Lord John Compton Cavendish. baron of Chesham, and possessor of



some 10,000 acres of the land which fell to Sir William Cavendish in the dissolution of the monastery lands in Cardinal Woll sey's time, is in America passing eighteen - year-old judgment or American girls: He is preparing

footsteps of his elder brother Charles William Hugh, in the army, who died at the head of the Seventeenth Lancers at Diamond Hills;

A tall, rangy lad, yellow-haired and blue-eyed, the Baron Chesham would be typically American if he might exchange a slight English accent for a few pieces of American slang.

His first announcement was that, while primarily interested in American girls, he had never been exposed to the love bug, and did not intend to select the future Lady Chesham until after he had served his term in the army. The announcement followed a direct and personal question intended to be leading.

'More than anything else I have noticed your American girls, and I think them ripping, more interesting and more human, though not so pretty, perhaps, as the English girls, andbut, I say, old fellow, this won't be printed in London. What?

"You know they have picked me for a military career over home, and if they knew I was looking-over the American girls they would send the Coldstream Guards after me."

Lord Chesham had just returned from a fishing and hunting trip through British Columbia and is on his way home. Press "cuttings" told of his bag-

ging grizzles single-handed. "I say, you fellows are wonderful guessers," he laughed, as he looked over some of the "cuttings." "I shot a pheasant and a sperrow and caught some fish which uncle said were so small that I ought to throw them

back, and I did." Uncle, by the way, is Colonel William Edwin Cavendish, lieutenant colonel of the Grenadier Guards. The Colonel and Mrs Cavendish and Miss Bettine Cavendish, like her cousin, more American than English, accom-

pany the young baron. "I like your country and wish I could stay a while, but uncle seems to think he had better get me back to Buckingham before I elope with some of these pretty girls. But, you know, I haven't met one of them."

The Baron comes of one of the Nidest and wealthiest of English famlies of the nobility. He is a descendant of the first Earl of Burlington and the First Duke of Devonshire, a cousin of the eighth Duke of Devonshire and of the latter's brother Lord Cavendish. Chief Secretary of Ireland, who was murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin, by the revolutionary faction known as the "Invincibles."

A KENTUCKY HEIRESS DOING CHARITY WORK

The fact that she is a wealthy heiress does not cause Miss Rebecca Gor-



Frankfort, Ky., to lead an idle, useless life. On the contrary, she is one of the most active women in her state, in the cause of suffering humanity. Miss Averill is noted in her city for the splendid work she is doing for the children of Frankfort's Tenderloin

don Averill of

Every day, from \$ until 2 o'clock, she may be found in a house in the slums, where she conducts a free kindergarten for children. Here are gathered a happy company of little waifs from homes of poverty and squalor. With the gracious and kindly southern lady to guide them, the children learn how to do many queful things. They also receive class clothing and are given nourishing sod.

In addition to the kindergarten work, Miss Averall conducts a class for mothers, and one afternoon each week the women of the district gather in the cory clubrosms: there to enjoy a social chat, some good music, and incidentally to receive instruction in many household matters and subjects pertaining to child rearing.

Thinks Bathe, Net Necessary. Not having takin a bath in twenty years is the record of Ezekiel Parker, a farmer living in the northern part of Craven county, M. C. Several days ago he related the cause of his absence from the tash for such a long time. "When I was a youngster," said Mr. Parker, "my mother took a delight in having me take a bath every day in the year. Rain or shine, hot or cold, I was compelled to immerse myself in the tub. After my mother died I took no more baths. My health began to improve after 1 stopped bathing so much and there is not a man in this country who is more healthy than I am." Mr. Park. er is almost a giant in size. His face is ruddy and he looks the perfect picture of health, and from all outward appearance will five to a ripe old

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MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Got Wealthy Through Shady Deals In South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Centrai America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prize. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his eye and put it on the counter.

But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they dry them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daft, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artists \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint off that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibili-

This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor. Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), rho has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer. Savage studied the applicant keen-

"So you want to play the part of ; Stub?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?" "I'm just that sort of a type," said Wheat, swelling up his chest and try-

ing to look real brave. "Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?"

"I am," said Wheat. "You don't look like an actor," said the colonel.

"I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough to have to be one." That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know. What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them-yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will either brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither.

Here are the words: Opuscule, tobacconing, noddy, node futtock, galimatias, fadie, duvet, dzigł getail, dwale, periotic, predicant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, becket, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, acudad, incondita, inly, kelp, jorum, rundlet, rupertrine, caddis, fissle, calcar, flinder, hopple, horary, thorp, usitative, woof, arcolith, gaum.

All of them in the diction. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme. The Countess Seechenyi, nee Gladys Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of American women at a luncheon. She ended her praise with an epigram both striking and true. "The women of all nationalities." she said. "can make their own clothes, but only the American woman can make them so that nobody ever suspects it."

English Getting Fond of Cheese. Cheese is coming more and more in favor for lunches in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported cheese that cost \$34.746 000

MRS. HARRIMAN GUARDIAN OF IMMENSE FORTUNE

From a home-loving and comparatively unknown woman, Mrs. Mary



Averill Harriman. the widow of the great American financier and famous railroad king, Edward H. Harriman, has joined the front ranks of the great army of women who wield a powerful influence in the business and philanthropic world today. No wom-

an ever received a higher tribute to her business acumen than was paid to Mrs. Harriman by her late husband, when he trusted his entire fortune into the care and keeping of his wife. The confidence he placed in her was attested by the drawing up of his now famous will, which reads:

I, Edward H. Harriman of Arden, in the state of New York, do make, publish and declare this as and for my last will and testament that is to say:

I give, devise and bequeath all my property, real and personal, of any and every nature, to my wife, Mary W. Harriman, to be here absolutely and forever, and I do hereby nominate and appoint the said Mary W. Harriman executrix of

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this eighth day of June in the year of nineteen hundred and

Edward H. Harriman.

This will, containing less than a hundred words, bestowed property upon Mrs. Harriman valued at \$149,000.-000 or at the rate of over a million dollars a word. To the public this remarkable document appeared very curious. But E. H. Harriman knew well the executive ability of the woman in whose hands he trusted his millions. Indeed, it was a well-known fact, that there was but one person in the world who possessed Mr. Harriman's entire confidence, and that one was his wife.

Mrs. Harriman has manifested a remarkable capacity for business. Her suite of offices on Fifth avenue. New York, occupies comparatively the entire second floor. Here she may be found daily, actively engaged in administering the affairs of the vast Harriman estate—the directing of every detail connected with the management of that great fortune is entirely under her supervision. She has already shown the world what a woman can accomplish. Today she is accredited as being the greatest woman banker in the country. The recent changing a state bank in which the late Mr. Harriman had been a large stockholder, to a national institution, was brought about through the influence of Mrs. Harriman.

It is generally considered by railroad men that their business is a "man's game," a profession of which a woman has little influence; but in the railroad world today Mrs. Harriman is a striking example of the exception of this rule—for she is recognized as a most influential and powerful factor in the affairs of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific roads.

HON. ALBINA BRODRICK SEEKS AMERICAN IDEAS

The Hon. Albina Brodrick, a sister of the Viscount Middleton and widely



known in Ireland for her charitable work among the poor of Ballincoona, her home, arrived in America a few days ago, and will devote the next few months to a study of American hospitals. Miss Broflerick is the founder of

a small hospital at Ballincoons and, in the capacity of head nurse, devotes her entire time to the institution. Her services are given without pay, and she said on her arrival, that she never, while at the hospital, spent more than a dollar a week for herself. The greater part of even that small sum she declared went for books,

mostly volumes on nursing and hospital work. Miss Brodrick was a second cabin passenger on board the steamer. She engaged a first class stateroom a month before she left England, but subsequently arranged for second class accommodation and devoted the difference in cost to her hospital in

Ireland. While in America much of her time will be spent at Columbia University, New York, where she will enroll as a special student for the course on nursing. She said that nursing as a profession was far in advance in this country, and she felt that her studies here would be of inestimable benefit when applied at her hospital in Ballin-

How the Finest Caviar is Cured. The finest caviar is the bieluga, prepared from the roe of the white strugeon; little less fine is the sevriuga, prepared at Astrakhan, Russia. According to United States Consul John H. Grout, stationed at Odessa, the roe is rubbed through a sieve with care not to break the grain. It falls into brine, where it remains for three or four hours, after which it is packed in sacks and allowed to drain. This is the only preparation given to the best caviar. The cheaper varieties are more strongly salted. Caviar is digested with ease and is one of the finest forms of nourishment, especially for the sick.

THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

Second Finder Was Wiser and Kept Applicate for its Much Worried Owner.

At a big hotel not over half a mile from Times square, which may be further identified by the fact that some of the employes can afford to wear diamonds, a good-sized brilliant went begging for a time Friday morning. It was lost by its owner, found, thrown away, and then found again. The night manager owns a ring that has three diamonds in it. The middle one was said to have cost him \$200. Some time Thursday night it

dropped out of its setting. After things had got quiet, the man who cleans up the second floor saw something glittering on the carpet in one of the public rooms on thesecond floor. He picked it up and took it to the night controller.

"Aw, that's nothing but a bit of glass," appraised the controller, who doesn't wear diamonds.

"But it looks like something," said the cleaner. "Rats! You're bughouse if you think

that's worth anything. Throw it away." As the cleaner didn't have any other place handy, he threw the thing

in a corner. When daylight came the rays of the sun came in and fell on the diamond just as a housemaid was tidying up the room. She saw it and picked it up. The cleaner had not

yet gone home, and she showed it to him. "Nothing but glass. That's the second time I've seen that thing," he as-

sured her. "Who told you it was glass?" she asked.

"The controller." "Huh! he knows nothing about jew-

elry. I'm going to keep it," and she put it into her pocket. The night manager came to the ho-

tel Friday night out of breath. He had not discovered his loss until he awoke in the afternoon. He immediately began an investigation, and finally it led him to the cleaner. "Yes, I picked up something like

what you say," he said. "What did you do with it?"

"I threw it away" The manager said some things, to which the cleaner retorted that the

controller had been positive the thing was nothing but glass. -The manager said some more things. Then the cleaner remembered that the housemaid had picked up the

thing again. "What did she do with it?"

"I told her to throw it away." The manager thought of a few things he had left unsaid, but looked up the housemaid. No, she had not thrown it away. She looked up the working skirt she had worn the night before and there the gem still lay the pocket,-New York Times.

Charm of Memory. The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness. The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places. houses, rooms, until every detail lives again. We can turn from one thing to another and, as we look at each, lo, it is there! It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes, it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of this quality. They do not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour. Certain places have it; cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it: firelight and silence. and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it; the luminous pause between sundown and dusk, afternoon with its slant of light through deep grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land "wherein it seemed always afternoon." In that land these magic moments were prolonged, and thus it became the land of reminiscence.—Atlantic Monthly.

Barometer. Gen. Daniel E. Siekles, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concern a captain in a South American war.

"This captain," so General Sickles tells the tale. "was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty whenever there was a big battle in

"After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, be became notorious; and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newsboys talking about him

"'Juan,' said the first boy, 'we'd better order an extra supply of papers. There's going to be some tall fighting tomorrow.

"'How do you know that?" Pepe, the second boy asked. 'Captain Blanc,' was the reply, 'is sick again."

The Biter Bit.

A certain critic, renowned for his bitter tongue, found that on occasion even artists will turn. The occasion was a reception at which the artist was exhibiting his latest work.

"I should like to have your opinion of my picture," he said to the critic. "It's absolutely worthless," the other replied, shortly.

"O, I know that," pursued the artist, "but it would really interest me very much indeed."-Berlin Illustrated Times.

TEARS ALWAYS CLOSE

SEEMED STRANGE MINGLING OF MAPPINESS AND PAIN.

How the Tinleet Bridesmald and the Athletic Usher Came to an Understanding in Just 2 Minutes 21 Seconds.

He was the very largest and most athletic of the ushers, and she was the timest and most feminine of the bridesmaids. He was very tall, very self-assured and very strong. She was very slight, very shy and full of trembles. She had trembled all through the wedding, from the time the pink chiffened maid of honor took the first step, at the organ's signal, and now she was trying bravely to keep back the tears.

She was not sorry Adele was married-it seemed a good match; she was not sorry she was to walk with with the biggest usher, for she-well, she always thought him very grand, and now that he was out of college, and a real doctor-

And yet she wanted to cry! That is like a woman, especially the kind who are very slight, very

shy, and full of trembles. The biggest usher had not trembled during the ceremony. He had occupied himself chiefly in wondering why in thunder people have church weddings in July, and calculating as to whether or not his collar would last until he got back to his room.

But when the ceremony was over and all the other bridesmaids had paired off and began pacing down the aisle, the tables were suddenly turned. As his arm felt the touch of the smallest bridesmaid's hand he sudden-

ly realized that he was trembling. As soon as the smallest bridesmaid felt this trembling her own stopped and she no longer felt like crying. She realized this dimly and wondered if it were not on the principle of homeopathy-"like cures like." But no-he was the other kind of a doctor. At least she had stopped trembling and she wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so sometimes with women who are very slight, very shy and full of trembles.

The master of ceremonies, who had been timing everything with his watch in hand, afterward stated that the procession from altar to door took just 2 minutes and 21 seconds. But the biggest usher and the smallest bridesmaid would have sworn it took an hour—so much happened during that period!

And yet, what took place during that 2 minutes and 21 seconds was so very insignificant when one tries to set it down. It consisted of a few breaths, some in the form of sighs and others subvocalized; a slight movement of a black coat sleeve against a sleeve of white mousseline de soie; an almost imperceptible movement of the muscles of two pairs of eves: a few nerve quiverings-and that was all.

At the close of the 2 minutes and 21 seconds of Mendelssohned marching. when the tallest usher was helping the smallest bridesmaid into the carriage, he whispered one word to herand then, strangely, she wanted to cry again. She wondered vaguely and happily why it was.

It is so, sometimes, with women who are very slight, very shy and full of trembles.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press

Library of Artemus Ward. As we sat on the old-fashioned porch at Waterford, Me., and talked with "Uncle Daniel" Browne, a cousin of "Artemus Ward," he revealed many quaint glimpses of his own career as village justice of the peace. His daughter owns the library of "Artemus Ward." In his will it was awarded to the brightest girl in the old Waterford schoolhouse, which he attended, and the prize was won by an own cousin. Thereon hangs the love romance of his life. The blue-eyed girl died a few years after the remains of Charles F. Browne had been brought to the old Elm Vale cemetery in Waterford, and thus ended the earthly love of the cousins. Today in the quiet cemetery the gravestones stand in stern military array and carry dates reaching back for more than a century. Under the granite shaft, beside his brother and mother, sleeps "Artemus Ward" under a simple slab on which the inscription reads: "Charles F. Brown, known to the world as Ariemus Ward."-"Along the Androscoggin," Maine Edi tion, National Magazine.

No Nose for News. The new reporter turned in his story about the church bazar, his first assignment. It was the usual story, with the usual names of committee He lingered around the city editor's

desk as the hour for the paper to go to press drew pear. "Funny thing happened at that ba-

zar tonight," he said casually, as conversation lagged. "What was that?" asked the city editor.

"Oh, nothing much—one of the booths caught fire and they put it out with lemonade."" He never knew why he was fired .-

Soaking Sapleigh Again. Sapleigh-I shall never have the courage to propose to a girl, never. Miss Pert-Well, you will be saved one disappointment in life, anyway Mr. Sapleigh.--Boston Evening Tran-

MISTAKE THAT IS GENERAL

Too Often Time is Wasted Considering Difficulties Instead of Performing Allotted Task.

When a hard thing is to be done the. natural inclination of most of us is to allow ourselves to think on the effort

necessary to do it, instead of going ahead and doing it. And here we make one of the most

common mistakes in our lives. When one is confronted by a severe task of duty which seems almost beyond one's powers, it is fatal to pause to consider its difficulties.

Never mind how hard it may seem. nothing can be tolerand in the mind except the consideration of ways of accomplishing it. The secret of accomplishment lies

in the answer of the urchin who was asked if he thought he would get the woodchuck for which he was energetically digging: "Get him? Why, man, I've got to get him; the minister's coming to dinner and there ain't no meat in the house!" It is a wise economy in daily life

to train the mind to take the attitude of determination in the beginning: to be deaf to the self which insists upon dwelling upon difficulties, and at once to bring into action the self that is determined to succeed. Most persons have had the experi-

ence of looking back over an accomplished task with amused surprise at the exaggerated idea they entertained of it beforehand. Do the thing first and consider its difficulty afterward.

NEW IN THE TEXTBOOK LINE

Italian Meant Well. But His Knowledge of American Schoolbooks Was Small.

One morning, just as a teacher up in Harlem was entering her school, she was met in the hall by an Italian leading his little daughter by the

hand. "She wan' go school," said he politely, indicating the little girl. He pushed the child forward. "She wan" go school," he repeated, with many bows. "She has book," pointing to the book under the girl's arm, "an"

she wan' go school." "I see," said the teacher. "You have brought her all prepared. Can

she read?" The only response from the father was a shake of his head and a reiterated, "She wan' go school."

Whereupon the teacher took the book and looked at it. It was old and worn, and neither a reader nor an arithmetic. It was a social directory of the year 1909.

Fioral Death Legends. the Mexicans marigolds are known as death-flowers, from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life-blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner, the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were said to have sprung from the blood of the killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the Dane-weed, a coarse, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle; and, if cut on a certain day in the year, it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason.

What Alaskan Dogs Eat. Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or, what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs, to work well, must be well fed, and it is false economy to underfeed a dog. They are fed on a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, corn meal and fish. If rice or corn meal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish. thus doing away with cooking. Cooked food is cheaper and more fattening than raw feed, but the question as to whether dogs can work better on cooked or uncooked food is one that will never be settled so long as there are "mushers" to argue the question.

is called Danewort and Dane's blood.'

---Suburban Life.

Will the Films Stop Warf The cinematograph as an institution has come to life since the last important war. It remains to be seen how a battle, or the awful fringes of a battle, will look upon the screen. For assuredly films will come into play. Soldiers have always saidand correspondents have in a measure agreed with them—that the truth of war cannot be told. How if the truth

of war were now to be seen? The late Colonel Stanley has photographs (daguerreotypes they would perhaps be called) of the dead and wounded taken after the Crimean engagements, but they were too horrible for exhibition. He showed them, long afterwards, to those who could bear it, sometimes to those who could not-and they will never forget . them.

Her Furvor. "So you have won the American

heiress, after all," observed the friend. "Yes," fervently replied the foreign nobleman, "she is mine—a gold mine."

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