

PAGE OF NEWS FROM LANDS ACROSS THE SEAS

LORD OF RUSKOP STARTS NEW INDUSTRY NEAR HIS CASTLE

Mrs. Carnegie's Passion for Flowers Is Turned to Account by Her Husband's Canny Scotch Tenants

Special Foreign Service.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—Andrew Carnegie has caused a new industry to spring up in the neighborhood of Skibo castle. The cultivation of flowers and various species of plants is not a matter of the active attention of nearly all the tenants on his estate in spite of the fact that at this season much of the work has to be done under glass. This horticultural development is a rather unusual incident. Mrs. Carnegie's passion for flowers, and especially for different varieties of roses caused the Earl of Skibo to make the flower beds about the castle the envy of all who saw them. Rose trees were introduced from all parts of Europe, and an expert gardener was appointed to look after them. This passion of Mrs. Carnegie's for herself exclusively to the cultivation of roses, and so diligently did he comply with his master's instructions in this respect that it was in the neighborhood he actually sat up nights to watch the roses growing. In spite of all his care and vigilance some of the most beautiful varieties were disappearing mysteriously. The tenants failed to catch the thief he reported the matter to Mr. Carnegie. He was surprised, however, to see a pleasant smile pass over the face of his master when he expected an angry reception as a result of his communication. "If my tenants are fond of flowers," said Mr. Carnegie, "it is evidence that they are people of refinement."

The next day he issued a notice, warning all and sundry against stealing his roses, but inviting them to come and ask the gardeners for the roses they required. He also caused it to be known that he would give an annual prize of \$50 for the best cultivated and most artistically arranged flower garden on his estate. The tenants, who had the horticultural resources of the castle were immediate, with the result that the Skibo tenants are now cultivating flowers, both for pleasure and for profit. The coming summer will decide who will win the \$50 prize, and already the little cottage gardens are showing evidences of the enormous amount of industry that has been put into the matter through Mr. Carnegie's characteristic tact and generosity. Since it became known that Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie were such enthusiastic gardeners, the librarians of the various Carnegie libraries throughout Scotland are gradually introducing a variety of flowers and plants into the buildings, and where possible, constructing flower beds outside.

At a sale of Irish manufactured goods recently held in London it was found that a practical interest in the products of that country. The Irish lace section was especially attractive, and substantial orders were booked for the goods. The lady who was the most successful in the sale was Mrs. Spender Clay and Lady Barrymore. Strangely enough, none of the ladies mentioned attended the sale. The goods were for samples to be submitted to them. Mrs. Spender Clay and Lady Barrymore have for a considerable time been making inquiries into the Irish lace-making industry. It is reported that this is the first time that the other two ladies have invested in Irish manufactured goods. The Duchess of Roxburgh had, it is reported, bought samples of Irish linen submitted to her, with the result that she, too, has become a patron of this popular material. The run on Irish lace and Irish dress material by American women is giving an impetus to both industries that is most encouraging to those who are engaged in them, and is moreover changing the aspect of the industry in Ireland. Women are finding remunerative employment, and in the convent schools where lace making is taught unusual activity is now prevailing. Queen Alexandra set the fashion in Ireland, but it is somewhat remarkable that Americans have shown a more generous and enterprising spirit in following her example than have her own country women.

What a woman with means and intelligence and broad sympathies can accomplish in the way of promoting industries among remote communities has been strikingly shown in the success that has rewarded Lady Victoria Campbell's efforts on the Scotch island of Tiree. Some years ago she conceived the idea of teaching the young folk wood carving at her own expense. They showed remarkable aptitude for the work and she enlarged on the school board was secured and wood carving is in a fair way to become the most important industrial resource of the people. This is largely due to the

specialization of their work under Lady Victoria's guidance, which imparts to their products distinctively highland characteristics. Most of her patterns are taken from the Celtic symbols found on the ancient stone carvings of the country. Some of her "boys" have just completed an exquisite oak pulpit as the gift of their benefactor to a new church in Tiree. Several orders have been received for similar pieces.

Among the young men who have recently been appointed to responsible government offices, Lord Donoughmore, under secretary for war, is said to be the most hard working. Fourteen hours a day is his minimum. He is at the war office late and early, and so regular is he in his attendance that some of the humorists among his subordinates say that he must have a "shut down" in his room. Only the night watchman can actually tell when he leaves. His devotion to duty is due to a sincere ambition shared by his American wife, that he may obtain a more responsible position later on.

Like the Duke of Marlborough he has broken many of the old-fashioned iron rules that are peculiar to government offices. For instance, he will not recognize that permanent officials are, as they think, persons specially designated by Providence to direct the work of their particular departments. He interests himself as much in the latest Junior clerk as he does with men of many years' experience behind them. He has also introduced a rule by which young men who may be reported for some slight dereliction of duty have power to appeal to him before they can be discharged. The Duke of Marlborough commenced his official career in the same way, but he was more pliable than Lord Donoughmore, and he finally succeeded in getting the permanent officials at the Colonial office. While the duke takes life much easier than at the beginning, Lord Donoughmore puts on more steam. In England, political influence counts for much more in securing political preferment than it does in America, and it will be none of Lady Donoughmore's business to get the duke to go far. Tall and fair, with wonderful blue eyes, and an easy, affable manner, she makes a delightful hostess and has a legion of influential friends in society. But there is nothing so fragile, drawing room type of woman about her. She is much given to outdoor life, is a first-rate golf player, a good rider and a capable horsewoman.

American tourists who do not change to be on visiting terms with his majesty, and have paid the customary fees and the privilege of going through the state's affairs. The duke's subjects have often wondered what becomes of the money thus obtained. This curiosity is shared by hosts of patriotic Americans who find it difficult to believe for glimpses of the royal residence. An intimation has been conveyed to the king that to allay the unjust and vulgar suspicion that some portion of the money finds its way into the royal pockets, an annual publication of receipts and expenditures in connection with the Windsor Castle show should be made. It has been officially stated that \$2,000 out of the fund thus accumulated has been appropriated to and in the erection of a new infirmary at Windsor; the existing infirmary has absorbed \$500 and \$400 has been bestowed on the British Orphans' asylum at Slough. But these figures account for only a small portion of the money, and the information vouchsafed has greatly stimulated public opinion concerning the disposition made of the rest of it.

Dining in bed is the latest fad of smart men, and the king is no exception. The king's dinner is served in the morning, and what is more, impairs their beauty. Several belles are exchanging themselves occasionally from balls to other public entertainments. One well known devotee of fashion, who has given it a fair test, declares that it works like a charm, and that after her dinner she gets up the next morning feeling about as cheerful as fresh as a daisy and as cheerful as Mark Tapley. Advocates of the "B. D." as it has been dubbed, state that a light meal is essential to its efficacy, and all stimulants must be barred; otherwise it will cause indigestion, and the last state of the patient will be worse than the first. Some light reading after the light meal helps to pleasantly speed the patient to the land of Nod. And if there should chance to be an awkward husband in the case it affords him an excellent opportunity to work off his tired feeling by making a night of it at the club.

—Lady Mary.

DESPERATE SITUATION OF THE POOR IN THE WORLD'S RICHEST CITY

HOMELESS WRETCHES WHO SLEEP ON BARE FLOORS AND WOODEN BENCHES



HOMELESS WRETCHES WHO SLEEP ON BARE FLOORS AND WOODEN BENCHES From a Flashlight Photo Made for This Article

CHARITY'S DOES and the Restraining Influence of Labor Leaders Alone Stand Between Law and Revolution in London—Distress in England Is Unprecedented

Copyright, 1905, by Curtis Brown.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—"If you had any pluck in you, you wouldn't stand it, you'd revolt. D—Balfour and all his class of politicians! They'd revolt in twenty-four hours if they were in your position. Don't hide yourself in your garrets. Bring 'em into the West end and they'll listen to you then."

So spoke a demagogue, Jack Williams, to some 2,000 or 3,000 forlorn wretches gathered around the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar square the other afternoon. Policemen heard him and grined. Scotland Yard had made its preparations to deal with anything that went beyond that most cherished of an Englishman's privileges, free speech. The mob cheered the speaker, scowled at the stalwart guardians of the law, and dispersed to their garrets convinced that broken heads would not alleviate the pangs of hunger.

Yet had John Burns, Will Crooks, Kelt Hardie and other leaders of labor in and out of parliament, who brought the meeting, attended it and ignored with them their followers and appealed to them in the same incendiary strain it would have required more than the police of London to have held in check the thousands of the unemployed who would have flocked to them. The West end would have been far worse terrorized than it was in 1848, when, starting from the same square, a Socialist mob went rioting through the streets of swindlers. It is hardly an exaggeration to say—sober-minded Englishmen, who know the English temper well, have said it—that it is the restraining influence exercised by men in whom the suffering poor have confidence which stands this winter between law and revolution in London.

At the present time London presents the most amazing and appalling spectacle in all Christendom. In the richest, the most populous and most charitable city in the world, 300,000 people are out of work and living on the verge of starvation. Every night some 3,000 shivering and destitute wretches wander through the streets hungry and shelterless.

These statements are not based on the wild figures of some irresponsible alarmist. They appeared in a plain presentation of facts made by Colin N. Campbell, social secretary of the Church Army, at a meeting of wealthy friends, has been over and over again and grounds exploring every nook and corner. The whole scheme of decoration has been left entirely to her tastes. It is believed she was mainly instrumental in securing the services of the gardener, being much impressed by what she saw of his work when she went over the grounds in the neighborhood of the hall.

THERE ARE 200,000 PERSONS IN THE METROPOLIS ALONE WHO ARE ON THE VERGE OF STARVATION—WHILE MULTITUDES ARE CLAMORING FOR FOOD 19,000,000 ACRES OF LAND LIE WASTE AND IDLE

Mr. Balfour declined. He replied, in effect, that he favored the continuation of the palliative treatment. He had a very high opinion of parliament and of the value of parliamentary discussion, but parliament was hardly capable of "framing a constructive policy." Which seems to justify the contemptuous comment of Mr. Crooks, a member of parliament himself, that "parliament is all gas."

Taking the latest board of trade figures on unemployment as a basis, on a very moderate estimate there were in November—there are many more thousands in the month of January. As summing that only one-half of these are married men with families, that means 19,000,000 men, women and children in England in the coils of hunger, cold and despair!

The amount of suffering and moral and physical deterioration which such figures represent is beyond the power of the imagination to realize. And this, too, in a year of trade expansion—of what is called national prosperity! Yet the government calmly declines to treat it as a national question or to summon parliament to consider it. It is one of those mountainous problems that inevitably grows bigger the longer an effort to solve it is postponed. Meanwhile the unemployed are straining at the leash.

It is hardly realized in America what abnormal social conditions have resulted from the ever-increasing separation of the people from the land and the sacrifice of agricultural to manufacturing interests.

Since 1850 the number of people employed in cultivating the land has decreased by 1,294,000, while the population has in the same period vastly increased. Every year thousands of acres pass out of cultivation and an increasing stream of people swarm to the overcrowded cities. England—land of England—is owned by an infinitesimal residue of the population which is crammed within its borders. It has ceased to be a people. A few thousand individuals hold it all.

The Bitter Cry for Food.

What has been the result? According to a report made by a parliamentary committee in 1902 there are 21,000,000 acres of land lying waste in Great Britain!

That is two and a quarter million of people are in sore straits to keep hunger at bay, and land in abundance—on which they might themselves, or many of them, at least, produce the food they need—now yields nothing! The cry that now resounds throughout London—throughout England—is for food—money to buy food for the workless.

"Every unemployed man, be he duke or docker," says Sir John Gorst, "should be set to work producing food."

But, say the advocates of this method of making the unemployed self-supporting, land necessary for the establishment of such a system can only be acquired by government aid and government machinery. Private plant and the theory of unequal land is what Harold Begbie characterizes as "thinking ineptitude" turns a deaf ear to such appeals.

Last year England's butter, bacon, cheese and egg bill, paid to foreign producers, amounted to \$244,000,000. It is confidently asserted that under proper management England herself could supply the greater part of such foods. Anyhow, it is urged, it would be far better to set unemployed applicants for relief at such work instead of restricting them to picking oakum, breaking stones or chopping kindling wood.

Another scheme which has been put forward for relieving the strain on an overstocked labor market and providing a profitable national investment is the reforestation of waste lands. It finds many able supporters, who point to the example of Germany, where the forest industries are under state control

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HALL CAME IS IN BAD HEALTH AND HAS GONE TO SWITZERLAND

But He Had Time to Add to His Wealth and Fame by Raising a Prize Steer and Selling It for Fancy Price

Special Foreign Service.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—Hall Caine's state of health has been causing his friends a good deal of uneasiness of late. He has not been himself for a year or more, and it may be remembered that when "The Prodigal Son" was only half written, its author broke down and had to go to St. Moritz to finish the work. He stayed there several months, and when he returned to the Isle of Man recently it was hoped that he could keep going for quite a while, but evidently the task of seeing his latest novel through the press, and the part he took in the discussion that followed its publication were too much for Hall Caine. For several weeks he has suffered from acute insomnia, and on Saturday he left for Switzerland, where his physician had ordered him to make a lengthy stay. Meanwhile his renown is increasing—on this side of the water, at least—at a rate which must make his keen rival, Miss Corbett, envious. The other day the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the brainy young successor of Dr. Joseph Parker at the City Temple, declared in a public address, that he preferred the Manxman's best work to that of George Meredith, and during Christmas week another incident was recorded which testifies, in a way, to the potency of the name of "The Ingoldsby Legends" was a member.

One of the most interesting of London's literary landmarks is now threatened with destruction—this being the house in Highgate, Hampstead, where Samuel Taylor Coleridge spent his last years, and where he was visited, at different times, by Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Wordsworth, Charles Lamb and Robert Southey. The house, which it is now intended to replace with a modern building, is No. 3 in The Grove, Hampstead, and formerly belonged to Dr. James Gilman. This physician was the devoted friend of Coleridge. He threw open his doors to the author of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and his most horrible prose, and he was his prolonged indulgence in opium, and for eighteen years safeguarded him from his dangerous habit. Of his condition at the time of his death, Coleridge wrote, "The degradation, the blighted vitality, almost overwhelmed me." However, while in Hampstead he got back much of his power and produced some of his finest prose—the "Aids to Reflection," "Lay Sermons," and the essay "On the Constitution of Church and State."

The visits of his great literary confidant to his home in "The Grove" were especially delightful to Coleridge. He wrote Carlyle, "looking down on London and its smoke-unkempt like a battle and escaped from the banality of life's prosa." Carlyle, towards the end of his life, took the life of the East End of London with remarkable accuracy of detail and considerable power of description. They did not touch it with a gentle hand. They treated the life of the mean streets and mean people much as an anatomist treated a body on the dissecting table.

"Or," Dr. Watson proceeded, "such writers take the life of society, and before the reader puts the book down he is left with the idea, probably erroneous, that in what is called society there is hardly one man who is honorable, or one woman who is virtuous."

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The note of kindness is conspicuous in the best of today's writing. It is the best writers of today, you will be struck rather by a want of sympathy. Such writers as Tolstoy, who went on to take the life of the East End of London with remarkable accuracy of detail and considerable power of description. They did not touch it with a gentle hand. They treated the life of the mean streets and mean people much as an anatomist treated a body on the dissecting table.

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The governing body of that square-mile of London known as the "City" is chiefly devoted to keeping alive ancient traditions and customs, and maintaining intact at its civic functions that most sacred of things, the order of precedence. The fact tends particularly appropriate to the subject of a new fresco by Edwin A. Abbey in the courtyard of the Royal Exchange, which was unveiled the other day with much ceremony. It represents a lovely incident in the history of the Merchant Taylors' and Skinners' companies. Between these two ancient guilds there was a bitter jealousy and rivalry, which often threatened to develop into riot and bloodshed as to which of them was entitled to march before the other in processions within the city of London. Titled folk whose inherited renown constitutes their sole claim to distinction occasionally still quarrel bitterly even nowadays over the same question of precedence. Each of two companies in 1434 submitted a quarrel to the decision of the Lord Mayor of that year, Sir Robert Billesell, and he for the "marshaling of the peace" (peace) gave between the masters, wardens and feoffshippes aforesaid, rendered this judgment:

"That the masters and the wardens should dine each year together at their respective halls, the Taylors with the Skinners on the Vigil of Corpus Christi, and the Skinners with the Taylors on the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist; and as to precedence, each company was to have that on each alternate year, save that a mayor of either should give that company precedence in his own office."

The decree has been faithfully observed ever since and unbroken "peace and love" have reigned between the two "feoffshippes."

The fresco, which is the thirteenth of a series, reveals all the superb decorative effect for which Mr. Abbey is famous. At the foot of the chair of state of the Lord Mayor, the two masters are depicted plighting one another's fealty. Behind them is a gallery filled with ladies; in the left foreground is a herald in a tabard of the arms of the two companies, bearing a golden tablet inscribed with the toast which for more than 420 years has been drunk by the two companies when they dine together. Merchant Taylors and Skinners, Skippers and Taylors, Root and Branch, and may they continue and flourish forever.

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VAN ALLEN REBUILDS OLD ENGLISH MANSION

American Millionaire Puts Army of Men to Work

Special Foreign Service.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—At Rushton hall, the recently acquired seat of James Van Alen, the American millionaire who finds English social conditions much more to his liking than those of his native land, there has just arrived an army of workmen who are going to pull the old place to pieces. It will be then reconstructed and enlarged on a scale of lavishness and splendor commensurate with the owner's purse and the prominence he expects to attain as an English country squire. Never before has such activity been witnessed in the quaint little Northamptonshire town of Kettering, which is about three miles distant from the hall. Lodgings are at a premium, and what the tradespeople have lost from lack of employment during a hard winter they hope to make up through the liberal expenditure of the new master, Rushton.

Mr. Van Alen has just made a most important appointment, and one, too, that will be much welcomed in the neighborhood. James Crickshank had been head gardener at the hall for many years, but when the place was sold recently he had to look for other employment, and as it was understood that an entirely new staff was to be put on duty at Rushton hall, Mr. Crickshank had no hope of being re-engaged there. He had earned a high reputation as a gardener in the service of King Edward, the Duke of Connaught and the Rothschilds, and without difficulty procured another position at Windsor castle. This Mr. Van Alen induced him to relinquish by the offer of a princely salary—and he has now re-

turned to Rushton hall. It is understood that his salary is higher than that of any other gardener in England. He has already received his instructions. The old hall houses are to be demolished and new terraces and walks after sixteenth century style are to be constructed, plans for which have been supplied by Mr. Van Alen himself.

Miss Van Alen, with a party of friends, has been over and over again and grounds exploring every nook and corner. The whole scheme of decoration has been left entirely to her tastes. It is believed she was mainly instrumental in securing the services of the gardener, being much impressed by what she saw of his work when she went over the grounds in the neighborhood of the hall.

THIS FIRE ESCAPE TRULY AUTOMATIC

St. Louis Men Inventing Device to Rescue People From Burning Buildings

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 18.—S. A. Brann and Eugene Derwitz have applied for a patent on an automatic fire escape.

All that is necessary for one wishing to be saved is to get into the basket. The machine does the rest. It throws itself and the person through the window and then lets the occupant quickly down to the ground.

When the basket is empty it returns of its own accord, climbs back into the window and rescues another person. It keeps this up until there is no one else to be saved.

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ENGLISH DECLINE IRISH INVESTMENTS

Mill Owner Complains That He Can't Get Money

Special Foreign Service.
LONDON, Jan. 21.—Rather a significant comment on the attitude of English capital toward Irish industries is made in a letter just received from an American manufacturer now in the Emerald Isle. This is W. M. Callender, of New York, proprietor of the Coleridge paper mills, in County Kildare, at which paper is being made from bog mold or "peat" by the Callender process.

"If we had more capital," writes Mr. Callender, "we could vastly increase our output. It is, however, practically impossible to find capital in England for an Irish industry, and the only financial support to be found even in Ireland is from the rank and file of the people themselves, under the stimulat-

ing influence of the Gaelic movement for the industrial rehabilitation of the country.

"There is a strange belief prevailing among the wealthy classes and leading merchants in Ireland," the American manufacturer now in the Emerald Isle writes, "that no new industry ever can flourish there, so that for such purposes as ours it is almost impossible to find capital. The providing of capital through the Gaelic movement seems to me, therefore, to mark an epoch of far reaching importance in the new development of industrial Ireland."

As a matter of fact, practically all the Irish money that is being raised has started up in Ireland recently have done so with the aid of American capital.

"I have not the heart to wake him," said one teacher, indicating a little careworn fellow fast asleep at 10 in the morning. "Poor little chap, he has a rough time of it. He goes to the dock gates in the afternoons and begs food from the men fortunate enough to be returning from work."

Most of the pawnshops are full and refuse to accept more pledges, so that this last resource of the destitute is denied them. Many empty houses have been broken into by homeless wretches that they might at least find shelter, and possibly sleep, on bare floors and wooden benches. Less fortunate than these, on bitter nights, when the spectacle of a homeless dog wailing awake, pines, scores of human derelicts may be seen huddled together for warmth on seats and benches, or stretched out on the bare ground in the parks. The law requires the police to keep them moving, but they have not the heart to do it. They look the other way and pat their heads.

In all of the slum districts similar scenes are witnessed. Cases of actual starvation are frequent, and in many others, to which officialdom gives another name, lack of nourishment has been the accelerating cause of death.

"One poor woman, leaving her starving husband in the empty, desolate house, sought all day in vain for work. Convinced that when she returned home her husband would be dead, she decided to seek reunion with him in another world by plunging into the Thames."

The hesitancy to describe her rescue as merciful. When she was taken home it was to find a corpse on the garret floor.

Such is life in London in the opening days of the year of our Lord 1905.

—E. Lisle Snell.