

TRACKS EVIL DOERS

WOMAN DETECTIVE FEARLESS IN HER WORK.

Ethel King Responsible for the Breaking Up of Many Gangs of Criminals—Able to Take Care of Herself.

Should you meet a good-looking sailor boy, with a complexion something too good for one who follows the sea, take a second look at him. It may be Ethel King, the woman detective of Philadelphia, in one of her many disguises.

Take a searching glance at the messenger boy who runs with head down, to deliver a message. It is possible that the female sleuth may be hiding her identity within the blue suit.

Look around you in opium-scented Chinatown. The dapper woman who trips past the lookout at the gambling joint, with a side glance at the closed door, may be pretty Ethel King in the costume of her sex, but sent on a mission that is very unusual to a woman.

At home Miss King lives a quiet and secluded life. Few of her associates in the boarding-house at which she has her room know what a distinguished personage is the dark-eyed girl who is so frequently away on mysterious trips.

Absolutely without fear Miss King has accepted any dangerous work that has come to her in the line of duty. She has donned the uniform of a United States sailor and haunted the docks and navy yard vicinity in search for information regarding sailor criminals.

Being a small woman and looking rather diminutive in boys' clothes Miss King had no difficulty in assuming the character of a district messenger Mercury. She readily assumed the jargon of the corps, as well as the uniform of the messenger boy, and did valuable work in breaking up a series of pilferings and clever swindles that the youngsters had carried on for years at the expense of the company and its customers.

She learned that the boys were in the habit of meeting in the street and exchanging caps, so that should a complaint be made of money collected on prepaid messages, or of cash missing from envelopes entrusted to the boys for delivery, it would be easy to establish an alibi. Miss King astounded the management of the company by her revelations concerning the tricks of the messenger boys and enabled the regular sleuths of the company to checkmate the systematic stealings and guard against a repetition of them.

As a scullery girl Miss King assisted in the arrest of a notorious woman thief who had been in the habit of hiring out as a domestic for the purpose of allowing her criminal friends to enter and rob the house at night. The woman sleuth washed dishes and watched the other woman, and when the critical time came, and the house was raided in the dead of night, the would-be thieves were caught in a trap.

Miss King has assisted in the suppression of the opium traffic and of the gambling dens of Chinatown. She has made friends with the yellow man and in due time betrayed him to the police. She has been threatened time and again, but has not so far been attacked. Threats she ignores, and any one who has talked with her for a time is impressed with the idea that in a tight corner she could well take care of herself, for, as she says:

"A woman is as good as a man in a gun fight, and I am always ready."

Snake Killing Kitten. George Farnwald, substitute mail carrier, Bloomsburg, owns a cat which, strange to say, will not catch a mouse, but spends its time in the yards hunting for garter snakes.

The cat so far this season has caught three snakes and brought them to the house, and after laying a snake down on the porch it goes back again in the yard to hunt for more. Two of the snakes the cat has caught were captured in one day, while the other was caught a day later. These three are the only ones Mr. Farnwald has seen, yet some of the neighbors say they often see the cat with a snake in its mouth.

Whether or not the animal would tackle anything larger than a garter snake is hard to tell, yet from the fight it puts up when it gets hold of one of these smaller species it is evident that it would probably be able to get away with a larger one. The snake-killing cat is not very large and is still nothing more than a kitten.—Williamsport Gazette.

Successful Voyage of Australian's Ark.

Australia has given to humanity an interesting Noah in the person of Felix Tanner, who some time ago left Australia for New Zealand with a scheme for the construction of an ark which should carry a considerable number of passengers.

In Marlton he persuaded quite a number of people to believe in his ideas, and some weeks ago "Tanner's Ark," a barrel shaped structure of quite unique design was built and the vessel put to sea from a small port near Christ church. Tanner was on board with five companions.

The ark was bound for Timaru, a place about a hundred miles away, and, granting fair weather, Timaru should have been made in three days. Nine people out of ten laughed at the enterprise, but the ark arrived safely at its destination.

TURKEY OUR NOBLEST BIRD.

Crossing with the Wild Species to Improve Market Product.

The most notable American bird in the farm category is the turkey, growing as he does to the great weight of 30 and even 40 pounds, and losing nothing in flavor and toothsome.

Likewise, the most prized of our remaining game birds is his blood brother, the wild turkey, from which he has descended.

There is perhaps no instance where domestication has scored so little in improvement as with the turkey. In fact, in some respects the taming and breeding have hurt instead of helped the species.

No prize domestic gobbler is ever so beautifully marked or so resplendent with feathers of black shaded with rich bronze and illuminated with a lustrous flash of burnished copper as the typical wild turkey, while the vigor and vitality of the wild bird is such that to this day we strengthen the most virile of our bronze turkeys by an infusion of the wild blood.

Rhode Island stands for the best in turkey production. The last census shows less than 1,000,000 turkeys in the United States and only about 5,000 produced annually in Rhode Island, yet, according to a turkey expert, if all the turkeys of the country were of such good quality as Rhode Island's, their total value would be doubled.

According to the department of agriculture, the growing of turkeys has greatly improved during the last few years as a result of a determined effort on the part of producers of "standard bred" stock to demonstrate that it is much more profitable to use pure breeding stock than the smaller and less vigorous stock of times past.

The wild turkey is also being used to instill further new vigor into the bronze flocks. Inbreeding is the fatal defect among the practice of many turkey growers.

The fact that turkeys will from the time that they are six weeks old until winter gain the greater part of their entire living from bugs, insects, grasshoppers and water grain saunders, their existence during this period at little or no cost to the grower where there is a sufficient range for the birds.

Nineteen-Hour Days.

"Our hours," said a nature student, "are nothing to the birds. Why, some birds work in the summer 19 hours a day, indefatigably they clear the crops of insects."

"The thrush gets up at 2:30 every summer morning. He rolls up his sleeves and falls to work at once. And he never stops till 9:30 at night. A clean 19 hours. During that time he feeds his voracious young 206 times."

"The blackbird starts work at the same time as the thrush, but he lays off earlier. His whistle blows at 7:30, and during his 17-hour day he sets about 100 meals before his kiddies."

"The titmouse is up and about by 3 mouse is said to feed his young, 417 in the morning, and his stopping time is 9 at night. A fast worker, the titmouse—meals of caterpillar mainly—in the long, hard, hot day."

Senator Pettus' Library.

The late Senator Pettus of Alabama was a "forty-niner," going overland to California in the early days and engaging in placer mining. He took with him on that long and tedious journey three books, the Bible, Shakespeare and Burns' poems.

He said of them at one time not long since: "I read the Bible from cover to cover; I read the side notes; I read the captions of the chapters; I learned great parts of it by heart, and I haven't forgotten them yet. I learned many of Burns' poems by heart and much of Shakespeare in the same way, too." Such reading of these three books was an education in itself. It is not likely that many miners engaged in that search for wealth spent their leisure in as profitable a way.

Goshawk's Changing Plumage.

I know no bird which passes through so many changes of plumage and color of eyes as the goshawk.

A young one which I have mounted is about the size of a small hen and is covered with white down. His eyes are pale blue. I colored the eyes exactly from life. When fully grown the first plumage is dark brown above and the eyes are pale yellow. No one would be likely to suspect this being a goshawk who had only seen adult birds.

Later it changes to the dark shady blue of the adult, and the eyes, after passing through all the intermediate changes in color from straw yellow, orange yellow and pink, finally assume the deep rich red of the adult.—Forest and Stream.

Long Overdue.

"What," queried the very young man, "was the happiest day of your life?"

"It hasn't come yet," answered the oldest inhabitant, sadly.

"Hasn't come yet?" echoed the other in surprise. "When do you think it will come?"

"When people cease to ask fool questions," answered the old man.

He'd Failed So Often.

"Mr. Timmid has asked if he might call to-night. I think he wants to tell me that he loves me," said Miss Yerner.

"Oh," replied her sister, "that goes without saying."

"Yes, and I'm afraid that he will, too."

COW ATE DYNAMITE

AND FOR A TIME THERE WAS CHAOS ON THE FARM.

Peculiar Diet of Bovine Simply Unsettled Everything—Caused Labor Complication Among Other Things.

Queer demands are coming from the farmers on the line of the new aqueduct, says the New York Times.

A claim for "one dynamited cow" was settled the other day. When the claim reached the controller it called for \$125. The controller turned it over to the board of water supply, which in turn sent Engineer Charles E. Davis to investigate. The claimant was John McCauley, of Brown's station, Uster county. The engineering force had been at work near his place. The claim, he said, included the tramping down of growing grain.

"Was the cow blown up?" asked the engineer.

"Not exactly," said the claimant, "but she scared us all to death. You see, one of the engineers had left a stick of dynamite in a field and the cow ate it. She probably thought it was an ear of corn or something. You know how hard it is to get any hired men in this section. Why, the department of agriculture has sent out circulars telling the farmer how to get over the labor difficulty. I've got one of them up to the house."

"Well, some of the help I have had read that circular that was lying about the house, and then they kicked for more pay. There was Ed and John—"

"What's that got to do with the cow?" asked the investigator.

"Well, I was telling my story in my own way. You see, labor is scarce, and I had got that darned circular locked up in a closet, and I was hoping to keep Bill with me for a little, when Bill and I was walking through that field toward the cow. We saw her eating something and we didn't mistrust anything until we got up close to her just as the end of the stick was sticking out of her mouth, and I saw what it was."

"What's she eating?" asked Bill. "I didn't feed her anything."

"Bill," says I, "if there's one thing of which I wouldn't suspect you, it's work. I know darn well you didn't feed that cow anything. But she's fed herself," says I, "and it's darned hot stuff," says I.

"Bill he looked a little queer."

"What is it?" says he.

"Dynamite," says I.

"My God," says he.

"He stood still for so long a time that I thought he wasn't afraid. All of a sudden the cow turned and walked toward him."

"Drive her off; we'll both be killed," says Bill, picking up a big stone.

"Don't you do it," says I; "she'll explode. She's full of dynamite, and the slightest jar'll set her off."

"Bill began to laugh—half laugh and half cry; you know, like a lady summer boarder I once had who found a toad under her bed when she was looking for a man. Then I says:

"Bill, it's up to you to do something."

"Why is it up to me?" says he. "You own the cow."

"That's just it," says I. "I own the cow and you are working for the man that owns her."

"Bill gave me a look. Then he says: 'Well, I ain't working for him no longer,' says he, and with that he cut across the fields without waiting for his wages."

"Well, my family and I stayed that night at the home of my brother, five miles away, to make sure of being safe. In the morning I went back to the farm and found that the cow was dead. The dynamite had poisoned her. John Wilkey, the dare devil of the neighborhood, carried off the body for \$10."

The engineer found upon questioning the force in the neighborhood that a stick of dynamite had disappeared. So he settled for \$150. The farmer took the money.

"Say," he said, "you know I have a telephone in my house. Day before yesterday Bill called me up."

"Say," says he, "is that cow dead?"

"If she is I'm coming back for my wages."

"You'll get no wages," says I.

Sermon in a Few Words.

We are very much impressed by something we saw and heard while passing along the street a few evenings since. A young girl was standing in front of a store, and near her, with a hang-dog expression on his face, was a young stripling of a boy. As we passed the two, the girl said to the boy: "Any one who speaks of my father as the old man is not worthy of my respect." From the tone of her voice, we knew that the girl spoke from the impulse of a moment, but there was a whole sermon in her utterance. We don't know the girl, but if she lives she will develop into a noble womanhood, and the world will be the better for her having lived in it. And the boy, if he has any redeeming qualities in him, will profit by the lesson given him in that one sentence.—Burlington Chronicle.

Misleading Similarity.

Musical Enthusiasm—How faithfully some of those phonograph records reproduce sounds! Just come over here and listen to these selections from Wagner.

Manager—Beg pardon, miss, but them's the records of "Sounds in a Fog."

IDENTIFYING "U. S." ANIMALS.

System of Branding Authorized by the Army Regulations.

Whenever you see the letters "U. S." branded on the left fore shoulder of an animal make up your mind at once that that beast is or was at one time the property of our rich old "Uncle Sam," says the Washington Post.

Then, again, if you know the key to the system of branding utilized by the quartermaster's department, U. S. A., you would in a moment be able to tell the organization of the army to which that animal was assigned immediately after purchase by the government.

Last October, when the army of Cuban pacification was being embarked from Newport News, Va., many of the army horses and mules awaiting shipment became mixed with those of other organizations, but it only needed the knowledge of Sergt. Casey to decipher the hoof brands and dispatch the animals to their proper organizations. In other words, these brands serve as "identification tags."

Branding public animals is not a matter of choice, but is provided for by the army regulations, which directs that "public animals shall, upon the day received, be branded with the letters 'U. S.' on the left fore shoulder. Horses assigned to organizations will also be branded on the hoof of one forefoot, one and one-half inches below the coronet, with the designation of the company. Branding irons of uniform size and design will be supplied by the quartermaster's department. Letters 'U. S.' to be two inches in height. Letters and numbers of hoof brands on the same line to be three-fourths of an inch high, the letter to precede the number, and blocked so as to penetrate the hoof one-sixteenth of an inch. For example, the hoof brands on horses assigned to band, Ninth cavalry, would be CB9; to troop A, Fifth cavalry, would be A5; to Company A, battalion of engineers, would be BEA."

Jewel for Child Heroine.

Ethel Johnson, a child heroine of the Columbia disaster, has received a magnificent butterfly of gold and diamonds from an unknown admirer, according to a Portland correspondent of the Seattle Times.

It was taken to the home of R. R. Dingle, where the little girl is stopping, on Saturday by a jewelry store employe. There was no note of explanation, no signature, telling who was the sender of so magnificent a gift, merely the words, "From a Portland admirer."

Little Ethel Johnson saved two lives in the Columbia disaster. She rescued her child companion, Effie Gordon, and held her above water until taken aboard a life boat.

While struggling with her companion a man who could scarcely swim was also saved by her. He seized hold upon her and was also held above the water by her childish efforts. Perhaps this man sent the present.

John Knox, Prophet.

John Knox, the reformer, would seem to have possessed in an ordinary degree the spirit of prediction and to have foretold with accuracy not only certain remarkable events of public importance, but also the ultimate fate of certain individuals. Thus when condemned to the galleys at Mechelle he took his sentence with the greatest composure, merely remarking that in spite of it he would "within two or three years, preach the Gospel in St. Giles, Edinburgh." This prediction, most improbable of accomplishment at the time it was uttered, was afterwards literally fulfilled. Knox predicted with accuracy the deaths of Thomas Maitland and Kirkcaldy of Orange, and solemnly warned the regent, Murray, not to go on to Linlithgow, as if he did so he would there meet his death. The regent disregarded the warning and did meet with the fate of which Knox had forewarned him.—Exchange.

Hydraulic Lifeboats.

Several of these craft are now in service in the United States. The propelling agents are jets of water driven out by a powerful steam pump through nozzles under water.

The nozzles can be made to drive the boat forward or backward, or turn it, the boat, of course, being driven by the reaction in the direction opposite to that of the escaping water.

A speed of 100 miles an hour was recently maintained in New York harbor in a trial trip.

Hydraulic lifeboats are not economical, their strong point is the absence of any external paddle wheels or propellers, which are so liable to become fouled by wreckage. The boat has projecting guards which protect the nozzles from striking against slips or docks.

A Delicate Distinction.

Manager—I thought you wrote me you had a full house at Had Dog in Arizona.

Business Manager—So we did.

Manager—Why, our star tell me there were only about 25 people in the place and every man Jack was drunk.

Business Manager (gently)—Well? I didn't say we had the house full; I said we had a full house.

The Author's New Home.

"Like your new house?"

"It's fine."

"There are six houses in the row, I believe?"

"Yes, mine is the last one."

"Good cellar?"

"One of the six best cellars."

CAUSES OF SUICIDE

STATISTICS COLLECTED FROM MANY SOURCES.

Numerous Cases Attributable to Childless Marriages—Rate High Among Germanic Nations—Means of Self-Destruction.

Among 1,000,000 suicides of all classes, it has been found that 295 married men with children destroyed their lives; 470 married men without children; 526 widowers with, and 1,004 widowers without children.

With respect to the women, 45 married women with, and 158 without, children committed suicide, while 104 widows with, and 238 without offspring, completed the list.

On the face of things it would appear that in childless marriages the number of men suicides is doubled and in women tripled. Leaving the case of actual insane persons out of count, it would also appear that in males suicide is more frequent than in females.

Equally interesting is that phase of the subject which deals with the causes. One table dealing with 6,782 cases shows one-seventh caused by misery, one twenty-first part by loss of fortune, one forty-third by gambling, one nineteenth by love affairs, one-ninth by domestic troubles, one sixty-sixth by fanaticism, and by foiled ambition and remorse one-seventh and one twenty-seventh respectively.

The geography of suicide is also of high interest. Westcott says the highest proportion in Europe is shown by the Germanic races, Saxony having "the largest rate of any country." In Norway the rate was very large for a time, its decrease being attributed to the greater restrictions now laid on the liquor traffic.

The Celtic races have a low rate, and this is evinced by the figures for Ireland and Wales. Mountainous regions are said to show a lower rate than lowlands. In the highlands of Scotland and Wales, and in the high areas of Switzerland, suicide is rare.

Times and seasons also operate apparently, to influence the act of self-destruction. Roughly speaking, the curve line of suicide, calculated through the year, rises from January to July, and decreases for the second half of the year. The maximum periods have been found to fall in May, June and July. I believe, indeed, June is found to show a marked predominance as a suicide month.

One reason for such preeminence in the warm season of the year is set down as represented by the onset of hot weather affecting the system and tending to disturb mental equilibrium of the subjects. In 1,930 cases noted in Paris the prevailing hours of self-destruction were from six a. m. to noon and from two to three p. m.

Perhaps one of the most curious phases of this study is revealed in the fact already alluded to—namely, that different countries to show preferences for different means of committing suicide from other lands. The most common European method is by means of hanging, but in Italy this mode of self-destruction is rare.

Drowning comes next in order, and twice as many women as men perish in this way each year in Europe. Shooting is frequent in Italy and Switzerland. Cut throat is common in England and Ireland, it does not seem to constitute anywhere else a frequent mode of ending life.

Poisoning is a specially Anglo-Saxon method of suicide, we are told, while suffocation by the fumes of carbonic acid gas, inhaled in a closed room, is very typical of suicide in France.

Necklace Brings Ill Luck.

An eerie story is told about a necklace which formerly belonged to the maharannee of Cooh Behar, India, and which is supposed to bring bad fortune to every one connected with it. The history of the necklace—of pearls and turquoise, which are not usually considered to be unlucky stones—is certainly peculiar. While it was in the maharannee's possession she was robbed of a quantity of valuable jewelry and the maharajah lost some of his best racing ponies by death and breakdowns. The advice of a pundit was sought. He prescribed a change of ownership and a voyage across the sea in order to break the spell and the necklace was accordingly given to a lady in England. As a result the maharajah has begun to win races again and the maharannee has received the stolen property, but the story goes that the present owner of the necklace has been the victim of persistent ill fortune from the day that it came into her possession.

Queen of Siam's Jewels.

The Queen of Siam possesses the finest collection of jewels in the world.

The walls of her bed chamber are literally ablaze with precious stones, while in a safe in her majesty's apartments are diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds fashioned into quaint necklaces of fabulous value. One little article alone intended to serve as a trinket, is in the shape of a lotus flower and is valued at £15,000.

The king, too, possesses a wonderful stock of jewels, and not only is his throne, which is made of pure gold, thickly encrusted with diamonds, pearls and rubies, but his majesty's state mantle is covered with jewels. In fact, this cloak is the most wonderful garment in the world. In spite of his enormous collection of jewels, however, the King of Siam is constantly adding to them and spends something like £120,000 per annum in purchasing new stones.

THE LAY OF THE HEN.

Six Hundred Eggs Are Due from a Small Fowl.

"How many eggs is a hen wound up to lay during the term of her natural life, do you suppose?" said the man who has investigated. "No idea, eh? Well, sir, a good, healthy hen—not speaking of any particular breed, but just hen—a good, healthy hen does not fulfill her destiny until she has turned out 600 eggs—fifty dozen. That's what Nature has fitted a hen to do in the way of eggs, and she gives her eight years to do it in," says a writer in Browning's Magazine.

"The first year of her egg-producing life a hen lays only 20 eggs, but in the three succeeding years she rolls up the score of 370. This leaves only 310 that she must give that many cackles for in the remaining years that she must stand on duty in that line, and she divides the task among those four years so that in the eighth year she lays only 20 eggs again—the number she started in with. Then she has ended her career as an egg producer, and too often, if she is in the hands of a thrifty owner, begins another career, short and delusive—this time as the summer-boarder spring chicken.

"And speaking of eggs, there is a lot about them, familiar as they are to everybody, that people don't suspect. Now, here's an egg that would be a rooster if it was hatched. Wrinkled eggs hold roosters in embryo. A protoplasmic hen lurks in the egg with a smooth-textured shell.

"There is water a-plenty in an egg, but no more air than there is in a hammer. So long as you can keep air out of your egg it will remain sweet and fresh, but no one has ever succeeded in keeping it out by fair means more than six days. The insidious oxygen is bound to find its way through an egg-shell's pores, and the only way to save that egg is to eat it. It sounds funny, but the instant you give an egg fresh air that instant you ruin its health."

Foolhardy Fame.

An Italian, whose name is of no consequence, has climbed to the summit of one of the three highest peaks of the Mont Blanc range, called the Dame Anlais. This peak is 11,400 feet high, and the last 1,000 feet of the ascent was over a smooth and practically perpendicular rock. It required 12 hours to make it, and when done the man of misdirected energy and enterprise actually thought he had achieved fame. But, after all, what sort of fame is it? The man had risked his life to accomplish what? To be able to say he had climbed to a spot on the mountains that no other person ever did? It is the sort of fame gained by the youth who fired the Ebbelian dome. It will be remembered as an act from which no useful consequences can flow and in which life was recklessly imperiled in order that a fool might cry out, "I did it!" In the feat there was no contribution to science, to morals or to the general knowledge of the world.

Thought Brakeman Steered.

The little girl had become well acquainted with automobiles long before she had ridden in a railroad train, and she had even attempted to help her father steer on the family's automobile trips. When she clambered on the steam cars for the first time she was much excited and her questions fairly tumbled over themselves. Finally she noticed the brakeman turning the wheel between the two cars. She watched him approvingly for a few minutes and then she suddenly left the wheel she grasped her father in alarm.

Tell him to go back, papa, he must go back," she shouted.

"Papa looked at her in amazement. "Who must go back, Dorothy?" he asked.

"Why, the man who steers," she said breathlessly. "He's left the wheel and we'll run off the track."

Compass Points and Health.

A quaint theory is that of a French mystic, who holds that the four points of the compass have an influence on human health and well-being. Traveling west, asserts this authority, induces melancholy; traveling eastward brings a cheerfulness; south, languor and irritability; and northward, calmness. It is a question of electrical currents, and the influence is felt not only when traveling, but also when at home. The best posture for working is to face either north or east. In these positions you receive positive waves of electricity, the negative currents coming from the other two points, south and west. Even the sleep is improved, it seems, if the foot of the bed be turned to the north or east. To sleep in the contrary position induces nightmare and general uneasiness.

A Rough Passage.

Jacob Hope, the head of Philadelphia's phonograph school for parrots, said the other day:

"There are worse things than a swearing parrot, and one was brought over on a German boat last month. His owner, a sailor, swore that this traveled bird knew no profanity, and I laid him out."

"But she had to bring him to me. The parrot, though he didn't swear, had evidently spent most of his time on shipboard in the ladies' saloon, for what he would do was this:

"For hours at a time he would choke and gasp and hiccough as if he'd never stop, and then he'd sling out feebly, 'Steward—bucket!'"