

WOULD TABOO HAT TIPPING

Count Johann Harrach, one of the greatest nobles in Austria, is heading a movement to abolish hat raising as a form of salutation and to substitute the military salute. The supporters of the movement declare that this exposure of the head induces cold, influenza and other ailments, and even baldness. It might also be added that it causes hats to be worn out much more rapidly than they would otherwise be.

Austrian etiquette requires a man to raise his hat to all acquaintances, male and female alike, as well as to his social inferiors, such as cabmen and servants. Hence anybody with a tolerably large bowing acquaintance is continually lifting his hat as he goes along the streets. Count Harrach says this may be all well in a moderate climate, but in the cold winters and broiling summers of Vienna it is not at all a healthy practice. And so the count, despite the fact that he is nearly 80 years of age is heading a crusade against this time honored custom. He proposes instead the military salute of merely raising the hand to the head, and he thinks that among a people so familiar with the forms and usages as the Austrians are such an innovation ought not to be difficult. It is after all only going back to the custom of 300 years ago.

Count Harrach, however, is not the real originator of the movement. Some months ago the authorities of a small town in Bohemia attempted to deal with the same question in a summary manner. Convinced of the physical evils resulting from this exposing the head, the council passed an ordinance prohibiting the practice under penalty of a fine of one crown (20 cents), the money to go to charity. But the citizens wouldn't stand for any such rulings, and it was found impossible to enforce the ordinance. But now that a personage of the great social eminence of Count Harrach has taken the matter up the result may be different.

No Cheap Reformer.

For Count Johann von Harrach van Rohrau and Thannhausen is a gentleman of the highest social importance. To begin with, the Harrachs have their place in the second division of the venerated Almanach de Gotha, among the mediatized princely families which were at one time reigning houses. The Harrachs belong to the ancient feudal aristocracy of Bohemia, and can trace their ancestry back in unbroken line to 1289. In 1525 they became barons of Rohrau, in lower Austria, and later were raised to the dignity of counts, not only of Austria, but also of the holy Roman empire. In 1552 the head of the family was appointed hereditary grand master of the imperial stables, a dignity which the present count now holds. Count Johann was born in 1828, and has been twice married, first to Princess Lobkowitz and secondly to Princess Marie Therese Thurn and Taxis, who has the singular distinction of being imperial mistress of the robes to the emperor. She attends his majesty at all court functions, and makes the presentations of the ladies who are introduced at court. Count Harrach is a knight of the Golden Fleece and of the sovereign order of Malta.

Business Man and Politician.

And he has besides great possessions; vast forest estates in Bohemia, a magnificent castle at Prugg on the Hungarian frontier, and a palace in Vienna. Prugg is on the river Leitha, which separates Austria from Hungary, and incidentally runs through the Harrach domain. The count's azaleas there, are said to be the finest in Europe. The picture gallery in his Vienna palace contains one of the most valuable private collections in the world. Among it are magnificent examples of Velasquez, Van Dyck, Claud Lorraine and other great artists of the Flemish, Dutch, Italian, French and Spanish schools. The palace has another adjunct, too of a different character in the shape of a retail glass store filled with some of the finest specimens of the famous Bohemian crystal ware, direct from the count's own factory. The count is one of the greatest manufacturers of fine glass in Europe. His factories in Bohemia are extensive and turn out choice products.

Some of the other Bohemian nobles also have glass factories, which were originally built many years ago, right in the midst of their forests, in order to secure the cheapest fuel. Despite his princely rank and high social distinctions the count is not above his business and takes the keenest interest in everything connected with his glass factory and retail store, too. And what is even more remarkable in an Austrian nobleman, he is a high authority in the political world.

The young man

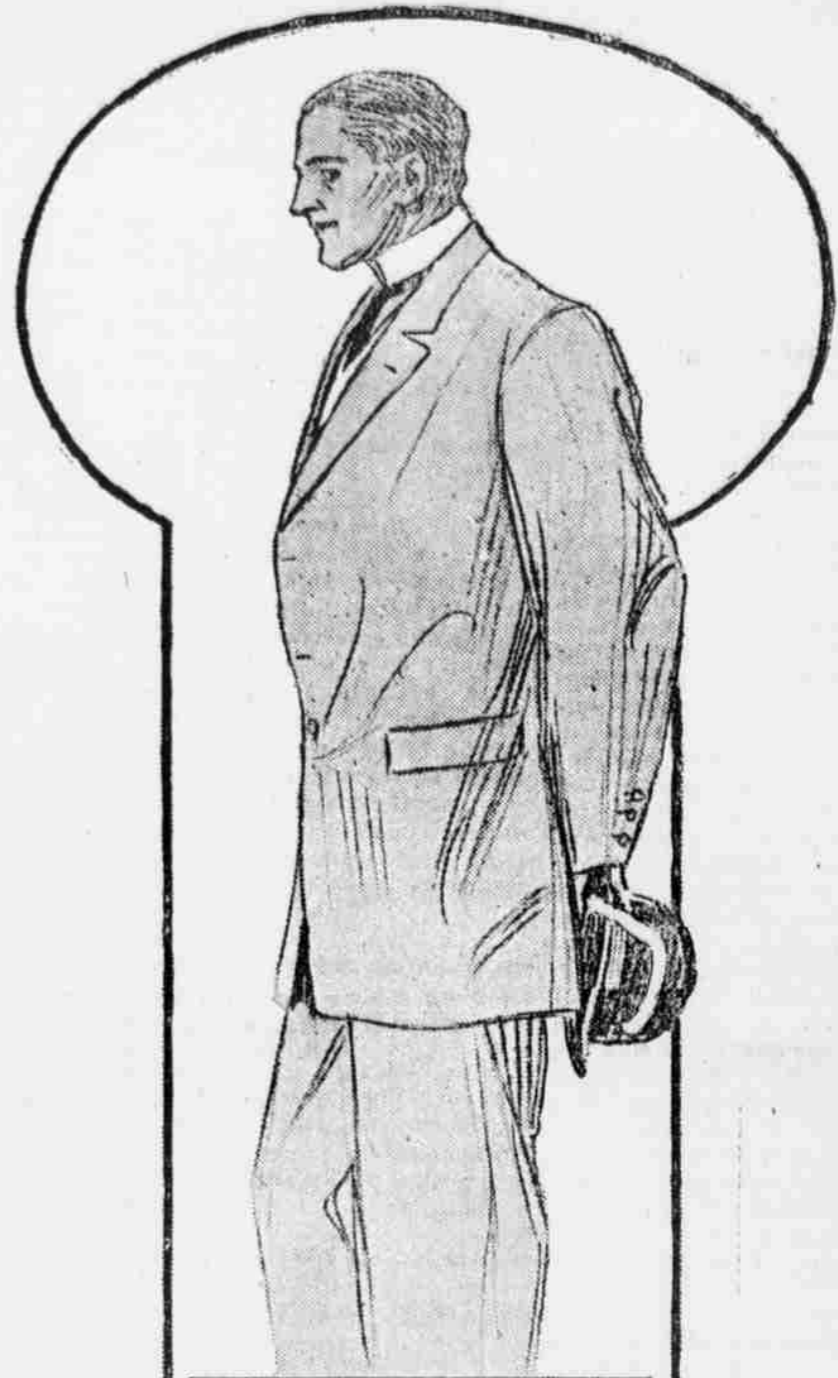
cuts a big figure with us, and we have planned for him. In school or college or business his clothes should be the echo of HIS tastes, and not of his father's or his uncle's. So Stein-Bloch have made specially designed sack suits and overcoats for him, in style adapted to his exacting demands in dress. We believe they are what he has been searching for and ask him to come in and find out. ∴ ∴

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The Many Uses Of Paper

The time is here when dignified Augusta, Maine, or graceful Richmond, Va., or energetic Elizabeth, N. J., or breezy Denver, Colorado, may sweep aside the paper portiere of her dressing room, attire herself in her paper shirt and invisible paper shirtwaist, don her paper hat and, taking along all the paper money she happens to have handy, go downtown and buy a few more dozen of the new paper napkins that go so well with the new paper tablecloths.

For the age is at last ready to become an age of paper, all the way from the paper string that ties up the package of paper napkins to the paper sheets between which Augusta, in Maine; Adelaide, in Australia; Washington, Lincoln or Franklin, almost anywhere in the United States, can sleep for the paper covered future.

Fanciful Frank Stockton, a generation ago, made his escape from the famous lady and the tiger—the success which rendered it nearly impossible for him to sell what he wrote the story of the penurious pinmaker who slept under a blanket of newspapers—not because the newspapers of the day put you to sleep, but because newspapers at night were warmer than woolen blankets.

It was a story that was all the more amusing for being so true; and not the least truthful of its features was the declaration that a newspaper is one of the warmest things—quite apart from the big type and colored scarehead of today—that humanity can put itself next to.

Streetcar conductors, on cold and slushy days, often risk a quarrel at the carbarn or a suspension by the superintendent by laying a thickness of newspaper on the rear platform.

Any number of workers exposed to long hours of cold find a newspaper between coat and vest a better protection than a chamois or woolen chest protector—as warm in fact, as a rubber coat, without inducing the weakening perspiration of caoutchouc.

Perhaps Stockton's story inspired the ever-inventive Germans to try their hands at obtaining practical results; perhaps it didn't. But the results are here, anyway.

Process after process, patent after patent, have conspired to make paper—common, ordinary paper—available for yarn. The strange thing about the outcome of 20 years of experiment is that the material made of paper loses all its heating properties, and, in the last analysis, adapts itself best to articles of apparel in which warmth is not to be desired.

Spun From Paper Bands.

The manufacture is not very intricate. Rags, wood—almost anything that will make good paper—are ground into a pulp. The pulp, drawn off on wire cloth drums, forms narrow bands of paper which are partly dried and then spun into yarn. The yarn can be beautifully dyed, and treatment with chemicals gives it strength, elasticity and a glistening smoothness.

One variety of the paper yarn is being used for the making of girdles, suspenders, edgings and similar materials. Another makes tablecloths, towels, buckram, lining, sacking, hangings, upholstery goods and even rugs. It comes into service as an ally of its predestined enemy—cotton—for it is cotton that will be most affected, and most helped, by the new article of commerce.

Wood pulp costs only one-third as

much as cotton and excellent rugs and portieres are woven with the warps of cotton and the woof of the paper yarn.

So it is likely to cut down the sale of cotton to an appreciable degree, although the world is growing bigger every day. Southern planters need not begin hunting mortgage money for a long time yet.

The probability is that they will welcome the new material eagerly, for it is now conceded to solve the already desperate problem of just bagging for the increasing cotton crop. It is amply strong enough, and it lasts as long as jute ever dared to last.

Not only has cord made of the paper been used extensively for tying up packages, but sacks made of woven paper have been found to give good service as mail sacks.

Fish gelatin has lent to the fabrics made of paper a property which constitutes the final test of practical utility—resistance to moisture. They are wearable, pliable and fryable, for all anybody knows to the contrary.

Soaked in water for a day and a night and then allowed to dry, they prove to be as strong as ever, and the only difference detected is a slight shrinkage. There is no doubt that they would stand frequent exposure to rain as well as, and possibly better than, many cloths and muslins now in general use at much higher prices.

With the loss of the heat-retaining properties that characterize the ordinary sheet of paper, the new cloth becomes even cooler than cotton for wear as a garment. But that is an immensely valuable asset, for it makes the stuff peculiarly suited to all warm climates and to the torrid summer season of many so-called temperate zones.

A boon thrice blessed it can be to thousands of summer workers, as

well as idlers, men as well as women, whom it will enable to comply with the proprieties and still be as comfortable as though they were discarding half the clothing which the conventions compel them to wear.

Its utilities cover the needs of humanity from foot to head, for already straw hats are made of paper more cheaply and more handsomely than the original straw aspired to. The paper "straw" hats do not fade and do not wilt, and, the material being ready desperate problem of just bagging of any length, miracles of all sorts in hatmaking are awaiting the deft hands of the designer. The most impressive triumph thus far achieved has been the attainment of quality in paper "straw" which challenges comparison with the finest Panama hats.

So the paper age has arrived. The German way has taken twenty years. The American way won't be satisfied if it takes longer than twenty minutes.

What with our hurry-up habit of discovering a forest and jamming a pulp mill into its peaceful insides, the future seems to hold out the promise that the modern Adam and Eve will soon be able to promenade into the dreamy woodland in the morning and come out with a couple of trunkfuls of stylish fig leaves in the afternoon.

Which is getting back at nature with a vengeance.

OPINIONS OF BIG MEN ON GANS AND MEMSIC

Los Angeles, Oct. 5.—The old master met the toughest pupil in the fistic school and though the professor tried everything he knew, George Memsic was there when the closing bell rang, a bit battered about the head, a trifle unsteady on his feet, but still as full of fight as a wildcat.

Incidentally a record breaking house saw one of the greatest fights of a decade and when big Jim Jeffries hoisted Gans' glove at the end of the twentieth round he put a period to one of the hardest fights in the history of the wonderful fighting machine from Baltimore. The showing made by the sturdy little Bohemian was a great surprise to every man who witnessed the fight. Time after time Joe nailed him with a wicked right to the jaw or a thump to the body which seemed to carry force enough to fell a bullock. Memsic would tumble into a clinch for a few seconds and come out apparently as fresh as ever. Every few rounds Joe stood up to exchange rights and lefts, blocking Memsic a blow and shooting his own to the mark, but never once did he have Memsic in serious trouble.

When the bell sounded for the last round Memsic came up with a rush, fighting like a little bull. After a full round of repeated rallies the bell rang with the men standing close together in the center of the ring still fighting hard.

Gans said: "Memsic is a comer. I am not shooting any hot air when I say that Memsic is the best lightweight in the business today, outside of myself. He is better than either Nelson of Britt, and in the condition that he was in last night could probably whiff either one."

Memsic said: "I haven't a word to say. Gans is certainly a great boxer, but as a fighter I don't believe that he could knock me out in twice 20 rounds."

James Jeffries said: "I gave the only decision that was possible under the circumstances. Gans is by far the more clever man of the two."

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