OLD CLOTHES OF ROYALTY

COSTUMES WORN BUT ONCE AND THEN PUT AWAY FOR GOOD.

King Edward Wears a Pair of Gloves More Than Once—Kaiser's Wardrobe is Biggest.

An enterprising English journalist wrote an interesting if not instructive article recently on King Edward's clothes and what became of them after they had finished service. In the article the statement was made that the King never wore a pair of gloves more than once, writes a London correspondent.

Out of this arose a discussion as to the necessity of considering gloves damaged by one day's service, &c., which went on until Lord Knollys, who is the King's inseparable companion, friend and servitor, described in a moment of candor the story as ridiculous. Yet it was admitted that there are some things that the King uses only once, such as white evening ties, certain neckties and white evening gloves, which would be true also of many other masculine leaders of fashion.

The list of King Edward's quickly discarded garments would include also certain state robes which have appeared in public only once, such as those of the coronation and the costume of the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. This last was worn at the Devonshire House ball when he was Prince of Wales at the time of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Then, of course there are certain regiment uniforms which have been worn just once in honor of some occasion. All these are put away in presses and are regularly overhauled and kept in good condition. Perhaps some day they will find their way to a museum to be shown as relics of

EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER.

In his ordinary dress the King is very particular as to cut and quality, but he wears his various suits as many times as any rich man of the world would. Then they share the fate of all discarded garments and become the property of some one else for various fates.

In regard to Queen Alexandra's wardrobe, she too has certain garments which are of historic interest and are put away to be looked at sometimes but never used again. Among these are her wedding gown and long tan gloves, the robes of the coronation day and the military uniform of her Danish regiment. There are university gowns and hoods which have not been worn since the degrees they represent were conferred upon her.

The beautiful dresses which the Queen wears at the evening courts are seen but once. Sometimes a part of a gown is used again in another fashion. This applies particularly to the priceless collection of old lace of which she is so proud, and which is used over and over again in trimming her gowns.

If Queen Alexandra does not wish to use any of the trimmings of a dress again the garment is taken to pieces and the materials distributed. There is an inviolable rule in the palace that the recipient of any royal finery is never in any circumstance to wear a gown in the form in which it was worn by the Queen.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES

has a large and varied collection of uniforms, university gowns and Oriental robes of great value and beauty. During her visits to the British colonies and to India she received many honorary degrees. These garments are all guarded for posterity after the royal fashion.

In her ordinary wearing apparel the Princess does not hesitate to be seen in the same gown many times, especially if it happens particularly to suit her somewhat severe style of good looks. After she has finished with them they are given to the various ladies of her household to dispose of.

The Empress of Germany has the same rule regarding gowns worn on state occasions as Queen Alexandra. These are never seen again in the same form. Dresses chosen for less important events, a reception, a dinner, an embassy crush or the theatre, may be worn two or three times. When the gowns are done with they are ripped up by some of the fifteen court seamstresses and the material given away. The pretty young Princess Victoria Luise still dresses like a school girl and her simple frocks are worn again and again.

There is probably no monarch who has more clothes than the German Emperor. He has hundreds of different uniforms of which perhaps a dozen may have been worn more than once. He has a tremendous variety of workman's habiliments, such as those worn by coal miners or workers in tunnels, which he has put on at some time to prove his comradeship with the horny handed sons of toil in the fatherland. Then he has dozens of costumes which he has worn to fancy dress balls. The one that he values most among these is the costume that he wore at a ball when he appeared as his famous ancestor Frederick the Great.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

as the chief of the imperial army is able at a moment's notice to take his place at the head of any Russian regiment in the proper uniform. Some of the troops in the remoter parts of his vast dominion are so seldom seen in the capital that the corresponding uniform has been brought out only once.

The Empress of Russia, who is honorary colonel of several regiments, has had tunics with the proper badges made for her use. In her ordinary dress she is very simple and only consents to don magnificence on state occasions.

Queen Amalia of Portugal has long been known as one of the best dressed Queens in Europe. She seldom is seen in any gown more than once, and is very generous in her disposal of old clothes among the less affluent ladies of her court.

The Queen of Italy is so plainly dressed that her great extravagance in evening shoes is amusing. She never wears a pair more than once. In this she is like the ex-Empress Eugenie, except that Eugenie gave all her discarded slippers and shoes to the girls' orphanage in Paris, while the Queen of Italy disposes of hers less charitably.

The young King of Spain has developed a great interest in sartorial art since his visits to England and both he and the Queen seldom wear their garments many times. The Spanish court is rapidly following their example, so that beautiful gowns and many of them, are the order of the day just now in Spain.

After all, poor old Queen Elizabeth, who created a sensation with her one hundred and twenty gowns and thirty wigs in the modest times in which she lived, would find herself behind her sister royalties of to-day, and her one hundred and twenty gowns would not go far toward making her considered a well dressed queen.

THE GODOWNS OF JAPAN.

Iron Sheathed Warehouses Made Necessary by the Ever Present Danger of Fire.

Fire is one of the terrors that dodge at the elbow of the Japanese householder all the time, and because he lives in a matchwood dwelling Sakure-san has to take a curious precaution against the sudden loss of all his household goods. This precaution is the godown.

The stranger in Tokio or Yokohama who sees from his rickshaw a strange iron plated building with doors like turret shutters and painted roof heavily incrusted with tiles is led to believe that here perhaps is some feudal fort of the old time, ready to house fighting men against the attacks of a street mob. But when the tourist finds one of these black sheeted buildings on every other block he learns from the country dweller that these things are godowns or storehouses for household goods.

When a fire gets well started in the crowded blocks of dolls' houses in a Japanese city it is rarely stopped until from ten to fifty houses have been consumed and a black scar has been drawn across the whole face of the district. Because the houses are so flimsy and crowded so closely together that the Japanese firemen even at their best can do little with a well developed blaze certain astute citizens erect these iron sheathed and shuttered two storied storehouses, wherein the householders of the neighborhood and the storekeepers of the district can store away their valuables.

The godowns are so heavily sheathed with iron plate and so weighted with mud tiles that they rarely burn. All day long their windows are kept almost hermetically sealed by heavy swinging shutters that look like the doors of a safe. When a fire comes to a certain district the first thing is to close the doors of the godown and put it in shape to weather the flames.

To these public fireproof safes the householders bring their best furniture, their porcelain and their delicate prints. The wives keep locked up there their best kimonos and their odds and ends of jewelry. Merchants have their excess stock stowed away within them.

Whenever there is a fete in any Japanese home or preparations are being made for the entertainment of some special guests the servants are sent to the nearby godown to bring home all the valuables. Pictures are again hung on the wall, the heavy bronze vase is restored for the day to its special tabouret, and the wardrobe of Madame is replenished.

Then with the passing of the special occasion passes also the household grandeur. All the fleeting prettiness of print and flowered kimono is swallowed up in the black maw of the godown.

AUSTRALIAN MAN HUNT

THE HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS OF QUEENSLAND.

About the Wonderful Antipodean Tracker, and the Way He Does His Work.

A criminal in Australia knows that his chances for escape are nearly hopeless if a "tracker" is put upon his trail within a day after the crime is discovered. A "tracker" is a native black man having a natural instinct for running down criminals fleeing from justice. These men are veritable bloodhounds, and their strange power is possessed by no other race in the world.

So implicit is the confidence felt in them by the police that when a black starts out upon a man-hunt the officer who goes with him merely follows in his wake. He does not question him, or in any way interfere with him, but, leading his own horse, allows the guide to go in whatever direction he pleases, no matter how apparently reasonless his course may seem.

The most successful trackers are in Queensland, near the edge of New South Wales. They will travel any distance, animated by no feeling of hatred for their quarry, but only desirous of proving their expertness. The reward they ask is absurdly small for the long and difficult trails. A dollar or two or some cheap bracelets, rings, and so on, quite satisfies them. They have no idea of the value of money. Rum is their great weakness.

PAID WITH A BOTTLE OF RUM.

Once a tracker was employed to locate some valuable trees for a timber man. He had to travel some forty miles through a forest so dense that it was necessary to cut his way through with his tomahawk. All he asked for was a bottle of rum, while the timber merchant derived over $10,000 from the sale of the trees.

The following description of a manhunt will convey a clear idea of the dangers and hardships to be endured.

In this particular case the tracker was a splendid specimen of manhood. The usual loin garment of kangaroo-skin he had exchanged for a light covering of cotton cloth provided by the police. He led a horse, so as to make time in the open country districts where the runaway's footsteps could be seen from a horse. The hunt was very earnest, because the fugitive had stolen some cattle. In Australia the crime of cattle-stealing is most severely dealt with, and considered a serious offence.

The offender was a well-seasoned bushman, cunning and acquainted with the tactics of the "trackers"; furthermore, he had two days' start of his pursuers.

BARK BEDS.

To accompany a chase like this is awesome; the utter silence and desolation of the woods is so depressing. Then, too, the trails are deceptive, often leading to a deserted wood camp beneath a foliage so dense that it is impossible even to catch a glimpse of the sky. Darkness closes in very quickly in the mountain regions, and by nightfall the "tracker" and his employer were glad to reach an "accommodation house" (or rancher's home), where such as these were usually welcomed and allowed to put up for the night. At this house the officer tried to hear tidings of his man, but no one had seen him.

All the next day the black fellow led along as swiftly as possible. The way was extremely rough, and mile after mile was covered through wild silences, until a stranger would surely think the guide was playing a losing game. At no time could they ride, and it was with great difficulty that they reached a sort of clearing, where the horses were tied and camp struck for the night. Tearing huge strips of bark from the trees and wrapping blankets around them, each lay on the concave surface of one for a bed and rested.

THE CLUE OF THE BROKEN-TWIG.

At noon the next day a bushman's cabin was reached, and there the tired horses were tethered. The hunters then proceeded on foot. Another night in the forest, and the fourth day found these intrepid hunters making their way through underbush peculiar to Australia, called "lawyers and barristers," because its thorns and brambles catch one at every turn. Once the guide hesitated, turned back, and struck off in another direction down an embankment, the rest tumbling after him.

A wild chase that must have been! Two white men following the apparently mad actions of a black fellow into places so remote that it would have been impossible to find the way out of them alone. But such is the confidence in that country in the faithfulness and ability of a "tracker." He now crawled for the greater part on his hands and knees, minutely examining twigs and branches for signs of a freshly-broken passageway for the fugitive. He was about ten feet ahead of the others, when he gave a subdued exclamation of delight.

"I CATCH WHITE FELLER QUICK!"

he said, and pointed to a scrap of cloth clinging to a broken twig. Four hours more, and a river was reached. There in the damp earth of the bank two footprints were plainly seen.

The "tracker" leaped into the river and struck out for the opposite side. Emerging upon the other bank, he ran, dripping, for twenty feet or so, following footprints that had again stopped at the water's edge.

Then the trailer paused. He was plainly puzzled. What had become of the cattle thief? Had he recrossed the river or swam down as far as he could and landed on either bank, then struck into the woods again? After sharply examining the ground, the troubled guide swam back and landed a few yards below his party. By his actions they saw that he had found the tracks again. The criminal had indeed crossed the river, but where had he gone after that?

Trust a "tracker" to solve riddles of that sort! Suddenly he began uncovering the leaves and twigs between him and the other two men until he reached them. They were sitting beneath a huge eucalyptus tree.

"White feller no fool black feller!" he said, smiling, wet and breathless. Then it was seen that the fugitive had carefully covered up his tracks by walking under the very tree where the party were seated. But apparently the man-hunt was finished; the game had vanished into space!

HIDDEN IN A TREE TRUNK.

The "tracker" dashed into a thicket and hastily secured a strong, pliable vine, used by the natives to scale tree trunks to smooth to climb. This he threw about the tree, and began to ascend it. The others looked on in astonishment. Up went the black until thirty feet in the air. Then those below noticed that the main trunk of the tree had been broken off years before, forming a crotch for the new branches that had sprung up on either side.

A most astonishing thing happened. Reaching down into the hollow of the half-dead tree trunk, the "tracker" seized something, at the same time shouting to the officer beneath: "Boss, Boss, I catch white feller! He play 'possum!"

Out of the opening appeared a man's head, and a more wretched object could never have been seen. He was tousled, dirty, gaunt, half-starved.

In due course he paid the penalty of his crime. He said that, knowing a "tracker" would be put upon his trail, he had hoped to give him the impression that he had been drowned while swimming the river.

Trackers have a horror of travelling after dark, being constantly in fear of meeting the Bunyip, a fearful monster with glaring eyes, which they believe to be the spirit of an old aboriginal king who roams around the swampy land at night to catch black men. You can frighten a "tracker" half out of his wits by telling him you will send the Bunyip after him. They also believe that a giant lives on mountain tops, waiting to kill them with a club. Hence they never sleep on top of a mountain or near a swamp, always pitching their brush tents, or mimis, near a dry and level spot. Their only religious belief is that a big god, who has been asleep for ages, will one day awaken and eat up the whole world.—Pearson's Weekly.

PET NAMES.

Terms of Endearment Used by One Nation are Unsuited to Otehr Peoples.

The terms employed by the people of one nation as the choicest phrases in their vocabulary of endearment are often employed for quite the opposite purposes by other peoples. One of the most familiar and most coveted phrases of endearment among the French, for instance, is "My little pig!" and "My little puppy dog' is also much appreciated. When a French husband calls his wife "a cat," she does not fly into a passion of resentment, as an English-speaking wife might do under the same circumstances, but takes it as a gentle compliment. On the other hand, if he were to call her "a duck," as the British husband might his wife, she would be very much offended.

Some time ago, in Germany, letters written by the late Count von Moltke to his betrothed were published. In these the great soldier frequently called the lady "My little kernel of coffee." This strikes one as a very queer pet name, and has suggested to a cynical authority that, in view of the writer's profession, "My little grain of powder," or "My little lump of lead," would have been more appropriate.

A person's individual likings and occupation frequently supply him with terms of endearment. A farmer sometimes calls his little girl his "colt," and a well-known fisherman, to whom the creatures of the brook were as the apple of his eye, used to begin his letters to his wife, when he was on his fishing expeditions, with the words, "My dear little speckled trout!"

MARCONI MASTERS FOG

THE LATEST APPLICATION OF THE WIRELESS PRINCIPLE.

His Invention Will be of Very Great Benefit in St. Lawrence River Navigation.

That wireless telegraphy has not yet exhausted its store of wonders and surprises was proved to a London Daily Chronicle representative in an interesting talk with Mr. Marconi at his London office. One approaches this man, who while yet in his youth revolutionized telegraphy, in the expectation of meeting a typical and rather uncanny wizard, who has but to wave his hands to work all manner of wonders by an unseen force. But there is nothing uncanny, and nothing to suggest study and midnight oil, about the tall, athletic, well-groomed young man, who greets you in breezy fashion, and in such perfect English that his Italian name is forgotten and you remember only that

HIS MOTHER WAS IRISH.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I'll tell you what I'm trying to do and what are my hopes; but please don't make me seem boastful, and don't let us have too much of the I—I—I.

"We can send twenty-four words a minute across the Atlantic, or forty-eight when we can use the duplex system. But at present we can only send messages one way at a time. If an operator tried to send a message across while he was receiving one there would be great confusion, one man firing against another"—and Mr. Marconi waved his hand to suggest a grand collision of language in mid-Atlantic.

"But lately I have been experimenting with apparatus which will enable us to send a message in both directions at once. The experiments have been quite successful over a distance of three or four miles at Poole, in Dorsetshire, and I anticipate equal success before long across the Atlantic. That is one of my latest experiments. Another is to enable a ship approaching the shore or another ship in a fog to determine exactly the position of the wireless station on shore or the course of the other ship. You can see, of course,

HOW IT WILL HELP A NAVIGATOR

if he is able to know not only that another ship is approaching, but the exact angle the course of that ship makes with his own.

"It is perhaps a little difficult to explain the idea to the general reader, but here it is roughly"—and Mr. Marconi sketched rapidly on his blotting pad while he spoke. "We get, you see, a screen with a small hole in the centre. This is turned about in the direction from which the other ship or the shore station is known to be telegraphing, until the ringing of a bell, caused by the waves entering the hole in the screen, shows that the exact direction from which the wave is coming has been ascertained.

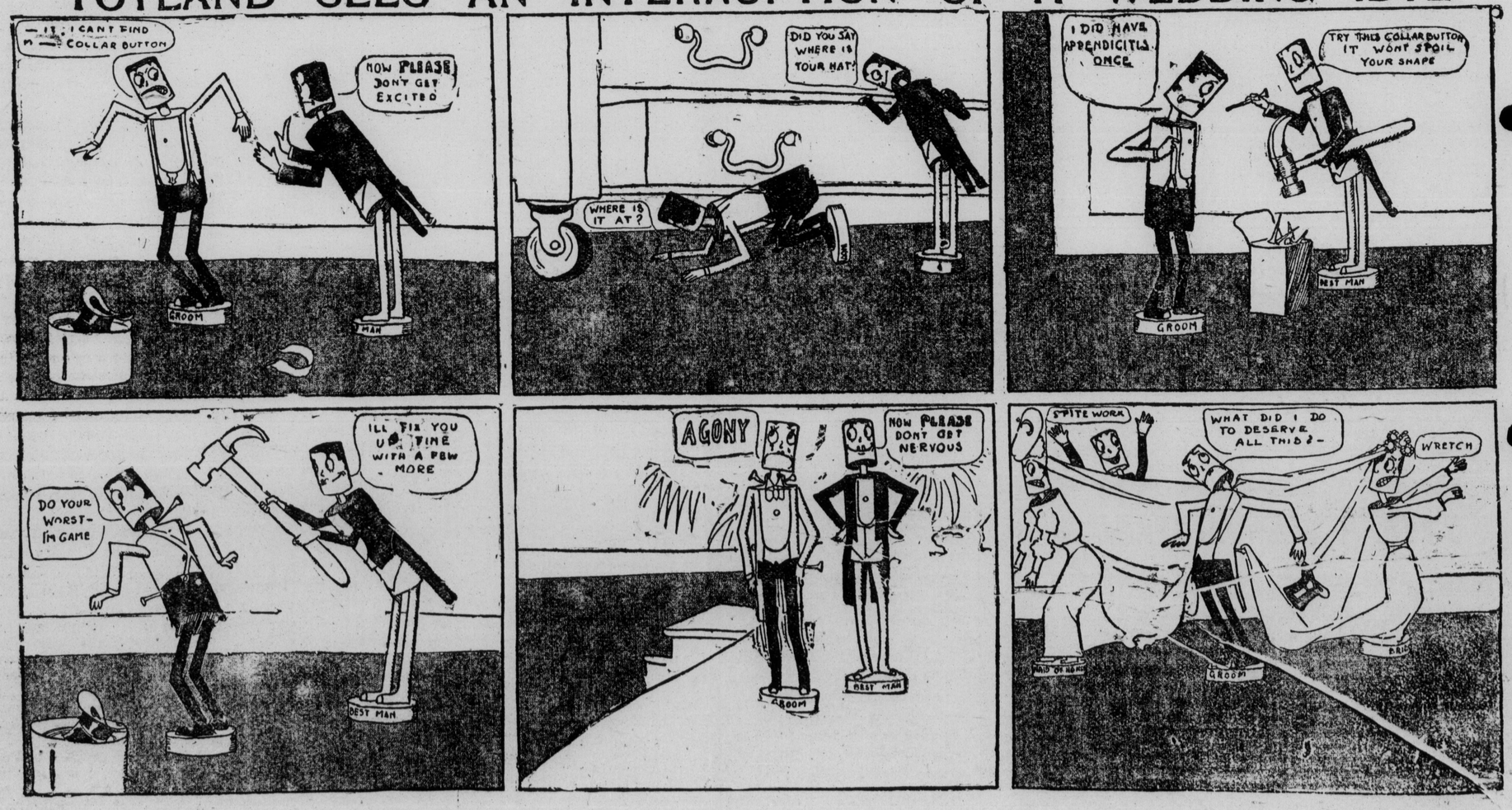
"I shall be carrying out experiments on these lines in the Mersey in a few weeks. The idea is being specially welcomed by shipping authorities on the St. Lawrence River, where fog often hinders navigation."

BATHING DONT'S.

Don't plug the ears with cotton. Cotton does not keep out the wet, since it at once becomes saturated. Furthermore, no water can find its way to the drum of a normal ear.

Don't go in the water cold. It is best to go in warm, even slightly perspiring. He who begins his bath perspiring gets the best reaction.

Don't have a set duration for the bath. It is best always to come out at the slightest premonition of cold.

Don't enter the water if you have eaten within an hour.

TOYLAND SEES AN INTERRUPTION OF A WEDDING IDYL