## PORTRAYS HIS LAST ROLE

DEATH COMES IN SNOWY GUISE TO GENTLE KNIGHT OF BUSKIN.

Eight's Wintry Curtain Descends or Tragic Episode in Storm-Bound Washington Hamlet.

They left San Francisco in high spirits for a tour of the "Northwestern" circuit, and the members of the small repertoire

It was in the golden summer time, and all nature was arrayed in her lovellest gowns and tollets. For to one who has been accustomed to the hot, sweltering days and the warm and sultry nights of some of the large Eastern cities, with their cloud-reaching buildings, a summer egent on the Pacific coast means to that individual peace, comfort and happin The mad rush to the Elondike gold fields was at its height, and thousands of peo-ple were erowied in every scaport be-tween San Francisco and Scattle. Every hotel and ledging-house was jamined full of northern-bound goldhunkers, who were waiting to get passage on the boats. But as a matter of fact, this was a difficult task to accompileh, as every available space that would accommodate the form of a man on the steamers had been sold weeks ahead, at a handsome price. Still the goldsselters' loss of time was the business man's gain, as, naturally, while waiting for their chance to go north they would spend money.

All Planned Out.

Be this is how the proprietor and manager of the little dramatic company figpred he could make a few dollars for bimself. He would organize a "stap" towns along the coast, as far north or Sarway, Alusku.

"Youse are coming." he said, "from early her of the universe, and will have given to hurn. After purchasing their strike he the long, tedlous and difficult surney ever the los and snow-capped countains and while waiting for the host, f, rather, their chance to go, they will sturally seek amusement at cheap prices. and I will got my share of the goldseck-ers morec. And, as there is no such word as 'fall' in my 'route-book,' I am combined shar 'Hay's New York Theater Company' will do the banner business on the coast thus reason I am so sure of success that I have put every dollar that I pussess into my attraction, and I will be sure to come out winner in the end."

Everything went well, for a time, and the show seemed to be doing nicely. Business was epientid, and the much-admired "man in white" appeared prompt-ly each week, dressed in his best suit of

Siswige as it may appear, not a quarrel Augry words had not been heardomething truly remarkable among an or-activities, of Thespians and it was settled, and formed the subject of much enversation, from the "heavy" man down o 'props,' how each one of the com-may tried to outdo the other in making hings pleasant and agreeable. For as lie well knows, in many theatrical panies it is a continuous series of rels and disagreements, from the com-coment of the senson until the close. And even then, it does not always cease. In several well-remembered cases, the members of a company kept up their bick-erings in the newspapers, after the at-traction had disbanded for the season and until the editors of the respective jour-mak became disgusted and ended the war of words by refusing further "space."

Trouble in Store.

Trouble was in store for the members of the company, and they now wished that were back again in 'Frisco, even with its noise, bustle and clamor, Still boy did not complain, thinking and hoping the manager would get them back

or in some way or other, this they were doomed to disappoint. A. One night, while they were playny as usual, to practically empty benches il vilinge in the state of Washing ton, affairs reached a climax, and the manager realizing no doubt, that he had everlooked the word "Fall" in his "routebook," shipped out, with the few pairry collars that had been taken in at the loor. Like the Arab, he silently folded its tent and stole away, leaving the shers of his company, without a dol r, among strangers and far from their

When they lourned that they had been performers to determine what he done. They had heretofore cothered the season together, and they one to the conclusion that it would be ster for all concerned to try to maineir organization a little longer and more their way back to San Francisco it possible. They had been playing standard drams in country-town halls all summer, and now it was close on to the holiday senson of the year-Christmas time, although, as it appeared now, the day of "good cheer" would not be one of happing the little converse of discouraged. can for the little company of discouraged

roughling along in the best way it could, the managerless troupe wandered from village to village and from town to from village to village and from two to town, just making enough in one place to get to another. Try, however, as they would do what they would, luck was arisinst the players; business grew wome and worse, and, on Christmas eve, it seemed they must disband. One of the members said: "If we hold out a little onger, perhaps we may get through, ongehow or other." They all agreed with bim, and they became anxious to reach the next "stand."

Their Trunks Attached.

Having no money with which to pay their railroad fare, the only thing they could do was to walk, in order to reach the next fown. The landford of the hotel where they had been staying, finding that they were financially embarrassed, placed tachment on their trunks and baggage for their board bill, which they could not pay, and thus they were de-prived of their "wardrebe," The atproperty was stowed away down in the deep, dark cellar of the "C Horse" hotel, the proprietor of had been heard to remark that the ers' were a bad lot, and that if the octunity presented itself, they would at their trunks out of the house. He not propose, he further declared, to them have their "city-made charts he called the trunks, until they had mated their board bill in full.

Nothing daunted, the little company maried out and, as the bells chimed Christmas day, they reached the next fown, where they intended giving a per-tormance. They had planned, as they trunged along the railroad track, what they are not near as strong.

they would do with the money they would make during the holiday week, thinking that they could soon square up their debis and send for the baggage that had been attached. "Then," said the comedian, "we'll be playing on veivet, and if we are moneyless and wear patched clothes, we may have a streak of good luck after all. SPRING ATTIRE FOR MEN

may have a streak of good luck, after all

company started immediately to find a hall where they could give a performance. But their hopes were speculify shattered, for the "marshal" of the village, who was neither courteous, civil or even, for

\$10 among the company, and to even think

DAMES PASHION PRESCRIBES FOR THE LORDS OF CREATION. may have a stream or good luck, after all, and have the stereotyped regulation run of "one hundred and fifty nights"; do a banner business and be compelled to hang out the E. R. O. sign every night, at 8.20. Then we won't do a thing, see? Just be living on Easy street."

Arrived at the town the members of the company started immediately to find.

What to Wear and What Not to Wear, If You Aspire to Be Quite Altogether in the Vogue.

for a four of the "Northwest of the small repertoire and the members of the small repertoire company word as joily and lively a crowd of theatrical people as one would wish to make them that matter, polite, rudely informed them, and yet it is not so far from the days in his pompous, Chesterfieldian way, that most of the strong of the ormal every member o garbantin seemed much pleased, and glad to snow that for a while, at least, the payment of a theatrical license fee of the payment of a theatrical license passed for the sole purpose of driving out ald seasons and already the shops are "cheap, poor actors." A performance filled with promises of spring, could not be thought of. There was not

fee, wes-well, it was entirely out of the are the spring shirtings. The colored shirt is one of those articles which has come to stay. In the fashions for spring

ers often wear out first, men have been known to have a large collection of coats ASSUMES HER FIRST PART

and waistcomis.

The handkerchief of the year is of fine linen, with a narrow border, It is, of course, white. The colored handkerchief FAME GIVES SORRY GREETING TO A has never been very fashionable in New STAGE-ASPIRING DAMSEL. York. You see it in Paris, but seldom

fore. You see it in Paris, but seldom in this country.

For evening dinner ties to wear with the dinner coat, the soft binck sliks will be the most worn. Many of these are figured and a very loose bow is made. The idea of negliges or mufti, as the Englishman would call it, must prevail with At first glance it seems rather absurd last autumn at the Hot Springs a Toxedo to talk about spring fashions, when one of dinner coat in the evening, and with it no waistcoat and a long black silk

Brown Out of Favor.

Grays and grayish greens and mixtures

so hard that we decided not to show.

From Chico we went to Red Hinff, where were billed for two nights, but owing

we were three for two nights, but owing to a lack of appreciation on the part of the audience we only played one night. Sev-eral members of the company were obliged to leave their laundry in Red Bluff, as we left town in such a hurry that they didn't

to Keswick is about two miles, straight up

actually leaned toward us. But we strug-gled along and had nearly reached the top, when Miss Fitte slipped on an ice cake and

the word, she was becoming tired of a

Pipe-Drenms. We told her a fairy-story about Edwin

Booth having walked from Reno to Virginia City, in the dead of winter, when the weather was so cold that it from two of his toes; that a little thing like that didn't bother him though, and that

be kept right on acting and became great. A few more pipe-dreams like this, and the day was saved; Miss Fitte again per-

spired. I mean aspired. And the show continued—for the time being. When we finally reached Keswick, it-was quite late at night, so we did not show. The next morning we learned that

Serio-Comic Pilgrimage of "Fearful Buyer" Company Winds Up in Irretrievable Disaster.

Oh, the life of an solor is a happy one, So free from ev'ry care; A life as bright as summer's sun,

A life I long to share, While in San Francisco some months ago hill and over a road that hasn't as pet re-ceived the attentions of an asphaltum con-tractor. It crossed a creek in several piaces, and at times was so steep that it I received a letter from a young lady acquaintance asking me if I could not secure her a position on the stage. She was willing, she said, to play any kind of a small part to make a beginning, and wasn't a bit particular about salary in fact, she fell into the creek. It was then that she was so amazingly ambilious that she first began to show signs of getting cold from wouldn't mind paying her own expenses feet. Not so much that she wanted a first began to show signs of getting cold from white so long as she could gain ex-250 among the company, and to even think of trying to raise the amount of the license for some accompany to the license for some accompany to the license for some accompany to the license for more or less persons. This are all more or less persons. Of course I had but the license for some accompany to the licen the present. This are all more of less perience. Of course I paid but little attenneutral. In evening dress there should be but one standard, but the Frenchman well occupied just then in getting myself of roses. And we all well understood that will wear plaited and flowered shirt bos- a "position on the stage," and, besides, I A terrific snow storm had set in, and there is hardly any difference in the cut or the style. The cuffs are attached, the proprietor of the only hotel in the even in the cheap grades, and they are straight collar, and wears in its place the well, the young woman came to San

STORY OF A SLEIGH RIDE, WITHOUT WORDS,

FIRST SNOW OF THE SEASON.

place, and ask if he would allow the company to remain over night at his house. His mission, however, was in vain, to all his entreaties the landlord turning a deaf ear; it was, therefore, with a sad heart are not in fashion.

The kind-hearted agent at the little railroad station invited the band of players to come into the "waiting-room" and stay the night. He would, he said, keep up a warm fire for them, and he told them furthermore that he was only sorry he could not give them free transportation to their homes; but it was not in his power to do so, either officially or financially.

or to do so, either officially of financially.

Still, they were more than welcome to
sit in the depot, keep warm and make
themselves as comfortable as possible.

The players held another consultation,
and it was determined to take the road
that night for the next town, which was
so miles distant. When they made their
intentions known to the agent he insisted
that they were foolish to undertake it. that they were foolish to undertake it, as they never could reach their destina-tion in the teeth of the fearful storm

arched windows, out on the spotless snow, his life was abbing fast, and this filled his comrades' cup full of bitterness and sorrow to the brim.

"Pence and Good Will." Inside the choir sang fervently, "Peace and Good Will Towards Men," the while

the dying man's thoughts traveled to a cheeriess tenement-room on a side street in far away San Francisco, where he knew a woman and two little children were hungry this Christmas night, and he imagined he heard the little ones say: "Oh, mamma, if papa was here, we would have candy and toys, like the other little boys and girls, wouldn't we, man And then the mother's sad reply: father is working to send you some.

Can you come on with us, Frank? asked the comedian, in a trembling "No, boys; my end is pear. I tried to stay with you, but I could go no farther. The curtain of life will soon fall on me, rung down by nature's stage manager, who rules us all. If you ever reach 'Frisco, tell Mary, my wife, thut I said good-bye to her and the children; tell the bables to be good. That's all-boys-I-am sleepy-" He was dead.

The sermon was over, the closing prayer Was said while beads were boved; On the stape outside, a form lay still, With a snow-delft for a shroud.

For a "white-winged" angel, with for breath, Had whispered "Come with me!" To a land where stranded actors rest And they charge no license fee."

The news of the sudden death of one of the "actor" men spread rapidly over the small town, and it seewed as if the pa-thetic occurrence had softened the hearts of the citizens, for they provided a place for the remainder of the company to skeep and cat, and showered kindnesses and heartfelt sympathy upon them. benefit was tendered them by the towns-people, and it proved a golden harvest. The entire receipts were handed to the company, thus enabling its members to send the remains of their dead brother performer to San Francisco for burial, recover their trunks and procure their rai way passage home. LUE VERNON.

Had Had Enough of It.

Two miners from Cape Nome wandsred nto a mission chapel and had just seated themselves, when the choir, composed of any and all who would join in, commenced to sing the old hymn, There is a foun-

"Come on, Bill," said one of the miners; "let's get out of here. These folks are going to sing about the blasted pen filled with ink that we could not use last winter. Let's get out." And they went

Stiff-Necked Fowl.

Stranger in Portland-By goah, the barn "How so?" asked a resident of Portland "Well," said the granger from the corn state, "you follers out here use them in building wagons, by crickets! See there! That feller has a wagon, and he just told me that the bed of it was fastened to the front anie with a 'gooseneck.' We have healthy fowls in Kansas, but, by gum,

wide and running up and down on a white ground. These are in pinks and blues and lavenders. The old rose shades are but these rules for the present are imalso very popular, and another dealer mutable.—New York Times, shows a pink shirt, with wide stripes of old rose running across the bosom. fact, there are stripes everywhere. It is difficult to say which will be the most fashionable, as at one shop on Fifth avenue the patierns all run up and down, and at another they run across, and these two places are within a half block of From Blanco Cap to Idaho.

Pinks and reds there are in abundance. Blues and lavenders are next, but the old shades are seldom seen. One new Thy mighty rivers enward flow, Bright prospects and good business were not to last forever; clouds of adversity began to spread ever the manager's horizon; things were not turning out so rosy and strickly for himself as he had "booked" them. For some reason—why, no one could say—business began to fall off and night after might, the curtain would roll up to nearly empty seats. Then, shortly, sald, "loves even you"—a seeming bollow mockery to this little band of stranded actors—when suddenly, with a cry of sust in the show could not hold logether much longer, as the manager had lost all the money be had put finto the

together much longer, as the manager had less that the money he had put fate the business. He had no more, and what was still worse, he could get no more, and it seemed as though fate their had marked him and his people for punishment and disseler.

Thought in Store.

Thought in Store. it looks as if there would be a revival of the white pique four-in-hand and the white linen or marseilles Ascot. These seldom go absolutely out of fashion, and Tay winding shores of forests grand, they always look very next and seasonable in the first days of spring.

Ties Made to Order.

Just now the last ties brought over from England in Ascot and four-in-hand shapes are either in black figured silks, or dark greens and blacks, with small designs in reds, or dark blue with purple de-signs, or black with purple flowers. All thes designs are very small, and are prin-cipally in the shape of little crosses or circles or small blossoms. The higher Unfettered minds a wealth unfold, price shops import these squares of slik. and sell you one for \$5. From this they make to order two ties, an Ascot and a four-in-hand, and in some there is even remnant enough left for a club or bow tie. Thus you have your own selec-tion, with the comforting assurance that it will be difficult to find another exactly

None of these squares, which are many in design, are exactly similar. The same lors, and they sell you a bolt of cloth, with just enough goods for one suit. You might imagine that you would be able to get at another tailor's the same pattern and material, but you will be mis-Let one of the garments wear become torn, and you will have great difficulty in matching it. As trous-

that he returned to the little crowd of brother performers and told them of his unsuccessful mission. As the large snow-fakes swiftly, yet softly, fell, they seemed for the spring shirtings. One dealer Stripes Everywhere.

Another favorite pattern is stripes quite light, if you intend to relapse into vulgarity. White gloves for evening wear

> Oregon, My Oregon Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland."
> Land of the West, I sing of thee, Oregon, My Oregon;

Ocegon, My Oregon;
From Blanco Cape to Idaho
Thy wondrous soil and ellmate show
A land where wealth and beauty grow,
Oregon, My Oregon.

Oregon, My Oregon. Eternal snows thy aummits crown, Gregon, My Gregon;
Thou land of beauty and renown,
Gregon, My Gregon;
Those heights sublime, in twilight hoe, With raptured soul I pause to view-Of could I pay the homage due Oregon, My Oregon.

Oregon, My Oregon; And mines of wealth on every hand, Oregon, My Oregon;

Lend all to sing with loving zest, From North to South, from East How nobly are thy children blest, Oregon, My Oregon. But there's a wealth that can't be told.

Surpassing, far, thy weight in gold, Oregon, My Oregon.

We print the above song by the request of H. We print the score song by the request of H. W. Youmans. The song was composed by Mr. Youmans while he was confined in the fail, in Albany, that week. Mr. Youmans is traveling through the country putting in acetylene lighting plants; and becoming short of funds, attempted to sell some books and watches which he had taken in exchange, when he was arrested for peddling without a license, and re-fusing to pay his fine was thrown into jail from last Friday till Tuesday of this week.— People's Press.

Wowl The setting sun moves toward the West, And nature's peace stills all unrest; Should that sun take a caca-We wouldn't sleep a wink tonight.

—Chicago Record.

round and narrow. There are always two button-holes in the bosom, and all shirts open in front, and you see very few which employ the screw stud. Thes, of course, or less mingling of sets, there were some had already signed. She was cast to play ately) secured a place with the "Fearful to us that many years ago he had mun-aged a theater of his own, back East somewhere, and subsequently went into the mushroom and artichoke business. I don't know to this day what he meant by "aub-sequently going in for mushrooms and artichokes," but at the time I thought it was all right.

On the Road.

We opened in Redwood City, Cal., to what the newspaper reporter called a "big house," and so far as the house was concerned we had no kick coming. It was case of cold feet on the part of Miss Fitte, plenty big enough, but I believe, in a and, in a fit of despondency she told me pinch, it could have held more people that she was sorry she had ever gone on than it did the night we opened there.

young woman who wanted experience, asked me if all audiences were so wildly demonstrative as those in Redwood. As she was inexperienced, I explained to her that later on we would, no doubt, find them simply wild, without the demonstrativeness, and the very next town proved the truth of my statement. They did go wild. Not because the performance was so good, but rather on the contrary. And for several towns after that they did go they after the truth of the contrary of the truth we only played one night in Portland. several towns after that they were wild until finally our manager decided to cturn to the starting point and strengthen company preparatory to a trip north. This meant that Miss Fitte would have to separate herself from the rest of her bank account, a thing she cheerfully consented to do, when the manager promised that, in future, all her expenses should be paid, and that if anything was left over out of the general funds she would also receive storm-tossed ship at sea, as she fast apa little salary. At this rate, of course, there wasn't really much in it for Miss Fitte, but she seemed immensely happy, and, besides, what difference did it make? She wanted experience, and she was getwe all get experience, and we have to pay for it, too.

They Start Again,

Well, we left San Francisco the second time with some additional features in our company, and struck north. The first place we landed at was a town called Winters, in California, and I'm telling the truth when I say that we met with a frost; town did not belle its name. They di go wild there; on the contrary, they were very quiet, but most distressingly em-phatic, and-well, we let town very early the next moraling and made a long detour over to Chico. Nothing of any particular note occurred in also, because it rained

show. The next morning we learned that the town boasted of no opera-house-not even a hall of any kind-and the best we could get was an empty store. We took the store, gave the performance to a large and really delighted audience and left the place with the hearty good wishes of everybody. Keswisk, you see, had never had a show before, so I guess thay were ready for anything that came along. Our next stand was it Oregon, and when the train bore us over the state line from California into the land of the "webfoot," we all cheered and wished the 'webfoot," we all cheered and wished the Buyer' comedy company, with which I had already signed. She was cast to play quite an important part in the comedy, because she had some money which she loaned the manager, and besidesshe paid all her own expenses and didn't draw any saling the paise of the one they pass a state line. And after they've passed it they'll rosat the state line in the own they are some sing the paise of the one they are some sing the paise of the one they are some brother performers and told them of his unsuccessaful mission. As the large snow-flakes swiftly, yet softly, fell, they seemed to command silence, for not a word was uttered by the players for a few minutes. Perhaps they realized that it was Christmas day and were thinking of the dear once, far away.

Think of this. On Christmas day, when kindness and charity are supposed to rule the hour and "do unto others" is the golden rule, to be denied shelter, food, or a place to lay your weary head; to be turned out in the midet of one of the most testrile smow storms in the memory and of the oldest inhabitant on the Pacific coast!

ent have been employed in the various shades fook which are very much out of fashion of fook which are very much out of fashion and quite unnecessary. The single-breast-led white waistcoats is much in vogue for evening wear, but the mixture of white waistcoats and black that is deplorable in they generally out considerable loc with waistcoats and black the is deplorable in they generally out considerable loc with they generally out considerable loc with any of the waistcoat is much in vogue for evening wear, but the mixture of white waistcoats and black the is deplorable in waistcoats and black the is deplorable in they generally out considerable loc with they generally out considerable loc with any of moderate width and is thing flowers, all in the same shade. These are attached to fashion as the ground the manager, and besides led white waistcoat is much in vogue for evening wear, but the mixture of white waistcoat is much in vogue for evening wear, but the mixture of white waistcoat is much in vogue for evening wear, but the mixture of white waistcoat is much in vogue for the winder and black thes is deplorable.

Think of this On Christmas day, when kindness and charity are supposed to rule thing flowers, all in the same shade. These are attached to fashion as the generally out considerable ince with waistcoat is much in vogue for white waistcoats and black thes is deplorable.

The obside sing the praise of the one they are going Ashland was our first stand in Oregon, Ashiand was our first stand in Oregon, and we played there two nights. Just how we did it, I can't explain, but I dare say that if it had not been for Miss Fitte's bank account, we wouldn't have lasted a minute. The show was reasted to a beautiful brown the first night, and the second night there were hardly enough, people. ifful brown the first dight, and the second night there were hardly enough people present to pay the light bill. After Ashland we played a number of other Oregon towns, with more or less indifferent success, and this state of indifference soon began to tell on the regularity of salaries, which our manager began handing out on the installment plan.

Now, If there is one thing that worries

the actor more than another, it is when his salary comes to him in sections. When this condition of affairs exists, the man Anyhow, we started in to rehearse "The ger will generally call the more important Europe of weeks went on the road. I don't mean that we started to walk right on the mean that we started to walk right on the jump, but in the vernacular of the actor, "going on the road" signifies that a railway passenger train is taken—the real walking part comes later—that is, it generally comes when the manager goes and leaves his company behind.

We opened in Redwood City, Cal., to what the newspaper reporter called a "big from.

Very Annoying.

from,
All these things superinduced another

Among several of the notable events which long enough to get the money back which marked our appearance was the scarcity of eggs. Eggs are something of a rarity in that portion of the country, but clams appear to thrive in abundance, so we took the clams instead of eggs.

After the performance Miss Fitte, the before, and I fully realized that it wasn't wasn't warner, who wented experience. a case of getting any money back, but a case of getting the company back from where they started. But the milk had been spilled and there was no use crying over it. We had a week's engagement in Portland, which we expected would pull

audience present were of such a con-ing nature regarding our good and justities that the local manager decided

to close us then and there. The Last Straw.

And this was the fatal straw that broke the camel's back; it had been our last

proaches the crust rocks upon which she is eventually cast, a total wreck. There before us (speaking in a theatri-cal sense, of course) we saw those same cruel rocks upon which we knew our poo bark, hopeless and helpless, was soon to strand. Dismastled and dismasted, with no helping hand to give us succor, webut, pshaw! what's the use in getting ser itmental? We plainly saw our finish, and that's all there is to it. The "cruel rocks" I just mentioned bobbed up serencis in the placid waters of the Columbia river at The Dalles, and on them we stranded high and dry. Some of the members are still there, I believe, trying to reconstruct the wreck and give an amateur performance for the benefit of the "Breakbeam and Good-Natured Brakeman's" fund. The rest of us came back to Por where a select few expect to spend the

our manager has gone back to his mushrooms and artichokes, and Miss Pitte
went home, poorer in pocket, but with experience to burn. As we parted, she
handed me a revised edition of the
poem, "The Life of an Actor is a Happy
One," and of which the first four lines are as follows:

The actor's life, I fear, is end:
"The one of trials and tears,
With landlers, breakbeams and the like To fill his mind with fours.

MAX STEINLE,
P. S.—The balance of this poetry is in
my possession and can be had by personal application. Accompanied with slow music it would make a new along place for Fourth of July open-al M. S. would make a first-class declara-

Two Kinds of Coal, "What," asked the teacher, "does an-

"That's a kind of coal," said little Wil-

'Yes. Anthracite coal is what we call hard coal. Se anthracite must mean hard. Now can you tell me what bituminous

"That's coal, too," Willie replied "But it isn't the same kind of coal that anthracite is, is it? Bituminous coal is what we commonly refer to as soft coal, Now, Willie, let us see if you can form a sentence containing the words anthracite entence containing the words anthracite ad bituminous."

Willie thought the matter over for a

Willie thought the matter over for a minute and then said:
"Here's one. This morning before pa started downtown, ma wanted 55 for groceries and things, and she tried to get it by saying bituminous words, but pa gave her an anthracite look, and when he disappeared around the corner she was weeping bituminously."—Chicago Times-Herald.

FINGER MULTIPLICATION

PASTINE USED BY MATHEMATICIAN TO TEACH ARITHMETIC.

have time to take it out. I have since learned, however, that the hetel man took the wash in charge for mafe keeping, but whether that is the only charge on it or Digital Exercises in Polish Public Schools Carried Into Many Co. From Red Bluff our manager aide-tracked us into a little mining piace called Reswick. Reswick is stuck on top of a mountain, and as the Southern Pa-ciflo wasn't running trains up there, we had to walk. The distance from the depot to Reswick is about two miles, straight up rious Combinations.

The boys and girls in the schools of Poland are taught a method of multipli-cation by the use of the fingers. It is said that the little people find it much more interesting than studying so many multiplication tables. This method is used in multiplying numbers above 5; below that, the children commit to memory the few short tables necessary. That they may learn the finger process read-My, in the beginning the numbers are written with penell on the finger-nalls. The method is as follows:

The thumb represents \$, the first finger 7, the middle finger 5, the next 3, and the

Ittle finger 10.

To multiply any of these numbers the fingers that represent the multiplier and multiplicand, or numbers to be multiplied. If Miss Pitts took a notion to get tired the show would go up against it, so it be-hooved each of us to do a little footwarm-ing, so to speak, in the way of jollying. are placed together, as illustrated.



For example, to multiply \$ by 2, the fourth finger of the left hand (counting always the thumb as the first finger) and the third finger of the right hand are the third inger of the right hand are placed up to up. Counting these two lingers thus joined with those above, on both hands, there are 7: add a cipher and you have 70. Below these 7 ingers there are 2 on the right hand and 1 on the left; multiplying one by the other-ixi equals 2. Adding this 2 to 70, the first result obtained, you have 72, the product of 9 and 8.



The second illustration, showing the multiplying of 7 by 9, may be clearly seen. Joining the second finger of the right hand to the fourth of the left and counting these two with those above—there are 5; adding a cipher—50. Below there are 1 on one hand and 1 on the other; 3x1 equals 8, which, added to the 90, equals 63, or 7x9.



Gatt. Multiplying 6 by 6 with the foling of he thumbs works out as follows: Adding the thumbs, being no fingers above—2: with cipher 30. Multiplying the fingers below, 4x4 equals 16, added to 20 equals 30,

er fixs. Any of these numbers represented on the fingers can be multiplied in this way with always perfect results.



A somewhat similar process can be used with higher numbers, the thumb representing II, and so on. In this case there is a change in the latter part of the operation, and 100 is always added to the

final result. To multiply 12 by 14, place the fingers on the left). As before, add the upper fingers; including the two that touch, there are 7; with cipher, 3s. Now mul-tiply the same fingers that were just added, that is the 4 and 2 upper fingers that were added to make the 7 are now used again and multiplied—423 equals 12. This 12, with the 9, makes 82, and, add-log the 100, the 5nal result is 182, or 13 times 14.

Any number from II to 15 multiplied in Any number from it to its multiplies in this way will give correct results, as in the case of the smaller numbers.

This flager multiplication was invented by Procopovitch, a Polish mathematician, who carries his method into many and much more difficult combinations.—Jean Ely, in New York Tribune.

Snow-Just Plain "Snow."

The mow, the beautiful w Happy we are to see the snew come; I covers the ugly spots down here below And makes them recemble some white Fulry's it clings to pedestrians out in the etc

And knees the cheeks of the beautiful girls; I whirls and it denote in fastastic form As hither and thither it rapidly which. With fleery white trimming it covers the trees and robus Mother Earth in a spackling white

While still it comes duncing, this beautiful fleeor, Meerly dancing and fluttering down.

But, while I am writing this pretty refrain, The wind years around to south of southeast, The enowhakes give place to the fast-failing

And does it improve things? Oh, not in the

The snow falls from the roof with a sickening The gutters are cheked with a dirty brown The roads are transfermed into rivers of mud,
And beautiful show is a beautiful drawn.

"Your," in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Senator Martle's Sweetheart. Ex-Senator Lee Mantle, of Montana, managed the Inter-Mountain newspaper for a time in Butte City, before he was elected to the United States senate.

Mr. Mantie, who is a bachelor, and re-garded as a matrimonial "match," much surprised society recently in Montana, when he referred to his "sweetheart." He was piled with questions about the identity of the lucky woman, but for some time dodged an answer. At last, how-

ever, he replied:

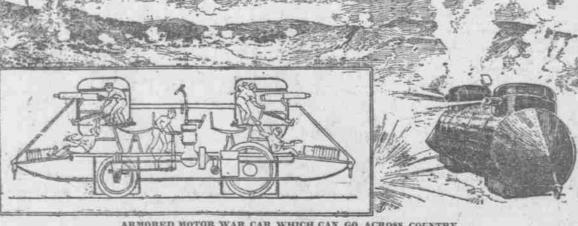
"She is not pretty; she's beantifut,"
and finally, his face growing tender, he
acided, "and she is not very young, somewhere between 70 and 30. My awcotheart
is my mother."

Words, Mere Words! "The very spot on which you stand,"
He said, "Is dear to ma!"
Ha held the gratic malents hand,
And present it levingly,
She looked up to his eyes—he heard Her sigh a sigh or two. And heaven, though she spoke no word, Was opened to his view.

"Ab, yes, the spot beneath your feet
Is dear to me." he orled"The place on which you stand is sweet,
By you 'the manchine's."
She shahed spain, but ere she spokes,
Without the least ado.
The loc on which they believed broke
And both of them went through?

And both of them went through:
-Chicago Times-Hersid.

## IMPERVIOUS TO ANY MISSILE BUT CANNON SHOT OR SHELL.



ARMORED MOTOR WAR CAR WHICH CAN GO ACROSS COUNTRY.

The latest of man's devices for destroying his follows in warfare, says the New York Herald, is the armored motor war car. Its inventor is Proderick R. Simms of London, England, and he has just been granted letters patent on his oar in this country.

The war car is unique in many ways. It differs from the armoved trains which have been used by the British in their war upon the Boers, in that it is built to run anywhere. Its inventor claims for it the ability to follow rough roads, or to run across country, if necessary. The armoved railway train, being confined in its motions to following a narrow railway track, is necessarily used in defensive fight-

ing only. Not so the motor car. me has fitted up his car with a couple of revolving turrets. These are protected after the same fashion masse the turrets aboardwhip, with strong steel plates. Inside each turnet sits a man who aims and fires a rapid-firing cannon or Gailing gun. Below and within the bosom of this armoved land cruiser are men whose duty it is to pass ammunities up to the genter. The war car is shaped much after the fashion of a cigur. Its sides are of strong steel and are rounded for the better deflection of an enemy's bullets and shells. They are so think, however, that the ordinary bullet would not penetrate them. In fact, the only thing that the occupants of the car have to fear is the fire from an enemy's cannon. A shell bursting above the car might disable it, and one bursting below might overturn it. A solid shot at short range which struck the car square in the middle would probably penetrate its side; otherwise it would be deflected.