

## FINDS NEW STARS ON PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES

"IT IS all in the day's work," Miss Annie J. Cannon will remark, laconically, when any one congratulates her upon the fact that her record in scientific work includes the discovery of a new star.

Announcements of the discovery of new stars are not speedily accepted by scientists. There must be long and patient observation to verify the claim. Official verification of Miss Cannon's discovery has come only after several years of such investigation.

Connected with the photographic research department of the Harvard Observatory, it is not part of Miss Cannon's duties to sweep the heavens with a powerful telescope in search of new stellar worlds.

As the discovery of what is now officially designated as Nova Ophiuchi No. 3 was made while the young woman was examining photographic plates of the heavens, this enrichment of science was really, as she puts it, "in the day's work."

SINCE her discovery has been officially verified and Nova Ophiuchi No. 3 has taken its place in the geography of the heavens, Miss Cannon has been the recipient of considerable attention from the astronomical world.

All this she accepts in the same modest spirit she has always shown when her brilliant work in astronomical research has been praised, and dismisses them by saying, simply, "It's all in the day's work."

For a number of years she has had some of the most important work in connection with the photographic department to do, and it may be said that she has always done it well.

"I am deeply interested in my work here," she said the other day. "In the examination of the plates there is always the chance of discovering something new—that is how I happened to discover the new star. I do not consider it so wonderful, as it was right in line with my regular work. You know that every clear night here photographs



Miss Annie J. Cannon

are taken of the heavens, and I go over the plates in the daytime.

"It was while going over some plates that I found the spectrum seemed to show a gaseous nebula. I wondered if this were not a new thing, and so I went over plates taken for several nights previously of that portion of the heavens.

"Finally I found on one of the plates what was apparently a new star, and from then it was a question of verification.

"The star has been variable in its magnitude, sometimes very much, at other times less, but of late the variation has been very slight.

"I have an idea that some of these new or variable stars are caused by a body floating through space running into a crowd of meteors.

"The body is heated on the exterior and blazes up, but I do not think the incandescence extends to the core, for then it would take a much longer time to cool and lose its light more than many of these bodies do."

Since coming to the Observatory several years ago Miss Cannon has been given important work to do. Altogether there are sixteen women at the Observatory, appointed as curators of astronomical photographs in 1897, broke, for the first time in 200 years, the Harvard rule that no woman should be given an official position in the university.

One of the most important works assigned to Miss Cannon was a few years ago, when she was given the task of cataloguing the spectra of bright Southern stars, the photographs for which were taken with the three-inch Boyden telescope at the Arequipa Station of the Observatory, in Peru.

To catalogue them, she examined 5691 plates of 1122 bright stars, the work being completed some four years ago.

Following this came a greater piece of work, the complete bibliography of all the variable stars, which she has recently completed.

This work was begun by Prof. F. Steed, who wrote some 5,000 cards for it. It has since been continued by Miss Cannon, and now contains 34,000 cards, each giving a complete, detailed history of every star, "new" or "temporary" stars are phenomena of rare occurrence. According to a noted authority, "but few examples of the class are recorded in the annals of astronomy."

Some "new" stars, it is thought, have been simply variable stars of irregular period, while others, doubtless, have been the result of collisions in the heavens.

## BEAUTY, A DICTATOR OF FASHIONS, SHE WEARS A WIG

BY HER friends Mlle. Liane de Pougy is called "the handsomest woman in Paris." To a considerable extent she dictates fashions; she has a king at her feet, and her collection of jewels is ranked among the finest in France, if not of any single individual not of royal blood in the world.

Of late, reports of her engagement to a young physician of Paris have caused a gossip exchange of views in the French capital.

And yet Mlle. de Pougy, it has been discovered of late, wears a wig!

Will this set the fashion of wig-wearing in the French capital, and, therefore, throughout the world? is a question which wome everywhere are asking eagerly.

For several years Mlle. Liane de Pougy, sometime actress and music hall singer, has reigned, undisputed, in her own sphere.

"Every one to his taste," remarked one who has been thrown with the celebrated Parisienne considerably of late. "For my part, I find Mademoiselle more amiable than handsome."

This, however, is not the opinion of the King of Belgium and other richer, if less notorious, friends to whom she owes that marvelous collection of jewels—reputed to be the finest in Paris—and her position as a dictator of fashions.

Whether it be her beauty or her cleverness that has brought this woman to her present position, and whether a certain exclusive titled set of Parisians approve or not, her actions are watched and discussed like those of the Pompadours and du Barrys of old.

Like them, she sets the fashions in dress and all pertaining thereto, for women of that type in Paris have always owed much of their success to their knowledge of the art of dress.

It is an open secret that most of the great beauties of a certain class are given clothes by the grand couturiers to introduce their latest fashion.

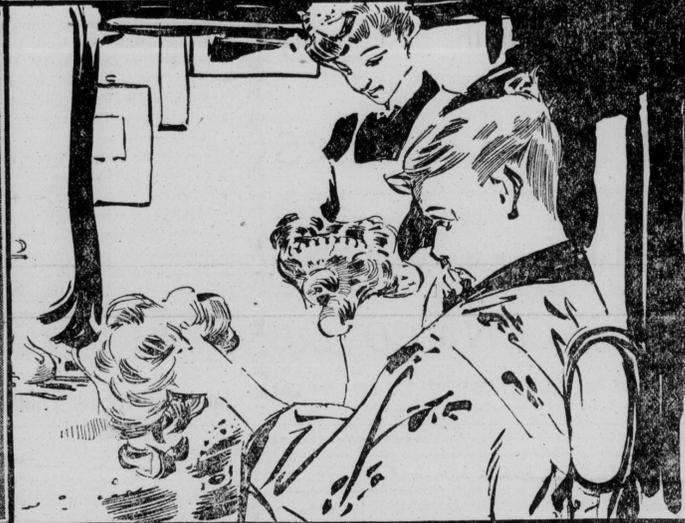
All Paris remembers a recent automobile accident in which Mlle. de Pougy figured; it was enabled in detail to all corners of the world, and for days afterward occupied whole columns on the front pages of the principal Paris dailies. The most interesting fact, however, brought out by the accident seems to have escaped general notice at the time. This fact is—that Liane de Pougy wears a wig!

Not because her hair is ugly, for it is of a beautiful golden brown color, its present length of three or four inches forming little ringlets all over her head.

Mademoiselle de Pougy cut off her hair because it



Mlle. Liane de Pougy.



Which Wig Shall I Wear today.

was a much pleasanter way of getting rid of it than sitting for hours under the "marcel" until it was burnt off.

Then, too, it is so much easier to have the now fashionable elaborate coiffure of waves, puffs and curls set already done upon one's head.

So this clever woman decided upon a plan of her own until the simple coiffure that she likes best shall come again into fashion—for Liane is too much a Parisienne not to wear the very latest hat from the grand modistes of the Rue de la Paix, which hat requires to be sup-

ported by a coiffure like unto that invented by Leonard, the celebrated hair dresser of Marie Antoinette.

Liane has two wigs, of course, one of which the hair dresser may arrange while the other is worn, so that she has a fresh coiffure each day. Just about the edges her own hair is left a little longer so that when it is combed back it covers the tell-tale borders of the wig, over which it is held in place by a fine hair net.

Leonard's present successor said, "No, I did not know that Mademoiselle de Pougy was one of those who have taken to the wig"—a gallant answer, for he had

made it—"but it is no surprise to hear it, for during the last year many of our most 'chic' clients have been wearing them."

"It came about in this way: The more elaborate the coiffure grows the more necessary was it to wear false hair—quantities of it, a crepe underneath to form the pompadour—with bunches of puffs and curls pinned upon it.

"A funny thing is that each lady who has taken to the perrique thinks herself alone in an entirely original idea, and naturally I have not undecieved any of them."

## The National Fight on the "Tipping" Evil.



WHO has not firmly resolved to abandon, once for all, the pernicious habit of tipping, only to stealthily hand over a piece of silver the very first time thereafter he was served by hotel waiter or Pullman car attendant?

Who has not squirmed and protested—mentally, of course—when sandbagged by this highway man-like relic of barbarism? Why, in France, according to a statistician, annual tips given aggregate nearly \$75,000,000; over \$20,000,000 of this being handed out in Paris alone.

Rejoice, then, and be exceedingly glad, ye weak-kneed victims who have been impotent or afraid to protect yourself; long-suffering humanity is raising to sweep the evil at once and forever from the land.

THE MOVEMENT against tipping is assuming proportions. Following the example of Missouri, where the House of Representatives has passed a bill making tipping a punishable offense, the Legislature of Pennsylvania has been asked to take action on a bill presented by Representative James L. Adams, which makes tipping an offense punishable with a fine of five or six dollars in jail.

A similar measure applying to the District of Columbia was recently introduced in the National House of Representatives. Further, in order to carry the crusade into every State, an Anti-Tipping Club has been formed by the traveling men of Rochester, N. Y., who are organizing branches in other cities.

The tipping habit, following the natural course of things, in time may embrace all the trades which serve the public. It will be perfectly natural after a while, perhaps, to tip the butcher's driver who serves meat, the man who delivers bread from the baker, and the candlestick maker, whoever he may be; the street car motorman who stops for you at the crossing; the street cleaner who removes the dirt from before your house; the postman who brings your mail; the telephone operator who answers your call, and the newspaper reporter who writes up your political meetings.

Why not? Is there any reason why you should be continually mulcted by persons in certain occupations, while others, who serve you as well, if not better, receive no gratuities? Isn't the whole tipping habit the most foolish that ever enchained man?

An extension of the evil will not come to pass, however, nor will the evil itself continue, if the Rochester Anti-Tipping Society and Congressman Murphy, of Missouri, succeed in their crusade. If the influence of Tubbs, of Missouri, shall prevail.

Mr. Tubbs actually had an anti-tipping bill passed by the Missouri House of Representatives, and he hopes to see it become a law of that State.

The lower house of the Legislature of Missouri recently passed a bill introduced by Mr. Tubbs which provides for the fining and imprisonment of those giving and receiving tips.

When a similar bill was introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington by Mr. Murphy, of Missouri, the hotel patrons of the city hailed it with thought-huzzan, and there was great rejoicing in the astral plane. Women smiled graciously upon Mr. Murphy and a warm feeling began to burn in the heart of every man who lived in a hotel.

And among the waiters—uproar, indignation meetings, pantomimic execrations in the dining-rooms.

"There lies, it is said, ruin" headwaiters in irreproachable dress would exclaim as national legislators passed bills in the national capital. The bill expected by the waiters is generally 10 per cent. of the bill on large checks, but on small bills of, say, several dollars, 25 per cent. If the bill was less than a dollar, the waiter expected the change.

In the so-called family hotels the tip for each man is \$2 a week and a dollar for each other member of the family. At a family table where sits a father, a wife

and two daughters, the honorarium expected is \$5 weekly.

Every time a piece of baggage is to be removed the head porter gets 25 to 50 cents; elevator boys get 25 to 50 cents a week. For bellboys the schedule of tips runs like this: Bringing in bags, 25 cents; pitcher of water, 10 cents; drink in rooms, 25 to 50 cents; brushing coats, 10 cents; stationery, 10 cents. Twenty per cent. of the money spent in Washington is said to go in tips.

Since the tipping evil in Missouri has been given such a blow as the success of the Tubbs' bill in one house of the Legislature—two years ago a similar bill failed of recognition—a great improvement has been noticed.

For one thing, hotel proprietors have raised the wages of their employees. Instead of paying to hold jobs in some hotels, the waiters are now on the salary roll.

Porters at the railroad stations, when offered a tip, smile gratefully—and refuse. Bellboys in the hotels, when slipped a nickel, extend their chests and declare proudly that they are not gratifiers; waiters when passed a 5-cent tip become purple with indignation and splutter that they are honest men.

And Tubbs—the mark of serving men throughout the country; the man who, when recognized, gets tough steak and bad oysters in eating houses—of him an admiring poet wrote:

Who is Tubbs?  
He's the man whose lips  
Cries, "Curse on  
These tyrannical tips!"  
When hurried on  
Or silence  
Against those avaricious gents  
Who see their duty  
And who done it  
When you had put  
Your tip upon it.

"What shall I tip a waiter?" writes a correspondent. "I have been giving 10 per cent. of my bill. But recently in New York, when I gave a waiter a 25-cent tip on a \$2 bill for two, he refused it, and rushed to the head waiter, pointing at me and making faces and significant nods and grimaces."

"Whenever I enter a barber shop," writes another in distress, "I tip the barber 10 cents. He refuses to take less. I usually give the boy who dirts my coat 5 cents. Sometimes when I hesitate he holds on to my coat and continues to brush. I have to drag him with me to the door, where he gives a parting whisk. When I fail to pay him I have an oppressed feeling. What shall I do? Shall I change barber shops?"

"I went to Atlantic last summer for a week," writes another, "and made up my mind to give no tips. Since then I have been a nervous wreck. I feel ashamed of myself whenever I look at one of those clean, smooth-shaved waiters. Not only did I suffer from physical want, but the mental humiliation has left an indelible impression on my mind. I am convinced no one man can beat down the evil by himself."

Statistics show that hotel employees are the cheapest-paid people in the country. A canvass made by the State Labor Department of Michigan among 943 hotels in seventy-nine counties showed an average wage of 18 cents for a day of 6 hours.

Traveling men most keenly feel the necessity of keeping open their purse strings. Such an organization as that of the Rochester drummers may solve the burning question.

THE large amount of entertainment which Alfred Schimpf, a 14-year-old German boy, obtained in his efforts to "get even" with an elderly man of Berlin, named Blitzen, calls attention to queer methods of revenge which have been revealed in the news recently.

As a starter, the Schimpf boy bought a rubber stamp with the signature "Dr. Lang" upon it, and appended the name to a large number of open postcards full of gross insults to Herr Blitzen.

Soon after Blitzen was summoned by the District Court to answer to an action instituted by "Dr. Lang" to recover a debt of 14 shillings, but when he appeared on the appointed day the plaintiff was not there.

Three days later an ambulance drew up, and four stalwart men entered Herr Blitzen's apartments and placed him by main force in the ambulance, for conveyance to the nearest lunatic asylum, whence, of course, he was liberated when the doctors discovered him to be perfectly sane.

Elegant carriages afterward drove up to take Herr and Frau Blitzen for drives. The boy afterward sent a band of music to play before the house at 4 o'clock in the morning.

The climax was reached when a horse, drawn by six horses and pulled by eight mourning coaches, appeared before Herr Blitzen's house. They had been ordered by "Dr. Lang" for Herr Blitzen's funeral.

Nor would the young villain have been discovered and sent to jail had he not betrayed himself by boasting of his deeds to another lad.

An English milkman named Wimpey was discharged by his employer. The next morning he purposely distributed sour milk to all his master's customers, thereby causing his employer to lose a large proportion of them.

At Cardiff, Wales, recently, the electric current suddenly went off, and the whole street railway of the town was stopped for twenty minutes. Officials ran to the power house, and found there a dismised wireman lying unconscious. By way of revenge he had cut two cables, and in doing so he had received a shock which prostrated him.

For days he lay in the infirmary hovering between life and death. Later on, however, he recovered, and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, so that altogether he had to pay pretty dearly for the outrage, which might have plunged the town in darkness and caused a disastrous panic.

Burglars who broke into a provision store in an English town and failed to find money set about to ruin as much of the stock as possible. Getting hold of all the mustard they could find, they mixed it to the usual degree of consistency with the aid of rum, sherry, gin and other liquors. After covering the shop floor with a thick layer of this, they scattered over it scores of pounds of tea, coffee and cocoa, tobacco, rice and sugar, with a case of carefully broken eggs.

A French method of "taking it out" of an opponent has been invented by the Marquis de Dion, a prominent member of the French Chamber of Deputies. The marquis got annoyed with the French Government, and in order to embarrass it as much as possible recently advised his constituents in Brittany to withdraw their deposits from the national savings bank. Large withdrawals from the savings bank took place in consequence.