KINGDOM OF KILLING RULED BY ARMOUR

NINE MILLION CARCASSES A YEAR.

Mostly Animals Meet Death Stupidly and Without Resistance—What Becomes of Their Lives?

The soldiers of the modern king are standing armies of workingmen, not armies of fighting idlers. Rockefeller's millions and Armour's millions are millions invested and reinvested in labor, in building, in adding to the actual visible wealth of this country. That wealth belongs to the country and to the people of the country. It is subject to this disposition by taxation or otherwise. It is fortunate for the people that these kings, unlike the old kings, do not waste human labor with courts, retinues of servants and organized dissipation, do not waste human life in wars, but use their energies simply along the lines of organizing industry and increasing tangible wealth. It might be worse with a people as supine as our own.

It is a fact, of course, that Armour does not really own this great worldwide butcher business. The stockyards own him. He was born with the big load upon his back. He tells you quite simply: "I inherited this business; I did not create it. I have tried to do as well as I could with it. It just happened that I had a smart father and a rich father."

In so vast an industry, bigger than all the men that manage it, suggestions seem rather foolish coming from outside. But there are some things, it would seem, that Armour and the other big packers could do easily, at once, and without unreasonable sacrifice. They might make the prices of beef to consumers uniform and reasonable.

No women or children should, under any conditions, be permitted to witness the killing of the animals. It is a dreadful thing to see long lines of little boys and women and little girls walking through the slaughter houses, watching the sticking of pigs, the stunning of steers, and all the horror of blood. The effect is brutalizing on the children, and for the mother of an unborn child to witness so horrible a spectacle is a shameful crime.

Some legislator in Illinois should start the movement to prevent this. The packers themselves would do it, but they say: "If we close up our slaughter houses, or keep any part of the public out, we shall be accused of having things to hide."

It is a great kingdom of death over which Armour rules. There are huge buildings for killing, surrounded with pens in which the sheep, hogs and cattle are confined, waiting for the fatal hour. In one place hogs in thousands are driven into pens. Below, hidden under a platform, there is a cracking of whips mingled with squeeling and grunting. You look down and see a man, black from head to foot with mud, rushing about among the half-crazed swine. He has a huge blacksnake whip in his hand, with which he drives them to the narrow entrance that leads to their death. In the last pen there is a great revolving wheel. Each hog is seized and hooked by one hind leg. The turning wheel lifts him in the air; he is passed on to a wheel that slides along a rail, and then comes one knife thrust and death.

The killing of the sheep, fortunately, is hidden; it is too pathetic for the sight even of modern civilization. The killing of the cattle is less noisy and shocking than that of the swine. The big, heavy, fattened steers walk slowly into pens. Heavy hammers stun them, and as a rule, they bleed to death without regaining consciousness.

The Blood Could Be Heard.

But there is certainly room for improvement in the killing. And if the improvement can be made it should be made—if necessary, under compulsion. Out of every ten steers slaughtered one or more invariably require more than one blow for the killing. This means suffering, and it is unnecessary. The spending of a very little extra money, two or three cents a carcass perhaps, and probably less, would pay for the fitting on each head of an apparatus that would make the death blow absolutely certain.

Study of the animals as they go to their death would disturb the calm belief of the individual who thinks that an animal has no soul, no real life, no thought. It is true that a great majority of the animals die stupidly and without resistance. Among the swine, whose shrill squealings answer the cracking whip and the upward turn of the fatal wheel, there appears to be, fortunately, little or no conception of what death and danger mean. It is not always so. One day the harmony of the "killing bed" was vastly disturbed by one small, black pig. Huge creatures, double the black pig's size, were walking through the door, resisting only feebly as the chains were put around their hind legs and they were jerked up to death. This little black pig had other ideas, another character. No hero in human life ever fought more desperately for his life than did that small creature. As soon as he entered the fatal pen he dashed at the man in charge, flew at his legs, drove him out of the pen, finally climbed up over the backs of the other swine, jumped out of the pen himself, and dashed at the man with the long knife, who was "sticking" the pigs as they came toward him hanging head downward. Half a dozen men combined succeeded in killing this rebellious, anarchistic disturber of the packing house peace, and they killed him in not at all a scientific manner. If a human being had made so plucky a fight for his life against such odds he would be talked of with admiration.

The stockyard butchers, men that should know, are firmly convinced that the different animals that come up to them for killing are as different in character as human beings are. Fortunately, however, they are all agreed that not one animal in ten thousand has any idea of his coming fate. Death is a surprise to them all, and therefore practically painless.

Amid all this lowing, squealing and struggling there arises constantly the thought: What becomes of the life in those animals? What becomes of that consciousness which has animated them, protected them and directed them? In what way is it different from the consciousness within the two-legged animal that stands there covered with blood from head to foot, stabbing relentlessly each living creature as it comes before him?

We know what becomes of the animals' bodies. The tenderloin goes to the rich man's house, the shinbone to the poor man, the head to the immigrant from certain foreign lands; the tongue, prepared with spices, is sent often far away to India. The hide is made into boots, chauffeurs' coats, harness. The bones are cut up into buttons that fasten the workmen's shirts, or are changed into the foolish little things upon which babies chew when their teeth are coming. A part of the body makes pepsin for those that lack digestion, and the indigestible parts go to those that later on need the pepsin.

In all directions the bodies are scattered, but what becomes of the nine millions of lives, the nine millions of seperate consciousnesses that Armour scatters into space every year, as he feeds the millions of thinking, meat-eating animals?—Arthur Brisbane, in The Cosmopolitan.

WORK OF TEREDOES.

Rapidity With Which They Demolish Wooden Piers and Caissons.

That the teredoes in the vicinity of Fort Mason are the hungriest and busiest and equipped with the most effective augers of any of their kind to be found in the bay has been demonstrated by the contracting concern that is building the new army transport wharves at Blackpoint. The company has paid a fancy price for its knowledge, and incidentally and at its own expense has demonstrated the wisdom of the all concrete construction advocated by the present Board of Harbor Commissioners.

The new army wharves are to rest on concrete piers and the plans call for the construction of a concrete breakwater to provide shelter for the troop ships that may be tied up at the wharves. In the construction of this breakwater great wooden caissons were built and sunk, to be pumped out later and filled with concrete.

A temporary wharf was built of green piles and on this were erected the concrete mixing machinery and other gear essential to carrying on the work. A few weeks ago this wharf tumbled down and an investigation showed that the teredoes had eaten the green piles as easily as if they had been young onions. The wharf is now being rebuilt with creosoted piles.

In anticipation of the early restoration of the temporary pier an examination was made yesterday of the wood yesterday of the wooden caissons, and to the contractor's grief it was discovered that they had been practically consumed by the teredoes. The chewed up caissons will have to be replaced and then it will be a race between the concrete mixers and the teredoes, with the betting on the worms, if in the meantime they should eat through the creosoted piles that support temporary wharf No. 2 and cause another delay in filling the molds with concrete.—San Francisco Call.

Mystery in Salad Dressing.

In Washington the recent death of George W. Harvey, known since Lincoln's day for the rare food of his famous "oyster house," has recalled the following anecdote: "On one occasion Mr. Harvey visited New York and his praises were sung by some of the prominent men who were his friends. A dispute ensued as to the merits of certain dishes, and a contest was arranged between Mr. Harvey and several famous New York chefs. The competition centred upon the mixing of a salad dressing. The jolly, fat judges watched the preparation carefully and observed that Mr. Harvey as a finishing touch took from his pocket a tiny vial, carefully uncorked it, poured a few drops into the dressing and set it before the arbiters. They tasted each dressing in turn, smacked their lips and puckered their brows. Then they declared that all the dressings were very fine, the most delectable that they had ever put to palate, but that about Mr. Harvey's dressing there was 'an—ah—indefinable something' which caused them to award it the prize.

"'George, what was it you put in that dressing?' asked one of Mr. Harvey's friends later.

"'Only water,' he replied. 'I knew a little mystery would catch 'em.'"—Chicago Post.

The Klamath Project.

In the land of "Burnt Out Fires"—the region which will long be remembered as the last stronghold of the Modoc Indians—is a remarkable agricultural district known as the Klamath Basin, which lies partly in California and partly in Oregon and embraces several hundred thousand acres.

The first unit of the important national irrigation work at this point is completed and several thousand acres of fertile land are now receiving water from the Government canals.

Of all the Federal works the Klamath project is perhaps the most unusual by reason of the fact that it involves irrigation and drainage in unusual combination. A considerable portion of the lands to be irrigated is to-day covered with the waters of navigable lakes. These waters are to be drawn off and the exposed lake beds are then to be sub-divided into farms and irrigated by the Government canals.—National Geographic Magazine.

The Canadian Minister of the Interior has submitted figures showing that there are still available for homesteads in the Province of Manitoba 17,825,000 acres; in Saskatchewan, 104,878,000 acres, and in Alberta, 117,369,000 acres.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

THE REV. J. WESLEY HILL, D. D., OF NEW YORK.

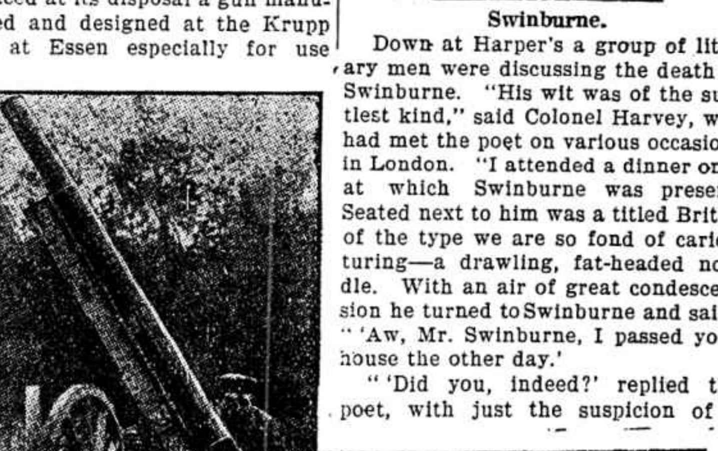
The promontories in the career of the Rev. John Wesley Hill may be briefly pointed out. He was born at Kalida, Ohio, May 8, 1863. His father, the Rev. John Wesley Hill, D. D., is a Methodist preacher of the heroic type, having been in the active ministry for half a century. The pastor of the Metropolitan Temple obtained his secular education at the Ohio Northern University, and studied theology in Boston Theological Seminary. While a student in Boston he was pastor of Eggleston Square Church, which it soon became necessary to enlarge in order to accommodate the growing congregation. Prior to this his trial experience in the itinerancy occurred at Sprague, then Washington Territory. In 1888 he was appointed to the First Church at Ogden, Utah. He soon inaugurated a relentless warfare upon the Mormon Hierarchy, and during his five years' pastorate at Ogden the city was rescued from the political control of the Mormon Church, the first Gentile victory in Utah. He also erected at Ogden the finest church edifice between Denver and San Francisco. Thence he went to Helena, Montana, and in 1893 to Minneapolis, where he founded and built the Fowler Memorial Church at a cost of $150,000. In 1896 he was appointed to the pastorate of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Fostoria, Ohio. In 1899 he went to Grace Church, Harrisburg, Pa., where he remained six years. Here he also served as Chaplain of the State Senate. From Harrisburg he was assigned to James Church, Brooklyn. Within three years he added 600 members to the church roll and then was called to his present great work at the Metropolitan Temple, in New York City. When he took charge it was practically without membership; to-day there are on its muster rolls over 700 names and a debt of $40,000 has been wiped out.

FOR USE AGAINST AIRSHIPS.

Novel Gun Placed at the Disposal of the German War Office.

Like every other weapon of offense, the airship has soon been followed with a weapon of defense against its attacks. The German War Office has had placed at its disposal a gun manufactured and designed at the Krupp works at Essen especially for use and is discharged with an initial velocity of 1841 feet.

The gun is raised to an angle of sixty degrees and the projectile can reach a height of 18,150 feet. The shells are filled with a highly inflammable gas, which will cause the gas bag of an airship to explode when it hits it.



THE KRUPP AIRSHIP DESTROYER.

It Will Be Noticed That the Wheels Open Out, so That the Men May Work the Gun Unhindered.

Gun Carriage May Be Swung in Complete Circle Around Pin at End of Tail.

against airships, and it is understood that the British War Office is also considering certain inventions devised for a similar purpose.

It has been argued that naval gunners could easily disable a Zeppelin airship. The target presented broadside on is large, but stem on the Zeppelin offers only a forty foot circle.

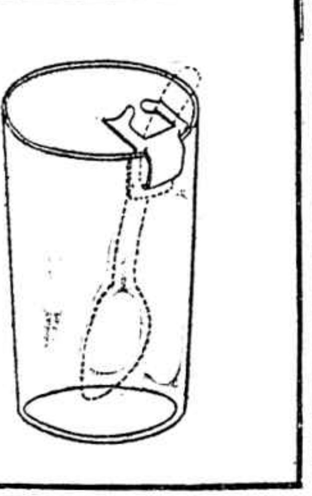
If the height of the airship is one thousand feet present naval guns could not be trained upon it at less than a distance of about a mile and a half, and at that distance a forty foot mark is not a certain target, even on the level, to a moving ship. At the elevation required it would not only be exceedingly difficult to estimate the range, but even if the range were known the allowance for curvature of trajectory would be so great as to render a hit the merest fluke.

The new type of gun manufactured by Messrs. Krupp, it is asserted, will destroy a dirigible airship. The shell which it fires has a diameter of sixty-five millimeters, weighs nine pounds

Swinburne.

Down at Harper's a group of literary men were discussing the death of Swinburne. "His wit was of the subtlest kind," said Colonel Harvey, who had met the poet on various occasions in London. "I attended a dinner once at which Swinburne was present. Seated next to him was a titled Briton of the type we are so fond of caricaturing—a drawling, fat-headed noodle. With an air of great condescension he turned to Swinburne and said: 'Aw, Mr. Swinburne, I passed your house the other day.'

"'Did you, indeed?' replied the poet, with just the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye. 'I am delighted to hear it. Thank you, so much!'"—New York Times.



MRS. JAMES S. SHERMAN.

Wife of the Vice-President.

Handy Spoonholder.

Among the numerous minor inventions that seem trifling in themselves but add so much to the comfort of humanity is the open holder devised little device, but is of great convenience for use on tall glasses, such by a New York man. It is a simple as those used for iced tea, etc. The device consists of a piece of metal bent at the top to form two arms, with the opening between them just wide enough to admit the handle of a spoon, inserted sidewise, and with the wide part just narrow enough to keep the handle of the spoon from slipping through. The lower part of the holder consists of a flat strip, which runs down inside the glass, and a spring clip on the back, which goes outside the glass and clamps the whole firmly on. The spoon, when not in use, is hung on the holder, and does not fall into the bottom of the glass. While the device fits on the edge of the receptacle it is chiefly employed where the receptacle is deeper than the spoon is long.—Philadelphia Record.

Fits on Any Glass.

The stock of gold in European banks is greater by nearly $300,000,000 than it was a year ago. The increase in the Bank of France alone has been about $140,000,000.

History in Tabloid.

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

During the Revolutionary War Roger Morris, of Putnam County, New York, made the mistake of siding with the Tories.

A mob collected, and Morris and his family escaped, taking ship to England.

Before leaving Morris declared his intention of coming back as soon as "the insurrection was quelled."

The British troops, we are reliably informed, failed to quell the insurrection; and Roger Morris never came back.

Roger Morris is known to history as the man who married Mary Philipse. And this lady lives in history because she had the felicity of having been proposed to by George Washington. It is George himself who tells of this in his journal, and George, you remember, could not tell a lie.

George was twenty-five. He was on his way to Boston, and was entertained at the Philipse house, the Plaza not having then been built.

Mary was twenty, pink and lissome. She played the harpischord. Immediately after supper, George, finding himself alone in the parlor with the girl, proposed.

He was an opportunist.

The lady pleaded for time, which the Father of his Country declined to give. He was a soldier, and demanded immediate surrender. A small quarrel followed, and George saddled his horse and rode on his way to fame and fortune.

Mary thought he would come back, but George never proposed to the same lady twice. Yet he thought kindly of Mary, and excused her conduct by recording: "I think ye ladye was not in ye moode."

It was Washington who formally confiscated the property and turned it over to the State of New York as contraband of war.

The Morris estate of about fifty thousand acres was parcelled out and sold by the State of New York to settlers.

It seems, however, that Roger Morris had only a life interest in the estate, and this was a legal point so fine that it was entirely overlooked in the joy of confiscation.

Washington was a great soldier, but an indifferent lawyer.

John Jacob Astor accidentally ascertained the facts. He was convinced that the heirs could not be robbed of their rights through the acts of a leaseholder, which, legally, was the status of Roger Morris.

Astor was a good real estate lawyer himself, but he referred the point to the best counsel he could find. They agreed with him. He next hunted up the heirs, and bought their quitclaims for $100,000.

He then notified the parties who had purchased the land, and they, in turn, made claim upon the State for protection.

After much legal parleying, the case was tried according to stipulation, with the State of New York directly as defendant and Astor and the occupants as plaintiffs. Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren appeared for the State, and an array of lesser legal lights for Astor.

The case was narrowed down to the plain and simple point that Roger Morris was not the legal owner of the estate, and that the rightful heirs could not be made to suffer from the "treason, contumacy and contravention" of another.

Astor won, and as a compromise the State issued him twenty-year bonds, bearing six per cent. interest, for the neat sum of $500,000—not that Astor needed the money, but finance was to him a game.—New York American.

In Defense of Critics.

It is the business of the dramatist and producer to provide plays that the public is willing to pay money to see. There is no difference of opinion as to that. The business of the critic is to inform the public whether or not, in his judgment, it is worth while to pay good money to find out if it likes the play. The managerial and playwriting intelligence doesn't subscribe to this definition of the critic's function at all. It is convinced that the critic should write only favorable reviews, closing his mind to all the weaknesses and defects, bending his efforts to persuading the public to pay good money at the box office so that it may judge for itself.

Probably the only critic thoroughly satisfactory to theatrical interests would be one who could be persuaded to accept the views of the press department. There are such, I believe, certain newspapers being controlled by considerations of dramatic advertising and of exclusive theatrical news stories. But the Public That Pays feels this when it doesn't know it, and the reviews thus directed have but little weight.—Hartley Davis, in Everybody's.

Song Bird and Critic.

Mary Garden, at a dinner in Philadelphia last month, took a musical critic very cleverly to task.

"You write long criticisms," she said, "and you employ long, technical words; but really, you know, you miss the whole spirit of the music.

"You're like the Darby widow," said Miss Garden. "Her lawyer said to her, consolingly:

"'You'll get your third out of the estate, madam.'

"'Oh, Mr. Breaf!' the widow cried. 'How can you say such a thing, with my second hardly cold in his grave?'"—Washington Star.

Lord Roberts a Collector.

The fact is not generally known that Lord Roberts, who celebrated his golden wedding the other day, is a great collector of curios. His charming house, Englemere, Ascot, is literally crammed with odds and ends picked up from time to time, nearly all of which have some interesting story attached to them.

One of the most curious of these is an irregularly shaped piece of dirty white rag which greatly puzzles all who behold it for the first time. It is the flag of truce which General Cronje sent in to announce his surrender at Paardeberg.—Tit-Bits.

Man is the only animal whose nostrils open downward. Even in the highest apes the nostrils open to the front.

The sensitiveness of growing plants to the influence of light is well illustrated by the results of recent research on heliotropism—the bending of stems toward light.

Beetles possess an enormous amount of strength. The common beetle can draw 500 times its own weight, and a stag beetle has been known to escape from underneath a box on which a weight had been placed 1700 times greater than the insect's body.

One of the most remarkable applications of wireless telegraphy is an ingenious arrangement by which the message received works the keyboard of a typewriter. This invention has further been applied to the typesetting machine, so that wireless messages can now be made to print themselves by means of the linotype machine.

An improved form of the quartz mercury vapor lamp is about to be introduced in England as a substitute for carbon arc lights. It is claimed that the new lamps will give the same illuminating power as the carbon arcs at about half the cost. One great advantage is said to be the avoidance of the necessity for frequent trimming. The quartz mercury vapor lamps will run about 1000 hours without attention. Some progress has been made in reducing the disagreeable color of the light, but it has not yet been eliminated.

In the big desert of Chile there is a considerable amount of brackish water, but no water that either human beings or stock can drink. Science, however, says the Los Angeles Times, has come to the aid of this rainless section of the country in the form of an ingenious desert water works, consisting of a series of frames containing 20,000 square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V, and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and, made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly a thousand gallons of fresh water is collected daily by this means.

NO TIPS IN FINLAND.

Maid's Surprise Upon Receiving Money From Her Mistress' Guests.

A country where there are no tips and where small services are rendered to the stranger without hope of reward would seem hard to find—yet such a country is Finland.

So far the tourist has not appeared in any great numbers, and consequently the commercial spirit which his advent always marks has been absent. As an example of this Mme. Aino Malmberg, a Finnish lady who is paying a visit to this country, tells an amusing story. Two English friends whom she had met while over here had been staying with her at her house in Helsingfors, and on leaving gave the maid a tip.

She was very much astonished and did not know what it meant. Seeing Mme. Malmberg's son coming downstairs, she ran to him and said, "They gave me money. Did they give you any?" Hearing that they had not done so, she was much mystified. "I cannot understand why they should give it to me and not to you, when they know you much better than me," was her perplexed comment on the incident.—London Morning Post.

The Judge Felt Safe.

"Some of the West India islanders have learned that when a foreigner misbehaves on their shores it is better to suffer in silence than to mete out punishment at the risk of a descending gunboat from the miscreant's native land," said Frank H. Griffiths, of Kingston, Jamaica. "A Judge in Hayti, however, recently took occasion to pay off old scores and to redeem his self-respect in the case of an offender brought before him.

"To his first question, as to the nationality of the accused, the interpreter had answered that the prisoner was from Switzerland.

"'Switzerland,' said the Judge, 'and Switzerland has no sea coast, has it?'

"'No sea coast, Your Honor,' said the interpreter.

"'And no navy,' continued the Judge.

"'And no navy, Your Honor,' was the reply.

"'Very well, then,' said the Judge, 'give him one year at hard labor.'"—Washington Herald.

Where to Live Long.

Yarmouth is living up to the reputation Charles Dickens gave it when he advised the purchase of an annuity and residence at Yarmouth to attain the age of Methusaleh.

The annual report of its medical officer of health, issued yesterday, states that in 1908 the average rate of mortality was much below the previous ten years and was two per cent. lower than the corrected average death rate for the seventy-six great towns, so that on its population of 50,000 no fewer than 100 lives were saved last year as compared with the mortality in the country generally.—London Standard.

Rare Exception.

"I rather pride myself on one thing," said the young father. "Although I have the brightest, smartest, cutest, best youngster I ever saw, I never brag about him."—Kansas City Times.

It is said that in the last five years the membership in temperance societies in Germany has more than doubled.

The Circus the Father of Contemporary Drama.

No problem is more fascinating to the student of Elizabethan drama than to attempt to trace its splendid achievement to its earliest sources. The quest leads one back to primitive folk plays, to secular improvisations and mediaeval renderings of sacred story; and all study of perfected types shows clearly here and there the determinate influence of these first attempts.

It is odd that no one has undertaken a similar investigation of our American drama, a species of art so distinctive from drama proper that we are not only justified in seeking but are compelled to seek a partially different origin. The material drawn from American life, developed by American talent, and appealing to American audiences has peculiar characteristics pointing irresistibly, in conception development, and execution, to our first artistic achievement, the American circus; and inquiry as to origins takes us back to our own—shall I say mediaeval days?—when Mr. P. T. Barnum was perfecting the entertainment that was to burst upon the eyes of an astonished world.

Though we can hardly be said to have evolved new species, we have given such marked coloring to existing types of comedy that we may fairly claim the credit of creating new varieties. The local color play, the society play, the melodrama, the comic opera, flourish as strictly national productions upon our soil, differentia being perhaps more firmly established in the case of the first two than of the others. In all, motif, plot, characterization, setting show unmistakably the influence of the great prototype already suggested.

Circles and circles of unrelated action; swift galloping from one to another lest the audience should have time to think; the ruling out of cause and effect, in order that something, no matter what, may happen every minute—do not our plots betray their origin in the planning of a circus order? I venture to affirm that in no other country can legs wriggle so swiftly, can the swinging and leaping of the trapeze performer go so alertly and firmly on. I would pit our contortionists and our hoop-jumpers against those of all other lands. With equal firmness I assert that in no other drama does action follow so swiftly, so unconnectedly as in our own.—From "The Point of View," in Scribner's.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

When a gentleman is short, does he become a gent?

The social climber believes that all's well that ends swell.

The most exclusive people in the world are either in society or jail.

The man with an iron will should be careful not to let it get rusty.

Many an otherwise good man has been spoiled by too many ancestors.

Don't strike a man just because he insists that he is your match.

The girls with the most cheek don't do the most blushing.

Honesty is the filtration that causes a clear conscience.

The bibulous chap is generally more celebrating than celebrated.

Second thoughts are only best when they are not more expensive.

It is just as well to have a short acquaintance with the fellow who is always broke.

Many a man who doesn't know one note from another attempts to sing his own praise.

A woman can always accomplish more with tears than a man can with cuss words.

Discretion, being the better part of valor, prefers to do its fighting over the telephone.

An idle rumor gains currency, which is more than an idle man is apt to do.

The fact that virtue is its own reward is what makes some people good for nothing.

Children should be like church bells, which always do as they are tolled.—From "The Gentle Cynic," in the New York Times.

A Novelist's Pipes.

A recently published interview with the famous novelist and dramatist contains the following paragraph, from which it would seem that Mr. Barrie is more attentive than ever to "My Lady Nicotine:"

"I spent exactly sixty-five minutes with the great dramatist. When I entered he was smoking a calabash pipe of generous proportions. He smoked it out in a purposeful way and laid it on the mantelpiece to cool. Then he felt in his right coat pocket and produced a handsome briar. This he loaded and lit. When it was done he laid it on the shelf and took out a second briar from another pocket. He smoked it out, and then assuring himself that the calabash was cool again went back to it. He smoked three and a half pipes within the hour and finished up with a cigarette."—Tit-Bits.

Bird Slaughter in Florida.

"Unless the wholesale butchery of birds in Florida is stopped, there will be none left in that section of the country," said H. A. Austin, who spends a large part of his time in the South.

"In the last three years the everglades of Florida have been stripped of every vestige of bird life to supply the world's millinery markets with the plumage of the heron that formerly bred there in countless numbers. Now that the heron has practically gone from Florida, the bird robbers are killing almost any other kind of tropical bird that they can find. It is a fact that Florida is almost barren of birds at this time."—Washington Post.

European shipping companies are suffering severely because trade and traffic in the Levant and on the far Eastern lines are almost at a standstill.