

MANY WEAR COSTLY FOOTGEAR.

Enormous Sum Said to Be Spent by English Aristocracy.

It would surprise most people to know of the huge sums which some of the English aristocracy spend on shoes, especially on slippers. Only the other day a countess whose name is familiar to every one, had a pair of slippers made which were decorated in a picture pattern, like a pair of worked slippers, with precious stones, these being largely rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The result was exceedingly beautiful, but the cost was over \$22,500.

There is one accomplished workman in London whose sole occupation is that of mounting fancy slippers with jewels. The present countess dowager of X—some years ago had made—her husband was then alive, and gave the order—a pair of slippers, in which she was to appear as Cinderella at a fancy dress ball given by the duke of Manchester. The slippers were one mass of diamonds, the value of the stones being considerably over \$60,000, while the cost of mounting them was upward of \$750.

A South American gentleman not long since presented to a foreign slinger, then in London, a pair of slippers ornamented with two batteries of different patterns in precious stones, the cost being nearly \$20,000. But in reality it is quite a common thing for slippers ornamented with gold threads and jewels, and valued at from \$5 to \$5,000, to be supplied, and many brides on their honeymoon are furnished with even ordinary boots, shoes and slippers to the value of \$1,000 or so.

ONE OF MONARCH'S TROUBLES.

Much Tact Necessary When Titles Are Conferred.

The bestowal of knighthoods in the arts in England is notoriously a difficult process, straining even the tact of King Edward. Every player who does more than "walk on" the stage, believes in his heart that he should be so honored, and the very accompanists at concerts hardly think themselves quite out of the running. This time the king had seemingly taken refuge in age and approaching or actual retirement. John Hare has passed 60. He is now making a farewell tour, preparatory to retirement, and his position as one of the lightest, driest and most adroit comedians of the English-speaking stage would be a tradition were he not still living evidence, so to say, of his own skill. The other new knight of the arts, Mr. Santley, the barytone singer, has been so long in retirement that he seems to belong rather to the generation of the sixties and the seventies than to our own, though he visited America as recently as 1899. He was eminent as an orator; he could sing the sentimental ballads in which the average English audience delights and still seem a man; he had his day in opera. There could hardly be a safer knighthood.

Price of Peace.

A story is told of Verdi, the famous composer, which shows that he was willing to pay a good price for what he considered comfort.

A friend who went to call upon him in a small watering place, found the composer in a little room which he informed his visitor served him for dining-room, sitting-room and bedroom.

"I have two other rooms, which are large," he said to his friend "but I keep articles hired by me in them. I have three 95 barrel organs."

He paused to note his friend's surprise, and then continued:

"When I came here my ears were tortured by hearing them play 'Trovatore,' 'Rigoletto,' and similar stuff. I hired them from their owners. I pay about 1,500 lire for them, and enjoy my summer's rest undisturbed by the sound of my own compositions."—Youth's Companion.

Advertising Scheme Stopped.

A novel advertising scheme has been tried in London, England. A well-dressed young man was standing on the curb at the corner of Aldwych when suddenly letters, apparently of fire, made their appearance across the back of his overcoat, and as quickly vanished. Passersby rubbed their eyes and stared in astonishment as the illumination again came and went at irregular intervals. It was a new development of modern advertising, the light being switched on from an electric battery carried in the pocket. The in-ventible crowd gathered, with the inevitable result—a policeman shouldered his way to the front, and the agent of an enterprising advertiser had to move on.

A Different Proposition.

"Gracious!" cried Dobson, throwing down his newspaper. "Here's a rich old Quaker lady offering to leave \$3,000,000 to a college if it will give up athletics. I'd lie in bed all day for the rest of my natural life for half that amount."

"No, you wouldn't," said Hawkins. "The call of the Great White Way would be too strong for you, especially if you had a roll as big as that."

"Excuse me," retorted Dobson, "but I didn't say that I'd stay in bed all night, too."—Harper's Weekly.

Well Recommended.

Mrs. Lapsing was exhibiting to the dealer the latest addition to her stock of household remedies.

"I have a good deal of faith in this medicine," she averred. "I got it from the hypochondriac himself, and he said he'd never known it to fail."

LOST SOUTH SEAS CONTINENT.

Australian Professor Seeks Solution of Ancient Mystery.

The lost continent of the South seas is a pet study of Dr. Woinough of Sydney university. The main difficulty in the way of reconciling existing conditions with an original great area was that depths of 2,000 fathoms occurred between the islands. It was necessary to look for land evidence of faulting or breaking to account for the submarine depths. The granite area in Viti Levu was found to be from 400 to 600 square miles in extent, underlying the modern volcanic rocks. A range of granite mountains with precipitous cliffs on each side gave evidence of heavy faults creating chasms of great depth. He found the rivers forming a marked rectangular network, an upraised coral reef 200 feet above the sea level, conglomerate rock showing sea shells at a height of 800 feet above the sea, and certain tilts and tufts which had formerly been submarine and were now at a height of 4,500 feet. All these indicated a tremendous uplift sufficient to cause greater faulting in the original continent. The rivers of Fiji were of comparatively youthful development, and even at present passing through the canos cycle.

REPARTEE OF THE JUVENILES.

Washington Children in Smart Exchange of Compliments.

Evidently there was a severance of friendly relations between two of a group of small girls who a minute before had been romping about the sward in Dupont Circle, for just as the writer approached the daughter of a southern legislator called out to her small companion from the west: "The girl with the red dress on is a cowgirl! The girl with the red dress on is a cowgirl!" Again and again the taunting challenge was hurled at the red-frocked western maid, who finally, with one supreme effort at self-control, retorted: "Oh, very well, then, the girl who is a hollerin' is a sheep! I'd sooner be a cowgirl than a sheep, 'cause the president is fond of cowboys and cowgirls, but not even a secretary likes a sheep!"

He Knew How.

"How," asked the young man who had just bought the village paper and desired to win prominence as an editor, "can I get the public to become interested in my journal? I know the principal thing is to make a good paper, but if nobody takes it how will anyone find out that it is good? Something must be done to attract attention—to cause the people to understand that we are on earth." "That'll be easy," said the traveling printer, who had stopped over to assist in putting the patient on his feet. "Just print an item saying that a certain preacher in this town will get into trouble if he doesn't cease paying attentions to a certain married member of his flock and cease quick. I'll bet the paper containing that item won't be off the press 40 minutes before there's a copy of it in every house in this town."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fat Men and Jobs.

Employment agents say it's about as hard to get work for a fat man as for a gray-haired one. According to their statements, employers of labor hold that a fat man is indolent. They assert that the hustler, the fast, nervous, energetic worker, is slimmer rather than fat, and does 30 per cent. more work than the soft, fat fellow. "It is not uncommon for us to advise fat applicants to diet," said an employment agent, "and reduce their weight before beginning to canvass for a job." So far as recorded, Dr. Osier has expressed no opinion on the expediency of chloroforming men who are roaming to adipose tissue.

All Were Prime Ministers.

An eminent surgeon was once sent for by Cardinal Du Bois, prime minister of France, to perform a very serious operation upon him. The cardinal said to him: "You must not expect to treat me in the same poor manner as you treat your poor miserable wretches at your Hotel Dieu." "My lord," replied the surgeon, with great dignity, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."—Success Magazine.

Worse and Worse.

A convict in a German prison had been extremely refractory. One means and another had been tried, but nothing could break his spirit. One morning the governor said to the warden: "I say, Huber, the scoundrel is behaving worse than ever. Put him on bread and water." "But he is already doing two fast days, sir." Then give him a cookery book to read. We must break his spirit somehow."—Illustrated Bits.

Simple and Logical.

A teacher observed what he thought a lack of patriotic enthusiasm in one of the boys under his instruction. "Now, Tommy," said he, "tell us what you think if you saw the stars and stripes waving over the field of battle." "I should think," was the logical reply of Thomas, "that the wind was blowing."

Information.

The visitor to New York was in search of information. "Do you know anything about the copper corner?" he asked his host. "No," was the reply, "but I know the corner copper."

FREAK PLAYS IN ROYAL GAME.

Records on Golf Grounds Very Much Out of the Ordinary.

On one occasion a player hand-capped himself to the extent of playing all his shots with one leg held up, and the only crumb of satisfaction that some people can get out of the story is that the man missed nearly every shot and lost his wager. Also, who has not heard of men trying to play with one eye covered up, others who have had but one club against the full set used by their opponents, and others who have agreed to put with nothing but their umbrellas? On one occasion a golfer played a round with a champagne bottle against a man who had all his clubs, and it is a sad thing to know that it is on record that the man with the champagne bottle won! There are said to be various Scots who have driven balls off the face of expensive watches without at the same time driving the faces off the watches, and an American variation of this form of golf freakishness, as practiced with much success on one occasion, was to drive a ball off the top of a hen's egg, which had been dented at one end to make it hold the ball, but not otherwise damaged.

CALLED FOR SLIGHT SEVERITY.

Indian Viceroy Departed from His Policy of Kindness.

Lord Lawrence, one of the famous viceroys of India, was an able and very simple man. He used to do his work in his shirt sleeves, and discouraged as much as possible all state and ceremony. He was inclined to treat the natives like children, although he always strenuously insisted upon their meriting and receiving justice and kindness. Lord Mayo went to India to succeed him, and on the last afternoon before Lord Lawrence was to leave for home he took the incoming viceroy for a drive. On the way he impressed his doctrine of kindness very emphatically and solemnly on his successor. Lord Mayo thanked him for his helpful advice, and they returned to the government house. The sycorax footman, was slow and awkward in opening the door of the carriage, whereupon Lord Lawrence jumped out in temper and gave his ear an unmistakable tug. Lord Mayo turned to the viceroy's aid with a smile. "My first practical lesson in kindness to natives undoubtedly is an odd one," he whispered.

Effect of Relaxation.

Dr. Long Maybelle Young of Chicago does not agree with us that sleeping on the front is good, says the New York Press. But he seems to be in his own mind an expert on relaxation. "In my opinion," he says, "the want of relaxation is the principal cause of insomnia. To produce relaxation we must first equalize the circulation of the blood. This is very often accomplished by sleeping with the knees up, which throws the blood into the lumbar region. The position is rather tiresome (I should say so!) and on stretching out the legs equalization and therefore relaxation takes place. For insomnia supervening upon nervousness I would advise taking some good, long breaths. When due to want of control of the thinking apparatus eat three or four ginger snaps (ten cents a pound), which will warm up the stomach and transfer the nervous energy to the solar plexus, or stomach brain."

Nurses Dread Lightning.

Of all people who are glad when the season of thunderstorms is past, none are more thankful than professional nurses. "It isn't that we are so afraid of lightning ourselves," said a hospital nurse, "but it has a harmful effect on our patients. Most sick people have an unreasonable fear of lightning. In cases of extreme weakness or nervousness a dozen flashes of blinding lightning reduces the patient to such a state of prostration that it takes extraordinary efforts on the part of the nurse to bring him around. If one sick person requires all that extra attention in a thunderstorm, just imagine the predicament of the nurse who has a whole ward full of them on her hands."

German Exactitude.

The widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the village in which she lived to the effect that she was still alive. "This certificate is not correct," said the officer in charge. "What is the matter with it?" asked the lady. "It bears the date of September 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on September 15." "What kind of a certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant. "We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on September 15," said the officer with great firmness.

The Reason.

"There goes a man who doesn't get credit at any business establishment in town." "Who? Old Mr. Worthy?" "Why, I thought he was one of the most reliable men in the city. Why doesn't he get credit?" "Because he always pays cash."

One of the Tests.

"So your daughter made a brilliant marriage?" "Not very," answered Mr. Cumros. "Your son-in-law is of noble origin?" "Yes. But I could pronounce his name properly the first time I tried."

AUTOGRAPHS CAME IN USEFUL.

Stranded Englishman Raised Money on Famous Names.

It is sometimes mighty useful to have distinguished relatives. Here is an instance in point. A young New Yorker, a brother-in-law of Mr. Philip Burne-Jones, the artist, found himself stranded while in Albany a few days ago. Being unacquainted in the state capital, the problem of how to raise enough money to get back to Broadway was a serious one. Suddenly it dawned upon him that a couple of letters which he had in his possession, and which he only recently had received from Burne-Jones and Rudyard Kipling, the author, might be made to realize, if not train fare, at least the price of a ham sandwich. Acting on the inspiration, he took the letters to a nearby bookstore, which made a specialty of the buying and selling of original autograph letters of famous persons.

Fortunately there happened to be nothing of a particularly private or confidential nature in the missives in question, and after examining them carefully and asking some questions relating thereto the proprietor of the store finally offered their owner \$4.75 for both letters—\$4 for the Kipling epistle and 75 cents for the Burne-Jones one. Needless to say, the offer was promptly accepted.

ALWAYS READY FOR BUSINESS.

Real Estate Man Evidently Never Let Opportunity Slip.

There was a breakfast party in Healy's jungle room in West Sixty-sixth street recently, says a New York exchange. After the festivities, which were unusually jolly, two of the guests got mixed up on Columbus avenue, and Brady, the "cop from Kerry," was on the job in a minute. He took the two to the West Sixty-eighth Street Police station, where they were locked and consigned to the night police court. The magistrate was in a benevolent mood and sent them on their way with a lecture.

Brady, the cop, called on Tom Healy bright and early to-day.

"Wor thim is-ads I tuk in last night all right?" he asked.

"Sure they were," replied Healy.

"Why do you ask?"

"Well, while I was riding thim to the court in the hurry-up wagon one of thim sold me a piece of ground in Astoria, L. I., for \$500, and he got me dough, too."

He was looking his bargain up this afternoon in the Queens county archives.

Czar's Many Threats.

Emperor Nicholas of Russia has many threats. The three chief ones are those at the imperial palace and the winter palace at St. Petersburg, and in the Kremlin at Moscow. This last was a present to Czar Alexis in 1640 from the shah of Persia. It is entirely covered with thick plates of gold set with precious stones and alternating with plaques of ivory, chiseled in high relief. The fact and date of the presentation are recorded in an inscription on the back of the throne. Just above are glistening double-headed eagles of Russia, with angels on either side supporting the imperial crown. In the imperial palace at St. Petersburg the throne stands in an alcove of the marble throne room, with a wide-stretching canopy with thick gold cords and deep fringes of gold embroidery. On the curtains behind are embossed the arms of the Romanoffs surmounted by the crown, with a curious star-shaped border all round. Three wide steps lead up to the throne.

Week-End Soap and Things.

The week-end custom of entertaining has brought about a new departure in the toilet preparations that hostesses are expected to furnish for their men and women guests, says a writer in Vogue. Mrs. or Miss arrives and finds everything provided in the chamber and bath allotted to her. Not only combs and brushes, but pins of all shades and sizes up to an equal variety.

Perfumes, powders for face, manicure preparations, brillianine, bath and hand soaps of several kinds. Perfumed bath bags and waters, dentifrice in powder and liquid form. Hatterine, camphor spirits.

For men are added shaving creams, cigarettes and slippers.

The Time to Learn Singing.

Madame Mathilde Marchesi, the eminent vocal teacher, writes in the Ladies' Home Journal: "For young girls all vocal training before they reach the 16th or 17th year of age (and even then with great caution) is a sin, and may spell many good voices before their normal development. Young girls designed for a vocal career, instead of singing, ought to employ their time in learning music, piano and languages, all indispensable nowadays for good singers to complete their education. Flat singing proceeds, in general, from the fatigue of the larynx."

Too Improbable.

"Mr. Addemup" inquired Mr. Spotsash, head of the firm of Spotsash & Co., "can't you afford to smoke better cigars than that one?"

"Not on my salary, sir," answered the bookkeeper.

"Hereafter," rejoined his chief, "your salary will be ten dollars a week more."

With a violent effort Mr. Addemup woke himself. He knew it was nothing but a dream.

BUILT THE FIRST SKYSCRAPER.

New York Architect Gave the New Design to the World.

It is little more than 18 years since Bradford Le Gilbert erected the first skyscraper at 50 Broadway, New York, says the Broadway Magazine. It was an 11-story building. One day, when it was still in the skeleton stage, he decided to climb up through the network of steel pillars and girders while a gale of wind was blowing. He wished to make some tests of the effect of the storm on the skeleton. The people watching him from the sidewalk said he took his life in his hand. They expected to see the structure topple and fall, burying the hapless inventor in the ruins.

Le Gilbert returned to earth unhurt—a victor who had given the world a new idea that was to revolutionize the American city.

Since then skyscrapers have become almost a commonplace. Higher and higher they have soared—11, 14, 18, 20, 25, 41 or more stories—filling wonder on wonder, transforming Wall, Nassau and Pine streets into narrow canyons between cliffs of steel and stone, and making Trinity church, the finest building in the city half a century ago, a mere foothill of the great skyscraper range.

Then came the new idea, just carried to success, which made men doubt if there were any limits to the height of the skyscraper. The tower of the Singer building at 147 Broadway began to soar into the air, piling story upon story, until there were 47 in all, and the lantern that crowned the steel skeleton was fastened in place 612 feet above the sidewalk.

REMARKABLE COAT OF ARMS.

English Town Centuries Ago Chose Greenwool Subject.

"Since the sensational production of 'Salome' in New York, and more recently at Paris," said an employee of the Astor library, "many persons have visited the reference department of this library to look at Arthur Charles Fox-Davies' 'Book of Public Arms.'"

"Why," asked the reporter.

"Because they have learned that the coat of arms of Penzance, Cornwall, Wales, is a head of John the Baptist on a charger or platter. Why this curious device should have been chosen in the A. D. 1614 by the good citizens of the old Welsh seaport is enigmatical. One solution of the problem is that when the townsmen begged for a charter and an emblem, they had in mind 'Pen,' which means a headland, and 'Sans,' which means holy, and though ignorance they failed to distinguish the difference between a human head and a headland.

"Imagine the policemen and other uniformed officials going about with such a device on their helmets, ladges and belt clasps!"

Vanity Makes Mistake.

A tailor tossed into a corner a suit that had turned out a misfit.

"It is men's vanity that makes nine tenths of the misfits," he growled.

"How so?"

"Why, when a man comes in here to be measured he won't stand in his natural way. He is too vain. We go to take his chest measure, and to have the satisfaction of hearing a big number yelled out he puffs out his chest like a pigeon, and then his coat and waistcoat are too big for him."

"He does the same with his back stiffening it, if he is humped, to a military erectness. The same with his shoulders; if they slope he raises them to his ears, and if they are round he throws them back till the shoulder blades clash together. And if his stomach protrudes he draws it in."

"Thus our measurements are all wrong, and the suit, thanks to the man's vanity, must go to the misfit dealer."

Poor Whist Player Condemned.

Deschappelles, the greatest whist player the world has ever seen, had but one hand and was an advanced republican. His manual dexterity was remarkable, and it was very interesting to watch him with his one hand—and that his left—collect the cards, sort them, play them and gather them in tricks. Late in life, when he had developed into ardent republicanism, he was supposed to have been mixed up in some of the attempts at revolution which broke out in the earlier days of the reign of Louis Philippe. His papers were seized, and it was proved that he had drawn up a list of persons to be disposed of. Among them was an elderly acquaintance, so described: "Vatry (Aigle) to be guillotined. Reason—citoyen inutile. Vatry is a bad whist player."

Love Is Cruel, Indeed.

Love comes unbidden and flees from those who pray at his shrine. He comes like all-conquering kink—free-hearted, generous, great; he goes like a thief in the night, carrying away all that has made life worth the living. He stabs us with the weapons we have given him; he drinks our tears and laughs at the tortures he inflicts, for love is cruel. . . . And yet we are ever ready again and again to bare our hearts to the blows. Men feel love with more intensity than women, and they forget more swiftly.—Madame.

A Doubtful Definition.

"What is your idea of prosperity?" asked the argumentative person.

"Prosperity," answered Mr. Dustin Star, "is any state of affairs that enables you to remind the parties concerned that things might be worse."

BELBIRD BROUGHT TO LONDON.

Rare Specimen That Has Been Secured for the Zoo.

A specimen of the naked-throated belbird (Chasmorhynchus nudicollis) has just been received at the Zoological gardens, London. The most remarkable thing in connection with the belbird is its powerful voice; it utters a clear, metallic note which can be heard at a distance of three miles. Its noise is like that produced by a blacksmith striking his anvil. Sometimes it repeats its notes in quick succession, sometimes at fairly long intervals. There is no mistake about the voice of this bird; it is loud and piercing, and would be heard above the din produced by every inmate of the zoo raising its voice at once. Except for a space of naked skin on the throat and around the eyes, which, during the breeding season, is of a green color, this bird is pure white. The contrast between the sexes in the belbirds, of which two species have been exhibited in the menagerie, is extreme. For while the male is pure white, the female is brownish green. Darwin refers to the belbird when he points out that "white is a very rare color in terrestrial species of moderate size and inoffensive habits."

SQUAW'S USE SEWING MACHINES.

Universal Household Article Among Indians of the Everglades.

"I am preparing for my annual trip to the Indians of the Florida Everglades, the most interesting trip I ever take," said a sewing machine agent.

"But what do you sell in the outlandish Everglades?" a woman asked.

"Sewing machines, dear madam," he replied.

"To the Indians?"

"Even so. There is hardly a squaw in the wild and remote Everglades who has not her sewing machine. Indeed, sewing machines have become necessities in the Everglades, like moccasins or firewater."

"Why? For beadwork making. You know this beautiful beadwork that the Indians of the Everglades wear? Well, it is all made on sewing machines. It is made on my machines. I have done a good trade in the Everglades for five years."

"In the Everglades," he ended, "the boat of the loon and the splash of the crocodile in the lagoon are well-nigh drowned in the continuous whirr of a thousand busy machines."

Pleanty of Hot Water.

Boarding House Keeper.—A glass of hot water! What can the man want with a glass of hot water. He doesn't shave.

"Cook—He wants ter drink it."

"To drink it? Well, I never."

"Oh, all the boarders is sending fur hot water now, three times a day."

"Goodness me! What for?"

"Fur to drink. They call it the hot water cure. It beats all new fangled notions what come up."

"What does it cure?"

"Oh, they say it do cure everything just splendid."

"Thank fortune, it's cheap. Give 'em all the hot water they want, Maria."

"Yes'm."

"So hot water is a great cure, is it? Well, I shan't let any of my boarders get ill for want of medicine. Just put another gallon of hot water in that oxal soup, Maria, and I think you'd better take out the oxal now; it might get too rich."—Tit-Bits.

May Revive Glories of Mukden.

Mukden, the chief city of central Manchuria and the old capital of the Chinese empire, is a characteristic Tartar-Chinese city of about 200,000 inhabitants. Its glory has largely departed. There are some reports, however, that it is the intention of the Chinese government to try to restore something of its lost importance. It is the headquarters of a viceroy, the temples, tombs, gateways and other buildings, all venerable with age, at once stamp the place as one of the ancient seats of Tartar civilization. The commercial importance of Mukden lies almost entirely in the future. There are hardly any foreigners in the place; probably not over eight or ten.

No Tax on Pianos.

The vigorous protests made in France against the proposal to levy a tax upon all owners of pianos in that country have had the desired result, and for the present no further attempt will be made to carry the suggestion into effect.

The plan, as the London Telegraph recalls, was to make every possessor of a small piano pay the equivalent of two dollars a year, and the owners of a grand were to disburse double that amount. It was estimated that the revenue from the proposed tax would enrich the coffers of the state to the tune of \$1,000,000. Many collections of other instruments have been known to produce a worse tune.

And No One Answered.

A little southern girl was sent to a boarding school in New York. When taken for a walk she seemed to be much interested in watching the automobiles. After a while she pointed to the extra tires on the passing machines and timidly inquired:

"Why do they carry life-preservers?"

No Telling.

"Wiggins is planning a 60-day balloon trip around the world."

"Indeed. What route will he take?"

"He won't know until he gets up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.