

HIS LOVE NOT REAL ARTICLE

Estimations Proved False When Woman's Writ Put to Test

A reporter venturing on John D. Rockefeller's... question him about his very remarkable...

Mr. Rockefeller, however, would not discuss the problem... He stood his ground...

Young man, I am ignorant about this matter... as ignorant as the man in the street...

There is a table, you know, about a man in an eastern city who followed a lady about the bazars and...

"Why do you follow me?" "Because, he answered, you are very beautiful, and my soul goes out to you in love."

The lady smiled and said: "But I am not half so beautiful as my sister there." She pointed to the fountain in the square...

"The man took the lady at her word. He hastened to the fountain. But the maiden filling the jar there was very, very ugly, and he returned and said angrily:

"Your sister beautiful? Why did you tell me such a falsehood?" "Ah, but why," said the lady, "did you tell me a falsehood first?"

"But I didn't," said he. "When," he added, "did I?" "When you told me you loved me," said the lady. "For it had been true that you loved me, you would never have gone off to make love to another woman."

Britain's Gift of Peace. The indispensable foundation for the working out of any principles of government is internal peace, and peace is the greatest of the blessings that British rule has bestowed upon India...

No Danger. Much sobered by the importance of the news he had to communicate, youthful Thomas strode into the house and said, breathlessly: "Mother, they have a new baby next door, and the lady there is awful sick. Mother, you ought to go right in and see her."

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "I will go over in a day or two just as soon as she gets better."

"But, mother," persisted Thomas, "I think you ought to go in right away; she is real sick, and maybe you can do something to help."

"Yes, dear," said the mother, patiently, "but wait a day or so until she is just a little better."

Thomas seemed much dissatisfied at his mother's apparent lack of neighborly interest, and then something seemed to dawn upon him, for he blurted out: "Mother, you hadn't be afraid—it ain't catching!"—Cosmopolitan.

Good at Addition. Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers...

"Well, what are you going to do?" Of all things, you carrying an oil can?" "Why, don't get excited, my dear; I'm out on an errand of charity."

"How is that?" the neighbor wanted to know. "Oh, I'm merely going to donate three cents to the Chicago university."

Lieut. Shackleton as Talker. People whom Lieut. Shackleton casually meets must be a trial to him with their trivial questions, but he has a merry wit. He was explaining how the penguins set up next keeping Mr. Penguin would feed his wife as she sat on the eggs...

"Well, now, see here," said the young man. "If you take the flat I looked at yesterday, it'll be just the same as living in the parlor car stateroom, except that the scenery won't change."—Youth's Companion.

His Preference. Knicker—Wouldn't you like to wake up to find yourself famous? Newpaw—No, I'd rather have the bats go to sleep to find themselves famous.

BURLESQUE FIELD OF HONOR

Mimic Duelling, with Wax Bullets, Popular in England and on the Continent

Mimic pistol duelling, now popular in England and on the continent, has become possible through the invention of the "Devillers" wax bullets, which are fired from a special pistol and the regulation army revolver. The cartridge is fitted with a cap which contains a sulphur charge to insure accuracy of fire, and the projectile strikes the object at which it is aimed with considerable force...

Pistol duelling is a sport in which physical fitness and self-discipline are essential to success. It is necessary to be a good shot and something more, for there is a considerable difference between taking a deliberate aim at a fixed target and shooting at an armed opponent at the word of command within a period of a second and a half. In these mimic duels the ceremony of a "serious affair" is observed. There is a director of assaults, a judge to decide which of the competitors fired first, and four "markers" to judge the hits.

Competitors are placed at 25 paces from each other—a distance of 22 1/2 yards. They stand with their pistols pointing downward clear of the feet, and butt touching the thigh or knee. The director gives the word "Fire," and while he counts, one, two, three, the combatants raise their weapons and fire. If a competitor raises his pistol before the word of command, or if he fires after the word "three," the result of his shot is nullified.

Mr. Watterson Writes of London. How many "Mrs.ouncers" have I not known in London, with nearly 50 years of intimate knowledge of every part of it...

A Chicago school and home visitor tells this story: "Mary was the terror of her teachers and her companions. It was fight, fight from morning until night. She threw erasers and books at her teachers and at the other children. She broke every rule and was a problem. When I visited her home I found Mary was the little drudge, doing all the work and caring for the sick mother. We found work for the boys out of work, sent the little ones to kindergarten and moved the family into a new locality. Mary's new teachers were willing to help make a new girl of her. One morning when I visited her school Mary came to me and whispered: 'Miss B, I want to tell you something all by yourself where no one can hear us. It is something you must not tell anyone. I took Mary off by herself and she looked at me with an expression I shall not soon forget and said: 'Miss B, I love music. Here was the golden key which would unlock Mary's stubborn little heart. I took her to a music teacher, who promised to train her voice as soon as Mary is old enough, and in the meantime a happy little girl trudges to a piano teacher once a week and has been told how to care for her body and her voice so that she may some day become a really fine singer."

Byron's Bride of Abydos. It is just 100 years ago that Lord Byron arrived in Greece, where he wrote that beautiful poem, "The Bride of Abydos," and that exquisite song, the "Maid of Athens," which, says a Paris contemporary, every Englishman of culture knows by heart.

Documents enable us to establish the true identity of the heroine of this last poem. She was one of the three daughters of Mr. Black, English vice-consul at Athens, at whose house Byron for some time lived. After the departure of the poet, Theresa Black, married an archaeologist, M. Pittakis, whose widow she became several years later. Her beauty, her charm, her elegance, conquered every heart, including Byron's. In 1873 the heroine of the poem was an old woman of upright figure and still showing signs of her former beauty. With age had come poverty. The Times, moved by her distress, opened at this epoch a subscription in her favor. She died in 1875.

One for Wilhelm. The teacher was giving a geography lesson, and the class, having traveled from London to Labrador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was thoroughly worn out.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a kaiser?" "Please, m," yawned Tommy Jones, "a stream of hot water springing up and disturbin' the earth!"—Argonaut.

Too Many Knaves. "Why do you propose to call yourself a king?" A royal flush overspread the brow of the prince of Montenegro. "I have here," he replied, "the cards of the heads of reigning families." He shuffled the cards nervously.

"Observe for yourself that there are too many knaves in the pack," he added.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Society. Stell—Have they become "exclusive?" Bella—Yes, they are among the also absent.—N. Y. Sun.

Uncle Ezra Says! "What's the use in teachin' an of dows new tricks, anyway; ain't the of cses had enough?"—Boston Herald.

AUTOMATIC LAW ENFORCER

An Ingenious Apparatus for the Motorist. Why Desists Safety

At a Council H. M. Davidson, at Paris reports as follows concerning a new British apparatus which controls the speed of motor cars. According to the published description of a practical road trial, the apparatus automatically removes the clutch when the speed of the car exceeds the arranged limit and when necessary the brake is also automatically applied until the rate is reduced just below the limit. The brakes are then quickly but gently removed and the clutch again put in. A sirenophone is automatically raised to warn the driver when he is approaching the maximum. The mechanism, which fits in a compact aluminum box and works in oil, takes very little space. It is put in action or out of gear in an instant, and there is no need to stop or slow down the car while this is being done. The apparatus can be locked up so that the driver of a car cannot exceed the speed desired by the owner.

"Every effort was made on the trial to get the car to exceed the limit, which was set for 16 miles an hour. On coming to a fairly steep hill the engine was allowed full power and the car instantly started to gain speed. But as soon as the limit was reached the brakes were applied strenuously, as if by magic (though no sudden jar was experienced), and the engine merely rared without the slightest effect on the car, the speed being maintained at the 16-mile rate throughout."

GOLDEN KEY TO CHILD'S MIND

It Is Sometimes Hard to Find, but in This Particular Case It Was Music.

A Chicago school and home visitor tells this story: "Mary was the terror of her teachers and her companions. It was fight, fight from morning until night. She threw erasers and books at her teachers and at the other children. She broke every rule and was a problem. When I visited her home I found Mary was the little drudge, doing all the work and caring for the sick mother. We found work for the boys out of work, sent the little ones to kindergarten and moved the family into a new locality. Mary's new teachers were willing to help make a new girl of her. One morning when I visited her school Mary came to me and whispered: 'Miss B, I want to tell you something all by yourself where no one can hear us. It is something you must not tell anyone. I took Mary off by herself and she looked at me with an expression I shall not soon forget and said: 'Miss B, I love music. Here was the golden key which would unlock Mary's stubborn little heart. I took her to a music teacher, who promised to train her voice as soon as Mary is old enough, and in the meantime a happy little girl trudges to a piano teacher once a week and has been told how to care for her body and her voice so that she may some day become a really fine singer."

BIRDS KILLED BY THE WIRES

Hit Against Telegraph Strings and Supply Travelers in Algeria with Fresh Meat

Paris.—In the present era of life at high pressure, when the network of telegraph and telephone wires is continually claiming more space overhead, little attention is paid to the fact that the wires prove a real obstacle to the feathered tribes.

Along the railways particularly the wires are sometimes so numerous and so close to one another that they resemble an immense snare extending over long distances. Flocks of quail in migratory flight and coveys of young partridges just trying their wings dash into the wires as into a net, and the birds fall to the ground, not owing to an electric shock, as is commonly supposed, but simply stunned or killed by collision with the wires.

The victims indeed are numerous enough. Every year there are heta-combs of migratory or of indigenous game amounting to millions of birds.

This fact is so common that formerly and perhaps at the present time in Algeria, where the railways toward the south are still few and where goods are transported by periodical caravans following the tracks indicated by the telegraph posts, the merchants carry no provisions of meat, but trust to finding sufficient game along the route.

The Saint-Hubert club of France, which has collected approximate statistics relative to these misdeeds of the telegraphic wires, has even requested the minister of public works to cause the wires to be arranged in horizontal planes and not one above the other, as at present.

But it has not been found practicable to accede to this request. The incessant and rapid extension of the telegraphic system would lead to the superposition of a series of such horizontal planes which would soon constitute a similar obstacle to the flights of the birds. It must therefore be concluded that there is little hope of remedying the cynogistic evils of the game-destroying telegraph wires.

PLAY WHIST FOR LIVE PIG

Methodist Episcopal Conference to Consider Case of Woman Ousted for Card Playing.

Webster City, Ia.—Whether or not Mrs. Minnie Douglas of Adel played whist for a live pig and other prizes offered by the club to the members making the highest score is a question that will come up at the big annual Des Moines conference of the Methodist Episcopal church held in Ames.

The case has become a celebrated one. Mrs. Douglas was ousted from the Methodist church at Adel because she played cards for prizes. Mrs. Douglas declares she will bring the matter to the attention of the church conference at Ames.

There is a division of opinion among the ministers of the Methodist church regarding card playing and a lively discussion will ensue if Mrs. Douglas appeals to them. While all frown on card playing and playing for prizes, many think there is no more evil in card playing in moderation than there is in tennis or croquet.

"I do not believe our church rules intend to exclude women like Mrs. Douglas from the church," a prominent minister who arrived in Ames for the conference is quoted as saying. "In my own church the most devout member I have, the one who is always first at the prayer-meeting, a competent steward in the official board, president of the Ladies' Aid society, a teacher in the Sunday school, a devoted mother in the home and a true woman in every sense of the word, occasionally plays cards. I regret that she does it, but she is a model in every other respect, and I am not going to start a trial to oust her from the church."

INJURED FISH HAWK FIGHTS

Wounded, But Gritty Osprey, Battles with Hunter for an Hour Before Captured.

Danville, Pa.—An osprey, better known as a fish hawk, the first ever seen in this section, was captured alive the other day by Arthur Baylor after a fight which lasted over an hour.

Baylor noticed the bird, its wings measuring six feet two inches from tip to tip, hovering over the chicken yard. He succeeded in shooting it through the right wing, and then started forward for the capture. The plucky bird, with broken wing dragging behind, advanced to meet him. Then ensued a battle royal, the strange bird sinking its talons again and again in Baylor's arms and legs. After a full hour's fight and with the aid of a passer-by Baylor succeeded in making the creature captive.

Kindness Brings a Million. Lawrence, Mass.—Mrs. George Bramer, a bride of three weeks and until her marriage a saleswoman, has been made heir to \$1,000,000 because of the kindness of her mother and herself to Robert Benjamin Ribstock of Pennsylvania, England, who has just died at 88. Ribstock spent his winters in Bermuda near the home of Mrs. Bramer.

"We were attentive to Mr. Ribstock," said Mrs. Bramer, "because he was alone and seemed to find a haven of quiet in our family."

PROTECT MOTHERS IS PLEA

Cincinnati Women Indite Open Letter to President Urging Punishment to Deserters.

Cincinnati. The safe-lined open letter to President Taft was accepted unanimously as the sense of the Sarah M. Anthony club, composed of representative Cincinnati women. Dr. Sarah M. Stowers, president of the club, was authorized to sign it and forward it to Mr. Taft.

"To Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States. Out of the din raised by a multitude of voices against the women of our country for race suicide, for going into industrial and professional pursuits, instead of marrying and rearing large families, as their grandmothers did, I wish to raise one voice for a federal law that will protect mothers and children and compel truant fathers to help support their children.

"Deserters of families of children should be pursued and punished as diligently as deserters from the army and navy. As the laws now stand, a decree for support given to the mother of children can be evaded by the father going to another state to live.

"In Cincinnati the humane society reported 2,700 deserting fathers in 11 months up to December 1. In Chicago 1,500 men deserted their families in three months on the West side alone. The humane societies of other cities could no doubt report similar numbers of deserters.

"What becomes of these men? Do they become homeless tramps? Not they. They go to another state and pass themselves off for single men and marry some unwary girl.

"These cases are symptoms of a national disease that must be stamped out if the integrity of the nation is to be preserved. "Urduing women to marry while marriage and maternity receive no more protection than our present laws afford is futile; for now women can support for themselves and need not marry for a home.

"Mothers should have a voice in lawmaking, or they and their children should be protected in their right to survive honorably."

EVERY STEAMER IS PACKED

Americans Find Accommodations Are Hard to Get in the Homeward Rush.

London.—The home-bound stream of Americans increases daily. Steamships departing westward are packed with occupants for every berth. Late-comers find even that money will not buy accommodations now. It is simply a case of come early and run your chance.

As a result London is crowded as it was early in the season. The restaurants are full of live Americans, brimming over with holiday festivity. To sum it up in the words of a gritty old colonel in Romanos the other day: "These dashed yankees seem to go everywhere nowadays. Bless me, ten years ago we looked upon them with as much curiosity as you do now, but they look upon us as curiosities. One dashed fellow actually had the impudence to refer to me as a 'Yos-ell' the other day. If it wasn't for their money they wouldn't be even tolerable, dash me!"

The Virginian left on Friday for Montreal with a magnificent list through, not of Canadians only, but of Americans who could find no accommodations on the liners to New York and Boston. One New York family went to Savannah on a cargo steamship.

INSISTS ON LEGAL MARRIAGE

Japanese Woman Persists in Ceremony So She May Enjoy the American Luxury.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Although her matrimonial knot was tied by a Shinto priest six months ago, Mrs. Kuniyoshi Mikayawa, a tiny Japanese woman, learned that the neglect of her husband to procure a marriage license and have a justice of the peace or a clergyman officiate, rendered the ceremony of such little value that she could not enjoy the American luxury of divorce if she wanted to. So she made inquiry of the clerk of the marriage license bureau.

"Am I married—yes, or not?" she inquired. "Not," said the clerk. "And divorce—I could not enjoy that now?" "No."

Forthwith she made Mikayawa procure a license. Then a justice tied another knot that Mrs. Mikayawa may have cut American fashion if she cares to.

Calls "Help" to Get Drink. Conde, S. D.—Special trains filled with armed men were rushed to Crook after the operator had wired: "Help, for God's sake. The station has been attacked and the agent killed. People of the town have been driven from their homes!" The posse found the operator intoxicated. He explained he called for help because his whisky had gone. Now he must hunt a job.

Breaks Ribs Picking Berries. New York.—Gutzom Borglum, the sculptor, is suffering from three broken ribs. While picking berries near his studio at South Norwalk, Conn., he fell from a stone wall and sustained the injuries. It will be several weeks before he can resume work on the statue he is executing for the government.

Why They Leave Home. All the courting is done by the ladies of Ukraine, Russia. When a girl falls in love with a man she goes to his house and tells him the state of her feelings. If her attentions are reciprocated a marriage is arranged. If, however, Barkis is not willing, she remains in the house, hoping to coax him into regarding her suit with favor. The poor fellow cannot treat her with discourtesy or turn her out, for her friends would be sure to avenge the insult. If he is really determined that he won't have her, his best plan is to leave his home and stay away as long as she remains in it. Thus a man may be turned out of house and home.—Chicago Journal.

INDIANS WERE DESTROYED

White Man Covered Land of Ours with Sheep and Used Treachery

In his article on the adventures of the Ona Indians, the Ona Indians are described as being a primitive and hunted and hunted from an ancient point in Magellan Strait to Bough-chanted.

In the whole island he (the Ona) had probably, would be in control of practically all of their original domain. Had it been like the northern part, the world would undoubtedly look upon the hunting grounds of an extinct race. As it is, within less than thirty years the Onas have shrunk from perhaps 3,000 to 200, and all because they possessed land the white man coveted for his sheep, and had inborn courage and ferocity strong enough to oppose him.

With the establishment of the first sheep range, in the early 80's, began a cruel and persistent warfare on the part of the white man. In reprisal for the land from which he was driven, the Ona raided the range at night for the "white guanaco," as he called the strange animal, the sheep, which he found not only easily captured, but sweeter and more tender to the taste than the wild guanaco of his island.

"These raids were so persistent and assumed such magnitude that it really became a case of Indian or sheep, and the scattered settlers with their ranches began a warfare of extermination in which hirings were engaged and the "shanks" shot on sight. Once a usually a large number with their women and children were rounded up and shipped to Dawson Island, where the "shanks" were shot on sight. It was a case of human inhumanity against an open country, the result was obvious. In treachery the white man could the Indian. He invariably took him at a disadvantage and played fast with his trust, even resorting to poisoning one of the Ona's main food supplies, the blubber of stranded whales.

OLD WORLD ROBBER HAUNTS A Remarkable Journey Undertaken Through Lebanon to Damascus.

In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly Harry A. Franck describes a remarkable journey undertaken by him on foot across the robber-infested Lebanon range to Damascus—the third of a series of similar adventures now running in this periodical. Everybody tried to induce him to abandon the enterprise. At the village of the sheikh invited him to sit in a shop and eat upon a stool and used an every passer-by was to stop a coin. The pot was almost full when an English-speaking village explained its meaning. The sheikh was taking up a collection to purchase for the author a railroad ticket to Damascus. Mr. Franck picked up his knapsack and stepped into the street. But the sheikh and several bystanders threw themselves upon the author and disarmed him. It was no use attempting to escape from a dozen horny hands. I permitted myself to be led back to the stool and sat down with the knapsack across my knee. The sheikh addressed me in soothing tones, pointing at the pot with every third word. The others resumed their seats on the floor, rolled new cigarettes and fell quiet once more. With one leap I sprang from the stool into the street and set off at a top speed down the highway, a screaming, howling, ever-increasing, but ever more distant throb at my heels."