

DAN CUPID, CHAUFFEUR.

By Lilian C. Paschal

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"Society, frivolity, charity, and the greatest of these is charity."

Anice covered a rosebud mouth, half blown into a yawn, with a gloved hand as she stood in argumentative attitude before the flickering gas log.

"I'm sick of the first two, lady mother. Therefore will I practice charity."

"Well," said her mother plaintively, taking up a novel, "do be careful with that automobile. Don't let it run away with you. You'll get smallpox or something down in that awful ghetto, as you call it. And be sure to change your clothes before!"

But her tall, willful daughter was already half way down stairs. Pausing in the hall and trusting her hands into the sleeves of her long raglan, she said:

"Go back to my room, Celeste, and bring me the violets to wear."

"Oul, mamsele, but ze violets have faded since yesterday. Ze pink roses go better wiz miladi's gown."

Miss Anice repeated her order more imperatively. She would have told you that she detested dictation and pink teas.

Dr. Harvey had been guilty of the first in an eminent degree. In consequence he was carrying round a returned diamond ring in close proximity to a very heavy heart, which had also been declined with thanks, as though it were an unavailable manuscript.

Charity covers a multitude of heart-aches. Therefore was Miss Anice speeding on errands of mercy this clear December day.

And the fateful Juggernaut car which had ridden ruthlessly over two fond hearts and brought about this state of affairs was no other than the little white electric runabout which was now carrying her ghoulishly.

"Harvey was always so superior!" she thought scornfully as she pressed down on the accelerator and shot around Deadman's curve, narrowly grazing a policeman and scattering his convoy of pedestrians. "I can run the White Arrow as well as he can." For their quarrel had been brought about by a difference of opinion as to her qualifications as chauffeur.

To be sure, the little Jewish newsboy to whom she was playing Lady Bountiful was laid up with a pair of smashed toes as a result of a contested right of way. In the encounter her automobile had come out on top in every sense of the word and had been seen gallantly carrying supplies to a defeated foe whose wounds the farseeing parents did not allow to heal too rapidly.

"But of course everybody has to learn to be anything," she comforted herself, not choosing to remember that Harvey had counseled her to wait till she did learn before venturing out of the park, "and papa gave me the White Arrow only in October. I think I've done pretty well in that time."

She sighed when she thought how long it had been, because it was only the week after that Harvey— Oh, dear! And he had hinted about a pearl necklace for her birthday! Now, among her treasures gifts, not one from him, not even a bunch of flowers—he who had sent her violets every day! But she blushed as she glanced down at those tucked under her coat lapel.

She was winking so fast to keep the tears back that she did not see the numerous warning symptoms of the great lower east side, the hundreds of children, abundant riches of the poor. Becoming mistily conscious of a gurgling squall stopped half way down a baby throat, she looked back and saw a sprawling infant in her wake.

The White Arrow had gone completely over the child, "straddling" it neatly, so she picked him up more frightened than hurt. After comforting him with some of Ikey's confectionery supplies she rode on, leaving him with round eyes still staring tearfully and rounder mouth peacefully stuffed with raisins.

Arrived at last in Hester street, she checked brake and lever in front of the tenement where Ikey abode. She was at once swarmed upon like a queen bee by hordes of children to whom the daily visit of the white, horseless buggy was a great event.

It is sad to relate that with all her vaunted capability as an autolist Mistress Anice forgot a small but very important matter. She went up stairs loaded with good things to gladden the heart of Ikey and his numerous relatives and forgot to take from its socket the little running plug of the White Arrow. With that tiny key safe in her chateleine bag the capacity for mischief in the combination of small boy and automobile was reduced to a minimum. Her electric horse would be hitched fast. But with that brass plug lurking impishly in its hiding place behind the leather apron of the seat and with little Mose Rudinsky's bump of curiosity much inflated the inevitable occurred.

"What're afraid?"

"What juvenile bosom ever failed to respond to that battler?"

Mose scrambled up the big, fat cushioned wheel.

"Der loidly zed fer us not ter tech nt!" warned another stolidly, while a third cautiously fingered the shining, unlit eye of the fore light.

Mose stood up and grasped the bright steering lever. It moved and the front wheels with it, bumping viciously into the shins of the boy who had questioned the courage of Mose, whereupon that young gentleman

laughed triumphantly and sat down comfortably on the soft leather seat, his grimy face, tousled black hair and greasy garments ludicrously out of place among the luxurious cushions. His elbow struck the controller handle. There was new food for investigations. Mose investigated. The White Arrow started obediently down the street.

Miss Anice was descending the rickety stairs amid a shower of blessings when she heard a shout below.

"What's wrong?" she demanded of a panting child.

"Yer nottomobile!" he gasped. "It's run—off—wid Mose!"

When Anice reached the pavement, breathless and pale, she could see down the narrow street a runaway automobile, with a frightened bareheaded boy clinging to the seat and screaming frantically.

She ran blindly after him, dizzy with visions of a sickening collision on the street car line a few blocks away. A burly policeman joined in the chase, and recruits swarmed up, seemingly from the ground.

Suddenly a tall young man in a long ulster appeared around the corner ahead of the flying White Arrow.

"Jam your lever back!" he shouted. But poor Mose was too frightened to obey. He only clung tighter to the controller, pushing it to the third notch. The carriage shot forward. As it bowled toward the tall young man he sprang out almost directly in its path.

He waited till it sped alongside, then quick as a flash flung himself on the rear of the auto. Grasping the projecting axle, he swung himself up, then reached over the back of the seat and seized the controller.

"Lift your foot," he commanded. Mose, with face very white under its dirt, obeyed meekly.

"Now, youngster, where did you get this machine?"

The tall young man seated himself calmly, backed the runabout slowly and turned it around, following the direction of Mose's trembling finger.

Miss Anice was waiting to receive them at the crossing.

"Oh, Harvey—you," she said, then very dignifiedly: "Thank you very much, Dr. Givins. I had no idea."

"I was down below here to see a patient." He bowed gravely as he descended from the carriage.

"In Hester street?" she queried.

"Yes," he said, meeting her glance unflinchingly. "I have several in this region. Ikey Meemstein among them."

He did not deem it necessary to add that he also had practiced charity only since October.

"Shall I assist you up, Miss—Anice?" the last as he caught sight of the faded violets.

She followed the direction of his glance and blushed furiously.

"There was no card with them"—she excused weakly.

"But you knew they were mine, didn't you, Anice, dear?"

"Yes, I thought so," she said very softly.

Then she bravely flew the flag of unconditional surrender.

"Won't you please take me home, Harvey. I don't think I can manage the White Arrow very well—yet."

His face lit up joyfully as he swung into the seat beside her. His left hand was upon the controller, but his right disappeared under her raglan sleeve.

The Pagan.

Peter was dying, and he had been a friend of mine as long as I could remember. He had gone to work under ground at the age of seven. He had never been properly fed. Every day he had come sweating to the surface after a climb of 200 fathoms, had changed and walked a couple of miles to his clean, cheerless cottage. Now he was fifty-five, and he looked seventy, and heart and lungs had given out. He knew that he was near the end and still kept his philosophy. He was as honest a man as ever lived, and it had often seemed strange that he was almost the only man in that village of Methodists who had no religion. He lay dying and was content except for the fact that he could no longer enjoy tobacco. One day I sat by his bed when the doctor came. He was a shy man and a very earnest Christian, and he was fond of Peter. I knew that he had something he was desperately anxious to say, and I was on the point of taking my leave when he spoke, dropping, as one did with Peter, into the old cussing dialect:

"Where do 'ee think you'm goin' to, Peter, when you do die?"

Peter looked up at him with the kindest of smiles. "Dunnaw, doctor; but I never knew a horse yet that couldn't get a bit o' grass somewhere."

—Academy.

Meaning of "Sophomore."

Says a literary man: "I used to think that the word 'sophomore' was made up of the Greek word signifying wise and the English word 'more.' The word was thus applicable, I thought, to the second class in a college because they were 'more wise' than their fellows in their own estimation. But it seems that the word has a purer genealogy and a meaning even less flattering to the class of collegians to whom it is applied. It was first used at the University of Cambridge, England, and in its infancy appeared in the form 'soph-mor.' It was composed of the word 'soph,' a contraction for 'sophister,' and a Greek word meaning foolish (moros)."

The college course extended over three years and one term. The respective classes of students were termed freshmen or first year men, junior sophs or soph-mors, senior sophs and questioners. This nomenclature was transferred to the American higher institutions of learning, and in the form freshmen, juniors and seniors, still exists."

ERRORS OF HISTORY

FICTIONS THAT FOR CENTURIES HAVE POSED AS FACTS.

Why the Colossus of Rhodes Could Not Have Spanned the Harbor—The Force of Leonidas at Thermopylae. The William Tell Myth.

There have been woven into history many interesting stories that time and investigation have proved myths, but in spite of the efforts of the leucoclasts these mistakes of history still pass current with many people.

Probably one of the most affecting scenes connected with the making of literature is that described in the oft repeated story of the blind poet Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters. Dr. Johnson, however, has been quoted as denying it. He said, furthermore, that Milton never even permitted his daughters to learn to read and write.

A favorite "piece" with western and southern schoolboys on recitation and exhibition days was a set of verses telling of the heroic stand of Leonidas and his brave "300" at Thermopylae. The Abbe Barthelmy, who asserted that he had inquired minutely into the subject, wrote that, according to Diodorus, Leonidas had 7,000 men under him and that Pausanias gave the number of Leonidas' army as 12,000.

Did Caesar say to the pilot: "Why do you fear? You have Caesar on board."

Many trustworthy historians declare that Caesar never used the words quoted.

The inside of cigar box covers are sometimes ornamented with a picture of the Colossus of Rhodes, with ships in full sail passing between the outstretched legs of the gigantic statue. These pictures reflect the popular and what for centuries was the historical idea of the Colossus, which was accounted one of the seven wonders of the world. It may be interesting to know that all drawings of the statue are purely imaginary and, what is more, are modern, not ancient, efforts. The Colossus was erected in 305 B. C. The most trustworthy of ancient accounts of it is contained in a manuscript dating about 150 B. C., in which the height of the statue is given as 105 feet. The entrance to the harbor of Rhodes is 350 feet across, so that it was manifestly impossible that the legs of the Colossus should span the entrance to the port or that ships should sail beneath it.

As a matter of fact the Colossus was not built across the harbor, but on an open space of ground near it; but, for all that, it was a wonderful statue.

People whose sympathies are easily aroused have wept over the wrongs of Belisarius, the conqueror of the Vandals, who, many were taught, "begged his bread at the city gates" after having commanded victorious armies and been of much service to the state. The good old general was unquestionably an unfortunate and much abused man, but there is no proof that he begged his living at the city gates or elsewhere. Yet Van Dyke engraved him and David, the great Frenchman, painted him, and tragedies and romances were written around him in the belief that he did sit at the city gates a forlorn and disconsolate object with palm outstretched for alms.

The facts are, a conspiracy against the Emperor Justinian being discovered, two of Belisarius' officers confessed under torture that the old general was in the plot. He was condemned without further hearing, his property sequestrated, and he suffered imprisonment for six months. His innocence being established, Belisarius was released, and he died about a year later. But that he ever was reduced to the extremity of begging is declared to be absolutely untrue.

The schoolbook tale of William Tell shooting an apple from his son's head is also without foundation in fact. Tell's name doesn't even appear in the chronicles of Zurich, and the most ancient writing in which the story is mentioned bears date some 200 years after the event it pretends to describe. The story is a variation of an old Scandinavian saga. A similar bit of "history" is related of William of Cloudsley in England in the twelfth century.

It is denied also that Emperor Charles V. of Spain on his abdication adopted the habit of a monk and occupied himself in the manufacture of clocks. It is declared that he never ceased to be emperor de facto, and he never surrendered control of affairs of state.

Coming down to later times, the people of three different countries claimed three different men as inventors of the steam engine. In America there is a popular belief to this day that Robert Fulton built the first successful engine and steamboat. In England the Marquis of Worcester, who published an account of a steam engine in 1663, has received credit for the invention. In France Solomon de Caus (1615) was regarded as the genius who had given to the world a new motive power. Each of them may have conceived and worked out the idea of a steam engine without the slightest knowledge of what had been done in that direction before their day, but none of them might rightly lay claim to being the first in the field.

On April 17, 1543, Don Blasco de Garay launched a boat of 200 tons burden at Barcelona in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. The boat was propelled by steam and made ten miles an hour. She was called La Sanctissima Trinidad. The emperor gave to Don Blasco a handsome present, but did not regard the invention as practicable, and nothing came of it. From this it would seem that Fulton was centuries behind the times.—New York Mail and Express.

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Boil a gallon of water until there is but a quart left, and the quart will contain all the impurities of the gallon and be nearly four times as impure as before. Continue the boiling, and all the impurities—animal, vegetable and mineral, except the gases thrown off—will be reduced to one solid mass. The water which is evaporated and passed off as steam is very nearly pure. But, you will say, it kills the dangerous germs. We will suppose it does, but their remains furnish material for bacterial life to feed upon. Do you relish the idea of eating in food or drinking their dead and decomposing bodies, which poison the water by their decomposition? The fact is scientific investigation has proved that boiling only kills the feeblest, the least injurious, germs.

Try a simple experiment. Put unboiled city water in one bottle and the same that has been boiled for half an hour or more in another, cork tightly and keep in the sun or in a warm place for a week or longer and note the difference. The unboiled water will show a marked depreciation in looks, taste and smell, but that which has been boiled will be so much worse in these respects that no one would think of using it. In comparison with these you can submit a properly sealed bottle of pure distilled water to the same conditions, and at the end of a year it will be found to be as pure, sweet and perfect as when first bottled.

The purest and best and the only absolutely safe water to use for drinking and the preparation of all foods and artificial drinks is that produced by distillation, but the most imperfect one produces a water far superior in purity and healthfulness to the very best spring waters under their most favorable conditions. The nearest approach to it in purity is rainwater, which is distilled water of nature's own production, when collected on clean surfaces, in uninhabited sections, where the air is pure and uncontaminated by smoke, dust, city and factory gases, etc.—Sanitarian.

SOME WRITERS.

Locke is said to have spent over six years in the preparation of his essay, "On the Human Understanding."

Lamartine, the great French poet, was happily married and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.

The great Dante was married to a notorious scold, and when he was in exile he had no desire to see her, although she was the mother of his six children.

Wolfe is said to have written "The Burial of Sir John Moore" in one evening directly after news had been brought of the defeat at Coruna and the death of the gallant British officer.

A friend of the late Walter Besant relates that the novelist always kept on his desk before him a list of the characters of the novel he happened to be at work on, their relationship and appearance.

Hans Christian Andersen formed his style by narrating his stories to various groups of children before he wrote them down. His one thought was to become famous, and he was very careful not to make any enemies.

Dickens says in the introduction to "David Copperfield" that he spent two years in the composition of that novel. He did not usually require so long a time, many of his novels being finished in less than a year and most of his shorter stories in a few days.

Animals and Salt.

Among certain people there is a strong idea that nothing is worse for dogs than salt, but as a matter of fact, when administered in small quantities, it materially assists the process of digestion. There is no doubt, however, that to give dogs or any other animals broth or pot liquor in which salt pork or bacon has been boiled would be almost equivalent to giving them a small dose of poison. The use of salt among horses, cattle and sheep is advocated by the highest veterinary authorities. Pigs, on the contrary, are extremely susceptible to the poisonous influence of the agent, and experiments have been made which had, after small doses regularly administered, fatal results. Habitually, as a matter of course, all animals consume a certain portion of salt, as it exists in certain proportions in most articles of food.—London Mail.

Tilden's Dog.

At one of the early dog shows Samuel J. Tilden bought an immense Great Dane dog. "What's his name?" asked a visitor.

"Ask him," said Mr. Tilden. "What good would that do?" "It's his name," was the reply. So it was—"Askim."

The dog knew a number of tricks, but would only perform when fed. "He'd make a good politician," said his owner as he gave him a bone.—New York World.

At the Parting of the Ways.

"Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?" asked the justice of the peace.

"I don't know whether to do it or not, squire," said the young woman, wiping her eyes. "He's got the money from me to pay for the license. I don't like to marry a man of that kind, and yet I hate to see \$2 wasted."—Chicago Tribune.

Dog's Teeth.

De Style—He pulled fifteen teeth from me.

Gunbusta—He's no dentist. De Style—I know it, but he pried open the dog's mouth and yanked him off.—New York Telegram.

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