

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

TURTLE AND PEARL FARMS.

The Cultivation of These Commodities as Practised in Japan... The Profit of the Crops.

One of the most interesting addresses before the recent Congress of Arts and Sciences, was made by Professor K. Mitsukuri of the University of Tokio, on "The Cultivation of Marine and Fresh Water Animals in Japan."...

The speaker described the methods of cultivation of various marine and fresh-water organisms practiced in Japan. He first described the successful cultivation of the snapping turtle, which takes in Japan the place occupied by the terrapin in American gastronomy.

The pearl-oyster farm was also described. In 1890 the speaker suggested to a Mr. Mikimoto the desirability of cultivating the pearl-oyster, and also pointed out the possibility of making the pearl-oyster produce pearls by giving artificial stimuli.

DOCTORS AND GRAFT

Graft is being uncovered in unexpected places and that of politics and public service is being exposed in the world of the professions. The grafter is looked upon with contempt. His peculations are regarded as the meanness of extortions.

A little coterie of reputable physicians in Chicago undertook to locate the source of a medical graft that was being worked in the city. To do this they practiced a little deception, and 100 practicing physicians received letters purporting to be from a young doctor of Odell, Ill., who had a wealthy patient needing treatment in their line, and asking for a commission of twenty-five per cent. for referring the patient to the Chicago expert.

Out of the number receiving these devious letters fifteen responded with an invitation to the young doctor to bring his patient along, twenty-six flatly declined to have anything to do with a proposition of that sort, and forty-six paid no attention to the letter whatever.

Dr. John B. Murphy, who is president of the medical society of Chicago, is very much interested that so large a number of physicians should be willing to engage in the unprofessional conduct for sordid gold, and he proposes to institute a deterrent process that will eliminate the bacillus of graft.—Detroit News Tribune.

North Star and Dipper.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky; it marks the north at all times; it alone is fixed in the heavens; all the other stars seem to swing around it once in 24 hours. But the pole star, or Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify, but for the help of the so-called pointers in the "Big Dipper" or Great Bear.

One of the most difficult propositions a Maine schoolmarm has encountered this fall was a bunch of nine little Russians, not one speaking a word of English, who entered a New Auburn school last week.

MEMORIES OF SCOTLAND WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

There was Great Rejoicing at New Year's, May 24th and at Hallowe'en---The "Feeling Market---The Fun That Came With the Circus.

New Year's Day was made the occasion of unwonted ostentation among those staid old Scotch families. The best set of china, which all the rest of the year, was carefully locked away, was placed on the table, together with cut glass decanters and wine glasses of a quaintly curious shape. These articles of delf were in many cases heirlooms in the families, and the writer of this article has often seen china which would have been the delight and envy of many a connoisseur.

Many a day long the feasting was kept up and no visitor, of whatever station in society, was allowed to depart until he or she had partaken of the good cheer so lavishly provided. Every one from the highest to the lowest made joyful holiday, and all had friends to visit or entertain. New Year's night was the favorite time for family reunions, when all the children whom the years had scattered over the kingdom gathered round the table with father and mother once more. None but the most intimate friends were invited to enter the circle that night, and each tried to out do the other in hilarious enjoyment.

Then there were the shows, about which institutions there were fascinations hard to be resisted. Waxwork exhibitions were then common, and wonderful and original the figures certainly were. One favorite group was Daniel in the Lion's den. The prophet was seen standing serenely, every boy who was coming sprang about their mouths and wagged their tails in a jerky and uncertain manner. Then for a single figure the most popular was Kallala, Stanley's faithful servant. This great aggregation could be viewed for the small sum of three pence.

The circus then, as now, was the peculiar delight of the small boy, and there was certainly more excitement in town when it came. Circus companies never travelled on the railroads, but used the turnpike exclusively. And so when the news every boy who was coming sprang about their mouths and wagged their tails in a jerky and uncertain manner. Then for a single figure the most popular was Kallala, Stanley's faithful servant.

GREAT WHEAT CROP.

Six hundred and thirty-seven million bushels of wheat is our average wheat crop. One-fifth the whole world's output, enough wheat, made man satisfied that one-third of a loaf for every inhabitant of the United States daily for a year; enough wheat, made into loaves a foot long, to girdle the earth.

then took hold and the bundle was dragged along and hidden in some back yard in readiness for the morrow. On the morrow, if the weather was fine, there was great rejoicing. The whins were brought out and piled up in the middle of the street, sometimes seven or eight feet high and as many broad. Very ceremoniously the torch was applied, and as the flames leaped up cheer after cheer arose and all the blazeprouce was brought to keep the fuel up as long as possible.

Perhaps, however, there was no event in the year which yielded so much boisterous mirth to the youngsters as Hallowe'en. This was a night of great and general license, and tricks could be played with impunity then which would have been severely frowned upon at any other season. A favorite pastime on Hallowe'en was what was known as "Guisling." In this play, a company of boys would get together and choose one of their number to act as leader or captain and who for the nonce bore the name of "Galashan." Faces had to be blacked, coats turned inside out and other simple means adopted to conceal the identity of the players, for this was a play-a-drama-in which they were about to engage.

When all the preparations had been made and "Galashan" and another boy, who was Alexander King of Macedonia, had armed themselves with wooden swords and shields, an adjournment was made to a neighbor's house. Admission was never denied the "Guisers" and the floor was always cleared of tables and chairs for their operations. After the captain had made a little speech introductory of the play, the drama proceeded something after this fashion:—

"Here come I Alexander, King of Macedonia." "I conquered all the world but Scotland alone." "When I came to Scotland, my courage grew cold." "To see a little nation courageous and bold."

After delivering the speech Alexander strutted around the floor in a very aggravating fashion. Galashan stands it as long as he can but at last his temper gets the better of him and he steps forward and says: "Here comes I, Galashan, Galashan is my name."

"With sword and pistol by my side I hope to win my fame." "Alexander—For shame, sir, for shame sir, 'twas never in your power to slay me and slay you in less than half an hour."

A most terrific combat then ensues with wooden swords, and at last King Alexander falls. He is sore wounded, and dies in a few minutes. And now ensues a curious scene. Galashan no sooner sees his enemy lie dead than he reports his rashness and begins to bemoan himself. He is in the midst of his despair when a boy wrapped up in a white sheet steps forward and announces himself as a doctor. Galashan interrogates him.

"What are you the doctor of?" "Doctor—" "I'm doctor of divinity and doctor of the dead man and doctor of the ewine." "Calculate that will you take to cure this dead man?" "Doctor—" "Six pounds and a bottle of wine."

The bargain is soon closed and the doctor by his skill restores the dead man to life and the drama is closed. The actors are rewarded with sundry apples, and sometimes small coins and they depart to repeat the performance next door. Formerly there were many curious rites on Hallowe'en, each of which had a special meaning. Many of these still survive, but the meaning attached has been forgotten. In most houses a pot of potatoes is peeled, cooked, and mashed up. Into the mass are introduced a great variety of trinkets, but the special prize is a ring. The guests are seated around the table and each gets a plateful of potatoes. There is much mirth as the trinkets are found, but each is eager to find the ring, because the lucky one whether man or woman is sure to be married within a year.

BRUNETTES STEADIER.

A leading employer of women stenographers and clerks was quoted by the Chicago Tribune the other day as saying about the office dress of his force: "An almost infallible test I find is this. When talking with an applicant, if she gives me her whole attention, keeps her eyes in front of her no matter who passes behind her, or at her side, or in and out of the office, until our interview is over, I am satisfied that that girl will be able to concentrate on her work."

POLITICS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Children Should be Taught to Interest Themselves in the Political Problems of the Day... Would Purify Politics.

The address of Grafton D. Cushing before the Council of Women's clubs yesterday was a fair and philosophical discussion of our educational situation as it exists today. It was a recognition of the rights of the Catholic population to be represented on the teaching force of the city, a right to which their numbers and ability assuredly entitle them. So far as he could, he thought we think he has not been thoroughly informed when he says that in the country districts of Massachusetts practically no Catholics can be appointed as teachers. We can mention districts and towns, ruralists of the rural, where not only are Catholic teachers appointed, but in some they are even in a majority. We think that any such intolerance as he hints at is largely an imaginary quantity in the State as well as in the city of Boston.

We entirely agree with him, however, in the statement that the Public School Association is showing a way to non-religious and non-partisan control and that "the end will be justice." The aim of that organization has been and must continue to be to keep the schools of Boston unimpaired and unimpaired by the influence of any special doctrine there is too much evidence, and that their standards must lower in proportion as the movement gains head, it needs no prophet to truthfully declare. In his remarks at Columbia University Sunday, Bishop Doane of Albany, whom we should suspect of strong sympathy with the English educational act, said that the common schools must be kept unreligious to the extent that no special doctrines should be taught there, but that they need not be irreligious, and we must say "hands off" from our school funds to any denominational schools of any name whatever.

Unless we are to enter upon a period of educational degeneration, a lowering of standard and of motive must also say "hands off" to the practical politicians as well. We want no local bosses leading their favorites by the hand and soliciting consideration for them, because, of the assistance it will be to themselves in the furtherance of their own plans. There are tests to be applied and requirements that should be met. A teaching force appointed at the behest of practical politicians would be a real peril, because their sponsors have neither the desire nor the knowledge necessary to give their recommendations legitimate weight. It is a fact that needs no demonstration that the good of the schools and the welfare of the children who attend them are not even secondary considerations in their schemes of patronage.

The public school has been the corner stone of our civil and social structure. Whatever of strength we have attained whatever advance we have made, have had their origin and their inspiration there. The suggestion that we are aiming too high and spending too much on our schools sounds ominous and reactionary. We may be spending too much of local politics, and the spoil of our manipulators, and the spoil of our general demoralization; but if the funds are honestly employed to make our educational influences the most enlightening and far reaching possible, we can make no better investment than to keep an spending and annually increasing the amount.

RAILWAYS IN PERU.

The American charge d'affaires in Peru transmits a copy of a ministerial decree regarding the possibility of finding a suitable point for the terminus of a proposed railway in the eastern regions of Peru, a link of the great Pan-American project. The decree provides for the organization of a commission of engineers to make preliminary surveys along the following routes: From Cerro de Pasco to Huanuco, following the course of the River Huallaga up to its junction with the Tulumayo at a short distance below the Tingo Maria, and afterwards ascending the course of the said affluent up to its source, and finally crossing the "di-vortium aquarum" so as to arrive at the sources of the Aguaytiza, ascending it until reaching its outlet; and the ordering that the respective studies be made regarding the navigability of the River Pachitea along its whole course by one of the commissions already gone forward.

BRUNETTES STEADIER.

A leading employer of women stenographers and clerks was quoted by the Chicago Tribune the other day as saying about the office dress of his force: "An almost infallible test I find is this. When talking with an applicant, if she gives me her whole attention, keeps her eyes in front of her no matter who passes behind her, or at her side, or in and out of the office, until our interview is over, I am satisfied that that girl will be able to concentrate on her work."

GREAT WHEAT CROP.

Six hundred and thirty-seven million bushels of wheat is our average wheat crop. One-fifth the whole world's output, enough wheat, made man satisfied that one-third of a loaf for every inhabitant of the United States daily for a year; enough wheat, made into loaves a foot long, to girdle the earth.

Special features of interest will be added to the Evening Times as the work of organization is further advanced.

THE RISKY LIFE OF THE NORTH SEA TRAWLERS.

An Interesting Description of Their Perils Given in a Recent Novel, is Written by a Man Who Gathered His Material By Living Among them.

In A. E. W. Mason's latest novel, "The Truants," there is a description of life on a North Sea trawler which has special pertinence at this moment. Mr. Mason having himself gathered his material through life with the English fishermen, knows whereof he writes, and his account may therefore be accepted as truthful and exact. In "The Truants" his hero, Tony Stretton, is represented as shipping aboard the Perseverance for a period of a few weeks, in order to work out, undisturbed, certain problems by which he is confronted. He has to take some risks, and in the trawling fleet he learns how to estimate risks. "Out there," he says, "men risk their lives daily to put a few boxes of fish on board a fish cutter. Take the risk half-heartedly and your boat's swamped for a sure thing, but take it with all your heart and there are the fish boxes to your credit." Just how the risks are faced and conquered by the fishermen of the fleet, Mr. Mason tells us in his description of the meeting between Stretton and Alan Warriden, who has come out in the steam fish carrier to find him. "It's no bobby's job," the captain of the City of Bristol tells him, when referring to the life of a man on the Dogger Bank, and so we may infer from the following:—

Warriden looked over a gray, savage sea. The air was thick with spindrift. The waves leaped exultingly up from windward and roared away to leeward from under the cutter's keel in a steep, uprising hill of foam. All about him the sailing boats headed to the wind, sinking and rising in the furrows, so that Warriden would just see a brown topsail over the edge of a steep roller like a shark's fin, and the next instant the dripping hull of the boat flung out upon a breaking crest.

"You will have to look sharp when the punt from the Perseverance comes alongside with her fish," the captain shouted. "The punt will give you a rassage back to the Perseverance, but I don't think you will be able to return here. There's a north-westerly gale blowing up, and the sea is increasing every moment. However, there will be another cutter up, tomorrow, and if it's not too rough you could be put on board of her."

It took Warriden a full minute to realize the meaning of the captain's words. He looked at the tumbling, breaking waves; he listened to the roar of the wind through the raiging. "The boats won't come alongside today!" he cried. "Won't they?" the skipper replied. "Look!"

Certainly some manoeuvres were in progress. The trawlers were all forming to windward in a rough semi-circle about the cutter. Warriden could see but tackle being rigged to the main yards, and men standing upon the boats capsized deck. They were actually intending to put their fish on board in the face of the storm.

AMERICAN SHOTS AT BALTIC FLEET.

Accidents may occur in any navy, but to be sure, no standard of efficiency in handling a fleet would permit precious broadsides at innocent fishing boats under any circumstances whatever.—Springfield (Mass.), Republican.

Officers and men appeared to have torpedoes on the brain. How Japanese torpedo boats could get in to the Baltic undetected, the Russians did not attempt to explain, yet it ought to have occurred to any one that torpedo boats could not come from far off Japan on their own normal supply of coal, as such craft cannot go far without colliers and convoys.—Boston Transcript.

To claim for Russia that her officers mistook the trawlers for warships is to accuse them of the grossest incompetence and ignorance. Even if it were known for a fact that Japan has sent a flotilla of torpedo boats into European waters—which is far from the case—the Russian war fleet would not be justified in banging away with solid shot and shell at every steamboat it met.—Washington Star.

It is not too much to demand that the czar call back his fleet as an international nuisance. It would be a very mild demand indeed, to insist that the commander of this mad-dog squadron be summarily removed as a small apology to the civilized world, after satisfying the immediate claims of King Edward for his murdered subjects.—Boston Post.

What a painful position for a great power to be placed in! It is not unlike a man who, creased with fear, rushes out of doors and shoots his friend in mistake for a burglar. Compassion and contempt are mingled with denunciation. But the man does not run away and desert his dying friend. The Baltic fleet did just that thing.—Baltimore American.

If the Russian squadron was thrown into panic by the firing of a rocket by a few British fishermen, it cannot be considered a formidable fighting force to send against the Japanese war vessels.—Chicago Post.

The czar ought to recall his Baltic fleet and put it out of commission until he can officer it with men of skill and courage.—Chicago News.

up, they mayn't get a chance to put their fish on board for three or four days after this," the captain explained. "Oh! you can take it from me, The North Sea is not a bobby's job." As Warriden watched, one by one the trawlers dropped their boats and loaded them with fishboxes. The boats pushed out, three men to each, with their lifebelts about their oilskins, and came down with the wind toward the fish carrier. The trawlers bore away, circled round the City of Bristol, and took up their formation to leeward, so that, having discharged their fish, the boats might go down again with the wind to their respective shivers. Warriden watched the boats piled up with fishboxes coming through the water of the sea. It seemed some desperate race was being rowed.

"Can you tell me, which is the boat from the Perseverance?" he asked. "I think it's the fifth," said the captain. The boats came down, each one the kernel of a globe of spray. Warriden watched, admiring him, cleverly they chose the little gaps and valleys in the crests of the waves. Each moment he looked to see a boat tossed upward and overturned; each moment he dreaded that boat would be the fifth. But no boat was overturned. One by one they passed under the stern of the City of Bristol, and came alongside under the shelter of its wall.

The fifth boat ranged up. A man stood up in the stern. "The Perseverance!" he cried. "Forteen boxes!" and as he spoke a great sea leaped up against the bulwark bow of the cutter. The cutter rolled from it suddenly, her low bulwarks dipped under water on the leeward side, close by the Perseverance's boat.

"Shove off!" the man cried, who was standing up, and as he shouted he lurched and fell into the bottom of the boat. The two men in the bow pushed off with their oars, but they were too late. The cutter's bulwark caught the boat under the stern, and she was whelmed in the sea under a miracle happened. But the miracle did happen. As the fish cutter righted she scooped onto her deck the boat with its boxes and its crew. The incident all seemed to happen within a fraction of a second.

Not a man upon the fish cutter had the time to throw out a rope. Warriden saw the cutter's bulwarks dip, the sailor falling in the boat and the boat upon the deck of the cutter in so swift a succession, that he had not yet realized disaster was inevitable before disaster was avoided.

The sailor rose from the bottom of the boat and stepped on deck, a starboard, dripping figure. "From the Perseverance, sir. Fourteen boxes," he said looking up to the captain on the bridge. And Warriden, leaning by the captain's side upon the rail, knew the sailor to be Tony Stretton.

VERY HARD UP.

Two society women were talking together a few days ago, each having run up to town on some important business matter. They were sitting in the station waiting for the special Long Island train on which each was to make her return home. The first to speak was a large florid handsome blonde, who, hurrying into the waiting room, was accompanied by her maid laden up to the skies with bundles of every kind, sort and description. Noting her friend already seated and absolutely bundleless, she at once began her discursive, volubly extolling the charms, and amazing cheapness of some of the mid-summer bargains of which, as the maid bore ample evidence, she had so plentifully availed herself.

"The bundleless one listened in rather pathetic silence until the first full period. Taking advantage of it with a deep, pathetic sigh, she turned and gazed at her friend's spoils of war. "My dear," she said, "if macaroni was a cent a mile I couldn't afford during this season to lace my shoes with!"

George Roberts and John A. Gage of Watbury, Conn., have a lemon and white rabbit hound that has a record for catches. In one day last week he ran 20 rabbits to bay.

EARNING OF AVERAGE MAN.

Interesting Comparison Made By a Bangor Paper.

The exact status of any community, is measured by the law of averages. Take an Maine village—or town or county, for that matter—and the seeker after accurate information will once learn that while a few persons who are engaged in business receive incomes of more than \$1,000 a year, there are so many others whose pay, is less than that sum that the average of the entire community is reduced. To get at the average income of all the residents of a given place one must add up the earnings of every individual and divide the total amount by the number of wage earners and others who derive their revenues from any source. It has been learned with an accuracy that approximates a certainty that the average income of a man in Massachusetts is \$1,500 a year for 300 days in the year. This makes a gross revenue of \$450 a year of which sum the earner must pay living expenses, taxes and all bills as they come due, and in addition to this must care for and pay the expenses of supporting a family of three or four persons.

No systematic study of Maine has been made as yet, though Commissioner Matthews has approximated at the result very nearly. From available statistics it is inferred that the earnings of the Maine worker is somewhat below that of the Massachusetts citizen—perhaps as low as \$400 a year. To offset this shrinkage, the Maine resident pays less rent, the land he buys is much cheaper by the acre, he can build his home more cheaply, he can furnish it for about the same amount of money, his taxes are lower, and while he has fewer luxuries than does his fellow in the Bay State, he has more room in which to turn around and his general standard of life is more healthful and enjoyable.

One reason why it is so hard to get at the exact income of the average man in Maine is that a large proportion of our citizens are farmers, either exclusively so, or engaging in agricultural callings for certain portions of their time. And it has been found very hard to get accurate statistics of the farmers of the State. They are willing enough, but in a life upon the farm few take into account the vegetables, eggs, meat and fruits which are grown on the farm and eaten by the family of the farmer. For the same reason, no account is made of the laborers of the farm, the children who comprise the farmer's household. The cash transactions—the money paid out for help, supplies and machinery, and the money that comes in from sale of produce and stock—are known to a nicety, but the running cost, which makes up most of the expenses of the existence, is omitted from the balance sheet. Hence, the average farmer thinks he is working for very small pay, though in fact he is doing much better than is his neighbor who works for day wages and who buys everything.—Bangor News.

WHEN NOAH SAID "SHUCKS."

An old soldier whose Christian name was that of two of our presidents, died here in Washington recently, and his passing reminds me of a story I once heard him tell. Veteran of '61 as he was, he had listened patiently to the very long story of a youthful veteran of the Spanish war told. This account of hardships left him unmoved.

"Just after the Johnstown flood, my boy," said he, "there was a man in the next world who went about telling everybody how that Johnstown affair had sent him where he was. His history was a long, weary tale of all the things that is, except a quiet looking little man who seemed so little impressed that every time the Johnstown man got through he merely looked bored and said 'Oh, shucks!' The Johnstown man got tired of it after a while. It got on his nerves to have anybody act as if what happened at Johnstown wasn't of any importance. No matter how he told his story, the quiet looking little man merely said, 'Oh, shucks!' At last the Johnstown man spoke to a fellow who had been there a long time about it.

"Say," said he, "who is that little man who keeps saying 'Shucks!' " "Who?" said the man who had been there a long time. "Do you mean the fellow over there? Why, his name's Noah."—Washington Post.

HOW THEY TREAT COWARDS.

John Bradbury, who explored part of the Missouri River country in the early decades of the last century, tells of a unique Indian method of dealing with cowardice. The story is retold in the Early Western Travels Series, edited by R. G. Thwaites. Bradbury says: "In our walk we observed what on the first view appeared to be two squaws. I remarked that one of them had more the appearance of a man than a woman. I was then informed that it was a man and that there were several others in the village who, like the one we saw, were condemned for life to associate with the squaws, to wear the same dress and do the same drudgery. I now learned that when the Osages go to war they keep a watchful eye over the young men who are taking their first essay in arms, and such as appear to possess the necessary qualifications are admitted to the rank of warriors. But if any exhibit proofs of cowardice, on the return of the party they are compelled to assume the dress and character of women, and their doom is fixed for life and no opportunity afforded them to retrieve their character."

Subscribe at once for the Evening Times, so that it will come to you seasonably in all weather.