

NOT CAST FOR FISH

Game Warden Had the Line, but Little Else.

Smiled When Caught With Two Lines Out, Which He Knew Was Contrary to the Law, and He Laughed Last.

Zeb Jenkins came in sight and was walking pretty rapidly for him. Getting within halting distance he called out:

"I just see the funniest thing you ever see!"

"What was it?" I asked when he got a little closer.

He was so full of laugh and so out of breath through his unvoiced exertions that he was entirely unable to say anything at first. But presently he began: "I been down to the lake all the mornin' trottin' for pick'rel. Joe Bridges was out in a boat kind o' layin' 'round fishin'. I passed him onet and noticed he had two lines out. 'Better look out,' I says. 'You're bustin' the law. You hain't up right to fish with more'n one line. The game warden's liable to show up any time.'"

"O, pahaw!" he says. "I ain't 'traid o' no game warden; specially no such poor excuse as Bob Dawson."

"All right, I says. 'Ef he gits you, jest remember I warned you.'"

"I rowed across to that deep place over near the other side. The fish got to bitin' perty good, and I forgot all about Joe and his two lines. The sun was hotter 'n it began to make me sleepy. By and by I heard a shout: 'Hey, you, come in to shore! I want to see you.' I looked around, and it was the game warden, standin' on shore lookin' mighty important and yellin' to Joe. Joe looked up in a leetle kind of way and says:

"What do you want?"

"You're arrested—that's what I want!"

"All right," says Joe; "come and git me."

"By thunder, I will!" says the warden.

"He goes and gits a boat and starts out toward whar Joe is. I kind o' moved over that way to watch proceedin's. Joe set still and kep' on fishin'. When the warden got close to Joe he yells out: 'Now, you come along here! you're vi-latin' the statoots and I've caught you red-handed.' Joe didn't move, so he says ag'in: 'Come here!'"

"No, sir," says Joe. "I don't move an inch. Ef you want me so gold-darned bad, you'll hev to tow me ashore."

"Well, they didn't seem to be nothin' else to do, so the warden hitches a rope to Joe's boat and begins to row him toward land. Did you ever tow a boat single-handed? Well, then you know it ain't no easy job, 'specially in the hot-sun. The warden keeps rowin' and sweatin', and Joe sets back in his boat calm and serene like the Gatoabar of Brooda, both lines trailin' behind. Finally they gits to shore, and the warden says: 'Now, pile out o' there.'"

"Joe steps out and stands on shore, and the warden jumps into Joe's boat and pulls in one line. Well, they ain't nothin' on it. He throws it into the boat and starts to pull in the other one."

"Something on this!" he says. With that he gives a yank and pulls in—that do you s'pose? Three bottles o' beer! Ha! Ha! I be laughin' ever since. Never see any one look so dumfounded. Well, s'long! I got to git along and tell all the boys 'fory the warden gits up here."—Puck.

Tough on the Old Man.

The occasion was a choice little tea party on the lawn and the hostess was beaming and busy among her guests.

"Yes," she remarked, "my little girl is very clever. She can imitate almost anyone."

"She can, my dear," echoed the host delightedly. "Come, Alice, show what you can do. Pretend to be the housemaid."

The little girl, eagerly enough, came forward and bowed to one of the guests.

"Will you take some more tea, madam?" she asked politely. Then she turned to another guest.

"May I move your chair, madam? The sunlight is very strong."

At this the guests were exceedingly interested and asked for more.

"Imitate your papa, dear," said one, backing away from her father Alice exclaimed in a terrified tone:

"Sir, let me go! Don't touch me, sir! Give you a kiss, indeed! Supposing the missus was to hear you?"

Then the clever little darling was wafted away suddenly.

Real or Imitation.

Sir Thomas Lipton was talking about pure food laws to a New York reporter.

"And that reminds me," said Sir Thomas, "of my youth, when I was running my first shop and sleeping under the counter."

"A rival in the next street was selling notoriously bad goods, and I heard a story about him with delight."

"It seems that a customer entered his shop and asked for a pound of butter."

"Yes, sir," said my rival. "The real or the imitation, sir?"

"What was it you sold me yesterday?" inquired the customer.

"That was the real, sir."

"Then give me the imitation."

CALLING WILD BIRDS

Imitation That is Not at All Hard to Achieve

Given a Musical Ear With a Little Study the Substitute Will Be an Easy Matter—Naturalness First Requisite.

In order to call birds with much success a good musical ear is certainly needed; but any one with patience can lure birds near or bring from an answer merely by whistling an imitation of their notes. The observer can call numbers of birds to him by sucking his finger or the back of his hand. The sound produced is like that made by a young bird in distress. No other sound will so speedily attract birds, and their response is a touching evidence of the natural affections that they possess.

Although this is the best way to bring many birds near, and bring them with dispatch, it has serious drawbacks. These that come are likely to be fearful and excited, their voices are querulous and their bearing unnatural. Therefore, the experience is not nearly so satisfying or instructive as that of luring a single bird through the powers of attraction and charm, rather than through rousing curiosity and fear.

Move quietly and try to put yourself in the bird's place. This act of mind will soften and mellow your whistle, and it will give you a much better chance of success. Perhaps its first answer will be a half-amused, half-annoyed note of surprise that any bird should whistle so strongly. When a bird is sighted or is thought to be within call give your first whistles gently, and give them to yourself, in order to make sure that you are on the right key. And as far as possible avoid the appearance of being a lurker or an object of suspicion. Act naturally.

The song of a bird cannot really be well imitated, even by experts, but with a little listening and practice the amateur can whistle the different calls. This innocent, instructive, and diverting pastime proves a great delight to those who love the woods and fields and the wild things that live in them.

"Beauty" Treatment Failed.

Because she had a "sweet sixteen" cheek on one side of her face and a much wrinkled and faded "past fifty" cheek on the other a woman in Lyons, France, secured \$5,000 damages from a beauty doctor much patronized in that city. She alleged disfigurement, and the judge agreed that her face did look very much like a walking certificate of feminine deceit. The doctor advertised in the newspapers that he could restore the beauty of youth by grafting—lifting the skin and sewing it again to the forehead under the hair. Madame Berthe Peully thought she would like to be a young girl again. She has buried two husbands and is now looking for No. 3. The beauty doctor operated. His method succeeded beautifully on the right cheek. The left one, however, refused to succumb to the treatment—a most provoking rebellion. "Have patience," pleaded the doctor, "we will yet succeed. See, Madame, the loveliness, the delicate youth of your right cheek!" The lady, however, could only see the faded accusativeness of the left side of her face. Indignant, ashamed, she sought her lawyer, who took the case into court, and won.

His Lordship's Beard.

A certain peer, an important figure in the Upper Chamber by reason of a very long and very bushy beard, had dismissed his valet for the night. Shortly afterwards, however, he was much annoyed to hear peals of laughter from below, and called back the man to explain. The valet answered that it was just a little joke, but his lordship would have none of it, and demanded the details angrily.

"Well," admitted the man, with reluctance, "it was really a little game we were having, my lord."

"What game?"

"Well, my lord, a kind of guessing game."

"Don't be a fool, Walters! I rang for you in order to get an explanation. What guessing game were you playing? Guessing what?"

"We blindfolded the cook, to tell you the truth, my lord, and then one of us kissed her, and she had to guess who it was. The footman held the mop up, and she kissed it, and then cried out, 'Oh, your lordship; how dare you!'"—London Mail.

Had the Last Smile.

A lady, having left her umbrella in a tram car, applied for it at the office.

"Oh, you ladies, you ladies!" said the official in charge, as he brought about 30 umbrellas for her inspection. "You are so terribly forgetful."

The lady smiled as she calmly pointed out to him that, with the exception of three, they were all gentlemen's umbrellas.

Doing Very Well.

"Bah! He has no energy."

"He has energy enough to roll his own cigarettes and to carry a large cane. You can't expect too much of a young fellow."

Reclaiming Hawaiian Island.

The practically barren Hawaiian island of Lanai will be reclaimed by a water conservation scheme and devoted to sugar beet culture.

DYING GIRL CURED

Recovers After 37 Doctors Had Given Her Up.

Tuberculosis-Diabetes Patient Sees Light and Hears Voice Say: "Dorothy, Your Sufferings Are Over. Arise, You Can Walk."

London.—Saved by an angel who met her at the gates of death and bade her turn back to mortal life. Miss Dorothy Kerin, who has been a bedridden invalid from tuberculosis and diabetes, is today running about her home, 204 Milkwood road, as though she had never been ill a day in her life.

Miss Kerin, who is a beautiful girl twenty-two years old, had been given up to die by 37 doctors. Saturday they announced that she would die before midnight. Sunday morning she suddenly opened her eyes. Her mother bent over her.

"Dolly, do you know me?" she asked.

"Of course I do mamma," replied the girl. "I am to get up. The angel told me to. An angel from heaven met me at the gates of death and brought me back."

And the girl did get up, seemingly under a mysterious influence, and ran downstairs. A friend of the family, an atheist, at sight of her fell on his knees praying to God.

Not less remarkable than the restoration of her physical health is the effect of her inexplicable experience on her mind. She came forth from her visit to the valley of the shadow with a serene faith in an infinite power, a belief in a spiritual law, a clarity of mental view and an eloquence of expression usually acquired only after years of hard study.

Miss Kerin has written an open letter in reply to the many queries which she has received as to her recovery. In this letter she says:

"I was conscious yesterday for the first time in several days. It seemed to me that I was slipping out of life. I heard the whispers and sobs and prayers of those who love me best. Everything grew black. I did not even think; I just drifted without an effort, without a thought, into deeper blackness."

"Suddenly I saw a light—dazzling—brighter than any fire I had ever seen. Stretched from out the great golden flame I saw two hands. Then I heard a sweet voice say clearly, 'Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Arise. You can walk.' Then I heard mother asking me if I knew her."

"There is a science of religion as well as a science in every phase of the material universe. We live in the midst of wonderful lands. In my own case I realize that my long illness and quietness prepared me to receive a message from the voice, which health and success and ambition sometimes stultify."

"I do not feel that the anchorite, the dreamer or any of the ultra-religionists are nearer God than any man or woman today who accepts the truth, and who opens the windows of the soul to the light of the spiritual world."

57 ARE POISONED BY FLIES

People in Attendance at Sunday School Treat Eat Meat Infected Through Insects.

London.—Fifty-seven people have been poisoned by flies at Thevicose, a village near St. Anstall.

One hundred and sixty people attended a Sunday school treat, of whom fifty-seven were taken ill, some seriously. The symptoms pointed to poisoning, and there was a suspicion that the tea had been poisoned by malicious persons.

Investigations by the medical officer of health showed that the outbreak was confined to those who had meat which was cooked 24 hours before.

His view, after inquiry and analysis, was that the meat became infected through the agency of flies, which were specially responsible for such outbreaks.

FIANCEE'S SKULL AS CUP

Curious Method of German Student to Keep His Dead Sweet-heart in Mind.

Paris.—Drinking from a cup made from the skull of his fiancée is the way which a German student at Strassburg has adopted to keep the memory of her fresh. The fact is vouched for by the Abbe Wetterler, a famous French-Alsatian priest, whose propaganda against Germany has won him several terms of imprisonment. He bought the grim relic from the student to add to his "museum of German civilization" at Colmar.

The girl died a year ago in the hospital where the student worked, so that the latter had little difficulty in removing the head in the dissecting room. The abbe was put on his track by a jeweler who studied the skull, which was brought him, with rubies.

Fear of Dentist Kills.

York, Pa.—The fear of pain caused by having a tooth extracted caused the death of Anna Henry, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eli Henry. The girl was reluctant to have it removed. As the gas was about to be given she collapsed and expired.

CANNOT RELY ON JOHN

WIFE FINDS "STRONG RIGHT ARM" THEORY WRONG.

She Thought He Would Rid Her Path of All Annoyances, Great and Small, but She Knows Better Now.

When I married my John, I firmly expected to lean upon his strong right arm, having always heard that that was what a strong right arm was for. And I firmly expected him to rid my path of the small annoyances of life, as well as to be a haven of refuge in the vaster perplexities. In a word, I expected him to combine the roles of solicitous lover and provident husband. I say I expected this, says a writer in the New York Evening Post.

John and I were married in the autumn. When our honeymoon was over we moved into an apartment. Our landlady had an apartment under us. As she would not give us enough heat, I went to my John about it. John, of course, would see that I had enough heat. But did I really need more heat? The house seemed comfortable to him. (He was out of it all day.) He sort of hated to get into an argument with a lady. We liked the apartment, didn't we, and if we insisted upon more heat, it might strain our relations with the landlady, which would be unpleasant, as we were living in the same house, wouldn't it?

After surviving several bad colds, I gave John a long, sneaking look, took the matter into my own hands, made the landlady give us a written release, and moved out of the apartment.

At first when I went out with John to mingle with our best restaurant classes I sat back like a fat little parasite, lazily enjoying having a man look after me, even to ordering my food. But John always confused the order. I got lobster Newburg when I wanted lobster salad. John never noticed which waiter was serving us—John never could catch the head waiter's eye—we were always having to wait for salt or for bread while the dinner cooled. As ordering meals was in my daily housekeeping routine, I soon took over the ordering and John sat back like the fat little parasite.

Upon another occasion when I tried to lean on John's strong right arm we barely escaped arrest. We were on a Pullman car with an impertinent porter. I mentioned his impertinence to John, expecting John to issue a reprimand. But John knocked the porter down. There was a dreadful commotion. Ladies screamed and the conductor came rushing up. John wanted to knock the conductor down. The conductor objected and threatened to have us arrested at the next station. After some pleading and arguing I calmed John, pacified the conductor, tipped the porter and secured peace.

When we bought our home we decided to have some of the trees cut down. I showed the tree chopper the trees that were to be sacrificed, but he sent his son to do the job before he had moved out, and the son lost his instructions and cut down every tree in the front yard. In tears I went to my John, but John said: "Now, dearie, you are the mistress of this house. I don't want to butt in."

Gradually my own right arm has grown a little stronger. I don't regret it. I don't even consider that it would be fair to John to do too much home leaning on his strong right arm. He has a good deal to worry him downtown. All that I regret or consider is that, possibly, a good deal of waste went into the forming of my romantic illusions.

He Made an Enemy.

Governor Eberhart of Minnesota, during an address told the following story of his own experience:

"Once while traveling through my state I was noticing in particular the great amount of waste that was going on about me. During the afternoon I went into the dining car, which was crowded, so I sat down near one end of the car, opposite a fleshy lady, who, I thought, weighed at least 250 pounds."

"As I looked past the lady through the car window, not noticing her particularly, I was impressed by the vast amount of farm machinery that was unsheltered and exposed to the weather, and could not help but remark: 'What a waste!'"

"The lady opposite me faced me squarely and said: 'Mister, you just mind your own business.'"—Philadelphia Star.

Habit to Be Avoided.

The habit of ridiculing everything and everybody is one that every woman should avoid. We always find in others what we look for. It is such a mistake to cultivate the habit of looking for the grotesque or the ridiculous. It makes one's face on such hard unpleasant, cynical lines. There are those persons to whom one dreads to introduce one's friends, for one is sure these friends will come under the merciless and scorching light of ridicule. The worst of it is, these unfair, self-appointed critics are usually more open to ridicule themselves than their victims.

Neutrality.

"What do you think of the Shakespear-Bacon controversy?"

"Haven't heard of it and don't care anything about it," replied Mr. Hiram Wright, the local boss. "Neither one of 'em has any 'pull' in my ward."—Washington Star.

HEARS PRAYERS, DIES

Suicide of an Eccentric Religious-Enthusiast.

Healthy Fish Merchant in Washington Sea Market, Manhattan, Retired From Business and Intended to Spend Life in Essex.

New York.—After picking out a burial plot, making his will and carrying out other arrangements for his death, John Elsey, 71 years old, whose eccentricities had made him one of the city characters, committed suicide in his home, 26 Jewett avenue, Jersey City. Just before firing two bullets into his head he had his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Augustus Elsey, read to him several extracts from a prayer-book. He sent her to her room to do some sewing and said he was going to take a short nap. Instead he went to bathroom, where he killed himself.

Elsey several years ago was one of the wealthiest fish merchants in Washington Market, Manhattan. He sold out his place for \$250,000 and then decided to devote himself to a life of religion and ease. Religion was his main interest in life. One of his children died 20 years ago and he founded the Elsey Chapel, in Jewett avenue, as a memorial. Before that time Elsey had carried his religious researches to the point of making frequent changes in his faith. When the chapel was opened he was among the Seventh-Day Adventists.

He became convinced not long afterward that the Salvation Army workers were the exponents of his favorite doctrines and he gave the chapel to the Salvationists when he was converted. Subsequently it was occupied as the Church of the First Born, by the Faith Cure sect and then went back to the Salvation Army. Elsey frequently talked from the pulpit and delighted to tell the influences that had worked to convert him to a new faith.

He was married twice. His first wife divorced him and the second died in 1904. The widow of his son, Mrs. Augustus Elsey, and Mrs. Jessie Tuller, a housekeeper, lived with him in the Jewett street house. The old man had other valuable property, among the realty pieces being a mansion in Duncan avenue that he sold last April to Edward J. Edwards, state controller. Several times since then he regretted the sale of this house.

Two weeks ago with his daughter-in-law he went to Cypress Hills cemetery in Brooklyn, where he made arrangements for a burial plot for himself and also he picked out one for Mrs. Elsey. He admitted to Mrs. Elsey he had made all his plans for death. However, there seemed to be no change in his spirits after that time. He seemed cheerful as he listened to several chapters from his newest religious book, "Praying Prayer." After he was found with two bullets in his head in the bathroom he never recovered consciousness.

"I don't know why he should have killed himself," said Mrs. Elsey. "He and I have lived to ourselves for years as fine as princes. He had plenty of money to last him all his life, but he worried about money he had lost and about the sale of the Dracian avenue house. Then he has not been the same since he gave up his business."

MOTHER URGES SON'S DEATH

Witness Says Woman Saw Boy Murdered by Another Youth in Baltimore.

Baltimore.—That Mrs. Emma Bamberger saw mortal wounds inflicted on her son and encouraged Albert Patterson to kill the boy was the startling testimony in the police court as the gruesome aftermath of a terrific struggle in which young Bamberger lost his life late the other night.

"That woman ran across the street," said a witness. "She slapped the boy in the face and said 'Kill him!'"

Other witnesses corroborated that testimony.

Albert J. Patterson, who did the cutting, was held pending the action of a coroner's inquest, while Mrs. Bamberger, the dead boy's mother, was held as an accomplice.

TO CONFISCATE GIRLS' MAIL

New Postmaster Is to End Practice He Regards as Evil—To Give Letters to Parents.

Flushing, N. Y.—A new and effective scheme for curbing misuses of the post office's general delivery window has been put into effect by Postmaster Thomas B. Lowrey here. He will henceforth confiscate all general delivery letters addressed to young girls of the village and turn them over to their parents or some male member of the family. Mr. Lowrey said he recently became aware that some of the girls of the village were receiving mail which he thought would stand inspection by their parents.

Man Is True Dead a Year.

Minoula, Mont.—The unexplained remains of a man, believed to have been E. Kost, a globe trotter, judging from papers found on him, was discovered in a tall tree. The man had been sitting above an old Indian hunting platform. Apparently he had slipped and his leg caught in the limb. The body had been hanging for more than a year.

MOTORS FOR SHIPS

Electricity Will Propel War Vessel in Future.

Plans for Innovation Are Now Under Way—Experts Declare Engine and Turbine Are Not as Efficient as Newer Motive Power.

New York.—The plan for future battleship propulsion is to drive each ship propeller with a powerful electric motor direct connected to the propeller shaft, this doing away with all gears and consequent loss of power.

This new arrangement would also save an enormous amount of coal and greatly facilitate the handling of the ship, as with electricity it is quite possible to control the ship from the bridge, eliminating the ringing of signal bells or with telephoning to the engine room, located far away in the interior of the ship. The man on the bridge can start, stop, slow up or reverse the motors at will.

While the steam turbine engine shows better results for ship propulsion than the old reciprocating types, experiment has proved that turbine engines must travel at a high rate of speed to give their greatest economies and when they are used for ship propulsion this speed must be cut down with the aid of gear systems, incurring a serious loss of power.

The United States collier Jupiter, which is being built at the Mare Island navy yard, will be the first large vessel to be equipped with electric propulsion, the Electric News remarks. The general scheme embraces a steam turbo-generator set delivering its electrical output to a pair of induction motors, each of which will be direct connected to its own propeller shaft.

The designer of this equipment is W. L. R. Emmet of Schenectady, who described its principal features and the method of control in a paper read before the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. The generating unit consists of a six stage Curtis turbine connected to an alternating current generator.

The colliers Neptune and Cyclops, now in commission, are sister ships to the Jupiter. The Cyclops is equipped with triple expansion reciprocating engines and the Neptune is equipped with a pair of steam turbines with gear reduction.

The electrical equipment of the Jupiter was given a thorough test a few days ago before a party of naval officers. The test showed beyond a doubt that electricity is the ideal power for battleships and other large steam ships. Nearly all the work aboard a modern battleship, exclusive of propulsion, is now done by electricity and there is no reason why they should not be completely electrified inasmuch as the Curtis steam turbines take but little room, and the motors even less. There is no reason why the available horsepower of future battleships could not be much larger than at present, thus increasing their speed beyond the present record and making them more efficient. The saving of the power now lost in battleships driven by reciprocating engines would make a vast difference in the speed records.

BARBERS ARE PUT IN PLIGHT

Consul in China Reports Market for Supplies Upset by Recent Reform Order.

Washington.—Consul C. I. L. Williams, from Siatow, China, sends in word that the recent edict in China which commands that all currencies be severed has rather upset the market in that country for barbers' supplies.

There is somewhat of a tendency to do away with barbers altogether, although barbers, the consul adds, never did thrive particularly well. Itinerant—conspiratorial artists who carried their kits about with them and who never went to the trouble of establishing permanent stands—were the rule rather than the exception.

A good many families now consider that a hair clipper, which costs about \$1.35, is all that is necessary. The outlook for the sale of razors is very poor, the consul reports, since the custom of shaving the head has given place to home hair cutting. The Japanese have entered the field and are retaking a safety razor for about 16 cents, American money.

KINDNESS WAS WELL REPAID

California Young Woman Is Left \$10,000 by Bachelor for Aid During Adversity.

Oroville, Cal.—Just a little kindness rendered by Miss Theresa Cranley, stenographer at the Chamber of Commerce, in a moment of adversity to George V. George, a bachelor and well-known pioneer resident of this section, makes her richer by about \$10,000.

George died at his residence on Wilcox avenue last week, aged sixty-eight, and in his will bequeaths the residue of an estate worth \$11,500 to the stenographer and names her executrix of his last testament without bonds. The property which Miss Cranley will inherit is located in the vicinity of the Southern Pacific depot and consists of dwelling houses.

Seven Whales are Sighted.

Sayville, L. I.—A school of seven whales was sighted off this beach. The largest body of whales ever seen here.