

Yale's Henley Crew and What Is Expected of Them.

FOR many years the song that carries old Yale oarsmen in memory to the glorious struggle with Harvard on the Thames has been "Jolly Boating Weather." Yale crews have charmed the swinging refrain around the tacking table in New Haven, in the soft June nights on the river bank at Gale's Ferry, and more than once when the bronzed and half-naked athletes were waiting in high-strung expectancy for the signal to embark and row to the start of the great race, the refrain of the Henley boating song has swelled from the boat-house at New London like the war song of a fighting race:

Jolly boating weather,
And a harvest home,
Oars on the water,
Shade beneath the trees,
Swing, swing together,
With your bodies between your knees,
With your bodies between your knees,
Now, the song was borrowed from England, along with many of the ideas upon which has been built the Cook of Yale stroke, and the oarsmen of New Haven propose to carry both across the water in June—the song to sing by the sweet English Thames, where they may know the witchery of its home environment, and the stroke to row against all comers, as the representatives of the highest development of self-stiffle crew rowing in America. And every loyal "Jolly Boating Weather" may be roared out, lusty-throated, as a psalm of victory.

This will be the second pilgrimage of an American college eight to England. Cornell went to Henley last year, but was badly whipped, and left an unpleasant impression behind her. The Henley crew, to a great extent, victors of ill-fortune. To combat adverse fate, "Bob" Cook's crew will have back of them a formidable power known to her rivals as "Yale luck." Nothing possible for skill, hard work and experience to accomplish will be left undone to send the Yale eight to the start, fit to row for their lives. The crew will row in beautiful form, and will fight for every inch of water. No one fears a collapse, or that a man, from how to coxswain, will not die game, true to the traditions of the blue. Two great handicaps make the result in doubt, and the chances against the American crew. They must cross the ocean, train and race in a strange climate, a climate exceedingly debilitating for American athletes, and they must row sprinting races in heats of a mile and a third, where Yale crews have always rowed four miles. Let us first look at this latter handicap and see what it amounts to.

NO CHANGE IN THE STROKE.
In the first place, all the talk that the Cook stroke is to be changed is nonsense. There will not be the slightest deviation from the principles of rowing which have won for Yale a brilliant succession of victories for two decades. "Bob" Cook said "this ago, apropos of the alarm that the stroke would be so changed that Yale could not strike a four-mile gait again next year:

"The Yale stroke as it has been rowed all these years is as good for one mile as for four. It does not have to be cut off and hot-failed, or made jerky and short, because the race is to be at Henley instead of at New London. More strokes will be rowed per minute over the shorter course, but this is to be done by pulling the oar harder through the water. Strong, heavy men simply have to put more power on their oar handles to raise the stroke. The blades rip through faster, and the time is gained for adding the extra strokes in a minute, without losing a bit of the power in the long, rhythmic swing, and the fall side distance. The Yale crews at New London raise their stroke to any desired pitch by throwing extra power in the pull through the water, quickening the shoot away of the hands and moving faster in the parts of the stroke which call for lightning speed."

Mr. Cook's explanation shows why he has selected as heavy and muscular a set of men for Henley as for the four-mile races with Harvard. Light and wiry men would not have the weight and power to raise the stroke in this fashion. They would have to cut it off or shorten the swing and hurry their slides in a manner contrary to the principles of the Yale system. The Yale Henley crew has, therefore, been trained about as if they were going to New London instead of England on June 6.

THE MAKING OF OARSMEN.
They began work in January, making the work in the tank lighter than usual, as this training tends to make men slow and sluggish. The gymnasium work and early practice in the working barge took off extra weight, hardened muscles and made lungs like leather bellows. In April the eight was put in a racing shell, and has put in two or three hours a day since then on Lake Whitney and New Haven Harbor. The training table diet is the same historic menu of rice, mutton, fowl, oatmeal, eggs, toast, potatoes, fruit and milk and oatmeal water for liquid consumption. Great care has been taken to put the men in the pink of condition, as "Bob" Cook prefers to ship them with a bit of weight to spare, rather than to have a symptom of overtraining or staleness. He said the other day:

"We shall be in England about three weeks of the best time of the year, as the weather goes. The men will have time to recover from any ill effects of the voyage, and with good care I do not believe that they will suffer badly from the change. They will not be the awful heat which we sometimes have at New London, when men as are supposed to be trained down hard, up from five to ten pounds and go stale. While the process of acclimatization in England is usually trying for visiting athletes, I hope to see our men stand it fairly well. The training diet at Henley will differ little from the fare at New Haven, except in the matter of liquids. The men will be allowed more to drink, as the climate seems to demand it, and will be given more ale and claret than here."

A MIGHTY TEST OF SKILL.
The coming race will test for the first time the comparative merits of the English stroke and the evolved Yale system. A four-mile race between Yale and Oxford or Cambridge would have been a most satisfactory and fairer contest, but as this was impossible of arrangement, the next best thing was done. The eight which the Yale will meet at Henley, such as the Leander and the London Rowing Club, will be made up of university oars, almost en-

tirely, and they will row the stroke of Oxford and Cambridge.
The Henley crew was on public exhibition for the first time this season at the Spring regatta of the Yale Navy, held on Lake Whitney last Saturday. The eight rowed over the course, a mile and a quarter, with the sophomore class crew, and to everyone's surprise was unable to shake off the youngsters. The university rowed two or three points lower than the class crew, but should have whipped them with ease, as has always been the case in former years. Mr. Cook "sized up" the trouble when he said on that day:

"The crew does not seem to be impressed with the fact that they have only a mile and a third to go at Henley. They must learn to concentrate the energy of a four-mile race in this sprinting distance. Thus far they have not rowed fast over the course laid out on Lake Whitney, where we can compare their times with the records made over the English course. The stroke is dragged out too far aft, or, speaking technically, too much work is done at the tholepin.
PRETTY, BUT NOT FAST.
If the Yaleans could see the English crews get away at Henley they would lose all notions of a four-mile pace with painful suddenness. The Yale eight is rowing smoothly now, and the swing is rhythmic and regular, with plenty of power in the drive. For a New London crew they are well up to the average for the middle of May. But they are not going fast. The stroke will be pushed up several points within the next three weeks, and then speed may be looked for. If it does not materialize the outlook will be rather gloomy. Until within the last week the stroke has been down to 30 per minute, and will be raised to 33 and 35 before the opening of the Henley struggle. It has been the history of Yale crews that the maximum speed is reached at 28 per minute, and at 40 and over the boat goes no faster, with a greatly increased exertion of power.

It is not likely that Yale will pump higher than 28 or 30 after the start in the heats with the Englishmen. When a Yale crew is well together no trouble is found in raising the stroke in a surprisingly short time, and within three weeks "Bob" Cook's men will be swinging away at 33 as easily as they now row along at 30. It is impossible to say, therefore, at this time whether this eight has the requisite speed in its make-up. If the men can be worked up and made to feel that they must use every ounce of strength in a little more than a mile, instead of saving it to distribute along four miles of water, they cannot help driving a shell fast. They are a magnificent lot physically, are rowing in good form and have the master of the art to handle them.

"Bob" Cook has been able to see the crew only for a day in one or two weeks through the season. The coaching has been done in the main by Captain Treadway, ex-Captain of the "Arcturion," Armstrong and Johnson, with occasional visits from "Josh" Hartwell, Perry Bolton and Sherwood B. Ives. Mr. Cook has been closely in touch with the work, and has kept track of the faults of the men by snapshot photographs which have been sent him regularly from New Haven to his office in New York.

THE SCENE OF THE STRUGGLE.
The regatta will be rowed on July 8, 9 and 10, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. If Yale wins her heat on the first day she will row in the semi-finals on Thursday, and if again successful will fight for the championship of the river on Friday. If it's all over the first day—well, there will be great lamentation and weeping on the banks of the Thames, and a shocking poor run for the money of the loyal Yaleans, who will journey all the way from America.

THE MEN OF THE HOUR.
The best men in the eight are veterans of last year, and make the stem of the shell stanch and solid. Langford, the stroke, rowed a brilliant race against Harvard last year, and while he is too tall for an ideal stroke, has splendid dash, endurance and driving power.

Captain R. B. Treadway, at No. 7, is one of the prettiest oars that ever sat in a Yale boat, and his style suggests the form of Captain Ives, of the '03 crew, which is a good deal of a compliment, by the way. Treadway rowed in the '04 and '05 winning crews, and is an efficient captain.

Longene, at No. 6, rowed in '03, '04 and '05, and is the veteran of the lot. He has stood more coaching and hard emphasis than any other man in the crew, and has been hammered into a powerful oarsman. He is the strongest man in the shell, and could tear the fabric in two without overexerting himself.

Bailey, the No. 5, is a new man in the University, but has done lots of good work in his class crew.
Rodgers, No. 4, is the football tackle, and is a man of great strength and quickness.
At No. 3 is Beard, a chunky, cob-built youngster, who is a veteran in the eight, and pulls one of the strongest oars in the boat.

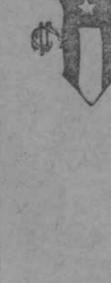
Brome, No. 2, did not join the University squad until late in the season. He has played football and handled the weights on the athletic team through his course and has not cared to row steadily. He is a man of remarkably fine physique, and has gotten into form very fast.

Rimmon, the bow, was taken on the University this year. He is an old class crew man and was a substitute on Captain Armstrong's crew last year.
Payne Whitney, one of the "subs," is the younger son of ex-Secretary William C. Whitney, and came within an ace of making the boat, although he is in his sophomore year. "Pa" Cross, one of the "subs" who will be taken on the chance that a man may be needed in the middle of the boat, played guard on the last Yale eleven.

Marsh, Mills and Whitney will be the first "subs" to be used in case of an emergency. The statistics of the crew are as follows:

Name	Age	Height	Wt.
Stroke, G. Langford, '07	21	5.8	174
1, R. B. Treadway, '06	22	6.0	173
2, A. M. Longene, '05	21	5.9	182
3, P. B. Beard, '07	22	5.9	175
4, W. C. Rodgers, '06	20	5.8	185
5, W. C. Bailey, '08	20	5.8	185
6, A. Brome, '08	22	6.1	170
7, J. S. Payne Whitney, '08	21	5.10	170
8, J. S. Marsh, '07	21	5.11	170
9, J. S. Mills, '07	21	5.11	170
Average	21	5.11	172 1/2
Coastwise, T. Cross, '07	21	5.11	115
First substitutes:			
G. Marsh, '08	20	5.9	173
Payne Whitney, '08	21	5.10	173
P. Mills, '07	21	5.10	173

DINING ROOMS OF ALL NATIONS



Persons who tire of the monotony of the bill of fare, of high or low degree, have relief almost within walking distance. The trouble is, they are not familiar with the fact.

It was this reason that led me to take a queer journey, a pilgrimage among the foreign restaurants that may be found along the highways and byways of New York. I ate of many strange, yet toothsome, dishes. I saw a host of queer places and people. I learned that there is good in the menu peculiar to every nation.
If you go in the world and show more varied bills of fare than New York, I should like to know it. People tell me you can eat a Turk and a Russian, but these restaurants I have not explored. Quite enough quaint dishes have already become familiar to me, and I feel as if I could now eat comfortably in any part of the world.

From the first moment I crossed the threshold of the biggest restaurant in Chinatown I felt myself out of New York. Curious Mongolian waiters, with their pig-tails coiled neatly around the tops of their heads, clattered round in wooden shoes, deferential and attentive. There were little, round, wooden tables, glistening of anything like a table cloth, but scrupulously clean, and in a corner was a party of Japanese, richly dressed.

With repugnance and curiosity I glanced over the bill of fare, expecting to see the weird dishes named of which I had so often heard. But the soup, fish and meats had somehow a familiar air, put down as they were in print, in English and Chinese, only with an added suggestiveness of strange cookery that made my mouth fairly water. "Chook," I saw, stood for rice congee, with all kinds of fish, or meat, or chicken. Chicken and dried mushroom soup was "Mo Ko," and "Yen Wu" was bird's nest.

Perhaps the best soup, chicken, and sharks' fins might not please the American palate, but to me they were curiously fascinating. The birds' nest, especially, had some strange thickening substance in it, that melted away at the mouth, leaving a flavor that nothing else I ever ate approached. Hardly had I finished, when my Chinaman came shuffling over to the table with a steaming metal teapot in his hand. From this, into a tiny china cup, handleless and without a saucer, he poured what was perhaps two mouthfuls of a tea that gave forth an aroma so perfect that it can never be described.

It is not the Chinese way to drink tea with either sugar or milk, and assuredly this tea was none. From the teapot that stood at my hand I poured out tiny mouthfuls, and sipped them with equal rapidity.
I began to get a bit of the famous Oriental pattern came the next course; the meats steamed and boiled in some odd way, the lion glutinous rice, and vegetables, such as I had never seen, all piled together, the whole meant to be eaten upon one plate, with a pair of chop sticks.

Even in Chinatown, though, one does not need to use chop sticks unless in places. Forks are always to be had. But, though the way of chop sticks be hard and long, one does not get the effect of the Oriental idea completely, without trying them, at least for a little. With the long strips of vegetables and the big bits of meat it is simple enough, but the grains of rice, slippery and ellipsoidal, slide anything but obediently under the hand, and I became envious of the Chinese merchant across the room, and of the Chinese sailor near by, who could eat faster with these two bits of wood, held in some manner which I could not possibly imitate, between the fingers, than I could with a fork.

I next sipped the bowlful of the famous Chinese whiskey, nibbled at the Chinese fruits, the delicious canned Lychee nuts, and the sickly sweet and pungent Chinese condiments and preserves. By special favor of the proprietor I was permitted a peep into the kitchen. Had I seen that first I should have enjoyed my meal even more than I did, for there can be nothing more deliciously clean and dainty than every table, crack, corner and crevice of a Chinese kitchen. Even the boards on which they roll out their pastes are rubbed to the point of shining whiteness, and every utensil, every bit of copper and tin used, are scrubbed until they fairly shine.

Down in Maldeu lane I discovered, right in the centre of the great tobacco district of New York, a distinctively Spanish restaurant. The air was heavy with the smoke of great black cigars and the perfume of cigarettes, and the heavy scent of all kinds of garlic cooking from the kitchen underground. Everything had a touch of garlic in it, every portion was weighed down with oil. More curious even than this was that not a word of English did I hear spoken, and that the bill of fare was written in Spanish throughout.

Big-mustached, swarthy-faced, black-haired dons and merchants of Spain were there, with not a woman among them that crowded every table in this little room and talked fiercely and excitedly. The war with Cuba, the tobacco crop, I could just catch phrases about, and the waiters, tired and untidy, bustling from one table to the other with long-necked flasks of Navarero, Catalina and Valdepenas wines and Aguardiente de Cana liqueur, completed the picture of Spain as it is in the centre of New York. My own dinner I had to guess at, picking out on chance Spanish names, and pointing to them as the dishevelled waiter brought me. Filices sopas I found to be vermicelli soup; frijoles negros, black beans; bacalao, French cod fish; and picadillo a la Criolla, beef hash, Cuban style. Washed down with sips of the Spanish wines that were cheap, but good, I found my dinner by no means a failure, particularly with its sipping of dark men and its not unsavory smells.

The next day I dined in modern Greece, but not under quite the same auspices. The Greek colony in New York is a pedlers' colony and the restaurant that it supports has nothing of pretension about it. Poor men in ragged clothes, who have been wheeling pushcarts with Greek candies about the streets all day, are the main patrons, and the bill of fare is suited to the few coins in the trousers' pockets. The list of food that hangs framed on the wall in this low-ceilinged little room that lies down in the Cherry street slum, just at the foot of Cherry Hill, is strange in its Greek lettering, but when I came to buy I learned that these high-sounding phrases in the Athenian tongue meant:

"Roast beef, 15 cents; Roast Lamb, 15 cents; Ham and Eggs, 20 cents; Cup of Coffee with Crullers, 5 cents."

I had expected better of a man whose name was Lescropoulos, I must confess, but the picturesque man that drifted in while I was eating fully repaid me for the discomforts. After their own meals were finished they sat and chatted over coffee and glasses of pale wine, and smoking cigarettes, played with grassy packs of cards.
In Florence, almost on the banks of the Arno, there is a famous restaurant, Donat, I think it is called. There Italian cookery is at its very best. But really, if one sets out to do it, he can get almost as good in New York. Flanked by a bottle of wine from Capri and another of genuine Chianti with a good waiter who knows just what his chef can do, and with the "Antipasti," or relishes, of Osiriche, Olive, Aedgine and Radici (oysters, olives, anchovies and radishes) set around as they should be before the Zuppa (or soup) comes on, the succession of Italian dishes is delightful. Less highly flavored than the Spanish, more substantial and generous than the French, with flavorings that the French chefs have attempted, never quite attained, these conceptions of the Italian kitchen are hard to surpass.

My Italian dinner began with Consomme Royal, followed by lobster and a tenderloin with root, a roast capon, polenta, peas, fruit cake, and a small Italian in a neat fort cheese wound. Strange and lapp seemed the dinner was eaten in what was once the parlor of an old New York mansion, where the soft glimmers of the South of Italy waiters, the curious wine bottles and the Continental odors of cooking, seemed out of place. They should have all been in some tiny trattoria down in the Mulberry Bend, or else in connection with red plush settees and marble-top tables in some Italian city.

At my Hungarian meal I hesitated for some time between Szeged and Neszmely, two famous brands of red and white wine respectively that should always accompany a dinner a la Vienna. On the latter, bottled in Hungary, I at last decided, and with the Hungarian beef soup and the consommé with marrow balls, and the broiled shad with sliced cucumbers, it mingled well. France, Italy and Spain and their manners of cookery were totally at variance with this banquet, for now I was in the hands of a chef of another sort. What can be done in Vienna and Prague, and in New York, too, by the cooks that have come from there, is altogether another story of gastronomy, but one that is quite as interesting to read. It is a difference in the flavoring, in the sauces, and in the very cooking itself, and one does not need to eat Hungarian goulash to appreciate the fables of Austria.

Fried Spring chicken a la Vienna and roast golden plover were the specialties that the Hungarian cook that night put before me, and so well satisfied did I rise from that particular board that the astonished waiter, as he got his "tip," could only jabber incoherently in the Magyar tongue.

Few people know that on Fourteenth street it is possible for an American to show his good feeling toward "Cuba Libre" while eating a genuine Cuban meal. Half-French and half-Spanish it is, just enough between the two to make it thoroughly distinctive and worth trying. The bill of fare alone that I brought away with me is a curiosity, the more particularly in its wording of "Asado" for roast, "Pollo," Pappas al Horno" for chicken, and boiled potatoes and "Pudis do Pan" for rice pudding. In this restaurant are gathered the Cuban revolutionists of New York, who, as they sip their wine and eat their fruits that go by the name of naranajas, manzanans and pisanos, talk of the battles of the war and anathematize Weyler and his band, who are trying to crush out their independence. It is a scene, every night, of wonderful animation, and quite as interesting as the dinner itself.

The French table d'hôte has been nearly gone to earth in New York by its cheap imitations, but there is still a thoroughly French place or two that know how to cook as well as on the Boulevard Paris. In these resorts the finest wines of the world may be bought, and the most deliciously flavored entrees, and the most dainty French table service may be enjoyed. One French hotel still carries away the palm for dishes of this sort. Nowhere else can tortue verte claire, or green turtle soup, be served as well nowhere else champagne frills sous cloche, or lobster, or a score of other dishes that depend entirely upon their dressing and preparation. Nearly every prominent Frenchman in the city visits this place at least once a week, and as I dined there I noticed table after table near me filled with French faces, and French phrases, and scraps of conversation came to my ears every five minutes.
It is easy to dine, but it is hard to dine well. This glimpse of French in New York helps the dinner, be it ever so good.

Hypnotism in the Big New York Hospitals.

WILL power is taking the place of sculpin in some of the New York hospitals; brain force the place of ether. In a score of instances hypnotism has been used successfully here when every other method known to science has failed. In private practice, too, some of the best known New York physicians are taking advantage of this modern mysterious force. Such doctors as London C. Gray, Spitzka, Edson and Janeway—the leaders of their profession—now recognize the value of hypnotism, and use it in certain circumstances. But it is in the hospitals that the greatest advance has been made along this new and wonderful scientific route. Dr. Starr, for instance, frequently illustrates the possibilities of hypnotism before the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. One of his recent experiments was that of a girl suffering from an attack of "hysterical knee joint."

Hysterical knee joint is meant an affection of the joint caused by hysteria. The patient is unable to walk or straighten the knee without experiencing excruciating pain. It is entirely a nervous affection and for that reason has been especially difficult of treatment in the past. So-called "imaginary" diseases are among the most complex and puzzling which physicians are called upon to treat. But Dr. Starr, by means of hypnotism, cured this girl in ten minutes. As soon as she was thoroughly under the hypnotic influence he told her ("suggested" is the technical term), that when she awoke she would find that she could walk without the slightest pain or inconvenience, and that her misdeed had been cured. Then he woke her and told her to walk across the platform. She did so with ease. Her "hysterical knee joint" was completely cured.

A short time ago another remarkable cure was effected through the application of hypnotism at St. Vincent's Hospital. A man went there suffering great agony from facial neuralgia, which nothing seemed to relieve. He was finally hypnotized and sent to sleep, when the doctor suggested to him that the pain had ceased and that when he awoke he would be completely cured. Everything happened as the doctor suggested and the man had no trace of pain when he regained consciousness.
Mount Sinai is another of the New York hospitals where hypnotism is applied in the treatment of patients. One of the cures recently reported as occurring there under hypnotic suggestion was that of a man, part of whose finger had been cut off. The wound granulated and refused to heal, and the consulting physicians decided that it would be necessary to do some skin grafting on the finger. It was a very painful operation, and it did not seem advisable to the doctors to give the patient ether. They hypnotized him. The hypnotist took the patient's finger and said: "Presently you will feel a current of electricity running through this finger, which will numb all sensibility."

In a few moments the man ceased to have any feeling in the finger, and the operation was painlessly and successfully performed.
Another instance of successful hypnotic treatment reported from Mount Sinai was that of a young girl with a granulated ulcer on the palm of the hand. Several modes of treatment had been tried without beneficial results. Finally the doctors determined to try the effect of hypnotic suggestion. They hypnotized the girl and applied remedies, assuring her that the wound would be certainly cured. The result justified their belief in hypnotism, as the girl's hand healed rapidly.

Some little time ago a girl went to St. Vincent's Hospital to undergo treatment for a very bad form of St. Vitus's Dance. Her left hand was constantly trembling from the effect of her malady. After the usual treatment successful in nervous diseases had entirely failed, recourse was had to hypnotism. The girl could not hold a pen steadily or draw any kind of a straight line with the afflicted hand. When in the hypnotic state it was suggested to her that she could then without difficulty draw a straight line and write her name distinctly with her left hand. The girl took the pen and did as she was told. When she awoke the nervous affliction had entirely disappeared.

Perhaps the most extraordinary experiment (showing the extreme power of the hypnotist over the subject) is related in the following incident:
A short time ago a well-known New York physician applied four ordinary two-cent postage stamps on the back of a man whom he had hypnotized. He then told the subject that he had just applied four strong plasters to his back and that after a time the skin would rise and form blisters on the four spots where the applications had been made. When the stamps were removed the man's back was found to be severely blistered, and it took several days to heal. This experiment has been repeatedly tried in Paris, with the same results.

One of the leading neurologists in this city, who is not afraid to use hypnotism in his private practice, recently effected a very remarkable cure. A woman patient had for several days been afflicted with the peculiar disease called aphasia, which means loss of voice. She was unable to articulate a word. Under the influence of hypnotic suggestion, she spoke and continued to do so when the sleep had passed. New York hospital physicians are also beginning to believe in the use of hypnotism after operations on the intestines which make it impossible for the patient to eat or drink for twenty-four hours. In most cases the lack of liquids, especially, causes the most intense suffering. Until hypnotism came there was practically no possibility of relieving this, as the patient's weakened condition generally rendered the administration of anesthetics dangerous. But in certain cases in New York physicians have hypnotized such sufferers, given them empty glasses which they firmly announced were full of water, and ordered them to drink. And here strange things have occurred. It is a fact that one cannot in rapid succession make more than three or four swallows when the mouth is empty. But the patient hypnotized as described immediately holds the glass to his lips and goes through the motions of swallowing twice, fifteen, twenty times, until his thirst is quite satisfied. When awakened his thirst is appeased.

Only about 60 per cent of the people applying at the Charity Hospital in Paris are susceptible to hypnotic influences. Some people are very much more easily put into the hypnotic state than others. Women are easier to hypnotize than men. The most difficult subjects to hypnotize are lunatics. It is almost impossible to concentrate their attention. And this, with consent, is absolutely necessary. To fix and hold the attention of a lunatic and thus induce hypnotic sleep, the hypnotist invariably has recourse to the French revolving mirror. Lunacy sometimes has been cured by hypnotism, when all other remedies have been resorted to in vain.

HIGH TIDE IN PASSPORTS.
This is the Season of the Year When the Guileless American Wishes to Be Identified by Uncle Sam.
This is the season of high tide in passports. Of the 14,000 of these documents sold annually, at a dollar each, to American citizens, more than three-fourths are issued in May, June and July. The price of passports was \$5, until Mr. Bayard became Secretary of State. He reduced it.

There are American citizens who have strange notions of the meaning of the word "passport." One man at Pennington Gap, Va., wrote to the State Department, not long ago:

"I wish to obtain a passport. There are at this place five other men who wish to get passports. Please send me that amount of blank forms; also tell me whether we can go anywhere in the United States and return on the same passport without paying any train fare. All are native citizens.
No American should go abroad without a passport. The getting of it is simple. Write a request to the State Department. Blanks and instructions will be returned. Fill out the documents, swear to them before a notary and return them. The Government will do the rest.

In Oriental countries, the passport is indispensable. In the Turkish dominion, including Egypt and Palestine, the American cannot travel without them. In going from France into Alsace and Lorraine, you must have your passport visaed by the German Consul at Paris. In foreign countries, passports are issued by our chief diplomatic representatives, but application may be made through any American Consul.
It was formerly the custom to renew passports on application, and payment of \$1 to an American Consul, so they would be good for another two years. Now a new set of papers is required for renewal. Dishonest persons advertise themselves as passport agents, offering to get passports for \$10 or \$20. There is no law against this, but any body can get a passport for himself by paying \$1 for it.

Other countries now employ a book of identification, containing photograph and sworn signature of the owner, money receipts and sundry other convenient documents. These are not in use by the United States Government.

LAMBS IN SOCIETY.
They Have Become Creatures of Luxury and Are Gradually Forcing Out the Pug Dog.
The lamb has become a feature of New York society. Not that sort which frequents the misnamed club. Not the variety whose fleece is invitingly extended near the stage doors of theatres, for harmless little girls with the downcast eyes, to pluck. This is the real lamb, whose name has been forever linked with that of Mary by the pastoral poem.

If you come to take an early morning constitutional on Fifth avenue any pleasant dog, proof of the lamb craze can be seen. White as snow, with collars adorned with twinkling bells, led by silver chains, generally in the hands of pretty French maids, the pampered embryo sovereigns of Ohio tariff fives gambol according to Fifth avenue etiquette.

In one of Fifth avenue's aristocratic apartment houses is a lamb that has a maid all to itself. No pug dog was ever reared in greater luxury. The mysteries of its toilet are numerous. Nothing in the estimation of its mistress, is too good or expensive for this lamb. The brush and comb used in the daily toilet are silver mounted, and when the lamb takes its meals, they are served in sterling silver bowls. The daily menu consists of milk and a preparation of cooked Indian meal, sometimes varied by oat meal.
At night the lamb sleeps in a basket lined with silk and cotton, at the foot of its mistress's bed. The mistress claims that her pet is much more intelligent than any dog, and far preferable to a cat as a pet. If this modern bopeep should suffer the loss of her protegee, the whole police force of New York would be asked to rally to the rescue.

FRANCE'S DRINK BILL.
Over 112 Quarts of Wine Per Person Consumed in One Year.
A statistician has been at the trouble to ascertain what quantity of wine, cider or alcoholic spirits is consumed annually by each inhabitant of France. During the last year nearly 4,300,000,000 litres of grape juice was drunk, which averaged 112 litres per head. A litre is more than a quart.
Paris heads the list, with the average of 264 litres a citizen, while in the Department of the Var they are only one quart less. On the contrary, wine-drinking has fallen very low indeed in the Orne Department, where each man, woman or child is put down for only seven litres in the year, and none of the northwestern districts show a much better record. But here they make up in the consumption of cider for what they have failed to accomplish with the wine cup.
The Manche Department comes out first, with the very respectable total of 410 litres of cider for each inhabitant, and all along the Normandy coast and toward the Belgian frontier the average remains at a very high figure. On the other hand, there are thirty-five departments in France where no cider is drunk at all. Coming to the spirit drinking, each inhabitant is represented by disposing of about four litres and a third—the course of twelve months.