Type Immeasurably Superior in Every Way Over Her French and English Cousins—Full of Spirit and Intelligence.

New York-"French women are artificial, English women are wooden. The American girl is the only type I

care to draw." So said Harrison Fisher, American illustrator, whose drawings of lovely women are known all over the world, when I asked him in his studio about the war that France and England have recently declared on the American beauty, writes Nixola Greeley-Smith

in the New York American. "I have been away two months.". continued Mr. Fisher, "and during that time I made absolutely no drawings of fereign women's faces. If they are so beautiful I could not have resisted sketching them. I made a few sketcher for backgrounds, and of two or , three old men I saw in the Latin quarter-one of them Rodin's model."

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"And you saw not a single French or Baglish woman you wanted to draw!" I asked, incredulously.

"Well," Mr. Fisher conceded, "I saw one or two beautifully dressed -French women that might have looked we!! in a picture. But they were women of fashion and would not have posed for me. American women are indifferent in that respect. No matter where I meet them, they generally are willing to pose. I have sometimes asked a wealthy woman I happened to meet at a reception to pose for some illustration I was making, and she has tuvariably said she would be giad to.

The model that posed for this picture." and Mr. Fisher held up a drawing of a slender, dazzling blonde in a black riding costume. "is a little Brooklyn girl. She is a college gradusic and says that after she had practired her music two or three hours a way her time hangs heavily on her

hands. So she poses for illustrations and earns her pin money that way." Then Mr. Fisher showed me anicther drawing, this time of a tall girl of slender stateliness, coated in fall regalia, drawing on her long kid gloves. This was the typical Harrison

Pieber girl. "That is the type of American girl I like best to draw," he said.

"Was there an original Harrison Fisher girl?" I asked. "Oh, yes," the artist replied quickly.

"She was Miss Franklin, daughter of a man who ran a small circus out west. I paid her a salary for years just to But she got married and osa for me gave it up.

"You see," Mr. Ficher elucidated, "the American beauty is so cosmopolitan. She has the whole world to draw from. One of my models is the daughter of a Scotch father and an and she is a typical

American beauty." "And if she had been born in Scotland or ireland she might not have been near so beautiful;" i said. "Don't you think the spirit of America, its freedom and equality, have much to do

with it?" "Yes," asquiesced Mr. Fisher, "I do. An American model—I mean a professional model—can pose for a woman of fashion and look the part. She has only to put on the clothes. A French or English model could never do that. Models over there are a or class apart. A model in Paris has one dress, one hat frame, on which she pins a veil, and a few stock poses.

"American women not only have moore beautiful faces-faces with spirht and intelligence, besides beauty-"but their figures are much better. French women have over large busts and very stender limbs. The Ameriman girl is taller, straighter, broader shouldered and much more evenly developed."

Sold \$10 Pieces for Quarters. Philadelphia.—Charles Hutchinson's A year-old son struck a great bargain the other day. He got three shining 25 cent pieces in exchange for \$25 in

gold and bank notes. Hutchinson is a farmer, near Wynnewood, and he had just received two \$10 gold pieces and three \$5 bills from James Meany, a milk dealer. He said the money on a shelf, where Hutchinson, Jr. got hold of it. The boy was playing with it on his way to rehool, when a stranger stopped him.

"Give you a bright, new white place for that yellow one," he said, taking cut a quarter and pointing to one of the \$10 gold pieces.

The exchange was made. For mnother quarter the stranger bought the second gold piece, and a third quarter hought in the three \$5 bills. The boy went on his way to school well pleased. His father wasn't quite se pleased when be heard about it.

Would Set Clocks Ahead. London, England -President Wright es the British Watch and Clockmake.s guild, has undertaken to transform the English into a nation of early risers. At the annual meeting he proposed the simple expedient of putting forward all clocks one hour, so that noon should fall at 11 instead of 12. Thus every one would go to Bed and rise one hour earlier than at present. Many objections to the secheme were raised on the score of the enormous difficulties to be over come in upsetting the basis on which all astronomical and other calculatiens were made. Though the president belittled these obstacles, the guild refused to pass the measure.

HAS A MECHANICAL FACE.

French Surgeon Exhibits Subject of Remarkable Operation.

Paris, France.—In consequence of the bursting of a gun while out shooting, a man had his chin, the lower part of his jaw a portion of his tongue and the whole of his upper jaw and nose blown away. Dr. Delaire of the French Academy of Medicine, has replaced the missing organs by artificial parts, and his work, which is considered a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, has been exhibited bofore the academy.

From 10 to 15 feet distance, even in a well-lighted room, the mechanical face appears quite natural, and the man is able to masticate his food and speak with comparative case. Every day he takes off his artificial face and washes it with soap and water. This face consists of four parts. The first is a silver groove, into which some of the lower teeth are fixed. This is attached to a dental apparatus of tin, into which are fixed the remaining teeth. The second piece consists a dental apparatus in vulcanite and gold for the upper nine teeth. This is fitted in two small protuberances, which fit into the nasal cavities. This also fills up the right sinus, which was smashed in. At the back is a piece of gold mechanism with hooks. used to fasten on the face pieces. The third piece of the mechanical face consists of the chin and lower lip. This is of india rubber, painted to re-

semble nature. Over the chin a false beard is fixed. At the back are a couple of small bolts, which pass through holes of of the teeth and fix the lip to the artificial lower jaw. The fourth and last piece of the apparatus consists of the upper lip and goose, also in india rubber, and painted, to which is attached a false mustache. At the back are two small clasps, to which the upper piece and jaw are fixed.

MEN IN BEAUTY SHOW.

Japanese and a Jamaica Negro Among the Competitors.

London, Eng.-Folkstone has just done something original in the line of beauty shows. Under the auspices of the town council 1,500 spectators gathered at the Victoria Pier pavilion to vote on the handsomest man among the 60 competitors exhibited on the stage. Among the 60 were a Japanese, a Hussar and two big men of the Fifty-fourth battery, R. H. A., two stalwart visitors from Cornwall, Isle of Man, and Norwich, and a Jamaica

The competitors regarded the situation very seriously and without &> quetry. When the curtain went up the audience beheld a pale young man standing in a velvet frame. He was ous a competitor appeared the merrier grew the audience. Occasionally the gallery became personal and called attention to what it considered physlical shortcomings of the competitors. When all was over the prizes were awarded with much hilarity, five young women having in the meantime kept account of the votes. The first prize winner was Sergt. W. T. Hodgetts, Seventh Hussars, School of Musketry, Hythe. The second prize went to Bernard Fudge of 5 Elm terrace, Constantine road, Hampstead, and the third prize was won by Herbert Fudell of 75 Lupus street, Pim-

Haunted House is Sold. Chicago.-Haunted by the grewsome memories of wife murder, the horse of Adolph Luetgert, scene of one of the greatest murder mysteries of Chicago, has been sold.

The building, which formerly stood at 207 Hermitage avenue, in rear of the factory where Luetgert is said to have disposed of the remains of his wife in the sausage making vats has been moved to Diversey Boulevard, near Paulina street, by August Blain, its purchaser. A new coat of paint and a thorough renovation is believed to have so changed it that not even the ghost of Mrs. Luetgert, which once was said to haunt it, will know it again.

For years after the murder the house was vacant, and when tenants appeared they remained only a short time. Even after Luetgert died at Joliet penitentiary no one could be found who wanted to live in the house. The factory itself was partly destroyed by fire. It is now used as a woodworking plant.

Eight Suffer for Boy's Fault. Norfolk, Va.-Blazing away with a shotgun at a boy who was robbing his melon patch, R. T. Powell, a farmer near here, injured eight employes of the Jamestown exposition, who were en route for the fair grounds on a trolley car.

The boy jumped from the car when it halted on a switch to wait for signals. In the fusilade which followed his raid on the melon patch he es-

caped uninjured. The victims were shot about the face, one of them, a young woman, is in a sectous condition. The farmer will be arrested.

Ex-Stave Dead at 113 Years. Elkton, Md.-George W. Harris, a former slave, died near Rowlandsville at the age of 113 years I month and 14 days. The birth record of the Harris family is said to have been accurately kept by the owners of those colored people who lived in Hartford County, Md. According to the record, Harris' maternal grandmother was 117 years old when she died, while his mother died at the age of 121 years.

WOULDST LIVE LONG?

FOLLOW ADVICE OF GRANDMOTH ER SHIREY.

"Den't Worry, Never Treasure Up Trouble, and Live Out of Doors," Says Woman Approaching Her Century Mark.

Birdsboro, Pa.-Last Sunday was Grandmother Sallie Shirey's 95th birthday, and the people from this district gathered by the hundreds at the Shirey home in honor of the event. The house in which Grandmother Shirey has lived for many years is located half way up Monocacy Hill, and commands a view up and down the valley for twenty miles. Mrs. Shirey received her many guests with all the ease and grace of a woman of 50, Her hearing and eyesight are excellent, and her memory is unimpaired by age.

"Don't worry, never treasure up troubles and live out of doors," is the way she explains the secret of long life. "Worry is death," she said, "Work is life," she continued as she contentedly smoked her pipe. "I've used tobacco for 70 years. It has never hurt me, but, on the contrary, I have positively enjoyed it. It is such a comfort."

Many of the visitors brought gifts with them, and Mrs. Shirey was highly pleased. She sang some of the songs of her girlhood days, danced a hornpipe and entertained all with reminiscences of her youth.

She recalls well when her grandfathers and her father told her of their personal experiences in the War of the Revolution, and there is hardly a historical incident of 80 years ago of which she cannot speak intelligent-

The grounds surrounding the old home were filled with teams all day. and the many visitors passed through the house in a steady stream. The entire neighborhood took a holiday

Mrs. Shirey was born a farmer's daughter and became a farmer's wife In her time she did everything on the farm that men performed, and a storekeeper in a nearby village says that no one brings to his store better butter than that made by Mrs. Shirey. Two of her sons, Nathaniel and Emanuel, live with her. She does all the household work and assists in much of the outdoor labor on the place. She walks four to six miles without fatigue, and is a great advocate of outdoor exercise in all forms. "Were I a man of twenty today," she said, "I'd play baseball, I think it is a very healthy game." Mrs. Shirey has been a widow 47

years. Five generations of her family were present at her birthday party. The venerable woman talked of present and past events. The oldtime days when the battalion drilled

constitute one of the bright pages in her memory. "My! How we did dance!" she remarked.

GIRL SENT A SUBSTITUTE.

But North Woburn Man Refused to Marry Proxy Sweetheart.

Boston Henry Smith, living in North Woburn, when he was in the old country had a sweetheart. He came here, saved his money and sent a ticket abroad to the girl of his heart. Dorothy Margerre. Dorthothy received the ticket, but in the meantime she had been married, so she gave the ticket to Annie Jansen, another belle of Dorothy's country, to come to America and see Henry. Accordingly Annie was forced to declare she was

Dorothy. Smith came to meet her, all afire with the anticipation of once again greeting the sweetheart of his youth. He was rather indignant when he found that he was meeting another, and that the saithless Dorothy was already wed. After mature deliberation he began to feel that perhaps Annie would do after all, but then she re-

fused him point blank. Smith went home and other North Woburn people who knew Annie attemped to get her out, but the immigration commissioner refused to work on the case. Meantime some South Boston friends found a husband for her and got Smith to sign a paper resigning his fights, but when Smith "woke up" he procured an attorney

who broke up that game. The final outcome was that Annie was allowed to go to North Woburn to live with her friends and to wed as

she likes.

Eagle Starts Field Fire. Los Angeles, Cal.-A destructive field fire, which occurred on the Tejon ranch, near Rose station, Kern county, was started by a great American eagle. That is the report that comes from Bakersfield, and is verified by

one of the ranch hands. The eagle alighted on an uncovered power wire of the Edison company, and somehow caused a short circuit. Instantly the feathered biped was a mass of flames. At dropped into some stubble, and the fire spread with rapidity. All hands were summoned, and after working all night the flames

were extinguished. Six hundred acres of pasture land were swept clean. The body of the great bird of prey, burned to a crisp, is on exhibition at the Tejon ranch.

Snakes Pets for Children. London.-Snakes are coming into great demand in this city as pets for society children, according to a dealer in animals. They are not expensive, the highest prices being about seven shillings, or \$1.59. Green frogs, tortoises and lizards of bright hues are also greatly favored.

ARTIST NOT BUSINESS MAN. BUILDING OF A WITICISM.

Whistler Had Big Bank Account and Didn't Know It.

The Dundee Advertiser tells a story illustrating Whistler's forgetfulness and utter lack of business instinct. Being hard pressed for a debt and having finally been informed he would be sues unless a check for the amount was sent by return of post, the artist mentioned the matter to one of his friends who lived near him. Explaining that he had a few pounds in the bank, the exact sum unknown, he requested his friend to stop at the bank on the way to business to ascertain what was required to make his account good for a check of slightly over \$90, and to deposit that amount for him as a loan. The friend was quite willing, and in due time stood at the cashier's desk of Whistler's bank asking for the amount of that gentleman's balance, explaining his errand. The cashier was interested; went to the big book of balances, turned over a few pages, wrote down some figures, and in a moment placed them before the astonished friend. Whistler's balance was more than \$30,000. The artist was delighted, but found it difficult to remember when he had deposited so much money or where he had got it.

MISLEADING THE YOUNG IDEA.

Elequent Lecturer Nothing More Than a Nature Faker.

The eloquent lecturer was discoursing on the wonders of nature. "Digressing for a moment." he said, "did it ever occur to you that there is not a principle in mechanics, not a single ingenious-device in the application of power, that has not been anticipated in the marvelous structure of the buman body? Take the familiar instance of the cogwheel. The first cogwheels, so to speak, were the knuckles of the human mind. Double your fists, put them together in front of you, with the backs upward, placing each knuckle of one fist in the depression between two knuckles on the other fist. Holding them tightly together in this manner oscillate them back and forth, and you have the original geared machinery that suggested the cogwheel. When you go home, boys, place the knuckles of your fists together in this same way, put them under a heavy weight, and you will find that by imparting a cogwheel motion to them you can lift 250 pounds with perfect ease." When the boys went home, they tried it, and found it wasn't true.

Yes, Why Not? Not long ago a well-known playwright decided that he would like to have a theater of his own in which to produce his own plays. have money enough to build it, but he had a wealthy friend in Wall street. As soon as the idea set in on him, the playwright visited Wall street and laid the scheme before his friend. The Wall street man put his feet on his mahogany desk and listened attentively. He admitted that he had a few hundred thousand dollars lying around lhose, yet wasn't particularly enthusiastic on the theater project. "Why write plays?" he demanded, at last.

They had listened to another nature

faker.

"Write checks."

Childhood's Frankness. The grown folk, seated on the wide veranda, were having a discussion concerning heaven, and a little daughter was flitting breezily around the group. A sail-like bow of Alice-blue ribbon fluttered above her curls and her white frock stood airily against the wind. "I came from heaven," she announced in the pause of the conversation. "They put wings on me and sent me down here; and," she added reminiscently, "I haven't seen anybody from there since."

Newspapers in China. Native Chinese papers state that the Chinese press will in future be controlled by the ministry of posts and communications. The following new laws are proposed: The press shall not be permitted to attack either the government or the administration. Nothing of the nature of a personal attack shall be published, nor shall any secret document of the government be inserted. These laws will be put in operation after the advice of the ministers has been secured.

A Beggar Woman's Trick. A woman at Beaver Falls, Pa., it has just been discovered, has been going about regularly begging loaves of bread from residents on one side of a street, pleading that she had a sick husband and starving children at home. Then she packed the loaves nicely in a basket and passed along the other side and sold them at fancy prices, saying she was obliged to bake

to support a large family.

Fictitious Impression. "I cannot help thinking of the wonderful thought displayed in your daughter's commencement essay last june." "Yes." answered Mr. Cumrox, "judging from that essay, you would think she was as much interested in The Subservience of Individual Ambition to Eternal Destiny,' as she is in ice cream soda. But she isn't."

Wagner as a Curative Agent. Vernon Lee has told somewhere the story of the marvelous effects of Wagner on a headache. One does, after a time, succumb to what is a kind of hypnotism; the sound seems almost to clear the air, or at least to full one into & kind of dream in which only the sense of hearing exists.

Point of Joke the Same Though Under Changed Conditions.

The Bohemian had an article entitled, "How a Joke is Made." In it Marshall P. Wilder, the well known humorist, cites this story as an illustration of one method. "Here is a story with a joke in it about Labouchere, the genial editor of London Truth. When he was standing for the borough of Northampton for the English parliament a little girl came up to her father and said: 'Papa, who made Mr. Labouchere?' 'Why, Providence, my dear,' answered the somewhat astonished parent 'And what for, papa? inquires the child. Now that isn't a bad joke. It was natural, anyway. But listen to one of mine, which really has the same point, though it is brought out in a different way. A child and her mother are on the cars. Opposite them sits a young man dressed in the beight of fashion. Says the child: 'Mamma, what is that? and, as she asks the question, she points to the young man opposite. 'Hush, my dear,' answers the mother. But, mother, I want to know.' To quiet the child the mother whispers in her ear: 'He is what we call a dude. dear.' The child persists as usual in gaining some more information. 'And who made him, mamma?' 'Why, Providence, dear, of course, replies the mother sotto voice, whereat the child exclaims: 'Oh, mother, doesn't Providence like to have fun sometimes?' You see, the stories are really alike. At all events, the point is the same."

GIRL KILLED A HAWK

Bird Had Attacked Her When Driven From Pigeons.

A large hen hawk, weighing nearly fourteen pounds, attacked Miss Eloise M. Shields, 18, of Milton, Mass, while the young woman, accompanied by some friends, was spending the afternoon at the Blue Hills reservation. The party had just had their luncheon and were feeding some pigeons when the hawk awooped down and started to carry off one of the pigeons in its talons. Miss Shields quickly picked up a stone, and throwing it at the bird made it drop its prey. The hawk then attacked the girl and nestling on one of her shoulders started to beat her with its wing. After knocking off the bird with her hands Miss Shields picked up one of the tonic bottles, which the party had been using, and hitting the hawk a hard blow on its head, killed it. Except for a few scratches the young woman was not injured.

Making Use of a Friend. A Harlem (N. Y.) resident after a busy day was seated restfully at home when the telephone bell rang, says New York letter. "Meet me at the Waldorf within an hour," cailed an intimate friend at the other end of the wire; "must see you. Don't fail Within an hour. Important. Goodby." The Harlemite grumbled, won dered why business should follow a tired man into his home, got into his hoots, kissed his wife and hustled for the hotel. His friend was walting for him in the Waldorf care, "Wett, Jim. he said, "what is it? What's up?" "What's up?" echoed Jim. "Why, I'm as lonely as a castaway to-night Want company-some one to talk with. What will you drink?" Jim is a bachelor.

To our own age belongs the credit of having raised hurry from the degraded position of a disease to that of a commercial process. Formerly hurry simply brought people to an early grave. with nothing to show for it, whereas now it is become the means of transforming peace of mind, which is a solecism, to say the best of it, into ready money. Hurry has grown to be a great fact in life. Even the fashions take account of it, until women are found doing up their hair in such a way that they may go the speed limit without fear of its coming down. And the best of hurry is that it is its own sufficient justification. Nobody expects hurry to have any particular reason behind it any more:-Life.

The Jewel of Forgiveness. Nothing is more moving to men than the spectacle of reconciliation; our weaknesses are thus indemnified and are not too costly, being the price we pay for the bour of forgiveness; and the archangel who has never felt anger has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.-Richter.

Some Reason for Her Fear. The wife of the Pittsburg millionaire reached hez breakfast table in fear and trepidation. The waiting maid offered her the morning papers. "No. Marie; never give me those when John is out of town on business. I can't bear to think what they might contain." And she stpped her coffee with heavy eyes.-Judge.

The Great American Novel The pretty nurse had taken the best of care of the steel millionaire. "I want you to marry me," said he simply. "Why, Mr. Giltedge; this is rather sudden." "I know, child, I know. But you'll have plenty of time to get used to the idea. I'll have a flerce job to get rid of my wife."---Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE MORAL OF PORT ROYAL

Something We Can Learn from the Teachings of History.

It is possible to crush and destroy that which was meant in the mind of God to be a power for good is the church. And it is possible on the other hand, for boly and noble souls to make mistakes and to be overmuch occupied in attention to one aspect of truth, to forget that the whole is greater than the part, and that the whole body must be "fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint ausplieth," if the body is to be built up in love. There is nothing which we more neglect than the teachings of history; there is nothing which will at once so cheer and so warm us as those teachings. In a book, the value of which is out of all proportion to its size, an eminent professor of ecclesiastical history has told us how to use these teachings. The diverging tendencies of spiritual thought alike "spring from the teach ing of our Lord himself. They are not antagonistic, but complimentary, they are both necessary to the church." When shall we learn this lesson, when will those who keep the Christian creed whole and undefiled recognise that there always must be divergencles? The Puritan, the Catholic, or, as it is so well put is Dr. Bigg's book, the mystic and the disciplinarian, will always be found side by side in the Catholic church. The story of Port. Royal is the story of these divergencles in thought-Jesuit and Port Royalist represented two tendencies. The seventeenth century was not ripe for toleration. Port Royal was crushed, and crushed because it stood for what was unworldly as against the worldly world.-From "The Story of Port Royal," by Ethel Romanes.

BIG FORKS FOR ESKIMOS.

Table Implements That Had to Se Made to Order.

Six hundred and forty forks, silver plated and each a foot long, formed a part of the baggage of E. Tunnell Doey, who left Philadelphia retoe Point Burrer, Alaska sava the Philadelphia Record Each of the forks weighed a pound and a half, and the whole accordingly weighed nearly half a ton. The forks were in packages of 10 each, 64 packages in all, and the whole divided into two bales of 32 packages each. Mr. Doey takes them to Point Barrow, the most northerly point in American Alaska, as presents to the chief Eskimo tribes there and their members, in pursuance of a promise made two years ago. Then the forks of a visiting American party enormously impressed the natives, who watched their use with deep interest. Some criticism having been offered to the small size of the fork, which, perhaps, suffered comparison with a walrus harpon Mr Doey had these made to order He left for Seattle on his way northward and expects to return with a large supply of walrus ivory, timing his return trip with the "open water" of

Gigantic Potatoes. Big potatoes which weigh as much as a man are not often seen. A small consignment of them, however has just been sent off from the West-Indies. There were just six potatoes, and each was large enough to feed a big family, ' Yam is the popular nume applied to this variety of giant aweet potato. The tubers usually attain a length of three feet and an average weight of 20 pounds. Yams weighing from 100 to 150 pounds, however, are by no means uncommon in the West Indies and other parts of the tropics where they thrive. In appearance the rams look much like the ordinary poratoes on a greatly enlarged scale. They are black or brown externally and pale within, and are rich in starch. When boiled they have a very pleasant flavor.

A married man sat in a roof garden. fooking up at the starry sky dreamily. "Why are you so sad?" "I'll tell you," he replied. "This morning I went into my wife's room in her absence, and on a desk lay a packet of my love letters-old letters that I had written to her before we were married-seven years ago." He smiled, sighed, shook his head. "Foolishly," he said, "I read those letters. I read all of them. Every word, every word." He gazed at the stars that glittered above him. and at the lights of the city glittering below.

Seven Years After.

Cause of Napoleon's Fall. There is no doubt Napoleon folk through the sheer dizziness of the height he had climbed to. The Duc de Raguse," says Comtesse de Boigne, "once explained to me the nature of his connection with the emperor in a phrase which is more or less applicable to the whole nation. When Napoleon said, "All for France," I served with enthusiasm. When he said: "France and 1," I served with zeal When he said, "I and France." I served with obedience. When he said "I" without France, I felt the necessity of parting from him."

La Bette Sauvage. We may educate and civilize woman as we will, but the instinct of savagery will cling to her still. If lovely woman can adorn herself with anything in the nature of scalps, or set herself a-jingling with beads and tinkling gew-gaws, she never loses her opportunity. She is now decking berself forth with jeweled imitations of creeping things innumerable.—London _

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUYELLE-ORLÉANS