TRIBUTE TO BRAVE SOLDIERS

Woman in Casting Violets Into

Harold Macgrath has observed that the ladies of France and the ladies; who sojourn in France know the graceful use of flowers. Hence the protty scene in his new novel which takes place by the side of Napoleon's surcophagus. The visitors included a lovely girl who had a bunch of Parma violets pinned in her bosom, and nearby stood a veterau of the French army, with an empty sleeve folded across his breast over which fell the medal of the Legion of Honor. As the girl turned to leave, she unpinned her violets and offered them impulsively to the aged hero. So much for the use of violets in fiction; now for their mission in worksday life. A few days ago as a steamer was making the voyage from Calais to Dover, the passengers crowded to the rail and pointed cut to each other the scene of the wreck of the ill-fated submarine Pluviose. In the crowd was a pretty little French woman, who, overhearing the conversation, pressed to the rail with "Pardon! excuse" as she took a bunch of violets from her bocom and cast it on the waves as near to the wreck as possible. How eminently French in its impulsive recognition of the graceful thing to do, reminiscent of the swift politeness of the Frenchman who, at a banquet where the lady next him had spilt some disfiguring condiment on the tablecloth, immediately reached for a vase of flowers with which to cover the blemish.

YOUNG MEN FOR THE NAVY

Department Requires Men Who Can
Be Trained to Manage Mechanical Features of Battleship.

Secretary Meyer walked hurriedly across Executive avenue. Meeting a newspaper man he paused a moment before the executive office to briefly until his idea of the requirements of the seamen of the future upon the

"yasty deep."

"What the old navy wanted," said Mr. Meyer, "was a sailor, a man who had been before the mast, a man who could run up into the rigging with readiness, unfurl the sails and be an all-around man. What the navy requires today is not that class of man who is set in his ideas; we want young men who can be trained to manage the mechanical features of a modern battleship.

"An inland man is often better than a man from the sea, because he comes with no preconceived ideas and learns what he is taught. He should have the facility for acquiring knowledge of electricity, mechanical and machinery work, because our great battleships today are nothing more nor less than great big moving machine shops.—National Magazine.

The Mississippi of Streets.

A street is like a river, with its human current carrying all manner of drift between its banks of residences or shops on either side. And if this simile be appropriate, then Broadway is the Mississippi of streets. Probably no other avenue in the world presents so many contrasts in the flotsum and jetsam it carries from Harflom to the Battery. Every type of humanity—uprooted saplings from farms and orehards, proud halled craft in silks and sating-may be descried in the surging mass. Banker and bootblack, the swaggering swell and the draggled derellet walk shoulder to shoulder-rush, rether, for Broadway is a masistrom, the embodiment of New York's bustle and hurry, the place where nothing can stand still. Richard Harding Davis once said that meverybody "asems to be trying to reach the bank to have a check eashed before three o'clock."

Sleeping on the Porch.

Service Constitution

You hear the crickets gratefully, and there is something mystic in the distant plane. For a few minutes you lie stretched out in thankful restfulness the ideal ending for a day of conscientious labor. The crickets begin to drone and blend their squeaks makenather and the true tops wave more and more mystically until you fall, asleep. Morning comes with a tremendous chirping of sparrows and [the sound of a rooster crowing somewhere. You lie a little while, breath-) ing deeply the fresh morning scents and grateful that you have a body, and then you know that the day has begun as it should,—Coffier's.

Only Tee Glad to Pay Tax.
Inheritance taxes are not generally liked by those who have to pay them, but the eldest son of the Swiss engineer, Herr Brandt, who built the Simplen tunnel and died in 1908, is paying \$500,000 with the utmost satisfaction. The Swiss authorities discovered that Brands passessed \$3,6+0,000 worth of property in Russia which he had failed to declare in his will. The sen, who was unaware of the existence of this property, is only tee glad to pay the fine of \$500,000 to everue a windfall of \$2,500,000.

Practiced on Advertisements.

As we came away from the nextgray this year we felt there was more
hope for English art than there has
been for many years, for there are
several painters who cannot only
paint a face and arrange a characferistic pose, but who can also paint
five garments of the wearer with something like fidelity, even down to the
facination of buttoms and buttonholes.

— Tailor and Cutter.

IS MOST FAMILIAR PORTRAIT

Queen of Spades is a Bona Fide Likeness of Queen Anne of Great Britain.

Do any of my readers know what is the most common and familiar portrait in the world? I heard this matter discussed the other evening with rare erudition and cogency, writes Arthur Loring Bruce in Ainslee's Magazine. One of the gentlemen was sure the Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" was the best-known portrait in the world. Another was all for Leonardo's "Mona Lisa." Still anothre contended that no likeness was so universally known as that of King Edward on the coins of Great Britain. I mentioned the sphinx, and somebody else mentioned the Venus of Milo. The discussion was growing warmer when a mild and callow youth chirped up with:

"You are all wrong! All of you! The best-known portrait in the world

is the queen of spades." He then proceeded to prove to us; what, it seems, is common knowledge among the cognoscenti; namely, that the queen of spades is a bona fide likeness of the late Queen Anne of Britain. It seems that somewhere along about 1710 the English and European stationers fixed on the image of the then queen of England as a suitable one to inscribe on their playing cards. For 200 years or more; her face has looked out at us, not altogether unpleasantly-particularly in beziquefrom the depths of the pack. How much longer, we wonder will her physiognomy be shuffled down the corridors of time?

TRIALS OF THE DEAF MAN

Experiences Most Inconvenience When They Are Paging Some One at a Hotel.

"The time I experience most inconvenience from deafness is when they are paging some one at a hotel," said the man who doesn't hear well. "I spend more than half my time in hotels. Whenever I see a boy tearing through the lobbies and smoking room paging some one I nearly have heart failure until I find out who he wants. He might want me. Among all the guests there is only one chance in 506 that he does; still, he might, and I would never know it unless he came and shouted it into my ear. Naturally, no well-bred beliboy will do that, so the inititative of finding out whether I am paged or not devolves upon me. I stand up and block the way.

"'Boy,' I say, 'do you want Benson

J. R. Benson? Speak loud, please,
because I am deaf.'

"He does speak loud. He makes a megaphone of his hands and shouts, "No, I want Brownson," and passes on. "Pretty soon another boy appears.

"Pretty soon another boy appears, and we repeat the performance. The whole lobby becomes interested. They imagine that I am expecting an important message. I am expecting no message at all, but the possibility that I might get one and miss it becaused I couldn't hear the boy paging me causes me to make a fool of myself several times every evening."

lodine for Wounds. Professor Reclus at the last meeting of the Academy of Medicine of Paris said in every ambulance, train, railway station or big contract works there should be a flask of fresh tincture or iodine-one part lodine crystals to nine parts alcohol-which should be renewed every week. Paint the fresh flesh wound freely with French strength tincture of icdine. Let it dry. Then cover with asoptic cotton and bandage. On the evening of next day repeat, and bandage as before. And thereafter paint at still longer intervals until it is not renainted for three or four days. Reclussays French tincture of lodine over eight days old is N. G., and irritating. Fresh tincture smarts only a little bit This method is a veritable revolution to ambulance bad-hand cases. for it is simply hell to the patient to clean off and sterilize a dirty, firing, greasy, badly mashed hand, fingers or thumb. Here the foding does the work like a flash of sunlight.

Switzerland has long been noted for its rather severe regulations affecting automobiles, especially with regard to the crossing of mountain passes. The most drastic restrictions, however, have recently been enacted in the Canton of Unterwalden. In this section the running of automobiles on Sunday has been entirely prohibited, and even on the other days of the week they may not be run before eight o'clock in the morning or after six o'clock at night.

Automobiles in Unterwalden are siso required to stop at designated points along the highways, for the payment of a toll of two francs. The speed limit has been placed at thirty kilometres, about eighteen and a half miles per hour.

Spoken With Feeling.
Greatly to the pride and pleasure of his father, Lord Rosebery's second son, the Hon. Nell Primrose(was recently elected to parliament for a division in Cambridgeshire.

During the contest, however, reference was constantly made to Lord Rosebery's opposition to the hudget, which his son supported.

on one occasion the cándidate was asked whether this action on the part of his father did not amount to "hitting below the helt"

ting below the belt."

"Exactly," said Mr. Primrose. "But when one's father does hit one, it is generally below the belt."—Youth's Companion.

MANNER OF KING GEORGE

General Woodford Says Great Britain's Ruler is a Typical, Real Saltorman.

There was a general impression when George V. came to the throne that he had none of his father's bonhomic that put all men at their case. Events have proved that this opinion has no foundation and only arose from ignorance of the new king's character, due to the quiet and retired life he has led.

Since his accession he has received deputation after deputation, representing all classes, and all have gone away with a high opinion of George V.'s savoir faire. When Gen. Stewart L. Woodford as president of the Hudson-Fulton commission of New York presented the gold medal and address, originally intended to be given to Edward VII., the new king did not content himsel fwith a formal acceptance and transmission of a stereotyped reply, but talked freely for half an hour.

His manner is quiet yet cordial; his way of speaking, which recalls that of his cousin Prince Henry of Prussia is frank; he gives the impression of not being a talkative man without appearing reticent; in fact General Woodford sums it up as "the speech of the typical real sailor man." His late profession, too, is evidently the subject nearest his heart, for he talked to General Woodford with knowledge of the three warships sent to New York for the fetes and with appreciation of Admiral Seymour, who commanded them.

DEATH POPULAR IN NAMES

New York Leans to Ghastly Nomenclature, is Discovery of an Englishman.

"No city I have ever visited is so fond of death as a part of the city's nomenclature as New York is," said the Englishman. "Before I had been here a day I learned that Eleventh avenue is called Death avenue, that the turn in the street railway tracks at Fourteenth street is Dead Man's Curve, and that every important tranch everybody is digging for building purposes or other improvements is called Dead Man's guich.

"Later when rambling about the city I discovered other spots whose gruesome appellations may not be so widely known but are as firmly fixed locally. Three hills I have climbed are called Dead Man's hill on account of the coasting accidents that have occurred there.

"In the upper part of the city I was taken to admire the view from two points which are known as Dead Man's bluff and Dead Man's ledge. Another friend of a cheerful turn of mind has volunteered to show me just as soon as he gets time a beautiful spot up in the Bronx called Death's toll-gate. All those names no doubt have a agrong local significance, but they are rather depressing to a stranger."

Land and Water Craft. Rear Admiral John A. Howell, retired inventor of the Howell torpedo. is having built a craft which he believes will solve the problem of combined land and water travel. The boat, which is being built at the plant of the Bath Marine Construction company, is 20 feet long, 6 feet 5 inches beam and with a tail 10 feet long. She will be fitted with a 10-horsepower engine, making 1,000 revolutions a minute. She will have a 21inch pitch on the port side and a trail wheel at the stern. The two driving wheels are four feet in diameter and are placed forward. Except for the driving wheels, the craft is constructed on the lines of any small boat. It is expected that the boat will make about seven miles an hour in the water and twelve on land. It is understood that she will be ready for her trial early in the coming month. The new boat might well be named the Crocodile.—Kennebec Jour-

Hidden Room of a Castle.

In the course of some repairs at Longlest, Wilts, a room with a fireplace was discovered of which nobody had the slightest knowledge. It had apparently been walled up for years, and neither Lord Bath nor anybody at Longlest had any suspicion of the existence of such an apartment.

Longlest, which is said to be the first well built house in the kingdom, was erected by Sir John Thynne, and its construction occupied 12 years, from January, 1567, until 1579. The first royal visitor to Sir John's noble mansion was Queen Bilsabeth, and the story runs that the owner was not very anxious for his sovereign to see his home, as she might ask him where he obtained the money to build so stately a house. Sir John Thynne, who was knighted after the battle of Pinkie, was the factotum of the Protector Somerset, and it is said that he built Longlest from designs prepared by his fallen master for a house of his own.—Court Journal.

Ceaseless Change.

Reflect eften upon the instability of things and how very fast the scenes of nature are shifted. Matter is in a perpetual flux. Change is always and everywhere al work; it strikes through causes and effects and leaves nothing flited and permanent. And then how very sear us stand two vast gulfs of time, the past and the future, in which all things disappear. Now, is not that man a blockheed that lets these momentary things make him proud or uneasy, or sorrowful as though they could trouble him for long? Marcus

ONE CUNNING OLD RODENT

Successfully Plans to Get the Cheese
Without Being Caught in
the Trap.

Not long ago it became a problem in a Brooklyn hotel how to keep down the population of rats, which had become so bold that they stole from under the very noses of the cooks. Traps and poisons were successful at first, but after a few deaths the wary rats avoided both. The rateatcher was then called in, and cats, degs and ferrets had their turn, but still the rats increased.

The steward bagged a few with a small rifle, but the rats soon grew too cautious for him. About all he could see was the tip of a tail or two bright eyes that disappeared as soon as he raised his gun. Then he hit upon another idea. He swung a ild on a barrel with a swivel, filled the barrel half full of water, and fastened a lump of cheese in the center of the lid. As soon as a rat alighted on either side of the lid, over he would go into the barrel, and for a while rats were drowned by the dozen.

It was at this juncture that the rodents evidently held a council, for the number-of victims grew steadily smaller. Sometimes in the morning there would be two or three rats in the barrel, oftener there were none at all. The observant steward felt that they were all the time trying to figure out how to get that cheese. Sometimes two rats would get on the edge of the barrel, opposite one another, at the same time, and balance the lid as they crept toward the center. This worked well until one or the other forgot the need for caution, when both fell in.

Finally one old rat mastered the game. For several nights the cheese disappeared, and there was no rat there in the morning to show for it. One night the steward caught the rat in the act of dropping from pipes right in the center of the lid. He balanced himself for a moment, then quietly nibbled at the cheese. When he had satisfied his hunger he carefully moved off along the line of the swivel and dropped to the floor, safe.

At this point the steward acknowledged defeat. He declared that the man who was smart enough to defeat those rats was smart enough to do anything.

An English View of Us.

How utterly different is the way the Americans view efficiency and inefficiency! They go for efficiency, we for character. We lately heard of a manager of a company in the states who was tried and convicted for peculating a large sum of money which should have gone to the shareholders. He was sent to prison, and his English friends-with whom he had been very popular—thought they had seen the last of him. But he was no sooner out of prison than the company instantly jook him on again at an en hanced salary. The English were amazed, confounded; but it was explained to them that to throw away the services of such a clever, extremely efficient man would have been arrant folly. He is now on the best of terms with the company and socially is quite one of the most popular men of his city. Here we often overlook, even ostracise, a man because he is capable; in the states a capable man is not estracised even if a scoundrel. -London Saturday Review.

Swearing by Proxy.

Bishop Olmstead of Denver, tells a stery illustrative of the fact that clergymen must keep very much farther away from evil than the ordinary man. The bishop was once talking in Olmsteadville with an old fisherman about a neighboring divine.

"A very good man," the bishop said.
"A very good man, yes," assented
the eld fisherman. "He swears a good
bit for a preacher though."
"Swears!" exclaimed Bishop Olm-

stead. "I can't believe that."

"But I heard him," said the old fisherman, obstinately. "I sat beside him at our Thanksgiving treat, you know, sir. We were both hacking away at a turkey leg. His got away from him, It slid across the table toward me, and a lot of cranberry sauce was scattered about.

"I neid to him, sympathetic like, for I could see he was worked up: "These legs are damned tough, sin't they, sir?" "'Yes, George, they certainly are.' Now if that ain't swearin' " concluded the old fisherman, "what is it?"

Patriotic Names of Shipe. Three foreign vessels bearing patriotic American names came into port the other day with pleaty of bunting on their masts and much American music in their dining saloons and on deck. The George Washington of the North German Lloyd line, the biggest German steamship in this port, came in from Bremen. Whileshe was steaming up to her dock in-Hoboken the American steamship Martha Washington came into quarantine. After George and Martha got out of the way the Scandinavian-American steamship United States. from Copenhagen, came up the Narrows with flying colors. The arrival of these ships together on Independence day was not planned for the occasion.—New York Tribune.

As it Actually Happens,
"Cholly thought he was going to get
engaged a number of times during his
two weeks at the seachore."
"And didn't he?"

"He got engaged the first week all right enough, but it took him the whole of the second week to break

1838 Irlatem berei with

WHEN ANNOUNCING THE BABY

There Are Various Ways of Spreading the News of the Stork's Visit.

When the stork visits a household the most modish way of spreading the news of his call is by card announcement. This plan has the disadvantage of delay, however, as there is a minimum of time in which cards can be engraved and mailed, not to mention the fact that the oftimes perplexing question of naming the baby must be decided first.

One young couple, however, though somewhat wastefully, overcame that seemingly necessary delay by deciding that if their "first" were a boy he should be called, say, John Henry, while if she happened to be the less desired girl her name was to be, say, Clementine. So they had two sets of cards engraved and ready for mailing the moment that the exact status of things was known. It would have been dreadful, though, if in the inewitable household confusion the wrong box of cards had been mailed and the others thrown into the furnace before the mistake was discovered.

the mistake was discovered.

So far as New York is concerned, it is those of European birth or parentage who most frequently make the paid public announcement. Sometimes they are amusing in their frankness and ingenuousness. These sometimes contain the postiude, "Mother and son doing well," and one started off with the words: "A loving daughter born to." The climax was capped, however, by one the other day that closed in this wise:

"A 12-pound boy. Thanks to Drs. So and So and Such and Such and to Mrs. Blank."

WHEN ASTOR SOLD REALTY

Only Sale Ever Recorded in John Jacob's Life Was to His Son, and the Consideration One Dollar.

"One of the most stringent real estate rules of the Astor family is never sell," and only one sale is recorded in the entire life of old John Jacob Astor," said Niles F. Watkins, a real estate broker of New York, to the Washington Herald. "In 1836 Astor tore down his house in Broadway, cleared the whole block from Vesey to Barcisy street, and built the huge gray Quincy gramite hotel which held forth until not many years ago as the Astor house, being one of the first netable landmarks in New York, and also one of the best paying pieces of property.

"A few days after it was finished the eld gentleman and his eldest son ... William were walking through City... Hall park, and stopped a moment to admire the building—the finest hotel in America at that time.

"'Pop, that's a mighty fine building,' said William, 'I wish to graciousit was mine.'

So, answered the father. Well, Billy, give me one dollar and you can have it.

dollar, that is cherished by the family to this day as the dollar of our daddles—and within an bour the deed of the property was made out and recorded. This was old Mr. Astor's sale of real estate in his life."

Mistaken Identity. A Westchester county commuter -told this story a few days ago to his daily fellow-travelers while the cards were being made ready for the first rubber: "As I entered the station this afternoon a man with a number of parcels said to me in German: 'I want to go to Port Chester.' I was warm and cross and felt like quoting Thackersy, and asking him: Why in H-arlem don't you go!' But he seemed to be so thoroughly foreign that I know the joke would have been wasted and I gave him the infermation he wanted in a few words. Then I was curious to know what made him think that I could speak Gorman and I asked him in the best German I could command. He smiled, showing a set of teeth of the Oyster Bay brand, and said: T could tell by the looks of your wife," and nodded toward a woman who happened to have come into the station next to me. The Runsy part of the story is that I know the woman. and, like Kelly, she is Irish through

A Good Trap.

The members of the Cumberland club in Portland tell this stery about

and through."...

Tom Reed.

Reed and a companion went to the club one evening, hung their coats in the cloak room, and spent the evening talking politics. When they went to get their overceats on leaving, Reed's friend thrust his hand in the pocket for his gloves and pulled out a pocket-book that was not his and which some one had put in there by mistake.

"What shall I do?" he asked Reed.
"If I go around the club with a pocketbook in my hand it will look strange."
"That's all right," said Reed. "Keep
the pocketbook and set the coat again.
We'll go back in the smoking-room."

Anelent Coins Discovered

Building operations in the Rue d'Arsant in Brussels have led to the discovery of a metal case containing about 130,000 ancient coins. Of these 20,000 are English, Irish and Scotch, and the remainder were minted in Belgium in the time of Henry III. of Brabant.

It is supposed that the coins belonged to a knight of Brussels, who hid them about 1984, and that he was killed in fighting and carried with him to the grave his secret, which was to remain hidden for nearly seven conturies.

WAS INVENTION OF A BOY

Steam Engine's Automatic Cut-Off Valve the idea of a Boy Intent on Play.

Among the government's patent exhibits is a collection of miniature steam engines. Models of the engines of Hero, of Alexandria, of Newcomb and of Watt illustrate the successive steps in the development of what has become the giant of our modern in dustry. There may be seen a model of the early engine upon which boys were employed to turn the cocks that, alternating, let the steam on and shutit off. One of these boys, Humphrey. Potter, by name, instead of settling down like a machine to the monotonous work, kept his eyes open. Hediscovered that a certain beam above: his head worked in unison with the cocks that he opened and closed. He accordingly connected the two, and. after seeing that the device worked properly, ran off to play.

His employers began to notice a much greater regularity in the movement of the engine than before; this led to the discovery of his secret, and to the subsequent adoption of his device everywhere. An examination of the model of the engine to which the scoggan was applied arouses in one. the wonder, not that the boy thought; of it, but that anybody before him should have failed to do so. This is: the "after thought" of a great many, notable inventions. Opponents of the patent system often raise the point that all great inventions are "in the air," that the same suggestion sooneror later will come to a great many different men, and hence that the patent is simply a reward to the one who happens to arrive first.

Patent experts acknowledge considerable basis for this contention. They say also that the lament often, seen in the newspapers, "His invention died with him," referring to a secret process, is rarely borne out by events.

AMERICANS ARE VERY RUDE

An Uneophisticated Englishman Tells How They Laughed in His Face
When He Imparted Information.

"Americans are rude, extremely so," said the Englishman just four days over. "They don't want to be told anything; think they know it all. Yesterday three men who sat in double seats with me in an elevated trainwere arguing over a matter that none. of them seemed to have definite informatten on. It happened to be something that I had read a long article. about the night before, so I spoke up and told them what I knew. Now, in my country, we would thank a man who did that, but these Americans didn't thank me. They laughed in my face, that is what they did."

"That is strange," said his American friend. "Americans are usually very grateful for every bit of information offered them. What did you.

tell them, anybow?"

"Well, they were fussing about which city had the finest diamoond in the country. One said Philadelphia had, another Chicago, the other stuck out for Pittsburg. I said, 'Pardou me, gentlemen, you are all mistaken. Utica has the finest diamond in that United States. I read about it last night. It weighs I forget how many karats and was brought from London by a Mrs. Patterson about a year.

ago."
"And then they laughed. Very rude.

Americans are, i think."

Golema enough warning canner, he given about the use of public drinking glasses and cups. Doctors have counted over twenty diseases that can be transmitted by this means, and most of them are serious and terrible ones. It is easy to carry around a small glass or a folding tineup of your own, or to purchase one of the many forms of antiseptic temporary receptacies, and the entra trouble is well worth, your escape from danger. Above all, do not let the children drink from the maty and germ-laden tincups at aprings or fountains in the parks.

If ever it should for some season be necessary to use any of these public cups, do not let your lips touch the edge; but, after thereughly cleaning the vessel, drink directly from the water contained in R. It is to be hoped that in time these antiquated relies will disappear, and all public recreation grounds will be equipped with fountains from which one can drink the water directly.

Rent for a Forge;

Harper's Weekly relates that increation of London acquired from their crown a forge for which it promised to pay an annual rent in its products. Although the forge was demolished in a riot during the reign of Richard II., 1877-1899, and was never restored, their rent is still punctually paid every October.

Last autumn, on the appointed day, the city solicitor went to the office of the king's remembrancer and made the following produmation:

"Oyes, oyes, oyes. Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called the Forge in the parish of St. Clement Danes in the county of Middlenex, come forth and do your service."

The city sollector than solemning

oome forth and do your service."

The city solletter then solemnly counted six horseshoes and 61 nails.

A Rooi Gnoice.
"A petrified woman as discovered in New Hampshire last week.

"Was she protty?"
__"Well, not very. But they may she'st
real gneiss."—Toledo Binde.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS