In the November Magazines.

An Amazing Story of Emperor William—Comets and Their Mystery—Some Points for Duck Hunters.

THE KAISER AND THE CHEMIST.

During the manœuvres the Kaiser rose one morning at daybreak in order to get a general impression of the disposition of his troops. So, in his automobile, followed by his entire staff in automobiles, he made for a distant hill that commanded an extensive view. There was a village on the hill and the clattering of the cars on the cobbles brought most of the inhabitants to their windows. The one person who slept through the din was a deaf old chemist, whose flat roofed residence was perched right on the summit. The roof was the very place for the Kaiser. So he called a halt, and one of his staff was sent to claim admission. The officer knocked and knocked, but in vain. At the third onslaught, however, steps were heard descending the stairs, and the voice of the old chemist demanded, "What silly fool is that?" The staff contained its laughter, for the Kaiser had heard; but without showing any sign of annoyance his majesty uttered one word, "Wilhelm!" "Wilhelm who?" demanded the chemist. "Wilhelm von Hohenzollern!" he thundered. The shivering chemist, covered with confusion, flung open the door, doubtless expecting the German equivalent to Siberia, but the Emperor strode past him without even giving him a look. When he was leaving, however, he called the man to him, placed in his hand the largest coin which bears the imperial likeness. "There!" he said. "Accept this portrait of a silly fool!"—Fritz Morris, in Van Norden's Magazine.

"COPY OF VERSES WROTE BY SIR HENRY KNOTCHBULL, BART., 1760."

"O, share these flowers!" thus Delia wrote,
And pinned upon a tree,
With her own hands, the dainty note
Addressed to you and me.

The trees were glad that saw her pass,
The turf embalmed her trace,
The brook flowed slow and smoothed a glass
To catch her fleeting face.

Next day the letters fair were flown;
Who stole them? Dryads, say?
By chilling Auster were they blown,
By Zephyr lured away?

. . . . . .

But no, the truth was simply this:
Young Strephon, wandering by,
Saw from the stem, with sudden bliss,
Fair Delia's ensign fly.

"And oh," he cried, "be mine the page
That Delia's hand hath prest,
Forgive, ye Gods, his harmless rage
Whom she hath robbed of rest!

"The slender lines her crowquill traced
To warn rude hands away
Shall ne'er in bleak exposure taste
The chance of night and day;

"But with the bud she once let fall,
The ribbon that she wore,
Shall add to Cupid's chapel wall
One saintly relic more!"

—Unpublished poem by James Russell Lowell, in The Atlantic Monthly.

COMETS AND THEIR MYSTERY.

A comet is distinguished usually by a nucleus, by an envelope called the coma, which surrounds the nucleus, and, last, by its luminous tail streaming behind the nucleus for perhaps a hundred million miles and more as the comet swims toward the sun. Occupying a volume thousands of times greater than the sun, the question naturally arises, How can a body with so vast an appendage sweep through the solar system without deranging every planet? Fortunately for the preservation of the solar system, a comet, so far from being a compact mass, is often transparent. Stars have been distinctly seen without perceptible diminution of brightness, not only through the tail, but even through the nucleus. In structure the tail is a gossamer of molecules so ghostly that in comparison the filmiest of bridal veils is coarsely dense and the thinnest haze that hovers on the horizon is an impenetrable blanket. Indeed, the earth's atmosphere on the clearest day is far denser. Hundreds of cubic miles of a comet's tail are probably outweighed by a jarful of air. A plume of such fairy lightness can hardly be supposed to remain permanent, and so it is not astonishing to find that during its swift journey around the sun a comet's outlines are incessantly changing. An interval of a few days, or perhaps of a few hours, may work wonders in its diaphanous texture. Its path is its only permanent characteristic, indeed, the only characteristic by which it can be surely identified if it ever returns.

From all the known facts astronomers have concluded that the nucleus of a comet is merely a mass of meteors, easily dispersed into small groups, or distributed gradually along the orbit, until eventually the comet is completely disintegrated and extinguished. Astronomical history offers considerable evidence in support of this hypothesis. Biela's comet, discovered in 1826 and carefully observed on each return, split into two parts and reappeared as a curious double comet in 1846. When it revisited the earth in 1852 the two parts had drifted away from each other and were separated about one million miles. Since then the comet has disappeared. Every six and a half years the earth crosses the track of that lost comet. Meteoric showers then rain upon us. In these meteors we see all that is now left of Biela's comet. Similarly, the great comet of 1882 literally lost its head by breaking into four portions, each of which will some day form a separate comet. Another link in this chain of testimony is presented by the chemical composition of meteorites which have found their way to the earth, a composition which agrees exactly with that of a comet.—Waldemar Kaempffert, in The Cosmopolitan.

POINTERS FOR DUCK HUNTERS.

The science of constructing blinds for duck shooting, while it may be brought to a great stage of perfection, is not always an exact science. For instance, a willow blind, with tall willow stumps about, may be a fine place to shoot pintails from on some cold days, and then, suddenly, the weather may turn bright and warm and the birds will not decoy there, but will come into a grass blind, strung about a squat ducking boat, built to be as inconspicuous as possible, with the hunter lying down almost totally concealed from the ducks by the grass which meets above him as he lies in the boat.

Dark days and bright days make a lot of difference, both as to where to build a blind and how to build it. On bright days the birds are more suspicious, apparently, and are less apt to be travelling about. On dark and stormy days they are less alert and more constantly on the move. Blinds for the greater and lesser scaup ducks, the big and little bluebills, may be constructed from almost anything. These birds will sometimes come in to where a man is throwing out decoys, and they are, together with the ringbills, the easiest of all ducks to decoy.

Early in the season an old log may serve as a blind and a half-dozen decoys will serve to bring the bluebills in. Where the birds have been more or less shot at and have become more wary a brush blind, with some grass or even hay tucked in, will make a good blind, and a large flock of decoys will be found advantageous. One of the very first requisites for the occupants of a duck blind is immovability. A duck has the sharpest of eyes, and peeping out or getting up to stretch is not only the sign of the "tenderfoot," but is certain to be the cause of losing shots.—Ernest McGaffey, in Recreation.

DANGERS OF STEEL MAKING.

Recklessness is certainly a psychological characteristic of men in steel plants. All tradition teaches them to be reckless. The very example of their superiors teaches them to be reckless. The assistant superintendant of the plant that the Illinois Steel Company maintains at Joliet stepped on an unprotected gear and lost his leg just after he had warned his men not to be guilty of any such culpable negligence of their own safety. I am willing to admit the existence of culpable negligence altogether apart from the negligence of the company. And not only that, but I am also willing to give a specific illustration.

I was standing one day on the platform of a blast furnace. All at once, unexpectedly, I heard the four whistles that indicate danger. There was a "hang" in the furnace. The whirling, eddying mass of ore, coke and limestone in the high interior of that furnace had got caught somewhere, somehow, and was refusing to come down. When it did come down there would be a crash, and, perhaps, an explosion.

I ran and got behind a brick pillar. On coming into the plant that morning I had signed a piece of paper, just the same kind of piece of paper that every visitor signs, saying that I would not hold the Illinois Steel Company responsible for anything that might happen to me. I reflected that nobody would profit by my demise. But observe what the other men around that blast furnace did!

I did see them as I peered out from behind the brick pillar. Those of them who were almost in front of the furnace looked up at it with an expression of profound curiosity on their faces. Two other men who had been standing at the back of the furnace ran all the way round it and came out in front! There they all stood, hurling their mute interrogatories at the crafty, reticent volcano that might nevertheless the next moment hurl forth an indignant answer at their heads!—William Hard, in Everybody's.

THE AWAKENING.

I found Love years ago, a dimpled sprite,
Whose outspread wings of gossamer had snared
A little struggling rainbow, that had dared
To play too close to Love, in its young flight.
There, poised upon a sunbeam, wanton, bright,
He bent to kiss a flower, with body bared,
And so I caught him, trembling, unprepared,
And, laughing, held him fast with all my might.

To-day he walked beside me on the road,
With drooping wings—a saddened, old-young child,
With lips a-quiver and dull eyes of pain.
His little hand held mine, yet all things showed
He longed for freedom, and his old life wild.
Dear God! how can I set him free again?

—Frederick Truesdell in Putnam's.

AUSTRALIA.

Australia is in itself a monstrous continent. It is as large as the United States; its four millions of people are scattered in a narrow fringe along the streams and shores of the southern and eastern seaboard. The vast interior—"the dead heart of Australia"—a region as large as the Mississippi Valley, is a trackless, rainless waste of sand and alkali, while the intervening hills, the bush and scrub, are scantily occupied by sheep stations and by mining camps. The vast north of Australia is in part a tropical jungle—in part a blistering Sahara. The fates denied to Australia the gift of high mountains, to catch the snow and hold the water, hence her rivers are few and precarious. Hence at too frequent intervals the great drouth comes and the desert spreads its smothering arms, crowding man and his dependents backward toward the sea. It is a monotonous country in its physical aspects; the forests on hill, valley, rock and swamp are all of one pattern, Eucalyptus, Eucalyptus—the gray trunks of the gum trees of many species—as far as the eye can see. Without mountains and streams there is little room for variety. It is monotonous in its industries—cattle, sheep, horses; its one fine art the breeding of the perfect merino sheep. It is monotonous in its towns. One story, light brown, with unpainted roof of corrugated iron, is the description of nine-tenths of the Australian homes. Corrugated iron means clean rain water, and Australia can afford to waste none of it. It is monotonous as to population. The Englishmen came first to Australia and they are still holding it against all comers. The way is made rough for immigrants who do not speak English, and for well or ill—in many ways for each—the ruling minority, the labor vote, is sternly set on "White Australia," with all which it implies. The history of Australia is monotonous. It contains the story of hard struggles, of bitter sufferings, deserved and undeserved, of lawless courage and reckless bravery, but the causes served were individual. Australians never had a common enemy, and their records show no glorious war and no uprising of common feeling. The achievements of Australia belong to the category of individual deeds of peace.

With all this the color of Australia is gray; the land, the towns, the spirit of her people. Her literature has a sober touch, and this difference in tone shows itself in its way in the life of the universities. In America, as in Browning's verse, "the flower of life is red." The American student knows that "the world is his oyster." He knows that "he can get what is coming to him," that in proportion to his talents, his training, his sobriety and persistency of purpose, will be his success in any affair he undertakes.

. . . . . .

But though Australia may be gray and monotonous, she is vast, patient, fascinating. The mightiness of the land to be conquered, the huge roominess of the continent, the vistas of future national greatness, all these grow on one, and all these find their reflex in the student life, and in the rising literature of the commonwealth. That Australia will be the birthplace of great men in the future no one can doubt. Their coming will not be due to the lopsided political administration nor to state ownership nor to the coddling of the laborer, but to the persistence of her fine old English stock, under man making and man inspiring conditions.—David Starr Jordan, in Appleton's.

GIANT RADISHES.

A transplanted vegetable subject of the Mikado that has met with favor from all who have tried it is the sakurajima, or Japanese radish. Its appearance is as formidable as its name. In shape and foliage the sakurajima resembles our long American radish. There the similarity ends. In Japan these vegetables grow to a weight of thirty pounds. The largest one Mr. Fullerton has produced weighed only fifteen pounds. Until we become more familiar with the vegetable marvels of the Orient, however, a fifteen pound radish will be plenty large enough for the average American housewife. The flavor of the sakurajima is similar to that of our own radish, but is more delicate. The flesh is far superior to that of the native product, being like an apple in color and texture. The sakurajima can be sliced, and keeps well. A single small radish will be sufficient to furnish a meal for an average family. The particular advantage of this product is in the fact that it may be eaten at any time after the vegetable has properly formed until it has fully matured. The native radish, on the other hand, is good only at maturity. This will mean the eventual lengthening of the radish season.—Mary and Lewis Theiss, in Good Housekeeping.

WAS LINCOLN HOMELY?

"As I was sayin', I was up to Bloomington that night. Nobody that didn't hear that speech ever knows what Abraham Lincoln could do. Lots of 'em will tell you he was homely. Seems to me sometimes that's about all some folks around here has to tell about Abraham Lincoln. 'Yes, I knowed him,' they say. 'He was the homeliest man in Sangamon County.' Well, now, don't you make no mistake. The folks that don't tell you nuthin' but that never knowed Mr. Lincoln. Mebbe they'd seen him, but they never knowed him. He wa'n't homely. There's no denyin' he was long and lean, and he didn't always stand straight and he wasn't pertikeler about his clothes, but that night up to Bloomington in ten minutes after he struck that platform, I tell you he was the handsomest man I ever see."—Ida M. Tarbell, in The American Magazine.

NOVEMBER.

Winds come to freedom, blow gayly, blow merrily,
Toss the crisp leaves, and sing lightly, sing airily;
With a rush and a swoop
Boughs rise and boughs droop,
While the rain, waiting long,
Adds its voice to the song.

—Norma Bright Carson, in Lippincott's.

THE LAW AGAINST KILLING.

There is a deep rooted feeling against murder in most animals. Their senses tell them that this is one of their own race, and their instinct that therefore it is not lawful prey. Newborn rattlesnakes will strike instantly at a stranger of any other species, but never at one of themselves. I have seen a young mink, still blind, suck at a mother cat till fed, then try to kill her. Though a bloodthirsty creature, it would never have attacked its own mother.

Wild animals often fight for the mastery, usually over a question of mates, but in virtually all cases the fight is over when one yields. The vanquished can save himself either by submission or by flight. What is commoner than to see the weaker of two dogs disarm his conqueror by grovelling on the ground? The victor in a fight between two cats is satisfied when the foe flies; he will not pursue him twenty yards. In either case, had the enemy been of another race, the victor would have followed and killed him.

What makes the difference? Obviously not a reasoned out conclusion, but a deep instinctive feeling—the recognition of the unwritten law against unnecessarily killing one's own kind.

There are doubtless exceptions to this. Cannibalism is recorded of many species, but investigation shows that it is rare except in the lowest forms, and among creatures demoralized by domestication or captivity. The higher the animals are, the more repugnant does cannibalism become. It is seldom indulged in except under dire stress of famine. Nothing but actual starvation induced Nansen's dogs to eat the flesh of their comrades, although it was offered to them in a disguised form. Experience shows me that it is useless to bait a wolf trap with a part of a dead wolf. His kinsmen shun it in disgust, unless absolutely famished.

Obviously no race can live by cannibalism, and this is instinctively recognized by all the higher animals. In other words, the law against murder has been hammered into them by natural selection, and so fully established that not only will they abstain from preying on one of their own tribe, but will rally to rescue one whose life is threatened. The fact that there are exceptional cases does not disprove the law among beasts any more than among men.—Ernest Thompson-Seton, in The Century.

SUPERSTITIONS OF NORWAY COUNTRY FOLK.

So drenched is Norway with old legends and fairy stories and a pervasive intimacy with the supernatural that it is impossible to understand Norwegian character, especially as expressed in Norwegian art, without some comprehension of the spirit world. For the world of the sailors and fishers of the white Northland, the world of the peasants and the simple country folk, is inhabited by savage, wicked elves and spirits; everything is controlled by its own demon, who must be propitiated if life is to go smoothly. Even the weather is controlled by various demons, and the canny Finns with their pretensions of magical power have reaped a rich harvest from the superstitious Norwegians, many of whom still buy fair weather from the Gan-Finn by the sackful. Whoever has known a Norwegian fisherman has heard of the Draug, that demon of the sea who rides in half a boat, and who is a warning of swift and awful death. —Jonas Lie, in The Craftsman.

THE OBLIGING INNKEEPER.

Tourist—"Hay, one mark." What does that mean? I had no hay.

Innkeeper—You said the noise from the stable made you nervous, so I had to give the cow hay to keep her quiet.

—Fliegende Blätter.

BETTER THAN A GUN.

Mobilist—Had much sport?
Sportsman—Oh! only one hare. And you?
Mobilist—A rooster, three dogs, six fowls and two ducks!

—Illustrated Bits.

THE ARTIST OF THE WHISKBROOM.

This innate, uncontrollable craving of the negro for rhythm is nowhere better exemplified than in a colored barber's manipulation of an ordinary democratic whiskbroom. You may think that you have been whisked in New York, but the best of our bootblacks and barber's assistants merely brush your trousers from the knee down, with a few conventional, cold movements and a perfunctory pass at your collar. Their whisking is at best a calculating, soulless business proposition. But in Charleston all this is changed. To be sure, your negro begins brushing you with a sordid end—the tip—in view; but the moment he begins a prelude with his whisk on your coat lapels, his work, like that of the artist, becomes the labor of love. He loses sight of its commercial possibilities in its technical resources. In his hands it is manipulated until it becomes a vehicle of expression and takes its place among the instruments of percussion.

If you show even a moderate interest in the skill with which the colored apprentice drums the dust out of your clothing, the proprietor will leave his customer with his face buried beneath a sea of suds, snatch the whisk away from the boy with a "Go 'way, chile," and reveal the possibilities of the implement. Your collarbone will be approached with a capriccioso movement that will soon shape itself into an allegro non troppo as he reaches your shoulders. In the variegated rhythms that follow in quick succession you unconsciously formulate well remembered airs. As he reached my ribs, for an instant he was agitato, and I thought I traced Schumann's delightful "I'll ne'er complain"—only for a moment, for he had shifted to elaborate double syncopations. This time the tempo was unmistakable:—"I don't care if yo' nevah come back,"—but doubtless realizing the inappropriateness of the selection, he drifted gracefully into a delirious and exquisite bit of ragtime, drumming as he whistled in a faint pianissimo, "Every li'l bit helps," softly hissing the melody after the manner of a groom when he uses the currycomb on a horse.—C. H. White, in Harper's.

BEFORE AN AMERICAN ELECTION.

Loyal hearts, the century through,
Back to you our blessings turn;
Veins within us filled by you
Yet with righteous ardor burn!

Down the years hot truth has run
Purest in your earthen mould—
Bunker Hill and Lexington
Leave us models from of old.

We who till the fervent West—
How ye would have loved the land!—
Feel the fire of your unrest
By the breath of danger fanned.

Not diminished, farmer sires,
Runs our yet-indignant blood—
Waked to sympathetic fires
And more watchful hardihood.

'Tis a stealthier alien we
Fight upon our fathers' soil—
And his flaming livery
Is the red-and-gold of spoil.

Hearts triumphant, Minute-men,
Listen in your yielding graves!
Farmers, rise to fight again
Where the alien's banner waves!

—Arthur Upson, in The New England Magazine.

THE SPANISH GALLEON.

Primarily the galleon was but a peaceful merchant ship, but by the irony of fate she became, almost from her inception, a centre of the fiercest fighting. Square rigged and high of stem and stern, broad of bow and low of waist, with massive bulwarks and forecastle, and poop three and four decks high, she possessed a picturesque appearance, but little of sensible naval architecture. The stem was clumsy, broad and blunt, and smashed heavily through the waves to the great detriment of speed; this and the towering stern presented such a surface to the wind that the difficulties of steering were quite formidable, and six or eight men at the wheel were not unusual. The method in this apparent madness of marine construction was the landlubber's instinct, still strong in men of the sea of those days, to reduce all naval manœuvres to the stand-up-and knock-down tactics of the land fight on a common platform.—John C. Fitzpatrick, in Scribner's.

THE EXCITABLE CUBAN.

A remarkable strength and exuberance of feeling go with the Cuban's blood. His language alone, his tongue, is all inadequate to express his feelings. He talks with arms, hands, face and shoulders—with all his body. All passion is excessive, swelling, boundless. Perhaps it is the climate; one cannot say. Yet the self-contained American is at once the envy and the despair of Cubans. They are, and they know it without being able to amend it, overemotional and overexcitable. The common cry of the newsboy makes every issue a thrilling extra, and you buy it to find—nothing. Wild cries startle you in the streets. With heart in your throat and expecting a scene of horror, an accident or a fearful runaway, you turn to find a driver halting in perfect control a sleepy mule that looks as if he had never been guilty of a quick movement in all his life. Hysterical public justice to-day imposes upon crime a severe punishment, none of which an equally hysterical public sympathy will, to-morrow, permit to be executed. It is a nation of vehement emotion, of vehement lovers, haters, actors and orators. If repressed, if obliged to contain themselves even a little, they explode. Right here, remembering the force and repression that everywhere characterize governments of Roman-Spanish derivation, we find explanation, in large part, of Cuban revolutions in the past. That government alone can succeed with them that can provide, and with strength and equanimity allow, the daily use of a vent of their feelings. Let them storm, let them rant, let them rave; it is the safety valve.—Colonel R. L. Bullard, in The North American Review.

Old Gent—Well, my little man, how many fish have you caught?

Bobby—When I've got another I shall have one.

—Comic Cuts.

ATLANTIC CITY AFFAIRS.

Delay in Building New Boardwalk Will Delay New Hotel.

Atlantic City, Nov. 2 (Special).—Great disappointment is felt here because of an announcement that the city has not enough money with which to build the new boardwalk in the upper part of this resort this year. The boardwalk committee of the City Council, which had the matter in charge, was laboring under the impression that bonds had been issued to the extent of $200,000, but when the matter was sifted down and bids had been received it was found there was less than $100,000 worth of bonds for this purpose. Therefore all bids were rejected and work postponed until authority can be had from the State Legislature to increase the boardwalk bond issue.

It is confidently expected the work of building the boardwalk will be started in the course of a few weeks and completed in time for use of visitors the coming spring. The city purposed building the foundations of the new esplanade of concrete, similar to the substructure of the new $1,000,000 pier, and to make the decking of wood or concrete. But the work will have to be postponed.

The deferring of this work will hold back the building of the $1,000,000 hotel which Newlin Haines, of the Hotel St. Charles, had planned to erect on the square of beach front between Connecticut and Massachusetts avenues. The hotel was to be rushed with all possible speed, and Mr. Haines expected to have a portion of it completed in time for use next summer. But change in the plans of the city will require the changing of Mr. Haines's building plans, for he wants his new house to face on the boardwalk.

There has never been as great interest displayed in a fall golf tournament of the Atlantic City Country Club as in that which will take place here next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The announcement of the dates was rather late in being made, but in spite of that fact the tournament committee has already received a larger list of entries than last fall, which was the largest in the history of the club. The entries will close on Wednesday night. The qualifying round, which will be eighteen holes medal play, will be made on Wednesday. The first and second rounds of match play will take place on Friday, and the third and final rounds on Saturday. On the latter day there will also be an 18-hole medal play handicap, for which entry may be made up to 10 o'clock of that morning. A special consolation contest will be arranged Friday for the benefit of defeated eights of each sixteen. The prizes consist of the governor's cup, the president's cup, the Atlantic City cup, the Northfield cup, and special cups for winners of the fifth and sixth sixteens.

Miss E. Thompson, who conducts the Bermanken, a select hotel in the suburbs of Boston, has leased from A. Conrad Eckholm, of the Hotel Monticello, the adjoining house, which he ran as an annex to his house last summer. Miss Thompson opened the house yesterday, and will continue here until May 1. She has already booked a large number of her New England patrons, and they will spend the winter in Atlantic City instead of going to Florida, as they have done in years past.

The Hotel Wiltshire, which was sold by S. S. Phoebus to Joseph Salus a couple of weeks ago, passed into the latter's control on Monday. The house has been closed for the winter, and will undergo a complete renovation, to be opened in the spring under new management.

James L. Lord, of Manchester, England, is spending a couple of weeks here. He and M. H. Lees, Miss S. J. Jackson and J. I. Lees, of Oldham, England, are making a tour of this country, and said they could not go back to their home on the other side of the Atlantic without having seen this resort, of which they had heard so much. They are delighted with the place, and will shorten their stay in other places for the sake of spending a little more time here. They are making their headquarters at the Hotel Morton.

Daniel Oliver and Emily Oliver, of Scotland, who have been in the mission service in Syria for several years past, are making a tour of the United States by way of taking a little rest. They are among the visitors at the shore, and making their home at the Hotel Dennis, where they will remain for several weeks. They will go back to their home the latter part of next month, and return to the mission field some time in the early part of next year.

Sheldon Potter, former Director of Public Safety of Philadelphia, is spending a couple of weeks at the shore. He is at the Hotel Traymore.

Former Postmaster General James A. Gary, of Baltimore, is at the Hotel Brighton.

Frederick Trinsball, a diamond merchant, of Valparaiso, South America, is among the November visitors. He will be here the greater part of the month, at Young's Hotel.

Clarence D. Holt, H. W. Hall, F. W. Hale, Frank R. Karber and William C. Karber, of New Haven, well known football men of Yale, have been enjoying a little fall outing at the shore. They were on the teams of '03 and '04, and ranked among the best football men of that time. They came to the shore from Ithaca, where they went to see the Cornell-Princeton game. They spent the entire week at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

Victor Baier, organist and choirmaster of Trinity Church, New York, has been spending the week at the shore. He was the guest of friends staying at the Hotel St. Charles. In the party were Mrs. Baier, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Schoeffler and Joseph Schoeffler.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollenbach and Mrs. Tollner, of New York, came to the shore in a big touring car the early part of the week and have since been staying at the Hotel St. Charles.

T. T. Gillingham, of the Hotel Traymore, has been entertaining J. C. Robinson, a retired merchant, of Chicago, and his daughter, Miss Robinson, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Vail and Miss Vail, of New York, have registered at the Hotel St. Charles for a month's stay. Mr. Vail is a real estate operator in New York.

G. C. Chandler, a well known member of New York and Philadelphia stock exchanges, has been spending the week at Young's Hotel for the benefit of his health.

Willis Sharp Kilmer and Avery Hickey, two well known New Yorkers, have been spending the week at the shore. They made their headquarters at the Marlborough-Blenheim.

PUMPING OUT THE SEA.

Another Dutch Conquest of Salt Water.

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Little Holland, with its 5,000,000 people living safely behind their wave washed dikes, is about to make a new conquest from its old enemy, the ocean. Already Dutch engineers have begun the tremendous task which will result in turning the Zuyder Zee into 1,400 square miles of dry land. Where of old the great Dutch war fleets gathered, where now four thousand fishermen sink their nets, there will rise happy villages, broad pastures, poplar bordered roads and sleepy canals—new farms and homes for fifty thousand Dutchmen.

The task to be undertaken is a tremendous one. It will cost nearly $76,000,000. In return the government expects to secure annual rentals of more than $5,000,000 from those who occupy and till the hard won ground.

As long ago as 1849 Holland cast her eyes upon the Zuyder Zee, and a plan was considered for shutting off the whole of the Zee, but at that time it was contended by engineers that the thing was impossible. It was even asserted that the pumping dry of Haarlem Lake was beyond accomplishment, but in 1850 this was done, and many thousands of acres of rich land were thrown open for settlement.

In all practical respects, it is the plan of 1849 that is now to be carried out. A great dam or embankment will be built across the north end of the sea from Wieringen, in North Holland, to Piaam, in Friesland, having sluices into the North Sea, thus creating a great lake, which will be cut up into sections, and one section reclaimed at a time, work having already been started on the first.

The Zuyder Zee is, in reality, a deep gulf, forming the mouth of the Yssel and other rivers, and it is the design, instead of simply diking the rivers within their narrow channels, to allow them to flow into a central reservoir, or lake, situated at a point approximating what is now the middle of the Zuyder Zee. The estimated cost of the whole great project is $75,828,000. Of the land reclaimed it is calculated that 750 square miles will be fit for cultivation, and the nation should derive an income of at least $5,000,000 a year in rents from this area, as diked lands on the verge of the Zuyder Zee are worth from $10 to $20 an acre a year.

At present some four thousand fishermen pursue their hardy calling upon the waters of the Zee, and the gross income they derive from the fishery is approximately $1,000,000 a year. In addition to the loss of their occupation, these fishermen will also be compelled to abandon their boats and other equipment, as not suitable to the rougher waters of the North Sea, and it will be necessary for the government to compensate these men, thus adding another considerable item to the expense account.

That portion of the work to be immediately undertaken is the building of the great dike which is to stretch from the coast of North Holland to the island of Wieringen, and the drying and recovery of that portion of the Zuyder Zee known under the name of the "Wieringen Meer," forming the northwestern of the four polders, or sections, of the original plan.

This polder will be about 48,000 acres in area, of which the borings indicate that fully 40,000 acres will be fertile soil.

As the dyke between Wieringen and the coast of Friesland is not to be built at present, the eastern dike of the polder will be directly on the Zuyder Zee and will have to withstand the highest storm flood tides, which in this part rise to about ten feet above the average water level, it being necessary, therefore, to build the dike five metres above the average low water level.

By means of low inner dikes the polder will be divided into four parts, from each of which the water will be pumped out separately. For this work four steam pumps of 1,900 horsepower each will be erected.

Thus it will come to pass that in another generation men will plough and build their cottages where the anchors of their fathers' boats used to drag, and little Holland will have won another battle in her endless warfare with the sea.—Emmet Campbell Hall, in The Technical World Magazine.

MAINE'S WILD PIGEONS.

An item has been going the rounds of the Maine papers to the effect that wild pigeons have reappeared in small numbers in the eastern part of the state, and it will undoubtedly be of interest to many people to know that these birds were once so plentiful hereabouts that the price was 50 cents a dozen, while a man who formerly made a business of catching them every year tells a Portland reporter that he had known them to be as low as 12 cents a dozen. "When they were at that figure," he remarked, "two neighbors of mine who didn't care to take the trouble to pick them for 1 cent per, tried to catch some for their own use one day and so many got into the net that they had not only all they wanted, but gave away heaps of 'em, one old man being the recipient of a bushel basketful." Think of that, you who pay good prices for squabs. If this recent report that the pigeons have come back be true, it is extremely doubtful if they ever are plentiful again, and no one will have the pleasure of catching them in nets, which was the principal method of obtaining them. So many years have elapsed since they disappeared that one seldom hears them mentioned, and the men whose net has held thousands told a good deal about the manner in which they were enticed to the "beds" and finally trapped. Not long since at a meeting of the Natural History Society Major John M. Gould, of Portland, in some delightful reminiscences of the early days of the organization said that a man reported at one of the meetings having seen a flock of pigeons so large that it cast a shadow on the landscape. The onetime dealer, when this was mentioned to him, that, but he remembered that when a boy of hearing his mother declare that she had seen so many together that they hid the sun.—Kennebec Journal.

HORSES IN CHINA.

Only a Few Places in Empire Where They Are Used to Any Extent.

The only places in China where horses are used to any great extent are Shanghai, Tsingtau and Tien-Tsin, says a consular report. Australians, "walers," so called because they originate in New South Wales, are the most popular. These horses are imported into Shanghai in batches of from twenty to fifty, are well taken care of on the voyage, and arrive in excellent condition, and are put into use within a couple of weeks after arrival. They retail in Shanghai at prices varying from $80 United States currency to $200, or even more in cases of special breeds. They appear to stand the climate fairly well, but are not considered to be as strong or as useful as the China ponies, which are native to the plains of Manchuria and Tibet.

Very few American horses are seen on the Shanghai market, the reasons given being that the long ocean voyage is exceedingly trying on the animals, that they are not as well cared for on the Pacific voyage from America as from Australia, and that they do not appear to stand the enormous changes in climate incident to the East. A certain number of American horses have gone to China from Manila, but by far the largest number of horses in Shanghai and Tien-Tsin are of Australian origin. Tien-Tsin has also a considerable number of horses imported from Germany, many being brought there for use by the German troops in 1900 at the time of the Boxer troubles, and afterward sold for general use, and most of the horses in use at Tsingtau are either of this kind or Australians brought from Shanghai.

In Shanghai, Tien-Tsin and Tsingtau horses are used mostly for carriages, but there is also a call for good Australian or American saddle horses for use in Peking, Hong Kong and other places where the roads are not sufficiently good to allow of the use of carriages. The animal generally in use among foreigners in China and the better class of Chinese for driving and riding purposes is the China pony. These come from the north overland, and can be bought at $30, or even less, in the northern ports, to $50 or more in the southern ones, depending on the demand and the distance from their original homes. They are usually captured in a more or less wild state and tamed by the Chinese, most of those used by foreigners having first gone through the hands of the mountaineers for use as pack animals. In Shanghai they are used singly in harness, and a very good China pony, broken to carriage, will occasionally command a price as high as $200 United States currency. In Tsingtau they are somewhat more expensive than in Shanghai; are driven in pairs, owing to the hilly country, and a good pair occasionally costs as much as a pair of Australians—say, $400—though the majority of ponies would sell for about $100 or $125 for the pair. These ponies stand usually about thirteen hands or under, are very stockily built, stand the hot weather well, eat barley, bran and soft foods (never oats), and can be fed on very much less than Australian or American horses. It is generally said that an Australian or American horse must not be used in the Chinese climates for more than two or three hours' driving each day, with occasional day's rests, when they remain in the stables, while the China pony is available at all times and seems to thrive on what would be an excess of work for the foreign-bred animals.

ENGLISH HANSOM CAB DISAPPEARING.

Consul Albert Halstead, of Birmingham, England, reports that a company in that city, which has been engaged in the manufacture of hansom cabs, has decided to go out of business because of the immense falling off in the demand for these vehicles. The consul adds:

"The cause of the decided reduction in the demand for hansom cabs is said to be the development of underground railways in London and the increased use of motorboats and motorcabs. To this might be added the extension of the streetcar systems throughout the Kingdom. Then also the demand for private cabs, which was formerly large, has disappeared, automobiles taking their place. Even the most casual observation in Birmingham, London and the great cities of the United Kingdom shows a decided falling off in the number of hansom cabs offered for hire. This evidence of the disappearance of the hansom cab is of much interest to Birmingham, because that vehicle was invented seventy years ago by a Birmingham architect, Joseph Aloyslus Hansom.—Harper's Weekly.

CARS RUN BY MAN POWER.

Street railways with cars operated by manual power are in use at Mombasa, in East Africa. The light, narrow gauge tracks are laid through the street, and the cars are for hire, like cabs, or are the private property of officials and wealthy residents. They are little four-wheeled cars, with one or two cross seats, and each is propelled by two natives. Spur tracks are run into private grounds, so that persons can take the cars to their doors.—Philadelphia Record.

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