# DANCING'S FINE AID. WARNED BY DESERTS ILLINOISANS AT PLAY.

Pittsburg Woman Describes the Value of Beautiful Thoughts.

SAYS SOUL MUST BE REACHED

Miss Margaret Thuma Tells National Dance Experts Why Lofty Ideas Are Pillars of Exquisite Dancing-Quips of Skeptic From St. Joseph, Mo.

Beautiful thoughts! These are the pillars of exquisite dancing. One must possess them before one can properly "Merry Widow" waltz or even buck This sweet truth was graven the other day in the minds of the delegates to the third session of the twenty-fifth annual convention of the National Association of Dancing Masters which was held in Chicago. Miss Margaret Thuma, a dancing instructor well known in Pittsburg, was the lecer. She soon proved that the city smoke is the core of things aesthet-She drilled her fellows in ways of dancing instruction that few ever dreamed of before. Miss Thuma maintained first and foremost that one must entertain beautiful thoughts before one can do beautiful dances. Then she told them how to have ornate ideas.

Miss Thuma, arrayed in becoming and close fitting black, stood before her auditors in a position statuesque Her arms slowly and majestically were lifted upward until the limp fingers touched above her pompadour. She calls it a "mental circle." Her eyelids closed dreamily, and in musical accents she delivered her tenet from

"To dance in a way that is lovely and harmonious one must reach the soul," she said. "The soul responds with its flow of personal magnetism, and it is then registered at the brain, which is, as you must understand, the seat of all intelligence."

"How true!" murmured several fem-

mind, or, as I might say, the mental force, gives out this soul feeling," continued Miss Thuma in ones. "When this has been will have completed the true

harmony of the soul."
"Isn't it lovely?" whispered a slender

girl to her masculine neighbor.
"Great!" said the man, who represented St. Joseph, Mo.
Miss Thuma, as if in heavenly rap-

ture, went on: "Force generates different elements man, Mental force is related to the ind, All spiritual force is related to the heart. But, remember, life force the inner atmosphere of ourselves. When we have fully cultivated the oul we multiply personal magnetism, although I prefer to call it soul mag-

"It must be a help in a barn dance," muttered the man from St. Joseph, Mo. "I have one line of thought which I call 'A Vision In a Garden Fair,' " said Miss Thuma, all oblivious. "One may imagine one is meeting Apollo in a garden of Eden or one may picture the

tete-a-tete of Romeo and Juliet. She is in a balcony, we may conjure, and he calls to her. She is apprised of his presence here. Then it is his heart to hers and finally his lips to hers."
"I wonder if Missouri would stand for it," said the man from St. Joseph. "I have still other modes of thought which must be absorbed by the dancer," said Miss Thuma. "There is the 'Vision of the Accursed,' in which the reviled one is groping onward, onward in Stygian darkness. Then there is the 'Vision of the Graces,' a kaleido-scope of flitting, blending goddesses,

control of the centers mental, physical and emotional, and finally you will have attained the true grace of mind.' A patter, a refined and delicate pat-ter, of applause vignetted Miss Thu-ma's address; then a bunch of the men al centers had rusted

with garlands intwined. All this, my

friends, will tend to give you complete

Miss Thuma lined up all the other dancing teachers and showed them how to act out the soul stuff. She had them raise their right hands and nod the palms gently to waltz time. Then they were ordered to sway their left hands gently attuned to the piano. Next the forearms were brought into play. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, Miss Thuma coaxed her pupils into motions that grew more and more stren-uous. At length the affair became a hopping, dipping, swinging ordeal that was neither soulful nor pleasant for the stout men. Once she had them gest near their source and grow less pose as Mercury. Did you ever see a and less with each fresh mile of flow. pose as Mercury. Did you ever see a 200 pounder imitate Mercury? When it was all finished the party

was still in an unsoulful mood. This was proved when Isadore Sampson, the general instructor roposed to teach them a new baher step. The men demurred.

they shouted.

And so it came to pass.

Generous Mrs. Crewe.

A gambling story is told of Charles
James Fox that rather reflects on his
honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crewe, a noted beauty
of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this
lady at play and, being obliged to
leave town suddenly cane Mr. Exy the leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to

money to Mr. For these months ago." "Oh, did you, sir said Mrs. Crewe good naturedly. "Then probably he paid me, and I forgot it."

Tommy Spoke.

Minister—If any one present can show cause why this couple should not become man and wife, let him speak now or forever hold his peace. To -I kin, mister. He thinks aunty's only twenty-five, and she's forty.

Economy may be the road to wealth but nine-tenths of those who are com-pelled to travel it never reach the goal.

What These Sandy Wastes Mean to Mother Earth.

A DEATH GRIP ON THE WORLD

They Indicate the Beginning of the End of Our Beautiful Planet, Which Is Doomed to Roll Through Space a Parched and Lifeless Orb.

Deserts already exist on the earth, nd the nameless horror that attaches to the word in the thoughts of all who have had experience of them or are gifted with imagination to conceive is in truth greater than we commonly suppose, for the cosmic circumstance about them which is most terrible is not that deserts are, but that deserts have begun to be. Not as local evitable evils are they only to be pictured, but as the general inescapable death grip on our world, for it is the beginning of the end. What depauperates the forests to grass lands and thence to wastes must in turn attack the sea bot-toms when they shall have parted with

Last of the fortile spots upon the planet because of the salts the streams have for ages washed down and of the remnant of moisture that would still Irain into them, eventually they must share the fortune of their predecessors and the planet roll a parched orb through space. The picture is forbid-ding, but the fact seems one to which e are constructively pledged and into hich we are in some sort already ad-

Girdling the earth with what it takes but little personification to liken to the life extinguishing serpent's coils run two desert belts of country. The one ollows, roughly speaking, the tropic of ancer, extending northward from it; ne other, the tropic of Capricorn. Ari-ona is in the northern band, as are the Sahara, Arabia and the deserts of cen

Now, these desert belts are growing In the great desert of northern Arizona the traveler, threading his way across a sagebrush and cacti plain shut in by abrupt sided shelves of land rising here and there some hundreds of feet higher, suddenly comes upon a petrified for

Trunks of trees in all stages of frac ture strew the ground over a space some miles in extent. So perfect are their forms he is almost minded to think the usual wasteful woodchopper has been by and left the scattered products of his art in littered confusion upon the scene of his exploit. Only their beautiful color conveys a sense of strangeness to the eye, and, leaning down and touching them, he finds that they are-stone; chalcedony, not carbon! Form has outlived sub-stance and kept the resemblance, while the particles of the original matter have all been spirited away. Yet so perfect is the presentment one can hardly believe the fact, and where one fallen giant spans a little canyon one almost thinks to hear the sound of wa-

ter rushing down the creek.

But it is some millions of years and more since this catastrophe befell, and the torrent, uprooting it, left it prone, with limbs outstretched in futile grasp upon the other side. A conifer it was, ousin only to such as grow today, and flourished probably in the cretaceous era, for the land has not been oder water here since the advent of tertiary

Nowhere near it, except for the rare cottonwoods along the bank of the Lit-tle Colorado, grows anything today. The land which once supported these forests is incompetent to do so now Yet nothing has changed there since except the decreasing water sup-ply. During tertiary and quaternary time the rainfall has been growing less and less. Proof of this is offered by the great pine oasis that caps the plateau of which these netrified forests form a part and is kerneled by the San Francisco peaks. The height above see level of the spot where the challenger of the spot where the spot where the spot where the challenger of the spot where the spot where the spot where the challenger of the spot where the spot 4,500 feet. The lower present II the verdure line has retreated since the

The line of perpetual green has risen because in desert regions the moisture is found most plentiful nearest to the clouds from which it falls upon a parching earth. Streams, instead of gathering volume as they go, are lar-The brooks descending from the Anti-Lebanon, in Syria, water the gardens of Damascus and, thence issuing upon the plain, lose themselves just beyond the threshold of its gates. So in the each them a new ballet step. The nen demurred.

"Aw, show us the buck and wing!" and the Future of the Earth"

Anybody who has tried to break a dece of wire without the ald of a pair of plachers will probably agree that the peration is both a difficult and peints one. There is a method, however, which it may be easily accomplish.

By bending the wire into a loop and pulling both ends as tight as possible an injury will be caused to the wire, which on being straightened will immediately break. By this means wire up to No. 12 gauge may be successfully dealt with.

destruction in comparison with the babbler.-Steele.

Telling Tales.
Unsophisticated Visitor (trying to use the telephone)—Kitty, what do you say when you take this thing off the hook! the telephone)—Kitty, what do you say and when he sat down and while he when you take this thing off the hooki was recovering the strains of "Hail to Little Girl—Papa always says, "Darn, the Chief" sounded. you, central, you've given me the wrong number!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Domestic Debate. "A discussion of the servant girl rang.

"With her club?" "No; with her girl."-Cleveland Plain Dealer

Wait is a hard word to the hungry. -German Proverb.

"Presidential Possibilities" Grilled at Society's Dinner.

DARK HORSE WAS ELECTED.

"Andrew Carnegie" the Host "Booker Washington" a Waiter. Amusing Skit on the Candidates. Scene of Feast Like Convention Hall.

The next president of the United States was on the stage in the ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York city, the other night-that is, he was there in effigy; also he was elected by a rising vote. And in these parlous days of booms the affair was balanced and adjusted to fit, or, rather, not to offend, the most enthusiastic boomer of them all.

By way of explanation, these great loings were part of the "grill room His Mammoth Web. doings were part of the "grill room convention" of the Illinois society in New York city. It was modeled after the rites of a club of writers in Washington who ameliorate the hardships of exile in the provinces by lambasting those who make "news."

The nucleus of the affair was called Hall Winslow. The programme gave it to be understood that the characters began with "Mr. Carnegie" and ran ough the list of men whose names are in the headlines and at the be dinning of columns introduced by such vords as "he spoke as follows."

That was all the 250 guests knew

when they came into the ballroom, to find it decorated like a convention hall, with placards attached to poles over the tables, says the New York Tribune These banners, although they bore simply numbers instead of the names o

After everybody had been seated and had been surprised by the "Merry Widow" (apologies to Henry W. Sav-age) waltz from the orchestra the cerenies were opened by brief speeches by Charles E. Hall and Elbert H. Gary, president of the society. Then the cur-tains parted to show "Andrew Carnegie" standing behind a dinner table with Booker T Washington" as his butler. The pair were in earnest conversation, and the facts were that Mr. Carnegie had been disappointed by the "regrets" of his guests. The dinner was ready, and he wanted somebody to eat it. He ordered "Booker" to go out into the street and invite the passersby to come. "Booker" retired and in a mo-ment reappeared, saying: "I've got'em. I can't say how good they are, but they look respectable-they're presi-

dential possibilities."

"A large, open faced man, who won't come in until he gets three cheers," was the way "Booker" introduced "Uncle Joe Cannon." Sure enough, he entered, white chin whiskers, uptilted cigar and determined stride. He took the seat at the head of the table and rapped with the gavel after having shaken hands with Mr. Carnegie. The host, by the bye, wore cilts with his tuxedo.

The orchestra struck up "Coon, Coon,

Coon," and Senator Foraker rushed in, ignored "Carnegie" and shook hands with "Booker," the butler. "Was my speech on the Brownsville

affair read to the graduating class at Tuskegee?" was his first question. As-sured by "Booker" that it was, "Foraker" took his seat next to "Cannon. The national anthem of Sweden as nounced "Governor John A. Johnson,

who came in carrying a big valise la-beled "The Swedish Vote" and an accent that didn't sit on straight.

Then arose "I Won't Go Home Till hardly in his seat when "Booker" stepped behind him and presented a full him with, "No, sir; it's a Manhattan.

from the flies burst "William Ran-dolph Hearst," dressed in ink smeared white overalls and carrying a bundle of his famous 11 o'clock pink edition that cheers the milkman on his route.
"Latest edition of day after tomor-

row's paper!" yelled "Hearst." flying behind he yelled through his por-tiere whiskers: "What's that about two the legislature, and don't send Grady

an invitation." The tomtom motif of "Tammany" announced the coming of "William Jennings Bryan," who was reproduced almost to the life by Charles Kennedy. "My friends," began "Mr. Bryan," "I thank you. I am the great harmonizer. But what's the matter with that spot light?" This last was addressed to the gallery, and after the spot light had played on the peerless guest he

took his place at the table.

With a boom and a thud of what might have been Wagnerian music, but which nobody about the press table recognized, there paraded into view "Secretary Taft." He was none other than "Doe" Cannon, ballyhoo in Dreamland last summer. "Doe's" voice was at its strongest, having been well trained all winter, and he shouted: "I have a secret. I have fifty-seven more votes pledged than there will be in the

"Mr. Taft," of course, broke a chair,

To this entered "Mr. Roosevelt," carrying a big stuffed club and smiling like a deattiffice advertisement. After his first "de-lighted" he shook hands with "Hearst," and then a telephone

"Hello!" shouted "Roosevelt," jumping to the telephone. "Yes, helio, king! Certainly, he'll make a good prime minister. All right. Goodby."

he advised putting a Dr. Dope in com-

as not only delighted, but he rmit her to name them all after him-

After the guests were all seated "Hearst" jumped on the table, waved his armful of papers and asked "my free-ands" what would happen if all of his "ninety-seven million readers"

voted for him.
"Mr. Bryan" butted in, and there was a general talkfest until "Mr. Car-negie" asked them to be quiet while negie" asked them to be quiet while the "dark horse" came in. This gen-tleman, masked and riding a hobby, rushed around the room and disap-peared. The guests then sang "Auld

To show that there was no partisan feeling the speeches after this skit "knocked" all the candidates, and by a standing vote the "dark horse" was elected president.

### A PECULIAR SPIDER.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet, and, riding quickly in the The nucleus of the affair was called early morning, you may dash right "Presidential Possibilities—A Satirical, into it, the stout threads twining round Farcical Episode (With Apologies to the Eminent Men Concerned)," by Herbert Hall Winslow. The programme gave bis position in the middle, he generally catches you right in the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the ontact of his large body and long legs s anything but pleasant. If you foret yourself and try to catch him, bite the will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the pper part is covered with the m arks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly yellow monster - measuring, walting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortu

usually throws the coils about he head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

"Look here, you, a literary man can't afford the extravagance of violet

The literary man tore thoughtfully a pendent piece of leather from the sol

ink costs thrice as much as black, but black corrodes a pen in a week, whereas violet is noncorrosive, and with its use it is possible to make one en last six or seven months. The late pen last six or seven months. The late Russell Sage, who used violet ink ex-clusively in his office, revealed this great truth to me during my brief cler-ical career in his office."—Exchange.

### BIDDLE'S NEW VENTURE.

Society Leader, With His Family, to Explore Canada In Big Automobile.

Anthony J. Drexel Biddle of Philadelphia, society leader and clubman,

author, amateur athlete and as a motorist, is about to turn his attention to new fields. Accompanied by his wife, Morning" from the orchestra as a his three children, his chauffeur and a mechanician, he will invade the path-less forests of Canada to explore the country north of the province of Quebec and study the flora and fauna as representative of the London Geo-raphical society.

His destination will be Labrador, Just at this moment the orchestra struck up a fearful discord. There were wild yells of "Copy!" "Catch the edi-tion!" "Fake it!" "Get Busy!" Then Mr. Biddle expects to return to Phila-

delphia in September.

Mr. Biddle, while in the midst of his preparations, discussed with a Philadelphia Press reporter the proposed tour with all his well known enthusi-asm and energy. He said:

"We are preparing now for a trit forth with his hands stuck in his pistol and will start for Canada almost impockets and his tight fitting frock coat mediately upon our return. We go mediately upon our return. We go from Philadelphia direct to Portland, Me., and then across the Canadian border and up to Riviere de Loup, be-yond which no automobile has pene-trated. Ezra Fitch made this point, and he has placed all the information he had in my hands. After that we will depend on woodcraft and the in-formation I have picked up from other sources. There are no roads, and most

of our route will be along paths made by hunters and wild animals." Here Mr. Biddle opened a small bundle and pulled out a commodious tent of balloon silk; then, with the air of the experienced camper, he opened up a neatly arranged package of aluminium camp utensils, the entire package weighing no more than an ordinary

have all the equipment in such shape that we can stow everything away in the car. For supplies we will depend to some extent on settlements, traders and on the fish and game. We have figured it all out, in fact, down to what each person will eat on the trip, for we have all been camping before and have made note of these points.'

Mr. Biddle expects his scientific researches to be of considerable value. Mrs. Biddle spoke as enthusiastically of the coming trip as did her husband She looks forward to the hardships from the viewpoint of long experience in camping, shooting and fishing trips with her husband and children.

The Changed View

Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all To another message that came in goes well. He has changed his market while he was greeting "Mr. Carnegie" cart into a charlot of the sun.—Emer cart into a chariot of the sun.-Emer

## rate of the neet while the admiral reas sick, and then again to a mother of thirty-seven children he said he

How the Negro Musical Prodigy Mrs. Wieland Will Adopt Sixty Was Discovered.

WONDERS OF HIS MEMORY. LIFE PREDESTINED BY NAME

Heard It Played Twenty-eight Years Before — Sample of His Great Strength-Remarkable Imitator.

Over fifty years ago a little blind ne gro baby wandered from his mother's cabin and in the dark of the night climbed upon the piano stool in the parlor of the aristocratic old slave holder General James N. Betlerne of Georgia. He ran his baby fingers over the keys, and the household was aroused by music so sweet and delicate that it seemed like fairy music-and that was his debut. The little "nigger" was the greatest colored musical prodigg the world has ever known. He was Thomas Wiggins, known as "Blind Tom," the famous negro pianist, who recently died at Hoboken, N. J.

Tom was born a slave on General Bethune's plantation and was looked as an incumbrance which must and clothed simply because it would have been inhuman to make way with him. He was about four years old when the daughters of General Bethune were given a new piano One of the daughters played a sweet, plaintive little melody upon the new instrument, and it was that melody the blind baby reproduced and improved upon that night. After that the little egro was brought in as a curiosity to or and amuse the general's When he was six years old the

After his musical gift Tom's memory was the most wonderful thing about him. He could play more than 5,000 compositions. Once he heard a piece he would repeat it exactly. Mrs. Bethune used to tell of an incident which shows how retentive his memory was. Shows how retentive his memory was. n in 1894 and asked him if he ever t his father, Theodore M. Browne. met his father, Theodore M. Browne. Cates to prove her case. Her children from replied at once, "I met Theodore begin to work as soon as they can walk, and that principle followed with sixty bables would prove quite profitations asked him what Mr. Browne then asked him what Mr. Browne be. One of her children, she related, would true the house and ar-

met was unique. When first presented to a person he wished to remember, he asked him or her to speak plainly. Then he placed his finger on the back of his or her neck and smelled it. After this never forgot that individual, seeming associate the sound of the voice with e name and the smell. He could ar a sermon and repeat most of it after he returned from the church and, furthermore, mimic the preacher. Blind Tom was practically an imbe-

cile. His amusements were very odd. He was particularly fond of dancing. He would stand on one foot and with the other leg put out at right angle would spin around, and around with marvelous rapidity. He spun round like a dancing dervish. This he kept up or several minutes. Another favorite rick of his was to lean over the foot f the bed and bump his head on the

Tom was very powerful, and as an xample of his strength a story is told f him at Williamsport, Pa. He was aying at the City hotel. Some friends of Dr. Eubank, who was with Tom for many years, asked some gentlemen to drive with them. Before leaving Tom, Dr. Eubank wanted to make comfortable and explain to regulate the register. Tom, if the room gets too hot, just urn this knob to the right."

And if it gets cold turn it to th

"Now, let me see you do it. If it test too hot, what would you do?"
Tom took hold of the knob with both

his hands, but instead of turning it to the right he pulled the register out of the wall. Tom thought it was a good joke and danced about the room, clapping his hands

ping his hands.

In early childhood he imitated the cries of farm animals, the call of birds and the sound of the wind and rain for the amusement of General Bethune's household. By night he would steal into the house of his master to imitate in undertones on the plane the little way.

It was in his mind, however, to try imitate in undertones on the piano the pieces he had heard others play during the day. He had the power of being most marvelously imitative. During his public appearances he fre-During his public appearances he frequently played one melody with his right hand and another with his left, singing or whistling a third, as frequently the classic compositions of Bach, Chopin and Mendelsshon as "Yankee Doodle," "Sallor's Hornpipe" or other pieces of that class. On occasions be played pieces with his back. sions he played pieces with his back turned to the piano. He could imitate the sounds of other musical instru-ments and deliver connected addresses in foreign languages without under-standing a word he uttered.

The eccentricities of Blind Tom on the stage pleased audiences as much as his playing. He always referred to himself in the third person and would announce his pieces by saying, "Tom will now play a beautiful piece he heard recently." He frequently jumped about wildly and started the applause himself when he finished a number.

The Oldest Encyclopedia

The most ancient encyclopedia ex tant is Pliny's "Natural History," in thirty-seven books and 2,493 chapters, treating of cosmography, astronomy, meteorology, geography, geology, bot-any, medicine, the arts and pretty nearthought known at the time. Pliny, who died 79 A. D., collected his work in his leisure intervals while engaged in public affairs. The work was a very high authority in the middle ages.

thunder proof .- Spanish Proverb.

Babes Yearly.

Infants Will Receive New Cognomen: and Be Put to Work Early at Rens-selaer Falls—To Rear Large Family on Vibratory and Color Principles.

To improve the human race Mrs. F F. Wieland is planning to adopt sixty children a year for ten years. She, with her husband, John C. Wieland of Rensselaer Falls, N. Y., and Benjamin Franklin of New York city, has Incorporated the Commonwealth u the laws of the state of New York. Eight acres of land, a house, a mill

and a stream, with sufficient water power to light a town, are in the pos-session of the corporation at Rensse-laer Falls. Here the adopted children are to be "trained to right mental, physical and manual effort as a tical demonstration of the laws of vi-Mrs. Wieland gave an enthusiastic

exposition of her theories, prospects and hopes at the Sign of the Green Teapot, in New York, the other afternoon. Names, numbers and colors are fundamental principles in her plan phlets which she had printed had failed in efficiency because they were yellow and red, inharmonious colors for her.
All the sixty children who are to be

adopted are to have new names. Mrs. Wieland prefers to get possession of babies, the younger the better. With guests. When he was six years out the general's son, John G. Bethune, arranged a tour for Tom and continued as his manager for many years. After his death his widow kept the negro belief the laws of vibration and mental sci-

herself. She displayed four certifi-cates to prove her case. Her children begin to work as soon as they can played for him, and the negro replied, "He played a little mazurka of his own." "Play it," said Mrs. Bethune, and the blind musician played it just as he had heard it twenty-eight years before.

This way of remembering people he met was unique. When first presented to a person he wished to remember, he carried wood into the house and ar

The first of the sixty has already been adopted. She is a Russian Jew, three months old, and has not yet been named, because it is necessary to ge the date of her birth from Gouvern

Mrs. Aso-Neitch W. Cochran. color and keynote," explained that there are so many failures in life because persons are handicapped by being badly named. Given the date of birth, Mrs. Cochran will mathematic ally reckon the correct name

Children are often irritable and even ill because their mothers deck them out in frocks and hair ribbons of the wrong color. It is as essential to discover the proper color as the correct name for each individual. All of that will be worked out carefully in the

## AN AUDACIOUS PLAN.

How Captain Haraden Bluffed the

Britisher Into Surrender. A fight is a fight for 'a that, and just as an example of early American "nerve" a story unearthed by Ralph D. Paine in the old sea logs at Essex institute, in Salem, is of much interest. It is told by Mr. Paine as follows in

Outing Magazine:
The king's packet was a fee to test Captain Haraden's mettle, and he found he had a tough antagonist. They fought four full hours, "or four glasses," as the log records it, after which Captain Haraden found that he must haul out of the action and repair damages to rigging and hull. He dis-

his way.

It was in his mind, however, to try an immensely audacious plan which rould succeed only by means of the most cold blooded courage on his part Ramming home his last charge of pow-der and double shotting the gun, he ranged alongside his plucky

who was terribly cut up, but still un-conquered, and hailed her:
"I will give you five minutes to haul down your colors. If they are not down at the end of that time, I will

It was a test of mind, not of metal The British commander was a man who had fought his ship like a hero. But the sight of this infernally indomitable figure on the quarter deck of the shot rent Pickering, the though of being exposed to another broadside at pistol range, the aspect of the blood stained, half naked privateersmen grouped at their guns with matches lighted, was too much for him. Cap-tain Haraden stood, watch in hand, calling off the minutes so that his voice could be heard aboard the packet

"Two."
"Three." But he had not said "Four" when the British colors fluttered down from the yard, and the packet ship was his.

Cassidy—Ah, well, no wan kin pre-fint w'at's past an' gone. Casey—Ye could if ye only acted quick enough. Cassidy—Go 'long, man! How could yer? Casey—Stop it before it happens. —Kansas City Independent. -Kansas City Independent.

Against God's wrath no castle is neckties and his stenographers."—Nashville American.

CUBE ROOT.

Do You Know the Method of Extracting It Without Pain?

ring it Without Pain?
Think of the inestimable value of knowing how to extract cube root! Ah, there is the priceiess boon! Knowing that has saved us money many and many a time, to say nothing of the social blunders it has assisted us to avoid. Do I know yet how it was done? Certainly. I know it just as well as if it were yesterday that I studed it. You take the number whose cube root is paining it so that nothing but extraction can relieve it, put it down on a piece of paper or on your slate and divide it off into periods of three figures each. Write 4-11-44 to the left, multiply that by 300, divide it by something, then pour some red ink on your handkerchief, tell teacher you have the nosebleed and go home

That's the way I usually did it. No doubt it is done much the same way by the ingenious youth of the present generation.

Is there a successful man living today and holding up his head among other successful men who cannot pain-lessly extract the cube root without giving the number an anaesthetic? If so, he should he ashamed of himself He is a freak, and he attained distinc-tion by a fluke. Some day the muck rakers will get to probing around, and when they discover that he can't ex-tract the cube root of anything his career will be ended and his gray hairs will sink in sorrow to a dishonored jimson grown grave. The jails and asylums are filled with vacant faced and craven hearted wretches who never learned the way to remove a cube root, no matter if the number c taining it was threatened with blood poison. They don't know whether to poison. They don't know whether to run a horsehair loop down its throat, as in the case of gapes, or whether to

ise tweezers.

Let us try to impress upon our children-by precept—the importance of cube root extraction, but let us have business elsewhere in case they ask us to show them how.—Strickland W. Gillilan in Chicago News.

A Genuine Grouch.

A certain farmer noted for constant omplaining was met by a friend one "Fine weather, James," said the lat-

"For them as ain't got to work," as the response.
"Your farm looks in fine condition." "To them's as ain't got to dig in it.

"Well, James, I'm glad your wife's better."
"Them as don't have to live with her may be!"-London Famliy Herald

The Rubicon. The Rubicon was the small stream separating ancient Italy from Cisalpine Gaul, the province which had been illotted to Caesar. When Caesar crossed this stream at the head of an armed force he passed beyond the limits of his own province and legally became

an invader of Italy.

SHORT RANGE ALIEN STUDY. Party of Students to Go Through

Southern Europe on Foot. Ten students and a professor recently sailed from New York on the Austro-American steamship Affice to spend a rear studying at first hand the home conditions and customs of the aliens who pour into the mining regions of Pennsylvania by the thousands each year. Edward A. Steiner, professor of applied Christianity in Iowa college. Grinnell, Ia., is in charge of the students, who are preparing themselves for work among the foreigners of the mining region under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Young Men's Christion association. The party will land at Trieste, travel through Austria, Hungary, Russia, Poland and Italy, cover-ing much of the country on food with packs on their backs and returning in the steerage with the immigrants. The expenses of the party are borne by vaens in different parts of Pennsylvania. with the problem of making good.

American citizens out of these aliens.

fe to a study of this problem, believes that an intimate knowledge of the im for any one who wants to influence him in America. Misunderstandings. due to lack of knowledge, he thinks, cause most of the trouble in the mining egion, and he believes a pare the students better than anything else for work among the foreigners in

Sign of Precocity. Sign of Precocity.

First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor. Second Editor—Why so? First Editor—Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the wastebas-

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