GET ROBUST WHEN CIVILIZED

Heavy to Get Own Food--Would

Starve in Wiscon

Ran Prancisco. Cal.—Civilization has not agreed with Ishi, the uncontaminated aborigine, who was captured in the wilds of Plumas county more than a year ago and cared for hi the Affiliated colleges. Since he has been at this institution Ishi has taken on weight at such a rapid rate that his guardians have decided that he must go back to the simple life for a time or soon become seriously ill as the result of his long contact with passe and plenty.

It is hardly probable that lshi will appreciate the return to the light diet of his uncontaminated days. Then he used to subsist on scant meals of acorns with perhaps a few snails of grasshoppers as luxuries. In his present condition Ishi would find it hard work to root for acorns and almost impossible to run down the clusive grasshopper on its native heath. In fact, he has become so stout that he probably will have some difficulty in capturing the less fleetfooted snail.

They have had a good deal of musement out of Ishi at the Affiliated colleges, and, on the other hand, the macontaminated one has enjoyed his dallying with the conventional life. But, on the whole, the experience will not have benefited him if he is to return to his wilds permanently.

Heavy and slow moving Ist!, if he is thrown back to the forests, will meet a fate similar to that of the faithful fish famed in story and verse. The faithful fish was captured by an angler who became so interested in that he kept the thing in a little nes globe. Later he forgot to replenish the water, which evaporated sely. But the fish continued to live without it. For more than a year the fish lived absolutely without water, and, according to the veracious chron-clers, used to follow its master everywhere. One day the master, accompanied by the fish, walked to a nearby creek. The man disrobed and plunged firto the water. The faithful fish also plunged into the water, and being unused to that element, was drowned.

SOME OF CUPID'S FREAKS

Paster Dalton of Kansas City, Mo.
Discusses Developments of His
School of Matrimony.

Kenses City, Mo.—Money, comfort, fresh air, good things to eat—such things are not sufficient to tempt mar-singushie American women away from the cities. Most of them prefer to be married to city men, even if they

That conclusion has been reached by the Rev. William J. Dalton, pastor of the Annunciation Catholic church here after reading the letters of 6,542 persons who desire to marry and have written to him for help. Father Dalton attracted attention a few months tago through a "school of matrimony" be established in connection with his church to encourage marriage among the young people of his parish.

Whe only women who express a willingness to become wives of farmors are elderly women who find themselves alone in the world." Father Dalton said. "But the farmers who mak for wives are younger men and they do not marry such women. One man who wrote to me owns three big farms; another has 650 acres of fine farm land and a third farmer showed me that he had \$75,000 in the bank. Can you tell me why it is that a women will not give a proposition like that a minute's consideration, but will shoose instead some struggling bank clerk in the city who lives from hand do mouth?"

HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T TALK

As a Result Wife Left Him and Sued for Support—Silent from Monday Until Saturday.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Declaring that she could not live with a man who would not talk to her, Mrs. Anna Foerst explained in the Central police sourt why she had left her husband's home. "He would not say a word to me," she declared, "from Monday morning to Saturday night." Mrs. Foerst appeared against her husband, Howard Foerst of East Cambria street, scharging him with nonsupport.

At the hearing it developed that the woman had left her husband's home, although he declared his willfingness to provide for her. Mrs. Foerst said her husband first found fault with the meals she prepared, and finally became so morose that he refused to speak to her for a whole week. This was more than she could stand.

Foerst was held in \$300 ball and allowed to sign his own bond.

Milan, Italy—A live man was bound to a wheelbarrow with a salior's scarf and belt and both were then hurled from the pier head into the sea at Salvona. This new and barbarous form of murder was discovered by a party of bathers who chanced to see the bedy and the barrow at the bottom of the sea in twenty feet of water. The pelice were promptly informed, but so far they have found no clew to the identity either of the victim of the murderers.

LINGERED ALWAYS IN MEMORY

Frenchman Long Retained Vivid Recollection of the Face of His Great Emperor.

The Journal Medical de Bruxelles printed, some time ago, an interesting account by Dr. Max Billard of the exhumation of the body of Napoleon in 1840. Dr Billard said that the remains were in a state of almost perfect preservation. The head of the body rested upon a pillow, the thin lips were slightly parted, and under the upper one could be seen three extremely white teeth. At that time the body was in four coffins, one of lead, two of mahogany, and one of tin plate, It is now in five coffins, two of lead, one of tin, one of mahogany, and one of ebony. It was once the custom to expose the face of the conqueror on the anniversary of his birth, but the practice was discontinued. Jean Richepin, the poet, was among those who saw it, and in a lecture he said that the governor of the invalides took him and his father into the crypt. His father took him in his arms, raised him, and he saw the emperor. "I was eleven years old. What is seen at that age makes a deep impression and nothing can remove from my brain that extraordinary image—the eyes closed, the beard slightly grown, the face of the whiteness of marble, on which spread some yellow spots which seemed a bronze. When there mingle in my memory that face of wax which I have seen and those eyes which I have seen I see the emperor truly as if I had known him."

BACK TO FAITHFUL STEED

Newark Baker, After Experience With Auto, Decides That He Will Stick to the Horse,

"A horse for mine," said the prosperous baker. "I've tried an automobile for a month, and if I don't get rid of it pretty soon I'll go broke. Still, it only cost me \$15 today, so I ought not to complain."

His tale of trouble is too long to tell ni less than an entire page of this type, says the Newark News. Prominent among its details are:

The rupture of a delivery boy while cranking the engine, resulting in a hospital operation and a bill of \$150.

The mobbing of another boy by an gry allens and his arrest on a charge of running over a child; also the suing by the child's parents for \$5,000 damages and the settling of the case out of court for \$65, although it was shown that the child had not been hurt in the least; in fact, had not been touched.

The colliding of the auto with a wagon loaded with tombstones, the total wrecking of the machine there by, and the skinning up of the chauf feur, the stonecutter's horses and the teamster.

"When I sold my horse and bought the automobile," said the baker, "I neglected to take into account the dumbness of delivery boys. I did not know then, as I do now, how much I owed to the intelligence of my horse."

What Makes a Nation.

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morafity. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. Crowns coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies and a huge empire are, in my view, all trifles, light as air, and not worth consider ing, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions de not make a nation. The nation in ev ery country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your constitu tion can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and coadition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of gov ernment.—John Bright.

Makes Death Doubly Sure.

To make doubly sure of death, Max B. Bock, an optician having an office at 106 Fulton street, Manhattan, sent a builet into his brain after preparing to end his life by inhaling gas at his home, 326 Goldfield street, Hoboken. He had been in poor health for some time.

Bock's wife and children went out in the afternoon, and as soon as they had gone the man went into the bathroom, fastened one end of a tube to a gas jet, and, lying down in the bathtub, placed the other end in his mouth. Then he fired a bullet from a revolver into his right temple, dying instantly.

Time for Recreation.

"Old at forty is not conservation, it is brutality," declared Dr. John B. Andrews of New York. Dr. Andrews called forcible attention to the seven-day-a-week workers of the country, declaring it the duty of every factory inspector to work to the end that every worker in the United States shall be able to obtain one day a week in which to enjoy home life, which we have been taught to regard as the foundation of our social sys-

By Contrast. Hewitt—How do you like your new

Jewett—It's so small that every time i get home i feel like the greatest living American.—Woman's Home Companion.

IN BORROWED SET OF TEETH

Prospector Wanted to Appear Well in Photograph, and Effected Loan of Essentials.

Thomas Jefferson Stone was a typical claim holder and prospector. He came from Indiana. He had no teeth, his hair was gray, his features sailow and withered, and he looked sixty-three or sixty-four. He told me, however, he was only forty-six. There was a cowed, placid, helpless air about him, and yet in his eyes there was a fire—faint and glimmering, the fire of a fading fanaticism. He was still the victim of obsession. He had been 25 years prospecting, picking out claims, hoping to strike it rich some day.

I asked him how he lost his teeth. He said by taking medicine good for neuralgia, but too strong for his ivories. I asked him why he didn't have had a false set made. He said he had had a set, but he took them out and put them in his pocket one day, where his handkerchief was, "to rest his mouth," and happening to take out the handkerchief quickly, he pulled out the set of teeth also and the plate fell on the floor and broke.

I told Thomas Jefferson Stone that I wanted his photograph, and three days afterward he was ready for the kodak. When he came I saw he had a set of teeth in his mouth. I was astonished. We were scores of miles from any dentist, or any town where a dentist could

"Hello, Stone," I said: "you've got a set of teeth. How's that?"

"He gave a smile of conquest. "I borrowed 'em to be photographed!" he said.—Gilbert Parker in the Metropolitan Magazine.

CRITIC NEVER TOO POPULAR

Bitter Indictment, Which Seems the Limit, Evidently Penned by One Who Has Suffered.

Critics were created for the solepurpose of telling the public that it has no taste and that its ideas are always narrow and perverted. Also, that it does not know, under any circumstances, what it is talking about. A critic makes it his business not to

agree with anybody. In his efforts to do this he very often disagrees with himself.

Many a painter, author, dramatist, or composer has been shown by the

critics that what he thought he meant

he did not mean at all.

A critic is usually a creature of such profound learning that he can, when rhapsodizing over something that is absolutely worthless to everybody else, use a number of new adjectives the meaning of which is as obscure and hazy as the object to which they are applied.

When critics die, it is the generally accepted idea of all people who do not agree with them that they are punished by being placed in the presence of the thing or things they have so persistently lauded and are forced to listen to it or gaze unwinkingly and silently upon it throughout eternity, while evil spirits taunt them with their bad taste.—Judge's Library.

Drummer Was Lost. A Scotch story is that of a diminutive drammer in a local brass band, who was in the habit when out parading with his comrades of walking by sound and not by sight, owing to his drum being so high that he was unable to see over it. The band, on Saturday afternoons, paraded usually in one direction, but the other day the leader thought he would change the route a little, and turned down a bystreet. The drummer, unaware of this movement, kept on his accustomed way, drumming as hard as ever he could. By and by, after finishing his part, and not hearing the others, he stopped, and, pushing his drum to one side, he looked to see what was the matter. His astonishment may be imagined at finding that he was alone. "Hae!" he cried to some bystanders. "has ony o' ye seen a band herea-

Modern Mariana.

"A hundred years ago, marriage was for an intelligent woman a necessary entrance into life, a legitimate method of carrying out her ideas and her aims. Today she tries to carry them out whether she be married or not.

. . . Mariana no longer waits tearfully in the Moated Grange. She

leaves it as quickly as possible for some more healthful habitation, and a more engaging pursuit."

"No backelor ever wants to act like a married man, because he doesn't

"No bachelor ever wants to act like a married man, because he doesn't mean to ever become a married man. The last thing that a bachelor ever intends in getting married is to become like other married men."—Anne Warner, in "Just Between Themselves."

Long-Preserved Youth.

An English lady, disappointed in love in her younger years, became insane, and lost all account of time. Believing she was still young and living in the same hour in which she was parted from her lover, taking no note of the years, she stood daily before the window watching for his coming. In this mental condition she remained

young.
Some American travelers, unacquainted with her history, when asked to guess her age, placed it under twenty years. She was at that time seventy-four, but had not a wrinkle or gray hair. Youth sat gently on theek and brow. She was held by the thought of youth and love, and it retarded the marks of age.

AFFECTED HISTORY OF WORLD

Influence of Jean Jacques Rousseau May Be Traced to Trivial Incident in Boyhood.

In a village school in Boissey, Switzerland, one day in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Jean Jacques Rousseau, then a ten-year-old boy, was severely chastised because he was suspected of having broken teeth in a comb which did not belong to him. He was innocent, and the most terrible punishment could not wring from him an untrue confession.

The boy did not stop to reason that there was strong circumstantial evidence to justify suspicion in his direction. He felt only the rigor of a frightful chastisement for an offense of which he was guiltless. And the association of ideas was permanent; a lasting impression was left on him. The one idea which ever remained strange to him, and which he resisted in theory and practice, was that of duty. Unable to identify himself with the society in which he lived, he failed to appreciate the obligations to one's fellows which are the best part of human life.

Yet his influence for good was felt—
is still being felt. It may be traced
in the current political movements
in France, in England and even in
America. He struck out for the
rights of the many against the few—
against plutocracy and selfishness. He
demanded that the people should rule,
and that same demand is being urged

throughout the civilized world today. The wrongfully administered punishment which Jean Jacques received in the country school was not in vain.—Kansas City Star.

DATES FROM EARLIEST TIMES

Alfaifa, Probably Oldest Forage Known, Can Be Traced Through World's Whole History.

Alfalfa, perhaps the oldest of all cultivated forage or hay plants, has had a history scarcely less interesting than that of many nations which have utilized it. Those nations have prospered almost in direct proportion to the extent to which they have used it. The name "alfalfa" comes from the Arabs and means "the best fodder," and in fact it appears to have originated in Media or in some adjacent country, as the folklore tales from lands on different sides of this area point toward.

Media as the place whence it came. The wars of the Persian invasion of Greece took the plant to the latter country about 590 B. C., it being the custom for the advance emissaries to precede the army and to plant fields for the sustenance of the herds which helped support the invading bosts. From Greece it advanced to Italy and Spain by successive stages, and was taken to Old Mexico by the Spaniards about 1519 A. D.

From there it was carried to South America and later (1854) entered California through the Golden Gate at the time of the activities incident to the discovery of gold in that state. Thence it spread over the irrigated sections and more recently has continued its march eastward until now it is by far the most important forage crop of such states as Nebraska and Kansas.

The First Climbers.

A Munich paper has been searching the records of history to discover who were the first mountain climbers. It gives the palm to Moses and his ascent of Mount Sinai, and rules out Noah for his ascent of Mount Ararat because he made it in a boat. There is sufficient evidence to show that the ancients thought mountain climbing sheer madness.

No one in the time of Horace or Polybius wanted to go climbing for a summer holiday. A Chinese emperor in the seventh century was the first to make climbing fashionable in the east. But the first true tourists in Europe seem to have been Dante, Petrarch and Leonard. Then came the Emperor Maximilian I., who used to hunt in the mountains near Innsbruck, and after him Conrad von Genner and Josias Simler explored the Swiss mountains. But climbing for pleasure such as we know it today was not thought of until quite recently .--Westminster Gazette.

Hints to Brides.

If a wife or prospective bride wishes to have a happy married life, she may rest assured that her desires will be gratified if she bears in mind the following "don'ts:"

Don't marry a man for a living, but for love. Don't overdress, or the reverse. Common sense is better than style. Never, when married, get the idea that the way to run a house is to run away from it, or that it is right to lecture your neighbors on how to bring up their children, while you are neglecting your own.

Don't nag. Nothing is so likely to send your husband out of the house as that.

Wasted Erudition.

A physician at a recent convention of ratiway surgeons in Philadelphia said of a safety device that has averted many railway accidents:

"The advantage of this device is now almost universally recognised. Indeed, the railroader who disputed its advantage is as antiquated as the old residenter who said:

"'Education be hanged! Thar's young Bill Smithers took an engineer-in' course in a correspondence school and then put up a sign on his carriage house, and hadn't no better sense than to spell "carriage" "garage!" "Washington Star.

WITH DEATH CLOSE AT HAND

Merry Throng of Careless Sailors Had Luncheon Party That Just Missed Being Tragedy.

Some years ago while a French man-of-war was lying at anchor in Temple bay a number of the younger officers conceived the idea of amusing themselves with an iceberg a mile or so distant in the straits. They decided to have a luncheon party at the very top of it.

It was a bright summer morning, and the joily boat with a flag went off to the berg. By 12 o'clock the colors were flying from the top of the big chunk of ice, and the midshipmen were reveling thereon. For two hours or more they hacked and clambered over it. They frolicked and they feasted, laughing at the idea of danger at this solid ice. When, like thoughtless childred, the young men played themselves weary, they descended to their cockle-shell of a boat and rowed away.

As if time and distance had been measured for the very purpose of permitting the young men to view the scene in safety, the great berg lay silent until the boat was a certain distance off. Then, as if its heart had been volcanic fire, it burst with awf. I thunder and filled the surrounding water with its ruins. Awed and subdued by the scene of destruction, and thrilled at their narrow escape from death, the picnickers returned to their ship. It was their first and last day of amusement with an iceberg.

BEST IVORY MADE FROM MILK

Synthetic Chemists Seem to Have Discovered How to Improve on Natural Product.

One of the latest discoveries of the synthetic chemists is how to make ivory out of nothing more wonderful than cow's milk—and very good ivory at that, according to all accounts. The original idea was to use the new "ivory" for plane and organ keys because it preserves its original color indefinitely, whereas the genuing article turns yellow after a time

But it has been found that the new product is not only an efficient substitute for ivery, but can easily be prepared so as to take the place of amber, horn, coral, celluloid and such like products, and, it is claimed, can hardly be distinguished from them.

It is in its position as a substitute for ivory that the new material has caused most surprise, however, because it has the appearance of being another instance of improving upon nature. The new ivory takes a very high and lasting polish, and probably will not lack a commercial field for itself, as natural ivory continues to grow scarcer and dearer year by year.

Johnson on Melancholy.

Talking of constitutional melancholy, he observed: "A man so afflicted, sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them." Boswell-"May not he think them down, sir?" Johnson-"No, sir. To attempt to think them down is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bedchamber during the night and, if wakefully disturbed, should take a book and read and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise." Boswell-"Should not he provide amusements for himself? Would it not, for instance, be right for him to take a course of chemistry?" Johnson-"Let him take a course of chemistry, or a course of rope dancing, or a course of anything to which he is inclined at the time. Let him contrive to have as many retreats for his mind as he can, as many things to which it can fly from itself."—Boswell (Life of Johnson).

Soap From Plants. The horse-chestnut is a plant that

contains the saponine principle in a marked degree, and it is said that in out-of-the-way parts of the European. continent the fruit of that tree is still used in the simple state for washing clothes and other articles. In Spain and Italy, however, there grows a plant which is believed by some to have been one of those most used by the ancients in their early attempts at soap-making. This is the Gypsophyla struthium, a plant of the same family as the scapwort. Both Theophrastus and Pliny mention this struthium as the soap plant most in use in early times, and Linneaeus and Beckmann in later days have confirmed the opinion that the plant now used in Italy and Spain is identical with that referred to by the ancient

Alligator Skins in Demand.
The alligator-skin business of the world is controlled by a firm in Newark, N. J., which buys 80 to 90 per cent. of the American production. It is significant that the sudden supply of 30,000 alligator skins per year from Colombia finds such a ready market in the United States that they have invariably been purchased upon arrival at New York, on presentation of the shipping documents, even before unloading the cargo.

The Difference.

Knicker—In the winter I go out to play poker and my wife stays home from bridge.

Bocker—And in the summer you stay home from poker and your wife goes away for bridge.

GOOD FEED FOR THE INDIAN

Cactus Fruit is Never Likely to Secome Extremely Popular as a Delicacy for the White.

Nobody but an Indian knows how to eat a prickly pear. The fruit grows on the edge of a thick green leaf, and bristles with myriads of closely set thorns, sharp as needles and fine as hairs. Though they cannot be seen with the naked eye, they can certainly be felt, as any one who has tried the usual method of picking them with a pocket handkerchief can testify. The fine thorns penetrate the fingers and the flesh swells, festers, becomes inflamed and, if neglected, often develops into a serious case of bloodpolsoning. When an Indian wants to eat it he cuts a small stick, sharpens it and thrusts the point into the ripe fruit Slicing off the pear with a sharp knife and holding it on the stick, he peels it, taking care to avoid touching the rind with his fingers. He drops the peel on the ground to the bitter sorrow of any barefoot boy who happens to step on it. A liking for cactus fruit may be acquired, like the taste for olives, but it is not likely to rival the cantaloupe or even the humble grapefmit in popular favor. It resembles cracked walnut shells moistened with water, mixed with sawdust and cork and sprinkled with brown sugar, a little lemon juice and a dash of quinine. Any one who tastes it once is satisfied to let the Indians gather the entire

OF THE DAYS OF BOYHOOD

Memory of the Oldtime Desserts Evidently Still Lingers With This Writer.

In the good old days, when life was simple and sincere, when people were happier than now and didn't make so much money, when society was friendship and home was love, there were two stated and popular desserts at all parties and particular dinner occasions, and they were float and tarts.

That float! There was never anything to compare with it before or since. Those white, snowy islands floating on a golden flood were a dream just imported from elysium: It was almost profane to taste it, so like a vision of eternal happiness it seemed. But we did taste it, and the luxury of it skipped past the palate and melted into the mind, where it inspired thoughts of the loveliness of life.

And those tarts—little, crisp, white shells filled with jelly and jam or preserves of some kind. My, what gems of joy they were! We remember particularly the jellied tarts. They were winsome little desserts, as simple and modest as lifles of the valley, and sometimes we thought they were related, they were so modest and pure. Oh, the sad day when they were supplanted by ices, meringues, crackers and rotten cheese. No wonder pessimism spreads itself so vauntingly!—Ohio State Journal.

Casting the Floating Fly. It should go without saying that properly and effectively to cast and fish the floating fly it is essential that the tackle be correctly assembled. In this regard I believe the point most in need of emphasis is the question of the right way to fit the reel to the rod, says Samuel G. Camp in Outing: that this should be done so that the reel is underneath the rod with its handle to the right sin the care of the right handed caster) is in my experionce the only satisfactory and thoroughly efficient way. With the reel thus placed it is never necessary. when playing a fish, to turn the rod over so that the reel is above, as in the case when the reel is fitted to the rod with the handle to the left. After a fish is struck if it becomes necessary to use the reel the rod is simply shifted to the left hand-without the awkward necessity of turning it over to bring the reel on top-and the fingers of the right hand fall naturally upon the handle of the reel.

Seep Known to the Ancients. Soap in the form of vegetable ashes mixed with grease appears to have been greatly in vogue among the Egyptians in ancient days, and that the mineral alkali made by that people in the time of Pliny was composed of the ashes of plants seems pretty certain. A similar aikali was used by the Hebrews, and when the prophet Jeremiah said "Though thou wash thee with niter and take thee much soap (borith)," the latter material was probably the "borak" of the Arabs of the present day, which is procured from the ashes of the saltworts of the desert and other plants containing saponine. Some species of the fig marigold are called by these cople "the washing herbs," and conmin the same cleansing property.

Signderous Story.

An elderly woman in the recent ruffrage parade in New York became greatly fatigued in the last mile or so of the journey. Turning to one of her marching comrades, she wailed: "Harriet, I just can't take another step. I'm worn out. If I have to go a block more I'll die." "Don't despair, my dear," was her friend's pious exhortation. "Pray to the Lord for strength. She will help you."—Philadelphia Reco.

Very Pleasant, Indeed.
Father—How is it that I find you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir!

how is it?
Young Man-Fine, sir; finel.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

A series of the first in the first of the fi