PICKWICK RELICS ARE DEAR

SOME OF THE RAREST OWNED IN NEW YORK.

Scraps of Manuscript Valued at Thousands of Dollars—The Novelist's Affliction Recalled—Points of a Fine Copy of "Pickwick" as Issued in Serial Parts.

England has recently paid considerable attention to Dickens's memory. A few weeks ago the ninety-sixth anniversary of his birth was celebrated, and last summer an extensive Pickwick exhibition was held in honor of the seventieth anniversary of the completion of the book. The exhibition included first and other important English and American editions of "Pickwick Papers," translations in many foreign languages, plagiarisms, parodies, plays, illustrations, drawings, commentaries, souvenirs—in fact "everything and anything which owes its origin to or has a direct connection with the book."

Yet the exhibition, practically complete as it was in other respects, did not include the largest extant portion of the original manuscript of "Pickwick Papers," and it also lacked many highly important presentation copies of the book, among them one which is regarded as about the most interesting in existence. These "Pickwick" treasures are all owned in the United States, most of them belonging to collectors in Greater New York.

The manuscript from which "Pickwick Papers" was printed was never preserved in its entirety. The John Forster collection of Dickens manuscripts, in the South Kensington Museum, begins with "Oliver Twist." The solitary leaf of the "Pickwick" manuscript which England owns was shown last year at the Pickwick exhibition in Piccadilly and also at the Dickens exhibition of 1903, which was held on the site of the old Fleet Street Prison, where Mr. Pickwick and the faithful Sam Weller were immured.

In May, 1843, it was owned by one William Townsend, who has certified that it is "a page from the original MS. of the Pickwick Papers by Boz." Its whereabouts during the next sixty years is unknown to the most ardent Dickens commentators and collectors. Preserved in a scrapbook, it then turned up at a London sale and brought £100. An English dealer priced it at £250; a little later he inserted it in a copy of the earliest issue of "Pickwick Papers" and asked £450 for it.

This leaf, measuring 9 by 7¼ inches and numbered by Dickens 53, contains a small portion of chapter xxviii., which describes the wedding breakfast at the Dingley Dell manor house. The fragment tells how Mr. Pickwick listened to old Mrs. Wardle's reminiscences concerning her own wedding.

It is interesting to note that the sentence relating to the wedding cake: "Then the cake was cut and passed through the ring, and the young ladies saved pieces to put under their pillows," &c., is written on the back of the leaf as an insert, thus indicating that this passage was an afterthought.

If this leaf is valued at several times £100, what is the present value of the thirty-three leaves which were purchased for William A. White of Brooklyn for $775 at the Charles B. Foote sale in January, 1895? These leaves, secured by Mr. Foote in London in 1882 at a low figure, comprise that portion of the novel which deals with the visit of Messrs. Pickwick, Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle to Bath immediately after the conclusion of the memorable trial of Bardell against Pickwick.

They include chapter xxxvii., which "honourably accounts for Mr. Weller's absence, by describing a soirée to which he was invited and went" and "relates how he was entrusted by Mr. Pickwick with a private mission of delicacy and importance." The manuscript is accompanied by ten lines of verse, dated July 26, 1837, and referring to "this sixteenth Pickwick."

These lines are addressed "To Mr. Hicks," who seems to have been connected with the printing of "Pickwick" in its serial form. It is remarkable to contrast these pages of "Pickwick" with the manuscript of "Edwin Drood," and to observe the delightful facility of the one and the painful laboriousness of the other.

The most notable copy extant of the work by which Dickens leaped into fame is the one which belongs to Harry B. Smith, the librettist. In addition to being an extraordinarily fine and perfect specimen of the earliest issue, complete in the original parts and possessing every point which the most fastidious collector could desire, the first fourteen parts bear presentation inscriptions in the author's autograph to Miss Mary Hogarth, his sister-in-law, who died suddenly on May 7, 1837, soon after the publication of No. 14.

These parts are mostly inscribed: "Mary Hogarth. From her's Affy C. D."; one number has the full name and another is signed "The Editor." No. 15 was presented to George Hogarth, the novelist's father-in-law, and the remaining parts bear the initials "R. F. W.," those of Miss Walker, Miss Hogarth's school friend. In association interest this copy is unapproachable.

Dickens collectors are familiar with the "Address" dated June 30, 1837, in No. 15, in which the author announces the resumption of the work, which had been "interrupted by a severe domestic affliction of no ordinary kind." Forster's "Life" of Dickens says:

"His wife's youngest sister Mary, who lived with them and by sweetness of nature, even more than by grace of person, had made herself the ideal of his life, died with a terrible suddenness that for the time completely bore him down. His grief and suffering were intense through many years. The publication of Pickwick was interrupted for two months, the effort of writing it not being possible to him."

One of Dickens's letters to Edward Chapman, his publisher, which is now in this country, reads:

"We are in deep and sincere distress—Miss Hogarth, after accompanying Mrs. Dickens and myself to the theatre last night, was taken seriously ill and despite our best endeavours to save her expired in my arms." Even the habitual flourish beneath the signature is trembling and griefstricken.'

This presentation "Pickwick" was purchased for Mr. Smith in June, 1899, for £105. Its present value is estimated at several times that price. It came from the library of William Wright, whose special collection of Dickens items, dispersed in 1899, is famous among bibliophiles as being the choicest ever formed.

Mr. Smith's Dickens collection includes another interesting copy of "Pickwick," the first edition in book form, 1837, with title page inscribed: "W. C. Macready, Esqr. With the Author's best regards." It also contains Macready's exlibris. The tragedian was Dickens's lifelong friend. Mr. Smith gave $175 for this copy at a New York book sale last December.

At least six other presentation copies of "Pickwick" are owned by American collectors, among them being those given to Edward Chapman of Chapman & Hall and to Ainsworth, the novelist. The Chapman copy, which brought £63 at the Wright sale nine years ago, contains a long autograph inscription, concluding as follows: "Chapman & Hall are the best of booksellers, past, present or to come; and my trusty friends, which I give under my hand for the benefit of Edward Chapman, his book, this fourteenth day of November, 1839. Charles Dickens. Witness, Boz."

The copy given to the author of "The Tower of London" sold for £52 in 1902. It is inscribed: "William Harrison Ainsworth, Esqre. From his most faithfully, Charles Dickens."

Serjeant Talfourd's "Pickwick," which brought £49 7s. in 1902 and was shown at the Dickens exhibition last year, is owned in England. Talfourd's copy of the 1847 edition, which is owned here, is almost equally interesting. To the printed dedication, which reads "Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, M. P., this book is inscribed as a memorial of friendship," is added in Dickens's autograph: "And this book is given by Charles Dickens, London, twenty-fifth October, 1847."

An extra illustrated "Pickwick," now in the United States, contains this curious advertisement cut from an English newspaper of the year 1747: "To be lett at Pickwick, co. Wilts, late in the possession of Mr. Dickenson, a good dwelling House."

Browne's original drawing of the trial scene in "Pickwick Papers" is also owned in this country. This drawing, which brought £50 at a London sale last year, is the one actually used for the plate of the celebrated scene wherein the eloquent Buzfuz is depicted denouncing Mr. Pickwick for his "systematic villainy." "Phiz's" first treatment of the subject did not meet with the novelist's approval, and at the suggestion of the latter certain modifications were made in the second drawing, the present one, which measures 6¾ by 5½ inches.

The unique Seymour item, which cost Augustin Daly over $2,500 and realized $1,700 at his sale in 1900, is owned in this city. The volume contains Mrs. Seymour's copy of her scarce pamphlet, "An Account of the Origin of the Pickwick Papers," a long letter in which she details the circumstances under which her husband executed his "Pickwick" illustrations, four of the original "Pickwick" drawings, three unpublished drawings and Dickens's letter to the artist in relation to the illustrations.

Another New York collector owns the well known Buss item, which brought $90 at the Daly sale. The latter contains Robert W. Buss's autographic account of his grievance against Chapman & Hall in regard to his and Seymour's connection with the "Pickwick" illustrations. It is illustrated with Buss's rejected "Pickwick" drawings, the Seymour engravings, a large number of pen and ink sketches by Buss, &c.

A remarkably fine Dickens collection is owned by C. E. Meins, the former president of the Boston and Maine Railroad. Mr. Meins was the purchaser of the choice copy of the earliest issue of "Pickwick Papers," which brought $755, the record price, at the George M. Williamson sale held in this city on January 30 and 31 last. It was in the original twenty numbers, and nearly every part was the first issue.

Twenty years ago "Pickwick" in original parts was valued at about £20. In 1890 and 1894 £31 5s. and £34 were paid for fine copies. The Wright sale in 1899 contained two splendid examples in parts, one being the presentation copy, which was bought for Harry B. Smith at £105, the second one, in equally fine condition but without association interest, bringing £85.

The latter was secured by a London dealer, who immediately priced it at 150 guineas. The same dealer gave £142 in May, 1903, for William Kemeys Hart's copy, which lacked the advertisements in the first, second and fourth parts, but was otherwise in perfect condition. The latter valuation remained the record auction price until the recent Williamson sale.

The chief points of a fine "Pickwick" in parts are these: The first two parts, dated 1836, should bear Seymour's name on the front covers, thus: "With four Illustrations by Seymour." The first part should also contain the rare announcement of the "Papers."

The front cover of the third part should read: "With Illustrations by Buss." Seymour committed suicide soon after "Pickwick" started. The earliest issue of Part 3 should have an advertisement of "Sunday under Three Heads." The rare "Addresses" by Dickens should also be in Parts 2, 3, 10 and 15.

The plates throughout should be the first issue, and those by "Phiz" in Part 4 should be signed "Nemo." A few copies have all the covers dated 1836. The Meins-Williamson copy, the £142 copy just mentioned, and Burgess's are so dated throughout.

AFRICAN BUSHMEN DOOMED.

Dr. Rudolf Poch to Make a Study of a Disappearing Race.

A letter received in New York from Dr. Rudolf Pöch, the well known anthropologist, says:

I am about to start under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna for the Kalahari Desert in South Africa to make a study of the bushmen. The race is rapidly dying out and the sole purpose of my expedition is to add to our knowledge of this people before they become extinct.

The fact has been recognized for some years that this African race is destined to extinction. This is all the more remarkable because everywhere else the African races are more than holding their own.

Pestilence, war and the evils that the whites introduce are powerless to obliterate them. Africa is growing steadily in native population.

But the bushmen are now reduced to a handful and every year they are dwindling. Circumstances are too hard for them and it is not believed they could be saved even by a change in their conditions.

The bushmen inhabit the great desert of South Africa. There is no running water, and yet among the sand wastes there are depressions where the natives find water by digging, and in places it comes so near the surface that vegetation flourishes and many animals find nurture in the desert.

The bushmen are only a few inches taller than the pygmies of central Africa. They live in rock caves or in huts of sticks and grass. They seldom wear more than a leather apron to protect their legs from thorns.

They subsist on the scant vegetation, on roots and on the animals they kill. Clubs, bows and arrows and a few spears are their only weapons. They are primitive, but they do not buy their wives; they have been faithful to those whites who have befriended them, and they paint and draw in an astonishing manner. Much has been written of the thousands of animal paintings with which they adorn the rocks and the walls of their caves.

Why do they not abandon the desert to which they are confined? They could not if they would. They are hemmed around by pastoral and agricultural regions, all occupied by strong tribes, who kill them like vermin if they venture across the line.

If they were free to leave the desert it is doubtful if they would do so, for they are a hunting people, and such tribes have never voluntarily become a pastoral or an agricultural community. Whenever cattle have been given to the bushmen they have killed them, for they will not herd them.

The whites have been even more destructive of the bushmen than their native enemies. Late in the eighteenth century the Dutch used to shoot these little people as they would game. It is recorded that in the ten years ending in 1795 the Dutch killed 2,480 bushmen.

They have always shrunk from contact with civilization, and to-day, when they see white protectorates planted all around them, they are retreating further into the desert. The whites are invading the more fertile valleys, are staking out ranches and building little settlements, are killing off the game that is the hereditary food of the desert nomads, ploughing the places where the bushmen go for berries and edible roots and narrowing the area in which they can live.

They seem wholly unable to live under new conditions, and the old conditions are passing away. All who know them best say that their absolute extermination is a question of only a few years.

"PROM" ON CHEAP PLAN.

Sentiments in Some Colleges About Cutting Down Student Lavishness.

The college papers have devoted some space recently to arguing about ostentation at the "proms." A Cornell paper rather opposes the giving of flowers on various principles, not alone the one that the girl who has a finer bouquet than some other girl makes the other one jealous. The paper at the University of Nebraska has this to say of one of the things that trouble the student:

"The most troublesome expense he must meet is the hiring of a hack—troublesome because of its apparent uselessness. The street car is generally a cleaner and better mode of conveyance. The Western girl is used to walking. Why is a hack essential to the formality of the occasion? The Junior prom is given for the benefit of the students and not the hackmen."

POEMS WORTH READING.

Far and Near.

When Love sits by the fire and sings
A tender little song,
With the sweet thought of homely things
That must to Love belong,
Oh, who would dream of sweeping wings
And flight so far and strong?

When poised upon some shining ring,
High in aerial blue,
Can Love forget the hidden spring,
The garden cool with dew—
The lowly joys that flowerlike cling
About the place Love knew?

ADA FOSTER MURRAY.

Prophets After the Event.

There was no chance to win, they said:
The odds were too exceeding great,
And if he dared to face the goal
He would but tempt the hand of Fate.
"I'm not afraid of odds," he said,
And faced the struggle and the din.
He won—and then the crowd exclaimed:
"We knew you couldn't help but win!"

Another man they urged along
And told him that his chance was good.
They buoyed him up with foolish hopes
And he, poor dolt, misunderstood.
He failed: and in the hour of gloom,
When every hope in life was low,
They came to him and told him that
They knew he never had a show.

LOUIS E. THAYER.

A Song of Beauty.

Oh, sing me a song of beauty! I'm tired of the stressful song,
I'm weary of all the preaching, the arguing right and wrong,
I'm fain to forget the adder that under the leaf lies curled,
And dream of the light and beauty that gladdens the gray old world!

Oh, sing of the emerald meadows that smile all day in the sun!
The ripple and gleam of the rivers that on through the meadows run!
Oh, sing of the sighing branches of trees in the leafy woods,
And the balm for the heart that's hidden afar in the solitudes!

The birds—let them sing in your singing and flash through the lines you write,
The lark with his lilt in the morning, the nightingale charming the night,
The butterfly over the flowers that hovers on painted wing—
All these, let them brighten and lighten the beautiful song you sing!

And let there be faces of lovers, and let there be eyes that glow,
And let there be tears of gladness instead of the tears of woe,
And let there be clinging kisses of lips for a time that part,
But never a tristful shadow to darken a trustful heart!

Ay, sing me a song of beauty—away with songs of strife!
Away with the spectre of sorrow that saddens the most of life!
Though under the leaf the adder of death and of doom lies curled,
Oh, sing, for a space, of the beauty that gladdens the gray old world!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Spring in Town.

Our windows now are open wide
To catch the springlike breeze
And to the noises safe inside
We add such sounds as these:

Three phonographs, two megaphones,
A fiddle and nine cats,
Four vocalists, one set of bones
And dogs in seven flats.

A brace of coons in every court,
Two babies to each floor,
A couple drums, ten boys at sport,
Pianos thirty-four.

A German band behind the fence,
Five hucksters—Oh, the mobs
All blessed with energy immense
And strictly on their jobs.

L. S. WATERHOUSE.

The Cup of Youth.

We have slept beneath the sky
From the dusk to dawning ray;
Seen God's stars go sweeping by,
Watched the red auroras play;
Naught to us are "yea" and "nay"
Who have read the eyes of truth;
Come what may, now this we say—
"We have drained the cup of Youth!"

We have scaled the mountains high
Through dim pine woods green and gray;
Viewed the violet vales that lie
"O'er the hills and far away";
Never grave, but ever gay,
We have plucked the bud and bluth
Come what may, now this we say
"We have drained the cup of Youth!"

We have sailed the shores where sigh
Breezes sweet with bruised bay;
Heard the rapt muezzin's cry,
And the bulbul's passion lay;
We have let Joy have his sway,
Mocked at Time, his gnawing tooth;
Come what may, now this we say—
"We have drained the cup of Youth!"

ENVOY.

Prince, until our dying day,
Though Fate buffet us, forsooth,
Come what may, now this we say,
We have drained the cup of Youth!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Ibsenesque.

From the Somerville Journal.

Said Ibsen
To Gibson:
"Your girls are all right!"
Said Gibson
To Ibsen:
"You're very polite."

Said Ibsen
To Gibson:
"They do take the bun!
So breezy
And easy—
I'd like to meet one!"

Said Gibson
To Ibsen:
"All right, come ahead!"
Said Ibsen
To Gibson:
"I can't, for I'm dead!"

The Ploughman's Blade.

From the Denver Republican.

"My good blade carves the casques of men,"
So sang Sir Galahad.
But naught the hint of bloodshed when
Gleams blade of farmer lad;
It carves a furrow, straight and long,
And peaceful is its wielder's song.

The damp earth turns, as from the prow
When forward drives a ship;
The horses bend before the plough,
Nor need the goading whip;
For spring breathes on the breezes free,
And beast and man work cheerily.

The hill that yesterday was gray
And barren in the sun,
Is good to look upon to-day—
Mark how the furrows run!
Oh, there's no blade so fine, I vow,
As the humblest blade of all—the plough!

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

What the Poet Meant.

"Live, laugh an' love" is what the poet said,
An' he was long on wisdom when he spoke;
Says he: "You'll be a mighty long time dead."

No matter if you're well or sick abed,
No matter if you're flush or stoney broke;
"Live, laugh an' love" is what the poet said.

If you should want to grouch, just grin instead;
They'll let you know in lots of time to croak;
Says he: "You'll be a mighty long time dead."

Forget it, bo, there's lots of tears been shed,
Best brighten up your lamps an' see the joke;
"Live, laugh an' love" is what the poet said,
Says he: "You'll be a mighty long time dead."

JAMES P. HAVERSON.

In the Youth of the Year.

Though fragrance is scattered
Where violets are,
The scent of the tanbark
Is sweeter by far.

Though bluebirds wing homeward,
Yet brighter than these
Are flying performers
Upon the trapeze.

Though robins are singing
All sorrows to drown,
We count sweeter music
The voice of the clown.

And so when the circus
Fills brimful the cup
The sap in old fellows
Begins running up.

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Your correspondent who inquires about the "evan" root which he thinks was used for making tea in the early days of the Colonies, and later, is evidently groping after the "sweet avens," or Geum—which grows in the Northern States, and probably in Ontario. There are various kinds of avens, but the purple, scarlet, or water avens is probably the sort he means: it grows in boggy or wet places, in low grounds, and has a thick root stock of an astringent nature, which might, if dried and steeped, yield a drink with a taste something like tea. The Indians used to value it as a medicinal agent, and it was also used by the whites, who probably learned its value from them. The root of this kind is fragrant—the word "Geum" being derived from the Greek and meaning "to give an agreeable flavor." The flower stalks grow nearly two feet hight and bear quite large, drooping flowers of a purple-orange or red color. I never heard of it as used for tea save as a domestic medicine. There are also the spring avens, the field avens, and the white avens, but I think they grow in the West and South and are not used as a medicine. The water avens or, as it is sometimes called, scarlet avens, is a rather pretty plant, and is sometimes seen in northern gardens. H. S.

The derivation from the Greek is not confirmed by the lexicons, the word "geum" appearing in the Latin of the elder Pliny and no suggestion implied of its derivation from the Greek.

I see that you are trying to find out what evan root was or is in your Q. and A. column; also that you would like a copy of the song itself. This request I am able to fill, or as near it as a few old boys and girls who found themselves snowbound at a farmer's house a couple of years ago could remember it. Thinking at the time that the day was near when possibly I might be called upon to make a speech or sing a song at a pioneer dinner I wrote the song down so as to be ready with it as I wasn't very reliable on making a speech.

THIS NEW COUNTRY.

The wilderness was our abode some forty years ago,
And when good meat we chose to eat we shot the buck or doe.
For fish we used the hook and line, we pounded corn to make it fine,
On Johnnycake our ladies dined in this new country.

Our paths were through the winding wood where oft the savage trod.
They were not wide, had scarce a guide, yet all the ones we had,
Our houses they were logs of wood rolled up in squares and caulked with mud;
If the bark was tight the roof was good in this new country.

With axes good we chopped our wood, for well we all knew how
We cleaned our land; with hardy hands to fit it for the plough;
We sowed our land with rye and wheat for strangers and ourselves to eat;
From the maple tree we drew our sweet in this new country.

Of deerskins we made moccasins to wear upon our feet;
With checked shirt we thought no hurt good company to meet,
And if a visit we wished to pay on a winter's night or a winter's day
The oxen drew our ladies' sleigh in this new country.

The Indians sometimes made us fear that there was danger nigh;
The shaggy bear was often there, the pig was in the sty;
The rattlesnake our children dread and oftentimes a mother said,
Some beast of prey would take her babe in this new country.

Our little thorns grew apples on when mandrakes were all gone,
The sour grape we used to take when frosty nights came on;
For wintergreens our girls would stray, for butternuts boys climb the tree;
The evan root was our ladies' tea in this new country.

We lived in social harmony, drank from the purling stream;
No priest, no lawyer, doctor there, was ever to be seen.
Our health it needed no repair, no pious man forgot his prayer,
And we could fee no lawyer there in this new country.

There may be more to it, but this was all that could be remembered, and no more in any shape has crossed my mind since, and it has been often hummed and sung in anticipation of that pioneer dinner at which I am expecting to sing it some day. J. C.

Recently, after a funeral service in a Catholic church, the question was raised as to the reason for burning incense. One theory advanced was that it originated in very ancient times and was done for hygienic reasons only, but has since become a part of church ceremonials. On examining several authorities I can find nothing to cover the origin of the use of incense. JACOB METZGER.

The ritual employment of incense is parted by a considerable gap between the temple of the Jews and the churches of the Christians. The rolling cloud of aromatic smoke was prominent in the early religions of the East, in Egypt, in Babylonia, in Assyria, but it was absent from the early stages of the Hebrew cult. It was not until the time of Jeremiah that it became at all popular, and not until the post-exilic period did it become the most holy offering. Maimonides held that the incense was intended to counteract the odors of sacrifice and to hearten the priests; it was also considered an antidote to plague; in the Orient generally it was regarded as banning demons. Tertullian, saying that Christians do not burn incense like pagans, ascribes the use of incense among the early Christians to the need of purifying the foul air of the subterranean places into which persecution drove them for the celebration of their mysteries. It is regarded as well established that incense was not used in the first three centuries of the Christian Church. Lactantius and Arnobius deny specifically its ritual use in their times; Christian Emperors forbade its use as being a concomitant of idolatry, and a law of Theodosius confiscated to government any house or other place in which its use could be proved. St. Ambrose, second half of the fourth century, refers to incense as then familiar in the ritual of the Western Church. In the time of St. Gregory the Great, latter part of the sixth century, it was indisputably in the service of the mass.

Is it correct and proper English to say "I have a limited opinion of her talent"? J. F.

It may be that limited is gravitating in some slipshod fashion to have such a meaning as is here evidently intended to be conveyed, for it was recently noted in similar collocation in one of those remarkable conversations in light literature—only possible in such literature. The speaker clearly plans to slur the talent by the statement that it is limited; instead of which he casts the slur upon his own opinion or power of forming an opinion, than which, of course, nothing could be further from his thought. One may say, with idiomatic propriety, "I have a poor opinion of," for that has the sanction of length of usage, but limited in such a sense and in such a use has by no means attained the right to claim idiom.

What year was the first spring mattress made? Is it an American or foreign invention? M. F.

The recollections of a furniture dealer who has been long in the business are that spring mattresses first came upon the market in 1867 and that they were the product of American genius. This seems a trifle too modern, yet it is remembered that even later than that the bed screw was a necessary article of the household tool chest and that corded beds were still in use. The early type of spring mattress was by no means the woven wire fabric, but was built up of double helical coils intricately lashed together and longitudinally barred with wooden battens. Even with the double safeguard springs were known to break loose with upheaving tumult quite discommoding to any sleeper less than Ephesian.

About two years ago I read that freezing in lakes and rivers began at the bottom, and I have used this information only to have my authority controverted. Please tell just where the freezing begins. A. E. VINCENT.

At the surface. In any body of water exposed to low temperature the bottom becomes cold more rapidly than the top until the temperature of the mass is uniform at 39.2° F. Then the surface particles of water expand as they become cooler, float on the denser water below, and there freeze at the very top. If the freezing were from the bottom toward the top a lake of any considerable depth would remain frozen all summer long below the immediate surface. Under certain special conditions ice known as anchor ice sometimes forms at the bottom of rapid streams.

Is compressed air used in the East River (Battery) tunnel for the purpose of ventilation? Is the system of ventilation in the East River tunnel different than that in the Hudson River tunnel? If so what is the system in use in each? ISRAEL H. LUTZIN.

No; compressed air could not be used in a tube open at both ends; its use in construction work is made possible only through air locks. All tunnels are ventilated by a system of intake shafts and blowers for exhaust. The movement of the tunnel air body is greatly facilitated by the passage of trains, each of which fits so snugly to the tunnel wall as to serve as a piston.

A correspondent asked recently for the words of a song beginning:

"A was an archer and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher who had a great dog," &c.

The lines are part of a child's pictorial alphabet. The third and fourth lines, I remember, ran:

"C was a captain all covered with lace,
D was a dustman who had a black face."

Another of these English alphabets began:

"A stands for Alfred, England's King, the Danes annoyed his reign;
B is for Becket, who long since was at the altar slain." W. FENWICK.

Please give in your column the proper pronunciation of Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher. The writer is under the impression that the initial "E" is silent, but this is disputed. HAROLD CUNNINGHAM.

Ep-ic-te-tus, and the initial vowel is fully sounded with the short quantity.

BIGWADUCE'S POSTMASTERS.

A Maine Office Held by One Family for a Century and a Half.

BROOKSVILLE, Me., March 21.—Four successive generations of Walkers have held the old Bigwaduce post office and distributed letters for a century and a half.

The ancient trading post of Bigwaduce was established by the French from Quebec in 1640. Later, when Baron de Castine came over and married the daughter of Minwocando, the local Indian chief, and established the precedent for titled foreigners to marry American heiresses, the settlement was named Castine.

After the capture of Quebec by the English in 1759 and the fall of the French power in Canada Major Groves Walker was appointed Royal Commander of Eastern Maine, with power to scalp Indians, to impose imprisonment and fines and to receive, open and examine all mail matter at the post.

Maine was under full control of the British troops all through the Revolutionary war, and Major Walker held the post office until the Colonies had gained their liberty, when the Walker family divided, the Major going over to New Brunswick to reside among the expelled Tories, while his son, Joseph Walker, received custody of all mails under authority of the United States of America. As soon as a post office department was established by law he became the first postmaster of the village. The autograph of Samuel Osgood, the first Postmaster-General, is attached to the commission, which is still in possession of the family.

Deacon, afterward Colonel, Joseph Walker held the office continuously from 1791 until 1845, though he was obliged to gather up his papers and flee far inland beyond the reach of the English warships during the British occupancy of Castine in the War of 1812. It was owing to this war that a temporary post office was established at the outlet of Walker's Pond.

When peace was restored Deacon Walker was permitted to have the name of his post office changed from Castine to Brooksville. He continued to hold the place and draw his salary until 1845, when he was succeeded by his son, Deacon Joseph Groves Walker, who saw letter postage reduced from ninepence, or 12½ cents, for each half ounce to two cents.

The third Walker to hold the place was a man of importance and was counted a leading member of the Republican party in his own county during the civil war. He owned grist mills and saw mills and carding mills and lived to see the surface of Walker's Pond denuded of ice every winter, the harvest being carried on chutes by an endless chain directly from the pond to the holds of schooners lying at anchor down in Eggemoggin Reach, a branch of Penobscot Bay.

On the death of Deacon J. G. Walker in the '90s the post office went to his younger daughter, Miss Emma J. Walker, a former school teacher, who came home to care for her aged mother. But the direct line of Walkers is not extinct, because Joseph William Walker, the fourth in descent from the old British Major, is owner of the old house, in a room of which the mails have been received and sorted for more than a century, and though he is in Government employ in Washington at present he comes to his old home every summer and is making preparations to take up his permanent residence in Brooksville.

A son of J. W. Walker, Joseph Groves Walker 2d, and the fifth in direct descent from the British Major, spends much of his vacation time at the old home and is fitting himself to become the future postmaster of the village by helping his aunt, Emma J. Walker, in sorting the mails.

CARGO STEAMER'S NOVEL RIG.

Fitted With Four Derrick Masts Set in Pairs Ranging Athwartships.

There appeared in the East River the other day a steamer having four masts which were set not ranging fore and aft in line amidships, as masts commonly are, but in pairs, one pair forward and the other aft, and with the pairs as thus set ranging athwartships, making a strange looking rig. But a closer view showed these masts to be derrick masts such as many steamers carry, only differently placed.

This steamer was the Norwegian tramp Pollux, a vessel 257 feet in length and of a cargo capacity of about 2,000 tons. For a vessel of her size she has unusually large hatches, designed to take in engines or machinery or other large pieces of freight. She has one such hatch aft and another forward, and forward of the latter another smaller hatch.

The after pair of derrick masts rise from the two forward corners of the big after hatch, the forward pair rise from the two forward corners of the big forward hatch and between that and the hatch further forward. The masts are supported by stays running down from the mastheads of each pair to the sides of the vessel, and each pair as a brace running across from masthead to masthead.

Up the inboard side of each mast are set step irons by which the masthead can be reached. The masts, which are sixty-five feet in height, and their booms are all of steel. There is an independent winch for each mast.

Steamers with their derrick masts so placed are rare. The owners of this vessel, which is about three years old, have another steamer of the same dimensions, built at the same time and similarly rigged, this sister ship being now trading in Chinese waters. An officer of the Pollux said that there are two larger steamers of recent construction, one a Swedish and the other a German vessel, each having seven or eight derrick masts which are not stepped in line amidships, but ranging in two lines nearer the sides.

SAWING THE SPILES.

A Problem in Wharf Building Which Seems Hard, but Isn't.

When in building a wharf they have got the spiles driven you see them first standing in rows and sticking up above the water at uneven heights and with their tops all frayed. Then the surplus upper length of the spiles has to be sawed off so that the stringers upon which the wharf planking will be laid can rest upon them; and the question is, How do they manage to saw off each spile so that it will have a perfectly flat and level head, and how do they manage to get all the spiles sawed off at exactly the same height? They do this in the simplest way in the world.

The spiles all driven, they spike along to each row, at a little distance below where they are to cut them off, planks upon which they lay crosswise other planks to make a scaffolding to work on. Then along each row of spiles at the height where they are to be cut off they draw a levelling line which, drawn taut and levelled up, touches every spile in the row at exactly the same height; and then to each spile they nail two smooth topped crosspieces, little strips of board, one on either side of the spile, like the crosstrees on a mast, only shorter, these cross strips being nailed on so that their tops just touch the under side of the levelling line. And then the sawyers, with long crosscut saws worked by a man at each end, come along.

The crosspieces nailed to the spile show exactly where it is to be cut off, and they serve also as guides and supports for the saw in cutting the spile off true. Resting the saw blade on their projecting ends at one side the men saw and saw until they have sawed the spile off. And so they keep on until they have got them all sawed off and ready for the stringpieces.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Bridge. M. C. B. says: It is A's lead and he leads without asking. His partner, B, says, "Why didn't you ask me?" Whereupon the dealer says, "You can double if you want to." B does double, and the dealer redoubles. Dummy protests and bets that there could be no doubling after a card had been led. The dealer tells dummy he has nothing to say; but dummy insists that until his hand is down he can prevent B from doubling after A has led, as dummy is not dummy until his cards are exposed.

The rule is that even if the eldest hand has led his partner may double without being asked, if the dealer consents. In this case the dealer does consent, and his action is binding on his partner, the dummy.

Cribbage. W. H. H. says: In two hand. A playing first, the cards fall 6, 3, 6, 4, 2, 5. When B pegs a run of five A insists that if B can peg a run with his 5 A was entitled to a run of 2, 3, 4 when he played the 2.

A is wrong. When he played the deuce there was a 6 in the middle of his run, which spoiled it; but when B plays the 5, all five cards are necessary to make up the run and there are no interferences.

T. M. says: A bets that four of a suit is a flush in the crib.

Wrong. Must be the same suit as the starter.

Euchre. R. A. B. says: As THE SUN decides that if any one plays alone against a lone hand and the lone hand has to make all the tricks to score four, A bets that if two people play against the lone hand, it counts two only, and that it is only when a lone hand plays against a lone hand that it counts four.

The maker of the trump always counts four for a lone hand if he wins all the tricks, whether he plays against one adversary or two. The difference is in the value of a euchre. If it takes two players to euchre the lone hand, it counts two points. If one player can do it, it counts four. The same principle applies here that applies to a march. If it takes two players to make the march, it counts two only; but if one player can make it, it counts four.

A. D. objects to the decision given in answer to F. A. Y. as illogical and unfair. If the dealer, Z, plays alone and A plays alone against him, he says, THE SUN decides that A will get four points if he takes three tricks, but Z will get only one point for taking three tricks. If it is worth four points to A to get three tricks it should be worth four points to Z to get them.

The point overlooked by A. D. is the fact that one of the players is the maker of the trump. This is Z. If we leave aside all question of lone hands every player agrees that if Z makes the trump by taking it up in a two hand game and gets three tricks that he scores one point only; but that if A, who did not make the trump, gets three tricks he will score two points. A. D.'s logic would require A to score only one for a euchre, which any player would laugh at. The march is worth two points in two hand because there are only two players. In four hand if two players make a march it is still worth two only, but if one player can do it against two it is worth double. By the same rule, if two players make a euchre in four hand they count two only, but if one player can make a euchre alone it is worth double. Now the only circumstances under which one player can make a euchre is when he plays against a lone hand. If he euchres that lone hand he counts four. The logical principle involved is that a euchre shall count as much as a march. If Z succeeded in making a march on a lone hand he would count four. If a lone hand can euchre him it must be allowed to count four also.

Skat. T. W. says: A being without one, but having three jacks and two aces, bids ten, gets the play and turns a diamond. He loses his game. A bets that as he bid ten only, which was all his hand was worth when he turned, all he can lose is ten. B bets that as A found the best jack in the skat after turning the diamond ace that A's loss is six times five, or thirty, instead of ten only.

B is right. It is not what the player bids but what his game is worth. The bidding is simply to determine which player has the most valuable game at the table. In some cases it is necessary to carry the bidding up into the twenties or thirties to settle this; in other cases a bid of ten will settle it. A must acknowledge that he would have insisted on scoring thirty points if he had won his game. This shows that the game being played was worth thirty points, no matter what the amount of the bid by which the right to name that game was obtained. A lost a diamond tournee "with" five, or the adversaries won a diamond tournee "without" five, as you please.

Five hundred. J. H. N. says: Will THE SUN please explain the principle underlying its decision that a player holding the joker cannot play it if he is able to follow suit in a no trumper. As the joker is the highest card of any suit at the will of the holder when he leads it, it seems only fair that it should be the highest of that suit at any time.

When the holder of the joker leads it he names in advance the suit to be discarded. If this is to to be construed as following suit it must be admitted that the players are told what the suit is before they are asked to play to the joker. To make matters equal the holder of the joker would have to name the suit to which he wished it to belong before his adversaries led a card, so that they might know how many cards there were in that suit. This would carry out the suggestion made by J. H. N. that the joker should be the highest of that suit at any time, whether the suit was led or the joker was led; but unless the suit is named in advance we have the absurdity of a card which belongs to four different suits. If there is any change in the law with regard to the joker it should be that the holder of it should not be allowed to name the suit to be discarded when the joker is led.

H. T. R. says: What is the present value of a gucki grand? I see by one text book on skat that there are three different values given for America and a fourth for Germany. Which is the one in common use?

The value of the grand in skat is in the same state of uncertainty that the rank of a straight was in poker for many years. The Western players say that it is ranked too high in the East, where a guckser is worth 18 and a solo 24. The league value is 12 and 16, which many good players think is too low. At the next annual meeting of the North American Skat League, which will take place in New York on June 21, 22 and 23, the committee on laws will propose a compromise, making the four grands advance four points at a time, so it is almost certain that after June next the values will be fixed as follows: Turned grand 12, guckser 16, solo grand 20, open grand 24.

Pinochle. B. A. S. says: In two hand A wants only ten points when he deals and turns dix. He claims the game, but B bets a player must take a trick to make the meld of the dix good.

B is right about three or four hand, in which the dix is a meld, but in two hand a turned dix is not a meld and the dealer scores ten points for it at once, just as he scores for turning a jack at cribbage; so A is right and wins the game without having to take a trick.

J. J. C. says: Other papers do not agree with your decision as to the value of four kings and queens, with A, 10, J of spades, trumps, and the jack of diamonds. You say it is worth 420; they say only 400. Stakeholder wants to know your authority.

Authority is not necessary. Ask the "other papers" how they count the hand, and you will find that they cannot lay down the cards so as to meld 400. It must be 420.

H. A. H. says: According to my Hoyle, the four kings and queens are worth 240. Why is not this correct?

Because you cannot make the meld in accordance with the rules and get 240 out of these eight cards. Try it. Get a Hoyle that is up to date. Pinochle has changed in the last ten years.

A. H. G. says: Playing auction, A wants 200, while B wants 50 only. A bids 150, melds 50 and makes 100 in play before B, who has melded 40, takes a trick. B calls out when he wins a trick, but A bets that the hand must be played out to see if A cannot win the game. B contends that as soon as A has made his bid good, which is 150 only, A has no more right to count what comes after that than B has. Enclosed clipping from another paper which upholds B's claim.

A is not only entitled to make good his bid, but to count all he makes, and B has nothing to say until A has finished playing and scored. If A can go on and make 150 in cards, which will put him out, he wins the game, no matter what B has. If B's contention were allowed, it would force every bidder to bid enough to go out, whether his hand justified it or not, which is absurd. It is the rule in all auction games that the bidder shall have the first count for everything he makes, provided he has made good his bid to begin with. But for this rule no one would take the risk of bidding when nearly out. Same answer to W. McG.

J. J. C. says: Three hand auction. A is 855, B 930, and C 805. A bids 150, melds 250, and finally gets 100 in play, but not before B, who has melded 20, gets enough to put him out. Who wins?

The bidder, A, because he has the first count. This game should never be played 1,000 up, as such disputes continually arise. The only fair way to play auction pinochle is to give the game to the high score after an agreed number of deals, usually six in three hand, eight in four hand.

J. A. P. says: A melds twenty in hearts in two hand. On winning another trick he lays down seven more queens. Does this entitle him to score 600?

It entitles him to score for a meld of eight queens; but in modern pinochle these are worth only 120. Same answer to M. G. H.

F. A. W. says: In three hand if a player can meld out must he take a trick before calling out?

Yes. The meld is not good until the player has won a trick, just as in two hand the meld cannot be scored until the player wins a trick. In three hand the meld is made first, because there is no stock. In two hand the trick is won first and then any meld can be shown and scored, and it is good without winning another trick afterward.

DOGS AND LIBRARIES.

New England Literature as a By-Product of the Love of Canine Pets.

A tradition of Massachusetts is connected with this brgnidion out of the country newspaper man's handbook which gets into print frequently in this season when town meetings abound: "The dog fund was voted to the public library."

Rosalind exclaims in one of her moods that she hasn't a word to throw at a dog. She might have shown less scorn for dogs and their relation to words, printed words at least, if she had been a New England girl dependent upon the town library for her light fiction.

For the libraries of some Massachusetts towns are supported in part by the dogs. To be sure it is the duly licensed and therefore respectable dogs that have their being in the interest of libraries, and in view of this fact *Rosalind* could no doubt have cast a waste word to a wandering cur without setting astir any scruples in the thought that she had wounded the feelings of a benefactor.

Dogs that live under the law in Massachusetts are licensed annually by the city or town clerk upon the payment of a $2 fee. Twenty cents of this is allowed to the clerk for issuing and recording the license. After collecting the fees and deducting his share the clerk turns the money over to the county treasurer, who keeps a dog fund out of which all claims for damages caused by the dogs of the county are paid upon the order of the county commissioners.

The fifty-nine cities and towns of Worcester county gathered over $35,500 in dog license fees in 1907. The total claims and expenses footed $4,138.28, or about 11 per cent. of the receipts, leaving 89 per cent. of the original remittances to be returned to the fifty-nine cities and towns

The sums returned cannot be merged in the cash assets of the various municipalities, but in accordance with a State law must be expended for the support of either public libraries or schools. In the cities one seldom knows for which of the alternative objects the money has been used, unless he has curiosity enough to look into the official reports, which would be a deal of curiosity indeed in a city. In the country one is less likely to escape the matter, for year after year in the yard long warrant for the annual town meeting there appears the item or article:

"To see what disposition the town will make of the dog fund the ensuing year."

As the schools call for a definite appropriation, it is usually found convenient to select the library as the recipient of the fund. Some towns make other official provision for their libraries, but in others where no little Yankee sentiment—or lack of sentiment—prevails and where there is a tendency to regard the library as a superfluity to be tolerated, and not at all as a necessity to be classed with stone bridges, a storehouse for the road scraper, the salaries of the selectmen and other accredited bulwarks of the body politic, even the dog money is handed over begrudgingly, as far as some citizens are concerned.

Now and then a worthy of a Massachusetts town will be heard to declare right before the assembly in the village store at mail time that "the library is a darned nuisance anyhow," for hasn't he gone home many a time after getting the evening paper to find his wife reading one of those profitless library books and no supper on the table, not even the tea being het?

Even in the crabbedest New England towns one hears now no religious objection to the libraries as a means to novel reading, although now and then some middle aged woman of unimpeachable rectitude conceives it her duty to have some new novel barred by the library authorities, in order to protect others from the immoralities she has found in it. And as the authorities are usually quite as respectable as she, the book is likely to be "out" when it is asked for thereafter.

SHARK IN PROFILE VIEW.

So That One Can See Its Mouth and Its Characteristic Teeth.

A four foot shark seen behind glass in one of the wall banks at the Aquarium attracts attention.

Commonly the sharks here are kept in the great central pool, and there they look powerful enough swimming about with the tip of their dorsal fin appearing above water, but there you look down upon them and from a little distance and you don't get the effect that you do when you see a shark close at hand and in profile, as you can when you look at one through the glass front of a tank.

Then you see the mouth opening on the under side of the head, well back from the point of the snout, and in the shark's mouth you see the long slender sharp incurving hooklike teeth. This is only a small shark, four feet, but as the people come along the line, looking, they all halt at this tank to look at the shark and its teeth.

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