

WAGNER SOON TO COME

MUSICAL CONDUCTOR TO VISIT UNITED STATES.

Will Give Concerts in the Principal Cities—Son of Renowned German Composer—His Most Recent Training at Bayreuth.

Siegfried Wagner expects to visit the United States this winter for the purpose of conducting concerts in the principal cities of the north and east. He is the son of the renowned German composer, Richard Wagner, and the grandson of the no less noted German musician, Franz Liszt. Young Wagner first gave his attention to music some thirteen years ago. During his father's lifetime he had received no encouragement to study music, but the atmosphere in which he grew up was charged with music, and when he was left free to follow his inclinations he started out at once to see what he could do as his father's successor. A lack of ambition was certainly not one of his failings. He studied hard and he studied long. His mother saw that he re-



HERR SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

ceived the best training imaginable. Hans Richter, one of the greatest conductors on the globe, taught him the technique of handling an orchestra. He worked in theory, and learned to play many instruments himself, giving special attention to the piano. Then, when all seemed ready, he appeared before the world as a conductor of his father's works. That was a great event in the German musical world, though, to tell the truth, the people who crowded to hear him were led more by curiosity than by expectation of a real musical treat. Since then much of his life has been spent at Bayreuth, where, under his mother's direction, he became almost as familiar with the staging of the Wagner operas as she was, and she was certainly the greatest of all Wagner stage directors. Young Wagner is not now credited with any of his father's genius, but his friends point to the short time he has busied himself with music and predict that the future has much in store for him. His manner of conducting is nervous rather than forceful. He knows the scores of the greater part of the Wagner operas, so that he can conduct almost without following the books. Personally Wagner is a small man, though larger than his father. His face is intelligent, his expression is keen and his bearing self-reliant. His mouth is sweet and sunken and his chin protrudes, and he has been described as looking like Richard Wagner, very much feminized. He is thoroughly a man of the world, and loves a pretty face almost as much as he loves music. He was given in his youth a thorough academic training, and was intended for an architect. The Liszt tomb at Bayreuth was designed by him.

BREAKING DOWN CUSTOM.

Japanese Family's Fondness for Beef and Its Results.

"When I was a young boy the custom of eating beef began to spread. As beef was regarded as unclean and also as Japan has been a strong agricultural country, there was a deep-rooted disinclination to eat beef," says a Japanese writer in the Popular Science Monthly. "In this, of course, one has to recognize the influence of the vegetarian principle of Buddhism, but to anybody who had ever tasted beef it was so delicious that he could hardly control his natural appetite by his religious scruple. My father was one of those who knew its taste, so now add that we used to treat ourselves to beef. But where did we eat it? We did not eat it inside the house. We cooked and ate it in the open air, and in cooking and eating it we did not use the ordinary utensils, but used the special ones kept for the purpose. Why all these things? Because beef was unclean and we did not like to spread its uncleanness into our house where the 'god shelf' is kept and into our ordinary utensils which might be used in making offerings to the gods. The day when we ate beef my father did not offer lights to the gods nor say evening prayers to them, as he did usually, for he knew he was unclean and could not approach the gods."

New Use for Electricity.

Some time ago the statement was made that the advance of senile decay could be checked by the application of electricity to the base of the brain. Now a French scientist, Dr. Remond, has made the discovery that electricity may be used in the development of mental culture. This does not, of course, mean that there is now a royal road to learning, and that all the learning of Greece and Rome can be transferred into any skull by so many volts of electricity. But it means, according to Dr. Remond's claims, that the receptivity of the brain can be so increased and the capacity for learning extended. The volts do not take instantaneous effect; the course must be prolonged.

MAN'S PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

Uneven Shoulders, Arms, Legs and Hips Are Numerous.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have, rather than the one he commonly holds; whereas the tailor wants him, as the portrait painter wants his subject, in his natural pose and manner. With the man in that attitude, the tailor can bring his art to bear—if that is required—in the overcoming of any physical defect, and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure, as they will be actually worn. The physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. One shoulder is higher than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the difference in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to taking note of such things. This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes simply by cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry. Sometimes, and this is commonly done in cases of more pronounced difference, symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder. The influence of the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter. Next to unevenness of the shoulders, round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect. A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half an inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is sometimes much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the legs, as he knows, being alike in length—touching the ground, while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes up the trousers more and thus gradually raises the bottom more. It would be a common thing if men were seen with their waistcoats off, to find suspenders set at uneven heights. The variation in the suspenders might be required, to be sure, by a difference in the shoulders, and not in the legs. It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so slight as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths. The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect harmony of development and perfect symmetry of proportions, in which respect man is like all things else in nature, like horses, for instance, and trees; but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than as substantial defects.

MAJOR RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

Major Russell B. Harrison, Inspector general at Santiago, who was recently critically ill with yellow fever, is the only son of former President Benjamin Harrison. Major Harrison has had a varied experience. First he was a mining engineer; next he was employed for eight years at the United States mint at Philadelphia. Then he went to the west again and served as secretary-treasurer of a big cattle company. He turned to journalism and published his own paper in Montana. In 1888 he became interested in Judge and Leslie's Illustrated Paper, in New York. Returning to Indiana, he engaged in the electric railway and electric lighting business. For some time



MAJOR RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

the enterprise prospered greatly, but in the period of depression following 1893 Mr. Harrison's interests suffered considerably, and when the Spanish-American war broke out he entered the army with a major's commission. Major Harrison is really a man of fine qualities, and is popular—in spite of the latent antipathy which his frequent public mention awakened while his father was president.

Pictorial Postcard Craze.

Some idea of the pictorial postcard craze in Germany is given by the figures just published by our consul at Frankfurt, says the London Globe. About 12,000 workmen are employed in producing these postal souvenirs, and it is estimated that every day about 100 new designs are published. Allowing for each card an issue of 1,000 only—and this is a modest estimate—it means a total of 100,000 per day, or something like 30,000,000 per annum. Since the introduction of the souvenir card the number of postcards dispatched in Germany has increased by 12,000,000. The latest cards are a great improvement on the earlier ones, and some bear etchings by artists of repute.

TO SUCCEED TOM REED

AMOS I. ALLEN WAS LONG THE SPEAKER'S FRIEND.

College Chums at Old Bowdoin—Allen Was Reed's Secretary While the Latter Was Speaker of the National House—Also an Adviser.

Amos I. Allen of Grand Beach, Me., who is being frequently spoken of as the successor of Speaker Thomas B. Reed in Maine's congressional delegation, is 62 years old, but is still vigorous and active. In early boyhood Speaker Reed and Mr. Allen were fellow-students at Bowdoin college. They were warm personal friends in those days and often built air castles together. Subsequently they drifted apart, but they were destined to come together again in later years. When Speaker Reed assumed the gavel of the national house of representatives he made Mr. Allen his private secretary and confidential adviser. In this ca-



AMOS ALLEN.

capacity the friendship which the two men entertained for each other waxed stronger; in fact, they became almost brotherly companions. Speaker Reed is said to be warmly in favor of Mr. Allen's election to congress from the First district, and this fact, taken in connection with Mr. Allen's own individual strength and popularity in the district, seems to make his election well-nigh sure. Speaking of Mr. Allen, one of the correspondents of the New York World says: "He is quiet and reserved in manner and has an easy dignity at all times. In conversation his tone is low and soft, and his remarks are to the point. He uses the simplest language and impresses one as being a rapid thinker and a thorough logician. On the platform, when he is portraying the merits of his party, his voice is strong and vibrant, and his talk is punctuated by the dry wit of the old-time gentleman. To enjoy Mr. Allen's company for even an hour cannot avoid the impression that his tastes are quiet and scholarly. He has kept abreast of the times and it is his recreation to sit in his cozy little library and read the latest books on science and sociology. He bears the weight of years lightly and his step is light and spry. He is at all times cheery and companionable. Mr. Allen has held all sorts of public offices which have taken him all over the country, but he never gave up his Maine home, where he went to live soon after he was graduated from Bowdoin. He likes to tell how he was made selectman of his native town several years ago. Mr. Allen was born March 17, 1837, in Waterloo, Me. He earned his own way through college. Mr. Allen's three years at Bowdoin were years of hard work and good times. His eyes sparkled the other day when he said: 'I was always on hand when there was fun going on.' Mr. Allen's acquaintance with Mr. Reed began in their first college year together, and they became unusually firm college chums."

Hawaiian Commerce.

The Hawaiian islands are an example of commercial development under a close or protected system. It was in 1866 that the islands first touched an interest of \$1,000,000 in our import trade, chiefly through the whale-fisheries, as they made a convenient stopping place for American whalers. The interest was not doubled until the reciprocity treaty went into effect (1877), and sugar became the great article of commerce, with rice as the second in importance, but representing only one-tenth the value of the sugar. The granting of free entry into the United States for these two products was equivalent to remitting to the Hawaiian planters the sum of \$1,000,000 a year, every dollar of which acted as a bounty on production. It was natural to find that so liberal a gift was soon appreciated, and the energies of the islands were directed into laying out plantations of sugar and rice. As rice proved of uncertain profit the cultivation for export has not prospered, although the domestic consumption increased through the influx of Asiatics. The exports of this grain were 2,250,000 pounds in 1876, attained a maximum of 13,684,200 pounds in 1887, and are now about 5,500,000 pounds a year.—Harper's Magazine.

Evicted from the Grave.

Fancy being evicted from your last resting place if your relatives neglected to pay the rent! Yet this is what happens every day in that island where have been hearing so much of lately, Porto Rico. In the Campo Santo, the consecrated field, which lies on the cliff edge near San Juan, it is impossible to buy a grave right out, except at a price which puts it out of the question for poor people. The graves are leased for a term of years, and if at the end of that time the lease is not renewed the remains are dug up and the ground relet.

POPULARITY OF CORAL.

Product of the Smallest Little Creatures That Live in the Sea.

The popularity of coral is growing, both in Europe and in this country, and those best qualified to speak on the subject express the belief that the demand for coral jewelry this fall will be very considerable. The beautiful cameos and carved pieces which formerly were fashionable are no longer sought, the demand being confined to simple forms. Almost all the valuable coral at the present day comes from Italy, and most of it is cut there, although a not inconsiderable part is cut in Germany. It is imported into this country ready for mounting. It is cut either round, pear-shaped or cabochon, round or oval. Heart-shaped pieces are also cut to some extent. The round pieces are used chiefly in the form of necklaces, guard and lorgnette chains, sometimes alternating either with pearl or with turquoise; the pear-shaped pieces are used chiefly for scarf and lace pins, and pendants, link buttons, studs and rings mounted with cabochon-cut pieces. The gems which seem to combine with the best effect with coral are diamonds and pearls. In rings the stones are set either singly or in combinations of three or five graduated, frequently in combination with diamonds and pearls. The favorite color is a pale shade of pink. For mounting, Roman gold is peculiarly effective. Coral, as is well known, is an animal product, consisting of a chalk-like deposit made by a colony of myriads of minute polypi. It is found in a shape resembling a tree, with branches spreading in all directions. The present supply is almost exclusively produced in the Mediterranean, along the coast of Italy, France, Spain, Algiers and Tunis. While some coral is found at a depth of 40 feet, most of the best coral is found at a depth of from 100 to 150 feet below the surface of the water, firmly attached to some other object near the bottom. The depth is too great to make it possible for divers to work profitably, and accordingly a special device, consisting of two bars of wood firmly lashed together in the shape of a cross and supplied with a large number of nets, is used by the coral fishers. This apparatus is heavily weighted and dropped overboard from the barks used for the purpose. The coral becomes entangled in the nets, and is then pulled from its anchorage by main force. The dark-red coral, which is more plentiful than the pink variety, is largely used for anklets and necklaces among uncivilized tribes; sometimes it is cut into larger pieces, which are strung into girdles or used as ornaments in the Orient. White and very pale pink coral, although very scarce, and consequently expensive, are but little used for jewelry.—Jewelers' Weekly.

EMPEROR'S BROTHER COMING.

Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William II., will be America's guest of honor some time this fall. Prince Henry is at present in charge of the German squadron in Asiatic waters, and he expects to set out for San Francisco within the next few weeks. From San Francisco he will journey across the continent to Washington, D. C., where he will be entertained by President McKinley. Though bred in the purple of royal ease, Prince Henry is one of the best naval commanders on the globe. He is a fine disciplinarian and a thorough tactician. He knows the Oriental waters as well as he knows the German fatherland, and he possesses the loyal esteem of the gallant tars who serve under him. Prince Henry could secure the rank of admiral merely by asking for it, but he does not care for promotion, except upon the ground of merit, and he prefers to wait patiently until the honor is bestowed upon him in due season. On



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

account of his genial traits of character Prince Henry is universally popular at home.

Give the Wife the Same Power.

The Texas court of appeals, it is noted, has affirmed the right of inferior courts to issue injunctions at the request of a husband forbidding any third person to "speak to, write to, or in any way communicate with his wife, whenever such act shall be prejudicial to the applicant." The affirming decision is sweeping and general, and under it in Texas a husband may enjoin not only the male object of his jealousy, but his mother-in-law and "all his wife's relations" from holding communication with her whenever they may not approve of his conduct. Now, if some authority will give the wife the power to enjoin her husband against speaking to, writing to, or in any way communicating with third persons when such act shall be unpleasant to the applicant, Texas families will get on famously, and there will be no more divorces there than in South Carolina.—Charlotte (S. C.) News.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Village Darning-Needle—Jesus' Folks—Rainy Days—The Games That May Be Played to Make Them Brighter—The Feast of the Dolls.

My Little Boy.

When my little boy is gone,
Hours an hour seem all the day,
I can hardly stand the quiet,
And I want to get away.
Silence seems like something real,
And it settles like a stone
On my heart until—God help me!
When my little boy is gone.

When my little boy's away
Everything seems kind of blue,
And his playthings in the corner
Act as if they missed him, too.
Hold their little hands to me,
Like there's something they would say—
Mutely calling for their master—
When my little boy's away.

Set I think my God for this,
It is but a little while
I'll hear his happy prattle
And will see his dimpled smile,
With a heart of gratitude,
For the hope I thus enjoy,
To pray the common Father
To protect my little boy.

I would rather see his face,
Hear his happy laughing ring,
Have him tell me that he loves me,
Than to see a sceptered King.
And I ask no boon but this:
Just to hear him at his play;
That the child who came from heaven
May remain with me always.

When my little boy comes back
He'll drive out this beastly quiet,
He will fill the still, old house
With his happy, childish riot.
All his playthings will be glad
And there won't be any lack
Of the sweetness of the sunshine
When my little boy comes back.
—Denver News.

The Village Darning-Needle.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I've lost the village darning-needle!" cried good Mrs. Dickson, wringing her hands. It was a bright July day in the year 1776, soon after the signing of the declaration of independence; but the people of Mystic had not heard of that great event. It took days, sometimes weeks, for news to be carried to towns that were far away from the large cities and seaports. The news of the loss of the village darning-needle was a great blow to the good wives of Mystic. Out they ran, some to scold poor Mrs. Dickson, who had lost it while on her way home from the mill, and some to look for the needle—which was, of course, a great deal more sensible. The village was a long way from any place where new darning-needles could be bought, and women did not go shopping in those days. They stayed at home and spun what goods they needed for clothes and bedding, instead of going to buy it. So it happened that just at that time there was only one darning-needle, and all the housewives used it in turn. It was sent, carefully wrapped up, from one house to another. And now Mrs. Dickson had in some way let it fall from her apron while jolting along on horseback from the mill. Three miles of forest road along which she might have dropped it! It was a deal of space in which to hunt, but hunt they must, or stockings could not be mended! All the children, and all the women, yes, and some of the men, turned out to look for the village darning-needle that bright July day. Meantime, the news of the declaration of independence had reached another village fifteen miles nearer to the city than Mystic was; and after the people there had got over their first excitement, and had settled down to planning how they should celebrate the Fourth of July properly, even if it was a few days late, some one proposed that the news be sent on to Mystic. All the boys in town were eager to go, but Paul Davenport was soon chosen, because he had the swiftest horse, and was known to be a brave and fearless lad. It was no uncommon thing in those days to meet with Indians in that part of the country, and one had to depend mainly on a brave heart and a fast horse then. Paul felt very important as he rode out of the village and started on his journey. It was such a lovely day that it seemed as if nature was really smiling for joy. Most of his way lay through the woods, and he could hear the songs of birds and the chatter of squirrels as he rode along. Fortunately Paul met no one. Few people traveled far from their home in those days. At length he came out of the woods upon the highway that led to the village. He had made up his mind to ride straight to the green, dismount there, and tell his news with all the ceremony it ought to have. He entered the village flying, but strangely enough, he saw no one. The fields were empty, and no housewives were out on the doorsteps, or spreading their webs of linen to bleach in the yards. Doors and windows were wide open, but no faces looked forth. Paul leaped from his horse and went to one of the houses to look in. Everything was in order, and a baby lay asleep in its cradle.

"It could not be a raid by the Indians," thought the boy as he went out. "They would not leave a child, and, besides, there are no marks of battle around." Just then he heard a faint sound of shouting. For a minute he was frightened, thinking it was perhaps a band of Indians; but, as he looked, he saw on the edge of the village a crowd of women, boys and girls, with a few men carrying on their shoulders a little girl. The children were capering about and shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Ruth found it! Ruth found it!" When Paul got up to the crowd he found what was going on. It was the party of searchers for the lost darning-needle. They had not had to go very far, for before a half mile had been searched, the bright eyes of little Ruth Endicott had spied

the shining needle in the road. As soon as Paul got a chance, he jumped up on a tree stump and told his news in a loud voice, and then how the people shouted "Hurrah!" The whole village at once set to work to plan a big celebration that very day, but in all their fun they did not forget the little girl who found the darning-needle. She was placed at the head of one of the tables, and some one proposed a toast to "little Ruth Bright-Eyes." And "Bright-Eyes" she was always called after that.
MAY W. CLYMER.

Rainy Days.

"Printing by magic" is great fun. Take a mustard tin and half fill it with boiling water. Add to this six thin slices from a cake of soap and a teaspoonful of turpentine. When cold it will be a jelly. Now get some papers with pictures; paint a very little of this jelly over the picture, spread a clean sheet of paper over it, and then press it hard. Separate the pieces of paper from the picture, and you will find you have two pictures instead of one. Have you ever tried coloring the pictures in periodicals or papers or even advertisement pictures with colored chalk. Ask mother if she will give you a penny to buy a box of chalks, and next wet day try it, and I am sure you will agree with me that it is a most delightful employment. Then I wonder if you know that it is possible to buy boxes of modeling clay (red and grey are the nicest). With this clay you can build all kinds of things—ships, houses, animals, almost anything you like in fact. The clay can be used again and again, and, as it is only just moist enough to mold and not moist enough to be messy, there is no need to have a special room in which to use it. The simplest plan is to spread newspapers over an ordinary dining table. This clay can be gotten from toy shops either by the pound or box. Another game is "my house." For this you want some advertisement pages containing illustrations of chairs, tables and an article that would be used in furnishing a house. Vases, clocks and things of that kind all come in. Cut all these things out, and then either arrange them on a table or stick them into a scrap book till all the house is furnished—the dining room with its tables and chairs, the kitchen with its pots and pans, and so on.

Jesus' Folks.

Little Charlie S. was taking his first railroad journey—at least, the first he could remember. He and his mamma were going east. It was such a sultry midsummer day that nearly all the passengers had fallen into a doze. Little Charlie wondered how anybody could sleep when there was so much to be seen and talked about. He wasn't sleepy, no, indeed! His blue eyes were wide open to catch everything going on, both inside and outside the car. There were so many things he wanted to know! At that particular moment he wanted to know if the train had left Pennsylvania yet; if it were any nearer New York. But his mamma, too, was asleep and being a manly little fellow he would not disturb her. "I can't ask anything," he thought. "Everybody's asleep. I do wish something would happen so I could talk." Presently something did happen. The train slowed up, and the porter called out, "Bethlehem! Bethlehem!" That didn't seem to arouse anybody, not even Charlie's mamma; but Charlie was so much excited that he called out in his clear, high voice, "Mamma, mamma, you must wake up now! Here's where Jesus' folks live!" When his mamma explained that this Bethlehem was not the Bethlehem where the Christ child had lived, the little fellow was greatly disappointed, but the rest of that afternoon the passengers found pleasure in both entertaining and being entertained by the wide-awake little boy.

The Feast of Dolls.

Every girl in Tokio, from the tiny toddlers to the maids who think themselves women, devote a whole gala week to their dolls. The dolls are beautiful, nicely modeled and clad often in a quaint old court dress of Japan. And yet, whether the dolls or their owners—little girls, maybe of seven, with their hair "done up" and bedowered, and walking about in long, fantastically colored kimonos, with pert airs and solemnly affected dignity—are the more entertaining, it would be hard to say. The little dolls belonging to one little girl invite the little dolls belonging to another little girl to a feast, and everything is conducted with decorum and stateliness. Then the invitation comes from the other side. And all day long the little dolls are being taken round to call on other little dolls. For seven days this charming Feast of Dolls lasts, the most eagerly looked forward to festival in the Japanese calendar.—J. F. Fraser, in Round the World on a Wheel.

The Two Churchills.

A man's double has been a fruitful theme in literature, but now here is a case of a man's namesake, as it were, rivaling him in almost every field. These two men are contemporaries, and very nearly of the same age. Both are ambitious in literature, and both have begun to make names for themselves. One of these, Winston Churchill, is an American, and has just written a most successful novel. The other, Winston Churchill, is only American on his mother's side, being the son of Lady Randolph Churchill. He has been in active service in India, was a war correspondent in Cuba, and rode with the Twenty-first lancers in its famous charge at Omdurman.—Harper's Basar.