Late Old Country News

ENGLAND

CLEVER TACTICS OF LONDON THIEF

Disguished as Phone Repairer He Robbed Hotel Guests.

The clever tactics of the thief who has carried out many successful burglaries in several large London hotels have at last been discovered by a detective. The principal articles in this chief's outfit were a peaked cap, a bag, and a roll of copper wire. Thus equipped, he obtained permission to ascend to the roof "to repair the telephone." Having reached the top floor he set to work, using his wire in picking locks, and by the time he reached the ground floor again he had appropriated the contents of several jewel cases.

King George is to entertain 100,000 of his youthful subjects at a magnificent fete to be held at the Crystal Palace, London, in celebration of his coronation. Each child is to be presented with a special souvenir of the occasion, and for this purpose the Royal Doulton Pottery, Barslem, have been honored with his majesty's command to make 100,000 Coronation beakers. The King has chosen the same historic shape which was made for King Edward and on the occasions of the jubilees of Queen Victoria.

A remarkable story comes from Carnforth. The other evening after the express from Preston to Kendal had passed through Carnforth Station, a railway official discovered that a lady had been thrown out of a carriage 150 yards south of the station. The lady, Miss Townson, subsequently stated that a man entered the compartment at Lancaster and tried to strangle her, afterwards throwing her through the window into a goods yard where she was found.

The one hundred and fifty little folks attending the Leyland Church of England Infants' School have recently been busy and excitedly happy over the making of a beautiful workbasket for Queen Mary. The pretty gift which will be presented on the occasion of her coronation is made of Indian coral, with the letters "G. R." and "M. R." artistically worked on the sides.

Evidently prison life has no terrors for eight prisoners who were recently sentenced at Coventry. When being removed from the dock, one of the men started singing, "Fall in and follow me." The other five men and two women promptly joined in, and hearty strains were wafted back to court as the merry rogues wended their way to the cells.

A man died at Hanley under curious circumstances lately. While a boiler was being stoked at the Deep Pit, two loud explosions took place. They were caused by the automatic opening of a valve, but Samuel Raybould, one of the stokers, exclaimed: "That's frightened me to death," and, falling, he instantly expired.

"I came ashore, lost my bearings, a policeman took me in tow, and I found myself anchored in the police station," said a "derelict" who recently "arrived" into a London police court on a charge of drunkenness. Jack Tar was let go with a timely admonition.

RAT CATCHER GETS A RAT A MINUTE

Caught Over Thousand on a British Troopship.

Some interesting facts about his profession were given the other day by Mr. Thomas Burrows, when he was appointed as official rat-catcher to the Booth Corporation. He describes his firm as the biggest contractors for rodent destruction now in existence in England or elsewhere. "One of the largest hauls we made," he said, "was on a troopship after it came back from South Africa. There were more rats on that ship coming back than there were soldiers going out to fight. We caught within a few days as many as 1,011. Sometimes we have taken as many as sixty rats in one hour, not a bad performance—a rat a minute."

The most beautiful garden of roses which has ever shed its fragrance on the great metropolis will flower in the centre of the Coronation Exhibition in London early this summer. Fifteen million roses will blossom in this garden, which will recall the floral glories of Persia amid the smoke of London, and transform the exhibition grounds into such a paradise as Omar's fancy painted. Already fifty thousand rose trees have been planted. There will be roses of every hue in the rainbow—even bronze and black blooms will figure in this unique collection.

A prized relic, a bullet which was recently stolen from Col. J. W. Wray, late of the Indian army, was returned to him a few days ago under curious circumstances. The bullet was the one with which he shot a tiger in India, thus saving the lives of his wife and himself. While watching a race some time ago he was hustled by a gang of racing men, and a gold watch and chain, the latter having the bullet attached, were stolen. Col. Wray much lamented the loss of the relic, and the obliging thief the other morning returned it to him by registered post.

It seems that Jersey is to prove a veritable Treasure Island. The other week gold ore was discovered, and now comes news that treasure trove to the value of £250,000 has been uncovered by Athelstan Riley, while he was pulling down the ruins of an old manor house, built in the thirteenth century. The discovery includes ancient urns filled with spade guineas, coined during the reign of King George III. and bearing the British arms on a spade-shaped shield. One urn bears the monogram of Vespasian, the Roman emperor.

An appeal is being issued for funds to restore St. Alkmund's Church, Shrewsbury, which in a few days enters upon its 100th year. Founded by Ethelfreda, daughter of Alfred the Great, the church has passed through many vicissitudes from its first days, when it had twelve canons or prebendaries, with a dean and eleven manors. One the site of Ethelfleda's foundation a beautiful cruciform church rose during the middle ages, but all that is left of the old church is a delicate spire and two panels of glass.

The mysterious and alarming bee disease, which first appeared during 1904 in the Isle of Wight, has now spread throughout the whole of England, almost every county being more or less affected. During the past autumn and winter bees have died from this cause at an alarming rate. In Hants, West Surrey, and Bucks alone, 5,000 colonies have perished by this strange malady. The bees lose their power of flight and crawl about in front of the hive, eventually perishing. Enlightened fruit and seed-growers, who realize the great assistance which bees render regard this rapid disappearance of the busy little workers with considerable alarm.

CHILD FOLLOWER OF GREAT NURSE

Wonderful Influence for Good of a Little Liverpool Girl.

The death of a child follower of Florence Nightingale has caused no little sorrowing in many homes in Liverpool. Since her passing away the parents and elder brothers and sisters have been amazed to discover the extent of her influence and ministrations. Without a word to anyone at home, and when supposed to be at play in a park, the little girl, beginning when about the age of seven, had been in the habit of seeking out and visiting the sick, to whom her quiet earnestness and bright words formed cheerful interludes approved by friends and medical attendants. It is believed that the child had taken an example from something she had heard when first she went to school about the life of Florence Nightingale.

A graphic story of the wreck of the steam trawler Flamingo, off Iceland, was told by the crew who returned to Hull a few days ago. During a terrible gale the Flamingo struck on a reef. The land was within sight, but there was no possible hope of launching a boat in the surging sea. The Icelanders, who had hurried to the rocky beach, were powerless to help until a young Dane, a member of the Flamingo's crew, volunteered to swim ashore with a line. This tasks he accomplished in the face of almost certain death, and the crew were enabled to land in safety. Soon after the last seaman had left the ship the doomed vessel went to pieces on the rocks.

There was an impressive and somewhat weird scene on the River Thames a few nights ago, when a huge steamship, North Point, was practically destroyed by fire. Shortly after midnight flames burst out. She had a crew of forty, who were immediately roused from their banks, and who happily escaped safely. In the words of one of the men, the vessel was "very quickly like a floating furnace," the iron plates of her sides being red-hot to the waters' edge. The London fire brigade river boat pumped thousands of gallons of water from the river into the blazing ship. The fire, however, had got such a complete mastery that all hope of saving the vessel had to be abandoned.

IRELAND

A WARLIKE MAID IN COUNTY ARMAGH

Kitchen Fight in Which Boiling Water Plays Large Part.

The peace of a County Armagh home was disturbed recently by a fierce quarrel which took place in the kitchen, between a man and a maid servant. Louder and louder, the excited voices rose, and as the mistress of the couple entered the kitchen there was a scream.

The angry maid had flung a pailful of boiling water over the other wrangler. The man, who was severely scalded, had to be hurried to the hospital, while the warlike maid, still flourishing the empty bucket, was taken charge of by a policeman.

An importing conference on matters connected with the poultry industry of the United Kingdom, is to be held in Dublin. The marked decline within recent years in the volume of the imports into the United Kingdom of eggs and poultry has been, in some measure, met by increased supplies from Ireland. Ireland now holds first place as supplier of eggs and poultry to Great Britain, and the total value of its trade in these commodities averages over £3,000,000.

While rabbit hunting a few days ago in the district of Crumlin, County Antrim, several boys discovered at the side of a burrow a collection of about a hundred of seventeenth and seventeenth century British coins. They were all of Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., and James I., and made up of sixpences, shillings and half-crowns of those periods.

Merry wedding preparations were tragically stopped lately by the death of Mr. J. M. Bird, a Dublin manufacturer, who was staying at a village on the coast. On the eve of his marriage his dead body was found on the seashore. It is surmised that while out walking he had stumbled over the towering cliffs that rise near the sea.

Even the happy go-lucky Irish beggar is being affected with the gold-hoarding fever. The other day, after the death of James Hughes, one of the most familiar and seemingly poorest of Belfast's mendicants, £250 gold and notes was found sewn in the lining of his waistcoat.

PERSONAL WELCOME TO QUEEN MARY

Every Irishwoman From Highest to Humblest Can Take Part.

The ancient hates and rancours are slowly but surely dying out in the "Ould Land." The proposal that the women of Ireland should extend not only a general, but a personal, welcome to Queen Mary on her forthcoming visit to Dublin has been most cordially received all over the country. The scheme will enable every Irishwoman, from the highest to the most humble, to take part in the national demonstration of affection and regard. In every county the wife of His Majesty's lieutenant has opened lists on which the women of the county may inscribe their names. When the lists are completed the names will be bound together in a handsome volume which will be presented to the queen.

A young couple arrived in Tipperary recently, having eloped under romantic circumstances. The lady was the daughter of a County Cork gentleman of position and influence, and the swain a laborer. The match was objected to by the parents, who, however, have no legal control over the young couple, as both have just attained their majority. The young lady is heiress to a fortune running into four figures. Every effort had been made to dissuade the girl from the union, but after the flight her parents reluctantly recognized that there was no course open to them but to bow to their wilful daughter's wishes, and the lovers have now received the parental blessing.

Very picturesque were the scenes witnessed lately at the funeral of a Crimean veteran, Mr. Jeremiah Driscoll, of Berehaven, Ballinskilla. As the home fleet are at present in this harbor the veteran was buried with full naval honors. Companies and officers from each of the many battleships and cruisers in the harbor attended in full dress, while a splendid massed brass band played the remains to the graveside. An escort one hundred strong marched on each side of the naval gun carriage which bore the remains, and as the last sod was laid on the grave the three blank volleys customary at naval and military funerals were fired, after which the "Last Post" was sounded.

The agitation for land by the people takes strange forms in Ireland at times. For some years past a campaign has been carried on in Nenagh district for the breaking-up of a farm at Lisseniall. Taking advantage of the moonlight the other Saturday night, a number of persons with plows entered the lands, and plowed up a large field containing about eight acres. It was a daring act, as the residence of the county inspector of police is close to the field. One of the farmer's horses was taken from a stable and was worked under one of the plows, and after it had been decorated with green ribbons, was returned to the stable.

An exciting incident occurred during a recent run of the County Clare hounds. The deer made for the town of Ennis, dashed into the grounds of the convent, overturned a number of statues, sprang through a large window into a coach-builder's adjoining the convent, circled back again, and, being foiled in an effort to leap through one of the convent windows, stood at bay. One of the hounds fastened on him, but he jumped clear over the pack, and went panting through the town and attempted to get into the grounds of the parish church. The animal was eventually captured and the dogs whipped off.

SCOTLAND

SCOT'S CONSCIENCE SENDS HIM LONG WAY

Travels Four Thousand Miles to Surrender for Desertion.

Pricked by his conscience, Colin Duncan McKenzie, who some time ago deserted his regiment, recently travelled 4,000 miles to give himself up to the army authorities. The deserter who is 19 years old, enlisted at Fort George, Inverness-shire, but deserted in September, 1909, and came to Canada. Since then he has been engaged on a cattle ranch in Saskatchewan, and has made a good deal of money. His conscience however, has eventually stirred him, and at last, unable to bear it any longer, he determined to return to Britain and expiate the offence. After learning his punishment the young Scotsman intends to buy his discharge and return to Canada.

When the steamship Kalibia put in at Glasgow some days ago one of the crew gave an interesting description of a visit paid to the strange island of Tristan d'Acunha on the voyage between South America and South Africa. The inhabitants, who number one hundred and three, hailed the Kalibia with great delight, as it was the first ship which had called at the island for six months. Fifty years ago two shipwrecked sailors were the only inhabitants; but in spite of the simplicity and loneliness of the life they have gradually increased their number, the latest arrivals being two Irishmen, two Yankees and four Scotsmen.

The Queen Dowager of Spain has declined to lend the crucifix in her possession, said to have been worn by Mary Queen of Scots on the day of her execution, to the managers of the Scottish Exhibition, which opens in Glasgow in May. She does not feel able to part even for a short period with a relic which as a lineal descendent of the unhappy queen who possessed it, she naturally prizes very much. Her lord chamberlain, however, is endeavoring to procure for the exhibition a copy of the book giving the history of the crucifix and containing an engraving of it.

A sort of bank in miniature was the house of a supposedly poor woman who died in Glasgow recently. Mrs. Johnstone lived alone in a miserly way, and when she died the poor law officers took charge of the funeral. Great was their surprise when taking note of the dead woman's effects, they found a quantity of jewelry, a bank book with £180 at her credit, and a deposit receipt for £160. The finishing touch came when one of the searchers found another £104 in notes neatly folded in a pile under some old newspapers on the kitchen shelf.

The Lochee (Dundee) police made an unique arrest when, the other day, according to the strict letter of the law, they were compelled to take in charge a solitary member of the bovine tribe which was observed wandering aimlessly about. The spectacle of the man in blue taking the animal to a temporary home occasioned not a little surprise, and much amusement. The cow was duly installed in comfortable quarters, and a public notice proclaimed the fact that it had been seized and impounded by the police.

The little manufacturing village of Carron, Falkirk, was thrown into a state of alarm the other morning by the loud reports of firing. Neighbors rushing towards the house from where the sounds seemed to come, found the body of Thomas Penman, a mining contractor, with the head completely shattered, through the firing of a mining explosive in his mouth. The windows of the room where the body was found had been blown out, and parts of the walls were dislodged.

St. Andrews, Fifeshire, has always been a favorite holiday resort, but in the near future it is likely to be invaded by hosts of health seekers, for, according to statistics recently issued, it bears the distinction of having probably the lowest death rate in Britain—9.41 per 1,000.

Every family and especially those who reside in the country should be provided at all times with a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment. There is no telling when it may be wanted in case of an accident or emergency. It is most excellent in all cases of rheumatism, sprains and bruises. Sold by all dealers. 8

ROSS-SHIRE FOLK HAVE GLORIOUS DREAM

Visions of Wealth and Splendor to All by Name of Urquhart.

Visions of wealth and splendor are now being conjured up by everyone in Ross-shire who can claim directly or indirectly the name of Urquhart. The unwonted excitement has been roused by an Edinburgh lawyer who was recently in the district making inquiries and tracing relatives heirs to between two and three million pounds left by Mr A. Urquhart a native of Dingwall who died in South Australia. The Urquharts of Dingwall and those residing in Wester-Ross are now busy tracing relatives who have not been heard of for many years with the object of strengthening their claim on the money. The bewildered lawyer has already been besieged by ten families who are each certain that they have a claim on the waiting millions.

The romance of the secret marriage of a famous general was recalled lately by the death in Edinburgh of Lady Macdonald, widow of General Sir Hector Macdonald. It is now eight years since her famous husband, who had risen from stable boy to general and become renowned as "Fighting Mac," shot himself in Paris. They met in Edinburgh in 1882, when Sir Hector was a subaltern in the Gordon Highlanders. In June, 1884, Sir Hector, whose regiment was ordered to the south of England, persuaded her to contract a secret marriage according to Scottish law. The end of the romance came just ten years later, when Lady Macdonald was granted a decree of divorce.

Strange are the duties occasionally performed by steamship officials as may be instanced by an undertaking just completed by the Allan Line, which was recently asked to arrange for the conveyance from Leslie, Quebec, to Aberdeen, of two children, Williamina and Margaret Clark, aged four and one and one-half years, respectively. Arrangements were at once made for the comfort of the children. They were conveyed by train from Leslie to Boston, Mass., and placed in charge of a stewardess of the Ionian. During the voyage the ship's company became quite attached to the youngsters. The Ionian arrived in the Clyde the other day, and Messrs. Allan delivered their charges safely to the relatives who had come from Aberdeen.

PERISHED IN SNOW

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the sergeant and Walker went down the river to the island no more.

Since that time, the sergeant had been steadily employed on the arduous work of the R. N. W. M. P. in that country, taking only a short trip out last summer to visit his home in the Province of Nova Scotia.

The fatal journey which he set out to accomplish was one of great hardship, though he had done it before.

Carter's Record.

His companion, Sam Carter, was one of the same breed as his superior officer. An old-timer in the police force, he was one of the second detachment to proceed to Dawson in the very early days of the Yukon rush.

Since that time, 1895, Carter had not been nearer the railroad and civilization than Dawson, and in the spring of 1907 was transferred to the Herschell Island detachment and came over the mountains as one of that year's patrol. A man who was exceedingly fond of a good hunt, he would seek the natives and make good friends with them in the hope of getting a shot at a big moose or a good mountain sheep and his training had made him a good traveller, or musher, with the dogs.

In the year 1908 it was feared that one of the police patrols had come to a sad end, but after several months the party turned up in good shape and spirits and are still in the service of the country. So it was hoped that Inspector Fitzgerald and his fellows had only met with some slight delay, but they had down their bones on the Arctic waste and died a peaceful death in the performance of duty.

LOBO BOY AT GIBRALTAR

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is not so—the lava deposit gives the view of apparent snow.

This group of islands was discovered between 1432 (St. Mary's) and 1452 (Flores), by Portuguese navigators. They are of volcanic origin, proved by their basaltic and trachytic rock, by the craters of extinct volcanoes, by the lavas, thermal waters and other geological phenomena.

The climate is temperate, and mild, hardly at all variable. High winds and dampness are the exception. The climate of St. Michael's Island is extremely equable. The difference between the mean temperature of winter and summer is only six degrees. Tropical gardens abound. In the city of Ponta Del Gada, on the Island of St. Michael's, are two of the most beautiful in the world, so reputed. However, I believe some of the gardens of California or Honolulu are equal to them in beauty.

The Azores are considered a part of Portugal, to which they belong, and have the same political administration and judicial organization. The inhabitants are of Latin race, Portuguese is the language spoken and Roman Catholic is the religion. The nine islands are divided into three divisions, over which there is a governor. The district of Ponta Del Gada elects three members to the Portuguese Parliament and the others two each. Since the revolution in Portugal, these islands have been thrown into a very unfavorable Governmental condition. The republic is very unpopular among the people. The population of the group is about 257,462, from which annually there is a large emigration to the United States and Brazil. The principal city of the Azores is Ponta Del Gada, a most unique city. It is typically Portuguese. The houses are all of cement and painted the variegated colors of the rainbow, pink and blue prevailing. The streets are narrow and walled. Cleanliness is their pride. The streets are paved and kept faultlessly sanitary. The people are orderly, respectful of authority, religious, without fanaticism, lovers of home and without a propensity for crime. They are cordial to foreigners. The police supervision is of the military type. Wooden-looking gendarmes are seen on every corner. The chief of police stations himself in the public square, and passes his time chasing the old women and children away from the tourists, who are showered with requests for alms. Begging is seen everywhere. The extended open hand is seen on every side. Even in the cathedral in the centre of the city beggars are plying their trade.

Paris Fashions There.

The rich and middle class, in their dress, dwelling and general habits, do not differ from the continental standard. The fashion of Paris is followed as carefully as possible, especially by the fair sex. The peasant dress is typical; that of the men consists of a homespun, cotton, flax or woollen stuff. The carpuco is the peculiar dress of the men, a cap crescent-shaped, behind which hangs a cape. The clothes are dark blue, and all wear the same style. The women wear hoods and long capes.

The careful tillage of the land makes the hillsides look like gardens. The father owns the farm and divides it among his sons. Hedges separate all fields. No land is wasted; the farms are small. Grapes, wine, pineapples and flax are the chief products. However, the manufacture of alcohol is a great industry. On the north shore of St. Michel is a big whaling station. Ponta Del Gada is a most interesting city—one leaves it with regret. The college in this city is a most thriving institution. The streets were dotted with students at the noon hour. With a feeling of admiration for these Portuguese islands we left at noon for Gibraltar. At the writing of this letter, 5 a.m., the tenth day out, our ship is approaching the Tangier coast. The pillars of Hercules are in the distance. By noon we shall be in historic Gibraltar on British soil. Greetings from old Gibraltar Straits. Sincerely

LORNE W. BARCLAY.

CLIMBING ARARAT

Only 17 Recorded Ascents of the Mount on Which the Ark Rested.

Ararat is not a mountain that is climbed every day, or even every year. Seventeen ascents have been recorded, says the Wide World, and there is no reason to suppose that any have escaped notice.

When James Bryce, unaccompanied, made his remarkable ascent in 1876 he was told by every one whom he met in the vicinity of the mountain that the top had never been reached, and what was more, that it never could be.

Jinns and fiends and giants had prevented the rascally Kurds from even attempting to scale the terrible mountain, and since the Ark grounded there mortal man had not been allowed to trespass on the sacred heights he was informed. Bad not St. Hagop tried again and again to reach the summit in order to silence these calumnies about the Ark? But found himself each morning on waking, quietly deposited at the base, whence he started. Finally an angel presented him with a piece of the Ark for his pains, but told him to cease his attempts to reach the forbidden ground.

That was in the fourth century of our era, but the piece of the Ark is still to be seen at the monastery of the Ejchmiadsin, where dwells the Catholicos of the Armenian Church. That Russians, or a stray lone Englishman, had really reached the top of Ararat was not to be thought of.

Times have changed during the last thirty years, even at the base of Ararat. The railway now goes skimming along the great waste of the Garden of Eden, the Catholicos or head of the Armenian Church, who dwells in sight of the snow domed mountain, is an enlightened man who presses electric buttons, turns switches and gives audience near a table covered with flypaper, and the Kurds, though they will not venture for more than two miles up, are willing to admit that other people have braved the jinns for the third mile and the still more difficult surplus.

WOMEN AND SIGNS.

From time immemorial mankind—and particularly womankind—has believed in signs. Such belief is generally regarded as an evidence of a low stage of civilization, national or personal; yet a businessman the other day was heard to remark that if there was one thing he would like to impress upon the feminine mind, it would be a regard for signs. This was after a collision with a beautifully gowned lady who was hurrying out of a door marked "Entrance. Exit other side."

The attitude of the average feminine mind in regard to public signs is one of the curious and interesting problems yet unattacked by psychologists. Probably it is not an attitude of mind at all, but an absence of mind or of observation.

How often do we see women try to push their way out of the wrong door of a street car, although the right one is plainly marked? How many times a day is the elevator boy in the car marked "Express to seventh floor only" petitioned to let a passenger off at the fourth or fifth floor? How many times are tired clerks scolded for refusing to exchange goods in a department where large signs announce "No Neckwear Exchanged"? How often is the librarian at the desk where the books are taken out requested to receive the returned books, although each desk is labeled? How many thousand times a week does that hardest-worked of all public servants, the man at the information desk in the railway station, have to answer questions, the answers to which are literally staring travellers in the face if they would but use their eyes?

Courtesy is an exquisite thing in man or woman, and nowhere more beautiful than when directed toward strangers. Surely in no other way can we find a larger opportunity to put courtesy into our days than by saving tired and busy people a little of the wearing and and unnecessary friction which comes from the common carelessness in obeying public signs.—Youth's Companion

GERMANY'S INCREASE IN WEALTH.

Prof. Ballod, a German expert, taking the organization of the Prussian income tax as the basis of his figures shows that it is possible to form a fairly accurate idea of the amount of the progress of private wealth in Prussia. In 1895 the total private fortunes in Prussia on which the income tax was levied amounted to $15,197,766,000, which has risen in 1908 to $21,813,414,000, an increase of 43 per cent in fourteen years. By extending this calculation in proportion to the population to the whole German Empire and by comparing it with the figures of the three leading German assurance companies, it appears that the total net annual amount put aside by Germany is no less than $1,250,000,000 in round figures.

Premier Asquith on the Bible

King James' Version Produced in an Age of Giants—It Was the Work of a Syndicate.

THE great meeting at the Albert Hall, London, in connection with the celebration of the tercentenary of the Bible was remarkable for a striking declaration by the premier on the subject of the proposed treaty of peace between Great Britain and America.

"There surely cannot be a worthier, a more appropriate, a more splendid monument to this Tercentenary year," said Mr. Asquith, "than that it shall witness the sealing of a solemn pact between us which shall for ever put an end, once and for all, to the hideous, the unthinkable possibilities of fratricidal strife." This declaration was received with enthusiasm.

A message from President Taft and speeches by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador in London, gave further evidence of the desire for a union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Mr. Asquith.

Mr. Asquith, who was received with cheers, had scarcely commenced his speech when there was a Suffragist demonstration. He had only uttered the words "Lord Northampton, ladies and gentlemen, I am here to-night as an English layman," when there was a chorus of hisses from women in all parts of the hall.

Some women in evening dress in the balconies displayed flags on which Bible texts were inscribed. One read: "Votes for women. To loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free." On another were the words: Vote for Women. Withold not good from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of this hand to do it."

The chairman appealed to all to allow the meeting to proceed, and after a time the hisses ceased, and the women folded up their flags and went away.

Mr. Asquith then proceeded: In what I am about to say I shall speak as a layman who claims his allotted share in the most universally prized possession in the common heritage of the English-speaking world.

Three centuries, as you have been reminded, have passed since, after nearly seven years employed in research, in translation, in revision, and in printing, our Authorized Version of the Bible was first given to the world. It is worth while to recall that those seven years during which six companies of translators were quietly engaged upon their task were in other fields amongst the most remarkable and fruitful in the annals of English literature. The Great Queen herself was dead, but the two supreme geniuses of what we call the Elizabethan era were still in the meridian of the plenitude of their powers.

In 1605—the year after the Hampton Court Conference—Francis Bacon published his "Advancement of Learning." Between 1604 and 1610 Shakespeare produced in succession his tragedies, "Othello," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," and the year 1611—the year of the Authorized Version—was the year in which, as we believe, he wrote "The Tempest," and with it, in Prospero's phrase, finally "broke his magician's wand."

But in the meantime, and that is a fact not to be forgotten, in 1608 here in London there had been seen the birth of perhaps the only Englishw riter who was worthy to take up the great succession, "the God-gifted organ voice of England," John Milton. Nor should it be forgotten that already there was among us also born ten years earlier, one Oliver Cromwell. (Cheers.) It was an age of giants in thoughts, in writing, and in action.

And yet, as the archbishop has reminded us, our Authorized Version, which was brought to birth in this heroic atmosphere, was the joint product of what in these days we should call a syndicate of some fifty men. It is a singular fact that it was in the age of Henry VIII., an otherwise sterile era in our language and literature, that William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale, two men of genius, with their contemporary Cranmer, created the literary form, with its matchless cadences and its sublime simplicity, which was inseparably associated in the mind and thought of all English-speaking people with the histories of the Old Testament, with the poetry of the Psalmist and the Prophets, the message of the Apostles and Evangelists, and with all the infinitely varied appeals and demands to devotion, praise, and prayer. (Hear, hear.)

The circulation of the Bible was, in my judgment, in a far truer and larger sense than the legislation of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth, the moving force of the English Reformation. It delivered our people from a yoke to which they will never again submit. (Hear, hear). It opened to one and all, small and great, poor and rich, learned and ignorant—it opened to one and all the treasure house of the divine wisdom. (Cheers.)

All of us, by whatever ecclesiastical label we are designated, have in the English Bible a common possession, a common inheritance, a common storehouse and reservoir of religious thought and teaching.

This tercentenary will not have been celebrated in vain if it brings home to us with a new emphasis the truth that, while there are diversities of opinions, there is one and the same spirit, a spirit whose message we have all of us read in the same familiar and yet remarkable language from the first moment that we were able to speak.

One of the truths which we have slowly realized, but which is now firmly rooted, I believe, in the faith of all Christian men and women on both sides of the Atlantic, is that war between English-speaking peoples would not only be a crime against civilization, but an unforgiveable breach of those new commandments (applause) which are enshrined and consecrated in the New Testament, upon which both nations have been bred.

There surely could not be a worthier, a more appropriate, a more splendid monument of this tercentenary year than that which should witness the sealing of a solemn pact between us, which should put an end once and for all to the hideous, the unthinkable possibilities of fratricidal strife. (Cheers.)

QUEEN MARY'S TASTE

No Dutch Necks and No Big Hats for Her Maids of Honor.

Queen Mary is very particular in regard to the gowning of those in her immediate entourage, neatness and quiet good taste being the requirement among her ladies in waiting and the youthful maids of honor.

Among other regulations issued as royal commands to the latter young ladies were certain minute details, says the Gentlewoman, more especially as regards their morning and afternoon attire when in waiting on her Majesty.

Queen Mary has a dislike, for instance, to the blouse or costume being cut low in the neck, and she permits only the neat high collar or lace for morning or afternoon toilets.

The Queen too has commanded that when in waiting her maids shall eschew another mode somewhat in favor with many young girls at the moment, the wearing of short elbow sleeves.

In some recent photographs published of one or other of the Queen's maids of honor, those with their neat morning gowns, the sleeves appear finishing closely up to the wrist. The Queen has also signified her liking for the neat small toque in preference to the wide brimmed, fashionable hat with its towering plumes.

CHILD CONSERVATION.

There are born every year in this country over 2,000,000 children—boys and girls who will constitute the future citizenship of the nation. The value of this "crop" as compared with the cereal and meat products of the country cannot be estimated; but in view of its effect upon the future destiny of the nation, it is certainly entitled to as much consideration, to say the least, as the wheat, corn or cattle crops.

To illustrate this phase of the question, suppose that the census report for 1910 shows that the wheat crop of Iowa has decreased 25 per cent. in production as compared with 1900, or that the production of cattle in Nebraska has fallen off 30 per cent. in the same time. It would be the duty of the department of agriculture to take cognizance of this fact, and experts of the department would at once be sent out to investigate and report upon the causes of this decrease, and if the causes could be ascertained and a remedy suggested, bulletins would be published and freely circulated among the farmers which would be of great value as a guide in raising the next year's crop. Now suppose that the census report shows that in Iowa the rate of infant mortality had increased 25 per cent. in 1910 as compared with 1900, or that the proportional increase in injuries to children in factories or mines of a certain state was 30 per cent: there is no bureau under the federal government, and in fact under but few state governments, whose duty it would be to investigate and report upon the causes of those increases.

Out of these 2,000,000 children born every year, 300,000 under one year of age die annually, and one-half of these deaths are preventable by the knowledge and application of the proper remedies or preventive measures. In other words, it may be said that over 1,000,000 American-born children are lost to the country every ten years through lack of proper information. Of course, it cannot be claimed that all these children could be saved by the dissemination of information by the federal government, but a general diffusion of sanitary knowledge and instructions as to the proper care of children would undoubtedly save the lives of many children in years to come.—From an article in the Forum.

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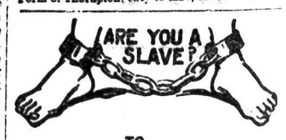

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