

## RECLAIMING OLD TOPERS.

Curing Drunkenness Without the Patient's Knowledge Has Been Proven a Success.

Can inebriety be cured by suggestion? asks Public Opinion. This is a question which has been asked many times and satisfactorily answered in the affirmative. But the question of practicing suggestion while the patient sleeps is a different proposition, and, therefore, a recent article in the Journal des Debats of Paris is of interest. The experiments in question were conducted by the well-known psychologist, Dr. Paul Farez. "The man under observation refused all offers of treatment, but notwithstanding his refusal, against his will and unknown to him, the man was cured and has remained so for four years. The patient was 25 years of age, married, of sound constitution and average health. He commenced drinking when he was 17 years of age, and his wife had married him in order to reform him. After his marriage, however, he drank as before. His daily ration was two quarts of wine with his meals, and during the day several glasses of brandy, rum, vermouth, absinthe, etc. Ordinarily the man was quiet, but when he had taken more absinthe than usual he became violent, abused his wife, broke everything within reach, and surrendered completely to his frenzy. The day following this delirium the man remembered nothing, but when told of what he had done he wept, promised to become sober, etc. The scenes, however, were soon repeated.

"Dr. Farez decided to try, with the approval of the family of the patient, suggestion during natural sleep. The treatment took place four or five times per week, and, although the patient did not know what was going on, there was slow and steady improvement. The treatment commenced in January. Up to April the man had been intoxicated only three times. In April and May there were no acts of violence; in June and July slight intoxications on two occasions; in August and September a trip to the country, but no wine during this time, only beer. Returning to Paris, the man did not go to a cafe, but drank a little absinthe and less than a quart of absinthe for all of his meals. After a year the only thing taken was a little absinthe on Sunday and Saturday, and from this time the patient has not touched wine and has only taken a little absinthe once or twice a month and at home. He is no longer irritable, but happy and a regular worker. The treatment had to be continued for 18 months, but the result is complete and the patient entirely transformed. He has gained control of his will and is gentle and affectionate."

## ST. PETERSBURG IS CAY.

With or Without War Enjoyment Goes on in the Russian Capital's Society.

War or no war, the aristocratic Russian pursues his pleasures with an abandonment that speaks of unlimited resources or unlimited recklessness. The pleasures of the table are protracted to an inordinate degree. A lunch, in which the courses are plentifully watered with champagne, will spread itself through the afternoon. You may barely escape at five o'clock, though you began to eat at one. The host never sits down, plying his guest with a succession of good things, liquid and solid. Even the afternoon tea in middle-class circles is a very formidable undertaking. It includes dishes of various sorts, in which meat will certainly figure, and Russian tea, served in a glass with lemon, is but the pale comparison to sparkling champagne. The appearance of the streets tells of wealth, too. No finer equipages exist anywhere than those which, horsed with coal-black steeds, dash at full speed, in lofty disregard for the mere foot passenger, down the central strip of wood pavement in the principal "prospects," as the wider streets are designated. Holding the reins in his two hands, with arms outstretched, the driver, medieval in dress, has the summary methods of a Roman charioteer. Indeed, there is something of imperial Rome in the second capital of the czar.

## WOMAN A PUBLIC OFFICIAL.

Pessimist When Talking of Alabama Must Speak in Soft Tones—Female Secretary There.

The pessimist who protests against woman's progression, not to mention digression, in new lines of work must admit there is recognition of her ability abroad in the land when a woman is chosen as recording secretary of one of the southern states, says the Pilgrim. When the man who held that position with Gov. Cunningham, of Alabama, resigned recently, Miss Mamie Offutt, who was confidential stenographer to the governor, was appointed in his place. It was a great compliment, for the office demands the exercise of much tact and diplomacy. By virtue of her position Miss Offutt is also secretary of the state board of pardons, and keeps a record of everything in connection with the thousand and one applications for pardon from inmates of Alabama mines and prisons. She must have a familiarity with the statutes of the state which relate to the office of governor, since questions bearing upon state laws and statutes are consequently coming in, and many novel points raised. She must also indorse the action of the governor upon such applications, as well as conduct much of the correspondence of the executive department. Graciousness and gentleness are qualities are no less characteristic of Miss Offutt than the knowledge of her duties or the efficiency with which those duties are performed, and her appointment to such responsibilities is not only a tribute to her exceptional ability, but incidentally recognizes the fact that there are women who can keep a secret.

## MOBS ATTACK MONUMENTS

When Riot in Russia Breaks Loose Big Shafts Are Made the First Object of Attack.

That the disturbances in Russia are not marked by the overthrow of memorials is due to the care exercised by the police in guarding the column of Alexander I. and other historic monuments.

The police have learned through experience that these public memorials are the first objects of a mob's attack, and they profited by the happenings in other lands.

When the Commune gained control in Paris its first action was the overthrow of the Vendome columns, while even the historic Nelson column, in London, has been mined, though in that instance the detonator failed to explode.

The statue of William III. in Dublin has withstood many an attack, the recurrent anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne stirring hatred afresh. The old statue is battered and time worn, but no serious harm has yet been done.

America has few memorials to attract or invite mob violence. Possibly the Haymarket memorial, in Chicago, may some day be blown up by those who regard the anarchists executed for the crime as martyrs, but the only recent attempt to blow up a statue was the unsuccessful effort to destroy the monument to Frederick the Great at Washington.

European memorials incur the dislike of the lawless because of their associations rather than because of their lack of artistic value. Were the latter defect an incentive to crime the park police would be kept busy here.

## Ancient Crinoline.

In the World of Fashion of 1830 is a reference to "the new stuff called crinoline." Crinoline was partly thread, partly horse-hair, its name being compounded of the French "crin," horsehair, and "lin," flax. Hats, skirts and all sorts of things that were wanted to possess a certain stiffness were made of this material.

## Ostrich Tax.

The exportation of ostriches from South Africa has practically been prohibited by an export tax of \$487 each, intended to preserve to that country, as far as possible, the monopoly of the lucrative trade of ostrich farming.—N. Y. Post.

## Under the Ocean.

First Mermaid—What are you going to do with that shovel?

Second Mermaid—See if there is a man under my bed.—N. Y. Sun.

## LONG-WINDED ORATORS.

So a Texas Legislator Brought an Alarm Clock Into the House Which Is a Success.

The unusual sight of a mature and sedate member of the legislature standing on the floor of the house in the midst of its proceedings holding aloft a 15-cent alarm clock, decorated with blue ribbons, while the alarming department of the machinery was in a state of eruption, was witnessed the other afternoon, and the sight precipitated convulsions and confusion on the part of the membership, while the pages shrieked wildly and turned somersaults in the aisles. J. J. Blount, of Anderson county, was the owner and operator of the clock and the originator of the idea that timepieces should be put to that use. He was dead in earnest too, says the Dallas News.

Mr. Blount had on several occasions complained of the "wind-jamming" in the house and specifically of the fact that speeches of ten minutes extended beyond that time limit. This afternoon he showed up in the house with a brand-new clock. He informed those who questioned him about it that he intended to set the clock as each member rose to speak so that it would call time on him when the limit under the rules had been reached.

There were several speeches during the first hour and a half of the session, but it chanced that Curtis Hancock, of Dallas, was the victim of Mr. Blount's system. The Blanton pure food bill was under discussion. Mr. Hancock had offered an amendment to protect the retail grocers and was speaking to it. He was frequently interrupted with questions and there was frightful disorder, so much that the speaker (Mr. Hudspeith in the chair) ordered the sergeant-at-arms to clear the lobby. Just at this juncture and as Mr. Hancock was reaching the quitting point a strong "ting-a-ling" rang out above the din. Mr. Blount arose and held the time-keeper aloft in full view of the howling assemblage.

"Steamboats have schedules, so railroads have time cards, and the Twenty-ninth house of representatives must follow its rules," he declared. Mr. Hancock seemingly believed that he had been specially selected as the victim of a practical joke, asserted with emphasis his right to be heard in the interest of the people whom he represented, and he scathingly denounced the spirit which it seemed prompted some members to perpetrate such pranks. His indignation and earnestness were such that the remainder of his speech was received in respectful silence. The lobby was not cleared.

## AMERICAN OSTRICHES MANY

Four Farms in United States and Industry Is Reported Thriving Year by Year.

There are four ostrich farms in the United States and the two most important are situated in the Salt River valley, Arizona. The industry is carried on successfully in the Arizona climate and the birds seem to thrive quite as well as in their foreign habitat. Mr. Joseph Harbert, of Phoenix, imported 16 birds from South Africa in 1893, and placed them on his farm in the Salt River valley, a few miles from the city of Phoenix. A number of the birds died from the effects of the journey and the change of food and climate, and during the first years little progress was made. Their eggs were hatched in large incubators, and when the business of caring for them was learned it was found that the Salt River valley birds grew up to be several inches taller than the imported birds and the feathers are said to be of better quality. Gov. Alexander O. Brodie, of Arizona, takes great pride in the ostrich farming of his territory, and he has devoted considerable space to it in his last annual report, showing that he believes it will become in time one of the leading industries of that region. One bird will yield a pound of feathers at one clipping, and they are clipped every eight months. Some of the feathers are sold as high as \$25 a pound in eastern markets, so it can be readily seen that it is an industry worth while. The ostrich population of the two farms near Phoenix is about 1,600.

## FATHER OF AMERICAN NAVY

Yet Few Ever Heard of Commodore John Barry, the Patriot—Friend of Washington.

In St. Mary's churchyard, Philadelphia, is the almost forgotten grave of Commodore John Barry, a shipmaster who, at the opening of the revolutionary war, offered his services to congress and was given the command of the Lexington, says Youth's Companion. Now an effort is being made to erect a more suitable memorial to him.

The very name of the famous old fighter was once a terror on the lips of the British, but now little is known of this patriot and personal friend of Washington, who proudly refused a \$100,000 offer of a British government.

Barry was sometimes called the first of the American navy, but to him belongs the honor of christening the Lexington with the 13 stripes in a combat. It was when he commanded the Lexington that he won his first victory.

It was Barry who took Lafayette back to France, an honored and beloved guest. It was also Barry who, in his last engagement in the revolutionary war, on his way from Havana with a load of goods for the British vessel Sybil, was captured.

It was a proud day when Commodore Barry superintended the launching of the first-born of the United States navy, a frigate of 44 guns.

John Barry was a man of quick passion, but warm heart. Once during the setting of a sail, when a bungling performance caused delay, he lost his temper completely and lustily beat the boatswain about the head with his speaking trumpet. When he calmed down his repentance was great. He called the boatswain into the cabin and apologized frankly and sincerely. From that day the injured man was Barry's staunch friend and adherent.

He disliked hesitation and uncertainty of any kind. When one of his officers began a sentence with "I think," he would interrupt impatiently: "Who gave you a right to think, sir?"

One day the commodore was amused to hear himself quoted by one of the crew.

"Who gave you a right to think, sir?" said one sailor to another. "Don't you know the commodore thinks for us all?"

## BEER DUELS IN GERMANY.

Only Wondering Onlooker Sees Fun in Contests Carried On in Land of Teuton.

If the Rhodes scholar who had been describing to Chicago the Oxford system of "sceones" had gone on to a German university he would have found that the man who can drink a quart of beer without taking breath is not a hero, but only an ordinary student. At the German "kneipe"—or club meeting for the drinking of beer and the singing of students' songs—there is a special challenge to a Bier-Koenig (beer-king) contest. The huge pots are filled, the duelists face each other, and at the work of command they drink. The first who can invert an empty pot and splutter "Bier-Koenig" wins. A German student will bring pot and mouth to the intimate angle, and down goes the beer without a tremor of the throat. This, of course, gives no pleasure but to the wondering onlooker; it is merely an acrobatic feat.

## Quenched Enthusiasm.

"He writes very uninteresting love letters," said the sentimental girl.

"You mustn't blame him for that," answered Miss Cayenne. "He once served on the jury in a breach of promise case."—Washington Star.

## Change of Punctuation.

Barber—Does this razor cut all right, sir?

Victim—Well, it cuts, all right, Done it about eight times now.—Cleveland Leader.

## WOULD RATHER WALK HOME

Story Told of Carpenter McGloin, an Odd Naval Character—Averse to Seasickness.

A naval officer tells the following story of Carpenter McGloin, an odd character employed in the navy, who for many years was a sort of privileged person employed in the service because of his unflagging spirits and wit.

The old Pensacola once was coming up to San Francisco from Honolulu, when she met a severe gale. McGloin, who in heavy weather usually became seasick, promptly "turned in."

Shortly after his disappearance, it was reported to the captain that something was amiss with the foretopmast. Accordingly, McGloin's services as carpenter being necessary at this juncture, he was sent for. Staggering on deck he began to make a series of excuses, which were cut short by the commanding officer, who ordered the carpenter to go aloft and ascertain what was wrong with the mast.

The proposition struck McGloin with such amazement that it took away his breath. "Up that mast," muttered he, "in such weather as this?"

"Yes, up that mast," reiterated the commanding officer, sternly, "and quickly, too!"

McGloin decided to enter a last despairing protest. "Cap'n," said he, "do you honestly mean that I'm to go up that mast in such weather? Why, this is an awful gale!"

The officer lost patience. "You are impertinent, man!" exclaimed he. "And I've allowed you too much talk already! Up that mast, now!"

"All right," mournfully wailed McGloin, as he prepared to obey the order; "but," he added, with a reproachful glance at his superior officer, "cap'n, if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn, rather than go up that mast, I'd walk home!"

## TRIVIAL, BUT A TRAGEDY.

And No Sympathy Could Be Had from Confidant of Gloomy Woman.

They were all to have a Sunday night supper at a friend's house, and even the boarding mistress was invited; so the girl got an extra Sunday night and the household split up in parties for the afternoon, relates the New York Sun.

By twos and threes they arrived at the host's home until there were left only the boarding mistress and the husband of the woman who had engineered the party. There was a quarter of an hour wait, and at last the husband strolled in.

"Miss Blank says she can't come," he announced, as he sniffed the odor of the old-fashioned shortcake. "I guess she must have another of her sick headaches, for she seems to have gone to bed; just poked her head out of the doorway and said she was sorry."

Late that evening the other woman took home a generous slice of shortcake and found the absent one sitting, disconsolate, in the parlor.

"I thought you were ill," she cried. "Will said you had gone to bed."

"My dear," sobbed the boarding mistress, "all my dresses button up the back, and when I started to get ready the only person in the place was your husband. I could not very well ask him, could I?"

And the only comfort she received was: "Why not? I've trained him to do it beautifully."

## Timber Cutting in Australia.

An explorer in the backwoods of Australia tells how some of the timber cutters took big risks. "I had given instructions to the men in the bush that on no account were they to lay aside their firearms," he says. "After having been absent for a short time I returned and found that they had slung their revolvers and carbines on a small tree and were working at about 50 yards from them. I can tell you they heard of it. The natives have a playful habit of dragging their spears through the grass with their toes and all the while looking as innocent as it is possible to look. If the natives had only thought of it they might have given the cutters a warm time."

## ODD RECORDS TO THE FORE

When One Cannot Be Famous Through Natural Sources, There Are Many Other Channels.

Those who fail to gain distinction through other means seem to seek oddity of performance, and every little while there appears a challenge from some "champion egg eater" or other freak.

The 40-quail-in-40-days performance has been outdone by a man who recently ate a whole goose each day for 30 days, the fowls weighing from six to eleven pounds. Other records in this line are 60 soft boiled eggs daily for six days, six quarts of beans in 40 minutes, smoking 50 cigars in 11 hours without once taking a drink.

A Paris couple recently waltzed without cessation for six and three-quarter hours, while an English actor danced all the way from London to Norwich.

The best club swinging record has been standing for 17 years, when 386 different combinations were shown in sixteen minutes and a quarter, 2,311 revolutions being required.

A score of 6,434 points was the result of a 24-hour endurance billiard match in Paris, the contestants covering 30 miles in walking around the table, and a violinist has played a combination of 4,800 notes in four and a quarter minutes, averaging 19 notes a second.

Reciting Dante's "Divine Comedy" from memory in 20 hours is another queer record, while others have gained fame through making 2,000 ham sandwiches in 19 hours and 40 minutes, dressing ten sheep in 33 minutes, 200 chickens in 44 minutes and killing and dry picking 103 geese in ten hours.

## DURING AN OCEAN CALM.

Ship Rolls and Tosses, But Sails Cannot Get Enough Wind to Carry the Vessel.

All the afternoon the brig rolled on the long swells, which hourly grew heavier, says Century. They leaped against the horizon, swung onward beneath the keel, and swept past with the unrelenting persistency that seemed the embodiment of persistent hate. A gale can be combated, but in the grasp of a calm, man is helpless. Every part of the vessel cried out in protest. The canvas slatted and flapped like the wings of a huge bird vainly trying to rise from the waves; every block rattled and croaked; the main boom, hauled chock aft, snatched at its sheets with a viciousness that threatened to part them at every roll and made their huge blocks crash; from the pantry below came the constant rattle of crockery; and the blue sea, dipped up through the scuppers, swashed back and forth against the main deck. By eight bells every stitch of canvas had been furled or clued up to save it, and the brig lay rolling in the dark hollows like a drunken sailor reeling home.

## SLAV'S RULER A BUSY MAN

Even in Time of Peace Czar Has More to Do Than Any Other Man in the World.

There is nowadays not a great deal of gaiety at the Russian court, says Century. The emperor is a very busy man; he probably has more to do, even in time of peace, than any other man in the world. Combine the responsibility of the president, the cabinet, congress, the governors of states, state legislatures, and mayors of the principal cities in this country, and you will begin to form an idea of the load on the shoulders of Nicholas II. There is no finality below him, except as he permits it; and the mass of details that actually reaches him is astonishing. If President Roosevelt had to grant permits to operate mills in Texas, erect buildings in New York, or form mining companies in California, before any such operations could be begun, even his giant energy would be taxed. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the emperor of Russia examines into myriads of similar minutiae, besides attending to the great affairs of state.

## Simply Crazy.

"Happy, though married two days," was one of the many labels attached by practical jokers to the luggage of a newly married couple who left an English railway station the other day on their way to Canada.