

WOMAN

IS A GREAT BEAUTY.

All Europe Pays Homage to the Princess Henry of Pless. Daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis-West.

Princess Henry of Pless is easily the reigning beauty of the season. All London is raving over the woman whose charms have been sung from continent to continent.

Few Englishwomen have had more written about them than Princess Henry. A beauty with brains is a princess in such a power. She is a brilliant wit, and she has ever been ambitious. When she decided to go into literature she was gladly welcomed by publishers who were

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

Said to be the Handsomest Woman in All Europe.

anxious to exploit any frothy atrocity from a titled pen.

But they misjudged the woman. She insisted upon using a nom de plume. She would not have her work read by reason of her title, but preferred to see how the thoughts of the woman, not the princess, would be received. In this wise "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" was published. Its success was instantaneous.

The princess is a daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis-West, the most famous beauty of a decade ago, and a sister of Miss Shelagh West, who married the duke of Westminster, one of the richest men in the world, his income being \$1,500,000 a year. The princess is blonde, of medium height, slender and graceful, has an exquisite complexion, gray eyes, and a charming wit. She was married to the German prince nine years ago. King Edward and Emperor William are godfathers to her son, born early this year. She was 17 when she married, the same age at which her mother married, and, like her mother, she had as one of her most devoted admirers a future king of England. As her mother was the princess of Wales' ideal of womanly beauty, so she was the duke of York's ideal. Her brother and sister figured in romances still fresh in the public mind. Lieut. Cornwallis-West's marriage against family opposition to Lady Randolph Churchill, who is many years his senior, was the matrimonial sensation of last year in England, and the marriage of Miss Shelagh West to the duke of Westminster, after the young duke had been sent to South Africa to forget which he did not, was the most interesting event of last spring in London.

One of Stevenson's Prayers.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If I have been from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Rocks, and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sudden heart in vain—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE DAUGHTER'S DUTY.

It is to Render Her Mother Helpful Service in the Management of the Household.

A little less ornamental education for the girls, and their ability and willingness to make themselves useful in the household would lighten the cares of the mother and tend to enhance the happiness of the home. In many cases daughters imagine that their chief requirement is to dress neatly and make themselves charmingly attractive. They are perfectly content to loiter around the house and let their mothers do all the work. Nowdays, in some households, the daughters are little more than lodgers. They shun useful duties, and as time soon arrives when the mother discovers that her daughters are mere ornaments. She for whom they should have esteemed it a privilege to work must content herself with the service of others, while her daughters go out into the world to bestow their sympathy and energy on strangers. Now, this is no fanciful condition of things, but one which happens every day. Of course, we are not referring to the girls who are obliged to go out to earn their livelihood. Their course is clear, and everything must give way before it. The exigency of circumstances leaves no choice. But it is quite possible to remedy this evil somewhat. It is a mother's duty to force household service from her daughters, and not to rush and do everything for them. Plenty of time can be found, in spite of study, for minor services. In this way they do not lose touch with you, but will drop into the niche quite naturally when school days are over. Were this advice followed, there would be fewer quarrels between mothers and daughters.—N. Y. Weekly.

AUXILIARY MIRROR.

It Adds Wonderfully to the Utility and Convenience of the Ordinary Dressing Table.

The object of the invention shown below is to increase the utility of a lady's dressing table by the addition of a secondary mirror, which is so carried that a secondary image or reflection is obtained, thus enabling a lady to secure a full view of the back of her head, and yet leave both hands free to deal with the hair. This additional glass is suspended by two hinged arms from the supports of the main mirror, provision being made for extending these arms and holding them vertically when the glasses are in use. Where only the single glass is provided frequent re-



AUXILIARY MIRROR.

sort must be had to the hand glass, and thus both hands are rarely at liberty at the same time. The result is that much straining of the eyes occurs, and the task is rarely performed to the lady's satisfaction. While this new mirror is handy in use, it is also conveniently disposed of when not needed for the toilet, resting either flat against the large glass or serving as a cover for a jewel or trinket box placed on the table. The patent on this arrangement has been granted to Samuel Brentnall, of Manchester, England.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST

An Appropriate Holiday Sermon by Dr. Talmage.

Christmas Scene at the Manger in the Rude Barn—Brute Creation Honored—God's Honored Science.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Washington.

This discourse of Dr. Talmage is full of the nativity and appropriate for the holidays; text, Luke 2:16: "And they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud chanted a peace anthem until all the chorus of hill and valley applauded and echoed the hallelujah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her Child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tintoretto and Ghirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the magi. Correggio needed to do no more than his Madonna to become immortal. The "Madonna of the Lily," by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the "Sistine Madonna." Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the old book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the newborn Babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moans and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on a towpath, not a hen freezing in the poorly built coop, not a freight car in summer time bringing the heaves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable surrounded by brutes.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry: Look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side, and all their keepers try to follow the shepherds of my text and all those who toil in fields— all vine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history, God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence have come from the fields. Washington from the fields, Jefferson from the fields. The presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln and McKinley, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight cry, and He will while the world lasts continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem klan, it was a prophesy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's ax and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.

Behold also in this Bible scene how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs and a child's dimpled hand and a child's beaming eye and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mightily God, may the reflection of that one Child's face be seen in all infantile faces!

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say: "It is only a child." Rather say: "It is only an immortal." Rather say: "It is a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star and ages quadruple. God has infinite resources, and He can give presents of great value, but when He wants to give the richest possible gift to a household, He looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. Yes, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor or looking through the window or seated on the lap gazing into the face of the mother.

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies.

It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields when if the old road had been followed the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two confederate generals in a conversation in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg, and this reported to Gov. Curtin, the federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day the child is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and when in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all Heaven, behold the child!

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boor, not ignoramus, but Caspar, Balthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful Babe I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes and all the Leyden jars and all the electric batteries and all the observatories and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like James Y. Simpson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospels, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said: "Young gentlemen, be sure we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see a child. "No," they say: "We are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are." "Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none has a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were vises that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deed sleep, and there were salaried officers of government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till at some sentinel's question: "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the Celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes, the fields were honored.

The old shepherds, with plaid and crook, have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing on our United States pasture fields and prairie about them a new class, and all their keepers try to follow the shepherds of my text and all those who toil in fields— all vine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history, God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence have come from the fields. Washington from the fields, Jefferson from the fields. The presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln and McKinley, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight cry, and He will while the world lasts continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem klan, it was a prophesy of the time when thrasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's ax and ox's yoke and sheep binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country as man made the town.

Behold also that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers on the morning of December 26 awoke, by Divine arrangement and in some unexplained way the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. St. Bernard had a good mother. Samuel Budgett a good mother. Doddridge a good mother. Walter Scott a good mother. Benjamin West a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Do you not see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a

Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears while you say to yourself: "That was my mother."

The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother!" and the old man in his dying dream, calls: "Mother, mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city and in affluent home and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life or whether she wore the old time cap and great round spectacles and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles seated by the broad fireplace, with great backlogs ablaze, on a winter's night; it matters not how many wrinkles crossed and creased her face or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there anyone who could so fill up a room with peace and purity and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, in these Christian times and take your old place, and as ten or 20 or 50 years ago come and open the old Bible as you used to, read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray and look upon us as of old when you wished us a merry Christmas or a happy New Year. But no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough and aches enough and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these young sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heartbreak since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of Heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestress! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet.

Slow footed years. More swiftly run into the gold of that unsetting sun, Homestead we are for thee, Calm land beyond the sea.

EATING RAW MEAT.

Nearly All Cases of Trichinosis Are Due to This Practice by Germans.

That uncooked meat should be eaten by civilized people, and to such an extent as to make it a matter of the highest national and economic concern between two of the most progressive of nations, would, at first sight, seem absurd, and yet the habit of the German people of eating raw pork brings about tariff disputes and economic wars with America, says the American Medical Association. Thousands of microscopists are employed in Germany to prevent trichinosis. A title of the expense and trouble expended in preventing foolish people from eating raw meat would accomplish the result much more perfectly. And this under a government both grandmotherly and great-grandmotherly! Dr. Stiles finds that in 274 cases of trichinosis in America, 205 were in Germans. The fact is of significance also as an illustration of the slowness of the acceptance of science by the people, and of how indifferent we may become in the matter. Among the most scientific people, and with a most perfectly organized profession, the simple and effective method of preventing the disease in question is ignored and interest devoted to silly tariff and ineffective protective devices. Science has in many things outrun practical realization. There is needed a more determined effort on the part of the profession and of the government to bring home to the people the knowledge as yet entirely too theoretic.

Proof Positive But Awkward.

A convict at a French penal settlement, who was undergoing a life sentence, desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you marry in France?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And your wife is dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof to show that your wife is dead."

There was a pause and the bride prospective looked at the would-be groom.

Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"If we went here for killing her."

The bride accepted him notwithstanding.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Too Much for the Fites.

A young man in Philadelphia, who has plenty of time to devote to scientific questions, has discovered that music has great terror for flies. He learned the fact from observing at a park concert that while the audience was greatly annoyed by the insects, the musicians in the shell were free from all inconvenience.

His conclusion is that the sound-waves from the shell kept back the flies, and that although hundreds of them struggled to reach the shell, they might as well have attempted to fly in the face of a tornado; and thus, he declares, "inclosed by a magic curtain made of their own music, the musicians played Wagner untroubled by the sticky and pestering flies."

Imperial Wagner, dead and turned to clay, Composed a tune to keep the flies away.—Youth's Companion.

Law-Abiding Commonwealth.

Massachusetts is one of only five states in the union in which no lynchings have occurred during the last 19 years. The other four are Delaware, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Utah.

Willie's Strong Defense.

"Willie, you are forever interrupting me!"

"Well, it's not my fault, mamma, if you're always talking."—Yonkers Statesman.



WHAT WAS IT?

Guess what he had in his pocket!

Mables and tops and sundry toys,
Such as always belong to boys.
A bitter apple, a leather ball?—
Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket?

A bubble pipe and a rusty screw,
A brass watch key broken in two,
A fish hook in a tangle of string?—
No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket?

Greenbread crumbs, a whistle he made,
Buttons, a knife with a broken blade,
A nail or two, with a rubber gun?—
Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket?

Before he knew it, it stily crept
Under the treasures carefully kept,
And away they all of them quickly stole—
'Twas a hole.

—Child's Hour.

MAKING GHOST RINGS.

An Interesting Little Scientific Experiment That Any Bright Boy or Girl Can Conduct.

Here is a trick that is a very effective one to use at a party, and, although it appears very strange to the spectators when well performed, still it is most simple. Take a pasteboard hat box and cut a circular hole four or five inches in diameter in the center of the cover. Get two pads of blotting paper, each composed of six or eight pieces. Place the box on a table facing the company and tell them that you are about to make some ghosts for them—one for each.

Take the pads of blotting paper into another room and then pour on one a small quantity of muriatic acid and on the other a similar quantity of aqua ammonia, both of which you can get very cheaply at any drug store. Be very careful to keep the two pads from touching each other. Carry them into the room and put them in the box one on top of the other, clapping on the cover of the box at once. The box will immediately become filled with a thick, white cloud.

Now turn the box over so that the hole in the cover is pointed directly at one of the party. Tap the box sharply on both sides at the same time with your hands and a ghostly white ring will come out of the hole and float directly at the person in front of it. By shifting the position of the box and aiming the hole at different ones you can send one of these rings at each person in the room. They will be greatly surprised, and will dodge and try to get out of the way, as a general rule.

By renewing the supply of chemicals on the pads of blotting paper, you can afterward amuse the company by taking turns at projecting these rings at a door knob, or some other prominent object, string several of them upon before they melt away and disappear. If two of the rings should knock together in the air, they would bend and straighten out again without losing their form, just as an elastic body of more solid material.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FAMOUS PET BURRO.

Once the Property of Helen Hunt Jackson and Now a Familiar Object of a Colorado City.

This is Jack, a famous pet burro of the Rocky mountains. Jack is chiefly distinguished as having been once the property of Helen Hunt Jackson, the writer, whom he used to accompany in her travels for material over mountain and plain, and whose grave at the summit of Pike's Peak he has visited several times. Jack was originally in the government service, being used as a pack animal in the early days. After the death of Mrs. Jackson, the



JACK, VETERAN BURRO.

faithful burro roamed the mountains in a desolate mood, and was finally adopted by an old fruit seller of Colorado Springs, whose property he now is. Jack, who is 42 years of age and more than ordinarily patient and tractable for one of the mule family, is spending his declining days in indolence and luxury—for a burro. He long ago outlived his usefulness as a trail follower, and is a familiar object to the people of Colorado Springs and an especial attraction to visitors, as he stands munching hay near his owner's fruit stand. He has cultivated an esthetic appetite since he abandoned the mountains, and won't stand for a tin can and cactus diet any more. His owner is over 80 years of age and in one of Colorado Springs' quaint characters. The picture is from a photograph by Miss Jennie L. Thomas, of Detroit.—Detroit Free Press.

Saved His Friend's Ears.

A prisoner was once condemned by the late ameer of Afghanistan to have his ears sliced off quite as a minor punishment. He had a powerful friend, however, who was much attached to him. This friend begged the ameer, in duly submissive tones, to allow him to perform the operation, a favor which was granted. However, the ameer begged the prisoner to show him what portion of each ear he wished to be removed. The ameer accordingly touched them lightly. Whereupon the ingenious and courageous person proceeded to quote a passage from the Koran which said that anything touched by the representative of the Almighty became sacred. The despot smiled grimly and forgave them both.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.

The Romans Observed It with Religious Ceremonies and Grand Sports in the Arena.

Although the first of January is the oldest of all holidays, retaining its fixed date, it is a curious fact that it has been New Year's day among English-speaking people, except in Scotland, less than a century and a half, and in Scotland itself only three centuries.

Beginning with the year of Rome, 708, or B. C. 45, the Julian calendar went into effect in the Roman empire, by which the year was made to date from the kalends of January, the first day of the month. It is probable that this was a holiday before the time of the law, as it appeared to have been observed as a festival in honor of Juno, but it soon became the most marked of all Roman festival days. In the Fasti of Ovid that poet tells of the striking religious ceremonies of the occasion, the processions of white-robed priests, the music and the banners, while later writers depict the social observances, the exchange of presents, and the libations of wine with good cheer of every character.

From that time onward the beginning of the year was the great imperial holiday celebrated in every land



NEW YEAR'S IN ANTIQUITY. (Priest Invoking the Blessings of Heavens Deities.)

where the eagles of Rome were acknowledged as the emblems of government. At the capital itself gladiatorial exhibitions became a principal feature of the celebrations and continued such for several centuries. In the year 403 an eastern monk named Amalchius was impressed with the wickedness of these combats and went to Rome with the single intention of securing their abolition. On New Year's day of 404 he attended the show in the Flavian amphitheater and rushed into the arena as the first pair of gladiators began their contest, throwing himself between them. The Praetor Alpius immediately ordered the contestants to dispatch the monk and go on with the fight. He was obeyed, but the scandal of the event was so great that the emperor ordered the discontinuance of the exhibitions, so that Amalchius obtained the desired result, though at the cost of his own life.

In Great Britain the calendar year began on the 25th of April, and the rupture with the Roman church occurring shortly before Pope Gregory's promulgation of the edict of correction of the Julian calendar, made it impracticable for the English to concur in the change, which was accepted, in 1582, by all that portion of the civilized world in communion with the Roman Catholic organization, and by some of the Protestant states. In the year 1600 it was adopted by the kingdom of Scotland, under James VI, who afterwards succeeded to the throne of England also.

In England and her colonies it was different. Among all the revolutionary changes of the seventeenth century the English held to their old ways of computing dates, just as they now hold to their old ways of computing money, notwithstanding the whole world is against them. Even the birth of George Washington in Virginia went upon the public records as having taken place February 11, 1731, instead of February 22, 1732, as it was afterwards made to appear in its corrected form. According to the Julian calendar at that time still in legal force in the British possessions, the year 1732 did not begin until the following 25th of April, which would have been, according to the Gregorian calendar, the 6th day of May, the latter having by this time got 11 days ahead of the former, by expunging the extra days from the centennial leap years. In 1751 parliament enacted that the Gregorian dates should be adopted the next year, and since 1752 the people of English speech have been in accord with the rest of Christian humanity on this point.

Whether there were English celebrations of the 1st of January before it came to be New Year's day I have never ascertained, but have supposed that it figured with the other 11 days of Yuletide without any special pre-eminence except possibly from its being the octave of Christmas. Since it came to be a recognized holiday, subsequent to the reform of the calendar, it has seemed in this country at least to take its character from the customs of continental Europe.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Honey in Hero's Statue.

The heroic equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee in Richmond, Va., is believed to have hundreds of pounds of honey concealed inside of it. For months bees have been going in and out of the parted lips of both the human and the animal figure. The insects were first seen there last summer, and doubtless have been making honey ever since. There is no way to get inside either figure without doing irreparable damage, but fear is entertained that vandal hands may make the attempt.

Bobby Heard From Again.

"O mother!" cried little Bob one day, "when you strike pussy's fur this way you can feel the electricity, and when you put your ear down you can hear her trolley!"

THE PRETTY COLONIAL TEA ROOM



Fix up dens in your homes. Select a room too small for a bed-chamber, hang a few attractive paintings, etchings, tapestry, Chinese or burnt wood pictures preferred.

Make it as unique and comfortable as possible. Some women, says the Chicago News, favor a colonial tea room rather than a parlour. If so, place a spinning wheel in a conspicuous position and have the spindle-legged table and piling stool placed or hung as in colonial days of old; tall vases and candlesticks on a high wooden mantel, a couch, high backed, but literally heaped with cushions to secure the necessary comfort for a tea room.

Serve tea in tea cups of a colonial design and the kettle should swing on the fireplace or a standing samovar. Make fittings as nearly complete as possible with little expense. Elegance in tea room is not required, for one wishes to feel at ease, and lounging in the alluring need, for one wishes to have a shelf of old-fashioned china teapots or pitchers in a conspicuous corner.

Colonial chair of the sedan order is a comfortable accessory to a colonial tea room, also high backed short rockers.

The idea may be carried out so far as desired in the fittings, but the hostess should not become so interested in the colonial idea as to forget the particular points needed, and that is—comfort.

His Reputation Shattered.

Maddox—I always thought Cumao had the reputation of being a smart man.

Genman—Well?

Maddox—I detected him buying an umbrella to-day.—Harlem Life.

Delays Are Dangerous.

"The reason some men never reach the top of the ladder," said the breakfast syndicate, "is because they wait at the bottom for an elevator to take them up."—Chicago Daily News.

Centows.

Percy—Can you outline a man's character by the shape of his head?

Guy—Oh, no; but I can give a smashing good guess at him by the shape of his shoes.—Detroit Free Press.

Whence Success?

"After all, success in business only comes to plucky people."

"You mean 'from plucking people, don't you?'"—Catholic Standard and Times.