

FASHIONS IN FOODS.

In Eating, More Than in Anything Else, the Human Race is Enslaved by Custom.

Foods have their fashions as well as clothes. For no clear reason we eat certain kinds of fish, flesh and vegetable and disdain others which might be edible and pleasing to the taste...

What untried dainties are there yet to be found in the world and introduced to our bored stomachs, hungry for new sensations? It is said that the French, in spite of occasional periods of hostility...

In our eating, more, perhaps, than in anything else, we are slaves of prejudice, custom and caprice. We do not venture. Our bill of fare does not grow with civilization. We have a few staples which we disguise and vary by means of sauces and French aliases.

The English-speaking peoples have stomachs, but no palates. They have not enthusiasm for an excellent truffle, they do not feel emotions of pure pleasure in the memories of good dinners...

CONSUME LOTS OF TIMBER.

Some Reasons for the Rapid Disappearance of the Forests of the United States.

In the United States 4,000,000 feet of pine lumber are used every year for matches, or the equivalent of the product of 400 acres of good virgin forest.

The total annual consumption of timber for ties and poles is equivalent to the amount of timber grown on 100,000 acres of good virgin forest. For making shoe pegs the amount of wood used in a single year is equal to the product of fully 3,000 acres of good second-growth hardwood land.

Getting Acquainted. His Dog—Are they getting acquainted? Her Dog—O, yes; he sits in an easy air now instead of occupying the cozy corner.

STRIKING A BALANCE.

The Sensation of Meeting an Honest Man Was Pungent for the Old Clothes Man.

One day, as the original and only honest second-hand clothier was strolling at his door with an eye out for customers, relates the Detroit Free Press, the man of strict integrity and general probity came along and halted before him to say: "Not so many weeks ago I brought here a suit that had given me that tired feeling..."

"How should I remember you when I buy of hundreds?" queried the O. A. O. H. S. H. C. "Twas a trifle, I admit," mused the other, "and yet I would have you seek to recall it..."

"And now you have come to kick about the hat, I suppose? I did not warrant it." "And there is no kick coming to me. On the contrary, my sole object is to add another tally-mark to my general line of integrity..."

"You don't say." "I left with you in the pockets of that suit \$49.90. I took away with me in that hat an even \$50. I owe you a dime to balance that account." Here it is, and we are square. It was four blocks out of my way to come around here...

Ten minutes later the O. A. O. H. S. H. C. opened his eyes and asked of the policeman bending over him what had happened. "You simply collapsed at your own door," was the reply. "I remember now—I remember. Please step inside and tell Jake to put up the shutters and lock the doors till we can search all the pockets of our second-hand suits over again and rip out the lining of every old hat in the place..."

WHIP-CRACKING A PROFESSION.

A Queer Calling That is Somewhat Lucrative During the Shooting Season.

The Paris police have recently been informed by one of the fraternity of whip crackers that such a calling exists, and claims recognition as one of the "professions" by the exercise of which men earn their livelihood in France...

Whip crackers, it appears, are men who possess strong wrists and are willing to crack whips, all day long, if required, on receipt of a suitable fee. At the commencement of the shooting season, when the proprietors of neighboring desmesnes are not good friends, the one who bears ill will to the other engages a whip cracker, whose duty it is to crack a whip so as to frighten away all the birds at the approach of the disliked sportsman...

This he does by cracking his whip at the critical moment so as to frighten the beasts and drive them to destruction. The particular value of whip cracking in this connection is to be found in the very true contention of the man who described the calling that "A sick beast cannot be sold for any price, but one killed accidentally is always paid for at the highest price."

When Prayer Was Needed More. Congressman Littlefield, of Maine, tells this story about a call he once made on a friend in that state.

"The preacher was calling at the same time. In the midst of our conversation the small son of the family, named Reginald, came running in. His clothes were torn and one of his eyes was blackened. 'Reginald,' said the preacher, 'you've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and you have a black eye. Fighting is very, very wicked. Come here and let me pray for you.' 'Aw, gwan,' said Reginald; 'go home and pray for your own kind. He's got two black eyes.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

Dreadful Language. Cholly—Clarence used dreadful language when he missed the ball, playing golf yesterday. Guslie—Dear me! What did he say? "He said: 'O fudge!' in the most brutal manner."—Ohio State Journal.

WARDROBE OF THE POPE.

Vast Number of Garments Required by Custom and the Priceless Lace and Jewels.

Few riders are surrounded with more ceremony and magnificence than the prince of the church. As for the pope himself, etiquette and tradition have imposed upon him a sumptuous magnificence, and the wardrobe of Leo XIII. is the largest and most costly the wide world has to show...

Three large rooms in the Vatican are given over to it and many servants are constantly at work keeping the vestments in order. There are garments set aside for each day in the year, and varying in color, weight and value according to the occasion and the season.

In Lent, the papal raiment from shoes to cap is of scarlet. The Easter season calls for white. Other holy days demand other colors.

Every item of each costume is the finest and richest of its kind. The surplices worn at audiences are of priceless old lace. Nowhere in Europe is there a more valuable and interesting collection of lace.

The slippers of the pope are legion and each pair is of finest velvet. The right slipper, which is kissed by pilgrims and other pious visitors, bears a cross in gold embroidery; while, on the left, are embroidered the crest, keys, tiara and pallium which make up the crest of the Roman church.

That sounds modest; but, as it happens, the wool is embroidered in costly pearls. The material for the gloves, as for all woollen garments worn by the pope, is made from the fleece of a special flock of sheep dedicated to this purpose and owned by a family that has since the middle of the sixteenth century enjoyed the privilege.

From this herd of 50 sheep, a number of lambs are set aside each year. On January 21 these lambs are taken to the pope and, in an impressive ceremony, receive the papal blessing. After that, they are kept for a year at a convent near Rome and are cared for in the most elaborate and punctilious fashion.

The year being passed, the lambs are shorn and the wools weave the fleece into palliums for the pope. The pallium, a long strip of white wool, adorned only by a gold cross at each end is the most sacred of priestly vestments, and is worn around the neck and body, the ends falling over the left shoulder.

Pope Leo XIII. is fond of jewels has a remarkably fine collection of rings, but only three of them are official. The Fisherman Ring, carved with a representation of St. Peter fishing, is the pope's official signet ring and is destroyed at the death of the wearer...

FOOLED DIAMOND EXPERTS.

Smart Acleks Who Knew All About Real Stones Easily Imposed Upon.

I am convinced that few people know anything about diamonds, no matter how much they pose as experts," says a young business man, according to the Philadelphia Record.

"A recent experience of mine has forced me to this conclusion. I bought, as a present for my wife, a brooch containing a cluster of diamonds, and took occasion to show it to several of my friends at the club. They examined it very closely, looked wise, and then started to show me where my judgment had been at fault. Every man seemed to be a diamond expert."

"At any rate I determined to make a test. I went to one of those imitation diamond stores, and for 50 cents bought a brooch, which I placed in the box that had formerly contained the real one. Again I went to the club, and announced to my critical friends that I had taken their collective advice, and, by paying an extra \$50, had exchanged the brooch in which they had picked so many flaws. They all agreed that the 50-cent bauble which I showed them was a great improvement over the other, and when I told them of the trick I had played on them they wouldn't believe me. To a man they contended that they couldn't be fooled on diamonds. Now I feel better satisfied with my purchase."

The Pressure of Light. Perhaps the most interesting single achievement of the year 1901 was the experimental proof that light exerts a mechanical pressure. The fact had been foretold by Clerk-Maxwell from pure theory. It was verified by experiment both in Europe and America. The pressure per square meter is 4-10 of a milligram for absolutely black bodies and double that for perfect reflectors.

Time to Be on Guard. Put a Yale lock on your purse when a fellow slaps you on the back and calls you his best friend. It's a tough down.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Friend "You say your son is an extravagant." "Father, 'extravagant' is an inexact term. He's a town and country."

First Kid—"You ought to be ashamed to tell lies. Ain't you learned that in Sunday school?" Second Kid—"No, we ain't got so far as that yet."

More Evidence—"There is nothing so sweet as the sound of her voice," declared the young lover. "She seems to think so," put in the jealous lady.—Baltimore American.

Philanthropic Old Lady (to little boy expressing dog)—"That is right, little boy, always be kind to animals." Little boy—"Yes'm, I'll have this in canned to his tail soon's I've got him quiet."—Punch.

He (savagely)—"I was a fool to marry you!" She (sweetly)—"I won't dispute that point. But, just think, it was only after associating with me that you even suspected yourself."—Town and Country.

Little Walter was eating lunch, when he gave his arm a sudden shove, and down went his glass of milk. "I knew you were going to spill that," said mamma, angrily. "Well, if you knew," queried Walter, "why didn't you tell me?"—Collier's Weekly.

Wife (reading)—"Another mysterious suicide unknown man throws himself from a cliff." Husband (thoughtfully)—"But his wife was at the bottom of it." Wife—"Charles!" Husband (happily)—"Of the cliff, my love, not the suicide."—Boston Transcript.

Tobin—"Charley wouldn't go under the ladder, of course; he's superstitious, you know. But in passing around it he fell and fractured his leg." Belton—"And what did he say to that? Must have cured him of his foolishness." Tobin—"No; he said it was lucky he didn't go under the ladder. The fall in that case would probably have killed him."—Boston Transcript.

OUR NATIONAL POSITION.

Foreign Feeling Toward the United States Greatly Changed by Recent Events.

Three events that happen to be almost simultaneous remind us of our pleasant relations with all foreign powers. The complimentary visit of Prince Henry of Germany, the pan-European assurance of good will to us during our war with Spain and of present friendship, and the influence of the Pan-American conference at Mexico in allaying the South and Central American suspicion of us. Instead of entangling alliances, therefore, which it was to be feared would follow our activities and responsibilities as a world power, we have gained not only far greater esteem than we ever enjoyed before, but apparently also (and we think surely) a firmer basis for perpetually amicable relations.

The nations of the earth speak two languages in their foreign relations and only two—the language of power and the language of trade. We know them both and we have shown that we know them both. The old feeling of indifference or of contempt with which we were long regarded has, therefore, naturally given place to a feeling of very much greater respect than we ever before inspired.

There is this difference between the former attitude of the Old World to us and its present attitude. Heretofore individuals and certain sections of public opinion in every foreign country had an enthusiastic regard for the institutions of the republic, but foreign governments themselves, courts and rulers and chancellors and military opinion, held us in slight esteem.

And not unnaturally. But three recent events have greatly changed their feeling toward us. These three events were the demonstration of our naval efficiency; our acceptance of "colonial" responsibilities; and our success against all preconceived notions of the ability of a republic to do such a task, and our rapid development of a foreign trade.

For these reasons foreign governments themselves, as well as intelligent non-official foreign opinion, now regard us more highly. And the evidences that they give of this esteem are not the less pleasing because they happen to come in somewhat embarrassing profusion. If Uncle Sam blushes while he bows we trust that he will be forgiven, for in recent years he has had occasion to feel to express as best he could many new emotions.

Woman Soldier of the Revolution.

The memory of Deborah Sampson Gannett, the woman soldier of the revolutionary war, who fought under the name of Robert Shurtleff, was honored lately at a banquet at Sharon, Mass., where she lived more than 40 years. Her body lies in Rockridge cemetery, in that town, where the grave is frequently pointed out to visitors. The banquet hall was decorated with the national colors, and intermingled in large letters were the historic names: Deborah Sampson, Mary Lyon, Anne Hutchinson and Hannah Dustin. In a conspicuous place was a placard on which were the words: "I Was There." This referred to Deborah Sampson's oft-repeated saying in her lectures on the battles in which she had participated while dressed as a man. One of the speakers during the evening suggested that these words be placed upon Sharon's town seal.—Boston Herald.

Good Reasons.

She—Why are you so oppressive? He—Because you are so expensive.—Somerville Journal.

NO WOMEN LOBBYISTS

Not One of the Famous Female Influencers of Legislation Left.

Familiar Figures of the Capitol Corridors in Former Years Are Seen No More—Some Notable Characters.

A minor from California, who has made his pile, as the sparkling diamonds in his shirt-front, the heavy watch chain he wears and his mock-baring fingers indicate, visited the capitol for the first time. The topography of the city, its beautiful environs and its fine public buildings, failed to interest him. He wanted to see the bosses in politics, the women of the lobby.

It was a simple matter to point out the former, but there was none of the latter to show him. The class has disappeared from the face of the earth, a fact of which the visiting Californian would not be persuaded, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Sun.

"Want to see a female lobbyist?" said a veteran clerk. "Why, bless your heart, there hasn't been one of those creatures about here in 20 years. They were thick enough just after the war, heavens knows, but they have been swept out of existence. At least they don't ply their trade openly any more. What is done by private persons to influence legislation is done so much on the sly that no one ever hears about it."

"Did you ever hear of 'Comanche'?" asked the visitor. "Comanche?" the clerk laughed. "I've helped Comanche into her carriage many a time—it was a handsome one; too, and her very own; but if you want to see her you'll have to go to Heaven or the other place, for she quit this world years ago."

"She wasn't the most famous lobbyist that ever came to Washington, but she was one of the most successful, good-hearted, and a spendthrift, like nearly all of them. She got her name from the famous iron-clad built out in California during the civil war. The builders instituted a claim against congress, and sent 'Comanche' here to push it through."

"She was a big, handsome creature, rather stupid, but with a way of managing people, whether by the style and gorgeousness of the establishment she kept of by her grand dinners, I don't know. She put the bill for the relief of the builders of the Comanche through congress whizzing, but the tragedy of the thing was that she did not get enough out of it to settle her hotel bills, her employers, when they got the money into their own hands, refusing to pay."

"Another notable creature of those days, continued the clerk, who warmed up to the subject as he went on, "was Lucy Cobbe, a peach of a woman, and no mistake, a beauty, too, before she took to champagne and late suppers and grew coarse and flabby."

"She began her career in a little cigar shop down on the avenue. It was for the members and senators who passed by on their way to the capitol, and they acquired the habit of dropping in. 'The pretty woman behind the counter had always a bright word and smiling face, and soon attracted a little crowd of admirers, who regarded her as a sort of mascot, and talked to her about other and more serious subjects than cigars and tobacco."

"Unlike Comanche, although uneducated, almost illiterate, Lucy Cobbe was clever, magnetic, resourceful, and she succeeded in gaining an influence and following that even the Pompadour might have envied. Prison doors opened at her bidding, bills were railroaded through congress at a suggestion from her, there was nothing she feared to undertake, and she seldom failed."

"Doorkeepers, messengers, pages, confidential clerks, all were her friends, and considered it a privilege to further her aims. She should have died a millionaire, but the money she received was gone through as soon as it was accepted. The last days of her life were passed in comfort, if not luxury, and to the end she used to chuckle over the influence she exerted."

"Are there any more you remember?" asked the minor from California, his appetite whetted by the clerk's recital. "Yes; there was Straitor," replied the clerk. "She was a success in her way, but lacked the personality of both Comanche and Lucy Cobbe. I could never understand what men saw in her to like, for she was abominably commercial."

"I don't know much of her early history, but it was said that she belonged to the lower strata of society in a certain southern city where Gen. Straitor, a brave officer, but fond of wine and women, was stationed during the civil war. He game, but she saw and conquered. 'If he married her in his cups, as some of his comrades in arms allege, he was loyal to her, and for the few years they lived together he appeared to be a devoted spouse. He left her nothing on dying save his name, good wishes, and a multitude of debts. 'Some man used her as a cat to take his chestnuts out of the fire, and as a lobbyist she was very successful, making a neat little fortune out of her operations here.'"

TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER.

Some Popular Errors as to Meteorology Are Corrected by a Well-Known Scientist.

In a recent paper sent to the American Geographical Society (Prof. Gannett, of the United States geological survey, treats of a number of popular errors in meteorology and geography. A few of his points are summarized in what follows:

Forests and Rainfall.—An example of the persistence of errors is the idea that the presence or absence of forests has an influence on the amount of rainfall. Some keen observers long ago detected the fact that forested regions enjoyed a heavier rainfall than those not forested, and jumped to the conclusion that rainfall was produced by forests, and that the removal of forests diminished the rainfall. Looking over the earth he found many treeless desert regions and forthwith instanced them as frightful examples of man's wantonness. Syria, northern Africa, parts of Italy, are often quoted as illustrations of man's destruction of climate.

In reply, man can certainly plead no guilt. The geography of this Mediterranean region, the configuration of land and water, and the direction of the prevailing winds, are such as to give it a light rainfall—forests or no forest. The situation is really this. Want of rain prevents the growth of trees; want of trees does not prevent rain.

Forests and Floods. Another persistent error is the belief that floods in our rivers are more frequent than formerly because of the cutting down of forests in their drainage basins. It is probable that the clearing of land by cutting away forests and undergrowth does change the regimen of streams, increasing their flood height and diminishing the flow at low stages. In other words, water probably runs off or evaporates more rapidly from bare ground than from ground covered with forests. But where the forests are cut away the ground is seldom left bare; it is cultivated or quickly becomes covered with bushes which hold the water quite as effectively as forests. The main fact is, however, that the floods in our rivers are no greater or more frequent now than in the past.

Klimate and Ocean Currents.—The well-known mild climate of the north-west coast of America is commonly attributed to the Japan current. The gulf stream is supposed to have the same influence on the western coasts of Europe, etc. But can it be supposed that the Japan current, however warm it may be when it leaves the tropics, retains any appreciable excess of heat after a journey of 6,000 miles in northern latitudes? As a matter of fact, no trace of this current reaches the shores of North America. In the north Atlantic the condition is much the same. The gulf stream disappears as a current long before the British Isles are reached.

EXTORTION IN VENICE.

Unwary Foreigners Are Victimized by Unscrupulous Keepers of Public Houses.

"When we hear the stories of the officers and men from the Chicago who got into trouble in Venice," said a man who recently returned from Europe, reports a New York exchange, "I think the American public will find that there is a great deal to be said on either side about the disturbance on the Piazza de San Marco. I was in Venice about six months ago and I heard a great deal about extortion practiced upon the unwary foreigners in the cafes in that particular locality and the tricks used in furtherance of that extortion."

"In one of the San Marco cafes, which I was particularly warned to avoid, they have a neat method of getting out of a foreign visitor more than he expected to spend. One or two of the tables are so arranged that a kick deftly administered in the proper place to one of the supports will cause the whole table to collapse. Tables of the same sort were used in this city not so many years ago."

"When a prosperous-looking foreigner who does not seem familiar with the Italian language or the customs of Venice appears in this cafe, it is usually contrived to seat him at one of these trick tables. At the proper moment a waiter or somebody else in the employ of the restaurant gets into a dispute with the visitor and the foreigner is made as angry as possible. Then over goes the table and down go the glasses and crockery upon it."

"Immediately a bill for \$25 or thereabouts for damages to the cafe's property is presented to the unwary stranger. If he fails to settle promptly the police are called in. 'I heard of many Englishmen and Americans who had been caught in that way, and since the news of this so-called escapade of the Chicago's officers was printed, I have been wondering if something of this kind may not have happened in their case. If it did, and they were angry at being fooled, 'resisting the police' might readily follow."

Hot-House Mint. One source of the winter season profits of a Long Island flower grower is his mint-julep patch. He calls it by that name, rather than merely a mint patch, because he raises the mint chiefly for patrons who are devotees of the julep. New York is now so large that the number of its citizens who insist on having a julep in the winter, as well as in the summer, is considerable, so considerable that this hot-house gardener finds it to his advantage to keep in touch with them and supply their constant demand for the deliciously odorous green sprigs and leaves.—N. Y. Sun.