What Bohemians Accomplished by Co-Operative Work.

Families From New Jersey and Ohio Make Homes in Tennesses 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. Emmediately 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 railroad, 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, cultured 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 being 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 together 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 intelligent 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 or 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 thoroughly 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 finto 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.

Cowboys 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 firting, photographing and later dancing with the cowboys.

#### DANGEROUS FISH TO MEET

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

Probably one of the most dangerous and least known of man's watery enemies, says the Wide World Magazine, 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 usual 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 reception 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 up about it and turned over a page for further details. Then I happened to glance at the date, and found that I January, 1904."

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 oth-, er end?"

## Recreation 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 Opinion.

It is All Made Plain. "Gertrude says no man has ever

kissed her." "I have often wondered why she showed such a decided preference for mere boys."

#### THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

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

At a big botel 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 tidy. ing 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 sec-

ond time I've seen that thing," he as-

"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

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

"'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 othet 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

Patierita of Dentists Will Appreciate Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kansas City. Species

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 dentist and announced that the tooth must come out. The man with the forceps 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."-Kap

#### WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

sas City Journal.

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 determined to "have it out," so they adjourned to a neighboring field, followed by an enthusiastic, admiring Crowd.

Before they commenced their display it was agreed mutually that who ever wanted to quit should say After a few minutes Casey got Riley down, and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley shricked out

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?" "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. Be spelled it "juvanil" first, then "invenil," 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 jug" 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 mamed 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 that long by five feet in diameter set to aloft so as to miss sounds on deck, that to receive other sound waves on to "receiver" divided into units for community direction. An electrical appliance connected with a lamp shows by a small light the di-rection whence the sound may be

## **ROSE ABOVE HANDICAP**

POSTHUMOUS CHILDREN WHOSE NAMES ARE FAMOUS.

Birth of Child of John Jacob Astor Has Aroused Interest in the List, Which Contains Many Perbons of Note.

The birth of a posthumous child of John Jacob Astor arouses especial interest and sympathy because of the tracic death of the father in the Titanic disaster. Yet all posthumous children excite such sentiments. Some of these children have moreover attracted additional attention from the world in after life through their own achievements.

Alexander the Great has been said by some historians to have been born after the death of his father, but according to other authorities Philip of Macedon lived to enjoy the companionship of his son for several years. It may be that Alexander's stepbrother was a posthumous child, but that has not been proved.

Ben Jonson, the Elizabethan dramatist, was born in 1573, a month after his father's death. He was fortunate in acquiring a stepfather who was a good friend to him and gave him an excellent education.

Thomas Herbert was of posthumous birth, says his elder brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He is remembered chiefly as the brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and of George

Herbert, the poet. Early in the seventeenth century another child came into the world under similar conditions. This was Abraham Cowley, the English poet. His father, who had been a grocer in humble circumstances, died shortly before the birth of the son. Thanks to the unflagging struggle and devotion of his mother the boy received a good education and his poetic genius had

opportunity for development. Dean Swift was born a few months after his father's death. Kindly disposed relatives helped his mother with his upbringing and education.

Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," put in his appearance in this world some four months after the death of his father.

Still another English poet was a posthumous child. This was Thomas Chatterton, who was born in Bristol about the middle of the eighteenth century. Andrew Jackson, seventh president of the United States, was born in a

little log cabin on the border line between North and South Carolina. In that same cabin his father, who had come to America from the north coast of Ireland, died a few days before the birth of his son. Rutherford Birchard Hayes, the

nineteenth president, was another posthumous child. He was born in October and his father died in the July preceding.

The present king of Spain, Alfonso XIII., was born after his father's

Mary Queen of Scots just escaped posthumous birth, her father dying when she was a few days old. Richard Wagner, the composer, was also left fatherless very soon after his birth.

# Europe's Rose Gardens.

Though the rose is grown for trade in many parts of Europe, its culture for commercial purposes is now principally monopolized by the vast rose gardens of Grasse in France and of Kasanlik in Bulgaria-the rose gardens of Europe, par excellence-and the manufactures produced from them supply in a great measure the markets of the world. Here acres of roses take the place of corn, vines and orchards of other lands, and some idea of the French trade may be obtained when we learn that the gardens of Grasse, Cannes and the neighboring villages yield nearly 2,650,000 pounds of roses annually; on some days as many as 150 tons of blossoms are picked in the province of the Alpes Maritimes. The beautiful varieties, so much prized by gardeners, are useless for commercial purposes, and the only plant used is the Cab bage Provence.

Let Them Down Lightly. They were strolling players—at least, that's what they called themselves. Their talent was as small as their efforts were great. To add to this, they arrived at the little country town minus their costumes and rather hazy as to their lines. However, the performance took place, albeit it was a "frost" of the worst description. They expected a fearful roasting from the reporter of the paper, and there was a rush the next morning for the local sheet. But, with true hospitality to strangers, the following paragraph appeared: "The --- company appeared last night at the Town Hall in 'East Lynne.' The ventilation of the theater was perfect, and the orchestra rendered a number of pleasing selections."

Woman's Work in the World.

Dr. George Draper of the Rockefeller Institute, discussing woman's work in the world, said: "And this, mind you, leaves child-bearing out of count. Two women sat one day by a windswept ocean piece. The first woman had three beautiful children, the other was childless. The childless woman, gazing wistfully out over the tumbling blue water, said, 'I'd give ten years of my life to have three such children as yours.' 'Well, three children cost about that,' the other woman answered gravely."—San Francisco Argonaut,

The same of the sa

#### GET ROBUST WHEN CIVILIZED

fishi, "the Uncontaminated," Now Too Heavy to Get Own Food-Would Starve in Woods.

San Francisco, Cal.—Civilization has not agreed with Ishi, the uncontaminated aborigine, who was captured in the wilds of Plumas county more than a year ago and cared for at the Affiliated colleges. Since he has been at this institution Ishi has taken on weight at such a rapid rate that his guardians have decided that he must go back to the simple life for a time or soon become seriously ill as the result of his long contact with

ease and plenty. It is hardly probable that Ishi will appreciate the return to the light diet of his uncontaminated days. Then he used to subsist on scant meals of acorns with perhaps a few snails or grasshoppers as luxuries. In his present condition Ishi would find it hard work to root for acorns and almost impossible to run down the elusive grasshopper on its native heath. In fact, he has become so stout that he probably will have some difficulty in

capturing the less fleetfooted snail. They have had a good deal of amusement out of Ishi at the Affiliated colleges, and, on the other hand, the uncontaminated one has enjoyed his dallying with the conventional life. But, on the whole, the experience will not have benefited him if he is to re-

turn to his wilds permanently. Heavy and slow moving leb! if he is thrown back to the forests, will meet a fate similar to that of the faithful fish famed in story and verse. The faithful fish was captured by an angler who became so interested in it that he kept the thing in a little glass globe. Later he forgot to replenish the water, which evaporated finally. But the fish continued to live without it. For more than a year the fish lived absolutely without water and, according to the veracious chroniclers, used to follow its master everywhere. One day the master, accompanied by the fish, walked to a nearby creek. The man disrobed and plunged into the water. The faithful fish also plunged into the water, and being un-

used to that element, was drowned. From all accounts Ishi has been carried as far away from the aborisinal as the fish from the water, and a sudden reversion to the old life might be fatal to the last of the Yania It is much easier to become "contam inated" by civilization than it is to become "uncontaminated" once "contamination" has run its course.

#### SOME OF CUPID'S, FREAKS

Pastor Dalton of Kansas City, Mo. Discusses Developments of His School of Matrimony.

Kansas City, Mo.-Money, comfort, things are not sufficient to tempt marriageable American women away from the cities. Most of them prefer to be married to city men, even if they

are poorer providers. That conclusion has been reached by the Rev. William J. Dalton, pastor of the Annunciation Catholic church here after reading the letters of 6.542 persons who desire to marry and have written to him for help. Father Dalton attracted attention a few months ago through a "school of matrimony" he established in connection with hic church to encourage marriage among

the young people of his parish.

"The only women who express a willingness to become wives of farmers are elderly women who find themselves alone in the world." Father Dalton said. "But the farmers who ask for wives are mounger men and they do not marry such women. One man who wrote to me owns three big farms; another has 650 acres of fine farm land and a finited farmer showed me that he had: \$75,000 in the bank. Can you tell me why it is that a woman will not give a proposition like that a minute's consideration, but will choose instead some struggling bank clerk in the city who lives from hand to mouth?"

# HER HUSBAND WOULDN'T TALK

As a Result Wife Left Him and Sues for Support-Shent from Monday Until Saturday.

Philadelphia, Pa.-Declaring that she could not live with a man who would not talk to her, Mrs. Anna Foerst explained in the Central police court why she had left her husband's home. "He would not say a word to me," she declared, "from Monday morning to Saturday night." Mrs. Foerst appeared against her husband, Howard Foerst of Bast Cambria street,

charging him with nonsupport. At the hearing it developed that the woman had left her husband's home, although he declared his willingness to provide for her. Mrs. Foerst said her husband first found fault with the meals she prepared. and finally became so morose that he refused to speak to her for a whole week. This was more than she could

Foerst was held in \$300 bail and allowed to sign his own bond.

Slain With Wheelbarrow. Milan, Italy.-A live man was bound to a wheelbarrow with a sailor's scarf and belt and both were then hurled from the pier head into the sea at Savona. This new and barbarous form of murder was discovered by a party of bathers who chanced to see the body and the barrow at the bottom of the sea in twenty feet of water. The police were promptly informed, but so far they have found no clew to the identity either of the victim or of his murdespers.

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