Thackeray rarely drew an out and our portrait, though he sometimes ventured on a recognizable caricature of per lie he detested In a "Roundabou" Paper called 'De Finibus' he asserts that he creates his personages out of "scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters." Lady Anne Thackeray. Rushie corroborates this "My father," she writes in answer to a private request for information, "scarcely ever pur real characters into his books, though he, of course, found suggestions among the people with whom he was thrown. I have always thought there was something of himself as Warrington. Perhaps the serious part of his nature was vaguely drawn in that character. There was also a little likeness to his friend, Edward Fitzgerald, who always lived a very soli-

tary life." Warrington, indeed, may be taken as a typical instance of how Thackersy made up his own personages out of "odds and ends of characters." In the circumstances of his life Fitzgerald was the closest of all prototypes that have been suggested. Like Warrington, he had married beneath him, though not so far beneath as Warrington; he had found his wife utterly uncongenial and had left her in comfortable circumstances to make his own way in London in poverty and obscurity. To add the final touch of pathos, Thackeray painted Warrington's abandoned wife as a bad woman, which Mrs. Fitzgerald was not, but only a very foolish and snobbish one.

Besides the originals already suggested, James T. Field hints at a Yourth in Barry Cornwall, and Gen. James Grant Wilson says Thackeray told a Philadelphian that Warrington was an English professor of Latin.-William S. Walsh, in Columbian.

RETREAT OF A PHILOSOPHER

Avignon, the City of Exiled Popes, Was the Home of John Stuart Mill.

Avignon, the city of the exiled popes, was en fete on Sunday, when a bust was unveiled in the gardens of the cottage of John Stuart Mill. It was at Avignon that the philosopher sojourned after his defeat at the polls at Westminster. It was there that he edid much of the writing which has made his name immortal. There he spent the happiest seven years of his life after his marriage to Mrs. Taylor, and there he died. The French people delight to honor true greatness, and the people of Avignon are proud of their city's association with the son of the philosophic historian of India,

the author of "Utilitarianism." After Mrs. Mill's death Miss Helen Taylor, her stepdaughter, was Mill's constant companion at Avignon. There the philosopher wrote to his friends high encomiums of Miss Taylor-"I am in clover." She is described as the "architect and the master mason all in one" of the additions to the cottage, where she had designed the "herbarium" (for Mill was a keen botanist) and the "vibratory." Another attraction to Mill was the "semi-circumgyratory," as he termed the terraces igoing round two sides of the dwelling. It was in 1858 that Mill and his wife went to Avignon to stay for a year, but Mrs. Mill's sudden death changed ther husband's plans, and for about fourteen years he passed his grief with his books, just leaving the grounds to wisit his wife's grave, surrounded by "sombres cypres." In this little earthly paradise he wrote that he found that enjoyment necessary to his exlistence which the house of commons did not offer.—London Globe.

A Left-Handed Job.

The advertisement called for a lefthanded dressmaker's assistant, but the first person who answered it was neither left-handed nor a dressmaker.

"Why do you vant a left-handed apprentice?" asked the curious visi-

"Because the girl who just went way was left-handed. She left a lot of unfinished work, and it will take another left-handed girl to finish it. Left-handed people begin work in the opposite direction from a right-handed! sewer, and if a right-handed person extempts to finish it there is sure to De a muddle."

> Surprised at City's Size. A Colorado ranchman was payings

his first visit to New York, and a friend took him down to the Battery, and then proposed that they walk up Broadway. They kept walking along, shoved and jostled, the ranchman all excited and pleased. After about a mile of it, he became tired and ceased talking, but kept plodding along. But after an hour's walking. he took his friend by the arm and stopped him.

"I say, Bill," he said, looking up the street with a weary gaze, "is it Rown all the way to the Rocky moun-

Ranges of Bow and Modern Gun. In the days of mailed knights and mattleaxes there was safety at a distance of 400 yards. That was about ms far as the best archers could shoot an arrow. Neede, a famous archer under Charles I., states that the ordimary range of the bow was between \$20 and 400 yards, though it is on record that one man was shot a distance of 463 yards with the wind. Compared with this is the latest naval gun with a range of fifteen miles.

TO JUDGE MEN CORRECTLY

We Should Think of Each as He is Rather Than as the World Sees Him.

It is worth our while to remember that the czar of all the Russias does not sit in royal state with a crown on his head all the time. No, he goes "home" betimes, just as do the men who work in shoe factories, or clerks in the stores, or who plow in the fields, and when the "chores" are done and the evening comes on, and the supper dishes are cleared away there comes to the castle, the same as to the cottage, "the children's hour," when he tumbles about on the floor with the little folks and plays 'Indian," or some other childish game in which all can take part.

Every man has to be something more than the world knows him to be. The man whom the world knows as a great and reverend judge is only "my papa" to the little children who listen for his step on the walk or his knock at the door. In their homes all men are equal. The great man becomes a private citizen and the most humble toiler, to the little ones depending on him for guidance and support, becomes a great man. "For a man's house is his castle," said the great lawmaker, Sir Edward Coke. Let this house be made of boards or bricks or granite walls, it is presumed to be equally as

invulnerable before the law. If we shall think of every man as he is rather than as the social or industrial implement the world sees fit to make of him, we shall judge men more correctly.-Christian Science Monitor.

DOLLAR AN ANCIENT WORD

Heard in the Language at Least 300 Years Before it Was Used In America.

The word "dollar" was in our language at least 300 years ago, for it is used by Shakespeare several times, says Harper's Weekly. It is supposed that the word was in use in London in the latter part of the sixteenth century, having been brought in by the North German merchants, who managed the trade on the Baltic and

in Russia. "Dollar" appeared first in an English dictionary in 1745. It is a borrowed word, being the German "thaler." The coins issued by the mint in. Joachimsthal were called "Joachimthalers." When other mints were established, the "Joachims" was dropped and the coins were called simply "thai-

The dollar was adopted by congress as the unit of our currency on August 5, 1785. It was to contain 375.64 grains of pure silver; but when the mint was established, in 1792, the requirement was reduced to 371.25 grains of pure silver. The coinage of dollars gan in 1794.

Mechanical Lightning Calculator. The cierical staffs of many of the big insurance companies have of late years been considerably reduced by the employment of mechanical calcu-

One of these, the invention of a German, is a compact little affair resembling a music box. It may be made to perform almost instantaneously the most portentous sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication by one or two factors, division, squaring and cubing. It is required, for instance, to multiply 831,975 by 924. The first factor is set by touching little knobs representing 531,975.

To multiply by the other factor you turn a handle four times, push a long slide one place and turn the handle twice, then push the slide another place onward and turn the handle nine times. The long multiplication is now done without the possibility of error so far as the machine is concerned and the dial shows 491,144,900. In the same mechanical way may be done all the other arithmetical processes.

Diplomatic Menus. An interesting collection has just been added to the museum in connection with the French ministry of foreign affairs. The collection is the gift of M. Jean Fabre, and it consists of menus of dinners and luncheous given by French diplomatic representatives abroad during the last 50 years. What a boon this will be to chefs if they are permitted to consult this collection, which is contained in 40 albums, and it is quite within the range of possibility that diplomats will not be above drawing inspiration from the books. We believe the Austrian emperor has a somewhat similar collec-

Didn't Read Daughter's Novel. Sir Russell Reynolds, the late emi-

lection.—London Globe.

nent physician, once related how he met Thackeray at dinner shortly after the publication of "The Story of Elizabeth," by his daughter, Lady Ritchie. "I told Thackeray how much I admired this charming novel. 'I am very glad,' he replied, but I can form no opinion of its merits, as I have not read it." 'Not read it!' I exclaimed in great surprise. 'No,' was the answer. 'I dared not. I love her too much!"

When? Net What? Recently, when there was a more of less chaotic condition existing in the administration of the New York police department, two "old line" police captains were discussing the new order of things. Shaking his head disconsolately, one of them wailed:

"What are we coming to? What are We coming to?" "It's not 'what are we coming to?" returned the other, "it's 'when are we GOT THEM "GUMMY-SIDE UP"

Cranky Man Also Got One-Cent Stamps When He Had Paid for Twos.

The man who keeps a watchful eye on the federal government bought five postage stamps. The drug store cashier laid them down, picture side up, whereupon the customer confounded her with his knowledge of the government. He unfolded a newspaper and pointed to a headline: "Stamps must be delivered gummy

side up." "See that?" said he. "By laying down stamps the way you did you are loading me up with germs. This window sill may be alive with germs. They will stick to the gum on the stamps, and I shall carry them home and lick them off and maybe be laid

up with a spell of sickness" The girl gave the stamps another little push, and he shoved them back. "What do you want me to do?" she

asked.

"Take these stamps back," he said, "and lay out five more gummy side up as the government directs." She obeyed. He folded the slip,

still gum side up, and put it in his nocket. He went home and wrote letters till bedtime, and prepared to stick on the stamps. Then he said: "Hang that girl." The drug store cashier had given

him one-cent stamps.

STAGE MEDICINE WAS REAL

Veteran Actor For Years Played Invalid's Part and Took Remedy for Indigestion.

"Taking medicine on the stage is not only realistic, it is real," said an old actor. "Anyhow, it was so in my case. Here is a copy of a prescription that I had renewed eightythree times in the three years that I played the part of an invalid. I really did suffer most of that time with indigestion, and the medicine was prescribed by my physician. He had been hammering away at me for months before I undertook the part. trying to persuade me to take something.

"'You got to take a dose of something in that second act.' he said. 'so why not make it real medicine and cure your stomach trouble and earn your salary at the same time?"

"That seemed sensible advice. I got the prescription made up, and although I have eaten many a fake meal on the stage and have drunk many a pint of fake wine, never once have I taken a dose of fake medicine."

Weddings Approved.

An old-fashioned man who wished to hire a team for the afternoon saw a would like to drive.

"Can't let you have them," said the liveryman. "They are wedding horses." "Whate that?" asked the innocent pleasure seeker.

"Horses that won't shy at old shoes and showers of rice. Some horses seem prejudiced against matrimony. Anyhow, they lose their temper if they happen to be hit by any of the good-luck emblems that are fired after a bridal couple, and run away if they get half a chance. Every livery stable, however, keeps two or more horses who take a more cheerful view of the wedded state. Those bays are that kind. They are slated to head a wedding procession for tonight and are resting up for the job."

Test for Stutterers. A new method of voice control was tried by the lifelong stutterer. In a few lessons the impediment in speech WAS OVERCOME.

"That's fine," said a candid friend. "Now I wish you would take a bit of advice. You talk all right today, but just keep a watch on yourself and see how you talk this time next week." "You're a wet blanket, all right," growled the ex-stutterer. "What's the

matter with next week?" "We'll be in the full moon then." said his friend. "It's a fact that everybody who has ever stuttered, stutters

worse when the moon is full than at any other time. Until you get so you can talk smoothly then, you can't count yourself really cured."

The man with halting speech took notice as advised and found that several full moons waned before he could control his speech at that time.

Chinaman Wanted Much.

One of Boston's insurance men insured a small building which serves an industrious Chinaman both as shop and home. The policy covered damages caused by fire and water, but John Chinaman evidently thought he was protected against losses due to any other cause whatever. One day the following letter came, addressed to the insurance company:

"Some bad boy break my one glass. Now all tore. Come you my house. Look. Fix new. Joe Lung." Joe expected the company to make good the damage done by the bad boy.

and plainly thought he was being swindled when informed that his claim was inadmissible." Candid, if Nothing Eise.

with any of the men on the jury? The Witness-Yes, sir; more than half of them. The Lawyer-Are you willing to swear that you know more than half

The Lawyer-Are you acquainted

of them? The Witness-Say, if it comes to that, I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together.

YOUR WEIGHT AND HEALTH

Better Be Over the Average When Young and Under When Old, Say Insurance Men.

At the annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Directors some facts were brought out in regard to the best build of men and women from the insurance man's point of view.

In the New York Life Insurance company efforts have been going on for many years to determine the exact influence of build on longevity, says the Medical Record. It is suggested that a mistake has been made in assuming that the average build of any age is the most favorable build that that age or the build from which it may be expected the most favorable mortality will be sustained. For instance, figures show that at

the age of twenty all risks from 24 per cent. overweight to 10 per cent. underweight are better than average risks. Does it not then seem probable that the point of most favorable build is about half way from 24 per cent. overweight to 10 per cent. underweight or in the neighborhood of 7 per cent. overweight? If this inference is correct the tables now used are too favorable to the under-

weights by about 7 per cent. At age sixty, on the other hand, the super-standard risks begin at about 8 per cent. overweight and extend to about 22 per cent. underweight. The mean point between these extremities lies at about 7 per cent. underweight and the conclusion appears evident that the present table based eq. average weights is too high by about 7 per cent. At the intermediate ages, 30 to 50, the mean point lies not at the zero but on the heavyweight side of the zero at the age of thirty and at the lightweight side of the zero at the age of fifty, and only at the age of 40 is the table apparently cor-

FIXED UP PAPA'S MATTRESS

Little Elizabeth Did a Good Job, But He Didn't Seem to Appreciate it.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Jones to his ten-year-old daughter, "the mattress on my bed needs punching up; it's like a bowl and I always roll down into the middle. If you'll fix it up nice I'll give you a quarter."

The bait was alluring, and Elizaboth worked hard ripping open the mattress and making its contents as fluffy as she could. But she found it a hard task. Then an idea came. She repaired to the back yard and picked up half a dozen tomato cans. These she placed upright on the spiral springs.

Sure enough, when the mattress was placed on the springs it looked fine and it was with a pleased expression that Elizabeth reported her task done when her father returned in the evening.

"Here's the quarter," said the father, and Elizabeth and her two smaller sisters straightway repaired to the nearest ice cream parlor to spend it. After the girls were fast asleep

they heard a series of noises from their father's room. He had just retired and had discovered the tomato cans. The girls, listening heard some language that was impatient, to say the least, and then heard a series of rattling sounds as the cans were thrown onto the floor. Then it became quieter.

Next morning Elizabeth was not complimented on her work. Instead the father had a few words to say

about foolish little girls. But the three sisters, having had their ice cream, didn't care as much, perkaps, as they should.

A Discerning Person. Mrs. Martin's new parlormaid, Susan, appears to be not only extremely well trained and all that a correct parlormaid should be but also a young woman of unusual penetration. When Mrs. Martin's acquaintance, Mrs. Davis. comes to call on afternoons, Susan ascends the stairs to her mistress' room and declares to that rather astonished lady that "Mrs. Davis, one of the gentry, is in the drawing room."

On the other hand when Mr. Smith, the book agent, or Mr. Jones, the plane tuner, rings the front door bell and sends up a card, Susan is not to be deceived, and announces, "Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, not one of the gentry!" Mrs. Martin is at a loss to account for these distinctions.

Suffering. This world would be a dreary monotone without the mountains and the lakes, the rivers and the valleys. which have come through nature's great upheavals. The sufferings of earth make it the more glorious. Men is much like this in his own experience. The blessings of like have come in large measure because of the heartaches and the agonies of men and women. They have given of their life blood so that others might be enriched. This has been their crucifixion. But out of their affliction has come a new life—grown from the seed of the best that died in the old self. This has been their resurrection. Charles Steizle.

Awful. "I beard Gibbs is sick in bed," said Blithers. "Yes-he's got cirrhosis of the liv-

er," said Jiks. "Sorosis of the liver?" cried Blithers. "Gee! Think of having a woman's club internally." - Harper's Weekly.

VERY RICH NEVER GENEROUS

They May Give Away Their Meney. but Never Themselves, Says G. K. Chesterton.

There are two other odd and rather important things to be said about them. The first is this: That with this aristocracy we do not have the chance of a lucky variety in types which belongs to larger and looser aristocracies. The moderately 'rich include all kinds of people—even good people. Even priests are sometimes saints; and even soldiers are sometimes heroes. Some doctors have really grown wealthy by curing their patients and not by flattering them: some brewers have been known to sell beer. But among the very rich you will never find a really generous man, even by accident. They may give their money away, but they will never give themselves away; they are egotistic, secretive, dry as old bones. To be smart enough to get all that money, you must be dull enough to want it.

Lastly, the most serious point about them is this: That the new miser is flattered for his meanness and the old one never was. It was never called self-denial in the old miser that he lived on beans. It is called selfdenial in the new millionaire if he lives on beans. A man like Dancer was never praised as a Christian. saint for going in rags. A man like Rockefeller is praised as a sort of pagan stoic for his early rising or his unassuming dress. His "simple" meals, his "simple" clothes, his "simple" funeral, are all extolled as if they were creditable to him. They are disgraceful to him, exactly as disgraceful as the tatters and vermin the old miser were disgraceful to him. To be in rags for charity would be the condition of a saint; to be in rags. for money was that of a filthy old. fool. Precisely in the same way tobe "simple" for charity is the stateof a saint; to be "simple" for money is that of a flithy old fool. Of the two I have more respect for the old miser. gnawing bones in an attic.-- G. K. Chesterton in London Daily News.

FRENCH LOVE OF DRAMATIC

National Trait Illustrated by Story of Soldier Who Was Carrying the Pardon.

When Marshal MacMahon was president of the French republic, and incident occurred which aptly Hlustrates the French love of what im dramatic.

A French soldier sat on the summit. of a hill overlooking a garrison town; his horse was picketed close by; the man was smoking leisurely, and from time to time he glanced from the espianade to a big official envelope beheld in his hand.

A compade passing are you doing here?" "I am bearing the president's pardon for our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker, calmly, without changing his comfortable attitude.

"Well, then, you should hurry along with your pardon," admonished his.

comrade. "Ah, no!" exclaimed the other, in some indignation. "See, there is hardly a soul yet on the esplanade, and the firing platoon has not even been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect, my friend!"

War. One inevitable characteristic of modern war is, that it is associated throughout, in all particulars, with a vast and most irregular formation of commercial enterprise. There is no incentive to Mammon-worship so markable as that which it affords. The political economy of war is now one

of its most commanding aspects. . . Even apart from the fact that war suspends, ipso facto, every rule of public thrift, and tends to san honesty itself in the use of the public treasury for which it makes such unbounded calls, it therefore is the greatest feeder of that lust of gold. which we are told is the essence of commerce, though we had hoped it was only its occasional besetting sin.

-W. E. Gladstone. Heaven and earth shall pass away. but that which thinks within me must think for ever; that which feels must feel; I am, and I can never cease to be.—James Montgomery.

Landor Poeme Found. The Walter Savage Landor exhibition at the London library is of great interest, comprising portraits, manuscripts and first editions from the important Landor collection of S. Wheel-

er, says the London Times. The most interesting of the literary relics is a volume of manuscript poems and corrections by Landor which he himself described on a slip of paper (here preserved) as "sweepings from under the study table." The papers in this volume were taken from Landor's writing desk more than thirty years after his death.

Some of the poems are unpublished, and in other cases there are to befound the original drafts of lines which appeared in print in an altered. form. Other documents include a will written by himself in which he bequeathed pictures to Robert Browning. and Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Prosperous Times.

"All you farmers out this way must be prosperous. I see ten automobiles; to one herse."

"Yes, the farmers all use automobiles themselves, but they have to keep a horse for the hired man."

HOW HE DODGED THE ISSUE

Minister, Preaching Funeral Sermon for Worthless Man, Talked of This Glorious Age.

One of the hardest things a minister is called upon to do is to deliver an address at the funeral of a man for whom there is really nothing good to be said. Such moments of embarrassment do occasionally arise. How one parson tactfully coped with the situation is thus reported in Human

The very worst man in a mining camp not notorious for its piety died. The fellow had been terribly had If he lacked anything of total depravity, none could recall any evidence of it. He had been brutal and debauched. and debased in every way known to mankind. When he died there was a quandary as to what to do at his funeral "He had been shot down in: his boots, in defense of the very decency of the camp. A non-resident minister was sent for, and was told the awful truth about the deceased "Didn't he have any good point?"

"Not one." "Wasn't he even kind to a child some time?"

"Never" The minister was lost in thought a while; then be asked:

asked the minister.

"When is the funeral to be?" "Tomorrow at three, Will you, preach?" "Ob, ∦es!"

"What in the world will you talk

About?" "I shall talk," said the minister "on the glorious age in which this man lived."

HE WAS WILLING TO WATCH

Burgier Wanted His Pai to Tackles the House With the "Loaded" Key.

The man with his coat collar turned up, and his derby pitched down over his eyes, who was slouching along i the shadow of the building, sudde beckoned to the man on the side of the street. "Here's an one, Pete," he growled, hoarsely. "Where's an easy one?" sna

Pete. "This here house It's like taking gum from a stenographer that's fix her hair. Some chump has gone aw an' left his latch key in this door Pete took a swift look at the how and began to back up. "You can to it," he said. "I don't want in

"Are youse nutty?" "Naw, I ain't nutty. But de feller wot lives dere is a low down sneak widout no feelin' fer nobody, an' i don't want nothin' ter do with 'im' No. I don't know him, but I'm next ter his game. He sticks that key in derewire on dat key, an' a million-volt battery attached to dat wire. I wouldn't touch it if yer'd gimme de First National bank....But go ahead-

bappens." Nothing happened.

All Have Artificial Legs.

I'll be acrost de street watchin' wot

Loss of a leg is essential to a job with a Chicago firm. All but two of its 102 employes in the factory and in the branch offices wear one or two artificial legs. The institution manufactures artificial limbs, and the employes leave their work to show the newly fitted patients how well they can walk, run and jump with the artificial article. Makers doubt if there ever was such a thing as a "cork leg" -in which cork entered in any considerable extent into the making of the limb. Some of them claim that the name was derived from one Cork, who made artificial legs early in the last century in New York. In the present day they are manufactured from English willow, covered with a thin parchment or enamel, or of wood and leather.

Sheep as Burden Bearers. In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European countries. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalayan are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers.

The load for each sheep is from 16 pounds to 20 pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village with the wool still growing and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there and loads the sheep; with the grain he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he turns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

Telling the Age of Eels. The scales of the eel tell its age.

On each may be observed at intervais several more or lesse clearly marked lines parallel to the margin. These mark lines of growth, one for each year of the life of the fish. Threeyears, however, must be allowed for the innermost ring, as the eel has not scales until the third year. The scales do not overlay to any extent, and are arranged in series of small groups at right angles to each other, so as to resemble what is known as herring-bone brickwork. Conger sels. however, are said to have no scales.

Almost as Slow as Nature.

Gibbe-I noticed you were late at the theater last night. I suppose your wife spent the deuce of a time putting on her hat.

Dibbs-No; putting on her hair.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS