

MONEY COVERED VASE

Soldered on a Large Copper Vase Valued at \$75,000.

A LIFE'S WORK FINISHED

Twenty-three Years of Patient Labor Required to Complete It—Spanish Coins of Pizarro's Time, Roman Coins of the Caesars and American Coppers.

After twenty-three years of patient labor Eduard Rausch, of Philadelphia, sits in the front parlor of his little home, nursing his rheumatic toe, and admiring the result of his toil all day long.

It is a huge vase completely covered by coins—coins of all nations and all ages and it is no idle boast of his that no similar work was ever completed or perhaps dreamed of by any man of the dead or the living.

If the fancy of the German cornice maker should delve past the mere outward appearance of those 4,000 shiny scrapings of dead ages, wealth which he stunted himself through a quarter century to secure, he might see more than a remarkable ornament which he would be willing to part with for a good-sized fortune. He might find material in that contemplation for a greater elegy than that of the eighteenth century poet. Here are Spanish gold coins of Pizarro's time rubbing edges with American coppers; crude African money, bolts and bars, that might have been used by savages as weapons with good effect, soldered beside the fat silver coins of ancient Greece.

Other African coins there are in the shape of horse shoes, fashioned as if the more handsomely to permit physical strife for their possession which experience had proven unavoidable. Sicilian spoon money and Japanese oblong coins, the Nuremberg tiny speck of gold, the smallest coin in the world, only an eighth of an inch in diameter, and Japanese bars and forks that passed as bullion when the world was younger; Roman money that the Caesars may have touched, shell money of untutored seashore tribes—not one space of history has been left unrepresented on this unprecedented vase.

Rausch has surrounded it by a glass case and a brass railing. People walk into the little front parlor of his home, and stand gazing in mute wonder. Then they look at its maker sitting with his foot propped on a chair and his pipe in his mouth, chucking at their admiration.

"Oh, it's never been done before," he said today, in his quaint semi-Bavarian patois. "There never was anything like it. Twenty-five years have I been, since I was a young man, gathering those. Slowly, slowly, you know. Why some of those coins took big pieces out of my pay. There, that," pointing to one not particularly imposing specimen, "cost me \$110 and several others little less and others more."

Many of the collection have increased in value since the time Rausch came into their possession. He started to collect in 1879 and was so fortunate in his bargains and exchanges that he determined to continue as a life work what had begun as a fad. Two years later he conceived the vase idea and constructed one of copper, on graceful lines, over five feet in height and thirty-two inches in diameter at its widest part. He started to solder on his collection but it was not long before it had all been used and to decorate but a small portion of the surface. Then he cast about him to get more material.

But a wife and growing family interceded in the midst of this pastime and Rausch felt the necessity of finding coins that had to be used for other purposes than to ornament a copper vase. The recompense of his labor was not sufficient to permit much to be expended beyond domestic needs and some had to be laid by.

With the perseverance of his race, however, and the belief that he was making a good investment, Rausch put every available cent into the purchase of rare coins. Few he received as gifts. Many were hard to get, even with money. Sometimes work on the vase would stop for months before another metal treasure was obtained to hide a dull patch of sheet copper.

Last week he finished it, and bought a bunch of flowers to put in the top of his vase. Rausch says he ought to get \$75,000 for it. He was asked if the pieces could be taken off if the purchasing collector chose to have them detached, without injuring them. The idea had not occurred to him.

"No, they would not be damaged if you pulled them off," said he. "But that would make bare patches on the vase."

Age of Individualism.

This is the age of individualism. We demand individual peppers, salts, knives, forks, spoons, glasses, cups and plates at the hotels, individual sheets, individual towels, individual soap; and at the barber's individual combs, brushes and pomades, razors, scissors, clippers and lathers. Such as can afford it have individual palace cars and steamships.

New Prefixes for Americans.

The London Express learns that "it is proposed in America that the prefix 'Mr.' should be abolished by acts of Congress, and every man should be known by his trade or profession, as 'Draper Jones' or 'Attorney Smith.'"

TURKISH DISCIPLINE LAX

Army and Navy Are Almost Completely Demoralized.

HUMOROUS INSTANCES

Escape Fighting Whenever Possible—Albanians' Suggestion of an Alliance of England, Italy and Albania Against Europe.

It is said that the Turkish soldiery is becoming demoralized to the point where displays of cowardice are common. Some extraordinary instances of this are related by a recent traveler there who declares that the Turkish troops have displayed their lack of nerve many times. When actual fighting is to be done many of the soldiers seek seclusion in the adjacent fields or escape the observation of their commanders by getting into streams or ponds and immersing themselves in water up to the neck. It was near Uskub that a resort to this method of avoiding trouble was actually observed. An engineer corps had been summoned hastily to the nearest bridge over the Vardar, where bombs had just been thrown, and found the guard especially placed there to protect the bridge conspicuously absent. It took the officers a considerable time to find what had become of their missing men.

Apparently the demoralization of Turkey's fighting forces extends also to its naval vessels. There is a guardship at Salonika, a fairly modern-looking small cruiser, lying year in, year out peacefully at anchor in the bay. One day an order came to the commander to take a cruise, and the consternation of that gallant officer was great because no screw steamer could move without a shaft, and that had been sold some time ago. But he was a man of resource, and had a shaft made of wood, praying that it would break within the first few minutes. The wooden shaft held by some miracle, and as the cruiser slowly steamed out of the gulf the captain's heart sunk, for he had no desire to go to sea with a shaft that must break sooner or later. So he kept below and had the shaft sawn half-way through. A little extra steam and the desired result was accomplished and the guardship was towed back "disabled."

Some of the Albanians whose insurrectionary operations have been an occasion for concern both to Turkey and to the powers which are trying to compel reforms in that region are curiously ignorant as to the conditions in the outer world. A writer who visited an Albanian monastery says: "The fact that I write impressed these worthy friars greatly, and Padre Gioacchino, politician as are all Albanians, made a wonderful suggestion. 'Write along article, my son, he exclaimed enthusiastically. 'Thou knowest us and the bravery of my nation. Suggest an alliance against Europe that will assuredly destroy the balance of the powers.' The alliance which the padre expected to overturn the balance of power was to consist of England, Italy and Albania."

Intense Cold of Thibet.

The intense cold found at the high elevations over which the British troops lately marched into Thibet nearly disabled the Maxim and rifles. The officers of the guns had to clear the locks of the Maxims of oil and carry them in their breast pockets to keep them warm and dry, and the men took their rifles to bed with them. Otherwise the oil would freeze into a clogging mess which would cause misfires. The water jackets of the Maxims became a source of danger and even a mixture of one-quarter rum did not prevent the water from freezing.

King Cotton in Texas.

So far from being doomed as a cotton State, we have reason to believe that cotton production in Texas is in its infancy. New methods made necessary by the weevil result in larger production, even with the presence of the weevil, and when these methods become universal in Texas, so far from going out of the business, we may look for still greater production. If prices range from 10 to 12 cents a pound for the next crop, grand old Texas will have the goods to get from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 worth. Houston Post.

An Ancient Printing Press.

One of the oldest printing presses in existence was built at Boston in 1742 by Thomas Draper. It was the first press ever used in New Hampshire. At that time it was owned by Daniel Fowler, but afterwards came into the possession of John Melcher, the first state printer. It is now owned by a firm of press builders in New Jersey who keep it as a curiosity.

Electricity Duty Free.

The Royal Italian Minister of Finance has just granted an Italian firm permission to import free of duty electric power by wire from a power station to be erected in Swiss territory. In giving his decision the Minister of Finance said that no provision had been made in the Italian tariff for taxing imported electric power.

An Insurance Novelty.

An English firm issues picture postal cards, the purchaser of one of which can, by mailing it to the firm with his name and address on it, insure his life for \$3,500 for 11 hours against travel accidents.

WINNING HIS WIFE

"I don't deny any of your claims, Rigby, but it has been one of our rules to give such a post as this only to married men. I believe there comes to a married man a certain sense of responsibility which makes him more valuable to us and more safe in the position."

"But, Mr. Johnson," protested young Rigby, "there isn't a man on your traveling force who has done better for you, considering the bad territory you gave me. If you'd give me a chance at New York state, I'd break the record."

"Perhaps, but you'll have to get married first! No, don't argue," reiterated Mr. Johnson as Rigby tried to interrupt. "We'll hold the place open for two weeks. If at the end of that time you can show me a marriage certificate we'll talk business."

"You belong to a club here in town, have apartments waiting for you when you come in from your trips, go to the theatre some, play the races a bit, eh?"

Rigby nodded his head.

"Cut it out and get a wife."

"But I don't know any girl who'd—"

"What!" almost shouted Mr. Johnson, "do you mean to tell me that in all your bumping around the country you've never met a girl you would seriously consider marrying?"

Rigby's mind traveled rapidly over his list of acquaintances. He raised his head, and caught a pair of brown eyes watching him from the desk in the far corner of Mr. Johnson's office. The eyes belonged to Johnson's private stenographer.

"No, I don't know a girl I'd care to marry, nor a girl who'd care to marry me."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson.

"But I'll tell you this much, Mr. Johnson, I don't propose to let a little thing like not having a wife stand between me and that job. I'm going to get both inside of the two weeks."

Charles Rigby crossed the square, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his hat pulled over his eyes. He was thinking about girls.

Then all of a sudden he remembered the brown eyes that had watched him during Johnson's merciless catechism.

Merrifield, the bookkeeper, sauntered in for lunch, and Rigby welcomed him joyously. After a few desultory remarks he inquired about the owner of the brown eyes.

"You remember Darnton, who was killed in the Somerville collision last summer? Well, she's his daughter, Belle Darnton. I think her mother's folks have money, but she was too proud to ask help, and she lives with her father's maiden sister. I guess all they have is her little salary."

That night he walked home with Miss Brown-eyes. The next night he called, the third night he took her to the theatre—but all the while the brown eyes never met his.

And Sunday night of the following week he asked her to marry him. There were four days of grace.

"You know, I won't bother you very much," he explained awkwardly, wishing that the eyes were not looking straight into his. "I'll—I'll be on the road most of the time, and your aunt could stay with you—only in a much better house—and really, I'd do my best to make you happy."

The brown eyes were shooting sparks now.

"I'm glad you didn't have the impertinence to tell me you loved me, anyhow. There is that much to your credit," she was saying scornfully. "But you couldn't make me happy. I hate you."

She said more, but Rigby, stumbling to his apartments through the snow, could not exactly recall it.

All of a sudden he realized that, above all things, he did not wish this girl to hate him. He wanted her to love him, wanted it more than anything else in the world—even the position.

Three days later Mr. Johnson opened a letter from Rigby, dated in a small Pennsylvania town.

"I have changed my mind. I don't want the New York job until I've earned my wife."

And all that long, bitter winter Rigby stayed on the road. He shunned the theatre and closed his eyes to the racing news. But he sold goods and wrote regularly to the senior member of the firm.

"Rigby's got the trade in Pennsylvania by the boot straps and pulling on it to beat the band," observed Johnson to his partner one day—in the presence of the brown-eyed stenographer. "He is surely trying to make a record."

It was summer before Rigby put the question again, and fall before the wedding day was set. Rigby protested, but she was firm.

"I want you to make one more trip," she said slyly. "I want to write you every day—for myself. All our correspondence heretofore has been purely a matter of business. He looked at her reproachfully.

"Yes," she added smiling tenderly. "I could read between the lines of each letter to Mr. Johnson, I'm doing this for you, dear, for you! But I want some letters of my very own. We'll make it just a year from the day Mr. Johnson told you to go wife-hunting."

Rigby sighed resignedly. "All right, but tell me just one thing, Belle dear. Why did you watch me so closely the day Johnson asked me if there wasn't some girl I could marry in a hurry?"

"Because—because—" and the brown eyes were covered with the sweeping lashes now, "I was so—so afraid there might be."—By Ava Williams.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES

When the door finally closed on their dinner guests the face of young Mrs. Pittinger relaxed its society smile and she tumbled into the first chair handy, a picture of pale woe and nerves. "I'm so thankful that awful affair is over!" she cried hysterically. "I never put in such an afternoon and evening in my life!"

Pittinger stared in bewilderment. He has not been married long, and still seeks for causes. "Why, the dinner was great," he declared. "Everybody went off all right and everybody had a beautiful time. What's the row?"

"Sit down, Gerald Pittinger," said his wife, solemnly, straightening up after the fashion of the dying gladiator making one last effort. "I'll enlighten you. I suppose because nobody spilled soup into his lap or hurled the eatables away in disdain, because I smiled and chattered in the most approved way and Mary served everything calmly and smoothly you fancied that dinner was an easy success. Why, a military campaign is nothing to what I've gone through today! I've faced fire and smoke, disaster and defeat and am so tired I'm ready to scream!"

"But the ducks were fine!" suggested Mr. Pittinger, dazedly, still clinging to the one obvious fact in sight.

"I started in right after luncheon," said his wife, scornful his attempt at comfort. "Some thing has been the trouble with the gas stove, so I told Mary that we'd use the coal range. I built the fire myself, because I wanted it to burn up quickly. I was going to bake a cake and some rolls and then the fire would be just right to roast the ducks. Mary said it must be the damp air outside, for the fire would not burn. We shook it and we poked it. I sat down on the floor and fanned it for half an hour with a palm-leaf fan. It burned just enough to keep alive the idea that in about three minutes it would burst into glorious flames. It was 3 o'clock when at last I put my cake into the gas oven where it stewed! Yes, it did, and I had to telephone a carter to send out the one we had to-night!"

"When 4 o'clock came Mary and I began to get nervous. There was no use trying to cook meat by the feeble heat of the gas stove, so the range simply had to burn. I poured some kerosene into a cup—just a little bit—opened the stove and threw it in. There was a silence—and then the stove lids went up six inches and white smoke filled the kitchen. Oh, yes, there was a roar, of course. Then the fire died down again. There was nothing for it but to scoop out the mass of charred coal. Then by the time we got it all out, emptied it into a coal bucket and into the back yard it was 5 o'clock. Everything in the kitchen was veiled in thin white ashes. My face was smudged, my hair was in strings, my back was broken and my temper was in a savage state. Then Mary proved herself a jewel."



SMOKE FILLED THE KITCHEN.

She said there was a little wood down cellar and she'd try that in the cook stove. Which she did. And it burned! I just wanted to cry with joy when I saw it really burn! She said, of course, we couldn't fix scalloped potatoes now, but she'd roast them with the birds. And maybe I'd be willing to use canned soup.

Willingly I'd have grabbed at petrified soup, tabloid soup, anything! It was 5:30 o'clock and the table wasn't fixed, so I rushed to fix it. And I do like to have plenty of time to arrange a table for dinner! Then I started to get dressed, remembered I hadn't made the mayonnaise, flew down the back way and made that, tore upstairs again and had just got into my dress when the Grants came. I didn't know what success Mary was having—whether if the wood didn't hold out she'd have sense enough to chop up the mahogany library table or anything handy just to keep that fire going, but I had to smile serenely and act as though a \$10,000 chef and six assistants were in charge, together with a coal range that was never known to 'act up!' Do you wonder I'm a wreck?"

"It's too bad," admitted Pittinger, who, being a man, did not in the least appreciate this harrowing tale. "But the ducks were fine!"—Chicago News.

London City's Restaurants.

Since 1897 the number of places of refreshment in the City of London has increased from 614 to 908. They include 214 tea-shops, 281 coffee houses, 206 public houses, 17 restaurants with licenses and 138 restaurants without licenses. They employ all told 3,485 men and 6,405 women.

THE GRAY KITTEN.

In an unlucky moment Seymour had mentioned to Miss Whitaker the arrival of a family of kittens at his sister's home. Not that he appreciated the extent of his ill fortune at the time. In fact, when Miss Whitaker seemed interested he congratulated himself on his choice of a subject, and when she eagerly inquired if there was a gray kitten among the number, and if his sister would be willing to give it away, Seymour thanked his lucky stars.

As it proved, however, in answering so confidently for his sister, Seymour reckoned without his host. When he broached the subject to her later his sister merely said, that Tommy thought the gray kitten the prettiest, and perhaps Miss Whitaker would like the black or tortoiseshell. It irritated Seymour that a woman of his sister's intelligence should weigh the preference of a freckled imp of a boy like Tommy against that of an angel like Miss Whitaker, but he swallowed his vexation and tried diplomacy. After a promise of a visit to the circus, Tommy was prepared to maintain the superiority of the tortoiseshell kitten over its gray brother.

Seymour had planned to take up the gray kitten some evening, rather late, but unforeseen circumstances upset this discreet plan. Miss Whitaker invited him to dinner. After his acceptance of the invitation he asked winningly if he would just as soon bring the kitten. Seymour promised ecstatically, without dreaming what his rash pledge involved.

Seymour was detained late at the office the afternoon in question and rushed home to make a hasty toilet. Then he went to secure the gray kitten.

Up to this time Seymour had been in the habit of referring patronizingly to the instinct of the lower animals. He now speaks of their malicious intelligence. Evidently the gray kitten had overheard the conversations relating to its future and disapproved of the plans. While the black and tortoiseshell rushed to meet Seymour and frisked about him, the gray kitten



SOMEWHAT DISHEVELED.

ten took refuge under the bed in the children's room and watched with a cynical amusement his struggles to capture it.

Seymour's attempt to dislodge the kitten with a walking stick proving useless, he resorted to desperate measures. Prostrating himself upon the floor, he squirmed his way under the bed, seized the reluctant kitten and wriggled back with his prize. Seymour's sister prides herself on her housekeeping, yet in the best regulated households the man who crawls under a bed on the evening before sweeping day is likely to emerge in a somewhat disheveled and dusty state. Though, after securing the kitten in a basket, Seymour gave ten minutes of precious time to brushing his garments, he still looked the worse for wear.

The elevated train was crowded when Seymour took it. Even if the basket had contained dry goods or grocery supplies, it would have been a distinct embarrassment. But it was only too evident that the contents of the basket were of no such nature. The kitten howled in a frenzied, not to say blood-curdling, manner. It annoyed Seymour that no one seemed to have anything to think of but the kitten and its evident dissatisfaction with the environment. He could not but feel a contempt for a public turned from all lofty and uplifting thoughts by so trivial a distraction.

Seymour has never been in the habit of courting publicity. His conspicuous position was most unpleasant, therefore, and the climax was near when a stout woman with spectacles announced that she thought it a case for the Humane society. When a red faced man hanging to a strap said that it might be a kitten, but it sounded to him like a week-old baby, the round-eyed girl who was Seymour's nearest neighbor edged away from him with a look of abhorrence. Seymour stared steadily through the window, painfully aware that his countenance was suffused with a burning blush. If he had not realized that any show of anger would have rendered his absurd position still more ridiculous he would have used strong language to the red-faced man.

Seymour was twenty minutes late when he reached Miss Whitaker's home. Though dinner had been so long delayed, she insisted on the immediate release of the gray kitten. That wretched little animal, instead

PENCILINGS.

The man who takes things as they come may boast of his philosophy, but he doesn't get rich as quick as the man who reaches out and hauls in things that wouldn't hit him otherwise.

There is something wrong about the citizen who isn't proud of his wife, his watch, his children and his dog.

When a girl with a dress suit comes up a street car, every man in it expects to get his knees bumped as she passes down the aisle.

When you break a vase, don't try to mend it. If you do, it will always remind you of the accident. Throw it in the ash barrel instead, and think Heaven that you have not rid of another piece of bric-a-brac.

A boy can always get a good character by referring to his grandmother.

Always think before you speak. Before you write, think a long time.

If you know a boy who never uses any slang phrases, you can be sure that he also doesn't take any interest whatever in baseball.

We all know the citizen who says "There's no use talking!" and then keeps on talking for a busy hour after ward.

DEW DROPS

Good to eat—meal tickets. Hard times—those served in jail. The ocean diver expects to be under paid.

Kangaroos are found mostly in the hop districts.

The window dresser doesn't have to be a saint.

A woman's mind is as fickle as the shape of her hat.

Many a so-called boom turns out to be a boom-bust.

The weather here is stormy even when it is not fowl weather.

In the game of life, the rascally manager is looking for good cards.

When nature frowns, naturally it shows on the brow of the mountain.

Sometimes the farmer sows grain and gets corn.

A man can get a very accurate estimate of his own importance by having three children in his family.

If wicked were better, some people would still walk in their sleep.

A man always feels blamed uncomfortable when he has only himself to blame.

There is always some part of a woman's figure she can brag about to herself.

When the ship owner goes on shore, he is a landed proprietor.

The fountain cannot have a play spell until it has been made to work.

The pickpocket doesn't go to the ball game to steal a base.

It's very clever the way a girl has of kissing every man with a different way for each.

A woman cannot use a hammer, but she can sometimes nail a lie.

Stopping Bleeding by Music.

Perhaps the strangest use to which music can be put is to stop the flow of blood from a wound. An army doctor noticed that when a wounded soldier was taken to, within an easy hearing distance of music, hemorrhage was greatly reduced or stopped.

Movement of the Earth.

This earth is supposed to be round and about 25,000 miles in circumference. It turns on its axis once in 24 hours, going at a rate of 1,000 miles per hour, and also traveling at a rate of 18 miles per second through space at the same time.

Estimating Distances.

Every one has a personal method of estimating distance by the eye, and few can think in yards, or feet, or metres. The commonest method, perhaps, is the step.

Queen's Names on Oaks.

Many English queens have chosen oak trees in Windsor Forest, where on their respective names, with the dates of their choice, have been commemorated by means of brass plates.

Handkerchiefs for the Navy.

All sailors in the king's navy are obliged to buy a black silk handkerchief. They get it from the government stores, and the price, about 10 pence, is deducted from their pay.

Death and Civilization.

It is a strange fact that the more civilized and more advanced a nation is, the more it is inclined to regard death as a necessary evil.