

DEMONSTRATIONS

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there was a nice pastry display made by Mr. Chapman's young bakers, and from its character we predict a good future for some of these boys. Pies, cakes, bread, rolls, etc., all tempting and appetizing made us wish it was a little nearer the luncheon hour. It took about an hour to make the round, but it was well spent and the lessons learned during that time will never be forgotten by many of us.

The various demonstrations which followed from day to day were of the same general character, possibly a little different in some respects, owing to some specialty which may have been introduced by the upper-classmen. All was fine—creditable to the nth degree.

ECCENTRICITIES OF LITERARY MEN

As a class literary men are perhaps the most freakish and eccentric of all mankind. This is particularly true of poets who often have what is known as "temperament," whose natures are likely to be of the dreamy, idealistic variety and whose sensibilities usually are exceptionally delicate and highly developed.

Alfred Tennyson, the great English poet, author of "Crossing the Bar," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Brook" and numerous other favorite poems, was noted for his careless handling of his manuscripts. It is related that on one occasion after he had moved into new quarters he missed his "book of elegies, a long, butcher-ledger-like book," as he described it, and wrote to a friend asking him to try to find it. The friend went to Tennyson's former lodgings and found the manuscript in a closet which had served the poet as a pantry. It proved to be the unpublished manuscript of "In Memoriam."

O. W. Holmes, genial author of "The Deacon's Masterpiece," "Bill and Joe," "Old Ironsides," "The Chambered Nautilus" and numerous other fine poems as well as essays, biographies and novels, was a practicing physician and for 35 years professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, yet he was wont to carry a horsechestnut in one and a potato in another pocket for the purpose of warding off rheumatism.

In his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" he made the landlady say of himself: "He was a man who loved to stick around home as much as any cat you ever see in your life. He used to say he'd as lief have a tooth pulled as go anywheres. Always got sick, he said, when he went away, and never sick when he didn't."

Herbert Spencer, British essayist and philosopher, once went with a friend to the Derby races. The friend was somewhat vexed because Spencer could not be

aroused to enthusiasm over the contests on the track and nothing he saw seemed to please or interest him. The crowd of men on the grass, he declared, reminded him disagreeably of flies on a plate and the event from start to finish was exactly what he had pictured it beforehand; even the costumes of the men who announced the odds, were just what he imagined they would be.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, from whose pen came "Twice Told Tales," "Wonder Book," "The Scarlet Letter" and various other works, would invariably wash his hands before reading a letter from his wife. One of his favorite amusements was to pore over the advertisements of old newspapers.

H. W. Longfellow, author of "The Village Blacksmith," "The Clock on the Stairs," "Hiawatha" and numerous other wonderful poems, liked to walk only at sunrise or sunset; his sublimest moods, he said, came upon him at such times.

R. L. Stevenson, British novelist and poet, author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Treasure Island," "David Balfour," "A Child's Garden of Verse," etc., was fond of playing the flute. His music seemed to bring him inspiration—to "tune up his ideas," as he expressed it.

Alexander Dumas, the younger, French dramatist, was in the habit of adding a new picture to his art collection on the publication of each new work. Alphonse Daudet, compatriot and contemporary of Dumas, insisted on wearing his glasses to bed.

James Keats, British poet, seasoned his toast with red pepper. Charles Dickens, the English novelist, had an inordinate liking for wearing jewelry. Edgar A. Poe, American poet, like Dickens, had a little streak of vanity, being extraordinarily proud of his feet. Another eccentricity was his habit of sleeping with his cat. To make sure that they would "stay put" and not take up too much space, Joaquin Miller, American poet, kept his chairs nailed to the wall.

After suffering for seven years with what the Doctors took to be tuberculosis a woman at Roanoke, Va., was operated upon and a piece of plate from her false teeth was found imbedded in one of her lungs. Improvement was immediate.

On April 1 a statement was given out at Santa Fe by the former mayor and state superintendent of schools that the skeletons of a boy and girl enveloped in a prehistoric eruption had been unearthed and were to be sent to Washington. It was claimed that the find was made in a white stone house discovered in the lava beds. Wide interest among scientists of the whole country was excited, only to be disappointed by the statement that the story was an April fool hoax.