

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Since Her Widowhood She Has Been Fighting Like a Tigress That She Might See Her Dearly Beloved Son Proclaimed King of the Spaniards.



MARIA CHRISTINA, queen regent of Spain, was thrust into her position by the death of her husband. To have strenuous duties, huge cares, tremendous responsibilities heaped upon one, with no question of training or natural ability would be a fate from which any woman might shrink. Perhaps today she is the most wretched and harassed woman in all Europe. Danger threatens her on all sides. No matter what happens there is menace to her and hers.

She is fighting as the lioness fights for her cub. More than her own safety and life are at stake. The daughter of an Austrian archduke, born in the faith of royalty, educated in traditions of the divine right of kings, wedded to a monarch who believed all this, and mother of a boy proclaimed a king from the instant of his birth—how could she look on and see the throne totter under the weight of the boy king, her boy, flesh of her flesh and soul of her soul, and not fight?

For nearly twelve years the queen regent has lived, studied, worked, ruled, thought and prayed—for her son. Americans may feel that the time for doing away with royal symbols has



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come, but to her, nurtured as she has been, and with the blood of kings in her veins, she cannot see this, but only the bitterness and necessity of her position, the rigors and hardships, and the great and awful need of struggle to keep for her boy that which the mother and the queen both believe to be his by all rights human and divine.

The queen wanted him called after his father, but many prophesied that an Alfonso XIII. would be unlucky (to which incident some of them probably point now, after the woe of croakers). But the pope said that he himself was a thirteenth, and so the queen had her way, and the tiny king was baptized Alfonso Leon Fernando Santiago Maria Isidro Pascual Antonio. At first the queen regent was not much liked, because to the hot-blooded Spaniards her Austrian ways seemed cold and hard. Undoubtedly she is an immensely proud woman. A well-known writer thus describes the queen regent:

"Neither tall nor short, nor stout nor thin, Queen Maria Christina looked to be a woman who had had her full share of trouble in this world, and had been obliged to fight for her own hand. That, indeed, has been her history."

"A foreigner in a nation of people proud by nature and suspicious by reason of the events of their history, the new queen could seek in her troubles but little consolation or guidance from her husband, but she set herself resolutely to the task of gaining the respect and confidence of the people and the affection of the brilliant but unsteady Alfonso XII. In Madrid itself there is very little real fervor for royalty, but the irreconcilable republicans are few. The opportunists and the moderate republicans are in the ascendant, and they recognize that perhaps the best form of government of Spain is a liberal regime during the minority of a king, and with a queen as regent who has made herself respected for her private character, and who does not unduly interfere with matters of state."

This is the mother who is fighting for the rights of her boy as a tigress fights for her cub.

"Fighting Bob" and His Boat.

Some of the newspapers picture Robley D. Evans, commander of the battleship Iowa, as if he were a sleek, apple-cheeked boy. In fact he is a stocky, robust-built man of 55 years; his face is seamed by heavy lines; he walks with a limp, caused by a wound received in battle. He looks his age, every day of it. He also looks the typical sea-dog. He would be the very man to follow—or lead—in such a venture as Farragut made when he ran the shore batteries at Mobile bay. Cool, but still full of enthusiasm; hardy and stout, but alert in every fiber. His ship is the largest of the battleships in commission. She displaces 11,410 tons, has 11,000 horsepower; speed sixteen knots. Her main battery consists of four 12-inch breech-loading rifles and eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles. Her broadside would throw nearly two tons of shot. She is a fighting machine of which a fighter like Evans would naturally be proud. —Chattanooga Times.

BAD NEWS FOR BIRDS.

Fashion Is Apt to Be Too Much for the Humanitarians.

Unwelcome intelligence for the Selborne society and others who concern themselves with the protection of birds comes from Paris, says the London Globe. The last word of fashion there is the feather blouse. This is usually composed of the green and blue plumage of the lophophore bird, but the flamingo and the peacock are also requisitioned; and the undeniable beauty of the body plumage of many other birds will drag them, too, into the net, of ruthless fashion. The hope is expressed, indeed, that because feather blouses "are expensive and easily got out of order," the fashion will not last long; but human nature is so constituted that these manifest defects in a material for clothes are often accounted its greatest merits. The main reason why the popularity of the silk hat cannot be shaken is that it is expensive compared with other hats and easily gets out of order. It has, too, this fascinating fault, in addition to those which it shares with the feather blouse, that comparatively slight changes alter its character so completely that no man who aspires to be fashionably dressed can wear the same hat two years running, no matter how little it may have been used. What is the subtle charm in these obvious defects of an article of clothing, qua clothing? Simply this: that the fashionably dressed person is thereby distinguishable at sight from the cheap imitation, and when a fashion has been inaugurated which defies colorable imitation on a cheap scale, and yet appears tasteful, it has generally come to stay. This is too likely to be the case with the feather blouse, whatever our humanitarians may say.

SENSIBLE WOMAN.

Goes Shopping Bad Days and So Avoids the Crowds.

It was a disagreeable day to walk or bicycle or play golf, but it was an ideal day to be waited upon in the shops, says the New York Advertiser. "I always shop on rainy or snowy days," said one woman to another when they met, with mutual exclamations of surprise, in one of the shops in the forenoon. "I don't suppose it is ideal weather for matching ribbons, but then I don't wear out my life matching ribbons. I would rather send my sample by post and trust to younger eyes. For all ordinary shopping a bad day is better than a fine one. Unless at Christmas holiday times the shops are almost deserted and it is a positive relief to the girls to have some one to wait upon. Then in fine weather I much prefer to be out of doors or at home sewing and reading in my sunshiny rooms to poking about in gas-lighted shops. Yes, you will always find me busy buying in bad weather. I keep a list of things that I wish to buy, and on the first stormy day I sally forth early in the morning and sometimes spend nearly the entire day shopping. Of course I eat a good luncheon or the amount of strength I save by not being in the crowds would be soon exhausted. This is my rainy day dress. I wear a cape, because it is easily removed in the warm shops and so I avoid taking cold." The suit was a rough-surfaced cloth, the skirt faced with leather and falling to within two inches of the ground. A golf cape of dark blue, with a hood lined with gay plaid silk, dogskin gloves, cork-soled boots and a neat little turban, trimmed with damp-proof straw, net and stiff quills completed this common-sense bad-weather suit.

PRODIGY WAS MADE, NOT BORN

Over in England a new violinist has just made his appearance—Master Vernon Warner, aged 10.

He seems to be a unique creature among youthful musicians, because his



VERNON WARNER, AGED 10.

genius, which seems to be undoubted, is attributed rather to hard work than to a freakish gift of nature.

The little fellow is the son of Mr. Harry E. Warner, the organist of the royal church, at Kew. The boy has been trained by a very exacting system, and the result the critics declare to be wonderful.

Bismarck's Son.

There is a rumor in Berlin that Count Herbert Bismarck may return to public life, probably as ambassador to St. Petersburg. It appears that the emperor offered the count an appointment, but he declined because he did not desire to hold public office in Germany while his father was living.

The vine attains a great age, continuing fruitful for at least 400 years. It is supposed to be equal to the oak as regards longevity.

Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

They are Going to Meet the Spaniards on Cuban Soil.

"Rita used by Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt in the Spanish-American war, 1898."

Perhaps some day among the relics of the present engagement there may be a tag bearing the above inscription affixed to a fifty foot coil of raw hide, says New York Journal of May 1. It is not improbable that the denizen of North Dakota, where Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt learned to throw the lasso when he was breaking his own mustangs, may stand with uncovered head and weave stories around the dusty rope, and say kind things about the man who threw it with so much skill. For since Mr. Roosevelt resigned as assistant secretary of the navy to take up arms in the field, he has been assigned to a commission and his soldiers are to be picked from the cowboys of the wild west, every one of whom will have to give evidence of his ability to cast the terrible coil and rope the enemy before he can enlist. There is no fiction about the formation of this dangerous regiment. It is to be one of the most serviceable arms of the fighting contingent, and the pride of Spain's best men will be turned upside down when the cow puncher brigade begins hostilities. The men are now being carefully selected and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt is giving the matter his personal attention. The lariat will not be the only implement of warfare by any means. Every cowboy will be provided with a cavalry rifle and a brace of six shooters, those handy weapons whose sharp bark means death. These men will not go into the field for pastime, although the art of picking of the enemy will have certain elements of pleasure to the cowboy, whose life has been spent on the plains and whose hands prefer to fondle the butt of a revolver rather than the hilt of a sword. The horses to be picked for these cowboy regiments, of which there will be three, will have seen service before. They

overhead, entwine the fleeing remnant of the enemy, and Spaniards by the score are jerked headlong into the dust and flying horses are brought up with a standstill on their haunches. No class of men can endure the hardships of a rough life and the toils of the saddle like cowboys. From morning until night they do nothing but ride and keep their eyes open for trouble. At dusk a cowboy throws his saddle on the earth, turns his faithful horse loose to graze, knowing that the animal will not leave his master, and covering himself with only a saddle blanket lies down and sleeps with one eye open for intruders. Inside of thirty days the first regiment will be ready for the march, under the command of Colonel C. R. Wood, with "Fighting Teddy" as lieutenant-colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt is of the plains himself, having spent many years among the cowboys, hundreds of whom are employed on his cattle ranges in North Dakota. He is an excellent pistol and rifle shot, having written a big volume on wild game, and on theommel of his saddle will be thonged the regulation lariat. When occasion presents itself he will swing it with the rest of his soldiers, and if he does not rope the man or horse at which it is thrown, then he has forgotten a trick for which he was famous out on the range. A particular advantage of being able to throw the lariat will be evident when the cowboy regiment wants to replenish its horseflesh. There will be no play of bullets, no cracking of rifles and no bloodshed. But the silent coil will fly from deft fingers and settle down with a Spanish horse struggling in the noose. In camp the life of the cowboy regiment will be nothing more than luxurious domesticity and home comfort, for most of them will be uncomfortable under any other circumstances. They will go to Cuba for business and will surely engage in plenty of it.



A CHARGE BY LIEUT. ROOSEVELT AND HIS ROUGH RIDERS.

Artistic Dinner Given.

The ideal dinner company is never large; six has been said to be the magic number, but eight, and even ten, are perfectly manageable, both in the matter of smooth service and in the higher harmonies. Do not confine your choice to intimate friends, but add to their pleasure and your own the fresh experience of meeting new spirits whose congeniality you have divined.

A really artistic dinner, it is the writer's conviction, should never exceed four courses—including the coffee. The scheme of the dinner is that each dish shall be perfect; worthy of the palate and of the appetite—enjoyed to the full for its merits, and not to be trifled with and instantly forgotten. The second point in importance is that a dish shall be as attractive in appearance as it is perfect in flavor; that it should be placed upon the table as an added enjoyment and hospitably served by the host or hostess. The third point, also of importance, is that a dinner should be seasonable—not an anticipation of seasons—for every chosen article should be at its very best. A lean, half-shriveled January tomato, which has ill-borne its travels, is but a forlorn apology for the plump and luscious summer product—certainly not fitted for an "artistic" appearance.

That Innocent Child.

Shop Assistant—Shall I send this for you, madam? Lady—No, thank you; I'm driving. Lady's Little Girl (in ecstasy)—Oh, mummy, are we going back in the yellow 'bus?—Tit-Bits.

Personal magnetism enable a man to make others believe he is right when they know he is wrong.

HERMIT AND PATRIOT.

Queer Old Gottlieb Leitsof, a Constituent of Congressman Hitt.

Congressman Robert R. Hitt, chairman of the house committee on foreign affairs, and who represents the Ninth Illinois district, occasionally receives a letter from a queer old constituent who resides on an island in the Mississippi river. The land is in Illinois, though it is cut off from the mainland by a slough which the swift current has cut through the soil of Jo Davless county.

This old man, now in his 73d year, has resided on the island twenty-seven years. He is a hermit of the most eccentric character, living entirely alone and away from sight or sound of any other human being. He is completely isolated, his rude hut being hidden in a network of willow brush and wild grapevines. His hut can not be reached without the aid of a boat and a guide, who must find his way through a maze of sloughs which wind around in a thousand acres of lowlands. The old man is disturbed only by high water, which has three times invaded his abode and washed him off the island. He would like to have Mr. Hitt induce Uncle Sam to build a dam across the lowland to protect his little farm on the island.

The old man is named Gottlieb Leitsof. He was born in the province of Pomerania, Prussia, seventy-three years ago. He comes from a family of warriors. Two of his sons distinguished themselves in the war with Austria in 1866 and again in the Franco-Prussian conflict in 1870. He says he has written his congressman that if any help is needed to whip the Dons he will emerge from his home in the brush and take a willing hand.

Leitsof cooks, eats and sleeps in a little room ten feet square. It is a part of a hut which he built with his own hands. He has a flock of chickens, a cow and two cats. He farms the land without the aid of man or beast. He has constructed a queer plow after his own odd ideas. It is made from the forked branch of a tree. The forks serve as handles and thills. The odd feature about the contrivance is that the share points backward. The aged Prussian harnesses his own body and hitches himself to this plow. His harness fits over his back and around his waist. He couples onto the share by means of a wire, reaching from his harness. Then he stands between the thills, with which he takes hold with his hands. He walks backward like a horse in its breeching. The share

UNNECESSARY FEARS.

The Host Was Merely Tipsy, Not Revenged.

Some time ago a well-known Cleveland man had a slight altercation with a prominent local official, in the course of which he made a remark that at the time must have seemed extremely offensive to the other party. He rather regretted making it after he walked away, but it was too late to recall it, says the Plaindealer of that city. What was his surprise, therefore, when not long after the squabble he received an invitation from the aggrieved man to attend a select dinner at a prominent hotel. He was quite ready to bury the hatchet and promptly accepted what he considered a peace offering. It was a dinner party for men only and a number of well-known citizens sat around the festal board. The host was directly opposite the man who had hurt his feelings and the latter was rather startled to notice that the entertainer regarded him with a decidedly malevolent glare. Then he thought he saw it all. Instead of desiring to bury the hatchet the host had invited him there to denounce and humiliate him. Every time he looked up that cold-blooded stare met him. The guests talked and ate and drank, and made little speeches, but the host continued to keep his stony gaze on his uncomfortable victim. Several times the latter thought the moment of denunciation had come. The entertainer appeared to point at him and to gesticulate in a menacing way, but each time something occurred to turn him from his purpose. Finally he gained his feet. "My time has come," murmured the unhappy guest. With a steady stare the host raised his arm and with finger outstretched, pointed directly across the table. He opened his lips, but no sound came from them. Then he slipped back in his chair and by gentle degrees slipped to the floor, where he lay in peaceful slumber for an hour or more, his guests meanwhile cheerfully singing his praises. Then the man who tells the story understood it all. The host had evidently come to the banquet board heavily loaded and what the guest had mistaken for a malevolent stare was merely a desperate effort on the entertainer's part to fix and hold his rapidly scattering senses to something tangible. "He was just holding on by my eyelids," says the man who tells the story.

COSTA RICA BANANAS.

Delicious Fruit Comes from the West Indian Island.

"The best bananas grown in the world come from Port Limon, Costa Rica," said a New Orleans man to a Washington Post reporter. They are shipped from Port Limon, and the country grower gets about 30 cents per bunch in gold. He is notified by wire from the seaport when to cut, and has two days in which to gather and deliver at the railway. Trains composed of well-ventilated cars take the fruit to a fast steamer, which is waiting to convey it abroad. The bunches will average about fourteen hands each and each hand has from seventeen to eighteen bananas. When the bunch gets to New Orleans or New York they are worth about \$4 each, a tremendous advance over the price paid the Costa Rican producer. The planter, however, is sure of a safe profit than any other person handling the fruit. Jamaica negroes do all the labor attendant on the planting, culture and cutting, being better adapted to the work than the native peon. Jamaica bananas often make a finer appearance, but are not so prolific as the Port Limon product. The best plantations of Costa Rica are subject to overflow and the waters deposit a silt that greatly enriches the soil. Crops are ready for cutting the whole year round.

His Last Opportunity.

Mr. Kidder—"Johnny, the angels brought you a baby brother last night." Little Johnny (whose nose is out of joint)—"Huh! Wish I'd been awake. I'd have pounded the stuff out of them angels."—Puck.

FOIBLES OF THE FAIR SEX.

The sad fate of the president of an Iowa "Don't Worry Club" has just been learned. Business difficulties caused her suicide.

In France it is proper for a girl to pray for a husband; for a youth, first to decide to marry and then look around for his ideal.

Rumor has it that ex-Empress Eugenie will leave a handsome fortune to Queen Victoria's favorite daughter, the Princess Battenberg.

Gum chewing women will be glad to learn that, in the opinion of a prominent New York dentist, the habit is a healthful one for the teeth.

It is said of Ming Jung, the professional footbinder of California, that she has an income of \$18,000 and pays taxes on \$50,000 worth of property.

Item containing food for thought: The American women of today who are distinguished for their literary attainments are not college graduates.

The evils attending the emancipation of women thicken and increase. Here is a man inventing condensed food tablets that do away with the necessity of cooking!

A sister of Buffalo Jones, the Kansas and Nebraska celebrity, says an exchange, has become insane in London, where, under the nom-de-plume of Ilda Orme, she has won recognition as a song writer.

Upper class Italian women are reported as being as ignorant of the needs of the poor as was unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who once exclaimed: "Why do the people cry for bread when they can get nye cakes?"

The Quickness of Thought.

To illustrate the rapidity of thought, a distinguished scientist says that if the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer the brain will distinguish the fact that the blows are separate, and not continued pressure, even when they follow one another as rapidly as 1,000 a second.