

Who Owns the Waterways?  
One of the most intricate problems involved, and one which must be cleared before we have gone far in the management of water power, is that of the ownership of running water—a matter to which both congress and the supreme court have given considerable time with very inconclusive results. Under old conditions, when the erection of a dam was the whole apparatus of power development, the man who owned the dam site was considered by that possession to own the power in the water during the time it was passing his land. When water power was the only power, and larger development was necessary, this dam owner was given the right to take for flowage the lands of his immediate neighbors, for a fair price. But now that we have passed far beyond that stage, to a time when the improvement of a river begins at the fountain from which it springs and in the forests which cover the slopes of the surrounding hills, we can no longer follow this old procedure. The work which is done at head waters actually creates a power, declares J. L. Mathews in the Atlantic, since it enlarges and steadies the flow; and that power is possible of utilization over and over again, for every foot of fall from the fountain to the sea. The supreme court has often held that the government has but a navigation right in streams, and that the states themselves own the water, and the land-owners the use for power. But old usage must give way to new needs, and a new body of law describing and establishing the ownership and the extent of the several rights in a river is one of the urgent needs of the new movement.

Misfit Education.  
The educators and parents who are now renewing the old struggle for a thorough revision of the high school curriculum have taken as their guiding maxim "A place for everything, and everything in its place." An excellent principle it is, especially deserving of application to the task of high school education in these days, when impulsive apostles of "liberal education" are trying to find a place for everything in a high school catalogue without concerning themselves very seriously over the vexatious problem of putting courses in proper places. The appeal must be heeded, says the New York Tribune, not simply for the sake of the young people who are seeking an education, but also in order to check the wholesale desertion of city high schools, which is disquieting teachers and school boards all over the country. Plainly written on the face of enrollment statistics is the warning that unless misfit courses are dropped the magnificent establishments adorned the high school systems of a hundred large American municipalities may soon be tenanted only by the relatively few pupils who wish to prepare for college.

Overeating.  
When prudently followed, the practice of fasting is most beneficial. Many people really never feel the sensation of natural hunger. All they have is a morbid craving for food, which comes of habit rather than from any actual need felt by the stomach. Natural hunger, declares the New York Weekly, stimulates the palate, and is felt in the mouth as well as in the internal organs. It makes the plainest food seem delicious and, when being satisfied, is a source of such enjoyment as the average well-fed man rarely experiences. Some suffer, it is true, from insufficient food but not so many as those whose ill arise from excessive eating, their digestion being continually overtaxed. A habit of judicious fasting would do wonders for them. The system would recover its lost tone, and—in the case of mental workers—the brain would work with an ease and lightness that would surprise them, for the brain is one of the chief sufferers from the practice of overeating.

Most Americans get more for their money than any other people of any other age. In a recent lecture, a teacher of economics told more than half the story when she said: "The thing that has increased is not the cost of living, but the scale of living. The change is not in the price at which existence can be maintained, but in people's ideas as to what are necessities of life."

Clerical paper wants Mexico to go to war with Uncle Sam, figuring that Colombia and Japan would jump in and help. Really, it ought to let Venezuela in on this. Looks like a positive snub to expect Castro to preserve neutrality.

King Manuel of Portugal has announced his intention personally to make good the value of court jewels belonging to his father. Presumably he will saw wood to earn the money.

"Cuba libre" has long been a war-cry and watchword. A new kind of "Cuba libre" is reported by Gov. Ma-goon, who declares, after a careful investigation, that the island has not a single case of yellow fever. That is a better kind of "free Cuba" than even its liberators dreamed of.

Congress likes to use ordinary caution. It doesn't want to put millions into floating steel just to have the air-ship come along and gayly wigwag to the ironclad that it is a back number.

# HER HUSBAND

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

(Copyright.)

"Of course, dear, suit yourself about it. If you think you would like the Hotel—better, why, we will go there. But I imagine you will find these large hotels very much the same."

"Yes, I suppose so," she answered listlessly.

The waiter came up now, filled their glasses and placed the menu before him. He looked at it a moment, then handed it over to her.

"Perhaps you had better order—" his voice was strained.

She flushed, a deep, painful flush, as she took the card and gave the order. When the waiter had gone, she leaned back, her eyes wandering over the brilliantly lighted cafe.

It was becoming intolerable—this thing between them, this consciousness that he knew—that for weeks he had known. She felt now that from the first, even before she had admitted it to herself, with the quick intuition of his love he had known—that she was ashamed of him! Ashamed of his awkwardness, his ignorance, his inability to act and dress and look like the men around them!

No word had passed between them; in no direct way had either of them referred to it, yet she knew it was never quite out of their minds.

It began with their first week in New York. She had chosen to live at the most quiet, the most exclusive hotel in the city, a place rarely invaded by the western millionaire; and it had come like a blow—the contrast between the men there and her husband.

She fought against the feeling that was aroused in her; she told herself of his sterling worth and manliness; and yet she was constantly comparing him with these men of the world, these clubmen with their air of ease and nonchalance; with the way they



"Perhaps You Had Better Order."

walked and stood and lounged about, the way they wore their clothes—the countless things that made up their bearing.

It was an infinite relief when the dinner was over.

In their own room, still with averted eyes, she drew a chair to the light and picked up a magazine. But her glance remained fixed on one short paragraph.

He made no pretense of reading, but stood at the window looking down at the street below. For a long time he stood there. Then he entered his own room, closing the door after him. The light burned in his room until long after midnight. In her own darkened room she tried in vain to sleep. Tossing restlessly, her thoughts went back over the 14 months of their marriage.

The first year had been spent on his Montana ranch, and then some mining interests had called him to New York, for only a few days, as he thought. But the days had lengthened into weeks, and still he was detained.

With a marvelously quick adaptability she had acquired the style and air of the New York women.

But with him it had been different, perhaps because he had never felt the need to be anything but himself, and perhaps because he had been too busy and indifferent to think of it. But gradually he had come to feel her unspoken criticisms and his self-consciousness became infinitely worse than his previous careless indifference.

Now he was constantly trying to please her, and only succeeded in being more consciously awkward than ever.

As she lay there in the dark, watching the light from his room, there came to her a great longing to blot out these two months in New York. They had been so happy in that year on his ranch. She had gloried in his strength and manhood; his very crudeness and simplicity she had loved then.

"Tears of contrition and tenderness came to her eyes. She would go in to him now, creep into his arms and tell him that she loved him; that nothing else mattered.

She slipped out of bed, threw a loose robe around her and knocked softly at his door. He was still dressed, lying on the couch, shading his eyes from the light. He had heard neither her knock nor her quiet entrance. For a full moment she stood there before he saw her. Then he rose quickly.

"Why, Elizabeth, I thought you were asleep."

"No—I—" She started toward him, but he made no movement to meet her; his face reflected none of the tenderness that she felt was in her own. And in that second she realized that the past two months had done—the extent of the alienation it had brought.

Where was this estrangement leading them? How would it end? It was nearly dawn when at last she slept. That morning he went to his office early. He did not come into her room until he was leaving; he was carrying his hat and coat. He came up to the bed and kissed her quietly goodbye.

She had wanted to put up her arms and draw him down beside her; to tell him good-bye with all her old love and caresses. But she had not; she had lain very still, answering quietly that her head was better. A moment later she heard the click of the elevator down the hall. He had gone.

The day dragged painfully. She felt strangely alone and desolate. Even the shops failed to interest her. Once she started to telephone her husband, and then in quick fear had hung up the receiver. What was there to say?

When he came home that evening later than usual, she felt it was purposely to avoid their accustomed chat before dinner. He went immediately into his room to dress.

In half an hour they were seated at their table in the cafe. They had reached the entree when the woman whose dress had been torn last night swept in and was seated by the head waiter at a table next to theirs. She saw the color in her husband's face deepen.

And then—confused and embarrassed by the sudden appearance of this woman, his hand hit against a slender dish of tartar sauce near the edge of the table and sent it splashing to the floor.

In one agonized glance she saw the bespattered, ruined gown of the woman and the furious anger in her face. Then she bowed her head that she might not see the wretched mortification of her husband. She heard his pitiful attempts at an apology and felt the frozen silence of the woman. The waiter came up hurriedly, removed the broken dish and wiped up the floor.

A scream—shrill, piercing—rang through the room! Another and still another—screams of agony and terror. People started to their feet. Through the swinging doors used by the waiters rushed a figure enveloped in flames.

Some one screamed "Fire!" There was a rush for the doors. Then above the din and confusion rose her husband's voice, clear and stern.

"Stop! There is no fire! If there is, you are perfectly safe—on the first floor. Help me with this girl! Quick! Rugs—coats—something!"

There, in a far corner where he had caught the girl, was her husband—alone, rolling her on the floor, his coat around her.

With something like shame in their faces for their instinctive cowardice, two or three men now rushed to him with their coats. There were no rugs and the strips of carpet between the tables were fastened to the polished floor.

Someone tried to pull off a tablecloth, with a loud crashing of china, and someone jerked down a lace curtain—all the needless, senseless things that people do in such cases.

But it was her husband, unheeding their useless efforts, who was still beating the flames that clung to the girl. At last he had them smothered.

And then, still unmindful of his hands that were cruelly burned, her husband carefully unwrapped the coats from the poor, blackened creature that lay there. The people stood back, watching him breathlessly. They seemed incapable of action or speech.

Some one whispered that it was a pantry girl who had overturned an alcohol lamp as she was placing it under a coffee urn.

A few moments later a doctor made his way through the crowd and then two white-coated ambulance attendants lifted the still unconscious girl on a stretcher and carried her out.

The people were now crowding around her husband, praising his courage and bravery and presence of mind. They pressed forward to shake his hand and were horrified to find that his hands, his wrists, even his arms, were burned.

Some one touched Elizabeth on the shoulder. She turned. It was the woman who had sat opposite them. Her eyes were full of tears.

"I haven't the courage to speak to your husband, but I want to tell you how sorry I am for my rudeness in ignoring his apologies. I—I am very sorry. I wish you would tell him that."

She was gone before Elizabeth, in her embarrassment and agitation, could find any words for a reply.

Later, in their own rooms, after the doctor had left, and he lay on the couch with helpless, bandaged hands, Elizabeth came over and knelt beside him. For a while neither spoke; then he realized that she was sobbing quietly.

"Elizabeth, what is it, dear?"

She made no answer, only crept closer to him.

Clumsily he tried to smooth her hair, but she took the poor hand in both of hers, covering it with kisses and tears. Perhaps he understood, for he only said, tenderly:

"Elizabeth—dear little Elizabeth!"

It Never Quits.

"Cheer up," he urged. "We'll come out all right yet."

"It is all very well to be cheerful," his wife bitterly replied, "when there is anything to be cheerful about, but in our case there doesn't seem to be any hope. You lost your own fortune, to begin with, and now they have taken from you what money I inherited."

"I know; but why give up? Learn a lesson from the peach crop."

One of Dickens' Truths.  
Throughout life our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.—Charles Dickens.

# FARMING IN THE SOUTH

The Master of Life.  
I am the plough,  
Master of life,  
Where my sharp coulters lead  
Ceases Sterility;  
And, by my largesses  
Gladdened and satisfied,  
Follow the peoples!

I. In the glimmering dawn,  
Furrowing clockwise—  
Leaving wide gaps where  
Swung his black gates anon—  
Traced the foundations where  
Rose the proud battlements,  
Bastions and walls round  
The City of Life!

To me for charity  
Come the poor mendicants,  
Footed the painfully  
Out from the darkness  
Into the silence—  
Here are my alms for you  
Poured forth abundantly—  
Yours while the earth knows  
Summer and winter,  
Seed time and harvest—  
Eat and be glad!

Egypt and Nineveh,  
Rome and Assyria  
Were but my pensioners;  
I am the permanent,  
Still stand my kingdoms—  
Still treads the cornfields—  
Scaping but dark, indeed,  
Master of Life am I—  
I am the plough!

—W. G. Hole, in London Spectator.

Taking Care of Tools.  
The care of farm machinery is a vital point with many farmers. You will scarcely see one in twenty who seems to think it worth his while to take proper care of his farm tools.

No one can expect to make a success of farming unless he has the proper tools and keeps them in proper shape. There is twice as much money paid out for farm machinery as would be necessary if the proper care was taken with implements. Every farmer should have all the tools he needs, and not have to be running over to Mr. Jones' to get Mr. Smith's corn stalk cutter. Nine times out of ten, Mr. Smith has let Mr. Somebody Else have it, so there it goes. Time lost, and time is money these days.

You don't see a doctor or a dentist running over to his neighbor's office to borrow some instrument, nor do you ever see anything out of its place. Doctors have a place for everything, and as soon as they are through using an instrument it is rubbed up and put in its place. This is the first step to success.

Now I don't see why farming is not and should not be just as successful as any other calling. But it will never be until the farmers take more pains in keeping the proper machinery and that in the best of shape.

Everyone who has ever farmed at all knows what job it is to rig up a cultivator when you get ready to plow corn in the spring. First, where is the cultivator? It's away over at the back of the field where we quit plowing corn last year; so here we go with old Beck or Kate after it, hitch to it and come poking back to the house. We find that it has sweeps on it; we want shovel plows. Now where are they? We hunt around for an hour or two and find them in a fence corner where the hired man had thrown them down. They have bolts in them and there is more hunting to do, and maybe a trip to the shop. So, after all is ready for work, we have lost about half a day—that means something.

This condition should not exist, and as long as it does farming will not be as successful as it should.—Farm and Ranch.

Milk as a Popular Summer Drink.  
Successful efforts have been made to carbonate milk and use it as a cooling and refreshing summer beverage.

Interesting results have been reported by the New York Experiment Station in Geneva with fresh milk treated under pressure of 175 pounds to the carbon-dioxide for the purpose of causing the milk to foam of effervescence; delay its souring, and render it fit for consumption at soft drink fountains and similar places of refreshment.

The very thought is suggestive of new and untried field for development by dairymen who cater to the milk trade of the larger cities. It is one of the few avenues of an increase in the consumption of milk that has been suggested during recent years. Desiccated or dried was the last of these brought to the attention of the dairy public. We suggest that this drink will probably prove especially popular in prohibition districts. When pasteurized milk was carbonated under pressure of 70 to 175 pounds and held at temperatures ranging between 35 and 60 degrees the milk kept sweet for four or five months. Let us welcome the advent of carbonated milk.—Farm and Ranch.

One of the evils of the landlord and tenant system is the exhaustion of soils. Suffering must come from this. Who travels over some old States and sees whose counties deserted sees what must come to us, unless we preserve soils and fertility. The owner of a home can make it richer each year. Tenants can not afford to do so. Landlords can not.—Farm and Ranch.

The farmer's wife is a working partner on the farm; she ought to have her full share of the profits.

Be sure that you get all the documents that your state is issuing from its agricultural bureau. If you do not know how to get them, write to your Secretary of Agriculture and ask him to have your name put on the mailing lists for all that is of interest to the farmer.

The greatest heat is never found on the equator, but some ten degrees to the north, while more severe cold has been registered in northern Siberia than has been found near the Pole.

## How to Help Hold Crops.

There are thousands of landlords in the South owning cotton plantations who could—if they would, be of valuable assistance to the tenants in putting them on a cash basis and reducing the credit system. The landlord can furnish each tenant a certain amount of cash each month during the planting and cultivating season which will meet the necessary requirements for the needed supplies on each farm. A general observance and adoption of this rule by the average land owner in the South who has his land cultivated by croppers and tenants will serve two good purposes, viz.: It would put each individual on the farm on a spot cash basis and break up the crop lien system and put the disposition of the crop each fall in the hands of the landlord. There would be no mortgages to foreclose if the cotton was not promptly sold and store accounts liquidated. The crop from each farm could be stored and the warehouse receipts turned over to the landlord or enough to offset the debt between the landlord and the tenant. This cotton could either be held in case of depression in the cotton market or sold slowly if the prices were satisfactory. In addition to this it would serve to give the land owners better control of the management of their farms and also encourage each tenant or cropper to diversify and raise more food supplies. The land-owners should encourage this policy because it would mean better farm methods, an improvement of the land under a system of diversified agriculture and more prosperous and better satisfied and contented tenants.

A charge of ten per cent on the money advanced by the land owner to his tenants would give satisfactory returns, and would be far better for the tenant than paying forty to fifty per cent on credit prices often charged by the supply merchants. A land owner furnishing money to his tenants would naturally preach the doctrine of diversification and economy, while the average merchant will insist upon an extensive acreage in cotton and encourage as large accounts as the risk will admit. We know of a good many land owners who in recent years have adopted this policy with their croppers and tenants, and in every instance such farms are on a self-sustaining basis, and the business is strictly satisfactory to all concerned.—Winfield (La.) F. U. Banner.

Waiting in Loneliness.  
We believe there are no other people neglected so much as the aged men and women who have lived out their best days and are now waiting until the summons come and call them up higher. Too often we pass them by not realizing that they are lonely and that a kind word or pleasant greeting would cheer them and make their lives happier. In our great rush in a business way we too often pass them by thoughtlessly, not appreciating the fact that they have passed the time when their minds are taken up with business and they now so much need a little recognition and attention to keep them from feeling that they are but little thought of or cared for. These old people constitute the great power today that leads the world here-into. We too often forget that these old veterans have to a great extent fought battles in this life that make our lives happier. Don't neglect the gray-haired people that come about your places of business, nor neglect to speak a kind word to those you meet. Cheer them along, and not only will their remaining days be happier, but your own life will be brighter and better.—Sweetwater Reporter.

Demand for Long Staple.  
It is not generally known to Southern farmers that a new demand for cotton requiring several hundred thousand bales annually has sprung up in the last year or two. We refer to the heavy and ever increasing demand for good grades for the manufacture of automobile tires.

It is estimated that the present demand from that source alone is between 300,000 and 500,000 bales. Automobile tires are very expensive, the ordinary life being from four to six months. There are hundreds of thousands of these tires now in use, and the demand is increasing by leaps and bounds. The high or low cost of a pound of cotton is hardly felt by the manufacturers. The demand is here for all the cotton we can grow this season at very high prices, and if the farmers who grow both the short and long staples will only market their crops slowly and stand firmly together in a demand for the true values, they can whip the fight and secure a just tribute for the products of their labor.—Cotton Journal.

It is the duty of every woman to look as pretty as she can. Nature in dictating that by her gift of beauty to the sex. Those who happen to be not beautiful of face, can become as attractive as any by loveliness of habit and character. The most attractive lady the writer knows is really rather ugly of face, owing to irregularities of feature, but she is always the center of attraction in any assembly.

Think of a farmer in debt, no home, not thirty days from starvation, except as his merchant tries him over—think of such a farmer trying to corner cotton against the man who has a corner on the money it takes to buy the cotton. And there's no way to break that money corner without going into Congressional and White House politics.—Abilene (Tex.) Farmers' Journal.

It would be much easier for some men to practice what they preach if they would do less preaching.

Don't let anything hinder you from attending the meetings of the local Union, because the local is the really important place for the lay member. If the local is managed right it will have its influence on every person in it, and through this influence, on all in its neighborhood.

It takes a long time for some people to get it through their heads that mines are frequently promoted not for the purpose of digging ore but of selling stock.

# Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

## House Remembers Cannon's Birthday



WASHINGTON.—Speaker Cannon was 72 years old the other day, but being a presidential candidate, he was not aware of the fact until the anniversary was half over and then reminders came thick and fast, and brought tears of emotion from him. The first hint was contained in a telegram from a constituent in Danville, Ill., who is the family Bible expert for that part of the country.

"What day of the month is this, Busbey?" he asked of his secretary. "Here is a fellow who has the nerve to say I have turned another milestone."

A calendar was consulted, and "Uncle Joe" acknowledged that the boys back home had one on him. In a few minutes Mr. Busbey was called out to the corridor and notified that about the biggest floral piece ever seen in the capitol would arrive at four o'clock, and that there would be four doings in the speaker's room.

"Uncle Joe" was kept in ignorance of the arrangements, and when, at the appointed time, he was summoned from the floor of the house by the entire Illinois delegation, he was genuinely surprised.

Representatives Graff and Rainey, one a Republican and the other a Democrat, spoke felicitously and presented the floral piece, which was six feet high, of dogwood blossoms and American Beauty roses. As the speaker started to reply, a tear trickled from his eye.

"The sweetest flowers of all bloom above the parting wall."

He then spoke of his long career in congress, thanked his 27 colleagues individually and collectively, and a few minutes later was called back to the floor of the house. A roll call was being taken on a motion to recess until the following day, but when it was half over Champ Clark jumped to his feet and said:

"It seems to me this is the speaker's birthday."

This was the signal for general applause, and the speaker, blushed, smiled and bowed like a schoolgirl as he waited for it to subside. Then he gave voice to his appreciation.

"I move that in honor of the occasion the roll call be suspended," said Representative Macon of Arkansas. This motion was passed with a whoop and the Democratic filibuster was relaxed for a few minutes at least.

## Tattooing Very Popular in the Navy



AN INTERESTING report on tattooing in the navy has been made to Secretary Metcalf by Surgeon Ammon Farenholt as a result of his observations while serving on the receiving ship Independence at the Mare Island navy yard in California.

The enlistment records of 3,572 men were examined by Dr. Farenholt, this being the enlistments on the Independence for eight and a half years. These records show that the percentage found tattooed on examination for second and subsequent enlistments was 53.61, and the percentage found tattooed on examination for first enlistment was 23.01. The opinion is expressed that about 60 per cent of the sailors who have served over ten years in the navy are tattooed.

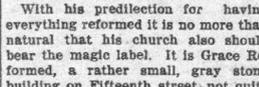
Dr. Farenholt says it is not fair to assume from the figures that 23 per cent of the male citizens are tattooed, as a considerable proportion of applicants for enlistment are sea-faring men. He was surprised to find so many, probably eight per cent of the recruits, who are tattooed and who denied having been at sea or even having lived in seaport towns. In Dr.

Farenholt's opinion, the custom is more common in camps and in places where men are collected in large numbers than is imagined.

The report contains statistics regarding the location of tattoo marks and the frequency of various designs. Letters, mottoes, initials and allied devices lead the list and constitute about 26 per cent of all ink marks. Coats of arms and national emblems follow with about 25 per cent, then flags, anchors, etc. Female figures are shown in 18 per cent of all tattooing.

The usual types were found among them, such as "oldfist" (a letter on the back of each finger); apprentice knot; pig on dorsum of foot, which, among the older men, was supposed to shield its possessor from death by drowning; crucifix, which in case of death would insure burial in a Christian country, and "Jerusalem cross," which would answer the same purpose on Moslem shores. Of the latter Dr. Farenholt found 14, all in re-enlisted men. One man was adorned with a sock covering each foot and extending above the ankle; another with a fox hunting scene. In one case the entire back was covered by a large Mosaic column and globe. "Little Egypt" figured in two cases and a copy of a beer trademark in one. Designs showing the Goddess of Liberty, ships, eagles, pigs and apprentice knots were found to be more popular on re-enlistment than among those who came directly from civil life.

## Big Weekly Pay Roll of Wage Earners



WHEN the bureau of the census took the census of manufactures in 1905 it also undertook the task of classifying the weekly earnings of the employees in all kinds of manufacturing establishments. Questions as to the actual earnings of all employees were asked of each manufacturer in the country and the surprising number of 123,307 establishments replied. This number of establishments is 62.9 per cent of all enumerated in the census and they employ more than one-half of all the wage earners engaged in the factory industries in the country.

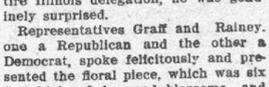
In a bulletin just issued by the census bureau, containing compilations of these statistics it is shown that of the 3,297,819 wage earners covered by the investigation, 2,619,053 were men; 588,799 were women and 80,167, or 2.7 per cent, were children. The pay rolls of the 123,307 establishments for one week aggregated \$33,185,791, an amount that was received \$29,340,287, or 88.1 per cent of the whole; the women received \$3,634,481 or 11 per cent, and the children \$312,023, or 1 per cent.

More than half of all the wage earners included in the bulletin earned \$9 and over during the week. The earnings are classified for totals of states and of industries, while 25 industries are shown in detail by states and territories and 25 states by leading industries. Average earnings are also computed for all the states and industries shown.

The figures show that in 1904 the average wage earner employed in manufacturing received \$10.06 per week. The average man received \$11.16, the average woman \$6.17 and the average child under 18 years of age \$3.46.

In the figures showing the average wages by states Illinois is fifteenth with \$11.65. The highest is Montana with \$18.19 and the lowest is South Carolina with \$4.68.

## President Roosevelt a Good Churchgoer



came lady of the White House. Whether he goes to his own church or not, no one but Theodore Roosevelt, unless it is some fiend or guest accompanying him, which rarely happens, is ever seated in the president's pew at Grace Reformed. Two secret service men always accompany him, but do not sit with him.

Their Universities.  
Oxford, having lost the boat race, recovers the premiership, which it is permissible to regard as an equal or even a greater distinction. The list of Oxford prime ministers, to which the name of Mr. Asquith is now added, already includes the names of Pelham, Chesham, North, Shelburne, Addington, Grenville, the duke of Portland, the earl of Liverpool, Canning, Peel, the earl of Derby, Gladstone, Rosebery and the marquis of Salisbury. The Cambridge list is a little shorter, and perhaps a little less distinguished. Among the names which figure on it we find those of Sir Robert Walpole, the duke of Newcastle, Rockingham, Pitt, Spencer, Perceval, Earl Grey, Melbourne, Palmerston, the earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; Edinburgh is represented by Lord John Russell, and the other universities are not represented at all. The two nonuniversity preachers are not the least illustrious. They are Benjamin Disraeli and the duke of Wellington.—Westminster (Eng.) Gazette.

There is a woman's prison in Roumania that has only women officials.