

A footnote: Please use the mat.

Uche Sam to the Kaiser—Love me, love my dog.

A wise man makes many friends and few confidants.

Worry is the poorest capital in the world to do business on.

At least half the work done in the world is of no particular use, unless it may be for exercise.

A new Greek cabinet has been named, and the easiest one of them to pronounce is "Pharmaceuticou."

Somehow the man who offers bargains manages to acquire wealth faster than those who are always looking for them.

The mikado has bought an American automobile. Now he may run over the Russian bear that is standing in that open door.

When a congressman plants garden seeds among his rural constituents in the spring he expects to harvest a crop of votes in the fall.

At a recent wedding in London King Edward appeared wearing a red cravat with a frock coat, thus pulverizing the old tradition that the king can do no wrong.

The British government has granted a pension of \$1,000 a year to Justin McCarthy, the writer. If he has had the luck of most writers the money will come in handy.

A Georgia girl who accepted a box of candy from her rejected lover ate some of it and is dead. But the next girl who gets candy will proceed to eat it just the same.

A train porter restored a lost pocket-book containing \$5,400 to its owner and was rewarded with a cigar. This shows how little some wealthy men value money and how much they think of a good cigar.

No one has ever clearly explained why, in the summer season, a girl whose skin would be hopelessly ruined were she to roll up her sleeves and put her hands into a dishpan half full of water for a few minutes, can play golf or tennis, bare armed, all day long, or go into the water bathing morning, noon and night, and be proud of the color she acquires in so doing. Why is it, girls? Don't all shout the answer at once.

If business generally was as corrupt as politics is generally, says the Detroit Free Press, it is doubtful if the great fabric of industry and commerce would long hold together. That government can still exist and perform its functions when corruption is so general is due simply to the fact that the government touches the daily life of the people at few points. If their daily bread depended upon its high standards most of the population would starve.

A recent report of the British labor department shows that the settlement of labor controversies by arbitration is growing in favor in the United Kingdom. During last year 451,000 disputes respecting wages were settled by conciliation boards and 176,000 by the parties themselves. Wage-earners received much less than in 1901, but taking the period of ten years, from 1893-1902, the whole of the time the statistics have been collected, there was a slight average increase, about 7 pence per head per week.

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whisky and get the jimjams. Drink soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire toxemia. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to parestis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.

After all the effort and money that have been and are being expended upon automobile construction and all the necks that have been and will yet be broken in automobile races, the machine that will abide with us and in time supplant the vehicle drawn by horses is one that will average ten or twelve miles an hour on fairly good roads, and which can be kept in service without expenditures for repairs that will greatly exceed the feeding and care of a pair of good, reliable horses and the ordinary repairs which a wagon or carriage requires. The prejudice against automobiles that is felt by nearly everybody who is not able to own one will disappear before the advent of the machine which is built for use instead of speed alone.

During the European difficulties with China no little divergence of opinion was expressed as to the population of that great Asiatic empire. A new census of China has just been completed and the returns indicate that the population has been rather

underestimated than overcalculated. At least it shows the enormous total population of 426,447,000, according to the cabled reports. The number of inhabitants in Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet and Turkestan was only estimated. Thus more than one-fourth of the world are contained within the Chinese empire. Even the British empire, with its vast possessions on every continent, has 30,000,000 less inhabitants than China. In 1890 E. G. Ravenstein estimated the inhabitants of the earth at 1,487,900,000. Since then the number has increased at least 62,100,000, making a present total of 1,550,000,000.

Much has been written of the power of music. Men are beginning to learn that harmony, the thing which has always been the accomplishment of amusement, recreation and idle hours can be made to play a practical part in every-day life. A New York book publishing house has a piano in every room. There are pianos in hundreds of factories. In the South a peach grower employs musicians to play and sing while his employes are preparing peaches for canning. Music as an aid to business is just beginning its good work, and the end of its development is far off. The teller who works with his hands works better when he is pleased. If a man has any music in his soul his grouching disappears when the hand begins to play. No one can estimate what a lot of ill nature can be blown to the winds by the witchery of a few bars of rag-time. And then there is the matter of courage. Music makes the heart brave. Mere words can never inspire as does harmony. Remember, how, when a boy, you used to whistle when you had to walk in a dark alley at night? The quivering little tune that came from your pursed lips was almost as good as a big policeman at your side. The other day James Corrigan, a 7-year-old baby, fell down a shaft in New York and was badly injured. They took him to a hospital and put his smashed body into a soft, white bed. How the nerves did ache! Great drops stood on the lad's forehead, and finally he asked if he might sing. "Then it won't hurt me so much," he said. Permission was given and he sang "The Palm, the Palm," "The Holy City," "Lead, Kindly Light," in a clear voice, and then blessed sleep came to him and the agony was over. It is true that music helps men to live and to die, and a song on the lips and in the soul eases pain and soothes the heart.

The good farmer keeps his fences up. The good housekeeper has her bureau and sideboard drawers well ordered. The successful public speaker has each group of his facts carefully arranged. "Put together things that belong together" has long been recognized as a convenient rule of life. Almost as useful is "Keep apart things that belong apart." On the evening after Webster had made his reply to Hayne the two Senators met at a reception. They proved in an instant that their political disagreement had not mingled with their social amenities. "How are you to-night, Hayne?" said Mr. Webster. "None the better for you," Mr. Hayne laughingly replied, and the two antagonists shook hands as cordially as if they had not just measured swords with the civilized world for their arena. Women find this wholesome separation of life into different compartments specially difficult. The social, domestic and religious interest of a woman have a troublesome tendency to mingle themselves inseparably. Her special shade of theology influences her selection of friends. Her school of medicine and her views on vivisection determine her conduct toward her cousins who agree or disagree with her. She prefers a dressmaker who holds sound views on imperialism. She has even been known to suspend social relations with the woman who defeated her in an election at a woman's club. Worst of all these confusions and intrusions is that which mingles some galling "worry" with all the work and the play of the week. "My husband has taught me one lesson at least," said a young wife. "That is to know the blessed meaning of the phrase, 'Drop it' and to be able to act upon it. He says I should have nagged myself into the grave if it hadn't been for him!" Life is manifold, and she gets most out of it who is capable of passing from one experience to another without jar. With wider education and opportunity must come to women a severer philosophy, and a more complete separation in their thought and feeling and conduct of the things which belong apart.

Teaching a Dog to Read. The intelligence of animals seems as a rule, to be underrated rather than overrated. A dog breeder described the other day a wonderful collie that had belonged to Sir John Lubbock. "This dog," he said, "would, when I was hungry, lay at his master's feet a card marked 'food.' When I was thirsty it would fetch a card marked 'drink.' When I wanted to take a walk it would bring a card marked 'out.' Sir John Lubbock trained it to do this trick in less than a month. He put the food card over the dog's food and made it bring the card to him before he would allow it to eat, and in the matter of drinking and going out he used a like method. The card were similar in shape and color; nothing but the writing on them differed. Since, therefore, the dog distinguishes them by the writing alone, it may truly be said that the animal could read."

Every time a married man gets his hair cut he deprives his wife of her strongest hold on him.

COOD Short Stories

A certain weekly wakes up its delinquent subscribers in this lively fashion: "It is said that a man who squeezes a dollar never squeezes his wife. A glance at our subscription book leads us to believe that many women in this section are not having their ribs cracked. Come in and settle and show that all's right at home."

Not long ago a certain door company received an order for a carload of doors from an embryo Texas town. The order was filled and the doors ready for shipment, when a telegram was received cancelling the order, and announcing that a letter of explanation would follow. The letter arrived, and was found to be brief and much to the point. It read: "Cancel order for carload of doors. The town has suddenly gone prohibition, and so many doors could not be used in twenty years."

Recently an American traveling in Russia, who had neglected to provide himself with a passport, when he arrived at the borders of the Czar's domains, was held up by an official with a demand for his passport. For an instant the American was stumped, but, so the story goes, he quickly rose to the emergency. Diving into his inside pocket, he pulled out his life insurance policy and handed it to the Russian. The latter gravely looked the paper over, carefully scrutinizing the imposing-looking seal and the array of signatures. Then, with a satisfied air, he handed back the paper, and the American passed on.

The first Lord Amptill once called upon Bismarck, and, while he waited in an ante-room before being received by the German chancellor, out came Count Harry Arnim, fanning himself with his handkerchief, and looking as if he were about to choke. "Well," he said, "I cannot understand how Bismarck can bear that—smoking the strongest Havanna in a stuffy little room. I had to beg him to open the window." When the Englishman entered the apartment he found Bismarck apparently gasping for breath at the open window. "What strange tastes some people have," the chancellor said; "Arnim has just been with me, and he was so overpoweringly perfumed that I could stand it no longer, and had to open the window."

A suburban Philadelphia banker tells with great satisfaction a story that illustrates well the almost incredible progress in egg-laying of his hens. "Some time ago," he says, "an egg was left for a nest egg in the place where my hens lay. This nest egg, the other day, hatched, and I have now one lonely little chick, which several dozen mothers care for. Here is the explanation of this miracle: My hens are so sturdy layers that one would no sooner get off the nest egg, having deposited a fresh egg beside it, than another would slip on, and in her turn lay. Thus by dozens of different mothers the solitary egg was hatched. Though no one hen 'sat' or 'looked' on it, nevertheless it was kept always warm, and in due time there stepped forth from it a lonely but vigorous chick."

ENGLISH PLEASURE GARDENS.

Magnificent Heritage Maintained Admirably Since the Tudor Period. English gardens are distinguished from those of continental Europe, because they have had a continuous existence and history since the Tudor period. Italian gardens were at their best late in the sixteenth century and early in the seventeenth century, says the Architectural Record; but thereafter they declined just as all Italian art declined. During the eighteenth century the local and cardinal principles maintained them; but they did not build new ones; and during the nineteenth century they have scarcely been kept in repair.

The French garden reached its consummate expression in Versa Les late in the seventeenth century. The crown so completely overshadowed French life at that time and during the eighteenth century that the royal gardens are something more than royal; they are also national. But since the revolution social and economic conditions have not favored in France the laying out of new and elaborate gardens. Such gardens are a luxury, to be enjoyed only by the very rich, and French wealth tends to be distributed rather than concentrated. Moreover, French people, while they love the country and delight in flowers, are so social that the characteristic expressions of their modern life are urban. They have made Paris something both of a garden and a park, but individual Frenchmen have not indulged in elaborate formal gardens for their personal pleasure.

In England other conditions have prevailed. Ever since Tudor time there have been resident on the soil an energetic and efficient aristocracy and landed gentry who were to a greater or less extent the real leaders of the country. They have for the most part been prosperous and progressive, living on their estates and adapting their social habits to country life. Consequently throughout the whole of the time old gardens have been altered and new ones built; new ideas and influences have been constantly creeping in; and at the same time the conservative habits of England, the continuity of its life and the comparative absence of revolutionary and military disturbance have all contributed to the main-

tenance almost unimpaired of their magnificent heritage of gardens. There is no parallel in England to the partial decay and ruin of the great Italian and French gardens. Englishmen either maintain or improve, or they destroy. It is true that their improvements are more destructive than the negligence of Italians, but it is at least the evidence of a fresh and living interest.

"TWO KITTIES."

Some Queer Errors Made by Children in Titles of Books. The children who make use of public libraries usually know quite as well as their elders what they want, although they make occasional mistakes in asking for it.

A very natural confusion of a modern with an earlier classic was in the mind of that small boy, for instance, who recently demanded "Gollwog's Travels," and the librarian, who finally induced him to accept Gulliver's, instead, was excusable for being momentarily puzzled.

Nor was the little girl immediately served and satisfied who requested a book by Hannah Sanderson, of which she could not remember the title. She knew it was in the library, because "Mamie Johnson had had it, and it was lovely."

It was quite useless to inform her that no such book appeared in the catalogue; she merely thought the attendant very stupid, and proceeded, by way of enlightening her, to describe the contents. When she mentioned that one story was about a frog princess, the official mind was suddenly illumined, and she received the fairy tale of Hans Andersen—which was what she wanted.

An incident which, as the narrator truly says, would have delighted Dickens himself, occurred at the Jackson Square branch of the New York Public Library not long ago, when a little girl—needless to say a very little girl—artlessly inquired for "A Tale of Two Kitties," by Charles Dickens. She was not of an age for novels, nor for thrilling incidents of the French Revolution; the librarian saw her error, kindly explained that C in "Cities" sounded like S, and offered her a book of pussy-cat stories suitable to her years.

She was quite satisfied to accept it. It was not Dickens she wanted, it was "kitties."

A ROYAL ART STUDENT.

The Sultan of Morocco Becomes a Very Tractable Pupil.

Mulal-Abd-el-Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, who often in the last year has drawn the eyes of the world to his monarchy in northern Africa, has learned that some things European are better than some things Moorish, and has set out to acquire them. Among other things, he learned that Europeans paint, and he sent for an artist to teach his royal hand the art. The artist was Arthur Schneider, who tells the Century Magazine his experience with his lordly pupil.

At the first audience with the Sultan he showed some of his sketches. "Draw me a nun," said the Sultan. Mr. Schneider drew a charcoal sketch of an American Indian. The Sultan took paper and pencil, which he had never used before, and made a fair copy. The artist complimented him. "No, no," he replied; "but by and by, God willing, I shall be able to do as you do. Now I am only a beginner." Rather a modest spirit for a lord of the earth.

The next day the Sultan showed the drawing of the Indian besmudged and streaked. "Why has thy friend gone?" "It was done in charcoal and should have been fixed."

"The same charcoal we burn in the fire-pot?" "Very like it." "Wonderful! Canst make a likeness of one standing by thee?" "Yes, my lord." So Mr. Schneider drew the Moorish doctor, sprayed the drawing with "fixatif" and passed it to the throne, where the royal fingers streaked it through but did not remove the charcoal.

"Wonderful!" said Mulal-Abd-el-Aziz. The Sultan soon learned to draw fairly well. Some of his drawings are reproduced in the magazine with Mr. Schneider's article.

Interviewing by Post. The practice of sending circular letters of inquiry relating to most trivial matters has one feature of fairness. The reader will discover it in the following correspondence:

A popular periodical had been sending to prominent men to know what books they had cared for most in their childhood. The "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe" and a host of commonplace classical titles were poured into these personal paragraphs, together with an occasional book that few old readers would have heard of, and that had happened into the child's hand by accident.

The cool draft in this desert comes from Prof. Skeat of Cambridge University. "I am not prepared with my answer," he writes. "I did not know when I was young that I should be expected to reply to such a question."

Thousands of New Federal Jobs. The last Congress created 11,316 new offices and employments, at an annual compensation of \$7,927,630. As the Congress also abolished 1,815 offices, the net increase is 9,501, with an aggregate of \$9,986,158 in salaries and wages.

Asked and Answered. Little Willie—What is flattery, pa? Pa—Flattery, my son, is the praise we bear bestowed upon other people.—Chicago News.



HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Mixed Pickles. String beans and cut into inch lengths; cut cauliflower into clusters; skin tiny button onions; wash and wipe the smallest cucumbers. Pack all down in a stone jar, then cover with cold brine that will bear up an egg. Leave the pickles in this for three days, stirring up from the bottom of the jar twice a day. Drain and pour cold water over them and stand in a cool place for twenty-four hours longer. Drain and pack the vegetables in quart jars. Have ready boiling vinegar in which have been boiled for ten minutes a dozen each of whole cloves and peppercorns, four blades of mace and two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed. Fill the jars with boiling vinegar, add a tablespoonful of sugar for each quart of vinegar and screw on the covers. Stand for three months before using.

Stuffed Tomato Salad. Select perfect fruit with stems on. Remove a slice from stem end, then remove the pulp very carefully and use this to make the gelatine jelly. Fill the shells with chicken, shrimp or cabbage salad; replace tops; drop tomatoes into cups which will leave an inch all around. Simmer the pulp with one pint of hot water, spices and herbs, salt, paprika, for ten minutes; strain; add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine, soften in little cold water; when dissolved add enough vinegar to suit; place a tablespoonful in bottom of cups; set on ice to become firm; then fill cups and let become firm on ice. When ready to serve, dip into hot water a second and lift out onto bed of cress.—What to Eat.

Soft Shell Clams Fried. This is a large kind of clam with a brittle shell. Cut off the leathery dark portion that projects from the shell and remove with knife and fingers the beard and string from the inside. This leaves the clam in the ring shape in which they come to market sometimes strung on twine. Put them as they are taken out of the shell into a pan of cold water. When wanted dry them between two towels, dip in beaten egg with a little water in it and then in cracker meal and fry in hot lard the same as oysters. Drain in a colander. Serve piled along the middle of a large dish with a quartered melon and cured parsley for garnish.

Devil's Food. Half a cupful each of grated chocolate, sweet milk and brown sugar, boiled together until as thick as cream. Set aside to cool. Cream a half cup of butter with a half cup of brown sugar, beat in two whipped eggs, add two-thirds of a cup of milk and flavor with vanilla. Now beat in the boiled mixture and two cupfuls of flour that have been twice sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in layers, put in chocolate filling between the layers when cold and cover with a boiled icing.

Iced Chocolate. Put two heaping tablespoonfuls of cocoa into double boiler, and add gradually a pint of water. Cook and stir about five minutes, beat thoroughly, add half a pint of cream whipped lightly and stand aside to cool. When cold, fill a chocolate or sherbet cup one-third full of finely chopped ice and a little powdered sugar, then pour in the chocolate, cap it with a tablespoonful of sweetened whipped cream and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

Short Suggestions. To keep a fruit or seed cake moist place it in an air-tight tin with a good, sound apple, renewing the apple if it becomes in the least decayed. The lid of a teapot should always be left so that the air may get in. This prevents mustiness. The same rule of course, applies to a coffee pot.

Lime sprinkled on the shelves will keep pickles and jam in the store-room from becoming moldy. The limes must be renewed occasionally, as it loses its power.

Cauliflower is good eaten cold as well as hot. Boil without breaking the head and throw into cold water until wanted. Tear the roses apart carefully, dry, and put in a salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

To clear a house of beetles take 4 pound of powdered borax and put it into a tin with a perforated lid. Next dust the borax lightly over the floor on the walls, and into cupboards—everywhere, in fact, where the pests are found—and they will soon disappear.

Ice cream with hot chocolate sauce is considered a dessert par excellence by many. For the sauce melt on ounce of unsweetened chocolate in half a cup of hot water, add one cup of sugar, and when it boils pour it over half a cup of cream, plain or whipped. Serve at once, pouring the sauce around the ice cream, not over it.

Butter that does not taste quite as fresh as it should may be greatly improved by putting in a wooden chopping bowl with salt water and thoroughly working it over and over with a butter worker or even a potato masher. Pour off the salt water and substitute sweet milk, working it into the butter in the same way. Finally wash well with clear, cold water.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

How the La Plata Provinces Were Lost to England Forever.

Buenos Aires, meaning "good airs" or "healthful winds," was named by an old Spanish explorer and freebooter, Pedro de Mendoza, who founded the city in the year 1535. The wind blowing in from the pampas was certainly good, but not so the flat, swampy piece of ground that he selected for a town. Yet the little settlement grew, despite its surroundings, despite the lack of a harbor, despite a century of Indian wars and over two and a half centuries of Spanish misrule. It grew and prospered until, in 1776—an easy date to remember—it became the capital of the great Spanish viceroyalty of La Plata, which comprised what is now Argentina, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay. Just 100 years ago Buenos Aires' population had reached 50,000, which seems quite remarkable when one considers the venetious taxes and restrictions imposed on her colonies.

In 1806 occurred the British invasion under Major-General (afterward Viscount) William Carr Beresford, an event that nearly changed the destiny of half a continent. For "the Purple Land that England lost," as a writer styles the La Plata countries, would probably have been British to-day, like Cape Colony, or, at least English-speaking, had Beresford held the city he so easily captured.

England and Spain were at war at this time, Spain being the ally of Napoleon. Beresford, who had been stationed at Cape of Good Hope, thought he would aid his country by seizing a Spanish colony, and impulsively set sail for the Rio de la Plata with about 400 men. Arrived off Buenos Aires, he took the city quite by surprise, and captured it easily. The people were not inclined to submit to a mere handful of Englishmen, and after a few weeks' preparation they advanced upon the invaders and soon overwhelmed them. The fighting occurred in the Plaza Mayor, the principal square of the city, where Beresford was entrenched, and this square was ever since been known as the Plaza Victoria, while adjacent streets, such as Defensa (Defense), Reconquista (Reconquest), and a few others, were renamed in honor of the victory.

But Great Britain, unwilling to lose such a prize, sent a much larger force, under General Whitelocke, to recapture the city. This expedition, however, ended much more disastrously. Whitelocke, through his incompetency, lost half his men and had to withdraw to his ships; and, to complete his disgrace, he surrendered Montevideo, the city across the river—now the capital of Uruguay—which had been gallantly captured by a separate force. Thus the La Plata provinces were lost to England forever.—St. Nicholas.

AN AUTHORITY ON ASIA.

John Barrett, the New Minister to the Argentine Republic.

The new minister to Argentina, John Barrett of Oregon, who succeeds W. P. Lord, was formerly minister to Siam and is an authority on matters pertaining to the far east. Since early in 1902 Mr. Barrett has been commissioner general for the St. Louis exposition to Asia and Australia and has but recently returned to this country.

While minister to Siam (1894-95) Mr. Barrett settled the famous claim of Dr. M. A. Cheek, obtaining an award of \$250,000. When the Spanish war broke out he resigned his diplomatic post and went to the Philippines as a war correspondent. In 1901 he was a delegate to the international conference of American states held in Mexico. Last December he was appointed minister to Japan, but declined in order to complete his work for the St. Louis exposition.

Why Angels Needed a Ladder. H. H. Vreeland, the president of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York, is the son of a clergyman—Rev. A. H. Vreeland—and sometimes he tells the following story of his father, says the Detroit News-Tribune:

"One afternoon my father made an address before a Sunday school. Jacob's ladder was the subject that he chose to talk on, and after he had told that beautiful biblical story he said to the listening children: 'Is there any one here who has any questions to ask about Jacob?'" "There was a silence. Again my father asked:

'Is there no one here who wishes to ask some questions about Jacob, and the ladder, and the angels ascending and descending?' "This time a little girl said timidly: "Why was it, sir, since the angels had wings that they needed a ladder to ascend and descend on?" "Before a question so intelligent and ingenious my father naturally was at a loss. He could think of nothing to reply, so to gain time he said: "The question I have been asked is a good one. Can anybody answer it? Come, now—surely some little boy or girl can answer this question. Why did the angels have a ladder when they were endowed with wings?" "A little boy in the back of the room piped out:

"Maybe they were molting, sir." "Some Women Among Them. Mrs. Snappe—Oh! all men are fools. Mr. Snappe—Yes? Unfortunately for you, dear, the rule doesn't work both ways.—Philadelphia Press.



JOHN BARRETT.