SWINEBURN ON CHARLES DICKENS

Poet Pays a Glowing Tribute to the Great Master of Nineteenth Century Fiction.

appreciation of Dickens. It is a whole hearted tribute to Dickens from a literary expert who is at any rate of the the humor is of the poorest kind posmost modern school, says the Chicago Tribune. While not overlooking certain faults of the novelist, Mr. Swinburne's estimate is on the whole more than generous.

The article is not all praise. While asserting that "no mortal man or woman, no human boy or girl," can resist the fascination of Quilp and Mr. and Miss Brass and Swiveller and his Swinburne holds, is "newer and truer Marchioness, Mr. Swinburne refuses and more terrible than the relentless to believe that "The Old Curiosity of the Total the February of the Story." The end of the Father of the Marshalsea he Neil might deserve her fame if she were but "a thought more human and more credible,"

votion, without a moment's lapse into honor to enroll it in the service of ficthe humanity of frailty in temper or | tion": Dickens might as well have fitted her with a pair of wings at once. A woman might possibly be at patient, as resourceful, as indewhich makes of 'Barnaby Rudge' so which makes of 'Barnaby Rudge' so fatigable in well-doing, and as fault-less in perception of the right thing to do; it would be difficult to make her described by the state of the deeply interesting, but she might be the classic and poetic symmetry of made more or less of an actual crea- perfect execution and perfect design." ture But a child whom nothing can ever irritate, whom nothing can ever story may be liable to the charge of baffle, whom nothing can ever mis-guide, whom nothing can ever delude, even "so consummate and pseudoand whom nothing can ever dismay, is a monster as inhuman as a baby with two heads."

condemnation ever uttered of a character that has perhaps "touched" more readers of Dickens than any of his other creations.

The story of "Barnaby Rudge," Mr. Swinburne places in quite another category:

all but the highest masterpieces of poetry it is difficult to find or to imagine a faultless work or creation-in other words, a faultless work of fiction; but the story of 'Barnaby Rudge' can hardly, in common justice, be said to fall short of this crowning praise." To have made Miss Miggs as en-

chanting as Mrs. Quickly or Mrs. Gamp is "an unsurpassable triumph of dramatic humor." The use made by Dickens of history as a back-ground in "Barnaby Rudge" is, Mr. Tale of Two Cities.'

As regards "David Copperfield," we are told, was doubtless right in his preference of it to all his hand. dunces that it is held improbable or impossible for a great writer to judge asserts, that Dickens' and then to the highest pitch of all." chapter to the last, is unmistakable figures as Shakespeare, when dropping out of poetry, might have created, if by any eye above the level and beinsight of a beetle's as one of the masterpieces to which time can | tury. only add a new charm and an unimaginable value. The narrative is as coherent and harmonious as that of "Tom Jones"; and to say this is to try It by the highest and apparently the most unattainable standard. But I must venture to reaffirm my conviction that even the glorious masterpiece of Fielding's radiant and beneficent genius, if in some points superior, is by no means superior in all." Tom is "a far completer and more living type of gallant boyhood and generous young manhood than David; but even the luster of Patridge is pal-lid and lunar beside the noontide glory of Micawber." Fielding, Mr. Swinburne says, could never have conceived any figure like Miss Trotwood's, any group like that of the Peggottys. But, as already hinted, Mr. burne's ducks are not all swans. In "Dombey and Son," for instance,

and Son." "Mr. Dombey is a doll, Mr.

ly offensive father and his gushingly

promising than that of "Dombey

"The strutting-

The conception

that nothing is bad."

the first magnitude."

The Profession of Business. Alded by a generous special endowment, one of the New England colleges has recently established what it calls a come wage-earners. Fourteen years ago school of administration and finance, another man in the same city left a Its purpose is to give to young men such instruction as will silence the old objection that a college education unfits a man for business. It is distinctly a graduate school, for the belief that, other things being equal, a man of liberal education makes the best

business man is still strong. The course is two years in length, and has for its special topics private banking, brokerage and investments, railroad and steamship service and foreign trade. Then there is instruction in the general problems of manufacturing and the proper relations between employer and employed. Journalism, consular work and general administration are also taught. We give these items one by one not

the sake of cataloguing them, but to emphasize the interesting fact behind this whole undertaking-the frank recognition of the need of a new training for the business men of the future. w occasions teach new duties." They also bring fresh opportunities; and it is characteristic of our wideawake country that men are preparing their sons to seize these opportunities with the firmest grip that can be ac-

It is also a significant fact that business, through such special training for its problems, is recognized as one of learned or scientific professions. This is as it should be. For better or worse, we are becoming more and more commercial and industrial people Let us, then, by all means, be prepared to fulfill our national destiny-if business be its end-with all the strength and stimulus which a genertraining of the mind can provide.

The Problem of Poverty.

Poverty and suffering persist not because the desire to cure them is lacking, but because men do not know what the remedy is. The only feature of the original coronation programme was not postponed or abandoned when the King was taken ill was the dinner to the poor of London. Half a million persons were fed by royal grown laws, of which Mr. Wu him-bounty. The motive of the King was, self has said that they were well good; but he did not lessen poverty adapted to the conditions when they in the capital of his empire.

York turned over his fortune of four dicated by these two acts, the empire turned over his fortune of four dicated by these two acts, the empire were playing, while his three listeners on dollars to trustees, who, on his cannot long remain in the dark.

'Algernon Swinburne has written an | Dorrit is an everlasting figure of tragedy in its most comic phase."
"Much, though certainly not all, of

sible to Dickens; and the reiterated repetition of comic catchwords and tragic illustrations of character is such round, "now do you cry heads or as to affect the nerves no less than | tails?" the intelligence of the reader with irrepressible irritation. But this, if he wise, will be got over and under by his sense of admiration and of gratitude for the unsurpassable exellence of the finest passages and

charpters.' Nothing in the work of Balzac, Mr. describes as "magnificent."

Dickens' first historical story "Barnaby Rudge," which Mr. Swin-burne places high; but in "A Tale of "The child has never a touch of childhood about her; she is an impeccable and invariable portent of deduction of the childhood about her; she is an impeccable and invariable portent of deduction of the childhood about her; she is an impeccable and invariable portent of deduction of the childhood about her; she is a second and last time, did history the

"This faultless and creative work of One or two of the figures in the sophical a quack as George Lewes"-a "past master in the noble ience of defamation"-could "plaus-This is surely the most sweeping ibly have dared to cite in support of his insolent and idiotic impeachment either the leading or the supplementary characters in 'A Tale of Two Cities.'" Miss Pross and Mr. Lorry, Mme. Defarge, and her husband, are equally indisputably to be recognized with the figure of Sydney Carton by "the sign of eternal life."

The story of "Great Expectations" is placed by Mr. Swinburne alongside that of "David Copperfield." "These are his great twin masterpieces." far as as the story is concerned he regards "Great Expectations" as comparably the finer of the two; there can be none superior, if there be any equal to it in the whole range of English fiction." This is praise, indeed.

But he goes on: "Except in 'Vanity Fair, and 'The Newcomes, if even they may claim exception, there can surely be found Swinburne thinks, "even more admirable in the lifelike tragedy and the terrible comedy of its presentation than the use made of it in 'A tion than the use made of it in 'A tragedy and the comedy, the realism tragedy and the comedy, the realism tragedy and the comedy, the realism traged the dreamery of life, are fused or and the dreamery of life, are fused or mingled together with little less than Shakespearean strength and skill To have created Abel Magother masterpieces. "It is only among witch is to be a god indeed among the creators of deathless men. Pumblechook is actually better and droller aright of his own work at its best." and truer to imaginative life than It is in "David Copperfield." Mr. Pecksniff; Joe Gargery is worthy to have been praised and loved at once 'comic and his tragic genius rose now by Fielding and by Sterne; Mr. Jagand then to the highest pitch of all."

"'David Copperfield,' from the first and his parent and his bride, are such

his lot had been cast in a later cenother man or god?" Longfellow, unlike many readers, nervous.

thought "Edwin Drood" one of the most meritorious of the novelist's efforts; Mr. Swinburne says it has things in it worthy of Dickens at his "but whether the completed work would probably have deserved a place among his best must always be The Chirstmas an open question." numbers are appraised as "gems as costly as any of the larger in his crown The best of Dickens' lesser of fame. works is "The Uncommercial Traveler" "a book which would require another volume of the same size to praise it adequately or aright." Except for certain qualities, "we could perhaps dispense with 'Pictures from Italy,' and even with 'American Notes' Mr. Swinburne "cannot imagine what the paper money in this bank. You can see a plant evil imp for what inscrutable reason know you are. Now, tell me, ain't a mighty shrub. there is "nothing of a story, and all unjustifiable designs of a you?" malevolent providence was ever persubmissive daughter are failures of

valescence until they can again be-

However wisely the income from

these funds may be distributed, the

trustees are constantly confronted with

the danger of making paupers of the beneficiaries; that is, of strength-

ning the habit of dependence which is

at the botom of pauperism; and this,

too, in spite of the fact that the object

of the givers of money was to help

It is beyond human ingenuity to

we can do is to strive to relieve suf-

The Poet Who Dared.

A piece of irony sufficiently delicate

"An aspiring American poet, who

had met Mr. Lang in London, recently

wrote a satire in emulation of Homer's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." The

young poet thought he would go "one

most realistic style the warfare be-

tween two factions of mites inhabiting

with a request for the famous critic's

opinion. In a few weeks the answer

have read your satire and am delight-

ed with it. You are worthy to be called

China's Progress.

China is progressing toward the light.

It has just sent Liang Chen Tung, a

former student at Yale, to represent the empire in Washington, and has re-

called Minister Wu Ting-fang to assist

in the revision of its ancient and out-

the Gorgon-Zola of literature.'

"'My dear sir,' wrote Mr. Lang, 'I

He sent the manuscript to Mr. Lang

better" than Homer, and describe in

to be worthy of quotation recently came from the pen of Mr. Andrew

Lang. Says the New York Times:

the way that fate has or-

fering and to let the radical cure pro-

change the nature of man; to make the

dustrious and worthy persons.

the poor towards independence.

dained, if cure there is to be.

shiftless thrifty or the

a piece of cheese.

"This was the cashier's story. He mitted to suggest to him the perpetrasaid that that was the last rememtion of a "Child's History of England." bered of the whole business. He was found lying in a stupor on the bank of "Little Dorrit" is far happier and But here Mr. Swinburne surely forfloor when the rest of the bank folks gets the reasons which Dickens had came back from their lunches, and the for writing this book. \$60,000 in paper money was clean gone the safe, which was open, from out as it had been since the beginning of business in the morning. death, are to use the income in the care of the worthy sick poor and in maintaining them during their

"The cashier was arrested as a matter of form, and perhaps because there weren't any bruises or such like found him, indicating that he'd been atmillion dollars, now increased to three tacked. He was in a daze for millions, for the temporary relief of or three hours after his arrest, and unobtrusive suffering endured by in- then he came to with a snap, like a man emerging from a nightmare.

"'Where am I?' said he.
"'You're in jail,' said one of the skeptical bank directors. 'Good playacting stunt you're putting up, too.'
"The cashier looked at the skeptical bank director in a grieved sort of way, and preserved silence until he was questioned, when he told his story. He said that he undoubtedly had been hypnotized. It sure was as queer a case of mental suggestion as ever I heard about, and I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't been right in my provident; so it seems that the best old home town at the time.'

The long, lanky man with the wandering eye paused and gazed reflectively at the Liberty statue. "Well, the cashier wasn't held course?" said one of the three whom the long, lanky man had addressed himself.

The latter looked meditatively over the rail before replying. "You can just bet you gum boots "Held was held," he said then. tighter'n a mackerel in a pickling

barrel. "You see, Jim-that was the cashier's name-overlooked a few little things. When his wife slipped down to the during that lunch hour and got the \$60,000, he told her to hustle home and spread the bills, which were all aware of the fact, though, that one of the first places these detective sharps look for hidden money in country towns in underneath rag carnets.

Killing folk and blowing houses down far away. The little flags and lanterns, when hoisted, may seem anything but toys to the sailor. For some of them spell hurricane, and others talk of hail and rain.

ers' Association got down to the town from Chicago on the next day, and he walked straight to the cashier's home and pulled up the rag carpet in the dining room as if he knew the money was there all the time. "Jim got eighteen years. He's in

the prison laundry, and he's gained 27 pounds since he was sentenced. There sure is something monstrous queer about this hypnotizing business. and no mistake," and a musing grin crossed the features of the long, lanky the capital of his empire.

Were drafted, "but those conditions man as he got up and walked over near to where the fiddler and harpist

SCIENCE'S TOYS Coronation souvenirs are no new things, but two of the most interesting FOR GROWN MEN in existence are still cherished in cer-

Heads or Tails?

of statesmen gathered to witness the

tain English homes.

liam's accession.

seal and said:

as presents from me."

CASHIER MADE A

for a Little Sense.

"I tell you what," said the long,

dressing the three men sitting near him

on the upper deck of the Staten Is-

land ferryboat, "this hypnotizing busi-

ness is getting to be a great thing,

"Not particularly," replied the three

"Yes, sir-ee, a great thing, for a

"Yep," answered the three in chorus,

"It sure was odd, wasn't it?" he pro-

ceeded. "But the papers got the de-

home town in Iowa. The cashier of

of his skull, and the idea made him

''Look a-here.' he said to the stran-

knew was in the paying teller's

queer passes with his hands in front

of the cashier's eyes. 'Now, you, al-

though you have only known me for

about seven minutes, are already so

pleased with my personality that you are about to bestow upon me all of

hoping thus to stop the long, lank man's flow of conversation. But he

"D'je read about the queer case

fact." went on the long, lank man,

disregarding their lack of encourage-

of that bank cashier out in Iowa?"

men, who wanted to be alone with

artist, Copley.

their thoughts.

wav.

wasn't to be stopped.

gloomily. "But I bun on, at that."

way of telling it, was this:

Nearly 70 years ago a little group Pursuits That Look Childish, But defacement of the great seal of George IV., which was to be replaced by that Are Far From Being So. William IV. Lord Brougham, as Lord Chancellor, claimed the old one

as his perquisite, but admitted that Lord Lyndhurst ought to share it, as he was chancellor at the time of Wil-Flying Paper Birds—Chasing Butterflies and Moths-Watching Green "Well," said the new king, "I will judge between you, like Solomon. Here," turning the seal round and Things Grow.

One thing that few persons know is "We all laughed," recorded Charles that United States Government officials Greville, the secretary of the council, in his diary, "and the chancellor said, play what would be to boys entertain-'Sir, I take the bottom part.' The king ing games every day as a part of their opened the two compartments of the serious work of nations, says a writer for children in the New Yerk Sun.

"Now, then, I employ you as min-isters of taste. Send for Bridge, my silversmith, and desire him to convert There is one man-an old and grave and wise and famous professor-who the two halves each into a salver, may be seen often in his office in with my arms on one side and yours on the other, and Lord Lyndhurst's Washington standing on chairs and desks, launching little paper birds and the same; and you will take one and funny contrivances through the air give him the other, and both keep them and watching them soar and settle The thing was done, and that is how, with just the same interest and delight even 70 years ago, an American came with which boys and girls would in for coronation honors, for Lord Lyndhurst was the son of the great

watch them. If folks who did not know who he is were to behold him they might well be excused for imagining that the old gentleman was growing childish. But TRIFLING MISTAKE probably there are few persons in the country today who know better what they are about than he does. For he is one of the foremost scientists of the Forget to Give the Detectives Credit | Smithsonian Institution, and some day it is expected that he will teach the world how to build a flying machine

that really will fly.
Often after he has played good and hard with the little paper toys, he dislank man with the wandering eye, ad- appears. Then the other scientists know that he is down in a lonely part of the Potomac River, experimenting with big flying machines that have been built according to ideas gained by him from his toys.

And while this professor is flying his

things the chances are that not far away other wise men are playing with little toy gardens. There are patches just big enough for children to weed and hoe.

These patches are watered with small graduating watering pots, and with scales little pinches of fertilizer and other plant foods are measured out of each. Big men sit over them and watch them and peer into them, and fondle the little leaves, one by one, just as children would do. But every few weeks one of the

players sits down at his desk and writes, and soon afterward the governtails all mixed up. It happened in my men issues a pamphlet that tells farmers all over the world just how they can handle their farms to make them in my back are cured, and I feel strong ers all over the world just how they the bank said he was hypnotized, you know, and robbed while he was that yield more and better crops.

'Sure thing," said the other three employed by the government who go now able to do all my housework with-"But he might have had a out every day with butterfly nets to out becoming exhausted." catch butterflies and grasshoppers and 'Nope, he wasn't a drinking man at countless other insects. Some go out all," said the long, lank man. "I've known him for thirty years, and he never was a drinking man. The way shrubbery, waiting till the great blunthe thing happened, according to his dering night moths shall be attracted ay of telling it, was this:

"He was standing at the paying telthey love. Often the moths drink ter's window at the noon hour, while honey until they are drunk, when they

and his parent and his bride, are such figures as Shakespeare, when dropping but of poetry, might have created, if his lot had been cast in a later century."

Can as much be said, Mr. Swinburne Can as much be said, Mr. Swinburne Can as much be said, Mr. Swinburne clean, through his head to the bank tolks were out can be picked up by the bare hand without even needing a net.

That is not bad play either. Yet that kind of play has saved the people of the United States millions of dollars, for the insect hunters find out lars, for the insect hunters find out so much about the insect that destroy. boldly asks, "for the creatures of any clean through his head to the back so much about the insects that destroy that we know now just when to look out for their arrival and just how to ger, at the same time feeling around destroy them before they becowith his hand for the gun that he enough to eat growing things. become big

Last year men in the agricultural drawer, 'what do you want here, any- department in Washington played at most absorbing game that surely would have pleased every boy and 'Who, me?' said the men with the black beard and the piercing black girl in the land. They planted seeds eye. Why, I'm a professioner money of many kinds in tiny pots, one seed in each pot, and then day after day acquirer,' and he suddenly stuck his they photographed the pots. head through the paying teller's window and began to make certain

Thus they made many hundreds of pictures that, when they were all put together, showed just how the plants And these pictures were put grew. into one of those great kintescope machines that throw large moving pictures on screens, so now everybody can see a plant grow from a seed to

Only, instead of having to watch it for months and years, we can all see it within a few minutes, for the machine throws the pictures on the screen just as fast as one may wish. This already has taught farmers and florists many things about plants that never had been suspected before, although so many sharp-eyed persons have watched plants grow for so many centuries.

A few years ago the United States Government imported the beautiful and valuable date palm, hoping to make it grow in the sandy and dry parts of Arizona and New and other spots of the United States where other domestic plants do not The date palms did fairly thrive. well, but not well enough to please the department of agriculture, so it sent one of its men away out to Africa and across the Desert of Sahara to find the oases and see how palms grow

He found a gorgeous evergreen morning glory twining all over the of the Arabs. And then he found the beautiful oases, and when he returned it was with many camels, all laden with fine date palms. And these are growing finely now in our country. That was a real Arabian Nights play trip that has been worth lots and lots of money to the country. Some charming toys are those that everyone may see in the many weather observing stations of the government There are busy little windmills, turning like anything, and funny little round discs on arms that dance all the time, and queer spiral glass tubes that move lead pencils over charts. A weather observatory would be the

very place of all that any child would select, if it could have its way, for a playroom. There are so many funny instruments, and scores on scores of queer-colored flags, and little gaudyolored lanterns, that one's heart quite fills with a desire to play with them. Yet even while one is looking at them turn and dance, those tempting toys may be telling of a storm that is

Hole, in Massachustts, the other day, who had great fun with starfish in little saucers and bright flashing glass tanks. Wood's Hole is the place where the government studies fish. This man went out and caught a lot of the beautiful things called starfish, because they look so much like stars.

played with them and admired them will find it hard to believe that they are really first cousins to the devilfish and octopus, as they are.

The man played lots of games with the stars. He put some of them into shallow vessels and found that they

Children who have seen them and

starfish would try to crawl over the side of the dish, but as soon as he found he would have to lift his arms out of the water to do it he would

slide right back.
But if he could get just enough water to keep his arms covered, would crawl away rapidly, quite regardless of the fact that all the rest of his body was sticking out high and

dry.

The man also got many eggs of the star and put them into tiny trays full of salt water and hatched them cut. Gloriously beautiful little things they were, purple and crimson and scarlet and yellow, each one as tiny as a pin-head, yet each one a perfect five-armed star. And as soon as each was hatched it would hustle right to the bottom and fasten on a bit of green the Strand. "Room for two more weed, where it shone like a flashing atop," rasps the conductor, with his

But it was profitable, too. For the starfish is a terrible enemy of the ovster and the clam. oyster and the clam.

The starfish used to eat so many oysters and clams that the fishermen of Connecticut alone lost more than \$100,000. The play of the man in Wood's Hole has taught the government new ways of fighting the stars, and it is now sending the information to all the fishermen and shellfish planters. So all the playing means vast sums of money saved or earned in various

Had Headache **Nearly All the Time**

An Extreme Case of Exhaustion and Nervous Headache---Wonderful Restorative Influence of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There are scores of women in nearly every community in Canada suffering as Mrs. Miles did from frequent at tacks of nervous headache. No local treatment can prove of lasting benefit. The system must be strengthened and invigorated, and the most effective way to do this is by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The cure is not only cer-

tain, but lasting.
Mrs. John Miles, 236 Wellington street, Ottawa, Ont., whose husband is employed with Davidson & Thackray, lumber dealers, states: "I was very weak, had no strength or energy, and suffered nearly all the time with headache, in fact I had headache for three whole days just before beginning to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was also troubled a great deal with shooting pains across the small of the back. Under this treatment my health has been wonderfully improved. The headand healthy. As an evidence of re-All over the country are other men stored strength, I may say that I am

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2 50, at all dealers,

THE PET AVERSIONS OF GREAT AUTHORS

Mr. W. E. Garret Fisher in the London Daily News records some of the pet aversions of great writers. We take up his chapter of dislikes with Coleridge:

Coleridge anticipated Mr. Ruskin in his abuse of Gibbon, whose history he called "an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of Imperial Rome." Gibbon and Scott were hansomely avenged by Southey, who described his brotherin-law's "Ancient Mariner" as "the clumsiest attempt at German sim-Is an Infallible Cure for Distressplicity I ever saw." The richest field for the collector of these critical curiosities, indeed, is to be found in what the poets have said other. Byron's slap-dash judgments count for much. "Shakespeare and Milton," he boldly pronounced, "have had their rise, and they will have their decline." So the late William Morris had the courage to declare that he simply could not read Milton-as Mr. W. D. Howells owns that he cannot read Dickens—on account of his union of Puritanism with "cold classicality," such as was attributed to Mrs. Jarey's wax-work. Byron also thought Spenser a dull fellow, and found Chaucer "obscene and contemptible." Wordsworth "writ in a manner" that was the noble bard's aversion. The auther of "The Excursion" was himself capable of similar vagaries. Dryden's noble ode on "St. Cecilia's Day" was to him a "drunken song," and he characterized Burns' most famous poem as "trash! stuff! miserable inanity! without a thought, without an image!"

Harmonious Train Hands.

There is a railroad line in Southern Maryland with the head of which every employe behind the locomotive is entirely satisfied. The road is 20 miles long, and runs from Brandywine, on the Pope's Creek branch of the Baltithe Pope's Creek branch of the Balti-more and Potomac Railroad in Charles | venture an experiment with Paine's Celery Compound. The first bottle did county, to Mechanicsville, in St. Marys me much good, and by the time I had county. Its corporate name, as given in the Baltimore Sun, is the Washington and Potomac Railroad Company. The single train which runs each way is daily made up of the engine, one freight car and one combination baggage and passenger car. The conductor of the train, who also acts as baggagemaster, is general manager of naked eye. Its diameter is only 300

He issues orders as general manager and obeys them as conductor. When, as conductor, he thinks the schedule should be changed, he notifies the general manager-himself-who, if thinks is advisable, makes up a new schedule and issues running orders according to the conductor-also himself -and the latter obeys.

There are no ticket agents along the route, and the conductor collects fares as on a street railway car, punching a hole in a slip of cardboard for each fare. Then he goes into the baggage car, sees that the trunks, if there are any, are properly delivered, and looks after express and mail packages.

Nothing is lost or overlooked, for the general manager, conductor, baggagemaster, express and mail agent has his eye on everything. The people who travel by the Washington and Potomac Railroad are as well satisfied with its management as the employes.

A Dog's Rights.

He was a well-behaved and homekeeping dog. As he lay on his own had queer habits. For instance, a doorstep in St. Louis a boy attempted

THE LAST BUS: A SKETCH

In Trafalgar Square energetic water | ladies step daintily from the inside. men with hissing pipes swish the road-way till it glistens black in the gaslight. Swift hansoms trot merrily by to the west. A policeman stamps patiently at the collar. The bus clatsturdily past Nelson's column. The last bus looms hurridely out of the darkness from beyond the Haymarket. speak to you, Liz.
She (affecting surprise)—Go on, speak to me, Alf, what about? Two men stagger unsteadily down the

steps and plunge hurriedly towards the Strand. "Room for two more hand on the bell pull. A trim figured He afford it. That's what I came over woolen scarf round her neck and a for tonight. Jack—'im as is above me nondescript hat perched on yellow, at the bacon co fluffy, untidy hair, makes a dart for to 'ave 'is job. the steps. She is followed by a young week—and I ain't bin robbin the till man in a long light summer overcoat, soiled, brown boots, and a deerstalker hat. He is weakly good looking. An my pound from the ballet we shan't elaborate little curl clusters over each do so bad, shall we. Alf? ear and a red silk handkerchief shows gaudy corner from his breast poc-

around her waist. She (snuggling up to him)—This is all right, Alf. Thought we should 'ave

the bus starts she lurches into a seat

to walk to Brixton. He (nonchalantly)-Not much. We'd 'ave 'ad a cab. She (with a humorous intent)—O! been robbin' the till, Alf, or 'ave you

come into a fortune?

He (piqued)—No, I ain't bin robbin' the till, Liz, and if that's the sort of joke as comes out of the Alambra I don't think much of your comicsneither." (Withdraws his arm.) She-Don't be 'uffy, Alf. (The arm returns.) It was only my fun. 'Ow d'yer like the new ballet, Alf?

He-Not 'alf bad. She—And did you spot me, Alf? and is He—Rather. Third from the left, door.) econd row, next to the fat party in

She-My! Fancy you being able to see all that way off.

He (darkly)—I can see a good deal, though I 'ain't bin robbin' the till. (Turning to look at her and speaking ecisively.) When I was waitin' for you, 'oo might be the gentleman with the fiddle case as you shook hands with and said good-night to so friend-

She (reproachfully)-O, Alf, that was Mr. Dickson, the second fiddle. He married Jenny. You remember Jenny as used to dance along of me two years ago. He (mollified)-O, that's all right,

(Further conversation is whispered and intermittent till the bus pulls up at the Horns. Clean shaven actors and variety artists with faces still glistening with hastily applied vase- so bad. line hurry down from the top. Shawled fine.

to tie a tin can to his tail, and was

bitten. The boy's father sued the

owner of the dog and sought to have

with Shylock, "O excellent judge!"

Why Do You Submit to a

Daily Life of Suffering

from a Common Evil?

Paine's Celery

Compound

ing Summer Dyspepsia and

All Digestive Troubles.

The tortures and evils of summer

dyspepsia are experienced by thou-sands at this time. The dyspeptic's

train of evils may be enumerated as

follows: Feelings of dizziness, languor,

nervousness, sleeplessness, intense headache, distension of the stomach,

loss of flesh, difficult breathing, and

the heart's action is seriously affected.

All forms of dyspepsia are quickly

banished by the use of Paine's Celery

ous medicine allays the inflammation

Compound. The use of this marvel-

of the nerves centered about the stom-

ach; it opens up the sewers of the body

and it removes all waste matters; it

fiber; it restores digestive power, and

promotes bodily strength and activity. Mrs. J. B. Orr, Lennoxville, P.

"I have been a very great sufferer

from dyspepsia for ten years. At times I would suffer most intensely notwith-

standing great care in dieting and the

best medical help I could get. Severe attacks were always attended with

nervousness and sleeplessness. Differ-

ent physicians exhausted their skill in

trying to effect a cure. Finally, upon

the advice of a friend, I decided to

used three bottles I was perfectly restored. I am now free from ner-

arise from these distressing troubles.

Vesta is the only one of the smaller

planets which can be seen with the

mils, and its whole surface but one-

The biggest average farm in the

vousness, sleeplessness,

ninth that of Europe.

headache, and all the ufferings

very violent headaches, followed

cleanses the blood; it makes new nerv

intense

dyspepsia,

the animal shot; but when the facts

All lovers of animals will say

and chi-ike each other home. The conductor stamps his foot and whistles commandingly. The horses strain imters on past Kensington Park to

She (looking round)-Inside, Alf? He (hesitatingly)-N-no-I want to

He (drawing her to him)-O! don't. kid, Liz. When's it to be?
She (nestling to him)—Why, we can't afford it. Alf. (triumphantly)-O, yes, we can

at the bacon counter—is goin' and I'm Thirty-two shillin's a

He-That's all well, but (proudly) I ain't goin' to 'ave my wife on the

ket. He helps her up the steps. As tage. She—O, yes, Alf, just for a little, I the bus starts she lurches into a seat with a giggling "Oh!" He sits beside her, and before the bus is at Northumberland avenue his arm is and there's a nice little 'ouse off Water and the 'ouse off water an lane as we could 'ave from August.

She-August. O, Alf, I never said-Conductor (appearing up steps)-Now, then, you two, ain't you got no 'omes. Brixton station this is—and we ain't goin' on to Margate nor yet to Paree, so you may as well get orf.

(Disappears.) He-All right, don't be saucy, and ave a drink. (Helps her carefully down the steps and gives the conductor threepence. He takes her arm and they walk

down Coldharbor lane.) She (breaking the silence)-Ain't it a lovely night, Alf? He-Not 'alf bad. (Hugs her to him, and is silent until they reach her

She (detaching her arm and fumblling for her latchkey)-Well, goodnight, Alf.

He (putting his arm round her waist) -Is it to be August bank 'oliday, Liz? She (looks at him quickly)—Yes, if you like, Alf. He-That's all right, then. Give us

kiss, Liz. (Kisses her.)

She—Good-night, Alf. (Opens the door and turns round. He lingers at the gate.) She (shouts softly)-Good-night,

He-Good-night, Liz. August! (She giggles, the door closes, he ights a cigaret, and walks away lights a briskly, whistling.) Twenty minutes later.
She (blowing out her candle)—Good

old Alf, he's all right. He (sitting on the side of the bed and taking off his boots)—Things ain't August bank 'oliday'll do

THE TENDER HEART OF TOMMY ATKINS

were brought out in court the judge dismissed the case with these words How the British Soldier Helps Wound-'Dogs and other animals have rights The dog who bites a person attempting ed Animals. to maim or pain him wantonly is with in his rights, and entitled to protec-

> The seamy side of life in both armies of the South African war has been duly described by newspaper correspondents and writers. It is pleasant to find in a recent account of the work of the British and colonial naval bri gades that in some instances, at least, man's inhumanity was limited to man, and not extended to animals.

In the Paardeberg laager some of the bluejackets found three orphaned chickens. These little balls of yellow fluff were quickly adopted and soon became great pets, and went with the brigade to Bloemfontein. During the march the chicks were stowed in a kettle; but when the men halted they hopped out, went the round of the messes for food, returned to their kettle when tired, and waited to be

lifted back into it. The men had other pets; a wounded dog which they carefully tended till he recovered and joined his master; another dog which had followed them from Modder camp, and used frequently to make himself useful by catching horses and bringing them back; a goat which lived, or seemed to, on newspapers and tobacco, and a very wee, miserable lamb with sore eyes, which they used to bathe daily with warm water, and round the neck of which

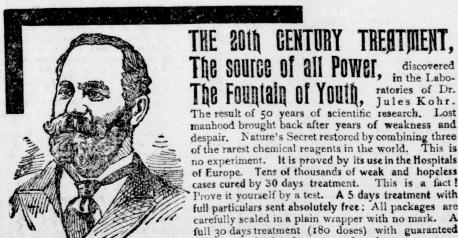
they tied a ribbon. On the march to Bloemfontein, while in camp, an officer saw a bluejacket discover an ox, sunk in the muddy river bank, unable to move, and dying of exhaustion. Jack gave it a kick to see if it was alive, and sauntered off. "Cruel brute," muttered the officer.

"He might let it die in peace!" In a few minutes back same Jack with a coil of rope and three chums, and these four, with a soldier, worked hard for an hour, got the beast out, dragged it under the shade of a tree, and brought it water from the river in their hats.

The officer was reclining under & shady tree, and even then felt halfsuffocated by the heat. The men were exposed to the full glare of the midday sun; they had been working hard all the morning in the open, and had given up their well-earned rest under a wagon to save a beast.

Crystallized nitrogen is one of the greatest chemical curlosities. By cooling nitrogen gas down to 367 degrees below the freezing point and then allowing it to expand, solid snewlike crystals are formed.

As many of the Paris hospitals are not up to modern requirements it is world is in South Australia, where proposed to pull them down and build the average squatter holds 78,000 acres. new ones. The cost would be \$15,000,000.



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