BIRDS' RAPID FLIGHT

THE SPEED AND HABITS OF BIRDS ON SEA AND LAND.

Some of Their Struggles Against the Wind and Hurricane—Their Intelligent Evolutions in the Air—Birds That Migrate in a Head Wind.

The speed of birds was never accurately measured until carrier-pigeons had their flight tested over well-known courses, and, with many of the feathered creatures of the woods their swiftness is only relatively understood to-day. Several years ago the Department of Agriculture attempted to ascertain the speed of the migrating birds by studying the flocks at successive stages of their travels, but the results of this work merely gave the ornithologist a general idea how fast the different species of birds journeyed southward in the fall. No light was thrown upon the more important subject of the high speed attained by certain birds in their flight with or against the wind.

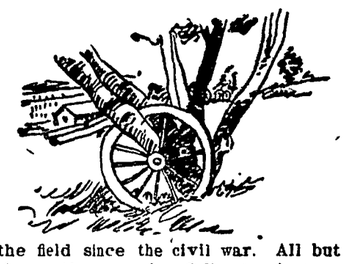
The velocity of sea birds is often so great that they are unable to check their own speed in time to avoid collision with objects unexpectedly placed in their way. Thus seagulls have been known to dash out their lives plunging headforemost upon sandbars, which, in their eagerness to secure a fish, they failed to see in time. The plunge of a kingfisher or large winter-gull from a height of several hundred feet straight down to the water's surface has been timed by experts, and the speed estimated to be at the rate of sixty to seventy miles an hour. The same birds have been known to stun themselves by striking the water with terrific force, but this may have been caused as much by their failure to take the water at the proper angle as by any velocity of their plunge.

Birds in high gales or storms are always interesting objects. It is very rarely that the powerful petrels of the coast succumb to the force of the wind, but sometimes their flight is not strong enough to resist the hurricanes, and taking the wind on the side they fly along with it at a rate that is fairly dazzling to the eyes. The termination of such trips is not always pleasing to the birds. The are often hurried along with such velocity that they cannot recover their equilibrium, and they are dashed upon some land and killed. When caught in a high gale the birds always make for the lee side of some point of land or stationary object. The difficult part of their evolution is to bring themselves up on the lee side without being killed. Some birds rise high in the air, and make a sort of double under curve, and generally fall with considerable force. The more powerful-winged species curve around to breast the gale, and then allow themselves to drop gradually while facing the wind.

The struggles of a powerful-winged bird in a gale are fascinating to one interested in aerial navigation. If caught in the rushing wind, the birds will do their best to save themselves from getting "lost." Birds do get lost in the windstorms as well as in the rain and snowstorms of dark nights. That is, the wind blows them far out of their accustomed haunts. Most of our birds are local in their habitations. They fly about within a comparatively narrow range of territory, and if they get far beyond this they are to all intents and purposes lost. Thus seabirds are sometime blown for many mile inland, where they feel as lonely and uncomfortable as the land birds which have been blown far out to sea.

Tree Grown Through Caisson

A tree has grown up through the wheel of a cannon caisson at Fort Delaware, Del. The caisson has been in



the field since the civil war. All but the portion seen has fallen to pieces.

Facts Tersely Told

Artificial limbs are usually made of willow wood, on account of its lightness.

A petrified oak has lately been dug up in Cheshire. It is said to be at least 10,000 years old.

The Japanese do not care much for novels. Among 27,000 new books printed last year only 462 were works of fiction.

Four hundred years ago only seven metals were known. Now there are fifty-one, thirty of which have been discovered within the present century.

Boring a hole half-way through the sole of a shoe is said to prevent its squeaking. The reason assigned is that the air between the layers of leather is released by the boring.

Before the fire brigade can start for a fire in Berlin the members must all fall in line in military fashion and salute their captain. This proceeding wastes at least three minutes.

Things Had Changed.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"Oh, an old uncle of mine is coming up from the country to visit me. He's one of the greenest old guys in seven states. I suppose he'll make me the laughing stock of everybody who knows me."

"It isn't your Uncle Henry, who was up here last year, is it?"

"Yes."

"You didn't seem to be afraid that he'd make a laughing stock of you then."

"I know; but the old chump's gone and lost all his money."

WHY WILLIE WOULDN'T SING.

His Patriotism Caused Him to Refuse to Sing the Requested Song.

"You may all rise and stand in line; I think you can sing better then. Willie, you may stand up at the head of the line, to-day." A brown-headed boy, the smallest in the room, strutted proudly up to the front, and the others followed.

"There, that was well done, very well done!" exclaimed one of the trustees, a gray-haired man, who peered at the young singers over his spectacles. "Now, let us hear another just as good, Ha! Ha! Willie, you can sing, can't yer, even if you air the baby of the flock?"

Willie stretched himself up and was about to reply, when Miss Heath interposed by saying, "Now sing 'A Spanish Cavalier,' just as well as you sang the other." Then she played vigorously through the verse as prelude, all unconscious of the whisperings going on in line. But the visitors saw and wondered what could be the cause of such a stir among the children. First Willie leaned mysteriously to the boy beside him, and whispered something that was accompanied by a vigorous gesture. Then the same performance was repeated by the next two, and so on down the line, until each was let into the secret, whatever it might be, and so quickly had it been done that all were again in their usual order when it was time for the verse to begin.

But strange to say, no one began—no one except Miss Heath, and she turned in surprise at the silence, but supposing that they had failed to pay attention, she paused and with a reproving "Now begin," she started once more, singing louder than before. Again not a voice was heard down the line; each one stood with a firm, resolute face, glancing first at Miss Heath and then at Willie.

"What does this mean? Did I not tell you to sing?" and Miss Heath arose in despair from the organ. She had expected so much of her scholars. No one spoke. Suddenly the old man in the chair stepped over to Willie, and said, as he patted him on the head. "So you didn't like to be called the baby, eh? Well, that's too bad."

"It isn't that" exclaimed Willie, indignantly, "I s'pose I am the baby, but I don't care, for I won't always be one. That isn't the reason we won't sing."

What, then, is the reason?" asked his teacher.

Willie thurst his hands in his pockets and stepping bravely forward, exclaimed in his old-fashioned way, "The reason is, Miss Heath, 'cause we object to sing a Spain song. The rafters of the old school house never rang before nor since as they did on that day with 'America.'"

A Four Legged Hen.

Polly is her name. She is a hen, and of such up-to-date proclivities that, to keep in line with the march of progress, she came into the world with four legs instead of the ordinary two. She is the property of Prof. V. Gomez of No. 30 Madison street, Brooklyn, and the pet of the household.

Very early in life she discovered her extra allotment of legs did not add to the grace of her gait, so she wears

BROOKLYN'S FUNNY HEN.

them clasped and held up under her, much as if she had her hands folded. The legs are full grown but partially attached to the body.

Polly is a Spanish hen and has openly flaunted her colors throughout the recent unpleasantness. Her comb is of a brilliant red and those folded and redundant legs are of the yellowest. It may be her nationality that induces a battle royal daily between her and August, the pug, and Chick the fox terrier, who are her playfellows. Down goes her comb and Polly routs the enemy from their plate of bread and milk. Every day Polly lays an egg for Mrs. Gomez. The largest share of her affection is given to August, who is himself something of a freak, boasting six toes on his hind feet.

A Carving Contest.

Gather the young folks around the dining-room table (protected by an oilcloth), and see that each one is provided with a small knife and a large raw potato. The potato should be perfectly clean and as regularly formed as possible. Allow the company about twenty minutes to carve, as best they can, some chosen object, as a face, a sheep, a pig or a cat, or some article of furniture; or let each one make what his fancy dictates. Set on some wooden toothpicks; they'll be useful in strengthening slender parts and in mending the work if a head or other part should get broken off. If a little prize is awarded it might be a small plaster of Paris figure or a trifle carved in wood.

School Boy Drill Masters.

In New York schools boys drilled the raw recruits. They were too young to go to the front themselves, but they were qualified by the military training they received at school to drill men old enough. The regular troops and militia had gone to the front and had not left military instructors to drill the new companies. The new system of tactics makes the veterans of the last war almost useless, so the boy soldiers were called upon. They were regular martinets and required the most rigid obedience to orders from everybody in the company, and the men, some of whom were twice their age, meekly did as they were told.

WANTED HIS KEEPER.

How an Elephant Sought to Fetch Him From an Alehouse.

Not long ago an elephant, passing from one zoological collection to another, was marching through Anderlecht, a suburb of Brussels, in charge of its cornac or driver. Passing an alehouse, the cornac, who was of drinking habits, paused, dismounted, left the elephant alone outside the door, and went into the alehouse.

There he must have found the entertainment to his liking, for he did not return promptly. A crowd gathered about the elephant.

He soon began to swing to and fro in a nervous manner, and to look uneasily at the door of the alehouse. Thus he waited, his uneasiness increasing, and still his driver did not appear. It happened that the alehouse was an old building with a large front door. The elephant, after watching the door for some time, apparently made up his mind that he could get through it; and with one rush, seeing the door opened by some passer, he made for it.

His head, and neck and part of his shoulders he managed to get through, but then he stuck fast. He pushed and squeezed, but only stuck the faster. The whole building began to tremble.

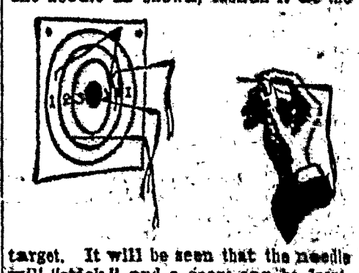
All was consternation within the alehouse. The occupants and guests fancied that their last hour had come.

But the building did not fall and the elephant remained fast in the door. Meantime the cornac, recalled to his senses by the alarm of the crowd and the danger of the animal, which was now beating itself furiously, came to the rescue, and at a word from him the faithful beast ceased his struggles. Then a carpenter was sent for. Still under the cornac's command, the animal remained quiet while the door jam was cut away, and at last he was delivered.

With demonstrations of joy he received his deliverance and his driver—who deserved no such welcome from the patient elephant—and the two were soon on their way.

The Game of Javelin.

Take a medium sized sewing needle and pass through the eye of it a short thread. Then on a piece of paper draw a target as shown. Fasten the target on a wainscot or door, walk about three feet distance, and, holding the needle as shown, launch it at the



target. It will be seen that the needle will "stick," and a score can be kept, and the one getting the highest number wins. It will be found that this simple arrangement will afford plenty of amusement.

What a Child Can Do.

A group of children were playing one Saturday afternoon, when they heard the sound of angry words from the street, and the harsh sound of a whip striking a horse's back.

They ran to the fence and saw a man, with a large load of coal drawn by one horse, trying to back the horse so as to dump the coal into the coal hole in the sidewalk.

The horse tried hard, but the load was heavy, the ground was muddy, and the wheels refused to move towards the curb.

The driver fumed and swore, and again he struck the horse with all the force of his strong arm.

Suddenly one of the children rushed out into the street.

"Don't strike the poor horse," he pleaded. "We would rather carry all your load of coal to the sidewalk than see you do that."

The man stopped and looked at the boy.

"Perhaps I was a mite hard on him," he said.

"A lift on the wheel might help," said a young man, who was passing.

Other men were near at hand, and with little difficulty, as they put their shoulders to the wheels, the heavy cart was backed to the desired place.

The child stopped only long enough to thank the driver for not beating his horse any more, and then ran back to play; but I think that man was more kind to horses after that. Don't you?

Do Your Best.

A clever-looking lad was sweeping the floor. We spoke to him and said: "Glad you have this place, and hope you will soon get something better." His answer disappointed us. He replied sullenly: "There is nothing in this." We have a friend who is a millionaire. He began his career in business by sweeping out a store, and we had him in mind when we spoke to this young man. He has often told us that he tried to sweep the floor with as much pains as if he were the head clerk, and had charge of everything. In other words, he did his best as a floor-sweeper, and he soon got something better. The boy who says "There is nothing in this," will likely strike nothing better. Employers have keen eyes. Sometimes a boy is given such a job to see what there is in him. If he is efficient, bright, alert, and displays good qualities in his lowly place, he is apt to find an opening just above him. Do your best, whether it is sweeping the floor, blacking shoes, selling papers, shovelling in coal, running an engine, planning a campaign, or ruling an empire. Always and everywhere do your best. Make a habit of it. It is worth more than the gold of Ophir. If you despise the day of small things, there will never come a day of large things.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Regular Correspondents.

Geneva.

The annual fair and festival for the benefit of the new City Hospital will be given next week, beginning on Tuesday and continuing until Saturday, by the board of managers, under the auspices of the 134th Separate Company. The most leading feature of the fair will be four houses characteristic of Uncle Sam's new possessions, Cuba, Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico. In the various houses tropical fruits and products from the country will be represented. The different nations will be in charge of the following ladies: Cuba, Miss Mulligan, Miss Grace Gould and Mrs. William King; Porto Rico, Mrs. Dr. McCarthy, Mrs. Dr. Stebbins and Mrs. Root; Philippines, Mrs. Lemuel Herendeen, Mrs. Patty and Mrs. R. G. Chase; Hawaii, Mrs. LeClen assisted by Mrs. Sweet, Mrs. Sturgis and Dr. and Mrs. Van Slyke. A booth representing "America and her products" will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mellen, Mrs. T. C. Maxwell, Mrs. Durfee, Mrs. E. P. Butts, Miss Sill, Miss Julia Smith and Mr. Wheeler. Uncle Sam's navy, a man-of-war will be represented which will dispense sweets to all who desire them, is in charge of Mrs. Malette, Mrs. Ditmars, Mrs. Chas. Burrall, Miss E. Wright. A fish pond in charge of Miss Meehan. The cake table will be presided over by Mrs. Dr. Eddy, Mrs. William R. Brooks, Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Collins. The fancy table will be in charge of Mrs. H. Henderson, Miss C. Fox, and Miss Hopkins. The ice cream booth will represent Alaska, the frozen north, and will be in charge of Mrs. Hike, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Nagel, Mrs. Crequa, Mrs. Nester and Miss Manning. The donation booth will be in charge of Mrs. N. B. Covert, Mrs. Backenstoss, Mrs. D. W. Haltenbeck and M. S. Sanford, each evening from 5:30 to 8:30 the ladies of the various churches will furnish supper in the following order: Tuesday, St. Francis de Sales and first Presbyterian churches; Wednesday, St. Peter's and Methodist churches; Thursday German, Universalist and Trinity churches; Friday, North Presbyterian and Baptist churches; Saturday, supper by all the above churches. Every evening dancing will be indulged in from 9:30 to 11 o'clock. Delightful entertainments will be given each evening commencing at 8:30 o'clock, in the order named. Tuesday, drill by the 134th Separate Company; Wednesday, entertainment by St. Francis de Sales' church; Thursday, a series of readings and tableaux under the direction of Miss Mulligan of Chicago; Friday, the Carrolton Opera Troupe, will give a play; Saturday, the festival will close with a flower show arranged by Miss N. Parisen and a drill by the young ladies of St. Francis de Sales' church. All who can should try and participate in this festival as it is for a good cause, and should be well patronized by one and all.

William Harding and Augustus Malinsky called on friends in Phelps on Sunday last.

The reception and parade given on Monday evening last at the armory, by the 134th Separate Company, was one of the most successful affairs of the season. Hosts of people were present from out of town, including Seneca Falls and Waterloo, as it was expected that 134th Separate Company would be mustered out of service, but orders to that effect had not reached here then. When the roll was called, all members were found to be present except two or three. The drill commenced at 8 o'clock and lasted until 8.45. After drill, dancing was indulged in until 12.30 o'clock, and all who participated report a delightful time. Music was furnished by the 134th Separate Company band.

Miss Kittie Hurley, of Rushville, was the guest of Mary Casey in Geneva, over Sunday.

A very large number of people from Seneca Falls and Waterloo attended the play, "A Stranger in New York," in Smith's Opera House, on Monday evening last.

The death of little Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Slauch, who resides one and one-half miles of this city, on North Exchange street, occurred at 1.30 on Monday afternoon of pneumonia, after an illness of about 10 days, aged 15 years. The funeral was held from St. Francis de Sales' church on Thursday morning, and was very largely attended. Interment in Canandaigua. She leaves to mourn her loss, a father, mother and one brother. Mary was a child who endeared herself to everyone, and was loved and respected by her school mates and all who knew her. It is a sad blow to the bereaved parents, who have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Mrs. Evan Williams of Waterloo, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Patrick Welch of North street.

Miss Clara Hickey of Rose street, has secured a position in Reuben Gulvin & Co., jewelry store, on Exchange street.

Miss Elizabeth and Rita Curran, of Auburn, who has been the guests of the Misses Welch on Wadsworth street for the past two weeks, returned to their homes on Monday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Swart, of Auburn, who were the guests of City Treasurer Frank Flynn for a few days here returned home.

Mr. Herman the genial agent of the CATHOLIC JOURNAL is in Geneva this week making a thorough canvass of our city. He offers as a premium to each subscriber who pays one dollar in advance a beautiful picture of St. Anthony, and an aluminum medal of the saint. Every family in the diocese should be furnished with a Catholic newspaper, and a picture of our venerable bishop, which can be secured by paying one dollar in advance and twenty-five cents extra.

Rev. Father Payne of Charlotte, was in Geneva this week, and received many hearty handshakes from hosts of friends.

Caledonia.

Miss Jennie McPearson of Rochester, has been calling on friends in town the past week.

Miss Margaret Cunningham and Miss Anna McLaughlin of Rochester, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Leary on Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Garvin of Andover, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Taffe.

J. W. O'Connor of Dansville, County President of Livingston county, will visit Caledonia on Wednesday evening Oct. 19, and organize a division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Previous to the organizing ceremony, Dr. C. F. McCarthy of Batavia, will lecture on the "Aim and Objects of the Order." All who are interested in the organization are requested to be present.

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