AMERICANS ILL AT EASE

Traveling in Germany Made Unpleasant by Unsupplied Wants.

THINGS YOU CAN'T GET THERE

There Are Many Articles of Food and Comfort Which Americans Yearn for In Vain When in the Fatheriand-Some Citations.

In the Old World, writes a Berlin correspondent of the Sun, one is supposed to be able to secure all the comforts and luxuries of life if one has the wherewithal which commands them, wherewithal which commands them, but I have discovered that even marks and groschen will not procure in Ger-many some of the things that dollars and dimes will in America. Take the things one likes to cat and doesn't get. The German certainly excel in cooking regetables and all sorts of farinaceous foods, but they haven't the remotest idea of how to prepare a beefsteak or a roast. They consider the English and Americans atterly barbarous because of their preference for rarely done meats. Their own are always cooked to a dark-brown color, and mutten and beef are not to be distinguished from each other by the sense of taste. Their favorite meat, aside from sausages, seems to be hare, a dry, tasteless food, which suggests stewed chips about as much as anything.

Oysters you may secure in midwinter, but they are very small and very ex-pensive. A German girl said to me one day, as we passed a restaurant where austern were advertised for sale: "Haben sie austern in Amerika schon gegessen?" and she was surprised when I replied that we could have them almost any day in New York. She had tasted them once.

PIES ARE UNKNOWN.

It is difficult to celebrate Thanksgiv-Ing Day in Germany in a very ortho-dox American way, for the cranberries and the mince ples are not always forthcoming. Cranberries one can get sometimes in Dresden, but they are a poor little imitation of the real American article. Pie seems to be a Yankee ism. German cooks have not been ini tiated into the mystery of compound-ing flakey pie crusts. They learn oc-casionally how to make the indigestible inside of a mince ple, but they have no artistic appreciation of the qualities of an upper and under crust. In their heavy prosaic dough, in which a shapeless mass of mince meat gets a defi-nite symmetrical form.

German bakery shops are a paradise of toothsome sweets. There one can find all sorts of sweet breads and cakes, sugared and cinnamoned on the out-side and filled with plum jam or chocolate cream, but one can't get there a a loaf of Boston brown bread. skillful cook may learn to concoct a kind of Berlin brown bread, but it will never have the superior qualities of the American article, because one can't get molasses in Germany and is obliged to use a very inferior sort of syrup. As for baking-powder biscuits, they are quite out of the question. The German, however, make an excellent roll or brodchen-covered with poppy or caraway seeds, which is a very good substitute for hot biscuits and prob-ably more wholesome.

Among other hygenic articles of American diet of which the Germans are still in ignorance may be mentioned fruit cake. Sponge cake they have heard about from English novels, like Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," and some of them have tasted "angel food" at par-ties in the American colony. They know about lemonade, but they seldom bindings you will probably growi at the drink it, as wine or beer is always forman ink into which you dip your provided in a terman house. I was American stub pen, sent you by order greatly amused at a young German of through the mail. You want black ink, no fecurse, but after all sorts of struggles with pale black ink and with pitch black ink, you will probably resign black ink, you will probably resign ly done his duty toward the coffee and the salads and the ices before he dis-covered the lemonade. The Germans covered the lemonade. usually begin any social festivity with a dinner. After a couple of thresome hours at a very long table, where an incessant clatter of tongues and glasses reigns, the table is pushed back and the dance begins. Our American fash-ion of letting each man help himself and his fair friends in an informal but modest way between the dances is new to them. They appear to consider themselves in duty bound to make out a full meal, but under the discomfort

of standing up to do it and of waiting on themselves. Still, they conscient-iously perform that duty, though it

take all evening to do it.

LEMONADE A SURPRISE.

The German officer on this occasion showed his appreciation of the lemonade by imbibing large quantities of it. He held his glass up to the light and critically squinted one eye at it. He asked if lenonade was a favorite American beverage, and he wanted to know. ican beverage, and he wanted to know what it was made of. I really believe that he had never tasted it before. Circus lemonade and its accompaniments of peanuts and popcorn have no claim on the popular heart as they have in America. What German would stop to experiment on red lemonade when there was the assured and blessed certainty of enjoyment in a glass of Munich beer, for the same price? Peanuts do not appear to be appreciated by even the juvenile German in the way that they deserve. A man who sold tons of pea-nuts at the World's Fair brought ship loads of them over to the exposition at Antwerp, hoping to dispose of them to his profit. Alas, he couldn't dispose of them at all, and returned a sadder but a wiser man to the Western hemi-

German boys and girls went wild with delight over the horses and the indians, but none of them cried for the peanuts and popeorn which were on sale there. and popcorn which were on sale there.

A great many Germans have never seen popcorn. "Is it true, fraulein," said an old man to an American girl at a German pension, "is it true that you have in America a kind of grain that bursts with the heat into a beautiful white flower? I will not believe it until I can see it myself." So the girl sent for a few ears of popcorn, and when it came her fellow boarders followed her down to the pension kitchen, where she popped the corn over the fire. They were as delighted as children, and would not allow a single grain of the wonderful flower-like corn to be lost.

CANDY, GUM, TOBACCO.

Candy one can get, of course, but compared with French or American compared with French of American confections it is as moonlight unto sun-light os as water unto wine. One must content oneself here with Marzipan candies, of which the Germans are very fond, but the decided almond taste, which characterizes them, is sickening to one who likes a more delicate and evasive flavoring.

Chewing gum is not often on the mar-

ket. It is supposed to be especially dear to the heart of the American girl. and so if you carry the mark of your nationality in your face or on your tongue you need not be surprised if a shopkeeper some day detains you, say-

"I have secured something, fraulein, that the Americans like."
That something is probably a small supply of chewing gum. In German novels of the yellow-paper-backed or-der the American girl is always represented as a very independent and dashing young woman, who is devoted-ly addicted to chewing gum and to smoking cigarettes. I saw a striking young woman at the riding school one day who, after a hard gallop around the course, sat down with her escort on a bench to rest. She had assumed a most comfortable attitude—feet crossed,head back, and lips parted to emit a thin line of smoke, while between her first two fingers she held a tiny eigarette, So lerman girls, who had come there with their governess to take their first riding lesson, looked over their shoulders at her and said, in a shocked but rather apologetic whisper:
"Eine Amerikanerin!"

They were wrong, however. I caught some of the fair smoker's conversation, and, judging from the staccate sound of the language which she spoke, I should say that she was a Russian. It is to be hoped that her cigarettes were not made of German tobacco. The Ameri-can who is fastidious about the weeds that he smokes will have to forget some of his fastidiousness when he comes to Germany if he cannot import his to-bacco. If he asks for a good cigar he will get one which costs ten pfennings— about two and a half cents in American coin. Is it any wonder, then, that American olfactory nerves are offended by German tobacco?

GERMAN BOOKS.

GERMAN BOOKS.

Gérmany is the great book centre of the world. Books are plentiful and cheap enough, and if a man is not fastidious about their exteriors, he may fill his library shelves without much cost or trouble. If he takes an aesthetic pleasure, however, in the look of the book, in the feeling of it, his bookcases will only be filled slowly and at considerable expense. The Germans display extraordinarily bad taste in the bindings of their books. They like them bindings of their books. They like them red and blue and green and purple, with lavish gilt decorations, such as we think out of place except on nursery books. The paper is very bad, and, combined with the wretched Gothic characters, to which the German print-ers still cling, has a very bad effect on the eyes. Even at Christmas, it is dif-ficult to secure pretty holiday books ficult to secure pretty holiday books, similar to those of which we have such an abundance in America. If you are fastidious about your book-

yourself to the use of purple ink, such as

most of the Germans use.
Your calling cards will probably give out before you have been here long. if you have the good fortune to be popular, and you will expect to get another supply, of course, by simply sending your plate to an engraver's. That isn't the way they do here, however. If you want to send your plate to Paris and get along regenting cards. along meantime without visiting cards you can do so, but you had better in-stead order a package of lithographed cards, and in so doing observe the custom of the country.

SOME LUXURIES. There are a few little American luxuries which you must not expect to find in benighted Germany. One of them is dental floss. A German dentist will look at you in bewilderment while you describe the desired article, and will politely tell you that he hasn't an "thnung" of what the "knadiges fraulein" means. Another thing is witch hazel. You may bruise yourself black and blue and bump yourself lame, and have to do without that most soothing balm unless you happen to live at Grunewald, a certain suburb of Berlin. In one little drug store at Grune-wald you will find witch hazel, and in only one. That is because Lilli Leh-man, the great singer, lives at Grune-wald. But she has not always lived at Grunewald. She has lived in America, and that is the very reason why you now can get witch hazel at Grunewald.

The little druggist imports it for her I might mention open grate fires as one of the things which the Americans In Germany sorely miss during the winter months. One sees them very seldom here. In America, although w sphere. It was the same way when | hot air heating apparatus, we still keep Buffalo Bill was in Berlin. The little | our open fires for effect, but in Ger hot air heating apparatus, we still keep

many they are banished altogether, and the sepulchral porcelain stove-reigns supreme. Then there are the elevators, which are conspicuous by their absence Everybody lives in apartment houses, and he who resides on the lifth floor climbs cheerfully heavenward to that height, and never thinks of complaining. I know of one pension which advertises a "lift" among its chief attractions. Americans flock thither fondly hoping to be "lifted," but the elevator is always just going to be re-paired, or the elevator boy has always just gone to his lunch.

Though America hasn't picture gal-

leries or art treasures, and though it has the German opera only two or three weeks in the year, still, you see, it has some things the year round that great Germany has not.

IT MADE HIM FAMOUS.

Congressman Boomed Into Popularity by Champagne Hook.

This is the story of a champagne look. By a champagne hook is meant one

of those metal beaks in a pocketknife which are used in breaking the wires which secure the cork in a champagne bottle. The hero of the story is Repre-sentative Hull, of Iowa.

Mr. Hull and Congressman Chicker-ing were going to Chicago on a train together some time ago, when Chicker-ing displayed a knife which Hull at once began to admire extravagantly because it had a hook, which Chicker-ing satisfies a seal of the congression of ing seriously assured him was designed to remove stones which become fast-ened in a horse's hoof occasionally on a rocky road. A stone in your horse's hoof is an ugly thing to displace unless you have a hook in your knife; and Huli knew this.
"Well, Governor," said Chickering.

with secret malevolence, knowing that Hull represented a prohibition state, "If you like the knife so well you may

"Oh, no," said Hull, "I wouldn't think of accepting it. You might have use for it some time on the road driving. If your horse should ever gather a stone in his boof you would greatly

miss this hook."

"That's all right, Governor," said Chickering; "I know where I can pick up another just like it; so you just take it, and remember me." Hull accordingly accepted it, and on reaching home showed it to his wife, to whom he extolled the virtues of knives with a hook attachment for cleaning horses' hoofs, and rejoiced in his wonderful possession.

Mrs. Fiull looked at the knife and then at her husband.

ather husband.

"John," said she, "any man who has served three terms as secretary of the state senate, heen twice lieutenant governor, and served two terms in con-

gress must be a pretty good man if he doesn't know a champagne opener from a hoof cleaner. The story leaked out, and one of the avidious correspondents of an Iowa paper wired it as a choice bit of gossip about state members. It was copied all over the state and commented on in a variety of ways.

About this time the congressman met

About this time the congressman met the correspondent who first published the story. He was smiling all over. "You did me a great service." Hull said, wringing his hand affectionately, "a great service. All the Prohibition-ists are taking my wife's view of my ignorance and saying that I must be an unusually good man, while all the antis are insisting that I'm a devil of a good fellow for imposing so successfully on my wife, since I must certainly have known better. It works in behalf of my popularity whether you take one view

or the other. MULTUM IN PARVO.

Resolution is omnipotent.—John Foster, Pride—that never-falling vice of fools.— 'ope. Alternate rest and labor long endure.-Ovid.
Content is the wealth of nature.-So-

erate.

Barcasm poisons reproof.—Wigglesworth, Nature is commanded by obeying her.— Bacon.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh.—

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh.—Bulwer.
Every noble work is at first impossible.—Carlyle.
Rashness and haste make all things insecure.—Denham.
Reproof should not exhaust its powers on petty failings.—Anon.
You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.—Joubert.
Weak men fight their friends, strong men fight their enemies.—Grant.
Evil is wraught by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Hood.
Poverty is the test of civility and the touchstone of friendship.—Hizlitt.
All a rhetorician's rules teach nothing but to name his tools.—Samuel Butler.
The pleasure for which we dare not thank God cannot be innocent.—Anon.
Patience is not passive; on the contrary it is active; it is concentrated strength.—Anon.
So shipes the setting sun on adverse.

Patience is not passive; on the contrary it is active; it is concentrated strength.— Anon.

So shines the setting sun on adverse skies, and paints a rainbow on the skies.— Watts.

Refinement that carries us away from our fellowmen is not God's refinement.— Beecher.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—G. Macdonaid.

No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.—Tennyson.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder and craves wary walking.—Shakespeare.

I take it to be a principal rule of life not to be too much addicted to any one thing.—Terence.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over he is superior.—Hacon.

"One soweth and another reapeth" is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—George Eliot.

If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is that he keeps his at the same time.—Swift.

"The plain there is not in nature a point of stability to be found; everything either ascende or declines.—Anon.

No might nor greatness can censure escape; back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes.—Shakespeare.

No might nor greatness can censure escape; back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes.—Shakespeare.

We cannot too often think there is a never-sleeping eye, which reads the heart, and registers our thoughts.—Bacon.

Riches without charity are nothing worth. They are a blessing only to him who makes them a blessing to others.—Fielding.

The real satisfaction which praise can, afford is when that is remeated alond.

agrees with the whisper of conscience.—Johnson.

He that resolves upon any great and good end has by that very resolution realed the eldef barrier to it.—Tryon Edwards.

The intellect of man sits visibly enthroned upon his forehead and in his eye and the heart of man is written upon his countenance.—Longfellow.

Our own ordinion of ourselves should be lower than that formed by others, for we have a better chance at our imperfections.—Thomas a Kempis.

Forever from the band that takes one blessing from us, others fell; and soon or late, our Father makes his perfect recompense to all.—Whittier.

We should be eareful to deserve a good reputation by doing well; and when that care is once taken, not to be overanxious about the success.—Rochester.

It is the old lesson—a worthy purpose, patient energy for its accomolishment, a resoluteness undamnted by difficulties, and then success.—W. M. Punshon.

The mind is found most acute and most uneasy in the morning. Uneasiness is, indeed, a succies of sagacity—a passive sagacity. Foois are never uneasy.—Goeths.

Revolutions are not made, they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past, its foundations are laid far back.—Wendell Phillips.

Good nature and evenness of temper will

lips.
Good nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy a good wife or husband.—Spectator.
Disagreeing in little things and agreeing in great ones is what forms and keeps up a commerce of society and friendship among reasonable men, and among unreasonable men, breaks it.—Anon.
Shun no toil to make yourself remarka-

Anon.
Shun no toll to make yourself remarka-ble by some one talent. Yet do, not de-vote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for all science is

one.—Seneca.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should out off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till be is starved, and destroyed.—Tillotison.

GENIUS OUTCROPS

Manifested at Fourteen.

Incidents in the Lives of Great Men-John

Marshall and Charles Dickens. The Case of Spurgeon-Other Famous Youngsters.

SOME INSTANCES IN QUESTION

From the Philadelphia Times. It is worth while to watch boys and cirls at 14 years of age. This, it seems, is the time that most surely indicates the after life. As balzac says, it is a luminous point. It is here that the boy manifests the man. Some prodi-gious youngsters assert themselves betore this, but not many of them do. If an exception is to be found with any particular class of minds, it is with musicians. They are very quick to show themselves-Mozart, for instance, writing a concerto when he was 5 years old, and Rossini compos-ing "Tancred" at 18, which made him

John Marshall, on the frontier Virginia, and Charles Dickens in the city of London, separated by a cen-tury of time, are two splendid specimens of boys starting at 14 in the race of celebrity. Marshall, we know, had the distinction of being one of the best lawyers and scholars of the revo-lutionary epoch, while Dickens at-tained a popular eminence in novel writing unsurpassed. When John Marshall was 14 years old he was placed under the tutelage of a clergy-man named Campbell. He received but two years of instruction. His own genius and application did the rest. The number 14 is conspicuous in Marshail's life. At this age he began his studies; at twice 14 he was in the legis-lature, and at thre times this age he was sent envoy to France. Dickens had no more instructions than Mar-shall, nor was it of the best. He quit the old Weilington school at 11, and this put him in the way of a grand career. It was his pivotal period, when he began his intimate acquaint-ance with life in London, and at 28, wice this age, he made his mark as rofessional author.

CHARLES SPURGEON. It is doubtful if the career of any man has been more clearly indicated at any time of life than was Charles Spurgeon's at 14. He was then going to school at Colchester, and preached a. sermon of such excellence as to make his teachers suspect he had the gift of oratory. The sermon is re-ported to have been delivered with great enthusiasm, but none of that simple majesty which made Spurgeon famous. At 14, too, we see Bossuet the most gifted priest the Catholic church has known, while at the col-lege of Navarre, delivering an extempore sermon before Mme. Ramboullet and a circle of friends. He was then the brightest hope of the church. A year before he had been appointed canon of Metz, and now his father, dean of the parliament of Metz, re-calls him to that city from Dijon that he may benefit by his appointment as canon and complete his theological studies. This same year he was sent to Paris, and while there saw the grand entrance to the city of the emaclated and almost dead Cardinal Richelleu, so graphically described by amartine and Sainte-Benve. glory of a prelate who had been given the highest dignity of the church save that of pope, and the highest of the state save that of king, captivated his imagination and filled him with ambition; and this lad of 14, with the face of a child and the head of a man, sees himself a cardinal in the church and prime minister to a king. The vision was never realized, though his genius was ample

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Emerson's fourteenth year seems to bear rather indirectly on the best part of his life, that of thinker and writer, but is the starting point of his career He then entered Harvard with little taste for its curriculum and laws of government. But like his friend Car-lyle at Edinburgh, he rummaged the library and learned literature. Here he was under the tutelage of Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing and George Ticknor. His taste for oratory was confirmed by Everett and Cushing, though Ticknor's mind, that vast store nouse of literary knowledge, was real-y Emerson's controlling force at that ime, if it might be said that he was ontrolled by anybody. From this inluence, with some intervening time ie came under that of Ellery sing, another eloquent and learned nan. He soon took up lecturing and riting as a vocation, the preparation for which dated from his fourteently

Cervantes as a boy had more of the spirit of rebellion than Emerson. When 14 he was put to school at Madrid under Lopez de Hogos to learn theology, law or medicine. He was not a good student, never was until he became a man. Law he couldn't understand, and theology he wouldn't understand; medicine he learned a lit-tle. At this time Cervantes wanted to be a poet, and was a prolific writer of verses. Those done at 14 were meritorious but those written at 28 werno better and altogether unworthy one of his ability, for fourteen years he gave much of his time to experimental writing, mostly poetry. At 28 he abandoned it, but a few years later again took to writing, ead at 35 fin-ished his first prose work, "Galatea." In Cervantes' life the number 14 is particularly noticeable. At this age he was put to school, where he gave At this age the best part of his time to writing, in which department, though not as a in which department, though not as a poet, he was destined to almost rival Shakespeare. At twice 14 he drifted from poetry to proze to become the glory of Spain, as Balzac 250 years later became the first novelist of France. Now add the half of 14 to become the same the first novelist of Brudzewski at Craew, and was made as a small strong and was see Corventes an authis age and we see Cervantes on au-thor at 35. At four times 14, 56, he had written himself in letters that will never fade; it was then that he had finished the first part of "Don Quiote." Fourteen years after this

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

George Buchanan, the Scotch poet and scholar, was born forty-one years after Cervantes, in 1506. Like Cervantes, he was put to school at 14. Their records, however, in their re-Their records, however, in their re-spective institutions of learning are widely different. Young Buchanar lived with his uncle, James Kerriot, who watched the boy and discovered his mental inclination. He predicted for him eminence in scholarship, and told him he had arrived at an age which he could not afford to let pass without some decisive step touching his future. George instinctively spe-cialized the study of Latin, and that he might become quickly proficient in it he was sent to the University of Faris, the best school in Europe for instruction in this language. He en-tered at 14, and never abandoned the studies which he then took up. His growth was clearly manifest at this age. Buchanan considered that his age. Buchanan considered that his intellectual life dated from his fourteenth year, and at the age of 70, which is five times 14, he began his autobi-ography in Latin. The last fourteen years of his life were given to writing istory.

George Bushanan, Cervantes, Emer-son, Bossuet and John Marshall, at 14, to use a common phrase, went to school. David Hume, Dante and Joseph Scaliger quit school at 14. Hume left Edinburgh university at this age and took up a course of reading that

formed the opinions of his life. Dante, at 14, left Brunetto Latini, under whose instructions he had been placed at 12, with that thirst for knowledge The Development of Greatness Often which plunged him so ardently into Joseph Scalleger got enough of Bor-deaux university in three years. He entered it at 11 and left it at 14, ex-changing the tutelage of the school for that of his father, a Latin and Grek scholar of great reputation. Here Joseph entered upon his marvelous career of conquest among the languages and acquired fourteen, which was about all. David Hame, at 14, had chosen his occupation. It should be literature, and though it cost great effort to keep that resolution, he did so. It is remarkable that Hume should have begun so early that keen analysis of human nature that charactersis of human nature that character ized his work. His entire after life seems to rest on the base of his fourseems to rest on the base of his four-teenth year. As a writer of history, Hume outranks either Scaliger or Bu-chanan, but is below Buchanan and still further below Scaliger as a schol-ar. For downright scholarship these two men are possibly unequaled. Dante is known as a poet, the writer of the "Divine Comedy," and is noth-tered. There is no unaffectation. ing else. There is no manifestation, however, in his fourtsenth year that shadowed forth "The Inferno." He was then exclusively a student of science and literature, and tilled his head with whatever came his way that was worth knowing. But this was really the preparation for his poem. for Dante could never have made such intelligent applications of his imagery without the reference of other minds without the reference of other minus than his own. We see, then, two branches of Dante's life—that of the poet well known, that of the scholar little known—that converge in his fourteenth year. Dante had no in-structor after he left Latini, and that him as his great poem.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Another boy who marched to college at 14 and was great as a man was Thomas Carlyle. He then entered Edloburgh university. Hume had left this same institution just at the same age that Carlyle went into it, and both of them at this time began their exhaustive course of reading which made them historians. More during than Emerson, Carlyle would lay his own foundation, and when he had lived to be 56, four times 14, the precise age at which he stood at his zenith, he had left behind him a great stream of light. His mind retained its freshness and vigor years thereafter, losing much of its strength at 70. When Charles James Fox was 14 he left the Latin school at Eton, but for a widely different purpose from that for which Dante, Buchanan, Scaliger and David Hume left their schools at the same age. These boys plunged into the exhaustless reservoirs of learning that had been fed from the minds of all the past. Young Fox, however, was not without ambition. He sought notoriety and won it, and he won it quickly, for he soon became known as one of the worst profligates in England. Strange that his father should have counseled and influenced such a career. Certainly his fourteenth year was most memorable, for in it he stepped from the calm, pure solitudes of Eton to the discordant hell of Spa, and from that he went to worse, reaching a depth of almost irreparable degradation. How different was it with Napoleon, who went from his provincial school at Brienne when a lad of 14 to enter the great school at Paris, and from there to the army, which made him emperor of France, and practically of Europe. At twice 14. 28, he whipped the Austrians at Montenotte, and on that battle, he said rested his empire and his nobility. Beven years afterward he was em-

DA VINCL

The manifestation of Da Vinci's ge-nuls when a child of 14 was so great as to make Verocchio, his master, to abandon his art in despair, and when abandon his art in despair, and when Da Vinci had become more famous than Verocchio he, too, was outdone by Michael Angelo at 17, who had then been but three years under tuition, having been placed with the celebrated Ghirlandajo when he was 14 years old. Here he caught that blend of style which makes beautiful the strong. When Da Vinci saw himself surpassed he took it easy, and merely said that Ghirlandajo's method was superior to that of Verocchio. The name Raphael became more glorious than Angelo, and Angelo sought to be revenged by bringing out Plombo as a pupil, who painted the Bandinelli portrait, said to be the equal of anything Raphael ever did, except his "Portrait of an Old Man." Sehastian could never rival this; he was too lazy to work, and so the greatest art died with Ra-phael. At the age of 70, five times 14, Michael Angelo was preparing for his design of the new St. Peter's

Gerald Massey says of his fourteenth year: "Till then I had often wondered why I had lived at all." It was then that he discovered the world of mind in the book stalls of London, and set about writing poetry. Petrarch, when 14, was taken from the University of Montpelier and placed with Pistola at Bologna to study canon law. He, too, took to writing verses when then gave promise of his uitimately rivalling his master, Virgil, though he never did. poetry was not remarkable his learning was the wonder of Florence. Perhaps there never lived a boy who knew as rauch at 14 as did Loren-zo. Shelley did not think himself a poet at this age, but then wrote novel called "Zastrozzi," which only worth referring to as his first expression. Timothy Dwight, like Lorenzo, was more scholarly than poetle When he was half way up to his four-teenth year it is said that he studied through Lilly's Latin grammar twice. At any rate he was far enough advanced at 14 to go into Yale college lege, and there was Copernicus, in whose fourteenth year dates the origin acquainted with the works of John

OTHER EXAMPLES.

In the lives of Margaret Fuller and Harriet Martineau the fourteenth year is more important. There was never a more thoroughly educated woman than Margaret Fuller, and she was only 14 when she left boarding school and returned home to enter upon that course of serious and severe reading which won her the distinction of the most learned woman of her time. The range of her research, mere child that she was, embodied not less than twenty guwas, embodied not less than twenty authors. Harriet Martineau's method was different. At 7 she took up the study of Milton, to which she devoted seven years. At 14 she had mastered that, and no more. Confucius knew comparatively nothing at 14, but that was his turning point, and from that time on he gave himself up exclusively to learning and became the wicast man. on he gave himself up exclusively to learning, and became the wisest man in China. At 14 Tasso was made com-panion to the son of the Duke of Pe-saro, and this companionship excited his passion for knowledge. His mast-ery of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato and the criti-cal writers dates back from his four-teenth year with the duke's son Plateenth year with the duke's son. Pic-cini composed a mass at 14 which was laughed at, but in which Leo, his instructor, saw the boy's genius; Schubert was master of counterpoint and har-mony at 14, and Gounod at the same age was admitted to the Paris conservatory and began a career that culminated in "Faust" at 41, three times 14

paper to his managing editor, "and that is that we've been imposed on long enough."

"What's the matter?"

"We're going to turn over a new leaf. If these puglists are going to do their fighting in the newspapers they'll have to pay for it the same as the baking powder manufacturers."

THE CANDIDATES' WEALTH

Mr. Morton Heads the List and Senator Cullom Ends It.

A SCARED POLITICIAN. Congress Did Not Take Him Into Its

Confidence. From the Chicago Record.

George Drake, the well-known moun-tain detective, who has spent much of his time in the mountains of eastern Kentucky on missions attending his profession, is authority for the follow-ing amusing story, which he claims

was an actual occurrence:
"In Letcher county," says Captain
Drake, "there is a stretch of country
about fifteen miles square where the
ignorance of the natives is astonishing. in the winter of '94 I had occasion to travel through this country, being on the lookout for moonshiners. Riding along one afternoon I chanced to stop in a blacksmith shop—the only one for miles around—to have a thrown shoe repiaced. The blacksmith who fitted the shoe, I learned later, was the intelectual giant of that section. His fame among his fellows was due to the fact that he could read a newspaner. per. As he hammered away at the horse shoe a lanky specimen of the mountain type rode up, and, after greet-ing us with 'evening', secured his horse and took a seat upon 2 broken plowshare in the shop. After sitting in si-lence for some minutes chewing a pon-derous quid of tobacco, spitting at in-tervals and eyeing me the meanwhile,

grees'

"Yes,"
"'Wut hey they er dun this trip, Sam?

then, with a wink over his shoulder at me, Sam responded:

"Why, Iry, they durn fools hes made tew more months ter ther year, and them tew is winter months." "'By durn!' ejaculated Iry, 'en me en Hirum is a both short er fodder,

NOT DANIEL WEBSTER. Who Entertained Dickens with Imitation

of a Hanging. Holland," in Philadelphia Press, In the London cable letter to the Press printed upon Sunday, is a para-graph which mentions the sale of an autographic letter of Charles Dickens, in which the author told a story of a Daniel Webster was one of the guests, and that Webster having ordered the lights to be turned down caused a bowl containing a liquor which burned with a ghastly light to be placed upon the table. Then by this dismal light the guests saw Webster with a rope around his neck, his head to one side, and his

tongue hanging out in imitation of a man who had been hanged. Charles Dickens had such an experience as that in Boston, but it was no Daniel Webster who gave the represen-tation of the hanged man. It was another Webster, and by an extraordinary coincidenge he was himself hanged some years afterward for murder. It was Professor Webster, of Harvard col-lege, who furnished their weird entertainment for Charles ickens, and who was convicted of the murder of his creditor, Dr. Parkman, and hanged for that crime. When the account of the trial and conviction of Webster became known to Dickens he instantly recalled that incident of the dinner, which al-ways impressed him as a very strange and improper entertainment for such

A TRIO OF REPARTEES.

all, you are acting one of my pleces at the Haymarket."

"Pooh!" retorted Foote, "I must have some sort of ventilation for my little house in this hot weather."

So with Sheridan's reply to Monk Lewis, who offered to bet on something, no matter now what, all the money brought by his (Lewis') successful "Cas-tle Specter."

"No," said Sheridan, coolly, "but I will bet you all it is worth."

When Boaden, who had gone about call ing Drury Lane "a wilderness," came to Sheridan with a new play, the latter said good-naturedly, "You are entitled to call my theater a wilderness, but it is too much to expect me to give you an opportunity of proving your words."

TIME'S REVENGE.

When first I sought Cecilia, she
Had lovers then in plenty,
And looked on me disdainfully
Because I was but twenty.
For she, you see, was twenty-three—
Which made her so much older
That though I wooed her ardently,
She could not have been colder;
And when I swore, with faltering tongue,
I loved her, and no other,
She laughed, and said I was too young—
Must go home to my mother!

How fast the years have sped away!
I'm getting old-I'm thirty!
But Cissy's youth has made delay—
She's twenty-six—and flirty.
Now she on me smiles tenderly.
And her heart is so warm, it
Would yied itsef quite readily
If I should care to storm it.
But when I think of marriage now
My thoughts are of another. My thoughts are of another,
And Clesy's chance is good, I vow,
Of staying with her mother,
-Vincent F. Howard in Munsey's.

Sepator Cullom Ends It.

QUAY IS WORTH ONE MILLION

McKinley's Circumstances Moderate-He Was Barely Saved from Bankruptey Recently-A Term as Governor of Ohio a Dublous Financial Honor.

Washington, March 24.-Senator Cullom has said he is too poor to purchase delegates to a national nominating convention. This is literally true. He is worth less money, perhaps, than any other Republican presidential candidate mentioned. Morton is the wealth-iest in the Republican list; Quay comes next and Allison third. Morton is a millionaire. Quay is worth nearly a million, most of Sideh has been made in stock speculation. Allison's modest fortune has been acquired through years of careful saving. McKinley is in very moderate circumstances, and, but for the generosity of some of his millionaire friends, might have been financially embarrassed a year or so

It has come to be a tradition that a term as governor of Ohio means bank-ruptcy. Few of the ex-governors of that state left the office as well finanmee for some minutes chewing a ponerous quid of tobacco, spitting at increasing and eyeing me the meanwhile, it poverty-stricken and went to Cincinnati to practice law, where he has rectalmed some of his lost ground by a law practice that yields an income of "Sam. have yer paper cum yet?" a law practice that yields an income of "So.000 a year. Campbell was unable to meet the ordinary expenses of living and was badly in debt when he was defeated for go-ernor. Hoadly left the office poor and went to New York-where he has since built up a good law practice, "Charley" Foster, one of the celebrated ex-governors, was unable to pay his creditors 50 cents on the dollar. pay his creditors 50 cents on the dollar. The present chief magistrate of Ohio is a member of a millionaire manufacturing firm.

CULLOM'S CONDITION. The crisis in McKinley's financial af-

fairs came while he was governor, but wealthy friends came promptly to his rescue and saved him from humilia-Speaker Reed still counts his wealth

in the thousands and can't afford to ride to the capitol in a cab. Senator Davis, of Minnesota, if he enters the list of candidates, will rank with Quay in the matter of wealth. Some one has said that he owns half of Minneapolis and will have a mortgage on the other half if he lives long enough.

About a year ago a judgment was en-

tered in a Washington court against Senator Cullom as security for ex-Pen-sion Commissioner Green B. Raum. Since the judgment was rendered the senator has been paying it off. His indorsements on the paper of political friends have cost him \$30,000 or \$40,000, but he has met these demands patiently and is poorer today in this world's goods than when he entered public life. The senator's possessions are said to consist of a farm in Tazewell county. consist of a farm in Taxwell county, Illinois, and his home at Springfield. He lives in a rented house here in Washington. His residence is the house on Highland Terrace occupied by Mr. Bayard when he was secretary of state. The constants family lives of state. The senator's family live very plainly. They pay \$1,500 a year rent for the house, which is modestly furnished, and keep a horse and carriage. They meet all the social obligations of public life.

Two years ago when the political situation in Illinois did not look auspi-sious for Senator Cullom, and it was generally predicted a Democrat would succeed him as senator, he told a friend he would go out of public life with Some of the jests and repartees that are recorded of rivals on the stage are of a superior class. Thus Garrick said with some complacency to Foote: "I see, after all, you are acting one of my pleces at "NOO" and the practice of law. While he has been unusually successful in politics, and his whole succession of political triumphs. he expresses regret, for pecuniary rea-sons, that he ever entered politics.

SUCCESSFUL AUTHORSHIP.

Valuable Information from One Who Makes \$10,000 a Year.

There is a struggling young author in Washington who had the misfortune to have a book published, and the additional misfortune of never being able to sell the second one to any publisher. A friend of his told him that what he needed was advice from those who made money out of their work, and a friend of his in New York received salaries amounting to \$10,000 a year from

his writings. • The two were brought together at the house of a mutual friend, and the following conversation was overheard:
"I am very glad to meet you," said
the young man. "Advice from so successful an author would be invaluable

"I will be glad to help you with any suggestions I can make," was the gracious reply.
"What class of books do you find pay

the best?" "Books, books?" was the response, in a tone of great disgust. "Who told you I wrote books? Any man can write books. You don't suppose I could make \$10,000 n year that way, do you? I write advertisements, sir, for some of the largest houses in the country. Do I look like a scribbler of books, sir?" and the indignant author left the room.— Washington Star.



JAMES M'NEIL WHISTLER, GREATEST LIVING ARTIST. -From the Chicago Times-Herald. By the Courtesy of H. H. Kohlsant.

