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GET AWAY FROM THE COLD.

Microbes Manage to Live Through the Temperature of Liquid Air.

The researches of Professor Dewar on liquid air are familiar to all who take an interest in the progress of scientific research at large. At a recent Royal society meeting an interesting communication was made on behalf of Dr. A. Macfadyen and Mr. S. Rowland, on the effect of the terrifically low temperature of liquid air on microbes. The aim of the investigators was that of ascertaining whether the germs could survive cold of a degree ranging from 183 to 192 degrees centigrade.

It is, of course, known that many species of microbes can survive being packed in ice, and even higher organisms flourish in the arctic circle. Indeed, the extremes of temperature for low forms of life are widely separated, and so it becomes a matter of practical public interest, as I shall show, to determine where the limits of vitality in this respect are to be found, writes a London correspondent. The low temperature of liquid air offered a supreme chance to see how microbes comported themselves under exposure thereto, and so our investigators seized on the opportunity presented them.

Exposed for twenty hours to the liquid air temperature no injury was apparently sustained by the microbes. But in the recent experiments such germs as those of typhoid fever, diphtheria, anthrax, cholera and other ailments, along with non-disease producing species were submitted to the liquid air test for seven days. In addition to the exclusively low temperature I must add the microbes in this experiment were subjected to a tremendous

MECHANICAL STRAIN.

Then came the question of the effects of both conditions on the vitality of the germs. These results may be summed up in the word nil. Under the microscopes they showed no signs of mechanical injury or distortion, and they were as lively—if that term may be applied to denote a condition of vitality—as they were previous to their chilling and cooling experiences.

I have referred to the public interest which attaches to these investigations. To know the limits of germ life is an essential item in the knowledge of the sanitarian when he undertakes to show how infectious diseases caused by microbic action can be destroyed and prevented from attacking us.

It has long been known that we cannot trust to cold as a disinfecting and germ-killing agency. Cold will check germ growth certainly, a fact we see illustrated by every cargo of Australian mutton that is landed at the docks, but it cannot destroy the microscopic living things that are responsible for inducing disease, and for causing decomposition, putrefaction, and a goodly number of other conditions, beneficial and the reverse.

The investigations I have described confirm fully the sanitary teachings about cold. They also emphasize another little bit of useful information—namely, the difference between a substance that really kills germs and one that merely "scotches" them.

Were this distinction more clearly apprehended by the public we should probably hear less frequently of mysterious outbreaks of epidemics, which probably owe their origin as much to inefficient disinfection as to any other piece of human negligence.

The Girl in the Red Tam.

I.

When Uncle Morrison came down by the London express, and almost insisted on my going off with him that very afternoon to the Radnorshire mountains, "for a little fishing, Leo," I was not at all unwilling to oblige him and myself.

"But why, my dear Richard," asked my mother, "have you taken to such a very ugly-coloured wig?" I also wanted to know.

"Never mind the wig, Mary," said Uncle M. "Get the boy's portmanteau packed. We can then catch the 2.5 train."

As it was already one o'clock, it will be seen he was in a hurry. My mother was easily persuaded. Uncle M. was her favorite brother, and she never tired of lamenting that he was allied in business—the City Road—with such a rough, unpresentable person as Matthew Barker. The two of them were Rowley, Limited, and steel toys were their trade. He was decidedly unusual in the train. I couldn't get him to talk, though ordinarily he chatted like any girl.

"A headache, my boy. Let me have a nap," he said, at length.

Whether he really slept or not I don't know, but I do know that I smiled very much at him. His tawny wig had shifted to one side, showing that ivoried old pate of his.

At the Forest Junction, where we changed for Greendale Station, he briskened considerably. So did I, for it was there I was privileged to do the girl with the red tam o'shanter some slight service. She had impressed me when she got into the train, and I was pleased to see her again.

"Could you tell me," she asked, with the sweetest little lisp and blush, "if I wait this side for Greendale?"

"You do," said I. "We also are going to Greendale, so you can, if you like, get into our carriage."

I smiled, and she smiled, but we progressed no more than that just then. She threw poor old Uncle M. a look which might have meant anything. I took it to mean that she had no intention of putting herself alone into a compartment with two strange men. To my astonishment, I noticed that the old chap had saddled his nose with blue glasses. When we were in the train again I demanded an explanation.

"My boy," said the uncle, "I must ask you not to trouble me with idle questions. I am twenty-five years your senior, and may be supposed to have very good reasons for all I do."

That night we were snugly fixed in the Anglers' Rest, one of the most precious of fishermen's quarters, with the hills soaring behind the inn, speckled all too thinly with big old hollies and oaks—relics of the famous Shellot Forest, in which our Norman friends hunted the boar and the stag. It was respectable fishing weather—southerly wind and a broken sky—and the stream was in nice order. But, to my increased surprise, I could not get Uncle M. out of the house; neither the next day, nor the next, nor the next. He sat and wrote and read, and was in fair spirits only when the lamp was lit of an evening, and he had had two tots of whisky. Hitherto I had never known him to touch a second glass of toddy at one sitting.

Had I not had compensation of a very fascinating kind, I should have been quite angry with Uncle M. But in the meantime, I had again met the girl in the red tam o' shanter—twice in three days, to be correct. She, too, was fishing, and already her brown eyes, sunny smile, gentle speech, and capital handling of a rod had done for me. She was staying at the schoolmistress's cottage, half a mile from the inn. Our landlord knew nothing about her, except that her name was Chesson, and that her landlady thought her a very bold creature to be amusing herself all alone in such a mannish way. She had, it appeared, borrowed rod and flies from the schoolmistress's son—Bill Martin—for solid consideration.

What with the mystery of Uncle M.'s peculiarities and the joy I began to feel in seeing and thinking of Miss Chesson, I didn't do much good with the fish. On the fourth morning I went a step farther on the downward path. There she was, a couple of hundred yards or so below the inn, her cap like a red berry on the greensward. I saw her land a nice one, and then stood opposite to her, with the stream between us.

"How mean of you, Miss Chesson," I said, "to steal another march on me!"

"Mean!" said she, as if startled, and away slipped her rod. It was one fish more, taking her unawares.

I was in the water in a moment, recklessly, too, for I turned turtle in a hole, and came up on her bank, a pretty picture of a dripping idiot. But I secured the rod all right. Her regrets on my behalf were simply divine.

"If you talk like that about such a trifle, my dear girl," I said impetuously, "I shall be compelled to tell you you can catch hearts as cleverly as trout. Anyway, you've caught mine, so there!" She breathed fast, with a deeper blush than before.

"Don't!" she whispered. "And you must run home and change."

"Bother the change Marie!" said I. That was her other name, and I was getting reckless.

But all the response she made to that audacious touch was to pick up her rod and basket, say, "Please go home at once," and turn her cherry-ripe cheeks another way. She marched off, and so did I. However, I had taken the plunge, and really, on reflection, I was extremely glad of it, and on the whole not dissatisfied with the result—as a start, you know.

II.

Uncle M. was rather mad when he heard about me and Marie. He did that through the schoolmistress—hatched-faced gossip! She looked in at the inn, and, chancing to clash with the uncle in the corridor, dived in with an "Excuse me, sir, the liberty I'm taking," which ended in a calm, impudent inquiry if he could tell her anything about Miss Chesson. After that it was straight sailing for the worthy woman to mention our meetings by the stream—ay, and in the worn-out old forest also.

"I only wanted to make sure she was respectable," she explained. All this Uncle M. related to me in the evening. He rose to heights on the subject.

"Whatever you do, don't make an ass of yourself, Leo!" he said. Then he sighed. "There's quite enough of that in the family as it is."

"You're a nice old man to talk in that prudent way," I said. "How about your wig, your specs, and your sticking to the house here, when you came down, you said, expressly to fish?" That hit him.

"You're right, my boy," he said wearily—"you're right. But I can't explain things. It's a miserable business. That's all I can say."

Of course then I had him on the grill. I did my best to dynamite the mystery out of him. No good. The only benefit I gained was his apparent licence of our goings-on. A deal it would have mattered otherwise, for by the end of the week we were engaged. I let fly at him with this sweet news. Then, indeed, he threw off his lethargy, shoved an old deerstalker on the top of that sandy shag of his, and took up his rod.

"My future must be subordinated to yours, my boy," he said, as solemnly as if he were in a pulpit, and the words were his text. "Let me see her."

Well, I knew where she might be, fast enough; but somehow I pitied her, and did not take him straight to her. We juggled among mossy boulders and trickles of water, with thickish birch and holly-scrub by the waterside. But, lo and behold! suddenly Uncle M. yelled out, as if he had a thron in his foot, and there was his wig dangling in the air at the end of Miss Marie's line. The shy, clever, dear little minx!

She'd thrown from the steep bank right above us. It was quite a funny introduction after that.

Uncle M. did the most sensible thing possible in treating it as a huge joke.

"Odd that this should happen in my very first fortnight's declension to false hair!" he said gaily.

Marie was disappointing. She had little to say, and her looks of sorrow seemed to be absurdly overdone. She even answered Uncle M.'s cool questions about her parentage much as if she were a dull little maid at school. But he liked her.

"My boy," he said afterwards, "she's a good girl, though it's mighty queer her sporting about here by herself. Something motherly, don't you know, in her looks!"

"What rot!" said I, with a roar. "I'll tell her that."

And tell her I did that evening, under the moon, which looked splendid, balanced on the crest of our particular hill of the forest. We met by the old churchyard, with absolute contempt for ghosts.

"He says you have a motherly eye, pet," I said, drawing her to me. But she wouldn't be drawn.

"Leo," she whispered, "I must confess something to you."

"All right," said I. "Overrun the constable!"

"Leo," she said, very earnestly indeed, "can't you see that my being here and all isn't an accident? What dear, dense, simple creatures men are! And your uncle is one, too, and I want you to get him out of the country immediately—to-night, or the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Why?" said I.

"Because—because he must. Tell him the writ is issued for his arrest. I don't believe for an instant he is guilty of any crime, but that Mr. Barker is, and your uncle is jointly responsible. Promise you will persuade him to run away." It was the first time she had shown passion. Actually, too, there was the shine of tears in her pretty eyes.

"Go on!" I said. "Tell me everything."

"Not until you promise to persuade him."

"What's the figure?"

She whispered something preposterous. "All fraudulently appropriated by Mr. Barker," she added. "Now promise. It will be too late this time to-morrow." Of course, I understood now.

"You are employed by the prosecuting solicitors, I suppose?" I said. Then if she didn't burst into sobs.

"I—I thought I should like it," she stuttered. "I wanted to earn my own living, and Ralph and father said I had a good enough head on my—my shoulders."

"They told no lie there," said I.

"They have the case in hand," she went on. "But don't wait. Go to him, and tell him what I say. I'll hunt down that Mr. Barker, if I die doing it." I meditated rapidly, then just took her head between my hands and kissed her.

"Traiterous little hussy!" I said. "And to-morrow?"

"There is no time for to-morrows. Go! And go-od-night, dear." Away she whisked, and back to the inn I hustled.

And then, sure enough, my old simpleton of a relative let his cat out. He had been done brown by that old brute Barker, who had cleared off with the proceeds, and left poor Uncle M. to face the music. After long argument I got him definitely to prepare for the Southampton-Havre route to Paris the next evening. Innocent though he was, he could not be allowed to consign himself to a prison. One thing more.

A mysterious intuition got up at the unholy hour of five the next morning. There was a train from Greendale at 5.50. She might—ay, and she was on the platform, with a white, set, self-sacrificial face, which, however, speedily matched her tam for colour when she saw me. I just took her by the arm, lifted her bag, and led her back to the hamlet. And, believe me, I scarcely let her out of my sight again till we'd fixed things to such a point that there was no opening even for a young lady-detective (amateur) to give me the slip.

Uncle M. got to France, and I saw Marie back to town. She was by then steeled to bear the prodigious blowing-up which her father and brother were bound to have, and had, ready for her. It was her first and last flutter as a "tec."—London Answers.

NEED NOT BE WASTED.

A man went to a hotel in Alnwick, and ordered beefsteak. When it came he struggled with it valiantly for some time, and then cried:

Waiter!

Sir.

What is this?

Beefsteak, sir.

Thank you. Do customers usually try to eat them?

Yes, sir, unless they've extra large mouths.

I see. But I haven't; so you'd better take that steak back to the cook; and tell him I haven't hurt it. I've only bent it a bit. It'll come in useful as a hinge for a rabbit-hutch door.

VERY LIKELY.

Wife—I somehow just feel in my bones that we will go to Europe this summer.

Husband—In which bone do you feel it most?

Wife—Well, I don't exactly know, but I guess it's my wishbone.

Taking beef as worth 100 as food, milk is worth 24, eggs 72, and pork 116.

HIS MAJESTY'S UNIFORM,

WHY SHOULD THE OFFICER DISCARD IT AS OFTEN AS HE CAN?

Continental Officers Always Wear Their Uniform in Public—Once a Soldier Always a Soldier Is the Rule in Europe.

One of the first of Earl Roberts' acts as Commander-in-Chief was the issue of an order that all officers visiting Pall Mall as officers should be attired in the uniform of their rank. That order strikes the right note. Some day, perhaps, His Majesty may, through the Commander-in-Chief, inform his officers of the sister services that it is His Royal will and pleasure that they shall cease to disguise themselves as civilians when off duty.

But is an officer ever really "off duty"? In the other armies of the civilized world they do not think so. The uniform of the Kaiser and the Tsar, of the French Republic and the Emperor of Austria, is not slighted in this way. In all European services it is a military offence for an officer to appear in public, save by special permission and when unofficially visiting foreign countries, without his uniform, and even if this were not the case, no European officer dare brave the ridicule and contempt with which his comrades would visit such an insult to his country.

They are never off duty. They are soldiers from the moment they enter the army till the hour in which they leave it. To them their uniform is a great deal more than a mere suit of more or less gorgeous clothes. It is the outward and visible sign of the fact that they have devoted their lives and energies to the service of their country, and the wearing of it is to them not only a duty,

BUT AN HONOR.

Why does not the British officer think the same of the King's uniform? Why is it to him merely a livery of service, to be worn, as a footman wears his livery, only when he is directly serving his master Futrther, one might ask, without impertinence, why the private soldier and the non-commissioned officer is compelled to wear His Majesty's uniform both on and off duty, while those who hold his commission are permitted to get rid of it, as though it were something irksome and disagreeable, at the earliest possible moment—just as the footman does with his livery?

It cannot, of course, be that the British officer holds His Majesty's uniform in anything but honor, though his European brother-in-arms sometimes thinks differently. It would rather seem to be partly the result of a pernicious tradition, and partly on that amateurism which so deplorably interferes with the efficiency of our Army in the field.

The fact is, that the average British officer does not take his profession seriously save when on duty, and therefore the moment his professional duties are over he makes haste to return to civilian life. He has, apparently, a rooted objection to being recognized by the Man in the Street as a bearer of His Majesty's commission, and he likes to get into mufti so that the men of his own regiment may pass him by in the street without saluting.

With us it is not the officer who is saluted, it is the uniform. On the Continent it is both, for the man and his uniform are one. Once a soldier always a soldier, is the rule from end to end of Europe. Why should it not be so in this country?

It would be a welcome sign that the British officer had ceased to look upon the Army as a gentlemanly occupation, and had come to regard it as

A SERIOUS OCCUPATION.

He would live physically in his uniform, just as, mentally, he ought to live in his exalted calling. This may not seem to amount to much, but remember that naval and military officers are human, and that the force of visible association is a very potent force with all of us.

The wearing of uniform would abolish what is now an invidious and a senseless distinction between the commissioned and the non-commissioned man. Reduce the matter to its lowest possible terms, leave the honour of a glorious profession entirely out of the question for the time being, and we find that both are paid servants of His Majesty. Why should the one be compelled to wear the garb of his service during his every-day life, while the other is allowed to wear it as seldom and for as short a time as possible?

The reverse ought surely to be the case. The higher the rank in the King's Service, the greater the honor and the more imperative the duty of wearing the King's uniform.

It must be admitted that the Man in the Street has the right to be able to recognise and to admire the men who have devoted themselves to the noblest of all secular callings, the defence of their native land. We cannot all be soldiers or sailors, but all of us who are worthy citizens of the Empire which these men have won and kept for us love them, and and therefore we like to know them.

To the vast majority of us, our heroes, the men who, in our own generation, have willingly risked life and limb, starvation and disease, to uphold our splendid traditions and to preserve our magnificent heritage are only names that we read in the newspapers. We see portraits of the most famous of them in shop-windows and in the illustrated journals. Why should we have to pass the others by in the street with no more chance of recognising them than if they were well-dressed City clerks, or mere loungers about town?

DENTISTS MUST BE CAREFUL.

A man in my profession, remarked the dentist, must be careful in selecting his assistants.

I shouldn't think they had much to do with it, said the listener.

Well, they have, continued the dentist. I remember I had one once who had been working in a photographer's gallery, and the first patient he had to handle was the most nervous old chap in the town. I never thought about what he was going to do, and simply told him to arrange the patient in the chair. He did it, and then he said, as he stepped away, "Now look pleasant." And the old fellow rushed out and never came back.

THE REJECTED ONE.

The Rejected one—Can you give me no hope? At some future time perhaps—

She—Well, come to see me again in ten years, and if I should be still unmarried I'll—I'll think of it.

SOME BOGUS BRITISHERS.

"SUBJECTS" WHO MAKE GREAT BRITAIN HATED ABROAD.

A Famous South American Filibuster—Counterfeit John Bull in Japan—An American Plays the Briton in Asia.

There is nothing like pretending to be a Briton if you are in for a big undertaking, for you have the fear of the Empire at your back. The most successful of recent sham John Bulls was Ruy Lopez, the famous South American filibuster, who found it more convenient to be called John Philips.

He was a restless adventurer of Ecuador, and he wanted to become President of the State. He had already made two attempts with a few hundred men at his back, to oust the reigning President, but had failed hopelessly. And, finding the party in power was not at

ALL AFRAID OF HIM

he disappeared as Ruy Lopez, to bob up again as John Philips, Britisher. He disguised himself as well as he could by shaving his head and moustache, and he looked that part better than most South Americans because he had black hair. He got himself up in strict British kit—riding-breeches and white helmet, and even wore an eye-glass. His rivals did not recognise him. He could talk English fluently, and he gathered together about 1,500 men and a couple of machine-guns. He went so far as to call all his officers and most of his men by English names, and they were instructed to speak only in broken Spanish and English when dealing with the country people.

All South Americans, as Lopez knew have a great sense of the superiority of the British, and his ruse succeeded, for it really was thought by his enemies that he was an Englishman, backed up by Britain, with British followers, and, of course, plenty of money, in which we are all supposed to be rolling.

The sham Philips utterly routed the rival forces in three short battles, and carried everything before him. He made himself President Philips of Ecuador, and ruled for over six months before he was found out. Ten weeks after the discovery.

HE WAS ASSASSINATED.

Japan was badly "had" some time ago by a counterfeit John Bull, who really came from Sweden. He was a big trader in the East, and came to Japan to open up a big business. Now, the British Ambassador of that time happened to be engaged on important matters elsewhere, and when the Swede, whose name was Bjorkman, found this out, he decided to palm himself off as an influential Briton, and get a big "deal" out of the Government.

He was as yet unknown in Japan, and he turned up at State headquarters with alleged letters from all sorts of powerful British authorities. He wanted Japan to give him some big trading concessions and monopolies, the holding of which meant the acquisition of millions of money.

He was as yet unknown in Japan, The name he took was Walter Adams, and he said, among other things, that he was a nephew of the Prime Minister of Britain, and the heir to the "Earldom of Mistley," which is unknown in the British peerage.

The Japanese have a great reverence for European nobility, and Bjorkman, who was a clever man, and a master of English, pushed his point so well that he obtained the agreements he wanted within twenty-four hours. When the British Minister returned, he naturally denied all knowledge of the man. But Japan could not well retract, and the Minister, on looking into the matter, decided that it would make a bad impression on the Japanese to

DENY THE AUTHORITY

of the man, and decided that there was no way out of it, but to quietly wink at the sham. Bjorkman's impersonation was one of the most fruitful pieces of humbug ever brought off in the name of Britain, for he quickly became the richest foreigner in Japan, and amassed over £2,000,000.

Americans have often found it pay to become temporary Britons when trying for a big thing—especially in Asia—and the most daring of them all was certainly the notorious Lincoln Forbes, who "ruined" the Ameer of Afghanistan, and risked his life in doing it. His reason for becoming a sham Briton was simply

DARING FRAUD;

and he was very nearly successful.

He picked his time for visiting the Ameer's Court at Kabul, just at the moment when nobody was present who could "show him up," and presented himself as Joseph Arkwright, in the service of the British Government. The Ameer owed the Government a sum of nearly £70,000, which was about to be paid, and it was this that Forbes was after.

Clad in Anglo-Indian riding-kit, he managed to get into the presence of the Ameer with a set of forged papers, and he actually succeeded in convincing the grim monarch of his genuineness. He had some camels and an armed escort to take the money away. It was paid in gold, and the sum was handed over to him. He would have been impaled alive had the truth been guessed. He got over the borders, however, and tried the desperate plan of escaping through Kafiristan, a deadly country; but the alarm was raised, and he was captured by a British patrol. He is still doing time in the Andaman penal settlement.

One of the biggest and most wholesale pillaging expeditions on record was made by a sham John Bull, who called himself Colonel Stoddart, but was really a plausible Turk by the name of Selim Hassan. He organised a force of about twenty men, all rigged out in English

CAMPAIGNING CLOTHES,

and all armed. With these, and himself as their "colonel," he descended on Armenia, where he represented himself to the peasantry as an English emissary, who was sent by the British Government to levy taxes, and collect whatever valuables the Armenians had, which would be stored and protected.

In return for this, Britain would take the Armenians under her especial care, and protect them from the terrible raids by the Turks and Kurds. Armenia at the time was terror-stricken by Turkish massacres, and had some hope of help from England. Colonel Stoddart had seldom need for violence anywhere, for the people yielded up all they had to him in most instances; and he was said to be the best imitation of a Briton ever turned out. He and his men fared sumptuously, and altogether he cleared about £60,000, mostly from the country traders. What he was not given he thought. Then he disappeared, and Turkey took no great trouble to find him. He is peaceably settled now in a gorgeous house of his own in the Turkish provinces.

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BUT HE KEPT THE GOLD.

Two young men drew up in a four-wheeler opposite a famous exhibition in London. One, having alighted, timidly approached the cabman, and tendered him one shilling and six pennies as his fare, whilst the other collected their sticks and parasols, preparatory to following his companion

Cabby, descrying a half-sovereign amongst the coppers, whipped up his horses, and drove frantically up Baker Street. Hearing cries from the man, who ran after the cab, he had an attack of deafness, until, nearing Oxford Street, he was stopped by a policeman. The man, much out of breath, soon came up with the cab and cabby mentally bade good-bye to the half-sovereign.

I ain't got nothin' of his! cried the driver, turning appealingly to the policeman.

Ye bev! gasped the man. Ye ran away wi' me feather!

Sure enough, there was the old gentleman still in the cab, and staring, pale with fright, at the crowd and policeman.

Mr. William Allen, a workman employed at the Patent Fuel Works, Sunderland, England, has been adjudged by the Royal Humane Society to have been during the course of last year "the bravest man in England," and was recently presented with the gold medal of the society. His daring deed was performed on March 15th, 1900, when a man named M'Leod was overpowered by the fumes in an empty still at the works referred to. A colleague on going to his rescue was also over-powered, and the same fate befell another man who bravely attempted to effect a double rescue. Allen, with indomitable pluck, insisted on being lowered into the still, and eventually was successful in bringing out all three men, one at a time Allen was presented with the silver medal, but the society recently decided that the act was the bravest deed of 1900, and therefore awarded him the gold medal.

BULLER ON THE S. A. PROBLEM.

General Buller, speaking at the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce at Plymouth, said he believed that Canada and Australia had helped us largely for the sake of forming another great nation in South Africa. When dealing with such new nations we must not repeat the mistake made in the case of America, and we should grant reasonable concessions to the different parts of a great united empire.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, suppose you had two apples, and you gave another boy his choice of them, you would tell him to take the bigger one, wouldn't you? Tommy—No, mum. Teacher—Why? Tommy—'Cos 'twouldn't be necessary.