

Gossip has never associated the name of Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein with any romance. She is a plain-faced girl, without any of her cousin's keen wits, but a good strong will of her own. She is devoted to her grandmother, is one of the Queen's constant attendants, and she is one of the few persons who cheerfully disagree with the sovereign lady on many points without vexing or disputing with her.

Princess Victoria sews, knits and cooks admirably; in short, is conversant with every household art, and having visited about among her relatives a good deal she has come to the sage conclusion that many of the diplomacy-made marriages among royalties are deplorably unhappy. "I could marry a farmer and make him a good wife," she has said to the Queen, "but I have none of the tastes or graces that would suit a spoiled, extravagant husband whom I don't love, so I don't think I will marry at all."

Perfectly amiably, but quite determinedly, she has stuck to her point. She evades court ceremonies as much as possible, but is adored by all her boy and girl cousins, reads aloud to the Queen, does quantities of serviceable, ugly fancy work, is her mother's hard-worked secretary, and one of the jolliest, most contented old maids in England.

E. F.

Modern Jerusalem.

STUDIED from its thoroughfares, says Cleveland Moffett, in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, Jerusalem looks for all the world like a huge rambling fortress, with fighting towers and dungeon depths. On either hand, instead of lines of houses, you have formidable and continuous walls pierced with low doors and body-wide stairs and iron-caged windows. You cannot tell where one house begins and another leaves off, nor whether a certain opening leads to roof or courtyard or dwelling room. There is indeed one way to tell, that is to push boldly in and up along stairs and passages and see what you can see.

Whatever else you fail to do in Jerusalem (and you are sure to neglect half the guide book admonitions) do not fail to study the streets from overhead—as many of them as possible. You can always find a viewpoint by a little searching. Take Christian Street about midday, when the sun lights both sides, and get your station on the arch near David Street, no matter if you have to do some clambering. Now look to the north, there where the greenish dome and white minaret rise. You see a straight way along the base of a high wall, window-pierced, with a lower wall on the other side, its stones old and grassgrown. Below, you see two lines of flimsy awnings, tipped down like the visor of a cap, to shelter the booths beneath from the white glare. You see donkeys, camels, sheep, peasants, soldiers, Greek priests, sisters of charity, tourists, pilgrims, Turks and all who live in Turkey, Syrians and all who visit Syria, veiled women, sheeted women and beggars (you will see them all if you wait a little), moving to and fro, now lost under the awnings, now coming into the open. You can follow them between two sombre archways, the one that you are on and another, yonder where a cross-wall stops your view. You can watch them until you tire.

A Library that Costs Nothing

How a Clever Woman who Cannot Afford to Buy Books Keeps Up with the Current Topics of the Day.

Special for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

"HOW did you become so well informed?" one woman asked another with a little touch of justifiable envy in her voice. "You are a very busy house-keeper, with children to look after. You don't attend clubs, yet you seem to know about every man, woman or book of the day. I wish you would tell me the secret."

"Whatever information I have, my dear," was the answer, "has been gained through a clipping collection. Five years ago a friend of mine who worked on one of them told me how, in their offices, whole rooms were devoted to clippings from various magazines and papers, systematically catalogued and used for reference.

"The idea appealed to me as an excellent one for the private individual, especially for a woman like myself, who cannot afford to buy many books.

"We take two good newspapers, one which my husband prefers and one which is my choice. From time to time, when I am at leisure and perhaps too tired to do more exacting work, I clip these papers and sort the clippings, according to subject, into manilla envelopes."

"What variety of matter do you clip, may I ask?"

"Anything which is likely to have a more than passing interest. The life of some celebrated man or woman, or anecdotes concerning famous people; an interesting bit of statistics which one ought to have at command; an historical study; an account of a famous painting; natural history; wild birds; wild flowers—anything which seems worth while."

"What a good idea! I am all impatience to begin one myself at once. Do tell me about your system of cataloguing."

"I invented my own system, a very simple one. In a large public collection like that of a newspaper office it would be necessary to have an elaborated method, but any woman can invent one for her own use. I put each general subject, such as Birds, Cookery, England, Education, into large square envelopes, and arrange them on the shelf according to letters. Famous men and women I catalogue separately in small envelopes about six inches long and four wide.

"I have long since found my clippings of great value. The library has now grown to a size which renders it possible for me to refer to it as I would to any other library, if I had one at command. If I hear of a famous personage whose history has escaped my memory I take the next idle moment to consult my clippings and read a short sketch of his life and work. It is the same with history or science, upon which I become rusty. The chances are that I shall find an account of the point I need in the envelopes.

"It isn't by any means necessary to read all one clip. Clip an article if the subject interests or is likely to interest you. Tuck it away for future reference."

"And you clip papers only—no magazines?"

"Oh, yes. I clip magazines which I have bought for one article or story they contain and which I do not care to bind. All pamphlets that are sent to the house, unless they are devoted to advertising, I catalogue also. Pictures, too, if they are clear and seem faithful; with photographs on any interesting subjects.

"Simple as it is, a private library of this kind avoids that one supreme fault of the public one—dirty books, with the possibility of lurking disease germs.

"Beside the pleasure and the general information, I have had some very practical help from the clippings. I have one envelope filled with good cooking recipes clipped at different times. Another contains many new "wrinkles" in household science. Of course, one has to use judgment in selecting these, but with care it becomes a wonderful help."

Kissing the Hands.

THE act of kissing the hands is almost as old as the hills. There are two kinds of kissing the hands.

The first is that of kissing the hand of a sovereign, while the second is familiar to lovers. Kissing a sovereign's hand was formerly generally done when soliciting a favor; now it is done as a mark of homage and respect.

But the second kind is the most interesting. It was the custom of the Greeks and Romans, and, in fact, of every heathen people, when entering a temple to kiss their hand to the object they adore. The young man of the twentieth century seems hardly more civilized than these ancients, for he also kisses his hand to the object he adores.

Thoughtful Children.

MANY very young people possess the gift of diplomacy.

A clerk in a candy store says that one day a little girl came in, and laying down a dime, asked for ten cents' worth of candy.

"It's for my father," she explained. "It's his birthday, and I'm going to surprise him."

The clerk began to make a selection of sweets, when his customer objected.

"Don't give me that kind, give me caramels. I just love caramels."

"But I thought these were for your father," the candy man remarked.

"Yes," replied the little girl, "I know; but when I give them to father, he'll say for me to keep 'em, 'cause I'm such a thoughtful little girl, and he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."

Unique Post-Office Building.

AN ancient building, which rests on both sides of the boundary line separating Canada from Vermont, has the distinction of housing the post-offices of two countries. It is located in the town of Bebe Plain, half of which is in Canada and the other half in the United States. In one quarter of the building a young lady acts as postmistress for Uncle Sam, and in another room, located on the Canadian side, her father transacts the duties of a postmaster for the Province of Quebec. Standing in front of the office two men might shake hands while one was in Canada and the other in the United States.