

OLD SALEM LANDMARK SOLD

Place Where Nathaniel Hawthorne Courted Miss Peabody is Transferred in Salem.

Boston.—Romance in the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne is vividly recalled by the sale of the three-story house at 51-55 Charter street, Salem, Louis Dembofsky has transferred the property to Jennie I. Linsky.

The house was erected about 150 years ago. Within the dwelling Miss Sophia Amelia Peabody, daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody, was born, September 21, 1805. Miss Peabody wedded Nathaniel Hawthorne, and it appears singular to readers of the great American romancer's works that, charming as his associations must have been with the house, he should have recalled its situation in the unpleasant "Dolliver Romance," and later in the depictions made in "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret."

That he did so is shown in the opening chapter of "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," which reads, "Cornered on a graveyard with which the house communicated by a back door," while the house itself was "A three-story wooden structure, perhaps a century old, low studded with a square front, standing right upon the street, and a small inclosed porch containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse up and down the thoroughfare through an oval window on each side."

Hawthorne in his writings referred at considerable length to the cemetery on the east side of the "Grimshawe" house. In fact, in the corner of the cemetery adjoining the house are the most ancient headstones remaining in the graveyard. Hawthorne once said: "It gives us strange ideas, to think how convenient to Dr. Peabody's family this burial ground is, the monuments standing almost within arm's reach of the side windows of the parlor."

The cemetery and house are practically as described by Hawthorne 72 years ago, with the exception of the gate, which has been destroyed. The house now is to be renovated and other buildings will be erected in the yard. The exterior of the house will be changed in appearance, yet the mutations will not destroy the history of the old landmark, or diminish interest on the part of people visiting Salem for the purpose of viewing buildings associated with Hawthorne. He was not wedded to Miss Peabody in the "Dr. Grimshawe house," as has been claimed, but in a dwelling that numbered 13 West street, Boston, then the home of Dr. Peabody.

SNAKE HATS A LONDON FAD

Headgear Adorned With Serpentine Imitations—Stockings are Embroidered to Match.

London.—Woman's fancy for strange pets has led to her adoption of imitation pets on almost all items of her dress.

The newest silk petticoat which is now being shown in London shops is ornamented with brilliant hued birds around the bounce. These are printed in silk on the petticoat, and include fowls, peacocks and parrots about a foot in length.

The price of a bird petticoat is \$4. It is sold in many shades—white, pink, blue, mauve and others—on each color alike the bird is vividly portrayed.

With the peacock petticoat the peacock stocking may be worn. The hosiery has a large silk peacock embroidered half way up the leg in the bird's gorgeous coloring. The stork stocking is another freak article of women's dress.

The snake hat has been sold recently in London, and the wearer can don a pair of snake stockings to harmonize with her headgear.

A specimen of the snake stocking in black silk is ornamented with a large red snake of sequins. This could be worn also for evenings with the glittering snake hair, bandeau which is being shown considerably.

Many fans are exhibited which appear as a large peacock or fowl, with a head and beak finish, whilst others are painted with numbers of birds.

The butterfly lady, who wears a butterfly hat, brooch or shiny butterflies in her hair, can have butterfly handkerchiefs. These are sold at from \$1 a half dozen, and the pretty embroidered wings are detached from the ground work of the handkerchief.

Not inappropriately, the snake maiden might carry one of the new beetle handkerchiefs. These have tropical beetles embroidered in bright colors.

Passion Play Earnings. Berlin.—This year's gross receipts of the passion play at Oberammergau are officially reported to have been \$248,000. After defraying expenses \$214,000 remains to be distributed, of which \$116,000 will be divided among 350 performers, the principals receiving \$225 apiece and the others in proportion. A liberal sum will be given to the poor and a balance of \$108,750 will remain in the village treasury for commercial purposes.

Appeal for Peace Sunday. Boston.—An appeal to the clergy of all Christian churches of the country and to the leaders of all other religious organizations to observe the third Sunday in December of every year as peace Sunday, and on that date to urge by prayer, song and sermon "the abolition of war and substitution of imperative, universal arbitration," has been issued by the American Peace society.

START LEOPARD WITH SMOKE

Bronx Keeper's "Old Reliable" Moves Snow White Beast From Crate to Cage.

New York.—A snow leopard, the Bronx zoo's latest acquisition, had his coming-out party at the menagerie. The debut was not accomplished without great difficulty. And if it hadn't been for a pipe—and this is no pipe—Mr. Leopard's public appearance might have been deferred indefinitely.

The animal arrived in New York from Bremen. Having been in a crate since he left Monowlia, where he was trapped, his temper was not exactly sugar coated. When he got to the zoo his wooden home was backed up to an empty lion cage and he was invited to walk in.

But he was a most ungracious and unresponsive guest. He sulked in the corner of the crate, growled his disapproval and wouldn't go out.

Then persuasive methods were tried. A bucket of gasoline was brought, and with a bellows the vapor was blown at the leopard. This is usually conducive to agility even in the most stubborn, but the effect this time was surprising. The animal inhaled the gas like a carburetor in a marine engine; he even switched his tail as though he was trying to crank up the machine.

Then ammonia was tried; the leopard never budged. The keeper even threw lighted papers into his cage; he just stamped out the blaze. Then some one thought of Keeper Greevy and "Old Reliable."

"Old Reliable" is a meerschaum pipe the keeper has been industriously engaged in coloring for four years and is said to have a strength of fully 40 horsepower.

When Greevy was summoned to the leopard's crate and told the circumstances he at once lighted the pipe. At the first puff the leopard quailed; the second started him around the crate. But the time the fourth hit him he sprang into the waiting lion cage, whining as if to say: "Take it away, take it away. I'm only a leopard, not a smoke consumer."

So they let him alone and took the pipe and its owner away. Not until then did the leopard breathe freely once more. The animal is six months old and a rare specimen. It is pure white.

WHAT OUR COLLEGE MEN DO

Of Students From Cambridge 16.5 Per Cent. of 32,192 Listed Are Practicing Law.

Cambridge, Mass.—The directory of living Harvard alumni just issued contains 82,192 names. Massachusetts has the largest representation with more than 12,000. New York comes next with 4,700; Pennsylvania third, and Illinois fourth. Canada leads among the foreign countries with 411, with England second with 146. Japan has 36 and China 53.

Boston leads the cities, having 5,561, with New York next with 3,335. Other cities with large Harvard contingents are:

Chicago, 713; St. Louis and San Francisco, each 276; Cleveland, 261; Cincinnati, 243; Pittsburgh, 136.

There are 5,300 Harvard graduates engaged in the practice of law, being 16.5 per cent. of the entire directory enrollment. Education claims 3,554; medicine, not including dentistry, 3,337; finance, 1,116; manufacturing more than 1,600, and the ministry slightly more than 1,000.

GERMANS DRIFT FROM FARMS

Recent Census in Germany Shows Kaiser's Realm is Rapidly Becoming More Industrial.

Berlin.—Remarkable evidence of the rapidity with which Germany is being transformed from an agricultural into an industrial country is furnished by the new census estimates. The figures show that the cities of the empire are making great strides at the expense of the rural districts. In 1900 the empire had thirty-three municipal palities with a population of 100,000 or more each. There are now forty-seven such cities and the number of towns with a population of 50,000 or more has grown from two to seven.

The combined growth in population of forty of the larger towns is alone about half the increase recorded for the entire empire, which is expected to be about 4,500,000. The rapid progress of the industrial centers has an important bearing on the internal situation, as the government's political support has heretofore been largely drawn from the agrarian districts.

Deer to Have Monument. Katahdin, Me.—A subscription headed by New York sportsmen is being taken to raise funds with which to buy a monument to mark the burial place of Ethel, the pet deer shot through the mistake of Bernard Morris of New York a few days ago.

Morris saw Ethel running about the Silver Lake hotel, a large bow of ribbon adorning her neck. Morris evidently thought it nothing unusual to see a deer running about ribboned and brought down the beast at the first shot.

Mary Conners, pastry cook at the hotel, rescued Ethel from the bears when the deer was young.

Marconi at Work. London.—Mr. Marconi wants to solve two problems—an aeroplane which will rise directly from any spot, and the adaptation of wireless telegraphy to aeroplanes.

TO TALK ACROSS OCEAN

Transatlantic Communication by Telephone is Promise of Near Future.

Transatlantic communication by telephone is a promise of the near future. If the new cable just laid between Dover and Cape Gris Nez, to increase the facility of telephonic communication between England and France, performs the wonders expected of it, some of the difficulties to be overcome in talking across, or under, the Atlantic ocean will be removed.

We already send the sounds of human speech under the water for tolerably long distances. England talks with France and Belgium. Telephonic communication between our mainland and islands off the coast is in common use, and excites no comment, though our grandfathers would have considered it impossible. The new chafal cable has a system of coils which are expected to reduce the distortion of current impulses and make the transmission of speech clearer.

If the experiment is successful, further improvements in this system are expected to make an ocean telephone cable a possibility.

It is not conceivable that ocean telephoning will ever be cheap. To talk between Europe and America will likely be an expensive luxury, but there will be occasions when the opportunity to do so will be eagerly seized, no matter what it costs. The ocean telephone, when it comes, will scarcely be a formidable rival of the cable telegraph and the wireless for the transmission of long messages.

But it will be still another means of obliterating distance, of overcoming the remoteness of nations, and of the consequent lack of mutual understanding which caused many of the international complications of history. Science, working for the improvement of the arts of peace, is doing more to remove the causes of war than the great modern armaments which science has developed can do to make nations hesitate before plunging into war.

CEMENT FROM FURNACE SLAG

Tests on Concrete Blocks Show Good Resistance to Compressive Stresses.

In reply to American inquiries concerning cement from blast-furnace slag, United States Consul General John L. Griffiths of London, who had previously reported upon the matter, furnishes the following statement from a consulting chemist with whom he corresponded:

"From the nature of the process—the use of blast-furnace slag in a perfectly liquid condition—complete combination of the acid and basic oxides, namely, silica, alumina and lime, is insured, and in consequence it might be predicted that the product would be free from any tendency to mechanical unsoundness which often occurs in cements which contain chemical bodies in an unsaturated or loosely combined condition. Direct and repeated tests show this to be the case. I have no instance on record of a single sample which has not proved itself to be absolutely sound. When tested in the usual way by being made into briquettes, both neat and with sand, it has a high and increasing tensile strength. Tests on concrete blocks show similar good resistance to compressive stresses."

NO 400 ANY MORE, SAYS MAN

Frederick Townsend Martin Declares There is Now No Smart Set in New York.

New York.—It is no secret that there has been no "four hundred" for years, but Frederick Townsend Martin, who in some measure succeeded to the social leadership of the late Ward McAllister, says in an interview that there is no longer even "a smart set" of the "best people."

"Society in New York," says Mr. Martin, "is the truest democracy in the world. It has no dictator, no queen, not even a constitutional ruler. There are only the countless small cliques. There is not even a central figure around which the cliques gather. There has not been such a figure since the death of Mrs. Astor."

"In the old days not to be asked to certain houses was social death. Today no one laments for the invitation he doesn't receive.

"Good family and money are advantages, but not necessities. The thing that society now demands is personality—a combination of brains and charm.

"There is no four hundred, no eight hundred and no eighteen hundred. What should you say to 18,000?"

A Family's School Attendance Record.

Few families can boast of the school attendance record of the four children of J. R. Dannatt, assistant overseer of Newchurch, Isle of Wight, who have been connected with the local school for 17 years.

They have attended for an aggregate of thirty-two years and one month without missing a single attendance. The record is as follows: Harry Dannatt, five years and five months; Charlie, ten years and five months; Neune, seven years and ten months; and Ada, eight years and five months. The school is about two miles from the family's residence, and the distance traveled by the quartet in journeying to and from school exceeds 30,000 miles.—London Daily Mail.

Spirit Drops in on Ffient.

Mr. Andrew Lang, the eminent essayist and critic, relates a curious circumstance which recently happened in a little Scottish town. A man was dying, when he suddenly said, as if recognizing some person, "Eh, ye'll be frae the Whey Pat?" He then expired. On inquiry it was found that a man had died, coincidentally, at the rural tavern, the Whey Pat, a few miles distant! Apparently, after his death he had looked in on his friend, who was also about to enter the spirit land.

Mrs. Hewlett an Aviator.

Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the author, is a partner in an aviation school in Brooklands. Her husband says that he is interested in aviation, but has not had time for it, but thinks it good work for women. It does not require great strength and as it is work in the open air must prove beneficial to most women.

Swell Set Creditables.

Mrs. De Butt (making out a list of invited guests for dinner)—Can you think of any others? Mrs. Von Better—There is Mrs. Kumbac. "I had thought of her, but she did not try to smuggle."

DEACON'S CARD GAMES OVER

Friendship Snaps Over Squabbles About Pinochle and Flock of Annoying Guinea Fowls.

New York.—Two deacons sat on a Sunday morn, with their faces and their smiles forlorn, and the words of grace on their fevered lips were drowned by the clash of the dwindling chips, for the words of grace that the deacons use are the same as those of the men who lose. And this, though known some decades back, has caused surprise in Hackensack.

To think that the man who can pass the plate, with a scowling face if his brother's late, and can even quote what the preachers say, would open a pot on the Sabbath day and start a raid on his neighbor's stack, is most too much for Hackensack.

A careful study of the foregoing, will in some measure explain the intensity of Hackensack's amazement, when John V. Roscoe, a deacon, appeared in the Bergen county court to sue John H. Demarest, another deacon, for \$10,000 damages, because of harsh words uttered by the latter when their friendship snapped in the Dutch Reformed church, Mr. Roscoe being superintendent of the Sunday school. Yet some time ago, Mr. Demarest became displeased at Mr. Roscoe's guinea fowl and told the department of health about them, since when there have been cool words, which shocked Mr. Roscoe's sensibilities \$10,000 worth.

But when Mr. Demarest was taken into court he became angered and gave the whole snafu away. He said that he and his brother deacon were in the habit of playing pinochle for money until far into Sunday morning until the guinea fowl came between them. Mr. Roscoe declared that they quit at half-past eleven always, but Mr. Demarest said that that was only when Mr. Roscoe was winner.

The jury in Judge Black's court looked Mr. Demarest over and failed to see how he could utter \$10,000 worth of biting English, but they did think that Mr. Roscoe had been damaged about six cents' worth, which was awarded. This will make up for what the deacon lost the last time his brother melted doubled pinochle, but didn't soothe his feelings, as he must pay about \$30 in court costs.

Both men are prominent in Hackensack and both are still deacons in the church.

Stamp Collector's Freak.

A wealthy Russian stamp collector's freak has been the subject of some comment among philatelists. M. Stemmer of St. Petersburg, a well-known collector, has in his possession five old stamps, mostly German, which he believed were the only specimens in existence. His friend Prince Troubetzkoff ridiculed the idea and after much advertising obtained duplicates from dealers in the United States and paid \$5,500 for them.

Stemmer was furious and wanted to buy them immediately, but Troubetzkoff refused to sell. After much persuasion the five stamps changed hands for \$12,500, and, beaming with joy, Stemmer threw them into the fire.

"Now my set is really unique," he exclaimed to the amazed Troubetzkoff.

Women Aid City Work.

The Woman's Municipal League of New York not only interests itself in the work of making more clean and beautiful the city, but has formed a junior league, the idea being to teach the children and possibly through them the parents will learn better the obligation of every citizen to keep the streets clean and make the city a healthful and beautiful place in which to live.

No Worse Than Usual.

Belsazar read: "Mene mene tekel upharsin." "Probably my stenographer's translation of Your favor of even date received," he cried. Herewith he continued the feast.

An Ungenerous Assumption.

"Do you know that man's views on the tariff?" "No," replied Senator Sorghum; "but I'll bet I can tell what they are as soon as I find out what business he's engaged in."

Out or In.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above." "Ah! then it's probably the Poppley baby getting a tooth in."

COUNTRY IS LITTLE KNOWN

Vast Areas in Canada of Which Government Has No Definite Knowledge.

There are vast areas in Canada of which even the government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big wild country has been secured again and again along a few chosen and well worn routes, outside of which investigation has seldom gone.

Imagine a dozen or so well beaten vehicle highways traversing a country one-fourth as large as Europe—narrow highways hemmed in by impenetrable wilderness—and one may form some sort of an idea of the little that is still known of 600,000 square miles of the North American continent.

Along these routes nearly all "explorers" have gone. Along them are situated most of the fur posts, and beyond their narrow lines but little is known. And in this world of forest and ridge mountains and eternal desolation, still buried in the mystery and silence of endless centuries, are its "people."

Approximately there are from 15,000 to 25,000 human souls in an area 15 times the size of Ohio, and there are no more than 500 of these who have not some Indian blood in their veins. On the other hand fully one-half of the total population has its strain of white blood.—Leslie's Weekly.

SOME QUAIN OLD SPOTS

American Woman Finds Much of Interest During Visit to Warwick, England.

The Leicester hospital, founded by that same favorite of Queen Elizabeth, as a home for old retainers, is interesting. I think most of all we enjoyed the wood-paneled kitchen, when a roaring fire threw a bright light on the burnished copper pots.

From our room in the hotel we could hear the clear chimes of St. Mary's playing a different tune every day. Tom Moore's Minstrel Boy rang out very well one day. There is a fine chapel in the church, second only to Henry VII's in Westminster, and there lies the Earl of Leicester with the one wife who outlived him, and who chose to be buried with him rather than with her second husband. One bronze monument to an earl of noble character is of beautiful workmanship. Every Saturday, in accordance with an old bequest, loaves of bread are given to the poor who come to the church; and at one service in September every member of the congregation is given a loaf of bread.

We were sorry to leave Warwick and hope that we may obey the injunction of the old pensioner at the castle: "Come soon again."—Annie Laura Miller in Portland Oregonian.

Boy's Marvellous Nerve.

At a sugar mill on the island of Barbadoes the men in attendance were shortening sail, when a native boy, who did not let go soon enough, was carried aloft by the great 45-foot sail. He fortunately had all his wits about him and managed to get his feet around a bar of the sail and to hold on to the one above. In this position he was carried around, the mill revolving with increased rapidity, as the man whose duty it was to feed it had rushed out at the first alarm. A cry was raised to choke the rollers with cane and thus stop the mill, and this was done at the imminent risk of breaking some of the machinery and so releasing the sails together; but after six complete revolutions, the mill was stopped, fairly choked by the bundles of cane thrust into its jaws, leaving the sail, to which the boy still clung, uppermost, and he 90 feet from the ground. With marvelous nerve he proceeded to climb down that perilous ladder and reached the ground. It is estimated that he traveled nearly 1,800 feet in his aerial journey, and half that distance with his head downward.

Meat Congested Blocks in World.

The census taken by the department of education of children of school age in Manhattan shows that in the two blocks bounded by Madison, Cherry, Scammel and Jackson streets there are enough children to fill a school. The department found there 1,434 children of school age.

In the block bounded by Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Scammel were 1,236 children, and in the block to the east 1,188. These two blocks are the most congested not only in the city, but probably in the world.

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Men Lived 21 Years.

Biddford, Me.—Capt. Daniel Tarbox's famous black hen is dead. The captain announced the news along with some interesting information concerning the hen's career. She would have been 22 years old had she lived until next May. Her record as a producer has been a remarkable one, the captain asserting that the bird has laid 4,900 eggs.

The last was of unusual size. However, it was right after that the hen became feeble, and though receiving closest care, died. Her eggs were not her only claim to public attention and admiration, for she had never been licked by anything on the place that wore feathers.

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