

A PAIR OF BOOTS.

They Figured in an Amusing Case of Mistaken Identity.

It may be doubted if there ever occurred a more amusing instance of mistaken identity than that afforded by Theodore Hook, the English humorist of his time, and it all came about through a pair of boots.

Alighting at the Ship hotel he changed his boots, ordered a slight dinner and went out for a stroll through the town. Returning at the appointed time, he was surprised to find the whole establishment in confusion.

A crowd had collected outside the door. The master of the house was standing at the foot of the stairs with two candles in his hands, and on Theodore's entrance he walked backward before him and conducted him into the principal saloon, where all the waiters were standing and a magnificent repast had been provided.

Nothing whatever, your royal highness. He was never more thoroughly mystified, but the next night, on taking off his boots, which he had bought ready made just before he went to Dover, he found "H. S. H. the Prince of Orange" written inside them.

RUSSIAN AUDACITY.

The Coup That Made Persia a Financial Vassal of the Bear.

In 1892 the Imperial Bank of Persia, a British institution, lent the Persian government \$2,500,000 on the security of the customs receipts of the gulf ports. In 1895 Persia, finding herself again hard up, desired to borrow \$6,000,000 more from the same source and on the same ample security.

But so persistently and skillfully did Russia urge her suit that in 1900 Persia timidly yielded to the ardent wooing and acknowledged her submission by accepting from Russia a loan of \$11,875,000 for seventy-five years, at the same time agreeing that all previous loans should be paid off at once and no more incurred until this one was discharged without the permission of the Russian Banque Desprets de Perse.

Fate of the Great Auk.

The great auk, a northern diving bird, used to exist in the arctic regions also. Now, this splendid bird was seriously handicapped by the fact that it laid only one egg in a season and so could not afford to be slaughtered at all.

The Gobelin Factory.

The gobelin factory was founded in 1515 by Francis I, who scoured Europe for the artists and the makers of beautiful things who could bring hither to the capital of France.

Naming the Baby.

"Have you named the baby?" asked the admiring neighbor. "Not yet," said the proud young mother.

Cordially Invited.

"Are you Hungarian?" "Yes, Siam."

Her Price.

Daughter—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa? Mother—Fish, my dear—fish! I was bear hunting.—London M. A. P.

Thoughts are mightier than the strength of hand.—Sophocles.

A QUANT OLD TAVERN

The Old Cheshire Cheese, in the Heart of London.

SERVES A FAMOUS PUDDING.

A Noble Pastry It Is, and It Was Sampled by Such Men as Gladstone, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Trollope and Whistler.

Nearly all Americans when they go to London make it a point to visit that quaint old tavern in the heart of the newspaper and printing business, the Old Cheshire Cheese, to partake of its famous pudding.

It is the Londoner's delight when he gets back to Fleet street to make a rush for the pudding, and it is almost the last thing he eats before leaving it. Travelers in the Sahara have seen mirages of that pudding, and during the Boer War the men shut up in Ladysmith and Mafeking dreamed of it at regular intervals.

Precisely at 1 o'clock p. m. Tom conveys the pudding from the first to the main floor. It is a big pudding, and the price of it is just 2 shillings—that is to say, a feed of it is 2 shillings, as much as you please, as many shares as you ask for, and come again, all for 48 cents of American coin.

When it is placed upon the service table an elliptical white crust meets the hungry gaze. Tom and his myrmidons take their places in front facing the host, who, knife and spoon in hand, poses with gentle dignity and benignant mien.

One small of that pudding makes the whole world kin. This famous pudding, which has tickled the palates of thousands, is thus compounded:

A crust of flour, water and suet. Beefsteak. Sheep's kidneys. Larks. Mushrooms (freshly gathered). Oysters. Stock. Pepper and salt.

But it is the boiling that does it. For at least twelve hours this heaven sent pudding is kept slowly simmering in an immense copper specially constructed for the purpose. It must not boil quickly, but the same temperature be kept up the whole period.

There is a story told of one eminent litterateur who had seven helpings of the pudding and still yearned for more, and there is another remarkable narrative of four men who ordered a pudding of the regulation size and finished it among them.

J. Pierpont Morgan prized the pudding, and Theodore Roosevelt was delighted with it. Lord Beaconsfield bestowed his approbation thereon, and Gladstone thought it far superior to his famous "three courses." Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Swinburne, Tennyson, Trollope, Whistler, Leighton, Sala, Phil May—all sorts of the best of men of their day have fed upon the pudding, and it no doubt helped to inspire their work.

Apparently any cook can fashion it, mix it, fix it, boil it. Let any cook try it. Lots of cooks have tried it, but the results have not been satisfactory.

Why He Desired a Cannon. It is related that an Indian chief once approached General Crook and wanted to borrow a cannon.

Thermometer Down. Little Willie—Say, pa, doesn't it get colder when the thermometer falls? Pa—Yes, my son. Little Willie—Well, ours has fallen. Pa—How far? Little Willie—About five feet, and when it struck the porch floor it broke.

Her Price. Daughter—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa? Mother—Fish, my dear—fish! I was bear hunting.—London M. A. P.

Josh Billings used to say that when a man begins going downhill all creation seems greased for the occasion.

PAPERING THE HOUSE

When a Weak Play Appears in a New York Theater.

PROPPED BY FREE TICKETS.

The Judicious Distribution of "Complimentaries" by the Manager Secures Well Dressed Audiences and Saves the Appearance of a "Frost."

Long before the curtain goes down at the end of a new production the manager has decided, nine times in ten, whether he has a success or not. But he does not mean to be caught napping in either event.

In other words, he must "back the line" of adverse criticism by "papering the house." For a week at least he must make a "front" in the orchestra chairs, no matter if there is desolation in the box office.

Every manager of a theater has a large circle of friends. This may be due partly to his possession of a genial personality, but undoubtedly the business he is in has in itself an attraction for many.

When the manager has a play that is in danger of going to pieces for lack of patronage he sends tickets to all these friends of his and whenever possible obtains a promise that they will be used by the persons to whom he gives them.

Another class which sees many plays in New York city gratis is to be found in department stores. Nearly every director of a theatrical company is distinct from a theater manager—is or cordial terms with the heads of departments in large retail mercantile establishments.

Often it is possible to get rid of 200 tickets or more in a day in this way, and when this is repeated in four or five stores the manager is sure of the attendance of an appreciable number of well dressed young women in the newest millinery and style of coiffure, each with a respectfully attired cavalier and all on their best behavior.

Unless the theatrical man is acquainted with the department heads, however, it is not an easy matter to give away tickets in such an establishment. The average clerk in a large store, especially of the feminine gender, is suspicious.

It is far less of an undertaking to buy a hundred dollars' worth of low priced goods than to make a present of two tickets apiece to a dozen persons behind the counter.

Purdie's Panacea. Tom Purdie, an old manservant in Sir Walter Scott's household, used to talk of the famous "Waverley Novels" as "our books" and said that the reading of them was the greatest comfort to him.

Plenty on Hand. "Have you ever wondered about your husband's past?" "Dear me, no. I have all I can do in taking care of his present and worrying about his future."—Boston Herald.

Domestic Note. "I've noticed one thing." "And what is that?" "When one gets loaded it's usually his wife who explodes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Our own anger does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry.—Sir John Lubbock.

She Repudiated the Charge.

At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the truest heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."

It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

The First Balloons. The chemical philosophers have discovered a body (which I have forgotten, but will inquire) which dissolved by an acid emits a vapor lighter than the atmospheric air.

Every manager of a theater has a large circle of friends. This may be due partly to his possession of a genial personality, but undoubtedly the business he is in has in itself an attraction for many.

Another class which sees many plays in New York city gratis is to be found in department stores. Nearly every director of a theatrical company is distinct from a theater manager—is or cordial terms with the heads of departments in large retail mercantile establishments.

Often it is possible to get rid of 200 tickets or more in a day in this way, and when this is repeated in four or five stores the manager is sure of the attendance of an appreciable number of well dressed young women in the newest millinery and style of coiffure, each with a respectfully attired cavalier and all on their best behavior.

Unless the theatrical man is acquainted with the department heads, however, it is not an easy matter to give away tickets in such an establishment. The average clerk in a large store, especially of the feminine gender, is suspicious.

It is far less of an undertaking to buy a hundred dollars' worth of low priced goods than to make a present of two tickets apiece to a dozen persons behind the counter.

Purdie's Panacea. Tom Purdie, an old manservant in Sir Walter Scott's household, used to talk of the famous "Waverley Novels" as "our books" and said that the reading of them was the greatest comfort to him.

Plenty on Hand. "Have you ever wondered about your husband's past?" "Dear me, no. I have all I can do in taking care of his present and worrying about his future."—Boston Herald.

Domestic Note. "I've noticed one thing." "And what is that?" "When one gets loaded it's usually his wife who explodes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Our own anger does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry.—Sir John Lubbock.

A Nice Calculation.

Two very dear old ladies walked up to the window where tickets were to be sold for two popular concerts.

"I'm so sorry, my dear!" pattered one of the old ladies to the other. "We did want to go, didn't we, and we wanted to go both nights?"

A great resolution beamed upon her gentle face. "Then," said she firmly, "give me four tickets for the first night. We will make them do."

"Why, sister?" quavered the other, "you're going to have somebody?" "No," said she, "but if we can't go both nights"—She paused, bewildered, quite out of her explanation. Then a happy thought struck her, and she added, "We'll go twice the first night!"—Youth's Companion.

A Wandering Lake. Lake Nor, in the Taishan desert, in southwestern Asia, which has been called the "wandering lake," presents a phenomenon about which contradictory views have been entertained.

It appears, according to that explorer, that the Tarim river, entering the lake from the west, brings down during the period of high water late in summer a great quantity of salt, which has the effect of driving the lake lying on the level floor of the desert toward the southeast.

At 3 o'clock the absentminded woman left home with an umbrella. At the subway station she concluded it wouldn't rain and left the umbrella with the corner newsdealer.

A small boy dashed around the corner of the stand and handed over a dripping umbrella. The absentminded woman looked at the boy; she looked at the umbrella. She recognized both.

Do you ever wonder why poets talk so much about flowers? Did you ever hear of a poet who did not talk about them? Don't you think a poem which, for the sake of being original, should leave them out would be like those verses where the letter a or e or some other is omitted? No; they will bloom over and over again in poems as in the summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new.

The Amen of Nature. The Amen of nature is always a flower.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Comparing Notes. Mrs. Slowly—My husband's so lazy that if it wasn't for me I don't believe he would get up in time to go to bed. Mrs. Rounder—My husband's different. He scarcely goes to bed in time to get up.

Appropriate Treatment. The Thoughtful Man—What would you recommend as treatment for a man who is always going around with a poor mouth? The Funny Fellow—Send him to a dentist.

He Did. "Did Simkins get any damages in that assault case?" "Did he? My dear fellow, you ought to see his face." A man without patience is a lamp without oil.—De Musset.