

LEFT THEIR SEATS HASTILY

Fair School Teachers Blissfully Unaware of Contents of Box on Which They Rested.

"While in Paris this summer another girl and I went out to Versailles one afternoon," said a school teacher who had just returned from abroad. "It was dusk when we reached the railway station, and as there was no waiting room we sat down on two crates that were out on the platform among a lot of others. We noticed that the station employees kept staring at us with a persistence that was annoying. Presently a man in a shabby uniform with a bucket on his arm approached us. He touched his cap deferentially and said—in French, of course:

"Mesdames, pray do not let me disturb you, but I am forced to open the boxes on which you are seated in order to feed the boa constrictor and other serpents that are within."

"When we recovered from our fright we found we had been seated in the midst of a huge collection of snakes that had just arrived from their native jungles en route for the zoo near Versailles."

To Breaking One Neck, \$2.

The "line-up" man was a facetious soul. The woman for whom he was putting up a pulley clothes-line was exacting. She ordered it put in a certain place, which it was almost impossible for him to reach. He hesitated. "If I have to put it there, lady," he said, "I'll break my neck." Still she did not relent. "All right, lady," he consented, with a cheerful grin, "but it'll cost yer \$2 extra if I break my neck."

Why Not?

Aunt Spinsterly—I hope that your opinions uphold the dignity of your sex, Mamie, and that you believe that every woman should have a vote.

Mamie—I don't go quite so far as that, aunt; but I believe that every woman should have a voter.—Sketch

Didn't Stay There.

Father—Didn't I tell you I would whip you if I caught you in the water again?

Son—Yes, sir, and that's the reason I hurried out when I saw you coming.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, that directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.—Henry F. Amiel.

What can harm us if we are true to ourselves and to what we think is right?—Black.

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GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HISTORY

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Paris and Helen, and the Siege of Troy

(Copyright by the Author.)

Gloriously beautiful red-haired Greek princess, Helen of Argos, was called upon, about 3,100 years ago, to choose a husband. She was the fairest woman in all Greece. Nearly every Greek king and nobleman was suitor for her hand.

Greece in those days was cut up into many small states, each with a king of its own. It needed little to set these states at war with one another. So Ulysses, wisest of all the petty monarchs, suggested that each suitor not only pledge himself to submit to Helen's choice, but vow also to defend her (and the husband she might choose) against any foe. This plan was meant to ward off war. It had just the opposite effect.

Helen's choice fell upon Menelaus, king of Sparta. The other suitors went back to their homes in anger; but kept their oath not to molest the lucky man. A short time later a royal visitor came to the court of Menelaus. This was Paris, one of the 23 sons of old King Priam of Troy. Menelaus was a rough soldier. Paris was handsome, graceful and what would now be called a "woman's man." He and Helen fell in love with each other at sight. In those days there were several ways in which a man might legally win a wife. He might ask the hand of an unmarried girl; he might marry another man's wife by challenging her husband and killing him.

The Stealing of Helen. In fair fight. Or he might carry off such a wife, marry her and defend her and himself against her pursuing husband. Paris chose the last named course. Fighting was not his strong point.

He kidnapped Helen and took her by sea to his father's great walled city of Troy, in northwestern Asia Minor, at the mouth of the Hellespont. He knew that the warlike Trojans could easily protect him from any Spartan army. But he did not reckon upon the oath sworn by Helen's suitors. By the terms of this oath nearly every monarch in Greece joined Menelaus in avenging the theft of the latter's wife. The combined Grecian armies, under command of Menelaus' brother Agamemnon, King of Mycenae, sailed for Asia Minor and laid siege to Troy. The debt incurred by Paris in stealing Helen was destined to be paid in the blood of thousands of innocent men.

Helen, meanwhile, had been cordially welcomed at Troy. She and Paris were married there with splendid ceremonies. They embarked on a life of Oriental luxury that delighted

the frivolous girl, who had hitherto known nothing more gay than the meagre, rigorous plainness of the Spartan court. But their dream of bliss was short lived. An army of 150,000 Greeks encamped outside the Trojan walls about 1184 B. C., and laid siege to the city. The Trojans' admiration for their prince's pretty Greek bride suddenly changed to wrath. For they saw she had brought upon them a deadly war. Nevertheless, they loyally refused to give up Helen at Menelaus' demand, and prepared to defend their city against the invaders.

For ten long years the war dragged on with varying fortunes. (To while away the time between conflicts the game of checkers is said to have been invented during the siege by one Palamedes, a Greek.) Menelaus more than once urged Paris to end the useless bloodshed by coming forth and fighting him, man to man. It was far pleasanter to stay at home with his beautiful wife than face the man he had wronged. At last, urged by his elder brother, Hector, Paris consented to the duel. He and Menelaus fought in the presence of both armies, Helen looking on from the city wall. Paris was overcome and barely escaped death at the hands of his foe.

Not long afterward while hovering in the rear ranks of battle Paris was struck and slain by an arrow. His brother Deiphobus then married Helen, who does not seem to have grieved greatly over Paris' death. The Greeks, failing to carry Troy by assault, resorted to strategy. They pretended to sail away, leaving on the seashore a huge wooden horse. The Trojans, thinking this horse an idol, bore it into the town. With the wooden animal several small Greek soldiers were hidden. That night they crept out and opened the gates of Troy to their returning comrades. The city was sacked and utterly destroyed by fire. The inhabitants were massacred, men, women and children alike.

The Sack of Troy. Helen was rescued and carried back to Sparta by Menelaus, who freely forgave her desertion. But the other Spartans were less merciful to the woman who had brought such misfortune to their country. When Menelaus died they drove her away. She fled to Rhodes for refuge. The queen of that island, jealous of Helen's loveliness and fame, murdered her.

Thus ended the strange career of a woman whose beauty had destroyed one nation and nearly ruined another.

HORATIO AND CURIATIUS

Horatia was the daughter of a noble Roman family, in the ancient days when Rome was a small city and ruled by a line of kings. The nearby city of Alba Longa was Rome's chief rival for the supremacy of that part of Italy. In Alba Longa lived a young nobleman named Curiatius, who had won Horatia's love. The two were betrothed.

The girl had, with her own hands, woven for her lover a rich cloak of many bright colors. This cloak was the envy of the rough Albans and was the dearest possession of young Curiatius.

The king of Rome was Tullius Hostilius, a warlike sovereign, who desired to make his city the strongest in all Italy. He began by declaring war on Alba Longa. A few border skirmishes started the hostilities. Then an Alban army under King Clutius marched against Rome. Tullius and the Roman troops went out to meet the invaders and the two opposing armies drew up in battle line, waiting for their leaders' orders to begin the conflict.

Then it was that the Alban king, Clutius, sent a messenger to Tullius

A Strange Triple Duel.

with the following proposal: He said it was useless to sacrifice many lives in warfare when a smaller number might serve the purpose just as well. He therefore suggested that each side select three champions, and that these six men fight to the death. The army whose three representatives should be slain was to be declared defeated without further battle.

The idea appealed to Tullius. He accepted the challenge and chose for Rome's champions Horatia's three brothers, known as "the Horatii." Clutius selected young Curiatius and the latter's two brothers to fight for Alba Longa. Curiatius was thus forced to contend for his life and the honor of his native city against the brothers of the girl he loved.

The three "Horatii" and the three "Curiatii" put on their armor and marched out into a great open space between the two waiting armies. There the strange triple duel began. For a long time the fight waged and the issue hung in doubt. One after another, at last, all three of the Curiatii were badly wounded. Two of the Horatii were slain outright. To the surprise of both armies, the third of the Horatii turned and fled. He was still unharmed. As he was known to be a brave man, no one could understand his flight.

But the ruse was soon explained. The three wounded Curiatii pursued

him fiercely. They did not keep together, but "strung out" some distance apart in the chase. As soon as they were so far apart that they could no longer assist each other, Horatius suddenly turned upon the one who was nearest to him. Rushing at the wounded, tired man, he killed him with one blow of his sword. Then, in the same way, he attacked and slew in succession the second and third of the Curiatii.

Dragging from the body of his sister's dead lover the gorgeous cloak the girl had woven, Horatius threw the garment about his own shoulders, as a trophy, and was carried back to Rome on the upraised shields of his applauding comrades. He had saved the day for his city.

Horatia, with the other Roman women, had been watching for the army's return. As her brother was borne in triumph through the gates she saw the cloak about his shoulders and knew what had befallen her lover. Bursting through the cheering crowd, she barred the victor's way. Weeping

Killed for Love's Sake.

and with disheveled hair, she solemnly cursed him for the death of Curiatius.

Horatius, the fury of battle still upon him, drew his sword, that yet reeked with Curiatius' blood, and stabbed Horatia to the heart, shouting:

"So perish all who mourn their country's foes!"

In an instant the triumphal procession was changed to a throng of angry soldiers and townsfolk clamoring for the murderer's blood. Horatius was dragged before the judges. They condemned him to be whipped to death. But in recognition of his battle record it was later decided that a heavy fine and a public humiliation would suffice as punishment.

Horatia's body lay unburied where it had fallen until passersby piled a heap of stones above it to mark the last resting place of the woman who had dared to place love before patriotism.

Trained Animal.

The animal trainer having been taken suddenly ill, his wife reported for duty in his stead.

"Have you had any experience in this line?" asked the owner of the circus and menagerie, with some doubt.

"Not just exactly in this line," she said, "but my husband manages the beasts all right, doesn't he?"

"He certainly does."

"Well, you ought to see how easily I can manage him."—Tit-Bits.

ADVICE BY PATTEN

Good Habits Young Man's First Essential, He Says.

Wheat King Tells Beginners in Business Career What They Need to Be Successful in Life.

New York.—Here is the advice to young men of James A. Patten, the Chicago wheat king who recently looked up as a power in cotton.

For a young man intending to start out in life and adopting a business career, the first essential is that of good habits. The modern employer as a rule, soon drops a young man from his payroll who does not possess this requisite.

"He should perform the duties required of him, no matter in how menial a position, as a second essential, with the utmost willingness. If he should see any opportunity for improvement in the lines of his duties, he should suggest the same to his employer, for nothing pleases the employer so much as the fact that his employee is working for his interest and a young man following out this line, as a rule, is advanced when opportunity offers.

"I have had many applications from young men to enter in my employ, but I have observed that not one man in a thousand is fitted to enter into a stockbroker's office or the grain trade and meet with success, for the successful speculator seems to be endowed, as a rule, with ability that all men are not favored with.

"I have sometimes thought it was a handicap for any young man to be heir to a great fortune, if it is his intention to enter into an active life that requires much personal attention, for, as a rule, success depends



James A. Patten.

upon the young man himself and not upon the influence his father may have created for him."

"When will you retire from the activities of business?" Mr. Patten was asked prior to his departure for home. "Not very soon," he replied. "I am good for many more years. To-day I met a man 92 years old selling puts and calls on the market. Business is his very life. We Pattens are long lived and I see years of activity ahead, if I have my health.

"Retire and live abroad? Not if I know myself. I have been in Europe four or five times, but each time I came home with a higher opinion of my own country.

"Then, too, I like Evanston. My relatives are all out there. I belong to that part of the world. I am satisfied with my present home near Chicago and I am never going to change it. People in New York don't really live, for they have not the home life and if you want me to tell your boys how to succeed best, I should say for them to locate in some place where they can have proper home life."

THE WEIGHT OF A CROWN

Serious-Faced Boy, Ahmed Mirza, Is the Ruler of a Sinking Empire.

London.—At 11 years Ahmed Mirza, shah of Persia, "king of kings," wears on his face the expression of ineffable weariness. Perhaps it is the climate, perhaps the earlier maturity of man in that warmer clime, but far more likely the care and trouble of being a king and son of a king. He is the second son of the ex-shah Ali Mirza, and succeeded to the throne because his father's eldest son's mother was not a Kajar princess.

But wearing a crown in Persia is toying the bauble of a forgotten festival, as the blood of the Kajars may be a doubtful possession withal.

Made a Good Profit.

Lord Greenfield, being asked to buy something by a smart young matron who kept a table at a ladies' fair, said that he wanted what was not for sale, a lock of her hair. Whereupon she promptly cut off the coveted curl and handed it to him, naming the price—\$100. Later the purchaser was showing his trophy to a little circle of friends. "She rather had you there," laughed one benedict. "To my certain knowledge, she only paid three dollars for the entire bunch."

The Bad Man Explains.

Takes four men to handle me when I get started.

"I saw one man handle me yesterday over on the next ranch."

"Well, they happened to be short handed over there."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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GENTLE REBUKE FROM PULPIT

Yet One Somehow Cannot Help Wondering Whether Sermon Was Worth Listening To.

Somewhere in the pages of her pleasant "Book of Joys" Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins tells a delightful story of her New England clerical great-grandfather, who was a man of ingenuity and resources. She says:

"He employed more than one device to secure wakefulness on the part of his weary congregation. Standing during the prayer was but one of many. My grandfather used to tell us with pride of an instance which occurred at a time when a new church edifice had been proposed, and was under warm discussion. Great-grandfather thought this a worldly and unnecessary expense, and emphasized his opinion by pausing in the midst of his sermon on a Sunday, saying impressively, as he fixed the somnolent members of his congregation with a stern look:

"You are talking about building a new church. It seems to me quite unnecessary, since the sleepers in the old one are all sound!"—Youth's Companion.

In the Beginning.

"Yours is certainly an unusual case," said the lawyer, "and it will be necessary to consult a number of books."

"So?" queried the client.

"Yes," answered the legal light, "and we will begin with your pocket-book."

Wherein They Differ.

Her—When a man starts to talk he never stops to think.

Him—And when a woman starts she never thinks to stop.

The wickedness of other men we have always in our eye, but we cast our own over our shoulder.—Seneca.

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