

CAPTURED IN MID-AIR

Here is a Fish Story That Has the Real Flavor.

Bird on the Wing Rewarded Efforts of Club Commodore, Whose Veracity May Not Be Called In Question.

Sitting on the float of the Pallade Boat club in Yonkers, several members and friends were relating vacation adventures of this season. Fish, snakes and other reptiles had been favored with their innings. Bear, deer, birds, canoe upsets and rescues from drowning also had received veracious attention, when former Commodore William J. Lord of the Yonkers Yacht club moved his chair to the edge of the group.

"Friends and fellow citizens," said he, "I don't expect any of you to tell, but it doesn't make much difference to me, for the narrative is true. Most of you know," the former commodore went on, "that I put in three weeks at Watkins Glen, on Seneca lake. One evening, shortly after sunset, I took a polo and line and went down to the water. The hook was baited with a salmon fly, and I thought some kind of fish would strike at it. I was disappointed. After making probably 100 or more casts at different points in the lake, I was getting discouraged. Just as I had resolved to go back to the hotel, I made another cast. I watched to see and hear the faint splash in the water. It did not come. The fly did not touch the lake. And not a tree or other obstacle for it to strike was within 500 yards. I was amazed.

"Suddenly the line straightened. Next came a series of jerks, short and long pulls. The line sawed up and down and from side to side. I had a bite in mid-air. But no fish of my experience ever behaved in this fashion after taking a hook. For possibly two minutes the tugging continued, when the pole was twitched out of my hands and I saw it go sailing inland at a height of perhaps 30 feet. I followed the fishing tackle. Soon I caught in a clump of bushes and there the outfit remained. Seizing the pole at the butt, I began to wind up the line on the reel. Nothing else moved for some seconds, but when it became taut there was a commotion among the leaves. Then I found that I had safely secured my catch.

"A cheiropter, the commodore replied, "is a bat—a bat that eats insects."

Improved Outfit for Diver. When clothed in the ordinary divers suit topped with the heavy brass helmet a diver is helpless. The air that is pumped down to him fills not only the helmet, but the entire suit, puffing it out to such an extent that heavy weights are required to keep the man down. The work that he can do is limited. One of the annoyances that he has to endure is the fact that he cannot reach inside of his suit to ease any discomfort. A diver once discovered a June bug in his helmet when he was down under water and he was obliged to endure all the torture of having the insect crawl over his face without any possible means of reaching it to destroy it or even brush it away. Recently, however, a French inventor devised a diver's outfit which dispenses with everything but an abbreviated form of helmet. Air is pumped to the diver in the usual way, through a pipe which is attached to his helmet at the back of the neck.

Two Ways. A hunter of the old school, who lives among the foothills of the Alleghenies, was leased into making a wager of \$10 that his antiquated gun would shoot a bullet through a railroad cross-tie. The old hunter was confident of winning, as he had tested his gun on cross-ties, hickory, oak and even ironwood.

The bet was to be decided in the lumber yard back of the depot. The old hunter arrived at that place in advance of the others. He arranged several of the thickest cross-ties for the test by standing them against piles of lumber with their flat sides forward. Imagine his astonishment when the man with whom he had made the bet upon arriving, exclaimed:

"Flatways! Are you daffy, man? Turn them endways!"

The hunter of the old school lost.

Pistol as Aid to Teaching. As the result of an accident it has been discovered that the schoolmaster at the village of Burglen, Canton of Thurgovie, Switzerland, has been employing a pistol as an aid to teaching in class and pointing the instrument at any refractory pupil with it appears, successful results.

During the absence of the master the boys took the pistol from the desk, and a boy in play fired at a comrade, who fell with a bullet through his shoulder. An inquiry has been opened by the local authorities and the schoolmaster suspended pending the result.

TYPHOID PREVENTIVE IMPROVED

Remarkable results are being obtained by the use of the new typhoid fever preventive, "typhoid prophylactic," according to Brigadier General Robert H. Evans, U. S. A., chief of the division of militia affairs. The unpleasant after effects of the old-fashioned vaccination are no longer painful ones, and out of 40,000 soldiers of the regular army that have taken the treatment the only after effects have been an occasional headache, lasting a few hours, and once or twice a slight fever has resulted, but has disappeared within an hour or two.

In the army and navy the treatment now is compulsory, and the medical corps of the army has had extra proof of the efficacy of the treatment.

The prophylactic treatment is not compulsory in the national guard, but it is administered to the members who may desire it. Brigadier General Evans says that about one-third of the members of the national guard of the District of Columbia, both officers and men, are voluntarily taking the treatment. He has a notion that it would be a good thing for the militia-men of other states.

OLD SOL IN BAD.

"Excessive sunlight may be responsible for American nervousness, as sunlight is a nerve stimulant," said Dr. Gardner C. Basset of the psychological department of Johns Hopkins in a lecture at the exhibition of hygiene and demography.

"But," he added, "how sunlight affects mental activity is still a subject for investigation."

Mental work, according to Dr. Basset, can be done more effectively when one is lying down. "The vertical posture is better for muscular work, the horizontal for mental," he said. "In thinking many people prefer a semi-reclining posture, as in a Morris chair with the feet elevated."

Month breathing, Dr. Basset asserted, affects a person's memory injuriously. The month breathers is also slower and less accurate in adding figures than is the nose breather.

"Don't allow your child to become too solemn," said Dr. Basset. "Undue seriousness is likely to result in adolescent insanity."

"The normal person," he added a moment later, "is seldom awake in every part. We sleep in sections. Remember that inattention represents the rest of the nervous system."

UNIQUE RAILROAD SYSTEM.

The United States senate is building its own railroad system. Work was started on the project the other day, and when the solons who hold forty in the upper branch of congress come back to resume their duties in December they will be able to ride right from their offices in the senate office building to the capitol, where elevators will whisk them to whatever floor they wish to go.

A monorail system is being installed in the tunnel leading from the office building to the capitol, and will be a double-tracked, sure-enough rapid-transit line about 500 feet in length.

The cars will be operated by electricity, but owing to restrictions of space they will not be of Pullman proportions, and it is possible that senators who are corpulent in girth may find it convenient to walk.

HIS CONSCIENCE RELIEVED.

After giving personal attention to the letter of a Decorah (Iowa) man who desired to ease his mind by paying the United States two cents, Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh the other day removed the minimum limit of five cents on "conscience fund" contributions. The letter read: "Onkel Sam, United States Treasury. Hereby I sent 2 cents which I owe by mistake. I was sending a little article with mail and put a slip of writing in with after sum time I thought I did not do right and regret, so excuse me."

PREMIUMS FOR INVENTIVE EMPLOYEES.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has created a commission to consider the merits of mechanical and labor-saving devices invented by postal employees and submitted by them for use in the postal service. On the recommendation of Mr. Hitchcock, congress recently appropriated \$10,000 to be paid in his discretion as rewards to postal employees whose inventions may be adopted.

Where Women Vote.

"Women vote in your state, don't they?"

"Yes."

"How does it work out?"

"First rate. My wife controls twenty-two votes."

"Twenty-two?"

"Yes. She can influence the twenty-two women of her whist club to vote just as she pleases."

"You said she controlled twenty-two votes. Where does she get the twenty-second?"

"From me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Serial Story.

Ascum—Do you remember the night I had to take you home from the club in a cab and—

Nagget—Yes, indeed.

Ascum—I don't suppose you have heard the last of it yet?

Nagget—No, my wife's still living.

—Exchange.

TRAMP MET HIS MATCH

KNIGHT OF THE ROAD HAD NO MONOPOLY OF HUMOR.

Forced in the End to Be Content With Sniffing the Savory Stew He Had Hoped to Sample, He Went His Way.

The weary tramp sauntered idly along the highway. It had been a beautifully lazy day, just suited to the uses of a dolce far niente poet like himself, and his distaste for effort increased as he passed along. His only inconvenience was that something within told him that he was hungry. It was probably his stomach, since it had not been overburdened with food for several days—not because there was not plenty of it to be had, but because he had studiously adhered to his anti-laboring principles. Work he considered disgraceful, and he was not going to fasten a blot of any kind on his escutcheon by accepting any kind of a job if he could help it. It was a favorite theory of his that the world owed him a living, and he maintained that an honest world would voluntarily come and pay its debt and not force him to dun it like a common garden day laborer with either an ax, a spade, or hoe. It was pretty near dinner time as he drew near to the farmhouse, and, pausing before the kitchen window, he leaned gracefully against the sill and complimented the lady of the house, who stood within, upon the delicate aroma of a veal stew that stood simmering upon the kitchen stove.

"Pretty good stew you have there," said he, sniffing its fragrance with all the air of a connoisseur. "Reminds me of the kind my mother used to make."

"Ye-as," returned the lady of the house, who had a nice sense of humor. "It's stew good for them as ain't willin' to work for it."

"All the same," said he, "I'm a man of taste, and I wouldn't mind havin' a taste of that."

"Ye can have it," said the lady of the house pleasantly, "when ye've earned it. Can you saw that wood?"

The tramp shivered, but answered promptly.

"You'll excuse me, madam," said he, with an uneasy glance at the woodpile, "but I must correct your English. I bin a student of English all my life. What you should have is, 'Can you see that wood,' not saw."

"Thank ye, professor," said the lady, amiably. "It's so long since I went to skule that my grammar air a little weak, and I accept the correction. Can you see that wood?"

"I sure can," replied the weary tramp. "My eyesight is as sharp as my appetite."

"Well, eat all ye want of it," said the lady genially. "There's a pile of it, and more where it come from."

"But I can't eat wood," retorted the tramp.

"No, professor," replied the lady, "but I thought maybe ye had an axe with ye, so ye could help yourself to a chop as ye went by."

Whereupon the hungry hobo resumed his way, cursing the day that humor was invented.—Judge.

Drew the Line at David.

Sir Frederick Wedmore, a well-known art critic, has published a most interesting volume of memories, in which he tells good things about interesting people whom he has met.

One of the best stories is that of Queen Victoria and her statement that she "would not meet David." She evidently championed Bathsheba. The story runs thus:

"In some such terms as the following, Lady Southampton felt herself inspired to address the queen one day: 'Do not you think ma'am, one of the satisfactions of the future state will be, not only our reunion with those whom we have loved on earth, but our opportunities of seeing face to face so many of the noble figures of the past—of other lands and times? Bible times, for instance. Abraham will be there, ma'am; Isaac, too, and Jacob. Think of what they will be like! And the sweet singer of Israel. He, too. Yes, ma'am, King David we shall see. And, after a moment's silence, with perfect dignity and decision, the great queen made answer, 'I will not meet David!'"—Public Opinion.

Give Credit to Suspenders.

"Notice what a difference the friction of cool weather makes in the carriage of most men?" a prominent physician asked the other day. "See how their shoulders are thrown back, their chins thrust forward and the general elasticity of their step?" "Yes, I've noticed it," his companion replied. "Cold weather certainly braces a man up." "You are right there," the doctor replied, "but there is something that plays a more important part than the mere fact that the air is cold. What? Suspenders? Yes, sir! Soon as the weather gets cool a man wears a vest. That means that he lays his belt aside and resorts to suspenders. No man can walk erect and with that air of alertness without them. The reason is simple. The natural way to walk is with the chest thrown out and the allowance drawn in. When a man wears a belt he cannot do that because his trousers will sink down and he will be very uncomfortable generally. When his trousers are suspended from his shoulders he can walk naturally."

She Knew Better.

Maud—"Jack seems to be an easy-going fellow." Ethel—"Easy-going! You never had him call on you evenings; one can never get him to go."

PRIEST'S GHOST STORY

BEGAN WITH THRILLS, BUT ENDED VERY TAMELY.

All the Material for Really Excellent Experience With Spirits Seemed to Be There Until the Touch of Materialism Developed.

Doctor Walsh, lecturer and nerve specialist, tells the following story in one of his series of talks on ghosts, dreams, premonitions. After this tale it will be unnecessary to say that the doctor has never seen a ghost himself.

An old clergyman dwelling alone with his housekeeper and her sister in a rather lonely part of a little country town was awakened late one night by a loud ring at his front doorbell. In a moment the priest was out of bed and preparing to go on what he expected was a sick call summons.

Again very shortly came another ring at the bell. Surprised that the housekeeper, who slept on the ground floor, had not answered the door he went out into the hall and down the stairs. There standing at the open door was the housekeeper and her sister looking out into empty space. The two astonished women turned to him.

"There is no one there, father!" they exclaimed.

"When I rang first I went to the door and found no one," went on the elder, "then when it rang again we were both near the door and opened it immediately and there was nothing around."

As they were speaking the bell rang again and the women in alarm clung to each other. Boldly the priest opened the door—still no one in sight.

It was a clear starlight night and the house stood in an empty space. Very cautiously he explored every portion of the grounds, piazza and house, but not even a footprint could he find. As he was entering the door after his search the bell rang again, and as he was in full view of the bell he was forced to admit that no visible human agency rang it. He had great difficulty calming the frightened women and returned to his room in a puzzled frame of mind. Just before getting into bed he glanced at his watch and saw that it was 2 o'clock.

The next day he learned with great sorrow and also with some uneasiness that the vicar of the neighboring town, who was a lifelong friend of his and of whose illness he had not heard, had died at 2 o'clock the night before.

After that no mysterious doorbell ringings were heard until the night of the day of the vicar's funeral. Wearing out with grief and the funeral, the old priest had retired early and was sleeping soundly when he was awakened by knocks at his door and the voice of his frightened housekeeper.

"Father! Father!" she was crying. "Didn't you hear the doorbell ring? We've gone to the door and there's no one there! The house must be haunted. Tomorrow the first thing in the morning we will leave."

Cutting still the woman's crying came another ring at the bell. Quickly the priest was up and down stairs, looking at his watch on the way down. It was 2 o'clock. As he opened the door clear and shrill the bell clanged out again.

"So the bell rings itself, does it?" he mused after a good look around. "Well, then, the trouble must be in the bell."

Late as it was he went to work prying the bell from the door and found—the ghost! A family of mice had built a snug little nest for themselves there and their entrances and exits had been the cause of the bell's ringing. The late hours they kept was no doubt due to their natural timidity.

Good Word for Corsets.

It is not often that a doctor has much to say in favor of the corset, but two Berlin medical men, Professor Felix Hirschfeld and Adolf Loewy, have just come forward in championship of that sorely abused garment. True, their advocacy is of limited and qualified character, but so far as goes it is quite wholesome, for they have satisfied themselves that for a certain type of physique that is especially prone to consumption the use of corsets may act as a preventive of that disease. The structure in question is described as "paralytic thorax," the specific characteristics of which appear to be length and flatness of the chest. The two investigators carried out exhaustive experiments on the respirations of persons of this class, simultaneously following the movements of the diaphragm by means of Roentgen rays. The result they arrived at was that whereas the corset diminished the depth it increased the frequency of their patient's breathing, so that the total amount of air taken into the lungs within a given time remained the same.

Freedom to Say What One Likes.

The only way to be agreeable and sweet is to avoid being disagreeable. The first act in the play of self-improvement problem is to be as civil to home folk as you would be to strangers. Let loose sweet thoughts and muzzie and choke off the unkind ones.

Water to Christen Ship.

New York W. C. T. U. Urges Libation From Niagara for Battleship New York.

Ogdensburg, N. Y.—The New York state convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance union forwarded a resolution to the secretary of the navy, asking that the new battleship New York be christened with water taken from Niagara falls. If the request is granted the union will furnish the water and the receptacle.

Boy of 15 Supports Family.

Irwin, Pa.—Joseph Nellis, a fifteen-year-old boy employed in a mine here, is supporting two younger sisters and a brother in a shanty which he has rented. The boy's father recently disappeared. The mother is dead. Joseph has a hard time, but he refuses all offers of aid.

The Difference.

A couple who were at times subject to fits of incompatibility were seated before the fire between rounds. A cat and a dog also shared the warmth of the blaze.

Wife—See that dog and cat. They never fight and scratch like we do.

Husband—Tie them together and see what will happen.—Judge.

BLOND ESKIMOS LONG KNOWN

Old Revenue Cutter Captain Says Stories of Burning Mountain Were Laughed At.

Tacoma, Wash.—Captain Francis Tuttle of the revenue service, retired, says that for thirty years or more stories of Stefansson's blond Eskimo tribe have been told by old-time whalers who were sometimes driven into Bankland by ice floes. Whalers were laughed at when they described Eskimos with red hair seen in the far north.

In the early nineties Captain Tuttle, commanding the cutter Bear, met the whaler Ballens, commanded by Captain Bert Williams, now residing at Irondeau. Williams told Tuttle of a strange tribe in Bankland which came out to the whaler. Some of them went aboard. Williams could not understand their language and learned little about them. From his winter quarters Williams could see a burning mountain of coal. The natives led him to a place where he obtained enough coal to supply his vessel that winter. By signs they made Williams understand that the great mountain had been burning for 200 years. Captain Tuttle believes Williams is the man of whom one tribe told Stefansson.

During his thirty years of service on the Alaskan coast Captain Tuttle heard of blond tribes from other whalers, but the stories were generally given little credence.

GIRL ON TRIAL WINS SUITOR

Pays Fine of Girl Convicted of Theft, Proposes Marriage and is Accepted.

New York.—Eva Roux, the demure French-Canadian girl who spent four strenuous days in the superior court at Bridgeport defending herself against a charge of theft preferred by Mrs. C. E. Page of New York and Sound Beach, is to become a bride within a week or so.

Her trial resulted in a fine being imposed. A man who is said to be the owner of two Connecticut theaters and who listened to all of the evidence, paid her fine and then proposed marriage. His name is not divulged. He is forty-five and a bachelor.

Miss Eva was all smiles when seen in the office of Mrs. T. Carnello, who had befriended her at the time of the trial.

"Oou," she replied to the question whether she was to be married. Then in broken English she expressed pleasure, saying she had written home to get her parents' consent, and if they agreed the marriage would take place at once. The man who is to marry her has already taken steps to reopen the case in the superior court and have Miss Eva's reputation cleared.

ASKS DIVORCE, HAS A GUARD

St. Louis Woman Who Sues Husband Protected by Police—Escorted To and From Home.

St. Louis, Mo.—Every morning for a week a policeman called at 1422 Simple avenue, and after ringing the doorbell, met Mrs. Della Monica Black and escorted her to the nearest street car line. There he put her aboard a car, tipped his cap and went his way.

Every evening a policeman met Mrs. Black as she got off the car, returning from her work in a downtown millinery house, and saw her safely to her door.

Mrs. Black's reason for asking the police escort was revealed when she filed a divorce suit against Charles E. Black, proprietor of a drug store at Arlington and Ridge avenues.

Mrs. Black told a reporter that she believed it necessary to protect herself on her way to and from her home. Black has refused to make any statement about the case, except to say he has hired a lawyer.

AGED COUPLE IN BOX CAR

Former Missionaries Share Privations and Hardships—Are Found in South Dakota.

Jamestown, N. D.—Sharing privations and hardships with her husband, Mrs. K. W. Stepp was found in a box car in the Northern Pacific yards barn. She and her husband were traveling from South Dakota to Idaho, and had intended going the entire distance in the car in which they had loaded their few belongings. Cold weather, however, made the trip hard, and they were suffering greatly because of their scant protection from the elements.

Both are more than sixty years old. They were formerly missionaries.

Woman May Be Legislator.

Quite a hubbub surrounds the question of whether Frau Beatrix Kunetzky, the young Czech writer, should be allowed to take a seat in the Bohemian diet, according to the wish of the voters of Jungbunzlau. It is up to the governor of Bohemia to decide, for, though there is no specific prohibition of woman legislators in the electoral laws, no woman has ever been elected before, and the opponents of woman in politics are straining the meaning of certain words to make them appear to indicate the eligibility of men only for election. But the governor is a cautious man, and his present idea is to let the diet decide as to the admission of Frau Kunetzky at an early sitting.

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