

ALL WANT CHICKENS

When Spring Comes Around Man's Mind Turns to Them.

Feverish Anxiety for Poultry Is Shown in Kentucky Newspaper Containing Advertisements in "For Exchange" Column.

Galveston, Tex.—When the gentle sunshine of springtime opens the buds and fills the mind of man with doubts as to whether, after all, life isn't worth living, the soul of the average man apparently turns to chickens. Pick up a newspaper at random and see how the yearning of his soul displays itself in cold type.

Below are some yearnings taken from the classified advertisements of a Kentucky newspaper, Kentucky being selected as a central point from which to view this feverish yearning for poultry, says the News. The advertisements following were under the heading "For Exchange," and in one issue of an afternoon paper:

"S. C. Black Minorca eggs for common hens."

"Female collis for chickens."

"Good bicycle, just in need of front tire and chain, for chickens."

"Pair of ball-bearing skates and bicycle with clincher tire for chickens."

"Sewing machine, bench wringer, and light harness for chickens."

"Full paid, \$130 correspondence school course for chickens."

"Maple trees and fine strawberry plants for Black Minorca or other chickens."

"Outdoor brooder, 50-egg incubator and Springfield rifle for chickens."

"White Leghorn rooster for chickens."

"Platform wagon, push pole and shafts, top, for 35 chickens."

"Set of good buggy harness for six good hens."

"Grocery scales, capacity 200 pounds, for chickens or ducks."

"Party dress for chickens."

"Water motor, large willow rocker, gardeners and artificial plant for table for chickens."

"Visible typewriter for chickens."

"Incubator and brooder for chickens."

"Spring wagon for incubator."

"Large size 1900 washer for Blue Andalusian chickens, Golden Sea Bright Bantams or Peking ducks."

"Thoroughbred bloodhound for Cornish Indian game chickens."

"Rolltop desk for good brooder."

"Lady's gold watch for Black Minorca or Rhode Island Red pullets or cockerels."

"Novels by good authors for chickens."

"Handsome peafowl for Rhode Island Red pullets."

"Gold watch, open face, for chickens or ducks."

"Coal vase, large size water cooler and three-burner gas stove for chickens."

All of which would seem to indicate that a great and overwhelming desire for fowls is among us, leading us to strip our backs and our homes, to sell our party dresses, our jewelry and pretty much all we may own in order to satisfy this desire.

And who knows that some day, judging by these examples, the great American hen may not be adopted as legal tender as the savages used cowry shells? For certainly the chicken has come to be regarded as having sound value.

PERMITTED TO PLAY HOOKY

Schoolboy Gets Formal Court Permission to Be Truant Two Days in Each Month.

Paterson, N. J.—John F. O'Neill, a 12-year-old Paterson truant, has been granted formal permission by the courts to play "hooky" twice a month. Arraigned for truancy, O'Neill told Recorder Carroll that it would mean a physical breakdown if he stopped absolutely his habit of playing truant.

"Just think," said the lad, "you was in kid once yourself. It'd pretty near kill me if I had to go to school regular. Can't I play hooky just once in a while?"

Recorder Carroll was impressed and told the boy that if he reported regularly in attendance hereafter he would be allowed two school days in each month "to sneak off to the woods." Johnny thanked the recorder and started for the schoolhouse in a happy frame of mind.

Deserts Nest for Kittens.

Columbus, Ind.—The most remarkable instance of alliance ever reported in this country is that of a hen owned by Miss Minnie Thayer of Clifford, which has deserted a setting of high-priced eggs and gives her entire time and attention to caring for three kittens that are in a box near her nest. The hen cannot be induced to return to the nest. The mother cat and hen go along well together and divide the time between them of caring for the kittens.

"Paris is Still Paris."

Paris.—The Matin is worried over the aftermath of the flood in a recent editorial it says: "Foreigners, believing that Paris has become, owing to the recent flood, a city of ruins and desolation, have ceased to visit us. Our theaters, hotels, and restaurants are empty. Our pessimism has been exaggerated. It is time we informed the foreigners that Paris is still Paris."

BEES AVOID A BIG BOULDER

Move Out of Tree Before Huge Stone Crashes Into It Smashing Everything in Path.

New York.—Some one tipped off to a big hive of bees in a hollow tree at the foot of Hog mountain that a ten-ton boulder was going to roll down from the top of the mountain and smash everything in its path, including the tree in which they had stored 700 pounds of honey. In what way they got the tip is not known.

The best evidence the bees had is that they moved to another tree out of the danger line a few hours before the big boulder made its sensational downward rush, and that Reuben Van Winkle, who owns the farm on which the bee trees are, returned from Montclair loaded down with presents he bought after he had sold the 700 pounds of honey for fancy prices. Incidentally, when in Montclair, he felt so rich as a result of the bee tip and the boulder he went to the Central hotel and had a full course dinner.

The bees occupied the hollow tree ten years. Van Winkle never disturbed them, because he knew the only way to get the honey was to cut the tree down. He was averse to doing that. So the insects worked away until the tree literally was saturated with honey. Two weeks ago he noticed the bees were moving to another hollow tree. He thought it was because a new swarm was being driven out of the old quarters to find a new home. As he sized it up, nothing short of a big fight in the hive could force bees to go out in December.

Friday night the Van Winkles were aroused by a terrific crashing on the mountainside. Van Winkle got out of bed and went to investigate. By that time the noise had ceased and he could not discover the cause. In the morning, however, he saw the big boulder in his meadow and up the mountainside trees which had been felled by its rush. At the end of the line lay the old bee tree.

Then it dawned upon Van Winkle why the bees had moved.

OAK TREE COMMITS SUICIDE

Fine Specimen at Minneapolis Absorbs Copper at Roots and is Poisoned to Death.

Minneapolis, Minn.—An oak tree in Minneapolis has committed suicide. It is a clear case of self-destruction by the tree, for the manner of its death has been scientifically demonstrated by Dean George B. Frankforter of the chemistry department of the state university. He is preparing a complete report of the autopsy.

The tree died from an overdose of copper taken into its system either in the form of copper sulphate or chloride of copper.

It was for many years one of the most admired trees in the grove of oaks on the Gillilan lot, Fourth street and Tenth avenue, southeast. When it died the tree was cut down, and while being sawed into stove lengths it was noticed that fine yellow flakes flew from the wood. Through curiosity the flakes were gathered and a quantity sent to Professor Frankforter for chemical analysis. He found that the stuff was pure copper.

An examination of the wood microscopically and otherwise showed that the entire cellular system was lined with a thin film of copper, which closed all parts to the distribution of the life-giving sap, and eventually caused decay.

"The tree committed suicide," said Mr. Frankforter. "It is an extremely interesting scientific case. It is probable that a bit of copper was underneath the tree and this was converted into soluble form, possibly by water. At any rate, the roots took the copper in some soluble form and the sap carried the destructive poison throughout the entire tree."

Dr. Frankforter says he is preparing a rather thorough report on the phenomenon for a leading chemical journal.

DEMAND FOR CITY GARDENS.

Vacant Lots in Chicago Assigned to People Living in Tenement Districts to Cultivate.

Chicago.—The Chicago City Gardens association has assigned lots in various parts of the city to people living in the tenement districts who wish to cultivate them. The allotment was made at a meeting in Hull House and officers of the association declared that from the number of people signing contracts for ground the scheme is more popular than ever. The contracts are designed to give the association a precise idea of the number of people taking advantage of the opportunity to raise their own vegetables for the summer. A charge of \$1.50 is made for the use of a single lot for the year. The seed is furnished by the garden association, which also provides a superintendent to direct the work.

Sheep Fair Plans.

The permanent international sheep fair to be held in Chicago in the fall has aroused widespread interest. Men engaged in the sheep business have offered financial support. The plans include a show exclusively for sheep and goats, with all breeds represented, collie and shepherd dog, wool and mohair exhibits, wool and sheep and goat shearing contests, sheep butchering contests, sheep dipping, lectures on breeding, feeding and fitting, collie dog trials, wool manufacturing and other features that will make it interesting and educational.

HAS LONESOME JOB

Men Who Watch Tubes Conveying Natural Gas Disgusted.

Task at First Appears Pleasing, But Soon Becomes Monotonous in Extreme and Loneliness Often Leads to Insanity.

Lincoln, Neb.—The most monotonous existence in the world is that led by the pipe line walkers of Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri. For a great many years the army picket, the sheep herder and the railroad track inspector have debated the question of which led the loneliest existence, but their life is gay compared with that of the pipe line walker.

The pipe lines carry natural gas to the cities, where it is utilized in lighting homes, heating them and supplying industries with cheap fuel. The pipe lines radiate in all directions from the gas centers. It is absolutely necessary that the pressure be maintained. The greatest menace of the maintenance of proper pressure is the possibility of leaks in the pipes and to see that there are no breaks several hundred men are employed. Their business is to get up at daylight and walk till darkness comes, hunting trouble.

The lines are divided up into sections of 12 and 15 miles, and a man is detailed to watch each one. He must walk from one end of his section to the other and then back again during the day. The jobs pay from \$80 to \$100 a month, and there is nothing to do but walk and listen.

Most of the patrolmen are young fellows, who think they have fallen into a trap. A good many of them are college boys, who come west to the prairies for recreation or to regain their health. They get both, but after a few months of it the loneliness and the nature of the work gets them and they depart.

There is nothing to do but walk, walk, walk, except when a break is found. Then it is a hike to the nearest telephone and a hasty call for the repair gang. If nothing happens then all the pipe line walker need to do is to fill out a blank report with "nothing doing" on it and mail it.

The sheep herder has his dogs and his sheep, the army sentry his frequent reliefs and the track walker hears companionable sounds and gets many glimpses of life. Sometimes he has a wreck to prevent or to help to scrape up, but the pipe patrolmen have little to break the monotony.

When a man first tackles the job he is enchanted. Just to take a brisk tramp across the country in the fresh air, smelling of the good, green earth and to be paid two or three dollars a day for it seems too good to be true. After a few weeks it begins to pall. One gets to dreaming about it, gets to see, waking and sleeping, only that same blur of trees and land, land and trees, and then more land and trees until he begins to forget the rest of the world and the people and the things he has known. Some of the patrolmen almost reach the point of forgetting their own names, but usually they quit before they get to that point. Several former regulars in the United States army, men familiar with the dreary routine of western frontier posts, have tried it and thrown up the job after a few weeks. One of them said: "When I go bughouse I am going by the regular route."

The fact that the ear is kept constantly strained for leaks that betray their presence through a hissing sound is another feature of the work that adds to the unscanniness of it. The men are employed for just one purpose, to look for breaks in the pipeline, and when one has but one thing to do and the accident he is always expecting seldom happens, it gets on the nerves. The nervous anticipation is what breaks them down.

Every time a grasshopper in the fields or a cricket in the creek bottoms or a locust in the trees starts his machinery at full speed the fear that the line has gone to smash seizes one.

"Every time the trees rustle," said a patrolman, "you think there is a leak ahead. Every heavy drone of the insects startles with its suddenness. You start out in the morning with the fear of disaster and if a twig cracks under your feet you get the jumps. If a break would come along once in awhile it would not be so bad."

"Often the loneliness that gets into your bones inspires one almost to the point of stealthily going out with an ax and smashing a section of pipe so as to break the monotony. The thing not only gets on your mind, but it itays there. The perpetual introspection grows oppressive."

"Finally you begin pinching yourself to see if you are alive. Then you begin talking to yourself so that you can hear. That is the point where you must hike to the telegraph office and wire in your resignation or prepare to have the insanity commission give you a free ticket up state."

The Standard Oil company, as well as other producing concerns, has not employed pipe patrolmen for a number of years in America. A scientific device, made on the same principle as the device by which cable companies are able to ascertain where a break is located in an ocean cable, makes them unnecessary. The gas companies cannot utilize the device because of the volatile nature of their product and the ease with which it can get away, and must pay the heavy expense for watchmen.

LAYS EGG IN NEST OF LACE

Aristocratic Little Bantam Dislikes Plebeian Home, So She Goes Wandering.

Everett, Wash.—Seattle may have it all over Everett in population and expositions, and aviation stunts and little things like that, but when it comes to bantam hens who have such aristocratic leanings that they prefer to lay eggs in a nest composed of rare old lace attached to costly feminine garments, and enter strange houses to do it, then must Seattle acknowledge that it cannot hope to equal this young and growing metropolis.

Police Captain Charles Knapp, who lives on Norton avenue, is something of a chicken fancier, when he is not sleuthing around town in the performance of his duty. Among the fancy chickens he owns is a bantam hen, nameless up to date, but just as close to the captain's heart now as if she had a dozen names.

The hen had a hunch that she might lay an egg providing she could get away from the plebeian atmosphere of a hen-house, where chickens make a regular practice of laying eggs. The little bantam, therefore, ruffled a few times, spread her wings and went over the fence, landing in the yard of a neighbor of Captain Knapp.

A door in the neighbor's house was open. The hen walked in. Encountering no opposition she strolled around until she spotted a nice, white bed. She hopped on the bed. It looked a whole lot better to her than a hen roost. On the bed were various articles of feminine attire. The articles included lace and various soft, fuzzy, altogether delightful garments women get out and examine critically about this time of the year.

A hen is of the feminine gender, too. The hen liked the display. She scratched it together until she had a nice little nest. Then, with a contented cackle she settled herself in the nest and laid an egg. She stayed right on the spot, too, until an indignant woman appeared in answer to her satisfied cackles and firmly escorted the bantam over the fence again.

TRAMP IS ELEVEN YEARS OLD

North Dakota Lad is Arrested by Chicago Police—Professional Mobe Six Years.

Chicago.—Delphia Simmons, 11 years old, whose home is in Fox Home, N. D., and who says he was a professional tramp for six years, "beating" his way around the country on freight trains, was arrested by Sergeant Bush of the Grand Crossing station the other day at the East Seventy-fifth street crossing of the Illinois Central railroad. When taken to the station and questioned by Lieutenant McCann he said he had run away from his home three times and passed most of his time traveling around the country since he was five years old. His possessions differed somewhat from the ordinary tramp, a bar of soap and towel being found in his clothing. Besides this he had cigarette papers, tobacco and a comb.

"I was five years old when I ran away the first time," said the boy, "and ever since then I have had the roaming fever. I would go home, but it wouldn't be long before I would start out again. When I left home the last time my uncle, Richard Simmons, gave me 50 cents and I went to see my aunt, Mrs. Rude, who lives in Ohio. I traveled around a little after leaving before I came to Chicago. I have seen almost everything that is worth seeing in the United States."

FIND RUINS DATING 1000 B. C.

Archaeologists of Potsdam Musee Discover Proofs of Prehistoric German Race.

Berlin.—Important discoveries have been made by archaeologists of the Potsdam museum in excavations near that city. The ruins of a prehistoric village estimated to belong to a period dating back to the year 1000 B. C. have been unearthed in a field. The investigators have found rows of stones and fragments of urns supposed to mark the site of a prehistoric burial ground. By means of these discoveries and others elsewhere in the district surrounding Berlin the scientists expect to establish that this is the home of the Semnones, the earliest forerunners of the German race. The site of the discovery lies between Potsdam and Saarmund, but the exact location is kept secret in order that the work may proceed unhindered.

Goat of Financial Tastes.

York, Pa.—While George E. Brillinger, an insurance man, was conversing with V. R. Emig, an ice cream manufacturer of the East end, a pet goat belonging to the latter pulled a number of business papers, including a check upon a local bank, from Brillinger's pocket and ate them. The animal, which seems to have a preference for business papers, recently snatched and ate a bill while a salesman was presenting it to the manufacturer in payment.

Ant Eater Bites Keeper.

New York.—The myrmecophaga Tamandu, hitherto supposed to be harmless, is in disgrace. For the first time in the history of the Bronx zoo, it has abused the confidence of its guardians by biting its keeper, seriously injuring him. The animal is a curious ant-eater from South America.

NORWAY'S NEW ROAD

Christiania-Bergen Rail Line Across Mountains Completed.

Eastern and Western Parts of the Kingdom Have Easy Means of Communication—Event of Much Importance.

Christiania.—The opening of the railway across the mountains from Christiania to Bergen recently by King Haakon was an event in the history of this country of far wider importance than any one not well acquainted with Norway, geographically and topographically, would be able to appreciate. Norway is divided into three isolated parts by the Dovre mountain and by the broad and wild range of mountains that bear successively the names of Fylkefeld and Langfjeldene. The overland route between Bergen and Christiania was, even more than the route to Trondhjem, a great hindrance to traffic passing as it does for a considerable distance over mountains of a height of 6,000 feet and more.

Although Norway was united into one kingdom as early as 872 by King Harold Haarfager and has remained united ever since, the natural splitting up of the country into the western, northern and eastern districts has inevitably to some extent impaired the feeling of unity in the nation. And the barriers which nature had raised between the districts have formed very serious obstacles to personal cooperation for the development of the economic resources of the country. The consequence has been that the progress has been considerably slower than it might otherwise have been.

Good roads were constructed in the principal overland routes in the beginning of the last century, and they represented an immense improvement on the ancient trails which had been possible only on foot or on horseback. But a journey of several days in a carriage was expensive and entailed great loss of time and, in the winter time, severe hardships. In 1830 the railroad to Trondhjem was completed. Thus the great barrier between the northern parts and the southeastern parts of the country were overcome. The highest point of this road does not lie more than 4,000 feet above sea level; but many people thought it could not be kept open in the winter time. This fear proved groundless and the road turned out to be a very lucrative national investment, although it has not as yet paid directly in the form of dividends; it has done better than that by greatly accelerating the development of the Trondhjem district and of Nordland and Finnmarken.

In 1872 investigations were commenced with the view of discovering the best line for a railway between Christiania and Bergen, and in 1874 the startlingly voted the first part of an eventual Bergen-Christiania railway, the selection from Bergen to Voss. But to the general public the continuation seemed impossible and there like one of Asbjornsen's fairy tales no anything else, for the field explorations had more than confirmed the popular conception that the difficulties to be overcome were truly formidable. The railway which has just been opened follows practically the line which the engineers traced in 1874. From Voss to Opset, a distance of about 50 kilometers (35 miles), it rises with steep gradients from 339 to 5,100 feet, and rising further to a maximum height of nearly 8,000 feet, it passes altogether a distance of more than 100 kilometers through high mountains, coming down to 4,800 feet at Gjellev. And in these inhospitable regions it was found necessary to bore the Gravehals tunnel, not less than 5,311 yards long, besides a number of shorter tunnels.

For 19 years the engineers continued their exploration work and meanwhile a national determination was slowly forming that the task of uniting eastern and western Norway should be undertaken in spite of all obstacles. In 1894 the startlingly decided upon the construction of a railway from Voss to Taugevaud, and in 1898 the continuation of the line through Hallingdal to the junction point on the Christiania-Gjovik railroad, Ros, was decided.

As a preparation, transport roads had to be constructed and barracks for engineers and workmen built; 500,000 kroner (\$125,000) had to be spent on transport roads alone. The Gravehals tunnel was constructed by a private contracting firm; the rest of the work was done directly by the state. The whole road was built exclusively by Norwegian engineers and workmen. The contractors on the big tunnel once made an experiment with Italian workmen, but they very soon proved so far inferior to the Norwegians that they had to be sent home after a few weeks' trial.

The railroad has a length of 492 kilometers (300 miles) and there are 178 tunnels, aggregating 36,682 meters (119,250 feet). The total cost amounted to 54,000,000 kroner (\$14,580,000). It has been necessary to put up wooden walls at many exposed points. There are three rotary snow plows of American system, these having proved far superior to other patents which have been tried. By their help and the wooden walls it is believed that the traffic may be carried on as regularly as on any other railway.

False hair is going up in price. A dealer says it is following beefsteak. We trust it will not get into the butter.

HOW TO LIVE ECONOMICALLY

Massachusetts Doctor Says Man Can Subsist on Twenty Cents a Day—Gives the Menu.

Cambridge, Mass.—In the midst of all the agitation over high prices and the meat boycott, Dr. Franklin White, of the Harvard Medical school, rises to remark that neither of these supposed-to-be-present calamities should cause the workingman one whit of worry.

Dr. White says that the ordinary healthful workman can live, on the outside, on 20 cents a day and grow fat, harbor his present strength and add constantly to it—in fact, obtain as much nourishment out of his cheap fare as his more fortunate brother who eats up \$2 a day.

Americans sadly neglect nourishment in their foods, looking rather for the flavors and relishes rather than for the muscle-building qualities.

Dr. White advocates the dried herring as a neglected delicacy, and says oleomargarine is a safe substitute for butter.

The old-fashioned oatmeal finds favor in his eye, and the potato also has its saving moments. The Boston baked bean also enjoys a high place in Dr. White's estimation. The doctor does not, however, believe in doing away entirely with meat, but thinks it should be eaten at one meal in moderation.

Dr. White's favorite menu, which should prove a solace to the hungry workman, is:

Breakfast—Cornmeal mush, one cent; oleomargarine, 2 cents; syrup, one cent. Total four cents.

Lunch—Potatoes, two cents; oleomargarine, two cents; smoked herring, one cent; cocoa shells and milk, two cents. Total, nine cents.

Dinner—Beans, three cents; potatoes, three cents; cocoa, two cents; bread, one cent. Total, nine cents.

MACHINE FOR BASHFUL MEN

Always All Doubt as to Opportunity Time for "Popping the Question"—Successful Test.

Philadelphia.—Here is a story that ought to send thrills of joy to the hearts of bashful men who have not been able to muster up nerve enough to "pop the question."

Just take the girl on an unsuspecting visit to the laboratory of the psychological clinic of the University of Pennsylvania, which is directed by Dr. Lightner Witmer, head of the department of psychology. Then have her place her hand in a machine which you will notice is labeled a "phymograph" or "phymograph," whatever that may be and stop into an adjoining room to await developments.

While her hand rests easily in the machine some one whispers in an audible voice your name, "George," "Reginald" or what it might be, and you keep your eye on the indicator.

What the machine does is to register on a piece of paper a distinct line, which designates with precise correctness the very emotions the motion of your name to the girl has caused her to experience. If the line sinks despairingly downward toward the bottom of the paper, take it from the "proposal machine" that your stock's rather low with the woman. If, however, the line fairly leaps and bobs toward the top of the paper, everything's all right.

PUPILS ARE RAISING POULTRY

Object of Movement in Oregon Is to Provide Outdoor Occupation for the Children.

Portland, Ore.—Portland school children are being interested in poultry raising. Prizes are offered for the best chickens. An association of the young poultry fanciers has been formed under the direction of the local Y. M. C. A. and the State Agricultural College, and a great deal of interest is being shown in the work by the youngsters.

Objects of the movement among school children are to provide healthful outdoor occupation for them after school hours and in this way to stimulate egg and poultry production.

Chicken raising is profitable here, but it is being neglected. By arousing interest among the school children it is thought the present lack will be overcome in future.

That Jersey Devil Again.

Staunton, Va.—Report comes from Hightower that David Moses has just seen what some declare is the famous Jersey devil, which was reported to have first been seen in New Jersey, whence it gets its name. Moses says that the strange bird or beast was flying directly over him and had a head like a horse and feet and legs like a mule. It soars along on great red wings. It is said that the animal was seen in West Virginia some months ago. It is supposed to live in the mountains, feeding on bear and deer. It is the most extraordinary combination of beast and bird ever seen in these parts.

Gives Old Faneuil Rafter.

Philadelphia.—Sergt. Edwin H. Snow of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, came here the other day with a piece of the original oak rafter of Faneuil hall, which he presented to the city of Philadelphia to be placed in Independence hall.

Sergt. Snow said the relic was a present from the famous old hall of Boston to the famous old hall in Philadelphia.