

CAST-OFF RUBBER.

Buyers of the Material Now Pay Good Prices for Old Shoes, Hoses, Etc.

There is a good market for any old kind of rubber thing. Whether it is footwear, garden hose or car spring, it can be sold to junk dealers, no matter what its condition.

Chicago has a number of buyers of old rubber, and they gather in hundreds of tons every year. Their largest supply comes from the railroad companies, and it is no unusual thing for a railroad to sell two car loads of rubber in a lot.

LAST OF SEA ELEPHANTS.

Scientific in California Fifty Years Ago, the Herds Are Now Extinct.

Fifty years ago the fine natural harbor on the southwest coast of the island of Santa Catalina gave shelter to what was perhaps one of the largest herds of the California sea elephant.

It was a striking and conspicuous object, and naturally attracted the attention of the whites, who immediately began a war of extermination, the animal being very valuable for its oil, the large bulls affording 200 or more gallons.

The government, recognizing the inevitable, sent an expedition to Lower California a few years ago and secured all the sea elephants they could find; and the oil hunters have since then completed the work, and it is believed that this fine animal is extinct.

Of course the sides of a many-sided man need to be connected if he is to make any figure at all.—Detroit Journal.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" has realized in various ways the enormous total of \$485,000, all of which has been turned over to the families of soldiers fighting in South Africa.

Sir Henry Joly, lieutenant governor of British Columbia, with the assistance of the Natural History society of that province, is preparing to import large numbers of song birds from England and eastern Canada.

Prof. George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, denies that the churches of that city are losing their grip on the workmen. He declares that if it were not for the working classes the evangelistic tone of religious life in Glasgow would not be kept up a week.

Senor Corea, the Nicaraguan minister at Washington, is without doubt one of the busiest diplomats of the corps. He is the son of wealthy parents and was educated at the best schools of Nicaragua and Guatemala.

Recently the governor general of Canada and Lady Minto were made the victims of an awkward mistake. An aide-camp in waiting was desired to send out about 100 invitations for a reception. On the afternoon appointed the viceregal host and hostess were ready to receive their guests.

MOTORMAN HAS HIS WOES.

Getting a Clear Track in the Downtown District Is One of Them.

"Get off that track, Simpkins, Jones & Co.," shouted the motorman in charge of a Wentworth avenue car.

The lone passenger on the front platform, smoking his cigar and reading the signs on either side of the street, paid no attention to this shout, but a few minutes later the motorman started him by yelling at the top of his voice, says the Chicago Chronicle:

"Caruthers & Doyle, get a move on yourself, and give a white man a chance to pass you. Get out of the track, or I'll bump you hard."

From Washington street until the Twelfth street viaduct was reached the active motorman kept up a tirade on the drivers of wagons, addressing them at all times in the name of some well-known firm, although the lettering on the wagons could not be seen by the interested passenger.

"I have been on this run for several years," said the man in the bearskin coat, "and during that time I have been pestered by teamsters so persistently that I know every wagon and driver by sight. Should Smith & Jones change drivers or wagons I am on to the fact just as soon as I get alongside of the wagon. It takes time, but it pays in the long run. I know the fellows that will get out of my way by jollying, and on the other hand, I know the fellows who must be abused before they will pull out. Sometimes one tap of the bell will suffice, but on other occasions a fusillade is needed to make way for the car. There are tricks in all trades, even in the business of running a street car."

Carto Hunters in Rural England.

Nowadays there is scarcely a cottage too remote to be visited by the furniture collectors. Most districts are scoured by the agents of the large furniture firms in London, and the rural folk are beginning to understand the value of their old oak chairs and grandfather clocks and their beloved china handed down from generation to generation.

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?" "Yes'm," answered Johnny. "Well, then, continued the teacher, 'what letter comes after A?'" "All the rest of them!" was the triumphant reply.—N. Y. World.

SOME WAYS OF BR'ER FOX.

He is an Observant Creature, and His Way of Getting Over the Ground Is Unique.

I was once half-jokingly assured by an old fox-hunter that the red fox never ran; that he was blown along by the wind, and just used his legs to guide himself with, and, after observing a good many foxes, I confess I know of no active verb which adequately describes their movements.

Our early education concerning this animal usually begins with some nursery rhyme, in which "Reynard" figures as a poultry thief. In my own case, as I remember, I was taught that "A fox went out one winter's night," and that after an interesting series of adventures, in which he stole the "gray goose" and awakened the farmer's wife, he finally got back to his den, where

"He and his wife ate the gray goose up. And the little ones picked the bones." In this, as in many other nursery rhymes, there is as much truth as nonsense, for none can say that the fox gets his information concerning the poultry yard at second hand.

But he is very cautious when out on an expedition of this or any other kind and the man who invented the expression "as cunning as a fox," knew what he was talking about. Reynard distrusts everything, particularly man and all his works. He will not even believe the unsupported testimony of one of his own senses.

He is a keen observer, too, and very little goes on around him that he does not know something about. As he passes through a meadow, his quick eye marks the movement of each clump of grass, and he makes a mental note of the cause of the movement.

While he shows great ingenuity in catching his prey, he shows still more in avoiding capture himself. In England, where foxhunting is perhaps the most characteristic sport of the people, there are innumerable stories of the art and cunning displayed by Reynard in outwitting the dogs. He frequently misleads them by doubling on his own trail, and in localities near the coast he will often travel for a long distance through the surf, which of course destroys the scent at once.

The American red fox does the same thing. Like his slightly smaller English cousin, he has wonderful endurance, and he, too, can give the hunters and hounds a long chase and often beats them out at the end. The home of the red fox is usually a neat and often quite extensive burrow, generally having two or three openings.

Here the young are born in February, March or April. As a rule there are from four to six of these youngsters, but occasionally there are as many as seven. They are blind at birth and for some time are covered with soft, woolly, reddish-colored fur. When they are very young the mother stays with them most of the time, the father alone going out for the food. By and by the young ones begin to come out of the den on warm afternoons, to play about and gain strength, and later, under the watchful eye of their mother, to practice hunting small game on their own account.

"Filling a Long Felt Want." Miss Bensonhurst—Charlie Spooner can manage his automobile lovely with one hand! Miss Dykerheights—Pooh! Jack Spiveats is going to get one that he can steer with his feet!—Boston Globe.

LOST BY A LAUGH.

A Moment's Merriment Cost a Western Homesteader a Coveted Piece of Land.

Miss Ida Record is a pretty school-teacher of Oakland, Ark., but she can do several other things besides teach school, and one of these things is to ride a horse. Jim McVey, who ran a race with her the other day, can testify to this, if he will, says the Little Chronicle.

Miss Record has been teaching for several years in this little village nestled among the Ozarks, just off the banks of the picturesque White river. The people there have managed by hard work and self-denial, to save money enough to build a good school-house, and the teacher, with her widowed mother and sister, lives in a small log-house near by. There never would have been any question as to the rights of the village in occupying the bit of ground where the school-house stands, if it had not been for the fact that the people of the county have lately found reason to believe that there were minerals in their land.

Everybody began to look closely into their own and their neighbors' little deeds and, while doing this, Jim McVey discovered that the schoolhouse was built upon land that had never been claimed by anybody. It occurred to him that he might as well own that piece of the earth and he made up his mind to file a homestead claim on it.

Miss Record heard of his plan, and at once decided that she would herself put in a claim for the property and, after getting the title, would deed the school building to Oakland. The town of Harrison, the seat of the land office, was 60 miles away, over rough mountain roads, but that did not daunt the little lady, who was determined that if McVey was going there to take her schoolhouse she would get there first and "homestead" it herself.

Long before her stand at the desk of the recorder, McVey stood before the desk of the receiver. She was in high spirits and made several witty remarks at his expense, while the recorder was waiting, watch in hand. Finally McVey laughed just as the recorder called "time," and at that instant Miss Record dropped her papers on the desk and said: "I file these for record."

DEEP WATER SUPERSTITIONS.

Some Things That Are Regarded as "Jonahs" by Gloucester Sailors.

Fishermen think certain articles of personal property or apparel to be "Jonahs." A man carrying a black valise, or wearing white woolen stockings or blue mittens, would find much difficulty in shipping on board a Gloucester vessel. The almost universal use of white mittens is largely due to this prejudice, says the Saturday Evening Post. The black valise is simply impossible. Some fishermen think that it is a "Jonah" to make toy boats on board a vessel; others that a fiddle or a checker-board is a "Jonah," and others that it is a "Jonah" to leave a bucket half full of water on deck.

Some skippers imagine that it is a "Jonah" to keep the vessel's decks clean when on the fishing-grounds. Since the United States fish commission has been sending out collecting tanks full of alcohol on some boats it has come to be regarded by many fishermen as a matter of good luck to have one of these on board. One of the most successful Gloucester captains went on a voyage without the tank which he had been accustomed to carry and the trip proved a failure. On his return he came to the headquarters of the commission and begged for a tank, saying that on no account would he go again to the fishing-ground without collecting materials on board. Among other superstitions is one that forbids fishermen to have their hair cut except when the moon is increasing in size. A man who has wounded his finger with a hook will immediately stick the latter into a piece of pine wood, thinking thus to hasten the cure of his hurt. In dressing codfish some fishermen always save the largest fish to dress last.

Japs Make Good Clerks.

Many Japanese clerks are being employed in London stores. They are cleanly and courteous and give satisfaction. Many are also employed by manufacturers, but these are not so satisfactory to their employers, who say they waste material and give more time to studying English than they do to learning their trades.—London Mail.

SAYINGS OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

Bright, Apt or Literal Remarks Made by Brooklyn Pupils to Teachers.

The teachers of the Brooklyn schools have heaps of fun over the strange things that happen when the specialists come around with new dodges in physical culture or clay modeling, but they have to devote so much time to the fads added to the course of study that, they say, they find the children backward in arithmetic and spelling, says the New York Sun. In consequence of this they say many of the children reach the grammar grades without knowing the meaning of words that appear in their schoolbooks.

"A man who parts his hair in the middle and sings 'In the Gloaming,'" The teacher smiled and said: "My dear child, where did you hear that?" The boy replied: "There was a young man at our house on Sunday night and he had his hair parted in the middle and he sang the song 'In the Gloaming.'" When he went away my sister said he was very effeminate."

"In one of the schools situated in the Pickleville district of Brooklyn where the majority of the children are of German parentage a teacher asked a boy in the primary department to give the definition of the word 'treat,' the sentence being: 'We must treat people well.' Every boy in the class raised a hand and all shouted in chorus: 'I know, teacher!'"

"In another school where the teacher asked a little girl to define 'gimp' the girl answered: 'That's the name of a beggar man what begs in our bakery.'" "One of the Brooklyn high school boys was asked to give the feminine of hero, and he promptly answered 'shero.'"

"In one of the South Brooklyn public schools a boy who was asked to write what he knew about Robert Burns, wrote this: 'Robert Burns worked at his trade as a free mason and when he was not working at his trade as a free mason he worked on poetry.'"

"When you don't leave none for your brother," he said. "It was in a night school class in Brooklyn that the teacher asked if anyone knew the meaning of the word 'fable.'"

"Dot's when you ask somebody to do you a fable and you say you will do a fable for him some day," answered a German boy. "It means when yer git old and fable," said a young Irishman. "No, it don't, teacher," remarked the tough boy of the class; "a fable is a fake."

In the Pickleville district the children arrive at school laden with food which they begin to eat as soon as they are assigned to their classes, and it generally takes some vehement protests from the teacher to convince them that school is not a continuous refreshment scheme. One little maid last week sat calmly eating an apple while her teacher with a stern eye on the culprit told her that recess was the only legitimate time to eat apples.

"Where shall I throw the core?" It often happens that the children in the Pickleville schools tell the teacher what they are going to have for dinner and ask: "Will I bring you some sauerkraut and beer?" Of course the teacher is compelled to decline with thanks. Some of the children tell the teacher that they are not learning rapidly enough, and one who said this added: "My mother went to the highest school in Germany and she was in the highest class on the top floor when she only was in school three days."

A girl in one of the Pickleville schools who had been attending that school for six months suddenly broke in on her tutor by saying: "Hey, teacher, when are you going to begin to learn me?" In one of the parochial schools the nun teacher explained to the six-year-old son of a contractor that God had made the world.

"Did he make the streets and the houses and the country places?" asked the pupil. "Yes," said the nun. "He made everything." "Whew!" exclaimed the contractor's heir; "what a lot of dagoes he must have had to help him!"

Churches in War.

A church in war time is always apt to be put to warlike uses. Churches, as a rule, are very substantially built, and when a town is attacked, the first impulse is to turn the church into a fort. There is hardly a cathedral in Europe that has not been at one time the scene of a bloody conflict, or occupied by troops. In the Philippines, the Tagalogs almost invariably are driven from churches, and in China the allied troops occupy the temples without scruple. "They say the end justifies the means, but soldiers make it very difficult to preach the gospel of peace!"—Golden Days.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is tea grown and gathered in Japan that sells for as much as ten dollars a pound.

Hamburg burned in 1899 3,065,900 tons of coal, of which 1,645,800 tons came from the Westphalian district and 2,420,000 tons, or far more than half the entire supply, was imported from Great Britain.

Taking the Australian colonies in the aggregate, there are only 75 unmarried females for every 100 unmarried males. In New South Wales alone, according to the last census, there are nearly 100,000 more unmarried males than unmarried females.

In Europe, where polished floors have so long been popular, it is the custom to polish them carefully, and preferably with a cloth fastened on the shoe. Professional cleaners or polishers have learned to skate about at a great rate, and to do polishing quickly and well.

DAN RICE'S LAST NICKEL.

His Capital Was Soon Increased So That He Could Spare \$100 for a Church.

"Circus people, as a rule, are the best traveling class railroads have to deal with," said George B. Kretzinger, of the Kansas City Southern, who has had much to do with such combinations, says the Kansas City World. "They are always found to be close figurars, presenting a million and one contentions, asking as many, if not more, courtesies, but in the end the results are generally satisfactory to both parties."

"It is only within the last few years that railroads began handling circus outfits. The circus road and wagon once afforded a cheap method of transportation between small towns where nickels, dimes and quarters rarely failed to be taken in by the hatful. These out on country roads were found on the large rivers, shifting their dates to suit the seasons, all the way from St. Paul and Cincinnati to Cairo, Ill., and New Orleans. The late Col. Dan Rice, who probably pleased more people as a clown than any other sawdust king, was a striking figure among the performing river craft, and one of the first to put his show on the rails."

"This was back in '73, when a panic swept over the country and river towns had hit the sky, right and left, for the show business. Rice and his animals were tied up at St. Louis, waiting for times to grow better, when a trading firm offered a good lump sum for his boats. He figured it was go broke in almost any event, so he sold, and then began to tour eastward with a train of borrowed cars. It was a big undertaking, even for Rice, who was about the richest in the business in those days, but everything went reasonably well until he started to enter Indiana. The last Illinois town was 'rotten.' The show had hardly made 'animal meat' to say nothing of the money to get to another stand. As a last resort Col. Rice 'soaked' the show to the railroad company to put him into Vincennes, just over the state line, agreeing that the company's agent there should play bookkeeper and hold out what was coming. Vincennes did not look a whit good. The town was dead and the inhabitants wouldn't enthrone a bit over the bun band and bright-colored wagons. An hour before the afternoon performance was to begin found Col. Rice pacing in front of the main entrance, figuring with himself for dear life, when a party of ladies approached."

"Col. Rice," they began, "we have always heard of you as a very charitable gentleman and, unfortunately, our church has been damaged and needs a new roof. We thought you might be willing to subscribe toward it." "There was a man who had just stood up a railroad asked to give money away, but he was equal to the occasion when he pulled from his pocket a nickel and posing it on his finger replied: 'Ladies, I am now balancing a cash account. It appears small to you, no doubt, but in truth represents all the money I possess. If this show does any business here I'll not only contribute toward repairing your church, but I'll put a new roof on it.'"

"The two performances that day netted the old man \$756, paid for the next jump, and out of it was donated \$100 to the church."

Two Women's Manifest Giffs.

The total amount devoted by two California women to the cause of higher education on the Pacific coast is at least \$25,000,000. These two women, the widows of western pioneers who became millionaires, are Mrs. Jane L. Stanford and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst. The former's gift to the Leland Stanford, Jr., university of California, exceeded \$16,000,000, and Mrs. Hearst, who has already given large sums to the University of California at Berkeley, is like Mrs. Stanford, constantly increasing the institution's obligations to her generosity.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Reforming the Mexican Army.

An attempt is being made to reform the Mexican army, teaching the officers to stay by their men in an engagement, instead of seeking a secure place when danger is encountered, and the men to fire from the shoulder instead of the hip. President Diaz intends to have his army provided with the best modern arms.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Three Degrees.

Silence speaks much, words more and actions most of all.—Chicago Daily News.