

GIVES WOMEN RUDE SHOCK.

Mrs. Ethel Morse Makes Vigorous Protest Against Formation of Mutual Admiration Societies.

Mrs. Ethel Morse astonished the Women's Press club, of New York, Saturday by a vigorous protest against the formation of mutual admiration societies, whither, she said, the woman's movement is drifting.

Her talk, which was called "a suggestion," was in part as follows: "Public addresses have recently been largely congratulatory of women's progress. Perhaps this is natural at the close of what has been called the woman's century, but the hymn of praises show no signs of abating."

"I want to warn you of a great danger. Woman has been gazing, Narcissus like, into the mirror of her own excellence, and has been captivated by the picture of her own greatness. She has gone on founding clubs, establishing model tenements, sketching working plans for raising model children, but fatal weakness, she has ceased to be astonished at herself."

"True, she really is remarkable, but she is in great danger from two faults—one her outspoken scorn of man, not so much because she believes it as because of her great desire to hold the position of a superior being. The other danger she has to fear is the normal commendation of the clubs and of the club members. This was never more clearly noticed than at our last installation of officers, when our fourth vice president responded to a eulogy with: 'Mrs. President, is my halo on straight?'"

A MARKET IN GERMANY.

Opening in That Country for American Household and Kitchen Furniture.

According to Consul Harris at Mannheim, Germany, that consular district offers a desirable market for American household and kitchen furniture, especially medium grade oak chairs, with and without rockers, tables and bookcases.

LOYAL TO HOME INDUSTRY.

Case of Russia Objects to Placing of Orders for Armor Plate with Foreign Concerns.

It is related that at the first audience the emperor granted the minister of the marine after he had recovered from his illness his majesty remarked that he observed a good many contracts for material for the navy were being given to foreign companies, while Russian works were idle.

LEAVES FUND FOR HOME.

Verdi, Italian Musician, Makes Provision for Maintenance of His Cherished Project.

It is understood that Verdi bequeathed a large sum of money to the Home for Aged and Indigent Musicians at Milan, which he founded, and in the chapel of which he was buried.

Cardinal Ferrari, archbishop of Milan, sent a canon to assure Verdi's relatives that if they asked for the apostolic benediction it would be accorded.

The chamber of deputies at Rome was crowded when the president, Sig. Villa; the minister of education, Sig. Gallo, and deputies of all parties eulogized the late Giuseppe Verdi.

Disappearance of English Fish. Hole for breakfast will soon be a tradition in England. A wall over the disappearance of fatfish proceeds from the London Mail. The price of sole and plaice has doubled in five years, and the outlook is that it will double again in another five. It is the steam trawlers and the destruction of young fish that are doing the mischief.

MERRITT ON HAZING.

The Major General Discusses the West Point Practices.

Is Opposed to the Long Standing Custom, But Says It Will Not Be Abolished Unless Drastic Measures Are Adopted.

Hazing at West Point is discussed by Maj. Gen. Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., in Leslie's Weekly. Gen. Merritt was formerly superintendent of the United States military academy. He says in part: "When I was a cadet at West Point, from 1855 to 1860, I was opposed to hazing, both as a 'plebe' and as an upper class man, though I had to endure a good deal of what is termed 'yanking.'"

"Fighting, in the sense of to-day, had not been instituted then. There was no 'scrapping committee,' and combats between representatives of classes were unheard of. During my whole time at West Point I had but one fight, and that was with a fellow-class man over a personal matter. The new kind of fighting is to be unsparringly condemned, as the man who has been at West Point a year, and has been training all that time, is sure to be better qualified for a personal encounter than a man of the same height and weight who is fresh from home."

"Will hazing ever be stopped at West Point? Not unless drastic measures are employed. The superintendent must be a man who is bitterly opposed to hazing, and I believe Col. Mills thoroughly meets the requirement. When he makes a recommendation to the war department to dismiss a cadet from the service that recommendation should be promptly and favorably acted upon."

"When a young man goes to West Point and develops what is termed 'freshness,' he is certain to be hazed. Distinctions in social standing are never made on account of family, position or wealth. I remember that the most popular man in my class of 45 years ago was one who, upon his arrival at West Point, reported his family as being in indigent circumstances. He was very kindly treated by all. George Vanderbilt, son of Commodore Vanderbilt, was put through the paces with great rigor."

OPEN CARS AID THIEVES.

Opinion of French Officials Differs from Opinion Prevalent in England.

It will astonish people to learn that the opinion of the railway authorities at Paris is that crimes such as the murder recently perpetrated in England are more possible in open cars than in separate compartment carriages. M. Bouverat, traffic manager of the Northern railway, has pointed out that theft was more possible in the new cars, and two or three robberies that have occurred on the line are used as an argument against the new system.

At Amiens three times in two months have robberies occurred in cars. The people crowd in, one behind the other, and intentional jostling is followed by pocket picking. Some large sums have been lost in this way. The chief du mouvement is also of the opinion that murders or wholesale robberies are made easier in corridors.

As to the public, there is a divergence of opinion. Some passengers interviewed expressed themselves in favor of the present system of compartments, though subordinate railway officials assert that if a plebiscite were taken 90 per cent. of the passengers would prefer the open cars.

VICTORIA'S WEDDING CAKE.

A Piece of It in the Possession of an American Lady—Preserved in a Silver Receptacle.

Mrs. S. M. Saunders, 338 South Fourth avenue, Mount Vernon, has an interesting relic of the reign of Queen Victoria. It is a piece of the queen's wedding cake, preserved carefully since the royal event. The gift descended to Mrs. Saunders from her mother, Mrs. Amelia Kohler, who died in July, 1897. Mrs. Kohler was the daughter of a Prussian officer who served on the staff of Gen. Blucher at the battle of Waterloo.

The cake was given to Mrs. Kohler by Lady Mulgrave, a maid of honor at the wedding. On the occasion of the queen's jubilee it was incased in a silver receptacle and sent to London, where it was shown to her majesty. Queen Victoria was greatly surprised to learn that there was a piece of the cake in existence in America, and she afterward wrote Mrs. Kohler an autograph letter saying: "Can this be the cake?" The letter was signed "Victoria R." Mrs. Saunders prizes the cake highly and she will not permit it to be taken from the silver receptacle for fear it will crumble away.

High Price No Guarantee. It costs more to govern New York city than the republic of Mexico, says the Chicago Record, and just think what a poor article of government the city gets at that!

German Toys in Britain. The annual sales of German toys in Great Britain amount to over \$10,000,000.

TIME-HONORED BUCKWHEAT.

Passing of the Favorite Cake by Reason of the Use of Adulterated Flour.

"The time-honored and historic buckwheat cake is not what it used to be, and each year the demand for the cake of our daddies is growing less," said the manager of one of Washington's busy lunch rooms to a Star reporter.

"Most of the orders we receive for cakes are for wheat cakes. Once upon a time it was the buckwheat cake that had the call ten to one. Now the expressive order of 'one up' means three circular layers of wheat batter on the griddle. If the batter is to come out of the buckwheat pitcher it's 'one buckwheat.'"

"And it's going out of family use, too, very extensively. Why? Because of the discovery by unscrupulous millers that bran and the byproducts of the mill, which are practically commercially worthless as compared with the genuine flour, make a good 'filler,' and are rapid money makers to the dealers who practice the deception."

"The result is that there is comparatively little genuine buckwheat flour sold; that is, absolutely pure, because it is so very easy to adulterate without detection," quotes the Washington Star. "The public, however, after years of submission, found that there was something wrong with its buckwheat cakes as to taste, and, once the discovery was made, the flour was gradually discarded as a product of regular use. The demand falling off, the farmer lessened his acreage, the miller increased his proportion of bran, and the man who used to eat ten buckwheat cakes every morning for breakfast spread his maple sirup upon the baked surface of some other kind of flour."

"My observations on the adulteration of buckwheat flour are called up by reason of the fight the Star has made in Washington for pure foods and breadstuffs. The public, in paying full price demanded by producers, is entitled to purchase precisely what it asks for. Of course, all dealers are not dishonest, but in the case in point if one miller in ten adulterates his flour all his patrons are the sufferers."

"It is but equitable that stringent laws be passed for the preservation of the purity of what we eat, and these acts should be strictly enforced, and the guilty made to make amends. There was a time when nearly every farmer had his patch of buckwheat, but one rarely sees now fields of the beautiful white blossoms which this wheat produces when in flower. Pure buckwheat flour made into cakes has a peculiar and attractive flavor, which is destroyed by the addition of cheap, non-nutritive, tasteless bran."

DECADENCE OF FALSE PRIDE.

It Is Now Considered Fashionable to Accept Poverty Frankly and Cheerfully.

Happily nowadays it is no longer the fashion to conceal poverty as if it were a crime. The general keeping up of appearances, which the impoverished aristocracy used to deem necessary to maintain their proper position in the world, is quite out of date in Vanity Fair, and society people, with the frankness that is one of their characteristics, make no attempt whatever to hide their misfortunes from their friends, nor do they deem it necessary to drop out of their world because they are impecunious. Neither does their world "drop" them, as so many people think the rich are apt to do. If there is any "dropping" it is on the side of those who have lost their money and become in consequence morbid and suspicious.

But what is expected of the poorer members of society is a good appearance and cheerful countenance. If they dress well and are happy they can drive in their friends' coaches, eat of their dinners and sail in their yachts as much as ever, but they must make up their minds to put hypersensitiveness aside, and to frankly favor the situation. It is not only in far better taste to make no false pretenses, but it is also better policy. The pride which pretends is not only vulgar, but often has hurtful consequences.

Not long ago the daughter of a man who had experienced considerable financial reverses went on a visit to some friends and with the silly boastfulness of youth talked largely of the horses and carriages at home which, as it happened, were only kept by her father for a sale which was scheduled for a few weeks' later. This, however, she did not mention and the father of her friend, who was a large creditor, naturally supposed that, in spite of the debt, Mr. A— was still living in the same expensive style as before, and in consequence refused his consent to an arrangement which would have helped the poor harassed man out of his difficulties. These things happen oftener than the members of extravagant families realize, and go to show how foolish it is to have any false pride about one's circumstances.

Marriage Broken in Italy.

Margate brokers are a regular institution in Italy. In Genoa there are regular marriage brokers, who have pocketbooks filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortune and other circumstances. These brokers go about endeavoring to arrange marriages in the same offhand mercantile manner which they would bring to bear upon a purely business transaction, and when they succeed they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion, with such extras or bonuses as may be voluntarily bestowed by the party.—N. Y. Times.

MARKED BY INVISIBLE INK.

Card Sharp's on Ocean Steamers Have a New Device for Spinning Their Victims.

A prominent turfman told a good story the other evening of an adventure on a Cunarder, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "You never heard of invisible ink?" he said. "Well, neither had I up to a dozen years ago, and my introduction to it was rather peculiar. At that time I was considerably greener in the ways of the wicked world than I am at present, and coming across on the Etruria after a season in London I was fool enough to sit in a four-handed poker game with three fellows I met in the smoking-room of the ship. The vulnerable point about any greenhorn who plays poker is his proud conviction that he can protect himself against any kind of 'trick.' That was my own opinion, and consequently I didn't care a copper who my three acquaintances might be, as long as I found their society entertaining. Two of them, I may as well say right here, were plain, everyday business men from Boston. The other was a small, dark, smooth-shaven chap who introduced himself by the name of Cummings and said he was a lace buyer for a firm of importers in New York. We began playing on the second day out of Liverpool and inside of 24 hours were giving the game pretty nearly our exclusive attention. The table we used was in the far corner of the smoking-room and had four stationary chairs. As is customary aboard ship, we selected our seats at the beginning and kept them throughout the play. Cummings sat with his back to the partition wall, I sat opposite and one of the Boston fellows was on either side. I mention this arrangement, because it has a bearing on what followed."

"We started out at a very easy gait," continued the turfman, "but soon raised the ante high enough to make it pretty warm. As far as I could see, none of my three friends played more than an ordinary clubroom game, and at the outset the bulk of the luck drifted to the lace buyer and myself. At the end of the first day we were each about \$150 ahead. Next day I made most of the winning myself and was astonished at the succession of good hands I held. As nearly as I remember, I cleared up something like \$400, mainly from the two Boston men, and Cummings quit about even. Several times during the day I imagined the Bostonians looked at me with some slight suspicion, all of which afforded me considerable amusement and satisfied me incidentally that the game was absolutely on the square. On the third day luck veered around to the lace buyer, and he had not only gathered in my entire winnings, but nearly \$200 besides. Meanwhile, he tapped one of the Bostonians for \$300 and the other for \$150. Altogether he stood about \$1,200 ahead at the close of the afternoon. By that time we were all pretty well fagged out, and we agreed to quit for a couple of hours and resume the play after dinner. Cummings left the table first, and I tarried for a few moments to smoke a cigar and chat with the Boston men. I had to get up to procure a light, and on returning I crept into the chair which had been occupied by the lace buyer and began idly shuffling the deck of cards. While so doing I happened to notice a peculiar metallic speck at the upper right-hand corner of the top pasteboard, which proved to be the king of clubs. It looked like a minute dot of some kind of aniline ink. The end of the room where we sat was rather dark, and there was a fixed lamp in the molding behind Cummings' chair that was kept burning day and night. The spot caught the gleam from this light and could only be seen when the card was held at a certain slant. From any of the other chairs it was entirely invisible."

"I was surprised, of course, and in running over the deck I soon found that all the face cards and aces were similarly spotted, some with one and some with more dots, the arrangement being different in each case. The discovery upset me completely, and I could see it was an equal bombshell to my two companions. We lay our heads together, and, to make a long story short, we sent a steward after our lacemaking friend, and after a very brief but spicy preface gave him two minutes by the watch to disgorge his spoils. I must admit he carried it off pretty well. 'This looks considerably like a Welsh,' he said, coolly, 'and if the deck is marked I know no more about it than you do. However, if you want your money back you can have it. A gentleman,' said he, 'always wishes to avoid a scene.' With that he counted out his winnings and bade us good night. A year or so afterward I saw him at Saratoga and learned positively that he was a professional short-card player, who made a business of working the Atlantic boats. To get back to the original point, the stuff he used in marking the deck was what is known as 'invisible ink,' and, while it is seldom employed nowadays, it can still be bought from any dealer in gambling tools. It has the peculiar property of being visible only by artificial light and when viewed from a certain angle. How and when Cummings did his marking, and why he left the deck on the table are matters of mere conjecture. Letting me win the other fellows' money at the start-off and then winding me up at the finish is easily understood. It's an old gambling trick and diverts suspicion."

Not Very Complimentary Either.

About the only complimentary thing your friends say about you is: 'Well, I don't believe that he is any worse than the rest of them,' or 'I don't believe he is as bad as he is painted.'—Acheson Globe.

THREEFOLD SENSE OF TASTE.

Gastronomic Expert Touches Upon the Pleasures of Eating—Food Accessories.

G. Edward Fuller, assistant superintendent, with Frederic W. Taylor, superintendent, in charge of the division of foods and their accessories at the Pan-American exposition, writes briefly in the Exposition Bulletin as follows upon the subject of foods: "Honest investigation serves to take the conceit out of us as we discover how crude are some of our eating habits when examined in the light reflected from older and perhaps in some cases inferior civilization. Theodore Child of Savoy memory, intimated that Brillat-Savarin understood little about eating, though he knew how to talk of it, and my experience is that to know whom to talk to is quite a lesson in self-restraint."

"There is nothing more unfeeling than decanting upon the pleasure of the table to the dyspeptic, or the person with an inherent palate. However, we must remember that the term palate is now but a figure of speech, inasmuch as it has been determined that the tongue is the seat of tasting in three directions; the tip responding to acids and pungent things; the middle sensible to sweet and bitter, while the back part devotes itself to the flavors emanating from fatty substances. When the butter on the bread is good, or when we have sugar on it, we may now be permitted to eat it butter side down."

"To many the division between 'foods' and 'food accessories' is a hard one, but there is a pronounced distinction, and the new science of dietetics makes the division plain. Foods must contain nutrients, while food accessories may or may not. A determination by rigid test that some of the most delectable of luxuries long classed as foods (the mushroom, for instance), are wholly wanting in nutriment, and proof that certain much maligned condiments (notably black pepper when properly selected and prepared) contain peptic tonics which aid nutrition are all in line with the interdependence of the two classes covered by the terms 'foods' on the one hand and 'food accessories' on the other."

"Regarding the divergent theories of life involved in eating to live or living to eat, it is not possible to set up the compromise principle that a thing worth doing at all is worth doing three times a day. Is not the doctrine of eating to live quite sordid, even as the mania for living to eat is dissolute? We have much to learn from the Japanese, Chinese and French concerning their habits of amiability and even decorous joyousness at the family table. How luxurious is the average family meal with us! It seems to be a mere meeting place in many families for nagging and hickering."

"Black pepper is the king of food accessories, but one cannot enjoy it in the thirty-third degree until one learns how to get it and how to use it. A pepper expert ought to know whether he is in London, Paris or Amsterdam by the pepper, if nothing else. In London the pepper is strong without fragrance, going there from the straits settlements. In Paris fragrant with little strength, from the Malabar coast of India. In Amsterdam from Java, with neither strength nor fragrance. The peptic and tonic effects of black pepper proceed from piperine, oil and resin, which are only obtained in full when the berry is plucked before ripening; after ripening the berry is silyly manipulated into white pepper, so that it will be seen, white pepper is merely spoiled black pepper. Red pepper is another story, as Rudyard Kipling says, and the writer has just sent out circulars for the Pan-American exposition, which is to be held at Buffalo this year, to all the potentates, planters and states of pan-America, from Patagonia to the Philippines, arranging for a collection extensive and exhibit extraordinary of all kinds, sorts and varieties of red peppers grown in all the gardens and plantations of all the Americas."

Still There Was Danger.

A little girl from Memphis who has spent her life in the city went out to visit her grandparents, living in the country during the holidays and, as usually happens in such cases, the little city lady displayed her ignorance. The little girl soon after her arrival in the country manifested great apprehension of being hooked by the cows about the place. One day her mother told her to go to a neighbor's home and carry a message. The little girl started, but at the gate she encountered a cow, one of the muley species. In great excitement she ran back to her mother, crying: "Oh, mamma! there's a cow down there!" The mother looked out of the window and saw the meek-looking bovine. "Why, daughter, that's a muley cow. She hasn't any horns and can't hook you."

"But, mamma!" exclaimed the child, "she hasn't any horns, but she might hook me with her pompadour!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Her Fault. "Yes," she exclaimed, indignantly, "he kissed me by force."

"Oh, well," replied her friend, nonchalantly, "it was all your fault."

"All my fault?"

"Certainly. If you hadn't resisted he wouldn't have had to use force."—N. Y. World.

Matrimony. Matrimony often means a month of honey and years of vinegar.—Chicago Daily News.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Germany exports to Canada about six times as much as she imports from that country. On the whole, however, German products are gradually losing ground in British North America.

In Borneo and Labuan postage stamps to the value of \$100,000 were sold last year, though the postage on the mail from these two countries does not exceed \$4,000 a year. It is the collectors who buy the stamps.

The ten largest German cities are today Berlin, 1,884,345 inhabitants; Hamburg, 794,600; Munich, 500,000; Leipzig, 458,100; Breslau, 423,413; Dresden, 395,349; Cologne, 370,883; Frankfurt, 287,813; Nuremberg, 260,743; Hanover, 234,056.

At a small village near Namur a discovery has been made of 860 pieces of Roman money in a perfect state of preservation, belonging to the third and fourth centuries, and bearing effigies of no fewer than 15 different emperors and empresses.

A Chinese poem celebrates the praises of a Chinese beauty named Ai-ee, who lived about the time of the much-lamented Emperor Mo-yang, in the eleventh century. She was said to have the largest eyes and the smallest feet of any lady of her time.

A veritable "quick luncheon," it is said, is to be had at a restaurant in Paris, where a dinner of several courses composed of concentrated food in the form of tablets can be consumed in a few minutes. The entire meal, indeed, can be carried about in the vest pocket or pocketbook.

German capitalists have planned the construction of a railroad through the Samoyede peninsula with the object of bringing the wheat of western Siberia quickly and economically into the world market. The wheat will be shipped by the Ob and its navigable tributaries to Obdorsk; then by rail to the seacoast and thence by vessel to London or other ports.

FEAR OF WILD ANIMALS.

There Is Really Less Ground for It Than for a Dread of Lightning.

Of all questions asked by people who have never been much out of doors none seems so simple to the old-timers as that which concerns the dangers to which the camper may be exposed from the attacks of wild beasts. It is chiefly women and children who ask such questions, but it is evident that in the brains of many inexperienced persons is firmly established a belief that wild animals are dangerous—that wolves, panthers and bears prowling about seeking whom they may devour. This belief is in all probability a survival in part of earlier days, when the most civilized men dwelt largely in the east, where might be encountered lions which would attack them, or hyenas ready to snap up the stray child wandering away from the camp, or bears of the type encountered by the irreverent infants who apostrophized Eliash, and also in part of that time when the weapons of primitive man were so feeble and of so little avail against the wild beasts that these were justly to be feared.

This feeling, says Forest and Stream, already existing is encouraged and strengthened by a certain amount of the writing of the day. The average man and woman love to read a bear or panther or wolf story not less than do small boys and round-eyed children listen with pleasure to the tales of some venerable uncle or grandfather who relates the story of the wolves that used to howl about his cabin or visit his sheep fold when first he settled in the country. In this land of America, as many know, there are no such things as dangerous animals, though there are creatures which may be made dangerous. The wolf, the bear and the cougar are far more anxious to get away from man than man is to get away from them. If given the opportunity they will always slip away and run, and if they fight it is because they believe that they have been cut off from every avenue of escape. Where an animal has been wounded it is a different matter. Then often considerations of prudence are forgotten and the animal acts impulsively, instead doing what it knows to be wise; but even so, there is much more danger from a wounded deer than from a wounded panther, and vastly more from a wounded moose.

But for the average man who is traveling through a new country where wild animals may be plenty, who stops when he has made a day's march and is at home where night finds him, there is not now nor ever was more danger from the wild animals of the country than from the lightning which blazes in the summer sky. Many more people have been killed by lightning than have been run over by stampeding buffalo herds or killed by unwounded grizzly bears or by all the other animals of the prairie put together. One might almost say that more people have been struck by falling meteors than have been killed by panthers or wolves. And yet from day to day the newspaper continues to print bear stories, and mount stories and wolf stories, and probably they will do so until long after the last bear, catamount and wolf shall have disappeared from the land.

The Second Need. Stockman—You remember that "pointer" you gave me on the atree yesterday?

Bonds—Yes; what about it? Stockman—Why, I tried it, and as a consequence I've come around to see if you couldn't let me have a retriever.—Richmond Dispatch.

A Close Observer. Booth Girl—Take a chance and be the poor orphan? Stings—No, I'm not buying tonight. I am merely an observer.

Booth Girl—Ah, a close observer. Philadelphia North-American.