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General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

TITLES IN GERMANY.

They Are Numerous and Varied and Are Taken Very Seriously.

Title giving and title bearing in Germany are made a serious business. It is dangerous to assume one that does not belong to you, and it is almost equally dangerous to withhold one from a man to whom it does belong.

The following is an address which is probably written thousands of times a week in Germany, since it is a courtesy due to a well known official whose rank is far below that of a minister of state:

"Highly Reverenced Mr. Real Privy Councilor, Highly to Be Reverenced Mr. President."

The title councilor has four degrees, thus: Positive, councilor; comparative, higher councilor; superlative, real privy councilor, and extra superlative, real privy councilor. Then to complicate matters there are a hundred or more other councilors, such as councilors of legation, councilors of state, sanitary councilors, forest councilors and town police councilors.

Titles of another class have to do with the wearer's occupation. Thus a Munich newspaper records the death of Frau So-and-so, wife of the "royal court theater color grinders' assistant." In Bavarian newspapers used to be found notices, inserted by the persons themselves, of the betrothal of So-and-so, "royal supernumerary hay binder's daughter," or of So-and-so, "head bill-poster's daughter."

When a royal personage dies his body is spoken of with becoming reverence as "the high corpse" or the "most high corpse."

Much may be said in favor of the German title system. For instance, in Germany when a man takes a prefix "doctor" he has a right to do so. The title cannot have been bought, begged or self created. Moreover, one may be sure that he has won his title in a university and that his doctorate does not emanate from an unknown seminary.

So, too, professors are such by rank and right, conferred duly by the state because deserved, for the title cannot be assumed otherwise. —New York Sun.

It Won For Sardou.

It is a singular fact that the famous French dramatist Sardou owed his first success on the boards to his excellent handwriting. He had sent in his often rejected play, "La Taverne des Etudiants," to the Odeon management for consideration, and the manuscript was thrown, with some others, upon a table. One day at rehearsal the charming actress Mlle. Berengere was attracted by the handwriting and took up the manuscript, crying, "Oh, what an exquisite hand!" She read the play and recommended it so strongly to the directors that they were induced to read it and then accept it. At that time Sardou was starving. He had gone through seven long years of terrible hardship and privation.

He Could.

A northern visitor in the south tells the following story to illustrate the taciturnity of the southern negro:

He had asked Steve, a typical darky of the region, numerous questions concerning a certain plantation, and to each the negro gave the invariable reply of "Yahs, sah."

"Steve," asked the somewhat exasperated northerner, "don't you say anything but 'Yahs, sah'?"

The negro blinked his eyes indolently for a moment and replied, "Yahs, sah."—Judge.

FAMOUS BOY ARTISTS.

Millaud Painted Some Great Pictures Before He Was of Age.

One of the best known pictures in existence is Sir David Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler." It is a masterpiece in its own school of painting, and at one time perhaps no other picture could compete with it for popularity as an engraving for the sitting room wall. Yet this masterly picture, so full of detail and character and subtle touches of humor, was painted when Wilkie was only twenty-two.

So poor was he at the time that he had to dress himself up to act as his own model for this great composition—hence, doubtless, the similarity of feature observable in nearly all the characters, the very masculine lineaments of the fiddler's wife and the young-old look of the boy who is imitating the fiddler on the kitchen bellows.

But an even more amazing picture may be seen on the staircase leading up to the picture gallery at South Kensington. This is a picture entitled "Pizarro Seizing the Inca of Peru," which is an amazing performance for a boy of sixteen, the age which Millaud had attained when he painted it and when it was exhibited at the academy. But Millaud was a marvelous boy, and some of his most famous pictures, such as his "Ophelia" in the Tate gallery and his "Autumn Leaves" in the Manchester gallery, were painted before he was twenty-one.

The fact is that painters have generally been a rather precocious tribe. The famous "Young Bull," one of the world's masterpieces, was painted by Paul Potter at the age of twenty-two. Visitors to St. Paul's cathedral are never tired of looking at Holman Hunt's masterpiece which hangs in the aisle, "Behold I Stand at the Door and Knock," commonly called "The Light of the World." Yet they would scarcely credit the undoubted fact that Holman Hunt was barely out of his teens when he painted the original, which hangs in Keble college.

Hoppner, the appearance of one of whose portraits at auction sets the art world throbbing with excitement, painted his picture, "A Sleeping Venus," in his nineteenth year, and long before he was thirty he was the successful rival of such giants of the brush as Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney. It was only when a still more precocious boy came on the scene that his pre-eminence in art was snatched from him for a time.

This newcomer was Lawrence, who had drawn half the aristocracy in England in crayon before he was twelve years old.—London Globe.

An Honest Sergeant.

A military story comes from Ireland. A noncommissioned officer, entering a barrack gate in Dublin, was mistaken by the "fresh one" on sentry go, who immediately saluted him. The noncommissioned officer, unaware that his colonel was just behind, returned the salute, a thing not permissible under the circumstances. Arrived at his quarters, he was surprised to find an order for him to attend before the colonel. On presenting himself he was asked how he came to return the salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it. Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered, "Sir, I always return everything I am not entitled to." The colonel, taken aback by his ready wit, laughingly dismissed him.

Why Irving Moved Her.

Sir Henry Irving, whose Hamlet was a masterpiece, often told a good story of an incident when he was playing the part in his early days. While on the stage he saw that an old lady in the front row of the pit was weeping profusely. Feeling flattered, he sent an attendant to bring her to him after the performance. "Madam," he said graciously when they met, "I perceive that my acting moved you." "It did that, sir," said the old woman. "You see, I've got a young son play acting somewhere, and it broke me all up to think that maybe he is no better at it than you."

What "Gold Filled" Means.

There is a notion largely held by purchasers of "gold filled" watches that the cases are, in some mysterious fashion, impregnated with gold. As a matter of fact, the term is very misleading. Gold filling consists in the employment of two sheets of gold between which is placed a section of solder coated base metal. This metallic sandwich is heated and pressed so that the three parts are welded, with the gold outside.—Harper's.

Very Considerate.

Mr. Grim—I see that you have announced that you intend willing all your money to charity.

Mr. Grouch—Yes; it will save a thousand distant relatives the trouble of attending my funeral.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

JANITORS IN VIENNA.

These Autocrats Are Paul Prys, Tax Collectors and Jailers.

The Viennese who does not wish to be out of pocket must keep early hours. After 10 o'clock at night he is taxed on entering his own house or apartment or, for the matter of that, any house or apartment. The "sperrgeld" or door opening tax is not peculiar to Vienna, but is also found in other capitals of Europe.

The 2,000,000 residents of the Austrian capital are practically imprisoned in their own homes from 10 o'clock in the evening until 6 the next morning. They may go in or out only by paying the equivalent of 4 cents to the janitor or, as the Austrians call him, the house master.

Now, Vienna is built on the flat or apartment house plan. Rich men and working people alike live in quarters of this kind. The houses are large, having five or six floors, usually with four flats on a floor, so that not infrequently there will be upward of 100 persons living under one roof. There is a common entrance from the street, and after 10 o'clock at night this door is bolted and barred.

This tax must be met every time one passes through the doorway. There is no exception to this rule. A man who has dined with a friend must, if he stays late, pay 4 cents to get out of his friend's house and 4 cents more to get into his own. A telegram in the night calls for the payment of the tax before the messenger can enter.

It is the function of the house master to keep duplicate copies of forms, on which every individual in the house must report to the police his age, birthplace and religion, his exact occupation and other personal details that the Austrian authorities insist on knowing. Nor does the power of the Viennese janitor end here. From the little lookout that he occupies at the foot of the stairs he sees every one that goes in or out. He ascertains with astonishing accuracy the amount of each tenant's income, the events of his private life and the character of his visitors.

In some apartment houses the house master is more powerful than in others. There is a case on record in which an American resident was obliged to move from an apartment that he particularly liked for the simple reason that he could not venture to speak with any degree of sharpness to the man at his door, even when the janitor was remiss in his duties.

The flat was owned by a railway belonging to the state. This made the house master a state official, to insult whom is a very serious offense in Austria. A reprimand for delaying letters would be construed into an insult, and the American deemed it best to move to other quarters.—New York Sun.

Method in His Madness.

An Englishman traveling in Germany kept constantly putting his head out of the window of the railway carriage until at length a gust of wind blew away his hat. He immediately took down his hatbox and hurled it out of the window. His German fellow travelers roared with laughter.

"You don't expect your hatbox to bring your hat back, do you?" one of them asked.

"I do," said the Englishman. "No game on the hat—full name and address on the box. They'll be found together, and I shall get both."

Familiarity and Contempt.

There is in a certain town a judge who occasionally hits the flowing bowl until it puts him down and out. One morning following an unusually swift encounter with the alcoholic foe he appeared in his office sad and shaken up.

"How are you this morning, Sam?" inquired a friend.

"Worse than I've ever been," replied the judge, with a groan. "I'm in bad at home. When I left the house a little while ago the children were calling me Sam and my wife was addressing me as 'Mister.'"

—Popular Magazine.

A Family Jar.

A man and wife were having a little family discussion. You know the kind.

"I didn't get much of a man when I married you," snarled the wife.

"Well, you wouldn't expect a high class man to pick you out, would you?" was the gentleman's comeback.

And then the furniture began to fly.—Exchange.

More Than She Asked.

She—If we are going to be married you must give up smoking. He—Yes. She—And drinking, and your clubs. He—Yes. She—Now, doesn't anything else suggest itself to you that you will give up of your own accord? He—Yes. She—What? He—All idea of marrying you.

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Seemed to Have Him Cornered.

The teacher was discoursing to the class on the wonders of nature. "Take the familiar illustration of the sting of a wasp," he said, "as compared with the finest needle. When examined through a microscope the sting is still sharp, smooth and polished, while the needle appears blunt and rough.

"It is so with everything. The works of nature are infinitely superior to those of art. Try how we may, we cannot improve on nature."

"It isn't so with my eyes, teacher," said a little girl in the class.

"Why, how is that, Nellie?" he asked.

"Cause nature made me cross eyed," she said, "and the doctors fixed my eyes all right."

Washing Day in the Balkans.

"Washing day, or rather washing week, is so important a period in the Balkan region that all family and social obligations retire to the background when it has to be considered," writes a traveler. "I have known a cabinet minister's wife to excuse herself from attendance at a court function because it collided with the appointment made with her laundress! This, too, in spite of the full quota of servants, footman, cook, housemaid and old man. None of these was either privileged or efficient enough to meet the formidable laundress and satisfy her requirements. Therefore the lady stayed at home to fill the breach, and a sympathetic queen accepted her explanation with a readiness born of full understanding."