HUNTING FOR HEALTH

In Its Pursuit Peter Perkins Found His World Changed.

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

Peter Perkins came into temporary possession of the old Stanwood property through mutual friends of his own and the last remaining member of the Stanwood family. He did not know Madge Stanwood, nor was he in any way interested in making the girl's acquaintance so long as he had obtained a three year's lease on her property.

Peter was run down, physically, while the Miss Stanwood was financially embarrassed. The transfer of property was a step in the right direction for both parties concerned. It left Madge free to go into the city and pursue congenial labor, while Peter Perkins could seek the robust health he had lost in his effort to find that vague pedestal called fame. His channel had been through art, and Peter had succeeded to a flattering degree before his health—or the lack of it—had sent him to the country.

The Stanwood property was sadly dilapidated. The gardens, both vegetable and floral, were all but wrecks; the lone cow was a pitiful sight to a lover of animals, while the few hens and rabbit were forlorn creatures. The orchard, once bearing choice and rare fruit, required pruning, lopping and care to an alarming extent, but with it all Peter felt sanguine as to the results he would obtain from healthy labor on the property.

Peter had worked with feverish inspiration on his art, and by so doing had arrived on the precipice of a nervous breakdown. The Stanwood place came as a blessing to him. Since he might not make further use of his brain during its process of rebuilding he rejoiced in the physical activity that would be demanded of him during his three years in the country.

It was difficult at first to fling off the inertia that gripped him after leaving the steam-heated studio and his paints and models; but the trimming of shrubs that was necessary, since it was late autumn, sent Peter out with hedge scissors and an augmenting sense of zeal. Having come originally from the West, Peter was at heart adapted for outdoor life. Farming and the artist's temperament went strangely hand in hand in Peter's mentality. It was not difficult then, during the lull of the artist's brain, for the farmer to come readily into activity.

When the shrubbery had been trimmed the trees in the orchard came next. Peter erkins was companioned and served only by old Gregory, who was both an intelligent gardener and a handy man about the house.

"No social intercourse and no pottering with paints. Remember that!" had been the doctor's parting words to Peter. "For one year at least."

And so Peter had forgotten the pleasure of seeing even Doris Brown, the girl whom he had almost definitely fallen in love with, and he had locked up his paints and brushes in the attic room and had bravely given the key to old Gregory.

"Don't give it to me—even if I fire you for not doing so," he had commanded Gregory, and the old man kept the key.

Before the cold weather came the cowshed was mended, the chicken coops whitewashed and a cockerel and some fine hens added to the meager flock, and all other preparations for an excellent springtime were made. The poor little rabbit was given a mate and, that being the last of the domestic arrangements among the barnyard life, Peter and Gregory turned their attention to their own habitation.

During the winter months they painted every inch of the interior of the Stanwood house and mended roofs and drafty doors and windows. Creeping vines were trimmed so that with the springtime rosebuds would seek admission to the old living room with its great stone fireplace and lofty ceilings.

It was not until the arrival of spring, when the verdure was brilliant and the fruit blossoms in full and odorous bloom, that Peter really threatened Gregory with dismissal.

"It's a chance in an artist's life," he stormed at the imperturbable servant. "Those blossoms are perfect—there never was an orchard so beautiful. I could win a thousand dollar prize with just a small sketch." His tone had become somewhat wheedling.

"The blossoms'll be out again next year," was all Gregory said, and Peter raved in vain for the keys to his paints and brushes. He eyed Peter with a glow of pride. Somehow he felt responsible for the glow of health that was slowly progressing in Peter's body.

"Whatever will we do with the fruit, chickens, eggs, milk and vegetables that we will be having before long?" questioned Peter as he realized the prolific tendencies that work at Stanwood farm was beginning to make evident. "We will have a hundred fine little rabbits if we don't watch out," he laughed. The question, however, was a serious one. "Old Nancy is a real beauty now," he added as they watched the sleek, fattened cow chewing her spring cud with bovine contentment. "Think of the fine milk that will be wasted. You and I can't get away with it."

Everything that Peter and Gregory touched multiplied with astonishing rapidity. Each accused the other of possessing a weird charm with growing things. With the development of vegetables and fruits, to say nothing of the barnyard of prolific hens and fancy rich milk, the question of disposal of the produce became an imperative one.

Old Gregory, however, had a scheme on his worn sleeve, but he kept it to himself until he had made a round of all the small cottages that surrounded the farm. They were tiny bits of property owned and inhabited largely by young married couples with small children. It was not easy to provision the homes with fresh vegetables and the grounds did not permit of gardening. The suggestion that Gregory made to these housewives was that he supply them with eggs, chickens, fruit and vegetables at a nominal price. Housewives one and all flew to the rescue of Peter and Gregory, and considered themselves very lucky in obtaining farm products so close to their own doorsteps. The question of milk was difficult, as Nancy might not supply an entire community, and one and all wanted Nancy's rich milk.

"It means," laughed Peter, "that Nancy will have to occupy a smaller portion of the shed. We will have to get a couple more like her." He eyed Gregory for a moment very thoughtfully. "You know, of course, Gregory, that I am not going to take the profit from this business. No, I am not," he added swiftly, seeing the incredulity in Gregory's face. "You are going to take a certain per cent, but all the rest is going into that hole in the old chimney corner against the time Miss Stanwood returns. You see, it is really her farm, and—"

"A pretty farm it was," said the old gardener disgustedly, but with added affection in his eyes for Peter.

"Nevertheless, the cow, the chickens, the orchard and all are really belonging to her. You see it—do you not, Gregory?"

"Yes, I suppose I do," grumbled the old man, and turned away lest Peter Perkins see that which had risen in his eyes.

Suffice to say that Stanwood farm became a paying proposition that quite exceeded the dreams of the temporary owner. The hole in the chimney corner was stuffed with bills and silver, and the day came when another brick had to be dislodged and another bank started.

The brushes and paint had been taken from the attic room, and Peter reveled anew in the blossoming orchard and his loved art. One or two marvelous sketches found their way into the New York shops.

Peter had regained health, both mentally and physically, and it was a most attractive looking artist who looked up suddenly one sunny day in early spring to see a wood nymph standing gazing admiringly at his canvas.

His brushes were suspended in the clear air, so lovely was the girl. Her wide hat seemed made to shelter the beauty of her oval face and her deep blue eyes held a hint of fear in them. She would have fled save that Peter stopped her.

"If I could put you in this picture," he suggester, frankly, "I could most probably make several thousand dollars from the canvas."

The girl blushed shyly and drew a trifle nearer. There was awe in her glance. The orchard, as it appeared on the canvas, seemed to breathe of spring and to sway with the breeze. Certainly the petals were fluttering down.

"It would be a pity," she said softly, "to hold myself responsible for so great a loss to you. Since I am boarding in the Rose cottage it will give me pleasure to pose for you for a few moments each morning."

"Hours!" breathed Peter eagerly.

It so happened that old Gregory was left with more work on his hands than on the days before the nymph had arrived. One day he peered through the branches of the trees and gave vent to a low whistle when his eyes rested on Peter's model. Madge Stanwood, the last of the old family, was standing beneath a gnarled apple tree while Peter's brushes were rapidly sweeping her image onto the canvas. There was that in the eyes of Peter, and it reflected itself in the eyes of the girl, which made old Gregory laugh softly. Love in its most wonderful form was making the spring a paradise.

At that very moment of old Gregory's musings Peter Perkins had said "Wonderful girl!" in an awed and breathless tone, and Madge had returned softly:

"But you are a wonderful man, Peterkins," and her tone had been more awed, more breathless than Peter's own.

Words Worth Remembering.

The highest representatives of men who have endeavored to search out the deep things during the Christian era are Dante and Milton. . . . It seems daily more amazing to me that such men as these should dare to play with the most precious truths (or the most deadly truths) by which the whole human race listening to them could be informed or deceived—all the world their audience forever with pleased ear and passionate heart—and yet to this submissive infinitude of souls, and evermore succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for bread of life they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes; with pompous nomenclature adorn the councils of hell; touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns; and fill the openings of eternity before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels desire to look into, with idle puppets of their scholastic imagination, and melancholy lights of frantic faith in their lost mortal love.—John Ruskin.

Benefits of Deep Breathing.

A strong advocate of deep breathing says that by its practice she cured herself of nervous headache, neuralgia in the face, stiffness from overwork, indigestion, cold in the head and insomnia, not having had the expense of a physician for two years, and not having touched a drop of medicine for 13 months.

A Slight Repressive Influence.

"Do you feel that your work is of any real benefit?"

"Yes," replied the censor. "While we cannot prevent war from being terrible, we are at least doing everything possible to render it uninteresting."

Dictated To.

Yeast—You've got the word dictated at the bottom of this letter?

Crimsonbeak—Yes. I know it.

"But it's in your own handwriting?"

"Yes; my wife made me write it."

QUEEN of THE ADRIATIC

THERE are numerous things of priceless value to the world upon the threatened frontiers of the warring countries, and among the richest of these treasures is Venice, the dream of generations of tourists, of students of art and history and of lovers of romance and beauty. Few cities in the world receive veneration from more widely scattered sources, and few stir so many pleasant anticipations on the eve of a first visit to them. This year, however, the city will be deserted by its visitors. Venice, a honeymoon objective and the tourist's earliest across-sea aspiration, has become an objective for Austrian air fleets and battleships. Something of the charm of this city of world-pilgrimage is told by one of its most noted friends, Karl Stieler, whose picture of the Queen of the Adriatic forms the basis of a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society: He writes:

Before the Campanile we realize for the first time the widespread power of Venice, that fairy city which sprang not from the earth, but the sea; still touched with the glamour of the East, and yet mistress of western culture—so rich in arts and arms, in loves and hatreds! Venice is a sphinx whose enigma we never wholly penetrate. In vain we strive to find an image that shall express her mysterious essence. The unique brooks no comparison.

Center of Life and Movement.

As in the old times, even so today, the center of life and movement is the piazza of St. Mark's, although it offers but a pale shadow of the life of former days. Here on sunny mornings all the foreigners assemble; here lounge the ciceroni, and on the neighboring piazetta the gondoliers. Itinerant venders of all kinds push their way among the chairs that are set out in front of the cafes under the open arcade.

But the most brilliant spectacle is at night, when hundreds of gas jets are alight in the huge bronze candelabra, when the gold sparkles in the jewelers' windows and the sound of gay music is borne across the piazza. Then the crowd gathers from all sides.

ON THE GRAND CANAL

Here come the nobili with their wives. The gondolas throng the piazetta and the mercerla seems far too narrow for the press of people.

The noise and the passion which runs through the publicity of Italian life continue deep into the night; then last hasty words are spoken, yet once more stolen glance is shot from beautiful eyes, and the happy individual for whom it is intended understands the farewell. Around the steps of the piazetta—all of white marble, so that you cannot miss them, even at night—the gondolas gather again and then separate on their different ways through the dark and dead-silent canals.

St. Mark's stands alone among all the temples of the world. Although age and the moist sea air have spread their veil over these walls, yet the brilliant coloring and the mighty outlines shine through all the gray dimness of the past. The bronze horses above the great door are rearing; the cupolas and arches stretch their great curves in intensity of power; each portion of the great building seems alive and animated; yet in the whole reigns the profound and noble peace proper to the house of God.

Church Now 800 Years Old.

It is now exactly 800 years ago since the building of St. Mark's was completed; its ecclesiastical sanctity is bestowed on it by the relics of the great evangelist; its historical sanctity consists in its intimate connection with the fortunes of the city and of her rulers. It was the theater of their triumphs and the refuge for their cares; all that she has achieved and suffered Venice has done under the protecting wing of St. Mark's.

The Church of St. Mark contains trophies from all parts of the world; every stone has a history. Those two great pillars at the entrance to the baptistry were part of the booty of Acre. The bronze folding doors were once in the Church of St. Sophia at Stamboul. The marble columns, which stand right and left of the main portal, are said to have been taken from the temple in Jerusalem. The famous group of four horses, which stands above the main portal, is of the antique Roman period, and was for a long time in Byzantium, the capital of the Empire of the West. The Doge Dandolo, at the age of ninety-five, led on the Venetians to the storming of Constantinople (1203). He was nearly blind, but a fiery life still glowed in his veins.

What St. Mark's is as the expression of the religious spirit, that the ducal palace is for the secular power of Venice; it has scarcely a rival, even in Italy. The doge's palace, as it now stands before us, was begun in the fourteenth century and completed in the fifteenth after a long interruption. Here every line is classic. The very position of the palace, its relation to the Church of St. Mark, its two fronts—one commanding the piazetta and the other the sea—declare the inner significance of the building; it is the foundation, the very cornerstone of all Venetian splendors.

Splendors Not Unmarred.

But yet a little shadow rests on these splendors. A slight shudder mars the enchantment, for the hands of Venice are stained with blood—much noble blood sacrificed to unworthy passions. There is the Bocca di Leone, into which envy threw its secret accusations. Here sat the council of ten, Consiglio de' Dieci. That was a word of terror to all citizens of Venice. In this tribunal she had a power which could only be compared with that of Robespierre or the bloodthirsty Marat.

The complete truth about Venice cannot be learned in the lofty ducal palace, where the ceilings are full of gold and where art, free and untrammeled, created her masterpieces. We must go down even as far as the Pozzi, into the dungeons below the level of the water, or we must mount into the hot leaden cells (i Piombi); then we begin to conceive what was the secret canker gnawing at the root of all this beauty; then we feel with unspeakable horror what is the shadow on the conscience of the proud Queen of the Adriatic.

Tells of a Strange Plant.

Speaking on "Plant Adaptations" at the Royal Botanical society recently, says the London Chronicle, Professor Bottomley drew attention to a curious feature of certain climbing plants, the spiral tendrils of which might be said to reverse after having proceeded in one direction for a certain time.

One might imagine the tendrils waltzing around for a time and then saying: "Do you reverse?" and turning the other way.

People generally, he added, did not realize the wealth of knowledge that was at their disposal. One had only to take a chair and sit under a tree and learn botany.

Rays Invisible to the Eye.

Science tells us that in addition to the rays of the sun which we see, there are rays on both sides of the spectrum which are invisible to the human eye, but which are distinguished by the camera. The ultra-violet rays—rays which are less than three-hundredth millionths of a millimeter in length—cause human being all sorts of discomfort, including among other things sunburn, tired eyes and even blindness.

They are one of the greatest menaces the eye has. It has long been believed that they cause snow-blindness. A number of experiments conducted under test conditions show that they cause fatigue of the eye, and in old age lead to cataract, and, therefore, to blindness.

Position of Advantage.

Barnes (to Shedd, who has just finished a long letter)—"Funny that you should write long letters to your wife when you have so little to say to her when she is present." Shedd—"Not at all. When I am writing I have the floor."—Boston Transcript.

Friendship.

It is an inestimable blessing for any man or woman to possess a friend; one human soul in whom complete confidence may be reposed; one who knows the best and worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our backs; who will give us counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity and self-conceit, but who, again, will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight out our own battle.

Devoid of Feeling.

She—There was a man on the crowded car that I came home on who is a perfect brute.

He—Why, dear?

She—Why, I trod on his feet a dozen times and he never offered me his seat.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Strive Lawfully.

If a man also strive for masteries, yet he is not crowned, except he strive lawfully.—II Timothy 2:5.

CAP and BELLS

FLASH OF THE LACKAYE WIT

Admitted Steele Mackaye Has Been Acknowledged Master of Dramatic Art for Twenty Years.

Thirty years ago, when Wilton Lackaye first went upon the stage, he was rehearsing a part in "Paul Kauvar," under the direction of the author, Steele Mackaye, who, while admittedly a capable stage manager was regarded as old-fashioned by the moderns. During rehearsal Lackaye and Mackaye had a slight difference as to how a certain part should be acted.

"Do you argue with me?" Mackaye demanded with magisterial severity. "I have been an acknowledged master of the dramatic art for twenty years."

"Yes," Lackaye retorted, "but not this twenty."

Officer, Do Your Duty.

"If man evoluted from the monkey," remarked Dinglebatz, "he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that his ancestors were remarkably intelligent."

"What's the answer?" queried Snickelfritz.

"They were educated in the higher branches," replied Dinglebatz.

A Pest.

"As a rule I have a kindly feeling for my fellow-man."

"Yes?"

"But something should be done to the chap who starts to tell an ancient wheeze just when you sit down to hear your favorite record on the phonograph."

Sincerity Test.

"What's your idea of an honest man?"

"An honest man," replied Mr. Cumrox, "is one who likes the same music in private that he says he likes when his wife is giving a musicale."

Cruel Comment.

"You know, there is an air I heard lately humming through my brain this morning."

"That's no air; what you hear in your brains are their wheels humming."

Ponto's Place.

Sol Sodbuster—What's that funny little coop under the back part of your automobile?

Hiram Haycock—That's for the dog that used to trot along under the buckboard.—Puck.

Sad, but True.

"Do all people who marry in haste repent at leisure?" asked the seeker after knowledge.

"Not all," answered the cynic. "Some of them merely forget that they are married."

A BARGAIN.

"I bought this for a mere song."

"Indeed?"

"At any rate, I gave a note for it."

Wealthy.

"He is very wealthy?" we asked as the man with the diamonds zipped by in his motor car.

"Goodness, yes," friend answered. "He even has his own private breakfast food factory!"—Indianapolis Star.

In Style.

Visitor—So you have three new babies at your house. What do you think of that?

Willie—Oh, I suppose someone started a "Buy a Baby" movement and ma thought she'd stock up.—Puck.

Proof of It.

"The Esquimaux live on a light diet—"

"Hold on, there, you're wrong. They live on the fattest kind of food."

"Well, I'm sure our teacher told us they eat candles."

A Dazzling Series.

"Life with Daubson is just one woman after another."

"He must be a fearful rake."

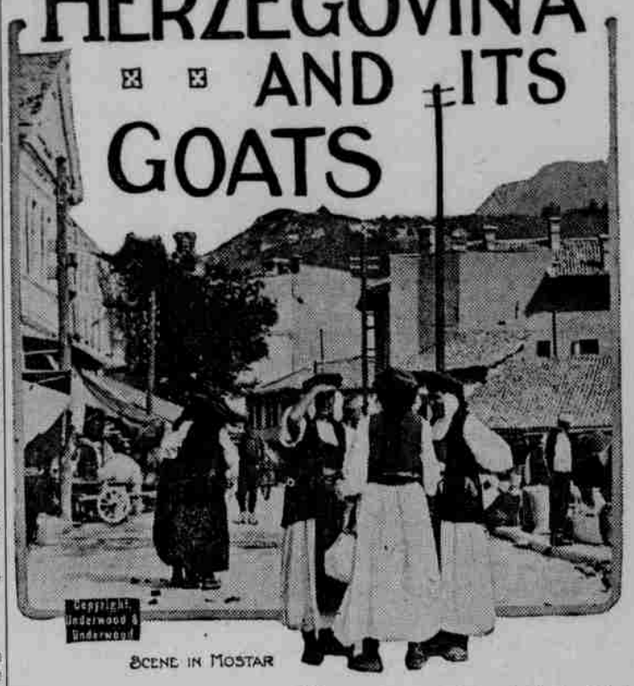
"Nothing of the sort. He draws cover designs for popular magazines."

Significant.

"Is Pledworth a poor man?"

"I guess so. Whenever he speaks of money he has a far away look in his eyes."

HERZEGOVINA AND ITS GOATS



SCENE IN MOSTAR

If the censors permitted, we would be hearing frequently these days of battles in Herzegovina that would make us think of how Hannibal fought his way through the Alps, for down in that country there are passes so narrow and slopes so steep, just where desperate fights have taken place, that even Napoleon might well have been deterred.

Warfare is bringing sad havoc in its wake to the folk of Herzegovina. Not only are towns being ruthlessly destroyed, not only are the men and boys mustered into the armies of Franz Jozef and away, but, among others, invading armies are living off the country and that means using up the great herds of goats upon which the province largely lives. In fact, the one trouble Herzegovina has ever given the Austrian is its revolutionary spirit over the goats. So true is this, so deep the feeling on either side, that the place has often been dubbed "a nation at war about the goat!"

"The goat," Baron Ritt, governor of Herzegovinia, explained in an interview in Mostar, "is the great factor in the life of our people. A goat ranges in value from $4.80 to $5.60 and a man's wealth is often stated in terms of his herd. The state has long been striving to suppress the goats, as they destroy the vegetation which we feel is the great essential for the rehabilitation of Herzegovina; while the people who care nothing about reforesting the mountains, for the benefit of future generations, raise the cry that the goat is to them everything, and that we are no better than despots.

All of the Goat Utilized.

"Their praises of the goat are, of course, well founded. As the reindeer to the Eskimo, so is the goat to the Herzogovine. Hide and hair, meat, milk, horns, all are utilized. Then, too, the goat is hardy and hunts its own food, wherefore the people ask: "'Why prefer the vegetation, which there would be no animals to devour, to the goats, who seem already to find all that they need?'

"Accordingly, to pacify them, the goat-tax has been made very low and it is regulated by the number of animals a man may possess, in direct ratio. A peasant who has but ten goats returning to his barns from the mountains each evening, pays eight cents a head, while he whose herd is 100 strong, it is felt, can pay more per capita.

"Now this is the government's side of the matter. Forests are absolutely necessary to Herzegovina, to regulate the climate, if for no other reason. We need them, too, to yield a humus, and thus stop the spread of the Karst, or desert region, and we also need them to regulate our water supply. We are trying to reforest and make the mountains green in order to get all these benefits for the peasant. But he doesn't see it that way.

"Different methods are being employed to accomplish our purpose. One of the commonest, is to blast, with dynamite, holes for the trees, then carry soil to the pit and create here a forest reserve. Frequently what appears from the road as a mere slope of rock is covered with tiny oaks and other very young trees and is edged with signs, prohibiting pasturage in the area. On the sly, however, and frequently from mere laziness or spite, the peasant will drive his goats into the area and then, when he is fined heavily for the destruction that results, he, too, becomes an opponent of the government.

Creating Forest Reserves.

"According as these plants thrive at the outset, we judge if it will pay to plant further in the locality and also in just how many years such tract may be termed fertile. Some places have been covered by green vegetation in two years and are then held as reserve to the end of the third year, when they become partly forested. Sheep are the first animals admitted to the new pastures, as they do not rise on their hind legs to devour the growing tops of the plants. Then, the year after opening to the sheep, the cattle are admitted, as these also do not reach the tops, and, finally one year still later, the goat is admitted, the shrubbery being now high enough to care for itself.

"Parallel plots of these reserves are laid out over the province, so that when plot No. 1 is entirely reserved, in the next there are sheep and its neighbor has sheep and cows. In the fourth, sheep, cows and goats graze together. Each year the previous reserve will be ready for sheep and the other areas each advance one stage, so that, eventually, the entire barren Herzegovina will be fertile and green.

"Some dozen years ago we introduced the latest innovation, i. e., the resurrection idea. A field is taken by the government, cleared of everything, declared reserve and then the weeds, which had previously been crushed by the nibbling of cattle and smaller herds, so that they sent out several sideshoots, instead of one main stalk, are permitted to rise. Then such plants as are harmful to the majority are cut out and the land allowed to green with the others. The venture is a paying one and thousands of acres have been covered by the process.

"Still another way of fighting the havoc done through the centuries by the goat is in sowing vast amount of seeds over the barrens by hand. We have very strict forestry laws in this region and violations are subject to imprisonment. Instead of jailing the men, however, they are set to gathering seeds, which is far more pleasant, being out in the open, than remaining in the cells.

Water Must Be Conserved.

"Conservation of the water, too, needs to be considered along with the forest. In the winter we now have too much water by far in the deserts and in the summer not nearly enough. Streams dry up, and when it rains the water is sucked into the soil before it can trickle down the mountains, the stones carrying it off and causing it to disappear until December, when the country is flooded. Government cisterns have to be built, in consequence, each city keeping her cisterns clean, and in July and August each year laws are passed regulating how much water each householder may draw.

"At such times the goats and cattle are driven into the mountains by the children, six to eight hours' distance, to find running water and pasturage. Into the Bosnian Alps the cattle and sheep and horses and goats are driven together. The pastures there are guarded by the government, and it is fixed just who may pasture in a given area and exactly how many head of animals he may bring into such a space, in order to prevent the ruination of grazing. The end of April witnesses thousands of goats driven into the mountains for the summer. Herders from each family accompany, and these spend the summer on the peaks, making cheese and white, round cakes of lard or butter, from which the folk will live in the winter."

Now, though, the war has changed all this. Most of the goats have been driven off, along with the cattle and horses, for the armies of Franz Jozef. What remain must be tended by the women, who must also look after their homes, tend the wounded as they come back, and bury the dead. Meanwhile the reserves are being plundered by such animals as remain and the guards to these are busy elsewhere. Havoc, ruin will result, and destruction from which the region will not recover for weary decades to come.

Gigantic Frog.

Among the rare specimens not open to public inspection in the Harvard Zoological museum is what is claimed to be the largest frog in the world. It weighs about six pounds, is 27 inches long from tip to toe, and of a slaty black color. Its web feet are equal in size to those of a large swan. But three of its kind have ever reached the United States. Doctor Boulenger of the British museum was the discoverer of the new species in 1906, while on an expedition in Central Africa. All known specimens have been found in two districts, called Kribi and Efulan, of the German colony, Kamerun.

Hardship to Authors.

It seems to me that paying letter postage on manuscript is rather hard on poor authors. The average story costs about thirty cents to mail, a longer story 50 cents, a book sometimes a much larger amount. I include returning the manuscript, as most editors refuse even to read a manuscript unless return postage is inclosed. I recently read a letter in a morning paper suggesting that the government help the poor authors and buy a bale of manuscripts, as they are asked to do cotton.

It is a hard winter for authors. Magazines are buying nothing and printing the "old stuff in the safe"—hence it is extra hard to be obliged to pay exorbitant rates for postage—both ways.—Letter to the New York Times.

Cling to Absurd Forms.

If he is a musician, the Englishman still clings to a clumsy and archaic system of designating the length of notes. Thus he calls a whole note a semibreve and a half note a minim. A quarter note is a crochet, an eigth is a quaver, a sixteenth is a semiquaver and a thirty-second is a demisemiquaver. Here the ingenuity and the breath of the English musician are exhausted. If, by any chance, he should write a one-hundred-and-twenty-eighth note he wouldn't know what to call it. The simple American system doesn't satisfy him; he wants something more recondite and difficult.