

SPIRIT OF OLD ENGLAND

SEEN IN THE GREAT BATTLE.
SKIP INFLEXIBLE.

American Writer Calls it the Greatest Fighting Engine in the World.

Writing in the New York American John Temple Groves says:—
After all, the surpassing spectacle of the Hudson-Fulton Centennial was the battleships that lay at anchor on the bosom of the great river which bears the discoverer's name.

Other pageants were passing and set for a day. But the battleships of the nation lay there motionless and still for a fortnight, the observed of all observers and the cynosure of the millions who came to see.

GREATEST IN WORLD.

Pre-eminent among the battleships was the Inflexible, of the British Navy, described and admired as the greatest fighting engine in the world. I trust that every American citizen who was able to do so wanted to see the battleship Inflexible. I am sorry for those who failed to see this wonderful engine of war, and I am quite confident that any thoughtful man who enjoyed this opportunity must have come home admiring and reflective upon this surpassing pre-eminent and significant spectacle of the greatest celebration the world has ever known.

The pride of the English Navy is second to the new Dreadnought just launched upon the Clyde, but not yet in service, and so the flagship of Admiral Seymour holds for the time its title as the greatest battleship in the world.

GAVE HIM A THRILL.

I have not yet recovered from the thrill and respect with which I left the decks of this great iron monster of destruction. England is beyond question the greatest naval power in the world, and this, the greatest expression of its naval power and supremacy, should necessarily have been of tremendous interest to Americans, who possess what Admiral Seymour declares to be the second naval power of the earth.

SPIRIT OF ENGLAND.

The spirit of England is in the battleship Inflexible. One feels it as he treads the decks and observes the power and solidity of its machinery. One does not wonder at the influence which the English Government has so long exercised upon the world when he studies at close quarters this organized and thoroughly business engine of destruction. The thoroughness of England is in its machinery, in its iron power, in its remorseless effectiveness, in the careful and painstaking skill with which its turrets revolve at almost a child's touch, and in the tremendous guns which carry hurling death across the seas. Spick and span from conning tower to the sailors' bunks, conserving every inch of space to the purpose of its creation, equipped to the last limit of modern perfection in its guns and machinery, scoring all narrow parsimony in perfecting the vast mission which it was set to perform, officered by trained, disciplined and dauntless men, with everything in order and system from the taut lines that carry the Admiral's flag at the masthead to the trenches of death in which the blood of the wounded was to be borne to the seas, this monster of battle—bloody yet beneficent, beautiful and baneful—stands as the type and the expression of the policy which has made the tight little isle for hundreds of years the mistress of the Seven Seas.

COMPELLING BENEFICENCE.

There are better thoughts around the Inflexible than the suggestions of carnage and of war written in its sombre cannon and its rattling guns. The battleship Inflexible is not only the engine through which England makes war upon its enemies and defends itself from its foes, but it is just as much the compelling beneficence by which it keeps the peace of its own little island and of the world.

MODEL FOR AMERICA.

We American people have just as much or more need than England for a mighty navy to maintain the supremacy of our prestige and our commerce upon the seas. We need just as much as England the strong defence which results in unequalled security. We require just as thoroughly the bulwark of steel-plated hulls and battle-armed decks in protecting the splendid isolation which separates us in distance and in interest from the nations. But we need most of all as a great peace-loving and peace-conserving Republic the silent yet omnipotent power which great guns and armored hulls make for peace in this land of the free.

WHO MADE ENGLAND GREAT?

The power that has made little England great among the nations is the power that will make this Republic greater among the nations.

If England's small territory, swept by channels and seas, has been able for centuries to hold its own in commerce and in war against the mighty world, what might we expect of this great Republic, magnificent in territory, incomparable in riches and lacking only this essential equipment for the wonder and admiration of the world?

VITAL LESSON.

The vital lesson of this great centennial has been lost upon the American people if the sight of this greatest of England's battleships has not preached, day by day, through the ear and eye of this great metropolis, to the eye and ear of the country, the wisdom, the vigor and the necessity of England's policy upon the sea.

We are the richest country in all the world. We are better able by far than England to own the greatest navy in the world. And if America did own the greatest navy of the world, then America, and not England, nor any other nation, would be the master-power of the world and the irresistible conservator of peace among the nations.

CANNIBALS IN NIGERIA.

Inhabitants Found to be of the Lowest Type.

An interesting account of the pagan tribes brought under British administration by a recent military patrol in the remote parts of the Nigerian Province of Muri, on the Upper Benue, has been received at London. In many cases the villages visited had never before been seen by a white man.

The relations between the Government and the Wurmum people—the tribe chiefly concerned—had never been friendly, and the three expeditions previously sent against them having had no satisfactory result, a fresh force was sent into the country in consequence of attacks upon traders, and also for the purpose of finally bringing the Wurmum under control.

The people are described as being of the lowest type, every village being cannibal. Worship consists of the worst form of fetish. In most cases the entire population is naked.

The force started from Gateri, on the borders of the Bauchi and Muri Provinces, some thirty miles north of the Benue, and marched in a southeast direction over entirely new country, of which nothing was known except the extremely bad character of the people. The first village visited was described as "shocking," the inhabitants being among the lowest.

A large meeting of the people was called, and it was decided not to agree to the terms proposed by the British as punishment for the killing and eating of seven men. On the expiration of twenty-four hours' grace the force marched into the town, which was cleared after considerable opposition. Two counter attacks were beaten off. The pagans lost forty killed and twenty wounded.

As a result of the patrol the pagan region in question will be effectively administered.

MONKEY AS AUTHOR'S PET.

Quick Disposition of Manuscript—Displaying Orders.

A Paris contemporary, dealing with the love of great men for animals, gives an amusing account of Chateaubriand and his monkey. When he was engaged in preparing Fontane's works for the press, on returning one day he was met by the monkey.

"Ah, you rogue," said Chateaubriand, "your shameless look tells of mischief." The monkey was chained up, but as things did not appear much disturbed Chateaubriand thought no more of the matter until it was time to resume work. Fontane's manuscripts were not to be found.

At last Chateaubriand looked into the waste paper basket, and there were the manuscripts. The monkey had watched his master, and as he had seen him fold a sheet of paper and tear it into four, so he had dealt with Fontane's writings. With much labor they were pieced together and afterward published.

Chateaubriand thought it advisable to see what else the monkey had done. His orders had disappeared from a drawer which was always kept closed. The servants searched everywhere for them, but they were not to be found. Nearly a week elapsed before they were traced, and then a domestic noticed that the monkey had suspended them to the cornice in a quasi symmetrical way.

The monkey was given his conge, and Chateaubriand replaced him by a cat, which was allowed a place on his master's writing table, and great was the pleasure he derived in playing with puss.—London Globe.

UNCLE EZRA SAYS:

"Tendin' to your own buzzin' gives the other fellers a chance to do better."

The most careful man in the world was about to be hanged recently—we forget for what crime. Before stepping on to the platform he inquired anxiously, "Is it safe?"

USE MADE OF BOTTLES

SET ADRIFT TO GIVE PATHS OF OCEAN CURRENTS.

Interesting Records of the Circulatory Movements of Bottles Being Kept.

Valuable information regarding ocean currents is obtained by means of bottles—inanimate scientific messengers that drift with the tides of the North Atlantic, sometimes follows a straight line, sometimes zig-zagging across the green water, at other times traveling in a semi-circle.

Ordinary bottles they are, corked and sealed with wax or pitch. Beer, vinegar or catsup they may have contained, for there are no official bottles like those the Prince of Monaco used to throw into the sea years ago. They are dropped into the ocean by mariners and contain forms furnished by the United States Hydrographic Office, which seeks enlightenment on all subjects dealing with the science of navigation. These bottle papers, as they are called, are printed in seven languages, and have blank spaces for the name of the vessel from which the bottle was cast and the vessel which picked it up, as well as dates and the latitude and longitude of the starting and finishing points of the voyage.

HOW IT IS DONE.

If a man finds a bottle on the beach and follows directions, he mails the paper to the Hydrographic Office, whose experts trace the path followed by the bottle, delineating this path on the map which forms a part of the regular pilot chart given to navigators who furnish marine data to the office. A star on the map marks the point at which the bottle was cast adrift, a circle the point of recovery, and a number is attached to indicate the order in the accompanying chronological list. The drift is shown as following the shortest possible route, except in the case of bottles whose path is made to conform to a certain extent to the accepted knowledge of ocean circulation.

In equatorial and tropical regions, where trade winds prevail, the drift is westerly, all bottles finding their way to the Windward Islands, the Bahamas, or the shores of the Caribbean or the Gulf of Mexico.

North of the fortieth parallel, to be more explicit, north of the latitude of New York, bottles are driven by prevailing westerly winds in an easterly or east by north-easterly direction, going across the ocean to be cast up on the western shores of Great Britain or the coast of France. Between the two main drifts, or between the Florida Peninsula and New York, according to explanatory notes of the bottle chart, "lies

A DEBATEE REGION.

crossed by many sailing and steamship routes, and within which in all probability are cast as many bottles as in other portions of the ocean. The recovery of such bottles is, however, rare, the records of the Hydrographic Office furnishing but fourteen since 1888.

Confirmation of the circulatory movement was obtained through the courses taken by bottle papers Nos. 122 and 145, with drifts of 3,120 and 5,380 miles in 489 and 896 days, respectively, at the rate of 6.4 and 6 miles a day. No. 122 was cast loose by the German steamship Bonne not far from Cape Finisterre, and traveled down to the Portuguese and West African coasts to about the twentieth parallel, and then moved across in a half-circle to the Caribbean, landing on one of the West Indian islands. No. 145 started about midway between Nova Scotia and France. The bottle took a circular course, which carried it southeast to Africa, thence westward to a point north of San Domingo.

An interesting record of a long drift is found in the bulletin of the Arctic Club of America, dated January 30. A buoy that was driven ashore on Nov. 3, 1903, at Soerøe, Denmark, contained a notice to the effect that it had been set adrift on July 24, 1900, near Cape Bathurst, a point of Canadian territory that juts out into the Arctic Ocean.

WAITING FOR HIS OWN.

Traveller—"Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? I've driven him away a dozen times but he always comes back again and sits close by my chair, watching every mouthful I take. Do turn him out and let me have my dinner in peace."

Landlord—"Ah, sir, my Carlo is such a knowing brute. I expect you have got the plate he generally eats off."

What a grand old world this would be to live in if opportunity knocked at a man's door as often as the bill collector.

"I want half a pound of tough steak, please, butcher." "What, tough?" "Yes, tough, please; if it's tender father'll eat it all."

GENTLE ART OF FOISONING

SOME NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS OF OUR DAY.

Modern Law Breakers Could Give Shakespeare Some Valuable Pointers.

Shakespeare is missing a great deal by being dead. Especially in criminology. What wonderful tragedies he might have constructed out of twentieth century material! Most of the things he missed were lacking because of the ignorance of his epoch. Dr. Cartas, over in France, has proved it in the course of a long and learned article in a scientific magazine.

GENTLE ART OF POISONING.

What, in point of cold fact, the ignorant dramatist of Shakespeare's epoch needed was a correspondence course on poisons from some of the notorious criminals of our day.

In the penitentiary in California is Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, who, from the evidence adduced at the trial which convicted her of the murder of Mrs. John P. Dunning, of Dover, Del., was the originator of the gentle art of poisoning by mail.

DEATH IN CANDY BOX.

Desperately in love with Mr. Dunning's husband, of whom she became enamored after his wife returned to her old home in the east because of illness, Mrs. Botkin imagined a pound of candy with arsenic, laid a pretty, new lace handkerchief on top of the candy as a delicate and suspicion-dissipating attention, signed "Mrs. C." to a note that read, "With love to yourself and baby," and quietly dropped the fatal gift in a package mail box at Stockton, Cal., nearly a dozen years ago.

Her rival, with a sister to whom she gave some of the candy, died within a few hours after eating the deadly sweets in her Delaware home.

USUAL BLUNDER.

There was no evidence, no chance of detection—except one such as a woman never thought of. The husband hastened from Cuba, identified the handwriting and gave the clue which resulted in the artful poisoner's imprisonment for life.

But the infamous Mrs. Botkin was a bungling amateur in comparison with the fiend of modern poisoners—Jane Toppen—her real name Norah Kelly—the English nurse who must remain forever the appalling stigma of her merciful vocation.

MODERN BORGIA.

Jane Toppen used her position as nurse to poison, all told, thirty-one victims, neither innocent youth nor helpless age being immune from her fiendish malignity.

She was congenitally devoid of the quality of human sympathy, and she poisoned for the pleasure of seeing her patients die. Her father and mother were both drunkards; the daughter, cursed before her birth, lived to be one of the most fearful curses humanity has known.

POETIC JUSTICE.

Madness followed her incarceration, madness of the most horrible kind, for her delusion was that she was pursued by her victims, all trying to poison her by means of the varied repertoire of foods and injections she herself had used to destroy them.

These are cases in which the identity of the poisoners has been ultimately discovered. But the death of Dr. William H. Wilson, of Philadelphia, who drank a bottle of ale sent him by express a year or so ago, is an example of the poisonings which are never solved.

COWARDLY MURDERS.

Whoever placed poison in the bottle of ale and deliberately sent it to the physician covered his or her tracks with such skill that the shrewdest detectives were baffled, and another mystery was added to the growing list of most cowardly murders. The killing of Mrs. Katherine Adams, of New York, who drank poison in a bottle of headache medicine, is well remembered by the majority of persons. Roland B. Molineaux was tried on this charge and acquitted.

Within four years, according to an itemized list compiled some time back, no fewer than fifty devilishly ingenious, fatal poisonings have taken place in the United States alone, and these by means and means so unsuspected—from fresh, blooming roses to oysters in the shell—that the victims inhibited their toxins without the least idea of anything to menace them.

Beside such a record the more than primitive toxicology of Shakespeare and his times seems crude, indeed.

An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly; which would you prefer, the nursemaid or the cook?"

THE HORSE'S EXTINCTION

CRISIS IS APPROACHING IN ENGLAND.

Due to the Adoption of the Motor Both for Business and Pleasure.

In five years' from now there will scarcely be a single horse left in England except the few animals which are kept for pleasure and the small tradesman's horse, says Pearson's Weekly.

The bus horse and the cab horse are growing scarcer, not every year but every month and every week, and in a very short time they will be practically extinct.

The extinction of the horse is due to the general adoption of the motor both for business and pleasure. Since the introduction of the motor bus and the electric tram the omnibus companies have taken thousands of horses off the road, and they are getting rid of others in large quantities almost every day. All the provincial horse-bus companies are doing the same, and since the introduction of taxi-cabs the proprietors of hansoms and four-wheelers are following suit. In two or three years' time the only remaining hansom cab will be in a museum.

It is quite useless for horse-bus companies to attempt to continue on the road except on a few cross routes which are unfitted for motor traffic.

SERIOUS PROBLEM.

The extinction of the horse is a very serious problem from the military point of view, and what we should do in the event of another big war it is impossible to say. In the South African War we had the horse-marks of the world to draw upon, but experts declare that we should never be able to do so in a big war again.

A War-Office statement reveals the fact that in the first year of a big war no fewer than 332,000 horses would be required, of which 180,000 would be riding horses. But at the present time there are only about 150,000 horses in the country suitable for cavalry purposes, and the birth-rate is declining in an alarming manner.

If war was declared at the present time we could not attempt to mobilize the Regulars and the Territorials, because we have not the horses to mount the men and convey the transport.

At the present time many of our Army horses are being used three times over. That is to say, that horses belonging to bus companies and job-masters which are now registered by the War Office to be called up for service with the Regulars on mobilization are also being used by the Yeomanry for their riding schools and their camps, and to a considerable extent by the infantry Territorials as well.

THE SAME HORSE

will very often attend camp with three different regiments in one year!

Every day suitable horses grow more impossible to obtain. As the demand for them for business and pleasure declines, so farmers cease to breed them, and in addition all the best mares in the country of a suitable type were sent out to the war in South Africa, few of them returning, and we are therefore breeding from inferior stock.

There is only one small gleam of satisfaction to the "horsy" man in the universal adoption of motor traction, and that is, strange to say, that it has given a tremendous impetus to horse riding for pleasure. Possible this may also be partly accounted for men who had never previously been astride a horse learnt to ride during the war, but it is also largely due to the fact that, with the adoption of the motor, people of means get far less exercise in other ways than they did formerly.

The consequence is that there has been a big "boom" in horse riding for pleasure, not only among those who can afford to keep a horse of their own, but amongst others who can only afford to hire a mount for a Saturday or Sunday afternoon's ride.

MILK IN COPENHAGEN.

Copenhagen, Denmark, is supplied with milk by a company which works in the public interest on a five per cent. basis, all profits exceeding that percentage being applied towards reducing the price of milk sold to the charitable institutions of the town. The company was started about thirty years ago by the medical authorities, and it works under rigid sanitary rules. The milk is drawn from forty farms within a radius of sixteen to eighteen miles of Copenhagen, and the company sends special milking cans to its suppliers. The cows and the dairies are periodically inspected, and the test for tuberculosis is insisted upon.

Get-rich-quick schemes enable a lot of people to get poor quicker.

THE MERCHANTS OF FEZ

THEY ARE GENERALLY PROSPEROUS IN BUSINESS.

His Wife and Slaves—How His Career is Frequently Brought to a Close.

The merchants of Fez are to be found all over Morocco. Their representatives are engaged in commerce in all the cities from Sus to the Mediterranean, and they have even several offices in Manchester for the purchase of calico, writes a Morocco correspondent of the London Daily Graphic. In due course Ali Mahmoud launches out into business on a large scale. He prospers exceedingly, and presently purchases a black female slave to assist his wife in her duties. Ali Mahmoud takes a house in the Medina quarter of Fez overlooking the pleasant olive groves to the south of the city. In course of time he buys two more slaves and is fairly set up as a householder.

When his first daughter is born there is great rejoicing, for the birth of a daughter as first born is regarded by the Moors as a happy omen. The baby is immediately stained all over its little body with henna and then smeared liberally with butter and wrapped in woollen cloths. On the seventh day these are removed and the child is washed for the first time. When the girl has reached her first year.

HER HEAD IS SHAVED.

leaving a little tuft by which Moham med could catch her up to heaven if he were so disposed. In her seventh year her hair has grown again. She is then veiled and her proud father sets about looking for a husband for her. It is still the custom to betroth children from infancy.

All Mahmoud prospers and, save for a few domestic troubles, his life runs smoothly. Perhaps he has lost two of his female slaves or rather one has been beaten by his jealous wife and run to sanctuary. From the mosque she claims to be resold, and he has to obey the law for slaves. The other regains her freedom by bearing a child.

These negro slaves enjoy a much better time than their Moorish mistresses. They are not bound by iron laws and customs. They may go unveiled in the streets and if ill treated they have their remedy.

In the evenings Ali will sit and smoke in the bosom of his family. On Thursdays and Saturdays he visits his friends. They pass the time in simple games of cards or in listening to the weird efforts of itinerant musicians. Sometimes, with a few others, he will wend his way to the walls of the city. Here the party will sit watching the sunset and regretting the days when Christian slaves were as plentiful as sheep in Morocco. Our merchant gets stout as he approaches middle age. One day his world tumbles about him. Such is the uncertainty of fate in Morocco.

BROKEN AND DISGRACED.

He was serving in his shop when the customer suddenly raised his voice and cried out that he was getting false weight. The accusation was terrible and Ali vehemently protested his innocence. It was an arranged charge by an enemy of the merchant, who philosophically bowed his head with the saying, "Kismet! Mine enemy has found me and the serpent requires milk."

The arbitrators are called and, having been bribed previously, they find Mahmoud guilty and sentence him to the usual punishment meted out to givers of false weights. He is dragged to the southern wall of the city, to a place where a tall gibbet is erected. By the irony of fate it is within sight of his own house. A rope is made fast to his right wrist and he is hoisted up until his toes can just touch the ground. Here he is left till sunset. The idlers jeer at him and the gamins of the quarter pelt him with stones and refuse. At sundown his friends carry him home—a poor, bruised and senseless body. Broken and disgraced, thus ended his career as a respectable merchant Ali Mahmoud el Fasi. Kismet!

WHERE BEGGARS ORGANIZE.

Recently a novel meeting was held at Marseilles, France, when the beggars and street singers got together and formed an organization for the protection of their interests and to resist the encroachments of pretenders. A regular organization was effected, with constitution and by-laws. Limitations were placed upon membership. Headquarters were established in Paris, and two one-legged men have been sent out through the country to warn the public against impostors.

QUANTITY NEEDED.

"My wife has put up sixty-four quarts of chili sauce."

"Isn't that too much for one family?"

"For one family, yes. But, of course, my wife has to supply all the neighbors with samples."

There is no excuse for the man who lies to a child.