WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Unkind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

"I got an invitation the other day," said Abe Peters, "to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in the little old town where I used to live. It sort of brought back old memories. I recollect a commencement exercise that I attended in that town when I was in the gosling age. I should say about sixteen or seventeen. There were several girls that were doing the graduating act, but there was one in particular that I thought was altogether the nicest thing in the way of girl that ever wore dress goods.

"She read an essay on the subject, 'Beyond are Alps Lies Italy.' She was really in dead earnest about it, too, having practiced on that essay for three weeks before the commencement night, and she had it down fine. Maybe she didn't write all of it. Maybe she didn't really compose much of it, but she had practiced on it till she believed it. She told that crowd how everybody had Alps to climb and how they could scale the snowy heights by effort and perseverance, and how, beyond lay the fruitful valleys of the Italy of success. Oh, she was a peach, all right. I felt at that time that without her life to me wouldn't be worth living. But somehow or other the dreams of my youth didn't come true.

"I wandered off west and she married a country doctor. I didn't see her for more than twenty years. Then I happened to be back at the old town and concluded I would look up the girl who climbed the Alps that night in the long ago. Well, I found her. She would weigh, I should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and had a double chin. Her waist line was, I should say, more than forty inches. She was gray headed and a grandmother, and so short-winded that he couldn't have climbed an Alp that was over ten feet. We sat there and talked and lied to each other. I told her how young she looked and how she hadn't changed a bit and that I would have known her anywhere, and she, like a dear good soul, lied back to me and me that I looked almost as young as I did that night of the commencement. Both of us knew that we were lying to each other, but it was the only thing to do.

"I met another of the girls who sat on the stage that night and read an essay on some subject or other. I don't remember just what it was. She had grown thin instead of fat. She was wrinkled and had lost a tooth or two, and had developed a hairy mole on her chin, and she seemed me to cackle when she talked. I have always been kind of sorry that I went back and hunted up those girls."—Topeka Capital.

Japan's New Art. While Japan has been forming her soldiers after the German model, her navy after English and American models, her inventors are following Edison, her bacteriologists are students at the Pasteur institute at Paris, and her painters have modified their art after French and Italian masters. In sculpture she has been ridiculously inefficient, but she is not blind to that fact. The other day the Japanese minister at Paris presented to the illustrious sculptor, Rodin, a young artist who in a carton carried photographs of his own work. These strongly cambled the sculptures of Rodin, who exclaimed that they were so well done that he himself would not be ashamed to sign them. Rodin then learned that many young artists in Japan were influenced by his work, This gave the sculptor so much pleasure that he promised to send a number of his drawings and sculptures to an exposition at Tokyo.

Distinction Without Difference. Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons.

"Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker.

'One evening at ten o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to durch arm-in-arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They zigragged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and gorgeous tulips.

'Who's that?' one passerby asked another.

'That's Gobsa Golde and his chauffeur,' the other answered.

"'What's the matter with them?' "'Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been girinking again."—Detroit Free Press.

Perplexed Parent.

"Did you ever try to be a kind husband and an indulgent parent?" asked the man whose hair is thin in front. "Why, sir," replied the hearty individual, "that should require no ef-

fort." "No effort! Well I want to tell you that in my case it's a superhuman undertaking. My wife wants to smoke cigarettes, my daughter wants to marry a nobleman whose title has lapsed and my son wants me to buy him an aeroplane."

MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Got Wealthy Through Shady Deals in South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prize. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his

eye and put it on the counter. But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they dry them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daft, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artists \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint off that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibili-

ties." This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor. Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), who has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer. Savage studied the applicant keen-

"So you want to play the part of Stub?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?" "I'm just that sort of a type," said Wheat, swelling up his chest and try-

ing to look real brave. "Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?"

"I am," said Wheat. "You don't look like an actor," said

the colonel. "I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough te That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know. What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them—yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will either brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither.

Here are the words: Opuscule, tobacconing, noddy, node futtock, galimatias, fadie, duvet, dzig getail, dwale, pariotic, predicant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, becket, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, aoudad, incondite, inly, kelp, jorum, rundlet, rupertrine, caddis, fissle, calcar, flinder, hopple, horary, thorp, usi-

tative, woof, arcolith, gaum. All of them in the diction. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme. The Countess Szechenyi, nee Gladys

Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of American women at a luncheon. She ended her praise with an epigram both striking and true. "The women of all nationalities," she said. "can make their own clothes, but only the American woman can make them so that nobody ever suspects it."

English Getting Fond of Cheess. Cheese is coming more and more in favor for lunches in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported cheese that cost \$84,746,000.

NEEDED THAT OTHER ROOT

Patients of Dentists Will Appreciate Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kaneas City.

In Kansas City there dwells a man whose boast is that he has "the nerve," and at least one dental sur-

geon will support him in his claim. The man with "the nerve" suffered from the pangs of an aching molar and at last sought out his friend the dentist and announced that the tooth must come out. The man with the forceps made a hasty examination and suggested that a filling would relieve the agony, but to no avail.

"That tooth must be pulled," said the "nerve man," "but I want to warn you right now, Doc, that you won't get it the first yank. I have had seven teeth drawn and no dentist lives who can pull one of my teeth the first trial."

The dentist prides himself with the numerous compliments paid him for dexterity in extraction and "the nerve" man's words were a challenge. "I'll get that tooth the very first

time I pull it." "Bet you the drinks you don't," was the patient's retort.

"Done," said the doctor. The professional man motioned his patron to the operating chair and selected the proper forceps. The cold steel clamped firmly on the tooth, and with a slightly rocking motion the dentist began to pull. The tooth held firm and it looked as if the dentist's reputation as an extractor must suffer. At last, just as little beads of sweat were forming on the operator's brow, he smiled and in another second the three-pronged cause of the trouble lay on the swinging bracket by the dental chair.

No word or sign had been given by the sufferer, who then raised from the chair, grasped the removed tooth in his fingers and gazed at its three roots in contemplation.

There was a tone of real sadness in his voice as he regretfully said: "If that thing had only had another root, I'd have won the drinks."-Kan sas City Journal.

WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Casey Unwilling to Take the Word of His Rival When It Would End Hostilities.

It had come to blows at last. After many threats and sundry fist-shakings not to mention odd brick-ends which were thrown, Casey and Riley deter mined to "have it out," so they ad journed to a neighboring field, followed by an enthusiastic, admiring crowd.

Before they commenced their display it was agreed mutually that who ever wanted to quit should say "Enough," and with that they started After a few minutes Casey got Riley down, and was hammering him un-

several times, "Enough!" As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a by stander said, "Why don't you let him get up? Don't you hear him say that

mercifully, when Riley shricked out

he's got enough?" "I do," said Casey, "but he's such s liar you can't believe him."-Londor Tit-Bits:

Worried High Official. Custody of the great seal is one of the most important duties under taken by the British lord chancellor in return for his \$50,000 a year. This responsibility gave Lord Brougham an unhappy time during his tenure of the chancellorship. When staying with the duke of Bedford, in Scotland, some of the women in the house amused themselves by abstracting the seal from Brougham's room. The chancellor was so frantic when he discovered the loss that his tormentors promised to restore it on conditions. So they blindfolded him, hid the seal in the drawing room, and told him to find it, guiding him in his search by a tune on the piano, which grew louder when he drew near it and softer when he drew away. After an hour's scrambling the seal was found in a tea caddy.

Judicial Spelling. A probate judge in western Kansas wrote to the judge of the juvenile court in Kansas City asking for information as to how the court should

be conducted. He spelled it "juvanil" first, then "juvenil," and finally "juvanile;" three trys, and a clean miss in all three. Charles Blakesley of Kansas City recalls that there was once a probate judge in his town who spelled it "probat jug" and a constable who used to spell his own title "cuncible." The celebrated Judge Noggle of Wisconsin, and a good judge he was, too, once told a prisoner at his bar that he, the court, knew the man to be a fraud as certainly as if

he saw the letters F-R-O-A-D stamped

on his forehead.—New York Mail.

Protection During Fogs. Two brothers named Hodgkinson have invented an apparatus which acting as "ears" for a ship will afford a protection now lacking in time of fog. Tests in the Mersey at Liverpool appear to substantiate the claims made for this invention, that it will definitely determine the direction of sounds. The invention consists of a drum nine feet long by five feet in diameter set up aloft so as to miss sounds on deck, but to receive other sound waves on a "receiver" divided into units for each direction. An electrical appliance connected with a lamp shows by a small light the direction whence the sound may be

coming.

THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

Second Finder Was Wiser and Kept It for Its Much Worrled Owner.

At a big hotel not over half a mile from Times square, which may be further identified by the fact that some of the employes can afford to wear diamonds, a good-sized brilliant went begging for a time Friday morning. It was lost by its owner, found,

thrown away, and then found again. The night manager owns a ring that has three diamonds in it. The middle one was said to have cost him \$200. Some time Thursday night it

dropped out of its setting. After things had got quiet, the man who cleans up the second floor saw something glittering on the carpet in one of the public rooms on thesecond floor. He picked it up and took it to the night controller.

"Aw, that's nothing but a bit of glass," appraised the controller, who doesn't wear diamonds. "But it looks like something," said

the cleaner. "Rats! You're bughouse if you think that's worth anything. Throw it

away.' As the cleaner didn't have any other place handy, he threw the thing

in a corner. When daylight came the rays of the sun came in and fell on the diamond just as a housemaid was tidying up the room. She saw it and picked it up. The cleaner had not yet gone home, and she showed it to

"Nothing but glass. That's the second time I've seen that thing," he assured her.

"Who told you it was glass?" she asked. "The controller."

"Huh! he knows nothing about jewelry. I'm going to keep it," and she put it into her pocket.

The night manager came to the hotel Friday night out of breath. He had not discovered his loss until he awoke in the afternoon. He immediately began an investigation, and finally it led him to the cleaner. "Yes, I picked up something like

what you say," he said. "What did you do with it?"

"I threw it away." The manager said some things, to which the cleaner retorted that the controller had been positive the thing was nothing but glass.

The manager said some more things. Then the cleaner remembered that the housemaid had picked up the

thing again. "What did she do with it?"

"I told her to throw it away." The manager thought of things he had left unsaid, but looked up the housemaid. No, she had not thrown it away. She looked up the working skirt she had worn the night before and there the gem still lay in the pocket.-New York Times.

Charm of Memory.

The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness. The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places, houses, rooms, until every detail lives again. We can turn from one thing to another and, as we look at each, lo, it is there! It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes, it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of this quality. They do not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour. Certain places have it; cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it; firelight and silence, and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it; the luminous pause between sundown and dusk, afternoon with its slant of light through deep grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land "wherein it seemed always afternoon." In that land these magic moments were prolonged, and thus it became the land of reminiscence.—Atlantic Monthly.

Barometer.

Gen. Daniel E. Siekles, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concern a captain in a South American war.

"This captain," so General Sickles tells the tale, "was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty whenever there was a big battle in "After he had shirked about seven

battles by means of sick leave, be became notorious; and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newsboys talking about him "'Juan,' said the first boy, 'we'd bet-

ter order an extra supply of papers. There's going to be some tall fighting tomorrow.' "'How do you know that?" Pepe, the

second boy asked. 'Captain Blanc,' was the reply, 'is sick again.'"

The Biter Bit.

A certain critic, renowned for his bitter tongue, found that on occasion even artists will turn. The occasion was a reception at which the artist was exhibiting his latest work.

"I should like to have your opinion of my picture," he said to the critic. "It's absolutely worthless," the othet replied, shortly.

"O, I know that," pursued the artist, "but it would really interest me very much indeed."-Berlin Illustrated Times.

TEARS ALWAYS CLOSE

SEEMED STRANGE MINGLING OF HAPPINESS AND PAIN.

How the Tiniest Bridesmaid and the Athletic Usher Came to an Understanding in Just 2 Minutes 21 Seconds.

He was the very largest and most athletic of the ushers, and she was: the tiniest and most feminine of the bridesmaids. He was very tall, very self-assured and very strong. She was very slight, very shy and full of trembles. She had trembled all through the wedding, from the time the pink chiffened maid of honor took the first step, at the organ's signal, and now she was trying bravely to

keep back the tears. She was not sorry Adele was married-it seemed a good match; she was not sorry she was to walk with with the biggest usher, for she-well, she always thought him very grand, and now that he was out of college, and a real doctor-

And yet she wanted to cry! That is like a woman, especially the kind who are very slight, very

shy, and full of trembles. The biggest usher had not trembled during the ceremony. He had occupied himself chiefly in wondering why in thunder people have church weddings in July, and calculating as to whether or not his collar would last until he got back to his room.

But when the ceremony was over and all the other bridesmaids had paired off and began pacing down the aisle, the tables were suddenly turned. As his arm felt the touch of the smallest bridesmaid's hand he suddenly realized that he was trembling.

As soon as the smallest bridesmaid felt this trembling her own stopped and she no longer felt like crying. She realized this dimly and wondered if it were not on the principle of homeopathy-"like cures like." But no-he was the other kind of a doctor. At least she had stopped trembling and she wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so sometimes with women who are very slight, very shy and full of trembles.

The master of ceremonies, who had been timing everything with his watch in hand, afterward stated that the procession from altar to door took just 2 minutes and 21 seconds. But the biggest usher and the smallest bridesmaid would have sworn it took an hour-so much happened during

And yet, what took place during that 2 minutes and 21 seconds was so very insignificant when one tries to set it down. It consisted of a few breaths, some in the form of sighs and others subvocalized; a slight movement of a black coat sleeve against a sleeve of white mousseline de soie; an almost imperceptible movement of the muscles of two pairs of eyes; a few nerve quiverings-and that was all.

At the close of the 2 minutes and 21 seconds of Mendelssohned marching, when the tallest usher was helping the smallest bridesmaid into the carriage, he whispered one word to herand then, strangely, she wanted to cry again. She wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so, sometimes, with women who are very slight, very shy and full of trembles.-St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Library of Artemus Ward. As we sat on the old-fashioned

porch at Waterford, Me., and talked with "Uncle Daniel" Browne, a cousin of "Artemus Ward," he revealed many quaint glimpses of his own career as village justice of the peace. His daughter owns the library of . "Artemus Ward." In his will it was awarded to the brightest girl in the old Waterford schoolhouse, which he attended, and the prize was won by an own cousin. Thereon hangs the love romance of his life. The blue-eyed girl died a few years after the remains of Charles F. Browne had been brought to the old Elm Vale cemetery in Waterford, and thus ended the earthly love of the cousins. Today in the quiet cemetery the gravestones stand in stern military array and carry dates reaching back for more than a century. Under the granite shaft, beside his brother and mother, sleeps "Artemus Ward" under a simple slab on which the inscription reads: "Charles F. Brown, known to the world as Artemus Ward."-"Along the Androscoggin," Maine Edi tion, National Magazine.

No Nose for News.

The new reporter turned in his story about the church bazar, his first assignment. It was the usual story, with the usual names of committee women.

He lingered around the city editor's desk as the hour for the paper to go to press drew near. "Funny thing happened at that ba-

zar tonight," he said casually, as conversation lagged. 'What was that?" asked the city editor.

"Oh, nothing much-one of the booths caught fire and they put it out with lemonade."" He never knew why he was fired .-

Soaking Sapleigh Again. Sapleigh-I shall never have the courage to propose to a girl, never.

Miss Pert-Well, you will be saved one disappointment in life, anyway Mr. Sapleigh .-- Boston Evening Tran-

MISTAKE THAT IS GENERAL

Too Often Time Is Wasted Consider-Ing Difficulties Instead of Performing Allotted Task.

When a hard thing is to be done the. natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort necessary to do it, instead of going

ahead and doing it. And here we make one of the most. common mistakes in our lives. When one is confronted by a severe

task of duty which seems almost beyond one's powers, it is fatal to pause to consider its difficulties. Never mind how hard it may seem,

nothing can be tolerated in the mind except the consideration of ways of accomplishing it. The secret of accomplishment lies

in the answer of the urchin who was asked if he thought he would get the woodchuck for which he was energetically digging: "Get him? Why, man. I've got to get him; the minister's coming to dinner and there ain't no meat in the house!"

It is a wise economy in daily life to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning; to be deaf to the self which insists upon dwelling upon difficulties, and at once to bring into action the self that is

determined to succeed. Most persons have had the experience of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of it beforehand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterward.

NEW IN THE TEXTBOOK LINE

Italian Meant Well, But His Knowledge of American Schoolbooks Was Small.

One morning, just as a teacher up in Harlem was entering her school, she was met in the hall by an Italian leading his little daughter by the

"She wan' go school," said he politely, indicating the little girl. He pushed the child forward. "She wan' go school," he repeated, with many bows. "She has book," pointing to the book under the girl's arm, "an"

she wan' go school." "I see," said the teacher. "You have brought her all prepared. Can

she read?" The only response from the father was a shake of his head and a reitersted. "She wan' go school."

Whereupon the teacher took the book and looked at it. It was old and worn, and neither a reader nor an arithmetic. It was a social directory of the year 1909.

Floral Death Legends. "By the Mexicans marigolds are known as death-flowers, from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner, the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were said to have sprung from the blood of the killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the Dane-weed, a coarse, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle; and, if cut on a certain day in the year, it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason

What Alaskan Dogs Est. Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or, what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs, to work well, must be well fed, and it is false economy to underfeed a dog. They are fed on a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, corn meal and fish. If rice or corn meal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish, thus doing away with cooking. Cooked food is cheaper and more fattening than raw feed, but the question as to whether dogs can work better on cooked or uncooked food is one that will never be settled so long as there are "mushers" to argue the question.

is called Danewort and Dane's blood."

-Suburban Life.

Will the Films Stop War?

The cinematograph as an institution has come to life since the last important war. It remains to be seen how a battle, or the awful fringes of a battle, will look upon the screen. For assuredly films will come into play. Soldiers have always saidand correspondents have in a measure agreed with them-that the truth of war cannot be told. How if the truth

of war were now to be seen? The late Colonel Stanley has photographs (daguerreotypes they would perhaps be called) of the dead and wounded taken after the Crimean engagements, but they were too horrible for exhibition. He showed them, long afterwards, to those who could bear it, sometimes to those who could not-and they will never forget

Her Furvor.

"So you have won the American heiress, after all," observed the friend. "Yes," fervently replied the foreign nobleman, "she is mine-a gold mine."

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