

RESCUED BY AN ALBATROSS

Big Bird Spurred Drowning Sailors to Renewed Efforts, and They Were Saved.

If you are a wise albatross you won't squat yourself down on the sea and ravenously stare two drowning men in the face, as one of your ancestors did back in the afternoon of the last century. You will hover over them in the rear without their knowledge until they are too weak to fight you, and then—ah, what a meal!

Duncan McCullum, an apprentice on the ship Ennedale, of Liverpool, who was sent aloft to loose the skydial as the vessel rounded Cape Horn, lost his footing, plunged into the sea and was carried far astern. Before H. S. Pochin, an able seaman, who went overboard to his assistance, could reach the apprentice, he sank. Himself now in danger of drowning, Pochin called for help, and Thomas Averett Whistler, first mate of the Annerdale, sprang into the water with a life buoy and succeeded in reaching Pochin before his strength gave out. Together they struggled in the water, awaiting the coming of the ship's boat, which was so long getting under way that they were rapidly becoming exhausted.

Here, Mr. Albatross, is where your ancestor misjudged human nature and lost a luscious dinner. Spying Whistler and Pochin in the water, striving feebly to keep themselves afloat, he boldly swept down into their very faces, alighted on the water just out of their reach, and waited for them to grow too weak to resist his attacks. Spurred to renewed energies by this unexpected threat, the two men, who had been on the point of giving up in despair, swung their arms and legs savagely, arousing the circulation of blood within them enough to keep off the fatal cramp until the ship's boat could reach them. Then, safe alike from the sea and the bird, they sank into unconsciousness, and one of them, Whistler, was delirious for days afterward.

Your ancestor, Mr. Albatross, retelling that he had failed in his plans, was furious, and had to be beaten off with a boathook.

Playing the Fiddle.

Mr. James P. Turner, chancellor of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Philadelphia, has a trait in common with the late Archbishop Ryan which enables him to decide to do something without leaving a sting.

Like his late chief, he usually tells a story and then escapes committing himself. Since the balloting for a successor to Archbishop Ryan he has been imperturbed, cajoled and otherwise held up for a word that would give an idea as to what was the result of the balloting. As he is sworn to secrecy he must keep quiet.

To a group of newspaper men he said: "Once there was an assistant to a man who held a responsible position. This assistant took upon himself much of the credit for his employer's popularity. One day he complained by saying: 'I'm tired of playing second fiddle.'"

"The trouble with you is that you are trying to play first violin before you have learned how to play that second fiddle," was his employer's kindly but firm admonition.

Wonderful Mexico.

Mexico is a country of wonderful resources. As far as mining and agriculture goes it is superior to some good parts of the United States. The climate in some places is in many ways about as fine as anywhere in the world. With the right population in Mexico it would mean train loads of food and minerals and billions of dollars for the rest of the world. You knew a long time ago Canada was thought to be only fit for furring, fishing and trapping, and all the world thought Canada was but a dreary waste of ice plains with plenty of mountains of useless snow. But today you see where Canada is and maybe in another ten years Mexico will undergo a greater change in itself and in the opinion of the world than has Canada.

The Difference.

European cities certainly have a laughing, contented air, people seem to take life easily, they have time for pleasures, if it's only a chair hired for two cents on one of the broad, shaded boulevards to watch the crowds pass of a Sunday afternoon, says Orison Sweet Marden in Success Magazine. "What smiling, care-free faces! One remembers with a shiver the faces in a New York crowd—grim, anxious, frowning, self-centered.

No doubt this atmosphere of joyousness, along with the external beauty and picturesque of European cities, has its attraction for our heirs, but, of course, that alone would not make them live abroad and marry foreigners. There are other considerations which bring them to this important decision.

Another Story.

"Do you think the rich men of the next generation will be able to say they started in life as barefoot boys?" "No. But some of the wealthiest dancers will be telling us they started out as barefoot girls."

At Bargain Counter Rates.

Lady Reform—Let me tell you that a woman would not sell her vote for a measly \$5. Senator Soakem—No, it would have to be \$4.95.

DO NOT TELL IT ALL

BEING SILENT NECESSARY TO SUCCESSFUL CLIMBING.

Girl Who Submits Her Plans and Airs Her Feelings to Acquaintances Displays Sure Signs of Mediocrity.

The girl who submits all her little plans to her next door friend, and airs all her inmost feelings to her nearest acquaintance, and who never undertakes anything but that she asks for advice in a dozen different places, we seldom include in our list of climbers.

The girl climber, like her brother, is generally sufficient unto herself when it comes to ideas, convictions and confidence. She never goes around fidgeting with emotion because she is afraid so-and-so might go to the wall, or this, that, or the other thing might turn topsy turvy, and what's your opinion, please? Don't you think so, too? What would you do if you were in my place?

The strong, capable, brainy girl will never pose as the one who wants advice and assistance. She would think it a confession of weakness. Nor does she boast of what she can do before she can show what she would boast of.

Wearing your heart on your sleeve and your head in that state of careless abandon where it will let out most anything just for the joy of wiggling your tongue is a sure sign of hopeless mediocrity.

As Clyde Fitch noted, you can always see a certain admirable silence about the real climber.

Who hasn't heard of that railroad president who was known as the silent one, and who believed, and proved, that in private plans and personal enterprises silence is not only important, but often, if success is at stake, absolutely essential?

The arguments in favor of silence in your personal affairs are generally these:

If no one knows your plans no one can laugh in his sleeve when they fail to pieces.

If you are not given to crow about what you can do failure won't come half as hard as when everybody can wink and grin about it.

If you want no one's advice but your own you may be saved much self-reproach.

The mind doctors insist that silence in your private undertakings will protect you against the adverse mental influence of your neighbors, and will help to reduce your fear thoughts.

The more you acquaint your friends and associates with your intentions and anticipations, the more they expect the climax of this, the consequence of that, and the sequel of the last chapter, until finally they have wormed the whole liad of your existence out of you. Maybe next time you meet these people with a pang of regret.

A clever primary teacher I once knew never could leash her enthusiasms about the puffs received from So-and-So in her career as a teacher. In a pretty, subtle way she would always sing her own praises, and rehearse for your benefit all the compliments and bouquets received from inspectors. No one enjoyed her conceited bubblings, and instinctively some of her sister teachers wished that something would happen to chill her enthusiasm.

In the end something did happen which made Miss Swager forget her wonderful traits and abilities, for the time being at least.

There is Color in Andalusia.

A trio of Andalusian maidens taking a walk is a sight to please an artist's eye. Their behavior is so modest, their hair so neatly tied—always in the latest Spanish fashion—with the addition of a flower. Their cotton dresses, prettily made and spotlessly clean, are nearly always protected by white or colored aprons elaborately trimmed with lace and surrounded by a fringe. In the country the girls wear no head covering even in the coldest weather, but round their shoulders they generally carry woolen shawls folded in oblong shape, so that they lie straight across the back and hang over each arm. These in springtime are sometimes of silk, very prettily embroidered.

Andalusian girls are as a rule singularly graceful, with small hands and feet. Their complexions are pale, with the exception of those who live on the sea or in mountainous places, such as Ronda, where the women have always been noted for their beauty.

Tickling the Hippo.

"Come here and I'll scratch your tongue," Calip, a visitor to the New York Central Park menagerie heard the keeper say to the young hippopotamus.

The visitor hadn't expected that the hippo understood English, but apparently he did. He came up to the edge of the tank, opened his jaws a yard or so and waited. The keeper put his hand into the open mouth and tickled the animal's tongue with the ends of his fingers.

"That's the way to make a hippo love you," said the keeper. "They like to be tickled just as a cat likes to have you stroke its back. Calip wouldn't close his mouth on my arm, and I know I am taking no risk. They are the most amiable big beasts in the world, and I would trust them more than I would an elephant."

WHY HE WEARS LONG HAIR

Joaquin Miller Thus Hides Two Long, Jagged Scars From an Indian Arrow.

A writer in the San Francisco News Letter tells the following story:

Joaquin Miller, the venerable poet of the Sierras, who is on the road to recovery, after almost fatal illness, is one of the best-known and most picturesque figures about the San Francisco bay, and for years his trips into Oakland from "The Heights" have been weekly events. It has been a matter of wonder to his many admirers that a man of such brilliant mentality, and, in addition, possessed of so much good common sense, should play to the gallery gods in the matter of hirsute adornment. Miller's beard and flowing locks have long been a constant source of irritation to the public. A beard may be swallowed, though it of necessity causes some slight uneasiness, but a gentleman with back hair just naturally gets the public's goat. However, Miller's ability to keep a secret has shown that he is no lady.

Some time ago I had occasion to visit the great man on his lofty mountain height. In aimless discussion we talked of one thing and another, when Miller quizzically asked:

"How could you spend a dollar with most profit?"

"I know how you could spend it," I remarked.

"How?" inquired Mr. Miller, curiously.

"By visiting a barber," I answered bluntly. "Say, now look here, Miller, why don't you amputate those flowing locks of yours? It's ridiculous for a man of your stamp to affect a pose. There are so many silly little would-be artists and poets to whom that sort of a thing comes natural. Why don't you cut it out—or off?"

Miller smiled. "And so you really think I wear my hair and beard long for a pose, do you?" he queried.

"Well, I suppose it would surprise you a bit to know that I do it instead from necessity." He lifted the sweeping beard and disclosed to view a long, jagged scar at the base of the chin and another extending across the back of his neck.

I apologized like a gentleman.

"I got those scars," he said, "from an Indian arrow along in the early days. A party of soldiers was leaving Yreka, and needing a guide, asked me to go along. In an encounter we had with a band of Modoc Indians, I was struck by an arrow, the barb entering my neck just below my chin and coming out at the back. As it was impossible to remove it, the head had to be filed off. Fortunately, it was not poisoned. Since then I have always worn my hair and beard long."

Jade and Amber.

How behind the times we are, just rubbing our eyes open to the loveliness of jade, while our slant-eyed brother of the east has loved it for thousands of years! Intertwined with his great love of it is the unshakable belief in its potency to bring uninterupted good health and good luck to its wearer—nay, more than this, that it is a talisman against which the shafts of ill will are splintered to bits. Jade is indeed to him the most precious of all stones and for ages has he wrought it into most exquisite and delicate shapes both in ornamental jewelry and lovely pieces of bric-a-brac.

In looking over the display of jade in the Metropolitan Art museum one is impressed with the waxy appearance of the polished jade.

An infallible home test for jade may be made by placing upon one cheek the stone in question and upon the other something in glass. If the doubtful stone is the sacred stone of the east its touch will sting like ice and even for quite a time after removal, but if it is merely glass the two cheeks will have the same mild shock of cold, warming up very quickly. The results of the amber test, however, are the reverse, amber being warm upon the cheek, and the glass imitation cold. Amber, too, when under friction, will act like a magnet, gathering up bits of tissue paper, and even to the teeth it has a different feel from glass, more like a very hard wax.

Making Love to Her Own Husband.

I have already said that I was blessed with a romantic brain and that a quiet, even state of things could not satisfy me for long. So the thought suddenly entered my head to have my husband madly in love with me.

One evening as we were promenading the bank of the Vistula, under those venerable trees which shaded the less unsophisticated loves of the beautiful Marie D'Arquin, I brought round the conversation to sentiment. I maintained that no happiness was possible on this earth except in a reciprocal attachment, both lively and enduring! My husband, after listening for a little while, looked at his watch, called my attention to the lateness of the hour, observed that our cousins were becoming very tiresome, and that it was time to go in!—From Countess Potocka's "Memoirs."

Safer and Surer.

"I want you for my very own," said the rich old gentleman when he had succeeded in getting the beautiful girl to listen to him.

"But how can I be your very own?" "Why—why, you can marry me, can't you?"

"I suppose I could; but it wouldn't be safe if you really want me, it would be safer to adopt me!"—Judge.

DUCKS ON DRY LAND

THOUSANDS OF THEM GET WATER ONLY FOR DRINKING.

How the Indian Runners Are Raised for the Market in New Jersey—Some Lay Two Eggs a Day.

Raising ducks on dry land reads to the layman very much like running a locomotive without steam, and yet ducks—Indian Runner ducks, the Leghorns of the duck family—are raised generation after generation with only the water they drink and what little is contained in their food.

On a plot of ground two and one-half acres in extent, not all of which is utilized for the purpose, Joseph W. Scull, at Vineland, N. J., carries 450 Indian Runner ducks in ten houses with large runs. This is the fourth year of Mr. Scull's experiences with ducks—previously he raised chickens for eleven years—and he unhesitatingly recommends Indian Runners in preference to chickens.

Beginning with four females and one male, artificial incubation and brooding produced this flock in the time stated, and a hardy, handsome flock it is, according to Country Life in America. The eggs are fine eating, being larger and richer than hen's eggs.

With the Indian Runner duck we find some peculiar conditions, so peculiar as to be almost beyond belief. Kept in confinement, forced with food for egg production, some ducks, or possibly every duck, will on some days lay two eggs, usually the second egg soft shelled and laid late in the afternoon. This soft shelled egg has been changed to a hard shelled one with the use of oyster shell fed in the mesh in small quantities twice a week.

Again the duck is such an active arrangement, so honestly industrious that it devotes all of its energy during daylight to the making of the egg and rather consistently leaves it during the night where it can be secured in the morning, for the laying is done between midnight and 8 a. m.

For some reason they become frightened in the dark, running and flying in all directions, making as much noise as possible, materially reducing the egg output and frequently killing themselves, therefore they require a light in their sleeping quarters. A small lamp in the higher portion of the house at a safe distance from the roof is sufficient.

Although the Indian Runners are active and nervous, kindness and constant association make them mild and tractable. The female is as noisy as she is active; the male can produce only a weak combination of an abbreviated quawk and a hiss. Sex is only determined by these vocal efforts and later in life by the turned up tail feathers of the male.

Those Selditz-Powder Men.

"If there is one thing I hate worse than another it is to go to a banquet or public gathering and find myself seated next to one of those selditz-powder men," said First Assistant Prosecutor Frederick R. Lehbach recently.

"What on earth is a 'selditz-powder man'?" asked Fred Weimer, who overheard the remark.

"Why," continued Lehbach, "he is a man who has an opinion on everything; who is everlastingly funny, or thinks he is, generally the latter; who is always telling you what 'my wife and I did'; what he is going to do tomorrow night; who has been in every place that is mentioned or has friends 'here' who tell such long stories that you miss your car; who is a selditz powder, only a selditz powder gets through effervescing some time.

"Look up the definition of selditz powder and see if it does not fit the man I have described."—Newark Star.

Rubbing Noses.

A Maori clergyman whose habitat is Chicago is apparently resolved to make himself unpopular with both sexes in America, for he would introduce among us his tribal custom of nose rubbing as a substitute for kissing. Here he will find our men and women united, whatever and however great the differences which in this day divide them. The practice is out of the question as a substitute, but it might be worth trying as a stage of progress or as a compromise in lovers' quarrels and conjugal differences. The maiden wooed but not yet won might coyly encourage her swain by conceding the preliminary nose rub while still withholding the frat kiss, and in later days, as wedded wife, she might after a quarrel foreshadow the coming of reconciliation by the same process.

Thus the Drama Ended.

"Sign this paper," shouted the lawyer, "and save your son from disgrace!"

"How much time have I?" asked the parent—for he was in the last act of a melodrama.

"Ten minutes—plenty of time. Sign the paper and all will be well!"

"Lost—lost!" muttered the father, sobbing.

"Lost nothing. You have ten minutes, I tell you—and the pen is in your hand. Sign!"

"There is no time—there is no time! This is a new fountain pen, and it will not spill a drop of ink inside of twenty minutes!"

On such things do our fates depend!

CONSIDERATE MISS MABEL

She Returned Umbrella in Rainstorm, but Had to Borrow It to Get Home.

"They may say what they please about Mabel Walloper," old Mrs. Jimmerson said, as she poured out her husband's tea the other night, while the rain fell in torrents outside. "She may be frivolous, but all the same she is a considerate woman—mighty considerate. I don't know another woman who would do what she did today."

"What did she do today?" asked Jimmerson, to who had his own opinions as to the lady's good points.

"Why, when this perfect deluge of a rain started in this afternoon she remembered that the last time she was here at our meeting of the Browning club she had borrowed our umbrella," Mrs. Jimmerson said, enthusiastically, "and, without hesitating a minute, she put on her hat and waterproof coat and came all the way over here in that raging storm to return it. I think that was mighty thoughtful and nice of her. Don't you?"

"I certainly do," said Jimmerson. "I shouldn't have thought it of her."

"I guess you've done her an injustice," said Mrs. Jimmerson, "but hereafter I shall know better. I don't think I should have ventured out on a day like this on such an errand."

"Well, I'm mighty glad she did it," said Jimmerson. "Mighty glad. I've got to go back to the store for a little while this evening, and that bumpershoot will come in handy."

Mrs. Jimmerson's face flushed, and she coughed in an embarrassed way.

"Why, Tom, I'm sorry, but you can't have it, dear," she said.

"Why not?" Jimmerson demanded.

"Why," said Mrs. Jimmerson, "it was raining so hard that I had to lend it to Mabel again to go home with. I couldn't do anything else after she had been so thoughtful as to bring it back."—John Kendrick Bangs in Lippincott's.

Some Queer Brushes.

The cat carries her clothes brush in her mouth, for with her rough tongue she cleanses her glossy coat, as a boy brushes off his clothes. She licks one of her front paws and rubs it over her face, and she is ready for her breakfast.

Foxes, dogs and wolves do not use their mouths when they need to wash and brush, but scratch themselves vigorously with their hind paws and are as fresh as ever.

The cow, with her long, rough tongue, combs her coat of hair until it is clean and curly. The horse, more than any other animal, depends on his owner to keep his coat in proper condition, but often he will roll on the green grass or rub himself down against a tree or fence.

Field mice comb their hair with their hind legs, and the fur seal in a similar manner spends as much time as a woman in making herself look smart.

Although the elephant appears to be thick skinned and callous, he takes great care of his skin. He often gives himself a shower bath by drawing water into his long trunk and blowing it on the different parts of his body. After the bath he sometimes rolls himself in a toilet preparation of dust to keep off the flies.

The Only English Pope.

Viterbo, now engaged in establishing a record in criminal trials, was the scene of the greatest triumph of our only English pope, Nicholas Breakspere. One of the 17 churches of this ancient Italian city is St. Lorenzo, and here Frederick Barbarossa himself bowed the knee and held the stirrup to the mighty pontiff Adrian IV, who came, a poor lad, from the meadows of Hartfordshire, to give away the kingdoms of the world. In the period of its splendor Viterbo, "city of beautiful fountains and beautiful maidens," held many handsome palaces, in one of which in the thirteenth century six papal elections took place. But for Englishmen the city will always remain the city of the English pope who tamed a haughty emperor and was himself choked by a fly.—London Chronicle.

Struck the Wrong Man.

To Jacob Hope, a Philadelphia bird and animal expert, an odd adventure happened the other day. Mr. Hope was strolling out Walnut street when a bird faker accosted him. The faker drew from his pocket the usual painted sparrow—a gorgeous thing of blues and golds and greens—and, evidently taking Mr. Hope for one of the millionaires of Rittenhouse square, he said: "I jest nabbed this bird off that there walnut tree. Can't I sell her to ye cheap? Look at her—ain't she a beauty? I never seen nothin' like her before. What kind of a bird is she, do you know?" "Young man," said Mr. Hope, "it's true that birds of a feather flock together, then I should say that, undoubtedly, she is a jallbird."

Tolstol's Solution of Problem.

"The only reason for life is the universal desire for welfare which, in reasoning man, becomes expanded to a desire for universal welfare—in other words, to love. It (this universal desire for welfare) expands its limits naturally by love, first for one's family—ones wife and children—then for friends, then for one's fellow countrymen; but Love is not satisfied with this, and tends to embrace all!—Rosa Sturansky, in the Atlantic.

STATE FORGETS CHILD

HUMAN "CROP" OF THE COUNTRY OF INESTIMABLE VALUE.

More Than Two Million Babies Are Born Yearly and They Should Be Protected by Government Bureau.

There are born every year in this country more than two million children—boys and girls who will constitute the future citizenship of the nation. The value of this "crop" as compared with the cereal and meat products of the country cannot be estimated; but in view of its effect upon the future destiny of the nation, it is certainly entitled to as much consideration, to say the least, as the wheat, corn or cattle crop.

To illustrate this phase of the question, suppose that the census report for 1910 shows that the wheat crop of Iowa has decreased 25 per cent. in production as compared with 1909, or that the production of cattle in Nebraska has fallen off 30 per cent. in the same time. It would be the duty of the department of agriculture to take cognizance of this fact, and experts of the department would at once be sent out to investigate and report upon the causes of this decrease, and if the causes could be ascertained and a remedy suggested, bulletins would be published and freely circulated among the farmers and cattle raisers of the respective states which would be of great value as a guide in raising the next year's crop. Now suppose that the census report shows that in Iowa the rate of infant mortality had increased 25 per cent. in 1910 as compared with 1909, or that the proportional increase in injuries to children in factories or mines of a certain state was 30 per cent.; there is no bureau under the federal government, and in fact under but few state governments, whose duty it would be to investigate and report upon the causes of these increases.

Out of these two million children born every year, three hundred thousand under one year of age die annually, and one-half of these deaths are preventable by the knowledge and application of the proper remedies or preventive measures. In other words, it may be said that one million American born children are lost to the country every ten years through a lack of proper information. Of course, it cannot be claimed that all these children could be saved by the dissemination of information by the federal government, but a general diffusion of sanitary knowledge and instructions as to the proper care of children would undoubtedly save the lives of many children in years to come.—Forum.

The Woman in Business.

What many girls, and women, too, fail to realize is that work—any work, be it for the commercial and impersonal world that pays for it with a small weekly check, or for the dear personal world which pays chiefly in love—that any work is a privilege. No matter how monotonous it may seem, it carries with it a responsibility which should win a response not only of respect and interest, but of affection, and which should result in making for the girl a larger and more admirable personality. Of course, a girl may be overdriven, in which case she can hardly be expected to love her work. What she needs is to be taken away from it and nursed back to soundness of nerves. But assuming that a girl has a normal working day, lasting seven or eight hours (unfortunately, it is sometimes nine), she has no excuse for not feeling an interest in it, for not understanding that she owes it an attention that has nothing to do with the wage she draws for it.—Woman's World.

Something Missing.

In Kentucky is a quaint character named Ezekiel Hopkins, who once gained local fame by discovering a piece of broken railway line and warning an excursion train in time to avert disaster. So it was decided to present Ezekiel with a gold watch. The head of the presentation committee, approaching Ezekiel with a grave bow, said:

"Mr. Hopkins, it is the desire of the good people of Kentucky that you shall, in recognition of your valor and merit, be presented with this watch, which they trust will ever remind you of their undying friendship." Without the least emotion Ezekiel ejected from his mouth a long stream of tobacco juice, took the watch from its handsome case, turned it over and over in his wrinkled hand, and finally asked: "What's the chain?"—The Argonaut.

Righteous Indignation.

"So you want a divorce, do you?" said the lawyer, peering over his glasses at the worried little man in front of him.

"Yes, sir, I've stood just about all I can. My wife's turned suffragette and she is never at home."

"It is a pretty serious thing to break up a family, you know. Don't you think you had better try to make the best of it for a while? Perhaps it is only a passing fad."

"That's what I have been doing, but there are some things a man can't stand. I don't mind the cooking and I haven't kicked on washing the dishes, but I do draw the line at running pink ribbons in my nightshirt to try to fool the children."—Success Magazine.