

**DU MAURIER AND MOSCHELES.**

**First Meeting of the Two Great Artists in Gay Bohemia.**

We first met in Antwerp in the class rooms of the famous academy, says Moscheles in the Century. I was painting and blaguing as one paints and blagues in the storm and stress period of one's artistic development. It had been my good fortune to begin my studies in Paris, where in the Atelier Gleyre I had cultivated the essentially French art of chaffing known by the name of "la blague Parisienne," and I now was able to give my less lively Flemish friends and fellow-students the full benefit of my experience. Many pleasant recollections bound me to Paris, so when I heard one day that a "nouveau" had arrived straight from my old Atelier Gleyre I was not a little impatient to make his acquaintance.

The newcomer was Du Maurier. I sought him out, and, taking it for granted that he was a Frenchman, I addressed him in French. We were soon engaged in lively conversation, asking and answering questions about comrades in Paris, and sorting the threads that associated us with the same place. "Did you know an homme Poynter?" he asked, exquisitely Frenchifying the name for my benefit. I mentally translated this into equally exquisite English, my version naturally being "a man called Poynter." Later an American came up, with whom I exchanged a few words in his and my native tongue. "What the deuce are you? English?" broke in Du Maurier. "And what the deuce are you," I rejoined. And we then and there made friends on a sound international basis.

It seemed to me that at this first meeting Du Maurier took me in at a glance—the eager, hungry glance of the caricaturist. He seemed struck by my appearance, as well he might be. I wore a workman's blouse that had gradually taken its color from its surroundings. To protect myself from the indiscretions of my comrades I had painted various warnings on my back, as, for instance, "Bill stickers, beware," "It is forbidden to shoot rubbish here," and the like. My very black hair, ever inclined to run riot, was encircled by a craftily concealed band of crochet work, such as only a fond mother's hand could devise, and I was doubtless coloring some meerschau of eccentric design.

It has always been a source of legitimate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by Providence to sharpen Du Maurier's pencil. There must have been something in my "verfluchte physiognomie," as a very handsome young German whom I used to chaff unmercifully called it, to reveal to Du Maurier those dormant capacities which had been betrayed in his eager glance.

**Won His Bet.**

A bewildered-looking farmer stood in the center of Haymarket square Thursday looking at the trolley wire.

The electric car came along and slowed up. They rang the bell and shouted at him and ordered him to move. He still kept looking at the wire and making inarticulate sounds with his lips.

"Get off the earth, you Jersey calf!" shouted the motorman.

The old man was fairly bumped by the slow-moving car before he moved.

Then he jumped and said: "I did it, by thunder! Where's my money?"

He looked around cautiously and then he said: "You seen a red-faced feller with a white mustache waxed? I want him. He bet me \$5 I couldn't look at that ere wire three minutes and count 200. I've done it."

"Did you put up the money?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"Ding-dong," went the bell.—Lewis-ton Journal.

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**DREAMS OF GREAT MEN.**

**Fame Follows the Musings and Labors of All Such.**

Some of the brightest minds have been dreamers—but they dream sensibly, says the Home Worker. They educate themselves along the line chosen as their life work. Darwin dreamed over his "Origin of Species" twenty years before it saw light. Milton dreamed over his "Paradise Lost" from boyhood. Columbus was condemned as a soothsayer, a visionary, a quack, yet for fifteen years of the cruelist antagonism he proved the truth of his dreams and astonished the world. Ferdinand de Lesseps dreamed for twelve years of bringing London nearly 4,000 miles nearer to India by the reconstruction of the Suez canal before the necessary permission was granted by the khedive of Egypt. But these men dreamed with a purpose. They read, argued, studied and fought for their beliefs because they knew they were right. They knew from positive demonstration, from actual knowledge. They had weighed and analyzed and sifted and refined until all facts and data were made to converge to one common center and end there in one grim, unwavering point. When they laid their fingers on a plan they saw the result as it would appear to the ignorant world when finished. They did not sit for hours consuming cigars and staring blankly at the open sky. They worked; they bent every energy to one grim purpose; all their lives were devoted to the consummation of the one supreme wish of their lives. They gave their work, their hope, their life. From the dim recesses of the human mind, ordinarily so incomprehensible, they evolved the brightest thoughts and followed the birth of each idea with the sacred solicitude of a loving mother over her first-born child.

**ENGLISH HAIRDRESSING.**

**The Hideous Frizzed, Curled Bang Still Has Full Sway.**

Lady Helen Stewart, a fashion-leader of England, has decreed that society—that is, the feminine element—must part its hair on the side or expose the forehead, guileless of coquettish curls, says the Philadelphia Press.

And fashion—that is, in England—is beginning to sway a bit in her direction.

While the American girl would look with horror on this unfeminine coiffeur for her adoption, yet she gives a sigh of relief when she thinks that maybe Lady Helen's example will take effect among the world of Britain's elect.

That frightful, curled, frizzled bang that the princess of Wales insists upon retaining has spoiled the faces of many women who might otherwise have been called pretty.

I shall never forget once seeing a famous English actress make her toilet for a reception. She had invited me to her room. She was combing her mass of yellow hair down over her eyes and I thought it was only a trick of getting her back hair out of tangles. Judge of my surprise when she frizzed up this mass with the comb as one does feathers with a knife and let it hang in front.

On went the ever-present English toque over this heroic bang and I did not wonder that bellboys stared.

But she was only arranging her hair as all of her set do. Therefore let every lover of beauty hope that even the formality of Lady Helen's plain forehead may make headway against the untidy, unbecoming coiffeurs of the women of the English nobility.

What a change the sleek, well-groomed head of the American girl must be to them!

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