

# "HIGH PRIESTESS OF ANARCHY" MADE RATHER A TAME SPEECH



The woman, who, in her own opinion, is the "high priestess of anarchy," made a rather tame speech to the audience at the Clinton Hall, Asheville, N. C., last night. She was introduced by Dr. J. C. Ferrar, who had spent much time in Spain, where she was arrested. She said she was a woman of peace and that she was not a anarchist. She said she was a woman of peace and that she was not a anarchist. She said she was a woman of peace and that she was not a anarchist.

**A Woman's Age? Forget It.**  
Man has no right to question woman's age—to even think about it. A woman, bless her, is as old as she makes out or makes up and not a day older. Man is out of his latitude when he begins trying to locate woman's age longitude. It is her privilege to conceal her age in any form or manner she may choose, and it is man's prerogative to assist her as much as possible rather than hinder or question her in any way. Man owes it to himself to see that she is supplied with every means of concealing her age or any new wrinkle which she chooses to keep from the gaze of the overcurious public. Man is not supposed to be young or beautiful. He couldn't be if he wanted to be and wouldn't be if he could. With woman it is different. She wants to be and can be and is, whether she wants to be or not, and it is a whole lot better for her and for her admirer or admirers, as the case may be, that her age be carefully guarded under that charming veil of mystery which should ever be hers by right of possession. Forget that she has an age, brother, and you will be happier, and so will she, but don't, for heaven's sake, forget that she has a birthday.—Boston Herald.

**The Fighting Editor.**  
The fighting editor is no joke in Paris. There, if a paper calls a man a liar or a thief, the man takes it seriously, and, visiting the office, he demands a retraction or a fight. It is the fighting editor who receives him. The fighting editor sits in a Louis XV. study, smoking a cigarette and reading a new novel with a yellow cover. He is faultlessly dressed in deep black—the duelist's color. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor is in his buttonhole. His brilliant eyes and clear skin proclaim his perfect condition. His alert, supple carriage shows his military training. The fighting editor never writes a line, but is responsible personally for every word in the paper every day. On a plain, outspoken sheet like *Le Matin*, which keeps him pretty busy, his salary is very large—\$10 a week or so. A conservative journal like *Le Temps*, having little use for a fighting editor, pays the man no more than \$20.—Exchange.

She told how to cut and sew a dress and how to cook many a savory mess, but she never had done it herself, I guess, but none of her readers knew. She told how to comb and dress the hair and how out of a barrel to make a chair—'twould adorn any parlor and give it an air—we thought the tale was true. Oh, the days we spent and the nights we spent, with hammer and saw and tack, in making a chair in which no one would sit, in which no one could possibly sit, without a creak in the back.—Economic Housewife.

**Applied Christianity.**  
Mother had baked several varieties of cakes, among them being some small, decorated ones for the children. All had received their share and were busy disposing of them upon the back veranda—that is, all except Isabel, who for some misdemeanor had been refused a share of the feast. Now Isabel was four years old and had been attending a Sunday school for several weeks past, and in the school she learned a number of texts. She stood by the window watching the others make merry until her longing was too much for childish patience. So she walked over to the table, reached out her hand and solemnly repeated, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Then a little fist closed firmly upon the largest, finest cake.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Funeral Stories.**  
The great French artist Ingres when in Rome had a violent cold, and Mottet asked him how he managed to catch it. Ingres replied that it was through attending the funeral of M. X. "What—X., the art critic?" said Mottet. "I thought you hated him." "That is why I went to see him buried," said Ingres. Several years ago, at the funeral of a well known fire insurance official in Liverpool, much detested by his staff, it was remarked that an unexpectedly large number of them attended. On one of them being asked for an explanation he said: "We wouldn't have missed it on any account. We want to be sure that he is buried." The great artist, like the obscure clerk, has his littlenesses.

**All For the Men.**  
A person was sent for by a dying parishioner, who had always sternly refused to have anything to do with him before. He hurried to her bedside, found her in a most contrite mood and made the best of his opportunities in a long extempore prayer, ending with a sonorous "Amen." The last word made her sit up with sudden energy. "Aye," she exclaimed, "that's it! It's a' for men and nowt for us poor women in this world!"

**Wind Wheelbarrows.**  
One of the strangest sights in China is the wind wheelbarrow. It is drawn by a donkey, and when the wind is fair a seat is set. The wheel turns in the middle of a wooden frame, sustained by iron bars. Upon the frame are hung all kinds of utensils. The donkey is generally mounted by the paterfamilias, the son and heir is at the stern assisting all he can, while the mother and younger ones ride on the vehicle.

**The Truth Forced Home.**  
"I'm afraid," she sighed, "that I'm getting old."  
"Why?" he asked.  
"When I go to the grocery now the clerks don't nearly break their necks trying to beat one another in getting my orders."—Exchange.

**Too Eminent.**  
"Why don't you ask your office boy to wash those windows?"  
"I ain't got the nerve to do it, old man. He was the valetierian of his class."—Washington Herald.

Innocence is better than repentance, an unspilled life better than pardon.—Rinney.

## MAGOON'S ANOTHER GUESS FOR THE CHINESE STATION



Charles E. Magoon, former professional governor of Ohio, who may be appointed United States minister to China, from which post Charles E. Magoon was suddenly removed.

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**A Legal Query.**  
First of the long-continued century of the attorney for the defense, the judge interrupted him.  
"Mr. Stanley, I see you may ask a question."  
"Your Honor, your Honor, what is it?"  
"You mean, 'and the judge, I swear, he'd be sworn to uphold the right or to uphold the law, I would like to know why you are talking?'"  
"Yes, your Honor."  
"Mr. Stanley, in some strange way, if matches are made in heaven, that there should be so many unhappy marriages." Mr. Stanley asked the judge if it is the matches that are made there, not the tulips.—Yonkers Statesman.

**The Fall.**  
"Satan was once an angel in heaven, wasn't he?"  
"Yes, but, like the rest of us, he couldn't stand prosperity."—Atlanta Constitution.

It's the easiest thing in the world to point out the proper course for others to pursue.

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### "IT'S DOWN STAIRS"

**The Heart.**  
The heart is a thing That's full of hope, Or clogged with woe Or dull with dope. It makes us laugh Or it makes us cry, And puts the ginger in our eye. The heart is a thing That sometimes breaks When he have tried, But made mistakes. Some hearts are big, And some are small, And some don't mind Their jobs at all. The best old heart That ever pumped The crimson blood, Or gladly jumped,

On hearing love's Sweet, dulcet tones, Is that owned by The simple guy Who, working hard For seven bones, Still smiles and goes Upon his way. —St. Louis Star.

**Sordid Reasoning.**  
"I have no doubt," said the earnest citizen, "that posterity will know me at my true worth."  
"Yes," answered Mr. Lowbow, "but what's the good of neglecting your own business merely to help some future publisher to material for his biographical dictionary?"—Washington Star.

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