

## PROFESSOR SVENGALI IN PAJAMAS

### A Dog and Cat Fight and an Audience in Kimonos on Fire Escapes

The rear of a house on the upper west side looks out on a little yard in which there are a grass plot, a clothesline, some bushes along the fence, and a bull pup. The occupant of the house is an actor, who once played Svengali so successfully that he took on the face of the hypnotizer of Trilby.

The rear of the house back of it also looks out upon the little yard, its bushes, the clothesline and the bull pup. There is a fire escape for each apartment of this building. As the building has five apartments it follows that there are five of the fire escapes. To go back to the home of the actor. The yard is inclosed by a very high fence, but the fence is not high for stray cats. The more inaccessible a carpenter makes a fence the easier it is for cats.

On the top of the fence of Svengali a cat clambered and provided. It was in its kittenhood. It was lean and frownsed and full of mischief. Whether a bone in the yard attracted the kitten's attention or whether it was a case of cussedness such as every cat has at times will never be known; but it wasn't happy, the kitty wasn't, until it got into the yard.

The bull pup of Svengali was asleep on the stoop. The kitten meandered unsuspectingly under the bushes that had put on their first green spring attire. A servant spied the feline invader. The way in which she said "Scat!" was like the letting off of a Fourth of July crack. The bull pup, he sprang forth from his siesta as if he had been propelled by a catapult. The first encounter between any sort of dog and any type of cat is well known to our readers; therefore no description will here be attempted.

#### They Came Together.

The kitten manœuvred so that it got into the bushes, where the dog could not get at it. Svengali's bull pup tore the grass and barked and yowled until the servant rushed to his assistance with her dustpan and broom and beat the bush. Out jumped the kitten.

"Sic 'em!" said the servant. That was where the dog and the cat got together. They rolled and whined and hissed. Aided and abetted by the servant, the bull pup got the better of the scrum. It is due to the kitten to say that it was not in fighting weight. The pup was at its best, for he had been living on the fat of the land. In the storm of noise several occupants of the building with fire escape attachments came forth. It was at the hour when women have their hair in curl papers and wear kimonos of different pattern. If you have ever got a

glimpse of a clothesline on Monday you know that there are no two kimonos that look as if made in the same country.

Let your imagination in its calmest moment contemplate five women in curl papers and kimonos standing on five fire escapes all yelling at a servant in a yard below to make a dog quit fighting a cat. The dog in such a case thinks that he is being encircled. That is what the Svengali pup thought, or so he acted.

It will never be known what the kitten thought. A cat is like a woman—the more trouble it has on hand the more it believes it has.

One woman yelled to the servant that if she didn't take off the dog she would call the police. Funny how the mention of the police will make a servant act as if she had St. Vitus' waltz. The servant in question screamed. The scream reached Svengali, who was in his hammock, and down he came in his pajamas. The spectacle of a suit of striped pajamas mixed up in a cat and dog fight on one side and five highly kimonoed curl papered women on five fire escapes on the other, with an excited servant on the rim, make a crazy quilt look like a second-hand dishrag just out of the pan.

Svengali lifted up his great eyes to the five fire escapes, and hissed, "What's the matter with you women?"

Five women in kimonos replied in stage union: "Take that pup of yours away from that kitty."

Just then the kitten gave up the fight. One of its lives passed out. It stretched its form on the sword. Svengali placed his hands on his hips and surveyed the field. He called off his dog, but what was the use? The dog hadn't anything more to do now.

Then Svengali raised his great eyes towards the five fire escapes, kimonoed. The look in his eyes was like that which he turned on Trilby, when he told her the audience was calling for her to respond.

One woman on the fire escape shouted to another, "That's Svengali!" The word ran from fire escape to fire escape. Five kimonoed women stood transfixed for a moment. Then there was a combined scamper to the various apartments. Down banged five window sashes.

Svengali took his pup, and slowly sought the quiet and ease of his domestic life. The servant took the body of the kitten and threw it over into the next yard, of the people who are out of town.

Five dinners in the fire escape equipped building were late that day as five heads of households sat and listened to the tales of the fight between Svengali's bull pup and a starved kitten, and five oaths were recorded that if Svengali ever played again in this town there would be five boycotts on the play, if not more.—New York Sun.

## HOW VERNE BECAME AN AUTHOR

### Scientific Prophet and Writer of Children's Stories Honored At Home.

Jules Verne was a brilliant example of the exception which proved the rule in the proverb of a prophet having little honor in his own country. For rarely, if ever, had a man such honor in his own town as had Jules Verne in Amiens. Amiens is a place the name of whose railway station is perhaps as well known in England as in France. But few Englishmen stop there, I fancy, and I know that the first time I walked out of the station into the streets (it was summer, and I had grey clothes of very English cut on), I was promptly accosted by a small boy, who offered for a small fee to take me to the house of Monsieur Jules, to whom I went so often afterwards. "How do you know that's what I wanted?" I asked. "What else could you want in Amiens?" he answered. His remark, though it did honor to Amiens, which is a very pretty town of considerable size and considerable commercial importance. Jules Verne was a member of the town council, and he was much prouder of that fact than of his fame as a writer. He lived in Amiens for 35 years, from the time of the war till his death, and he was as well known in the town as the ugly red railway station itself, and much more respected. It is a curious thing that Jules Verne never left Amiens except for short cruises of a week or two on his boat, and even then he never went very far from the coast of France. He took his readers all over the world, both on the sea and below it, up to the moon and through adventures of all sorts and kinds, yet he himself preferred to remain at home with his wife, his daughter, and his grandchildren. His books, his town council work, and his collection of postage stamps—of which he and his wife worked at it together had a very fine one—entirely absorbed him, and he devoted scientific publications of all kinds with a voracious appetite.

#### The Author's Stroll.

I knew the old man intimately during the last 10 years of his life, and I have had few experiences more pleasurable than my afternoon with Monsieur Jules at Amiens. I used to get there about mid-day, and we would usually talk stamps till

luncheon. After that Jules Verne put his hat on, took his ivory-topped stick, and we would go for a stroll, always the same stroll, round a portion of the promenade down to the town hall, where we would spend an hour, up to the house again, and talk till it was train time. Although he was very nearly blind he dreaded the operation for cataracts, and found that he could write quite well by means of an ingenious and simple device in his study. This was a dark blind which allowed a strip of light to fall on his paper only, leaving the rest of the room in complete darkness. And from very early morning till 11 Jules Verne would work, covering exactly the same number of sheets of paper every day with a neat handwriting of curious precision when one remembers the wealth of the man's imagination. He wondered himself, as much as posterity does, at his gift of scientific prophecy. In his Robur Le Cientifique a wonderfully precise description of Santos Dumont's steerable balloon. The motor car is fully described in his "Maison a Vapeur," and every boy knows that the first submarine was Jules Verne's "Nautilus." In what he described with scientific exactitude the very latest submarines of today.

But even his more frivolous books, "Round in the World in Eighty Days," for instance, had a scientific basis, and he told me himself that his reason for writing it was to impress upon children that they could lose a day in going round the world.

Jules Verne became an author quite by accident. His wish was to be a lawyer, and he had intended to devote himself principally to marine law. He came up to Paris from Nantes as a very young man, but before he was 20 began to write for his own pleasure. Then he wrote for a theatre, and had a small piece played at the Vaudeville. But he was 35 before he wrote his first story of travel, and he got that published in a curious manner. He was lunching frugally off a piece of bread and butter in the Luxembourg Gardens one morning when the hat of an old gentleman on a neighboring seat blew off. Jules Verne ran after the hat, and as he ran some papers fell out of his pocket, blew about the garden, and the old gentleman ran after them. When the hat and the papers were caught, the two, quite out of breath, made each other's acquaintance. Jules Verne confessed to his new friend that the flyaway papers were the manuscript of the first chapters of a story. The old gentleman promptly introduced himself as Hetzel, the publisher and editor of a boy's paper called "The Magasin d'Education," and, looking at the piece of bread and butter, insisted on carrying the young author off to lunch of a more substantial kind. After lunch he read the manuscript and arranged for its publication. This was "Five Weeks in a Balloon," which achieved an immediate success.

#### OLD JEWELRY LARGELY A FAKE.

Of Renaissance and medieval jewelry hardly a bit is real, except what is in museums. It is not to be bought in the disturbed epoch that followed the Renaissance precious stones were broken from their settings and sold to meet urgent needs. The same held for extreme

diffidence applies to the pretty bibelots of the eighteenth century, watches, chateaux, bonbonnières. Of modern fabrication, too, is the enamelled jewelry of the sixteenth century. Vienna turns it out to perfection. And so cunning are the makers that, for example, they take care that the ring on which a locket is suspended should show signs of friction, well aware that the buyer who thinks himself "cute" will look for this indication. As for the peasant jewelry, now so much bought and sought in Florence on the Old Bridge tinted rock crystals so ingeniously made exhausted for, after all, peasants own but a limited stock. It all consists of clever copies, or more often tasteful combinations of old designs. The stones, too, despite their fine design, are rarely anything but those marvellously clever tinted rock crystals so ingeniously made in Switzerland and sold by the ton in the desired. In Switzerland, indeed, the Arabian Nights tales of coffers full of uncut precious stones can be realized for a modest figure. As for cameos cut in quantities at Naples, and often copied from good examples, it is related, on the faith of M. Eudel, that to give them the proper tint of age there is nothing but the stomach of a turkey. As soon as a shell has been completed, one of those useful birds is induced to swallow the closed in some tempting bait. The chemistry of his digestion does the rest, and the cameo returns to its maker doctored an exquisite yellow tinge as collectors think only action of time can produce.

## FORTRESSES THAT RUN ON WHEELS

### How European Soldiers Propose To Use Armored Cars.

Apart from the use of airships, wireless telegraphy and the latest telephonic inventions the appearance in the field of fighting motors covered with a carapace of bullet proof steel is a feature which promises to exercise the most immediate influence on the conduct of future operations in war.

The war car is a totally different thing from the transport and supply car or private automobile. These latter could only operate with safety well to the rear of the advanced troops, whereas the former, writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, is designed to push boldly to the front and take definite offensive in the fighting line. Not only Germany but France and Austria have already constructed some highly ingenious specimens of these battle motors.

These war cars are practically small mobile forts equipped with quick-firing guns and having the armor plating completely protected. Their armor which in every case has been subjected to fire tests at close range, is bullet proof and in the French and Austrian patterns which I have seen completely covers the interior of the car, something like the rounded gun turret of a battleship. The French pattern has the additional advantage that its driving power is applied to both sets of wheels by means of an ingenious device which is a strictly guarded secret. The latest French pattern has a revolving turret armed with a Hotchkiss quick firer, and both the French and Austrian as well as the German war cars are able to cross country if necessary and to negotiate ditches and obstacles of the ordinary character.

A Motor Battle. The picture of a motor battle in which these war cars will operate is a highly interesting one to consider. The German idea is that these war cars will in a great measure form the pivots upon which the mobile elements of an army in the field will work, and this in accordance with the German conception is what is likely to happen.

Armored Cars. Well out among the advanced and covering troops of an army on every road leading to the front there will be armored high speed war cars armed with revolving machine guns. They will co-operate with and support the mounted troops working across country and with the cavalry in covering the advance or feeling for the enemy and in capturing and holding bridges, fords and places of vantage. Conversely they would materially assist in covering a retreat or in protecting the flank of an army, where they would be very awkward customers for cavalry to tackle.

They will carry tiny garrisons of from ten to twelve men, and as they work along the main roads they will act as supports and rallying points to bodies of cyclists who, acting as the monster's tentacles, will search and examine the country between their own road and the next, sure always of being able to return on the motor of the motor and its machine gun. Further occasions will arise where when opposing hostile infantry or cavalry the war motor can be used to defend or assault points such as a bridge or a defile and they will be invaluable for the purpose of a sudden rush to cover an attack or hold on limpetlike to some post until reinforcements can arrive. In these days cover from fire is so important that many occasions will arise when these small mobile forts, which can ignore the rifle fire of an enemy will prove of immense value in assisting the efforts of their infantry or cavalry.

The Germans are at the present moment constructing an ironclad motor to pursue and engage dirigible balloons. It is to be of 60-horsepower, with a speed of fifty to seventy kilometers an hour. It will be armed with a quick-firing gun of 50 millimeters fixed on a revolving cupola and having a range of 7,500 meters, or 8,000 yards. This special war car will carry in a magazine 100 shot-penetrating shells, and the total weight of the motor, gun, ammunition, five gunners, driver, etc., is to be 2,200 kilograms.

An additional example of the general utility of the fighting motor in modern war will be provided by the Germans, who, I am informed, propose that the war car shall be fitted with a strong steel cage, so that when necessary it may be able to provide auxiliary haulage power, which will be useful if one of its number required extra engine power in stiff country.

## THE OUTFIT NEEDED FOR A TRIP ABROAD

### Some Needs of the Woman Who Is Going to Europe This Summer.

One of the most important problems that the Europe-going woman has to face this summer is that of the peach basket hat. What to do with it and how?

You might as well try to pack a grand piano or a gramophone in a steamer trunk as a peach basket hat. Of course one answer to the puzzle is, wear it; but you know how a woman loves to wear her special love of a hat through Scotch mists and those exasperating showers that make Paris and London seem bent on destroying everything of American importation. Wear it? Never!

The Steamer Rug. A young woman who takes a party over to Europe every year gives the following advice on the subject of steamer rugs: First and foremost comes a comfortable steamer rug, which you must buy, beg, borrow or steal. As an additional deck comfort a little pillow that fits snugly behind the ears is a good thing to remember to take. If you do not want to bother to take the pillow, a chintz slip that will fit over a berth pillow that may be taken from the stateroom will do.

The steamer hat is naturally one of the most trying articles to decide about of the sort who say "Well, you look like a guy anyway on board a steamer, so what's the use?" Naturally that simplifies matters immensely, and if you feel that way really your husband's old camping hat or your brother's cap, even a worsted abomination or a so-called fascinator, may do; but for the woman who takes pride in looking well under the most trying circumstances a careful survey of the ship's harvest in this class of merchandise may not be amiss.

She will have to take plenty of time about it, she will have to remember that her hair will not always be coiffured as daintily as it is when she tries the hat on, and that it is absolutely necessary that she study in addition to its becomingness its adaptability to a wind and to reclining in a steamer chair, which necessitates a brim that will not break in the back. The automobile hats offer many good models for this purpose, and many of them made of pliable straw or cut in the back are unobjectionable. The downward sloping brims, covering the hair, are desirable, and at a price ranging from \$5 to \$10 one may find a very swaggy hat that will do to wear on many occasions.

Hats and Veils. The most popular hat is the Panama, which comes in every shape and size. KEEPING CHILDREN WELL. Every mother should be able to recognize and cure the minor ills that attack her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness, or perhaps save a little life. A simple, safe remedy in the home is therefore a necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. They promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, make teething easy and keep children healthy and cheerful.

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PAT THE HORSE'S FOREHEAD. "Not many people know how to pet a horse—that is, from a horse's standpoint," said the driver of one of the big trucks that bring rolls of paper to the Sun office. "Every nice-looking, sleek horse comes in for a good deal of petting," he went on, as one of the big greys rubbed his muzzle anxiously against the truckman's sleeve. "Gitch a fine horse close to the curb and you'll find that half the men, women and children passing along will stop for a minute and give him an affectionate pat or two. "That is especially true along Park row during the noon hour. The trouble is that they don't pat him in the right place. "If you want to make a horse rub him is going to the equine paradise, think

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over the eyes. Next to that form of endurment a horse likes to be rubbed right in between the ears. In petting horses most people neglect those nerve centres, stroke the horse's nose. "While a well-behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that same soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does not know how to pet a horse, and is surprised when a horse throws back his ears and acts peevish; but let a person come along who was brought up in the country and knows the horse and his peculiar ways, and he will pet the animal by rubbing him between the ears, directly over the eyes."—New York Sun.

FAVORITE OLD SONGS. Two Irish favorites are "Robin Adair" and "The Last Rose of Summer," the words of the latter being Thomas Moore's. Of the Scotch, three prime favorites are "Auld Lang Syne," "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "Annie Laurie." Burns supplying the words for the first two, while Annie's charms were described by her devoted William Waverley, and the British army sang it all through the Crimean war.

The French have furnished two splendid war songs, "Marseillaise" and the "Marche aux Etoiles." The first, author unknown, was intended to deride Queen Anne's great general, Marlborough; but he defeated the French so thoroughly that the song was adopted by England, and is heard there to this day. The "Marche aux Etoiles" was composed, words and music, in a single night by Rouget de Lisle, an army officer. It is usually deemed the finest of national songs.

England also has a grand one, "God Save the King," written and composed at White Hall in 1790 by Henry Carey, and sung by him the next day at a patriotic celebration. About 1832 the Rev. S. F. Smith, of Massachusetts, fitted to this tune his American national ode, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Our other national hymn, "The Star-Spangled Banner," is a translation of a poem by Francis Scott Key, a Baltimore lawyer, while watching our flag on Fort M'Henry during its bombardment by the British fleet.

Two of our civil war songs seem destined to immortal fame, "Dixie" and "Gloria Hallelujah." "Dixie," the South's favorite song, was composed by an Ohio Unionist, Daniel D. Emmett, as a minstrel "walk-around," while "Gloria Hallelujah" was a Southern camp-meeting song, which found its way north just before the war. Among old English favorites perhaps the best of all is "Home, Sweet Home," composed and partly derived from a Sicilian folk song by Sir Henry Bishop in 1822, the author of the words being an American, John Howard Payne.—The Circle.

#### A RACE OF REDS.

The Parisian press has just announced the death of Herault de Secheles, great-grandson of the dandy of the Dantonists of 1793, who ended his career, like most of his contemporary celebrities, on the scaffold. "If you want to make a horse rub him is going to the equine paradise, think

pled the modest position of messenger in the office of one of the morning papers. Commenting on this event, the "Petit Parisien" publishes some interesting notes on the descendants of the world-famed "Conventionnels." The great-grand-nephew of Marat—who bore exactly the same name as his collateral ancestor—was registrar of domains at Geneva. Marat's present descendants are bank clerks. A Dan-dan who was brought up in the country and knows the horse and his peculiar ways, and he will pet the animal by rubbing him between the ears, directly over the eyes."—New York Sun.

Besides the cases cited, any regular reader of French papers may occasionally cul similar items. At the time when Sardou's "Thermidor" was produced at the Comedie Francaise a girl applied to the director for a small part, stating her name was Mademoiselle Danton, and that she was a descendant of the fiery orator. A railway accident in the northern part of France revealed the fact that the Robespierre family is still there represented. The Carnots are, of course, the lineal descendants of the "Organizer of Victory" of the first republic; and the writer of these lines has spoken to a man (the late Marcelin Berthelot) who claimed to have been personally acquainted with the widow of one of the "Conventionnels."

## PILES

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