

COST HIS SALARY TO SLEEP

Newly Elected Senator Gets Object Lesson in High Cost of Living.

A newly elected senator came on early to Washington to arrange for rooms, and had an object-lesson furnished him on "the high cost of living."

"We make it \$650 a month, two rooms and bath, to you, senator—without meals," said the clerk dreamily.

The salary of a senator is \$7,500, and it is figured on the high level of "simple living" in Washington that he ought to part with that much for assured rest at a good hotel.

HIS PICTURE IN EVIDENCE

Should be Warning to Man With Weakness for Penny Arcade Photographs.

Should you feel a desire to visit a summer garden or a penny arcade experiment by having yourself photographed in a ridiculous pose, remember the fate of Horace E. Todd, candy-maker and formerly the husband of Beulah Todd.

Beulah Todd was granted a divorce last week by Judge Goodrich. She said that Todd was addicted to drink.

Beulah Todd drew from her purse a photograph postal card. It appeared to be a photograph of Horace E. Todd; his cheeks were puffed, his hair disheveled, his collar unbuttoned, and his necktie untied.

"Divorce granted," the court decided. And Mrs. Todd, tucking the postal card safely away in her purse, walked from the courtroom.—Kansas City Star.

Encouragement.

"Why should you be despondent?" asked the poet's friend.

"Why shouldn't I be despondent?" the poet replied. "I've been trying to add a bit of cheer to the world."

"I have written some things that men who ought to know have said were sublime. I have endeavored to describe the beauties of nature, to spread the gospel of brotherhood, to teach kindness and goodness and hopefulness."

"Cheer up, old man. A hundred years from now your poems may be illustrated by some artist who will get \$500 for each of the pictures."

A Maine Record.

"I think I can safely lay claim to having hauled more wood into Rockland than any other one man," says Otis Tolman of Rockville.

"I have been at it sixty years, hauling an average of 300 loads a year with an average of seven feet to the load. I brought my first load into town behind a pair of steers in 1850 and sold it to the late S. H. Burpee for two dollars a cord."

LIFE ON LONELY ICELAND

People in Bleak Northern Country Know What's Going on in the World.

A traveler in Iceland says that he journeyed more than fifty miles from the capital, Reykjavik, and saw but two or three farms in all that distance.

"During all this time," he says in the Youth's Companion, "I had not seen a sapling as big as a stalk of cat-o-nine-tails. Extinct volcanoes surrounded us on every side. Dust storms swept down from their scarred sides. Distant gleams of glittering ice from the glaciers dazzled us when the sun shone upon them."

"But here, in a land where there is almost no fuel, and where few crops besides hay and turnips can be raised, in the land of the midnight sun in summer and the midday moon in winter, I found books and cheerful conversation, an outlook on life, and a knowledge of current events which I have not always found in populous cities."

"There are no schools, to be sure, outside of Reykjavik and one or two other small towns, for children cannot walk ten miles each way to a schoolhouse, and even such a schoolhouse would accommodate but two or three families. But the itinerant pedagogue goes about from house to house, carrying his store of learning with him, and leaving behind much intellectual stimulus and a desire to know what is going on beyond the bounds of the island."

"They were great chess players in the lonely farmhouse where we stayed and they were keen to play with us. Although my companion considered himself a fair chess player he was ignominiously beaten by the angular lady of the household. They had a Bible too and an Icelandic hymn book. We went away from our short visit to the lonely farmhouse of the Sog with the impression that the home life in the typical farms of Iceland might well be envied by dwellers in more favored climes."

POPE'S HEAVY MAIL BAG

His Holiness Gets Greater Number of Missives Than Any King or Executive.

If one were asked to speculate as to the sovereign whose daily mail bag was the greatest one would hazard the kaiser. But no. Then most will say it ought to be. On an unimpeachable authority of a Paris contemporary we learn that the pope is the recipient of the greatest number of missives.

The mail of his holiness consists on the average of 23,000 letters, newspapers, etc. To go through this mass 25 secretaries are kept employed.

The president of the United States receives nearly 1,000 letters daily and about 4,000 journals and books.

The kaiser's mail consists of 4,000 letters and frequently the same number of books and papers. Our king, we learn, is favored with 1,000 letters a day and over 2,000 newspapers and books.

The czar is not overworked in this respect for a sovereign, his majesty's mail being given at 650 letters, etc., per day. The kings of Italy and Spain have to deal with about 200 letters each.

Queen Wilhelmina is still more favored with 150 letters, etc. But President Fallieres is still more fortunate, for we are told that he receives few letters and hardly any papers.—London Globe.

Badge of Servitude.

Would-be aristocrats in America who are wont to decorate the hats of their coachmen with cockades are probably ignorant of the fact that from a European standpoint the cockade is only used to show that the wearer is a servant of royalty.

Across the water the cockade can be legally worn only by servants of royalty, including naval and military officers, diplomatists, lieutenants, deputy lieutenants and high sheriffs of counties. As worn by these, the color is black. The black cockade was introduced in England by the house of Hanover, although previous thereto it had been worn in various colors.

A scarlet cockade was in vogue during the time of Charles I. His son adopted white, the badge of the Jacobites, while orange was the color of William of Orange. Orange remains the color in the Netherlands. Black and white is the color in Germany, black and yellow in Australia, tricolor in France, scarlet in Spain, blue and white in Portugal—that is before the revolution—and black, red and yellow in Belgium. The word "cockade" comes from the French "coquarde," originally applied to the feathers of the cock worn by Croatian soldiers serving in the French army.

Chinese Will Take Part.

Dresden is planning for an exposition devoted to the cause of hygiene, sports and their allied interests. According to advance information this exposition, which hitherto has not been very much talked about, is likely to surprise by its perfection of detail and architectural beauty—as might be expected of Dresden.

That the exposition will be worldwide in its scope is evinced by the fact that the executive committee has just received plans from the Chinese for the erection of an imposing Chinese section. It is proposed to erect a large hall for this purpose, and an imposing pagoda will be erected as a demonstration of Chinese architectural development.

Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke urges patriotic Americans to name their children after the states and the nation.

He commends, in this respect, the South Americans, who use Columbia, America and many attractive Latin derivatives of famous names connected with the history of the western world. The president of Ecuador has three daughters, and they are called America, Quita, the feminine of the capital city of Ecuador, and Castilla, after the ancient race from which the Latins are proud to derive their origin. Years ago Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Indiana and other euphonious names were popular for girls. Now such a name seldom is heard. A decline of patriotism and state pride, thinks Doctor van Dyke.

SNEEZER IS BARRED OUT

No Place for Him in Good Orchestra, No Matter How Good Performer He Is.

Even high-class musicians are not above indulgence in practical jokes, according to a story told in Live Topics About Town of the New York Sun. But played too oft they may become a matter of serious import to the player, using the term in its broadest meaning.

"Nobody can dispute the sincerity of the players in a big orchestra like the Philharmonic or the New York Symphony. Most of the time they take their work seriously, but sometimes the men break loose and play tricks on one another, as though they were youngsters in school. Of course, the audience knows nothing of these things; they're usually perpetrated in rehearsals. The red-pepper trick is the commonest. The joker scatters it where the bassoon and trombone-players are likely to suck it up. The result is chokes and sneezes. Sometimes the epidemic reaches even into the strings, but of course the players on the wind instruments get it worst. As a matter of fact, the jokers are playing with fire. A confirmed sneezer can't get a job in a good orchestra, no matter how good a performer he may be," said a consistent concert-goer. "Think of the effect of a sneeze on a pianist! Why, it would spoil a whole concert, one sneeze would. A conductor has to guard against a sneeze as he does against inebriety."

MAKE FAST TIME ON SKATES

French Engineer's Invention Permits of Speed of Over Thirty Miles an Hour.

A new form of roller skate, the invention of M. Louis Marchand, a young French engineer, will shortly be seen on this side, a large quantity of them having been imported for the present season.

These skates, which resemble nothing more than miniature bicycles, weigh 25 pounds each, and work automatically. They have thick pneumatic tires and the wheels, of which there are two on each skate, are 12 inches in diameter.

Thirty miles an hour can easily be made by an unexperienced skater with these skates. The skate is clamped to the shoe, and when the foot is raised a spring is automatically wound up around a specially constructed gear attached to the rear wheel. When the foot is put to the ground the pressure releases the spring, unwinds the gear, and revolves the rear wheel at a great rate. Nearly 900 revolutions a minute are thus produced.

What He Had to Say.

Every once in a while a new campaign story yet bobs up in Washington. This one is on Ralph Cole, Ohio member of congress, who did his best to make his district go Republican, but who cannot point to any particular howling success in that regard. At one town in his district he was to divide his time with a local spellbinder. The local man spoke first, and was to have kept going for half an hour, but he made it an hour and a half. When he got through he made an apology for encroaching on Cole's time.

"It reminds me," Cole said, as he faced his audience, "of what I once heard in a courtroom. The defendant had been found guilty of a criminal charge. The judge sentenced him to 15 years. 'Have you anything to say?' demanded the court of the prisoner. 'Nothing but this,' was the reply. 'I think you're mighty damned liberal with another man's time.'"

Then Cole turned loose and coaxed back the departing audience by the flow of his wonderful oratory.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Snapping" the Caribou.

In this country when you see a tree, you know perfectly well it isn't a tree; it's the horns of a caribou lying down. An unusually large affair of branches appeared on an island in the channel to Aymer. I landed, camera in hand; there was a tuft of herbage 30 yards from him; another 20 yards. I crawled to the first and made a snapshot; then, flat as a rug, sneaked my way to the one I estimated at 20 yards. The click of the camera alarmed the buck; he rose, tried the wind, then lay down again, giving me another glance. Having used all the films, I now stood up. The caribou dashed away, and by a slight limp showed that he was in sanctuary. The 50-yard estimate proved too long; it was only 16 yards, which put my picture a little out of focus.—Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.

New Style in Names.

Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke urges patriotic Americans to name their children after the states and the nation. He commends, in this respect, the South Americans, who use Columbia, America and many attractive Latin derivatives of famous names connected with the history of the western world. The president of Ecuador has three daughters, and they are called America, Quita, the feminine of the capital city of Ecuador, and Castilla, after the ancient race from which the Latins are proud to derive their origin. Years ago Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, Indiana and other euphonious names were popular for girls. Now such a name seldom is heard. A decline of patriotism and state pride, thinks Doctor van Dyke.

RISE OF MORGAN DYNASTY

Foundation of Fortune Laid by Ancestor Who Fought in Washington's Army.

Most of our wealthy men started in small ways. Carnegie was a messenger boy. Rockefeller tramped the streets to get a petty clerical job. H. H. Rogers and Russell Sage were grocer's clerks. Harriman was a broker's office boy. James J. Hill was a section hand, or something like that. But four generations of the Morgans have been born in the purple, so to speak. The Morgan dynasty runs back to the days of the American revolution. Joseph Morgan, after fighting in Washington's army, proceeded to lay the fortune of the house. It did not take him long to rise to the control of the chief transportation lines in Connecticut. They were nothing but stage lines, but they were worth controlling just the same. Later on he figured as one of the capitalists of the Aetna Fire Insurance company of Hartford. His grandson is J. Pierpont Morgan, Sr., and young J. P. is of course, his great-grandson.

Of all the multimillionaires of our day, Morgan the elder remains the most inscrutable. All the others, Rockefeller, Harriman, Rogers and the rest have at one time or another thawed out in the presence of the newspaper and magazine men. Morgan has never thawed out. His personality is as far removed from public scrutiny now as it was when he was the center of the whirlwind contest with Jay Gould forty years ago.—Current Literature.

HE BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT

Cruel Misunderstanding Disrupts Matrimonial Plans of Count and Chicago Girl.

The sudden death in New York of Sir Clifton Robinson, "the traction king," was being discussed in a New York club.

"Sir Clifton Robinson," said a New York man, "built miles and miles of street railways in this country. He liked this country. He especially liked our young men."

"I once heard him say that our young men were not necessary—that it was practically unknown for an American young man to marry for money. But a young foreigner, he declared, would marry his grandmother if there was a hundred a year in it."

"A Chicago woman on a liner, he said, once remarked: 'Yes, Mabel was engaged to be married to a handsome young count she met in Budapest last summer; but there was a cruel misunderstanding.'"

"Indeed, how was that?" asked another woman.

"The count," was the reply, "understood her father was a multimillionaire."

Two Kinds of Riches.

Dollar chasing by day; bridge whist by night; home a place for sleeping only, is not success. Live today. Make it successful. Make it a day of progress, kindness and work. A lot of such today in your old age will be pleasant to look back upon.

If your today is dollar chasing and character killing, looking backward in the old age days will be a cheerless picture. "Yes," says Bill Success, "you can be rich—there are two kinds of riches, dollars and happiness."

There are two doors, Dollars at the left and Happiness at the right, and the ticket taker is at the entrance and his name is "Compensation." Go in either door, but there are no rain checks given or money back. You must choose which door you will take.

There's an inner door to the Dollar entrance marked Failure. There's an inner door to the Happiness entrance marked Success. You may go in either entrance, but you must pay the price.

Diplomatic Rebuke.

A little known story of the Jewish race in Portugal is told of King Joseph I. of that country. On one occasion the king ordered that all Portuguese who were in any way allied to or descended from the Hebrew race should wear yellow hats. The old Marquis de Pombal, then minister in chief, shortly afterward appeared at court with three yellow hats under his arm. The king smiling, asked him: "What are you doing with these?"

The marquis replied: "I have them in obedience to your majesty's command, for I really do not know a single Portuguese of note who has not Jewish blood in his veins."

"But," insisted the king, "why three hats?"

"One is for myself," answered the marquis, "one for the inquisitor general by your side, and one is, in case your majesty should desire to be covered."

Smuggled Bracelet in Photograph.

Of smuggling tricks there is no end. The Bangor (Me.) customs officials had a new dodge sprung on them one day recently in an attempt to get a gold bracelet through without the payment of duty.

Some one took a number of cabinet photographs, but before trying them together to make them appear as a bundle of photos he carefully hollowed out a hole in the center and deposited the bracelet therein. A superficial examination of the package would have caused one to think that it was simply a bundle of photographs and allowed it to proceed without question.

HUNT BUFFALO IN AUTOS

Enraged Bison Escaping From James J. Hill's Farm Is Run Down.

The screams of school children barricaded in a district school seven miles from Anoka prevented a charge through a window of the building by the enraged buffalo that escaped from James J. Hill's farm 20 miles away, and gave the clue to the whereabouts of the beast that led to its death, says a Minneapolis dispatch to the New York World.

Reporters ascertained in their chase of the animal that it really was a full-grown American bison. In an automobile the reporters began the hunt for an animal now almost extinct.

Even the skeptical people of the country, who scoffed the first reports of farmers, who were terrorized by sight of the beast, are convinced that it really was a buffalo.

Early the countryside was roused and the chase renewed. After an exciting hunt the animal was located in the heavy timber a quarter of a mile from Barney Monlon's place, on the State road. County Attorney H. Pratt and Lee Giddings left the automobile, in which they had been pursuing the beast, and hastily entered the timber tract. On the other side of the woodland Pratt made out the creature dashing through a field of stubble. Though it was a long shot, Pratt fired. This was followed by a volley from Giddings, and together the men hastened in the direction of the clearing. A trail of blood was found, and another glimpse through the farther thickets showed that the animal was hampered in his rapid flight by a slight limp. Later in the day the buffalo was shot and killed by a posse.

DRAMA, DUKES AND DUCATS

Some American Actresses Who Have Made Brilliant Matrimonial Alliances.

In a list of American actresses and chorus girls who have married men of wealth or members of the aristocracy the New Idea Woman's Magazine puts Edith Kingston, now Mrs. George Gould, first.

Then comes the marriage of Oscar Lewisohn by Edna May, and of his younger brother, Jesse, to Edna McCauley. August Belmont and Eleanor Robson are now a happy married couple, and Ethel Barrymore, "the most engaged on the stage," became the bride of Russel Griswold Colt.

Two more actresses who married rich men are Millicent Willson, the wife of William Randolph Hearst, and Minnie Ashley, who married William Astor Chanler. Amy Busby married Eugene Lewis, a New York lawyer and Gladys Willis married Samuel Inall, who is at the head of Edison's electrical enterprises in the west, and is a very rich man.

In the matter of titles, the American actress has proved equally irresistible. Camille Clifford is now the Hon. Mrs. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce and some day she will be Lady Aberdare. Connie Ghechrist, Sylvia Storey and Rosie Hoote are now addressed as the Countess Poulette, the Countess of Orkney and the Marchioness of Hendford. Anna Robinson became the Countess of Rosslyn a few years ago and Eva Carrington wedded Lord de Clifford. Frances Belmont, one of the famous "Floradora Sextettes," is now Lady Ashburton.

Six Quills to a Novel.

The use of quill pens is by no means confined to government offices and the gentlemen who point with them at unhappy witnesses. A habitual writer, for instance, confesses that he never willingly used a steel pen since he was out of the control of schoolmasters. He always used quills until the triumphant fountain pen provided him with a reasonable substitute, and that more because of its convenience than its efficiency. Several well-known novelists still stick to the quill; it is, indeed, the only writing implement with any personality—if it is refractory you can coax it. The mending of a quill does not require much practice, and you can buy for a small sum, a little machine that does it for you beautifully. You may easily write 15,000 words with one quill, mending it four times, which gives six quills to the novel. So the cost of novel writing is small—stated in terms of quills.

A Half-Cent Coin.

The lack of the half cent, in our money undoubtedly costs the consumers of the United States millions of dollars every year. Competition has become so keen in business that producers and middlemen figure their prices down to the finest point. The difference of a half or even a quarter of a cent in the cost of such things as flour, sugar and soap means in the aggregate thousands of dollars to them. And that fraction of a cent is as valuable to the buyers as to the sellers. Yet when a certain cloth is advertised for sale at 37 1/2 cents a yard and a woman buys three yards of it, she pays \$1.13, because she cannot hand over \$1.12 1/2. With eggs at 45 cents a dozen, she pays 23 cents for half a dozen. The odd half cent goes to the seller. Never does the purchaser get the benefit of it.

Willing to Please.

"These stocks of yours are worthless."

"I don't care," said the woman. "The broker is very accommodating. He has exchanged them four times."

HIS READY WIT WON PLACE

Under Prefecture in French Government Goes to Young Man With Smart Tongue.

There is now in the French Chamber as attache of one of the Ministerial departments a young man who owes his position to his native smartness. He went up to Paris with a letter of introduction to a minister and was received in the stereotyped fashion. He turned up at the department daily. At length the minister noted his pertinacity and by way of saying something asked the young man if he would like to have his photograph. The present was accepted and the minister overwhelmed with thanks.

After receiving the photograph the young man absented himself altogether from the bureau. Two months elapsed and then there was a chance meeting in the street. The minister smiling, asked the sutor the cause of his prolonged absence.

"Mon Dieu, monsieur le Ministre," was the reply, "I had your photograph and spoke to it, and that was enough for me." "And what did my photograph do for you? What favor?" inquired the minister. "Oh, nothing, absolutely nothing," was the quick reply, "exactly as the original, so I knew the resemblance was perfect."

The next day this youth of enterprise received his appointment, and he is said to be named for an under-prefecture.

OCULIST'S NEW DISCOVERY

Theory of Process of Vision is Changed as Result of Series of Experiments.

A new discovery with regard to the phenomena of the sense of sight has been announced by Dr. F. W. Euringer-Green, an eminent English authority in visual research. He has found by an interesting series of experiments and tests that the process of vision is not the simple transmission by the optic nerve to the brain of objects photographed upon the retina.

The new discovery in non-technical language amounts to this: In front of the retina there is a small chamber or sac of clear liquid which is in constant motion of currents or eddies. Dr. Green finds that this liquid itself contains distinct perceptive nerve power which plays an important part in conveying impressions to the brain.

In other words, this wonderful fluid contains liquid nerves, so to speak, which transmit to the understanding a considerable part of the impression it receives of color, form, etc.

Take Kaiser to Task.

Emperor William of Germany is in receipt of a singular petition forwarded to Berlin by the Passaic (N. J.) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It calls attention to the fact that "in the fine equestrian statue of your majesty erected at the entrance to the new railway bridge at Cologne the tail of the horse is docked." The petition sets forth that "your majesty is no doubt aware that the docking of the horse's tail constitutes one of the worst cruelties practiced on a dumb beast." It adds: "In our humble opinion it would be a mistake to leave the statue in its present form. A beautiful long tail might be put in the place of the stump. Such an alteration would not only add much to the beauty of the statue, but would also stop adverse feelings toward a humane cause." The emperor has not yet replied to the petition.

Old Timber Stronger Than New

Which is the stronger, a piece of sound old timber or a piece of new? We think it probable that the majority of engineers would say that the new timber was the stronger. In either case, however, the opinions would be mere guesses, for there has been hitherto, so far as we recall, no authentic information on this point. This lack is now supplied in a paper by Mr. C. P. Buchanan, in which he shows as a result of careful tests, that sound timber a quarter of a century old is materially stronger than new stock.

Mr. Buchanan's tests were made on white pine, but there is no reason to suppose that oak, hard pine or any other wood commonly used in building would behave differently. It is fair to conclude that all wood maintains its strength, except as decay weakens it or fire and mechanical abrasion destroy it.—Engineering News.

Lobsters Washed Ashore in Storm.

During the recent storm, which was the worst that has swept the New Brunswick coast in a number of years, thousands of lobsters of all sizes have been washed ashore on the North Beach at Rexton. For a distance of several hundred yards a reef was formed on the shore of all sorts of fish, including an immense quantity of rock oysters as well as lobsters, which fishermen say are more than all the traps would secure in a season.

Thousands of birds of the sea were on the beach eating the soft part of the lobsters and leaving only the claws, which were strewn about in all directions. Although there have been many severe storms here in the past, no one recalls an event of this kind. A great many have visited the beach to watch the gulls and other birds ravenously enjoying the feast for them.—Lewiston Journal.