

NEW MINISTER FROM SWEDEN



Herman de Lagerantz, the recently appointed Swedish minister to the United States, firmly established his popularity with the president immediately upon his arrival in this country when it became known that he was the father of seven children. President Roosevelt told him that he had the right kind of credentials to make him an acceptable minister to any country on earth. Before entering the diplomatic service of his country he was engaged in the iron industry and was president of a railroad.

BURIAL OF ROYALTY

IS A MOST EXPENSIVE UNDERTAKING IN CHINA.

More Than \$4,200,000 Will be Expended in Rites Over Late Emperor—Obsequies of Empress Dowager Just as Costly.

Peking.—The Chinese empire will expend more than \$4,200,000 in the burial rites of the late emperor and dowager empress of the Celestial kingdom, before the Confucian law and the ancient precedents governing the burial of Chinese royalty are complied with. The religion and all Chinese usage is founded on respect for the dead, and to the western observer the lavish expenditure of money attendant on the taking of the body of Emperor Kwang-Hau from the Forbidden City to the coal hill mortuary, with all its pomp and splendor, was nothing short of grotesque.

For a week the body of the dead emperor rested in state in the room in the palace reserved especially for that purpose by the Chinese court. Before his remains could be removed the law demanded that every piece of his personal property must be destroyed. Priceless silks, furs, gems, art works of which the emperor was intensely fond during his life, were assigned to the flames. This was done at the cost of a fortune, while the destruction of the vast personal effects of the Dowager empress will entail an expenditure of doubly as much.

Brilliant, barbaric, and weird was the progress of the cortege through the streets of Peking the other day. The procession was led by Prince Chun, the regent, while the baby emperor had a prominent position in the line.

Thousands of soldiers, ministers of state, priests, and prominent civilians marched to the coal hill, while myriads of mourners bowed their heads in the dust as the body was borne by.

At mortuary hill the remains will lie in state until the imperial sepulcher is prepared. The dowager empress will be buried in the spring, when her mausoleum shall have been completed. Her obsequies will cost as much as those of the emperor. A vast collection of priceless furs and other personal property belonging to her was incinerated in her palace two days ago.

The funeral observances were notable for a strange admixture of ancient Chinese custom with western forms and practices, a fact that shows the progress made in recent years of modernizing the system of procedure for imperial interments handed down from bygone generations.

The fact that many of the old grotesque funeral forms that have been observed for centuries were to-day ignored as utterly unsuited to modern conditions has brought out much local criticism of the government, but in spite of this the throne has ordered the grand council to consider another memorial looking to the alteration of existing funeral observances to conform to modern methods.

Gems in Goose's Gizzard. Beloit, Wis.—"This is the goose that laid the golden egg," said Mrs. Durward Cornhus, 853 Highland avenue, to her little daughter, Theresa, on Saturday afternoon, as she was preparing a goose for Sunday dinner. "Mamma, let me take the gizzard to look for gold," pleaded the little girl.

FINDS VIRGIN PINE FOREST.

Forestry Commission Makes Interesting Discovery in Minnesota.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Gen. C. C. Andrews, forestry commissioner for Minnesota, has just completed a trip of exploration into the uninhabited pines of Itasca and St. Louis counties, and during his absence found what he believes to be the most beautiful grove of Norway pine in the middle west. This grove he recommends the state purchase for park purposes, it being especially well adapted for the purpose on account of its being adjacent to a lake of considerable size. Speaking of his 200-mile jaunt, going and coming through the forests, Gen. Andrews in his own words says:

"Starting with a double team and driver from Grand Rapids early Thursday morning, I drove northeast to Thistledeau lake, then turning southeast arrived at Hibbing Saturday evening, in all a drive by carriage of about 105 miles. What was especially interesting on the trip was the immense pine forest, worth a million or more dollars, and as yet untouched by fire, situated in townships 50 and 51, ranges 21 and 22. I was six hours driving through pine forests.

"At Thistledeau lake, about sixty miles by road, a vast and most beautiful pine forest scenery that I know of in Minnesota. There is an extensive level tract of close standing, large, symmetrical and lofty Norway pines, the ground free from underbrush, 50 feet above and overlooking Thistledeau lake, a handsome body of water about two miles in extent. It is too beautiful to be acquired and held by the state or some public-spirited owner for a park. I was informed that it belongs to a Canadian logging company.

SOCIETY UNIONS ON DECLINE.

Country Shows Falling Off of Seven Per Cent. During Year.

New York.—Marriages among persons in New York who are socially prominent are on the decline, according to statistics based on names appearing in the Social Register for 1909, just out. A decrease of 20 per cent. over last year's marriages is shown for New York city, with a general falling off of approximately seven per cent. throughout the country.

Pittsburg was an exception, with 69 "social marriages" this year as against 65 last year, and Chicago was stationary with 135.

Compilers of statistics declare the financial depression was responsible for the decrease. The figures in New York for last year were 763 and for 1908 only 662. Philadelphia's weddings dropped from 242 to 224 and Boston from 167 to 147. St. Louis recorded only 95 for 1908 as against 131 for 1907, but San Francisco showed an increase from 81 to 119. In Baltimore there was a decrease from 116 to 99. In St. Paul from 67 to 59 and in Minneapolis from 29 to 27. Southern cities as a whole showed no appreciable change.

Gates to Run Circus.

Galveston, Tex.—John W. Gates is organizing a circus, which will be the biggest show under tent outside of the combine and it will be independent in every respect. The Hockock animal shows and the noted Rhoda Royal stable of performing horses are included in the deal. Gates claims his association with the New York Hippodrome prompted his embarking in the circus business and that having gotten into it he is game and will go to the limit. Rhoda Royal and others are associated with him and the circus will represent an investment of nearly \$2,000,000.

HAD TOO MUCH INTELLIGENCE.

Usefulness of Marvelous Incubators Ended by "Scrap."

"Speaking about incubators," drawled old Jeff Weatherby, in the back of Jason's general store, "reminds me of the wonderful chicken hatching built by the Hains boys. Bill Hains invented the most marvelous incubator ever seen in these parts. It not only hatched the chickens out, but it actually shielded the little chicks from a hawk just like an old hen. Then Pete Hains got busy and went on to better. He built an incubator with a phonograph arrangement that would 'cluck-cluck' to the chicks and scratch up worms for them.

"Wow!" gasped the starch drummer. "I have heard a lot of yarns, but that is the limit. What became of these wonderful incubators?" "Busted, stranger, busted all to bits. You see them that incubators were so intelligent they soon grew jealous of one another and first thing you know there was a scrap to equal any game chicken fight that ever come off. When it was over both were only fit for the junk heap. Thanks, stranger, I'll take a cigar."

FEW DIAMONDS ARE SMUGGLED.

Amount So Brought In Has No Effect on the Market.

"Very few diamonds are smuggled into this country now, whatever may have been the case in former days," declared an agent of a large jewelry house who makes a yearly trip to Europe to purchase precious stones. "The amount that is brought in without duty is so small as to have no effect on the market. Uncut diamonds are not taxed. The duty on cut stones is but ten per cent. Amsterdam, Holland, is the great market for diamonds. Nearly all the New York dealers who import buy from that city. Eighty per cent. of the diamond cutting for the world is done in Amsterdam. Few small diamonds are cut in New York city. There are almost no facilities here for doing it. The experienced cutters at Amsterdam can turn out the work cheaper than it can be done on this side of the water even when the customs duty is added to the rates paid the Holland manufacturers. Large diamonds, about three-quarters of a carat, are cut here, but most of this work is recutting for the changes in style of setting."

Surprise for Lodge-Keeper.

It was a former archbishop of York—Dr. Thomson—who appeared once in the role of coachman. He had attended an evening party, and on leaving the house, discovered that his coachman was drunk. There appeared nothing for it but to drive home himself, and the archbishop, after placing the smiling but unconscious coachman inside the carriage, mounted the box and took the reins. The monotony of the homeward journey was broken by a wheel of the carriage coming into violent collision with a stone just outside the entrance to Bishopsthorpe. The lodge-keeper, unable to recognize the approaching figure in the darkness, called out cheerily: "Hallo, Bill, drunk again!" and blowed if you ain't got the old cock's hat on!" "It's the old cock himself," gravely responded his grace.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Quaint Old Pepys.

There were worse errors than the matinee hat for the man who sat behind a woman in the seventeenth century theater. Pepys wrote that January 28, 1661, he saw "The Lost Lady" for the second time. Nine days earlier that play had not pleased him much—partly, perhaps, because he was "troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown box, and I in the 1s. 6d." But on the second occasion the play did "please me better than before; and here I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady split backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me." However, it was all right, for "after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all."

Unsatisfactory Experiment.

There is a couple in Atchison known to be engaged to be married. The man was recently called out of town on an important business trip, and no sooner reached his destination, 500 miles away, than he received a telegram from his girl to return at once. He did so and found she had sent the telegram to "try" him, to see if he would "do anything" for her, as he had claimed. She is satisfied now that he loves her, but she isn't quite satisfied when she thinks of the worry and expense that he was put to, and will ask to be released from the engagement.—Atchison Globe.

Historical Relic.

The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case. "I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide. "It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—Lippincott's.

New Light on Evolution.

"Your clothes seem a trifle large for you," remarked the abrupt person. "Yes," answered the young man with college hair. "Sometimes I think Darwin didn't know what he was talking about. The tendency to-day seems to be toward the survival of the misfittest!"

HAD NOT IDENTIFIED COLONEL.

Soldier's Explanation, However, Was Hardly Flattering.

Eugene Walter, the young playwright, discussed in his apartment the failure of "Paid in Full" in London.

"The London critics," said Mr. Walter, "praised my drama without a dissenting voice. From Mr. Wakley of the Times down, they deluged me with praise. But the public would not come to the Aldwych theater. The public was unflattering as the African sentinel.

"A French sentinel in Algeria, you know," Mr. Walter explained, "had for colonel a very tall, lanky, round-shouldered man.

"This round-shouldered colonel one night was making a quiet inspection. Passing the sentinel, he found, to his rage and indignation, that he was not challenged. So he returned to the man and roared:

"You didn't challenge me!" "N-no, sir," faltered the sentinel, saluting.

"Well, why didn't you?" the colonel demanded.

"Excuse me, sir," said the sentinel, "but I thought—I beg your pardon, sir—I thought you was a camel."

TOO MUCH FOR THE GRIZZLY.

Guide Might Have Tried to Make Him Swallow a Yarn Like That.

The hunter was recalling some of his early experiences for the benefit of the tenderest.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it was my first grizzly, and I don't deny I was proud of having killed him in a hand-to-hand struggle. We began fighting about sunrise, and when he finally rolled over, done for, I'll be blamed if the sun wasn't going down."

We paused. No one said anything, and so he added slowly, "for the second time."

"Do you mean that it took you two days to kill a grizzly?" asked the English tourist.

"Two whole days and one night," replied the guide, reaching for a brand to light his pipe. "He died mighty hard."

"Choked to death?" asked the tourist.

"Yes, sir," the guide said, calmly.

"Well, well! What did you try to get him to swallow?"

Sixty Different Kinds of Bananas.

To most persons in the temperate zones a banana is a banana. But the truth is that there are over 60 known varieties of the fruit, with as great, or greater variation in character as in the different kinds of apples. Hawaii is said to have something over 40 distinct varieties of the fruit, most of which have been introduced by the whites. Some of these are of extreme delicate and delicious flavor, while other kinds are used, if at all, only when cooked in various ways. There is scarcely a city house lot, or country "kuleana," or homestead which does not have a clump or two of bananas, which grow with practically no care, new plants, or suckers, shooting up to replace the ones which have fruited and been removed.

A Child of Nature.

It was a primitive home in the Tennessee mountains where the kitchen range is still a thing of a vague and distant future. Cindy, the capable, burly and barefooted, performed her duties on the hearth of the yawning fireplace, and deftly raked the coals around the baker where the corn-dodgers were browning. A glowing ember, unseen by all save old Rudd, rolled out on the hearth as Cindy stepped forward with the potatoes, and she sounded the warning: "Se-ay, Cindy!" "Whut pa?" "You done sot yer fut on a coal of fire."

Grow Tall in the Country.

According to the investigations of Dr. Deniker, well-known for his anthropologic studies, the influence of city life tend toward a decrease of human stature. It is away from the large cities that the beneficent effects of the general amelioration of social conditions and improvements in hygiene of modern times most clearly manifest themselves by distinct increase of stature. This increase has been marked among several of the European races during the last half-century. Where the people are subjected to urban influences the gain is less notable.—Youth's Companion.

The Spells System.

The name is derived from a remark made in a speech in the United States senate in January, 1882, by Mr. Marcy of New York, speaking of and for the New York politicians, he said: "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victor belongs the spoils of the enemy." This system had previously attained great power in the state of New York. Under Jackson's administration it prevailed in national politics and was soon adopted by nearly all parties, and applied to local as well as state and national offices.

Learning All the Secrets.

Husband—Why were you so anxious to get that maid? She does not seem to be efficient. Wife—She isn't. Husband—Then what did you engage her for? Wife—She has lived in every family in the neighborhood.

IN WRATH OVER POOR "SHOW."

Mexican Audiences Evidently Lack Patience of Americans.

Here is a news item the like of which one does not find in the newspapers of the United States. It comes from the City of Mexico and describes the exciting incident at Queretaro:

"Yesterday's bullfight," the reader is informed, "was wretched, and started a row. The management announced that the bulls would be first-class, but those which appeared were very small and showed no fight whatever. Four of these ridiculous beasts were sent back to the corral, another barely qualified, and only one turned out to be a real bull.

"The public, unable to repress its indignation, laid hold of everything it could get its hands on and threw it into the bull ring, causing serious damage.

"In the midst of the excitement the announcement was made that the management had been fined \$100, but this was not sufficient to allay the public indignation. The manager of the bull ring was compelled to hide owing to the fact that some of the most excited individuals in the audience were making a diligent search for him.

"It was a tremendous row, as we remarked before, and would have had more serious consequences had not the Fifth corps of rural police arrived on the scene most opportunely. The policemen made the discontented audience disperse, and then mounted guard over the bull ring and the residence of the manager."

CHANCE FOR SETTLEMENT GONE.

Basso Might Have Decided Vexed Question, But He Didn't.

The choir began the hymn. When they came to the line: "Neither are they afraid," the composer of the music had so written it that it had to be repeated first by the soprano, then by the alto, and finally by the bass. The soprano seemed to be of conservative taste and sang the line: "Neither are they afraid." Apparently the alto had departed from the usage of her forefathers, for when she brought out the words it became "Neither are they afraid," and it became a serious question which side the bass would take. The bass was an Irishman. Out rolled his rich voice: "Nay, they are they afraid."

So this question of usage still remained unsettled.

The Wise Fly.

In a lecture on flies before the Royal Photographic society of London, F. P. Smith said that with a little patience flies could be trained, and he showed some cinematograph records of flies lying on their backs twirling miniature dumb-bells, balancing weights bigger than themselves, climbing revolving wheels, and acting as nurse-maids, holding dummy babies. Accurately balanced little machines were used for training the flies, and the only discomfort to the insect, said the lecturer, was involved in its being imprisoned for a day or two. On being released, although its wings were uninjured, it had no desire to fly, but showed tractableness and readiness to perform these extraordinary gyrations instead.

The Tenor's Compliment.

You could tell from his hair that he was a musician, or something of the sort. "Yes," he said to the company at large, "the greatest tenor in the land once paid me the biggest compliment I could wish." "Oh," remarked some one, interrogatively. "It was like this: I sang without accompaniment—always have trouble with accompanists; they're so unsympathetic, you know—and at the end of the song he said to me: 'Do you know, when you began without an accompanist, I was surprised; when I heard you, I was astonished; and when you sat down I was delighted.'" And the sun shone down and lit up the youth's beatific smile of satisfaction.

When Beef Went Up.

The rise in beef took a humorous turn recently. The Fulton Eye, according to the Atlanta Constitution, tells this story of it: "A short-horn bull walked into the door of the Farmers' bank last Thursday morning and climbed to the top of the stairway, much to the surprise of the doctors, who occupy the offices above. The animal found room to turn around at the top of the stairs and came down again. It is presumed that the animal was looking for Dr. Ward, the veterinary surgeon, and climbed the wrong stairway by mistake."

A Look Ahead.

Simon had just paid a long-delayed bill at the grocer's, partly in response to many urgings, and partly because he happened to have the requisite ready money. The grocer, an old friend, in spite of his persistence in dunning, thanked him heartily. "Good for you, Simon," he said, graciously, "you deserve credit for paying up this way."

Years Had Made a Difference.

"Don't sit so near the window, darling," said a spoony young German bridegroom to his bride on their wedding tour; "let us try to keep the carriage all to ourselves. Some jackanapes is sure to get in if he sees your pretty face!" The same speaker, 30 years later: "Move up to the window, old woman, so that we may have the compartment to ourselves; you will frighten all the other passengers away, you know!"

LIKE THEIR BRITISH FOREBARS.

Southern Mountaineers a Delight to the Antiquarian.

The antiquarian finds endless interest in the British survivals among the people of the Blue Ridge and Great Smoky mountains, which are readily traced when one begins an intelligent search. Here is the pattern in a "bed kiver" which you have seen, perhaps, in English tapestry, and which must have been transmitted from mother to daughter for two or more centuries. Here is a snatch of song that you will not easily find in a book, but which harks back to circumstances of English town life quite remote from the experience of the singer. Prof. Shaler of Harvard once found a man in Wise county, Virginia, hunting with an English cross bow! Of course he owned a rifle, as well, but powder was hard to get, and he had not lost the tradition of the art by which the cross bow had been made famous among his British forebears. We say British because the Scotch and English strains are everywhere mingled in the mountains. The traveler stopping at a lonely cottage may hear the mother quiet an unruly child by saying: "Behave now, son, or Clavers will get you!" It is doubtful whether the woman knows anything of the bogey she thus conjures up to "hand the wretch in order," but she is really referring to Claverhouse. "The Scotch rough rider who harried the Covenanters in ancient days"—Berea Quarterly.

WANTED JOY OF THE MOMENT.

And Was Fortified Against Possible Pain of the Future.

Mr. Philanthropist was passing a bakery, when he observed a little girl gazing with longing eyes at some cakes displayed in the window.

The youngster's wistful gaze was too much for Mr. Philanthropist, so he took immediate measures to satisfy her longing.

When she had in short order disposed of a rich bit of pastry she calmly asked for another.

"I should like very much to give you another," said the kindly man, "but I'm afraid it would make you sick." "Get it for me anyway," quickly responded the little girl. "I can sit all the medicine I need at the dispensary for nuthin'!"

The Secret of Happiness.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous, and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold?

It is unselfishness—or, to use a better word, selflessness.

He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little daily events of life, will find all kinds of things with gold, all his nights set with stars, and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

And all his tears shall turn into smiles.

Dogs to Match.

The late dowager empress of China was the most powerful personage of the day, yet between the lines of a recent imperial edict a delightfully feminine bias is easily discoverable.

Her majesty, who was the supreme authority on the standard qualifications of the little Pekingese spaniel, which is exclusively reserved for imperial use, gave an order thus:

"For the color, let it be like that of a Hon, a sable-gold, to be carried in the sleeve of a golden robe, or the color of a red or of a black bear, or white, or striped like a dragon, so that there may be a dog appropriate to every costume."—Youth's Companion.

Bad Eggs in Commerce.

Bad egg dealing is a business in itself in England. All bad eggs go to tanners. These eggs are carefully opened by hand and the whites are separated from the yolks—unpleasant work, but work that no machine can do. The yolks are mixed with flour and salt, and this dough is sold to the leather men, who use and dress hides with it. The whites are used in the sizing of fine paper. Care must be taken that they are properly separated, as the least bit of yolk in the whites would cause a yellow streak on the paper's surface.

Books to Read.

The remark as to Macaulay being "a very common sort of bookbinder, who always bought books to read," which, Sir George Trevelyan tells us, emanated from the late Bernard Quaritch, recalls an anecdote related by Lockwood-Lampson in "My Confessions." "Bedford, emperor of Morocco, once sent me home a little binding which I considered unsatisfactory—the volume did not shut properly; it gaped. When I pointed out this grievous defect, his only remark was: 'Why, bless me, sir, you're been reading it!'"