

# The Watcher

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## THE CRIMINAL CUCKOO.

He is the One Exception to the Kindly Nature of Birds.

Bad temper and cruelty are perhaps the most obvious signs of mental degeneration in the beasts. The larger monkeys, for instance, become as bad tempered as a violent man when they grow old, and many in their treatment of other animals are cruel as we use the word in regard to man. Among the carnivorous beasts the cat amuses itself by torturing a mouse, and the weasel tribe kill for sheer love of killing. No such cruelty is seen among eagles or falcons. Fierce as their tempers are, they do not torment other birds which they catch or kill for killing's sake. Good temper is general among birds.

Except the cuckoo, such a thing as an ill tempered wild bird is unknown. Nowhere in the race can a temper like that of the Tasmanian devil or the wild hunting dog of the Cape buffalo or the baboon be found. Even those which in spring are thieves and egg robbers are not unavailing couchers at other times. Good temper and good fellowship in society, a personal affection to each other to which the beasts offer no parallel, industry and independence, intense devotion and foresight in tending their young, with other very human and engaging traits of character, must all be credited to the race of birds.

Among these kindly and simple natures the cuckoo is a monster. Let there be no mistake on this subject. He unites in his life and character, from the egg to the adult bird, practices and principles to which the whole race of warm blooded animals offers no parallel. He is an outrage on the moral law of bird life, something so flagrant and so utterly foreign to the way of thought of these kindly beings that if he did not exist he would be inconceivable. It is not merely that he is a supplanter and a changeling. His whole nature is so evil that in the world of birds he is an incarnation of the principle of ill, an embodiment of vices which would if understood or adopted by other birds put an end to the existence of the race.—London Spectator.

## TRAINING WATCHDOGS.

The Method That is Used by a German Instructor.

Although it is generally believed that watchdogs are "to the manner born," it seems that a certain amount of training helps very much to turn out a really good one. This system of training has developed into a regular business in Berlin, where one Herr Straus has an academy from which watchdogs are turned out by the hundred every year.

His system is educational and is applied to almost every kind of dog. He first teaches the animal obedience by training it to perform certain "tricks" at command and then trains it to distinguish between a visitor and a burglar and what part of a man's body should be attacked to render the man helpless.

Outside of the gate the trainer places a dummy representing the burglar, and to the latch is attached a string. By means of the string the gate is opened slowly, until the head of the dummy becomes visible, when the dog is taught to fly at its throat. Herr Straus is very particular about this. He makes his dogs attack the throat or the upper part of the body always. Sometimes a real man well padded takes the place of the dummy, and of course he is well paid for his services.

All dogs, it seems, may be made good watchdogs, but the St. Bernards and the Russian wolfhounds are the best where property of great value is to be guarded. For dogs not so fierce as they are a different system of training is used. They soon learn to guard anything committed to their care, but are not so quick to attack an intruder as the fiercer dogs are.—Philadelphia Times.

"What is a skeptic, pa?"

"Well, the most hopeless kind of skeptic is a woman who has lost her faith in doctors."—Indianapolis Journal.

## Would Boom Whist.

It would certainly be a grand thing for the whist interests of the country, says a writer on the subject, if the leading clubs in all sections used practically the same system of play and the games were won by superior science, unaided by any advantage of system. There is no question that the standard game has been greatly simplified and improved, but it will continue to be the standard game for many years, because, above all others, it makes a pair play together as one and makes it necessary for a player not only to read his partner's hand as shown to him, but to fathom and follow also his partner's method of reasoning every time a play is made that differs from the conventional, and thus affords intellectual enjoyment of the highest order.

## WILD BEASTS IN BATTLE.

Two Panthers and a Sea Lion in a Fight to the Death.

Among all fights of wild beasts perhaps the most terrible are those in which the combatants belong to different elements. The struggle then seems peculiarly wanton and unnatural. Not long ago two men on a small island off the Californian coast declare that they witnessed such a battle. The men were amusing themselves watching the antics of a number of sea lions on a reef when all at once the creatures began to bellow in alarm and dived into the water. One huge fellow alone stood his ground and moved his head slowly, as if watching.

A moment later the men saw creeping from the shadow of a rock two large panthers, which had evidently swum over from the mainland in search of prey. Simultaneously the panthers leaped upon their enemy and a terrible combat ensued. For nearly 30 minutes it went on, till the reef was skirted with crimson foam.

Twice the lion struck a panther squarely with his flipper and knocked him a dozen feet away. But the great cats kept to their work, and finally one of them buried his teeth in a flipper of the sea lion, and tore it off with a single savage tug.

Bellowing hoarsely with pain and anger, the wounded bull caught the panther's throat between its jaws and dragged him into the water, but the big brute was weak from loss of blood. The panther escaped, and, with its mate, swam off for the mainland across the narrow channel, while the sea lion struggled out toward the ocean to die.

The men went down to examine the field of battle. A hole deep enough to bury a horse had been dug in the soft mud, while the shore was stained blood red.—San Francisco Call.

## FORGET BUSINESS AT NIGHT

That is the Only Way to be Sure of Doing Your Best Work.

"Every business man of common sense knows, whether he chooses to acknowledge it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations during the day, so that his business associates or thoughts of it or them cannot get at him, the healthier he is, the wiser life he leads—in short, the better off he is in every respect and the abler for the duties of the morning," writes Edward Bok in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

"Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recuperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of the range of its lights. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city and in the morning has looked out on the gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing and blood quickening experience of opening the shutters of his chamber window upon a landscape of space and sunshine? And, what is far worse, what do his wife and children know of such a blessing?"

"Yet he deludes himself into the belief that he must live in the city, so as to be 'in touch with things.' If you ask him what those 'things' are, you invariably discover that they are of a business nature, either strictly business or some social convention which he feels has a bearing on his business. But it is always business, business! Now, a man living under this pressure rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. But he cannot be giving out the best because he does not allow the best to get within him."

## Had to Be Taken Down.

Mr. Figg—Mr. Brown tells me you gave his boy a beating. Did you?

Tommy—Course I did. His paw got him a new bicycle and a dog.—Indianapolis Press.

## Professional Pride.



Judge—It appears, prisoner, that you have been arrested for no less than 42 burglaries.

Prisoner—Excuse me, your honor, not so many as that! You flatter me, I assure you!—Fliegende Blätter.

## A DISMAL FAILURE.

The Last Joke He Tried to Play on His Dear Wife.

"I don't think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pan out well."

"Elucidate."

"You see, she has a habit of holting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last, she depends on me to hold it. Sometimes I forget it, and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't she nags at me until morning. A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little ways and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said: 'Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window. It's like a bake oven in the room. Get up and see.' So I got up, went to the window and threw the sash as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then fung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments. The room was very dark, and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke. 'Poor old Jim,' she quietly said, 'he's tumbled out of the window in his raggedest nightshirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him in the morning!' Then she lay down again and went to sleep."

"What did you do?"

"Stood there like a fool for a minute or two and then sneaked into bed."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## ONE MEAL A DAY.

Pronounced a Secret of Human Health and Happiness.

It is by no means impossible that the newest world lecturer will allude to the delays of the single meal reform. The one meal a day plan was successfully practiced by some 50,000,000 men of the healthiest, wealthiest and most intelligent nations of antiquity for nearly 1,000 years.

No unprejudiced observer can deny that for the vast plurality of our fellow men there is no other practicable way to live up to the principle of the sanitary maxim, "Never to eat till we have leisure to digest."

Nine out of ten laborers have to hurry from the breakfast table to their daily work and cannot count upon more than a few minutes of afternoon meal rest. The same in rolling mills, shipyards, railway yards, workshops and schoolrooms.

Less than a year's time would suffice to give the one meal habit the force of a second nature, and those who would like to form an idea of its universal observance during the classic period of antiquity should read Peter Bayle's dissertation on "Domestic Life in Athens and Rome" or De Quincey's humorous essay, published in the second volume of *Miscellanies* under the title, "Dinner, Real and Reputed."

There would be time for play, for reading, for the enjoyment of art and entertaining conversation.

Sunstroke would be known only from the traditions of insanitary barbarism. The granger's youngsters would get afternoon sports enough to think life on a farm decidedly worth living. No after dinner martyrdom would tempt truants, housekeeping drudgery would be lessened two-thirds.—Felix M. Oswald, M. D., in *Health Culture*.

## A GOOD DOG STUFF.

An English magazine tells a novel tale of a dog to which interest is added by the fact that the incident really occurred. Zig was a fox terrier of dauntless courage and an independence of spirit that defied authority.

He had the self taught accomplishment of diving, but his method was wholly different from that of other dogs. He would walk to the edge of the pond and then into it, keeping along the bottom until he came to some treasure, which he brought to the surface.

One day while thus engaged he found a water pole about six feet in length. It was very heavy, but he struggled valiantly and brought his prize to shore. Notwithstanding his master's orders to the contrary, Zig in his usual independent way insisted on carrying the pole home, and he started across the fields, taking a short cut.

Presently he came to a paling fence, and, being unprepared for such an emergency, he laid down the pole and sat beside it to think out a plan of action. This made him master of the situation, and he jumped up suddenly, caught the pole by one end and dragged it after him in between the palls.

Then, with a short bark of satisfaction, he took the pole in his teeth by the middle, balancing it nicely, and soon reached home, where he dropped it on the lawn. His master had followed him and had seen the whole performance.

## THE CHAMPION GOLFER

J. H. Taylor, Who is Now in This Country.

## A GREAT RIVAL OF VARDON.

The Men May Meet Again at the Open Championship at Wheaton Next Month—Taylor's Great Skill with the Masher.

Joshua H. Taylor, open golf champion of Great Britain, is giving a series of exhibitions in the United States. Like Vardon, Taylor is an Englishman, and both are about the same size. Each has won the championship of Great



JOSHUA H. TAYLOR.

Britain three times. Taylor won his first two championships in 1894 and 1895, before Vardon was fairly started on his marvelous career. In 1896 Taylor found a worthy opponent in Vardon, and lost the championship to the newcomer after a tie. Since that time the two have been rivals for the favor of the British golf loving public, and have played numerous matches. In these Vardon, on the whole, has come out with the best showing, though his margin has been little to boast of. It is possible both will take part in the national open championship at Wheaton in October.

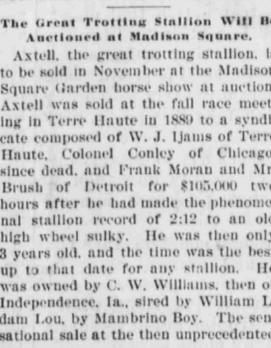
Taylor's greatest skill is shown in his work with the masher, and his accuracy with this club, it is said, is not equaled by any other player living. Taylor won the open championship this year with a score of 309 for the 72 holes, Vardon, who finished second, having a score of 317.

## AXTELL TO BE SOLD AGAIN.

The Great Trotting Stallion Will Be Auctioned at Madison Square.

Axtell, the great trotting stallion, is to be sold in November at the Madison Square Garden horse show at auction. Axtell was sold at the fall race meeting in Terre Haute in 1889 to a syndicate composed of W. J. Lams of Terre Haute, Colonel Conley of Chicago, since dead, and Frank Moran and Mr. Brush of Detroit for \$105,000 two hours after he had made the phenomenal stallion record of 2:12 on an old high wheel sulky. He was then only 3 years old, and the time was the best up to that date for any stallion. He was owned by C. W. Williams, then of Independence, Ia., wired by William L. Lam Lou, by Mambrino Boy. The sensational sale at the then unprecedented

## AXTELL



price caused much comment everywhere. It was the intention of his owners to both exhibit him at race meetings and place him in the stud. He went lame, slightly, however, early the next season, and for that reason he has never since been seen on a race track, except occasionally when brought to the track at Terre Haute from Warren Park farm to be jogged in front of the grand stand. Last fall he was speeded somewhat, and horse men were as much pleased with his straight gait as when he finished the world record mile ten years before.

## PERSONALITIES.

Governor Stanley of Kansas employs no stenographer, preferring to do his own writing with a pen.

Judge Taft, the new head of the Philippine commission, is 5 feet 10 inches high, with a full quota of flesh for his height.

A photograph of Oom Paul Kruger, taken 20 years ago, shows him with a face innocent of all lines and a beard like that of Gladstone.

Congressman Charles Grosvenor of Ohio is very fond of roses and generally wears not a bud, but a full blown flower, in his buttonhole.

Alan Arthur, son of the late president, finding that his income goes farther in Europe than in this country, has practically expatriated himself.

William C. Whitney probably has a larger number of expensive hats than any man in New York. They are made to his order, and he devotes much time to their selection.

Rev. Samuel P. Dunlap of Maywood, Ill., claims to be the originator of the intercollegiate debate. He brought about what he says was the first of these 27 years ago.

Collis P. Huntington is building a new country house near Los Angeles. His fine collection of pictures is to be taken there and will be thrown open to the public once a week.

The reported insanity of William Stelnitz, the chess expert, recalls the fact that Paul Morphy, the most famous player in the history of the game, went insane several years before his death.

It is said to be the desire of President Diaz that General Bernardo Reyes, his new minister of war, shall succeed him as president of Mexico. General Reyes has been governor of Nuevo Leon.

Some one quoted to Senator Hanna the other day Thackeray's remark that mankind was divided into the bored and the bored. "True," said the senator, "and the former live longer. They kill off their victims very rapidly."

James Charlton, the retired general passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton rail road, is one of the oldest railroad men at point of continuous service in this country, having started in 1847 as a junior freight clerk in England.

Two members of the present congress began life as sailors. Each was a New Englander by birth, each ran away to sea, and each finally made his home in California. One is Senator Perkins and the other Representative E. F. Loud.

It is reported in the English papers that the queen is so pleased with the pomp and splendor with which Lord Curzon has ruled India that she intends to decorate him with the grand cross of the Order of Bath, and, furthermore, she will give his wife the order of Victoria and Albert, a decoration which no American woman yet has.

## Wandy.

"This man," said the keeper softly, "imagines he has millions."

"Isn't that nice?" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."—Kansas City Times.

Two incidents in the railroad life of Payson Tucker are told that well illustrate what a worker he was and his attention to the details of business.

Several years ago he was up on the mountain division of the Maine Central road and looked over the grounds of one of the stations. Nothing more than the usual conversation passed, and he returned to his car and went back to Portland. Nearly a year passed before he had occasion to call at the station again, and then he stepped off the car and asked pleasantly: "Do you have all the help you want here?"

"Yes, sir; all that we need."

"Quite sure you have enough?"

"Yes, sir. There is not much to be done at so small a station."

"Well, I feared you were rushed to death and could not find time to remove that pile of old bricks I saw the last time I was here."

With that the general manager of the road stooped over the pile of bricks and, without removing his kid gloves, continued the work until the last one was neatly piled up.

At another time a break had been committed at one of the stations on the back road, and the next day after the notice of the break had been wired to Portland Mr. Tucker chanced to pass that way. After looking things over, Mr. Tucker asked what had been lost, and the agent quickly ran over the amount of money and tickets stolen.

"That all?" asked Mr. Tucker, when the agent had concluded.

"Yes, sir; nothing else."

"That so?" said Mr. Tucker, taking in the untidy appearance of the room and station at a glance. "I feared some one had stolen your broom. Perhaps you have not missed it. I will send you one."—Presque Isle (Me.) Star-Herald.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.

AND ABBIE IS WITH THE HIGH ROLLERS.

There is never a day that does not bring with it to the most careless of us all, even to our queens, the realization of some great truth or the existence of some hitherto unsuspected marvel in nature. This is because in the mad world in which these Queens of the stage plunge with their satellites in the mad chase after the rainbows of pleasure, regardless of details and the trivial realities of life. For instance, Abbie Carlton, of the High Rollers Company, who are at the Lyceum Theatre, commencing next Monday matinee, never knew until yesterday the natural color of a lobster; going along in her happy, heedless way, she had supposed lobsters to be at every stage of their existence a rich, apoplectic red, and she is a well-informed girl. She knew that lobsters did not grow in hills like potatoes, and are not bagged with a shotgun and a retriever, but that they are created with a hectic flush, she accepted blindly as a fact beyond controversy. It is not strange, therefore, as she entered a restaurant she gave a startled cry of alarm and shrank back affrighted, when she saw the huge blackish-green octopus wiggling its claws convulsively in the glass refrigerator at Harvey's. She was incredulous when assured it was merely a lobster, and that it would change its color when it became red with indignation at being boiled alive. "Such cruelty is infamous," said Miss Carlton, and her dark brown eyes grew eloquent with sympathy, "they might at least chloroform them first or use laughing gas. I was certain that one had been gathered before it was ripe." But Miss Carlton's ignorance in this instance is in no way discreditible. How many men pass the posters and show bills of The High Rollers and decide they represent a show which is like the rest, because show bills are as familiar as lobsters, either human, boiled, or a la Newburg.

The advertising manager of Chesapeake Beach, last week, was picked up a "floater." His head was so light that it kept his rotten carcass from being food for suckers.

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WEDNESDAY, 3 P. M.  
For Colonial Beach, Colton's Piney Point, St. George's Island, Coan and Yeocomico rivers. Arrive at Washington 10 p. m. Thursdays.

SATURDAYS, 5 P. M.  
For Colonial Beach, Colton's Piney Point, St. George's Island, Smith Creek. Home Sunday, 10 p. m.

Excursion Ticket, Colonial Beach (Saturday, returning Sunday) Round Trip, Sec. m. 1-4. C. W. HOLEY, Gen'l Manager.

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