

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The crown prince of Siam has written a book which is soon to be published in London. It deals with "The Star of the Polish Succession." Five books by the late Walter Bennett will appear within a year. These include his autobiography, a novel, two volumes of essays, and a volume of short stories. Anthony Hope has written four new "Dolly Dialogues," which will be added to the ones with which the public is already familiar, and thus make a new edition of the book. Mr. Edward Everett Hale is at the head of a movement in Boston for the sending of modern agricultural implements to the Philippines. Several manufacturers and wholesale dealers in seeds have cooperated in the scheme. The day before he delivered his notable address at the Buffalo exposition President McKinley made this confession: "I am just as nervous before beginning a speech nowadays as I was before delivering my maiden address in the house of representatives years and years ago." A preacher living near Zumbrota, Minn., was born of parents named Bag, and when he grew up asked to have his name changed. The judge to whom he applied asked what name he preferred and the applicant said anything would do for a change. The judge gave him the name of "Thing," which is his for keeps. Members of his flock refer to him as "Good Thing." The popular king of Portugal is essentially a man of pleasure, but not in the sense that conveys discredit. He is a first-class tennis player and an enthusiastic yachtsman; he has something of the prince of Monaco's appreciation for the wonders of the sea and is a collector of many interesting curiosities from its depths. He is reputed to be one of the best shots in Europe, equally deadly in his aim with rifle or shotgun and able to hit birds in flight with a rifle bullet. He is an artist of no small scope.

THE BANK HOLIDAY.

These When All England Droops Work and Goes for an Outing.

A fig for business today! Mr. and Mrs. John Bull and the babies are going to enjoy themselves without the slightest reference to desks, dividends, ledgers, income tax, Boers, and all the rest of the fold-erol; for a bank holiday nothing is of any consequence except the noble art of being merry. If, while little Tommy stands on his head on Hampstead Heath in the fullness of his joy, Mr. Bull takes to ruminating and thinking things over in order to arrive at some conclusions as to where he is, he will realize, if he reasons properly, that there is so earthly obstacle to his joining Tommy in his acrobatics, and waving his own legs in the atmosphere from pure light-heartedness, says the London Express.

England is rich, and happy, and well governed, and a comfortable, cozy place in which to dwell. So away with dull care and burrah for a vigorous time on heath and beach. It is a fine thing to give the cash books and the day books to the spiders for one whole work day, and let the mice play hide-and-seek in the board room of the tire-some company that is always holding stupid solemn meetings and declaring silly old dividends. It is glorious to drag the managing editor, or the banker, or the superintendent, or the workman from his place of business, scamper with him over the hills, duck him in the wavelets of the channel, or watch him gambol on the soft, green sward. It is good milk for his head and for his liver. He comes back to his desk less of an old fogey, if he has been one, and more of a human being.

And, if you can get him into an omnibus with half a dozen of the children of other people overflowing on his lap and treading on his feet, so much the better for him. A comprehensive knowledge of humanity is good for all of us. The golf players will return from the links better beings. Even the perjured fishermen, with their stories of the immense creatures that just managed to escape their hook, will be improved by their holiday, even though they return with souls bruised and debilitated by prevarication.

Abolishing Frost. As to other possibilities of the cannon, there is that of abolishing frost. Herbs and resinous wood are often burned so as to shelter the plants under a screen of smoke, but just a few nights ago the cannon were tried instead in the Beaujolais. Two of them were apportioned to a hectare, about two and one-half acres, and they were fired horizontally about two yards over the fields. The ground was rendered damp and warm, though the surrounding soil was cold and frost-laden. But the most astounding use of this artillery has been found in Madagascar and Algeria—to fight grasshoppers. It is claimed that the shot cuts a discouraging swath in the invading swarms. And now the question is, what might be done to a cyclone? There is serious food for reflection in that same question.—Everybody's Magazine.

Why He Wasn't Looking Well. "Your husband is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rhymer." "He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it." "No? Has he been overworking himself?" "It isn't that so much; it's his original quality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—Pearson's Weekly.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Why doesn't some shrewd boarding-house landlady suddenly acquire a fortune by advertising her place as a sanitarium for the cure of obesity?—Chicago Daily News. Not a Flattering Attention.—"Who is that strange-looking man who stares at me so much?" "Why, that's Von Humberdick, the eminent insanity expert."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Little Ethel.—"Mamma, I know why it isn't safe to count your chickens before they're hatched." "Mother—'Why, dear?' Little Ethel—"Cos sum of 'em might be ducks."—Ohio State Journal. Dr. A.—"I performed an operation on Bormon yesterday." Dr. R.—"Yes, I know; I saw it in the papers." A.—"In the papers?" R.—"Yes; in the death notices this morning."—Sondags Niase. A True Hero.—She—"I shall marry no man who is not a hero." He—"Say you'll be mine, and I'll prove that I am one." She—"Oh, Adolphus, how?" He—"I'll go right in and ask papa."—Philadelphia Bulletin. Her Predicament.—"Mamma—"I think Mr. Crustleigh is just too mean for anything." Fanny—"But he married your mamma." Mamma—"I know he did. I jilted him for Harold, then he married mamma, and now he won't let me marry Harold."—Baltimore American. In Tatters.—Backlots—"Are you going to the fancy dress ball?" Subbubs—"Yes, I'm going as a tramp." Backlots—"Have you got your costume all ready?" Subbubs—"Yes, I'll wear my dress suit. My wife forgot to put it out of the way of the moths last spring."—Philadelphia Press.

THROWING THINGS AWAY.

The Usual Course When a Family Goes Through the Storeroom Before Moving.

"Always before we move," said Mr. Billtops, "we go through everything in the storeroom and cull out and throw away the things that we don't want. If we never moved I don't know but what finally we'd be buried under the accumulation of things which from time to time we save."

"We save tons of newspaper clippings alone, and we always have a pile of magazines containing articles that we want to read over again, but never do. We put away old clothes, and don't know what not of things we've got through with that are of no earthly use to us, but that we hate to throw away. And how we do hang on to some of these things. Why, say, we've got boxes and trunks containing things that we've saved in that way that we've been lugging around for years, paying to have them moved and giving up room for the storing of them, that we never look into at all. We couldn't tell what was in some of them without looking, but they are things we sort of hate to throw away, and so we keep lugging 'em around."

"I don't want to drag in melancholy thoughts in a cheerful conversation, but I find myself wondering sometimes, now, as I grow older, what will become of all this truck we save up, in this way, when we die. It will all be just lying there and those who come after us will look at it and wonder what under the canopy we saved it for, and then they'll throw it away; which I tell Mrs. Billtops we might just as well do now ourselves and get rid of it. There's nothing in the whole blessed storeroom that we might not with perfect safety throw right out without ever looking at it. Oh, of course, that is rather a sweeping assertion; there are blankets there, and that sort of thing stored away for the summer; but nevertheless it is substantially true that all that miscellaneous array of boxes and bundles there, of odds and ends of one sort and another, we might just as well throw away bodily, and we never'd miss 'em. We had a curious experience in this way last fall.

"Wedding things out then, in the usual manner, we set out of the storeroom one day three big boxes of stuff to look over. But somehow these boxes got mixed in with the stuff that had been looked over and was ready to throw away; and away they went, never looked at, and we never discovered it till the next day. Then there was a time! Mrs. Billtops wanted to have me go right away and see Percy Nagle, and find out what dump the things collected on our block went to, and see if I couldn't get the boxes back. Our oldest daughter, Lucinda, was sure the green box contained all of her very best patterns, and I don't remember now what other things of tremendous value those boxes did contain. But I saved the folks off, somehow, from day to day, and gradually they felt easier about it and in a week they forgot it.

"That was a year ago. And do you suppose we've missed anything? Why! Not a thing. There wasn't anything in those boxes that we really wanted to use; if there had been we would have kept on using it. But we had hated to throw the stuff away." "I tell Mrs. Billtops, as I said before, that it would be perfectly safe to clear out the whole storeroom without looking at the stuff at all; just throw the whole thing right away; that we never store cash there, nor title deeds, nor anything of real value. But she says no, she'd rather looks things over." And I suppose that some of these old things, anyhow, may have in old associations a value that will make us cling to them to the end."

MIRROR ACTS AS A TONIC.

Found to Be Better Than Medicine for Sick Women in Hospital Wards.

A woman's vanity not infrequently acts as a health tonic and saves her from serious illness if not from premature death. A physician with long experience in some of the principal hospitals of the country declares that a mirror—one of those that flatter the user—is sometimes of more value than an entire medicine chest, reports an eastern exchange. "I began my career," he said recently, "by serving several months as an interne in a Pittsburg hospital. It was the rule there that no ward patient should be allowed to have a mirror of any description, and you might rake every ward in the hospital with a fine-tooth comb without finding a piece of looking-glass as big as a postage stamp.

"The management had formulated and enforced that law with the best interests of the patients at heart, for they figured that to study one's own pallor and sunken cheeks and eyes is conducive to depression of spirits and consequent physical deterioration. I considered their reasoning false, but I was only one against many and did not forcibly express my opinion, but discreetly watched the women patients fuming and fussing away in secret, over their appearance, of which each tried to get an idea from the description given her by her neighbors.

"One day I was passing through a certain ward and stopped beside the bed of a colored girl, whose face at that moment wore the most lugubrious expression I had ever seen on a human being. I took alarm instantly and began to study her condition.

"Why, Elsie," I said, 'what in the world ails you?' "She cried then in earnest. 'Oh, doctor,' she said, 'if I could only see myself I'd get better, I know I would. I haven't looked in a glass for a month. The girls try to tell me how I look, but I know they are fooling me. I'm sure I must look a great deal worse than they make out. If I don't, why won't the matron and superintendent let me have a glass?'" "I went right down to the office then and spouted out the piece of advice I had stored up for so many weeks. After thinking the matter over they decided to allow Elsie to cultivate the acquaintance of her own features once more, and when she found that she did not really look so deathly ill as she had imagined she began to mend and continued to improve steadily.

"So I give sick people, especially the women, a mirror when they ask for it. There may be times when a person who is very near death's door loses interest in her personal appearance and does not care for a mirror, but the average woman who is able to lift a hand wants to judge for herself how she is looking, and if she may not have the privilege of finding out her suspense will be more harmful than positive knowledge.

MILES NOT ALL THE SAME.

They Differ in Length in Various Countries and by Land and Sea.

English-speaking countries have four different miles—the ordinary mile of 5,280 feet and the geographical or nautical mile of 6,080, making a difference of about one-seventh between the two; then there is the Scotch mile of 5,928 feet, and the Irish mile of 6,720 feet; four various miles, every one of which is still in use. Then almost every country has its own standard mile. The Romans have their mil passuum, 1,000 paces, which must have been about 3,000 feet in length, unless we ascribe to Caesar's legionaries great stepping capacity. The German mile of to-day is 24,316 feet in length, more than 4 1/2 times as long as our mile. The Dutch, the Danes and the Prussians enjoy a mile that is 18,440 feet long, 3 1/2 times the length of ours; and the Swiss get more exercise in walking their mile than we get in walking five miles, for their mile is 9,153 yards long, while ours is only 1,750 yards.

The Italian mile is only a few feet longer than ours, the Roman mile is shorter, while the Russian and the Turkish miles are 150 yards longer. The Swedish mile is 7,341 yards long, and the Vienna post-mile is 8,796 yards in length. So here is a list of 12 different miles, and besides this there are other measures of distance, not counting the French kilometer, which is rather less than two-thirds of a mile. The Brazilians have a milla that is 14 times as long as our mile; the Neapolitan miglio is about the same length; the Japanese ri, or mile, is 2 1/2 times ours; the Russian verst is five-thirds as long as our mile, while the Persian standard is a fesaak, 4 1/2 miles long, which is said to be equal to the parasang, so familiar to the readers of Xenophon's Anabasis. The distance indicated by the league also varies in different countries.

Fined. "Ted—What makes you think it's easier to win now?" "Ned—Her younger sister has just become engaged."—Judge.

THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER.

Peking News, Founded 710 A. D. and Published Continuously Ever Since.

The oldest newspaper in the world is the Tsing-Pao, or Peking News, founded in the year 710 A. D. Until quite lately it was generally supposed that the Kin Pan, a Chinese journal published in Peking for the last 1,000 years, was the oldest newspaper in the world. In a very able work recently published, however, Lambert Huart, the French consul at Canton, shows that this high honor belongs to the Tsing-Pao, which has been published continuously since the year 710 and is even said to have been founded some 300 years before that date, or early in the sixth century, 800 years before a newspaper was known in Europe.

The Tsing-Pao now appears as a book of 24 pages, octavo size, tied in a yellow cover by two kinds of rice paper. Each page has seven characters, or letters, which read from top to bottom. The types are made of willow wood. This is the "edition de luxe" officially recognized by the emperor, and the price of which is about 24 cents a month. There is also a popular edition, got up roughly on poor paper and printed, or rather daubed, from a plate of engraved wax. This costs 16 cents per month and is issued an hour before the other.

It is the official journal of the government—the Times of China. It gives all the details concerning the person of the emperor, his movements, his maladies, his remedies, the imperial decrees and the reports of the ministers, in the printing of which every error is punished with death.

It announces to all the provinces the date which has been fixed by the emperor for the people to change their summer hats for winter ones, which they are expected to do as one man. This journal is easy to read, for it appears in an English translation in Shanghai.

After the "Tsing-Pao" the most important paper in China is of modern date, the "Chin-Pao," or Shanghai News, founded in 1872. It has a circulation of some 15,000 copies, and at the close of the Franco-Chinese war Li Hung Chang made use of it—an innovation till then unknown—to influence the public opinion and demonstrate by history the rights of the Chinese over Anam.

Chinese newspapers are usually printed on yellow paper, which is changed to blue in case of mourning and red on gala days. One paper has three editions each day, on yellow paper in the morning, gray at noon and white at night, so that the sellers cannot distribute one edition for another in serving their customers. Another journal has a title which signifies "the reproduction of what is necessary to know," all given on a couple of pages, octavo size. The foreign words, as for instance, the word "telephone" is made to read "to-ifong-fong."

EXPENSIVE ANGLING.

Fish That Cost Fifteen Dollars a Pound and Not Counted as an Extravagant Outlay.

There is no doubt that one of the costliest of man's amusements is fishing, and yet your devoted angler will tell you that it is cheap at any price. In fact, he doesn't count the cost, which perhaps is the only feature of the sport that he never exaggerates. He buys the finest tackle, he seeks resorts that are at expensive distances, he hires guides and boats at exorbitant rates, and no matter what the outlay or what the luck he never grumbles.

The other day the fish and game commissioners of Maine were petitioned by prominent citizens of the state, and of Boston and other cities, who asked that stringent measures be adopted to protect the fishing interests of the famous Rangely lake and the adjoining waters. In the course of an endeavor to show that the number of trout in the lake was steadily decreasing, it was stated that the number taken by guests of the Rangely Lake house in 1900 was 3,210, while in 1901 it has reached only 2,310, a falling off of 30 per cent.

These fish (trout and salmon), it was further stated, averaged four pounds each, and each pound cost the sportsman \$15, which would average \$60 per fish, or \$30,000 per ton. This may seem just a little extravagant, and yet it is there, a true disciple of the gentle art who will admit that the outlay was foolishly incurred?

Continuous Spectra.

Is the spectrum of a solid or liquid body veritably continuous, as is usually declared, or only apparently so? If we admit that a material molecule is made up of an assemblage of a number of particles, each one of which can emit only radiations of a single special period, the number of different radiations contained in any spectrum whatever is necessarily finite and consequently the continuity shown experimentally can only be apparent.—N. Y. Sun.

The Modern Child. Mamma—Now, go to sleep or the Squaligobos will get you. Tommy—Will they come right in here? "Yes." "All right, I'll keep awake, 'cause I want to see what kind of things these Squaligobos are."—Philadelphia Press.

THEY CALLED THE BIRDS.

But the Sportsmen Discovered, to Their Chagrin, That They Were Answering Each Other.

A well-known sportsman who has recently been trying his luck with a gun in a neighboring state in which the "open season" has begun, tells a story which illustrates the skill some gunners acquire in the use of the bird whistle, says the Chicago Chronicle. On this particular day in fall the birds had not been flying well and the gunners who had been out since early morning were one by one leaving for their homes. On his way home over the marshes one of them was on the lookout for grass birds and when he beheld a flock about to alight he at once crouched down in the tall grass by the edge of a creek and began calling.

It happened that another gunner who was about to give up his day's work heard the sharp and repeated whistling of what he supposed were grass birds, and, quickly raising his gun, he, too, picked up his whistle and began to call. First the man in the tall grass would whistle, then the man in the adjoining stand would answer, and this was kept up for a long time, until it got so dark that had the birds flown past either gunner they could not have seen them. Presently the gunner who was crouching in the tall grass ventured to rise and scan the marshes, when to his surprise and chagrin he saw the gunner in the stand do likewise. Neither wished to acknowledge that he had been deceived by the other's whistle, so they quietly disappeared in different directions without exchanging a word.

TAKE OUT JOCKO'S BRAIN.

Recent Experiment of Scientists Shows Effect on Monkey of Loss of Gray Matter.

No convincing proof has yet been given that any particular portion of the brain is exclusively concerned in intellectual operations, says the Popular Science Monthly. Goltz, the most prominent representative of the dwindling band who still refuse to believe in the localization even of the motor functions, has lately published an interesting paper containing the results of observations on a monkey which was carefully watched for 11 years after the removal of the greater part of the gray matter of the middle and interior portions of the left hemisphere of the brain.

The character of the animal, whose little tricks and peculiarities had been studied for months before the operation, was entirely unaffected. All its traits remained unaltered. On the other hand, disturbances of movements on the right side were very noticeable up to the time of its death. It learned again to use the right limbs, but there was always a certain clumsiness in their movements. In actions requiring only one hand the right was never willingly employed, and it evidently cost the animal a great effort to use it. Before the operation it would give either the right or left hand when asked for it. After the operation it always gave the left till by a long course of training, in which fruit or lumps of sugar served as the rewards of virtue, it learned again to give the right.

HOW GRANT LOST HIS HIRAM.

It Was a Friend's Mistake That Deprived the General Forever of His Real Name.

Not many Americans know that Hiram U. Grant was the eighteenth president of the United States. Yet it is true, for "Ulysses Simpson" was never legally the name of our greatest general. This interesting fact is brought out by Franklin B. Wiley, in Ladies' Home Journal, in "Famous People as We Do Not Know Them." The story of how it came about was told by a member of congress—Thomas L. Hamer—who recommended young Grant as a candidate for West Point in 1839. Mr. Hamer had long been a friend of the Grants, but when he came to make out the application papers for Ulysses he could not recall the boy's full name. So, deciding that he was doubtless named for his mother's family, he wrote it "Ulysses Simpson Grant." Thus was it recorded at West Point, and though the attention of the officials was several times called to the error they did not feel authorized to correct it. The name was gradually adopted, and by it Grant was, and always will be, known. But as for any record of the birth of "Ulysses Simpson Grant," that does not exist.

Less Crime in Ireland.

A gratifying decrease in crime in Ireland is shown in the report of the general prisons board for the year 1900. During the year 32,924 criminal prisoners were committed, showing a reduction of 3,198 on the number of commitments in 1899. The decrease in the number of convicts during the half century has been very remarkable. In 1855 the total was 34,277, and last year the number was only 329. The decrease is due, says the report, not only to the fewer number of sentences and penal servitude imposed, but also to the smaller average length of such sentence.

These American Conveniences.

There are some things which seem household necessities in the United States for which there is no market whatever in France or southern Europe. One of these is the range with a hot water back, another is the refrigerator, and a third is the rocking chair. Americans living abroad often want these articles so badly that they even send home for them.

EVILS OF BEING A FRIEND.

Some of the Disadvantages of Becoming an Acquaintance of Convenience.

"I find being too intimate with people rather a disadvantage than otherwise," remarked a popular woman recently, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. "If you are, there is always apt to come a time when you are no longer a peripateta grata, but merely a friend that can be treated anyhow—'Just like one of the family'—and yet be relied upon never to take offense. When your hostess begins to seat herself in the most comfortable chair, leaving you to take what you can get, and puts you in the small bedroom when you visit her, because she 'knows you will not care,' you may know that the point I have spoken of has been reached. At their very closest and most exclusive dinners, too, you are generally left out. 'Dear Katie,' they will say, 'knows how it is herself certain people must be asked, there are so many 'pay backs' to be invited.' Of course you have to say you quite understand it, but you are not particularly pleased to be written to at the eleventh hour by your dear Emily, saying: 'What a comfort to have a true friend! I know you will come over this evening and fill Mrs. Lofly's place, who has just given up.' Or to be asked the next week 'because you know them so well' to help 'leave the lump' of a distinctly frump dinner party. 'I am having old Mr. and Mrs. Winter from the country,' writes dear Emily, 'and poor Miss Winter, who goes out so little, and a few others like that. I know you will not mind coming to enliven things for them. There are not many I could ask such a favor of (I should think so!) I ejaculate mentally, but I feel that I never need stand upon ceremony with my dear Katie.' This she certainly never does, but I am beginning to wish she would!"

POMPOMS OF BABY RIBBON.

They Will Replace the Wired Ribbon Bow That Found Favor the Past Season.

The rampant wired ribbon bow that made theater coiffures look so strangely alike last winter will be replaced this season by soft pompons which will rest against the hair instead of standing erect in the style of the ribbon bow of velvet and satin. The new pompons are made up of yards and yards of baby ribbon with one aigrette spray coming from the center. They are extremely soft and pretty, resting against the hair with all the grace of a flower, says the New York Sun.

Girls who are conscientious have out the aigrette spray from their list of ornaments, however, with the stuffed birds and other plumage that call for the death of the feathered inhabitants of the woods. To obtain the expensive and beautiful aigrette it is necessary to kill the mother bird just as the little ones here are left to die in their nests from starvation, and during the hunting season hundreds of these pathetic little ruined homes with their dead inmates are found in the trees where the aigrettes are obtained.

Pompons in gold and silver ribbon are also in vogue, but it is a question if the military fashion for gold braid has not worn itself out. Like all showy fashions, it was carried to extremes, and the tarnished gold ornamentation of some of the cheaper gowns when they had lost their first freshness was a strong argument against the wearing of gold braid, except by those who could afford its frequent renewal.

WHY WOMEN ARE INVALIDS.

In Many Cases Because Ambitious Parents Overload Their Daughters with Accomplishments.

The insane desire of fond parents that their children shall "shine" in their studies and accomplishments is one topic vigorously dealt with by Edward Bok in Ladies' Home Journal. Regarding the girls' side of this widespread evil he says: "There are parents who, not content with the studies which their daughters have to grapple with at school, load them down with a few special studies in the fine arts. I have in mind now several young girls between the precarious ages of 12 and 17, who, after they return from school, have an extra dose of painting, music or languages. 'But my daughter must know something of these things,' is the protest of the fond mother. She must be able to hold her own with other girls of her set. Of course, the girl at this tender age, with such a mental load, soon goes to pieces. She becomes anemic, listless and nervous, and then the mother wonders why! To build her up everything under the sun is tried except a lessening of mental work and the unnatural strain upon the nervous system. The girl develops into what? A bunch of nerves ceases in the most fragile frame, her physical vitality aspired almost to the last drop. And in this condition she enters the marriage state! And yet we wonder why there are so few women absolutely free from organic troubles. Is it so inexplicable?"

Getting at It. "See here!" exclaimed the boy's mother, as she ejected him from the pantry. "How many more times must I tell you to keep away from those jars of preserves?"

"How many more jars are there, ma?" inquired the boy.—Philadelphia Record.

Large Muffs Again. This coming season brown furs will rank first, then black, gray and white. Long-haired furs will be most used. Long boots with stole ends, and large muffs, will be much in evidence.—Ladies' Home Journal.