

# MAID LOSES FINE JOB.

SERVANT OF QUEEN MOTHER OF ITALY WAS ENTERPRISING.

Unknown to Royal Mistress, Adele Sold Cast-Off Clothing and Hats to Foreigners and Netted \$5,000 a Year by Practice.

Rome.—Margherita, queen mother of Italy, is looking for another maid. And Adele Baccarini, who held that position until the other day, is looking for another mistress. And thereby hangs this story.

The queen mother, though in many matters a woman of simple and decidedly democratic tastes, has always dressed as befitting a queen. Her wardrobe is extensive and costly. Of course, she keeps pace with the fashions, never has her dresses made over; and discards them for new ones on the slightest signs of wear and tear. Though no longer fit for a queen, these cast-off gowns, hats and bonnets are quite fit for less exalted female folk. In the estimation of some of these, more especially American women, the fact that they have been worn by royalty bestows on them a value far beyond that of ordinary second-hand clothing.

Some six years ago, Queen Margherita had a favorite maid, Teresa, whom she trusted implicitly. One day while out shopping, the queen saw a woman enter the store wearing a dress which appeared to the queen singularly familiar. She continued her scrutiny, despite the obvious embarrassment of the stranger, until her eyes lit on a tiny spot on the hem of the skirt. That removed the last vestige of doubt in her mind as to the dress. It was one which she had herself worn, and which she had discarded only a few days before on account of that blemish.

Then she returned to the palace and started an investigation. As a result, Teresa was bounced, for Teresa, it turned out, had been in the habit of selling her "perquisites," as she called them, to whomsoever would pay most for them.

Teresa had several successors, who lasted only a brief while, until Adele Baccarini was given the position. In her the queen congratulated herself that she had at last found the perfect maid. She did not again see another woman wearing a dress which she recognized as having once been her own.

But a week or so ago, Queen Margherita was driving in the Via Tritoni, when, during a block in the traffic, her carriage came to a halt alongside of one in which was seated an American woman. And on her blonde hair was a hat which only a few days before had adorned Margherita's own royal head. She had cast it aside be-

cause it did not, in all respects, satisfy her exacting taste in the matter of headgear.

Then followed another investigation. And Adele, the perfect jewel of a maid, was proved to be the culprit. The inquiry showed that for several years she had been in the habit of selling everything in the shape of apparel which her royal mistress had discarded. But more crafty than Teresa, she had adopted a method which enabled her to get considerably better prices for the articles and at the same time to keep the matter from coming to the queen mother's attention.

She sold her "perquisites" only to foreigners, and, by preference, to American women, whom she found would pay bigger prices for such



ADELE BACCARINI.  
(Maid Who Sold Cast-Off Garments of Queen Margherita.)

souvenirs of royalty than women of any other nationality. She hired a room just back of the Grand hotel, where she received her clients. One condition she imposed on the purchaser was that nothing they bought of her should be worn in Italy.

It was because Mrs. M— of Buffalo disregarded this pledge that Adele was found out. The business had netted her something like \$5,000 a year. The loss of it made her furious. As soon as she was dismissed from the palace she made a beeline for the hotel where Mrs. M— was staying and gave her a piece of her mind in language more forceful than elegant. Mrs. M— was found by her own maid on a sofa in a fainting condition while Adele, the ragged remnants of the hat which had caused all the trouble in her hand, was raging up and down the room like a tigress. Mrs. M— discovered next day that Italy possessed no further attractions for her. Meanwhile Adele has been to the American consul's office to inquire if, under American law, there was any way by which she could sue her for damages.

# SIGN OF AUTHORITY

WHAT THE MACE MEANS TO ASSEMBLED CONGRESS.

Insignia is of the Most Ancient and Honorable Origin—Was First Used Under the Roman Republic.

At the right of the speaker's desk in the hall of the house of representatives in the capitol at Washington stands a large cylindrical pedestal made of highly polished green marble.

When the house is called to order each day the sergeant-at-arms, or one of his deputies, places upon this pedestal the mace, which is the symbol of authority in the house. When the body adjourns, says St. Nicholas, he removes it, and keeps it in safety until the house meets again.

This mace is of very ancient and honorable origin. Under the old Roman republic, the magistrates passed on foot from one place to another, administering justice, trying public offenders and imposing penalties.

Each of these magistrates was attended by a small body of men known as lictors, whose duty it was to make way for the officers of the law, preserve order, make arrests and inflict punishment on condemned citizens.

Each of these lictors carried with him a bunch of rods tied together with thongs, and having an ax bound to the outside of it. The thongs were used for beheading. Sentences imposed by the magistrates were at once carried out.

These bundles of rods were known as fasces. When the magistrates passed along the thoroughfares the lictors preceded them, bearing the fasces aloft, and the assembled citizens immediately made way for them.

When any disorder arose nearby, the lictors appeared with the fasces, upon the sight of which quiet was instantly restored. No Roman citizen ever ventured to question the authority of this emblem.

When the Romans conquered Britain the use of the fasces as a symbol was brought with them, and like many other Roman customs remained with the British people.

While it was no longer used for inflicting punishment it continued to be used as a symbol by the early English magistrates, and when an officer appeared carrying the fasces his authority was immediately accepted by all. It was, in effect, his badge of office.

The English form of the fasces was slightly changed in that the ax was placed inside of the bundle of rods, with blade protruding from the top.

The great councils of the early Saxons gradually developed into one general body, which in the fourteenth century became known as the house of commons. In all these earlier councils the use of the fasces was continued, but it then came to be known as the mace, which has remained as the emblem of legislative authority in that body down to the present day.

The house of representatives of the United States was modeled closely after the house of commons by the framers of our constitution and the usage of the mace was borrowed from the English custom.

The first mace adopted by the house was destroyed by fire when the British burned the capitol in 1814. From 1814 until 1842 a mace of painted wood did service, but in the latter year the present mace was made, after the model of the original one.

It is about three feet in height and consists of a bundle of ebony rods, bound together with a band of silver, after the fashion of the fasces. From the center of this bundle of rods protrudes a silver stem, on which is a silver globe four or five inches in diameter. This globe is an eagle of solid silver with outspread wings.

This mace is the emblem of authority in the house, and when, as sometimes happens, that body becomes unruly and seems quite beyond the speaker's control, the sergeant-at-arms appears, and, lifting the mace from the pedestal, bears it up and down the aisle of the hall. Instantly every member sinks into his seat, order is restored at once, and absolute silence prevails. Any members who disregard the mace is in "contempt," and is liable to censure or even expulsion.

## Rests in Life's Melody.

Ruskin has said: "There is no music in rest, but there is the making of music in it." In our whole life melody, the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end of the time. God sends a time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans, frustrated efforts and sudden pauses in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which goes up to the ear of the creator. See Him beat the time with unvarying count, and catch up the next note as if no breaking place had come between. Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and not be dismayed by the "rests." They are not to be omitted. If we look up God will beat the time for us.

## Diplomacy.

A collector stepped into an office, and, seeing the debtor talking to a number of lady friends, waited till he had leisure. Whereupon the debtor turned to the collector with a very pleasant manner and said: "I will lend you this dollar to-day. Come again when you are hard up, and he smiled one of those smiles that crack a looking glass.

# GATEWAY OF ANCIENT CHINA.

Old Mud Fort With Heaps of Small Stones for Use of Defenders.

Chia-yu-Kuan has for centuries been the spot where merchants, as well as embassies from the West, have been forced to await the permission of the mighty emperors of Cathay before entering China. As such, and from its remote situation—remote, that is, so far as Europeans are concerned—this frontier post has long enjoyed a halo of romance in Chinese eyes. In reality it is a mud brick fort, far inferior to such places as are to be seen at Lahore and other Indian cantonments long ago given up, except as mere quarters.

The walls at Chia-yu-Kuan enclose an area some 120 to 150 yards square. On the north and south sides these are double the outer, being 20 feet high and four to six feet thick. East and west there are double gates of solid aspect, and the inner wall is 35 to 40 feet high all around. From outside the fort has, to the Oriental eye, an imposing appearance, which the inside does its best to atone for. Here is to be seen a collection of dirty mud hovels, with one official residence of the poorest kind. Along the wall runs a narrow parapet, some four feet from the summit, but, owing to its height, unapproachable from below, except in two or three places.

From the point of view of modern defense the whole position is pitiable. Guns there are none, the garrison consists of a half score withered old men of the usual Chinese type and these are the proud possessors of wooden jingalls. Having said so much it might seem that the worst has been told, but this is not so. With no intention to hurt the feelings of the trusty garrison to whose charge is committed the most advanced outpost their mighty empire possesses it must be added that piles of small stones are heaped at intervals along the parapet wall. With these it may be presumed that the defenders will be called upon some day to meet a foe advancing from the northwest.

## The G. P.'s.

A physician's wife was complaining of the annoyances she suffers in the interests of her young husband's practice.

"When I married the doctor," she said, "his abbreviation of g. p. amused me, but in two cases at least I soon found that it meant more than a grateful patient. One woman whom he asked me to be nice to because she was a g. p. has borrowed my clothes more or less for four years; the other has a little girl born just a day later than our Marjorie, and she uses the coincidence as a reason for borrowing all poor Marjorie's things. I've been asked to lend the child's clothes, her playthings, her perambulator, and even the services of the nurse. Now both these women are popular in different little cliques and have brought the doctor a patient or two. So if I were to speak my mind out it would mean perhaps a loss. They know they have me at their mercy, so until our practice is very much larger I must grin and bear it. My only consolation is in saying that g. p. means, in their case, graft patient."

## Spitzbergen.

For the first time I learned, from an eyewitness, something about Spitzbergen, that desert Arctic island, 500 miles north of the North Cape of Norway and within 700 miles of the north pole; a frost-desolated land, where the grass grows longer than the trees, and huge glaciers in the ice-bridged valleys amid the jagged mountains move majestically down into the sea, until mighty icebergs, a monstrous birth, break off and rise to the surface amid thunderous reports—once the only sound that broke the profound silence of those awful solitudes.

Spitzbergen is the only spot of earth that is positively known as No Man's Land; it is the possession of no country, and has nothing even resembling a specified government. The island seems likely to remain No Man's Land, though it is said that an effort has been made by Norway to establish some sort of protectorate over it.—National Magazine.

## An Urban Cinderella.

The teacher had been reading a story of Cinderella to her class of youngsters and was now going over the story again with them to fix it in their minds. Among other questions which she asked them was why it was necessary for Cinderella to leave every night early enough to be home by 12 o'clock.

From various members of the class she elicited most of the reasons which are implied in the story until finally all remained silent.

"Isn't there any other reason?" she asked. "Can't any of you think of another?"

Up shot Larry's soiled chubby paw, in frantic eagerness to indicate his knowledge.

"That's good, Larry. What is the reason?"

"She had to catch the last car," piped Larry.—Montreal Herald.

## Go Slow Young Men.

Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, advises students against deciding upon a vocation too soon. According to Dr. Butler, a man should not go to college with any settled convictions as to what he is to do. Dr. Butler holds that college is the place to make such a decision. The opportunities there are so many and varied that, according to the president, every man ought to find something to suit him. He implies that by the end of his senior year a man ought to have acquired enough knowledge to enable him to determine his right vocation.

# THEIR GLORY BRIEF.

HUMILIATING FATE OF MANY OF THE RACING YACHTS.

Puritan Goes to the Junk Dealer—The Pioneer America, First Winner of the Cup, Still Afloat.

Of the famous big yachts which have been built to defend the America's cup, some have gone to the scrap heap and nothing is left of them but the hull, some are used as party boats; some have a brush with their sister yachts now and then, and some are laid up at piers, dismantled, out of commission and useless. The active life of the defenders of the America's cup is not long, but their old age seems everlasting, and they will all seem comparatively young as long as the famous clipper schooner, the pioneer, America, swings to the tide at the Chelsea bridge, Boston, still the admiration of all who look at her. Fittingly enough, her history since she won the cup, in 1851, has been more stirring than that of her sisters.

Every challenge for the famous cup which she won and brought to this country but revives the story of the famous yacht. When the news of the victory of the America reached this country, about two weeks after the event, a celebration was in progress at the state house which marked the opening of railway communication between the United States and the Canadian provinces, and Daniel Webster was addressing a large audience in the house of representatives. He broke off in his speech to announce the victory, and said: "Like Jupiter among the gods, America is first, and there is no second."

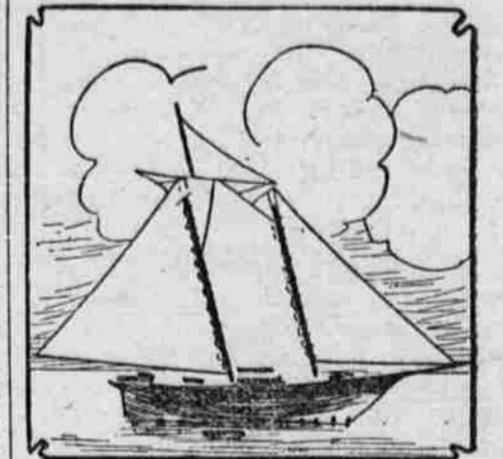
The America had a checkered career after sailing to this country, and came very near being destroyed. She was sold in the same year in which she won the cup to Lord John de Blaquiere, an officer in the Indian army. He sold her a couple of years later to Lord Templeton, who laid her up at Cowes in 1854, where she remained until 1859. When hauled out that year it was found that dry rot had set in, and she would have fallen apart and ended her career then, but the owner of the Northfleet yard, where she was hauled out, bought her.

To preserve the famous model, he gave her new frames of oak and teak and elm planking. In 1860 she was sold to H. E. Decle, who named her Camilla. In April, 1861, she was purchased by a man at Savannah and fitted out as a dispatch boat and blockade runner for the confederacy and named the Memphis.

She was put up at auction in 1870, and Gen. Benjamin F. Butler bought her through a friend, Col. Jonas H. French, for \$5,000. She is still in the family, being owned by a grandson of

Gen. Butler, Butler Ames of Lowell. For many years Gen. Butler raced her and cruised in her and she was always pointed to with pride on the annual cruises of the New York Yacht club as "The Old America." Paul Butler had her commission after his father's death, as did also Butler Ames, her present owner.

At Saugus, near the bridges, is the famous old sloop Mischief, which defended the cup in 1881 against the Canadian challenger Atalanta. The Mischief was the second metal boat built in this country and the first of the kind to defend the cup. She was made of iron from designs by A. Cary Smith of New York and was constructed at Wilmington, Del. Her owner, a member of the New York Yacht club, was an Englishman, J. R. Rusk. He was not a naturalized citizen, but this was not thought a bar to having Mischief defend the cup. She was the first scientifically designed yacht employed in cup defense,



Model of the America, Built in 1851.

the others having been "rule of thumb" built models cut from wood. She proved too fast for the Atalanta and the race was a regular procession.

This same old sloop, to-day as staunch as ever, can be seen almost any afternoon off Marblehead in summer. She is used as a party boat. Once in a while she enters a regatta of the Eastern Yacht club. She is a handsome sloop even to-day, with her plumb stem and V-shaped stern.

The late Edward Burgess designed the Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, the sloops which defended the cup successfully in 1885, 1886, and 1887. The Puritan, the first of the trio, was the first outside ballasted American defender, a radical departure for her time. She was sold after the racing and changed hands several times until she was bought by C. H. W. Foster who a couple of years ago put her up at auction.

She was bought by a junk firm for \$5,000, hardly more than her lead, fittings and equipment, aside from the hull, were worth.

# TREASURY AT DELPHI.

ANCIENT BUILDING BEING RESTORED BY THE FRENCH.

Was Built by the Athenians Out of the Spoils of the Famous Battle of Marathon.

The French are engaged in restoring the ancient treasury of the Athenians at Delphi which Pausanias, the Greek traveler, declares was built out of the spoils of the battle of Marathon. The precincts of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, the great theater and the stadium, were excavated by French archaeologists in 1892-1897, and the French school at Athens had published some splendid plates of the results. One of the most interesting of the discoveries was the identical treasury of the Athenians of which Pausanias speaks, and the site of the Portico, not far from it.

Mr. J. G. Frazer, in his edition of Pausanias, has the following interesting remarks upon that building, which, as our picture shows, is now being re-erected by the French:

"The remains of this treasury were excavated by the French in 1893 and 1894. The building, about 32 feet 10 inches long from east to west, by 19 feet 8 inches broad from north to south, occupied a terrace higher up than the Sicyonian and Siphnian treasuries on the north side of the Sacred way. Apparently the edifice (the treasury of the Athenians) was overthrown by an earthquake and crushed by the weight of materials which rolled down on it from the temple above. But the foundations exist, and the architectural members and sculptured decorations have been found almost entire. Some of the architectural pieces retain vivid traces of color. With the exception of a single step, which is made of reddish limestone, the whole edifice is constructed of Pentelic or Parian marble in the most exact and

exquisite style of architecture. Of the identity of the building there can be no doubt, for, engraved on the walls are Athenian decrees, in which mention is made of the 'treasury of the city' and the 'house of the Athenians.' Moreover, remains of the dedicatory inscription can still be read on one of the steps, including the words 'Athenians . . . Marathon.' This inscription, mutilated as it is, suffices to confirm Pausanias' statement that the treasury was built out of the spoils of the battle of Marathon. The walls of the building, Mr. Frazer goes on to say, as high up as the architraves, were covered with inscriptions, mostly Attic or relating to Athenians. By comparing the inscriptions it has been found possible to determine the order of the courses of masonry; in this way the antae have been restored from top to bottom, and give the height of the edifice.

A frieze of triglyphs and sculptured metopes extended round all four sides of the building. The metopes, 30 in number, have been found almost entire. The metopes are sculptured with the battles of the gods and the giants, and the deeds of Hercules and Theseus. The French archaeologist Homolle, who was the director of the excavations, says: "I know no monuments among the works of the beginning of the fifth century B. C. of which the execution is more sharp, delicate and elegant. The sculptures have the same qualities of grace and precision. The archaic severity is tempered by a softness of modelling rare in works of this date, and by a certain richness that both surprises and charms us." M. Homolle assigns the date of this treasury, which after long centuries is now again rising on the sacred rock of Delphi, to between 490 and 480 B. C.

When it rains we all get wet. The Mexican way of saying "Misfortunes never come singly."

## ETHICS OF THE PROFESSION.

"Well, sir?" said the great lawyer. The visitor spoke tremulously. "I am a defaulter," he said, "and I want you to defend me."

"Certainly I will defend you, my friend," he murmured, kindly. "And how many hundred thousand did you say—"

"Hundred thousand!" the client interrupted. "Oh, sir, don't think me worse than I am. It is only \$250 in all, a thoughtless embezzlement, and I expect to pay back every penny before I die."

"George," he said to the office boy, "show this dishonest rascal out."

## May Be So.

Mr. Stubb (reading)—Down south there is a bank that has a woman teller.

Mrs. Stubb (innocently)—A woman teller? I wonder what she tells, John? Mr. Stubb—Well, if she's like the rest of her sex I guess she tells everything she knows.—Chicago Daily News.

# PROBE FOR CONGRESSMAN.

Washington.—Frank Wheeler Mondell, congressman from Wyoming, was one of those who opposed the president's reform plans for checking the extensive land frauds in the west.



FRANK W. MONDELL.  
(Wyoming Congressman Under Investigation for Land Fraud.)

He now finds himself the subject of a special investigation and an agent has been sent to Newcastle, Wyo., to look into a claim on 160 acres of land filed by Congressman Mondell.

The claim was filed under the homestead act. There is no record that Congressman Mondell ever lived on the land, or that any residence was ever established there, as required by the homestead law. Valuable coal deposits have been found on the claim.

The government charges a certain price per acre for its mineral lands. Millions of dollars have been lost by the fraudulent entry of coal deposits as free homestead lands. The greater part of the grabbing has been done by railroad and other corporations. The congressmen who are endeavoring to block the president's efforts to stop the wholesale land and coal thieving have suddenly taken a tender interest in the unhappy homesteader.

After toiling for five years on his land, they ask, why must he wait until an investigation of the truth of his statement is made before receiving his patent to the land? Let the patents be issued on every claim without any investigation, they say. It will save the land office a lot of expense. And it will avoid embarrassing the sturdy homesteader.

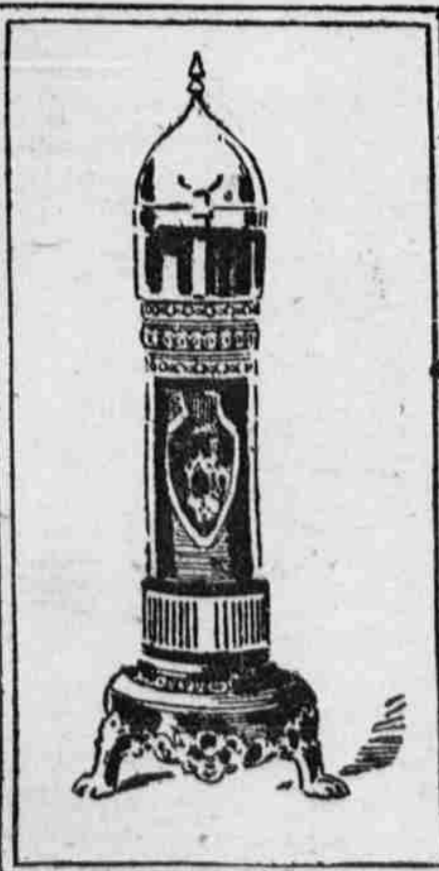
Congressman Mondell should be thoroughly familiar with the public land business. He left congress after

servicing his first term, in 1897, to become assistant commissioner of the U. S. general land office. He returned to congress in 1899 and has been a member of the lower house ever since. Before going to Washington he served five years as mayor of Newcastle and spent two terms in the Wyoming legislature. Mr. Mondell is 46 years old.

## SLAVIC CUP FOR PRESIDENT.

European Society Recognizes Roosevelt's Peace Efforts.

New York.—Gen. Count Arthur Tcherp-Spiridovitch, president of the great Slavic society in Moscow and head of the Slavonic movement in Europe, is in America to present to President Roosevelt, in behalf of the Slavonic society, a cup in recognition of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts in bringing about peace. The cup is a fine example of Slavic art. It was made in



Present of Slavic Society.

Moscow by the most skilled silver-smiths, and is of silver and gold, or namented with enamel. The base is three lion's legs. Standing two feet high, it is inscribed in Slavonic characters and bears also the initials "T. R." Cups of this sort are presented, it is said, only to crowned heads and great rulers.