Remaking an Old Country House

An ordinary white wooden house, two stories and a half high, stood less than a year ago on the main street of a New Jersey village. The country builder who put it up knew nothing about architecture, and on this four acre lot there came a residence containing four rooms on the first floor, a narrow hall, a kitchen in the rear and a piazza about four feet in width across the front of the house. Upstairs the same arrangement prevailed. In the half story, or attic, above this there were two bedrooms which could be occupied with comfort and two other apartments which might be used if a person were courageous enough to run the risk of fracturing his skull against the sharp roof.

After a while the commuters discovered this village and descended on it in large numbers. The owner of this particular house sold it for $4,000 and the buyer tackled the problem of improving it.

The two plans show the house as it existed in its first estate and what it looked like when the architect finished with it. He worked under strict limitations. The money he spent was under no circumstances to exceed $1,000. The cost for the first floor was if possible to be kept down to $750. As it was, the whole account amounted to a little more than $800 for this floor. That expenditure had made into a roomy, airy, light floor the rather gloomy, restricted four room and hall downstairs.

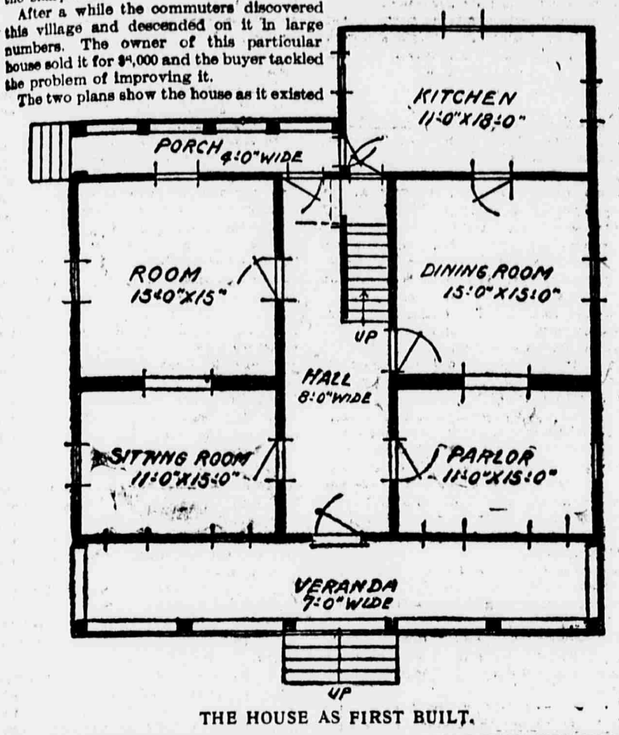
Beginning with the piazza the first improvement came in its extension at the northeast corner of the house. Much of the wood in the old veranda could be used. Half way between the steps in the center of the piazza and the point at which it formerly ended seven feet more were added and at this end the piazza was lengthened by seven feet. That gave a cool, spacious corner 15 by 17 feet.

The two rooms on the front of the house disappeared entirely. In their place came a long hall so divided as to make three delightful living rooms so arranged that they gave the impression of only one. This was accomplished by removing the walls that separated these rooms from the hall. Pillars were placed in the four corners of the room formed by the space formerly used as the hall. The two windows leading to the veranda in both front rooms were cut down to the floor level.

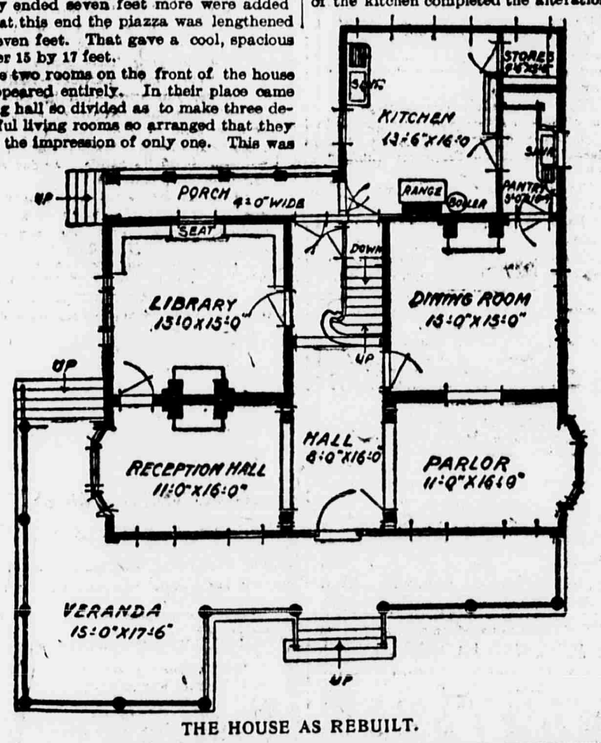
At either end of this hallway, which stretched from one side of the house to the other, deep bay windows were added. In summer the windows and doors opening on to the veranda gave one almost the advantage of out of door life. Brick mantels were placed in the rooms, and in the library in the rear of the reception hall a low wooden seat was put in the broad bay window that opened upon the back porch. Wooden bookcases were built about two sides of the room. In the center of the east hall a window 6 by 4 was built, at a distance of 5 feet from the floor. It was filled with leaded panes and afforded a glimpse of the far end of the village street and the hills beyond. The dining room in the west side got a similar window and its walls were wainscoted almost to the ceiling.

The most effective detail of the architect's changes was in the stairs. Instead of a thin flight of steps in the end of the hall, he turned the staircase in such a way that a balcony hung midway between the first and second floors. The woodwork of this hall or living room was painted white and the stair balcony was made of thin spirals in colonial fashion. In addition to breaking the flight to the second story, the view of the balcony when one entered the hall was charming.

It was to get the sense of space that the one color, white, was used throughout the entire first floor. Even the dining room was painted white, but in that apartment there were additional colors to furnish variety. That was supplied in the other rooms by the draperies. The transformation of the kitchen completed the alterations of the first floor. A pantry, range, hot water boiler, storeroom and washtubs were added to the simple country kitchen, and a small anteroom was added between the dining room and the kitchen. The cook brings what she has to serve to the waitress and hands it through the door of the little compartment. It was made possible to keep these alterations down to the figure mentioned by using in every instance the materials the builders had in stock.



THE HOUSE AS FIRST BUILT.



THE HOUSE AS REBUILT.

NATIONS NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS

England Cuts Servia and Bolivia—Turkey Will Have Nothing to Do With Japan.

From Pearson's Weekly.

There are in the world nations as well as individual people who "won't know each other," or who are not on speaking terms.

Two nations more or less continuously in our eye are unacquainted diplomatically—Japan and Turkey. Though during the last two years questions have often arisen in which our Eastern ally would have liked to pop a word into the ear of Abdul Hamid II.—especially such questions as the free passage of Russia's volunteer fleet through the Dardanelles last year—Japan has no accredited representative to Turkey and Turkey has none to Japan.

As a matter of fact, they simply don't know each other. The Sultan of Turkey has a rooted objection on principle to foreign diplomatists, and is about as anxious to receive a new one as the average mouse is anxious to receive a cat. Therefore he has never consented to a Japanese Minister at Yildiz Kiosk. It is, however, expected that after the war Japan will be able to put that little matter right.

Two Powers whose territories adjoin each other who may be said to practically cut each other dead are Austria and Montenegro. One of the surest signs of good relationship between countries is the existence of a treaty of commerce, by which one nation enjoys the "most favored nation" tariff within the other's boundaries. Though adjoining, Austria steadfastly refuses to grant Montenegro such a treaty, probably because of the little principality's notorious friendship for Russia. The result is that the goods of the Montenegrins are heavily taxed before they can even leave this country, and smuggling is rife on the borders.

It is, however, notorious that certain of the Powers "won't know" Servia as a punishment for the fearful massacre in 1903 of King Alexander and Queen Draga. Britain is the most aloof of these Powers, and now, for nearly two years, we have had no diplomatic intercourse with King Peter, our business with him being done by our consul, Mr. Thessiger, at Belgrade.

Morocco has been very much talked about of late, but, though Britain is on visiting terms with the Sultan, through our Minister at Fez, Morocco has no representative in London. Her nearest approach to the British ear is conducted at Gibraltar by a gentleman who rejoices in the name of Taleb-Abd-es-Islam-Bou-Zian-el-Tanji.

The new Republic of Panama has as yet got to "know" us, in the usual way, by sending a representative.

The shoe is on the other foot in the case of Great Britain and Bolivia. Our relations with that South American State have been distinctly "offish" for the last fifty years. Three times since 1852 have we appointed a Minister, but for various reasons he has never gone to his post. There is no British Minister in Bolivia at the present time.

In the case of some small States, Britain, as it were, "kills" her social duties by appointing one Minister for four. Thus Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador each rejoice in one-quarter of a Minister resident, the whole of that official being to represent us to all four at once.

Apart altogether from times of war, we have often been in the position of "not knowing" another State.

Of all great Powers in recent years, we have fallen out, diplomatically, most with the United States. Old time United States Presidents had a way of dismissing an Ambassador with little ceremony. The President in 1856 promptly "sacked" Mr. Crampton, our Minister, to show his disapproval of the British habit of recruiting in the United States soldiers to fight in the foreign legion against Russia.

Thirty-two years later, in 1888, President Cleveland "cut" us dead in the same fashion by dismissing Lord Sackville, our Ambassador, for having written a letter commenting on a political question.

SHARK FISHING.

Honolulu Sport With Harpoon or Hook and a Horse's Body for Bait.

HONOLULU, July 9.—One of Honolulu's most exciting pastimes is shark fishing. Large sharks abound off Honolulu harbor, and a party of fishermen may usually count on bringing back one or two sea monsters from eight to fourteen feet long by going three or four miles from shore. The fish may either be harpooned or hooked, the latter method being the easier. The harpooning is more dangerous and more difficult.

The shark fishers need a small launch, a dead horse, some harpoons or hooks and some large caliber rifles. The horse is sometimes killed a day or two before the expedition, as sharks are supposed to like their horse meat "high." This is not necessary, however, and is not advisable, for there is no special pleasure in dragging through the harbor a horse that has been dead long enough really to resent it.

The horse is tied at the end of a rope and left to float about sixty feet away from the launch out in the open sea, and then the wait for sharks begins. A shark will usually show up in a very short time. At a distance of sixty feet he is a long green object of indefinite outlines. He approaches the dead horse slowly until a few feet away and then veers off to one side and disappears. But he always returns. Over and over again, sometimes for an hour, he will circle about the dead animal, seeming to be as suspicious as any fox.

While the shark is making these repeated investigations the bait is slowly drawn toward the boat. Some interesting glimpses of the shark are obtainable during this process. He will slowly glide through the water up to the food and then suddenly turn on his side and take a bite. If it is close enough one gets an idea of what he can do in the biting line. In an expedition last month dogs were used, no horse having been obtainable. Within three feet of the fishers on the boat a huge shark turned, opened his jaws and seized a dog. The dog was tied to the rope. There was a wriggle of the huge green looking body, a splashing of surface water and the shark moved on. The dog was bitten clean in half.

When harpooning is to be done, the bait is drawn gradually closer until the shark comes right up to the boat. Then the harpoon is plunged into him and battle begins. The shark will plunge for deep water and tow the boat at a rapid pace. His strength is extraordinary and the fight is sure to be a long one. There is nothing for it but to tire him out, and the only way to do this is to let him struggle as he will. Gradually he is drawn nearer and nearer to the boat, and soon he is hauled to the surface in a condition approaching exhaustion. Then the rifles come into play, but at the first shots he will often carry the harpoon and rope off with him again and renew the fight.

There is a spot under the gills where a fatal wound can be inflicted with a large rifle bullet, but shooting in a rocking small boat is not likely to be accurate, and the right spot is seldom reached at once.

The sharks are more easily hooked than harpooned. From the side of the boat they may be seen swimming about below. The use of a box with a glass bottom makes possible a splendid view of them. On the occasion already referred to the other half of the bitten dog was placed on a large hook and let down among them. Through the glass a huge shark was seen slowly to approach, turn and seize the bait. In some way or other the hook failed to catch and the shark let go when the rope was jerked. But he came back at once and seized it again. Two men, pulling as sailors pull on a halyard, slowly drew him to the surface, where a fine view was had of his head and jaws, with five rows of sword teeth.

Four men with heavy rifles stood ready to shoot him and at the word they all fired at his head. The shark gave a jerk that got the line away from those who were holding it, and down he went to deep water again. He was hauled up and shot after shot was fired into his head, while one member of the party used a spear to reach a vital spot. Under this sort of attack he soon lost activity. The shark was 12 feet 4 inches in length.

Many tourists who come to Honolulu get up shark fishing parties. There are launches and assistants for hire. The shark usually goes to the fishermen who help, and a small sum is to be realized from the oil its liver affords.

DELICATE FLOWERS AS FOODS

Made Into Salads, Jellies, Curries—Cloves and Capers.

Though the fact is well known that flowers are used extensively as medicine, it may come as a surprise to many that tons of delicate flowers are regularly used as food, says the *South China Post*.

In many parts of India the flowers of a saponaceous tree, *Bassia latifolia*, or mahwah, form a really important article of diet. These blossoms, which are succulent and very nourishing and numerous, fall at night in large quantities from the trees and are gathered early in the morning and eaten raw. They have a sweet but sickly taste and odor. They are likewise dried in sun and sold in the bazaars. The Bheels dry them and store them as a staple article of food.

An ardent spirit like whisky is distilled from these flowers and is consumed in large quantities by the natives of Guzerat, &c.; sweetmeats are also made of them. A single tree affords from two to four hundred pounds of blossoms. In Malabar and Mysore another species of the tree abounds, the flowers of which are used in a similar manner by the natives.

The flowers of the Judas tree have an agreeable acrid taste and are sometimes mixed with salads or made into fritters with batter, and the flower buds are pickled with vinegar. The flowers of the American species are used by the French Canadians in salads and pickles. The flowers of the *Abutilon esculentum* are used in Brazil as boiled vegetables. The flowers of the horseradish tree are eaten by the natives of India in their curry.

The young calices of *Dillenia scarabella* and *D. speciosa*, which are swollen and fleshy, have a pleasantly acid taste, and are used by the inhabitants of Chittagong and Bengal in their curries and also for making jellies. The large, showy flowers of the nasturtium are frequently used along with the young leaves in salad. They have a warm taste, not unlike that of the common cress, and it is from this similarity that the plant has gained the name of nasturtium.

The hill people of India are fond of the flowers of the rhododendron arboreum, and even Anglo-Europeans use them for making jelly. Yet poisonous properties are ascribed to the species of this genus, and it has been said that the *R. ponticum* was the plant from whose flowers the bees of Pontus gathered the honey which produced the extraordinary symptoms of poisoning described as having attacked the Greek soldiers in the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand.

The flower clusters of the cauliflower, which form themselves into a firm cluster or head, varying from four to eight or more inches across, become the edible portion of one of the greatest of vegetable delicacies. In this it differs greatly from all other members of the cabbage family, whose leaves and stalks are used for culinary purposes.

The flower buds of the *Capparis spinosa*, a plant which grows on the walls in southern Europe, are commonly known as caper. These are chiefly imported from Sicily, though the plant is largely cultivated in some parts of France. The cloves of commerce are the unexpanded buds of *Caryophyllus aromaticus*, a small evergreen, native of the Moluccas, but cultivated in many parts of the East and West Indies.

GOIN' ER-FISHIN'

As You and Billy Used to Do It in the Days When You Were Boys.

"Have you ever been er-fishin'?" queried the man who had been reared among the New England hills, as the waiter placed before him some Long Island trout. "If you have not you have missed one of the good things in life."

"Yes," replied his friend and host. "Whenever there's a chance I take a five ounce rod and some flies and set out. In fact, these particular fish we are eating are my reward for neglecting work for forty-eight hours."

"That ain't fishin'," said the country bred man. "That's anglin'."

"Well, what's the difference?"

"It's plainly evident that you never have been er-fishin', or you wouldn't ask such a question. Listen to me and I'll tell you how to go er-fishin'."

"I suppose I'll have to," replied his friend resignedly. "If these 'old homestead' attacks are as hard on you as they are on your friends, it would be nothing less than a crime not to let you get one out of your system."

"To enjoy to the limit goin' er-fishin' one must be a boy. So we'll just jump backward some thirty odd years and land in a comfortable old farmhouse in the New England hills. It's a Friday night, late in May, supper is over, and while mother is clearing the table father reads aloud from the *County Bulletin*, and Billy Taylor comes in.

"I'm going to let you be Billy and I'm giving you a great social boost, for Billy's father owns the store and is a deacon. Mother makes exhaustive inquiry concerning the health of all your relatives, and you mumble 'Yes'm' to each query. Father goes right on reading; he don't notice boys much.

"'Jer ask him?' you whisper.

"'Hain't yet,' I whisper in return.

"'When yer goin' ter?'

"'Pretty quick.'

"'Ask him now, can't yer?'

"'Wait on a bit.'

"'Am waitin', ain't I?'

"And you do wait, until finally father lays the paper in his lap and, glancing our way, seems for the first time to become aware of your presence.

"'Hello, Billy. How's your father,' he inquires.

"'Yes'm. I—I—mean yessir,' you answer. But father don't seem to notice your break, and once more takes up the paper.

"'Quick! Ask him now,' you say, giving me a pinch.

"Thus admonished, I make the plunge.

"'Say, pa! Billy wants me ter go er fishin' with him ter-morrer.'

"Why I should think that he would let me go any quicker because you or anybody else wanted me to go I can't to this day tell, but I am unable to recall ever asking for this privilege without ringing in at least one outsider.

"Father lays the paper in his lap again, and there is breathless silence while he meditates.

"'The corn in the south lot needs hoin' bad, John,' he says, finally.

"That's a heart breaker—and a back breaker. The south lot stands for not less than eight hours of work. But when all seems lost, who should come to the rescue but mother.

"'Now father,' says this blessed advocate, 'do let the boy go; seems like you've forgot what a boy you was fer fishin'.'

"And father gives in and seems sort of glad of it. I reckon what mother said about his 'goin er fishin', sort of set him to thinking.

"With a whoop we rush out of the house and around to the woodshed, where we secure a spade and a tin can and go prospecting for worms. "It's quite light enough for that even at 7 o'clock, and to-morrow's hours are too precious to be wasted in digging bait. Then you tell me of a rotten stump in Deacon Bassett's orchard that's chock full er grubs—sockin' big fellers, and we get a lantern from the barn—it's quite dark now—and go cross lots to the deacon's orchard.

"We're tired enough when we get home—you're going to sleep with me—and we go to bed early and to sleep quickly, for we must be up long before the sun. It seems as if we had only got to sleep when there's a knock at the door and mother's voice calling:

"'Come boys, it's most 5 o'clock.'

"We jump out of bed and into our clothes, but we don't wash up much, for what's the use, ain't nobody goin' ter see us, and we tiptoe downstairs—father ain't up yet—to find that mother is ahead of us, ham and eggs sufficient for four, which we somehow condense and pack into two.

"While we are performing this apparently impossible gastronomic feat, mother puts us up a bountiful noontime snack and we find ourselves on our way. When we reach Myrick's pasture we separate, you going to Jones's woods, while I go to the woods beyond 'Brown's Holler,' you having elected to fish one branch and I the other of Silver Brook. The first at the junction waits for the other fellow and when we get together we'll eat our lunch.

"Soon I am in action. You and I having reached the age of 14, we no longer reckon horned poat and perch or even pickerel as worthy of our efforts; we're after trout.

"So, regardless of the fact that I shall undoubtedly be wet to the waist in fifteen minutes, I carefully roll up my trousers, cut and trim a forked switch on which to string my fish and am ready for business. You always insisted it was bad luck to cut a switch before you had caught a fish, but I never would allow that it made any difference.

"I guess I'll try a grub first off. They're so white that even the most sleepy eyed trout must see them. So the grub is artistically draped upon the hook and I step cautiously into the icy water which sets my blood a-tingling, select a promising riffle and drop the gleaming bait. Away it goes, and finally, as I intended it should, disappears around a big boulder, plunging into the pool beyond. For a moment I leave it there and then, as nothing happens, I sweep it to one side and quietly draw it back. Again I drop it, guiding it this time so that it disappears around the other end of the boulder.

"As it disappears there comes the electric thrill. With a quick movement I set the hook and feeling him still there I sock it to him. In other words, carefully avoiding the switching of overhanging foliage and without disturbing a single pebble under my feet (there may be other trout in that hole), I land him high and dry on the bank—a beauty weighing almost a pound.

"I had eighteen and you had twenty speckled beauties. I vowed that three of yours were under size and we quarreled all through lunch.

"Later we fished down the brook side by side—it was a good sized stream below the junction—and at evening we reached home happy, hungry and tired and mother gave us a ripping good supper and father took a good deal of notice of us and said to let him know the next time we thought of going fishin'.

"Not a very exciting yarn, is it?" said the country bred man as he pushed back his chair.

"No," replied his friend, "it's not so very exciting, but I almost wish I had been Billy."

Owns Estate on Which He Was Slave.

From the Des Moines Register and Leader.

"I suppose it is not generally known that Booker T. Washington now owns the plantation on which he and his people were slaves," said R. N. Hyde.

"I have seen it. When I went East last year I had the pleasure of inspecting it. It is just above Charleston, and Mr. Washington's sister resides in the house, while he spends his summers there.

"And beneath the tree sleeps the family of the white man who owned the Washingtons when they were slaves. In accordance with the old Southern custom they were interred on the home plantation when they passed away. Later it came into the hands of Mr. Washington, and with respect to the former master the graves were not disturbed, but are cared for tenderly."

GREED OF THE MASKINONGE.

Heavy Eaters Are These Fresh Water Sharks of Canada.

HULL, Canada, July 23.—A fine maskinonge was killed in the Ottawa River not far from here lately. Its captor was trolling for pickerel with a bare spoon and was greatly surprised when he received a tug which nearly wrenched his arm out, followed by the peculiar shake and rush which told that a genuine old stager had taken hold. There was a good half hour of vigorous playing done before the big fellow could be brought near enough to the boat to be killed. It weighed 29 pounds and was exactly four feet in length over all.

Another fine fish, which measured half a foot more in length, was taken a few miles higher up the river on Tuesday last. It weighed 35 pounds. This one was taken in the orthodox manner, that is, upon a large spoon bait, with a triangular bit of pork on the hooks.

In both of these cases no attempt was made to get the mate, which was probably close by. It is seldom that the fish are to be found cruising alone.

They tell a tale hereabouts of a splendid pair of these giants being caught upon one set of hooks in Lake Deschenes. The spoon was armed with a triple set of large hooks hung by a swivel from the line in such a manner that they trailed in the water about half way down the spoon. At the tail end the usual gang of hooks was attached with the bit of pork.

A thirty-seven pound fish dashed at the bait, and got two of the hooks well set in his bony mouth. The fisherman was hauling him in, when the other, probably the female fish, seized the spoon itself, or at any rate so darted at it that it was caught in the eye socket, and securely held.

The man was alone on the lake and was at his wit's end. As he told the tale, he dragged the boat up by hauling upon his line to where the two creatures thrashed about on the surface, and cocking his single barreled gun, held the line in his left hand while with his right he fired in the direction of his captives. His chance shot took effect, and both fish were so stunned that they could be towed into shallow water. The combined weight of the two fish was seventy-eight pounds.

But the largest fish known to have been taken in this district was caught in a much simpler manner. Old Peter Brule speared it with a boathook, near the mouth of the Gatineau. It was basking and apparently fast asleep on the surface of the river when the old man first saw it, and he was about to row up to it and lift it in for a floating log when he descried signs of life, and instead hurled his boathook straight at it.

A good deal of splashing ensued, but somehow or another the old river waif contrived to loop a cord around its tail and to tow the great thing ashore. It was a very gaunt, ugly specimen, and weighed on the paper mill scales sixty-two pounds. This was not, however, all maskinonge. Within the gullet of the monster was half of a partly decayed twenty pound sturgeon. With the assistance of his wife the writer once captured an immense pike, with an ordinary landing net, which had another pike pretty nearly as big as himself half in and half out of his jaws.

They make a vigorous struggle for life, these powerful, torpedo shaped giants, but as they are generally caught with hand lines and by trolling they do not give as much sport as might be expected. As a rule they do not break water very much, but after a few fierce rushes are dragged in swaying from side to side.

Sportsmen rejoice over the death of every one of these creatures; with how great reason was well shown in the case of one of those taken this week. This one had in its huge maw two young ducks, a large whitefish and a two pound trout. If this was simply an ordinary meal the annual upkeep of a big maskinonge must be a serious charge upon the water it inhabits.

RENTS OF SUMMER CAMPS.

Not a Good Year in the Adirondacks—Some High Prices Paid.

Owners of Adirondack camps have found them hard to rent this season, and some fine camps are likely to be entirely unoccupied. Permanent family camps are usually occupied, if at all, during the months of July and August and up to the middle of September.

In good seasons it is usually easy enough to get a rental of from $1,000 to $2,500 for a camp of moderate size, and the tenant usually expects to have possession only eight or ten weeks. Large camps in the fashionable settlements may easily rent for three or four times these prices. Very small and simple camps in remote places, and little log and slab or shingle cottages may usually be had for rentals ranging from $150 to $500 for the season.

All these prices usually include the use of from two to six or eight boats worth $60 or $80 each, wood, ice, and all the necessary furniture, in which are included bedding and table ware.

A camp that rents for $1,000 will accommodate comfortably a family of six or eight, with servants and a guest or two. For $1,500 the tenant usually gets accommodations in tents and houses for fifteen or twenty persons. The great and costly camps will lodge thirty or forty persons. Small camps are hard to find in the fashionable settlements, and cottages are scarce.

Some of the hotel proprietors rent tents and cottages for the season to tenants who agree to take their meals at the hotel at a good round sum per week. Some such cottages of moderate size rent for $600, $800 or $1,000 and the tenant is under strict contract to cook nothing whatever in the house.

The rental ordinarily commanded by a camp of moderate size and simple appointments is a very false indication of its selling value. For instance, a camp that normally rents for $500 a month will not sell for $60,000. Its worth is nearer $15,000. An island camp, in spite of its seeming inconvenience of situation, will usually sell for more and fetch a better rental than a camp on the mainland in the same region. Rentals and selling values in the fashionable settlements are enormous and even for camp sites that do not front immediately upon a body of water very high prices are paid.

Some costly camps in fashionable regions must reach the water by means of easements through other camps, and water front property on some of the lakes is practically unobtainable. The importance of the water front is due not only to the beauty of such a situation but to its practical utility, for in parts of the Adirondacks the only convenient and comfortable highway is a lake or river.

There is still a strong prejudice against power boats on many of the lakes, though they have been introduced in the fashionable region partly because the servants who fetch and carry for the great camps demand that they be spared the labor of rowing boats laden with trunks and merchandise.

TO FENCE IN GAME WITH WIRE.

Several State Preserves to Be Established in Pennsylvania Forests.

HARRISBURG, Pa., July 22.—The Board of State Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania has decided to preserve game in this State. The plan is to establish several State game preserves on land owned by the State Forestry Department.

These preserves are to be enclosed by a fence with a single wire strung about three feet from the ground—high enough for small game to pass under and low enough for deer to jump over. Within these enclosures hunting will be prohibited, not only in the regular "close" seasons, but at all times, and the State game wardens will be empowered to enforce this regulation.

The last Legislature appropriated $6,000, which can be used for establishing the proposed single wire fences. A commission composed of ex-State Treasurer Frank G. Harris of Clearfield, W. Heyward Myers of Williamsport and Secretary Joseph Kalbfus of the State Game Commission will select the sites.

The Bald Eagle's Bad Habits

The great American bald eagle is an illustration of the truth that fine feathers do not make fine birds. For, sad to relate, the original of our national emblem is a scavenger, a coward and a thief. Fish is his principal diet, and as he can catch them under only the most favorable circumstances he picks up those that have been washed ashore or he robs his feathered neighbors. His lack of courage is seen when one attempts to molest his nest. Almost as soon as the intruder begins to ascend the tree or cliff the male eagle sails off into space, leaving his wife to protect her offspring. Even she does not show as much bravery as the average small bird.

Although the bald eagle will capture and eat poultry, game birds, small mammals and the young of sheep and goats, he will live on fish entirely when fish are to be had.

Taking a place in a dead tree trunk high above the water, the eagle watches the valley until he sees a fish hawk or osprey capture a fish. Then, waiting until it has mounted in the air, he sallies forth. He is a strong flier, and the fish hawk, burdened by its load, is soon overtaken. Then begins a battle in midair. Battle though it may seem to be, the real object of the eagle is merely to frighten the fish hawk so that it will drop its prey, which it quickly does, realizing that in order to protect itself it must have the free use of its claws. The instant the fish is released the robber scoops down and catches it in midair, then bears it off to his perch.

Speaking generally, the bald eagle is found over the entire northern hemisphere. It is very common in Florida and the adjacent large islands, but it is most abundant along the coast and about the mouths of the rivers of southern Alaska. Attracted in the summer by the salmon that swarm from the ocean into shallow fresh water streams, the eagles gather in great numbers and fish, snatching fish from the water as they flounder over the shallow riffles.

It is not unusual to see twenty-five or fifty eagles perched on the rocks or tree trunks about the mouth of one of these Alaska streams, and as they are seldom shot by hunters they become very tame, permitting one to approach within fifty or a hundred feet of them. On the way from Juneau to Admiralty Island, while entering a narrow pass between two islands, I counted thirty-four eagles at one time. One noticeable thing was that there were few immature birds among them, nearly all having the white head and tail, which do not appear until after the birds are three years old.

Raising blue foxes is one of the industries in the parts of Alaska where eagles are common, and here they are injurious to man. The foxes are bred on islands situated so far from the mainland that there is no chance of their escaping. During the spring, when the young foxes are about one-third or half grown, the eagles capture many of them, so many, in fact, that the fox raising companies offer a bounty of 50 cents for the head of every eagle killed in that vicinity.

Now and then the eagle will attempt to rob the human hunter of his prey. Many a man has had wounded and dead waterfowl snatched from beneath his very eyes during the few minutes he had left his gun in the blind while he went out in the boat to gather up his game.

One fall while hunting golden eye ducks on the Susquehanna River at Owego, N. Y., I had an experience of this kind. After a long, arduous stalk, I arrived within shooting distance of the game, killed one duck and wounded another. These ducks are very expert divers and when wounded will take shelter beneath the water, diving repeatedly and putting only the tip of the bill out of the water. When there is a slight ripple on the surface this ruse is usually successful, for the duck will work further and further away from the hunter.

In open water a wounded duck managed to elude me, and after an hour's search I gave up the chase and continued on down stream. I had gone about a quarter of a mile when I saw an eagle flying up the river high in the air. Eagles are rare in this locality, so this one was watched closely.

As he sailed over the spot where the wounded duck should be he began to circle. With each revolution he came nearer and nearer the surface until he was only fifty feet above the water. Then he darted down and almost dipped into the water before turning and rising. Mounting in the air, he continued to circle over the spot and then dived again. I instantly came to the conclusion that the eagle was after the duck, so I hurried back over the ice and soon reached a spot where I could watch the proceedings.

Each time the duck's head appeared the eagle swooped at it, and as he came near the duck dived, whereupon the eagle would rise quickly, circle over the spot until his prey again appeared. He gave the duck no time to rest, but attacked it instantly. Its periods beneath the water became shorter and shorter. Undoubtedly the eagle would have been successful had I not made my presence known by walking out on the ice, whereupon he took fright and made off.

Of the two birds, the golden eagle rather than the bald eagle should have been chosen as the emblem of the United States. By far the larger and more noble bird in appearance, it is less of a scavenger than the bald eagle.

Being rather rare east of the Rocky Mountains and shyer than the bald eagle, the golden eagle is known intimately only to the hunters, ranchmen and naturalists. It is a common sight to see four or more of these beautiful birds sailing gracefully over the arroyos and "bad lands" of the West or the high crests of the Rockies or the Sierra Nevadas or the Cascade Mountains.

While hunting in the Canadian Rockies of Alberta I have watched a pair of these birds for hours as they soared along the steep mountain cliffs, evidently hunting for rabbits or lambs of the Rocky Mountain sheep and goat.

The golden eagle's food consists of small animals and birds. In the sheep raising districts he is very destructive to domestic lambs, and in the mountain regions he is one of the worst enemies the mountain sheep and goats have. Although there is little doubt that a full grown deer, antelope, sheep or goat could ward off the attacks of an eagle, these birds have a way of appearing around a rock when they are least expected, and before the mother is aware of its presence it has snatched up her offspring and flown away.

In the summer of 1901, while I was in Alaska capturing white sheep for the New York Zoological Park, I had an experience with eagles which illustrated how easily they could capture young lambs.

We had caught and were carrying a lamb from the crags, thousands of feet above the valley, to our camp. The little fellow was being conveyed in a sack swung from the neck of my guide. We had halted for a few minutes rest at a particularly steep and rugged cliff, and were about to continue when an eagle suddenly appeared, flying along the side of the mountain close to the face of the cliff. On seeing us the huge bird quickened its flight. I called to my guide and we both watched its approach. When about a hundred yards away it suddenly bowed its wings and made straight at the guide. Nearer and nearer it came like an arrow; its sharp wings cut through the air like the hum of a bullet, while we, too suprised to act, expected every instant that the bird would change its course.

But it did not. I saw my guide tighten his grip on the sack that held the lamb, and I knew then that he had come to the conclusion that the eagle really intended to snatch the lamb from his grasp. When not more than ten feet from the man the eagle turned suddenly upward, missed the guide by only a few feet, and then continued its flight along the mountainside as quickly as it had appeared.

STORIES THE YACHTSMEN TELL.

Seagoing Yarns of the Men Who Sail From This Port.

Bishop Thomas F. Gailor of Tennessee has recently become very much interested in yachting and has gone to several regattas in company with Ex-Commodore Hoyt of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club. At a regatta recently, when on board Vice-Commodore Clarkson Cowl's yacht, he told this story on himself:

He was making a tour of his diocese, and one evening arrived at the home of a prominent churchman with whom he was to stay over night. He was received by his hostess, who informed him that her husband had unfortunately been called away on business, but would be home soon.

She said that, knowing the Bishop would be hot and tired, she had mixed a mint julep and that she would serve it at once. Being a good Southerner, a julep appealed to the Bishop, and when it was ready he sipped it delicately. The julep had a taste that was peculiar, and the Bishop took another sip and then made a face.

"Is anything the matter with the julep?" asked his hostess.

"Frankly," replied the Bishop, "this is the worst julep I have ever tasted. Then, trying it again, he added: "It tastes to me something like quinin and strychnin."

A look of horror spread over his hostess's face, and she asked if she might taste the drink herself. When she had done so she said:

"My husband has not been at all well lately, and the doctor has given him a tonic. Now, I know just what has happened. He keeps that tonic in a closet with his whisky. It's in the julep."

To go to one's yacht in real style is one of the things that a yachtsman prides himself on. On stepping into his gig the owner picks up the tiller lines, takes his seat in the stern and then gives his orders in this way:

"Shove off." "Up oars." "Let fall." "Give way."

The men shove the boat off from the float, peak their oars in the air, let them fall into the water, and then row. On reaching the side of the yacht the orders are "way enough" and "in oars." The sailors know well enough when they have a man who understands his business, and when he does not they take a particular delight in letting every one see that he is a novice.

A well known member of the New York Yacht Club was standing on a float a few days ago and watched a gig go off in proper style. He remarked: "I'll never forget the first time I owned a yacht. I had not looked into little details like that. I was on the float at Newport, about to take a party of friends to my vessel. All got in the gig, and I took my seat in the stern and then waited. The men sat perfectly still, and each one looked as innocent as the steward after he has palmed off his duplicate bills. I waited and they waited, and then I got nervous. Some friends were on the float, and they, too, were watching to see us go off. I knew something was wrong, but could not think what it was, and finally shouted in desperation to the men to get out of there and they did in their own fashion.

"As soon as I got on board I went to the sailing master and said: 'I've just made a lobster of myself,' and asked what I should have done. He explained to me the orders and for fear I should forget them I wrote them on my cuff. I had to wear that shirt for a week."

The famous old schooner yacht Miranda is to be seen lying off Whitestone these days. She is owned by C. T. Nelson and is every bit as good as she was when she was launched in 1870. The Miranda was built by John Harvey at Wivenhoe, England. She represents the old type of English yacht, deep and narrow. At the time she was one of the cracks the American type was the shoal centerboarder. After the Puritan had successfully defended the America's Cup against the cutter Genesta in 1885 a party of Corinthian yachtsmen were returning from the races and George B. Hill remarked to J. Langdon Ward that the race did not really prove anything and that the only way to really test the relative merits of the two yachts was to get an English boat over here and to cruise and race her with the American boat for at least a season. Mr. Hill was asked why he did not make the experiment, and he replied that he was willing to do so if he could find a boat. That winter he saw an advertisement offering the Miranda for sale and purchased her. He talked things over with Mr. Ward and just before he was going to the other side to bring the boat back he told Mr. Ward that he had found out that his sailing master was not a navigator and he did not know what to do. Mr. Ward suggested that he should hire a navigator on the other side, but this Mr. Hill did not like to do. Finally, Mr. Ward said: "I'll go with you and we'll bring the boat back ourselves."

In due time the Miranda sailed, and when passing the Lizard Mr. Ward began his first study of navigation. The yacht experienced some hard blows on the Atlantic, and the peculiarities of the weather on the ocean were shown by her experiences. At one time she was hove to for fifty hours in a hard gale, while the cutter Galatea, only forty miles to the north of the schooner, was becalmed. The Miranda arrived here safely, and then Mr. Hill tried her against the American boats and found out that she was not in the same class as the cracks on this side.

The Atlantic was a particularly lucky boat in the last ocean race, and those who have come back from the other side, think luck cut a more than ordinary figure in her success. What would have happened if she had met strong head winds cannot be said, but Capt. Barr is thankful that she did not have adverse weather.

When the boat was being prepared for the race Designer Gardner wanted the boat to be as light as possible, while Capt. Barr wanted lots of ballast. This difference of opinion caused friction. On the last day before starting, Capt. Barr asked for five tons more lead, but Mr. Gardner tried to keep the lead from the yacht and congratulated himself on being successful. Much to his chagrin, he found that Capt. Barr was too smart and had sent to a yard in Staten Island the morning the yachts were to start and get the lead he wanted.

The auxiliary has been the cause of several scares among those yachtsmen who are giving evening celebrations. There was a flat calm at Larchmont recently and not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the water. It was stifling hot, too. Several yachtsmen were going out in a launch, and an auxiliary sloop was quietly coming into the harbor. Her spars, bare of canvas, gave her an uncanny look as she glided along, and one man gazed at her intently for a few minutes. Then he stood up in the launch and there was a troubled look in his eye. Finally it dawned on him that the sloop had a motor and he heaved a sigh of relief.

"Those things will be the death of me yet!" he exclaimed. "I began to think I had 'em."

Diving for Sponges Along Florida Coast.

From the Tarpon Springs News.

John Cocoris has been so successful in his venture of diving for sponge that others are being encouraged to go and do likewise.

This week a party of Greeks headed by Harolampos Carnavas and George P. Panaico have purchased a vessel to use for the same purpose. Monday they bought the President Fillmore from George Fowler and had her placed on Capt. H. P. Pent's ways at once to be put in shape for use in diving for sponge.

One advantage the divers have over the "hookers" is they can operate whether the water is clear or not, and, as was expected, the quality of sponge they get in deep water is unusually fine and brings the top price. It is said that some Greeks from Apalachicola are also fitting out a vessel to dive for sponge.