

Rainbow and Rose

A Storyette

INDIANA INDIAN NAMES.

Miami Name For Indianapolis Was
"Makes a Noise Place."

In the middle of June many centuries ago the sun was at its height. On the higher land all the trees and flowers were scorched and dried up from the long drought, and his burning rays pierced their way even to the cool and stately garden which lay in the shelter of the valley many feet below, but they only touched lightly the myriad of beautiful flowers that raised their heads so gladly to meet his soft, caressing touch, which fell in slanting showers amid the thick green foliage.

Everything seemed to thrive in this old fashioned garden, from the proud white lily to the humble blue forget-me-not growing in bunches in the soft moss, but the most beautiful of all were the masses of roses—red, yellow and pink, and the faintly tinted tea rose—and in their midst, seeming to stand alone and apart from all the rest, a beautiful pink La France, her bright green leaves forming a halo around her. The other roses in the gardens looked up to her as their queen, the birds would come and sing their best songs before her, and the proud peacocks would carry their tails higher and strut more vainly as they passed before her.

The flowers had it all their own way in this beautiful, half forgotten acre of God. No rough gardener came to cut away their thorns, snip off their dead buds and gather them to put into vases, where they would droop and die in a few short hours. Only a little child would come sometimes and touch them softly, almost reverently, with his thin white fingers and whisper childish things to them, and the flowers would answer back, and the boy seemed to understand them and know their language, for his wistful eyes would brighten and a smile play round his small mouth.

And he was always tired now, and in the great heat of the day he could seldom drag his weary little body as far as the roses, only when the sun began to set and the cool of the evening came. Then, if he were well enough, he would come.

But one day the shadows grew longer and longer, the weary dowers raised their drooping heads in vain, the tiny white robed figure came no more, and over the garden was a great hush, and the petals of the roses dropped silently to the ground in their grief, the birds' songs were hushed, and the bright hued peacocks swept their drooping feathers dejectedly before them.

The stately queen of roses bowed her proud head, and a black silence crept closer and closer, for in the garden was the shadow of death.

And the roses mourned among themselves long and sorrowfully, but none mourned so deeply as the stately queen. She missed the soft, caressing fingers of the child. She missed the golden curls which had rested so often and so lovingly near her heart.

Must she always grow alone, without anything to love and call her own? Why could she not have a little child to take the place of the one who was gone?

The days passed on, and she held herself more apart from the other flowers, and the mantle of her sadness descended over them and over all the garden. The birds ceased their songs, the sparkling streams of water no longer rippled over the smooth, white pebbles, but were almost dried up, with only a faint thread trickling half heartedly along. The roses were withered and dying, until one morning there came a soft, refreshing shower of rain, and the flowers began to revive.

All day long the rain increased in volume, then toward evening suddenly died away, and on the clear blue of the sky above appeared the many colored hues of a rainbow, and as the roses looked toward their queen they raised their drooping heads in amazement.

For the rainbow had descended from the sky above and enveloped her in his clinging folds, hiding her from the eyes that would see and make her own.

Summer once more in the garden that lies in the shelter of the valley—summer, but not the noonday heat; evanescence and the silver moon arrayed in all her best.

Birds are singing on every bough as if their little throats would burst, so eager are they to do homage to the occasion. All the flowers are arrayed in their brightest and bravest colors, and the streams make merry music as they bubble over the smooth, white pebbles.

And by the queen of roses nestles a small pink rosebed. So small, so tender, is her that her leaves almost enfold him. For the stately La France's wish has been granted her, and tonight the garden is in full for the christening of the offspring of the many hues of rainbow and the proud rose.

The insects come one by one to bring their offerings and lay them at the rose's feet, and each flower wafts one of her petals, which contains a wish for the sleeping child. The stars, too, drop from heaven and rest lightly over him, and then, when all have come and gone, the moon's silver rays center themselves on the rose and her child, lighting them up and leaving all the rest in gloom, and in the silence and hush of that glorious summer night the moon speaks:

"I give to this child a name that shall live forever and ever, that shall work more good than evil, that shall bring happiness to many and misery to few—a name without which no one can live, for the name which I give to your child is—Love."—Lady's Realm.

A Smart Girl.
My love in her attire doth show her wit
And in her conversation shows her taste.

And so no pin I fear about her waist
And in the candy store know what to get.

—Puck.

Wise Girl.

She said she loved a man of deeds,
But let her soldier lover share
And took a mollycoddle's name,
His deeds were deeds to real estate.

WORLD'S GREATEST DANDY

Title Still Held by King Ed. in
Spite of His 70 Years

Indiana is the center of literature, and Indianapolis is known throughout the world as the "Omphalos of Poetry." Whatever relates to that center and that Omphalos interests every reasoning man and woman. May we borrow from Mr. Jacob Platt Dunn, Secretary of the Indiana Historical Society, a little of the light he has just irradiated on Indiana philology in his "Glossary of Indian Names," which is part of his "True Indian Stories," lately reviewed and praised in the Sun?

The good reverie, yet deplore, the name "Indianapolis." It is pretentious, mouth filling, a guess at Greek, un-true of what the city connotes that has grown up in spite of it. How much more euphonious was the Miami name for it: "Chankunkoongi," an admirable prophecy of the present capital, for it means "Makes a Noise Place." Is it too late to go back to this happy appellation?

Winona, the name of a town which used to be famous in Minnesota as the home of William Windom, is now used in Indiana only of Winona Lake; but Mr. Dunn gives us a little lesson in baby nomenclature among the Sioux:

"Winonah" is a Sioux female proper name, signifying a first born child. If the first born is a boy the name given is "Chaskay," and in that case there can be no "Winonah" in the family. When sex is not desired to be indicated the Sioux word for the first born is "totokahpah," which is the numeral first."

In a Rooseveltian world these distinctions and delicacies are not without value. No Sioux, as far as we know, commits the barbarity of sadding his child with a statesman's name.

"Winnipeg" means, we say with regret and all apology to northern neighbors, "stinking water." "Wabash" we know not what others may think, but to us "Gabash" has something,

much of the inexplicable and immemorial magic of "Tiber," "Nile," "Tigris," "Ganges," "Arno." We have to see loyal Indians pointing from the train at that sacred stream. "Wabash" as a vocable flows from the Miami name "Wahbahshikiki," usually pronounced "Wahbahshikiki" (accent on the penultimate) and is an inflection of the Miami adjective "white." The name refers to the limestone bed of the upper part of the stream; and there is nothing in the somewhat common theory that Wabash means "a cloud driven by the equinoctial wind." Mr. Riley's lines surge into the mind:

Bright waters that swirl and that fizzle, Wabash!

By the cliffs they have bitten to frazzle, Wabash!"

How many Manhattan cockneys know how to pronounce the Lone Star Waco, famous among cities? Some of the untraveled are apt to make the that syllable broad "ah," thinking they show themselves correct and Spanish thereby. There is "Waco" (wayco) in Indiana, imported from Texas, sometimes written as Spanish, "Hueco" and said to mean "heron" among the Wichita. "Tippicanoe," a mighty word is a corruption of "Ketapekon-nong," the Indian town below the mouth of the Tippicanoe River. "Cane," Mr. Dunn tells us "is not a word of the North American Indians." "Tecumseh," properly "Tecumtha," is a "going across," or "crossing over."

"Mohawk" is probably "cannibal." Ohio is certainly "beautiful." "Manhattan" (there is one in Indiana) Mr. Dunn grimly holds after mentioning many other etymologies, including "beautiful view," to be as Hecke-welder said, "the place where we all got drunk." There is a noble finality about their guesses. "Kokomo," for example, "has been translated 'Black Walnut,' 'Bear Chief' and 'Youngs' Grandmother,'" and "may be translated 'The Diver.'"

But we mustn't wear out our welcome. We take our leave, happy in Mr. Dunn's confirmation of "Place of Wild Onions" as the interpretation of "Chicago." The old, mephitic calumet is slowly being dispelled.—New York Sun.

Harry Rump, a chaffeur of Guilford, England, is in hard luck. On a recent occasion he was fined \$35 and costs for exceeding the speed-limit. His excuse to the magistrate was: "I was driving a Yankee, and he kept saying 'For Heaven's sake, let's get on!'" He is saving up to get married; but whenever he drives Americans they urge him to go faster, and he parts with all his savings in fines.

When a recently enriched merchant in Russia is bent on organizing a really brilliant entertainment, he spends thousands of rubles on the supper, the music and the decorations; and then, to give an air of true distinction to his retired general, who understands it to be a part of his bargain that he shall appear in full uniform, with all his crosses and decorations.

The highest restaurant in the world has been opened at the Eismer station of the Jungfrau railway in Switzerland. It is 10,000 feet above sea-level, close to the summit of the mountain. The food is not cooked by means of ordinary fuel, but by electricity generated by the Lutzhine waterfall, deep down in the valley below. The dining room is a large hall hewn out of the solid rock, and heated by electric heat.

The insects come one by one to bring their offerings and lay them at the rose's feet, and each flower wafts one of her petals, which contains a wish for the sleeping child. The stars, too, drop from heaven and rest lightly over him, and then, when all have come and gone, the moon's silver rays center themselves on the rose and her child, lighting them up and leaving all the rest in gloom, and in the silence and hush of that glorious summer night the moon speaks:

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—Puck.

Heard in the Country Store.
Sils—Hello, Cy. What's new down Frog Creek way?

Cyrus—Haven't you heard? Gee; Zeke Weatherby is the proud pa of a youngster that weights twenty pounds.

Sils—Do tell! That's odd. Anything else?

Cyrus—Yep! Hank Ryetop is the proud pa of twins. Reckon you'll say that's odd, too?

Sils—No, by heck; that's even.—Chicago News.

And Then Did She?

Customer—What is the price of the duck?

Little Girl—Please, mum, it's 3 shillings, but mother says if you grumble it's 2s. 6d.—Punch.

First Admirer—She looked daggers at me.

Second Ditto—She cut me dead.

Third Ditto—Well, I must say, when she came out in that stunning rig she paralyzed me.

Fourth Ditto—I think she's just killing—Baltimore American.

Kansas City Journal.

She said she loved a man of deeds.
But let her soldier lover share
And took a mollycoddle's name,
His deeds were deeds to real estate.

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A WORD FROM THE LANDLADY.

Be Careful, Girls, She Says, We Can Tell More than a Secret.

"No," said the landlady, "you can't tell anything from a boarder's trunk. The time has been when a yellow-leather trunk with a Planters' House label pasted on it could get my front single parlor and no questions asked, but not of late years. The stung landlady dredges the hotel label. Some of the swellest-looking trunks that ever went up my front stairs turned out to be made of paper with the brass hinges only painted on," runs a story in the Kansas City Times.

"Landladies are only human, and I am free to confess that I have been deceived by these appearances in the past, but if I had to size up a boarder to-day by this means, other things being equal, I would pin my faith to the little battered tin trunk with a barn-door padlock" and an odor of mothballs.

"The truth is landladies are often to blame for their own misfortunes, and their vanity has put many a good-paying boarding house on the rocks. When the new boarder comes to the door in a cab with his trunk strapped on behind and his hat box on the seat beside the driver it is a strong-minded landlady who can keep the fact clearly before her that she runs a boarding house, and not an apartment hotel.

"I don't know why it is that a landlady should allow herself to be taken in by such shallow articles when she knows better all the time, but it is true nevertheless that she is too often a willing victim. Her experience has taught her well enough that the boarder who puts on the most style, who makes the biggest kick about the odor of cabbage in the front hall, and who calls you down before the whole family to get a look at her, is sure to be the man who is shy on his board bill Saturday night. Yet such a boarder is almost certain to get more consideration and attention than the man who pays in advance, never kicks at anything and always turns the gas down when he goes out.

"Short of marrying a man, I believe there is no experience to be gained in any business equal to that of landladying him. No man can long conceal his true character from his landlady. He may shoot off a lot of fireworks to fool the rest of the world, but his landlady generally knows what they are worth. I have often thought that if girls who are thinking of marrying would come to us first we could exert a tremendous influence for good in behalf of society. Better come to us than go to a fortune teller.

"It is a grave question in my mind whether any girl should marry a man until she has been around when he is shaving. The tone of voice in which I have been tasked by a boarder with a murderous razor in his hand if I called the water in the boiler hot would, I am sure, make any girl who heard it think twice. Young men who are known to them as creatures of the greatest good nature and affability would bear different reputations if the landlady chose to tell what she knew.

"What a shock it would be to some confiding girl if she could see her hero standing in his door shaking his shirt in my face and demanding to know what the laundry had done to the neckband. These are some of the things we could tell if we were asked. We could also show that some of the money spent for theater tickets and bonbons should have gone to pay for the roast consumed the previous Sunday.

"Have you ever noticed that a young man at the theater with his girl always avoids the eye of his landlady if she happens to be in the house? She knows, and he knows she knows.

"My hope is that some day the world will realize what it owes to the landlady. Perhaps the time will come when a grateful boarder will erect a monument to her, but in the meantime I will be satisfied if I can collect what is due me on Saturday night."

The Real Trouble.

William Clyde Fitch, who doesn't use his first name, has about as little of the traditional sensitiveness to failure as it is possible for a generally successful dramatist to get along with. He talks "The Straight Road" with all the enthusiasm that he brings to a reminiscence of "Beau Brummel," and the King wears a white collar on a colored shirt, but the cuffs are always of the same color as the material of the shirt.

The King's handkerchief also corresponds to the color of the suit which he is wearing. If the weather be cold the King reveals the possession of an amazing variety of overcoats and ulsters of all colors, lengths and styles, and altogether his early morning promenades yield a world of observations in regard to the kind of clothing to be worn on unceremonial occasions.

If the King goes out to lunch or to afternoon tea, as is often the case during his Marienbad visit, he wears, by preference, gray frock coats or gray cutaway coats with tails, surmounted by a gray top hat, a style of dressing which is sometimes varied by a blue frock coat or blue cutaway, also surmounted by a gray top hat. In

the evening the King either goes to the local theater or attends a small and comparatively informal dinner party given by some English, French or Austrian aristocrat in his honor, and on these occasions he wears a dining jacket with a black tie. Once or twice during his summer vacation there may be a more formal dinner to attend, and then the King always goes out in full evening dress and white tie. Every Sunday morning he religiously attends the little English church and then he dons the traditional tall black silk hat typical of the English Sunday, together with a black frock coat, colored waistcoat and gray trousers.

The Queerest Salad.

A gourmet, as he mixed a salad of chicory, said: "The world's queerest salad, and possibly its most delicious one, is eaten by the Inuits of north-west Greenland. It is a salad of undigested moss from the stomach of a freshly killed reindeer, a bitter, sharp, stimulating salad, as good for the digestion as an electrical massage. The Inuits live almost exclusively on fish; hence salads are a favorite dish with them. But no salad, in their minds, compares with that which they wrest from the slaughtered reindeer. They say this salad is crispier, tenderer and more appetizing than any other, and they say it wards off indigestion. They fight for it, they spend their last penny on it, quite as the Indians do with firewater."—Exchange.

My friend looked at me and shook his head, sagely.

"No, Fitch," he answered, "the trouble is not the war, but the peace."

Saturday Evening Post.

Origin of the Word "Bogus."

The word "bogus" is said by Dr. Ogilvie to be derived from Boghese, the name of a notorious American swindler who, about the year 1835, flooded the Western and Southwestern States with counterfeit bills, sham mortgages, etc. Others connect the word with "bogy," a scarecrow or goblin, and so applied to anything fictitious or chimerical.

Lowell, in the "Bigelow Papers," says: "I more than suspect the word to be a corruption of the French *bogasse*." This bogasse was the sugar cane as delivered in its dry, crushed state from the mill, also called can trash and fit only for burning, being synonymous with useless rubbish.

Again, according to Brewer, there is in French *argot* or *thieves' slang* a word "bogue," which signifies the rind of a green chestnut or the case of a watch, and this also brings us to the idea of an outward seeming without any solid or reputable foundation.—Baltimore American.

Kansas City Journal.

Two Wives for Fifty Years

MORMON MARRIED GIRLS ON SAME DAY AND LIVED HAPPILY WITH THEM HALF CENTURY

make up his mind that he could be happy with either "were o'ther dear chamber away." He sought his bishop for advice.

"Marry 'em both, my boy; marry 'em both," was the counsel of the shepherd of the flock to which young Woolf belonged.

He took the matter before the young women in the frank way that was the fashion in those days.

"I love you both, my dears, and both of you love me. Shall we get married?"

The remarkable part of it is that the girls were satisfied with this arrangement. According to their religious convictions the matter was right and proper.