

QUARRELED OVER TREE

IT HAS COST 50,000 RUPEES AND A DOZEN LIVES.

Long Series of Feuds Between Two Bengal Estates Ended by Calcutta Business Man.

A certain mango tree, it appears, in growing up would not observe the boundary line between two Bengal estates and distributed its foliage and fruit impartially over both. As a consequence the owners of the estates have spent about 50,000 rupees in litigation, killed a dozen people and fought the bitterest armed fights.

During the bearing season the tree was productive of many mangoes. The first quarrel seems to have started among the women folks of the two families, who insisted that the mangoes belonged to one, then the other. They even resorted to picking the mangoes at night until one party happened to catch the other poaching. A fight followed in which, it is said, two were killed.

After this quiet reigned for some time, when the two principals met one day in a neighboring village and participated in a free-for-all fight over the innocent tree. They were separated in a bloody condition and were fined by the police. Then followed a long series of feuds and battles covering a period of many years, during which the tree yielded its luscious fruit to the one who happened to be cunning enough to pick it first. Finally both sides established armed guards around the tree and kept watch on each other night and day.

This went on with occasional fights for several years. It was a case of one trying to wear the other one out. Thousands of rupees were paid out for these special parties and fines, for burials of victims, court expenses and ammunition. It was not until just recently that a prominent business man of Calcutta was able to settle the dispute. He asked the two land owners to jointly deed the tree to him in return for many favors he had rendered both of them. This was finally done and he has caused a large cement circular wall to be erected about the tree, to which he has acquired full title and possession.

The quarrel has not only been expensive and fatal, but has kept a community in a constant state of hostility for many years. Any one traveling in eastern Bengal can easily hear the story and visit the scene of the feud, if sufficiently interested in the case. The gentleman whose strategy saved the situation desires that his name should remain unknown.—Calcutta Englishman.

Through the Lines.

The young man who had come within an inch of being run over, said he always butted across the street that way to keep folks from finding out he was a country chap unused to city ways.

"If I should hang back," he said, "everybody would take me for a greenhorn, and I want people to think that I at least know how to cross the street city fashion."

"But the real town man doesn't cross the street in that bull-dog fashion," said a gray-haired relative. "He drifts with the tide. Instead of butting through the middle of a wagon he ambles along beside it watching for an opening. Sometimes he is carried a block out of his way in the midst of vehicles before he finds a way out, but he is never in danger because he is going with the current. So if you want to be set down as a man who knows the life of city streets, don't break through a heavy line of traffic by main force, but follow the stream and take advantage of the point of least resistance."

Prayer Halls in Russia.

In the villages of Russia the "prayer hall" is the common "izba" or cottage of a Stundist mujik, or a shed attached to a very primitive farmstead surrounded by prodigious quantities of mud, dust or snow, according to the season of the year. A separate building erected expressly for worship among the rural evangelicals of Russia is a luxury yet to be provided in the great majority of cases. The meeting place, whether "izba" or out-house, has walls of earth. It is within ceiling. The floor is the bare earth, trodden hard by many feet through the lapse of long years, and worn into lumps and hollows. The walls are lime washed and destitute of decoration or adornment. There are rough wooden benches around and across the room. The place is usually packed to suffocation with men, women and children, crowded on the seats, thronging the doorways, and huddling together on the top of the huge stove.—Sunday at Home.

Making Money Rapidly.

A French newspaper has been calculating what various champions gain by the hour or by the mile. The gains of Andre Beaumont, the aviator, work out at almost \$37 a mile. He cannot compare with the winner of the Grand Prix at Longchamps, as d'Atout, who won money at the rate of \$24,000 a minute, or \$38,400 a mile.

Automobile driving in 1905 paid a winner, Thery, at the rate of \$58 a mile, or \$2,857 an hour. The chief bicycle prize of France pays about \$1,066 a mile, or from \$200 to \$400 a minute, but the tour of France for bicyclists, wherein men have just cycled more than 3,000 miles around France during the hot wave, only pays 65 cents a mile.

TELLS WHEN WATER BOILS

Novel Alarm Arrangement Invented by a German for the Benefit of the Cook.

The secret of good tea lies in pouring hot water over the leaves just as the water has come to a boil. If the water has had a chance to boil a while, some of the air in it passes off and the taste of the tea is much inferior. Of course a cook cannot stand around the kettle waiting for the exact instant the water comes to a boil, so a German invented an alarm to tell just when that moment was reached. Two metal arms extend out



over the spout of the kettle and are connected by wires to an electric bell. When the ends of the arm meet a circuit is formed which rings the bell. These points of contact are separated when the kettle is put over the fire by means of a lump of sugar placed between the two. The first puffs of steam that issue from the spout, just as the water is beginning to boil, melt the sugar and bring the arms together, ringing the bell. The cook then pours the water over the tea leaves at once.

COFFEE BREAD THAT IS FINE

It Contains Chopped Nuts and is Covered With Caramel and Orange Slices.

Half pint each of liquid yeast and water, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of white sugar, one-half cupful of chopped nut meats, one cupful of stale light bread crumbs, and flour to make a stiff dough. Knead until elastic and glossy. Cover and place to rise. When well risen, which should be in two hours, work in one large well beaten egg. Dip into a shallow baking pan to the depth of little over one-half inch. When light bake for thirty minutes in a moderate oven; keep covered for first ten minutes of baking.

Make a caramel of one cupful of white sugar, a tablespoonful of water, and the same amount of grated orange peel. Let cool, and when the bread is cold pour the caramel over the top, smoothing with a knife, and dot with thin slices of sweet orange. The bread crumbs are a great improvement and the result is a feathery, delicious coffee bread.

Veal and Toast.

For four persons take two and a half pounds of leg of veal, set in a frying pan with a tablespoon of butter; brown on all sides; season with salt, pepper and paprika; then set in a stewpan with two cups of water, and the butter in which it has been browned. Slice over it one tomato, one onion, one carrot and one part of a bay leaf. Cover, let simmer and brown for three hours over fire very slowly. Now take a small package of white noodles, boil in salted water until tender, strain and fry in butter. Get ready three cornered pieces of buttered toast and set your veal in the middle of a large chop platter, place the toast around it and put little heaps of fried noodles on the toast. Make a thick gravy of the remainder of the substance in the stewpan by adding a little water and thickening. Serve plain boiled potatoes with this and cover with gravy.

Cherry Pudding.

Soak three cups of stale bread crumbs until soft in milk to cover. Add a teaspoon of salt and a tablespoon of sugar, grated nutmeg for flavor, and flour to make a batter suited with two teaspoons of baking powder. Add three well-beaten eggs and as many cherries as can be put in the batter. Fill buttered tin, leaving room for pudding to rise one-third, steam two and one-half hours and serve hot with any sauce preferred.

Tasty Way of Cooking Liver.

Take quantity of liver required (calves' for preference), cut in thin slices, dip into mixture of flour, pepper, salt and parsley (chopped fine), with a few mixed dried herbs; fill a pie dish, pour into this sufficient water to nearly cover, then slice potatoes and spread two or three layers over the top and cook in a slow oven for about one and a half hours. Serve very hot.

Creamed Corn.

Left-over corn on the cob should not be thrown away. Cut the corn from the cob and put it away in the refrigerator. At the next meal hour place it in a stew pan with sweet milk, thickened very slightly with a mixture of butter and flour made thin with a little of the milk, season to taste and serve in vegetable dish.

SURF RIDING IS FINE

KANAKA STANDS AMIDST THE SWIFT RUNNING WAVES.

Jack London's Vivid Description of This South Sea Amusement as Practiced at Waikiki Beach.

Much has been written about the native sport of surfing in the South seas, but the following description from London's "Crises of the Shark," is a novel and very vivid. The locality referred to is Waikiki beach, near Honolulu:

The trees grow right down to the salty edges of things, and one sits in their shade and looks seaward at a majestic surf thundering in on the beach to one's very feet. Half a mile out, where is the reef, the white heading combers thrust suddenly skyward out of the placid turquoise blue and come rolling in to shore.

And suddenly, out there where a big smoker lifts skyward, rising like a leagard from out of the welter of spume and churning white, on the giddy, toppling, overhanging and downfalling, precarious crest appears the dark head of a man. Swiftly he rises through the rushing white. His black shoulders, his chest, his loins, his limbs—all is abruptly projected on one's vision. Where but the moment before was only the wide desolation and invincible roar, is now a man, erect, full statured, not struggling frantically in that wild movement, not buried and crushed and buffeted by those mighty monsters, but standing above them all, calm and superb, poised on the giddy summit, his feet buried in the churning foam, the salt smoke rising to his knees, and all the rest of him in the free air and flashing sunlight, and he is flying through the air, flying forward, flying fast as the surge on which he stands. He is a Mercury—a brown Mercury. His heels are winged, and in them is the swiftness of the sea. In truth, from out of the sea he has leaped upon the back of the sea, and he is riding the sea that roars and bellows and cannot shake him from its back. But no frantic outreaching and balancing is his. He is impassive, motionless as a statue carved suddenly by some miracle out of the sea's depths from which he rose. And straight on toward shore he flies on his winged heels and he white crest of the breaker. There is a wild burst of foam, a long multitudinous rushing sound as the breaker falls futile and spent at your feet; and there, at your feet steps calmly ashore a Kanaka.

Green Turtles of Indian Ocean.

Concerning the great turtles of the Southwest Indian ocean a traveler says: "The chelonian, or green turtle (Chelone mydas), is an animal of considerable economic importance to the tool, for it still occurs in the vast borders which are so often described by early voyagers in the tropics. There appear to be two distinct groups—one resident and small in numbers, the other migratory and visiting the atoll to breed in numbers impossible to estimate.

"The latter arrives in December, and from then to April the sea seems alive with turtle. The females seek the small sand beaches and then ascend them with the rising tide, pushing themselves laboriously above high tide mark. Holes are then dug in the sand by means of the fore flippers until a satisfactory one is obtained, and the eggs, 200 in number, are buried, the turtle returning to sea immediately.

"After forty days the eggs hatch, almost simultaneously, and the young turtles dig their way up out of the sand and go down to the sea in a long procession in the course of which they offer an easy prey to their enemies, the frigate birds and herons. Once in the sea sharks and other large fish eat them, and only 10 per cent. reach maturity."

Smoke Dissipated.

The practical way to obviate the annoyance of smoke is to dissipate it before it leaves the chimney top in a tenuous volume. A German professor believes he has found a way to secure this result without chemical or mechanical aid.

Described in Die Umschau, the professor's chimney is perforated on all sides by what might be called little horizontal windows. As the furnace smoke and gases rise they are mixed with air, both before and after emergence, by the eddy forming action of the wind passing through the openings.

From the time the smoke enters the chimney and reaches the height of the lower openings, which receive the wind from any quarter, the intermingling begins, and in each stage of its upward movement the volume becomes less and less. At the mouth of the chimney the outpour is comparatively small and so diluted with air that only a sheet of dark blue smoke waving like a flag to the leeward is seen, where, under other conditions, there would be a cloudlike column of dense black smoke a mile long.

Chimneys constructed on the professor's plan look not unlike windowed towers.

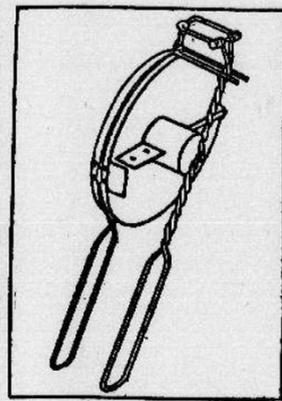
A Cool Costume.

Rather startling is the announcement in a seaside paper that "tan shoes are very much worn this summer. Hundreds of the cottages wear nothing else." A pair of tan shoes certainly makes a very cool costume.

NOVEL BUT TOO ELABORATE

Device for Separating Whites and Yolks of Eggs Invented by an Oregon Man.

An ingenious but rather elaborate egg separator has been invented by an Oregon man. A concave plate with a lip on one side has a yolk-receiving socket and a revolving cup, mounted on a lever, fits down over this socket. By bringing the cup down the egg is



Revolving Arm Cleans Plate.

cracked and the white flows out into the plate, while the yolk is retained in the socket. The cup also has a cleaning arm extending from it and by turning the cup this arm can be made to clean the plate, the contents of which can be poured through the lip into the cup or other receptacle waiting. Of course the yolk of the egg is not broken in this operation or it would run into the white. As it is, the yolk and shell are removed from the cup of the separator afterward. The experienced cook, however, would probably regard such an apparatus as more interesting than necessary.

CUCUMBER CUPS ARE GOOD

Salad-Like Dish That is Attractive and Not at All Difficult to Make.

To make cucumber cups pare large, well-shaped cucumbers, cut each in four pieces crosswise, and cut a slice off the two ends so that they will stand cuplike; hollow out the centers, stand the cups on a few leaves of lettuce and fill with the tartar sauce, arranging the left-over bits of cucumber at the base.

To prepare the sauce set a bowl on some pieces of ice, and put into it a saltspoonful each of mustard and salt, with two of sugar, and a pinch of cayenne; drop in the yolks of two eggs, stir until mixed and begin whisking with a wire whisk while you add slowly a gill of olive oil, diluting, for fear it should become too thick, with three teaspoonfuls, gradually, of vinegar.

When ready to serve add a teaspoonful each of chopped capers, pickles, parsley, olives and shallots, and a few drops of Tarragon vinegar. Those who go in for changes may like this better than the ever-delicious plain French dressing, for tablespoonfuls of olive oil beaten with pepper and salt, and then, still beating, a tablespoonful of vinegar, drop by drop, on thinly sliced cucumber.

Compote of Cherries.

Cook together one cup of sugar and three-fourths of a cup of water until a thick syrup. Drop into the syrup three cups pitted cherries, tart ones preferred, and let them just come to a boil. Take from the fire, let them stand twenty minutes, then return and simmer gently until tender, but not broken. With a skimmer remove and put into a compote dish. Pour into the syrup remaining in the kettle a half cup currant juice or the same amount of pineapple juice that has been drained from a can of fruit. Cook until thick, pour over the cherries, then stand in a cold place until ready to serve.

Lemon Pie.

Line pie plate with crust and bake. Make crust with two cups of flour and one-half cup of lard, a little water and teaspoon salt. Take double boiler and put in a cup of sugar with two rounding tablepoons flour. Mix well. Grate the rind of one lemon; add the juice and yolks of three eggs, with salt. Stir all together and add a cup of boiling water. Cook until thick. Beat the whites of the three eggs, add sugar and spread over the filling and brown in the oven.

Eggs on Toast-Anchovy.

Make thin slices or crisp toast of moderate thickness. Butter lightly while hot, cut in pieces of equal size, rounds or diamonds, spread each piece with anchovy paste. Put a pint of hot water into a stew pan with flour, teaspoon of vinegar and half a teaspoonful salt; place it over the fire and while boiling break the eggs into it near the surface of the water and let it boil gently about three minutes. Put one poached egg on each piece of anchovy toast.

Wagon Grease, Grass or Tar Stains.

If garments stained by tar or wagon grease are first washed in cold soapsuds, the stains will be eradicated. White dresses can be freed of grass stains by touching the spots with alcohol before washing. For pitch stains, first grease with lard and then use soap and cold water. Turpentine will also remove these stains.—The House-keeper.

MRS. SLAPDASH ERRED

"MACHINE" MEANT NOTHING BUT AUTOMOBILE TO HER.

So She Has Her Say Before Mrs. Mousegray Can Explain It in a Sewing Machine.

"My machine," began the meek little lady.

"Oh, yes, your machine," broke in Mrs. Slapdash hurriedly. "Are you having trouble with it? Now, really, that's too bad! We have a machine that never gives us the slightest cause for worry. Why, Mrs. Mousegray, we drove out to Osprey last week—80 miles and return—and we did not find it necessary to make a single repair, either on the road or after we reached home. Mr. Gogglesby—our neighbor, you know—says that it is a truly wonderful performance. But, then, you understand, we have one of the new 1912 model Hurry-ups."

"But my machine," began Mrs. Mousegray again.

"Yes, yes, I know!" went on Mrs. Slapdash breezily. "You really should have taken expert advice before buying. Of course, you not having lived here very long, I don't know all of the circumstances; but I am certain that you would have found it to your advantage. When I say expert advice, I do not mean the advice of those horrid, insistent salesmen; they, of course, desire only to advertise the merits of their own machines. But there are plenty of owner-drivers—like Mr. Slapdash or myself—who would cheerfully have given you the benefit of their experience."

"I ought to tell you," broke in the meek little lady—"I ought to tell you that when I spoke of my machine I did not mean—"

"I know you didn't mean to say that it is any better than other machines, my dear. I did not suppose that you intended any vulgar boasting. We—Mr. Slapdash and myself—have been through just what you are undergoing now, and I assure you that we would have appreciated a little valuable advice at the right moment. That, of course, explains my interest in your trouble. We tried a dozen different makes, and finally chose the 1912 'Hurryup' because it runs easily—"

"But, Mrs. Slapdash," interposed Mrs. Mousegray, "my machine runs as easily as I could wish; and I think you mistake my meaning because my machine is—"

"Now, Mrs. Mousegray, please do not believe that I am trying to belittle your machine. I wouldn't do it for the world! I only thought that perhaps you intended purchasing a new machine and Mr. Slapdash and I—I hope you are not offended!"

"O, not at all!" deprecated Mrs. Mousegray. "But please let me explain. The shuttle on my machine does not work properly, and I only wanted to ask you if you could tell me where I can get a man to fix it."

"The shuttle? The shuttle? What make is your machine?" questioned Mrs. Slapdash, wondering.

"That's what I wanted to tell you," replied Mrs. Mousegray. "It's a ball-bearing, lock-stitch sewing machine."

Eels for the Irish.

When so many hard things are being said about the house of lords it should be kept in mind that they have just affirmed the claim of certain Irishmen to the exclusive right to fish for eels in Lough Neagh for a period of five thousand years from July 1, 1905.

It is an affirmation that raises an inquiry as to whether or not the people of Ireland eat eels. Scots—even London Scots—never touch them, and a Scotch angler, catching an eel, promptly throws it away. Eels used to be associated with snakes, "and just as men of every race entertain an instinctive horror for snakes," writes Sir Herbert Maxwell, "so there remain traces of the same feeling about eels."

It seems somewhat unkind of Sir Herbert to state that most civilized races have overcome this long ago, and then to add that there exists among the Scots a strong and universal prejudice against eels.—London Chronicle.

Was the Culprit Himself.

A tall, urbane man, with a black mustache, was a guest at a fashionable dinner in New York not long ago, when the lady on his right, after mentioning that she had just returned from a trip to Europe, proceeded to "roast" William Loeb Jr., the collector of customs for the city. She panned that official to a rich, dark brown, and did it in such a witty manner that the tall, urbane gentleman laughed uproariously. "I think the appropriate death for him," she said, "would be choking with Irish lace—and I'd like to contribute some of the lace for the purpose." After dinner she asked her hostess: "What was the name of the black-mustached man on my left, dear? He talked so intelligently about the custom house."

Had He Kept Count?

Ethel—All is over between us. Here are your presents. A gold locket and chain, a diamond ring, and a pearl necklace. Herbert—There are some other things I gave you, I insist upon being returned! Ethel—What are they? Herbert—Seven thousand, three hundred and fifty-one kisses.

WHAT IS A HUSBANDETT?

Emancipated Woman Coins This New Word for Spouse Who Hampers His Wife's Progress.

We are indebted to the undaunted sisterhood marching on toward emancipation, and whose success we can now scarcely doubt, for the new word "husbandette." Compacted into that rather imposing-looking word, we may imagine some of the asperity that doesn't otherwise get itself expressed in the caustic oratory that marks the meetings of the more advanced battlers for the right as against masculine oppression.

We are told that a husbandette is a married man who will neither follow nor accompany his wife in her political fights, nor is he willing to permit her to broaden mentally and politically. He prefers her to keep her ideas of freedom shut up in a tiny space. Also, "continues this enlightener," "the husbandette is to the modern woman what the kitchenette is to the modern apartment."

With this further explanation, we are rather more confused than if the architecturally domestic simile had not been subjected to the description that preceded it. To the grave and for the most part unimaginative male mind, "husbandette," from its very orthography, would more readily suggest the deferential person united by the law and by annexation and subjugation to the superior being who says: "I and Mr. Smith think thus and so."

The suffix "ette" in its English usage indicates something inchoate, not fully in possession of its powers and faculties, still nebular, perhaps, with potentialities that may or may not find development according to the removal or nonremoval of hindrances natural or artificial.

In this inanimate world its meaning is clear enough. A wagonette is a little wagon, or a lighter one than the standard; a serviette a small napkin, a pantafette an abbreviated trouser. It is for this reason of its implication of diminution that "kitchenette" means an abridged kitchen. Husbandette would thus by extension, as the lexicographers say, be an abridged husband, which is as near as we can come to what we are driving at.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tact That Made Friends.

There is on record a tale of a pinch of snuff that turned enemies into friends. A well-known tobacco and snuff manufacturer's son entered one of the crack English cavalry regiments, to the great disgust of the aristocratic "gentlemen and officers" thereof. It was privately decided to make the intruder feel that he was not wanted in that exclusive unit of the service, and a neat plan was formed with that object. As soon as the dessert was over and the wine was on the rounds, on the first night he appeared at mess his brother officers simultaneously took out their pocket handkerchiefs, and then ensued what was more like a sneezing competition than anything else. The one for whose benefit this little hint was intended looked around a moment in mild astonishment before taking in the import of the display. Then he rose, dignified and calm, and with the politest air in the world, "Gentlemen," he said, taking out a silver-mounted snuff box, "allow me to offer you a pinch of my father's very best snuff." From that moment all antagonism was at an end.

Photographing the Sea Bottom.

In France experiments have been made that promise considerable success in submarine photography. A specially constructed camera was carried down by a diver to a depth of twenty-two or twenty-three feet, and, with an exposure of half an hour, negatives were obtained which were fairly satisfactory.

It was found that the best results were obtained by placing a blue glass in front of the lens. It is intended to have improved lenses specially constructed for underwater work in France.

Flashlight photographs of the sea bottom during a storm have been obtained. This light was furnished by an alcohol lamp fed by a reservoir of oxygen. Magnesium powder was projected into the flame through a tube from the shore. It is thought that such flashlight photographs may be made at any depth to which a diver may descend.—Harper's Weekly.

A Vain Precaution.

Lord Talbot De Malahide was talking in New York about the thoroughness of the customs investigations. "The smuggler," he said, "is bound to be detected if he tries his little game in your metropolis. The smuggler's precautions against detection at this admirably-managed port are as vain and ludicrous as the precautions of the dreaming Irishman.

"An Irishman, you know, once dreamed that he was visiting the late Queen Victoria.

"Will you have a drink?" the queen said to him.

"I will," said the Irishman. "A drop of Irish, ay, course, hot by preference, your majesty."

"So the queen put on the kettle, but when the water boiled, the noise awoke the dreamer.

"Holy St. Patrick!" said he, "I'll take it cold next time!"

Consolation.

Mrs. Newgold (in the picture gallery)—This, Aunt Eunice, is a real old master.

Aunt Eunice—Well, I shouldn't care if it was; it's just as good as some of the new ones.—Life.