

# HOW THEY FIRST MET

## BEGINNING OF COURTSHIP IN SOME FAMOUS LIVES.

Earliest Meetings of Some Noted Men and Their Future Wives—How Lincoln, Greeley, Bismarck, Jeff Davis, and Stanley Conducted Their Wooings.

Marriage has always been one of the world's greatest themes. The great sage, a wise philosopher said, is not a right girl. There is no stereotyped way of getting her. Just as men have found different ways of proposing, so there have been endless ways in which men have met their fates.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a common friend, who was something of a matchmaker, having brought this about. She was all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter, she frankly told him that, although she married him she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy, and the loss of his wife was a blow which Greeley did not long survive.

The second time that Bismarck met Fraulein Johanna Puttkammer he passed her in the presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was followed by the marriage. Fraulein Puttkammer was a bridesmaid for a friend the first time Bismarck saw her. These two young people, as Rosa says, "no sooner met than they looked, no sooner looked than they loved."

The first marriage of Jefferson Davis was of a romantic character. Falling desperately in love with Susan Taylor, daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor, who did not approve of the match, he went to New York to see her. He was there for some time, and during that time he and Susan were betrothed. Sixteen years passed before "Old Zach" would speak to his son-in-law, and then it was because he had a regiment had ordered themselves with glory at the battle of Buena Vista.

The first time Mary Todd met Lincoln she said to her sister, "That man will be President one of these days. He will make a husband to be proud of." About that time Lincoln's chances of becoming President seemed as remote as possible, and Mary's sister laughed the idea to scorn. A few months afterward Mary Todd was married to "Ugely Abe," and in fourteen years the prediction was fulfilled. As a child the future Mrs. Lincoln had dreamed that she would become the wife of a President of the United States.

With Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, it was "love my daughter, love me." Mrs. Tennant persistently refused to consent to her daughter marrying "Dolly is all that I have left, and I can not, shall not, part with her." But to entreaties she finally yielded, she said, "I want your daughter for my wife," Stanley said: "Give her to me, and do you at the same time become my mother, father, brother and sister." "She is yours," replied mamma, "and so am I." That, in brief, is the story of Stanley's wooing, and Mrs. Tennant is as irreparably and undissolubly as her daughter is, and Mr. Stanley is said to be a model husband and a tractable son.

It was through his novel, "The Scalp Hunters," that Capt. Mayne Reid won a bride. He was 35 years old when he met a damsel of 18, with whom he at once fell in love. The child took no notice of him, but he gave her the story to read, as effective a manner of courtship as Othello's in an earlier century. Two years later the young lady was at a public meeting when Capt. Reid spoke on behalf of the Polish refugees. "An electric thrill seemed to pass through me as he entered the room," she said afterward, and when the meeting was over she went up to speak to him. "I leave for London in the next train," he said, hurriedly. "Please send me your address."

"I do not know where," she replied with some embarrassment. "I instantly handed out his card and was gone. A formal little note followed: "Dear Capt. Reid, as you asked me to send you my address I do so." By return of post came the answer: "Only say that you love me and I will be with you at once." And then the reply: "I think I love you."

**A Woman Warrior.** On board the flagship of Rodney, when that famous seaman attacked the French fleet off the island of Dominica, was a woman who had been smuggled aboard before the fleet left England, and whose presence was not discovered until the great battle was in progress. Rodney was on the quarter-deck, when, looking down, he saw, to his amazement, a woman aiding the service of a gun of the main battery. In the heat of the battle the admiral overlooked the extraordinary breach of discipline, but, when the fight was won, he summoned the woman to his presence. "What are you doing here?" he demanded, with sternness. "Fighting the French," she answered, boldly. "My husband was wounded and dragged below, so I took his place. Do you think I'm afraid of the French just because I'm a woman?" The admiral's discipline was relaxed for once. He reprimanded the woman, but his words were gentle. The gunner's wife sailed on the ship which brought to England the news of Rodney's victory, and in her pocket were ten guineas from the admiral's purse.

**Central American Canal.** The following story of a canal in Central America has no relation to the proposed canal across Nicaragua. It is told of a civil engineer who visited the country more than twenty years ago.

At the village of Cabeceira, near Tenosique, he was asked by a deputation of the inhabitants, who had heard of his skill as a surveyor, whether he thought a canal could be made from their village to Provecuo, which would save a very long river journey. He visited the district, and found that by taking advantage of two small streams a canal of about a league would be all that was necessary.

The committee were delighted with this report, and they begged the surveyor to write an official letter to the government on their behalf, asking that they might be permitted to beg a work on that canal.

Ten years after this the surveyor was again at the village of Cabeceira, and the first question asked him was: "Do you not think a canal could be made from here to Provecuo?"

On his informing them that he had been asked the same question ten years before, and had taken some time and trouble about the matter, the Chairman replied that on account of politics, the death of his father, and so forth, the government letter had probably been overlooked. Search was made, the letter was found, and once more all was excitement. Nothing was talked about but the canal.

Some years later yet the surveyor was again at Cabeceira. Immediately on his arrival a deputation waited upon him. "Do you not think a canal—?" The speaker never got any farther with that question.

# ANECDOTE INCIDENT

A war correspondent writes from South Africa to the London Daily Mail: "A certain gallant corps at Chiveley Camp provided the guard that should protect the precious beer till Christmas Day. In the morning two dozen bottles were missing. 'Disgraceful!' said the author; 'double the guard.' And they doubled it. Next day four dozen were missing."

Lord Randolph Churchill had not been in the office of the Exchequer long before the annual report on the condition of Great Britain's finances was presented for his signature by Sir Francis Mowatt. "Oh, I can't make head or tail of this," said he. "Why don't you arrange the figures so one can understand them?" "My lord, I have adopted the simplest known method. I have used decimals throughout. Yes, yes, I see, but I never did know what those damned dots meant."

William Dean Howells works for four hours a day. He begins at 8:30 or 9 in the morning, and works steadily until luncheon at one. Then, to use his own words, he becomes "a gentleman of leisure." The leisure consists of reading new books that are sent to him from the publishers not only of American and English books, but of French and Italian ones, as well as of translations from the Russian. A friend once called on Mr. Howells, and found him writing on two little tables that danced and lolled from each other every few minutes. Mr. Howells explained that in attempting to keep the tables together the disadvantages of a sedentary life were overcome.

Maurice Barrymore, the well-known actor, was late at rehearsal the other day. The time set was 11 a. m. When the actor finished his breakfast he found he had barely time, by fast driving, to reach Wallack's before the appointed hour. He called a passing cab, and, jumping in, he said: "Now drive fast; I'm in a hurry." The cabby whipped up and started off at a rattling pace. After driving about thirty minutes, without a stop, Mr. Barrymore thought he ought to be somewhere near the theater. He looked out and found himself among unfamiliar surroundings. "Hey, there!" he shouted to the driver, "where in thunder are you going?" "I don't know," replied that worthy. "You didn't say where you was to go, but I'm driving just as fast as the nag will go."

The early days of John Wanamaker were not easy by any means, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. When only a lad of five years he made bricks, or, rather, assisted in making, for his business was to turn them in the sun until they were evenly baked. For this labor he received two cents a day, and sometimes cleared ten cents a week; but it must be remembered there were many rainy days when the force of youthful "workmen" had to be laid off. John's first real rise to fortune was in the days when he was an office boy. He saved money enough to start in business for himself. He worked as an assistant in the office until he had climbed up to six dollars a week, and then, seeing that he could get no more, he bought a lot of stock of cheap furniture and started to be a merchant.

A young business man recently on a business trip happened to stop for a couple of days in Philadelphia. He wanted to get some advertising, and had read about the "king of the dudes," and had ten dollars to spare, and he accordingly went to a bargain sale at which they had a lot of last summer socks at fifty cents a pair. He spent the money on these things, and went out of his way to get the most bizarre effects in the place. Then he spent the day in the corridor of the hotel sitting in a conspicuous place showing off the socks. He wore a pair for about twenty minutes, go to his room, change, and, coming down, show off another design for almost ten hours, and naturally attracted quite a good deal of attention, but he could not break into the newspapers. The only recognition he got was from the clerk, who, when he was paying his bill, said: "You ought to patent that invention." "What's that?" asked the sock man, with an anticipatory smile, as he expected something complimentary about his scheme. But the clerk crushed him with the question: "Don't you do that for cold feet?"

**Writer's Cramp.** "What is the 'writer's cramp,' pay?" "Being cramped for money, my son. Nearly all writers have that trouble." —London Tit-Bits.

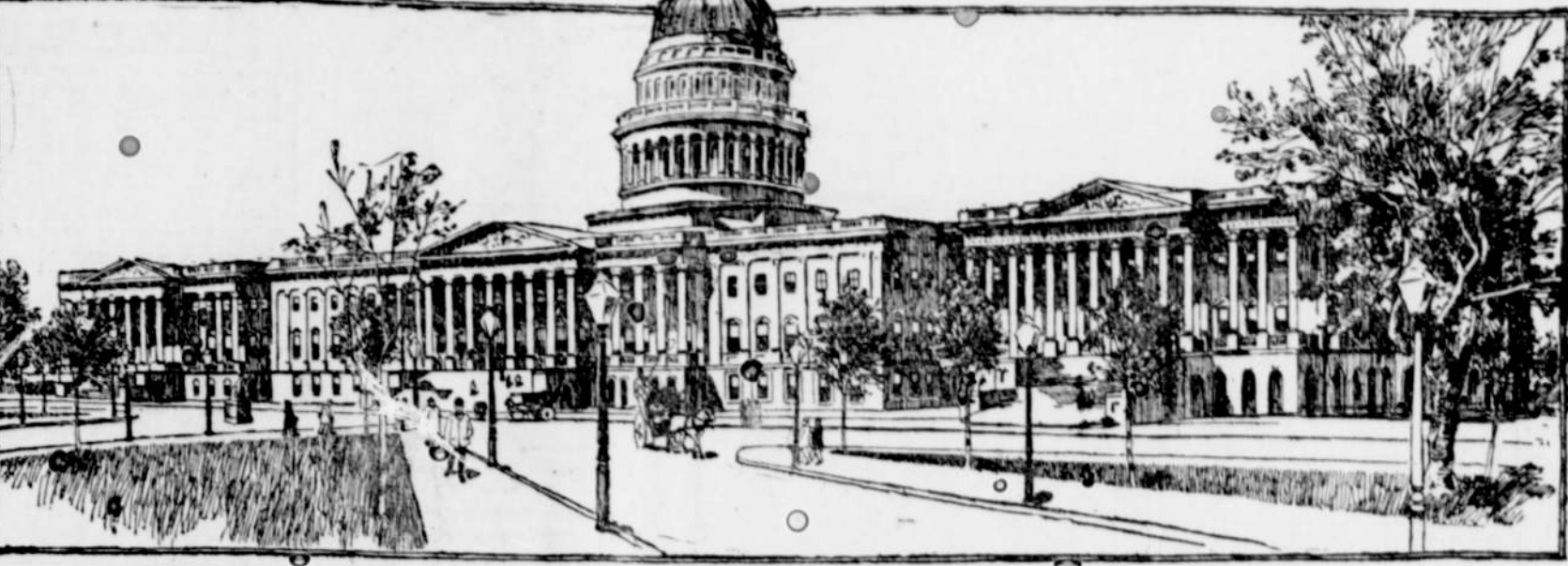
**Ministerial Approval of Billiards.** Ministers of St. Paul have approved a project of making billiards one of the features of the Young Men's Christian Association rooms.

Even a fool gets credit for wisdom he doesn't possess when he appreciates the bright things you say.

A letter of credit is a capital letter.

# CENTENNIAL OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL

SITE SELECTED March 30, 1791. BURNED BY BRITISH August 24, 1814.



THE CAPITOL AS IT WOULD LOOK AFTER PROPOSED ALTERATIONS HAVE BEEN MADE. St. Louis Republic.

**A** HUNDRED years ago long time in the United States for a city to be able to record its existence, and when that city is the capital of the nation there will be scant limit to the imposing ceremonial which will inaugurate its centennial celebration in December next—the celebration which will commemorate the removal of the seat of government from the old capital of the early republic in Philadelphia to the newer site of the permanent government in Washington. Governors from every State and Territory will participate in the rejoicings. Men who are the bulwark of the nation will lend the luster of their presence and the fame of their names to the birthday celebration of the city of the government. From every section of the country will come to Washington men who owned considerable property in the neighborhood of Georgetown, and for that reason, as Jefferson wrote to Washington, he came into the plan "with a shyness not usual in him." But the venerable Marylander approved, nevertheless, and the site of the future city was secured.



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, 1800.

Who rejoice in its beauty and progress and whose hearts and hopes and joys and fears are bound closely together in single exultation of purpose, resolute belief in the certainty of the course, sailed by the ship of state, the ship named Union, "strong and great." The story of the city of Washington from its conception in the mind of the noblest first President down through the change and progress of 100 years, is a fascinating record of the great men and great deeds of the country at large. Washington began corporate and national existence at the date of the establishment of the government. In the unshaded wings of the primitive capitol building, but long before the dawn of the new century the town had existed in the brains of its projectors. It had been preparing for some years for the advent of the lawmakers and the arrival of the eagerly welcomed packet which finally sailed into harbor on the Potomac after its eventful voyage from Philadelphia. It had even begun to court its historic associations by the illustrious presence of a man, who gave it his name, for, although Washington died at Mount Vernon barely a year before the official occupancy of the city, he had traveled to the corner stone of its capitol when first president of the new republic which had its temporary residence in Philadelphia.

**Location of the Site.** In the meantime Congress was in session at Philadelphia. A bill was introduced in the Senate "to determine the permanent seat of Congress and of the government of the United States." Discussion at once became lively and severe. The South wanted the site on the Potomac and had determined never to abandon the struggle. The North was equally stubborn in its resistance and ridiculed the idea of establishing a seat of government in the wilderness. The debate was long and arduous, but on March 30, 1791, the long-discussed act became a law, a law providing "that a site on the River Potomac, between the mouth of the eastern branch and the Conococheague be accepted for the permanent seat of government"—a law which rewarded the persistence of the South and crowned with happy triumph the untiring and invincible efforts of the triumvirate of great men—Washington, Jefferson and Madison.

From the date of the passage of the bill which selected the site of the Potomac as the permanent seat of the national government to the day of his death in the seclusion of Mount Vernon the new city became one of the absorbing interests of Washington's life. It was he who selected the site it now occupies. Long before the question of location was settled the father of the nation had fixed the boundaries in the calmness of his immovable judgment. He was familiar with the environment from boyhood. It was close to his home and to the dearest associations of his life and he was determined that the city should arise on the triangular plain formed by the courses of the Potomac and the Eastern Branch and their junction and stretching backward to the sheltering cover of the hills of Maryland and Virginia.

Washington was the prime mover in the selection of the new site, but he had the advice and approval of Madison and Jefferson. A meeting of the three eminent statesmen was held at Mount Vernon in September, 1790, and at its close the two associates rode off into Maryland on their jaunty horses to get the advice of a man prominent in the nation as a signer of the declaration, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a

man who owned considerable property in the neighborhood of Georgetown, and for that reason, as Jefferson wrote to Washington, he came into the plan "with a shyness not usual in him." But the venerable Marylander approved, nevertheless, and the site of the future city was secured.

The district laid out for the establishment of the national capital was originally ten miles square, five on each side of the river, and contained 100 square miles. Now that the land was secured to the government Washington's next thought was the appointment of a competent engineer and with his broad, intelligent knowledge of men and situations he quickly discovered the official for the position in Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant. L'Enfant was a native of France who had served with the patriot army during the revolution and, having been educated in the highest military schools of his country, he was able to assist materially in the erection of forts and batteries. After the war he had remodelled the City Hall in New York for the occupancy of the first Congress and later he performed similar services on the Federal house in Philadelphia. To him Washington now turned for the planning of the national capital and L'Enfant hailed the trust as the opportunity of his lifetime.

While plans were fermenting in the brain of the French engineer the new capital was without a name. Accordingly at a meeting of the commissioners, at which Jefferson and Madison were present, the territory was formally christened the District of Columbia, after the great navigator who had discovered the continent, while the town was named as Washington, chief among men as its owner was chief among men.

**Work on the Capital.** After the plans of the new city had been accepted the attention of its projectors was next turned to the erection of the building for which the town was organized and bids were requested for plans of the Capitol. The requests were answered with numerous proposals, only two of which seem to have been seriously considered by President Washington—one by Dr. William Thornton and the other by Stephen L. Hallett, the former an Englishman, the latter a Frenchman. Thornton's plan was at first considered, but while imposing and beautiful it

was not architecturally accurate, and the commissioners accepted the design of Hallett. Work was at once started on the new building of Congress and the corner stone was laid by George Washington with imposing ceremonies Sept. 18, 1793.

Now that the Capitol was under way and the work pushing rapidly forward, the commissioners turned their attention to the "President's house," and a design furnished by James Hoban, an Irish architect, who was acting as supervising architect of the Capitol, was soon found to be the most satisfactory plan offered. Work was at once started on the President's headquarters. Virginia sandstone was used both for its construction and the construction of the Capitol, and both buildings were practically in readiness for the advent of the government officials in 1800, although they were obliged to confine their deliberations to the north wing of the Capitol.

With the close of the year 1800 the personal history of the city of Washington begins. One beautiful Indian summer day in October of that year the little "packet sloop" sailed up to moorings in the Potomac bearing the official furniture and records of the Congress hitherto deliberating in the capitol of Philadelphia. The very next day in their hired coaches of state the eminent men of the nation arrived to begin the duties of government. They were so quartered in the little cluster of brick offices built around the white houses for the departments, and when in November the President and his wife arrived and the sixth Congress started its proceedings in the single finished

wing of the new Capitol the Government circle was complete. But the head of the new capital was the second, not the first, chief magistrate of the nation—Washington had died the December previously—and it was his trusted compeer, John Adams, who began the first official year in the first permanent capital of the United States.

The personal side of the city of Washington had little to recommend it in those early years of official occupancy. President Adams had entered the capitol a defeated candidate for re-election, and his short stay of four months was embittered by the thought of his early leaving. Society, what there was of it, was formal and ceremonious, a marked difference from the lack of etiquette which ushered in the reign of Jeffersonian simplicity. Thomas Jefferson succeeded President Adams as host of the executive mansion, and the story of his inaugural—the first inaugural which the new capital had witnessed—is a recently prophetic of the pomp and beauty of the pageant of the present 4th of March.

During the eight years of Thomas Jefferson's Presidency the White House was truly the house of the people. He was a widower when he came to the office, so the duties of "receiving lady" had devolved upon the wife of Madison, then Secretary of State—the lovely Dolly of song and story, who was far in excess of the "beauty" in the days when Madison was President.

The city grew but slowly during Jefferson's term of office. At its close it contained only 5,000 inhabitants, a result largely due to the continued agitation for the removal of Congress. The inauguration of President Madison was a scene of somewhat more ceremony than the lack of it displayed in 1800. Society began to flutter about the capitol. Mrs. Madison started a return to the ceremonious regime of President Adams. She held levees and gave court dinners and balls, and assemblies were everywhere the rule of the hour.

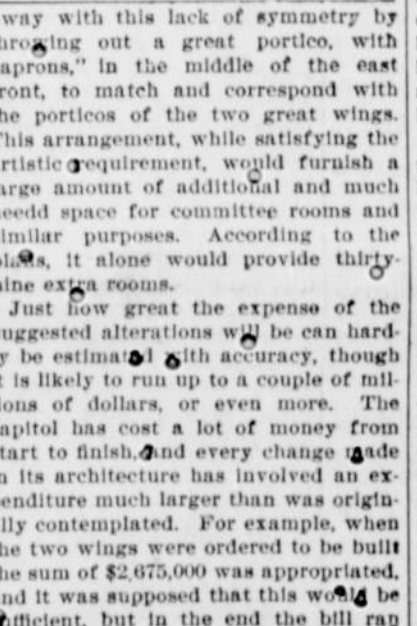
**British Take the City.** In the midst of the sounds of gayety the clash of arms soon intermingled its alarm, and before the President could realize its approach war with England had been declared, the struggle known to history as the "war of 1812." Two years later Washington itself suffered the shock of an invasion. The city was in a state of almost incredible unreadiness, and when the British general and his soldiers marched down the streets of the newly built town they met with little opposition worthy of anything like the name. One after another the public buildings fell victims to the fireman's torch. The uncompleted Capitol fell first, the White House soon shared the same fate.

The British occupancy of the capitol lasted only a single day, but the damage effected was incalculable. A wooden building was hastily erected for Congress, which afterward became known to fame as the "Old Capitol Prison." Madison rented the Octagon, a celebrated dwelling standing on New York avenue and Eighteenth street, in which he signed the treaty of peace with England which terminated the war. The wings of the Capitol were rebuilt in 1817. The following year the central portion was started and the original building was completed in 1827. This early erection still forms the central division of the present imposing Capitol. The corner stone of the extension was laid in 1851, and the whole was finished in 1867, the dome being added and completed in 1868.

**Birth of Modern City.** The modern city of Washington dates its activity, its life and its beauty from the presidency of Gen. Grant. Up to 1871 the capital was dirty, unkempt and provincial, but from that time on congress repented of its higgledy provision for the care of the city and money was provided for much-needed improvements. The surface of the town was leveled and drained, trees were planted in profusion along the avenues

and streets, parks were laid out and beautified, homes and official buildings were made attractive and comely and the present era of Washington's prosperity began.

Recent plans contemplating additions to the capitol are carried out by thirty-nine rooms will be added to the accommodations for House and Senate. The change involved in the plans, however, will be in the nature of a completion rather than a mere alteration of the structure as it now stands, inasmuch as the capitol to-day, beautiful as it is, is not a finished edifice from an architectural view point. It is, as a whole, one of the most superb buildings in the world, but it is not perfect, and one of its faults is that the dome is set over close to one edge of it, instead of being placed in the middle to give a proper balance. It is proposed to do



DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

away with this lack of symmetry by throwing out a great portico, with "aprons," in the middle of the east front, to match and correspond with the porticoes of the two great wings. This arrangement, while satisfying the artistic requirement, would furnish a large amount of additional and much needed space for committee rooms and similar purposes. According to the plans, it alone would provide thirty-nine extra rooms.

Just how great the expense of the suggested alterations will be can hardly be estimated with accuracy, though it is likely to run up to a couple of millions of dollars, or even more. The capitol has cost a lot of money from start to finish, and every change made in its architecture has involved an expenditure much larger than was originally contemplated. For example, when the two wings were ordered to be built the sum of \$2,675,000 was appropriated, and it was supposed that this would be sufficient, but in the end the bill ran up to \$8,095,390. For the construction of the new dome \$100,000 was provided, but it cost that much to remove the old one, and \$1,150,000 in addition was required to complete the job. As it stands to-day, with the grounds surrounding it, the building represents a cash outlay of nearly \$20,000,000—an investment that would have startled its original projectors.

Probably Uncle Sam will be lucky if he gets off with a disbursement of \$2,000,000 for the new portico and "aprons." According to the statement of the architect the items of expenditure to date are as follows:

Cost of old Capitol	\$2,750,000
Enlargement of site	685,000
Rebuild after British invasion	700,000
New dome	1,250,000
Senate and House rooms	8,000,000
Works of art	3,000,000
Furnishings	2,500,000
New terraces and approaches	1,200,000
Improvements of grounds	500,000
Total	\$19,235,000

**Washington of To-day.** Washington is at the present time one of the most beautiful cities of the world and the great "show" metropolis of America, fittingly in aspect as in title, the national capital. The White House and Capitol are imposing and picturesque, while the new library is a joy to the eye for all time. Nowhere in the world is there a more beautiful thoroughfare than the broad expanse of Pennsylvania avenue, leading from the President's mansion straight to the steps of the halls of Congress, the avenue bordered with vast trees and comely buildings, filled with throngs of marching people—people from the east and west, the north and south—meeting in peace in the great cosmopolitan roadway, the daily promenade of the nation.

The city of Washington is ready to celebrate the centenary of its birth, well worthy of the aspirations of the soaring mind of the French engineer; worthy even the conception of the man who planned its being, now lying quietly asleep in the distant shadows of Mount Vernon. For the government of the people, by the people still lives triumphant, and the tall shaft writes the name of its founder high in the skies of immortality.

Daub—I see the custom house is going to tax that picture by Rubens \$27,000. Smudge—Heavens! it must have a fine frame.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some men think they are good because they are not as good as their walks in July.

# AN ELEPHANT'S TOOTHACHE.

Often the Great Pieces of Ivory Will Thrill with Pain.

"I told you the other day about the Sultan of Zanzibar's clocks," said Robert Crawford yesterday, "but there was another thing that I heard of while in that country which is not without interest. The sultan used to take me round to show me the place and of what its trade consisted. It is the greatest slave-raising country in the world, and as such it gives comfort and courage to out-between-the-acts theatergoers the world over. Other spices and cocunut rope are also important features of their export trade. But in addition to the sale of that which they raise within their own borders, their revenues are largely increased by the trade in ivory. Zanzibar is the greatest market for South African ivory, which is brought there in large quantities from the interior. The ivory is placed in large warehouses from which it is either sold at once or else held therein for a better market. The man in charge of these warehouses was a very interesting character—an expert in ivory. He told me many curious things about it, and among others propounded the following theory as an explanation of why elephants go mad and occasionally run amok. In the warehouse was a pair of magnificent tusks, measuring fully fourteen feet from tip to tip, which in life must have been carried by a veritable Goliath among elephants. The expert, in showing me those tusks, pointed out the fact that while one was complete and flawless, the other was broken off at the point and showed deep scratches and abrasions throughout its length. 'Now,' said he, 'if you will look near the base you will find a hole made by decay that had struck into the nerves and given that elephant a toothache, and think what a toothache of tusks—a fourteen-foot tooth must have held. In his effort to relieve this pain the elephant rubbed his tusk against rocks and trees and drove it into the earth, which mutilated it in the manner you see here. I have frequently come across places where an elephant has ripped up great spaces in the forest and torn down the trees, and I am positive that toothache was the cause of this frenzy. An elephant in a circus going suddenly mad and killing his keeper is not an uncommon thing, but I'll wager that in nine cases out of ten if they would properly investigate the matter they would find that the brute's sudden frenzy sprang from so ordinary a cause as common, everyday toothache."

# He Believes in Horse Sense.

"Experience has convinced me that there is such a thing as horse sense," said a veterinary surgeon who has a shop on the South Side. "A friend of mine had a beautiful chestnut driving man that was subject to severe spells of colic. About a year ago she got very sick and Jones, the owner, brought her over here for treatment. I cared for her, and she seemed as grateful as a human being might, rubbing her nose against my coat sleeve, and showing her affection in her dumb way. "One day about six months ago up she came to the door of the shop, moaning and evidently suffering acutely. I treated her again and she got better. I found out afterward that there was no one at her home stable that day and that she had worked the halter off and set out to find the doctor. "Curious circumstance," said the man who had heard the story. "But that's not all of it," said the doctor. "Three days ago I came down to my office in the morning about 9 o'clock. There in the chestnut mare in front of the door—dead. She had been taken sick, and had gnawed her way as before to the shop in the night, and found nobody there to give her medicine, and she had died. Now, if this story isn't proof that a horse can reason would like to hear something to beat it." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

# Japanese Designs.

The system by which the Japanese are taught the art of designing is largely responsible for the peculiar character of their work. The Japanese student who is taught drawing is given a small book, in which the designs are printed in small squares, until he has crisscrossed the salient features of each. He is then sent out into the open country, and told to observe the works of nature spread out before him in all their luxuriant beauty. Finding some suitable object for his attention, he proceeds to reproduce the same, introducing, perhaps, some imaginative details. It is here that the system of squares comes in. Those elegant stems and feathery petals, which are apparently thrown together without restraint, are really the particular feature of the mass of vegetation he has selected for study in this line has given him the faculty of following a single vein through tangled underbrush, and ignoring all the rest of the growth. The tortuous course of this one vein, when brought out by his brush, appears, to the Western art critic, as crude and without merit, whereas, in reality, it is full of interest. The greatest merit of their work lies in the ability to touch the characteristics of natural objects.

# Wanted God to Hear Both Sides.

The family were at their devotions the other morning in the home of a West Virginia clergyman. Master 6-year-old thought his papa's prayer was rather long when breakfast was waiting, and he undertook to beat a quiet retreat to the kitchen. Suddenly there was a crash, and a table with its contents fell to the floor with the young deserter from the family altar beneath it. Prayers were interrupted temporarily, and when they were resumed the father prayed for the naughty boy. A short time later the lad's mamma found him in a closet upstairs. He was sobbing bitterly. "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed indignantly, "papa tells God of all the bad things I do, but never tells Him a word about the good that's in me." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

# Smoking by Boys.

The Japanese House of Representatives has passed a proposal to prohibit boys below the age of 20 from smoking. When a man is on his honeymoon trip other men are puzzled as to what he would appreciate in their efforts to give him a good time.