

Romances of the Lord Chief Justiceship

The Lord Chief Justiceship of England has a history nine hundred years old.

The office of Chief Justice, as it was first called, was introduced from Normandy by William the Conqueror. A central tribunal was established for the whole of England; the great State Officers were the judges and the Chief Justice presided over them all.

The holder of this office was the next man in the kingdom to the sovereign; he had precedence over all the nobility, and apparently acted as Regent during the King's absence abroad.

This pre-eminence lasted for about two centuries, when the remodelling of England's judicial system considerably reduced the power of the Justice.

The first Chief Justice was a man named Odo; he came into office in 1066. Odo combined the qualities of soldier, priest, and lawyer; he fought at the Battle of Hastings, and his valor in this fight is depicted on the famous Bayeux tapestry. Another Chief Justice was Glanville, who went to the Crusades and was killed at the siege of Acre.

There is one curious instance of a King of England having been Lord Chief Justice: Henry II. held the office during the reign of Stephen, and succeeded to the throne on that Sovereign's death.

In the reign of Henry IV. Sir William Gascoigne was Chief Justice. He is the hero of a story of the youth of Henry V. The Prince of Wales, as he then was, enraged at the conviction of a friend, struck Gascoigne and was promptly committed by the courageous judge for contempt. This is an early example of that judicial impartiality of which modern England is so proud.

The stormy days of the Stuarts pro-

duced great Chief Justices in Coke and Matthew Hale, while among later famous names are Lords Mansfield and Ellenborough.

It is curious to note that history affords more than one example of Chief Justices whose honor and character were by no means above reproach. Thus we find two early Justices—De Weyland and Thorpe—charged with bribery and dishonest practices. There are others, but all fade into insignificance before the sinister figure of Chief Justice Jeffreys, infamous through the "Bloody Assizes" in James II.'s reign.

There are few figures more terrible than that of this bloodthirsty scoundrel, who sent batches of innocent and guilty alike to the scaffold. Before his own miserable death in the Tower, he rose to be Lord Chancellor of England.

Another formidable Chief Justice was one Scroggs, who flourished under Charles II. He was eventually "dismissed" from his office after being impeached "by reason of his profane and atheistical discourses, his frequent and notorious excesses and debaucheries, which do affront the Almighty and give countenance to all manner of evil."

It is a relief to pass from such records to the great names of more modern and gentler days. Among more recent Lord Chief Justices the names of Russell of Killowen, Coleridge, and Alverstone are still fresh in the minds of many. They were men who maintained the highest traditions of their office.

Such is a brief history of the Lord Chief Justiceship, the holder of which, though debarred from a seat in the Cabinet, enjoys the solid compensations of the Presidency of the King's Bench Division, a peerage, and a salary of \$40,000 a year.

"THE LESSON OF THE DEEP."

By William Jean Bertheroy

Rolande was writing at her little desk under her little electric lamp, with her little Chinese pieces, her little Dresden cats and her little Japanese dolls around her. Everything in the room was diminutive. One might have said that in furnishing her sanctum she had tried to bring it into harmony with her own character, which was still constricted and childish.

She was writing to her husband, who had been away for several weeks:

"Don't hurry back, my dear Rene. Take all the time you need to give to your affairs. I am doing very well, and the days will not seem too long, thanks to the little distractions which enliven them."

She had hardly finished the letter when the door opened and Rene appeared. He seemed nervous and pre-occupied.

"I am to be here only a few hours," he said. "I came to get you. Pack your trunks. You are to go away with me to-night. We take the train for Harve and to-morrow we sail for America."

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, in dismay. "I thought you had given up that trip."

"I had. I believed that it wouldn't be necessary. But it is. My presence is required in San Francisco, it seems, where we are going to open a new office. But we shan't be there very long—not more than a year, I hope."

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" she sighed. "Couldn't you go alone?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "Would you really prefer that? Would you accept such a separation? We have been married only six months, and you wouldn't worry about putting such a distance between us?"

She turned red. "I spoke hastily," she said. "Please excuse me. I was taken by surprise. So everything must be ready this evening?"

"Evidently," he answered, in a voice which brooked no contradiction. "She left her little retreat. Rene glanced around. The apartment was going to be closed. All these puerile and useless things would be relegated to the past. They two, Rolande and he, would begin a new life amid new surroundings."

He had taken that resolution not because he doubted his wife's fidelity, but because he saw her becoming more and more absorbed in sterile and narrowing thoughts and habits. Air and space were needed to verify her youthful intelligence, and since the occasion had presented itself he was now more than eager to spirit her away from her present environment.

Rolande returned in a few minutes. She seated herself beside him on the lounge and put her arms about his neck.

"Is it really true that you want to go away? I think that you are only submitting me to a test. People don't make long voyages on such short notice. Rene, we were so happy here."

"Can it be that you were contented with this narrow kind of happiness?" "Would you offer me some other kind?" she asked.

He took her on his knees and kissed her hair.

"You are a little girl, a very little girl. One must grow and expand to enjoy life. When we come back you will see that I was right and you will thank me."

She made no answer, but looked sad and troubled.

"What do you regret, then?" Rene asked, with a tinge of suspicion.

"Nothing. I merely have a fear of the unknown. I am afraid. What may happen so far away in a foreign country?"

"You will be with me. Isn't that enough?"

"I don't know," she answered in so low a voice that he guessed her words rather than heard them.

They had embarked and were on their way across the vast Atlantic. Rolande showed little interest in the incidents of the voyage. A flock of seagulls kept ahead of the ship, seeming to direct its course. Whence came these birds, masters of space? No land was in sight. Rene said to his young wife:

"Don't you wonder at their vigor and the sureness of their flight? Wouldn't you like to have some of their venturesome spirit?"

"No," she replied. "I feel strangely upset, Rene. This sudden change in my life! Yesterday I still enjoyed a sense of calm and security. To-day I don't seem to belong to the earth any more."

"What foolishness!" he said, bending tenderly over her.

Yet he began to reproach himself for having brought her along against her will. Might she not be one of those creatures with a narrow brain and feeble will who find pleasure only in the commonplaces of every-day existence? When he had married her he had hoped to make her over in his own image—to inspire her with his enjoyment of freedom and his disdain for the conventional. Must he renounce that hope? And what would their life together be, in that case?

"How many days will it take to get to San Francisco?" Rolande asked.

"Two weeks, at least. Would you like to have us stop the first day out?"

"What good would that do?" "The wind began to blow hard and the sky grew black."

"We must go inside," said Rene. "A storm is coming. It will rain in a few minutes."

She obeyed. Her passivity was complete. In her stateroom, where everything was shaken up, she began to think of her little Chinese pieces and the fragile little porcelains of her boudoir in Paris.

"To think that I have given them all up for this!"

The sea ran high. Through the porthole Rolande saw a yellow mass of angry waves, one dashing upon another. She was separated from them only by the thickness of a glass window. The idea filled her with horror. She preferred to see the storm-tossed ocean from above. She mounted to the deck.

It was almost deserted. Some of the crew were running hither and thither, making things fast. She heard the shouts of the officers above the noise of the tempest. She clung to a rope. She was, so to speak, suspended above the abyss. She smelt the sea wind, which expanded her lungs and filled her with its savage ardor. A new sensation, powerful and marvelous, took possession of her frail body. A furtive star shone here and there through the black mantle of the sky. The sun was dying in the west. There was just light enough to let the vision range around the four quarters of the horizon. And the idea of the infinite imposed itself upon her, inevitably, as the sole reality.

"Is it possible," Rolande said to herself, "that we are at once so great and so small? I feel a whole world awakened in me. I no longer fear death. Rather I would fear life, if it didn't bring me what I shall hereafter demand of it."

She remained thus, plunged in mys-

—and the worst is yet to come



tery, while the sea gradually calmed. The sky also became clear and the golden crescent of the moon floated softly in it, like the Marquis of Isis, "the barque of millions of years," which carried to eternity souls freed of their terrestrial bonds.

She smiled at her dreams. Presently she gave a start. Rene was beside her. He had looked in her stateroom and, not finding her there, had run up on deck, fearing something had happened to her.

"How reckless! Were you here all through the storm?"

"She looked at him with a changed expression. "Yes!—I have no fear now. You can take me wherever you wish. I shall never be afraid again."

And she added tenderly, in a whisper: "I know, now, what love ought to be in hearts which are deep enough to contain it."

Protecting the Chinchilla.

The government of Peru has issued an edict forbidding the killing of chinchillas and the sale of export of their skins for an indefinite period to come. This step is taken in the hope of preventing the final extermination of the species.

The chinchilla is a small burrowing animal, native to the high Cordilleras of Peru, Bolivia and Chile. It looks a good deal like a rat, but has a coat of beautiful silken, light gray fur. The fur has a high market value, and to obtain it the chinchillas have been mercilessly killed off.

Sometimes they are trapped or dug out of their burrows, but usually they are hunted with dogs, fox terriers being most useful for the purpose. The dogs trained to catch them are taught to do it in such a way as not to injure the fur.

Chile exported the pelts of 695,316 chinchillas in 1900. Since then, however, the animals have become much scarcer. To regulate the hunting of them is difficult, because the lofty mountain regions where they are found are so remote.

It has been the practice of the hunters to make expeditions in pursuit of chinchillas, collect some thousands of skins, and on their return dispose of them at some seaport, spending the proceeds thereupon in riotous living. A ready market will always be found for the pelts, whether the traffic is forbidden or not.

Faith Sees Beyond the Obstacles

"According to thy faith be it unto thee," is just as scientific in this world of affairs as any demonstrated truth of science.

Unless you have one-hundred-per-cent. faith in your ability to do the thing you set your heart on, your efforts will be in vain. No indifference no doubting half-hearted work will accomplish it. He only can who thinks he can.

If you have only fifty per cent. of faith, that is, if you have fifty per cent. of doubt or fear of the outcome of what you are trying to do, your chance of success will be correspondingly weak. If you have twenty-five per cent. of faith, you will be handicapped by just twenty-five per cent.

It is the men with one hundred per cent. of faith, the men who kill their doubts, strangle their fears, and push to the front regardless of obstacles, who win out in life. So long as you live in an atmosphere saturated with failure though you cannot do the biggest thing possible to you, because you cannot have a hundred per cent. of faith; and remember that your achievement, your success, will depend upon the percentage of your faith in yourself and in what you are trying to do.

If we should interview the men in the great failure army, we should find

The Battle.

I awakened in the night to chill and darkness, Outside the winds of March, made high alarm; I turned again to sleep serene and thankful Though I was snug and warm.

And then I caught a murmur of contention, That roused my drowsy sense To hear the battle call with keen attention, The rallying for defense.

For hours it raged with life or death persistence, I shuddered at the din, Spring's fierce attack, Old Winter's grim resistance— The field to which could win.

But with the dawn, I knew one was defeated; I heard the drip of rain, Broken and crushed, Old Winter had retreated And spring stood tapping at my window pane!

It's Fine To-day!

Sure this world is full of trouble, I ain't said it ain't; Lord! I've had enough an' double Reason for complaint. Rain an' storm have come to fret me, Skies were often gray; Thorns an' brambles have beset me On the road—but say, Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weepin', Makin' trouble last? What's the use of always keepin' Thinkin' of the past? Each must have his tribulation, Water with his wine, Life, it ain't no celebraion, Trouble? I've had mine. But to-day is fine.

It's to-day that I am livin', Not a month ago, Havin' losin', takin', givin', As time wills it so. Yesterday a cloud of sorrow Fell across the way, It may rain again to-morrow, It may rain, but say, Ain't it fine to-day?

Playing-cards printed by a wood-cut process are said to have existed in 1440, but the earliest printed illustration still extant is dated 1446.

Sir Robin.

Rolling robin is here again. What does he care for the mild spring rain? Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know

That the warm spring rain carries off the snow, And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest, And washes his pretty, red Easter vest, And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,

For his hungry little robins to eat? "Ha, ha, ha!" Hear the jolly bird laugh, "That ain't the best of my story, by half."

Robin, sir robin, gay red-vested knight, Now you have come to us, summer's in sight, You never dream of the wonders you bring—

Visions that follow the flash of your wing; How all the beautiful by and by Around you and after you seems to fly!

Sing on or eat on, as pleases your mind, Well have you earned every morsel you find, "Aye, ha, ha, ha," whistles robin, "My dear Let us all take our own choice of good cheer."

—Lucy Larcom.

A Vernal Day.

I know at heart that there will come a day In Springtime, when the old alluring call Will thrill my ears, and I shall fling the thrall

Of care and Winter weariness away The call of wandering, and I shall stray By shady slopes where trilliums grow tall, And pause beside a lyric waterfall That tumbles down the silver of its spray.

And I shall sense the rejoicing of earth, The fragrant breath of every growing thing, Whether it be or fern or brier or vine;

And though I solve no mysteries of birth, Yet shall I feel that something is divine In the widespread renaissance of the Spring.

Japanese Massacres.

In the Japanese national Legislature the other day Baron Nakano charged that in 1915 the Japanese had slaughtered 20,000 aborigines in Formosa.

The Japanese have long had a reputation for ferocity. In the latter part of the sixteenth century they invaded Korea and Hideyoshi, the commander of their expeditionary force, sent back to Japan the ears of 10,000 Koreans, preserved in salt. They were buried in a mound near Kyoto, where a monument marks the spot to this day.

Hideyoshi was one of the generals of Nobunaga, who was the most celebrated Japanese soldier of his time.

At that period the Buddhist priests in Japan had gained such power that they were virtually running the country. Their religious establishments were great strongholds, the largest of them embracing thirteen valleys, with more than 500 temples and shrines. In these sacred and fortified places monks by thousands chanted before gorgeous altars, reveled in luxury and licentiousness and hatched plots to fan the flames of feudal war.

Nobunaga set out to destroy the system and wiped out one Buddhist stronghold after another. While he was besieging a fortified monastery and town in the province of Osaka several of the noncombatant people attempted to escape in a storm, but they were overtaken and slaughtered without regard for age or sex. A junk laden with the ears and noses of the slain was then permitted to float by the town in full view of the garrison.

Equal to the Occasion.

He had been a writer of novelettes, but now he was a tramp. The imaginative instinct remained with him, however.

"Well," demanded the cold-visaged woman as she opened the door. "Madam," he replied, "I am the exiled King of Cambria. I was hunting in yonder forest, but in some way I became separated from my retainers, likewise my gun and purse. I am footsore and weary, and I would fain tarry awhile and partake of refreshment at your hospitable board."

"We've got nothing in the house fit for a king to eat," said the woman, in the same lofty tone; "but I pray thee tarry while I unchain my bull-hound Tearam. He will escort your majesty with all ceremony to the gates, and methinks—"

But the king remembered a pressing engagement elsewhere.

L71, the latest form of war-Zeppelin and the largest airship actually flown, is 743 feet long, and has a maximum speed of 74 miles per hour. She has been surrendered to Great Britain under the terms of the Peace Treaty.

Mount Everest, for some reason unexplained, has no native name, as most of the gigantic peaks of the Himalayas have, but was named after Sir G. Everest, who was the first director of the Indian survey.

The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess aptitude and the perseverance to attain it.—Goethe.

Growing Animals for Competition.

All kinds of domestic animals, when prepared for exhibition nowadays must undergo a toilet in order that they may look their best. Even the rabbits and guinea pigs are washed and combed.

The most important part of the performance in the case of chickens that are to compete for prizes is a shampoo. The fowl is immersed in warm water and treated to a thorough bath, with a plentiful lather of soap. Then it is rinsed and dried with soft cloths, taking care not to rub its feathers, but merely to dab them.

The job is finished by moistening a piece of rag with a little olive oil or vaseline and rubbing it into the shanks, wattles, face and comb. A nail brush, with soap and water, may be used to remove dirt.

It is desirable that a fowl prepared for show should not be wild or easily frightened. To make it tame it should be handled once a day gently. To smooth and stroke its wattles has a soothing effect, and the bird soon learns to like this sort of petting.

Shackleton to Explore the Arctic.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the antarctic explorer, will leave in May or June on an expedition to the arctic. He will take with him a dozen men, chiefly those who accompanied him on former expeditions, and contemplates being away for two years.

The Norwegian whaling boat Foca I has been purchased for the expedition, and in all probability she will first proceed to Hudson Bay, where 150 dogs will be taken on board. Thence the expedition will proceed by way of Baffin Bay, which will be reached, it is hoped, by the end of July, through Lancaster Sound, to Axel Heiberg's Land. From there Sir Ernest intends to explore the islands eastward to Parry Island, this being the main object of the expedition.

More Boys Than Girls Born in England.

The belief that more boys than girls are born after periods of war has been vindicated in the vital statistics recently published by the registrar-general here, says a London despatch.

More than 20,000 more boys than girls were born in 1919, the highest proportion since the commencement of registration in 1838. The fact that more boys were being born was first noticed in the birth statistics of 1916 and has steadily increased since.

Another curious fact of "sex ratios" is that as prices increase, the percentage of boy births rises. This fact has been strikingly demonstrated in the past fifty years.

Would Wait and See.

He was a stranger from the North of Scotland, and was on holiday in Glasgow. Walking along Argyle Street, he came across a contingent of the Salvation Army, and a collection-bag was thrust in front of him. He dropped in a penny.

Turning up Queen Street, he met another smiling lass, who held out another collection-bag in front of him.

"Na, na!" he said. "I gied a penny to a squad o' your folk round the corner just the noo."

"Really," said the lass, "that was very good of you. But, then, you can't do a good thing too often. And besides, the Lord will reward you a hundred-fold."

"Aweel," said the cautious Scot, "we'll just wait till the first transaction's finished before we begin another ane."

Taking Notes.

"Well, Harris," said a clergyman to his Cockney servant, "what were you doing in church this afternoon?"

"Doin', sir? I was taking notes," was the reply. "You—taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Suttlingly, sir! All the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let's see them," said the clergyman.

Harris thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of strange marks.

"Why, this is all nonsense!" said the preacher, as he looked at the notes.

"Well, sir," replied Harris, "I thought so all the time you were preaching!"

Not a Popular Wish.

The new clergyman was trying to raise a charitable fund just before Christmas and a man in the congregation said he would give \$160 to start it off.

"I don't know your name, sir," said the grateful clergyman, "but I thank you and I pray that your business may be doubled during the coming year."

There was a solemn hush in the congregation, punctuated here and there with something that sounded like a titter.

"What's the matter?" the clergyman whispered anxiously to the chairman. "Er—nothing—nothing," stammered the chairman, "only that gentleman happens to be an undertaker."