Perhaps Four Chief Qualities Among the English-Speaking Peoples

By SIDNEY BALDWIN, British Premier.

THE common civilization which we all inherited is that old civilization of western Europe, which for seventeen centuries has been built up through the blood and tears of generations of men, of saints and soldiers, kings and statesmen, and we are seeing that civilization cracking today. The whole world, consciously or unconsciously, not vocally, none the less in reality, is looking for salvation from the subject of this toast, "The British Empire and the United States."

There may perhaps be four chief qualities, persistent, consistent, among the English-speaking people. They have alike, from long inheritance, an innate sense of justice. Secondly, there is that real democratic feeling of valuing a man for what he is. There is, thirdly, that sense of political freedom, neither degenerated on the one side to license nor on the other hand retrograding into tyranny. Lastly, there is the love of spiritual freedom, a belief that men in the English speaking races can worship in their own form and their own manner.

I believe in those four things you have the fundamental principles that guide all our people alike. You have that consistent product of the stock which gives us, in my belief, that strength of character that gives people a feeling that we can be trusted, that we are a support of serving to the world.

It always seems to me that what is true of individuals is true to a great extent of nations and groups of nations. I believe that in the true course of progress we shall, all of us—the nations in our empire and the United States—in our several ways, each pursuing our own development to the uttermost of our power, come to unite wherever justice calls us throughout the world and wherever there is peace to be insured.

If there is building up to do in the world it is we in the long run who will have to do that building, and whether the time is come now, or whether it is in the future, let every one of us here cherish at least that ideal in the firm conviction that sooner or later opportunity will be given to us for its realization. But for the men who have to lay their hands to that task they will want the courage of a Pitt and the faith of a Lincoln.

Public Schools Need Opportunity to Catch Up With the Demand Upon Them

By SUPT. H. S. WEET, Rochester, N. Y.

The greatest need of our public school systems today is an opportunity to catch up with the demands that have been made upon them in recent years. Increased and enforced compulsory education laws have properly brought to the schools not only the problems of educating the normal child under the changed social and industrial conditions of the last quarter of a century, but the most baffling problem of making socially minded, and to some extent trained, almost every conceivable kind of special case problem that the community affords. Awaking to the fact that the immigrant could not, in safety to us, be allowed to come and shift for himself, the community has brought to the public schools its great, and even yet inadequate program for immigrant education.

The community demands for vocational education of varying kinds; for wiping out illiteracy in the country; for preventing the weakened man power due to the ill-health conditions revealed by the war, and for guaranteeing all the quality characters that the church, the home and every other agency were ever supposed to guarantee, are too well known to require more than this brief reference.

The simple fact is that the public schools have been required to make up the deficiencies, avoidable or otherwise, of private agencies in the community, vastly more rapidly than they have been supplied with facilities for doing the work.

We Are Getting to Know That Man Is a Trinity of Soul, Mind and Body

By REV. EDWARD COSBEY, St. Mark's-on-the-Bowerie.

The establishment of a "health center" at the Church of St. Mark's—in the Bouwerie, New York, is an answer to the assertion that religion and science are irretrievably at odds. There is no conflict between the two. The plan adopted constitutes a complete co-operation between men specially trained as clergymen and specialists in medicine and psychiatry. And if there is one thing against which this attempt is directed it is against quackery of every sort.

We believe that no man who has seen both medicine and religion will deny there are thousands of cases where both are needed to work for a cure. There can be no patience with a person who relies on prayer alone to mend a broken leg. And there ought to be just as little patience with the person who relies on medicine alone for the cure of dipsomania.

More and more we are getting to know that man is a trinity of soul, mind and body; that one of these cannot be treated for defects without reference to the other two. Yet each field is so deep and absorbing that it has a tendency to create its own exclusive specialists. We hope that St. Mark's will be made a meeting ground and clearing house for this specialized knowledge.

Every Lawyer Owes a Duty as a Citizen to Both the Judge and Public

By CHIEF JUSTICE F. E. THOMPSON, Illinois Supreme Court.

There are constantly pending before our courts of last resort cases the decision of which intimately and profoundly concerns the lives and welfare of thousands of men and women, and such cases demand not only the time, but the energy and ability of the judges. No judge with that sense of responsibility and duty to his state which every Supreme court judge may be assumed to have would participate in deciding such important cases without making an exhaustive examination of the facts and the law, and men carrying such responsibility should not be harassed and annoyed by the investigation of trifling and unimportant cases.

The people are entitled to have their time and strength reserved and conserved for use in the investigation and decision of questions of public interest and importance which are constantly being presented to them.

Every lawyer therefore owes a duty not alone to the judge, but to the public, to ask himself candidly as a citizen rather than as an advocate whether a case which he proposes to carry to the courts of review is of sufficient general importance to justify his imposing the labor of an examination of it upon the court organized primarily to deal with matters of general public interest.

Sidney Baldwin, British Premier.—I feel very much like a small insect under a microscope. Everything that I do or think or say is laid bare. I notice lately that certain persevering papers have succeeded in dragging from obscurity my father's coachman and my old nurse. I am thankful to say that the revelations they have succeeded in dragging from them are such as not to blast my career yet.

Christian X, King of Denmark.—With all the conscription in the world and the most intelligent training you can't make men fight as your American men did—it needs a sporting disposition—yours is a nation of sporting blood—that is why you made good so soon.

Vale of Kashmir

Palace of the Maharajah of Kashmir.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

The Vale of Kashmir has become so famous as a name suggesting superb scenic beauty and delightful atmosphere that it is known to all the world—as an epithet. But few of the world's densely populated beauty spots have been so effectually isolated by nature's barriers; and not nearly so many Westerners have taken the somewhat strenuous journey into "the Happy Valley." India's ideal summer resort, as have traveled to the summer capital of India, Simla, which may be reached after the approved western fashion by rail.

Kashmir, unlike most of the other Indian summer stations, is not on the southern slope of the Himalayas. It is actually among those towering mountains, and behind a portion of them. In back of the barrier range, passage of which, because of peculiar geological conditions is unusually difficult, the great mountain masses opened up, so to speak, to form the celebrated Vale. This is a great level valley, its floor a mile above the sea, 84 miles long and 2 broad, with fertile soil, abundant water, most of the products of the temperate zone in profusion, the whole surrounded by a majestic wall of towering, snow-mantled mountains.

To the visitor the Vale can hardly fail to bring thoughts of the legendary valleys of the Arabian Nights in which one could go only by the wings o fa roc. Not many decades ago the Vale was almost as safe from casual intrusion, and even now that British engineering skill has been brought into play in road construction, the 200 mile journey from the nearest railroad station at Rowalpindi, over the outer Himalayas, is far from being an easy jaunt. The geologic energies of the present seem in league with the mountain-building forces of the past to preserve something of the Happy Valley's seclusion. The road is constructed over much of its extent through a loose conglomerate formation, and hardly a rain occurs which does not cause isolated bowlders or great masses of stone and earth to fall to the highway. The toll of life on this evanescent road is steady, and squads of laborers must ever be kept busy opening the way afresh. The road, superseding the old trails, was the fruit of British nervousness at the steady southward advance of Russia in generation ago. By 1885 the Russians had pushed through Turkestan and the Pamir to the northern border of Kashmir, and the British felt the need of a highway over which their troops could move for the defense of this Kashmir boundary. In the face of most serious difficulties the road was pushed forward in two years.

Srinagar an Oriental Venice.

It is a distinct surprise to the visitor to discover in this valley far inland, a mile high, and in the heart of the mountains, a city that is a Venice of the East. Such is Srinagar, capital of Kashmir and the greatest city of the valley and the state. The Jhelum river, fed by icy springs from the Himalayas, winds through the Vale spreading out in several places to form beautiful lakes. The "main street" of Srinagar is the river and facing it is the palace of the maharaja, government buildings, and the dwellings of the prosperous and humble townsfolk as well. Some 15,000 people live in boats on the river and the numerous canals that intersect it, and most of the traffic is carried on by water.

If one is to spend some time in Srinagar he rents not a house, but a house-boat. Such a dwelling comes "equipped" with the necessary oarsmen, the complete bill of marriage by renting a kitchen boat manned by cooks. Thus provided for, the visitor may live a lazy enjoyable life, moving his abode from one beautiful setting to another, with his breakfast, lunch or dinner in the making, trailing along behind.

Unfortunately the beauty of their surroundings does not seem to have inspired the Kashmiri to attempt to protect that quality and cleanliness in themselves. Many of the people are as dirty and ill-kempt as those in the ugliest slums of the East. In fact Srinagar, away from its river highway, is all too slumlike itself with narrow, dirty, odorous streets hemmed in by houses devoid of sanitary facilities. And as in all Eastern cities, there are swarms of beggars.

Kashmir's beauties do seem to have inspired art and trades that are esthetic. The most famous of its artistic products were the superfine cashmere shawls that were the last word in clothing accessories to the smartly dressed women of the West two generations op more ago.

Back in the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, when that temporarily devoted husband was looking for rare gifts to please the fancy of his charming and gracious wife, he bought one of the most beautiful of the shawls for her, and from that time on the Kashmir shawls ran a long and brilliant course at the court of fickle fashion and Srinagar developed an industry which kept the shuttle flying through 10,000 looms in the state.

Beautiful Shawl Patterns.

About the same time American whalers and sailing vessels that were plowing the Pacific, exploring, naming and renaming islands in the South seas, made their way into the ports of India in order that the women waiting at home for the welcome sign of a sail might add to their collections of treasure one of those prized light wraps which have become renowned for the glowing harmony, depth and enduring qualities of its brilliant colors.

One of the most beautiful of the elaborate designs was the "cone" pattern; another general favorite being the "ring" shawl, which, though not at all transparent, is so soft that it can easily be drawn through a finger ring. Fortunate indeed was the woman who happened to possess one laden with the delicate embroidery which made them so handsome and so costly.

The production of shawls in Kashmir, however, has fallen off within the last 25 or 30 years and is almost non-existent today. The Franco-Prussian war sealed their doom, and the famine in India during 1877-78 played havoc among the users. It is said that if it were not for the fact that according to the treaty between the state of Kashmir and the British government six pairs of shawls of fine quality must be paid yearly, probably even the knowledge of the art itself would die out among the natives, though it has been practiced since the days of Emperor Baber, the first of the Great Moguls, who ruled India in the early part of the Sixteenth century. In those days and for centuries afterward the beautiful shawl woven and embroidered by the Kashmiri maiden was the chief object in the dowry she brought her husband.

The queer part of the story is that these exotic things are not made of wool of sheep, nor do all the animals live in Kashmir. In our every-day parlance, the word cashmere is incorrectly applied to material made from the finest grade of the wool of merino sheep raised in Spain, but the real product is made from the soft, very fine hair or undercoat of the shawl-goat which lives for the most part in the mountainous regions of Tibet. There are several varieties of this so-called wool, but on the finest of it the maharaja of Kashmir has a monopoly.

Transportation a Drawback.

In addition to shawl-weaving the Kashmiri have long been famous for gold and other metal work, embroidery, and for the production of that most concentrated and costly of perfumes, attar, from the roses that grow in such profusion in this fortunate valley.

Since artistic products are usually of great value in small bulk, no doubt the economics of Kashmir's transportation problem have helped to turn the energies of the country into such manufactures. In the slow-moving bullock carts the trip of freight into or out of Kashmir to the nearest railroad requires close to 15 days, while even the carrying of the mail in faster conveyances usually requires three days. The difficulties and slowness of transportation adds perhaps $25 a ton to the cost of the products moved. But for this transportation problem Kashmir might supply all India with the fruits of the temperate zone. Since there is no reasonable outlet for fruits and vegetables, and since only a limited number of tourists enters Kashmir, living there is surprisingly cheap. Labor, too, is cheap; and the absence of motorboats in this aquatic paradise is ascribed by economists to the fact that the labor of five oarsmen for a day is less costly than one gallon of the meager supply of gasoline that finds its way into the country.

Seneca on Scipio's Bath

So long ago as the days of Seneca it was the practice of one age to criticize the bathing habits of its predecessors. Seneca, in one of his letters, describes a visit which he paid to a villa which had formerly belonged to the great Scipio; he waxes sentimental over the primitive bathing accommodations which he found there as compared with the luxury of his own age, says the Detroit News. Scipio's bath-room was dingy and dark, with plaster walls instead of marble; the water could be warmed, but there were no facilities for boiling oneself as in the days of Nero, nor was the water filtered; and indeed, says Seneca, when the streams were flooded, Scipio must have bathed in mud.

Active Volcanoes, 270.

Between six hundred and seven hundred volcanoes have been counted in various parts of the world, and of these 270 are on the active list.

CAPTAINS OF ADVENTURE

By ROGER POCOCK

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DANIEL BOONE
A. D. 1776

As a matter of unnatural history the British lion is usually and truly a Honess with a large and respectable family. When only a cub she sharpened her teeth on Spain, in her youth crushed Holland, and in her prime fought France, wresting from each in turn the command of the sea.

She was nearing her full strength when France with a chain of forts along the Saint Lawrence and the Mississippi attempted to strangle the thirteen British cubs in America. By the storming of Quebec the lion smashed that chain; but the long and world-wide wars with France had bled her dry, and, unless she could keep the sea her cubs were doomed, so bluntly she told them they must help.

The cubs had troubles of their own and could not help. Theirs was the legal, hers the moral right, but both sides fell in the wrong when they lost their tempers. Since then the mother has reared her second litter with some of that gentleness which comes of sorrow.

So far the French in Canada were not settlers so much as gay adventurers for the Christ, or for beaver skins, living among the Indians, or in a holiday mood leading the tribes against the surly British.

Among the hard fierce colonists a very few loved nature and in childhood took to the wilds. Such was the son of a tame Devon Quaker, young Daniel Boone, a natural marksman, axman, bushman, tracker and scout of the backwoods who grew to be a freckled ruddy man, gaunt as a wolf, and with a smile as grim from his hard training in the Indian wars.

When first he crossed the mountains on the old warrior trail into Kentucky, hunting and trapping paid well in that paradise of noble timber and white clover meadows. The country swarmed with game, a merry hunting ground and battlefield of rival Indian tribes.

There Boone and his wife's brother Stuart were captured by Shawnees, who forced the prisoners to lead the way to their camp where the other four hunters were taken. The Indians took their horses, rifles, powder, traps and furs, all lawful plunder, but gave them food to carry them to the settlements with a warning for the whites that trespassers would be prosecuted. That was enough for four of the white hunters, but Boone and Stuart tracked the Indians and stole back some of their plunder, only to be trailed in their turn and recaptured.

The Shawnees were annoyed, and would have taken their trespassers home to be burned alive, but for Boone's queer charm of manner which won their liking, and his ghostlike vanishing with Stuart into the cane brakes. The white men got away with rifles, bullets and powder, and they were wise enough not to be caught again.

At the moment when the big colonial hive began to swarm Boone led a party of thirty frontiersmen to cut a pack trail over the mountains into the plains of Kentucky. That wilderness trail—some two hundred miles of mud-holes, rocks and stumps—opened the way for settlement in Kentucky, a dark and bloody ground, for white invaders.

At a cost of two or three scalps Boone's party reached this land, to build a stockaded village named for the leader, Boonesborough, and afterward he was very proud that his wife and daughters were the first women to brave the perils of that new settlement.

Under a giant elm the settlers, being British, had church and parliament, but only on one Sunday did the parson pray for King George before the news came that congress needed prayers for the new republic at war with the motherland.

Far to the northwest of Kentucky the forts of Illinois were held by a British officer named Hamilton. He had with him a handful of American Tories loyal to the king, some newly conquered French Canadians not much in love with British government, and savage Indian tribes. All these he sent to strike the revolting colonies in their rear, but the whole brunt of the horror fell upon poor Kentucky. The settlements were wrecked, the log cabins burned, and the Indians got out of hand, committing crimes; but the settlers held four forts and cursed King George through seven years of war.

It was in a lull of this long storm that Boone led a force of thirty men to get salt from the salt-licks frequented by the buffalo and deer, on the banks of Licking river. One day while he was scouting ten miles from camp, and had just loaded his horse with meat to feed his men, he was caught, in a snowstorm, by four Shawnees. They led him to their camp where some of the hundred warriors had helped to capture Boone eight years before. These, with much ceremony and mock politeness, introduced him to two American Tories, a brace of French Canadians, and their Shawnee chiefs. Then Boone found out that this war party was marching on Fort Boonesborough where lived his own wife and children and many women, but scarcely any men. But knowing the ways of the redskins Boone saw that if he let them capture his own men in camp at the salt-licks they would go home without attacking Boonesborough.

A council followed at which fifty picked Indians voted to burn these Americans at the stake against sixty-one who preferred to sell them to Hamilton as prisoners of war. Saved by two votes, they marched on a winter journey dreadful to the Indians as well as to the prisoners; but all shared alike when dogs and horses had to be killed for food. Moreover the savages became so fond of Boone that they resolved to make an Indian of him. Not wanting to be an Indian he bargained for his release with Hamilton in the Hair Buyer, promising things advantageous to the latter, but when the British officer offered a hundred pounds for this one captive it was not enough for these loving savages. They took Boone home, pulled out his hair, leaving only a fine scalp-lock adorned with feathers, painted him in the river to wash all his white blood out, painted him, and named him Big Turtle. As the adopted son of the chief, Black Fish, Boone pretended to be happy, and in four months had become a popular chief, rather closely watched, but allowed to go out hunting. Then a large Indian force assembled to march against Fort Boonesborough.

Boone easily got leave to go out hunting, and a whole day passed before his flight was known. Doubling on his course, setting blind trails, wading along the streams to hide his tracks, sleeping in thickets or in hollow logs, starving because he dared not fire a gun to get food, his clothes in rags, his feet bloody, he made his way across country, and on the fifth day staggered into Fort Boonesborough.

The enemy were long on the way. There was time to send riders for succor and scouts to watch, to repair the fort, even to raid the Shawnee country before the invaders arrived—one hundred Canadians and four hundred Indians, while Boone's garrison numbered fifty men and boys, with twenty-five brave women.

Very solemn was Boone, full of negotiations, gabling day after day with talk, waiting in a fever for expected succor from the colonies. Nine commissioners on either side were to sign the treaty, but the Indians—for good measure—sent eighteen envoys to clasp the hands of their pale faced brothers, and drag them into the bush for execution. The white commissioners broke loose, gained the fort, slammed the gates and fired from ramparts.

Long, bitter and vindictive was the siege. A pretended retreat failed to lure Boone's men into ambush. The Indians dug a mine under the walls, but threw the dirt from the tunnel into the river where a streak of muddy water gave their game away. Torches were thrown on the roofs, but women put out the flames. When at last the siege was raised and the Indians retreated, twenty-four hours lapsed before the famished garrison dared to throw open their gates.

In these days a Kentucky force, led by the hero George Rogers Clark, captured the French forts on the Illinois, won over their garrisons, and marched on the fortress of Vincennes through flooded lands, up to their necks in water, starving, half drowned. They captured the wicked Hamilton and led him away in chains.

Toward the end of the war once more a British force of Frenchmen and Indians raided Kentucky, besieging Logan's fort, and but for the valor of the women, that sorely stricken garrison would have perished.

With the reliefs to the rescue rode Daniel Boone and his son Israel, they aged twenty-three. At sight of reinforcements the enemy bolted, hotly pursued to the banks of Licking river. Boone implored the people not to cross into the certainty of an ambush, but the Kentuckians took no notice, charging through the river and up a ridge between two bushed ravines.

From both flanks the Wyandots charged with tomahawks, while the Shawnees raked the horsemen with a galling fire, and there was pitiless hewing down of the broken flying settlers. Last in that flight came Boone, bearing in his arms his mortally wounded son, overtaken, cut off, almost surrounded before he struck off from the path, leaping from rock to rock. As he swam the river Israel died, but the father carried his body on into the shelter of the forest.

With the ending of the war of the Revolution, the United States spread gradually westward, and to the close of his long life old Daniel Boone was ever at the front of their advance, taking his rest at last beyond the Mississippi. Today his patient and heroic spirit inspires all boys leads every frontiersman, commands the pioneers upon the warrior trails, the ax-hewn paths, the wilderness roads of marching empire.

New Skirt Has Camisole Top.

Quite a new type of skirt has made a successful appearance, the skirt with the camisole top. It is made generally of plaited material, such as canton crepe or satin. The skirt is attached to a perfectly straight camisole, and a blouse or sweater in pretty contrast or to match completes a smart and comfortable costume.

Flowers for Hats.

Flower trimmed hats are proving rivals of those trimmed with ribbon.

For the Collar Sets.

Cream georgette is being used quite as much as white organdie, for the little collar and cuff sets now so much in vogue. Even with gray or black the cuffs and collar are likely to be a deep cream tint, often emphasized by a tiny black velvet bow with long ends.

Bead Chokers.

Bead chokers, that is, close-fitting necklaces of large beads, are very stylish, particularly when worn with a long strand of smaller beads.

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Those who enjoy bathing at Bailey's beach, Rye beach, Manhattan beach, Coney Island or any other place where would possible proclaim that their own favorite was superior to all others and dilate on its qualities and attractions. They would, however, be at a loss to produce evidence of a convenience such as is made use of by the 15 or 16 youngsters who enjoy a daily bath in Madison square.

These youngsters, all boys, take their bath fully attired—the possibility of the arrival of an unfriendly cop has to be at all times considered and the means of a hasty retreat provided—and so when they are finished their clothes hang in dripping folds around them, says the New York Sun and Globe.

This would be a decided discomfort but the Madison square bathers are well taken care of. They make immediate tracks for a large grating in the sidewalk at Broadway and Twenty-second street from which emerges a warm drying breeze contained by cooling air other odors. Over this they stand and in a short while they are completely dried.

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