The new Lord Mayor of London—Sir James T. Ritchie—is an elder brother of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the brothers have a striking facial resemblance. The Lord Mayor had a short career in Australia in his early manhood, but, returning to London, joined his younger brother in a jute business at Stratford. He was well on in his fifties before he came into any prominence in London civic life. Like his brother, he is a progressive Conservative, but politics have not had for him an abiding attraction. "The World" says that Sir J. T. Ritchie studies keenly the delightful "art of being a grandfather," and his two little grandsons find him in leisure moments an indefatigable companion and playmate. As he is a widower one of his daughters will act as Lady Mayoress at Mansion House functions.

The Hereditary Princess of Wied, born a Princess of Wurtemberg, is now engaged in the endeavour to "engraft upon Berlin an up-to-date social life," to quote the words of a circular which she has just issued to all the leading ladies of the German capital, urging them to organise "five-o'clock tea receptions from four to six." These social gatherings are to be held, not at the private houses of the ladies, but at the Kaiserhof Hotel. The object of these "gemuthlichen Tassen Thee," unlike Carlyle's "aesthetic teas," is a charitable one, so that tickets are to cost eightcenpence; but in spite of the social opportunities thus presented it is doubtful whether these Kaiserhof entertainments will prove as attractive as the "Kaffeeklatsch" institution, which is the favourite afternoon recreation of German ladies. It is something new to hear that tea-drinking is becoming more popular in the Fatherland, as hitherto the decoction has been regarded rather as medicinal than social.

In a certain town, which shall be nameless, there once lived a couple of young fellows who had gone into partnership in a barber's business, and in order to pass the time one particularly dull afternoon Tom proposed to Dick that they should indulge in a quiet game at "Nap."

The quiet game went on hour after hour, and when the shades of night had fallen for some time neither of them noticed that a customer had entered.

He surveyed them in silent contempt for some few minutes.

"Sorry if I interrupt," he said coldly at last; "but I'm in a hurry. Which of you fervid sportsmen is going to shave me?"

Tom looked over the hand which had just been dealt him. Then, in a voice full of suppressed excitement, he said:

"Just one moment, sir. Wait until we see who owns the shop!"

A new reason for going to church is given by Mr Joseph Shaylor, in "The Book Monthly." Young authors in search for good titles, he says, if they follow carefully the reading of the lessons and the hymns that are sung, will be sure before long to find what they want. We do not recommend church attendance on such grounds, but there is no doubt some of the most effective titles for novels have been found in a familiar Bible phrase. A couple of generations ago the practice would probably have been condemned as irreverent, and perhaps not without reason. Miss Braddon was one of the earliest offenders, and one of the worst, "Strangers and Pilgrims," "One Thing Needful," "Golden Calf," "Thou Art the Man," are some of her titles, and also "Just as I am." Two, at least, of those titles seem to transgress due bounds. Women novelists especially were early disposed to take titles from Scripture. Long ago our friend Miss Worboise chose "The House of Bondage," Mrs Amelia E. Barr has "Feet of Clay," Miss Rhoda Broughton "Cometh Up as a Flower"—all quite unobjectionable. Anthony Trollope has "An Eye for an Eye;" Edmund Yates (from the Prayer Book), "For Better for Worse;" Thomas Hardy "The Laodicean" and "The Well-Beloved." Mr Baring-Gould 50 years ago, as a young man of 20, published "The Path of the Just." Mr Kipling took "Many Inventions" from Ecclesiastes. Other recent titles drawn from Holy Writ will be in the minds of readers. Mr Shaylor found that nearly 30 of the books published in one month lately had been named in this way.

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, had many idols, worshipped the cat, among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed like the moon, which is sometimes full, and at other times only a light crescent, or, as we say, a half-moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head, and named it Pasht. The same name they gave to the moon, for the word means "the face of the moon."

The word has been charged to "Pas" and "Pus," and has come at last to be "Puss," the name the most of us give to the cat. Puss and pussy-cat are pet names for kitty anywhere now. Who ever thinks of the name as given to her thousands of years ago and the people who then bowed down and prayed to her?

Twenty thousand guineas is a great sum for a racehorse to fetch, but this price, which was given for Ard Patrick, has been topped at least twice within twenty years. Flying Fox, the Derby winner in 1899, was sold for £39,375, the largest sum ever given for a racehorse. The mighty Ormonde, winner of the 1886 Derby, went abroad for £30,000, and St. Blaise, winner of the Derby in 1883, was sold for £20,000. The three highest priced horses in racing history have been secured by foreigners. Such enormous investments turn out very profitable, as the stud fees yield a very handsome return after paying an insurance premium and the stable expenses. A stud fee of 250 gns. is nothing uncommon. Yearlings by Derby winners have been known to fetch as much as £5,500 guineas each. The late Captain Machell in one season laid out 40,000 guineas on yearlings of the highest class, and all they won between them was £800.

Some of the Oriental methods of treating various flowers as edibles, in the way of salads and sweets, have recently found favour in this country. Chrysanthemum salad is appreciated by many people, and flower fritters are now made. Many of these dishes have a delicate quality that should cause them to find favour at women's luncheons. What could be more tempting to a young woman, for instance, than a sweet made of chrysanthemums, another made of violets, and a third of rose-petals? Each of these flower fritters is made in the same way. Take, for instance, the seasonable chrysanthemum one. A fresh chrysanthemum is selected, and is carefully washed. Then its petals are plucked off, and a little of the green leaf is choped and stirred into a batter made of beaten eggs and flour. Then the petals themselves are dipped in the batter, and afterwards they are dropped lightly into a pan of boiling oil, which browns them in a moment. They are taken out of the oil and placed on absorbent paper, which drains the grease from them. They are served warm, and sprinkled with powdered sugar.

M. Paderewski is said to be sometimes annoyed at the silly stories published about him—and small wonder. "It is natural that the greater part of my audiences should be made up of women, especially in America, where the men do not have so much time to devote to music as the women have. But the stories about the numerous ladies who have asked for locks of hair and photographs are mere invention," he protested. The great player awards the palm to Germany as possessing the most musical women. That is because a love for music is traditional in Germany, and has become now a habit. As far as instinct for music is concerned, the German women are no better off than the American, French, or English. He also finds Italian women very musical, but American women perhaps the most appreciative. Mme. Paderewski laughs at the idea of her being jealous because all the ladies adore her husband. She thinks it is beautiful; no, more than beautiful—wonderful. It is homage given to his art. "When we were last in Boston" (she said) "we arrived only an hour or two before the concert and drove to a hotel near the hall. And there I saw already a long line of young girls and women waiting for the doors to open. Most of them had worked hard all day, too. I said then to my husband, 'Well, I am afraid I could never show you such devotion.'"

The little man was expounding to his audience the benefits of physical culture.

"Three years ago," he said, "I was a miserable wreck. Now what do you suppose brought about this great change in me?"

"What change?" said a voice from the audience.

There was a succession of loud smiles, and some persons thought to see him collapse. But the little man was not to be put out.

"Will the gentleman who asked 'What change' kindly step up here!" he asked suavely. "I shall then be better able to explain. That's right!"

Then, grabbing the witty gentleman by the neck:

"When I first took up physical culture I could not even lift a little man, now (suiting action to word) I can throw one about like a bundle of rags," and finally he flung the interruptor half a dozen yards along the floor. "I trust, gentlemen, that you will see the force of my argument, and that I have not hurt this gentleman's feelings by my explanation."

There were no more interruptions.

"The way to discriminate between functional disorder of the heart and an actual organic disease is to note, first, whether the abnormalities that present themselves are constant, or whether they are only detected occasionally. If the pulse is quite irregular at times, but strictly normal at others, this is evidence that the disturbance is functional, not organic," writes a physician.

"But very few cases of so-called heart disease are anything more than functional disturbance, due either to chronic dyspeptic conditions or to some other cause.

"If the patient is dyspeptic, then the treatment must be of the kind that will restore tone to the digestive organs. There are many things that will aid in this—a correct dietary, plenty of exercise in the open air, increased capacity for breathing, a certain amount of bathing and rubbing, a sufficiency of sleep, periods of rest for body and mind, cheerful surroundings, and so on.

"Many a patient has found his 'heart symptoms' disappear after getting rid of his dyspeptic conditions, and he who is troubled with abnormal affections of that organ need not regard his case as hopeless until he has first ascertained whether those affections are not dependent upon some other functional disorder."

Victor Emmanuel III., King of Italy, who recently visited England, though not the youngest of reigning monarchs, is very young to be saddled with the troubles of kingship, being only thirty-four years of age. His early life was one of hard study and physical weakness. In his childhood he suffered from rickets. Plain living and hard learning undermined his health, so it was only through the prompt action of his father, the late King Humbert, in sending him about the world that he was in a great measure restored to health. King Victor is an enthusiastic soldier, and in the army he is beloved and has the reputation of being a severe commander. He is a keen sportsman, and is very fond of the water, and also has a collection of 20,000 coins, which is said to be the finest in Europe. His consort is a brunette with dark eyes, jet-black hair, and a very fair complexion. She plays both the piano and the violin, is devoted to sport, and is as fond of the sea as her husband. She speaks four languages, including Russian. It is entirely through her relations with the Russian Court that the Czar and her husband are such good friends, each having played into the other's hands in the matter of love-making.

Our Northern friends seem to know as little about negro lingo as they know about negro character. If they write "am" for "is" and "b" for "v" or "h" and ring in a "done" in most unexpected places, and write "massa" for master, they think they are writing negro dialect. They have manufactured a dialect of their own and stick to it. It is strange to us that they do not study the writings of Joel Chandler Harris, Frank Stanton, Tom Page, Polk Miller, and other Southern authorities. If so they would save themselves many a blunder.

One of the most notable blunders the Northern dialect writers make is the use of the word "massa" for the genuine negro word "marster." Strange enough, some Southern writers of the new generation have fallen into the same error. If we remember, Miss Winnie Davis, in one of her books, puts the counterfeit into the mouth of one of her negro characters. We have often wondered where the counterfeit came from. Surely, we never heard a slave say "massa," and we have never seen any Southern man who did. Perhaps it originated in the old song, "Massa's in de col', col' groun'." But where did the composer of the song get the word? Does anybody know? We have repeatedly asked the question, and have never received a satisfactory reply.—Richmond (Virginia) "Times-Dispatch."

Mr Andrew Lang, like Coleridge, wants every poet, novelist, essayist, and historian to be his own reviewer. He proposes—facetiously, of course—that some capitalist should start a paper called "Every Man His Own Reviewer," for which literary men should write signed reviews of their own work. Mr Lang (writing in the New York "Independent") argues his droll idea out with all the earnestness of Mr G. K. Chesterton propounding one of his weird paradoxes. No man, he insists, could have criticised "Macaulay's History" so well and so tartly as Macaulay himself. And Mr Lang adds a little autobiographical flavour to the suggestion by a confession that, long ago (he says), I was asked by a newspaper editor to review anonymously a volume of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," to which I had contributed an article on Moliere. Too late for correction, I read