

ATE BUNS AND APPLES

RICH MAN IN LONDON DID NOT MIND WHAT OTHERS SAID.

Charles Morrison Left an Estate Worth \$60,000,000—Not a Miser, Either.

Down in the financial district of London, there used to be, until a few weeks ago, a man who was seen at lunch time, with an apple in one hand and a penny bun in the other, walking along Lombard street, abstractly taking a bite from one and then the other, oblivious of the fact that smartly dressed brokers were staring at him, says a London letter. A few of the bigger brokers knew who he was, and that his frugal lunch was due not to stinginess, but to simplicity of taste and hatred of ostentatious money spending. They knew that he was a liberal giver to charities and that the \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 as had in being thrifty spent on safe securities when prices were low. But they didn't know that he was the richest untitled citizen of England.

When a little paragraph was given in the obituary columns to Charles Morrison, most readers wondered who he was and why the papers gave him any space at all. Now it appears that the new-improvised government death and succession duties on Morrison's estate will net the government, and lighten the taxpayers of about \$11,500,000, this being the percentage tax as estimated on approximately \$60,000,000 amassed so quietly by this

UNOSILENTIOUS INVESTOR.

The foundation of the Morrison fortune was laid in the dry-goods trade. His father, James Morrison, was a Scotch farmer who came to London and got a job in a wholesale dry-goods house. After awhile he went into business for himself and when he died he left \$500,000 to each of his four children. Charles continued for some years at the head of the business, but when it was formed into a company he gave up all connection with it except as a shareholder, and went in for finance. His operations were not of the spectacular kind, however. He operated conservatively, buying gilt-edged securities when they were low and selling when they were high. He seldom held anything long. His profits were re-invested and although he had an income, it is estimated, of between \$400,000 and \$500,000 a year, he seldom spent more than \$50,000 and most of that was devoted to charity and to keeping up the beautiful estate at Basildon in Kent which was left to him by his father. He gave \$5,000 every year to the King's hospital fund and largely to other objects. It is related also that he gave away about \$5 every day in small charities in connection with his estate.

In addition to stock operations Morrison made money in real estate. He owned two of the biggest office buildings in the financial district and some very choice blocks in

OTHER PARTS OF LONDON.

Morrison's two passions next to making money were pictures and literature. He had one of the finest collections of pictures in England at his house at Basildon. Most of it was bequeathed to him by his father, but he added to it from time to time, always buying judiciously and with rare good taste. Among the choicest of his treasures is one of the largest and finest pictures ever painted by Turner. It is ten feet long. He also possessed a smaller Turner which has been described by a famous critic as "an enchanting picture," a fine Constable, and works by Wilkie, Stanfield, Collins and other English masters. A Leonardo, a magnificent Rembrandt—Hendrickje in a White Cloak—one of the finest known Hobbeas and a Jan Steen, were among his collection.

He was an omnivorous reader and he had an encyclopedic memory. He often surprised his friends by quoting long passages from books which he had read as a boy or a young man and he also did a little work as an author. In 1854 he published a book on The Relations Between Capital and Labor which was a carefully reasoned treatise on the subject from the point of view of the capitalist. Morrison took a keen interest in social questions and although he was a strong opponent of what he considered

THE ERRORS OF SOCIALISM.

he was an advocate of the co-operative movement, and the views which he advanced were considered radical in the days when the book was published. In 1903, when he was 85 years old, he published a book entitled Doubts on Darwinism, by a Semi-Darwinian, which was also a careful essay on the Darwinian theory and its modern modifications.

Although he was known to a few as the richest man in the city, Morrison's appearance was practically unknown to the public. He took no part in any public movements and his advice was never sought on finance, for the reason that he always refused to discuss it. He was willing enough to talk to his few

intimates on books and pictures, but he tabooed the subject of money.

"SLUGGARD-WAKERS."

Keeping People Awake in Church in the Early Days.

An English writer upon "Old Church Life" devotes a chapter of his book to the "sluggard-wakers." After having described the duties of these officials and their manner of discharging them in England and Scotland, he quotes from Mrs. Earle's "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," to show that the same practice prevailed there in early days. The business of keeping the congregation awake belonged to the tithingman of the parish in case the preacher failed to that extent. Some of the stories prove that certain of the ministers were capable of rendering the duties of the tithing-man light.

At Newbury on one occasion an eccentric preacher awoke a sleeper in a novel manner. He observed a man, named Mark, sleeping, and made use of the Biblical words: "I say unto you, mark the perfect man and behold the upright." But in the midst of his monotonous sermon voice, he roared out the word "mark" in a shout that brought the dozing man to his feet, bewildered but wide-awake.

Mr. Moody of York, Maine, employed a similar device to awaken and mortify sleepers in meeting. He shouted, "Fire! fire! fire!" And when the startled men jumped up, calling out, "Where?" he roared back in turn, "In the next world, for sleeping sinners!"

During a visit to a church in Sarna, Sweden, Du Chailu saw in the pulpit, near the Bible, what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather. This had been used, until within a few years, to awake the sleepers, the parson striking the pulpit with it forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at one end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two implements, intended to keep the church awake, were used extensively in many out-of-the-way places in Sweden twenty and thirty years ago, and at the present time, in question within a few years, but were discontinued by the present pastor. Now, pinches of snuff are often offered to the sleeper, who, after sneezing for a considerable time, finds his drowsiness entirely gone.

"You're sleepy, John," said a Scotch minister pausing in the midst of a drowsy discourse, and looking hard at the man he addressed, he added, "Take some snuff, John."

"Put the snuff in the sermon, sir," replied John.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Conceit deceives only its owner. No man ascends above his ideals. Every man's life depends on the size of his god.

No man has any rights that lead others wrong.

The man who has no piety to spare has none to save.

It is easy to mistake self-approval for reformation.

All the stiffness in a man's neck is taken out of his back.

Piety adopted because it pays costs more than it is worth.

It is always safe to idealize the real if you realize the ideal.

A life is holy in the measure that it makes lives really happy.

Resources for to-morrow depend on reserves made to-day.

The best proof of a great religion is its use on small occasions.

The only way to digest a good sermon is to do what it suggests.

The pessimist always puts his best corns forward in a crowd.

Some folks try to get rid of a man's faults by advertising them.

You never can express the factor of man in terms of the dust alone.

Every man knows just how to play the game until he goes to the bat.

This would be a dreary world to some if their neighbors were all good.

Faith is always foolish to those who have their eyes in the feed trough.

Making old men out of boys often means making bad men out of them.

A sunny disposition does not come by talking moonshine about sunshine.

Work for folks you do not like is good training in a heavenly disposition.

The most comforting truths we know have become ours when seen through tears.

Any one can understand the divine love when it is in terms of human kindness.

He must be shortsighted who thinks he is lifting himself by turning up his nose at others.

It is not necessary to rake over a man's reputation before you begin to sow the seeds of kindness.

Some men think they are faithful because they would rather fight for old forms than face new facts.

New Tenant: "Look here, you'll have to make some alteration in this place. It's not fit for a pigsty." Landlord: "I didn't know you wanted it or a pigsty. I thought you wanted it to live in."

LONDON'S DOG CEMETERY

GRAVES ARE MARKED BY MARBLE HEADSTONES.

Stories Told by the Epitaphs—How the Burying-Place Came to be Established.

The dogs' cemetery in London occupies about half an acre in Hyde Park. It is a grassy plot with neat gravel walks, where the well-kept graves are marked by marble headstones and covered with gay blossoms, in some cases rare hot-house flowers showing the remembrance in which the pets are held. Just inside of an entrance gate not far from the Marble Arch and separated only by an iron fence from busy Oxford Street, with its roar of traffic, it lies in a curve made by one of the well-known park drives, from which, however, it is impossible to obtain a glimpse of the little graveyard on account of the thick hedge evidently intended as a screen.

The cemetery had its origin in an accident. The Duke of Portland, when Ranger of the Park, was riding one day upon a high spirited horse, while his favorite dog raced by his side. By some mischance the horse's hoof struck the head of the collie,

KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

The Duke, at a loss to know how to dispose of the body of his faithful friend decided to bury him on the spot where he had been killed, says the Travel Magazine, and calling an attendant, had a grave dug then and there. In a short time the fact became known and many well-known persons began to fancy having their canine friends buried in the same secluded spot, and so the idea grew and grew until the necessity arose for an established cemetery with a custodian and helpers for the proper care of the graves.

A study of the epitaphs shows a congress of nations represented by dogs. There are Chin Chin, a Chinese terrier; Mousso, a Japanese spaniel; Gioia, an Italian greyhound; Schneider, a Dachshund; Spitz, an Eskimo; Hugo, a French poodle; Boris, a Russian wolfhound; Traps, brought from India by an army officer; Fitz-James, a Scotch collie, and many others.

Several stones reveal a belief in a future state for the dog, bearing the inscription, "Until we meet." "Jack Dandy, a Sportsman and Pal," must have been a jolly companionable dog, always ready for a hunt or a tramp with his master, Side by side lie two patriarchs, Isaac and Jeremiah. "Alas! dear little Minnie—for courage, sweetness and beauty unsurpassed," reads the headstone of a toy black and tan, the epitaph being in this case

LARGER THAN THE DOG.

In one grave, marked "Topsy—killed by the enemy," lies an animal, not the companion of a soldier, as one might think, but the victim of another dog's treachery. Topsy and Mike lived side by side, and many a bitter were their quarrels. They were about equally matched physically, but Mike possessed cunning equal to the "Heavenly Chinese."

One day, pretending a friendliness which completely deceived the guileless Topsy, Mike persuaded him to take a walk along a nearby railroad track, talking probably as they walked, discussing the newest styles in ear and tail clips. But upon the approach of a fast freight train Mike dropped his assumed kindly manner, and seizing the unfortunate Topsy hurled him across the rail, holding him fast until the train has passed over his body, then looking about with a fiendish grin trotted off home.

A contrast with Mike is "Babbie, an ardent churchgoer," who displayed such a religious turn of mind that her mistress caused a small cross to be erected upon her grave.

JIMSON JUICE.

The chemist who will extract the bleaching principle from the common jimson weed and place it within reach of family and laundry use has a fortune in store. It is a well known fact that there is no better way of bleaching the family linen during washing than by putting a few leaves of jimson into the boiler, but there is an objection to this practice, as a very unpleasant odor is the result. This can be removed, however, by placing the clothes in cold water and boiling them, or by repeated rinsing, but this is troublesome, and therefore many who know the value of the leaves do not use them.

MAY DISCHARGE VOLUNTEERS

The commanding officer of a volunteer corps may discharge any member thereof and strike him off the muster roll, either for disobedience of orders by him while doing any military duty, or misconduct by him as a member of the corps, or for other sufficient cause—the existence and sufficiency of such causes respectively to be judged of by the commanding officer.

OUTFITS FOR ANIMALS

A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR COAT FOR A DOG.

Society Women of London, England, Decorate Their Pet Dogs and Cats.

An example of canine luxury was exhibited on a West-end furrier's stall on the occasion of the recent dog-show of a dog's coat made of imperial Russian sable, just big enough to fit a small terrier, which was offered for sale at the astounding price of \$500.

This popular craze of society women to decorate their pet dogs and cats in the most extravagant manner possible is becoming quite noticeable in London. Thousands of dollars are spent in purchasing jewels, fine clothes, and other luxuries for their favorites, says London Answers.

It is no uncommon thing for a fashionable poodle, when fully dressed, to wear a gold collar half an inch wide, studded with jewels. A well-known society woman decorates her pet dog with a jewel bracelet clasped around one of his front paws. Often the dog wears one or more gold or silver bells attached to his valuable collar. A gold collar studded with diamonds has been known to cost \$500, while a jeweled bracelet would run to anything between \$100 and \$250.

A well-known lady in Parisian society, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, has a tiny French bulldog named Fauvette, which has probably the finest wardrobe of any dog in the world. It has won many prizes, and consequently it has every care lavished upon it. Its wardrobe consists of numerous Parisian-cut garments of the finest materials, besides many valuable ornaments in the way of jeweled collars, bracelets, and bells. She can also boast of a special toilet set, consisting of brushes with mother-of-pearl and jeweled backs, as well as an ebony manicure set.

DIAMOND EARRINGS ON CAT

Mrs. Bland, a fashionable society woman in San Francisco, has a favorite cat named Beauty, which wears a pair of diamond earrings and gold necklace. When bedtime comes Beauty is clothed in its special-prepared bed. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein has some very valuable cats, and for one of the most valuable she has built in her grounds at Windsor a 6-foot house with four rooms and a tiny lawn, where it leads a life of luxury. The rooms consist of dining-room, drawing-room, bedroom, and another where its toilet is arranged. The rooms are all cosily furnished.

Although it must be admitted that some of the above instances are exceptional, even the most skeptical will be convinced that a large sum is spent annually by wealthy people on the comfort of their pets, by a glance at the window of Mr. H. P. Scott, in the Burlington Arcade, London, where every requisite for a dog's or cat's wardrobe can be procured.

ALL FOR A \$50 NOTE.

For a \$50 note a complete outfit can be bought at this establishment. A "costume" with revers collar, and a pocket for the handkerchief, can be purchased for any sum up to \$5, but a more dressy garment, for wear on special occasions, made of sealskin, satin lined, costs \$30. Silver collars for both cats and dogs can also be seen. Pug-dogs wear a special white collar like a man's with a red bow. His feet must be protected from the roadway in rubber boots at \$2.50 a set of four.

Special brushes and combs, sentinal pomade are provided for his toilet. Dainty hemstitched handkerchiefs cost 25 cents each. His toys, too, are numerous, and include specially made little balls for him to play with. And a medicine-chest to relieve canine complaints is included; a sleeping basket lined with satin for him to sleep in at night, and a wool mat made from the finest sheep-skin for him to lay on when feeling sleepy. More fortunate dogs, however, have a proper folding-bed, with a blanket and warm rugs and hot-water bottle to keep them warm, and traveling rugs are provided when they go on a journey. The Hyde Park masher must have his bangles and a pendant hung round his neck, with a birthday stone to bring him luck.

MOUNT ARARAT.

The traditional mountain of the ark always charms the imagination, as if it were the culminating point of the globe. And it is indeed a noble-looking mountain. Mount Ararat is becoming better known because of the growth of interest in the eastern shore of the Black Sea, which Monsieur Martel calls Russia's Riviera. Pleasure resorts, which may rival Biarritz and Monte Carlo, are springing up there along the foot of the Caucasus. Ararat is not visible from this coast, but one must go far up through rough, picturesque valleys in order to reach the lofty plain over which it dominates.

ANARCHISTS IN LONDON

PROCEEDS OF CRIME FURNISH THEM SUPPLIES.

These Terrorists are at Liberty to Travel Where They Please in England.

The Anarchist body in London consists chiefly of foreign artisans, employed for the most part as cabinet-makers, tailors, electricians, shoemakers and waiters. These men as a rule are in receipt of good wage and contribute freely to the cause. Their clubs meet in Soho, Hammersmith, Tottenham, in the East-end of London, and some other places, says the London Times.

Their numbers in London may be estimated as from 700 to 1,000, but it is, of course, difficult to calculate the numbers of an organization which is of such a nebulous and shifting character. Nor is it suggested that among this number can be found many to undertake the active and dangerous task of committing outrages on society. Nevertheless, at appropriate times the money and men are always forthcoming in Anarchist circles. As to the money, it must not be forgotten that the proceeds of burglaries and highway robberies have always been welcomed as supplies for the ANARCHIST WAR CHESTS.

This doctrine has been frequently declared, and a notorious disciple of this school was the Anarchist burglar Pena, who successfully committed a long series of burglaries in Paris in the early '90s before being arrested and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

It was known to the whole Anarchist body in Paris that Pena committed these burglaries, but the fact that he contributed freely from the proceeds of his crime to the funds of the movement caused his secret to be kept, and instead of being looked upon as a criminal outlaw he was regarded as a hero. Furthermore, his example was followed by others. It will also be remembered that one of the most cherished ideas of the Walsall Anarchists was the use of chloroform in the robbing of capitalists; indeed, a bottle of chloroform for this purpose was actually found in possession of one of the prisoners. The proposal was that men known to possess money or valuables should be followed into railway carriages or when going home at night, and CHLOROFORMED AND ROBBED.

This may seem strange in this country, but the device is much employed in robberies on the Continent. The Lettish revolutionists in England chiefly reside in Leytonstone, Tottenham and the East-end. They are well known for the method of terrorism they employ. Within the last two years these revolutionaries have been carrying on a campaign of robbery in Russia similar to the recent outrage in Tottenham, the proceeds being devoted to the funds of their party.

In spite of much discussion and notwithstanding the numerous outrages which have been committed practically nothing has been done by the police authorities of Europe in the direction of combined action for the prevention of Anarchist crimes. The police conference in Rome contributed little to the solution of the problem of mutual assistance, which indeed seems little likely to be solved.

In this country the police keep in touch with the movement by patient and long continued surveillance. Those known or suspected to be dangerous Anarchists are closely watched and their movements are carefully notified. New arrivals from the Continent thus come early under observation, and their haunts are discovered. The police in England, however, are under

A SERIOUS DISADVANTAGE

as compared with their foreign confreres, inasmuch as they may not legally interrogate the incomers, and when once a foreigner has arrived in this country he is at liberty to travel when and where he pleases.

On the Continent, of course, a different system prevails. The traveler has immediately to fill up the hotel bulletin, giving his name, age, nationality, occupation, place of birth, etc., to the police. If this is not considered satisfactory the individual may be immediately halted before the police officials, by whom his etat civil is carefully noted, and he is subjected to a searching and thorough interrogation.

TO BE SURE.

The necessities of conversation frequently lead to odd abbreviations. Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Harrigan, the other day, were conversing across the fence that separated their respective clothyards. A high wind was blowing, and each woman from her post amid the lines had to shout to make herself heard.

"Mrs. Sullivan," shouted Mrs. Harrigan, "did yez go to the ball last night?"

"Yes," shouted the other, in the "I was!"

"Was what?" cried Mrs. Sullivan. "Wint!"

PRISON ABUSES GROWING

SICK, CHAINED AND BEATEN IN RUSSIAN JAILS.

Public Liberty Was Never at so Low Ebb as Under Premier Stolypin.

Public liberty in Russia was never at so low an ebb in the years of untrammelled autocracy as it has become under the constitution as administered by Premier Stolypin, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent.

In 1905 the average daily prison population was 85,000. It reached in February of the present year 181,137. The great majority of the inmates are political offenders confined without trial or hope of being heard. Sanitary arrangements in the prisons are incredibly bad. All manner of fith diseases prevail with enormous mortality. The Kieff prison alone produced 2,185 cases of typhoid fever, and 1,903 men obviously suffering from that maldy were actually placed on their defense in court.

SICK PRISONERS TORTURED.

It is the general practice to give no attention to a prisoner seemingly ill as long as he is able to crawl about. Chains are never removed, no matter how ill prisoners become. Various instances have been cited and proved of prisoners desperately ill who have been beaten and otherwise tortured to extort confessions from them. That is an ordinary practice, indeed, at all the prisons.

A woman arrested on suspicion of robbery was recently so brutally beaten that blood flowed from her mouth. She became unconscious, and later, as a result for the beating, she had internal hemorrhages. Three days afterward she was found to be wholly innocent of the robbery.

Suicide among the prisoners has become significantly frequent.

Russian law does not recognize capital punishment except when decreed by courtmartial. Stolypin has not resitated to employ courtmartial whenever it suited his purpose. Last year 825 prisoners were thus executed, practically all of them in prison on political account and the majority being of the better class and well educated.

406 EDITORS IMPRISONED.

Deputy Czekedzy in a debate in the duma on March 7, professed by authentic record that 237 former deputies have been imprisoned, eighteen of whom have been sent to Siberia for life and that 406 newspaper editors have been condemned since 1905 to prison forfresses or to penal servitude.

A terrible story of the torturing of a Moscow barrister named Idanoff in the central prison at Orel, has just come to light, and the case will be placed before the duma.

The unfortunate man, who is a political prisoner, roused the anger of the prison authorities by complaining of the treatment of prisoners, and was summoned before the governor, who spoke to him very roughly. He was then conducted back to his cell, and three jailers immediately appeared and ordered him to strip naked. He refused to submit to this indignity, and they threw themselves upon him, tore off his clothes and threw him on the floor. One sat on him, occasionally amusing himself by giving him a savage kick with his heavily booted feet, while the other two flogged him with Cossack nagalkas, short leather whips tipped with disks of heavy lead.

NEARLY KILLED.

The prisoners on adjacent cells could hear the victim's shrieks and the tortures' cries: "You'll not complain again! Keep it up, comrades! Cut into him! Let him know who is master!" They heard the shrieks grow feeble, and at last only a low moan. Then the terrified listeners caught the words: "Stop, we've finished him." There was silence, and then came the words: "He's dead; the devil take him!"

Soon the assistant governor, a smart young man in an officer's uniform, arrived to see if the torturers had done their work properly. When he saw the prisoner lying apparently dead he began to swear at the jailers for killing him "without orders." Seeing that the tortured man still breathed he ordered him sent to the hospital.

When he was sufficiently recovered he was sent back to his cell, where he was beaten almost every day. The jailers were often heard to taunt him and to say: "You won't live long."

SEASONED TIMBER.

Experiments by the United States Forest Service have demonstrated that thoroughly air-dried timber has about double the strength of green timber. Moreover, in order effectively to apply preservative agents to timber it must first be seasoned, because it is very difficult to inject antiseptics in green wood. The loss of weight by seasoned timber is quite surprising. Western pine loses half its weight after three to five months' seasoning.