

VETERANS TO GATHER AT CHATTANOOGA

EXPECT LARGEST CROWD IN HISTORY OF ASSOCIATION.

WILL CAMP IN HEART OF CITY

Chief History of Organization—City is Making Every Preparation to Royally Entertain Its Host of Veterans.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March.—This city is preparing to entertain the largest crowd that has attended a reunion of the Confederate veterans since the organization of the association. It is a matter of history that the first steps toward organizing the southern survivors of the Civil War were taken in Chattanooga.

The date of the reunion is May 27-29 inclusive. Only three months remain in which the work of the organization may be done, but it is well under way. The various committees have been appointed, and are at work in their respective spheres.

The passenger departments of all the railroads having lines entering Chattanooga, report that already there is much interest in the coming reunion. Inquiries are received every day about rates, hotel accommodations and the progress of the work incident to the entertainment of the veterans and the thousands of visitors that will be here.

The Confederate veterans met here in their first reunion in 1890, twenty-three years ago. Chattanooga at that time was but poorly prepared to care for the visitors. Hotel accommodations were inferior, hotel transportation facilities poor and the people were suffering financially from a collapsed boom.

The Chattanooga of today was built since 1890. It is now a city of 100,000 with the best hotel accommodations and first class local transportation facilities. It has twenty-five hotels, one of them a modern, twelve-story building costing a million dollars.

KING HAS FIFTY YEARS' REIGN

George of Greece, Welcomed Half Century Ago to Throne, Has Guided Nation Well

Athens.—King George of Greece, who again looms large in the public eye by reason of the flame of war which appears to be spreading rapidly over southeastern Europe, recently entered upon the fiftieth year of his reign.

Next to the venerable emperor of Austria, he is the oldest of the sovereigns of Europe. Born a prince of Denmark, he was proclaimed king of the Hellenes by the national assembly of Greece on March 30, 1863.

When the future king arrived in Athens, forty-nine years ago, he was welcomed by a little nation of a million people. He has more than two million subjects now, and Greece has progressed very creditably under his rulership.

WHAT RATS COST IN FRANCE

Statistics Show Damage to Crops From Rodents Reaches \$40,000,000 Yearly.

Paris.—Forty million dollars yearly is the estimated figure of the damage done by rats to crops and property in France. The publication of these statistics by the Incorporated Society for the Destruction of Vermin has given an impetus to the campaign for the extermination of the rodent, which is also known to be a transmitter of disease.

The example set by several American cities has been followed with great interest in France and has led Doctor Fontenelle to make a special study of the subject. He finds that the role of the rat and the mouse has been very serious in connection with cases of pneumonia. For a long time it has been noticed that this disease was more deadly in hospitals than other places.

SEVERE TESTS ARE REQUIRED

Seven Hundred Candidates for Aeronautic Corps Must Undergo Rigid Examinations in Paris.

Paris.—The 700 candidates for France's flying corps are to be subjected to very severe tests at the physical examination ordered by the ministry of war.

Among the requirements are perfect vision, normal color sense, sharp hearing and absolute soundness of the organs of respiration and circulation. It is specified particularly that no men who have to wear spectacles shall do any flying, a rule made the more interesting because some of the world's most notable airmen, past and present, wore or now wear glasses.

The candidates are now learning to fly at the government aerodromes, some of them as pilots of dirigible balloons, but the majority as individual aeroplane pilots. The test is to be more severe for operators of aeroplanes than for balloon aeronauts.

GIRL COEDS DIG POTATOES

Why Wisconsin Normal Students Abandoned Football Game at Superior.

River Falls, Wis.—Digging potatoes, washing windows, splitting wood and doing family washing are some of the modes of occupation employed by thirty girl students of the River Falls Normal school. They clubbed together and voted to accept any kind of work so their earnings might be pooled and the lump sum used to defray their expenses to attend the football game between the local Normal and the Superior Normal schools, that was held recently.

MAD DOG SPREADS RABIES

Horses, Cattle and Hogs Are Bitten by Rabid Animal Near Holden, Mo.

Warrensburg, Mo.—A mad dog in the farming community south of Holden bit horses, cattle, hogs and mules and infected them with rabies. Six head of cattle belonging to one farmer have since died of hydrophobia and another reports the loss of ten hogs. A score of other farmers report the loss of horses, hogs and mules. The animals show unmistakable signs of hydrophobia and have to be shot in order to protect other animals from infection. The farmers are also exterminating all the dogs.

NOT QUITE THE SAME

WANDERER FOUND THAT GIRLS DIDN'T STAY GIRLS.

Lamentable Fact That Time Does Unkind Things to the Sweet High School Graduate Had to Be Admitted.

"I got an invitation the other day," said Abe Peters, "to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in the little old town where I used to live. It sort of brought back old memories. I recollect a commencement exercise that I attended in that town when I was in the going age. I should say about sixteen or seventeen. There were several girls that were doing the graduating act, but there was one in particular that I thought was altogether the nicest thing in the way of girl that ever wore dress goods.

"She read an essay on the subject, 'Beyond Alps Lies Italy.' She was really in dead earnest about it, too, having practiced on that essay for three weeks before the commencement night, and she had it down fine. Maybe she didn't write all of it. Maybe she didn't really compose much of it, but she had practiced on it till she believed it. She told that crowd how everybody had Alps to climb and how they could scale the snowy heights by effort and perseverance, and how, beyond lay the fruitful valleys of the Italy of success. Oh, she was a peach, all right. I felt at that time that without her life to me wouldn't be worth living. But somehow or other the dreams of my youth didn't come true.

"I wandered off west and she married a country doctor. I didn't see her for more than twenty years. Then I happened to be back at the old town and concluded I would look up the girl who climbed the Alps that night in the long ago. Well, I found her. She would weigh, I should say at a rough guess, in the neighborhood of 175 pounds and had a double chin. Her waist line was, I should say, more than forty inches. She was gray headed and a grandmother, and so short-winded that he couldn't have climbed an Alp that was over ten feet. We sat there and talked and lied to each other. I told her how young she looked and how she hadn't changed a bit and that I would have known her anywhere, and she, like a dear good soul, lied back to me and told me that I looked almost as young as I did that night of the commencement. Both of us knew that we were lying to each other, but it was the only thing to do.

"I met another of the girls who sat on the stage that night and read an essay on some subject or other. I don't remember just what it was. She had grown thin instead of fat. She was wrinkled and had lost a tooth or two, and had developed a hairy mole on her chin, and she seemed to me to cackle when she talked. I have always been kind of sorry that I went back and hunted up those girls.—Topeka Capital.

Japan's New Art

While Japan has been forming her soldiers after the German model, her navy after English and American models, her inventors are following Edison, her bacteriologists are students at the Pasteur Institute at Paris, and her painters have modified their art after French and Italian masters. In sculpture she has been ridiculously inefficient, but she is not blind to that fact. The other day the Japanese minister at Paris presented to the illustrious sculptor, Rodin, a young artist who in a carton carried photographs of his own work. These strongly resembled the sculptures of Rodin, who exclaimed that they were so well done that he himself would not be ashamed to sign them. Rodin then learned that many young artists in Japan were influenced by his work. This gave the sculptor so much pleasure that he promised to send a number of his drawings and sculptures to an exposition at Tokyo.

Distinction Without Difference.

Mayor Gaynor of New York said recently that, as long as rich men were permitted to drink in their clubs on Sunday, it was hard to stop the poor from drinking in saloons.

"Too many of us," he said, "incline to see a difference between the rich drinker and the poor drinker.

"One evening at ten o'clock or thereabouts two men were seen to lurch arm-in-arm through the iron lodge gates of a mansion. They zigzagged up the curved driveway, fell, rolled down the sloping lawn and finally came to a stop in a bed of tall and gorgeous tulips.

"Who's that?" one passerby asked another.

"That's Gobses Golde and his chauffeur," the other answered.

"What's the matter with them?"

"Mr. Golde has been dining, and that blasted chauffeur has been drinking again."—Detroit Free Press.

Perplexed Parent.

"Did you ever try to be a kind husband and an indulgent parent?" asked the man whose hair is thin in front.

"Why, sir?" replied the hearty individual, "that should require no effort."

"No effort! Well I want to tell you that in my case it's a superhuman undertaking. My wife wants to smoke cigarettes, my daughter wants to marry a nobleman whose title has lapsed and my son wants me to buy him an aeroplane."

MAKE LIVING BY THEIR WITS

American Adventurers Who Have Got Wealthy Through Shady Deals in South America.

Ever hear of Jim Dugan of Curacao? Well, Jim started a revolution in Central America some years ago, and was put out. He landed in Curacao with a stew and a \$5 gold piece. With the money he bought a lottery ticket, and won a prize. While he still had the money a man who owned a saloon, and who was looking for a sucker, sold out to him. But Jim has flourished. He got hold of a seal belonging to an American life insurance company, and he stamps his letters with that, and calls himself the Irish consul. When I was in to see Jim this time I found that everything passed as currency over his bar. He has a drawerful of such things as false teeth and glass eyes, and one morning I saw a man come in and ask for liquor and then calmly take out his eye and put it on the counter.

But in Buenos Aires there lives and operates an American who is the prototype of J. Rufus Wallingford. He makes a specialty of turning out old masters and selling them at fancy prices to the wealthy Argentinians, who like to blow their money for works of art. This chap got hold of a Frenchman who can paint, and he does the actual work, and they dry them with electric fans. When I was there the electric fans were playing on three Van Dykes. There was an elderly woman, a bit daff, who fancied she was stuck on the president of Argentina. What does the American do but get hold of a man who knows the old lady, and cause him to persuade her that the president is partial to Van Dykes. Soon she gives the American an order for a painting, and he collects the sum of \$10,000, of which the go-between gets \$1,000 and the artist \$500. The last report I had from him was to the effect: "You ask about the nutty old lady? I am getting afraid she might rub some of the paint off that old master, and this would affect my artistic sensibilities."

This chap has got hold of all sorts of concessions. When I first knew him, by the way, he was a colonel in the Nicaraguan army. One of his most successful ventures was to start a watch club, in which you pay one dollar for initiation, and then run the chances of getting a watch. Well, the American showed a high municipal official in Buenos Aires that in a watch club there is a pretty big percentage for whoever is running it, with the result that 40,000 policemen and other government employes were ordered to become members.

Didn't Look Like an Actor.

Lawrence Wheat (Larry for short), who has been more or less a Broadway star for several seasons, made his first big hit in the part of "Stub" Talmage in "The College Widow." Larry had not long been out of college when the Ade comedy was finishing its long run at the Garden theater. Two companies were to be placed on the road and Wheat, who had seen the play several times, felt that he was born to play the part of "Stub." Accordingly he waited upon Henry W. Savage, the producer.

"So you want to play the part of Stub?" said the colonel. "What makes you think you can play the part?"

"I'm just that sort of a type," said Wheat, swelling up his chest and trying to look real brave.

"Well," said the colonel, "we need an actor as well as a type for that part. Are you an actor?"

"I am," said Wheat.

"You don't look like an actor," said the colonel.

"I don't want to look like an actor," said Larry. "It's tough enough to have to be one."

That line got the job.

Some Words You Don't Know.

What is the use of coining slang words to express your meaning in a more picturesque fashion than your neighbor when the dictionary is full of words just as queer and far more correct. Here are a few perfectly good words to be found in any complete dictionary of the English language. But don't you go to the dictionary for them—yet. See first if you can figure out their meaning. Then, when you have looked them up, spring them on the next fellow. He will either brand you as a highbrow or else admire you as the inventor of a new language, though you are neither.

Here are the words: Opusculum, tobaccocon, nobby, node, futtock, galimatias, fadie, duvet, dsiggetal, dwale, periotic, predicant, younker, quintal, propense, quib, becker, et, chauvinism, beluga, gar, hypostyle, soudad, incontinent, inly, kelp, Jorum, rundlet, rupertine, caddis, fiasle, calcar, slinder, hoptile, horary, thorp, utative, woof, aroothk, gaum.

All of them in the dictionary. Almost none of them jawbreakers or over long. What do any of them mean?

American Women Supreme.

The Countess Becheny, nee Gladys Vanderbilt, praised the good taste of American women at a luncheon. She ended her praise with an epigram both striking and true. "The women of all nationalities," she said, "can make their own clothes, but only the American woman can make them so that nobody ever suspects it."

English Getting Fond of Cheese.

Cheese is coming more and more in favor for luncheon in England. In addition to the homemade product there were consumed last year imported cheese that cost \$24,746,800.

NEEDED THAT OTHER ROOT

Patients of Dentists Will Appreciate Story of "Nerve" That Comes From Kansas City.

In Kansas City there dwells a man whose boast is that he has "the nerve," and at least one dental surgeon will support him in his claim. The man with "the nerve" suffered from the pangs of an aching molar and at last sought out his friend the dentist and announced that the tooth must come out. The man with the forceps made a hasty examination and suggested that a filling would relieve the agony, but to no avail.

"That tooth must be pulled," said the "nerve man," "but I want to warn you right now, Doc, that you won't get it the first yank. I have had seven teeth drawn and no dentist lives who can pull one of my teeth the first trial."

The dentist prides himself with the numerous compliments paid him for dexterity in extraction and "the nerve" man's words were a challenge. "I'll get that tooth the very first time I pull it."

"Bet you the drinks you don't," was the patient's retort.

"Done," said the doctor.

The professional man motioned his patron to the operating chair and selected the proper forceps. The cold steel clamped firmly on the tooth, and with a slightly rocking motion the dentist began to pull. The tooth held firm and it looked as if the dentist's reputation as an extractor must suffer. At last, just as little beads of sweat were forming on the operator's brow, he smiled and in another second the three-pronged cause of the trouble lay on the swinging bracket by the dental chair.

No word or sign had been given by the sufferer, who then raised from the chair, grasped the removed tooth in his fingers and gazed at its three roots in contemplation.

There was a tone of real sadness in his voice as he regretfully said: "If that thing had only had another root, I'd have won the drinks."—Kansas City Journal.

WAS TAKING NO CHANCES

Casey Unwilling to Take the Word of His Rival When It Would End Hostilities.

It had come to blows at last. After many threats and sundry fist-shakings not to mention odd brick-ends which were thrown, Casey and Riley determined to "have it out," so they adjourned to a neighboring field, followed by an enthusiastic, admiring crowd.

Before they commenced their display it was agreed mutually that who ever wanted to quit should say "Enough," and with that they started.

After a few minutes Casey got Riley down, and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley shrieked out several times, "Enough."

As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him get up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?"

"I do," said Casey, "but he's such a liar you can't believe him."—London Tit-Bits.

Worried High Official.

Custody of the great seal is one of the most important duties undertaken by the British lord chancellor in return for his \$50,000 a year. This responsibility gave Lord Brougham an unhappy time during his tenure of the chancellorship. When staying with the duke of Bedford, in Scotland, some of the women in the house amused themselves by abstracting the seal from Brougham's room. The chancellor was so frantic when he discovered the loss that his tormentors promised to restore it on conditions. So they blindfolded him, hid the seal in the drawing room, and told him to find it, guiding him in his search by a tune on the piano, which grew louder when he drew near it and softer when he drew away. After an hour's scrambling the seal was found in a tea caddy.

Judicial Spelling.

A probate judge in western Kansas wrote to the judge of the juvenile court in Kansas City asking for information as to how the court should be conducted. He spelled it "Juvenile" first, then "juvenile," and finally "juvanile"; three tries, and a clean miss in all three. Charles Blakesley of Kansas City recalls that there was once a probate judge in his town who spelled it "probat jug" and a constable who used to spell his own title "cuncible." The celebrated Judge Noggle of Wisconsin, and a good judge he was, too, once told a prisoner at his bar that he, the court, knew the man to be a fraud as certainly as if he saw the letters F-R-O-A-D stamped on his forehead.—New York Mail.

Protection During Fog.

Two brothers named Hodgkinson have invented an apparatus which acts as "ears" for a ship will afford a protection now lacking in time of fog. Tests in the Mersey at Liverpool appear to substantiate the claims made for this invention, that it will definitely determine the direction of sounds. The invention consists of a drum nine feet long by five feet in diameter set up aloft so as to miss sounds on deck, but to receive other sound waves on a "receiver" divided into units for each direction. An electrical appliance connected with a lamp shows by a small light the direction whence the sound may be coming.

THREW THE DIAMOND AWAY

Second Finder Was Wiser and Kept It for Its Much Worried Owner.

At a big hotel not over half a mile from Times square, which may be further identified by the fact that some of the employes can afford to wear diamonds, a good-sized brilliant went begging for a time Friday morning. It was lost by its owner, found, thrown away, and then found again.

The night manager owns a ring that has three diamonds in it. The middle one was said to have cost him \$200. Some time Thursday night it dropped out of its setting.

After things had got quiet, the man who cleans up the second floor saw something glittering on the carpet in one of the public rooms on the second floor. He picked it up and took it to the night controller.

"Aw, that's nothing but a bit of glass," appraised the controller, who doesn't wear diamonds.

"But it looks like something," said the cleaner.

"Rats! You're bughouse if you think that's worth anything. Throw it away."

As the cleaner didn't have any other place handy, he threw the thing in a corner.

When daylight came the rays of the sun came in and fell on the diamond just as a housemaid was tidying up the room. She saw it and picked it up. The cleaner had not yet gone home, and she showed it to him.

"Nothing but glass. That's the second time I've seen that thing," he assured her.

"Who told you it was glass?" she asked.

"The controller."

"Hub! he knows nothing about jewelry. I'm going to keep it," and she put it into her pocket.

The night manager came to the hotel Friday night out of breath. He had not discovered his loss until he awoke in the afternoon. He immediately began an investigation, and finally it led him to the cleaner.

"Yes, I picked up something like what you say," he said.

"What did you do with it?"

"I threw it away."

The manager said some things to which the cleaner retorted that the controller had been positive the thing was nothing but glass.

The manager said some more things. Then the cleaner remembered that the housemaid had picked up the thing again.

"What did she do with it?"

"I told her to throw it away."

The manager thought of a few things he had left unsaid, but looked up the housemaid. No, she had not thrown it away. She looked up the working skirt she had worn the night before and there the gem still lay in the pocket.—New York Times.

Charm of Memory.

The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness. The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach. We can recall places, houses, rooms, until every detail lives again. We can turn from one thing to another, and as we look at each, lo, it is there! It has a reality more poignant than the hand that we touch or the flower that we smell. Sometimes, it is true, present experiences, even as they occur, have something of this quality. They do not need to recede into the past to gain this glamour. Certain places have it; cathedrals sometimes, and still lakes. Certain things foster it; freight and silence, and the steady fall of rain. Certain moments give birth to it; the luminous pause between sundown and dusk, afternoon with its slant of light through deep grass or across a quiet river. This, I fancy, was what Tennyson was thinking of when he called the lotus land the land "wherein it seemed always afternoon." In that land these magic moments were prolonged, and thus it became the land of reminiscence.—Atlantic Monthly.

Barometer.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, despite his financial troubles, continues to tell innumerable witty war stories. One of the most recent of these concerns a captain in a South American war.

"This captain," so General Sickles tells the tale, "was continually getting sick and being reported unfit for duty whenever there was a big battle in sight."

"After he had shirked about seven battles by means of sick leave, he became notorious; and it is said that he once overheard, from the hospital tent, two newboys talking about himself."

"Juan," said the first boy, "we'd better order an extra supply of papers. There's going to be some tall fighting tomorrow."

"How do you know that?" Pepe, the second boy asked.

"Captain Blanc," was the reply, "is sick again."

The Bitter Bit.

A certain critic, renowned for his bitter tongue, found that on occasion even artists will turn. The occasion was a reception at which the artist was exhibiting his latest work.

"I should like to have your opinion of my picture," he said to the critic.

"It's absolutely worthless," the other replied, shortly.

"O, I know that," pursued the artist, "but it would really interest me very much indeed."—Berlin Illustrated Times.