PALACE STILL STANDS EMPTY

Erected in 1902 for French Audit Department, Red Tape Has Kept It Unoccupied.

The Paris Matin tells a curious story of French government red tape. It says that in 1902 the government decided to create a special audit department, and a list of nominations to the various posts was drawn up An aged reservist was appointed conclerge of a new building erected for the department in the Rue Cambon. He was teld to take charge at once. The building was not quite finished, but within a month or two everything would be in order. Proudly the reservist took up his quarters in the vast unfinished palace. For days he waiked through the immense building without seeing another human being. Fortunately he had taken the precaution to bring with him a kitten and a canary. For two years he saw no one and heard nothing, although he received his monthly salary with military punctuality. In 1905 the architect rushed in and breathlessly remarked that a little furniture would be brought into the building and it would then immediately become a busy hive. The kitten had become a gray-haired and tired-looking cat when, in 1908 the concierge, wearled by the strain of waiting, complained to the department heads. He was soothed by a promise that everything would soon be right. Finally his patience came to an end, and he resigned his position. The empty palace, which was erected at a cost of \$1,200,000, is still awaiting one or two slight alterations.

DRAWING THE SOCIAL LINE

William Dean Howells' Snob Story From Wales About the Retired London Tailor.

"I lunched with William Dean Howjells in his apartment in Half Moon street while I was in London last month," said a Chicago essayist. Mr. Howells was as bovish and gay as lever. He was as hard as ever on

the snob. "He told me a snob story he had heard in Wales. He said that a London tailor made his pile and retired to a Welsh castle, where he set up as a squire.

"But the tailor had hardly got established as a squire when a London hatter retired and set up in a neighboring castle as a squire also. It was disgusting.

"A friend, apropos of the ex-batter's coming, said to the ex-tailor:

"Will you call on him?" "'Not I,' was the reply. 'One must draw the line somewhere.'

"'And so,' said the friend, 'you draw it round the neck, eh?

King's "Fake" Gold Plate. The first point of interest is suggested by the title of the volume. "The Gold and Silver of Windsor "Castle." Whenever a royal banquet at Windsor or Buckingham palace is described in the newspapers the writer save that "the sideboards were adorned with the famous gold plate." In point of fact, there are only three pieces of gold plate in the Windsor collection, two of them a small salver ten and one-half inches in diameter and a cup and cover nine and onehalf inches high, both dating from the filtret year of George IV, and it is a melancholy fact that the former was enade from a number of gold snuff poxes presented to the Duke of York by various cities and by the Univeralty of Oxford. All the rest of the "gold" plate is really silver gilt, and Mr. Jones' book brings out the curious fact that most of the gilding, even of the silver pieces that had been made a century or two earlier, was done by George IV's goldsmiths, Rundell and Bridge.—London Times.

The Range of Vision. Data have been gathered in Germany with reference to the distance at which persons may be recognized. by their faces and figures, says the Scientific American. If one has good eyes, the Germans claim, one cannot recognise a person whom he has seen, but once before at a greater distance than 35 meters (83 feet). If the person is well known to one, one may recognize him at from 50 to 100 meners, and if it is a member of one's Eamily, even at 150 meters. The whitee of the eyes may be seen at from 27 to 28 meters, and the eyes themselves at 72 to 73 meters. The different parts of the body and the alightest movements are distinguishable at 91 meters. The limbs show at 182 meters. At 540 meters a moving man appears only as an indistinct form, and at 720 meters, 2,361.6 feet. the movements of the body are no longer visible.

Deduction. "What are you grouchy about?" asked the young man who wears his hat over one eye. "Your manners-" suggested Mr.

Mildboy. "But you told me to make myself

at home in your office." "True. And I was merely sympathizing with you. I am sure that with your aggressive style of speech and your general lack of repose your home life cannot be happy."

Art and Science. "What a beautiful picture of an angel!" said the lady who was visiting the art gallery

"Yes," replied the aviation en-Manufast; "but between you and me those wings aren't practical."

GEMS OF HER COLLECTION 1

French Woman Especially Treasured Four Post Cards That Showed Scenes in America.

"Wait just a moment." The girl in lavender linen stopped her friend before the post card stand on the curbstone, near Forty-second street and Broadway, and began a rapid search through highly colored "souvenirs of New York." She had lived in New York all her life and most of her acquaintances lived here, too, and her

companion marveled. "I want a really good one," she was saying to the post card vendor, "one that is rather magnificent and yet the way things really look. Something along Broadway, or you might try the Metropolitan tower."

She turned to her friend with an explanation. "They are for a woman I met in Paris this summer," she said; "She was charming, and we talked about Paris.

"But one day she told me she was going to show me some of her treasures. And what do you think they

"Four postal cards, of America! And she gloated over them. There was one of Boston Common, with the corner of Boylston and Tremont streets sticking up in the back. And there was one of Broad and Chestnut streets in Philadelphia, and one of Michigan drive in Chicago. But the one she treasured most was the New York skyline.

'Some day,' she said, 'I shall see that. That is the magnificence of life!" "And so," finished the girl in lavender linen, "I'm going to send her some more. Personally, I prefer the Place de la Concorde, or the view of the He de la Cite from the Pont des Arts. But if a Frenchwoman is really crazy about New York!"

CUPID'S DOMAIN IN BERLIN

Marriage Registry Office in That City is Decorated With Symbols of Wedlock.

The marriage registry office is in all countries usually a bare and unsentimental scene, with its undecorated walls, superannuated green baize covered table and general air of stuffmess and parchment. Modern Berlin has introduced a new fashion by setting the stage, so to speak, in harmony with the performance-or is it drama!-to be enacted thereon.

At the very door the bridegroom's hand grasps a dove-shaped handle to procure him and his blushing companion admittance and in the dove's bill bang two intertwining rings. The small passage leading to the office contains a smiling statue of Amor with his how and arrows, while on all side both in the passage and the office, is the eye met by the symbols of wedlock: rings, roses, hearts, locked

hands and children's heads. Even the ornaments of the lamps and stove are designed in the same spirit, while on one of the office walls is a large bronze tablet with verses appropriate to the occasion. In such surroundings, remarks a writer in one of the papers, it must be almost a pleasure to get married.—European Letter to the New York Sun.

Mere Man on Woman.

Sometimes it is funny to observe a woman who steps into a business office where she has never been before. She comes in hesitatingly, looks all around, notes the calendars on the wall, bites her lip, and then wants to know where she is. But, unlike on a trolley car, she can't step off back-A woman who is traveling likes to

carry a suitcase, a steamer trunk and a handbag. When she gets at the end of the journey she doesn't know what to do with the steamer trunk, and almost always nearly loses her hand-

Whenever you see a woman who has the prettiest ankles in the world. she wonders, generally, why she isn't pretty everywhere else. She probably is, but everybody doesn't know it.

No woman feels at her level best until she gets her collar off and her sleeves rolled up, but she wouldn't have the next door neighbor know it on her life. Also, she likes the old kimono, and the older it is the better. -Boston Herald.

Many-Sided Scientist.

Dr. Leland O. Howard, who coined the term, "typhoid fly," and aroused universal interest in the crusade against these dangerous pests, holds the distinction of being the only American on the international agricultural committee. He is an expert on insects in the department of agriculture, and it is largely due to his scientific investigations that the world became acquainted with the devastating boil weevil and the gipsy moth. In leading scientific societies of the world he is an honored member, but he can do other things bewides investigate bugs. He likes golf, plays a rattling game of billiards, is learned in music, and fairy devours books. In politics he would be termed a "good mixer," having the rare ability to fraternise with all-

Natural History.

"Why sir," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "doyou call me an amphibian?" "I refer to your method of capitall-

zation."

"But I have developed the resources of the land." "Yes. But when you get tired of the land you take to water.

ANCIENT CELLS ARE FOUND

Abode of Prisoners in the Time of . Charles II. Are Unearthed in London.

A fitting abode for criminal relics to be exhibited at the new London museum at Kensington palace has been found in 'wo prison cells, which were discovered by a gentleman connected with the Lendon county council in an old house in Wellclose square. St. Georges-in the-East. The cells, which are believed to date back to the time of Charles II, and to have been subsequently used in connection with the Whitechapel police court, were occupied in a common lodging house when discovered in the walls. which are built of oak, thickly studded with strong fron bolts, were the original fetters used for the condemned prisoners, together with a plank bed upon which no doubt many a criminal spent his last night upon earth.

The complete cells have been dismantled by experts acting under instructions from Guy Laking, custodian of the new museum, and they will be re-erected in their entirety in the annex at the museum at Kensington, where visitors will be able, not only to pass in and out of them and inspect the many quaint inscriptions on the walls, but examine the massive iron bolts on the exterior, which defied the efforts of the most wily prisoners to force an exit. An old oak staircase still stands in the house in Wellclose square, but this will not be removed.

WONDERFUL RESCUE AT "GIB"

Veraclous Soldier's Story of How Ha Baved His Chum With a Horseshoe Magnet.

"It was a terrible moment," said the old soldier, with a shudder. "Tell us all about it!" cried the squad of recruits, eagerly.

"It happened at Gib. I was walking along the top of a cliff with a chum, when he was suddenly seized with vertigo. There was a sheer drop of at least 4,000 feet, and when I saw him reel and slip over the precipice I gave him up for lost. Quick as lightning, I pulled a large horseshoe magnet out of my pocket, and, laying flat upon my chest, extended over the chasm. I could see my friend far below, falling rapidly, and turning over and over. He looked no larger than a doll; but gradually as the magnet exerted its influence, his figure became more distinct, and he rose with a terrific bump. The magnet had attracted his large steel spurs and, exerting all my strength, I held him there for two hours, till help came."-Tit-Bits.

Exercise.

Exercise in its general significance is a glorious thing. It is not, however, anything much in its purely physical sense. Thus, a person with large muscles and not very big wits is of almost no value to society, whereas a person who has exercised both is often indispensable. Exercises for the wits are very difficult. There is nothing to do 100 times, or 50 times. It is not something to which one can give 20 minutes the first thing in the morning and then go the rest of the day. Socrates, who was the Sandow of mental exercise, kept his pupils at it pretty much of the time. There is one phase of it which is especially hard. This is the exercise of one's rights. Unexercised rights are much worse than unexercised muscles. Thus, after voting, we are ordinarily mentally stiff and sore for several days. This is because, unaccustomed

to exercising our rights, we strain The secret of it all is to exercise your muscles a little, your wits a litthe and your rights a little. As the Greeks said, "Nothing too much."

What Simplicity Portends.

This is a period of studied simplicity in dress which does not imply that dress is any the less costly mereby that we see no beauty in elaboration or superfluity, and display a pretity tendency to wear wreaths of wild flowers on our hats instead of plumes

Incidentally, no more striking proof can be furnished of an artificial age than a love of simplicity. In Charles II's day, the fair ladies posed as shepherdenses, and tried to be the heroines of pastorals, though never taken as a whole, was society less near to nature. The Roman nobility believed in a return to the primitive life, while indulging in the greatest luxury. The people who are really poor cherish no happy illusions about plain attire and plainer fare. To them they are merely accompaniments of a poverty of which they are ashamed since they cannot help.

He Hated That Kind. P. F. Jerome, the secretary of the United States Hay Fever association, haid at the recent convention at Bethsehem, apropos of certain unpleasant hay fever symptoms: "These symptoms are often made light of, but for my part I feel toward them as the

poor man feit in the dentist's obair. "This man had a bad tooth pulled out, and as soon as the paroxysm was over he placed his foredinger on another tooth and said bravely: Tank this fellow, too, doctor.'

"'But that's a good tooth!' resionstrated the dentist.

"It aches,' said the man. "But,' said the dentist, 'the pain is only sympathetic.' " 'Yank it, anyhow,' was the answer. "Darn such sympathy!"

FAMILY'S WELLSPRING OF JOY

Hope of the Household Has Some Fun With His Anxious Relatives and a Safety Pin.

Uncle John flew down the back stairs! So great was his momentum that before he could stop himself he had gone half-way across the kitchen, and banged into the kitchen table. Turning, he rushed out of the kitchen. through the back hall, and out at the door, which he slainmed behind him. Meanwhile Ellen, the nursemaid, stood before the telephone, and wildly flopped her hands-except when at regular intervals she needed them to take down the receiver in order to see if the line was still busy.

Upstairs a red-faced, squalling baby kicked and squirmed in the arms of its distracted mother. This strangling infant was the unhappy cause of all the excitement, for, so Ellen affirmed with tears in her eyes, it had swallowed a safety-pin. Although, to the mother, it seemed hours, it was in reality but a short time before Uncle John, puffing like a steam engine, returned. Behind him came the baby's father, wild-eyed and pale. At the same instant the doorbell frantically announced the doctor.

All three men tore up stairs into the nursery, where they formed a semicircle round the human storm-center. Suddenly the baby stopped screaming to gaze in wide-eved astonishment at the frantic men before him. Then he looked down at the floor, and murmured, "Pitty! pitty!" pointed to a large, bright safety-pin, which lay near at hand provokingly innocent, on the nursery rug.-Youth's Compan-

MANKIND IS STILL MEDIEVAL

Woman Lawyer Says the Attitude Toward Her Sex Is Unjust and Barbaric.

That legislation tending to make marriage more difficult and divorce easier would lessen some of the evils of the social system was the opinion put forward in a talk on "The Law and the Lady," by Miss Mary Wood, a lawyer, at the Woman's Forum.

Miss Wood began her paper with a history of the attitude of the English iawmakers toward woman, touching on various statutes that now seem eccantric, such as the provision of the middle ages, which limited the cost of the cloth in a woman's dress to tyelve pence a yard.

"And yet that was no more barbaric," said Miss Wood, "than the bill of the Massachusetts legislator, who would have put a ban on the skirts that were less than six inches below the knee, decollete gowns and fancy clocks on stockings. The bill was killed.—I don't know what hennened to the man who fathered it."-New York Evening Post.

Temper Talk. A girl does not look pretty when her face is convulsed with rage. Her lover will not forget how she looked.

Nor does a man look dignified, nor does he, as a rule, talk sense, when he is rowing with his sweetheart. Some day, after they are married, perhaps, she will remember what a vulgar fool he made of himself, once amon a time, and she will remind him of it. And then he will be very sick and sorry for himself

Bo don't get angry. It is never worth while.

And it isn't a bit clever, either. they monkey will chatter if it is tensed. Any cat will spit if its tail is trodden on.

Try to be more human than a monkey or a cat. Try to smile whenyou feel like scowling, for when you scowl or frown it leaves wrinkles which can never be removed by treatment of any kind, and it is not worthwhile to spoil the beauty of the face for a scowl.

Dangerous Animal. An Ohio man and his wife with a couple of friends went out for a runi in the country the other day in their motor car. The trip was guite a long one and they arranged to have luncheon out in the wods. As they neared their destination a stop was made and one of the party made his way into the bush on the side of a hill to get water. He was gone an unusually long time, and on his return explained his delay by saying: "There was only a tricking stream coming from the spring, so I had to wait. There was a ram down there in the bushes, and it seemed to be taking

up all the water." "A what?" inquired the bostess. "A ram-hydraulic ram." "My!" she said with some surprise. "Weren't you afraid of the little

Little Fathers.

beast?"

Mr. S. Joseph Baker of the department of health in New York has had picture films made showing how the "little mothers" learn their lessons. Recently "little fathers" took their turn and all the small boys in the neighborhood of one of the schools were busy borrowing babies, and they showed themselves very apt at learning how to take care of them. These children have to care for the babies while their mothers are at work and are taught to do it scientifically.

Housewarming. "Moved into your cosy flat, sh?"

"Yes. "Going to have a housewarming?" "That's what I'm just going to sak the landled to speak to the janitor

AGE IN COTTON FACTORIES

Death of Oldest Weaver in Lowell Royeals Bright Side of Operatives' Lives.

A news dispatch tells of the death in Lowell of the oldest weaver in that city, a woman who was seventy one years of age and was in comfortable circumstances, but who still preferred to work, in spite of her age. We call this to the attention of the friends of the "poor mill girl". In spite of what they tell about employment in a cotton factory, it seems that it is quite possible for a woman to follow the trade of a weaver until she has passed three score years and ten; it is possible for her to lay by money enough to place her in comfortable circumstances, and it is possible that the associations in busy, bustling weave shops, with their noise and lint and all the other unpleasant features, may be more endurable to a weman who has cultivated the habit of industry over a long period of years than the loneliness she would feel in a comfortable home with only such tasks to take up her time and her attention as those necessary to light housekeeping. The picture of industry, thrift and undoubted faithfulness that is shown in this brief news item from Lewell can be duplicated in nearly every one of the textile centers of New England. but it's the picture that is not so frequently held up to the view of the interested as the reverse of it. Nobody who has the welfare of the operatives -and that means of the industry itself -at heart would desire that the disagreeable features be covered so that the world would think there was nothing in them that should be improved. but it is gratifying and in the interest of truth besides to let a modicum of brightness reflect upon the canvas on occasions.-Fall River Herald.

BIRTH REGISTER IN SALT

Novel "Certificate" in a Bottle Shown to Old-Age Pension Officer in England.

Since the old-age pensions act has been in operation in England, says & writer in the Strand Magazine, there has been a great search for birth certificates, in order to enable those entitled to its benefits to claim their pensions. As the registration of births, more than seventy years ago, was not carried out as now, there has been a difficulty in many cases in proving the age of the applicants, and in one instance at least a certificate of an excoodingly novel character was presented. At any rate, the local pension officer said he had never come across one like it, and he was quite prepared to take it as a proof of the age of the applicant. When a child was born in bottle was procured and partly filled with salt; then the letters and figures forming the names of the child and date of birth were cut out of a newspaper and placed inside the bottle, being put in their correct position with a piece of wire, and then more salt was carefully added to keep them in place. Sprays of flowers and other ornamental designs, cut from cretonne, were also tastefully arranged around the inside of the bottle, and then the whole was tightly packed with salt, and corked and sealed. It was then placed in a prominent position on the dresser or in a corner cupboard, where it has been for more than seventy years. The white sait shows up the letters and ornaments in relief, and the whole effect is novel and pleasing.

Elephant's Wisdom. In response to an inquiry as to what was the cleverest act be ever knew an elephant to perform, a British road officer told how once, when unloading some steel tubing from a ship, it was the elephant's task to carry the pipes by means of his trunk from one part of the wharf to another.

The pipes had been ofled to prevent them from rusting, and when the elephant took one up it slipped from his grasp. He tried it again with the same result, and at last seemed to comprehend what was the reason for his failure, for he soon afterward pushed the pipe with his foot to a spot where there was a pile of sand and then rolled the pipe backward and forward, The sand, owing to the oil, adhered to the tube, and the elephant then put his trunk around it and carried it with case. He applied the same means to the other tubes without aid or suggestion from his mahout.

Good and Bad Composition.

A writer in the London Daily Chronicle has revived the old dispute as to the finest line in English poetry. He quotes Prof. Churton Collins as giving the paim to a line in Swinburne's "Tristan and Iscult," the line that says: "And all their past came walling in the wind." Certainly that is a great line, but the real difficulty, says the Chronicle scribe, is to find the worst line rather than the best. And then he tells us of a contest between Tennyson and PituGerald as to who could write the weakest imaginable Wordsworthlan line. They succeeded in producing: "A Mr. Wilkinson, clergyman." FitsGerald and Tennyson each claimed this fine effort and the point to still undecided. Can any one blee do better than this?

- American Artist Honored. Edward Steichen, the New York artist, has just won signal distinctions For himself and this country by his se-Section to execute a large part of the mural decorations of the new Luxeus bourg museum, Paris. He first bed came known for his photographs.

CUT RATE POR AN AMERICAN

Judge Donnelly's Amusing Experience With the Sharp Irish Cab Driver in Dublin.

Chief Justice Joseph G. Donnelly of the civil court, in illustrating an Irishman's idea of wit, told a story of an adventure with an Irish back driver in

Dublin, relates the Milwaukee Wiscon-"I asked him how much he would said. "The driver looked at me and said: 'You are from the states, aren't

you?" I answered yes. "'Well," he said, 'sinde you are from the states, and I've driven nothing but Englishmen all day, I'll drive you to the hotel for three shillings."

"As I thought that was reasonable, I got into the back. We drove on and on for hours, over hills and across streams, until we finally got to the hotel. While driving, I wondered at the difference between this back driver and those in America, and wondered what an American hack driver would say if I were to hand him three

shillings for such a long ride. "I went to bed and slept sound that night. When I woke up early in the morning. I went down and out on the front steps. I almost fainted, for directly in front of the hotel was the self-same depot that I arrived at on the train. I suppose the hack driver thought he was having a pile of fun while driving me around the city and country."

WAS SOME GRABBER HIMSELF

Old Hebrew Had to Contend With Greedy "Irishers" but He Got the Turkey.

"When it comes to grabbing for things, he is there with both hands," remarked Alderman William O'Malley, speaking of a certain shrewd mer-

chant. "It reminds me of a story. "One of these good, old fashioned Hebrews had occasion to attend a party, and, naturally his folks were curious to find out how he fared.

"'There was a pile of Irishers there," he said. 'There was the O'Malleys, the McCarthys, the McGinnisses. You. never in all your life saw so many Irishers together at one time except,

of course, on a police force. "'And then when they brought in the dinner, those limbers showed that. they were the biggest hogs ever. There was some fine turkey, and the way they went for that turkey was scandalous. They stabbed here and they stabbed there with their knives and forks, until you couldn't see a thing of the turkey except the knives and forks stabbing at them."

"'You poor uncle,' said his little niece, sympathetically, 'They must been awful bogs. Didn't you ket anything to eat?"

" "Sure I did, but my hands were all cut up."-Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Liberal in Expenditure for Fad. Emilie Grigsby, whose arrival in this country with jewelry amounting to \$800,000 again put her in the public eye, is an ardent collector of prayer books and religious rituals. Her intense interest in religious philosophy. on which she has written a great deal in letters, is so great that she has a library devoted entirely to books on the subject. In her travels in Engiand and in Europe she has visited old book shops and has collected old Bibles, translations of the histories written about the early Christians, works in pen by the old monks. She usually has had with her a connoisseur on such books and also has employed scholars to translate the books. to her and to discuss with her the meanings of the different writers. For all those things she has paid highly. and her lavish spending of money certainly startled the scholars who al-

Hearing of Ants. Naturalists generally appear to have

remuneration for their services.

ways have been content with small

accepted the opinion that ants are not, able to perceive any sounds that are audible to haman ears, but there are those who controvert this opinion. One investigator conducted careful experiments with four species of American ants, from which he deduced their conclusion that these species, at least, were able to perceive sounds, but. whether they did it by means of ord gans of hearing, or through the sense of touch being excited by atmospheric vibrations, he was unable to ascertain. This experimenter inclines to the opinfon that ants do really hear, as some individuals showed a perception of the direction of the sound, such as that of a shrill whistle, and others, which were not disturbed and violently shaken in their glass prisons seemed greatly to be perturbed by shrill pounds.-Harper's Weekly.

Why Mare is Uninhabited. As the Martinz year is composed of 136 days, each pole is exposed to the bun's radiations during a period of more than eleven months, so that the snow deposited during one winter in almost wholly melted before the foltowing winter, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. A pocket barometer in Mars would register a pressure of a little over ten centimeters. This asmospherio pressure is so slight that the human organism, habituated to the bottom of the aerial ocean, where it supports a total pressure of \$2,000 pounds, would be unable to survive. No human being could live; no mammal, no bird of the organic structures of the earthly animal, could resist such slight pressure. Water could not

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS