

Best Dressed Man in the World.

The majority of men believe that the best and most fashionable in men's clothes comes from London; and that the best dressed man in the world is the American turned out by a London tailor.



NEW FRENCH MOTOR RAILROAD TRUCK.

of the white tie and pearl studs that must be worn with the tailed coat. The American speaks of his Tuxedo suit and his dress suit. The Englishman talks of his evening clothes, and would as soon think of changing his trousers to match his smoking jacket, as of changing his studs and tie to accord with his Tuxedo.

While the vast majority of men buy their clothes "ready" or "semi-ready" made, most men regard with envy the one who has time and money to have his clothes made and fitted. The Englishman of means considers it his duty to have his clothes made by the very best tailors and to wear them as badly as possible. As he can rarely remain long at a time within his own country, London custom tailors have stored in their safes measurements of hundreds of wandering Britons who usually cable from various parts of the world when they need new clothes.

When he needs a suit he dashes into one of those immense haberdasheries that dot both sides of Broadway from the Battery to the Bronx, where thousands of "ready for service" suits and overcoats are piled on long tables in stacks that rise above a man's head. Here are found prices and sizes to fit every customer. Sack suits from \$2 to \$50 advertised for cut and smartness. They are smart, too, are better cut and sewn than the English cheap suit, but the latter is made of better material. It is just this difference that makes the American crowd look smart and prosperous, while the English crowd looks merely comfortable.

The New Yorker must look prosperous. It is part of his stock in trade. His clothes must not appear old and more than his face. This demand for youth and freshness is what makes it possible for some firms to sell as high as 7,000 suits in a day. Hats and shoes get even more attention than clothes. The ancient saw "When broke buy a new hat," is so thoroughly appreciated by the New Yorker that he receives without even a grin such advertisements as that which puzzled Count Witte as he walked down Broadway. "Fall Lids for Faded Faces," it read. "Fall," muttered the Russian diplomat, with a look of weary amazement. "fall, that means to tumble down, does it not?" Some one explained that "fall" was the American for the season which all other nations know as autumn.

Last winter a leading London daily gave a column every morning to the discussion of "The Fetish of the Black Coat." Every clerk and salesman in London wears a frock, or Prince Albert, during his work, and like the English artisan he wears the costume of his trade after hours. For weeks members of Parliament and celebrities in many lines argued in

the public press as to which system was better: the American custom which ordained the sack suit in business and a change of raiment for laborers after hours; or the English custom which set the frock coat up as the emblem of respectability among tradesmen, a mark distinguishing them from the laboring classes and kept the latter in blouse and hob-nailed boots during his hours of rest. In England they talk a lot of what seems awful rot to this side of the water, and they take clothes very seriously. Each class has its garments and each garment its use.

In London the Tuxedo is still a lounge coat, something to be slipped on during the early evening and discarded for the formal "swallow tail" before starting for any entertainment. But the American has forced it into public life, has ordained a black tie and gold shirt studs with it, in place

of the white tie and pearl studs that must be worn with the tailed coat. The American speaks of his Tuxedo suit and his dress suit. The Englishman talks of his evening clothes, and would as soon think of changing his trousers to match his smoking jacket, as of changing his studs and tie to accord with his Tuxedo.

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As a matter of fact, the best dressed man in the world is neither the New Yorker nor the Londoner, but the man who gets his frock coat, cutaway and evening clothes from the Bond Street tailors, who have made these styles of masculine dress for centuries, and his sack suits and overcoats from Fifth Avenue, where one might say they were invented.

The flowers with which many churches are ornamented on Easter Day are most probably emblems of the Resurrection. There are people today who think that unless something new is worn on Easter Day no good fortune will come to them during the year. The Dorsetshire poet, Barnes, gives us this quaint little verse in regard to this custom:

"Last Easter I put on my blue frock coat, the very time, very new; W' yellow buttons and o' brass That glittered in the sun like glass; Bekaise twer Easter Zunday.

As we rode in proud procession home, I saw he limped a little. "Here," I said, "I'll let you handle your own rattle-bone, but I'll be bound to see that it was not safe to meddle with his person. Here, Snap, take hold," I said, and held my quilt to him. He snuggled and by that I lifted him to the front of my saddle and so carried him home. He had shown those Cattle-men how to fill the work place in their pack. The Foxhounds may be good and the Greyhounds swift and the Russians and



Elderly Spinster: You know, Doctor, I'm always thinking 'at man is following me. Do you think I suffer from hallucinations? Doctor: Absolutely certain you do, Ma'am.—From Sketch.

ANIMAL HEROES.

The Thrilling Story of "Snap" the Bull Terrier.

Ernest Thompson Seton's last book, "Animal Heroes," is it possible more than any other to the standard of his intensely interesting wild-animal tales. To the animal lover this new collection will be read with absorbing attention. Mr. Seton has been subjected to considerable criticism by other naturalists, notably, John Burroughs, for endeavoring his animal characters, with unusual intelligence and powers, which, it is claimed, are not possessed by any dumb creatures. Very likely, as a class, but as Mr. Seton himself admits in his preface to "Animal Heroes," these histories, while in each case founded on the actual life-doings of a real animal, are more or less composite.

Nothing is so interesting as to read the most striking characteristics of several individuals to construct his human hero, who shall appeal to the reader as an exceptionally fine character? So has Mr. Seton taken the record of a number of wolf or other animals and embodied their most striking characteristics in the life of "Snap," a noble, brave and gigantic specimen. Like all of his books, "Animal Heroes" is delightfully illustrated by some two-hundred drawings and sketches from his own and his wife's pencils. Interest is stimulated by a constant succession of marginal drawings, generally inspired by the story of good-humored, nerve pursuit, of fatal chasing in some instances to the pursued, and of the pursuer's death. The story of "Snap" is a masterpiece of descriptive animal adventures, and at all points is a model of the art of the writer which he bears for all animals of the proud, indomitable, fearless heart even though he be the scourge of the country, a killer of cattle or sheep or even dogs, of which latter the author is passionately fond. He lets good ones.

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From a high point we caught sight of a moving speck of gray. A moving white speck for Antelope or wild sheep for Fox, a gray speck for either Gray-wolf or Coyote, and each of these is determined by its tail. If the glass shows the tail down, it is a Coyote; if up, it is the hated Gray-wolf.

We got a momentary view of the pursuit. A Gray-wolf surely was leaping away ahead of the Dogs. Somehow I so fast as they had after the Coyote. But no one knew the finish of the hunt. The Dogs came back to me one by one, and we saw no more of that Wolf.

Narrative remarks and recrimination were now freely indulged in by the hunters. "That's right, plumb right," said the father's disconcerted comment on the pack. They could catch up easy enough, but when he turned on them, they lighted out for home—po!"

"Where's that that unrepentable, fearless, snore-snot Tarrier asked Hilton, "I don't know." "I am inclined to think he never saw the wolf; but if he ever does, I'll bet he sails in for death or glory."

That night several Cows were killed close to the ranch, and we were spurred on to another hunt.

It opened upon the last. Late in the afternoon we sighted a gray fellow with tail up, not half a mile off. As we rose to the upland and sighted the chase he and a leader, the foremost, came up with the Wolf and snarled at his haunch. The Gray Wolf turned round to fight, and we had a fine view. The Dogs came up by two or three, barking at him in a ring. All last, Snap, the little white one rushed up. He wasted no time in barking, but rushed straight at the Wolf's throat and missed it, yet seemed to get him by the nose; then the ten big Dogs closed in, and in two minutes they were dead. Snap had lived up to my promises for him.

Now it was my turn to crow, and I did not mind the chance. Snap had shown them how, and I had the knowledge. Snap had killed Gray-wolf without help from the men.

As we rode in proud procession home, I saw he limped a little. "Here," I said, "I'll let you handle your own rattle-bone, but I'll be bound to see that it was not safe to meddle with his person. Here, Snap, take hold," I said, and held my quilt to him. He snuggled and by that I lifted him to the front of my saddle and so carried him home. He had shown those Cattle-men how to fill the work place in their pack. The Foxhounds may be good and the Greyhounds swift and the Russians and

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PERILS IN COLD STORAGE.

Frozen Bacteria Active—Government to Make Experiments.

The Agricultural Department is following up a line of scientific investigation of the effect upon perishable goods in cold storage for an unlimited time, and Mr. Wiley believes that he will develop the fact that legislation is needed fixing the period for which such articles as meats and milks may be stored.

In one of the Philadelphia cold storage houses space has been set aside for the ex. eriments and a like arrangement has been made in Washington for storing birds and milk. The stored articles will be taken out from time to time and examined to ascertain whether or not deterioration has begun, and at what period the point has been reached when the articles can be no longer stored and must be good food.

It already has been demonstrated, Dr. Wiley says, that the bacteria that occasion decay remain in the meat while frozen, and that they actually carry on their work, although at a greatly reduced rate.

In one of the cold storage plants in Cleveland some meat was recently found which had been mislaid and forgotten for a period of eleven years. It was sent to the department and a portion thawed out and examined. Decay had gone on to such an extent that the meat was entirely rotten. The greater portion of it was again placed in storage and the observation will be continued. The fact that the meat, having been frozen for eleven years, was in a condition of decay is held to conclusively prove that the bacteria can work in the meat while frozen. The object of the investigation is to ascertain at what point the decay has progressed to such an extent as to injure the food value of the articles stored.

There is at present no law prohibiting the storage of any article for any length of time. The only law upon the subject is one that requires fowls to be drawn before they are placed in storage.

The Oregon's Big Pennant.

When the Oregon left Honolulu recently, after her long period of service on the Asiatic station, she was flying a homeward-bound pennant over 100 feet in length. It was necessary to support this long streamer by two small balloons tied to the end to keep it out of the water. The pennant was made of silk thread and attracted much attention in the Asiatic port.

In the old days it was the custom to have a foot of pennant for every day of the cruise. That of the Oregon is probably one of the longest displayed from the mast of a home-coming ship, although it is on record that the old Brooklyn, on one occasion upon her arrival in New York, displayed a pennant 700 feet long.

Drunkards Cured Secretly.

Any Lady Can Do It at Home—Costs Nothing to Try.



THE OUTCOME OF A DRUNKEN SQUEE. The Great Haines Cure for the Liqueur Habit! Would Have Saved Him From This Awful Fate.

A few trial packages of the wonderful Golden Squee will be sent you, by mail, in plain wrapper if you will fill in your name and address on blank lines below, and send the coupon attached to care to Dr. W. H. Haines, 415 Union Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. You can then prove to yourself how secretly and easily it can be used, and what a Good-cure it will be to you.

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ONLY \$1.00. SPECIAL 60 DAY OFFER TO INTRODUCE OUR NEW EXCELSIOR SOLAR TELESCOPE. THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

Advertisement for the Excelsior Solar Telescope, featuring a large illustration of the telescope and detailed text describing its features and the special 60-day offer. The text includes a list of features, a list of dealers, and a coupon for a free trial package.