



## Here and There

### Motor Cars as Covert Hacks.

The hunting season which has just opened has already shown that the use of the motor-car as a "covert hack" has not yet been entirely abandoned, remarks the London "Express."

So strong is the feeling in most hunts on this question, however, that the present season will probably be the last in which the ancient sport of fox-hunting will be marred by the presence of the motor-car, and the undesirable strangers it brings sometimes to the meet.

"Apart from the glaring incongruity of motor-cars at a meet," said a hunting authority, "there are other and more serious objections to the use of motor-cars as 'covert hacks.'"

"The chief objection is that fields are unduly swollen with strangers, many of whom are of a type with which the members of the hunt care as little as possible to associate. They are an annoyance to all concerned and a serious menace to the friendly relations between the hunt and the farmers."

### Great Feat in Marine Surgery.

One of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished in marine engineering was carried out successfully at Southampton, when the new bow of the White Star liner *Suevic* was floated into dry dock and placed exactly in position to be joined to the after part.

The bow was towed round to the dock gates by the tugs *Hercules* and *Hector*, and floated into the dock in twenty-one feet of water. The after part was ballasted with sixteen feet of water to keep it in position, and blocks and four logs fourteen inches square by forty feet long were fastened to the plates of the after portion for regulating the distance when the bow was admitted.

The bow was next centred and placed in line with the after part, the water was pumped out and the bow was hauled into position by its own winches.

The task of uniting the two parts will occupy about two months. The first work to be done will be to remove from the bow a number of temporary plates which were put on to give the necessary tightness to it during the voyage from Belfast. Regular lengths of plate will be substituted for these, and the work will then proceed on more or less normal lines.

It is stated that the new *Suevic* will be a stronger ship than the old one.

### Electric Dinner.

An "electric dinner party" is the latest solution of the problem of the young wife whose husband unexpectedly brings home a party of friends.

The Exhibition of Electrical Cookery and Heating Appliances organised recently by the Borough Council at the Hampstead Town Hall proved that it is possible to cook an excellent meal in twenty minutes.

The cold mutton can be minced in two minutes in an electrical mincer, while the potatoes are boiling in an electrical saucepan. The kettle is ready in three minutes for tea or coffee, and a further surprise awaits the unexpected visitors. A tasty sponge pudding can be baked in the electric oven without active electricity. When the meat has been removed and the lights switched off, the pudding cooks in the warmth that remains.

If the hostess has run short of bread she can bake tiny scones or rolls on an electric hot-plate in half a minute, and if she is anxious to tidy herself an electric heater will warm her curling tongs in a quarter of a minute, while a crushed blouse or skirt can be renovated by the aid of an electric iron, which not only gets hot in a couple of minutes, but remains so.

Mrs. Godfrey Sutcliffe demonstrated how it was possible to make a sachel cake in three-quarters of an hour.

This elaborate cake, resembling a handkerchief sachel in shape, was made of sponge cake, filled with ice, and with

lilac-coloured icing, decorated with sprays of crystallised violets, and tied with satin ribbon.

### Soda Water "the Limit."

Twenty young men have been engaged during the last two months under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, drinking chocolate cream sodas and acid phosphates, says a New York paper by the last mail.

They form the latest "poison squad" of Dr. Harvey Wiley, head of the chemistry experimental bureau, who wishes to prove that he is correct in attributing the gastric troubles of the average American to the soda water fountain habit.

Dr. Wiley has come to the conclusion that the present experiments are the most unpopular he has yet attempted. He had no difficulty in persuading fifty sociological enthusiasts to drink salicylic acid to demonstrate to the world that this much-used preservative is a poison, and another "squad" engaged to drink alcohol for the same purpose underwent the tests with the greatest enthusiasm.

The present "squad," however, describe soda water drinking as "the limit," and threaten a revolt.

### Five Thousand Passengers Killed in a Year.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission, U.S.A., reports that the number of passengers killed and injured in railway train collisions and derailments has "increased in an alarming degree."

Five thousand persons were killed and 70,286 injured in the year ending June 30, showing an increase of 775 in the number of killed, and of 9,577 in those injured, as compared with the preceding year.

### Privileged.

There are old porters on some lines, who, long before the railway crisis, were notoriously independent in their attitude towards the higher officials. One such fellow, of ancient mien, who worked for the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, had the following quaint formula for passengers: "Now, all ye beggars for Chowbent, Chuckabent, and Bowden change 'ere. 'Tother beggars sit still."

The then general manager of a railway company heard this formula as he came down the line one day, and he said to the porter: "What's that you're saying, my good man?" Porter, as before: "Now, all ye beggars, etc." "Do you know who I am, my man?" asked the manager. "Aye," replied the porter; "thou beest William Chawkwell, general manager Lunnon North-Western Railway, as 'ouse in Lunnon; gets two Now, all ye beggars!"

### The Might of a "Millionth."

Writing on the importance of infinitesimally small things, the "Lancet" says: "We know what infinitesimally small quantities of certain substances will put an end to the great vital processes, and we know also how endless appears to be the action of the enzymes (or ferments) which render food assimilable so that the same vital processes are sustained. A thirtieth part of a grain of acetonine will kill the human organism, one part of an enzyme will transform 100,000 parts of cane sugar into invert sugar, the enzyme of malt will convert a thousand times its weight of starch into sugar, and so forth. Nor is the enormous action of infinitesimally small quantities confined to the organic or organised world. Even certain materials devoid of life are found to exert a similar action. Platinum, for example, in the colloidal state is capable of decomposing 1,000,000 times its weight of hydrogen peroxide into water and oxygen and then of remaining as strong and as active as ever. Perhaps the most remarkable fact in connection with the extraordinary 'vitality' of colloidal platinum is that its energies are at once paralysed by such ordinary animal poisons as prussic acid, corrosive sublimate, or sulphuretted hydrogen. The platinum may thus be said to be poisoned, and such a small quantity as one-millionth of a grain of prussic acid is sufficient to prevent this great transforming power. To give another example of the decided effect of minute traces of various substances it has been found that certain water organisms are destroyed in water contained in a copper vessel, and yet the quantity of copper present is only one part in a thousand million parts of water. The great processes of oxidation depend upon small things; the small amount of iron in the haemoglobin probably controls its great oxygen-carrying property. The minute amount of arsenic and iodine in the thyroid gland probably plays a role of great importance; the enzymes are mighty, and the atom also."

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### Doctor Shot by a Dog.

Dr. Vernon Paul, a young Warwick medical man, was the victim of an extraordinary accident at Ramsey, near Harwich, recently.

He had been rabbit shooting with some friends, and, the sport having finished, the guns were placed in a motor car in readiness for the return journey.

By some mischance one of them was left loaded, and just as Dr. Paul was taking his seat a dog jumped into the car, and touched the trigger. The charge entered Dr. Paul's body, passing through the left lung, and he died shortly afterwards.

### A Barrack Room Story.

It was a nice warm afternoon, just a trifle over 110 degrees in the shade, and the soldiers in "A" Squadron bungalow were enjoying a quiet game at "banker" when lo and behold the colonel appeared on the scene, and the cards instantly vanished, and so would the troopers have mizzled also, had an "Attention!" riveted them to the spot. Then the colonel's eagle eye roamed over the bungalow, and along the rows of bed cots, till it rested on one which was somewhat untidy, when, in tones which shook the tiles on the roof, he ordered the corporal in charge of the section to step forward, and, in a few kind words, informed him that he was a prisoner for neglect of duty.

The sergeant was then sent for, and, after being pulverised by the colonel's verbose artillery, was hoisted on the "shelf" beside the corporal.

A messenger was sent off at full speed for the squadron sergeant-major, and a minute later that burly individual trotted up from the mess.

"You are the squadron sergeant-major, I presume?" the colonel sneeringly queried.

"Yes, sir."  
"And you are supposed to look after the squadron?"  
"I do look after it, sir."  
"Oh, you do!"  
"Yes."

"Then," roared the colonel, white with passion, "why did you not confine the man who made up that bed?"  
"Because I could not do so, sir."

"Why?"  
"He died of cholera last night, sir."  
The colonel quickly retired when the grins on the men's faces broadened into peals of laughter.

### Leisure.

Leisure is an obsolete form of killing time. It once existed in large quantities. It is now, however, a thing of the past.

Leisure at one time was used quite extensively to produce statues, laws, legends, poems and other masterpieces. Its place has now been taken by labour-saving devices that turn out figures, franchises, gossip, doggerel and other quick sellers.

Will leisure ever come in again? Not as long as there are things to advertise. In the meantime we are too busy to write any more about it, there being a hot-seller up our sleeve that must be ready for the printer by 4.30 p.m. tomorrow.

### Billiards Defied.

John Horgan the champion pool-player, told at a dinner in St. Louis, U.S.A., of an incident.

"Billiards is a tame amusement beside pool," Mr. Horgan began. "Two Hindoos were once discussing the game in Calcutta, and I think that their idea of it was pretty near the right one."

"What is this white man's game of billiards that I hear so much about?" said the first Hindoo.

"Don't you know?" said the second.

"No. Tell me."  
"Well," said the second Hindoo, "billiards is a very simple game. Two men armed with long sticks poke at a ball on a green table, and one says 'D—' while the other says 'Hard lines.'"—Washington "Star."

### Necessities.

There can be no doubt about the fact that necessities are going up. Havana cigars are much higher than they were. Good whisky is dearer.

The price of champagne apparently remains the same, but this is only apparent. The corkage is more, the tips are more, and anything that goes with it is much higher than it was.

High living has almost doubled. It cost twice as much to go on even the simplest hat than it did. An ordinary flirtation, leading to nothing at all, has increased nearly 50 per cent in cost.

Speculation is higher than it was. It is getting beyond the means of all except multimillionaires to gamble in Wall-Street.

Divorces are higher. Even the commonest kind of divorce is more than the average man can afford.

Appendicitis—which at first was possible to people in moderate circumstances—is now something we can only dream of.

Hot-house violets and grapes, other men's wives, desirable scandals, French chauffeurs, and, in fact, all necessities recognised as such will soon be out of the reach of all.

Indeed, if we keep on, we shall soon all be reduced to leading respectable lives.

### Varium et Mutabile.

R. Fulton Cutting is head of what is known as the Citizens' Union, which is the latest organisation to buck the Tammany Tiger in New York.

"Not long ago," he says, "I was at a downtown political meeting where one of the speakers, a witty Irishman, made continual reference to the changing seasons, which, I found, he always honoured by treating them as if they were of the feminine gender. 'When you come to cast your votes in the autumn,' he yelled, 'the autumn who bears the fruits of the earth in her outstretched hands, you will have to think well of your duties as citizens of this glorious country!'"

"Why is it," I asked, afterward, "that you spoke of the seasons as if they were feminine?"

"The Irishman was, for a moment, at a loss for a reason."  
"Sure," he said at last, "I think of the seasons as women because they change and because, no matter which way we have, ye wish it was another."

### An Expensive Fire.

She was a splendid servant, but she didn't know anything about gas to cook with, so she went to the kitchen with her to explain about the range. So that she could see how it was operated he lit each of the many burners. While still explaining a message called him from the kitchen, and he left her, saying, "I guess you will find that it will work all right now, Martha."

He didn't see the cook again for four or five days, then, upon entering the kitchen, he said, "Well, Martha, how's that range doing?"

To his utter consternation, she replied:

"Deed, sir, that's the best stove I ever did see. That fire what you kindled for me four days ago is still a-burning, and it ain't even lowered once."

"So you are writing stories," said the friend.

"Not exactly," answered the cynical literateur. "I'm merely furnishing a certain amount of fuel to keep the illustrations from turning into one another."