Heir of Harriman's Millions Cares More For Sport Than Dollars

AVERILL HARRIMAN on left, son of the late railway king, discussing Yale chances with Coach Gold of England, who is teaching Yale crews the English stroke; and G. S. Maslagan, former coxswain of the Oxford and Leander eights, who seem to be illustrating an interesting point.

A History of the Rat Long a Serious Problem

Heavy Penalty at One Time for the Killing of Cats—One Breed Eats Another.

[Manchester Guardian.]

Our ancestors were troubled with rats and mice long before the Welshman Howel Dha (930A.D.) put such heavy penalties on the killer of a cat. But rats of another and a smaller race—the black rat—swarmed in Western Europe. In 1770 Buffon was catching thousands near Paris in fall traps baited with a grilled nut. Thirty years later the race was almost extinct there and here, literally swallowed by Mus decumanus, a larger, more ferocious beast. The Norway rat of the scientist, the rat we all know. Legend says it came here first in the ship that brought the Georges; hence it is sometimes called the Hanoverian rat. But negactive evidence shows this to be too early, for the rat plague, like the sheep rot four centuries earlier, was so hurtful that its appearance was everywhere definitely marked by the publication of a crop of "certain cures."

Pallas dates their arrival from 1727, when, driven from India and Western Asia by a year of great drought and earthquakes, they rushed west, crossing the Volga in swarms near Astrakhan. Every schoolboy is familiar with the much more frequent migrations of the lemmings—an equal curse in their way—but they fortunately finish in the Atlantic Ocean. England received her rats direct from India by ships of the East India Company. They soon passed in the rotton hulks to the West Indian plantations, and Barbadoes was so pestered that she tried a rat law of exterminating in 1745. Earlier still the rats had made the dodo of Mauritius as extinct as that bird proverbially is, and even in the lonely Galapagos Islands they were fast diminishing the giant tortoises that had resisted all other change for aeons. The elder Pitt, who "made commerce flourish 'neath the wing of war," has much to answer for, it was in his time that the rat made the voyage of the world quickly and securely in English bottoms. The rat took 70 years to reach the Alleghanies from New York, and another 50 elapsed before it reached the Missouri. Then came the railways, and the big freight cars spread it quickly over the vast continent of America.

England, small, with ports on every side, was quickly overrun. In 1757 Clive won the Battle of Plassey; ten years later the rat trouble was acute. There is quite a crop of literature on the subject, headed by the half-guinea treatise (about 6,000 words) of Robert Smith of Turnham Green, rat-catcher to Queen Amelia. There were rat drives in many parts, and the same kind of thing was taking place near Paris, where the new rat, le surmulot (i.e., larger mulot), which had appeared first in the princely menageries of Versailles, Marley, and Chantilly, had increased enormously. But the efforts at extermination were partial and spasmodic and bound to fail, and we now accept the rat as inevitable.

The Rat Stays On Forever.

Why? In a few years man managed to exterminate the countless millions of the great auks, the teeming herds of quagga in South Africa the sea cow in Behring Strait. But for legislation the bison and the mighty host of fur seals would have gone the same way, and the comical penguin has found sanctuary under the wing of the law only just in time. For a miserable ounce of flesh the Italians have denuded their country of song birds, and wild birds of fine feather are vanishing before the demand for ornamental millinery.

The Chinese keep down rats by eating them, and laud the diet as a hair restorer. The Japs turned the torments into ear covers against Manchurian cold. Here they are an unmitigated and costly nuisance. A pair of rats cannot be fed for 1d. per diem, which, with a low estimated of 40,000,000, means over £15,000,000 per annum for rat-keep. Add to that the damage they do by burrowing, gnawing, and spoiling, deduct what one will for garbage consumed, and the bill will still be £10,000,000 or more. The rich are the chief sufferers, but they have it in their power to earn a tremendous dividend by putting a head price on rats. We have it on the authority of Mr. Emil Zuschlag, the eminent Dane, that this is better and cheaper than traps or poisons. For something less than 1½d. per rat paid at the fire stations—these sportsmen rather avoid the police stations—the poor will take up the game. Under the Danish rat law 1,375,000 rats were killed the first year, 1,100,000 the second, the diminution being approximately the same all over the country. Copenhagen's share was, roughly, 200,000, cost £1,500, and saving £40,000. So for a rate of one-third of a penny Manchester and Salford would save £80,000 a year if the Town Councils took up the matter. Probably they won't and individual effort will continue to clear temporarily its premises at the expense of others.

The ichneumon or mongoose (Pharaoh's rat it is called) is the best rat-killer. Nearly twenty years ago it won a Manchester newspapers prize, and it has been largely employed ever since. English dealers usually have numbers on hand—those on the Continent rarely have any. The mongoose should be kept in a cosy box for a fortnight before he is turned out, and fed there afterwards. A bit of orange is a great temptation to return. He will rarely be seen, and will sooner or later disappear altogether. The cost is about a sovereign. The saving on the rats will soon pay for another. The run of a warm and roomy warehouse might induce the mongoose to breed, but general climatic conditions make this unlikely. Jamaica proved as suitable to mongoose as to rats. They multiplied exceedingly and quickly reduced the fearful damage to the sugar canes from rats to negligible proportions. The poor remnant of the rats took to an arboreal life. Then for the want of food the mongoose attacked the poultry yards and themselves became vermin. Nothing of the kind is to be feared here, but it would be inadvisable to free them near a neighbor's hen run.

A Good Scheme.

The homeopathic method of extermination is less expensive but more troublesome. It involves catching a few fine male rats and feeding them on rat flesh until they get a relish for it. Then they may be let out to deal destruction among the nestlings. Belling the rat is cheap and sometime effectual. Rats are very suspicious of unknown sounds. We have often turned this to account in hunting them from refuse heaps. Take a long iron bar—the engineman's poker does very well—and thrust it a few times haphazard in the heap; the whistling sound so terrifies the rats that they often bolt in numbers from places where ferrits are quite useless. The double cage where the rats pass over the balanced paddle is about the best trap, if kept well washed between captures to remove all taint. Twenty or more have been taken at once with this. But nothing excels a good cat. Dogs are noisy and useless, except under man's guidance. A cat is quiet and of unwearied patience, and, if well fed, will hunt for pleasure and show her captures with evident pride. Immobility is the one essential. Rats will play about the feet of a person who is perfectly still. Secure in this knowledge, the Chinese stoops lamp in hand above the rat hole and stolidly waits with three-pronged fork to spit his supper.

TWICE PROVEN CURE FOR NERVES

Irritable, Hysterical, Sleepless, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Health.

There is a message in this letter for thousands of women who are suffering from broken-down nervous systems. Sleepless nights, much irritability over little things, spells of dizziness and nervous sick headaches are among the symptoms.

You may not realize the nature of your ailment until nervous prostration comes upon you. But, in whatever stage you find yourself, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is ready to help you.

Mrs. W. J. May, 88 Annette street, Toronto, writes: "Some years ago I suffered from nervous trouble, and took Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which completely cured me. About six months ago I received a shock which again shattered my nervous system to such an extent that I was irritable and hysterical, and could not sleep nights. I began to use the Nerve Food again and was not disappointed. Improvement was apparent from the first box, and now I am entirely well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six for $2.50, all dealers.

VOTARIES OF MAGIC

Big Demand for Penny Love Philtres.

Magic still has its votaries in London. In certain parts of the east end spells and charms and "folk medicine" play a prominent part in the cures of the inhabitants, and in the current number of Folk Lore, a correspondent gives an interesting account of his researches in parts of unfamiliar London.

He has been inquiring of druggists and herbalists as to folk remedies will in use in London and has collected some strange data. Orris root (the root of Iris Florentina) has, apart from its ordinary uses, some magical quality ascribed to it.

In Whitechapel the Jews use it to rub the gums of children cutting their teeth. But they always select a piece of the root bearing a fanciful resemblance to a human figure, and, in addition, they select pieces more or less suggestive of male and female forms. The male, or "He Root," is used to rub the gums of girl babies, while the "She Root" is used for boys.

Penny Love Philtres.

Then there is that wonderful balm, dragon's blood. "I am informed by a herbalist," says the correspondent, "that factory girls, and others of the same class, buy penny packets of this gum as a love philtre. My first informant found this out quite by accident, being rather surprised at the unusual demand for this material at certain times.

"When I consulted my other friends in Shoreditch and Bromley-by-Bow they admitted, with some amusement, the demand for dragon's blood, but could not imagine the reason, although they said the girls always seemed half-ashamed when asking for it.

Tormentil root is an ordinary herbal medicine. Two girls inquired of a Stratford-by-Bow herbalist for a "pen'orth of tormental." They were served with it; the next week they came for more and were asked what they wanted it for. After much hesitation and nervousness one of the girls said that the other, her sister, had been jilted by her young man. She had consulted an old woman, who was "wise," and this dame told her to get a bunch of "tormental" root and to burn it at midnight on a Friday. This would so worry and discomfort the young man that he would return to his sweetheart.

A "Screaming" Root.

The particular young man under this spell was evidently a tough proposition, and for three successive Fridays the maidens came for fresh supplies of the magic root. Then apparently the charm worked and they came no more.

Mandrake is kept and regularly sold by many herbalists in the poorer parts of London, but it seems to be used more generally as a medicine than as an amulet or in magic. But in one lane in the east end a man has a street pitch, and he does a big trade in penny slices of mandrake, which he assures his audiences will cure everything. His stock-in-trade, however, consists of a root or two carefully selected on account of their resemblance to the human form.

This root is the white bryony, and he assures me that it "screams terrible" when being pulled up. In order to insure the full-power working of this potent root it must be disinterred at night. That needs courage, bute it is worth it!

Apes of Gibraltar

Travellers to Gibralter are always on the lookout for the famous apes of the rock, the only wild monkeys in Europe, and will be interested to learn that their threatened extinction has been averted.

Until about twenty-five years ago these monkeys held undisputed possession of the upper part of the rock and were seldom seen; but when the fortification of the summit was begun the animals spread to the lower levels and were one of the sights of the place. One locality, Bruce's Farm, they avoided for years. The story is that long ago they became very troublesome to the owner by raiding his fruit garden. After various experiments to get rid of them had failed, some one caught a young monkey and tying it to a tree left it to starve to death. This cruelty was resented by the band, which, it is said, carried away the dead body and never afterwards approached the place.

Ten years ago there were fifty or sixty apes on the rock, but many were shot or trapped, and three years ago only three old females were left to represent the stock. When this came to the knowledge of the commandant he issued orders for their protection, and imported from Morocco a male and four females: but the three old females attacked and soon killed the newcomers. A second experiment was equally unsuccessful, but in 1911 a third male was obtained who fought his way into the good graces of the old females and became the sire of several young monkeys that will now, it is expected, replenish the stock.

Unfortunately this sire became so dangerous, viciously attacking the people who would befriend him, that he was lately condemned to be shot. The sentence, however, was commuted to imprisonment for life in the London Zoo, whither he was transported on a battle ship and where he now dwells in an admired captivity in Regent Park.

The Gibralter ape, which is not a true ape, but a macaque, is especially interesting to zoologists because of the isolation of its species in the northwest corner of Africa, for it is restricted to the mountain fastnesses of the Barbary States. All the other members of the genus Macacus are Asiatic, its nearest ally being the rhesus, or sacred monkey, of India. The monkey the Japanese depict so constantly in drawings and carvings is another near relative.

TESTIMONIAL.

There is a story of a Scotch gentleman who had to dismiss his gardener for dishonesty. For the sake of the man's wife and family, however, he gave him a "character" and framed it in this way: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of the garden than any man I ever employed."

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

Some Ways In Germany
A Non-Snob Community

Beautiful Simplicity One of the Most Hopeful Signs of the Times.

[H. F., in Westminster Gazette.]

"A what?" I asked when the little Fraulein said her father had been a Tuenchermeister. "A Tuenchermeister," she repeated more louldy and distinctly, pointing to the ceiling. then it dawned upon me that Tuencher, to whitewash, was the root from which sprang this mouthful. A master of whitewashing. He had died, she said; her mother had enough to live on, and the five children, as soon as they could earn, had gone into the world, "to learn and to work." The little one is half through her teens; here is the marvellous wisdom of the German boys and girls of the poorer middle classes, whose education is sound, simple, practical, and of an astonishing thoroughness, the class just above that from which the average servant springs. She speaks faultless German her manners are as fank and pretty and modest as her face, and she is always at her ease, whether she drags a confectioner's round basket, larger than herself along the street, discusses events with an equally well-mannered butcher's lad as he delivers a lump of veal at the back door; talks on equal terms to the ladies to whose house she carriers the elaborate cakes, or when she steps daintily from the train, dressed very fashionably, though with wise simplicity.

The pride and glory of this unsophisticated person are her decent from a master whitewasher, her all-enveloping aprons, and the fact that she is earning a living as a confectioner's assistant and waitress. The fact that she can carry coal as well as cakes, scrub floors, wash dishes, help in the cooking, and then in the afternoon entertain the buxom, wealthy women who come and consume cake and whipped cream, coffee with more whipped cream, and chocolate scuffles to end up with, is to her so much a matter of course that she looks puzzled and confused should you be foolish enough to praise her for industry. I thought her an exceptionally capable girl, and said so to a German woman whose own daughter is being trained at home in the ways she should go. "But why should you think her exceptional," the lady said, looking surprised. "Why every girl of the middle classes can do these things, and does do them. It would be queer if a girl were allowed to grow up without being taught to turn her hand to anything that has to do with domestic work; and what do we give our children a good education for if they can't take an interest in impersonal matters and things of general interest?" And so I find it everywhere; the blight of snobbishness is unknown among the enormously large middle classes which are the real backbone of the German people: the men and women who have comparitively few interests, but who enter upon all they do with amazing zest: who know exactly what they want, and aim straight at that; who still think work of any kind fine and honorable, and who know nothing of reverence for mere riches. They are the great driving power that urges Germany onward, and urges her in the direction of honestly won eminence and power. You cannot spend a month in Germany without being convinced of this. It is written largely across the face of the country.

We were discussing the fortunes of the highly-educated daughters of a man in the civil service. "Frieda," said a motherly aunt, laying down the knitting, which is still de rigueur at the coffee parties of all but the youngest and those who recklessly defy the law which ordains that a woman shall never be idle, "Frieda is not married, and not likely to marry, since she is nearly twenty-five. In her case it does not matter, for she has her painting to fill her life. I don't understand about pictures, but they tell me she does it beautifully. Oh, yes, she gives her whole time to it. That is to say, of course, when she has done the housework. They keep no servant; why should they, since she is young and strong, and has been taught everything. If they had a servant they would not have the means to travel; the pension of the civil servant's widow allows no extravagances."

And again. "Where is your father?" I asked a little lad who was spending his Sunday afternoon furnishing an aquarium of various little amphibaous creatures of his own capturing. On the Saturday evening, while the bells from all the churches "rang in Sunday" over the hills and dales, the father, a fine linguist, and a man of culture and wide reading, was digging a vegetable patch in his garden, and could not spare the time to find me the book I wanted. Sunday afternoon seemed a likely time to find him with his bookcases unlocked. "Papa has gone to play," the boy replied, with his eyes on salamanders and tadpoles and sticklebacks. "Playing at what?" I cross-examined. "Music," came the answer. And then the mother joined in. "Come in," she said. "Coffee is ready, and my husband will be back almost at once. He goes every Sunday afternoon in winter from two to four to make music with two men he knows. He takes the piano, one the violin, and one the flute. The season is really over, for they gave their final "concert" here on Easter Monday. Only they were all keen on repeating a part from "Undine" and another from the "Magic Flute," and here he is."

In comes the music-maker, and when he is settled in his sofa-corner, and has raved about a certain scene in "I Promessi Sposi" (which I have come to borrow), the talk drifts towards music and the Sunday performances. "Considering that the two others have very little time to give to it," he says, "we don't do badly. One of them is a weaver, at his loom all week; the other a joiner, as busy as can be. They can only practice late at night, and then only for a short time, for in a small house practicing the flute or fiddle easily becomes a nuisance to others who want to sleep. Yes, we all enjoy our Sunday afternoons thoroughly. In a small town you have to invent something to amuse yourself, otherwise life gets too monotonous. This afternoon we were longer than usual because another weaver came in just as we were finishing with the score of "L' Africaine," which a fine solost is to sing tonight at a concert of the local choral society. So we had to play some of it for him."

Coffee finished, and the April sun shining, we all went out into the budding woods, where squirrels peeped from the old beech trees and hares played in the furrows of the rye patches of the clearings, and the whole family sang patriotic songs with fervor and in time, and the old and young seemed to consider the Sunday so spent a day of ease and great pleasure. But to me it seemed that the beautiful simplicity of it all, together with what the Germans call "Anspruchislosigkeit," were one of the most hopeful signs of the time I had yet seen. This and the absence of snobbishness in social life.

The Man Behind the Counter

Society for Evolution of the Super-Grocer—Drudgery of the Shop and Its Remedy.

London News and Leader. — London will see something of what has been accomplished by a society formed four years ago for the evolution of the super-grocer. The society is called the Institute of Certificated Grocers, and it is holding its final examination for the fourth year in the Westminister Technical Institute.

The certificated grocer is not merely a man who can weigh you out a pound of tea or supply you with a rasher of bacon. He understands, for instance, the blending of tea. In these days, with so many popular packet teas on the market, unimaginative tradesmen may think this unnecessary. "But," as Mr. C. L. T. Beeching, the organizing secretary of the Institute, pointed out to a "Daily News" representative, "the grocer who can blend a mixture that will appeal to his customers has this advantage—that whereas they can get the packet teas anywhere, they must come to him if they want this particular blend.

Distinctive Work.

"Last years," said Mr. Beeching, "our imports of grocery products—sugar, tea, coffee, bacon, butter, spices, canned goods, and the like—ran well into 125 million pounds, not counting the articles under the head of "cereals," many of which are handled principally by the grocer.

"It follows necessarily that both the grocer and his men should be able to do their distributive work in the best possible way, with efficiency, and with knowledge of the goods they handle, and of the best and most sanitary ways of handling them. Thus only will the public, well and economically served, have a good esteem of the grocer, whilst the grocer will earn his legitimate profit, and have a good conceit of himself.

"In four years the classes of the Institute have grown from seven to nearly seventy, the examination candidates from 66 to 445. The work of arranging for another session is being vigorously pursued, and it is confidently hoped that it will result in a hundred classes during the winter of 1913-14.

Intellectual Stimulus.

"We claim that by attending the classes and preparing for the examination, the youth or young man receives just that intellectual stimulus which will illuminate the drudgery of the shop and touch it into life, so that he works with his understanding and not with his hands only. And the kind of men who are availing themselves of the opportunities provided are just those whom the employer is most glad to have around him, as most useful to himself and most pleasing to his customers. Better still, perhaps, the Institute is helping forward the day when, by more efficient business management, the appearance of grocers in the list of failures will become rarer and rarer."

For the final examination the large hall of the Westminster Technical Institute was turned into the semblance of a grocers' and provision dealers' warehouse. Candidates will be describing, judging, valuing, and pricing samples of dried fruits, sugar, spices, and bacon, and discriminating between lumps of butter and margarine, with only taste, smell, and appearance to guide them.

A Prize of £100.

There are coffee-roasting, tea-tasting, and other tests before the champion grocer wins Messrs. Cadbury Bros.' prize of £100, and the grocery-graduates get their final certificates and other prizes.

The Institute of which the distinguished educationist, Sir William Anson, Bart., is president, is endeavoring to revive the apprenticeship system, under modern conditions, by means of a scheme conceived by Mr. John Williams, of Manchester, an employer of some 200 assistants. The general policy of the Institute is to assist the formation of special classes for apprentices and young assistants in every polytechnic, technical institute, and commercial evening school in the land.

AND HE IS THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM AND ITS BEST PITCHER, TOO.

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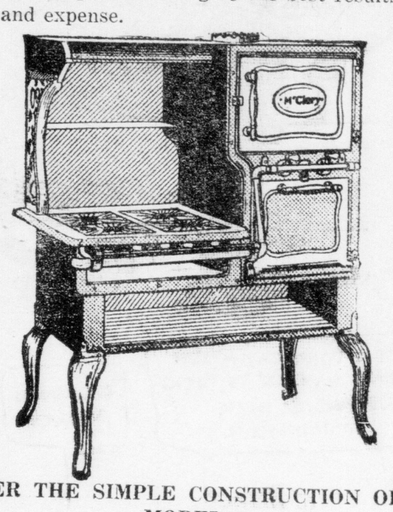

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Fire-proof white enamel drip and broiler pans.

The best valves made which don't go wrong or leak.

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DIVIDEND No. 104

2% QUARTERLY — 8% PER ANNUM

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 2 per cent for the three months ending June 30, 1913 (being at the rate of 8 per cent per annum) has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this company and will be payable at the company's offices in this city on and after 2nd July next to shareholders of record of 16th June.

By order of the Board,
A. M. SMART, MANAGER

London, Canada, June 2, 1913.

Capital paid up, $1,750,000 Reserve, $1,450,000.

39c-t

"Cheap" Matches are an Extravagance

They are made of poor materials. In getting a light, the waste is invariably excessive.

As a result, they cost you more—ultimately—than if you used the best.

38 Brands
For All Demands.

Eddy's Matches

A LONG MEMORY.

A school teacher who had been telling a class of small pupils the story of the discovery of America by Columbus, ended it with:

"And all this happened over 400 years ago."

A little boy, his eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought:

"Oh, my, what a memory you've got!"

"We profit most," says Grandma, "by the things we learned after we thought we knew it all."