courage during difficult experiences that she might fail in did she not buoy herself up with, an outward pretense of happiness. The cheerful girl is a distinct addition in any group. She need not be witty. mor constantly talking, if she has serenity and happiness in her disposition, for she gives it out as uncon sciously as the sun sheds its rays, and it is sufficient. In point of fact, people are like plants; they turn to the light of happiness and from the shad-

ow of discontent. To tell the truth, no person's life is entirely free from perplexities of some kind. Everyone has his own troubles; and to forget them is a component part of happiness. Each individual has far too many woes to wish to hear those of others. If we did not have trouble we should not have happiness; if life were all one round of pleasure, then we should knew nothing of the real meaning of harpiness. It would be as dull as a picture in which there were no shadows to make one realise the sunshine.

A Good Suggestion.

"Ah! You refuse me?" cried the swain on bended knees, a picture of Mespair. "I don't know what I'll do

"tomorrow!" "If you will permit me to make a suggestion," said she on the sofa, "I think you ought to have your trousers "pressed tomorrow. You are bagging

them terribly."

AS IT IS IN ACTUAL LIFE

Common Historia

Novelists Who Have Written About These Two Have Distorted the Truth.

She was a young, beautiful and intelligent girl. He was a strong, handsome man.

She lived in a house filled with furniture, hot air and servants. He lived in a bachelor apartment

filled with a folding bed, a miniature sideboard and a set of poker chips. She had been to a private and a finishing school; also on the con-

tinent; had spent two seasons at summer resorts, had been to the opera, and taken a course of bridge. He had been to college, had spent a month in Paris and London, worked

in an office eight hours a day and had read parts of Bernard Shaw .. She had some money in her own

right and more coming. He had an interest in the business and a father who had retired. They met. He called. She asked

him to call again. He did. He said that he loved her and she replied that she loved him. They told about it to others. They were congratulatedand married. Seven bundred invitations; 400 presents; one column of reading matter.

They bought a house. They lived in it. A baby came. And one more. He was a prosperous business man. She was a prosperous society woman. She had her picture painted. It was called "A Lady." He had his picture published. It was called "A Prominent Citizen."

The two people who appear in the aforementioned history desire to say that these are the facts in their lives, says Life. Every novelist who has written about them has misrepresented these facts, distorted the truth.

They are getting tired of it. They want to have every one know that they are not the sort of people that (here fill in a list of popular novelists) have written about them. They never did anything extraordinary. They never expect to. An injustice has been done them. We therefore take pleasure in letting the facts about them be known.

#### WRONG CONCEPTION OF ART

English Criticism of the "Casement Graze," Which Recently Has Claimed Many Followers.

There is an element which has come into existence during the last few years known as "new art." The way the temples consecrated to its cult are known is by their long casements. The chief article in the credo of the exponents of this new art seems to be that you are all right if you have a room with a long casement filled up with panes of diamond leaded glass and a casement curtain-olive green for choice—drawn half way across the opening. It is no matter what the size or character of your room may be, it must not have windows, but casements. If you wish to be accepted as one of the elect you must also, no matter what the character of your room may be, take care that the walls are done up in rough brown papers. as though it was your intention to paste a label on them and send them off by express to their destination when you found time to search for string. Now, one of the casement windows is in its right and natural place in a cottage, the ceilings of which are necessarily low-not, perhaps, so low as those of the houses in Ireland, where nothing but plaice could be put on the dining table, but still low enough for the windows to be a good deal broader than they are high; it is, however ab surdly out of place in a large apartment with a moderately high ceiling .-

A Test for Any Samson. There is a theatrical manager in New York who in his early days piloted a small circus through the vil-

lages of the middle west.

Queen.

"At that time," he says, "I was featuring an Italian as 'Biancialli, the Strong Man from Rome.' One day, traveling from Kansas City to Omaha in a day coach, the strong man and myself were seated just ahead of a tall man with side whiskers.. Whether or not the man overheard our conversation, I am unable to say; but after a time he leaned over and tapped my companion on the shoulder, saying, Excuse me, sir, but are you not Biancialla the Strong Man?'

"Biancialli admitted the soft impeachment.

"'Is it true that you can lift two

and a half tons in harness?" " 'Yes.' "'You can hold two men at arm's

length?" "'I can.'

"'And put up 500 pounds with one " 'Yes.

"'Then,' concluded the man with the side whiskers, 'would you kindly raise this car window for me?" "-Everybody's Magazine.

Height of the Races.

The North American Indian is taller than any other race of the world. though the Patagonian runs him very close. The white citizen comes next. The American negro ranks fourteenth in the scale and of all the countries of the world considered the Portuguese are found to be the shortest. It has always been proverblal among the anatomists that blond nations are greater than their darker neighbors. At the top of the list of countries, arranged in order of stature, the first seven after the United States white men are Norway, Scotland, British America, Sweden, Ireland, Denmark and Holland, all northern nations.

AND THEN HE UNDERSTOOD

Mr. Bijnxom's Mysterious Gain of Two Minutes Made Clear to Him Market On.

"I am, I have been all my life," said Mr. Blinxom, "a very methodical man. I rise at a certain hour, take my breakfast at a certain time and start down town daily always at a certain minute by the clock; but this day for some unaccountable reason I found myself starting two minutes early, and really it quite disturbed me. I couldn't understand how or where I had gained that two minutes.

"But that wasn't the only bewildering thing that was to happen to me this morning. At the office when I took off my hat the office boy before he could check himself started back from me with a look of astonishment. A man who came in to see me five minutes later looked at me for a moment, and another man who came in a little later still started back a step when he saw me with 'Er-r-r-hm-mha-' before he collected himself and got down to business.

"Then at a later time yet when I sent for my stenographer, why, when she came in she all but laughed at me this morning, and she seemed to be quivering with merriment over something all through my dictation. What could it all mean? Really I was lost in wonderment over it all until it came time to go out to luncheon, when as I was drying my hands I happened to see myself in a mirror. Then I was ready to laugh after I had got

over my first amazement. "My head looked like that of the wild man of Borneo, my hair was so mixed up and twisted and tousled. I had somehow forgotten to comb my hair this morning, and no wonder I had created a commotion. But I was glad of one thing. This made it all clear to me how I had come to gain that two minutes in starting away from home, and that was a satisfaction to me anyway, for I am so very methodical."

#### PLEASANT DAY FOR PRISONER!

Circumstances Geemed to Combine to Make Unhappy Time for Victim in Stocks.

A record on file in the library of the United States congress contains an account of the adventures of a certain Hubbard, who was sentenced in Boston to the stocks for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper. When he had taken his seat for the day there came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet and making feints-unpleasantly approaching reality-of biting him. Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his derision upon the victim below, and presently a rough fellow, after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him fetid toadstools and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who, in a drunken rage, stimuted by some fancled injury, rushed to Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending. nothing worse, however, than to give him a severe fright, which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter, for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage darted off. The bull made a dash at the stocks and carried away the corner post, but without even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished or his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of the said Hub-

bard. And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.

## Queer Himalayan Beliefs.

The people of Kulu are extremely superstitious, and go in extensively for demonolatry. Many trees are held to be sacred, and have tiny temples dedicated to them. The demons are popularly supposed to live at the tops of trees, and if a tree falls in such a way that it is possible to pass under it, as is often the case on the mountain sides, every man, before going beneath the trunk will place on it a stick or stone to propitiate its guardian spirit. Certain streams are also sacred, and no one is allowed to wash dirty clothes in them. During 1908 some strangers came into the valley and happened to pollute the water of a river in this manner. It chanced to be a year of extraordinary rainfall, and the people implicitly believe that the excessive rain was sent by the outraged "deota' of the atream as a punishment.

## Illusion Spoiled.

"The beautiful heroine in this play is starving to death while the snow whirls about her. You don't seem to be much affected."

"How can I be? Less than an hour ago we occupied adjoining tables in a restaurant and a saw her putting away four dollars worth of steak."

Proving It. "Jack has proposed!"

"He certainly means what he says." "Did he say he was going to propose to me?"

"No-o, but I rather expected him to; when I refused him last week he said he did not care what became of him."

RELICS FROM ANCIENT CITY

Eggs Many Centuries Old Attract the Most Attention From Visiting Tourists.

Balaclava, in the Crimea, the scene of the charge of the Light Brigade, has in recent years been discovered to be the site of an ancient Greek city. Much of this buried town, which is believed to be the Chersonesus Taurica, the scene of Euripides' lphigenia in Tauris, has been excavated with most interesting results.

Besides the ruins of temples and of homes there have been found many things that would indicate that the city was abandoned hurrledly. Money was left scattered on floors, and bits of bread and other food were found in disordered array.

Near a stone canal was found an ancient hen's nest, wherein were six eggs which probably dated back to a period before the birth of Christ. Three had been broken by falling earth, and two smashed to atoms, but one was quite whole, with a dried-up yolk inside it. Somecareless housewife had failed to keep track of a pul-

Thousands of Russian tourists visit the museum at Balaclava, and, as these eggs attract more attention than all the marbles and other fine specimens, the authorities have fitted up what they called an "archaelogical buffet." In a glass case are the remains of the eggs, the bits of bread, grain, and many other reminders of Greek cookery, and about this the tourists may be found grouped at all times of the day, more impressed than by anything else in the place.-Harper's Weekly.

# SPORT IN HUNTING WOLVES

Found in West to Be Far Superior to the Pursuit of the Fleet Fox.

The wolf, in spite of its modest share in the founding of Rome and making heroes of our Boones and other pioneers, has never been considered of much use except to embellish a winter tale of snow or furnish bounties. He has been killed off pretty generally in the east, but in the west. where bountles on his scalp are the highest, he has thrived, although most of the wild animals that the states sought to preserve have become almost extinct. Many a farmer boy of Iowa and Minnesota has wept to see his winter spending money disappear when some reckless hunter in wantonness has laid low the faithful she wolf that for years has raised her bounty-producing litter in the farm wolf den. This despised animal, however, has a new mission, that of furnishing sport to the people such as not even the fox in his fleetest day could fill. From all over the west come reports of great hunts organized to run him down; the settlers of a Wyoming valley spent several days recently with dogs and guns on his trail; the farmers around Dayton, Ore., with their wives and sweethearts, had wolf hunt that attracted people from all over the state; while Jackson county had a hunt at which the attendance was fully a thousand persons; "if the weather had been less perfectly adapted to farm work," says the local press, "the attendance might have been as many as six thousand."

## Rather Expensive.

Senator Clarence Wolf, President Charles O. Kruger, D. T. Pierce, and several directors of the Rapid Transit company were lounging in President Kruger's improvised apartments at Eighth and Dauphin streets the othor evening amoking and talking about the strike.

"Well, now, how much has the whole thing cost us, Charlie?" Senator Wolf inquired of the president. "Bout a million and a quarter," was

the reply. The senator dropped back in his chair languidly, but with a smile he

"It makes me think of the druggist who sat up half the night in a poker game and returned home in the small hours of the morning a couple of thougand dollars loser.

"He had just crawled into bed when the doorbell jingled several times. "Poking his head out of the window he saw a little girl standing on the

doorstep. "What do you want, child? he

"'Please, sir, mother wants five cents' worth of paregoric right away.' "'I'll be down at once,' said the

druggist. "That's the way we'll have to get our million and a quarter back - by nickels," the senator declared .- Philadelphia Times.

## Was Close to Death.

After terrible experiences in Iceland, Robert Gibson, a Hull (England) fisherman, arrived home the other day. Gibson was one of the survivors of the trawler Thomas Hamling, and when that vessel was wrecked in the far north her crew went ashore and started on a journey over fields of snow and ice in an attempt to find shelter and food. Gibson had the misfortune to break a leg. His comrades carried him for a considerable distance, but eventually had to leave him. He was placed in the shelter of an ice hillock and covered with all the clothes and blankets the castaway seamen could spare him. Gibson fell into a deep sleep, and when he woke he found beside him an Icelander, who carried the injured man to a place of safety. Though saved from what appeared to be a terrible fate, he will be a cripple for the rest of his life.

#### THE POWER OF ENJOYMENT

Possible for Any Individual to Emancipate Himself From Despondancy and Surliness. .

Comparatively few persons possess uniformly cheerful dispositions, Most of us have our sad hours and moods. But whatever his disposition, a man is bound by the laws of his own being, and by those of his social relations, to cultivate the virtue of cheerfulness assiduously and constantly. He has no more right to injure his neighbor's happiness than to interfere with his pecuniary property, and he cannot indulge in venting ill-humor and spleen, with gloomy forebodings and complaints, or even carrying a sad, sour, frowning visage, without sensibly diminishing the enjoyment or comfort of others, and thus infringing on their rights. Any individual who tries to do so can win himself from despondency and surliness. The power of enjoyment is in itself a faculty capable of improvement, and as practise always enhances power, it is a good thing to form the habit of enjoyment. It is not true that the sources of pleasure are few and rare, but it is sadly true that we pass them unnoticed. We crave the excitement of business, or politics, or fashionable life, and forget the world of innocent enjoyment we trample under foot. Nature and art offer their treasures in vain; the loveliness of childhood. the attractions of home, the real satisfaction of honest labor, the simple pleasure of little things, all plead for utterance, and we repulse them. How can we possess a cheerful spirit and a glad heart when we scornfully despise our simple pleasures? Every innocent means of happiness should be welcomed, and gloomy thoughts persistently banished.

### TRIFLE "SHY" ON HISTORY

The Half-Knowledge and Short Memory of Many Americans Certainly Surprising.

We must begin by a little sermon on the half-knowledge and extremely short memory of Americans as a people. No one has ever accounted for this and it seems not to have been seriously taken into account in estimating our national qualities.

The other day two persons who were well dressed and apparently educated were gazing at a large picture entitled "Waterloo," exhibited in a very large New York shop. These persons looked at it a long while and then one of them said, in a hesitating sort of fashion: "Waterloo? Let me see didn't Napoleon have something to do with that?"

Only a day or 30, refined and generally intelligent, like all American women, was told that General Grant in his tour around the world had received the highest possible honors from monarchs and princes everywhere. The young woman looked dazed for a while. She hed heard of General Grant, but evidently in a very casual sort of way. Consequently the person who was talking with her thought to aid her memory by saying that General Grant was so received because of his military exploits in the Civil war. Whereupon a still deoper haze settled down upon the lady's mind and she could only mutter, feebly: "Civil war? Civil war?" She had evidently never heard of the Civil war .- From the Bookman.

Stewards Skate on New Piers. .. A new use has been found for the Chelses piers, said to be the finest in

the world, and also for those opened in recent years in Hoboken for German liners. They are proving the finest kind of skating rinks, and stewards of the ships arriving here have been providing themselves with roller skates.

Passengers who have been depart ing recently on ocean liners have been surprised to see stewards glide up to them on skates and take their handbags. Between sallings races and athletic games have been held. One ship that arrived recently had 60 stewards who had roller skates.

It is explained that the length of the new piers had made the problem of getting from the street to the waiting ships a hard one to deat with, and the skates have solved the difficulty.

As far as can be learned the idea of skating on piers began when a steward of the Hamburg-American line went to a raffle in Hoboken recently and was given a pair of roller skates as a prize. He tried them on the pier with such success that the craze spread to other lines.-New York American.

Winter Days on the Farm. "I dunno as we have so much to do in the winter as in the summer," said Abimelech Clovertop to the commercial traveler with whom he had fallen into conversation at the country store. "An' yit, although the winter is our restin' spell, we manage to keep considdable busy. You get up at threethutty to four in the mornin' an' scun out to your barn an' milk fo'teen to fifteen cows, an' strain that there milk into cans an' git it to the railroad station three miles away before breakfast, an' then mebbe you cut cordwood all fo'noon an' put up ice all arternoon an' feed an' water thutty or forty head o' stock, an' turn to at night an' milk ag'in an' feed an' bed down all the critters by lantern light, an' git ready for a good start in the mornin' an' chore around until bedtime- You do all that, an' it keeps you considdable busy even in the winter time when there ain't much doin' on a farm. Still, it's in the summer time that you have to reely hustle to make farmin' pay. Then you air busy."—Puck. Judge's Library.

### BUTTER MENTIONED IN BIBLE

Genesis Has First Account of the Use of This Now Widely Popular Delicacy.

The first mention of butter occurs in Genesis XVIII., in the account of the entertaining of three angels by the prophet Abraham. Abraham's wife. Sarah, had been set to make cakes. and Abraham "ran unto the herd, and fetched a calf tender and good," and it was dressed. When all was ready for the feast, we are told in the eighth verse of the chapter quoted "And be (Abraham) took butter and milk, and the call which he had dressed, and set it before them; and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat." The butter here referred to was, however, not the same as the butter which is so widely used in the western countries today, but is said to have been more in the nature of curdled milk. Probably olive oil occupied the same posttion in the dietary of those days that butter does among us. It is believed by the Arabs that the process of making butter was divinely revealed to Abraham, who handed the knowledge of it to the world through his posterity; others assert that when Hagar, with her child, was sent away by Abraham and was perishing with thirst in the wilderness, an angel brought her a refreshing draft of this "oriental nectar," which has ever since been held in the highest esteem by all true Ishmaelites.

#### FOUR CHILDREN AT PRAYER

Peculiar Petitions to the Throne of Grace Made Without Intentional in the interest of the interes

The late Bishop Foss at a dinner at his Arch street residence in Philadelphia, talked in an interesting way one

evening of children's prayers. "That a study of evil-in novels or plays-teaches us to avoid evil." he said, "is a very doubtful theory. A Bala mother told her little boy one day of the children of Israel and their worship of the golden calf and the next day she found the urchin in the stable

praying to his pony. "A little girl was bidden to return thanks in her prayers for the healthy birth of a baby brother. She did so. concluding the prayer reproachfully with: 'But, Lord, we needed a motor car far more."

"A boy of seven showed a spirit we might all emulate when, in the midst of a storm, he prayed: 'Please, God, don't hurt me! I'm only a very, very little boy.'

knees at his bedside, was reminded that he 'hadn't prayed for grandma's "'What he oried 'Has she got one

"Another boy, as he rose from his

too? And yet you say little boys can't manage them!" -- Los Angeles

## What Suggestion Will Do.

There is nothing that plays so important a part in the daily life of men and women as does suggestion, says H. Addington Bruce in the Delineator. No matter how many setbacks come, keep repeating to yourself optimistic autosuggestions. Repetition is one of the most forceful instruments of suggestion. There is a great truth underlying the familiar saying: "As a mam. thinketh, so is he." Not only the people with whom you associate, but the books you read, the clothes you wear, the pictures on your bedroom wall, the very wallpaper itself, convey to you suggestions which have an influence in the making of your character, the shaping of your ideals, the determining of your life. See to it that, so far as possible, you banish the tawdry, the coarse, and the garish from your sight. Surround yourself with objects of beauty. Keep your clothes neat and clean, but do not, as so many people seem to do, regard them as your chief aim in life. Be especially solicitous

with regard to your choice of books.

Advantages of a Cook. When the woman went in to see her Bayarian neighbor another woman sat there. The Bavarian failed to introduce her. Finally the other woman got up and went in the kitchen. Then the Bavarian explained:

"She's a gook," she said. "One offmy vriends I used to have when I was a gook, too. Zhe was dhelling me how dey waited on her. The did nod have do beal bodadoes, or vash de lettuse or nottingt. Id vas all done for her. Den besides dad, she get dirty dollars a mont. Now, you! You work ferry hardt, undt by de endt off de mont, do you half so much as dirdy-dollars lefet offer? Is it! Yes!"

"Hardly," admitted the woman, sadly "Vel, den," her Bavarian neighbor

An ingenious Swindle. An ingenious swindle by a palmist calling herself Mary Andre was succonstully operated at Trieste recently. When she examined the hand of wellto-do ladies she generally predicted some impending misfortune, and explained this was very likely due to their possessing some unlucky jewel. A number of her clients intrusted the nalmist with their jewelry in order that she might discover which was the offending stone. Frau Andre must have had a large clientele, for she suddenly disappeared from the Austro-Hungarian city with \$25,000 worth of this fewelry and has not been since heard of.

English as She is Spoke, "It's unpardonable." "You mean impossible, don't you?"

"I mean that it can't be did."---

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS