

## COFFEE IN THE DESERT

HOW AN ARAB CHIEF DISPENSES HOSPITALITY.

Making of the Beverage an Act of Some Solemnity—Guests Honored and Made Comfortable Before Conversation.

That morning we left the main caravan, but meant to rejoin it before night. An hour after sunset, however, we were wandering about without a path. Hearing the barking of dogs, we rode toward the sound and soon saw the fires of the encampment of an Arab chief who had been driven in from the desert by the drought.

On one side of an open square a large fire was blazing at the man's end of the most spacious of the low black tents. The intermittent blaze, fed by dry weeds of the desert, lighted up a slab of limestone bearing the rudely scratched insignia of the tribe of Beni Sakr. We dismounted silently, as men do in a land where no one knows whether those whom he meets are enemies or friends. The Arabs, grouped cross-legged or squat around the blaze, said nothing, but the chief men rose and motioned to us to be seated, while the others moved to places of less honor. A quilt was brought to spread on the coarse woolen rugs, and another was rolled up for me to rest my left elbow on.

It was only after we were comfortable that conversation slowly began. While we talked a servant, on signal, brought out the coffee tongs—two spoons of iron chained together and having handles 18 inches long. Green coffee beans were placed on the larger spoon, which was about six inches in diameter, and were held over the fire to roast. The other spoon, only an inch in diameter, was used to stir the beans and prevent burning. When the coffee was roasted the slow process of grinding began.

The grinder evidently felt that his work was of great importance and should be done artistically. Each stroke of the great wooden pestle was accompanied by a double click on the side of the deep wooden mortar. Then the coffee was boiled, first in one blackened copper pot with a long straight handle, and then in another. Finally the grinder tasted it. Then the cups, two in number, began to circulate. Each man was served with only two or three swallows of the strong black fluid, but the cups were passed to the chief men several times.

As they sip the black unsweetened coffee, the desert prince and his companions talk not only of prices and of the doings of their great ones, but tried to make me understand how they and their people fought with the government not many years ago. The chief's eyes were so fierce and his gestures so violent that I began to think he was really getting angry. "Why does the government take taxes for even our coffee from poor Arabs who come from the desert in time of drought?" he asked. "Have not the Arabs the right to feed their flocks wherever there is grass? Some day soon the soldiers will see what my people will do."—From "Palestine and Its Transformation," by Ellsworth Huntington.

### Wear Yellow to Repel Mosquitoes

Wear yellow this summer and you will escape mosquito bites, no matter how many of these insects are buzzing around. The mosquito hates yellow. On the other hand, if you wear dark blue you are sure that all the mosquitoes in the vicinity will swarm to you. If you talk much as you sit on the porch in the evening, mosquitoes will sting you, while the silent members of your party will sit in peace, for the mosquito loves the sound of talking.—New York World.

## RADICAL CHANGES IN CHINA

Republican Government Doing Many Things, Among Others Breaking Through Historic Wall.

The great wall which has surrounded the city of Peking for many centuries is undergoing an unusual change. Peking is laid out in a symmetrical form, with nine gates leading through the great wall. Each side has two gates except the front, where an extra central gate—the Chien-men—leads directly into the forbidden city, the central inclosure of Peking. This Chien-men, or front gate, is the one most seriously crowded with traffic; and yet tradition up to the present day has never permitted it to be enlarged nor any other gate to be broken near it in order to relieve the congestion of rickshaws, carts, donkeys, motor cars, camels and heavy-laden human beasts of burden—coolies.

The present republican government is by no means so superstitious as the old exclusive Manchu regime, but Yuan Shi-kai must take into consideration the superstitions of the people. The gate through which former emperors passed in and out of Peking was opened immediately after the republic was established; but only a few days after it had been thrown open to the public a mutiny of the troops took place in Peking, and much of the town was looted. The cause of the calamity was laid to the credit of the newly opened gate, whereupon it was immediately closed and has never since been swung upon its hinges.

Since the republic has been well established a number of changes in the minor inner walls have taken place, notably two new gates having been broken in one of these inner walls; and as no calamity has befallen the city, the government is now making bold efforts to relieve the congestion at the Chien-men by breaking two new gates through the great wall.

The wall is forty or fifty feet high and forty or fifty feet thick. The work is a difficult task because the excellent mixture of cement of former days has fastened the bricks like stone together with remarkable firmness. It is expected that the sections of another smaller wall will be found within this large wall, the smaller one probably being that which Marco Polo described in the account of his visit to the famous capital of Kublai Khan.

### Woman's Part in War.

"In Germany, where sobbing on the street is forbidden by law, women still sob for their loved ones who have died at the front, and where the wearing of mourning is also the subject of regulation women wear a badge of sorrow upon their hearts."

These were among features brought out in relief in the picture of conditions in Berlin painted in New York by Miss Evelyn Newman, delegate to the recent peace conference at The Hague.

Miss Newman visited Berlin at the close of The Hague conference. She said that often soldiers could be seen marching through the streets in their bright uniforms, but it was the women who were seen everywhere.

"There are women working in the streets, picking up refuse, and in the railroad stations, in the shops, and in the factories," she said. "I stopped at a club, the Deutsche Lyceum, that has been organized by women, furnished by women and operated by them."

"In the three days I was in Berlin I did not see a smile nor hear a sound of rejoicing except on the children's playground. Sorrow has descended upon the city. The government only allows women who have lost a husband or a son in battle to wear heavy mourning in Berlin. Yet I saw many in deep mourning, and black and white, symbols of sorrow, are the prevailing colors in the city. I met one woman who had lost eight of her men—husband, brothers and sons. Hers was a face burned out with sorrow."

## APEX OF WASHINGTON SHAFT

Few People Know Purpose of Parallel Iron Bands That Bind Brow of Monument.

Few persons who have seen the Washington monument, even those who have lived within sight of it all their lives, have noticed that the apex of the monument is surrounded with parallel bands. Such is the fact, however; and moreover, the bands are studded with golden points. The bands are made of gold-plated iron a foot wide and the points are spaced a foot from one another.

For a few moments in each sunny day of the first week of the new year the golden fillet that binds the brow of the Washington monument is visible to human eyes. Then the angle of incidence of the sun's rays is such that they are reflected downward to the windows of the buildings north and west of the monument, and the cool, gray surface is seen to be marked with eleven shining lines of gold.

Theoretically, a similar effect could be obtained from some point of observation at each moment when the sun's rays are intercepted by the sloping top of the monument, but only an alrshing could attain the necessary vantage point.

According to the original plan of the monument, it was protected from lightning by an aluminum tip that was connected with the metal framework of the elevator. During the very first summer after the monument was completed, however, it was struck twice and a piece of stone was clipped from the top.

Experts from the scientific departments of the government were called on to contrive a plan for the better protection of the shaft, and they decided that copper bands, studded with projecting points, would accomplish the purpose. Colonel Casey, who had charge of the work, objected on the ground that copper would turn green and that the verdigris would "run" and spoil the appearance of the monument; he also doubted that the copper would have the necessary tensile strength.

So the men of science agreed on a number of iron bands, heavily galvanized and gold-plated to prevent rusting. The bands are connected with the aluminum point of the monument and the framework of the elevator, and at the base iron cables lead the electricity into a deep well, where it harmlessly expends its force. The protection has proved to be perfect.—Youth's Companion.

### Errors of History.

William Tell was a myth. Coriolanus never allowed his mother to intercede for Rome.

The duke of Wellington never uttered the famous words, "Up guards, and at them!"

Alfred never allowed the cakes to burn nor ventured into the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel.

Fair Rosamund was not poisoned by Queen Eleanor, but died in the odor of sanctity in the convent of Godstow.

Charles Kingsley gave up his chair of modern history at Oxford because he said he considered history "largely a lie."

Chemists have proved that vinegar will not dissolve pearls or cleave rocks, in spite of the fabled exploits of Cleopatra and Hannibal.

The siege of Troy is largely a myth, even according to Homer's own account. Helen must have been sixty years old when Paris fell in love with her.

The number of Xerxes' army has been grossly exaggerated and it was not stopped at Thermopylae by 300 Spartans, but by 7,000, or even, as some authors compute, 12,000.

Philip VI, flying from the field of Crecy and challenged later before the gates of the castle of Eloiis, did not cry out: "It is the fortune of France." What he really said was: "Open, open; it is the unfortunate king of France."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## THEIR SHOPS PALACES

PARISIAN DRESSMAKERS IN FINE ESTABLISHMENTS.

Maintained at Enormous Costs, but Fair Femininity Refuses to Be Satisfied With Anything Not of the Best.

When a woman is not praising her dressmaker she is abusing him. Either he is a treasure, an artist, a genius; or he is just the reverse; his prices are extortionate, he never keeps his word, his materials are bad and he has a hundred petty ways of economizing on them so that renovation is impossible. We hear all this and much more about the sins of the dressmaker, even as we hear a great deal in his praise. Out of all the praise and blame, one point stands out strongly, and that is his prices. On this everyone agrees; they are very high, and the time has come to ask ourselves if they must remain so.

For some unknown reason the Paris dressmaker has elected to establish himself in princely mansions instead of in shops. He now inhabits the most luxurious apartments and hotels in the city. His rent is stupendous, his train of attendants is enormous, and until the war came to put a stop to his course, downward or upward, whichever we like to call it, there seemed to be no limit to his ambitions. In the old days we read of ministers of state falling through ambition; today, or rather yesterday, it was dressmakers who ran that risk.

It is not surprising that women paid high for a gingham dress when that dress was chosen, fitted and made in a house that was a palace of delight to all who shared the taste for furniture which reminded you in a flash of "Bal-ambo," the "Peau de Chagria" and the "Empress Josephine." The chair in which you sat was a show piece, the mirror in which you saw your reflection had once thrown back the image of a queen, the halls through which you walked opened on a garden of such dignity and loveliness that its trees seemed to sigh in the wind with memories of past honors. To all this you must add the illustrious name of the dressmaker and the genius of his designers, cutters, makers and saleswomen. It is no wonder the gingham dress cost so dear.

In another palace the furniture is in the style of Versailles in the glorious eighteenth century. The bergeres, the coiffeuses, the chaises longues, the cabinets filled with rare china or priceless lace, the engravings on the walls, the silk which covers the tabourets—everything is quite splendid in its way, and the manikins who float about in models of amazing fashion remind you of tropical birds, beautiful but songless. Is it to be marveled at that a dinner dress of silken splendor costs £50? The very elevator in which you are carried from one floor to another is a gem of eighteenth century design and decoration.

There is yet another reason for these high prices—the wages of the men and women who make the dresses. After the dressmaker, who claims the first profits, come the designer, the cutter, the fitter, the multitude of "little hands" who do the dull, important sewing parts, the brodeuses, and a further crowd of attendants who hover round that presiding genius, the vendeuse. All these people have to be paid. When a dress costs £50 there should be no badly paid labor in it, otherwise its raison d'être ceases to exist. Before the war I knew that some of the head saleswomen made good incomes, and down to the "little hands" the pay was not bad. The designers were also fairly paid, but the odd workers who were not employed in the house itself did not benefit fairly by the big sums which were paid by the women who dress in the Rue la de Paix.