

MOISIEF OF THE CAPITALS

Mrs. Rice of New York Thinks That the City of London is Growing Quieter.

An American lady who is at present staying in London is making a very interesting study of the amount of noise in the world, especially in the streets of great cities.

Mrs. L. Rice is the wife of a well known American chess player, the London Daily Mail says. As a mark of the lady's height, height, her manner, kindly and generous, is that of the competent woman of affairs. Mrs. Rice's attention was first attracted to the question of noise by the constant shrieking of whistles near her Riverside house on the Hudson river. As a result she founded in 1905 the present New York Noise Abatement society.

Discussing London in comparison with other great cities of the world, Mrs. Rice, who has traveled widely, said: "The order of noisiness in which I place the world's chief capitals is as follows: Paris, New York, London, Berlin.

"In Paris there are absolutely no restrictions on street noises. Every cab-horse wears a bell, many have several. The cochers are apparently always quarreling, and throughout the night shrieks rage out from every cab horn.

"In New York we have less traffic than you have in London, but our trolley cars, which run on practically every avenue, are much noisier than anything here. London is a quieter city than it was when I was here a few years ago. The worst feature of London streets is the unrestrained use of motor horns. Then, too, the extremely shrill whistles which are used to summon cabs at hotels, restaurants and the large stores are undesirable features of London.

MAKES FOR "CITY BEAUTIFUL"

Systematic Decoration Adds Greatly to the Attractiveness of Leipzig.

The following information concerning the exterior decoration of houses and apartments in Leipzig is furnished by Consul Southard P. Warner of that German city.

The endeavor of the people here to add to the attractiveness of their individual homes, and thus to the general beauty of the city, has been greatly stimulated by the offering of prizes for the best and most artistically decorated houses. These prizes, which consist principally of objects of art and of valuable growing plants, are offered by the Der Verkehreverein association, while the Leipzig city council contributes a considerable annual sum for prizes. Persons desiring to compete send in their addresses to the association, which furnishes free illustrated pamphlets containing valuable suggestions about growing plants and flowers, and using them most advantageously for exterior decoration.

The most practical and popular method of decorating houses is by placing artistically painted wooden boxes containing collections of variegated flowers upon the window sills. The windows are frequently entirely framed in by climbing vines. Porches and balconies are better suited for floral decorations, as large pot plants and all sorts of vines can be used in residential sections of Leipzig nearly every house has some floral decoration. Small, unostentatious houses thus frequently attract much attention.

GUIDE'S GREAT FEAT

An Alpine guide, Philippe Allamand, of Bex, has gained publicity in the Swiss papers by a marvelous pedestrian achievement. He started on a Monday from Tschuggen and ascended to the Weisshorn hut, whence he returned to the valley to fetch a member of his party who had been left behind. There was time for only three hours' sleep after that, and then the Weisshorn had to be climbed. It was in bad condition, and the ascent took nearly 11 hours. No sooner had he reached the top than Allamand hastened down and proceeded to Zermatt to join another party who had engaged him for the Matterhorn. He overtook them in the hut at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, went up the Matterhorn at once, and did not get back until 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, having been 44 hours without sleep, walking and climbing all the time. Even then he took only a day's rest before leading a party up the Dent Blanche.

WORTH A MEDAL

"I see Paderewski has been decorated again," said a Chicago composer. "If there were a society for the absent-minded now he'd have the grand cross."

"Paderewski once called on a Philadelphia lady in West Walnut street. The lady's little daughter put an orange in his coat pocket as he was leaving, and, in his unconventional, Bohemian way, Paderewski decided to eat the orange on the walk back to his hotel.

"As he crossed Rittenhouse Square he began to peel the fruit. But while he was peeling it a woman he knew climbed past in her motor car. Paderewski saluted with a sweeping bow, then gracefully placed a handful of orange peel on his head and tossed his hat into a bed of flowers."

A DANGEROUS MALADY

He (looking up from the paper)—I see they have the referendum in Cleveland. She (alarmed)—Dear me, I hope it isn't catching! Baltimore American

WORK OF A NATURE LOVER

Story Showing What an Enthusiast Will Do When He Really Desires a Garden.

Many a country laborer, as Lord Rochford said recently, would do the Westminster Gazette will do much for the sake of a garden, but a few perhaps would be willing to do so in the pursuit of their hobby as did an enthusiastic hobbyist with whom Dean Holt once came in contact.

This man having obtained the position of gate-keeper on a railway found himself the possessor of a barren gravel pit as an apology for a garden. The man, who knew the spot well, visited it some 12 months after the man had taken possession and the sight which met his eyes astonished him.

"Was it a mirage I saw upon the sandy desert? There were vegetables, fruits, bushes and fruit trees, all in vigorous health; there were flowers and the queen flower in her glory."

"Why," I exclaimed, "what have you done to the gravel pit?"

"Oh, bless yer," he replied, grinning, "I hadn't been here a fortnight, afore I swapped it for a pond."

"A further inquiry elicited the fact that this most ardent garden lover had, after an agreement with a neighboring farmer, removed with pick and barrow his sandy stratum to the depth of about three feet and wheeled it to the margin of an old pond, which had gradually been filled up with leaves and silt. The rich, productive mold from the pond he had taken home to his garden, replacing it with gravel, and leveling it as per contract."

GROUND OUT THE CIRCULATION

Editor's Neat Method of Finding Out How Many Papers His Rival Printed.

There is always a circulation controversy on between the ephemeral new town newspapers of the west, writes Carl Crow in the Van Norden Magazine.

In the heat of one of these controversies the editor of the Beacon came out one week in a first page announcement that the Phoenix, in a neighboring town, had printed for the previous week's edition exactly 943 papers, of which 37 were spoiled, making the total circulation not more than 906.

The statement was ignored. A few months later the two editors were at a convention of newspaper men and in the natural course of events found themselves at the same bar.

"Now, Bill," said the editor of the Phoenix, "it's all over with and I don't intend to print anything more about it, but I would like to know how you learned what my circulation was. I didn't know for sure myself until you printed the story. Then I looked it up and found that you were right."

"That was easy," replied Editor Bill. "I knew you printed on Wednesday, so I rode over to your town on that day and sat out in a bunch of mesquite a hundred yards back of your office. Every time your old press printed a paper it gave a grunt that you could hear a quarter of a mile and I counted the grunts. There were 943 of them and you stopped the press 37 times to clean a spoiled paper off the rollers."

AMERICAN ROBINS TO SING IN ENGLAND

One of the most interesting of American colonies was established a few months ago at Guilford, in Surrey, where Old England has been so solicitously guarding it. Early in the spring 17 specimens of the American robin (Merula migratoria) were imported, and, after a few weeks in an open air aviary, most of them were liberated about the middle of June. The birds at once mated and began building in the trees. The colony now includes between 40 and 50 old and young robins, and these are being closely watched, in the hope that liberal feeding may overcome their migratory instinct and prevent them from flying away and becoming hopelessly scattered on the approach of cold weather. Their cheery note—interpreted as "kill 'em, cure 'em, give 'em physic"—has endeared them to the human neighbors about their new home.

THE FARTHEST POINT

There are some unbelievers who would not be convinced by any evidence that Dr. Cook might produce to prove that he had been to the north pole. A correspondent who was frequently ferried across the Thames at Silvertown by an ancient mariner, now at rest, recalls how the old fellow would always stoutly maintain that Nansen had never really been "where he makes out he has been. This is how I see it, sir. There's a certain pint beyond where the Almighty never meant nobody to go, and none of them can't get beyond that, whatever they may say." Where that "pint" was did not appear very clearly, but it was evidently well south of Nansen's farthest north.

A CLAIM TO CONSIDERATION

"Why don't you try to add something to the social system?" said the man who is prosperous but severe. "Why don't you take part in the affairs about you?"

"Boss," replied Plodding Pete, "de line of talk you're unrecilin' sounds ungrateful. You don't recognize de share I has in makin' it interestin' an' excitin' fur you an' your friends."

"What possible importance do you claim?"

"I'm one o' de fellers dat does fancy steps gettin' out o' de way when your chauffeur toots de honk."

MADE THE FISHWOMAN STARE

Questionable Practical Joke That Put Wife in Somewhat Humiliating Position.

Thomas Hood had a continued practical joke. In 1822 he was taken ill and went with his wife to Brighton. He was so weak that he had to be lifted into the carriage on the day following his arrival, and he took a post upon the coast. At breakfast Hood offered to give his wife a few hints on the buying of fish, on an account of his own experience in the sea. "Above a certain limit," he said, "as they will endeavor to impose upon your inspection, do nothing unless you have a plan, that, spotted fish, that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition."

Mrs. Hood promised faithful compliance in the innocence of her heart, and accordingly, when the fishwoman came to the door, she descended to show off her newly acquired information. As it happened, the woman had very little except plaice, and these she turned over and over, praising their size and freshness. But the obnoxious red spots on every one of them still greeted Mrs. Hood's discolored eyes. On her hinting a doubt of their freshness, she was met by the assertion that they were not long out of the water, having been caught that morning.

This shook the housewife's doubts, but only for a moment, and remembering Hood's account of the fishwomen's ways, she shook her head, saying: "My good woman, it may be as you say, but I could not think of buying any plaice with those very unpleasant red spots." The woman's answer was short: "Lord bless your eyes, mum. Who ever seed any with out 'em?" A suppressed giggle on the stairs betrayed the perpetrator of the joke.

HAD IT IN DUE LEGAL FORM

Banker Unable to Deny Debt That Was Testified To in Black and White.

A southern banker recently told the following about his eight-year-old son. The boy had been invited to spend a week with some little friends in the country. "Stay and keep me company, Jack," said his mother. "Father goes traveling this week, and I shall be all alone. Here is a five-dollar bill for you instead of the visit."

Jack promptly closed with the bill, and the banker as promptly borrowed the five dollars, at current interest, thereby keeping, as he observed when telling the story, both the boy and the money in the family.

Some two months later Jack wanted to recall the loan.

"What five dollars do you mean?" asked the banker.

"Why, the five I gave you."

"I haven't any five dollars."

"But I gave it to you, Mother, didn't I give him five dollars? You saw me."

"I certainly did," she replied.

"Where's your receipt, then?" demanded his father. "Do you mean to say you've been lending money without getting black and white to show for it?"

"Mamma," said the boy, appealing to his nurse, "didn't I give papa five dollars?"

"You pob' little lamb!" indignantly exclaimed the old woman. "Co'se you done gib it to him, honey."

"There, papa," said the budding lawyer triumphantly, "there's the black and white of it!"—Delmeator.

WESTERN EDUCATION IN CHINA

Prof. John Fryer, head of the department of Oriental languages of the University of California and considered one of the foremost Chinese scholars of the world, has returned to his university duties after a tour of inspection of the education system of China. Prof. Fryer declared that the advancement of learning in China was surpassing any similar movement in the world's history.

Education is considered by the Celestials, he said, far above everything else and nothing else is held of like importance. In describing the situation Prof. Fryer said: "It is one of the greatest movements recorded in history. It is wonderful to see how, in only half a dozen years, it has permeated the vast Chinese empire. High, low, rich and poor all alike, are anxious to obtain western learning at any cost."

NATURE MUST HAVE NO SECRETS.

It is a small planet, the astronomers tell us, that has been confided to the race of mortals, and from a cosmic view perhaps none of its concerns are important. Yet long may the delusion exist that man's triumphs are of vast moment—even his attempts to survive all parts of the terrestrial sphere and to leave no secret of geography unlocked. Particularly is it unpermitted to men of science to raise doubts as to whether a bit of new knowledge is worth while. It is the lure of knowledge for its own sake that has kept science ever pressing forward—its motto has been that there is nothing so contemptible that exact precise information concerning it is to be despised.

Then They Clinched.

"I've known Clancy longer than you have," asserted Casey.

"Ye're a liar," said Mooney. "I've known him since he was a little boy."

"Is that all?" sneered Casey. "Why, I've known him since his father was a little boy!"—Exchange.

GRAZING GROUND FOR GESE

A Lot of Pasturage is Needed for These Birds of Christmas, Says an English Writer.

The goose is not commonly regarded as a cousin to the cow, yet one is about as persistent a grazier as the other. There are farmers who would turn geese into a meadow because they think the geese make so clean a sweep of the pasture that it is spoiled for cattle.

An English authority says that geese do not eat an excessive quantity of herbage if the geese are killed off the grass at the green stage, or are kept till after harvest and finished on the stubble. As for the common belief that geese damage the pasture, the same writer says that they destroy mainly the tuberous roots of the ranunculus, a weed which could well be spared.

Nowadays in England the green geese, or more correctly the gosling, is more generally esteemed than the fat goose of Christmas, says the Queen, and the lingering regard for the Michaelmas bird is perhaps more sentimental than actual. The poultry-tenders tell us that geese are in season from April to October, but from the point of view of the English producer it must be admitted that a home reared gosling of satisfying proportions is a comparatively rare avian in the earlier months and that from July to October would more accurately describe the English season.

TOO MUCH FOR THE ROOSTER

Bird Could Not Understand Long Day in Arctic Circle, and Committed Suicide.

Where arctic enthusiasts are meeting these days one occasionally hears the story of the rooster who committed suicide in the arctic circle, because there was no sunrise. It is a perfectly true story and it arouses much interest.

This rooster was perfectly normal until the six-months day began, then he began to realize that something strange and far beyond his limited experience was happening. Each morning of his previous life as the sun came up he had started to crow. Now there was no sunrise. At first he would burst into fits of vociferous crowing for hours and then he would not crow at all. At last he started to crow incessantly.

Exhaustion followed, and then after that what the people on the ship could diagnose as general delirium. Lord Dufferin is the authority for this incident. After hours of crowing that never ceased, the rooster threw himself over the ship and into the ocean.

TIME-SAVING LETTER

In an article in Figaro Jean Marcelline predicts the advent of a "lightning correspondence card" which will make the task of correspondence still lighter than it is now. It will be of the ordinary size and printed on one side in two columns will be these short sentences: "Arrived safely." "Am well housed." "Am tired." "Am ill." "Weather fine." "Weather bad." "City interesting." "Place dull." "Hotel good." "Hotel bad." "Table excellent." "Table tolerable." "Table impossible." "Company good." "Am homesick." "Miss you." "The cure is doing me good." "No luck." "How are you all?"

"Shall be glad to get back." "Leave here tonight." "Leave to-morrow." "Thanks for letter." "My love to all." "AM Send Love." "Meet me at the station—ship." "Bring the children—child." "Yours lovingly." "Yours sincerely." All the writer has to do is to place a cross next to the sentence which he desires to have read, to date and to sign the card. That will be the tourist's letter for the future.

WHY SEA BREEZE BLOW

Dr. Benjamin, the celebrated pathologist and meteorologist, of Camden, N. J., on a recent visit to Wildwood, near the center of the most thriving part of Cape May county, gave an interesting discourse on "Sea Breeze," a phenomenon more pronounced at Cape May than anywhere along the coast, and the chief cause of its superb climate. Under an unclouded sun the surface of the land is quickly heated, and as the hot air rises, a vacuum is created into which rushes the cold air from the ocean, with the result that the better the day the more pronounced the phenomena. Generally about noon the sun causes the hot air to ascend, forming a vacuum into which rushes a strong, steady breeze from the sea, and as night becomes cool, the sea breeze dies down again.—National Magazine

IMPROVING THE STOMACH.

It is said that society women, who are forever chasing fads, are eating less than is served on tables in the houses of the poor, and consequently stomach troubles are disappearing and health is gaining in every way. So better figures and more brilliant complexions are seen. Feasts are no longer fashionable, luncheons and dinners being so simple that the problem of preparation is not worth considering. Afternoon tea, served at five o'clock or so, is all some women take after the noon hour. It is usually accompanied by toasted muffins and marmalade or jam or delicious sandwiches and gives the stomach enough work until morning.

FAVORABLE SYMPTOMS.

Mary—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife. Helen—Why? Has he proposed yet? Mary—No. But he dislikes mother more and more every time he sees her.—Jugend.

MEN CENSORS OF MILLINERY

They Are Responsible for Decided Slump in Prices, According to Washington Dealer.

To watch the parade on P Street in one would dream that there was a slump in the millinery trade. Nevertheless, high class milliners say that there is, and moreover, they blame the men for it.

We are almost living our hats away, said the head of the millinery department in one of the big stores in this city. In all my 20 years experience I never knew millinery to be sold for so little. Last season's best year at \$20 and \$25 a hat was selling for \$10 and \$15. I don't say that there was a difference of from 10 to 20 per cent all along the line.

I believe the men are much to blame for this state of affairs, for they sat down so ungenerously on the early styles. You see we started in with many old styles, what are called in the trade "break shapes," but their life was short. The styles changed almost in the twinkling of an eye, so that the extreme styles of the early spring literally had to be thrown away. Hats costing \$50 and \$75 went to the workroom to have the trimming removed, and the shapes were dumped into the wastebasket.

You see, husbands simply shut down on their wives wearing such extreme styles. I have had no end of business men come to the shop this spring in company with their wives to pick out their hats, to prevent them from investing in a peach basket, wash basin, or inverted-bowl shape. Never before has so much fun been poked at millinery as this season. The consequence is that the bottom dropped out of prices, and they have not been re-established.—Washington Star

TOO MISCHIEVOUS FOR PET

French Authority's Good Reason for Replacing Monkey with the Harmless Puss.

A Paris contemporary dealing with the love of great men for animals gives an amusing account of Chateaubriand and his monkey. When he was engaged in preparing Fontanes' works for the press, on returning one day he was met by his monkey.

"Ah, you rogue," said Chateaubriand, "your shamed look tells of misdeeds." The monkey was chained up, but as things did not appear much disturbed, Chateaubriand thought so more of the matter until it was time to resume work. Fontanes' manuscripts were not to be found.

At last Chateaubriand looked into the waste basket and there were the manuscripts. The monkey had watched his master, and as he had seen him fold a sheet of paper and tear it into bits, so he had dealt with Fontanes' writings. With much labor they were pieced together and afterward published.

Chateaubriand thought it advisable to see what else the monkey had done. His orders had disappeared from a drawer which was always kept closed. The servants searched everywhere for them, but they were not to be found. Nearly a week elapsed before they were traced, and then a domestic noticed that the monkey had suspended them to the cornice in a queer systematic way.

The monkey was given his cage and Chateaubriand replaced him by a cat, which was allowed a place on his master's writing table, and great was the pleasure which he derived in playing with puss.

SHORT DISTANCE VIEW OF A KING.

The king and queen arrived at Woodrow alone in their motor car, and were received by the duke of Richmond. I was very close to the king when he entered his reserved balcony, and I afterward stood with ten feet of him (in the pouring rain). I also saw him turn up his own trousers and carry his own umbrella, which I think, were I a king, I would have some one else do for me. He is a very smart looking man, indeed, but he has a style of wearing his clothes absolutely different from anybody else. His high silk hat is also distinctive to himself. He also wore a raincoat, a blue Raglan, cut very full, and he had on a bright scarf, with a pink shirt. He wore a dark red carnation in his buttonhole. He is a very democratic king indeed. I fancy though that he plays to the gallery a great deal.—Gentleman's Journal.

AN UP-TO-DATE BOOK PLATE.

The first woman to embody the sport of aeronautics in her book plate is Mrs. Courlandt Field Bishop, wife of the president of the Aero Club of America. Mrs. Bishop is one of the few women of this country who have enjoyed the experience of sailing through the clouds. Her book plate represents the spherical balloon, the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane in flight over a park. In the border is a King Charles spaniel, the type of dog of which she is fond.—Country Life in America.

ALMOST A WALKOVER.

"Tell me, is there anything on earth that new yacht of yours can't overtake and pass?"

"I should say there is?"

"What's that?"

"Its running expenses."—An Expert Polisher.

AN EXPERT POLISHER.

Ranchman—Did you find that new clerk o' your'n industrious? Ranchman—Industrious? Say, the moment I left the store he cleaned up the cash register.—Puck

ENDED WITHOUT A FATALITY

Boys' Air of Honor Principally Due to the Brothers of the Principals.

"Do I look like a man who ever looked a sport?" laughed the party party. Well, I did, and it was intended to be a duel to the death, too, and he often happened a woman was at the bottom of it. As near as I can be the new I must have been about the time of seven when this deadly air took place. At that time my heart was wrenched up in a blue china doll girl with blue eyes and yellow hair was kept me in a continual state of consternation by my father and red apple. Unfortunately for my peace of mind, I had a rival upon whom she smiled with exasperating impartiality. My first impression was to pick a fight with him, but I was always cautious even as a youth, and I had grave doubts about the success of such a plan.

Then I conceived the happy idea of challenging him to a mortal combat. I hadn't the slightest idea that he would accept, to tell the truth, but he did and with what seemed to me almost indecent haste. Realizing that I would need a second, I went to an older brother, explained the matter to him and asked him if he would act for me. He listened to me gravely and then said he would. Here was surprise number two. I had been almost certain that he would frown upon the idea and threaten to tell my father, thus giving me an excuse to retire from the field of honor. But the calm way he accepted the situation gave me a chill.

I suppose, said he, that Bobby's brother will act as his second?"

"I moistened my lips and said, 'I suppose so.'"

"Very well," said he, "I will talk the matter over with him and we will let you know when you are wanted."

We were wanted the next afternoon, and it was some consolation to me to discover that my rival's face was as white as mine.

Now, said our seconds, you two air down here in the grass back to back, and the first one to desert the spot loses the fight.

Then they both retired hastily to a spot that seemed to me at the time to be unnecessarily removed from the place of action. A moment later my rival was going one way and I another. Those miserable brothers of ours had caused us to sit on the top of a big bumblebee's nest."

BOYS BUILD FLYING MACHINE

Young American Conspicuous in Sport Just Now Much in the Public Eye.

Alfred P. Morgan of Upper Montclair, N. J., who was graduated from the Montclair high school last year, has completed the construction of a biplane, in which the young aviator expects to fly over the farms of Montclair Heights.

The machine is 29 feet long and the plane is five feet wide. There are 260 square feet of supporting surface upon its frame. Without the engine it weighs 150 pounds. The motor is 25 horsepower.

Young Morgan was assisted in constructing the machine by Harold F. Dodd of 15 Appleton Place, and Sanford Adams of 140 Watchung avenue, Upper Montclair. The machine will first have a trial flight by kite method. It will be attached by wire to an automobile, which will run until the machine attains a height sufficient to allow the young aviator to correct its balancing planes. Then Mr. Morgan expects to fly without assistance from the auto. Mr. Morgan will make his first attempt at flying the machine either on Broad street or Ridgewood avenue, Brookdale.

"I will certainly fly," said young Morgan, "provided I have got the right engine. If I find I have not, I will take out the engine and get a new one. I intend to build a larger machine if this one proves a success."

GIRLS AND OUTDOOR GAMES.

Women, in their ambition to be athletic contend against innumerable difficulties. One of these difficulties is skirts, a second is waists, and a third—almost insuperable—is hair, including hairpins.

Watch a girl playing tennis or cricket, and after a more than usually brilliant effort she invariably puts her hands to her head, as if she expected something to fall off if she did not. Energetic play is usually attended by dishevelment of the unruly locks and a shedding of hairpins that causes the pretty athlete distress.

Her pleasure in the game is marred by a sense of insecurity and a constant fear of consequences. No woman can wield a racket or essay a run with an undivided mind. Half her brain is occupied by the fearful surmise that her hair is coming down—a surmise, by the way, which is probably too painfully justified by the fact.—Black and White.

NEW USE AND ABUSE OF LIFE.

Fatal accidents to aviators, such as they are to be regretted, are to be expected in the case of man's attempt to invade a new realm of nature. They will be no greater deterrent to the practice of aviation than are the daily casualties that result from the world's increasing use—and abuse—of the automobile, or the still more numerous ones that attend the transportation business of the country. Fear of death has never held back the pioneers in research, and will not retard the present progress toward the completion of man's conquest of the air.