

HE Achievement of the Hudaon Tunnels" is the title of an interesting the whindred feet of the old Haskins it was the April issue of the April issu

nected directly with the other princi-pal transportation lines on both the New York and New Jersey sides of The first section, that row N.J., with the entrances near the ter-minal of the Lackawanna Railroad, hattan Island opposite Morton street and proceeds eastward and northeastward through the heart of the shopping district, with seven stations at frequent intervals along its route, to Sixth avenue and Thirty-third street, where the great new Pennsylvania station is building. It will be known as the North Tunnels. The South Tunnels, which are now completed to within a few hundred feet of the New York side, extend from Cortland and Fulton streets to Jersey City, where a large terminal station has been hewn out of solid rock eighty-five feet a large terminal station has been hewn out of solid rock eighty-five feet beneath the present structure of the Pennslyvania Railroad station. A station 150 feet in length, with approaches 1,000 feet long and with great elevators reaching the surface at the terminus of the Pennslyvania Railroad trains, is already almost complete. The third section is a transverse tunnel running along the New Jersey shore of the Hudson and connecting the Hoboken terminal with that in Jersey City. Along its line it will make connections with the

The Shield.

This shield, which is one of the greatest inventions in construction machinery of the past half century, resembles in appearance a great iron drum built of heavy steel plates. In the head of the drum, which is known as the diaphragm, there are doors for the passage of the workmen and the withdrawal of the clay and other excavated material. The upper edge of the drum is a cutting knife, which goes through the hardest material when the shield is driven forward by the pressure from hydraulic jacks, the pressure from hydraulic jacks, holding up the river as it goes with compressed air, while the waste macompressed air, while the waste material is removed. The upper portion of the drum, which extends backward over that portion of the tunnel tube which has been completed, known as the "tail of the shield," forms the protection for the men who are setting up the iron castings, ring by ring and up the iron castings, ring by ring and up the iron castings, ring by ring and the general public to connect a great enterprise with the name of one of its leading spirits, the Hudsons Tunnels

wenty miles of railroad.

Vast Terminal Buildings.

Remarkable Engineering Feat.

The terminal buildings of the tunworthy in its thoroughness and in the nel system, located in the lower part novel features it presents.

enterprise with the name of one of its leading spirits, the Hudsons Tunnels have been known for the past few

have been known for the past few years as the McAdoo Tunnels. William G. McAdoo, the Tennesee lawyer who took up this project when it had twice failed, and by the force of his organizing ability and the strength of his personality carried it to completion, is so modest that his first and most emphatic reference to the subject in conversation or for publication hrough ject in conversation or for publication is a request to "cut out my personality in connection with the enterprise."

As a matter of fact, the work has been accomplished through the skill, ether effects where of the Hudson and set here of the Hudson terminal passes to therefore a distinct that in Terrage City. Along tis because the Hudson are the Hudson are

ealed in these pages, show a true gift f generalship a gift totally incom-

description of the battle that one has read, and the marrative, carefully pleced together from the teports of survivors, gives a coherent account of practically every incident of the fight. The whole affair seems to have been badly handled from the first. The reports of the intelligence department were hopelessly inadequate both as regards topography and the movements of the enemy, while Burrow's force was too weak and exhausted to face a job like tackling Ayub Khan's troops. The scouting, too, was faulty; there was recklessness Khan's troops. The scouting, too, was faulty; there was recklessness when there should have been caution, and apathy when initiative might have saved the day. The ghazis, on the other hand, charged home with a fanatical bravery that has rarely been equalled. Even then the British might have retrieved the day but for the crumpling up of an outlaying force of infantry.

"Had the infantry line stood firm "Had the infantry line stood firm the charge must have failed, but without waiting for the enemy to close the two detached companies of Jacob's Rifles, which had suffered so severely throughout the day, suddenly gave way, and were followed almost immediately afterwards by the Grenadiers. The men of the latter regiment, rising to their feet, attempted to form square on the left, but in the confusion of the movement the atconfusion of the movement the at-tempt failed, and the small number of officers were powerless to steady the

"At this moment," reports Brigadier-"At this moment," reports Brigadier-General Burrows, "the infantry gave way, and, commencing on the left, rolled upon the 66th, forming a help-less crowd of panic-stricken men." The "ghazis" closed on them, and for a little space bayonetted and shot them without registence." without resistance"-

The cavalry failed to charge hom after this, and, though the gallant stand of the 66th did something to redeem the day, the disaster was a hideous one. There are times when success is impossible, but it is the end of a knowledge of the science of war to reduce these consistences. war to reduce these occasions to a minimum, and this book in its revela-tion of the dangers to be avoided and the qualities to be developed should prove of enormous value to those who are to lead in the future.

Ignorance of India



The Gentle Writer

who produce his newspaper are less real than the pigs which produce his rashers and the hens which lay his eggs. The Gentle Reader, in the course of his life, goes now and then into the country, and sees live pigs, and live hens. He contemplates them with satisfaction tinged with contempt, for neither the pig nor the hen is a romantic creature. Nevertheless, there is some comfort in the knowledge that the earth contains a republic of pigs and a nation of hens, whose noble souls are heroiwho produce his newswith a perpetual procession of rashers, more or less thin, and eggs, more or less fresh.

As the Briton eats his bacon and eggs, his heart is touched with sympathy, and even at times with pity, for the modest hen and the humble for the modest hen and the humble pig. But, as he reads his newspaper he does not shed a tear over the sufferings of the journalist who sheds his last drop, of ink, while England is asleep, in order to amuse England when she is awake. I think this is unjust. After all, is not a journalist worth, at least, one pig and, at least, two roosters? I mildly protest against the callous ignorance and brutal indifference of the Gentie Reader. I am tempted to deny that the reader has any right to the courtesy title of "gentle." I do not know the name of the I do not know the name "littery gent" who invented this mendacious epithet. He must have been a coward and a toady. He must have been born in the golden, Byronic age, when authors were regarded as being, even as the actors, "rogues and vaga-bonds." Nowadays, of course, all actors and all authors and all jour-nalists are gentlemen. I submit that it would be more fitting to speak of the "Gentle Author" or the "Gentle Journalist" than of the "Gentle Reader." I often receive charming letters from Gentle Readers; but I also often brink of brutality. Being a veteran in the art of foregiveness, I never permit myself to speak of the Brutal Reader, although I know that, if I were to do so, I should be guilty of a violent understatement.

Royal Society of Arts in London the other day, Lord Curzon said that the unabashed and at times absolutely appalling ignorance of India in this country was especially marked in relation to the Indian states. There was othing quite like these states, wheth regarded from a constitutional or ever seen a dead donkey. Men pught

HE Gentle Reader, as a rule, knows little, and cares less, about the Gentle Writer. To him the journalist is a vague phantom. He reads his morning newspaper as he eats his eggs and bacon. To him the human beings who produce his news-simony to journalists of other nation-simony to journalists of other nations. simony to journalists of other nationalities. But Scotsmen can afford to be provident, prudent and parsimonious, because you cannot borrow money from a Scotsman. When a Scotsman saves money it is safe; but, when a journalist who is not a Scotsman saves money, I fear it is not quite safe. He invariably lends it to other journalists. The conse-quence is that in Fleet street there are man and borrowing from another. In these circumstances, it is more prudent to spend your money before it can be borrowed, for you have at least the pleasure of spending it your-

self on yourself.

I once knew a Scotsman who was sorely affilted with a conscience. He came to me on one occasion in tears. He was holding a visiting card in his "I know," said he, "this man wants

to borrow money. I know he will drink it. What am I to do?" drink it. What am I to do?"
I looked upon my Scots friend with "It is perfectly simple," said I. "Say

He turned pale.
"My dear Douglas," said he, "I have ever told a lie in my life."

I turned pale.
"I believe you," said I; "but why not begin before it is too late?"
He shuddered. He flushed to the roots of the hair, which, by the way, began and ended at the nape of his neck. "Never!" he cried. "I will die, as

I have lived, a Highland gentleman.'
I considered the problem for a mo-"I think there is a way out. Tell

Your pocket."

He started indignantly.

"But that would be a lie!" he gasped, pulling out a handful of silver."

All this money I have in my pocket."

I looked him steadily in the eye, and suddenly a great thought struck along my brain, flushing all my cheek.

"I have it." I exclaimed, "I have it.

Lend all your money to me, and then go down, and tell him that you have not get a penny in your pocket."

A look of sweet and benignant peace A look of sweet and benignant peac

out some natural hesitation.
"I will do it," said he.
When he came back, he

be at rest.

"Have you done it?" said f.

"Yes," he said, with manly pride,
"I have done it."
I shook hands with him.

A faint fragrance of ancient alcohol suddenly tinged the air and my compassion with shame. Futting my hand in my pocket, I drew forth money, and, as I drew it forth, the glazed

"Take this," said I, "and, in the With a gesture of horror, he sprang to his feet. "I never drink," he cried; "what I want is work."

I looked at him. He blenched "Send me an article," said I, "about He clasped me by the hand, and

that he would send me the article next am still waiting for that article. am still waiting for that article.

It is easy to preach, outside Fleet street, and I venture to say that preaching does good, outside Fleet street. But in Fleet street preaching is a profession. What is the good of preaching to the preacher? The fallen journalist is a manufacturer of moral maxims and sound rules of life. He knows too much about the theory of conduct to put it into practice.

of conduct to put it into practice. Good communications never corrupt his evil manners. A very eminent journalist was about

to cross Fleet street. He was on the point of transferring his trained im-agination from one newspaper to another. He was a beloved journalist and his confreres solemnly and tearfully presented him with a gold watch in memory of the days that were about in memory of the days that were about to be no more. It was a pathetic scene. The man, with tears in his pen, spoke with tears in his voice. Everybody was sad. Everybody was sorrowful. Just as the assembly was on the point of bursting into hysterics, splash of comedy was spatchcocked into the scene, like an oyster cocktail compounded in the Pall Mall restaurant, by Signor Boriant, in one of his august moods. A coy, and shy, and trembling figure timidly advanced with Mastering his

"Brother, take this. You may need

"What is this for?" sobbed the Em-"For the pawnticket!" |cried His

Gentle Reader (for I believe in your gentility), that is the philosophy of Fleet street. It is also the philosophy of Bohemia. The true journalist is always a vagabond, and he is sometimes a Beloved Vagabond.

The Burden of Militarism. William Canby Ferris, in the New York Outlook: Taxes in war-cursed Italy amount to thirty per cent, of total incomes, and the Italians are become an almost unbearable burden; and in the United States the rate of the simple reason that nations seek security in the way by which it never comes—by inspiring their neighbors security in the way by which it never comes—by inspiring their neighbors with terror and fear, instead of with confidence and love. The time has come for national boundaries to be swept away and forgotten by those, who believe in the brotherhood of humanity.

From Kabul to Kandahar



Empire. Although many of them were still in a backward condition, on the whole there had been a very great forward movement in the standards of administration, and in respect to some institutions, such as hospitals and museums, these were states that set an example to ourselves. In tracing the causes for this progressive advance, Lord Curzon paid a high tribute to the personal character and capacity of many of the chiefs, parti-



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CHAPTER

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