

Best Dressed Man in the World.

The majority of men believe that the best and most fashionable in men's clothes comes from London; and that the best dressed man in the world is the American turned out by a London tailor.



NEW FRENCH MOTOR RAILROAD TRUCK.

coat that gives you a cavied-in chest when it's buttoned up and a delectable open front when it's unbuttoned.

Yet some West End tailoring establishments in London depend for their very existence on American trade, not alone the trade of Americans traveling abroad, but a mail order business which catails making on measure-

ment and forwarding by express, likewise payment of duty. So important is this business that a cable code has been arranged. With this code, a complete catalog and full directions for self measurement, a man may cable his order to London, and feel reasonably certain that the clothes he wants will leave England by the next westward bound steamer.

One traveler from a firm in London making a specialty of cable orders recently visited New York and booked orders to the amount of six thousand pounds sterling. But this class of business is all in "semi-ready" clothing, a system which has been adopted from American tailors.

Yet the American "ready-made" has been a subject of laughter on the other side; and the New Yorker's claim to be the "best dressed man in the world," has been received with jeers. To the foreigner the idea of a man who has literally "no time" devoted to matters sartorial being well dressed is absurd—and the New Yorker has no time. He can't wait for clothes to be made by a "custom" tailor.

When he needs a suit he dashes into one of those immense haberdasheries that dot both sides of Broadway from the Battery to the Bronx, where thousands of "ready for service" suits and overcoats are piled on long tables in stacks that rise above a man's head. Here are found prices and sizes to fit every customer. Sack suits from \$3 to \$50 advertised for cut and smartness. They are smart, too, are better cut and sewn than the English cheap suit, but the latter is made of better material. It is just this difference that makes the American crowd look smart and prosperous, while the English crowd looks merely comfortable.

The New Yorker must look prosperous. It is part of his stock in trade. His clothes must not appear old any more than his face. This demand for youth and freshness is what makes it possible for some firms to sell as high as 7,000 suits in a day. Hats and shoes get even more attention than clothes. The ancient saw, "When broke buy a new hat," is so thoroughly appreciated by the New Yorker that he receives without even a grin such advertisements as that which puzzled Count Witte as he walked down Broadway. "Fall Lids for Faded Faces," it read. "Fall," muttered the Russian diplomat with a look of weary amazement, "fall, that means to tumble down, does it not?" Some one explained that "fall" was the American for the season which all other nations know as autumn.

Last winter a leading London daily gave a column every morning to the discussion of "The Fetish of the Black Coat." Every clerk and salesman in London wears a frock, or Prince Albert, during his work, and like the English artisan, he wears the costume of his trade after hours. For weeks members of Parliament and celebrities in many lines argued in

the public press as to which system was better: the American custom which ordained the sack suit in business and a change of raiment for laborers after hours; or the English custom which set the frock coat up as the emblem of respectability among tradesmen, a mark distinguishing them from the laboring classes and kept the latter in blouse and hob-nailed boots during his hours of rest. In England they talk a lot of what seems awful rot to this side of the water, and they take clothes very seriously. Each class has its garments and each garment its use.

In London the Tuxedo is still a lounge coat, something to be slipped on during the early evening and discarded for the formal "swallow tail" before starting for any entertainment. But the American has forced it into public life, has ordained a black tie and gold shirt studs with it, in place



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of the white tie and pearl studs that must be worn with the tailed coat. The American speaks of his Tuxedo suit and his dress suit. The Englishman talks of his evening clothes, and would as soon think of changing his trousers to match his smoking jacket, as of changing his studs and tie to accord with his Tuxedo.

While the vast majority of men buy their clothes "ready" or "semi-ready" made, most men regard with envy the one who has time and money to have his clothes made and fitted. The Englishman of means considers it his duty to have his clothes made by the very best tailors and to wear them as badly as possible. As he can rarely remain long at a time within his own country, London custom tailors have stored in their safes measurements of hundreds of wandering Britons who usually cable from various parts of the world when they need new clothes. These measurements are a valuable asset and insurance on them frequently amounts to several thousand pounds sterling.

As a matter of fact, the best dressed man in the world is neither the New Yorker nor the Londoner, but the man who gets his frock coat, cutaway and evening clothes from the Bond Street tailors, who have made these styles of masculine dress for centuries, and his sack suits and overcoats from Fifth Avenue, where one might say they were invented.

New Clothes for Easter. The flowers with which many churches are ornamented on Easter Day are most probably emblems of the Resurrection. There are people today who think that unless something new is worn on Easter Day no good fortune will come to them during the year. The Dorsetshire poet, Barnes, gives us this quaint little verse in regard to this custom:

"Laste Easter I put on my blue frock coat, the vust time, very new; Wif' yellow buttons, sal of brass; Bekalze 'twer Easter Zunday.



Elderly Spinster: You now, Doctor, I'm always thinking 'at man is following me. Do you think I suffer from hallucinations? Doctor: Absolutely certain you do, Ma'am.—From Sketch.

ANIMAL HEROES.

The Thrilling Story of "Snap" the Bull Terrier.

Ernest Thompson Seton's last book, "Animal Heroes," is, if possible, more than ever up to the standard of his intensely interesting wild-animal tales. To the animal lover this new collection will be read with absorbing attention. Mr. Seton has been subjected to considerable criticism by other naturalists, notably John Burroughs, for endorsing his animal characters with unusual intelligence and powers, which, it is claimed, are not possessed by any dumb creature. Very likely, as a class, but as Mr. Seton himself admits in his preface to "Animal Heroes," these histories, while in each case founded on the actual life-story of a real animal, are more or less composite. What novelist, indeed, does not combine the most striking characteristics of several individuals to construct his human hero, who shall appeal to the reader as an exceptionally fine character? So has Mr. Seton taken the record of a number of wolf or other animals and embodied their most striking "killed" or "followed" or "pursued" into one sanguine, brave and gigantic specimen. Like all of his books, "Animal Heroes" is richly illustrated by the author's own drawings and sketches from his own and his wife's pencils. Interest is stimulated by a constant succession of marginal drawings and sketches from the author's own and his wife's pencils.

The story of good-hunting of herce pursuit, of fatigues closing in on the pursued, of the pursuer—is told by an eye-witness wielding a master pen in depicting animal adventures, and at all times came through the story the love which the writer bears for all animals—the proud, indomitable, fearless beast even though he be the enemy of man. "Snap" is a story of a wolf which was sent the author as a sort of Hal-lowe-e joke—he was so vicious and unapproachable. He kept Mr. Seton, on the top of the table most of the night while he smoked cigars until his pocket-supply ran out and then, however, he finally made friends with his little pup—a youngster absolutely without fear. A year later, the two found themselves near Mendoza, North Dakota where the wolves had been playing havoc with the live-stock, evading poison and traps and actually scoring the attempts of the ranchers and the wolves to exterminate them. The following is a recital of the hunt in which "Snap" figured most gloriously:

From a high point we caught sight of a moving speck of gray, a red speck for Coyote, and each of these determined by its tail. If the glass shows the tail down, it is a Coyote; if up, it is the hated Gray-wolf. We got a momentary view of the pursuit; a Gray-wolf it surely was, loping away ahead of the Dogs, somewhat faster than they had after the Coyote. But no one knew the finish of the hunt. The Dogs came back to us one by one, and we saw no more of that Wolf. "Snap" figured most gloriously: "Pah! scart, plumb scart," was the father's disgusted comment on the pack, "they could catch up easy enough, but when he turned on them, they lighted out for home—pah!" "Where's that that ourspursable, fearless scartee-sort Terrier asked Hilton, scornfully. "I don't know," said I. "I am inclined to think he never saw the wolf; but he ever does, I'll bet he sells in for death or glory."



"THE DESPERADO IN THE MIDDLE FACED THIS WAY AND THAT."

close to the ranch, and we were spurred on to another hunt. It was a young Wolf, and we had a fine view of the Wolf's throat and missed it, yet seemed to get him by the nose; then the ten big Dogs closed in, and in two minutes the Wolf was down. Snap had lived up to my promises for him. Now it was my turn to crow, and I did not lose the chance. Snap had shown them how to do it, and the Mendoza pack had killed a Gray-wolf without help from the men.

There were two things to mar the victory somewhat, first, it was a young Wolf, a mere Cub; second, Snap was wounded—the Wolf had given him a bad cut in the shoulder. As we were standing around within fifteen feet, ready to help, but had no chance till we were needed.

"The Wolf was dead, and I hallooed to Snap, but he did not move. I bent over him. "Snap-Snap, it's all over; you've killed him." But the Dog was very still, and now I saw two deep wounds in his body. I tried to lift him. "Let go, old fellow; it's all over." He growled feebly, and at last let go of the Wolf. The rough, cattle-men were kneeling around him now; old Penroof's voice was trembling as he muttered, "I wouldn't had him

hurt for twenty steers." I lifted him in my arms, called to him and stroked his head. He snarled a little, a farewell as it proved, for he licked my hand as he did so, then never started again.

That was a sad ride home for me. There was the skin of a monstrous Wolf, but no other hint of triumph. We buried the fearless one on a butte back of the ranch-house. Penroof, as he stood by, was heard to grumble, "By jings, that was crit—'er crit! Ye can't make Cattle without gat."

THE FIGHTING INSTINCT. Story of a Desperate Hand to Hand Encounter Against Heavy Odds. Now and then among the brutalities and crimes that form the chief subjects of daily journalism in this country, there comes an item that not only appeals to our morbid nature but gets in close to the primal love of fight which springs eternal in the human animal. Most of us have no feeling except of loathing in the case of the secret assassination of six Italians in Minneapolis, because their modes of fight are Latin in a country of Anglo-Saxon prejudices. But just a week before, the press dispatches from Bristol, Tennessee, told of the sudden demise of seven Italians who with others had conspired to murder their section foreman, because he was a "hard boss." Doubtless he was! Nevertheless, the old fighting blood tingles at the bare account of the battle that the foreman, Haverly, whose name suggests his nationality, waged single-handed against the body of laborers that "rushed" him. Had he been armed with a revolver, he would have no sympathy, but he depended on the first weapon at hand—a crowbar. Backed against an embankment, he withstood the combined attack of the entire gang of laborers, all bent on his murder, and armed, against him, with picks, axes, and spades, in addition to their knives. Repugnant as the idea of killing may be, one can scarcely help a thrill at the thought of the former day, fighting for his life, and so sturdily and valiantly laying about him, weapon for weapon, steel against steel, until he stretched seven of his assailants dead before him and routed the rest. Haverly may be a brute and a bully; he may have deserved what the laborers, rising like desperate slaves against a tyrant, had in store for him. Yet, somehow, that is hard to believe because the innate love for combat in our nature challenges admiration for a man who displays desperate courage and physical prowess.

Little Cannibals. Every once in a while we hear of breeders complaining of the cannibalistic habits among growing fowls, especially among those still in the days of their early babyhood. This pernicious habit, when once the young birds become thoroughly addicted to it, is rather difficult to control and suppress. It usually finds its chief expression in flocks confined to close quarters, where the ground is bare and the feed is wanting in animal matter. Bird life under natural conditions finds opportunity for work and play in the hunting of insects for food and in the careful selection of such vegetable matter as its system may demand. Young chicks, when confined, are obviously deprived of these opportunities for a healthful exercise; the result is that they become idle, which engenders vicious habits and a craving for something to do as well as for animal food. When in this condition if a member of the little flock shows a wound or effects of blood, the chances are that one or two will at once commence to peck at it, which leads the others on, and soon the whole flock will be rending the little one into shreds. Devoering it before she has opportunity to relieve its misery or to isolate it from the flock. The remedy, of course, is obvious, namely, afford the young chicks a wider range and be more careful in your feeding by making it a point to keep them busy by throwing the food into litter or suspending a head of lettuce or cabbage where they can peck at it; also supply in one form or another animal food. A good way to do this is to take the underground scratching chick feeds, which of themselves are a balanced ration, and scatter the same in a litter of chopped straw or hay, about one and one-half or two inches deep. In fact, anything that will make a litter may be considered available.

A Sudden Change. Two commercial travelers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries. The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes. "A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit, and still feel quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American. "My two friends, Johnson and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inches of snow on the ground. The argument got heated, and Johnson picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of that snowball, sir, believe me or not, as you like, the weather suddenly changed and became hot and summer-like, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was scalded with hot water!"

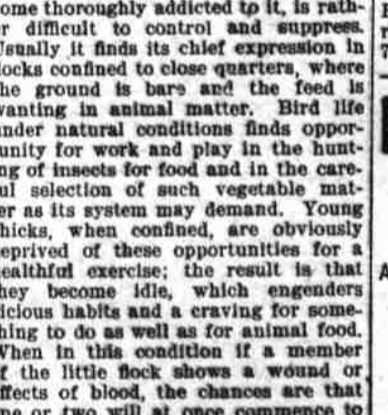
PERILS IN COLD STORAGE.

Frozen Bacteria Active—Government to Make Experiments.

The Agricultural Department is following up a line of scientific investigation of the effect upon perishable goods in cold storage for an unlimited time, and Dr. Wiley believes that he will develop the fact that legislation is needed fixing the period for which such articles as meats and milks may be stored. In one of the Philadelphia cold storage houses space has been set aside for the ex- periments and a like arrangement has been made in Washington for storing birds and milk. The stored articles will be taken out from time to time and examined to ascertain whether or not deterioration has begun, and at what period the point has been reached when the articles can be no longer stored and remain good food. It already has been demonstrated, Dr. Wiley says, that the bacteria that occasion decay remain in the meat while frozen, and that they actually carry on their work, although at a greatly reduced rate. In one of the cold storage plants in Cleveland, some meat was recently found which had been mislaid and forgotten for a period of eleven years. It was sent to the department and a portion thawed out and examined. Decay had gone on to such an extent that the meat was entirely un- for use. The greater portion of it was again placed in storage and the observation will be continued. The fact that the meat, having been frozen for eleven years, was in a condition of decay is held to conclusively prove that the bacteria can work in the meat while frozen. The object of the investigation is to ascertain at what point the decay has progressed to such an extent as to injure the food value of the article stored. There is at present no law prohibiting the storage of any article for any length of time. The only law upon the subject is one that requires fowls to be drawn before they are placed in storage.

The Oregon's Big Pennant. When the Oregon left Hongkong recently, after her long period of service on the Asiatic station, she was flying a homeward-bound pennant over 500 feet in length. It was necessary to support this long streamer by two small balloons tied to the end to keep it out of the water. The pennant was made of silk thread and attracted much attention in the Asiatic port. In the old days it was the custom to have a foot of pennant for every day of the cruise. That of the Oregon is probably one of the longest displayed from the mast of a home-coming ship, although it is on record that the old Brooklyn, on one occasion upon her arrival in New York, displayed a pennant 700 feet long.

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