



# Home and Youth

*The guide said to me: "Listen!" And lo! he told me  
Much that was wise, much that was new,  
And not a little that savored of innocent merriment.*  
—Norse Saga.

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## OBITER SCRIPTA.

The London Police have stopped women from hiring themselves out as peripatetic advertisement-bearers, after the "sandwich" fashion. Another industry closed against the gentler sex by the tyranny of man!

Another triumph for Pasteurism. A scientist of Cape Town, Africa, grinds down a number of diseased (and deceased) locusts into a powder—"brays them in a mortar," as Solomon puts it—makes an ointment thereof, and smears a few live locusts with it, afterwards letting them loose among the swarm. The disease is caught by contagion and the pests die off by the million. Inoculation, is like a good rule—it works both ways.

The verdict of the jury which held that Prince, the assassin of Terriss, was irresponsible when he committed the deed, is not altogether intelligible on the basis of reason and common sense. It is not easy to see how a man can know what he is doing—as Prince undoubtedly did when he committed the murder—and yet be held irresponsible. Prince was allowed to plead at his trial, and did plead, his plea being "not guilty." Would the jury be prepared to logically follow up their verdict by holding that Prince knew what

he was doing when he pleaded "not guilty," but that, according to the medical evidence, he could not be held responsible for the plea? The assassin has escaped the gallows, and the nation will have to keep him in clothing and food until he dies. Prince thanked the jury for their kindness, and no wonder. One is tempted to ask of that jury whether they believe that, though Prince knew what he was doing when he thanked them, he was, nevertheless, not responsible for the expression of his gratitude?

English Literature has sustained a great loss by the death of Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known by his pen-name of "Lewis Carroll," the author of "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," and other delightfully humorous stories. Mr. Dodgson was surpassed, as a writer of tales for young people, by, perhaps, only one man in all the range of literature, Hans Christian Andersen, though it must be admitted that the Brothers Grimm and our own Thackeray run him close for second place. There is a characteristic, however, of his stories in which they appear to me to surpass those of all the others, and that is, that their humor can be quite as thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed by the "child