BEST PAID LADY'S MAID HAS SERVED 44 YEARS

Charlotte Knollys Alone Knows Secrets of Queen

Alexanderia—Puts on Her Majesty's Wig and Enamels Her Face—Intimate Friend and Constant Companion of Royalty—For Her Mistress' Sake, She Gave Up the Man Who Loved Her

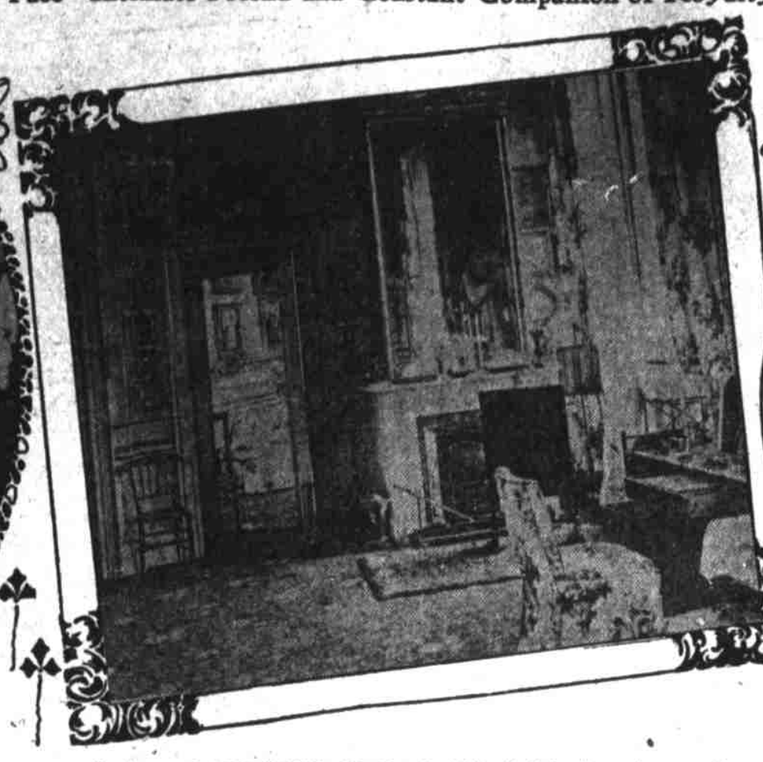
By Charles Byng-Hall.

LONDON.—"Elizabeth Knollys, lady's maid to Mrs. Albert E. Wettin." Such an entry would be quite correct if one descended from the estate of royalty to the commonplace. How the glitter of royal courts changes things! It is writ on the records that the Honorable Charlotte Knollys (pronounced "Knowles") is bedchamber woman to her majesty Queen Alexandra.

Because the mistress is royal the position becomes one of honor instead of servility. Yet one cannot get away from the fact that Miss Knollys is to all intents and purposes the queen of England's "maid," as well as her dearest friend and confidential companion.

Quite recently Charlotte Knollys completed her forty-fourth year in this position. Nightly for 44 years she has slept under the same roof as her mistress and daily in that lifetime has she tended her and her many wants so carefully and so faithfully that at the royal palace she has long had the nickname of "The Shadow."

Queen Alexandria.



Hon. Charlotte Knollys.

Job Not to Be Envied.

No one need envy Miss Knollys her job. Yearly it grows more difficult. The queen is a most exacting woman. With age her infirmities are increasing. She has a temper. Most queens have. But the public do not know that the queen's deafness has made her a trifle irritable and that were it not for the tact of Charlotte Knollys life at the famous royal palaces would be, for the queen's household, strenuous at times. Miss Knollys is Alexandra's good angel. She is the genial buffer between the queen and outside personages, not even leaving out jovial Edward VII.

The loss of Miss Knollys would be perhaps one of the greatest Alexandra could suffer. For this woman who never for one day in 44 years has been away from her royal mistress, is the only woman who knows the secrets of the queen's toilet.

And her reward? Who knows? Charlotte Knollys, on the accession of King Edward, was given the prefix of honorable and raised by royal warrant to the position of a baron's daughter. By virtue of her position at court she takes first place among all unmarried women entitled to the prefix of honorable. Her relative rank now in the British empire is No. 20,326 after the king. She has an armful of minor foreign orders and decorations bestowed by European queens. And as to salary, she draws $3,500 a year from the government and $1,500 from the queen's privy purse. What further emoluments or private gifts she may receive from her majesty or elsewhere she and her donors alone know.

Is Costliest Lady's Maid.

Of course, Miss Knollys has board and lodging and servants and all such things free at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Sandringham and wherever the queen may go a-visiting.

While she is the costliest "lady's maid" in all the wide world, I doubt if her emoluments, the splendor of her surroundings, the homage of great courtiers and greater society dames, the constant basking in the rays of royalty, compensate Charlotte Knollys for all her work and all her sacrifices of the past 44 years and—there are yet years to come.

The greatest sacrifice of this young-old woman was the sacrifice of love. At the repeated urgings of her royal mistress she gave up the man she loved and the man who loved her. It was her only romnace. And it has been a life-long romance. The man was a minor courtier attached to the household of the king, when the latter was prince of Wales. The romance began on the croquet lawn of Marlborough House. Miss Knollys was then maid of honor.

While other members of the household looked on and smiled as the love story unfolded itself before their eyes, the future queen had no suspicion until that day when her favorite knelt at her feet and asked her gracious permission to marry. Each maid is obliged to ask her royal mistress' permission to marry and on the marriage receives $5,000 from the crown.

Forced to Reject Lover.

Queen Elizabeth stormed and raved at Lady Anne of Rutland in similar circumstances and other queens here and there have followed suit. Alexandra did not, yet she urged the woman who had become so valuable to her not to marry for a while. And when a year and then two passed the lover became impatient. Alexandra was once more appealed to From that interview came Miss Knollys, pledged to serve her mistress alone, her dream of love ended, a martyr to duty.

Years later the man married. Recently he died.

Charlotte Knollys' reward? Well, she has been raised to the rank of a baron's daughter. And yet by right of birth she is the daughter of an earl. That is one of the strange romances of the Knollys family.

The family traces back some 900 years. The most notable of Miss Knollys ancestors was Sir Robert, the valiant knight who won his golden spurs on the field of battle and who died exactly 500 years ago, in 1407. The family has a tradition for personal service to the sovereign, for Sir William Knollys was treasurer of the household of Queen Elizabeth. He was also her confidential adviser in many important matters. He received many honors from his mistress. She made him a Knight of the Garter, then Baron Knollys, then Viscount Wallingford and finally Earl of Banbury. His reputed son Edward was killed in a duel and a brother Nicholas inherited the family honors. He also sat in the convention parliament. The eighth earl of Banbury was the last of that title. He was a general in the army, commanded the Scots Guards and was governor of Limerick.

Just 94 years ago the house of lords passed a resolution that he had no proper claim to the title and so he relinquished it. His son bore the courtesy title of Viscount Wallingford until he was 15, when came the lords' objection. He then began to carve out titles for himself. He commanded, like his father, the Scots Guards, rose to the rank of general and wound up by being the Right Hon. Sir William Knollys, K. C. B., P. C. D. L. C. He was the father of Charlotte Knollys and of the present Lord Knollys, the private secretary and right-hand man of King Edward.

It was Sir William Knollys who was entrusted with the formation of Aldershot camp, one of the greatest military centers of the world. Later he was appointed treasurer and comptroller of the household of the Prince of Wales. Queen Victoria made the appointment and so brought the Knollys once more into the personal service of the royal family. Sir William's second son, Francis, now Lord Knollys, was made a gentleman usher to Queen Victoria, then a quarterly waiter, and next a groom-in-waiting to the Prince of Wales. Elizabeth Charlotte, Sir William's eldest daughter, at the early age of 18 became an extra woman of the bedchamber to the princess. Francis Knollys became assistant secretary and finally private secretary to the prince. His father, since dead, left the household to become gentleman usher of the Black Rod and later receiver-general of the Duchy of Cornwall.

Thirty-seven Years in Service.

Charlotte Knollys from the "extra" ranks graduated to a full-fledged woman of the bedchamber just 37 years ago.

There are others of the family in royal service, for another brother, Colonel Henry Knollys, is comptroller of the household and private secretary to the Queen of Norway, one of King Edward's daughters. Then the Hon. E. G. W. T. Knollys, the young son and heir of Lord Knollys, is a page of honor to the king and at the first court held at Buckingham palace this month the Hon. Louvima Knollys, Lord Knollys' daughter was presented by her mother and will fill the first vacancy as maid of honor to the queen. There's nothing like keeping the good jobs in the family.

Charlotte Knollys is practically the same age as the queen—63. Neither looks it—which perhaps proves that Miss Knollys is a past mistress in the arts of the toilet. She was christened Elizabeth Charlotte but the queen disliked the name Elizabeth and elected to call her Charlotte. It is not generally known that one of the names of the queen herself is Charlotte.

In appearance Miss Knollys is somewhat taller, somewhat stouter and I regret to have to say it, not so good-looking as her royal mistress. Yet she has one of those round, genial countenances which attract and please. Miss Knollys possesses many accomplishments. She is a marvellous linguist and can converse fluently in nearly every European language. She is also a born musician, and an excellent reconteur of good stories. She is great at gossip, a wonderful conversationalist and a brilliant wit. She is an epicure in everything from art to eating. And she is called by those who know her the most tactful woman in the world. There is little wonder that Alexandra keeps such a treasure with her always.

Saved the Queen's Life.

Some years ago Miss Knollys saved the queen's life. There was a fire at Sandringham in the queen's apartments. Miss Knollys rushed through the smoke and flame, before the general alarm had been given, and dragged the queen from her bed to safety. For this she was at a special and public ceremony at Buckingham palace presented by the king with a medal specially struck and inscribed.

Yet it is not because of all this that the queen and Miss Knollys are inseparable and have not slept under different roofs in 44 years. The real reason has been a secret of secrets and one which all women will thoroughly understand and appreciate.

As a good many know, the queen wears, like Mr. Rockefeller, a wig, or as it is called in polite society, toupee. The color of these toupees is practically the same—a light auburn, or perhaps one might better call it, chestnut. They are made by the court perruquier under the personal direction of Miss Knollys. Most beautifully do they fit and, it is said at court, that no one else could put them on so perfectly as Charlotte Knollys.

Then also the queen found that the ravages of years were not discernible if enamel was used on the face. Hosts of society women enamel, so why should not a queen? In putting on this enamel one must be an artist. Miss Knollys is a great artist. Her handiwork, to be seen daily, is one of the triumphs of centuries. And there are other secrets of the inmost sanctuary of the queen's chamber which alone Miss Knollys knows.

So now you have the raison d'etre of the close companionship of the two women, queen and commoner.

Puts on Queen's Enamel and Wig.

Miss Knollys is the only woman not related to the queen who calls her "Alix." In turn the queen calls Miss Knollys "Chatty." In fact, all the royalties from king to the youngest princeling call her that and she is possibly the only woman not of royal rank who calls practically all the great royalties by their christian or nicknames. She has known most of them intimately since they were children.

There are innumerable amusing stories around the courts in which the Honorable Charlotte figures as heroine and only one in which she has ever been held to blame.

At the royal opening of parliament two years ago, the king and queen were late. Miss Knollys was to blame. The procession was ready to start. The yard at Buckingham palace was filled with state carriages, guards of honor, sovereigns, escort of Life Guards and in the vast hall of the palace was gathered a host of state officials, a-glitter with scarlet and gold, waiting for the king and queen. Sharp on time the king and his gorgeous suite came down the marble steps. The queen with her bevy of women followed. The waiting courtiers bent low. Suddenly the shrill voice of the queen broke the dignified silence. What she said was startling, yet the well-trained courtiers kept their countenances as if made of marble. The queen was very angry.

"Oh, Charlotte!" she cried, "you have forgotten my Garter!"

Miss Knollys gave one glance, then rushed upstairs. In a few minutes she returned breathlessly, bearing in her hand the broad blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter with its flashing diamond star. The queen was invested with this, the carriages were quickly entered and the procession started—10 minutes late.

Because this is Miss Knollys' only known mistake much has been made of it.

Only Made One Mistake.

By no means the most valuable, but certainly the most interesting collection extant of personal mementoes of sovereigns and other royal personages, is owned by Charlotte Knollys. Beginning with childish gifts she has received from her hosts of personal friends among the great ones of Europe regularly on her birthday and at Christmas for 44 years presents from flowers and signed photographs to golden and jewelled treasures. This collection will make a museum of priceless heirlooms for the Knollys family.

Take it all in all, Miss Knollys' position at court is unique. A duchess is mistress of the robes, marchionesses and countesses are ladies of the bedchamber, countesses and baronesses are bedchamber women and daughters of belted earls are maids of honor. And yet over all these Charlotte Knollys, although she does not take precedence, practically rules. She is not alone the personal attendant of the queen but also her closest companion and friend. At state ceremonials she has to give way to those of higher title and is far in the background, but when one only is in attendance on her majesty that one is Miss Knollys.

She has her apartments quite close to those of the queen everywhere the latter goes. To describe one suite of apartments is, excepting Sandringham, to describe them all.

The Queen's Bed Chamber.

At Buckingham palace the queen's bedchamber is an immense room. It is at least 20 feet high and has eight great windows on one side alone. There is not much furniture in it—at least the room is so big that it looks barely furnished. In the center of one side is the great bed. Alexandra is a stickler for royal etiquette and pomp and instead of the modern brass bedstead still has the old fashioned carved mahogany affair of the kings and queens of past ages. The bed is very high—so high, in fact, that a cushioned step runs around it by which one gets in and out. It has a canopy and the royal arms in glittering gold on top. Silken curtains, if need be, cover it entirely. The other features of the room, which is done in a dull green, are also on a huge scale. They are, a dressing table in front of one of the windows and two wardrobes with great plate glass doors and rows of drawers. Each wardrobe is fully 10 feet high and a dozen feet in length.

On one side of the bedchamber is another room, the walls of which are lined with similar wardrobes. A door from this room leads into the king's suite of apartments. On the other side of the bedroom is an ante-room or small square corridor. The nearest door in this gives entrance to her majesty's bathroom, a superb little apartment done in marble and onyx with silver fittings. The further door leads into the queen's own particular boudoir, done in rose pink and moss green, the walls covered with silk.

Another door out of the bedroom leads into another ante-room furnished with lounges and chairs ranged round the walls. It is a very large room and mirrors line one wall. It is the waiting room for the ladies, maids of honor and others in attendance at the moment on the queen.

Alone Has Queen's Secrets.

The door from this room leads into a wide corridor known as "The Queen's Corridor." It is here that the suite of rooms allotted to Charlotte Knollys is situated. There is bedroom, sitting-room, bathroom and dressing or wardrobe room. Each room is of good size and it is a suite that a princess would ordinarily occupy. In fact, right across the corridor is the suite, similar in every way of Princess Victoria, the only unmarried daughter of the king.

From Miss Knollys' bedchamber there is a little private passage directly into the queen's apartments and also a single line private buzzer telephone.

I cannot tell you in detail Miss Knollys' duties. That would be drawing the veil too much. But nowadays the ladies in waiting and the maids of honor do most of the reading and playing and fetching and carrying for the queen. Miss Knollys' work outside of her constant companionship is devoted entirely to her majesty's toilet and the acting as the queen's buffer.

As with the king no person except those of gentle birth and entitled to bear arms, is allowed to perform any personal service for the queen. If her majesty even dropped a glove, a footman or maidservant might pick it up, but could not hand it back to her majesty. It would have to be given first to one of the ladies or gentlemen in waiting and by them handed to the queen.

The ladies of the bedchamber and the bedchamber women are dismissed and summoned at certain stages of the robing or disrobing of the queen. It is Charlotte Knollys who is with her majesty the last thing at night, the first in the morning. It is she alone who possesses the secrets of the youthful looking beautiful queen.

And yet there are thousands of people in England, yes in London itself, who never heard of Charlotte Knollys.

WHY MEN SEEK THE NORTH POLE

—Continued from First Page of This Section

terious, vague and untrodden spot. He expects to do this next year.

To plant the American flag at the north pole! That actually is his chief object. That, too, is the desire that has been spurring Walter Wellman in his plans for an airship journey to the pole. And what will be the reward of success?

Will science learn some hitherto unknown geological facts? Will the knowledge of the world be amplified? Will there be some wonderful and startling revelation? Who can tell?

"No particular scientific advantage is to be derived from the finding of the north pole in itself. It is not more valuable as a point than any other point 600 or 100 miles away," declared Dr. Frederick A. Cook, physician of the Belgica and commander of the Miranda Antartic expedition.

"But," he added, "the one great advantage to be derived from the discovery of the pole is the clearing up of the mystery which surrounds the polar regions."

That is it, the mystery, the glory of solving the mystery and the satisfaction of success. And for this elusive thing, this unprofitable achievement, men have risked their lives and suffered unnamable and unimaginable physical anguish. Where once commercialism urged the seeking of a northwest passage, now the prize is the glory of first reaching the pole.

In his book, "Nearest the Pole," Peary recounts his sensations on the memorable day he reached 87 degrees 6 minutes—the highest point ever reached by human beings.

"It is, perhaps, an interesting illustration of the uncertainty or complexity of human nature that my feelings at this time were anything but the feelings of exultation which it might be supposed that I should have.

"As a matter of fact, they were just the reverse, and my bitter disappointment at not getting further north, combined, perhaps, with a certain degree of physical exhaustion from our killing pace on scant rations, gave me the deepest fit of the blues that I experienced during the entire expedition."

And when one reads of the hardships he endured one marvels at the intrepidity that must spur Peary again on his quest after this will-o'-the-wisp of glory.

Last summer Peary might have gone on—he might have reached the pole. But it was from sheer human sympathy for his suffering men that he turned about, took to his heels, came back to New York, to start on the journey again.

"As can, perhaps, be imagined," wrote Peary in his account, "I was more than anxious to keep on, but as I looked at the drawn faces of my comrades, at the skeleton figures of my remaining dogs, at my nearly empty sledges and remembered the drifting ice over which we had come and the unknown quantity of the big lead between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could reasonably be expected. I told my men we should turn back from here." And "here" was the nearest point to the north pole that man had ever reached."

The rigors and horrors of the north are nowhere told so graphically as by Peary in his book. Mind you, these have all been sustained for the sake of glory, no glittering promise of gold fields led the explorer on; commercialism had long since disappeared from Arctic land; nothing remained but the honor of first planting one's country's flag there.

And yet some say this world is governed alone by instincts and rules of commercialism. Would commercialism have bolstered the spirits of Peary's party amidst the hardships he describes, as the valiant little band pushed on to "Farthest North"?

"Another day," he writes in his journal, "the sixth of the interminable gale. Will it never end? The wind and drift continue with unabated violence. For three hours today I pushed and butted, and at times almost crawled on hands and knees, back and forth across the small floe on which we are camped. * *

"Early in the morning we started, after abandoning everything which we did not absolutely need. * * * At the end of the march I was a tired man. Had raised blisters on the bottom of both my feet. Was sore in every bone with the rapid pace.

"At this camp our stay was longer than usual, owing to the continuance of the wind and snow. While here, six dogs were killed and fed to the others to save our small store of pemmican, and the skeleton condition of these dogs as shown when they were skinned, threw my men into a temporary panic, as they said that the entire pack might give out at any time, and they wanted to turn back from here, but I told them I was not ready to turn back yet. * * * * Our pace was heartbreaking, particularly as we were on scant rations. As the dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20 we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced.

"Hurrying on between these leads, a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and, starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till a little before noon of the 21st."

And here he was "Farthest North."

"When by observations were taken and rapidly figured, they showed that we had reached 87 degrees 6 minutes north latitude, and had at last beaten the record, for which I thanked God with as good a grace as possible, though I felt that the mere beating of the record was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel on which I had set my heart for years, and for which, on this expedition, I had almost literally been straining my life out."

And that was the climax of the quest of four centuries—four centuries of indefatigable effort to pass the barriers of the north.

Four centuries, during which thirty exploring expeditions and sixty search expeditions had fought their way through the frozen seas into the region of the auroral skies.

There are practically three periods in Arctic exploration. The doughty sailors of the first period were moved by purely commercial incentives; the brave men of the second period were heroes, indeed, faring forth to rescue those who had gone but had not returned, whom they hoped might still be living in the illimitable land of ice.

We have now reached the third period of exploration—a period in which an Andree, a duke di Abruzzi or a Peary does not penetrate the north for new highways of the sea, but for glory alone, their hearts and hopes being set on planting their country's flag on the mysterious pole.

The first polar expedition was that of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in the sixteenth century. It was financed by Sebastian Cabot, and cost $60,000, an enormous sum of money at that day.

The party sailed with the purpose "to search and try to discover the porthern parts of the world and to open a way and passage to our men to new and unknown kingdoms."

At this time the rich trade of England with India and China was at stake. Originally the trade came from the east by caravan to the Levant, where it was taken by the merchants of Genoa, Venice and Pisa and brought to Europe.

When this caravan route was closed by the Tartar hordes the trade was carried on by the newly discovered passage around the Cape of Good Hope. In her height of supremacy, Spain closed this passage to the other nations; she also barred the way to the new world of Columbus. So what was England to do? Navigators began to dream of a northwest or northeast passage.

Willoughby set sail on May 20, 1553, and, after discovering Novaya Zemblaya, two of his three ships were lost, and Sir Hugh and sixty-eight of his men perished from starvation.

Frobisher sailed in the spring of 1576, and John Davis in June, 1585. Davis is said to have been the most scientific man of his day. His expedition was financed by William Sanderson and other London merchants at an aggregate expense of $30,000. He made three trips and on the last lost three men.

In 1594 Dutch merchants made a strike for the new passage. In a 100-ton vessel William Berents made a preliminary trip, and, on his return, reported so favorably that another vessel was equipped. On May 18, 1596, Berents sailed. His vessel was wrecked. For the entire winter the crew camped in the northern part of Nova Zembla, and on the return voyage over Lapland twenty-two of the thirty-four men, including Berents, perished.

Then followed the expeditions of Henry Hudson, who reached 80 degrees 23 minutes north latitude and discovered the Spitzbergen fisheries; Knight, who perished with fifty-four men; Captain Scoresby, who forced his ship Resolution to 81 degrees 12 minutes and 42 seconds; Sir John Barrows, who returned to England with crushed and battered ships, $50,000 out of pocket.

The first period ended with a tragedy that stirred the world for years afterward.

Sir John Franklin set out from Greenhithe on May 19, 1845, with two ships, the Erebus and the Terror, with a crew of 134 officers and men. The cost of the expedition was $400,000.

The party was seen by a whaler in Baffin's bay on July 26, and then they disappeared as mysteriously as did Andree and his baloon. The people of England waited a year to hear from them.

But the frozen north held it prey, and then began the epoch of search and relief. From 1848 to 1854 it is estimated that search expeditions cost $4,166,665.

Among those who took part in the search expeditions were Ross, McClintock, McClure, Collinson and Penny. From Eskimos, however, Dr. Rae, in 1854, secured indisputable evidence of the fate of the lost party, and was awarded $50,000, which had been offered by the admiralty to the first party succeeding in ascertaining the fate of Franklin and his men.

A fate, alas! that has been that of many who dared try to wrench the secret of that land so wonderfully described in Swinburne's "By the North Sea," a land where

The pastures are herdless and sheepless,
No pasture or shelter for herds;
The wind is relentless and sleepless,
And restless and songless the birds;
Their cries from afar fall breathless,
Their wings are as lightnings that flee;
For the land has two lords that are deathless—
Death's self and the sea.

There is an element of romance in any endeavor for glory, in any conquest of nations or men. And what could be more full of romance than this race of the nations to reach the north pole?

America entered the globe tournament in 1850, when Mr. Grinnel of New York fitted out two boats, the Advance and the Rescue, at a cost of $100,000. This quest was unsuccessful. But three years later Dr. Kane went north on the Advance to 77 degrees, 45 minutes. His boat was frozen in the ice, the men fell victims to scurvy, and the crew was compelled to take to the sleds and make its way overland to the Danish settlements.

In 1871 Charles Francis Hall of Cincinnati went north on the Polaris, opening Smith's sound, Kane basin, Kennedy channel, Hall basin and Robinson channel, reaching 82 degrees 16 minutes north.

Provisioned for three years and commanded by United States naval officers, the De Long expedition, financed by James Gordon Bennett at a cost of nearly $200,000, sailed from San Francisco on July 8, 1879.

And again the grim north claimed its victims. Death and the sea triumphed!

The Jeannette was crushed and sunk two years after the party sailed; the crew dragged their boats to a little island of ice; in a gale the boats scattered, 17 men were drowned. In 1883, Melville, wandering in the north, found three skeletons, those of De Long and two of his crew, who had died in the agony of starvation.

Yet the pole was to be reached! What if men had died, if ships were crushed in the terrific walls of glacial ice! The various nations of the world held a conference at Hamburg in 1879 and another in 1882. Each nation agreed to establish a station in the north where synchronous observations could be taken from August, 1882.

Lieutenant Greeley established the American station at Lady Franklin bay, 81 degrees and 44 minutes north. The party consisted of Lieutenants Lockwood and Brainard, 20 picked men from the United States army and Dr. Parry, a polar expert.

A traveling party, under Lockwood and Brainard, attained 83 degrees 44 minutes north.

In 1883 the supplies began to run low. Greely and his men started south, hoping against hope to find a relief vessel. In the following spring the present Admiral Schley reached them, and of the 20, only seven, including Greely, lived. The grim north again had prevailed.

There followed the "dash" of Nansen, who spent one year, five months and 22 days to advance 470 miles. Leaving his boat, he started for the pole on sleds, but stopped at 86.13. The cold conquered.

Among the northern adventurers the Duke d'Abruzzi has been one of the most successful. In 200 days he approached within 214 miles of the pole, at a cost of only $110,000.

For three years Captain Roald Amundsen sailed in the Arctic seas—with the purpose to locate the north magnetic pole and discover the northwest passage. On the Gjoa he left Christiania on the midnight of June 16, 1903, and landed at Nome, Alaska, on September 3, 1906. Amundsen asserts to have located the magnetic pole in King William's Land, where he established a winter station.

The north still holds its secret well. It remains an unknown land of terrors, suffering, death; yet withal a land whose fascination men cannot resist. The pole draws men on—and on. The frozen lands guard well their mystery and claim their dead.

Miles and miles and miles of desolation!
Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change!
Sign or token of some eldest nation
Here would make the strange land not so strange.
Time-forgotten, yet, since time's creation,
Seem these borders where the sea birds range.

Wild Weeds of Great Value.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

New Zealand flax is one of a number of wild weeds that yield their gatherers great wealth. This flax, the strongest known, grows wild in marshes. When it is cultivated it dwindles and its fibres become brittle and valueless.

Indian hemp grows wild, and out of it hasheesh, or keef, is made. Keef looks like flakes of chopped straw. It is smoked in a pipe; it is eaten on liver; it is drunk in water. It produces an intense, a delirious happiness; and among Oreinetals it is almost as highly prized as beer and whiskey with us.

The best nutmegs are the wild ones. They grow throughout the Malay archipelago.

But the most valuable weed of all these wild growths is the seaweed. The nitrate beds of South America, which yield something like $65,000,000 a year, are nothing but beds of seaweed decomposed.

SLEEP IS BEST REMEDY—Home Life and Quiet Domesticity Becoming Rarer As Complaints of Poor Health Grow More Frequent

By Elizabeth S. Chesser, M. B.

ONE of the features of modern times is the prevalence of what we term neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown. These names apply to a condition of physical and mental ill-health which is the direct result of the age in which we are living. Massage and electtricity and novel "treatments" and "cures" are called upon to repair what we have brought upon ourselves by our up-to-date ways of life, by worry and excitement.

There are hundreds of women of the upper and middle classes just now bewailing their "nerves" and crying out that headaches and insomnia and depression are spoiling their lives. This is a neurotic age, and half the world of men and women not only burn the candle at both ends, but in the middle as well. The strenuous life is almost a necessity to the man or woman who is ambitious socially, politically, or commercially. We are so anxious to "get on" that we attempt to do far more than we are constitutionally fit for, and nervous breakdown is the inevitable result.

Lack of repose is a prime factor in the causation of "nerves"; the constant rush in the social and business world, the frantic pursuit of pleasure and amusement are frequent precursors of nervous ill-health. We recklessly expend our energy on trifles; we are constantly up and doing; we have no time to rest, and nobody listens to the advocates and disciples of the simpler life.

Home life, quiet domesticity are becoming rarer every year. "Simple pleasures," "homely joys," and the "family circle" are ridiculously old-fashioned terms. Is it any wonder that nervous breakdown and premature decay are on the increase?

The remedy lies mainly with us women;—our influence can do a great deal, our example more, to counteract the restlessness and excitement characteristic of this age.

We must preach the gospel of rest. Hard work nowadays means severe nervous strain, and the constant application to business and professional affairs demands regular periods of quiet and complete rest, if the workers are to retain their health. It is the more important that the home atmosphere be such as will restore the balance and lessen the tension of the inevitable nerve strain outside.

Unquietness in the home, the tyranny of social engagements and worldly "duties," following upon a strenuous working day, gives no opportunity for repose. The power to be quiet, the virtue of repose, is worth cultivating in this age of neurotic women; the woman who is constantly on the move, striving after something just out of her reach, diffuses an atmosphere of disquiet and vulgar unrest around her. To be busy does not necessarily mean to achieve; bustling activity is too often barren of real progress.

The greater the rush in our daily life the more need there is for certain definite periods of complete rest, in order that our nervous systems may have time for recuperation. Women are more apt to take too much out of themselves than men, whose nervous systems are more stable as a general rule.

Prevention is not only better, but easier, than cure, and the woman who knows how to rest, who realizes that the harder she works the greater need she has to spend a definite part of each day in absolute rest, is less likely to degenerate into a worried, neurotic, irritable, middle-aged woman before she is 35.

A half-day in bed occasionally is excellent medicine for the business woman. Novel reading in moderation is not to be despised as a rest remedy, while sound, refreshing slumber at night is nature's method of nerve repair. Nine hours' sleep every night is a sound principle to go upon; and the mentally active woman who "takes a lot out of herself" requires at least that amount. The man or the woman who sleeps enough will do better work and keep younger and healthier for it. Hard work and severe nervous strain are only harmful when continued over a long period with insufficient rest and sleep at the same time.

Sleep is the best and cheapest medicine, and it is within the reach of everybody. We require as much sleep as we can procure. We may work at high pressure if we sleep enough, but if we overwork and undersleep, irritability, insomnia and neurasthenia are almost certainly in store. One of the prime causes of ill health among men and women who have to work with their brains is neglect of sleep. The woman who curtails her sleep begins to worry.

Insufficient sleep, in the first instance, is a common cause of insomnia. Rest and sleep are the only rational cures for brain fag and nervous exhaustion. It is the highly developed mind that is liable to worry, the alert, highly strung individual who is prone to suffer from sleeplessness. The country yokel can always sleep, and nobody ever saw a neurasthenic cow; but the higher the type, the greater need for rest and sufficient sleep.

The placid easy-going people can afford to curtail their rest; they seldom do; but those of a nervous, energetic disposition require all the sleep they can get. Their wear and tear is excessive, and when the symptoms of irritability and worry appear they should serve as a warning that the brake is required. Unfortunately most people at this stage resort to drugs and strong tea, medicine and alcohol. They feel the need of stimulants or sedatives, they say.

But drugging only aggravates matters, and by diminishing their will power and their resistance makes their last state worse than their first. When the working woman yearns for tea, or a cigarette, when the harassed society woman turns to strong coffee and liquor it is really rest that they should have. Rest is nature's sedative.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS—Successful Men Rarely Swing Down the Street Doubled Up Like the Figure Eight

By John Anderson Jayne.

RECENTLY a well-known man was being measured for a suit of clothes. The tailor was all smiles, tact and geniality, and full of personal compliments as a man naturally would be having received an order for a suit of clothes in which there was a fair measure of profit. After the measuring was all complete, the tailor asked, "How will you have the pockets in the trousers, the same old way?" "Yes, the same old way," was the reply. "Two hips, two in the band, one for my watch and one for my bills, but no side pockets." "That's a peculiar conceit you have," said the tailor; "not having any side pockets, you are the only man I ever saw who has his clothes built that way." Well, said the well known citizen, "I'll tell you how it comes. When I was a boy I was inclined to be round shouldered, for I was growing very fast, and to break me of the round shouldered habit my father said he would give me 5 cents if I would keep my hands out of my pockets for a week. Five cents in those days was a lot of money, so I went to my mother and got her to sew up the pockets in everyday and Sunday pants, and in that way earned my first five cents, and I was so proud of it that ever since I have had my trousers built that way.

"And even when I bought ready-made clothes, I had the pockets in the pants taken out. And, do you know," added the speaker, "that I've noticed the failures of life, and I've never found one who didn't have the habit of keeping his hands in his pockets. I'm not saying that every one who wears his hands in his pockets is a failure, but, without exception, failure does carry his hands in his pockets.

"Now that's something to think about."

"It's a proposition worth investigating."

"People who carry their hands in their pockets are apt to be failures. You notice the men on the street who are successful and you'll find that they rarely swing down street all doubled up like a figure eight. They carry themselves erect. They throw back their chest. They inhale deeply, their lungs being full of fresh air all the time, their eyes bright, their complexion clear, their digestion good and their brains active. Thus they have the first physical qualifications for success.

"But you notice the man who is a failure, who has the hallmark of failure stamped all over him, invariably he carries his hands in his pockets.

"Pockets are human inventions. If they were actually needed for a man to carry his hands in the Eternal would have given him a pouch for that purpose, possibly similar to the one the kangaroo has for carrying little ones. But the Eternal made man erect. He meant that man's hands should be always ready to earn his living—take advantage of every opportunity that comes his way. One reason the monkey is regarded as so much sharper than the rest of his animalistic kind is doubtless found in the fact that his forearms and hands or fore feet, if you prefer the term, are free to lay hold of anything that comes in his way.

"Hands in the pockets leads to stooped shoulders, weak lungs, heads throust forward, consequently eyes on the ground. All these things count for much in an age when every man who gets there must be active, alert and alive with good health.

"Many an employer is now refusing to take into his employ the young man with hands carried in his pockets. Scientific criminologists tell us the habit of carrying the hands is very frequently a sign of degeneration. And sure it is, the habit is neither conducive to good health, bright appearance, gentlemanly attitude nor good morals.

"In an age when little things count with tremendous power, young men need to watch the little expressions of habit and character very carefully, for it is through these little things that the mind of the man is revealed.

"Keep your hands in their right place would not be bad advice to give a young man just starting out in life. Keep your hands out of your own pockets, out of your neighbor's pockets, and do with your might what your hands find to do in the way of honest living, helpful service and embracing of opportunities.

"Take your hands out of your pockets, young man, and note the results a year from now."