

Our Washington Letter

Review of Biggest Fleet in American Warships Ever Assembled—Second Only to Channel Squadron of Great Britain—The Public Burden of Naval Expenditures—The Various Classes of Negroes.



WASHINGTON.—It is proposed in September to have a review of the biggest fleets of American warships ever assembled. It will take place either in the waters of Long Island Sound or off the coast of Massachusetts and will be witnessed by President Roosevelt. Before he left Washington Mr. Roosevelt informed Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte that he wished to inspect the Atlantic fleet before it left for the southern drill grounds in the early autumn. The secretary is now making the preparations to have the big fleet assembled some time in September, and it is probable that in addition to the president the reviewing party will include Secretary Bonaparte and Admiral Dewey and several members of the house and senate committees on naval affairs.

The fleet will be assembled under the flag of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans and will be second in power only to the channel squadron of Great Britain, which is the most formidable fleet in the world. The fleet will embrace 14 first-class battleships which will be divided into four squadrons. In addition there will be a squadron of four or five first-class armored cruisers, a torpedo flotilla and a number of fleet auxiliaries, such as colliers, repair ships, etc.

It is expected that five or six new battleships fresh from the yards of the contractors will be in this force, including the Georgia, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Virginia, Connecticut and Louisiana. It is probable that the Connecticut, one of the new 16,000 ton battleships, will be selected as the flagship of the squadron. The total tonnage of the battleships will be something like 180,000 tons and the armored cruiser squadron will represent 55,000 tons, making a grand displacement of about 235,000 tons in the vessels to be reviewed.

THE PROPAGANDA OF DISARMAMENT.

While preparations are being made for this grand naval display there are some earnest statesmen at work spreading a propaganda of disarmament. Mr. Burton, of Ohio, a forceful member of the house, who was largely instrumental in having postponed the construction of the big 20,000 ton battleship until congress could pass on the plans, is one of the leaders in the movement to put a stop to the building up of the navies of the world. At the coming session of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in London Mr. Burton expects to exploit a practical plan for disarmament.

Mr. Burton proposes if possible to obtain an agreement by the representatives of the various parliaments who will meet in London with the idea that their recommendation will receive consideration by The Hague conference which follows. It is already assured that the disarmament will be brought to the attention of the coming Hague conference. The American delegates will favor it and if necessary will take the initiative in bringing it forward. The new Liberal government of Great Britain has declared favorably for the proposition and it is understood that England's delegates will be prepared to support it at The Hague.

Disarmament as a theory has been under general discussion for years. Advocates of peace and arbitrators have laid the blame of failure to accomplish something in this line to the absence of a feasible program. Even should the proposition be rejected at The Hague it is felt that the discussion of the subject will bring before the world the desirability of putting a check on war. There are indications that France would welcome a proposition to stop building ships, as would also Germany, who will continue to emulate Great Britain as long as that country keeps adding to her navy. Naval expenditures by all these governments, including the United States, are getting to be a public burden, and if an international agreement could be reached to stop preparations for war great relief would be experienced.

THE WORK OF MR. BURTON, OF OHIO.



Mr. Theodore E. Burton, the American statesman, who will advocate disarmament in London and do all he can to further the proposition at The Hague, has attracted no little attention to himself by his independence and force. He is the chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors and in that position is a most conspicuous figure before the public because he has had the courage to fight some of the old "pork barrel" schemes in river and harbor appropriations by which money was dumped into shallow creeks and useless bays merely because congressmen asked for it. He has evolved a new system of river and harbor improvement whereby the most important waterways and harbors shall receive the greatest amount of money. He believes in completing important national projects before taking up those of a more local character.

It has often been said that if Mr. Burton were a married man he would be the strongest character in the house. There is a sort of prejudice against bachelors in public life because they seem to be lacking in poise and balance and are apt to be testy and take narrow views of things. Mr. Burton is a man of great brain power and force, but he is a good deal of a crusty old bachelor and as such is not popular. What he accomplishes in congress is by the sheer force of his mentality and logic. It is not because of any personal magnetism or popularity.

There are many admirers of Mr. Burton who wish that he would get married because they believe the association with a good woman would so broaden him as to make him one of the most eligible candidates in the country for the presidency. The Ohio statesman, however, has been too busy as a student of great questions and as a worker in his profession to give any thought to marriage.

ESCAPADES OF A YOUNG CENTRAL AMERICAN.

There has been running around loose in this country, creating occasional sensations and giving an undesired advertisement to his own country, a young Central American, one of the most prominent men in his own home. Alphonso Zelaya, who is the son of the president of the Republic of Nicaragua and one of the heirs to a fortune of \$12,000,000, has been making a spectacle of himself for several months. He was sent by his father to receive a military education at the West Point Military Academy, but found the discipline and curriculum of that institution a little too severe for his southern nature. He made the acquaintance in this city of a Miss Baker, the adopted daughter of a Dr. Baker, and a few months ago married her.

The report of his attentions to the young lady had reached his president father in Nicaragua and the latter tried to have him arrested and sent back home, but before his agents could accomplish that purpose young Zelaya and Miss Baker had become man and wife. It was then that the rich Nicaraguan president cast the young man off and would not recognize him unless he gave up his American wife and came home.

The honeymoon of the young Zelayas did not last very long and they separated, the wife returning to her foster father in this city. Then the young man got a job playing a piano in a beer garden and earned ten dollars a week. On this slender income he found that he was not getting on very well and Zelaya lost his job as a musical "professor." Then rather than go hungry he stole \$20 from a roommate and rather than go naked he stole a 50-cent shirt from a policeman and his troubles seem only to have begun. The escapades of this young Central American have made the society girls in Washington a little shy of foreigners who represent themselves to be of great wealth and to belong to high families.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM AT THE CAPITAL.



The commercial and social circles of this city and surrounding country are terribly agitated over a proposition to establish a settlement of colored persons in a section that is being built up by white people who are in comfortable circumstances. One of the attractive suburbs lying to the northwest of Washington has for some years been patronized by a good class of white people who have spent money in the improvement of their property and felt comfortable in the fact that their surroundings were all satisfactory. Now comes a proposition for the acquisition of a large section in this fashionable territory which will be sold in lots to negroes. Already a large number of lots have been bought and the white people living near by are in a state of frenzy.

The negro problem is as acute in Washington, and even more so, as in the southern states and among them is the most undesirable class of negroes. There is a class which, while law abiding in most respects, is very impudent and assertive and wherever possible will "butt in" among the whites. This class is purchasing homes in that neighborhood are sure that their property will lose half its value if this negro settlement is continued. There does not seem to be any relief to those who object to colored neighbors, as the latter have a right to purchase property if they have the price.

The better class of negroes in Washington, those who do not wish to associate with the whites, are scattered all over the city. They are not the class that wish to colonize in any particular locality, but go off quietly by themselves and do not intrude on anyone. There is another class who have a little money and who try to ape the fashions and customs of white society and who produce the young men and girls who crowd sidewalks, elbow white people to the wall or in the gutter, and preempt seats on street cars. So far there has been no direct outbreak against the aggressive type of negro, but that is due largely to the conservative character of the white citizenship of Washington. It is not "good form" to get in a row with a negro.

MINER LEADER GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE.



William D. Haywood, who has been nominated by the socialists for governor of Colorado, is now in Idaho, where he is being held prisoner awaiting trial as one of the assassins of ex-Gov. Steunenberg, of that state. Mr. Haywood is the secretary and treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners. The socialists of Colorado threaten to invade Idaho in force if Haywood is elected and attempt to storm the prison where their leader is confined.

TRIAL BY COURTS-MARTIAL.

Punishment Meted Out Seldom Satisfactory to Superiors.

"There is an element of luck in court-martial cases," remarked a naval officer to a Washington Star man, "just as there is in criminal cases before the civil courts. In one case the punishment depends a good deal on the nature of the cabinet officer in charge and in the other on the character of the trial judge."

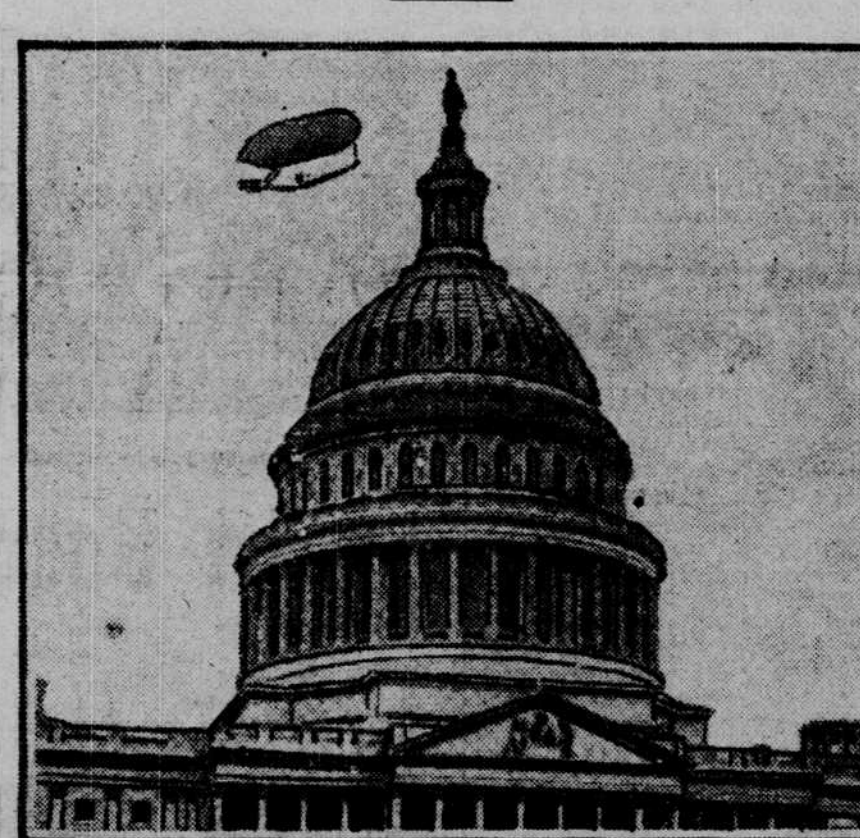
"The point of these remarks lies in the application. A short time ago, while Assistant Secretary Newberry was acting as secretary of the navy, he was called upon to pass on the cases of two young officers convicted by court-martial of violating the naval regulations. In both cases he censured the court for the leniency of the punishment inflicted. Since then Secretary Bonaparte has acted on two court-martial cases and in each case he reduced the sentence imposed by the court. Of course, there was a difference in the cases, but the principle was the same. Neither official

NO LONGER "DARK CONTINENT."

Railroad Construction Is Opening Africa to Civilization.

The great advance which has been made toward a realization of Cecil Rhodes' daring conception of the cape to Cairo railroad is impressively displayed by the recent announcement that the railroad had reached Broken Hill, in British Central Africa. The length of Africa from north to south along the line of the road is about 4,000 miles. The portion of the road now in actual operation is 2,016 miles long, but the distance remaining to be covered is even less than these figures seem to indicate, for railroad construction is going on southward from Egypt, and when the line from South Africa penetrates the Sudan it will make connections forming a continuous rail route across the continent. It is not many years since Africa was known as the dark continent. The region in which railroad construction is going on is that in which Livingstone labored, and in which he died in 1873

MACHINE THAT REALLY FLIES.



Lincoln Beachy circling the dome of the capitol at Washington, D. C., June 18. The first time a flying machine has sailed with such significant success in that city.

sustained the court-martial. One thought the sentences inadequate and the other official thought the sentences excessive. So severe was Mr. Newberry in his reprimand to one court-martial that a high naval officer said that, as between sitting on a court-martial and being tried by it, he thought he should prefer to risk the punishment meted out to the accused."

THEATRICAL BENEFITS OF OLD.

Odd Reasons Assigned by Those For Whom They Were Given.

From very earliest times stage performances for the benefit of charities have been common. The first benefit for an actress was awarded by James I., who in this manner paid tribute to the art of Elizabeth Barry. Many and quaint are the announcements of these old-time benefits. All too frequent were such notices as these: "For some distressed actors lately at this theater," and "For the benefit of a gentleman who has written much for the stage." In the early part of the eighteenth century these notices were more or less confessions of personal insolvency.

One actor, for instance, announced a performance for "the benefit of myself and creditors," and another took the public into his confidence and arranged a special night for the "benefit of my poor relations." Still more confiding was the young actor who, stating that his friends disliked his "being on the stage," organized a benefit to enable "me to return to my former employment."

Swinburne's Greeting.

Some years ago Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, and a well-known poet from Chicago went to England together and made a pilgrimage to the home of Swinburne. Arrived at the jealously guarded retreat of the great meterist, they confessed themselves to the poet's faithful Cerebrus, Mr. Watts Dunton.

The latter withdrew to break the glad news to Swinburne and the visitors began to stand anxiously of the nice things they wanted to say. Joaquin took a firm grip of his flowing

whiskers, while the Chicago man fingered nervously a neat roll of MS. in an inside pocket. Soon a door was opened on an upper floor and the rich voice of the author of "Lana Veneris" floated down the stairway:

"Tell Miller to come up. Tell the other man to go to hell."

PROTEST AGAINST WORD VEST.

London Journal Ascribes It to Tyranny of Tailors.

Absent-mindedness could not go much further than it did in the case of the Wandsworth-road landlady's son, who charged the lodger with stealing his waistcoat, and then discovered that he had been wearing it all day himself beneath his shirt. By what process did his waistcoat assume this unusual position? Surely it was a throw-back to the treatment of a waistcoat as if it were really the "vest" that tailors persist in calling it. To the ordinary modern man a "vest" means an undergarment. Yet the tyranny of the tailor prevails even with the dictionaries. They all begin by setting forth that a "vest" was originally an outer garment, such as the vest made fashionable by Charles II. and ridiculed by Louis XIV., who dressed his lackeys in it. According to Pepsy, it was a long cassock fitting closely to the body. But the dictionaries go on to say that "vest" now commonly means a waistcoat. Among several consulted, only one even mentions the really common use, and that is an American dictionary, which observes that in England "undervest" or "vest" means what "undershirt" does in America.—London Chronicle.

Hopless Task.

"George."

"Well?"

"You ought to try to save money."

"What's the use? I couldn't do that when I was single."

THE WOMAN WHO WALKED AT NIGHT

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

As Sinclair drew near Mrs. Lawson's house, he slackened his somewhat nervous pace, and halted with an air of indecision. But Mrs. Lawson had caught sight of him from the porch where she sat, with a huge handbell on her knee, waiting for her boarders to come home for supper.

There was a shade of embarrassment on his handsome face.

"Mrs. Lawson," said Sinclair, with visible effort, "I came by to see if you would take Katharine and myself to board."

"In the name of the blessed Lamb!" ejaculated Mrs. Lawson, staring at him over the gate pickets, "whatever has happened? What do you want to go anywhere and board for? Ain't the Catalpas—"

"It is a wrench to me to leave the old place," Sinclair interrupted, "and my father will be very lonely now that my mother is dead. But Katharine has set her heart on it, and if you will take us—"

"I haven't a sign of a room left, Alick," Mrs. Lawson broke in, "except the room on the roof," she added dubiously.

"Well, what is the matter with the room on the roof?" demanded Sinclair, whimsically.

He threw back his head as he spoke, and screwed his eyes up at the box-like structure planted on the roof of the low cottage.

"Nothing," returned Mrs. Lawson, hastily, "nothing at all, except that it is so small. Besides, the stairs is like a ladder. Katharine would never—"

"All right; I'll take it at your own price, Mrs. Lawson."

She was very beautiful, the golden-haired girl whom Alick Sinclair had brought, a bride, to his father's house less than two years before. The mysterious malady which developed shortly after her marriage, and which continued to baffle her physician, had robbed her cheeks of their color and bloom. But it added an indescribable charm to her delicate face and fragile figure. An unearthly expression dawned into her large blue eyes—a prescient gaze, as if her vision, like her sense of hearing, had become abnormally acute. Something almost akin to awe filled those around this exquisite young creature at sight of her strange and inexplicable sufferings. She had, apparently, no bodily ailment. But the slightest irregular sound thrilled her with nervous alarm; her attenuated frame shook with convulsions at any unexpected appearance; she paled at a whiff of unaccustomed perfume. She ate but little, and seemed to have lost the faculty of sleep. Lately, a morbid distaste for the old Sinclair homestead had possessed her. She breathed with difficulty within its lofty walls; she was oppressed by the atmosphere of its shadowy garden.

The same night saw them installed in Mrs. Lawson's room on the roof. The room was small. A four-posted, mahogany bedstead, with baldaquin and side steps, occupied at least one-quarter of the floor space.

Sinclair, seated on the side of the bed, smiled as he compared this cramped rookery with his wife's ample dressing-room at the Catalpas. But he felt an unwelcome lightness of spirit. He could see the reflection of Katharine's face in the mirror opposite. She stood with her back to him, brushing out her long hair. There was a look of content on her white brow; he even fancied a touch of color in her lips; her golden hair seemed to have regained somewhat of its lost luster.

"She was right," he thought; "the change has already helped her." He watched with delight the rhythmic motion of her slender arms. Meanwhile he chatted gayly of his boyhood days, and the recollections aroused by Mrs. Lawson's motherly gossip. Katharine listened, turning from time to time with a nod or a smile.

He stopped abruptly, staring confusedly into space. He passed L. 3 hand across his forehead and continued his story. But the words were uttered mechanically. Was there—he was asking himself—was there something moving between Katharine and himself? Something faint and shadowy—cloudlike? misty? Yes! No! He shut his eyelids tightly and opened them again. Yes! He could see it plainly now, the gray-clad figure of a woman with head drooped to her breast and arms hanging at her side.

"My God!" he groaned, inwardly, "now Katharine will turn around! She will see it! The shock will kill her! She will die! She will drop dead before my eyes!"

"Katharine!" the words burst involuntarily from his lips. He sprang forward with outstretched arms.

"Did you speak, Alick?" asked his wife, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes—no—that is,—," he stammered, a cold sweat beading his forehead.

The visitor had resumed her ghostly walk.

"Dear Alick," said Katharine, caressingly, "I know you must be tired. I will be ready for bed in one moment."

"She sees nothing! She hears nothing! Oh, thank God!" thought Sinclair, turning his hot eyes from the white-robed figure kneeling in prayer by the bedside to the gray-clad shadow moving up and down the room.

Katharine nestled like a tired child among the pillows and fell instantly asleep. Her husband hung over her in an agony of amazement and incredulity. Could it really be that she was sleeping? Was she not rather dead? Her regular breathing, the smile on her slightly parted lips, the soft abandonment of her limbs, reassured him. Yet, how strange! How long since she had slept thus! "Thank God!" he

breathed again, drawing the lace netting over her.

Then it came nearer, steadily nearer. He saw behind the veil a pair of dark, sad eyes. A chill sensation quivered along his veins. He struck out savagely—at nothing.

He was awakened by hearing Mrs. Lawson moving about in the hall below. He arose softly and descended the stairs.

"Mrs. Lawson," he demanded, abruptly, laying his hand on her shoulder, "is there anything—has anything ever been said about the room on the roof?"

"Don't say a word, Alick," she interrupted in an awe-struck whisper. "I can see it in your face. She hasn't walked before, not that I know of, since my mother saw her, and that

was before you were born. I've never seen her myself. I never dreamed that she was walking yet. Lord, what have I done? I didn't want to put you there. Poor Katharine—"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Lawson," he said, kindly. "Katharine has seen nothing as yet; but I have." He smiled grimly, yet with a certain sense of relief. "At least," he thought, "it is not quite madness. What does it mean," he asked aloud. "Who was it—she?"

"They say," returned Mrs. Lawson, still speaking in a whisper, "that old Squire Lawson, my husband's grandfather, had that room built as a sort of jail for his young wife, who went out of her mind, poor thing, and no wonder, for the squire was a terrible old man! He took her baby from her and shut her up in that room and kept her there by herself until she pined and died. That was before you were born." Mrs. Lawson was sobbing and wringing her hands. "You must take Katharine Sinclair away before she sees her. It would kill her. But don't say anything about it outside, Alick. My boarders would all leave me. I would be ruined."

Sinclair soothed the excited old woman into quiet. Then he remounted the stairs. Katharine, in her white dressing gown, met him on the landing.

"I missed you when I awoke, Alick, dear," she said. "Where were you?"

"Katharine," he began with studied carelessness, "I find this room very small; don't you? And Mrs. Lawson is well-meaning, but she is tiresome, good soul! I think I will look up more comfortable quarters during the day. Can you be ready to leave here this afternoon?"

She placed her hands upon his shoulders and held him at arm's length for a moment without speaking. Her eyes were brimming with mischief; a smile danced about her red lips.

"Alick," she said, "I know why you wish to go away. You are afraid of the woman who walked here last night. Did you think I had not seen her?"

Sinclair's jaw dropped. He stared at her with an amazement which was almost ludicrous. But before he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak Mrs. Lawson came panting up the stairs and thrust a pallid face in at the door.

The house was on fire! In an incredibly short time the old wooden building was laid in ashes.

Sinclair and his wife returned to the Catalpas. It was Katharine who insisted, with a sort of gay perverseness, upon this. But even as they passed under the arched gateway the mysterious gloom fell back upon her. Sinclair, now almost as morbid as herself, could have sworn that he saw its descent in visible form. Her hair on the instant became dull and lifeless; her cheeks fell hollow; the red on her lips changed to a gray pallor.

A moth fluttered against her bosom. She fled, palpitating with terror, across the old garden.

Sinclair stood, hardly a month later, looking down on his wife's upturned face. Once more she slept profoundly. A mocking-bird whistled in a catalpa tree by an open window. The stricken man frowned and lifted instinctively a warning hand, but dropped it, remembering.

"What did it all mean?" he questioned, stooping to the face on its coffin-pillow.

The dead lips smiled, but withheld the response.

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A Denver dispatch tells of the death of the "original Deadwood Dick," and certainly no one is going to question the intrepid Richard's originality.

Chicken Patties.

Chop meat of cold chicken coarsely and season well. Make large cup of drawn butter, and while on fire stir in two eggs, boiled hard, minced very fine, also a little chopped parsley, then chicken meat. Let almost boil. Have ready some patty shells of good paste, baked quickly to light brown. Fill with mixture and set in oven to heat. Arrange upon dish and serve hot.

Soda Instead of Soap.

If soda is used in dishwater, no soap is needed.

ODD USES FOR ONIONS.

A Small Quantity Not Hard to Digest and Will Induce Sleep—Fine for Poultrice.

"The onion is not half appreciated," remarks a southern housekeeper, as reported in the New York World. This humble bulb can be used for so many different dishes and in so many different ways that one often forgets its many excellent remedial qualities.

Onions are an excellent cure for sleeplessness. They act as a kind of soporific if taken in small quantities before retiring. They will be found to be more appetizing if finely chopped up and laid between two thin waters or biscuits. Eaten in this way they are also easily digested. The reason so many people complain of onions disagreeing with them is that they eat too much of the homely vegetable. Onions are not intended to be eaten en masse. When they are taken raw they should be thoroughly masticated, or, better still, the juice of the onion should be pressed out and taken on bread or as a sauce.

In this form the onion is splendid for liver complaints and acts in consequence as a purifier for a dark and muddy complexion.

An onion poultice will extract the pain and heat from a scald or burn. To make this poultice take a certain quantity of onions and crush them and lay between cheesecloth and apply to the burn.

Onion syrup made in the following manner will relieve the congestion in cases of croup. Cut several raw onions into slices, sprinkle the slices with granulated sugar and squeeze out the juice. The dose is a teaspoonful every 15 minutes until relief is obtained. This syrup is also much used in cases of bronchitis.

A good cook uses onions almost as freely as she does salt. But the onion is always disguised, or, rather, it is merely the juice, and not the pulp, that is tasted. Sugar peas are very much improved by boiling a young onion with them, and the tasty taste vanishes from macaroni if a couple of onions are placed in the water in which it is cooked. French people take a piece of onion and rub it inside the salad dish before dressing the salad. This gives an imperceptible flavor of onions that gives no offense.

THINGS TO KNOW.

TO DARKEN BROWN BOOTS.—Rub all over with a piece of clean white flannel wetted with ammonia. Give two applications and then polish with the usual brown polish.

FOR THE COOK.—When weighing treacle for cooking purposes, well flour the scale first, and the treacle will run off quite easily, leaving no stickiness behind.

WHEN WASHING SILK STOCKINGS.—Either colored or black, never use soap; warm bran water should be used, and the stockings should be squeezed or run through the wringer and dried in the shade.

A GOOD CEMENT FOR GLASS.—Can be made in the following way: Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine and add a small quantity of water; warm the mixture over the fire; when thoroughly mixed and melted it will form an almost transparent glue, and will join glass almost invisibly.

TO BRIGHTEN COPPERWARE.—Sprinkle a little crushed borax on a flannel cloth that has been wetted in hot water and well soaped. This will brighten the copper like magic. Rub and polish.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LATEST LAUNDRY BAG

It Is Made of White Material in Preference to Colored—May Be Laundered Often.

The very newest laundry bags are of white linen; or, if one cannot afford this material, cotton cloth makes an excellent substitute, suggests a contributor to the Chicago Inter Ocean, possessing, as it does, the wearing properties and appearance of the linen without its expensive feature. The ornamentation of the bag consists of the word laundry in large and attractive lettering, placed diagonally across one side of the bag, and embroidered in wash silk or cotton floss. The edges of the bag are neatly machine stitched, then feather-stitched by hand. A casing two inches from the top through which is run a tape or ribbon adds the finishing touch. The chief virtue of these white bags over the time-honored ones of cretonne and similar material lies in the fact that they may be laundered as often as desirable, yet retain their pristine freshness. The size of the bag, as a matter of course, depends wholly upon the demands to be made upon it.

Potted Flowers on the Table.

It is told that Helen Gould does not favor cut flowers for table decorations, but prefers flowers growing in pots, that stand erect in their own earth, stately, fresh and fragrant, says a writer in the Farmer's Voice.

Roses growing in small pots, and the baby primrose are among her favorite decorations. In her dining-room she has a large screen completely covered with the dark, glossy foliage of the English ivy.

He Got a Pig.

A man's corpse was delivered to William Archer, of Cromwell, Ind., who went to the express office to get a prize pig which he had purchased. Archer refused to accept the coffin, and inquiry developed that the labels on the pig's box and the coffin had become exchanged. Archer got his pig in the next train, and it is presumed that the corpse was delivered at the proper place.

SNAKES LIKE PARACHUTES.

The flying frogs of the Malays appear to be mythical, but three tree snakes of Borneo, lately described to the London Zoological society by Mr. R. Shelford, are credited with taking flying leaps from the tops of trees to the ground. It is found that scales on the lower part of the body may be drawn inward so that the whole lower surface becomes concave. The resistance to the air is thus greatly increased, and experiments indicate that

the snakes do not fall in writhing coils, but are let down gently in a direct line by the parachute-like action of their peculiar bodies.

By Another Name.

A London florist found that a new and fine ramble rose did not sell under the name of the "Amelia Jenkins," so he changed the name to the "Lady Gay." Now it is going like hot cakes.