Passing of the White Rhinos

Cape Town.—Africa is saying farewell to another of those giant prehistoric animals which once crashed through the forests in enormous herds. The white rhinoceros is passing. Soon, when old hunters meet at the "Place of the Winds," they will speak of this great beast as a friend who has gone forever "into the blue."

Only two fast-diminishing herds of these grotesque creatures of the dawn world now remain—one in the Sudan, the other in Zululand. Both are protected by the governments of those territories. But the valley of the Umfolosi in Zululand is barren with drought, and some of the white rhinos—there were not more than a score all told—have died of starvation.

In daylight the white rhino is almost as dark as the common black rhinoceros. You have to see a family of white rhinos—bull, cow and one or two calves—at night to realize why they are called white. The skin has some peculiar quality which gives it a white appearance under the African moon. A weird sight—this glimpse of the rarest land mammal in the world feeding on grass in the tropical bush country.

White rhinos are seldom seen while the sun is up; that is why so few photographs of them have ever been taken. They rest and sleep in the impenetrable bush all day, and go trotting off to water at sundown. It is said tha white rhinos are never found more than forty miles from a river.

Unmolested, the white rhino is a mild fellow. He lives in a dim world, with his clear sight limited to about twenty-five yards. Nature compensates hm with almost incredible powers of smell.

No zoo in the world possesses a white rhino. In the past a few young ones have been captured, but they were too sensitive to live long in captivity. It would be impossible to capture a fully grown white rhino alive. When attacked by human beings, they are infuriated to madness, and charge the first large object in sight.—The N.Y. Times.

New "Pocket Edition" Plane

This new pocket plane only requires 15 yards landing place. Furthermore it folds up neatly and can be parked in a garage. Average speed 90 miles an hour.

Grasses Still Most Vital Living Thing to Mankind

Berkeley.—Grasses always have been and still are more important to mankind than any other living things, finds Morris Halperin, research assistant in agronomy of the University of California. "Evidence for this statement," states Halperin, "is abundant throughout the history of man in all ages and on all continents The geologic age of mammals, the nomadic life of primitive man, the beginnings of civilization, and the existence of modern life are closely interwoven with the indispensability of grasses to man.

"Every known primitive civilization has been built directly upon one or another of the cereal grasses, supplemented in some cases with pasture grasses. Primitive man, living by hunting, was completely dependent on grassland and became a nomad as he followed grass-feeding animals in their wanderings. Cereal grasses changed man from a nomad to a settler and led to the cultivation of land. Even the calendar and social life were made necessary by the cultivation of cereal grasses.

"In 1700 B.C., the Chinese instituted the symbolic ceremony of sowing five useful plants each year, these being rice, wheat, sorghum, millet and the legume, soybeans. In Egypt, barley and millet were produced as early as 4000 B.C. On the American continent all civilization from Canada to Patagonia is practically synonymous with one grass, maize or Indian corn.

"To-day grasses furnish all the breadstuffs and most of the meat and sugar consumed by man. Grasses also play an important part in building material, reclaiming land, providing turf for lawns and the athletic fields. The greatest portion of the dry land surface of the earth is occupied by grasses"

From a Famous Soldier's Diary

If that distinguished soldier Sir Percival Marling, V.C., were asked "what was the most embarrassing moment in your life," he undoubtedly would reply during the "Kaiser's Review" at Aldershot, 1889.

It was a scorching August day, he tells us in his life story ("Rifleman and Hussar.)) And his regiment, the 18th Hussars, was acting as escort for Queen Victoria on her return to Windsor after the review was over. Captain Marling (as he was then) was riding by the right wheel of the carriage, in which sat the Queen, the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Alexandra), and a lady-in-waiting.

The Queen was very gracious, and asked my name and one or two questions as we moved off, and then went fast asleep, and her black bonnet became somewhat awry on the top of her head. What with the heat and dust and the big horsehair plume under his chin and the leopard's tail which hung down his shoulder, my horse began to chuck his head about, and to my horror threw a blob of foam right on the Queen's veil. She woke up with a start and gave me a look which made me wish I had never been born, and the Princess of Wales and the Lady-in-Waiting began mopping her up with their handkerchiefs.

Two days later a furious memorandum came down from Whitehall saying that all commanding officers detailing Royal escorts were to take particular care to see that their horses didn't foam at the mouth!

The Wig That Fell Off.

Soldiering was a cheerful business in Sir Percival's young days nearly fifty years ago. Late nights and many of them were the order of the day. Sir Percival was then in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and one year the Regimental dinner was on the night of the "Oaks." The Duke of Cambridge, the Commander-in-Chief was in the chair, and everyone got extremely festive. After dinner, as soon as the Queen's health had been proposed, H.R.H. made his speech. . . Old Lord Templetown, who was one of the Honorary Colonels of the regiment, was sitting next the Duke. He wore a wig, and having done himself very well, he went fast asleep after dinner with his head nearly on the Duke's shoulder, and his wig fell off into the Duke's dessert plate. The Duke looked down at him and said, "Ah, I have been too long: my old friend Lord Templetown is older than I am, and cannot drink so much," and he picked up his wig and put it on his head back to front. . .

Even the most optimistic subaltern can barely hope for such a thing to happen in these days. The fashion in after-dinner pranks has changed too. After the wig episode, Sir Percival and two brother officers went to the theatre and then for supper to a restaurant in Leicester Square.

Coming out at closing time Bobby Bower challenged me to a race round Leicester Square, which in those days was a rubbish heap. So we got hold of two hansom cabbies, gave them each ten shillings, took the horses out of the cabs, and got them bareback with the harness, and had a race three times round the square. It was a great race, and Bobby beat me by a short head. I can see him now beating his hansom-cab horse with one of his pumps. He was afterwards Chief Constable of Yorkshire, and an excellent Chief Constable too.

"I Hate The Staff."

Another equally unforgettable dinner took place in Cairo after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The Duke of Connaught, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and a crowd of Staff Officers and Brigadiers were present, and after the usual toasts, says Sir Percival, the Duke got up and proposed the health of Sir Cromer Ashburnham, Colonel of the Rifle Corps, who was nothing if not unconventional:—

Our old man got up and returned thanks as follows: "I'm much obliged for the kind way His Royal Highness has proposed the toast of my health. I have been in the Rifles over thirty years, and owe everything to the Regiment. I never wore a red coat, I never was on the Staff, I hate the Staff, d—n 'em," and he subsided under the table.

The Queen's Grandson.

When Sir Percival was with his regiment at Aldershot a prize fight was arranged between two men, and took place in some pinewoods on the other side of the Long Valley. Among the spectators was one of Queen Victoria's grandsons—Sir Percival does not say which—whose regiment was stationed at Aldershot:—

He had come down from London by the last train, and hadn't been to bed at all. He was so frightened that his grandmother might find out that he had been to a prize fight, which was illegal, that he came out with a false beard on. About the fifteenth round, when the blood was flowing, he fell off his pony in a faint, and his false beard came off.

What happened to this bold young man, Sir Percival does not say, but presumably the secret was kept.

Sir Percival was in the Gordon Relief Expedition, and from his diary we get a good idea of the soldier's feelings about Gladstone. Here is one extract:—

Great uncertainty as to what is to be done. The Liberal Government, as usual, will not make up their minds. There is a rumor we are to march across the desert from here to Berber, and I heard one Tommy say: "Gawd 'elp us, it'll be as 'ot as 'ell." We ought really to go right across by the desert route to help Gordon, but old Gladstone, they say, won't let us, or buy sufficient camels.

Later, after Khartoum had fallen, we find this: "The men call Gladstone the M.O.G. (Murderer of Gordon) instead of the G.O.M. (Grand Old Man)." And for the general opinion of the younger generation we have this dialogue between a small Harrovian and a small Etonian at Lord's: After a heated argument the Etonian said, "Well, anyhow, Wellington was at Eton," to which the Harrow boy replied, "Well, anyhow, we never had a beast like old Gladstone." And that ended it.

Shoeing The Camels!

Another extract from Sir Percival's diary lifts the veil on the way the Nile Campaign was run:—

The War Office are a weird lot. They have sent us out two farrier sergeants and two shoeing smiths to shoe the camels ! ! ! and two rough-riding sergeants from the cavalry to teach us how to ride camels. One of them told me he had never seen a camel, not even in the zoo, till he got to Egypt.

When he was quartered at York Sir Percival made friends with the Dean, the late Dr. Purey-Cust, about whom he tells a delightful anecdote. The Dean had a private bathroom which nobody was supposed to use except himself:—

When he came back from his holiday he found that either the spray or the douche wouldn't work. He had up the servants and taxed them with having used his bath during his absence. The head housemaid confessed she had had her monthly tub, to which he said: "Well, Alice, all I can say is that I am very much surprised you do behind my back what you wouldn't do before my face!"

Latest Diet Notes

The latest medical discovery is that personality depends to no small extent upon dieting.

"An energetic, lively personality," says Dr. Donald Laird, "is associated with activity of the thyroid gland, which requires large amounts of iodine for its well-being. Iodine is present in all foods that come from the sea, so if you want to be lively, let shrimps, shellfish, and seaweed be your slogan."

But suppose you are too excitable. What is to be done about that? We are told that many excitable people have an alkaline reaction in their blood. This upsets a person's balance, and he needs acid-forming foods such as eggs, meat, oatmeal, and rice.

If you wish to calm a nervous person, you should say it with rice pudding. There is good news, though, for those who have a sweet tooth. Dr. Laird has been experimenting with sweets of various kinds, and finds their effects miraculous. "Sweets," he tells us, "have a wonderful stimulating power on the gastric juices. They assist good digestion and soothe tired nerves."

Schoolboys and girls should make a note of this. It will come in useful next time they want a reason for asking for increased pocket-money.

Empire Broadcasting

Spectator (London): The British Broadcasting Corporation is about to establish an Empire service, operating night and day, and capable of transmitting its programs to the ends of the earth. Powerful American and Russian stations can be heard in the remotest parts of the Empire. It is clearly desirable that British programs should be equally available to listeners all the world over, in India and China as well as in the Dominions and Colonies. We understand that, by an ingenious device, speeches and other items once transmitted can be, so to say, stored up and repeated a few hours later. Thus the program sent to Australia while South Africans or Canadians are asleep can be repeated for their benefit when they wake up. The difficulty of adjusting a program to the different times of Sydney, Delhi, Capetown, Ottawa and Vancouver, and other Imperial centres, can thus be overcome.

Britain's Least Known Colony

By a Former Missionary.

British Honduras, where the recent hurricane and tidal wave has caused such untold disaster, is one of the least known of Britain's Crown Colonies. Yet it has a position on the Central American isthmus, between Mexico and the Panama Canal, of potential strategic and commercial importance.

At present, however, it has fallen on evil days. The logwood dye industry, which was the original staple trade of the place, is now almost dead. Mahogany, hewn inland and floated in rafts down the numerous rivers, is out of fashion.

Tortoise shell, sponges, and cane sugar have been largely superceded. Bananas have suffered from the "Panama Disease," and it is difficult to see what remains for this stricken colony beyond chicle (for chewing gum) from the sapodilla tree, and the numerous and excellent tropical fruits which grow there in profusion.

Keeping its End Up

Nevertheless, the colony has somehow managed to keep its end up very pluckily. The streets of the capital, Belize, were always, until the hurricane, bright, well built, and busy. The Government buildings were imposing; the police, judicature and Civil Service generally were very efficiently run.

Once decidedly a "White Man's Grave," Belize has long been immune from yellow fevr, stringent sanitary regulations and a fine medical service having eliminated to a large extent the mosquitoes and land crabs which spread the infection. Nor is the climate particularly unpleasant, though it is hot and rather given to "wet seasons."

It is, indeed, a pleasant and interesting town to live in. The natives, all English-speaking, are descendants of West African slaves imported from Jamaica by the buccaneers who founded the colony 300 years ago. But they are amongst the most likeable, intelligent, and industrious negroes in the world.

Worse Than Alligators

The colony is still largely undeveloped. It boasts neither roads nor railways, transport being entirely by water, either along the coast (usually as calm as a lake within the protection of the bays and coral reefs) or up the numerous rivers which penetrate inland as far as the Guatemaian frontier. There are many villages along these rivers, and several ports on the coast suitable for light craft; but apart from this the country is mostly jungle or open pasture land known as the "Pine Ridge."

The interior is notorious for its poisonous snakes and an infinite variety of noxious flies and ticks. There are also plenty of alligators and "tigers" (jaguars), but these are infinitely less troublesome than the "flies." In the large towns these nuisances are seldom encountered.

White society in Belize is pleasant and interesting, nor is the colour bar at all rigorously enforced against the native or mixed residents, among whom are many of the most influential and respected citizens. There is plenty of work to be done, and plenty of play available, including hunting, fishing, trips to the pretty little bays (coral islands), visits to the talkies, card parties, dances, and so on.

Never Known Before

It is terrible to think of this quiet and charming little town being swept by hurricanes and tidal waves. Such things have hitherto been unknown in the memory of living man, and the place was utterly unprepared for such a disaster.

The houses of the chief citizens are lightly built of wood on the very edge of the bay, and not more than a few feet above highwater mark. Inland there is no high ground for miles, nor is there any way of reaching the higher land save by boats, most of which are said to have been smashed by the tidal wave.

But somehow even this shattering blow will fail to break the spirit of gallant little British Honduras, though it is disconcerting to learn that, almost on the heels of the Belize disaster, a great storm has wiped out the whole town of Lamasica, in Honduras."—"Answers" (London).

Jack—"They say that ignorance is bliss."

Jill—"How perfectly blissful you must be."

Aliens Get Relief in London

London—There were 925 aliens in London receiving relief on July 1, and of this number about one-half were Russians, according to the London County Council.

"My reputation, such as it is, is based on the fact that I never talk unless I have something to say."—George Bernard Shaw.

Tom

Hark! the king bell, loud in his vesper choir,
As in between each golden roar doth come
That solemn, plangent, unregarded hum
Chiding the truant with archaic ire,
On Worcester mere far off, in elfin gyre
The wavelets laugh, and laughter showereth from
May's chestnut like a lampadarium
By Brasenose, with every point afire.

Yet over all roofs to the uttermost,
Call, Shepherd dear, from thy dream-haunted ground:
For some there be, on whatsoever coast,
In midst of any morrow's ordered round,
Hear as of old (in earth and heaven an host!)
And like young lambs, leap homeward at the sound.

—Louise Imogen Gliney, in "Happy Ending."

Calls Pacific Too Noisy

While ordinary tourist folk traveling to and from the Orient are not aware of the fact, the Pacific is becoming too noisy for the comfort of liner radio operators. So many of the Oriental fishing boats have been equipped with sending apparatus that regular messages are having some difficulty in coming through, according to Captain A. W. Nygran of the American Mail line.

"Particularly is this so in the daytime," says Captain Nygran. "Bonito fishermen make appointments with one another across hundreds of miles of sea to meet at certain ports and go visiting their lady friends. Inter-fishing-ship gossip of a trivial character is beng carried on all the time. Radio compasses, however, have become exceedingly valuable to these fishing craft off the coasts of both China and Japan where we often see them five or six hundred miles out from shore."

Top-Heavy Cities

Melbourne Australasian: At present too many boys expect to find employment in city jobs at wages above those which the country can afford. Economic pressure directed towards turning them to rural pursuits will be good for them and for Australia. Our cities are overcrowded. In Victoria 56.66 per cent of the population lives in Melbourne. that figure is the highest shown in the statistical tables published by the Commonwealth statistician for any country in the world. In Denmark, for instance, only 21.30 per cent of the population lives in Copenhagen, and in Sweden only 7.49 per cent lives in Stockholm.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

An interesting peplum jacket dress that may be developed as a skirt and blouse or as a complete dress, by choosing one material.

The crossover bodice closure minimizes breadth, which makes this charming model equally suited to miss or matron.

The original used black diagonal woolen for the skirt with vivid green plain woolen for the bodice. It's a combination especially popular for college wear.

Style No. 3203 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 39-inch material for blouse and 2 yards of 39-inch material for skirt.

It's snappy developed in woolen with the skirt of plain brown and the jacket bodice of brown and red plaided woolen.

It's interesting in wine-red canton crepe or in black crepe satin.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

For Your Tree

You will like to make these trimmings for the tree and they will be very inexpensive, because practically none of the materials used need be new.

Beg some time before Christmas to collect all the white and silver paper possible, and cut it in fringes. These may be (in fact, should be) of varied lengths from a few inches to two feet, and they need not be very even. Gather these into small bunches with thread and tie them in the tree in great profusion.

Also string all the bright glass buttons and beads you can find, and decorate the tree with these fringes also.

When the electric bulbs on the tree are lighted, it will be a pretty sight. But when the two large electric fans which have been placed on each side of the tree are turned on full force, the effect will be magical, for the whole tree will be alive with flickering glint and fairy flutter.

Wanted—

A device which informs us when the boss is late getting up, so that we need not rush for the 8.43.

A fountain pen in which an inexhaustible supply of ink comes out at the nib only, and not on the part where one puts one's fingers.

A telephone bell which only rings when it's the right number.

A patent article which really does "pay for itself."

A piano which won't give out a sound unless somebody sits down to it who really can play.

A library book of adventure tales, in which all the most exciting pages are intact.

Common Cold Cause of Cancer?

Dr. Alex Moir of Hensall Advances New Theory

London, Ont.—On the theory that common colds have a good deal to do with the cause of cancer, Dr. Alex. Moir, of Hensall, is exploring new fields in research.

The doctor bases his theory on experience in dealing with 700 cases who have come in the past 15 years to the Huron Springs Sanitarium. "Eighty per cent. of cancer cases develop in rural parts," said Dr. Moir.

"The farmer is exposed to severe weather more than the city man. He works in it, suffers frost bites which I feel may be infected. He wipes tears caused by severe cold, from his eyes with his hands or gloves.

"Every one is familiar with the scalding irritants of colds. I have been struck by the fact that sinus infections are present in a great majority of cancer patients."

Mr. Moir stated that his studies are tending toward hardships the relationship of country hardships to the disease. It is largely a rural disease, he said, and he has chosen instances where some causes as yet undiscovered, have produced more than one case. In one instance he found three cases originating in the house.

The doctor came to London to prepare a fresh appeal to the cancer commission to consider the rural aspects of the disease and the possibility of aiding the country doctor and rural hospitals. The Hensall Sanatarium, h said, is notifying the Red Cross that it will give radium treatment free to sufferers in families of Western Ontario unemployed during the winter months.

Wit At the Bar

In his preface to "Humour Among the Lawyers," Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the famous London magistrate, points out that though this collection of stories deals only with the lighter side of the courts, it will fulfil one purpose—"the reader will discover that criminals have a queer resemblance to him and me—and the bishop."

Naturally enough, wit in the courthouse, with the black cap hanging up in readiness, must be cruel and cutting, and lawyers are a class of men who have quite unjustifiably attracted the world's most cruel jokes. Who, for instance, will forget Dr. Johnson's biting remark about a man who had just quitted his company: "I don't care to speak ill of any man behind his back, but I believe the person who has just taken his departure is an attorney?"

Here is a story about Lord Birkenhead in his early days at the Bar when he was representing a railway company, one of whose vehicles had run down a boy. The boy's case was that his arm was so badly injured that he could no longer lift it above his head. "F. E.'s" cross-examination of the boy was carried out very, very quietly—and very, very effectively:—

"Now my boy," he said, "your arm was hurt in the accident?" "Yes, sir," said the boy. "And you cannot lift your arm high now?" "No, sir." "Would you mind," said F. R., very gently, "just showing the jury once more how high you can raise your arm since the accident" The boy lifted it with an apparent effort just to the shoulder level. "And how high could you lift it before the accident?" asked "F. E.," in the most innocent manner, and up went the arm straight over the boy's head!

"Crabbing" the Tree

If you asked the average person when and how the Christmas-tree was introduced into Gt. Britain, the reply would probably be that the Prince Consort brought the custom over from Germany in the reign of Queen Victoria.

There is, however, a record of a Christmas-tree in Gt. Britain over a hundred years ago. Greville, whose diaries are a mine of information about last century, visited Panshanger, in Hertfordshire, at Christmas, 1829, and found that three Christmas-trees were a feature of the celebrations.

It is interesting to note that as recently as the 'sixties a work of reference described the Christmas-tree as "thoroughly an innovation on our old Christmas customs, and partaking, indeed, somewhat of a prosaic character, rather at variance with the beautiful poetry of many of our Christmas usages"

Moon Subject of New Study

A laborious two-year study has begun to find out why the moon, alone of all the heavenly bodies, erratically seems to disobey the law of gravity.

"I like people, but at home I have a walled garden."—Zona Gale.

ADVENTURE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS