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CANADIAN PICTORIAL

CANADA'S POPULAR MAGAZINE

v. 7. no. 4. Mar. 1912



"OUR PRINCESS"

MARCH

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FROM OUR MAIL BAG

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"Gentlemen,—I am delighted with last issue (January, 1912) of your magazine. The views of the Durbar are certainly fine. I have been taking this paper for two years, and must say that cuts of all the numbers are excellent. 'Bowling on the Green of our Town' is very fine. Could I have half-a-dozen of them, and, if possible, one of Xmas number? Send instructions and I will get my boy to try and get you a few subscriptions. Awaiting reply, I am, yours, etc., Wm. Laing, Ont."

NOTE.—On January 23rd we forwarded package of six "Pictorials," and on January 31st received the following letter with remittance enclosed:

Jan. 31st, 1912

"Dear Sir,—I started out with a copy of your magazine and have taken fourteen orders for a year's subscription for "Canadian Pictorial." I am enclosing remittance, and hope that this will be satisfactory. I may get a few names more, but wanted these to go at once so that you could send the January numbers to each of them.—Yours, etc.,

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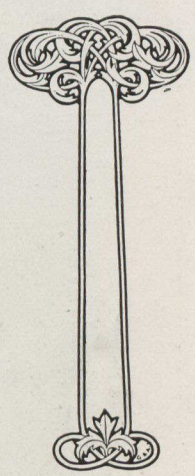


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"Yes, this is Windsor Salt"
"Well, I forgot the name so I asked the grocer for the best table salt he had, and he said Windsor Salt was what everybody used, so I took it."
"Well, he is right about everybody using it, and it certainly is the best".



The King-Emperor and His Viceroy His Majesty and Lord Hardinge riding to the great review of the troops at Calcutta. The King was provided with such a magnificent horse for his state rides in India that he brought the splendid creature home with him.

—Copyright, Central News

Canadian Pictorial

VOL. 7, No. 4

One Dollar
a Year

MARCH, 1912

142 St. Peter Street
Montreal

PRICE 10 CENTS

Spring is Coming

This day Dame Nature seemed in love :
The lusty sap began to move ;
Fresh juice did stir the embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines :
The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly ;
There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possessed
With the swift pilgrims' daubed nest :
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice :

The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled ;
Joan takes her neat rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow ;
Where, for some sturdy football swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain ;
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet,
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus, all looked gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year.

Sir H. Wotton

Happenings of a Month

THE greatest world-event of the month has been the advance made towards the establishment of a Republic in China. Yuan Shi Kai has managed so that the throne has abdicated in favor of the republic, not into the hands of the republic, but into his own, and has ordered the members of his cabinet, which did not exist, to continue their duties. Yuan could only find one person, probably his secretary, to act as cabinet minister with him in signing this decree of his own composition. He now proceeds to form a cabinet, apparently intending to govern China and call himself the republic. That was the way Napoleon Bonaparte managed things until he was strong enough to proclaim himself emperor. Yuan purported, however, to have been acting in agreement with the republican leaders; and he named Dr. Wu Ting Fang, a genuine republican, as a member of this cabinet. He acknowledged the republic, but practically said "the republic is me." His queerest claim was that he was so appointed by the throne, considering that the throne abdicated on the ground that its authority was not recognized by the people, and considering that he dictated the decree himself. From the first it has been the policy of Dr. Sun, the provisional president, to make Yuan president, so as to secure a bloodless solution of the revolution which Dr. Sun has so magnificently engineered. To this end he laid down his high office in favor of a man whose loyalty is far less disinterested than his own.

* * *

The Republic has certainly no plain sailing before it. A former revolutionist is joining with the present viceroy to raise the standard of revolt in Mukden, the capital of the home land of the Manchus, and other harms threaten. One thing seems certain, that the old China has passed away, and that an era of

progress has dawned. It has been the longing desire, alike of Yuan's imperial decrees and of every one connected with the Republic, that the great empire, Manchus, Mongols, Mahommedans and Thibetans, should hold together. It will be almost a miracle if it does. If it does not there is Russia to take possession of Northern Mongolia and Northern Manchuria, Japan for Southern Manchuria, India for Thibet, and the French and Germans both angrily wanting something, but with nothing but China proper to prey upon. These are results to be avoided at all cost.

* * *

The second session of the second parliament of King George's reign was opened on February 14th by the King in person, with all the time-honored picturesque ceremony which always marks such occasions. No Speech from the Throne has for many years been awaited with such absorbing public interest, and the King himself showed that he realized the momentousness of the occasion by the emphasis he laid on the more salient clauses of his address while he was speaking. Disappointment, however, was very easily read in the faces of his hearers over the meagre references to the historic legislation mapped out by the government. The Speech was a short one. In referring to the measures to be brought before parliament, the King said:

"A measure for the better government of Ireland will be submitted to you. A bill will be laid before you to terminate the establishment of the church in Wales and make provision for its temporalities. Proposals will be brought forward for the amendment of the law with respect to the franchise and the registration of electors." This was all the King had to say about the three measures, which, if they become law, will radically alter the constitution and history of the United Kingdom.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE MONTH

Dr. Hansen, the famous Norwegian biologist and discoverer of the bacillus of leprosy, died at Christiania on Feb. 12.

Bishop Holmes, of the diocese of Athabasca, died in London on Feb. 3rd. He had been Bishop of Athabasca and Acting Bishop of Mackenzie River since 1909.

Lord Lister, famous as the discoverer of the antiseptic system in surgery, died in London on Feb. 11th, aged 85 years.

It is announced at The Hague that the third Peace Conference of the Powers will not assemble there before 1915. It is hoped that the Carnegie Palace of Peace will be ready for opening about the middle of 1913.

The King has appointed Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a Knight of the Garter, the order recently vacated by the death of the Duke of Fife. The distinction is limited to royalty and a few of the high nobility.

Sir Lomer Gouin, the Quebec Premier, has introduced a bill in the legislature to amend the Quebec election act, which practically gives the suffrage to every male British subject in the Province of Quebec over twenty-one years of age. One man, one vote, will be the new rule.

Sir James Whitney, the Premier of Ontario, announced in the Legislature on Feb. 12 that the Government would ask authority to borrow a sum of money not exceeding five million dollars towards the settlement, colonization and building of necessary roads in New Ontario.

Lord Pentland has been appointed Governor of Madras to succeed Sir Thomas Gibson-Carmichael, who was recently appointed Governor of Bengal. As Capt. John Sinclair he was attached to Lord Aberdeen's staff while Governor-General of Canada, and whose eldest daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, he married in 1904.

The war in Tripoli is being carried on in desultory style, but the monotony was relieved on the night of Feb. 10th by two determined attempts to rush the Italian lines at Derna. The Turks lost sixty men and the Italians three with twenty wounded. Dogs gave the Italians warning of the enemy's approach, and searchlights showed where they were.

Mrs. Mary C. Leavitt, for 40 years an honorary president of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and a traveller in many lands in behalf of temperance, died in Boston on Feb. 5th, aged 82. Mrs. Leavitt travelled 200,000 miles and with the aid of interpreters, spoke to people in fifty-one languages in behalf of temperance, morality and Christianity.

Great Britain and Russia will shortly advance to Persia another \$2,000,000, in order to relieve the immediate necessities of the Persian Government. A despatch from Moscow to a London paper states that the two countries named are also about to revise their joint agreement concerning Persia, adopted in 1907, in order to bring harmony out of the existing conditions in that country.

Sir James Lemoine, the well-known Canadian historian and litterateur, died on Feb. 5th at his home at Spencer Grange, Quebec, in his eighty-eighth year. Among some of his works were: 'Quebec Past and Present,' 'The Scot in New France,' 'The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence,' 'Picturesque Quebec,' 'Canadian Heroines,' 'The Birds of Quebec,' 'Legends of the St. Lawrence,' 'The Annals of the Port of Quebec.'

Senator Eladio Victoria, who has filled the office of provisional President since the assassination of President Caceres on November 19, has been elected President of the republic of Santo Domingo. President Victoria was formerly in the Caceres Cabinet and was his warm friend. He is about fifty years of age and is said to be wealthy. Order prevails throughout the republic.

The Servian Cabinet has resigned. The Ministers took this step partly on account of the recent discovery of what is known as the 'Black Hand' conspiracy in the army to force King Peter to dismiss the radical Cabinet, or to abdicate in favor of the Crown Prince. Another reason given for the resignation is that the support afforded by the Parliament to the Government has declined considerably.

The British submarine 'A. 3' sank on the morning of Feb. 2nd, after a collision with the British gunboat 'Hazard,' off the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. The submarine carried a crew of four officers and ten men, who were drowned. The submarine, which went out of harbor for diving and torpedo exercises, sank like a stone immediately after the collision. The escape of air and gas was indicated by bubbles which appeared on the surface immediately after she sank, showing that the vessel quickly filled with water.

A visit paid to Berlin by Lord Haldane, the British Secretary of State for War, has been the cause of much speculation in the various capitals, and it is believed that his mission was to try and come to some understanding with Germany in the matter of naval armaments, even to permitting legitimate expansion in Africa and the East. But while ready to do everything to bring about more cordial relations, it can be deduced from Mr. Churchill's Glasgow speech that the British are prepared to play the game to the end if that is the German choice.

The Emperor William in his speech on opening the new Reichstag laid stress on the necessity that in the interests of peace the navy and the army should be strengthened. The Moroccan question was a fresh proof of Germany's readiness to settle peacefully disputes with other nations. The imperial finances would shortly be completely on a sound footing in view of the excellent results and the free spirit and enterprise of trade and industry. The progress in technical improvement had so greatly benefited agriculture, that it was decided to maintain the present tariff policy, and expression will be given to it in the new tariff treaties with other countries. In concluding the agreement with France they had given new proof of readiness to settle international difficulties amicably whenever such a course is consonant with the dignity and the interests of Germany. Side by side with the maintenance of the alliance with Austria-Hungary and Italy, his policy has been steadily directed toward the cultivation of friendly relations with all the Powers on the basis of mutual respect and good will. The French press, in commenting upon the speech, expressed the opinion that its studied, dignified view will not allay criticism of its hostile character abroad. It is evident that Germany has decided to continue her policy of colonial extension whether France and England like it or not.

Mr. Lloyd George in a speech at the City of London Liberal Club, speaking among other things on the reduction of armaments, said he believed that the present was an advantageous moment to consider the question. It was in the interests of France, Germany, Russia, and Great Britain that there should be a better understanding. He believed that with candor, frankness, and boldness it is attainable. The world would be richer for it, taxes might be reduced, and the money

which would be saved that is now spent on armaments could be devoted to developing the resources of the country and improving the condition of the people. The cornerstone of sound finance is peace on earth and good will among men.

While hundreds of venturesome persons were on the ice bridge at Niagara Falls on Feb. 4th, it suddenly broke from its shoring and moved down the gorge. Those on the ice made a rush for shore, but Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton of Toronto, and Burrell Heacock, seventeen, of Cleveland, were swept to death in the whirlpool rapids, two miles below the Falls, to which point they had drifted on the ice. The man and the boy died like heroes, the woman calmly. Stanton twice put aside chances of rescue in order to remain with his wife, and, in the shadow of death, just as the break occurred in the rapids, spurned assistance for himself, and attempted to bind about his wife's body a rope dangling from the lower steel arch bridge, as they passed under it. The lad, Burrell Heacock, was cast in the same mould. Had he not turned back on the ice to give assistance to the man, he, too, might have made the shore. Thousands witnessed the accident, but were helpless to render aid, although every effort was made.

The abdication of the throne of China by the Manchu dynasty was proclaimed in an Imperial edict at noon on Feb. 12th in Peking. Another edict declared that the throne accepted the Republic, while a third approved all the conditions agreed upon by Premier Yuan Shih Kai and the Republicans. It also declared that the step taken by the throne was in order to meet the wishes of the people. Thus ends a dynasty which has had absolute rule of China for three hundred years. According to a Nanking despatch the proposed Republican constitution consists of seventy articles, and follows the American model, except that the president and vice-president will be elected by congress, which will also name the premier, the latter selecting his cabinet subject to the approval of congress. It will establish religious freedom and provide for conscription. A manifesto was issued on Feb. 13th in Peking by Yuan Shi-Kai in which he assumes the title, 'The Fully Empowered Organizer of the Republic.' The manifesto politely commands Government officials and the police to continue their duties and to maintain order. It is said in London that Yuan has requested the Powers to recognize him as President Plenipotentiary of the Celestial Republic, in accordance with the power vested in him by the Manchu government.

Mr. Winston Churchill, in a speech at Glasgow on Feb. 9th, before the Clyde Navigation Trust, spoke at length on the subject of German and British sea rivalry, taking the view that, while naval power was necessary to the existence of Great Britain, it was a luxury for Germany. Touching on prospective naval increases in the two countries, he said that there was no need for excitement or panic. Great Britain had the situation well in hand, and there was no chance whatever of her being overtaken in naval strength. All the money, all the ships, and all the men that were necessary could be supplied by Great Britain. Mr. Churchill said that he would welcome a retardation of naval construction, but if there was to be an increase of naval strength on the Continent it would only result in foreign Powers being further out-distanced by the measures which the British Government was ready to take which would enable Great Britain to pursue her path through the world, not seeking a quarrel and fearing none. Mr. Churchill's speech is thought in London to be part of a plan to encourage the belief in the uselessness of Germany's trying to outstrip her rival in sea power.

Their Majesties Welcomed Home



The King Again in his Capital

This was the first glimpse that the people of London had of Their Majesties after their Indian Tour. The carriages are just leaving Victoria Station for Buckingham Palace.

—Copyright, Topical.



Leaving St. Paul's Cathedral

Both to witness the arrival home and to see the King and Queen driving to and from St. Paul's Cathedral where the national service of thanksgiving for their safe return from the greatest tour ever undertaken by a British Sovereign, was held, the streets of London were thronged with the people anxious again to give evidence of their loyalty and love for the persons of Their Majesties.

—Copyright, Central News.

The Dickens Centenary



A Canadian Celebration February 7th was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. The Dickens Fellowship of Montreal marked the occasion by an entertainment at which many of the members were garbed as Dickens characters. The picture shows a group of leading members. Reading from left to right:—*Top Row:* Mr. J. Murphy, Mr. J. Porteous Arnold, Mrs. J. A. Henderson, Dr. J. A. Hutchinson, Miss Horniman, Miss Symonds, Miss Elliott. *Second Row:* Mrs. W. Godbee Brown, Miss Saxe, Mr. H. Davidson as "Mr. Lorrie," Miss Wulff as "Dolly Varden," Mrs. Bennett as "Ruth Pinch," Mr. E. J. Wayte as "Mantellini," Miss Crawford as "Madame Dufarge." *Third Row:* Miss Yarker as "Little Nell," Dr. Atherton as "Sageant Biz-Fuz," Mr. J. M. Henderson as "Fagin," Miss Young as "Little Nell," Mr. G. H. Young as "Bob Cratchit." *Fourth Row:* Mr. R. McGlaughlin as "Mrs. MacStinger," Mr. J. Jephcott as "Captain Cuttle."



The Old Curiosity Shop This is the most generally known Dickens building in London, but it is now generally accepted as merely standing for and not being the real "Old Curiosity Shop" of the novel. It will doubtless continue to be the Mecca of Dickens-lovers from all over the world.

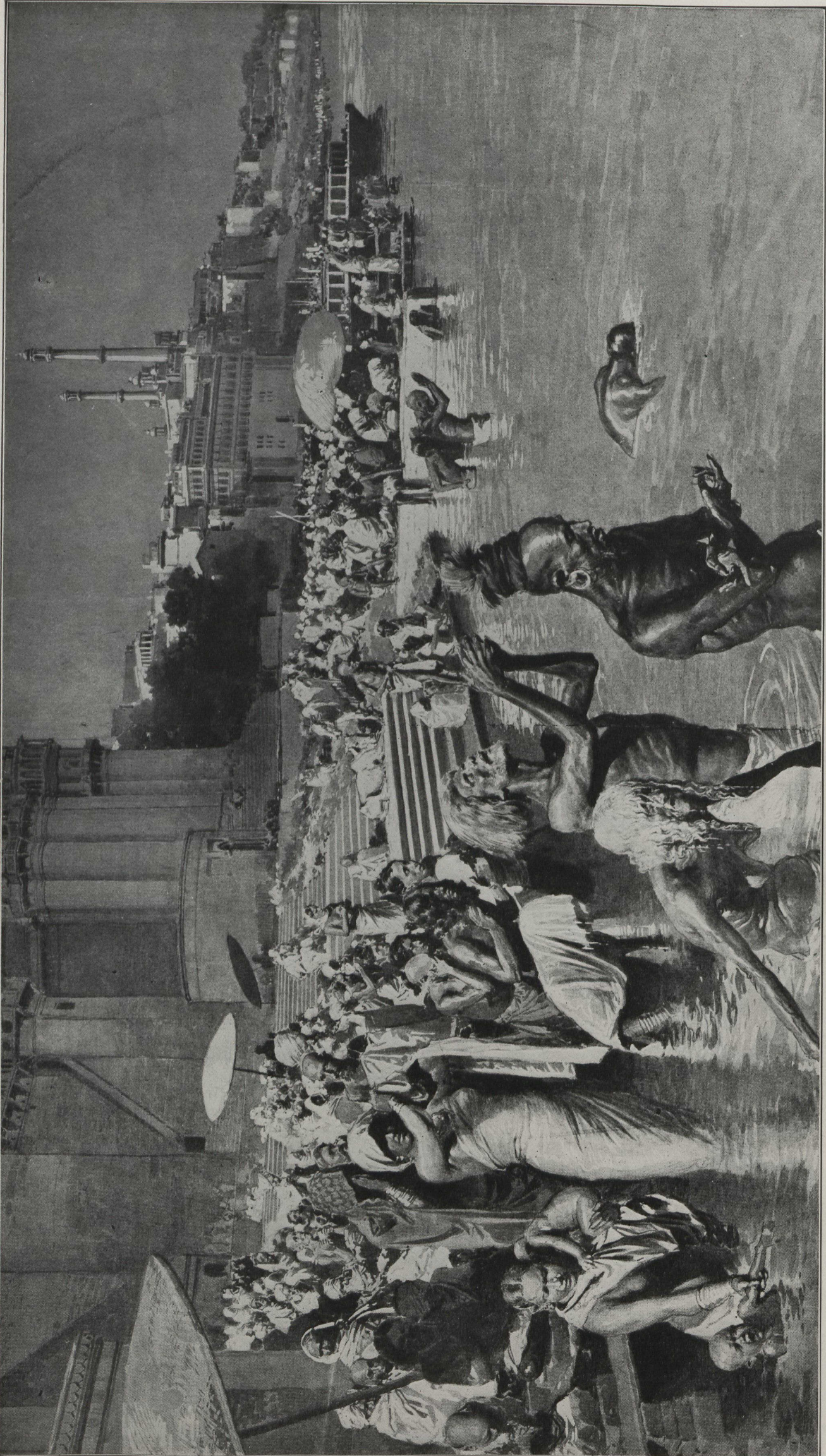
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Winter Sports These two snap-shots were taken at Ste. Agathe des Monts, a popular summer and winter resort, fifty miles from Montreal. Ski-jumping is very popular there. The record for a jump on skis is 123 feet. The pictures show how it is done. —Gleason, photo.



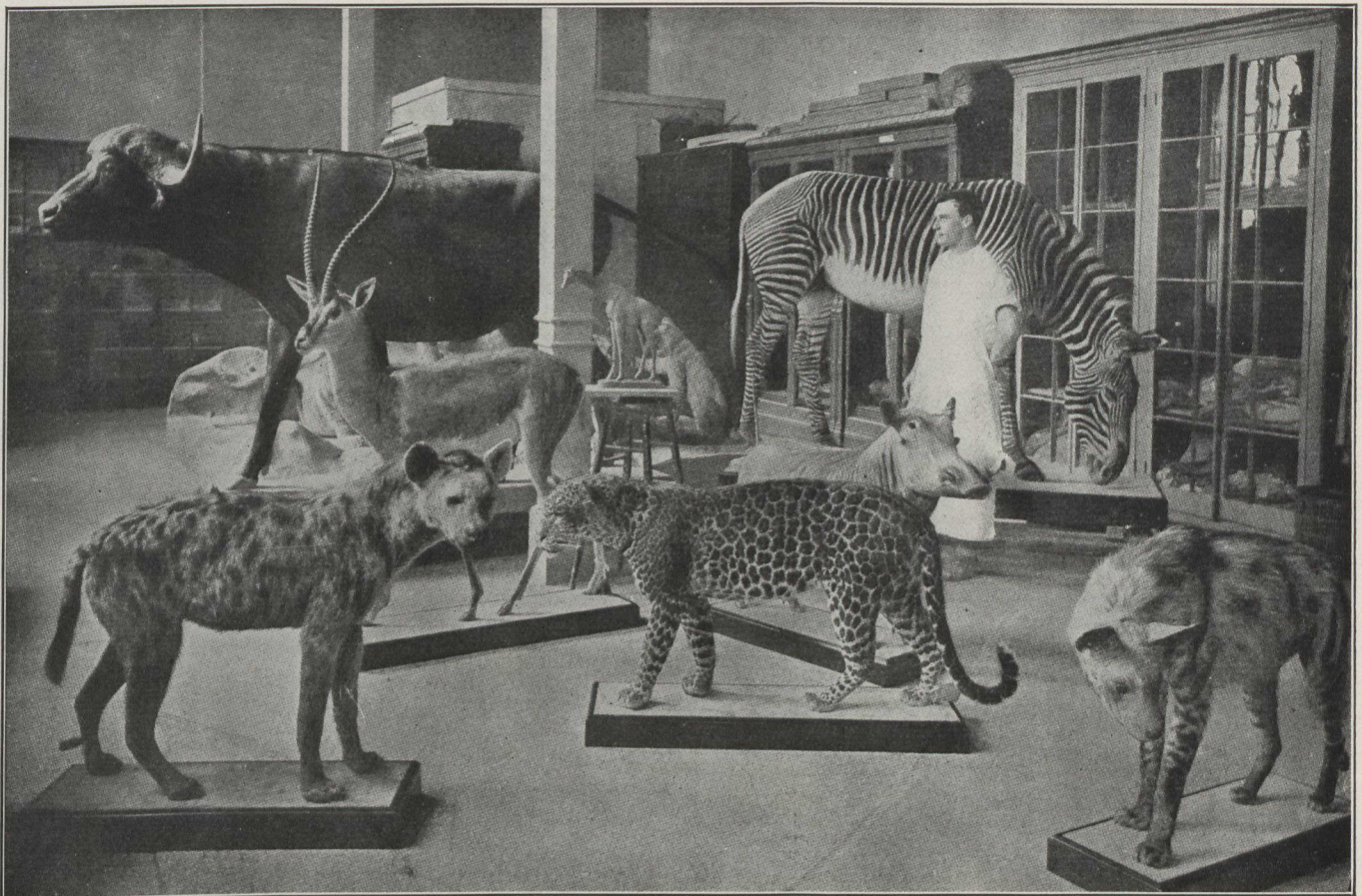
Watching the Men on Skis Montreal people never tire of watching the swift ski men rushing down the slopes of Mount Royal, and every Saturday during the winter a crowd of spectators gather to watch the sport.



Hindoo Worshippers Bathing in the Ganges

Hindustan, namely, the bathing of the worshipper in the waters of the Ganges, at Benares. In doing this he follows a regular ritual. First he casts on the river his offering of flowers, then rinses his mouth with the holy water. Then he prays, standing first on one leg, then on the other; next he falls flat on his face, kissing the earth. Rising, he prostrates himself to the four points of the compass. Then, looking heavenwards, he advances

into the river, and raising his hands in supplication pours out an offering of Ganges water to the sun, while sometimes he daubs his body with Ganges mud. Finally, he washes his turban and loincloths, and goes on his way rejoicing. It would probably occur to the tourist watching the thousands of apparently germ-laden pilgrims collected here from all parts of India and drinking the holy water, quite indifferent to the proximity of a half-burnt corpse or a sewer outfall, that only a miracle prevents Benares from being the greatest plague spot in the Indian Empire. It is said that the water actually has strong germicidal action.



Brought Back by Mr. Roosevelt Over three thousand mammal skins were brought back from Africa by the famous expedition of the former President of the United States. Many of these have been mounted and are on public exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, founded in 1835 by the bequest of James Smithson, "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The above group, a small portion of the Roosevelt collection, includes individual specimens collected by various members of the party. The buffalo, Grant's Gazelle, wart hog and striped hyena were shot by Colonel Roosevelt; the Zebra by Kermit Roosevelt; the spotted hyena (left) by J. A. Loring, and the leopard by Edmund Heller.

—Recreation



A Collision in Which Railway Officials were Killed The famous Illinois Central train, "The Panama Limited," crashed into the rear of a passenger train standing at Kinmundy, thirty miles north of Centralia, in the State of Illinois. The private car of Mr. F. O. Melcher, second Vice-President of the Rock Island Railway, was attached to the rear of the train which was struck, and Mr. Melcher, J. T. Harahan, a former President of the Illinois Central, E. B. Pierce, General Solicitor of the Rock Island, and E. E. Wright, son of a former United States Secretary of War, who were all travelling with Mr. Melcher, were killed, and twenty other persons were injured.

Pictures of Canadian Happenings



We want more pictures of events that occur in Canada, east or west. Photographers, amateur and professional, will find it worth their while to bear this in mind, as good prices will be paid for such as are accepted. Prints need not be mounted but must be clear, and we must receive them immediately after the event recorded. Local celebrations, serious fires or accidents, or specially good groups of well-known people or school children are interesting, but mere family groups are not of the same general interest and cannot be paid for. The Editor cannot say in advance whether any photograph can be accepted. It must be sent and while, if not accepted, its return is not guaranteed, reasonable care will be taken if stamps are enclosed for its return. Address, Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL, 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.



The Royal Visit to New York



The Duchess of Connaught

Their Royal Highnesses were warmly acclaimed in the Metropolis of the United States though their visit was purely a private one to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who was for several years United States Ambassador to Great Britain. In this picture, Mr. Reid is on her Royal Highness's left, and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, junior, on her right.

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News Photos



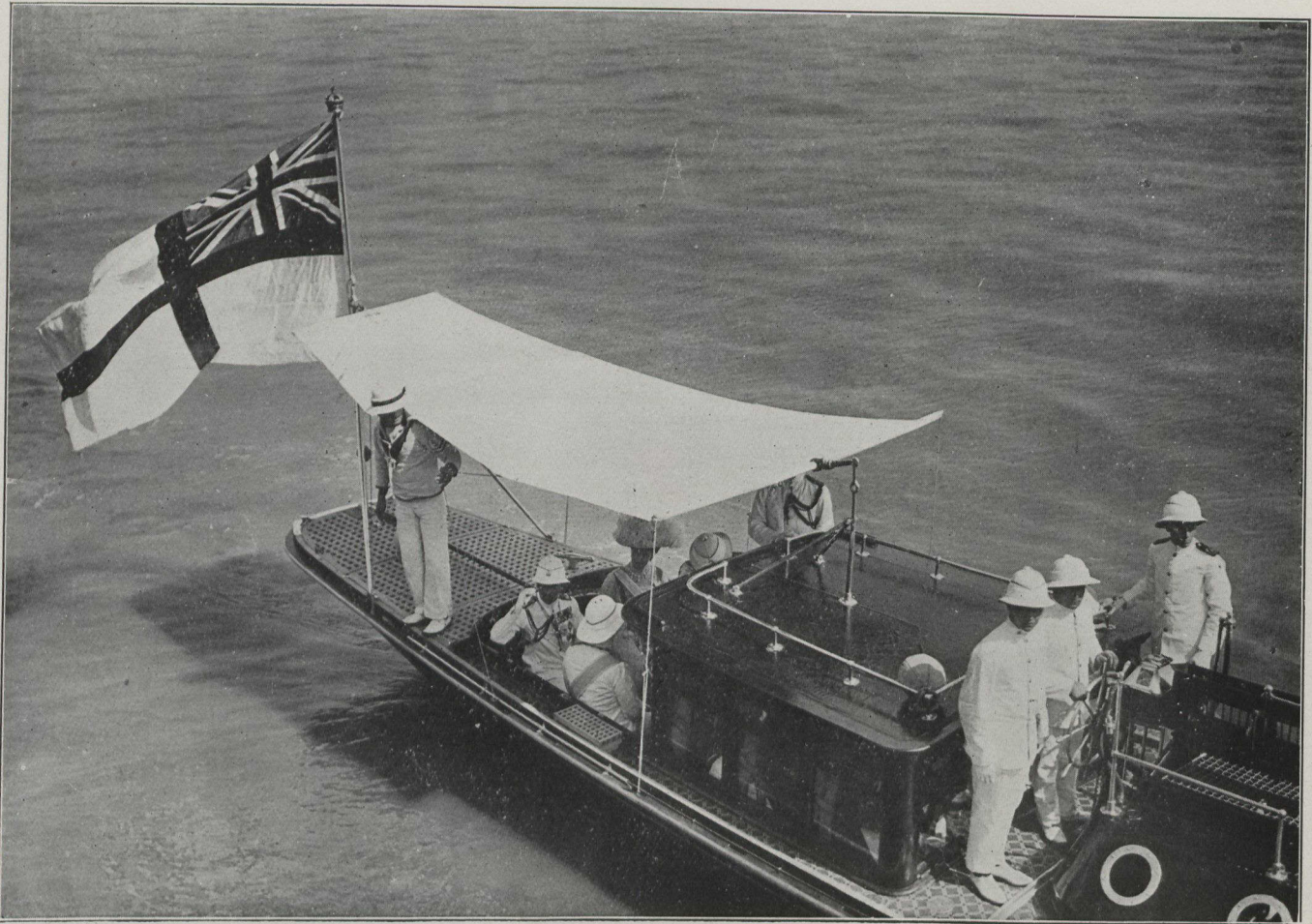
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Smiling on New York — One of the features of the Royal visit was the immense popularity of the whole party, but especially Princess Patricia. She is so unaffected, so charming, and rich in the natural attributes of a Princess, that the people went almost wild about her. —Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

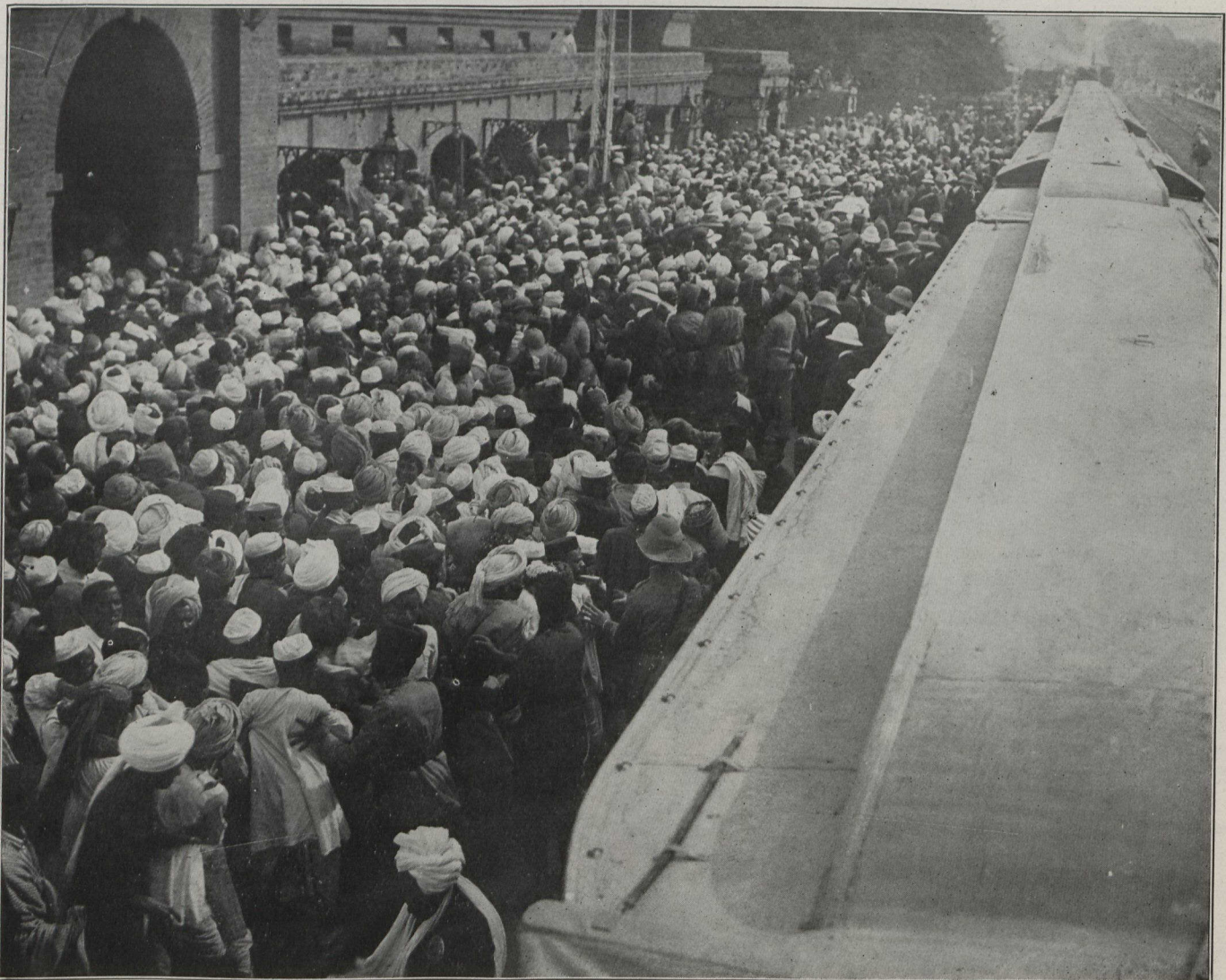


Eminent Actor Coming to Canada — On the invitation of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Sir John Hare has consented to act as judge in the Earl Grey Amateur Dramatic Competition to be held next month. The prizes are cups offered by Lord Grey, when Governor-General, for the best amateur company and individual actor and actress. All the large cities of Canada are represented in the contest. Our portrait shows Sir John Hare at home. —Copyright, Central News



Farewell to India The King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress embarking in a launch to proceed to the SS. "Medina" on their departure from Bombay.

—Copyright, Central News



The Common People and Their Emperor One of the most satisfactory results of the visit of the King and Queen to India has been the enthusiasm of the masses. This picture shows the interest aroused by the presence of the Royal train at Biknathori, in Nepal, where the King left civilization for the jungle. The day after the King left, when this picture was taken, the natives nearly went mad and mobbed the train, kissing the carriage in which the King had ridden. The account ends, "His Majesty's popularity was wonderful."

—Ernest Brooks, photo.



The Death of the Duke of Fife

All hearts in the Empire go out to Princess Royal in the bereavement that she has suffered by the death of her husband, the Duke of Fife. This tragic event took place at Assouan, on January 29th, following their awful experience on December 13th, when the Duke and Duchess and their two daughters were wrecked of the coast of Morocco. This picture shows the Duke and Duchess on their last public appearance in England. The occasion was the opening of the Church Army Tents, at Aldwych. Alexander William George Duff, 1st Duke of Fife, was the only son of James, 5th Earl of Fife. As Lord Macduff he was at Eton from 1863 to 1866. In 1889 he became betrothed to Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, our present King's eldest sister. The marriage was one entirely of affection. There was a time when it would seem that the children of this marriage might attain to the throne of England, but the marriage of our present King, as Duke of York, to Princess May has made that an impossibility. The title reverts to the Duke's eldest daughter, Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra.

—Copyright, Topical



Where the Duke Died

The town of Assouan, the southernmost city of Egypt proper, is the centre of a district of great interest to tourists. It is famous now for the new dam which reclaims vast areas of waste land, by forming a reservoir in the Nile valley capable of storing 1,000,000,000 gallons of water. The dam was opened by the Duke of Connaught in December, 1902.

—Copyright, Topical



The Russo-Persian War This little war, which resulted in Russia's demand for the dismissal of Mr. Morgan W. Shuster, the American Treasurer-General of the Persian Government, being complied with, was a very serious one for the Persians, whose country was over-run with Russian troops. This fine picture shows Constitutionalists fighting on the hills of Soujah, about two miles from Tabriz, vainly trying to stem the Cossack invasion.



Defending their Land from Invasion This photograph shows Persian Constitutionalists (who backed up Shuster) in the trench of Maralan, about two miles from Tabriz, resisting the invasion of the Russian Cossacks advancing on Tabriz. The second man from left in dark costume is the leader of the Constitutionalists, who was captured and hanged by the Russians two days after the battle.

—Copyright, Underwood & Underwood



A Military Review in India

This splendid and comprehensive picture of the reviewing field at Calcutta, shows a crack native regiment of Lancers riding past the King-Emperor at full gallop. The hazy spaces in the picture are clouds of dust raised by the horsemen. The speed at which they are travelling is shown by the posture of the horse at the extreme right.

—Copyright, Central News.



By Aerial Omnibus

Mr. Cody, the well-known aviator, made a new British record in his new aero-bus at Aldershot a few days ago by carrying four passengers whose total weight was 739 pounds. He flew to a height of over seventy feet.

—Copyright, Topical



Camping in Winter

A writer in "Recreation" (New York), makes a strong plea for winter camping. In the course of an interesting article he says:—"Anyone who enjoys outdoor life and has not spent a few weeks in a winter camp has missed half his life. And by that I mean the real winter woods, where the snow lies deep in the spruces, where the deer 'yard' and where all the wild-folk make their winter trails. There is a fascination about a winter camp that no summer experience can offer. I suppose this comes, in part, from the contrast between the cozy camp and the snow-filled woods. You are beginning to think of the discomforts, now, I know. Cold? Yes, but cold is one of the easiest afflictions in the world to overcome, if you are properly equipped. There are at least three summer troubles that are harder to bear, however well you are equipped. I mean flies, heat and wet weather. Think it over. Let us pair off the respective discomforts of a summer and a winter camp and compare them. Take rain and snow: How much real enjoyment can you get out of a 'wet spell' in summer? Yet in winter the harder it snows and blows the more fun it is to be out. As for cold and heat: If you are cold in winter you slip on the snowshoes for a tramp, or wrestle with the wood-pile a few minutes, or chunk up the fire a bit; but if you are hot in summer there is not much that you can do, or care to do, except lie about and take off more clothes if possible, which only gives the flies a better chance. And winter hasn't any discomfort to compare with flies; in fact, I think winter wins on this one count alone. The little old log cabin appeals to one, at first thought, as being about the proper thing for a cold weather camp, if you can find one."



At a Private Zoo At Amptill, Bedfordshire, Mr. Wingfield has a remarkable collection of animals, all of which are trained to saddle and bridle. The picture shows a group of camels.



Highly-Trained Animals This picture shows Mr. Wingfield, the owner of this remarkable "zoo," petting one of his favorite reindeer.

—Copyright, Topical

TEACHING POSSIBLE VOTERS OF THE FUTURE



Real Nature Study A seaside open-air school for invalid children opened in the summer at Mablethorpe, on the coast of Lincolnshire, was continued with great success until quite late in the season. The view shows in progress a nature lesson on the subject of a sea shell found on the beach.

—The Sphere

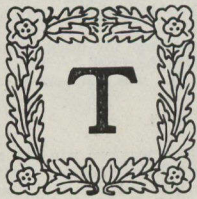


Interesting Young People The young man and the young lady conversing together are the son and daughter of the British Prime Minister, Mr. Cyril and Miss Violet Asquith. The picture was taken at Murren, a famous place for winter sports in Switzerland.

—Copyright, Sport and General

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS

The Women of Dickens



THE great novelist whose centenary is being observed this year in every English-speaking country, lived and wrote before the so-called "woman question" had arisen, or, at least, before it had become so insistent as to dominate a good deal of literature as it does now. The story-teller, essayist, poet, of the present generation all too often feels called upon to deal with the changing ideals, aspirations, and activities of the female portion of the world, to analyze hitherto unsuspected complexity of character, and pronounce directly or indirectly on the probable outcome of this apparent revolution of the eternal feminine. That Charles Dickens treats his "female characters" for what they are worth as human individualities, not as so many cases of development occurring in a special and somewhat peculiar creation, is one of the qualities which make it refreshing to return to him after a somewhat wearisome quantity of analytical and critical problem stories centring around the genus woman. The women of Dickens—like his men—live as types of personalities, and though, as has been objected, their creator shows them to us in one phase always, we realize them with the clearness of fresh acquaintances and at the same time with the intimacy of their self-revelation.

One of the characters for whom Dickens himself had a peculiar tenderness, as she grew to life under his pen, was Dora, the child-wife of David Copperfield. In the autumn of 1850, when the novelist was occupied with "David," and had reached the point where Dora's fate was sealed, his third daughter was born, to whom he gave the name of his little heroine who was passing away.

Poor, pretty, spoiled, silly, tender-hearted little Dora! With her accomplishments of singing a few songs in French and playing them on the guitar, and of painting flowers that did not particularly resemble any flowers that ever were seen; with her distress at being confronted with the Cookery Book, her disconsolate efforts to keep household accounts, of which the figures would not add up, and total inability to do anything more useful than hold the pens, Dora's married life seems now a reflection on the education of girls of her class in that day, before household science as a part of the curriculum was dreamed of.

"Now, suppose, my pet," the practical David would begin, trying verbal instruction in domestic matters as he passed a butcher shop with his little sweetheart. "Suppose that we were married, and you were going to buy a shoulder of mutton for dinner, would you know how to buy it?"

Dora would think a little, and then reply, perhaps, with great triumph:

"Why, the butcher would know how to sell it, and what need I know?"

The calm, wise, capable Agnes, was doubtless more comfortable to live with, and more inspiring, but she interests one less on paper. Agnes Wickfield bears a strong resemblance to the author's opinion of his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, who lived in the Dickens household and helped bring up the family. An estimable character, notwithstanding some few peculiarities, is David's aunt, Betsy Trotwood. Abrupt, grim at times, impatient of contradiction, she was as upright in character as she was in carriage, and had as much kindness of heart as she had strength of mind. Aunt Betsy Trotwood had kept sound and sweet at the core, although the outside had been roughened and rendered somewhat acid by marital disappointment and other contact with a hardening world. And among servants, who so faithful as Peggotty, half servant, half friend, a little domineering sometimes, but always for the good of her young mistress and the boy. There are not many Peggottys now-a-days—the modern point of view does not encourage them,

Through the pages of "The Old Curiosity Shop" wanders the gentle, patient figure of little Nell, not a woman nor destined ever to become one, but taking a woman's place in care for her weak, failing old grandfather, and bearing anxieties and hardships without any loss of innocence and purity of heart. Dickens felt the close of her life story almost as if little Nell had been a living being. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "I shan't recover it for a long time. Nobody will miss her like I shall. It is such a very painful thing to me, that I really cannot express my sorrow. Dear Mary died yesterday, when I think of this sad story." The reference is to Mary Hogarth, a young sister of Mrs. Dickens, who died suddenly at the age of seventeen, some three years before the creation of Little Nell. The Marchioness, in the same story, is a very different creature, sharp, worldly-wise, and with the marks of her underground life on her, but stout-hearted and ready to be faithful and devoted to the first person who showed her any kindness. The Marchioness is one of Dickens's most humorous creations. Her prototype was a little maid-of-all-work,

an orphan from the Chatham work-house, who filled the place of a servant to the novelist's mother, when he was a small boy and his parents were at the low-tide of their finances. Sally Brass, unprepossessing, unamiable, unfeminine, does not seem to owe the lack of softer graces to her having adopted the legal profession, but to have adopted the legal profession for lack of the softer graces in her nature.

Poor Mrs. Nickleby, so devoted to her children and ambitious for them, and yet so little able to guide them; so talkative and inconsequent and susceptible to flattery! Her foibles are drawn with no unkind hand, for the author had in mind his own mother when he portrayed the surviving parent of Nicholas. In some respects, Mrs. Micawber was drawn from the same model, for Dickens relates for his biographer how his mother made some attempt to eke out the family support at the time when, owing to failure of other resources, they "got on badly with the butcher and baker;" and the same expedient is ascribed in much the same words to Mrs. Micawber. She would set up a school, and a large brass plate on the door announced the establishment. "I left at a great many other doors a great many circulars calling attention to the merits of the establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody." Little Miss La Creevy, the miniature painter who befriends the Nicklebys, unlike the typical spinster of early—and later—Victorian fiction, is a cheerful, warm-hearted, rather sensible little body, although she has some "little ways" from living so much alone. It was a happy thought of the author to marry her to Tim Linkinwater, the old confidential clerk of the Cheerybles, and thus provide for her future. She deserved it. "Come," said Tim, "let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other. And if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bedridden, how glad we shall be that we have somebody we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear!"

No one of Dickens's creations has been more effective in her way than Sarah Gamp, monthly nurse. How much good this story did in making plain the need for raising the standard of the nursing profession it would be impossible to say. "She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of it. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits." Her attentions in the sick room were what might have been expected. A contrast, surely, to the immaculate, devoted, trained nurse of to-day! In his preface to "Martin Chuzzlewit," in 1843, Dickens speaks of Mrs. Gamp as a fair representation at that time of the hired attendant on the poor in sickness; but, says his biographer, he might have added that the rich were no better off, for Mrs. Gamp's original was in reality a person hired by a distinguished friend of his own, a lady, to take charge of an invalid very dear to her; and the habits of this nurse in the sick room were, to say the least of them, peculiar.

Without attempting the task of touching in small space on even the well-known characters, there must not be overlooked pretty, bright-eyed, coquettish Dolly Varden; true-hearted Little Dorrit, the child of the Marshalsea—a near relation to little Nell; Florence Dombey; crisp, scholastic Cornelia Blimber; Nancy Sikes, preserving the germ of good through evil training and surroundings; bustling little Dot, keeping alive the cricket on her hearth; trim, housewifely Ruth Pinch; laughing, ill-fated Merry Pecksniff, and the many others with whom thousands are renewing their acquaintance in this centenary year of Charles Dickens,

A CABINET MINISTER'S WIFE



Mrs. Sam Hughes, wife of the Minister of Militia, has been intimately associated with Parliamentary affairs for many years, her husband, Colonel Hughes, having been a Member of the House of Commons for some two decades. Her father, Mr. H. W. Burk, of Cobourg, also sat in Parliament in the Mackenzie regime, at which time Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of the young members. Col. and Mrs. Hughes have their home in Lindsay, when they are not in Ottawa. They have two daughters, one of whom, Miss Roby Hughes, assists her mother in her social duties in the Capital, and the other, Aline, is at school; and one son, Mr. Garnet Hughes, with the C.N.R.

Silk Stockings and Suedes

A Complete Story

By J. J. BELL

Author of "WEE MACGREGOR"

(Published by special arrangement)



THE young girl stood in the unkindly glare of the two incandescents with which the ugly five-branched gasolier was fitted. Saving herself and the lights there was nothing in the room suggestive of freshness or modernity. Austerity, solidity, stolidity were everywhere, on the walls, in the furnishings, in the other occupants. The parlor was old-fashioned without any of the charm that often pertains to such an apartment; it had an air of harsh respectability; a big fire might make it uncomfortably warm, but never cosy.

The fingers of the young girl were knit in front of her slim body against the plain navy-blue skirt. Her dark eyes moved eagerly, anxiously, between the man and woman who occupied the hair-cloth armchairs on either side of the hearth, the uncle and aunt who had given her a home three years ago. Clearly she was awaiting their verdict on a matter of no little importance to herself.

A glance at the countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Brash would have satisfied you that here were honest people; which is not to say that the countenances were bright and open—rather were they inclined to dullness and aloofness. They suggested a Puritanism capable of enduring all manner of suffering for conscience's sake, and, perhaps, of causing it, too; for it is difficult to be quite so righteous as were the Brashes without being a little self-righteous also.

Mr. Brash completed his perusal of the list of local subscriptions to the Puntas Arenas Mission, in which he was deeply and practically interested, closed the pamphlet, laid it upon his knees, and took up the envelope which his wife had silently laid on the table at his elbow five minutes previously. The envelope had been opened apparently in haste.

As he withdrew its contents, a card, partly printed and partly written on, the young girl quivered, and her white teeth closed on her scarlet lip. A frown appeared on Mr. Brash's shaven face.

Just then the door was opened and a man, heavily built, hairy and grizzled, and rather shabbily clad, entered. With a glance round the room he crossed to the window and seated himself on the hair-cloth sofa, picking up as he did so the evening paper. No one in the room paid the slightest attention to the new arrival, who forthwith became immersed, apparently, in the shipping news.

Mr. Brash's frown deepened. His keen, grey eyes turned to the girl.

"Surely you do not expect your aunt and me to grant permission for you to attend this gathering, Hilda," he said.

Hilda's face relaxed for a moment, as if she would speak. Then her lips met in a straight line.

"I have already told Hilda," said Mrs. Brash, without pausing in her crocheting, "that we do not approve of dancing parties, but she insisted on having your opinion."

"It is out of the question," he said, not harshly, but very firmly. "No doubt your friends, the Bensons, mean kindly; but it would please me more were you to associate with less light-minded girls—the Smalls, for example—"

"The Smalls are awful stodes," said Hilda involuntarily—"at least"—quickly—"I don't get on with them. And Kitty Benson—"

"That is not the way to talk of the Smalls," Mrs. Brash interrupted. "Their father and mother—"

"Darned old hypocrites!" came in a grunting voice from the man behind the newspaper.

"William!" said Mrs. Brash. "Shall I leave the room, or will you?"

"Sorry," said the grunting voice. "I'll dry up. But the bare mention of those Smalls always makes me sick."

"Be good enough to hold your tongue, sir," said Mr. Brash. He returned the card to the envelope which he replaced on the table.

"Uncle Robert," cried Hilda, "why won't you let me go? I'm nearly fifteen, and it's my first dance—"

"My dear child, you must allow me to judge for you in this matter. I am willing to allow for disappointment on your part, though I must say I had hoped that by this time your aunt's views and my own on such amusements as dancing and theatre-going would have been perfectly clear to you."

"But what harm—"

"You are too young to demand explanations, but you are old enough to obey those in whose charge you are."

There was a short silence. "My white frock would do, though it's miles too short," pleaded the girl. "Oh, Aunt Frances, couldn't you—"

"You have heard what your uncle has said, my dear," replied the lady stiffly. "Besides, what would you do at a dancing party when you cannot dance?"

"Can't dance! Why, Aunt Frances, I can dance like—like anything. I had heaps of dancing lessons when I was a little thing, and father and mother—"

She stopped short. In a vague way she had ere now gathered that many things in her parents' lives had not been "approved of" by her aunt and uncle. But though she had suffered veiled hints, she had never been straightly informed that her mother, her aunt's sister, had been "flighty and extravagant," whilst her father had quitted the world without leaving anything to his credit—as we understand the word in these practical days. "Aunt Frances, didn't you dance when you were a girl?" The question was entreating.

The woman flushed. "I had no one to show me the sin of it, as you have," she replied.

"But—but you haven't shown me the sin of it." Hilda looked from one to the other.

"That will do, Hilda, that will do," said Mr. Brash, his voice harder.

"It isn't fair," she cried, near to tears. "All the girls at school are allowed to dance—except those Smalls—fat-legged, pasty-faced, goody-goody things!"

"Hear, hear!" came from behind the newspaper.

"Leave the room; go to bed, Hilda," said Mrs. Brash, wrathfully.

"I'll go to bed," the girl returned passionately. Her eyes filled; she choked; she fled.

With something approaching horror Mr. and Mrs. Brash regarded each other. "I don't know what she is coming to," the latter said at last.

"She's comin' to what you're drivin' her to," said the man on the sofa, throwing aside his paper.

"You have not been invited to speak, William," said Mr. Brash, scowling at his brother.

"True. I'd be a dummy if I waited for invitations in this happy home. I'm not given to interferin' in your arrangements, as you know, Robert, but on this occasion I must cough it up or bust. Let Hilda go to her dancin' party. 'Tis natural for a maid to want to kick her legs—"

"Do you wish me to leave the room, William?" Mrs. Brash frigidly inquired.

"Not at all. I want you to back me up against Robert. Let Hilda say she's sorry for her tantrum—though 'twas only natural—and then tell her she can go to the party. She's growin' up. She'll soon be a woman. Why do her out o' sweet and youthful pleasures? She's not the sort to enjoy the Smalls' kind o' party, wi' its tiddley-winks and Simonsays-thumbs-up muck. I tell you she's not, and she'll eat her young heart out if you keep on rubbin' it in as you've been doin'. There, I've said my say, Robert, and I don't believe I've said so much in five years. Let her go."

It was nearly a minute ere Mr. and Mrs. Brash found their voices. William's temerity had fairly taken away their breaths. For what right had William to offer an opinion, even with all humility and diffidence? William's history may here be given in a few words: Robert's senior by a couple of years, he had been the black sheep of the family. His early manhood had been spent at sea, but an accident to his left arm, which was rendered almost powerless, had sent him ashore to waste several years in more or less riotous living. Eventually Robert, who had prospered, started him in a small business. He failed. Robert started him again, and again he failed. He was not a toper, but he had his bouts. While his manners were kindly, his speech was, to put it mildly, careless. Robert decided that he was hopeless for business, and William readily agreed. He was fit only for a sea life. Robert secured him a light job (at a light salary) in a warehouse at the docks, and on the third night he went on the spree with some old shipmates. Robert hardened his heart and closed his purse. He allotted the erring one an attic room in

his house and made him do the lighter work of the fairly large garden. He allowed him one shilling per week, deeming that he could not go far wrong on that. William really preferred tobacco to drink, so he kept sober and performed his duties fairly well. Unfortunately, with all his patience and justice, Robert could not help adopting, along with his wife, a superior and contemptuous attitude towards his brother, which went far to killing the latter's sense of gratitude. William was never permitted to forget that he was a pauper dependent on the bounty of his brother and sister-in-law, nor that he was a creature lacking alike in religion and respectability. So it had been for seven years.

"You forget yourself, William," said Mr. Brash at last, freezing.

"Maybe, Robert, I do. The little maid moved me. I thought the days for a petticoat to move me were over. Come now, forgive my roughness—impudence, if you like—but let Hilda go to the party and dance her pretty feet sore."

"Pah!" muttered Mr. Brash, and picked up the pamphlet which had fallen on the rug.

Mrs. Brash resumed her crocheting. A couple of minutes passed.

"Robert," said William softly, "you're entitled to treat me like dirt, but you've no right to treat Hilda as if she was clay. Don't think you can mould her just as you please, or you'll make a mess of the job. I know her better than you do. She wants to love you, but you won't let her."

"Silence, William!"

But William was not to be suppressed. "I haven't asked you for anything for seven years, Robert. No doubt I've had no right to ask for anything after all I owe you; still, the fact remains that I haven't asked. Now I'm askin'. Let Hilda feel you're human after all by lettin' her go to the dancin' party." He paused and sighed, feeling, perhaps, that he was getting beyond his depth, that he was not helping Hilda's case as he had hoped to do.

Mrs. Brash gave him a quick, cold glance, but her husband's eyes remained on the page.

"You're hard," said the grizzled man at last—"very, very hard, and you're drivin' me to this. Look!"

So sudden, so peremptory was the command that the husband and wife incontinently obeyed.

William had got up, and from his waistcoat pocket had drawn a piece of paper. Unfolding it, he held up, between his broad finger and thumb, a shining sovereign.

"Where did you get that?" Mr. Brash's question was involuntary. He stared at the coin.

"The savin's o' two years," said William quietly. "I was goin' to try to save another and then leave you for a week, just to see if the sea was still blue. But maybe I can put this pretty quid to a better use." He cleared his throat, and continued: "Since I came to this little town, seven years ago, I've behaved myself pretty well. I've done nothin' to disgrace you, Robert, except be your brother and not go regular to church. But now I feel like goin' on the razzle-dazzle—skite—spree—or whatever you prefer to call it." He glanced at the clock. "Still two and a half hours till the pubs close—twenty o' time for me to paint this little place magenta. I'll guarantee to get blind, miraculous and roarin', also to get run in and have my name in the paper to-morrow. . . . Care for the advertisement, Robert?"

"If you dare," began Mr. Brash, whilst his wife gave a gasp of horrified disgust, and cried, "You shall never enter this house again."

William looked sadly from one to the other. "I'm afraid you would never be happy so long as you knew I had a fortune in my pocket. Well, would you like me to drop it into the mission box on the mantelpiece?"

They stared at him as he walked to the door, as he halted with his fingers on the handle.

Slowly and distinctly he said, "Let Hilda go to the dancin' party, and my fortune goes to the mission. Otherwise—well, I'll give you five minutes to think it over. I'll go out and have a smoke." (Smoking was not permitted in the house.) "But make up your minds, for the little maid's sake."

And he left the room.

Let us not sneer at the Brashes. Respectability knows no dread like the dread of scandal.

On his return to the parlor William found his brother alone.

"Well, Robert?"

"I have never known you tell a lie," said Robert, bitterly, "and I presume you are capable of carrying out your unseemly threat."

William nodded, but said nothing.

The other coughed once or twice. "Hilda may go to the dance on condition that she leaves at nine-thirty."

"No conditions, Robert—no conditions, please," said William gently. "I'll be just as big a sin to dance till nine-thirty as till eleven." He brought out the sovereign, stepped to the mantelpiece, and held it over the black box. "Hilda goes to the dancin' party without anything bein' said or done to spoil her pleasure in it—is that so, Robert?" Presently the gold chinked upon silver

and copper. William glanced at his brother's averted face and passed to the door.

"I'm goin' upstairs, so I'll tell Hilda she has your permission. The rest's our secret, I hope, Robert. I—I'd be mighty glad if I could do something to please you after this."

He ascended rather heavily, not so much delighted with himself or his victory after all. He tapped on the girl's door. She had not yet undressed, and she came promptly.

"You're to get to your dancin' party, Honey," he said. "Be good to your aunt and uncle."

Her arms flew round his neck. "Dear, dear Uncle Bill!" she cried.

Well, perhaps that was his reward.

II.

Not in law alone may we win our case without gaining full satisfaction. Hilda had no sooner dispatched a painfully neatly written response to the invitation than she began to worry about her raiment for the dance. Mrs. Brash (who had accepted the position neither heartily nor resentfully, but as one who simply keeps a bargain) was quite unmoved by the sighs over the shortness of the white frock.

"It is quite long enough for your age," she said at last.

"But I'm too long for my age," returned Hilda, who was certainly a tall girl. "Couldn't it be let down just one inch?" She had dreamed one night of a new long dress in apple-green silk, but about four a.m. the dream had turned into a nightmare, wherein she had seen herself condemned to play "consequences" with the Smalls for ten thousand years, garbed in a "fish-wife" costume which she had worn at the age of seven. "Just one inch, Aunt Frances."

"You are an exceedingly vain girl," was the reply. "I cannot have it altered; but I had better buy you a new pair of stockings."

With a very little encouragement Hilda would have fallen on her neck.

"And gloves," said Mrs. Brash.

"Oh!" cried the girl, her arms ready. "I'll see about them this afternoon." And Mrs. Brash hurried away.

Afternoon school that day did not add much to Hilda's education. Visions, distracting yet delicious, of black silk (would they be openwork?) and white suède (how many buttons?) floated between her and the blackboard, her books, her very teachers. She just escaped being "kept in" for gross inattention and carelessness. She arrived home before her aunt, though she had discussed dress with friends on the way, and it was a long, long hour until Mrs. Brash appeared.

"You may put them in your drawer until required, Hilda. They are my Christmas gift to you," she said, and went out again to a Zenana tea meeting ere the trembling girl could thank her.

Up to her room flew Hilda, and tore open the flimsy parcel.

Why didn't the heavens—or, at least, the ceiling—fall when these bitter moans issued from this young creature?

"Cashmere! . . . Cotton!" She cast them from her, and threw herself on the bed, hands clenched, eyes streaming.

Two hours later she managed to say to her aunt, "They are very nice; thank you very much." If Hilda's insincerity be unpardonable, then are we all condemned, for have not we all received Christmas presents?

Despair, utter despair was upon her. She could not go to the Benson party, where every girl would be wearing silk stockings and suède (or at worst silk) gloves. Cashmere and cotton—ugh! . . . They were impossible, especially with her short skirts and plain slippers. And yet to give up the dance—the dance on Christmas Eve, with its professional musicians, its grown-up programmes, its conservatory hung with Chinese lanterns, its nice boys who could dance properly, some of them in real dress-suits . . .

That was a bad night for Hilda in more senses than one. Age, toasting its toes at the embers of the evening fire, is apt to assume that healthy youth has no worries after ten p.m. Mrs. Brash had not sought to save money that afternoon; she had sought to discourage vanity. And she had succeeded in wounding a child's natural and proper pride to desperation point. For, after all, what we call woman's vanity is sometimes just her sense of the fitness of things. Mrs. Brash, herself, had her special pairs of boots and gloves for Sundays, and it may not be presumed that either vanity or superstition made her put them on. When you come to think of it, the question of "Sunday clothes" is one to be shirked, for it leads to so many others. And older people than Hilda have taken the parable of the wedding garment quite literally.

When Hilda had turned her damp pillow for the tenth time, she lay still, and her wits went to work.

III.

The young man at the counter deftly tied the parcel and scribbled the bill.

Hilda, who had been going pink and white for the past five minutes, opened her purse.

(Continued on page 28)

The Toilet and the Baby



ANY women take advantage of the comparatively slack time in March to make up lingerie garments and put their underwear in order for the coming spring and summer. If one is fond of needle-work she can have uncommonly pretty undergarments at small cost, but if there is not time or inclination for hand-embroidery and hand-sewing, quite dainty effects can be obtained with some of the fine quality of embroidery bought by the yard, and careful machine stitching. It makes such a difference whether the seams are run straight and even, or carelessly.

Nainsook and longcloth are the cotton materials most used for underwear, and it pays to get a good quality, of smooth even weave, not necessarily heavy. If one is going to the trouble of putting hand-embroidery on the garments, it is worth while to make them of linen, both because the embroidery shows up better and for its superior wearing qualities. The handkerchief linen, used for the purpose, is not cheap, but the only outlay is for the material when the ornamentation is hand-work. One of the objections to much of the ready-made lingerie is that quality is sacrificed to quantity of trimming. This is not, or should not be, the case in home-made lingerie. In the choice of trimming, laundry wear and tear should be taken into account in the beginning, lest there be disappointments afterwards. Embroidery is more durable than lace, but if the laundry work is to be done at home and with reasonable care, daintier effects can often be obtained with lace insertion and edging than with embroidery at the same price. A satisfactory embroidery that gives almost the appearance of hand-work comes in plain button-holed scallops with or without a solid dot in each scallop. Some of the bolder eyelet designs are effective, but tiresome unless done on fine material. Tucking seems to have lost popularity, and not much of it is seen except the finest pin-tucking by hand. Machine-run tucks are not pretty.

Almost as much care is needed now in the fitting of underwear as in that of

room to spare for superfluous folds or gathers underneath. Combination garments are favored because they do away with overlapping at the waist. Some of these combinations are on princess lines, others have the corset cover joined to the drawers at the waist line. The corset-cover is smooth fitting at the back, and the front fullness is gathered into a shallow yoke of embroidery or drawn up with ribbons; the drawers are circular, or have a fitted yoke with the lower portion joined in gathers or plaits,—the essential thing is to have the garments fit smoothly over the hips. Princess slips are cut on much the same lines as a princess frock. All petticoats must be as unobtrusive as possible. The idea of a petticoat with fullness gathered into a band or drawn up on a string is positively startling at the present time. The lower part is still finished with a flounce, but it is a very scant flounce, differing little from a mere prolongation of the skirt. It flares not at all, and the trimming added to it is put on or set in flat,—gone are the ruffles and frills that used to delight the feminine heart and probably will again.

New models for night-dresses are charming. Line and finish are considered before elaboration, some of the most attractive being quite simple. The kimono sleeve has a rival in the set-in bell-shaped sleeve, and both are of a somewhat exaggerated shortness, hazardous to any but the woman with beautiful arms,—the exception it must be owned. The slip-over style continues popular, cut out not too deeply in round, square, or V shape. One simple, dainty model is rounded out at the neck and has the fullness held in tiny pin-tucks set on to a shallow yoke, embroidered in a small design of florets, vines, and bow-knot. The edge is scalloped and button-holed, and the yoke is fitted so that no drawingstring is necessary, but the scalloped edge lies flat. The loose sleeves, reaching about to the elbow, are also scalloped on the edge and have an embroidered bow-knot and flower spray on the outside. Some of the most elaborate of the lingerie gowns are made in the empire style, with medallions and insertions of real lace and bows of satin ribbon.

In the Child's Place

The small boy who said that he didn't think his father ever was a boy himself or he couldn't have forgotten so completely all about it had grounds for his conclusion. Grown-up people certainly do forget what it was like to be a child, and to most it does not even occur to try to take the child's point of view in their dealings with him. If we stopped to "put ourselves in his place" we might be more effective in training the child, and even be saved from doing injustice unconsciously now and then. "How would you like it yourself?" is a question one might put to oneself with advantage, to oneself and to the child.

For example, how would you like to be constantly admonished. "Don't" do this, and "Don't" do that? Would you not feel cramped and irritated although you might recognize the greater wisdom and the solicitude of the person who said "Don't". There must arise occasions when it will be necessary to divert the child from his preferred course, but if there seems to be need for a constant repetition of "Don't" there is something wrong somewhere. Children in common with ourselves, like "Do" better than "Don't." Opening up proper channels for the outlet of their abounding energies is the surest way of keeping them from those other channels guarded by "Don't."

Again, how would you like to be told right out in the presence of all and sundry that you were awkward and ungraceful, that you handled your knife and fork like implements of warfare, or that your nails were a sight to behold. And yet grown-up people think nothing of saying just such uncomplimentary things to children before strangers or under other circumstances that make it inflict a peculiar smart on a child of any sensitiveness whatever. As for bringing the offence home forcibly to the little culprit in the hope of working a reform which is the idea at the back of our frank remarks, the lesson is nullified by resentment, and perhaps by the feeling of being already in disgrace. In questions of manners at table or elsewhere, personal appearance, and other concerns so intimate, it is the child's right to be spoken to courteously in private, and given every chance to improve before being publicly exposed.

What we should like in the child's place cannot always be permitted to govern our decisions for the child any more than what we should like in our own place can always govern our decisions for ourselves. But many times our attitude towards the child might be kinder and more considerate, without any loss to training and discipline, if we were to cultivate the habit of occasionally putting ourselves in his place.

KING'S BABY BOOTS



Royal Exhibits in New London Museum

institution is reserved for objects associated with London, and already more than 40,000 objects have been received. One large case is entirely filled with objects lent by the Queen. This includes the belongings of various royal and famous personages, and visitors will look with interested eyes on the shoes worn by the late King Edward and others worn by the Prince of Wales when they were babies. Our photo shows the shoes worn by King Edward.

In the early spring the new London Museum will be opened in Kensington Gardens. The new institution is reserved for objects associated with London, and already more than 40,000 objects have been received. One large case is entirely filled with objects lent by the Queen. This includes the belongings of various royal and famous personages, and visitors will look with interested eyes on the shoes worn by the late King Edward and others worn by the Prince of Wales when they were babies. Our photo shows the shoes worn by King Edward.

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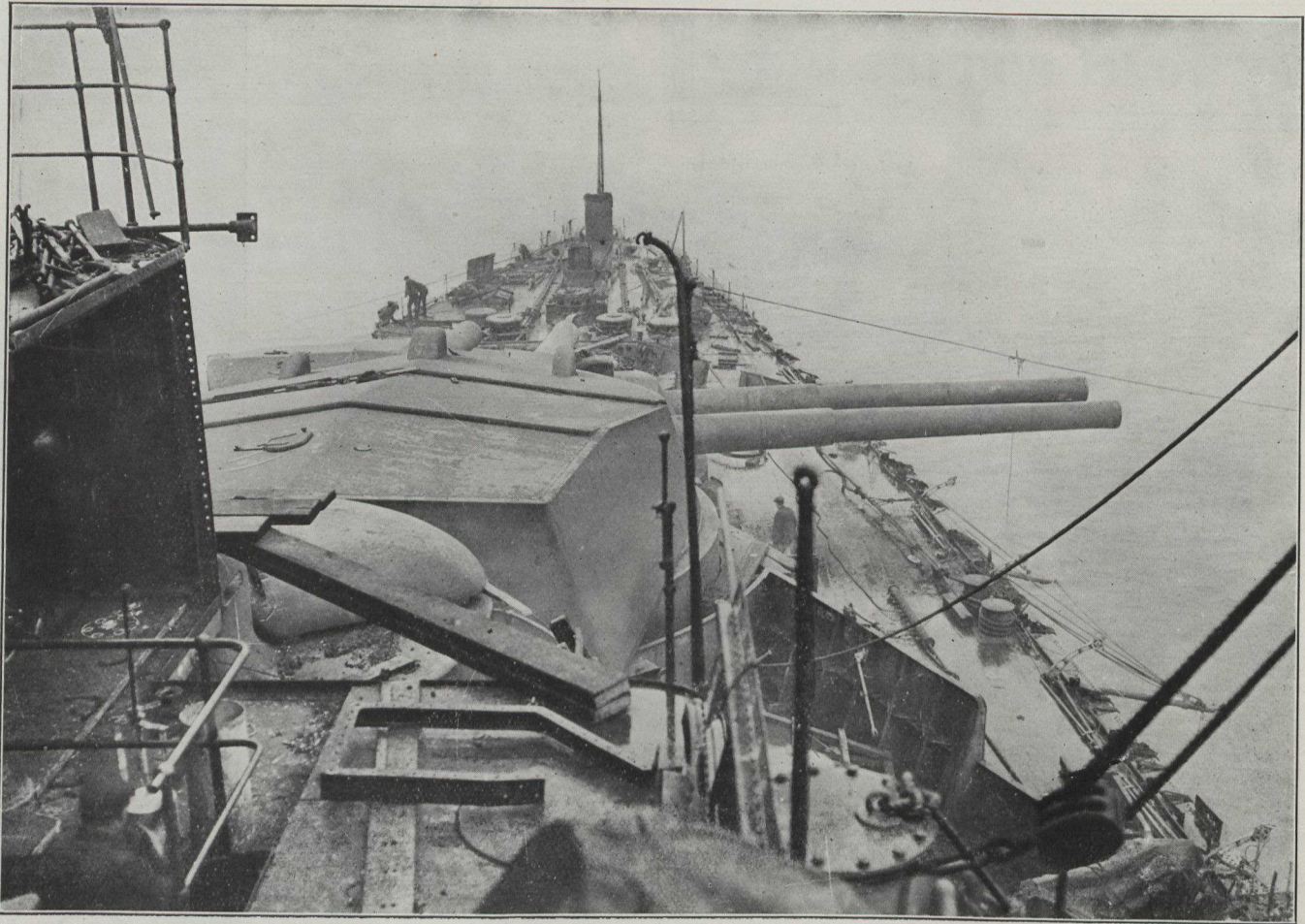
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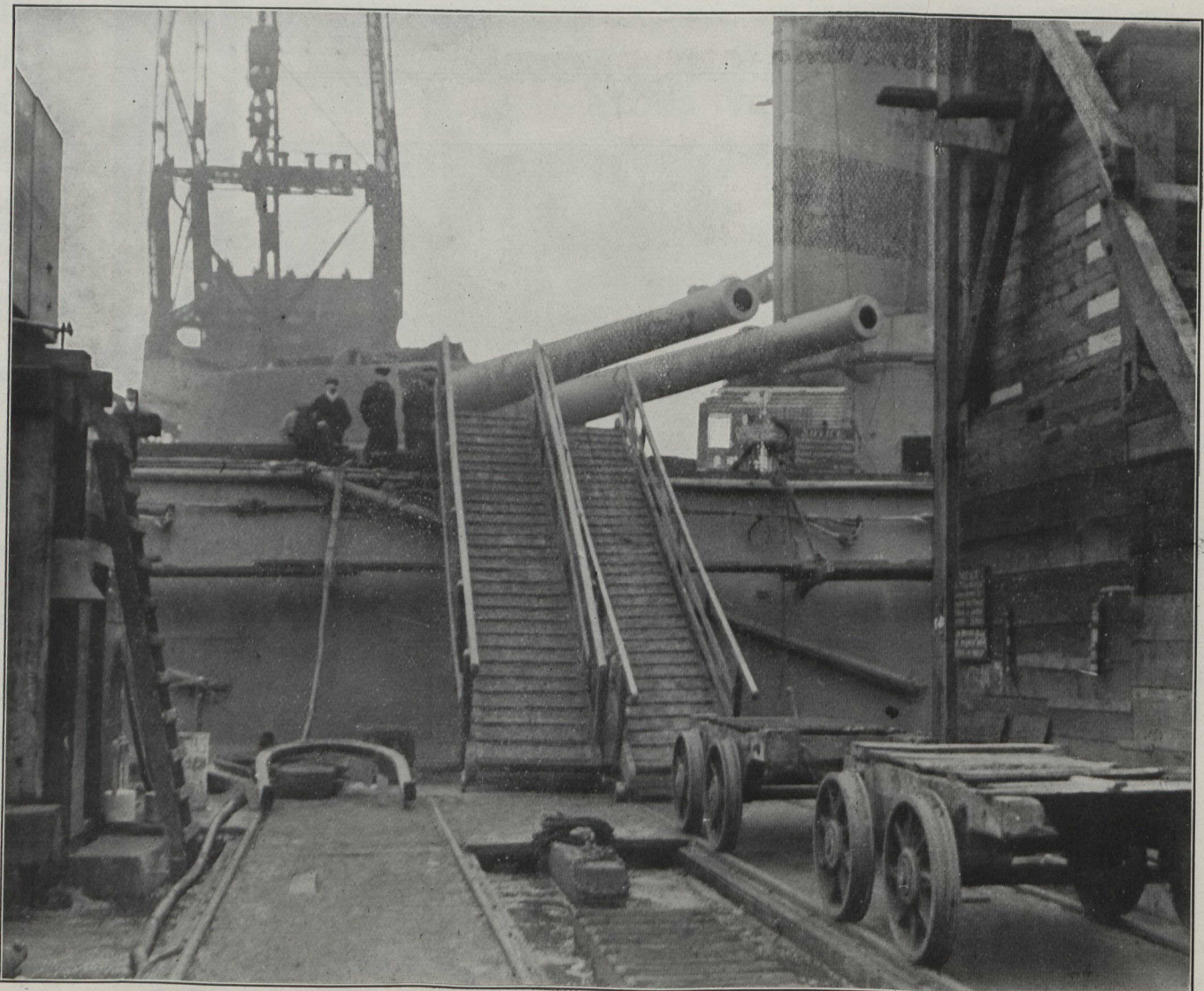
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The Newest Dreadnought Londoners are very proud of the new battleship because it is being built on the Thames instead of the Clyde or at Belfast. The First Lord of the Admiralty says that H.M.S. "Thunderer" will be second to none afloat. This is a view from the Admiral's bridge, showing the forward guns.



New Type of Gun These are the new type guns amidships on board the new Thames Dreadnought, "Thunderer," which are technically designated as 13.5.
—Topical, photo.

The Housekeeper's Page



LINEN has always been among the most prized possessions of the house wife, and it is little wonder, for fine linen combines with its usefulness a high degree of beauty. Among the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews, and later among the Greeks and Romans, fine linen was held in

high estimation. The weaving of linen has been carried on in Great Britain since an early period, the industry being much improved by the Flemish weavers who settled in the country about the eleventh century. In Ireland, the manufacture of linen has long been one of the leading industries, and the Irish linens are famous. The humid climate of the Emerald Isle is one of the factors in producing the excellence of Irish linens, as in some of the many steps in the process of manufacture of the flax into cloth, and its subsequent bleaching, a moist atmosphere is of decided advantage. The weaving of the beautiful, patterned damasks is to be counted among the arts. As is the case with most manufactures once carried on in the home, the weaving of linen has passed largely from the hand loom to the machine, although some beautiful linen is still spun and woven by hand.

It will not make the housewife think any the less of her store of linen to have some slight idea of the process of manufacture. The flax (a plant of the order Linaceae) is pulled up by the roots, and first treated to "rippling" which beats and shakes out the seeds. The stems of the plant are then steeped in soft water, and subjected to fermentation to get rid of superfluous resinous matter. After the "grassing," or drying, the flax stems are passed between fluted rollers which break up the woody portion, and this is then separated from the flexible fibres, which are to be spun into yarn. The long, superior fibres, called "line" are sorted out, by "heckling," away from the shorter, ravelled tow. The flax "line" is put through various frames and manipulated in order to form a long, continuous ribbon of uniform size throughout with all the fibres parallel. In spinning the flax, the fine yarn must be spun wet at a very warm temperature; the heavier, coarser qualities may be spun dry. The yarn is woven into linen of corresponding grades. When the cloth comes from the loom it is far from being of the snowy whiteness associated with linen. To attain this it must be bleached. In the days when the manufacture was one of the handicrafts, the linen was bleached on the grass by means of the sunlight, air, and moisture, the process requiring months for perfection, but now the machine woven cloth is treated chemically for the bleaching and finishing.

The great linen presses and chests of our ancestresses are not found as a rule in the homes of to-day, the modern housewife depending on renewing her supply when necessary or as a suitable occasion offers. It is advisable, however, to have always a good stock on hand, not only to avoid a shortage should there be any special demand, but also because the linen wears better not to be in too regular use. On the other hand, it should not be kept too long at a time folded away. Linen should be thoroughly aired before being put away, and the closet or cupboard where it is kept must be perfectly dry.



Selected Recipes.

Creamed Oysters.—Make a thick cream sauce as follows:—Heat a pint of cream over hot water. Put a heaping tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and stir it till it melts and bubbles, but be careful not to burn it. Add two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir quickly till butter and flour are well mixed. Pour on a third of the cream, let boil, stirring as it thickens, then add another third of the cream, and so on, taking care to keep the sauce stirred smooth. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt, half a saltspoon of pepper, a few grains of cayenne and a pinch of celery salt. Pour half a cup of cold water over a pint of oysters; take out the oysters separately and look them over, removing bits of shell, etc. Put them in a saucepan without water, shake the pan slightly till the oysters are heated and sufficient water comes from them to prevent burning. Parboil until the edges curl and the oysters look plump. Skim them out, drain, and add the oysters to the hot cream sauce. Sprinkle bread crumbs browned in butter over the dish.

Potatoes in the half shell.—Select smooth, medium-sized potatoes, and scrub them clean with a vegetable brush. Bake them, then cut in halves lengthwise and scoop out the potato into a hot bowl, keeping the skins or shells intact. Mash smooth, season with salt and pepper, and

mix with a tablespoonful of melted butter and the same of hot milk, to every three potatoes. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, and mix it with the potato. Fill the shells with the mixture, heaping it lightly on the top, and brown slightly in the oven.

Ham Omelet.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until light-colored and thick; add two tablespoons of milk, a spoonful of chopped parsley, and season with a saltspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and dry, then cut and fold them lightly into the yolks. Heat the omelet pan, rub a teaspoonful of butter over it, and when the butter begins to bubble turn in the egg mixture and spread it smoothly over the pan. Cook until the omelet is firm underneath, but be careful that it does not scorch. Sprinkle over it three spoonfuls of chopped ham, fold it over, and serve hot.

Yorkshire Pudding.—This is a time-honored accompaniment to roast beef. Beat three eggs very light. Season with salt, and add a pint of milk. Put two-thirds of a cup of flour into a bowl, pour on part of the egg mixture, and stir to a smooth paste, then add the remainder, and beat well. Pour into a buttered pan and bake, basting the pudding occasionally with the dripping from the roasting beef. Cut into squares, and serve with the beef.

Steamed Raisin Pudding.—Put a pint of flour, three level teaspoons of baking powder, and half a teaspoon of soda into the flour sifter, and sift them together. Add a cup of milk and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and mix to a soft dough. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add half a cup of sugar, and beat into the dough. Add the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, and lastly a cup of raisins, stoned and cut into halves. The fruit should be floured so that it will not mass together. Steam the pudding two hours, and serve with lemon sauce or foamy sauce.

Golden Bavarian Cream.—Soak half a box of gelatine, or two and a half table-spoons of granulated gelatine, in half a cup of cold water till soft. Chill a pint of cream, and whip it, removing the whipped product into a cold bowl. When there is three pints of it set it in ice-cold water till wanted. Boil a pint of rich milk. Beat the yolks of four eggs, add half a cup of sugar and half a saltspoonful of salt, and pour on the boiling milk. Mix well, and cook in the double boiler a couple of minutes, stirring constantly. Add the soaked gelatine, and strain into a cold dish set in ice water. When it cools, add half a cup of strained orange juice. Stir till it begins to harden, then stir in quickly the whipped cream, and pour into moulds wet in cold water.

Salisbury Steak.—Use a slice of the best round steak, and cut away all fat and skin. Put the meat through a meat chopper, more than once if necessary to chop it very fine. Mould into a "steak" about an inch and a quarter thick, finishing the edges nicely. Put it into a wire broiler, and if necessary fasten a thin band around to keep the steak in shape. Broil over a clear fire for about five minutes, turning the broiler every eight or ten seconds. Remove the steak to a hot plate, sprinkle with salt, and serve at once, with a little butter.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter as follows:—Beat the yolks of two eggs, add half a cup of milk, a tablespoonful of olive oil or melted butter, a saltspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, and enough flour to make a batter of the right consistency. Just before using, mix in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Pare three or four good-sized firm apples, and core them without breaking the fruit. Cut crosswise into rings or slices a third of an inch thick. Sprinkle with sugar, lemon, and spice. Dip the slices, one at a time, in the fritter batter, and fry in hot fat. Drain, arrange on a dish, and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Veal and Lettuce Salad.—Chop enough cold cooked veal to make two cups, and season with salt and pepper. Wash and dry the crisp leaves of a head of lettuce, and cut them into shreds. Chop two hard-boiled eggs, and mix lightly with the veal and shredded lettuce. Line the salad bowl with lettuce leaves, put in the salad, mounding it a little in the centre, and add mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with olives cut in pieces.

Lamb Cutlets.—Trim the cutlets neatly in uniform shapes, and remove nearly all the fat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to season. Beat an egg well enough to mix the yolk and the white together. Brush each cutlet over on both sides with the egg, then cover with fine bread-crumbs, and fry in butter or dripping hot enough to send off a faint vapor. Drain on paper placed on a hot plate, and then arrange around a mound of mashed potato and green peas on a hot platter.

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Sewing-machine oil stains on linen or cotton can usually be removed by wetting them with ammonia and rubbing the spots. This must be done before the garment is laundered the first time.

Milk stains or ice-cream stains on delicate silks can be removed by rubbing with chloroform, unless the stain has become set. The person using the liquid must be careful not to inhale the fumes. Covering the spots with powdered magnesia and leaving them for awhile will sometimes be sufficient.

To turn a firm jelly or cold pudding out of the mould, dip the mould in cold water for a moment, then invert it over a dish, when the contents will slip out easily.

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This model has many desirable features. It will be found graceful and adapted to growing girls, and will develop nicely in chambray, gingham, linen, cashmere, flannel, or velvet. The sailor collar outlines a shield and the fronts are crossed to form a side closing. The fullness of the dress may be confined by the belt. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 27-inch material for the 8 year size.

The Sheriff of Kona

A Complete Story

BY JACK LONDON

(Published by special arrangement)



YOU cannot escape liking the climate," Cudworth said, in reply to my panegyric on the Kona Coast. "I was a young fellow, just out of college, when I came here eighteen years ago. I never went back, except, of course, to visit. And I warn you, if you have some spot dear to you on earth, not to linger here too long, else you will find this dearer."

We had finished dinner, which had been served on the big lanai, the one with a northerly exposure, though exposure is indeed a misnomer in so delectable a climate.

The candles had been put out, and a slim, white-clad Japanese slipped like a ghost through the silvery moonlight, presented us with cigars, and faded away into the darkness of the bungalow. I looked through a screen of banana and lehua trees, and down across the guava scrub to the quiet sea a thousand feet beneath. For a week, ever since I had landed from the tiny coasting-steamer, I had been staying with Cudworth, and during that time no wind had ruffled that unweaved sea. True, there had been breezes, but they were the gentlest zephyrs that ever blew through summer isles. They were not winds; they were sighs—long, balmy sighs of a world at rest.

"A lotus land," I said. "Where each day is like every day, and every day is a paradise of days," he answered. "Nothing ever happens. It is not too hot. It is not too cold. It is always just right. Have you noticed how the land and the sea breathe, turn and turn about?"

Indeed I had noticed that delicious, rhythmic, intermingled breathing. Each morning I had watched the sea-breeze begin at the shore and slowly extend seaward as it blew the mildest, softest whiff of ozone to the land. It played over the sea, just faintly darkening its surface, with here and there and everywhere long lanes of calm—shifting, changing, drifting, according to the capricious kisses of the breeze. And each evening I had watched the sea-breeze die away to heavenly calm, and heard the land-breath softly make its way through the coffee trees and monkey-pods.

"It is a land of perpetual calm," I said. "Does it ever blow here?—ever really blow? You know what I mean."

Cudworth shook his head and pointed eastward.

"How can it blow, with a barrier like that to stop it?"

Far above, towered the huge bulks of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, seeming to blot out half the starry sky. Two miles and a half above our heads they reared their own heads, white with snow that the tropic sun had failed to melt.

"It is hard to realize," I said lamely. "Doesn't a little whiff of it ever eddy around somehow and get down here?"

"Not a whiff. Our land-breeze is absolutely of no kin, for it begins this side of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. You see, the land radiates its heat quicker than the sea, and so, at night the land breathes over the sea. In the day the land becomes warmer than the sea, and the sea breathes over the land. Listen! Here comes the land-breath now, the mountain-wind."

I could hear it coming, rustling softly through the coffee trees, stirring the monkey-pods, and sighing through the sugar-cane. On the lanai the hush still reigned. Then it came, the first feel of the mountain-wind, faintly balmy, fragrant and spicy, and cool, deliciously cool, a silken coolness, a wine-like coolness—cool as only the mountain-wind of Kona can be cool.

"Do you wonder that I lost my heart to Kona eighteen years ago?" he demanded. "I could never leave it now. I think I should die. It would be terrible. There was another man who loved it, even as I. I think he loved it more, for he was born here on the Kona Coast. He was a great man, my best friend, my more than brother. But he left it, and he did not die."

"Love?" I queried. "A woman?"

Cudworth shook his head.

"Nor will he ever come back, though his heart will be here until he dies."

He paused and gazed down upon the beach-lights of Kailua. I smoked silently and waited.

"He was already in love—with his wife. Also, he had three children, and he loved

them. They are in Honolulu now. The boy is going to college."

"Some rash act?" I questioned, after a time, impatiently.

He shook his head. "Neither guilty of anything criminal, nor charged with anything criminal. He was the Sheriff of Kona."

"You choose to be paradoxical," I said. "I suppose it does sound that way," he admitted; "and that is the perfect hell of it."

He looked at me searchingly for a moment, and then abruptly took up the tale.

"He was a leper. No, he was not born with it—no one is born with it; it came upon him. This man—what does it matter? Lyte Gregory was his name. Every kamaina knows the story. He was straight American stock, but he was built like the chieftains of old Hawaii. He stood six feet three. His stripped weight was two hundred and twenty pounds, not an ounce of which was not clean muscle or bone. He was the strongest man I have ever seen. He was an athlete and a giant. He was a god. He was my friend, and his heart and his soul were as big and as fine as his body."

"I wonder what you would do if you saw your friend, your brother, on the slippery lip of a precipice, slipping, slipping, and you were able to do nothing. That was just it. I could do nothing. I saw it coming, and I could do nothing. My God, man, what could I do? It was too incredibly horrible. Yet there it was, on his brow, on his ears. I had seen it, the slight puff of the ear-lobes—oh, so imperceptibly slight. I watched it for months. Then, next, hoping against hope, the darkening of the skin above both eyebrows—oh, so faint, just like the dimmest touch of sunburn. No one ever noticed it except Stephen Kaluna, and I did not know that till afterwards."

"He was my friend. We fished sharks on Niihau together. We hunted wild cattle on Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. We broke horses and branded steers on the Carter Ranch. We hunted goats through Haleakala. He taught me diving and surfing until I was nearly as clever as he, and he was cleverer than the average Kanaka. I have seen him dive in fifteen fathoms, and he could stay down two minutes. He was an amphibian and a mountaineer. He could climb wherever a goat dared climb. He was afraid of nothing. He was on the wrecked *Duga*, and he swam thirty miles in thirty-six hours in a heavy sea. He could fight his way through breaking combers that would batter you and me to a jelly. He was a great, glorious man-god. We went through the revolution together. We were both romantic loyalists. He was shot twice and sentenced to death. But he was too great a man for the republicans to kill. He laughed at them. Later, they gave him honor and made him Sheriff of Kona."

"And he was sanguine. Never have I known so confident a man, nor a man so satisfied and happy. He did not ask anything from life. There was nothing he desired."

"And then it happened. The mark of the beast was laid upon him. I watched it for a year. It broke my heart. But he did not know it, nor did anybody else guess it except that cursed hapa-haole, Stephen Kaluna. He knew it, but I did not know that he did. And—yes—Doc Strowbridge knew it. He was the Federal physician, and he had developed the leper eye. You see, part of his business was to examine suspects and order them to the receiving station at Honolulu. And Stephen Kaluna had developed the leper eye. The disease ran strong in his family, and four or five of his relatives were already on Molokai."

"The trouble arose over Stephen Kaluna's sister. When she became suspect, and before Doc Strowbridge could get hold of her, her brother spirited her away to some hiding-place. Lyte was Sheriff of Kona, and it was his business to find her."

"We were all over at Hilo that night, in Ned Austin's. Stephen Kaluna was there when we came in, by himself, in his cups, and quarrelsome. Lyte was laughing over some joke—that huge, happy laugh of a giant boy. Kaluna spat contemptuously on the floor. Lyte noticed, and so did everybody; but he ignored the fellow. Kaluna was looking for trouble. He took it as a personal grudge that Lyte was trying to apprehend his sister. In half a dozen ways he advertised his displeasure at Lyte's presence, but Lyte ignored him. I imagine Lyte was a bit sorry for him, for the hardest duty of his office was the apprehension of lepers. It

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All that is good in Beef is in BOVRIL

is not a nice thing to go into a man's house and tear away a father, mother, or child, who has done no wrong, and to send such a one to perpetual banishment on Molokai.

"Finally, Kaluna blurted out: 'Look here, Gregory, you think you're going to find Kalaniweo, but you're not.'

"Kalaniweo was his sister. Lyte glanced at him when his name was called, but he made no answer. Kaluna was furious. He was working himself up all the time.

"I'll tell you one thing," he shouted. "You'll be on Molokai yourself before ever you get Kalaniweo there. I'll tell you what you are. You've no right to be in the company of honest men. You've played hell talking about your duty, haven't you? You've sent many lepers to Molokai, and, by God, knowing all the time you belonged there yourself."

"I'd seen Lyte angry more than once, but never quite so angry as at that moment. Leprosy with us, you know, is not a thing to jest about. He made one leap across the floor, dragging Kaluna out of his chair with a clutch on his neck. He shook him back and forth savagely till you could hear the half-caste's teeth rattling.

"What do you mean?" Lyte was demanding. "Spit it out, man, or I'll choke it out of you!"

"As soon as Lyte eased the grip on Kaluna's throat the man answered:

"I'll tell you what I mean. You are a leper yourself."

"Lyte suddenly flung the half-caste sideways into a chair, letting him down easily enough. Then Lyte broke out into honest, hearty laughter. But he laughed alone, and when he discovered it he looked around at our faces. I had reached his side and was trying to get him to come away. But he took no notice of me. He was gazing, fascinated, at Kaluna, who was brushing at his own throat in a flurried, nervous way, as if to brush off the contamination of the fingers that had clutched him. The action was unreasoned, genuine.

"Lyte looked around at us, slowly passing from face to face. Then his colossal optimism asserted itself, and he laughed again."

"A good joke—whoever put it up," he said. "The drinks are on me. I had a scare for a moment."

"His voice broke, and the half-caste, still throat-brushing, drew his eyes. He seemed to be puzzled and worried.

"John," he said, turning toward me.

"His jovial, rotund voice rang in my ears. But I could not answer. I was swallowing hard at that moment, and besides, I knew my face didn't look just right.

"John," he called again.

"He called timidly, and of all nightmares of horrors the most frightful was to hear timidity in Lyte Gregory's voice.

"John, John, what does it mean? he went on, still more timidly. 'It's a joke, isn't it? John, here's my hand. If I were a leper would I offer you my hand? Am I a leper, John?'

"He held out his hand, and what in high heaven or hell did I care? He was my friend. I took his hand, though it cut me to the heart to see the way his face brightened.

"It was only a joke, Lyte," I said. "We fixed it up on you. But you're right. It's too serious! We won't do it again."

"He did not laugh this time. He smiled, as a man awakened from a bad dream and still oppressed by the substance of the dream.

"All right, then," he said. "Don't do it again and I'll stand for the drinks. But I may as well confess that you fellows had me going south for a moment. Look at the way I've been sweating."

"He sighed and wiped the sweat from his forehead as he started to step toward the bar.

"It is no joke," Kaluna said abruptly. "You are a leper, Lyte Gregory, and you know you've no right putting your hands on honest men's flesh—on the clean flesh of honest men."

Then Gregory flared up.

"The joke has gone far enough! Quit it. Quit it, I say, Kaluna, or I'll give you a beating."

"You undergo a bacteriological examination," Kaluna answered, "and then you can beat me—to death if you want to. Why, man, look at yourself there in the glass. You can see it. Anybody can see it. You're developing the lion face. See where the skin is darkened there over your eyes?"

"Lyte peered and peered, and I saw his hands trembling.

"I can see nothing," he said finally, then turned on the hapa-haole. "You have a black heart, Kaluna. And I am not ashamed to say that you have given me a scare that no man has a right to give another. I take you at your word. I am going to settle this thing right now. I am going straight to Doc Strowbridge. And when I come back, watch out."

"He never looked at us, but started for the door.

"You wait here, John," he said, waving me back from accompanying him.

"We stood around like a group of ghosts.

"It is the truth," Kaluna said. "You could see it for yourself."

"They looked at me, and I nodded. Harry Burnley lifted his glass to his lips, but lowered it untasted. He spilled half of it over the bar. His lips were trembling like a child that is about to cry.

Ned Austin made a clatter in the ice-chest. He wasn't looking for anything. I don't think he knew what he was doing. Nobody spoke. Harry Burnley's lips were trembling harder than ever. Suddenly, with a most horrible, malignant expression, he drove his fist into Kaluna's face. He followed it up. We made no attempt to separate them. We didn't care if he killed the half-caste. It was a terrible beating. We weren't interested. I don't even remember when Burnley ceased and let the poor devil crawl away. We were all too dazed.

"Doc Strowbridge told me about it afterward. He was working late over a report, when Lyte came into his office. Lyte had already recovered his usual optimism, and came swinging in, a trifle angry with Kaluna, to be sure, but very certain of himself. 'What could I do?' Doc asked me. 'I knew he had it. I had seen it coming on for months. I couldn't answer him. I couldn't say yes. I cried. He pleaded for the bacteriological test. 'Snip out a piece, Doc,' he said over and over. 'Snip out a piece of skin and make the test.'"

"The way Doc Strowbridge cried must have convinced Lyte. The *Claudine* was leaving next morning for Honolulu. We caught him when he was going aboard. You see, he was headed for Honolulu to give himself up to the Board of Health. We could do nothing with him. He had sent too many to Molokai to hang back himself.

"He wound up all his affairs from the receiving station at Honolulu, and went down to Molokai. He didn't get on well there. The resident physician wrote us that he was a shadow of his old self. You see, he was grieving about his wife and the kids. He was knew we were taking care of them, but it hurt him just the same. After six months or so I went down to Molokai. I sat on one side of a plate-glass window and he on the other. We looked at each other through the glass, and talked through what might be called a speaking-tube. But it was hopeless. He had made up his mind to remain. Four mortal hours I argued. I was exhausted at the end. My steamer was whistling for me, too.

"But we couldn't stand for it. Three months later we chartered the schooner *Halcyon*. She was an opium smuggler, and she sailed like a witch. Her master was a square-head who would do anything for money, and we made a charter to China worth his while. He sailed from San Francisco, and a few days later

(Continued on page 28)

FOR A LEISURE MOMENT

Electrical Progress

"What did the year 1911 contribute to the electrical progress of the world?"

This question, asked of Dr. Nikola Tesla, brought forth the following response:

"While there has been no fundamental discovery announced during the year just past, progress has been steady and continuous. Almost insensibly great changes have been brought about in various departments.

"Probably the most important of these is the extension of electrical transmission lines from hydro-electric central plants. Although the spectre of government restriction has had a deterrent effect on the development of this important industry, it has not inflicted a permanent injury.

"The technical records show that several million horse power have partly been and will soon entirely be harnessed to the service of man.

"Next in importance is the electrification of the railroads, the advantages of which are now thoroughly appreciated, even by the most conservative of railroad men. That which has been achieved in this field has conferred countless benefits on the community.

"Electric lighting has been greatly advanced through the introduction of the new type of incandescent lamp, which has been considerably improved in the last year and offers greater possibilities.

"The storage battery is still waiting for some discoverer who will open up a new path; but while this is true, improvements have been made in the mechanical construction and arrangement of the elements, rendering the cells more suitable for practical service.

"Equally gratifying strides in telegraphy and telephony have been made, both in the extension of distance and improvement of transmission. Greater progress would have been made long ago had it not been for erroneous theories that have taken hold of the minds of electricians.

"Wireless communication has developed and has been considerably extended also, but here, too, progress is still hampered by the hypnotizing effect of the Hertzian wave theory. Some of the most able experts are still laboring under the illusion that messages are transmitted by these waves. As a matter of fact, it is the currents through the ground that affect the receiver. The Hertzian waves are extinguished within a small radius from the transmitter.

"Investigations in radio-activity have also yielded tangible results, though it must be stated that they have been drowned by impossible forecasts.

"Still another branch of applied electricity, electro-therapy—more particularly through the instrumentality of currents of high frequency—has been much enhanced, the most valuable results being the eradication of cancer and like malignant growths."

Owls Like London

It is astonishing how quickly birds strange to English life can settle down in the neighborhood of smoky London, says the "Pall Mall Gazette." At the present time there are quite a large number of tawny owls seen all over the northern suburbs.

Some five or six years ago a few of these birds were set free from the Zoological Gardens, and they at once settled down in the neighborhood and have thrived exceedingly. Owls apparently find life in London not only tolerable, but pleasant, for some of the "little owls" as the Dutch owls are termed, which were brought to this country some time ago, have taken up their abode in the vicinity of the metropolis, one being caught a few weeks back as near town as Brockley.

Every one remembers the experiment which the Zoological Gardens authorities made of liberating squirrels, but very few people know that at the same time a number of Australian crested pigeons were set free. Unlike the squirrels, which settled down at once in Regent's Park, these pigeons have migrated, though some of them remained in the park long enough to nest. None, however, can be found now nearer to London than Mill Hill.

One experiment of the Zoo authorities was scarcely successful. This was the experiment of setting free a few kites. These birds used to return every day to the garden to be fed in one of the enclosures, but their presence, flying about as they did, where they would, so frightened some of the smaller and more valuable birds in the aviaries that it was necessary to recapture them.

"Solid Gold"

Commercially speaking, the term "solid gold" is a misnomer, since such gold has not been used for many, many years. Some of the ancient Roman jewellery and some of that of the Renaissance period was, indeed, made of pure gold, worked up by hand with the crudest of tools, but since the old day there has been a constantly increasing employment of alloys, for the reason that jewellers found that the harder the gold was rendered by good alloys the greater its wearing qualities and the more secure, therefore, was the setting of the gems it contained. Nowadays jewellery is of eighteen, fourteen or ten carats, according to the design and character of the article, and it is much more frequently ten than eighteen carats.

The Quick Lunch

Years ago, when a certain railroad was in course of construction, its progress was a matter of great interest to the people of the region. A farmer who sold provisions to the contractors often reached the place where the men were at work at meal-time. He was greatly impressed at their voracity. The work was hard, and when the dinner-bell rang, every man made a dash for the table, and before one could believe it possible, the food had disappeared.

One day a workman on his way to the table tripped on the roof of a tree and fell. He lay quite still, making no attempt to rise.

The farmer rushed at him in great concern.

"Are you badly hurt?" he asked.

"No," answered the man.

"Well, why don't you get up and go to your dinner?"

"No use," returned the other, sadly.

"It's too late now."

Mr. Balfour's Wit

As is well known, Mr. Balfour is an enthusiastic motorist, and here is the story of an incident which happened during one of his recent journeys. With him was a friend formerly in the House of Commons, and now Recorder of a certain city. The chauffeur was signalled by a Surrey constable to stop. Mr. Balfour was his own chauffeur. The constable insisted that the speed was over the limit. Mr. Balfour was sure it was not. "Well, look at your indicator." "Er—well, I haven't an indicator," said Mr. Balfour sweetly, "but," with emphasis, "I've got a recorder." As the policeman did not know what this might be, and fearing to show his own ignorance if a prosecution should follow, he withdrew his hand, and Mr. Balfour and the Recorder, all smiles, continued their drive. The constable heard them laugh and scratched his head in doubt, but it was too late to do anything.

What was Wrong

The late Father Thomas Burke, in one of his lectures told the following story:—A peasant in a remote part of Galway was one day standing at the door of his cabin. He did not look particularly well off, poor fellow, and an English tourist passing stopped to speak to him. As he did so he saw the children inside playing with a pig. The Englishman was shocked. "My good fellow," he said, "why have you that pig in the house? It does not seem right." "Why not, sorr?" answered Pat promptly. "Why not? Sure, an' hasn't the house ivery accommodation that any raysonable pig would require?"

State of Trade

He was a commercial traveller, and things were going very badly with him—so badly, in fact, that he wrote home in a very melancholy mood concerning the state of trade. Thereupon the head of the firm wired, "Hang it, if you cannot get enough orders to make your expenses, you had better return at once." The reply read, "Orders are very scarce, but am making a lot of expenses."

"Remember my face—you'll see me again."



They all want more

And no wonder! Here is a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup, prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.

The manufacturers of Edwards' Soup are soup-makers and nothing else. They are large and close buyers, and by specialising in this way for over 25 years, they have been able to produce an assortment of soups of the highest merit at a price within the reach of all.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

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Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' Soup, too, is also an excellent addition to your own soups. It imparts strength, colour, nourishment and flavour; it improves the skill of those who make, and the appetites of those who eat. Edwards' Soup is made in Ireland.

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S.H.B.



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Opticians agree that the light from a good oil lamp is easier on the eyes than any other artificial light.

The Rayo Lamp is the best oil lamp made.

It gives a strong, yet soft, white light; and it never flickers. It preserves the eyesight of the young; it helps and quickens that of the old.

You can pay \$5, \$10, or \$20 for other lamps, but you cannot get better light than the low-priced Rayo gives.

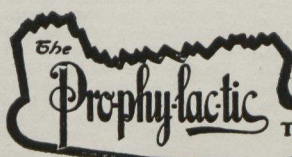
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Tooth Brush

A clean tooth never decays—the Prophylactic keeps teeth clean

Silk Stockings and Suedes

(Continued from page 22)

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, and again, "Oh, dear!" She felt that her confusion was very badly done.

The young man thought it very pretty. Also he knew who Hilda was, and he said pleasantly, "It will be all right, miss; any time you're passing will do nicely."

"I—I'm so sorry," she stammered, now pale, "I've only a shilling with me; but please take it."

"Oh, it isn't worth while. You can settle the account another time."

But she left the shilling on the counter and, taking up her purchase, hastened, with burning cheeks, from the shop. The young man's "good-afternoon" fell on deaf ears.

How glad she was that it was raining heavily, so that she had her waterproof to conceal the parcel—so that few people were abroad. Presently her nervousness gave place to a certain reckless excitement. She could have skipped along the wet pavement. How clever she had been. How happy she felt. Something was sure to happen so that she should be able to put everything all right. Oh, yes, something was sure to happen. And how she was going to enjoy the dance! Only a week now till the glorious evening!

As the days passed she lost color. William was the first to notice this. She came to him one afternoon when the others were out and begged him to take charge of a parcel for her until she asked for it. The parcel was tied with string, worsted and thread. He agreed without questioning, but remarked on her pale cheeks. She said she was all right, and ran away. He did not pursue. He was as used to "the ways o' petticoats" as he was convinced of the futility of trying to understand them. "Tis, maybe, the excitement, poor little maid," he reflected, as he locked the parcel in a drawer.

The day of the party saw her in changeable color and mood, but as the afternoon waned, sheer excitement took possession of her. She relinquished her weary secret prayers for the sum of eight shillings. A girlish equivalent of "Eat, drink and be merry" would have expressed her then.

The dance was at seven, and she went up to dress, declaring that she didn't want any tea at four. Uncle Bill never took afternoon tea, so she was able to secure her parcel from his keeping.

About six o'clock her aunt came to her room with a glass of milk. Perhaps the woman's eyes softened a little at the sight of sweet, fresh, restless beauty, but her lips kept firm.

"Your frock is quite long enough," she remarked, as she fastened it behind.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Frances."

"Your left stocking is twisted."

"Oh! I—I'll put it straight." Hot all over, Hilda adjusted the cashmere which concealed the silk.

"Have you tried your gloves on?" "Yes—yes, thank you. They're all right. Everything's all right," the girl said hurriedly, with a curious hatred of herself.

"I do not greatly care for the way you have arranged your hair," Mrs. Brash said. "If you would learn to wear it the way Martha Small wears hers—but never mind now."

"It is a fine, clear night, so you do not need a cab going," she said. "Your Uncle William shall see you to the Bensons' door. Now drink your milk, and come downstairs when you are ready. I must see that your Uncle Robert gets his dinner properly."

Hilda, though fully prepared, delayed her descent until the last minute, cloaked and clutching the velvet bag containing her slippers and gloves (suedes). She was feeling reckless and elated again. Uncle Bill was waiting for her in the hall, and as she reached his side her aunt came out of the dining-room. There were some awkward moments until William opened the door. He and the girl were at the bottom of the steps when Mrs. Brash did a strange and perhaps rather a difficult thing.

She said slowly and distinctly, "Your Uncle Robert and I hope you will enjoy yourself to-night," and shut the door.

"That's better!" muttered Uncle Bill, with a laugh.

"Oh!" murmured Hilda, without a laugh.

Beyond the garden the road was dark. "Honey!" said William in sudden consternation, "what's the matter?"

With another sob Hilda caught his arm.

"Tell me," he said, with exceeding tenderness.

At last, somehow, she managed to tell him. "And oh, Uncle Bill, what am I to do?" she ended.

He did not answer her all at once, and before he did so he drew her hand close to his side.

"What are you to do, Honey? Why, you're to enjoy your dancin' party and your silk stockin's and your—your pretty gloves. They're as good as paid for, because, you see, I've been wonderin' what I could give you for your Christmas present, and now I'll just give you

the price of your fal-lals, and the fal-lals 'll be my present to you, and I'll explain to the folks at home. And now you're not to weep a tear, Honey, nor say a single word. But if you like to give me a kiss when I give you the pennies tomorrow—well, I'll not say no. For 'twas a shame that you shouldn't have silks and so on if your heart was set on them. But now you've got them for your very own—and that's the end of the story. Aren't we lucky to get such a fine night, too? And don't you hurry away if they keep up the fun. I'll see that the cab waits for you."

She could do nothing but squeeze his weak arm till they came to their destination, and when the door of delight had closed behind her, William strolled homewards, his hand in his pocket, fingering his total assets—fourpence!

IV.

Mr. and Mrs. Brash retired to their chamber at the usual hour, though Mrs. Brash intended to come downstairs to greet Hilda on her return. Mr. Brash, fearing that he would not be able to sleep, came down to the parlor for a book. He had not troubled to put on his slippers. As he crossed the hall a slight rattling noise struck upon his ear. It was followed by the unmistakable chink of cash. The sounds came from the parlor, the door of which was open an inch or so. Mr. Brash came to a standstill, but the next moment he heard a cough which he recognized as his brother's. He went silently to the door and peeped through the narrow opening.

William was sitting at the table with a knife in one hand and the mission-box in the other. On the cloth lay a few pieces of silver and some coppers. William, who was perspiring, inserted the blade in the slit of the box and cautiously manipulated the former. At the end of a minute a coin slipped out. It was a halfpenny. "Ah!" grunted William, "tis one o' my own."

He was luckier next time, for a half-crown flopped on the table.

"Old Small's! He put it in last Saturday night, takin' care to let us see it first. Now, how much have I got?" Adding fourpence from his pocket to the little cluster, he reckoned it up. "Seven-and-six and a ha'penny—darn it. All right little maid, your fal-lals 'll soon be paid for. Here's luck!" and in went the knife.

Out came a shilling. "Good!" said William, and he proceeded to return sixpence halfpenny to the box.

Robert, very pale, entered. "William, what is this? What are you doing?" he said hoarsely.

The grizzled man was taken aback, but quickly recovered himself. He looked his brother straight in the eyes.

"I was borrowin' eight shillings, to be paid back at the rate o' a shillin' a week," he said quietly. "You don't suppose I would steal, Robert?"

Mr. Brash leant against the mahogany sideboard and put his hand to his head. "You don't suppose I would steal, Robert?" William repeated. "My sins are many, as you know, but you're not to include stealin'. Don't you hear me, Robert?"

Robert wet his lips. "Why," he said with an effort, "why do you wish to borrow the money? Could you not have trusted me so far as to ask me for it?"

"Could you have trusted me so far as to lend it?" William spoke softly.

After a pause. "For what do you want the money?" said Robert in a voice that was new to his brother, for it held no superiority, no hardness nor bitterness, no contempt; only a half-stifled agony of appeal, the utterance of a man who feels a poignancy he cannot name or even understand. William was not to know how his brother's mind had been troubled since that night, a fortnight ago, when his sovereign had gone into the box; but instinctively he felt that a crisis had come.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said abruptly. "Yes—if you'll sit down, Robert, and promise not to think ill of the little maid—I'll tell you."

"What has Hilda to do with it?" Robert asked, though somehow he had thought of Hilda the instant he looked upon the little scene at the table.

"Hilda has more to do wi' things than we thought. She still belongs to you—to us—but 'tis easy to lose her. Robert, I can't tell you if you don't sit down."

Robert hesitated, then took the nearest chair. "Go on," he whispered.

He did not interrupt while William told the brief story, and when it was ended he made no comment. After a long silence he said: "It's time you were going to fetch her home," and got up to leave the room.

"You'll not be hard on her, Robert?" said William. "She's had a bad week—a cruel bad week. Can't you believe that?" He was about to plead further, but he caught a glimpse of the other's face, and lo! it was enough. He nodded to the departing Robert, and returned the money to the box. Thereafter, with a new warmth in his heart, he set out to meet Hilda.

It was Uncle Bill who was silent on the drive home, for the girl was athrill

No More Corns

No More Dangerous Paring

Nobody needs to suffer from corns since Blue-jay was invented. Millions apply this little plaster. The pain stops instantly. Then

the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out—root, callous and all.

Blue-jay has done that for fifty million corns, without any soreness, any trouble, any delay or discomfort.

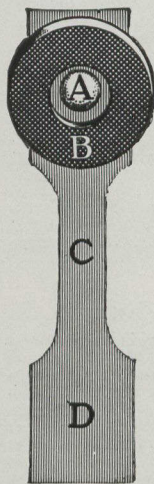
Common treatments mean just a brief relief. Blue-jay ends the corn.

Paring a corn just removes the top layer. The main part is left to grow. And in myriads of cases paring causes infection.

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Please prove this—for your own sake. It is the only right way to treat corns.



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B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
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with the delights of the evening, and conscience was still stupefied and inert. But at last he got saying that which was on his soul to say.

"Honey," he whispered, "do you trust me? You do? Sure? Then slip off your outside stockin's and put on your best gloves. Quick. Your Uncle Robert knows all about it. Don't be frightened; he's not angry wi' you. Somehow I think he's sort o' angry wi' himself—but everything's all right at home—only I think 'twould hurt him sore if you tried to deceive him to his very face. Honey, to please your old Uncle Bill, do what I ask you. I know 'tis cruel to startle you so, but you'll be a happy girl in five minutes. I believe we're all goin' to be happy. There now, don't worry yourself; just do it, Honey."

Hilda had great faith in Uncle Bill, but dismay overwhelmed her. Nevertheless she acceded to his request without waiting for answers to her questions. She had only one glove on when the cab stopped.

Mr. Brash opened the door and awaited him in the hall.

"I hope you have had a pleasant time, Hilda," he said, as if repeating a lesson. Then, as she halted, trembling and fearful, before him, he added: "We must try to understand each other better, Hilda. Now, go to your aunt, my dear." Bending stiffly, timidly, he touched his lips on her forehead.

Hilda, her young heart overflowing, ran upstairs.

"Yes," said Mr. Brash, as though speaking to himself, "we must try to understand each other better." And he laid his hand on his brother's arm—just as he might have done thirty years before.

THE END.

☒ ☒

The Sheriff of Kona

(Continued from page 26)

we took out Landhouse's sloop for a cruise. She was only a five-ton yacht, but we slammed her fifty miles to windward into the northeast trade. Seasick? I never suffered so in my life. Out of sight of land we picked up the *Halcyon*, and Burnley and I went aboard.

"We ran down to Molokai, arriving about eleven at night. The schooner hove to and we landed through the surf in a whale-boat at Kalawao—the place, you know, where Father Damien died. That square-head was game. With a couple of revolvers strapped on him he came right along. The three of us crossed the peninsula to Kalaupapa, something like two miles. Just imagine hunting in the dead of night for a man in a settlement of over a thousand lepers.

"The square-head solved it. He led the way into the first detached house. We shut the door after us and struck a light. There were six lepers. We routed them up, and I talked in native. What I wanted was a kokua. A kokua is, literally, a helper, a native who is clean, that lives in the settlement and is paid by the Board of Health to nurse the lepers, alleviate their sufferings, and such things. We stayed in the house to keep track of the inmates, while the square-head led one of

them off to find a kokua. He got him. And he brought him along at the point of his revolver. But the kokua was all right. While the square-head guarded the house, Burnley and I were guided by the kokua to Lyte's house. He was all alone.

"I thought you fellows would come," Lyte said. "Don't touch me, John. How's Ned, and Charley, and all the crowd? Never mind, tell me afterwards. I am ready to go now. I've had nine months of it. Where's the boat?"

"We started back for the other house to pick up the square-head. But the alarm had got out. Lights were showing in the houses, and doors were slamming. We had agreed that there was to be no shooting unless absolutely necessary, and when we were halted we went at it with our fists and the butts of our revolvers. I found myself tangled up with a big man. I couldn't keep him off, though twice I smashed him fairly in the face with my fist. He grappled with me, and we went down, rolling and scrambling and struggling for grips. He was getting away with me, when some one came running up with a lantern. Then I saw his face. I was frantic. In a clinch he hugged me close to him. Then I guess I went insane. It was too terrible. I began striking him with my revolver. How it happened I don't know, but just as I was getting clear he fastened upon me with his teeth. The whole side of my hand was in that mouth. Then I struck him with the revolver butt squarely between the eyes, and his teeth relaxed."

Cudworth held his hand to me in the moonlight, and I could see the scars. It looked as if it had been mangled by a dog.

"Weren't you afraid?" I asked.

"I was. Seven years I waited. You know, it takes that long for the disease to incubate. Here in Kona I waited, and it did not come. But there was never a day of those seven years, and never a night, that I did not look out on—on all this . . ." His voice broke as he swept his eyes from the moon-bathed sea beneath to the snowy summits above. "I could not bear to think of losing it, of never again beholding Kona. Seven years! I stayed clean. But that is why I am single. I was engaged. I could not dare to marry while I was in doubt. She did not understand. She went away to the States and married. I have not seen her since."

"You're going to Shanghai. You look Lyte Gregory up. He is employed in a German firm there. Take him out to dinner. Give him everything of the best. But don't let him pay for anything. Send the bill to me. His wife and the kids are in Honolulu, and he needs the money for them. I know. He sends most of his salary, and lives like an anchorite. And tell him about Kona. That's where his heart is. Tell him all you can about Kona."

THE END.

☒ ☒

WHAT IT REALLY WAS.

Wife—"Wretch, show me that letter."
Husband—"What letter?" Wife—"That one in your hand. It's from a woman. I can see by the writing, and you turned pale when you saw it." Husband—"Yes. Here it is. It's your dressmaker's bill."

WITH THE WITS

THE WAY OF A MAN.

The Browns were going out to the theatre, and Brown sat by the fire reading his paper heedless of his wife's admonitions that it was time to "get ready." At seven o'clock he went into his bedroom and said to his wife—

"Where's my studs for my evening shirt? I can't find but two of them, although I could swear that I left all of them in this little china box on my dresser the last time I used them. Look around and see if you can't find them. And put my cuff-links in the cuffs of this shirt, won't you? Wish you'd find me a clean collar to wear with an evening shirt. I don't see anything here but wing collars, and no one with any pretense to style ever wears one of them in the evening. I wish that— Look at the lint and dust on my evening coat. Get a brush-broom, won't you, and brush it off for me. If the housekeeping here was all it ought to be there wouldn't be lint and dust on a fellow's clothes when he takes them out of his closet. Where's my evening shoes? What? They are just where I left them last? No, they are not, for I feel dead sure that I left them in my closet, and they are not there now. Look around and find them for me, can't you? We have to catch the 7.30 train or we'll not get there before the curtain rises. Wish you would look around and find my shirt-front protector. It ought to be in this box, but it isn't. Where's my white tie? Look it up for me and then come and tie it. You know I never could tie a tie without making a perfect mess of it. Who knows where my evening gloves are? Strange how things do disappear in this house! Somebody get my evening shoes. Find me a clean handkerchief, won't you? Here's a button off this waistcoat! See if you can't button this collar for me. Got my shoes yet? You found them in my den? I guess I am about ready, and it's time we were—Aren't you dressed yet? What time do you s'pose we'll get there? By George! If it took a man as long to dress as it does a woman, I don't know what— Beats creation how much sooner a man can get dressed than a woman can!"

IN LEAP YEAR.

She turned her eyes upwards to him. She was a pale, interesting young girl—the kind that tall, robust men like on account of the clinging vine and sturdy oak business. She had met him at dances—but knew nothing further about him. "Have you an ambition in life?" she asked. "No," he answered moodily, but was not an encouraging beginning, but she had him all alone; she had even said she didn't like to dance in order to get him into that corner. He was good-looking. Undoubtedly he was fairly well off. "It is because you do not feel the responsibilities of life," she continued wisely. "You need something to stir you out of the humdrum of life. You need someone to make you break yourself away from your habits and all that sort of thing. Don't you think you do?" "Yes," he answered, "I suppose I do." "Domestic happiness is all there is in this world worth living for. I have heard ever so many people say so. Now, it is just the same with me as it is with you. I was nineteen my last birthday; and I have no responsibilities in life. Papa won't let me worry about a thing. I should be ever so much happier if I could share the trials of some nobleman." "Indeed?" he asked. "Yes," she answered. "Don't you agree with me?" He did not answer. She was a trifle discouraged. "Wouldn't you like to get married?" she asked him timidly. "I am married," he said, with a slight undertone of surprise in his voice, and immediately thereafter a smile crept about his lips as he began to realize the humor of the situation.

SCARCELY TIME.

Small Welsh station. Porter—"Yes, you see, sir, it's no good tapping at the booking-office window. It will not open until ten minutes before the train starts whatever you do." Benighted traveller (who wishes to reach Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogogerboottysliogogo) — "Ten minutes? Good gracious! Why, it'll take me a quarter of an hour to tell 'em where I want to go."

MODEST ABOUT IT.

"I was in a Missouri town two years ago," said a local dramatic producer, "trying to get up a show. The landlord of the chief and only hotel seemed half-way intelligent, and I interviewed him, as a preliminary. 'Your town boasts a band, does it not?' I asked. 'Well, no, stranger,' he responded. 'We've got a band, but we don't boast of it. We jest endure it.'"

THE DIFFERENCE.

"What is the difference between valor and discretion?" remarked Mrs. Brown, looking up from the paper in which she had been reading a leading article on the operation in Tripoli. "Valor," replied Brown, "is bawling into the ear of a champion pugilist the assertion that he is a ruffian you could knock into fits." "And discretion?" "Is doing it over the telephone."

MORE HOWLERS.

In "Wits and Their Humors," the Rev. J. O. Beyer provides some light, bright, and amusing reading. Here are a few selections from howlers, mostly drawn, as he says, from his own experience. "Cabal" is a short name for the late English Prime Minister. "Ca" stands for Campbell and "ba" for Bannerman, and the "l" at the end means that he is a Liberal. Socrates died from a dose of wedlock. Simon de Montford formed what was known as the Mad Parliament—it was something the same as it is at the present day. The Star Chamber was a room decorated with stars, in which tortures were carried out. From this we have the modern expression "to see stars"—that is, to be in pain. Alcohol is a mockery; at last it biteth like a servant and stingeth like a hatter. Doctors say that fatal diseases are the worst. A crab is a red fish, which walks backwards; only it isn't red, it isn't a fish, and it doesn't walk backwards. Why is it wrong for a man to have two wives?—Because he cannot serve two masters. What constituted Marlborough's greatness as a commander?—He always went into battle filled with a stern determination either to win or lose. What is a lie?—A lie is an abomination unto the Lord, but a very present help in time of trouble.

A NEW PROTECTIVE BODY.

We are about to form the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association. Will you join? There are no dues, the only requirement being a little firmness and self-control on your part. The idea is this— Have you ever been called up over the telephone by some man, who, in order to save his own time and without regard to yours, orders his stenographer, or private secretary, to get you on the wire first. Then, when you are on the wire, and waiting, he saunters leisurely up and tells you what he wants. Suppose, for example, that your name is Smith. This is what happens— The bell rings. You answer. "Hello?"

A young woman's voice then says— "Is this Mr. Smith?" "Yes. Who?" "Wait a moment, please. Mr. Jones wishes to speak to you." You wait. In a moment Jones—when he has finished what he has been doing, having been informed that you—Smith—are waiting for him, comes to the telephone.

Now, in order to become a member of the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association, all you have to do is to agree that hereafter, whenever anybody calls you up over the telephone and delegates someone else to get you first, is, immediately upon ascertaining that fact, to hang up the receiver and let him do it all over again.

This is what you should do— The bell rings. You answer. A woman's voice. "Is this Mr. Smith?" "Yes." "Wait a moment. Mr. Jones—" At this point you hang up the receiver and proceed with the regular order of business. In a few moments the bell rings again. Same voice. "Is this Mr. Smith?" "Yes." "Wait, please, a—" Once more you hang up the receiver, and, whistling at your work, proceed as before. In a few moments more the bell rings again. This time it is a man's voice.

"Is this Mr. Smith?" "Yes." "This is Jones." "Ah! how are you, Jones?" "I have been trying to get you for some time." "Yes, Jones, I know it, but you see I am a member of the Telephone Listeners' Mutual Protective Association, and our rule is that when anyone rings us up he shall be at the 'phone before we are, on the principle of mutual courtesy, and because he hasn't really any right to take up our time.—'Life.'"

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CONVALESCENT.

"Your husband might have a little solid food directly he begins to mend," said the doctor. "But how am I to tell?" inquired the anxious wife. "The convalescent stages of influenza," replied the doctor, "are marked by a slight irritability." The next day he called and found the patient's wife radiant. "When I refused to order him a steak," she explained, "he came into the kitchen and smashed fourteen soup plates and a dinner service so, of course, I sent out for a steak at once."

HIS LEISURE HOURS.

She was chatting with an old horse-omnibus driver once, and in the course of the conversation, she asked him. "What are your hours?" "Well, you see, miss, it's like this," he said, "I comes on dooty at six in the mornin'. I gets my 'osses, and out I goes with the 'bus. I 'as 'alf an hour for my dinner about two, and I goes on till 'alf-past eleven at night. Then I takes the 'bus back to the yard, 'ands the 'osses over to the yard-man, an' goes 'ome. Then I 'as the rest o' the day to myself!"

GOOD FOR TRADE.

"I, in common with my colleagues of the profession, receive many strange comments and propositions from queer people," says a Washington physician, "but I rather think that a woman whose children I have treated for some time is to be given a pre-eminent place in this category. 'Well, what can I do for you?' I asked, as I entered the waiting-room. 'I think that I should have a commission,' she said quietly, but firmly. 'A commission! And what for?' 'Why,' said she, 'every child in our street caught the measles from my baby.'"

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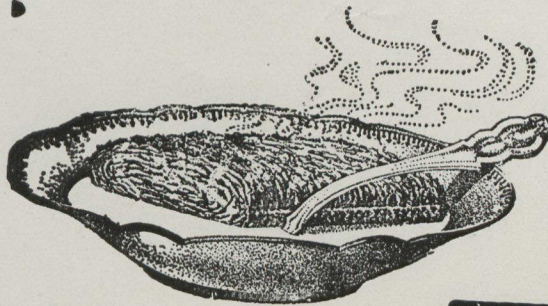
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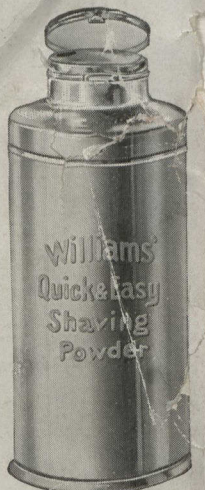
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