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MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Seumas MacManus on Centenarians and the Humors of the British Bar

IN MY letter of last week I referred to the startling mortality amongst centenarians in Ireland. Since then at least one of them has been showing that he is not in the melancholy mood for death. At a meeting of the Clogher board of guardians, in the county or Tyrone, a too lively youth of 105 years of age named McClelland, an inmate of the Clogher workhouse, was brought before them charged with beating with a stick the small boys of eighty and ninety, his comrades in the workhouse. Mr. McClelland got severely reprimanded, and the chairman very thoughtfully warned him that if by blow of his stick he had severely injured any of the frail inmates he would have rendered himself liable to, and the chairman would be pleased to see him get "ten years' penal servitude or longer, and after that maybe he would learn to conduct himself." They are terrible fellows in Ireland, these lads of 105 and so!

Mr. Sergeant Arabin was a noted character in the central criminal court of London and on the bench, a long time ago now. Some of his sayings are still repeated. "Prisoner at the bar," he once said to a middle-aged man, who, having been convicted on two or three indictments, pleaded guilty to several others. "Prisoner at the bar," he said, "you have been found guilty on several indictments, and it is in my power to subject you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life; but the court, in its mercy, will not go as far as it lawfully might go. The sentence is that you be transported for three terms of seven years each." At another time, when Arabin was passing a light sentence, he said: "Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigatory circumstances in this case that induce me to take a lenient view of it, and I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character which you have irretrievably lost!" The chairman of the magisterial bench at Bangor, County Down, the other day, was sending to jail a man who had been before him repeatedly for drunkenness and disorder. The chairman said: "You are an abominable man, and people like you should go to some country where there is no Creator at all!" I wonder where he meant? Texas?

Because the Protestants of Ireland held and kept a monopoly of all offices in Ireland, and because the Protestant boards, directors of railways, banks and other companies, as well as Protestant employers generally, excluded from their employment with seeming rigor Catholics, a Catholic association meant to combat this state of things was started a few years ago, but was not taken up with much heart by the Irish people. Just now there is a great effort being made to make the Catholic association general. Dr. Hogan, at a gathering of bishops and priests in Maynooth college, the other day, read a paper upon the subject. The figures contained in it were certainly a tremendous indictment of Protestant exclusiveness in Ireland—if not of Protestant bigotry—and Dr. Hogan made an appeal to the bishops and the priests to take the Catholic association to their bosoms. Since, as things are presently situated, no Catholic young man can hope to hold any other than a menial office in his own country, Dr. Hogan and some who supported him put in a plea for Catholic exclusive dealing in order to bring the Protestants to their senses. The Catholic association will get a fillip, I think, now, but it will never get the great support of the Catholics of Ireland. A vast body of them consider that it would be a great step backward for our country. The Irish Parliamentarian party and their followers do not favor the Catholic association because it might act as a political association and seriously threaten their power at any time it need were. The Gaelic leaguers do not like the Catholic association because they are winning great numbers of young Protestants into their ranks, and while they are trying to wipe out the last traces of bigotry they very naturally fear that if the Catholic association became powerful it might unconsciously make bigots again of the multitude.

The humors of British law are unending here. A man in the County of Dublin has just been solemnly tried for the offense of "going up and down the road whistling" to the annoyance, it seems, of a landlord, or landlord's agent, or landlord's bailiff, or something or other of that ilk; and this charge was brought before the court as a case of indecent behavior, and under a clause dealing with indecent behavior on public roads. This was not quite so ludicrous as the charge of "winking at a boycotted pig" in the public market place, for which a poor devil once got three months in jail with hard labor. And I suppose it is a more serious offense, too, than the "humbugging kind of a smile" that for having accorded to his boycotted neighbor in a public place, a man got a month's lodging at the expense of the county. Compared with these two, "going up and down the road whistling" in a bailiff's awful presence, should rank with lese majeste.

The Tom Moore memorial committee has done good work and been most successful, and thanks to it we will be able to see a presentable statue of Moore standing in our metropolis. The only really decent statue we have in Dublin at the present time is the O'Connell statue. Situated near the end of one of the widest and finest streets in Europe, O'Connell street—formerly Sackville—supported and surrounded by splendidly mounted groups, the statue has an impressive look, and truly speaks to a stranger the greatness of the man. It is said that an English tourist driving through Dublin streets one rainy day had O'Connell's statue, of course, pointed out to him by his jarvey as one of the sights. "O'Connell, aw weally! and what awe the figures awound?" "They," said the jarvey, who knew not what they were, and had never thought to inquire, but who now would not be taken in ignorance by an Englishman, "they," said he, "are the twelve apostles." "Dwive awound the statue," said the English dude. The jarvey did so. "They awe only ten," said the Englishman. "Faith, then," said the jarvey, "the other two must have gone in out of the rain."

The Moore memorial committee are not going to rest content with erecting a monument to Moore in Dublin. They also now desire to bring home the poet's remains from their resting place in Devizes in England; and it is hoped and believed that they will succeed in their laudable desire. In that case we may well anticipate an extraordinary funeral for the remains in Dublin. O'Connell's remains, it will be remembered, were brought from Genoa; Terence Bellew MacManus' from San Francisco; Gavan Duffy's from Nice; Curran's and Parnell's from England; Smith O'Brien's from Wales, and the most recent, Father Eugene O'Growney's, the martyr of the Gaelic cause, from Los Angeles, Cal. After their long rest in Devizes, the ghost of Moore will hardly object to the disturbing of his bones now, for they will surely rest easier in the clay of Glasnevin that has been sanctified by the remains of all that was greatest and best amongst his compatriots.

Talking of poets and talking of centenarians, the first book, a promising collection certainly, of not a new poet, but a poet new to the reading world, the songs of Colm Wellace have just been published by the Gaelic league in Dublin, and are having a wide sale. Colm Wellace has published this, his first book, at the age of 108, and the critics are confidently telling us that Wellace will do big things yet. Colm Wellace, a native of Galway, was born on the 22d of May, 1796, so that he is now 108 years and a few months old. He attended at a Gaelic feis in Galway recently and recited to the audience some of his own poems. Colm is a humorous poet. He had much fame a couple of generations ago. He became very poor as he grew old and had to retire to the workhouse several years ago. There he was in great danger of dying forgotten, had not the spread of the Gaelic enthusiasm over the country caused him to be remembered as a fine Gaelic poet. When Gaelic leaguers heard that there was a poet in the workhouse (no uncommon thing, I suppose), they raised a subscription at once, had him taken out and dressed, and a house built for him, and a pension bestowed on him. His poems were put together, edited and published, and are having, as I mentioned, a good sale. Long may Colm sing. —Seumas MacManus.

Donegal, Ireland, July 3, 1904.

THE DIALECT PROFESSOR

By HUBERT M. SKINNER

ONE who meets in American clubs and homes the foreigners who acquired their knowledge of English in European universities is apt to be surprised at the accuracy with which these visitors speak our language. They may accentuate words wrongly now and then, and they may make amusing mistakes at times, but from the barbarisms so common with us they are apt to be wholly free.

What must be their astonishment in talking with some of our university professors to note the habitual violation of the simplest rules of grammar by these worthies in their ordinary conversation.

I might relate instances of painful embarrassment suffered by educated foreigners on account of the pitiful ignorance or disregard of proprieties of speech by the very men to whom was intrusted the education of our boys and girls. "There was some things I disliked in our navy," said a distinguished professor of a great American university to a Spanish naval officer. Then he repeated it twice. "There was some things—there was some things that I disliked."

"Now," said the puzzled officer to me, some time later, "I have learned only the simple rules of your grammar. I have not mastered your higher principles of rhetoric. Tell me, please, what is the principle of rhetoric which the professor observed when he said, 'There was some things.'"

The dialect story and poem are the subject of much adverse comment. Often has it been said that they tend to a deterioration of our language, as popularly used. Nothing could be further from the truth. A caricature is a corrective. Caricature the dress or manner of a man or woman and that person will seek to disprove the representation by an avoidance of all semblance to it. Caricature always corrects. It is not the dialect poet or the dialect story writer who causes our language to deteriorate. It is the dialect professor and the dialect teacher of grammar. The pupil of the public school often profits little from his study of grammar because the teacher undoes the work by the more potent example of sloppy English in conversation. But is the teacher to blame? He acquired his barbarisms, perhaps, from some careless officer at the state normal school. The normal school man acquired them, perhaps, from some of the professors at the university. "Will I wash the windows?" asks the janitor, who is an untutored foreigner. This is not half so bad as the professor's insulting assurance to his friend, "I will be glad to see you."

"It was about that long," said a professor to his class. "Which long, professor?" asked a disgusted student. "There are so many longs, you know, that I couldn't tell which long it was. I thought it was some other long. Am glad to know it was that long."

The first time I ever heard the barbarism "different than" was when a professor of a great university used it. Errors of this nature, introduced into this country by an ignorant class of foreigners, would soon be corrected if they were not taken up by our professors and teachers. The person who makes use of them may never learn how much they stand in the way of his success. One vulgar slip causes the bewildered speaker to fail of appointment to a coveted position; causes him to be rejected from a desirable society or club; stands in the way of an intimacy most desirable to him; interferes with his advancement in a thousand ways, of which he is, perhaps, wholly unconscious.

Several well-trained students of Latin present themselves as candidates for a teacher's position. "I wahnt to teach Lat'n," says one of them. "I desire to teach Latin," says another. The remark of the first may place him out of consideration in the contest.

"I shouldn't be willing to go so far as that," said a congressman, in response to an inquiry on the floor of the house. Why cannot all our congressmen use language so simple, elegant and unaffected? "Like my friend," said another congressman, "I wouldn't be willing to go that far." Poor fellow, he supposed that he was speaking the English language, and that he was simply repeating the remark of his colleague. Of course, the difference in the two expressions was disagreeably sensible to scores of the members present, but not more so than it should have been to any pupil of the foruth grade of our public schools.

Many are puzzled to account for the vulgar and illiterate speech of certain college professors in America, and especially in the West. To me it seems to be an outgrowth of the patronage given by self-made men to certain institutions of higher learning. A "magnate" of some industry endows a chair in a college. The professor who fills the chair desires, perhaps, to show his appreciation of the benefactor by imitating his speech—"the speech of a representative, practical man." He thinks he is complimenting the self-made man by cultivating his barbarisims.

If this is the true explanation of the phenomenon, the dialect professor will disappear before long. He will find that the self-made man does not desire to be complimented in that way. The true self-made man is keen and practical, and likes to get the worth of his money. If he hires a singing master for his daughter, he does not propose to be satisfied with an inferior article or instructor. If he desires his daughter to study French, he is not satisfied to employ a Canadian or a Belgian tutor; she must learn the pure French of Paris. He may pay a high price for a painting, but it must not be a daub. He himself is not a musician, a speaker of French or a painter. But he will not be satisfied to hire men who cannot do better than he can in those matters. So, when he sends his son and daughter to college, he will not be content to have them taught by teachers too ignorant or too careless to speak and write their own language respectably.

There is another professor who works, perhaps, unconsciously, to the same purpose with the dialect professor. He is the authority crank. By looking through the writings of all the authors of literature one may find slips here and there. The best writers are not always at their best. Doubtless even Macaulay and Irving would gladly make occasional corrections of their almost faultless pages if they were to come back to earth. There is scarcely a vulgarism in language that has not been used at some time in some place by some writer of distinction, if one will search long enough and far enough back to find it.

The authority crank, in mousing through old books, finds that some slovenly, incorrect, disgusting expression has been used in some old book. "Ha!" he cries; "an authority, by Jove!" Then he proceeds to cite his authority and to cultivate the use of the expression, though it may have been the care of myriads of teachers, lovers of the true and the beautiful, to eliminate the barbarism, and though they have succeeded almost in banishing it from the world. I knew of an eminent educator who made it the work of years to "find authorities" for all or nearly all the solecisms condemned in our grammars and rhetorics. He found them. He collected them. He made up a book of them, to be used in the schools, so that the pupils might know the "authorities." A sensible publishing house, I am told, purchased the copyright and suppressed the book. The authority crank is now much in evidence in some universties, but his influence is not formidable. It is the dialect professor who is at present the greatest obstacle in the way of pure, clear and really good English. The honest and unmistakable slang of George Ade is harmless compared with the English of the dialect professor.

Candidates for the Hero Fund

"Little boy," said the smiling dame, stopping to watch him, "are you catching anything?"

"Nome," reluctantly answered the boy, baiting his hook afresh and throwing it in again, a few yards further out from the bank.

"Have you caught anything today?"

"Nome."

"Do you fish here often?"

"Yes'm."

"Have you ever caught any fish here?"

"Yes'm. Caught a little mudcat day 'fore yisterday, an' a sunfish 'bout two inches long one day last week. That's all I ever got."

"Well, your patience and persistence are commendable, at any rate," observed the smiling dame, moving on.

The urchin called after her.

"Don't I get nuthin', ma'am," he said, "fur tellin' ye the truth 'bout my fishin'?"—Chicago Tribune.

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
SAME DAY RECEIVED

Schuneman & Evans

The Northwest's Greatest Store. Sixth and Wabasha Streets.

ANNOUNCEMENT

New fall goods are arriving in many departments—notably in the dress goods section, where we are showing several new weaves we are sure will interest you.

The Women's Suit Department is also showing new suits and coats for fall wear. Better see them tomorrow.

Laces Less Than Half

If you have any present use for lace, or will have soon, by all means come to this sale tomorrow, when we will offer some of the grandest values of the season.

It's a between-season sale of beautiful patterns secured from overstocked importers for less than actual import cost. Three big lots, priced as follows:

Venise Appliques, Medallions and Bands, in cream, white and ecru, actual value up to 98c a yard—priced in Monday's sale at.... **39c**

One lot of beautiful Silk Bands, ranging from 1 to 3 inches wide, and worth up to 50c a yard; priced for Monday at **12½c**

A lot of Torchon Laces, from 1 to 2 inches in width actual value 5c a yard, will be offered Monday at..... **2c**

Sale of Wash Goods Remnants
at Lowest Prices Yet Quoted

Qualities and patterns to suit the most refined taste—prices to fit the slimmest pocketbook. New impetus will be given the remnant sale Monday by these new prices. If you've a yard of washable goods to buy, don't delay longer than tomorrow; make your selections from this immense assortment before your neighbor has the patterns you want. 'Twill pay you to buy for next season at these prices:

Hundreds of remnants of Voiles, fine Batistes, Ginghams, Chambrays and Duck Suitings—a matchless collection of summer waistings and suitings—in lengths for all purposes—at, per yard..... **8c**

Fine Mousseline de Soie, Irish Dimities, Organdies, Tissues, Lace Stripes, fancy Voiles, etc.—our regular selling prices up to 45c a yard—bunched in one lot for Monday's sale at, yard..... **12½c**

Remnants of Batistes, Lawns, Cords, Ginghams, Calicoes and Challies, bunched on one bargain table Monday at, yard..... **4c**

Fine Shirtwaist Suitings

Everything we have left in fine wash shirtwaist suitings and imported novelties will be on sale this week at half-price or less. Don't let this opportunity pass unimproved.

White Goods
Remnants Under Half

All odd pieces and remnants of plain and fancy white goods that have sold for 15c to 35c a yard, will be closed out Monday at, per yard..... **10c**

Mercerized fancy White Goods, in stripes and figures, same as we have sold all season from 35c to 50c a yard, will be closed out tomorrow at, yard..... **19c**

Cut Glass at Reduced Prices

Monday's sale will be one long to be remembered, for we have marked every piece of Cut Glass in our stock to the lowest possible price. This is not a cut price sale on afew articles only, but every piece will be marked with a discount ticket. Don't fail to come in Monday—you'll not be disappointed.

Bring us the pieces

We can duplicate your lenses from the broken parts. A prescription is not necessary. You will find our prices much less than you have been paying.

Call and get one of our magic eyeglass cleaners.

Lively Tailor-Made Suit Selling: Monday

The coming in of new fall suits is a signal for the spring styles to move out. We have but 110 suits to tell you about, and there's not an old style in the lot—some are but a few weeks old. We put these values forward Monday as among the best ever offered in the Twin Cities.

Your choice of handsomely tailored suits, in a variety of styles, worth $20 to $35, for..... $10

New Fall Suits Just received a lot of new fall style suits, cut butcher back, with belt at waist, trimmed with self buttons, jackets silk lined, collarless effects, inlaid velvet trimmings, new coat sleeve; skirts cut extra full and trimmed with buttons of same material; there are all sizes; materials are black and navy, and brown and gray mixtures. Opening price Monday..... **$15**

New Tourist Coats The latest style Tourist Coat—a new lot just received, made with strap at waist, with and without collar; materials are King Edward checks, in gray and brown, made up in the correct weight for traveling. Special opening price Monday..... **$10.00**

Skirts Special Priced One of Monday's best bargain offers is this lot of Walking Skirts. There are many pretty styles to choose from, and there are all sizes; colors are navy blue and gray, also black. Actual values up to $5.00—your choice Monday at..... **$2.48**

Art Needlework Special

Monday we will have a big table of Center Pieces, Shams, Scarfs, Doilies, Pillow Covers, Spoctel Squares, etc., in assorted sizes—either plain or stamped—for, each..... **15c**

It's an especially fine lot and you will do well to make selections early.

White Bedspreads
A Great Monday Bargain

Tomorrow we offer a limited number of White Crochet Spreads, full size, hemmed and fringed, same as we have sold for $1.50 to $1.75 each, for only.... **$1.19**

Semi-Porcelain at Half Price

Monday we will offer at half price Johnson Bros.' famous White Semi-Porcelain, the finest English Semi-Porcelain on the market.

Our regular price for the set of 100 pieces is $12.50. Monday (the one day only) we will offer it at half this price—per set..... **$6.25**

The number of sets is limited, so we advise early buying.

Vudor Porch Shades
Make the warm spots cool.

Picture Molding

Prices greatly reduced for Monday.

All 10c moldings for..... **5c**
All 15c moldings for..... **10c**
All 20c and 25c moldings for..... **15c**

Trunk Sale

Monday you may have any trunk in stock at a reduction from our regular low price of..... **20%**

Suit Cases and Bags—We've a manufacturer's sample line which we have marked at prices that average **15 Per Cent, 20 Per Cent AND 30 Per Cent** Below our lowest regular prices.

Carriage Lap Dusters
In linen—closing out at **Half.**

Hammocks

We've a big line of Hammocks, including all sizes and kinds, which we are closing out now at exactly..... **Half Price**

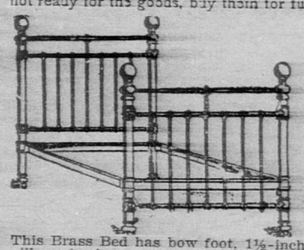
Vudor Porch Shades
Make the warm spots cool.

Fancy Baskets

Monday we will sell all kinds of fancy baskets—sewing, waste paper, etc., at a discount of **25%**

Special Sale of Furniture

'Twill pay you to take advantage of these offers tomorrow; if you are not ready for the goods, buy them for future use. Prices are exceptionally low.



This Brass Bed has bow foot, 1½-inch pillars, husks on foot pillars and patent brass casters. The head is 60 inches high, foot 37 inches. Made to sell for $27.50. Special Monday..... **$20.00**

This All Iron Crib, $4.95

Has ⅞-inch pillars, the head is 38 inches high, foot 34 inches, has a good woven wire bottom with patent malleable post and rail connections, brass caps and vases. May be had in either all white enamel or blue and white enamel. Monday we will sell the 30x54 size for..... **$4.95**

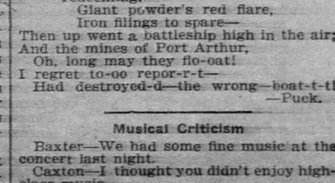
30x60-inch size for.....$5.95

Iron Beds We have just received a large shipment of Iron Beds in all the new styles and colors. It's an exhibit you should see whether ready to buy or not. Prices from..... **$1.95 to $25**

Brass Beds
All Brass Beds will go in this sale at a discount of..... **10 Per Cent**

Porch Goods
During this sale all Porch Furniture will go at a discount of..... **20 Per Cent**

A Carload of the Celebrated Cotton Felt Mattresses just received—Excepting a good Hair Mattress, these are by far the most durable, comfortable and sanitary of any mattress made. Every Cotton Felt Mattress sold by us is fully guaranteed; use one 60 days and if not satisfactory return it at our expense. Special Monday **$7.95**



Clearance Summer Rugs

Here's another bargain opportunity which shrewd buyers will not fail to take advantage of, for our regular prices on these goods were unusually low, thereby making these reductions all the more attractive.

Tami Cottage Rugs

These rugs are exceptionally well adapted for chambers and lake cottages, are durable, inexpensive and come in rich and highly colored Oriental patterns.

Size.	Our Regular Price.	Sale Price.
9x12 ft.	$11.75	$8.50
7½x10½ ft.	$9.85	$6.50
6x9 ft.	$6.00	$4.25
3x6 ft.	$1.65	$1.15

Plain Crex Rugs

These are firmly and closely woven in one piece from Western prairie grass, are reversible, have bound edges and fringed ends, are well adapted for chambers, dining rooms or porches.

Size.	Our Regular Price.	Sale Price.
9x12 ft.	$10.25	$6.50
8x10 ft.	$8.00	$5.00
6x9 ft.	$5.25	$3.00
3x6 ft.	$1.60	95c

Figured Crex Rugs

These are the same as the plain, only come in figured medallion patterns on one side and plain on the other—practically two rugs in one.

Size.	Our Regular Price.	Sale Price.
9x12 ft.	$12.75	$8.50
8x10 ft.	$10.50	$6.50
6x9 ft.	$7.00	$4.50

Moodji Porch Rugs

These are made in India from cocoa fibre, are strong, heavy and very durable. They come in strong colors, in bright Oriental patterns, and are ideal rugs for porches. Made in the following sizes:

Size.	Our Regular Price.	Sale Price.
9x12 ft.	$17.50	$12.50
7½x10½ ft.	$13.50	$9.00
6x9 ft.	$8.85	$6.25
4x7 ft.	$4.75	$3.50
3x6 ft.	$2.95	$2.00
3x9 ft.	$4.50	$3.00
3x12 ft.	$6.00	$4.00
3x15 ft.	$7.50	$5.00

All Tinware and Graniteware

Will be offered Monday at a great reduction, and it will pay you to look into the future a bit and get your season's supply now.

Our entire line of Graniteware and Tinware, including Tea and Coffee Pots, Preserving Kettles, Sauce Pans, Milk and Pudding Pans, Pie Tins, etc.—in fact the whole line, without an exception, will go Monday at a discount of..... **25%**

CARNEGIE LOVES HIS SCOTCH CASTLE

ANDREW CARNEGIE has a warm place in his heart for Skibo castle, his summer home in his native Scotland, according to a writer in the Independent. "I just count the days till I get back again," Mr. Carnegie is quoted as saying when about to sail for the winter in his New York home. His Scotch estate, which has been estimated as containing from 40,000 to 60,000 acres, has been fitted up for the enjoyment of the holiday time of life—summer.

Skibo castle is on Dornoch Firth, in Sutherlandshire, the extreme north of the land of the thistle. Macbeth's castle stood ten miles away and the woods of Dunsinane are close by. Here Mr. Carnegie indulges his liking for golf and for fishing. If one had never seen the castle, and wished a distinguishing mark, it could be found in the flag which flies upon the tower of the old part of the building. It is like no other on the face of the earth. As it flutters in the breeze against the blue sky one can at last pick out on one side the British Union Jack and on the other the red and white and blue of the Stars and Stripes.

Mr. Carnegie keeps up the old Scotch customs, and has added one or two of his own. No ordinary breakfast bell warns the visitor that the fruit will be served within twenty minutes. At 8 o'clock one hears the skirling of a bagpipe coming across the lawn. At last it floats up from directly under the window, and then grows fainter as the piper disappears around a corner. In a few minutes it is heard again. For twenty minutes the piper marches around the castle, and then re-enters it. At that moment the organist takes his seat, and as the guests enter the breakfast room their ears are greeted with organ music. At breakfast every one is supposed to wait upon himself or herself.

One of the features of Skibo castle is the splendid private swimming bath, housed in a building standing only a few minutes' walk from the castle. Its glass roof slides away at the pull of a lever, opening the pool to the sky. A large house party can be accommodated in the dressing rooms. The water is salt and can be had at any temperature desired.

For a long time Skibo Castle had no smoking room because of Mr. Carnegie's aversion to tobacco. At last Mr. Carnegie added one, and put into it all that anyone could desire in a smoking room except the host's company. All after dinner smoking must be done in this room. There is no lingering over the wine and nuts at Skibo. The old guest, it is said, finds much pleasure in watching the effect of Mr. Carnegie's presence and detestation of tobacco upon a guest who is making his first visit and has lighted a cigar as they walk off across the grounds. The guest, although Mr. Carnegie never is so unpolite as to say anything, never does it twice. Intuitively he learns that there is something in the atmosphere that discourages smoking.

While he loves fishing, and has built two elaborate salmon and trout hatcheries, the Laird of Skibo does not care for hunting. For those who do, however, there are said to be an admirable grouse moor and first-class deer stalking. Mr. Carnegie keeps a yacht, but no motor cars, for he does not like the automobile. Skibo castle is unique in this respect in Great Britain, for probably a motor car is to be found in every other one of the great houses of the kingdom. Horses he likes, and he has at Skibo a score of beautiful animals.

At his Scotch home Mr. Carnegie exhibits his characteristic democracy. He is said to be the most popular laird in Scotland because of this. He has been known to leave a party including a baronet and an ex-members of the English cabinet and the head of a great university, with whom he was walking, to spend five minutes talking with the son of a crofter whom they chanced to meet. When he rejoined the group he gave its members the whole history of the boy's family, and spoke enthusiastically of the lad's talent for wood carving.

THE NEW RUSSIAN HYMN

As sung regularly at Port Arthur.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last beaming?
No, your highness, I can't; for some time in the night,
It ran foul of a mine and it's long past redeeming.
Giant powder's red flare,
Iron filings to spare—
Then up went a battleship high in the air;
And the mines of Port Arthur,
Oh, long may they flo-oat!
I regret to-oo repor-r-t—
Had destroyed-d—the wrong—boat-t-t!
—Puck.

Musical Criticism

Baxter—We had some fine music at the concert last night.

Caxton—I thought you didn't enjoy high-class music.

Baxter—Oh, I didn't enjoy it; that's why I know it must have been high class.—Boston Transcript.