

DUCHESS OF FIFE, HER MOTHER AND SISTER



At the left is the charming Princess Alexandra, duchess of Fife, whose engagement to Prince Arthur of Connaught came as a complete surprise. In the center is her mother, the princess royal, daughter of the late King Edward VII., and at the right is her sister, Princess Maud, the announcement of whose engagement is expected soon.

GIRL MAIL CARRIER

Fifteen-Year-Old Miss Does Work in Mountains.

Flo Brown is a Plucky Resourceful Arkansas Maiden and is Always Equal to Any Emergency That May Confront Her.

Henderson, Ark.—Flo Brown, a bright girl, fifteen years of age, carries the daily mail from this little village in Baxter county, Arkansas, to Bakersfield, in Ozark county, Missouri, a distance of 15 miles, and return.

Flo, who carries the mail now, is a small girl, but what she lacks in size she makes up in nerve and ability to get over the road in all kinds of weather.

No thought of fear, however, ever enters her mind. There are no wild animals in the woods, and the birds and squirrels are her friends and keep her company. Most of the time she carries the mail on horseback.

In the spring and summer the route is pleasant to ride, as some of the finest scenery in the Ozarks lies along the way. Wild flowers and grass cover the woods' floor and the hills are a mass of green, with the rocks of the river bluffs sticking out in bare splendor.

The parcel post has made the daily load a great deal heavier for the girl, and many times the horse is loaded down with all he can carry.

Asa Brown, her father, is an old man. The family live on a farm and he specializes on fruit. He says he is glad his children were girls, and that he could not get along without them.

OVER 15,000,000 YEARS OLD

Armado of Ancient Times is Received by Museum at Chicago University.

Chicago.—Fifteen million years old and nameless. That is the plight of a batrachian armado at the University of Chicago. Orphaned, homeless and broken, the armado is in a state of collapse.

THUMBS SHOW MUCH

Are Unfailing Indexes of Men's True Dispositions.

They Indicate Evidences of Inconstancy, Timidity, Boastfulness, Impulsiveness and Carelessness—He who is Able to Govern.

London.—Just as the chin gives qualities to the face, so the thumb marks the personality of the hand and is an unerring index to a man's natural strength or weakness of character, remarks London Tit-Bits.

The man with a long, straight thumb, square at the tip, possesses good mental capacity and can always be relied upon to carry out successfully any work with which he may be entrusted.

If the thumbs belong, thick and heavy at the tips, with the joints prominent, a tyrannical and cruel nature is indicated everything being viewed from an intensely selfish standpoint.

A short, straight thumb shows obstinacy and driving power. If very thick and heavy at the tip, a brutish, unreasoning disposition will be noticed.

The thumb close to the hand, a cautious, timid nature is indicated. If the thumb curve outward at the tip, adaptability to people and circumstances is shown, accompanied by natural politeness and a tendency to make compliments. The owner is broadminded, a good conversationalist, impulsive, generous and easy going.

At the first joint—that which forms part of the hand—be full and fleshy, a warm and affectionate nature is denoted; but if very full, sensuality lowers the character.

The boys were gathering water lilies when their boat was upset. Miller was a cripple, and the posture of the boys indicated that Taylor, who was accounted able to take care of himself in the water, had supported his playmate until within a few feet of safety, when his strength failed him.

Millionaires Succeed Life Guards. Long Beach, N. Y.—The regular life guards went on strike here and have been succeeded by a volunteer corps who number about a dozen millionaires in their ranks.

It is in a fairly complete condition and will be mounted at once.

\$700,000,000 is Negroes' Wealth. Philadelphia.—The achievements of the negro race during the fifty years since it was liberated from slavery, were shown here by statistics of the National Negro Business league to the effect that the negroes in the country own chattels and real estate valued at over seven hundred million dollars.

BOY OF THIRTEEN A HERO

Youth Gave His Life Vainly to Save His Crippled Chum From Drowning.

North Limington, Me.—The neighbors believe that William Taylor, aged thirteen years, died a hero, trying to save a helpless companion. His body and that of Harry Miller, ten years old, were found in a mill pond close to the bank.

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DEFIED EVIL GENIUS

By PETER BROWN.

"Seems to me that people are getting tired of being insured," said John Hambleton to his pretty wife, Elsie, as he hung up his hat and took off his overcoat. He cast himself down disconsolately upon the lounge and Elsie sat down beside him.

"Poor business today, dear?" she asked, with her arms round his neck. "Not a cent," answered her husband. "Nor yesterday, either. Hardly ten dollars' worth this week. How are we going to make the next payment on our home?"

Elsie looked about her, at the pretty living room, with the ivy tendrils peeping in at the window, at the flower beds outside, gay with geraniums. It was not a big house, but it was an uncommonly comfortable one, and it was conveniently situated within commuting distance of the city.

They had been lured into the country by an advertisement of a firm of real estate agents, which stated that a new house, with "every convenience," could be purchased for three hundred dollars down, and a little more than ten times that sum "the same as rent." John Hambleton had paid off about two thousand dollars, and now it seemed as though his home was to be taken away. The receipts from his business were steadily dwindling.

Perhaps it was the diversity of his interests that made him unsuccessful. After all, it is difficult to argue convincingly upon the necessity of taking out burglar insurance when you have just been telling another man that the greatest danger to a house comes from fire. And John Hambleton was an agent for all forms of insurance—life, accident, fire, and burglary. So here he was at thirty-five, with a home that was slipping out of his grasp.

"I've spoken to Stimpson," pursued John mechanically. "I asked him to let one installment go. He laughed

at me. He said that if I didn't pay up sharp on the day it was due, he would take back the house. He said that was where the profits came in, and that he couldn't give away expensive houses unless some of the purchasers were going to default."

"But can he take it away, John?" asked Elsie in terror.

"It seems he can. He's got me hard and fast on the agreement, sure enough. And as it looks to me, Elsie, we are going to lose our home on the first of next month."

"John," said Elsie solemnly, "do you know what day of the week we moved out here?"

"Friday," asked her husband gloomily.

"Yes, dear, and if you remember, it was your own suggestion, because the removal company told you you could get a van five dollars cheaper on that day than any other. And we have had nothing but ill luck ever since we came."

Elsie drew out her handkerchief and began to cry. "Their ill luck had, indeed, been phenomenal. John's business had steadily dwindled, sickness had eaten into their little reserve, the house had needed repairs which Stimpson refused to make. The estate firm made its money that way, as the agent had truly said; it gave good value and watched its captives slowly lose their homes. The class of purchasers with whom it dealt was frequently in need of funds; when this need became imperative, Stimpson & Co. took back the property under the cunningly drawn clauses of the contract."

"Well, we'll go," said John savorily. "We'll give the thief his house, with fire insurance and burglary insurance thrown in. And may it perish with him, may it prove the worm of decay that gnaws at the bud of his prosperity until—until—"

That was as far as John could go. They engaged a little city flat, which they found they could obtain without prepayment. They were to move in on the 21st. Elsie was too heart-broken to stay out the entire month. As for Stimpson, when he heard the news he rubbed his hands and grinned.

"John," exclaimed Elsie suddenly, "do you know what day of the week we are going to move back to town?"

"Yes, I do," John answered morosely. "It's Friday, because we can get a moving van five dollars cheaper on that day. And may the hoodoo come along with us and do his darndest."

Elsie clapped her hands. They had smarted so long under their misfortunes—one after another, and all unforeseen—that they found a childish pleasure in defying their evil genius, and Friday, the 21st, might have been Friday, the 13th, for all they cared.

The day arrived, the house was emptied and locked, and the household goods piled in the van. In a peeling rain, which proved the prelude to a tropical thunderstorm, Elsie and John made their way to the station. Wet to the skin, they took their

seats and, too wretched to talk, stared out over the rain-swept fields. The hoodoo was still at work.

They reached town without an accident and engaged a taxicab to take them to their new home. "We may as well be extravagant," said John. "Things couldn't be much worse."

But worse things happened. A crash, a jar, and the vehicle was thrown on its side. John emerged bleeding from a shower of glass. Elsie, uninjured except for a bad shaking, rose to her feet beside him, and they stood staring at the wreckage.

The taxicab had collided with a large motor van—their motor van, bound for the same destination. The van was not much injured, but its contents had been fung to the ground. There was a rent in the Wilton rug, the living-room table was a bundle of firewood, and every piece of glass was broken, including the pier mirror.

The hoodoo showed no signs of letting up. "You don't take furniture insurance, do you, John?" asked Elsie, thoughtfully.

"No," answered John, rubbing his chin. "I wonder whether our home is to be blown away. There may have been an earthquake, Elsie."

But there had been no earthquake. They found their flat, entered, and sat down on the floor. It had been newly varnished, as they discovered about 20 seconds later.

"I think," said John, "that I shall go and buy a bottle of shellac acid. I'd get a revolver, but the acid is cheaper."

"I wouldn't do that, dear," answered his wife. "Let's go out to lunch instead."

This proposition proving more agreeable, they lunched very well at a hotel nearby, escaping with nothing more serious than a plateful of soup over Elsie's dress. When they got home a telegram was awaiting John. He tore it open. It was from Stimpson.

"Your house struck by lightning and burned down," it read. "Can offer you terms."

"The mean scoundrel!" shouted John. "It isn't any good to him now and he wants to lure us back and get it away again after it has been built and partly paid for. I'm going back to break his neck."

"But, John," said Elsie, "didn't you carry fire insurance?"

"Yes—why?—what?" John's mouth opened, and then he seized his wife by the hands and they danced all over the varnished floor.

"I'll get the whole four thousand!" shouted John. "I'll pay the balance due and I'll be out, with two thousand to spare. I guess that hoodoo didn't know about fire insurance."

"Let's hurry to the insurance office, John," said his practical wife. "You know, the company may go bankrupt before we get there."

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He Laughed at Me.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

CAPTURED AT MURFREESBORO

Pennsylvania Minister Relates Story of Arrest of Member of Forrest's Confederate Cavalry.

On June 13, 1862, Company M, Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, of which I was a member, was captured at Murfreesboro, Tenn. I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. John Royal Harris, whose father was a member of Forrest's Confederate cavalry. At my request he sent me the following recollection of his father about our capture, writes J. H. Shuster, Beaver Falls, Pa., in the National Tribune.

The Federals were in three positions—the Ninth Michigan, and Seventh Pennsylvania in the eastern suburb, various detachments at the jail and courthouse in the center of the town, and the Third Minnesota and Hewitt's battery outside the town to the west. Forrest's success was in keeping these separate and capturing them in detail. He first got of his command engaged with the eastern body, which did not surrender till about noon. He then flanked the western body, which had advanced toward the courthouse, but had been held in check until the rear surrendered.

I have heard my father say that the Confederates marched nearly all night coming from McMinnville, and that they rushed into town about daybreak. The pickets had been surprised, and no shots alarmed the sleeping Federals. I heard the ex-sheriff of that county, Mr. Arnold, talk of slipping up on one sentinel. My father said the men were still in their tents, and that he saw a Texas Ranger fire his six-shooter into an open tent. He said that many of the men did not have time to put their clothes on, and that they were marched through the streets so, and that the Texas Rangers amused themselves striking at their shirts with their long whips.

He himself was in one of the independent companies. He saw the assault on the courthouse, and commended the bravery of the defense. His brother was in the jail, suspected of being a spy, from his resemblance to a noted spy and bushwhacker. Other men in the jail were to be killed the next morning, and one Federal, as the men ran to the courthouse for making a stand, set fire to the jail and tried to shoot the prisoners. This man mysteriously disappeared, and it was believed that he was identified and made way with. Father always said that Forrest worked his old game of bluff, and made the Federals think he had more men than he had, and threatened to give no quarter, though, of course, he did not mean it.

I was born about ten miles from Murfreesboro, on the Jefferson pike. From the description of your escape and capture you must have been very close to my old plantation home, and possibly you did visit some of our people.

The prisoners were paroled at McMinnville, and my father went along to help guard them. He said that it was difficult to guard so many, and that they darted off into the bushes all along the way. He lived at McMinnville, and died in 1907 on the old plantation.

It is a matter of record that Colonel Mitchell wired General Buell, June 8, that Colonel Lester had told him of 1,000 Confederates being near McMinnville. Again, June 24, he warned Buell. On the day preceding the capture Buell wired Halleck that his enemy was in that section. Duffield, in view of all this, seemed to let himself be surprised easily. Without the surprise and his widely separated forces Forrest never could have made their capture. It is new to me that your command was without weapons. That, too, seems to be a little against the vigilance of your officer in charge. General Crittenden had superseded Colonel Duffield just a day or so before the capture.

Decorative Steins. The affection of ornamented open shelves in dining rooms with "steins" is a decadent imitation of a custom in high favor in Germany when the silver-smiths of Augsburg and Nuremberg, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries devoted a large amount of invention to the production of drinking cups of various grotesque designs. In Germany today the cups that have this ancient origin are greatly prized by their lucky owners, and when occasionally sold bring high prices. Among the songs of Burns is one upon a whistle used by a Dane of the retinue of Anne of Denmark, when she came to England. This whistle was laid upon a table at the beginning of a drinking bout, and was won by the last drinker who was able to blow it. The Dane conquered all comers until Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwellton—"Maxwellton banks 'Er bonnie"—after three days and nights of a hard contest put the Dane under the table.

Sample of Mexican Unthrift. Acapulco, Mexico, with one of the finest harbors in the world, is one of the most wretched towns in the entire country. It is poorly built, the houses being for the greater part composed of adobe with tiled roofs, while the majority of the poorer class can afford nothing better than rude huts built with poles stuck in the ground, the fronts of the cocoanut palms woven into the sides and the whole thatched. Numerous earthquakes have damaged the buildings, and scattered ruins and cracked walls give the town a wretched appearance. There are no improvements of any kind, no sewers, water works, telephones nor electric lights.

The man who is willing to take things as they come generally finds that some one else has headed them off.

Ten Pins at Antietam. At Antietam, when the Confederates advanced in a solid mass, one of our boys from Elmira, N. Y., climbed a high rock, where he could view the whole scene. He occupied his place unmindful of the bullets whizzing like bees around him. The rebels came on until we could see their faces, and then our battery poured canister into them, which mowed down a long line of Johnnies. Our friend on the rock swung his cap, and shouted: "But-I-lee; set 'em up in the other alley."

Captain Obstacles. While lying in camp at Rolla, Mo., in the fall of 1861, a captain of the 12th Missouri, while drilling his company, marched them to a field with many stumps, and directed that when he gave the command "Obstacles," everyone in front of a stump was to jump over it and the others were to jump, anyway, whether there were stumps in front of them or not. After that the boys called him "Captain Obstacles."

Home Town Helps

PARKS NO LONGER A LUXURY

Not Only a Health Necessity, But Constitute a Most Important Civic Asset.

One of the latest cities to secure general plan reports, joining in with the leading American cities in securing such general schemes of development, is New London, Conn. The report, presented by John Nolan, of Cambridge, formerly of Philadelphia, contains the following reasons why New London and every city should acquire parks:

"There are at least four reasons why New London should now act in a large way in acquiring and improving land for use as parks and playgrounds. (1) Property is steadily increasing in value. It is not likely to be cheaper than it is now. (2) Once bought, park lands increase in value. All other public works depreciate. Parks appreciate. (3) Parks pay for themselves, or more than pay for themselves, by making new real estate values. Some examples in support of this statement are given in the appendix. (4) A sound park policy, vigorously pushed by public authority, soon brings rich gifts from private individuals. The history of American city parks furnishes much evidence in support of this tendency. Cities that own few parks seldom receive gifts of parks. On the other hand, cities like Hartford, Conn., that have a long and honorable record in public park-making, have an equally long and honorable record of private gifts of parks.

"Parks are no longer considered a luxury by growing American cities. They are classed with streets and sewers and schools as a necessity. They contribute directly to health and efficiency, to pleasure and economic vigor. Moreover, they stir and nourish civic pride."

TWELVE HOUSES TO THE ACRE

New Building Regulation That Has Recently Been Put in Operation in England.

On Monday, June 9, the first town-planning scheme under John Burns' town-planning act of 1909 became operative. Before doing so it had to pass through various stages of approval by the local government board, and also to run the gauntlet of the houses of parliament.

The plan thus approved concerns 2,320 acres in the suburbs of Birmingham, upon which, according to the law as established by these various authorities, not over 12 houses to the acre may be erected. This means that, at about five persons to the house, this suburb, laid out on the best of lines, with open space in abundance, will accommodate about 140,000 persons.

In most American cities two-story houses are erected about 40 to the acre, and the average number of individuals is five and two-tenths. This would mean a crowded population of 482,560 on the area of 2,320 acres.

International Garden City Association.

As a result of the enormous amount of correspondence relating to town planning and garden cities in different parts of the world and the formation of various associations in different countries to deal with the propagandist side of these movements, an International Garden Cities and Town Planning association has been formed. For the present the offices will be at 3 Gray's Inn place, London, W. C., and Mr. Ewart G. Culpin will act as honorable secretary. Already a number of organizations dealing with these important matters have intimated their willingness to join such an international movement, and it is proposed to have periodical conferences in the various countries represented in the membership.

During the past two months more than two hundred requests have been received from different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia for information on civic matters.

Landscape Beauty an Asset.

The courts in several states have declared that landscape beauty is an asset and that man has neither legal or moral right to desecrate it by the erection of billboards. All states should eliminate every one of these objectionable blots on the landscape, even if a constitutional amendment be necessary in order to control the matter. One year from date of passage of the act should be given the billboard companies to retire from the business. This is but fair, and we should insist that the billboard must go—Exchange.

Melons of Immense Size.

In the southeastern part of Asiatic Turkey immense melons are grown on the rich and moist land which, in the wet season, forms part of the bed of the Tigris. For about half of the year the river is much reduced in size and then the melons are produced in great abundance on the bottom lands uncovered. Some watermelons are declared part of Turkey to be as big as flour barrels. The musk melons are nearly as large but rounder. Neither variety is of fine quality, the flesh being too coarse and not very sweet.

Locating Them.

"Ah, the ugly ducklings of yesterday—I wonder what has become of them all!"

"Have you looked into some of these places where turkey-trotting is all the rage?"

Gravy.

"Why do you think your uncle is mean?"

"Because he is spending the money he accumulated by a life of hard work, and he ought to be saving it to leave to me."