

TIME SAVED IS MONEY LOST

THE MAN EVOLVED BY A LONDON BUSINESS MAN.

It was led to it by observing that the more time saving devices he used the higher his expenses grew. Duke of Connaught Not to Govern Canada...

London, Dec. 28.—An economic heresy of the blackest, basest description has been flaunted before England at the very height of the Christmas season. It is a heresy that will be peculiarly anathema in American estimation because it attempts to destroy a whole bunch of proverbs...

He was puzzled to find that his personal expenses had increased by \$750 a year during the last four or five years. He found by analysis that the greater part of the amount had been expended on various time saving devices. He spent \$550 a year on taxicabs...

The situation, as he says, is growing serious, for the saved time belongs entirely to this year, and at the stroke of midnight on December 31 will pass along with the rest of 1910 into the limbo of the expired years. "I have ransacked my pockets and my memory in vain for any trace of the missing months. Not a single second can I find anywhere."

What conclusion can the poor man come to except that the old maxim is all a humbug, that the saving of time is an extravagance and not an economy? So here is his conclusion, reached by unassailable argument: "What does become of all the time we laboriously save? I search my memory again. Now I come to think of it there are one or two little items to go down to the debit account."

"There was one week end in the summer, for example. It lasted, now I come to think of it, from Friday afternoon till Tuesday morning. There is an occasional round of golf too. I find I have dined out and been to the theatre a good many times, certainly more frequently than in previous years."

"Then there were the afternoons in the summer, when I got through a day's work an hour or so earlier than usual, for a motor run. These little relaxations account, I suppose, for some of the missing time and some of the spent money. I begin to see light. The taxicab, the motor omnibus, the tubes, the telephones, the typewriter made these things possible and provided me with the extra-time in which to spend extra money."

"It is a dreadful truth that begins to dawn on me that time saved is really money lost. I have been spending pounds and pounds on time saving appliances in order to save a few hours in which to spend still more money. "That is why life is getting more and more costly. My two months saved in the year have added two months to my annual expenditure without adding a halfpenny to my income."

"I should be lots better off if I had never saved a minute. I do not want such a lot of time to myself. My means are insufficient for it. I shall do away with the telephone and travel in future by horse omnibus."

It is now thought likely that the intention formed early in the year of sending the Duke of Connaught to Canada as the next Governor-General will be abandoned. The Duke arrived in London today after his South African tour...

directions to the contrary, this letter is to be handed to S. A. after my death." It runs as follows:

Dear Sonia: Long have I been tormented by the discord between my life and my beliefs. To compel you all to change your life, the habits to which I myself had accustomed you, I could not continue to live as I have lived these sixteen years, struggling and irritating you or falling myself under those influences and temptations to which I had become accustomed and by which I am surrounded. I also cannot, and I have now decided to do, what I have long wished to do, go away.

The chief thing is that just as the rindus bearing me retire into the woods and as old religious men seek to devote their last years to God and not to jokes, puns, gossip, or tennis, so for me, entering my seventieth year, the all soul absorbing desire is for tranquillity, for solitude.

If I did this openly there would be entreaties, pleadings, criticism, quarrels and I might weaken perhaps and not fulfill my decision—yet it must be fulfilled. And so pray forgive me if my act causes you pain, and above all in your soul, Sonia, leave me free to go and do not repine or condemn me.

That I should have gone away from you does not mean that I am displeased with you. You have given me and the world what you could give. You have given great motherly love and devotion, and you cannot but be proud for that.

But during the last period of our life—the last fifteen years—we have drifted asunder. I cannot think that I am to blame, because I know that I have changed, not for myself nor for other people's sake, but because I could not otherwise. Neither can I blame you that you did not follow me, but thank and lovingly remember and shall continue to remember you for what you gave me.

Good-bye, dear Sonia. Your loving June 8-21, 1897. LEO TOLSTOY.

The vicar of St. Luke's Church at Canning Town, one of the poorest parts of London, had a busy time on Christmas morning, for he married thirty-seven couples in seventy-five minutes. It is the fashionable thing to be married on Christmas in Canning Town, but never before have so many couples presented themselves.

The vicar would have preferred to spread the ceremonies over several days, but he pleaded with the engaged ones in vain. All wished a Christmas ceremony, so arrangements were made to satisfy them.

On Saturday morning all the couples called at the vicarage and furnished the particulars required for the registry of the marriages. By 9 o'clock Sunday morning they began to assemble in the vestry room of the church and were sorted out and instructed by the curate, and at a quarter to 10 they marched into the church two and three couples at a time—once there were six at one time—and stood at the altar. By 11 o'clock they were all safely married.

So soon as the necessary words were spoken the couples returned to the vestry to sign the registers. Here there were some difficulties regarding names and several audible requests from distracted brides that they might not be registered as brides of "the wrong blokes."

Poor as are all the residents of Canning Town most of the couples had carriage weddings; that is they arrived and drove away in two horse vehicles with plenty of white favors. Some relied on handbags or taxicabs, but all came in some sort of conveyance.

The vicar has often urged economy in this respect, but has always met with the same indignant answer: "What, we walk to my wedding? I should think not," so now he has given up expostulating.

Paul Poiret has threatened fashionable women with a dreadful thing in smart skirts to follow the hobble. This is the harem skirt, adapted by M. Poiret from the Turkish trousers worn by Oriental women. It seems a severe punishment for the vogue of the hobble, but M. Poiret assures every one that it is not as bad as it sounds, and those who have seen his samples of it say that it has a certain grace and distinction besides being practicable.

The trouser effect is rather disguised. It simply seems a scant skirt diminishing still more around the ankles but allowing its wearer to walk with less effort than an ordinary scant skirt. The harem skirt is to appear in the spring. First it will be seen on the stage, as this is the approved Parisian manner of introducing a novelty in clothes. Then it will be visible in show rooms on manikins, and the judgment of leaders of fashion will go forth as to whether it is to be accepted or disdained.

English dressmakers declare that its introduction into England will be an impossibility, but from the avidity with which English women have seized the most extreme modes from Paris recently one may take this with a grain of salt.

The census of horses in Paris recently taken by the Minister of War shows that that noble but misused animal is becoming rapidly scarcer in the city not inaptly called "the hall of horses." Whereas in 1899 there were 91,291 horses in Paris, the 1910 census shows that the number has dwindled to 75,463. About one-half of the decrease appears to be due to the replacement of the horse by motor propelled vehicles by the omnibus company and a big firm of jobmasters.

The diminution is most marked in the wealthier districts of the capital. Thus the Eighth arrondissement, which comprises the quarter north of the Opéra, had this year only 2,054 horses, as against 1,125 in 1899, a decrease of about 50 per cent. The carriage horse, it would seem, rather than his humbler brother who draws a tradesman's cart, is giving way to the motor.

The omnibus company has now 9,449 horses, whereas in 1899 it possessed 15,825. By next year the number will be reduced to about 2,900 horses, the result, of course of the further adoption of motor traction.

Many American visitors to Paris have seen Henry Pol, the famous bird charmer of the Tuileries. He has been photographed and written about, and now he is to be decorated by the Minister of Agriculture, who has further determined

to hold him up to the nation as a true lover of birds and beasts.

M. Pol is 75. He was employed in the postal administration for forty years and has a small pension, on which he lives. He has been interviewed as to his new honors and said regarding them: "No matter how important one may be to honor, a distinction like that of being decorated is always a pleasure. I shall be the more pleased because it will draw attention to my little protégés, and perhaps I shall have imitators."

"Formerly I used to go fishing sometimes, but that is a cruel pleasure. Charming birds is a much more agreeable occupation. They all know the hours when I come. When I am sick in bed they fly over as far as the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli to see if I am coming."

"During nesting time it is perfectly charming. My pensioners are then scattered all over the gardens. Then, instead of remaining in one place, I move about. I call out, and the bird that has heard its name flutters down through the trees and perches on my hand to pick a crumb. The she birds when they see me fly from their nests and come to get a crumb for their little ones."

"A few days later, when the young ones have barely learned to fly, they bring them to me and introduce them as to an old friend. Just look at that bird there! His name is Rouget de L'Isle. He was hatched this year, and his mother brought him to me when he was only five days out of his nest, and he is now one of my most devoted friends."

A guard on the Underground Road in Paris who fell down in a fit recently was taken to the hospital, where he gave his name as Georges Verlaine. When he had recovered sufficiently to be questioned it was ascertained that he was the son of Paul Verlaine, the poet. It was to him that one of his father's finest poems, an ode of counsel, was written.

Georges Verlaine admitted that he had literary inclinations himself, but he has always refused to write a word of poetry for fear of evoking comparison with his father. His illness has brought him to the notice of literary Paris now, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to hide his light under a bushel any more.

M. Ziem, the veteran painter, gives a picturesque account in the *Annales* of Paris of the inspiration sought by Chopin for the composition of his famous "Funeral March," afterward inserted in his piano sonata in B flat minor.

M. Ziem, who is now aged 90, relates that when little more than a boy, after a dinner party in a friend's studio he had the idea in a fit of high spirits to bring from a cupboard a skeleton. The Prince de Polignac, who was of the party, insisted on placing the skeleton on a music stool and guiding the bones of the fingers over the keys of the piano. This was in the romantic '30s, and the flavor of the exploit was much appreciated.

Not long after Chopin called on M. Ziem, the two sat after an appalling night passed in a struggle with ghosts that had stroked him, had twined round him and sought to entice him to the underworld. The recital of his nightmares recalled to M. Ziem the piano performance of the skeleton and the Prince de Polignac.

Chopin shuddered; then he asked: "Have you a skeleton?" M. Ziem had not, but promised to obtain one that very evening.

"Then," he goes on "what had been only a frolic became something grand, agonizing, terrible. Pale, his eyes burning with fever, Chopin wrapped himself in a long winding sheet and as he sat at the piano held against his bosom the skeleton, the spectre of his sleepless nights. "In the lugubrious silence the notes streamed from the piano, broadly, slowly, overwhelmingly—an unimagined music—the 'Funeral March.' It was created there before our eyes, and it dragged our souls into unholy rhythm, not that we were then the strains died down. We rushed toward Chopin. He had put forth so prodigious an effort that we thought he had fainted in his winding sheet."

The 1645 wine, written of lately in these letters, has lost its pride of place and must reckon itself a mere parvenu in the presence of a hock of 1540. This aristocrat of the cellar is now in the office of Messrs. Ehrmann in Finsburg Square.

Mr. Ehrmann tells how when in Munich in the '80s he saw King Ludwig's chamberlain, who told him that the King had made up his mind that old wine was not fit for court purposes and had given orders to have it cleared out of the royal cellars. Mr. Ehrmann became the purchaser of the rejected bins. In the huge assortment of old and curious wines they contained was this bottle of 1540 Steinwein.

"Before purchasing," says Mr. Ehrmann, "I was allowed to inspect the royal cellar books. I found that for hundreds of years a careful record had been kept of all the wines in the cellars. If we were in Munich now I could show you the history of that bottle from the vineyard to the day on which I bought it. Every process is recorded. If a bin of wine was reworked the cellar archives take due note of the fact. So there you are. That wine you are looking at is undoubtedly of the year 1540."

The contents of the bottle have evaporated to the extent of about two wine-glasses in the course of the 370 years. The most surprising thing is that the wine is still sound. It is not good, not worth drinking; but it is still wine, not having turned to vinegar. Slightly acid, it still possesses a certain faint bouquet and aroma of hock.

In 1888 the late H. R. Howies tasted a Leisten wine of 1631 and this Steinwein of 1540. He found little to choose between them. The Steinwein he described as of "a deep golden color and quite clear," with some bouquet remaining.

Speaking of wines in general, Mr. Ehrmann said he considered the port vintages of 1893 and 1895 best.

"The '47 is good, but it was better ten years ago," he said. "The '34 is passing; it has lost its fine qualities. The claret of 1878 is admirable; '75 has gone off a little. In champagne I choose the years '98 and 1900; '98 has begun to decline in character."

The most expensive wine in his list is a claret, Château Haut Brion, 1875. This costs 900 shillings a dozen.

There are perhaps even to-day people who when invited to preside at certain meetings or to become members of certain

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