

THE TENDERLOIN DISTRICT.

am's Gilded Center of Frivolity, Vice, Society, Politics and Theatricals.

The Tenderloin district is a human sewer, the playground of the chief prodigals of the country and the theater of duende, of frivolity, of vice and of lawlessness, always gilded and maintained alike by those men and women who, by reason of their money, their social position or their connection with the theatrical stage, recorded the publicity which they work unceasingly, and without which they could seem to possess little else than vulgarity, assurance, good clothing and the morals of white mice. In this remarkable district is the so called "Rialto," or actors' promenade. Delmonico's, the great roadway hotels, the headquarters of both the Republican and Democratic politicians, the majority of the fashionable theaters, the opera house, the chief gambling houses, all night drinking and supper houses, and some of the leading clubs. Any American citizen in any part of the country, if he read the newspapers, can picture to himself the motley throng and dissipated life that the mere mention of these places brings to mind. Any one who has a hand's eye can see the actors and actresses, artificial and fevered in their poses as well as in their work; the mashers and dudes, whose aim in life is to get their names coupled with these semipublic men and women in the newspapers at any cost of money or self respect; the spendrift gamblers, the cheeky promoters, the dissipated sporting men, the rich and idle clubmen and their noisy shadows, the empty headed prodigal rich men's sons, the gorgeous outcast women, the chorus and ballet girls, the owl-like detectives and the imperious and tyrannical high officials of the police force; the barroom Bohemians flashing alcoholic wit that sells by the column as dry goods are sold by the yard; the first set of society—more vulgar than so many licensed vendors—and in a word, the whole phantasmagoria of the electric lighted hothouse, champagne soaked, clothes laden population.

Such froth is whipped to the top of every great cityful, and such torn and dragged lace clings to the skirts of society everywhere, but nowhere else is it daily celebrated in leaded type, except as it forces itself upon the attention of the police magistrates. Here it is paraded to the extreme of journalistic madness, until the participants in this saturnalia of profligacy become not only nationally famous for the number of times they change their clothes, or the rapidity with which they marry and remarry, but are reported from abroad at 10 cents a word by cable, when they go to Europe and are lucky at Monte Carlo, uneasy or scandalous in their domestic relations, or when they fight fake duels—fake French duels, to be exact.—New York Letter in Providence Journal.

How a Snake Swallows.

The formation of a snake's jaws is peculiar and enables it to swallow bodies much larger than itself, or than it seems to be. A small snake found in Africa, where this tribe of animals abounds, is known as the egg eater, and one of them, less than 20 inches long and only half an inch in apparent diameter, can easily take into its stomach a hen's egg. This is done by the formation of the head, and especially of the jaws. The bones of the head are not sutured together, but are loosely articulated by elastic bands. Thus the jaws can be extended to an amazing extent, considering the apparent size of the head. A snake less than two inches in

diameter at the neck can swallow a rabbit, and by taking plenty of time smaller ones will manage to get outside of a large frog, and to hold the prey during the process of slow deglutition—a time of horror, probably, to the unhappy victim—the teeth of the snake are hooked.

In this process of swallowing the snake secretes a glary saliva, and by gradually drawing the jaws and neck over the prey, as one would draw a glove on the hand, and by the help of the hooked teeth holding all it gains by each effort, in time the prey is finally swallowed. The writer has watched this process in the swallowing of a large frog by a small snake during more than an hour, and when the frog had disappeared down to its last quarter the animal kicked continually with its hind legs in struggles to get free.—New York Times.

Mr. Asquith's Double.

Here is a good story of Mr. Asquith, who lived recently at Hampstead.

A photographer in St. John's Wood was visited one day by a man bearing a striking resemblance to the home secretary, and he took his portrait. The photographer, who prided himself on knowing Mr. Asquith by sight, jumped to the conclusion that he had the home secretary as a sitter, and when he took the picture he hinted that he should be glad of the right to sell it if his distinguished visitor would make terms.

The man seemed astonished, but ultimately said that he would take £10 for all rights in the artistic work. The photographer was somewhat surprised that so important a personage should ask money, but said that if the sitter would allow him he would send £10 by post, and then the man left. A few days after St. John's Wood was placarded with portraits labeled "The Home Secretary," and Mr. Asquith received a check for £10, which was a mystery to him. What were the feelings of the photographer, who soon found out his mistake, may be better imagined than described.—London Correspondent.

A Thrifty People.

Richard Tangye, the great engineer, in his autobiography gives some curious examples of the economy of the Cornish miners. Compared with these thrifty folk, Scotch peasants and farmers of New England are extravagant. His grandfather was a miner, and when once asked what his daily work was he replied:

"Ten hours at the engine and eight at digging. The rest of the day I have to waste."

Tangye states that he once saw this same old man fall into a fury of rage because a boy whom he had hired threw away a match after lighting a candle with it.

"D'ye waste my property, ye loon? Then ye will never be worth saxpence of yer own!" he shrieked.

A careful old woman lamented a stolen pie for more than 40 years. The tears would come to her eyes whenever she talked about the lost dainty.—London Million.

Just Exactly.

He was perhaps the most phlegmatic and cautious servant in the world.

"If I should send you to the cigar store for a box of cigars," his master said to him one day, "how long will it take you to return?"

"Well," was the reply after a long pause, "as near as I can judge, about the same time it will take me to go there."—New York Herald.

THE HOME JOURNAL has the largest circulation (weekly) in the Province.

What He Thought.

Down in South Carolina, said the Hon. W. J. Talbert of South Carolina in a speech in the house, there was a man who hired a lawyer to conduct a case in court. As the lawyer was not talking exactly to suit him, he got up to make a few remarks himself. The judge of course made him take his seat. He got up again, and the judge made him take his seat again. A third and fourth time this happened, and finally the old farmer got up and said: "Well, judge, if you won't let me talk, won't you let me think?" "Why, certainly," replied the judge. "Well, judge," he said, "I think you and all these lawyers are a set of d—d rascals."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Lily's Predictions.

Lilly, the great English astrologer, annually published a little leaflet under the title of "Astrological Predictions." In the one for 1648 occurs the following, "In the year 1665 the sphegium of Mars will be in Virgo and all kinds and sorts of disasters to the commonwealth, monarchy and kingdom of England may be expected in that and the two following years."

It is needless to add that 1665 brought the "great plague," which carried away 68,556 people and 1666 was the year of the "great fire," in which 13,200 houses were destroyed.—St. Louis Republic.

Wonderful Invention.

The weight and dimensions of each and every piece in the construction of a United States warship is computed before starting to make any of them. Such a great volume of computation is too much for the brain. Formerly much of it was performed on machines made in Europe, but now 95 per cent of it is computed on comptometers, invented by Dorr E. Felt of Chicago. The adding and other calculations in many of the accounting departments of the government are done in the same manner.—Chicago Herald.

Tough.

Customer—If you ever send me another piece of meat like the last, I'll take away my custom.

Butcher—What was the matter with it?

Customer—Why, it was so tough that when it was cooked I couldn't get my fork even into the gravy.—London Tit-Bits.

Hydrogen and Oxygen Gases.

Chemical experiments prove that hydrogen and oxygen gases will combine with tremendous violence at very high pressure—2,700 pounds to the square inch. In these experiments a small glass tube was employed, into the ends of which two platinum wires were fused, and after introducing a cubic centimeter of acidulated water the tube was hermetically sealed, then placed in a large glass vessel of cold water and an electric current of six volts passed through it.

The acidulated water was rapidly decomposed into hydrogen and oxygen gases, the action continuing as energetically after 10 minutes had elapsed; 15 and 20 minutes passed, the action within the minute vessel continuing; exactly 25 minutes elapsed, when a vivid flash, succeeded by a violent report, terminated the experiment, shattering the glass vessel and scattering fragments in all directions. The force of the explosion may be understood from the fact of the sealed tube being but an inch and a half in length, and containing only one cubic centimeter of water, nevertheless portions of the glass were hurled with sufficient force in the immediate neighborhood of the explosion to penetrate a wooden bench to half an inch.