

BATTLE IN MIDAIR

Partridge Battles With Kidnaper of Her Chick.

After She Had Freed Victim, Golfers Who Had Witnessed the Combat Go to the Rescue of Her Brood.

Omaha.—J. D. Haskell, a banker of Wakefield, and Judge Eric Johnson of Putnam, while playing a match game of golf several days ago, witnessed a battle royal between a mother partridge, defending her young, and a hawk.

The players were putting for the seventeenth hole. The banker had made his third shot and won the hole, giving him one up and one to play. As the judge was putting his attention was suddenly called to the loud cries of a mother partridge, which Mr. Haskell discovered near the eighteenth ground. The mother bird was anxious to get her four young ones away from the golfers.

She whistled frantically, shrilly and pleadingly, prompting them as if saying: "Hurry up, hurry up for your lives, my children!" At the eighteenth hole Mr. Haskell had teed up in readiness to drive off when this attention was attracted by a new and louder shriek from the parent bird.

Her mind had been on the golf players and not on a large hawk which had been lurking and hovering near by, its greedy eyes fastened on the plump young birds with a ferocity in no way limited or modified by the laws governing the close season.

The hawk swooped down and grabbed one of the chicks before the parent could divert attention wholly from the players to the bird of prey. Mr. Hawk was rising with it, when the mother discovered the seizure and made what might be called a flying leap for the aerial pirate.

Then followed a duel in midair, 15 feet from the ground, which held the golfers spellbound. They could not have interred at this stage of the battle had they possessed the opportunity, so fascinating was the struggle between, on the one side of the fearlessness, desperation and spunk inspired by the mother love of the partridge, and on the other side the savagery of the hawk.

Both the combatants tumbled to the ground, with the partridge on top, clawing, pecking and rolling over and over. Feathers flew. Mr. Hawk was

COSTUMES FOR SUFFRAGIST PARADE



Here are two of the Washington suffragists in the costumes to be worn in the parade of March 3. On the left is Miss Katherine Hurst in the brown uniform of the "Women Farmers," of whom there will be fifty. On the right is Miss Edna Stahl, wearing the pale blue costume of the fifty society girl pages.

on his back, and the mother partridge kept shrieking and whistling to her children to take to the tall grass. The hawk had so much to attend to in defending itself from the attacks of the partridge that it was obliged in the early rounds of the combat to drop the chick.

After a desperate battle on the ground, lasting several minutes, the partridge left the attack and fluttered in the direction of her brood, while the hawk doggedly made a dive to capture another of her young. Mr.

Haskell and Judge Johnson, wielding their drivers, then made for the freebooter of the air, and drove him off. While they were doing this the partridge and three of her chicks made their escape, leaving behind the one that had been dropped from the hawk's talons. It had sustained a broken wing. The golfers placed the wounded chick in the tall grass near by, where the hawk could not find it. It was still there when they went back in the evening to investigate, but it was gone in the morning.

RECIPE FOR SAVING

Head of Chicago Mission Tells How to Rescue Derelicts.

Harry Monroe Declares He Was a Tough, But Was Called From Life of Debauchery by Conviction of Its Hopelessness.

"With a Bible in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other—that's the only way to save the man that's down."

"Don't drop the bad man, the man that's strong and wrong. That's the man to stick to. If you win you've got a real one."

"Kindness is the thing. Slap him on the back. Help him 'get a front,' then make him hustle."

"The helpless booze fighter has just lost his nerve. He's a dead one. Help him materially as well as mentally. If you don't he's a goner. He can't make a piky at all."

Chicago.—Harry Monroe gives these remedies for the redemption of those who have strayed or have fallen.

The kindly little fat man with the twinkling eye and a handshake that has given hope to thousands thus sums up, in advice to others, the acts that have made him successful at Pacific Garden Mission.

Nearly everybody has heard of Harry Monroe. Among the derelicts he is known as a friend. Among church folk he is the genius who guides the Pacific Garden Mission, the "mother of American missions."

Still another class of people know Harry Monroe. Thirty-five years ago, when Pacific Garden, at 67 West Van Buren street, was one of Chicago's most notorious "free and easy" saloons, cafe and dance hall, the "rounders" knew Monroe as a "pal."

Monroe was then a young tough who fought his way in and out of the dives of Whiskey Row, and most of the time was drinking heavily. An interviewer remarked about his youthfully pink cheeks and clear eye.

"That's from more than twenty years on the water wagon," laughed Harry Monroe. "You think I'm 50. Well, I passed the 60 mark last year."

"Thirty years ago I staggered past this place. I was wandering aimlessly. I heard the singing. I came in and sat through the service. Says I to myself, 'This is the game that's right. I'm wrong.' I tried to drive away that feeling, but it wouldn't go. I came back.

"Well! A Man Who Has Been on the Water 34 Years Should Not Look Old at 60."

An English visitor thinks American women get too plump. If they do, they are still, like Little Buttercup, "plump and pleasing persons."

In Los Angeles a woman one hundred and five years old is to be married. Surely that city's climate is wonderful, barring the frosts.

Landslides at Culebra are living up to the large type in the small hand-bills.

Kindness is the thing, though. Most of the men who come in here are helpless booze-fighters. The booze-fighter has lost his nerve. He's a dead one. What he needs is a friend.

"Chicago is the mecca of the down and out, because they know that Chicago offers more kindness than any other city in the land. It is surprising how fast young chaps from the country strike the skids and go. They get dizzy in the big city, and fall. Kindness is the only thing that will bring them back."

SING ON WAY TO GRAVE

Mourners Obey Deceased's Wish as They Go to Cemetery in France.

Paris.—When an old man named Joseph Hughes was buried recently at Aramon, near Nimes, the funeral procession, according to the terms of his will, followed the coffin with every one singing an old song of which Hughes had been fond. The old man, who met his death through falling upon the fire while his wife was preparing his supper, was of an original turn of mind and had kept his coffin under his bed for twenty years, using it as a wardrobe.

OLD PALS DIE SAME HOUR

New Yorkers, Each 83, Long Friends, Breathe Their Last at Fated Time.

Middletown, N. Y.—At exactly the same hour Archibald Little Vail and Abram Wilcox, old friends and former business men of this city, died at their homes after years of illness. Each was eighty-three years old.

LAUGHS AT SOLDIER'S NAME

Private Says He Is Called Titanic Meyer Because He Was Not Lost on Liner.

Berlin.—Whenever the kaiser reviews a regiment personally interesting stories concerning conversations between him and some of the soldiers form the topic of evening talk in the barracks and eventually find their way into the press. These may or may not be true, but they are always interesting, and the latest is well vouched for.

According to this report the emperor, while reviewing the guard regiment at Potsdam, was attracted by a private who was unusually tall and awkward. The kaiser approached him and asked:

"What's your name, my son?"

"Titanic Meyer, your majesty," answered the soldier.

"Titanic Meyer?" repeated the kaiser, smiling. "Don't you know you bear the name of a ship which sank last April? How comes it you are named after a ship?"

"Yes, your majesty," replied the soldier. "That's the reason I'm called Titanic Meyer. When the ship was lost the captain said to me: 'Meyer,

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Delicate Point.

They are a happy couple. They haven't been married very long. In fact, the honeymoon has barely waned, says the Pittsburgh Post. An elderly friend met the bridegroom downtown yesterday and slapped him on the back.

"Well, happy as a lark, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes."

"How's the cooking?"

"I have one trouble. It's just this—my wife has been preparing angel food every day for dinner."

"You must be getting tired of it."

"I am. Yet I feel a hesitancy about saying anything. How soon after the honeymoon would it be proper to ask for beefsteak and onions?"

Some Method.

"Don't you think, dear," began Mr. Comfy, "that our next door neighbors, the Scrubbs, are putting on a great deal too much style, considering the fact that they never know from day to day where the next meal is coming from?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Comfy, "you see, the more style they put on, the more likely they are to be invited out to dinner."

Loyal to Her Teacher.

Sunday School Teacher—Yes, children, the Lord made everybody.

Small Girl—Did he make you, teacher?

Teacher—Yes. He made me, too.

Small Girl—And he's got nothin' to be ashamed of, either.

Has To.

"Do you really believe in this home rule business?"

"Of course I do. Ain't I married?"

Figuratively speaking, a man and his wife are one, but the figures on the grocery bill are apt to disprove it.

Thought of It.

For a thing that springs mostly from badly digested misinformation, public sentiment is amazingly often right.—Puck.

It isn't half as far from virtue to vice as it is from vice to virtue.

"What's the Use"

waiting for Nature, alone, to bring back your appetite, to make the liver active and the bowels regular? Some assistance is needed and

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Advertisement for OMAHA LIVE STOCK COMMISSION COMPANY. Text: "FOR BEST RESULTS SHIP YOUR CATTLE, HOGS AND SHEEP TO OMAHA LIVE STOCK COMMISSION COMPANY SOUTH OMAHA, NEBRASKA"

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