In the English Magazines for August

Winter Sports in Sweden—The Great Wall of China—"Jacking" for Moose.

WINTER SPORTS IN SWEDEN.

The typical Swedish girl is charming, with her golden hair and brilliant complexion, and she is never so graceful as on skis—dressed in a Lap costume or else in a white jersey with long red woollen gloves and a bright red Neapolitan cap. Skiing is a most inspiriting sport; every muscle in the body is brought into action, so that, in spite of the cold, wraps are discarded, and in a very short time one feels (and looks) as though one had played lawn tennis in the middle of the hottest summer day. It is a heavenly sensation to glide through the forest and hear the sound of one's skis ruffling over the frozen surface of the unbroken snow, to fly down a hill with the cold air fanning one's face and whistling in one's ears. I shall never forget skiing after a heavy snowfall. The forest looked strangely magical, almost weird. Where saplings and rocks had been covered with snow they adopted fantastic, ghostlike shapes, their attitudes varying according to their size and the amount of snow that burdened each. I thought of "Peter Pan," how the fairies when they heard a human coming kept quite still and pretended to be flowers; and it pleased me to think that these gnomelike shapes, hearing the approach of a pair of skis, had feigned a likeness to snow laden saplings. Here and there a clump of silver birches, lightly flaked, resembled an orchard of cherry trees in the spring and added to the general mystery. The evening sun, struggling though the maze of stems, cast long purple and blue shadows, and I am sure that any Southern land would have found it difficult to rival in charm and color this Northern forest in winter.

That there are Swedes who have never learned to ski is comprehensible, as skiing requires nearly as much learning as skating, and there exist impatient people of every nation—but that any one living in the North should never have iceboat sailed surpasses all understanding. In spite of the miles of frozen sea by which Stockholm is surrounded in winter, very few people possess iceboats, and the "Isjakt" club consists of very few members; they are, however, exceptionally kind, and appear to take pleasure in the enthusiasm of the novice. I had the privilege of being sailed by one of them, and the friends I was visiting went likewise, each in a separate boat with a separate member, for they were racing boats and held only two. The pace was terrific—it has been proved that they can go faster than the wind. We sped along for miles and miles, and not until dusk approached did we stop and wait for the others. An open motor had followed us in case of accidents. I was made to return in it, for my cheeks had been frozen during the sail, and not all the rubbing by my friends with chips of ice could dispel the two white patches. Motoring over the sea was an equally novel experience; the conditions would, I think, appeal to a motor enthusiast: No speed limit, no hills or corners no chance of collision with other vehicles, a perfectly smooth surface and an open space as far as the eye could reach.—Clare Consuelo Frewen, in The National Review.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The Great Wall is often stigmatized as a monument of human shortsightedness and folly by many who are willing to rhapsodize over the Great Pyramid. A great architectural work the Pyramid was not. It was simply a stone tumulus, and everything goes to prove that it was nothing more than a superlative mausoleum, a monument of the vanity of the monarch who was entombed beneath it; and considered either as mere bulk or as an engineering feat, it sinks into utter insignificance beside the Great Wall, a work of vast practical utility.

It is, in fact, the Great Wall more than anything which stamps its founder for all time for what he was—a man of the highest order of genius, possibly the greatest genius who has borne sway on the earth. The Chinese of the second century B. C., like the Romans of the first, had arrived at a critical stage in the course of their development, and each nation succeeded in producing a hero at the right moment to lead it to the accomplishment of its destiny. The prescience with which Julius Cæsar, confronted with the problem of finding a suitable defensive frontier for the Roman Empire, solved it by the occupation of the line of the Rhine, is rightly considered as one of the chief reasons for his pre-eminent place in the world's history. The guarded river that the genius of the great dictator had made the frontier of the Roman Empire was the terminus of barbarism for nearly five centuries. Chi-huang-ti was confronted with the same problem; he solved it with equal prescience and greater success by an inspiration of genius unparalleled in history. Where nature had placed no barrier he reared an artificial one, and for ten centuries the northern barbarians pressing down from the great central tableland strove in vain to burst through the bulwarks which he had interposed between their ravening hordes and the rich plains of China.

Probably the Great Wall was a more formidable obstacle to the barbarians of Central Asia than the Rhine to the Germanic hordes of Europe. It was at once a well defined frontier, a magnificent military road and an impregnably intrenched picket line along the border. The towers were probably all occupied by pickets, and communication maintained by cavalry patrols—a very easy matter on the platforms of the wall. The gates were doubtless strongly garrisoned, and at strategic points along the wall and to its rear bodies of field troops collected in permanent fortresses and intrenched camps. The wall itself was a formidable obstacle to a band of marauders; if they succeeded in scaling it there still remained the nearly insuperable difficulty of bringing across their horses—and a Tartar without his horse is wellnigh helpless. Did a stronger force make an attack, it must still have been an easy matter to concentrate on the threatened point before the invaders could pass in any numbers.—Edward Foord, in the Contemporary Review.

"JACKING" FOR MOOSE.

I have seen jacking for moose practised, and I must acknowledge, whatever the ethics connected with the method may be, that it presents risks to the hunter as well as to the hunted. In order to "jack," the hunters choose a dark, still night, and having bound a lantern, the light in which can be shut off, upon a mast rigged well forrard in the canoe, the man who is to shoot sits down in the bottom of the craft in such a position that the lantern when opened shines over his right shoulder, and thus directly upon the sights of his rifle. The call is then given in the usual way, after which, if a bull "comes in," the canoe approaches him within twenty or thirty yards, or even nearer. The shooter then opens the jack, letting out a stream of light upon the darkness of the night. The moose at once, and almost invariably, charges, and be it big bull, cow or yearling, has in four cases out of five to be shot in self-defence, as the animal, maddened by the glare, will rush right aboard the canoe, and an upset in the 18-inch water which flows above the bottomless mud round the margins of some Canadian lakes is more than liable to end tragically.

Yet, though "jacking" is undoubtedly a poacher's trick, great sport can be had in summer when on chosen water. At that time of the year the moose are, as is well known, almost amphibious in their habits, and in the space of a couple of hours it is possible to "open" upon half a dozen of the great deer. If the sportsman carries no rifle, he is within the law, and may safely expect to have a considerable amount of excitement. Lest I should be misunderstood, I may say that I have never shot at a moose by lantern light; still, I have "opened" on several, though I should not care to do so without a companion at the stern of the canoe who could be trusted to keep his head and do the right thing instantly under sometimes trying circumstances. The view of a bull moose by lantern light is remarkable. The horns, the gigantic Roman nose, the little infuriated eyes, and the whole unwieldy purposeful charge of 1,200 pounds of flesh and bone and horn, form together a picture not easily forgotten—at least, that is the testimony of those who have seen the spectacle.—H. Hesketh-Prichard, in Blackwood's.

THE BASTILLE.

The Bastille as a prison was apparently better kept and cleaner than either Bicêtre or the Châtelet, and imprisonment within its walls did not, it would seem, dishonor the prisoner or his family. A great many prisoners were charged as mad; and under this elastic term the violent maniac, the ambitious madman, the young spendthrift, the megalomaniac, the reacher for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion—all these tiresome persons might be and were included.

How, then, did these prisoners live? In the underground cells or dungeons, as in the cells in the towers, the prisoners were on bread and water as a rule; in the other rooms in the main building three meals were served a day with drinkable wine—"vin potable." In certain cases, according to the quality and distinction of the prisoner, he might supplement the meagre furniture of his prison and get a provision of books. Very favored persons were allowed their own servant, if he would consent voluntarily to undergo confinement. Voltaire began to write the "Henriade," as prisoner in the Bastille; l'Abbé Morellet of the Encyclopædia speaks of the great fortress as the cradle of his fame; but we must remember that it was perhaps not advisable to say much about the Bastille when you were still living within its walls, and that, as M. Mouin has reminded us, "the old Spartans offered sacrifices to Fear." Prisoners, moreover, had to sign on their release an elaborate declaration by which they swore never to divulge, directly or indirectly, anything they might have learned as prisoners concerning the Bastille.—Mrs. Frederic Harrison, in The Nineteenth Century.

OLD DEESIDE.

I knew Deeside well before it basked in the sunshine of royalty. Then it still wore much of its Old World air and dress. Landing you in a cul-de-sac in the heart of the highest Grampians, there was no outlet for through traffic save by the seldom used side road leading down the desolate Spital of Glenshee. A strange place to find one of those lazar hospitals which doubtless gave the pass its name. Castellated houses, such as Balmoral and Abergeldie, which have since found more illustrious occupants, were still tenanted by their ancestral possessors. Rents of the moors had hardly begun to rise, and there was little difficulty in getting a day's stalking in the forests, somewhat carelessly preserved. Aberdeen was but a country town, with barely fifty thousand inhabitants, and the townsfolk were not much given to holiday making. Nor was the city very accessible either by land or by sea; the southern roads were served by the mail and the Defiance, and the bar at the harbor mouth was always dangerous. The coast had an infamous notoriety for shipwrecks. Scott alludes in his journals to the wreck of the Oscar whaler off the Girdleness. I remember being shown at a funeral some of the timbers supporting the sides of a family vault. I had myself seen the bones of the Duchess of Sutherland, the crack of the steamers plying from Edinburgh, which had made a bad shot at the harbor and came to grief at the back of the pier. A couple of lumbering coaches sufficed for the summer traffic to Ballater and Braemar where now there are frequent trains. But as the coaches might be overloaded it was well to be independent, and how little we dreamed of the developments of the future, when we drove up leisurely in dog-cart or mail phaeton!

Queen Victoria made a happy choice of the Highland home, where she spent her happiest days. Many of us wished with her majesty that her loyal subjects had left her in peace in her seclusion. But Balmoral was a loadstone for the parvenu and nouveau riche, and the old families were bought out or brought to ruin by the influx of fashion. Deeside became the fashion and the rage. Villas were run up and lodgings rose to a premium at tranquil Ballater, within sixteen miles of the royal residence. Once of a Saturday night, after a long tramp and a late supper, I had gone quietly to bed in one of the hotels. I was roused at an unholy hour by loud knocking at the door. It was the officious "boots," expectant of a tip, who told that "if I was meanin' to go to the Kirk of Crathie and see the Queen" I had little time to lose. The house was astir; it was useless trying to go to sleep again, and, looking out on the cheerless and rizzling morning, I saw a couple of brakes and as many omnibuses filling outside and in with pious worshippers.—Alexander Innes Shand, in Cornhill.

WELLINGTON'S STRATEGICAL SKILL.

Students of Professor Oman's work on the Peninsular War will realize the tactical ability of Wellington. That soldier was the first thoroughly to realize the value of opposing the column by a two-deep line covered by a cloud of skirmishers. It was a recurrence to, and a development of, the methods of Frederick the Great, and was one of the secrets of Wellington's invariable success. The normal French battalion of his day advanced in column of companies with a front of at most 80 men, and with a depth of 9 or of 18; against that force Wellington would put 800 men into a two-deep line, able thereby to pour 800 bullets into a French battalion of the same strength, which could only return 160. The object of the column formation was to terrify the enemy, but neither Napoleon nor any of his commanders, with the single exception of Foy, seem to have realized that it invariably failed against the steady English soldier. Notwithstanding the lessons of Talavera, Bussaco, and, above all, of Albuera, where three English brigades drove double the number of the enemy from a commanding ridge, the French obstinately adherred to their old formation. Bearing this in mind, the meaning of Wellington's terse remark about Waterloo becomes intelligible: "The French came on in the old style and we beat them in the old style."

Nelson and Frederick the Great possessed strategical and tactical skill in most happy combination. Nelson's genius in this respect was especially exhibited at the Nile and Trafalgar, and that of Frederick at Leuthen, one of the most interesting and by far the most characteristic of all the battles of that heroic King.—Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, in The Fortnightly.

TIN SOLDIERS.

An amusing story, which throws a strong sidelight on the heroism of the Persian standing army, came to the knowledge of a European observer a short time ago. The scene was the half ruined monastery of Derik, on the Turco-Persian frontier. Several hundred Kurds had taken possession of this ramshackle edifice and were levying blackmail on the inhabitants of the Armenian and Persian villages round about. At first in money, then in kind, this tribute had to be rendered, and for weeks the wretched rustics were ground down mercilessly. At length a Persian detachment appeared, under the command of a prince, as is the wont of that country. They took up their quarters in a convenient place and began to "commandeer" everything they needed or coveted. They were just as peaceful and resigned as the victims of the Kurds, and had as great an aversion to bloodshed. There was no firing, no manœuvres, no strategic marches. Nothing, in a word. And why should there be? The troops were paid ready money so long as the expedition lasted, whereas they had to content themselves with promises of pay when they were not on active service. And even Persian warriors cannot grow fat on promises. Once a week, however, these opera bouffe soldiers did something to remind people that war was their profession; they dragged through the whole district, with great shouting, an old cannon that was as useless as though it had been made, like those one sees in Peking, of painted pasteboard. The enemy, perceiving the cannon, longed for it and stole it. And people expected that now the numerically superior Persian troops would at last give battle to the Kurds and drive them back to their hills. But no such thought had entered the head of the commanding prince. Peace and goodwill were manifestly his ideals, for he entered into negotiations with the Kurds, and finally agreed to buy back the stolen symbol for five sugar loaves—the Kurds being as fond of sugar and of sweetened tea as are European children. Several more weeks elapsed and the two enemis continued religiously to respect each other's persons. From time to time the prince would dispatch a description of a spirited battle and a hard won victory to Teheran, and go on receiving ready money for his men until the central authorities had had enough of it. Then, being forced to strike, he and his soldiers struck for their homes, being followed and fired at by the Kurds.—Dr. E. J. Dillon, in the Contemporary Review.

ENGLAND'S NEGLECT OF MATHEMATICS.

From time to time references have been made in the press regarding "England's Neglect of Science," and the British public is now being slowly but surely provided with the statistical and other information necessary to enable it to appreciate, if it will, the national importance of scientific work and its influence on international competition in the world of commerce and industry.

There are, however, growing indications of a serious danger lest, if the English nation does awake to a sense of its duties to science, the most important and fundamental of all the sciences may be entirely overlooked. It will, I believe, come as a great surprise to many people to learn that among the sciences neglected in this country mathematics probably occupies the foremost place. There appears to be a widespread popular belief that science is one thing and mathematics is something quite different, and it will be asked how can it be possible to say that mathematics is neglected in England when a subject bearing that name forms a large portion of the curriculum of every school in the country?

The deplorable position which Great Britain at present occupies in the mathematical world is the outcome of causes which have been at work for a considerable time, and the gravity of the situation which has thus arisen is so serious that no effort must be spared to enlighten the public on the subject of England's neglect of mathematics and the consequences that this neglect may involve.

There are few people in this country whose knowledge of mathematics extends beyond what may be described as "school mathematics," and the select few who can be correctly styled mathematicians are so overwhelmed by the magnitude of the work which lies before them that it is rarely possible for them to take any steps to arouse popular interest in their subject. Consequently, if the question is asked, "What is the use of mathematics?" ninety-nine persons out of every hundred will probably reply that mathematics is of no use in itself, but that its study affords an excellent mental training in developing the brain.

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The most singular feature of the whole thing is that nowhere has the apathy toward mathematical research been more marked than in the university and smaller colleges of Cambridge itself. Outside one or two centres of enlightenment, Cambridge mathematics is entirely dominated by Part I. Instead of writing original papers, the college tutors spend their time in worrying out tricky examination questions quite unsuitable for setting in a paper of ten or twelve questions to be answered in three hours. The loss of time involved in such a system is enormous. The time wasted by the teacher in inventing these problems could be utilized for the purposes of research, and the time wasted by the student in learning to solve them would enable him to attend several courses of professorial lectures on higher mathematics similar to those given in the German universities.—G. H. Bryan, in Cornhill.

HORSE MEAT IN BELGIUM.

Consul General Ethelbert Watts, in writing from Brussels that horse meat is very largely used in Belgium as human food, gives the following details:

Statistics show that the importation of horses for that purpose is increasing annually, the importations in 1904 having been 20,218 head; in 1905, 22,284 head, and in 1906, 26,294 head, the greater part of which was from England.

There are two recognized abattoirs for Brussels and suburbs, namely, the Anderlecht-Cureghem slaughter house (a private corporation), and the City of Brussels slaughter house (municipal). The former butchers 2,795 to 2,950 and the latter about 1,200 to 1,500 horses annually. This large consumption of horse meat is due to the high charges for other meats in this city.

There are about thirty-six butchers' establishments in Brussels and suburbs retailing horse meat only. The retail price varies from 35 centimes (6.7 cents) to 80 centimes (15.4 cents) per one-half kilo (1.1 pounds).

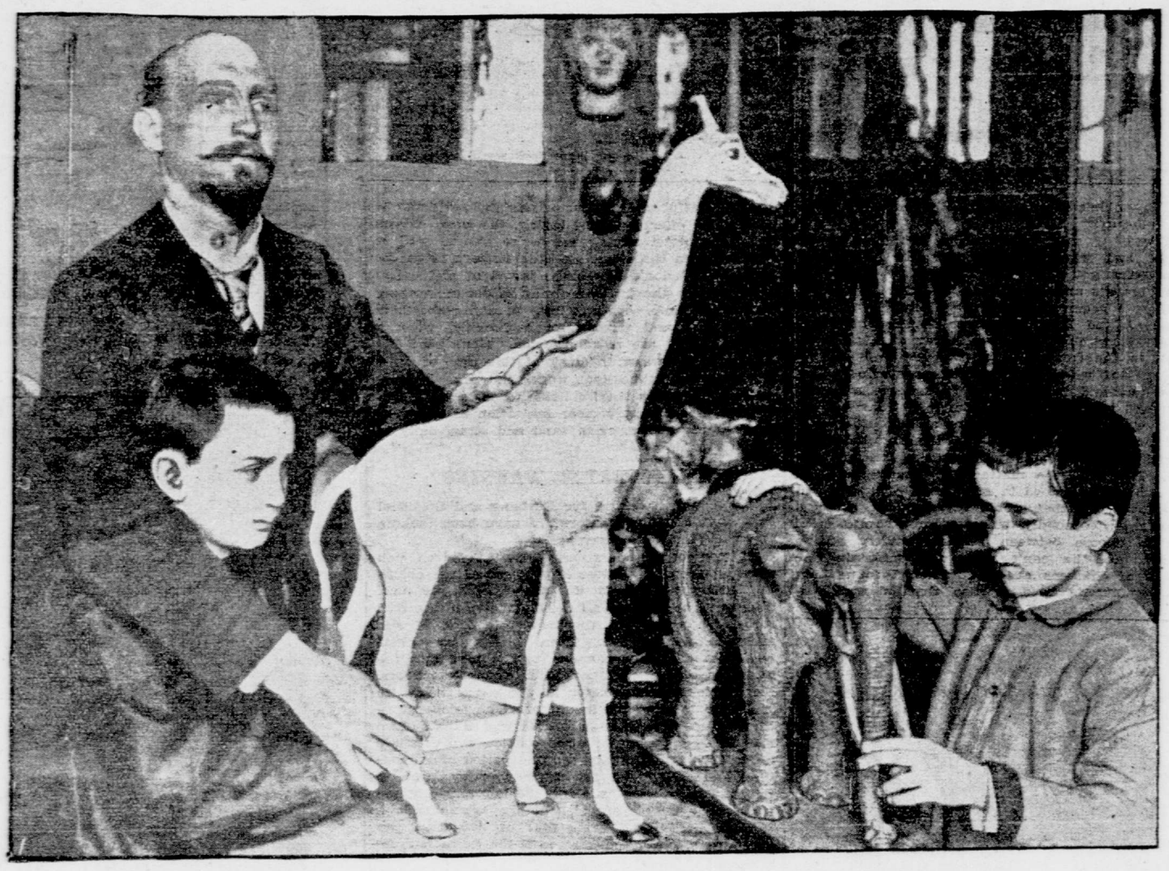
The following are the present retail prices of beef per one-half kilo: Best tenderloin (filet pur), 3 francs (57.9 cents); second beef for roasting, 1.45 to 1.6 francs (27.9 to 30.8 cents); soup and inferior beef, 60 to 90 centimes (11.5 to 17.4 cents); mutton, 80 centimes to 1.25 francs (15.4 to 24.1 cents); veal, 1.25 to 1.6 francs (24.1 to 30.9 cents); pork about the same price as mutton.—Consular Report.

GALLSTONES AS MEDICINE IN JAPAN.

Much interest having been aroused in the announcement that a good market existed for animal gallstones in Japan, Consul General Henry B. Miller has secured the following statement from a Yokohama firm handling this product:

"Gallstones are much in favor in this country as a medicine, it being commonly believed that they possess efficacious properties when used in the treatment of diseases of children. They are classified on the market, to distinguish their origin, as Oriental and Occidental, the former being supposed to possess the greater virtue and in consequence being of greater market value, though the latter also finds a ready sale at a slightly lower figure.

"The value of the article varies according to its quality, size and color. The larger the size and the brighter the color, the greater the market value. Broken or cracked stones are worth only half as much as perfect ones. The minimum price for good marketable stock, and the lowest valuation at which the custom house officials here will pass the invoices, is 40 yen, or $20 gold, a pound. From this figure the price runs up according to quality."—Consular Report.



NATURAL HISTORY BY TOUCH: HOW THE BLIND SEE ANIMALS.

In the Institute for the Blind, in Paris, the children are taught zoology by means of models and stuffed specimens. From the models they learn to distinguish the animals, and then they are taught in greater detail the anatomy of each animal or bird by handling the stuffed specimen. —Illustrated London News.

AND THEY CALL IT A SUMMER RESORT

CHICAGO MINUS WATER OR BREEZES.

Parks Denuded of Grass, Umbrellas the Only Shade—Bathing Facilities a Joke.

(By a Chicagoan, who has come to New York to get cool.)

"Please send us to the country for a few days, because Halsted street is so hot!"

My own collar melted down another half inch when I read that piteous plaint. I was returning to Chicago from a business trip of several months in Mexico and the sun baked arid Southwest. Until that minute I had been looking forward to an elysium when my swift train should arrive at its destination, for they told me before I went away that Chicago was famous as a summer resort.

True, my home is in Chicago, and therefore I ought to have known better. But my residence there began in the fall, and I went South just when they said spring was opening. To be perfectly truthful, I cannot say I had been very favorably impressed with Chicago as a winter resort. I liked the snow, which was often two or three feet deep in Michigan avenue, and in advance of my settling there I thought I should enjoy the zero temperature, for I was raised where deep snows and zero weather make man a sort of storage battery, filling him with vigor that is not exhausted by the longest hot season that ensues.

Long before the mercury dropped to zero in Chicago I almost froze to death every day while travelling back and forth from the house to the office. There was a never ceasing gale that apparently blew the blood out of my arteries and the marrow out of my bones, leaving instead an icy vapor from Lake Michigan, with which the air was always surcharged. Whenever I complained they begged me to endure it in patience, for the same blasts that shrivelled me up were the delight and salvation of the city when all other spots on the earth were blistering under the August sun. I readily believed them, because when I departed from town in May the gale was as lively and raw as ever.

Now it was August, and I was returning to find comfort, as I hoped, in that same wind from off the lake. While ruminating on the glowing accounts the old residents had given me about Chicago being cool and healthful during the hottest months I turned again to my paper. There was painful news. First I learned "Halsted street is so hot!"

No, I don't live in Halsted street. My habitation is in what we call a swell thoroughfare, a double driveway, with greensward and flowers and big shady trees in the centre, and lined on either side with brownstones and graystones, in the midst of spacious grass plots. It's Drexel Boulevard, named after a very rich man.

WANTED RELIEF FROM HEAT.

I read all there was about Halsted street. The item was an appeal by four little girls made in a letter addressed to the municipal Health Department for relief from the heat, in which it appeared all Chicago was suffering. There were the girls' names: Hattie Tobler, Bertha Greenwald, Hazel Hines and Margaret Brotherton, with their addresses, Nos. 975, 977 and 979 North Halsted street and No. 13 Edward Court. Those houses were right near the lake. How about the proverbial breeze? I thought.

It was related that the Health Department had no means with which to help the four children, but had turned their letter over to a charitable organization. I kept on reading, and soon discovered why the Health Department, even if endowed with the wealth of a Crœsus, could not manage a bureau for giving sweltering girls a trip to the country. It was swamped with duties of another kind. One line of huge Gothic letters in the paper told me "Heat Kills Ten; Scores Prostrated." Another item related that Dr. W. A. Evans, Commissioner of Health, had made an official report showing that his "hot weather corps" had attended 6,413 sick babies in the six preceding days. In the last of the six days fifty-one babies, thirty-five of them under twelve months of age, had died from stomach maladies brought on by the heat of Chicago.

How many infants did all the other doctors of the city care for, I wondered.

Meantime I was approaching the city limits. I felt as if I were riding into a bake oven. My collar was a rag. I took it off and dropped it out of the car window. I no longer looked forward to a rest in that legendary salubrious breeze of July and August. I was fully prepared mentally to sweat in Chicago, the world's "coolest haven," in fable.

Thus steeled as I was, no man ever experienced the surprise that I did after leaving the train, unless he has entered Chicago under similar conditions. They admitted the city was hot. Heat was no name for what I encountered. Was it roasting, or broiling? Those words only feebly begin to express the truth.

There was a water famine, too—and worse. While the grass curled dead against the arid soil in public park and private lawn, awaiting the match that was being applied to it in hundreds of places, sickening stench floated aloft from the homes of the people.

In mansion, flat and tenement house—fashionable as well as the abode of misery and squalor—there was not a drop of water at or above the second story. Toilet appliances throughout Chicago, unflushed for whole days at a time, but used constantly of necessity, gave off the nauseating odor. Health inspectors visited 1,179 houses on August 10 and reported 228 of them unsanitary.

It was no wonder that babies were ill and dying. Rather, it was miraculous that a pestilence was not sweeping out of existence the adult population. Yet they call Chicago a progressive city! May be that biting blast of December and May, roaring through all the intervening months, was still exerting some magic influence to ward off the cholera or the plague, but if so nobody felt it. It was a fact, however, that in the natural drouth the city's water system had proved utterly inadequate; there was not sufficient pressure in the mains to drive the drinking supply to the second floors of the buildings. Pleasant task, to amble down two flights of stairs to beg a drink of your neighbor on the second floor!

IN GRIP OF WATER FAMINE.

Of course, no human power could compel the wind to blow, or the rain to fall, or the sun to cease shining. But with inexhaustible Lake Michigan at its very door, why could not a famished baby's thirst be slaked even though he dwelt on the second or third, fourth, fifth or sixth floor of some apartment house whose landlord did not bar children, in that "progressive town"? There was a water system which the citizens had paid for in taxes. There was a $50,000,000 drainage canal to carry away the sewage, but there was no water for hours every day to bear the sewage out of the houses and into the canal. Let Chicago's officials tell why.

Myriads of complaints, like an army of grim skeletons, poured into the City Hall. The only response was a threat to arrest every man, woman or child that sprinkled the lawn during proscribed hours fixed in the city ordinances.

So July came and passed; so August came, and is passing. Everywhere in Chicago the grass is yellow, burned to death by the sun in the early part of midsummer. During the first week of August, if you made a tour of the boulevards and the suburbs, you saw in the aggregate hundreds of acres of lawns to which the match had been applied to get rid of the unsightly dead grass. Even the trees were shedding their leaves. On those great stretches of prairie named Washington and Jackson parks city fire engines were utilized for weeks in pumping water out of the lagoons in an effort to save the greensward. But the attempt, heroic as it was, proved too feeble. The sweltering persons who journeyed to the parks stretched their jaded limbs on brownsward, and while they lay under the trees were forced to hoist umbrellas to obtain shade from the fierce sun that blazed through the leaf-denuded branches.

You of the East do not associate such sights with summer resorts in July and the first half of August. When you see the grass dead and the trees brown you begin to think of fur coats and parlor pastimes. Not so Chicagoans. There is a long month and a half of tropical weather ahead of them, for September is always hot, as well as dry.

My dream of Chicago as an ideal summer resort shattered, I wondered if there was any other basis than "ideal weather" for the town's claim to being the cold pole of the universe in the hot season. Oh, yes, they told me; Chicago had everything that can be found at any summer resort. I went to the south shore of Lake Michigan. Manhattan Beach, at 78th street, thay said, was a delightful spot for bathing. Two or three hundred persons stood about on a couple of platforms built around two miserable bathhouses jutting out into the lake. Perhaps half a dozen women, all with hard lines in their faces, were trapesing about in the water, and apparently were wearing rubber bathing suits that covered even their feet. It seemed as if they were hired as bait to lure others into the water, but few were enticed, for the water, on a hot Sunday, was almost ice cold.

This resort is conducted in the interest of private persons, who erected the bathhouses. Although any one may bathe at the "Beach," everybody who is brave enough to take to the cold water and associate with the feminine ogres in rubber is expected to hire a bathing suit and a locker. There is never a sign of a surf in summer. The one redeeming feature of the place is that intoxicants cannot be purchased within miles of it, but that is not the fault of the promoters; it is in unalterably fixed prohibition territory.

NO FREE BATHING BEACHES.

Along the northern part of the city is another beach, where the lake is shallower and the water less frigid. But there the accommodations are more meagre, and the crowds that monopolize the water are just a little tougher. These are all Chicago has in the way of lake bathing beaches. When I complained they said I should visit the "small parks"; but the very day that I set out for a plunge in one of them W. J. McCourt, superintendent of the city water bureau, shut off the water from these places.

"I visited the small parks," said Mr. McCourt, "to see how much it would injure the children to shut off the water from the wading ponds and swimming pools. At Armour Square I found a fountain running 3,600 gallons in twenty-four hours, with ten or twelve jets opening into the wading pool. There were five hundred children playing in the grounds, but only five entered the water while I was there."

Therefore all the fountains except those supplying drinking water were shut off in all the parks and the wading ponds and swimming pools ran dry. But this was not the worst. Everywhere outside the parks the public drinking fountains erected by philanthropic men and women, one by Miss Frances Willard before her death, had stood dry and rusting all summer. The officials tore up the Drake fountain, on whose once flowing jets the statue of Christopher Columbus gazed benignly, and carted it miles away from the City Hall because it was "not a work of art." They refused to let water run into the street troughs built by the Humane Society for horses.

Nevertheless, they say Chicago has summer attractions. There is White City, hot and stuffy; Luna Park, Forest Park, lying adjacent to a cemetery; Ravinia Park, where Damrosch plays once a season, but miles out and so poorly patronized that a public subscription had to be taken up to prevent it going bankrupt—all private concerns that demand a nickel or dime or dollar every time a patron turns round. Then there are the beer gardens, the joy of the pork eaters, and steamers that take you out on Lake Michigan in the evening and treat you to scenes of drunken orgies and rowdyism. But with all these "attractions" you cannot keep cool in Chicago.

Within twenty-five to one hundred miles of Chicago there are numerous small lakes to which thousands flee Saturday afternoons for the Sunday holiday. Around and on those waters little comfort except such as pure air provides can be obtained. If a Chicagoan wishes to cool off and really enjoy a vacation he must journey a long distance—and that is what the wealthy do, while the poor and the middle class swelter at home.

WEALTHY CHICAGOANS FLEE.

The surf and the breezes of the Atlantic draw crowds of Chicagoans that can afford the trip. The Sidney C. Loves rush away to Newport and rent the Jennings place. The Louis C. Krauthoffs seek comfort in the Plaza, in New York City. The W. F. Dicksons go to the Pacific Coast with the W. B. Scotts in the Scott private car. The James T. Harahans journey to Europe. The Ardean Bevans family, with hundreds of other Chicagoans, chooses Bretton Woods, N. H., as its summer headquarters while making a tour of the White Mountains. Judge Peter S. Grosscup selects the Bishop country place at Pittsfield, Mass., for his vacation headquarters. Mrs. Emmons Blaine picks out Upper St. Regis Lake in the Adirondacks. The Redmond Stephens family makes New York City its summer residence. The Herbert L. Swifts make a tour of New York State, while Mrs. Potter Palmer returns from Europe and remains in Chicago, her old home, just long enough to see her son married to Pauline Kohlsaat and then hurries off to Virginia. Thus it goes. The names of thousands might be given to prove that Chicagoans themselves avoid Chicago as a summer resort.

How different is all this from New York City! You sometimes complain of the heat. Think of poor, suffering, burned up Chicago. You have at the door of every man's home the invigorating air of the ocean, the bracing surf, the limitless beaches, the picturesque Hudson, and but a short trip inland a thousand limpid lakes and sparkling streams of cool spring water, hills that are forever green—all to be enjoyed at trifling expense compared with that which Chicagoans must bear to obtain the same or similar comforts.

Chicago a summer resort? Why, a bright paragrapher—they retain one there occasionally—wrote in a Chicago paper the other day the following: "Rain does not seem to like Chicago as a summer resort." He told the truth, though in jest, according to the United States weather bureau. The official record of Major H. B. Hersey, inspector of the weather bureau at Chicago, shows that in July only 1.45 inches of rain fell, less than half of the July average for thirty-eight years, and the smallest amount in fourteen years.

July's rainfall in Chicago last year was 3.15 inches, and in 1905 it was 5.02 inches. From July 21 to August 12 not a drop of rain fell in the city. But meantime the atmosphere was charged with humidity, which made the summer heat, like the winter's cold, almost unendurable. The thermometer during July did not record a temperature above 96 or below 60; the average for the month was 74 degrees, two degrees hotter than July's average for thirty-eight preceding years. Even this average would have been greater but for a record-breaking fluctuation of temperature on July 5, when the maximum for the day was 88 and the minimum 65, the drop of 23 degrees coming with a suddenness that almost froze those who were dressed for hot weather. Such changes are not infrequent in Chicago, but while they bring momentary relief in hot periods they merely add to the accumulated evidence that Chicago is not a summer resort at all, for how could anybody wear a summer gown in a climate that changes like that?

HUDSON BAY PORT.

Consul E. A. Wakefield, of Orillia, tells of the initial plans for the development of Fort Churchill as the terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway:

"The first move in the direction of establishing a new outlet for western exports to the seaboard via the proposed Hudson Bay route is now being made by the government. A survey party is being sent out by the Interior Department to lay out the town site of Fort Churchill, the future metropolis of Hudson Bay and the terminus of the proposed Hudson Bay Railway. The future city will be located on the eastern side of the river from the Hudson Bay Company's trading post. Plans and drawings of the harbor are also being prepared under the direction of the department.

The present population of Fort Churchill consists of four half-breed families, a mounted policeman and one settler. The latter is the only man whose home is pitched on the future town site. He settled there with his wife before the area in question was reserved for settlement, and is, therefore, entitled to claim a free quarter section of 160 acres of city real estate."—Consular Report.

DRY WOOD STRONGER THAN MOIST.

The forest service has been making exhaustive investigations regarding the effects of moisture upon the strength of wood. It has been found that the relation of moisture to strength follows a definite law. The strength of all kinds of wood increases rapidly with proper drying the amount of increase depending on the species and the degree of dryness. Thus the strength of a piece of unseasoned red spruce may be increased over 400 per cent by a thorough drying at the temperature of boiling water. But the strength decreases again as soon as the wood reabsorbs moisture. Air-dried wood protected from the weather and containing 12 per cent of moisture is, according to species, 1.7 to 2.4 times stronger than when green.

Drying also increases the stiffness of wood. These conclusions have been drawn from pieces of small cross section, not exceeding 4 by 4 inches. Large timber requires years of drying before the moisture is reduced to the point at which the strength begins to increase. It has been found that, under normal conditions, wood fibre will absorb a definite amount of moisture. Additional water only fills the pores. It has also been found that the water which simply fills the pores has no effect on the strength. Timber that has been dried and resoaked is slightly weaker than when green.—The Pathfinder.

"Good gracious, Algy! Whatever've you done to your face?"

"Aw—I shave myself now."

"What on earth for?"

"'Cause my beastly doctor's ordered me to take more exercise!"—London Opinion.

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