

STANDS BY OLD RULE.

Mrs. Roosevelt Maintains the Social Precedents of Cabinet.

Ladies of the Official Family Seek Relief from the Arduous Demands But President's Wife Admits Against Any Change.

For a period of ten days the wives of the cabinet officers have been holding secret sessions to devise some way of lightening the burdens of their social duties. What they really want to do is to establish a precedent that will make it the duty of the wives of senators and judges of the supreme court to call upon them first. No decision could be arrived at, as no one wished to take the initiative, so Mrs. Roosevelt agreed to have a ladies' cabinet meeting held in her sitting-room, when all the grave matters of precedent were laid before her. The duties of the wives of members of the cabinet were aired and her sympathy elicited.

What they got from Mrs. Roosevelt was advice to let matters alone as they were established by Mrs. Hamilton Fish, wife of the secretary of state under Grant, who established the rules that now obtain, and to take up the duties expected of them and not show the white feather. As the wife of the assistant secretary of the navy many duties of official life fell upon Mrs. Roosevelt. She had at the time four children, and another came in that time, and yet she was never known to neglect a single task.

None of the cabinet women has small children to interfere with her duties. Philander Knox, a boy of probably nine years, being the youngest child of the cabinet family, so Mrs. Roosevelt, with her strenuous social ideas, insists that the old regime be respected.

Therefore the wives of cabinet ministers will continue to call upon the wives of the judges of the supreme court, senators' wives and the wives of ambassadors, and the rules that have been complained of for 30 years will still be observed.

ENCOURAGE OLD FASHIONS.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt Keep Alive the Notions of Santa Claus and Hanging Up of Stockings.

Both President and Mrs. Roosevelt take the keenest delight in the letters to Santa Claus indited by the two younger children, Archibald and the white house baby, Quentin, of 3 1/2 years, and even Ethel is not above taking this sly method of securing some silver ornaments for the toilet table. She has started to furnish for her own special use. It is hinted that Miss Alice may get a pearl necklace for her stockings and numerous other gifts useful to a debutante, for all social life at the white house centers around this first young lady of the family, and others besides Ethel take an interest in her affairs.

Even if there is a Christmas tree in the white house the habit of stocking hanging is too strong to be omitted this year, and from the generous sock of the president to the tiny one of Quentin each will hide some mystery for the family.

Probably as much attention is being paid by the Roosevelt children to the gifts for the numerous servants, ushers and attendants at the white house as any other branch of the family. All will have some souvenir of the Roosevelt household to treasure in future years, and which will some day find its way into some historic collection.

KAISER TIRES OF LETTERS.

His Practice of Correspondence with School Pupils Becomes Burdensome and is Stopped.

Ever since the present kaiser came to the throne it has been a practice among German school children to address him on all sorts of questions in which they are interested. At first he was kind enough to make selections of these letters and do his best to meet the wishes of his young petitioners, but as the years passed the petitions multiplied and became a nuisance.

In the last six months hundreds of boys have written begging for articles of uniform or for old condemned weapons, while as many girls have asked for the kaiser's photograph with his autograph. The minister of education has now sent a circular to all school teachers in Prussia begging them to inform their pupils that this letter writing to the kaiser must cease and that if it does not cease it will be visited with condign punishment.

Hobson Wins Bride in Ohio. Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, hero of the Merrimac, will marry in February Miss Eleanor Ludlow, one of the most beautiful young women of Springfield, O., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ludlow and niece of former Gov. Bushnell. The engagement was announced the other day at a dinner given in honor of the prospective bride and groom by Mrs. A. C. Miller.

Capt. Hobson met Miss Ludlow last fall at the opening of the new Y. M. C. A. building, in which event Miss Ludlow took a leading part.

Ostrich Farm for Monaco. The prince of Monaco has long believed that he could duplicate the success of the California ostrich farms in the climate of his principality. After receiving reports from the agents he sent to California to investigate, he has decided to breed ostriches on a large scale. Some birds will be brought from America, others from South Africa.

BETTER THAN OURS.

Commander Clover Expresses Opinion Regarding Foreign Navies.

United States Naval Attache of London Says Our Country Makes a Mistake in Thinking We Stand Any Show in Case of War.

Commander Richardson Clover, United States naval attache at London, reached Washington the other day and called at the navy department. He expressed some interesting views which are quite likely to attract considerable attention at home and abroad. He is among the best informed officers on naval matters in Europe. He said that the British naval force is much stronger than anybody has any idea of, and that our own navy is, in comparison with most of the European naval powers, greatly inferior and of practically little consequence.

"The habit in Great Britain is to berate and belittle the navy of that country, and this policy is, in fact, encouraged by the British admiralty. It serves to deceive foreign observers in regard to what is being done and as to the navy's real efficiency.

"The British navy is equal in strategic strength to any other two continental powers who make any pretense to supporting navies. I have known the admiralty to employ placard men to parade the streets making comparisons of navies to the detriment of the British service. This excites popular apprehension and interest in that subject. It has had this effect.

"There are no serious defects in the British navy. Of course, they have their troubles, but they do not amount to anything and the naval authorities do not get into any such distressed frame of mind described by the daily papers. The navy league over there and the press seem to be party to the great conspiracy.

"Our policy is quite different. We are willing to rest content with what we have and have led ourselves into thinking that we amount to something as a naval power. We would stand no show at all in a conflict with most of the European nations, and we ought to get over the absurd notion we have in regard to our invulnerability. The English deprecate their prowess while we exaggerate our own. At the same time, we do not fool the foreigners, who know us for just what we are."

DOUBLE LENGTH DAY.

Sir Robert Hall, the Astronomer, Says It Will Be Realized in Sixty Million Years.

Sixty million years hence, according to Sir Robert Hall, the famous astronomer, day will be about twice as long as it is now, or, in other words, it will take the earth approximately 48 hours to revolve on its axis instead of 24. This is based upon the theory that an equal number of years ago the day was only half as long as it is now.

Sir Robert Hall gave a lecture in Studebaker hall, Chicago, the other night under the direction of the University of Chicago Lecture association, taking for his subject "Time and Tide." He began with a story dealing with a period earlier than history, earlier than life, telling of the changes which time and tide have wrought and the manner in which the tides were increasing the length of the day.

He described the chasms on the moon, the picturesque views of the satellite, and gave an explanation of the constancy of that planet. He recited the succession of life on this globe and gave a "glimpse through the corridors of time," describing the mighty Atlantosaurus, the birth of the moon, and dawn of light and a sample of what the earth was once like.

Drags for His Own Body.

John A. Carlson, of Dollar Bay, Mich., disappeared several days ago and his valise being found on Mineral Range wharf suspicions of suicide were aroused. Mayor Scott, of Hancock, scoured grappling irons and repairing to the scene of the supposed drowning got a bystander to assist in the search and after half an hour's work the new man became sufficiently interested to ask who was drowned. "Fellow named Carlson," said the mayor. "What's his first name?" was the query. "John A." was the answer. "I'm John A. Carlson," said the assistant. "Just come back for my satchel when you hired me." The search was stopped and the mayor handed Carlson one dollar for helping to search for his own body.

Theatrical Ventures' Company.

A most curious development in modern theatrical business has been shown by the announcement of the formation of a limited liability company, called "Theatrical Ventures," with a capital stock of \$10,000, divided into one-pound shares, of which about one-third have been subscribed, says the London correspondent of the New York Times. The directors are all theater ticket-sellers, or librarians, as they call themselves in London. The company proposes to produce plays and comic operas, but the sole present assets seems to be the new Audran operetta, "L'Elevent de Toledad," which represents an investment of \$2,000.

When It Becomes Serious Matter.

As to the Indiana woman of 30 who has sued for damages on account of breach of promise of marriage, there is no occasion for mirth, says the Chicago Tribune. It is a serious matter to a woman of that age.

CITY OF TOOTLESS PEOPLE.

St. Petersburg, Russia, Will Soon Offer Splendid Chances for Dentists.

St. Petersburg is slowly becoming a city of toothless people. The Russian capital should be, and eventually will be, removed to Moscow, mainly on that account. This, at least, is the opinion of a prominent merchant of the city on the banks of the Neva, who says he has heard much talk along that line in the last few years.

Vladimir Zorokoff, a tea importer of St. Petersburg, who is in town, exhibits a mouth devoid of teeth, to show the effects of the climate of his city. He says the sight of a person similarly afflicted is a common one there. St. Petersburg citizens are readily identified in any part of the empire, he says, by the absence of many or all of their teeth.

There are two reasons for this condition, says the Chicago Record-Herald. The first, Mr. Zorokoff gives is the atmosphere of the capital city. The vapors that arise from the marshes of the Neva have the effect of producing decay of the teeth. Whether there is some deleterious chemical property in the vapors has not been discovered, but the result is declared to be due to the effluvia from the swamps. The second reason is the scarcity of good dentists. The science of dentistry is practically unknown in the city or the nation.

"St. Petersburg offers an unsurpassed field for good American dentists," said Mr. Zorokoff. "Perhaps by excellent treatment and the use of preservatives the teeth of my fellow citizens could be saved. The city was largely built on land that had been filled in, and the climate was never very healthy. St. Petersburg is the capital, the center of culture, wealth and refinement of the country and remains at Moscow."

"Nicholas is himself said to be fearful of losing all his teeth, having had much trouble to keep them in good order. From this fact, I think, the sentiment that is being formed in favor of reestablishing the capital in the city where it was in olden times will, in time, result in the abandonment of St. Petersburg as the imperial city.

NOVEL USES OF PAPER.

Envelopes for Sausages Are Among the Latest Importations from Germany.

Those fond of the delicacy will perhaps be interested to learn of the very latest innovation in the bologna and sausage making industry, says the New York Herald. One of the largest bologna manufacturing concerns in New York city has just received its consignment of the new envelopes, which had been ordered a short time ago from a firm in Germany for its sausage and bologna.

These new envelopes, made entirely of paper, are to supersede the skins, which never have been entirely satisfactory from a hygienic standpoint. The new paper envelopes are cheaper, cleaner, and, of course, not liable to fermentation, and hence are greatly to be preferred to the use of skin or the intestines of animals. It is made in Wurtemberg.

A French scientist has discovered a compound in which if paper or any kind of fibrous substance were immersed, it would stiffen, become tougher and perfectly impervious to water. The process was attended with so much difficulty and expense that no one at that time hoped for any practical benefits. Extensive experiments were made later on in Birmingham by a man who appreciated the importance of the discovery, so that now all his efforts are crowned with complete success.

Edward T. Johnston, of Birmingham, has discovered that an excellent waterproof material, suitable for building purposes, can be made out of paper pulp, or of any fibrous substance, by saturating it with an ammoniated copper solution—a digest of copper scraps in concentrated ammonia. This solution dissolves the fibers and renders them impervious to water.

A number of sheets of paper are moistened on one surface and placed upon another, and by being thoroughly pressed together are made to adhere firmly, and are then fashioned into the various shapes required.

This new product has been found to be a very durable material, even when exposed to the air and rain. An English company has been formed that will manufacture it into plates suitable for roofing. It is expected that it will replace corrugated iron used for that purpose.

Mistaking the Action.

Patience—Then you say they are not engaged, after all?

Patrice—No, it was all a mistake. You see, he proposed while they were out horseback riding.

"Yes, I heard that."

"Well, he thought she was jumping at his proposal, but she never can help jumping when she's on a horse."

—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Philosophical Reason.

A woman we know gets up at five o'clock every morning, but permits her husband and son to sleep until noon. "They're less trouble in bed than anywhere else," she says, in explanation.—Atchison Globe.

READING THE NEWSPAPER.

This Authority Says It is the Only Way to Keep in Touch with the World.

President William De Witt Hyde contributes to a religious paper a chapter of advice to young people on reading, in the course of which he says that ten minutes a day is enough to spread on a daily paper. The prospective things so often done and said by college professors, and their frequent betrayal of a lack of everyday gumption—things that make them a laughing stock to the public—suggest that many of them have followed President Hyde's advice. No sensible person advocates a thorough reading of a newspaper—each issue contains matter of interest and importance only to special classes; but each issue also contains an epitome of the history of the world for that day; a record of progress, something of the thought of the best minds—altogether matter so important as the history or thought of 100 or 1,000 years ago to the education and culture of the man of today, and much more essential to his material welfare. It takes something more than ten minutes to read and digest this daily summary; the college adviser ought at least to allow half an hour, says the Indianapolis Journal; some intellects not the most alert might even require an hour. If all men were to spend their lives in their libraries and had little or nothing to do with the outside life, the workaday world, such advice as that of President Hyde might have a fitness. In fact, it would not be necessary for them to read the papers at all. As it is, however, this is a very practical world. Men who are in it and of it must keep themselves in touch with many things, and they can do this through the daily papers better than in any other way. In fact, it is their only way. If the author of the advice quoted will look over the ground he will probably find that the great majority of the men in this and other generations immediately preceding it who have achieved success in business life, or eminence in public or professional life, have been habitual readers of newspapers, and that they have averaged something more than ten minutes a day in such reading. Newspapers may, and undoubtedly do, contain much unimportant matter, some of the eccentric ones have grotesque and objectionable features; but, for all their defects and notwithstanding that they are published for the multitude and not especially for the exclusive and cultured few, not even the few can ignore them or slight them and not lose thereby.

MISLEADING MAXIMS.

Some That Are True Actually, But Are Often False Metaphorically.

Perhaps no maxims are so misleading as the judgment of those who implicitly believe them as those which assert what is absolutely true actually and very often false metaphorically. For instance: "Where there's smoke there's fire" and "Straws show which way the wind blows." If by smoke we understand scandal and gossip, then there is often a good deal of very nasty smoke and no fire at all. Neither, metaphorically speaking, do straws show which way the wind blows, for such are the cross-currents of character that you can seldom judge of its general trend by a trivial action. A man may save a penny and yet not be mean, or throw away a pound without being generous or even habitually extravagant.

Take, for instance, says the London Spectator, the common Yorkshire saying: "When in doubt do nothing." How very seldom the principle herein contained can be applied with advantage! How many weak wills we should like to know has this pestilential little proverb contributed to paralyze? "All things happen to those that wait." And so they do wait, till the only thing which is sure to happen to everyone does happen, and they die. Could they but have realized that "He who hesitates is lost" contains far more truth than its opposite they might have done something in life. Not that this energetic assertion of an occasional fact is by any means a sure guide. Who is not familiar with the man who never hesitates before any decision and nearly always laments his precipitation, usually aloud? Who has not got tired of imploring such a one to make the best of a bad job, or of suppressing the obvious comment of "We told you so?" All the same, believers in a motto which spurs them into foolish action seem to do better in the race of life than those who rely upon one which preaches nothing but caution. And hasty people generally seem to arrive at their goal, in however bad condition.

Native Superstition.

A curious story is told of native superstition in New Guinea which is causing the sacrifice of innumerable lives. It seems that whooping-cough was introduced by two white children and spread with frightful rapidity. It first swept the coasts and then ravaged the interior. As the natives hold that death from whatever cause is always compassed by an unknown enemy only discoverable through witchcraft, whenever a village is attacked with whooping-cough a sorcerer is consulted. The latter invariably designates another village or tribe as the culprit, and a midnight massacre of innocent persons follows.—N. Y. World.

Easy to Become Popular.

It is not hard to become popular; a certain Atchison woman is popular because she takes all the kittens her neighbors want to get rid of.—Atchison Globe.

LONDON'S LATEST CRAZE.

Andrew Lang, the Author, Starts All Society to Gazing into Crystal Balls.

A new craze threatens to grip London society. This is crystal gazing. Andrew Lang is the prime mover. He has been recommending that everyone should possess a crystal ball, and to sit down with it in the hope of seeing uncanny pictures. Mr. Lang succeeded even beyond his dreams.

People everywhere are buying crystal balls. They have read Mr. Lang's article in a monthly review, and on its advice are writing to the Psychical Research society in Buckingham street, the Strand, for the necessary crystals. Mr. Bennett, secretary of the society, says that as a result of Mr. Lang's article the demand for crystals has gone up with a bound. So many are the orders that he is unable to execute them all.

"There is something weirdly attractive in Mr. Lang's instructions to crystal gazers. It is best, he says, to go into a room and sit down with your back to the light. Place the ball at the proper focus on a piece of dark cloth. Try to exclude reflections. Think of everything you please. Stare, say, five minutes at the ball. That is all.

Mr. Lang says he has known people to see in the crystal things actually happening miles away. More wonderful still, he has known people gazing into separate crystals at the same moment each to see the same picture.

HARD TIMES IN GERMANY.

One-Third Less Than Usual Is Being Spent for Gifts in the Kaiser's Dominion.

The most conservative estimates place Germany's Christmas spendings at one-third less than a year ago, as a result of the economic crisis. This decrease, however, is said to be accompanied only by a reduction in value, indications showing that there will be no diminution in volume. Merchants declare that this is conclusive evidence that the hard times have affected both the masses and the classes, all of whom, while intent on perpetuating the traditional splendor of the German holiday season, have found it necessary to indulge themselves on a considerably cheaper basis. August Tietz, proprietor of Berlin's biggest department store, said to the Chicago Record-Herald correspondent:

"One striking effect of the depression has been the driving into the department stores of a class that has hitherto resorted to deal outside high-priced specialty establishments. The increase of sales from this source compensates for the shrunken purchases of regular patrons. Specialty stores, however, enjoy no such means of recovery. Costly goods remain unsold for. A demand exists only for bargains, whether in diamonds, bric-a-brac or clothes.

The curbs are lined with hawkers and vendors, ranging from old men to mere babies. The merchants have drawn their recruits for holiday time largely from families whose regular means of breadwinning in shop and factory have vanished.

SENATOR FRYE'S MISTAKE.

In Resolution in Senate He Invites King of Siam Instead of the Crown Prince.

Senator Frye, of Maine, made a funny mistake which may involve the state department in some trouble. Mr. Hamilton King, the consul general at Bangkok, notified the department that the crown prince of Siam might take a notion to visit this country. The report was sent to Senator Frye, as acting chairman of the committee on foreign relations, so that proper funds might be provided to entertain the Siamese prince in a becoming manner.

Senator Frye introduced a bill in the senate for this purpose, but was confused over the name of the Consul General King, and accordingly attempted to appropriate for the entertainment for the king of Siam, omitting all mention of the prince. The visit of even this latter personage is a rather remote possibility, but Mr. Frye will have to amend his bill, cutting out the king and providing for the crown prince, and it is feared the Siamese diplomats might construe this as meaning that this country did not care for the king, but would like to see the prince. To avoid any confusion it may be necessary to invite specifically both the king and the prince, with the understanding that neither will accept.

Quick Route to Ireland.

Another important step has been taken in developing the new route to Ireland authorized by parliament, which may at no distant date provide the quickest way for mails and passengers between London and New York, says a London dispatch to the New York Tribune. The contract for the erection of a pier 1,000 feet long at Rosslare, near Wexford, has been closed. This pier is a portion of the scheme in which the Great Western railway, of England, and the Great Southern, of Ireland, are concerned. A fast line of steamers is to run between Fishguard, on the Welsh coast, and Rosslare, and the idea is seriously entertained in certain quarters that this is to be the American mail route of the future.

An Astronomical Fact Explained.

Sir Robert Ball says the moon is surely edging away from us, and considering the many things that she is compelled to witness, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, who can blame her?

THE NEW YORK OF SIBERIA.

Name Given to the Busy Town of Blagovestchensk in the Heart of That Country.

On the afternoon of Saturday, September 21, we reached Blagovestchensk, the principal town between Irkutsk and the waters of the Pacific. Half a dozen steamers lay moored to floating wharves, a large one, flying the mail flag, leaving in a couple of hours for Khabarovsk, a three days' journey down the river. Through passengers having to make a hurried transit, I bade bon voyage to my acquaintances, the Russian and French women, who were getting a little tired of Siberia, and eager for the prettiness of lauded Japan, says a correspondent of the London Daily News. They went on. I decided to stay in Blagovestchensk five days, till the next postboat went downstream. Therefore, I piled my belongings on a droshki and told the hairy-faced driver to take me to the "Grand hotel," with much misgiving about the kind of place it would turn out to be. And, as I have grumbled about other hotels, I will give this its due. It was blue and white stucco, much like the French hotels you find overlooking Swiss lakes, but it was clean, well furnished, electric lighted, and its manager, a Frenchman, could appreciate a Britisher's desire for water, and plenty of it.

Blagovestchensk is the briskest Siberian town I have seen. It is proud of its position, and as it is the fashion to compare this new land with older lands, it has dubbed itself "The New York of Siberia." It isn't that. But again and again I have been struck with its likeness to an American town. It is laid out on the T-square plan, every street running at right angles. The houses are of wood; mostly single storied, and yet in the middle of these stand three-storied public buildings, which you would cross the street to look at if you saw them in Moscow or Petersburg. The roads are in quite a transatlantic neglected state, but fringed with wooden sidewalks, and the main streets are festooned with wires for electric lighting, telegraph and telephone. The shops are "stores," selling everything—from cigarettes to reaping machines. All of these stores are in the hands of Germans or Russians from the Baltic.

The droshki is old fashioned in Blagovestchensk—all right for slow-moving, slumbrous old Russia, but behindhand for a bustling Siberian city. A light American rig, three parts spring, with a horse that can "move," is the proper thing. The youths are keen cyclists, and go whizzing along on German and American machines. Just outside the town are athletic grounds, with a well banked up cycle track. On the river front is a promenade, with a double row of trees and seats beneath them, where you can rest and watch the setting of the sun over the shoulder of China.

It is what the Americans call "quite a town." Till 20 years ago it was little more than a Cossack outpost. Now it has a population of nearly 40,000. There is a public library with 10,000 volumes—a little museum—not so much to speak of, however—two newspapers—one daily and the other weekly—four banks, two large iron-works, seven tanneries, two soap factories, three breweries, three steam flour mills, three sawmills and two rope yards. Also there is a medical and charitable society, which maintains a hospital for the poor, two dispensary rooms and a home for the aged, cripples and orphans. A fine brick-built clubhouse has a hall adapted for theatricals. Blagovestchensk is rather too far out of the general world for touring dramatic companies to call, though last winter an operatic company settled in the town, and three nights a week performed more or less successfully all the well-known operas. There is an amateur orchestral society.

Educationally there is what is called a "classical gymnasium" really a secondary school, but Siberians, like western Americans who call barber shops "tonorial parlors," are fond of high-sounding names—a gymnasium for girls, three public schools for boys and one for girls, a number of church parish schools—and even in Siberia the church schools and board schools are often in conflict—and a special school where "grown-ups," neglected in their youth, have the opportunity of receiving instruction.

The manual labor of the town is chiefly done by Chinese coolies. When John Chinaman has some spare kopies it is his delight to get into a droshki, loll back, and have a Russian under his orders to drive him about. Indeed, that Saturday evening when I went out to stroll I saw beavies of droshkies sweep by, all laden with grinning Chinamen, their pigtailed flopping about them, and in some danger of being caught by the wheel spokes.

Rich gold mining is in the hills within a hundred miles of Blagovestchensk, and there are plenty of miners in the town—Chinamen, as a rule, but of a distinctly better type than the coolies. They are men who have taken to the miners' dress, loose shirts, open at the throat, thick belts and big slouching California hats, and, judging from the way they swaggered along, full of the Chinese equivalent for picturesque though unprintable California oaths.

Warm Within. "Mercy, see the dog drink! Why, he's almost emptied that pail of water. What's the matter with him?" "Please, ma'am, I think he ate the moonstard plaster you left 'yin' on the kitchen table."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.