ATONED FOR HIS BRUTALITY

Nothing but Suicide Left for Ill-Mannered Russian General Who Had Insulted Grand Duchess.

A titled visitor to Philadelphia who has spent many years in Russia tells me a story of his friend, the Grand Duchess Tatiana, one of the four lovely daughters now sent with the czar into exile.

In these hours when all thoughts turn to Russia—especially in this city—the story will bear repetition. Francis B. Reeves has reminded us in his new book of the warm friendship of Russia for Philadelphia, shown when the Russian battleships visited Philadelphia in 1893 to bring gifts to our commissioners who took the corn to feed the starving population. And Philadelphia locomotives are indispensable to Russia's railways.

It seems that the Grand Duchess Tatiana in her Red Cross uniform was riding on a tramway in Petrograd with a desperately wounded officer.

A "Russian" general with a German name and German manners boarded the car and demanded his subaltern's seat.

"Sit still," said Tatiana to her charge. He obeyed her.

After the general's third demand was disregarded, he turned a torrent of abuse upon Tatiana.

She handed him her card.

The German knelt in the car. She refused his apology. "You saw that man was grievously wounded. And you had no right to speak to any woman as you spoke to me."

Several days later the German officer shot himself. Which suggests a cheap and easy way of ending the war.—"Girard" in Philadelphia Ledger.

Chemical Wealth in Lakes.

There are several lakes in the United States which contain sodium carbonate, borax, potash and common table salt. The longer the war continues the more valuable these chemical bodies become. Perhaps the best known of these is Great Salt Lake, Utah's ocean of salt. Others are Searles Lake, Owens Lake and Mono Lake, all in California. The origin of these lakes is doubtful. In some cases they are probably due to an arm of the ocean becoming landlocked. The most remarkable feature about them is the fact that they seem to be continuously fed from subterranean sources, since they maintain a uniform amount of salt.—Popular Mechanics Monthly.

Halt Traffic for Wounded.

On each crossing of the important streets and boulevards of Paris there stands these days a traffic policeman. Whenever he sees a wounded soldier approaching with the evident intention of crossing the street he halts the traffic and assists him over the dangerous zone.

This is an innovation by M. Hudelo, who is in control of the city's traffic. Understanding that it is impossible to make military chauffeurs more careful in their driving and knowing the futility of trying to teach the civilian taxi driver to drive properly in one day he has placed the remedy where it can counteract the evil.

PA'S IDEA

"Has the devil any relatives, pa?"

"I don't know, but he ought to have a mother-in-law."

Littleton Sauce.

Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one teaspoonful of flour mixed with one teaspoonful of mustard, and stir until well blended; then add one-half cupful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of vinegar and the slightly-beaten yolks of three eggs. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Season with salt and black pepper, and just before serving add one tablespoonful of currant jelly separated in pieces.

Pensions for Teachers.

Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania has signed a bill establishing a state teachers' retirement system on a basis of the teachers paying one-half and the state and the local district each one-fourth. The law will become operative when organizations are effected.

"To Get Into a Scrape."

The expression "to get into a scrape" referred at one time to any one who fell into a deer-run in the forest. When deer run wild in the forest they frequently cut deep gullies among the trees, due to their constant running backward and forward over the same ground. The cuts so made in the forest were known as "deer scrapes," and it sometimes happened that a woodsman fell into them, to his great danger.

Origin of Biscuits.

Biscuits are said to have been invented by chance in the year 1550 in France. It was the accidental result of an order given by King Henri to produce a cake that could not be secured anywhere else in the kingdom. The little son of a village baker baked the cake for which his father had made the dough, twice instead of once. This is also the origin of the name of "bis cuits," which translated means baked twice.

Rouge Shops in Japan.

Rouge and toilet powders are so extensively used by Japanese women that there are shops that deal exclusively in this stuff, and are indicated by a small red flag, signifying the color which the powder will make the cheeks. A shop with a square piece of wood on which are painted various round dots of different colors, tells the passer-by of a paint shop.

Roots Must Have Room.

The yield of cotton is dependent upon the number of flowers we are able to induce the plant to form, and root space is necessary to flowering. The cotton plant's normal rooting may occupy two square yards of earth, which is several times more than given it in practice, and the yield may often be reduced by this fact as the roots must interlap.

Pride a Strange Thing.

Pride is a strange thing. For instance, a man would much rather be seen by the younger and prettier set of neighbor women filling up the gasoline tank than emptying the garbage, though the latter act is really much more commendable in that he just does it to help his poor, hardworking wife that much.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Had Won the Right.

A mother of my acquaintance suggested to her five-year-old daughter that she pray for a baby sister or brother. Time passed and the five-year-old was rewarded for her prayers, and when the question of a name arose, the little miss demanded the right to name the baby, saying: "I'll name that baby; I did the praying."

Three Classes of Soap.

While there are many kinds of soaps, it is said that those commonly used may be divided into three classes. The first class comprises fine white soaps and scented soaps, the second class, the coarse household soaps, and the third class the soft soaps.

Earliest American White Settlement.

The most ancient white settlement in the United States, while once thought to be St. Augustine in Florida, which was founded in 1565, is now thought to be Tucson, Ariz., which is said to have received a charter in the year 1552.

Explanation Needed.

She—They refused to cash a check for me this morning because they said the account was overdrawn. Now I'd really like to know what is the good of having a federal reserve board, anyway.—Life.

A Rare Exception.

There are exceptions to all rules. The fellow who says he knows what he is talking about isn't always mistaken.—Claude Callan in the Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Lamb Production.

Grazing experts of the forest service estimate that the cost of producing lambs in the Northwestern states is $1.82 per head.

May Be a Pacifist.

"Don't find too much fault wif de man dat argues," said Uncle Eben; "de chances are dat he's tryin' to settle somethin' wifout a fight."

Not a Convert.

"What bekum ur Sam Bailey since he entah'd de church?" "Wha, he ain't got out yit—he done got two yeahs, yo' recollec', fo' dat job."

What Really Counts.

Nothing that anyone else does really matters; it is what you do that will count.

Must Be.

Dogwood must be the kind with the bark intact.

Strange.

Isn't it queer? The head of the family has to foot the bills.

Eloquence of Silence.

Silence is more eloquent than words.—Carlyle.

Rosalie's Rest

The very pale girl made straight for the hammock couch and relaxed into a spineless attitude of fatigue.

"Good gracious, Rosalie!" remarked the aquatic enthusiast, whose hair was still damp from her third swim that day. "I can't say that the country did much for you. You look limper than you did after the Red Cross course. What happened—typhoid, or something?"

Rosalie sighed and shook her head sadly.

"No," she said, "not just typhoid, not merely typhoid; it was typhoid and heart failure and scarlet fever and chronic rheumatism and jaundice and old age and sunstroke and paralysis and cholera infantum and—"

"Stop!" cried the pink-ruffled young woman who was embroidering napkins. "You were gone exactly one month. It would take a lifetime for all that to happen to you."

"I never said it happened to me," retorted Rosalie. "If it had happened to me I shouldn't have had to hear so much about it, and there would have been some satisfaction in that. You've no idea how perfectly killing second-hand illnesses can become. You see—"

"Rosalie," interrupted the aquatic enthusiast, "begin nearer the front. Where were you?"

"Certainly! Be systematic in giving the horrid details," urged the flat-heeled girl, who was polishing her bone-rimmed spectacles. "We are strong and can endure them. Besides, it sounds like a plot for a movie."

"If you'll make a movie scenario out of it I'll tell you." The very pale girl sat up and grew unexpectedly animated. "You know, Weedport is miles from a railroad. You reach it by stage from Clester. I entered in the stage along with some country women whose rosy cheeks made me awfully envious. I couldn't help admiring them as much as I did the view. But presently they fell to talking. The older one said she had some mysterious disease that might mow her down at any time and I really became nervous for fear she'd fall against me and jab me with the stiff quill on her hat.

"Then the young one refused to be outdone, so she explained how she'd been doctorin' with Old Doc Ellis for months now and he couldn't tell whether she had kidney or a periosteum. Next they got discussing various other invalids in Weedport—how Mr. Murphy would probably lose his mind, and Mis' Hopkins looked as if she was going into a decline.

"I began to think that I'd made a mistake in coming to Weedport, as evidently it was not a healthy community. However, they presently brightened the conversation a little by talking about the minister's wife's funeral, and how nobody could ever know who'd be taken next—

"When I arrived at the farm where I was to board my hostess met me at the gate. She was what the story writers call buxom, but I soon learned that she was very poorly. That woman actually boasted of consuming two large bottles of Doctor Gougem's Goulash every month. She advised me to try it, but I haven't yet.

"The country air was stimulating and I should have developed an appetite. But it didn't seem to be the thing to do. The spirit of the place discouraged it. All the other boarders had something the matter with them and they used to tell me about it when we sat on the veranda. Naturally, I felt sensitive about being the only healthy one, and, besides—"

"Yes?" prodded the girl with the pink ruffles.

"I cultivated the habit of looking for symptoms. It's a Weedport pastime, the most popular sport, one might say—symptom searching. You do it in order to have something to occupy your mind with and in order to get something to talk about afterward. It's great fun. I became so expert that I counted my pulse every morning, and I almost learned to faint at all the proper times. If I'd stayed long enough I could have done it with absolute efficiency."

"But didn't you walk?" asked the flat-heeled girl. "And swim?"

"Or talk to any men?" added the girl with the pink ruffles.

Rosalie shook her head.

"It isn't done," she declared. "Not in Weedport. You'd die before openly admitting that you were healthy enough to take walks for pleasure. The healthier you look the worse you have to say you feel—"

"Why didn't you come home?" snorted the aquatic enthusiast.

The very pale girl turned almost pink.

"I did!" she retorted. "I'm home! I came back to the city for rest and recuperation. And I'm getting the most awful appetite—please pass the fudge!"

In London.

He—It is hard to ask for bread and get a stone.

She—It is worse to ask for a stone and get paste.—London Answers.

Worse and Worse.

There is a story in connection with a certain paper which tells how it referred to two learned gentlemen as "bibulous old flies" instead of "bibliophiles." Next morning the editor received a very wrathful protest. In his correction and apology, however, he said something about "the learned gentlemen are too fastidious." To the editor's horror the printer again distinguished himself, and the statement appeared "the learned gentlemen are two fast idiots."

The First American Indians.

According to Keith, the American Indian in all his varieties, is a descendant from the primitive Mongolian type. There is a theory advanced by Payne that in some remote period the progenitor of the Indian came to this continent from Asia over a bridge of land that existed in prehistoric times where the Behring sea now is. Another theory, championed by Dawkins and Brinton, assumes that the originals of our native stocks came from Europe, probably by way of Iceland.

Drier for Photographers.

Chloride of calcium is sometimes used to absorb moisture and keep certain photographic products dry, such as platinum paper or carbon paper; but a photographer has discovered that cardboard of the heavy kind will act as a good drier. The card is used in rough sheets, it being well dried by heat and then wrapped in waxed paper so as to leave only the edge of the board free and thus not absorb moisture too quickly.

Loyalty.

The little girl looked in dazed silence at Niagara falls; and then, in answer to her mother's question, "Well, what do you think of it, dear?" answered, with a disdainful shrug of her shoulders: "Oh, our brook could do that, if it had a chance."—Harper's Magazine.

Work and Play.

It has been said that we never really know persons, even although we work with them, until we have played with them. This is true, because work may be performed according to somebody else's ideas, but our play life expresses our own ideals in regard to amusement and enjoyment.

Nursing Sickly Plants.

Sickly plants, like sickly people, cannot stand extremes. Sickly pot plants may often be more quickly brought back to health by watering with very warm water only. Low vitality will not be raised through the use of chilly water or less than 110 degrees of temperature.

Secret of True Industry.

"How profitable is it for every one of us to be reminded, as we are reminded when we make ourselves aware of the derivation of diligence from 'diligo,' to love, that the only secret of true industry is love of that work."—R. C. Trench.

It Sounds Reasonable.

"What is a furrier, Willard?" asked the teacher of a pupil in the juvenile class. "A man who deals in furs," answered Willard. "That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Ralph, you may tell me what a currier is." "A man who deals in curs," was the reply.

No Surprise to Him.

Little Jack came home and announced to his mother that Willyum had chicken pox. "But, gee, mam," he added solemnly. "It's no wonder. You jest ought to see the chickens that live in his yard."

Some Compensation.

The weather may oftentimes be exceedingly warm in summer, but that is one season of the year that is immune from elections, political, social or any other kind.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Substitute for Radium.

Thorite, a mineral found principally in Norway, has been found to possess some of the therapeutic powers of radium and to serve as a less expensive substitute for it.

Reasonable Grounds.

"My client appeals for a new trial." "On what grounds?" "On the grounds, your honor, that he is not apt to do worse and might fare a great deal better."

Place to Work.

If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.

A Pessimist.

The pessimist is a man who wants more of the things of which he has little, and less of the things of which he has much.

A Real Anguish Producer.

The bill that hurts worst each month is the one you had forgotten about.—Claude Callan in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Queer, Isn't It.

If you go out on the street and whistle for your dog, every man within hearing will turn around.