RUSSIAN IMPERIAL HUNT

WOLF HOUNDS

WHEN it happened to be my good fortune to be the guest for a fortnight of Prince Golitzine, the Master of the Russian Imperial Hunt, I knew that I had an interesting time before me. Leaving the Warsaw station in St. Petersburg, a three-quarters of an hour's run sufficed to cover the distance to Gatchina, some thirty odd miles, where are situated the imperial kennels. Gatchina, it may be mentioned, is a garrison town, adjoining which is the magnificent park in which are situated the prince's hunting box, the kennels and a fine set of buildings housing the hunt staff. Without doubt the most interesting feature of the kennels is the magnificent pack of wolfhounds, more commonly known in England as Borzois writes a correspondent of Country Life. It is doubtful if anywhere in the world so large and fine a collection exists, there being all told some sixty couple; in addition also are twenty couple of English foxhounds, not used in their normal capacity, but in connection with the hunting of the wolf. Besides these are to be found eight couple of very handsome bearhounds, massive animals of a breed which is rapidly becoming extinct. Within a few hundred yards of the kennels are to be found the stables, in which are kept about one hundred horses used both for riding purposes and for the troika.

Big Bison Preserves.

One of the most interesting and unique features, however, in connection with the hunt is the bison preserves, one of the very few in existence and probably the finest, since the animals thrive so much in their natural surroundings that they breed freely, and thus maintain their numbers and high standard. The preserve contains over a hundred of these fine animals.

What strikes the visitor to Russia in the hugeness of everything. The statues, the streets and the spaces all are vast. Then most other undertakings are carried out in a big way, and a pheasant shoot is no exception to this. It is nothing out of the ordinary for forty to fifty sleighs to be in commission to convey guns and beaters from point to point. It should be mentioned that the distances from one beat to another on the royal preserves are often very great. The average bag on a royal shoot may number anywhere between fifteen hundred and two thousand cocks, the hens are never shot. The imperial pheasant shoot is most picturesque, the costumes and cries of the beaters making it particularly unique.

The Wolf Hunt.

The royal estate is well stocked with hares, mostly imported from Ireland. At the same time, they assume a white coat in the winter, as do their native brethren. Both foxes and lynx are to be occasionally found in these parts, and are much prized when bagged, but they are gradually becoming scarcer, and to hunt them with any certainty of sport means traveling into wilder and more rugged portions of the country. The same also may be said of the wolf, and to hunt him now means a considerable journey from the kennels. Some years ago these hunts were carried out on a magnificent scale, special trains being chartered for the convenience of the huge army of guests, beaters and keepers. Most of these big trips have, however, been dropped since the revolution in 1905. The method adopted to hunt the wolf is interesting. The hunt takes place only in the winter months. After the place where the animal is lying up has been located by his tracks that part of the forest is "ringed" off and preparations made. The field remain mounted in the vicinity, most of them holding three Borzoi hounds apiece in the slips. Foxhounds are now thrown into the forest to make him break covert, and then is to be heard a medley of sounds and cries strange to the English ear. At last a rustle is heard, and as the wolf breaks covers the three Borzois most conveniently placed are slipped on to him. After this follows an exciting rough and tumble gallop for the field. Should the quarry to be able to stay for two miles, he will probably have shaken off the Borvois by that time. In most instances, however, they pull him down, and although unable to hold him, can make some little impression on his tough skin. On the arrival of the first horseman he is dispatched or, as is more often done nowadays, he is tied up and muzzled. Then he is carted away and, after being on view for two or three days, is once more released.

Generally speaking, an old wolf can beat hounds on equal terms in most instances, so on some occasions slightly different tactics are adopted. the field sitting in their troika sleighs in which the Borzois are concealed at various points around the forest. As soon as he breaks covert the troikas start off, chasing him over the snow perhaps for as many as twenty miles before showing signs of distress, then at the right moment hounds will be slipped on to him from the troika. By these methods, of course, the hound is given a great advantage. Prince Golitzine relates how on one occasion, after hunting an old warrior for thirty miles apparently half-dead and with bleeding mouth and drooping ears he took a new lease of life and managed to outdo three freshly-slipped hounds. This gives some idea of the marvelous staying power of the wolf.

It may be mentioned that in Russia the fox and the lynx are both shot, first of all being ringed in the same manner as the wolf, and it is a curious sight to see the beaters in their grey overcoats lined with sheepskin and wearing snow-shoes if the snow lies deep. The guns take up their positions at about eighty yards apart, each placed behind a white screen, matching the snow as nearly as possible. As soon as all is ready the shooting begins and the hunt is started. The gun that secures a fox or lynx on such a beat may consider himself lucky. Elk and bear are sometimes found in this district, though they are now becoming very scarce.

In connection with the hunt and in an adjoining park are to be found wapiti, red and roe deer. The czar, as is well known, is a lover of all kinds of sport. Duties of state, however, allow him comparatively few opportunities. Of one kind of sport he is particularly fond, and that is of shooting the capercailzie in the spring.

Gotham Is Interested.

A wealthy woman of Chicago announces an intention to adopt and to raise in one houshold as an equal family 15 children chosen from as many races. Negroes, Arabs, Chinese, Semites, Malays, are to be included, as well as members of the various Aryan peoples. It is the expectation of the foster mother that they will grow up as brothers and sisters and that she will have an impartial love for them all.

As the Chicago family is designed to test the effect of environment in shaping the characters of children of different races, it is to be regretted it cannot be tried out under better conditions than are now possible. The foster mother may teach equality in the home, but when the young playmates go out upon the streets and to the public schools, how will it fare with the home teaching against the almost universal prejudices of those they will meet there?—New York World.

His Acting.

Walker Whiteside, in his barnstorming days heralded as "the only actor who ever played Hamlet at Hamlet's age," has in late years come into his own, and those who once laughed at his presumption now bow to his artistry, so it can do no harm to recall an old Eugene Field pun at his expense.

When Field was on the staff of the Denver Times young Whiteside passed that way on one of his boy Hamlet tours, and the gentle humorist wrote of him: "Mr. Walker Whiteside acted 'Hamlet' at the Tabor Grand last night. He acted till 12 o'clock.

Circles.

"What are 'diplomatic circles?'" asked the girl who was reading the newspaper.

"There are different kinds. One prominent style of diplomatic circle is the conversation which keeps getting around to precisely where it began."

WEDDING DINNER AT RANCH

Pleasant Time for All When Neighbors Brought In the Dishes and Cowboys Served.

Our dinner was a success, but that is not to be wondered at. Every woman for miles around contributed. Of course, we had to borrow dishes, but we couldn't think of seating every one, so we set one table for 24 and had three other long tables, on one of which we placed all the meats, pickles and sauces, on another the vegetables, soup and coffee, and on the third the pie, cake, ice cream and other desserts. We had two big shelves, one above the other, on which were the dishes. The people helped themselves to dishes and neighbors took turns at serving from the tables, so people got what they wanted and hunted themselves a place to sit while they ate.

Two of the cowboys from this ranch waited upon the table at which were the wedding party and some of their friends. Boys from other ranches helped serve and carried coffee, cake and ice cream. The tablecloths were tolerably good linen, and we had ironed them wet so they looked nice. We had white lace paper on the shelves, and we used drawn-work paper napkins. As I said, we borrowed dishes, or, that is, every woman who called herself our neighbor brought whatever she thought we would need. So after every one had eaten, I suggested that they sort out their dishes and wash them, and in that way I was saved all that work. We had everything done and were off to the dance by five o'clock.—Atlanta Monthly.

Intervals Between Meals.

The question as to the length of the interval between meals is an important one, says a physician. And here, in particular, individual requirements enter largely. Some people can go for a considerable time without food and feel better for so doing. Others feel sick and unduly tired if they fast too long. It rests with each one to find out what suits him best.

On general principles, however, if an interval is too short there is a likelihood of a certain amount of food being left over still undigested from the last meal. And this interferes with the work of the stomach.

If, however, the interval is too long the system has become exhausted, and the stomach goes on strike. By the time the meal is taken the supply of gastric fluid has failed. If a long interval between any two meals is unavoidable it is better to take some light food in the meantime. This prevents the sense of exhaustion, and does not hinder the stomach from doing its work when called upon.

God Back at the Judge.

Hawkins, Q. C., a famous pleader of the mid-Victorian era, was engaged before Lord Campbell in a case that arose out of a collision between a brougham and an omnibus. One of the advocates pronounced the word "brougham" as a dissyllable, evidently unaware that the name of the vehicle, like the surname of Lord Brougham, is abbreviated into a monosyllable. After several repetitions the judge grew irritated and exclaimed:

"Brother Hawkins, if you would say 'broom' you would save a syllable and the time of the court."

Counsel took the hint; but bided his time for a retort. Presently the judge began to sum up, and had occasion to speak of the "omnibus."

"My Lord," interrupted the audacious advocate, "if your Lordship would only say 'bus,' you would save two syllables and the time of the court."—William S. Walsh in the Chicago Record-Herald Sunday Magazine.

No Dignity in the Ginger Snap.

"Since list week I munch the lowly ginger snap and kindred small cakes with increased respect," a housekeeper confided to her guest. "What caused me to revise my previous opinion of their importance was an introduction to a man who makes $3,000 a year designing figures for their ornamentation. That raised ginger snaps considerably in my estimation.

"Up to that time I had not noticed that they were ornamented at all; but now that the geometrical designs and birds and animals that beautify the ginger cake of commerce have been pointed out to me, and I have come to realize that every time I eat a cake I am helping to consume $3,000 worth of somebody's artistic talent, I swallow those toothsome morsels with awesome appreciation."

Digestible Banana.

The person who said the banana is "an indigestible and injurious fruit" did not know what he was talking about. It may be that there are people with whom bananas do not agree, but to the vast majority of people they are wholesome and delightful. You do not need to be informed that the banana is the mainstay of hundreds of millions of human beings, and they not only enjoy their great food staple, but get along on it splendidly, keeping well and strong and happy. The banana is one of the greatest blessings of nature's providence.

Steadiness Personified.

Mike Reagan applied to Mrs. Stone for position as chauffeur, and gave the name of a friend as reference.

Mrs. Stone sought the friend and asked:

"Mr. Brady, your neighbor, Michael Reagan, has applied to me for a place as chauffeur. Is he a steady man?"

"Steady!" cried Brady. "Indade, mum! If he was anny steadier he'd be dead."

BARNABY LOST MATCH

PERSUASIVE STRANGER WENT AWAY WITH NEW HAT.

And the Loser Is Firmly Convinced That the Aforesaid Stranger Had No Real Regard for the Strict Truth.

Barnaby bought a new hat and paid $2.50 for it. It was a black derby, size 7⅛, and although it was not a particularly fine hat, it was becoming, and Barnaby expected to get a good deal of wear out of it.

Two days later he lost it. The wind blew it away just as the car on which Barnaby was homeward bound passed a downtown street. Barnaby was riding on the rear platform. He jumped off the car, and gave chase with surprising agility. The wind, however, was brisker than he, and he ran half a block, with the hat now out of sight, now in, before catching up with it.

Finally he came within reaching distance and stopped to grab the rolling derby, but before he could lay hands on it another man ran up from the opposite direction and caught it. The other man also was bareheaded.

"By Jove," he said, breathlessly, "if that wasn't a stiff chase."

"It certainly was," Barnaby assented. "I'm much obliged to you for running out and stopping the hat for me."

The other man stepped back and clapped the derby on his own head.

"Well," he said, "if you haven't got nerve. I didn't stop it for you; I stopped it for myself. The hat is mine."

Barnaby followed him up threateningly.

"Now, see here," he growled, "I am not in a mood for any fooling. I want my hat."

"But it isn't yours," the other man persisted.

"It is mine," said Barnaby. "It blew off my head from one of those cars."

The other man kept his temper admirably.

"My dear sir," he said, "I am sorry to contradict you, but I can prove that it blew off my head just as I came out of that building around the corner."

"Impossible," said Barnaby. "It is mine. I paid $2.50 for it."

The cold wind that ruffled Barnaby's uncovered hair did not tend to allay his wrathful fever, and his reply made up in vigor what it lacked in elegance. The other man grew serious.

"Say," he said, "I believe you really do think this hat is yours. Unfortunately, I am as firmly convinced that it is mine, and since one of us has got to give in and go home with his topknot exposed to the elements, let's match pennies to find out which it shall be."

They matched for it, to the infinite satisfaction of several small boys, who had been drawn thither by the noisy argumeat. The other man won the hat.

"I hate like the mischief to see you hang around here bareheaded," he said sympathetically, "but your own hat is surely somewhere in the neighborhood. Perhaps these boys can help you find it."

"Thanks," said Barnaby, "you are very kind. I suppose you are acting on the level, but I could have sworn that hat belonged to me."

A few minutes after the man had gone on they found the other hat. A messenger boy picked it up in a doorway, where it had been lodged by the wind.

Barnaby took the battered headgear and looked it over sorrowfully. It was a very dilapidated hat. The crown was dented and rusty with age, the rim was bent, but the size was 7⅛.

"I guess he lied to you, didn't he, mister?" the boy chuckled.

"It looks that way," said Barnaby.

"But it is one way to get a new hat," the boy pursued.

"It certainly is," said Barnaby.

Couldn't Be Better.

Sir Walter Scott was sitting in his library one day when a tall Highlander, who had been erecting an inn nearby, entered and said:

"May it please you, Sir Walter, I am going to call my place 'The Flodden Inn,' and as ye've written a poem on Flodden Field it struck me and the gude wife that you might gie us a line for a motto."

"Have you read the poem?" Sir Walter asked.

"No, sir; I'm nae a reader."

"Well, I should advise you to read the poem and take a line from it."

"And what'll it be?"

Sir Walter, without a smile, replied, "Drink, weary traveler; drink and pray."

"But," cried the Highlander, aghast, "my inn's no a kirk; and the more prayin' there is the less drinkin' there'll be, and I dinna want that."

"Oh," laughed the poet, "I think I can alter the line. 'Drink, weary traveler, drink and pay.'"

"The verra thing!" shouted the other in delight.—Sunday Magazine of the Chicago Record-Herald.

Mexican Diplomat Also Author.

Senor Gamboa, Mexican minister of foreign affairs, is not only a diplomat, but an author of distinction. He is a novelist, publicist and writer of memoirs, and one of his best known works in his extensive memoirs of his diplomatic career, covering his service in this country, Central America and Europe. He was born in 1864 and entered the diplomatic service in 1888. Ten decorations have been awarded him by foreign governments.

NIGHT IN LONDON

ACROSS TRAFALGAR SQUARE

EMERGING from a west end theater in London a companion remarked to the writer: "This makes me glad to be a provincial. It's lost on Londoners." I knew his meaning. The Londoner may be proud of London in his negligent, unenthusiastic way; he may love London, perhaps be sentimental about London, and (not inconceivably) exaggerate London's cosmic importance. But he seldom is thrilled by London. That sensation is reserved for the provincial. Whether it is a sensation to boast of depends on one's point of view. Those who count romance as a poisoner of clear judgment might perhaps regard the provincial's thrill with scorn, for the thrill is the tribute of an incorrigible romantic. In the north especially, even in the huge towns, London is a name which calls forth the liveliest anticipations of adventure. There is something ingenuous in the awe with which the young northerner will speak of the goal of London. But, as compensation for his extravagant notion of the wonders of the metropolis, he extracts more joy from it, when he does visit it for a week, than the cockney can feel in a lifetime.

Emotion Romantic.

This emotion is, as has been said, largely romantic. It is also, however, appreciative in the artistic sense. The provincial sees London as a series of pictures. Doubtless the intelligent Londoner sees them too, but he is usually far less conscious of them than is the provincial, even the provincial who has lived in London for years. My companion at that theater, standing on the curb and watching the packed traffic slide past in the sheen of the electrics, was acutely aware of his own delight in the spectacle. Having myself had the good fortune (I may as well divulge it) to be born a provincial, I could gauge both his awareness and his delight, and had often marveled at the manner in which Londoners seemed to miss them.

The provinces, as far as I know, do not impress the Londoner as London impresses the provincial; and though this naive reflection may arouse an ironical smile, it is less trite than it sounds. Our enthusiasm for the glamor of London reaches its height after dark, when the lamps are lit. Some of London's most famous thoroughfares are a shade disappointing to us by daylight. The Strand—that Mecca of the Bohemianism celebrated in music-hall ditties—has commonplace architecture, an unremarkable vista, and is narrowish as important streets go. Regent street, during the day, is only really fine in sunshine. Leicester square is ugly. But at dusk the more vulgar details vanish, concealed behind the glitter of a dazzling jewellery of lights. A dim cobalt skyline is still visible, but the crudeness of the roofs and chimney-pots has gone. Down below, each shop window is a sparkling cave of multicolored treasures; and the pavements, thronged with promenaders, furnish forth a spectacle of animation on a scale which only great capitals—Berlin, Paris, New York—can match. When the plays are due to begin we have another entertainment: the rush of vehicles to the theater porticos. Wealth suddenly floods out from its homes and from the restaurants. Every automobile, as it moves noiselessly past on bulging tires, gives us a dainty peep-show glimpse of its lit interior. Exquisite toilettes loll against the rich upholstery. The corner of Long Acre and Bow street, on an opera night, almost suffices to persuade us that the world's money is concentrated in London. Car after car, in a slowly advancing line, marshaled by police, creeps round the curve and down to Covent Garden's blazing entrance-doors. Each car contains its intimate group, exquisitely dressed, and (to that gaping provincial of ours) sublimely unperceptive of the moment's true splendor. Within the opera house the pageant of luxury is even more amazing. And the same gorgeous divertisement, on a smaller scale, is seen simultaneously, every night, in 30 or 40 west end theaters; can be seen, night after night, without repetition! While outside in the street there is a carnival, impromptu and undiverted by its own antics, scarcely less enthralling, gemmed and tinseled and decorated no less lavishly.

Through Central London.

The wise stranger reserves a night free from theater-going for a stroll through central London's streets. Of course he must see the Embankment, where a noble curve of lights trails its reflection, like a flung-down necklace, in the water from Blackfriars to Big Ben. The monstrous tramcars, not very impressive by day, are glass caskets of effulgence, spinning along their polished rails below the cliffs of the Cecil and the Savoy. The more squalid south side of the Thames displays an illuminated advertisement or two, exasperations to the aesthete. Westward, St. Stephen's lifts a fine silhouette athwart a vague flush of radiance beyond. The light in the clocktower shows that parliament is sitting; and a "late extra," bought in Northumberland avenue, will tell us what the talk has been about. We have forgotten it by the time we enter Trafalgar square, where the silhouette of lions and Nelson's Pillar are clear-cut against a flare of gold at the Coliseum in St. Martin's lane. Those spots of extremer dazzlement always mark a theater—though the picture-palaces are now nearly as blatant. Up by Charing Cross road and round into Coventry street or Shaftesbury avenue we get the impression that the whole of London is given over to the pursuit of pleasure.

This is theater-land: the vortex of gaiety's whirlpool, only excelled, perhaps only equaled, by our American friends' fabled half-mile of Broadway. Why go inside any theater when this tableau is to be seen free outside? Why bother with buriesque and ballet when the evolutions of London's million pedestrians roll and unroll, tangle and untangle here? Why seek comedy and tragedy behind footlights? A hundred yards of Piccadilly circus exhibit enough comedy and tragedy to last for many an evening. That, I think, or something like it, is how our provincial often feels after his walk through London at night. Should he be temperamentally a countryman, fond of the fields and the fresh air of heaven, he may be glad enough to see the last of this exhausting and garish wilderness of houses and lights and hectic activity; but, even so, he cannot fail to derive some amusement from just those aspects of it which leave the Londoner cold. The Londoner buys all his pleasures too directly. A theater is to him a place wherein to see a play, a cafe is a place wherein to obtain meat and drink.

To a stranger a theater is a place wherein not only to see the play, but —this is a gift supplied without charge—to see the playgoers; a cafe is a place wherein to get refreshment for the body with the addition of a still more stimulating refreshment for the mind. Pictures!—London at night is a bewildering and kaleidoscopic gallery of pictures; and even when the streets have emptied and no sound is heard but the hoot of a late taxicab or the trundling of an early market-cart, fresh compositions present themselves at every turning; mysterious and endless perspectives of lamps, strange, pale facades with blank windows rising like precipices from the canyon of the roadway, or colorless trees, in some deserted square, throwing the pattern of their motionless leaf-shadows upon the pavement beside the sooty railings.

Japan to Fight Tuberculosis.

Consumption is said to claim more victims in Japan than in any other civilized country and the government is about to take decisive steps to combat its spread. The department of home affairs has decided to establish sanatoria in the cities having a population of more than 300,000, namely Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, Kobe, Yokohama and Nagoya. Those for Tokyo and Osaka will be constructed to accommodate 500 patients, that of Kyoto 400 and for the remaining cities 300.

Her Thought.

Myrtle—I see according to a German biologist, man made a mistake when, centuries ago, he changed himself from a quadruped to a biped.

Maude—Nonsense. How in the world could a man sit in a hammock with a girl if he were a quadruped?