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State Historical Society

GERMANY AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS

As Described by Miss Johanna Mundy After Her Return to the Father Land.

Beverstedt, Germany, Prov. Hanover, March 25, 1910.—Editor of The Dakota County Herald, Dakota City, Neb.—Dear Sir: Having all intentions to fulfill my promise to send you a description of our long voyage, I started a day book the 30th day of September, 1909, the date of our departure from the garden spot of Nebraska, the best town of its size in seven counties—Hubbard. Have frequently wondered how you are getting along gathering the necessary news for your paper, which I know is always eagerly received, and that possibly a short description of our trip, although six months since we left, might aid in a small measure to interest your readers. More than one Friday eve I have wished I might see the news in the Herald, as much, in fact, to have something English to read as for the news from home.

From September 30 until October 29, we visited in Ponca, Petersburg, Lincoln, Fairmont, Strang and Bruning, Nebraska; also Vail, Iowa. Spent four days in Chicago, where we took in all the sights this shart time allowed. In fact, you are sightseeing in Chicago if only on the street. We arrived at 7 o'clock a. m., and even then at the corner of State street the throngs of people were so dense and the traffic so lively, it was impossible to cross the street until the policemen gave a shrill whistle to stop the street cars, automobiles and vehicles of all descriptions going in all directions. The noise not only from all the commotion on the level, but above in the elevated was so deafening you could not make one at your side hear unless you almost yelled. Half a day was well spent in the largest, grandest store in the world. That of Marshall Field, which covers a whole block and is fourteen stories high. A guide offered herself to take us through, so we decided to start with the top story, the cold storage rooms. We passed through three small entrances, an immense heavy iron door closing after us each time, when we entered a large room where the temperature was at freezing point and three tiers of furs valued at over $2,000,000 extended the length and breadth of the room. We did not doubt the fact that moths would never molest the furs in this chilly temperature. There was a railway around a square opening on this floor over which we were invited to take a look. To our amazement we looked down upon the first floor. It reminded one of a bee hive, the throngs of people rushing in every direction, and who looked so very small from the lofty position. From a floor below we looked upon a fountain in a dining room around which were piled ferns, oleanders, palms, etc., in a most picturesque manner. This room was divided into walks carpeted with the lovliest Brussels carpet, with huge palms on both sides extending in all directions. Three thousand people could be served at a time. There was also a dining room for the clerks, which numbered from eight to twelve thousand. The rest rooms and music rooms for visitors and clerks were numerous. I wish I had space and time to give a small idea of the grandeur of the art gallery, cut glass department, etc., but to appreciate this one must see it.

A trip on the elevated railroad from State street to Armour's stock yards, 16 miles, gave us an idea of this small world in itself. From the elevated railroad you can step into the upper story of a building and are apt to get so interested, as only women can, in a store, that you forget you are not on the first floor and hunt for the exit to the street. Saw the play "Follies of 1909," in the famous Iroquois theater, where the dreadful calamity occurred several years ago. It is called "The Colonel" now, public sentiment being against a name which brought back such memories. The view from the shore upon Lake Michigan on a bright, clear day, as we fortunately had, was beautiful. The railroad runs so near the edge of the shore it seems miraculous the track is never washed off. October 31st we left Chicago for New York. We passed through vineyards for miles and miles, the landscape had been cornfields previously. The people were all busy picking the fruit. Some fields were fairly black with immense bunches of grapes. Our hunger for the tempting fruit grew continually, but how to get some, although quantity and even the scent was so plentiful, was the torturing question. At one station a gentleman rushed out of our car almost before the train came to a standstill, and as we looked out after the traveler of such queer behavior, we saw at least a dozen following, conductors included. In a few minutes they returned and all were heavily laden with baskets of grapes. I inquired if we could not also purchase some, but all the answer was "All gone." "Hold the train one second," cried a conductor, and disappeared around the corner of the depot to reappear in great haste with two baskets of large green grapes he held up to me saying, "for the ladies in your car." Well I was pleased; there were only three besides us We found we were wrong when we thought that green grapes came from Italy and California, because the advertisement on the basket has printed on it California grapes. These Ohio grapes were not to be beat. A gentleman told us he had twenty tons to the acre and received $20 per ton. What a difference in the time and work, also price per acre, as raising most anything else. Evidently the weather had not been as cold here as in the west, as we saw the most beautiful flowers in all the yards and the trees had leaves of the most gorgeous colors.

Tuesday, November 2, at 5:30 a. m., we arrived at Wehawken. As we were not certain of the location of the ferryboat station we followed the crowd. When in a very brilliantly lighted room I asked mother, "Where is this I wonder?" She laughingly replied "in a ferry." It had been so dark and the boat so close to the pier I had not noticed the heavy chains which fastend the boat to the land. Soon it commenced to move and now our attention is turned to the opposite shore of New York. Imagine a building 46 stories high all lighted up as the Singer building was before us. The whole shore was so brilliant, covered as closely as possible with fourteen, twenty to forty-six story buildings, which we could not distinguish in the darkness, only the millions of lights of different colors, which reflected on the waters. The Times, several stories high, also brilliantly lighted up, added beauty to the scene. To our right, so high it appeared as a powerful unusually large star, was the light from the Statue of Liberty some two miles away on a small island in the ocean. In fifteen minutes we landed in New York, and a stream of passengers rushed off, besides dozens of teams hauling immense loads, also automobiles which we had not seen when on the ferry, as they are on the lower deck.

Mother's cousin met us, and as he was going to take us to his home in Jersey City, and had just crossed on the ferry, suggested that we try another route through the underground Hudson tunnel. Had to go a few blocks to the tunnel railroad station and had the opportunity to have a look at the famous Wall street. It did not give the impression of being able to hold the controlling powers of the mighty trusts, markets and money affairs of not only the United States but of foreign lands. In fact, Broadway was more pompous appearing. I nearly misplaced my upper story trying to ascertain the height of some of the buildings, but found my effort fruitless, so took it for granted when they told me thirty, forty and forty-six stories. When in the subway station we found we were going around and around, every step lower, until fifty feet below the level of the street. Every foot of this immense tunnel was occupied by every sort of business men with their wares. Fruit stands beautifully arranged, book stands, a grocery stock and dry goods, an automobile for advertisement, a little ship in a large glass enclosure advertising a ship company and having tickets for sale and giving all information as to the leaving and arrival of vessels. It seemed as though you were walking in a town where the streets turned every few feet and the decline was so gradual you did not notice it was going down a stairway. Now we are to the car line and get in, the air is somewhat chilly, and the electric car goes so terribly fast you could not see anything, if there was anything to see, beside a wall very close on both sides. In three minutes we have made the trip we made on the ferry previously in fifteen. There is yet the overland and waterway over the Brooklyn bridge we must try, then we have all three methods all for the meager price of five cents. One scarcely knows which is the most miraculous structure, the tunnel or the bridge. When you see this mammoth bridge held by immense ropes made of thousands of strands of steel wire, it is as hard to understand the possibility as the tunnel under the water. There was not a foot of this bridge that was not as crowded as every place in New York. It was divided into streets, one for electric cars, one for vehicles and walking passengers. On one side all went over, on the other the opposite direction. When we looked out of the car above us we saw a flyer on the elevated division. It seemed the whole bridge trembled, but there it has stood since 1883 in all its majesty, and thousands upon thousands pass over it every day. Other nations have tried in vain to copy. From this heighth we looked over the city of New York on one side and Brooklyn on the other; above, the mighty Hudson river, and below the ocean. The buildings which were only fourteen to eighteen stories, appeared as one as we looked down upon them. It seemed a shame the electric cars moved so rapidly, as this grand view was as a moving picture. In Brooklyn we changed cars for one that would take us to the navy yards. There were several battleships from which the United States flag floated so proudly from the top mast. The barracks took up an immense space and looked as if meant to say plainly, "You dare," to any enemy. On our return we went over the Williamsburg bridge, which takes no second place among the famous bridges of the United States. The New York wholesale market was the next place of interest to us. Thousands upon thousands of bushels of fine fruits of all kinds, as well as vegetables, were displayed. The agents standing within a foot of one another, all yelling out their specialty, one trying to outdo the other. The noise can hardly be imagined. The Jewish quarters were near by so we took courage and pushed on and found ourselves in an auction sale of second-hand clothes, which extended along a whole street. One Jew yelled into my ears, "Lady, I have beautiful wedding cloths." This neighbor saw by my expression I was amused at this idea and Jew-like, bound to strike it right somehow, declared, "I have divorce suits." We were going from better to best right along, as now we were in the famous New York China town. The streets were so narrow and dirty one forgot they were in the United States, and not China. All the natives were in their Chinese gowns and queer little shoes, with the long wig hanging down their backs. Few of the buildings were over two or three stories, small windows, rather dirty, but not so so much but we could see China displays which would make any woman wild to possess some. The embroidery and other fancy work was as tempting. I could not resist wiping a little corner of the winodw off with my handkerchief to see it more plainly. The theater was the best and most modern appearing building in this street. Next to it was a Chinese mission house and cafe where the missionary was murdered last winter. As this story was being recited to us we noticed it was getting dusk and the Chinaman taking quite a bit of notice of us, which was not a comfortable feeling, so after purchasing a few sticks of sugar cane from a poor old fellow who had a stand and looked so miserably poor, we rushed on. The newsboys were yelling "Court house condemned," so we followed a crowd to the exciting place. One hundred policemen were busy in drawing ropes across the streets a block each way to prevent the excited people from coming within the danger belt. A crack or seam extended from the foundation to the roof of this mammoth structure. The cause of the accident was laid to the building of a new tunnel near by and the water having been drawn out of the ground by compressed air, and causing it to sink somewhat under this building. The prisoners in the adjoining Tombs were in a panic, it was said. We, for our part, were glad we were free to depart, as the collapse could be expected at any time.

At last Saturday, November 6, the date on our steamship tickets, had arrived. It was necessary to say we were up and doing at an early hour, and as we neared the warf it was easy to find our way to the grand ship "America," as a stream of people were moving in that direction. To get to your turn in the baggage room and identify your baggage among the thousands was not a job of a few minutes. Finally we were in readiness and crossed over the bridge from the wharf to the ship, which is only a few feet. After having been shown to our room and inspected, our abode for the next nine days, we go in search of a good place for which to take in the view, which we decided was best on third story deck. A large vessel lying next to ours gave the signal for departure and we waived farewell to the Frenchmen. The whistle is given to advise the bridges, when a few late passengers hurry over at the twelfth hour. One land whistle, the band begins to play, the bridges are drawn over on deck, and slowly, slowly we feel our huge ship move. There is a waiving of handkerchiefs on land and on board ship, even flags, that is almost frantic. Only about five minutes and we cannot distinguish the faces of our loved ones, only see the waiving handkerchiefs. It was an ideal, clear and bright morning and the water as smooth and shiny as a mirror, we scarcely feel we are really moving. To the side of us lie the piers of the many different companies and the opposite shore lined with New York skyscrapers. Before us stands the magnificent, proud Statue of Liberty holding the powerful search light high above her head in her right hand. The head and hand of this figure is so large we can go up into them where there are very cozy little rooms. Soon this is left behind us, and after we pass Coney Island there is not much to see but water, fish, sea gulls, birds and large and small vessels. The land from afar appears like a cloud which sinks lower and lower on the horizon until it disappears in the sea. The dinner gong rings and we all go to have our first meal on board ship. I find this is the first taste of real Germany—nothing on the table to drink but soup for first course. On asking the steward if I might have some drink of any kind he smiled and replied: "Can you please explain your desire to me in German?" So now it means to talk German, and woe unto the poor little Jap-American student who understands little and talks less. He is on his way to Berlin, where he expected to enter the university. Had spent five years in the Chicago university and passed our United States very highly. After we arrived here we read in the paper a young Japnobleman had come from an American university to enter the Berlin, and we were certain it was him, for he had given all the idea. After 48 hours even the sea gulls have deserted us, and no more ships to be seen. We feel we are all alone now, and so quickly make ourselves acquainted with our fellow passengers, who are all a jolly, social company. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the gong rings again, and all going to the dining room for a regular German coffee. I stoutly refused to partake of five meals per day, but as all the rest went and it did help to make the time pass, I followed the crowd. The stewards smiled and said to one another, "Tomorrow." Those of us who were experienced travelers knew to what the morn might have in store for us, so we went to make good of today. The travelers explained to each other what they had decided on as a sure preventative for sea sickness. One Russian gentleman who cannot talk German, therefore finds difficulty in getting all he wants of just what he particularly desires (does not like German dishes) declares if he eats just half enough he is safe, while a German who feels very much at home says, "I shall enjoy all I can as long as I can." After supper a lively time is given, and most of the lively passengers dance. No one is in haste to try their narrow but comfortable ship bed, as we fear the getting up in the morning. As yet the water was so quiet we forgot where we were when not on deck. In the morning mother dresses quite hurriedly and is not very sociable. I take my time and go to the dining room in my place, where there are several missing. By the time the second course arrives it seems to me the tables and chairs, which are fastened to the floor, are moving. I decide to take a sudden dash for the exit, to the surprise of the waiter, who is holding a tempting dish before me. I found mother pacing up and down deck, so join her. We go from one place to another to escape scenes and sounds not inviting, which I shall not attempt to explain, but leave to your imagination. An English vessel passes us bound for the port we just left, but did not raise the flag to greet us. A sailor explained the English and German did not wear out their flags for one another. In a discussion over this subject we came to the topic of the recent Russian-Japanese war, and the Jap grew quite excited, expressing his views very strongly. When through a very stately gentleman offered him his hand and laughingly said, "Your old friend, a Russian." The Jap took the first opportunity to leave.

The water has a very dark blue color now, and, in fact, when the sun does not shine is almost black, except where waves throw a foam over the water. I was commencing to see some large waves, and when in the night of the 10th we wake up and find we are not dreaming, but really striking the wall one minute and having to hang to the railing the next to prevent a spill-out, we knew there were waves. Mother attempted to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," but found that neither she nor any others would be as gay today as they had been so far. Only three from our cabin went to breakfast. On deck ropes were tied in all directions for us to hold to. I chose a good position to look at the waves, which piled up, one on top of the other, until they grew higher and then came down with a sudden jar that sent our ship to the opposite side. Once one big one broke over our deck and a few of us were compelled to go to our rooms for dry clothes. The promenading deck is all for a few of us quite fortunate ones today, who tell funny stories, etc., to forget the queer feeling in our stomachs and heads. This only lasted the one day and everyone was lively again the next.

November 13, they tell us we are to land—already the birds are coming to meet us and get what is thrown overboard, and the fish come to get their share. A small steamer is to meet us to take some of our passengers to England. The baggage is brought out of the bottom of the ship in immense rope nets drawn up by machinery. Our ship is brilliantly illuminated so we can easily be found in the darkness. We wait until 10, when we are chilly and weary, peculiar effects of sea air, and go to bed. At 12 we feel the ship stop—a peculiar sensation—music, a terrible commotion for about fifteen minutes and away we go again. Everyone up early the next morning, as our Frenchmen are to take leave. This was a beautiful clear morning, and we see the coast very clearly. The water has changed in color from the dark blue to a light green. The little steamer from the French coast is soon at our side, the bridges laid and such a hustle again for a few minutes. The little French sailors certainly can move. In the afternoon we have a beautiful view of England again. The white cliffs with a fort situated here and there and the seaport. Dover, lying between immense high white mountains, is a pretty view. We are so close we can even see trees along the coast. When the night falls the lighthouses throw their magnificent lights over the water to guide the many ships on their way. Some of them have rotary flashes. You see a broad flash of light to one side, then it falls on our ship, then back of us, etc. It feels good to know you are so near land, and yet here is the danger point in a storm. A collision would be very possible. During the day we had seen the most peculiar cloud in the clear sky which the sailors explained to be a whirlwind, but never affected us in the last. After our arrival we read in the newspapers for weeks of the frightful accidents this most terrific storm for years has caused. A large Swedish ship was totally wrecked.

November 15, no one is late for breakfast, as we are to land about 11 o'clock. Our baggage as well as we are in readiness, but we see no land even at 11 o'clock. Dinner is served early, and when we come on deck again we see a cloud of fog descend upon us. It moves closer until it strikes one side of our vessel. It is fairly dark while the sun shines yet on the other, but only a minute. Our vessel stops, but in half an hour the fog is gone, and we seen the beautiful green coast before us. The cabin passengers are taken in a small vessel to the harbor of Cuxhaven, and the America foes on to Hamburg next day. Our baggage is brought along and must be taken to the custom house for inspection. There is a track laid from the place of landing to the custom house near by, on which they have cars drawn by a horse, to haul the trunks. It all went so comfortably slow, quite different from the manner in which the Americans work. In the custom house officers by the dozen (dressed in blue suits trimmed with gold buttons, a word at their side, high boots, military cap, and an Emperor William mustache to add to their stiff appearance) leisurely walked around until the spirit moved them to go to work and inspect our trunks. At last they seemed to remember a special train awaited us and never even opened some baggage. At last, about 4 o'clock, six hundred passengers were ready to go to their destination to Hamburg, a trip of an hour from our landing port. The fog had returned, and we could see nothing of the country we were going through. We foreigners were greatly amused at the size of the locomotive on our train, and the cars, which are half as large as the Aemrican cars and divided into compartments, the doors being on the side instead of the end. You buy your ticket in the depot, then have to show it at the door of the depot, as you cannot get to the stopping place of the train without doing so here. Here is one of the officers I pictured. On the wall in the cars is a map which you study to find out where to get out. They have a blue jacket to call stations, but he stands on the depot platform, so you cannot rely upon understanding all he says, especially if not acquainted with the names. When you arrive at your destination you not get into the town without going through the depot, and there at the door your ticket is taken. In this way, you see, only travelers are upon the depot platform, and it saves commotion, which the German dislikes.

In Hamburg we visited a museum where rooms were furnished exactly as in the years 1750, 1800, etc. It was complete so far that figures dressed as in those dates were sitting at the table, or even at the spinning wheel. A bridal couple from 1800 were interesting features. Half a day was spent in an art gallery where the pictures far surpassed those of Chicago in the gallery we visited there. When it comes to the building of bridges, tunnels and 46-story buildings the Germans must and do confess they are not in it, but when art is the question they are not seen in the race. Hamburg is a beautiful seaport, and the river Elbe runs right through it in a most picturesque manner. Some of the buildings stand right in the water and the boats loaded with freight run right up to the door and unload. Imagine autumn colors. The grass was as fresh as in May. Many houses have ivy running all up one side to the roof.

November 19, we finally, after seven weeks' traveling, arrived in Beverstedt, the home of my grandfather. What a meeting it was, after fourteen years' separation! I thought I would be able to find familiar scenes around here yet, but somehow things looked different now. The "chausee," paved roads with trees on both sides, seemed narrower—everything was a little strange. There are still a few thatch-roofed houses on which moss is growing, giving them such a unique appearance. They are not allowed to make them any more, but can patch the old ones, consequently each time one side is made new so they can never wear out. There are the old-fashioned farm houses from one hundred years ago, where, when you come in is an immense hall. To one side the cows are contentedly chewing their cuds and the horses on the other side. Above is the hay loft and the chickens perched on their roosts. Clear in the back is a large open brick fireplace, over which hangs the hams, bacon and bologna they wish to have smoked. From here are doors leading into the living rooms. When in there you forget the cows, pigs and horses are so near by. Maybe in this hall you find them threshing wheat with a flail—this furnishes occupation for the small farmer all winter. On the estates the home of the proprietor is a city house; then he has a manager who has a comfortable house, with all the small houses of the workmen near by. They have half a dozen to work here where one answers the purpose in the United States. The cows are milked three times daily, which furnishes work for hired girls who get the magnificent sum of eight to ten marks, or $2.50 per month. A housekeeper gets up to 20 marks, of $5.00 per month; in the city 30 marks, or $7.50 per month. When I first went past a store window I saw articles with the price marked. I found it somewhat unhandy to have to divide it by four to get sense and cents out of it. A mark (25 cents) has 100 pfennig, as our dollars has 100 cents. It sounds quite high priced to say the best oranges are 50 pfennig, but which are only 12 cents.

On December 23 we found a rose bush in full bloom. Of course it was somewhat sheltered by an evergreen tree, but even then we had been having heavy frosts. We are fifteen miles from the ocean, and had delightful rains about seven days in the week for a while, but since the beginning of March we have enjoyed the lovliest spring weather. The song birds, among which the famous nightingale is most prominent, have arrived from Italy, where they like the fashionable winter in the front yards, of which the German is very proud and particular, being full of the prettiest spring flowers for the past couple of weeks. Once they were covered with snow, but looked all the brighter after. I am already eating pears, black cherries and apples (in my imagination) from our own trees. Think of it—fruit keeps here if merely a paper is tied over the jar, no lids, no rubbers. Won't I enjoy canning fruit this summer. Everything preserves marvelously well here, even the people do not get old. Our neighbors who celebrated their golden wedding seven years ago are as active as people of 60 in the United States would like to be.

My grandfather, who is 86, is not very gray. The people do not work as hard as the Americans, and the climate is not so trying.

I do not know if the five meals a day have such a good effect. Thank goodness, the style of treating your callers, even if they only stayed ten minutes, with coffee and cake, wine or some refreshments, is gradually wearing off. How can one partake of that besides all the other meals? I used to dread to go calling.

When there is an election the law compels every voter to appear or send a written statement, expressing his wishes or giving another the right to vote for him. My grandfather never even knew the subject in question, nor did he care, but just sent me to his neighbor with a written note to give him the right to cast a vote for him.

You cannot build a room, or a shed even, onto your own property without the permission from a certain officer. If you go to a place to spend more than ten days you are expected to report to the mayor of the city. If you hire yourself out in a strange locality you must report and show your leave papers from former place. When there is to be a wedding the engagement must be made public and a printed slip to that effect containing names of parties hung up in a glass box for the purpose in a public place. The inhabitants always watch the changes there, no need to say. When I get acquainted more I'll watch too, I suppose. I would object in my place, and believe I will fool them a trick and go to England.

The other day several army officers were here to examine the young men who have arrived at the age when they are expected to report for examination to enter the army in the fall. Those who have parents who can afford to educate them sufficiently to take a certain examination get off with one year, others serve two years. Of course there are a few who are not accepted at all on account of physical disability. Some are glad to get off with even such an excuse.

This country, as all countries, has its advantages and disadvantages. The general saying, a poor man has no opportunity to climb the ladder and get to the top sometimes, is not true. My grandfather has pointed out more than one man to me who today wears a stovepipe silk hat, whom he saw as a poor young man glad to have enough rye bread to eat. It is true a good education is very expensive, but the common eighth grade schooling is free. The new school year commences soon after Easter, instead of in the fall. Four weeks' vacation is all the children have in the summer. In the winter before daylight we heard the children going to school, as it commences at 8 a. m. The first morning I could not imagine what the noise was that I heard on the street, and on looking out I saw about a dozen children in wooden shoes going to school. It sounded like a drove of sheep, at least on the paved roads. On Saturday evening, when the church bells are ringing to remind one to prepare for the Sabbath, you see all the hired girls, at least one from each house, out on the street in front of their master's business place or residence sweeping the streets until not even dust can be seen. There is very little if any wind here to spoil the good work. Today we found a rose bush that had not lost the fall leaves, there being so little wind.

Now, I believe the readers of The Herald are weary of my writing, and will close for this time. The question in your mind no doubt is: if we like it here. To mother it was once "Home, Sweet Home," and she soon fell into the old ways. She is proud of her United States citizenship papers, though, and does not hesitate to let the Germans know she is for a free country, like our old United States. I enjoy the beauty of the country, which improves every day in my sight since it quit raining and the spring has come. It does not worry me in the least to see them smile at my pronunciation. I return the compliment when they try their book-learned English. Every well educated German can speak French and English, which 14-year-old children carry as studies in private and high schools. The requirements are altogether different from ours. I am glad that I was not so unfortunate as to have been sent to school here. A child of ordinary ability is almost a disgrace to his parents of the first ranks. The United States remains my "Home, Sweet Home," but I am glad of the opportunity to see this beautiful, picturesque Germany.

JOHANNA MUNDY.

SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE FISH.

Asphyxiation of Fish Worse Than Boiling of Lobsters.

The government hatchery at Gloucester turns millions of cod and halibut out into the fishing grounds annually, but the mackerel take care of themselves.

The cod is a cold water fish, and as the Arctic currents flowing south hugs the New England coast they congregate there in the winter and early spring, but go to the Labrador coast and the Artic regions during the summer.

Codfish hatched later than April do not thrive on account of the water being too warm. For that reason the hatcheries turn their attention to lobster hatching during the spring and summer.

The lobster is a queer sort of fish, but growing more and more popular all the time. Just now the demand is greater than the supply, for which reason the government is hatching and turning loose a million or more a day.

The eggs of the lobster are attached to the under side of the body of the female, and as they hatch the young are scraped off by her and set to hustle for themselves.

When first hatched they look like flakes of bran, or rolled oats, and have no semblance whatever of a lobster. They are turned loose anywhere on a rocky coast, or a shallow place.

If one of these tiny flakes has luck it will grow to full size in six years. But for every one that has luck a thousand haven't, but are gobbled up by other lobsters or fish.

As you may know, the bright red color of the lobster you see in the market is caused by chucking the living lobster into boiling water or a steam vat.

This seems awfully cruel at first, but on second thought it is not nearly as bad as throwing fish out of water and allowing them to slowly die by asphyxiation. The lobster's death is sudden and painless, while that of its scaly brother is slow, if not painful.

Scientists tell us that fish and other cold-blooded creatures are scarcely sensible of pain at all.

But whether fish may suffer or not, it is not pleasant to see them gasping for breath and struggling to get back into the water.—Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

FOOLED HIS SUPERIOR.

An Astonished Pasha and a Lieutenant Who Won Promotion.

Kassim Pasha when minister of war for Egypt was very particular in regard to the personal appearance of his officers and issued stringent orders that they should never appear unshaven in public. One day he met upon the street a lieutenant who had bearded the pasha and disregarded his orders. "To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant minister. "To the —— regiment, at Abasseuh," replied the frightened lieutenant. "Get into my carriage at once so that I can carry you to the encampment and have you publicly punished," was the stern command which followed.

The young man obeyed, and the twain rode along gloomily enough for some time, when the pasha stopped his carriage and entered an office where he would be detained for some time on business. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit sprang from the vehicle, darted into a neighboring barber's stall and regained his post before the return of his jailer minus his beard. For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands and seemed the picture of apprehension.

Abasseuh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief. "Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried the irate pasha, when there stepped before him an officer with a face as clean as a baby's and a look of the most supreme innocence. His excellency gave one look of blank astonishment and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war worn features, turned to the assembled officers and said, "Here, gentlemen, your old minister is a fool, and your young lieutenant is a captain."

Conceded It.

"Colonel, don't you think, as the result of your observation during many years of public life, that the holding of a government position tends to take away a man's independence and make him merely a machine?" asked the inquisitive acquaintance.

"Undoubtedly," said the internal revenue collector. "There was a time, for instance, when, if you had asked me such a question as that, I should have kicked you out of my office, but I have become used to such things now and don't mind them at all."

CONVERSATION BY YARDSTICK.

Exactitude May Take All the Savor Out of It.

"O my prophetic soul," Marian exclaimed, "here comes Miss Alma Briggs!"

"Who is Miss Alma Briggs?" Beatrice asked. "I'm going to stay a month, Marian. Don't you think we can sustain Miss Alma even if it is our first day together in seven years?"

"Don't ask who she is," Marian retorted. "It isn't wise to get me started. She is a very excellent and useful woman, my dear, but she can kill a pleasant conversation sooner than anybody I ever saw. She kills it with her yardstick. She is a Poisoner of Fancy, a Sworn Foe to Jest, a Hereditary Enemy to Sportive Ease, she—Oh, you just wait!"

"But surely you needn't fear rivalry, although she does talk by the yard," Beatrice protested, wickedly.

"I scorn your base insinuations, Miss Blanchard," her cousin retorted. "I merely point out your error. I said yardstick, not yard. Perhaps foot rule would be more accurate—foot rule, T square, spirit level—she is an expert in the use of them all. I hear her footstep upon the stair. Kindly be conversing with your usual brilliancy and grace—and keep it up if you can!"

Curious and mystified, Beatrice rose a moment later to meet the caller—a middle-aged lady with a pleasant, capable face. She shook hands with Beatrice, whom Marian introduced as her cousin, but turned abruptly to Marian at the word.

"But, my dear, I thought you had no cousin in the world."

"Beatrice's mother and mine are cousins," Marian replied, "so we have always counted each other so."

"Ah, I understand. Then you have at least one first cousin once removed, and you and she are second cousins."

"But it would be so dreadful to have to feel second-cousinly," Marian protested, whimsically. "Don't you think so, Miss Briggs? 'Cousin' is a nice, warm, sunny word, like that west window; second cousin sounds so very northeasterly."

"Why, Marian, that window doesn't face the west; it's only a trifle west of the south. You can tell by Royal street, which runs directly east and west."

"Yes'm, I suppose it is," Marian agreed, meekly. "Only you see it would take so long to think sou'-sou'west every time."

"There is no excuse," Miss Briggs answered, firmly, "for not thinking of things as they are."

The converastion, after this easy beginning, went on for an hour. When finally Miss Briggs left, Marian looked at her cousin.

"Do you understand now?" she asked.

"And yet," Beatrice said, thoughtfully, "she was right every time."

"Right?" Marian whirled about, her eyes flashing. "Of course she's right—as accurate as a government scale. The trouble is, spirit itsn't measurable and a real conversation is spirit, not feet and inches. It's humor and fancy and whim, and lovely fleeting glimpses of new country, not a problem in algebra. If there was any moral issue involved it would be another matter, but there isn't. It's merely exactitude grown into a mania. Let's come out in the sunset. I want to see something that can't be measured."—Youth's Companion.

An Impractical Joker.

Practical joking, "the meanest form of wit," is common in Hungary. Formerly the pranks used to be coarse, if not dangerous, but that is changing now. The only saving grace of the Magyarian practical jokes, says W. B. F. Bovil in "Hungary and the Hungarians," is that they are not perpetrated in a spirit of bitterness.

One of the most famous jokers of the old school was Jozsa Gyuri. Exiled in one of the most inaccessible parts of the great plain, he lived and died "a prodigal and a buffoon."

A story is told of Jozsa going to spend a night with a Count Keglevich. Wishing to be impressive, he journeyed thither in a beautiful new coach, of which he was very proud. On being shown over the grounds by the count, his attention was directed to a remarkably fine hay-rick. Hay was then standing at a good price. After supper Jozsa drew together some friends, and the rick was soon nothing but a heap of ashes.

The next morning, when Jozsa wanted to continue his journey, his wonderful carriage was not to be seen anywhere.

"Why, my friend," said the count, "you yourself burnt it last night. The fact is, my coach-house wants repairing, and as the evening threatened to be wet, we put your carriage under the rick to keep it dry."

The Family Reasons.

It is characteristic of philosophers and scholars that, once their mind is made up, it is almost impossible to change it. They do not want it changed. The late Charles Eliot Norton, in his lectures on the history of art, is credited with a story illustrating this point. Mallock, the philosopher, once met Thomas Carlyle.

Mallock was a wise man, but he and Carlyle differed in their views, and therefore Carlyle dubbed Mallock's opinions false and pernicious. When Mallock called on Carlyle he talked in his fluent way for two straight hours.

Then he rose to go. At the door Carlyle, who had smoked the whole time in grim silence, took his pipe from his mouth and said, mildly:

"Weel, good-by, Mr. Mallock. I've received ye kindly, because I knew yer mither, but I never want to set eyes on ye again."