

INDIANS KILLING OFF GAME

Right to Hunt on Reservations Often Abused by the Red Warriors.

Sportsmen returning from hunting in the vicinity of northern Minnesota Indian reservations tell in the Duluth Herald of the scarcity of game in certain sections which can be accounted for only on the theory that the Indians have been killing the animals during the fall and early summer, both on and off their reserves.

This Indian proposition is one that occasions a great deal of worry where reservations are located. Laws governing the Indians in this respect are little understood by the whites in general, but they are such that the conviction of any of these wards of the government for breaking them is made extremely difficult, if not impossible.

After taking his lands from him, or most of them, it would become the government if it did not allow the Indian the privilege of hunting at all seasons when wild game is eatable. This privilege is accorded him, but only on the reservations. He is not supposed to hunt at all in the outside forests unless such hunting is done in the open season for game, and some so read the law that he has not the right to kill game at any time unless hunting in the reservation.

The Indians know the law and are careful to see that they are not caught breaking it, though in many instances they live so far from a game warden that they have become careless and open violations are said to be frequent. But even in cases of this kind it is no easy matter to secure a conviction, for, even though the proper man be arrested, it is difficult to get proof against him. The red men are careful to protect one of their own number and stolidly refuse to testify against him, especially in affairs of this kind.

As a general thing the warden pays little or no attention to such violations and lets the Indian hunter do as he will. Even when the hunter knows a game warden is in his vicinity he can usually contrive to bring down his game and get it into the reservation before being detected.

BIRD BABIES' FEEDING TIME

How Wee Humming Birds Are Given Food by Fond Mother, Who Is Only Protection.

"When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest, the little mother darted at me and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot twice, then she seemed convinced that I was harmless, says William Lovell Finley, in the Country Calendar. She whirled and sat on the nest edge. The bantlings opened wide their hungry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker, and braced herself against the nest side. She craned her neck and drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. She plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt, and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to punctuate him to the toes. Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of infants. But they were not mangled and bloody; they were getting a square meal after the usual humming-bird method of regurgitation. Then ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their lips. How they liked it! Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her naked bosom. Occasionally she reached under to caress them with whisps of mother love."

Choice of Evils. "Ethel, I wish you wouldn't go out and play golf so much with that young Phoozle." "Why, mamma, if I didn't do that he'd come here and talk it all the time."—Chicago Tribune.

There's a Distinction. The difference between a politician and a statesman is about the same as the difference between a "sport" and a sportsman.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHARM OF THE OLD SONGS

The Old Favorites Are Perennially Popular with All Classes of People.

Old songs are the best, for they carry us back to the days that were radiant with sentiment and were part of poetry and romance, declares the Kansas City Journal. They stir our natures in their profoundest depths, and, reaching below the callous of our petrescent hearts, play strange accompaniments upon the long discussed strings of our remembrance. Who can resist the subtle potency of those old songs that stop the world in tear-smiles that we may wave a salutation back through a rift in the storm of years to the youth and maiden of the long ago?

That the old songs are best has been shown in the perennial popularity of Patti's "Home, Sweet Home," Emma Abbott's "Annie Laurie," Jennie Lind's "Kathleen Mavourneen," Christina Nilsson's "Way Down Upon the Swanee River" and Melba's "Comin' Through the Rye." We do not always associate these immortal songs with the great singers who have included them in their concerts, but the singers are often remembered because of the songs themselves. There are few who can remember the many acrobatic feats of the splendid vocal artists who have commanded almost fabulous sums for their singing, but no one can forget when they yielded to popular demand for the old songs. Patti or Sembrich or Melba or Calve never had more sincere appreciation in the supremest moments of her triumphs than when she descended for the time from the classics of foreign composers and sang the simple love ballads that sent thrills through world-weary hearts and caused withered palms to stir in tremulous applause.

HOLDERS OF ODD RECORDS

Waltz That Lasted Six and Three Quarter Hours—Egg Eater's Capacity—Other Marks.

Those who fail to gain distinction through other means seem to seek oddity of performance, and every little while there appears a challenge from some "champion egg eater" or other freak, says the New York Herald.

The 40-quail-in-40-days performance has been outdone by a man who recently ate a whole goose each day for 30 days, the fowl weighing from 6 to 11 pounds.

Other records in this line are 60 soft-boiled eggs daily for six days, six quarts of beans in 40 minutes, smoking 50 cigars in 11 hours without once taking a drink.

A Paris couple recently waltzed without cessation for 6 1/2 hours, while an English actor danced all the way from London to Norwich.

The best club-swinging record has been standing for 17 years, when 388 different combinations were shown in 16 1/2 minutes, 2,311 revolutions being required.

A score of 6,434 points was the result of a 24 hour endurance billiard match in Paris, the contestants covering 30 miles in walking around the table, and a violinist has played a composition of 4,800 notes in 4 1/2 minutes, averaging 19 notes a second.

Reciting Dante's "Divine Comedy" from memory in 20 hours is another queer record, while others have gained fame through making 2,000 ham sandwiches in 19 hours and 40 minutes, dressing ten sheep in 33 minutes, 200 chickens in 44 minutes and killing and dry picking 103 geese in ten hours.

Strange Bet on War.

Some extraordinary bets have been made on the Japanese-Russian war. A number of Japanese officers have bet that they would be killed in battle. The money was to go to their widows. One officer, on starting for the front, made the following wager: If he were killed within a month his heirs were to receive \$500. After that he was to pay his opponent 10 yen (\$5) a day until he had survived 100 days, after which the bet was to cease. He undertook to expose himself to danger only when military conditions demanded it; in other words, he would not willfully let himself be killed.

Has to Shout. There are times when the still small voice of conscience sounds as if it had been filtered through a megaphone. — Chicago Daily News.

PLAINT OF THE MAIL MAN.

Taking Letters from Chute No Fun If Package from Twentieth Floor Hits Hand.

Skyscrapers have added to the trials and tribulations of the mail men, according to the Philadelphia Record, which tells this story: The letter carrier was gingerly fishing out mail from the box at the bottom of the office building mail chute. "You handle it as if it was dynamite," commented the elevator starter, who was overlooking the proceeding. "Ain't afraid it will go off, are you?" "No, but I don't want to get hurt," responded the postman. "There isn't any dynamite to be feared, but it's no joke to have a letter drop two or three hundred feet onto your hand. Look at that one," he continued, holding up a bulky missive bearing four two cent stamps; "that letter weighs two ounces, judging by the stamps. It may have been dropped into the chute at the twentieth floor. Just consider what kind of a sensation you would experience if a two-ounce weight fell 250 feet and landed on your knuckles, and you will get some idea of the thud that would have been coming to me if my hand had been in the way when that letter sailed down. Even the ordinary letter inside the two-cent weight limit will make you wince if it soaks you after a descent of 20 stories. The blow is delivered by the edge of the envelope, and sometimes it will draw blood. This job of collecting mail from office buildings may not be as dangerous as working in a powder mill, but when a fellow has been swatted two or three times by heavy letters traveling at cannon-ball speed he begins to think about taking out an accident insurance policy."

The favorite hunting ground is on Broadway from Fourteenth street to Forty-second street, and along Forty-second to the Grand Central. More people travel over this route and more cigars are smoked here than in any other given stretch of street in the city.

The hunters usually go out in pairs, and one takes the inside and the other the outside of the walk. Then they march along looking on the sidewalk and especially in the entrances of cigar stores for the bands. Some of the bolder ones do not hesitate to sally in and grab a coveted one if they see it lying on the floor.

The women who make these plates were quick to find the hunting grounds. Hubby did not purchase enough different brands of cigars to meet the demands. The dealers in the vicinity had too many calls to be able to favor everyone. So resourceful women ventured out. They found that men would usually throw the band on the sidewalk. Now the sidewalk is gone over carefully and bands of all sizes, shapes and colors are found and patted on dishes, plates or bowls.

The favorite band is the big red or brown one that comes on some of the largest Cuban cigars. Any of the bands from the Havana or Key West cigars are snapped up, and even the brands from the cheaper domestic brands are not neglected. But as the object of most of the makers is to have rare bands and bands from costly cigars, Broadway is scoured in search of them.

HIS STRONG LANGUAGE.

Boiling with Rage, When Able to Speak, Jarrad Man Utters Single Word, "Idiot."

"While passing along Regent street, in London, one day not long since," said a well-known New Yorker, "I saw a cab horse knock down a dignified, well-dressed man as he attempted to cross the crowded thoroughfare. The horse was moving slowly at the time, and the man was more jarred than hurt. But when he regained his feet he was simply boiling over with rage. He dashed madly after his silk hat, which was in imminent danger of being crushed by the wheels of aansom, and then rushed in another direction for his cane. The street was jammed and the driver had not been able to move more than a few feet from the spot where he had run down the foot passenger.

"After securing his hat and cane the man jumped on the sidewalk, glared up at the driver, and tried to speak, but was actually rendered temporarily inarticulate by his anger. I lingered to see the finish of the incident, as I expected, as soon as his feelings had subsided sufficiently to permit him to speak, to hear an eruption of abuse, thickly intermingled with strong words, such as would be likely to come from the average American placed under similar circumstances.

"Finally, fairly quivering with rage, and all the while shaking both fists at the cabby, he succeeded in uttering the single word: "Idiot!" "And then indignantly strode away."

Canary Farm.

The village of Scofield, Wis., boasts of a canary farm operated by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Neupert. They are now raising about 1,000 birds yearly, and are doing a profitable business. It is a unique occupation, requiring considerable skill, judgment and patience. The Neuperts have been engaged in the business for 40 years.

Costly Target.

Probably the most elaborate and costly target in the world has just been launched in the New York navy yard. The target is almost an exact duplicate of a section from the hull of a battleship, and is estimated to have cost \$50,000.

She Knew Him.

Wright—Have any stories accepted nowadays? Penman—Have some accepted by editors, but none by my wife. —Yonkers Statesman.

WOMEN'S FAD: CIGAR BANDS

Hunters for Little Paper Go in Drove in New York City—Manner Identifies Them.

If you see a young girl, or even a grown woman, swoop upon something lying on the street do not think that she has found a prize. In all probability she is simply one of those with a craze for making cigar band decorated plates, and has found a bit of material, asserts the New York Sun.

The favorite hunting ground is on Broadway from Fourteenth street to Forty-second street, and along Forty-second to the Grand Central. More people travel over this route and more cigars are smoked here than in any other given stretch of street in the city.

The hunters usually go out in pairs, and one takes the inside and the other the outside of the walk. Then they march along looking on the sidewalk and especially in the entrances of cigar stores for the bands. Some of the bolder ones do not hesitate to sally in and grab a coveted one if they see it lying on the floor.

The women who make these plates were quick to find the hunting grounds. Hubby did not purchase enough different brands of cigars to meet the demands. The dealers in the vicinity had too many calls to be able to favor everyone. So resourceful women ventured out. They found that men would usually throw the band on the sidewalk. Now the sidewalk is gone over carefully and bands of all sizes, shapes and colors are found and patted on dishes, plates or bowls.

The favorite band is the big red or brown one that comes on some of the largest Cuban cigars. Any of the bands from the Havana or Key West cigars are snapped up, and even the brands from the cheaper domestic brands are not neglected. But as the object of most of the makers is to have rare bands and bands from costly cigars, Broadway is scoured in search of them.

FUN FOR COLLEGE GIRLS.

Basketball, a Flower Hunt and Running Races for an Afternoon Party.

A bright young college girl has evolved this original contest for an afternoon in May, says What to Eat. Nearly all her friends are athletic misses who love to tramp and indulge in games of skill, and as these will be her guests there will be an hour of outdoor fun for the first part of the programme. This will be basket ball and running races around a small "track" arranged by the hostess on the rear lawn.

The second hour will be spent indoors. Each girl will be given the name of a flower written on a slip of paper and told that the letters forming her flower and the flower itself are somewhere in the room for her to start out on a flower hunt. The letters of the flowers will be cut out of gilt paper and concealed in a way to make things interesting to the seekers. Each girl will be given a card on which to paste the letters spelling out her flower. Each letter will have a coating of mudilage so the girl must present her word nicely pasted on the back of her card. The hostess will exhaust her ingenuity in hiding the artificial flowers and they will be the hardest of all to find. One or two are to be placed in some one's hair and some will be pinned inconspicuously on a gown to deceive the searching maidens.

After the hunt, each will be given a pencil and tablet and asked to write 100 words describing what thrilling adventure she had on her hunt for flowers. This will give play to the imagination and the reading will cause much merriment. A pretty buckle with rose design and an opera bag of rose decorated brocade will be given for prizes.

Food for Zoo Animals.

The cost of feeding the animals in the zoo last year was £3,423. The principal items of food were 207 horses, 270 goats, 34,921 pounds of fish, 25,196 eggs, 6,855 quarts of milk, and 137 loads of hay.—London Tit-Bits.

Skins for Banjo Heads.

Parchment such as is used for banjos, etc., is made from the skins of asses, calves or wolves, those of the last named animal being considered the best.

WOULD RATHER WALK HOME

Story Told of Carpenter McGloin, an Odd Naval Character—Averse to Seasickness.

A naval officer tells the following story of Carpenter McGloin, an odd character employed in the navy, who for many years was a sort of privileged person employed in the service because of his unflagging spirits and wit.

The old Pensacola once was coming up to San Francisco from Honolulu, when she met a severe gale. McGloin, who in heavy weather usually became seasick, promptly "turned in."

Shortly after his disappearance, it was reported to the captain that something was amiss with the foretopmast. Accordingly, McGloin's services as carpenter being necessary at this juncture, he was sent for. Staggering on deck he began to make a series of excuses, which were cut short by the commanding officer, who ordered the carpenter to go aloft and ascertain what was wrong with the mast.

The proposition struck McGloin with such amazement that it took away his breath. "Up that mast," muttered he, "in such weather as this?"

"Yes, up that mast," reiterated the commanding officer, sternly, "and quickly, too!"

McGloin decided to enter a last despairing protest. "Cap'n," said he, "do you honestly mean that I'm to go up that mast in such weather? Why, this is an awful gale!"

The officer lost patience. "You are impertinent, man!" exclaimed he. "And I've allowed you too much talk already! Up that mast, now!"

"All right," mournfully wailed McGloin, as he prepared to obey the order; "but," he added, with a reproachful glance at his superior officer, "cap'n, if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn, rather than go up that mast, I'd walk home!"

TRIVIAL, BUT A TRAGEDY.

And No Sympathy Could Be Had from Confidant of Gloomy Woman.

They were all to have a Sunday night supper at a friend's house, and even the boarding mistress was invited; so the girl got an extra Sunday night and the household split up in parties for the afternoon, relates the New York Sun.

By twos and threes they arrived at the host's home until there were left only the boarding mistress and the husband of the woman who had engineered the party. There was a quarter of an hour wait, and at last the husband strolled in.

"Miss Blank says she can't come," he announced, as he sniffed the odor of the old-fashioned shortcake. "I guess she must have another of her sick headaches, for she seems to have gone to bed; just poked her head out of the doorway and said she was sorry."

Late that evening the other woman took home a generous slice of shortcake and found the absent one sitting, disconsolate, in the parlor.

"I thought you were ill," she cried. "Will said you had gone to bed."

"My dear," sobbed the boarding mistress, "all my dresses button up the back, and when I started to get ready the only person in the place was your husband. I could not very well ask him, could I?"

And the only comfort she received was: "Why not? I've trained him to do it beautifully."

Timber Cutting in Australia.

An explorer in the backwoods of Australia tells how some of the timber cutters took big risks: "I had given instructions to the men in the bush that on no account were they to lay aside their firearms," he says. "After having been absent for a short time I returned and found that they had slung their revolvers and carbines on a small tree and were working at about 50 yards from them. I can tell you they heard of it. The natives have a playful habit of dragging their spears through the grass with their toes and all the while looking as innocent as it is possible to look. If the natives had only thought of it they might have given the cutters a warm time."

DOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE

Contractor Tells of an Exciting Experience in Crossing Stream in the West.

"To give you an idea of what sort of a river the Rio Grande is I'll tell you an experience that I had in getting across it with a derrick," said Raymond McDougall, a mining man from New Mexico, to a Milwaukee Free Press man. "I was a contractor in rock work in those days and was taking my derrick from the east side of the river to the Magdalenas. The derrick was on four wagon wheels and four mules were hauling it. I had my two helpers along and one of them drove the mules. He was an old timer, which was lucky, and if I had trusted to my own judgment I might have made a mistake that would have cost me my mules and derrick, if not my life.

"We reached the Rio Grande an hour before sundown and I saw a wide river bed, but no water—only dry sand from one bank to the other. It was a new kind of river to me, but my driver said that it was all right—that it was a way the Rio Grande had. The water was there, only it was flowing through the sands under the channel instead of in it. I being a tenderfoot was for camping on the nearer bank where the grass was good, but McCartney, the driver, said that would never do unless I was willing to take my chances of staying there a week or two; that water sometimes came down the channel, a good deal of it, and that it would be well to get across while we were sure that we could.

"We were starting across over the dry sands and I was thinking what an easy way it was of fording a river when of a sudden the two lead mules were floundering in a quicksand and the whole outfit came near being drawn in. We got the two leaders clear of the harness and the other two mules drew them out, one at a time. We hitched them up again and by making a long circuit got past the quicksand and to the other bank.

"By that time it was ten o'clock and the moon had risen. The mules had just begun to climb the bank when we heard a roaring noise up the channel. It came from a wall of water that stretched from bank to bank and was traveling toward us fast. It looked in the moonlight to be four feet high, and there was high water behind it sending it on. We didn't need to holler to the mules. They heard what was coming and clawed up the bank like cats.

"We got out all right, derrick and all—and there were not three minutes to spare. Before we had finished our supper the river bed was full bank high, with a torrent that eddied and roared as it rushed past our camping place as if it had been sorry to miss us and would like to get up where we were. There was not a cloud in the sky or a sign of rain anywhere and the flood may have come from a cloudburst in Colorado 200 miles away. But it came near getting us.

"I had learned one lesson, and that was in traveling by wagon always camp on the farther side of the stream. And I had learned to put no trust in the Rio Grande."

Sixty-Ten Steel Rope.

The biggest rope ever used for haulage purposes has just been made for a district subway in Glasgow. It is seven miles long, 4 1/2 inches in circumference, and weighs nearly 60 tons. It has been made in one unjointed and unspliced length of patent crucible steel. When in place it will form a complete circle around Glasgow, crossing the Clyde in its course, and will run at a speed of 15 miles an hour.

Size of Circus Rines.

Circus rings are always uniform in size, as circus horses are trained to perform in a standard ring 42 feet in diameter. In a larger or smaller ring their paces become uneven, irregular and unsteady, and the riders in turning somersaults are liable to miscalculate the curve and miss their footing.

Argentina's New Industry.

During the last two years about 5,000,000 mulberry trees have been planted in Argentina, which has now about 10,000,000 of such trees. The production of raw silk will eventually become an important product of that country.