

EDITOR PAID FOR PRIVILEGE

Wired Reporter for One Day, That He Might Have Satisfaction of Firing Him.

One of the oddest, quaintest characters that ever held the desk of managing editor was H. T. White of Chicago.

One afternoon when Mr. White was managing editor of the Daily News he strayed out into the local room and there found a cool, complacent young man roosting atop of a desk and puffing an inferior cigarette.

"Say, you useless, pop-eyed son of an obelisk," thundered Mr. White, "don't you see that sign, 'No smoking'?"

"Now that you remind me about it," said the young man, agreeably, "I think I do."

"You think you do?" roared the boss. "You know you do! Now, young man, whoever you may be, you go down to the cashier and tell him I said to give you whatever's coming to you. Then you get out! You're fired."

"The young man waved the cigarette in mild protest.

"But, Mr. White," said he, "I'm not working here. I just came up to see if I could get a job."

Mr. White, who was not personally acquainted with any of the minor lights of the local staff, was dumfounded for an instant. Then he growled, savagely:

"Well, then, you insolent, impertinent, fat-faced boob, you go to the city editor and tell him I said to put you to work. And to-morrow, you striped hyena of the Gobi desert, I'll have the satisfaction of firing you!"

And he had it, while the young man got one day's pay.

ARE MARVELS OF ENDURANCE

East African Carriers Said to Make Light of Feats That Would Stagger a Mule.

A carrier costs about 10 cents a day in our money, with a few red bananas and green stuff thrown in for his food. One will "tot" a load of sixty pounds through a place where a Missouri mule would lie down in disgust, according to a writer in Putnam's.

The packers will follow an elephant road, cut their way through flags and weeds high above their heads, wade through black mud up to their necks, and when they "squag" the bundle from their heads it will be dry and clean.

Some funny things go into those bundles. Not only food and clothing, dikes, bedding, even stoves, but they tie live goats and calves by their legs, curve them like links of the letter S and make a pack as snug as a blanket roll.

Intruding. It was hardly dawn and the window was open. The intruder had clambered up the front porch, and the interior of the room looked inviting.

It was hardly dawn and the window was open. The intruder had clambered up the front porch, and the interior of the room looked inviting. He could see that it was the abode of some person of wealth.

On a couch lay a man, sleeping heavily. His face was red and his hairless brows glistened in the first faint glow of day.

"This is fine," muttered the intruder. "Here's a bedded man first thing. The season is opening in great shape."

And the first fly crawled over the window sill, and the season of torture had begun.

New Bottle in Crows. England's already invasion scare has recalled to a writer in the London Chronicle an aerial specter which appeared long before the flying machine had shown any signs of flying.

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One Way to Get Rain. Last summer the British suffered from drought. The peasants implored heaven for rain, but without effect. Saint Sebastian was besought, but he seemed indifferent to the temporal needs of the people.

SHOWS LOYALTY OF JAPANESE

Implicit Obedience Everywhere Accorded the Issuance of an Imperial Rescript.

"The loyalty and implicit obedience of the Japanese to their government is something far in excess of what we understand by patriotism in America," said W. R. Olney, a retired San Francisco merchant, according to the Baltimore American.

"Not long since, while I was in Tokyo, an imperial rescript was issued reciting that the people were not practicing frugality sufficiently and directing everybody to be more careful in the expenditure of money. Now, the Japanese never were an extravagant race, but just the contrary, and yet on the publication of this paper every mother's son of them began to 'tighten up,' and in a little while the decrease in buying was so marked that the merchants made a big howl, which got to those in authority—the elder statesmen—with the result that a second rescript was proclaimed abrogating the former and telling the faithful subjects of the mikado they might use their money more liberally. This put matters back on the old footing and much harm was done. It was a wonderful example of popular respect and deference to the will of their sovereign."

TRAPPING THE ELUSIVE FLEA

Bureau of Entomology Claims to Have Discovered Method of Circumventing the Pest.

The bureau of entomology of the department of agriculture in Washington has hit on a plan to circumvent the irritating little flea, according to Van Norden's Magazine, the government has discovered a method by which any housekeeper may rid herself of fleas within a short time.

Fill a glass three-fourths with water, on top of which pour about an inch of olive oil, then place a night float (a little wick inserted in a cardboard disc or in a cork disc) in the center of the oil. Place the tumbler in the center of a soup plate filled with strong soapuds. The wick should be lighted at night on retiring, or may be used in any dark room.

Gold from Senkenk Ship. In the most holocaustous part of Mount's bay, and almost unapproachable except by sea, lies Dollar cove, where for the past three months a treasure seeking expedition, sent down by a London syndicate, has been quietly working, says the London Chronicle.

Everybody who lives on the coast is familiar with the appearance of the dollars, as large numbers have been washed up on the beach from time to time. Gold pieces are said to have been discovered recently by people walking on the beach.

An All Black Dining Room. Lord and Lady Drogheda have returned to Wilton Crescent at the conclusion of their honeymoon, which they took, as is the sensible modern fashion, in installments, a visit in London being sandwiched between sojourns in Ireland and in Italy.

A wonderful all black dining room is one of its features, and although the effect in daylight may be rather sober it is distinctly artistic and original in the soft glowing, carefully arranged electric lights.—M. A. P.

Cost of Feathered Pets. A consular report calls attention to the fact that the exports of canaries from Germany to the United States were valued at \$120,000 in 1908, as against \$125,000 in 1907. It is estimated that there are now in this country fully 5,000,000 birds in cages, and as the ordinary home canary will eat in a year 25 pounds of seeds, costing \$1.50, there is expended on the pet featherings \$7,500,000 annually for food alone.

An Episode in Court. "You are charged with snatching a woman's pocket-book." "I know it, judge. But I wouldn't do such a thing, hungry and broke as I am."

"The conscientious, I suppose." "No, I don't protest that. But why should I snatch a woman's pocket-book? What would I want with a couple of car tickets, a powder rag, a soap of chewing gum and a dress-maker's address?"

Once more a shrewd criminal overthrew his mark. His familiarity with the contents convicted him.

Writing to Ottawa. "Ah, Mr. McMillan," signed the Widow Westman, "sure, as when we could not get it, had a big hole in us last."

"With, Mrs. Westman," said Mr. McMillan, "as it's meek as is after having a big heart, would you mind having a big hole in it? I'll fill it for you."

GREAT FRENCHMAN IS RIGHT

Ambassador Jusserand Criticizes Americans for Their Neglect of Country's Rivers.

His Excellency M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, is astounded at the greatness of the United States.

If the people of France had such rivers as are in the west they would dam them all and allow no water to go to waste. Irrigation is the mighty cure for western America.

And the suave ambassador of France is right. We do dam our rivers, and we ought to dam them more. The policy of interior canals is the very genius of economic development in the future.

In some sections we dam our rivers more than others. There are times when the rampant "Mississippi" receives its full share of this attention, and only a short time ago the Arkansas river, eating its way through a narrow neck of land, made a new channel and left the prosperous river town of Douglas three miles inland, and Douglas has been ever since "damning" the river to the full limit of the brawn and the breath of its indignant citizens.

So that it is a very wise and popular observation offered by his excellency of France.—New York American.

LIKE THEIR EGGS FLAVORED.

Chinese Have Little Use for Product of the Humble Hen When It Is Fresh.

Dr. Malesnos, who has dwelt long in China, gives some curious details of the food of the Chinese. This is what he says of the "Sons of Heaven" and the way they eat eggs:

"The Chinese are great eaters of eggs, which they take hard boiled. One finds them in all the roadside places for refreshment. The Celestials have an expression: 'Eggs of a hundred years.' The eggs are not always a century old, but you are able to get them of many years standing. The Celestials have a preference for the egg of the duck or goose. They are placed with aromatic herbs in slaked lime for a period more or less long, the minimum time of treatment being five or six weeks. Under the influence of time the yolk liquefies and takes on a dark green color. The whites coagulate and becomes green."

"The product of the eggs which has a strong odor, from which a stranger betakes himself quickly, the Chinese eat as hors d'oeuvre, and it is said to have the taste of lobster."

Flipped Coin to Choose Husband. Mary Karpowicz of Worcester, Mass., was greatly perplexed. She was courted by twins, liked them equally well and, perhaps, would have been willing to marry them both as a way out of her dilemma but for the law. Finally she flipped up a coin saying:

"Heads Michael wins, tails I marry Alexander." Down came the quarter with the lady uppermost. Alexander Kalouska said glumly: "You win, Michael." "Will you be best man, Alexander?" asked Michael.

"I will not," said Alexander. "I'll take the next steamer back to Russia. You can have Mary, Good-by, Michael, Good-by, Mary." And Alexander departed to pack his trunk.

The Kalouska twins, 21 years old, followed Mary Karpowicz 7,500 miles from Russia. They roomed and worked together and pooled their savings, both courting Mary assiduously. Alexander called one evening, Michael the next.

Gold Found on French Island. Kerguelen, or the Island of Desolation, may be the scene of the next gold rush. Situated midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia, it is one of the greatest and most fertile, hidden spots on the surface of the globe. But the captain of a brig, the Chiron, who spent four months there hunting pinnacled penguins, has made a discovery which may lead to important developments. He picked up a grey metallic nugget of gold among the pebbles while walking on the shore.

The Carman has arrived at Melbourne with 150 tons of oil, the product of a couple of thousand sea elephants shot by the captain and his men. They also report the discovery of valuable deposits of coal, which they declare to be excellent fuel. Kerguelen belongs to France by right of discovery.

Strike of Beach Miners. In the recent strike of the Beach Miners at Nihama, in northern Japan, the systematic military organization adopted by the mob in its attacks upon the police and troops was impressive. The rioters marched as well as soldiers and fought under commanders as in battle. Evidently these men had not gone through the Manchurian campaign without learning the art of united self-defense.

They showed regular signals during action and they deployed and maneuvered like a fighting column. They were pleased to regard hospitals and schools as neutral properties, but all the property belonging to the mining company was reduced to ashes.

Passing of the Hostess. The decay of the fine art of entertaining is much bemoaned by a London paper. Once no woman would think of entertaining at any place but in her own home. Now she goes to a restaurant to save the trouble in the home. Moreover, there was a time when the hostess prided herself on her own conversational powers and upon her ability to draw out her guests, who were generally chosen with regard to some affinity in this direction. Now nobody talks, but somebody sings or plays and the concert or rhetorical entertainment has taken the place of brilliant conversation.

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TRACT THAT HAS NO OWNER.

Strip of Land in the South May Possibly Be Part of the Realm of England.

There is a strip of land of considerable area lying between New Church and Pomomoke City, Md., that for more than a century truly has been called "No Man's Land." It is not within the recollection of the oldest resident of Accomac county, Va., or of Worcester county, Md., that any one ever has laid claim to it, nor are there any records of it in the courts of either county. Even the question as to which of the two states the land belongs to never has been considered seriously.

Not a few of the older residents hold to the opinion that the land does not even belong to the United States, some of them going so far as to say that if it belongs to any country at all it is England's, as the mother country owned everything down that way before the Declaration of Independence changed ownership and they think it more than likely that in dividing up Virginia and Maryland overlooked "No Man's Land," leaving it out in the cold and making of it a miniature territory without a ruler.

There are between 300 and 400 acres of virgin soil in the tract that could be made to produce bumper crops, but no one cultivates it, and so far as is known to-day there is no one who has any desire to do so. For some unaccountable reason it does not appeal strongly to the farmers and truckers of this section and they always take good care to steer clear of the apparently hoodooed land.

JUST WENT ALONG AND LIVED

Aged Englishman Can Give No Particular Reason for Attaining the Age of 103 Years.

James Carne of St. Columb Minor, England, is receiving congratulations on the attainment of his 103rd birthday, which came this month, and is giving advice to those who ask for it on how to live to be a hundred. As Mr. Carne is still in possession of all his faculties and attending to his business as parish clerk of St. Columb Minor, he speaks with authority, but his rules are rather upsetting to modern health theories. He eats just ordinary food, he says, and if he chews it in any but the ordinary way he doesn't mention it. He says nothing about the virtues of sour milk, but confesses to a "drop of whisky grog" for supper. But he "can't bear smoking," and doesn't believe in it. He doesn't care for fruit, and even declined to eat oranges when the doctor ordered them, but he has always taken plenty of fresh air and exercise. Mr. Carne received endless congratulations on his 103rd birthday, many being from people he didn't know. The prince of Wales sent him a signed portrait, and Mr. Carne sent his own photograph to the prince.

The Swordfish Season. From this time onward the swordfish will live a precarious life, for this soon the first of the swordfish fleet got away, the schooner Valentines, which fitted out at T. Wharf. Another schooner is slated to start to-night, and in a few days a good sized fleet will be patrolling the waters all the way from Edgartown, Block Island, on the south, to Cape Shore on the north.

The territory embraced is somewhat more extensive than usual on account of the backwardness of the season. This means that the fish are not getting into the more southerly waters as early as customary. The swordfish are harpooned, and many exciting contests have been waged between men in dories and the fish with the sharp point.—Boston Transcript.

Up-to-Date. "It is a wonderful story," says the publisher to the new editor, whose manuscript had just been accepted, "but you have failed on one important feature. You do not describe the way the heroine was dressed when the hero first met her. You'd better write in a paragraph about her clothes, but try to avoid the conventional."

The Anonymous Author, describing the sameness of antique descriptions in the best sellers, and also knowing how to inspire sympathy to the feminine heart, wrote:

"Holmes seated toward him parbed in a 9000 dress, a 3150 hat, with a 29578 moustache over a 5875 lace coat."—Chicago Post.

Carver's Sideboard Voice. When the orchestra got tired of the German garden a man stepped up on the platform, opened the door of an electric fan and turned the crank, whereupon there issued a marvelous voice which filled the place. "Carver," explained one, "splendid!"

"No wonder he injured his voice," remarked another. "Must have strained it to sing into a photograph with a horn effect, but to sing into electric fans and bookcases and any old thing like that! First thing you know they'll be opening up a sideboard and Carver's voice will come belting out of that."

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ASHES QUICKLY DISPOSED OF

Ocean Liners Expel Them Through Ship's Bottom by Means of Compressed Air.

The newest liners now dispose of their ashes by forcing them through the bottom of the hull by means of compressed air. The old method of hoisting them and dumping them overboard was disagreeable to the passengers, and an attempted improvement by which they were mixed with water and pumped overboard was equally so when the wind was in the wrong quarter.

In the new "expeller" a hopper receives the ashes and linkers and delivers them into a crusher, which breaks up the large pieces. Below this is a drum revolving in a water-tight casing and open as it turns first to the crusher chamber and then to the discharge pipe below. In order to counteract the upward pressure of the water compressed air at about 70 pounds to the square inch is delivered to the interior of the ash-filled drum just before its opening comes opposite that in the discharge pipe.

Thus the ashes are expelled with such force that they are swept clear of the bottom of the vessel. This expeller will get rid of the ashes and linkers from forty-eight furnaces under forced draught, amounting to eight or ten tons an hour.

WHERE WOMEN LOSE CHARM.

Too Many Do Not Realize the Necessity for Maintaining a Pleasant Expression.

A more than profitable way of getting rid of one's self while riding down town of a morning is to scan the faces of the women passengers on the other side of the car. At least one-half of them have that tired, worried look. Watch them intently for a minute or so and it will get on your nerves. Then glance at the other women, whose expressions are pleasant. Isn't it a relief?

Just because those pleasant-looking women are pleasant looking is no assurance that they ought to look pleasant. For all you know, the woman at the end of the car with the most serene expression is worrying about a thing a thousand times more vital than that which troubles the sour-faced woman just across from you. One woman has acquired the art of looking pleasant and the other has not.

If you can only know it, one of the chief charms is a placid, pleasing expression when her face is in regard to the average woman finds it easy to look pleasant when her shoes pinch or an unreasonable pin is making its presence felt, but she gives up in despair if the cause of her unpleasant expression be mental worry.—Philadelphia Evening Post.

Had No Use for Flowers. A big box of peonies, roses and lilies of the valley had come to a New York East side school through one of the flower missions that do what they can toward assisting things between people who live where flowers grow and the unfortunates who don't. One of the teachers was doing her best to distribute the blossoms fairly among the grumpy, eager little hands that reached out ravenously for them. But there was one mite of a child who seemed quite indifferent to the gift; she just sat stolidly looking on while the others glistened over the blossoms.

"Don't you want some roses, Annie?" the teacher asked her. "Here's a nice bunch." A pair of unresponsive eyes looked up from the sharp little face, and the frowny head shook slowly.

"No'm," she said, shortly. "I don't want no flowers. I ain't dead." She had never seen flowers used except at funerals, and that she supposed, was what they were for.

The Roman Senate. The Roman senate, said to have originally been composed of 100 members, was raised to 300 by Tarquinus Priscus; to about 600 by Sylla, about 81 B. C., and to 900 by Julius Caesar. It was reformed and reduced to 300 by Augustus, and gradually lost its power and dignity under the emperors.

The more form existed in the reign of Justinian. A second senate, formed at Constantinople by Constantine, retained its office till the sixth century. S. P. Q. R. on the Roman standard stood for "Senatus Populusque Romanus" ("The Roman Senate and People"). A senatorial consulship was a law enacted by the senate.

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BIRDS DO THEIR WORK

Homing Pigeons Employed to Carry Packages and Letters Between Australian Lighthouses.

Pretty pigeons of Australia carry packages and messages between Hobart and Maatsuyker Island, light house, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Last November they called a physician for a lighthouse attendant and probably saved his life. Three birds are liberated with messages every three weeks, and when accident or illness occurs three additional birds are set free. Twelve birds in all are used for the service. While messages have not always reached their destination, the service has never been less than highly satisfactory.

The messages are written on a piece of paper tied under the bird's wing; but the marine board has in view some celluloid cases which may be adjusted under the bird's wing and in which a good deal of information might be carried.

The birds are fed on gray peas of good quality, get plenty of grit and fresh water and are kept thoroughly clean. They are also allowed at their station plenty of opportunity for needful exercise. That Maatsuyker Island lighthouse, which has a most isolated position, could secure a physician from Hobart sixteen hours after he had been sent for by pigeon post has suggested important possibilities for more general use of homing pigeons for such service. Trophies are to be provided for homing competitions, so as to encourage owners to breed the best descriptions of carriers. There are about 20,000 of these birds in Australia.

AID FOR ACCIDENT VICTIMS

German Physician Tells of Best Method of Producing Artificial Respiration.

Dr. Schafer, in the Berliner Klinische Wochenschrift, gives the following directions for artificial respiration in cases of apparent drowning.

"The movements of artificial respiration should be begun at once as soon as the patient has been removed from the water, and no time should be lost in removing or loosening the clothing. As soon as taken from the water lay the patient on his stomach with outstretched arms. The face turned to one side, the operator kneeling astride, or to one side of the patient.

"Place the hands on the small of the back of the patient, one on each side, with the thumbs parallel. Bend forward with outstretched arms, so that the weight of the operator will rest on his wrist joints, and so make even, strong downward pressure upon the lower ribs and loins of the patient, and remain so while counting slowly 1-2-3. The operator then swings back, taking away the pressure on his hands, which are kept in the same position, and remains so while counting slowly 1-2-3.

"This forward and backward movement, producing and relieving the pressure on the loins, is to be maintained without noticeable intermission at the rate of about twelve times a minute. The pressure drives the air from the lungs, the removal of the pressure draws the air in again. The movements are to be continued until natural respiration begins."

Lawyer's Sharp and Biting Retort. Two well-known lawyers were trying a case before "Square" William Brown. Every little while one or the other of the attorneys would say something.

"One of them sneeringly criticized the language in a statement made by the opposing counsel.

"See here," came back the lawyer who was attacked. "I'll have you understand, my dear sir, that I know what I'm talking about. I'm an AB, an AM and an LL.B. I guess you haven't got much on me, when you come right down to it."

"Yes," snapped the other lawyer, "I know you're an AB, AM and all that. And you're an A-B-S."

Which, of course, stopped further argument.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What a Girl Learns. Katherine Eggleston complains in a magazine article that children are taught about their work and not about women's. Even in the kindergarten they learn about Lincoln and Washington and even the pictures show the Ros and forget the looms. She learns history in the high school with all the brave deeds of men, and courageous women are completely ignored. Then she learns carpentering, although she may not be able to cook an egg, and she knows all about higher mathematics, but is chastised by the butcher. She learns political economy, but does not know who are members of the local school board.

The Usual Deduction. "You haven't been back before for 20 years, Bill! Good, that's a long time! What changed you so that surprises you the most?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Davd, what I notice more than anything else is that everybody has grown old so much faster than I have."

Provision. "Do you have determined to criticize our country," said the worthy native.

"We have," answered the respectable white man. "Now, tell me what business of criticism interests you most?"

"Well, if you are absolutely determined to criticize us, I'd like to take out some life insurance."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Publication information and contact details for the newspaper.