QUEEREST PROFESSOR IN THE COUNTRY

PROF. FREDERICK STARR, of the University of Chicago, who recently declared that the original man talked what is commonly known as "baby talk," says and does more queer things than any other man in the faculty, and that is saying much.

He has declared that Chicago has more people with six fingers and six toes than any other city in the world.

He has said that the wedding ring is a beautiful example of barbaric tradition, fulfilling no function whatever.

He said that the American people in their physical characteristics are turning more and more like Indians every day.

In order to test a theory that the philosophical ear is larger than the normal ear, Prof. Starr measured 100 Chinese ears. He thinks he demonstrated that fact.

He selected a degenerate young thief, known as "Skinny," to study him and reform him. "Skinny" was willing to be studied until opportunity presented itself to steal, and then he disappeared.

It was Prof. Starr who announced that the people of Chicago could drive away mosquitoes by raising castor bean plants.

He has said that ten times too many persons go to college nowadays, and that they waste not only their own time but that of their teachers as well.

He proclaimed his conviction that parting hair in the middle and tattooing the person were evidences of degeneracy.

He has explained that he does not smoke, drink or kiss women, because he believes that the man who does injures his value as a scientist.

He has said that women are the foes to progress.

There are ever so many other things that Prof. Starr has said and done, but these give a reasonably fair foundation for calling him the queerest of the college professors.

His latest declaration, that the pithecanthropus erectus used "baby talk," is neither very new nor very original; nor is the statement that it is natural for grown-up people of the present day to talk "baby talk" because the reversion to first principles is one of the commonest things in human nature.

"Baby talk" is simply the result of the undeveloped organs of speech trying to pronounce words. Probably the original man tried to imitate sounds in nature and succeeded no better than the modern child when he tries to imitate his superiors. Herodotus had something to say about that several centuries ago.

The first recognizable articulate sound of all children of all races is "mama," and they do not accent the second syllable. It doesn't matter whether the child is a princeling or a Fiji Islander, an American or a Hindoo, the first thing it says is "mama."

It is natural to suppose that the first articulate utterance of a child should refer to the baby's mother.

Prof. Starr was raised in Northern New York. He is remembered as a freckled-faced, snub-nosed boy, with a fondness for bugs and butterflies. He was graduated from Lafayette college in 1882 and served as scientific instructor in Wyman institute and professor of biology in Coe college until 1885. Then he turned his attention to ethnology particularly. He had charge of the department in the American Museum of Natural History in New York until 1892. He devoted a year or so to travel and study and then went to the University of Chicago.

He is a prodigious student, and he doesn't give a snap about conventions. Also he is an admirable teacher, and he looks upon dignity as something no one with any force need bother about. The relationship between himself and his pupils is very close. He talks instead of lecturing, and frequently he sits on the edge of a table, with his feet swinging.

Not long after he went to Chicago he became impressed with the fact that there were ever so many people there who were abnormal physically. He advertised for people with more than the usual number of fingers and toes. Answers came to him from all over the country. He made no fewer than 410 casts. As a result he declared that Chicago had more people with abnormal extremities and other physical freakish developments than any other city in the country.

When Prof. Haeckel, of the University of Jena, said that the man of the future would be a four-toed creature, because the little toe would disappear, Prof. Starr went further, saying:

"The man of the future will not only be four-toed, but he will be hairless and toothless. A thousand years from now all food will be in a concentrated, predigested form, and teeth will be superfluous. Man's next step forward in the evolution of the race will be better and finer brains."

That wasn't nearly so startling as another declaration that he made about the same time.

"The American people in their physical characteristics are turning more and more like Indians every day," he said. "The only thing that prevents the people of the United States from becoming exactly similar to the nomadic tribes of Indians in facial characteristics is the intermarriage between the residents of this country and the immigrants from foreign lands."

He explained, in this lecture, that the change was not one in morals but one in complexion and features. He said that in one generation the hair had grown darker, the face more brown.

Prof. Starr knows a deal about Indians. He has been regularly adopted as a member of the Turtle clan of Onondaga Indians and given the name of Haiesatha ("Wisest Speaker of the Council"), and he danced with all the vigor of the most enthusiastic brave when he was initiated.

When Prof. Starr talked about the wedding ring he was at first misquoted. He didn't say it was a relic of barbarism, but a survival.

"The wedding ring," he declared, "represents the nose ring, ankle ring or manacle by which in past ages the sold slave was led away from the mart by her new master. But everyone today knows that a woman, when she is given a ring to symbolize the wedding sacrament, is by no means a slave."

He also slated the evening coat, saying: "What is the origin of that garment, the dress coat. Nothing less than a hunting coat of our ancestors who divided the tails of the long frock coats, cut away the front, sewed buttons on the back to hold up the tails, and used the coat for a hunting jacket. Now, why is the servant dressed in the conventional evening costume also? Because he formerly had to wear out the old hunting coats of his master."

One of the first things that Prof. Starr did when he moved to Chicago was to undertake the regeneration of a youthful "crook," who had made a record as a pickpocket and an all-around thief, who would steal for the pleasure of it, even when he had no use for the articles.

Prof. Starr believed that the causes of crime are deeper than most people think they are and that "Skinny" was an excellent example of the criminal who inherited his vices and who made them a part of his nature.

"Skinny" was taken into the professor's home and given the name of Herman Wolf. He would steal things and confess his thefts, at first without shame but afterward with indications of remorse. He learned to read and write within a year and displayed precocious brightness. He even reached a state of grace that drove him to confess thefts when he was not accused of them.

Whenever the professor went on long anthropological trips to Mexico and among the American Indians, "Skinny" went with him. Prof. Starr noticed that the boy was profoundly affected by the weatner. When it was warm, "Skinny" was good. When it was cold, he wanted to steal.

During a particularly cold snap, when the professor and his wife were away from home, "Skinny" disappeared with the professor's fine collection of souvenir spoons. The professor searched for him and finally found him in jail. "Skinny" had returned to picking pockets and had even tried highway robbery.

Prof. Starr had to admit that so far as reforming "Skinny" was concerned his effort was a failure, but he learned a lot about a criminal. He says that "Skinny" was a "moral imbecile."

Of course his experience with "Skinny" didn't affect Prof. Starr particularly, unless it made his charity broader for those who suffer. He has more consideration for those than for the normal, well-born and comfortable people who are triflers.

When Prof. Clark, of Northwestern university announced that he had never kissed a woman, he found a supporter in Prof. Starr, who said:

"Women are foes of progress. I do not smoke or drink or kiss women, because I believe the man who does injures his value as a scientist.

"One time, when I had been living with the Guatamaloupe Indians, in the mountains of Northern Mexico, for nearly four months, and had just managed to ingratiate myself by means of bribes and presents, they gave a big shindig in my honor. At the opening of the ceremony I was supposed to drink to the health of the belle of the tribe and then to kiss her as a mark of esteem and harmony between me and the tribe. I agreed to taste the pulque, or native whisky, but when I came to the other ceremony I balked, and nearly lost my life in consequence—and she was pretty, too."

FREDERICK STARR.

A LOVE SONG.

I gave her a rose in early June,
Fed with the sun and dew;
Each petal, I said, is a note in the tune,
The rose is the whole tune through and through,
The June is the whole red-hearted rose.
Fresh and form, honey and hue,
Lull with the cadence and ...rob to the close,
I love you, I love you, I love you.

She gave me a rose in early June,
Fed with the sun and dew;
Each petal, she said, is a mount in the moon,
The rose is the whole moon through and through,
The moon is the whole pale-hearted rose.
Round and radiance, burnish and blue,
Break in the flood-tide that murmurs and flows,
I love you, I love you, I love you.

This is our love in early June,
Fed with the sun and dew;
Moonlight and roses hid in a tune;
The roses are music through and through,
The moonlight falls in the breath of the rose.
Light and cadence, honey and hue,
Mingle and murmur, and flow to the close,
I love you, I love you, I love you.
—Duncan Campbell Scott, in the Delineator.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

I wonder if 'twould matter much
If I should some day fold my hands
And never more a task should touch
So long as in the glass the sands
Should run for me—I wonder would
The world be just as fair and good?

If I some day should stay my feet
That know the path of duty plain,
And selfish, wander from the heat,
The hurts of soul, the cries of pain,
And pamper self in solitude—
Would I be missed for my lost good?

If I some day should steel my heart
To answer neither plead nor prayer,
Refuse to do my little part,
Of my best good refuse to share
With someone who was sick and poor,
Be deaf to cries outside my door—

Would all these count for very much,
Or would some little place in life
Be yearning for a smoothing touch
To calm the restlessness of strife?
Would someone miss me if I stayed
Or from the path of duty strayed?

I need no answer to my thought.
No one need tell me yea or nay;
The answer comes unbid, unsought—
It is to live from day to day
As 'twere the last, with God in sight
And love and kindness infinite.

THE UNIVERSAL HEART.

Since hoary-headed time was young;
Since art and music found a tongue;
Since the first rose with dew impearled,
This heart has throbbed through all the world.

It bleeds for freedom and for love—
Dreams of beatitudes above—
And yearns with everlasting pain
For those who never come again.

It thrills to genius and to worth,
Yet loves the lowliest thing on earth—
Is scarred with sin, and rent by grief,
And stripped of bloom like autumn's leaf.

Coeval with the rolling spheres,
It holds the burden of years,
And beats like pulses of the sea,
This great heart of humanity.
—William Hamilton Hayne, in the Era.

Take a Day's Outing

With the Foresters at Waterville next Sunday, June 22. Special train on the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad leaves St. Paul at 9:15 a. m. Go and take the family. Tickets $1.

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MARK TWAIN DINES WITH SWEETHEART OF LONG AGO

Mark Twain dined with his first sweetheart on Memorial day just passed, in the town of Hannibal, Mo., where he spent the boyhood days that he immortalized in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

He had seen her but once before in nearly half a century. While he had traveled the world over and had become one of its best known men, the woman whom he had loved as a little girl remained in the river town.

After sixty years the friendship they bore each other still endured. Time has robbed neither of them of its gentleness, its beauty and its sweetness.

To him she was still Laura Hawkins; to her he was still "Sam" Clemens.

In Hannibal they do not call the humorist by the pen name by which the rest of the world knows him best. He is always "Sam" Clemens. Of his boyhood companions only a score are left, and of these Mark Twain could recall only ten or twelve. But Laura Hawkins he had always remembered well.

She is a genial and winsome lady with wavy, rebellious gray hair; eyes that shine and glow like those of a young girl, and a charm of manner that makes every one love her. Years and years ago, before Mr. Clemens was married, she became the wife of A. L. Frazer. For a long time Mrs. Frazer has been the matron of the Home for the Friendless in Hannibal, and there could be no more worthy one.

There were three or four of his boyhood friends at the dinner, which was given in Mark Twain's honor by Mrs. Garth on Memorial day, men whom Mr. Clemens called by their boyhood nicknames. But it was the meeting with Mrs. Frazer that gave him the most pleasure, that moved him most deeply.

And that is saying much, for many times while he was in Hannibal, and he remained there only two days, the tears streamed from his eyes. When he spoke in public he trembled with emotion as he thanked the people for the affection they had shown him—"the proudest gift that could be given an old man."

It was plain that he felt that he would never see the people of Hannibal again, that he would never look upon their kind faces, that he had seen Laura Hawkins for the last time. For once in his life the bubbling humor that has lighted the care of the world was stilled.

When the people of Hannibal heard that Mark Twain was to be honored by the University of Missouri—that he was going to Columbia to receive the degree of doctor of laws—they knew that he would visit the old town. But he went to Hannibal before he went to Columbia, and appeared there unannounced. And when he went away the whole town was at the station to bid him good-bye. His first sweetheart was there with the rest.

No one knows how many hundreds of thousands of people have read about Mrs. Frazer, for she was the Becky Thatcher of "Tom Sawyer" and her own self in "The Gilded Age," for she appears in that book under her true name.

Mark Twain has said in the preface of "Tom Sawyer" that the character, like the others in the book, while drawn from life, is a composite, but everybody in Hannibal knows that Tom Sawyer was really "Sam" Clemens himself and that Becky Thatcher was Laura Hawkins and no one else.

It will be remembered that Becky Thatcher was not Tom Sawyer's first sweetheart—that honor belonged to Amy Lawrence—but she was the first sweetheart of "Sam" Clemens, as he himself has testified, for when he was married he sent her an invitation, in the care of her brother, with this note inclosed:

"Mrs. ——— (married name unknown to me).

"Formerly Miss Laura Hawkins, first sweetheart of one of the within named parties twenty-nine years ago. Pardon the suggestive figures."

And Mrs. Frazer knows very well that she is Becky, and she rejoices in it, for she loves "Sam" Clemens with a tender, disinterested affection that is the foundation of those sweet friendships that time cannot change. His fame and high position do not concern her beyond the fact that they are tributes to the goodness and greatness of her childish sweetheart.

"I remember the first time I ever saw Mark Twain," she said the other day. "He was then a barefooted boy, and he came out in the street in front of our house and turned handsprings and stood on his head and cut out capers, just as he describes in Tom's showing off to Becky. We were good friends from the first. One of our favorite play places was in the Clemens yard, where we built houses out of a heap of bricks. Once he tumbled the house of bricks down on my hand, making a blood blister on every finger.

"On one occasion, while we were riding saplings, I was thrown to the ground, striking my head against a stone. I was taken home unconscious, and I remember hearing the children talk about how scared and anxious Sam was."

But if one wants really to know of the first love affair of Mark Twain, it is best to turn to "Tom Sawyer," where the courtship is very vividly described. And as one reads these extracts he instinctively sees the pictures of the greatest and most splendidly human and most famous of American humorists, with his cheerful, kindly face and mass of snowy hair, sitting beside the lovely, gray-haired woman on Memorial day. Nearly sixty years have separated them from their childish love affair, but the time has only made the bond of friendship the stronger.

It will be remembered that Tom Sawyer's first acquaintance with the Thatcher family began when he thrashed Becky's brother Jeff, who was a newcomer, and the boy swell of St. Petersburg, as Hannibal is called in the story. Tom wandered by the hour in the hope of meeting the new boy and giving him another "licking."

"As he was passing the house where Jeff Thatcher lived he saw a new girl in the garden, a lovely little blue-eyed creature, with yellow hair plaited into two long tails, white summer frock and embroidered pantalettes. The fresh-crowned hero fell without firing a shot. A certain Amy Lawrence vanished out of his heart and left not even a memory of herself behind.

"He had thought he loved her to distraction, he had regarded his passion as adoration, and behold it was purely only a little evanescent partiality. He had been months winning her; she had confessed only a week ago; he had been the happiest, the proudest boy in the world for only seven short days, and here in one instant of time she had gone out of his heart like a casual visitor, whose visit is done.

"He worshiped this new visitor with furtive eye till he saw that she had discovered him; then he pretended that he did not know she was present and began to 'show off' in all sorts of absurd boyish ways, in order to win her admiration. He kept up this grotesque foolishness for some time, but by and by when he was in the midst of some dangerous gymnastic performance he glanced aside and saw that the little girl was wending her way toward the house.

"Tom came up to the fence and leaned on it grieving, and hoping that she would tarry yet a while longer. She halted a moment on the steps and then moved toward the door. Tom heaved a great sigh as she put her foot on the threshold. But his face lit up right away, for she tossed a pansy over the fence the moment before she disappeared."

"With innate cunning he approached the flower, picked it up with his toes, hopped away with his treasure and buttoned the flower "inside his jacket, next his heart—or next his stomach possibly, for he was not much posted on anatomy and not hypercritical any way."

There is no record that "Sam" Clemens sat outside of Laura Hawkins' window at night as did Tom Sawyer in front of the Thatcher house, only to have a pitcher of water thrown upon him, but that was very probably a true incident.

The strength of Tom Sawyer's affection for Becky was shown when he admitted to the schoolmaster the real reason for his tardiness—that he had been talking with the pariah of the town, Huckleberry Finn, being willing to endure a beating for the privilege of being sent to the only unoccupied place on the girls' side, next to Becky.

"Presently the boy began to steal furtive glances at the girl. She observed him, made a mouth at him and gave him the back of her heal for the space of a minute. When she cautiously faced around again a peach lay before her. She thrust it away again, but with less animosity. Tom patiently returned it to its place. Then she let it remain. Tom scrawled on his slate: 'Please take it—I got more.' The girl glanced at the words but made no sign.

"Now the boy began to draw something on the slate, hiding his work with his left hand. For a time the girl refused to notice, but her human curiosity presently began to manifest itself by hardly perceptible signs. The boy worked on, apparently unconscious. The girl made a sort of non-committal attempt to see, but the boy did not betray that he was aware of it. At last she gave in, and hesitatingly whispered:

"'Let me see it.'"

"Tom partly uncovered a dismal caricature of a house with two gable ends to it and a corkscrew of smoke issuing from the chimney. When it was finished she gazed a moment, then whispered:

"'It's nice—make a man.'

"The artist erected a man in the front yard that resembled a derrick. He could have stepped over the house, but the girl was not hypercritical; she was satisfied with the monster and whispered:

"'It's a beautiful man—now make me coming along.'

"Tom drew an hour-glass with a full moon and straw limbs to it and armed the spreading finger with a portentous fan. The girl said:

"'It's ever so nice. I wish I could draw.'

"'It's easy,' whispered Tom; 'I'll teach you.'

"'Oh, will you? When'

"'At noon. Do you go home to dinner?'

"'I'll stay if you will.'

"'Good—that's a whack. What's your name?'

"'Becky Thatcher. What's yours? Oh, I know. It's Thomas Sawyer.'

"'That's the name they lick me by. I'm Tom when I'm good. You call me Tom, will you?'

"'Yes.'

"Now Tom began to scrawl something on the slate, hiding the word from the girl. But she was not backward this time. She begged to see. Tom said:

"'Oh, it ain't nothing.'

"'Yes it is.'

"'You'll tell.'

"'No, I won't—deed and deed and double deed I won't.'

"'You won't tell anybody at all? Ever, as long as you live?'

"'No, I won't tell anybody. Now let me.'

"'Oh, you don't want to see.'

"'Now that you treat me so I will see.' And she put her small hand upon his, and a little scuffle ensued, Tom pretending to resist in earnest but letting his hand slip by degrees until these words were revealed:

"'I love you.'

"'Oh, you bad thing,' and she hit his hand a smart rap, but reddened and looked pleased nevertheless."

When the school broke up at noon Tom met Becky Thatcher in the lane, both having given the other scholars the slip, and they returned to the school-house, which they had all to themselves. For a while he showed her how to draw.

"When the interest in art began to wane, the two fell to talking. Tom was swimming in bliss. He said:

"'Do you love rats?'

"'No, I hate 'em.'

"'Well, I do, too—live ones. But I mean dead ones, to swing round your head with a string.'

"'No, I don't care much for rats anyway. What I like is chewing gum.'

"'Oh, I should say so! I wish I had some now.'

"'Do you? I've got some. I'll let you chew it a while, but you must give it back to me.'

"This was agreeable, and so they chewed it turn about and dangled their legs against the bench in an excess of contentment."

They talked about various things, including Tom's ambition to become a clown, and then he broached the subject nearest his heart.

"'Say, Becky, was you ever engaged?'

"'What's that?'

"'Why, engaged to be married.'

"'No.'

"'Would like to?'

"'I don't know. What is it like?'

"'Like? Why it ain't like anything. You just tell a boy you won't have anybody but him, ever, ever, ever, and then you kiss him and that's all. Anybody can do it.'

"'Kiss? What do you kiss for?'

"'Why that, you know, is to—well, they always do that; everybody that's in love with each other. Do you remember what I wrote on the slate?'

"'Ye—yes.'

"'What was it?'

"'I shan't tell you.'

"'Shall I tell you?'

"'Yes, but some other time.'

"'No, now.'

"'No, not now—tomorrow.'

"'No, now. Please Becky, I'll whisper it; I'll whisper it ever so easy.'

"Becky hesitating, Tom took silence for consent, passed his arm about her waist and whispered the tale ever so softly, with his mouth close to her ear. And then he added:

"'Now you whisper it to me—just the same.'

"She resisted for a while, and then said: 'You turn your face away so you can't see, and then I will. But you mustn't tell anybody, will you, Tom? No, you won't will you?'

"'No, indeed I won't. Now, Becky.' He turned his face away. She bent timidly around until her breath stirred his curls, and whispered:

"'I love—you.'

"Then she sprang away and ran around and around the desks and the benches, with Tom after her, and took refuge at last in a corner, and with her little white apron to her face. Tom clasped her about her neck and pleaded:

"'Now, Becky, it's all done—all over but the kiss. Don't be afraid of that—it ain't anything at all. Please, Becky,' and he tugged at her apron.

"By and by she gave up and let her hands drop, her face all glowing with the struggle, came up and submitted. Tom kissed the red lips and said:

"'Now, it's all done, Becky. And always after this you know you ain't ever to marry anybody but me, ever, ever and forever. Will you?

"'No, I'll never love anybody but you, Tom, and I'll never marry anybody but you—and you ain't ever to marry anybody but me, either.'

"'Certainly, that's part of it. And always coming to school or when we're going home you're to walk with me—when there ain't anybody looking—and you choose me and I choose you at parties, because that's the way you do when you're engaged.'"

Mark Twain and Mrs. Frazer must have recalled those bygone days when he was "Sam" Clemens and she was Laura Hawkins, as they sat at table on Memorial day. For that was a dinner of reminiscences, when pale shadows of childhood's pleasures passed in review before her dimmed eyes.

There were a hundred things to bring the old days back to Mark Twain—Holliday's hill, Soap hollow, Wildcat corner, Lover's leap and Bear creek, "so called because it was always particularly bare of bears"—and Mr. Clemens visited them all.

Many a day, as a youngster, he had passed along Bear creek, fishing and swimming or skating, according to the season. There he had taught Laura Hawkins how to glide over the ice, and many a time he carried to it an old splint-bottom chair, in which she sat while he pushed her along.

Go on the Foresters' Excursion

To Waterville, Minn., next Sunday, June 22. The Minneapolis & St. Louis special train leaves St. Paul at 9:15 a. m. Some very fine fishing is reported at Waterville. Go and enjoy a day's outing. Tickets $1.

SENORA WALKER-MARTINEZ.

Wife of the New Chilian Minister to the United States.

Among the fair women of diplomatic circles in Washington Mme. Walker-Martinez, wife of the new Chilian minister, has become very popular. The new minister from Chili is a handsome man of the Spanish type, between forty and fifty years old. His bearing is gracious, his manner genial and he has a fluent knowledge which will add to his usefulness in his work here. Mme. Walker-Martinez, a woman of many agreeable qualities, and her four children accompanied the minister to Washington, where he has established a legation.

No Killings in Calabasas

HOW A NOTORIOUSLY WICKED TOWN HAS BEEN REFORMED

IF Bret Harte could return to earth long enough to visit Calabasas he would not know the town. Time was when to call a man a liar in Calabasas was a short and not altogether painless method of suicide. If you didn't hold the cards square the undertaker had a job, and when you got into an argument with your neighbor, your health was likely to be shattered unless you could draw your gun and shoot first.

That was in the good old days of Southern California, when lynch law ruled, and Blackstone and the Code of Civil Procedure were unknown. In those days Calabasas was the last refuge of the old frontier desperado, of the blacklegs of the mining camps, of the broken-down and discredited gambler. All of the offscourings of the Pacific coast humanity percolated down though the mountains, canons and redwood forests of California and found lodgment in the town of Calabasas.

But times have changed. Calabasas has reformed. Prominent citizens do not kill each other for pastime. Everybody is good—so good that Judge Ijams, the Calabasas justice of the peace, has resigned, and the board of supervisors has decided not to appoint his successor. Calabasas is the only spot in all Southern California that has no justice of the peace and that cannot give a policeman enough to do to keep him in chewing tobacco.

Many are the stories told of the Calabasas of old. Most of the quarrels, which usually ended in sudden death, were over boundary lines between farms and ranches. Every man claimed the other man's land. There used to be two farmers who neglected their crops and left their places overrun with weeds while they amused themselves by sitting out behind trees or hiding behind rocks and shooting at each other.

One day a prominent citizen of Calabasas named Dominguez wanted to water his cattle at a spring. It so happened that another prominent citizen named Yturalde wanted to water his sheep at the same spring, and at the same time. In those days Calabasas had only one way of adjusting a little dispute like that. Dominguez shot Yturalde and the latter mortally wounded, took the gun away from Dominguez and beat him to death.

Here's another: An old man named Hinman had an argument with two mountaineers over a little matter of a road. They wanted to ride over the road and he shut them off with a barb wire fence. When they got tired of tearing down the fence every time they wanted to ride along the road, they took a day off, called at his place, and the undertaker buried him the next day.

The sheriff decided to arrest the two mountaineers and did so. Much to his surprise, they went with him as docile as a couple of sheep. The secret of their docility was explained later. Rough-looking men from all parts of the mountains thereabouts gathered at Calabasas, and when the prisoners were arraigned before the justice of the peace for a preliminary hearing, his court room was lined with big husky mountaineers, armed to the teeth. Every man carelessly toyed with a huge revolver, and the justice of the peace, well versed in the traditions of Calabasas, understood the situation anly as a man of fine discretion could. He promptly discharged the two prisoners and received the hearty congratulations of all their friends.

Mary Bentley was one of the famous citizens of Calabasas in the good old days before the place was ingulfed in the wave of regeneration. She was little and she was Irish. She had melancholy eyes and a plaintive voice, but the citizens admiringly said of her that she could whip her weight in wildcats. There wasn't a constable in Calabasas that dared serve her with a writ.

One day a desperado came in from the hills looking for trouble. He ran across Mary Bentley, which amounted to much the same thing. She gathered up her skirts with one hand and swung a gun with the other. The desperado weakened at the first fire and ran. He was the only man ever known to outrun Mary Bently, and for this reason there is no headstone in Calabasas cemetery with his name engraved on it.

Finally there came a day when the state and federal authorities decided it was high time to curb the exuberant spirits of the citizens of Calabasas. Constables, sheriffs and deputy United States marshals did their best. They left Calabasas—some of them did—sadder and wiser men, and Calabasas oiled its pistols and waited for the next.

One day a little sawed-off man with a surveyor's chain went to Calabasas. He wasn't looking for trouble. But he set up a tripod with a spyglass above it and made signals to an assistant on the other side of the gulch. The little sawed-off surveyor kept at his work, driving pegs here and there, until Calabasas looked like a newly platted addition to a Kansas boom town. When he finished everybody discovered that everybody was occupying everybody else's land. Everybody moved and peace reigned in Calabasas.

Today Calabasas is civilized. A stranger can wear a plug hat without having it shot full of holes. The justice of the peace has resigned, the citizens are building roads to Santa Monica and are talking of organizing a board of trade.

MRS. FLORENCE MAYBRICK,

Who Will Probably Be Pardoned by King Edward VII.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick, who, according to dispatches from London, will be pardoned by King Edward before July 1, was the central figure of one of the most celebrated criminal trials of modern times, and has been for twelve years the inmate of an English prison. She was convicted of having poisoned her husband, who died in Liverpool May 11, 1899. Her frieds have asserted ever since the trial that the evidence on which the jury found her guilty was insufficient and constant efforts have been made to obtain for her either a new trial or a pardon. It was charged by the prosecution that she gave arsenic to her husband, and a solution of this poison was found in her possession. Her defense was that the solution was a face lotion, and it was shown that her husband had been in the habit of taking arsenic as a medicine. Mrs. Maybrick is forty years old.