

THE CHILDREN



AMPHIBIOUS ANIMAL FOR PET

Small Seal Frequenting Coasts of Great Britain is Quite Intelligent and Easily Tamed.

(By CLAUDE B. MAUGHAM.)

Most people are accustomed to think of a seal merely as an amphibious creature, from which sealskin cloaks, caps, etc., are obtained; but few are aware that it is an animal of great intelligence, and as capable of being domesticated and made a pet as a dog or cat.

The small seal frequenting the coasts of Great Britain, though inferior in value to its cousin of the South seas, surpasses it in this intelligence and tractability. It is easily tamed, and can even be trained to follow its master like a dog—of course, in its own awkward, legless fashion.

As I was walking along the beach at Scarborough, England, one day, I observed a little crowd of people gathered around a nondescript vehicle, half cart, half tank. Beside the vehicle stood a man, and on it a small seal was amusing the crowd by plunging into the water at the word of command from its master, catching sticks and bringing them to him in its mouth, and performing sundry other tricks, after which a ragged cap was passed around, and a few pennies and half pence collected.

I passed on and had gone a considerable distance along the sands when I suddenly became aware that everybody except myself—the pedestrians,



Its Head Snuggled Into His Neck.

the donkeys, on which children were getting penny rides, the old women selling curious shells, the hucksters peddling early pears, gingerbread and other edibles, the peep-show men, every one, in short, was hastening in the other direction.

The tide was coming in. Not wishing to be caught in the rapid waves that chased each other up the beach, I turned also and followed the multitude towards; for I saw that the high-water line clearly defined on the sea wall by a dark heavy growth of seaweed, was decidedly above my head.

When I reached the place where the seal was exhibiting, I found the throng all gone, and the man standing alone by his cart, with the tired creature clinging to his breast, its paws resting on his neck, just like a kitten or a little child, while the man gently stroked down its wet, glistening back with his hand.

I stood a moment, much interested, looking at the pair.

"He seems to know you," said I. "Oh, he knows me," said the man, with the ring of affectionate conviction in his voice. "He knows me, and loves me dearly and understands every word I say to him."

And his hand, with a yet tenderer touch, pressed still closer to his old faded red waistcoat the wet, dripping form of his humble friend.

It was a clear case of mutual attachment.

TO BE SEEN THROUGH.



"Give me an example of a transparent object."

"A keynote."

The Dog and the Cat.

"I'll bet my dog can lick your cat," said Naughty Tommy Lee. "And when the dog licked pussy's face, 'I told you so,' said he."

Oatmeal in the Morning.

"Now, Elmer," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the meal we eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," was the prompt reply.

Queenie's Query.



"It's hailing out now can it be?"
Quoth Queenie.
"That it's hailing me?"

REMARKABLE MEMORY OF CAT

Punished for Attempting to Catch Wren, Feline Protects Little Bird From Attack of Snake.

Cats do reason, they say, and this story goes to prove it.

In the mountain districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nests under the eaves of an old farm house, and there they reared a small, interesting family. Among the members of the farmer's household was a white cat, and when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs the cat would lie in wait for them, and several times came within a bit of catching the adult birds. When the farmer noticed this, he punished the cat, and she finally learned that it was dangerous to fool with the wrens.

When the baby wrens grew larger, one of them fell out of the nest one day, and being too weak to run and unable to fly, lay helpless on the grass. The cat saw the accident and ran rapidly to seize the bird but seeming to remember the lesson taught her, when she reached the helpless little thing she only touched it daintily with her paw, and then lay down and watched it.

Presently there came a black and yellow garden snake toward the fluttering birdling. The cat was dozing, and was awakened by the fluttering of the bird. Instantly she rose and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake did not appreciate, but it was hungry, and, darting forward, attempted to seize the bird under the very shelter of the cat's head. Like a flash the cat seized the snake just back of the head and killed it with one bite. When the farmer happened alone in the afternoon he found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet away was the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake. The young adventurer was soon restored to his anxious parents.

BACK-REST IS COMFORTABLE

Ingenious Novelty Displayed at Recent Automobile Show Given in London, England.

An ingenious back-rest for motor cyclists is fastened to the handlebars or steering column of the machine.



Back-REST Fastened to Handlebars.

This was one of the novelties displayed at a recent automobile show in London, England.

Good for Evil.

Tommy returned sobbing from school with a black eye. "But I'll pay Billy Blobbs off for this in the mornin'," he said. "No, no," replied his mother, "you must return good for evil. I'll make you a nice jam tart and you may take it to Billy Blobbs and say, 'I told mother how you'd punished me and she says I must return good for evil, so here's a nice tart for you.'"

The following morning, with tart in one hand and his books in the other, poor Tommy hastened joyfully to school, only to return in a sadder plight than the day before, saying between his sobs: "Mother, I gave your message and tart to Billy Blobbs and he's blacked my other eye and says he wants you to send him a pudding!"—Idena.

Buzzing About.

"I wonder what the bees talk about?" said Willie. "They don't talk, they buzz," said John. "Then what do they buzz about?" said Willie. "About all the time," chuckled John.

PRINT WITHOUT INK

Englishman Makes Remarkable Discovery by Accident.

By Means of Electricity Inventor Can Print a Newspaper in All Hues of the Rainbow With One Contact.

London.—About two years ago a fugitive paragraph drifting in the English press had for its subject a possible "printing without ink."

Just now a semi-technical London publication has succeeded in running down the author of the discovery and from him it had the story of the experiment up to date. The man is Cecil Bembridge, London address not given.

It was an accidental lead which Mr. Bembridge picked up in his discovery of inkless printing. It was about 12 years ago that, working in his laboratory with an electric battery, he had spread a sheet of tin on the table and on the tin plate he had laid a piece of moist paper. The bare ends of the copper wires from his battery trailed over this sheet of wet paper which had stuck fast to the plate of tin.

His experiment originally was to discover a certain electro-metallurgical action in connection with gold and for the purpose of the experiment he reached into his pocket for a gold coin. As he brought a handful of miscellaneous coins from his pocket, a gold piece slipped through his fingers, rolled upon the table and in catching at the coin, he clamped the sovereign upon one of the connecting battery wires and in firm contact with the moist paper. In the effort at stopping the coin, too, the other wire was pushed over until it lay in contact with the sheet of tin. Then came the accidental discovery.

He reached for the coin and in picking it up was surprised to find upon



A Gold Piece Slipped Through His Fingers.

the moist paper an absolutely clear imprint of the coin in a brownish black. He describes the print as even clearer than if he had inked the coin and applied the inked surface to the paper by careful pressure.

Following his questionings he procured a few linotype lines of print, assembled them, and placed the type, face down, on a like sheet of moist paper resting upon a like sheet of tin. When the battery wires were connected with the type metal and with the tin sheet and current applied, every letter showed from the type lines without blur or blemish.

Taking a sheet of zinc in lieu of the tin, again the electrical influences brought the same general effect, though the crudest of hand methods were used in applying the type to the paper. Dry paper was not affected; moisture was required for the proper conductivity.

After proving to his satisfaction that, regardless of the pressure upon the paper in contact, the clearness of the lettering was satisfactory, Mr. Bembridge sought to discover a chemical moistener for the paper which would give the jet black effect of ordinary printer's ink and at the same time preserve the whiteness of the paper.

The great trouble was to secure permanency in the electrical imprint.

For ten years Mr. Bembridge wrestled with the solution of his problem. Today he announces that everything is accomplished and proved, not only in the matter of a jet black print without ink, but asserts that he is able to print a newspaper in all hues of the rainbow and with the one contact.

As explained by Mr. Bembridge, his long searchings into chemical combinations for producing jet black prints led him on into electro-pigmentary combinations producible by oxidizing processes. More than all of this, however, the assertion is made that in treating the white paper some of the cheapest of chemical elements serve the purpose admirably and at a cost far below that of the costly printer's inks.

As for the presses for turning out the newspaper, they are greatly simplified, the ink troughs and rollers disappearing altogether. The stereotype plate is used and in position on the press is thoroughly insulated below, while the roller surface which guides the moist paper also is insulated. The paper rollers are connected with the positive magnetic pole, while the stereotype plate is linked with the negative and from the electric power that runs the press the electro-chemical action is set up, making the imprint as desired upon the paper.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

FROM PLUMBER TO PEER



The United States is the land of opportunity, but even in the European countries under monarchical governments and burdened with hereditary aristocracies it frequently happens that the lowly born succeed in mounting well toward the top of the ladder. This is especially so in England. Germany furnishes a recent example of the possibilities of merit and ability. Harry Plate, of Hanover, is a plumber. He was a journeyman for many years and traveled about the country with his kit looking for jobs. But Harry had brains and he secured not only an education but great influence among his fellow craftsmen. Some time ago the Artisans' congress petitioned Emperor William to give it representation in the upper house of the Prussian parliament. He selected Harry Plate and made him a peer with a seat in what corresponds to the House of Lords in Great Britain. There he will sit hereafter, keeping

watch and advocating everything which he believes is for the benefit of the great working mass of the people, with always a tender spot in his heart for the grimy man with a kit of tools.

The upper house of the Prussian parliament has consisted hitherto of members of the nobility, great scientists, educators, merchants, bankers, and retired officers of the army and become a member of this exclusive law-making body.

PAYS \$50,000 FOR A BIBLE

"Now I want some fun," said Henry E. Huntington, nephew of Collis P. Huntington, a few years ago, when he first contemplated retiring from active business life and devoting himself heart and soul to his passionate love for book collecting.

He had worked constantly and strenuously since early youth. He had made himself the street railway king of the Pacific Coast. He had piled up millions of dollars. He was fifty years years old.

"Now I want some fun," Mr. Huntington started out to get what he wanted. And his pursuit at "fun," as he understands it, has culminated within the last few days in two strokes of sensational magnitude.

The first was his acquisition of the famous chuch book collection, one of the most splendid in the world. It cost him \$1,300,000. The other was his purchase a few days ago of the celebrated Gutenberg Bible, the chief treasure of the Hoe collection. To own that precious volume Mr. Huntington paid \$50,000, twice the sum which, up to then, stood as the record price paid for a book.

This ardent book lover is now 61 years old. He was born in 1850 at Oneonta, New York. His family is of English origin, being descended from Simon Huntington, who emigrated, in 1632, with his family, from Norwich, England, but died on the voyage.



LAYS CRIME TO LORD BACON



Dr. Orville W. Owen, who is digging diligently in the mud of the River Wye in England for manuscripts he believes were hidden there by Lord Francis Bacon, is after bigger game than has been supposed.

The American declares that the cipher which is guiding his operations and reveals that Bacon killed Shakespeare and buried the bard of Avon's head in the box which is now being reclaimed from the river bottom.

The top of what the American thinks is the hidden cache was reached by the sounding rods, but there is a considerable layer of clay to be removed before the logs or planking forming the cover can be removed.

Despite the contention of archaeologists that Dr. Owen is only excavating a structure used as a foundation for a Roman bridge, the investigator insists that everything tallies exactly with his cipher forecast, and maintains that Bacon recognized the adaptability of the disused bridge structure as a place for the burial of his manuscript. Dr. Owen is working on the property of the Duke of Beaufort, having been directed plainly to this particular spot, he says, by the cryptograph which Bacon left in order to establish after his death that he was the author of the Shakespearean plays and various works accredited to others.

IS ACTIVE AT EIGHTY YEARS

One of the few surviving generals on the union side during the Civil war is Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who has just celebrated his 80th birthday. In the war he was noted as a brave and skilful general and after the close of that struggle he won renown as the engineer who blazed the trail for the Union Pacific railroad.

Gen. Dodge is a type of the self-made man. At the age of 10 he drove a butcher's cart in the town of Danvers, Mass., his birthplace. Later he devoted his energies to truck farming and earned enough to take the military and science course at Norwich university. At the age of 20 he went west, settling at Council Bluffs, and on the outbreak of the Civil war he was made colonel of the Fourth Iowa infantry, which he had raised. He commanded a brigade at the battle of Pea Ridge, where three horses were shot under him and though severely wounded in the side kept in the field until the final routing of the enemy. He was made brigadier general of volunteers for his gallantry and in June, 1862, assumed command of the district of the Mississippi and superintended the construction of the Mississippi & Ohio railroad.

Gen. Dodge is still actively engaged in large business enterprises and has all the energy of a man of 60. He is a contributor to many periodicals and delivers many public addresses in the course of a year. He is president of the Army of the Tennessee and is connected with various other military societies.



POULTRY

MOTHER FOR YOUNG POULTS

Most Satisfactory Plan is to Give First Clutch to Hens and Second to Turkey.

(By HERRIE L. PUTNAM.)

On large farms where black head has not gained a footing, no single branch in the poultry department offers greater possibilities than turkey raising.

Though tender during the first few weeks, they later require little care save regular feeding twice a day as an inducement to them to come home at night.

While many prefer the hen mother, whose brood is less liable to develop into ramblers, it cannot be denied that the turkey best understands the needs of her poult.

Turkeys chafe under confinement. Their wild ancestry is not so remote that they do not love the woods and fields, thriving best on seeds and insect diet.

The old turkey always proceeds leisurely with her flock, intuitively knowing when one is tired, and as speedily settling down to let it rest. The hen, on the other hand, is all hustle, and soon has the tender poult completely tired out. If she is confined in the yard they pine and droop for lack of the necessary insect food.

If her coop is placed in the edge of the field, they soon have the adjacent ground depopulated of insect life; and wandering beyond reach of her voice



White Holland Turkeys.

heads to rambling if they do not fall a prey to hawks.

The most satisfactory plan, however, since the turkey's time is so valuable in the early spring for laying, is to give the first clutch to hens striving to overcome their defects as much as possible.

She will soon commence laying again, and should be allowed to mother the second brood herself. Many turkeys will even raise the third clutch, so managed, and have the youngest birds ready for the holiday market.

DOULTRY NOTES

Meat in some form must be fed poultry.

In Paris markets the eggs are dated and one pays according to the freshness.

Turkeys should not be allowed to perch before they are fully three months old.

Ducks and geese require deep drinking vessels, especially if reared and kept on land.

An excellent substitute for green bone is the commercial meat sold by poultry supply houses.

After all the chicks are out of the shells the hens should be dusted for fear of lice upon the chicks.

The best breed for egg production is one that has been bred especially for egg production and not a particular breed.

Co-operative egg-farming is carried on in parts of England which gives a method for disposing of eggs to a good advantage.

Whitewash is better than paint on the poultry house for the reason that it costs less and has a purifying influence as well.

The setting hen should be provided with a dust bath, a place where she can dust herself each day when she comes off the nest.

The more the hen exercises the more perfect the circulation of the blood, and consequently more blood, which means more eggs.

It pays to feed young fowls well until full-grown. Once stunted they never regain their vigor even by the most careful feeding and care.

Fowls on free range, especially in an orchard, gather a vast amount of bugs, worms and insects that furnish them all the meat food required.

Environment becomes an important matter and those fowls which have the best environment will, other things equal, be most likely to show improvement.

Hens in confinement, properly managed, lay more eggs than those given unlimited range, though when fed from a hopper they are not so inclined to roam such a great distance.