

LITTLE HAT LEAGUE

MEN OF PARIS MAY BE GIVEN VIEW OF THE STAGE.

French Capital is an Uproar Over the Introduction of London Milliner's Creation.

Paris—Man, Frenchman in particular may give thanks to Providence and Countess Greffulhe for the League of Little Hats. In the keeping of that organization lies his present salvation as a patron of the theater.

The "Little Hats" have taken a vow never to appear at the play, the opera or other places of amusement in the gigantic headgear which has heretofore so successfully hidden the stage from the unfortunate just behind. Managers have done their utmost to suppress the objectionable fashion. Mere man has himself raised something of an outcry, but until the charming countess and her friends made themselves an example, a man would have been wide-brimmed way unbecoming.

To stimulate enthusiasm for the movement the women of the great world have been making little bonnets—an idea supplemented with a bow, as somebody expressed it—with their own fair hands and selling them at a private bazaar held for charity. Of course, they brought enormous sums and an eruption may be expected at the next premiere. It is needless to say that some of the grandes dames will wear their own handwork. The milliners have promised to aid the league by passing little hats among their models.

Paris, which was conspicuously left out of Princess Kaia's wedding trousseau, is having magnificent revenge. The war of roses was a mild exchange of amenities in comparison. The French modistes have made no bones. They have only laughed to scorn the "uninspired," "unemotional" British hats of the queen-elect of Spain.

The affair was brought about by the enterprise of Le Matin, which before publishing pictures of some of these creations submitted them to experts of the Rue de la Paix for their criticism. A famous artist who has crowned many a head that supports a royal diadem lifted a supercilious brow and examined the first picture. Then with round eyes of infant wonderment she inquired:

"What on earth is that? A hat? Never! It is not possible to believe it. Monsieur has made some error. That mass of feathers and strings a hat! Most odd, ridiculous."

The modiste burst into a laugh—laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks, until every artist and apprentice in the building leaped into the room to ask the cause of this unusual demonstration. All heard the story and everybody laughed with spontaneity of disdain beautiful to behold.

So it went. London's luckless milliner was torn to shreds by French wit. The climax came, however, when the head of the establishment, carefully putting her finger on the picture of the ponderous wedding cake of the royal bride, said gravely: "Now that has meaning. For my part I should prefer to wear that."

POTATOES WITHOUT VINES

Tubers Caused to Multiply Through the Use of Sawdust and Chemicals.

Eldora, Ia.—A vineless potato is one of the coming marvels in vegetable raising. The experiments of John Van Sly, a prominent Muscatine gardener, prove successful. If the plan does work out as anticipated, the householder with a half-bushel of sawdust, a dash of chemical solution and 15 potatoes carefully enveloped with the sawdust, will be enabled to grow bushels of fine tubers inside of 60 days.

It is claimed that by employing sawdust, peat, straw or any other earth product that would permit of the circulation of air, moisture and heat, and the application of solutions of various salts, a single potato will multiply itself by attaching to itself from 12 to 16 other potatoes of approximately the same dimensions, without throwing any of the energy above ground.

Arranged in rows of six inches above each other, with an allowance of one cubic foot of sawdust to the seedling, the rapidity of the growth and the proportions that the potatoes may attain has been demonstrated by showing that within 60 days 15 potatoes have produced a bushel.

"Vanadium" Deposits Found.

What promises to revolutionize the making of iron and steel is the recent discovery of large deposits of almost pure vanadium in Peru, South America. It is reported Standard Oil interests are identified with the company which has secured concessions from the Peruvian government. Vanadium is a gray white powder, and is the element which has given the peculiar toughness and resistance to Swedish iron. By its use it is claimed iron can be secured against fracture, and armor plate produced at half its present weight and thickness.

Interrupt Paderewski.

During a concert at the St. Carlos opera house, Lisbon, lately, Paderewski was playing Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" when his sensitive ear was arrested by the voice of two women conversing in the second tier of boxes. The great musician interrupted his playing, and with a bang turned to the box and said in a loud tone: "When these ladies have quite finished their conversation I will continue."

WERE NOT "FRIED CAKES."

That Is, Were Not Known by That Name in the Empire East.

A young man from the west who was paying New York his first visit a short time ago tells this joke on himself:

One noon he went into one of the many quick lunch restaurants for a little lunch. In a glass case near the entrance he saw several plates of large fresh crullers.

In the part of the country where he lives the delicious, toothsome pastry that the quick luncher in New York knows as crullers is called fried cake.

When he had finished a steak he thought two or three fried cakes would go well with his cup of coffee. Calling the waiter to him he asked for a plate of fried cakes.

The waiter, unfortunately had never been either west or in the country, so he replied that he had none.

A second try brought the same answer from the waiter, who immediately added he would bring the manager, who might be of some help in straightening out an evident misunderstanding.

The manager of the restaurant failed, however, to solve the riddle, and, as the other patrons of the place had become so interested by this time that they were neglecting their own meals in the hopes, perhaps, of seeing an argument between the manager and the guest, for they supposed, of course, the latter was trying to avoid paying his bill or something equally interesting.

The attention he was receiving proved too much for the young man's composure, and, hastily drinking his coffee, he put on his hat and hurried out. On the way out he stopped long enough to admire once more the big plate of crullers, and then he went out to try to learn the answer.

FAMOUS SIOUX WARRIOR.

Red Cloud in His Ninety-First Year Sits Dreaming of the Past.

But it is among the Sioux that we find the greatest number of old historical characters. Each year cuts down their number, and soon these old fellows who know of the days before the coming of the white man will be no more, writes E. S. Curtis in Scribner.

Red Cloud is, without doubt, the record holder of the living North American chiefs to-day. His home is close to Pine Ridge agency. Ninety-one years old, blind, almost deaf, he sits dreaming of the past. No wonder he is irritated by the idle information seeker! Who would be called back from the dreams of his youth? Sightless and infirm, he is living over the days when in youth he sat his horse as a king, the pride of the great Sioux nation. To his ears must come the roar of the hunt as the countless blazon herd, like a tidal wave, rolled by, and, again, the great day of his life, when his red-blanketed hand swept down on the hapless Peterman troop. Even now his heart must seem to stand still as he lives over again that day.

Development in Alaska. Alaska is still a great lone land, but with considerable railroad building in progress, it may be on the eve of a great change. People prefer to travel to gold fields by rail to tracking over mountains and wastes, and we may yet see considerable towns develop there, for those now in existence are in many instances little more than hamlets. Any place in Alaska having 200 inhabitants can become an incorporated town. Even these cannot be numerous in this vast region. Congress has neglected Alaska. The schools are small and struggling, and their condition deters many transients from becoming homeseekers. As a commercial proposition Alaska has made a good showing, but the visions of the great arctic commonwealth which were entertained at the time of its acquisition have not materialized.

Forgery by Phonograph.

Forgery by phonograph is a new crime discovered in Hungary. The son of a wealthy peasant proved an oral will of his father by testimony of the servants who heard a voice from the dying parent's bed saying: "I leave my property to my eldest son, Alois, and my other children are to get nothing." Such a statement, however, in Hungary. Subsequently, the police were informed that the voice the servants heard was not that of his father, but that Alois had spoken the words into a phonograph. He had placed the instrument under his father's bed, and when the old man had lost consciousness called the servants in and set the it going. The police searched the house and found the phonograph record as described. Alois is now to be charged with fraud.

Lifetimes of a Bell.

Comparatively few people know that ringing a bell ruins it. That is, a bell has a definite length of life, and after so many blows will break. A 90-pound bell, struck blows of 178 foot-pounds of force, broke after 11,000 blows. A 4,000-pound bell broke after 18,000 blows of 350 foot-pounds force. A steel composition bell weighing 1,000 pounds broke after 21 blows of 150 foot-pounds, but its maker said it was calculated for a lighter blow.

Had a Thumbfall.

"This soup is rather salty," remarked the customer. "Yes, sah," replied the waiter, who had just licked his thumb. "I was discovered it myself, sah."—Miss Mace Sentinel.

ANCIENT WATER VILLAGES.

Relic of Old Custom Still in German Forest on the Spree.

"One of the most interesting regions in the old fatherland is the so-called 'Spreevald,' the forest of the Spree, situated not far from the German capital, in the province of Brandenburg," says Fritz Morris in his article "In the Water Forest of the Spree," in the Technical World Magazine. "Each village is a little Venice, every house a little island, and these islets are connected by bridges suitably raised to allow boats to pass under them. Most of the houses, with their barns and stables, rest on piles, and there is generally a strip of artificial terra firma, either in front or at the rear of every building."

By means of these land strips and of the bridges the slender land communion is kept throughout the district, but most of the business and amusement is carried on through the canals, which not only form the main highways but penetrate and cross and recross the whole region. It is on these lagoons that all traffic is conducted in boats during the period from spring, when the last vestige of frost and ice are disappearing, until the end of autumn. You see the letter carrier shoot up and down the canals, performing his duties leisurely along the banks, watching everything going on; peasants bring the products of their toil to the nearest town; children go to and from school; young mothers, dressed in their Sunday clothes, are rowed to church; carrying in their arms a small, queer-looking bundle, from which two large eyes in a tiny face stare at the stranger in wonderment—baby is got to be baptized, an important moment with this strongly religious people."

LEAD PENCILS OF TO-DAY.

Once Worth Their Weight in Gold Now Turned Out a Million a Day.

Many a boy is made happy these days by a present of half a dozen pencils with his name printed thereon in gold letters. Perhaps the name "lead pencil" will last through all time and eternity, says the New York Press.

The original pencil was really made of lead, and on the rough paper of the time a clearly discernible mark. Germany led in its manufacture. Our earliest importations were much sought after, and none could be bought with other money than gold coins. A common "lead" pencil was almost worth its weight in gold, and a man who got a supply had to be well recommended. When a New York merchant advertised the arrival of a consignment of "lead pencils" the rush to buy was pell-mell.

American ingenuity, aided by German detail, brought this country quickly to the front in pencil manufacture. Our enormous forests of cedar and the discovery of graphite, with the introduction of marvelous machinery and all kinds of labor-saving devices have brought the daily output up to 1,000,000 pencils a day. There are salesmen whose annual bookings amount to half a million dollars. They give away hundreds of thousands of pencils to advertise their business. Some use pencils as personal cards, and if met in a casual way will surely have every pocket stuffed full.

BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON.

Building Is Still in Existence with Its Furnishings at Ajaccio, Corsica.

Historically, Ajaccio, Corsica, is of the utmost importance, for here it was that, on August 15, 1769, Napoleon Bonaparte was born, and here it was that the future emperor passed his youth, enlightened by an intelligent and lovely mother. The "Casa Napoleon" is the principal building in Ajaccio. It is a solid three-story building, with gray stucco walls and a number of large windows. Situated in the old part of the town, one would scarcely find it were it not for the boys who tender their services to guide the stranger to the place.

Although plundered in 1793 by the partisans of Paoli, the heroic Corsican fighter for liberty, the house still contains a few reminiscences of the great warrior. Besides a number of ordinary rooms, each containing some furniture, one finds the bedroom where Napoleon was born, as well as Napoleon's sleeping and study room, with his bed and table; his father's study, still beautifully furnished, and the drawing room in which are his mother's piano and her sedan chair.

The Busy Chinese.

Everybody in China works hard, even those who have reached the highest positions. It is related of a member of the Chinese cabinet that he left home every morning at two o'clock, as he was on duty at the palace from two to six. As a member of the privy council he was engaged from six to nine. From nine until 11 he was at the war department, of which he was president. As a member of the board of punishment he was in attendance from 12 till two and as a minister of the foreign office he spent every day from two till five or six there. In addition he frequently served on special boards or commissions.

Intelligent Dog.

"It's a strange thing," said Willie Washington, "every time I try to slug my dog howls."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "I have always thought that dogs racketed about with human beings in intelligence."—Stray Stories.

PRINCE STEALS SILVER.

Former Servant of German Noble Makes Startling Revelations to Police.

Berlin.—Great developments have taken place in what is known now as the "silver treasure mystery." A servant in the employ of Prince Wrede, of Castle Basevold, near Mecklenburg, was dismissed from his master's employment. On returning here from Spain, where he had been traveling with the prince, the man informed the police that a considerable quantity of silver articles in the treasure chamber at the castle had been purloined from various hotels. The police found in the castle silver goods from nine hotels and linen from six others concealed in baskets and boxes. The mystery is all the more inexplicable when it is remembered that the prince and his wife are both wealthy.

The silver goods consist of coffee pots, milk and cream jugs, silver plates and other articles. From the marks on the goods they appear to come from hotels in all parts of Europe, including the Kaiserhof in Berlin and the Hotel d'Orsay in Paris.

Berlin was started to hear that the examining magistrate had issued warrants for the arrest of the prince and his wife, as well as for the housekeeper at the castle, who is accused of having committed perjury during cross examination.

It was generally thought when the rumors were first current that it was a case of blackmail, but the police investigation show that it would have been impossible for so large a quantity of silver to be brought into the castle without the connivance of the owners. None the less, great sympathy is expressed for the prince.

Lawyers are somewhat puzzled as to what will happen, since the warrant for the prince does not allege any particular crime against him. The prince and princess are at present residing in Spain.

LONDON "FERRIS" WHEEL.

Doom of an Attraction Similar to the One of Chicago World's Fair Fama.

London.—At the end of the summer one of London's most famous landmarks will disappear. This is the big wheel at Earl's court, which, after an eleven-year existence, is to be pulled down, and the work of destruction is expected to cost more than \$50,000.

In 1893 a company was formed and erected the gigantic wheel, 300 feet in diameter, at a cost of \$300,000. The wheel was constructed on the same plan as the Ferris wheel, built at the world's fair in Chicago. The latter was transported to St. Louis and was destroyed there by dynamite a few weeks ago.

The idea of seeing London in this way soon "taught on," and 250,000 people have made the leisurely journey. As the charge is one shilling, they have paid over \$100,000 for the privilege of going so.

The year after it was opened the wheel received its biggest attraction. At 8:15 one night it suddenly stopped, and all efforts to restart it were unavailing.

Sixty passengers were in the car, and, as the time went by, messages on paper came fluttering down to the attendants. One appeal read: "No. 8 car from bottom on N. E. side. Got a rocket seat up with a string attached, so that we can get some food up. We shall eat one another soon. Be quick."

After a long time some sailors were found who climbed up the supports with food and drink. With this the 60 passengers had to content until seven o'clock the following morning, when, amid great cheering from the passengers and hundreds of relatives and friends who had assembled, the great wheel once more revolved.

PARASITES ARE WELCOMED

Foes of Brown Tailed-Moth Being Brought to the United States.

New York.—Prof. Trouvelot, scientist, brought certain brown-tailed moths to this country years ago for experimental purposes. A vagrant breeze wafted a host of the caterpillars after. They multiplied so fast that today the pest is almost national.

Congress appropriated \$100,000 to find a remedy for the evil, and the agricultural department sent a man abroad to look for it. This expert has returned with 5,000,000 parasites guaranteed to eat up the brown-tailed moth to the last hair.

The immigrants are on their way to America. A laboratory has been fitted up at Saugus, Mass., to receive them. Five million parasites have never been so warmly welcomed to these shores before.

OCEAN LIFE HAS CHANGED.

But the Old Romance of the Sea Has Not Entirely Passed Away.

While I slowly ate my dinner in the magnificent saloon of the great liner America and looked about at the jolly little parties of two and four and six, all in the daintily clad women and the severely clad men and at the freshly cut flowers and the sparkling cut glass, and while I listened to the low-pitched laughter and talk and to the music of the gay little red-coated orchestra—it seemed very much as if I had straggled over from Piccadilly circus to Pall Mall of a cold, foggy evening and had turned in at the Carlton hotel. I grew sober as I thought of it, relates a writer in Success Magazine.

We did these things very differently a little while back. Even a very little while back—the history of human-kind runs—life at sea meant more, for it seemed to bring a man nearer to his God than we of to-day very often get. "Is this true," I asked myself, "that they have destroyed the charm of the sea? Is the fine old salty romance dead and buried?"

Standing that night looking out over the waves toward a handful of low-lying stars, I knew that the romance of the sea is an undying thing. What we have lost is no more than our old notion of it. The Spanish galleon has gone out with the rafter and the daggler. We no longer, the boys among us, haunt the wharves for glimpses of Spanish sailors with bearded lips.

The six-shooter is not what it was and the tall clipper ship has followed the stage coach into the junkyard of the things that were. But the new romance runs deeper. It is more complex. It is the wonderful story of the awakening, the rousing and the stirring to action of a drowsy old world which has only begun to find itself and to feel its magnificent strength.

BEST RESULTS FROM COAL.

Most Power Obtained from Poorest Qualities When Converted Into Gas.

It is a well known fact that an ordinary dirt was fuel which, burned in ordinary simple conditions, yielded as good or better results than the best Pennsylvania anthracite. It is easy to imagine the popular sensation that would be caused. Yet results almost if not quite as sensational obtained by the United States Geological Survey testing plant have passed almost unnoticed by the general public, says the Technical World.

The experiments at this plant have demonstrated that bituminous coal, heretofore considered less than half as valuable as anthracite, will when manufactured into gas and burned in a gas engine produce as much work per horse power to the ton of fuel as the best anthracite, and still better, that lignite—which is so common all through the west and has been considered almost worthless, will actually yield more horse power to the ton than the best anthracite burned under a steam boiler.

It has shown that all grades of coal, from the best to the poorest, as is judged by former standards, can be the most worthless as judged by former standards, can be utilized in this manner, their value for producing gas being, generally speaking, exactly inverse to their value in directly producing steam in a boiler. That is to say, the poorer the coal for direct steam-producing purposes (by which power coal has been valued in the past) the more valuable it seems to be for yielding gas for use in the gas engine.

"STARS IN THE OCEAN."

Phosphorescent Animals of Southern Waters That Are Still Mysterious.

"Like stars in the ocean" Humboldt described the radiant beauties of the remarkable phosphorescent animals. So brilliant was their light that he could distinguish fishes by their radiance. For some reason the Pacific coast, particularly California, Charles Frederick Holder avers, has always been famous for its displays of phosphorescence, that strange phenomenon over which many men have spent years of study, and which to a large extent is still mysterious and unexplainable. Because of the peculiarities of the coast, the islands of southern California—from the Coronados to the Santa Catalina group of four, opposite Los Angeles county, to the Santa Barbara group of four in the channel of that name—are the points most available for observation. These islands rise out of the blue depths of the ocean and are washed by offshore currents and afford a remarkable field for the zoologist. It can be said that there is hardly an animal—or its prototype—obtainable from the Naples aquarium that cannot be found along these shores. The observer is particularly impressed with the richness of the invertebrates, ranging from giant jelly fish 20 feet long to the graceful physalis, and, during the late winter months, the delicate paper nautilus, which is sometimes found and has been kept alive and watched.

Flowers Carpet Lake.

The phenomenon known as "sea-buths" (sea blooming) has been observed several times on Lake Brienz, Switzerland, recently. Pollen blown from millions of flowers that carpet the fields around the lake and from the blossoms on fruit trees makes a luminous haze in the air. When the breeze dies out the pollen settles in a yellow veil on the water.

PAPYRUS FOR BANK NOTES.

Cultivation of the Plant Is to Be Undertaken by Italian Government Officials.

In only one place in Europe is the papyrus plant still to be found. This is on the upper reaches of the little river Anapo in Sicily, near the mouth of which Syracuse is situated. Papyrus cultivation was a very important branch of agriculture with the antique and classic worlds, for it was from the pith of this semi-aquatic plant that the material was made upon which the ancients wrote, a material similar to tough, thick, white-brown paper, which moderns also call papyrus. It was employed for the purposes of literature and correspondence by the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans and continued in general use both in Italy and throughout the eastern empire until the twelfth century. Indeed, it was the writing paper of the world for over 2,000 years—a long period for any manufactured article to command the market and successfully defy all competition.

Now the Italian minister of finance is planning to utilize the papyrus plant again. Its cultivation is to be undertaken by the ministry of agriculture, and a little factory for the manufacture of papyrus paper is to be erected. A law is to be passed declaring both the cultivation and the manufacture to be government monopolies, and the papyrus paper is to be employed exclusively for the purposes of the currency.

Bank notes printed on papyrus paper would, under these circumstances, be really inimitable in Italy—the note forgers' paradise—this would be of incalculable advantage to the government and to the public.

HAVE YOU A CLAY PENCIL?

What Is Commonly Called "Lead" Is Commercially Known as Dough.

Pencil manufacture is not so simple a matter as it was formerly. The "lead" originally used was pure plumbago, a mineral born or sown from the earth in great blocks, which only needed cutting into thin strips to be ready for use.

Plumbago for the best pencils now undergoes a number of processes. It is ground and mixed with finely pulverized clay. For hard pencils the mixture is one part plumbago to two parts of clay. The softer the pencil, the greater the proportion of plumbago.

The mixture is "thinned" with water, and repeatedly ground until it is perfectly smooth. It is then placed in canvas bags and squeezed by machinery until enough water has been removed to leave a tenacious, dough-like mass.

This "dough" is placed in a strong steel cylinder one end of which is perforated, with holes of the same size as the leads which it is desired to make. The pressure of the piston forces the dough out through the holes in long strands, which are laid in grooved boards to dry.

The next step is the tempering of the strands by heating to a red heat. By this process the hardness and softness of the pencil is still further modified, and impurities are burned out. The little strips of plumbago are now ready for their wooden cases.

ORIGIN OF VIENNESE BREAD

Dates Back to 1683 When Turks Besieged the Austrian Capital.

The origin of that Viennese bread shaped like a crescent, which is found in most places on the continent, dates back to 1683.

At that time the Austrian capital was being besieged by the Turks under the terrible grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, and as they failed to take the city by assault they decided to dig a passage under the walls and so penetrate into the town. In the daytime the noise of the siege made the sound of the tunneling inaudible and at nighttime the defenders of the place were asleep, all but the sentries and bakers.

It was the bakers who, as they baked the bread for the garrison, heard the pickaxes of the miners coming nearer and nearer and gave the alarm. In the fighting the bakers took their share with the utmost bravery and as a reward for their service the emperor gave them permission to make a special cake shaped like the Turkish crescent.

Linguistic Drummers.

"The great demand in foreign countries for American made typewriters is causing some of us salesmen a lot of extra labor," said a city drummer for a standard machine. "It has become necessary for us to learn the keyboard of the foreign machines, and consequently the language of each leading foreign country. I put in six months struggling with Russian, long enough to give me a working acquaintance with the keyboard, but I have just secured a standing order with a Warsaw firm for 100 machines a month, so I guess the effort was in vain. I have just heard of a prospective Spanish contract, and am working like a nigger to get the language pat and make the sale before the salesman from some other company beats me out."

Exchanging Honeyed Talk.

Mrs. Knoeks (reascendingly)—My husband has a beautiful new auto. I hope your husband will soon feel as if his could afford one. Mrs. Rocks (in a faint tone). He says that it is as much as he can do to own the mortgage on yours.—Minneapolis Journal.