SECOND SECTION.

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THE STRUGGLE MUST CONTINUE.

One American View of Intervention in Russo-Jap War.

The suggestion of foreign mediation, or invention, in the war is immediately frowned upon by both the Japanese and the Russians.

It is necessary for neutral nations to perform their neutral obligations, and for the most passionate lovers of peace to keep their heads. To interfere in a war contrary to the wish of either belligerent would be an unneutral act, and therefore an unfriendly act. That is the same way our government and people regarded possible suggestions of mediation by European Powers in the civil war, after it had been in progress two years. In view of the fact that Russia has always been believed to have rendered our government a distinct service in opposing intervention by England and France some forty years ago, when it was not desired by the North the United States could not easily interfere now in a war to which Russia is a party, so long as Russia wishes to be left alone with her foe. But even if that consideration had no weight, an intervention or attempted mediation could never be made consistent with neutrality, if it should be more in the interest of one belligerent than the other. Now, obviously, the belligerents themselves must be the judges as to the relative effect of foreign interposition upon their respective interests. Hence no government aiming at genuine neutrality will seriously interpose in any degree, unless it is assured that its offers would be equally agreeable to both combatants.

As for intervention in the present war backed by force, no one could seriously consider it. England is allied by an offensive and defensive treaty with Japan, and its chief object is to prevent any sort of intervention which would be unwelcome to the Japanese. That was arranged for before the war began. Intervention, in defiance of the desire of either belligerent, moreover, must always be firmly backed by force if it is not to be a humiliating fiasco. But when an outside country is interested enough in peace to fight for it, it really extends the area of war, and exposes itself to the charge of having a selfish interest to subserve.

ABOUT ANGLERS

Mirrors Used in France and Scented Bait in Germany.

It is said that French sportsmen are applying one of the oldest principles in ethics (or want of them) to the fishes of their rivers. To add to the attractiveness of the bait, a small mirror is said to be so affixed that the prospecting fish sees its own image on the other side of the lure. It swims towards the hook; the daring fellow on the other side comes equally close. This is "trop fort," says the French pike or perch, and with a final rush it meets its apocryphal rival, and is promptly hooked for its greed. As a matter of fact, if we consider for a moment the optical conditions at the bottom of the stream, the incidence and refraction of the beams of light, it is probable that such a device quite apart from its sporting status, would be found absolutely unpractical, and this alleged deadly addition to the angler's equipment probably had its genesis in the fertile imagination of some ingenious sporting journalist on the left bank of the Seine.

The "Fishing Gazette" reproduces some quaint German recipes for scenting baits, and that this method of rendering them more attractive to the fish is not wholly ignored even in this country may be gathered from the faith which some coarse fishermen put in aniseed and other flavorings for their pastes, chiefly for roach and carp. Mr. Horace Hutchinson makes another suggestion in a contemporary. In allusion to the well-known frenzy which the smell of preserved (boiled) prawns will often inspire in the occupants of a salmon pool, he asks what would happen if salmon "flies" were to be dipped in the preservative, which retains much of the prawny flavor. This, however, he adds, borders on the line between sport and poaching. Why? If bait-fishing is allowed at all, it is obviously fair sport to appeal to one sense of the fish as well as to another. The "fly" appeals only to its sight; but what is there against the angler making a stronger appeal to its scenting powers? (London Leader).

COMPENSATION ACT.

An Important Judgment Recently Delivered in England---This Act Protects the Workman.

An important decision under the Workmen's Compensation Act in its application to agricultural laborers was given at Edmonton County-court by Judge Tindal Atkinson, says a London paper.

A man named Howard was employed for the hay-making season at a farm belonging to A. J. Hollington, a Government contractor, at Southgate.

Howard commenced work on a Saturday.

On the following Monday week he fell from a hay-cart, sustaining injuries which caused his death.

His wages were 4s. a day, and in all he earned 32s. The widow claimed compensation equivalent to three years' wages at 24s. a week.

His Honor ruled that as the respondent employed men habitually at other farms, and as men were at times sent from his residence to work at the Southgate farm, he came within the scope of the Act.

Further, the judge decided that the widow was entitled to compensation on the basis of an average weekly wage of 24s., and awarded her accordingly £187.

STOUT WOMEN NOT LIKED IN LAND OF THE MIKADO.

In all the Kingdom there is Not a Woman Who Weighs More Than 200 Pounds---How They Manage to Remain Slender---How One Was Restored to Royal Favor.

"You don't see many stout women in Japan," said a woman recently returned from the Orient. "There are a few fat women in the land of the Mikado, but they are not allowed to show themselves in public.

"Fat in this land of the Orient is considered a trademark of gluttony. A woman who is too plump is treated in one of two ways.

"If she is among the wealthier classes she is laughed at and ridiculed both to her face and behind her back. Even her own family are ashamed of her. If she is among the lower or poorer working classes, she is neglected and, if too fat to work, she is allowed to starve.

"In all the cities at which you stop in a journey through Japan, you see the slender, pretty, well shaped little woman, proud of her figure, and prouder still of the fact that she looks young in spite of her years. No matter how old she may be, she still retains her youthful lines.

"It was the Empress of Japan, herself a dainty little creature, who boasted that in all Mikado's domain there was not a woman weighing more than 200 pounds. 'And,' added she, 'there are not a dozen that weigh anything like as much as that.'

"The Japanese girl is taught that fat is a disgrace, and so, as she grows up, is continually on the lookout for superfluous anipose tissue. As soon as it begins to appear she takes it off. And her methods are both original and effective.

"Most women begin to get fat at 30, and the Japanese matron of 20, who is as old as the American girl of 30, first notices her waist, which is a little too large for her sash. It does not bind as prettily under the sash as once it did.

"Then what does she do? Why, she exercises; and her physical culture movements are well worth copying.

"Clad at best in a very loose kimono, she takes the physical culture movements. She bends backward; and it is her aim to go back so far that she can touch her hands to the floor. She tries that every day, and pretty soon she is rewarded by success.

"The Japanese girl will tell you that physicial culture requires study and that you can succeed if you try and try again. You cannot expect perfection the first time. You must be patient and willing to try until you succeed.

"The Japanese woman takes a series of exercises for her dainty little shoulders. As soon as her throat gets too pudgy she moves her arms holding them higher than her head.

'She does not take the very simple exercises of the Western gymnasiums, but she exercises in a much more strenuous way. She throws herself to one side and then to the other, until she rests first on the right hand and then on the left hand.

"She takes exercises so violently that they would tire out the Western woman. But this little girl of the East is determined to be thin, no matter what the struggle may be.

"When the American woman or the English woman begins to get stout, she at once takes measures to accomodate herself to her new lines, and gets new and larger clothing, and it does not occur to her to take measures to reduce her weight.

"And her family assist her in her accumulation of adipose tissue. She craves candy, and candy is brought to her. She loves ice cream and ice cream is bought for her. She dotes on all kinds of starchy foods, and they are placed on her plate.

"The Japanese woman, besides taking strenuous exercises, devotes herself to a regular diet. She eats boiled fish without grease of any kind, and she measures out her soup in a tiny bowl which holds no more than a teacup. When she does not eat soup or fish she takes some rice.

"For her first meal, her second, her third and fourth, the Japanese woman drinks tea. But her cups are small and she takes only one cup at a time. Her rice, on the other hand, is measured out in a generous dish, and her soup is hot and made thick with tiny scraps of bird's flesh and rice.

"The Japanese woman of corpulent tendencies would not think of placing a large dish in front of her. She measures out her food in small quantities, and when she has eaten it she stops. She does not ask for another helping.

"The Japanese woman's hour of self-denial comes at meal time, for she exercises and exercise makes her hungry. But she spreads her little tray with just enough and is content.

"Upon this little tray there is a saucer of picked up fish and there is a little cup of tea and a bowl of soup but this is all.

"She eats it, and when it is eaten she stops. She never thinks of replenshing. This is a very important lesson for the stout woman to learn. Do not ask for more. Oliver Twist may have done so, but it is not a safe rule for the woman who is trying to take off her flesh.

"The Japanese woman does not walk a great deal, but she takes constant care of herself, when she sleeps she rests upon a hard little bed and she covers herself up lightly, and her head rests upon a cushion that is none too soft.

"The Japanese woman never awakens with wrinkles in her face. She does not burrow into her pillow, and the consequence is that her face has no creases in it. It s as smooth and clear and fresh as when she was a child.

"Burying the face in the pillow makes lines in the cheeks and in the forehead. The woman who wakens with a scrowl between her eyes has buried her face in the pillow. Of that you may be sure.

"The Japanese woman never gets up in the morning tired. That tired feeling, which comes from sleeping in a closed room and from lying in beds of feathers and hair, is unknown to the woman of the Orient, who sleeps upon a bed which is well ventilated and hard.

"A hot room puts flesh on one's bones. Sleep in a warm room and you will lay on fat very quickly. Warm baths, a warm sleeping room and warm food and drinks taken in quantity will surely put flesh upon any person who is not predisposed to be skinny.

"So, the Japanese woman, when she finds she is no longer comely, immediately does four things and does them strenuously.

"She takes the most vigorous exercise and takes it continually. She has been known to strain her muscles in the determined effort to get off her fat.

"Then she diets, and she does this with a rigor that would scare the woman of luxurious tastes. She will go months without sweets, weeks without anything except the strictest necessaries, and days and days with a supply so scanty that she never feels comfortable. Of course, she comes out of the ordeal feeling better, but for a while it is very far from being fun.

"Then the Japanese woman regulates the temperature of her sleeping room. If stout she sleeps with little over her and she rises in the night to take her calisthenics. Toward morning she throws herself on her couch and sleeps again.

"There is a story told of a young Japanese nobleman who was commanded to bring his mother to the court of the Empress. The young noble hesitated.

" 'Are you ashamed of your mother's raiment?' asked the Empress, sharply. And then and there she lectured the young man upon the evils of pride and the horrors that will befall a man who is ashamed af his parents.

Still the young man hesitated. 'Then what is the trouble?' asked the Empress.

"With blushing face and with tears in his eyes the young man stammered forth that his mother was not presentable. 'She is—is—too fat,' said he.

"The Empress blushed with shame. 'Has she eaten too much?' asked she sternly.

"Then the young man was forced to admit that his mother's habits of gluttony and her continued laziness and total abstinence from exercise of any kind had caused the tissues to accumulate.

"'Fret no more,' said the Empress, 'but tell your mother that she must learn the lesson of self denial.'

"The conclusion of the story is that the woman banted, dieted, exercised, and was finally restored to royal favor, to the great delight of her son and all her kin."

ABORIGINAL DRUNKARDS.

Havoc Wrought Among Native Races by Home-Made and Imported Spirits.

Dr. Charles E. Harford, principal of Livingstone College, speaking on "The Drinking Habits of Uncivilised and Semi-civilised Races," at the quarterly meeting of the Society for the Study of Inebriety, said Kaffir beer was generally made with the object of producing drink of the greatest intoxicating strength attainable by native manufacture.

It produced violent headaches and indigestion, even when not mixed with spirits, which was often done.

Some of the native spirits prepared in Assam wore particularly injurious, containing large quantities of fusel oil and other specially poisonious ingredients, in some cases about 20 times as much as would be found in a properly-matured Scotch whiskey.

In West Africa immense quantities of potato spirit, manufactured in Germany for the purpose, formed the largest part of the trade of Great Britain, as well as of France and Germany, with the natives.

This spirit was frequently shipped in a concentrated form, containing about 80 per cent. of alcohol, and some samples were found to contain as much as 4 per cent. of fusel oil. Trade-gin and rum could have but one use—the intoxication of the native.

A POSER.

(New York Sun.)

——Bridget was none too truthful, and her mistress had been using all her eloquence to make her see the error of deceitfulness. But her would-be reformer owned herself routed when Bridget turned upon her a beaming Irish smile, and said, in a most cajoling tone:

"Sure, now, ma'am, and what do ye suppose the power o' desavin' was given us for."

Miss Mashem—Will you be my husband?

Jack Huggings—No, I don't know you well enough.

Miss Mashem—Then will you marry me six months from now?

Jack Huggins—No; I will probably know you too well then.

HAS MADE MANY SONGS.

Miss M. McKinley, Daughter of the Late U. S. President is Achieving Remarkable Success as a Composer.

Very few persons know that the melody of one of the most famous instrumental compositions written since "The Mocking Bird," and which has been re-echoed through the cities of the United States for the past three months, was written by a woman of prominence, who, under the non de plume of Vivian Gray, up to the present has concealed her identity. The name of the composition, so familiar to every pianist and musician, known as "Anona," is the creation of no less a distinguished person than Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the late president.

When the composition first appeared upon the market several months ago, it bore upon its title page the pen-name Vivian Gray, but as its fame spread and the royalty payments on the work accumulated, the authoress concluded to let her identity become public, particularly as the various amounts realized weekly from her composition were devoted to charities, which were personally distributed by her.

"Anona" is one of the musical eccentricities of the age. It is neither a march nor a two-step, in the strict application of the word, nor an overture nor a romanza. Yet it possesses the elements of all these, inasmuch as it is performed universally as a dance number and a concert piece. Possibly the best interpretation of its character lies in the term "intermezzo." Like the much-abused "Hiawatha," it has an individuality of its own, although rivalling that number in point of endurance, in that the melodic combinations appearing in "Anona" are more intricate in conception, more defined in originality, and invite in a more marked degree the essence of longevity. In short, the musical cadences of Mabel McKinley's work will bear limitless repetition, and thus perhaps survive the strains of works of equal fame, because of its newness of theme and treatment.

The remarkable success accorded her composition inspired Mabel McKinley to produce other works of this kind. A few days ago a new composition from her pen made its appearance. It is entitled "Karama", and almost from its incipiency it has attracted attention because of its peculiar originality. The Indian idea incorporated in "Anona" has been supplanted with a Japanese theme. The title page bears a striking portrait of a Mikado's daughter in black and orange, and the music of the piece is a concatenation of oriental measures which fills the feet with animation.

Several weeks ago first copies of this composition were forwarded to Japan, and a reply was received by the authoress last week from Tokio, stating that the work would be made a special feature of the Royal league hands in that country.

It is only recently that the authoress of "Anona" became aware of the fact that she possessed inherent musical talent. Prior to the appearance of the Indian morceau, Miss McKinley wrote several dainty and quaint ballads, among these "Ma Lil' Sunbeam," "Little Dolly Driftwood," and others, but none commanded the pronounced attention of "Anona." It was chiefly because of this that the fictitious name of Vivian Grey was used upon the frontispages, as the authoress lacked confidence in their popularity—a universal feeling with many modern composers.

DAY OF BIG THINGS IN SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

The Skscraper Idea Gone Mad in the City of New York.

(Kansas City Journal.)

In a day of big things large school buildings are naturally to be expected, but a plan under consideration by the New York school authorities raised the question whether size may not be carried to a ridiculous and dangerous extreme. The plan contemplates the erection of a school building "ten or more stories in height" and intended to accommodate no less than 8,000 children. It will have about fifteen class rooms on each floor, or 150 in all. The structure will be fireproof, only desks and doors being inflamable, and if the fire should break out in one room it could be closed until the flames had burned themselves out. Transportation from floor to floor will be furnished by elevators.

Such is the scheme, which will make those gasp who recall the "little red schoolhouse" and the modest but adequate city schools buildings of not many years ago. It is very impressive, but would be rather more interesting if the New York authorities should tell how to propose to overcome certain objections that come at once to mind.

Why, for example, should doors and desks be combustible in these days of fireproofed wood? Again, no skyscraper in New York houses as many people as it is proposed to crowd into this up-to-date schoolhouse; and tenants of office buildings and the like do not arrive and depart at the same hour and moment twice a day, each morning and afternoon, as do the pupils of a public school. These eight regiments of children will have to find simultaneous ingress and egress—no easy task even for officers and well disciplined soldiers.

Smoke is quite as dangerous as fire and is not eliminated even in so-called fireproof buildings. Fire drills in the schools have greatly reduced danger from fire and ensuing panic, but they will have to be brought to an inconceivable point of perfection, or child nature will have to be radically changed, if children are to be held quietly in line awaiting their turn to ascend in elevators from a tenth story while smoke from perhaps a score of elevator shafts is enfolding them.

The idea of a schoolhouse large enough to contain the school population of a town of 50,000 or more inhabitants, is novel and impressive. The New York authorities, though, are quite likely to conclude that their scheme is of more speculative interest than practical importance.

MEMORIES OF SCOTLAND WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

No Whistling on the Lord's Day---Long Sermons and a Strenuous Education---The Wonders of a New Year's Eve---Plenty of Porridge and Sound Advice for Youngsters.

"Hitherto we have sketched in a very hurried and imperfect manner indeed the natural features of an old fashioned Scottish town. And now let us enter it, walk along its streets and mingle among the common people.

Many of the houses are built with the gable ends to the streets. And the means of entering is an outside stair with landings at the different stories. A few more modern tenement houses hustle for place their venerable companions, but generally speaking the appearance of the whole is decidedly ancient.

The families, even of the better class, are content with two or three rooms, mostly, the "but" and the "ben" as they are called. The beds are built into the walls, and very comfortable and clean they are. Each room has an open fire place, where on chilly nights fires of soft coal are built. For breakfast oatmeal porridge with plenty of milk is served for all the members of the family, and if the children do not choose to eat this wholesome food they can go without, for nothing else is provided for them. For dinner "green kail" or potatoe soup, with a very small portion of cheap meat, and for supper, tea with bread and treacle for the children, and bread and butter and perhaps jam for the adults.

A striking thing in the streets are the large numbers of children of all ages, for in those days large families were the rule. On fine weather these boys and girls played about the streets, but when 9 o'clock came all disappeared indoors, for good hours were kept.

The great events of their lives were New Year's day, Haloween, and the Queen's birthday. At these seasons a large amount of license was granted, and fully taken advantage of.

The Scotchmen of the past generation were great believers in education and their children commenced going to school at an early age. This was before the days of kindergarten, and the child was at once initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet.

Not without much pain and tribulation was education acquired in those schools. The system was not distinguished for tact. The leather taws or the pointer were called into requisition much oftener than now-a-days, and the boy who reached home with blue welts on his hand was much more apt to meet further punishment for his dullness than tender sympathy. Whatever faults the old system of education may have had, there is no denying that the results were good. The pupil after he had passed through the common school might not have been able to construe Caesar or Thucydides, but he at least had a good working knowledge of his mother tongue.

It has become the fashion now-a-days to rail at the old fashioned, puritanical way of bringing up children. The system may have had its faults, but it at least produced results which are not surpassed in these days of easy indulgence. It appears harsh to forbid a child to indulge in whistling on the Sabbath day, and it may even have had a cramping influence on the growing mind to prohibit the perusal of anything but sacred literature on that day. One thing the Presbyterian father taught his son was respect for his elders, and very seldom indeed was this sweet and seemly behaviour neglected.

Whatever was wrong, was very wrong, nor were there any extenuating circumstances for an evil deed in his eyes. 'He thought that the child that was old enough to say no, was old enough to say yes.

The writer of this article as soon as he was able to behave himself in a seemly manner, in church was dragged there three times every Lord's Day. Dragged is the proper word, for truth to tell he would much rather have stayed away. The preacher was of the old school, and a believer in long sermons. So he preached from three quarters of an hour to an hour, thus inflicting untold misery on the more youthful of his congregation.

Those were the days of the strenuous religion, when men believed implicity in a personal devil and a real hell of fire and brimstone, and when preachers thought it their duty to keep this prominently before their hearers. Long before the minister reached his fourthly, the small heads were nodding. To fall asleep in church, however, was as great a sin as to whistle on the Lord's Day, and either one was heinous enough. So kind hands were ever ready to wake the weary one by a push or a pinch, if drastic measures were necessary.

Let no one think from the foregoing that the Scotch were an unbending, mirthless people. New Year's Day was the greatest festival of the calendar. For long weeks before, great preparations had been making. Huge currant loaves were carried to the bakers and massive cheeses and stacks of "shorties" ornamented with appropriate mottoes done in sugar, were hidden away under lock and key. Bottles of wine, moreover, and cordial, and jars of whiskey, were purchased for the old folks. The 31st of December, known all over Scotland, as Hogmonay, arrived, and despite all protest all the children were put to bed at the regular hour and the elder members of the family gathered in the kitchen to watch the old year out and the New year in. The writer of this article once had great curiosity about this vigil. The opinion was strong in him, that at 12 o'clock some actual appearance was seen in the night. So, many times he pleaded to be allowed to sit up with the rest, but unavailingly. At last, however, he stole out of the house, after he was supposed to be in bed, and wandered round the streets till nearly 12, when he went to the parish church, in front of which a great throng of men and women were standing, with eyes upturned towards the steeple clock.

It is needless to say he saw nothing like what he expected, but the scene he did witness remains as fresh in his mind as though it was a thing of yesterday. There were perhaps as many as two thousand men and women watching that clock, amid silence so intense it seemed almost as if they had forgotten even to breathe. All at once, as the bell tolled out the midnight hour, a great shout went up and many hands waved in the air. Then ensued a scene of the wildest hilarity and abandon. Men clasped the hands of utter strangers, and uttered cordial wishes for a happy New Year. Bottles were produced and freely passed around, and healths were drunk in uproarious applause. After a short time spent in this way all separated and went their several ways to "first foot" their intimate friends. There were many curious superstitions around this custom of first footing, and the complexion and sex of the first visitors on New Year's morning were matters of grave importance to the inmates of the house. A light complected person, be it man or woman, brought the assurance of good fortune, though in differing degrees, and the opposite was true of a black haired man or woman.

ROOMS RENT FREE.

A Pleasant Home for Gentlewomen Near Wimbledon.

In 1899 a movement was started to provide 12 officers' widows with rooms rent free. This scheme has now bee considerably extended, owing to the support it has received both at home and from abroad, and this month 24 ladies, widows and orphans of naval and military officers, are to be housed, rent and taxes free, in the handsome and conveniently-arranged homes built by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association.

The site is within a few minutes' walk of Wimbledon station, in one of the healthiest of the suburbs, with a good train service to all parts of London. The grounds cover 3½ acres If funds are forthcoming it will be possible in course of time to erect a quadrangle of apartments, and yet leave room in the centre for a large garden. Two blocks, containing 12 flats each, are now ready for occupation, and the two wings, containing 18 suites each, will probably be finished some time next summer.

Each staircase has six suites of apartments, one right and one left, on three floors. Each flat contains four rooms, a sitting room, two bedrooms (this enables the lady to whom the flat belongs to have one or two guests), and a cosy kitchen with red-tiled floor.

The fittings for all the rooms have been carefully and considerately chosen to the minutest detail, with the object of combining the maximum of comfort with the minimum of labor and expense to the residents. The big bedroom, kitchen, and passage are fitted with cupboards. A meat safe hangs on the balcony leading from the kitchen; a gas stove for cooking and electric light throughout are some of the conveniences. The walls are concreted in iron to render them fire-proof, and, as no nails can be driven into these walls, picture rails have been provided in all the rooms.

It was at first decided to charge 1d. a week nominal rent for the flats but at present this rule is in abeyance, and the ladies have only to pay for gas and electric light.

Candidates for these homes must not be under 50 nor more than 80 years of age, and must have an income of not less than £40 and not more than £100 a year. There will be another election next year, when more of the homes are finished, but there are already more candidates than can be accommodated.

The buildings are rightly named "Queen Alexandra's-court," for her Majesty has taken a most practical interest in the scheme.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

The editor of the Truro News has got himself into trouble with the young ladies over errors made by compositors in his office, and this is how he apologizes.

"Our already half broken hearts will in truth be broken in twain, if compositors continue to disport so cruelty with our writing as has been done of late. Yesterday we were made to say that a bright, fresh young girl had been a professional nurse for over "ten" years, when we wrote "two" years. In another paragraph, in referring to the beauty and hidden power of blue or gray eyes, we wrote that they were "simply wells for men to fall into;" yet the printer's devil or some one worse, published "gray eyes were simply "hell' for men to fall into." We apoligize to every gray'eyed girl in the world for this awful faux pas."

NEW USE FOR ELECTRICITY.

Experiments Show That it Can be Successfully Used as an Aid to Agriculture.

Electricity has at last been applied successfully to agriculture, says the November World's Work. Already, on farms in southern France, horses are replaced by motors. The farmers of the province of Alsne have discarded their horses and are thrashing their grain, grinding their flour, cutting roots and pumping water by electricity. The owners of large farms have their own motors. The smaller proprietors club together to buy a motor, which is moved from farm to farm as each farmer needs it.

The power to run the motors is supplied from a central station, over high-tension lines, to sixteen sub-stations, which distribute it at the proper pressure to adjacent farms.

Other experiments have been made in Germany. The results show that it is cheaper for a small farmer to pay his share of the cost of a motor, which he may use when he wishes, than to keep a horse for farm work. And it has been found cheaper for the larger farmer to own motors which do his work quickly and with little care than to maintain a large stable continuously.

An even more remarkable application of electricity is the use of an electric current to make plants grow. Experiments have been carried on at the Hatch Experiment Station, Amherst, Mass., which show that electricity has very marked effects on the growth of both seeds and plants. Seeds of several kinds of vegetables were planted in insulated boxes, where subjected to electrical currents of various kinds and intensities. The results showed that an alternating current of rather low intensity was the most effective stimulant, increasing the growth in some cases as much as 37 per cent.

THE LONDON CABBY.

(Vance Thompson in November Outing.)

There are in London 2,711 cab proprietors and of these 2,224 own fewer than five vehicles. As you see, it is a poor man's industry. There is only one large company—the London Improved Cab Co., which owns five hundred cabs; the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot who was once a large owner went out of business. In the main then the small proprietor—the "Mush"—who owns a few cabs and drives one himself controls the trade. The average price for hiring a cab is twelve and threepence a day. In addition the cabman has to pay the yard-fees. He gets two horses a day and is usually fourteen hours on the box. His license costs him five shillings a year. The tax of two pounds on the cab and the fifteen-shilling wheel-duty are paid by the owner. Taking it day in and day out the cabby makes about five shillings a day. In the season he may take in more money, but as the hire is raised on him, it comes to the same thing. If he is not content—and there is no reason why he should be—he does not grumble unduly. Every day in London 120,000 people ride in cabs. Of course there is friction and there is a deal of noisy quarreling over fares, but, so far as my experience goes, the cabby is usually right in his estimate of the distance he has travelled and the money that is due him. The cab horses are a good lot. They are worked six hours a day on an average. About three years in a hansom, however, will do up the best of them. Then they drift down to the four-wheelers. A melancholy vehicle, that. You remember, do you not, "Gregers" in Ibsen's "Wild Duck," whose unhappy destiny it was to be always thirteenth at table? It is the gloomy function of the four-wheeler to "follow with the luggage." At best it never rises higher than the function of freighting home roysterers and bad husbands, night-wasters and cordial, ignoble girls. A melancholy destiny. The driver of a four-wheeler pays less cab rent—six or seven shillings a day—but his earning power is less than that of the aristocratic of the craft, he in the dickey. Usually, he is a weedy, old man, who has looked out on life through red-lidded eyelids, so long and has come to know it so well, that the milk of human kindness in him is mere curds and whey. He is essentially a creature of the fog and night. Mankind, as he knows it, is either coming away from a railway station with too much luggage on going home—Sodden or riotous with too much drink. Why should he have confidence in his fellowmen? He and not Edgar Saltus should have written the Philosophy of the Disenchantment. His melancholy destiny it is to go through life trying to detect pewter half-crowns

THE BISHOP'S KNICKERS.

Boston Globe).

——Bishop Doane, of Albany, is the only prelate in the United States who appears in public wearing the clerical gaiters and knee breeches which are a part of the outdoor attire of a Bishop of the English church. Recently he happened to be crossing the Boston Common in company with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was similarly attired as to his nether extremities. When they had gone half way across the historic spot they realized that they were being followed at a respectful distance by a dozen or more street urchins. Bishop Doane turned suddenly and asked sharply. "Well, my friends, what can we do for you?"

"What are youse two, anyhow?" demanded the foremost young rascal with a grin and a meaning glance at the Episcopal gaiters.

"He's Cantab and I'm Albany," replied Bishop Doane, with a twinkle in his eye.

The irreverent youngster sniffed contemptuously.

"Blamed if youse don't look it!" he declared. Then the troop moved rapidly off in the opposite direction.