

AN OLD FAVORITE

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

By Alfred Tennyson

THE charge which Tennyson has made the subject of his well known poem printed below was that of Balaklava. The charge took place Oct. 25, 1854. Through a misconception of orders Lord Lucan, commander of the English cavalry, ordered Lord Cardigan, with the Light brigade, to charge the Russian artillery. With a battery in front and one on each side, the Light brigade hewed its way past the gun in front and routed the enemies' cavalry. Of 570 horsemen engaged, 198 returned.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Their not to make reply,
Their words not to reason why,
Their only word to be
"Forward, into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred."

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Charging at army while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered,
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Sabering the gunners there,
Charging at army while
All the world wondered;
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered,
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered,
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light brigade,
Noble six hundred!

WEATHER PREDICTIONS.

The twelve days after Christmas indicate the weather for the following year. Each day in order shows the weather for one month.

Blow out a candle, and if the wick continues long to smoulder, look for bad weather. If it goes out quickly, the weather will be fair.

When it begins to snow, notice the size of the flakes. If they are very fine, the storm will be a long one; if large, the storm will soon be over.

After the frogs begin to sing in the Spring, if they are frozes in three times, you may be sure that afterwards you will have warm weather.

If it rains on the first dog-day, it will rain on each of the other thirty-nine. If on the other hand, the first dog-day is dry, all the rest will be dry.

When you see a cloud in the sky that grows larger, it is going to storm. When you see a cloud growing smaller and melt away, it is going to be fair.

If the chickens come out while it rains, it is a sign that the storm is to be a long one. If they stand around under the shed, the storm will be short.

As the old woman said, "I never knew it to begin in the mornin' and rain all day in my life. But I've known it to begin at noon and rain all day lots of times."

If the breastbones of the Thanksgiving chickens are lighter in color, there will be a good deal of snow in the Winter following. If the color is dark, there will be little snow.

When a person kills a snake he does well to consider what kind of weather he would like. If he hangs the snake up, it will rain; if he buries it, the weather will be fair.

When the cattle lie down as soon as they are turned out to pasture in the morning, it is because they feel a rheumatic weariness in their bones, and you can look for a rain soon.

When a night passes and no dew falls, it is a sign it is going to rain. This omen loses much of its mystery when one remembers that dew has not fallen because the night was clouded.

If the melt of the hog killed in the Fall is big at the front end, the Winter will be sharpest at the beginning. If the melt is biggest at the rear, the Winter will be coldest in the latter part.

When you see the sun drawing water at night, know that it will rain on the morrow. The sun is said to be drawing water when its rays can be seen shining through rifts in distant clouds.

In Winter when you see the wild geese flying south, expect cold weather. They fly south because the ponds to the north are frozen over. When the geese are seen flying north, warm weather is to be expected.

If the sun sets in a cloud, it will rain on the morrow. The person who takes this saying as literally true would do well to remember that unless the cloud that hides the sun from his sight is extremely large, a spectator at a short distance to the north or south would at the same moment see the sun set in clear sky.

Batterments on the Seaboard.

The Seaboard Air Line is making a lot of improvements on the line between Hamlet and Atlanta, when completed, will make this piece of roadbed one of the finest in the south.

On this line there are a number of long trestles over dry stretches of low country. Wherever there is not danger of a great flow of water after heavy rains these trestles are being converted into fills. The trestles are not being torn down, but the fills are being built up of dirt dumped from trains on the trestles. As the trestles are left standing there will be no weight on the fills until the dirt has settled down as hard as natural earth.

This work is being done preparatory to the laying of the eighty-pound rail with which the Seaboard is to equip all its main lines. A large order for these rails was given some months ago and the work of laying them will soon begin on the Atlanta and Hamlet line.

The henpecked man who has to mind the babies doesn't believe that the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

A "SOUTHERN SECURITIES" COMPANY.

Baltimore Sun.

On the strength of the fact that the Louisville and Nashville Railway accepts a charter under the present Constitution of Kentucky, renouncing one granted in the fifties, the Courier-Journal suggests that there is to be a combination of the Louisville and Nashville and Southern Railway, the latter absorbing the former, or each absorbing the other on the "community of interest" plan. Whether this will be done, or how it will be done, depends, our contemporary guesses, upon the issue of the legal proceedings for the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company. If this scheme for operating different and competing companies together is decided to be valid, then, it is alleged, a Southern Securities Company will be formed to hold and manage the Southern and the Louisville and Nashville. State laws forbid their consolidation, as State laws forbid the consolidation of the Northwestern railways. But a company holding both, if lawful, will effect all that is desired, which is the suppression of wasteful and out-throat competition. It is not clear, however, how the Louisville and Nashville's accepting a modified charter will further Mr. Morgan's supposed scheme of a Southern securities company. Something has been said about the Southern getting control of its rival by buying its stock, but common stock of the Louisville and Nashville at 150 is hardly a desirable asset, since the present net earning can hardly be expected to continue after the boom is over. Just now the net earnings may justify such a price as \$150 per share, but that figure is a poor basis for a permanent investment. It will be recalled that the proposal of the Louisville and Nashville to build into a territory already served by the Southern was soon followed by the coup in Wall street that put the control of the former into Mr. Morgan's hands. "Peace at any price" appears to be the motto of our present Napoleons of Finance. Still, peace bought at the rate of \$150 a share seems to lack the element of permanence.

Famous Old Bear Hunter is Falling.

A special from Asheville says: A report comes from Black Mountain, not altogether direct, but none the less credited, to the effect that the health of "Big Tom" Wilson is falling fast. Big Tom, whose fame as a bear hunter has long since broken through state bounds, proposes to act as guide for President Roosevelt should he take part in the prospective bear hunt this fall which he has talked over interestedly with Senator Pritchard. There are those who firmly believe that the president really means to make the trip, and to all such persons the report concerning Big Tom's physical condition is a source of alarm. They fear that in his enfeebled state he will not be able to keep pace with the strenuous strides of the chief executive. The president's expressed desire to chase Bruin on the lofty Black has given rise to a number of suggestions, some of which are perhaps more amusing than valuable. One view is that the president should enter the Land of the Sky between two days and immediately make a brak for tall timber; otherwise he would be hunted down by office seekers and not get a shot at any sort of game without killing a score or more of the class of gentry referred to. Others scout this view, contending that no one would be so lacking in a sense of the eternal fitness of things as to importune the president under such circumstances. Those who hold this opinion, and they are in a decided majority, say the president should first come to Asheville for a day's rest.

Mastodon Dug Up in Texas.

DALLAS, TEX., July 26.—Workmen excavating in a gravel pit twelve miles south of Dallas today unearthed the remains of a mastodon.

The jaw bones were 8 feet long and perfect, but crumbled when exposed to the air. The teeth remained intact. The molars are 14 inches long, 7 1/2 wide and weigh 15 pounds. They will probably be sent to the State University at Austin.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

A few months ago some doubting correspondents hinted that the story of Nancy Hart was probably an exaggerated romance or a handed down tradition or maybe a myth. It is fortunate that the doubt was published, for it awakened and aroused the good old people of Elbert and Hart counties and brought to light facts and records concerning the old lady that might have passed into oblivion. That the story of her heroism is true is now established as clearly as it was when Hart county was cut off from Elbert and named for her, the only county in Georgia that was named for a woman. While this newspaper controversy was going on down in Georgia there was a great strapping Virginian named Tom Lee, 6 1/2 feet high and large in proportion, operating the passenger department of the Lackawanna railroad. He is the great-grandson of Nancy Hart, descended from her in a bee line through honorable Virginia ancestors. He knew nothing of this controversy concerning his maternal ancestor and said recently when speaking of her that it was the sorrow of his life that he was not personally acquainted with her.

Tom Lee is a great favorite among the railroad officials. Very recently he wished to try the work and speed of a new monster locomotive and invited the presidents and superintendents of several railroads and forty-three editors and newspaper men to go with him on a special to Pocono mountains and back again. On the northern roads the superintendents now have an indicator or Dutch clock in their private car that registers the speed. "What do you want?" said Tom Lee. "Well, about 70 miles," said the editor. The speed was then 55 miles an hour, but quickly the clock registered 56, 57, 58, 60, 65, 70, where it remained for several minutes while the engineer was holding her down to an even steady pace. A glass full of water on the floor would not have spilled a drop. Tom Lee said: "I would have given you 80 if you had asked for it." After a while they stopped at the Swiftwater house, where Washington and Lafayette played croquet after the war was over and where Joe Jefferson spends his summers. Tom Lee knows his lineage and that his parents were Virginians and nearly related to the Haris, for whom Thomas Hart Benton was named.

For the sake of many children who have never heard the story, I will briefly relate that during the dark days of the revolution five Tories came to her cabin and order her to get dinner for them. She did so and while they were eating and drinking and their guns were set up in the corner of the room she quietly took them outside, and standing at the door with one in her hand she drew aim on the leader and ordered them to surrender or die. One man started toward her and she shot him dead and seized another gun and shot another who had risen from the table. With another gun she kept the others quiet until some neighbors came and they were taken prisoners. No doubt this is a true story and a man had better not move to Elbert or Hart county and express any doubts about it. I have been there and know. Some years ago I lectured in Hartwell and from there journeyed to Elbert in a buggy with a preacher. We got a late start and the preacher's horse wanted to slow up at every where there was a woman in sight, and when we got to the river the ferryman was away and we had to wait an hour for him to come back. So it was dark when we reached Elberton. The court house was lighted up and seemed full of people and the boys were tapping and calling for "Arp," "Bill Arp." The preacher unloaded me near by and told me to go upstairs and open the ball while he went home to put up his horse. As I hurried in the door the doorkeeper stopped me and said: "Hold on, my friend, you haven't paid." I modestly told him that I was the speaker. "Oh, yes," said he. "Maybe you are and maybe you ain't. Several other men have tried to pass on that schedule. I reckon you had better pay." So I paid a half dollar to go in and hear myself talk, but I got half of it back when we divided proceeds.

Now, I don't know that Nancy could read or write, but she could shoot and in war times that is better. At any rate Georgians are proud of her and her great-grandson, Tom Lee, has never tarnished the name or fame of the family. When John Randolph boasted of his ancestral blood, Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island, his bitter enemy, rose up to say that good conduct in posterity was of more consequence than good blood in ancestors. "I have great respect," said he, "for the gentleman's English blood and his Indian blood, but he should remember that he is removed from them by several generations and that only one sixty-fourth part of Lord Rolfe or Pocahontas blood flows in his veins. That is not much to boast of. The rest is widely scattered, diluted and degenerated." Burgess and Randolph had many spats like that, but they never came to blows. There never was a time in the south-land when so much eager interest was manifested in tracing up ancestry—lineage. I receive letters almost daily from good people, from Carolina to Texas, asking for help to trace up and prove their claim to join the Sons or Daughters of the Revolution or to service of their father or grandfather in the civil war of forty years ago. The genealogical department of The Constitution and George Smith's weekly contributions to The Journal are doing valuable and interesting work on these lines. There is one other line that has been shamefully neglected. From first to last there were near 90,000 Georgia soldiers in the confederate army, and yet there is no record of them—neither in the counties nor the state nor at Washington. I do not suppose there are ten in a hundred of these soldiers whose

children or grand-children or near relatives can prove themselves. Colonel Avery did the best he could to make up a roll of each regiment and name the officers and the captain of the companies, but there is no roll of the men nor a record of who was killed. Some companies changed their captains from three to eight times, but what became of those who dropped out? Col. Avery says: "The following list is painfully imperfect. It was taken from the confederate war records at Washington, D. C., and from the meager documents in the Georgia archives and such personal information as could be had. The department of the confederacy was most loosely run. Regimental muster rolls were niggled and confused; the constantly occurring changes were not noted."

Now, ask any old soldier, can you prove your service by any undoubted evidence? Two years ago Governor Candler alluded to this shameful neglect in his message and urged the appointment of some one to gather up and make a record of these Georgia soldiers before the witnesses are all dead, but nothing was done. Why do not the veterans demand it? It would cost but little—perhaps the salary of a good man for a year. The children and grand-children of these soldiers are interested and have a right to demand the preservation and record of their father's or grand-father's honorable service. Why not? Will there be enough veterans or patriotism in the next legislature to see to this and have established a muster roll—some kind of a roll that the humblest citizen can point to as his hall of fame?

BILL ARP.

The Folly of Texas and North Carolina in Reaffirming the Kansas City Platform.

New York World.

The Democratic State conventions in North Carolina and in Texas have reaffirmed allegiance to the Kansas City platform. This is an act of asinine folly for which there is no excuse either in the precedents of the past or the obligations of the present time. Democratic ascendancy is so secure in these Southern States, owing to the negro question, that the election of the party ticket would not be endangered by any platform that common sense could suggest or policy dictate. For this reason the Democrats of these States are all the more blameworthy for yielding to Mr. Bryan's egotistic insistence, instead of ignoring it, as the party has done this year in Indiana, Illinois, Maine, Minnesota, Mississippi, Georgia, Pennsylvania and other States.

The party in Texas and in North Carolina will be neither helped nor hurt by proclaiming itself still bound to the "body of death," as Mr. Cleveland very accurately styled the Chicago-Kansas City platform. But in the doubtful and the essential States, where the Democrats are trying to retrieve the disasters of the last two campaigns by abandoning dead issues and false doctrines twice overwhelmingly condemned by people, these exhibitions of an obdurate and brainless Bourbonism will tend to make the Republican campaigning again easy.

The South once had a courage of conviction and a genius for politics which are now sadly lacking in many of the States of that section.

Sermon 27 words long.

Houghton, Mich., Dispatch.

Twice requested to make his sermon brief, Rev. Henry Gillingham, pastor of the Atlantic Methodist Church of Atlantic, a village near Houghton, preached one of the shortest sermons, if not the shortest, on record.

At the close of Sunday school one of the church officers said to the minister: "It is very warm, and I hope you will make the sermon short tonight."

The pastor accepted the wish in good humor. He went to the evening service prepared to make a 30-minute discourse. As he entered the vestibule of the church, however, he met another prominent member of the congregation, who accosted him with: "Very warm tonight! Hope you will make it short!"

Mr. Oillingham changed his mind about the 30-minute sermon. During the opening exercises he prepared another which he thought would be suitably brief. When he arose to announce his text he remarked that he had twice been asked to make his sermon short and he would try to do so. If this should seem too long, he would stop next time with the text. Then he delivered this sermon:

Text, Luke: 16-24: "And he cried and said: 'Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.'"

Three persons—Abraham, Dives, Lazarus. It was hot where Dives was. He did not like it. He wanted to get out. So do we. Let us pray!

That was the whole sermon. It made a hit.

You Can't Down the Youngster.

A Sunday School superintendent says Harper's Magazine, in talking to the children about cruelty to animals, said: "Only a coward would abuse a creature that has no way of protecting itself. Why children," said he, "I once knew a little boy who cut off a calf's tail. Think of it children—took a knife and cut the tail right off! Can any one tell me a verse in the Bible that he should not have cut the calf's tail? After a moment's silence, a small boy, with a 'happy thought' expression held up his hand. 'What is it my boy?' asked the superintendent, hopefully. 'What God has joined together, let no man put asunder,' responded the small boy. The superintendent was so impressed that he never brought his own verse to light.

GOVERNOR TAFT, THE VATICAN AND THE FRIARS.

Presbyterian Standard.

The situation in the Philippines so far as it relates to the Friars can be briefly expressed. Under the union that existed between church and state, under the Spanish regime, that is between the Spanish government and the Catholic church, the church was really the mistress of the situation. The different orders of Friars, Franciscans, Jesuits, of which the Jesuits were said to have been the best, indicating what the other must have been, where the real rulers of the country, the petty magistrates everywhere, with power of life and death, and thus the power over the property and the persons especially the female persons of the Philippines. Any adequate description of their tyrannical, oppressive, murderous and lustful rule, would be unprintable. There seems to be little doubt even from Catholic testimony that the Friars were about as unsavory a lot of priests as ever cursed a people by their presence and example.

Now the Filipino insurrection was very largely directed against these Friars. They had wrested some of the best lands of the Philippines from them and the people were being reduced to the position of helpless tenants and serfs. There was the feeling that these lands, by fair means or foul should be restored to the people from whom they were unfairly and foully wrung. And the hatred against the Friars for their outrages of Filipino homes had grown to an intensity of feeling that thought of nothing but revenge. The Spanish soldiers who fell into Aguinaldo's hands were kindly treated. The Friars were killed or horribly mutilated, after a sort of rude barbaric effort to make the punishment fit the crime. And then the United States Government took possession and the Friars flocked to Manila by the hundreds and thousands to be under protection of a Protestant power rather than to be left to the vengeance of their co-religionists. With the establishment of order in the Islands it is found that the Friars can not go back to their lands, for fear of the people. But by the Treaty of Paris their lands are not to be confiscated, as the Filipino Government would have done immediately, if it could have been established, and their persons are to be protected, so far as such protection is afforded to any of the inhabitants of the Islands. Meanwhile it is acknowledged that their very presence is a danger to order and a menace to the established government.

And now the President of the United States makes the proposition to buy from these Friars at a fair valuation their lands and to hold them as public lands for the people from whom they were undoubtedly unlawfully extorted at first. At the same time, since the United States has nothing to do with the matters that have made these Friars so unpopular that their lives are constantly in danger, the Vatican as their authoritative head is asked to recall them with full liberty to send others in their place, if need be. The proposition is a fair one. More than one European country, and Brazil, for one among South American countries, have cut the Gordian knot by passing a simple edict of banishment of every member of the obnoxious order. But the United States does not do business that way. Its doctrine of the separation of church and state tolerates the Jesuit or the Franciscan until they become criminals in the eyes of the civil law.

But the President has the whip-hand, nevertheless. If the offer to the Vatican is finally refused and the recall of the Friars is not ordered, the Friars are still afraid to take possession of their lands or to have any communication with the tenants who now occupy them. They can be condemned for the public good, on the most obvious grounds of necessity and the owners paid what they are deemed to be worth by the appraising board. And then they can look out for themselves. The United States government is not going to send a bodyguard out with every Friar who wants to get beyond the police protection of a city. It will try to punish his murderer if his death ensues. He is no longer a civil magistrate and his ecclesiastical position does not give him one whit more importance in the eyes of the law than the Filipino that he used to rob and plunder.

It is reported that the Pope is willing enough for the lands to be purchased but is unwilling to order the recall of the Friars from the Philippines. Of course the proposition bears on its face more or less humiliation, for the failure of a supposedly Christian Church to have recalled them long ago on its own initiative. But the humiliation had better be less than the more that it will prove to be under public discussion. And we throw out words of warning here to all whom it may concern, politicians or ecclesiastics. Better not make a political issue of the Friars. The purchase of their property is more than they deserve, historically considered.

Besides this, the President is a Protestant, and there are more Protestants than Catholics in America. They habitually divide on governmental issues. It would be disastrous to the opposing party to unite Protestantism preponderantly on one side.

Stonewall Jackson, according to the late Dr. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, asserted, while the Federal army was retreating from Bull Run: "Give me 10,000 men and I will take Washington tomorrow."

The man who has made a fortune has a profound contempt for the man who has inherited one, and vice versa.

A cynic is a woman who says disagreeable things because it's the only way she can get his remarks noticed.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Chicago News.

Nothing hurts a self-made martyr like being ignored.

There are times when it is better to be never than late.

Much of the milk of human kindness tastes of the pump.

If a miser leaves a will it's merely a dead give-away.

Some men become sadder without becoming any wiser.

Experience makes a man wiser and poorer simultaneously.

Social training enables one to appear interested when he isn't.

A man grows, a woman smiles—and the letter gains her point.

Some men like to fish because it's the next thing to doing nothing.

Even the woman of few words is continually warming them over.

When the money of some people converges it uses a metaphor.

Expect every man to do his duty—then expect to be disappointed.

Any pretty woman's jaw is a thing of beauty—when it isn't working.

The way of the transgressor is frequently paved with gold bricks.

It is one thing to do a good act and it is another to say nothing about it.

The more shiftless a man is the oftener he shifts from one job to another.

A successful business man is one who induces other people to buy what he doesn't want.

One of the greatest pleasures in life is to be found in counting the money we expect to make.

It isn't the little man has but rather a desire for more that puts him in the poverty-stricken class.

When a girl of 20 marries a man of 70 there may be extenuating circumstances in the shape of wealth.

The wise man throws his mother's slippers after his big sister when she starts on her wedding tour.

The wise man formerly built his house on a rock, but now he builds it on the sand and calls it a seaside hotel.

Even the minister whose sermons are of the long-drawn-out variety is preferable to the sensational grand-stand parson.

The north's professed friendship for the south is apt to be questioned shortly after the first shipment of early water-melons.

The average woman doesn't care any more for the privilege of voting than the average man does for privilege of putting a baby to sleep.

Finer Cotton Goods.

Walker Richardson, a former Southern man, but now engaged in the cotton business in New York, has given out an interview in Charlotte, on the cotton situation. Speaking of the product of Southern mills, Mr. Richardson says: "I think some of the mills had better improve the goods they are now turning out. Some of the yarns being sold are rotten, and when time comes to settle up these mills will likely be at a disadvantage. This, however, is due to the class of labor employed and to the bad management."

"It would take several years for a Southern mill to make money on fine cloths, for it would require that time to get the operatives trained sufficiently to be able to make these goods. Up in New England mill operatives have been working on these good for many years, and you might say that the required skill had become hereditary in some instances, but just put a Southern mill on fine goods with the present class of help and it would be in a hole in a mighty short time."

Discussing the merger scheme of Southern mills, Mr. Richardson expressed it as his opinion that this could not succeed. Among the objections urged are the questions of what to do with the mill officers, the deterioration in the value of stock, the fact that the mills can now get advances of about 75 per cent. on their yarns from commission houses and also the unwillingness of the stockholders to enter such a combination and the complete loss of individuality or personal interest and authority under a merger.

Scandal in Greensboro.

GREENSBORO, July 23.—Mrs. Ida Stafford, wife of John E. Stafford, of Greensboro, eloped last night with J. E. Harding, a book-keeper at the Revolution Cotton Mills. The couple purchased tickets for Washington, but it is thought that they got off at Lynchburg, Va., and went West.

Harding, who is unmarried, has been boarding at the home of the Staffords for some time, but no undue intimacy had been noted between him and Mrs. Stafford, and it is believed their elopement was the result of a sudden infatuation.

Mrs. Stafford is a handsome woman of 35 or 40 years of age and is the mother of four children, the oldest of whom is 17 years of age.

The pair did not take anything with them belonging to Mr. Stafford. On the other hand, Mrs. Stafford left all her jewelry in the house, with the exception of her engagement ring, which she mailed to her husband last night through the Greensboro postoffice.

The husband of the runaway woman to-day call on Solicitor Brooks for advice. He is giving the matter full publicity, and it is said will probably offer a reward for the arrest of the couple.

[LATER: The eloping couple were arrested at Norfolk on the evening of the 24th as they were about to take a boat for Baltimore. Mr. Stafford left at once for Norfolk, and says he will get his wife or send Harding to the penitentiary.]

Blotbe—Since the Johnsons came back from abroad they spell their name Jonson. Blotbe—Yes; they think it is quite English to drop their h's.