

REAL MICROBES IN WHISKY

Disease Germs, It is Said, Produce Fuel Oil in the Red Liqueur.

Nearly 20 years ago the diseases of whisky, wine and beer were brought to the attention of the great Pasteur, says the New York Press, who put his vigorous mind to work to learn what were the causes of fuel oil, sour beer and vinegar.

"It will be apparent, therefore, how extremely important it is that a minister who is intrusted with the interests and prestige of his country in China should be thoroughly conversant with this insidious danger and vigilantly on his guard against all attempts to degrade his office and weaken his influence in the far east.

"On the other hand, nothing confounds a Chinaman quite so much as when the object of his insidious attempt suddenly displays an acquaintance with the actual significance of the attitude adopted toward him.

The peacock paced the green lawn before the house of white marble, and the photographer had his costly camera ready, but the bird would not spread its tail, relate an exchange.

"Up with her! Up with her!" he called, focusing busily through the fine German lens.

At the end he said reproachfully: "Peacocks are very conscious of their exceedingly ugly feet. They think of their feet a great deal, and at such times they feel too humble and good-for-nothing to dream of spreading their tails.

When Uncle Sam has finished all the ships now building for him his navy will need for the manning of all its vessels 1,067 officers and 62,368 men.

INSULTS OF THE CHINESE.

Investigate Insolence Toward Foreigners Through System of Elaborate Etiquette.

"The Chinaman, especially he of the higher and official class, has developed himself in a subtle and elaborate mesh of custom and etiquette, in which it is his delight to entrap the ignorant and unwary foreign devil," says the King.

"The very puerility of these Chinese insults tends to increase their danger. For, unless a European is sufficiently versed in their hidden significance to resent them immediately, his loss of face and caste is as great as though he had knowingly and tamely submitted to them.

Objects of interest they had discovered in their novel surroundings they displayed for my inspection a Chinese visiting card which had been left upon them by a high class Chinaman a day or two before.

"Well, I don't care what the fool thinks," observed the latter.

"But in China you must," I explained. "If you accept the Chinaman's insolent estimation of you you will have lost caste forever in your future dealings with him, and every one, Chinaman, and possibly foreign rivals as well, who are aware of your loss of prestige, will not hesitate to attempt to take advantage of you.

"No, I said; you must do that. It is part of your opportunity, and as soon as he realizes that, contrary to his expectation, you understand his etiquette and have seen through his action, he will be thoroughly disconcerted and crawl to you in future.

Much-Titled Man. Field Marshal Sir George White is entitled to put a vast string of initials after his name, for he has the grand crosses of the Bath, the Michael and George, the Star of India, the Indian Empire and the Victorian order, to say nothing of the D. C. L. of Oxford and the LL. D. of Cambridge and Dublin.

Reasons for self-destruction are often very curious. Men have been known to put an end to their lives to escape toothache or other pains.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

The Concordat is So Equable That It is Satisfactory to Neither Party.

Perhaps the concordat is as fair a contract as ever bound two antagonistic parties, says a writer in Success. Indeed, so equable is it that it satisfies neither party.

For a quarter of a century the radical left has promised that, when it should come into power it would destroy this antique agreement. Well, it has come into power. The other day, by 210 votes to 68 it voted down a motion to abrogate the concordat.

The main concession of the concordat, that over which the fight is keenest, has to do with the bishops. In return for state support and state pay, the church yielded to the government a certain interference in the selection of bishops and archbishops.

In the Paris music hall the people looked at one another expectantly. "A smoke juggler," they said. "What on earth can that be?"

The juggler, a Japanese little and brown, appeared. He held in his hand an old pipe—the straight stem of the bamboo, the tiny bowl of silver—and first he bowed and smiled to the audience; then he nodded to the leader of the orchestra. The violins began to play a quick, gay music.

There, was a burst of applause. The juggler ran like the wind across the stage and, to six huge smoke rings floated at an even height. The man stood before the last ring and blew an arrow of smoke clean through the rings. Six rings of smoke, with a smoke arrow piercing them, met the people's gaze.

The cleverest daughter recently made a beautiful shade for the piano lamp from a pink evening dress, and trimmed it with roses from her last summer's hat.

A glance at the passengers on German trans-Atlantic lines is liable to startle the observer. For instance, "Herr and Frau Patrick O'Brien" were among those who arrived in New York a few days ago on the Kaiser Wilhelm.

OYAMA, THE BOY IN AMERICA

Japanese Commander as a Pupil in One of Our New York Schools.

Field Marshal Oyama, who is in command of the Japanese armies in Manchuria, was once a pupil in the Temple Hill school, at Genesee, N. Y., and there are a number of old residents in Genesee and Rochester who remember the famous Japanese warrior as a young man, says the New York Times.

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The boys were enrolled as a put-up job on them by their students. As usual, however, the Japs came out victorious while we were discomfited.

"I never saw Oyama more enthusiastic than one night when all the seniors who roomed on the third floor of the dormitory building put up a job on 'Hunkee Doree,' who was very strict and had ordered that there be no loud noise after nine p. m.

"It is among our scientists, not among our poets or our painters, that modern genius is to be found," said a scientist man, according to an exchange.

"It is mud, isn't it?" said Haekkel. "No, sir," Murray answered. "It is dredged from the bottom of the ocean, and every particle of it is a radiolarian's shell."

Recent excavations in Egypt have revealed a bond of apprenticeship of a slave for two years to the "semitograph," to be taught to read and write shorthand, or "the signs that your son Dionysios knows," the teacher receiving in all the premium of 120 drachmas.

A curious example of artistic evolution is found in the case of Sig. Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly." Originally an American book, it was converted into an English play, from which it became the libretto to an Italian opera, and now it is being returned to its original tongue to fit Sig. Puccini's music.

ODD WAYS OF THE MORAY

Quiescent Denizens of the New York Aquarium That Interest the Visitors.

The great green morays and the smaller spotted morays at the aquarium glide through and to lie in sections of drain pipe that have been placed on the bottom of their respective tanks to add to the comfort and naturalness of their surroundings.

There are five other jutting out places in the rock lining over which it might lie, but this is its favorite one, which it prefers to all the rest—a spur of tufa three or four inches in length and perhaps six inches wide, which sticks out from the right side wall of the tank about three-quarters of the way up from the bottom.

And there the young green moray will hang for hours at a time, as it might hang itself over some coral branch in the native waters, with many visitors pausing to look at it.

"What do you mean?" said a poet. "To illustrate what I mean with the case of Haekkel, I'll take the little portion of Haekkel's work.

"No, I said; you must do that. It is part of your opportunity, and as soon as he realizes that, contrary to his expectation, you understand his etiquette and have seen through his action, he will be thoroughly disconcerted and crawl to you in future.

"Yes," said Murray, "and I have brought it to you because you are the only man in the world capable of handling it. Take it and make the most of it. It is yours."

"Perhaps not," said the poet, "but what was the use of the work after it was finished?" "The scientist reddened with rage. "The use?" he shouted. "The use? Oh, go away. You are not worth talking to."

After all these years and just as Pompeii has been nicely excavated, old Vesuvius has begun to get restless. No doubt the venerable Italian volcano represents the recent Mount Pelée disturbance and has decided to do a little more "erupting" just to hold the championship firm.—From "In the Trail of the Traveler," in Four-Track News.

GREAT SLAYER OF BUFFALO

Jim White, Famous Man in the Texas Panhandle and Some of His Doings.

"A man who had killed 100,000 buffalo would be something of a novelty, no doubt, but there passed away a few years ago a man who, to the best of my belief, accomplished that slaughter during a rather brief career. He was Jim White. Never heard of Jim White? Well, I'm surprised." Col. William Rodney—"Bill" Rodney, of Sonora, Mexico, as he prefers to be called—settled back in his chair in the lobby of the National and blew flags of smoke reflectively, says the Washington Post.

"Well, Jim White and I were youngsters then, in the Texas Panhandle, working for Tommy Owens, who owned as well a bunch of longhorns as could be found in the southwest.

"One time, I remember, we had been on a long scout after cows in what is now Garza county, New Mexico, up by the headwaters of the Pecos. We were out of meat and wanted some bad. Jim said: 'All right, we'll get some. There's a buffalo not far off—I can smell 'em.' Finally we came up with the herd. The plains were black as far as the eye could reach. We didn't want to start the whole bunch off, so I wanted to keep 'em around in case we should need more food, and while we were planning how to cut out a fat one—"

"Up jumped the buffalo, as mad as a hornet. Jim White yelled out that I had only crossed the brute, but I knew it myself. My horse was terrified, he wasn't much good, anyway, and I knew I had no show at getting away. I kept my right hand on the buffalo's left trumpet, and around and around we went, faster than lightning, the buffalo trying to get at me and roaring like mad.

"Strange Disappearance. The German on his native heath has some peculiar notions about wit and humor, some of them being droll and others dreary.

"Well, one time a young lady and gentleman went up this mountain together, and hundreds of people saw them go higher and higher until they disappeared, and they never came back."

"Benny on the Crocodile. The crocodile is a large animal that inhabits the Nile and loves to go on the sandy beach to bask in the sun and lay eggs. It looks some like a dachshund, only there is more of it at the ends and it is bigger. There was a crocodile once that escaped from a circus. It roamed over the country, seeking in vain for pigs and small children to devour, and died of starvation in great anguish. You can ride on the back of a crocodile, but it is more comfortable to use a saddle. It is usually quiet, but is terrible when roused. We all ought to be thankful we are not a crocodile.

Culture's Remark. Willie (listening at the keyhole)—Gee! I bet that man talkin' in there comes from Boston. Johnny—How do you know? "He says 'whist.'"—Chicago Tribune. Not Often Too Young. "How soon should a girl marry?" "Well, not before she is asked."—Illinois State Journal.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

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