

SECRET SURELY SAFE

Everything All Right If It Was Told Only to Mabel.

And She Thinks It Absurd to Question Her Ability in That Line, and Forthwith Proceeds to Give Proof of It.

"Mabel," said Harriet, "can you keep a secret? If you can, I've half a mind to tell you something."

"Can I keep a secret?" returned Mabel. "Well, I rather guess I can! Hannah Brown was in here Thursday and told me how her mother threw a china plate at her father at breakfast last Thursday morning, and missed him, breaking all the teacups on the mantelpiece and entirely ruining their new ormolu clock, and I've never breathed a word about it to anybody yet."

And two weeks ago yesterday, Lulu Henderson was in here and told me in strictest confidence how her father had really had to take the family portraits down off the wall and send them to a pawnshop over in Philadelphia to raise money enough to pay for the second instalment on her mother's new motor car, and 40 elephants couldn't drag it out of me."

"What's more, poor Mrs. Windles was over here day before yesterday and confided to me the unhappy fact, which she wouldn't have got out for anything in the world, that her daughter Susie is not really over in New York studying music, as everybody has been given to believe, but has actually gone out to Reno and taken a cottage there for a year, so that before next spring comes around she can qualify as a resident in order to get a divorce from Jim Shobberts, who, Mrs. Windles says, though outwardly kind and considerate and generous, as a matter of fact is the meanest, most brutal old skinflint in private life that was ever inflicted upon a long-suffering woman."

"There are at least three of the most important secrets in this town, confided to me by people who know me, and who are fully aware that even the fire of the inquisition could not lead me to betray them—and yet you ask me if I can keep a secret!"

"Have I told anybody that Marie Shoemaker's first husband had been an English butler before he turned up here and married Marie representing himself as the younger son of the British peer?"

"Have I ever breathed to a soul what I have known all along, that the reason Tom Traddles resigned as paying teller in Col. Blathers' bank was that Betty Blathers proposed marriage to him and he refused even to think of it, thereby getting the whole Blathers family down on him? Did I ever tell you what Jessie Sikes told me after Sunday school last Sunday, that she knew you dyed your hair and bought your complexion by the box from a mail-order house? You know I never did, what's more, I never will! Can I keep a secret? Suppose you try me!"—Harper's Weekly.

Seaweeds having been suggested as a possible source of future wealth, especially for food products, Perrot and Satin, two French oceanographers, give some facts concerning present uses. In Europe they are collected for their alkalies and iodine, for which they are chiefly valued. In some localities they are popular medicines, one kind being employed as a vermifuge in Corsica, and others, on account of their iodine, being given in watter and sorfoula. In Brittany, where some of the poorer inhabitants have employed seaweed as food, about twenty tons in a year has been collected of the variety known as Iceland moss. In the north of France a little seaweed is gathered by the peasants as manure. To the Asiatics these plants have been more important, and in Japan edible seaweed is not only the source of a number of food preparations but is even extensively cultivated to give a sufficient supply. Gelatines and glue are among the products. These gelatines are not very nutritious as food, and it is supposed that their popularity may be as an aid to the digestion of the great quantities of fish and rice eaten by the Japanese.

How He Helped. Apropos of the terrible Rosenthal murder in New York, District Attorney Whitman said to a reporter: "The ramifications of this crime were bewildering. The most unlikely men helped in it in the most unlikely ways. It's like the case of Johnny Jones. "The minister, one lovely Sabbath morning, saw Johnny wending his way toward the cemetery with a basket on his arm. "Why, Johnny, what are you up to?" he asked. "I'm helping mother with her peach preserving, sir," said the lad. "The minister smiled incredulously. "Helping with the preserving?" he scoffed. "Nonsense!" "Oh, yes, I am, sir," Johnny persisted. "I'm on my way to the cemetery now to collect the jars."

PENGUIN OIL INDUSTRY

BIRDS ARE CAPTURED AND BRED FOR PROFIT.

Macquarie Island, Between Tasmania and the Antarctic Continent, is the Center of a Promising Commercial Enterprise.

What is probably the most southerly industry of the world is being carried on at Macquarie Island, about halfway between Tasmania and the Antarctic continent, in capture of penguins for their oil. Macquarie Island belongs to the state of Tasmania, and has an area of about 25,000 acres, being about twenty-five miles long and five miles wide. The island is leased by the Tasmania government to Joseph Hatch, who has established a penguin oil industry there. Recently meeting Mr. Hatch, I obtained the following particulars from him:

There are probably 80,000,000 penguins on the island, so that the stock to be drawn from seems almost limitless. There are also a large number of sea elephants about the shores of this island. The oil is obtained from the penguins by boiling the carcasses in digesters capable of dealing with 800 birds at a time. The tops of the digesters are fastened down and steam applied until about twenty-five pounds pressure is obtained. The steam is then turned off and water pumped into the bottoms of the digesters, this causing the oil to rise, when it is taken off the top by a tap.

The oil is placed in barrels and sold to binder twine makers in Australia and New Zealand. There is a good market for all the oil that is produced here, but the industry has met with several severe losses through wreck of ships attempting to visit the island. There is no harbor about the island, so that vessels have to lie about half a mile off the rocky coast, and all material has to be conveyed to and from the shore on rafts formed of casks. Owing to the roughness of the open roadstead, it is impossible to obtain insurance for vessels trading there.

Macquarie Island is about 750 miles southeast of Hobart. The island is barren, being covered only with tussocky grass. Whaling ships visiting there introduced rabbits and Moori hens, which are now quite prolific. The Mawson Antarctic expedition from Australia has established a wireless station there, and daily messages are now being received at Hobart. It was the intention of this expedition to use Macquarie Island as a means of sending messages all the way from their base at Adelle land to Hobart, but unfortunately the wireless station established at Adelle land has been unable to communicate with Macquarie Island, owing, it is supposed, to being too near the magnetic disturbances caused by the proximity of the south magnetic pole. The station at Macquarie Island, however, has already proved of considerable value to shipping in Australian waters by giving warning of storms coming up from the south.—Consul Henry D Baker, Hobart, Tasmania.

American "Aristocracy." If gilt were only gold, or sugar candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon objects de vertu, to wear the most costly dresses and always to have them cut in the height of fashion; to build houses 30 feet broad as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of a Persian genius; to give superb banquets at which your guests laugh and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries and crests and coats of arms; to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife and the lady of a cobbler's daughter; to talk much of the "old families" and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society"; to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all these were fine, what a prodigiously fine society would ours be!—George William Curtis.

Drunken Monkeys. According to a recent letter from the Congo region on the west coast of Africa, the monkeys there are inordinately fond of a kind of beer made by the natives, who use the beverage to capture their poor relations. Having placed quantities of the beer where the monkeys can get it, the natives wait until their victims are in various degrees of inebriation, and when they then mingle with them the poor creatures are too much fuddled to recognize the difference between negro and ape.

When a negro takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, some other fond creature clings to the hand of the latter one, and another one to his hand, thus a single negro may sometimes be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys. When secured the beer is administered in decreasing quantities, so that they may only gradually awake to the sad results of their spree.

Deserved Protest. A French newspaper refers to the members of the stock exchange singing "God save the king." "We must protest against this total misrepresentation of our national aspirations," observes Punch.

FAVORS A RETIREMENT LAW.

There were a number of bills for the retirement law by the House in the various departments in Washington. The retirement law would not be introduced by a committee of aged and thoughtful clerks, said W. R. Hayes, former congressman from Nebraska, the other day.

As it is now, no head of a department or bureau chief will discharge a man or woman who has been a faithful worker for 30 years or more, because old age has impaired the usefulness of the employe. As a result, there are hundreds, if not thousands, who are kept on the rolls merely as a matter of humanity. If dismissed they would in many instances be thrown upon the charity of the world, for it is utterly out of the question that private employment could be obtained for them.

The stupidity of the clerks themselves has been one of the chief reasons why a liberal retirement law has failed of passage for all these years. The clerks can never agree on any policy among themselves. Many of them obstinately contend that the government has no right to withhold a dollar of their salaries to go into a pension fund for retired clerks, ignoring the recognized improvidence of that large per cent of employes who never save a penny of their salaries. It would be an act of beneficence toward this class if a portion of their wages was regularly retained.

"Unquestionably, it would be cheaper for the government to give a pension outright to those whose faculties are decayed, and to put young and vigorous people in the place of the superannuated. Every other first-class nation in the world save the United States has some kind of pension scheme for its civil servants, that of Canada, especially, being a model."

MICROBE LOST HOPE.

A lonely microbe, disheartened and ready to die because the public health service is rapidly putting all his ilk where they can do humanity no harm, peeped over the edge of Assistant Surgeon General George Rustaker's desk the other day and heard the doctor humming a ditty that went like this: "A fly and a flea, a mosquito and a louse, all lived together in a very dirty house. The flea spread the plague and the skelter spread the chills. All louse spread typhus, too. Folks in bills. The fly spread typhoid and the louse spread typhus, too. Folks in that house were a mighty sickly crew. Along came a man and he cleaned up the house. He screened out the skelters and awaited the louse. The fly and the flea he cracked on the wall. Now the people in that house are never sick at all."

"Well," piped up the microbe, "that's all right as far as it goes, but it strikes me you've been a bit partial in this thing. How about the bedbug? Where does he get off?"

"He's going to get off pretty quick," returned the doctor. "So far the bedbug has been able to prove an alibi, but I've put the sanitary detective on his trail and I'll get him yet."

Whereupon the microbe, seeing the jig was up, committed suicide by jumping into the inkwell.

11,221,624,084 CIGARETTES.

If cigarette smoking is as deadly as some of the ants make out, this country will soon be inhabited exclusively by imbeciles.

During the fiscal year 1912, the tidy number of 11,221,624,084 cigarettes was smoked in this country, an average of about 123 for every man, woman and child. Inasmuch as not all men and women and all children before the walking age smoke cigarettes, the average consumption for those who do is considerably larger than 123.

This eleven billion odd is an instance of two billions over the consumption of 1911, and Secretary MacVeagh and his department officials confess they cannot explain this vast jump.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING DISCON.

Secretary Franklin MacVeagh will not permit any more chafing dish parties in the Treasury building. The no-day parties, the daily teas and dainty hot luncheons have been discontinued. For many years clerks of the treasury have made merry over the chafing dish at noon, but there will be no more of that get lunch. The sanitary committee of the department recommended that the secretary have the little eating parties discontinued and all cooking utensils removed. Light housekeeping in Uncle Sam's money chest is a thing of the past.

Driving an Alligator.

Using a child's toy wagon and allowing himself to be drawn about by an alligator, is one of the queer methods adopted by a German sportsman to win a wager, says Popular Mechanics. He claimed that there were no less than 10,000 methods of locomotion, and in the dispute that followed he wagered that he could prove it. The bet was taken up by the friend and a trip around the world was undertaken to try out all the various kinds of transportation, and incidentally to devise some new ones. The alligator stunt was carried out at the alligator farm at Los Angeles, Cal.

Worry and Work.

Wiggs—Worry kills more people than work. Wagg—Quite natural! there are more people worrying than working.

AS THE BURGLAR VIEWS IT

National Board of Control Favored by Mr. Velvet Pillowfoot, So Well and Widely Known.

Mr. Velvet Pillowfoot, the widely known burglar, returned from Europe yesterday on the Palmyra. When asked about the business situation he said:

"There is no need for worry over the burglar business. In spite of the disturbance of recent months, underlying conditions are sound and resources are plentiful. And yet, although I am thoroughly optimistic, I want to say that no noticeable revival of burglary can be looked for at once. So long as the authorities continue their meddling, and so long as the people are willing to listen to inflammatory agitators, our oldest burglars will not undertake new commitments. The public mind has been stirred up until they think burglars are much worse than they really are. It is actually coming to the point in this country where a man who is good in this country where a man who is good to his family cannot turn a dishonest penny without having to undergo annoying investigations by congress and the police and muckrakers.

"I do not deny, of course, that burglary should be regulated, nor do I object to a modicum of government control, which might even go so far as to limit the amount which a duly licensed burglar might make at any one haul, but I do think that burglary should be taken out of politics. For this purpose I favor the creation of a national burglary board, to be appointed by the president and composed of leading respectable burglars."

QUAINT NAMES GIVEN CLUBS

London Institutions Seem to Have Been Designed for All Sorts of Queer People.

The title "Cave of the Golden Cal" bestowed on London's first cabaret theater club, which opened its doors recently, recalls other curiously named clubs which have flourished in this country at different times.

For instance, there was the "Calves' Head club," founded in "ridicule of the memory of Charles I."

"The Everlasting" was a purely social club, with a membership of 100 souls.

"The Little club" was a distinctly original institution. It was intended for those not five feet high. The door was made high enough to admit a man five feet and no more.

There were many others, eccentric in name and tradition, which flourished during the eighteenth century, such as "The Great Bottle club," "The Sons of Je Ne Sais Quoi club," "The Sons of the Thames" and the "No Pay No Liquor club," whose members on the first night of joining were obliged to pay an entrance fee of one shilling and wear a hat shaped like a quart pot.—London Tit-Bits.

American Shopping.

A New York letter in the Munich Gazette speaks of the pleasures of shopping in the great cities of the United States, and lays particular stress on the "fairness" of the rules under which all stores seem to work. "It makes no difference," says the writer, "how unfamiliar one is with the language and the currency—he has the same place in the line of patronage with the natives. Polite salesmen and saleswomen show the goods, which are seldom urged upon the customer; the prices are fixed, and one knows that he buys at the same figure without bidding less, as his neighbor who tries to pinch the price. In one place I purchased goods to the value of 7 marks, listened to a fine concert, took tea at a small price, wrote several letters in a beautiful room at no cost save the postage, and found the goods at my home when I reached there a few hours later."

Why It Has a Hump.

Keepers of the zoological gardens are expected to know all the facts and theories of natural history, and, as they do not, they sometimes have to manufacture explanations.

One of the men in the Philadelphia zoo was asked, by a visitor, what the hump on the camel's back was for.

"What's it for?" repeated the keeper, in a dazed way.

"Yes, of what value is it?" The keeper thought real hard for a minute, and then said, gravely: "Why, sir, do you suppose folk would come miles to see this animal if it didn't have a hump? Sir, a camel if it didn't have a hump might just as well be a cow. That's the use of the hump!"

Something Like It.

"Will you have some mocking bird soup?"

A new waitress in a family hotel on the hill startled the diners last evening by asking this question.

"I'll not eat at this hotel again. I'm a member of the Audubon society. The very idea! Making soup out of mocking birds!" indignantly remarked a woman.

"I'll take a chance on it just once," said her husband.

The waitress went to the kitchen and returned.

"I made a mistake," she said. "It was mock turtle soup."

But That Was Long Ago. Hewitt—Times have changed. Jewett—Right you are; I remember when a pedestrian had an even chance for his life when he tried to cross the street.

AFRICAN PYGMY AT ZOO

New Yorkers Soon to Have Opportunity to See Rare Animal Captive.

New York—For the first time on record visitors to New York zoo will shortly have an opportunity to inspect what is probably the rarest animal that has ever been made a part of any such collection—that is, the pygmy hippopotamus.

These pocket editions of the "blood-sweating behemoth" were discovered in 1884 in Africa, and it has taken nearly thirty years to secure these first live specimens, although a few mounted bodies have been shown, since their habitat so far as known is confined to a remote territory peopled by bloodthirsty cannibals. The two specimens which have now been acquired, a male and a female, cost the zoo \$12,000, a figure which indicates their rarity.

According to descriptions that have crossed the Atlantic ahead of the pair, the male is 30 inches high at the shoulders, 70 inches long from the end of his nose to the base of his tail, and his tail is 12 inches long. He weighs 419 pounds. The female, believed to be only two years old, is 18 inches high and weighs 176 pounds.

In comparison, Calph, the enormous male hippopotamus who now stands in a mounted state in the American Museum of Natural History, stood 4 feet 9 1/2 inches high at the shoulders, was 12 feet 4 inches in length from end to nose of root of tail, his circumference was 11 feet 8 inches and his weight has been given as close to 6,500 pounds.

Beside the enormous bulk of a full grown male hippo of the common species, the pygmy is like a six months' old human infant of thirteen pounds weight beside a man of 180 pounds. In bulk one adult Nile hippo weighing 6,000 pounds is equal to fourteen adult male pygmy hippos.

CANNIBAL RACE IN THE WEST

Evidence Found by R. F. Gilder to Prove Traditions of the Omaha Indians.

Omaha, Neb.—Traditions among the Omaha Indians to the effect that a tribe of cannibals once lived in the Valley of the Missouri have been verified apparently by discoveries made recently near this city by persons operating under the direction of R. F. Gilder, a well-known archaeologist.

The Omaha Indians came to this region from the Ohio river about 300 years ago. These pioneers heard from other Indians who then lived here of the former existence of a tribe that ate human flesh. Inquiry among other tribes that had formerly been in the valley showed that they had the same tradition, and persons interested in uncovering the history of the early inhabitants of America undertook to learn if there was truth in these tales.

The search has been going on for eight years. At the beginning it was found that some race had lived on the bluffs of the Missouri in dugouts, which at times were 10 feet deep and were roofed with poles over which were laid twigs, grass, and earth. In the floors of these were caches in which were stored property and food. These from time to time have yielded evidence of cannibalism, but nothing that appeared conclusive was unearthed until this summer, when in a small dugout, one of eight, were found bones which Mr. Gilder believes show absolutely that human flesh was cooked to be eaten.

"In all these were found parts of at least 16 human skulls ranging from the smallest infant to the senile subject," said Mr. Gilder in announcing his discovery. "Many showed the peculiar color which bones assume on being boiled. In my possession there is a vast assortment of food bones of quadrupeds and birds."

AGED HEN STILL LAYS EGGS

Owner Vouches for "Belva Lockwood's" Years and Productiveness.

Boston, Mass.—Mrs. Hall of Norwell has a hen that is 21 years old this summer and still lays eggs.

"I know she is 21," says Mrs. Hall, "because she was one of a sitting of eggs that was set by my mother, and she's been dead 21 years this summer."

Belva Lockwood has laid eggs regularly up to this year. Last year she laid 11, and when she was at the age of 16 she was producing 250 eggs a year with the enthusiasm and industry of young broilers of two years.

"The only trouble with her," says Mrs. Hall, "is that she's a little blind. She seems to feel her way, but if I let her out she's likely to get lost, so I keep her locked up."

BOLT MELTS PICTURE WIRES

Lightning Twists Child About and Cuts Up Other Dishes in New Jersey.

Williamstown, N. J.—Lightning performed some weird antics in the home of Albert Eldridge. The current entered by way of a chimney and blew out every chimney stop in the house. It melted picture wires by the dozen, tore off picture frames, smashed a bureau to pieces and cut carpets in several rooms. The current penetrated every room in the house, except the parlor, and in the sitting room seized a grandchild of Eldridge, who was playing in the middle of the floor, and turned her completely around without doing her any injury.

CAUSE OF TERROR

Vagaries About Lightning Without Reason.

Although It Causes Fewer Violent Deaths Than Any Other Foe of American, It is Feared Most by Many.

Washington.—Terror of lightning is mostly morbid. If you are obsessed with such a fear, Uncle Sam's statisticians can comfort you with the assurance that the average citizen of the United States is ten times more likely to be murdered than to be killed by a thunderbolt; eleven times more likely to be shot dead, through malice or accident; twelve times more likely to die of heat or sunstroke; twenty-eight times more likely to die of burns or scalds, thirty-four times more likely to be drowned. Only about 276 people in our land are annually put to death by Jove's fiery darts. Of course, the death rate from this cause varies from year to year. It was above the average in 1909, and even heavier in 1906. Some astronomers believe that the severity of thunderstorms is increased by sun spots, others that it varies with the phases of the moon, but meteorologists generally deny these theories.

They agree that your danger from the celestial artillery depends principally upon the locality in which you live, and your shelter at the time of the storm. The weather bureau, by careful observation and tabulation, discovers our zone of greatest danger from lightning to include an irregular area of the east, covering all the Atlantic coast states from Massachusetts to Virginia, inclusive, and biting inland until it takes in southern Vermont, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and eastern Illinois. Thunderstorms therein are more fatal though less frequent than in the Gulf states. If you wish to escape thunderstorms almost entirely, pitch your tent upon the Pacific slope, where such storms are practically unknown. Or, if required to dwell within the danger zone, select for your castle a house in the midst of a city block with continuous tin roofs connected to well anchored water-pipes.

The fact that lightning annually strikes four times as many people of outdoor occupations as people in general emphasizes the wisdom of keeping indoors during such disturbances. But if caught in the open bear in mind that you are far safer in the dense heart of a wood than at its outskirts, and that the shelter of a single tree is particularly treacherous, especially if near the edge of a body of water, even a ditch. But if you must be near a tree, seek the companionship of the beech, which is struck least often of all, and avoid particularly the oak, which attracts lightning more than any other.

The oak is hit fifty-seven, the fir thirty-nine and the pine five times as often as the beech. Avoid above all else a tree or other shelter where under a group of men or beasts are huddled together. While in the shadow of the thunderhead, monarch of all clouds, be exclusive. The weather bureau also warns you against doorways, particularly of barns and stables; also a house connected with a metallic clothes line.

While successful in tabulating the destructive and fatal effects of lightning and, by deduction, formulating such common-sense rules as the above, our weather bureau, in common with other great meteorological institutions, finds the force behind the Jovian cannon balls and projectiles of Surtur Flashes too elusive and vagarious to be reduced to law. For years the bureau has been gleaming from all parts of the world reports describing the eccentricities of this awe-inspiring phenomenon, of which Flammarion has said:

"It is like an elementary spirit, eccentric or rational, clever or silly, far seeing or blind, headstrong or indifferent, passing from one extreme to the other. It wriggles through space, it moves among men with surprising agility, appearing and disappearing like lightning."

But the most weird of all lightning pranks on record is that of killing a man and leaving him standing erect, as in life. Such a phenomenon was lately reported by a Canadian observer, C. Balliarde, who near Beaumont saw a man struck by a thunder bolt while walking in a field. Although dead, he remained motionless, standing with one foot in front of the other in the attitude of taking a step.

PRESIDENT FOR A DAY.

In the talk about electing presidents of the United States it is recalled that Senator David Rice Atchison of Clay county, Mo., claimed the unique distinction of holding the office of president of the United States for one day. The terms of office of President James K. Polk and of Vice President George M. Dallas terminated by limitation on Saturday night at midnight, March 4, 1849. Gen. Zachary Taylor, Polk's successor, was not inaugurated until Monday, March 5, 1849. Senator Atchison was at the time president pro tem. of the United States senate. The expiration of vice-President Dallas' term left a vacancy to which Senator Atchison instantly succeeded. This made him ex-officio vice-president of the United States, but at the same instant there was likewise a vacancy in the presidential office, to which in turn Atchison instantly succeeded.