

HIPPOS' BREATHING PLACES

South African Lake for Which Big Beasts Have a Liking.

A few miles from Mubokya we came to Kikarongo, a circular lake, once a crater, about half a mile wide, says a writer in the Westminister Gazette from Uganda. The water is slightly salt, and is greatly appreciated by the hippos, who come here in large parties from Lake Rulsamba to bathe. The lake is shallow for a few yards only and then deepens rapidly, so the hippos, who do not like deep water, never go very far from the shore.

On a still day it is an amusing pastime to sit by the lake and watch the great brutes enjoy themselves. For a moment nothing is seen, then suddenly a score or more of huge heads burst through the water with loud snorts and squirting jets of water through their nostrils; they stare around with their ugly little piglike eyes, yawn prodigiously, showing a fearful array of tusks and a cavernous throat, then sink with a satisfied gurgle below the surface, to repeat the performance a minute or two afterward.

Sometimes one stands almost upright in the water; he rolls over with a bounding splash, showing a broad expanse of back like a huge porpoise. Or a too venturesome young bachelor approaches a select circle of veterans, who resent his intrusion and drive him away with roars and grunts. There is something irresistibly suggestive of humanity about their ungainly gambols. Only bathing machines are wanted to complete the picture.

Shed Their Mustaches.

In all the German papers of August, 1888, appeared an ordinance signed by the King of Bavaria forbidding officials, on any pretext whatever, to wear mustaches and commanding the police authorities to arrest the offenders and shave them by force. Apparently this was not necessary, for, according to a French account of the time, "mustaches disappeared immediately, like leaves from the trees in autumn; everybody made haste to obey the royal order and not one person was arrested."

Introduction of Caoutchouc.

Caoutchouc was introduced to Europe by M. De la Condamine on his return from Peru in 1786. "It is," said its discoverer, "a most singular resin, as much by the use to which it is devoted as by its nature, which is a problem to our most expert chemists. It flows from a tree growing in several parts of America and is called caoutchouc by the Indians on the banks of the Amazon."

Spitzbergen Research.

The Prince of Monaco gave some interesting details the other evening before the French Academy of Sciences as to the results of researches in the semi-Polar regions about Spitzbergen during 1906. These were wide in scope, and embraced geology, oceanography, zoology and meteorology. They also illustrated the international brotherhood of science, since, while the Prince acted as the all-pervading spirit, the various branches and sections included men of many nationalities. The geologists traversed about 600 miles on ski and sledge, and camped out on the glaciers. They secured a good chart. One of the curious contrasts about Spitzbergen is that while on land the air is so pure that the Prince's yacht sledges could be watched in motion 24 miles away, the coast around was enveloped in ceaseless fog for the three months during which the vessel remained. That is a fact of grave import for those who contemplate using balloons as a means of access to the Pole. Dumps from these fogs afterwards freezing might weigh the balloon down to the sea, thus repeating the experience which is supposed to have cost Andre his life.

Beggar With \$50,000

Some time ago the story came from Budapest that an old beggar of neglected appearance, believed to be a Dr. Gerlach, had died there leaving a fortune of more than \$50,000. Some curious details have transpired concerning this individual, whose strange mode of life was at first believed to be due to mere eccentricity. Gerlach, it appears, was a university graduate and for many years held a responsible position in the house of Baron Beldaczky, a Hungarian nobleman. The latter died, and his large fortune went to distant relatives. It was discovered that some \$50,000 in money and valuables were missing, but no one suspected the faithful Gerlach. The latter now pretended to be a wholly destitute, and frequently applied for, and received, assistance from the heirs he had robbed. It was some years before the mystery was cleared up by a bank employee, who accidentally discovered that the owner of the large deposit account and Gerlach were one and the same person. Shortly before he died in a hospital, Gerlach confessed that he had originally intended to enjoy the fruits of his robbery quietly after the period of limitation had expired, but since then he had taken a liking to the roving tramp life he was leading and resolved to leave the money to charity.

MICROBE OF WHOOPING COUGH.

Some Prospect of Finding Antidote for This Disease.

In the last 20 years the microbe of whooping cough has been the subject of inquiry and of contradiction: it is a very large number of micro-organisms having been assigned the undestorable distinction of causing this extremely infectious malady. M. M. Bordet and Gengou contribute a paper which conclusively disposes of all preexisting claims, and assigns the part of disease producer to the real criminal.

This micro-organism they disintegrated from the depths of the bronchial tubes, where it can lie dormant, and produce its malevolent effects without danger of expulsion by an ordinary cough. It is a bacillus or an oval shape, more or less elongated, and sometimes not unlike a micrococcus in appearance, though in general fairly constant in shape.

They have made cultures of the micro-organism; and they find that it cannot be agglutinated by the serum of ordinary persons, or by those who have had whooping cough at a remote period. The serum of children recently recovered from the malady has, however, a moderately agglutinating effect on the colonies of the microbe, so that there is some prospect of finding at some time or other an antidote against the infection.

Studying an Oyster's Heart.

To discover the heart of an oyster the fold of flesh which oystermen call the "mantle" must be removed. This is fatal to the oyster, of course, but in the interest of science and for the benefit of the "curious" it is occasionally done. When the mantle has been removed the heart, shaped like a crescent or horned moon, is bared to the view. The oyster's heart is made up of two parts, just like that of a human being, one of which receives the blood from the gills and the other drives it out through the arteries.

Gives Diver Strength.

The difficulty a diver experiences in lifting weights beneath the water is partly overcome by a new Italian invention which has been formally adopted by that Government. The mechanism is a diving suit, the artificial arms of which are worked from the inside by the wearer. The leverage thus secured enables the diver to lift objects heavier than he could otherwise handle. In addition to this improvement over the old method, a high-power electric light that will penetrate the water for some distance is placed in the helmet.

A Vocal Telegram.

The phonograph, of course, registers the voice, writes the Pall Mall Gazette but Dr. Marage, a medical practitioner here, has invented a curious instrument which, in a certain sense, takes a vocal photograph. When you sing to the instrument it does not sing back at you, as does the Edison apparatus, but it gives a legible transcript in dots and dashes. It is a sort of Morse telegraph as well as a photograph. The doctor, indeed, has adapted his invention from a new telegraph instrument which is capable of transmitting 40,000 words a minute. By its means the music teacher can show pupils to this pupil that he is singing out of tune. The line is blurred and irregular instead of following an even course such as would be the "Caruso line." The invention will be useful, the doctor thinks, in telephony. It will save disputes, as there will be a record of the conversation at either end, so that when the talker says "for instance" the listener cannot afterward maintain that it was "spoons." The machine is as yet quite in the experimental stage and the doctor makes no extravagant claims. At the same time it may prove a useful and admirable invention when a further development has taken place.

High Prices in Dawson City.

High prices continue to rule in Dawson City, which is probably the most expensive town in the world. It is a thriving place with a population of over 8,000 with warehouses, churches, banks, electric lights, whole sale and retail stores and two up-to-date newspapers. The newspapers themselves are worthy of consideration in the light of expense for they cost 25 cents a copy. At this time of the year three eggs ordered in a restaurant cost \$1.50, while a caribou steak costs \$1. Beer is worth \$1 a bottle and champagne \$10.50 a quart.

Crowning of Russia's Czars.

All the czars of Russia have been crowned in the famous Kremlin in Moscow; and in the treasury there are the thrones of all the emperors of the past, as well as the historic jewels and the choicest plate now owned by the Russian crown. There are \$600,000,000 worth of gold and silver and precious stones in that treasury and there are basins of gold there as big as a baby's bathtub, and two card tables of solid silver.

Largest Gun in the World.

India possesses a gun which is capacious enough to form a chamber where officers retire for a siesta during the heat of the day. This cannon, which is beyond question the largest in the world, is probably also one of the oldest. It was cast nearly 400 years ago by a famous chief of Ahmednagar, and came into English possession when India was conquered.

COLONY OF THE INSANE

A Belgian City Where They Are Well Cared For.

Gheel is a town of 19,000 inhabitants in the Belgian province of Limburg, not far from the Dutch frontier. It is famous for its colony of insane people who enjoy absolute freedom, instead of being locked up in asylums as in other countries. At Gheel and in the neighboring villages about 1,200 mentally unsound people live with the inhabitants, who, ever since the thirteenth century, have been accustomed to receive and take good care of them. The town and villages are divided into five districts, each of which is under the supervision of a doctor, who reports to the central administration of the colony. Most of the insane cared for at Gheel are of Dutch origin, Hollanders thinking well of the free colony plan. Belgians do not appreciate this system and still prefer asylums. There are two classes of patients—the well-to-do, who are supported by their own families and who pay for their board, and the poor who live on farms and whose maintenance is provided for by their home communities.

One thing to be admired at Gheel is the kindness of the inhabitants toward those unfortunate creatures, who idle all day long in the streets or remain at home looking with unseeing eyes through the windows. You here meet people who talk to themselves, generals who command imaginary armies, and politicians and diplomats displaying fantastic decorations. Nobody laughs at them. They are all known in the town. They even go to the cafe and order drinks like anybody else, and, strange to say, are served. It was astonishing to see two insane men enjoy their glass of Schiedam—not the best remedy in the world for brain trouble—but the bartender explained that persons of this kind were served with a special brand of liquor diluted with water.

Under no circumstances are the people allowed to punish their boarders. If these become unruly, the central administration must be notified. Special servants are sent, who take the patients to the infirmary, where they are treated and kept under observation. When they are calm again they are sent back to their former homes, where they are received as if nothing had happened.

The Gheel children respect the patients and never tease them. It is interesting and curious to see poor old insane women taking care of small children while the parents are out working in the fields. The women seem to adapt themselves better than the men to the new condition of life. They keep themselves busy with needlework. The men look depressed. They do not work and are never compelled to do so. When they talk they talk politics which, my guide said sarcastically, was evidently a sign of madness in this strange country.

Emblem of Secrecy.

The rose is the emblem of secrecy in Greece, and was formerly hung over the table where guests were entertained, in token that nothing hence the expression "sub rosa."

Nun Butterfly in Bohemia.

The dreaded nun butterfly is appearing everywhere in Bohemia, threatening the devastation of the forests. The neighboring woods of Saxony and Silesia are also threatened. The ministry of agriculture has named a commission to investigate.

A Precocious Hunter.

The heir apparent of the Sikkim State, a boy of 11 years, has developed a remarkable aptitude for shikar. He began to use a gun when only 7 years of age, and up to the present time has accounted for seven tigers, six panthers and two bears, not to mention other large and small game.

An Interesting Charity.

One of the most interesting little charities is that of a Yorkshire (England) stationmaster, who every week of his life makes a toy railway engine. At the end of the year he sends the lot to a hospital for the use of the boys in the institution.

Ale and Beer in Transvaal.

Although there are fewer than 300,000 white people in the Transvaal it was possible for them in the year 1905 to consume 418,625 gallons of ale and beer, valued at \$298,930.

A Sailor 80 Years.

Captain Edward Howard, of Oakland, Cal., probably the oldest mariner in the United States, has retired after having followed the seas for over 80 years.

Sanitary Hairdressing.

A register of sanitary hairdressing establishments, with a penalty for failure to comply with the regulations, is a plan of the health officers of Budapest.

Fishes have no eyelids, and, necessarily, sleep with their eyes open; they swallow their food whole. Frogs, lizards and serpents never take food, except that which they are certain is alive.

Japanese Sardines.

Large sardine canneries have been started at Nagasaki, Japan. The flavor, however, is not good, and the prices are too high as yet to compete with the Mediterranean product.

DO JOE FOR PERPENT MAN

Chicago. Employees Say That They Don't Want Him Anymore.

Men in business have formed such an antipathy to the man who was once a perfumery or has the barber put anything on his hair that has any fragrance in it that many men who don't know this are unable to connect with good jobs which might be theirs if they did know it.

Even the women have become affected. In more than one Chicago business house the stenographers have been asked to forego dousing a lot of scent upon their handkerchiefs or blouses. A slight trace is not disagreeable, but in some cases even the smallest vestige is objected to.

This applies to the women. To the men the slightest shadow of it is fatal.

It was only the other day the manager of a house in which many men are employed was examining an applicant for a position. The applicant was neatly dressed, had a "pleasant" all-around slightly bold appearance and talked correctly and intelligently, although a trifle egotistically.

Suddenly the manager, who had seemed to be weighing in his mind the merits and demerits of the applicant, said:

"Sorry, but we can't use you." "Can you tell me why?" asked the applicant; "perhaps if I were given an opportunity—"

The manager cut him short. "That's just the trouble," he said. "You were given an opportunity and you rejected it."

"But I've been given no opportunity," said the man, not knowing what was meant.

"Yes you were," answered the manager. "You've been given an opportunity to cover yourself with cheap perfumery and of that change you most generously have availed yourself. We can't use walking perfume bottles."

Other managers took the same view. They said that the day of the scented business man had gone by. They also said that their experience taught them that the man who used perfumery was likely to spend in thinking about himself time that he ought to give to his work.

Old Slave Market at Memphis.

Grim, unsightly, paintless, peamed and crooked throughout its masonry, there stands today an old brick building on Adams street, midway between Main and Second, about which clings more of history and of change than can be compressed into song or story. It is situated just on the east of the alley midway between Main and Second streets and is used as a shelter for the city prisoners who are worked on the rock pile, says the Memphis Appeal.

If you will take the trouble to step to the westward side of this old building where it faces the alley, and glance up along its second story you may still discern the inscription: "Negro Mart and Livery Stable," or as much of it as time has not penciled out. The last letter of the word "Mart" and the last letter of the word "Stable" are gone. The others are dimmed with age and might pass unnoticed unless you look a second time.

Time was, nearly half a century ago, when this was a famous negro market. It was presided over in its time by no less a man than Gen. Forrest himself. Thousands of negroes were bought and sold within its walls, and hundreds of thousands of dollars passed there from buyer to vendor. One old, gray haired negro told the writer a few days ago:

"I've seen many a bundle of money piled up on the platform—money, money, in de old days. You see I 'members Gen. Forrest an' he was de 'bestest' man I ever seen. Day done what he tole 'em, sah; an' he only tole 'em once."

Curious Watches.

A man in Switzerland has just made a watch entirely of ivory obtained from an old billiard ball. Works, hands and case are all of the same material. And yet it keeps very good time.

The first phonographic watch was made in Paris in 1897. It was large and heavy but was regarded as a great curiosity nevertheless. Now, however, watches that speak the hour in place of chiming them are not at all uncommon.

They are, says the House Beautiful, still somewhat bulky, as compared with the best ordinary modern chronometers, although not so much so but that they can be easily carried in an ordinary waistcoat pocket.

Beneath the crystal back of a valuable chronometer owned by an English tradesman six tiny gold and silver fish with ruby eyes are seen apparently swimming about in real water. The fish, infinitely small, are beautifully modelled, and the effect of movement in their natural element is due to a combination of hair springs with a background of black silver.

Far more wonderful, because of its small size, is the watch owned by the Czarina of Russia, originally presented to the Empress Elizabeth on her coronation.

At the back is inset an exquisitely beautiful little model of the Holy Sepulchre, over which it seems standing, stern and motionless a phylloxera guard.

Laddie Played His Part

The telephone bell rang three and Dora Quinn turned instinctively from the window where she had been sitting watching the gambles of Laddie, a magnificent St. Bernard puppy, in the yard across the road. The dog was tethered to a long rope reaching from his kennel, and at the farthest limit of it he was excitedly barking at a snow-white kitten as a tree.

"He'll tame the second time before he starts," "Some tireless somebody," she thought as she answered it. But the first words met her heart to beating wildly, and she leaned in an agony of fear.

"In that you, Dora," I thought you would never answer, and it took so long to get control, too. There is a mad dog making his way along your road. He may be there now or near there. Mother and I saw him. And we know that he has bitten some of our sheep, and there isn't a man in the neighborhood—all gone to a meeting. He is a warning everybody. Is your dog in the house? All right. And if you see him go by call up and tell me, won't you?"

She was all alone. Her dog lay asleep behind the stove. Their cattle were in the barn, so they were in no danger. Then her eye fell upon Laddie. He was having the time of his life in barking at the kitten. If the mad dog reached him—she gasped at the thought. He was her enemy's dog, but for all that he was a splendid fellow; the only blue ribbon in the town, and a dog that everyone admired.

She did not stop to think long. The impulse came to her to save him, for surely there was plenty of time. She could see a long distance down the road, and there was no dog in sight. It took but a moment for her to speed across the road, but she had drawn the rope into a hard knot in the ring on his collar. She struggled desperately with it, but she could hardly loosen the knot. The dog frisked around her in his amplexes at having her there, but she did not dreadfully in her hand. It was almost unfeeling when Laddie gave a sharp bark, and the frightened girl saw that the mad dog was not many rods away and coming straight for them.

A desperate pull and the dog was free. She could not reach her kennel, and there was but one place of safety. Calling Laddie to her, she reached the woodshed door and got safely inside with scarce a moment to spare, for the mad dog's head was close at hand. She seized the door and threw her slight weight against it, while Laddie, cowering and snarling at not being allowed to do battle with the intruder, trotted frantically around, challenging him with various barks.

Was Laddie's life worth it? And to think that she had saved him! No John Alger. The man who had once pretended to love her, and just because his mother had objected had given her up. That had happened two years before and when that there had been nothing but coolness between the two families.

Her parents had been angry because his mother had said hateful things, that the whole Quinn family was after her son, and they had shown her that they were not, by refusing to allow her to have anything more to do with John. And since his mother's death there had been no more friendliness between the families.

He had tried to renew the old friendship, but she, proud and perry, had refused to recognize him, and the rare times they had met.

But they had all made friends with Laddie. And now she had saved him when his master had given up. If she could only get home before he returned, she would be able to tell the whole Quinn family that she had saved him, and they would know that they were not, by refusing to allow her to have anything more to do with John. And since his mother's death there had been no more friendliness between the families.

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