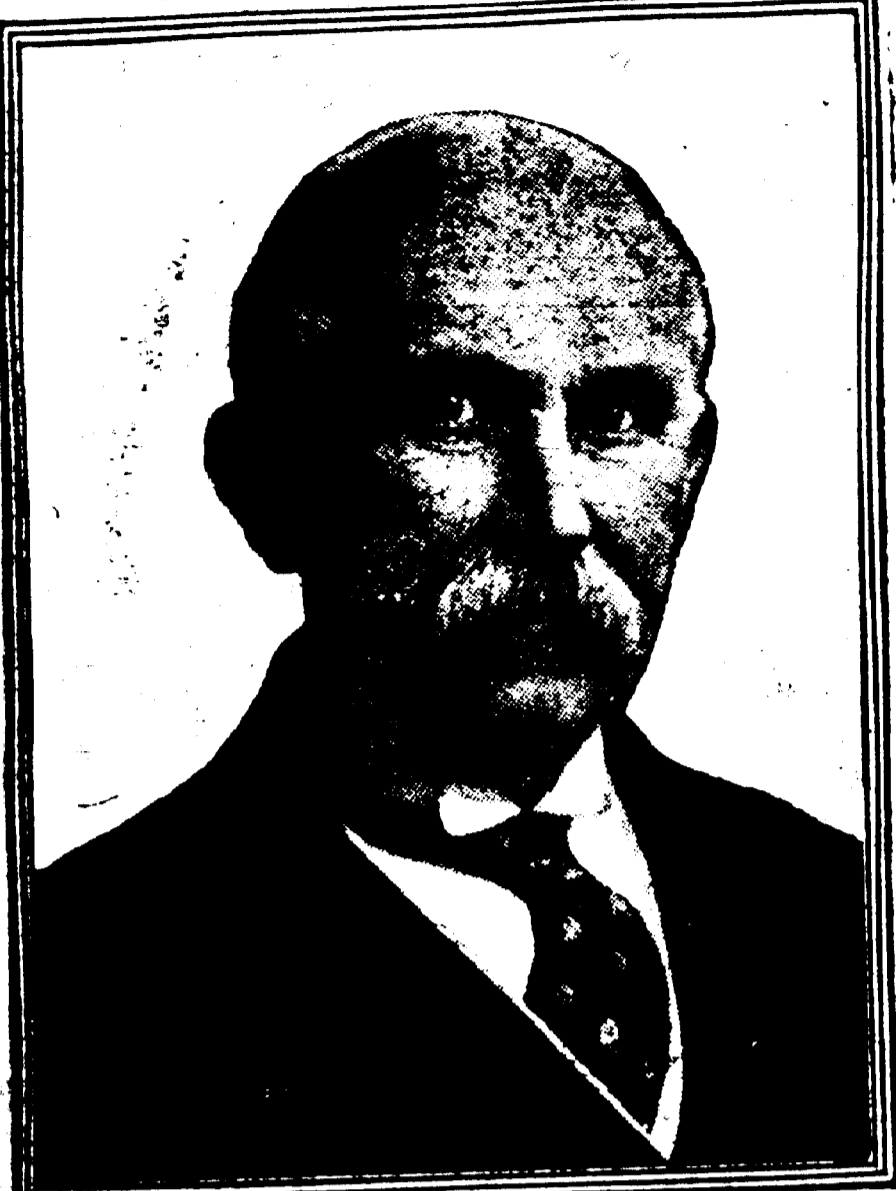


FRANKLIN MACVEAGH



Secretary of the Treasury (From an Official Photograph.)

OLD BOOKS POPULAR

Demand for Dickens, Irving and Hawthorne Still Continues.

More Copies of the Bible Are Purchased Annually Than of Any Other Volume—Works of Shakespeare Second on List.

Washington.—In any ten years 100 standard books, classics, if you will, sell as many hundred new books. In other words, the genuine best sellers, if any long period be considered, are not new favorites, but old.

After the darling young lady has written a book that her mother wouldn't let her read and has drawn her royalties from a sale of 50,000, 100,000 or 150,000 copies in a year the public looks for a new sensation, but the books that were classics before the darling young lady was born go right on selling.

Shakespeare outsells his great modern rival, George Bernard Shaw, not only every ten years, but every year, and probably every month in the year.

When, in 1846, Irving returned from a long residence in Europe his Philadelphia publishers told him that his books were out of print and that they did not care to undertake new editions.

Red Bank, N. J.—Famous as the man who defied the United States government when all squatters were ordered off the government property at Sandy Hook, Capt. William Cypher, who was known to all the boatmen and cruisers along the Shrewsbury river as "Capt. Cy," has just been taken to the poorhouse.

Undaunted still, "Capt. Cy" swam to Island Beach with it and again established his home. He was again driven off by force, but was afterward permitted to remain as a sort of watchman on the island until the present.

Wilmington, Del.—Jerry Madden, aged 40 years, a fireman for the Pennsylvania railroad, after an experience the other day, believes he could qualify for a side show as the "hard-headed man." Madden was at the top of a pole on the elevated railroad at the foot of Third street when he fell.

Thackeray, whose centennial comes a year earlier, wrote nothing that has had the steady sale of "Pickwick," though "Vanity Fair" is still a best seller when decades instead of single years are considered.

CANADA WILL BUILD A NAVY

Prepares Plans to Construct a Fleet That Will Cost Twenty-five Million Dollars.

Montreal.—The Dominion of Canada has finally decided to show her imperial spirit by an offer to build a navy of her own, to act, should the occasion arise, as an auxiliary force to Great Britain's fleet.

Her contribution to the force of the empire will consist of eight first-class cruisers, ten torpedo-boat destroyers and ten torpedo boats. The government is prepared to pay one-fifth of the cost for laying down the whole fleet immediately, the other four-fifths to be guaranteed paid within the next five years.

All the contracts for building the vessels will be made with British firms, and arrangements have already been made for building several of the torpedo boats and destroyers with the well-known firm of Hawthorn, Leslie & Coote of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The plan is a few words, are Cruisers of a similar type to the Cornwall class, each cruiser to cost slightly over \$2,000,000, have a draught of not more than 25 feet, so that they can navigate the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal without trouble, and a displacement of about 10,000 tons. They will be equipped with turbine engines and burn oil for fuel.

Squatter in Poorhouse.

About fifteen years ago "Capt. Cy" drifted into Shrewsbury, put up a little shanty on the beach, and lived a life of ease. When the government decided that no more persons should live on its property the captain refused to move.

Claims the Hardest Head.

Wilmington, Del.—Jerry Madden, aged 40 years, a fireman for the Pennsylvania railroad, after an experience the other day, believes he could qualify for a side show as the "hard-headed man." Madden was at the top of a pole on the elevated railroad at the foot of Third street when he fell.

HAD CONFIDENCE IN THE BOY

Proud Father's Bestowal of Scripture Name Was Not Done Without Reason.

John Allen of Tupelo, Miss., who while in congress, used to be known as "Private John," told of a unique character near his home known as Jasp White.

Jasp had lived in single-blessedness a good many years, but finally in the evening of his life he married, and in due time an heir was born to him. The day after this momentous event Mr. Allen met Jasp in the street.

"I understand, Jasp," said the Private, "that you've a fine baby boy up at your place. Have you decided on his name?"

"Yes, suh," chuckled Jasp, "we've already decided on a name."

"What is it to be?"

Jasp traced one toe defectively in a semi-circle before him. "You know suh," he said finally, "I's allus been a pow'ful han' fer dem Scripture folks an' so I's decided 't name de kid after some o' dem big officers what de bible talks 'bout I's settled on de name Beelzebub."

"Beelzebub!"

"Yes, suh, dat's de name!" announced Jasp, in a tone betokening finality. "Beelzebub's a mighty fine name, suh. It shore looks like I's aspirin' pow'ful high, but I figgers dat boy'll shore do credit to his name sake!"—Lippincott's.

FIRST HAT WORN IN EUROPE

History Records That It Adorned the Head of Charles VII. on His Entry into Rouen.

Charles VII. on his triumphal entry into Rouen in the year 1449, we are told, astonished the whole city by appearing in a hat lined with red silk and surmounted by a plume of feathers.

From this entry of Charles into Rouen the beginning of the custom of wearing hats in Europe is dated. It was all very well for the rich citizens to follow the example of royalty, but when the clergy began to sigh for similar splendor it was regarded as a falling away from grace.

A still more striking development took place in the sixteenth century. By the statute of 15 Elizabeth every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain degree, was obliged on Sundays and holidays to "wear a woollen cap—made in England—and fastened by some of the fraternity capers," under the penalty of three shillings for every day's neglect.

Verne's Life of Routine.

Julius Verne, author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," required no legislative enactment to make him get up early. He rose at four in the morning, in the summer, and climbed up a sort of watch tower which dominated his house in the Boulevard de Longueville, Amiens, where his study was situated. He called this room his "cabin." There he used to work until ten o'clock. In the winter when he awoke he would await daylight, either reading in bed or evoking scenes for his novels.

Poisons Long in Use.

Some poisons have been known for ages. Prussic acid, then called "the poison of the peach," was used by the Egyptians before the pyramids were built. They were the first to distill the poison from peach pits. Corrosive sublimate was one of the favorite poisons of Charles IX. of France. He offered a large price for any one who would find an antidote for it. A physician came to him one day to claim the reward. The king bent for his cook, who had burned the meat that day, and made him take a fatal dose of corrosive sublimate. The antidote was administered immediately, but the cook died, notwithstanding. The king had the doctor taken out and hanged, so his spirit followed the cook's in less than a quarter of an hour.

A Lobby Witticism.

The appearance of a question on the paper of the house of commons as to the mental condition of Osman Digma reminds me of a much enjoyed witticism on the part of Mr. Labouchere in the late '60s. Frequent inquiries were made as to the whereabouts of this dervish leader, and the facetious "Lobby" grew tired of them. Rising one afternoon, he solemnly asked who this man was and where he was. "I can assure the house," said he, "that my constituents at Northampton care no more about Osman Digma than they do about Osborne Morgan." Members roared, but the late Sir George Osborne Morgan was very indignant.—London Daily News.

Money Well Spent.

"I suppose you educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money?" "Yes," but she's brought it all back for me!" "Indeed!" "Yes, I'd been trying to buy out my next door neighbor at half price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home!"

NEED QUALITY OF PATIENCE.

Highways of France No Place for Pedestrian Who Would Move in a Hurry.

The highways of France are broad and shaded, her innkeepers neither exclusive nor intrusive, yet even here pedestrianism has its drawbacks. Chief among them are the railway crossings. The French system of protection against accidents is effective, no doubt, but if monsieur the Frenchman were as impatient a being as the American, the mortality would be little lessened, for the delay involved at these "traverses du chemin de fer" would choke with rising cholera as many as might come to grief at an unprotected crossing.

On either side of the track is a ponderous "barriere," the opening and shutting of which would be slow under the best of circumstances. Being always tended by a colossal "barrieriere" (gate woman), who moves with the stately grace of a house being raised on jack screws, the barrier is unduly effective. Ten minutes before a train is due la barrieriere holds herself erect, waddles across the track to draw the farther gate, closes the nearer one and, having locked them both, returns to the shade of her cottage. The train may be an hour late, but that is beside the question. This is the time that madame is hired to lock the gates, and locked they must remain until the train has passed. Woe betide the intrepid voyager who tries to climb over them, for her tongue is sharp and the long arm of the law is arrayed on her side.

VIOLIN EASILY AT THE HEAD

Peculiar Qualities Have Caused it to Be Crowned King of Musical Instruments.

Restricted as is its range of dynamics, the violin has had for its votaries men of such widely different temperaments as Paganini and Spohr, Willhelm and Sarasate, Joachim and Ysaye. Its literature goes not compare with that of the piano, for which Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Brahms have written their choicest music; yet the intimate nature of the violin, its capacity for passionate emotion, crowns it—and not the organ, with its mechanical tonal effects—as the king of instruments. Nor does the voice make the peculiarly poignant appeal of the violin. Its lowest note is the G below the treble clef, and its top note a mere squeak; but it seems in a few octaves to have imprisoned within its wooden walls a miniature world of feeling even in the hands of a clumsy amateur it has the formidable power of giving pain; while in the grasp of a master it is capable of rousing the soul.—James Hunsaker, in Everybody's.

Tea Table Etiquette.

Tea table etiquette was somewhat complicated in the days of that "hardened and shameless tea drinker," Dr. Johnson, when many people thought nothing of drinking tea or twelve cups at a sitting. It was considered proper for the cups and saucers of a party of ten drinkers to be all passed up to the hostess in one batch when replenishment was considered necessary, and in order that each person might be sure of getting back the right cup the teaspoons were numbered. When the cups were passed up those who did not require any more were supposed to place the spoon in the cup. This writer remembers a very ancient dame teaching a small boy to place his spoon in his cup after the first cup had been emptied. He wondered for the reason. Now he knows that tea was once very expensive and little boys were not expected to ask again.

Trees as Educators.

More children are trudging along the country roads to the country schools than are walking on paved streets in cities attending the city public schools. There is a liberal education along the country road if only right use be made of right material. It is the writer's firm belief that the physical condition of the country schoolhouse and grounds must be greatly improved if we expect the early training of the country child will give it wholesome appreciation of all that is richest and best in country life. All this can be done with but small expenditure of money. Trees do not cost much, neither do flowers, vines and shrubbery. While the expenditure of money for paint is economy and the expenditure of money to make a schoolroom sanitary is humane.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Effect of a Shave.

"Men have one advantage," said the woman, "and that is when they are shaved they are so sure of themselves. If they are not all right it's the fault of the barber; but if they have a good barber, why, then their self-assurance is complete. I sat in the lobby of a big hotel yesterday looking at a big fat man who had come out from under the hands of his barber, and I never saw anything so placid with pure complacency as his large, fat face. I wish I could have been so certain that mine was all right as he was of his."

Fostering Home Industries.

By the statute of thirteen Elizabeth every person above the age of seven years and under a certain degree was obliged on Sundays and holidays to "wear a woollen cap made in England and fastened by some of the fraternity capers," under the penalty of 2s. 4d. for every day's neglect. They understood how to support native industries in those days.—London Chronicle.

PRISON DOORS NEVER LOCKED

Odd Place for "Confinement" on Sark, One of the Beautiful Channel Islands.

Sark, the loveliest of the channel islands, possesses a quaint old prison of two cells, more as a matter of form than of necessity, for serious crime is almost unknown in the island, which had no paid police, but simply an elected constable. It is some years since the prison was called into requisition, and on the last occasion the bolt was found to be so rusty that it had to be broken before the door could be opened. The prisoner was then put in, left all night with the door open, and made no attempt to escape.

On another occasion a young English servant, who had stolen some clothes, was sentenced to three days' imprisonment. The prospect so terrified him that the authorities took pity on her loneliness and considerably left the cell open. The little maid sat in the doorway and was consoled by kind-hearted Sark women, who came to keep her company.

A still more curious incident is told of a man who was convicted for neglecting his wife and children. He was ordered to betake himself to the prison and there wait for the arrival of the constable. This he did, sitting outside until the door was opened to let him in.

GARDEN UNDER FRUIT TREES

English Horticulturists Can Give Lesson in Concentration to American Conferees.

Evesham, the Vale of Evesham, denominated "the very hub of the garden beauties of England," has lately been sitting for a charming picture that makes the beholder or the reader long to possess its lovely chain of blossom and flower and fruit. But there can be only one Evesham, and it is England's. They claim the Evesham gardeners has the supreme title to fame, that he has done the impossible—he has made the cabbage almost beautiful.

One who plants this garden world in mere words says what most astonishes the visitor there at first view is the garden underneath the fruit trees. On the floor of a very closely planted orchard of apple of plum you may find a carpet of any sort of fruit, flower or vegetable. On the platform of Evesham station itself the heavy scent of wallflowers is carried from a neighboring orchard, where the trees are so close that you would think the carpet of flowers had a little chance of sunlight as it has of draft. How singularly this concentration impresses the American horticulturist, who having greater space at command, yet wastes them and their fruitful possibilities.

All Directors.

He was the wag of a merry party on the train, and when the conductor appeared he leaned back and assumed the expression of a man who owned the line. "Ticket, sir?" "The joker nodded." "Ticket?" "Then the joker spoke freely: 'How long have you been stationed here, my man? Don't you know me? I'm Hank, director!'" But the ticket collector wasn't impressed. "That's funny," he said, "so am I—we're all directors about here. I'll direct ye to the stationmaster, he'll direct ye to the policeman, and he'll direct ye to the magistrate, and he'll direct ye to pay the fare—unless he directs ye to jail—and then—"

But the joker directed his hand to his pocket and produced the ticket.

Be Square.

The young man who is tempted to depart from the straight path is apt to imagine that to get and spend stolen money is an easy way to live. But it is, in fact, the hardest way of all. The awful consciousness of guilt presses continually down upon the mind. There is a ghost of remorse and apprehension at every footstep, a knife thrust of guilty conscience at every moment of otherwise happy hours with those who love and trust the unworthy one, a silent but unbearable companion of rebuke and condemnation in every time of solitude—the last thought at night, the first in the morning, the terrifying dream of troubled and disjointed sleep.—Indianapolis Star.

Peers' Wills.

Famous poets make interesting wills. Browning's was written in his own beautiful hand, with the initials of all the nouns substantive in capitals, after the eldest son, and the attending witnesses were "A. Tennyson" and "F. T. Palgrave." Matthew Arnold's, also referred to, was remarkable for its brevity. A baker's dozen of words were deemed enough: "I leave everything of which I do possess to my wife Frances Lucy." This, however, because no executor was appointed, had to be set aside for letters of administration; but the result was the same. These two famous wills form with Shakespeare's, the most notable trio perhaps ever handed by probate in England.

Flattered.

"What are you looking so pleased about?" asked one student of another. "Well," replied the one addressed, "with the ghost of a shackle, I took a little trip back to the old home and saw what was on my tombstone." "With an unnecessary puffing of his plumage he passed on."

SPREAD OVER LONG DISTANCE

Grandma's Good Reason for Referring to Her Courtship as a Lengthy One.

"Grandma," asked one of the little girls, "what was the longest courtship you ever heard of?" "What a question, child!" exclaimed grandmother. "What put that into your head?" "Oh, I just wanted to know."

"Well, deary," said grandma, with a pensive smile, "I think the longest one I ever knew anything about was the courtship between your grandfather and me, more than 50 years ago. Last, and I will tell you about it."

"It was a few years after they had discovered gold in California, and people began to flock there from all over the country. You know there were no railroads running out that way then, and everybody had to travel in wagons. In the little town away back east where we lived several families that had the California fever clubbed together and went in a sort of caravan. Our family was was one of them. I was a girl of about 20."

"Your grandfather, who was a few years older, belonged to one of the other families. He began courting me almost as soon as we started, and he kept it up all the way across the country, but I didn't say 'Yes' till we got to California."

"How long did it take you to go there?"

"Six months."

"Six months? Why, grandma, that wasn't so awfully long a courtship!"

"Why, child," said grandma, "it was three thousand miles!"—Youth's Companion.

SEEDS ADAPTED FOR FLYING

Good Working Airplane May Be Seen Any Time by Those Who Will Watch Them.

It is strange that man has been so long in learning to fly. Nature in the seed has for aeons shown him a good working airplane. The seed of the silver maple and the ash often fly in the summer 40 or 50 yards. The seed's wing is an extension of the pod. When the seed breaks loose from its tough the wing whirrs rapidly round the body as an axis, its front edge striking the air higher than the rest of its surface, and thus producing air pressure in an upward direction that carries the tiny airplane on and up in its flight.

The Linden seed clusters show an airplane of tremendous strength. The seeds hang on a single stem from the center of one large wing. When the seed airplane sets forth the wing revolves and points upward, bearing upward its weight of seeds with a power greater than any bird gets forth. The box elder, the pine and the catalpa are other trees whose existence is perpetuated by the aeronautical skill of their little seeds.

"Speed" Means to Acquire Success.

When we see the slang "too slow" as applied to non-success we are speaking correctly, according to etymology, for "slow" conveys an idea opposite to that of "speed," and for more than 10,000 years the root from which "speed" has grown has preserved its influence in a dozen languages and has continually signified the idea of quickness in grasping, in drawing to, in extending, in making room for action, in bringing prosperity and success by reaching out. Our Aryan ancestors used the little word "spe" and from it has grown, among scores of other words, our word "speed," which, through the centuries, has not been restricted to its meaning of velocity. It conveyed the thought of velocity that reached out for success. It meant having room for action, to increase in the direction of prosperity. Without "spe" there was no "success."

The Etiology of Pain.

E. G. Janeway of New York says that we should be cautious in labeling a severe pain as hysterical. Pain due to toxic influences may be so unless we make diligent inquiry of the patient and his relations. Selection should be carefully scrutinized, since a condition that seems simple may be caused by pressure of a malignant growth. Pain in the abdomen may come from the kidney instead of the appendix, and it requires careful search to know whether pain comes from the kidney, gall bladder or appendix. Pain of ataxia may simulate some of these conditions. Pain in angina pectoris is severe and characteristic when combined with increased blood pressure and why life it should not be mistaken.—Medical Record.

Defrauded the Government.

Practicing privileges were greatly abused in days gone by. The government employe's friends shared in his opportunities. In a letter written by Wordsworth in 1815 the poet said: "By means of a friend in London I can have my letters free. His name is Lamb, and if you add an 'e' to his name he will not open the letters. Direct as below without anything further.—Mr. Lamb, India House, London." Coleridge, too, saw that a postage saved was a postage gained, and made use of the Mr. Lamb of the India House.—Charles Lamb.

That's About All.

"What, then," asked the professor, "is the exact difference between logic and sophistry?" "Well," replied the bright student, "if you're engaged in a controversy, it's just the difference between your line of argument and the other fellow's."—Catholic Standard and Times.