How the Field Force is Fed

An Interesting Account of a Night With a British Convoy.

The Tremendous Transportation Problem on a Forced March.

This interesting correspondence was sent from Bloemfontein: The news that railway communication had been re-established between this capital and Cape Colony was received on every hand with profound satisfaction. After several weeks of life on the veldt, remote from civilization so far as the ordinary comforts of daily life are concerned, there was no sweeter music for us than the shrill whistle of the locomotive as the first train steamed from here towards Bethulie. No more joyful tidings could have been announced to the splendid army now quartered here, which had been relying hitherto for bread and meat upon the progress of sluggish mules and oxen, travelling over rocky, sandy, treacherous roads, interspersed at frequent intervals with great "sluits," or precipitous dips, extending sometimes to six feet or more below the level of the thoroughfare. There is an impression amongst some people that a British soldier can carry enough rations with him to last for a week, but there is, unfortunately, no ground for the belief, despite the perfection which the art of compressing nourishment, both solid and liquid, into a minimum of space has recently attained.

EMERGENCY RATIONS.

Every soldier is certainly provided with a little tin box containing an "emergency ration," which is intended to feed him in case of necessity for a couple of days, but for the most part he must rely on the zeal of the army service corps in bringing all supplies to the front. During the victorious march upon Bloemfontein we have had to rely, not upon swift special trains, but slow convoys, for the transport of our eatables from Modder river and Kimberley. In each case the distance is less than 100 miles, but it is not too much to say—so great are the difficulties of the road—that every mile, nay, every yard in some cases, has only been conquered after travail, pain, and sacrifice equal almost to anything endured by the fighting line. The officers and men of the Army Service Corps have proved themselves heroes as worthy as those who have been exposed to the shot and shell of the enemy, while they have lacked the excitement to valiant work which the battlefield itself never fails to provide for British soldiers.

My first experience of a convoy in the present war was gleaned a short time ago, when we left Modder river for Paardeberg, where General Cronje was on the point of surrendering. We mustered upwards of fifty great lumbering wagons, each carrying about seven thousand pounds weight of goods, and drawn by thirty or more oxen. The good consisted of coarse biscuits, of which a soldier on full rations is allowed one pound per day, potted beef, of which he may take one pound in default of fresh meat, tea, coffee, rum, lime juice, preserved vegetables, and medical stores. A large quantity of "Maconochie's rations," a sort of preserved meat and vegetables, which can be either stewed, boiled or baked, according to the soldier's fancy, and which most of the men esteem a delicacy when on active service, was also carried.

We commenced the journey at dusk on account of the oxen, who speedily become fatigued by day, and we were escorted by several strong companies. After leaving Modder camp we crossed the river by means of the excellent pontoon bridge erected by the Royal Engineers, and on reaching the other side we had to ascend a steep hill, litered, by boulders

THE KAFFIR DRIVERS

are provided with huge bamboos, twelve feet long, to which a great thong is attached, and the crack of this formidable whip sounds exactly like the report of a pistol. It was to the accompaniment of a regular fusillade and much swearing, which was fortunately in a native dialect, that we made the ascent, the first pair of oxen attached to each of the wagons being led through the devious patch by a barefotted Kaffir. As soon as we emerged on to the plain the procession was reformed, various sections of wagons being in charge of a mounted conductor—always a white man—who receives from the government a handsome salary for services which our soldiers are not educated to perform. He must ride up and down the caravan, giving orders in the Kaffir or Dutch language to his subordinates, and generally keeping the black men and their oxen thoroughly up to the work. The officials in charge of the entire business are members of the Army Service Corps, and most efficiently have they performed their work in the present campaign so far as the advance upon Bloemfontein is concerned. Doubtless, they had not been remiss in other quarters, but I speak only of the work of which I have myself been a witness. I am aware that on several occasions Lord Roberts' men were short of food before they set foot in the capital of the Orange Free State, but this defect was due to the capture of a British convoy at Riet river, when no fewer than 200 wagons, containing rations for five days for 40,000 men, became the temporary loot of the Boers. I say "temporary" advisedly, because, since reaching this city, I find that we have recovered a very large proportion of these valuable supplies, also the books and ledgers which had been lost.

It was

A PICTURESQUE SPECTACLE

to watch our caravan threading its way over the plain which extends from Modder river in the direction of Jacobsdal, some miles beyond where our troops were for the moment stationed. The sun was setting amid a profusion of richest color, gold and crimson, such as one seldom sees in other climes. Later on, when night came, and the cattle were toiling painfully along over rough ground, there was much thunder and sheet-lightning, but, fortunately, no rain. After the heat of the day, the air struck one as delightfully cool, albeit the temperature was probably as high as that experienced in England during average summer weather. Every now and then we were compelled to pause, owing to some accident to wagon or ox, and neither was of infrequent occurence during this particular journey. In the former case the damage was promptly made good, and in the latter the animal was outspanned and left to die on the route. So far as horses, mules, and oxen are concerned, the entire way between Modder river and Bloemfontein has proved a veritable Calvary.

In some countries natives direct their course across the desert by following the bleached bones of man and beast which mark the route; but in the present case there will be no landmarks of that description to assist the traveller. Truth to tell, the stench of the rotten cattle on either side has become appalling during our hot autumn, and the spectacle of birds of prey feasting upon the remains so revolting that Kaffirs have been engaged for the purpose of burying the unfortunate animals.

During four hours we plodded painfully along, with nothing to enliven the journey beyond thunder and lightning, the flash of military searchlights proceeding from Kimberley and Modder, the cracking of the great whips, and the straining of the huge wagons.

PLACID TOMMY ATKINS.

It was astonishing to note the ease and placidity with which Tommy Atkins had adopted himself to the this novel state of travel. There he sat by the side of the dusky driver, shirt-sleeves turned up, a pipe in his mouth, and a look of positive satisfaction upon his sunburnt face. I met several men whose departure from London I had witnessed. They were no longer spick and span as regards uniform, which was much worn and soiled, but in health they looked better, and in spirit they were not one whit less resolute or brave.

After four hours' work the convoy rested. The weary oxen were outspanned, and the drivers, with their assistants, soon made themselves comfortable around huge camp fires. For the cattle there was a little grass to eat, and for the natives I noticed the favorite dish was steak and onions.

It would appear that these blacks, who can thrive for days on Indian corn and water, are not averse at times from the luxuries of civilized diet, and on the present occasion most of them fared better than our soldiers, who were content with a biscuit made of coarse meal and some bully beef.

CANNED MEAT PREFERRED.

Fresh meat is often served out in camp, but being newly killed is generally so tough that Mr. Atkins prefers the tinned sort, which he cooks in a variety of tasty fashions by means of his mess tin, a convenient article, which serves alternately the purposes of saucepan, frying-pan, and teapot. Even the worst bread, made under difficulties by a regimental cook, is preferable to the army biscuit, seeing that the latter, although nourishing, plays havoc with the hardest gums. Apart from the goods brought to the troops by the Army Service Corps, it is impossible to deny that an enemy's country offers various opportunities for replenishing the empty larder. The Orange Free State, so far as we have made its acquaintance, is rather barren and desolate, but there are, nevertheless, well-stocked kitchen gardens and barns for poultry. By some accident or other choice vegetables and plump birds find their way from the enemy's territory into the mess tents of officers and men. All this, however, was before we reached the snug capital of the Orange Free State. Now that we are removed from the wild veldt, army mortality has improved, and a soldier who helped himself to a chicken the other day was sentenced to fifty-eight days' imprisonment. A short time before, when he was on the march from Paardeberg, for example, he might have annexed a sheep or a horse with absolute impunity.

The halt lasted four hours, and at 2 o'clock, when most people felt inclined to sleep for the remainder of the night, we resumed our tedious journey. A couple of hours late, just before dawn, the temperature, as usual in this country, declined rapidly, and men who had despised even a waistcoat during the previous evening now wrapped themselves in blankets. Altogether we travelled

15 MILES IN SEVEN HOURS,

and then we stopped for the day. Before "going to bed," or, in other words, flinging oneself under a wagon without removing a single garment, the Army Service people established what is called a "supply park." The wagons were drawn up in square, and biscuits and beef were distributed amongst other vehicles drawn by mules, which, in their turn, continued the journey to the fightingmen ahead. For a distance of thirty or forty miles the task of transporting provisions over the bad roads of this country has proved of insurperable difficulty, but the pinch was felt later, when the convoy was in hourly danger of attack. I have travelled for long periods with the Army Service people, when the enemy has been hovering all around most of the time, and the task of conducting lumbering wagons drawn by slow oxen, under such circumstances, is enough to try the nerves of the strongest. Fortunately, the Boers seldom, if ever, attack in the open, and this knowledge inspires our small escort with courage. It is only when passing by kopjes or very broken ground, affording cover for the enemy, that they may be expected to take the initiative, and in a case like this experience has shown that a small number of determined soldiers can hold many Boers in check until assistance arrives from the main body of troops. And now—for a time, at least—we hope that the speedy locomotive will replace the sluggish oxen, and that stores required for an advance upon Pretoria will be conveyed direct from the colony by rail instead of by wagons over troublesome roads. For the present, happily, we have plenty of goods, and I was told yesterday of valuable warehouses at the station.

THE CANADIANS' BRIGADIER.

How General Smith-Dorrien Saved His Life by Quick Running.

General Smith-Dorien, who is in command of the brigade in which the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry (the First Contingent) is included, is an old Harrow boy, who has seen a good deal of military service. He is the brother of Mr. T. A. Dorrien-Smith, who is locally known as the "King of the Scilly Isles." The General once owed his life to his running powers, making a most wonderful escape at the battle of Isandula. At that time Smith-Dorrien was with another officer in command of the transport department, and was not supposed to be fighting. On the day of the battle, he went out inspecting the country alone, and had gone several miles from the camp, when he was suddenly set upon by a body of Zulus. He set spurs to his horse and was soon galloping away, with the enemy after him. After riding some distance he came upon an officer on foot, who asked him to let him hang on to his stirrups, to help him along. This he did, and they went some way in this manner, when his friend, thoroughly fagged out, asked Smith Dorrien to allow him to get on his horse. When he had mounted the horse straightaway bolted, leaving Smith-Dorrien behind to the tender mercy of the now fast-approaching enemy. Nothing daunted, he sprinted ahead, and it was not in vain that he had taken many prizes in his younger days for running. He kept steadily ahead for a couple of miles with the Zulus—who are among the swiftest and longest-winded runners in the world—unpleasantly close upon his heels, until at last he spurted into camp and safety. He keeps to this day the pair of boots which he wore on that occasion. They were new when he started, but when he came back their soles were gone. English victories, it has been said, are won upon the playing-fields at Eton, but it is a little unique for a valuable life to be saved upon the cinderpath at Harrow, as indubitably was that of the gallant Smith-Dorrien.

"L'ANGELUS" AND "LA TERRE."

Those dear lads we fondly cherish
Against the sunset glow they stand,
Two humblest toilers of the land,
Rugged of speech and rough of hand,
Bowed down by tillage;
No grace of garb or circumstance
Invests them with a high romance,
Ten thousand such through fruitful France,
In field and village.

The day's slow path from dawn to west
Has left them, soil-bestained, distrest,
No thought beyond the nightly rest—
New toil to-morrow;
Till solemnly the "Ave" bell
Rings out the sun's departing knell,
Borne by the breese's rhythmic swell
O'er swathe and furrow.

O lowly pair! you dream it not,
Yet on your hard, unlovely lot
That evening gleam of light has shot
A glorious presage;
For prophets oft have yearned, and kings
Have yearned in vain to know the things
Which to your simple spirits brings
That curfew message.

Turn to the written page, and read
In other strain the peasant's creed,
With satyr love and vampire greed
How hearts are tainted.
Read to the end unmoved who can,
Read how the primal curse on man
May shape a fouler Caliban
Than poet painted.

And this is Nature! Be it so;
It needs a master's hand to show
How through the man the brute may grow
By hell's own leaven;
We blame you not; enough for us
Those two lone figures bending thus,
For whom that far-off Angelus
Speaks hope and heaven.

THE EMPIRE ON PARADE.

By Richard Monckton Milne.

A world-wide race has sprung to arms—
The ranks close in, each nerve is strained,
And kinsmen make a common cause
The nation's mandate to sustain.
From out the seven seas there come
Her strong young sons, her ships arrayed
Their cherished birthright to uphold—
The British Empire on parade.

No treaty binds, no compact holds—
'Tis strength of kin, the bond of blood;
Her strength's our strength, her joys her pain—
For this we join across the flood.
Not in a cause for conquest's lust
In tyrant will o'er vanquished swayed,
But freedom's cry from sons oppressed
Has called an empire on parade.

To spread the Saxon's rights of man,
His fear of God and justice teach—
These are our strongest hopes and aims,
By these the destined goal we reach,
Such precepts through the years have borne
Our greatness, our greatness made;
To-day we stand, strong, free and brave,
A mighty empire on parade.

A newer strength is born to us,
A broadened purpose, duty clear;
Who dares to make a Briton slave
The greater Britain has to fear,
And watchful nations, marking well
This world-encircling girdle made,
Behold a commonwealth in one—
The British Empire on parade.

THREE CHEERS FOR THEM.

By H. Isabel Graham.

We saw old Erin's flag afloat
Upon St. Patrick's day,
And proudly pinned some shamrocks on
To celebrate the fray.

Where Ireland gave her noblest sons
For freedom, home and queen;
Adding bright records of renown
To those that long have been.

Sweet Isle of Beauty often torn
By party hate and strife,
Thine be the greatness that shall rise
From death to endless life.

May no discordant voice disturb
The union firm and free,
Which binds anew by tears and blood
The mother-land to thee.

May she, too, seek they highest good,
And ne'er forget the debt
She owes to those who saved the realm
On which no sun has set.

Then twine the green, let it be seen,
With red, and white and blue;
The Union Jack so deeply dyed
Is Ireland's trophy too.

Long may it shield her Emerald shores;
Three loud Canadian cheers,
For Royal Rifles, Connaught men,
Dragoons and Fusiliers.

ENGLISH MOTHERS.

By Lady Sudeley.

We English mothers hold most dear
The sons we bear and love to rear:
But still we point them to the fight.
And bid them to defend the right.
This will we do for England.

The laurels for the victor's brow,
But for the dead the cypress bough;
We English mothers hide our fears,
And smile our farewell through our tears.
This will we do for England.

Thos dear lads we fondly cherish,
In the far-off strife may perish,
Yet, anguish-torn, we mothers feel
We give them for our country's weal.
This will we do for England.

MAY TIME.

When you see her blushing softly in the
sunrise on the hill,
And you hear her leafy rustle in the lane,
And, like the singing of a brooklet when
the country world is still,
The drip and ripple of her placid rain;

When the strong and spear-like grasses part
the water with their tips.
Where the willows hang their fringy
branches low,
As the sunshine through the spaces of their
golden netting slips,
And dances on the water, to and fro;

When you see the haw trees dropping all
Their petals, starry-white,
And the feather-weeds along the wayside
hedge
Catching, in their lazy dances, waves of
fragrance and of light,
And the daisies blowing in the forest-
edge;

Sleeping hopes will gently thrill you, setting new, sweet thoughts astir—
Happy dreams you thought, perchance,
had died away,
As you ramble through the meadows and
along the shore with her—
With the lilac-crowned and zephyr-footed
May.

The other day a little boy sat on the floor crying. After a while he stopped, and seemed to be thinking about something. Looking up suddenly, he said, "Mother, what was I crying for?" "Because I wouldn't let you go out to play." "Oh, yes," and he started howling louder than ever.

The Coming Great Eclipse

Preparations of the Astronomers for the Study of the Phenomenon.

New Instruments to Be Used—Huge Cameras for Photographing.

A Washington special correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: At Uncle Sam's Naval Observatory, beyond Georgetown, I have just spent an interesting day inspecting the elaborate apparatus with which the astromers of that institution will study the great solar eclipse of May 28.

Entering the observatory grounds, my eye fell upon a tall structure of fresh, yellow timber built in the form of one windmill tower within another of slightly greater dimensions. Slanting from the green lawn to a point where it rested upon the outermost of these, was a long, tapering framework of iron, with the same general form, but much narrower in diameter. Ushered back of this same spot by Prof. Skinner, of the observatory staff, I was told that the structure in question was the framework of a giant camera with which large photographs of the eclipse are to be made in the field. Inside the tapering framework of iron was to be placed a gas pipe covered with canvas and lined with two light-tight layers of black cloth. This being done and a powerful lens being placed within the small, square opening at the top, the finished product will be a much elongated camera box. A plate-holder having been placed at its lower end, this box will be clamped to the outer of the two frame towers at such an angle as to point directly toward the sun during the totality of the eclipse. The lens, at the upper end, will be mounted upon a pedestal supported by the inner tower. Thus any shaking of the long camera box as a result of wind and other disturbance will not cause the lens to vibrate and spoil the picture.

The lower end of the camera box will rest upon the ground, on which will be a small track bearing the plate-holder, kept in motion by clockwork timed to counteract the gradual passage of the sun's image across the negative. Were this not done the sun's bright corona would blur the plate. The lens to be used will have a diameter of 5 inches and the length of its focus will be 38 feet, the extent of its light-tight tube. Upon the resulting photograph, 14 inches by 17 inches in size, the diameter of the moon's black disc, as it hides the sun, will measure 4½ inches.

Prof. Skinner explained to me that this great device was being erected for practice work. It is to be directed toward that part of the heavens where the eclipse is to be seen. Previous to the departure of the astromoners to the eclipse track it will be focused upon the stars at night.

The task of regulating the clock-train to convey the plate-holder at such a speed as will keep the image of the

MOVING SUN FOCUSED

upon the exact centre of the negative, will, of course, be a troublesome one, requiring many days. The great camera will be duplicated in two places within the eclipse path. These will be known as main stations. One will be at Pinehurst, N.C., and the other at Barnesville, Ga., the three years' investigation by the weather bureau having determined that these highland region are least liable to be cloudy upon the day of the eclipse. To these two points an advance corps of astromoners will repair within a few days to erect 25-foot towers for the large cameras and proper emplacements for other delicate instruments.

Close beside the large camera I was shown what was called a solar axis. A duplicate of this will be taken to each of the stations specified. This is an elongated wooden box, mounted at each end upon pivots which allow it to revolve upon an axis exactly parallel with that of the earth. Hence the device rests at a considerable slant, one end upon the level of the ground and the other upon a tripod. Along the length of each solar axis there will be clamped four photographic telescopes of form 1 to 8 feet focal length, all pointing eastward exactly at the eclipsed sun. As the sun slowly mounts the heavens clockwork rotating the elongated box upon its pivots will enable these telescopes to follow it exacty.

Thus will be obtained accurate photographs of the sun's corona as it appears around the black disc of the moon. Such pictures will perhaps contribute much needed facts to the now meager evidence concerning the general shape and structure of that curiously formed envelope. While it is known to be an appendage of the sun, the causes producing its delicate detail during total eclipses have never been definitely determined. No one can venture a safe guess as to exactly how this snow-white halo will appear on the various photographic plates. Sometimes it has projected in straight, spoke-like rays around the moon's black face. At other times these rays have been curved, feathery, spiral or looped. In some cases they have enlarged into long streamers projecting from the top and bottom of the black disc. Why these various forms are assumed is a vexed problem. As is well known, the corona can be seen only during total eclipses, when the moon shades from the eyes the dazzling circle of the sun's body.

THIS YEAR'S ECLIPSE

will remain total only for a minute and a half in the regions of the government stations. The halo will disappear the second the moon passes from between the earth and the sun. The object, therefore, will be to obtain as many snapshots as possible taken in quick succession.

While a well-trained corps of astronomers in manipulating these photographic instruments, another located at the same stations will be making visual examinations of the corona with telescopes of 5-inch aperture. Two men will be assigned to each instrument. Each of these couples will be located outside of hearing distances of other observing parties likely to distract them. One will devote his attention solely to the telescope. The other will be equipped with a lantern, writing materials and a carefully corrected timepiece. A minute or two before the expected time of the moon's coinciding with the outermost rim of the sun, the latter individual will watch his second hand and begin to silently count the seconds. The observer at the telescope will carefully watch the sun, and at the instant the eclipse begins will cry, "Mark." His companion will thereupon record first the second, then the minute and then the hour. That this time may be estimated with absolute accuracy, arrangements are being made whereby the Western Union Company will for several days signal the exact second of Washington mean noon from the naval observation stations.

To the popular mind the most interesting part of this telescopic observation will be a search for a plent suspected of existing somewhere between Mercury and the sun. Mercury is the nearest to the latter of all the older planets. On account of its supposed proximity to Old Sol the alleged intra-mercurial planet"—as it is scientifically called—is made invisible by the distracting glare of the former. It is the hope of astronomers that during the eclipse when the heavens surrounding the sun are darkened, and when the stars there are distinctly visible, such a near neighbor of the reigning orb of day may be revealed by one of the telescopes, either to the eye or to the photographic plate. Some of our most conservative astronomers have agreed that there are masses of matter revolving about the sun within the orbit of Mercury. Lescarbault, a country physician, living near Paris in 1859, claimed to have observed a planet such as will be searched for this year. Some eminent astronomers indorsed his claim, and the supposed new world was named "Vulcan." It was estimated to have a diameter of 2,500 miles—less than a third that of earth. It was assigned a place in the solar system 13,000,000 miles from the sun, and was thought to revolve about the latter once in nineteen days. During the eclipse of 1878 two bright star-like objects were observed very near the sun, and this discovery gave rise to a theory that "Vulcan" had a near neighbor in this hot region. Many astronomers incline to the idea that there are perhaps more than two of the so-called intra-mercurial asteroids.

Adjacent to the two main stations, the naval observatory will locate auxiliary parties—one in the centre and others on the edges of the total eclipse path—which will manipulate delicate instruments designed to take photographs of the spectrum of such heated atmospheres of the sun as will be

VISIBLE IN THE CORONA

and the chromosphere, which latter is a red mass of hydrogen, helium and other gases at the corona's base. Such work will enable the atronomers to make new analyses of these vapors and to add to their knowledge of their constituents, now known to include more than one-half of our chemical elements. In addition to all of this paraphernalia will be portable transits, located at the various stations for determining differences of time, latitude and longitude.

At Wadesboro, N.C., will be located an expedition under Prof. Langley, the great astronomer at the head of the Smithsonian, who will take with him half a dozen trained assistants. An interesting feature of their work will be a study of part of the invisible spectrum by means of the Newberry, S.C., Profs. Bigelow and Abbe, of the weather bureau, will locate a station for telescopic and photographic work.

Other important work to be performed by the weather bureau at the time of the eclipse will be a systematic observation of the effects of that phenomenon upon the weather conditions of the country. The net work of weather observatories covering the entire South and Southwest will carefully record the influence of the great black shadow upon pressure, temperature, wind velocity and humidity. It is generally believed that total eclipses lower the temperature and humidity, but raise the barometric pressure in surrounding regions of the earth's atmosphere.

Prof. Bigelow is of the opinion that during this year's eclipse conditions will be more favorable than usual for observing the rays of the corona distinctly in a photogram. In years of great sunspot activity the corona photographs appear blurred, and the haze on the plate prevents the curved streamers from being readily distinguished. Sun spots reach their minimum every eleven years, and it is particularly fortunate that this period is occurring just about this time.

Capt. C. H. Davis, United States navy, superintendent of the naval observatory, requested me to express his desire for amateurs who may visit the path of totality to make photographs or naked-eye sketches of the phenomenon and submit them to him. Such as are well made will be published in a voluminous illustrated report which the observatory will issue after the return of its expeditions. Any kind of a camera will suffice to make a picture of the moon's black disc and its surrounding corona. Some of the best photographs of the India eclipse of two years ago were made with small cameras. To those who wish to engage in such amateur photographing and sketching Capt. Davis will mail a phamplet of instructions.

While the black path of the total eclipse shadow will be a straight line nearly eighty miles wide, commencing at sunrise May 28, off the Pacific coast of Mexico, traversing that country from Chilapa to Laguna de la Madre, crossing the northern corner of the great gulf, sweeping still further northeastward from New Orleans to Norfolk, spanning the Atlantic from the Chesapeake capes to Portugal, thence traversing Spain and northern Africa, and ending at sunset near the Nubian desert, this great phenomenon in some partial phase may be witnessed over the whole of North and Central America, with the exception of a narrow strip of Pacific coast line, including San Francisco, Los Angeles and neighboring cities of western California; all of the lower California and the far western coast of Mexico. In this excepted strip the eclipse will occur a few minutes before sunrise.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

For persons who disdain the banality of bonbon dishes, fruit knives and the other almost inevitable wedding presents, the china shops show some charming and useful gifts, fitted snugly into ornamental cases and looking as dainty and far more novel than the six coffee cups and the pepper and salt sets from which it seems no bride can escape. These china dishes, dainty as they are, might be called cooking utensils and so are eminently suited for wedding gifts in the most old-fashioned sense of the term. They are of fluted china, white, tinted, touched up with gilt or flowered in lovely Dresden patterns. There are broad, shallow souffle dishes, like little butter tubs; scallop shells exquisitely shaped and tinted; ramikins in the shape of little fruit baskets, tapering toward the bottom; broad, shallow quail cases with flaring brim of china or of silver; oyster shells of open-work gilt or silver with inner cases of metal, and odd round and oval dishes for vegetables, macaroni, etc.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Trying to scale a precipice is but a game of bluff.

Many a man who was born to succeed dies of heart failure.

Dignity may stoop to conquer, but it never grovels in the dust.

Don't think because a corporation has no sole it is on its uppers.

If a man has a good scheme and makes money out of it people call him a genius; if he loses they call him a fool.

A woman can make a mental inventory of another woman's attire in half a minute—but she usually wastes a whole afternoon in telling her neighbors the story, and that is the pale green jade.

DOINGS OF THE DAY.

Automobile Street Piano—Another Door Open to Women Anxious to Earn Their Living.

The day of the automobile street piano has dawned. Soon the picturesquely clad women who draw the festive hurdy-gurdy through our streets under the able direction of their husbands, must seek some other method of developing their muscle. At least there is an automobile street piano in New York, and when a fashion is once introduced even among street musicians, we all know what happens. The proud inventor of the new contrivance is a boy who has been employed for the past two years in a New York factory where automobiles are built, some of them to be operated by electricity and others by gasoline. The lad kept his eyes wide open while toiling at his appointed task and kept constantly before him the idea of learning how to build an automobile which could be utilized running his father's street piano. Finally he set to work upon the device, putting in all his evenings and spare time. He bought the parts from time to time with his own earnings and such money as his father could spare from the receipts of the piano and fitted them together as he had seen the workmen do at the factory. He had acquired a good working knowledge of the principles on which the machines were constructed and the result was eminently satisfactory. The piano was loaded upon a little wagon constructed for the purpose and the operating mechanism was fitted into a box at the rear. Now the itinerant musician goes forth daily on his rounds, with his hands upon the lever instead of with his back bowed under the strap with which he formerly tugged the piano. His wife sits up behind, ready to leap down and pass the cup when her liege stops his machine to play a few tunes and the baby rides like a queen in front behind her father.

* * *

Still another door has opened to women anxious to make their own living, and this time so easily that it hardly required a preliminary knock. A Southern girl with few resources, but a thorough knowledge of society and its ways, applied to a friend for assistance. She was willing to do anything but beg or starve and said so. After some careful thought her friend asked her to act as escort to her little daughter, to accompany the child to and from school, to take her to matinees, picture galleries, and the various other places where in the ordinary course of events a maid would act as chaperone. She accepted the proposition and the experiment worked so well that she has increased the number of her charges to seven. The girls in her care range from twelve to sixteen years of age and she finds their company delightful. From each of them she receives three dollars a week, so she makes a comfortable living as well as a pleasant one. On the other hand, her influence for good over the girls in her case is unbounded. For but little more than one would pay a maid these girls have the society of a gentlewoman whose presence and companionship repress any tendency towards frivolity while bringing out all that is best in them. Assuredly the advantage is not all one sided.

* * *

Some women take a long time to discover their vocation in life and Mrs. Catherine V. Waite seems to be a case in point. Having lived an active life for more than half a century during which time she has been a teacher, farmer, author, real estate dealer, contractor and lecturer, she will now, when over seventy years of age, enter the legal profession. Mrs. Waite owns 1,000 horses, 1,000 acres of land and a big block of Chicago real estate, but feels that she should do something to earn a living. Her husband will be taken into partnership, and the firm will be established in Denver. Mrs. Waite is going to Colorado because there a women is eligible to hold office, and the "atmosphere is made for both man and woman." "I am not going to run for Congress, but I am going to have a voice in creating the government that taxes my property," she is reported to have said, and if she is spared, the chances are this energetic old lady will keep her word.

* * *

Rather a singular case, was recently brought before a Buda-Pesth judge for decision. A young girl appealed to him concerning a blue dress, upon which she had set her heart, but which her father refused to buy for her. "No intelligent girl," she declared to the judge, "when she was the look-out for a husband would go about simply dressed." The father declared that he had already this year incurred the expense of three toilettes for his daughter, and a fourth was beyond his means. Many witnesses appeared, some bearing testimony to the goodness of the father, others to the extravagance of the daughter; and the judge suggested that if the blue dress had the desired effect it might relieve the father of any further toilette responsibilities. This idea apparently threw a new light upon the subject; the father agreed to the purchase, and left the court amicably with his daughter on his arm.

GEN. WARREN'S MORING TUB.

There is something extremely English in the story of Sir Charles Warren "doing trimbles," as Bouncer expressed it, in the open air on the battlefield of Vaal Kranz, Sir Charles, under no circumstances, intermits his morning bath. On the occasion of Buller's last effort to relieve Lady, Sir Charles found it impossible to leave his post, so when the day broke on the battlefield he ordered his servant to bring his bath with sponge and towel, and there and then, in the open air, Sir Charles Warren, commanding the Fifth Division, proceeded to take his bath, sublimely indifferent to the fire of the enemy. The enemy were, perhaps, too much astonished at the British ecentrility of bathing at all, much more of bathing in this extremely public fashion, to attempt any violent interruption.

An amusing point of the story is that Sir Redvers Buller, anxious to confer with Warren, chose that identical moment to send his orderly to tell him so. It was, of course, absolutely impossible for Sir Charles to move, and Buller had to ride across to the impromptu bathroom, where the two Generals conversed on matters of grave importance—the one on horseback, and the other in his tub.

Ancient superstitions are no longer regarded by the woman of fashion. She is modern to the finger tips and courts disaster in a way that frightens her mother. She has herself photographed in her wadding dress before she is married, has her trousseau marked with her new initials instead of her maiden name, and otherwise flies in the face of traditions which once were sacred because of their very antiquity. At the present moment the most favored gem for mounting as a charm is the opal, the stone banned for years as an omen of bad fortune to the wearer. Now you find opals in the rough, as well as polished, being mounted in almost every style for wear on neck chains or on bangles. There is only one other stone which can rival them in popularity, and that is the pale green jade.

In Woman's Kingdom

French Women Who Are Privileged to Wear Male Attire.

Something About Salads—Hints on Wedding Presents.

Water cress is not half appreciated; people dip it in salt and nibble at it a little, or garnish dishes with it, but it is a delicious salad plant if it is properly treated. It costs next to nothing to raise, and the supply is inexhaustible, as it is constantly growing. It flourishes for nearly nine months in the year, provided it is not allowed to seed, and its crisp, piquant flavor has an especial charm. All salad plants should be thoroughly washed through several waters. Shake the cress in a big bowl of water, sprig by sprig. Put plenty of salt in the water; the cress is generally full of queer little parasites and the salt sends them quickly to the bottom. After washing in several waters shake it until is is thoroughly dry. Heap it in a salad bowl and put in a cool place. It is leaving a delicate salad in a hot kitchen while the dressing is being prepared that sends it to the table in a wilted condition. Cut a few chieves in tiny slices—use a very sharp knife—and when this is prepared sprinkle it through the cress. When ready to serve them make the dressing—a simple French dressing—and be sparing with the vinegar. It is said that a London physician asserts that the cause of the good health of that metropolis is due to the fact that water cress is sold in vast quantities at the market every morning.

The enterprising interviewer has not spared Madame Calve, and as a result

* * *

we may all know her age, history, hopes and aspirations, as well as her favorite role, menu and perfume. Calve, the artiste, is public property. Now we are told something of Calve, the woman. Each summer she spends at her Chateau at Cavriere, near Aveyron, about which a pretty story is told. When as a girl she used to walk past this place each day her most daring dream was to some time be rich enough to purchase it. After success came, the dream was realized. To-day she spends as much time as possible there in company with her parents and brothers and sisters. To the village folks Calve is an ideal Lady Bountiful. She visits the poor, takes the sick all sorts of tempting delicacies, interests herself in securing positions for the unemployed. The village children fairly worship her. Calve loves children. She will sit for hours on the lawn under the big trees surrounded by a group of admiring children, telling them strange tales of what she has seen and heard in foreign lands, or relating legends of long ago. Cats are Calve's pets among animals. She finds them the most independent and coquettish of created things, and full of occult influences. She does not care at all for jewellery. Wild verbena is her perfume, carnation her flower, autumn her season, Ophelia her favorite role.

* * *

It is quite safe to say that not one-third of the salad oil sold in America as olive oil is really genuine; much of it is made from cotton seed, while thousands of gallons of so-called olive oil is a fish product. There is a process by which the fishy flavor is extracted, and this animal passes as a pure vegetable product. There is no reasonable objection to cotton seed oil; it is pure and wholesome and makes a good salad dressing; the objection is to selling it under a false label. Unless one is an expert it is almost impossible to tell the cotton seed and olive oils apart; the test used to be in the color, the olive oil having a peculiar green shade which distinguished it; but now this color is most cleverly imitated in the cotton seed oil. The fish oils are most objectionable, being heavy an too heating to the blood. First-class dealers do not sell the fish oils. In Russia an excellent salad oil is made from the sunflower seed, but it is sold for what it is, and not under the guise of olive oil. It is also as well as in some parts of France, they use a walnut oil for salads. This oil has a peculiar bitter flavor, which one has to be educated up to. The filbert oil used in Paris for salad dressing and for other culinary purposes is sweet and delicious. One of the preparations of this oil is condensed and called filbert butter; it resembles slightly cocoa butter.

* * *

While fashionable women are wearing their hair carelessly disposed about the face and drawn to a high knot atop the head, there is talk of a return of the Mme. de Maintenon coiffure. This will bring down the locks to curve about temples and cheeks in, let us hope, becoming ringlets. Something is sure to happen to make women cut their hair, now that it has grown long and even. Women with plenty of time and money give much attention to their hair. One week it is washed, the next it is singed, then it is brushed, and next it is treated with tonic or again brushed. After a few months of such care the hair becomes shining, pliable and greatly improved in color. Hair thoroughly washed, dried and immediately waved will keep its wave for two weeks. A late notion is to confine the freshly dried hair in a loose silk mop-cap, lined with cheese cloth. A layer of cotton between cheese cloth and silk is thick with violet sachet. An hour's wear suffices to impart to the hair a delicate perfume. The same cap may be donned at night. Such caps may be bought, made and perfumed, but it is much cheaper to make them, and the home-made ones are sure to be prettier.

* * *

In France women are allowed to wear male attire; but they must pay for the privilege. The amount of a tax which a woman pays for wearing such clothes is about $10 a year; but her willingness to pay the tax does not insure her the right to wear these garments. As a matter of fact, the right is conferred by the government as a tribute of great merit, and the honor conferred is something like that of the coveted ribbon of the Legion of Honor. The only women to whom the right to wear male attire has been given are Georges Send, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the Persian archaeologist; Mmes. Forrean and La Jeannette, both sculptors. French women are very anxious sometimes for the right to wear male attire, but it is carefully guarded. Last year the government was petition in vain by Madame de Valsayre. This lady is well known for her propensity to fight duels, and her efforts to get elected to the French Assembly. She is a pretty woman with a profusion of blonde hair, but her beauty had no effect on the hearts of the authorities who sternly refused to allow her the coveted privilege.

Japan Will Take Acti

Emigration Laws Will Be forced to Check Exodu to America.

Willapa Completes Surpris Fast Passage—Shippi News of a Day.

An entirely new solution of th anese immigration problem is su in advices brought by the N. P. s Sikh, these being quite in line wit referred to at the coming of the Vostok. The Japan Mail (Yok and the Kobe Herald then were as quite concurring in the necess desirability of Canada adoptin effectual restrictive measures as to Asiatic immigration. Now th Chronicle is heard from in an an ment that the people and governn Japan are determined upon actio ing to the thorough enforcement laws limiting emigration from Ja America. As a result the opera the labor contractors in Japan ha abruptly suspended, and alrea steamship companies note a mark ing off in the volume of steerage The Sikh had fewer Japanese th other Oriental arrivals in two r and following ships are said to ha dropped a large part of their immi business. To quote the Kobe icle: "There are now eight emi companies doing business in Japa reaping a harvest out of the busi shipping Japs to America. It is stood, however, that the governme shortly overhaul the proceedin general affairs of these companie thorough fashion, and crush wi sparing hand the abuses that no vail in the majority, if not all, th panies." This action, the same says, has been taken none too so by misrepresentations the agent been sending thousands upon tho to America, the companies maki dividends as a result of the ... across the Pacific. Statistics are to show that the Japanese now from their native land number and coupled with the figures is t nificant statement that "inclu these are 20,000 militiamen, wh been smuggled into the Corean pe under the guise of coolies."

The Kobe Herald, in an article o gration, says: "Hitherto Hawa been the most promising field, bu are now thousands of Japs ther nothing more profitable to do than the beauties of the landscape. At to plant colonies in Fiji and New donia have ended in failure. French West Indies and Peru, an ly Brazil, failures were also made attempts to settle. The Herald cates turning the tide of immigra the direction of South Africa.

AHEAD OF THE SCHEDU

Steamer Willipa Completes a Fa To and From the West Coast.

Half a day in advance of her s the steamer Willapa returned f West Coast yesterday, with a pa list composed almost wholly of and sealing men—the former in in various promising properties Barkley Sound and Bear Riv the latter having been engaged completion of crews for the Behr hunting. The list included Col Hayes, from Hayes' Camp, Canal; R. Wilkinson and John prospectors; James Sutton, the of mining at Wreck Bay, acco by his son; A. Kaye and W. B. con, who have been looking Bonthrone mine