

A PAGE OF SPECIAL FEATURES FOR SATURDAY TIMES READERS

SAVED FROM THE PERILS OF LONDON STREETS

Many Thousands of Girls Cared For

WEEKLY LONDON LETTER

Princess of Teck to Open New Home For Girls—Suffragists Source of Annoyance to Ministers' Wives—Prepare For Court at Balmoral

(Times' Special Correspondence)
London, July 19.—London destined to take pride of place among the cities of the world for its orderliness and its thoroughfare during the hours devoted to the amusement of its numerous citizens and guests? Without venturing to offer a definite reply to this interesting and provocative question, William J. Taylor, the veteran secretary of the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, testified in a remarkable manner to the great and growing improvement in the general condition of the streets.

Mr. Taylor, surveying the work of the institution for the last forty years, in a special statement which he has prepared for the information of Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra of Teck, who has promised to open a new home for girls in New Southgate, recalls the fact that the first home was founded so long ago as 1867, after the mission work in the streets had been carried on for several years with much success.

"In that first building," he says, "we could not receive more than sixteen inmates; but today we are supporting six separate homes, in addition to a refuge which is kept open all night; and 100 inmates can now be received and cared for with a due regard to age and character. Up to the end of last year we had assisted in various ways 2,892 young women. They have been fed, clothed, housed, and instructed both religiously and industrially, and re-started in life, or otherwise suitably provided for. In addition to this large number, there have been 1,833 more who have been helped in various ways, thus making an aggregate of 4,725 girls, as the result of fifty-five years."

It will be seen from this striking record of philanthropic effort, that Mr. Taylor is in a good position to speak with authority on the question of the condition of the streets of London by night, and his testimony is in the most emphatic manner in the direction which has been effected during the period under review. "The improvement in the condition of the streets of London," he says, "has been marked by a diminution in the number of erring women, has automatically made the work of the homes more so; so that during the year 1911, of 1,233 young women and girls referred to in our yearly report, as many as 84 were 'unfallen.' In consequence of this vastly altered state of things, the preventive work has recently been greatly extended, and nearly all the homes are now devoted to this highly important branch of philanthropy.

The new and commodious home at New Southgate, which is to be opened by Princess Alexandra of Teck, will be set apart for preventive work. Like all the society's other homes, the property is freehold and has been paid for, but about £7,500 is still required to meet the expenses of adapting the house and erecting a workroom and laundry for the industrial training of the inmates. "The benefits of the home," Mr. Taylor declared, "will be applied irrespective of creed, class, or country and it is expected that the majority of those admitted—judging by the experience of many years at the other homes—will be orphans and country girls."

Ministers' Wives Persecuted
A well-informed newspaper man says that a very disagreeable feature of the suffragist agitation is to be seen in the fact that the wives of ministers are being persecuted by anonymous letter-writing froth. The husbands are practically protected from the worst contents of their letter-bag by the intervention of the private secretary, but the wives, unhappily, have not this protection, and they come, quietly suffer greatly from this petty and now growingly persistent persecution.

The methods of the strikers' pickets appear to be degenerating into a war upon themselves. Some provision shops in the East End accused of selling their goods to the men who are at work, have been marked out for special attention. Customers are being hunted and intimidated. In one case a woman who brought eggs was jostled and the contents of her basket were stolen. Later on these breakfast table delicacies were being thrown about and the leader of the pickets was hit by a stone. There was merit in the working of blind justice.

Lord Charles Beresford is continuing his energetic campaign in favor of a stronger navy. He is saying that the urgent need of the moment is a provision for a rapid increase in the supply of men. Owing to successive building programmes, the number of ships flying the white ensign has outgrown the manning capacity of the existing admiralty system. The fleet has been seriously short of men since 1904, when it was estimated that 8,000 to 10,000 men should be entered for the future requirements of the fleet. Today, according to Lord Charles, the fleet is actually short of between 4,000 and 8,000 men required to man ships needed for active service, and in view of future requirements, it is 20,000 short.

Court at Balmoral
It is said that great preparations are being made at Balmoral for the reception of the court in August. The place has lately been almost entirely refurbished and re-

decorated, and now presents a very different appearance from what it did a few years ago. It is understood that before the king and queen return south, they will give a dance, and there will be a series of house parties while Their Majesties are at their Highland residence. The Princess royal, it is believed, will place at the disposal of the king this year the whole of the extensive shooting owned by the late Duke of Fife.

Perhaps the latest use to be made of a taxi-cab was witnessed in Fleet street yesterday. One of these handy vehicles was drawn up close to the curb beneath an office. An elderly gentleman erected an easel and began to work with great composure and dexterity on what proved to be a masterly crayon sketch of Ludgate Hill with St. Paul's Cathedral in the distance. Nothing disturbed his equanimity, not even the fact that the little red light was down and the taximeter was busy clicking off an ascending bill for damage. Along with the crowd of interested onlookers the driver of the vehicle stood by evidently well pleased with his easily earned revenue.

A novel club was opened this week in Euston road. The new resort is for the benefit of the deaf. Conversation is carried on by oral or manual signs. There are no bells in the club, the assumption being that if they were to ring nobody would notice them. Under the guidance of a deaf gentleman, who is also a gamekeeper, and the members know that someone is at the door. Similarly, the deaf gentleman, but certainly does exist, but when pressed there is no responsive sound. Lattered a red signal light is automatically switched on, and the members know that someone is at the door. Similarly, the deaf gentleman, but certainly does exist, but when pressed there is no responsive sound.

Exit the Reviving Barrier
There will doubtless be no eight months' delay in the passing of the proposal in the new franchise bill to abolish altogether the reviving barrier. Dating from the year 1868, when the first franchise bill was introduced, the reviving barrier has been a source of much annoyance to the public. It is a barrier which has been a source of much annoyance to the public. It is a barrier which has been a source of much annoyance to the public.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

(By Samuel Lover.)

When first I saw sweet Peggy,

Twice on a market day,

A low-backed car she drove, and sat

Upon a truss of hay;

But when that hay was blossoming grass,

And decked with flowers of spring,

No flower was there that could compare

With the blooming girl I sing.

As she sat in the low-backed car,

The man at the turnpike bar

Never asked for the toll,

But just rubbed his owid poll,

And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,

The proud and mighty Mars

With hostile scythes demands his tithe

Of death in warlike cars;

While Peggy, peaceful goddess,

Has darts in her bright eye.

That knocks men down in the market

town.

As right and left they fly;

While she sits in her low-backed car,

Then battle more dangerous far—

For the doctor's art

Cannot cure the heart,

That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,

Has strings of ducks and geese.

But the scores of hearts she slaughters

By far outnumber these!

With the blooming girl I sing.

Just like a turtle dove,

Will worth the cage, I do engage.

Of the blooming girl of Love!

SUCH A THING AS TOO MUCH SHAKESPEARE

Tree Discovers This In His Theatrical Business In London

THE ENGLISH STAGE

Here's a Play Writer Who Places Himself on High Pedestal—Graham Moffat's First Play After "Bunty" Ready by September

(Times' Special Correspondence)

London, July 19.—Tonight Sir Herbert Tree will bring the season at His Majesty's Theatre to a close. From the financial standpoint I am afraid the results shown by the last twelve months are not too rosy.

The truth is that Tree has given us just a little too much Shakespeare. For two years he has depended almost entirely on the works of the bard. His "Othello" failed to capture the public taste, and the subsequent series of revivals received only a lukewarm welcome.

This evening, after the fall of the curtain upon "Othello," he will make a short speech, briefly sketching his future plans. What these are I have already intimated in general outline. They include the production, early in September, of Louis N. Parker's historical play "Drake" with Lord Harding in the title role and Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Queen Elizabeth.

The obvious question is where does Tree come in? The answer is that for a time he closes the doors of His Majesty's upon himself. His first idea was to go on the road with one or two of his most popular pieces, but apparently that idea has not worked out favorably.

As an alternative he consulted Frederick Harrison with the view of having a season in the Haymarket in Jacqui Benavente's comedy "The Bias of the World." This piece was done about a month back by the Incorporated Stage Society. Tree saw it had liked it so well that he promptly acquired the English rights. But with "Bunty Pulls the Strings" going as strongly, or nearly as strongly as ever, Harrison politely intimated that he preferred leave it well alone, that he had no desire to part with the substance for the shadow.

This, however, was not the only thing that Tree had to his low. Having previously done in his vaudeville why not, said he to himself, repeat the experiment? Full of the project he despatched his business manager to Alfred Butt, of the Palace Theatre of Varieties to see what could be done. Tree's suggestion was that he should appear in a condensed version of "Beethoven," a piece he did about two

years ago at His Majesty's. Personally I don't think he has proved given as anything better, or more highly finished, than his portrait of the great German composer, although the play itself proved anything but a masterpiece and failed to make any great impression upon the public.

Tree's idea was to have an orchestra of high-class instrumentalists upon the stage, over whom he, in his character of Beethoven, would preside. It all sounded distinctly interesting, but unfortunately it could not see it. He has learned by bitter experience, he says, that the patrons of the music hall want amusement, not instruction, and if Tree comes to the Palace it must be in a comic, not a serious character. Tree's answer to this is that he will play the fool nowhere but in his own house, that, in other words, he doesn't mind kicking up his heels at His Majesty's but if he appears at a vaudeville house it must be in something worthy of his reputation as a real dramatic artist. There, for the moment, the matter stands.

New Plays
Lewis Waller is off to Paris for a couple of days. His object is twofold. First he wants to see Henry Bernstein's latest play "L'Assaut," in which Lucien Guity is now appearing. This, however, is a secondary purpose. His chief aim is to find out something about a play written by Henry Bernstein, which he has heard of for some time. The play is called "The Lion and the Mouse," and it is a comedy in three acts.

On Thursday evening a dozen of us were invited by William Devereux, author of "Henry of Navarre," to celebrate Waller's return to the old country by a supper at the Automobile Club. Among the stars of the evening was Karavina, whose fame as a dancer is second only to that of Pavlova. A delightfully bright and charming little lady she is. Charles Klein, too, was in an appearance, while the English stage was represented by Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Evelyn D'Alroy. Charles Klein confided to me that Arthur Bourchier contemplated a revival of "The Lion and the Mouse," at the Garrick.

Graham Moffat, who wrote "Bunty Pulls the Strings," has just arranged for the production of his new play entitled "A Scrap of the Pen." By arrangement with Arthur Cloughlin it will succeed "The Bear Leaders," at the comedy, and be produced there about the beginning of September. According to a friend of mine who has read the piece it is good, but not so good as "Bunty." In it Moffat again handles a Scotch subject, one of the principal characters being a hardy old north-countryman who is never tired of trying to explain the events of today by reference to the Old Testament. Moffat's idea of the value of his work may be gathered from the fact that he demanded terms certainly not less than those asked by Pigeon or Barrie.

SO LIGHT

He—Dearest, during the first dance I have with you be sure to say something to me.

She—Why?

He—Because you're so light, if you don't speak I will not have you in my arms.—Princeton Tiger.

HOLDING DOWN HER JOB



The fair stenographer about to leave on her vacation is asked by her employer to find a substitute. She complies.

IT STRIKES A BLOW AT IRELAND

British Ports Closed Against Her Cattle Because of Disease

MUCH INDIGNATION

Contended That Outbreak Has Not Been Traced to Ireland and Her Business Should Not Have Been Made So to Suffer

(Times' Special Correspondence)

Dublin, July 19.—Ireland is face to face with a disaster such as she has never experienced since the great famine. Her greatest industry, that of cattle raising, is threatened with ruin because of an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, or rather because of a panic it has caused in England, which has led to the closing of all the English ports against Irish live stock.

Last week a couple of cases of the dreaded disease were discovered among the herds in the Liverpool market, which is a great distributing center for cattle from Ireland. The infected animals were quickly destroyed and inspectors from the English board of agriculture were set to work to trace all the other herds that had passed through the market. In the next few days cases were discovered at a dozen widely separated points in the north of England and the Midlands, and one infected farm was found in Ireland, in the Swoed district of Dublin County.

The English authorities jumped to the conclusion that the disease had originated in Ireland and the embargo against Irish cattle was immediately put in force, although there is no evidence that the infection started in the country and in spite of the fact that not another case has been found in any place in Ireland, the outbreak being confined to one farm where all the cattle have been slaughtered.

How serious the embargo is to Ireland is shown by the following figures of the imports of Irish live stock into Great Britain:

	Week ended Jan. 1 to June 22	June 23 to June 29
Cattle	10,344	29,476
Sheep	29,271	22,106
Pigs	2,514	18,232
The total figures for last year were: cattle 284,228; sheep 664,197; pigs 242,349.		

Particular Hardship Just Now

The situation is made much more serious than it might have been by the date of the embargo. Irish farmers at this season are selling their fat cattle to provide the rent which is due in the autumn. The money which they realize in July and August from cattle sales is their chief source

of income for the year and with the English market closed this source of revenue is entirely cut off. The big graziers and the small men who fatten half a dozen cattle are equally hard hit and there is not even a chance for the small men to sell at a reduced price to the graziers who might be expected to hold the stock until the embargo is raised. For the fatter at this season have their land stocked to the limit of its feeding capacity, and there is little or no artificial feeding done in Ireland. Holding and buying food mean that profits for both large and small farmers will be swallowed up.

Seek Modification

An effort is being made by the Irish members of parliament to secure a modification of the embargo, by which cattle slaughtered in Ireland and passed by government veterinary inspectors may be admitted to England, but they will have to face the opposition of the English agricultural interests. Home fed beef in England already has risen four cents a pound and will go much higher if the ban on Irish cattle is continued, and the British farmers are reaping a harvest. If Irish dead meat is admitted there will be a slump in the market and beef will go much below normal prices because every Irish farmer will be anxious to get rid of his cattle before there is any danger of infection, and British dealers will have to meet the competitive prices.

So far the origin of the outbreak has not been traced. It is suggested that the disease may have been carried in imported hay or that the germs may have been brought back in their clothing by drovers from the continent or from England. The disease is a terribly infectious one and may be spread by infected animals walking across a pasture or even along the road. One case on a farm generally means that the whole herd is doomed.

So far veterinary science has been unable to deal with it, but it is reported that a German professor has isolated the bacillus and prepared a serum which will render the animal inoculated with it immune.

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HAVANA TOBACCO IS TO BE GROWN NOW IN FRANCE

Government Action Has Caused Agitation

PARIS NEWS LETTER

To Have Hotel For Princes—Project to Make Best Main Port For Trans-Atlantic Business—Murder Plot on Trades Unionism

(Times' Special Correspondence)
Paris, July 19.—The world of smokers in France is seriously agitated by a step recently taken by the government department which superintends the tobacco monopoly. It has ordered a supply of Havans and Maryland tobacco seed for plantations in France, and it openly proclaims its intention of selling tobacco raised from this newly imported seed as genuine Havans and Maryland. It certainly seems to be a proceeding of dubious commercial morality, and the assumption that the peculiar fascination of a Havana cigar or a pipeful of Virginia tobacco is due merely to the fact that it is grown from a certain seed, and not to any unique conditions of climate or manufacture seems equally questionable—but the final word is with the monopoly.

An interesting case has just been decided here. According to French law, the manufacturer of commodities such as liquors is bound to add the words "de fantaisie" if they are manufactured in what is called a "maison de fantaisie," instead of the naturally collected nectar in order to stimulate an increased supply of honey. In his own case, however, the honey was even more legitimately acquired. Instead of giving the bees ordinary sugar, he gave them the collected nectar of their own hives. The court, however, was unmoved by the ingenious defence, and the grocer was condemned to a 50 franc fine, and pronounced in addition was made that all such honey, not being the outcome of the best natural conversion of their natural food, must be distinguished as "miel de fantaisie"—now presumably to be known as "synthetic honey."

Hotel For Princes

The proposal to convert the famous Hotel Biran in Paris into a palace, where in all reigning princes who visit Paris should be lodged, has been abandoned. It is at present receiving a great deal of attention and approbation. Suites of rooms are to be reserved for the use of the monarchs of particular rulers. The decoration of the hotel is to be of a special character, and the scheme, most generally supported.

It is to be, as far as possible, a synthesis of modern French decorative art. The carpets and tapestries would be the work of the state factories of Gobelin and Beauvais according to the designs of contemporary artists. The furniture would be designed by the medallists in the decorative art section of the French salons and be carried out by the cabinet makers. The upholsterers in the government service, the Hotel Biran is to be the Luxembourg, and the scheme is later, interesting and its very optimism deserves success.

A Murderous Scene was Enacted in a

income for the year and with the English market closed this source of revenue is entirely cut off. The big graziers and the small men who fatten half a dozen cattle are equally hard hit and there is not even a chance for the small men to sell at a reduced price to the graziers who might be expected to hold the stock until the embargo is raised. For the fatter at this season have their land stocked to the limit of its feeding capacity, and there is little or no artificial feeding done in Ireland. Holding and buying food mean that profits for both large and small farmers will be swallowed up.

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small lodging at Terry, where a man who had gone mad stabbed his wife nearly to death, thinking that he was murdering a dwarf who had entered her body. He is a workman and a brick yard, and for the last month he had given signs of mental derangement. The neighbors often heard him shout and talk loudly as if he saw someone in his room when he was alone. His wife heard him complain of a dwarf which he imagined he saw, but she paid no attention to it, thinking it was only a passing illusion. She was asleep when her husband was suddenly seized with new attack. He took a sword-stick and stabbed the mattress. His wife jumped out of the bed, and then he turned his weapon on her.

"There he is!" he shouted, stabbing her in the chest. "The dwarf has entered your body, but I will kill him anyway!" He stabbed her seven or eight times, and she fell to the floor bleeding profusely. Some neighbors rushed into the room and found the madman still stabbing away at the mattress. He was seized and handed over to the police.

When asked by the magistrate why he stabbed his wife, he broke out into a violent fit of laughter, and explained that he had not killed his wife, but the dwarf. "My dear wife," he said, "is all right. I have done her no harm. We shall now be happy, since I have killed the dwarf." She was taken to an asylum, and his unfortunate wife was conveyed to a hospital, where her condition was found to be alarming.

Brest as Terminus

M. Claude Casimir-Perier, son of the late president of the republic, is at the head of an undertaking which, if carried out, should be of extreme importance to French shipping and to the world's shipping. The wonder is that the scheme has never yet been taken up seriously. It is one for making Brest the main European harbor for trans-Atlantic traffic.

The natural advantages of Brest's position are obvious. The port is the nearest European point to the north of the Atlantic, and its position is central and southern. Its natural roadstead is a magnificent one, and could be made to ten times its present size. If French shipping summons the energy to work Brest properly, the results may be far-reaching for France.

It is certain, for instance, that nine-tenths of the North American traffic for the continent of Europe, and practically all the trade from Central and South America could be diverted via Brest, if Brest were made a great port.

For the time being Brest is entirely asleep, except for the naval arsenal, and the railway station. The distance is just under 300 miles, and the one so-called express of the day takes eleven hours to make it. With a decent train service, trans-Atlantic passengers landed at Brest, which is a good deal nearer North America than Plymouth, could get to Paris in seven hours. M. Claude Casimir-Perier's committee, if it ever succeeds in doing anything, may revolutionize trans-Atlantic traffic.

Feminists are taking a hand in the futurist movement. A poetess, Mme. Valentine de Saint Point, read to an audience of futurist artists, and gave a lecture on "Women and Futurism." At first nothing was seen but the lady's magnificent hat, which was unanimously applauded, but gradually, as from beneath the hat a charming voice expressed ideas and sentiments of unexpected audacity, signs of indignation were visible in certain quarters of the room.

The lecturer seemed to gather strength from opposition. She claimed for woman a new and high, if not the foremost place in the futurist movement. Woman, she asserted, had untapped stores of violence and brutality in her nature—the female of the species was, in fact, deadlier than the male. Futurism must use the innate ferocity of woman for its own high ends.

The lecture ended. It was the turn of the opposition. Objector after objector leaped on the platform, and soon it was a pandemonium, to which only the pen or the pencil of a futurist could do justice. When the meeting broke up disputants exchanged blows with sticks and fists on the staircase. In fact, it was a foretaste of the futurist millennium.

Virgil's crow foretold the rain by croaking. The hens of a French agriculturist change color with the changes of the barometer. This gentleman, knowing that canary breeders obtain a delicate rose pink tinge in the plumage of their birds by mixing cayenne pepper with their food, subjected some white hens to the same exhilarating diet. The result more than met his expectations. The hens, pink with a steady barometer, flushed a violent scarlet whenever there was a drop in the air. In short, they became weather hens.

A Shocking Murder

A shocking case of trade unionist tyranny has just occurred at Le Mans. A party of navies were at work near the station when three railway employees who were treating themselves to a holiday came up, and one of them asked the means of the gang to produce his syndicate card. When the poor man replied that he kept his syndicate for his family and not for his work, a German professor has isolated the bacillus and prepared a serum which will render the animal inoculated with it immune.

The murderer, who bolted, was arrested an hour later.