IN THE SWISS LAKES.

A STUDY IN HOUSES.

What the Homes of Different Peoples Tell Us.

THREE INTERESTING TYPES.

Characteristics of a People Shown in Their Style of Architecture—Houses to Float on the Water—In Switzerland, Norway and Siam—Similar Features in Other Countries.

Written for The Evening Star.

THE FORM OF CONSTRUCTION IN houses is not directly determined by the era of building alone, or by locality, or race, or by the state of knowledge, as some have supposed, but by a combination of influences too intricate to admit of generalization. An influence of a kind which finds expression at one time or place may be entirely wanting at another. The most that can be said is that the necessity or impulse acting on the builders most strongly will, according as the means are at hand, give character to the work. Nor are the influences few; they are as varied as the traits of man and the accident of his surroundings, and while they are not all and always operative, one and another become dominant and in some measures crowd out the others.

The entire character of a farm house is as different from that of a fortress as agriculture differs from the business of war. While this is obvious enough in many instances the motives or influences at work are so complicated or numerous, some strong and others weak, that it becomes difficult to account for how the particular style in question came about. The needs, resources, traditions, tastes, superstitions and even religious beliefs of the tribes of men are in their building—and these are of unlimited variety.

The minaret was not some freak of fancy in the architect. It was designed, as the word indicates, to shine, to be conspicuous and to be a station whence the muezzin should deliver his message, likewise indicated by his title.

This functionary not appertaining to the observance of Christianity, the minaret would be looked for in vain, piercing upward from a gothic cathedral. The bell tower, sometimes finished with a spire, is another matter.

The houses of old seaport towns have a platform with seats on the roof for an outlook, which is never seen on houses of the interior more than the minaret on a Christian church.

I have seen houses with structural devices for the exclusion of evil spirits.

THREE INTERESTING TYPES.

To illustrate this and other kindred subjects the National Museum contains a large collection of models, of which three taken at random contain somewhat of curious interest. The factors or conditions producing the result in these become quite apparent. They represent widely different eras, states of civilization, surrounding conditions of resources and climate, diverse culture, and although similar in many respects, are far from identical.

It is interesting to note where they approach or diverge in object and method of adaptation of means to ends. All these buildings are, as a common characteristic fact, separated from the soil—from the land. The first is from the Swiss lakes, the second represents Siam and China, the third from the highlands of Norway, and in point of time one is of unknown prehistoric date and the others of today. But let each account for itself.

THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF SWITZERLAND.

The lacustrine abodes or lake dwellings of Switzerland belong to the stone and bronze ages and reach into the dawn of the iron age. The type is extant and it is believed, not without reason, that it has continued in unbroken succession from the earliest day. They are now in Russia, Borneo and other islands of the Malay archipelago, in Central Africa and many other lagoon regions such as the lower Mississippi.

Those of Switzerland preceded history and must tell us of their origin, for it has not been told of them.

The first discovery was made at Obermilen in 1829, since which time there have been found from twenty to fifty settlements in each of the large lakes. Some were covered under deep layers of alluvial deposit and some under the waters of the lake. The existence of these were unsuspected when a subsidence of the water exposed the lake bed and the forest of stakes. The stakes were found to have been sharpened by use of fire and driven into the mud, and, where the ground was hard, supported by stone heaps. This established the nature of the structure in general. At one locality and another careful excavations were made and the aggregate "find" disclosed to the world the character of the villages as well as the life of their inhabitants down to some of the smallest details.

HOW THE HOUSES WERE BUILT.

The stakes supported a platform at some distance from the shore, with which communication was had by a narrow bridge, the latter, doubtless, to be removed or destroyed in case of necessity.

On the platform houses with thatched roofs were built, and through the platform in the center of each was opened a trap door admitting of communication with the water below. The discovery that the roofs were thatched was due to finding of pieces that had been preserved, having been charred in the conflagration that destroyed the village. There were no chimneys, food having been eaten raw or cooked on land. Most of the villages had at one time or another been destroyed by fire. Even the winds of heaven at the time of the catastrophe have been interrogated. They were strong and blowing from the south in almost every instance.

THE BUILDERS

were fishermen, had nets, canoes, harpoons. They had domestic animals—the ox, hog and the friend of man. They wore raiment, skins and even coarse woven fabrics, and among the bone needles and awles was found one with a piece of thread still in the eye, placed there by some remote ancestress. There has been found grain, cooked bread, hand-made pottery, utensils, ornaments, stone axes, knives and scrapers and the stone swords, an adjunct to spinning.

The entire structure may be treated as a single edifice. The platform common to all the dwellings was made of string and cross pieces of round timber attached together and to the top of the piles by withes. On this the houses were built of like material, the walls being of packed mud interlaced with timbers and roofed with rafters, and thatched, all very similar to what may now be found in many parts of the civilized world.

This is a house built over the water on piles by a prehistoric people, intelligent, laborious, established in locality and skillfully employing the means they had within reach. A moment's reflection will show that this work demanded the exercise of a much higher order of mechanical or engineering dexterity than the erection of much more substantial structures of stone on the land. It is still a problem how they could have driven the piles, and the moving and raising the timbers to elevated positions argues untiring industry and energy.

THE REASONS.

Having reached in general outline the construction of the building, its materials, the use to which it was dedicated and the life of its builders, we come to inquire of it concerning that all-important factor—the motive for its erection, the thought which stamps itself upon all the works of man.

The exigency must have been urgent to account for the selection of so inaccessible position where another one was at command, and the expenditure of so much labor where less ordinarily would have sufficed.

Obviously, and first of all, it was to get away from the land, and to do so permanently and with comfort. Such deliberate isolation, and at so great cost, has been attributed to convenience in fishing. But since they used canoes and nets, both pertaining to the open water, they had to go out from their dwellings, and if so why not live on shore and go out from there?

Protection from wild beasts has been given as a reason, but that could as well have been accomplished living on shore, by means of stockades.

Defense from hostile attack seems to be an inevitable inference, and it is an interesting historical fact that such a settlement on Lake Prasias in Thrace successfully resisted the army of Darius and so escaped being carried captive into Asia. With none but the weapons then in use such a position was practically impregnable.

A VILLAGE IN SAFETY.

The picturesque fact is that it was not a stronghold par excellence, but a village—a village set in a position of safety, where the avocations of life were pursued in peace. The fortress (primitive though it be) lies hidden beneath the fact of isolation from the firm land, where tribes march and ambuscade, while to the eye is presented only scenes and incidents of quietude.

It is this that finds graphic expression in the lake abodes and characterizes their architecture. The genius of the times is in them.

IN SIAM.

Many centuries later and in far distant lands, possibly then uninhabited, we find men living in abodes somewhat similar, but markedly different from the lacustrine abodes. On the great rivers of China and Siam are boat houses, those of the former built on true hulls and of the latter as here shown.

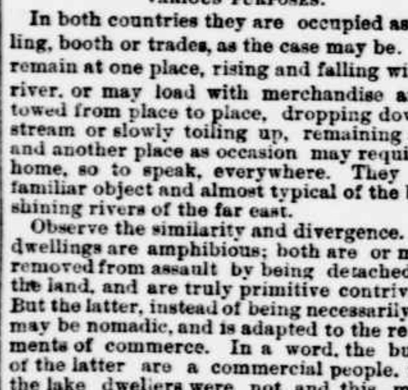
The platform on which the house is built rests on a mass of bamboo, flat and broad, bound together by joists and studding attached to the platform itself. The bamboo, having joints at intervals, constitutes a collection of air-tight compartments, affording a great measure of buoyancy. By means of this, when the river runs low, the structure rests on the river bed, in position like any other house, and when the water rises it floats like a raft. The superstructure is built of paneled teak, is light, gable-roofed and thatched with the atap leaf.

This residence is moored when desired by means of spuds or poles, moving freely through rings at the prow or street front, and adaptable to the depth of water.

VARIOUS PURPOSES.

In both countries they are occupied as dwelling, booth or trades, as the case may be. They remain at one place, rising and falling with the river, or may load with merchandise and be towed from place to place, dropping down the stream or slowly toiling up, remaining at one and another place as occasion may require—at home, so to speak, everywhere. They are a familiar object and almost typical of the broad, shining rivers of the far east.

Observe the similarity and divergence. Both dwellings are amphibious; both are or may be removed from assault by being detached from the land, and are truly primitive contrivances. But the latter, instead of being necessarily local, may be nomadic, and is adapted to the requirements of commerce. In a word, the builders of the latter are a commercial people, which the lake dwellers were not, and this marked difference may be seen in their dwellings, otherwise singularly alike. How vastly diverse an appearance must the rivers present to that of the Swiss lakes in the stone age.



THE HIGHLANDS OF NORWAY.

Another building erected on the rocky hills of Norway presents a distinct form. It is separated from the ground for protection—but this time from field mice. While in this respect it barely suggests the motive of the other it presents an interesting contrast. It is (and Norwegian dwellings are constructed on much the same plan) massive and strong, and in joiner work and ornamentation is more suggestive of the cabinet makers' art than the builders'. But here is introduced the element of taste, of which the others are almost entirely devoid.

To the commingling of commerce, defense, comfort, we owe the first two buildings, while to taste, for dress, for the beautiful, we attribute the individuality of this, and no doubt such work is, in a half barbaric way, a gem. It marks the transition from a hitching of materials together in a primitive and unenduring form to the art of wood working and wood carving that flourished so splendidly in the middle ages. But there is here expressed a fact of perhaps more interest than any that has gone before—the survival of a religious belief expressed in a building.

SURVIVAL OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

It will be observed that, on the Siamese river dwelling, the eaves at the gable ends are ornamented with a device representing the cobra, so often repeated on buildings, fabrics and metal work in the east. It is the emblem of serpent worship, which there still obtains. Above the gables of the Norwegian building may be seen a carving representing the pine tree of the north. It is the roof tree, in emblem, which is placed there upon the roofing in of every building erected in northern Europe. The custom is occasionally observed in America. This is the survival of the tree and serpent worship, now extinct among the northern peoples.

And so in this building, as in the other, we find expression of a religious belief, in one case still in force, in the other only in the form of a survival, but both equally expressive of a fact in the life of man.

However inadequate these examples may be the collection of models taken together wonderfully illustrate how much man declares himself in the house he builds. V. C.

Sold His Whiskers by Auction.

Justice J. L. Ganzhorn of Kansas City, who last week deputized a saloon keeper to marry him to a woman worth a quarter of a million, found the work of his court dull and tedious the other day.

Suddenly he arose and announced in a loud voice that he proposed to sell his snow white beard by auction. A crowd soon gathered, for his office is on one of the principal streets, and his voice could be heard two blocks.

Ganzhorn mounted a table and began the sale. Bidding was spirited for half an hour. Saloon Keeper Tom Davis, who pronounced the marriage ceremony last week, bought the whiskers for $45.50, announcing that he would pay for them when he wanted them delivered.

The justice drew up a bill of sale in legal form, sealed it with his notarial seal and gave it to Davis.

When a man starts out to give information with the remark that "it is not generally known," it is pretty safe to infer that it was not known to himself until he found it in the encyclopaedia an hour or two ago.

Says an Exchange—"Cheese is invariably eaten with the fingers by the most particular people." Outside the ranks of the most particular people, it is presumed, cheese is eaten with the mouth.—*Boston Post.*

THEATRICAL TALK.

New York Managers Opposed to Having Bars Near Their Houses.

STAGE FOLKS AT LEISURE.

Actresses Who "Make Up" When Off the Stage—Augustin Daly's Repressive Discipline—A Youth Who Sought Notoriety—How an Actor Secured a Pair of Trousers.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1891.

"MORE MONEY IS EXPENDED IN PROviding dramatic amusement for the people of the United States than the people pay for it." This assertion, that more capital is put into the theatrical business than ever gets out again, was made by a participant in a peculiar meeting of managers held privately this week. Some of his companions looked incredulous. "It is absolutely true," he went on, "and I qualify my statement only by leaving the variety show branch of the business out of the calculation. There's big profit in variety, as we all know. The three richest men in American management today—that is, of those who made all their money out of the stage—got their fortunes chiefly from variety theaters. Reckoning chiefly on legitimate theatricals, and in their aggregate, they don't pay expenses."

The conference conceived a proposed means of making theatricals pay, and the prime mover was putting forward an argument in justification of the plan, which was nothing else than to make alcoholic traffic help support the drama. Seven managers were present, and they were harmonious in the belief that the liquor law should be so amended as to permit bars in places accessible directly from the theaters. At present the statute forbids the sale of intoxicants in any room which can be entered from a theater without going into the street on the way, the intention of the lawmakers having been to separate the two diversions of drama and drink. This law is observed generally in the Broadway theaters. Once in a while a door is opened from a lobby into a bar room, but the offense has to be stopped quickly. The consequence is not any curtailment of tippling between acts, but the division of it among the groggeries close to theaters. Now, the seven managers in secret session agreed unanimously that the liquor traffic dependent upon each theater could and should belong to the house, and be made to swell its revenue. "The bar would pay the orchestra," said one, in whose mind the cost of orchestral music was begrudged, as it is generally among managers.

"Wouldn't it degrade legitimate theatricals just a little bit?" was a rather timid suggestion.

"Not if it's done right," was the very positive reply. "It should be made fashionable. London theaters, with their open bars in corridors and lobbies, should be cited as a swell example. Degrading! Nonsense. Why, don't you remember that the late Lester Wallack opened a bar in his new theater, and not only that, but outfitted it with barmaids imported from London? It was a brilliant idea. The fellows were a little shy of ordering drinks from the girls behind the counter, but the strangeness was wearing off rapidly, and in a month a bar would have been a booming adjunct of the swellest theater in town. But the police wouldn't allow it. The bar was down in the cellar, with a stairway from the main lobby, and that was a violation of the law. What we want to do, and can do, is to amend the statute so as to permit a bar in a theater. Then every manager can scoop the drink business that by right belongs to him."

WOULD NOT HAVE BAR ROOMS.

Your correspondent spent a single hour in going to the offices of Broadway theater managers other than those who had attended the conference, and in that short time he found eight who declared, unhesitatingly, that they would not sell drinks on their premises, no matter how much freedom the law might give. Four of them had leased their theaters with a certainty that the adjoining stores would not be used for bar rooms. Friends of the unsullied drama or of temperance need have no dread of bars in legitimate New York theaters. A majority of the managers are against it, no matter if it would be "so English."

This has been a dead week for new matter on the stage, but next week will be all alive with the production of eight new pieces. The theatrical doings, therefore, are still preparatory. Upper Broadway is still thronged with players, most of them so jaunty and pronounced in style as to be recognizable on sight as show folks.

POWDER AND PAINT.

"The mistake," said a pretty actress, "that most of the women in my profession make is in putting powder and rouge on their faces when they go on the street in the daytime. It is absolutely impossible to make up the face so that daylight will not reveal the false coloring. How many women of real beauty I have seen cheapen themselves and disfigure the honest good looks that heaven bestowed on them by wearing a stage make-up in daily life! I wouldn't like to mention the names of actresses that paint and powder and crayon for the street, but if I started in to do so I don't think I should leave many of them out. I have often heard men say that they suffered an intense shock in meeting a stage beauty who had seemed almost divine to them across the footlights merely because they found them vulgarly made-up. They could have easily forgiven the few blemishes that a clean face would have revealed, and with that clean face the actress would have preserved for them nearly all of the fascination that she exerted by means of her theatric artificialities. I have tried so often to talk my friends into this way of thinking, but I've never had any success, and though there are many girls and old women for that matter whom I am very fond of most of them make me frightfully ashamed of, myself and my profession whenever I go out with them in the daytime. And rouge sooner or later coarsens the skin, until a woman who uses it gets positively unwholesome to look at. But they will use it, and the crayon on the eyes, too, and the consequence is we actresses are often taken for something very much worse than we are. Ah, well, I, at least, am free of the habit. Of course I touch a powder puff to my nose once in a while just to take the shine off, you know. Like this, you see. A dab on this side, then a dab on that, and then, just to blend it, you bring the puff over the cheeks and chin—and there you are."

And the merry little actress, with her sound ideas on the vulgarity of making-up, went her way, her face a luminous white and her lips a deep crimson from constant biting.

ACTORS AND THEIR DOUBLES.

Nat Goodwin has been the week's greatest personage in Broadway, if we are to rate him by the curiosity evinced by observers. That is because his exploit of attempting to break into his wife's house has been published extensively. Besides, Goodwin is such a blonde little fellow, so exactly like his stage self that strangers recognize him readily. He is having a prolonged spell of conviviality. It is being told of the son of the late Joe Emmett that he used to take his inebriated father's place on the stage without the substitution being detected. No such thing ever really occurred. But it is a fact that an actor named Charles Coots used to take Goodwin's place when that actor failed to come to curtain time and the audience would not know the difference. The character was an exaggerated one in make up and delivery, however, and that made a clever imitation possible. Goodwin is one of the few comic comedians who are also amusing off the stage. He likes to tell funny stories to a crowd and he does it well.

One of our stock companies contains no bar room loungers. Augustin Daly puts it into every contract that he makes with an actor that the performer shall not enter a bar room; that he shall not walk in Broadway except when on an actual errand; that he shall not visit any other theater without permission, and that he shall in no way exploit himself individually. There is no joke about that. Daly doesn't mean that any single member of his company (excepting Ada Rehan) shall outgrow the place and space assigned to him or her. The consequence is that jealousy of Miss Rehan's conspicuousness is rampant in that theater, but it has to be undemonstrative, for her sway is absolute. This dominance of the admired actress is the real cause of John Drew's defection. He became restless under it particularly during the organization's last tour in Europe and soon after his return offered himself to Charles Frohman, who will let him do all that he is capable of. Here is a bit of pertinent news. James Lewis will secede from Daly at the end of next season.

PANTING FOR NOTORIETY.

When we see the wild scramble for notoriety in connection with the stage, Augustin Daly's vigorous discipline over his employes is appreciated as an admirable thing. Even the lawyers and adulators of theatrical folks are fierce for fame, even though it be ill-fame. A nice, clean, innocent youth, whose unwise parents left him in New York all summer while they were abroad, rushed up to a journalist in one of the clubs the other night and begged him to sit down.

"Now, my boy," said the youth, "I have something to tell you. I really am having a devil of a time of it in New York this summer. I've got in with a lot of Casino girls and we eat late suppers till you can't rest. Champagne, you know, and all that sort of thing. Oh, I wouldn't dare to tell you all about it, because a man doesn't talk of these things; but what I want to know is, couldn't you just run me a little in your paper. Something playful, you know, but snappy. The fact is a man can make a hit with the women after he has been published. Why, I was cut out, almost, here a few weeks ago by a chap who got in an awful mess and was jugged for it. Now, I don't want to figure too high in the papers, but I shouldn't object to be touched up a bit. I'll tell you another thing. It sets a man up at Del's. When he goes in there he is pointed out as that fellow, you know, that the papers pitched into. Now, what do you think? Can you give me a prodding?"

The journalist said he would consider the matter. This young man is similar to many more bred in his sphere, who are more than anxious to be advertised as gay fellows knowing how to enjoy life brilliantly. They are embryo men-about-town, and they deem it a necessity to have it known they are naughty in order to get the respect of the smart set. The young man in question is probably getting up early each morning now and running to get the papers, to see if his escapades with the Casino girls are yet spicily chronicled. They probably never will be, but if they are then the youth will assume a sad and injured air before his parents and promise never to do wrong again, while out in the city he will walk with a jauntier step and fancy himself a deuce of a fellow because his romantic frailties are observed.

HOW HE GOT A NEW PAIR.

An actor stood on a shady corner of Broadway one morning this week congratulating himself that he was alive. He was dressed rather warmly for the season and his straw hat needed renovating. Just as he was wondering whether he would better enjoy a drink or a shave on a spare 15 cents that he jingled fondly about in his trousers pocket he espied another actor coming toward him, a fortunate, elegantly attired young man who is playing a summer engagement and dines every day.

"Say, where did you get those trousers?" he asked of this latter complacent personage as he and his clothes drew near.

"London," was the reply.

"Well, they look like Waukesha," said the first actor.

The well-dressed man smiled and passed on, but was soon hailed from a doorway by a tall, cavernous-jawed tragedian, who shouted:

"Say, where did you get those trousers?"

"London," was again the reply.

"Pretty tough, ain't they," said the tragedian. "I've seen 'em like that in the one-price stores out at Spokane Falls."

The young actor began to look a little disturbed, but passed on without further remark. A little further along an undersized comedian espied him from the opposite side of the street and came hurrying over, crying:

"Why, my boy, how d'ye do? Say, where did you get those trousers?"

"London," the other softly answered.

"No!" exclaimed the comedian. "Well, they look more like Salt Lake City than London."

By this time the prosperous actor was a little annoyed. He kept on his way, only to be stopped in quick succession by four more impecunious professionals, who asked him where he got his trousers, and then assured him that they were very bad style. At last he turned and walked uptown again, and when he reached the corner where the first actor had hailed him he found that dusty and disconsolate individual still there wondering whether the shave or the drink would be the better 15-cent investment.

"Look here," said he, going up to this puzzled and needy person, "is it a fact that these trousers of mine are bad form?"

"Oh, the worst I ever saw, my boy," was the reply. "Not up to your style at all. Now, I need a pair of trousers pretty badly but really I wouldn't—yes I would, though. I must stifle these fastidious notions of mine. Yes, I would wear those trousers, though I should hate to. But you! Oh, take 'em off, if you value your reputation."

The actor looked at the speaker sadly and then, taking him by the arm, said:

"Come on up to my rooms and I'll give you these trousers. I guess they must be pretty bad from the unanimity of condemnation that they have provoked. Come along."

The needy actor went, and a little later he received the congratulations of his friends who had assisted him in disgusting the original owner of the trousers with his property.

"Ain't they beauties!" he exclaimed, posing in front of the bar room mirror. "Oh, I spotted them a week ago, and I had to have 'em or die. And I've got 'em."

Is Mother In?

From the Chicago Herald.

All England is laughing over the delicious impertinence of a Chicago society girl who was sight-seeing near Windsor castle last week. She saw a little fat man wandering around, and going up to him she said:

"I say, butler, is there any chance to get a glimpse of the queen?"

The little fat man bristled up and his face grew very red.

"I am not the butler," he said. "I am the Prince of Wales."

"Oh, how lucky!" exclaimed the young lady. "Is mother in?"

A Lucky Find.

From the London Standard.

There is going on just now near the Barriere de Montreuil, at the extreme east end of Paris, a sale of rubbish, familiarly known to its frequenters by the unattractive name of the "Flea Market." An old lady, Mme. Pacaud, had an extraordinary piece of good luck there yesterday. She bought a very old and dilapidated mattress, and on cutting it open with a view to having the horsehair cleaned, she discovered a leather bag containing 14,000 francs in gold. As the bedding is known to have passed through a large number of hands since it left those of its original possessor, it would be useless to attempt to find the rightful owner of the treasure, which will become therefore the legal property of the lucky old lady.

"Sometime."

When "sometime" comes then we shall taste the joys for which we long,
The shadows will be sunbeams and each sigh will be a song;
The sweet dead hopes we cherish so and in our breasts entomb
Will all come back to live again and fill our hearts with bloom.
The dreary wastes of desert sand will blossom as the rose,
And every brook will babble sweetest music as it flows.
Our hungry souls that now exist on just the meager crumbs
Will then sit down to princely feasts of love when "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes then all the year will be a glad, sweet June,
And all the music of the world will be in perfect tune.
The paths we tread will lead us on through blossomed-scented dells,
And we shall listen ever to the chimes of fairy bells.
The thornless roses all the day with dewdrops will be wet,
And joys will come untangled in the meshes of regret;
Our lives will flit as gayly as the wild bee when it hums
Its drowsy song from honeyed flower to flower, when "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes then all the world will be a dream of truth,
And we shall feel once more the charm and innocence of youth.
And sing the glad, sweet songs we sung in those bright summers when
We played in careless joy nor knew the weary thoughts of men.
And all the friends we hold so dear—the ones who loved us so—
Will all come back to greet us from the happy long ago.
The girls with dolls and dishes and the boys with flags and drums,
We'll see them all together once again when "sometime" comes.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

Hawaiian Heroism.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The Pacific mail steamer Australia arrived from Honolulu, bringing Hawaiian exchanges to July 28. The following is a summary of recent events in the islands:

On July 11, during a terrific gale at Kawathe, three canoes, containing thirteen men and a boy, were blown off to sea. Learning of the calamity a sloop owner of that place put his fine craft at the disposal of any one who would go to the rescue, and a native sailor raised a volunteer crew of five and started. One of this number, a boy, was lashed by ropes half way up the mainmast to keep a lookout, which he did for hours in the face of the gale. It was near sunset when the lost men were found out at sea clinging desperately to their frail crafts and were rescued and brought back. Great credit is due the native sailors, and particularly to the boy on the lookout, whose position in the cold and wet was a difficult and painful one to maintain for so long a time. It was he who sighted the canoes, of which two were found, the other having drifted inshore early in the day with its exhausted owner, who gave the alarm.

Madge—"This summer resort reminds me of what the professor said of the primary geological formations."

Evelyn—"How's that, dear?"

Madge—"It contains no trace of man."—*Life.*

ABOUT NEW LONDON.

A Pretty Connecticut City on the River Thames.

HOME OF THE WHALERS.

An Industry Which Furnished Employment to Hundreds of Men and Made Large Fortunes Now Killed by Kerosene—Benedict Arnold's Birthplace.

Written for The Evening Star.

DOWN THROUGH EASTERN CONNECTIcut the beautiful Thames river flows to where it joins its waters with Long Island sound. The earliest settlers recognized its beauty and named it for the grandest river in old England. Then on its banks they founded the city that was to be and called it New London. The years passed by and the little colony thrived apace, till on the right bank of the river, about four miles from its mouth, a pretty town graced its founders, judgment. From the first its people had been a seafaring race, and it was the pride of the place that its ships were the stanchest and its seamen the bravest that sailed from our coast. A hundred and fifty years ago the whaling industry was at its height, and New London and New Bedford well nigh divided the profits of the whole trade. All summer long the "whalers'" ships fitted out and collected their crews of hardy seamen for the winter's work.

THE OLD WHALING SHIP.

The ships were full rigged with single topsail yards, like a man-of-war, and carried a huge tank and furnace for the "first trying out" of the fat from the whales. About the last of August, after the stores were provided for a six months' cruise, the "whaling fleet," sometimes of seventy or eighty ships, started out for the long voyage "around the horn" and off on the long stretch, one-quarter around the world, to the north Pacific. The night before the fleet sailed was a famous one for New London. The sweethearts and wives of the seamen gave them an immense farewell ball and all night long the buxom maidens and the hardy blue jackets danced as the best fiddlers for miles around played the "White Cockade" or "The Devil's Dream." The kegs of ale and barrels of cider gave good cheer, and when the party broke up, as the sun rose over the Groton hills, many a tar who had cheered a little too much staggered back to his ship singing "My Nancy," or a crowd stood on the street corners and shouted some old song, while one or two belated tars and the sweethearts danced a "hoe-down" to

Green grow the rushes, oh!
Green grow the rushes, oh!
The sweetest hours that ever I spent
Were spent amongst the lasses, oh!

or to the rollicking tune of "Highland Mary."

THE LONG VOYAGE.

The next day as the sails were loosed and the wind filled them the gallant ships tacked out through the race and rounded Montauk Point as they stood away on the long voyage to the first stopping place in the Brazils. The wharves were crowded with the sweethearts, wives and children who wished to wave a last adieu to papa, husband or lover, and a profane old tar says the "gals used to bawl and sniffer about it so much that the Thames river is salty yet on account of their briny weepin's." The winter went by waiting for the whalers' return, and when the spring came there were anxious hearts watching and waiting for the return of relatives and friends. Along in May a few stragglers appeared laden with oil till they floated so deep in the water that they had to steer carefully up the channel to avoid rocks that formed no menace to them as they went out in the fall. These heralded the return of the whaling fleet, which soon was all in the harbor again—all except the few that had been left, perhaps lost in a storm or crushed in the ice while too far north. Then came the welcome home, and a ball, happier and more gay than the "farewell" had been—lovers were welcomed back, wives met their sailor husbands again and children their fathers. A few took no interest in all this, for their "ship had not come in" and only sadness was in store for them.

FORTUNES THAT WERE MADE.

Fortunes were made from the proceeds of one voyage, if it was a good one, and when such was the case the old sea captains often concluded to choose from the maidens that with light hearts and merry faces welcomed the whaler's return a "mate for life" and settle on shore to enjoy their hard-earned fortunes. If they were accepted by the maidens, and they generally were if their pockets were well lined, a stately home was added to beautiful New London and grandchildren and great grandchildren occupy them now to tell the tales handed down of how the founder won wealth and health in the whale trade. The immense refineries gave employment to hundreds of people, and it took scores of barks and brigs to carry the whale oil to the "old country."

But kerosene came and the whale trade was ruined; the whalers' ships went into other trades or rotted at their moorings, and now all that is left is the ruins of the refineries, a few old inns that were the havens of rest for these hardy mariners, and the high-bowed, double-ended boats that ride the seas so well and exist now almost alone in the navy as "whale boats." Where the whalers once rode at anchor by the score the white-winged, trim yachts crowd the harbor, or the white war ships of the new navy cast their shadows, and where the largest refinery stood, at the mouth of the Thames, the Pequot House, one of the prettiest summer resorts of the whole coast, now holds its sway. A few of the old sea captains hobble about, ready to tell of the days when the Mary Davis and the Watersprite raced from New London to the horn and never took in a sail for sea or wind till the whaling grounds were reached, but they sadly add that "nothing is like it used to be."

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S BIRTHPLACE.

Across the Thames from New London is the pretty town of Groton, that bears the name of its founder. Here was the home and birthplace of Benedict Arnold, the traitor, and here were shown the worst effects of his treachery. Here on a hill that overlooks the city and harbor the revolutionists, in 1777, built Fort Griswold to defend their rights. It bravely withstood with its little garrison two attacks made by the coast raiders, and in the spring of 1780 the gallant Col. Ledyard and 200 patriots held it alone. Benedict Arnold, with several hundred followers, desperados, pirates and tories, swooped down on the coast and attacked the fort. Col. Ledyard bravely withstood the fearful odds till every load of powder was gone, and the wooden side of his fort was burned and all but a score of his men were killed. Then he concluded to surrender. Down came the flag, and as the traitor and his followers rushed in the fort Col. Ledyard handed his sword hilt first to Arnold, who grasped the sword and without a word ran it through the heart of the gallant patriot. The town was then sacked and burned and the home of Arnold's venerable parents received the first evidence of the traitor's wrath. It was completely sacked, burned and torn down so that hardly a stone remained on another. After this useless, senseless raid the raiders shouldered their plunder and left the coast. Col. Ledyard was left dead in his own blood, and he was buried where he fell. Commemorative of the gallant defense of New London and the death of its brave defender a granite monument stands 100 feet high. The ruins of old Fort Griswold are still to be seen, and in the house at the base of the monument the waistcoat that Ledyard wore when he fell is still kept, with the jagged hole and blood stains still visible on it, and near it is the scabbard of the fatal sword that took the brave colonel's life.

THE THAMES RIVER.

To all lovers of college games and college fame the Thames river at New London will ever be dear, for here is the great course over which the college boat races are rowed each year. In June every year Yale and Harvard send immense delegations to cheer on the well-trained crews to their utmost. For three days these gay fellows take complete possession of the pretty little city. Before the race both sides parade and yell and cheer themselves hoarse with as much ardor as if the nation's welfare depended on their success. But it is after the race that the victors celebrate, and then the staid residents can scarcely call their souls their own, and the fair young ladies do not even attempt to call their hearts their own, but give them "whether or no," to the boys of the Yale blue generally, but sometimes the Harvard's flashy red captures their hearts first, and then it is "nip and tuck" to see which wins, for sometimes winning hearts seems quite as important to them as winning races. For a while all is life and rush till the races are over, then the city settles down to its usual quiet to be broken only by an occasional excursion from Norwich or from New York sometimes.

ANOTHER GALA DAY.

Another gala day for the town is when the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club comes into the harbor and with its eighty or ninety beautiful yachts occupies nearly the whole harbor at the mouth of the river. For over a week in every summer this pretty squadron remains in the harbor while its gig races and cutter and steam launch races are decided, then at the boom of the gun from the flagship Electra they start away on the day's run to Newport to end the cruise; or perhaps away north to Bar Harbor, where only the good sailors venture, as it is a trip on the open ocean and sometimes, even in summer, not a very smooth voyage.

Though the days of the whalers are of the past and the summering parties only last through the short New England summer, yet during the long winter the little city thrives, its people remain hospitable and kind to friend and stranger alike and the wealth the whalers earned has not departed from it, but still remains to adorn it with beautiful homes and handsome churches, that are well set beneath the shade trees that line its wide streets.

DION WILLIAMS.

THE COLIMA'S TROUBLESOME TIGER.

Twice Loose Aboard Ship and Once on the Wharf—Made It Lively Every Time.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

To say that matters were lively on the Pacific mail dock yesterday morning would be to put it mildly indeed.

Consternation ran riot, and while the recollection of what happened during the period of excitement caused lots of merriment to those well out of the danger belt, there were faces around the dock which did not regain their usual ruddy complexion until some hours had passed and a goodly number of water-front toddies had been consumed.

The cause of all the trouble was a tiger of the Central American sort, put aboard the steamer Colima at Panama to come to this port.

The lithe animal behaved fairly well during the trip. This is accounted for no doubt by the fact that it was kept caged and one of the sailors appointed keeper.

On one occasion the animal got loose, and as the passengers and crew on the spur of the moment forsook the deck puss turned its attention to the chicken coops and hog pens. After filling up on fowl meat and feathers it had just begun to scratch holes on the back of a loud-squealing "porker" when the keeper and a couple of courageous messmates managed to secure the snarling animal with ropes and soon had it caged again.

As the Colima lay at the dock Tuesday night the tiger freed itself once more and went meandering in the moonlight. The cabin door of old John, the ship's quartermaster, stood open, and in the tiger crept.

John is the proud possessor of two green parrots, which dangle from his cabin ceiling in two separate cages. One of these, upon seeing the glaring eyeballs of the intruder, remarked, with more assurance than precaution, "Who are you?" Pretty soon the two cages were on the floor, and the big tiger from Central America was juggling with them.

The racket awoke old John, and, noticing the bedclothes move, the tiger jumped upon the quartermaster, and the clawing he got caused John to shriek for mercy. His howls brought the whole ship's company on the scene, and once more was the brute secured and caged.

The process of landing the brute yesterday morning was attended with danger. Two ropes were fastened to its collar and one man dragged while the other pushed the tiger down the steeply inclined gangway to the dock. It resisted strongly until near the bottom, when it suddenly jumped to the wharf, broke away from its handlers and started for the crowd which had gathered. There was a wide scattering on all sides, and it was a case of the survival of the fittest. A Chinaman with a basket of clothes on his head, who was knocked down and trampled upon, seemed inclined to ask "Wha' fo'?" but when he saw Central America making for him he jumped to his feet and joined the crowd.

The nearest man in the line of danger was Customs Inspector Shepman, and for him the tiger sprang. The inspector's gray hairs and portly form fairly floated along the dock and to the top of a pile of rice.

Freight Clerk Green dropped an alligator pear which he was scooping and slid to the dock office.

Quartermaster John tried to climb a pile and the tiger had the dock to himself until the sailor who had fed him on the trip came along and got hold of the beast after offering it something to eat.

KINDNESS MADE THEM QUARREL.

A Philosopher Proves That Prosperity Leads to Heaps of Trouble.

Chicago Times.

"Prosperity is always a blessing," said the dreamer.

"It breeds quarrels," said the philosopher.

"How do you make that out?"

"Watch."

The philosopher caught half a dozen boys about a fruit stand. One of their number, possessed of money, had purchased a pear. The others wished for it—in vain. The philosopher laid down 50 cents and told the dealer to give the urchins fruit up to that limit. At first there was a little cheer of approval. One boy took all his share in plums. Another wanted an assortment, but there were no damsons. Another selected a fine peach, but a third also wanted that. He gave it up and tried to take two apples. Another boy wanted one of the apples. A fourth gamin snatched both apple and pear and started to run. Two others followed, caught and pummeled him. While they were so engaged their own goods were confiscated for general use. The dealer had to run them away with a club to keep them from overturning his stand. A dozen fresh urchins, attracted by that sharp sense which tells of spoil, flocked in, grew angry because they had "been robbed," as they had received nothing, and in five minutes the block was full of struggling, fighting, brawling boys.

"All brought about by prosperity," said the philosopher.

HE WAS IN A HURRY.

An Old Story of How Two Greenies Fired Off a Cannon.

Chicago Herald.

During the war two recently arrived Irishmen who had made up their minds to enlist in the service of the republic, but were hesitating between the army and the navy, went on one of the gun boats at the Brooklyn navy yard in pursuit of information. The man-of-war had just been placed in commission and was ready for immediate service, but was delayed by lack of men to man the ship.

When the errand of the two greenhorns was made known to the officer on deck he left them alone in order to fetch some one whose persuasive powers would be sufficient to attach the Irishmen to the crew. While he was gone they noticed one of the huge cannon and one observed to the other: "Is that big gun loaded over there, I dunno."

"Me nayther, Michael," answered his friend, "but if it wasn't for losin' the bullet I'd foir it off and see."

"I'll save the bullet for yez," said Mike, as he saw a big iron kettle near by. So he put the pot over the muzzle of the gun, got astride of the barrel, took a firm grasp of the bail with both hands and gave the signal. His fellow-countryman knocked the contents of his pipe into the vent, heard a terrific roar and didn't recover consciousness after being stunned by the force of the recoil until the officer, surrounded by a body of sailors, shook him awake.

"That won't do, young man," said he angrily. "What has become of the fellow who was with you?"

"I dunno, sorr," responded Mike's friend, rubbing his head, but if he comes back as quick as he wint, he won't be long gone."

Taking a Criminal's Measure.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Since the Bertillion system of measuring criminals has been in vogue in Chicago," said Detective Ralph Crawford yesterday, "the authorities there have identified and convicted over 100 ex-convicts and sent them to the penitentiary under the habitual criminal act. The habitual act is a peculiar law, known only to Illinois. Under it a person upon second conviction may be sentenced to prison for from ten to twenty years, owing to the charge. I saw Charles Kennedy, the safe and sneak thief, well known here, in jail there a few days ago. There are five charges against him, and they will probably settle him under the habitual criminal act. You remember he made a savage attack upon Mark Wallace a couple of years ago, a warrant still being out for his arrest."

"Do they take much stock in the Bertillion system in Chicago?"

"I should say so. They are measuring convicts every day, and have seven men in the office doing the measuring. They already have between 3,000 and 4,000 measurements. The men they have in the office are men who for years have handled criminals. Andy Rohan, who is well known in Cincinnati, handles all the thieves."

THE ART OF SINGING.

Some Interesting Views as to Methods and Tones by Prof. Lamperti.

Dr. Ludwig Hartmann, the well-known musical critic of Dresden, has recently published in the Dresdner *Zeitung* some communications from various teachers regarding the art of singing. Among them are the views of the famous Dresden master, Prof. G. B. Lamperti, which are here reproduced, believing that they will be found interesting to the large number of singers in this city.

Dr. Hartmann writes: The captious world maintains that Dresden possesses more singing teachers than scholars. Certainly there are many more of both here than in other cities of equal population. And this fact proves how interesting it must be here in Dresden to listen to a controversy that has just taken place in Warsaw over the painful topic of the "best method." Each disputant maintained that his or her system was the best. All the Warsaw papers teemed with the interesting dispute, as one here in Dresden can well imagine, which had reference to the principles of the development of the voice as well as to the stumbling blocks in the way to success. The contestants were the most prominent private teachers and one teacher from the Royal Conservatory. As the debate is significant and of importance to students who are striving to become opera singers, the Warsaw *Echo* has considered it indispensable for the general welfare of art not to confine its columns to a mere expression of Warsaw opinion, but to apply to certain other eminent authorities in the world of song for information. One reply has for us in Dresden peculiar charm. We herewith publish the communication from the distinguished master, Prof. G. B. Lamberti, in Dresden. The questions are:

1. What is the point of support of the voice? Is it the chest, the head of the windpipe or the throat?

2. What do the terms "open" and "closed voice" mean, and can one sing with the open voice through the whole of its range or only to a certain height, beyond which the closed voice must be used?

3. Do the length and similarity of breathing periods depend upon open or closed tones or upon a good system of breathing and upon a finished vocal education?

4. Is the aim of a good singing method to lead the student to a complete independence of every system, and will it permit him to sing according to his individual inclination, with closed or open tones.

Prof. G. B. Lamperti's views are, viz: "The supports (production) of the voice depend upon the muscles of the chest and upon the amount of concentrated air in the lungs. One must inhale the breath slowly in order to fill the lungs without shock.

"Regarding the timbre of the voice, one must study and practice open tones. The emission of the tone should be practiced with the vowel "a," which must be produced in the back of the throat as though one would pronounce the word l'anima. The student must be careful not to change this "a" into "o," for this change would lead the singer to the production of a false timbre or of a throaty tone, whereby he would lose the natural variation of his voice. All registers must be sung with the open throat. It is impossible to submit one and the same rule for the practice and exercise of all the registers, and this is my experience after years of study and teaching. The talent of the singer is highly individual. In the voices of men and women one finds three registers—chest, middle voice and head tones. As a proof that one cannot establish a fixed rule for the registers of voices, I cite three instances of well-known scholars of mine in Warsaw, all three soprano voices, but with different registers. E. Visiac sings only the three first tones of the scale of C natural (beginning with low C) with chest voice. Her middle register has six notes to C sharp and head voice. A. Fossa has three chest notes, but only to D sharp, from E to C middle register, and then head tones. Marcella Sembrich has only two registers, C to B middle register, and then head tones. Marcella Sembrich has thus no chest voice at all. One can see, therefore, that there are singers who possess only two registers.

"The length of a diaphragmatic breath should be at least eighteen seconds. Through intelligent schooling the lungs and muscles can be greatly strengthened. A singer who has studied under competent guidance should be able to sing open or closed tones as the exercise demands. The singer must have control of his breath and know how to be sparing in its emission, so that a supply of air always remains in the lungs in order to complete every phrase or cadenza with a surplus of breath. The art of singing is only the schooling of the breathing. In truth, one must remember the words of Rossini, 'For singing one needs three things—voice, voice and again voice.' What is known as tremolo can only occur when one attempts to sing notes which are either above or below the range of the voice, or when one does not understand the equipoise between the breath and the voice; i. e., when one attempts to bring out greater tone than the supply of breath allows, so that the vocal chords become strained. The third cause of tremolo is that the young singer generally attempts too early in his career to accumulate a dramatic repertoir. One should therefore wait until several years have been spent in the theater and abundant routine has been acquired and learn to save strength and voice. The vocal chords lose their stability through being forced and tremolo follow very naturally."

Baron Hirsch.

Paris Letter to the New York World.

An arrangement had been made with Dr. Sonnenfeld, the director of the Baron's Bureau de Bienfaisance, 36 Rue de Belle-Chasse, Paris, who promised to secure this interview with the baron in London, and fortified with a note to M. Furth, Baron de Hirsch's secretary, the correspondent was to meet him at the Albemarle Hotel, Piccadilly. When the correspondent called the baron was engaged with a visitor. A few moments and I was admitted to his sitting room. It is on the second floor of the hotel, with the two windows looking on to Albemarle street. Baron de Hirsch was sitting at a small table which was now littered with his morning's mail. He rose and, without offering his hand, bowed slightly, and motioned me to a chair close at hand. He is a compactly built man of fifty-three or fifty-four years, standing about five feet ten, and who would tip the beam at 170 pounds. He is square shouldered and with a very slight protuberance in his abdominal section. The face of Baron de Hirsch is not a notably strong one. His clean-shaven face is ruddy and his head pretty bald on top, only a few silvery hairs cropping out from the reddish scalp. The rest of his hair is thick, strong and black, but plentifully sown with white. His forehead is large and very slightly retreating, while projecting a little over his smooth, well-marked eyebrows. His eyes, large, round and brilliant, are of a clear, greenish shade, with white of the eyeballs showing a slight tendency to be bloodshot. His nose is a well-shaped, acquiline feature, broad at the base of the nostrils. A heavy, crinkly mustache, also plentifully interspersed with gray, adorned the upper lip of his moderately wide mouth. His teeth are large, regular and of a yellowish tinge. His hands are neither large nor small, the fingers being a little square at the extremities, and the smooth skin of the hands is marked with a few pale freckles. His feet are small and well shaped.

Such was the personal appearance of Baron de Hirsch as he stood and extended to me the hospitality of a chair. He wore a suit of plain, slate-colored cloth, the coat being a "cutaway," open in front. A small margin of white pique showed at the neck of his waistcoat, and he wore snowy "spats" with his brilliant patent-leather shoes. His neck scarf was a steel-colored silk "Ascot," with a small pin, representnig a running greyhound, in tiny diamonds. He wore no watch chain and his hands were without rings. His dress was exceedingly quiet and simple, and nothing more than a clerk on a $1,000 salary would wear in America. One feature of the baron's hands were the shapely nails, which were manicured so that they glistened like crystal.

An Insult.

From Judge.

Waiter (deferentially)—"Soup, sir?"
Fuddled actor (ferociously)—"No, sir; leading man!"

A New Discovery.

From Puck.

"Who was Ireland's greatest benefactor?"

"Christopher Columbus. He discovered America."

THE STORY OF A SEAL.

Having Made Friends on Land, It Refuses to Return to the Sea.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The steamer Gypsy had a very peculiar passenger for half the way up from Monterey on its last trip. The peculiar passenger was nothing less than a live baby seal, which had some curious and almost wonderful adventures on the shore at Pacific Grove.

Early one morning the family of Judge Boardman of Reno, Nev., were awakened by a strange barking in the yard. The cause of this commotion proved to be a baby seal, which had crawled from the shore, a quarter of a mile away, during the night, and had taken up its quarters in a dry goods box in the dooryard. The sea waif was given a bowl of mush and milk for breakfast. The animal was inoffensive and allowed his new-found friends to pour the repast down his throat without struggling to get away. Then the seal stretched himself out on the lawn, where he slept and snored soundly. Later in the day the boys of the Boardman family, fearing the little seal would die if kept out of the water, carried it to the bay and threw it in.

The seal was loath to remain there. The boys waded in and pushed him out some distance, until his sealship tried to bite them. Then they gave up the task and the little seal promptly deserted the waves and started straightway back for his adopted home on the hill. The boys followed the animal in his slow march back, past several houses, until he reached the Boardman residence, which he seemed to recognize. Immediately upon his arrival there he seemed once more contented and took a nap of four hours. After the nap was over Mrs. Boardman and her sons again took him to the seashore. A train passed by as he lay on the rocks. He lifted his head and barked like a dog at the passing monster. Twelve times that afternoon the boys carried the land-loving seal over the rocks and threw him into the water, but his persistence equaled theirs and twelve times he clambered out on dry land again.

Finally the persevering little animal won his own way again and reascended the hill, returning straight to the Boardman residence. At night one of the Boardman boys opened the door of the woodshed, and the seal, which was outside, flopped right in and made himself at home. He lay down on a pile of sacks, where he slept quietly all night. The next day he was sent off on the steamer Gypsy, and was brought up as far as New Year's Point, where the seals breed, and was thrown off to rejoin the tribe from which he was probably lost. It is supposed that the little seal, which weighed about fifty pounds and was about three months old, became lost and wandered down the coast to Monterey. It is also thought that he was attracted to the Boardman residence by the barking of a dog there, which might have led the little fellow to imagine he could find his lost companions.

English and American Health.

T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazaar.

It is the general testimony of Americans who have lived much in England that appearances are deceptive and that the greater share of flesh and color possessed by our trans-atlantic cousins is not always the indication of better health or greater strength. Even these outward attributes are not always the result of English residence. The late Rev. William Henry Channing, on his occasional visits to this, his native land, used to lament that his years of English life had not given him an added pound of flesh, while all his early comrades had grown stouter in America. But even where these externals are possessed, they do not necessarily indicate any other physical advantage. Certainly there are many parallels that might be drawn, in Plutarch's fashion, between conspicuous English and American examples. Mr. Gladstone hardly affords a more striking instance of prolonged intellectual activity than did, up to the same period of life, the late Mr. Bancroft, and certainly the dyspeptic old age of Carlyle and the perturbed intellect of Ruskin have been painfully unlike the serene and wholesome declining years of Whittier and Holmes. Among younger English intellectual workers it is understood that Hamerton must live in France for his health's sake, and Symonds in Italy and Stevenson in Samoa, while Henley is mainly known from his poems written in a hospital, and Kipling is mentioned as already broken down in health. Among all our younger American men of letters there is no such group of invalids. Among women we hear of Florence Nightingale as wholly invalided for many years, while our own Clara Barton, after all her ordeal in our civil war—an ordeal which, if less intense and concentrated than that of Florence Nightingale, was far more prolonged—is still in active vigor and always ready, on a click of the telegraphic wire, to repair to any scene of war or pestilence or inundation where she and her red cross are needed. Dorothea Dix also continued her active and unceasing labors until well into the eighties. Such comparisons, if they do not give conclusive evidence, yet certainly appeal to the imagination and set one thinking.

The truth probably is that the "added drop of nervous fluid" which has been attributed to the American race may have its influence in two ways. It wears out on one side, and yet sustains and builds up on the other. Impairing something of the vital forces, it yet extracts more work out of what is left. An accomplished American woman who had lived long in England, Miss Mary E. Beedy, once gave it as her opinion that, so far as philanthropic or administrative work went, what would seem a hard day's work to an English woman would seem an easy day's work to an American of the same sex and age. We do not ourselves appreciate at what pace we are habitually driven by that combined stimulus of climate and temperament which the late Thomas Gold Appleton well called "the whip of the sky." Who does not know in any American city some small, thin, pallid woman who belongs to a dozen important committees of usefulness, and does half the work of each? Who does not know the corresponding type in the country—the spare, strenuous farmer's wife who does, without "help," the whole house work and washing of husband, children and hired men, besides carrying on unaided that dairy which is the most profitable part of the establishment? No English farmer's wife, however robust and ruddy, accomplishes so much. When I remarked the other day to the pastor of one such woman that she worked too hard, he replied: "There is not a farmer's wife in this town who does not work too hard." I suppose that there is not a country clergyman or physician in the northern states of the American Union who will not recognize this description as generally faithful; and many of them, probably, will think that they can identify just the person to whom I refer, and wonder when and where I knew that particular instance.

If it be said that many of these hard-working Americans, men or women, break down in the prime of life from overwork, that is also undeniable. But their strength is the same while it lasts, whether expended rapidly or slowly. Only the methods and appliances by which it is trained should recognize the fact of this changed climate and temperament, and deal with it accordingly. No one can prize more than the present writer the immense advance made in athletic habits among us within a quarter of a century, but it has its drawbacks. A good deal of our progress is still nervous when it should be muscular. It is hard to avoid noticing in our amateur athletic exhibitions, especially among women, that some of the best performers, even the teachers themselves, have a look which is the reverse of solid. There is very often a strained, worn aspect, as of excessive nervous tension, so that the better the instructor swings the clubs or gyrates on the parallel bars, the more suggestion is given of a possible nervous prostration waiting not far off. Indeed, it happens not very seldom that the woman who becomes a teacher of physiology has herself begun by breaking down, so that though she has brought herself back to what she calls health, she never again attains to the look of it. Dr. Johnson parodied the line,

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

by making it read,

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

If we stipulated that every woman who teaches people to be well should also be well and look well herself, we should be carrying the same demand a step farther. This would not be so easy, perhaps, in a land where the mercury sometimes changes 40 degrees in the twenty-four hours, as in an equable climate like that of England—more suited, perhaps, than any other to daily out-door exercise throughout the year—but it is a thing infinitely to be desired. Until it is done, we have not combined our temperament and our training into just the right formula even for men, and certainly not for women. It must always be held in view, and the writer speaks from some experience, that to attain anything like a high muscular training for young women is a problem incomparably more difficult than the same thing for men. The slight excess of fatigue, for which a healthy boy atones with a few extra hours of sound sleep, may sometimes cost years of impaired health to an apparently healthy girl. This makes the science of health for women more important, of course, but also more difficult.

Rapid Transit.

From Puck.

Mr. Stammer (who has just boarded cars at Philadelphia for New York, to conductor)—S-S-S-Say, c-c-c-captain, w-w-w-what t-t-t-time w-w-w-will w-w-w-we g-g-g-get t-t-t-to——

Brakeman—New York!

Mr. Stammer (to brakeman)—Th-Th-Th-Thanks.