

THE ALERT AMERICAN

A Kennel of Dogs

If Mrs. Emma S. Allard had not come by choice upon a ragged country boy with two Pomeranians in a roadway in Europe several years ago, says the St. Louis Republic, 40 dogs of the same species would not now be enjoying the luxuries permitted them in Pomland kennels at her home in Huntington, L. I. Cream from a cow purchased particularly to supply the kennel is served to her pets.

Mrs. Allard was on an automobile tour when the dog, which first aroused her interest in Pomeranians, came to her attention. She bought the animals, and one of them, Maxim, a prize winner, is still in her kennel. While in Europe on another occasion she purchased Mignon, also a winner, in Paris. Her kennel grew gradually, and today it is well known because of the excellent condition in which the dogs are kept.

Persons with expert knowledge of Pomeranians declare that the healthful appearance of those in the Pomland kennel is due in a measure to its location and surroundings. The kennel, which is built as an annex to Mrs. Allard's home, is on the highest point at Huntington. It has benches separated by partitions and the floor is made of concrete. There are runs in the rear of the kennel building where the Pomeranian colony romps and promenades.

None but Pomeranians are to be found in Mrs. Allard's kennel. Just now a grandsire, sire and get, called respectively Champion Tip Toes, Pomland Prince Orson and Pomland Baby Orson, are attracting considerable attention. Tip Toes is a big winner and has a coat that excites the admiration of all who see him. Pomland Baby Orson has not yet appeared in any of the shows, but it is expected that he will make a good record.

One of the best known winners in the kennel is a black dog who has been fittingly named Pomland Dainty Nigger. He was brought from England on payment of \$1,000. He has not been shown much in America, but is the sire of several excellent dogs. The puppies have the true black color of their sire and it is predicted that they will win as much renown as the older dog.

Ram Runs Amuck

Captain Hans Kischner of the German tramp steamship Ranenfels, loading with oil for Bombay at the Standard Oil docks, Long Island city, recently ordered three live sheep for eating purposes during the voyage, says the New York Sun. Dyer, a butcher of 5217 Third avenue, Brooklyn, who makes a specialty of supplying ships, made the sale and sent his boy, Robert Hentz, down with them. Two of these sheep were meek and lowly ewes, but the third was not.

Anyhow, young Hentz got out on the pier all right with his order, but when his back was turned the buck was turning back somersaults across the pier. Inside of two minutes he had cleaned out the pier. He had butted a fat steward into an oil barrel; he had butted a horse. A squad of men came at him and he butted them individually and severally. They surrounded him and he butted a man so hard that he himself fell backward into the East river. Then he started for Long Island sound.

Some water men attempted to follow him in a rowboat and he stove the side of that vessel in. Harry Murray, a watchman on Blackwell's island, a mile away, saw the horns of the ram sailing up the river and put out in a gasoline launch. When he got near enough the ram butted the steering wheel off the little boat, but Murray finally lassoed him and towed him ashore. Murray got the animal into a stable, where he now is undaunted.

Captain Kischner was notified, but said he guessed the Ranenfels would sail without the third sheep; he said he was not that fond of mutton.

Tommy Terrified

William J. Burns, in an interview on the Rosenthal case in New York, said of a detective who had failed:

"He got his analogies wrong. He was like little Tommy.

"Little Tommy, at the 'movies,' saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces, and asked his mother the significance of this.

"Indians,' his mother answered, 'always paint their faces before going on the warpath—before scalping and tomahawking and murdering.'

"The next evening after dinner, as the mother entertained in the parlor her daughter's young man, Tommy rushed downstairs, wide-eyed with fright.

"Come on, mother!' he cried. 'Let's get out of this quick! Sister is going on the warpath!'

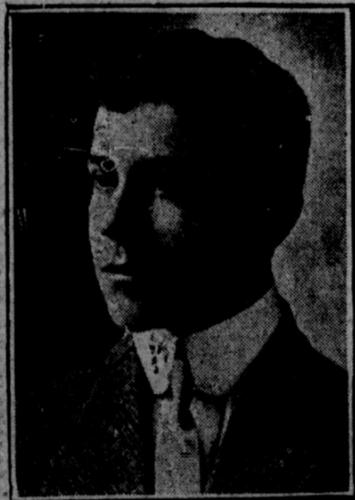
Overdoing It

Woodrow Wilson, at a luncheon at Spring Lake, said of a boy athlete:

"I am afraid he sets athletics too far above English, mathematics and history. His aunt said to him the other day.

"I am delighted to hear of your success on the school baseball team, Harold; but you must remember that there are other things in life besides baseball."

"Yes, aunt, I know," said the boy; "but, hang it all, I'm afraid I'm too light for football or rowing."



JOACH J. M. D. RICKARD.

THAT the American boy of today can hold his own with the boys of other lands and that he is just as intelligent and brave as the boy of any age could be readily proved. He is more alert and better equipped physically than the boys of the by-gone years because of the great interest he takes in athletics and in sports of all kinds.

Tens of thousands of our boys receive physical as well as mental training in our public school gymnasiums, while the Y. M. C. A., the boys' clubs and other organizations for boys are giving physical instruction, such as the boy of a few decades ago knew nothing about. It has been quite clearly established that the degree of longevity has increased in our country in recent years, and there is no doubt that this is in part due to great increase in athletics and outdoor sports and life on the part of both sexes.

Physically the boy of today measures up better than the boy of long ago, and his mental alertness is probably greater than that of the boy of any other age in the history of our country. He is an up and coming youth, and it is because this is true that youth is to the front as it is in our land. The things he does even in the "short pants" stage of his career prove that he is manly and ambitious, and his achievements in the early stages of his career do much to refute the charge that we are rearing a race of weaklings. It is only the pessimist who takes this attitude toward the American boyhood of today. The boys of our country are to be found in every department of human industry, and many of them

Touching a Chinese's Heart

"A white man with a knowledge of the Chinese language and the love of man in his heart can do some pretty effective missionary work by conversing in his own language with any stray Chinese he happens to meet," said the superintendent of a mission. "If I could talk Chinese I think I would give up this job and do nothing, but stroll around the streets striking up chance conversations with Chinese. There is a retired merchant who rides that hobby. He was stationed at Chinese trading posts for years and speaks the language fluently. Whenever he comes to a laundry he drops in and jolies the man at the ironing board.

"Nobody but a Chinese can tell what they are talking about, but after the first word or two the laundryman looks almost human. Inscrutable the Chinese always is, but his inscrutability is relieved then by a certain fluidity of manner. He smiles, nods, and sometimes laughs out loud. There are men of his own race to talk to, but a white man who can speak his language is a special godsend in this dreary land. He follows the merchant to the door.

"Nice man," he says. "Velly nice man."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Didn't Believe in Immersion

"Did I ever tell you," asks Ervin Nelson of the Cleveland Leader, "how my youngest boy baptized his cat? No! It was like this:

"Walter's playmate was the son of a Baptist preacher. The 'kid' had seen a few baptizing exercises and was anxious to imitate them. So the children caught the family cat and endeavored to practice the deep sea method of immersion with the aid of a wash-tub. The cat couldn't have been sincere in her desire to lead a better life—she scratched and squealed until the boys had to let her go. Then the boy next door hollered:

"Doggone you! Go on and be an Episcopal cat if you want to!"

are breaking records along lines of both physical and mental alertness.

Time was when school boards reckoned a knowledge of spelling as of greater value than a knowledge of higher mathematics, and the best speller in a school district was looked upon as having a liberal education. But in all the records of the champion boy spellers of the past it is doubtful if there is one whose record could equal that of a boy out in Oklahoma who lately made a record that has made him the champion boy speller of the west. His name is Lee McMahan, and he lives at Medford, Okla.

He went to Oklahoma City to match his ability as a speller against that of 41 other contestants in a state spelling contest. Although only 12 years old, he carried with him one or two gold medals he had already won in contests of this kind. He was full of the ginger



BERNARD HAGLUND.
Corn breeder.

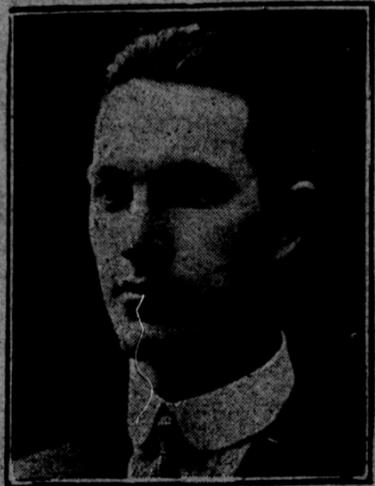
with which the western boy is apt to be loaded, and he was unafraid of any other speller on earth. He was such a little chap that some of the spellers of twice his size felt rather sorry for him, because it did not seem that one of his years stood much show among the stalwart spellers with whom he had to contend. But Master Lee entered the ring well prepared for the fray, for in a letter written to the writer of this article he says:

"While other boys were fishing and playing I was studying words from the dictionary as long as a clothesline. Not that I think that the above mentioned pastimes are not good for boys. They are. But I was out to win, and winners must work."

Speller after speller of the 41 who had entered the ring with young McMahan had to sit down while he stood. Strange words, "as long as a clothesline," could not down him, and at the end of eight hours he was alone in the ring and had spelled correctly more than 5,000 words. He was the pos-

essor of another gold medal as the champion speller of the state. The crowd was shouting "Bully for you!" with true western vigor, and the youthful champion received such honors as he had well earned.

At about that time a boy from Maine in a New England academy was making another record to prove the general alertness of his kind. He is Henry L. F. Kreger of Fairfield, Me., who had been a student at Phillips-Exeter academy. There he had broken all records as a prize winner. He had won the Hubert E. Teschemacher scholarship of \$250 a year for four years. He also won the Merrill prize of \$50 in English composition. Then he gathered in the prize of \$50 for general excellence in all studies and \$25 for his work in Greek. Added to all these was a prize of \$25 in Latin and another prize of \$25 in American history. After all this prize winning his seventh prize of \$15 for a composition in Latin may not have seemed of much consequence to him. He was one of the honor men during every term he was at the academy and he also had honorable mention in Greek, French, Latin and history every year he was at the academy. No other student ever en-



ROGER L. MARBLE.

rolled at Phillips-Exeter had made such a record as this.

As a class the newsboys of our country are keenly alert mentally and they have to be alert physically to do the hustling demanded by any degree of success in their business. That many of them have won out in a remarkable way is a matter of record. The "newsies" of Boston give a college scholarship to one of their own number each year and the number of men in the front rank in the world of today who were once "newsies" is very large. Out in Des Moines, Ia., is a little "newsie," named David Rubison, who is making good in a remarkable way for a little chap. He is only 15 years old, but he has purchased a lot in the suburbs of the city and is preparing to take up

his residence on it in something on his lot says in a way that in American boyhood:

"I am going to get hustle, so that I can off by next winter. I am going to put it grape vines and vege ing to live on the gro take care of my ill-

Here is another youngster who will along" all right. T Little "Honey Fitz," and-get-there mayor, ing his papers on the ton in the gray dawn ing and again when the Thomas A. Edison ill to the days when he and a train boy, who a way that helped to reliance and the indu years.

The whole state of of one of its young ston Webb Jr., who old and yet he won t arship at Harvard, had to enter into pupils from South Carolina, Kentucky, gia and Florida. You letters of congratula prominent men. Gov Florida took the tr letter of congratula little gift in the shap he had brought from Then there is a



Boy Cect

in Vermont of who ginning to feel prou unusual musical ach now only 13 years ol of the best band in t only 13 years old w a life and drum cor schools of Montpelier largest in the worl members. The nam genius is W. D. Bar only conducts a large chestra, but he also the pieces the band play. He has a ma side issue, and when

EDUCATED LOCOMOTIVES

A committee of British board of trade officials has recently expressed satisfaction with a remarkable demonstration of the powers of a new electrical engine which, as it claimed, will make railway travel the safest of all forms of transit, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The inventor, R. A. Angus, a young Australian electrical engineer, was impressed by the terrible loss of life on the railways. He set out to prevent it by the elimination of the personal equation and the perfecting of an engine with a brain of electricity that would need no human direction.

This is the problem Mr. Angus asserts he has solved. He claims for his "educated engine" that it will be independent of strikes, because of the absence of men to strike, that its running will not be hampered by fog, that accidents will be automatically prevented, and that it will start and stop, slacken speed, and whistle a warning to other electrically controlled locomotives—all without the touch of a human finger.

The inventor had obtained a lease of a disused railway that formerly ran to and from a lead mine at Washford, in Somerset. Removing the signals, signal boxes and stations he set up beside the track a line of poles carrying a single wire, and at intervals of about 500 yards placed between the rails small "ramps" or raised pieces of metal.

The young Australian's rolling stock comprises two engines and tenders equipped with curious electrical batteries. In the cabs are fitted little flags, "buzzers," and colored lamps, while fine insulated wires are connected with the throttle valves and whistles.

One of the tests in the program was an attempt to make one engine ram another. The first locomotive stood around a bend in the track, while the second tore along the same line at 60 miles an hour until a disaster seemed inevitable.

Then the speeding engine halted in

its stride, whistled shrilly, and at length shot off its steam. Still engine No. 1 remained at a standstill and engine No. 2 applied its brakes smoothly until it came to a stop only a few yards from collision. Again and again the experiment was repeated with the same results.

A severer test was in store. The two engines were driven in different directions until they were miles apart. Then the drivers and stokers opened wide the throttles and jumped as the engines gathered speed. On one were two representatives of the board of trade, whose alarm increased as their engine rattled along at an increasing pace until at last it was covering a mile a minute. The second engine was dashing to meet its fellow at a similar speed.

Soon a tiny bell sounded in the cab of the engine on which rode the officials, and in a few seconds a green light had appeared, only to give place to a red light. The whistles of the two engines began to blow furiously as the pair tore round a bend and rushed toward each other with only a mile of space between. To the relief of the passengers the throttles presently moved over swiftly, the brake wheels spun round and the flying engines gradually slowed down. The pair stopped dead only a few paces apart.

The experience was terrifying, but as a demonstration of the powers of the invention it could not have been more effective.

The Only Way

The late Wilbur Wright put safety above all else in aeroplane construction.

Wright was once watching with critical eye the flight of a very swift, very cranky aeroplane, when a little girl said to him:

"Uncle Wilbur, can you get to heaven in one of those machines?"

"Not by going up," replied the great airman; "but if you have lived a very good life you may do so by coming down."

Chicken R

"A sectional issue town," said the co it is settled I am af will be fought all. c how, our southern fr indulge in some fire

"A resident of o undertook to raise a crate of fowls from firm. When the n where the chickens raised a row.

"If you must go northern chickens, nearly so much as a There is something down there that mak four times as often brought up in any country."

"That peculiarity of ens was news to the man. He noticed, chickens really did c ently and more vig other chickens he ev when an experienced him that they alwa southern chickens a them and bought Ne Instead. Now he is the southern families heaven only knows will terminate."—Ph

School

In former days pro Within the scho The future heroes, And framers of t And on the other

There sat a sig The pigtailed ange Incentive and re

But nowadays the The madam pres The congresswome To fame and po And on the other The eye foresee A bunch of freckle To be the also r —McLa