

CULTURE BENT

Are Some Obstacles in the Way.

"EE," said Miss Murphy, taking her gum out of her mouth and sticking it carefully, for future reference, on the arm of her chair, "my jaws is pretty near busted."

The stenographic force of the business concern was relaxing in the rest room at the time. "It's a wonder you wouldn't quit an before, then," remarked Miss Munnsey, sniffly looking up from her absorbed perusal of "The Phantom

well," responded Miss Munnsey, "I'm working around at her in mock-up."

"When did you drive up, little old Turk?"

"ring off," returned Miss O'Shaunessy, "I'm about contemptuously. 'It's about to give them vocal fix'n's of rent, even if you ain't got of mind enough to realize er folks'd like to have the about now'n then."

"I am tired of it," said Mrs. Darcy. "You have beautiful jewels," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of them," said Mrs. Darcy. "You have a beautiful face," said Dr. White.

"I am tired of it," said Mrs. Darcy. "And can you help me?" said Mrs. Darcy.

"I can try," said Dr. White. Mrs. Darcy gave the prescription to her secretary.

The secretary gave it to the maid. The maid gave it to the butler. The butler gave it to the page. And the page took it to the chemist.

The chemist looked at the scrap of paper, and read what was written on it, appeared very much surprised, and then handed it back to the page.

"This is not for me," said the chemist. "It is for—Mrs. Darcy."

So the page took the prescription back to the butler. The butler gave it back to the maid. The maid gave it back to the secretary. And the secretary gave it back to Mrs. Darcy.

MRS. DARCY AND THE DOCTORS

Mrs. Darcy was rich. She was very rich indeed. In fact, she was so rich that it made her sick.

She suffered from fatty degeneration of the bank account. She had been everywhere; she had seen everything; she had done everything.

There was nowhere she couldn't go; there was nothing she couldn't do; there was nothing she couldn't do—except to be happy.

It bored her to ride, and to drive; it bored her to stand up, and it bored her to sit down.

It bored her to eat, and to drink, and to sleep. So she sent for the doctor—Dr. Black.

He gave her pills. She still grew worse. So she sent for a third doctor—Dr. White.

Dr. White was a modern doctor, a very modern doctor, an ultra-modern doctor.

"What is the trouble with you?" said Dr. White.

"Everything!" said Mrs. Darcy. "You have a beautiful home," said Dr. White.

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"The chemist says that this is not for him," said the secretary. "He says it is for you!"

"For me!" said Mrs. Darcy. "What a nuisance! I am so tired, I am so bored, I am so weak, I am too tired to read it. You must read it for me. What does it say?"

The secretary looked at the scrap of paper and became very red in the face.

"What does it say?" demanded Mrs. Darcy. "Why don't you read it to me?"

"I—I don't understand it!" said the secretary.

"Well, it is not necessary for you to understand it!" said Mrs. Darcy. "If it is for me, you are not supposed to understand it! If it is for me—I will understand it! What does it say?"

"It says," said the secretary, "Prescription for Mrs. Darcy, with Dr. White's compliments: Do something for somebody!"

"What does that mean?" cried Mrs. Darcy.

"I—I told you that I didn't—understand it, Mrs. Darcy!" said the secretary.

"Well, why don't you understand?" cried Mrs. Darcy.

And Mrs. Darcy worked herself into violent hysterics.

But all the rest of the day and all through the night Mrs. Darcy heard the words ringing in her ears, saw the words dancing before her eyes: "Do something for somebody!"

She almost wondered if there was anything in this advice, in this strange advice, this peculiar "prescription."

But then her old doctors came with their old remedies, Dr. Blank with his pills and Dr. Green with his powders, and she soon forgot the new doctor with his new notions and his impertinence and his insults.

THE SAGE WAS WISE

And Likewise He Had an Ax to Grind.

"What you need with that young, growing family of yours is a cow," observed the Sage of the Suburb. "A sow's what you want."

"What would I want with a cow?" asked the Fifty-Foot Fronter.

"A cow has many uses," explained the Sage of the Suburb. "From her hide we make leather for boots and shoes and alligator traveling bags; her horns we fashion into knife handles, tortoise-shell back combs, musical instruments and pipes for sailors; from her blood we make puddings that are highly esteemed by people who like them; her hair imparts cohesiveness to the plaster on our walls, and her hoofs make delicious calves-foot jelly, or glue, according to the process employed, to say nothing of the bones, which have various uses, ranging from fertilizers to piano keys."

"Which is the more useful animal, the cow or the horse?" inquired the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "You remind me of a village debating society," he added.

"Inasmuch as I am a highly improving influence, I presume," said the Sage of the Suburb, complacently, "I must also mention that the cow imparts, under gentle pressure, an opaque white fluid composed of albuminoids, sugar, phosphate and water, which is secreted in the mammary glands."

"It is known as milk and may be used either as a beverage or in the composition of angel food; or, coagulated, it is manufactured into the article of commerce called cheese. The scum skimmed from the surface, or separated by centrifugal motion, makes a very fair imitation of butterine. It seems to me that your children might appreciate milk."

"They do," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "We get it regularly from the milkman. He sells ten quart tickets for a dollar. I've used it for years in the family."

"Pardon me; you think that you have," corrected the Sage of the Suburb. "In reality you are imperfectly assimilating a calcareous mixture that is rapidly paving your interior and paving the way for future disorders in the system."

"I'm not much on arts and crafts," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter, "but I'll be willing to bet that you can't use the same material for paving material and freeco work. You think that I want a cow, do you?"

"I think that you need one," said the Sage of the Suburb. "You don't know what a comfort a cow can be till you keep one. You can't conceive the luxury of an abundant supply of fresh, pure, wholesome, sure-enough milk and cream until you have enjoyed it."

"You don't have to purchase tickets for a scanty, stinted measure of stuff that, even if it has had a milky foundation, has been so contaminated, germinated and inundated that it is totally unfit for human consumption by the time that it reaches you."

"With a cow you get milk—milk fresh from nature's font—the rich, sustaining, invigorating liquid that makes the calf frisk and kick up its heels in a frenzy of exuberant joy. I think your children are looking a little pale lately."

"That's a few one on me," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "What do you do, just pour the sour milk on a griddle and let it stay till it browns?"

"That's the idea exactly," replied the Sage of the Suburb. "I believe my wife usually mixes in a little flour and soda and an egg, but that may not be entirely necessary."

"You take those cakes with some good maple sirup and butter—that's another thing. I don't see that there would be anything to prevent you making your own butter. All you will need beside the cow is a churn."

"What does the cow do?" asked the Fifty-Foot Fronter. "I've heard of dogs churning, but I didn't suppose that a cow would be intelligent enough."

"She furnishes the cream," said the Sage.

"But not the maple sirup? That's extra?"

"Don't be a bigger idiot than you can help," said the Sage. "I'm talking seriously now. If you had a cow you would have all the advantages that I have mentioned, and buttermilk besides. You would have milk for drinking, milk for cooking and cream for your coffee and your berries. You would restore your poor children to health and save a large part of the cost of living, after the initial expense of purchase."

"The cost of feed is very little and you can milk her yourself and be the better for the exercise. You think it over, and talk it over with your wife. She's a sensible woman, and she'll tell you that I'm right."

"Well," said the Fifty-Foot Fronter, as his visitor turned to leave, "I'll think it over. By the way," he called, "how much do you want for your old cow? Somebody told me that she was drying up."

Beautiful Sight. The salt plain near Cherokee for miles in several directions is one white, smooth expanse, the most beautiful picture imaginable, under favorable conditions. An interesting feature of this great field of salt is the mirage which occurs particularly on dry days, and which is described as most beautiful. The forms of trees, lakes, rivers, bridges and buildings are frequently shown with most beautiful effect.—Enid (Okla.) News.

MARKETS OF MEXICO

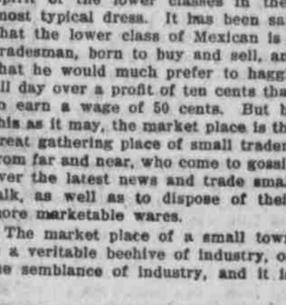
OPEN AIR INSTITUTIONS FORM A PICTURESQUE FEATURE.

Lower Class of Mexicans Said to Be Born Tradesmen—Market Place in Small Town a Veritable Beehive of Industry.

City of Mexico.—One might travel the world around and find few more picturesque institutions than the markets of Mexico in the warm colors of a spring day. This does not refer to those big market places of the capital, and to those painfully new buildings to which the residents of various cities throughout the republic point with pride; but to those open-air, sun-bedecked plazas of bartering which one frequently runs across in the suburbs of Mexico City and the smaller towns and villages of the interior.

It is in these outdoor places of dicker that one may catch the true spirit of the lower classes in their most typical dress. It has been said that the lower class of Mexican is a tradesman, born to buy and sell, and that he would much prefer to haggle all day over a profit of ten cents than to earn a wage of 50 cents. But be this as it may, the market place is the great gathering place of small traders from far and near, who come to gossip over the latest news and trade small talk, as well as to dispose of their more marketable wares.

The market place of a small town is a veritable beehive of industry, or the semblance of industry, and it is



A Typical Market Woman.

only necessary for the sightseer to visit such suburbs as Coyocan to be come convinced of this beyond peradventure.

The little market of a town is the goal of all ambitious tradesmen in its territory. It is at this point that traveling peddlers, street vendors and mountain Indians beguile their day's labor, and they have usually spread out their wares before daylight.

Here may be seen the wandering Spaniard or Syrian, with his peddler's pick spread out, with all its gaudy attractions—highly colored handkerchiefs, combs, strings of glass beads, bracelets, necklaces and cheap finery of every description. His is the magician's bag to the poor Indian craves with only a few centavos to bespangle her natural charms, and his is one of the most attractive booths of the plaza.

But itinerant peddlers are common to all countries, and one must turn elsewhere to catch those typical wares of the people. There, spread out on the ground, one may see the cheap native pottery, in various and sundry shapes, serviceable and otherwise, which the Indians themselves have made in their crude fashion. There are the native fruits, luscious and tempting, but fast spoiling in the glare of the sun. There are native mantillas, shawls, rebozos and perhaps a booth with other wearing apparel for women. There are sombreros, and frequently one may run across charro suits of leather with spangles of silver pieces to catch the eye of the visiting ranchero. And there are rough native shoes, with long pointed toes, that were the style in the United States several years ago.

In fact, there is no limit to the variety of the wares which may be seen for sale within the limits of a very small market, though no grand pianos have been noticed in the display. There is everything, from a penny's worth of peanuts to a peso's worth of more substantial merchandise. And on a festa. It is indeed a scene of bright colors to catch the eye of an artist.

It is to the little market place that the Indian, Tarascan, Tarabumara, or whatever his tribe is, trots down from the hills to dispose of his handicraft, his baskets, his blankets or even his crude violins.

But the Mexican market place is not only a plaza for buying and selling. It seems to be the meeting place for everything, for dogs, cats and Indian babies. The dogs and cats are allowed to scamper around in every direction, with but little cause for apprehension on the part of buyers and sellers, and as for the babies—they are spread out in every direction in the sun, dirty little contented specimens of humanity that are the only things in the market place not so

THE SIGNAL MAN'S STORY

Brain Enjoyed His Electric Bath.

"I sat up here in my signal tower in the Otterkill valley," said the talkative railroad telegraph operator, "blowing smoke rings from my pipe and jumping through them when I heard the train dispatcher calling me on the wire. I answered and he directed me to put the bug against extra 733 west, as he had orders to give 'em."

"In that tower we had in addition to the ordinary semaphore signals a distant signal for westbound trains, as they approached the tower from a curve on a down grade. It was operated by an electric switch in the tower."

"So when I received the instructions from the train dispatcher I set the electric signal and waited for the 733 to show. In a few minutes I was surprised to see her come around the curve under full head of steam, making about 30 miles an hour with a light train. Of course as soon as the engineer saw the semaphore at the tower at danger he whistled for down brakes and halted her, as the railroad expression is when the engineer is compelled to reverse his locomotive in order to make a sudden stop."

"At that they ran a couple of train lengths by the tower and the conductor had to walk back about 500 feet to get the dispatcher's message. To make a conductor cheerful, just compel him to walk a few extra feet for a message setting out additional work for his crew."

"Well, say, you would have had to have a shorthand specialist to get down the shorter and uglier words which passed between the knight of the throttle, the train crew and myself. They averred that I hadn't set the distant signal at danger to warn them what to expect when they came in sight of the tower. I just as strenuously maintained that I had set the signal. But what was my word against seven or eight of them?"

"The same thing happened several times and I got reported to the superintendent as being lax in my watchful care of the signals. I vigorously defended myself and set forth that the electric signal must be out of kilter, so they sent a lineman to look it over."

"We tested it thoroughly, the lineman walking around the curve and staying there while I threw the signal to danger and released it time and again. It worked to perfection."

"Of course it looked bad for me. In the eyes of the boss I was getting to be an undesirable citizen and he was rapidly taking shape in my mind as a flabby person troubled with stony degeneration of the heart."

"Notwithstanding the close inspection of the repair man the incorrigible signal still sulked, its balkiness being particularly apparent just after dusk at night and along just before daybreak in the morning. In the gloaming one evening I set a distant signal in order to stop the Mountain express, owing to obstructed track. The repair man happened to be in the tower."

"The way that passenger came around that turn was a caution. Having high pressure air brakes, they stopped without going a great distance. This was the last straw for me. Leaving the inspector in charge of the tower, I ran around the curve with a lantern to do a little inspecting on my own hook."

"Approaching the signal I saw it was at safety all right. I heard howls of pain and then saw a large bear seated on the base of the metal signal pole making frantic endeavors to free himself. Hastily getting a gun, we dispatched his bearship and thereafter the signal was right up to snuff."

"The way we doped it out was that at some time or other the bear had swum the Otterkill creek and, his way taking him across the track, accidentally his paw came in contact with the electrical signal. You know dampness increases the strength of an electric current and the bear's wet body, fresh from the creek, made a fine conductor and he got an extra heavy dose."

"He rather liked the sensation. So every night and morning, before retiring and after leaving his bed, Bruin would swim the Otterkill and sit on the signal for a free electrical bath. His wet body had the effect of short-circuiting the semaphore, rendering it locked at clear and inoperative."

"The night he got caught the electric current became so strong as to hold him in its grasp, just the same as you see people try to let go of those electric machines which test your electrical endurance, although the motions he went through in trying to free himself would have made one of those chorus girls doing a Salomey dance look like a wooden Indian afflicted with locomotor ataxia."

"Say," put in the tall, cynical conductor, "I should think you could make more money selling those electrical bear traps than you do operating 'em from the signal tower."

Scientists Found in Error. After regarding it as a true mollusc for many years, French scientists have found that a small snail-like creature found on trees is the larva of a species of fly.

Makes Horse-Cleaning Easy. By a new adaptation of the vacuum-sucking machine a horse can be cleaned in less than one-fourth the time that the ordinary curry comb and brush take.

WOMAN RUNS RANCH

MRS. R. GRUMBLES IS NEW MEXICO CATTLE QUEEN.

Widow with Seven Children Successfully Manages Large Place—An Expert with the Lariat and Branding Iron.

Memphis, Tenn.—Mrs. R. Grumbles of Carrizozo, N. M., is a resourceful little woman, a good mother, an immaculate housekeeper, a business woman, a ranch owner and "the cattle on a thousand hills" bear her mark and brand. Her ranch home is five miles north of the town. It is a beautiful little home in the valley, nestled at the foot of the mountains, where the odor of the cedar floats through her cool rooms, lending additional restfulness to the place. Virginia creeper and bitter sweet vines shade the gallery and a sweet eglantine briar grows close to the door. Other roses thrive and the "salt cedar" waves its long plumes of pink flowers gracefully to the mountain breeze.

Mrs. Grumbles went to New Mexico 20 years ago with her husband, and 17 of these years have been spent at her Carrizozo ranch. She was left a widow 12 years ago, with seven children, five daughters and two sons. The youngest daughter is now 12 years old—a typical western girl. She goes with her brothers to drive the cattle sometimes and on these occasions wears a khaki-colored divided skirt with tan stockings and russet shoes, a comfortable blouse and a sun bonnet. She can ride like a fairy and her rosy cheeks and blue eyes are witching in the extreme.

The day it was the writer's pleasure to visit there she was seated demurely embroidering a center-piece. The walls of the home are hung with pictures. There is an organ, a graphophone and other musical instruments and Indian relics gathered from the

mountains and from the ruins of ancient dwellings.

Would we stay for dinner? Of course we would. The long table was draped in white and was laden with a wealth of good things. There was a nice roast of home-killed beef, potatoes and sweet corn, and for dessert the most luscious peach preserves and cake. Then there was the good, sweet butter and milk.

Mrs. Grumbles finds good sale for her butter and keeps a large pen full of cows in the pasture nearby for their milk. Once a week she has a beef butchered and sells it in town.

Mrs. Grumbles attends to all the business of the ranch, even to the most minute details, and she has all well in hand. Difficulties she encounters not a few, and her share of care and sorrow, but with it all she is calm and serene, doing her duty under all circumstances. She is a fine marksman, and when in the season she can bring down a fine deer or bag a fine fat turkey before breakfast. There is not a cowboy on the plains that can excel her in throwing the lariat, and when she has to she can mark and brand the calves with a deftness that would put many a young lubber to shame. It is not often, though, that she has to lend a hand in this way, but in the cattle business, as in every other business, there come times when it is a necessity to do these things.

Has School District to Himself. Johnny Jergensen, 11 years of age, probably occupies the most peculiar position of any pupil under the public school system in the United States. He is the only child of school age in the district near Kettle Falls, Ferry county, Washington, and has a teacher all to himself.

The instructor is M. R. Honeyman, formerly of Spokane, who took charge of the school early this month. There were three pupils at the beginning of the term, soon after which the parents of two of them moved out of the district, taking their children with them. The district is regularly organized and has a school board, with chairman, secretary and treasurer.

It also has ample funds to its credit, and in addition to this the state makes an appropriation of seven cents a school day in the year for each pupil. This is the highest appropriation of any state in the union.



MRS. R. GRUMBLES

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leaped forward so that she leaned herself in the mirror and adjusted the bunch of six-for-six curls that encircled her head. "I think it makes such a lot of difference," she returned, "when a person has to work outside of workin' hours—especially when you get a beau."

She Bargained For. Years ago Herman Unterberg, who was living at Altendorf, Hun-

increases Liquor Duties. The British government has increased the duties on spirits for Sierra Leone 25 per cent. in response to the agitation concerning liquor traffic in Africa.

Horses Lose Their Job. The city of Milwaukee has almost abolished the use of horses in all municipal departments.

Highest City of Europe. The city of geographical elevation is the highest city of Europe.