

QUEEN OF ITALY GREETING THE Czar OF RUSSIA.



The ruler of the Russian empire is bending over the hand of the queen. The king of Italy is standing at his side. Around them are members of the royal guard, every precaution being taken to protect the visitor from assassination.

DISAPPROVES OF THE WINK

Remarks of Young Business Woman Will Find an Echo in the Hearts of Many.

"If there is one thing I hate," said the determined young business woman as she sat down to lunch, "it's the wink. If some one wants to borrow an umbrella or some money from you, let her say so right out. Don't come shuffling into your office, take away all your valuable time, beating around the bush and dropping tool hints on the way. I won't take a hint. I'm not dense, but I want to discourage the habit. I think it shows cowardice."

"Take the man who wants to come to see you. Why can't he say, 'May I call?' No, he hasn't the courage of his convictions, but he has to hem and haw, look sheepish and hint for dear life. I won't have a man like that in my house. Same thing with girls. Don't you hate the kind that suggests to a man that a taxi is so comfortable, and she does loathe the street cars, or the one who asks him if he's seen the lovely display at Hugel's or the 'cute' little boxes they send with Thorley's flowers. It would be safer for her if she kept off the subject, for the chief fun in doing things lies in planning them, and nothing is so maddening as to have others make suggestions. The hater only makes herself unpopular, and the sooner she knows it the better. Keep quiet or say right out what you want."

"Now, don't think that you'd like an oyster cocktail, because you won't get one if you do. Sing out like a little woman—have one? Good!"

DON'T ALL APPROVE OF WINK

British Bishop Differ in Opinion Over Girls' Fun, and One Is Given Lesson.

Though a well-known English bishop has just been stating publicly that he regards it as a most pleasant form of recreation to be winked at in the street by young women living in the districts where he has worked, there is at least one of his Episcopal brethren who used to take a very different view of such salutations.

This pompous worthy was much incensed on one occasion when he was giving what he believed to be a very impressive lecture to a 17-year-old society girl who had been handed over to him for admonishment, to observe her left eye close in a deliberate wink. He sternly told her that such an action was practically akin to immoral behavior, to which she promptly replied: "Rata!" and turned on her heel and walked off.

She has since married and entertains largely. At a recent charity function, at which the bishop was present, she was introduced to him. He failed to recognize her as a former acquaintance until she gave him another of her elaborate winks and said, very archly: "Perhaps you remember me now, my lord?" He did, and what is more, entered into the spirit of the joke, which he now often tells again: himself.

WRONG RECIPIENT OF HONOR

Swedish Research Was Naturally Ignored, and Justice Displayed by His Advisors.

When King Gustavus III was in Paris, he was visited by a delegation of the Académie. They hurriedly congratulated the king on the happy fortune which had given him so great a man as Schöthe, the discoverer of mathematics, as his subject and fellow-countryman. The king, who took small interest in the progress of science, but somewhat ashamed that he should be so ignorant as never even to have heard of the renowned chemist. He dispatched a courier at once to Sweden with the laudic order: "Schöthe is to be immediately raised to the dignity and title of a count." "His majesty must be obeyed," said the prime minister, as he read the order. "But who in the world is Schöthe?" A secretary was told to make inquiries. He came back to the premier with very full information. "Schöthe is a good sort of fellow," said he, "a lieutenant in the artillery, a capital shot, and a first-rate hand at billiards." The next day the lieutenant became a count, and the illustrious scholar and scientist remained a simple burgher. The error was not discovered until the king returned home. His majesty was indignant. "You must be all fools," he exclaimed, "not to know who Schöthe is!"

WAS NOT IN POSITION THEM HERSELF

Chance of a Good Opportunity to Clean West Side Could Do in Way of Laundry Work.

It is a kind of funny little that the married woman on the stage into everyday affairs. A lady in Boston stepped out at the Tremont house, and was accustomed to dine in her rooms at five o'clock. On one occasion the waiter brought her dinner ten minutes too soon, and she kindly took it away until the hour had struck. On another occasion she gave the servant some clothes for the laundry. "When can these be returned to me, washed and ironed?" she inquired. "The day after tomorrow, madam, at noon," was the dramatic reply. "At 12 on Wednesday?" "But on the hour appointed the clothes had not been returned, and at ten minutes past noon a servant stood before her in response to the short summons of the bell. "My clothes that were to be returned at 12 today—bring them!" "But, madam, we have not been able to get them ready, owing to a difficulty in the laundry. You shall have them tomorrow." "Bring them now—they were promised today!" "I know it, madam, but they are not ready." "It matters not to me, bring them just as they are." The servant went out, and a few moments later two porters entered, bearing a tubful of compounds and washing, set it on the floor, and went out.

OF JEREMIAH'S DAY

Prof. Petrie Tells About Recent Discovery at Memphis, Egypt.

Palace of King Apries Was of Great Size—Even its Ruins Are Declared to be Quite Impressive.

Edinburgh, Scotland.—Prof. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, lectured in Edinburgh recently in the Royal Scottish museum to a large company of archaeologists on the recent excavations at Memphis, Egypt. His address contained many important points and in it was described the discovery of a new palace of ancient date. The recent work, he said, of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt had been continued at Memphis and also extended to Thebes. The great result of the year's work at Memphis had been the discovery of the palace of King Apries—the Pharaoh Hophra of the bible, who was contemporary with Jeremiah.

Hitherto no palace had been known in Egypt beyond the tower at Medinet Habu, and some portions of rather earlier date. Now they had a great building about 400 feet long, and half as wide preserved to ten or fifteen feet high. The scale of the palace was impressive. The middle court was well over 100 feet square and the stone columns in it were more than forty feet high. The stone-lined halls which remained were over forty feet long and half as wide. The brick halls were nearly as large and the walls were about fifteen feet thick. A still larger court extended on the north side.

The approach to the palace led up through a great mass of buildings to a platform at a height of about sixty feet above the plain. These buildings served to defend the entrance as outer fortifications. Between these outworks and the palace was a trench about thirty feet wide, which was doubtless crossed by a drawbridge. The roadway traversing the palace was sixteen feet wide. On one side were stone-lined halls and on the other the kitchen. Some of the fireplaces of the kitchen were still remaining. The great court was on the west and there was a court, the largest of all, on the north. The farther part of it had been entirely washed away by the rains that had poured down the slopes of the hill for over 2,000 years. Little, he said, had any one thought that so great a building remained on the top of the gray mud hill which every tourist had passed who went by the road to Saqqara. This great gateway and the immense walls descending deep into the mound showed that there lay here ruins of successive palaces, probably belonging to the whole course of Egyptian history, and those palaces, it was hoped, would be unearthed. The temple of Merenptah and the temple of Ptah had also been excavated. In the former columns and capitals of the fifth dynasty had been found; in the latter pottery models of heads of foreigners such as Karian, Spaniard or Sardinian, and Bactrian could be identified, also many varieties of Greeks and other races. Some work had also been done in the cemetery of Thebes, which belongs to the period of the eleventh dynasty. Two long, dated inscriptions were found, one of which names the conquest of the country by King Uah-meh-Antef down to some forty miles north of Abydos. On the top of the northern mountain of Thebes some ruins were excavated, about 1,500 feet above the plain. They proved to be of a chapel of a kind hitherto unknown, being for the ostrification of King Sankh-kara. Parts of his Ostris statue and oostoph show the purpose of it. Such a place for a chapel is without parallel in Egypt.

THE PURE FOOD PROBLEM

Recent Congress Held in Paris Hampered by Private Interests—Defines Whisky.

Paris.—Dr. Edward P. Shaffter of the United States department of Agriculture, the American representative who has been in attendance at the international pure food congress here, said after the closing session:

"In spite of the most active lobbying of private interests, the result of this congress will be of great benefit to the world over. I received assurances that this lobbying, although very animated, would have no influence so far as the purpose of the congress goes. It shows, however, that any international effort to get pure food will bring about the same kind of fighting and lobbying as was experienced by the congress at Washington during the pure-food agitation. "Between 1,200 and 1,300 persons attended the international congress here. There were delegates from Brazil, Uruguay and Chile and an official representative from China, who will probably return to his country and demand that pure rice shall not be coated with paraffine.

"The work of the congress was to establish a standard of purity for food products. This was arrived at by stating in exact terms what constituted a pure food. Thus, olive oil was defined as oil extracted from the fruit of the olive tree.

"The congress also succeeded in defining whisky. It says whisky comes from a distillation of port prepared by means of malt and then fermented.

"Some of the commercial lobbyists," continued Dr. Shaffter, "wanted the congress to sanction the putting of borax in butter for shipping, but the congress was emphatically opposed to this.

"The congress demonstrated one thing clearly, and that is that the United States leads in the war on adulterated foods. They would not believe it when I told them that the American government spends \$3,000,000 each year on inspection and when all the inspectors of the various states are fully working the cost will be nearer \$9,000,000. "The pure food question has never been agitated in Europe as it has been in America," said the doctor. "The congress had great educational value in arousing public attention to the question."

AFRAID TO TEST A PROVERB

Farmers Sure Chickens Do Not Always Roost at Home and Shy at Unique Experiments.

Burlington, N. J.—When John Wischnosky, accused of chicken stealing on an extensive scale, halted with delight a proposition to put to a practical test the proverb that "Chickens come home to roost," in Magistrate Smith's court the other afternoon, farmers who appeared as complainants objected too strenuously for the experiment. They said their missing poultry was too likely to return to the place where last fed if set free. Wischnosky was held for a further hearing after it had been alleged that he helped himself to others' chickens and had kept them with his own flock before selling them. Sylvester Wiley, a Bordentown road farmer, was sure he had identified his own fowls among the defendant had sold Burlington dealers.

Mammoth Grizzly Skinned. Denver, Col.—What is said to be the largest bear skin ever brought to Denver will soon adorn the home of Dr. J. Wylie Anderson, of this city. The bear was killed by Dr. Anderson and Fred Williams, of Denver, on a trip to Alaska two months ago. The two men had a thrilling encounter with the animal, and the bear came off second best. The skin is that of an Alaskan grizzly and measures 11 feet long with a skull 17 inches through.

LAKE COMO DREAM OF BEAUTY

English Writers' Tribute to Sheet of Water That is the Delight of Artists.

The first thing you say as you set sail on Lake Como is: "Now I know where all the lovely drop scenes come from." It is an impulse of satisfaction to confess, perhaps, and, in so far as the notion is theatrical, it does Como an injustice, says a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. Like our own Windermere, Como is natural to a fault. That is to say, she has the defects of her picturesqueness. She is the most ladylike of the North Italian lakes. Her culture of hills are gentler in their slope, her depths of shadow more velvety in tone, and her waters have a gayer surface than have her rivals and neighbors, Garda and Maggiore. But if Como is a child of nature, it is in a way entirely her own. She seems to have been fashioned in a holiday mood, as if, after making sterner things, nature had vowed, like Gainsborough with his landscapes, that this time she would work to please herself. Probably she said: "Here's something for the artists, bless 'em!" the result in the long run being the sort of canvas we saw at the last academy over the unexpected name of David Murray. There you have Como in a sober mood—that is to say, without the flood of sunshine that invests her like a robe. You get the blue haze of the hills, the bluer spread of waters, and a group of those hazy coracles that skim her surface like a ladybird upon a leaf. But who shall paint a Como sky?

A Professor Goes Wrong.

A college professor lately said that no new pleasure had been discovered in modern days. Is not the reading of the morning paper a pleasure they did not have in Greece and Rome? Is not the knowledge that we are not in ignorance of any important event throughout the world for the last 24 hours a pleasure as well as a gain? Is it no pleasure to pass comfortably and within a short time from Europe to America and from New York to San Francisco? Is there no gain and gratification in the fact that the uttermost ends of civilization are brought under observation within the limits of a summer's holiday with little risk of life and limbs? Is it nothing that even the man of one language can now command the profit of all the literatures of all times and of all peoples? Shall not that professor revise his language?

Good English Words.

We read the following sentence in a letter given in evidence recently in a murder trial: "I gave him a bonde and done the best I could toward learning him the English language, as we are English speaking people." There were some who laughed when this sentence was read aloud. Yet the sentence is a brave, a sturdy one. "I done" smacks of the soil. "I did" has less energy. "I do" is epic. "To learn a person," was for years, beginning with 1300, good English. Carton, Coverdale, Bunyan, Fuller, Shakespeare, De Foe, Richardson used "learn" for "teach." Nor did William Morris in "Sigurd" refrain from writing: "Thou hast learned me all my skill."

Undue Familiarity.

"Did you strike this old man?" the coroner asked English. "Certainly I did," English replied. "He called my wife bad names." "Did he know her?" the coroner inquired. "No," said English. "That's just it. If he had known her he might have called her names."—Testimony at a Coroner's Inquest in England.

Useful Insects.

"Of all the useless cads, that Jenson is the limit!" "Oh, I don't know, he always has a match about him."

WAITED FOR THE PERMISSION

Little Ones, Tired of Church Services, Left Sacred Edifice as They Would the School.

"When the late Philip Auld Harrison Brown, rector of St. John's chapel, was a young man, he used to go to Maine for the summer," said a Trinity trustee in New York. "Dr. Brown often told of an unforgettable incident connected with one of his first Maine sermons. "Two children had come to church alone, and the minister noticed them from the start of his discourse. They sat in a great, high-backed pew, side by side, very solemn. "After awhile they got tired. Evidently they thought that church etiquette was the same as the etiquette of the village school. They climbed down from their pew, and the boy took his tiny sister by the hand and led her up the aisle, stopping in front of the preacher. "Please, sir," he said, "may we go home?" "Yes," said Mr. Brown. "And they turned and soberly departed, hand in hand."—Los Angeles Times.

It Saves Them.

The American has the saving grace of humor. Seldom in the real pinch does it fall to come to the uppermost and he gets a good laugh out of what men born under other skies would construe as nothing else than a fight. The "head gent" of a t. t. t. show playing at Holton recently handed out a warm one to the audience. There was so much going on in Holton that night that the theatrical business suffered, but the aforesaid "gent" seemed to think that the people did not appreciate the high-class histrionic art served up by the company. He frankly stated in a certain speech that in his opinion the plays presented were too refined for Holton. "But," he added, "we will try to get down to your level by presenting 'The Whole Dam Family,' which does not contain a sensible line. I think this play will appeal to you." "The audience," says Frank Jarrell, in telling the matter, "instead of getting mad and hunching the actor, saw the funny side of the case and laughed long and loud at him. He didn't say any more."—Kansas City Journal.

Was Ready to Make Good.

Some time ago a crowd of Bowery sports went over to Philadelphia to see a prize fight, says Everybody's. One "wise guy," who, among other things, is something of a pickpocket, was so sure of the result that he was willing to bet on it. "The Kid's goin' t' win. It's a pipe," he told a friend. The friend expressed doubts. "Sure he'll win," the pickpocket persisted. "I'll bet you a gold watch he wins." Still the friend doubted. "Why," exclaimed the pickpocket, "I'm willing to bet you a good gold watch he wins! Y' know what I'll do? Come through the train with me now, an' y' can pick out any old watch y' like."

The Reasonableness of Woman.

"There are reasonable women in New York, doubtless," said a police captain, "but not many of them do business with our department. "A woman from upper Fifth Avenue telephoned us recently. Had lost a pair of false teeth between the Plaza hotel and the Opera house. Wanted us to find them and send them to her under seal. Yet when I asked for her name and address she berated me like a pickpocket. Said I wanted to get her name in the papers, or be paid to keep it out. Then she rang off."

Arithmetically Demonstrated.

"A man should sleep at least eight hours a day." "It can't be done," answered the weary-looking citizen; "not when one of your neighbors runs a phonograph till midnight and another keeps a rooster that crows at five a. m."

SQUARE HOLE EASILY BORED

Simple Explanation Disproves General Idea That Achievement Is an Impossibility.

It would seem, on first thought, an impossibility to bore a square hole. In reality nothing is simpler. The basis of the operation is the fact that as a circle rolls on a straight line, the center describes a parallel straight line. For instance, the hub of a carriage wheel moves along at a constant distance from the ground. Hence if we cause a cutter situated at the center of a cylindrical shank to roll on a straight guide the cutter will trace out a straight line. If the guide be broken into four sides of a square the shank will roll on these four sides, one after the other, and the cutter will remain on an equal square. At the same time the motion of the tool is a rotary one, very similar to boring a round hole. The only trouble is that as the shank changes from one side of the square guide to the adjacent one there is a slight irregularity in the motion, so that the corners of the square hole are not sharp, but slightly rounded. This rounding may be reduced to a minimum and it is not a serious objection in any case.

Cat That Loves His Bath.

"Talk about the Englishman and his bath!" He isn't a marker on the cat I saw," said a man who had called the night before on the owners of the cat. "Mark Antony is the son of Julia Pry, who was given her name because she used to pry open the folding doors with her paw. But this Mark Antony would take a dozen baths a day if any one would fill up the tub for him. When he was a kitten he used to be put in the bath tub, where he was deemed safe, as he lived in a flat. The water dripped from the faucet and gave Mark something to amuse himself with. He evidently grew up to love the water, and now when any one comes in the door Mark Antony is there, and would lead even the utmost stranger bathroomward, that he might fill up the tub enough for him to splash in it."

The Unexpected.

He had wedded a popular actress, much to the dismay of his friends. He was fond of the practical things of life. His friends were sure the professional lady would prove anything but a helpmeet for him. "It was their first breakfast in the pretty suite in the little flat. The coffee was delicious, and the steak of the exact rareness he preferred, and he had never eaten such rolls. He held one of the latter aloft. "Why, where do you buy them, my love?" he asked. She flung him a bewitching smile. "I created those rolls," she dramatically answered. "You?" he cried. "Yes," she replied; "I was cooking in a restaurant when I went on the stage."

The Cost of Living.

She was having a little bite after the theater with the impecunious man who had gone with her on her pass. "What sort of Welsh rabbit will you have?" asked the waiter, "plain, with an egg in it, or—" "I'll have one with an egg in it," said she. The impecunious man, who had turned quite white, came back to his natural color. "Thank the Lord you stopped him at the one with an egg in it," said he. "That's only five cents more than the plain, they run up to a dollar apiece, these fancy Welsh rabbits. Didn't you know that?"

Egyptian Embalming.

The modern embalmer is still ignorant of the secret that was so well known to the men of ancient Egypt. The process followed by the Egyptian embalmers is known only in part, the main part being still a mystery. As to the cost of becoming a mummy, Herodotus and Diodorus tell of three modes of embalming prevalent in Egypt, the first very costly, amounting to about \$2,500 of our money; the second, \$60; the third within the reach of all.

MONGREL PIECE OF ARTISTRY

English Captain's Head on French King's Shoulders a Curiosity in Isle of Wight.

There was set up in the seventh century, at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, what is probably the most curious piece of art extant, erected to the memory of Sir Robert Holmes, a British naval officer of that period.

The odd circumstance is that the statue was not originally designed for Holmes at all, but for a very different personage, no other, indeed, than Louis XIV of France. This statue, finished as to the figure, but in the rough as to the head, was being taken to France on an Italian vessel, when it was captured by a British man-of-war commanded by Holmes. Upon perceiving the unfinished condition of the statue, Holmes with grim humor, compelled the artist, who had accompanied his work, to chisel his (Holmes's) head on the king's body. And so it stands today.

Holmes was eventually made governor of the Isle of Wight, which fact accounts for the location of this mongrel bit of artistry.

The Tub Cure.

It is being told now that the latest fad in society is the tub cure. The patient arises just as the crisp air of the morning is meliorated by the first sunbeam. An ordinary washtub is then filled with hot water and soap-suds, into which various articles of linen are thrown. After they are thoroughly saturated the patient takes them up one at a time and rubs them briskly up and down on the washboard placed in the tub. This is kept up until the hands, arms and face are a glowing pink. The patient then goes into the open air and hangs all the linen articles on a line stretching for that purpose. The one completing the task first announces the time to the others over the telephone and is entitled to a prize. It is exciting sport and also invigorating exercise.

Galileo.

In 1564 Galileo, the greatest scientist of that age, was born in Pisa. At 18 years of age he made a most important discovery, which was later used in constructing a clock for astronomical purposes. Learned in medicine and mathematics, he later invented the hydrostatic balance with which is ascertained the specific gravity of solid bodies. Later he discovered the three laws of motion. In 1609 he offered the first complete telescope to the Doge, at Venice, and the same year invented a microscope and a crude species of thermometer. But for all these, this illustrious interpreter of the mysteries of nature was brought before the officers of the Roman church and forced to deny the truth of his scientific discoveries.—The Argonaut.

Concerning Argument.

Certain people seem to arouse the spirit of arguing in each other. Sometimes they are husband and wife; sometimes they are friends, or merely acquaintances. It usually begins when the people are involved in situations where their interests clash. So they argue about those interests. Gradually the state of mind excited by arguing becomes fixed. It makes the people argue even when there is no clash of interest. Often they don't realize that they are arguing. They think they are merely stating honest opinions. What they are really doing is expressing resentment. Nearly always it is feeling that controls the mind.—John Barry in Harper's Bazar.

Late Hour Explained.

"What kept you until this late hour?" asked the husband of his unfortunate wife. "Well, my dear," she answered, meekly, "it took us an hour to greet one another, the meeting lasted 30 minutes, and the rest of the time was spent in saying good-by."—Detroit Free Press.