

Beauties of the Sunlight Walking Club



MYTHICAL PAGANINI

Paganini is always alluded to as the "greatest" violinist (which he was not), and as the craziest man who ever held a fiddle (which he was not). Technically considered, he was the most astounding executant in the history of his art (says James Huneker in *Everybody's*). No one has rivaled him in dexterity, in extravagance, in passionate outbursts. His peculiar personality, coupled with his enormous command of the finger-board and bow, completed his conquest of the public. From the first he set Italy on fire, and to account for his genius he became the center of a network of fairy tales. It may be admitted that he did not seek to deny the ridiculous reports spread about him. He was said not only to be an ally of Signor Satan, but a murderer who had served his term in the galleys, where leisure gave him an opportunity to perfect his matchless mechanical skill. Furthermore, he had gone to the galleys because of a love murder. Ah, they had "passionate press agents" in those days.

Beaten in early youth by a cruel father, his liberty, when it did come, only drove him to excesses. He gambled away his money as soon as he earned it, nor was his private life a matter for publication. He hurt his health, and was forced to retire from the public for long intervals. This practice gave rise to the legendary Paganini. We know that he never murdered any one except himself, that the only devil who haunted him was the devil called gaming; but he did dissipate, and several love affairs played important roles in his curious career. He wrote a piece for two strings, the G and E strings, a duo, and naturally it was set down to a love affair at Lucca. Followed a fantasy for the G string, at the suggestion of Napoleon's sister. It was called "A Military Sonata, Napoleon," though the sonata form never bothered the composer.

WHERE EDUCATION FAILS

An old "darker" in Alabama called across the fence to his neighbor's son, who is a student at the Atlanta university.

"Look hyar, boy," he said; "you goes to school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Larning 'rithmetic an' figgering on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't tak' two whole days ter make an hour, do it?"

"Why no," answered the boy.

"Wal," said the old man, "you was going ter bring that hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer? An' hit's been two whole days sence you borrhered hit. What's the use of yo' education ef you go ter school a whole year, an' den can't tell how long hit takes ter fetch back dat hatchet?"—Exchange.

His Own Medicine

The hotel clerk struck Paradise among a crowd. And all he got was just a cot upon a cloud.

—Kansas City Journal.



WALKING is good, say the girls of the Sunlight Walking club at Long Beach, and walking near the seashore is better. Accompanying photographs show members of this popular coterie starting on a tramp to Devil's Gate, three miles east

of the pier, and after the six-mile jaunt not too exhausted to pose and laugh merrily. In the latter view the girls in the top row of the picture are, from left to right: Elsie Janzen, Riverside; Bea Oldendorf, Riverside; Laura Bordwell, Riverside; Catherine Webb, Pomona. In the lower row,

from left to right, are: Frances Oldendorf, Riverside; Ruby Singleton, Kansas City; Fredora Ewing, Fresno; Myrtle Singleton, Kansas City; Gladys Brown, Denver. All the members of the club are pretty, accomplished and well-liked. They swim as well as walk, though not so far as yet.

FISHY

When Willie Jones was only twelve

He fished 'most every day in summer.

Quite often he brought home a string—

Also a yarn about a hummer—

He said it was as long as this:

—|—
But go away; how he did rue it,
That fish was just about this big,

—|—
And right well little Willie knew it.

He reached the age of twenty-two

And fished with flies and other tackle;

The strings he caught were shorter now,

But to the boys he'd loudly cackle

About the missing fish—so long:

—|—
He told of it in glowing diction.

He would have held his hands like this:

—|—
Had he avoided piscine fiction.

At forty-five he whips the streams

— And sounds the ocean's mighty caverns

For scaly things to brag about

Of evenings in the clubs and taverns;

The fish that get away from him

Grow more and longer every season

From tip to tip the last looked so:

—|—
Though this space would be more in reason

—|—
—New York Fishing Gazette.

William Shakespeare has just been elected

mayor of Ikeston, England. The Baconites

are evidently not well organized in that town.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

SHOWED HIM THE WAY

The negro boy was up for the fifth time on charges of chicken stealing. This time the magistrate decided to appeal to the boy's father.

"Now, see here, Abe," said he to the darky, "this boy of yours has been up in court so many times for stealing chickens that I'm tired of seeing him here."

"Ah don't blame you, sah," returned the father. "Ah's tired of seeing him here, too."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way, and he won't be coming here."

"Ah has showed 'im de right way, sah," declared the old man, earnestly. "Ah, has suttently showed 'im de right way, but he somehow keeps gettin' caught comin' 'way wid dose chickens!"

—Exchange.

A Perfect System

"I can't save anything. What I want is a patent bank that will take my pay envelope away from me every Saturday night and hand me lunch money every day.

"What you want is a wife."—Kansas City Journal.

able girl in England has a better chance of getting well married than her richer but less attractive sister. Yet Englishmen are branded by foreigners as being cold-hearted and egotistical. Never was a prejudice more illfounded.

The Englishman under an impassive exterior is the most romantic of men. Marriage with the girl he loves is to him the fulfillment of his most cherished aspirations.

It is certain that at least three-fourths of the marriages which take place in Great Britain and in the British colonies are love matches. No thought of pecuniary advantage enters the average Englishman's mind when he pays his addresses to the girl he loves.

In Europe, on the contrary, most marriages are simply and solely questions of money. The Frenchman usually marries either to better himself, or in compliance with the wishes of his parents. He half regrets the end of his bachelor days; he rarely marries a girl who has no means. The headlong way in which Englishmen marry simply appalls him.

Castro

Ex-President Castro is as much a has-been in politics as a last year's Rough Rider.—Baltimore Sun.