

DOG TO MOTHER CUB BEARS

London Zoological Gardens to Try Experiment in Rearing Polar Bears.

London.—Some young polar bears, whose arrival is being awaited at the London Zoological gardens, are to be mothered—by a dog!

Hitherto all the polar bears born to Barbara, who is now collecting bits of straw and making a nest, have died. A great effort is, therefore, to be made to rear the polar bear babies, which, if they live, will be the first educated in captivity.

The new treatment of the polar babies will be a daring experiment. A few hours after birth the cubs will be removed from the mother and taken to the sanatorium in the zoo, where a dog—probably a boarder—will be entrusted with the duties of foster mother.

Under the care of Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell and experienced veterinary surgeons every attention and luxury will be given to the young bears, and their progress watched daily.

Barbara has a sad record as a mother. Last year two of her cubs died, probably because she used to take one out for an airing in inclement weather. Sam, the father polar bear, takes little interest in his children, except that he imagines they are dainty morsels to eat. He is, therefore, separated from the nursery.

In the reptile house five eggs of a South African egg-eating snake are expected shortly to hatch in warm sand. Only one egg, it is feared, will be successful.

DOG DIES IN MASTER'S GRAVE

Canine Mourns Loss of His Owner and Buries Self in Same Plot.

Smyrna, Del.—Love for his master, who lay beneath the sod in the Friends cemetery, led Shep, a dog, to burrow into the same grave, there to die of grief.

Joseph Staats was buried two weeks ago. The next day his dog was missing, and the family decided that some one had stolen him. They had been expecting his return, for they figured that Shep would find a way of escape and come back to the farm where he had been reared.

A few days later a commercial traveler, who traversed the road past the cemetery at night, told in the village tavern of seeing a wolf in the road, which he had stoned and which ran into the grave yard.

The next day the Staats family went to the cemetery to place flowers on the grave. They found clods scattered about the lot and a hole in the mound above Mr. Staats' body. Inside they found the dead body of the faithful dog.

A keeper remembered that he had seen the dog going from grave to grave, as though searching for something. He had noted about the cemetery till he found the right grave, and then stretched out to die near the one he loved.

WIDOW FINDS OIL IN YARD

Riches Come to Washerwoman When "Gusher" is Found on Property.

Cannonsburg, Pa.—"They've struck a gusher, mo'om. We're rich!" shouted Mrs. May Bush's little son as he dashed into the house. Mrs. Bush, who, since her husband's death four years ago, has made a living for herself and three children by washing, collapsed when following the boy to where an oil well was being drilled in the back yard, she saw a greenish gold stream pouring into the tank.

The flow during the first 244 hours was 300 barrels, and Mrs. Bush's share of the one day's production is about \$45. The well is the best of any drilled since the town lot development began here last summer.

A dozen or more locations were made today. Every lot within the defined pool is under lease.

COMPOSES MUSIC AT SEVEN

Prodigy in France Surprises Professors by His Genius—Scientists Are Interested.

Paris.—A seven-year-old boy of Rennes has such extraordinary musical genius that he is said to compose beautiful and original music with astonishing facility and speed. Among the works of the boy, whose name is Rene Gullou, are symphonies, sonatas, melodies, fugues, and duos for piano and violin, all of which have provoked the admiration of the professors of the Conservatoire.

Scientists are much interested in this case of abnormal precocity. Young Gullou plays the piano perfectly, but his chief ability seems to be that of composing. His ability appears to have developed suddenly one day after the child had heard a military band play Chopin's musical "march."

On returning home, although he had never touched a musical instrument, he is said to have gone to the piano and played the march quite correctly. Rene Gullou is the son of a post-office employe.

Smoker Rudely Disturbed. Williamsburg, Ky.—Blain Stinson, Albert Smith and "Andy" Smith were seriously injured when a keg of powder exploded in a coal mine here. Albert Smith was sitting on the keg smoking when the explosion occurred. The mines are owned by Dr. S. F. Moss and supply the local market.

DOCTORS DECRY HIGH HEELS

French Authorities Say They Cause Weariness and Other Ills to Women.

Paris.—An outcry against the present fashion of women's footwear was raised this week by the French medical faculty.

"That tired feeling" of which so many women are complaining, it is asserted, is largely due to the wearing of high heels. According to the French doctors, the unnatural position which the foot is forced to take when shod in a fashionable shoe constitutes a complete displacement of the center of gravity, and, by throwing the whole weight of the body on the forefoot, occasions a contraction of the muscles of the toes and legs.

Strong criticism is also made of women who, as soon as they return home from the theater or from some social function, give way to impulse and change their high-heeled shoes for a pair of soothing flat-soled slippers.

This remedy, it is affirmed, is rather worse than the ill itself, for it causes the foot to pass from one extreme to the other, which in the end is bound to produce persistent suffering. Varicose veins are also given as one of the probable consequences of the high heels of fashion.

In the opinion of leading French doctors, women who value their health should never wear heels higher than one inch.

STOPS THE BLOOD TO BRAIN

Surgeon Deflects It in Head by Ligation of the Internal Carotid.

Philadelphia.—Demonstrations in advanced surgery were made in many Philadelphia hospitals by famous surgeons for the benefit of delegates assembled in this city, who attended the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America.

An operation considered fatal until modern surgery lent it aid was performed at the University hospital to deflect the flow of blood from one part of the injured head of a patient. Its purpose was accomplished by Dr. John B. Deaver by the ligation of the internal carotid, the principal artery of the neck supplying blood to the greater part of the brain, the orbit, internal ear and the forehead and nose.

This operation stopped the supply of blood to the brain through this channel, relieving the congestion. A sufficient amount, however, to maintain life is still conveyed by the external carotid and its branches, and as the injured portion of the skull heals nature will adapt itself to the changed condition and the arteries which have been forced to do added duty will gradually dilate until the normal supply of blood is distributed in all parts of the head.

HEN PECKS MAN'S DIAMOND

Gem From Shirt Stud Vanishes in Novel Manner—Owner of Jewel Refuses to Kill Chicken.

Allentown, Pa.—Because he petted a pretty white Leghorn hen during the closing hours of the Allentown poultry show, A. B. Flower, a poultry fancier from central New York state, is minus his diamond stud.

Flower came on, hoping to meet Judge Braun of Syracuse, with whom he had business. In the display from the Blink Bonnie farm was an attractive little white chicken that every body made a pet of. During the week she had been taken out of her cage many times and allowed to sit on the shoulders of women, when she would peck at their earrings or the buttons on their coats.

Flower was much taken up with the hen, and put her on his shoulder, when she began to peck at his diamond. He and the bystanders laughed at the cuteness of the chicken. It seems the stone was not very well fastened, and as the little hen gave it a vigorous tug the sparkler loosened and she swallowed it.

Some unfeeling bystander suggested killing the chicken, but Flower vetoed the suggestion, saying it was his own fault, and that he had more diamonds anyway.

HORSE DIES WITH HIS OWNER

Innkeeper's Will Directs Death for His Faithful Friend—Executors Chloroform Animal.

Boston, Mass.—John Drewsen, for years proprietor of the Hotel Highland, Washington street, Roxbury, who died recently, directed his executors to chloroform and kill his chestnut horse on the day of his own death. Pursuant to the provisions of the will the executors of the will promptly had the animal chloroformed.

The horse had been in the possession of Mr. Drewsen for many years and there was a strong attachment between the two.

Of recent years the animal was too old and infirm to be taken out of the stable, but Mr. Drewsen visited it frequently day and night.

Nearly an Inch of Rain a Minute. Washington, D. C.—New rainfall records were established on the isthmus of Panama November 28 and 29, according to reports just received here. At Porto Bello approximately 2.46 inches of rain fell in three minutes. The total for that shower was 7.60 inches. The highest previous record was three-quarters of an inch of rain in five minutes in 1908.

WANT TO WED LAND

Persons Failing to Draw Farms Would Marry.

Lucky Ones in South Dakota Distribution Are Besieged by Unsuccessful Entrants—One Man Writes Letter to Two Women.

Omaha, Neb.—Ten thousand men and half as many women having failed to draw farms in the recent distribution of Indian lands in South Dakota, seem determined to marry 160 acres of land—at least, it looks that way from the number of offers of marriage now being received by those who were lucky enough to make a "strike" in the big lottery. From appearances some of the disappointed men have simply gone through the list of winners and whenever there appeared the name of a woman as having drawn a farm they have written her, offering their heart and their hands—the latter for use in "breaking" the 160 acres of land and making a home on it. And a lot of the women seem to have followed the same plan.

When Judge Witton, in charge of the land drawing at Gregory, S. D., advised from the platform that the young men who failed to draw a farm do their very best to draw a wife, he probably little expected that not only would 10,000 or 15,000 men take him at his word, but thousands of women would enter the lists for a belpmate. Miss Elizabeth Crowe of 1510 North Twenty-eighth street, Omaha, was one of the lucky ones and drew a fine farm. Now Miss Crowe can have her pick of half a dozen or more men who have asked to share in her good fortune. Every mail adds to the list of those who wish to assist her in developing her farm—incidentally, as the head of the family. Miss Crowe received No. 2,282—and within three or four days received four offers of marriage. One was from Wyoming, another from South Dakota and two from Nebraska. Miss Crowe is in the cloak department of a department store.

That certain of the men are going into the business in a wholesale manner in order to insure a "winning" is shown by an incident which came to light in Norfolk, Neb. Two girls from that town, friends, went to Gregory, registered and each drew a fairly good number. Several days later one telephoned the other: "Come on over to my house. I've got something awfully good to tell you."

"So have I. I'll come right away," answered No. 2. She came. No. 1 met her at the gate. "It's just too funny for anything," said she. "Here's a man wants to marry me just because I drew a farm." And she laughingly drew a letter from her belt.

"Just listen to this," and she read through an appeal for permission to come at once, marry her and go to housekeeping on the homestead. The letter was from a farmer down in Kansas.

"Yes, that's funny," said No. 2, "but not near so funny as it would have been had I not received its mate"—and she, in turn, drew out a letter. It was identical, word for word, with that received by No. 1. And the signatures were the same.

"That man is getting himself in position to have to fight a suit for breach of promise," agreed the two girls.

In Lincoln three men who drew farms and whose names appeared in the list printed in the newspapers have received offers of marriage from girls who were unsuccessful in the drawing. But two of these men already have wives. More than half of the 8,000 names drawn from the huge pile of envelopes at Gregory were of Nebraska and South Dakota people, with Iowa a strong third.

These are the people who are receiving the offers of marriage, the writers of which are scattered from end to end of the country, with a large majority from the states adjoining South Dakota, where the free lands were located.

DETECT CUSSES IN BIOGRAPH

Deaf Mutes Read Lips of Actor Who Thinks His Words Are Lost.

London.—The biroscope was registering a banquet scene at the moment of the speeches. The young actor who was intrusted with the role of presiding rose and solemnly made the gestures appropriate to a learned discourse, while all the time he kept his fellow actors amused by a flow of amusing slang and profanity with unprintable anecdotes as decoration. What did it matter? He was posing before a cinematograph, not speaking before a phonograph.

The film was a great success. It was praised all over the world, especially for the life-like attention the guests evidently paid to the orator.

One complaint only was received, a very severe and indignant rebuke. It came from the director of a deaf mutes' institution, where the pupils, trained to reading of lips, had been able to follow the unbridled license of the orator as well as to watch his gestures.

Boy Tries Death. London.—A boy 14 years of age was charged at Sheffield with attempting suicide. He had tried to take his life on three occasions, first when barely six years old. Last September he attempted to hang himself. Last week he bought two pennyworth of laudanum and drank it.

PYTHON DONE UP IN SPLINTS

Interesting Surgical Operation Performed on a Reptile at the Zoo in London.

A second operation has just been performed on the great python at the Zoological Gardens, who fractured his jaw while swallowing a goat a few weeks ago.

After the jaw and head had been enveloped in a rigid casing for a couple of weeks he began to shed his skin. It was impossible for the patient to complete the shedding while the head was bound up, and the bandage was therefore removed. The bones of the jaw, it was found, had partly reunited.

With his head free again the python was obviously in the best of spirits, and celebrated the occasion by swallowing a duck. The skin of the head was then shed, including the transparent outer lenses of the eye. Afterward it was decided to replace the plaster of paris.

Awaiting a moment when the great reptile was coiled in his tank, six heavy keepers crawled into his cage, each carrying a stout board. These were quickly slid over the top of the tank while the operators sought for the injured head through an opening between two of the boards. Once the neck was seized the six heavy keepers sprang on the boards and were ordered to sit tight, thus forming a living room. As the powerful coils heaved inside the tank the heavy keepers were lifted up bodily, but their combined weight was too much for the heavy python, and the splint and bandages were rapidly replaced.

It will be some weeks before the bandages are removed and meantime the python will not be able to eat or see. When I visited him in his cage during the week-end he seemed rather sorry for himself.—London Mail.

QUEER TOWN IS IRONSPORT

Nobody in Ohio Village Writes Letters, Gets Arrested or Stays Out Late.

The most remarkable town in America, in some respects at least, is to be found among the hills of southern Ohio. It is Ironsport, with 700 inhabitants, ten miles east of Zanesville.

The Ironsport postoffice was closed October 31, because Joseph Barney, the postmaster, said he had not sold a single stamp in five weeks nor had he received any incoming or outgoing mails. The people explain that they have no friends to write to and that they are all too busy to write anyhow.

There has not been an idle man in Ironsport since 1908. The mines are running full time and every miner owns his own home. Some time ago the police department disbanded, the chief declaring there had been no arrests made within six months and that it is only a waste of public money to keep salaried policemen.

The village records one fire in two years and the damage then was \$200. A recent census showed that the population is composed of 637 Irishmen, 11 Welshmen and 52 Germans. Until October, 1911, there were only 11 men and women in Ironsport who had "no church." A Zanesville priest recently reported that he had succeeded in converting these 11 persons.

The school teachers of Ironsport, four in number, declare that Ironsport children are unusually bright, owing to the moral influence of the town. Not since a circus visited Ironsport three years ago has there been a person seen on the streets so late as midnight.—The Rosary.

Friendly Tip to an Architect.

Ollie James, who is soon to be the new senator from Kentucky, is well known for two reasons in Washington. One is his perfectly, artistically and entirely bald head. The other is the admiration and esteem in which he is held by Handsome Tom Heflin, a member of congress from Alabama. "I tell you," said Heflin, one evening to a crowd, "Ollie is a fine fellow. What's more, he's self-made, and he deserves a lot of credit for that. Think of it! He started out with nothing but his brains, and now he's about to be made a senator. A self-made senator!"

"Well," drawled Harry Maynard, a member of the group, "if he made himself, and did such a thundering fine job of it, why didn't he put some hair on the top of his head?"—Twice-a-Month Popular Magazine.

American Students of Singing.

Sig. Randegger, the famous singing master, whose death has just been announced, had a great partiality for American pupils. "No," he once said, "that I think that their voices are better in themselves. But Americans have so much more 'go'—as pupils they are so much more enthusiastic; they understand and act upon everything one tells them with greater eagerness and intelligence. There are plenty of good voices among the English people, but as pupils I find them, with a few exceptions, more or less cold and self-conscious."

Not Up on the Style Card.

The new proffesor, in the performance of his duties, came upon this sentence: "An electrical cow milking device is to be exhibited," etc. "Gosh!" he muttered, "something's wrong about this. What is an electrical cow anyway? And how could an electrical cow milk a device. Or am I going crazy!"

FIND A MEERSCHAUM MINE

Mineral is Dug Up in New Mexico and Shipped to Manufacturers in New York.

There is only one meerschaum mine in this country. Up to a year ago there might as well have been none at all. About five years ago a company formed to take over the mine declared confidently that it was going to make meerschaum pipes out of the product.

"For your years we were the laughing stock of the trade," said a member of the concern the other day, "but we're doing the laughing ourselves now."

He flourished before the visitor's eyes orders for more gross of pipes than anybody except a mathematical prodigy could count. And he shows a picture of the new plant which is to be occupied very soon. At present the work has grown to such a point that the walls of the small factory over on the East Side, New York, are bulging worse every day.

In the small building they can turn out only about thirty-five gross of pipes a day. This totals, however, more than 1,500,000 pipes a year, which would seem enough to supply every pipe smoker in the country. But the new plant will turn out 100 gross a day. One of the orders flourished so proudly by the manufacturer is for 500 gross and came from a Boston dealer.

There is only one other meerschaum mine in the world. At least, nobody knows of any other. That one is in Asia Minor and supplied the material for all the meerschaum pipes made up to a year ago. The American mine is about thirty miles from Silver City, N. M.

NO REASON FOR BLINKERS

Tens of Thousands of Horses Are Now Working Satisfactorily Without Them.

It is said that the use of blinkers, or blinders, as they are called in this country, had its origin in the desire of certain fashionable folks for a convenient place to display the family crest. Of course, the common excuse is that they keep the horse from shying.

"There is no reason why horses should wear blinkers," says a writer in the Bulletin of the S. P. C. A. "This is shown by the fact that there are tens of thousands of horses working satisfactorily without them, not only in private carriages, but in cabs, vans and ambulances, and in towns where the traffic is thickest.

"No riding horse is ever seen with blinkers; they would be considered to look ridiculous with them; the draft horses in the army do not wear them, and the large brewers and the chief railway companies have long ago dispensed with them.

"We recently read in a German paper that their use had been done away with by the authorities in Berlin, Duesseldorf, Aachen, Koenigsberg and Cassel. In Darmstadt they are allowed only in special cases, and Hamburg has lately decreed that they shall be permitted only if they stand well away from the horse's eyes.

"The difficulty of dispensing with blinkers in the case of horses which have been accustomed to them, even for years, is largely imaginary. We have known several cases where the change has been made and there has been no difficulty at all."

Still His Little Wife.

In a little shack at Sparkhill, Mrs. Ellen Peck, aged 82, the "confidence queen," released from Auburn penitentiary, is being guarded by her aged husband as carefully as though she was the best woman in the world.

"My Molly made mistakes," said the aged husband, "but she's come home to me now, with her nerves shattered and her health gone. No, you can't see her; she's suffered all she's going to, and in future I'm going to shield her from the world. Why, she's the best little woman that ever lived, and I won't have anybody bothering her."

So great is his loyalty that he will permit no one to say a word against the woman who victimized men of more than \$1,000,000 and brought disgrace to him and their children. "She's my little wife," he says.

Estimating Power of Sea.

The "live power" of a furious sea is estimated by multiplying the mass of the surge by the square of its speed. When the surf, impelled by the drive of the broad sea, meets a solid obstacle, its pressure is thirty tons per square meter of water. This estimate, which is close, explains how water, when continually sapping the foot of a cliff, breaks down the land, forces back the shore line, and little by little, constantly and surely, increases the sea's domain. A wave from 32 to 35 feet high, and 625 feet long—such a wave as the sea produces every 18 seconds—represents power of about 1,350 H. P.—steam—per square yard.

A Winner.

"Boy, take these flowers to Miss Bertie Bohno, Room 12." "My, sir, you're the fourth gentleman who's sent her flowers today." "What's that? What the deuce? Who sent the others?" "Oh, they didn't send any names. They all said, 'She'll know where they come from.'"

CALLS FOR WILD ANIMALS

Indians Are Very Skillful in Imitating Game by Imitating Their Calls.

The Indians have a call or tole for nearly every animal, writes Mr. John G. Millard in "Newfoundland and its Untrodden Ways." They can bring a fox right up to within twenty yards by making a sibilant noise produced by sucking the back of the hand. Reynard takes it to be the cry of a mouse in difficulties, and seldom fails to advance close to the sound.

Stag caribou are toled by grunting loudly in two different ways, a vocal effort which requires little skill or practice on the imitator's part. The "herd" stag will quickly answer the caller, and advance for a short distance, but the "traveling" stag will come very close if the calls are properly made at suitable intervals.

Wild geese can be called when they first arrive in the spring, by waving a white rag and imitating their "honking" call, but after the first fortnight they take little notice of the lure. A small white dog is also attractive to geese in the spring, and one Indian I know of has killed numbers of these birds by using one for a decoy.

Beavers, when they have been undisturbed for long, are very curious in relation to strange sounds. They will come swimming out of their house even at the firing of a gun. The Indians usually call them with a hissing noise, or one produced by munching the tips. Another favorite tole is a sound made by tapping the trousers with the hand. The most successful beaver-caller in Newfoundland killed great numbers of beavers, in the open season, by making a sound that resembled the cutting of chips off a tree. It is said that the unfortunate beavers never fail to respond to this noise.

The Indian has no call for the lynx, but one or two of them can attract the otter by imitating its shrill whistle.—Youth's Companion.

HE HAD TO STRIKE OR BUST.

Colored Man Was Afraid White Folks Would Think He Was Just Common Trash.

"I keep a colored man around the house who waits on the table and does various things," said the lawyer. "Up to a year ago he was getting \$25 a month. Then he came to me one day and said he must have more money or he would strike. We talked it over, and settled on \$28 a month. He has got along at that figure ever since until the other day, when he walked in on me and said: 'Mistah Blank, I see sure got to go on strike dis time.'"

"But I thought you were satisfied, Robert," I replied.

"No, sah,—no, sah. I hain't dun satisfied."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"I don't want any mo', sah."

"Then what's the trouble?"

"De trouble am, sah, dat de strike business am in de air all round me, an' I's ket to strike or bust."

"Are you going to leave?"

"No, sah."

"But you want more money?"

"No, sah."

"Well, what then?"

"A year ago, sah, I struck fur's fur \$28. Now I see gwine to strike backward fur de same \$25. Sorry, sah, but I must dun strike or dese white folks 'round yere will think I'm jes common trash and bev no respect fur me!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Canine Negotiator.

An amusing story concerning the Morocco negotiations is going the rounds of the French press. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter possesses a beautiful dog of the boarhound type. The dog and his master are inseparable. One lives for the other; in fact, they remind one of Wordsworth's "Two Thieves" for their attachment. The dog takes part in the negotiations lying at the feet of his master and for the most part motionless. But in the course of the conversation sometimes the French diplomatist unconsciously raises his voice. Then a low growl from the dog leads Mr. Cambon to modulate his voice. When von Kiderlen-Waechter had to visit the Kaiser on board his yacht at Kiel some time ago the dog, more suo, accompanied him. The two friends at the port seemed likely to suffer a short separation, but the Kaiser saw what was going on between the statesman and harbor official, and solved the difficulty, observing: "When two brothers come to see me I cannot do otherwise than receive them together."

Beyond Understanding.

A young man just returned from college was out cycling one day when suddenly he came to a steep gradient. While he was descending he lost control of his machine and was thrown. Two men came and found him lying on the ground. When asked how it happened he replied:

"Well, I came down that decline with the greatest velocity and lost my central gravity and was precipitated on the hard macadamized road."

"Away, lad, let him alone," replied one of the men. "He's a foreigner."

Vigorous Performer.

"Does your boy Josh play on the football team?" "No, replied Farmer Cornsossel. "Josh wouldn't stand for no mollycoddie job like that. He's the feller that leads the mob and wrecks oppy houses after the game is over."