

Eating, Sleeping and Smoking Chief Occupation of a Head of a House.

The daily life of a Russian couple of the wealthier classes is singularly regular and monotonous, varying only with the changing seasons. In summer the lord of the house gets up about 7 o'clock and puts on, with the assistance of his valet de chambre, a simple costume, consisting chiefly of a faded, plentifully stained dressing gown. Having nothing particular to do, he sits down at the open window and looks into the yard.

Toward 9 o'clock tea is announced and he goes into the dining room—a long, narrow apartment, with bare wooden floor and no furniture but a table and chairs. Here he finds his wife with the tea urn before her. In a few minutes the younger children enter the room, kiss their papa's hand and take their places around the table. As this morning meal consists merely of bread and tea it does not last long, and all disperse to their several occupations.

The head of the house begins the labors of the day by resuming his seat at the open window and having his Turkish pipe filled and lighted by a boy whose special function is to keep his master's pipe in order. The housewife spends her morning in a more active way. As soon as the breakfast table has been cleared she goes to the larder, takes stock of the provisions, arranges the meals and gives to the cook the necessary materials with detailed instructions as to how they are to be prepared. The rest of the morning she devotes to her other household duties.

Toward 1 o'clock dinner is announced and Ivanovitch prepares his appetite by swallowing a gulp of wineglass of home-made bitters. Dinner is the great event of the day. Food is abundant and of good quality, but mushrooms, onions and fat play rather too important a part in the repast, and the whole is prepared with little attention to the recognized principles of hygiene. No sooner has the last dish been removed than a deathlike stillness falls upon the house. It is the time of the after-dinner siesta.

The young folk go into the garden and all the members of the household give way to drowsiness naturally engendered by a heavy meal on a hot summer day. Ivanovitch retires to his own room, from which the flies have been carefully expelled by his pipe bearer. His wife dozes in a big armchair in the sitting room, with a pocket handkerchief spread over her face. The servants snore in the corridor, the garret or the hay shed, and even the old watchdog in the corner of the yard stretches himself out at full length on the shady side of his kennel.

In about two hours the house gradually reawakens, doors begin to creak, the names of the various servants are bawled out in all tones, from bass to falsetto, and footsteps are heard in the yard. Soon a man servant issues from the kitchen, bearing an enormous tea urn, which puffs like a little steam engine. The family assembles for tea.

BABOONS CAUTIOUS ANIMALS.

In Spite of Their Great Strength They Are True Conservatives.

One of the farm boys drew our attention to what seemed little more than a couple of dark specks on the slope of the hills to the right, says a writer in the Youth's Companion, but we could soon see that they were moving, and when they came within half a mile of us we could distinctly recognize them as a herd of baboons.

The boy said he was quite sure they were on their way to the water, but to our surprise they did not make any advance. A quarter of an hour elapsed; half an hour; still no sign of their approach. All at once, as if they had started from the earth by magic, at the open end of the pond, not sixty yards from our place of ambush, stood two huge males.

When or how they got there no one could tell. Probably they had come by a circuitous way through the valley, or it might be that they had crept straight down through the grass. They had certainly eluded our observation.

Being anxious to watch the movements of the animals and to ascertain whether they belonged to the herd playing under the mimosas, I refrained from firing and determined to see what would follow next. Both baboons sprang toward the water, and, leaning down, they drank until they were satisfied. Then, having gravely stretched themselves, they solemnly stalked away on all fours in the direction of the herd. There was little doubt, therefore, that they belonged to the herd and had been sent forward to reconnoiter, for as soon as they got back the entire herd put itself in motion toward the pond.

There were mothers taking care of their little ones; there were half-grown animals, the boys and girls of the company. At first only one baboon at a time came to the water's edge, and, having taken its draft, retired to the rest, but when about ten had thus ventured separately, they began to come in small groups, leaving the others rolling and jumping on the sand.

An Obstinate Stand.
"The trouble with you," said the musical enthusiast, "is that you do not understand classical music."

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Oumrox. "But I refuse to be regarded as a man of inferior intelligence until I find some one who is competent to prove that he understands it."—Washington Star.

A man can feel in his pockets at any time and bring out a little ball of fuz.

OYAMA the ORIENTAL NAPOLEON



Field-Marshal Marquis Oyama

Field Marshal the Marquis Oyama, chief of the general staff and commander-in-chief of the Japanese army, is one of the few generals of modern times who may claim to rank among the giants of war who have led troops in the field. The English call him the Wellington of Manchuria, which is the highest praise they can bestow upon any commander, but in European capitals, strategists, amazed by the boldness of a campaign now crowned with complete success, style him the Napoleon of the Orient. It is certain that no general, fighting against a worthy enemy, has achieved so unbroken a series of victories; that none has conceived a more stupendous plan of campaign to execute it so successfully; that none has exceeded the gigantic feat of driving from stronghold to stronghold and finally enveloping a force as big as the army of General Kuropatkin.

The Marquis Oyama, who is 62 years old, was educated in France, and served in the Franco-Prussian War as an attaché. Up to the time he made his report on that conflict the Japanese army, which was only in its beginning as a modern force, was being trained on the French model. After his return home this system gave way to that of the Prussian, and this in turn has been greatly improved by Japanese originality and by the adoption of what is best and most useful in the other armies of the world. Later in life Oyama again traveled extensively in Europe, absorbing the ideas of the military systems, and once more in Japan threw himself into recasting the whole military system, winning the appreciation and favor of the Emperor and of Field Marshal the Marquis Yamagata.

To Marquis Oyama among others belongs the glory of creating the Japanese army inside of thirty years. Nor was his genius confined to the Ministry of War, as he stood for a space at the head of the navy, and also as

Minister of Education when the transition of the new world Power was completing.

A queer compound of ugliness, wit, strength and Oriental cunning, the Marquis Oyama has an enormously receptive mind. He is a rapid and deep thinker, and not only attracts, but molds those about him to any set purpose with Napoleonic directness, although with admirable and characteristic Japanese grace. While not a tall man in any sense, he is a shade above the average Japanese in height, with a strong head apparently placed upon immense shoulders without the interposition of a neck. He is a linguist, as are most of the Japanese officers, an advantage not possessed in the same proportion in any other military or naval service in the world. Smallpox has pitted his round, brown face, but his ugliness is relieved by a pair of magnetic black eyes, which twinkle with humor, or squint when their owner is deep in thought.

The first real war experience in which he was an actor came in the civil war in Japan, in which the Satsuma revolt was suppressed, but fame came to him in the Chino-Japanese War, ten years ago. As a strategist and commander he there achieved distinction which has been heightened by his wonderful work in the present Manchurian campaign. He was the captor of Port Arthur—which he took from the Chinese garrison in a morning. Russian cartoonists have ridiculed him for ten years, making little of his victory, the fruits of which Russia and the Powers were to prevent the Japanese from enjoying.

Marquis Oyama has a memory for these things, and his command in the field against Russia was assured before war broke out. For a time he sat at home, advising and directing General Kuroki, as became the chief of the general staff under the Japanese system. When the right moment arrived, the Marquis moved into the field, where he has since remained personally directing a campaign unexcelled in brilliancy by any of which history tells

RISE OF A POOR BOY.

Left a Fortune of Fifty Million Dollars When He Died.

Meyer Guggenheim, of Philadelphia, who died in Palm Beach of pneumonia recently, aged 78, was another example of the possibilities of youth in the United States. He came to our shores a poor boy; he died leaving \$50,000,000 as an inheritance for his children.

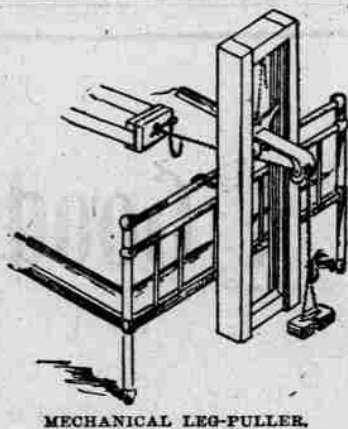
Mr. Guggenheim was a Swiss Hebrew, born in 1827. In 1846 with his family he settled in Philadelphia, then a city of 100,000 people. Young Guggenheim began business selling stove polish. He made a little money and then he tried embroidery. A small store was opened; a larger one followed. In the meantime he took hold of mining in Colorado, being one of the first to enter this field. He was very successful. Smelting the ore being very expensive, he had a son learn the business, and then he began buying smelters as fast as his profits would permit. In the meantime he made big profits from selling Swiss embroideries, handling only the most expensive kinds. He sold this business out to continue the erection of smelters, several of which were placed in the mining States of the West, in Mexico and in South America. These properties yielded a profit all the way from \$4,000,000 to \$10,000,000 a year. When the smelting trust was formed Mr. Guggenheim declined to join, but later he did and was chosen president of this very powerful organization.

Deceased was very methodical in his habits and his expenditures. He kept track of his annual expenditures and found to within a very short time ago he had expended \$9,300,000. This did not include his gift of \$250,000 for an addition to the Jewish Hospital of New York, nor a like sum to a similar institution in Philadelphia.

MECHANICAL LEG-PULLER.

Well-Known Device of the Surgeon in Fracture Treatment. Occasionally in the surgical treatment of deformities of the limbs, as in cases of fracture, it is necessary to sus-

pend the limb with a weight attached, in order to keep the extension perfect at all times and to prevent, at the same time, any inadvertent or intentional twisting or turning of the limb due to restlessness or fatigue. In most cases the surgeon is compelled to exercise his ingenuity in devising a home-made rig for the purpose, so that the simple arrangement shown in the il-



MECHANICAL LEG-PULLER.

lustration, which is portable and can be used repeatedly, will come as a boon to the medical fraternity. A simple frame of finished lumber is set up and attached to the foot of the bedstead. A window frame would be as effective as anything else for the purpose. A pulley bracket is attached to this frame, and provision is made for increasing or decreasing the amount of traction applied to the limb by adding additional weights, the pull being transmitted by a rope to the limb in a conveniently shaped pair of splints.

NOTED ARTISTS SING IN STREETS

Vienna Stage Celebrities Test Public's Judgment of Music.

A merry quartet of performers made an interesting experiment in the streets of Vienna, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, in order to see with their own eyes how the general public would appreciate the highest artistic talent if it were exhibited in the open street, unannounced and unadorned.

Miss Gerda Walde, prima donna of the Vienna stage; Louis Treumann, the popular comedian of the Carl Theater; Edward Eysler, the composer, and Alfred Deutsch-German, the playwright, arrayed in the garb of ordinary street

musicians, made a tour through the principal streets of the city. The composer, Eysler, performed the duties of organ-grinder, while the others sang a repertoire which included such well-known songs as "Geh, Mach Dien Fenster Auf" ("Go, Open Your Window"), "Kussen Ist Keine Sünd" ("Kissing Is No Sin") and "Jetzt Spielt's Uns an Tanz" ("Now They Play and Dance for Us").

The incognito of the celebrated band remained undiscovered and the day's "takings" aggregated a paltry 68 kreuzers (about 1 shilling 2 pence), which they laughingly divided among themselves. Their previous doubt as to the ability of the public to judge of the value of art unassisted by theatrical effect have now given way to settled conviction. But, nevertheless, it would have been interesting to find out what the day's takings would have amounted to had the quartet openly announced themselves as the leading lights of the Austrian musical world. Doubtless the man in the street, even in Vienna, does not look for talent in the streets.

IRELAND'S NEW SECRETARY.

Representative of Land System Which Is Abhorrent to Irish.

The Balfour cabinet has not strengthened itself by the appointment of the successor to George Wyndham, who has resigned the chief secretaryship of Ireland. Wyndham resigned because his policy, which favored a wider extension of government powers to the Irish people, was repudiated by the



WALTER LONG. House of Commons as well as by the cabinet, and naturally his successor was selected because of his opposition to such policy. And that is for what Walter Long, the new secretary, essentially stands. He is one of Ireland's absentee landlords and is resolutely opposed to all concessions to Irish feelings. He is a man of mediocre ability, without one atom of distinction of any kind. For a score of years he has sat in parliament, but never did any-

thing to raise his name from the dead level of a commonplace party hack. As an absentee landlord, he stands for a system which has been the bane of Ireland; and as an opponent to all concessions to Ireland he has already invited the hostility of the Irish people. Instead of being a strength he is a weakness to the Balfour ministry, which is rapidly tottering to its fall.

It Paid to Advertise.

The most refractory among dumb beasts may sometimes be won by persistent kindness. It is also evident that the obstinate of the human species may be influenced by an assault of humor.

Phil May, the English artist "of most dear memory," had promised to do a colored design for the Christmas number of an illustrated weekly publication. The date fixed on for its delivery passed by, and no design had been forthcoming.

Letters and telegrams were unanswered, and when a messenger was sent to May's house it appeared that he had gone to Paris without leaving any address. This, according to M. A. P., is what happened next:

The publishers were at their wits' end, but one of them, paying a day's visit to Margate, was overjoyed to see May basking in the sunshine by the water. The publisher did not make himself known, but calmly ascertained where May was staying. Then he hired six sandwich men to parade up and down before the artist's window, with boards bearing different legends. This was their tenor:

"What about our Christmas cover?"

"We are waiting for that cover."

It was a delightful reminder, and in a few days the publishers received one of the most brilliant designs May had ever executed.

Ways and Means.

The first time Billings married Was in his salad days; He loved a maid because, he said, She had such charming ways.

The second time, grown wiser, He shunned the social queens, To a widow's charms laid down his arms— She had such ample means. —Cleveland Leader.

No, Cordelia, painting the town red isn't one of the cardinal virtues.

OSTRICHES NOT STUPID BIRDS.

Story that They Hide Their Heads When Frightened Base Slander.

There are many giants in Africa 9 feet high. Some of them weigh 300 pounds and are strong enough to kill a panther at one blow. Perhaps you think such big fellows must be clumsy, but they are not. They can run faster than any horse, spring 12 to 14 feet at a leap. This all sounds like a fairy story, says a writer in the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, but not so when you hear that these African giants are—ostriches.

Perhaps you have been told some foolish stories about these birds—that when pursued they stick their heads in the sand and because they cannot see imagine that no one can see them.

This is base slander. Instead of being stupid, ostriches are very cunning. Their long legs will take them away from men—unless they have their families to protect. Then all is different. The papa ostrich sends mamma ostrich and the baby ostriches off at full speed, while he runs the other way. What do you think he does next? He rolls on the ground, pretending to be hurt. The hunter rushes toward the fallen bird, thinking he can easily catch him, mentally counting how much money he can make out of the splendid tail feathers which adorn the bird's tail.

After the papa ostrich thinks his family has got a good start, up he jumps and skims over the ground, leaving the disappointed hunter to think that the ostrich is not as silly as he has been led to believe.

A singular thing about ostriches is the way they bring up their little ones. To begin with, there are a good many eggs in the nest (dug out of the hot sand), but the eggs are of different mothers. Ostriches do not lay eggs every day. Being far apart they would not hatch together. When the nest is prepared all the female ostriches in the neighborhood are invited to contribute an egg apiece, the hostess returning the favors in due time.

Ostrich eggs are delicious. One weighs three pounds, or is equal to a dozen of a hen's. They are very convenient, too, for the hunters in the desert. They not only furnish a delightful meal, but a dish to cook it in. The shell is hard and thick and the egg is set on the fire, a hole is broken in the top, it is stirred with a stick and when it is done the saucepan serves as a dish as well.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

When a farmer plants his wheat in the fall he doesn't expect a harvest in a week or a month. When you give an order for a ten-story office building you don't go around to the site the following day and expect to find a complete building.

The farmer knows he must wait until the seasons and the chemicals of the earth work their changes, and you know that your building must proceed by gradual stages, brick upon brick, until finished.

So it is with advertising. The first insertion does not influence the public mind, nor the last, but one added to the other, every one gathering strength from those that precede it, gradually influence the public mind and bring to your bank the business you desire.

A single week or a month of advertising is merely a blow or two of a cork against a bar of steel. Its effect is absolutely nothing. It is money and effort wasted, but the continuous, persistent hammering, week after week, month after month, is just as sure to start the pendulum of business swinging your way as day is to follow night.

UNCLE SAM VALUES HER.

Miss Estelle Reel Is His Highest Paid Woman Employee.

The highest paid woman in the United States government service is Miss Estelle Reel, who is superintendent of all the Indian schools. She is very handsome and distinguished-looking, and not much over 30 years of age. Though she has headquarters at the Indian bureau in Washington, most of her time is spent in



ESTELLE REEL, traveling about all over the country, her task being to improve the management of and the educational methods adopted in the day schools, boarding schools, kindergartens and other establishments maintained by Federal authority for training the minds and bodies of our youthful aborigines. Miss Reel's power in such affairs is well-nigh absolute, and she has instituted many important reforms in the schools. Her pay is \$3,000 a year plus traveling expenses, and she earns the money.

Just a Little Snip.

Tess—I thought you weren't going to send Marie MacInnes an invitation to your tea?

Jess—Oh! I decided that I couldn't hurt her feelings that much.

Tess—So you sent her one?

Jess—Yes, but I addressed it to "Miss Mary McGinnis."—Philadelphia Press.

If a woman is young she always gets considerable wear out of a garment before the bill comes in.