

ROYALTY CHANGES QUICK

Many Costumes Called For by Courtly Etiquette.

WEARING ON THE NERVES

King Edward's Troubles in Travelling Through Germany—President of France in Luck—Many Rigors of the Kaiser and his Fondness For Changing Them.

When King Edward VII was Prince of Wales it was said that the thing he most dreaded in the world was a journey across Germany. It was too hard work.

He didn't mind changing his clothes two or three times a day, but lightning changes of uniform for a whole day tired his nerves and his temper. There was no escape from it however.

When he travelled in State every petty princely through which he passed sent a deputation of Ministers and army officers to wait on him. Sometimes the reigning prince himself turned out to embrace his august cousin—princes and kings are all cousins officially. Of course the only regulation in which these attentions could be properly received was the full General's uniform of the principality, with its grand cross and a few English and German orders displayed upon the breast.

To meet the requirements of such a journey the Prince had to carry as many trunks with him as a grand opera tenor and his valet had to be an expert in geography as well as in clothes. It would never do to make a mistake. All the suits had to be laid out in accordance with the train schedule, with trousers to corded hat, with sword and gloves to match. Some of these little German States are only a few miles across.

An express train can make the trip from capital to capital quicker than a careful man can lace himself up and strap himself down in a German uniform. So occasionally the engineer would have to get a tip to slow down a little so that the visitor might reach the next stop fully dressed for his new part.

When kings make foreign visits they usually present themselves in Admiral rig if the official reception takes place afloat. They don the same uniform for visits to foreign warships in foreign waters, but they may wear the marine full dress of their own service if they visit foreign ships in ports of their realm.

When they are received abroad on dry land, they usually put on an army uniform of the country they are visiting. All the leading sovereigns hold honorary colonelcies of historic regiments in each other's services.

Only the President of French Republic escapes the uniform obligation. Like American Ambassadors, his costume of state is plain evening clothes with tall hat and white gloves. He adds to it, however, the tricolor scarf across one shoulder, which is a general badge of official position in France and the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

For this he is said to have an absolute abhorrence, because with it is impossible to conceal the lame, shrivelled left arm with which he has been afflicted since his birth. Wearing a uniform he can rest the helpless hand on his sword hilt and the mutilation is unnoticeable. But the arm is not strong enough for him to put the hand in his trousers pocket when he wears civilian's dress.

There are occasions, however, when he wears a frock coat. The story is told of a visit to England in which he kept the officers who received him guessing by his lightning changes.

They spotted him by telescope on the bridge of the royal yacht, Hohenzollern, attired as a General in the German army, so when they saw an English Admiral step ashore they all but missed bestowing the proper honors on him. After they boarded the train for London they were invited to a reception in his private car, and found him in the uniform of the First Dragoons, his own regiment. Later they were amazed when he stepped on the platform in London in black frock coat and dark stuff trousers with tall hat and pearl gray gloves.

In Berlin he is indefatigable in changes of dress to suit all occasions. When he receives an army officer he puts on the uniform of his corps.

If the son of a dead man comes to do homage for royal condolences the Kaiser wears the uniform that the dead man was entitled to, whether civil or military.

The costume feature of his receptions is so important that appointments are always made at such intervals as to give him time to change and his attendants are furnished by his secretaries with details of the day's programme, with precise instructions as to the dress and orders that they must have ready at each hour.—New York Post.

Charity with a brass band attachment doesn't get high enough for the recording angel to either see or hear.

A man in the smokehouse is worth two in the street.

ILLNESS AND POVERTY.

Conditions Existing Together on New York's East Side.

Illness causes most of the poverty in New York. For every family brought to actual want by drunkenness there are nine households in need because their wage earners have not the bodily strength to keep up the fight for life, says the New York Times. Next to ill-health, the lack of work is blamed for most of the pressing need. In forty-six families the proportion is eighteen cases of need caused by illness, sixteen by failure of find work, four by wages so small that they will not support the household, and only two caused by idleness.

A few years ago charity meant giving to the poor right and left, to the just and unjust alike. Then the giving became a matter of organized charity, with agents to investigate and experts to weigh the stories of suffering to that the money spent would go as far as possible, and the unworthy could not impose on the kind-hearted. This plan anticipated that the needy would come to those offering relief. Then organized charity advanced to its most recent phase.

At first the Organized Charities, working with the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, sought to reach the needy by distributing cards on the east side addressed "To Men in New York Without Homes." They advised the needy to go to the Joint Application Bureau for medical aid, employment, or railroad fares back to their homes. In the Winter of 1905 and 1906, 27,000 of these cards were distributed on the east side. There were replies to about 12 per cent of them.

Then slips were prepared as being more thorough and far reaching. They were addressed "To All Who Need Help," and offered aid in cases of idleness, illness, or suffering from the lack of shelter, clothing, or fuel. Three thousand pads, each containing ten slips, or about 30,000 in all, were distributed among the policeamt. Last winter there were more than 500 replies. Some of the applicants merely wanted advice. Others were aided in their search for work or supplied with employment for the time. Seventy-four of the applicants told of poverty and suffering that seemed to call for aid. Their stories were investigated, and relief was offered to forty-seven of them. No aid was required in twenty-four instances and four of the families were not found.

Besides clothing, shoes, coal, food, and medicine, money was distributed to nineteen of the applicants. Yet the amount of cash paid out was comparatively small. Of the eighteen families brought to poverty by illness, twelve of them included children. In one, there were three adults and four little ones; in another, four men and women and three children. The care of the needy families frequently covered a period of weeks, the average length of treatment being nearly two months. The largest payment of cash was \$34 to two people who were out of work. The money given to nineteen families aggregated \$239.44, or an average of \$12.60 for each household.

That hard luck rather than vicious causes most of the poverty in the ebb and flow of city life is also shown by the stories of the homeless men who come to the Joint Application Bureau. Most of them are single men under 40 years of age and have been living in lodging houses. Of 805 applications in 1905 and last year only 38 traced their troubles to drink. More than 100 were looking for work. The straits of as many more were so desperate that food and shelter were offered them at once. Illness had put twenty-five out of the race. With all their misfortunes however the attractions of the metropolises were such that only twelve of the 350 asked for railroad tickets to take them to their homes in other cities.

Origin of the Tooth-Brush.

Colonial diaries and letters make it plain that our unfortunate ancestors suffered much from jumping tooth-aches, swollen faces and the early loss of teeth which at a later period might have been saved to render the owners many years of further service. No wonder, since the care of the teeth was little understood and that little often but negligently practised.

Toothpicks were known, toothbrushes were not, although rough substitutes were employed, made of fattened sticks, split and pounded at one end to a stiff fibrous fringe. Toothbrushes when first introduced were regarded as by no means important accessories to the toilet, but rather as minor luxuries and suitable for women only.

"She thinks that her husband is very economical."
"In what way?"
"She says that although he is passionately fond of gloves, he never eats but one at a time."

"Did old Hogg see the joke in placing a banana skin on the pavement?"
"Oh, yes; he tumbled all right."

It's a mighty good thing that our wives have never thought to go on strike for an eight hour day.

A lot of energy is wasted in looking for easy jobs.

CONSUMPTION IN RUSSIA

Fermented Mare's Milk Used As a Basis of Cure.

MANY ARE BENEFITED

A British Doctor the Founder of the Great Resort Where the Patients Drink Enormous Quantities of Fermented Mare's Milk—Life There Fair From Unpleasant.

Janetovka, the Russian consumptive resort in the Samara steppes, is the queerest "cure" in all the world. It is based on the "koumiss treatment."

Koumiss as every one knows, is formerly practised in St. Petersburg. This has been found to possess marvelous nutritive and restorative powers when combined with clear strong air and sunlight. Janetovka is due to Dr. G. L. Carrick, a British physician, who has been practising in St. Petersburg, six years ago he was one of the surgeons at the Brompton Consumption Hospital in London.

The season at Janetovka lasts only from June till the end of August. Summer on the steppes is excessively hot—often 105 degrees in the shade—yet in the night it may sink to 45 degrees or even lower. Nevertheless no air fails except about an hour before sunset so that the nights left cool and dry—a delightful change after the blazing sunshine of the day. In these long silent nights have no inconsiderable part in the cure, for many restless patients are almost forced into slumber by the heavy, mysterious silence of the great steppes.

No fewer than 170 persons are engaged in Janetovka, largely herdsmen for the great troops of milch mares. The servants in the cottages are odd little Bashkir waiters, clothed in smart uniforms. They get some \$7.50 for their three months of service. Of course they make a good deal out of the tips from patients and finally slip home to their native hamlet over the Asiatic border swaggering in new clothes and as proud as peacocks.

There are large stables of horse men, and koumiss makers—the one men, and the other women. The koumiss is made in three qualities—weak, medium and strong. The former is of less than twenty four hours fermentation, the medium between twenty four and forty eight and the strong well over forty eight.

Koumiss is made in thousands of gallons every day at Janetovka; the output being calculated on a basis of six full champagne bottles every day for each patient. This may seem a pretty liberal allowance, but the milk is partly digested or peptonized during fermentation thus enabling the patients to consume immense quantities without any feeling of repletion.

Some patients, indeed, consume nine bottles a day comfortably, drinking chiefly between meals and never after in the evening. Far from satisfying the appetite koumiss seems rather to sharpen it and in this way real zest is created for the gigantic meals.

During fermentation the koumiss acquires quite a champagne-like quality, and is elevating to those unaccustomed to it. The strong variety will often burst the stout champagne bottles with a bomblike report and on that account servants handling it are protected with wire masks.

It is interesting to watch a general muster of the vast herds of horses and mares out on the steppes near Janetovka. Riding about among the playful animals the indefatigable Dr. Carrick himself may be seen, conspicuous in his smart Glengarry cap. The Khizrig and Bashkir horse herds are armed with curious lassoes, consisting of loops of hide at the end of six foot poles, and by means of these any animal required may be taken out from the mob.

Agricultural work is done entirely by camels in this cure resort of the steppes and there are hundreds of camels under wheat and other varieties of grain for the needs of the great establishment. For fourteen hours out of the twenty-four the mares are out at pasture with their foals, and spend many hours besides in their stables feeding continuously until milking time. The long feathery kovit grass of the steppes is their favorite food.

The patients profiting by their milk are surprisingly cosmopolitan. You will find Americans and Britons, semi-Asiatics from the banks of the Amur and the borders of China; and Russians from as far north as Archangel. And from as far south as the Riviera and Spain men and women come thither in search of health and strength.

The number of cures varies considerably from season to season, but usually runs into four or five hundred. Some of these gain enormously in weight—as much as thirty or forty pounds in three months.

One of the features of Janetovka is the absence of system. At many resorts whither people flock in search of health the doctors lay down laws about early rising and map out every day of the year. Here on the steppes, however, there is no apparent system, and every one is free to do as he pleases.

It is easy to be generous when we have too much.

WHISKERS AGAINST THEM.

Bearded Foreigners in Crowds Always Under Suspicion.

If you went over to Russia and had a chance to see the czar, you would doubtless improve the opportunity if only to satisfy your curiosity as to what a real, czar looked like. The same curiosity would surely lead you to make special efforts to get a glimpse at the emperor of Germany, if he were to come out to attend some public function, and you would not pass up the chance to shake the hand of most any other ruler of renown. And it is for the same reason that so many foreigners who emigrate to the United States like to catch sight of our president when he goes visiting, and as a result of their enthusiasm usually land in the police stations as suspicious characters there to stay until the nation's chief has got beyond their reach. They have not learned how to show respectful curiosity.

When President Roosevelt arrived in Canton to attend the funeral of Mrs. Ida Saxton McKinley it was only natural that a large crowd should be at the station to greet him. In all of the thousands there assembled there was only one man placed under suspicion of the secret service men who were on hand to guard the President against cranks. This individual was of tall appearance a Russian blue-eyed, stockily built and wearing an immense crop of brown whiskers. He had gone to the station nearly three hours before the President's train arrived. Not much attention was paid to him then but it was recalled afterward that the police had to tell him several times to get out of their way.

As the crowd gathered he always managed to keep in the front rank, lip against the ropes stolid, watchful, patient. Once he was seen to get around to a position where he could look into the station. It was also recalled afterward that he had been seen everywhere through the crowds at some time or other during the few hours the crowd lingered.

"I've been watching that man over there," said one of the members of the local committee that had called to escort the president to the home of Justice William R. Day, to a secret service officer, pointing to the interested, watching Russian.

When the officer approached the man he naturally went about the job carefully. The foreigner was alarmed and fled. One of those frightened, impenetrable grins spread over his face. He couldn't make out why the officer was wanting to know why he happened to be there, even to the extent of running his hand into one of his inside pockets. Such a bold attempt at pocket picking right in broad daylight and while he was in the midst of his friends, was an experience the foreigner had never heard of before. His alarm was agonizing for a few minutes.

Finally he managed to stammer out in broken English that he had come to see the President, merely to look at him from a distance. Did he want to kill him? No, no; the foreigner merely wanted to see the president. The same wish that animated the thousands of others.

"Well, your whiskers are a little against you, but I guess you're all right," said the officer finally. The man with the whiskers, having been pronounced all right, lingered with the crowd in the heart's content. He was in the front ranks when the President finally arrived, and when the crowds began to cheer the foreigner looked at a policeman who was not then busily engaged.

"You may cheer too, whiskers!" said the officer, and the Russian let out a series of yells that would have done credit to a Cossack.

Speaking of the incident afterward, one of the secret service men said: "We, perhaps, have no good reason for it, but we usually watch foreigners with shaggy beards, closer than we do others. Maybe it's because all the pictures printed of Nihilists and dangerous anarchists are ornamented with beards. At any rate, we can't take any chances, whiskers or no whiskers."

"Yes," he continued, "foreigners excite our suspicions more than others, when they gather in crowds that assemble to meet the President; but as a rule they are well behaved. It's only their eagerness to satisfy their curiosity that gets them into trouble. I suppose, however, they act just about the way we would if we were in some foreign land and had a chance to get a free glimpse of the ruler. Only, as I said before, some of the foreigners let their eagerness to see the president of the United States get away with their discretion. And then we have to look after them—just because we're not taking any chances."

Lord Cromer says that Egyptians have a propensity for hoarding gold. A native who recently died left \$400,000 stored in gold in his house. Many Egyptians who are possessed of wealth will borrow money at interest to conceal the fact. Large quantities of gold coin are annually melted in Egypt and converted into ornaments.

Failure of the fruit crop will have no effect on the output of "doped" jams and jellies.

The praying Christian is always a doing Christian.

You can not beat a carpet with feathers.

TREES WITH A HISTORY

Elms Associated With New England's Colonial Days.

THEIR ULTIMATE FATE

Famous Trees Concluded Under Trees—Landmarks That Tell of the Pioneers—The Crazy Man Who Gave Apples to the West—Big Trees of This Nation.

The first Protestant church service in America was under the trees at Jamestown and the first church bell rung in the West was on the arching oak bough at San Diego. The first agricultural fair in America was held under a giant elm at Pittsfield, Mass., the same tree under which the men of that neighborhood formed when they marched away for the War of 1812. When Connecticut's charter was in danger of seizure it was hidden in a hollow oak.

Because the Scotland "dool trees," or "grief trees," on which they augur their enemies in reality or in myth, early colonists here must needs have something of the sort. So they chose to set up liberty trees in New England.

The Scotch had sycamores, the new England colonists chose elms, which were made to serve many purposes. Under them meetings were held, from their boughs the bodies of offenders dangled, and in their shade drunkards, liars and thieves sat in the stocks.

One tree on Boston Common had a dark history. It stood near the long park that Dr. Holmes immortalized in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and on it were hanged Margaret Jones and Anne Hubbons, two witches of early days, and Mary Dyer, the Quakeress. Under it Mrs. Oliver was fogged for "reproaching magistrates."

In 1876 this old tree fell in a wind-storm, and a detachment of police had to be called to keep the souvenir collectors from cutting it to pieces. An offspring of this tree, about forty years old, is to take its place.

The dean of America's historic trees is the Washington elm of Cambridge. Under this tree Washington first took command of the American Army. July 3, 1775, reads the inscription compiled by Longfellow and engraved on a tablet. Some say that the first evangelist in America, George Whitefield, preached under this same tree. Twice has the lightning struck it—both times in the same place—and no doubt its days are now numbered.

One of the famous peace oaks that stood in front of John Elliot's old meeting house at Natick is said to be still in existence. It was brought to the mission by the Indians he taught and planted by them as an expression of peace. At Dedham another oak is pointed out as the pulpit once used by George Fox the Quaker, when a meeting house was denied him.

Penn's famous treaty tree fell in a gale nearly a hundred years ago. Its prominence was so marked in its early days that the English soldiers placed a special guard around it during the Revolution. After it was felled by a gale in 1810, a great part of the tree was sent to the old Penn family seat at Stoke, near Windsor, England, where it is still preserved.

"Jane McCrea, 1777," is an inscription that was seen for a long while on a large pine tree near Fort Edward on the Hudson. This tree was the silent witness of the death of the girl whose scalp was taken by an Indian at Burgoyne's camp and sold, whereat her lover, who recognized it, deserted the army that would allow such practices. For many long years a mulberry tree stood to mark the place where the Calverts and the Indians made the treaty that gave Maryland to the Catholics, but it fell fifty years ago. Church furniture was made of it for use in the ancient town of St. Mary's and the Bishop of Maryland has a gavel made from a bit of it.

The strength of the tree is almost incredible. At Jamestown a sycamore tree grew up between the graves of Commissary Blair and his wife. It carried one-third of Mrs. Blair's tomb three feet above the surface, holding it fast in a crotch, while the roots and the body of the tree shattered into tiny bits the stone slab that marked the commissary's tomb.

A once noted tree of the Middle West was the Miami apple tree that stood at the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph rivers. It must have sprung from seed dropped by a French priest or trader long ago. In a wig-wam under this tree the Miami chief Wild Cat was born.

Other apple trees were found down the valleys by the first settlers, though they were not of a kind indigenous to the soil. Many believed them to have been planted by a crazy man known as "Apple Seed Johnny."

He had an idea that as apples were of great benefit to man the trees should of great benefit to man the trees should be planted in time to be ready for the settlers.

When the tide of home seekers finally turned that way there was great astonishment and rejoicing over the waiting trees, rich in flower and fruit. Such practical foresight can rarely be found in the hobbies of crazy man.

TRAINING THE FIREMEN.

Wonderful Results Achieved in the Paris Fire Department.

From close observation, it is safe to say that the corps d'elite of the Continental Fire Department is the regiment of Sapeurs-Pompier of Paris. For military purposes it is under the control of the Governor of Paris; for technical purposes under the Prefect of Police. It is not an easy matter to become a Paris fireman. A man must have served as a soldier, and he must possess some peculiar fitness for the service. His training is thorough. There are six hours a day of actual instruction two hours of which are devoted to gymnastics under a professor to fit the men for life-saving duties.

Agility is considered in France to be one of the most valuable qualifications of a fireman—agility which will enable him to scale walls, to creep along gutters, to swing from window sills. Therefore the firemen of the great cities of France spend much time in their gymnastics, drilling with parallel bars, flying rings, trapezes, and other apparatus, and also in the simple callisthenics that are familiar in schools. Physical training is carried to a high degree of excellence, and every distinguished visitor to Paris is invited to witness a gymnastic exhibition by the firemen.

Some of these exercises would cause an American fireman to smile, yet any expert in physical culture will testify to their value in making the joints supple, the muscles firm and hard the chest broad the movements quick, and in making the whole man stronger and healthier. To see a battalion of firemen lying flat on their backs and at the word of command raising and lowering their bodies from their hands makes one wonder what this seemingly puerile exercise has to do with putting out fires. The drill master will tell you that it strengthens the arms, wrists, shoulders, and chests, and makes the man more fit for deeds that demand ability and strength, such as rescuing women and children from upper windows.

The gymnastics is the favorite place of amusement of Sapeurs-Pompier, and they perform some really amazing feats of strength and dexterity such as walking on their hands and doing the "grand circle" on the high horizontal bar. The Paris fire savers have a drill which is exclusively and originally their own. A round horizontal bar about forty feet long and twelve inches in diameter is placed upon two twelve foot upright posts. The men run along the bar, often balancing themselves on one foot, but rarely reach the end. In falling they catch hold of the bar, turn a somersault, and swing themselves gracefully to the ground. This exercise is to teach them to steady themselves or to carry a person along the top of a swaying or falling wall.

Another of their feats is performed by two men swinging one on a trapeze, the other on the flying rings. After obtaining the necessary momentum they let go, pass each other in the air, catch the trapeze or the rings, make a quick turn, and repeat each other in midair all in one movement, as it were.

These men are wonderful as wall scalers; they climb with their hands, feet, knees, almost with their eyelashes, up a piece of wall built like that of a frame house. Ability to go up, or down, an almost smooth wall with a scaling ladder may prove invaluable to any of these men at any time, though of course they have scaling ladders and all the other paraphernalia of a fireman's work for use in ordinary cases.

It is, however, in the emergencies, in the unforeseen occasions, in which extraordinary measures must be taken and taken instantly, that these gymnastic lessons stand a fireman in good stead. Such an occasion, for instance, as suddenly finding himself on the top story of a building with all the staircases burned away, and no time to wait for a ladder to be raised. Perhaps a woman, or a child, is crying for him to help; and then it is the man who can take a living burden in his arms and climb down the wall like a squirrel, who will be hailed as a hero.

Saved Him From Disgrace.

In one of the old families of Charleston, S. C., writes Mrs. Ravenel, there was an important personage, Jack, the butler. Jack disputed with another old man, Harry, the butler of Mrs. Henry Izard, the reputation of being the best and most thoroughly trained servant in the town.

On one occasion he was much annoyed when a Senator from the up-country twice asked for rice with his fish. To the first request he simply remained deaf; at the second he bent down and whispered into the Senatorial ear.

The genial gentleman nodded and suppressed a laugh; but when the servants had left the room he burst into a roar and cried: "Judge, you have a treasure! Jack has saved me from disgrace, from exposing my ignorance. He whispered, 'That wouldn't do, sir; we never eats rice with fish.'"

The wisdom of youth looks unwise to old age.

Policies may change, but principles are eternal.