FRENCH ARMY'S FOURTH ARM

Continued from First Page.

eration, according to the editor of the *Gaulier*, is that he turns up the end of his trousers to reveal his elegant socks of silk, hand embroidered.

There is to be a new departure at Drury Lane Theatre this Christmas or, more correctly, two. The book instead of being left to the usual pantomime hack-writer has been intrusted to George R. Sims, who has had many theatrical successes in his time, some of which like "The Lights o' London" and "The Silver King," are still money makers in the provinces.

The second departure concerns the players. From time immemorial the baroness, for there usually is a baroness in a pantomime, has been cast to the low comedian of the company. This season instead of the spectacle of a man masquerading in feminine attire Miss Fanny Brough, perhaps the best comedy actress London possesses, will essay the part.

It is a novel experiment and it will be interesting to see whether Miss Brough will eclipse the fame of that great pantomime artist Dan Lenos in a line made especially his own by the great little actor.

Few London clubs have kept strictly to their foundation rule. The Caledonian in St. James's Square is perhaps the only exception. There is hardly a club with a good record of years behind it, and the Caledonian is only fifteen years old, which has been able to keep to the qualification originally imposed.

White's, the father of the club system and the home of Toryism, is to-day described as a social club, and though its rival, Brook's, still calls itself a Liberal social club, most of its members are far from being enthusiasts for present day Liberalism. Bachelors', in spite of its name, has many married members, and Boodle's, unkindly described by a critic as "the last thing in fatuousness," originally founded for country gentlemen of sporting tastes, relies chiefly on tradition for its reputation as a centre for squires in town.

It is only at Oxford and Cambridge to-day that one finds clubs formed solely of "particularly haughty and exclusive personages," such as the old London clubs used to be, but really more so. Oxford boasts of Loder's, which dates from 1814, is confined to twelve members of Christ Church, and has an entrance fee of $200.

Cambridge has the Athenæum with eighteen members and a subscription of $72. But even these pale into insignificance compared with the True Blue Club, which flourished in the sixties of the last century. It was confined to six undergraduate members of Cambridge University, and these were the late Marquis of Queensberry, the late Earl of Aberdeen, Cyril Flower, afterward Lord Battersea; Lord Hyde, now Earl of Clarendon; Horace Seymour and the present Lord Rothschild.

It is proposed to transmit electric power from the famous Trollhattan waterfalls in Sweden to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark. The two points, which are about 200 miles apart, are to be connected by an overhead system of high tension cables, borne by standards 45 to 60 feet high and from 500 to 600 feet apart.

Sweden is separated from Denmark by a narrow strip of water, the Sound, which at its narrowest is only half a mile wide. Here the cable, which would carry a current of between 50,000 and 60,000 volts, would be laid on the bottom of the channel. A preliminary specification places the cost of the installation at about $3,000 a mile.

The story is told in the Austrian papers that the Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin had to pay somewhat heavily for the professional company of some prominent chess players at Carlsbad. The Duchess, herself an amateur of skill, was a visitor to the rooms where the recent international championship tournament was held, and while the matches lasted she regularly invited one or another of the champions to her hotel for a game. They accepted graciously to a man, and after supper the Duchess and her guest would adjourn for a long session at the chess table.

Just before her departure from Carlsbad the Duchess, to her amazement, received a sheaf of polite notes from her various guests, each enclosing a little bill for amounts up to $100 for "professional coaching." The Duchess is said to have paid up without a murmur.

Science in practical cookery was chosen by Mlle. Claire Dumont, a young French woman, for the dissertation with which she gained the other day her doctoral degree from the University of Paris. It is remarked that so eminently feminine a subject has hitherto been strangely avoided by women aspirants to medical honors, but Mlle. Dumont, it should be explained, intends to specialize in diseases of the stomach.

Her paper has aroused much interest. In the first place it treats of cookery such as is required by sick persons. Mlle. Dumont demonstrates how appetizing food dishes may be given to patients suffering from stomachic and digestive disorders without the necessity of putting them on the generally abhorred "slop diet" they are usually condemned to take. It is shown what food can be given with absolute safety and why.

One simple example which ought to be popular is that she permits persons troubled with overacidity of the stomach to eat stewed fruit if cooked with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, which counteracts the tartness of the fruit. This, she explains incidentally, saves the housewife sugar, as even the sourest cherries will become quite palatable when treated in this manner.

Mlle. Dumont goes on dealing with diabetic and other special foods and finally gives hints on the preparation of ordinary dishes, reasoning from the thesis that those who enjoy good normal health need properly cooked and easily digested food just as much as do sick people. Mlle. Dumont's treatise is not a cookery book, nor does it contain recipes properly speaking, but it embraces all the experimental work achieved of late years in the domain of scientific cookery.

The critic of a Munich paper who attended a private rendering of Richard Strauss's newest work, "Ariadne at Naxos," in the composer's villa, describes the scheme of the opera. He believes it will prove a great success.

In its way it is an entirely new thing, for it aims at keeping two operas, one serious and one comic, running side by side, throughout the action, the serious and comic passages mingling as the action unfolds. The critic does not say which of the two versions of the classic story is followed by Hugo von Hoffmansthal, Richard Strauss's librettist; whether the Cretan, which represents Ariadne as being slain by Artemis for infidelity to her husband, Dionysus (Bacchus), or the Attic version, according to which she dies of grief at her abandonment by Theseus and is translated to the heavens as a star. At all events one can imagine the classical accessories in the shape of vine leaves, dances and great and lesser divinities of all sorts, with the comedy elements suggested by the name Bacchus.

As to the music the critic speaks emphatically enough, for he asserts that it is "as graceful and melodious as anything Strauss ever wrote." The music is not written for a huge orchestra, but for a chamber orchestra provided only with solo instruments, a piano, harmonium and a pair of cymbals.

Judging from the comments in the German papers, the attempts at creating popular interest in Greek drama 2,000 years old by performing it with its original scenery and surroundings in an ordinary circus have lost the attraction of novelty and will forthwith be dropped into oblivion. The stage craft of Max Reinhardt and the histrionic talent of actors like Alexander Moissi made "Œdipus" a passing success. The "Orestes" of Æschylus, subsequently performed in the Circus Schumann in Berlin, is referred to in terms of faint praise.

The verdict of the theatregoing public is that they have had enough of it. They are anxious to get back to the theatre they are accustomed to, with its sharp distinction between the auditorium and what goes on on the stage, and are tired and confused by the vivid colors, the shouting, wailing, trumpeting and other noises which accompany the murderous doings of the Attic tragedians.

Moreover there is a practical objection to further development along the lines of the Reinhardt circus régie, inasmuch as it is believed that no precautions, however comprehensive and strict, can assure even a moderate degree of freedom from risk to the audience from fire or panic.

Curious light is thrown on the methods of government in Guatemala by a complaint made by one Wilhelm Haffner of Feuerback, in Württemberg, to the German Foreign Office in Berlin. Haffner claims $40,000 compensation from Guatemala.

In the summer of 1906 he was forced, he says, by President Cabrera to carry political news to Gen. Villavicencio in San Salvador. While on the mission he was captured, jailed in San Salvador as a spy and only released after two months detention. Then comes the curious part of the story, for, according to Haffner, President Cabrera promised him permission as compensation for his sufferings to bring in 50,000 kilograms of tobacco duty free, which represented compensaton equal to $40,000. Only part of the tobacco was delivered to Haffner, his claim on the remainder being met by a telegram from the Foreign Minister authorizing him to receive $1,500 from the Treasury.

The German Foreign Office, in the absence of evidence as to President Cabrera's promise and in view of the doubtful nature of the commission, has declined to act and Haffner is now appealing to the law courts.

An old friend of the Paris press is dead. For many years a certain tree in the Tuileries gardens known as the Chestnut of March 20 has afforded a subject for a paragraph, either telling how it had once more lived up to its reputation of being the first to bloom or, as has been the case in recent years, regretting that younger rivals, generally those growing in the Comédie Française Square, had anticipated it. The old tree is to enjoy post-mortem celebrity, for it is not to be removed but to be allowed to remain as long as possible.

Needless to say legends have grown around the old tree, which was planted in 1733. Its early flowering is sometimes connected with the March 20 of 1814, the day Napoleon entered Paris on his return from Elba. But an earlier story tells how it saved a man's life in 1746.

The artist, Joseph Vien, was accused on March 20 of that year of having murdered his rival for the Academy of Painting. He established an alibi by showing that he was talking with a lady under the famous tree at the time the crime was committed, and a chestnut flower which must have come from that tree, the only one then in bloom, was in his pocket.

Another tradition says the tree's early flowering was due to the burial beneath it of the 300 Swiss guards who were killed while trying to save Louis XVI. when the revolution attacked the Palace of the Tuileries in 1792.

The conviction before a German court at Leipsic of Mlle. Thirion, a young French governess accused of being a spy, has aroused no little indignation in France. The case was tried in secret and nothing official is known about it, but the story as given by French newspapers is:

Mlle. Thirion belongs to an Alsatian family which settled down not far from Paris after the end of the war in 1870. Her ambition was to travel, so she visited England, where she earned her living by teaching French, and then went to Germany. Among her pupils at Düsseldorf was a German officer, Lieut. W., who fell in love with her and wished to marry her. His family would not hear of it. A family council was held at which a Capt. Tschesmer, variously described as a friend or a relation, undertook to relieve the aristocratic W's of the "adventuress."

Capt. Tschesmer began by taking French lessons and soon induced Mlle. Thirion to move to Cologne, where she could find more pupils, especially among the army officers, than in Düsseldorf. The Captain, a well preserved man of 50, kept his word. He introduced pupils and made himself the friend of the lonely French woman. In time he proposed marriage and eventually won the heart of his teacher.

At this point he began to deplore the miserable pay of a German subaltern and took pleasure in drawing out his sweetheart's enthusiasm for France, until one day he suggested that as she was so patriotic and as he was in possession of many military secrets of importance to France they might, if she would act as intermediary, make enough money to enable them to be married and live happily. Mlle. Thirion consented and the Captain explained:

"I have friends in Paris who will take the necessary steps. It would be foolish for me to act directly, as I should soon be suspected. Everything must pass through your hands. You will receive a letter from Paris to which I will dictate an answer for you. Then when the time comes I will bring you the documents to hand over."

Mlle. Thirion received her letter, replied as the Captain dictated, and in a few days was arrested as a spy on information given by the Captain. The court showed its sympathy with the prisoner by sentencing her to the minimum term in prison, six months, and the brief semi-official version of the trial given by the German press pointedly states that no other verdict but guilty was possible owing to the existence of the letter she had written to France.

Harpignies, the landscape painter, who was 92 on July 24 last, is to receive the highest grade of the Legion of Honor, the Grand Cross. He is the despair of hygienists, for he has never refused himself any pleasure and has a low opinion of water as a beverage.

It is true that just at the present time he is not feeling as fresh as usual and instead of walking down the Rue de Rennes about 6 o'clock for his herbe sainte, as he calls absinthe, at the Café de Flore, he contents himself with coffee and milk at the Café de Versailles, which is much nearer his studio. When his promotion is duly gazetted he promises to celebrate it in a good pernod (absinthe) and is quite ready to accept his friends' proposition to celebrate his centenary at once on condition they will celebrate it again in 1919, being troubled with no doubt of being in a position to do so then.

It took Harpignies twenty years to secure a medal at the Salon, which allows an artist to exhibit without submitting his work to the jury. One day a comrade whispered mysteriously to him. "Go to the Salon to-morrow and you will learn a piece of good news." The news proved true; it was the award of the long desired medal.

That evening Harpignies was to dine with friends at Passy, and as he was late he thought of taking a cab. In his pockets he found a two franc piece (40 cents), all his wealth. Arguing that it would be ridiculous to spend all his money at once he took an omnibus instead. Once on top he began to think. "I am a happy man to-day; it won't do to be egotistic," and when the conductor came to collect the 3 cent fare he insisted on the man's keeping the change.

The death of the Baron de Charette, commander of the Papal Zouaves, has brought to his family letters of sympathy from all the Roman Catholic crowned heads of Europe and from the representatives of the family that once occupied the throne of France. He died at the age of 79 in his Brittany château, which was presented to him by his adoring Zouaves, who raised a subscription for its purchase. He was almost worshipped by the legion of French, Dutch, Belgian and Canadian aristocrats who served under him.

He entered the papal service from the Austrian army in 1859 as captain of a Franco-Belgian company from which sprang the force known afterward as Papal Zouaves. After exhibiting valor in the defence of Rome he went to France in 1870 and offered his services to Gambetta against the Germans. The Zouaves were the heroes of the battle of Loigny, when they were called upon to sacrifice themselves to cover the retreat of the French army. One battalion lost every officer but two corporals and De Charette was left for dead in the snow.

Gen. de Charette leaves an American widow, for his second wife was Miss Antoinette Polk, daughter of Col. Polk, who died of wounds received in the civil war. The Polks went to America with Lord Baltimore as officers in the British army. The declaration of Mecklenburg was drawn up by Col. Polk, great-grandfather of Mme. de Charette, and his son, William Polk, her grandfather, was a friend of Washington, who made him a member of the Order of the Cincinnati. President Polk was her great-uncle.

The Queen Mother of Italy sent an especially feeling message of sympathy to the Baroness de Charette, as Queen Margherita was a great friend of the widow when she was still Miss Polk in Rome. When Miss Polk announced her approaching marriage with Gen. de Charette the Queen said to her:

"I am delighted for your sake, but in despair for my own, for you are marrying one of the men I admire most, and it is he who will thus prevent us from seeing you again."

A Tower of Skulls.

From the Wide World Magazine.

A strange monument of modern barbarism still survives at Nish in southeast Servia. During the war of independence in 1809 the Servian garrison here exploded a powder magazine and perished therein rather than fall into the hands of the Turks.

A battle had previously taken place and the Turks commemorated their victory by erecting a rude tower, ornamented with the heads of their enemies. Old people will tell you that there were once 1,200 heads, but as the tower was never more than twenty-five feet high, this is probably an exaggeration.

Lamartine and other travellers relate that they saw hair still clinging to the skulls, which must have formed a grewsome spectacle. During many years visitors were in the habit of carrying off skulls as souvenirs, but when Nish became Servian the remainder were taken away for decent burial, all save a few that were too deeply embedded. Recently the remains of the tower have been covered over with a roof to protect them against the elements and they are regarded as a pious object of patriotic pilgrimage.

LIVES IN FOUR STATES.

Terron's Allegiance Divided Between Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 28.—"Fred Terron, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah." That is the way it appears on the hotel register. Mr. Terron is a ranchman whose lands cover corners of the four States named. He stopped off in Topeka on his return from Kansas City, to which he had shipped a trainload of cattle.

Mr. Terron's ranch lies in all four States and his ranch house stands exactly on the point where they come together. He eats in Colorado; he sleeps in Utah; his best room is in New Mexico, and his kitchen extends over into Arizona.

Mr. Terron's nearest railroad station is Dolores, Col., sixty-five miles away. His nearest trading point is Riverview, Utah, twenty miles distant. He gets his mail at Cortez, Col., and when he attends church he takes his family to Jewett, N. M., forty-five miles away, where there is an old Indian mission. Mr. Terron's closest neighbor is a ranchman who lives nine miles up the San Juan Valley in Utah. When a doctor is needed he telephones over a private wire to Riverview.

"But getting right down to brass tacks," the ranchman said, "I guess Colorado is my legal home, for I get my mail at Cortez, although as most of my ranch lies in Arizona I do most of my legal business down at St. Johns, 170 miles away. But I vote in Utah because that is where I sleep, you know."

Mr. Terron seems to enjoy the distinction of being the only man in the United States who really lives in four different States. The windmill which pumps water for his stock barn stands in New Mexico, but the water trough is in Arizona. You have to go to Utah to get to Mr. Terron's hog pen and his chicken yard is over in Colorado.

THE MAETERLINCKS.

Madame Had Decided to Marry Monsieur Before She Saw Him.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, wife of the author of "The Blue Bird," confesses that she had decided to marry M. Maeterlinck before she ever met him. In *Harper's Bazar* the story is told in her own words. Mme. Maeterlinck, it will be remembered, was a well known actress and singer before her marriage.

"Never had I felt so happy as the first months after my engagement at the Opéra Comique," she says. "I had an extensive répertoire, a good salary and the press was kind to me. I had never met artists before. I imagined they were all noble people with great and generous souls.

"Such disillusions! I learned more in those few months than in all my previous life! My friends seemed to think my only raison d'etre was to provide for them. All this made me miserable, and then one day I came across one of Maeterlinck's works.

"That gave me some consolation. I read more. Gradually I became subconsciously convinced that the man who wrote those books was the man I ought to marry. I met an acquaintance who knew Maeterlinck.

"'You must introduce me to him,' I said. 'I intend to marry him.'

"He thought it was a good joke. 'Have you ever seen him?' he asked.

"'No. I know nothing about him. But he is the man I am going to marry.'

"'You have come too late, poor child,' he exclaimed. 'Maeterlinck is an old man.'

"The earth seemed to crumble beneath me. But I managed to answer that I wanted to meet Maeterlinck in any case. A few nights later at a party a handsome young man came up to me and was introduced as Maeterlinck.

"'Thank God, he is young!' I exclaimed, oblivious of everything.

Aside from the large dining room and the two studies, the monastery, which M. and Mme. Maeterlinck have transformed into a country home, seems deserted, says a recent visitor; perhaps because it is so large that voices cannot be heard from one part of it to another and bell signals have to be arranged. M. and Mme. Maeterlinck make appointments with each other in certain places at certain times; otherwise it would almost be impossible for them to find each other. The house seems uninhabited. The silence that weighs over it is akin to that which reigned in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

"Doesn't the quiet ever pall on you?" asked the visitor.

"Never. I am extraordinarily fond of it," Mme. Maeterlinck replied. "Aside from being with Maeterlinck I can imagine nothing more delightful than being alone with myself.

"I used to think that in order to be a great artist one must live extravagantly. I never knew what I did with my money nor where I put my things. Everything was chaos and I prided myself upon it. I used to breakfast at 5 one morning and the next at 12. I dined at all hours of the day.

"Maeterlinck has taught me that the more you wish to create with your imagination, the more careful you must be with your material life. The body should remain within certain bounds; only the mind should soar above everything."

Bees in Traveller's Pocket.

From the Kansas City Star.

L. F. Crathorne of Kanopolis, Kan., is the first man in several moons to come through the depot carrying a whole hive of real live bees. In addition to the several hundred bees in a portable hive Mr. Crathorne carried an extra queen bee in his pocket, enclosed in a small contrivance of wire and wood that also contained a piece of candy and two ordinary working bees. The working bees were there to feed the candy to the queen. Queen bees won't feed themselves, Mr. Crathorne said. The only things they do are lay eggs, lead revolutions and get killed.

Mr. Crathorne said he had no difficulty handling the bees without gloves or netting and that the small swelling under his right eye represented the only sting he received last night after sorting out three hives at twilight, the time when bees are most irritable.

FOREIGN NOTES.

From Consular and Trade Reports.

Of recent years the cinematograph shows have made great strides in public favor in China until now almost every port boasts of at least one theatre and many of five or six.

A few Japanese women who have travelled abroad have adopted corsets, and it is possible that more of them will do so as Occidental customs increase, but the prospects of an early or large gain in the trade of this article are not bright.

The shrimps from the coast of the Gulf of Mexico are of good size, generally fully 3 inches in length and frequently exceeding this measurement. They are much larger than those caught on the British coast and the north Atlantic coast of the United States. They are in fine condition the year round and may be caught in the lagoons any season of the year without fear of interruption by northers, at least not for more than a day or so during any time of the year.

A notable feature of Spain's cork industry is the remarkable increase in the export of cork waste and shavings. As new uses are continually being found for cork the waste matter is becoming more valuable. A few years ago the waste cork in the forests was thrown away and the shavings in the factories were burned as fuel. In 1910 29,257 tons of this waste was exported from Spain to foreign countries, while in 1906 the amount was 14,624 tons, in 1907 17,557 tons, in 1908 12,201 tons and in 1909 20,198 tons, having more than doubled since 1906. Present prices of cork waste range from $24 to $32 a ton.

Few American films are popular at the moving picture shows in Nuremberg and adjoining German cities. Consul George N. Ifft states that the only ones of interest are those depicting cowboy and Indian life.

An excellent film showing American baseball was not appreciated at San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Consul Wilbert L. Bonney states that Mexicans do not understand the humor of the United States, while French humor, based on mistake, accident or ignorance, is easily understood. It is the same with the plots of the little dramas shown. The Mexicans understand and prefer French motives, manners and atmosphere in all matters of entertainment. However, panoramic films showing important cities and scenes are popular, as are also films showing troop and fleet movements.

The great bulk of the so-called potato flour that is sold at retail in the groceries of Germany for cooking purposes is simply finely ground and sifted potato starch. There is, however, a flour obtained by grinding and bolting dried potatoes that is a comparatively new product.

In 1901, when the potato crop of the country reached the enormous total of 58,682,010 short tons, efforts were made to discover practical and economical methods of preserving the potatoes so that the surplus could be stored and utilized in supplying future demands. Prizes were offered and a number of processes were submitted, in the more important of which the potatoes are dried by steam forming, what are called kartoffelflocken, or potato flakes, which can be used for feeding stock, for distilling alcohol, for making starch and for other purposes for which potatoes are used, or they can be ground and bolted for human consumption.

Ostrich feathers, dependent almost entirely for their value upon the fashions of the day, are one of the most important products of Cape Colony. The surprising difference in values in feathers which to the casual observer would appear similar best illustrates the reason why such large prices are paid for some of these birds. The chick or bird of well known producing stock always brings a fancy price, as the produce of such commands a ready market at a good figure.

Great care is exercised by the most prominent ostrich farmers in breeding, as the value of the product depends largely upon this. In two recent consecutive weeks (date of writing, June 27, 1911) on the Port Elizabeth feather market the sales totalled $150,000 and $170,000 respectively, being the largest weekly sales ever recorded. About this time the combined shipment from Port Elizabeth, Mossel Bay and Cape Town by a single ship for England totalled nearly $600,000. The value of ostrich feathers exported from Port Elizabeth in 1910 totalled $4,090,118, a gain of $202,071 over the preceding year. The market at the time of writing is strong.

Japan does not hold out much inducement for passenger or freight elevators, considering that there are only about a half dozen in the whole country, yet American manufacturers should be prepared for their early introduction in Tokio, Yokohama, Kobe and possibly other cities.

Until quite recently the buildings of the Orient seldom exceeded two stories, but now there are many three and four story business houses and several pretentious hotels that may be induced very soon to adopt modern elevators or lifts, as the Orient has been educated by Europe to designate them. The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha has a modern one in Tokio and will, I am told, have elevators in the fine large structure now under construction there.

There is also a hand elevator in another business establishment in that city. The building in which the foreign board of trade is located in Yokohama has an elevator, which, however, is not modern. The leading hotel in Kobe has an elevator of generously large proportions which carries one to the roof garden, and it gives pretty good service. There are of course godowns equipped with rope lifts in all of the cities named.

A company is being formed in Prague for the purpose of utilizing an important invention by which beer can be more quickly fermented than by the present method of storing it in cellars. As a result of practical comparisons it is claimed that the cost of producing one hectoliter of beer (26.417 gallons) will be reduced to 81 cents, which would mean an annual saving of about $5,000,000 if all the beer made in Bohemia were manufactured by the new process.

With the new method beer will be produced sterile in closed tanks and will be matured and made ready for the market in eight to twelve days. With the present process about three months is required to accomplish the same results. Through the new process the aging will be effected in aluminum tanks having a capacity of 7,923 to 10,564 gallons. It is claimed that the fresh taste and smell of the beer will be removed during fermentation through the action of carbonic acid. The carbonic acid produced during fermentation will be collected, washed and purified and again be forced through the beer. The entire process is said to embody continual washing and refining. It has been tried in several places and a large plant will be installed at one of the Bohemian breweries.

Despite the falling off in the sales of champagne to the United States, amounting to nearly 2,500,000 bottles, the trade with the world at large amounted in round figures to 41,000,000 bottles in 1910, against 38,000,000 in the previous year. This increase in sales would cause great satisfaction to the champagne dealers if they had not at the same time good reason for serious reflections for their future. Since 1906 the harvests of grapes for champagne wine have not come up to normal and the harvest in 1910 was a complete failure.

This succession of poor crops has not only impoverished thousands of vine growers but it also presents serious difficulties to the wine merchants. Since 1906 they have not been able to lay into their cellars enough wine to keep up their stock. At the rate of the present sales it is estimated that the stocks on hand can still hold out three or four years, but the sales seem to increase each year, and some of the champagne houses in order to protect their old customers have refused to fill orders from new ones. Considering that fine champagne is not mature for consumption in less than four years after its juice leaves the press it will require several abundant harvests of grapes in the future to permit the merchants to bring up their stock to meet the demands of their increasing trade after the present supply is exhausted.

One of the strongest objections made to travelling underground in London is the fact that the air is impure and often stifling. What promises to be a revolution in this particular is a plan which has recently been announced by the authorities of the Central London Railway Company, according to which a system of ventilation will be installed capable of pumping daily 80,000,000 cubic feet of ozonized air into the tube stations and tunnels of that company.

One plant is already in operation and it is hoped that similar ones will soon be completed at every station along the line. It is stated by one of the officials that the plant at each station will pump 400,000 cubic feet of air an hour into the station, or at the rate of 900 cubic feet a person an hour. The ordinary allowance in buildings is about 300 cubic feet of fresh air a person.

The air is drawn from outside through a filter screen, which removes dust and dirt and impure gases. A part of the air is then highly ozonized by being passed over highly electrified plates, the proportion of ozone in the whole being one part in 10,000,000. The air is driven by fans to the level of the bottom of the station and two-thirds of it is distributed over the platform by ducts, with outlets at a height of seven feet above the platform. The remainder is driven into the tunnel. The size of the pumping plant is such that it can be installed in a chamber 10 by 8 by 4 feet and there are two miles of duct work.

Mansard's Rascally Son.

From the London Globe.

The great hall of the Hotel de Ville of Arles, designed by Mansard, is the wonder and admiration of every one who has seen it on account of the groined roof.

In regard to this a neighboring cafetier tells a somewhat grim story. King Louis XIV. happened to be passing through the city just at the time Mansard was superintending the completion of his creation. The roof was supported by a powerful pillar. The monarch admired the work and congratulated the architect on his design. At that moment the architect was passing through great domestic tribulation. He had a son under sentence of death, so he thought it would be a good opportunity to intercede on behalf of the lad.

Mansard threw himself at the feet of the King and said: "Your Majesty sees in the centre that massive column? If you will spare the life of my son I will remove the unsightly pillar and the roof shall stand without support." "Mansard," replied the King, "if you accomplish that miracle I will pardon your son, but if you fail I will hang you with him."

The architect removed the pillar without great difficulty and with the result desired. The cafetier is a philosopher and he concludes his story with the reflection that had not Mansard's son been a scamp the hall at Arles would be just like any other hall.

One-Seventh of the World Goes to Mecca.

From Harper's Magazine.

Although one of the most inaccessible cities on earth Mecca each year has visitors in such number that it must be ranked in this particular with London and New York. Even the world's metropolis on the Thames can boast no such cosmopolitan character as is imparted to this mysterious city in the wilderness of Arabia by the myriads of pilgrims, who at the cost of incredible pains annually crowd into its confines.

This city is the oldest place of resort in existence, yet of all the millions who have visited it not a score of Christians are known to have come out alive. No flag of citizenship would save a man's life were he known to be a Christian within the sacred precincts of the city, where the Prophet himself decreed that no unbeliever should set foot.

Of the 225,000,000 Moslems in the world only 15,500,000 live under the Turkish flag, yet most of them acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey as their caliph, the successor of the Prophet. As Mohammed shrewdly foresaw, the Mecca pilgrimage binds together his disciples into a unity which could be effected in no other way.

"Mecca," says Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer of Arabia, "has become the religious capital and the centre of universal pilgrimage for one-seventh of the human race."

Do You Wish to Improve Your Complexion, Hands, or Hair?

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