English Magazines for October.

Difficulties of Housekeeping in Uganda—Fire-Fishing—A Japanese "Board-School."

HOUSEKEEPING IN UGANDA.

We christened our house "The Barn." Its walls and floor were poor in plane surfaces; they bulged unexpectedly. The floor in particular was various in its levels as the Sussex Downs, so that to the end of our time the dining table was apt to prance rakishly on two legs like some exhilarated quadruped. There was no ceiling, and from the old thatched roof gambolling snakes and rats shook down unsavory particles upon our food. During the rains this thatch leaked in spouts of muddy water like the nose of a watering pot, so that there was practically no dry spot in the bedrooms, and in time I became accustomed to sleeping under a mackintosh and umbrella. Ventilated roofs of this nature were not uncommon in the station. Dining out one night a thunder storm came on with the dessert, and we finished dinner crowded into one comparatively dry corner, with our feet tucked up off the floor, while a procession of baths, basins and jugs took our places around the hospitable board. Though our host apologized perfunctorily for the noisy entry of his bath, no one seemed to regard the proceedings as at all unusual.

The windows of our dwelling house were meagre slits with calico nailed across them instead of glass, but we had four excellent doorways. To one door there was a lock and key, another possessed a handle, the third had no fastening at all, and the fourth did not exist. Every night we methodically turned our only key in its lock, determined that such a luxury should not want recognition; but there was nothing to prevent all the burglars in Uganda from streaming through the other three entrances, and I have always wondered why on earth they never did so.

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From the moment of our arrival at "The Barn" it became evident that my lot in life was to contend hourly with predatory insects, who, like tropical insects everywhere, seemed to pursue their nefarious callings night and day, unresting. Thus the war waged against them was always a losing one, for while we slept they bit, chewed and devoured, they bored, tunnelled and climbed, and we woke in the morning to find fresh ravages as the result of their night's zeal. There were not only the usual mosquitoes that fed upon us, and the usual fishtail insects that chewed our woollen clothing, and the usual cockroaches that bloated themselves on our silken vestments, but there were others. There were insects that sprang and insects that did not spring, there were ticks of revolting outline, there were jiggers who lamed us times without number, there were boring beetles who conscientiously mined out the interior of all serviceable wood till our chairs and tables became hollow shams, tottering to destruction before our eyes. There were little ants who swarmed up giddy heights in order to batten on butter, there were big bodied, gluttonous ants who swelled themselves on sugar eaten in secret, and—woe was me!—there were whole empires of white ants, who flourished their tunnels and traceries of red mud in every direction. These were omnivorous and omnipresent. We could hang no pictures, for they ate them. They ate my only waterproof and throve upon it. In my ignorance of their powers I put up a dado of native bark cloth to hide the marks of their industry in our sitting room, and while I was down with fever they ate the dado. In spite of incessant watchfulness and daily tappings of the walls they defeated us continually, and to this day I can think of no more detestable sound than the dry rattling made by them if disturbed in their crimes. When the interesting collection of insect life indoors were held to have exceeded the average the remedy of the country was extremely simple. Every stick of our belongings was carried forth and recklessly dumped in the compound. Then came the chain gang, laden with baskets of cow dung, and shooting this substance broadcast into our rooms, they proceeded to plaster the floors with it. Camped into the compound well to windward of our home, I wore out the long hours of eviction in no patient spirit, for, not being a Hindu, I found it difficult to regard this process as one of sacred purification, although something of the kind was certainly intended. By evening the work was done, and the house, having been thus newly decorated, was hurriedly refurnished, so that we were able to eat what dinner we could amid a savor of fifty concentrated cowyards. Presumably the insects perished; I know that I very nearly did.—Hilda V. Moffat, in Cornhill.

FIRE-FISHING.

No one, I think, ever forgets his first impressions of this sport, and though a detailed description is difficult, I will attempt a rough sketch. The first effect is dazzling, and eyes that are half blinded by the flaring crimson in the end of the boat fail at the beginning to penetrate the green stillness of the water. Then gradually, as one's sight becomes accustomed to new conditions, curious sea creatures appear below the ripple and refraction of the near surface, and stare up from the chasms of the rocks or from the indeterminate twilight, where pine torch and shifting seaweed struggle for mastery. Fish seem to lie like shadows congealed between two uncertainties—almost, one would say, a part of the darkness of some fissure, detached, and thrown up tentatively toward the inquisitive fire. Before the dim shapelessness has time to melt in the depths, or to become more definite, the harpooner proves the reality of the hanging shadow. There is a splash as the spear with its ten teeth drives down to the fish, and a thread of light rises from every prong. With the same suddenness the spear returns through a turmoil of the waters; dripping phosphorus answers the phosphorus of the sea, and a sickly illumination, which drowns the reflection of the stars, marks the place of the blow.

A burst of execration or jubilant voices proclaim the failure or success of the strike. The dark Italian faces, sombre in the firelight, are intent upon their business, and eager eyes read the quiet water as a scholar reads a page. The brunt of the work and responsibility fall upon the spearsman in the bows, for other duties besides that of striking devolve on him. His hand must be quick with the oil can, to soothe the ripple at the moment of its birth back to a perfect transparency, while his eyes are not only strained in a perpetual examination of the sea, but meet the continual glare of the light, which on the open water and in a faint breeze sometimes breaks into a cloud of sparks that make a halo round his head.—"Ben Kendim," in Blackwoods.

A JAPANESE "BOARD SCHOOL."

Having had the somewhat unusual experience of attending the Japanese equivalent of a board school at the mature age of thirty-six and of watching some of that training which has brought about the national efficiency of great Japan, I am impressed with the advisability of our imitating some at least of the methods and acquiring some of the characteristics of our allies. I say some of the characteristics, for with all their good qualities, and in spite of the warm feeling of gratitude I have for all the kindness and courtesy I have received from them, far from thinking the Japanese people on the whole better than the English, the opinion I formed was the opposite. Especially admirable is the teaching of self-restraint, courtesy and the impressing on all from their earliest youth that their own individual interests are not all-important.

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In the primary schools I was especially struck by the order and discipline (I have not had the honor of attending the Tokio High School), the shortness of the particular lesson in each subject, and most of all by the systematic teaching of patriotism and the military training given to the boys.

The hours at a primary school are from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. for the older and 2 p. m. for the younger children, with a half-holiday on Saturdays and no work on Sundays. Their time in school is divided into lessons of three-quarters of an hour each, with a quarter of an hour break between lessons and a break from 11:45 a. m. to 1 p. m. for their midday meal. Before each lesson the children fall in by classes on the playground in two ranks, like squads of soldiers, and are marched into their classrooms by word of command.

On entering the classroom all the children stand up behind their desks until the teacher, having entered the room, gives a signal, when they all bow to him. He returns the bow, and then they sit down and commence the lesson. Similarly at the end of the lesson they stand up, bow to the teacher and after he has returned their bow file out in succession into the playground. A great portion of their time is given up necessarily to learning Chinese characters. To learn to read and write with people who use these characters is a task which takes years, and the acquiring of fresh words entailing the use of characters new to him or fresh combinations of previously known characters (for the Japanese use the Chinese characters to form new words as we use Latin and Greek) keeps a Japanese to this wearisome study more or less all his life.

All children throughout the empire in primary schools are obliged to be taught from the official government reader, a series of volumes containing only those characters which are considered as most likely to be of use. In the first of these volumes the characters are fewer and easier than in the later ones, the Chinese characters being replaced to a large extent in the earlier volumes by the use of a syllabary by which each sound in the Japanese language can be expressed by writing a simple cipher, whereas the Chinese characters do not express a sound, but the thing itself. E. g., England is called in Japanese "Ei Koku." It is written thus in Chinese characters: 英國, the meaning of the characters being "English" for the first character, "country" for the second. Using the syllabary, they would be written thus: エイコク, the sound of the symbols being "ay" "e" "Ko" "Ku" spelled phonetically and giving the English and not the Italian sound to the letter "e." This syllabary and another rather more difficult one are, however, used only by women, children and men of little education excepting as an auxiliary to the Chinese characters. This reader, moreover, teaches most persistently the virtues of loyalty to the sovereign and of patriotism.—Captain P. W. North, in The Nineteenth Century.

HOW DUMAS DISCOVERED MONTE CRISTO

Early in 1842 Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who at that time was living in the beautiful Villa da Quarto in Florence, had a conversation with Alexandre Dumas there. The prince said:

"My son Napoleon is quitting the service of Würtemberg, and returning to Florence. You will understand that he does not wish to run the risk of having to serve against France. As soon as he arrives I will introduce him to you."

"How can I serve him?"

"You can show him France, which he does not know; and you can make some excursions with him into Italy, if you have time."

"Has he seen the Isle of Elba?"

"No."

"Well, I will take him there, if you approve. It is fitting that the Emperor's nephew should finish his education by taking this historical journey."

"I approve of the idea, and I hold you to your promise."

Presently the young Napoleon—he was only nineteen—arrived in Florence, and a little later on he and Dumas, then aged thirty-nine, started on their travels.

The same day they reached Leghorn, to find that no boat was leaving for Porto Ferrajo, and, what was worse, that nobody could say when one would leave.

Wandering distractedly along the harbor, the prince noticed a little two-oared cockle shell of a boat with the name Le Duc de Reichstadt painted on it. He pointed it out to Dumas, who cried: "Par ma foi, monseigneur, if the King had not made me your guide, I would propose a fine escapade."

"What?"

"To go to Elba in that boat."

They jumped in and hailed two sailors who were willing to take them not only the sixty miles to Elba, but to Africa, if their excellencies pleased. A little mast was set up, and a tiny sail hoisted. Dumas commenced to shoot seagulls, and the prince, who lit a cigar, was soon unwell. His "guide," who did not smoke, and who was not ill, presently saw a stom coming up, and the little boat was soon dancing on the waves like a cork. They were nearly driven on shore, but, persevering, they found themselves at Porto Ferrajo at 3 o'clock the next morning. After having thoroughly explored Elba, they set off for the Isle of Pianosa. While shooting partridges there, the man who carried their game bag pointed to a splendid rock rising from the sea in the form of a sugar loaf, and said:

"Oh, excellencies, if you went there you would have splendid sport."

"What is there, then?" asked Dumas.

"Wild goats by troops; the island is full of them."

"And what do you call this fortunate island?"

"The Isle of Monte Cristo."

It was for the first time and in these circumstances that Dumas heard the name "Monte Cristo." The next morning they started for the island. The weather was magnificent; they had just enough wind to fill the sail, and, aided by the oars of the two sailors, they got along capitally. As they neared it Monte Cristo seemed to rise out of the sea and grow like the giant Adamastor. Dumas had never seen a more beautiful blue mantle than that which the rising sun threw upon the giant's shoulders.

At 11 o'clock they were just about to leap ashore, when one of the sailors warned them that to land would mean five or six days' quarantine in whatever port they might return to. Dumas and his young friend could risk their lives, but to stay in quarantine was a more serious matter. Dumas proposed that they should content themselves with rowing around the island, then returning to Pianosa.

"Why row around it?" asked the prince.

"To establish the geographical position and to enable me to give in memory of this expedition the name of 'Monte Cristo' to some romance or other which I will write."

"So be it," said the prince, "and remember to send me a copy of the romance."—R. S. Garnett, in The Fortnightly Review.

HUNTING GRIZZLIES.

I was very unlucky about bear; or perhaps, considering my marksmanship, fortunate. When I joined Hay he had killed two in the last week; one a big grizzly who had carried off the trap four or five miles. Hay had followed him up; his first shot had hit the grizzly in the chest, the second broke his back. He was a boar, and had been fighting rivals so furiously that his skin was quite damaged. It was torn everywhere by their claws and tushes. Only the back was intact. This Hay skinned, and I used it as a rug during my stay in his camp. He said that the deep layers of fat and flesh on him were black and bruised from the smacks his adversaries had given him. I have never heard or read of a man watching the onset of two boar grizzlies. But if ever any one has, he must have seen the most tremendous duel of the world of animals. This beast, for example, must have been six times as heavy as a man, and I imagine could break the neck of a bull with one bite. The other bear Hay never killed at all; she committed suicide! Involuntarily, I must say. Her body still lay where Hay had found her. She was not worth skinning, for, having been dead for a considerable time, her fur had slipped. Any fur appears to moult off within two hours of death. She was very fat, and, maddened by the torture of the trap, she had run herself to death. I followed the track of the poor beast. She had dashed up a steep hill, rolled down into a canyon, raced up another precipice, tearing through bushes and brakes, knocking down saplings in her frenzy. Going down the next slope she died suddenly, though I do not know from what precise cause. Hay, on finding the trap gone, had tracked her with extreme caution. As he heard no bellowing, he feared she might try some ruse. He advanced slowly and with circumspection. As he peered over the ridge down the slope where she had died he saw her lying under a bush, a few yards off, asleep, as he thought. Dropping on his knee he rapidly and courageously planted two bullets in a dead bear.—E. Wright, in Cornhill.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

The branches of the mountain ash are showing
Their heavy-berried bunches red and gold,
Down country lanes the tinted leaves are blowing,
The grain is garnered in, the year is old.
The childish eyes, that laughed to find the flowers,
Bend over slates and weary lesson books;
The lone wood slumbers through the quiet hours
Bereft of birds in its sequestered nooks.

Across the moor September's breath is bringing
Rose to the lip, red to the tinted face;
And heather sprigs and blue harebells are springing
'Midst ferns and grass, arranged with Nature's grace,
Purple and mauve and amber—regal splendor;
Gulls wheeling wildly o'er a churning sea;
Soft sunset hues no earthly touch can render—
Summer's farewell is Nature's harmony.

So summer passes as a dream, as day dies,
Haloed with light, circled with queenly crown.
May we have just such memories when life's new ties
Speak to our hearts, "Lay June's red roses down."

Edith Rutter-Leatham, in Chambers's Journal.

A GREAT PRIME MINISTER.

In the royal palace at Sinaïa, close to the private apartment of King Carol—Charles of Hohenzollern in 1866—there is a room that bears M. Sturdza's name and is reserved for his use, no matter what party be in power. Other ministers must provide dwellings for themselves when at Sinaïa, but he has one provided for him by his sovereign; for in the King's eyes he is no mere minister, here to-day and gone perhaps to-morrow, no mere party leader; he is an old fellow-worker, fellow-teacher, fellow-fighter, the only one left of the little band of patriots who helped him to redeem Rumania and transform her from a mere vassal province, at the mercy of every passing marauder, into an independent kingdom, well able to hold her own in the world.

It is more than forty years now since the King and his chief minister first began to work together, nay, to toil and moil as few men ever toiled and moiled, struggling and striving to right in a decade the wrongs of centuries, pinching and saving to make a penny serve the purpose of a pound. For when the King became Prince of Rumania, with M. Sturdza as his Minister of Education, Religion and Public Works, the fortunes of the province were at the lowest ebb. It was lacking in everything, and its chance of ever providing itself with anything seemed nil; for not only was the public exchequer empty, but the country was overwhelmed with debts; and as its administrators had long ceased administering there was chaos in every department of the state. Nor was that the worst: the great mass of the people had suffered so much from bad rulers that the very word ruler had become hateful to them; and they had lived so long from hand to mouth that they had lost all taste for any other sort of existence. Excepting a parliament which had still to learn to work, institutions they had none, not even a national church. They had no railways, very few roads, no industries, no banks. Their frontiers were defenceless, and their army was a mere rabble, without either guns or shoes. And when M. Sturdza went out to bid his new sovereign welcome the first news he had to tell him was that the Sultan was furious with Rumania for electing a foreign prince and that Turkish troops were already encamped within two days' march of Bucharest. Thus they have had to go through many bitter trials side by side, and to face many hard buffetings; and in the midst of them all they have learned to know each other as a sovereign rarely knows a subject or a subject a sovereign, and to sympathize with each other as one man can rarely sympathize with another. King Carol has a hard face, but it always softens when his eyes rest on his old minister; and there is quite a different ring in M. Sturdza's voice when he speaks of his sovereign from what there is when he speaks of the rest of the world.—Edith Sellers, in The Contemporary.

TERRIERS AS SPORTING DOGS.

The man who loves hounds is sure to be interested in terriers. The foxhound and the terrier are connected in our minds by their common enmity to the fox.

Indeed, in the warfare against the fox the terrier has been the ally of man for a much longer period than the hound. When stag hunting was the sport of kings and before the idea of the fox as a beast of chase had dawned on the nobles and gentry of England and Scotland the peasants and the terriers were harrying the fox even in his stronghold of Malepartus, as they do to this day in Scotland or Wales and the mountainous districts of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

It was no doubt in their warfare against vermin that the terriers acquired the characteristics of gameness, hardihood and intelligence which their successors have inherited. Their evolution has followed the same course as that of all modern breeds of sporting dogs. Chosen at first for working qualities only, it is later refinement which has grafted beauty on to ability. The division of terriers into breeds and their classification at dog shows is quite a modern development. Terrier was the name given to any hardy, active little dog that would face a badger or a fox in its earth, or sometimes a cat in a corner, the last named being by no means the least formidable antagonist of the three. There was no exclusiveness in the breeding of a terrier, and he was crossed with the bulldog to give him courage, with the beagle to improve his nose, and in later days with the greyhound to give him speed. This crossing was limited only by the necessities of his work, for the terrier needed to be comparatively small, since a dog over sixteen pounds is too large and below twelve pounds too small to be of use for going to ground. I know, of course, that weight has more to do with make and muscular development than with size, yet nevertheless these weights give a rough method of estimating the limits of serviceable size for the working terrier.

If we look over the records of past sport we shall find that there is almost nothing terriers have not been used for. There is, in fact, no limit to the sporting uses of the fox terrier. I have known one that was an excellent retriever, and in "The Sporting Magazine" for October, 1831, there is a picture of a little wire haired, prick eared terrier that is bringing a partridge in its mouth. I know of two working packs of fox terriers that hunt rabbits in Dorsetshire, beating the thick hedgerows and driving out the rabbits to the gun. One of these packs, with which I have often been out, is very handy, and the terriers pack well without losing their individuality. What struck me as much as anything is the control to which they submit. If a terrier has marked a rabbit to ground, he will at once come away from the earth to the whistle, although, as we know, in the case of less well broken dogs, a terrier will return again and again to dig at a bury, and, indeed, unless dragged away by force, spend half the day there.—T. F. Dale, in Blackwood's.

A FETE DAY AT AVIGNON.

The sun is again in the ascendant and there is a sense of mild disturbance in the usual tranquillity of the town. For days beforehand every wall-space has been adorned with guady placards announcing a *Grande Corrida de Toros* at which two famous matadors, *vaillants et sympathiques*, are to come from Spain to amuse the people of Avignon with their prowess. A bullfight has no alluring sound to British ears, and we have already decided to spend the fête of St. Bénezet elsewhere in the study of Roman antiquities. But at *déjeuner* the head waiter, the self-constituted guardian of the English visitor, pleads with us to join in the local merrymaking, and explains to us the true and harmless nature of the entertainment. "*Ces dames* need not be alarmed," he says, in the pained but soothing accents he might have used to a fractious child; "the Avignonais are not *barbares;* it is only at Nîmes that the bull is killed; here nobody is hurt, nobody is even frightened—above all, not the bull," he adds, as an afterthought. So, if only to save ourselves from the reproach of insular priggishness, we decide forthwith to go and see the fun. The procession is to assemble on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, and to make the tour of the town preceded by *musique élite*. Imagination, which somehow in Provence assumes unmanageable proportions, conjures up for us a delightful vision of something in the nature of an old Roman triumph. Gladiators, prancing horses, immense bulls bedecked in wreaths, and trumpets and shawms, or at least a superior brass band to lead the way. Of course, the reality is not in the least like this, but in Provence nobody ever reasons about anything and nobody is ever disappointed. As the quaint figures in the clock tower above hammer out the hour of 2 a couple of shabby little one-horse victorias draw up outside the Hôtel de Ville. A crowd of a modified kind has already gathered, but as nobody appears the victorias presently, with great perspicacity, move on to a café opposite, whence the famous matadors and their assistant *banderilleri* immediately emerge. About these magnificent gentlemen there is certainly nothing disappointing. In the case of the two leaders, their colored silk boleros and breeches are heavily embroidered in gold, and their companions, if less sumptuous, are scarcely less picturesque in silver embroideries, or even in the simpler crimson jacket elaborately braided in black worn by two of them. They all wear tight velvet knee breeches, pink silk stockings, three-cornered beaver hats and quaint little chignons of chenille fastened somehow to the back of their heads, to which short pigtails are attached. With an air of complete and dignified indifference they climb into their shabby little conveyances, their beautiful silk cloaks over their arms, and drive slowly off preceded by the *musique élite* which consists of two trumpeters, a cornet and a boy with a drum, all in mufti. We, in company with the modest crowd, which, however, like a snowball, increases as it goes, make our way by short cuts to the suspension bridge, and so to the Arènes de Bagatelle upon the island of La Barthelasse, where this *Solennité Taurine*, as it is described upon the playbill, is to be held. As we pass out of the town through a gate in the mighty fortified walls with which the Popes in the fourteenth century, by encompassing the city, sought to insure their own safety, we come into a world ineffably fresh and young, green and gray and blue, and as soft in coloring as a delicately executed pastel.—Rose M. Bradley, in "The Nineteenth Century."

COLLECTING SNAKE VENOM.

The venom-bearing snakes near the large centres are mainly found in swamps and morasses, and have to be sought for in early morning or at twilight, when a slight inadvertence might have bad results. The snake whose venom is wanted for the market must be captured alive. Almost any one acquainted with the bush can kill a snake; but capturing it alive is quite a different matter—that needs nerve, dexterity and certainty of touch. Snakes, as a rule, try to get away from the person who attacks them, but exceptions have to be taken into account. At the nesting season a snake may develop unusual courage, and even advance upon the person attacking. Even, however, with snakes retreating, the capturing act must be swift, neat and perfect. It seems easy to an onlooker, but it is because the capturer has begun with a superb nerve and has practised his art till his hand moves as rapidly and noiselessly as his eye. Some men depend on their fingers alone with many kinds of snakes; others use a batten to hold the head down till the fingers obtain the requisite grip on the back of the head. The fingers must grip tightly and hold firmly till the reptile is deposited in a bag or box. If it were struck with a stick or held down with a forked stick, as is the usual process when a snake is captured for show purposes, it would empty its venom sac in the fight, and perhaps break its poison fangs, thus seriously reducing or destroying its market value as a venom producer. It is, therefore, necessary to capture it in its natural state and preserve it in that state until it goes into the hands of the operator.

Some operators extract the poison by cutting out the poison bag in its entirety. They cut into the snake's head, and, having detached the glands, fasten the valves and store them away in bottles; others goad the snake to bite through india rubber bands and eject its venom on to a glass plate beneath. Either way secures the venom; but in the latter case care must be taken to prevent the intrusion of impurities. A venomous snake has two poison fangs in the upper jaw, and when goaded by the operator it pierces the india rubber band and pours on to the glass below two streams of poison, just as if it had penetrated the human skin and injected the venom into the human body. The venom is afterward scraped off the glass, placed in hermetically sealed tubes, and becomes forthwith a marketable product. The operator's work is, it can be seen, in some respects more dangerous than that of the capturer, as the reptiles are handled alive under both processes, but in the second are goaded to anger and generally restored in that state to bag or box for further treatment. Though proportionally few Australian snakes are deadly, most are venomous, and are therefore marketable in the sense considered. The ringed snake, the whipsnake, the banded snake, and a number of others do not fatally injure, but carry enough venom to make them worth pursuing. The more venom, however, and the more deadly it is recognized as being, the better the reward to capturer and operator.—Chambers's Journal.

THE RULING PASSION. —Punch.

The game of diabolo is having as popular a run in Europe just now as even ping-pong ever attained. Punch represents the dentist neglecting his patient in the chair to play it, a bather neglecting his ablutions, a burglar his "burgling" and a merchant his business. It is also said to assuage the sorrows of automobilists whose machines break down on the road, for they are glad of the opportunity which the making of repairs gives them to enjoy a turn at the new game.

NATIONAL GUARD NEWS.

Captain William J. Underwood of Company G, 7th Regiment, will complete thirty years' service on November 2 next, and the members of the company in honor of the event will entertain him at dinner on the date in question.

Bids for the new armory for the 2d Battery have come within the appropriation, and work will begin shortly. Major John S. Mallory, U. S. A., who inspected the battery for the War Department, says in his report: "Physical appearance excellent. Men vigorous and unusually robust. Most of them are apparently mechanics or skilled laborers, intelligent and well suited for artillery service, evidently very zealous and apparently efficient. Between 80 and 90 per cent would respond to an emergency call."

Company D of the 69th Regiment has unanimously elected Battalion Adjutant Rupert Hughes captain, vice Reville, promoted major. The regiment now has a membership of 684 officers and men, which is a net gain of 33 in the last three months.

Chaplain Lindsay Parker of the 23d Regiment will preach his annual sermon to the regiment in the armory this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The regimental band will render a musical programme.

Major Bridgman of Squadron A has ordered troop drills to be held on the following nights, beginning on October 28: Troop 1, Mondays; Troop 2, Thursdays; Troop 3, Wednesdays, and Troop 4, Tuesdays. The annual meeting of the squadron will be held at the armory next Friday night.

A net gain of thirty-nine members has been made during the last six months by the 22d Engineers, and the present strength of the command is 755 officers and men. Company A has the largest roll with 103 officers and men, and the smallest company is D, with fifty-four members. Company E will hold a dance at the armory next Tuesday, and companies D and K will hold a joint dance at the armory on October 31.

Some sixty-five recruits have been obtained for a new company for the 8th Battalion, to be known as Company F, and the men are drilling under command of Lieutenant McKenzie, assisted by Lieutenant Bremer. It is expected that the command will be mustered in at an early date.

The 12th Regiment shows the big net gain of forty-one members in the last six months, and its strength is now 829 officers and men.

A net gain of forty members in the last six months is shown by the 14th Regiment, and its present strength is 693 members.

The 47th Regiment has an aggregate strength at the present time of 572 officers and men. The net gain in recruiting in the last six months is twenty. Company A of the 71st Regiment will hold an election for first and second lieutenants next Tuesday night.

GREAT FLOOD OF LAW

Decisions and New Statutes in U. S. Amount to 125,000 Pages Annually.

The mass of printed legal decisions gathered into volumes in the United States every year is so great—100,000 pages—that a lawyer, to keep up with them all, would have to read nearly eleven and a half large, closely written pages an hour for twenty-four hours of all the 365 days in the year. He would not have time to eat or sleep, much less attend to his practice. And even if he were physically able to keep driving through the legal literature at this inhuman rate, he would find at the end of the year that he had not had time to glance at a single one of the 25,000 pages of American statute law that had been added to the libraries in that time. Few laymen realize the great volume of these constant additions to the literature of the law. But with courts in fifty jurisdictions (counting the four branches of federal courts) constantly grinding out new decisions the total can be easily appreciated.

One would think that, under the growing burden of legal tomes, the task of the law student would become yearly more difficult and complex. To the layman, the student would seem to have an almost insuperable task of optical digestion. And the contention that the task of learning the law is becoming harder would seem to be borne out by the fact that the New York University Law School, which has the largest number of students of any university law school in the country (over eight hundred students this year), has just announced that, beginning with the fall of 1909, its morning, afternoon and evening courses in law will be increased from two to three years. The university authorities have found it increasingly difficult to train a young man for the law in two years of study.

According to excellent authorities, however, the law is not necessarily getting more complex from mere volume. Its increasing complexity comes rather from new laws covering subjects new to civilization. Chemistry has brought to the industrial field many things that have made necessary new laws. An increasing number of laws cluster about the telephone and its use. The skyscrapers, underground railways, wireless telegraphy, patent foods—things like these all bring into being an attendant host of new laws, which are really only the application of old legal principles to new conditions. Twenty-five years ago there was practically no law on the subject of electricity. To-day there are volumes. Ten years ago automobile law was unknown. To-day there are many cases, a book or two and any number of statutes. Ten years from now the law of the airship may be an established factor in our legal literature.

"The real reason why the study of law requires greater time to-day," declared Professor Leslie J. Tompkins, of the faculty of the New York Law School, "is similar to the reason why the term of study for the degree of Doctor of Medicine has grown from two to four years. The principles of medicine have come to apply to so many newly discovered physical conditions, such as the application of electricity, radium, etc., that the student naturally takes longer. The same is true of the law.

"There are now twenty-four different subjects which the young student seeking to cover a complete knowledge of the law in general ought to take. To cover these adequately in three years he will find himself devoting eight hours of mental effort a day during the terms."

Though the law is no harder to learn in New York than in other states, admission to the bar in New York now rests upon a comprehensive knowledge of the law. A lawyer must follow the progress of the law in his own state and the United States law, too, and it is apparent from this that the conscientious New York lawyer has a reasonably hard time. Two thick volumes of statutes show that New York, with its population of 8,000,000, got 1,950 pages of new laws in 1906. England, with a population of 40,000,000, had new statutes amounting to only 438 pages in this period. In New York there were about 10,500 pages of reported decisions, while all England showed only 4,200 pages. In the big library of the University Law School, with its 21,000 volumes, eight little shelf sections in a corner gallery serve to contain a double set of all the volumes of decisions handed down in English courts since 1865.

PLAYING DIABLO.

Game Which Is the Craze of the Hour in Europe.

A young stock broker was recently asked what he considered to be the height of happiness. "Playing diabolo all day and writing winning limericks all night," was the reply with which he astonished his questioner. Such a manner of spending one's time certainly has many advantages, both on the score of pleasure and profit. The T.-B. man can vouch for the fascination of diabolo (when you know how to play the game), while as regards the profits on limericks—well, isn't it quite a common thing nowadays for a 6d. investment to yield between £60 and £70?

By this time, doubtless, many readers are well acquainted with the successor to ping-pong and pigs-in-clover. All one has to do, we are told, to play diabolo is to take two small sticks, joined together by a piece of cord, and a spool consisting of two cones joined at their apices—shaped, in fact, just like the old fashioned hour glass. Place the spool on the ground in front of you, with a stick in each hand and the cord looped under the waist of the spool. With a quick movement of one hand raise the latter from the ground and set it spinning on the string, increasing the rotation by raising and lowering one stick. The game consists in making the spool rise and fall while spinning and catching it on the cord again, after throwing it in the air by suddenly tightening the cord. In full rotation the spool is said to spring two thousand times a minute.

Exactly how many turns the spool with which the T.-B. man first tried his hand was making when it suddenly left the string and tried to whirl round his left eyebrow he cannot say; but it produced a constellation which totally eclipsed one of Pain's sixteen inch shells. Rome was not built in a day, however, and the T.-B. man set to work in grim earnest to beat the record of Marcel Meunier, the French boy champion, who started to throw and catch the spool one morning until he reached the phenomenal total of six thousand throws. The number would have been greater if the champion—who, by the way, can also throw up and catch the spool fifty times in thirty-seven seconds—had not been obliged to go home to his dinner, because his mother refused to feed him while he played.

For diabolo it is claimed that it not only provides amusement for children but also grace for women and muscle for men, for it is a game demanding muscular strength as well as dexterity and skill. As a matter of fact, it is suggested that diabolo may supplant lawn tennis, the spool taking the place of the ball and the cord and stick taking the place of the racket.

C. B. Fry, to whom the inventor of diabolo first went for suggestions for the development of the game on athletic lines, gives the following instructions for playing diabolo-tennis. With the spool spinning on the cord and well under control, the player faces his opponent, who is about twenty-four yards away, inside a chalk line inclosure. Suddenly the slack cord becomes a tight cord, and the spool is shot across the net, precisely as an arrow from a bowstring. The receiver waits with his arms outstretched, so that the slender cord hanging from the batons is almost taut. No matter whether the serve is a lob, highflyer or a skimmer, the spool always preserves its equilibrium, so that the receiver can catch it on his cord just as though he had thrown it up himself—always provided he is accurate enough of eye and quick enough of hand. When he catches it he retains it, still spinning, for a fraction of a second, just long enough to obtain control of it and gather direction for his return throw. So back and forth till skill fails. The sovereign merit of diabolo-tennis is that the surface of the court does not matter so long as it is not rough enough to trip one up.

It is a perfect game for ladies, and, curiously enough, the finest exponent of diabolo whom Mr. Fry has yet seen is Mlle. d'Hampol, a young woman still in her teens. This girl champion, of course, scarcely has the muscular strength necessary to emulate the feat of M. George Lefevre, a French champion, who can toss the spool 150 feet and catch it on the cord again. Another French champion, M. Bette, can throw the spool 200 feet from the cord before it hits the ground.

There are, however, many varieties of diabolo, and readers, when they have mastered the art of spinning, might try to make the spool run up the stick, whirl it in the centre of the taut cord, toss it from stick to stick and catch it with the cord held behind the back.

The diabolo game can also be played by sides of almost any number—camps, as they are called in France—each side being disposed something on the plan of two association football elevens at the kick-off, but with a space of some ten yards between the opposing forwards and with each side confined within a square of a size suited to the number playing. This camp system of play is popular on the sands at the French plages. The side that drops the spool or fails to return it loses a point. It is simple and very exciting.

Spools are made of wood, metal and leather, although the best are said to be those of celluloid, with a miniature rubber tire round the base of each cone. The wooden or metal double tops do not act so well, and are somewhat dangerous.

A diabolo novelty is the proposed musical spool. As made now, the spool has a small hole in one of the cones, so that when it is spinning at high speed the rush of air sets it humming like a wasp. It is hoped to make the spools on the principle of a mouth organ, with different notes, so that a number spinning together could play a simple tune. The spools would be sent up in the air and only retained on the cord when their places came in the melody.

Diabolo, by the way, promises to be the premier game, not only ashore but afloat, this season. It is proving very popular on the Atlantic liners, ousting quoits, cricket and other pastimes which have been deck favorites so long.—Tit-Bits.

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