Families From New Jersey and Ohio Make Homes in Tennessee Wilderness-Are Not Only Making a Living but Show Profit.

Nashville, Tenn.-In the spring of 1911 the Tennessee Central railroad located a colony of Bohemians on the Cumberland plateau at Mayland, under the name of the Bohemian Co-Operative Farming company. They purchased 5,300 acres in the woods without clearing, houses or fences. Immediately from New Jersey and Ohio Bohemian families came to the plateau and the work of transforming the wilderness into productive fields, gardens and orchards began. The story of this wonderful development is told by Rutledge Smith, industrial agent of the Tennessee Central rail-- road, as follows:

"The land was subdivided into fifty acre tracts, one tract to the family, so that the entire purchase would care for 100 families. Mr. Leonard Schwartz of New Jersey, an educated. soultured and trained farmer of large experience, was made manager of the colony, and the work of development has been under his immediate supervision. As the colony is co-operative in every respect, all the work is done by the Bohemians, no outside help be-

ing employed. "The first work that was done after the property was subdivided was to build a few comfortable cottages to care for the pioneers, This done. they elaborated a careful program of procedure which would automatically expand with the increasing population.

"I went up last week to see the fruits of their labors. I found nearly 100 light haired and bronzed faced sons and daughters of Bohemia, intelligent, happy and content. Satisfaction reigned supreme with them, and they expressed themselves as having reached a clime as near perfection to their ideals of life as it was possible to find. It made me feel good to receive the sincere gratitude of these sturdy people for bringing them to the plateau of Tennessee.

"Mr. Schwartz showed me over the lands. Where formerly the timbered jungle stood were modern, imposing barns overflowing with feed. The fields of timothy had cut nearly two tons per acre, and these had been turned and planted in turnips and cabbage for cow feed, and it looked as though they would produce enough to feed the mountain.

"Then there were patches of buckwheat, rye and the vegetable gardens, all luxuriant and profitable. Vegetables have been canned for winter use

and to sell. "Not only have these thrifty sons of Bohemia supported themselves while making their homes, but are now reaping a distinct profit. They all have money, pay for what they buy, are good citizens and a blessing to Tennessee.

"Every day is workday for them. It is never too hot or cold; they keep everlastingly at it. They work with intelligence, with a definite idea in view and accomplish what they start out to do. They do not practice the habit of our farmers in going to bed at dark and rising before day. After supper they read and lay out the work for the morrow, discuss tegether the best means for advancement, spend an occasional evening in social enjoyment, and at a reasonable hour in the morning are in the fields and there they remain until dark. Success can only crown the efforts of such intelli-gent labor. "In the field the Bohemian rides, no

walking between the plow handles for him. There is no dragging the plows around at the head of the land, but the horses keep on moving. Everything that a horse of machine can do the Bohemian makes them do.

They are now turning their attention to horticulture and orchards are being laid out on a scientific scale and khoroughly prepared. Also dairying is coming in for its proper share.

"Just as rapidly as they can build cottages, without taking the proper time from the fields, families from New Jersey are ready to fill them, and it will not be long until their full hundred families are enjoying the peace and plenty of those who by intelligent effort are transforming the plateau into the south's garden spot."

# BRIDGE TO BE MONUMENT

Minister of Belgium Pays \$200,000 on Structure to Stand as His Father's Memorial.

Boston.-Lars Anderson, minister to Belgium, has paid \$200,000 to the state treasurer to build the Anderson bridge, between Boston and Cambridge, near the Harvard stadium. The bridge is given in memory of Mr. Anderson's father, Nicholas Longworth Anderson of Cincinnati, a graduate of Harvard in 1858 and a brigadier general in the Civil war.

Countrys Rope Chaperon. Cheyenne, Wyo.-Lassoing their chaperon, twenty pretty Vassar girls, on tour, were rustled by fifty cow punchers from the range about Cody. mear here, and riven off in a dozen

antomobiles. In one of the machines the chaperon, Dr. George B. Shattuck, of Vassar still indignant, sat roped, helplessly watching his charges flirting, photographing and later dancing with the

## DANGEROUS FISH TO MEET

Habitat of Bouth American Waters That Seems Particularly Fond of the Human Body.

Probably one of the most dangerous and least known of man's watery enemies, says the Wide World Mazasine, is the candern, or canern, a fish three to eight inches long, and guilty of the extraordinary habit of diving suddenly into the human anatomy by the most convenient channels.

There are two distinct species, one eel-like in appearance, blunt-headed and smooth-bodied, the other armed with a sharp, bony snout, two to three inches in length, swallow-tailed, and covered from snout to tail by small barbs. It is particularly attracted by the human body, into which it dives suddenly and with great force, producing a shock somewhat akin to a

powerful electric discharge. In the case of both types a serious surgical operation is involved; but in the case of the Beni variety the more the fish or the victim wriggles the farther the fish penetrates-and it cannot get back. It frequently causes death, for a surgeon is a rara avis in

these wilds. I saw two cut out of a woman in Riveralta, South America, where victims are common. The fish is a bloodsucker, and can be easily caught with a lump of raw meat, into which it dives in a much similar way—the proboscis being probably its usua; means of securing blood.

### WAS DABBLING IN THE PAST

Pilgrim Somewhat Resentful Because He Was Misled Into Perusing an Old Magazine.

"Among the things I'd like to know about," remarked the weary looking pilgrim with the drab mustache, on the car, "is this: How does a doctor or dentist come by his magazines? Does he go around among his friends and buy up old ones after his friends have read 'em, so's to get 'em cheaper? Or does he buy new magazines and then lay them away somewhere and let them age by natural process before placing them on the table in his re-

ception room? "A day or so ago I had occasion to sit in the reception room of a prosperous dentist—that is, I suppose he's prosperous if he charges everybody on the same scale that he does meand while I waited I began to rummage through his magazines that I found lying on the table. I got interested in an article in the Literary Digest about a threatened war between Russia and Japan. What! Another Russian mix-up? I became all worked p about it and turned over a page for further details. Then I happened to glance at the date, and found that I had been reading a magazine issued in January, 1904."

· M- = Error to Try to Hurry Women. A Fort Scott (Kan.) man and his wife were planning to take a trip, the Tribune of that town says, and after they had decided on the day the man spoiled all the pleasure of preparing by suggesting that he "bet they would miss the train." On the fatal morning his wife suddenly remembered that she had not put in her mirror and rushed back to get it. When she started again she was sure there was something else she had forgotten and looked in her suitcase to see. It happened to be there, so they rushed to the depot. The train was just out of sight, but the man didn't say "I told you so." He did say, though: "If you hadn't taken so much time dressing we wouldn't have missed the train." "I know that," returned the wife, "and if you hadn't rushed me we wouldn't have had to wait so long for the next train."

# Value of Knowledge.

Mrs. Featherton had embroidered a gown for herself. Butterflies were the design, and she had made them look so natural that—so Mr. Featherton said—one would think they were actually alive. But Mrs. Featherton's little son was more critical. He regarded the decorative insects long and earnestly, opened his lips to speak, and then, with remarkable selfcontrol for one so young, closed them

again without speaking. "Well, Frankie," said his mother at last, "tell me what you think of my

butterflies." "They are very nice, mother." replied he seriously, "but the next time you embroider butterflies, would you mind putting the antennae on the othe; er end?'

Represtion for the Rich. Let us give credit where it is due. You can not think that the devotion of surplus wealth to the acquisition of works of art deserves condemnation. On the contrary, it deserves praise and recognition-don't you think so? Keen business men require recreation. All brain workers want counter irritation. Pictures, books, old china and antiquities generally furnish the necessary relaxation, hence the collection of them has become the fashion in the United States, a fashion so attractive that in the buying of them the American must hustle, as in his business, if he wants "to get there," and the almighty dollar talks.--London

It is All Made Plain. "Gertrude save no man has ever kissed her.'

"I have often wondered why she showed such a decided preference for

#### THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

Second Finder Was Wiser and Kept It 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'me bughouse if you think that's worth anything. Throw it

AWAV. 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

"Nothing but glass. That's the second time I've seen that thing," he assured her.

"Who told you it was glass?" she asked. "The controller."

"Huh! he knows nothing about jewelry. I'm going to keep it," and she put it into her pocket.

The night manager came to the hotel 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 in 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

sight. "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 bet-ter 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.

#### NEEDED THAT OTHER ROOT

Patients of Dentists Will Appreciate ## Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kansas City.

In Kansas City there dwells a man whose boast is that he has "the nerve," and at least one dental sur-

geon will support him in his claim. The man with "the nerve" suffered from the pangs of an aching molar and at last sought out his friend the dentiat and announced that the tooth must come out. The man with the forcers made a hasty examination and suggested that a filling would relieve the agony, but to no avail.

"That tooth must be pulled," said the "nerve man," "but I want to warn you right now, Doc, that you won't get it the first yank. I have had seven teeth drawn and no dentist lives who can pull one of my teeth the first trial."

The dentist prides himself with the numerous compliments paid him for dexterity in extraction and "the nerve" man's words were a challenge.

"I'll get that tooth the very first time I pull it." "Bet you the drinks you don't," was

the patient's retort. "Done," said the doctor.

The professional man motioned his patron to the operating chair and selected the proper forceps. The cold steel clamped firmly on the tooth, and with a slightly rocking motion the dentist began to pull. The tooth held firm and it looked as if the dentist's reputation as an extractor must suffer. At last, just as little beads of sweat were forming on the operator's brow, he smiled and in another second the three-pronged cause of the trouble lay on the swinging bracket by the dental chair.

No word or sign had been given by the sufferer, who then raised from the chair, grasped the removed tooth in his fingers and gazed at its three roots in contemplation.

There was a tone of real sadness in his voice as he regretfully said: "If that thing had only had another root, I'd have won the drinks."-Kan sas City Journal.

### WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Casey Unwilling to Take the Word of His Rival When it Would End Hostilities.

It had come to blows at last. After many threats and sundry fist-shakings. not to mention odd brick-ends which were thrown, Casey and Riley deter mined to "have it out," so they adjourned to a neighboring field, followed by an enthusiastic, admiring crowd.

Before they commenced their dis play it was agreed mutually that who ever wanted to quit should say "Enough," and with that they started After a few minutes Casey got Riley down, and was hammering him un-

several times, "Enough!" As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him get up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?"

mercifully, when Riley shricked out

"I do," said Casey, "but he's such ? liar you can't believe him."-Londor Tit Bits.

Worried High Official. Custody of the great seal is one of the most important duties undertaken by the British lord chancellor in return for his \$50,000 a year. This responsibility gave Lord Brougham an unhappy time during his tenure of the chancellorship. When staying with the duke of Bedford, in Scotland, some of the women in the house amused themselves by abstracting the seal from Brougham's room. The chancellor was so frantic when he discovered the loss that his tormentors promised to restore it on conditions. So they blindfolded him, hid the seal in the drawing room, and told him to find it, guiding him in his search by a tune on the piano, which grew louder when he drew near it and softer when he drew away. After an hour's scrambling the seal was found in a tea caddy.

Judicial Spelling. A probate judge in western Kansas wrote to the judge of the juvenile court in Kansas City asking for information as to how the court should be conducted. He spelled it "juvanil" first, then "juvenil," and finally "juvanile;" three trys, and a clean miss in all three. Charles Blakesley of Kansas City recalls that there was once a probate judge in his town who spelled it "probat fug" and a constable who used to spell his own title "cuncible." The celebrated Judge Noggle of Wiscensin, and a good judge he was, too, once told a prisoner at his bar that he, the court, knew the man to be a fraud as certainly as if he saw the letters F-R-O-A-D stamped on his forehead. New York Mail.

Protection During Fogs. Two brothers named Hodgkinson have invented an apparatus which acting as "ears" for a ship will afford a protection now lacking in time of fog. Tests in the Mersey at Liverpool appear to substantiate the claims made for this invention, that it will definitely determine the direction of sounds. The invention consists of a drum nine set long by five feet in diameter set an aloft so as to miss sounds on deck, but to receive other sound waves on a "receiver" divided into units for each direction. An electrical appliance connected with a lamp shows by a small light the direction whence the sound may be

#### MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Gut Wealthy Through Shady Degla in South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central 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 prise. 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 eve 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) who 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, galimaties, fadie, duvet, dziggetail, dwale, periotic, predicant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, becket, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, aoudad, incondite, 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 Countees Szechenyi, 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 wheese that cost \$34,746,000.

# NOT QUITE THE SAME

WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Unkind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

"I got an invitation the other day." said Abe Peters, "to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in the little old town where I used to live. It sort of brought back old memories. I recollect a commencement exercise that I attended in that town when I was in the gosling age. I should say about sixteen or seventeen. There were several girls that were doing the graduating act, but there was one in particular that I thought was altogether the nicest thing in the way of girl that ever wore dress goods.

"She read an essay on the subject, 'Beyond are Alps Lies Italy.' She was really in dead earnest about it, too, having practiced on that essay for three weeks before the commencement night, and she had it down fine. Maybe she didn't write all of it. Maybe she didn't really compose much of it, but she had practiced on it till she believed it. She told that crowd how everybody had Alps to climb and how they could scale the snowy heights by effort and perseverance, and how, beyond lay the fruitful valleys of the Italy of success. Oh, she was a peach, all right. I felt at that time that without her life to me wouldn't be worth living. But somehow or other the dreams of my youth

didn't come true. "I wandered off west and she married a country doctor. I didn't see her for more than twenty years. Then I happened to be back at the old town and concluded I would look up the girl who climbed the Alps that night in the long ago. Well, I found her. She would weigh, I should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and had a double chin. Her waist line was, I should say, more than forty inches. She was gray headed and a grandmother, and so short-winded that he couldn't have climbed an Alp that was over ten feet. We sat there and talked and lied to each other. I told her how young she looked and how she hadn't changed a bit and that I would have known her anywhere, and she, like a dear good soul, lied back to me and told me that I looked almost as young as I did that night of the commencement. Both of us knew that we were lying to each other, but it

was the enly thing to do. "I met another of the girls who sat on the stage that night and read an essay on some subject or other. I don't remember just what it was. She had grown thin instead of fat. She was wrinkled and had lost a tooth or two, and had developed a hairy mole on her chin, and she seemed me to cackle when she talked. I have always been kind of sorry that I went back and hunted up those girls "-Topeka Capital

Japan's New Art. While Japan has been forming her soldiers after the German model, ther navy after English and American models, her inventors are following Edison, her bacteriologists are students at the Pasteur institute at Paris, and her painters have modified their art after French and Italian masters. In sculpture she has been ridiculously inefficient, but she is not blind to that fact. The other day the Japanese minister at Paris presented to the illustrious sculptor, Rodin, a young artist who in a carton carried photographs of his own work. These strongly resembled the sculptures of Rodin, who exclaimed that they were so well done that he himself would not be ashamed to sign them. Rodin then learned that many young artists in Japan were influenced by his work. This gave the sculptor so much pleasure that he promised to send a number of his drawings and sculptures to

Distinction Without Difference. Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor

an exposition at Tokyo.

from drinking in saloons. "Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich

drinker and the poor drinker. "One evening at ten o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to

lurch arm-in-arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They zigzagged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and gorgeous tulips.

'Who's that?' one passerby asked

"'That's Gobsa Golde and his chauffeur,' the other answered.

"What's the matter with them?" "'Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been drinking again."—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you ever try to be a kind husband and an indulgent parent?" asked the man whose hair is thin in front. "Why, sir," replied the hearty individual, 'that should require no ef-

"No effort! Well I want to tell you that in my case it's a superhuman undertaking. My wife wants to smoke cigarettes, my daughter wants to marry a nobleman whose title has lapsed and my won wants me to buy him an aeroplane."

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