

TRUE GREATNESS.

The wisest man I ever knew
Had neither wealth nor fame;
Few people in this busy world
Have ever heard his name;
He never wrote a book nor led
An army to the fray,
Nor asked men for their votes nor mourned
Because they said him nay.

He may have known his Bible and
His Shakespeare through and through—
If so he never tried to let
The world know what he knew;
He toiled, and Fortune sweetly smiled,
And still he toiled away,
And stopped to rest and found himself
A millionaire one day.

This was the greatest, wisest man
I ever knew, because,
Although he never wrote a book
Nor won the world's applause,
He took his million and withdrew
From all the rush and roar,
Instead of starting anew
To win a million more.
S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

HIS ONE EXPERIENCE WITH MALAJUANA.

IT WAS during the fiestas. The party had done the bull fights in the afternoon and was dining at the International Club in Ciudad Porfirio Diaz. When the heavy native cigars and little Mexican cigarettes wrapped in corn husks were brought in with the coffee the talk turned to narcotics, and in more or less interesting narrative ran all the way from perique tobacco to cocaine. Nearly everybody spoke on the subject at more or less length, except Slayden, who listened attentively, but said nothing. That is his way when he is sure of a story. Finally, when the subject was about talked out he said:

"Did any of you ever hear of Malajuana?" But without waiting for an answer he continued: "Well I was a malajuana fiend once. It's the biggest drug evil of them all. The stuff comes from the dried leaves and bark of a kind of native hemp that grows wild all over southern Mexico. Its victims usually smoke it mixed with tobacco in a cigarette.

"Soon after our road began to boom a certain town and I got mixed up in a law suit involving the title to some Durango lots. Just before the case was to be tried I was arrested on some pretext or another and locked up in jail, incommunicado. The second day of my enforced isolation exhausted my own supply of cigarettes, and smoking being about my only recourse I was glad to avail myself of the small, unprepossessing package of cigarettes that came along with my daily supply of food and water. I noticed something peculiar about the first one that I lighted. The taste and odor were both new to me, but my reflections upon these qualities were of the briefest duration.

"Most of you know how it feels to turn into a big, downy, comfortable bed when you are dog tired, and drift off with a clear conscience into deep, untroubled restful sleep. Well, before I finished half that cigarette that's the way I felt, with the sensation multiplied about ten times, I felt as though I was being gently lifted from the floor of my cell, on which I was reclining when I began to smoke, and wafted about the air. I felt as if something soft and delightfully soothing touched me all over; the sound of distant music was in my ears; charming vistas peopled with exquisitely graceful forms opened to my eyes, and in the midst of the comfort and restfulness and beauty of it all I went beautifully to sleep.

"It must have been the afternoon of the following day, when I waked, for there, in its usual place, was my daily allowance of food, a full jug of water and another package of cigarettes. I was refreshed and hungry, and I ate all the food that had been brought me. It was the first time I had been able to relish the coarse fare. Of course, I lit a cigarette as soon as I finished my meal. I experienced only the usual mildly narcotic effect of tobacco, the only thing about my smoke that was at all out of the ordinary being a pungent, aromatic fragrance totally unlike anything I had ever before experienced, which I found most pleasing. It was not until I lighted my third cigarette that there was a repetition of anything like my previous experience. Upon the appearance of its first symptoms I stopped smoking. I was convinced that the cigarettes were drugged, and I determined to smoke no more of them.

"Some hours afterward I began to be oppressed with nausea and other distressing sensations. Later my head seemed ready to split; every bone and muscle in my body ached; my flesh felt dead, as if it was dropping off my bones; my throat was parched. I knew that another cigarette would bring me relief, but I felt certain it would be purchased at the price of greater suffering later on. For hours I lay on the hard prison floor and tried to bear my choice of tortures, but with the passing of each minute the pangs multiplied. At length I could bear them no longer. In sheer desperation I lit a cigarette, resolved to smoke until my suffering became bearable.

"With almost the first inhalation I was conscious of a dual personality. All my sense impressions were double. Gradually one of these personalities seemed to be lifted out of my body, which contained the suffering agonies and to be poised above it. It was awful. In yet greater desperation I inhaled the potent smoke rapidly and violently. Soon the pain ceased. My body slept, while the part of me that was conscious floated out of the prison.

It was alike independent of matter, time and distance.

"Thenceforth the drug was my master. Two or three times afterwards I made weak and ineffectual struggles against it, but each time it seemed to lie in wait for me with a new seductiveness. My confinement lasted but ten days. I was released without trial or explanation. Upon regaining my liberty, my first care was to secure a supply of the drugged cigarettes. I had carefully saved several packages, enough to last a week perhaps, but you can scarcely imagine my dismay when I could find nothing like them, though I searched every cigar store in town. I did not then know the name of the drug to which I had become a slave.

"The third day of my release I was lounging about the front of my hotel, partially under the influence, when the strange conduct of a man across the street caught my wandering attention. His back was against a long doorless and windowless abode wall, such as is common in Mexican towns, and his whole attitude conveyed the idea that he was trying to sink himself into it bodily. Soon he was surrounded by quite a crowd of men, women and children, all of whom were very careful, however, to keep their distance. I walked over and joined the crowd. A nearer approach showed me that with one hand he was fighting off some horrible demon, which he described most graphically, while with the other he was caressing a little child, applying to her from time to time the endearing epithets in which the Spanish tongue is so rich. Both the demon and the child were creatures of his own imagination. Half his face, the side toward the imaginary monster was horribly distorted with fear. The other half was smiling and full of tenderness. The effect was indescribably weird and awful.

"The evidence of dual consciousness impressed me at once, and, under its inspiration, I crowded my way closer to the man and held out one of my cigarettes. He snatched it from my hand as a famished beast would food. Trembling with eagerness, he lighted it, and laughed and sang as he inhaled its smoke, finally sinking into a death-like stupor. Before leaving the place I asked one of the bystanders what ailed the man. The reply was, 'To be sure, the senior should know, it is malajuana.'

"The condition of my unfortunate brother aroused me to a sense of my own danger as nothing less than such a horrible example could have done. I hurried to the City of Mexico and placed myself in the care of the best physician I could find. How I was cured and what I suffered before I was a man again is a long story. Some years afterward I found out that the malajuana cigarettes were supplied me by order of my friend of the land suit, with deliberate intent to deprive me of my reason. That is what would have followed in a very short time, had I continued to take the drug, or had I left off smoking it too suddenly, as he probably intended me to do. In any event, my one experience with malajuana has left me with no desire for its repetition."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Mill of Congress.

The average length of a career in Congress is four years. At the beginning of every Congress about one-third of the members of the House are new to the business. It is a rare thing for a member to make any sort of a mark in legislation before he has been in the House at least two full terms, and those who have forced themselves above the surface before the close of a single term can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. The ordinary Congressman comes and goes and leaves no trace behind him, except on the salary vouchers. The man who stays in the House for more than two terms has a fair chance of wielding a little influence. He gets his name into the Congressional Record once in a while; he is recognized by the Speaker occasionally, and if he is unusually lucky the newspapers take him up and sometimes give him a headline all to himself. There are 134 members of the present House who are serving their third term or better. Of these twenty-five, at a generous estimate, are so well known that their names might carry some meaning outside their own State. The work of a Congressman is thankless enough. It brings nothing in the way of money, little in the way of reputation, except in rare instances, and a vast amount of drudgery. A man must be in the harness for years generally before he amounts to anything, and by the time he begins to court in legislation he has lost his enthusiasm and spirit, and becomes a pack-horse. Once in a while, at rare intervals, there is a flash across the dull legislative sky like a meteor, and a sudden reputation is made for a new man.—L. A. Cooldige, in *Ainslee's*.

Secret of Living Cheaply.

The secret of living on wind is not to be obliged to do it. Edward Atkinson can live in luxury on thirty-five cents a day—because he is a millionaire. Rathbun can fast forty days in happiness—because he is rich and fat. William A. Morse can live on \$1 a week—because he has money to burn. But take away all that a man hath and set him face to face with adversity; remove from his view all prospect of employment; let starvation stare him in the eye; cause him to feel the unmanly insecurity of poverty—then see how quickly he will succumb. To-day's doubts and to-morrow's debts triumph over all philosophy. Atkinson's philosophy is a good horse in the stable.—New York Press.

THE ORIGIN OF STYLES

CAUSES THAT MAKE FOR AND AGAINST NEW FASHIONS.

How the New Modes Are Created—Influence of American Ideas and Demands Upon Parisian Productions—Inartistic Innovations No Longer Accepted.

Fashions and styles are never formed "out of thin air," they are always brought into being from a definite cause or for a certain purpose.

Just why a mode is born is rarely thought of by the majority of producers and wearers, especially on this side of the water.

Some of the fashions of bygone days reached us in so concrete a form and were so directly related to the influences that gave them birth that their origin was unmistakable. In more recent days we have had to thank the French stage for the majority of new forms. Going back, we readily recall the advent of Lohengrin, of La Tosca, of Cleopatra, and of a variety of Bernhard ideas, reaching from hat to shoe and comprising every article of wear, including even accessories and jewelry.

The world had been satisfied for so many years to look to Paris and its cosmopolitan and high-pressure existence as the birthplace of all that was particularly interesting in art and style that the habit became second nature. Paris was regarded by the too enthusiastic and possibly not over-intelligent buyer of other countries, as well as America, as the only birthplace of style—the only centre where ideas of value took a concrete form. For many years the entire world accepted Parisian dictates, unpractical, grotesque even, as they sometimes were, without a murmur.

Thus the American buyer of former days, with an eager, consuming population behind him, ready to take even ridiculous merchandise at a profit, needed to know so little that he failed to make a study either of necessities or merits of style or merchandise. All that was necessary to insure a sale was an exhibition of the merchandise. So the question of style—real style and real taste—was an unimportant one, except with a limited portion of the population of our greater cities—people who really "knew a thing or two."

The tendency of such a period was entirely guided by the whim and fancy of foreign manufacturers, who founded their ideas upon historic precedents and traditions rather than upon necessity, progress and good judgment. There were always recurring periods for each class of merchandise. For instance, the whole world was eager during the days of the Second Empire to adopt anything French, and readily acceded to the undoubted supremacy of French fashion ideas.

The French taste of that period was decidedly erratic and anything but practical or artistic. But it was the only taste, the only authority of the day, Paris then being the centre of the world in dead earnest, the centre to which all eyes and minds turned as the source of all that was truly beautiful and inspired. The consequence was that the chignon, the hoopskirt or crinoline and other monstrosities were easily foisted upon an eager world, to the great profit of shrewd French manufacturers and dealers.

Then followed styles in which untold yards of goods were draped into the costume, simply to make a greater feast for French woolen and silk manufacturers. The form or figure of the wearer was rarely considered in these matters. Women had little to say about the numerous disguises and freakish arrangements which were heaped upon them, and which only extreme grace and artistic sense permitted of being worn successfully, even in Paris itself.

Think of transplanting to America, with its then unpaved streets and peculiar conditions, styles contrived only for the acme of metropolitan existence. Yet every woman, poor and rich, from end to end of our broad States, had her chignon, and fat women waddled through the foot-deep mud of Western cities holding up their hoop skirts.

Then followed another era of idleness—the bustle and pad period. Great extensions in the back composed of wire with horse hair pads at the top, holding straight out voluminous draperies. This was the last quiver of dying slavery to fashion. Of course, women rebelled, men swore, and people of sense, born under American freedom, began to think and determine. Still, accustomed as they were to take fashion religiously, as a doctrine handed down to them by certain authorities at home and abroad, the idea of departing from the faith was regarded as little short of treason or heresy. No woman of twenty years ago would have thought of expressing her own opinion or suggesting the form of dress suited to her wants. She took fashion plates as if they were edicts. The dressmaker's advice was followed as closely and as carefully as that of the physician.

Even to-day the smart woman believes in her dressmaker, especially if she has a good dressmaker or believe in. But in those days she took all kinds of medicine, whether it suited her case or not, as far as dress was concerned.

America changed all this. The freedom of expression, the education and courage of its women, and the great mercantile sense of its men soon insisted upon more practical forms for American consumption. The unnecessary, the tawdry, the meaningless were eliminated from dress so suddenly and ruthlessly as to astonish the

entire manufacturing world. Freakish things found few admirers and no sale. The style of Paris had to be practical, graceful, artistic, beautiful, attractive and suited to the occasion or it did not "go" here.

Then, by and by, the French dressmaker began to learn a few things from his wealthy American customer who visited him in Paris. He found the American woman an attractive, graceful, magnificent creature, full of nerve, chic as any Frenchwoman, possessing natural grace and real personal beauty, as well as an independence of spirit and a clear knowledge of what she wanted and liked.

Usually the possessor of a good figure, and proud of it, this customer demanded simpler styles, smoother outlines, freedom of movement and some artistic reason for the embellishment of her costume. The Frenchman is quick to learn. He takes his suggestions where he gets them, and from this American woman and the American buyer—whom the American woman had already educated at home—he began to formulate a new set of more severe, more simple, yet most attractive garments, whose lines the whole world, including Paris itself, has willingly followed.

So Paris, with its little circle of uncrowned kings and queens of the costume and millinery world, is still the royal centre of style. But the monarchy is no longer absolute. No longer do tyrannical mandates issue to be accepted or tolerated by a long-suffering and patient army of slaves the world over.

Woman to-day has a vote that receives consideration in every atelier and workroom at home and abroad. Paris listens intently for the voice of the woman, and eagerly watches for her expression of pleasure or dissatisfaction at the presentation of each new robe and gown.—Dry Goods Economist.

Warships Are All But Unsinkable. The fact that the Yosemite, which was wrecked in a typhoon off the coast of Guam, after having her bows torn in, her stern battered and her bottom torn, remained afloat for two days bears out the statement recently made by Lieutenant-Commander Kelly that a modern war ship is practically unsinkable, unless her bottom is ripped open.

The iron bulkheads cut up such a vessel's hold into many water tight compartments, which gives the ship buoyancy, though the water comes in in various places.

An even better example of this was the cruiser Maria Theresa, which was floated after being sunk at Santiago and abandoned in a big storm as it was being towed to the United States. The Spanish ship was thought to be sinking then, but it floated five hundred miles after being abandoned, finally going ashore on Cat Island.

Seriousness of a German Official.

Not long ago an American resident in Hamburg had a funny experience of the seriousness of German officialdom. Her pug puppy barked friskily one evening from his place in the front garden at a semi-intoxicated custom house officer who leaned against the pallings. The next morning a ponderous document was presented to the owner, which ordered in pompous terms that "the dangerous dog" should be kept in the house, under a penalty of \$25, until the official veterinarian should pronounce upon his condition. For ten days poor puggy was kept in the house before the State veterinarian found it convenient to call, and he was then gravely freed from his duress, as the inspector found him "not suffering from hydrophobia nor in danger of biting."

Orange Culture and Trade.

It is estimated that there are in Italy 5,400,000 orange trees which yield, on an average, 1,600,000,000 oranges per year, or 300 oranges per tree. In the province of Sevilla, in Spain, where the largest quantities of oranges are grown in Europe, the average annual yield of a tree is 600 fruits. The Island of St. Michel, in the Azores, produces on an area of 265 acres, 350,000 oranges, which are almost entirely shipped to England. In 1899 the total exports from Spain exceeded 1,000,000,000. Greece exported in 1899 some 50,000,000 oranges. Great Britain consumes annually oranges to the value of about \$8,000,000.

A Land of Earthquakes.

It is with some surprise that one reads in a recent report of the director of the National Observatory at Athens that, taking area into account, earthquakes are about twice as frequent in Greece as they are in Japan. The latter country has usually been looked upon as par excellence the land of earthquakes. It would appear that its earthquakes are, upon the whole, more severe than those in Greece, although the great architectural monuments of Greece have suffered much more from seismic disturbances.—Youth's Companion.

In Honor of Her New Cork Leg.

Near Salina, the other day, the friends and neighbors of a young woman who had met with an accident proceeded in a body to her home and through an eloquent spokesman presented her with a cork leg, after which there were music, recitations and a supper. The local paper in giving an account of the affair, delicately notes that "the next day the donors were rejoiced to know that the limb fitted admirably."—Kansas City Journal.

Bohemian Estates.

In Bohemia sixty-three nobles own the bulk of the country. None of their estates are less than 12,000 acres.

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATIONS.

List of Officers Together With Time and Place of Meeting.

IN THE ALTER OF THESE ASSOCIATIONS THE FIRES ARE BURNING FOR ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE SUBURBS.

Citizens' Northwest Suburban Association.

Meetings are Held the First Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Tenleytown, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, Charles C. Lancaster; 1st Vice-President, Col. Robt. I. Fleming; 2nd Vice-President, Hon. John B. Henderson; 3rd Vice-President, John Sherman; 4th Vice-President, Rev. Joseph C. Mallon; 5th Vice-President, Rev. J. McBride Sterrett; Secretary, Dr. J. W. Chappall; Treasurer, Charles R. Morgan; Chairman Executive Committee, Louis P. Shoemaker.

Total Membership about 150.

Brightwood Avenue Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Second Friday Evening in Each Month in Brightwood Hall.

OFFICERS:

President, Louis P. Shoemaker; 1st Vice-President, Wilton J. Lambert; 2d Vice-President, N. E. Robinson; 3d Vice-President, Thomas Blagden; 4th Vice-President, Dr. Henry Darling; Secretary, John G. Keene; Treasurer, N. E. Robinson.

Total Membership about 200.

North Capital and Eckington Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Fourth Monday Evening in Each Month in the Church of the United Brethren, Corner North Capital and R Streets.

OFFICERS:

President, Irwin B. Linton; Vice-President, Washington Topham; Treasurer, W. W. Porter; Secretary, A. O. Tingley; Executive Committee The officers and Messrs. Jay F. Bancroft, Theo. T. Moore and W. J. Fowler.

Total Membership about 280.

Takoma Park Citizens' Association.

Meetings are Held the Last Friday Evening in Each Month in the Town Hall, Takoma Park, D. C.

OFFICERS:

President, J. B. Kinneer; Vice-President, J. Vance Secretary, Benj. G. Davis; Treasurer, (t. F. Williams.

Total Membership about 100.

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Proposition No. 2. Complete Course in Book-keeping and English, \$50. (This will entitle a person to instruction, day or evening, until proficient and position is secured.)

Proposition No. 3. Complete Course in Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, and any other subject the pupil may select, \$65. (This will entitle a person to instruction, day or evening, until proficient and position is secured.)

Proposition No. 4. Complete Course of instruction in Typewriting, \$10. (This will entitle a person to instruction, day or evening, until proficient.)

Proposition No. 5. Complete Course for Government Position, Civil Service or Census, \$10. (This will entitle a person to instruction, day or evening, until prepared to pass the examination.)

Proposition No. 6. Complete Course in English Branches, \$50. (This will entitle a person to instruction, day or evening until proficient.)

Proposition No. 7. Preparation for College, including Latin, Greek, English and Mathematics. Private lessons or class instructions. Apply for rates.)

Proposition No. 8. Private and class instructions to coach public school pupils so they can enter next grade; three months, \$10; one month, \$4.

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I think all who conscientiously pursue their studies under your guidance will, in a short while, become thoroughly equipped stenographers.

I can certainly recommend Wood's Commercial College.

Very sincerely,
JANIE H. ETHERIDGE.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10, 1899.

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CLARA HARRIETT JONES.

1013 I St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

To whom it may concern:

I advise all persons who have any idea of attending a business college to take a course at Wood's Commercial College, on account of its quick and easy systems in shorthand and type-writing and also its experienced teachers. I was a pupil of this College for five months in the Shorthand Department, when I was offered a situation as Court Reporter in West Virginia, and it was through this College that I was successful in my work. I think that any student ought to complete a course at this College in five or six months, and with a great deal of study and effort in much less time. The Professor is very successful in obtaining positions for his students and often gets the best places. I also consider it the best business college in Washington and one of the best in the United States, if not the best.

JOHN WALKER FENTON.

June 1, 1899.

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