

The proposer of the increased tariff on stockings has got his foot in it.

There should be wireless telegraph on all steamships, just as there should be block systems on all railroads.

If England and Germany are going to keep up this Dreadnought race very long, it might be cheaper to fight.

Works of art more than twenty years old are to be admitted free. This does not apply to certain stage beauties.

Young Mr. Gould, aged 22, has just been made a railroad director. He proposes to start at the top and move around there.

Hetty Green announces that her specialty is minding her own business. It certainly seems to have been profitable in her case.

Wyoming is digging up prehistoric ducks 3,000,000 years old. Here we consider a fowl of three years well along toward antiquity.

An eastern magazine offers a prize for a dithyramb. In the west, one of those things would cause the careful housewife to run for the insect powder.

A California man claims to have produced a thornless rose, but no mere man is ever likely to be able to develop a waist that doesn't hook down the back.

If isn't going to be any easier for a gentleman leaving a banquet at 2 a. m. to call for a "tetrahedral kite" than it is for him to say that he wants a "taxicab."

An Eastern State Legislature has decided that laundries must sterilize articles passing through their hands. Now is the time to leave tainted money in your nightg.

One of the preachers announces that a light diet will quickly cure pessimism. Heretofore it has been generally supposed that too light a diet caused most of the pessimism.

The rare coins collected by a Brooklyn man in his lifetime were recently sold by auction in London for seventy-eight thousand dollars. Collecting rare coins seems to be as profitable as collecting the common kinds.

Premier Asquith says nobody in England knows just how many Dreadnoughts Germany is building. Why doesn't England ask Japan? We may be sure that the Japs have full information covering the matter.

The man who has been hired to dramatize one of Henry James' novels has a unique plan to begin at the end and rewrite it forward, cutting out every third word. This should make the plot comparatively clear.

Requiring hotel waiters to be manicured is the latest device in the crusade for cleanliness. No doubt it is possible to keep neat without a professional parer and clipper, but specialization is the note of the age.

The seed of imperial federation which Chamberlain planted in the English mind is sprouting. The British Secretary of War has announced that he is negotiating with the colonies with a view to the creation of an army of the empire, and not of Great Britain merely. After the imperial army will come the imperial parliament.

Those who have not lived in India nor have made a special study of its unique conditions can hardly understand the differences and hatreds that exist among the different peoples. Between the Mussulman and the Hindu, the Punjabi and the Bengali, the Sikh and the Brahmin, and between many of the smaller divisions of religion, race and caste, there is no such thing as cohesion or co-operation; and if, to a small degree, the rigid lines of caste have been broken down here and there, so that labor and commerce under modern conditions have been made possible, it is due in no small degree to the efforts of Great Britain.

The bachelor is punished already, not only in losing the joys of a home, but in being an object of contumely. So long as bachelors are willing to put up with all the losses they sustain in celibacy far be it from the majesty of the law to impose further penalties. It was Cleoro or a man of his day who remarked that it was onerous for a man to get along with a wife, but impossible to get along without one. The bachelor is not a man—only a more or less imitation of one—sometimes a very poor one. He thinks he has a good time in escaping all the major responsibilities of life, but he is deceiving no one but himself. As an example and a warning he has his uses in society. As an individual he is apt to find that he is eating only apples of Sodom. The man who deliberately remains a bachelor is already punished enough. Let him alone in his misery until some nice girl comes along and carries him off. And we may remark that no man is a bachelor of his own initiative—no matter how much he may think so. He is simply a human desertion whom the women have examined and passed by. The bachelors are the disjecta membra of society whose no woman will have. That is awful and it is enough.

The successful Wall street man's life is not always a path of roses. The millionaires carry more troubles than the poorer fraternity. The big man's working day does not always end when he shuts his desk at three or four o'clock. The head of one large Stock Exchange house that does an international banking business not only works all day, but never goes to bed without a supply of pens and paper ready at hand with which to make a note of ideas

that float into his head during the night. This particular financier has had a romantic career. He began life on this side as a peddler of shoe strings. Having earned a few dollars, he conceived the idea of meeting incoming ships and changing money for foreigners. This business proved most lucrative. By and by he engaged one or two "runners" to attend to the vessels he himself could not meet, and in due course he opened a small office near the main piers. The role of money changer became profitable beyond all expectations. From the small office he moved to more commodious quarters in the heart of the financial district and blossomed out as a member of the New York Stock Exchange. To-day, as indicated, he is a millionaire, but he has never lost the industrious habits to which he owes the foundation of his remarkable success. He jokingly remarks that most of his best ideas come to him while Wall street sleeps.

Since America is composed of half the races of the earth, Americans, taken altogether, are amazing polyglots. But those of us who were born to the English language and no other are said to be woefully deficient in knowledge of foreign tongues. Such an assertion is hard to verify. Americans are living all over the world; we are great travelers, and we are an alert, acquisitive people. If it is true that at scientific and political congresses foreigners understand our delegates better than our delegates understand them, then it may be argued that our men in various intellectual pursuits have not been trained as they should be in German and French, which are almost indispensable to one who pretends to keep up with the best thought of the world. Moreover, if, as a professor of many years' experience in examining candidates for admission to a large college has recently written, boys who have studied "advanced" French and German cannot read easy prose in those languages at sight, then no doubt our school methods are not so good as they should be. It is doubtful, however, if a language can be learned well, even in a good school, along with the other necessary subjects. Language is learned by use. The scientific man with mind enough to be valuable in his subject can get for himself any language that he needs. Moreover, all other nations are inviting us to neglect their tongues by their universal willingness to learn English. Perhaps we need all our energies to master our language ourselves. Francois Coppée, when asked if he knew English, replied, "No, I am still busy studying French." The true charge against us as a nation is that we do not devote enough time and zeal to the magnificent instrument we have inherited.

CITY TO PLANT FRUIT TREES.

Tropical orchards in yards and gardens for Jacksonville, Fla. That Jacksonville will be metamorphosed into a city beautiful next winter seems assured. The initiative taken by the Board of Trade in a movement to plant tropical fruit trees in the gardens and yards of residences in that city has struck a popular chord, having met with popular approval of property owners. Those who have tried to adopt the plan will endeavor to persuade their neighbors to fall in line.

Growing tropical plants in Jacksonville seems to many people, no doubt, absurd, the Times-Union of that city says. However impracticable it may appear, the plan will be carried out to a successful realization. Some years ago large and handsome orange trees were even thriving in the streets of the city and scattered about the country were numerous bearing groves. These were greatly admired by the Northern tourists, who, although comparatively small in number in those days, visited the State annually and spent much of the winter here. Along came the freeze of 1895 and wiped out of existence within one night practically every orange tree then growing in or near the city. The cold wave not only wrought havoc here, but entered the very heart of the State, nipping and damaging tender vegetation. Since the freeze no effort to restore tropical fruit trees here has been made, it being contended by many that the tender plants could not withstand the occasional cold and that any effort put forth in the direction would prove useless expense.

Now comes the discovery of the trifoliata stock, which remains dormant during the entire winter months and is of sufficient toughness to withstand cold of a much greater temperature than that which is usually blown Florida-ward. Onto this hard, tough stock can be budded orange, grapefruit, tangerine and other citrus fruit. If planted out during the month of March the tree would blossom the coming spring and bear fruit the following winter.

CORRECT VIOLIN POSITION.



MISCHA ELMAN. The accompanying sketch of the great violinist, Mischa Elman, is not only an interesting portrait of the popular young artist, but also a valuable demonstration in correct bowing, and in the position which the head, the hands and the instrument should take in the act of performance. The beginners should earnestly strive for grace of movement before attempting to appear in public.

Wrong Guess. "A fellow tapped me on the head once and said— 'I know all about it. He was a phrenologist and he said: 'You have a well-developed bump of wisdom.' " "Nothing of the sort. He was a fool and he said: 'Gimme yer head.' " —Birmingham Age-Herald. Some people never have anything except ideas.

THE BLOOD-STAINED THRONE OF SERBIA

King Peter Finds It No Joke to Rule the Fiery Little European Monarchy.

HIS PREDECESSORS BUTCHERED.

The Crown Prince George Retires and Alexander, a Younger Brother, Takes His Place.

No monarch in modern times ever ascended a bloodier throne than that to which King Peter of Serbia was called in 1903. No one at the time expected that he would escape assassination or be permitted to reign for any length of time. In fact it was a long time before the powers accepted him with any cordiality, for it was hard to believe that he was entirely innocent of at least a previous knowledge of the terrible tragedy which was to shock the civilized world and place a throne at



KING PETER OF SERBIA.

his disposal. But he has borne himself well and has held the hot-tempered and factional people of his little kingdom well in check. Lately his greatest danger has lain with his eldest son, the boastful firebrand, Crown Prince George. That danger now seems to be past, however, with the renunciation of his rights on the part of the prince and his retirement in favor of his more conservative brother, Alexander.

Newspaper readers will have no difficulty in recalling the tragedy of the palace at Belgrade on the night of June 10, 1903. King Alexander and his wife, Queen Draga, had exhausted the patience of their subjects. The King, deaf to all the suggestions of common decency, was wont to spend his time in



PRINCE ALEXANDER.

the most questionable circles of Paris and to keep himself almost constantly in a condition of besotted drunkenness. Over and over again he would have resigned in compliance with the wishes of his subjects, but his Queen was made of sterner stuff, even though she was scarcely a more admirable character. Finally came the tragedy. In the dead of night traitorous strikers and soldiers broke into the palace and forced their way to the royal bed chamber. Then Alexander demonstrated that there was still a spark of manhood left in him. He fought valiantly and gradually retreated to a closet where he was blown down. The wretched queen shared his fate. Chopped beyond semblance to human beings, the bodies of the King and Queen were thrown out

of the palace window into the court yard.

The Coming of Peter. Then Peter, a descendant of a former dynasty, residing in seclusion in Switzerland, was sent for and was elevated to the bloodstained throne. There was a demand on the part of the powers that he punish the regicides, but he was either unwilling or not strong enough to do this and the murderers retained their places of prominence and influence.

Half a dozen times it has been rumored that Peter would prefer to abandon his scepter and again seek the safety and comfort of private life, but the unpopularity of his eldest son made this impossible unless he cared to see some member of the old dynasty or some scion of one of the great powers of Europe elevated to the Serbian throne. The crown prince has been a thorn in the flesh of King Peter for several years. He has had as a following a large number of the younger and more erratic of these fiery people and has been given to some very silly boasting.

When a few months ago Austria-Hungary gobbled up Bosnia and Herzegovina Serbia went mad with indignation and there sprang into existence a party who would appeal to arms and declare war against their giant enemy. Peter realized the hopelessness of any such effort, but the crown prince, boastful and braggart, talked loudly in the cafes

and jangled his sword as he walked or rode about the streets of the capital. He made a visit to Russia and expected to meet with every encouragement there, but the Czar advised the young man to go about his business and do less talking.

George returned to Serbia and sulked in his tent. His father threatened him with arrest unless he abandoned his warlike attitude, but there was still a large element which drilled and strutted and talked of wiping Austria off the map if George would only lead them to the fray.

Peter tried in every way to induce the powers to interfere and compel Austria either to restore the two provinces to their former state or to remunerate Serbia for the loss of Serb prestige. But, while the nations grumbled at the high-handed act of Austria-Hungary, the dual kingdom was adamant. Francis Joseph knew he had his people solidly behind him. He was prepared for an appeal to arms. He realized that Germany stood ready to side with him and to frustrate any effort Great Britain might make in favor of the Serbs. Russia, to the surprise and indignation of the Serbians, instead of proving their champion, consented to the policy of Austria with scarcely a murmur.

King Peter realized that war would mean the effecting of his little kingdom and has used his influence to keep his angry subjects in check. By the collective action of the powers at Belgrade the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina became a closed incident.

Recently the Serbian atmosphere was somewhat clarified by the act of Prince George in renouncing his claim to the throne. The Serbian Parliament hesitated to act, but King Peter readily accepted the boy's retirement and named his second son, Prince Alexander, as the heir to the throne. Alexander is a more conservative youth than George and the welfare of Serbia would be safer under him than it would be under the former crown prince, though he is by no means an ideal prospective ruler.

Coming Down Easy. Inquiries after the welfare of Patrick Coyne were answered by his devoted friend, Terence Dolan, who was at the Coyne's in the double capacity of nurse and cook. "No, he's not dangerous hurt at all," was Mr. Dolan's reply to a solemnly whispered question at the door.

"We heard he had a bad fall, and was all broke to pieces," whispered the neighbor. "It's a big story you've heard," said Mr. Dolan. "In his cheerful rant, 'Thru, he fell off the roof of the Brady stables where he was abling, and he broke his hip, knocked out a couple of teeth and broke his collarbone."

"Mind ye, if he'd have fell clear to the ground, it might have hurted him bad, but sure there was a big pile of shingles and old lumber that broke his fall."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EVILS OF OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

By Dr. W. Hutchinson. The first condition of the modern educational system which I would criticize is the confinement of the child in a stuffy room for five or six hours a day. He must begin by following defined precise methods and must not even wiggle in his seat. Then the school to-day does not teach the things which are of most importance to the pupil. The child is taught to draw lines to represent the coasts of Europe, and the instructions given in hygiene are ludicrously inadequate. Another criticism is that he would learn by instinct. A child would grow to read and to write, and if he were allowed to run about long enough he would grow to cipher. A boy with reasonably intelligent parents and surroundings will make his own start toward his mental development.

WHY SOME WOMEN CAN'T GET WORK.

By Winifred Black. Mrs. Bradley, the woman who killed Senator Brown in Washington some time ago, is in trouble. She can't get work, she says. Mrs. Bell, a Colorado woman, who ran away from her husband with another man, is in trouble. She can't get work, she says. A woman I know came to see me. She is in trouble. She can't get work, she says. The woman I know held quite a responsible and well-paying position with a prominent firm until about a year ago. Then she fell in love with a married man, and the married man's wife came to the office and made scenes and the woman I know lost her position. "I can't get a thing to do," she said to me. "Everywhere I go they ask me where I worked last, and then they telephone and find out all about my trouble—and I don't get the place."

Country Highways are Roads To Health for Women. In Walking the Languid and Listless May Find Abounding Vitality and Heightened Spirits.

As a pleasant and healthful recreation cross-country walking was discovered only recently. With the exception of a few energetic physical culturists, who went about it with an air of this-may-kill-me-but-I've-got-to-do-it, those who walked did so only because they hadn't the price to ride. City residents who were unable to maintain pleasure vehicles saw the country through ear windows or not at all. Last summer, however, numbers of persons previously stationary realized that these legs were capable of locomotion. Whereupon there was a decided stir and more dust was kicked up by foot power than ever had been seen on country roads. And, strange to say, many of these converts to pedestrianism were women, generally believed to be totally devoid of any perpendicular



CROSS-COUNTRY WALKING.

attitude for a distance greater than three blocks. Along with the discovery of walking as a recreation came a partial appreciation of its benefits. With the enjoyment of the visits to the fields and woods came a realization that there was a resultant improvement in health and spirits—a shaking off of minor ills of mind and body.

Walking in the open air is the best known cure for falling women, and the only effective medicine that may be self-administered without professional advice. If all women walked for pleasure as much as they should (and no more) there would be no cases of "nerves," chronic listlessness, unsightly obesity nor embarrassing "scrugginess." For an irregular heart, weak lungs or a torpid liver, walking is the most effective of cures. And fresh air, sunshine and rain are the best cosmetics yet discovered.

Englishwomen long since learned the lesson of walking for profit as well as pleasure. And their robust health and clear-complexions always have been the despair of their inactive American sisters. The distance an Englishwoman will walk on her daily "constitutional" is amazing to femininity in other lands. She thinks nothing of a six or eight-mile tramp, and on occasion can do fifty feet or twenty without "turning a hair." And no condition of weather stops her—wet or dry, snow or blow, rain or shine, she goes daily. The reason for the Englishwoman's

Do you? I don't see why the world should smile upon women who haven't cared enough for the world's opinion to keep a good reputation. It's a good deal of a buy and sell proposition—this living business. We pay for what we want or what we think we want, not for what the person who is trying to sell us the goods wants us to want.

I know two sisters, both of them clever, both pretty, both industrious and both extremely good business women. One of them has a bank account, small, but safe, a good income and a lot of sincere, true-hearted friends. The other, equally capable, is in debt, has two frocks to her name and is half the time out of a position. The world isn't trying to get even with the second sister—it's just paying her in her own coin for her own work. She's light-headed and vain, and she gets herself talked about in every office where she works. Then she wonders why her sister, who attends strictly to business and keeps her name free from even a whisper, gets along so much better than she does. I don't see anything wonderful about it, do you? It's lots of fun running bills—but it isn't so much fun when the collector begins to come around.

The world treats women just about as the particular woman in her particular place has treated the world. I wonder why there is anything particularly pathetic about that?

REST CURE OR WORK CURE?

By Prof. Llewellyn F. Barker. While we must protect our minds by avoiding any injury to our nervous forces, still we must actively exercise our minds if we are to strengthen them and lead them to the fullest development of which they are capable. A brain and its corresponding mind will become weak if it is not used, just as surely as a muscle will waste and weaken if it has no exercise. Our minds should have suitable occupation and proper work to do. Many of the people who apply to physicians for a rest cure really need a work cure more. Properly ordered work does not hurt the mind, but helps it. There is, however, such a thing as overexertion; it is by no means uncommon among our high-strung, ambitious and overconscientious people, and leads to nervous exhaustion and all the physical and mental evils which this condition carries in its train. Our efforts to strengthen the mind by exercise are defeated if we think only of the work and neglect proper nutrition and suitable intervals of rest and diversion. The strong mind is not made in haste, but results from a long, slow and sensible training. Good sleep at night, restful recreation Sundays and holidays, enjoyable exercise in the open air, the essential to it.

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE.



The makers of freak millinery are bringing forward some "fearfully and wonderfully made" models of headgear. The woman of conservative style will wait a bit and use a little sail on these concoctions. There is no doubt about it, however, the inverted bowl is to be "the thing." Coarse straws known as "rough and ready" will be very popular, and we are sure to see lots of stiff curved quills, long and feathered algeas, soft satin choux, scarfs, and bib buckles. The latter will often be made of straw or the same satin used in the trimmings. Big ornamental buttons are also to be in favor.

stockholders of record March 13. This puts it on a 20 per cent basis. The American Snuff Company was formed in 1900 to take over the snuff properties of the American Tobacco Company, the Continental Tobacco Company, and some smaller allied concerns. It has outstanding \$12,000,000 of preferred stock and \$11,001,700 common stock, with assets valued conservatively at \$31,341,642.

An official of a prominent Boston wholesale house which distributes the products of the American Snuff Company through New England yesterday explained the mystery of what becomes of all the snuff in these days when the habit of taking snuff is generally supposed to have died out. He said that snuff is no longer snuffed to any considerable extent; but the habit of chewing or "rubbing" snuff has been introduced into the mill towns throughout all the Eastern States. The strength of the position, from a business standpoint, lies in the fact that the women in the mills are as much addicted to the practice as the men. This man, who is an expert in the tobacco trade, attributes the introduction of the snuff-chewing habit to the Swedes, and he says that the American Snuff Company has found it necessary to manufacture special brands of the class of goods made in Sweden to satisfy this demand. He says that very little snuff is snuffed in the old way.

The Last Resort. In answer to the returned summer visitor's question as to the welfare of Mr. Macomber and his whereabouts, Mr. Davis replied that "Jake" was teaching at the little red schoolhouse on Bowen's Hill.

"But I thought—" "Well, he is," admitted Mr. Davis, understandingly, "and he gets more 'n' more muddled-headed all the time. But what else could we do? We had to put him in schoolmaster to keep him off the town."

"We ain't goin' to pauperize a man," he added, loftily, "if we can find anything for him to do."

An Intimation. The daughter of her mother was doing a stunt at the piano.

"My daughter's music," said the proud parent, "cost us a lot of money."

"Indeed!" rejoined the visitor. "Did some neighbor sue you?" —Boston Post.

Actresses, unlike other women, do not quit having their pictures taken when they get married.