

## AN ART STUDENT'S JOKE.

The One Touch the Young Painter's Picture Needed.

"It is probable that the young American who entertained a Berlin audience unexpectedly one evening half a dozen years ago may have set up a studio of his own somewhere in this country, and if he has I'll guarantee that he entertains well," said an artist at the Lotos club one night recently. "I was in Berlin doing a little painting at the time and I fell in with a little colony of Americans who made my stay very pleasant."

"We dropped in to see a variety show one evening at the Reichs Hallen. The star performer was a lightning-sketch artist, who figured on the bill as 'Professor.' He was a tall, long-haired man, with arms that reached almost to his knees. A large easel held his canvases, and the rapidity with which he worked greatly pleased his audience. His arms worked like a windmill, and as he swung them the paint flew off his brush in a steady stream. The result on the canvas didn't resemble anything until with a quick spit-spat of the brush, he put a touch here and a touch there, and behold, a picture. The picture wasn't a work of art, to be sure, but then the spectators were by no means critical. As the professor's arms flew around and his brush whacked the canvas, turning out new pictures in less than half a minute, the enthusiasm increased. The professor sat down to rest. A well-dressed young man, very evidently an American, called out in very shaky German:

"Oh, professor, you are slow and your pictures are bad."

"Come up and try one yourself, if you think so," replied the professor, sneeringly.

"All right," said the young man, and while the rest of the spectators were shouting and laughing at the invitation he climbed up on the stage and took possession of the professor's paints and easel.

"It was apparent that he knew something about painting from the ease with which he handled his brush. After two or three preliminary motions to limber up his arms he turned and bowed low to the audience in the professor's best manner. The caricature was appreciated and a terrific howl greeted him. Turning to the canvas he swung his paint brush at a rate that made the professor's previous efforts seem slow by contrast. He seemed to be in a frenzy, and the eyes of the stolid Germans in the theater bulged out with astonishment. They forgot to drink their beer. In less than a minute the American turned and bowed again to the spectators to imply that his picture was completed, and he awaited their decision. As he stood aside and the canvas on which he had been working was exposed there was silence for a moment, and then came a storm of jeers, in which even the professor joined. The canvas was merely a blotch. Not even the wildest imagination could trace any suggestion of a picture on it.

"The American looked pained at his greeting, and then turned toward his canvas. A surprised expression came over his face. That couldn't be his picture. The spectators were still jeering him when, as if it were a second thought, he sprang to the easel and turned the canvas bottom side up. The jeers were changed to cheers. The canvas now bore an excellent landscape with no detail left out. There were trees, a stream, an old Dutch house, and in the background several cows. It had been painted coarsely, but it was effective, and far superior to anything that the professor had turned out. While the spectators were laughing at the young American's ready wit, he sprang off the stage and, accompanied by several friends, left the hall. I learned that he was studying art in Berlin and that he spent more time in practical jokes than at the art schools. He had fairly beaten the professor at his own game, however, and there were no more lightning sketches that evening." —N. Y. Sun.

## A Busy President.

President Kruger is described as about the busiest man in Africa. At 8:30 a.m., when most presidents and kings are presumably eating their breakfast, Oom Paul has left his house and appeared at the executive chamber to attend to his numerous duties there. Sunday, too, is sometimes a busy day with him, for whenever the pastor of his church is absent, Mr. Kruger goes into the pulpit himself, and he preaches with ability and power.

## Girl in a Monkey's Skin.

The Salvation Army rescued a girl in England which had been taken captive, styles himself as a "moderate" human monkey. The child is said to have been stolen by an itinerant musician, who stunted its growth with gin, and then enveloped it in the skin of a monkey.

How foolish it makes a fellow feel when he laughs at the wrong time, because he wasn't listening.—Washington Democrat.

## CURIOS FOREIGN TERMS.

A Compilation of Weights and Measures Phraseology.

For the purpose of assisting the tradesmen of this country to a proper understanding of the weights and measures in countries with which the United States has established trade relations, the state department in Washington recently caused a compilation to be made of foreign weights and measures, with their American equivalents. This compilation contains some curious as well as instructive features.

The word "candy" in India means 500 pounds in Madras, and 529 pounds in Bombay. The word "barrel" in Spain means 100 pounds of raisins, while in Malta it is a customs phrase for 11.4 gallons. "Dun" is Japanese for one inch, and "li" is Chinese for 2,115 feet. In Germany the word "last" means two metric tons, or 4,480 pounds, while in England it stands for 82½ bushels of dry malt. A person who said "pie" in the Argentine Republic would describe nine-tenths of a foot, and the person using the word "sho" in Japan would designate one and six-tenths of a quart.

"Rottle" in Palestine means 6 pounds, and in Syria 5½ pounds.

"Seer" is Indian for 1 pound 13 ounces; "salm" is Maltese for 490 pounds, and "poor" is Russian for 36 pounds. A "catty" in China, Japan, and Java means about 1 1/3 pounds, while in Sumatra it indicates about 2½ pounds. "Coyan" is Sarawak for 3 pounds and Siamese for about 2½ pounds. "Fanega" is a common unit of dry measure in South and Central America; it means 2½ bushels in Chili, 3.88 bushels in Uruguay, 1½ bushels in Venezuela, 1½ bushels in Mexico and about the same in Cuba. "Arroba" means 32 1-3 pounds in Brazil and 25 1-3 pounds in the Argentine Republic. "Arshine" is Russian for 28 inches, and "arrel" in Morocco is for one-quarter of an acre.

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"Cincinatti Enquirer.

—Mrs. Yeast — "I wish I could think of something to keep my husband at home at nights." Mrs. Yoncheon—"Gethim a bicycle." Mrs. Yeast—"That would take him out more than ever." Mrs. Puncheon—"Oh, no, it wouldn't! My husband got on the day before yesterday, and the doctor says he won't be out for a month."—Household Words.

## BREVITIES OF FUN.

"Tredde is jealous of his prerogatives, ain't he?" "What makes you say so?" "He got angry the other night and told me not to be a fool." —N. Y. Sun.

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock." —Tit-Bits.

—Mrs. Spat—"Your husband is an inventor, I believe?" Mrs. Spotter—"Yes. Some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country."—Philadelphia North American.

—Simonsbee—"I have a chance to marry two girls; one is pretty, but the other, though plain, is an excellent housekeeper." Mr. Russell, of Chicago—"Take the pretty one first."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Oi did not mind the threats av im," Mr. Hogan explained, "as much as th' insultin' style av his remarks." "And what did he say?" asked Mr. Grogan. "He says to me: 'Hogan, you say he, 'tis a great notion I have to jump on you and knock your face into shape.'"—Indianapolis Journal.

—What nonsense they do print about the nobility of the horse! I never knew a man yet who had much to do with horses who was not made coarser in his manners," said the finished boarder. "Still," said Asbury Peppers, "you must admit that there is something elevating about a mule."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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YOUTHFUL ENTERPRISE.

Found This Boy a Position and Led to Advancement.

Jimmie Brown, aged ten, sat busily poring over the advertising sheets of the New York dailies. He was wildly anxious for a good position as office boy, for not only did he sadly need wages, but he had an ambitious little brain in his head, and he wanted, above all things, to master the technicalities of some good business. Finally his eye lighted upon an advertisement that seemed to appeal to him more than any of the others, and he determined to make a desperate effort to secure the position; only the "Address lock box 441" was so very discouraging in the beginning, for Jimmie had already cudgeled his poor little brain and cramped his stiff little fingers over many an answer to advertisements—to say nothing of the precious stamps he had risked—and all to no purpose. No! Plainly, in his case, some other method must be thought out.

The next morning Mr. Adams, a wealthy contractor, took a very, very fat man from lock box 441, most of which, however, was destined never to read, for close at his heels followed a sturdy little boy, who managed somehow to slip into the office of him.

"Please, sir," said Jimmie, for it was none other, "will you give me a chance to try to suit you as office boy?"

"Why, how do you know that I want an office boy?" asked Mr. Adams.

"I read your advertisement in the paper, and ever since I have been watching box 441 to find out who you are and where you did business, so that I might get in my work before you had a chance to read about the other fellows. Will you give me a try, sir?"

"Well," replied Mr. Adams, looking rather amused, "if you are smart enough to do that, I guess you are about the boy we want. Yes, you may stay and go right to work. First, sort out these letters and dump all the answers to that advertisement into the waste basket."

This all happened many years ago, and to-day Mr. James Brown is one of the leading partners in that very firm which first served intelligently and conscientiously as office boy—Cleveland Leader.

High Priced Book.

The highest price ever paid for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Jewish merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II, for a very ancient Hebrew Bible. It was believed to be the original copy of the Septuagint version made from the Hebrew in Greek in 27 B.C., carefully copied, of the Hebrew text having been prepared at that date for the use of the 70 translators. The offer to Julius was £20,000, which, considering the difference between the value of money then and now, would in our day represent the princely sum of \$600,000. Julius was at that time greatly pressed for money to maintain the Holy League which the pope had organized against France, but in spite of his lack of funds he declined the offer.

Just Dog.

Loffne—What sort of a dog is that you have—a pointer?

Sporty—No; a disappointer.—Philadelphia Press.

RELLOC

A. R. Agent

DIEBOLD SAFE & LOCK CO.,

719 EURE COMMUNE.

Coffre-fort désmonté, changé et réparé.

22 nov.-dim.-1 an

## VENTES A L'ENCAN.

PAR JACOB A. REINACH.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE  
PROPRIETE

Augmentant en valeur et non améliorée dans le Premier District

Chance pour un spéculateur

placement.

La vente de liquidation du Masonic Temple Building Association, en

liquidation.

Our Office de Bureau—Bureau Nos 54

et 56 à droite, et Bureau No 55 à

gauche, à l'angle de la Rue

Orléans, 61, et la Rue

de la Paix, 71, et la Rue