

WILL NOT BE CROWNED.

What Will be the Procedure of the Inauguration of Holland's Coming Queen.

As much will be written about the ceremony which is to be performed in Amsterdam next September it is proper to call attention to the fact that Queen Wilhelmina is not to be crowned when she takes the reins of government, but will only take a solemn oath to do her duty as a constitutional monarch, says the New York Times. The Dutch do not have coronations, but inaugurations, and the little queen, when the great day comes, will simply exchange promises with the representatives of her people, sue to execute the laws and they to help her loyalty. The scene of this proceeding is the New Church of Amsterdam, which is the nearest to a cathedral which Calvinistic Holland possesses. The queen's oath is: "I swear to the Dutch people that I will observe and always maintain the constitution. I swear that I will defend and guard with all my power the independence and the territory of the empire, that I will protect public and private liberty and the rights of all my subjects, and that I will use every means confided to me by the law to foster and uphold the national and individual well-being, as a good queen should do. And may God help me." Then comes the enthronization at the hands of the state's general, whose oath, taken first by the president and then by each member individually, closes the ceremony. Wilhelmina will become legally of age at six o'clock in the evening of August 31 and the enthronement will take place on the following Tuesday, September 6.

HIS COMMAND WAS OBEYED.

It Was Badly Mixed, But the Boatswain's Mate Was a Veteran and Took It In.

While the Philadelphia was lying at the Brooklyn navy yard several years ago a young ensign, now in charge of one of the auxiliary cruisers of Cuba, was called aft one morning and placed in command of the deck. It happened that only one item remained on the list of the morning's duties, and that was to sweep decks at seven bells. It was not a very martial command to give, but as the time approached the officer (pro tem.) of the deck waxed extremely nervous. He imagined that the eyes of all hands were on him, and almost that the safety of the ship depended upon his giving the order in the proper voice. At three minutes of seven bells he again scanned the order book. It read: "Seven bells: Pipe sweepers." It was plain enough, and the embarrassed young officer took his stand near the mainmast and called out in a very loud voice: "Bo'sn's mate!"

The man addressed sprang to his feet with finger touching his cap. "Aye, aye, sir!" he replied. Then glancing hastily about, the scared officer muttered, hoarsely: "Swipe peepers!"

It was an entirely new order to the boatswain's mate. He touched his cap quizzingly. The ensign, more confused than ever, stammered desperately: "Peep swipers, my man!" His words were overheard by several of his brother officers, and the laugh which followed proved the last straw. The ensign drew himself up, and with withering scorn exclaimed: "Swipe pipers, and be blamed quick about it!"

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.

Much Time Wasted That Might Be More Profitably Employed.

"If I could have used the time I have spent waiting in doctors' offices during the past two years," said a lady who has been a partial invalid during that time, reports the Washington Star, "in some employment, even humble in its nature, I would have had money to buy war bonds now. It's curious, too, that I scarcely ever see the same people in the office. There are always new faces and new complaints. I presume, I have wondered why doctors do not utilize the check system which barbers adopt on crowded Saturday nights. When a patient comes in give him or her, as the case may be (and it is often her than him), a number which will be called in regular order. Then one could take it, go shopping, or in the park, or anywhere rather than sit and wait hour after hour for your turn. To me there is nothing more depressing than to sit in a doctor's office and see suffering patients go and come. Then you see people who look perfectly well and wonder what ails them. All the various diseases people can have trots through your mind, and you really grow morbid over it. I think it leads to the continued ill-health of people to be compelled to wait, as they have to do, for the popular physicians."

Venetian Palace Syndicate.

Tourists to Venice who have secured nice, large tapestry-hung chambers in genuine Renaissance palaces for the small sum of 20 lire or less per week, are likely to pay more for their accommodations in the future. A syndicate has been formed abroad to get possession of these old palaces and turn them into improved modern houses. The syndicate, which has plenty of British capital to back it, is the outgrowth of the Venice Hotel company, which recently took over the Hotel Royal Danieli, the Grand, and the Victoria at Venice. The company was quietly organized in London three years ago and its average profits have been \$53,015 on a working capital of \$700,000.

Queer Taste.

The inhabitants of Cochin China much prefer rotten eels to fresh ones.

SINGULAR FREAK OF NATURE.

An Airquake in an Italian Town Which Caused a Great Deal of Damage.

The earthquake that took place in the Umbrian town of Rieti, on the Velino, in Italy, the other day was accompanied by a phenomenon of which the first meager account of the shock gave no mention. According to a correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano* it was not an earthquake, but an "airquake." The air shook or vibrated like a violently agitated liquid; great rents were made in tall buildings and towers, and walls were thrown to the ground. The earth, however, seemed to be undisturbed, and no shifting of the street pavement was noticed. From the bishop down to the beggar, all seemed frightened. It is said that many felt the air vibrations and were thrown to the ground, while others were almost suffocated. A dense black cloud hung over the town while the phenomenon was passing. The church steeples, the savings bank, the theater, and no fewer than six palaces were more or less wrecked, as well as eighty or a hundred dwellings.

Five hundred tents have been sent to the place by the government. The people, in the meantime, are living in hasty-built huts and in the half-ruined post office and the churches. Soldiers have been sent from Rome to the scene of the disaster, and they, with the students, are busy policing the ruins and trying to save some of the household goods. King Humbert has sent 35,000 francs from Madrid to relieve the first necessities of the people.

At the time of the catastrophe a slight

earthquake, like a shudder, was felt in Rome. Even there, too, people say they noticed a peculiar convolution of the air.

HAS INFINITE PATIENCE.

A Jersey City Railroad Man Who Obligingly Answers 10,000 Questions a Day.

A Man from Ohio Cordially Greets His Worst Enemy and Forgets His Own Name.

Some men are great in silence, some are grand in talk. The Pennsylvania Railroad company has a man in charge of its bureau of information in Jersey City who answers on an average 10,000 questions a day, and the person does not live who has seen his feathers ruffled. Remarkable man! The traveling public can ask more fool questions than any other public on earth; but to interrogate stupidly, foolishly, or otherwise, R. B. Caldwell is to discover a reversal of the Biblical injunction to answer a quick wit according to asinity. Over 300 trains go and come daily at the Pennsylvania station, and all these Caldwell must have at his tongue's end, as well as a complete map of the universe, says the New York Press.

Caldwell is everyone's main dependence. I have heard people inquire after lost parcels. I have heard others ask:

"Have you seen a man around here looking as if he expected to see some one?" "Did a long, thin chap with eyeglasses leave a message here for me?" "Did a young woman with a tell you she expected her husband to arrive on the Chicago train?"

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