

The King of Beasts?



All big game hunters are divided in their opinions as to which is the most dangerous animal to hunt in Africa. Some select the lion, others the buffalo, others again the rhinoceros, while the greater majority name the elephant. It is purely a matter of which animal, in the hunter's own experience, has been the most dangerous.

Personally, as the result of many years' experience with big game in Africa, I choose the elephant as the most dangerous. Perhaps I have been unduly fortunate in encounters with the lion, and that alone makes him appear anything but the "king of beasts" that he is so popularly supposed to be.

I have invariably experienced the greatest danger in hunting where elephants were concerned. With lions I have never had any serious trouble. In fact I have rather a sneaking contempt for them, for they are harmless except when they are wounded and followed into the long grass, or in the case of a lioness with cubs. So great a contempt have the men in East Africa for them that they have now taken to hunting them on horseback, riding them down and shooting them with revolvers.

I shall endeavor to show why the hunters of Africa look so lightly upon these tawny beasts of the jungle. I must confess, unless I be misunderstood, that lions may be as dangerous and even more so than other animals of the plains or forests, under certain circumstances, but it has never been my lot to experience any great danger from them. This is primarily due to an in-born caution begot as the result of seven years' hunting in the wilderness of tropical Africa.

At times there are man-eaters at large, but for the most part they are lions that have tasted blood or that are too old to hunt their natural prey, the zebras.

Man-eaters are a rarity rather than otherwise in East Africa and Uganda. In fact I know of only one case where a white man has been eaten by a lion during the whole seven years of my residence in East Africa. The story of this is dreadful enough in its pitiless detail, but there is a touch of humor in the story, notwithstanding.

I was stationed at a small outlying government post early in 1904, when a native came in one day and reported that a white man, who had been prospecting for land, had disappeared and left his caravan of porters almost starving some days' march away from my post. I hastened out to search for the man and to relieve the porters from their predicament.

On my arrival at the camp I found that the porters had no idea what had become of their master. At first I suspected foul play, but later came to the conclusion that the man had fallen a victim to a prowling beast of the jungle. I instituted a close search and eventually found the head and shoulders of the poor fellow.

He had been eaten by a lion, of that there could be no mistake, judging by the remains. The remnants of the body were in a bad state of decomposition and I had them placed in a packing-case for burial. On my way to the grave to perform the burial service I was almost overcome with laughter, despite the sad occasion, by observing on the packing-case the stenciled words, "Keep in a cool place," "Stow away from the boilers." The packing-case had been used to ship cans of butter to East Africa, hence the painted signs.

The natives occasionally fall victims to the depredations of lions, but the white man rarely does for some unknown reason. Even then the deaths are more often due to gangrene setting in where men have been mauled and rarely from actual direct killing.

I remember well my first meeting with a lion. I was coming home from a dinner party late at night in Nairobi, the capital of East Africa, and had decided to inspect one of my military guards on the government railway buildings. When I had approached near enough to the sentry to hear what was going on, I was surprised to hear him banging the corrugated iron wall of the building with the butt end of his Martin-Henri rifle. He was shouting "Shoo! shoo!" at the top of his voice.

I ran toward him to discover what was the matter. "Why are you making this noise, you fool?" I cried.

"I lion, sir, very near, eating a zebra," he replied.

I ran forward and there, sure enough, was a big black-maned lion, in the bright moonlight, eating a zebra within fifty yards of the sentry.

He had evidently chased the zebra into the township, killed it and was now happily taking his supper. He paid not the slightest attention to the sentry's noise, but kept on tearing great masses of flesh from the zebra's carcass, gurgling loudly all the time like a huge cat.

My sympathy was with the sentry, for he dare not leave his post and he dare not fire at the lion, for he was uncertain as to the accuracy of his old weapon, which had been condemned for many years by the government and was now totally unfit for use.

Telling the sentry to take advantage of the safety offered him at the top of a nearby lamp-post, I hastened to my house to get my sporting rifle. In order to do this I had to pass within one hundred yards of the lion, who paid no attention to me at all. I hurried back to the spot with my trusty rifle and fired at the lion, badly wounding it. He dashed off into the plains behind the town, emitting angry roars as he went. I decided to follow him for a time at least, but after a tiring chase he outdistanced me and I was forced to return to bed.

Next morning I rode out into the plains and searched for him. I soon picked up his spoor and in two hours had killed my first lion within a few miles of Nairobi township. He was a very fine specimen and well worthy of my initial effort in lion-hunting. I was justly proud of my achievement, but had to submit to a considerable amount of good-natured chaff from my brother officials for being so keen as to hunt my first lion by moonlight in the streets of the town.

On another occasion a young lion cub was found by a party of us under the raised floor of the corrugated-iron postoffice building in the main street of Nairobi. It had apparently come into town with its mother to view it by night and had probably been frightened by something



A Hunter's Tale of the Lion as he Finds him - Dangerous and Contemptible. by W. Robert Foran



and taken refuge under the postoffice. Anyway, whatever the cause of its arrival, the fact remains that it was very easily caught and adopted by the postmaster. It grew into a fine-sized lion before it took some silly, childish, lion complaint and went the way of all us. The game warden of the country had two young lion cubs in his garden and used them as pets. They were the two most playful and spent their spare moments stalking any one who might be calling on the owner. I remember taking a little girl to see them on one occasion. The two cubs immediately began to stalk her in a most realistic manner, much to her embarrassment. They died after a short time in captivity. It often happens this way.

A party of us went out one Sunday after lions and adopted the novel method of riding them down on pony-back. We had not been out long before we "put up" a big tawny fellow and immediately gave chase. There were four of us in the party and we soon rounded the lion up in fine shape. While one of us fired at him in the open plain with a revolver, wounding him badly, he came to bay, clawing up the earth in huge patches with his claws and emitting terrifying roars.

We closed in upon him from all sides, having much ado in getting our ponies to face the unusual situation. One man rode in close and fired at him with a revolver. The lion was wounded mortally for the second time, but sprang savagely at him and seized him by the leg. We were horrified to see the lion drag him off to his pony to the ground and rode forward to the rescue. We killed the lion over his body and so saved his life, but unfortunately our efforts were unavailing, for, after living through an agony of torture for a week or more, he died from gangrene poisoning.

That it is the first and only case where the hunters have suffered from this new and invigorating form of sport. It beats pig-sticking as an exciting form of sport and is infinitely more enervating than shooting lions by approved methods of hunting. There is something in the wild ride and the attendant risk which is altogether fascinating and irresistible for most men who have once tried this method of lion-hunting.

Quite a number of lions have fallen victims in the field as the result of this new plan of attack. In fact, the game warden has no less than four lions to his credit from this method of killing alone, to say nothing of the numbers which have fallen to his rifle by the accepted form of slaying.

I was in the Sotik country one day, tralling out to inspect a detachment of my force, who were on outpost duty. I was alone, about an hour's march ahead of my porters and escort and, it being very hot, I decided to sit and rest until my caravan came up with me. I saw a large and shady bush a short distance from my trail and decided that this would be a very suitable spot to rest. I went over to it and threw myself under its welcome shade. Then I took a satisfying drink from my water-bottle and filled my pipe. I must have sat there for over an hour, smoking and thinking of what I should do when I reached London for my six months' holiday, which was within measurable distance.

I thought of no danger and smoked and built castles in the air. In due course my porters hove in sight and as they approached they began to sing lustily. Suddenly from behind me something big moved. There was an instant's swishing of the grass and the cracking of twigs and then, lo and behold, a big black-maned lion bounded away from the other side of the bush! I was too astonished to fire and could only stare after it, open-mouthed with astonishment.

I do not know to this day what had really happened, but I suspect that the lion had been asleep in the shade on the other side of the bush, as unaware of my presence as I was of his. It was certainly a remarkable experience and a laughable one, although, in all conscience, it might have ended very differently. My native porters and servants were firmly convinced that I had the evil eye and therefore the lion would not attack me. Nothing could shake their faith in my power over the "king of beasts." If I had known of the proximity of this wonderfully fine specimen, I should certainly not have sat down and smoked so unconcernedly beside the thorn-bush.

At Muhoroni station in the Nyando valley, near Lake Victoria, in the latter part of 1904 I was taking a stroll out from the camp when the sun had cooled off in the evening. I knew that no lions were ever seen in this vicinity and so did not bother to take a gun with me. My sporting little fox-terrier, "Micky Doolan," kept me company.

I turned my footsteps toward a small stream about a mile and a half from the camp. On arrival at the banks of the almost dried-up river, I stood for a while watching a young reed-buck gamboling with its mother. Micky Doolan chased imaginary rats with deep content. Suddenly the

lion grass on the opposite bank moved apart and a graceful young lioness stepped out into the open! I was considerably taken aback, for I had no means of offense or defense; moreover, she was less than a stone's throw away from me. I looked at her and she looked at me. Then as quietly as she had come, she departed. My dog had run toward me meanwhile and caught a glimpse of the lioness disappearing in the long grass. He dashed after her, and I had much ado to recall him. The lioness crashed off at a gallop into the plains and that was the last I saw of her. It was certainly a little upsetting and quite spoiled my afternoon's stroll. Needless to say I returned to my camp and next time I took a stroll I carried my gun with me. It is strange that the lioness should have been in these parts, for never before had one been seen in that neighborhood.

However, a few days later I left Muhoroni to run into Kisumu—forty miles away. I traveled by a hand-propelled trolley on the railway. The tri-weekly passenger train from the coast to the lake had preceded me by a bare fifteen minutes. Less than three miles out of Muhoroni station, as we were descending a dip in the railway, I noticed something on the track. We were approaching it at a high rate of speed and I could not at first make out what it was. Suddenly, when only about sixty yards away, two young lionesses got up slowly from the track, where they were lazily stretching themselves, and climbed the bank beside the track!

I had only a shotgun and did not dare fire at them, for I had only small bird-shot with me and only two shells in all. I shouted to my native trolley boys to make the machine travel at its highest speed and they stuck to their work like heroes. We dashed past the two lionesses and began our ascent of the rise. Luckily the two cats did not attempt to follow or attack us.

As far as I know, these are the only two occasions on which lions have been seen in this section of the country.

But all my many encounters have not been so easy as these. On some occasions they have shown fight in a most determined manner. One in particular gave me some very anxious moments. I was out hunting meat and picked up the fresh trail of a lion. I decided to follow and in due course came up with him. He was a fine, unmaned specimen and a full-grown one. I cast envious eyes upon his hide and decided, come what might, to add him to my trophies. Then began a hard stalk. The lion would dash off at a great speed and then disappear in the long grass. I would follow as fast as I could, and on reaching the spot where I had last seen him, would advance with great caution. Then he would spring out and dash off again. This was repeated several times and it tired me and so I lost patience. I essayed a long shot and hit him. He disappeared in the long grass with a roar of pain and anger.

I advanced carefully, keeping a watchful eye for possible developments. I could see and hear where he was, but could not get him to come out into the open. I knew that it was supreme folly to follow him into the long grass—in fact it was courting certain death. I decided to burn him out. My porters and myself set fire to the long grass and then I stood ready to kill as the big beast dashed for safety.

Suddenly with a mighty roar he came bounding in huge leaps toward me. I fired straight at his chest and raked him through the entire length of his body. I fired a second shot and still he came on, although he was mortally wounded. My gun bearer handed me my second gun and I fired again quickly, this time killing him. His huge body fell with a crash almost at my feet and I was able to breathe again freely. It had been a very exciting few minutes and at one time it looked as if the lion might win. The skin was ruined as far as being a good specimen was concerned, for my shots had seriously damaged it. However, he made a bully trophy and I was quite pleased with the results of my shoot. If I had followed him into the long grass I should most certainly have been badly mauled so that I must have died either from shock or from gangrene poisoning. Nearly every man who has died at the hands of a lion has done so as the result of following a wounded lion into cover foolishly.

PAPER BAG COOKING

WONDER-WORKING SYSTEM PERFECTED BY M. SOYER, WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHEF

REINFORCED FISH DISHES.

By Martha McCulloch Williams. Fish is especially good for brain-workers, through supplying phosphorus, of which the brain stands always in need to repair its own waste. But where fish comes frequently to table it ought to have the reinforcement of nitrogenous substances, such as milk and eggs. There are some fish dishes which are particularly adapted to paper bag cooking. Before undertaking them it is well to have in hand sundry paper soufflé cases. Though the fish are to be cooked in paper bags, in Mr. Soyer's cases make the cooking somewhat easier, and the serving very much more slightly.

But rissoles or patties require no cases. Fish pudding and fish custard can be cooked and served beautifully in shells of pastry, baked in a mold, then taken out, filled and sold into a paper bag. All the dishes require cooked fish, either baked or boiled. You can do either in the paper bag. For boiling, put in with the cleaned fish a tumbler of water, seal the greased bag, and cook in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes. Baking requires less water and about the same time in the oven.

For fish custard, free the cooked fish from all skin and bone, cut up, but not too small, and season to taste with salt and black and red pepper with a grate of nutmeg if desired. Lay without packing in a buttered soufflé case and cover with a custard thus proportioned: Beat two whole eggs and one extra yolk very light, add a pint of sweet milk and a pinch of salt. Beat all well together. Put the case in a bag, which will need but little greasing, seal and set in a very moderate oven for half an hour. Make a peep hole, look in and if the custard is not firmly set, cook until it is. Serve very hot, garnished with curled parsley.

Begin fish rissoles and patties by making good puff paste. While it gets properly cold, flake fine a pint of fish, freeing it of bone and skin. Season with butter, salt and pepper to taste and a very little finely minced onion. Roll the paste rather thin and cut out circles with a saucer. Put a spoonful of minced fish on half of each circle, fold over, pinch tight, brush over with beaten egg, then put in a bag with a lump of butter and cook in a very hot oven for eight minutes.

For patties bake the pastry into fish shells, fill them with the minced fish, sprinkle on top grated cheese, slip in a bag and cook ten minutes in a moderate oven. These are not quite so rich as the rissoles which are in effect fried in the bag.

Fish timbale requires two cups of cold fish, chopped fine or ground, one cup of cream sauce, a tablespoon of butter, two fresh eggs, a little minced parsley, and salt and pepper—both kinds—to taste. Mix the fish well with the sauce, beat in the butter, then add the eggs beaten very light, and mix all thoroughly. Put into a buttered soufflé case, slip inside a bag, and cook in a very moderate oven half an hour.

For fish pudding take a pint of boiled fish, grind it fine, add to it one and a half tablespoons of butter, half a tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, and the same of onion juice. Mix all well and set in hot water while you beat two eggs very light with half a cup of sweet milk. Pour the mixture on the fish and beat hard, keeping it over the hot

water. When it is hot through, pour it into the prepared bag, keeping the shape as round as possible, tie the bag-top together firmly, and set on a trivet, in a moderate oven for half an hour. This should set it firmly. Planked fish is not beyond the paper bag. Get a half-inch oak plank cut to a size to go easily inside a big bag. Make it very hot under the gas flame, butter it well, then lay on it the fish, cleaned, seasoned, buttered all over, and spread as flat as possible. Slip into a greased bag and cook for half to three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven. There should be a trivet under the bag the same as if it held no plank. Make a peep hole to find out if the fish is well done—it had better be nearly in the middle.

DINNER FOR WEEK-END GUEST.

To show you still further what is possible with paper bag cooking, I am giving the menu of the latest paper bag cooked dinner that I served to guests. And since all the guests were women, I knew that there was need for me to excel myself. This would make a good menu to serve to the week-end guest.

Menu.
Canteloupe a la Vierge
Roast Quail Sliced Baked Ham
Celery Salted Nuts
Asparagus with Cheese Mushrooms
Spiced Apples Sweet Plum Pickle
Banana Short Cake, Foam Sauce
Claret Punch Assorted Fruit
Black Coffee

The quail were stuffed each with a fat raisin, a pinch of seasoned bread crumbs and a dot of butter, then wrapped in the thinnest possible slices of streaky bacon, tied so it could not slip, and the birds put in a well buttered bag and cooked for twenty-five minutes in an oven at first hot, but moderate throughout the last half of the cooking.

The ham I did not bake in a bag. The salted nuts of course had been bag-cooked.

Asparagus came out of cans, since fresh asparagus is not in season. After the quail were cooking, the asparagus was put, points foremost, in a thickly buttered bag, with a dusting of black pepper and a very little salt, also the strained juice of a large lemon and a lump of sweet butter the size of a walnut. It was cooked twelve minutes in moderate heat, taken up in portions and served on hot plates.

The mushrooms were fine, fat and fresh. It was joy to peel them, to nip off the stalks, wipe them delicately with a damp cloth, sprinkle very lightly with salt and drop in a thickly buttered bag along with a lump of extra butter rolled in salted flour and a gill of real cream. After sealing the bag the contents were cooked twelve minutes in a fairly hot oven.

For the banana short cake I first sliced small ripe banana, very thin, added sugar and lemon juice to them, a bare grate of nutmeg and a tablespoonful of sherry. They stood on ice while I made up the paste. It required half a cup of well-creamed butter, one cup sugar, two well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt, both sifted well through a pint of flour, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. It was mixed as lightly as possible, rolled out less than half an inch thick and cut into rounds about four inches across. These were brushed over with melted butter, laid one on another and baked inside a buttered bag laid flat upon a trivet. The cooking took a little more than twelve minutes. The rounds when they came out were separated, a little butter laid upon the soft top of the bottom one, then the prepared bananas in a thick layer, after which the top was clapped on. The cream sauce was double-flavored. Its foundation was fresh butter creamed with twice its bulk of sugar and softened by heating in gradually half a gill of boiling water. Alternately with the water, there was added hot lemon juice, the beating being fast and furious as it went in. Then a teaspoonful of vanilla was beaten through the white of an egg, until the mixture stirred lightly into the butter and sugar.

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Sweetbread Recipes

By Nicolas Soyer, Chef

Escotop of Sweetbreads: Trim a sweetbread and cut in four pieces. Trim four large mushrooms and tomatoes. Roll the sweetbread in flour and put it between the mushrooms and tomatoes. Butter well your paper bag and arrange the above nicely in the middle. Place one teaspoonful of breadcrumbs on top. Cover with slices of fat bacon or ham cut as desired. Flavor with sweet herbs as desired. Seal bag and put on broiler in hot oven. Allow twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Sweetbread (Fancy Method): Half a small onion, one slice of carrot, a little ham, fat and lean, and a little of the trimmings, all cut in small dice. A small bunch of sweet herbs and thyme, parsley and bay leaves. Put these on the bottom of the paper bag which should be well buttered. Lay your sweetbread, if desired, and

'Brooks' Club, London. around it put three or four mushrooms and two or three tomatoes, skinned and all seed removed. Add a tablespoonful of stock, Madeira or sherry, according to taste. Seal bag. Put on broiler. Allow twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.

If color and thick sauce are desired mix a quarter of a teaspoonful of arrow root with the vegetables and a little burnt sugar coloring. When you open the bag, remove the sweetbread gently. Place on dish. Remove tomatoes, mushrooms, etc., and place around it. Put the whole of the remaining contents of the bag, juice included, in a strainer and press with a wooden spoon in a clean hot basin standing in boiling water. Pour the gravy thus obtained over the sweetbread. (Copyright, 1911, by the Sturgis & Walton Company.)

Must Rely on Education

Human Brotherhood and Universal Peace Will Follow the Elimination of Ignorance.

Let us work for peace—worldwide tranquility and universal brotherhood. But we must remember that our only hope of success lies in the education of the masses to a plane of better thinking. Ignorance is the great source of evil. From creation, through the ages to the present time, we can trace its effects. The battlefields, the surviving ruins of ancient splendor and the weakened remnants of once powerful nations prove it. All the arbitration treaties statesmen can make, all the peace palaces wealth can build will not prevent war, because they do not remove causes that produce conflicts. So long as covetousness and race prejudices dominate men's actions, so long as selfishness overrules their better nature, so long will war and unnecessary suffering scourge humanity. The ignorance that finds expression in such terms as Hunkey,

Dago, Nigger, Chink and the like is not a part of civilization and progress. Love of destruction is the principle that characterizes the sportsman. It is an evil inherited from savagery and should find no place in advanced ethics. All of these detriments to progress must be swept away by means of adequate education before the human race can develop sufficient moral strength to adopt peace as a permanent possession.—Pennsylvania Grit.

is a Baby Baggage? The baggage clerk at the Grand Central depot in Cincinnati was taken by surprise the other day when a woman asked him for a check and, after grabbing it from him, shoved her baby across the counter. The clerk recovered, put the baby in a chair and went on about his business. An hour later the lady returned, handed in her check, paid the ten cents and got her baby back.

SCENES IN EUROPE

Many American Tourists Visit Switzerland.

Land of Inimitable Lakes and Peaks and Mountains—Federal National Exhibition to Be Held at Berne in 1904.

Berne, Switzerland.—All roads lead to Switzerland and to the border land between Switzerland and other countries where there are mountains and lakes and invigorating and curative springs and baths. The lakes of Killarney are fine and the mountains and passes picturesque. The Welsh mountains are not to be ignored. The English lake country, with its Windermere, Grassmere, Thirlmere, Rydal water, Derwentwater, is entrancing. Scotland, its mountains and lakes in literature and in fact historic, poetic, tragic, with their chain of castles from Glasgow to Edinburgh, the latter one of the most fascinating of cities, all invite the tourist's eye, but there is only one Switzerland, or, rather one Alpine land, for the lakes and the Alps were so greatly insistent that they could not confine themselves to the country of the Swiss, but lapped over into Germany and Austria and Italy, and eastern France has the Jura mountains which are ambitious foothills of the highest of the Alps.

For those who make stops at London and Paris perhaps the best route to Switzerland is to take a car at the Lyons station in Paris, whirl through the great Burgundy and Chablais and Champagne country and land at Geneva. It is best to travel by day, as the landscape is worth the seeing and arriving at Geneva in the evening will, if one be wise, take hotel rooms fronting on Geneva Lake, or Lac Leman, to give it the French name, and from a window or portico the early sun will make such a spectacle of Mont Blanc, the monarch of peaks, as can be seen at no other time or place. Then there is a trip by steamer to Lausanne, to Chillon with its old castle, immortalized in history and by Byron in his "Prisoner of Chillon."

It is a fascinating ride through Lausanne and other towns and over the Bernese Oberland to Berne, the quaint capital of this country of quaint



St. Gothard's Pass.

people; town of the Bear Pit, always with a supply of bears, or Berne, and all of the bears the pets of all Berne; town of the most grotesque street fountains in the world, and town of other things too many to mention. The grand national exhibition of Switzerland, which will take place in 1914 at Berne, the capital of the Swiss federal government, will no doubt form one of the chief events of Europe, and it may therefore be interesting to become acquainted with some of the principal features of Berne.

There are but few capitals in the world which despite their numerous links with modern international life have been able to preserve their characteristic peculiarities so well as Berne, which among the more important Swiss towns may be called the most Swiss. This may be said both from the point of architecture as well as the character of the population.

There are two powerful towers with massive gates dividing the old part of the town, one of which, the Clock-Tower, contains the famous clock, a unique work of great mechanical skill, which no visitor to Berne will fail to see and watch at midday.

On all sides and walks around Lac Leman; all the way to Berne, one has views, sometimes only glimpses of famous mountains. On the lake the great Dent du Midi, ever snow-covered, is constantly in view, and Mont Blanc, sixty miles away, at Aimes. On the rail trip one occasionally glimpses the crest of Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, Matterhorn, Wetterhorn.

Seventy-one Years as Nurse. London.—An exceptional example of long and faithful domestic service is revealed by the granting of probate by the will of Miss Ann Ansell of Weybridge, Surrey, who died last February at the age of 87. Miss Ansell, who left £1,000, had only one "place" throughout her whole lifetime. At the age of 16 she entered the service of the family of the late Sir Prescott Hewett, and she remained in the same family, as nurse and faithful friend, for 71 years.

Eagle Swoops Down on Negro Boy. Concord, N. J.—A big eagle swooped down on Ed Parks, a negro boy, and would have carried him away if he had not been so heavy. The boy screamed for help but when his father saw the eagle he fled. The boy got a struggle hold on the bird, swooped him, and carried him home. The talons had to be pried from his feet.

THE FLOURISHING BIRCH

One valuable forest tree at least is withstanding the inroads of ax and fire. This is the white birch, sometimes called the paper birch or canoe birch, since it furnished the Indians the material for their famous canoes. The opinion has been ventured by the forest service that more white birch is now growing in the United States than was the case two hundred years ago. It spreads rapidly over spaces

left bare by forest fires, but it is a short-lived tree and does not prosper where it has to compete with other trees for light and soil. No other wood as hard as birch can be worked with so little galling of the tools and with so little waste of material. Its quality, with its handsome color and its failure to warp after seasoning, makes it much used in the manufacture of various novelties. Practically all spoons are made of

birch, and in Maine alone, which is the chief seat of this industry, some eight hundred million spoons are turned out each year.

How Fish Are Marked and Studied.

It seemed a hopeless business to mark a plaice, put it back into the sea, and expect ever to see it again. But out of 1,463 plaice marked and liberated 287 were recaptured within a year. The fish are marked by means of a numbered metal disk, secured by silver wire, which does not derange

the fish in any way. The fishermen all around our coasts know all about this, and receive 2s. for each marked fish captured. The fishermen display the greatest enthusiasm in capturing these fish, and in noting in what conditions of time, place, depth, etc., they are taken.

In this way the association can follow the growth of plaice and note their habits in many ways. One fish, for instance, was found to have traveled 175 miles in three months and another 230 sea miles in eight months.