A SAILOR'S SUMMONS.

A something white came up last night,
It was the mist, I wist, or rain.
It wheeled about, flashed in and out,
And beckoned 'gainst the window pane,
It was a bird, no doubt,—no doubt,
And will not come again.

And something beat with slow repeat,
And heavy swell, the old sea-wall,
And shrill and clear and piercing sweet,
I thought I heard the boatswain's call.
The sails were set and yet, and yet,
It may have been no boat at all.

But if tonight a sail should leap,
From out the dark and driving rain,
You must not hold me back nor weep,
For I must sail a trackless main,
To find and have, to hold and keep,
What I have sought so long in vain.

I need no chart of sea nor sand,
Nor any blazing beacon star,
My prow against wild waves shall stand
Until it cuts the blessed bar,
And I run up the shining strand
Where my lost youth and Mary are.

—Flavia Rosser, in The Criterion.

BRED I' THE BONE.

By PATRICK VAUX.

It was close on sundown when the U. S. A. despatch boat Speedy sighted and spoke Admiral Brainerd's most westerly scout, the Denver, protected cruiser; and the cruiser's were the last American eyes that she was ever to see. In the northeast, leagues away from San Domingo, the American liberation of which from continual internecine strife had caused the European Alliance to declare war against the States, Brainerd was feeling for the enemy's powerful fleet, hoping to divert its attention from the U. S. A. Flying squadron swooping down to devstate the western coasts of the mainland of Europe, and also secure the Windward passage against its approach on Domingo and Cuba. That afternoon, acting on information accurately supplied by the captain of the R. M. S. Co.'s mailboat, the admiral had flung his scouts, one after the other, down into the southeast, and detailed the quick-steaming Speedy for Santiago with despatches, and to speak the westerly scouts, when encountered, with orders to rejoin the main body of the fleet.

Her acting lieutenant, getting the utmost out of her fine engines and sweaty-browed engineers and firemen, sighed contentedly when he looked at the speed dial. Another four hours at eighteen-a-half gnots should see him in harbor. He also found relief in the thought that Lieutenant Durey would then be in hospital. "Poor fellow," he muttered, as he wiped the wet off his night binoculars. "Better a shell in one's innerds, and end up in a scatter, than have his complaint!"

Below, in the little cramped wardroom, Durey was writhing in a fresh attack of agony. A suffocating sob burst from him; he dug his elbows into his knees. With his face supported between his hands he let himself swing like an automaton to the vessel's jobbling. So excruciating were the flames of pain within his breast that it was as if a thousand nerves, raw, vibrant, and exposed, were being plucked out by their roots. He gritted his teeth together to hinder himself from shrieking. Sweat beaded his heavily-lined brows and trickled down over the twitching ashen-gray cheeks. Gasping thickly, he threw himself back, shut his eyes, and stiffened his muscles.,

Then suddenly his anguish fled away. For a minute or two he sat there, panting with exhaustion, his body limp and shaken; but a lurch and weather roll made him secure himself in a safer position beside the table. He wondered with fear, when the next attack would recur; then the jumpy, tumbling movements of the hurrying boat diverted his thoughts.

As the boat, carefully nursed through the Caicos Passage by her tired officer, hurled herself up the dark, seething slopes flashing dimly with kindling phosphorus, heaved herself across the widening troughs and smashed down a growing sheaf of sea, she jarred and groaned and quivered in every inch of her rigid hull. But Durey was oblivious to the many-voiced turmoil. Within his brain jostling thoughts were making a noisier hubbub. He sat there looking dully at the shielded glow-lamp, his squarish head sunk between the even shoulders, and his thin, long-fingered hands gripping the "fiddle."

Lieutenant Durey was of slender build, unfited for much hardship or physical stress. Nothing but his high-spirited nature had enabled him to withstand the pungent seasoning of the gun room. However, his seafaring ancestry had bestowed on him a temperament fearless of the elements; to him at sea it came as mere routine to cope with and bear the weight of the greatest elemental danger. From the female side of his family stock was the taint developed in him—his ineradicable abhorrence of physical suffering. At school his cowardice of a caning had earned the contempt of other and hardy lads. However, as years had passed and his physique improved, he had partly lost this squeamish nicety of feeling, and through his profession had become hardened to the thought of possibly experiencing it some day.

Nevertheless, this blemish was not wholly eradicated, and, making him look constantly ahead to a state of war, it had covertly inspired his withdrawal from the service.

However, when the rumor of war spread in the land, Durey had offered his services again. He was comfortably married by this time, with a charming wife and babes; and until the very last moment had entertained a vague innerly hope that his wife or his parents would offer some strenuous opposition to his re-serving, some opposition to which he could honorably bow the head. To their Godspeed he had to join his ship.

As now he sat, clutching the "fiddle" tight, he admitted, mentally, a certain secret gladness at his being sent into sick-bay ashore. While aboard the flagship the spectacle of tattered, gory, living things, once sturdy seamen, brought aboard out of a shattered cruiser, had revived all his inveterate abhorrence of suffering. His moral courage, too, had suffered defeat from the sudden attack of his malady—the growth of an internal tumor developed by his exposure to wet and cold when on mine-field duty in Hampton Roads. Surgeons had differed in diagnosis, so the Admiral, knowing his capabilities for handling men, had despatched him for urgent treatment.

As now he sat, gripping the "fiddle" to keep his balance, the sudden piping of boatswains' whistles, the indistinct scampering of naked feet overhead, the deepening throb and thud of quickened machinery took his attention. With a curse at his infirmities of mind and body he switched off the light, staggered to the ladder, and slowly clambered on deck. As he drew his legs out of the companion, the boat made a steep dip; hastily banging-to the hatch, Durey grabbed a life-line and stared about him.

The night was heavy with the menace of storm. Though a myriad stars gleamed ahead, the horizon to windward was obscured with cluods. The strong head-wind blew wet and sharp with spray that stung the lieutenant's throat and nostrils like fine salt. With a start of surprise he saw the men were standing by at quarters, and amidships torpedo gear was being rapidly adjusted abeam. Guiping down an exclamation—was it of fear or amazement?—he staggered forward to the bridge.

As he climbed its ladder a swirling bunch of sea meeting the port bow splashed over the forecastle and bridge weather-cloths. Contact with the chilly gouts of spray restored Durey's self-control. The drenched sub. was clearing his eyes, when he observed him.

"Hello, sir," cried he, in a voice charged with excitement, "would y' not be better below. She's throwin' a lot of water aft. Bridge's like a mill-sluice—"

"No good drivin' her, I reckon. She's losin' more than she's makin' over 18 knots," Durey grunted. "Why are the—"

"It's cut an' run. Look there!" interrupted the sub., handing his binoculars, and shooting an arm west-by-south. "Four big boats. Overhauling us, I guess, too. We'll fight, though, if it comes to that. Sorry didn't report, sir. I was waiting till there's more certainty about them.

Durey steadied himself and took a long look at the distant strangers heading down on their port quarter.

"They're none of ours. What are they doing there? I just reckon the leading boat 's a smart thing, an' 'll take some lickin'," he snapped out, quick as his heart was beating.

The acting lieutenant nodded emphatically. "That's my way of thinkin'," he screeched against the flurry of wind. "The look I got before that streak of cloud came up, gave them away. Guess the Alliance have run out a flyin' squadron also. Keen lookouts they must have. They've sighted us. They shifted nine points to the west'ard, and put on speed. Looks as if they know something about us,"

"They've taken the pass as we cleared the Caicos. Running for Santiago and the transports," cried Durey, and snatched the binoculars out of the lieutenant's hands.

As he stared at the enemy, envy, vehement and despicable, swept into him, for well he knew the Speedy's commander was cool and collected, while it was himself who was growing flurried and painfully apprehensive. Was he a coward physically as well as morally, he asked himself, and instantly was eating his heart in bitterness at his inborn pusillanimity.

He was moving to the binnacle when a sharp cry broke from the acting lieutenant. "By the Powers, they've opened fire!" and the smothered report almost overwhelmed his voice. There was a volcanic eruption of red-hot splinters and sparks amidship as the night-spent projectile flopped against the base of the mainmast, crashed through the deck, and wrecked everything in the after-part of the vessel.

Durey recovered himself from the port bridge-rails against which he had been hurled with the sudden toppling of the thrashed hull. The acting lieutenant lay in a bloody heap beside the wheel, and from aft came shrill cries and hoarse yaps of tortured bodies.

For the moment he winced, and felt a hopeless feeling possess him, but the next he was bending over his insensible junior. A second projectile ricochetted over the seas wide to starboard, sending up great showers of snowy brine visible in the night; a third plunged short by 10 feet off the port quarter. The enemy could play a good game at long bowls.

"Bear a hand, here, some of you forecastle men," Durey ordered. "Aft, there, report the wreck," as, with the poor groaning lump of humanity in his arms, he tried to stanch the flow of blood from the mangled arm and ribs. Jagged segments and splinters of steel make ugly wounds.

Warm, sticky blood smeared his hands and wrists; it made him feel very sick. Disgust swept through him at his own weakness, and with tender but shaky hands he bound up the ghastly lacerations. Only a little more, and the acting lieutenant would have been eviscerated.

As Durey turned from assisting the seamen to lift him down the ladder, the tight feeling in his throat became more choking when he realized that the enemy were now visible to the naked eye. The flashing from the foremost vessel's bow chaser struck his senses like a blow, though not another shot hit his vessel. Between 5700 and 6000 yards distant he was from the leading cruiser. Four points off the bow Great Anagua began to loom low and indistinct in the darkness for the squally wind chopping about had cleared the starry heavens of cloud and the thin drizzle of rain.

Onward rushed the Speedy, throwing herself up the great swells and slapping down into the hollows as if lashed on by the great guns thundering out behind her. Had the enemy surmised her errand?

Lieutenant Durey had returned to the bridge from attending the wounded. Though pain gnawed at him he gave no heed to it. Sense of the responsibilities now lying on his shoulders had revived his self-respect and induced an obliviousness to suffering hitherto foreign to him. He was streaming with salt water, and his eyes and nostrils were stung with brine and the salty northeast wind that roared and eddied about, smelling of the deep, gray Atlantic surges and storm-filled weather. Its sharp tang permeated his brain. It revivified the dominant instinct of his stock.

Durey was transfigured by its magical influence. His face settled in stubborn lines; a grim joy lightened it; his weak, sensuous lips became hard as iron bars. He had the omnipotent look of the man who goes forth to death knowing it is the best fight of all.

Crash went a heavy projectile through the cap of the port smoke-stack, and smoke and flame poured in a lurid cloud to windward.

As Durey threw a defiant look at the cruiser again spouting fire, the second artificer reported water rising fast in the after stokehold. The projectile which had wrecked the after-part of the boat must have started some plates.

Durey now had no hesitation. He bent over the bridge rail. "On deck, there. The gunner to the bridge. . . ." Calmly and incisively he issued his orders. Then "Up helm" electrified the gun crews, yet their hoarse cheering brought no change to their officer's iron-clad expression; his voice but rang the harder and more despotic as he gave the sighting ranges to torpedo and gun. For his line had claimed him heart and soul.

Who can tell how many fierce-hearted forebears' blood sang joyously in his pulsing body at he thrust his weak vessel against the enemy, now opening a terrific cannonading? And what thoughts thronged his cluttering senses as the four great, thundering cruisers loomed large upon his bows. Who of his forebears claimed him then? . .

It was not till the war was over that the Speedy's fate was known.—The Criterion.

A Horse's Sense of Smell.

A horse will leave musty hay untouched in his bin, however hungry. He will not drink water objectionable to his questioning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a mouthful at a gulp. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal proof of the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go direct to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet, and patiently awaits its opening.—St. James Gazette.

The Higher Allegiance to Hymen.

A St. Louis man disregarded a summons to serve on a jury because his marriage to a St. Louis woman had been set for the same hour. He thought he knew which court order to obey.—Richmond Times.

Thought She Had It

A little girl in an uptown kindergarten was learning to read and spell, but it was very hard for her to remember what her teacher told her about pronouncing a double letter when she came to one. She would say "a—a" or "e—e" or "t—t" instead of "double a" or "double e," etc. Her teacher had one day drilled her considerably on this matter in spelling. Shortly afterward the little girl was called on to read. The paragraph began, "Up, up, Mabel," and the little girl read it triumphantly, "Double up, Mabel!"—New York Herald.

Ninety-two thousands pounds has been provided by the British Admiralty this year for the payment of good conduct money to petty officers and bluejackets.

A SCHOOL FOR BARBERS.

WHERE "TONSORIAL ARTISTS" ARE TAUGHT SECRETS OF THE CRAFT.

How They Obtain Material for Practice—Strange Characters Who Take Advantage of the Opportunity of Having Their Hair Cut and Shave for Nothing.

One of the most curious of the many strange institutions of New York City is a school established not long ago on the East Side, where young men and boys are taught to become skilled barbers. In this school long rows of barber's apprentices are at work all day throughout the course, scraping diligently at sundry stolid countenances provided for "clinic material." When not working in this capacity, the majority of the faces so used might be met on the Bowery or in kindred regions, surmounting the slouching frames typical of America's leisure class. Some are placid countenances, bearing evidence of a Micawber-like trust in potential good luck; others are sullen or troubled, with the hunted look that comes to the face of a man out of a job; but each and every one is the better for a free shave and haircut, even when awkwardly done by unaccustomed hands.

In order that material for practice may be plentiful and at hand the school is situated far down town, where traffic of every sort is thickest and where the great city's voice takes on its deepest and most insistent tone. With the first drowsy growls of that multiple voice at dawn, the men begin to gather and form in line at the entrance to the building. Many of them have stood for hours in the midnight bread line on Broadway that they might break their fast at least once in the 24 hours, and now come to be freshened up as much as possible before starting forth again on the weary quest for work; others, equally alive to the advantages of being shaven and shorn and made as presentable as may be, come by way of living up to their life principle of getting something for nothing, and getting it before any one else.

At 9 o'clock the school is opened and work begins. Men come and go all day, and the aspirants to barber craft work like beavers, getting more practice in one day than they would get in a month under the old method of apprenticeship. All sorts and conditions of men come under their hands tramps, vagabonds, crooks, workmen out of a job, gentleman adventurers down on their luck, fat men, shrivelled men, smooth men, gnarled men, men with skins like rubber, and men surfaced like nutmeg graters, downy youth and stubbly eld—here is experience varied enough to qualify any one. Only three kinds of men are barred—the unclean, the intoxicated and the men who have once stolen, begged or given any manner of trouble in the school. One offence is sufficient here. The master barber, quiet and alert, has an unerring eye and a strong arm, and woe to the man who sneaks in for a shave after having been forbidden the place.

This gray November morning, when the master barber told of the teaching and learning of his craft, saw about 200 men sitting on benches in the darkest corner of the workroom, awaiting their turn. The big room was dingy but clean, well lighted from one side, and sparsely furnished with two long workstands running from wall to wall and flanked by double rows of well worn barber chairs. These were all filled, and the ranks of busy barberlings were hard at work. Most of them were boys, ranging in age from 16 to 20 years, but here and there an older man stood by one of the chairs, learning his trade at a time when most men are well established in life. One cheery old fellow, with hair as white as snow, worked patiently among the students, though at best it could be but a few years before hand and eye would fail, and dexterity with the razor would be a thing of the past. All the students worked steadily and conscientiously, aided now and again by a hint from the master barber as he strolled up and down the lines. Some of the beginners attacked the task before them with nervous, painstaking care, each grasping the razor hatchetwise in tense hands and dragging it like a gravel crusher across the unresisting jaw of his especial segment of clinic material. Others, presumably the born barbers or the more advanced students, worked freely and confidently, wrist and elbow loose and the razor held light. Constantly from the waiting benches men went and came, and contrary to all traditions of barbarian loquacity, the work was carried on in almost unbroken silence.

"We have students here from all parts of the United States, Canada, the West Indies and even England," said the master barber. "There are first-class barbers among all nationalities, of course, but the men who take most readily to the work are usually Italians or Germans. Italians are as limber and loose muscled as cats, and Germans don't get nervous and afraid of the razor. That is the difficulty with women. There is a big demand for women barbers, and we have numbers of them come here to learn the trade. They make good barbers in time, for women are quick and light-handed, but most of them are scared to death of the razor and live in terror of cutting somebody's throat. It's a profitable business for them, though, for they usually learn all branches, from shaving to hairdressing and manicuring, and they command big wages and get liberal tips. Barbers like to employ them. They are steady and work well and the crankiest customer isn't going to complain of his shave or haircut if it is done by a pretty girl. No, it isn't an unpleasant trade for a woman unless she makes it so for herself.

"How do we start a beginner? Just by giving a man a set of instruments and somebody to practise on, and setting him to work. He can't learn to be a barber by looking on and being told about it, any more than he could learn to ride a bicycle by watching somebody else. When a beginner is ready for work I make him put in the first day learning how to hone and strop his razor. Then I assign him to a chair and let him look on while I shave a man. The next man he lathers in and I give the first shave, letting the student finish him. In shaving you always go twice over a man's face, once with the grain and then against it. The third man the student takes alone, while I look on and correct him when he goes wrong. After that he needs only occasional supervision, unless he gets hold of an especially tough subject.

"After four days of steady shaving we let the student try his hand at hair cutting. That's harder than the shaving, but all I can do is to give him a pair of scissors and show him how to hold them, and let him go ahead, while I stand by and tell him where he is wrong. He has to get the knack of it himself, and the whole secret of good barbering lies in that knack. It is easy to get if a man has a light hand, a loose wrist and steady nerves to start with, but anybody can get it with time and practice. It all lies in practice, and the value of a place like this is that the student is practising every moment of the working hours. We shave and cut the hair of over a thousand men every day, and we average about 50 students to do the work, so they haven't much time to stand around and talk about how it ought to be done or to watch somebody else.

"Before any training schools for barbers were established—and they only date from the World's fair—a man could not learn the trade anywhere but in a small shop. The big shops won't bother with green hands. When a man wanted to be a barber he had to go to some little shop and start in as porter. He might put in six or eight months sweeping and dusting and running errands before he was allowed to touch a razor. Then he was put at honing and stropping the razors, cleaning combs and brushes, and finally at lathering in, combing hair after it was cut, and putting on the bay rum. For real work he had to wait his chance until some extra good natured man came in who didn't mind being shaved by a raw hand, and such men are not so plenty as they might be. Hair cutting was out of the question unless there was a big rush on or a boy came in. Boys don't mind how their hair looks, but most men are fussier about a haircut than anything else. Of course a bright young fellow with his wits about him could get the knack in time, but it was slow work because he couldn't get real practice enough to keep his hand in.

"Here, after seven weeks of steady practice in shaving and hair cutting, the student is ready to go into the finishing room. There he is taught hair dressing, how to singe and shampoo, how to use tonics and dyes, and finally how to trim the mustache and beard. That takes another week, and then the man is ready for his diploma and is fit for any shop in the city. Oh, yes; there are positions enough for them. We have more applications for trained workmen than we can fill.

"The older men here? Most of them are learning the trade, not to work at it themselves, but to open shops and employ men to do the work. They have to know how it ought to be done, for it is bad policy for the owner of a shop to discover a bad workman only through the complaints of his customers. Yes, this is the only barber school in existence. We have branches in all the principal cities of the United States, but they are all under one management. So far the enterprise has been very successful."—New York Post.

A Champion Snake Hunter.

It is not well known that certain parts of France are infested with poisonous serpents, against which warfare is waged by state-paid serpent hunters. They are killed in thousands, and the price per head is 2 1-2d. There was some time ago a famous serpent killer in the forests of Southampton, John Milly, who in forty-two years of hunting killed more than 29,000 vipers. A Frenchman named Courtol, who hunted in the Loire district, can be compared to Milly, as he was credited with having killed 30,000 venemous reptiles. His only weapons were one or two massive sticks. As soon as he saw the serpent he advanced and hit it violently, either killing or stunning it; with the second stick he pinned it to earth and cut off the head with a huge pair of scissors. But along with these simple weapons Courtol possessed a thorough knowledge of the habits of serpents. He knew when and where to find them. In two days near Puy-a-Clermont he killed 230 of them, and not only did he kill the poisonous creatures but he would capture them living when desired.—London Tatler.

A Pertinent Question.

An inquisitive visitor to the Hampton institute for Indians not long ago asked one of the students, a pretty Sioux: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a breadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"—Argonaut.

Vaccination is now being literally tried on the dog, as a preventive of distemper. The experiments are being conducted on a pack of hounds in Wales.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

John D. Rockefeller gave away over $5,000,000 last year.

Andrew Carnegie's gifts of public libraries are on the decline.

General Miles will visit the European capitals before returning to the United States.

In consequence of the recent attempt upon his life King Leopold of Belgium has resolved not to ride in his motor car in the future, and has ordered it sold.

The Rev. Thomas H. Lewis has the rare distinction of being president of two colleges at one time—the Western Maryland and the Adrian, of Adrian, Mich.

Samuel Burwell, of West Union, O., the oldest editor in the State, has retired from active work at the age of eighty years, having been in the harness for half a century.

Professor Morisani, of Naples University, who holds the position of physician to Queen Helena of Italy, is both in stature and proportions the most diminutive doctor in the world.

Emperor William intends to include in the commission to bring his gift of a statue of Frederick the Great to America descendants of German officers who fought under Washington.

Dr. Steiner, of Sandusky, Ohio, who will write Tolstoi's biography, is a Tolstoian disciple, and has worked as a day laborer with the immigrant people of the United States to study their needs.

The Pope is an enthusiastic philatelist, and the priests of Cashmere are intending to present to him on the occasion of his silver papal jubilation, a unique collection of obsolete stamps of Jemma and Cashmere.

When Dr. Lorenz was in Baltimore, and as he was about to take his carriage in front of his hotel, a well-known citizen and admirer took his solid gold watch from his fob and pressed it into his hand, telling him to keep it as a token of his admiration.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

During the last year 80,000 Jews emigrated from Roumania.

Herr Caspar Gerstlee, the oldest man in Lower Austria, has just died, aged 110.

The heirs of Wagner, the composer, received $115,000 in royalties from his operas during 1902.

A steamer has been launched on the Upper Zambesi River, above the Victoria Falls. It is called the Livingstone.

Experiments in the use of electricity as an anaesthetic are about to be made on human subjects by a French doctor at Nantes.

The last year, according to reports from the German yards, was one of great activity in the shipbuilding industry of Germany.

In Galicia the wage of the farm laborer has been so reduced that he is starving to death on a pittance of from three to sixteen cents a day.

"Put my gun in my coffin," was the request made in his will by Francis Bagoly, a Hungarian big-game hunter, who has died, aged ninety-eight.

Sidney Clark, of Black River, Wis., the inventor of the paper collar, is now, at the age of ninety-three, at work on what he calls a spring automobile.

A proposal will be made to the French Parliament to transfer the remains of Renan, Balzac, Michelet and Edgar Quintet to the Pantheon, Paris.

The Sultan of Turkey insists that every ruler or political personage should die a natural death. Other manners of death are not "recognized" officially by Nischan Effendi, the censor.

During recent experiments in Berlin, by the aid of the invention of Dr. Pupin, an American, for lessening the resistance in long-distance telegraph and telephone wires, messages sent by telephone were audible to persons standing thirty feet or more away from the receiver.

Generosity Rewarded.

During the distress among the Copenhagen workmen on account of a lockout in 1887 the public was appealed to for contributions. An old couple in Jutland, having no money, sent in their wedding rings as their humble contribution for the relief of the starving people. The organization kept the rings as a memento of this kind act. Recently the old couple celebrated their golden wedding under very distressing circumstances. They were actually starving. This came to the knowledge of the Copenhagen workmen. A collection was organized, and in a few days the old couple received $400 in cash and two new wedding rings, with a grateful acknowledgement of their kindness during the time of trouble.

A Naive Reply.

An American girl who recently returned after a visit of some months in the French capital, where she was studying art, tells of the clever way in which the proprietor of the little restaurant where she took her meals explained the announcement in the window of the shop worded "English spoken here." She was a bright Frenchwoman and Miss Columbia had never heard her use any but her native tongue. When the American's command of French warranted the question she asked her hostess if she really spoke English. "Oh, no; it is the people who come here who speak English."

Cromer has seven men and seven women whose united ages total 1,199, an average of a little under 86 each.