

ROUNDING OFF A SCENE.

A soft rain was falling. Umbrellas were spread and gleamed in the light of the street lamps. The brightness of the shop windows reflected itself in the muddy rind of the wet pavements. A miserable night, a dreary night, a night to tempt the wretched to the glittering Embankment, and thence to the river, the hardy water cleaner than the gutters of the London streets. Yet the sight of these same streets was like wine in the veins to a man who drove through them in a hansom piled with Gladstone bags and F. & O. trunks. He leaned over the apron of the hansom and looked eagerly, longingly, lovingly at every detail—the crowd on the pavement, its haste as intelligible to him as the rustle of satin when their bill is disturbed by the spade; the glory and glow of corner public houses; the shifting dance of the gleaming wet umbrellas. It was England, it was London, it was home—and his heart swelled till he felt it in his throat. After ten years—the dream realized, the longing appeased—London, London, London! His cab, delayed by a red newspaper cart jammed in alternative contact with a dray full of brown barrels, paused in Cannon street. The eyes that drank in the scene perceived a familiar face watching on the edge of the pavement for a chance to cross the street under the horses' heads—the face of one who ten years ago had been the slightest of acquaintances. Now time and home longing joggled with memory till the face seemed that of a friend. To meet a friend—this did, indeed, round off the scene of the home coming. The man in the cab threw back the doors and leapt out. He crossed under the very nose-bag of a stationed dray horse. He wrung the hand of the friend—last seen as the friend—by the hand. The friend caught fire at the contact. Any passerby who should have been spared a moment for observation by the caress of umbrellas and top hat had surely said "Damon and Pythias," and gone onward, smiling in sympathy with friends long severed and at last reunited.

The little scene ended in a cordial invitation from the man in the cab—to the pavement—to Pythias—of the cab—to a little table that evening at Damon's house, out Sydneyham way. Pythias accepted with enthusiasm, though, at his normal temperature, he was no dancing man. The address was noted, hands clasped again, with strenuous cordiality, and Pythias regained his cab. It is set him down at the hotel from which, ten years before, he had taken a cab to Fenchurch street station. The menu of his dinner had been running in his head like a poem all through the wet, shining streets. He ordered, therefore, without hesitation:

Ox-tail soup. Fried sole. Roast beef and horseradish. Boiled potatoes. Brussels sprouts. Chicken pie. Stilton. Cheese. The cabinet pudding was the waiter's suggestion. Anything that called for a pudding would have pleased as well. He dressed hurriedly, and when the soup and the wine card appeared together before him he ordered draught bitter—a pint. "And bring it in a tankard," he said. He went in to Sydneyham way, if possible, a happier man than had been the drive from Fenchurch street. There were many definite reasons why he should have been glad to be in England, glad to leave behind him the hard work of his Indian life, and to settle down as a landed proprietor. But he did not think of anything definite. The whole soul and body of the man were filled and suffused by the glow that transfigures the blood of the schoolboy at the end of term. The lights, the striped awning, the red carpets of the Sydneyham house thrilled and charmed him. Park Lane could have lent them no further grace, Belgrave Square no more subtle witchery. This was England, England, England. He went in. The house was pretty with lights and flowers. The soft carpeted stair seemed air as he trod it. He met his wife; was led up to girls in blue and girls in pink, girls in satin and girls in silk, muslin; wrote brief precis of their toilettes on his program. Then he was brought face to face with a tall dark haired woman in white. His host's voice buzzed in his ears, and he caught only the last words—"old friends." Then he was led straight into the eyes of the woman who ten years ago had been the light of his life—the woman who had jilted him—his vain longing for whom had been the spur to drive him out of England. "May I have another?" was all he found to say after the bow, the conventional request, and the swirling of two programs. "Yes," she said. And he took two more. The girls in pink and blue and silk and satin found him a good but silent dancer. On the opening bars of the eighth waltz he stood before her. Their steps went together like song and tune, just as they had always done. And the touch of her hand on his arm thrilled through him in just the old way. He had, indeed, come home. There were definite reasons why he should have pleaded a headache or influenza, or any lie, and have gone away before his second dance with her. But the charm of the situation was too great. The whole thing was so complete. On his very first evening in England—to meet her! He did not go, and half way through their second dance he led her into the little room, soft-curtained, soft-cushioned, soft-lighted, at the bend of the stair case. Here they sat silent, and he fanned her, and he assured himself that she was more beautiful than ever. Her hair, which he had known, in short fluffy curls, lay in soberly waved masses, but it was still bright and dark like a chestnut fresh from the husk. Her eyes were the same, and her hands. Her mouth only had changed. It was a sad mouth now, in repose—and he had known it so merry. Yet he could not but see that its sadness added to its beauty. The lower lip had been, perhaps, too full, too flexible. It was set now, not in sternness, but in a dignified self control. He had left a Greuze girl. He had found a Madonna of Bellini's. Yet those were the lips he had kissed—the eyes that— "The silence had grown to a point of embarrassment. She broke it with his eyes on her. "Well?" she said. "Tell me all about yourself." "There's nothing much to tell. My cousin's dead, and I'm a full fledged baronet, with estates and things. I've done with the gorgeous East, thank God! But you—tell me about yourself." "What shall I tell you?" She had taken the fan from him and was furling and unfurling it. "Tell me?" He repeated the words slowly. "Tell me the truth! It's all over

—nothing matters now. But I've always been—well—curious. Tell me why you threw me over!"

He yielded without even the form of a struggle, to the impulse which he only half understood. What he said was true—he had been—well—curious. But it was long since anything alive, save vanity, which is immortal, had felt the sting of that curiosity. But now, sitting beside this beautiful woman who had been so much to him, the desire to bridge over the years—to be once more in relations with her outside the conventionalities of a ballroom—to take part with her in some scene, discreet, yet flavored by the past with a delicate poignancy—came upon him like a strong man armed. It held him, but through a veil, and he did not see its face. If he had seen it it would have shocked him very much. "Tell me," he said, softly—"tell me now—"

"—at last!" she was silent. "Tell me," he said again, "why did you do it?" How was it you found out so very suddenly and surely that we weren't suited to each other?—that was the phrase, wasn't it?" "Do you really want to know? It's not very amusing, is it—raking out dead fires?" "Yes, I do want to know. I've wanted it every day since," he said earnestly. "As you say—it's all ancient history. But you used not to be stupid. Are you sure the real reason never occurred to you?"

"Never! What was it? Yes, I know the next waltz is beginning. Don't go. Cut him, whoever he is, and stay here and tell me. I think I have a right to ask that of you." "Oh—rights!" she said. "But it's quite simple. I threw you over, as you call it, because I found out you didn't care for me." "—not care for you?" "Exactly." "But even so—if you believed it—how could you?—how could you?—even so—why not have told me—why not have given me a chance?" His voice trembled. "Hers was firm. "I was giving you a chance, and I wanted to make sure that you would take it. If I'd just said, 'You don't care for me,' you'd have said, 'Oh, yes, I do,' and we would have been just where we were before." "Then it wasn't that you were tired of me?" "Oh, no," she said, sedately; "it wasn't that."

"Then you—did you really care for me still, even when you sent me back the ring, and wouldn't see me, and went to Germany, and wouldn't open my letters, and all the rest of it?" "Oh, yes," she laughed lightly. "I loved you frightfully all the time. It does seem odd now, to look back on, doesn't it. But I nearly broke my heart over you." "Then why the devil—?" "You mustn't swear," she interrupted. "I never heard you do that before. Is it the Indian climate?" "Then why did you send me away?" he repeated. "Don't I keep telling you?" Her tone was impatient. "I found out you didn't care, and—and I always despised people who kept other people when they were too—honorable—generous—soft-hearted—what shall I say?—to go for your own sake, so I thought, for your sake, I would make you believe you were to go for mine." "So you lied to me?" "Not exactly. We weren't suited—since you didn't love me."

"I didn't love you?" he echoed again. "And somehow I'd always wanted to do something really noble—and I never had the chance. So I thought if I'd set you free from a girl you didn't love, and bore the blame myself, it would be rather noble. And so I did it." "And did the consciousness of your own nobility sustain you comfortably?" The sneer was well sneered. "Well—not for long," she admitted. "You see, I began to doubt after a while whether it was really my nobleness, after all. It began to seem like some part in a play that I'd learned and played—don't you know those sorts of dreams where you seem to be reading a book and acting the story in the book at the same time? It was a little like that now and then, and I got rather tired of myself and my nobleness, and I wished that I'd just told you and had it all out with you, and both of us spoken the truth and parted friends. That was what I thought of doing at first. But then it wouldn't have been noble. And I really did want to be noble—just as some people want to paint pictures or write poems or climb Alps. Come—take me back to the ballroom. It's cold here in the past."

"But now could he let the curtain be rung down on a scene half finished, and so good a scene?" "Ah, no; tell me," he said, laying his hand on hers, "why did you think I didn't love you?" "I knew it. Do you remember the last time you came to see me? We quarrelled—we were always quarrelling—but we always made it up. That day we made it up as usual, but you were still a little bit angry when you went away. And then I cried like a fool. And then you came back, and—and you remember—" "Go on," he said. He had bridged the ten years, and the scene was going splendidly. "Go on. You must go on." "You came and knelt down by me," she said, obediently. "It was as good as a play. You took me in your arms and told me you couldn't bear to leave me with the slightest breath between us. You called me your heart's dearest. I remember—a phrase you'd never used before—and you said such heaps of pretty things to me. And at last, when you had to go, you swore we should never quarrel again—and that came true, didn't it?"

"Ah, but why?" "Well, as you went out I saw you pick up the gloves off the table, and I knew—" "Knew what?" "Why, that it was the gloves you had come back for, and not me—only, when you saw me crying you were sorry for me, and determined to do your duty, whatever it cost you. Don't I? What's the matter?" He had caught her hands in his, and was scowling angrily at her. "Good God! Was that all? I did come back for you. I never thought of the damned gloves. I don't remember them. If I did pick them up it must have been mechanically, and without noticing. And you rained my life for that!" He was genuinely angry. He was back in the past, where he had a right to be angry with her. Her eyes grew soft. "Do you mean to say that I was wrong—that it was all my fault—you did love me?" "Love you?" he said, roughly, throwing her hands from him; "of course, I loved you—I shall always love you. I've never left off loving you. It was you who didn't love me. It was all your fault." He leaned his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands. He was breathing quickly. The scene had swept him along

in its quickening flow. He shut his eyes, and tried to catch at something to steady himself, some rope by which he could pull himself to land again. Suddenly an arm was laid on his neck, a face laid against his face. Lips touched his hand—and her voice, incredibly softened and tuned to the key of their love's overture, spoke: "Oh, forgive me! Dear, forgive me. If you love me still—it's too good to be true—but if you do—oh, you do—forgive me, and we can forget it all. Dear, forgive me, I love you so!"

He was quite still, quite silent. "Can't you forgive me?" she began again. He suddenly stood up. "I'm married," he said. He drew a long breath, and went on hurriedly, standing before her, but not looking at her. "I can't ask you to forgive me—I shall never forgive myself." "It doesn't matter," she said, and she laughed. "I—I wasn't serious. I saw you were trying to play the old comedy, and I thought I had better play up to you. If I'd known you were married—but it was only your glove, and we're such old acquaintances! I've no doubt my partner will find me."

He bowed, gave her one glance, and went. Half way down the stairs he turned and came back. She was still sitting as he had left her. The angry eyes she raised to him were full of tears. She looked as she had looked ten years before, when he had come back to her and the accursed gloves had spoiled everything. He hated himself. Why had he played with fire and raised this ghost to vex her? It had been such a pretty fire, and such a beautiful and warm bed for the animals. He had hurt her. She would blame herself for the old past. As for the new past, so lately the present, that would not bear thinking of.

The scene must be rounded off, somehow. He had let her wound her pride, her self-respect. He must heal them. The light touch would be best. "Look here," he said. "I just wanted to tell you that I knew you weren't serious now. As you say, it was nothing between two such old friends. And, and—" He sought about for some further consolation. Ill inspired, with the touch of her lips still on his hand, he said: "And about the gloves. Don't blame yourself about that. It was not your fault. You were perfectly right. It was the gloves I came back for." He left her then, and next day journeyed to Scotland to rejoin his wife, of whom he was, by habit, moderately fond. He still keeps the glove with her kiss on it, and at first reproached himself whenever he looked at it. But now he only sentimentalizes over it. He destroyed the glove, and his little under the weather. He feels that his foolish behavior at that Sydneyham dance was almost atoned for by the nobility with which he lied to spare her, the light, delicate touch with which he rounded off the scene.

He certainly did round it off. By a few short, easy words he accomplished three things: he destroyed an ideal of himself which she had cherished for years. He killed a pale bud of hope which she had loved to nurse—the hope that perhaps in that old past it had been she who was to blame, and not he whom she loved. He had tramped in the mud the living rose which would have bloomed her life long—her, the living rose that she had thought magico to quench the fire of shame kindled by that unasked kiss, a fire that frets forever like hell fire, burning, but not consuming, her self respect. He did, without doubt, round off the scene.—By E. Nesbit in Harper's Bazar for April.

We Need Fewer Doctors.

The other day at the convention of the American Medical Association in New Orleans, where some 4,000 or 5,000 physicians and attendants were gathered, Dr. Billings drew attention to the decided over-supply of medical men in the United States. He attributed the surplus to the fact that the medical colleges are graduating annually from 10,000 to 12,000 physicians, when the actual needs of the country are for only about 2,500. Dr. Billings is correct, and there is no reason to doubt his figures, from 7,000 to 10,000 young men are entering a profession in which they have but the slimmest hopes of making even the proverbial "comfortable living." Of course, it goes without saying that most of the professions are more or less over-crowded, but we doubt if any of them, except the Law, could afford a parallel to the condition of things brought to light at the New Orleans convention. What this disparity between the demand and supply means to this army of young men can only be surmised; but certain it is that in the majority of cases it will involve the loss of much money, that can ill be spared, and much time that can be spared still less. It does really seem a pity that some of these graduates have not entered other professions that are not so crowded, and can offer better prospects of remuneration. Sanitary engineering, naval architecture, and the comparatively new profession of forestry, for instance, are not overcrowded, and there will soon be a great demand for really competent automobile engineers, men who combine with mechanical ability a thorough knowledge of gas and other engines that are competing for the control of the field. Then there is the sphere of journalism, which, while abundantly supplied as to numbers, is pitifully supplied as to quality. There must be among those thousands of graduates not a few young men who have a natural gift for good writing—in these days an all-too-rare accomplishment that threatens to become a lost art.—Scientific American.

To Whiten the Hands.

Melt a pound of white castile soap over the fire with a little water. When melted, perfume slightly with any one of the extracts and stir in half a cupful of common oatmeal. Use this preparation when washing your hands and you will be surprised at the improvement in their appearance.

A Reminder.

"My boy," said the parent, "it should be your ambition to carve your name some day upon the temple of fame." "Say, Pop," replied the boy, "that reminder you ain't never gave me that jack-knife you promised me."

Million Dollars in Salt.

A very large salt plant in South Chicago was completely consumed by fire recently. With it were destroyed about 75 salt laden box cars and three grain laden boxes. The resulting loss amounts to over \$1,000,000.

The Three Causes.

"Congratulations, old chap; I'm the happiest man on the earth to-day." "Engaged, married or divorced?" "Life."

The Trade in Wild Animals

Hamburg is by far the principal depot for the shipment of wild beasts. Nearly the whole of the trade here is in the hands of one man, Mr. Carl Hagenbeck. Some idea of the immense amount of business done by this well-known dealer is evidenced when it is stated that in the course of a single twelve-month he dispatched from Hamburg some 76 lions, tigers and panthers, 42 different sorts of bears, 52 elephants, 64 camels and dromedaries and some 730 monkeys besides a large number of other animals and birds. The greater portion of this vast collection is sent to America to the various towns and is purchased by the directors of zoological gardens and by circusmen.

During the week the writer was in Hamburg Mr. Hagenbeck shipped \$2,500 worth of animals to Cincinnati and \$3,500 worth to Philadelphia. He was also busy preparing a large consignment for the New York Zoological Society. When Prof. Hornaday the Director of Bronx Park, visited Europe in the autumn of 1902 he spent \$17,000 in the autumn of 1902 he spent \$17,000 among the European dealers in the purchase of animals. He bought 6 lions, 2 tigers, a leopard, jaguar, cheetah, 2 black leopards, mountain goats and sheep, a chimpanzee, an ibex, a wild hog, a number of snakes, and a lot of large and small birds. When I mentioned this to Mr. Hagenbeck he admitted the fact that there is a growing interest in zoos and that in a few years' time the United States will boast of some magnificent gardens. He also told me that his thirty-six years' experience as an animal dealer had taught him that the three great nations that possess a natural inborn love for animals and desire to know all about them are the Americans, the English, and the Germans.

The great worry of the big dealers is to keep their stock up-to-date. At the time of my visit to Hamburg Mr. Hagenbeck told me he was daily expecting some of his travelers from Siberia with a herd of 30 roeders, 15 ibex, wild sheep and several smaller animals and birds. One man was bringing home 3 giraffes from Soudan, as well as a Kudu and other antelopes. In a week's time he was expecting a shipment from German East Africa, which included 20 zebras, 2 African rhinoceroses, some white-bearded gnus, water buck, and other antelopes and a number of smaller animals and birds. From West Africa he was expecting several chimpanzees and also some gorillas, while a boat due the following day from Australia was bringing in a consignment of 60 kangaroos, several big red "boomas" and a number of rare birds. There were also other travelers on their way to Hamburg from different parts of the world with more or less valuable collections of wild animals. As to his present stock one has only to add that it is more valuable than any found in any one zoological garden in the world, to give some idea of its immensity and variety.

Altogether, Mr. Hagenbeck employs a staff of 60 European hunters. Many years ago he recognized the need of establishing depots in various parts of the world, from which he could replenish his stock as occasion required. He has five depots in Asia, several in Africa, several in Europe and one in America. These men employ the natives to catch the animals for them. Much could be written about the manner in which the various animals are captured. In Nubia, where most of the animals are now obtained by the natives, by careful watching, know exactly when a lioness is about to have cubs. They then go to the den and kill the mother and carefully remove the young cubs to the camp where they are brought up on tame goats' milk. When about two months old they are conveyed to the coast on the backs to camels and shipped to Hamburg. Lions are also obtained from Abyssinia and Senegal. The finest lion was that obtained from the Atlas Mountains of North Africa. The species now no longer exist, and there are only a few in captivity. Adult Nubian lions fetch \$1,000 apiece; Senegal lions range in price from \$75 to \$150 apiece and more, according to variety and rarity of the animal. Siberian tigers, for instance, sell at the latter figure. They are large, beautiful striped creatures. In the winter they grow long woolly coats. A very singular variety of the tiger tribe comes from Russian Turkestan. Its characteristic is that its hind quarters have brown stripes instead of black on a yellow ground. Mr. Hagenbeck imported one three years ago and sold it to the Berlin zoo. In Bengal Mr. Hagenbeck's agent employs a number of natives who catch them in pits, and while they are across a moat with young she is at once shot and the cubs taken away and brought upon goats' milk.

It is the rarer animals, such as the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros and the giraffe that are difficult to secure. In the first place it is practically impossible to secure an adult beast, and the young ones, when finally secured, are by no means easy to rear. The feeding of them is no light task. A baby hippo will drink thirty pints of milk a day, and a rhinoceros almost as much. To arrange for such a supply in a desert, hundreds and probably a thousand miles or more away from any civilized center means that a large number of goats have to be kept with the expedition party. The elephants are also very costly; indeed, only five have been imported into Europe since 1880. Mr. Hagenbeck puts this down to the recent wars in the Egyptian Soudan. A hippopotamus is worth from \$2,500 to \$3,500, a rhinoceros slightly more, while giraffes sell at \$2,500, according to size, age and condition of the animal. Up to 1880 giraffes were very cheap, and were imported from the Egyptian Soudan in large quantities. Between the years 1880 and 1900, however only three were brought to Europe, two from South Africa and one from Senegal. They are caught by Arabian hunters who search for them on their quiet Abyssinian horses. When they come to a herd of giraffes they drive them forward as fast as they can at such a pace that it is impossible for the young ones to keep up with the mothers. They are then easily caught and supplied with little halters and finally brought into the camp, where they are fed on goats' milk, also on corn, and various kinds of plants. Zebras, unlike giraffes, are fairly plentiful. Mr. Hagenbeck showed me a letter from one of his travelers informing him that at a recent drive he had organized in German East Africa fully 400 zebras were surrounded, besides a number of antelopes, some of the latter being entirely a new variety. As the corral was not large enough the larger portion of these animals were allowed to escape. Finally, however, 85 zebras and 15 antelopes were captured.

Curiously enough, Mr. Hagenbeck does not insure his animals after dispatch from Hamburg. He prefers to take the risk. The insurance rates are much too heavy, for if proper care is exercised the mortality is very slight. In the case of large consignments Mr. Hagenbeck sends one of his own men to attend and feed the animals to the voyage. In a recent shipment to the Makado of Japan, which included lions, Polar bears, panthers, kangaroos, antelopes, monkeys, as well as a collection of larger birds,

Water in Fish Bowls.

Not Wise to Change it Too Often, Says the Aquarium Custodian. "And I changed the water every day!" wound up a pretty Brooklyn girl, who had been relating her woeful experiences in keeping an aquarium the other day. "Funny that, that," chorled Mr. Spencer, after he had seen what had been on her mind, "the Brooklyn girl is a little bit of a mischief-maker. About every week in New York and the surrounding country who is keeping up a home aquarium, even though it may only be a miniature hanging globe, containing a couple of pin sized gold-fish, seems to be weighed down with the idea the sole necessity for fishes' salvation is frequent changes of water. They come in here almost daily with their tales of woe of how the 'dear little pets' have died, and never, no matter what else they may neglect, do they forget to ring in that particular phrase at some stage of their story—"and I changed the water every day!"

"Where they ever got the idea from I surely don't know, for almost any proprietor of a bird and animal store who makes a specialty of carrying aquariums and fittings in stock could tell them that this continual daily changing of the water is more of an injury than a benefit. "Nothing so annoys fishes as the continual handling necessary in changing the water in their aquariums. The fish are frightened half to death and the reaction often finishes the job. "Now, as an instance of how unnecessary it is to be always changing the water, here are two aquariums in which the water has not been changed for eight years, and during all that time they have contained heavy, active inmates, and for the last year or one they have been supplied by that sea anemone you see hidden behind that rock. The only change in those eight years has been a trifling addition about once a week, to take up the natural evaporation."

"How did you keep the water sufficient-ly charged with oxygen to keep the fish alive?" "Easiest thing in the world," replied the custodian. "It is merely a matter of proper balancing of the vegetable and animal matter in the aquarium. Balanced aquaria is the term by which the process is known to aquarium experts. Do you notice the great quantity of aquatic vegetation in these aquariums? Well, that is there for the purpose of aerating the water, or to supply oxygen. "No aquarium, no matter how small, should be without some living vegetation. Then you notice a few snails loafing about among the foliage; they are the scavengers. That crayfish, also has his uses in the general system. The shells, and even the whole of the debris, have much to do with the proper balancing of the whole. "But," continued Mr. Spencer, with a note of warning, "don't let a little knowledge work to your ruin. Don't rush away from here and tell all your aquarium-keeping friends that it is foolish ever to change the water. The experience necessary to keep an aquarium in a healthy state under those conditions is only gained by long years of laboratory study. As a general proposition," he concluded, "with ordinary care while feeding not to allow any of the uneaten food to remain and defile the water, changing about once a week will fill the bill."—New York Times.

The Irish Land Question.

Conditions of the Emerald Isle is Altogether Abnormal.

We must always remember that the condition of Ireland, owing to political causes, is altogether abnormal and unnatural; and that but for these causes Ireland would probably have a population at least three times as great as at present. Some 50 years ago the population of Ireland was double what it is today, while the population of England was then about half what it is now. At present England has about seven times as many inhabitants as Ireland; but there is no such difference in the size of the two countries. Ireland has, indeed, not more than one-third the cultivable area of England—that is, 20,000,000 acres, as against England's 32,000,000. This at once suggests a most important consideration. We have all recently read of the deputation to Premier Balfour, to inquire into the sources of food supply which England could command in time of war. Mr. Balfour did not seriously consider the question; but had he done so, he might have perceived that England had close at hand, within four hours from her nearest port, a source of food supply in Ireland which is capable of immense development. There are, in fact, 20,000,000 acres of cultivable land, only a small part of which is at present cultivated at all, and that by no means as highly cultivated as it might be. To come down to figures, only 22 per cent. of the cultivable land in Ireland is actually cultivated; 52 per cent. is pasture; and 22 per cent. is entirely uncultivated, the remainder being woods or wastes. There are, therefore, no less than 15,000,000 acres of uncultivated, but cultivable land in Ireland, which might form an admirable source of supply for England; just as, looking at the matter from the other side, the dense population of England forms an admirable market for the surplus agricultural produce of Ireland. At the present moment, the exports from Ireland to England are a mere negligible quantity. England purchases from India, Egypt, Argentina, Russia and the United States wheat which could perfectly well be grown in Ireland, no part of which is more than 12 or 15 hours from the nearest English port, while most of the central plain is within nine or ten hours of England, Dublin being three and a half hours from Holyhead. To realize these possibilities, there is needed, first, an endurable financial situation for the cultivator, now secured by the Land Purchase bill, as the result of generations of agitation; there is needed also a certain amount of free capital, such as the land purchase scheme will put into the hands of the Irish county families. It would seem therefore, that without in the least intending or foreseeing it, England, by giving Ireland a measure of justice in the new land legislation, will create for herself a reserve supply of food which may become a very present help in time of trouble.—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Cooked It.

The happy-faced man swung onto a College avenue car, and this is the story he had to tell as an explanation for his good humor: "I have a good joke on my wife. We have a new girl, a German, just over from the fatherland. She is a hard and willing worker, but is greatly in need of judgment and common sense. Yesterday my wife ordered fish and instructed the girl to serve it for dinner. As soon as I tasted it I knew there would be something interesting when my wife discovered it was not as fresh as should be. Her first month's cause had to ring for the girl. "Mary, is this the fish that came today?" "Yes, ma'am." "Didn't you know it was not good when you cooked it?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then why did you cook it?" "Well, you bought it and I thought you knew it, too."

Willie's Kitten.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten." "K-i-t-t-e-n," he slowly spelled. "No, no!" exclaimed the teacher; "kitten hasn't got two i's." "Well, ours has," replied the small observer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Notoriety.

"You don't mean to say he's bought a copy of the City Directory for his parlor. What use has he for it there?" "Why, man alive, his name's in it—in print."

Takes Pictures 20 Miles Away.

John H. Heaton, M. P., who has returned from Italy, says he accompanied Signor Marconi, who saw him at an observatory near Rome specimens of a new system of electric photography, by which clear pictures can be obtained of persons and scenes twenty miles distant. He thinks it conceivable that the system can be developed so as to enable the making of photographs of friends in distant lands while conversing with them by wireless telegraphy.

Water in Fish Bowls.

Not Wise to Change it Too Often, Says the Aquarium Custodian. "And I changed the water every day!" wound up a pretty Brooklyn girl, who had been relating her woeful experiences in keeping an aquarium the other day. "Funny that, that," chorled Mr. Spencer, after he had seen what had been on her mind, "the Brooklyn girl is a little bit of a mischief-maker. About every week in New York and the surrounding country who is keeping up a home aquarium, even though it may only be a miniature hanging globe, containing a couple of pin sized gold-fish, seems to be weighed down with the idea the sole necessity for fishes' salvation is frequent changes of water. They come in here almost daily with their tales of woe of how the 'dear little pets' have died, and never, no matter what else they may neglect, do they forget to ring in that particular phrase at some stage of their story—"and I changed the water every day!"

"Where they ever got the idea from I surely don't know, for almost any proprietor of a bird and animal store who makes a specialty of carrying aquariums and fittings in stock could tell them that this continual daily changing of the water is more of an injury than a benefit. "Nothing so annoys fishes as the continual handling necessary in changing the water in their aquariums. The fish are frightened half to death and the reaction often finishes the job. "Now, as an instance of how unnecessary it is to be always changing the water, here are two aquariums in which the water has not been changed for eight years, and during all that time they have contained heavy, active inmates, and for the last year or one they have been supplied by that sea anemone you see hidden behind that rock. The only change in those eight years has been a trifling addition about once a week, to take up the natural evaporation."

"How did you keep the water sufficient-ly charged with oxygen to keep the fish alive?" "Easiest thing in the world," replied the custodian. "It is merely a matter of proper balancing of the vegetable and animal matter in the aquarium. Balanced aquaria is the term by which the process is known to aquarium experts. Do you notice the great quantity of aquatic vegetation in these aquariums? Well, that is there for the purpose of aerating the water, or to supply oxygen. "No aquarium, no matter how small, should be without some living vegetation. Then you notice a few snails loafing about among the foliage; they are the scavengers. That crayfish, also has his uses in the general system. The shells, and even the whole of the debris, have much to do with the proper balancing of the whole. "But," continued Mr. Spencer, with a note of warning, "don't let a little knowledge work to your ruin. Don't rush away from here and tell all your aquarium-keeping friends that it is foolish ever to change the water. The experience necessary to keep an aquarium in a healthy state under those conditions is only gained by long years of laboratory study. As a general proposition," he concluded, "with ordinary care while feeding not to allow any of the uneaten food to remain and defile the water, changing about once a week will fill the bill."—New York Times.

The Irish Land Question.

Conditions of the Emerald Isle is Altogether Abnormal.

We must always remember that the condition of Ireland, owing to political causes, is altogether abnormal and unnatural; and that but for these causes Ireland would probably have a population at least three times as great as at present. Some 50 years ago the population of Ireland was double what it is today, while the population of England was then about half what it is now. At present England has about seven times as many inhabitants as Ireland; but there is no such difference in the size of the two countries. Ireland has, indeed, not more than one-third the cultivable area of England—that is, 20,000,000 acres, as against England's 32,000,000. This at once suggests a most important consideration. We have all recently read of the deputation to Premier Balfour, to inquire into the sources of food supply which England could command in time of war. Mr. Balfour did not seriously consider the question; but had he done so, he might have perceived that England had close at hand, within four hours from her nearest port, a source of food supply in Ireland which is capable of immense development. There are, in fact, 20,000,000 acres of cultivable land, only a small part of which is at present cultivated at all, and that by no means as highly cultivated as it might be. To come down to figures, only 22 per cent. of the cultivable land in Ireland is actually cultivated; 52 per cent. is pasture; and 22 per cent. is entirely uncultivated, the remainder being woods or wastes. There are, therefore, no less than 15,000,000 acres of uncultivated, but cultivable land in Ireland, which might form an admirable source of supply for England; just as, looking at the matter from the other side, the dense population of England forms an admirable market for the surplus agricultural produce of Ireland. At the present moment, the exports from Ireland to England are a mere negligible quantity. England purchases from India, Egypt, Argentina, Russia and the United States wheat which could perfectly well be grown in Ireland, no part of which is more than 12 or 15 hours from the nearest English port, while most of the central plain is within nine or ten hours of England, Dublin being three and a half hours from Holyhead. To realize these possibilities, there is needed, first, an endurable financial situation for the cultivator, now secured by the Land Purchase bill, as the result of generations of agitation; there is needed also a certain amount of free capital, such as the land purchase scheme will put into the hands of the Irish county families. It would seem therefore, that without in the least intending or foreseeing it, England, by giving Ireland a measure of justice in the new land legislation, will create for herself a reserve supply of food which may become a very present help in time of trouble.—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Cooked It.

The happy-faced man swung onto a College avenue car, and this is the story he had to tell as an explanation for his good humor: "I have a good joke on my wife. We have a new girl, a German, just over from the fatherland. She is a hard and willing worker, but is greatly in need of judgment and common sense. Yesterday my wife ordered fish and instructed the girl to serve it for dinner. As soon as I tasted it I knew there would be something interesting when my wife discovered it was not as fresh as should be. Her first month's cause had to ring for the girl. "Mary, is this the fish that came today?" "Yes, ma'am." "Didn't you know it was not good when you cooked it?" "Yes, ma'am." "Then why did you cook it?" "Well, you bought it and I thought you knew it, too."

Willie's Kitten.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher, "you may spell kitten." "K-i-t-t-e-n," he slowly spelled. "No, no!" exclaimed the teacher; "kitten hasn't got two i's." "Well, ours has," replied the small observer.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Notoriety.

"You don't mean to say he's bought a copy of the City Directory for his parlor. What use has he for it there?" "Why, man alive, his name's in it—in print."

Takes Pictures 20 Miles Away.

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