

How Do You Wear Your Hat?

A MAN'S hat is the keynote to his character. A German professor of eminence, Prof. H. Gross of the Psychological Laboratory of Leipzig, is authority for the statement.

All he asks is to be shown the way a man wears his hat, and he will at once tell about the characteristics of that man as certainly and accurately as if he had known him all his life.

No matter what kind of hat it is, the aristocratic silk or opera hat, the plain derby, the slouch, or the straw, give here Gross but a look and he knows the whole story.

The professor reasons that the hat is the covering of the brain, it is the article of wearing apparel worn closest to the seat of reasoning, and it is the mysterious way the habits of the mind communicate themselves to the heart.

LEVEL-HEADED AND HONEST.

According to Prof. Gross a hat placed with geometrical exactitude on the top of the head, perpendicular to the central axis and not allowed to tilt to either side or front or back, is a sign of a man who is regular in all his habits, honest and direct, but who is too lacking in human feelings to be the kind of a man you want for a friend. Such a one is apt to lack a little in humanity, and in charity for the shortcomings of others not gifted with such a well balanced mind as himself.

You can trust the man who wears his hat that way; his word is good as gold, but you don't want him for a companion on a long trip where your good time depends on his entertaining company. He's likely to be quite a little of a bore or pedant.

TILT BETRAYS FRAILTIES.

Apparently frailties are indicated by the hat that is allowed to tilt a trifle. Just as soon as the top piece is moved or a perfectly straight keel and is allowed to slant a bit, then have evidence been adduced that the man under discussion is given to a good time.

The most harmless slant is to the right side. This indicates an easy-going, amiable jolly sort of person, not a sport enough to have bad habits, not very reckless customer in any particular, but a man who is not swayed at a good story, and doesn't deny himself the joys of the table.

But let the hat get over on the left side, and the horrors of the race track, drink and disorder are immediately stamped on the person, as indisputably as if he had a bottle sticking out of each pocket, a pack of cards in his hands, and a ticket for the grandstand at Sausage Bay pinned to the lapel of his coat.

The sports will get his hat over on the left side. He can't help it. There seems some mysterious magnetic attraction exerted by his left ear for the brim of his hat, and just as certainly as the needle follows the pole so that hat and ear will come together. If he is only moderately immersed in the gambling habit, the hat only goes over a little bit, but the plunger, the fellow who thinks it a good act to bet a month's wages on the outcome of "race No. 5" is likely to have his lid bent so far over that the right side of his pate is exposed to the sun rays of summer or the chill blasts of winter.

If anyone doubts this psychology of the hat on the left side let him examine the crowd at the race track, the ringside or at the ball game, and find out how startlingly it is justified. The greater percentage of this crowd most of whom are always ready to stake a little wager on their opinions, will be found to have their tiles rakishly tilted to the left.

THIS MEANS RECKLESSNESS.

Neither is it reassuring to see a man wear his hat far back on his head. This usually means a reckless, daredevil disposition that disregards consequences, that acts on the impulse of the moment, with no calculation or

thought of what results may be involved.

It will be found by going to the stock exchange or any place where big dealers operate in high finance, that those who have hats on wear them so far back that the back brim touches the collar of the man's coat, leaving his forehead and all the forepart of his head uncovered.

Men of this type suffer from nervousness. They may conceal their excitement under a mask of joviality or assumed indifference, but that hat pushed way back is a sure sign that the wearer is conscious of its weight, that he wants to have as much breeze as possible to play on his head and help cool his excited nerves.

Prof. Gross even goes so far as to say that the man who gets his hat all the way back, so that it will barely stay on, is not far removed from bankruptcy or jail.

Now is there anything creditable about wearing the hat down over the forehead, covering or partially hiding the eyes.

This is the act of the man who has something to conceal. At its worst it indicates the criminal who seeks to hide his features in order to escape the legal consequences of his acts. At its best it shows the egotist or the disposition, in whom selfishness is a leading trait.

For the hat to be worn on the top of the head, without any tilting, but to be just lightly placed there, so lightly that the least puff of wind will lift it off, is a sign of a vacillating character. It indicates the man who is too lazy or too lacking in decision to take the slight and sensible precaution to fix his hat so that it cannot blow away.

The man who wears a hat that is too small for him often shows the stinginess of the bargain hunter. Without regard to the effect on his appearance, he has contented himself with a hat that does not fit, merely because he was lucky enough to save a little money by the purchase.

According to Prof. Gross, the real test of a solid man, as proved in his headgear, is to have a hat of ample size, too large rather than too small, but properly a perfect fit. No matter what the prevailing styles, it must be ample size to give strength to the appearance of his face and head. Then it must be put in place, positively, not easily.

This indicates a strong keen man, who knows what he is about, who has an eye for detail, yet who can look at a proposition in the big. The hat can slope a trifle to the rear, if only to show that its brim does not cloud the year's eyes, that nothing interferes with his range of vision, that he is unhampered to see every good opportunity that may offer.

BIG HAT MEANS SUCCESS.

A man equipped in this kind of a hat is the man who will make his way in the world, according to the psychology of headgear, as expressed by this student. Everybody knows the queer gyrations that the hat of the drunken man makes. It is the first article of his clothing that shows that he has looked not wisely but too long on the kind of liquors that legislators throughout the country are banishing.

The hat of the inebriate wobbles like a ship in a storm from the moment he begins to yield to the influence. It starts the public demonstration of his plight. In all other respects he may look right. His clothes are spick and span; his tie properly adjusted; there is not a fleck of mud on his newly brushed boots, but the hat will dance, and twist and turn and slip from one side of his aching head to the other. An anchor wouldn't keep it in place. Look not on the wine without first throwing away your top piece is not bad advice, and is by way often followed, though not from motives of caution.

A man's hatband will show the kind of circulation he has, for as he perspires so do the marks survive. If his circulation is bad he will not perspire liberally even in summer time. The forehead is one of the first places where the pores of the skin seek relief by casting off the impurities. Unless a man's hatband shows him to shed liberally of moisture in the hot days then he will do well to see a physician.

The professor's deductions have been so fully worked out that in the future the only way mankind can conceal the possession of undesirable attributes is to eschew the hat altogether.

MARRIED FOR A CENTURY.

Diamond weddings are rare indeed, yet there has just been celebrated in the little Hungarian village of Isenbogl the anniversary of a wedding which it is declared occurred just 100 years ago. All the country is intensely interested, and the emperor has asked the authorities to forward to him official particulars so that he can personally congratulate the couple.

The extraordinary couple are named Reathmari. The husband is 130 years old and the wife 128. He was a farmer and was married at the age of 20. They have hundreds of descendants in and around the village. A score of years ago there was a celebration in honor of the couple's hundredth birthday, and application was made to the Hungarian government for a pension. It was granted after the records of the village had been examined and the man's age verified. Four years later the woman was also granted a pension.

The old couple live in a modest cottage and are well looked after by relatives. They are nearly blind and very deaf, and sleep nearly all of the time. The man, however, still enjoys his pipe and a glass of wine, and neither is bedridden.

It is a strange fact that in all their years they have never left the village and know nothing of the great world outside of Isenbogl. They were both born there and have lived continuously in wedlock a quiet and peaceful life.

The recent celebration of their hundredth wedding day was participated in by the entire village, which is very proud of having established a record in this respect. A world's record.—Detroit News-Tribune.

How He Won the Title.

Down in the southern states there is such a surplus of titles the stranger often grows weary hearing them. Not long ago a Chicago tourist, who had halted in a little Georgia town to have the mud washed off his touring car, engaged the colored "boots" of the only hotel in conversation.

"Everybody is a 'Judge' or a 'Colonel' or 'Major' down here, isn't he, Sam?" he queried.

"Yes, sah," replied Sam with a grin.

"Well, who is that angular gentleman with the white goatee?"

"Jedge am Jedge Chester, sah."

"Judge, eh? What was he ever judge of?"

"Oh, he's a Jedge of a good cighab, sah. Dat's how he got de title."—Chicago Daily News.

What Hard Times Mean.

Let the people stop and consider what hard times mean. Let those whose memories are good and long enough go back to the soup-house era of 1885. Let those whose memories are short read the files of the newspapers of those days, and the stories of distress, idleness, closed mills and factories with which the papers teemed. Let the thoughtful man, whether he be a worker with his hands, a toiler with his brain, or a capitalist handling capital, compare conditions as they existed then and as they have been during the past few years of wonderful prosperity. Let him bear in mind that prosperous years have been ours in spite of the so-called iniquity of railroad rebates and favoritism, and in spite of the terrors of the trusts. We have enacted laws to cover the evils complained of. It is conceded that railroad rebates are a thing of the past. It is acknowledged that our great industrial combinations are now being managed with more care and efficiency and regard for stockholders' interests than ever before. Shall we continue to pursue the railroads and industrial combinations to their death, and upset settled conditions to such an extent that confidence will be driven away and panic supplant prosperity?—Leslie's.

NEW GRAND DUKE OF BADEN.

The new grand duke, who is named after his father, the late William of Baden, is now about fifty years of age and has been a soldier from his boy-



hood. It is an open secret that his relations with his warlike cousin, the kaiser, are not of the most amicable nature. The grand duke is married to a sister of William of Nassau and has no children.

A CHILD OF CONTENTION.

Little Princess Monica Pia, youngest daughter of the reigning king of Saxony, is a person of a good deal of consequence just at present. Her mother, who is the divorced wife of the king,



has recently married an Italian musician, and the father of the child at once made every effort to his power to obtain possession of the princess. For a long time the mother succeeded in retaining the custody of the winsome little maid, but she is now in the custody of her royal papa.

THE WEALTH OF THE KING.

WHILE the king of England is granted about \$4,000,000 a year by the British parliament in what is termed the civil list, this forms only a fraction of his majesty's real wealth, as the king actually owns property valued at close to \$100,000,000. As a matter of fact the king of England must be considered as wealthier than an American with \$200,000,000. Moreover, the king has his money invested all in real estate and owns more real estate than any other single Englishman. He owns the great estate of Clarenceau and another at Coburg and a villa at Baden-Baden. He owns Sandringham, where he prefers to reside, and also the vast properties attached to the duchy of Cornwall. One source of his wealth is the Neild legacy, which was left to Queen Victoria in 1832 by a famous

enormous ground rents to King Edward. So does the duke of Buccleuch for Dover House, which is the duke's famous palace in the Whitehall district. King Edward, while still prince of Wales, was given by his mother, Queen Victoria, the great duchy of Lancaster, which owns forests and farms and great estates in 15 counties in England. King Edward is said to have inherited the Scotch properties of Balmoral, Ballochbuie and Abergeldie. He owns the great estate of Clarenceau and another at Coburg and a villa at Baden-Baden. He owns Sandringham, where he prefers to reside, and also the vast properties attached to the duchy of Cornwall. One source of his wealth is the Neild legacy, which was left to Queen Victoria in 1832 by a famous

The crown lands are what make up the wealth of England's ruler. These are enormous in extent and cover great portions of London and are in every county in England. These crown lands are not and never have been national property. On the contrary, they have always constituted a personal and private appanage of the English crown, some of them coming down from as far back as the misty, historic days of the Norman conquest, back in the twelfth century.

This enormously valuable property is strictly entailed. That is, no English ruler can sell it or separate it from the throne. This is the only property in the British empire which still comes under the old feudal regulation of law. The whole of the so-called new forest is crown land, and is worth many millions. It cannot be sold, and so far King Edward has not developed this property at all.

A round dozen of the best known clubs in London rent their grounds from the king. Marlborough house pays ground rent to the crown. Stafford house and the Carlton gardens pay

million, James Neild. This was about a million at the time and is now supposed to have increased to a million and a half. Thus, it is evident that King Edward is enormously wealthy. When his privileges are considered and his opportunities for making money in stocks are figured up, it is easy to see that his majesty of England will probably die richer than any other American or Englishman, barring perhaps two Americans only.

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