

CANARY AN ARDENT MOTORIST

Atlanta Man Has a Bird That Has Traveled More Than 20,000 Miles in Automobile.

Many dogs and cats regularly receive their airings in motor cars and have shown distinct preference for these rides, but a canary bird is the latest addition to the ranks of motorists.

Dick Levi, Atlanta, Ga., is the particular canary that has the distinction of being the first in this field and he is said to have traveled over twenty thousand miles in a motor car. J. E. Levi of Atlanta tells an interesting story of Dick Levi's first ride in an automobile was in a Premier 24, bought by Mr. Levi in Philadelphia in 1906. Dick was one year old at that time, and with Mr. and Mrs. Levi his mileage around Philadelphia, including several trips to Boston, was ten thousand miles.

The three motorists made a trip of twelve hundred miles from Boston to Atlanta in October, 1906. Being the first to cover this route in a motor car, they went by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia over the mountains, along the Seaboard railway. On several occasions they were out all night in their car, sleeping by the roadside. Mr. Levi says they spent three weeks in a constant run on low gear. Mr. Levi is almost always accompanied by Mrs. Levi, who is also an expert at the wheel of a car, and Dick is always the third member of the party. He has become so enamored of motoring that they are afraid to leave him at home for fear that he will do himself bodily injury. Motoring apparently agrees with him, as he is extremely hardy and is a great singer. Besides his motoring he has made three trips to the Pacific coast and return by train. Mr. and Mrs. Levi would part with him under no conditions, an offer of \$250 having been refused. It is said.

STRANGE KINGDOM OF NEPAL

Secluded Land at Foot of the Himalayas Where King George Went Hunting.

The ancient and interesting little kingdom at the foot of the Himalayas to which the king went for his shoot is nearer to being an independent territory than any other of the Indian states.

Since the eighteenth century it has been ruled by the Gurkhas, who furnish to the Indian army some of the most perfect soldiers in the world. For practical purposes the country is almost as closely secluded from Europeans as Tibet, to which in many respects it is akin.

The Terai, where King George was lately encamped, is the low-lying jungle tract bordering on the Indian plain, a region extraordinarily rich in wild animals, including elephants, the capture of which is a highly organized and valuable industry.

The maharaja of Nepal, whose death by the way occurred on December 11, was a titular sovereign only, the real ruler being the hereditary prime minister, who visited England a few months ago. He has the title of maharaja, and is entitled to a salute of nineteen guns.

One result of the jealous exclusion of foreigners, which the Indian government thoroughly respects, is that very little is known of a great part of Nepal, and that much of the available information as to social and economic conditions is mere guesswork. For close upon a hundred years the rulers have been our very good friends, and the force of eight thousand men headed by Jung Bahadur in the Mutiny was of inestimable service. —Westminster Gazette.

State Will Not Pay Tips.

The anti-tipping campaign started by commercial travelers has enlisted a powerful recruit in W. E. Davis, state auditor of Kansas. Mr. Davis has decreed that Kansas state officials, when traveling on the state's business, are not entitled to charge the public treasury for tips paid. It cost Kansas just \$3,000 in 1911 for tips distributed by state officials, and Mr. Davis has issued a set of rules for the benefit of employees who travel for the state, in which he says: "Tips or gratuities are recognitions of special service, not an actual and necessary expense for the service itself and will not be allowed." The controller of the treasury of the United States, on the other hand, has ruled that tips are a necessary incident of travel and are properly collectible from the public funds.

Value of History.

Old wrongs are so hard to root up that every man sometimes becomes impatient and indignant and rebellious, except the man who knows and has long pondered in the very slow ascent of human society to every higher level that it has reached. Historical knowledge is got only by considerable labor. Any good man who loves his fellows, when he looks out over the world and sees it as it is, is pretty certain at times to accept some revolutionary plan unless he has a pretty good historical perspective. —World's Work.

Proverb Amplified.

"The pen" said the ready-made philosopher, "is mightier than the sword." "So it is," replied the Chicago beef baron, "especially if you have reference to a cattle pen."

CLAIMS OLE BULL'S ISLAND

Estate Was Bequeathed to a Swiss Child by the Famous Violinist's Daughter.

Ralph S. Bartlett, who was counsel for Mrs. Ole Bull Vaughan, only child of the late Ole Bull, the famous violinist, successfully contested the will of Mrs. Bull in the probate court of York county, Maine, last summer, recently left on board the steamship Franconia for Liverpool on his way to file Mrs. Vaughan's will at Bergen, Norway, the New York Herald's Boston correspondent says.

Mr. Bartlett is executor of the will of Mrs. Vaughan, and he and Miss Amelia Shapleigh of West Lebanon, Me., are co-trustees for Sylvia Vaughan, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Vaughan and the principal beneficiary under Mrs. Vaughan's will.

The reason that the will of Mrs. Vaughan is to be offered for record in Bergen is that the only foreign real estate which she possessed is the island of Lysoen, near Beren. Ole Bull owned this island, which is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. It is in a fjord about twenty-two miles from Bergen, and consists of about seven hundred acres of land, largely forest. Ole Bull in his lifetime developed two fresh water lakes and a cave and laid out twenty miles of paths on the island.

Lysoen was left by Mrs. Vaughan to the little Swiss girl, Sylvia, whom she adopted a couple of years ago, but on Sylvia's death Lysoen is to be preserved by the Norwegian government as a memorial to Ole Bull.

The exact procedure which will be followed in Norway with respect to the case is a matter of uncertainty, because under the Norwegian law no foreigner can own real estate in that country without the written consent of the king.

WHEN LANDIS WAS NAMED

Brother of Judge Tells How He Came to Be Called Kenesaw Mountain.

"The most memorable Christmas I ever spent was during the war," said former Representative Landis of Indiana at the Willard. "My father had returned from the war on leave of absence to find another son. He had taken part in the fight at Kenesaw mountain, and when he found his heir awaiting him he suggested the name Kenesaw Mountain. That is how my brother, who has become more or less noted as a judge, came to be named.

"But it was not that incident that made my Christmas so memorable. Kenesaw was a baby. I had other brothers. We were living a few miles from a small town in Indiana, and my father had only a few days' leave. He was compelled to rejoin his regiment before Christmas, if I remember correctly.

"I shall never forget the day before that Christmas. My father and mother went to town, and the boys naturally were much excited. When mother came back with a bundle, we were more excited. It turned out that father had purchased us some gifts. Mine was a candy camel. The other boys had similar gifts. I had great appreciation of that camel. I placed him affectionally on the 'what-not' of the best room, and took many pilgrimages to have a look at him. Of course, I caressed him, and now and then I would take a loving lick. For several days following Christmas my camel remained there, but one day I could not resist the temptation, and, turning carnivorous, I devoured my animal. I do not know what the other boys did with their animals, but I suppose they went the same way that mine did." —Washington Post.

Helms and London.

Helms did not like London, but the London county council likes Helms, for the passer-by is now reminded by the usual eucalyptic tree that the poet once lived in Craven street, Strand. As he looked out of his lodging Helms exclaimed, "Send a philosopher to London, but no poet. This downright earnestness of all things; this colossal uniformity, this machine-like movement, this moroseness even in pleasure, this exaggerated London smother the imagination and sends the heart." But if Helms did not love London he found something within easy reach to warm the imagination and fire the heart—the chalk cliffs of Ramsgate in mid-June, with a beautiful Irish girl to assist in the process.

A New Kind of Exercise.

It is a morning exercise invented by a Parisian actress, who takes the newspaper and tears it up. The fragments are thrown upon the floor in a thousand pieces. Then she gets up and collects those pieces, and the point is that not a fragment is lost. For this is the new way of gardening—the stooping cure that is recommended by every doctor. You can do it in your home, and do not require a garden. It is only to buy the morning paper, tear it into fragments, chuck them on the floor, and pick them up. Quite as good as gardening.

Aerial Postal Service in Italy.

Italy is the latest country to try an aerial postal service. The Italian aeronaut Dal Mistro recently carried a sack of mail between the Bologna and Venice postoffices in a Daperdusain monoplane, covering the distance of 101 miles in one hour and twenty-eight minutes.

"LIMIT" IN SHORT WEIGHTS

Indianapolis Man Finds Dumbbell That Is Four Ounces Less Than It Is Branded.

Dr. W. F. King, assistant secretary of the state board of health, has found what he terms "the limit" in short weights. He wrote to a sporting goods house a few days ago to buy some dumbbells for his daughter, and in "hefting" a pair found that one was lighter than the other. He called the attention of the salesman to his discovery and the dumbbells were placed on a balance and weighed, and one found to be four ounces short of the branded weight.

"I don't believe the misbranding could be handled under the pure food law," said Dr. King, "but Isidor Wulfson might take the case."

Dr. King recalled that when Ben Hur was a slave on the Roman galley he represented to the overseer that leaving a galley slave chained to one side of the ship all the time developed him on one side only and that the owner was not able to get full value received from his price for the slave, and that as a result the slaves were shifted regularly from one side of the ship to the other. In this way, Ben Hur was enabled to maintain rugged health and strength until he escaped.

"Since dumbbells are used for physical development, a pair ought to be of equal weight, in order to balance the development," said Dr. King.—Indianapolis News.

HIPPO ATE A MINCE PIE

But Bill Snyder, the Keeper, Said the Confection Was Wasted on Miss Murphy.

It is throwing money away, according to Bill Snyder, head keeper of the Central park menagerie, to feed a hippo on pies, especially on the mince variety. This observation by the keeper was elicited after he had tossed a beautiful mince pie into the yawning mouth of Miss Murphy, one of the hippos in the menagerie.

The hippo had been promised the pie by a man on the upper West side fully a week ago. He said he wanted "the kids" to have a laugh. When Miss Murphy gulped the pie down yesterday more than a score of persons, as well as "the kids," laughed. It was a conventional 30 cent pie, but Miss Murphy looked more important than 30 cents when she began to crunch the delicacy in her sawing jaws. According to the man who carried the pie to the menagerie he had soaked it well in brandy. He was accompanied by two lads.

Snyder tickled the hippo's chin with the edge of the pie, and as she opened her mouth, he sent the whole thing in at once, as if it were a straw hat.

"Some bugs in this town!" said the keeper. "A woman came here yesterday and wanted to know if she could get a permit to give the lions catnip." —New York Tribune.

Spice of Life.

One way of ironing out domestic difficulties was originated by the late Vaughan Kester, author of "The Prodigal Judge." He was living at Gunston, an old colonial estate on the Potomac, not far from Mount Vernon, with his wife, an aunt of Paul Wilstach, who made the dramatic version of "Thais," when he drafted the constitution and by-laws of the Mutual Help association, retailing the New York Sun, in mentioning the incident.

"Everybody's business but my own," was the motto of the association. Under the head, "Declaration of Purpose," appeared this paragraph:

"The members of this association, recognizing that there are realms of indecision and irresolution difficult for the single mind to grasp, penetrate and fully explore, have formed an association for the specific purpose that the individual members may have the advantage of every other member's opinion on all conceivable questions affecting his or her personal welfare, believing that by so doing they will add the variety which is the spice of life."

Telegram That Saved India.

In connection with the Durbar, a museum of Mogul relics has been arranged, which contains, among other objects, the telegram which illustrates Montgomery's great saying, "The electric telegraph saved India." This is the famous telegram dispatched by Brendish on May 11th, 1857, which gave the news of the rebellion to the north of India, and enabled Lawrence and Edwarde and Nicholson to take steps for the disarmament of regiments on the verge of revolt, and to make those brilliant arrangements for the relief of Delhi by which—and probably by which alone—the mutiny was crushed out, and Delhi once more returned to her British allegiance.

Disgusted Old Columbus.

Columbus deftly stood the egg on end, then waited for the applause. "That's all right, enough," said the audience, "but show us how to buy a really fresh egg." Frowning grimly, Columbus replaced the egg in his coat pocket and called for America.

None but the Best.

Uncle Rasperly walked into a drug store. "Gimme one o' dem plasters for my back," he said. "One of the porous plasters?" "No, I don't want one o' de porous plasters. I want one o' de best." —Atlanta Journal.

HIS STRATAGEM WAS COSTLY

It Was Designed to Break Him of Cigarette Habit, but Only Left Him Poorer.

Mac Keene is described by Mrs. Meyer, our landlady, as being a "studium" and "poor as a church mouse." The first application is true—he is a student of engineering; the simile is rather baffling, but that he is poor I fear is true also. Mac Keene is a philosopher. Many men of little business, I observe, are philosophers. I became acquainted with Mac Keene when I invited him in one evening to share the warmth from my fire—he having none—and he proved a treasure to me during many long winter evenings. I offered him a smoke, and was instantly attracted to the man by his story of the cunning stratagem he employed to break himself of the habit of smoking to excess.

Mac Keene had devised sundry and divers tricks to accomplish his end, all without success: the latest maneuver against the enemy consisted in his buying the most expensive cigarettes he could find, with the idea in mind that the wanton and profligate extravagance of smoking them up too rapidly would materially reduce his consumption of the weed; then, if the campaign were successful, he would not increase his expense in the long run, but when the habit was more under control he could reduce his expense even below the present by returning to cheaper brands. Such ingenuity as this was deserving of reward, but alas! it failed from the start, and left Mac Keene a poorer and a no more temperate man.—New York Evening Post.

SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO EAT

School Girls and Boys Need Lessons in Mastication for Their Stomachs' Sake.

Nor is it enough that school girls and boys should be taught to cook; they should also learn how to eat. Few learn this at home. They are usually taught to eat silently, and not to take soup off the end of a spoon or to put the knife into the mouth; but the more important art of mastication is ignored. It is a branch of physiology and should be taught by experts in the schools.

If it were the next generation of mothers and fathers would know that it is a crime to let their children swallow food, particularly milk and cereals and vegetables, before it has been kept for a while in the mouth to be mixed with saliva and made digestible.

If it were indelibly impressed on school children that gluttony is a vice which defeats its own end, that by eating slowly much more pleasure can be got from one mouthful than by bolting a whole plateful, that this pleasure can be vastly increased by consciously exhaling through the nose while eating, and that those who eat in this way will escape the pangs of indigestion—if these truths were impressed on every child, two-thirds of the minor ills of mankind would disappear in two generations, and most of the major maladies also; for the stomach is the source of most diseases. As Thomas Walker wrote nearly a century ago, "Content the stomach and the stomach will content you."

The "Fruits" of Ambition.

"If you are ambitious and want to get on in life, don't wait for your opportunity—make it."

So counseled Mr. Kalestick to young Kabbage, whom he had just appointed to the management of a green-grocery stall.

All that day the youth pondered the advice, and he still remembered it when his eye suddenly caught an item in the sporting columns of his favorite paper: "Clodville Football club requires dates for December."

Two minutes later Kabbage was busy with pen, ink and paper, and in ten more minutes he was proudly holding the following note to the Clodville secretary:

"Dear Sir—I beg to inform you that we have a choice lot of dates in stock. Inclose one as a sample, and will be pleased to supply any quantity at two-pence a pound, or four pounds for sevenpence ha-penny!"—Ideas.

Pulse Watch.

Among the ingenious devices of the physician may be mentioned a watch, constructed on the "stop" principle, whereby the number of pulse beats per minute may be indicated. A push-button is pressed at the beginning of the count and again at the twentieth pulsation, when the number of beats per minute is shown on a dial without the necessity of calculation. Still another push on the button brings the counter back to the starting point. In the ordinary method of taking the pulse the observer is obliged to do two things at the same time—count the beats and keep his eye on his watch. With the pulse watch only one operation is necessary, the counting of the population up to 20, when the push button is pressed.

He Was on Oath.

"Now, Frank, remember you are on oath. Don't testify to what you can't swear to. Did you really see the prisoner bite the other man's ear off?"

"Well, your honor, I see de prisoner go up to de odder man an' open his mouf, and place it kinder round his ear, an' when he come away de odder gemmun didn't hab no ear. But I wouldn't want ter swear de prisoner actually done bite dat ear off!"

BOOK TREASURES OF PAST

Immense Sums Invested in the Copying, Illuminating and Binding of Them by Hand.

The cost of materials and copying, illuminating and binding books by hand made them the treasures of rich collectors and the pride of museums, palaces and convent libraries. Immense sums were invested in them, and a rare or unusually original copy became a gem in value, as well as a sentiment. Cicero, whose magnificent library was almost as famous as its owner's eloquence, declared that he had seen a parchment roll containing the entire "Iliad" of Homer, which was compressed between the shells of a nut, a work of extreme skill and patience, which a French savant, M. Huet, has since demonstrated was within the range of possibility. Many such tours de force are said to have demonstrated the skill of ancient copyists and their economy parchment and vellum.

In the eighth century it was with great difficulty that a monk of the rich Abbey of Saint Gall, France, gathered piece by piece sufficient parchment to begin the transcription of a rare work. Later, in 1120, a monk employed to prepare a copy of the Bible could not find in all England sufficient parchment for the purpose. —National Magazine.

CHILD IS A GREAT THINKER

Juvenile Logic Displayed by the Little Girl Who Wanted a Baby Brother.

Those who call children thoughtless merely prove that they do not know the child nature. Children, as a matter of fact, are great thinkers. They only seem lacking in thought to such of their elders as fail to comprehend that the childish mind works differently from that of the adult. Juvenile logic, for instance, frequently is faulty judged by grown-up standards, but just as frequently it is sound and incontrovertible from its own point of view.

A thoughtful little girl, for example, recently put to rout her mother, a young widow, by a searching fire of questions founded on the request: "Oh, mamma, won't you buy me a baby brother?"

"You won't understand why I can't do that for you," the mother finally remarked, driven into a corner, "but little girls who have no fathers cannot have little brothers and sisters."

"Well, it seems very unreasonable," said the child, after a few moments of reflection. "Little girls without fathers are pretty sure to be lonely, and that seems all the more reason why they should have other children in the family, doesn't it?"

Rules for Talking Weather.

The English are as insensible to their weather as they are to a vast number of other things. They talk of nothing else; but there is yet an artificiality about the conversation that denotes it to be a standardized topic. If genuine feeling and emotion are expressed regarding it by an outsider they become suddenly touchy, and what seemed neutral ground on which differing temperaments could meet with perfect amiability is seen to be no better than a bank of bristling thistles. It is here that the rules of the weather game are seen more clearly. You may talk of it to the exclusion of everything else; you are regarded as difficult if you have an aversion to a certain amount of speech about it, and yet there are certain things you must never say about it, or, if you do, you must say them as though in spite of everything you would not exchange it for any other weather in the world, and you would defend it with your last breath.—Florida Pier in Harper's Weekly.

Pole's Passion for Gambling.

The trial at Crakow of a Polish advocate named Steinfeld who has come to grief through gambling has been the occasion of some curious revelations about the hold which this vice has on business men in Austrian Poland.

Dr. Steinfeld's wife in her endeavor to keep her husband out of temptation tried the plan of never leaving him out of her sight even when he went to his office. The lawyer then made a practice of going to bed early and rising at 4 in the morning before his wife was awake in order to hurry off to the so-called "Monte Carlo" at Crakow, which he would find still in full swing at that hour.

When staying at hotels during the summer he would arrange meetings with other card players in the bathroom and play there for hours, while he told his wife that he was taking a cold water cure.

In Sox Signo Vincas.

Judge Jones answered an advertisement and sent a dollar for four pairs of socks. When they arrived, Jones looked them over and then wrote the advertiser:

"Socks received. The patterns are vile. I wouldn't be seen on the street with them on."

Back came the answer: "What are you kicking about? Didn't we guarantee that you wouldn't wear them out?"

Useless.

"Your wife has filed suit for divorce. Are you going to contest it?" "No. It wouldn't do me any good. I've lost every argument I ever had with her."—Detroit Free Press

TEST OF TRUE HOSPITALITY

Army Officer Tells of His Best Lesson in Cooking and Conduct as a Host.

The old army officer, distinguished alike for his character and his high position, had said to his fellow guests at the little mountain camp that he regarded a knowledge of cooking as a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman and a soldier.

"Let me tell you," he continued, "where I received my first and best lesson in cooking, and in conduct at the head of the table.

"While I was yet a very young man I had the good fortune to attract the notice of an old French gentleman who, with the remnant of his former large fortune, had come to the neighborhood of Petersburg, Virginia, and established himself in a small cottage.

"In this little home the dining-room and kitchen were separated by a partition that extended only five feet above the floor. As monsieur was too poor to afford a waiter or cook, he himself performed the duties of both. He often honored me with an invitation to dinner, and as I sat in the dining-room, waiting for the meal to be served, I could see the old gentleman's head bobbing up and down as he tended his stew-pans in the kitchen.

"How awfully funny!" said some one, with a giggle.

"It never seemed in the least ludicrous to me," the old officer quietly responded. "After placing the dishes upon the table, my old friend would remove his apron, put on a rusty dress coat, and dispense the hospitality of his house with the grace and dignity of a prince."

"I understood! Noblesse oblige, and all that sort of thing," murmured the giggler, contently. "All the same, your old gentleman, ministering at hidden altars and practicing mysterious rites behind that low partition, must have been something of a character."

The old officer gravely assented. "One that it was a privilege to know," he said.—Youth's Companion.

VICTOR HUGO'S ACACIA TREE

Planted in Childhood by Author, It Has Just Been Saved From Destruction in Paris.

An acacia tree, supposed to have been planted by Victor Hugo in his childhood has just been saved from destruction in Paris. The tree stands in the Boulevard Raspail, and its tall, curved trunk has long been familiar to the inhabitants of that quarter. A short time ago a certain M. Charurin bought the plot upon which it grew for the purpose of erecting a mansion. The whole quarter was disturbed at the news that a tree of such traditions was about to disappear.

When, however, M. Charurin heard that his new mansion was likely to demolish the object of a veneration with which he sympathized, he altered his architectural plans spontaneously, and built a semi-circular frontage to his house, just inclosing the acacia within the railings.

The association of it with Victor Hugo is disputed by authorities on that poet's life, but one may feel gratified that a tradition retains such vigorous life and that the marking of places connected with famous men is not yet purely municipal in Paris.

Gift for Business.

Willie's father conducts a boat-renting business on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll bail out the boats, Willie," said the father one morning after a rain.

There were 25 boats and Willie wasn't keen. So he was non-committal. A little later his friend Albert came over.

"I'll give you a quarter if you'll bail out the boats," said Willie to Albert.

"See! What'd yeh take me for?" returned Albert as he surveyed the fleet of rowboats. "It's worth 35 cents, any way."

"Well, all right, 35 then," said Willie.

Albert got busy and did the bailing, while Willie looked on and, Tom Sawyer-like, bossed the job.

The work done, Willie collected, paid Albert and pocketed 65 cents.

"That boy'll be a business man," remarked the father to Willie's mother later, but not in the boy's hearing.—New York Herald.

Large Enterprises Essential.

"Large personal fortunes acquire legitimately are in themselves an honorable testimony to talent and to toil; and, without large aggregation of capital, whether personal or corporate, great enterprises, are not possible. And without great enterprises the country shows the marvellous growth which we deem an essential characteristic of American life, an will the masses of the people have the opportunities now so abundant, set before them to find employment and to develop their own fortune however relatively small those may be."—Archbishop Ireland.

Up Against It.

Fokus—Why don't you try to get job?
Fokus—Employers prefer to hire married men.

Fokus—Then why don't you get married?

Fokus—A girl won't marry a fellow unless he has a job.

L'ABE (LE DE LA NOUVELLE ORLEANS