

PRINCES LEARNING TO SWIM

Her Royal Highness of Wales Believes in Having Her Sons Acquire the Knowledge.

Women reformers who wish to do really good work would do well to pattern by the Princess of Wales in at least one of her fads, which is to impress on everybody in the United Kingdom the importance of learning to swim.

WON BY DOG'S SOFT EYE.

Medical Student's Experience Cures Him of All Desires to Become Vivisectionist.

"No more vivisection in mine," said a medical student of Philadelphia, says the Philadelphia Record. "The story of why I've cut it out will doubtless cause gazing smiles among certain members of the fraternity, but I'm done, just the same."

"When the day came to put him to the proper place and put him on the operating table, he stayed there quietly, and I couldn't help wondering if he knew what was in store for him."

ALONE WITH SEA BIRDS.

Five Days and Nights Spent by Adventurer in Their Lofly Haunts.

As the most "climbable" and "campable" looking rock off the Oregon coast, we selected the huge stack of basalt farthest out at sea, which was 296 feet high and 600 feet in length.

I hope the crowding, throbbing multitudes on Three Arch rocks may never be diminished in number. I can never forget the nervous strain of spending five days and nights in that dense feathered metropolis by the sea.

Ancient Lawsuit.

Marquis de Viana and Count Torres de Cabrera, two Spaniards of ancient lineage, are opponents in a lawsuit which was begun in 1517 and is still sub judice.

Notion for Motorists.

More luxury for the automobilist, this in the form of a cigar protector, a device to permit smoking while travelling at high speed; and the same device will serve also for the yachtsman.

PEARY AFTER THE POLE.

Many Great Difficulties in the Way of the Explorer's Success.

Now that the nose of Peary's Arctic exploring steamship is pointed northward, there is time for a sober appraisal of the chances for and against the achievement of Peary's main purpose, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

No expedition which has started for the frozen north has been so well provided with ship and engines especially designed to meet the conditions to be encountered, and few explorers have had the long experience and training in the particular labor to be performed that must be credited to Commander Peary.

Peary's plan, stated in the barest outline, is to force his base—that is, his ship and supplies, his dogs and sledges—to a position about three hundred and fifty miles nearer to the pole than has heretofore been possible.

No particular difficulty should be encountered until the Roosevelt reaches the head of Smith sound, at about 78 degrees north. Other vessels of much less power have gone farther, but from that point northward the alternately wide and narrow channel is filled with ice.

TRICKS OF THE CHARMER.

Snake Lady of Side-Show Tells How She Manages Her Dangerous Pets.

While the barker outside the Coney show was bellowing to the crowd that the snake charmer within had a hypnotic eye that cowed the venomous reptiles into submission the sturdy personage herself was telling a curious visitor some of the tricks of the trade, relates the New York Herald.

"For this reason I have to have four or more pythons, which represents an investment of over two hundred dollars apiece. The main reason, however, is that these constrictors eat only once every 12 days, and then they go on the sick list for several days during digestion."

New Times in British Navy.

The good old, idle, make-and-mend clothes and call-the-watch days of the navy are over and gone forever in all but a few exceptional ships and billets. Everywhere there is strenuousness. Strenuousness that can never be relaxed now we have so many sea rivals treading close upon our heels.

RATS SUMMER IN COUNTRY

The Rodents Seek Cool Air and Return When Winter Comes Again.

The fable of the country mouse and the town mouse has a foundation in fact. Mice occasionally migrate in large numbers when food grows scarce, and traverse considerable distances to fresh houses.

But the mouse only travels when it has to. The rat, on the contrary, seems to take a yearly outing, in very much the same fashion as human beings do. Rats are the migratory creatures of the world.

Reindeer migrate with the same regularity as swallows. They move south as ever the winter sets in, but as soon as the snow begins to melt they travel steadily north, sometimes for as many as a thousand miles.

To end a holiday by deliberate suicide is so strange a phenomenon that for a long time naturalists looked upon the stories of the migrations of the lemmings as an improbable fiction.

HOW TO RELIEVE HAY FEVER

Experiments in a Number of Cases That Have Had Encouraging Results.

A few years ago Prof. Dunbar, of Hamburg, found that by means of a solution of salt it is possible to extract from the pollen of varieties of grass held responsible for the disease a substance which, through its effects upon the mucous membrane of the nose or eye, has shown itself to be the poison of hay fever.

What has heretofore been surmised has now been demonstrated—that a peculiar predisposition is necessary to contract the disease. Prof. Decker, of Erlangen, has made a series of further experiments and has published his conclusions in the Munich Medical Weekly Journal.

WORK OF BEAUTY DOCTOR

One Who Made a Good Complexion, But It Did Not Prove Lasting.

According to a woman who has made the rounds in search of youth and good looks, there is as much disagreement among beauty doctors as among doctors of medicine, says the Philadelphia Record.

"I went to one man," says this experimenter, "who, talking as he worked, found fault with all that others had done for me. As he talked he kept manipulating my face with various washes and ointments, and I did, indeed, find, when I sat up and looked in the glass, that I was younger and fresher looking than any of the others had been able to make me."

Real Thing.

Nell—Well, Mrs. Nurich was determined that her summer hat should be more striking than Mrs. De Style, and so it is.

Belle—It is! What that queer looking thing with the bunches of green ribbons on it?

"Green ribbons nothing! They're bunches of \$50 notes."—Catholic Standard and Times.

As a Bule. "It takes two to make a bargain, my friend."

"Yes, but only one of 'em gets it!"—Cleveland Leader.

"PETROLEUM FEVER"

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE SEARCH WORLD FOR A "STRIKE."

Men Who Follow the Derricks Wherever They Are Erected—Some of the Noted Oil Well Operators.

The oil man is the real Bedouin of the world. He is a greater traveler than the Arab of the desert ever was. Go to Pennsylvania, to Texas, to California, to Japan or to any other place where there are oil wells and you will find the same faces, you will hear the same talk of "working barrels," "pulling rods" and all that sort of thing, says the Kansas City Star.

A man who would drop down in Rangoon to-morrow—and Rangoon is on the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play," or go to Kurosaki, or into Tamauilpas might expect to find old man John H. Gale, John Markham, J. C. McDowell, Hugh P. Brawley, "The" Barnsdall.

It gets into a man's blood. He follows the derricks and the screech of the shackle ends naturally. He can't help it. Take the case of John H. Gale. There is a man who is a multi-millionaire. He needs no more of this world's goods. He has an independent fortune. Yet if an oil field should be discovered to-morrow in Kamchatka, off in the snow and ice, John H. Gale would be one of the first men on hand, and he would have the second or third derrick erected in the field.

John Markham is another of the soldiers of fortune. He toiled and sweated in the swamps of Louisiana and Texas, drilled unprofitable holes, spent his money and came to Kansas. Then he went to the territory. Before that he had been all over the world. And he knows things. He knows what the East Indians drink in Rangoon to quench their thirst. He knows how they live in the temperature of 120 degrees in the shade, and he knows other things which have helped him to succeed in this country.

John McCready, a canny Scot, has drilled wells for the Japanese government and has drilled wells for the Standard Oil in Japan. He has been all over the world, this driller. He knows the size of pipe, the size of the casing and the cost of the well in every oil field in the world.

Then there is "Bill" Myers. He is sometimes called "Windy Bill." He has manufactured powder for the United States fleet in the Mediterranean to salute President Loubet of France, and he has done other things of note. He has certificates of honor from the khedive of Egypt—he drilled some oil wells for the Standard Oil company in that country and got into trouble thereby—and he is also an officer of a lodge of honor of the sultan of Morocco.

"Bill" Allen is another of the globe trotters. He has been in Mexico and in India. He can give you the information of the wells in upper Burma or the wells in Chelsea, Oklahoma territory, with equal facility. And it is all one to him where he is so long as he is putting down the holes.

"Dick" Fowler is another. He has been all through the Pennsylvania fields and the West Virginia fields and the Ohio and Indiana fields, and he can spin yarns by the hour. He knows how the glycerin man at Bradford was blown up and how the other glycerin man escaped how the springs of one of the glycerin wagons were located under the can and how the other fellow had his springs three inches to the right and thus saved his life.

Hugh Brawley has been with the oil companies in Pennsylvania, Texas and Kansas for more than ten years. Now he is in the gas business, but he has been around the world in the oil business.

John T. Gaffey is another one of the globe trotters in the oil business. He has been in the kyack fields in Alaska, in the Beaumont fields, in the Louisiana fields, in the Mexican fields, and now he has made a fortune in California and retired—temporarily. No man who has ever got the fever in his bones retires from the oil business permanently.

There is also M. L. Lockwood—his real name is Marquis Lafayette—who has done all the oil fields and is now in Kansas. He is an old man as years go, gray-headed and with a son old enough to vote two or three times, and yet he is still following the flag of adventure, still after "the pot of gold which grows at the rainbow's foot."

Political Ambition.

"But why," persisted the questioner, "do you want to be a senator? There's little money in it. A man of your ability could make much more at almost anything else."

"Sir," replied the aspirant, "you seem to think money is every man's idol."

"I beg your pardon, I meant no offense."

"I know you didn't," said the other, softening. "In confidence, I'll tell you why I want the senatorship. It will enable me to place about 50 of my poor relations in government jobs, and then I'll be rid of 'em."—Newark News.

Anent of Man.

A good many people have not yet got over the monkey theory of descent. They would be a great deal put about if the result of Mr. Burke's experiment were to prove that they derived their lineage from some sea-slug.—Bystander.

Language of Science.

The time will come, perhaps, if it has not come already, when the man of science will speak in a language which the ordinary literary man will not be able to understand.—Ceylon Mail.

TRY TO MISLEAD DOCTORS

Too Many Patients Refuse to Speak the Truth as to Their Ailments.

It was late, the doctor's patients had either passed away or were mending, and he was sitting with a number of his acquaintances in a corner of the clubroom.

"It's a strenuous life we lead," droned the man of medicine, "with the grim side turned uppermost as a rule, but now and then we get a laugh out of it—a laugh with the lid on, of course; we can't afford to show we're amused. I often wonder," he went on, genially, "why some of you chaps ever send for a physician. You don't tell him the truth once in 20 times. You're in a bad way and you're sorry, and to hear you talk I'd think your mouths were cold storage boxes for butter. You suspect that lobster or a rich sauce you ate the day before yesterday is at the bottom of the trouble. You know what's curled you up and you're frightened out of a year's growth for fear I'll learn."

"Accordingly, instead of taking me into your confidence you tell me an impossible story. And if I cross-examine you closely and hedge you in you'll reluctantly admit that you've been somewhat indiscreet. You smoked four cigars Thursday and took six drinks. Doesn't it ever occur to you that I know by your flutters that you smoked from breakfast to bed and took 16 drinks, and six more for good measure?"

"If I were to believe you and dose you for your ailment as you describe it you'd never get well. Now and then I have to give you strychnine and nitroglycerin to restore the action of the heart, and to listen to you I might conclude that you'd had too much pink ice at a children's party."

"As I hinted, we doctors get some fun out of you, but what do you do for? We were not always doctors, we haven't always taken the best care of ourselves, and we're not fools."

RECEIPT FOR ST. PETER.

Mormon Bishop Wanted Proof of Polygamy for Heavenly Inspection.

The following incident is related by Martin Bonsall, in the Housekeeper. An ardent champion of plural marriage, a bishop who presides over one of the wards of a small town in Utah, vigorously announces his belief to the world. This ecclesiastic, the husband of several wives, is particularly fond, in Sunday services, of picturing in glowing terms to his congregation, the blessed day when "seven women shall lay hold on the skirts of one man."

He had, at one time, been prosecuted and fined for polygamy. Upon payment of his fine, he demanded a receipt. After some discussion it was given to him by the clerk, who was much amused by the incident. The bishop's purpose in claiming the receipt, he informed his congregation, was that when he met St. Peter in another world, and was asked if he had obeyed the celestial order of marriage he could not only say that he had obeyed the divine law, but actually prove by the receipt, which he held in his hand that he had undergone prosecution for his obedience to the principle.

HOUSTON AT WHITE HOUSE

Champagne He Approved Of, But as for the Olives—Not for Him.

The story of the first dinner at the white house enjoyed by Sam Houston, the first governor of Texas, is worth recalling, says an exchange. For the first time in his life Houston tasted champagne, which proved much to his liking. Toward the end of the banquet olives were handed round, these being an article of diet also not contained in the new governor's philosophy.

He took an olive in his mouth, and not liking the taste, promptly returned it to his plate. Just then the president looked down the table.

"How are you getting on, Gov. Houston?" he remarked.

There was a moment's silence as the distinguished assemblage looked with interested curiosity at this to them—new specimen of manhood from a distant and then comparatively unknown part of the west.

"Wal, President," the new governor calmly replied, "I like your cider, but don't your pickles."

Trait of the Moose Bird.

"The moose bird of our Maine woods is a curious bird," said an old hunter. "You will find it in almost any part of the Maine countryside, more particularly around the hunting camps. I have seen three or four of them at a time come up and sit on the window sill and look into the camp solemnly and wistfully. Throw one a piece of meat or other food that is too big for him to eat, and he'll eat all he can hold on the spot and then carry off the other half. They say the reason why the little pigs don't eat it all up is because they can't balance themselves. It appears to be about the size of a bluejay, but really it is smaller. Its plumage isn't quite as brilliant as that of a bluejay, and it is much more modest and tasteful in matters of general deportment."—Lawiston (Me.) Journal.

Gives Up Title.

Reginald Ward, American millionaire, society man, friend of King Edward and once a Boston broker, has abandoned his title of "count," conferred on him by Pope Leo XIII., on account of adverse criticism.

IMITATIONS OF LEATHER.

Tricks of the Tanner Make It Difficult to Tell the Substitutions from the Real.

Leather is becoming more and more of a puzzle to retailers. Substitution of leathers is now so deftly practiced that undoubtedly many a buyer is completely fooled, says the Shoe Retailer. The tricks of the tanners are innumerable, and as these are masked behind the practices of the shoe manufacturer, the shoe retailer has a tough proposition to ascertain whether or not he is getting real or imitation goods.

Cowhides and sheepskins are among the cheapest of hides and skins in the market, but by a few clever manipulations tanners make them valuable. A cowhide is tanned. Then it is put through the splitting machine, which machine is so delicately adjustable that it will shave off leather as fine as tissue paper.

For the tanner's practical purposes it splits leather into any weight desired; a fine kid for a woman's shoe, a heavier calf weight for boys' and men's shoes, or even heavier stock for workmen's shoes. The light weight split is given a vicid kid finish, the medium a velour calf, while the heaviest weight may be grained. Other splits may be chrome tanned and given a patent finish, and may be sold as patent calf.

A sheep leather, especially cabretta, stock is made into imitation of kid, and large quantities of it are sold as such. Sheep leather is even given a patent finish and sold as colt and kid.

THE CRUELTY OF FASHION.

Slaughter of Waning Species of Bird for the Decoration of Women's Hats.

The splendid snow-white heron, known as the American egret, one of the few kinds which bear the aigrette plumes of millinery and commerce, is among the waning species of America—a victim of inexorable fashion, says Herbert K. Job, in Country Life in America.

In 1903 the price for plumes offered to hunters was \$22 per ounce, which makes the plumes worth twice their weight in gold. There will always be men who would break any law for such profit. No rookery of these herons can long exist, unless it be guarded by force of arms day and night.

Mr. Job tells how he visited what is perhaps the last large remaining egret rookery in North America.

It should be remembered that these plumes—which are variously called by milliners "aigrettes," "stubs" or "gapeys"—and are dyed to whatever color is fashionable—are borne only during the nuptial season and can be secured only by shooting the birds when they have assembled in colonies to breed; when their usual shyness has departed, owing to the strength of the parental instinct. Returning to their nests, they are shot down and their young are left to starve.

DOGS USED AS CARRIERS.

Pressed Into Service by the Poorer Classes in Some Parts of Europe.

But there are many countries and many circumstances where the possession of a horse or even a donkey is beyond the means of those who serve as carriers. I am not considering, of course, those mighty carriers, the elephant, the dromedary and the camel, writes Gerrish Eldridge in "Queer Carriers" in St. Nicholas.

These are exceptional animals, as are also the ox of our own land, the Egyptian buffalo and the zebra of India, which are employed under unusual conditions, where great strength or endurance is required. In Germany and other parts of Europe dogs are in very general use among the poorer classes as carriers; and, indeed, many New Yorkers can remember how, more than forty years ago, the dog was very largely used by the ragman and traveling peddlers of New York. Every morning the little wagons, some with two and some with four wheels, would come down the street, drawn by one or two dogs, and guided by a woman and sometimes by boys.

THE BIG ALASKAN BEAR.

His Skin Highly Valued by Sportsmen of the World as a Trophy.

Alaska is particularly rich in bears; and most of them belong to a group known as the Alaskan brown bears, of which the Kodiak bear is one. So wide is his reputation that sportsmen from all over the world spend thousands of dollars in order to add a skin to their collection of trophies, says J. Alden Loring, in Recreation. The weight of a well-known Kodiak bear is not known, although specimens have been killed that were estimated to weigh between 1,500 and 1,800 pounds, and some hunters claim that they will go as high as 2,200. While at Kodiak several summers ago, I measured the skin of one of these huge animals which stretched the tape nine and a half feet from the nose to the tail, and ten and a half feet across the outstretched front paws. Mr. A. C. Goos, who handles all of the brown bear skins that pass through the hands of the Alaskan Commercial company at Kodiak, told me that he had seen skins that were three feet longer.

The Ever Faithful Delegate.

"The wages of sin is death," cried the minister, waxing warm in his discourse. "Thin we'll stroke until they raise them," said the sleepy walking delegate, dozing in the rear pew.—Puck.