

COYOTES IN CHASE

Farmer and Daughter Have Thrilling Ride in Kansas.

Pack of Usually Cowardly Animals Get Scent of Meat in Wagon and Make Attack, but Are Eluded in Flight.

Meade, Kan.—F. A. Norris, his daughter, Mrs. Beulah Robins, and Mrs. W. O. Johnson, living in Gray county, were chased by hungry coyotes while driving to their home. It was shortly after dark when they started home by starlight. Shortly after they crossed Crooked creek they noticed several animals following them. At first they believed the pursuers were dogs. Then others joined the pack and the party found themselves being chased by a pack of hungry prairie coyotes.

Ordinarily the Kansas coyotes are cowardly and seldom venture to follow human beings, but Mr. Norris had a lot of fresh meat in the carriage, and it is probable the hungry wolves got the scent of this.

At first little attention was paid to the wolves, but as the pack grew in size and some of the bolder wolves made dashes at the horses, the situation became more alarming.

Mr. Norris was unarmed, but, supposing the coyotes could be easily driven off, he stopped the team and started back with a whip to lash the animals. To his surprise, they showed fight and jumped and snapped at him in such a vicious manner that he hurried back to the carriage, whipped up the team and made a wild dash for the nearest settlement.

It was in a sparsely settled section of southern Gray county, Mr. Norris succeeded in checking the pack for a time, by throwing out to them the meat which he was carrying. The party finally reached home without mishap further than a good scare.

It is possible that they were loose, or Texas timber wolves, which are larger and fiercer than the coyotes," said Mr. Norris. "Probably the scent of the fresh meat rendered the hungry wolves more ferocious than they otherwise would have been."

SAYS WOMEN ARE SELFISH

Rev. Mary Andrews Assails Female Sex in Speech at Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo.—It is the tendency of American women to live beyond their means and to imitate their neighbors, regardless of expense, according to the Rev. Mary Andrews, formerly pastor of the universalist church here and well known throughout the west as a leader in the affairs of women, who addressed the Council of Clubs in Kansas City, Kan.

"The tendency among the women of America to receive, accept and demand, rather than to give and sacrifice, is growing to an alarming state," she said. "When a crisis of any kind enters into the American woman's life she is incapable of meeting it because she is so used to receiving that she has no self-confidence left. When she wants a thing done she expects her husband or servants her husband pays for to do it, instead of doing it herself, as our grandmothers did."

"A spirit of strife and unrest among women pervades all America. If a woman sees a thing that other women have she wants something just like it or better. It makes no difference whether she can afford it."

BANKS \$1,800 ANCIENT COINS

Heard in Tin Box for Years, Collection Contains All Sorts of Out-of-Date Money.

Monticello, N. Y.—Nearly eighteen hundred dollars in old coins was deposited in the Monticello National Union bank by Miss Cynthia Pintler, which amount represented the savings of her brother, Hiram Pintler, for more than seventy years.

Early in life Pintler formed the habit of throwing all his small change in a tin box. He was never forced to draw from it, and when he died a few months ago his relatives found the box filled with a small fortune.

In the collection are many coins of ancient dates. Large, old copper pennies, two-cent pieces, three-cent pieces, old nickels and dimes, eagle pennies, quarters and half dollars, a few gold pieces and several one dollar bills which were of such an out-of-date appearance that the ordinary person would consider them counterfeits.

Some of these coins have an added value because of their age. Never in the history of the bank has such a antique deposit been offered.

BOTHAM LIBRARY IS COSTLY

Every Time Book Is Taken From a Branch It Means an Expense of Ten Cents.

New York.—The annual report of the New York public libraries shows that it costs the city 10 cents for every book or magazine passed over the counters of the various branch libraries. Of the works circulated during the year the percentage of fiction is other classes of literature was 53. The city in the last year contributed for the circulation of books in the various branches nearly \$700,000, distributed as follows: Books, binding, etc. \$185,000; salaries, \$345,000; other

CATS PERPLEX NEW YORK

Advocates of Extermination Say Heroic Measures Are Necessary to Avert Real Plague.

New York.—Whether New York may intrust the disposal of its garbage to four-footed scavengers in the shape of cats, corresponding in a way to the dogs of Constantinople, is the most striking possibility in the controversy now raging as to whether cats are a public necessity or a public nuisance in this city demanding immediate recall.

According to the latest feline census it is estimated that there are 500,000 cats in this city, as compared to 50,000 dogs, and in view of the rapidity with which the former are increasing in numbers it is now proposed either to license or exterminate them.

The proposal to license cats is attended with many difficulties and objections. Aside from the difficulty of catching a quarter of a million strays and establishing their ownership, one expert holds that such a step would be on a par with licensing birds, white mice or rabbits.

On the other hand, an expert of contrary views paints a shocking picture of a cat-ridden city in the near future if steps are not taken to eliminate these animals.

According to him, in the thickly populated districts the cats are really wild animals, attacking chiefly the odoriferous garbage can. A recent investigation shows that these animals come out only at night, so that to catch them it became necessary to travel about the city in automobiles in company with the forces of the street-cleaning department, engaged in collecting garbage.

Altogether, the question as to whether New York shall have the recall of cats appears to promise hot discussion.

WOULD SEND SON TO JAIL

Magistrate Breen of New York Tells Woman It is a Good Way to Spoil Him.

New York.—Mrs. Elizabeth Cronin of 1338 First avenue asked a jail sentence for her 17-year-old son Harold Elder, who appeared in the Yorkville court charged with stealing from her. Mrs. Cronin gave to the boy, her son by a former marriage, 35 cents, with which to buy groceries. He spent it for a meal for himself and then was away until Friday night, when hunger drove him to return. He got into the house without being seen, and late in the evening Mrs. Cronin found him asleep on the floor of the hall. She woke him up and took him without delay to the East Sixty-seventh street police station, where she had him locked up as a thief on a warrant she had obtained two days before.

The boy was in tears when his mother described him as incorrigible and told over his offenses in order to show that jail was the only place for him. "I will not permit you to make a criminal of your son," said Magistrate Breen, on hearing her demand. "What chance has the boy to reform if you send him to prison?"

Mrs. Cronin then recommended sending the boy to some institution. Magistrate Breen put the case over, saying he wished to make a more thorough investigation.

PLUCKY BOY FINDS HIS DAD

Ten-Year-Old Traveler Makes Long Journey Alone—Relatives Thought He Was Kidnaped.

Hightstown, N. J.—Tired of waiting for a promised visit to his father, 16-year-old James Francis Jr. ran away from his home at Perrineville and the following day, while relatives and friends were excitedly searching for him and adding to their fear that he had been kidnaped, the youthful traveler presented himself before his astonished father in Fall River, Mass.

That Jimmie goes about with his eyes wide open is shown by the fact that he safely negotiated the trip from the memory of a similar journey made several months previous. Making his way afoot to Hightstown, with money he had saved in a toy bank he bought a ticket for New York and spent the night at a hotel near the terminal. Undaunted when he lost his way next morning, the fearless little fellow, by asking questions, finally found his way to the Grand Central station and was soon speeding toward the Bay state.

Refusing to have the boy sent home, the elder Francis has taken the lad along for an extended business trip through the New England states.

BIG CAT COMMITS SUICIDE

Great Ratter Is Found Dead Near Pipe From Which Illuminating Gas Is Still Flowing.

Everett, Wash.—Everybody connected with the Chelan Fruit house declares the cat deliberately and premeditatedly destroyed herself by inhaling gas.

The cat had been a great favorite with her two masters. The way she captured mice and rats endeared her to their hearts.

When the proprietors opened their place of business the other morning a strong smell of gas met them. She was in a position that evidently gave her some trouble to reach. Further, she had lost her kittens a few days ago and had evinced a dejected spirit, losing her appetite for mice, rats and milk.

ALL WINTER ABOARD WRECK

How Two Plucky Newfoundland Fishermen Rescued a Derelict Schooner From an Ice-Flot.

In winning salvage the Newfoundlanders do not seem to reflect upon the length of hardship and peril to which they must go. This is characteristic of their lives in every respect; it is a proverb with them that they go when they can, and leave getting back "to luck and good conduct." Not long ago an American fishing schooner, abandoned by her crew in the Strait of Belle Isle in early winter as hopelessly lost, was carried off in the ice-floe. It was the allmest chance in the world that the derelict would ever be seen again. There was not the slightest expectation, indeed, that she would be; the underwriters paid the insurance settlement without complaint or question, and crossed the schooner off for lost. But the schooner was not lost. She was sighted in her wanderings by two fishermen. They boarded from shore, found her hard and fast in the ice, but still light and worthy, a craft to their taste, a valuable property to which they must cling, no matter what came of it. It cost them dear; the ice would not loosen its grip on the schooner—nor would the fishermen. They might from time to time have escaped ashore; it would have been the part of wisdom, perhaps, and certainly the part of caution, to do so; but rather than abandon their salvage these two cheerfully reckless fellows stuck to the ship for the rest of that bitter winter.

When navigation opened in the spring of the year, the first mail steamer sighted the craft, still fast in the ice and manned by two gaunt skeletons. They had subsisted through the winter on one barrel of flour and some frozen herring. Having accomplished this, it was child's play for them to take their prize to port when the floe released her.—George Harding, in Harper's Magazine.

HAD TO EAT HIS PARTNER

George Cohan's Story of Actor Who Had to Wait Too Long for Engagement.

George M. Cohan, at an after-theater supper at Delmonico's, was talking about the "turkey trot."

"There's a moving little story about the 'turkey trot,'" he said, with his dreamy smile, "a story that illustrates well the vicissitudes of an actor's life."

"An elderly actor said in despair to a theatrical agent one day: "Is there nothing you can do for me? I've hung around your office, out of work, for eight months now."

"The agent, as he polished his diamond ring with his red silk handkerchief, answered thoughtfully: "Look here. Bring yourself up to date. The 'turkey trot' is all the go. You train some animal or bird to do the 'turkey trot' with you, and I'll get you on one of the circuits at a three-figure salary."

"The old actor thanked the agent gratefully. He bought an ostrich from a retired circus man, and after a lot of hard work he taught the bird to 'turkey trot' with him splendidly. Then he reported himself to the agent again.

"But the agent, for all his promises, had nothing to offer. The poor fellow turned up every day for a while, then every other day, then every third day, and at last a week went by without his appearance at the agent's office.

"Then the agent sent for him, and said: "Well, I've fixed you up at last. I've booked you for that turn of yours at —"

"But the old actor interrupted, sadly: "It's too late now," he said.

"Too late? How is it too late?" said the agent, frowning.

"I've had to eat my partner," muttered the old actor.

He Speaks Twenty-Three Languages.

Sir Charles Elliot, the newly appointed principal of Hong Kong university, who speaks 23 languages, may probably hold the record as a linguist in these degenerate days. But in the past he would not have borne off the belt so easily. There was Elihu Burritt, for instance, the "Learned Blacksmith," born in Connecticut in 1810, who whilst working as an apprentice at the forge taught himself French, Latin, German, Italian, Greek and Hebrew. During early manhood he mastered Sanskrit, Syriac, Arabic, Norse, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Bohemian and Turkish; then turning his attention to minor languages and dialects, persevered in his studies until he was able to read, write and speak in 60 different ways.

But it took an equal linguist to tell when Elihu Burritt was telling the truth.—From the London Chronicle.

Propitiating Spirits of Rats.

15,000,000 rats have been sacrificed for the sake of the preventive measure against the spread of plague brought forth by the Metropolitan Police board of the city of Tokio. This enormous number of the rodents have been purchased by the authorities from the residents and killed since the first case of the pestilence was discovered in the capital in December, 1902.

Recently a religious service was performed by the officials of the police office for the purpose of consoling the spirits of these dead creatures. These tender-hearted gentlemen remembered that the current year is neno-toshi, or "the year of the rat" and that these creatures therefore deserve some deference.

LIED BEAUTIFULLY TO HER

Amy, Good Woman, Listened to Jim Bone's Autobiography, Expurgated for Her Ears.

They sat down in the entry of Amy's house and talked—that is, Jim talked. It was the first time that he had willingly given out in Ruckersville any of the details of his past. But now all at once it seemed that he had an overwhelming desire to get it properly expurgated and set forth to Amy's admiring ears. It was no more the truth when he tells it to a woman. She inspired him to lie about it beautifully, as she inspired Elbert to lie about his daily existence, and as every good woman inspires every bad man to fabricate his autobiography. As he went on with the tale of his adventures he began to see himself glorified in the placid, smiling attention of her sweet blind face. He wondered why in the world he had been so secretive about those years in the west.

Jim Bone perceived all at once that he was not the rowdy he had supposed himself to be, but something of a hero of the chapter-heading smiles upon Amy's lips. Given the tablet of such a countenance, and the worst man in existence can make shining scriptures of an ill-spent life. The truth is, we are all autobiographical liars. But the funny thing is that once we see ourselves clarified by such faith as Amy's, we accept her version, and experience a shrunken peace that must distract the God who makes our moral sense, but does not control it afterward. On this occasion Bone finished his metamorphosis from the outlaw to the modest deprecating hero simply by a method of narrative that left out the undesirable parts of his real life. And it is one of the commonest miracles of conversion practiced by either men or women.—Corra Harris in the Saturday Evening Post.

BOY WHO WOULD NOT OBEY

Precocity of a New York Youth Was a Mighty Serious Problem For His Mother.

In a discussion on "Education," held the other afternoon at the headquarters of the National League for the Education of Women, Miss Jane Day, who is a "visiting teacher" of school 186, of which John Reigard is principal, told several stories of her experiences in her attempt to bring the school and the home into closer relationship.

"One thing which many of you upper class mothers don't understand," she explained, "is the superior precocity of the children of the poor. I remember going to call upon the mother of a boy whom his teachers had found quite incorrigible in school and asking her to make him behave himself.

"And how can I make him behave himself in school, when he won't do it at home?" she demanded. "Why, he doesn't care a bit about a thing I say. When I tell him to bring up the coal and take down the ashes he just laughs at me and tells me that he isn't fourteen and if I try to make him work he'll have the Gerry society after me for breakin' the child labor laws. Now, what can I be doing with a boy like that?"

Saw His Opportunity.

The first field-glasses brought to the New Hebrides sorely puzzled the simple-minded natives, who of course thought them the product of wizardry. In "Islands of Enchantment" Florence Coombs tells how one of the mission clergy was walking along the shore, when a native at his side pointed out a tiny finger in the distance.

"There goes one of my enemies," said he.

The white man, drawing out his field-glasses, and adjusting the focus, handed them to his companion, who, gazing through them in excited amazement, beheld his foe apparently close at hand. Dropping the glasses, he seized his arrows and looked again. The enemy was as far away as at first. Once more he snatched the magic glasses, once more exchanged them for his arrows, and once more was baffled. To lose such an opportunity was hard indeed. A bright thought suddenly occurred to him.

"You hold the glasses to my eyes," said he to the missionary, "and I can shoot him."—Youth's Companion.

Quotation on Wildcats.

The sons of J. H. Brower at Granville have sold their large live wildcat, captured one year ago, to R. A. Water of Akron, Ohio, for \$8. The cat has been used to kill rats which infest Mr. Brower's barn.

The animal, which is apparently eight or ten years old and weighs fifteen pounds, killed ten rats in less than five minutes when they were thrown one by one into its cage. The boys had some dangerous sport with the wildcat a few days ago when they attached a plough line about its neck and pulled it from the cage. Mr. Brower stopped the sport before any of the lads were attacked by the ferocious animal. It was shipped by express to Akron.

A Mild Argument.

"Hobby, do you love me as much as you did when we were first married?" "Of course I do." "Seems to me you don't tell me so often as you did." "Yes, I do. Seems to me you're hard-er to convince."

WHY THE HORSE TREMBLES

Asking Zeus to Improve Him, the God Created and Showed Him the Camel.

"Father of beasts and of men!" so spake the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus—"I am said to be one of the most beautiful animals with which thou has adorned the world; and my self-love leads me to believe it. Nevertheless, might not some things in me still be improved?"

"And what in thee, thinkest thou, admits of improvement? Speak! I am open to instruction," said the indulgent god with a smile.

"Perhaps," returned the horse, "I should be fiercer if my legs were taller and thinner. A long swan neck would not disfigure me. A broader breast would add to my strength. And, since thou hast once for all destined me to bear thy favorite man—the saddle which the well meaning rider puts upon me might be created a part of me."

"Good," replied Zeus, "wait a moment!" Zeus, with earnest countenance, pronounced the creative word. Then flowed life into the dust; then organized matter combined; and there stood before the throne the ugly camel.

The horse saw, shuddered and trembled with fear and abhorrence.

"Here," said Zeus, "are taller and thinner legs; here is a long swan-neck; here is a broader breast; here is the created saddle! Wilt thou, horse! that I should transform thee after this fashion?"

The horse still trembled.

"Go!" continued Zeus. "Be instructed for this once, without being punished. But to remind thee, with occasional compunction, of thy presumption—do thou, new creation, continue!" Zeus cast a preserving glance on the camel. "And never shall the horse behold thee without trembling."—From Lessing's Fables.

PICTURE OF MODERN LIFE

Little Telephone Conversation Between Husband and Wife That Hits Off Modern Conditions.

Mr. Jones (at the telephone)—Hello, is that you, dear?

Mrs. Jones (at the other end)—Yes, Edward.

Mr. Jones—I won't be home for dinner tonight and probably not until very late afterward. Don't sit up for me.

Mrs. Jones—What is it, lodge night, or work at the office?

Mr. Jones—Neither. Collins and the gang want me to stay here at the club for dinner and there's to be a little game in the evening. I think I can bring home a few dollars to you for a new hat or something.

Mrs. Jones—Oh, very well. But if you lose, don't you dare say anything to me about what I dropped at bridge yesterday. And Edward—

Mr. Jones—Yes, dear.

Mrs. Jones—Come home moderately sober. Stick to beer. The last time you mixed 'em and you remember—it took two of your friends and a cop to bring you home. I won't be up when you come home—don't wake me.

Thornless Blackberries.

I have heard of thornless blackberries having been discovered in North Carolina and along the eastern coast, but unfortunately the berries were not of any use for food. I have also grown so-called, but not by any means thornless, ones 40 years ago. Electricity was also known for thousands of years, but it was worthless until developed. Steam was also useless as an aid in performing the labor of mankind until some one made it useful. It is the same with the thornless blackberry. It is now productive; delicious to eat, large and in every way valuable for food, and absolutely smooth like the twig of an apple tree. There are seedless apples in existence today, but none of them are of any commercial value. There was once a so-called stoneless plum, but it was not larger than a large bean, and was not fit for human food. The bush was an ill-shaped thorny one and the fruit absolutely useless. Now there are growing on my farms, splendid plums and plums which are stoneless. Nature gives us a hint and it is man's business to carry out the work to produce results.—Luther Burbank in the Christian Herald.

Shooting on an English Estate.

A gentleman from London was invited to go for a day's snipe shooting in the country. The invitation was accepted and the host and guest shouldered guns and sallied forth in quest of game.

After a time a solitary snipe rose, and promptly fell to the visitor's first barrel.

The host's face fell also.

"We may as well return," he remarked, gloomily, "for that was the only snipe in the neighborhood. The bird had afforded excellent sport to all his friends for six weeks."

Wireless to Synchronize Clocks.

All public clocks in the German empire will hereafter be synchronized by means of wireless telegraphy. A master clock in a new station now being constructed at the town of Fulda will actuate the radiotransmitter every minute. The tower over the station will be 300 feet high. A census recently taken of the public clocks in London shows the importance of such a project, because a total variation was found of twenty-one minutes, from slow to fast. Only 3 1/2 per cent of the timepieces gave the correct Greenwich time.

SON SERVES FOR HIS FATHER

Induces Court to Exchange Their Sentences So Parent Can Be Set Free the Sooner.

Baltimore, Md.—Asking that a sentence of three years in jail imposed upon his father be imposed upon him and that his own sentence of two years in jail be reversed to his father, Hugh O. Lyons broke down in the original court and wept bitterly. Judge Elliott complied with the prisoner's unusual request and Lyons seemed much relieved when given the chance to exchange sentences with his father, giving the elder man the benefit of one year.

Though neither of them ever has directly admitted that they were father and son, Hugh D. Lyons, alias Phillip Passavant, and Hugh C. Lyons, who bear a very marked resemblance to each other, have given the authorities much difficulty in proving their relationship. They were arrested some time ago by Detectives Schanberger and Kahler on a charge of obtaining money through bogus checks passed upon tobacconists and confectioners. Several days ago they were convicted.

Touched by the loyalty of his partner in crime, "Passavant" asked that the original sentence be adhered to, but Judge Elliott carried out the reversal.

FINDS NEW RACE IN AFRICA

Explorer Tells of People Who Are Capable of Extraordinary Development.

Berlin.—Dr. Nekes, an authority on Africa, has found in the neighborhood of the new German territory surrendered by France, a tribe he describes as "the people of the future," as assigning to them practically all the virtues of the civilized, as well as original strength and manliness.

The new nation is a branch of the mighty Fank race, called Jaunde. Its people number 500,000, and are increasing rapidly. The whole nation is pushing westward from its native region near the sources of the White Nile.

Dr. Nekes says the people are amazingly intelligent, powerful physically, are fond of work and have an astonishingly rich language, in which they can express in native idiom the most modern things—such as cigars and telephones.

The people are divided into three social classes—freemen, freedmen and slaves captured in war. Their religion consists partly of ancestor worship and partly of belief in ghosts. They consider that all evil comes from witchcraft and sorcery. Hence they have witch-finders.

PLUCKY BOY FINDS FATHER

Ten-Year-Old Traveler Makes Long Journey Alone to See Parent at Fall River, Mass.

Hightstown, N. J.—Tired of waiting for a promised visit to his father, ten-year-old James Francis Jr. ran away from his home at Perrineville and the following day, while relatives and friends were excitedly searching for him and adding to their fear that he had been kidnaped, the youthful traveler presented himself before his astonished father in Fall River, Mass.

That Jimmie goes about with his eyes wide open is shown by the fact that he safely negotiated the trip from the memory of a similar journey made several months previous. Making his way afoot to Hightstown, with money he had saved in a toy bank he bought a ticket for New York and spent the night at a hotel near the terminal. Undaunted when he lost his way next morning, the fearless little fellow, by asking questions, finally found his way to the Grand Central station and was soon speeding toward the Bay state.

Refusing to have the boy sent home, the elder Francis has taken the lad along for an extended business trip through the New England states.

HAD SCHOOL TO TEACH CRIME

California Taught His Son and Associates How to Steal—Jail Holds Both.

San Quentin, Cal.—A father and son are in prison here to serve fifteen years each for burglary, and it is believed to be the first time in the history of the state prison records in California that a father and son figured in such a unique episode.

The prisoners are Nelson Primrose, the father, and Edwin Primrose, his son. Both pleaded guilty to committing a series of robberies.

The elder Primrose apparently conducted a school of crime for his twin sons and their associates, who are still in their early twenties. The case is one of the most unique in the criminal annals of this country.

Hereditary Scholarship.

London.—An example of hereditary academic distinction as remarkable as that of Prince Minister Asquith's sons at Oxford is afforded by the sons of Dr. Butler, the famous master of Trinity college, Cambridge.

His eldest son swept the board of all the chief classical honors, and the second son, Gordon Butler, has now repeated that performance, while the third son, also a scholar of Trinity, is following in his brothers' footsteps. In doing this the sons are repeating their father's record. Their mother, as Miss Ramsey, surpassed all competitors in the Classical Tripos in 1887.