ANIMALS' CRIMINAL INSTINCTS.

Climate and Atmosphere Conditions Have Marked Effect.

It has been proved beyond question that in the animal kingdom there are many curious equivalents of crime among men. Cannibalism is not unknown in the animal world. Wolf eats wolf, and in certain circumstances, and despite proverbs to the contrary, dog will eat dog. Well nourished dogs are not often guilty of this savage custom, though it has been observed where necessity did not impel; but Arctic travelers have frequently fed their famished Eskimo team on the carcasses of brethren that died from effects of cold or hunger, and under such conditions mothers have devoured their puppies with no hesitation or lack of appetite. Domestic cats have killed and eaten their young, and rabbits have been known to feed on one another even when plentifully supplied with food to their liking. The rat is nearly always a cannibal under stress of circumstances.

The cannibalistic propensities of the pike need very little stimulus. Young crocodiles are occasionally gobbled by their parents, or at least by their mothers. Warrior ants devour in fury the ants they have killed in battle.

A certain famous case in a reptile house of a zoological garden was evidently not one of genuine cannibalism, but serpents have been guilty of the act. Infanticide, patricide, matricide and fratricide are aggravating circumstances of cannibalism in the animal world. There are crimes known to our calendar of which the only or the chief motive appears to be the inveterate dislike of one individual (the assailant) for another (the assaulted), and these strange antipathies exist in the animal world, and are the cause of assault and battery, and often of the deaths of both parties. Horses, dogs and monkeys furnish many examples of violence proceeding from antipathy.

The sudden gusts of uncontrollable rage which impel the Malay to run amuck through his native High street seize at times upon the gentlest of animals, and the results are much the same as in the Malay Peninsula, unless the subject of his brief, terrible madness can be caught or slain. Different are the cases of animals proverbial for their patience which may be goaded into a fury. The dromedary, ordinarily a model of good behavior, is sometimes teased by his drivers until they are compelled to flee before his rage or to strip off and throw him their garments that he may tear and trample them to pieces. Every one knows to what a pass the docile elephant will carry his desire for revenge when his dignity has been insulted or his good nature abused.

More curious, it is to note that, among animals as among men, some of the worst offenses that can be committed have their origin in the passion of love. Jealousy burns fiercely in many a brute's bosom, and when affected with the "universal distemper of love," the whole animal creation, from the tiger to the dove, is capable of any excesses against its disturbers, whether of its own or the human kind. Association for deliberate purposes of wrongdoing is not rare among animals, both of the higher and lesser order of intelligence. Other animals steal in bands. Baboons go out in troops to rob orchards difficult of access. Conditions of climate and change of atmosphere have their influence upon the temperaments of animals. Speaking generally, wild creatures inhabiting very hot countries are more savage than those inhabiting cold or temperate climes.

The Air of London.

There is not fresh air in the heart of London, according to the conclusions of a recent investigator. He says: "No evidence of ozone was anywhere apparent, except at Brownswood Park, in the northeast. It was from the northeast quarter the wind was blowing and the air had lost all trace of ozone before it had reached Hyde Park; at Bushey Park, although practically a country district, no ozone was present in the air. London had not only abstracted the goodness out of the air that swept over it, but had added to it the exhalations from the breath and bodies of millions of human beings and tens of thousands of animals. Persons living within a one or two mile radius of Charing Cross cannot have fresh air entering their dwellings at any time."

Way of the Debtor in India.

They had a peculiar way of going into bankruptcy among the Marawaris in India now unhappily giving way to the less picturesque method of the white man. When a man could not pay his bills he would summon his creditors. They were ushered into a room in which the Thakur or household god was enshrined, but covered up with a cloth and with the face turned to the wall in order that it might not witness the scene that was to follow. The insolvent would then, in garb of mourning, lie on the floor, presenting his back to his creditors, who, on a given signal, would fall on him with shoes and slippers and belabor him till their wrath was exhausted. The beating finished honor was declared to be satisfied all around.

Out of 1,548,654 votes polled in the recent election in Mexico only 92,172 were against Diaz.

"What's to be Done with the War Babies?" Question Arouses American Women

Left to right, top, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Inez Milholland Boissevain. Bottom, Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw and Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge.

"What is to be done with the war babies?" The question is stirring Europe, and new American women are taking it up. Thousands of the babies are illegitimate. "Legitimatize them," says Carrie Chapman Catt. "Nothing can ever make reparation for these terrible wrongs," says Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw. "None of our business," says Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge. "Preposterous to call any baby illegitimate," says Mrs. Inez Milholland Boissevain.

THE DEMON SNUFF.

Southern Papers Have Taken Up the Cudgel Against It.

The Jackson News has taken up the cudgels against the use of snuff—not the old time method of taking a pinch by the nostrils, but the dipping of Scotch snuff, which was formerly quite common in certain section of Mississippi and other Southern States and which is still practiced to an extent which one would scarcely believe except for the statistics on the sale of Scotch snuff in these States.

Strange enough, the fight against the snuff habit in Mississippi was started by the barbers' union of Jackson and has been taken up by other labor organizations. Why the barbers should be so particularly opposed to the snuff habit is not clear, except that a man with his under lip loaded with about three drachms of the powder might explode in a sneeze and put the barber's eyes out.

Other labor organizations have taken up the subject and are backing the News and the barbers in their efforts to put down the demon snuff. The Jackson News says that no movement started in that State in recent years seems to have met with such hearty response. In many places in the State clubs are being organized for the purpose of pushing on the work. Members of the Legislature are receiving letters from their constituents in regard to the matter, and by the time the Legislature meets in January public sentiment in the State will have been so crystalized that there will be no trouble in securing the needed legislation.

Wax Producing Insects.

An interesting series of wax-producing insects from India, China and elsewhere has been placed in the British Natural History Museum at South Kensington. From the secretions of one species of these little creatures—found in profusion on the bark of fig and other trees—a number of articles of commercial value are produced. Among these are sealing wax, shellac, seedlac and butterlac, specimens of which are exhibited at the museum side by side with the wax in its original form.

Latin as a Watchman.

How to warn off trespassers without spring guns has been discovered by a canny peasant in the south of France. His woods were invaded by nut pickers. He asked a botanical friend the Latin name for the hazel-nut, and put up the following notice: "Caution—All persons entering this wood do so at their own risk. The Corylus Avellana abounds here, as well as other equally venomous snakes." Not a trespasser has ventured into the wood since.

MORE CANADIAN TROOPS TO THE FRONT

Metagama leaving Montreal with 3,000 Canadian troops.

The Dominion's answer to the Canadian losses at Ypres, even as the heavy casualty lists were being published, was to hurry more troops to the front. The first part of the answer was seen when the palatial new liner Metagama, commandeered when she struck Montreal on her maiden voyage, left that city late last week crammed with troops for the firing line.

A BROKEN IDOL.

I

"Has the paymaster spoke yet?" One grimy giant stoking the furnace for the castings asked the question of another. The other, a taciturn Scotsman, grunted out a curt reply in the negative, and, opening the furnace door with his pole, flooded the place with light.

It was Friday night. The clock in the front shop pointed to the quarter before five. In another ten minutes or so the men engaged at the engineering works of John H. Ransom & Co., would be paid off for the week. The money was already neatly done up in little paper bags with the name of the firm on them, and stacked in little rows in the office. Sandy MacTavish, having temporarily finished with the furnace, caught his "mate" in the act of getting into his coat. He looked at him in silent fury and burst into Scotch expletive.

"Ay, dinna work a minut ower lang. A loon like you has mickle important beesness outside the shop. It wants ten minutes to the 'oor. If those bits o' piping are not staked—"

The boy fled from him in dismay. The bits of piping measured six feet in length and more, and he was due to play the cornet in a church band at six o'clock. He refused to touch the piping, and Sandy swore at him more lustily than before. Another man walking through the casting shed laughed as he listened to it all. It was Sandy's way of licking the boys into shape.

Ronald Leslie, foreman fitter at Ransom's came and stood beside the furnace, too.

"What's the row, Sandy?" he said.

"Ronald, my lad," said the old man, "it's the old story; the young lads are not worth their salt. It's come in late if you can, go away early, sleep in the cupboard or on the roof whenever you think the old man's back is turned. Is that the way to keep your job, I'd like to know?"

"Your job!" said Donald, with a shrug. "What's your job worth when you've kept it? Thirty-eight shillings a week won't keep a man out of the workhouse when he's old. Your job! The job that takes all your waking time, that gives you no leisure to think, that—"

"That winna let you sit down and spend your days fiddlin' wi' a toy that has nae mair sense in it than my pole."

Leslie did not speak. Instead, he stared into the heart of the furnace. It may have been that he saw the realization of his dream there.

"The idea's good," he said, "and if I could patent it—"

"And if you could get any firm to take it up and work it for you. Ye canna do it, Ronald Leslie. And why? The thing's ben tried before, man. You've got brains in your head. Canna you see that you're throwin' away time and money, and brakin' a woman's heart?"

"It's not only thirty-eight shillings a week you're throwin' away, Ronald, mind you that."

Sandy went to claim his money, and Ronald Leslie went out into the darkness of the night and swung himself on to an electric car which would take him to his home in Walton, where most of Ransom's men lived.

Usually the time occupied by his journey was given over to his invention, but to-night a new thought chased the other, "Breaking a woman's heart?" What absurd nonsense! Why, Maggie was just as eager as himself. There could be no need to stint the housekeeping when his idea was taken up and every ship in Liverpool carried Leslie's steering gear.

The car drew up with a jerk. Ronald walked up the street to his home—a little house, one of a row of other little houses, each the replica of the other. Ronald Leslie let himself in with his latch-key, and groped in the gloom of the narrow, unlighted hall. The Leslies' house had a kitchen and a front parlor. Both were usually lighted up before the return of the head of the family. Ronald stumbled toward the kitchen in the dark. That also was unlighted except for one solitary candle on the dresser. A woman who hushed a fretful child in her arms did not look up as her husband came in. This, too, was unusual. Maggie Leslie always met her lad on the threshold of his home.

"What's the matter?" said Ronald. "Why isn't the gas lighted?"

"We haven't paid the rate," said Maggie in a dull voice. "They've cut it off."

To do her justice, she tried hard to keep reproach out of her voice. Ronald was a good husband, and she was as proud of his invention—the great invention that was going to do such wonders—as he was himself. But when you've two children who want shelter and food and fire, and when you see money being spent on lifeless, inanimate piece of steel and iron, when your dress is worn beyond recognition, and when your jacket is too shabby to go out, how can you help saying "things" then?

"Perhaps you won't mind getting your own tea," said Maggie. "There's some bacon in the cupboard. It's all I've got."

Ronald kicked off his boots, and pulled a chair to the fire and looked at the boy asleep on his wife's knee.

"What's the matter with Laddie?" he said.

"I don't know," said Maggie. "He's been feverish. I'd take him to the doctor if I could."

They looked at each other. They were young. They had loved each other dearly, but something had come between them. It was the thing that occupied the table in the front parlor, and at which Ronald worked in all his leisure. Ronald was going away for the week-end to see some ship owner in Glasgow about his gear. If he paid the water rate he wouldn't have enough for his journey, and for the twelfth time he told himself that it was his great chance. Maggie pleaded mutely with him, and pleaded in vain.

"The shop is shut to-morrow," he said, "we've got a day off. I'm going to Glasgow by the midnight train."

II

A woman fought the rebellion in her heart. What was a man's ambition to her—of what the use the fortune that might come to them some day when her child lay dying? Laddie was worse. The doctor who had been hastily summoned had declared it to be pneumonia, and had said he had been called in too late.

The boy panted on his pillows, cased only when his mother carried him, wrapped in blankets, up and down the room. He was a dear burden; but he was two years old, and Margaret Leslie was worn with watching and with the incessant toil of her own household work.

"Help me not to hate him," she murmured; "help me not to blame him for this!"

Ronald's visit to Glasgow had been as usual, a futile effort. The shipowner had accorded him a five minutes' interview, and had told him that his idea was no good. He had come raging against the stupidity of men with money. The grumble was an old one. For once Margaret had met it with indifference, almost with disdain.

This idea of his that he was a genius with an invention that would revolutionize the world of ships driven by steam was the curse of their lives.

He came in from his work now and stood at the door of the room, still in his brown overalls, wearing his fitter's cap on his head.

"Better?" he asked. There was anxiety in his voice.

"Worse," she answered. "We can't keep him. My boy must go!"

Her eyes were fearless; there would be plenty of time to cry later on. Leslie came over to her and touched her hand. She flung it off. Rising, she faced him, holding the child against her heart.

"You don't care!" she said. "What are we to you, him and me, in comparison with that thing downstairs? It's a devil, that thing; it's turning a good man into a brute. Oh, I don't want to say it, but it's true! You have forgotten to love me—your wife; you have let your child die!"

Laddie stirred in her arms; she carried him to the bed and laid him there, watching the gray shadows creep over his face. Sobs rent her. The child, beloved by them both, had been sacrificed to an idea. Leslie stared at her like a man in a dream, and then, as if he had no right there, he turned and left them, creeping as noiselessly as he could down the stairs.

The street in which the Leslies lived was badly lighted. No one saw Ronald come out of his house staggering under the burden in his arms. It was heavy, the thing he carried, weighted with the load of a man's lost years, an idol to which love and duty had been sacrificed—the false god of a man's imagined genius—swept from the pedestal at last. Ronald Leslie walked slowly to the piece of waste ground near the brickfields, where the sound of his hammer would not be heard.

He looked at it lying at his feet. Where was the fortune it should have brought? Where, even, was the weekly wage that he had carned for years now? Buried there—that useless, silent toy, the model of the engine that should have revolutionized the world, representing ten of the best years of a man's life.

"Lie there," he said, "unburied and forgotten! Let me not think of the lies you have whispered to me; of the false promises that have beckoned me along a road I had no right to tread. Only the fool never repents of his folly!"

He stood a moment in the darkness, and light came to him. It was a new and different Ronald Leslie who entered the house on his return.

He climbed the stairs again; the light was still burning in the little front room, a woman still knelt beside the bed. It was all so still and quiet that he hesitated, stricken with a new fear. Had the Angel of Death touched the door-post even while he had been away? Entering, he lifted his wife from the ground. His voice was tender when he spoke.

"Margaret!" he said, "Meg! My wife!"

It was the little tender name of their courting days. Maggie's arms stole round his neck; he felt the tears on her cheeks as she pressed her face to his.

"He is better,' she whispered. Her voice broke in a sob. "He fell asleep soon after you left. Ronald, forgive me all I said."

Dear human love—that is a man's reward here for every lost hope and dead ambition. Ronald Leslie comforted the sobbing woman in his arms.

"I have smashed it,' he told her. "Maggie, you will never see the thing you hated so fiercely and so well. I've smashed it; it was no good. I've been a fool!"

She looked up at him; he could see that her regret was deeper than his own.

"Oh, Ronald," she said, "it was the treasure of the world to you!"

"God has been good to me," he said. "The treasure of the world is here!"—London Answers.

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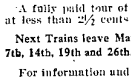

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