

THE LITERARY RIVAL.

A Serio-Comic Drama Between Victor Hugo and the Two Dumas.

It is perhaps only natural that Mr. A. F. Davidson, the latest biographer of Victor Hugo, annoyed by the extravagant eulogies of the poet that his predecessors had written, should lay a good deal of stress on the great Frenchman's faults and failings. Of these the chief was undoubtedly vanity. Victor Hugo was inordinately vain—vain at one moment with a superb assurance that almost dignified vanity itself, at another with an uneasy jealousy at once petty and absurd.

Some years ago in a review of the work of the two Dumas, father and son, an anecdote was related that well illustrates this trait. Both of the Dumas, Victor Hugo and several others were chatting together when a foreign gentleman was presented, who made an excellent impression on every one until the moment of his departure. As he bowed in taking leave he addressed himself to the most celebrated members of the group and assured them of his pride and satisfaction in having met "the greatest poet, the greatest romancer and the greatest dramatist of France."

"A little unthinking of our friend to address his parting compliment entirely to me, was it not?" remarked Victor Hugo complacently.

The others looked at each other, and he caught the look.

"The dramatist—that was you, then, you think, Dumas?" he inquired of Dumas the younger in an cautious voice. Then a thought even more appalling occurred to him, and without waiting for a reply he turned to Dumas the elder.

"The romancer, monsieur—the romancer! Do I understand you to suppose that by the greatest romancer it was you who was designated? Reply, monsieur," he demanded. His brow was thunderous, and the company held their breath, but the elder Dumas, who never found himself at a loss, answered with an easy laugh:

"But certainly it was I, and the dramatist was my son. How should it be otherwise? You did not invite the gentleman to dine, and I did. You are not a cook—a good cook, a veritable prince among cooking amateurs—and I am! His compliments, such as they are, are for us, his prospective hosts. But they are only payment in advance for the salade marseillaise of peppers stuffed with minced crab meat which I have promised to prepare for him and which I invite you to share also."

The great and only Hugo shrugged a tolerantly contemptuous shoulder.

"No! I have had enough of the society of this gentleman who speaks from the stomach, not the head," he stated grandly. "You may appreciate it, Dumas, but I do not. It is true—I am not a cook."

A Cheap Marine Telescope.

Make an oblong narrow box out of four pieces of quarter inch board about two feet long by sixteen inches wide, and fit a piece of clear, clean glass across one end, held in place by brass headed tacks driven into the wood and overlapping the glass. Fill all the cracks with sealing wax to keep out the light. Then plunge the glass end two or three inches into the water and look through the open end. This simple marine telescope is made on the principle of the more elaborate glasses through which to look at the famous gardens under the sea near the Catalina Islands.—Christian Herald.

Soaking Salt Fish.

There is a wrong as well as a right way to freshen salt mackerel and other salt fish. Those who are familiar with evaporation processes know that salt falls to the bottom. Now, if you place your mackerel with the skin side down in the pan the salt falls to the skin and remains there. If placed with the flesh side down the salt falls to the bottom of the pan, and the mackerel is freshened by the soaking in water, as it should be.

The Scholar.

Dr. Evans, a witty member of the parliament at Melbourne, was an old man, and the other members jokingly spoke of him as belonging to the era of Queen Anne.

Once while making a speech he referred to Queen Anne and was greeted with cries of "Did you know her?" "What was she like?"

"Yes, sir," retorted the doctor. "I did know her. The scholar is contemporary with all time."

Going to an Expert.

When the butcher answered the telephone the shrill voice of a little girl greeted him:

"Hello! Is this Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, Bessie," he answered kindly.

"What can I do for you?"

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, please tell me where grandpa's liver is! The folks are out and I've got to put a hot flannel on it, and I don't know where it is."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Putting It Up to Him.

"Patience is a virtue," said the man philosophically.

"True," replied his wife, who thought he ought to be earning more money.

"And I'll provide the patience for this family if you'll only provide the bustle."—Detroit Free Press.

Borrowing Trouble.

"Ever since his wife has brought suit for divorce he has looked terribly worried."

"He oughtn't to worry; she'll probably get it."—Houston Post.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.—De Sales.

Woman's World

Miss Milholland to Lead Suffrage Parade.



Photo by American Press Association. MISS INEZ MILHOLLAND.

Miss Inez Milholland of New York City is to lead the suffrage parade in Washington on March 3. Wearing the livery of a herald of medieval times, Miss Milholland will parade down Pennsylvania avenue ahead of a woman's band, which in turn will lead a troop of "petticoat cavalry." It has been announced in Washington that several hundred striking women garment workers from New York and Baltimore will march in tatters and rags behind a float depicting the injustice of the sweatshop system.

To demonstrate further in spectacular manner the advancement of women the managers of the parade have invited Miss Bernetta Miller, a woman aviator, to swoop down into Pennsylvania avenue in her aeroplane with a message for "Miss Columbia," who is to be the central figure in the tableaux, which will be staged on the steps of the treasury building.

The message, it is planned, will be a pronouncement setting forth the strides made by modern women and urging that they be placed on a political equality with men. The aeroplane, if the fair aviatress can manage it without danger, will be covered with "Votes For Women" banners.

KAISERIN'S PET HOBBY.

Her One Extravagance is the Raising of Siamese Cats.

Apart from the usual homely German national domestic virtues—the cult of her well stocked linen chest, the catering to her husband's individual taste in the daily menu, the strong personal supervision not only of her own children's and grandchildren's health and comfort, but also the moral and physical well being of such small waifs and strays as abound in Berlin's charity institutions—the kaiserin possesses one really extravagant and aristocratic hobby. She collects cats, breeds and buys cats—Siamese cats, the beautiful, sleek and glossy creatures whose light fawn and dark-colored bodies are surmounted with dark gray, sable or black heads lighted up with pale blue or gray eyes.

Pure bred specimens so marked have been known to fetch between \$5,000 and \$6,000. They are lineal descendants of the King of Siam's own cats and some years ago were so highly prized in Paris that no elegant of those days could successfully hold her place in aristocratic society without possessing at least one of them.

The kaiserin owns and breeds these cats. She gives them her personal attention.

Mrs. Wilson Will Bar Turkey Trot.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the president elect, does not approve of "turkey trotting" or other extreme forms of dancing, and there will be none of it in the White House while she is there. She made this clear recently when in conversation with an intimate friend she said:

"Of course I cannot regulate the dancing at the inaugural ball if the ball is given, but future events in Washington where this mode of dancing is permitted or encouraged will not have my sanction. The twostep and waltz I love to see."

Mrs. Wilson particularly objects to elaborate dress and heartily disapproves of women smoking and drinking cocktails.

As Mrs. Wilson's daughters share her opinions on these subjects, the social events of the younger set of Washington doubtless will follow along these lines.

Grandmother in College.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, one of the first presidents of the Pennsylvania Suffrage association and a grandmother, is studying to be a farmer at the University of Wisconsin. She is a freshman, while her daughter is her sophomore. If Mrs. Avery has her way her granddaughter will enroll in the institution when she attains the proper age.

Mrs. Avery declares that one way to assist the suffrage cause is to become a successful farmer and thus humble man's pride in a calling in which he fancies he is supreme.

A Famous Runner.

The feats of Ernest Meppen in the middle of the last century make the pedestrian feats of the present day look insignificant. He was a man who first came under notice by running from Paris to Moscow, a distance of 1,700 miles, in thirteen days and eighteen hours. In 1836 he ran through Central Asia from Calcutta to Constantinople, bearing dispatches for the East India company. The distance is 5,815 miles, and he accomplished it in fifty-five days, one-third of the time taken by the swiftest caravan. A favorite employment for him was as the messenger extraordinary of sovereigns. He ran from country to country, bearing letters and dispatches of the highest importance, and always bearing mounted couriers matched against him. He never walked. Invariably he took the direct route to his destination, climbing mountains, swimming rivers and guiding himself through forests in a way known only to himself. His food was a small quantity of raspberry sirup.—Pearson's Weekly.

Who Invented Bonds?

No one knows who invented bonds, but whoever he was he was one of the great benefactors of the human race. He made it possible for great loans, aggregating perhaps hundreds of millions of dollars, to be salt up into bonds that could be sold to individual investors all over the world, furnishing the money to finance the needs of nations, to found great new industries and to open up vast tracts of territory. We may read in the newspapers that \$100,000,000 has been loaned to Japan by an international banking syndicate, but at the same time comes the announcement of a \$100,000,000 bond issue, the obligation of the Japanese government, secured perhaps by customs revenues and offered to investors in the financial capitals of three or four nations. The \$100,000,000 as a matter of fact has not been loaned by the bankers; it is loaned by the people.—S. W. Straus in National Magazine.

The Terrible Test.

"Darling," cried the young man as he sank at the maiden's feet, "I would do anything to prove my love for you!"

"That's what every man says when he wants to win a girl," answered the young lady harshly.

"Can't I move you?" pleaded the desperate Romeo. "Prove me. Put me to the test. Test me, I pray you."

"I wonder," whispered the lady softly to herself, while a blush mantled her pale cheeks. Then suddenly bending over the almost swooning youth who crouched at her feet she exclaimed: "I will put you to the test!"

"Ah!" the youth sprang to his feet, exultant, triumphant, and cried aloud to the maiden at his side: "Your test? Your test?"

"To marry some other girl," murmured the sweet young thing as she glided backward through the velvet curtains into the bathroom.—Baltimore American.

An Ugly Weapon.

When boxers and fighters came together in the old days of Greece they wore upon their hands the cestus, which was in itself a terrible adjunct to any fighter. But there was sometimes attached to the cestus a deadlier weapon, consisting of a three pronged fork of bronze, known as the myrmex. Classical literature has frequent references to the myrmex, which is described as the deadliest weapon of the ancient pugilist. The eight hand was swathed in tough hide, bound in place with thongs and supplemented by small knobs of lead or iron. This was the cestus, to which was affixed the myrmex. Combats in those days were much more brutal and dangerous than those of the modern prize ring. It is easily seen that a single blow of the myrmex might cause death or permanent injury.

King Haakon's Helpful.

One day Prince Olaf had a little playmate with him in one of the private salons in the palace at Christiania. The visitor climbed into one of the armchairs. "Get out of there," cried Olaf; "that's my father's place!" King Haakon listened across the room to comfort the little visitor, who looked scared, and in order to reassure him picked him up and sat him on his knee. At this young Prince Olaf became still more enraged. With a stamp of his small foot, he expostulated, "Get out of there. I tell you; that is my mother's place!"—T. P.'s Weekly.

When We Would All Be Missionaries.

A well known agnostic was present at one of Henry Ward Beecher's lectures, and after the address the man presented one of his daughters—a beautiful girl—to Mr. Beecher, saying, "Mr. Beecher, here is a girl who, according to your ideas, is a heathen."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Beecher, "if all heathens were as pretty as you are we would all become missionaries."—Ladies' Home Journal.

He Was a Bers.

The young man sat and sat and talked and talked.

About 11:30 he sang, "Love, I'm Going Away."

The young lady showed interest for the first time since 8:30.

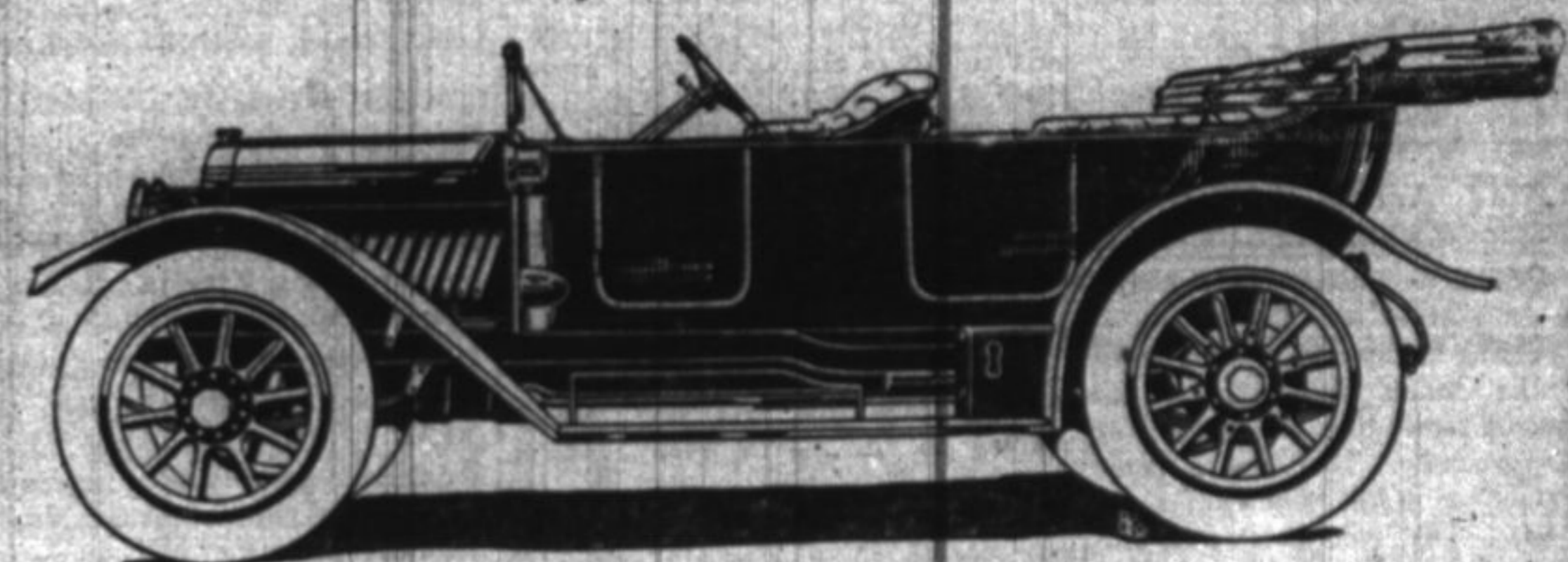
"When do you start?" she inquired.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

All Alike.

Visitor in a country village—Well, it's a simple thing to elect a man sure to choose the cleverest man. VII lagger—There isn't one unfortunately.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Holmes.

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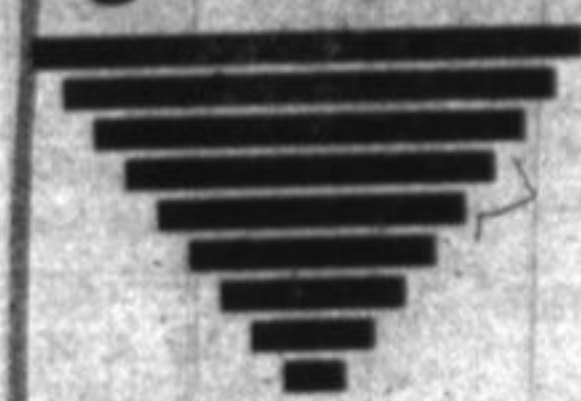
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The Silence Wager.

Once a Brahman and his wife quarreled acutely over three kol fish. Each wanted to eat two and leave the third for the other. The husband argued that he had fetched them from the bazaar, the wife that she had cooked them. Neither would give way. Then said the Brahman: "Let us go to bed and see who speaks first. Whoever of us does will have to take the one kol fish." This agreed, they lay down, the morning in utter silence. The neighbors, alarmed, went in to see if they were dead. They shook them and pulled them about. Still no sound. Then three of them made the funeral pyre, placed the Brahman upon it and applied the torch. Next they lifted up the Brahmani to lay her beside her husband. At that moment the flames reached the body of the Brahman. Unable to keep quiet any longer, he jumped up, crying, "Brahman, I'll eat the one!" "Then I'll eat the other two," she promptly replied.—Bengali Household Tales.

Some Indian Precepts.

Ernest Thompson Seton's "The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore" contains the teachings of the Indian Chief Wabasha L. from which we quote the following:

"In the day of his strength no man is fat. Fat is good in a beast, but in a man it is disease and comes only of an evil life.

"No man will eat three times each day if he would keep his body strong and his mind unclouded.

"Bathe every sun in cold water and one sun in seven enter the sweat lodge.

"When your time comes to die sing your death song and die pleasantly, not like the white men, whose hearts are ever filled with the fear of death, so when their time comes they weep and wail and pray for a little more time so they may live their lives over again in a different manner."

Almost Epigrammatic.

This overheard conversation appeals to the weary one as nearly epigrammatic. The young people on the seat ahead of us in the homeward bound car the other night talked it out so loud that we couldn't help hearing it and jotting down a few notes on it.

"So," said the girl, "he said he knew me when I was a little girl!"

"He didn't say anything of the sort," contradicted the man.

"You said he did."

"I didn't."

"Why, then what did you say?"

"I said he said he knew you when he was a boy."

"That put such a wet blanket on the conversation that we were able to read our sporting extra uninterrupted for the next several blocks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Handy Measure.

If you have a pint jug and wish to measure off half a pint with tolerable accuracy it is useless to try and do so by guessing when the jug is half full. A better way is to fill the jug until the contents just reach to the upper end of the bottom of the vessel and just touch the lip at the lower end of the mouth. In this way the space in the pint jug is practically split into two equal portions, each half representing the space taken by half a pint.

Observations of the Caddie.

The caddie's fastidious influence on the conceit of players has numberless anecdotal examples. One of the best of these is the following:

"What sort of game does Mr. Jones play?"

"He plays golf."

"I'm going out with him tomorrow. I suppose I shall beat him."

"No, ye will not."—Windsor Magazine.

Wisdom.

"Do you notice that your son has really learned anything in college?"

"Yes. He has learned that my ideas are those of an old fogey and that he would be false to his trust if he did not do his best to bring me to a realization of my pitiable condition."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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