Theodore Thomas as His Friend, William Mason, the Pianist, Knew Him.

William Mason, the veteran pianist, so long a conspicuous figure in the musical life of New York, has collected in his lifetime many interesting souvenirs of his great colleagues. Liszt, Richard Wagner, Johannes Brahms and Rubinstein have been his friends, and their signed pictures or other souvenirs of them hang on the walls of his home in West Sixteenth street.

Among the later pictures are those of Paderewski and other men of the day. A unique and valuable collection these pictures compose. But Mr. Mason would part with all these rather than with one old photograph taken in 1855.

It shows an assertive, spirited, masterful young man looking out from the frame as if already impatient to take in the world the place he intended to occupy. Although the picture was taken many years ago, Mr. Mason received it only in 1902. So says the inscription in Theodore Thomas's handwriting, reading: "Zu meinem einzigen lieben freund, 1855-1902."

For a man at the height of his fame to call another his only friend bespeaks years of devotion. Mr. Mason and Mr. Thomas were indeed devoted to each other for many years.

"It was shortly after my return from Europe that I met him first," Mr. Mason told a SUN reporter. "I brought back with me a trio and some other music by Brahms, who was then all but unknown here.

"I told Carl Bergmann, the conductor of the Philharmonic at that time, to arrange a quartet in order that we might play this and some of Schumann's chamber music. One chamber music club already existed, but I suggested that we have another for the newer music.

"So Bergmann selected Theodore Thomas, who was violin; G. Matza and Joseph Mosenthal, who was for many years the conductor of the Mendelssohn Glee Club.

"It was at this time I first made Mr. Thomas's acquaintance. We had no sooner begun to play than his genius as a conductor asserted itself.

"He was a born conductor. But for this gift of his our body of players might have remained as it was. But there were constant conflicts between Thomas, the first violin, and Carl Bergmann, who was a 'cellist and had formerly conducted the Germania concerts alternately with Theodore Eisfeld, who founded the string quartet that preceded us.

"Bergmann was, as I say, a 'cellist, and it was more desirable to have a violinist as a conductor. So after a few months Bergmann retired and was succeeded by F. Bergner, for many years a member of the Philharmonic, who is still living in this city.

"From that time we handed over the direction of the quartet to Thomas. During all the years of the Mason-Thomas soirées, all the credit of them belonged to him. I had merely suggested such a series of concerts."

It was through these concerts that Theodore Thomas made the acquaintance of his first wife.

"A German named Klauser, who taught music at the Farmington school, came down frequently to hear our quartet rehearse," Mr. Mason said, "and he was very anxious to have us play up at the school. So we went up to Farmington once, and the concert was so successful that we continued to go up there regularly.

"Employed there as a teacher was a New York girl who lived down on the west side of town below Fourteenth street. She was a splendid specimen of an American woman, efficient, self-reliant and capable. We met her every time the quartet went up there to play. Thomas was at that time 29.

"One day after we had finished our concert and were waiting to take our train, he asked me to take a short walk with him, as he had something serious to talk to me about. I could tell from his manner that he was in a very serious mood.

"We had walked only a few steps before he turned and asked me what I thought of Miss Rhodes, the young teacher I have referred to, as a possible wife for him. I was astonished at the question and told him immediately what I thought.

"'Your education has been so different from hers,' I said, 'that I don't know whether you will be happy or not. Miss Rhodes is thoroughly American—for instance, goes to church on Sunday—and I don't believe you ever went to church in your life. It seems to me that your rearing has been too different for you to be happy.'

"But they were married, and I am afraid that Mrs. Thomas had some hard times at the outset. Theodore was very determined and firm then, although he grew much softer in later years.

"Even at that time he was quite indifferent to all but his most intimate friends. He saw no use of a wide acquaintance, which, in his opinion, did nothing to put a man forward in his work. He thought always of that in the first instance.

"He came to stop at my father's house in Orange soon after his marriage. I played the organ at the Presbyterian church there, as I spent my Sundays in Orange.

"Mrs. Thomas wanted to go to church with my wife and me, so I told Theodore to take a walk or amuse himself in the best way he could until we came back. To our astonishment he said he wanted to go to church with us, and along he went.

"I looked at him several times from the organ loft, and he seemed to be standing it pretty well, although at times he looked rather impatient. We went home to dinner, and after a while it became necessary for me to go to afternoon service. He asked where I was getting ready to go.

"'To church,' I answered.

"'Church!' he repeated, looking at me in astonishment. 'Why, we went there once to-day.'

"Of course he never dreamed of going a second time that day, and it was only to gratify his wife that he had gone once. He would give in sometimes for those he loved.

"But he sought first to be straightforward and frank, and that sometimes led persons who did not know him well to say that he was abrupt. Only a year ago I had a letter from him in answer to one of mine.

"I had written him asking him to do a certain thing. The answer I received was:

DEAR WILLIAM: You have asked me by letter to do a certain thing. I write to tell you that I will not do it. Your friend,

THEODORE.

"Now, I knew that Mr. Thomas felt that for some good reason he could not do what I asked. He felt that it was not consistent with his pride or his honor or his dignity.

"I cannot even remember what I had asked him, as I only found his letter to-day. It never occurred to me to mention the subject again, as I knew he must have his own good reason for refusing."

Not all of Mr. Thomas's acquaintances were satisfied to overlook his occasional abruptness of manner, and sometimes the men who worked under him had to feel his severity.

"But they were all devoted to him," Mr. Mason said, "and the men cried at the Philharmonic rehearsal when his death was announced. He was firm with them not stern, and that came from his absolute certainty of what he wanted to do.

"He was never eccentric in his readings, but he was often original and always sound. He knew just what he wanted his men to do and waited until they were able to do it.

"His wonderful sense of pitch was shown by a discussion I held in his presence once with a teacher who assisted me at times. She was a remarkably fine musician.

"We had been going to a church where it seemed to me that the organ had been tuned to the high pitch, which has been done in so many churches. She thought, however, that the organist had transposed the hymns.

"'I don't see why there should be any doubt about the question,' said Theodore, who had heard our conversation. 'I could tell immediately by the vibrations.'

"Once he was rehearsing a large orchestra for a testimonial concert that was to be given in his honor. He noticed a dissonance somewhere in the orchestra and could not tell where it was.

"Finally he narrowed it down to the violins and discovered that one player was bowing in another direction from that in which the eleven others were drawing their bows. So accurate and fine was his ear.

"While Thomas's men were never friendly with him, they all liked him and respected him. He got the best players and paid them the highest prices.

"He did not believe in being familiar with them, because he had always in mind the thought of getting the best possible work out of them. It was always the work he thought of.

"Why Theodore never went to Europe to play I do not understand, as he had repeated opportunities. He acquired a great reputation among European musicians without ever having conducted there.

"Those who came here and appeared under his direction carried back with them the accounts of his great ability. So it came that the great composers of Europe were always glad to have him conduct their music in manuscript.

"Brahms, Rolf, Rubinstein, Massenet, Dvorak—all these and many others gladly let him have their music before it had been performed elsewhere. But few if any of them had ever come into contact with him personally or heard any of his interpretations."

Mr. Mason told the reporter that New Yorkers never knew the extent to which Mr. Thomas was affected by the necessity of his leaving New York.

"For that reason," he said, "Theodore was looking forward with pleasure to coming back to New York to conduct the last Philharmonic concert. It would have been a great delight for him to return and enjoy a triumphant success just after he had opened his new hall in Chicago.

"Theodore was much gentler and milder than he had been in the past. The indifference of New York after all his work here was more of a blow to him than anybody ever knew.

"All he was he had made himself. He had little or no education and his father had been the humblest sort of musician, playing the violin on a Mississippi steamboat. So what he accomplished was due wholly to his own genius."

MAN CAN DO WITHOUT WATER.

At Least He Can in Texas, if These Experiments Prove Anything.

BRENHAM, Tex., Jan. 7.—Major Theodore Schiermier thinks he has disproved the theory that drinking water is necessary to the existence of a human being. He has not taken a drink of water for many years—just how many he does not know, but it is ten or fifteen.

He found that water did not agree with him and he quit drinking it. He also quit eating all kinds of bread, at the same time.

He began to take on flesh soon after he stopped using water and bread and is now fat and the picture of health. Although he is of middle age his complexion has the pink color and delicate appearance of that of a baby. His muscles are well developed and hard, and to all appearance he is in perfect condition.

Even in the hottest days of summer he is not troubled with thirst. Occasionally he drinks a glass of beer, but it is not often that he partakes of that beverage.

He subsists principally on raw meat, served in the form of tartar steak, and raw eggs. He eats few vegetables. The thirst which Major Schiermier had when he first began to abstain from the use of water for drinking gradually disappeared.

An old frontiersman, Capt. J. G. Merrill, in discussing the matter of water drinking said that in the earlier days, when frontier officers had to take long chases after Indians and border desperadoes, the water supply question never troubled the men, and they would have given it little thought but for the fact that their horses had to have water.

"Drinking water is a habit, just like drinking whiskey is," continued Cap. Merrill. "I belonged for several years to Major Jones's company of rangers and there were several men in that company who had trained themselves to go for days at a stretch without a drop of water passing their lips. If their thirst made them uncomfortable they were wont to moisten their mouth and throat with the juice of a cactus. I got so used to going without water on my long rides over the plains of west Texas that I still care very little for the fluid. Frequently day after day passes without my drinking a drop of water or anything except a small cup of coffee which I take at my breakfast.

"I can show scores of old Texas frontiersmen who do not drink a gallon of water a month and are in the best of health and condition all the time. I also believe that the less water a person drinks the longer he will live.

"One half of these long, sinewy, wiry, lank and lean fellows you see on the ranches in west Texas and in the little towns drink so little water that they hardly know what it tastes like; but these same men can outfight and outwork three of the ordinary fat water topers.

"The late Gen. Lawton had trained himself to go for days without touching water to his lips. He could stand any amount of marching and hard work.

"He got his first knowledge of the uselessness of and injury of drinking large quantities of water from the Texas frontiersmen while serving with his cavalry troop in this State. He began to practise abstaining from water drinking and it was not long until he could go for days running without partaking of it."

It is Capt. Merrill's opinion that many ills of the body are caused by the water drinking habit.

MAN'S WORST TROPICAL FOE.

THE HOOKWORM DISEASE A WORLDWIDE SCOURGE.

Cause of Sickness and Poverty in Asia and Africa as Well as in the Southern States—Science's Knowledge of the Pest—Measures of Prevention.

Hookworm disease has been brought into prominent notice in the United States during the last few years owing to the discovery that much of the sickness and some of the adverse economic conditions of the South are due to its widespread existence.

Up to 1893 no authentic case of the disease was recognized as such in the United States. In 1902 Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service showed that a distinct hookworm, which was named *Uncinaria americana*, infests man in the southern States of this country.

The anæmia so prevalent in the South, and so debilitating to a large number of the inhabitants as to give rise to the expression "lazy whites," is said to be almost entirely due to hookworm disease. According to Stiles, districts situated on a clay soil and cities are not favorable to the development of the malady, but in the agricultural regions in which the soil is sandy infection takes place readily.

The anæmia is caused by a leechlike, blood sucking parasite which infests the small intestine. Sandwith of Cairo, Egypt, believes that the ancient Egyptians suffered from this form of anæmia as a number of references tallying with the modern descriptions of the affection are found in ancient writings.

Within modern times this particular kind of anæmia was described in Brazil by Piso in 1648; Labat, in 1742 or 1745 observed it in Guadeloupe, Chevalier in 1752 in Santo Domingo, Dazille and Bason in 1776 in the Antilles and Edwards in 1790-1793 in Jamaica.

In Europe the disease was first noted among the miners of Auzin, France, in 1802. The parasite, however, was not discovered until 1843, by Dubin of Milan. Grissinger in 1854 first showed the true relation of the parasitical disease to anæmia.

The worm causing the malady is, says Stiles, somewhat different in Europe and in the Old World generally, from that of this continent. It is known in Europe as the *Ankylostomium duodenale* and here as the *Uncinaria americana*.

It has a remarkably wide distribution, being found in almost all tropical and sub-tropical regions, and in many parts of the temperate zone. In Great Britain the parasite was unknown till recently.

In 1902 there was a serious outbreak of aukbylostomcasis in Cornish mines. In France it exists in the mining districts. In Belgium and Germany it prevails largely among the same class. Among miners working in the coal mines of Hungary the affection is common. In Italy the disease has been observed on an extended scale, especially in the provinces of Milan and Pavia in Lombardy.

In the Far East the malady is present almost everywhere. It is exceedingly common throughout the Indian Peninsula and Ceylon. Dobson, Rogers and others have shown that in Assam, Bengal, and some other parts of India from 60 to 70 per cent. of the population harbor the parasite.

It is believed that in some of the hospitals of Ceylon the majority of cases of dysentery and debility that come under treatment are due to this parasite. Dr. Thomhill of Ceylon states that the more he reflects on his own experience and the more he reads of the experience of others, the firmer does his conviction become that the hookworm is the greatest enemy of the human race in the tropics.

In Burmah the worm is widely prevalent, and it has a wide distribution in the East Indian Islands. It has also been found in Cochin China, in French Indo-China and in Japan; in fact, in some parts of China it is very common.

Australia contains many sufferers from the hook worm disease, while it flourishes more or less in all parts of Africa. In Egypt the infection occurs with great frequency, and on the west coast of Africa, in the Belgian Congo, in Mauritius and in South Africa it is extremely prevalent.

In Central America the hookworm is a scourge, and it is fairly common in all parts of South America. There are but few of the West Indian islands in which the parasite is not found, and in Porto Rico it is the cause of almost all the sickness and poverty so widespread throughout that island.

From the above account it will be gathered that hookworm disease has a very extensive range, but that it is found mainly in hot or warm climates, while as a cause of permanent endemic disease it is almost wholly confined to tropical or sub-tropical countries, Italy being the only country which is an exception to that rule.

As to the manner in which infection by the hookworm takes place, there is by no means unanimity of opinion among medical men. Clemow, a great authority, says: "The development of the ova takes place in muddy water, mud or damp earth, while for the final stage, and in order they may again become sexually mature worms, they must enter the tissues of a human being. This probably takes place by means of foul drinking water, or, perhaps, more commonly by being transferred in the act of eating from earthsoiled hands to the mouth; or by a direct penetration of the skin. Hence it is most common to find the affection in persons who work in the earth."

All are agreed that the disease is essentially one of the soil, but it is not now believed that drinking water, however foul, plays any part in its causation, nor even that eating dirt stained food is a very important factor. The trend of opinion is toward the belief that direct infection is the main cause.

The majority of those who work in tropical climates are scantily clothed, and seldom or never wear coverings on their feet or legs, and it is surmised that the worms, swarming in the earth, effect an entrance to the body by means of the bare feet and legs of the workers.

Treatment by drugs is effective, male fern and thymol, especially the latter, being excellent curative remedies. Prevention, nevertheless, as in most diseases of a parasitic nature, is the most effective mode of extirpation.

Much can doubtless be done in the way of disinfecting the soil, but this method, although radical and efficient, is expensive and presents many difficulties. There are many other precautionary measures which might be adopted and would do much to curb the spread of the disease.

Of these, personal cleanliness and good sanitary arrangements generally stand in the front rank. Protection to the feet and legs is also an obvious precaution and one which, if put into universal practice among the inhabitants of tropical regions, would be a step in the right direction of inestimable importance.

The whole question is an economic one that affects the Government of the United States directly. Not only within the borders of our own continent does hookworm disease prejudicially affect the physical well being and prosperity of a large number of the inhabitants, but in Porto Rico and in the Philippines, for the health and progress of whose inhabitants we are now responsible, the malady is a scourge.

Further than this, Central America is a hotbed of hookworm disease, and if measures are not put into force promptly to check its spread, it will undoubtedly be a prominent cause of sickness among the Panama canal workers.

BOOKMAKING AT WINTER TRACKS.

Daily Expenses Greater in Frisco Than in the East.

The expenses of bookmakers operating this winter in San Francisco are much heavier than on the local tracks. In the East a bookmaker pays $57 a day for badges for himself and employees, and incidentally for space in the betting ring. In Frisco his daily fee is $150, with $10 a day to his ticket writer and sheetwriter and $15 to his blookman and cashier. But there is more business at the Frisco tracks just now than at Los Angeles or New Orleans, and the books there are in clover.

The richest layers who are quoting the odds at Frisco are Joe Rose and John Condon, the blind man who owns the Harlem track in Chicago. Rose is handling from $12,000 to $15,000 a day and is conducting a genuine "Big Store" affair. Condon pays $500 a day for the fieldbook privilege, which involves the speculation of all the one-dollar pikers. If the favorites win Condon's book gets the money, as the one-dollar players go after long shots exclusively. But if they lose it is another story. "English Bill" Jackman is another big bookmaker on the Coast, and so is Bob Lloyd. There is an average of thirty books at work each day.

More layers are in line at New Orleans than ever before. The other day thirty-three of them weighed in, a record breaking number. But there are only a handful of big operators, including Barney Schreiber, Steve L'Hommedieu and one or two others. While money is plentiful there are few big plungers on the ground, barring the bookmakers themselves. At Los Angeles there are twenty books in line with a fair amount of business for all of them. When Essex Park, Hot Springs, is under full headway there will be a similar number of pencillers on the blocks.

Yet, combining the daily business at all of these winter tracks, the aggregate amount will not compare to the volume of business conducted in a single afternoon at one of the big Eastern tracks. Bookmakers who have visited these winter tracks say that money is comparatively scarce when the liberal wagers of a metropolitan race track crowd are taken into consideration.

"Give me the East all the time!" said a well known bookmaker at the Hoffman House the other day. "I'll venture to say that on big race days and holidays last season I handled more money in a single afternoon than any of the books at the winter tracks take in during a whole week. It stands to reason that a crowd of 10,000 persons at an Eastern track, not counting Saturdays and other big days, will have more money to speculate with than the usual crowd of 2,500 or 3,000 persons who patronize these winter tracks from day to day. Books operated in the East have the big plungers like Gates, Drake, Thomas, Wheelock, Johnson and others in their class to deal with, while the winter tracks have nobody who will bet on similar lines.

"The racegoing public here is decidedly more prosperous, too. You will find many ordinary citizens who think nothing of betting $100 to a race, while at New Orleans or Los Angeles some of the books will not take a $100 wager. That is quite a difference, but it is true, nevertheless. I think this year will see an increase in the business, too. The racing public is growing wiser each season, and when the local campaign sets in I believe the books will be fairly overrun."

Barney Schreiber, by the way, intends to race again on the local tracks, after an absence of several years. Schreiber is familiar with all branches of the turf. He is not only a wealthy bookmaker, but he is a breeder of thoroughbreds on a large scale. He has more than a hundred broodmares and ten stallions at his Woodlands Farm in Kentucky. Among the stallions are Sain, Bannockburn and Balgowan, who have sent many winners to the races. Schreiber has fifty two-year-olds in training, together with thirty horses of other ages, and he will bring the best of them to this part of the country in the spring.

LORD DURHAM ON RACING.

Speaks on Various Topics at the Gimcrack Club Dinner.

At the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club, held recently in London, Lord Durham, the senior steward of the English Jockey Club, made many pointed comments on the current topics of the turf. Regarding the dissatisfaction expressed in some quarters with the method of handicapping, Lord Durham said that he believed the imposts should be governed by the best form of the horses and that he heartily supported those officials who kept the weight allotments at a high figure when convinced that horses had not been permitted to run true to form.

Lord Durham, in referring to the use of the starting gate in England, said that the plan could be improved upon. He stated that it would be more successful if the jockeys were compelled to obey instructions to the letter and if the starters exercised more arbitrary power over them. He also paid his respects to the turf critics, who, he said, were either ignorant or malicious. The tipsters also came in for a scoring, Lord Durham advising the sporting papers to refrain from publishing their advertisements, on the ground that the tipsters were obtaining information as to stable secrets that did not rightfully belong to them.

After declaring that the English Jockey Club would try to popularize racing in all parts of the country, Lord Durham declared that his reform reducing the distance for two-year-old races from five furlongs to half a mile would go into effect at the Lincoln spring meeting in March.

Antiquity of Hooks and Eyes.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Hooks and eyes are known to have been used as dress fastenings for at least a couple of centuries, and they may have been in use for 400 or 500 years, but the date of their invention has never been traced.

George H. Cliff, who is head of a big concern which manufactures all sorts of fastening devices, has made the subject a matter of research and has found the hook and eye in its present form to have been in use early in the seventeenth century. In his travels through various lands he has examined many antique garments, hoping to trace the device still further back, but, while the relics all were fitted with hooks and eyes, none of the garments was of earlier manufacture than the seventeenth century.

In Westminster Abbey Mr. Cliff came across a display of very ancient wearing apparel, which he hoped would throw further light on his researches. But the articles had been worn by royalty and the guard would not permit close inspection. Not even an offer of $5 for a look at the fastenings would tempt him. So far as Mr. Cliff could see at a distance, lacing was the method of fastening used in the garments, which were of twelfth and thirteenth century design.

Ruse of a Burglar.

From the London Express.

Mrs. Broome of Battersea saw a man climb over the wall into her back garden, and promptly asked him what his business was.

"Oh, a burglar has entered the house down below," he replied. "I've been asked to pursue him."

Thereupon Mrs. Broome allowed the man to pass through her house and into the street. Shortly afterward detectives visited her house, and she discovered that her visitor was the burglar himself.

She described him to the police, and on Saturday William Bird, a gray bearded man of 65, who answers to her description, was committed for trial at the police court.

ENGLISH COURT SECRETS.

A FRENCHMAN TELLS TALES OF ROYAL DOINGS.

M. de Téramond on the Frivolity of Edward as Prince of Wales and of the Queenly Way in Which Victoria Got the Koh-i-noor by a "Coup de Lunch."

In a recent mail from Paris comes "Les Dessous de la Cour d'Angleterre" (Under Side of the Court of England). Its author is Guy de Téramond. It professes to be a view from the inside of the life of the present King and Queen when they were Prince and Princess of Wales, with incidental anecdotes about Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family. The Prince of Wales is represented as a lover of France and the Princess as having an undying hatred of Germany.

The hatred of Germany entertained by the Princess of Wales and others of the Danish royal family is illustrated by an anecdote of the Danish family reunions at the Château of Bernstorf. It appears that a favorite amusement of the royal children was the construction of mud pies. Sometimes these took the form of mannikins, to be pelted with sticks and stones. The bombardment was always accompanied by demonstrations of hatred and disgust, for the mud man was always a German.

Once the children had some difficulty in completing their image because the mud was frozen.

"Don't cry, my dears," said the future Empress of Russia. "I will help you."

She did. She managed to construct the mannikin. She selected a particularly nasty sample of mud for the head and she fixed it on with a diamond hatpin, which she drew out of her hat for the purpose.

"Now," she cried, "there he is, my little ones, the enemy, Bismarck, demolish him!"

There are other anecdotes about the Danish family parties. The Kings and Princes are described as guying each other and themselves for their ceremonial manners on state occasions, and the old King is represented as chasing a maid of honor in playful mood, and when she took refuge in her room climbing up by the balcony on the outside of the château to head her off.

The Prince and Princess of Wales found the greatest enjoyment in these family reunions, and the absolute *sans-gêne* with which they were conducted, but the Prince got almost equal pleasure out of the long stays which he made at his own place in Scotland, Abergeldie. There he is pictured as arraying himself in kilts and dancing until midnight, torch in hand, "des gigs effrénées" (frantic jigs) to the sound of the bagpipes.

"Nothing could be more curious," says the chronicler, "by way of effect than the spectacle of these dances in the night, all the more because their Highnesses, very good to every one, permitted their tenants and their households to take part in them. You saw diamonds glitter and laces flutter side by side with woollen gowns and the little caps of the housemaids."

The frivolity of this life at Abergeldie, it seems, was particularly distasteful to the old Queen. Things reached a climax one morning after the couple had attended a dinner party at Balmoral. It was the day of their departure from Abergeldie, and the Queen apparently thought they would be up bright and early—perhaps to pack their traps.

But not so. The frivolous young people had spent the night in their customary dissipations. The Queen, out for her morning drive, conceived the idea of calling to say good-by to them.

"Seeing the carriage of the Queen approach, every one rushed headlong, according to his station, to warn the Prince. Taken by surprise, he jumped from bed precipitately and robed himself in his smoking jacket, which happened to be under his hand. But, in spite of his haste, when he reached the vestibule it was only to see the carriage of his mother turn and start off through the wood in the direction of her castle.

"He started in pursuit, making sweeping gestures to stop to John Brown, who was, as always, on the box. Despite the efforts of Brown, it was evident that her Majesty refused, and, without even deigning to turn, he let the poor Prince run the whole way to Balmoral, where he arrived in a state that may be imagined. She made not the slightest observation, and from the height of her carriage and of her grandeur gave him her hand to kiss—that was all."

Poor Prince! yet the Queen is represented as having really a strong affection for him. This is illustrated in a scene at Sandringham during his attack of typhoid fever, when the disease appeared to take a fatal turn. It was after a period of hopefulness, and, the strain of preceding weeks being relaxed, every one had gone to bed early.

"Toward 2 in the morning the doctor had John Brown called, and said some rapid words to him. Brown rushed immediately to the Queen's room to announce to her that the Prince's condition had become alarming.

"In an instant every one was on foot, and telegrams started in all directions. The Queen, understanding the danger, precipitated herself from her apartment, dressed simply in a short petticoat and slippers, without ever reflecting that she would be seen in such accoutrement, and ran to her son's bedroom, sobbing like a child, holding her head between her hands. It was perhaps the only time in her life when she forgot that she was Queen."

Later, Brown took her back to her room, wrapped in a dressing gown. The danger was passed, but the corridors and waiting rooms were still filled with a pale and panicstricken throng.

Of course, John Brown figures extensively in the chapters devoted to the Queen. When a new question arose, the Queen talked it over with every one she met, absorbing their ideas. Then she laid it before John Brown. He represented to her popular opinion, he always spoke his mind with "a brutal, though respectful, frankness which no dignitary would have dared to employ toward her."

Armed with John Brown's opinion, Victoria invited her Ministers, one by one, to lunch with her. Only the Princess Beatrice was present, besides, and she seasoned the menu with an expression of her wishes on the mooted topic.

Then, when the Ministers came together, all found that they held the same views—those of the Queen, of course. The process, M. de Téramond says, came to be known as the Queen's "coup de lunch." Perhaps it was.

The "coup de lunch," however, was the plan which, the book says, the Queen adopted to "subtiliser" the Koh-i-noor. "The anecdote deserves to be told," says the author. Here it is:

The Koh-i-noor had been taken as booty of war during the conquest of India and carried off by Sir William Roberts, since the famous Lord Roberts, who offered it to the Queen. When the war was terminated, the Maharaiah Duleep Singh was installed in the magnificent property which was offered him as compensation for his lost kingdom. The Prince then demanded his gods, which had also been confiscated, and the Koh-i-noor, as being an object of veneration in his family, to which it belonged from time immemorial, and to which a sort of superstition attached.

No difficulty was made about returning his gods, which were huge bugaboos of gilt bronze enriched with stones, but as for the diamond, the Queen at first made some difficulty about surrendering it. Then, on the insistence of her Ministers, she gave it up with a pretty good grace. She had her idea.

A little later, calm being restored, the Maharajah consoled and reconciled with the royal family, the Queen bestowed upon him special and quasi-maternal attentions which his youth authorized. Duleep Singh, though little, was very handsome. He had superb black eyes and features of marvellous regularity and fineness.

One day, in inviting him to luncheon, the Queen asked the Maharajah to bring the Koh-i-noor with him in order that she might admire it one last time. The Prince did not fail. He came with the precious jewel. He took it from its golden case and presented it to the Queen, who took it in her little lace handkerchief.

Then, after having turned it over and over, examined it and gone into ecstacies over its splendor, she thanked her guest and, turning to the Princess Beatrice, begged her to place the trinket in the drawer of a little safe which stood just at hand.

At this moment the door opened and John Brown announced that luncheon was served. Graciously the Queen advanced to the Prince to pass with him into the dining room.

He, overwhelmed by the disappearance of his diamond, stood as if petrified, with his eyes fixed on the article of furniture which had just swallowed it. He failed to see the Queen's outstretched arm until John Brown had to repeat that her Majesty was served.

Needless to say, the luncheon was a cold one.

ASKING HER FATHER.

A Suitor With the New Learning Reverses an Old Tradition.

"That stock yarn of the funny men about the young fellow being booted out of the house, down the steps and half-way across the street by the irate—he's always irate—father of the girl whose hand in marriage the young man has requested, is still doing service, but there was a mighty diverting reversal of the situation at my factory a little while ago," said a New Jersey manufacturer who operates a large paint-making plant.

"John, the father of the pretty seventeen-year-old girl that Jim wanted—Jim is 24, a first-class color mixer, and gets high wages—was, in his younger days, one of the best catchweight pugilists in New Jersey. He is still under 40, and is pretty nearly as handy with his dukes to-day as he was when he used to participate in regular fights around Newark and Paterson and Trenton.

"Jim had been the stiddy of John's daughter for more than a year, although from the beginning, it appears, John had entertained a sort of grouch against Jim. For one thing, John thought his daughter too young to marry.

"But the girl was fond of Jim, and her father completely failed in his attempt to shoo Jim from the girl's side. When the situation at her home became so strained that Jim had to remain away from there for a while, they met somewhere else, as lovers do and will. I should mention that Jim is a powerful young fellow, nearly 6 feet high, with the arms and torso of a blacksmith.

"One morning, about three weeks ago, I noticed that there was a pretty hard and set look about Jim's jaw, and so, when the noon whistle blew, I was not surprised to observe Jim stride over to John, who was working just outside the office, with a very determined air.

"'Pop,' said Jim to John in a tone that sounded perfectly manly and respectful to me. 'Min an' me have been runnin' mates long 'nough. Now we're ready t' become side pardners f'r keeps. How 'bout it? Jes' thought I'd ast you, see?'

"'G'wan, you cub,' was John's contemptuous reply to Jim. 'You'd better wait'll you learn how to strop a razor t' shave y'self with before you git t' chewin' 'bout marryin' a snip of a young 'un that hasn't had her hair tucked under her hat f'r more'n six months or so. Annyhow, you won't do, see?'

"'I won't, hey?' inquired Jim, his face becoming pretty ruddy. 'What's the matter with me, hey?'

"'You won't do, that's all,' was John's reply. 'You're one o' these fellers that they say about, "He's all right, but he won't do," see?'

"'Say, look a-here,' said Jim then, flaming into hot wrath, 'if you wasn't an old stiff an' a has-been, I'd hand youse a swift poke in y'r off lamp, d'ye know that?'

"'You would, would you?' said John, then, with a derisive laugh, straightening himself up as if awaiting an onslaught, as he had done so many times in the prize ring. 'Why, you overgrown lummox, you wouldn't make a lunch f'r me. F'r two cents I'd take a barrel stave an' lather you good, you mullet-head.'

"'You take back them names or I'll knock y'r block off,' said Jim, advancing upon John threateningly—and then it happened.'

"The old man struck his old-fashioned pugilistic attitude and then made a swift dab for Jim's jaw with his right.

"Jim's jaw wasn't there, however. Then Jim handed the man whose son-in-law he wanted to be a left hand uppercut that made John's teeth rattle.

"The two men hadn't been fighting very long before I saw that, with all of his prize ring experience, John wasn't any match for Jim. Leaving out the difference between 24 years of age and, say, 38, Jim had been fooling with the gloves ever since his kidhood himself, and he was familiar with all of the new kinks in the boxing game, whereas John's game was the old-fashioned slugging style.

"Jim knew how to send in lightning jolts and then get away without a comeback, whereas when John got in a good clout he stood his ground, old style, and had to endure a swift succession of return jabs every time, which soon put him all to the bad. After they had been at it for about five minutes the younger man suddenly sent in a crashing right hander which landed on John's jaw and felled him like an ox.

"John lay prone for a good deal longer than the count and when he came to and sat up, his face covered with bruises and hard bumps, Jim was standing over him.

"'Pop,' said Jim, resuming the respectful tone with which he had first addressed him, 'Min an' me's figgerin' on makin' a double up sketch of it 'long bout th' middle of January. How 'bout it?'

"'Ye're all right, kid,' said John heartily, scrambling to his feet and holding out his hand to Jim—and Jim took the hand and shook it heartily. 'Min is yours anny time y' want her. Say, where did y' pick up that pivot swing that you landed on me left eye?' And they fell to talking amicably about new kinks in the way of boxing blows, and kept it up until the whistle blew for the hands to resume work.

"Jim has already put in his application for two weeks leave, and he and Min will make a double up sketch of it this month, with John at the church to give his daughter away."

GONE TO CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Indianapolis Church Members Deserting for the New Faith.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 7.—Ministers of the religious denominations in this city are becoming greatly concerned over the inroads that Christian Science is making in other denominations. There is not a congregation in this city that, in the last four years, has not lost some of its most exemplary members.

Four years ago the first Christian Science church was established in this city. It was organized by eight persons who met in the home of one of the new converts and organized a church. For a while its meetings were held in the homes of members, but soon no private parlor would hold the worshippers. Then the high school building was utilized for Sunday services, but the congregations grew till the largest room was barely large enough.

Up to two years ago none of the more wealthy church people had countenanced the new doctrine. Then one by one influential members began to be missed from their seats. Inquiry showed that they were at the high school building every Sunday. The well to do, who became members, increased till there was a membership of nearly 200. Then a building fund was started.

Most of those now active in the new church were Baptists, Presbyterians or Methodists and represented the most earnest class of workers in these churches. They gave liberally to the building enterprise. One of the most costly building sites in the city was purchased and a large brick and stone church has been erected. The congregation organized with eight persons has grown in four years to about 400, and not a Sunday passes without other members being received.

Some of the members say they were driven from their old relations into the new by their fellow church members, who, as soon as it became known that they were inquiring into it, became intolerant.

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No interest charged for time taken in making payments and no "extras" whatever.

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UP TO DATE RECRUITING.

Phonograph and Stereopticon Used to Get Labor for Queensland Plantations.

Thousands of the natives of Polynesia are needed to work on the sugar and other plantations of Queensland. These plantations are in the low coast regions; and as the climate is tropical, white labor is not successful.

For many years sailing vessels have been visiting the islands to recruit Kanakas for the Queensland plantations. The trade gave rise to abuses which have been suppressed by law, but the natives are not now so eager to emigrate as formerly and it is hard work to fill the vessels.

A sea captain in the Kanaka trade has introduced a new method of making emigration attractive. Before he sailed from Queensland a year ago he visited a number of the plantations where South Sea Islanders are employed.

He had a camera and a phonograph. Going from one plantation to another he photographed groups of natives and also took individual pictures of well known fellows from the New Hebrides, Solomon and other groups.

Then he brought the phonograph into service. The best known natives who had a large acquaintance in the islands were induced to talk into the instrument and tell their friends the kind of life they led in Australia and how they were getting along on the plantations.

These phonographed letters were obtained from Kanakas who formerly lived in about a dozen of the islands which the recruiting vessels are in the habit of visiting. Then the ingenious shipmaster had his photographs turned into lantern slides and off he sailed for the islands well equipped to astonish the natives.

According to a Queensland newspaper, the scheme has been a great success. The captain had an ample supply of lantern slides showing emigrants from each of the islands he visited.

Everybody was on hand to see the show and the natives were beside themselves with delight when they saw the well known visages of their friends and acquaintances thrown upon the screen. But the greatest wonder was when each picture actually talked to the crowd in the very tones and accents which many of the auditors connected with the man upon whose face they were gazing.

The man sent them greetings from his plantation home 1,000 miles away. He told them he was doing well, that he liked the life and that Queensland was a good place to come to. He talked about the country, the money he earned and the good treatment he received.

Pictures were shown of the huts occupied by the emigrants, the fields they worked in and groups of laborers whose sleek appearance and smiling faces seemed to show that they were enjoying life.

The result is that the stereopticon and phonograph have proved to be valuable recruiting agents. Even the natives who have had the worst misgivings about emigration become enthusiastic converts to the idea when they see their friends actually before them and hear their well known voices.

The captain had no difficulty in making up a load and other captains engaged in the Kanaka trade say they are going to employ the same expedient.

Japanese Shoe Shops.

From the London Chronicle.

Like all other shops in Japan, a shoe shop opens a broad side to the street.

It seems a misnomer to call it shoe shop, a place where you can only buy sandals or clogs, things we are not accustomed to call shoes.

There is a low platform in front upon which the customer sits and drinks tea while making his or her purchases, the shopkeeper meanwhile squatting on his heels and discussing the news of the day.

The sandals worn by the rickshaw coolies are called warali; they are woven of rice straw, and are sold for a halfpenny a pair. They are made in the country villages, and the foreigner watches the weaving with amused interest.

The prehensile big toe of a Japanese is of great assistance, as it is used for catching and holding the straws, leaving the hands free to weave.

The pack horse wears straw shoes, as well as the farmer who le