

Many men who start toward success never get there because they stop on the road to accept too many congratulations.

NOT A MATTER OF LOYALTY.

Simple But Insuperable Reason Why Subject Could Not Kneel Before His King.

One fancies that few types of men, can, from time to time, have afforded royalty more amusement of a quiet sort than provincial mayors of England. "From the Foreland to Penzance," by Clive Holland, contains the story of a mayor of Weymouth who, during one of the visits of King George to the town, was destined to afford "comic relief" to a ceremony of some importance.

The occasion was the presentation of an address of welcome to the king, and we are told that the mayor, on approaching to present it, to the astonishment and dismay of all, instead of kneeling, as he had been told to do, seized the queen's hand to shake it as he might that of any other lady.

Col. Gwynne, the master of the ceremonies, hurriedly told him of the faux pas, saying: "You should have knelt, sir."

"Sir, I cannot," was the reply. "Everybody does, sir," hotly asserted the colonel.

The mayor grew red, and evidently much upset, exclaimed: "Confound it, sir, but I've got a wooden leg!"

History records that "a smile suffused the face of her majesty, and the king laughed outright."—Youth's Companion.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Quite True.

Marian, a little three-year-old, is very stubborn. One day, when she was fretful, her mother, wishing to engage her mind, attracted her attention to a cow in a vacant lot and asked what it was.

Marian replied, "hoss" (horse) and stubbornly refused to give in. Her mother, wishing to get a correct answer without scolding, asked: "What eats grass besides a horse?" "More hoss," was the quick response.—Delineator.

Household Hint.

"Do you know how to use a chafing dish?" "Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I have some novel ideas on the subject."

"What are they?" "The best way I know of to use a chafing dish is to punch a hole in the bottom of it, paint it green and plant flowers in it."—Washington Star.

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

Athleticism Extraordinary. "Why," said the first athletic boaster, "every morning before breakfast I get a bucket and pull up 90 gallons from the well." "That's nothing," retorted the other. "I get a boat every morning and pull up the river."—Universal Leader.

Succinct. Justice O'Hagan—Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly? Mrs. Kelly—I hav two living an' wan married!—Judy.

Nebraska Directory

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"LES APACHES" of PARIS

BY EDWARD W. TICKARD



the recently restored guillotine, and whenever there is to be an execution the Apaches flock from all districts of the city to witness the ghastly sight. Silently they stand, gazing at the grim instrument of death, until the condemned individual is brought forth. Then jeers and howls break forth from the crowd, and as the knife falls the Apaches rush forward to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood. These they preserve as souvenirs, or sell them to the degenerates of the upper classes.

Strangely enough, the male Apaches nearly all look alike. They are hollow-cheeked, dark-haired, furtive-eyed, shambling of gait and sallow of complexion—always easily recognized among the throngs on the streets. The women on the other hand, as a rule, are handsome, spirited and intelligent. They dress well and give especial attention to the care of their hair, which they never cover with a hat. All of them, men and women, profess to follow some trade as a safeguard against the occasional raids of the police on their haunts.

Official Paris is somewhat dismayed by the rapidly growing menace of these Apache bands. The number of robberies and murders attributable to them is increasing monthly, and as the victims very often are travelers from foreign lands, the crimes are having an appreciable effect on tourist business.

"FLAG DAY."

By Mrs. Edward Dunroy-Reed.

The general observance of June 14 as "Flag Day" suggests the thought



ONE morning not long ago a well-dressed foreigner, evidently an American tourist, was found dead on the pavement in a side street of Paris. Twisted about his neck was a dirty handkerchief with which he had been strangled; he had been brutally kicked and beaten, and in his chest were several knife-wounds, any one of which would have killed him. The unfortunate man had been stripped of all money, jewelry and other valuables.

"Les Apaches," said the police, stolidly. "He should have known better than to go prowling about alone at night." And in the police records another murder was put on the score of the thugs of the "gay capital."

Paris is not proud of her Apaches, and the rest of the world has known little of these criminal bands, though theater-goers in many American cities during the last season were given a glimpse of one phase of their life in the skillful but revolting "Apache dance" imported from the French music halls. Yet the story of the origin, development and deeds of these outlaw gangs is fascinating, if not edifying.

Nearly ten years ago there appeared suddenly in the underworld of Paris a young woman so beautiful and animated that she once attracted general attention and admiration among its other denizens. Her head was crowned with a great mass of lovely reddish-gold hair, on account of which she was promptly nicknamed "Casque d'Or," or "Golden Helmet." Suitors quickly flocked about the girl and in time she selected from among them as her protector one Lecat, known among his comrades as a clever thief and a bold fighter whom the police would be glad to have behind the bars.

All went well for a time, until there came on the scene a more attractive counsel, named Manda. Pretty, tickle Golden Helmet promptly transferred her affections to the newcomer, and then the trouble began. Lecat, the forsaken, vowed vengeance on his successful rival and summoned his followers to his aid. Manda also had no lack of friends, and soon all the thugs in the district of the Halles or markets had ranged themselves on one side or the other. Many a bloody battle was fought in the streets between the two bands, cheered on by their female friends, and not a few men were slain in these conflicts. Finally in one of the fiercest of the encounters Lecat himself was killed, and Golden Helmet shouted aloud in joy. But her triumph was short-lived. Another leader for Lecat's band, known as "Le Manchot," sprang up and the feud was continued with increased fury. One night Le Manchot caught Manda off his guard and plunged a knife deep into his back, and for weeks the stricken leader lay in hospital near taken in an ambulance to a cell when the blood-thirsty Le Manchot, seeing his victim escaping from his vengeance, broke through the police guard, leaped into the vehicle and stabbed Manda to death. For this murder Le Manchot is now serving a life sentence.

Golden Helmet, made notorious by the succession of battles and crimes which her attractions had incited, now sought other conquests, and decided that the drama was her forte. Only the intervention of the police prevented her exploitation by an unscrupulous variety hall manager. Golden Helmet then speedily sank out of sight, but the rivalry for her favor had lasting results. Always the Apaches have one "queen" whose rule over them is absolute if temporary. One of the most notorious of these was "Chiffonnette," who reigned last year. She was 23 years old, tall and graceful, and would have been a beauty

save for the loss of one eye and the presence of many scars, the results of her numerous boulevard battles. She was elaborately tattooed and was mighty proud of that adornment. Chiffonnette's career came to an untimely end last New Year's day, when she engaged in a desperate fight with another woman whom she hated. Cheered on by a crowd of her male and female subjects, the queen finally stabbed her antagonist to death with a stiletto, and now she is a prisoner in St. Lazare.

This year's queen of the Apaches is Pepe. She is only 18 years old and as pretty as a picture, but as fierce as a tigress and a fit leader for the wretches by whom she is adored. The comparative immunity from arrest and punishment enjoyed by the Apaches is due to their really wonderful organization. They form a community by themselves, apart from all the rest of Paris, with their own laws, courts and executioners; their secret passwords, and almost their own language, for the argot they use is practically unintelligible to others. Merciless toward their victims, they are no less merciless in punishing those of their own number who are convicted of treachery.

A few years ago one Painblanc was accused of being in league with the police. He was formally brought to trial, the judge being a leader known as "l'Espagnol." The charge against Painblanc was not fully proved, but his loyalty was so doubtful that he was sentenced to exile. Rising from his chair in the obscure div where the trial was being held, he hurled his knife at l'Espagnol with unerring accuracy, and the judge fell dead with the blade in his heart. The police rushed in and carried Painblanc to prison, the Apaches making no effort to save him.

Another alleged traitor was Albert Durin. He was condemned to death and two Apaches tied him to the rails of a tunnel of the Belt Line railway of Paris. He was found before a train passed and rescued. How many traitors have been executed by their comrades it is impossible to know, for only in such cases as the foregoing do the police learn about the operations of the "tribunals."

The Apache highwayman operates swiftly and skillfully, and lone strangers in the streets of Paris are never safe from his attacks. His favorite method, known as "le coup du Pere Francois," is to strangle his victim by twisting a handkerchief about his neck. After robbing the senseless man, the thug frequently will kill him with the knife, for the Apaches seem to delight in wanton murder done in what they choose to consider an "artistic" way. If the criminal is arrested, a score of his companions spring up apparently from the very pavement, and unless the police are in force they are speedily routed and the prisoner is rescued.

An observant visitor in Paris may see Apaches, male and female, on almost any street, but it is in the Place de la Roquette that they are to be found in crowds on occasion. There is set up

ONE THING THAT WAS CERTAIN
No Doubt in the Baggage-man's Mind as to Contents of What Looked Like Coffin.

In an emergency the manufacturer of Limburger cheese was forced to use strategy with a shipment. Ordinarily his product went in special cars, but in this instance no car was available and the order must be filled. Two hundred pounds of the fragrant comestible was put in a rough, oblong box, and taken to the railroad baggage room. Then the manufacturer bought a ticket for himself and the box, and entered the train. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggage man was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked. "Yes," answered the manufacturer. "It is my brother." "Well," said the railroad man, philosophically, "you have one consolation. He's dead, all right."—San Francisco Argonaut.

UNKIND FAKE.

The shortsighted Lion—Well, I never dreamed I should finish my days behind the bars of a cage.

Is Tired of Praying. A little girl in St. Louis the other evening was going through the usual form of prayer: "God bless mamma, and papa and make me a good girl," and so on, when all at once she seemed to come to a decision. "Now that is the last time I am going to say that prayer," she said, very gravely, looking at her mother. "You are older than I am and it is your place to ask for all those things and I don't see any use in two people's asking the same thing." Since then she has firmly refused to pray, insisting that it is her mother's place to ask God for blessings.

Continual Doubt. "How many children have you?" said the tourist, affably. "I dunno exactly," answered the tired-looking woman. "You don't know?" "Not for certain. Willie's gone ashin', Tommy's breakin' in a colt, Georgie's borrowed his father's shotgun to go hunting an' Esmeralda Ann is thinkin' of elopin'." I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."

Men Can Care for Themselves. A coal company in the Hocking valley, O., employs both men and mules. One mule costs \$200, and in point of work equals six men. The company has this order standing on its books, "When the roof gets weak, take out the mules."—Vancouver Mining Exchange.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.—Ruffin.

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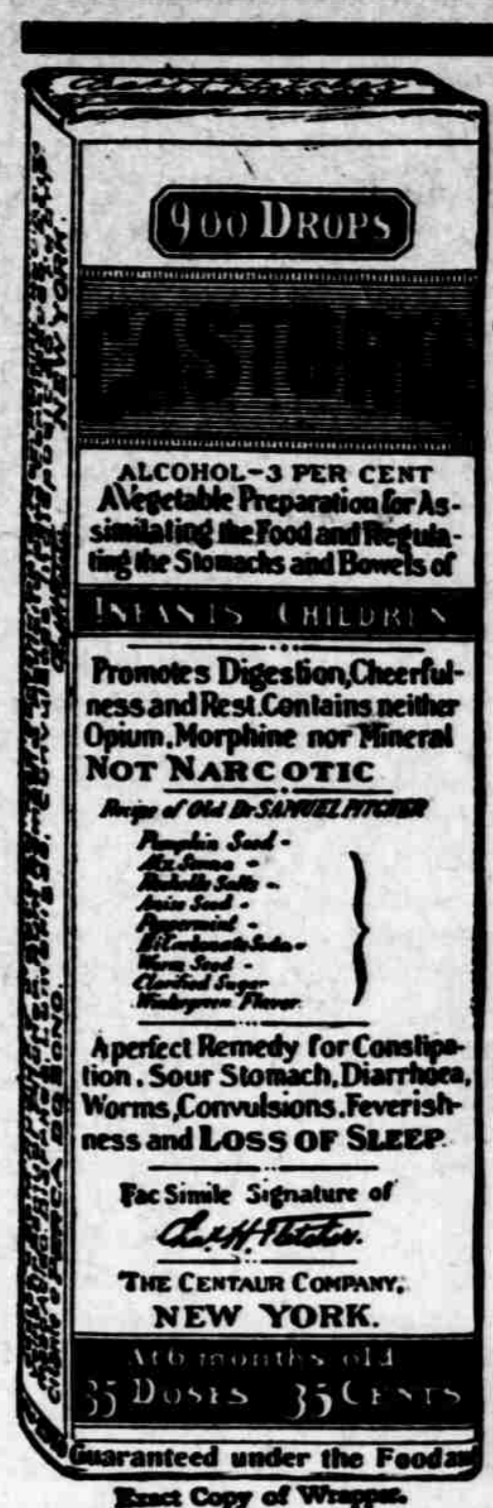
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CASTORIA



HE PUZZLED THE BRITISHER
Evidently Doorkeeper Had Never Heard of the Lord That American Minister Served.

Judge George F. Lawton of the Middlesex probate court told me a story the other day of an American minister who was spending his sabbatical year traveling abroad. Arriving in London, he made every effort to get an intimate view of the two branches of parliament in session. Of course no stranger is allowed on the floor of the house of lords, but the minister notwithstanding this, and with the usual amount of American push, tried to make his way in. There is a rule, however, that servants of the various lords may be admitted to speak to their ministers. Seeing the minister walking boldly in, the doorkeeper asked: "What lord do you serve?" "What lord?" repeated the astonished American, "the lord Jehovah!" For a moment the doorkeeper hesitated and then admitted him. Turning to an assistant standing near, he said: "He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds."—Boston Record.

As the Boy Saw the Lesson. Prof. Charles Zebulun of the University of Chicago was discussing at a dinner the greatest paintings of the world. "The legends that are beautiful and immortal," he said, "have in them truths that we all, according to our kind, take home. This is true in likeness of immortal works of art—pictures, poems, songs. For different people they have different messages. For instance, in my native Pendleton some of the mothers used to cut the children's hair. They did it with shears and a bowl. The operation was often painful, and the result was never elegant. "In Sunday school a Pendleton teacher once told her pupils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy. "What do you learn, Joe," she said, "from the Samson story?" "It don't never pay," piped Joe, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Nothing Unexpected

A young New York broker of convivial habits fell in with an old school friend who had gone on the road. "Whenever you're in town come up and bunk with me," he urged his friend as they separated. "No matter what old time it is. If I'm not there just go ahead and make yourself at home. I'll be sure to turn up before daybreak." Soon after this the salesman arrived in town about midnight, and, remembering his friend's invitation, sought out his boarding house. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a manful pull. Presently he found himself face to face with a landlady of grim and terrible aspect. "Does Mr. Smith live here?" he faltered. "He does," snapped the landlady.

"You can bring him right in."—Everybody's Magazine.

Just Possible. "Truth is stranger than fiction," quoted the moralizer. "Add I suppose a good many men avoid it," rejoined the demoralizer, "because they are averse to associating with strangers." Convenience in Germany. A purchase in a German tobacco shop entitles you to one telephone call.