

**AN EMPEROR'S CAPRICES.**

**How He Surprises His Servants and Soldiers by Calling on Them at Unearthly Hours.**

The German Emperor is one of the most impulsive and eccentric of sovereigns. In his daily life he makes few plans and follows his caprices. His attendants never know what he will do until they receive his instructions. One morning he will rise late and amuse himself with amateur painting. The next morning he will leave his bed at four o'clock, and dictate despatches or letters to a stenographer for two or three hours. One of his favorite recreations is to summon a guard of hussars at a moment's notice and to inspect a military post or regimental quarters without warning.

Indefatigable himself, he expects officials and attendants to be as indifferent to personal discomfort or physical fatigue as he is himself. At the opening of the Baltic Canal, he kept kings, princes, diplomatists and visitors up all night in order to have the triumphal entry of the new waterway take place before dawn. He visited German war-ships in the harbor of Kiel without warning and set everyone to wondering what he would do next.

His vacation journeys are conducted in the same way. He dislikes to be embarrassed with appointments and engagements and prefers to keep his time at his own disposal and to follow his mood. While he was recently at Cowes he paid visits when his royal relatives were not expecting him. Early one morning he left his yacht and astonished his brother by calling upon him on the battle-ship *Worth*, which was at anchor in the Solent.

It was a genuine surprise. Neither the royal commander nor the crew were anticipating a call from the Emperor. He was on the battle-ship and ordering the crew to be mustered before the officers knew what he was about. Then followed one of his characteristic addresses. He reminded officers and men of the great battle after which the ship had been named, and which had been fought on that very day twenty-five years before; and expressed the hope that the heroic valor of the German soldiers would be a source of inspiration for them if they should ever be called into active service. Every one else had forgotten the anniversary, but he had remembered it and had found delight in taking every man on the ship by surprise. Activity so abnormal as this is uncomfortable for attendants and officials but it promotes habits of vigilance and self-possession. There is method in his restlessness and caprices. He has the idea that in a military empire with a million of soldiers either under arms or in training, every one should be constantly on guard. By his own example he enforces the necessity of unremitting vigilance.

**THE INTOXICATING BOWL.**

Stupifies and besots.—Bismarck. That beverage, the mother of sins.—Southey. The evil is in the drink.—David Lewis, J. P. The devil in solution.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—Robert Hall. I consider all spirits bad spirits.—Sir Astley Cooper. The dynamite of modern civilization.—Hon. John D. Long. He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.—Benjamin Franklin. Every crime has its origin more or less in drinking.—Judge Gurney. Grape juice has killed more than grape shot.—C. H. Spurgeon, D.D. While you have the drink you have the drunkard.—George W. Bain. Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham. Drink is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education.—John Bright. Drink, the only terrible enemy whom England has to fear.—Prince Leopold. Nine-tenths of the cases to be tried are caused by drink.—Chief Justice Bovill. Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are caused by drinking.—Judge Erskine. Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.—Epictetus. To drink well is a property meet for a sponge.—Demosthenes. Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

**ABOUT A SAFE DEPOSIT.**

**THE MYSTERY AND ROMANCE OF LONDON VAULTS.**

**Great Precautions—Those Who Enter Are Photographed—Registered Keys—Capture of a Notorious Thief—The Sheriff's Present—Some Peculiar Incidents.**

"Few people are aware that a safe deposit is one of the most interesting and romantic places imaginable," said the manager of one of London's greatest institutions, to the writer recently, "yet it is the storehouse of heirlooms, treasures, and secrets. Before relating some of the extraordinary incidents which have come under my notice, however, it is necessary to explain a little of our system."

"For instance, the moment a person enters the establishment an electric bell rings in the identification lobby, and the facial experts minutely, though unobtrusively, examine the new-comer, who is also requested to give his signature and password, if not very well known."

"The doors of the strongholds cost £500 each, weigh nearly three tons, and are fitted with thirteen automatic bolts, which are controlled by chronograph time-locks."

"These are set every night for a certain time next morning, before which it is absolutely impossible to open the door, even with the keys—a fact which led to the following amusing, though extremely awkward, incident:—

**THE SHERIFF'S PRESENT.**

"A certain well-known city sheriff was to be presented with a massive silver inkstand, which was placed with us for a few days. At a quarter past six on the night of the banquet an official called for the gift, but was horrified to learn that the great door was closed, and the time-lock set for nine o'clock the following morning, so that access to the room was simply impossible. The Presentation Committee had a cardboard dummy made as quickly as possible, and this did duty for the genuine article."

"Just after the death of a famous general who had deposited a number of valuable papers here, his widow came to me in a state of great excitement, saying that the key was lost and her husband's will was required at once."

"Of course, it is utterly impossible to open a strong-room door in the ordinary way without the renter's key, so I recommended the lady to make a further search for it, as many depositors make the same complaint, and, curiously enough place their keys in such queer places for safety that they themselves are frequently unable to find them."

"This particular key, however, could not be found, so we gave notice to a firm of safe-makers that we required a door cut open, and they sent two experts—legitimate ones, not burglars—who cut a hole ten inches by five, after having worked for

**THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS.**

"That little operation cost the widow considerably over £200."

"After this incident we introduced a system of registering keys by means of numbered labels, and one of these brought about the capture of a notorious international thief in the following singular manner:—

"One day a lady and her daughter entered the shop of a great Parisian jeweller, and decided to see some diamond tiaras. After having been shown several, they left, saying they were undecided, and some hours after their departure a number of pearls and many necklaces were missed, whereupon the police were communicated with, and handed a small bunch of keys, bearing our label, which had been found near the counter."

"Finally, we were consulted, and gave the name and address entered against the number of the tell-tale keys, the result being that the lady and her daughter were apprehended at King's Cross in their proper character of expert male thieves."

"Here is a Mr. Astor's strong room, the door of which cost £2,000 and is fitted with golden keys. He is very particular, by the way, and always has a man stationed in the corridor to insure perfect privacy while he is in the safe among his millions."

"This room contains over £10,000 worth of unique paintings—a little art gallery, in fact—the property of a

judge. This one contains the Shakespearean manuscripts collected by the late Halliwell Phillips, and valued at £50,000, while its neighbour holds a huge family Bible and an elephant's foot."

**QUEER DEPOSITS.**

"You see we have some queer deposits, but our correspondence reveals something more remarkable. One traveller requested us to take charge of a pair of fully-grown tigers, while a lady asked our terms for the weekly maintenance of a number of prize Ham-burgh and Cochin cocks. Fancy this subterranean palace of steel and marble lit by electric light, and fitted with the most marvellous mechanism ever invented, turned into a menagerie or poultry run."

"The most unaccountable thing I know of, however, is that we have at least fifty deposits whose owners have mysteriously disappeared. In such cases the rent is paid for some little time, and then ceases suddenly, though, of course, we never break open the boxes or chests, and are entirely ignorant of their contents."

"A most amusing sight was witnessed in the general writing-room, one day, when a gentleman and his wife met, both having had safes here for four years unknown to each other. The lady was in the habit of depositing her diamonds here, and usually wore a paste set, which had deceived her most intimate friends; quite a large number of society dames do the same thing now."

"Some deposits are made under very

**PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.**

For instance, a very well-known peer, who has a magnificent strong room in his country-house, recently deposited over £20,000 worth of jewellery and plate with us, simply because he had dreamed that a burglar entered his bed-room by night, and demanded his safe key at the muzzle of a revolver. Strange to say, the very next day his house was burnt down."

"There can be no doubt as to the absolute security of the deposits, for not only are there from ten to fifteen locks to open, but armed watchmen patrol the vaults at night, and their rounds are checked by a tell-tale clock."

"Such precautions induce even Continental diamond merchants to deposit their gems here to be called for by their London agents. A curious fact about these dealers is that their pockets are in most extraordinary places, such as up the back or under the arms, and their tailors are continually devising means whereby many thousands of pounds' worth of stones may be carried without the least risk of discovery even in the event of a personal investigation."

**STRANGE POST OFFICES.**

**The Curious Places in Which They Are Established.**

Until quite recently the postal system in Persia was very loosely conducted. It was under the superintendence of a Minister of Posts, who, however, does now work the system himself. Each road is farmed to some merchant or wealthy person, who pays a certain sum to the Minister for the privilege, and makes as much money out of the business as he can. On the south coast of Patagonia is the most remarkable postal service in the world. Close to the shore is a large sign post with the inscription, "Postoffice." Attached by chains to the foot of the sign post is a strong chest, which served as a postoffice, master, clerk, all in one, for many years. The ships passing through the Magellan Straits send a boat to the shore to fetch any letters that may be addressed to their places of call, and at the same time to leave any letters they may wish to have taken in other directions. In a small group of islands off the south coast of Iceland the islanders have a bottle post, which depends mainly on the wind. When the wind blows from the south they put their letters into a well-corked bottle. To insure delivery, a plug of tobacco or a cigar is put inside, and people on the mainland are usually on the lookout for and ready to deliver the letters so dispatched, in return for the inclosed remuneration."

**EXPLAINING HIS REMARK.**

Do you mean to tell me, sir, that I have no proper regard for the truth? I haven't said so; but I will say that if you went into politics the other side would have a busy time guessing between what you said and what you meant.

**KEEPING COOL IN SUMMER.**

**NOVEL DEVICES TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERING OF MANKIND.**

**A Cooler in the Cellar Connected With the Furnace Flues—Passing Air Through a Hotbed of Flowers, Thereby Cooling, Purifying and Scenting the Air in the House.**

Why do we feel warm in the summer?

The meteorologists lately made a revelation which revolutionizes our standards for measuring the heat which we feel against the surface of our bodies. We do not feel cool or warm in proportion to the reading of the ordinary thermometer. The difference in the temperature which we feel is really the difference in the temperature of the perspiration evaporating against the skin. Just as the evaporation of ammonia makes water freeze, the evaporation of our perspiration makes us cooler or warmer. This temperature which we actually feel is known as our sensible temperature. If we want to know how hot we feel, not how hot the weather feels, according to this new theory, we must take our readings from a special form of thermometer, whose bulb is always kept moist and in a state of evaporation.

Thus to keep cool in summer we must create evaporation against our bodies. If this cannot be accomplished by a natural breeze, an artificial one may be created. Another method is to lower the temperature of the air by refrigeration and to receive the coolness by radiation through the air to our temperature nerves. Summer clothes should be made of material freely admitting the passage of air. Besides this exterior heat, man's average food in twenty-four hours is found to create a supply of heat, which, if applied to a steam engine would lift a pound through space for 6,600,000 feet. On extremely hot days the avoidance of fats and other heat-generating food is on this account advised.

**VALUABLE LESSONS**

in the art of keeping cool may be learned from the specifications of recent patents granted to hundreds of inventors, ingenious and otherwise, who have struggled with the problem for commercial purposes. Electric fans are now made more cheaply than ever before, and there is satisfaction in the fact that the energy which an industrious person expends to cool himself with an ordinary hand fan, if stored up for some regular work would pay for the electricity required to run an electric fan during the same time.

Of course the ideal plan for keeping cool is to have a cooler in the cellar connecting in summer with the pipes and flues employed for distributing heat in the winter. Many minds are stewing over a means of perfecting cheap and compact coolers for such use. Success will doubtless result in the line of coolers, utilizing evaporation processes, which may be operated as cheaply as heaters in winter, and which may be placed in individual dwellings.

A Western inventor recently patented a scheme by which he claims he can artificially cool a whole community at little expense. At certain intervals he would erect skeleton towers, like windmill towers, each having an electric trolley wire running from bottom to top. The wire transports peculiarly made bombs to a shoot at the top, where they are exploded by electricity. The bombs contain liquid carbonic acid gas, which, when liberated by the explosive, will instantly evaporate and severely chill the surrounding atmosphere.

A Canadian inventor patents a unique system by which air passes through a conservatory or hotbed of flowers before being cooled and circulated through the house. By this means the air is not only cooled, but purified by the natural process of the plants and scented with the sweet odor of violets, hyacinths, lilies of the valley, or what not. Another inventor, claiming to have solved

**THE HOT-WAVE PROBLEM.**

would construct a large gas envelope shaped like the section of an orange. Along the lower edge runs a thick pipe of aluminium thickly perforated like the rear spout of a street sprinkler. To this is connected a hose of light rubber or other material which may be screwed to a fire plug or spigot. At the ends of the gas envelope are cables fastened to carriages at either side containing pulley attachments. In dry weather this contrivance may be sent aloft, against the wind, if there be any, being controlled by the vehicles below. It can be directed over the tops of high trees.

A person owning such a device might go about the streets of the country roads peddling rainstorms at rates regulated according to the length of time the shower lasted.

For smaller and cheaper devices patents are even more plentiful. An enterprising inventor recently patented a contrivance by which any person suffering from the heat may convert himself into a living fountain of cold, crystal water. The contrivance consists of a loosely fitting collar of rubber and a large basin or dish several feet in diameter. The collar fits over the neck and shoulders. It contains many perforations on the under side. To keep cool by its means the wearer sits himself in a chair placed in the middle of the basin, connects a hose to the collar, and enjoys the continuous passage of a slowly flowing current of any temperature over his limbs and body. The same may be utilized as

**A SHOWER BATH**

for cleansing as well as for cooling purposes. But for a shower bath proper, the most tempting design depicted in modern specifications is a cylindrical frame of pipes covered with a curtain of some waterproof material. The user steps in the centre of the frame, draws the curtains, turns a faucet, and re-

ceives against his body the delightful spray of a thousand little water jets protruding from every pipe in the frame—up, down, diagonally and on all sides. The effect is really a cold vapor bath.

While sitting upon your lawn in the evening you enjoy the invention of a citizen who utilizes the water power in an ordinary garden hose to turn a rotary fan at a high speed. The fan is mounted upon a metallic pedestal, and may be turned to create a current in any desired direction. While riding upon your wheel you may further enjoy the breeze from a small fan revolving in a guard of network between the handle bars. A friction wheel beneath rubs against the tire of your front wheel. While driving in your carriage you may enjoy a similar adaptation to your wheels. In fact, you cannot get outside the realm of automatic fans. If you are in the country, where no electricity is to be had, you may enjoy the comforts of a combination rocking chair and rotary fan or may wear a new-fangled hat—recently patented—having in the top a fanwheel to be actuated by clockwork.

**ICE CREAM.**

**British Institute of Preventive Medicine Says It Is Deadly.**

The British Institute of Preventive Medicine has dealt a deadly blow to ice cream. A very exhaustive enquiry regarding the nature and adulterations of this toothsome substance has just been completed by Dr. Mac Fadyen and Mr. Collyer, F. I. C. These gentlemen tell us that ice cream has only 26.5 per cent. of solids, the rest being water; that the solids consist of fats, 4 per cent.; sugar, 12 per cent.; starch, 6 per cent.; albuminoids, 4 per cent, and mineral matter, 1.2 per cent. This all sounds well enough, and would lead the unwarier reader to think that ice cream was all right, but the denouement comes in the result of microscopical research. The microscope shows the presence, in London ice cream at least, of bed bugs, bugs' legs, fleas, straw, hair, coal dust, woolen and linen fiber, tobacco, epithelial scales and muscular tissue. Even the microscopical examination, however is delectable compared with the results of bacteriological studies. These reveal in street-barrow ice cream a maximum number of 7,000,000 microbes per cubic centimeter, while the ice cream of the shops has only 1,000,000 per cubic centimeter. The character of the micro-organisms is extremely mixed. There are the bacteria coli commune, besides spirillae and putrefactive microbes of various kinds. We find no account of a chemical analysis, which would perhaps add the final touch to the pathological picture of the ice cream of the shops. In this country it is known that ice creams chemically contain a poison known as tyrotoxin. But in London it seems, what with the bugs and the microbes and the filth generally, there is no particular need of further research to prove that the ice cream of the peddlers and the streets are not good things to eat. It would be a manifest injustice to the ice cream industry, however, to suppose that the supply which is furnished to the American public is at all comparable to that which has been investigated by the English authorities.

**QUICK BUTTER-MAKING.**

**An Invention That Will Revolutionize the Industry.**

A new process of butter-making, whereby butter can be produced in a minute, has been invented, and some dairymen of experience, who have given the matter some study, assert that it will revolutionize the industry on this continent. The inventor is Herr Salenius a Swedish engineer, and is now in successful operation in Sweden, Finland and England. The butter is made from sterilized milk, the milk being heated to a temperature of 50 degrees, by means of small cooling frames through which iced water is constantly run. The cream which rises is taken by a skimmer, and raised to the churning chamber of the machine. The cream is then forced into a tub, which is perforated with tiny holes, and emerges with great force onto each fresh layer of cream as it rises, converting it into butter by compression. The butter is then in the form of granules, and is drawn into a tub, where it is mixed with buttermilk. After a thorough mixing, it is put under pressure in a butter worker and almost all the buttermilk is squeezed out. The butter is then placed on ice, where it is kept for two hours. It is then worked over again and made up.

**VOCAL GYMNASIUMS.**

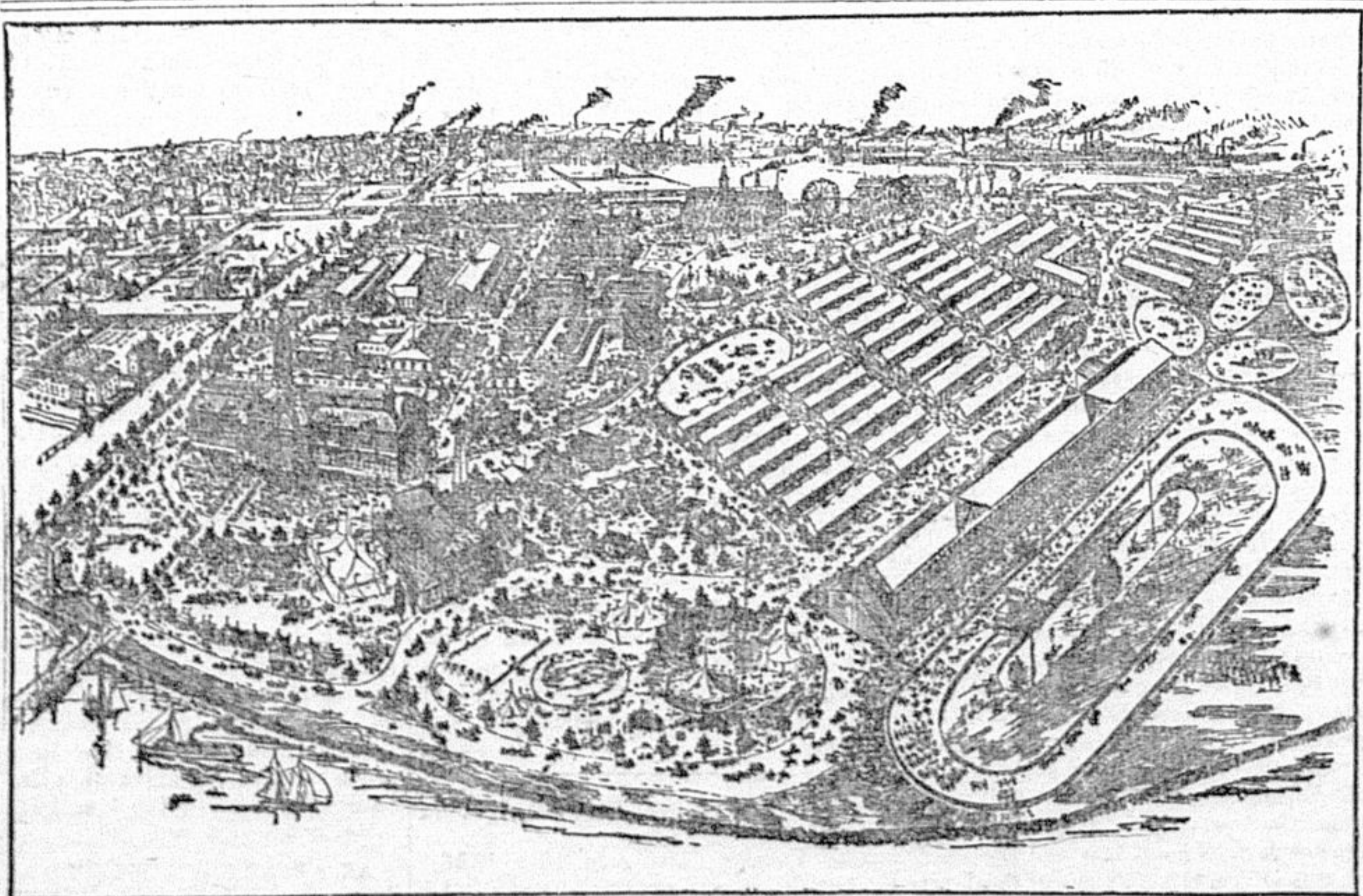
"It is quite true, said a throat specialist, 'singing is very good for the lungs, and it has, indeed, a beneficial effect on the whole system. For one thing it expands the lungs as no other form of exercise does. I say 'exercise' advisedly, for singing brings into play a great number of muscles. You will often hear rowing recommended as a splendid means of expanding the chest. Vocal exercises, when carried on in pure air, effect this purpose far more satisfactorily. Besides, the mere taking in of so much fresh air must tend to enrich the blood and so strengthen the whole body. Therefore, I say, no matter how poor or small the voice, indulge in at least 10 or 20 minutes' vocal gymnastics every day. Your neighbours won't like it, I dare say, but we can't please everybody in this world."

**TURKEY'S PRESS CENSORSHIP.**

The Sultan of Turkey not only has a rigid censorship of the press, but he has ordered that no newspapers be published until the afternoon, so that the Censors will not have to forego their morning nap in order to supervise them.

**AN EASY CASE.**

On what ground do you want a divorce? asked the lawyer of his client. My wife graduated from a cooking school and is doing her own work. There will be no trouble about it at all, sir.



VIEW OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS FOR THE TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AUG. 31ST TO SEPT. 12TH. '04.