

A newspaper correspondent disguised as an octogenarian agricultural labourer, who, apparently, took notes under his smock, has just succeeded in interviewing Miss Hetty Green, at her rustic home up in Vermont. The "world's richest woman" is generally most taciturn in the presence of reporters, but this time she was captured entirely off her guard. Here are some of her characteristic reflections:—"They all have to come to me, even President Roosevelt. . . I hear folks say that the hard times will be over as soon as the Presidential election is settled. That is not true. We will not see good times, easy times, until the spring. There is going to be a hard winter. Americans have been too extravagant, and they have got to pay the price. . . The women in America have helped to make the hard times. All they live for, all they care for, is clothes, the latest shape in hats, the newest-fangled skirts, and they are none too particular how they get what they want, or who pays for it. Oh, I'm not saying American women are not moral, but I do say that they do not care what price their husbands, fathers, and brothers pay for the luxury and finery they demand. . . More men are driven to dishonesty by the white hand of a woman, struck all over with jewels, than by their own love of horses, rich food, or gay times. . . American children are not taught how to save money, but how to spend it. Everything they want—give it them as long as you have the price or credit. That is the policy of the modern mother, and she is raising a nation of spendthrifts whose one thought is to get what they want when they want it. That is why those men and women, the few, who know how to save, will in time be the masters of those who know only how to spend."

The observer of human affairs will find some points of considerable interest in the bathing adventure at Bournemouth, England, some weeks back. One of the most time-honoured articles of the humorist's stock-in-trade deals with the holiday-maker who goes bathing and loses

his clothes while in the water. In picture or in story this immensely funny event crops up with a regularity that has made it a public right. The ardent followers of the lesser comic journals and light magazines—melancholy persons most of them—would probably feel a personal affront if a summer passed without this killing incident being served up for their delectation. But they need be in no fear. Editors and contributors do their duty with all their might in this matter. The story or the picture has different forms. One year the bather's clothes are taken by a tramp; another year by the tide; on a third he is kept from them by a faithful dog, which does not recognise him. But it always appears somehow, and the bather always walks home along the parade either in a barrel or behind an umbrella. It is a splendid joke. The interest of the happening at Bournemouth is that when nature deigns to imitate man, she does it on a wholesale plan. No humorist has ever put into this plight more than one bather at a time. The originality that would be required would probably result in a brain-storm. But nature, at Bournemouth, involved a whole party of bathers in her joke. She hurried down several tons of cliff and buried all the clothes with that firm and inexorable purpose which we have come to expect from her. The bathers went home in cabs, instead of in barrels along the parade, which seems to show that they took the joke in rather smugly fashion; but they will not do so when—next year—several tons of cliff come hurtling down in a comic paper.

Boots Worn for Forty-two Years.

At the time of his death recently, Mr. Cheall, of Haywards Heath, England, was wearing the boots in which he was married forty two years ago. He had worn them every Sunday since 1866, and also on Bank Holidays, and they had only been soled twice.

Melodrama at a Wedding.

The wedding of Princess Amelie of Fuerstenberg and ex-Lieutenant Gustav Koczian (now a 'chauffeur'), at Castle Hradek, in Bohemia recently, was an unusually dramatic and painful ceremony.

It appears that the Princess's family did not abandon their opposition to the marriage as was first announced in the cablegram, but constantly urged her to break off the match. The bride's mother made a last frantic appeal at the altar, and then, when Princess Amelie resolutely refused to stop the ceremony, fell fainting on the floor of the chapel.

According to the account that has been made public, the bride's family were determined to prevent the marriage at all costs, and the relatives assembled for that purpose at Hradek Castle, owned by Prince Khevenhuller, a cousin of Princess Amelie.

When ex-Lieutenant Koczian arrived he was only admitted to the castle by the back door, and immediately conducted into a room where his prospective mother-in-law, the Dowager Princess of Fuerstenberg, awaited him.

She made an impassioned appeal to him to yield to the wishes of the family and give up her daughter. Meanwhile Prince Emil, the bride's brother, was in another room, trying to persuade Princess Amelie to alter her decision.

All appeals were in vain. Princess Amelie declared that she would follow the dictates of her heart, and not the antiquated feudal traditions of her family. She insisted on the marriage being performed without further delay.

The party then proceeded to the little chapel. While the bride and bridegroom were kneeling in front of the altar, the Dowager Princess, unable to restrain her emotion, made the last frantic appeal. Princess Amelie only shook her head and grasped the bridegroom's hand.

The Dowager Princess then fell to the floor in a dead faint. The official witnesses of the ceremony, Ritter von Guttenberg and Count Schick, urged Princess Amelie to give way, and not be the cause of her mother's death.

Princess Amelie showed extraordinary

firmness during the painful incident, and at her desire the ceremony was concluded as rapidly as possible.

The newly-married couple, who looked radiantly happy, drove away from the castle soon afterwards. The Princess, who is now Frau Koczian, ostentatiously kissed her husband in front of the crowd which assembled at the castle gates.

INDIGESTION CURED.

A FIVE YEARS SUFFERER'S GRATITUDE TO BILE BEANS.

Another example of the wonderful curative virtues of Bile Beans comes from Miss Jessie Hay, of Montifera Street, Wellington, N.S.W., who says:—

"I suffered intense agony with biliousness and indigestion. Everything I ate gave me heartburn and flatulency. I consulted several doctors, also tried many professional cures for my complaints, but gained no relief from any of them. Thus for five years life was a perfect burden to me. A friend recommended Bile Beans, and in order to make sure I would act on this recommendation, gave me a box, and I started on them, although my previous experiences with medicines gave me no hope that Bile Beans would prove effective. By the time I had consumed this box I noticed an improvement in my condition. Thus encouraged, I underwent a thorough course, and, after taking nine or ten boxes, I am thoroughly cured of both biliousness and indigestion, which is entirely due to Bile Beans. I will never fail to recommend them to my friends."

Bile Beans speedily cure biliousness, headache, indigestion, costiveness, piles, anaemia, nausea, belching, bad breath, disturbed sleep; and are invaluable as a spring medicine for debility, lassitude, loss of appetite, bad blood, eruptions, and purify and tone up the system. Obtainable from all chemists and stores, at 1s. 1½d. per box, or 2s. 9d. special family size.

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