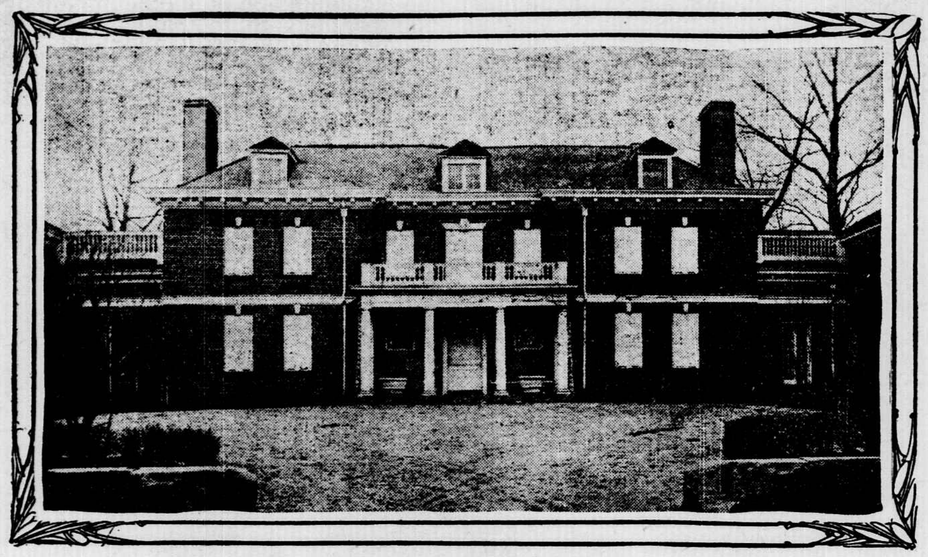
Harlakenden House, Cornish, N. H., Selected by President Wilson as the "Summer White House"

HOME Is in Picturesque and Historical Old Village—Land Overlooks Connecticut River, and the Small Town Nestles Deep in a Beautiful Valley—The Near-by Village of Windsor, Where Many City People Live in Summer—Near a Game Preserve of 24,000 Acres, Beyond the Croydon Mountains. President and Family Take Home of Winston Churchill.



THE "SUMMER WHITE HOUSE," CORNISH, N. H.

HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, Winston Churchill's home in Cornish, N. H., is President Wilson's selection for the summer capital.

Winston Churchill came to this historical old village at the suggestion of his friend, Louis Evan Shipman, a New York literary man, in the spring of 1898. Mr. Shipman had spent a summer there in 1893, and so charming had he found his surroundings that he forthwith purchased a small farm and became a year-round inhabitant. Mr. Churchill was immediately appreciative of the charm of this ideal place. A low-lying but healthful and fertile valley blocked in on every side by majestic green hills. He was fortunate in being able to purchase, and did so at once, about 500 acres of rolling woodland and meadows.

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A part of this land overlooked the Connecticut river. Here was erected Harlakenden House, rightly considered the finest country residence within the confines of New Hampshire. The name Harlakenden is an ancestral name belonging to his wife, who was Miss Mabel Harlakenden Hall.

The village of Cornish nestles deep in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river. This valley is renowned for its fertility and its scenery. Changes in the contour and nature of the valley occur with unusual frequency. Bluffs rise up and lowlands recede from the banks of the swift-flowing mountain river. Without lakes or mountainous gorges or waterfalls, this peaceful scene neither thrills nor attracts the wandering tourists, who are fast flying to view the magnificence of the White mountains far to the north. But the green hills, dotted over with virgin forests, interspersed with smiling meadows, broken by purest streams of water and caressed by invigorating breezes, make it the dream of home-loving simple folks.

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The lowest altitude of the valley here is about 212 feet above sea level at the river. Going toward the east, up the accessible but somewhat precipitate slopes of the Croydon and Grantham mountains, the altitude rapidly climbs, until at the summit of Croydon mount the elevation is 2,789 feet above the sea. From this summit an inspiring view of the valley below is at hand. Toward the west, over on the Vermont side of the valley, up almost inaccessible slopes, rises stately Mount Ascutney. This grand old landmark lifts its head 3,400 feet above sea level. At its foot lies the pretty Vermont town of Windsor, twin sister to the old New Hampshire village of Cornish.

These two old towns are bound not only by the ties of neighbors, but are inseparably linked together by the memories of the stirring times of the revolution period. But, most of all, these same neighbors have a history all their own, little known, however, and lost in the greater epochs of the period.

In 1778 Vermont was petitioning the Continental Congress for the rights of a state. New York was loath to give this section up and was contending against it. A number of towns on the eastern shore of the Connecticut renounced their allegiance to New Hampshire and desired to be received into this new state.

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Kinship and similarity of habits made these people more of brethren to those on the western shore than to the eastern inhabitants of their own state. This led to a long and heated contention between the seceding towns and the government to which they belonged. The towns elected representatives and were admitted into the assembly of Vermont, which was then in session in Windsor. Orders of the New Hampshire legislature were issued to the militia to repel with force any interference with New Hampshire officers of the law. Vermont, on the other hand, issued counter orders that the militia east of the Green mountains be ready to repel by force any force asserted by New Hampshire. In one of the regiments of Vermont militia affected by these orders was a company of Cornishmen under the command of Capt. Jonathan Chase.

The Continental Congress answered the petition of the Vermont assembly that admission as an independent state would be allowed, but that the eastern boundary of the state must be the western shore of the Connecticut river, and unless this was accepted the threat was made that the proposed state of Vermont would be divided between New York and New Hampshire. This would suit New Hampshire, for she claimed right to the Vermont side of the Connecticut river valley under the grants from the crown.

Assisted by the advice of Gen. Washington, cooler heads controlled, and the assembly accepted the conditions imposed by Congress. Admission was refused to the representatives of the towns on the eastern shore, at the next assembly.

Windsor and Cornish had taken the leadership in this contention, and the bitterness and animosity generated in the heated discussion lived long afterward in the hearts of the people of the towns.

Cornish village is situated in the township of Cornish in Sullivan county. The township was granted by the crown in 1763. It was first settled in 1765 and from these first settlers came its present name, they having originally come from Cornwall, Eng., an English mining town. Salmon P. Chase, the famous jurist, was born there. The Chase family was among the first to settle in the town. It grew so large in numbers that at the time of the war of the rebellion nearly every third man who volunteered from this town was of that name.

A story is told that one of the men of the Chase family was talking one day with a man from Walpole, N. H., who was one of a very large family of the name of Bellows. Chase in speaking asserted that there were enough of his family in Cornish to chase every one from Walpole.

"But," said the other, "there are enough Bellows in Walpole to blow you out again.

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Cornish is one of the wealthiest towns of New Hampshire. This is due, not entirely to the fertility of its farms, nor to the timber in its forests, but principally to the "city folks" who have settled there.

The influx of "city folks" first began in 1885, with C. C. Beaman, a New York lawyer, who married a resident of Windsor, Vt. He built a home in Cornish, to which he gradually added, and with his farm the estate now embraces about 2,000 acres. The artist colony first started with Augustus Saint Gaudens, then George de Forest Brush and Thomas W. Dewing and Homer St. Gaudens, all sculptors and painters of note, followed in short order. Nearly all of these men bought old farmhouses, converting them into beautiful and comfortable homes.

The artist colony seems, however, to have later turned into a literary one. Louis Evan Shipman and Herbert D. Croly came in 1893. In 1898 Winston Churchill made his home in Cornish, and there he wrote nearly all of his novels. "Coniston," one of his best, treats of scenes and people in Cornish. Norman Hapgood has a magnificent home in the mountains, and there are many others. There is a kindred, friendly feeling pervading the community, between the Cornish folks and the "city folks," each for the other.

The township of Cornish erected a soldiers' monument at Cornish Flat, a few miles away, perpetuating the memory of the Cornish men who fought and died in the civil war. Hardly one New Hampshire township but can boast of this mark of respect to the loyalty of her men.

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In August, 1902, while President Theodore Roosevelt made a speech to the people of Cornish in front of this monument. It is still a great day in the annals of the town.

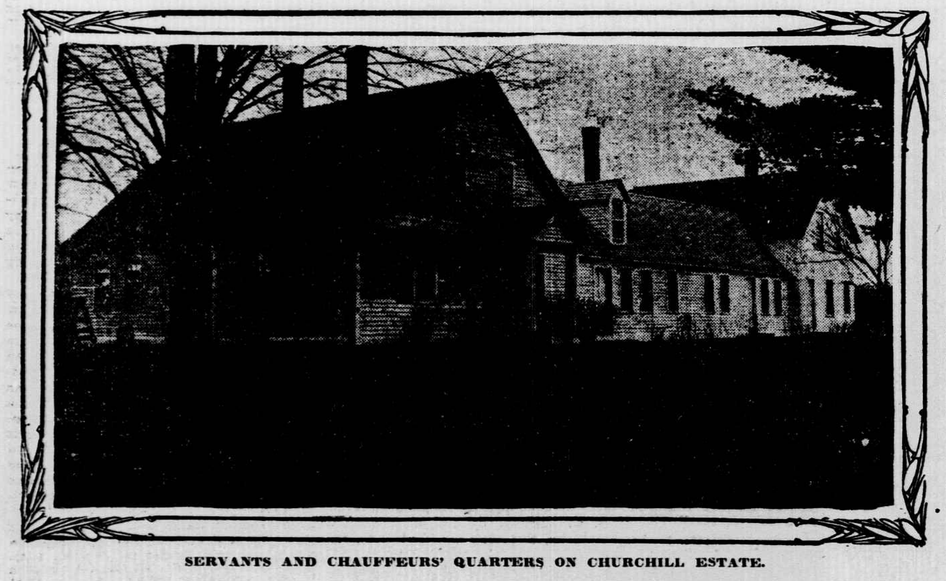
Beyond the Croydon mountains, embracing over 24,000 acres, is a famous game preserve, called Blue Mountain Park. It lies away up among the hills and woodlands of the townships of Cornish and Croydon. It was formerly known as Corbin Park, after Austin Corbin, who bought and stocked the preserve. It was first started in 1888, and stocking, many animals were sold each year to zoological parks.

Corbin's incentive was the preserving of the rapidly decreasing game animals of this country. It was first stocked with buffaloes, deer, elk and boar. A success from the start, the animals thrived and increased in numbers. To prevent over-allowed certain privileges.

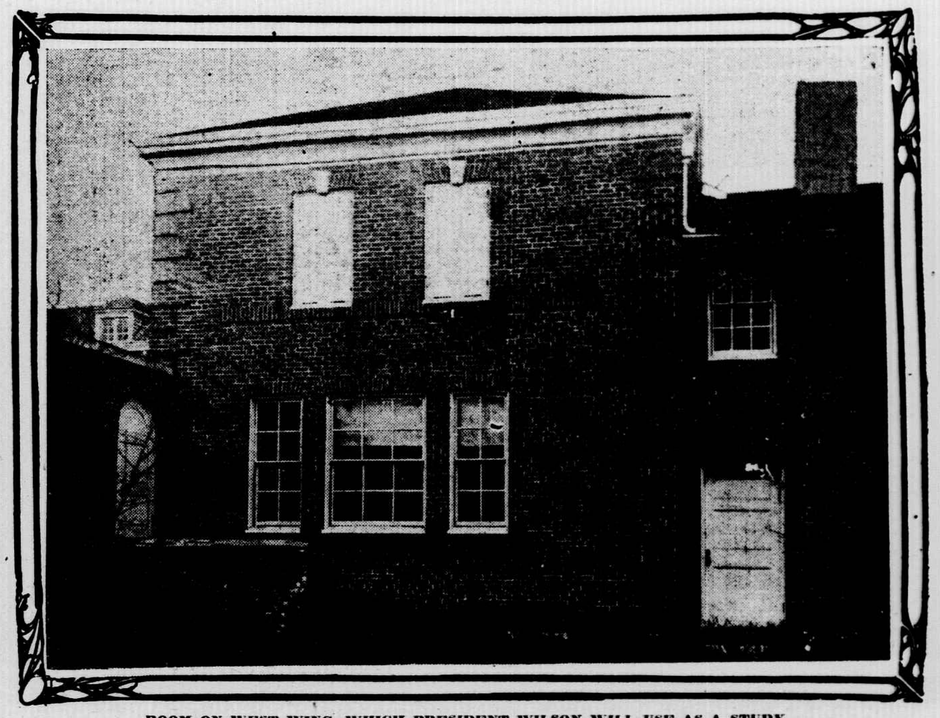
After Mr. Corbin's death his ideas were not faithfully kept in view. In 1899 a shooting club, composed of men from New York, Boston and Washington, was

Altogether, Cornish should prove an ideal summer capital, and Harlakenden House a charming summer White House for President Wilson and family, domestic as well as official.

TOLL BRIDGE FROM WINDSOR, VT., TO CORNISH, N. H.



SERVANTS AND CHAUFFEURS' QUARTERS ON CHURCHILL ESTATE.



ROOM ON WEST WING, WHICH PRESIDENT WILSON WILL USE AS A STUDY.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM AT THE CAPITOL

NOTHING that President Wilson has done since he came into office, or since he was elected chief magistrate, has caused so much discussion as his plan to "drop in" upon Congress in its home on Capitol Hill more frequently than has been the custom of our previous Presidents. The new occupant of the White House has, both in his private capacity and in his official role, done a number of things that have provoked comment since he grasped the reins of government, but this scheme to spend more or less time at the Capitol in order to keep in touch with our lawmakers has overshadowed everything else.

Such evidences of individuality as persisting in wearing a soft hat instead of the traditional silk pile, receiving visitors when clad in a sack or business suit, dodging crowds at a fashionable church by patronizing a small one, cutting out the frills and the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" when he goes to the theater, demanding nine hours' sleep each night, and getting to work like a real business man at half-past 8 o'clock in the morning, have caused more or less of a flutter in Washington, but none of the innovations has been a patch on this Capitol scheme, for causing the devotees of conventionality to sit up and take notice.

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You see this plan to set up a presidential business office at the legislative headquarters of the government has this significance—it is an official action rather than a private one, so to speak. It is generally recognized that the President of the United States, in his capacity as the first citizen of the land, has a right to indulge his personal preferences. Consequently, if he chooses to prove himself truly democratic by evidence such as that above cited, even the hide-bound conservatives cannot say too much. But when a newcomer goes to upsetting the customs that, because of long usage, are supposed to govern official conduct in high office, that is quite another matter.

President Wilson, though, has been no more dismayed in this quarter than he has been by our antiquated presidential fashions in dress and deportment. His mandate that office seekers must see the respective cabinet members instead of importuning the President betokened his emancipation, and now it seems he is to burn behind him the most important of all the bridges of precedent by maintaining a "branch office" at the big white-domed building. It is not an occasional visit that the new President is contemplating, but a regular daily call whenever Congress is in session. Indeed, it is said to be in the President's mind to keep office hours at the Capitol just as he does at the executive office building under the shadow of the White House.

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Of course, this reputed plan of the new President to get more closely in touch with Congress has provoked some resentment in Congress as well as outside. That was to be expected—the whole plan is so new, and there are always plenty of people who are against any new scheme if for no other reason than that it is new. Moreover, it has been a tradition in Washington for lo these many years that our forefathers placed the White House distant from the Capitol a full mile (a much longer distance then than in these days of automobiles) for the express purpose of preventing undue "executive interference" with legislation. And it has been that selfsame tradition more than anything else which has kept most of our later Presidents away from the Capitol except on rare occasions.

But for every public man who has criticised the suggestion that President Wilson spend some time on "the Hill" each day there have been at least two or three who have enthusiastically indorsed it. Senator O'Gorman of New York, in discussing the project, said: "The President will be welcome if he will come to the Capitol and advise with Congress." Senator Pomerene of Ohio said: "The closer the President and Congress can get in the transaction of public business the better it will be." Senator Tillman has said that if the new chief magistrate would come in the capacity of an adviser Congress would be glad to see him at the Capitol.

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If President Wilson carries out this reputed plan of placing his finger daily on the congressional pulse during the special session of Congress, we may expect to see suddenly shifted into the limelight of publicity one of the least known but ornate rooms in the United States Capitol. This is the apartment known as the "President's room," and it has been up to this time probably the least used of all the rooms in the huge structure. Indeed, in a sense, the room may be said to have been known only to guides and the tourists that they daily pilot through the mazes of the marble pile. The mere fact that the President's name is borne by this room has long made it a magnet for the average sightseer, and the guides have learned by long experience to include it in the itinerary of every personally conducted tour of the building.

But the men who work in the Capitol day in, day out, have seldom gone near this "show place," and some of them might actually be puzzled for the moment to direct you to it, if your inquiry caught them unawares. This room for the President hasn't even needed attention from the painters and decorators as have most of the other rooms. Perhaps it is because it has been so little used; but aside from an occasional "touching up" here and there very little has been done for the maintenance of this room since the civil war. As for actual use by the President, that has been so rare as to almost rob the room of the right to the use of the name. If a chief executive were to come to the Capitol on the occasion of any great ceremonial he might be expected to tarry in the President's room until time for him to enter the legislative hall, but such a visit is of rare occurrence.

Similarly, on the last day or the final night of a session of Congress the President may go to the Capitol in order to sign (and thereby make laws) the bills as they come from the legislative hopper, but this involves occupancy of the room for only a few hours each year. In explanation of the President's action in transferring his activities from the White House to the Capitol during the closing hours of a session it may be pointed out that a bill passed by Congress within ten days of the time of adjournment fails to become a law unless the President signs it before the session closes. It is said at the Capitol that, with the exception of Grover Cleveland, every President since the time of Andrew Johnson has repaired to the Capitol to thus facilitate the disposition of the legislative business in the final hours.

Just who was the originator of the idea of a room for the President in the National Capitol seems to be shrouded in mystery. History, in so far as can be ascertained, is silent on this subject. But for all that, the room is one of the most ornate in the historic edifice. Indeed, the President's room, which is located in the Senate wing of the Capitol, at the west end of the private lobby which is directly north of the Senate chamber proper, is generally considered the most beautifully decorated room in the building. The whole ornamentation of the room is the work of Brumidi, the Italian artist, who did so much of the more pretentious decorative work in the Capitol, and who was at his best in the embellishment of the President's room.

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Constantino Brumidi had a most romantic career. His father was a Greek and his mother an Italian, and he learned in Rome the now almost forgotten art of fresco. He was a captain of the Papal Guards at the time of the revolution in Rome and was thrown into prison and remained there for more than a year, only being released, at the intervention of the Pope, on condition that he immediately leave Italy. This explains his migration to America. His first three years in the new world were spent in Mexico, but at the end of that time he took up his residence in Washington, and entered upon a life-work the crowning achievement of which was the decoration of the President's room.

Conspicuous among the paintings in the President's room are splendid medallion portraits of President George Washington and the prominent members of his cabinet—Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State; Henry Knox, Secretary of War; Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury; Edmund Randolph, Attorney General, and Samuel Osgood, Postmaster General. It will not be surprising if President Wilson arranges, when occupying this room, to face the portrait of Jefferson, for his admiration for the founder of the democratic party is well known, and is the more readily understandable when it is borne in mind that Wilson's birthplace in Virginia is distant only a few miles from the home and tomb of Jefferson at Monticello, and Wilson, as a young man, attended the university which was founded by Jefferson and which was his especial pride.

In the four corners of the President's room are frescoes of four famous men, each of whom has been chosen as representative of a force in civilization. Christopher Columbus typifies Discovery, Americus Vespucius signifies Exploration, Benjamin Franklin suggests History, and William Brewster, elder of Plymouth colony, is representative of Religion. Carrying the same idea farther, four groups in fresco beautify the ceiling—to the north Religion, to the east Executive Authority, to the south Liberty, and to the west Legislation. The intricate mosaic of the floor is quite as ornate in its way as is the decoration of walls and ceiling, and there is a massive chandelier that completes the effect.

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One thought that is bound to suggest itself upon an inspection of the President's room is that things are likely to be somewhat crowded if the President should desire to receive there a considerable number of legislators at any one time. There is a huge, full-length mirror at one side of the President's room, which conveys an effect of spaciousness, but in reality the apartment is of comparatively modest size—when compared, for instance, to that adjoining "show place" the famous "marble room"—built entirely of Italian and Tennessee marble—and which is used by the senators as a private reception room.

But for all that the President's room is rather limited in size, it has been the scene of some rather large gatherings. A notable occasion in point was Friday, December 18, 1874, when King Kalakaua of Hawaii and his suite gathered in the President's room and were greeted by many senators and representatives. Perhaps the most historic event that ever had the President's room as its setting occurred one evening in March, 1865, when President Lincoln, while seated in the President's room, received from Gen. Grant that memorable message stating that Gen. Lee had made the preliminary overtures for peace. Here Lincoln consulted with the Secretaries of State and War, and here, about midnight, he wrote with his own hand a reply which was signed by Stanton and forwarded to Gen. Grant.

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It is likely that if President Wilson elects to spend any considerable time at the Capitol the President's room will be refurnished. At present and for years past the furnishings have been only such as one might expect in a show parlor—a massive center table, a few heavily upholstered chairs, a bust of the late President McKinley, for which Congress is said to have paid $2,500, and a handsome "grandfather's clock" of mahogany which was purchased in 1887.

It is expected that if the President's room is refurnished it will be made into a comfortable "livable" room like the Vice President's room, which is located at the opposite end of the marble room—the marble room serving as a sort of connecting link, as it were, for the presidential and vice presidential rooms. The Vice President's room has a tall clock such as that in the presidential room, but it is also provided with a commodious desk, rugs, chairs, bookcases, and last but by no means least, a famous painting of Washington by Rembrandt Peale, the talented son of a famous father.

Why Memoirs Are Tame.

PROF. BARRETT WENDELL, at a Harvard tea, was asked why books of recollections were always so tame. Prof. Wendell answered:

"Let me tell you a story. A great man once said to a friend:

"'I think I'll write my recollections.'

"'Very good,' said the friend; 'but let me caution you not to recollect anything about celebrities that are living.'

"'Oh,' said the great man, 'living celebrities are just the ones I want to write about. They're the ones that will make my book sell.'

"'Very well,' said the other, 'but remember my warning.'

"'Why, what's the danger, any way?'

"'The danger,' replied the other, 'is that as soon as you begin to recollect things about living celebrities they will begin to recollect things about you.'"

The Star Gag.

FRANCIS WILSON is an authority on stage history, and the other day, at the Players in Gramercy Park, he talked in a most interesting way about the stage gags.

"The best stage gag in history," Mr. Wilson said, "was undoubtedly an impromptu of Mrs. Keeley's. Mrs. Keeley was playing a boy's part in 'Genevieve.' She was taken before a judge in this part and the judge asked, sternly:

"'Now, then, where are your accomplices?'

"To this question Mrs. Keeley roguishly replied, as she gave a nautical hitch to her trousers:

"'I don't wear any. They keep up without.'

"This impromptu gag was so successful that, from that night on, Mrs. Keeley did not have to answer the judge's question—the gallery, in resounding chorus, did it for her."

REMINISCENSES OF BRITISH RULERS

MRS. MATHILDA HEDSTROM, classmate of Queen Mary of England, lives in Los Angeles. She has kept within herself the history of her life which has won for her as queen's nurse a pension from the crown of England. Yet this modest little woman has enjoyed the distinction of being a classmate of England's present queen. She is fragile in appearance and under five feet in height. Hers, however, is an interesting personality, aside from the distinction of her diploma honors, and altogether she has a countenance that attracts and claims by the mind that shines out of a pair of fearless brown eyes.

"I cannot see," she began, "why my part in this workaday world should be of interest to the reading public. I am fully alive to the honor of my calling, that of queen's nurse, because that degree is conferred only upon those who have by hard work acquired five diplomas, in order to qualify for the name and the privilege of the pension fund. This fund was created when Victoria celebrated her golden jubilee. Just what direction the generosity of the English women would at first take was a problem that was at last settled by the venerable queen herself. The English women decided to levy a tax for a money gift to the queen, but when she heard of it Victoria issued a proclamation that no one should be allowed to give more than one penny to the fund, and in that way the money subscribed might be an expression from all of her subjects. And so it happened that Queen Victoria's foresight was productive of a wide and generous donation from the farthermost quarter of her empire.

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"Money poured in from all of Great Britain's colonies and the sum totaled a fortune, which the queen duplicated and named the queen's nurse fund. This fund provides a life pension for the diplomaed nurses who have reached their fiftieth year, and, no matter in what part of the world one is living nor whether you are doing other work or not, this pension is paid over or allowed to accumulate with interest for the nurse who has been fortunate enough to pass the rigid examination.

"Queen Alexandra was appointed the custodian of the fund by Queen Victoria. All examinations for the queen's nurse fund are oral. They are also rigid and most trying, and the physicians conducting them are experts and specialists.

"In England all nurses are assigned to different hospitals to serve an apprenticeship in the various wards until they prove an efficiency that will entitle them to a diploma. If they fail in this they are sent away and room is thus made for the better equipped to serve in the work. One must have a diploma for surgery, chronic diseases and so on to the number of five, including the knowledge of a specialist in nearly every disease that the flesh is heir to, except that of the nerves. That disease is almost unknown in England.

"I think I experienced one of the most trying ordeals of my life when I stepped upon the stage for my last examination. And I am sure that if I had been a timid aspirant for the degree I would have failed. The examining physicians seated in the audience below greeted me with unmistakable laughter. They thought my appearance a joke and said so. They were judging from my stature and apparent physical condition, which is fragile, but one of the physicians knew of my accomplishments and was quick to change the direction of ridicule into a serious channel.

"The class was a large one, and only three aspirants passed the examination. One was the Princess of Teck, our present queen, another and myself. In England, you know, these royal daughters are taught to nurse, cook and sew. I made Queen Mary's acquaintance at the time I was serving my apprenticeship at Queen Charlotte's Hospital. I talked to her without knowing her station, and we had rather an unusual conversation.

"We were seated in a banquet hall, and while we were still at the table it was whispered that Princess May was in the class. My left-hand neighbor gave me this information, and I, in turn, handed it to the nurse on my right. I also added: 'I wonder if the princess is really clever or if she is really stupid like many others.'

"'I wonder if she really is?' My neighbor replied in the true Yankee style of answering my question by asking one. I did not know until three years later that I was addressing the princess herself, whom I must have amused by my lack of diplomacy.

"All subjects of Great Britain look upon the royal family as one regards kinfolks in this country, and there are many stories told displaying the good nature of these royal children.

"For instance, my uncle had the distinction of giving Prince George, the present king, the worst horsewhipping he ever had, and as a memento of the occasion each succeeding year up to the time I left England my uncle was the recipient of a tiny horsewhip sent by post in the same manner as one might get a valentine.

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"Prince George sent this present each year until the year of my uncle's death. My uncle was living at an old Devonshire castle that commanded a superb view of the country. This castle was situated on a high bluff and once or twice a week visitors were allowed to climb up to the castle and given the freedom of the grounds.

"The remainder of the week, however, all visitors were regarded as trespassers and it was on one of these forbidden days that Prince George and Prince Clarence, who was nicknamed "Collars and Cuffs," because of the large ones he wore, took a notion to visit the place. They had been riding with their tutors and suddenly thought it would be a lark to enter the castle against the rules.

"They left their tutors below, and climbed the steep hill, rushing pellmell into the castle and into my uncle in the library. Uncle was always a strong disciplinarian, and such conduct without permission, to his way of thinking, deserved the severest censure.

"He drove the princes out after a scathing talk and had already forgotten the episode until he was ready for his drive, when, to his astonishment, he found them still loitering in the grounds near the gate. How they dared to defy his orders put uncle in a rage and he struck Prince George, who was nearest to him, with the horsewhip and applied it freely. When the tutors heard this commotion, they rushed up to the gate and tried to explain that the trespassers were royal princes and meant no harm.

"Uncle was in a fury and said, princes or no princes, that if they were gentlemen they would apologize for their misdemeanor. They immediately apologized, and every year, on the anniversary of that whipping, my uncle received a little horsewhip to remind him of the worst punishment of England's king."

Britain Grows Soberer But Drink Bill Is Huge

Special Correspondence of The Star.

LONDON, April 3, 1913.

THIS country is steadily, or pretty steadily, growing more sober, but the sum that the nation spends on drink still is an astounding one. That is the gist of an uncommonly interesting survey of the situation by George B. Wilson, secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, who also points out how the brewers of Great Britain have pushed off on the consumer all the extra taxation which they incurred under Lloyd George's famous budget, and a huge sum besides.

According to Wilson, the sum spent on intoxicants in the United Kingdom in 1912 was $807,766,500, representing a decrease of $6,219,450 as compared with 1911, and that notwithstanding the abounding prosperity of the country. This might be thought only a "wave" considering that in the preceding two years the nation's drink bill went up, but the figures, going back to 1874, demonstrate clearly that temperance really is on the increase in these islands.

Today, it appears, the consumption, per head of the population, reduced to terms of gallons in regard to beer, and pints in regard to spirits, is as follows: Beer, 27.36 gallons; spirits, 5.44 pints; wine, 2 pints. This is a high enough rate, in all conscience, but in 1899 the figures were: and in 1874:

Beer. Gallons.	Spirits. Pints.	Wine. Pints.
22.40	8.00	3.28
33.84	10.00	4.24

* * *

The average expenditure per head for liquor in 1912, was $17.50, and per family of five $88.50, as compared with $18 per head, and, roughly, $90 per family in 1911.

The compiler of this astonishing report shows that Great Britain's drink bill of nearly $808,000,000 is half as large again as the receipts of British railways, and a quarter as large again as the annual value of all private dwellings in Great Britain. It makes the sums that the United Kingdom spends on its army and navy seem insignificant, these being respectively for the land forces, $138,245,000 and for the navy, $214,490,000.

When Lloyd George put the screws on the members of the British "beerage" by means of increased taxation there was loud squealing and most folk concluded that the brewers were doomed to the workhouse, but Wilson's report shows with what canniness the men of malt have made the consumer bear their added burdens, and mulcted him of a pretty penny in addition. They have done this by the simple expedient of charging money for water. Says Wilson:

"During the financial year ended March 31, 1900, for every 1,000 barrels on which beer duty was paid the brewers produced 1,005 bulk barrels, but immediately the war tax of 1 shilling per barrel was imposed in 1900 the gravity was lowered, and in that financial year the 1,000 standard barrels represented 1,023 bulk barrels, and the following year, 1,035 bulk barrels, and by the year 1908-9 the ratio had risen from 1,000 to 1,046. In the following year when the brewers' license duty, amounting to about 3 pence a barrel, was imposed, the gravity was again immediately lowered, and the year 1909-10 showed 1,000 standard barrels producing 1,058 bulk barrels. This lowering of gravity during the period has enabled the brewers to produce, free of duty, in England and Wales over 13,000,000 more barrels of beer than they could have produced out of the same materials if the gravity of 1899-1900 had been maintained, and the retail price obtained from the public for this quantity was well over £30,000,000. The additional beer duty and brewers' license duty, on the other hand, did not during the twelve years exceed £19,000,000, leaving a large balance to the credit of 'additional taxation account' in the books of the licensed trade. The consumer has therefore paid the whole of the extra taxation on beer and a very large sum in addition."

As chance has it, this report is published simultaneously with one of an inquiry into the diet of the workers of Glasgow, and a comparison of the two gives one furiously to think. The Glasgow report shows that the most skillful manager cannot feed a family whose income is under $5 a week; accordingly, economists are asking, how can it be fed when most housewives are far from skillful, and the average family, many of which are not in receipt of more than $5 per week, spends nearly $90 a year on alcohol?

A Mercenary Lass.

WILLIAM D. STRAIGHT, the financier, was discussing the American bankers' recent withdrawal from the Chinese loan.

"I like China," Mr. Straight said. "My regard for China will not let me consider her from a purely selfish and commercial viewpoint. I cannot, in this matter, put myself in the position of the young lady who was asked by her chum:

"'Do you think, dear, that it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?'

"'Why, of course it is,' the young lady replied, 'provided he lets you keep all his presents.'"

A Little Irony.

LOUIS J. HOROWITZ is noted in New York for his trenchant wit. Thus, in the discussion of a recent contract, certain rather niggardly proposals were made to him, and Mr. Horowitz rebuked their niggardliness with the quiet words:

"Only so much for a fifteen-story building? Come, gentlemen, make it $5 more and we'll run you up a skyscraper that will overtop the highest."

Art and the Average Man.

NORMAN HAPGOOD, seated under a royal palm in Bermuda, talked about art.

"The average man's idea of art, of beauty," he said, "is as erroneous as Blank's.

"Blank, a real estate agent, paused in Madison Square to watch an artist sketching a skyscraper.

"'Sketchin' that?' he said. 'Why don't you sketch the one on the other side of the street?'

"'But this one,' said the artist, 'is so much more picturesque.'

"'Picturesque be hanged!' said Blank. 'The offices are so dark they won't rent for love or money.'"

Genius and Fame.

GOV. SULZER defined genius in New York the other day as the development of the three faculties of observation, concentration and analysis.

"Genius," he added, smiling, "leads to fame, and what is fame's definition?

"Well, fame may be defined as a device on the sordid world's part whereby a man is kept poor, and whereby at the same time his creditors are kept posted as to his whereabouts."