

GEORGE FRANKLIN HOEKINS

ENGLISH DOOR

What a Visit to the Two Countries Records -- Horrible Poverty of English Cities Has No Counterpart.

No matter from where you reach any of the great German capitals, whether from the sunshine and rage of Italy, or the fog and rain of England, the contrast results, for all who love wide spaces, clean streets, and a general average of wholesome prosperity, always in favor of Germany. Especially if one had left London just after the great general election of 1910. There the grim contrasts between high and low, between the extremes of the aristocratic and the shuffling tatteredness, had never before seemed so vivid. Those very contrasts had loomed angrily through the fog that obscured buildings and horizons; though the tumult and the shouting of the great political contest itself might fade from one's ears, the memory of the bitterness between the opposed forces lingered. Paris has had its mercurial waves of passion and bloodshed as the commoner frothed against the patrician; Italy and all the other Latin countries see socialism anarchy taking bloody shape now and again; and in Germany itself the social-democratic party, which politically and even diplomatically it has become necessary to reckon with; yet in none of these countries, it must be confessed, are the extremes further apart than in England, nor an equal depth of resentment under what until quite recently seemed to the superficial observer to be resignation.

One had to smile bitterly, in noting once again, the splendid spaces, the clean streets, the magnificent buildings, public and private, of such towns as Leipzig and Munich; when one recalled some of the ridiculous campaign cries from which one had but just come, as, for instance, that which painted Germany as poverty-stricken and its workmen forced to eat black bread instead of white, one felt inclined either to laughter at the general folly of things mundane or to tears at the pitiful condition of the English proletariat. For this at once forced itself upon one's recognition, however one passed from the British Isles to Germany; though there may, in the latter country, be distress and poverty, it is not the English distress, it does not, in every great English town, obtrude itself upon the most unwilling observer. The arrogance and cold selfishness of the English have shown themselves in nothing more than in the calm with which the prosperous classes there have for many years taken for granted, have been quite oblivious, apparently, of the horrid and filthy poverty that festers on almost every corner of the most fashionable British thoroughfares. The English made and female, drunken often enough, begging or crying, cursing or crying, maddened or sulken, inlaid themselves upon every wayfarer through London or Manchester or Newcastle, or almost any other city may name. The misery for the few depends upon the severity of the English winter, and the poverty-stricken looks for a half penny if he has cleared the mud from before you, for which sum he will be as obsequious as if he were your dog. You can hardly look about you on Regent street or the Haymarket, especially at theatre time, in search for a taxi, but half a dozen ready lais in rags will fight for the opportunity to save you your search.

Better in Germany. But for England, through this or that party in politics, to pretend that the case of the German proletariat is worse than its own—that is indeed to laugh! The mines, the factories, the sweatshops of Germany, may have their human side, but they are so much in sure, that these are never thrown upon the metropolitan stream for all to see. Greater heights there may be in England; but the factory, the hedonistic, the average of decent wellbeing is far greater in Germany. You may walk the streets in any German capital without finding a beggar. Even the sight of a woman fulfilling the duties of a street-cleaning department in the great towns of Saxony and Bavaria is not likely to offend, but rather to amuse you. These are eminently vigorous and able-bodied persons; they will slay you roundly if you do not give proper way to their pavement; and they make you smile most grimly if you remember the able-bodied persons who parade London streets, carrying for political and mendacious reasons—that "all we want is work." Why, those street-cleaning dames of Leipzig and Munich even compare favorably, but rather to amuse you, with the English women of humor and balance, with the suffragettes, whose creatures these are; they are pictures for any artist's interest; they wear slouch hats and long-cloaked cloaks with strapped belts; their faces in the cold weather, are always half-muffled to the eyes; and until he has looked closely the stranger is likely to be in doubt as to whether he is regarding men or women. They clean the streets, they strew sand, and they tend the switches for the municipally-owned street cars. It would be interesting to propose to these good dames the predicament in which the British workman has, since time immemorial, pretended to be; the mere sight of them proves admirably that for those who genuinely wish it the world has always work. Yet it was of this German country, whose towns show no rags or poverty, whose streets are clean and spacious, where all look healthy and content, that some of the English newspapers lately painted a picture in which better poverty and black bread were large in the foreground.

In Munich. One is never long in Munich, at any time of year, without its supremacy as an art centre striking one. Here, again, we could come easily enough through a contrast against England that it was impossible to avoid. Nothing, in the late political campaign in England, was more awful and inartistic than the average poster used on the boardings. Though literally acres of space must have been used throughout England in this way, so that for the time being the notoriety were obscured, yet there was not one single work of art in the lot. Crude and clumsy depictions of men

Remarkable Photograph Of Ship Burning In Mid Ocean



THE NORSE PRINCE BURNING OFF ASCENSION ISLAND.

The passengers of the steamer Norse Prince, which burned in mid-Atlantic 20 miles north of Ascension Island and just below the equator, were crowded in the stern of the ship, momentarily expecting death at the hands of the raging blaze, or in the watery deep, when the Union Castle liner Guelph sighted the burning ship and started its great race against death. The above remarkable photograph was taken by

a passenger on the Guelph as that ship was rushing to the rescue. It was an interesting, a picturesque, a magnificent spectacle—and a horrible one to the crew and passengers huddled together on board the burning ship. Boats, such as had been left them by the flames, were held in readiness to be lowered while the frightened men fought with almost superhuman strength to conquer the roaring flames. Weak, hysterical women were doing all that they could to calm their children's terror and their own.

The front half of the steamer was one blazing mass of fire—the most awful sight of all fires—a fire at sea—with water, water, water all about them, and with no earthly way to turn its quenching face against the elements except by sinking the ship. Passengers and crew alike had well-nigh given up their tremendous battle and were almost ready to give up when like an angel from the other world came the Guelph.

THE POPE AND HIS FRIENDS

His Holiness Has Never Forgotten His Old Acquaintances -- A Pretty Story Comes From Rome.

Rome, Feb. 25.—The Pope remembers old friends and when he knows that some person he is acquainted with is in Rome he never fails to grant an audience. A few days ago a sailing vessel from Malta was shipwrecked on the Roman coast. Four men of the crew were drowned and the remaining seven swam ashore and were rescued with great difficulty by some shepherds.

The master and mate were injured and saw your Holiness in the hospitals in Rome. The Pope read about the shipwreck in the newspapers and the name of one of the men sounded familiar to him. "I think that I must have known this man called Rugier in Venice, where he used to come on a schooner from Malta," said the Pope to his secretary, "and I would like to see him."

An audience was arranged and Rugier, the mate, went up "to the Vatican." The Pope kept him over an hour in his private library, heard the story of the shipwreck and presented him with a gold medal. "To be sure," answered the Pope, "I remembered your name and the name of the ship, but I did not know you were shipwrecked once before. Do you still keep it?" "Yes, your Holiness, and I have increased it," answered the man. He then told the Pope that he described his rescue to a repetition of his old vow, namely that he would fast on bread and water twice every week for the rest of his life.

"But you already fasted every week for the other vow and now you will have to eat bread and water on four days out of seven," exclaimed the Pope; then he added: "You are an old man and it is cruel to starve yourself, so I prohibit you from keeping such a vow." The seaman expostulated. He said a bargain was a bargain, and as God had saved his life he was bound to fulfill his promise. The Pope insisted that the vow was not binding as it was too hard for a man of his age, but realizing that it was useless he then, signed and sealed it in due form and he handed it to the seaman saying: "If you do not obey this you will be excommunicated, and this exempts you from fasting."

The seaman then bowed his head and promised to obey.

Dramatic texts; flaring letters and no single artistic line. As for anything signed by an artist of any distinction, that was out of the question. One had to wonder, recalling the work such men as Dudley Hardy, the Beggar-staffs, Haven-Hill and many others were doing ten years ago, and as some few, notably Hassall, are still doing today, why the men in charge of political parties in England are so much more stupid than the men in charge of comic operas, of periodicals, and of champagne. There was never a campaign in which the assistance of the English silk-stock element was more needed so that argument about the need for only the workmen's enthusiasm falls to the ground.

Attractive Posters.

Your first quarter of an hour in Munich brought those inartistic London memories closer to you. Here, too, were acres of space covered, but by posters that were almost always a delight to contemplate. You were likely to find to stop and examine them at your leisure. Whether, for artshows, for American-bars for this or that masked ball or cafe or restaurant, the poster was nearly always attractive, of manageable size,

CAPT. SCOTT STATES PLANS

Leader of Antarctic Expedition Names June as Sailing Date -- Main Dash for the Pole in October.

London, Feb. 25.—Capt. R. F. Scott, leader of the British Antarctic expedition of 1910, has given some account of his plans for reaching the south pole. He hopes his ship, the Terra Nova, will be ready to sail from England in June.

They would have twenty-five men in the crew, he said, and when they left New Zealand they would have another twenty-two men, who were to form the landing party. They were going south to McMurdo Sound, the same quarters as used by Sir Ernest Shackleton, and would land twenty-two men there, and then he hoped to go to a place where no one had yet landed, King Edward's Land, and in that place he would deposit a small party of six. The object of that was that it was so interesting to get comparative meteorological observations, and the party would also try to work out the geography of the region. He hoped to leave New Zealand in November and get down in December.

In January the huts should be erected and the party landed with their stores. That would be half way through the summer. In July and March he hoped to do some laying out of depots, taking about twenty ponies, twenty-five dogs and some motor sledges which he hoped great things.

With these various means of travelling he hoped to get a good deal of provisions 200 or 300 miles to the south that season before setting down for the winter, which started about May.

The main journey to the pole would probably start in October, 1911. They had got to get over 800 miles and the probability was that they could not do more than ten or fifteen miles a day. That would bring them to the middle of December before they got to the south pole. If they were going to get there at all.

What was hoped was that with the various means of traction they would be able to carry a great quantity of food down south over the great ice barrier and make a big depot there, and from that place he hoped not only to send or go with a party to the south pole but also to send other parties in different directions to do a great deal of exploring work as well.

If he could not get to the pole at the first attempt he hoped to do it the next year and they failed then he hoped the young men who were going with him would want to try a third time.

and by an artist who had not been afraid to sign his name. The most curious stroll showed Adolf Munzer's three-sheet for the Bala Pare's at the German Theatre this carnival season (and Munzer is now prominent on the walls of the permanent state-owned academy buildings throughout Germany) and the smaller specimens of Iku Wetzell, of Jugend; of Leo Platz, done for the Modern Gallery, where the strange paintings of Max Sievogt are on view; while for such institutions as the Kunstverein, the Restaurant Platzl, the carnival dances at the Colosseum, the Carnival Association of Munich, the Simplicissimus Masked Ball and the Simplicissimus Bierhall, the Casino Bar, the Maxim, the Ande Festival of the Svanablen Brewery, the sporting goods shop of one Wagner, and innumerable others, there were posters, often charming, always arresting and nearly always of good workmanship, by such signers as O. Graf, H. Treiber, Becker, Backmann, Kneip, Meier and Treiber. Finally, there was the sphinx-like head framed in gold mosaic by von Struck, advertising the winter show of the Secessionists. Of that winter show another letter must treat.

ANARCHIST ARRESTED BY STATE

Argentine Republic Helps 400 to Establish Colony and Carry Out Propaganda -- New Zealand Gave One Better.

In the matter of experiments in government, the Argentine Republic has gone New Zealand "one better." In South America State aid has been given to four hundred Anarchists to establish themselves as a colony and put into practice their peculiar theories. The colony on Torre del Penedo has only been in existence for a couple of months, and it is much too early to know whether the Anarchists have made a success of the experiment. Those who were not in a conspicuous failure for it may be laid down as a general proposition that the leaders and most enthusiastic exponents of any political doctrine, whether it be anarchy or single tax, are men of unusual principle and energy, who could live with other people, and would land twenty-two men there, and then he hoped to go to a place where no one had yet landed, King Edward's Land, and in that place he would deposit a small party of six. The object of that was that it was so interesting to get comparative meteorological observations, and the party would also try to work out the geography of the region. He hoped to leave New Zealand in November and get down in December.

A Happy Land for the "Reds." The execution of Prof. Ferrer was the signal for anarchistic demonstrations in different parts of the world. In Buenos Ayres the chief of police and his secretary were killed, and in the course of the subsequent campaign against the "Reds" several other lives were lost. Outbreaks of this kind are permitted to carry on their propaganda by public meetings and newspapers.

The Ferrer Demonstration.

There they lived un molested, and had it not been for the assassination of Ferrer they might have been there. This event, however, stirred up Anarchists all over the world, and absolutely for no other reason than to make a protest against the death of Ferrer, a couple of bombs were thrown in Buenos Ayres. The chief of police, Senor Falcon, who had been a big depot there, and from that place he hoped not only to send or go with a party to the south pole but also to send other parties in different directions to do a great deal of exploring work as well.

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Then the Anarchist panic died down, and the question was what to do with the prisoners. They were citizens of the country and could not be deported; they were too dangerous to be set at liberty, and to imprison them would have bestowed upon them the crown of martyrdom. Then the idea occurred to maroon them on the Island of Terra del Fuego, and there permit them to manage their own affairs. The island was a sort of Botany Bay for the colony, and it was not unusual for one of the convicts, so there was no local sentiment to offend by establishing the Anarchists there. Accordingly they were transported, supplied with the necessities of life, tools, implements and clothing at the expense of the Government, and permitted, in addition, to take with them any of their personal property they possessed. They will be under the supervision of the officials of the

POPULAR IDEAS OF FAMOUS JOURNEY BEING UPSET BY RECENT DISCLOSURES -- THE RESULTS SO FAR ACCOMPLISHED.

London, Feb. 22.—Writing in the National Geographical Magazine, Mr. Franklin E. Hoskins says that the Wilderness of the Exodus is the being traced and photographed by an enthusiastic body of scholars and travelers, with results as interesting as have attended the modern exploration of Egypt and the Holy Land. The popular idea therefore, that the Wilderness through which the children of Israel are thought to have wandered for 40 years would be as difficult to locate as the Garden of Eden must be abandoned. When it is known that the Suez Canal cuts one section of that historic march, the Bible story seems to be suddenly brought nearer to our modern life. Where Moses once led the Jews a modern railroad now carries passengers and freight. Elan and Moab are now marked off on the routes, and Rabbah Ammon and Edrei are regular stations, the latter quite an important railroad centre.

Not Forty Years' March.

Mr. Hoskins remarks that there has been a great deal of doubt and confusion caused by misunderstanding of the plain Biblical account of the Exodus. One recalls a child's paragraph in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," wherein a Westerner, being guided through the Wilderness, refused to be impressed by the fact that the children of Israel wandered through it for 40 years. He declared that Moses must have been a poor sort of leader, as he was acquainted with a stage driver out West who would have "sunked the Israelites through in a couple of weeks." The fact is, says Mr. Hoskins, that the children of Israel did not spend 40 years wandering about in the Wilderness. Thirty-nine years they were in camp, and only one year was occupied on the road to Canaan.

The Roundabout Road.

Taking into account the distance traveled, amounting to about 1,100 miles, and that the Israelites advanced only as fast as the smallest child or the feeblest woman could walk, and making due allowance for the crowded halts, the time spent in the journey does not appear to be excessive. Looking at the map of the journey however, it is obvious that the Jews were purposely misled. From Rameses to Jericho, in a straight line, is not quite 250 miles. Even had the Exodus taken the natural course and followed the shore of the Great Sea, the journey would not have consumed more than three or four months. From Rameses to Succoth the Hebrews traveled in almost a straight line. Then the course bent almost due south to Baalpezer, and there cut across the present site of the Suez canal. Again the route continued south, in a moderately straight course, to Elim.

Where Moses Died.

Thence the convolutions of the route became more marked, the tendency continuing south, toward Mt. Sinai. From this spot the pilgrims almost retraced their steps for a fortnight's march, after which the route bent toward the west. Another month or two's wandering found them not 200 miles in a direct line from their starting point. About Mt. Har their trails turn and twist as in a maze. From the Jordan they went south, until Elath, on the Gulf of Akabah, is reached. It curves back again, and goes north to Mount Nebo. From the elevation Jericho is plainly visible, not more than 25 miles away, but after the death of Moses the wanderings were resumed, and several hundred miles were traversed until finally the wanderers swung back and came to the Jordan again, with Jericho on the other side, and Jerusalem not more than 10 or 12 miles away.

The Wind That Brought the Quail. Believing geographers have thus mapped out the whole of that wonderful journey. In the course of their work they have come across more than one striking reminder of the story as laid down in Exodus. One of Mr. Hoskins' experiences is worth quoting:

"After we left Elim and were approaching the sea coast one of our camels suddenly quailed and returned with a live quail in his hands which he had just caught. This event occurring at the very region where the children of Israel were so abundantly fed by the flocks of quails, wearty by their flight over the Akabah arm of the Red Sea, was a wholly unexpected confirmation of the phenomenon of the Bible. It was the same east wind blowing over the same sheet of water into the maze of valleys that brought our quail so weary as to be easily caught by the Hedaya of today. There is abundant confirmation from other sources that our experience was by no means unique.

When "Thousands" Means "Groups."

Mr. Hoskins concludes by explaining what the Bible speaks of as the children of Israel numbering 600,000 fighting men, implying that 2,000,000 marched to the Promised Land, there has been an error in translation. For "thousands" read "groups" or "families," and we find that the number of children of Israel who, marched from Goshen to Canaan was about 20,000 men, women and children.

penal settlement, who will see that they do not interfere in any way with non-Anarchists. Otherwise, they will have no laws to govern them but their own desires.

Anarchists on Puget Sound.

It is recalled by a writer in the New York Tribune that a similar colony was founded on Puget Sound in 1866. The members were subjected to the ordinary State laws in the matter of paying taxes, but no laws governed their relations with each other. Free love and every other Anarchistic doctrine was permitted, but it is a noteworthy fact that the Anarchists took no advantage of their freedom in this respect. They married and remained faithful to each other. In the fifteen years of the colony's existence there has not been a single crime of any sort in Home, Washington. The colony survives, and about its only distinguishing feature is the unusual industry and intelligence of its members.

"Lenten Distractions"



"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING, BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK."

BROKERS MAY BAR SMOKING

NON-ATHLETIC LONGEVITY

Old London Problem That Dates Back to "Whittiers" of 1709 May Bob Up Again.

London, Feb. 25.—There has been much growling of recent days in the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange. It has arisen not over the market's athletics, but over the problem of whether smoking shall be allowed at all within the precincts of the house. A committee has clinched with the problem that odds are being offered that its verdict will be to put up the bars on the active presence of the weed.

The committee contends that it has been driven to drastic action because members have failed to adhere to the rule which allows them to light up at four o'clock on all week days except Saturday, when the time limit is one o'clock, or just as the closing gong jangles. "Like the poor," explained one member of the Exchange, "this problem of smoking in the house always has with it. In the old days members used to smoke whenever they felt so inclined. This meant that some of them were so inclined all day long. Then hopped up the question of 'Does smoking interfere with business?' It was the consensus of opinion, I believe, that it did, for the place some times took on the appearance of a big section of Mr. Mephistopheles' celebrated smoke works.

Three o'clock was fixed as the lighting up limit; then that was shifted to four o'clock, and the committee announced with due solemnity that flagrant offenders could look out for their perspiration in the morning. Of late many members have started their cigars or pipes going at from ten to thirty minutes before four o'clock, once the new rash of hot water into which we have tumbled."

Warning Issued in 1709.

This regulation of personal habits is accurately established on precedent in the London Exchange, for it was laughingly pointed out that just two centuries ago the following notice was posted in the institution for the benefit of members of that day: "Whereas information has been received bearing date of February 24, 1709, that there are in and about the Royal Exchange a sort of people commonly known by the name of whettiers, who drink themselves into an immoderate state of being, neither drunk nor sober, before the hours of exchange, or business, and in that condition buy and sell stocks, discount notes, &c., this is to give notice that from this day forward no whettier shall be able to give or receive any note, or execute any other point of commerce, after the third half pint, before the hour of one o'clock; and whoever shall transact any matter or matters with a whettier, not being himself of that order, shall be conducted to Moorfields upon the first application of his next to kin."

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It has been noted that, with the oratorical brickbats of the recent political campaign striking practically everything in sight, whether institutional or individual, the Stock Exchange escaped with praise from all sides.

Lloyd-George's Banquet.

One of the largest bouquets was handed over by Mr. David Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the liberals, whom the unionists charged with a determination to turn the whole kingdom upside down. "As I have been going for the dukes and earls and barons," said he, in the course of one late public address, "I will say a good word for the Stock Exchange, whose members behaved well when we taxed them because we wanted more money for national needs and for the defence of the country. I sent in a nice little bill to the Stock Exchange, and when they came to me they said they did not object to the amount, but did not like the way it was proposed to be raised. I asked them to suggest another method, and in the end they gave me not only the £300,000 I asked for, but a very substantial margin. They behaved like gentlemen, and like men with a sense of citizenship, and I say to the dukes, 'Go and do likewise.'"

Underweights Who Are Excluded From Football Are the Fittest for Survival a Doctor Declares.

The declaration is made by the editor of American Medicine that the colleges in this country "are spending the most money on the students who will give the least return." This statement is coupled with another to the effect that "it is now a proved fact that the men who are barred from the game (football) are the ones who live the longest."

The writer is discussing football in the light of accidents in connection with the game, and in the course of his article says: "The dangers of modern football are so well known and have been decried so often, it is rather surprising all college authorities do not insist upon modifications of the rules. The dreadful record of injuries a few years ago did seem to have some effect in the way of making it less dangerous; but the death of Cadet Byrne, of West Point, shows that fatalities have been quietly at work again, and it is now necessary to keep up the campaign more vigorously even if the game has to be completely eliminated from the curriculum."

No Effort.

"The absurd cry that reformers are mollycoddlers does not have the slightest effect beyond showing the desperate character of the efforts to retain these brutal exhibitions of modern gladiators. Most amazing of all is the manner in which the medical profession ignores the real medical objections—the game gives athletic training to the only students who do not need it and relegation to the bleachers the only men who are desperately in need of games which will develop their feeble physiques."

The weaklings must be content with dry calisthenics from which the virtue of sport has been eliminated. Youthful development is based on the stimulus of rivalry of skin, and therefore the game, which is now the only qualification, or at least the basic one. Exhibition games are necessary because rivalry is sterile if success is not publicly witnessed, and the ideal sports are those in which the frail men will have as much chance to show skill as the giants.

The excessive mortality of overweights has been published by life insurance statisticians, and the phenomenon must be considered in football discussions. It is now a proved fact that the men are barred from the game are the ones who live the longest, and, though more known of late, the statistics show that the longest lived are the most vigorous and therefore the best brain workers. The colleges are then spending the most money on the students who will give the least return. Every now and then some ingenious fellow publishes statistics showing that the able to take part in sports contests those too defective to take any part at all, as though that needed numerical proof.

The new statistics show that the healthy underweights excluded from football are fitter for survival in America than the overweights of the team.

Not infrequently also these frail men are possessed of wonderful brains and need the astonishing situation of college sports giving precedence to mere muscular development. This perversion has gone far enough. If the college faculties are so powerless that they cannot reform the rules so as to make it safe for the frail men to take part, let the wretched business be ended once and for all. Pandering to a public taste for exhibitions of dangerous muscular contests is on a par with the bull fights of Mexico—worse probably. The detected prize fights are less dangerous, so let us have them—or even gladiators paid to kill each other, as in the day of Rome—and reserve college contests for exhibitions of skill which require a trained brain if the body be weak.

NEAR-SPHERES.

Two travelling salesmen, detained in a little village hotel, were introduced to a crazy little billiard table and a set of balls which were of a uniform, dirty gray color. "But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one of the guests. "Oh," replied the landlord, "you soon get to know them by their shape."—Success.