



NOW FOR THE HOME GROWN OSTRICH PLUME

America Soon To Supply Bulk of Feathers Used Within Its Borders

The wise and daring investors who transplanted ostrich farming from Africa to the United States are congratulating themselves now. They are reaping a harvest now, such as perhaps they never dreamed of, for the plumes of the gawky bird are at the top wave of popularity that has lasted ever since the days when Gainsborough painted his world-famous beauties with huge hats covered with ostrich feathers.

Since that day, if not before it, in fact, the ostrich plume has lain very close to the feminine heart, but its vogue this year surpasses all records. The fair votary of Dame Fashion may array herself in all that is beautiful and costly, her dress may be purest silk, her fingers blaze with diamonds, her coat be precious fur, but she is not happy unless the whole be surmounted by a picture hat, with two, three, or perhaps four superb ostrich plumes. It is almost impossible for milliners to meet the demand for high-grade feathers, and if they were dependent solely on the stock imported from Africa, it would be quite out of the question, but the American ostrich farms at Pasadena, Jacksonville and Phoenix have flourished, and the big bird has proved himself such a flourishing American that a large part of the supply is now a home product.

The modern society woman spends more money on her hats than ever before, for the reason that with shopping, calling, driving and luncheon, she has her hat on most of the day, and naturally must make it the crowning glory of her costume. Fifty dollars is no uncommon cost for a hat trimmed with only modest feathers, and the particular customer, who seeks, for example, a plume, say twenty-four inches long, must not be surprised if called upon to pay \$80 for the feathers alone, without taking into account the cost of the other materials and the making.

But it is not alone the member of the four hundred who dons the feather of the ostrich. Women in more moderate circumstances can get a very luxurious effect from a feather that costs less than \$10. In fact a milliner will say that there is no form of headwear in which such good results can be obtained as from ostrich feathers.

The world's total supply of ostriches is now said to be about 380,000 birds. All but 20,000 of these are in Africa, the native country of the biggest birds. The stock is not decreasing, for it is one of the good fortunes of the ostrich that to take his feathers does not cause his death. The feathers would drop off themselves if not removed, and there is nothing painful about the latter operation, though the vanity of the bird that is being robbed of its chief ornament makes him resent the process. The ostrich is too valuable a bird to be ill used, for on the average they are worth \$800 per pair, and each one will produce some sixty dollars' worth of feathers every year. Hence it will be seen that the owner has the strongest motives of self-interest to take care of the birds. The feathers are never plucked till they are ripe.

It is only a little more than two decades ago since the first ostriches were brought into the United States with the serious purpose of attempting their culture here. Before that time the only ones seen in Uncle Sam's realm had been adjuncts to circuses. When the experiment was first attempted there were many misgivings as to what success would attend the venture. It had been the accepted opinion that the birds would not thrive anywhere save in the Dark Continent. This doubt has passed away, for not a single one of the farms is a loser, and some are yielding a considerable profit.

Outside of the first cost of the birds, ostrich farming is not a costly venture. The food bill is not a big one,

for supplying the home demand. Cotton and cotton products exported were \$481,000,000, or 28 per cent; grain and products sold abroad were \$107,000,000, or 11.5 per cent; and \$113,000,000, or 6.5 per cent, was miscellaneous farm products.

"Forest products are 7.5 per cent of our exports. We use tobacco extensively and pay around \$3,000,000 for importations from Cuba and Sumatra, Porto Rico, Mediterranean countries and Brazilian ports. We raised Sumatra wrappers last year to the extent of \$7,000,000 worth. The department, after discovering principles, conducts object lessons on the farms of the people to help them toward better things.

"We found in the Connecticut valley and in Florida the same soil that grows the wrapper tobacco in Sumatra, after visiting that country and studying their methods and soils. We found in Alabama and Texas the same soil that produces the filler tobacco in Cuba, after learning what soil is suitable, and last year raised 400 acres of it in those States. We hope in time to grow all the tobacco now imported from Cuba and Sumatra into the United States."

NO LONGER GOOD FORM.

People in High Society Say Appendicitis is Vulgar Disease.

The fashionable valetudinarian is threatened with a distinct bereavement. Appendicitis has been declared to be bad form, and those who wish to preserve a true social eminence must on no account suffer from it. There was a time when only the educated suffered from appendicitis, because only the educated knew the anatomical position of the appendix, but in these days of vulgar equality even the washer-woman knows where to put her finger when she is asked where the pain is.

As a result the supercilious must find a new disease into whose domain the great unwashed have not yet found their way.

An eastern scribe has made inquiries from prominent physicians and the worst rumors are confirmed. One great authority admits that but few operations are now necessary, and that "we are glad to send our patients from the surgical to the medical ward, where hot fomentations and a milk diet are prescribed."

A well-known nursing sister said frankly that appendicitis has become unfashionable, and she added unkindly that fashions in the medical world vary as much as in the showrooms of a stylish dressmaker. A well-known surgeon admitted that "appendicitis has followed the example of all fashionable crazes and is dying a natural death, and for no other reason than that the laundry lady has dared to imitate the duchess.

"Needless to say, I am not alluding to genuine cases of the disease, but because the fashionable illness has been pronounced unfashionable the large contingent of hysterical patients have turned their attention to the creation of some new complaint."

Commerce with Brazil.

To-day there is wanting in Brazil what the world calls American enterprise; our influence is scarcely felt in Rio, says the Reader. We sell locomotives, sewing machines, paste dimes and phonographs, but our sense of orderliness, our economy of labor and attention to detail, our eagerness to get business and promptness in dispatching it when once got are only slowly being understood. The English and German firms do things in an old-fashioned way, failing to recognize apparently that the modern methods at home could with profit be introduced here.

Yet our commerce with them is growing. We received from Brazil, in 1904, \$90,000,000, almost altogether coffee, rubber and hides, while we sent them \$200,000,000 worth of machinery, lard and kerosene. In fact, we are the country of the kerosene can, for our oil is known from one end of Brazil to the other, and many a native will tell the traveler from the United States, "Oh, yes, I know that place; it's where the cans come from." And often this is the extent of his knowledge.

It is quite clear that to establish the prestige of the United States in Brazil the first step necessary is to establish a North American bank. Not only prestige, but power and commerce await this move. Trade may follow the flag in political oratory, but a sound bank and a familiarity with a nation's currency are, to my mind, far more potent factors.

Painfully Economical.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know what you think economy is?

And the mining prospectus gets the coin while the hard-luck story is bumping the bumps.

Shrieking Mandrake.

In medieval days the mandrake was supposed to shriek or groan when uprooted, the following lines are taken from the oldest witch-song extant:

"I last night lay all alone
On the ground to hear the mandrake groan,
And plucked him up though he gives full low,
And as so I did, the cock did crow!"

The shrieks of the mandrake were supposed to be so horrible that those hearing them went mad. It was customary, therefore, in gathering the plant not only to employ a dog but also to stuff tow in the ears. This curious notion was explained by Newton in his Herbal to the Bible by the fact that the mandrake was popularly supposed to grow spontaneously under a gallows, engendered by the decaying body of the hanged man and was therefore endowed with the spirit of the culprit. It seems probable, however, that, by some mental twist, shrieks had become transferred to the plant from those delirious with it.

Their Little Celebration.

Pete Coopah—How'd you an' your wife celebrate your wooden weddi yesterday?

Jim Johnson—Oh, she hit me on the head with a rollin' pin 'cause I wouldn't split some kindlin'!—Puck.

A quiet wedding is but a curtain raiser for a strenuous afterpart.



There are times when words fall a man—but if he has a wife it doesn't matter much.—Chicago Daily News.

The way to get rich is to lay up part of your own income and as much as possible of other people's.—Somerville Journal.

Jennie—Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day? Olive—Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her.—The Bits.

Frightened Actor—The leading lady is touring her hair! Stage Manager—Well, what of it? It isn't her hair.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Wythe says she thinks that it is wrong to play whist. Mrs. Black—It is, the way she plays it.—Somerville Journal.

"You have no sense of humor," he complained. "You can't take a joke." "I took one when I got you," she bitterly replied.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Tom—Mamma, let's move. Mamma—What for, dear Tom?—Oh, I've liked every kid in the block, an' there's no more fun here.—Chicago Daily News.

Girl (to cry): Little brother!—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Dick? Bobbie says he has already given you two bites. Dick—But it's my apple.—Life.

Shea—How long have you been sick? Ryan—Five days. Shea—Glory be! An' why don't ye get a doctor? Ryan—Sure, I got to go to wur-ruk Monday mornin'.—Puck.

"Come in here, I wish to tell you a piece of gossip Mrs. Smith told me." "Is it good?" "Is it? I had to promise not to tell a soul before she would tell me."—Houston Post.

Higgins—I understand your son is pursuing his studies at college. Wiggins—Yes; but from what I can ascertain, I don't believe he will ever catch up with them.—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Meany—I see they are wearing gowns longer this year. Mrs. Meany (fervently)—Well, if they wear 'em any longer than I do, they will have to make 'em out of sheet-iron.—Pick-me-up.

Little Dimpleton—How long will it take you to give me a working knowledge in jiu-jitsu? The Professor—Oh, say, two weeks. "But, heavens, man, I can't wait all that time to get rid of that cook!"—Life.

The inspector of police was before the commissioner. "Is there graft in your precinct?" demanded the superior. "I think not," responded the inspector. "My impression is that I got it all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hicks—I dropped around to see the Fitz Klooses in their flat last night, but I couldn't get in. Wicks—Not at home, eh? Hicks—Yes, they were all at home; that was the trouble.—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Sold your automobile, eh?" exclaimed Wyss. "What was the trouble?" "Couldn't control it," explained Acher. "When I ran fast it took me to the police court and when I ran slowly it didn't take me anywhere."—Harper's Weekly.

Magazine Editor—Your sonnet has literary merit, but I can't use it because it does not conform to the established rules of sonnet writing. Ambitious Young Contributor—That is its chief merit, sir. It establishes a new form for the sonnet.—Chicago Tribune.

The attendant in the dentist's office approached the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered. "Do you want to have a tooth extracted?" she inquired. "Want to," he snorted. "Want to? What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to."—Ann Arbor Chaparral.

Uncle Eben (telling the Sugarville news to his urban nephew)—An' Bill Hanks hez hung out his shingle ez a lawyer. "That fellow. Why, he can't even read!" "Oh, Bill knows what he's a-doin'." He's goin' to make a specialty of this onwritin' kind, the makin' sech a hit hyur lately.—Puck.

Chicaneil, who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back: "Appeal immediately."—El Mundo Umoristico.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

PUT IT IN THE BANK.

It was this way: You read about the fortunes that were made without working. You knew a man who bought stock for almost nothing and became a millionaire in a day. You read the glittering advertisements that made you feel that only tools remain poor and live by day's work. And then you took the pitiful few hundred dollars that you had saved, almost a penny at a time, and were ready to invest in stocks, or bonds, or shares, or something that you really knew as much about as a last year's robin.

Listen a minute. There was a Goolet, a Vanderbilt and an Astor. They were born with millions. They knew more about the making of money without working for it than you ever can know. They inhaled the atmosphere of Wall street almost from birth. They knew, or thought they did, the ins and outs. They never earned a dollar by the sweat of their brows. Their millions were all taken from somebody by the process that they were keen and clever and had resources of information that even the best of outside investors never will have.

Along came that notorious manipulator of "securities," E. H. Harriman. He, it is alleged, gave the trio mentioned information that should lead to the garnering of more unearned millions. Yes, sir, they had a "tip," just as you think you have one, only their chance of securing a real "tip" was much better than yours could ever be. As near as can be figured out without being allowed to look at the books, the losses of these pets of society will aggregate over \$7,000,000. Astor alone was plucked for \$2,000,000, and if he likes it he hasn't told anybody.

That is all of the story. You take your savings, if you have an atom of gray matter left in your upper story, and hike for a savings bank. Three or four per cent and safety look better now, don't they?—Des Moines News.

TAKING WILL NOT MAKE HUSBANDS.

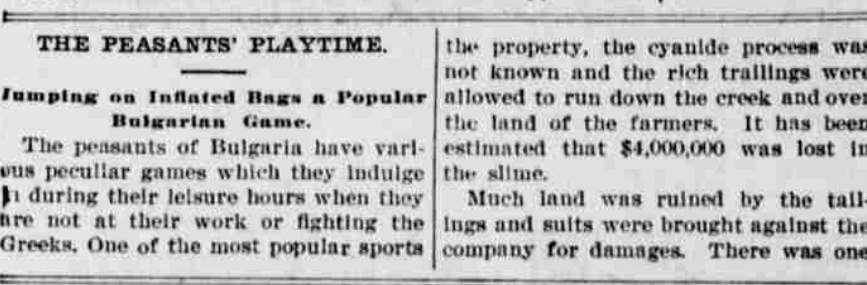
THE taxation of bachelors, of which much is heard these days might be a success as a revenue measure. But no one can possibly imagine that it will result in anyone being forced into marriage. If a man is amenable to considerations of a pecuniary nature in such a matter, he will unfortunately reflect that paying the fine is not half as expensive as supporting a wife and family. The result will be that he will pay and remain unwed.

It might be very nice if some way were found to force men and women into marriage, and then again it might not. At present, in spite of occasional outrages about the number of the unmarried, there does not seem to be any particular reason why the nation or any particular section of it should be disturbed. Enough people fitted for marriage are marrying every year to guarantee the continuance of the race and a reasonable increase of population. As for the men who do not marry, the chances are that most of them are temperamentally unfit for it, and their union would be a cause of unhappiness to both men and wife. As for the women who stay single, they live in a time and a country where it is not necessary for a woman to wed to secure an honorable support. The

THE PEASANTS' PLAYTIME.

Jumping on Inflated Bags a Popular Bulgarian Game.

The peasants of Bulgaria have various peculiar games which they indulge in during their leisure hours when they are not at their work or fighting the Greeks. One of the most popular sports



BULGARIAN YOUTHS JUMPING ON INFLATED HIDES FOR SPORT.

is that of jumping on inflated buckskin bags. Of course, the foothold is insecure and the peasant rebounds into the air and often pitches forward on his nose. This delights the spectators, who beat on drums and clap their hands in glee at the collapse.

The inflated bags are strewn at intervals in a line and one peasant after another tries his luck to see if he can break the skins. If he can, the skin is his as a prize. The costumes of the Bulgarian peasants are very picturesque and, as they jump in the air, their short skirts whirl about, giving them the appearance of ballet dancers.

CROPS OF GOLD.

ew Kind of Farming Made Possible by the Cyanide Process.

Ranchmen living along Canon creek, a few miles northwest of Helena, Mont., have a new occupation which they pursue each season, and in many cases the returns far exceed those secured from ordinary farming. The operation is mining and the miners are now getting ready to open for this season, and on account of the unusual supply of water splendid results are expected.

During the rainy days of the Glosmine, near Marysville, when \$8,000,000 worth of gold was taken out of

failure to marry does not imply, as it once seemed to do, a half failure in her life and mission.

The most serious aspect of the marriage problem to-day is not presented by the failure of many people to enter into that relation. It comes from the failure of many who have entered into it to realize its seriousness and live up to their obligation. When the problem of divorce is fairly well settled it will be time enough to consider the other and lesser problem.—Chicago Examiner.

ACCOUNTING FOR RAILWAY DISASTERS.

DURING the first two months of 1907 American railway passengers killed in collisions, derailments, and by other causes connected with moving trains numbered 170, or at the rate of 1,020 for the year. Compared with prior years this is astonishing, as is shown by the following table which gives the number of passengers killed in train accidents during each of the last eighteen years:

Year.	Killed.	Year.	Killed.
1906	182	1897	96
1905	350	1896	41
1904	270	1895	30
1903	164	1894	162
1902	170	1893	100
1901	119	1892	195
1900	93	1891	110
1899	83	1890	113
1898	74	1889	161

The variation in these figures, the passenger traffic being relatively constant, is remarkable. In 1895, when but thirty were killed, it looked as if an era of safety had been reached. Not until 1901 did the deaths in any year exceed one hundred. Why the decrease and the increase since? Railways, as a rule, have better equipment and roadbeds than ten years ago. There are more safety appliances. Superintendence has hardly lessened in carefulness. This suggests that the weeding out of employes during the business depression had something to do with the reduced death loss. This explanation is strengthened by noting how the death rate has swelled since with the introduction of a great host of new employes.—New York Globe.

WARSHIP CONSTRUCTION.

NOBODY believes that the world is ready to take a serious step toward the limitation of armaments, but the extent to which the project has been agitated and the certainty that it will be one of the topics before The Hague conference in June may be taken as a measure in the world's yearning for release from the ever-increasing burdens which armaments impose. There is certainly comfort in the belief that, whatever the obstacles, that which the world wants badly enough it will get—provided it does not want the impossible. This, of course, leaves it as an open question whether disarmament is one of the impossible things, but until that shall be demonstrated the devout aspiration of the peace lovers will continue to be for escape from the military monster that modern civilization has constructed for itself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE EARNED HIS MONEY.

Mr. Huckins was trying to make over a screen door for the Widow Jennings. The day was hot and muggy, and she hung over him all day with questions, suggestions and complaints.

"Aren't you getting that too narrow?" asked the widow, hovering over the carpenter in a way suggestive of some large, persistent insect.

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Huckins. "You know a few minutes ago you thought 'twas too wide, and I measured it to show ye."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Jennings. "Well, anyway, I believe it'll sag if you don't change the hinge. Just hold it up and see."

Mr. Huckins held the door in place, and proved that the hinges were in the right spots, and after that Mrs. Jennings kept silence for a few moments.

"O, dear," she said, grasping Mr. Huckins' hand after the short respite, "I'm sure you planed it off so the files can get in at the top! Please hold it up again, and I'll just get on a chair and see if a fly could squeeze through. You may have to add a piece."

When it had been proved that not even the smallest and most enterprising fly could find entrance space, there was another short respite. After that Mrs. Jennings once more had an alarm over the possibility that the door might stick somewhere.

When at last it was hung and Mr. Huckins was ready to depart, the widow asked him for his bill.

"I don't make out any bills," said Mr. Huckins, wearily, "but I'll tell ye what this work'll cost. If I'd've done it under the ordinary circumstances I have to contend with, 'twould have been fifty cents, but in this case I'll have to charge ye an extra quarter, ma'am, for pester."

A Caustic Rejoinder.

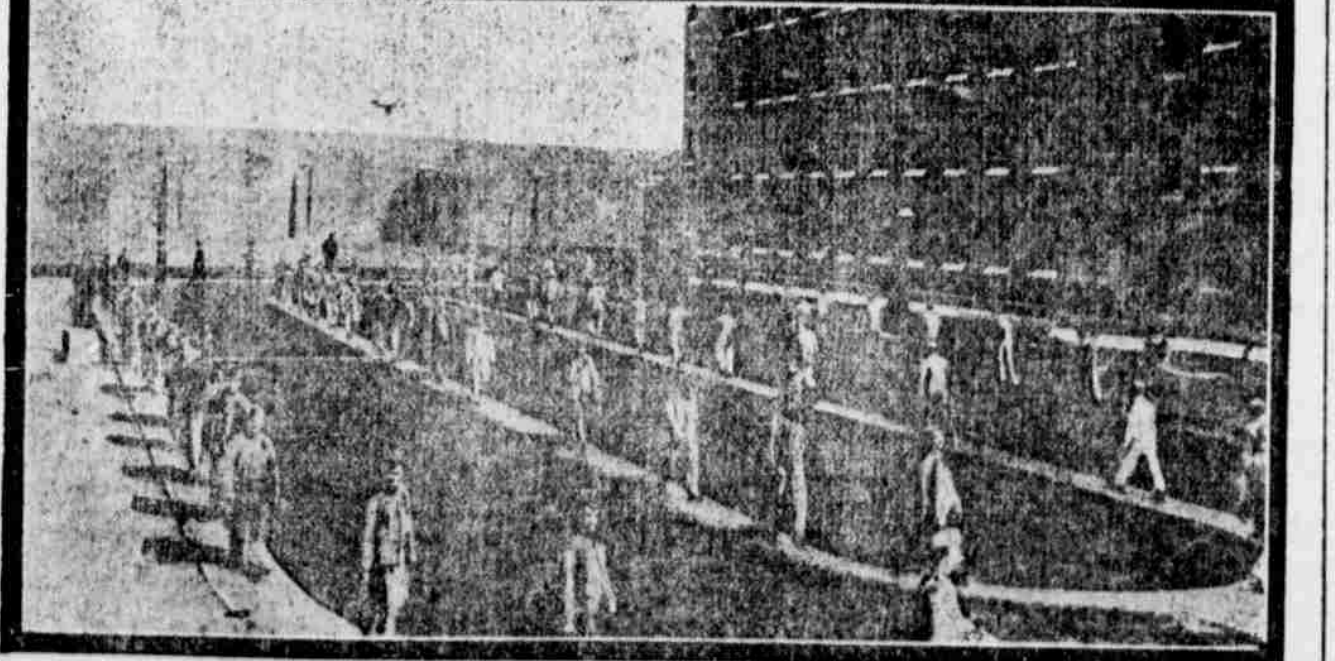
A physician who had for fifteen years been one of the doctors of the Actors' fund, and who attended hundreds of actors with no compensation whatever, wrote to a prominent manager and asked for some theater tickets. His request was refused, the manager asking what the doctor had ever done that he should be entitled to receive theater tickets gratis. The physician immediately replied. His letter contained a brief recital of his services to theatrical people. In conclusion he said: "Despite my services, as named above, I should not have thought of asking you for tickets had it not been that upon the occasion of the death of Mr. Blank you assured me that if you could ever serve me in any way whatever, you would consider it a favor if I would call upon you. However, I hear you no ill will on account of your present action. I was very glad to attend Mr. Blank when he died in your box office, and I should be happy to do as much for you at any time."

Tough Indeed.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."—Philadelphia Press.

CONVICTS TAKING DAILY EXERCISE IN AN ENGLISH PRISON.



This interesting photograph shows the scene in the prison yard at Wormwood Scrubs, England, when the convicts are taking their daily exercise. The men are taken out in squads. It will be noted that the walks in the yard are so laid out in serpentine manner that they never cross. Every convict has to start in at one end and follow the windings of the walk until he reaches the other end. These fellows get coffee and bread for breakfast and supper and the same for dinner, with potatoes and a bit of meat added. It does not seem likely that the men can banker for much exercise on such fare, but it is compulsory. Wormwood Scrubs is called the greatest penal institution in England.