

IN VANITY FAIR

TO DEVELOP A PLUMP NECK.

To fill the troublesome hollows on each side of the collarbone a system of deep breathing is invaluable. Take a deep breath, hold it as long as possible, and then exhale it very slowly. Repeat this ten times. Do this twice a day.

As it is absolutely essential that the muscles should be developed, the following exercises must become a part of one's daily routine:

1. Slowly bend the head forward till the chin touches the neck. Then raise it very gradually.
2. Slowly bend the head backwards and raise it again.
3. Bend sideways to the right and left.

All these movements should be repeated ten or fifteen times; and when you have done this you will feel that every muscle in your throat and neck is aching. Then bathe the throat and neck in hot water. Dry thoroughly, and well massage in any good cold cream, rubbing it in with the tips of the fingers, till the skin has absorbed it all and your neck is in a glow. With a soft rag or towel wipe off any cream that may remain. The massaging should be done with a rotary motion.

Now dampen a soft rag or sponge, moisten the throat and neck with benzoin and rose water, which is a skin tonic and helps to close the pores, and so prevents dirt from entering.

In the morning wash with warm water and a good soap or almond meal, rinsing and thoroughly bathing afterwards with the very coldest water you can get. It is also well to add lavender water or toilet vinegar to the water.

Then, before finishing dressing, go through the exercise the same way as you did the previous evening.

Eat plain and nourishing food, avoiding pastry, cake and highly seasoned food. Drink plenty of hot water. It clears the blood and improves the complexion.

Make a compact with yourself that you will follow this treatment for six weeks. By this time you will be so pleased with the improvement that you will have no temptation to abandon it.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

There is quite an interesting and little-known history connected with the introduction of leap year. In 1288, when Queen Margaret reigned over Scotland, this gracious lady decreed that during her reign every maiden in her realm, whether of high or low degree, should propose to the man that she loved; that if that man were not betrothed already he must either wed the maid or pay a heavy fine.

On the death of Queen Margaret the women were urgent in their demands that their new privileges should be continued. To appease them an act of parliament was passed which made it lawful for maidens to do the proposing every leap year.

Not all the romantic ideas of our ancestors have been thus perpetuated and comparatively few were transferred by our Pilgrim fathers across the Atlantic. For instance, in the good old days it was the custom in many towns and even villages in England to own a house where poor couples, after they had been wedded in church, could entertain their friends at small cost, the only outlay indeed being entailed by the purchase of such provisions as they chose to bring with them. In Hertfordshire there was such a house, which had a large kitchen with a cauldron, large spits and a dripping pan; also a large room for merriment and a furnished boudoir. Dishes, table linen and bed linen were among its possessions. In Essex there was a house very much like this, which was used by the poorer folks for dining in after they had returned from the church. In some of the old English histories one may read that in 1456 Roger Thornton granted to the mayor and community of Newcastle-upon-Tyne the use of the hall and kitchen belonging to Thornton's hospital for the use of young couples "when they were married to make their wedding dinner in and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends." At Hamelin there still exists a large building, which is known as the wedding house. It was erected during the second decade of the seventeenth century.

Appreciated the Play.

The following is from an essay written by a schoolboy, aged 10, on a play he had been to see: "The villain curled

his musters and seeping the pure virgin shrieks ha ha mine or deaths blud is on my head this dagger stabs thee to thy utermost sole ha ha vengeance. But the good hero comes and says O hevins hevins stur won step and thy ded body lies at my door. Lay won parm on the virgins korpse and it was better if you was drowned with a millstone. Avarant avarant from the sweet korpse presunz."

POKER IN THE FAMILY.

Married Couple Enjoy the Game and it Costs Them Little.

It is but a few years since women were supposed to know nothing about the great American game of draw poker. The same supposition would not hold good today, for poker has become one of the standard games in society and both sexes are playing it; if anything, the women with more avidity than the men. In family parties, it is true, the game is sometimes played just for fun, but generally for small stakes. Perhaps the most satisfactory method is that devised by several young married couples living on the west side, who get together once

being paid from the banker's fund. In summer it is a trip to some near-by summer resort. All the participants in the game declare it has furnished them with many a delightful evening and that the "money is never missed."

Song of the Shirt.

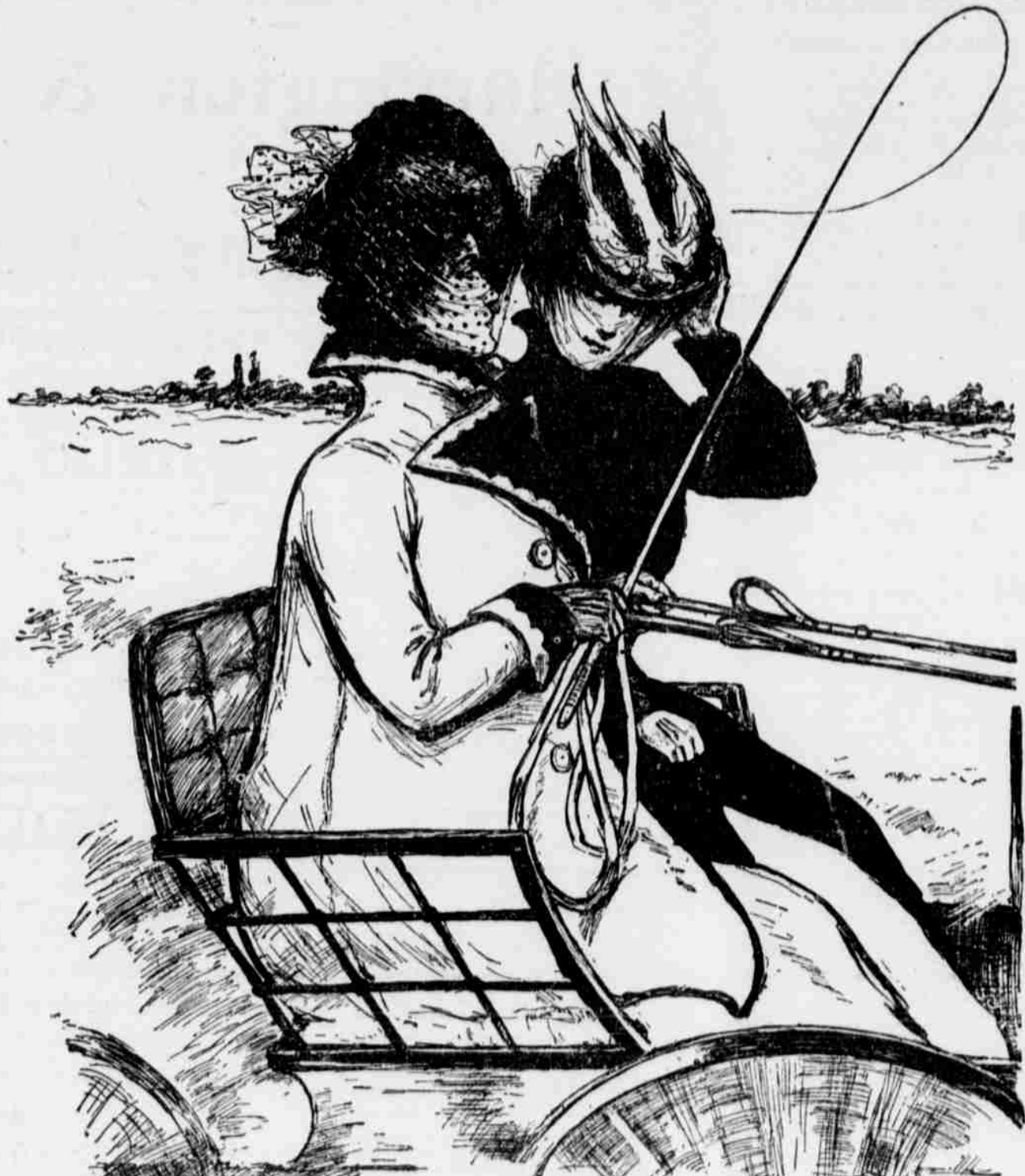
Looking over his letters one morning, Mark Lemon, then the editor of Punch, opened an envelope enclosing a poem which the writer said had been rejected by three contemporaries. If not thought available for Punch, he begged the editor, whom he knew but slightly, to consign it to the waste-paper basket, as the author was tired of the sight of it. The poem was signed "Tom Hood," the lines were entitled "The Song of the Shirt." The poem was altogether different from anything that had ever appeared in Punch, and was so much out of keeping with the spirit of the periodical that its publication was opposed by several members of the staff. Mark Lemon was so firmly impressed not only with the beauty of the poem, but with its suitability for his paper, that he stood by his first decision and published it. By a letter written by Tom Hood to Mark Lemon, it appears that the question of illustrating the poem was entertained and discussed. The lines, however, were published without illustration, except that humorous border of grotesque figures which made up "Punch's Procession" on Dec. 16, 1843. "The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper, and created a pro-

And how fine would be the names of a lot of first-class cruisers called after the great cities of the empire—London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Melbourne, Singapore and Calcutta.

CAPTURED PEDRO AT WHIST.

Woman's Memory Lapsed and She Took Two Five Spots.

This is what a Detroit whist player is willing to take oath took place at a party where he was doing his level best for a prize. A large lady, his partner, gave the right sleeve of her shirt waist a hitch, muttered under her breath and then said to the other lady: "Look at that, now. It's all askew and so annoying. I don't care who you go to or how much you pay, it's always the same. Did you signal for trumps, or was it the other hand?" "That sleeve cost us three tricks," continued the complainant. "Then the other lady wanted a recipe for making chowchow, piccalilly or something of that sort. Of course, my accommodating partner went right to reeling it off, played a king to my ace when she had a three-spot, revoked on another suit, led right into the enemies' strength, and then had the nerve to ask me if I saw anywhere that she could help her in oil. I tried to keep from turning red, saying anything sarcastic, or swearing a little, and succeeded reasonably well. Then she went to telling about a new hat her neighbor had



"AGAINST THE WIND."

or twice a week to play poker. They play a "dollar limit" game, but this is not so fierce as it sounds, for all of the chips are bought for 10 cents on the dollar. They maintain that it sounds much better to raise the opener of a pot "a dollar" than it would to raise him "10 cents," and that by magnifying the value of their chips they play a much better game of poker. But this is only one feature of this remarkable game. They wanted to keep it on the "friendly" basis, and felt that if the Smiths went home from the Browns' flat two or three nights in succession with all the Browns' money, friendly relations might become strained, as they say in diplomatic circles. This scheme they devised: The club has a banker. The losers always pay their losses, but the winners never collect their winnings. The winnings are retained by the banker, and after six or eight evenings of poker he is generally able to announce that he has \$50 in the treasury. Then the club takes a vote on what to do with it. If it is in the winter it is generally a theater party, with a supper afterward, all the expenses

found sensation throughout Great Britain at the time.

American Ship Names.

The Pall Mall Gazette approves the American system of naming ships of war as better than the English. The magnificent class, for instance, contains not only a Majestic and a Victorious, but also a Caesar and a Hannibal. The Gazette, therefore, advocates copying our method of giving the name of a state to a battleship, the name of a large city to a first-class cruiser, of a smaller city to a second-class cruiser, and of a naval hero to a torpedo boat. This method reveals by the name the class to which any ship belongs. The great divisions of the British Empire, Asia, Africa, America, India, etc., would furnish the names for the largest battleships. Then there might be an Irish class—the Ireland, Donegal, Limerick, Connaught, Ulster, Munster, Tyrone and so on. Next would come the names of the counties of England, and we should hear of the Northumberland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Sussex, Kent and others.

bought. She took two five-spots at a heavy cost, and then consoled me with the half-screaming explanation that she had been playing pedro the night before and had lapsed into it again without thinking. I never behaved better in my life, feigned sudden illness, got away and made things blue for two blocks. After I was gone she told the opposition that I played a very stupid game."—Detroit Free Press.

Infection from Rag Heaps.

The board of health of Newton, Mass., has issued a new regulation prohibiting throwing rags in heaps in the cellars of houses. The board claims that much disease is bred by rags left about the cellars of houses. In several houses where there has been sickness of a contagious nature rags have been found in various parts of the house, and especially in the cellar. Where found they have been burned.

Instruction in old and middle Irish has been given at Harvard for three years, and there will be an additional course this year in early Welsh.

MAKING THE OCEANS.

GREAT DESERTS WILL YET BE FLOODED.

How a Curious Law of Nature Works Out—The End of the Next Century Will Probably See the Great Sahara Sea.

London Mail: Few persons realize how completely of late years the surface aspect of this weazened old globe of ours has been altered and improved. The world of today, in fact, differs from the world of our ancestors, much as a society lady, in all the glory of fold and frill and furbelow, differs from her savage sister running wild in pestilential woods. As art has transformed the one, so it has the other. Only the "Mme. Rachael" who has made the earth, if not exactly "beautiful forever," at least a pleasant and healthful place wherein to dwell, is no charlatan with a dray-load of cosmetics and a glib tongue, but a civil engineer, owning nothing more harmful than a few mysterious-looking instruments and a measuring-tape. And the marvel of it all is this—that what has been done is but an infinitesimal fraction of that which may, and doubtless will, be done. Who can doubt, for instance, that the great Sahara desert—that mole upon the world's face—will one day be but a memory? It was an inland sea once. It would not be a very difficult matter to convert it into one again. A canal sixty miles long, connecting with the Atlantic the vast depression which runs close up to the coast nearly midway between the twentieth and thirtieth parallels of latitude, would do the business beautifully. The water would not, of course, cover the entire surface of the desert. Here and there are portions lying above sea level. These would become the islands of the new Sahara ocean. What would be the results that would ensue upon this stupendous transformation? Some would be good, and some bad. Among the latter may be mentioned the probable destruction of the vineyards of southern Europe, which depend for their existence upon the warm, dry winds from the great African desert. As some compensation for this, however, the mercantile marines of the nations affected would be enabled to gain immediate and easy access to vast regions now given over to barbarism, and a series of more or less flourishing seaport towns would spring up along the southern borders of Morocco and Algeria, where the western watershed of the Nile sinks into the desert, and on the northern frontier of the Congo Free state. In a similar manner the greater portion of the central Australian desert, covering an area of fully 1,000,000 square miles, might be flooded. The island continent would then be converted into a gigantic oval dish, of which the depressed central portion would be covered with water, and only the "rim" inhabited.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

In Sweden a boy fell out of a window and was picked up severely hurt, but with tightened lips he kept back the cry of pain. King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the accident, prophesied that the boy who had such self-control would make a man for emergencies. He was right, for the lad became the famous Gen. Bauer.

An Italian woman fell into a dock and would have been drowned but for the courage of a boy who sprang in after her and managed to keep her afloat till a boat came to the rescue. The spectators admired the boy's promptness and kindness of heart, but commented on his recklessness, which, they said, might have cost him his life. The boy was Garibaldi, and in considering his life one finds that these were his characteristics all through. He was so alert that no one could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so brave and magnanimous that the world rang with his praises; and withal so indignant as to make his fellow-patriots wish he were in Guinea.

A little boy used to crush flowers to obtain their color, and would then paint all sorts of pictures on the white walls of his father's cottage in the Tyrol. He became known to the world later on as the great artist Titian.

He Had 'Im

From the Argonaut: A grand wedding was being solemnized at St. Peter's, Eaton square, London. On each side of the strip of carpet that extended from the church door to the curb was a crowd of people watching the guests arrive. In the wake of a procession of equipages of the most aristocratic and well appointed character came a four-wheeled cab, dingy and disreputable beyond belief. "Here, here!" shouted the policeman in charge, "you can't stop here! We're waiting for the bishop of —." The cabman regarded the officer with a triumphant leer, as he climbed down from his seat and threw a ragged blanket over his skeleton steed. "It's all right, guv'nor," he said. "I've got the old buffer inside!"

Built the Wall as Per Instructions.

Anxious to preserve the famous castle of the O'Neills, on the Castlereagh hills, near Belfast, the late Marquis of Downshire directed his land steward to have a wall built around the ancient and historic fortress. The order was carried out and a large circular wall was built around the apex of the hill. The marquis was informed that the work was done, and he rode out to see how the ruins looked. He found the wall, but no castle. The contractor had utilized the ruins of the castle to build the preserving wall.

FROM BRAIN TO HAND.

How Standard Time Is Secured—The Fraction of Time Lost.

"I read an interesting article the other day on how standard time is secured," said a New Orleans college professor, "but it omitted one important point which was explained to me by a member of the Smithsonian staff the last time I was in Washington. The time observations at the different observatories, by which the standard is established, are taken by noting the exact instant at which some certain designated star crosses a line on the object glass of the telescope. The instrument is pointed at the star, and as soon as it touches the line the observer presses a button that makes a mark on the slowly revolving cylinder. The cylinder is divided into spaces corresponding to minutes and seconds, and the mark consequently indicates the precise fraction of time at which the star arrived at a given place in the sky. How that is checked against other observations, taken at different localities in exactly the same way, and forms the basis of a calculation by which the chronometers of the world are adjusted, is something I won't attempt to explain. The point I had in mind is this: The pressing of the button and making the mark on the cylinder is theoretically instantaneous, but really it isn't. Between the instant that the observer sees the star touch the line and the instant that his finger pushes the button is a brief lapse of time consumed by the transit of the impulse from his brain to his hand. To the non-scientific man it would seem absurd to take account of such infinitesimal intervals, but in delicate calculations they are highly important. Not long ago an instrument was built that records the exact speed of brain impulse in different people. The subject is told to press a button as soon as a figure appears on a dial, and it takes the average person nearly half a second to do so. That interval, required by the nerves to do their telegraphing from the eye to the finger tip is now taken into consideration in making the computations for standard time. By failing to allow for it in the past, the chronometers have been in error from five to ten seconds a year. The detail is curiously impressive, because it shows what extraordinary pains are taken to secure absolute accuracy.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Are We a Gloomy Nation?

What is the matter with the people in our streets? Do you notice how gloomy all their faces are? Should you see a man or woman smiling or laughing on a New York sidewalk you would probably say to yourself: "I wonder what is wrong with that person." Such laughter as one hears is usually aroused by the quotation of some more or less stupid joke, or more frequently by a misfortune that has befallen a fellow creature. If a man slips on a corner, falls or bumps his head, that becomes for the time being a cheerful corner in New York. But we don't seem to be able to find any cause for cheerfulness in bright sunlight, or blue skies, or any of the other little blessings which Providence bestows upon us. What is the matter with us? There is plenty of gaiety in France, in Germany, in Italy. There is even a little in England. Why should this nation be so gloomy? Do we live too fast, work too hard? What is it? If we keep up our gloominess shall we not be a very ugly race in a few more generations? Let us try to cheer up and be gay. This is not such a bad world after all. We are not all of us starving to death or in danger of being eaten by plutocratic octopuses.—New York Journal.

Notay Fog.

A dear old lady from the country went to London to visit her married daughter, and came back with wonderful experiences. London did not show its best face to the simple countrywoman. It was enveloped in fog during the first two or three days of her visit, and as her bedroom looked out upon the railway, she was troubled by the very necessary noise of the fog-signal. She came down to breakfast after her first restless night, and anxiously inquired the cause of the strange banging she had heard so often during the hours of darkness. "Oh, that was due to the fog," explained her son-in-law, and she asked no further question he let the subject drop. Her visit over, the good woman returned to the country, full of the wonderful sights and sounds of country life. "Did you see a Lonnen fog, granny?" asked one of her listeners, as granny expatiated on the strangeness of the great city. "Ay, that I did," replied granny; "and I heard 'un, too!" "Heard 'un, granny?" exclaimed another listener. "How didst hear a fog?" "Why," answered the old lady, in perfect sincerity, "Lonnen fog baint like ours. Every now and then it goes off wi' a rare bang."

Earth Shiverings and Earthquake Echoes

In the report of the seismological committee presented to the meteorological section of the British association, Prof. Milne says minute shiverings of the earth recur on the average every half hour, but the heavy breathings or true ground swell does not occur oftener than about once a week. The minute shiverings and the larger disturbances are properly both earthquakes, but they differ in their character, in their duration, and, as they radiate, their life becomes less. An earthquake disturbance is often followed by repetitions at definite intervals, but with decreasing intensity. These rythical decreasing impulses are provisionally termed echoes.