

A Great Newspaper

INEVITABLY was the editor's word, and (though editors are not always right) it was the only word. A series of articles descriptive of the leading British newspapers must open with the "Times." Since the death of the deeply-regretted word of Mr. A. F. Walter makes such a commencement sadly appropriate. It is not the oldest of our daily journals; it is not even the sole remnant of the numerous journals started in the Seventeenth Century. Further, one would scarcely like to adjudge it a standing proof of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. So many are the incidents and accidents which make or mar the ultimate fortunes of a newspaper, apart from the character of its open appeal to the public that a fitter may have founded; in fact, in the opinion of some authorities, fitter did founder. But there confronts us the great fact: the "Times" has "pulled through," as we English say—"made good," as our American cousins say; and there it stands, dignified, imposing, a trifle somnolent, a trifle oppressive on a commanding slope of the perilous peak of journalism.

The "Times" was fortunate in that it began in the days of small things, in the year of origin, it began almost as a foolscap pamphlet of four pages; now it is almost an encyclopaedia. At the opening of the nineteenth century its capacity could be described in columns; at the opening of the twentieth century it has almost to be spoken of in acres. In its innumerable volumes—"the pit" out of which must be dug all future histories of the commonwealth—it is in its own career a deeply interesting epitome of the sturdy rise and prudent fall of a nation like the Empire of England. The history of the "Times" is in the nature of a romance, in most respects a characteristically English institution, it was, above all, characteristically English in its inception. If not exactly begun like the Empire, in absence of mind, the making of a great newspaper was not the chief animating thought in the brain of the man who brought it into being; it was really begun, as the shipless city man could say to-day, as a "show" to the business of a singularly-developed printing firm, which had three years previously taken a disused printing-office (where the "London Gazette" had been at one time printed) in order to demonstrate the value of a system of composing by words instead of by letters, which the compositor-partner of the firm had devised a few years earlier; that is to say, the newspaper which afterwards became the "Times" was merely produced to prove that printed papers as well as books could be printed by logotypes.

In the reign of John Walter III, the "Times" introduced the Koenig press, and ultimately what was called the Walter press; but the greatest honor in this department is associated with the memory of John II, who "brought in" the steam-driven press. A scene that attended the first issue of the "Times," on November 29, 1814, from a press steam-moved, make rank amongst the most dramatic in all the crowded history of the birth-throes and ultimate achievements of British industries. Fearing, with reason, that if the men who worked the old-fashioned hand presses—how far away it seems, yet the date falls within the century—heard of the innovation, they would at least jeopardize the success of the experiment, Mr. Walter had the boiler, engine, and press erected in secret in a building closely adjacent to the office, and the operators of the ancient methods were in absolute ignorance of the transformation in course of development until the courageous head of the firm emerged into the original press-room, where the old hands were awaiting the customary coming of the forms, with the exception of the "Times" already printed in his hands. What a thrilling moment of glorious victory! It was the "Times" Waterloo! Surely an incident so striking, so stirring, so significant as this ought to be immortalized in one of the annals with which the inner walls of the Royal Exchange are at present being embellished. We commend the suggestion to a sympathetic soul—to wit, Lord Northcliffe.

The office of the "Times" (which is adorned, as is proper, with suitably imposed enclitics) stands underneath the shadow of St. Paul's and in a straight line with the Bank and the Mansion House, on the site of the premises in which it was originally produced under the first of its titles, January 1, 1788—the site of a monastery of Black Friars, and later of the Blackfriars Theatre, in which Shakespeare's company appeared. It has an admirable and (albeit of brick) an impressive frontage upon Queen Victoria Street, adjacent to the houses of the Bible Society, and right opposite to St. Paul's Station is the section containing the proprietor, editorial, and managerial rooms; but its chief feature—a feature with the suggestion of an old-world rest and the charm of some measure of quaintness—is the courtyard (approached from the City thoroughfare by three sides of a building almost Queen Anne-like in its plain agreeableness and the chaste doorway forming the chief "traffic" entrance to the premises. The modesty of the "Times" was literally shrinking until the other month, when (presumably under the influence of the new regime introduced by Lord Northcliffe) there was hoisted over this porch the sign of "The Times" in artistic script, white in body on a blue ground—verily a sign of the times! While some of the rooms wherein visitors are received call up remembrance of the offices of old-fashioned family solicitors, the principal apartments are spacious enough, and the staff (including the special correspondents and the official and ordinary despatches; next he conceived the idea of "own correspondents," and in 1807 he sent abroad to Germany the first of the distinguished breed of special correspondents in the person of the brilliant Henry Crab Robinson. The news of the battle of Waterloo was printed within four days of the victory—probably a gain of three days on the regular methods. Within two or three years of his death Mr. Walter, by the expedient of forwarding his own despatches for a time, at certain parts of the journey, by dragoon express and special steamer, forced a speeding-up of the Indian mail

by fourteen days. Delane made his own "scores"—great "scores" indeed—most notably, perhaps, in the publication of Dr. Russell's revelations of the doings of our troops fighting our battles in the Crimea, and the announcement of the Government's intention to repeal the Corn Laws, which seems to have created an enormous sensation throughout the country; but the heyday of his fame, the flower of his distinction, was the true harvest of John Walter II. In the trust, almost flawless, lineage, to this man of intense journalistic instinct, enterprise, and energy, stands the controlling spirit of the "Times" today.

WHERE COLDS CANNOT BE CAUGHT

THE common theory that all colds are the result of exposure is a great mistake, inasmuch as exposure is not the direct cause of the trouble. Colds are caused by hostile microbes or bacteria, which gain a foothold at a time when our vitality has been lowered by exposure. But there are many quarters of the globe where one finds it impossible to catch cold, simply by reason of the fact that there is no cold to catch.

Pearcy and his men, during the months they spent in the arctic regions were immune from cold, though they were constantly enduring exposure of every kind. They passed day after day in clothes so saturated with perspiration that by day they froze into a solid mass, so to speak, and the clothes out into their flesh. And at night, in their sleeping-bags, the first thing they did on thawing out. They returned to civilization none the worse in health, but soon contracted severe colds upon reaching there. People were much amused by the press accounts of how a Commander Peary had taken cold while proceeding to dine with a friend in a suburb of Washington, the taxicab which was conveying him and his wife having broken down during a snow flurry in December.

The question of colds naturally brings to mind the case of St. Kilda, that lonely rocky island visited by Dr. Johnson in company with Boswell during his famous tour of the Hebrides. There are about one hundred inhabitants on the island. The coasters are so precipitous that for a period of eight months in the year it is practically inaccessible. Several vessels from the mainland call there during the summer. It is a curious fact that whenever a ship reaches this island from the mainland every inhabitant, even to the infants, is seized with a cold. This circumstance has been known for two hundred years. It was of great interest to Dr. Johnson, who at first was sceptical concerning it.

The question of St. Kilda cold puzzled even scientific men, who did not imagine that it was, in fact, an infectious disease, and that without the possibility of infection it is impossible to catch it, no matter what the exposure may be. In each wave of paper, cold is due to a micro-organism, and without the presence of this disease cannot be contracted.

MOTORING FEATS THAT MAKE YOU GASP

FOR breath-taking daring there is no man living who can give points to the modern motorist, who seems to take as much pleasure in risking his neck as the average man exercises care in saving his.

None but a madman (or a motorist), for instance, would have attempted that recent escapade of James Carroll, at Tacoma, Washington, in riding down a wooden staircase of 700 steps without brakes. The car used weighed a ton and a half, and before it had got a quarter of the way down so terrific was the collision with the tyres were ripped off as if they had been made of paper.

Before the journey was half accomplished the giant machine was crashing down at a speed of eighty miles an hour, leaving the steps a score at a time; and at last the car was brought to a standstill by the chute. Mr. Carroll's chandelier was broken, and only a miracle had prevented it from flying to pieces during the journey.

This feat recalls to mind that of the intrepid motorist, Mr. Coles, who some time ago gave a thrilling performance at the London Alhambra. A platform constructed some feet from the stage, and supported by strong banks of timber, was approached by a steep chute on one side and steps on the other. Driven the car up the chute, Mr. Coles brought it to a dead stop in a space not an inch longer than the actual length of the car, and then sent it down two flights of stairs, afterwards pulling the car up in its own length. There was no ridge or edge of any kind to the side of the stairs, and a mistake of a quarter of an inch would probably have resulted in a fatal smash-up.

The tragic death of the young lady who was wont to loop the loop in a motor-car, just as Diavolo did with his bicycle, is hardly still fresh in the minds of readers. Even her turn, however, has been eclipsed, so far as sensationalism is concerned, by that of a well-known trick cyclist, who rode a motor-car which turned a somersault in the air, starting down a sloping spring, he was literally shot in the air when he reached the end, whirled round in a somersault, and with a terrific thud dropped on another platform.

For sheer capacity to thrill, however, the "Globe of Life," by Wizard Stone and Irene Stone, which was put on at the London Coliseum some time ago, would be difficult to beat. The globe consisted of a capacious trellised globe

well secured to the stage; and one of the tricks performed by Wizard Stone was that of riding a motor-car in the interior of the cage at the pace of an express engine, now horizontal, now vertical, retaining all the time the most perfect control of the machine.

And talking of stage motoring feats, one might mention that which has been quite the fashion in France recently. A long platform is erected, sufficient to enable the car to attain full speed. At one end of the platform is a break of ten yards, and then another platform on a slightly lower level. Along the higher course the motorist dashes until he is flying at a speed of seventy to ninety miles an hour; then, with a terrific leap, he clears the chasm, alighting with a crash on the lower course, and gradually slows down to a stop—when he returns to risk his neck, again and again.

Three or four months ago Mr. Fawcett, an English motorist, drove his car from Chamonix Valley to the Mer de Glace, a height of 5,700 ft. This recalls some equally remarkable feats of motor mountaineering.

Some years ago Captain Deasy drove a 16 h.p. car over the St. Bernard pass, which has an altitude of 6,997 ft. as well as up the cog-wheel mountain railway to the Rochers de Naye, which is 5,707 ft. high, and entails a gradient of one in four. In 1900 M. Jules Picard crossed the Pyrenees with his car, weighing a ton and three-quarters, skirting precipices at a height of 5,900 feet. Part of the journey was performed along a narrow pathway on the mountain side, where a swerve of a few inches would have sent car and driver to a terrible death 1,400 ft. below.

Mr. Harvey du Cros, jun., has climbed to the summit of Snowdon, and Mr. Charles Jarrott has driven a car to the top of Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, the gradient in parts almost reaching one in four, some of the passages being breath-taking in their suggestion of danger.

It is not long since M. Duray, the famous French record-breaker, drove his 25-h.p. Gobron-Brillie car up the steps from the polo ground at Crystal Palace, and descended again without mishap, a feat of remarkable skill and daring.

The question of motor motoring was directed to Mr. Carlé, managing director of the Motor Company, who caused considerable sensation by driving his 14-h.p. car up and down the water-chute at the Crystal Palace. When we consider that the chute has a gradient of one in four, and is 210 ft. long, and that Mr. Carlé's car weighed 2,000 cwt., we get some idea of the amazing nature of the performance.

After this one learns without surprise that a car was actually driven up a specially constructed chute to the top of a two-story workshop in the North of England, then up the slate roof of the building, and down again backwards, without the least mishap.

Some thrilling motoring feats have been performed on the Brooklands track at Weybridge, and the English champion driver, Mr. Frank Newton, has driven a car there at the sustained speed of 110 miles an hour.

Several world's records for speed are held by Mr. Newton, notably the 50 and 100 miles and one and two hour records. In regard to the latter Mr. Newton did a non-stop run for two hours of eighty-five miles an hour. His one-hour record was nearly eighty-six and a half miles. He has had many narrow escapes, the most extraordinary occurring when he collided with a Mercedes car while travelling at 100 miles an hour. The track was wet, and Mr. Newton's car slid down the bank and came broadside against the Mercedes. By a miracle neither car was over-turned, although the wheels suffered badly. Mr. Newton, by clever handling of the steering wheel managed to get his front wheels clear and steer up the bank again. Everything happened in a few seconds, and what

all over her Empire self. Tawdry and assuming, she wants to impress us with something she is not, and fails.

How much more to be admired is the sweet little girl who "takes the goods the gods provide" and makes the most of them. How dainty she looks in her plain, modish little costumes that are bought with care and discrimination and quite within her means.

A bit of velvet or ribbon are as modish on her hat as the flowing willow plume. She is rich, indeed, for she smiles and is happy. And it is these quiet, unobtrusive creatures that actually win the day. And it is not the outward semblance of things that accomplishes it, either. For errors, like straws, upon the surface, flow, who would search for pearls must dive below.

Imitation is dross. Seek to be yourself. Cease to hunger for what is not intended for you. You will never be appeased.

Then there is the woman who should be happy from a monetary point of view, but is never at peace and is always dissatisfied. What matter if she has two automobiles? Mr. Butterfly across the street has three, she must have a bit higher. An air ship for her! Or even to the Lady Moon, could she but reach her. If the dearest friend (7) has American Beauties at her bridge party, nothing but orchids for her own strow. And so, even in the ultra rich strata of existence, the woman with the "Green" eyes froths and foams.

What is the result? It only brings unnecessary heart pangs, miserable, unsatisfied longings, and makes of the should-be womanly being a creature of fancies, moods and caprices, a woman unhappy, a poor companion, a snappy wife and a scolding mother.

This is a beautiful world as well as a sordid one. There is no room for the green-eyed monster with such simple, happy things in life, enough for all. Find them! They are within your reach. Reach out!

THE TROUBLES OF A DALAI LAMA

By Prof. Smith, F.R.G.S., of the Szechuan University, China.

THE Dalai Lama, Supreme Pontiff and now, it appears, formally deposed ruler of Tibet, has fled to British India, presumably in the hope of inducing the Indian Government to espouse his cause, or at least to sympathize with him in his quarrel with the Szechuan Power—China.

Until 1904, when the British armed mission was sent to Lhasa, the capital of Tibet, little had been heard of the Dalai Lama. There are two Lama Pontiffs in Tibet—the Dalai Lama and the Tashi Lama. The former, residing in his enormous palace called the Potala at Lhasa, has the greater power; he derives his power, and consequently prestige, from the fact that he is regarded as an incarnation of the Buddha. He is about thirty-five years old, and is the only Supreme Pontiff who has reached this age in recent times.

When the Dalai Lama passes to Nirvana the spirit of the Buddha leaves him and enters into the body of a newly born Tibetan babe. The priestly ministrants at Lhasa immediately cease search to be made for the newly incarnate Buddha among infants born at that time, and having to their own satisfaction chosen a suitable babe, they issue a proclamation to the effect that the new Dalai Lama has been miraculously discovered by them. It generally happens that the representative is chosen from some obscure family, often in a remote part of the country; the priesthood immediately acquaint the family with the great distinction thus conferred upon it, and proceed forthwith to take charge of the precious infant and convey him with much pomp and many outward signs of veneration to his future home—the Potala Palace at Lhasa.

The Ministers in the capital, who are all Lamas of high standing, by this means secure the spiritual and temporal powers of Tibet to themselves, for naturally these rule in the place of the incarnate Buddha during his long minority, and are said conventionally to arrange that his death shall take place at about the age of eighteen, when it is thought that he may be desirous of taking the reins of government into his own hands. Being apparently more astute than most of his predecessors, and not relishing the idea of any early departure from this world, the present Dalai Lama anticipated any desire among his priests for a fresh reincarnation by sowing dissensions among his statesmen and suddenly seizing the reins of government before any schemes could be set afoot to dispose of him. Hence the reason for his reaching the relatively ripe age of thirty-five.

His rule during the latter years has not been either successful or a pleasant one. During the last hundred years—in fact, since the reign of the great Chinese warrior Emperor "Kein-Lang"—the suzerainty of China over Tibet had gradually become more shadowy. This wild, mountainous, almost inaccessible country, being so remote from Pekin and so barbaric in comparison with Chinese civilization, has been allowed a larger amount of latitude and freedom by the benevolent and paternal emperors of China than would have been accorded to it by probably any other great Power.

This state of affairs lasted till some few years ago. The present Dalai Lama then commenced to flout British representations on the Indian frontier, placed obstacles in the way of Indian trade, and was apparently carrying on political intrigues with Russian Buddhists. With the object of inducing the Tibetans to

take a more reasonable view of their relations with foreign Powers, it will be remembered that in 1904 the British Government despatched an armed mission to Lhasa, under Colonel Younghusband. This mission, although bitterly opposed by the Lamas, and having to fight practically the whole of its way to Lhasa, ultimately reached the "mysterious city," and, aided by the Chinese representatives, was eminently successful in its negotiations. Upon the approach of Younghusband the Dalai Lama fled towards China, and after spending many months at Urga, a city on the Mongolian border, was induced in 1908 to visit Pekin.

The Imperial Chinese Government spared neither trouble nor expense during the Pontiff's residence in China in order that he might return to Tibet with feelings of loyalty and gratitude towards his suzerain Power. Preparations on a most luxurious scale were made for him whenever he went at the expense of China; he was received at Court with great consideration, and a high title was bestowed upon him.

After somewhat protracted negotiations he returned slowly and in great state to the Tibetan capital, where he arrived only a few months ago. During his long absence of over five years many of his duties as Supreme Pontiff had been executed by the Tashi Lama, who is resident at Shigatse, in Western Tibet, and who is also an incarnation of Buddha, but of an inferior order. It appears that the Chinese Government had had reason to doubt the loyalty of the Supreme Pontiff, and have bestowed marks of favor on this second Pontiff with the idea of placing a check upon the former. A dispute consequently arose between the two over their respective powers, and the Chinese ambans (administrators resident in Lhasa) have had orders to settle the dispute. If reports speak truly, the Chinese Government have moved some troops towards Lhasa with the idea of supporting their ambans; hence the flight of the Dalai Lama to India, thus placing himself under the protection of the very Power from which he fled six years ago. It will be indeed wise if the Indian Government now keep this erratic being out of Tibet entirely.

The question naturally arises as to how the present state of affairs should be regarded from the British point of view. The one great practical result of the Younghusband mission to Lhasa has been to strengthen Chinese influence in Tibet. As before mentioned, this had become a serious matter, but has been increased since 1904, the Chinese having determined to re-assert a strong hold over their dependency. In 1906 an Anglo-Chinese agreement was signed whereby Great Britain agreed not to interfere in the administrative affairs of Tibet. A year later came the Anglo-Russian convention, by which both countries agreed not only to respect the territorial integrity of Tibet, but also to support the suzerainty of China. It would thus appear that the sole aim of the British Government is to strengthen the hands of China in dealing with Tibetan problems. And this is probably the wisest course to be taken, for if this almost inaccessible country, presenting enormous administrative difficulties and offering little inducement to trade, were to come under the dominance of either Britain from the south or Russia from the north, these two Powers would have great stretches of territory adjacent to one another. This would be a most undesirable state of affairs, probably leading to suspicion and friction between Great Britain and Russia in the future, and might indeed become a menace to British power in India.

Far better, therefore, that the Chinese Government be encouraged to re-assert a strong hold over Tibet, thus maintaining, in the case of Afghanistan, a buffer State between the Powers of the north and south.

BIRDS AND UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS

MEN of science are generally agreed that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects, and that they maintain the balance between plant and insect life.

Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an acre of cultivated land. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides has been estimated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000. The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from seven hundred to one thousand per acre square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects yet, as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day, the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be for their feathered enemies.

SUGAR AND MUSCULAR ENERGY

IT is a fact well known to Alpine tourists that on difficult climbing expeditions an increased desire is felt for sweets and sweetened food, and many who never touch such things at home devour large quantities of them on these tours.

It is also frequently remarked that the guides eagerly appropriate any sugar that may be left over, and consume it on the journey. Whether the sugar increased the muscular power of the mountain-climber was the subject of an investigation made not long ago by the officials of the Prussian War Office.

The subject of the experiment was not allowed to know that a test was being made. On one day a sweet liquid, containing thirty grammes of sugar, was administered; on the next a similar liquid, sweetened by saccharin to render it indistinguishable from the other, as far as taste was concerned, took the place of the sugar.

The result was a complete triumph for the sugar. It was found that a greater amount of work could be accomplished on the days when sugar was given than on those when saccharin took its place.

It has been remarked that the negroes in sugar-cane regions depend to a considerable extent upon the juice of the cane for nourishment. By the use of Mosso's ergograph, Dr. Harley found that sugar promoted muscular power wonderfully. On a fasting day it increased his ability to work from 61 to 76 per cent. Taking ordinary meals, he found that 84 ounces per day increased his work capacity from 22 to 36 per cent.

When washing tumblers use quite cold or really hot water. If hot water be used it will be necessary first to rinse in cold water any glasses that have contained milk, for if this precaution be neglected the glasses will be cloudy.



The Early Birds Afloat on a Floe



On the Red River in Mid-March

seemed likely to develop into a terrible accident was luckily averted.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO BE DISSATISFIED

SOME people are never satisfied and they are losers.

(By Sophie Irene Loeb)

We only come this way once. To be satisfied is the most desirable thing in the world. And it is quite a matter of one's own making.

Happiness consists in enjoying what you have. Money does not always bring joy. Very often the actual business of saving and making ends meet happily gives more real pleasure than the spending of exorbitant sums.

The woman who becomes the business partner of her husband, as well as the life partner, and enjoys the work thereof, reaps the harvest of joy for herself and those who are with her.

Be your own business woman. Real economy is not only a saving grace, but to save gracefully and enjoy it brings contentment. For verily "to everything that hath shall be given," and "everything comes to him who waits." Peace is a matter of your own making and in itself constitutes plenty. You can get it out of your daily work. Get it! Look forward, but cultivate contentment in the meantime.

Take the girl with the "green" eyes. We meet her every day. She is ever a copyist. Nothing of her own ever appears to her, but the dress, the jewel and the hat belonging to another is shining, alluring and attractive. To gain possession of these things she will go to extremes, and what is the result?

We immediately know her. She does not deceive us, but bears the trademark, "Imitation." "Want to be and can't."