

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 artist \$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 sensibilities." 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 keenly.

"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 trying 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 to have to be one."

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: Opuscle, tobaccoging, nobby, node, futtock, galimatias, fadie, duvet, dsig, yonker, quintal, propense, quip, becket, chanvinism, beluga, gar, hystobelle, soudad, inconditia, inly, kelp, forum, runderet, rapertrine, caddis, flasse, colcar, flinder, hoppel, horary, thorp, ustative, woof, arcolloth, gaum.

All of them in the diction. Almost none of them jawbreakers or overlong. 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 Cheese. 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 \$34,748,000.

THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

Second Flinger Was Wiser and Kept It for Its Much Worried 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 the second 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 houghouse 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 him. "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. "I told her to throw it away."

The manager thought of a few 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 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; freight 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. Sickles, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concerns 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 sight. After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, he became notorious; and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newboys talking about himself. "Juan," said the first boy, "we'd better 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."

TEARS ALWAYS CLOSE

SEEMED STRANGE MINGLING OF HAPPINESS AND PAIN.

How the Tiniest Bridemaid and the Athletic Usher Came to an Understanding in Just 2 Minutes and 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 chiffoned 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 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—she 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 that period! 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 Mendelssohn marching, when the tallest usher was helping the smallest bridesmaid into the carriage, he whispered one word to her—and 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 sterner 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. Browne, known to the world as Artemus Ward." "Along the Androscooggin," Maine Edition, National Magazine.

No Noses for News. The new reporter turned in his story about the church bazaar, 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 bazaar 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.—Judge. Soaking Sapsleigh Again. Sapsleigh-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. Sapsleigh.—Boston Evening Transcript.

MISTAKE THAT IS GENERAL

Too Often Time is Wasted Considering 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 hand. "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 reiterated, "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-wood, 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, is called Dane-wort and Dane's blood.—Suburban Life.

What Alaskan Dogs Eat. 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 food, 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.

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 said, and 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 (daguerotypes 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 them.

Her Fervor. "So you have won the American harness, after all," observed the friend. "Yes," fervently replied the foreign gentleman, "she is mine—a gold mine."

BLACK LETTERS AND WHITE

Former is Better Because It Can Be Read at a Greater Distance Than the Latter.

There is a tendency on the part of railroads to adopt signs with white letters on a black background, not realizing that the black letter on a white background is easier to read and can be seen at a greater distance. This follows in an interesting way from the structure of the retina of the eye.

The impression of a letter at the limit of vision is received on the ends of a small bundle of nerves which convey to the brain a sort of mosaic impression. A nerve can only transmit to the brain information as to whether or not a ray of light is falling upon it, and when a nerve is partly in the light and partly in darkness the sensation is the same as though all of it was in the light. It follows, therefore, according to the Scientific American, that all nerves on the dividing edge between any black and white area transmit the sensation of light so that all white lines and white areas appear wider and all black lines and black areas appear narrower than they really are.

Black letters grow thinner at the limit of vision and are still recognizable, while at the same distance white letters grow thicker and cannot be distinguished. There are circumstances when it is necessary to use white letters, but in such cases legibility will be improved if they are made with a thin stroke and strongly lighted. Black letters are more distinct if made with a heavy stroke.

NOGI ORDERED TO MARRY

Japanese Hero Took Bride Practically at the Command of His Superior Officer.

The Countess Nogri was a woman no less remarkable in many ways than her famous husband. The circumstances of her marriage with Nogi, when he was a brilliant young officer, are unusual in the extreme, especially in Japan. She was the daughter of Sadayoki Yoji, and one day she was sitting in the window of her father's house in Tokyo watching the troops march past, when she saw a gallant young officer in command and immediately fell in love with him. Her father found it out and found out who the officer was, and later Nogi was approached to bring about a match.

He would not hear of it, as he had dedicated his life to the nation and did not intend to marry. But the young lady would not endure this attitude, and her father approached one of the high officers, a superior of Nogi's, and this officer fell in with the idea at once, saying the match would be most suitable and it was just what Nogi should do.

The word was given from above to the young officer, and Nogi practically married Miss Yoji at the command of his superior officer. The union turned out to be an ideal one, as the subsequent history of the pair and their two brave sons has proved. The Count and Countess Nogri are regarded by the nation as the most exemplary couple that could be found anywhere. She was every inch as much a Samurai as he was.—Tokyo correspondence of London Standard.

Unused Doors.

With slight trouble and small expense an unused door may be most advantageously converted into a bookcase by having a carpenter set up a vertical board on each side of the door-jamb and upon these boards—to the saving of the door-frame itself—all the cross-pieces upon which the book-shelves are to rest. Then have your woodwork painted or stained to match the door behind it, and hang a curtain of canton flannel, denim, or a more ornamental and serviceable material from a rod fastened just inside the door-jamb, if the recess be good and deep; if shallow, as the door-sets are apt to be in our newer houses, have the rod fastened across the outside of the door-recess. A door thus treated will accommodate a surprising number of books.

Cast-Iron Magnets.

The difficulty of making good cast-iron permanent magnets has been overcome by a very simple process. The iron casting, after being machined to the required dimensions, is heated in a gas furnace until the iron can just be handled without distortion through softening. It is then plunged in a chemical bath, which removes superfluous materials and leaves the iron clean. Finally, it is magnetized by means of electric coils. In strength of field, cast-iron magnets are from ten to fifteen per cent. inferior to those of steel, but they are equal in magnetic permanence, and cost, for intricate patterns, only one half as much as steel magnets.

Hairpin Box.

One may obtain the most charming and at once the most useful hairpin box which has been shown for many a day. It is made entirely of dark tortois shell and stands about three inches high and five inches long. The little top opens to hold one size hairpins, and, without closing this, there may be opened at the same time two lower trays, in the manner of bureau drawers. It will distinctly appeal to the woman who must dress in a hurry and for whom attractive toilet articles have a strong claim.

EVIDENTLY HIS FIRST CASE

Young Attorney Considerably "Rattled," and the Court Indulged in a Little Laughter.

Several prominent attorneys were discussing the peculiar and rather humorous questions put to witnesses by young attorneys entering upon their legal work, and one of the number vouched for the authenticity of this incident:

"I went up to the superior civil court one day to hear a young friend of mine try his first case. All his relatives and friends were there and the novice wore a most serious expression as he started to question a witness. He did nicely until he asked the man: "Did you have a contract with the plaintiff?"

"Yes," replied witness. "What kind of a contract was it?" "An oral one," replied the witness. "Will you please produce it?" "The witness stood still staring at the attorney and then looked at the judge, inquiringly. There was a ripple of laughter throughout the courtroom, but still the young attorney did not 'catch on,' and looking toward the judge, remarked:

"Your honor, I ask you to give the witness until two o'clock to produce that contract." "The court could no longer withhold and joined in the laughter. Then the young lawyer saw his mistake and with reddened face also had a good laugh."

INDIAN NAME FOR WHISKY

Called "Fire Water" Because of Their Method of Discovering It Was Diluted.

When the Hudson's Bay Trading company began its trading among the Indians it was found that by selling the Indians liquor they could more easily be induced to trade their peltries.

The first whisky or intoxicant of inferior quality was distilled in England and brought to America in large barrels, but in transporting it overland it was found more convenient to divide it into small kegs. The traders soon became aware of the fact that by diluting the whisky with water more fur could be obtained. This was practiced for some time, but the Indians learned that good whisky poured on a fire would cause it to flame up, whereas had the whisky been diluted the fire would be quenched. It was by this simple experiment that the term "fire-water" became a common word among Indians.

A chief who had experienced the bad effects of whisky among his people said it was most certainly distilled from the hearts of wildcats and the tongues of women from the effects it produced.—From Bonfort's Spirit and Wine Circular.

The Human Woman.

We have thought of life as a building of many rooms containing war, commerce, industry, art and science, all things done by men. Then away out at one side, across a bridge was an annex, and there was our thought of home, child, mother, fireside, cradle, comfort, beauty, and all the home ideas, and also the ideas of shame connected with women. When women crossed the bridge and appeared in the other building, the building of human life, we were shocked. We felt that all of life was masculine except the home.

Women will be better to live with when they are more human. The greatest need of the world today is for more humanness in its women, so that they can help make men more human, and help make children more human; for the purpose of all the foregoing development of the race in the attainment of humanhood.—Gillman.

Falls-Climbing Eels.

Do fish possess the imitative faculty? That has been the subject of much discussion. Now salmon fishermen in the Willamette and Columbia rivers, near Portland, Ore., say that eels are the monkeys of the sea. Salmon have the ability to climb up waterfalls. They can be seen doing it almost any day at The Dalles, near Portland. At seasons of the year Columbia river fishermen have found large quantities of dead eels near the falls. A fish warden found that eels, in attempting to imitate the falls-climbing salmon, met their fate. They would attempt to climb the falls, be washed back and be crushed to death by the weight of the water. More than sixty tons of eels killed in this way were gathered last month at The Dalles.

Did She Get the Place?

"Oh, yes, mum," said Kathleen, applying for a new situation. "I lived in me last place 't'ree weeks, mum, an' though I say it th't shouldn't I gev excellent satisfaction?" "And why did you leave?" ventured the lady who was looking for a servant.

"Shure, I couldn't get along wid th' missus at all, she wor that ould an' cranky." "But, maybe you'll find me old and cranky, too." "Cranky ye may be, mum, for sweet faces like yours is sometimes deceivin', but ye're not ould—I c'n see that at a glance!"

Fielding.

"What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Ashby. "Oh, it's important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting."