



JEAN TEMPLETON REID

ROYALTY SEES WEDDING.

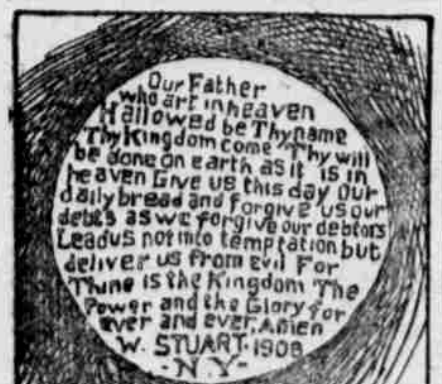
Daughter of Ambassador Reid marries Before King and Queen. Miss Jean Reid, daughter of Whitehall Reid, proprietor of the New York Tribune and ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, was married recently in the Chapel Royal, St. James Palace, London, to John Hubert Ward, brother of the Earl of Dudley and Esquerry-in-waiting to King Edward. The ambassador gave away his daughter.

His majesty and the queen and other members of the royal family were among those present in the ancient chapel, one of the few remains of the old palace of the Tudors, in which Queen Victoria and several of her daughters were married. The royal party also attended the reception subsequently held at Dorchester House, the residence of Mr. Reid.

LORD'S PRAYER ON PIN HEAD.

Young New York Engraver Accomplishes a Clever Piece of Work. The Lord's Prayer engraved in perfectly legible letters on the head of a common, ordinary pin—it doesn't seem possible, yet this is a feat that has been performed by William Stuart, a young photo-engraver at No. 25 City Hall place, New York. Mr. Stuart succeeded in putting the entire Lord's Prayer on the head of the pin, together with his name and the year, making a total of 267 letters. Even then Mr. Stuart did not "stretch" himself, but was content to stop when he had finished with the prayer and his name. By crowding and filling up small gaps he could have cut in many more letters.

The pin, looked at with the naked eye, seems merely to have a slightly roughened head. The letters can be read only with a magnifying glass. The work was done at odd times during a regular week's work. It would be supposed that such a feat required specially prepared tools of a very fine and expensive make. On the contrary, it was done with a common work engraver's tool, known as a "No. 1 elliptical picture bit" and costing 10 cents, and an ordinary fender magnifying glass such as is used in examining linen cloth, and which costs 25 cents. Mr. Stuart does not consider the Lord's Prayer engraving a remarkable feat, as he once succeeded in putting 67



letters on a ribbon pin, which is one thirty-second of an inch in diameter. Several years ago it was quite a fad to wear as watch charms gold dollars on which were engraved the Lord's Prayer. This was considered remarkably fine work at the time, but the pin used by Mr. Stuart measured only one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The above engraving of the pin had been enlarged about 784 times and is from the New York Press.

Swordsmen of the Sea. The swordsmen of the sea are the garfishes, spearfishes, sailfishes, swordfishes and the narwhal, with its spirally twisted tusks. The swordfishes inhabit the warmer seas, while the narwhal is a creature of the arctic. The tusk of the narwhal is hollow

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE NOISELESS MAXIM GUN.

A GREAT and terrible responsibility rests upon the shoulders of Hiram Percy Maxim, son of the inventor of the machine guns, according to a recent writer, who says: He has patented a gun which will kill a man with no more noise than the hissing of a snake. Armed with this silent weapon, a murderer could shoot down his victim without attracting the least attention, and only on examination would the cause of death be revealed.

On the other hand, a single policeman using the noiseless gun could disable every member of a gang of burglars before they recovered from their surprise. It is an invention which may lead to the re-equipment of the armed forces of the world and the revolutionizing of modern methods of warfare—will perhaps even hasten the happy day when there will be no war, for the very best safeguard against war is the invention of weapons of such terrible power that armies will never dare to stand against each other. "War," said Blismark, "is the greatest enemy of war and will eventually be put out of existence."

In the next great war skirmishers may use noiseless rifles, enabling them to creep along an enemy's front and shoot down the unsuspecting pickets one after another, and not until their bodies were discovered would the alarm be given. The extended front of a whole army, concealed in the underbrush or behind rocks, could work terrible havoc among the opposing forces before its position could be located. To the big game hunter the silent firearm will open new horizons.—*Utica Globe.*

MENACE OF THE RED FLAG.

THE red flag of anarchistic revolution is not native. It is of foreign birth and the propaganda has been imported with our millions of immigrants. We have not only imported the agitators, but we have imported the masses for them to work on. In America the movement is almost entirely confined to the cities, because there are clustered the working people. Each has its alien branch or branches, and aliens coming from portions of Europe where enormous military establishments alone repress revolt against notorious oppression, both political and economic, are ripe for revolt. They know but vaguely what their changed conditions are. They are bewildered by the display of wealth, predatory or fairly earned, that they see about them, not realizing that here, as never in Europe, any one of them who has the ability can become a rich man. The local center of each dispersion of the alien revolt will thus be found among the aliens or among people who have caught it from the aliens, save as it has begun to permeate our colleges and universities, and even there foreign professors and translations of foreign books have been the cause of inception.

The actual leaven of revolt when first imported into

the United States found lodgment in St. Louis and Milwaukee among the brewery colonies, in Cincinnati and Chicago among the stock yard employes, and in New York among the brewery men and dock laborers. This particular bit of leaven has never ceased to ferment, though many thousands of men whom it then affected, as they got jobs and homes and began to prosper, forgot it and would now be ashamed of the ideas they once held.—*Cor. Broadway Magazine.*

SHOULD DOCTORS TELL THE TRUTH?

IN New York the other day a physician told his patient that death was sure within a few hours, whereupon the patient cut his throat. This unexpected action brought the case to public notice and awakened much discussion as to whether the physician was justified in telling the patient what he thought was the truth.

We should say that he was not. Aside from the question how much truth physicians really know, the power of suggestion, which only of late years has come to be understood, must be taken into account. Its force was shown by the patient's suicide; but, even if he had not violently killed himself, the probability is that he would have died. A fixed idea in the mind of a sick man has enormous strength. If the physician had told the patient that he would get well, the power of suggestion might have enabled him to throw off his disease. Christian Science does such things every day. But, even if this had not been so, the patient's last days would have been made happier.

The physician's duty is not to tell all the truth, as he understands it, but to cheer as well as to heal.—*Des Moines News.*

FARM STILL OFFERS OPPORTUNITY.

WHAT is needed among our farm boys is a better knowledge of the possibilities that lie at their very door. Raised as the farm boy is, with a chance to become a keen observer in a business that speaks success, if industry is applied and economy followed, there is a wonderful opportunity to become successful in farm work that promises an independent livelihood.

Why leave the farm? Stick to the farm. Never lose sight of the fact that, with brain and brawn back of you, the best investment on earth for you to make is in the earth itself.

The shores of the commercial stream are strewn with wrecks of bright men who sought to get rich quick in the cities and wear a larded shirt and kid gloves while doing it. If they had remained on the farm and later engaged in farming, saving and living within their means, their life would have been marked with success, with a competency for old age. Again we repeat: Stick to the farm.—*The Successful Farmer.*



"I don't say it reproachfully at all, because I know you can't help it and it's something that you are overcoming all the time," said the cashier. "You're not in the least to blame, my boy, but you are very young," said the bill clerk.

"Well, what is it?" asked the bill clerk. "Has he got anything against you besides the fact that you're calling around to see his daughter?"

"Sure," replied the bill clerk. "Ain't I telling you? I'm very young, consequently I haven't got a grain of sense and I ain't worth my salt and never will be. You think you're awful fox, don't you?"—*Chicago Daily News.*

THEATER BUILT BY A PIRATE.

Havana's Great Playhouse Founded Seventy Years Ago by Marty. The history of the Tacon theater of Havana is very interesting. In the year 1845 Francisco Marty, who was then the leader of a band of pirates which infested the island of Cuba, and who had a price of \$10,000 on his head, was captured and ordered to be put to death. Seeing there was no hope for him, he asked leave to see General Tacon, who was then governor general of Havana, and told him if his life was spared he would denounce his entire band and assist him in ridding the island of the number of pirates which infested it at that period. Accordingly General Tacon gave him two weeks' parole and inside of a week Marty had denounced his fellow pirates and turned them over to the government. For this service he was pardoned.

In 1836 Marty asked for the concession to build a national theater on the site of Parque Central. It was granted to him. General Tacon went further and allowed him the privilege of the use of forty convicts who were then confined in Morro castle to assist him in the work, each convict receiving the sum of 20 cents a day. In 1838 the theater was finished and Marty, as a proof of the gratitude he felt toward General Tacon for sparing his life, named it El Teatro Tacon.

During the insurrection in Cuba many exciting incidents took place here. In one instance a regiment of Cuban insurgents barricaded themselves in the theater and held it against the Spaniards for three days. Finally they were starved out, and as they were making their escape all were shot.

THRIFT IN ONE HONEYMOON.

Husband and Wife Do Europe and Make a Handsome Profit. Early in the winter a young American couple decided to take their honeymoon trip with a tourist excursion party booked for a rather extensive trip through southern Europe and the orient at a cost of \$400 each, including all expenses except personal tips. The bridegroom provided himself with two good cameras and an unlimited quantity of films, intending to make enough photographs of out-of-the-way scenes to cover part of his traveling expenses. The bride had a very different scheme in view. She had managed when engaging her passage to secure promise of accommodations at the best hotels on the itinerary, such as the Cecil in London, the Grand in Paris, Shepard's in Cairo, and she saw to it that those promises were rigidly fulfilled later on.

At every one of the twenty-three hotels that she visited she procured hotel labels for her trunk or hand baggage in as great quantities as possible. In some instances she obtained as many as twenty through judicious tipping. In others only six or eight. No matter if she stayed only one day she saw to it that her hand baggage was labeled, and meanwhile she sought—and here her opportunity to add to her collection.

At Monte Carlo and other fashionable resorts she made shift to secure labels from hotels which she simply visited for that purpose. All told, she accumulated 220 by the end of the trip. Also she bought \$50 worth of Maltese lace at the moment of the ship's departure from that port, when the vendor sold his entire stock at a ruinous reduction rather than hold it over for the next uncertainty.

Meanwhile her husband, who had lost no opportunity in the photographic lines, had gathered together a valuable collection of scenes, which he displayed among the passengers on his return trip, with the frank explanation that he had made them for the purpose of selling them at home.

Many of the passengers who were without photographs offered good prices for certain favorite scenes—never less than \$1 a picture and sometimes \$2. By the time the photographer arrived in New York he had sold a little over 300 pictures for \$400. He disposed of the remaining scenes to a magazine writer at \$1 a picture. All told, he cleared \$421, deducting the cost of his materials.

The bride sold her Maltese lace for exactly four times the amount she paid for it. She then set about the disposal of her hotel checks by advertising to the effect that she had a few of the above for sale among people who liked to give their baggage a much-traveled appearance. She received numerous answers, and so eager were her customers to buy her odd wares that she had no difficulty in obtaining \$1 apiece for the labels. Her profits amounted to \$370, while her husband's reached \$421. Their four months' honeymoon trip cost them exactly \$220.—*New York Times.*

IF THERE WAS A POSTAL TRUST.

"If the mails, like the railroads, like meat, like oil, were in trust hands," said a socialist, "you couldn't send a postal card across the world for 2 cents." "There is in the German postal museum a letter that was sent from Philadelphia to Mecklenburg in 1789. The letter shows us what we would be getting to-day if the governments of the world had not taken the mails out of private hands.

"The letter bears the postmarks of Philadelphia, London, Calais, Brussels, The Hague, Amsterdam and Hamburg. That was its line of route. The postage on it, though, is the main thing. The postage was just \$4.70."

Old Favorites

Worth While.
It is easy enough to be pleasant. When life flows by like a song, But the man worth while is one who will smile.

When everything goes dead wrong; For the test of the heart is trouble, And it always comes with the years, And the smile that is worth the praises of earth Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent: When nothing tempts you to stray, When without or within no voice of sin Is luring your soul away; But it's only a negative virtue Until it is tried by fire, And the life that is worth the honor on earth Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen, Who had no strength for the strife, The world's highway is cumbered to-day, They make up the sum of life. But the virtue that conquers passion, And the sorrow that hides in a smile: It is those that are worth the homage on earth, For we find them but once in a while. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

June.
And what is so rare as a day in June? Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lays; Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur or see it glisten; Every clod feels a stir of might, An instant within it that reaches and towers.

And, grasping blindly above it for light, Clings to a goal for grass and flowers; The flush of life may well be seen Thrilling back over hills and valleys; The cowslip starts in meadow green, The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice, And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean To be some happy creature's palace. —James Russell Lowell.

WHEN MEN ARE SHIPWRECKED.

That's the Time They Really Can Eat Their Boots. Shipwrecked persons have been kept alive on the most repugnant and unwholesome of foods. Probably the hardest fare that six strong men and a boy of 15 ever kept alive on was the daily menu of the Windover's survivors, who were cast up on the Irish coast near Killegg. They lived sixteen days on stilted rope yarn.

When they took the ship's small boat they had water enough for a month, but only a small amount of provisions. These lasted four days. After having nothing at all to eat for the following two days they tried boiling lengths of tarred hemp rope into pulp and swallowing it.

They had a keg of paraffin wax, which they boiled to add to the nourishment. The sickness they experienced as a result of the diet, says What to Eat, was only temporary, and they landed in comparatively good health.

Capt. Maboly of the foundered steamer Gwallor and his second officer created a record by living for seventeen days on boot leather and a pint of water a day each.

Of course, no teeth can tear cowhide boots; they have to be cut up and shredded with a knife and the shreds chewed and swallowed. Boiling, even when possible, it is said, does no good, but takes from the nourishment of the boots. A few ounces of leather, being very hard to digest, stays in the stomach for fifteen or twenty hours.

A diet of boots and shoes is one of the commonest of last resource foods, and though it is hard for a well-fed person to imagine that any one could masticate and digest the leather, a pair of long sea boots will keep a man alive for a fortnight if he has a little water.

Two men who went to a small island off the Irish coast not long ago kept themselves going for ten days on a diet probably worse than this. They landed in a boat which was smashed by a wave on their trying to relaunch her, and they were kept on the bare, rocky island without food.

Fortunately there was a spring on the island, but nothing in the way of sea gulls which they could catch, and nothing with which to make a fire as a distress signal. There were not even any shellfish, as there was no beach, and the pair had to subsist for ten days on cold, raw seaweed washed up by the tide.

The best known and most useful of starvation diets for wrecked or cast-away people, however, is that of barnacles. Three Englishmen and a crew of Lascars who had been forced to abandon the sailing vessel North Star a few months ago kept themselves going for more than a week on barnacles, and only two of the crew died.

The worst of this diet is that the barnacles give one internal cramps and cause an insufferable thirst, but they do nourish the frame. You have to reach under the vessel's side and pull them off, taking care not to leave the best half of them sticking to the planks.

length to body length in man corresponds exactly with that in the same species, in marked contrast to what obtains in all carnivorous animals, where the bowel is proportionally short. A study of anatomy, therefore, suggests a fruit diet as the most suitable; further confirmation is afforded by the obvious predilection of nearly all children for such food. The best fruits for adre are apples, bananas, grapes, nuts, dates, raisins and figs.

Nuts are especially valuable, owing to the large amount of fat they contain; the old-fashioned idea that they are indigestible is due partly to the error in taking them at the end of an already more than ample meal, and partly to insufficient mastication. Chestnuts are the easiest to digest and make an excellent food. Many other fruits may be taken, always remembering that stone fruits sometimes disagree, and that acid fruits should be taken in moderation. Strawberries contain a considerable amount of purins, and should be avoided by all with a gouty or rheumatic tendency. Among fruits, we include those of the cereals, such as wheat and rice. White bread is free from purin, but brown contains a varying amount derived from the husk. The most wholesome form of bread is unleavened.

THE POINT OF VIEW.
The prevalence of tigers in Korea and also the method of governmental control over their capture and over the sale of their skins is well illustrated by this story given by Prof. G. T. Ladd in his book, "In Korea with Marquis Ito." A foreigner who was fond of hunting big game was negotiating with two tiger-hunters for a trip to the region of Mokpo.

Knowing well the Korean character as respects veracity, it was necessary for the inquirer to discover whether the men were really courageous and skillful hunters, as well as whether tigers were really to be met in the region over which it was proposed to hunt. Something like the following conversation then took place:

"You claim to be brave tiger-hunters but have you ever actually killed a tiger?"

"Yes, of course, many of them."

"But what are you hunting at the present time?"

"Just now we are hunting ducks."

"How much is a tiger worth to you when you succeed in getting one?"

"Well, if we can have all there is of him,—the skin, the bones and all the rest,—we should make at least one hundred and ten yen."

"Why, then, do you hunt ducks, which bring you so little, when you might kill tigers, which are worth so much?"

"Yes, but if I kill a tiger the magistrate hears of it and sends for me; and he says:

"You are a brave man, for you have killed a tiger. You deserve a reward for your courage. Here are five yen; but the tiger, you know, belongs to the crown, and I will take that in the name of his majesty."

"Now do you think I am going to risk my life to earn one hundred and twenty yen for the magistrate, and get only five yen for myself?"

"But tell me truly, are there really tigers to be found in that neighborhood?"

"Yes, indeed there are."

"How do you know that?"

"Why, just recently two men of the neighborhood were eaten by tigers."

"Indeed, that is certainly encouraging."

"It may be encouraging for the foreign gentlemen who wish to hunt the tiger, but it was not very encouraging for the Korean gentlemen who were eaten by tigers."

Politicians and Other Bibles.

"You bibliophiles talk about the 'breaches' Bible, the 'bug' Bible, and so on—what do those names mean?"

"I'll tell you," the collector answered. "Take, first, the 'breaches' Bible. It is so called because a typographical error in it causes the garments made by Adam and Eve out of fig leaves to be termed breaches instead of aprons."

"In the 'vinegar' Bible of 1807 the word 'vineyard' is misspelled 'vinegar.' The 'printers' Bible, 1702, makes the psalmist say: 'Printers have persecuted me without a cause.'

"The 'religious' Bible, which was printed in 1637, put 'religious' for 'rebellious' in the fourth chapter, seventeenth verse of Jeremiah.—Because she hath been religious . . . saith the Lord."

"The 'politician' Bible was published at Geneva in 1662. It makes the famous verse, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' read 'Blessed are the placemakers.'"

Flexible Stone.

The stone looked like a piece of dark gray granite. It was a foot long and several inches thick. Lifted, it bent this way and that, like rubber.

"It is itracundite, or flexible sandstone," said the owner. "It is found in California, Georgia and several other States. Besides bending, it will stretch. Look at it closely, and you will see that it is formed of a number of small pieces of stone, of various tints, all dove-tailed together loosely, so as to allow of a slight movement.

"This movement is what causes the stone to bend. See how it bends! Like rubber precisely, eh? But if I bent it too far, it will break."

A Widow.

Landlord—You say you are a widow? Applicant for Flat—Yes. And by the way, do you mind if I pay my rent regularly on the 10th of the month, instead of the 1st? You see, I get my check for alimony then.—*Somerville Journal.*

A Divergence.

"I suppose you did lose a little money. Forget it! You ought to take things philosophically."

"I always do, but it's hard to part with things philosophically."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Every man who has tasted joy will finally admit that it has a bitter taste.