

# PARIS IS HAVEN OF MEXICAN STATESMEN

## Fallen and Exiled Congregate in French Capital Where Diaz Lives.

Paris, Special: The Parisian colony of Mexican statesmen, past and present, is fast increasing. Headed by former president Porfirio Diaz, his most conspicuous figure, it now includes Adolfo de la Lanza, Mexican minister of finance, who is visiting Paris and London to negotiate a loan for the Huerta government; Joseph Limantour, former Mexican minister of finance; Emilio Rangel, minister of foreign affairs, of public instruction and of the interior; William de Landa, former governor of the federal district of Mexico, and Miguel Diaz Lombardo, who was Mexican minister to France under the late President Francisco Madero, and who is president of a committee representing the constitutionalists in Mexico.

General and Senora Diaz are living quietly in a family hotel in the Avenue des Champs Elysees. The general's room faces the Arc de Triomphe, commemorating Napoleon's success. Here, where there is a fine view of the surroundings, the retired president spends much of his time. Ministers who served under his government visit him now and then, but General Diaz is somewhat deaf and this has increased his desire for retirement. Senora Diaz is her husband's constant companion, acting as interpreter for visitors. Senora Diaz has a good command of English, of which the general uses none. Porfirio Diaz, Jr., also lives near his father and makes frequent calls.

The impression among persons who know General Diaz and who have been associated with him is that he is not the rich man he is supposed to be. He lives modestly, although paying \$20 a day for his apartment, and while considered to be in comfortable circumstances, his general life is not to be large. During his active life he paid but little attention to matters of finance, it is said. The general seldom goes to the theaters, but takes frequent automobile rides about Paris. His step is sprightly and he appears to be in good health.

### People Favor Foreign Names.

From the New York Press.

A writer in a periodical quotes a foreign visitor, surprised at the great number of European names in this country and the imitation of foreign ideas generally, as remarking that the parrot instead of the eagle ought to be the national emblem. It appears that the favorite designations of towns in America are Chester, Newport and Troy. There are 32 of the first, 20 of the second, and 23 of the third. Canton, Oxford, Weymouth and Auburn are close behind. There are 21 Waterloos, 17 Bunkerhills, 15 Wellingtons and 14 Wellesleys, as compared with 28 Washingtons, 14 Decatur and one Farragut. Not only do names based upon historical events in this country have a poor array beside the imported variety, but Indian names are noticeably lacking.

One reason for this condition which will occur to everybody is the fact that a large proportion of the names in vogue during the colonial period, when the thoughts of Americans were centered upon the new world and its kings, noblemen, statesmen and heroes, the colonists were also fond of bestowing upon their new places of residence the names of the towns or counties they had left in England. Even long after the colonial period conditions were not much different in some parts of the country, and as late as 1892 it was estimated that seven-eighths of the people of Massachusetts were descended from colonists who had arrived before 1811.

While these facts apply to the eastern states, they do not cover the nomenclature of the west, where the same following of foreign models is noticeable. In there were a tract of the old disposition to reproduce the names of former homes, that would be a simple explanation; but there is the same use of historical and classic names with Europe. A list of new stations on one of the Pacific railroads named a short time ago does not contain even one American designation.

Many of the original Indian names are noticeably euphonious, such as Alleghany, Susquehanna, Pocahontas and a host of others.

### Artists Make Strange Errors.

From the Kansas City Times.

In the dome of the capitol at Washington there are eight great paintings—carefully designed and executed by the artists for the adornment of the national building. Yet five of them are either defective in technique, or in error as to natural or historical facts.

One of the best known pictures is that in which Washington is shown resigning his commission to the continental congress. There are two young girls, almost life size, standing in the foreground. They are very pretty young girls, but one of them has three hands! One left hand rests on the neck of the man, and the other left hand is round her companion's waist. Doubtless the artist, Trumbull painted both hands to see which pose he preferred, and then forgot to paint out the superfluous hand.

Diagonally across the rotunda is the painting of the "Baptism of Pocahontas." Sitting in the foreground is Opechancanough, the uncle of Pocahontas. He is barefooted and the artist has given his six toes on his left foot.

In the painting of the "Landing of Columbus," which used to be reproduced on the \$5 banknote, the artist has painted three flags. They are very well drawn, but one is blowing east, one west and one south, which indicates a very variable condition of the wind on that famous day in the picture. The artist, "The artist of Cornwallis," General Washington is conspicuously seated upon a white horse. By the surrender, Cornwallis did not surrender his army in person, but sent a substitute officer to do so. Accordingly a second rank to do so. Accordingly a second rank to do so.

The fifth picture is the "Declaration of Independence." It is wrong only in the title. The declaration was adopted July 4, but it was not signed by the members of the congress until August 2, 1776.

### School Savings Banks.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The school savings bank is not very well known in the south and west, but it has been adopted by nearly 1,200 schools in the United States, the most of which are in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. Forty schools in Oakland, Cal., adopted it in 1910, while 24 in San Francisco and 11 in Berkeley adopted it last year.

The idea originated in France, where it long has been popular. In the nearly 1,200 schools in the United States of which it has become a feature, the deposits are said to aggregate more than \$3,000,000. The advantage claimed for it is that it inculcates thrift and induces many boys and girls to take up the saving habit. By depositing small amounts of money which otherwise would be frittered away for articles of doubtful value or benefit, the pupils accumulate a fund of respectable proportions. These funds in many cases have grown to such size as to enable the depositors to pay their way through academies and even through colleges.

### According to estimates there are 27,000 electric vehicles in use in the United States, of which number about 25,000 are pleasure cars and 12,000 commercial vehicles.

Chicago holds the record with 2,850 vehicles, New York with 2,000, comes second, and Cleveland with 1,800, comes third.

# THE SAND-MAN'S STORY FOR TONIGHT BY MRS. FAWCER

## GLADIO—PART I.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Hop out, little girl," he said, "here we are at home."

Gladio found herself in a room where it was nice and warm and a table was spread for her supper. After she had eaten, the giant told her to ring a little bell that was on the table.

In a few minutes a queer looking little woman appeared.

"Show Gladio to her room," said the giant.

The little old woman wore a funny peaked white cap, which had a full ruffle around the face. Her dress was black and short, showing a shiny pair of high heeled shoes with silver buckles.

She also wore a white apron without a wrinkle in it.

Her eyes were bright and while her skin and her nose almost touched, she had a kindly voice and Gladio did not feel afraid when she said, "Come along, dearie. I will show you where you are to sleep."

Gladio felt she had known her all her life, and was quite willing to go with her.

"Good night," said the giant as Gladio went out of the room, "you need not be afraid here; no one will harm you."

"I feel quite sure of that," replied Gladio, as she said good night to him. The little old lady took Gladio to a pretty little room and told her a story after she was in bed and the first thing she knew she had been asleep and it was morning and time to get up.

When Otto and the four sisters awoke they found themselves in a nice comfortable house with a lawn in front, although it was covered with snow, and at the back of the house there was a place for a large vegetable garden.

"Is this not much better than having Gladio?" asked one of the sisters.

"Yes, Otto," said the giant, "but you have four daughters left; you can easily spare her." But Otto shook his head. "No," he replied, "I can never enjoy this home, for I do not know whether Gladio is happy or not; perhaps she is crying in this nut."

"You are a foolish old man," said his daughters, "and you do not appreciate all the good fortune that has come to you."

But Otto was not happy. He wanted to know where Gladio was and he did not know where to go to find her.

At last his daughters told him to go and look around the grounds of his new home, hoping he would forget Gladio and not bother worrying about her.

While he was gone a knock came at the door and when one of the sisters opened it there stood the giant.

In tomorrow's story I will tell you why he came.

## GLADIO—Continued.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When the four sisters saw the giant they all called out at once: "What is the matter?" for they were afraid he had come to return Gladio and take their new home from them.

"Your little sister is homesick," said the giant, "and she wishes to come back to you. She has cried all night and will not eat. What shall I do?"

"If I bring her back you will have to give up your home and be poor again."

"No, no," said all four sisters at once; "keep her; she is a silly child, and if she does not stop crying shut her in a dark room and feed her on bread and water."

Then they hurried the giant away for fear their father would see him and hear his story.

"The giant has been here," they told Otto when he came in the house, "and Gladio is quite well and happy. She has everything she wants."

The next day while Otto was out the giant called again.

"What is the matter?" called all four sisters at the same time they were sure the giant had Gladio in one of his big pockets.

"Something terrible has happened; your sister has fallen into the power of an old witch," said the giant, "and will be changed into a black cat unless you take her back at once, and she is crying for her sisters and her father. Shall I bring her back?"

"No, no," replied all the sisters at once; "keep her and let the witch change her into a cat; that will be the end of her and you will not be bothered with her crying and we will not have her home. Hurry away," they said, "before our father sees you."

Now, the truth of the matter was that Gladio was very happy in her new home, but the giant wished to test her hard hearted sisters.

They watched him out of sight, but they did not know that he returned by another road to look for Otto, and when he saw him he called very softly so that the sisters might not hear, "Otto! Otto!"

When Otto heard his name he looked around and when he saw the giant he hurried to him, asking eagerly, "Where is Gladio? Is she well?"

"No," said the giant, "she is crying for you and wants to come home, but you need not take her back if you do not want her, for an old witch will change her into a black cat and that will be the end of her."

"No, no," cried Otto. "Where is my poor little girl? Do not let the witch harm her; take me to her."

"I cannot do that," said the giant, "but if you really want Gladio I will bring her back; but remember, if I do this you will lose your nice comfortable home and go back to your poor house, where I first found you."

"I do not care," replied Otto, "only bring back Gladio and I will never again complain."

## THE HERO.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I wish I had lived in the times when men did great things and went to battle. There were heroes in those days," said Ned Lawton. "There are just as many heroes now," said his mother, with a smile, "only they are not recognized as such by the majority of people." "Oh, of course I know that," said Ned, "but I mean that there are not so many as in the days when there were so many wars and Indians to fight."

"Yes, there are," his mother persisted, "and you can be one if you wish." Ned looked at his mother with surprise. "How can I be a hero, mother?" he asked. "By doing right when you are tempted to do wrong. The man or woman who overcomes a real temptation does a heroic thing and wins as great a battle as the man who goes to war with a regiment. Ned sat quietly thinking for a few minutes, and then he asked: "If I had not gone swimming the other day when the boys teased me to go, would that have been a victory?" "Yes," replied his mother, that would

the bonnet out of her reach, her hair flying over her head and into her eyes.

"Oh, look at old granny," called out one of the boys. "Why don't you run and catch it," called another as the bonnet again escaped the old woman's grasp. "Oh, basket, it is blowing away, too!" called another, and then a shout of glee went up as the old woman's shawl blew over her head. Ned had been a silent spectator and his impulse was to help the old woman, but he feared to see his playmates and stood still. Suddenly his mother's words came to him, "Dare to do right." Ned did not hesitate any longer. He ran to the old woman and straightened her shawl; then he ran after the bonnet, that had blown against a post. The boys did not say anything at first, but when Ned put the bonnet on the old woman's head and tied the strings, they shouted, "Oh, look at granny's little girl! Where are your curls, Neddie?" Ned's face flushed and his eyes flashed, but he went bravely on helping the old woman. "You wait here," he told her, leading her to a sheltered doorway of a nearby house. Then he picked up her basket and gathered the scattered groceries and put them in the basket. "Going home with Grandma?" called one of the boys. "Yes, Neddie, be a good little boy," said another, "and carry the basket." "You shut up," called Ned, "or I'll punch you." "Oh! little girl, don't fight," called out Fred Smith; "you'll have to stay in and sew, if you are naughty." This last was too much for Ned. He put the basket on the ground and ran into the lot, but the boys ran, too. "You wait till I catch you, Fred Smith," he called;

## THE SQUIRRELS' PARTY.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Merrie and Whiskers were two little squirrels. They lived in the hollow of a tall tree, and when the nut-gathering season was over they found they had a large store of nuts.

"We have enough nuts to last all winter," said Whiskers, "and the weather became warm again, and one day Merrie, who liked fun, said: 'Let us give a party. We can put the nuts in little heaps on the ground around the tree, and the guests can help themselves.'"

"Whom shall we ask?" said Whiskers.

"The Rabbits and the two Owls in the next tree," said Merrie, "and we should ask the Sparrows, but they chatter so I do not care much about having them."

"There is the Hedgehog," said Whiskers; "we cannot leave him out, although he is asleep, but he will be invited. I hope he is," said Merrie, "for I could not be comfortable with him around."

"And the Squirrels in the big oak," said Whiskers, "we ought to invite them, but they are so noisy, and if you ask these Squirrels they will be borrowing all winter; every sunny day they will be running over here, thinking they are here to spare a few nuts as well as not. No, they are not to be invited." The next night, when the moon was shining brightly, Merrie and Whiskers sat on the limb of the tree waiting for their guests.

The nuts were all arranged, and as the Hedgehog could not be awakened, Merrie felt comfortable and expected to have a good time.

There were the Rabbits, said Whiskers, and Mrs. Rabbit has on a new brown coat. Merrie and Whiskers ran down to the ground and greeted the Rabbits; then the Owls came, and after waiting for the Sparrows a few minutes Merrie said, "I

## THE JUMPING JACK.

(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A little wooden jumping jack hung in a shop window, a string was tied around his neck and arms and legs hung quite limp, but if anyone had pulled the string that was just at the end of his spine they would soon have discovered that he was not so meek as he looked. Now this is exactly what happened. For in the center of the window facing him was a lady doll who wore the most bewitching little poke bonnet, and from under it Jack could see a pair of bright eyes, but they seemed to never look at him.

If only some one would pull the string that moved his legs and arms he knew he not only would attract her attention, but he would jump and perform as never before, and he was sure he would win her admiration. The poke bonnet wore the finest rosebuds, and Jack had named her, in his little wooden heart. Rose. Rose wore a dress of pink silk, and on her arm she carried a bag filled with pins; this he had named her, for it was just like a parrot that sat on a swing near him.

"But she will never notice you," the parrot had told him when he caught Jack looking at Rose one day, with loving looks; "she is very proud, and she says she is French, whatever that is," said the parrot. But no one pulled the string and Jack had no opportunity of displaying his agility and testing Rose's regard for him, and there came a piece of paper and she was carried away by a pretty woman. Poor Jack hung more limp than ever, and he thought his little wooden heart was broken, but the parrot told him to cheer up, "there are plenty more dolls in the world, and more suitable to love than that French creature."

But Jack did not think so, and while he tried to look as though he had forgotten the matter, he was really thinking of the girl who had fallen, and in the daytime he looked toward the place where she had sat, with a sad heart. And then something happened; a woman with a little boy came into the shop and bought Jumping Jack. He was carried to a big house and put in a room with many other toys. There were many animals and a Teddy bear, but not a doll was to be seen, and although Jack jumped high and fast at first, after a while he grew tired and wished for the window again and the parrot, to whom he could talk of Rose.

"If there was a doll of any sort here,"

## Saved By Umbrella.

From the Strand.

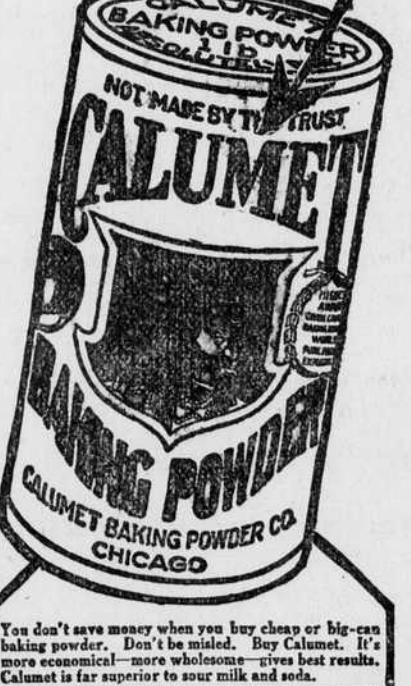
During a thunderstorm in Deal, England, Minnie Rogers, aged 17, was walking along one of the small back streets of the town carrying a number of umbrellas, etc., when a vivid flash of lightning, evidently attracted by the steel frame of one of the umbrellas she was holding, ripped open her own umbrella, struck her, and threw her violently to the ground. There was only one gentleman in the street at the time, and he assisted her to rise. Strangely enough, when she had done so she found that all her clothes, umbrella, and cap were perfectly dry, whereas before she had been drenched, for the current of the lightning had been deflected by the steel frame of her umbrella. "I felt just as though my head had been struck by a wasp, there was a singing noise in my ears, and I seemed to see a bright light, like the sun, shining through my umbrella. With the exception of her

# Better Biscuits Baked

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You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS  
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.  
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



Even at an international suffrage convention hats claim a share of the general interest. Miss Anna Maxwell Jones gives an account of her experiences at the Budapest conference. "Every woman," she says, "had to take off her hat and leave it with the soldier at the door. I suppose the explanation may have been the queerness of some of them. I saw one woman wearing a thing like a cornucopia upside down, with tassels on each side. Of course I thought it was an interesting national costume, with which I was unfamiliar, and made bold to ask her about it. 'Oh, no, indeed. This is a Paris hat,' she replied."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

Almost an Egotist.  
"Jimmy seems to like himself pretty well, doesn't he?"  
"Yes, I fancy that he thinks his father and mother ought to get down on their knees every night and thank heaven for having permitted them to become his parents."

The Cough is what hurts, but the tickle is to blame. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops stop the tickle—5¢ at good Druggists.

Her Way.  
Joe—What is the easiest way to drive a nail without smashing my fingers?  
Josephine—Hold the hammer in both hands.—Ohio Sun Dial.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes are the brightest and fastest. Adv.

Accounted For.  
"There is a lot of spirit in that song."  
"That is why it keeps haunting you."

The average man's brains are useful to another man who knows just how to use them.

The punishment of pride and cruelty will be heavy though it may be long in coming.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.  
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