PAINT CLUB EXHIBITION

IT WILL BE OPENED TO-MORROW AT PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING.

Some Good Paintings and Drawings by Members of the Club and by Artists of Other Cities—List of Exhibitors.

The exhibition of the Paint Club will open at the public library to-morrow and continue until November 26. This is the second of the club's exhibitions and is in many respects superior to that which was made

—Photograph by E. J. Davison.

LANDSCAPE BY MRS. DE LAUNEY.

a year ago. There are in all 150 pictures; 100 of these are oil paintings, the others water colors, pastels and studies in black and white. They are to a great extent the work of local artists, members of the club, or of this section of the West. Several well known painters of New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Detroit are, however, represented. The exhibition should prove of special interest to the people of Kansas City and receive their encouragement. It contains the best work of the

—Photograph by E. J. Davison.

A MOMENT TO HERSELF, VAN MILLET

artists of this locality and is representative of what is purest and most worthy in Western art. Its thorough honesty is what commends it; there is so little of that claptrappery and striving after effect that marks some of the more pretentious exhibitions. The artists have not yet reached that stage where they can devote months to great canvases with accessories and models for grand compositions, but most of them have been thoroughly trained in the rudiments of art. They have served faithful apprenticeships in the studios of Paris, Berlin and Munich, and, with the ideas of drawing and color gleaned there, they

—Photograph by E. J. Davison.

FIRESIDE REVERIE BY MISS CAMPBELL.

have endeavored to interpret nature as they understood it. This conscientiousness is what gives their work the stamp of genuineness and relieves it of the blight of conventionality and is the reason that when you look at their productions you say that they are true—which is only another way of expressing that they are not narrow nor cramped, but broad, free and thoroughly Western.

Mr. George Sass has this year more finished canvases and it is interesting to find the excellences that distinguished some of

—Photograph by E. J. Davison.

HEAD BY GEORGE SASS.

his studies at last season's exhibition in his pictures of this year. The largest is the portrait of a French soldier. It is well done, but hardly possesses the merit of the head of a man, a weak face drawn with great care and conscientiousness. There are, too, the head of an old woman, that is well worth studying, and two more of those delightful bits of French scenery that Mr. Sass paints so well.

Mr. Fred Sass has five canvases, one or two of which were painted in Paris and none of which was ever shown here. The small head of an Algerian is, perhaps, the best; but all are so strong and vigorous and so well drawn that it would be difficult to make a choice of excellence from among them.

Mr. Huppert has sent a dozen pictures. But of all these the favorite will be the portrait of a man which is really one of the best, if not the best, that Mr. Huppert has ever painted. His technique has changed for the better, and his paintings show more life and vigor. He has a large canvas, the picture of a girl in yellow, that is interesting. Of his landscapes, that of the viaduct is excellent, as is also a small evening scene.

Of the artists out of Kansas City, the portrait of Mr. J. H. Sharp, painted at one sitting by Frank Duveneck, of New York, is sure to attract attention. It is done in browns and so effectively as to make a most delightfully harmonious picture. Mr. Duveneck is one of the best of American portrait painters and it is a pleasure to have here an opportunity to see his work.

Mr. Sharp, whose studio is in Cincinnati, is represented by several landscapes and a portrait of his wife, painted in France. His largest canvas, and a very pleasing work, is called "Mourisu at Sur-set, Brie, France." The contrasting lights and shadows of the fading day and the approaching night are skillfully shown. The portrait is interesting from its harmonious treatment; the figure, it appears, might with advantage have been brought out stronger.

Will Weber, who always draws so well, has one particularly good portrait, that of a woman. It is a strong piece of work, in which the sturdy German training that Mr. Weber received in the art schools of Berlin is most apparent. The landscape which he exhibits is much better than any open air effects that he showed last fall. There are, too, some of his small portraits and several most excellent black and white sketches that it is well worth the while to carefully inspect and study.

One of the most agreeable surprises from local talent is the work of William Wightman. He has in all three landscapes.

In one of them a mass of foliage in the foreground somewhat detracts from the merits of the composition; another painted in a similar tone is much better in composition, and shows that the artist has very cleverly caught the spirit of the scene. But the gem is the smallest; an evening scene, a gaunt tree in the foreground standing out vividly against a sky streaked with the pink and yellow light of the setting sun.

Miss Floy Campbell exhibits this year eleven canvases, all the work of a well spent summer. One is a portrait of her father, painted in that bold, vigorous manner that has distinguished all of her artistic productions. But Miss Campbell loves the sunlight, and she wants as much of it as possible in her paintings; and, for this reason, it may be supposed, she paints mostly summer landscapes. "The Bird Song" she calls one of her latest canvases, a midday summer effect where sunshine floods a path through a wood and lights the figure of a girl. Its companion piece, "Golden Hour," is also a summer scene, but the evening time, and the light is more mellow; still there is that same brightness that seems to express the delight of a mere existence.

"Rain on a Summer Day" is another good picture. She has, too, several decorative panels, and an exterior painted in a lower tone than most of her work.

Mr. Millet's exhibition shows to an excellent advantage his versatility. Not only has he landscapes painted with different motives, but he shows portraits, interiors and genre pictures. The summer has been spent in conscientious work and his pictures show the effect. The artist is himself inclined to consider an interior, "A Moment to Herself," in which a pretty girl of the peasant type is shown seated and is a most pleasing composition, a beautiful girl with violets seated before a mirror. There is just one note, the drawing of the forearm, that seems to be out of harmony in this most harmonious picture.

Mr. J. H. Fitzgibbons makes this year his first exhibition with the Paint Club, and proves himself quite a valuable addition to the local exhibition. "The Senator," his largest canvas, is a very honest piece of work, and most pleasing in tone and treatment; the smaller portrait, that of a well known artist model, is one of Mr. Fitzgibbons' best pictures. The "Dog's Head" is well painted, and a small landscape is delightful in tone and composition.

The freshness and brightness which Mr. E. S. Butler, a Cincinnati artist, secured in his "Early Morning," will make it one of the most popular pictures of the exhibition. The effect is so agreeable that it is to be regretted that the artist has not shown us more of his work.

Miss Lois Brown, of Carthage, is represented by a very good winter scene, and Miss Edith Farrell, of Leavenworth, by a peculiarly artistic portrait of a beautiful girl to which she has given the name, "Lela."

Who that remember the pictures of Mr. John S. Ankeney, of Carthage, that were shown last year but will be glad to know that he has in exhibition six canvases. Mr. Ankeney does not care much for his pictures, but he does manage to get a great deal within a very small frame. You will see the justice of this observation if you should take time to study his "San Gabriel Valley, California," and its wide expanse of yellow plains and hills cut by lines of light green trees, "Late Afternoon," and "Lonesome," a solitary tree in a windswept plain, are both good, while his "Sketch in Michigan," a pool with the rapidly whirling currents, is a decided novelty.

Miss Alice Murphy, one of the instructors at the Manual Training school, has several carefully worked out canvases that are worthy of study.

George Debermer, of Cincinnati, is represented by a portrait of a woman that is one of the most pleasing in the exhibition on account of the wonderful effectiveness and beauty of the color scheme. It represents a girl of the blonde type with light blue drapery painted strongly against a blue background.

Miss A. G. Angel, of Leavenworth, has three flower pieces, "Yellow Roses," "Spring Flowers" and "Pansies."

The exhibition of water colors and black and white is interesting. Mr. John Rettig, of Cincinnati, is represented by "Low Tide at Canarsie," Miss Eleanor Havens, of Leavenworth, by "A Gateway of Bruges" and the "Head of a Hollander;" Miss Leland, of Eldorado, Kas., shows a well painted water color study of a young girl's head; Miss Alice Murphy a pastel study of a head, and Miss Henrietta Brownell, of Denver, a large winter landscape in water colors, "Winter Morning in Denver," and a smaller piece, "Near the Timber Line." Miss Lucy C. Kellerhouse has a good char-

—Photograph by E. J. Davison.

HEAD BY WILL WEBER.

coal sketch called "Rest Awhile;" Miss Lightfoot has a pleasing little study and Miss Laura Lang an exceedingly well done bunch of chrysanthemums. Mr. George Sass contributes several of his masterly pencil sketches, and Mr. Jo Sheridan has two remarkably good pen-and-ink drawings. Mr. F. C. Anderson submits a number of good sketches for stained glass.

L. S.

THE SETTERS' CLUB.

A Jersey Election Time Organization That Is Not Confined to That State.

From the New York Sun.

This is a season of joy for the Setters' clubs of Bergen county. With sixteen candidates for office on the two leading party tickets, the Setters are forced to remain in perpetual session, in order that no "goon thing" may pass without being held up and interviewed upon the condition of the campaign. And as every roadhouse or village barroom has its auxiliary Setters' Club, the candidates and their working phalanxes contribute liberally to the war revenue by causing the cancellation of stamps on beer and whisky vessels.

A worker for a candidate for office in Bergen county, whose principal has the indorsement of the Liquor Dealers' Association, related his experience in an effort to test the capacity of one of these clubs at Westwood. He said: "I went around Harrington township and over to Duncantown, where a stop was made at Yose's Hill's. There was a full attendance of members, and the field being a pretty good one Bill was kept active drawing beer and pulling his goatee for the better part of an hour. Then I started for Westwood and had just ordered the first round in Collignon's when the Setters' Club members began to assemble in ones and twos. Where they came from at that hour (it was about 9:30) I don't know, but soon the room was seething. It seemed as though there was a secret influence, a sort of mental telegraphy or some sort of occult transference of information, that told them a political jay had arrived, and each felt it his duty to work the racket for free beer. And they generally work it well. Before I left Westwood the entire membership of the Duncantown club, augmented as it traveled the mile and a half from home, drove into the town in several vehicles and paid a fraternal visit to the neighboring organization.

"Oh, I can vouch for the truth of the declaration that the Setters' Clubs of Bergen county never before reveled in a season of moisture such as has prevailed since the county conventions. From the Palisades to the Ramapos, from Chestnut Ridge and the Lord's farm to North Arlington, every barroom has been as a spring of flowing beer and applejack, and the Setters' Club members are in a condition of blissful booze that will continue until the polls close on Tuesday. And all this ecstasy, all this joy without money and without price to them. Everything is wide open at the expense of the candidates, and when one of these generous characters arrives at a hotel the Setters gather as quickly and mysteriously as birds of prey appear when an animal falls by the way. Before the occurrence not a sign of life can be seen in the air; in a few minutes the victim is beset by scores."

SHE'S QUEEN OF THE HAREM.

A Brooklyn Girl Says That Her Lot Is a Happy One as Wife of a Pasha.

An American girl is in the harem of the pasha of Tangier, Morocco, but she is not to be pitied. "Why, my dear," she said to one of her country women who visited her recently, "I wouldn't change my position for that of any other woman in the world. I am perfectly happy—as happy as a queen. I have been the favorite of the harem ever since I entered it, more than two years ago, and I would not be anything else for the world. Nothing would tempt me to resume my old life of an American girl—and a very fortunate American girl at that. No, indeed, I prefer to be queen of the harem. If you call it slavery, I prefer slavery to the existence of a free-born Yankee as I remember it, and every one used to say I was a spoiled girl, too. Don't pity the American wife of the grand pasha. It's a mere waste of sentiment."

This woman who has given up the independent life of the West for a luxuriant seclusion in an Oriental harem was a Brooklyn girl, and has been described as a little above the medium height, with bronze colored, wavy hair and dark, lustrous eyes, whose shadows are accented by the cosmetic all Eastern women use so freely about the lids. Her skin is transparently fair, with just a faint color in the cheeks. The features of her face are perfectly regular, and it is said that she is the only woman in the harem whose figure has not become obese by the Oriental life of physical indulgence. She is still gracefully slender.

NAPOLEON IN AMERICA

BALTIMORE BONAPARTE WHO MAY CLAIM SUCCESSION.

France's Disturbed State Offers Best Opportunity for Creation of a Third Empire That Has Occurred Since Louis.

From the Washington Post.

All unlikely things happen in France. Nothing can be declared absolutely to be impossible in the political changes of that country, even that there should be another Napoleon reigning in Paris. The Bonapartists are hopeful. Every cable dispatch from Paris recently has been filled

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE.
Possible U. S. Senator, Possible Emperor of France and Head of the American Bonapartes and Last of the Family.

with news of the mutterings of revolution. The Bonapartists are active, and are well supplied with money. Louis Bonaparte is said to be a young man of considerable force of character and undoubted personal bravery. If Louis bestirs himself, and, watching his chance, strikes at the right moment, he may succeed. For many years the chance of Napoleon III. ever reigning in Paris was a far off absurdity in which no practical man believed. The chances of the Bonapartists for the throne are much better to-day than they were in the long years which ended the second empire. The abdication of Victor Bonaparte was for the purpose of consolidating the claims of the imperial family. It really seems as if the Bonaparte who comes to the front and distinguishes himself will have at least a show of sitting on the throne of the Great Napoleon, and this makes pertinent the question:

Who is Napoleon VI.? Victor, who has just abdicated, or Charles Bonaparte of Baltimore?

A Baltimore Bonaparte.

If it had not been for the fact that the first Napoleon decreed a law of succession cutting off from the inheritance of his imperial crown the offspring of his brother Jerome and his first wife, Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, the recent abdication of Prince Victor in favor of his younger brother, Louis, would have been entirely unnecessary, for the acknowledged heir to the Bonapartist pretensions would be Charles Bonaparte, a lawyer of Baltimore.

According to all the usual rules of succession in royal and imperial families, Charles Bonaparte is the heir of the Napoleonic crown, and, if he believes in the right of his own family to rule in France, might style himself Charles Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of the French. Don Carlos avers that he is king of Spain because Ferdinand VII. had no right to

PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE.
King of Westphalia, Brother of Napoleon, and Husband of Betsy Patterson.

abolish the Salic law. Prince Victor Napoleon, who has just abdicated, has regarded himself since his father's death as Napoleon VI., although his father, old Prince Plon Plon (in the Napoleonic calendar Napoleon V.) expressly gave the crown by will to his younger son, Louis. Here is an interesting complication. If Prince Victor refused to regard the wishes of Napoleon V. as to the succession of the crown, why should Charles Bonaparte, of Baltimore, regard the wishes of Napoleon I.?

But the American, instead of putting "Napoleon, emperor and king," on his office door, has the more simple and much more practical sign, "Charles Bonaparte, attorney and counselor at law." After all, practicing law in the United States is a much more lucrative and responsible position just now than being pretender to a European throne. One's job is more secure and one's social standing better, for the world has troubles enough without being bothered with pretenders. In fact, pretenders are getting to be considered more or less in the light of common nuisances in Europe. Over here we regard them as rather picturesque, but not persons to be considered seriously. Over there they really are nuisances with their perpetual clamor for the jam pots and sugar plums of their grandfathers. The father of Prince Victor, who has just resigned the crown he did not have to his brother, was the half-brother of the father of Charles Bonaparte, of Baltimore. In other words, Charles, Victor and Louis are cousins.

Decided Against Americans.

When Napoleon III. was on the throne of France Jerome and Charles Bonaparte, of Baltimore, went over to Paris and entered into a long law suit in the French

MME. JEROME BONAPARTE (BETSY PATTERSON).
Wife of Prince Jerome and Sister-in-law of Napoleon I.

courts to get a legal definition of their status.

They did not succeed in being named as possible heirs to the throne, but succeeded in every other respect. To Jerome, the elder brother, a graduate of West Point, was given a commission in the French army, and he was made an official of the imperial household. He died in 1893. Charles returned to Baltimore and resumed his law practice. That imperial crown which Betsy Patterson dreamed to see upon the head of her grandson was still far away from Baltimore, and after a few years it vanished from France. Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the first Napoleon, was a young naval officer when he first saw at the races near Baltimore the toast of the city in those days, the beautiful and accomplished Betsy Patterson. That night he met her at the ball, fell in love, and, before long, was married. Then he sailed away in his ship to meet the wrath of his big brother, who was already scheming great alliances for all his brothers. Failing in his attempt to prove the marriage, Napoleon summarily married his brother to the Princess of Wurtemburg, and made him king of the new kingdom of Westphalia.

Were American Products.

It is a fact that the only two women of brains who became the wives of the sons of old Carlos Bonaparte came from America—Josephine, from Martinique, and Betsy Patterson, from Baltimore.

Jerome Bonaparte had one son by Miss Patterson and one by his second wife, the Princess Catherine of Wurtemburg. The question arises—was the divorce decreed by Napoleon between Betsy Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte valid? There was apparently no ground, legal or religious, for it which an unprejudiced court would for one moment consider. If the divorce was illegal, the subsequent marriage of Jerome and the Princess Catherine was null and void and the offspring illegitimate, in which case all the rights descending from the king of Westphalia which he was able to transmit belong to Charles Bonaparte, and Victor and Louis have nothing to do with the case. When the father of Victor and Louis, old Plon Plon, as he was nicknamed by the French, Louis V., as he believed himself to be after the death of the prince imperial, left his rights to the Napoleonic crown to his younger son, Louis, he had a poor opinion of his elder son, Victor, and was not on good terms with him. But the Bonapartists refused to conform to the provisions of the will, and have always regarded and treated Victor as the head of the Bonaparte family and the real, Simon-pure Napoleon VI.

Louis Had a Following.

All except a few, Prince Louis had a small following. Victor is 36 years old and Louis 24. Louis early began to train himself for the hereditary career of a Bonaparte, that of a soldier. After serving for a short time in the Italian army he entered the army of Russia, and is now a colonel of lancers. He is said to have kept clear of the intrigues within the Bonapartists faction, but has, nevertheless, dreamed his dreams and quietly worked for a return of his family (and especially himself) to power. He is a good soldier, and has the Napoleonic cast of face. When President Faure visited Russia Louis led his regiment past the czar and the president at the grand review, and Faure offered him the cross of the Legion of Honor, which he refused to receive from his hands. It was given out in Russia afterward, to smooth things over, that Louis already had the cross, having been decorated by his cousin, Napoleon III., when he was a baby.

Victor never amounted to much any way, and his resignation of his claims in favor of his younger brother consolidates the Bonapartist party in France. In view of the disturbed state of that country, the followers of the "Napoleonic idea" evidently are preparing for a coup.

Who Is "It"?

It is the theory of monarchical governments that "the king never dies." Therefore, when Napoleon III. died his son, the prince imperial, became Napoleon IV. When the prince was killed in Zululand either "Plon Plon" or Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, became Napoleon V. If we take the senior line, it was Jerome, of Baltimore, and when he died, in 1893, his brother Charles became Napoleon VI. If we take the Westphalian line and acknowledge "Plon Plon" as Napoleon V., then, upon his death, either his son Louis or his son Victor became Napoleon VI. Victor claimed that he "was it," and has just abdicated as Napoleon VI., leaving his brother Louis to take the title of Napoleon VII.

MARK TWAIN AND THE BABY.

An Episode in Southern California When Clemens Was Hunting Gold.

From the New York Sun.

Out in the "Southern Mines," which, being translated out of the California speech into the language of the geographies, means Sonora, in Tuolumne county, a baby happened. At the same period of time Sam Clemens had not yet become Mark Twain, but he was stopping off and on with Jim Gillis on Jackass hill and lazily maneuvering after gold. He did not find too much gold, but he did collect the raw material of "Jumping Frog of Calaveras" and other things which paid better. When this particular baby came on the scene of Mark Twain's labors the idle miner was interested. It was not so much like work to call and see the baby as it was to grub over the gravel, yet he could satisfy conscience by carrying the tools of the miner's trade, and their presence made him feel the thrill of industry as he played with the baby until the time came for the baby's mother to ask him in to have something to eat with the family. Then after dinner it was too late to begin a day's work, and he would put in the time playing with the baby until in the late afternoon he strolled back to Jackass hill and Jim Gillis.

After a time the baby grew peevish, it cried too much and was no longer the agreeable playmate. That worried Mark. He saw that there was something wrong with the baby and his sympathy was so great for his little playmate that he worked less than ever. When the mother told him what was the trouble—that the little girl was teething, and that it was enough to make any baby cross—Mark went wild with unwonted industry. He may not have known much about babies since he took to mining, but out of a dim past he did recall some faint memory of what should be done for the relief of children when the teeth were coming. Instead of loafing around his prospect he went to work with zeal and threw up such a heap of dirt from the hole in the ground which represented his available fortune that his friends on Jackass hill began to have fears for him, working was so much out of his line. As the days passed on Mark picked and shoveled; he looked in to see how the baby was getting on, and he preserved his gloomy air as he saw no improvement in his plaything.

The digging bore its fruit, but not for the enrichment of the miner. That was a thing which gave him little concern. As sometimes happens to those who dig in the right spot and who dig long enough, Mark struck it. Under the dirt was quartz and in the quartz he found a nugget, bright sheets of gold mixed with the creamy paleness of the quartz. It was what Mark had been hunting for. He had not made his fortune in the prospect hole. He wasn't thinking of that, and if he had been he would have been discouraged, for his nugget did not weigh more than a few dollars. But with his treasure he knocked off work and hurried away to the home of his playmate. With an air of the utmost satisfaction he gave the lump of rock and metal to the mother with the explanatory remark, "There's something for the baby to cut her teeth on."

It was not easy to steer between the danger of hurting the feelings of the miner by neglecting his gift, and the other danger of cutting the baby's tender mouth to shreds with the jagged specimen. After a full explanation he felt that all his toil was not entirely wasted when the mother sent the nugget to be mounted as a pin. The teeth came through the gums with a less rasping implement, and good temper was restored to Mark's playmate. They were good chums until Mark drifted away from the Sonora mines, which was not until the girl had grown large enough to travel around the camp seated astride his neck, clinging to his long hair, while he, fearing that it might be too slippery a hold for her, gripped her ankles on either side of his neck. The pin, with its associations of childhood, was long cherished until not long ago it fell, with other portable property, into the hands of a Brooklyn burglar.

Mascot, Not a Warrior.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Billy Taylor, the great mascot of the monitor Terror, belies his name. During the bombardment of San Juan he bleated like a lost maverick and trembled with fear. At the first discharge of a broadside he leaped about nine feet high and came down on the deck like a rubber ball. He raised such a rumpus that a jack tar had to carry him to the very bottom of the ship, where he shook like an aspen and bleated and bleated till the last gun had paid its disastrous respects to the crumbling fortifications.

The Detroit's goat was braver. When the great guns had begun to belch chilled death and destruction he stood motionless upon the gun tower. He never blinked an eye nor quivered a muscle. He probably kept up a terrible thinking, however. His admirers say that he was a hero, that he calmly surveyed the battle with a critical eye. As the shells of the enemy exploded about him, he paid no more attention than he would had they been so many campaign bombs bursting. His detractors affirm, however, that he was not so calm, cool and collected. They say that he was paralyzed with fear and was too scared to do any skirt dance business on deck. When the shooting ceased the bewhiskered mascot went rolling about the ship like a mustang with hokey-pokey doing its deadly work.

Just as Blunt.

From Cassell's Journal.

Flint—"I am a plain, blunt man, Miss Brisk, and have no time for soft sentimentalities. Will you be my wife?"

Miss Brisk—"I am not half so plain as you are, Mr. Flint, but just as blunt—No!"

"I have noticed," says a sage, "that the man with the narrowest mind is prone to make the broadest assertion."

CONSIDER THE SPIDER.

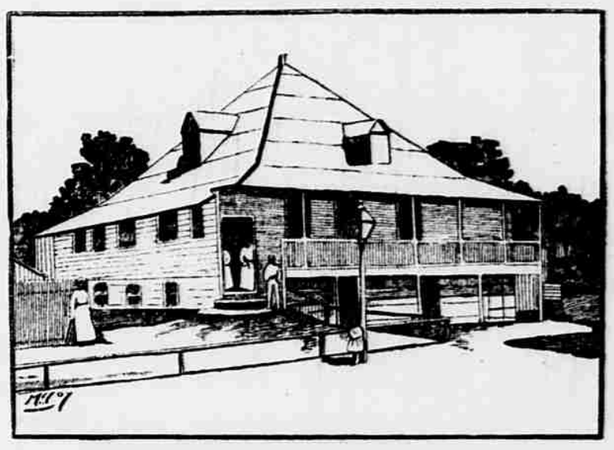
His Wonderful Work Made Known by Dr. Laney, a Maryland Naturalist.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Dr. Henry Laney, of Cumberland, who does considerable experimenting along scientific lines for a pastime, has lately been studying the theiyphonidos, a species of spider that builds its web over water along streams and rivers, with interesting results. His discoveries in some respects have been wonderful. The investigation was made for the purpose of getting photographs of the web for a lecture on entomology before a scientific club.

After experimenting Dr. Laney found the spider commonly known as the waterspider to be a willing, obedient worker; that by changing the position of the insect to a point he wanted him to work in the spider would proceed with his labor in a most accommodating manner, as if nothing had happened. Dr. Laney made a small wooden framework, and in this he coaxed the spider to spin his web. Naturally, spider webs are not generally located conveniently for photographic purposes, and Dr. Laney conceived the idea of a frame for the web that he could move to any place, so as to secure proper light and conditions for a photograph. The willing worker Dr. Laney found along a creek near Cumberland where he carried on his investigation.

After securing the web, which, in its natural state, is comparatively invisible for photographic purposes, Dr. Laney proceeded first to make it tenacious by spraying it with an alcoholic solution of shellac from a medical atomizer. Though still comparatively invisible after this treatment the web could be handled with ease without fear of tearing it. To develop the beautiful work of the spider, Dr. Laney, with another atomizer, sprayed the web with a solution of gallic acid, which made it appear as if frost had settled upon it. The web now seemed to be covered with the morning's dew. To complete the effect,



A TYPICAL COUNTRY HOUSE, PORTO RICO.

Dr. Laney captured the spider, put him in the death box, and then coated him with shellac. Deftly placing the insect in the web in a natural position, he was sprayed with gallic acid. Using black velvet as a background, Dr. Laney succeeded in photographing one of the most beautiful and delicate pictures in nature.

Dr. Laney says: "The spiders display wonderful intelligence and mechanical skill in making these nets. Their instinct is far above that of the ordinary animal; indeed, it quite borders on reason. When a large spider desires to make a web for himself and he has to swing some distance to stretch it, he does not swing himself, as some people suppose, and let the wind or his own momentum take him where it will. He begins his web by starting the first guy very close up to the corner of the angle. He attaches to the other side of the angle, making a short guy. Each guy increases in length, the spider always using the last guy made to carry the next one over until he attains the position in which he wishes to place his net. The last guy may be ten feet long and the first one only a foot in length.

"The two last guys become the support of the net. These will each be reinforced by at least six strands, all laid in the one cable, for the thorough support of the net. After this the spider travels to the point on the cable from which he wants to locate his net, attaches the web to that point and lets drop to the next guy, thereby laying the first angle guy of the net. Then he crawls back over this same guy to the top again and repeats the act until he has spun eight strands, which make thirty-two angular divisions in the net. All spiders, as I have observed, make the same kind of a net, with the same number of strands and divisions.

"Now he proceeds to put in the network by starting from the center where he attaches his web, then with a circular motion, traveling from guy to guy, spinning web as he goes, and by its natural moisture sticks it to each guy, carefully carrying the web in his hind feet to prevent it from touching except at a point desired by him. When he has a small distance of the inside completed he goes to the outside of the net and finishes out any irregular part of the net that does not come within the radius of a circle. After the circle has been attained the same rotary motion is kept up until the net is finished to the center.

"Here comes the most comic feature of net building—the test of the durability of the work by the spider himself. As soon as the net is finished he puts every guy through the severest test by sharp, brisk jerks, seemingly sufficient to tear the whole net to pieces. The spider's antics just then are certainly amusing. If the spider finds the web is not taut, he will go to the end of the guy rope, stretch it until it suits him, and reattach the guy. If the net still seems loose from the center the guy will be carried from the center to some convenient point to give the net its proper shape. This is only done when necessary, displaying the great intelligence of the insect."

THE LONGEST BEARD.

It Is Worn by a Metal Worker of France and Is Ten Feet Ten Inches in Length.

Probably the longest beard in the world is that of a metal worker at Vandenene, near Nievre, France. The man is 74 years old and in perfect health. When 14 years of age he had a beard six inches long. It

grew from year to year, and now his hirsute attachment when unrolled has reached the respectable length of ten feet and ten inches. When this man goes out walking he carries his beard rolled up in a big skein under the arm, as the old Roman senators carried their togas. In winter time he winds his beard several times around the neck, using it as a boa. Since the man is rather small in size, measuring but five feet three inches, the beard is more than twice the man's height.

His Difficulty.

From Cassell's Journal.

Hattie—"I wonder why your brother Charlie doesn't marry?"

Ella—"Oh, he says he can't afford it."

Hattie—"Can't afford it? Why, he and his wife could live on 'bread and cheese and kisses,' couldn't they?"

Ella—"Well, they might; but Charlie hasn't been able to find any girl willing to provide the necessary bread and cheese."

"Mrs. Squareface, I believe, has enough ability to get her a seat in congress. If women were eligible." "May be; but I know she has a hard time getting a seat in a street car."—Indianapolis Journal.

WOMEN OF PORTO RICO

THEY DO NOT SHOP AND HAVE NO CULTURE CLUBS.

What Their Social Life Is—Their Fondness for Music—They Are Not Much of a Success as Dancers.

In all the letters written from Porto Rico redundant with descriptive fireworks and replete with literary truffles, nobody seems to have said aught of Miss Borinquen. This would seem a serious omission. If we are to admit Porto Rico into the sisterhood of American states, it is manifestly expedient that we should know what kind of sisterhood she is accustomed to. Are we, Mr. Speaker and honorable members of the house, to absorb conquered territory without even knowing what views prevail therein on the subject of chaperonage and theater tickets? Do we realize that Miss Borinquen's conception of "Woman's True Sphere" may be merely embryonic?

"La Borita del Porto Rico," has so far escaped the literary pyrotechnics of the letter writing emigrant because she has afforded him so few opportunities for critical inspection. She apparently believes that if a man's house is his castle a woman's is her convent. She is seen little in public. She does not "shop," she has no "culture" clubs. When she wishes to make purchases, she calls Loisa and bids her go across the plaza to Senor Ravena's zapateria and bring home a dozen pairs of shoes of the latest Parisian mode. Loisa is from the island of St. Thomas where she has lived long enough to acquire from the English a knowledge of housewifery, and a degree of cleanliness somewhat above the native Porto Rican. Miss B. finds employment for her ability in directing some five or more Loisas in the management of a house little larger than an English gentleman's shooting box. But her sphere includes a wider range than the mere duties of a housekeeper. She has her music. To say that she is a Porto Rican is to say that she is fond of music. She learns to bring "Il Trovatore" and "Carmen," in a not unpleasant form, from instruments of archaic construction and strident tone. Someone has said maliciously that the native Porto Rican is wonderfully clever, since he can make the worst cigars in the world from the best tobacco. The same man should be put on the stand and cross-examined. He would be compelled to admit that the inexpert cigar-roller has a sister who can produce a very fair degree of harmony from the most hopeless instruments.

Her Little Dissipations.

Miss Borinquen has her dissipations. When the sun is dropping behind the fortifications of San Juan and the peak of the "Yunque" is tipped with flame, she steps forth on the little blue and white balcony that hangs far over the walk and sends furtive glances at the passerby. On evenings when the band plays in the plaza, she goes thither accompanied always by her family, to join the procession of chattering, white costumed groups that pass to and fro, laughing and calling to each other beneath the fern-like leaves of the flamboyant trees. Sometimes, on rare occasions she sees an opera at the Perla. On Sunday morning when the church bell sounds with the harsh, persistent clangor of a fire alarm, she goes with her family to the cathedral, and worships at the shrine of Nuestro Senora des los Remedios, whose jewels and cloak she knows to be worthy objects of devotion—they cost some 40,000 pesos. Her dissipations, it will be seen, are not of a degenerate nature.

Miss Borinquen's household domain is all above the first floor. Social layers in Porto Rico are divided horizontally like geological strata, with the richest nearest the top. The poorer natives—the African and mulatto—occupy the lower floors, which are supposedly unhealthful. One is often surprised to see in the first floor window of a princely residence on the Calle de la Fortaleza, the wrinkled black face of a native woman, with a cigar in her mouth, and a gaily colored handkerchief about her neck.

On rare occasions, when Miss Borinquen comes forth from her seclusion she shatters idols. She has in truth the oval contour, the full black eye, the exuberance of hair, the olive complexion of the Spanish type—material on which poets have declared dividends, from time immemorial. But, alas, she smokes no cigarettes. She does not affect the mantilla. She does not even appear to enjoy being stared upon. She apparently falls short at all points in which a Castilian ancestry should show itself. Her dress is as modest as her deportment. She mingles pure white with delicate shades or lemon or dresses in somber harmony with her complexion. She reaches womanly perfection at a much younger age than her sister in the North. When she is 14 or 15 she has attained her physical maturity. She also pays the penalty in the fact that she ages early.

Doesn't Appear Well as a Dancer.

Her dance is of a sensuous Southern type. A swift gyration, followed by an ungraceful disjoining of the torso at the hips. She does not appear at her best as a worshiper of Terpsichore.

When the young Porto Rican lance selects the senorita whose hair is richer, and whose complexion is more freely enameled than any other from Mayaguez to Humacao, he finds himself at once beset with difficulties. When he calls upon her, he calls also on her family. They remain in the room while the young man pays his devotions, depart only when he does. Be it at the cathedral or at the opera, the relatives of the chosen one are as ubiquitous as the poor. And then it is necessary to be firm and unwavering in his choice, from the very outset. If a man appears in public with a woman of his class, to whom he is not related, he is supposed to be her intended husband. He must, it will be seen, make a definite and final decision in this delicate matter, having no better opportunity for observation than a passing glance from the plaza or a telescopic view from a balcony. The young Porto Rican will no doubt seek statutory relief when his country is formally received under the protection of the United States.

The wealthier class of Porto Ricans send their children to New York, Paris or Madrid to receive their educations. Just now it is quite the usual thing to send the young heiress to New York, from where she returns with the education and many of the ideas possessed by an American girl of "opportunities."

It will appear, therefore, that Miss Borinquen is in need of classification. She is neither Spanish donacella nor Parisienne, grand dame nor Holland dame. The question whether the "Daughters of Ponce" or the "Hajas de Columbo" are to be received on the same social plane as the D. of R. or the Colonial Dames should be well pondered. We may find ourselves associated with mere parvenus of a paltry 200 years of ancestry.

J. H. T.

Smothered in a Few Inches of Dirt.

A coroner's jury in an Iowa town recently returned a verdict that a man found dead was "smothered to death in the dust of the public highway." The man was a ranchman, who left the town for his home, some miles distant, in the hottest part of the day. A mile from town he was overcome by the heat, and possibly by his potations, and fell from his horse. The dust at this place was several inches deep and very fine. The man fell on his face and was unable to turn over.