

A DEFENSE OF FADS.

Faddist Represents To-morrow and Shouldn't Be Suppressed.

There are people who have no fads. They are the most rigid, the most arid, the most uninteresting people in the world.

Why is it that "good form," while it does not violently offend, yet seldom falls in the long run to bore? Why is it that literature in the person of its volatile votaries has a way of fleeing from "good form" and of spending its golden moments with Palstaff, Huck Finn and Mulvaney? Because "good form" to reducing variegated individualities to a uniform color, makes deviations from an accepted type impossible. Deviators are faddists.

Where there are no deviators there is no life. Hence, the reason why the conversation in the back room of a South Halstead street saloon is usually greater literature than the conversation over the bar of a fashionable resort. Low life has not yet had its fascinating excesses rolled out by that great leveler, "good form." As Renan said, "Every peasant is a stylist." That is, every peasant has his own way of saying things. Life is a faddist. A "good form" man is not a faddist. His way of saying things is exactly like the way which every other "good form" man has adopted. Shall we therefore abandon "good form"? By no means. "Good form" is desirable as an attainment, as a standard, as the best that has yet been devised. But for the cultivation of variety and for the encouragement of change let us give the faddist his freedom. He represents to-morrow.

It was a fad at one time to refrain from putting the knife in the mouth. It was a fad to take a bath every day. It was a fad to declaim against slavery. It was a fad to take after dinner coffee in a small cup. People who did those things fell under the withering sarcasm of those who said that what was good enough for the signers of the Declaration of Independence was good enough for them. The fact is that there is a blood relationship between fads and slang. Some slang is simply the tedious iteration of a more or less vulgar phrase, as "make your back ache." Other slang is the discovery of a phrase for which there is no equally terse, vigorous and figurative substitute, as "up to." Fads can be divided into two similar categories. Some of them turn out to be mere affectations—e. g., leaving the bottom button of the waistcoat unfastened. Others turn out to be valid indications of an impending change, like scientific dieting. The man who can pick winners among fads and slang phrases is greater than the man who can pick winners among politicians and race horses.—Chicago Tribune.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

It is curious that St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose festival was recently celebrated, should have spent only the first four years of her life in the country which always distinguishes her name. She was just four when her father, the King of Hungary, sent her to Thuringia to be betrothed to the nine-year-old Prince Louis; and there she remained all through her childhood and married life, until her death in 1231. Perhaps, says the London Chronicle, because she is one of the few saints whose holiness did not preclude love and marriage, she always seems a particularly human saint; and the tales that are told of her, how, for instance, she gave away her jewels and dolls to poor children when she was but a baby herself, how the food she was taking to beggars in a covered basket turned to red and white roses when her husband lifted the lid, how she heard a bird singing to her on her deathbed and sang to it in reply, all point to the poetry and charm which are associated with her name.

Arresting the Car.

Motorists will be amused to hear of an adventure which befell the Car when he was staying at Darmstadt a short time ago. The Car was driving in a motor car with Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Hesse; and, when passing through Bockenheim, a suburb of Frankfurt, the car slipped on the greasy cobblestones and came in contact with the wall of a house. Happily no harm was done, but the car had hardly been backed into the road again when a policeman stopped it and demanded the name of the owner. The Car replied, "I am the Emperor of Russia," and the policeman was so taken aback that he let the car go on without making any further steps. The Car was much amused at the incident, and it is said that she has made the momentary arrest of the Car the subject of one of her caricatures.—London Sketch.

The Stomach Not Indispensable.

A meeting of medical men in Vienna the other day Dr. Ullman presented a woman of sixty-two years whose entire stomach had been removed in an operation for cancer. Nevertheless, she digests all her food and has gained weight since the operation. The doctor stated that the operation of removing the stomach had now been successfully performed over twenty times. "The stomach really plays only a small part in the complex act of digestion, its principal use being that of a reservoir. Hence it is that, without this organ meals have to be taken inconveniently often and unhealthily. There are several little organs of complex chemical function far more indispensable than the stomach."—The Medical Record.

GRAND LAMA DIES YOUNG.

The Mysterious Wretch Who Nominally Governs Tibet.

There is not one person in a hundred in this country who knows who or what the Grand Lama is, although everybody has been talking in very guarded phrases about him since the hubbub was caused a few days ago respecting the approaching British advance on Tibet, where this personage has his headquarters. The Grand Lama—or Grand Dalai Lama, to give him his full title—is a man, rather a boy, living in the sacred city of Lhasa, who is generally regarded as an incarnation of Buddha, and inasmuch as the government of Tibet is purely religious, the Grand Lama is the head of it, and nominally the equivalent to the monarch.

The latter reservation has to be made because the real administrator is a person bearing the title of the Gyalpo, in whose hands the Grand Lama appears to be little more than a useful tool. The Grand Lama always dies young, and nobody knows exactly how except this Gyalpo, who could probably write a few very good chapters of Thibetan history concerning the coming and going of the successive Grand Lamas who rarely have a reign of more than twelve years. It is the Buddhist tradition that they die of a mysterious disease, and in due course the Gyalpo says they have died. But there is always a Grand Lama, and so at the same time he announces that the spirit has descended upon a little child, who will be found in a certain family in a certain house, and whose appearance he describes. The people hurry there, and sure enough there is that same little child who is carried off to the palace and becomes the new Grand Lama.

The present unfortunate young creature who sits in Buddhist authority over the people of Lhasa has never been seen by any European, least of all by any Englishman, although leading articles are being written about him every day saying what he will do and what he will not, as if he were a grown-up and authoritative monarch. When the Grand Lama was seen by any foreigner, and that is some years ago, he was described as a child of about eight years of age of bright and fair complexion, rosy cheeks, and large and lustrous eyes. But, though so very juvenile, he was emaciated, and looked already to be quite tired of life. He was sitting upon a peat altar, which was something like an Oriental throne in appearance, and was borne by lions carved in wood. He was a study in yellow. A yellow cloak enveloped his body, and a yellow hat of mitre shape was upon his head. He sat cross-legged, and when any visitor approached he put his palms together as a sign of blessing. Surely this is the strangest enemy-if enemy we must regard him—that the British nation ever had.—Men and Women.

Tracks in the Snow.

At no time in the wild animal's life are his movements so clearly revealed as when the fall-time snow covers the land. The very best time to study the ways of all the terrestrial animals in the country is when a light fall of wet snow has covered the frozen ground; then each footmark is clearly defined. If the snow is too soft, the tracks are blurred and consequently difficult to identify.

If there is much wind the snow covers the tracks, or at least partly obliterates them; so it is advisable, if you would minimize your difficulties, to start as soon as possible after snow has fallen. To him who would study the movements of animals of all kinds from mice, shrews and squirrels to mink, muskrats, and foxes, and birds and beasts of many kinds, the Northern winter is a season of constant pleasure and interest, and many stories of shrewd animal instinct, and tragedies, as well, may be read by tracks in the snow.—Country Life in America.

Japanese Oysters.

Japan has some of the best oysters in the world. One, growing in bays, is rarely larger than a finger nail, and its flavor is delicious. It suggests the California oyster.

The second form averages the size of a blue point. It is cream colored, it lives abundantly throughout the inland sea.

The third form is immense, specimens weighing four to five pounds being frequent. It rarely inhabits water that is less than two fathoms deep, and is most abundant in about ten fathoms.

The oyster-producing region of Japan is the Inland Sea, and the cultivators here worked out a fine scientific method of propagation. This body of water is one of the most important natural preserves of fish and shellfish in the world.—Washington Post.

Monte Carlo Plungers.

A sensation has been created during the past four days by an Italian banker, who is playing the most daring game seen here since the days of Wells, the "bank breaker."

This gentleman, who hails from Rome, plays simultaneously on four tables, and stakes the maximum at every coup. He has just won something like \$50,000, but he has lost far more than that sum since his arrival. Another big plunger, a rich young American, is playing maximums at roulette, and in one day cleared over \$20,000.

Three times running he backed No. 31, and each time his number came up, amid the cheers of the excited crowd of spectators, many of whom were following his lead, but in the last ten or twenty franc stakes.—London Express.

FUTURE OF TREELESS EAST.

A Word for White Mountain and Appalachian Reserves.

No section of the country has a more pressing need of forest reserves under national authority than the East, both north and south. The problems of forestry are here in their most acute form, says Youth's Companion. Here are dense populations, with an enormous lumber market and the demand for water to develop electric power, to supply the many needs of great and growing communities, and to provide irrigation for increasingly intensive agriculture. Through all these needs of life the East feels the loss of the ancient forests, for the primeval forests are gone, and careless and negligent management has left poor and insufficient growth to take their places.

There are in the East two great areas of mountain, forest and watershed, the care and preservation of which for the nation is the problem of no one state, but of the nation itself. There are the White Mountains of New Hampshire, dear to so many thousands from all parts of the country, and the heart of the Southern Appalachians, the forests of which are the reservoirs for the head waters of practically every important river of the South.

Both are mountain regions, in which the steep slopes, once denuded of forest, are subject to severe erosion, so that the hills are deprived of the soil in which forests might grow. They thus become more and more barren, the water-courses being the beds of great floods during the copious rains, falls to which both these regions are especially subject, and dry at other times.

The effect of these denudations is only beginning to be felt, and there is still an opportunity to prevent the worst results; but in the South floods due to the deforestation have already proved enormously destructive, as in 1901 and 1902, when the damage was estimated at about \$118,000,000.

Not only do the floods cause immediate damage, amounting to millions, but the sand and debris swept down by them cover the rich bottom-lands, and practically wipe out of existence hundreds of acres of the best cultivated lands in the South.

There are few lakes and ponds among the Southern mountains in act as retaining and storage reservoirs. The rivers, which mean so much to the great new South, have their sources in springs up among the hills protected by forest cover. The rains descend upon the leafage of the forest, are disturbed gently, stored in the soil which is itself built up and bound together by the trees, and issue in even flow along the courses of the streams, gaining head as they go, until they provide tremendous power in all the southeastern states, and still further down irrigate agricultural lands of the highest value.

When these forests are cut away, the soil is disintegrated, the rains descend upon it all with destructive violence, the water-courses are flooded by destructive torrents, and ruin follows instead of beneficence. The country at large, which prospers with its members, cannot afford this. New Hampshire has seen flourishing towns rise and decay with the depauperation of the various wood-working industries that gather round a good lumber supply, and others now flourishing will go the same way. The White Mountains offer a difficult problem, since lumbering and private companies, looking for dividends, do not care to take hold of it.

Perhaps we cannot blame them. Perhaps we should do as they do if we were in their places. That is neither here nor there. The fact that is of moment to the people is that up among those glorious hills forests are being cut today that in all probability can never be restored, because of the destruction of the thin glacial soil that will follow their removal. No power can save and hold and care for these forests on the steep upper slopes, preserving the present stands and cutting only for moderate returns, except the national Government.

A Woman's Opinion of Women.

Men often wonder at the rapidly with which women seem to tumble into intimacies with one another. A chance meeting, a call or two, a shopping expedition together, and they are at once old friends, bubbling over with endearments, and both looking forward with confidence to a whole life of fond attachment.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether such a thing as friendship in its very highest sense can ever exist between two women. For the essential elements of friendship are these—unhesitating confidence and unswerving loyalty. And these are precisely the two things which can never, by any possibility be given by one woman to another.

The truth is, women are always traitors to their own sex. What woman fails to tell her husband everything she knows about her friends? Whose confidence does she even hesitate to violate? Women always distrust, and generally injure each other, though they do so with a smile and a kiss. That is why a woman will confide in a man when she would under no circumstances confide in any woman she ever met.—Answers.

There are now 21 standard gauge and 39 narrow-gauge railways in

ONE OF HER BEST TRAITS.

The World Owes Much to Women's Curiosity.

Certain men who really know nothing of character are prone, in and out of season, to make slighting remarks regarding women's curiosity and to treat it as if it were a weakness of which women should be ashamed.

The truth is, the world owes more to women's curiosity than it ever can repay. In this age of higher criticism we can well afford to pass over that little incident in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps Eve was led into the commission of the first recorded sin by curiosity, and perhaps she was not. There are many reasons for believing that the story is slightly exaggerated. But, coming down to more modern times, we know that it is the curiosity of women and man's attempt to satisfy it that have led to all the great discoveries and achievements of modern times, from the discovery of America to the invention of the telephone.

And to come down to the present day, Mrs. Tomey, of Washington Boulevard, would have lost most of her valuable possessions and priceless heirlooms the other day if her curiosity had not prompted her to arise from a sickbed and inquire into certain unusual noises going on down stairs.

A man under similar circumstances would have remained in bed. He would "guess" that everything was all right, turn over, and maybe go to sleep. He would think that no thief would dare to remove his portable property while he was in the house. He would have no curiosity about the matter, and the chances are that when his wife returned after the lapse of a few hours and told him that all the family jewels and furniture had been removed, he would blame her for the curiosity that kept her down town while the place was being robbed.

Mrs. Tomey heard strange noises. She got up and descended the stairs. She saw two robbers piling up the family bric a brac in the parlor, preparatory to removing it to a carriage which was awaiting them in front of the house. She screamed. The robbers fled. She went back to bed. Sneering males will say that it is only one in a long time that woman's curiosity is put to practical account. This is because they do not know woman and her ways. When her curiosity is aroused she is ready to face any peril in order to satisfy it. If there is no man within reach who will satisfy it for her.—New York Mail and Express.

Hoaxed by His Own Hoax.

When Rufus Hatch was in his prime there was a little restaurant down town where the men of finance took luncheon. Hatch went in one day and found every table occupied. He was in a hurry. There seemed to be no chance. So he said to the man in charge, loud enough to be heard all over the small room: "Terrible accident down at the Battery."

"What?" asked the manager. "Full-rigged ship has just gone down with a lot of people on board."

There was an immediate rush for the door. Tables were deserted and the men who were eating ran pell-mell down Broadway. Hatch sat down and ate a quiet luncheon. Then he paid his check and went out. The street was full of people running toward the Battery.

"What's the matter?" asked Hatch. "Ship gone down with a lot of people on board?" gasped a runner. "Gracious!" shouted Hatch, "is that so? I see that," and he took down the street, hoaxed by his own hoax.—Philadelphia Post.

Box Office in Fiji Islands.

An entertainer who visited the Fiji Islands and gave his performance before the natives had the following receipts for one night: Four sucking pigs, 800 coconuts, 1,000 of a common class of moonstone collected on the beach, forty pearls, twenty-three model canoes, 200 yards of native cloth, forty-two Fiji costumes, three whale's teeth, hundreds of sharks' teeth, one or two cartloads of beautiful coral war implements, such as spears, knobsticks, and knives, native mats and pillows and seven grog bowls.—Exchange.

Family Ages Totaled 1,218 Years.

Lutterworth, near Leicester, claims the distinction of having been the home of the longest-lived large family in the kingdom. The last member of this remarkable family has just died at the age of eighty-eight. Her name was Ruth Moore, and she was one of a family of thirteen children, three of whom died at the age of seventy-five, one at seventy-six, one at seventy-seven, one at eighty, one at eighty-one, one at eighty-three, two at eighty-five, two at eighty-eight, and one at ninety. Each of the parents died at eighty and the united ages of the family of fifteen total 1,218 years.—Exchange.

The Smallest Check.

Maurice Proctor, of Mineral Point, Wis., is said to receive the smallest check drawn by the National Government. The slip of paper with the seal of Uncle Sam on it calls for 1 cent, and is paid annually. It is in remuneration in full for carrying the mails from Mineral Point to Dodgeville. About twelve months ago, when the bids were made for the contract, there was a deal of rivalry among a dozen or more of those who wished to serve the Government in this capacity, and Proctor, who is wealthy and does not need the money, offered, in due form, faithfully and promptly to perform the task for a penny a year.—Kansas City Journal.

WHEN IN NEED OF A BITE.

London Hotels Have Tables Heaped with Food.

In the dining room of nearly every hotel in London one finds a round table piled with cold roast, cold ham, roast beef, tongue and mutton, cold lobster, and cold salmon with mayonnaise and many "chutneys," so mashed with jelly and so attractively garnished that one knows before tasting that they must be good.

At breakfast and lunch time, and even when in need of a bite before going to bed, the true Englishman makes a tour of inspection around this table in order to select the particular palate tucker of his own fancy. But the usual breakfast of the ordinary mortal is tea, toast, muffins, or very hard cold rolls, with eggs or bacon—and the inevitable jam.

This jam is always obtainable at an English table, and it is of many varieties, orange, plum, or strawberry predominating. When the unpolluted American comes along, however, he is served with boiled coffee, warmed-over rolls, ice water, and all the different kinds of jam at once. He swallows this, with eggs or bacon, and then he wonders why his digestion doesn't digest.

The boiled egg is the true test of patriotism. The Englishman eats his in the proper manner, of course; he sets it up in a tiny cup, breaks the yolk, adds a dash of salt, and proceeds to absorb it most daintily with a tiny spoon. But the American asks for two, and he wants them broken into a glass tumbler or goblet, and he then chomps them furiously, adding salt, pepper and butter until they are thoroughly mixed into a delicious mess which tastes better than it looks.

New Natural Teeth at 93.

To cut a third set of teeth at the age of ninety-three is a remarkable occurrence, said a dentist, but such a thing has happened. Samuel Cox, the translator of Aesop's Fables, died at ninety-three from a fever that was cutting his third teeth. I used to know a woman who began to lose her second teeth at the age of twenty-three. She let them go, and as one by one they went, one by one others succeeded them, till this woman had at twenty-six a third full equipment of very white, strong teeth.

"A man came to me two years ago to show me a front tooth, a third one that was growing in behind a second tooth. I pulled out the second tooth and the third, after a little persuasion, came forth and took its place. One after another in this way this man got eight third teeth. To get third teeth, therefore, is not an absolute unheard-of thing, though it is uncommon. The cutting of third teeth, by the way, is attended with great pain."—Philadelphia Record.

British Birds for Canada.

An attempt on a large scale to introduce English song birds into British Columbia is at present being made by the Victoria (B. C.) Natural History Society. We learn from Country Life, a taking out a consignment of about 500 birds, consisting of 100 pairs of goldfinches, 100 pairs of larks, and 50 pairs of robins. They go by way of New York to Victoria. In accordance with the arrangements which have been made, half of the consignment will be placed in Vancouver and taken care of there until next spring, when they will be distributed throughout the woodlands of the lower mainland. The remainder will be placed in Beacon Hill Park aviary and kept until spring, when they will be given their liberty at various points on Vancouver Island. It will be very interesting to hear if this extensive scheme of acclimatization proves a success.—Westminster Gazette.

The Open Door.

I don't know now exactly how it happened. Reggie was telling his best friend over a game of billiards. "I never meant to propose, you know—that is, not just yet. I wanted to knock about a little more. But after we got home from the theatre and sat in the parlor discussing the plot of the play, I ventured out on thin ice and broke through before I knew where I was. It came as a dence of a shock, just as I should imagine breaking through real ice would be."

"But Jessie was all ready for me. She was expecting it. First thing I knew she had me by the collar and landed me on safe ground again—but I was engaged. No doubt about that. Anyhow, I'm glad I've got her. Might have lost her through some slip if I'd waited. But I won't read any more stuff about bashful fellows stammering out proposals. It's all too easy."

Mortality from Alcohol.

It is remarked that even in countries where alcoholism is denounced, the mortality from it, as given by statistics, is low, apparently because he cause of death is not exactly defined. Prof. Mahaim, of the University of Lausanne, drew attention to the matter in the Congress of Brussels, and proposed a method of certifying the cause of death, which would give exact statistics, while respecting private feelings. In Switzerland it is already done by certificates bearing numbers, and to identify the person corresponding to the number requires a long research. The plan has been in use fifteen years in the towns, and gives satisfaction. It appears that one-half per cent. of the deaths (male subjects over twenty years) are caused by alcoholism. Alcoholism alone, acute or chronic, is the cause of 3 per cent. of the deaths.—London Globe.

CUNNING OF THE 'POSSUM.

How He Fools the Dogs on His Trail.

He will usually go home by a tree-trunk road. Through the open country on the boundaries of his range he trots along without minding his step. The dogs may have all the fun here with his trail that they can. He intends only that they shall not find his home tree, nor even the vicinity of it. So, as he enters his own neighborhood swamp, his movements change. The dogs may be hard after him or not. If they are not close behind he knows by long experience that they may be expected and never so far forgets his precious skin as to go straight to his nest-tree.

Instead he trots along a boundary fence or in the stream, leaping the crossing logs and coming out, likely, on the bank opposite his home tree. Farther down he jumps the stream, runs hard toward a big gum and, catching the rough trunk up just out of reach of the keen-nosed dogs, lies goes on up a little and leaps again, touching the ground ten feet out, thus leaving a blank of twenty or more feet in his trail.

The stream or fence has puzzled the dogs, but now at the tree they begin to worry. They circle and finally pick up the scent behind the first gap, only to run instantly into a greater blank, one that the widest circling does not cross. For the possum has taken to another tree, out on the limbs of this to still another, and on like a squirrel, from tree to tree for perhaps a hundred yards, on it may be, to his own high hollow.—National Magazine.

A Mince Pie Dream.

A prosperous newcomer in a small Ohio town was not able to find a house suitable for his family requirements save one that had the reputation of being "haunted." Not being superstitious, he occupied it the first night alone. About midnight he was awakened by a scratching at the foot of the bed and beheld a terrible object peering at him over the footboard with great yellow blinking eyes. With one bound he jumped over the object, landed in the middle of the floor, rushed through the hall, down the stairway and out the front door, with the "haunt" after him. He leaped fences, rose bushes, dog houses and ash barrels, until he reached an open country road, where he found another object, which soon overtook him.

"Haven't we had an awful chase getting away from that old black cat?" it said. He turned and beheld a headless man.

"Yes, but it ain't nothin' to the one I am going to have gettin' away from you."—Cleveland Leader.

Ambiguous.

The matter of getting evidence upon oath is at times a difficult one, even when the witness is forthcoming. We all know the curious methods devised by the varying nationalities represented from time to time in our courts. But what is to be done with a man obviously a pagan who has yet been baptized? It puzzled the Court at Lancaster Assizes. A Chinese was to give evidence, but betrayed a patent ignorance of the solemnity of the vow he was asked to make. "Was he baptized?" "Oh, yes, allee town I come to I baptized." The Judge sent into the retiring room of another judge who was trying civil cases, but was at the moment at lunch. His advice was asked. The nisi prius judge was a good man, but had Lord Melbourne's manner of expressing himself. "Swear the devil, according to the laws of his country," he said. "But, my lord, he says he is a Christian," replied the clerk. "Christian be d—d. He's no more a Christian than I am."—St. James's Gazette.

Does the Man Love, First?

Certainly this is a question of great interest. Does the girl fall in love sooner than the man? In the majority of cases we should answer, "No." A girl makes friends more readily than a man, and she dreams much sooner than the man; but the actual passing of the borderland of love is usually accomplished first by him.

A man often declares his love long before the girl has felt more than a passing interest in him. Sometimes we know that the mere fact of his devotion to her produces that affection which he is so desirous to obtain. The fact that a girl loves a man does not often provoke a like feeling in him, but it is quite otherwise with the gentler sex.

A girl sees a man's affection for her; is flattered; pities him; and finally gives him her love. Not the best kind of love, perhaps, for that is a treasure secured by few.

The Kaiser and the Magpie.

The Kaiser lately reviewed a feathered veteran of the German army. One of his regiments has a pet magpie, which is full of militarism, and very proud of its parade step. When the Kaiser visited the regimental quarters recently he asked for this accomplished bird. In L'Illustration there is a picture of the incident. There is the Kaiser sitting sternly in the saddle, and there is the magpie with its martial air.

What "Panama" Means.

It is supposed by some that Panama derived its name from the native word for butterfly. Explorers of the interior tell of swarms of butterflies which at times rise on the slopes of the mountains in dense clouds, darkening the sunshine. Others maintain that the name is from an Indian word meaning abounding in fern.—National Geographic Magazine.