ONE CHINESE WOMAN'S WORK

DR. MARY STONE USING AT HOME KNOWLEDGE GAINED HERE.

Graduate of an American College Who is Helping in the Rehabilitation of China—Is Carrying on a Hospital and Teaching the Laws of Hygiene.

KIUKIANG, China, Nov. 10.—Of the work of the women of China who have returned to their native country after having finished a course of study in the United States comparatively little is known. Yet the influence they exert is not the least of the forces that are working to bring about the rejuvenation and rehabilitation of the Chinese, especially in inculcating the necessity for obeying the laws of hygiene and physical cleanliness.

Dr. Mary Stone of Kiukiang is a Chinese woman who received her education in the United States at the medical school of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and returned to her own country with the degree of doctor of medicine. She was born in Kiukiang, which is a city of some 60,000 inhabitants situated on the Yangtse Kiang about 400 miles from its mouth and midway between Wuchang, the seaport town of Shanghai, and Hankow, the scene of the rice riots last spring. She was graduated from Ann Arbor in 1896, after which she spent two years in the hospitals of Chicago.

Her great desire was to secure the establishment of a hospital in her native city, and during her stay in Chicago she met Henry Danforth, who became interested in her and her work that she was enabled, upon her return to China, to begin the building of a hospital, which was finished in 1900 and is known as the Elizabeth Skelton Danforth Memorial Hospital, in memory of Mr. Danforth's wife.

The hospital is admirably situated on the crest of a hill overlooking the river, beyond the native, populous section of the city. It is composed of a main structure, a long, low building of two stories, with a wing on each side; a detached building, used as the isolation ward for patients with contagious diseases, and a pretty cottage behind the hospital, the nurses' home. Dr. Stone's residence is a large, double stone house built in the European style and surrounded by a beautiful garden, in the midst of which she was found by an American visitor attending to her roses.

"Oh, yes," she said, "next to my work I love my flowers better than anything in the world. But I am so busy with my garden of humanity that I have little time to attend to my rose garden. But come to the house and we will have tea."

The visitor had an opportunity to study her as they walked through the grounds. She is tall for an Oriental, with a full, firm figure which indicates energy in every line. Her face is round and full and she smiles continually, showing a fine set of large, strong white teeth. She has black, intelligent eyes, which shine and sparkle as she talks, and light up with the fire of enthusiasm as she speaks of her work.

She looks absurdly young and it was hard to realize that this youthful person was the Dr. Stone whose name is one to conjure with among the Chinese for miles around. It is difficult to judge of the ages of the Chinese, but the visitor was surprised when she said that she was graduated from Ann Arbor in 1896.

In "1896?" he queried, thinking he had misunderstood her.

"Oh, no," she replied, "in 1896. I first went to the United States in 1896."

"Why," replied the visitor, "from your appearance now you must then have been a babe in arms," which he thought was being gallant, but as he was afterward informed he then and there committed a blunder, for with the Chinese it is considered a compliment to be told that they appear older than they really are. But Dr. Stone only laughed heartily and went on to tell of her career and how she came to take up her work.

"My father," she began in excellent English, clear of enunciation and with but a slight accent, "was one of the first converts to Christianity in this part of the country to become a teacher of the Gospel. I was born after he was converted and I was the first girl baby in this part of China to be relieved of the barbarous custom of binding the feet." And here Dr. Stone unconsciously put out her feet from under her short skirt. By American standards they would still be considered small, but they are extremely large according to the Chinese way of thinking.

"My education was begun by my father, who had learned English, and then I studied with various American missionaries. As I grew older the ravages of contagious diseases and the suffering of the people made a very strong impression on my mind, and I early determined to devote my life to the uplift of my people, both physically and spiritually. You must know the Chinese are a very practical race, and if you can show them or teach them how to improve themselves physically and cure them of their bodily ills, the spiritual regeneration is sure to follow.

"Through Miss Gertrude Howe, a Methodist missionary, I was enabled to take the opportunity of going to Ann Arbor together with another Chinese girl. We sailed away from China in June and entered the university that fall. Of course I could speak English, but I had decided to Anglicize my name, which translated as Miss Sze, which signified means Stone.

"When the first roll call I decided to take the English form of my name, but I heard the professor call the name Mr. Zhu. I did not recognize myself when he called it the second time and no one moved, and when he called it the third time I decided he meant me. So I took my seat before the entire class, for I thought he meant me, but I had changed my name to Stone.

"'Miss Stone,' said the professor, beaming over his glasses. 'I thought there was only one way in which a young lady would change her name, legally. I suppose in your case we will be compelled to make an exception.'

"I was so embarrassed before all the people I resumed my seat amid the laughter of the whole class.

"The college years were delightful, and I enjoyed them! They were not the days of my life, for I am an abstemious worker, but every one in me was so kind to me; everything was so congenial, just as though I had dreamed of them, that I look forward with joy to the time I will get an hour at the hospital so that I will be able to revisit my friends and classmates in the United States. But now I have my work.

"I was graduated I went to Chicago, but not go to any particular place, but visited all of them. I had a very good practical idea of what I wanted and what was needed in my home city. There I interested friends, and finally Mr. Henry of Chicago gave the money as a memorial to his wife with which to build the Elizabeth Skelton Danforth hospital. I returned to China full of enthusiasm for my work, and the construction of the hospital began almost immediately. It was completed in 1900. But before the hospital could be opened I had to have nurses. So I commenced the training of Chinese girls from the William Nast Mission School, which is also located at Kiukiang, and I soon had a corps, larger in numbers though than in efficiency.

"But they learned very quickly, and I now have a corps of nineteen nurses, all Chinese girls, who I think are as competent as almost any I have ever seen. And besides I have educated eighty-two other nurses, who are now doing work throughout the interior of China.

"How many patients do we have? Last year at the dispensary I treated over 15,000, and in the hospital we had 615. Then I have a private practice also among the wealthier Chinese, for you understand the hospital is charity, only those paying who can afford to, and they are very few.

"Yes, I perform surgical operations, not many major but numerous minor ones. A very considerable part of my practice is obstetrical, and I believe that by teaching the necessity for cleanliness in the sick room I have saved the lives of many babies, and also saved many from being handicapped in this life by some deformity."

"Then you enjoy your work?"

"Oh, immensely. If I did not I would be unable to endure the strain, for I am kept, oh, so busy. But it is the greatest happiness of my life to relieve the suffering of my own people and know that I have been the entering wedge to a great work. But come and see the hospital for yourself."

The hospital has two wards with beds for ninety-five patients, two operating rooms, a convalescent ward and a sun parlor, besides fifteen rooms for private patients. Its rooms are light and airy, and a fine atmosphere of cheerfulness pervades the whole institution. Everything is as neat as wax.

While patients are convalescent they are taught the rudiments of hygiene and cleanliness, and the reasons therefor are carefully explained to each person. For, as Dr. Stone explained, they in turn become teachers when they return to their homes and thus the good work does not stop at the doors of the hospital.

A practical result of Dr. Stone's work is apparent to the foreigner in the fact that there is little anti-foreign feeling shown in Kiukiang, whereas up the river, at Hankow, and down the river, at Nanking, it crops out every little while. And Dr. Stone is only one of a number of Chinese women who are doing the same work throughout China in the ultimate hope of weeding out dirt and disease.

PLAY THAT PLEASES PARIS.

"The Marionettes" at the Comedie Francaise—Two Thrillers.

PARIS, Dec. 7.—The programme for the current week at the Comédie Française is made up of two performances of Racine's "Phèdre," one of "L'Aventurière," by Augier (1848), one of "Comme ils sont tous" and four of "The Marionettes," while the remaining matinee is to be a celebration of De Musset's centenary with the performance of several of his short pieces.

The Comédie is of course a repertory theatre and this week's programme, which is fairly typical, illustrates the often heard complaint that the "House of Moliere" neglects the classics, a complaint to which the director always replies by declaring that it is the receipts attracted by the modern plays that allow him to produce the older dramas at all.

Pierre Wolff's play "The Marionettes," which has occupied so many of the Comédie's evenings since its production, is an interesting comedy which is certain to be translated; it will hardly need adapting with every chance of pleasing English speaking audiences as it has French. Its charm does not depend on its subject, for the story is a hackneyed one, that of a husband who dislikes his wife, tortures her and under the spur of jealousy returns to and falls in love with her.

The husband, the *Marquis Roger de Manclère*, has married a wife from the provinces, *Fernande*, because his mother has given him the choice between this marriage and being cut off with an allowance of $50 a month. The play begins after the wedding, when *Roger* and *Fernande* have reached their Paris home. She is badly dressed and wears her hair unbecomingly. He says to her:

"I know pis- what your game was, you wanted to become a marquise and live in Paris. Well, you have succeeded; don't ask for more. I claim my full liberty." And he departs for a month's visit, supposedly to the south of France, really to Switzerland.

When *Roger* returns he finds his wife at an entertainment given by one of his friends; but what a change! The country mouse is wearing a dress that is not little to the danger point, she flirts, she smokes and she treats her husband with disdain.

At midnight he overhears her in warning some one on the telephone and her words seem to admit of only one construction. He throws himself upon her, seizes her by the throat and demands an explanation. *Fernande* when she believes she has reduced him to a state of stable love, explains that he has been trying to win him to her and the two become reconciled.

The Grand Guignol has put on a new programme of six pieces, three of which are being thrillers for the backbone and three ticklers of the midriff. Of the six new pieces "Sabotage" is the most successful in satisfying the requisite for a Grand Guignol terrifier. In a workman's room a father and mother are watching their baby, dangerously ill with diphtheria. The baby has been getting better, so the father thinks he may safely go to a meeting of his trade union.

After he has left the baby suddenly grows worse; the doctor is summoned, and he decides that tracheotomy performed at once is the only means to save its life. Just as he is about to operate the electric light goes out. There is some delay in finding matches and a candle and when found they are too late, the baby is dead. In comes the father, accompanied to his door by a crowd of fellow workers singing the "Internationale." He is triumphant. It is her who has persuaded his comrades to declare a strike and cut off the electric light.

"Assassin! Murderer!" shrieks the poor mother. "You have killed your son!"

An audience which has twice seen Pataud extinguish the electric lights of Paris thrilled with excitement over the little piece. "Sabotage" is given as the joint work of three authors, it being one of the peculiarities of the Grand Guignol that the shorter the play the more numerous are its writers. The subject must have been in the air, for some time, as three other dramatists have written to the papers claiming to have been the first to write a sketch on these lines.

Another thriller is called "Figures de Cire" ("Wax Figures"), written by André de Lorde, an old hand at supplying this little theatre with shockers. A man who declares he has never felt fear bets that he will pass a night in a wax works show among the figures representing noted criminals and their crimes.

In the second scene, inside the show place, a clock strikes three, and the man confesses to himself that two hours of his present companionship have got on his nerves. His nervousness turns to terror as he sees one of the figures move toward him, and he falls unconscious. At this moment two policemen enter to arrest a woman who has sought refuge there. The police conduct the woman away, one remarking to the other how lifelike the man's figure lying on the floor was. The effect of the sketch is lost in a measure, as the audience does not share in the cumulative effect of the first two hours spent in the dim light of the show place, and this is not in sympathy with the actor but are merely observers of what is happening to him.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SYSTEM

WAYS OF WOMEN IN BUYING THEIR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

One Who Makes a List of Three Possible Gifts for Each of Those She Would Remember—Another Who Makes a Record Only of the Names and Prices.

Storekeepers agree that the real crush of holiday shopping occurs in the six or eight days before Christmas and that this in spite of all preaching to the contrary is bound to be so for two reasons.

The rank and file of persons who buy comparatively low priced gifts usually save up for the purpose and wait until the surplus is nearly equal to the demand, and a large majority of shoppers cannot or will not make up their minds what to buy until Christmas is at their elbow.

"Can't help it," said a store manager, who was telling of the steady increase in the size of the holiday shopping crowds. "There is no way on earth of preventing jams in the more popular New York stores just before the holidays. No system has yet been invented to keep shoppers from crowding into certain departments and in various points. Personally I think a large percentage of women prefer to shop in a crowded store. They like crowds, seem to get more fun out of them. This year the crowds just before Christmas are likely to be larger than ever whether the sales are or not."

A saleswoman who was sure that the manager had sized up the situation correctly told of a customer who has managed to come through with flying colors. "I know this shopper personally and when I noticed last year that she carried a strip of paper with three articles, sometimes more, written opposite every name on the list I was curious, knowing that to give one present to each of a long line was all her pocketbook would stand. I asked her about it and this is what I learned:

"For a week or so she studies over the awful problem what to give to each of her husband's relatives and to each of her relatives that will come within a certain price, getting help often by walking through a shop or looking in shop windows. When she thinks of something which might suit Uncle Henry or Aunt Jane or Aunt Jane's young daughter she puts it down opposite the person's name and when she has got down the list, begins all over again, jotting down an alternative. A third time she goes over the list writing down a third article against each name unless she is certain that one of the two things already listed will please the person who gets it.

"Making this list takes some time, she says, and it is done mostly at night, but in the end it saves her a lot of time. And the presents always turn out very satisfactorily for all concerned, which is saving a good deal, I tell her. About one week before Christmas, never sooner, she starts out with her list about 10 or 10:30 in the morning. She can't get away from home earlier, goes to some one store, shops till about 12 and goes home again on account of her small children. In that time probably she gets through with two, three or four names on her list, maybe more.

"The next day she repeats this programme, choosing maybe another store. Never in the same morning does she go to more than one store, and by the way, if every woman would stick to that rule it would save her time and strength a lot. But without a list it wouldn't be easy to do this.

"Here is what the customer with the list does. Supposing a silver picture frame, a fancy neckchain, a work basket are against one name. Of course I don't know that these three things would ever be lined up together. But supposing they were. The shopper looks first at silver frames and finds that the assortment does not include one that pleases her at the price she can afford to pay. Instead of running off to another store to hunt picture frames she goes to the neck chain department and chooses one within the figure she has apportioned to that present, or not finding a chain to her liking, she looks at work baskets and probably selects one.

"Having settled that entry on her list, she goes on to number two or number seven, according as the articles opposite those numbers are the more likely to be found in the store she is in. Some stores have better assortments of some goods than others, as most shoppers soon find out.

"Last year the lady with the list made all her purchases in three stores and in five days, shopping only in the morning, and the result was so good that she will follow the same plan this year.

"I have another customer whose plan is absolutely different, but she says it works out all right and that she means to stick to it. She puts down on a piece of paper the names of all the persons she means to remember at Christmas and the amount she can afford to spend on each, but that is as far as she gets with a list.

"Except in a few instances she has no idea what she is going to buy until she gets in the stores. She told me that she depends for inspiration on visiting the stores. When she sees a pretty trifle she likes she gets out her list, looks at the names, says: 'There, that will be nice for so and so and the price is right too,' and buys it.

"Then she scratches that name off the list and waits for another inspiration.

"Her plan is better than to have no list at all, but she spends double the time over her shopping that the other customer spends, and I don't think her selections are so good either.

"Not one shopper in fifty has any list at all and many spend days in the shops before making up their minds about the most important purchases."

Maine Out of Doors Sleepers.

From the Portland Press.

Sleeping out of doors is a prevailing habit among Saco-Biddeford people. About fifty people, winter and summer, sleep in the open, some having only a piazza to sleep under and others are building sleeping porches. This habit is not among sick people entirely, but people who are apparently well.

Municipal Ice Rink.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Though Dubuque is on the Mississippi River and has one of the finest harbors between New Orleans and St. Paul there has been little or no ice skating in recent years. Several times attempts to conduct a private rink have failed, principally owing to high prices of admission.

Alderman John O'Rourke plans to utilize the whole of the harbor, which is 1,500 feet long and 500 feet wide. The harbor now is frozen over and as soon as it is deemed advisable this surface will be flooded from the city's water system, thus giving it a surface as smooth as glass.

Along the shores it is proposed to build shelters where skates may be adjusted, where skaters may rest and get warm and where they may have their wraps checked. Policemen will be present at all times and representatives of the woman's clubs of the city will be assigned to regular duty as chaperons.

British Saints.

From the Westminster Gazette.

December 1 appears from old calendars to have been a notable anniversary for Cambro-British worthies about whom we know little beyond their names. It is the Feast of St. Deiniol, an interesting personage to all Liberals, because he is the patron of Hawarden and gave his name to the library which Mr. Gladstone established there. This date is also the "memorial" of the saints of the Isle of Bardsey, which was the Iona of Wales and formerly a favorite place of pilgrimage. A farm on the opposite mainland still remains tithe free because anciently charged with the expense of supplying rest and refreshment to weary pilgrims bound for Bardsey.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Egypt and Persia.

There's an Orient in the West!
Tiny towns on Hemlock Mountain
In the names of empires drest!

For within the Hollow deep
Whence the tide pours down in thunder
Egypt Village lies asleep

And above stands Persia Town
From a crag on Hemlock's shoulder
Look her seven hogsteads down

When the freshets flood the dale
Painted buckboards drive from Persia
Through the Egyptian woodlands cool

Passing, on those eves of May,
All the courting youth of Egypt
Wandering up the Persian way

From the sap's first run in spring
To the last October apples
Oft they meet, to spell and sing

Then the wind veers round the west,
And the tempest sweeps at midnight
Over Hemlock's barren breast

Whirls the snow along that steep
Barricades the road from Persia,
Buries Egypt fathoms deep.

SARAH N. CLEGHORN.

The Law of Gravitation.

From the Westminster Gazette.

Last Friday week, when forth afield
Nurse Tomkinson her charges wheeled
Wanting to walk instead, the twins
Began to kick each other's shins.

All down the drive and up the street
They fought with discontented feet,
Begging to be allowed to run
Till nurse exclaimed: "Oh, do have done!"

At last, when halfway up the hill,
Finding them unconverted still,
Poor nurse lost patience of she ran
Crying: "I'll fetch the bogeyman!"

And running from them round the bend,
She comes upon a soldier friend,
Who, led by gravitation's laws,
Seductively toward her draws.

The twins meanwhile in palsied fear
Have watched their nursemaid disappear,
Lest the dread bogeyman arrive,
Instinctively they cease to strive.

But now, as down the tide a ship
May, careless of its moorings, slip,
Their guiding wheel begins to grope
Responsive to the downward slope.

Soon, with a hint of more to come,
It shifts its equilibrium,
And lightly gathering up its speed
Glides off like a velocipede.

There on the hedgerow bank above
Sit maid and warrior lost in love,
While waftlike down the hillside spins
The perambulator and the twins.

Urged on by apprehensive squeals,
The maddened engine piles its wheels,
Till, turning on the footpath's edge,
It hurls them headlong to the hedge.

Attracted by their piteous cries,
Pale nurse now to the rescue hies,
And scarcely knowing which is which
She drags the culprits from the ditch.

On strictly scientific grounds,
Their doleful plight she then expounds—
Crying, as she smacks them with a will,
"That comes of never sitting still!"

The Song and the Singer.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

I sat sore hearted in my room
And heard the city's roar;
There settled down a heavy gloom
Where all was bright before.
My hopes of fair success ahead
I thought were dead—forever dead;
Despair knocked at my door.

And then I heard a voice divine,
It thrilled me through and through
The singer's room was next to mine,
I bade my cares adieu.
In fancy I could see her there
As fair as Mary Garden's fair,
And just as graceful, too.

I lingered in a blissful spell,
Forgetting my dismay,
And in the morning, watching well,
I saw her start away.
The charm departed from her song;
She was about as broad as long,
And fifty if a day.

Hiram Wise.

From the Washington Star.

Old Hiram Wise, on fame intent,
Into a race for office went.
The folks and never spend a cent!
Said Hiram Wise.

The other fellow, from afar
Came dashing in a touring car.
He looked a prize.
He is too elegant by far,
Said Hiram Wise.

So Hiram got himself a suit
And wore rough clothing, as a rule,
Of mixed cut
And trudged along with manner cool,
Did Hiram Wise.

The other fellow, tailored coat,
The general purchase would note
With scornful eye;
Said they: "He's too dressed up. Let's vote
For Hiram Wise."

That dressed up chap now tolls each day
In shirt sleeves and for moderate pay;
And off he sighs:
"I would I had pursued the way
Of Hiram Wise."

In raiment fine does Hiram pose
Excepting when back home he goes
And then he dies
His pants with suspenders and wears no hose—
Old Hiram Wise!

Hot Pollui.

From the Kansas City Journal.

We villagers upon life's stage
Permit the stars
To seek the limelight and engage
In words, wars.

The while the hero hands out thrills
We keep our place
And merely figure on the bills
As supplies.

Few plaudits do we ever win
I greatly fear
We only are important in
A census year.

Journalism in Cactus Centre.

From the Washington Star.

Down here in Cactus Centre we ain't much on splittin' hairs
In the fancy shades of language we are pattin' along
But we really one young reporter—it was strange how it occurred—
Who mussed up a brilliant future when he chose one wrong word.

He hustled local items for the Stockmen's Weekly, of course
He was young and plumb ambitious, and he made friends near and far.
He never knocked nobody, but he allus tried to boost
And we thought he'd make a wonder on the journalistic roost.

But he wrote with good intentions, as mostly every one allows
Our townsman, Pecos Johnson, has gone South to rustle cows.
He meant to say that Pecos was a roundin' up his brand,
For he didn't know that "rustle" meant to thieve in cattle land.

When Pecos Johnson read it he put on an extry gun
And he came to town a frothin' with his bronco on the run.
The reporter got a warmin' and he hopped a cow boy's beast
And he started navigatin' for the calm and distant East.

We got old Pecos quiet when he 'd busted up the press
And had shot holes in the sanctum and had made the type a mess.
And we'd like a bright reporter who is broke to Western slang
No more such babes shall monkey with our newspaper shebang!

Feminine Fortitude.

From the Washington Star.

Now ladies act as policemen serve,
And manage motor cars,
And airship ladies have the nerve
To sail among the stars.
While patriot ladies bravely seek
To shoot us now and then
That they can hold pistols and speak
As handily as men.

But if a heroine you'd see
Of true surpassing might,
Amid the scenes whence man would flee,
A creature languished quite
Do where the Christmas tumult sounds
So constant and so loud,
Behold the lady on her rounds
Among the shopping crowd!

Her Revenge.

He was not for woman's suffrage, he had stated over and over,
And he told his wife with vigor she could go to clubs no more!
Further, there should be no banners and no sashes 'round the place,
And a bunch of yellow ribbon he would call a sore disgrace.

So she sat at home one morning as he thought, to weep or pout,
But a little after luncheon she decided to go out.
And of course he had to help her, and, well, picture him, alack!
There were Votes for Women buttons, twenty seven, down her back!

LUSANA W. SHELDON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The distinguishing feature of the assegai of the wild races of South Africa is the long leaf of iron with which it is tipped to make it a deadly weapon. By whom was this weapon introduced to the Zulus? Is it a product of the commercial greed of Great Britain thus to arm the savages, just as the Christian city of Birmingham is the great foundry of graven images for the heathen?

H. F. SCHLITTER.

The ruling charge about Birmingham and the idols has become in article of conviction with yet on the most scanty evidence. In the earlier years of the last century the same charge was laid at the Puritan doors of New England, for it was commonly said of ships sailing out of Salem and Boston for the coast of Africa that they were freighted with missionaries and hymn books in the cuddy, brass idols and New England rum under hatches in the steerage. There is no reason to suspect a foreign source for the Zulu assegais. Many of the African tribes have attained to the art of smelting several of the metals; the Ashanti, a race of no inconsiderable culture, have progressed so far in the iron age that they have invented the softer grades of steel. The steel tips of these weapons are not considered inferior of the best but of the obsidian tips which are frequently used by warriors of the stone age. The name is preferably spelled assagai as in better conformity with the etymology. It is an African name, but not Zulu, nor of any language in South Africa. It was introduced by the Portuguese discoverers, who had already borrowed it from the Berbers of Morocco or more likely from the Moors during their domination of the Iberian peninsula. In the Berber it is al zaghayah or without the article zaghayah and means spear. In the chivalric period it edged in English in the composite lancegay or lancegiaye.

"H. F." evidently from memory alone quotes from an old ballad entitled "Smoking Spiritualized." The poem, however, (see "Ballads of the Peasantry," Bell's edition) reads as follows:

This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Thy green at noon, cut down at night
Shows thy decay.
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lifelike and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
Thou art even such
Gone with a touch;
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff
Gone with a puff;
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on the soul defiled with sin.
For then the fire
It doth require.
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think and smoke tobacco.

ABRAHAM S. SCHROPP.

It is evident that a verse is missing in the first stanza. The poem was cited in confirmation of the use of drink for smoking tobacco. All the earliest publications preserve the drink which is found in the original manuscript. In later times that use of drink ceased to have any application and smoke was commonly substituted. The use of drink is supported by several writers between the age of Sir Walter Raleigh and that of Queen Anne, when apparently the sense went into disuse.

I have been trying to restore my credit for a citation which I had myself unable to substantiate. I told some friends that I heard the late Prof. Langley say that Charles Darwin prophesied the coming of the aeroplane. They deny it in toto, and with your kind assistance I should like to confute their incredulity. Is there any basis of fact herein?

HENRY HASTINGS MILLS.

Except for the error in identification of the particular Darwin there can be no disputing the double fact. Prof. Langley frequently cited the earlier authority at a time when any man who sought to skim the air needed every reassurance he could gather. It was not Charles, but Erasmus Darwin who wrote in the "Botanic Garden":

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the void of air.

Many years since a man named Alfred Burnett traveled about the country giving a performance in which he gave delineations in costume of some old characters. One was of a Hard Shell Baptist preacher and his sermon in which the refrain was: "And they shall flee to the mountains, where the Whangdoodle roumteth for it is not born." I do not know if a short account of Burnett and if any of your readers could send in the complete sermon quoted above I could appreciate it.

ROBERT C. WILKIE.

Burnett was born in Ohio in 1826 and in his twentieth year travelled through the Western frontier with Prof. Lorenzo Dow, giving "The Maniac." He made his first appearance on the legitimate stage in 1847 in Cincinnati, where he played Hamlet at Wood's Theatre at Mrs. Harry Chapman's benefit. It is noted that he played the "Drunkard" for the then considerable run of thirty one nights. In 1851 he visited England as correspondent for a Cincinnati newspaper and in 1856 he made a second trip. The burlesque sermon above quoted was long considered a triumph of amusing wit. It is recalled that the mountains to which they fled were the mountains of Hepsidam, wherever they may be.

What is the reason for the marked difference between the scales of American and European thermometers?

C. J. R. WATKINS.

Two points upon the thermometer scale are easily ascertainable from nature, one the point at which distilled water freezes, the other at which it boils, in each case at sea level and under an average pressure of the air as indicated by the barometer. In the Fahrenheit scale these two points are designated as 32 and 212 respectively. In the centigrade scale, that which is more commonly employed outside the English speaking communities, these two points are designated 0 and 100. The Reaumur scale has the same zero, but designates the boiling point as 80. Accordingly to reduce the Fahrenheit reading to either of the other scales subtract 32, then five ninths of the remainder will give the centigrade reading, four ninths the Reaumur.

In answering Tiogeran's question anent Murray street you say that the name is found on Ratzer's map of 1767. May I carry its history a little further back? Among numerous notes taken by me in New York city which I collected some twenty odd years ago I find the following in reference to Murray street:

Named after Joseph Murray, an eminent lawyer who commenced practice in New York about 1728. He was a member of his Majesty's Council, an officer of Trinity Church through whose property the street was laid, and one of the first trustees of King's College. He is said to have been the largest donor in New York toward the erection of above college, having given to it one-fourth of his entire property and his own valuable library.

I much regret my inability to quote chapter and verse for this, the marginal reference to the source from which these data were obtained having been accidentally torn from my manuscript, but looking from other jottings in my commonplace book I think it would be inclined to think that my authority was one of Valentine's "Manuals of Corporation" of a date somewhere about the early '60s. Will this be of any help to "Tiogeran" in his search?

A. EUGENIUS.

Where may I find, and I blush to think that probably I am the only one who does not know, where may I find the celebrated quotation "Shakespeare and the musical glasses"? I am determined, whatever the cost, to pursue this bright gem of thought to its lair. I desire to see whether it is worth all the publicity so many authors have bestowed upon it. With my hand on my heart I ask it. I have asked the closest man in Flatbush and he did not know. Will some kind brother oblige one who should know but does not?

BEVERLY BROOKS.

Chapter 9 of "The Vicar of Wakefield": "With other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses."

What are the distinctive marks of what some one has called the coille aristocracy?

ELLEN BAYLISS.

But take them in the words of William Watson, the author of the phrase, "The Flower of Coille Aristocracy":

His delicate ears and superfine long nose,
With that last triumph, his distinguished tail.

What is the rhyme in the very old distich about a road impassable? I know there is some such thing, for my grandfather used to tell it to me.

CHANNING M. MARCY.

It is credited to Jerre Douglass and it was printed in a newspaper in India about 1850.

This road is not passable.
Not even jackassable.

I think you are in error as to the German Empire. I find this to be the fact: The Holy Roman Empire came to an end with the reign of Conrad IV., which extended from 1250 to 1254, and thereafter up to and including a portion of the reign of Francis II., 1792 to 1835, grandson of Maria Theresa, that is up to 1806, when Francis resigned, the Imperial Crown was known as the German Empire, and from that time Francis reigned as only Emperor of Austria.

A. T. G.

Recently I ran across a piece of poetry entitled, "Ireland's Eye," commencing as follows:

A drear, waste Island rock, by tempests worn,
Gnawed by the sea, and naked to the sky,
It bears the name I hath for ages borne,
Of Ireland's Eye.

Kindly let me know through your Sunday edition what spot in Ireland it has reference to.

JAMES MCCONNELL.

Kindly let me know in your valuable paper the date of Ash Wednesday in the year 1899.

G. H. D.

February 24.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. W. H. C. says: The dealer started with a bid of two hearts, hoping to shut out any further bidding, but second player bid four clubs. Third player doubled four clubs and the fourth man to say, bid six spades so as to pull his partner out of the double and induce him to go no trumps if he had a stopper in hearts. The dealer calls attention to the insufficiency of the bid.

As we understand the rules, this bars the one who declared clubs from changing to no trumps, provided his opponents do not double this six spade bid. The only remedy they have then is to let the six spade bid be played without doubling it. Is this correct? B bets as the spade bid is impossible it is void.

According to the latest revision on the Laws of Auction, as promulgated by the Whist Club, the player who has bid six spades when eight were necessary has made an impossible bid, and his opponents have the choice of two things, they can let the bid stand as to win a grand slam in spades or they can have a new deal. If they select the grand slam in spades they must do so without consultation and the decision of either partner is final. The same is true of a demand for a new deal. Should either of the partners double, or make a higher bid, or pass, the bid of six spades is void and the partner of the player in error is under no penalty.

J. B. says: Z is the declarer and when there are but five cards left in each hand he announces that he wins all the rest. B, on his right, doubts this and offers to bet $10 on it. Z, who was the dealer, takes the bet and A, who is B's partner, insists that the dealer's cards be laid on the table, which is done.

The dealer leads the best trump, there being but one against him, and his remaining cards being four stiff clubs. The trump does not fall. The dealer demands that whichever adversary has it shall play it, but both refuse to do so without either acknowledging that he holds it. The next lead of the dealer's is trumped, and he does not take another trick. B bets that as the dealer did not win all the tricks, even after taking his revoke penalty, he owes B $10. Was the player who held the last trump and he now bets that he cannot be compelled to say he holds it and to play it unless he wishes to do so. How about it?

There does not seem to be anything in the laws of the game that will compel a player to follow suit if he does not wish to do so, but in any respectable club a person who did as A did in this case would never be permitted to play again. Outrageous as it may appear, Z will have to pay B the $10. A also wins his bet if he made one.

B. F. L. says: Dummy leads a spade and A on dummy's right at once plays the ace. The declarer calls upon B to play his highest spade, but B objects and bets that he can be called on only to win or not to win the trick.

B is wrong. He can be called on to do either, and if his highest or lowest spade is called he must play it. In the old whist rules there was only one call to win or lose the trick.

F. M. J. says: My partner is the dealer and bids one no trump. Second player passes. I hold six diamonds to the K Q J. Should I bid two no trumps or two diamonds or say nothing?

Many persons think there is no necessity to say anything in such a position, as the no trumper seems to be all right, but it is always well to warn the original caller of no trumps that unless his declaration is genuine it might be better to play diamonds for trumps. If he still thinks he has a no trumper he will go back to it, but a hand is often saved by the partner overcalling a no trumper with a strong red suit, as the second bidder will surely pass if he has enough to defeat the no trumper in one suit. The overcall in the red suit discloses the ambush.

F. D. C. says: My partner deals and no trumps and it is my lead. I hold six hearts, one high. Which one should I lead, ace or fourth best?

Fourth best. There is no telling whether your partner wants a heart led to establish a reentry, or to get a long suit going, or whether he has doubled on general strength and does not care much what you lead. If he has two honors in hearts, such as K Q, you do better by keeping your ace. If he is long in the suit you do no harm.

Auction Pitch. T. S. C. states: A wants one to go and B wants two. B gets the pitch for two and proceeds low jack to A's high. Is the bidder out or not?

The bidder is not because he has the first count and it is enough to put him game. But for the rule that the bidder should have this advantage there would be no inducement to bid and players in A's position would sit still and sweat out.

Vingt et un. B. C. says: We want two disputes settled. Can a player split anything but a pair, and if he splits and draws to both must he finish with one card before drawing to the other or does he draw to each in turn?

If the first two cards are split to draw to each, they must both be of the same denomination. One card is dealt to first until the player is content or busted and then the other card may be drawn to. It must be remembered that when a player separates his two cards in this manner he does not divide his original stake, but must place an amount on the second card equal to that bet on the two together.

Euchre. G. W. H. says: Z dealt and turned it down. A made it hearts, holding the right bower and three others with an ace, and declared to play alone. He led the right bower, and all followed suit. He then led the ace of trumps, and no one followed suit, but when he got down to the last trick Z trumped with the left bower. A calls the revoke and scores four points. B says he cannot score more than one, as the cards show that he could not possibly have won all the tricks, while Z held the left bower guarded.

A is right to take four points for the penalty of a revoke made against a lone hand. A revoke made against two playing as partners is two points only. The revoke penalty is always the limit of the possibilities of the deal, regardless of how it is played. The most that partners can make is a march, so the revoke penalty is two points, but a lone player can make four points, and that is the revoke penalty.

It does not matter what A would have made if Z had not revoked, as the possibilities of the play are never taken into consideration in exacting a revoke penalty, no matter what the game is. If you revoke in a game of bridge, for instance, your adversaries will take three tricks from you, even if you have the twelve highest trumps and can demonstrate that you must make twelve trump tricks no matter how the play went. In seven up you may hold the ace, king, queen, jack of trumps, but you cannot score jack if you revoke, even though it is a certainty that you must have saved it.

Dice. M. E. Y. says: Playing chuckluck. A bets that it is all the same which of the single numbers one bets on. B bets that there is a much smaller percentage against one on 7 and 14 than on any others. Can this be proved or disproved by figures?

B is right. The odds against 7 or 14 are 13½ to 1, and the house usually pays 12 for 1. This is only about a twelfth against the player. From 8 to 11 it is anywhere from an eighth to a sixth against the player, and from 6 to 15 it is a ninth to a sixth against him.

Cribbage. H. J. P. says: Can a player say "Go" when he is still able to play, and if he does, what is the penalty?

He forfeits two points in any case, and his adversary may take back the cards to the place where the go was illegally announced and have them played over again, or he may let the play stand, as suits him.

Poker. J. B. T. says: A deals, B opens and C comes in. Before B says anything D, who has picked up two of his cards, finds there are but two more in front of him and demands a new deal. D's hand is dead as he picked up part of 1 before he called attention to the irregularity.

T. F. C. says: After the draw A and B ante along, C raises and A calls C. Then B raises them both out. A bets that he has a right to see C's hand as he called C's last raise.

Unless C calls B he need not show his hand, as no intermediate bet, such as A's seeing C's raise, is a call in the strict sense of the word.

H. Y. says: A bets that a pat hand is one to which no cards are drawn. B bets it is a hand which cannot be improved by drawing to it, being already straight, flush or full.

A pat hand is as described by B. The hand that A has in mind is a hand that is played pat but that is not necessarily a genuine pat hand.

G. A. says: After the draw the opener finds he has six cards. What becomes of the pot?

One of those who drew against him wins it.

W. E. says: A dealt and B, C, D passed, leaving it to the dealer to open. B, C and D all came in and B and C drew three cards each, D standing pat. B bets that if D had a pat hand he should have opened the pot or he cannot play for it.

If D took a chance that some one else would open or if he overlooked the fact that he had openers himself that is his affair. The pot was opened for him and he came in. Whether he stands pat or not is his business, and if the others want to see what he had they must call him.

B. B. B. says: The opener bets the limit and the others throw up their cards, asking to see openers. A shows a pair of nines and a sling, remarking that he doubt bet the other sling by mistake. His doubt being turned up proves to be a king. B bets he cannot win the pot as he does not hold openers.

What the player holds after the draw does not matter, provided he had openers when he opened, so that the opener is entitled to the pot.

Betting. J. B. T. says: A bet 5 to 3 on Harvard against Yale and 3 to 5 that Yale would not score. B bets it is all a stand off. A says he wins the last bet but the first is a stand off. Is this correct?

No. B gets back 4 of the 8 put up on the first bet and A wins the second bet. When a player lays odds on an event that comes out even it shows he was wrong and he loses his half of the difference between the amounts bet.

POLITICAL NOTES.

For the last five years Supreme Court Justice Michael H. Hirschber