

## THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

BY J. W. FOLEY.

Five minutes chasing butterflies  
Way over, off the road;  
Five minutes watching Willie Price  
Do tricks with his pet toad;  
Five minutes helping Gibbsie get  
His pig back in the pen—  
I wonder if it's school-time yet?  
I guess I'm late again.

I think I lost a little time  
Because I walked so slow  
Where Johnny Watkins lost a dime  
A day or two ago,  
It's underneath the leaves somewhere,  
And Johnny feels so blue  
That I just stopped a minute there  
Because he asked me to.

And then it rained a little bit,  
And Dominick McPhee  
Had his straw hat, and had to sit  
Under a good thick tree,  
Or else he'd get it spoiled and get  
The top all swelled. You see,  
A straw hat is not safe to wet—  
His kind, especially.

And after we had saved his rat  
From getting spoiled for him,  
A big woodpecker came and sat  
Up on a rotten limb;  
And Johnny said when they're about,  
Somebody told the boys,  
You see a lot of worms come out  
To see what makes the noise.

So then we boys all stayed about  
A couple minutes more,  
In hopes to see the worms come out  
Which he was rapping for;  
But after he went b-r-r and b-r-r  
A while, he flew away,  
And Johnny said he guessed there were  
No worms at home that day.

So then we hurried up, and ran  
As fast as we could run,  
To get there just as school began.  
And just when it's begun  
I had to run back to the tree  
To get my slate and ruler,  
And yet the teacher cannot see  
Why boys are late for school!  
—Youth's Companion.

## THE 'GATOR BAITERS.

By CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON.

If you will take a map of the United States and look at that portion of Louisiana stretching from the last reaches of the Mississippi to Barataria Bay, you will have in mind one of the loneliest and least-known regions of the country. Uninhabited, traversed by few save creole trappers and an occasional deer-hunter, it is a dying land, for since the levees of the great river have been made so secure that little fresh water finds its way from the fringe of plantations on the channel, the salt tides of the Gulf have slowly killed the forests and the semi-tropical vegetation. On the Gulf side of every spur of woods facing the vast salt marshes mournful stretches of dead and dying cypress, oak, gum, palmettos and mangrove linger, struggling against the brackish overflows. In the marshes, and in the forest tracts still holding their own, a multitude of bird and animal life lightens the solitudes, and it was on an expedition to secure pictures of the fast-vanishing snowy herons that a friend of mine met a ludicrous yet serious adventure.

He put out from Barataria with a character we both knew well, a veteran of the Confederacy, known as "Old Man Captain Fowb" Jones—one of the gentlest, cheeriest souls imaginable—trapper, fisher, log "drifter," whose whole possessions since the war would not have brought twenty dollars, but who had a wealth of time, energy and philosophy for every friend or stranger who came to his shack.

Allen, the photographer, easily enlisted Old Man Captain Fowb to go picture-taking. He was ever ready to start at an hour's notice on any sort of adventure, whether paid for his time or not. Captain Fowb only stipulated that they should take along "Ponton," his spike-tailed pointer pup, as useless a dog in that watery land as could be imagined.

With tent, a week's provisions, and a cask of cistern water—for none can be had in the salt marshes—the two went up Bayou Dupont in the old soldier's flat-bottomed bateau, or "John-boat," towing a "running" pirogue. Two days of slow travel and many attempts at bird photography had not given Allen much satisfaction, but the third day they came on the palmetto hut of two creole alligator-hunters, who directed the picture man into an arm of the woods, where he was highly successful.

He came back to camp one night, tired but happy, to find his partner with a great tail. Old Man Captain Fowb had seen the "biggest alligator in Louisiana. Fourteen feet if he's an inch, and to-night we'll go with the creoles and get him."

Allen was incredulous of the "gator's" size, but when Captain Fowb paddled him up to the run in the salt grass, the trail showed a very large one. But Allen demurred about letting the alligator-hunters use their flambeau and buckshot-charged shotgun, which is the creole method of night-stalking the 'gator.

"Captain, his hide would not bring those fellows three dollars, but alive he's worth two hundred to you. Let's catch him—the museums are always looking for big 'gators." Two hundred dollars was a bigger sum than the captain could earn in a year, and would indeed be a fortune; while the creoles were prosperous and lusty fellows. So the young man argued, and finally he persuaded the old man to attempt to snare the big 'gator.

Two evenings Captain Fowb waited on the run through the salt grass and mangrove scrub with rope snare and boat-hook; but it was on the third, when the photographer was with him, that they discovered the big 'gator in the grass, and far from the bayou.

Old Man Jones had trapped many 'gators; he charged the saurian and noosed him about the lower jaw, and then, after a lively fight, they got a line about his neck and middle and threw him on his back. They tied his feet and forced a block of wood into the 'gator's jaws.

"Twelve feet, at least!" cried Allen, as he looked down at the yellow-mottled reptile. "Captain, when we get him to New Orleans and sold, you won't have to work for a year!"

But the genial old man protested. It was not his 'gator, but Mr. Allen's, and he would share up. Allen laughed, and they set about getting

the bateau up the muddy run and getting the reptile into it. It was hard work, but they rolled and hauled him to the bank, and at last into the John-boat.

It was almost sunset, and the mosquitoes were stinging viciously. Allen agreed to paddle the bateau down to camp, while the captain dashed ahead in the pirogue to get their supper before dark, for then the mosquitoes would drive them under their netting. So, in the still, warm evening, Allen worked the fat-tended bateau slowly on with the tide. He had his camera and precious plates with him on the rear seat, and Ponton, the captain's pointer pup, was at the other end. Between them, on his back, with the end of his snout not twenty inches from Allen's feet, lay the prize 'gator.

The old bateau was heavily laden, and Captain Fowb had warned Allen to keep the 'gator still. On his back the brute seemed harmless enough; for half an hour he hardly moved, hissing now and then and twitching his tail. The dog watched this movement with interest. He bit at it once or twice and playfully dashed down, snapping at the 'gator's hind foot.

"Get away, there!" shouted the boatman. "Ponton—let him be!"

But the pup took the 'gator's twitching for a challenge. Again he raced off the seat, and this time seized the captive's leg on the inner side, where it was unprotected and sensitive. And as he shook and growled at the loose skin, the big 'gator did an astonishing thing. He made one convulsive plunge, kicked Ponton, yelping, clear to the bow, and broke the bonds from his fore legs as if they had been twine. And his tail got above the boards and struck a blow that smashed the beading and half-turned him over at the same time.

Allen dashed upright on his rear seat, for the big snout was thrust within six inches of his knees in the struggle. He seized his camera and holder and held them above the struggle. The 'gator thrashed and tore, and every move righted him, until he was over and on his legs, raising his gagged jaws and hissing like a steam-engine. Then he began a side smash of his head, and Allen saw the block of decayed wood crumbling in his teeth. He was scared then. He stood up with his precious camera and yelled.

The old bateau was now in the wide, placid bayou. A mile or more below the camp, but the tide was taking the John-boat into the "wash," a neck of water leading to an unnamed lake or bay of Barataria's main water. This was uninhabited and had no chores except the "trembling prairie."

To Allen's shouts no answer came. He looked down at the 'gator, which was now quiet, but clamping the rope and wood from his mouth. And at the other end of the boat the pup, taking Allen's cries for encouragement, made another valiant sally at the 'gator's legs. It stirred the big fellow up. He raised his head and tail, hissing viciously, and made the bateau rock with his floundering.

"Be still, Ponton!" cried Allen. "Down—there! If he ever lunges over, he'll capsize us, and the sharks will get you!"

Allen was not so much afraid of the sharks as of losing his prized plates and costly camera. The 'gator had entire possession of the John-boat except the eight-inch seat, on which Allen stood. And then he discovered despairingly that the paddle was lost—there was not a thing to guide the boat. And as they neared the other shore, the salt-marsh mosquitoes came out in clouds and bit him from head to foot. In a few minutes his brow was covered with blood from smothering them, and his

clothes offered little protection. They dashed in his mouth when he tried to shout, and their buzz was like the humming of a mill. There are portions of the south coast along Vermillion Bay where cattle have died from the mosquitoes' torture, and Bayou Dupont is almost as badly infested.

Allen called again and again, and once he thought he heard an answering halloo. The 'gator was now quiet, although the gag was out of his mouth and the ropes all but off. Cautiously the young man sat down cross-legged, his knees not a foot from the ugly snout, watching the closing dull eyes of the saurian. Allen had literally nothing for defense or escape.

He might have swum to shore, half a mile distant, but this would mean losing his camera. So he sat slapping the mosquitoes and scolding "Old Man Captain Fowb's fool pup," which tore round on the other seat, nipping the 'gator's horny hide and barking. Already the huge alligator had smashed the upper boarding of the flat-sided boat. He was all but free, and if he charged ahead, Allen would have nothing to do but dive off. And the 'gator would surely upset the bateau, leaving Allen to take his chance of getting ashore in the swamp, which offered no escape, had no fresh water, and not even solid footing.

After a while he heard a faint shout. The captain and the creoles were out looking for him. He shouted, and the far answer came. But the others had gone up Dupont, and they could not imagine that the bateau had crossed the "wash," and was drifting on to open water.

Allen had hoped to ground on a muddy point which shone in the starlight to his left, but the John-boat floated a quarter-mile from this with the splashing gars all about. Again he yelled, and again Ponton howled dismally. The 'gator moved uneasily; once he surged forward, thrusting his snout over the gunwale, and Allen hopped gingerly to one side. And there he crouched, holding his pack, the mosquitoes torturing his bent back and face, the evil smell of the saurian making him sick. Discouraged, he knew now that the cries were fainter and fainter. He was drifting on to the big lake, and the men were paddling the other way. Now he saw, too, that the bateau was leaking badly; and at the next shift of the 'gator it took a bad list. He reasoned that if once the 'gator saw the water he would plunge for it and sink the craft.

Allen was so far away on the unknown waterways that he might not be found for a day, and a day in the salt marsh might mean death from sun, insects and thirst. The captain would look everywhere for him except across the lake. And while he shouted, now and then, weaker and more hoarse, grasping at some plan of signaling, an idea dawned on him. He had his flash-light machine and powder, always carried on the chance of getting some night pictures of bird life.

Cautiously he swung the camera about on his shoulder, got out the metal box and tube and powder. Then, measuring the distance from his feet to the 'gator's jaws, and balancing carefully on the seat, he elevated the apparatus as high as possible, shouted as long as he could, and touched the friction key, igniting the flash.

It seemed, on the wide lake, that the whole heavens were ligated up. And instantly he felt the bateau surge under his feet. He dropped back at once, but too late, for the alligator had made his last charge up to the shattered gunwale and over, going down with a mighty splash. Allen fell, holding his camera and plate-box high. He heard Ponton's yelp, and then felt the tug of the swamped boat as the alligator tore about in the tangle of rope. The bateau was jerked here and there, the mud boiled up and splattered on the castaway, who thought of nothing except holding aloft his plate-carrier. And then at last the disturbance ceased, and in a minute Allen saw a great swirl in the water yards away.

Allen held to the side of the John-boat, the camera and holder in his grasp. The cases were wet, but they had not been under. His feet were down in mud, and presently in choking growth, where he found some semblance of footing. And here he clung and splashed water to keep the mosquitoes off, while Ponton, on the mangrove shore, howled back at him.

But after half an hour, when Allen had got nearer the bank, his burdens still saved, he heard a far cry. The trappers and Captain Fowb had seen the flash, as any one in miles of the low marsh would have done, and had hastened across the lake. They came up, puzzled enough, to pull Allen out of the mud and right the bateau. He had not much to say after the explanation to his partner.

"But that fool dog of yours cost you a lot of money, captain. I'd have

saved that 'gator if Ponton had had sense enough to last overnight!"

"Well, I never did think much of 'gator-huntin', nobow," chuckled Old Man Captain Fowb Jones. "And I don't need any two hundred dollars, long's the crab-flahin's good!"—Youth's Companion.



Vesuvius suddenly became active again recently. There was a continuous eruption for twenty-four hours of red hot stones and ashes, accompanied by internal detonations. Several fissures opened, from which gas and lava emerged in great quantities.

Prof. Wilhelm Trabert has been appointed director of the Central Institute for Meteorology and Geodynamics at Vienna, succeeding the late Prof. Josef Maria Pernter. As director of this institution he is the official head of meteorology in Austria.

Dr. Felix Erner of Vienna has completed the great treatise on meteorological optics begun by the late Prof. J. M. Pernter in 1902, about two-thirds of which had been published up to the time of Pernter's death in 1908. It is the only extensive modern work on this subject.

The commission appointed to examine the Leaning Tower of Pisa has reported that it thinks its foundations may need strengthening. A spring exists under the tower, the water of which is raised by steam pumps for the use of a local factory. As the bed of the spring is emptied, it is feared a subsidence of the ground on which the campanile stands will follow.—Scientific American.

In an article in La Revue Electrique, on the effect of high temperature on insulating materials used in dynamo-electric machinery, it was pointed out that cotton does not show any injury when exposed to temperatures below 105 deg. C., but that at 115 deg. C. it begins to deteriorate, and above 125 degrees it rapidly disintegrates.

Professor Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, modified a suggestion for paper by observing that, instead of using the fibre of wood, we might use the ligneous matter which is left after the fibre has been extracted for the purpose of making such things as paper. This amounts to suggesting that the waste product of the paper-mills might be worked up into a table d'hotel!

A company has been formed in London to introduce and encourage the use of electricity in the poorer districts of the city. The company agrees to wire and supply any apartment of three rooms and over with tantalum lamps, charging five cents a week per lamp from April to September and seven cents a week for the rest of the year. The lamps, however, must be renewed by the consumer.

### The Dangers of Flying.

They tell a story about Farman, the aviator, and his pupils. It seems that a pupil said to Farman one morning, as he turned up his Gnome motor at Issy:

"I had a dream about you last night, sir."

"Yes?" said Farman.

"Yes, I dreamed I fell from my biplane and died, and ascended to the golden gate. St. Peter said, 'Who are you?' I mentioned my name, and St. Peter summoned the recording angel with his book. The book was searched a long time, but in vain.

"What did you say your name was?" the recording angel asked.

"I repeated it, the place in the book was found, and St. Peter said: 'Why, you've got no business here. You're not due here for another fifteen years.'

"Mr. Farman said—'I stammered.

"Oh," interrupted the recording angel, "you're a pupil of Farman's, are you?"

"Then he turned to St. Peter and grumbled: 'Better let him in. That Farman is always upsetting our arrangements, though.'"—Washington Star.

### Not Mr. McChanic.

Scotch Highlanders, who still speak the Gaelic at times, settled much of the country north of Toronto. One day Dr. Rutherford, locally famous, was looking for some men to do some work for him. He went to a village blacksmith shop and found several of these Scotchmen standing about.

"Are you a mechanic?" he asked one of them.

"Nay," he replied. "I'm a McCuig."—Saturday Evening Post.

### Very Unusual.

"He's a queer chap. Rich now, but often talks about the days when he was poor."

"And says he was happier then, eh?"

"No; there's where his oddity comes in. He says he's happier now."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## JUST WHAT REAL SCRAPPLE IS.

Writer Gives a Few Hints About the Preparation and Eating of This Dish.

Scrapple comes in with India summer and last year's overcoat, says the Baltimore Sun. Next to buckwheat cakes, sauerkraut and hog-and-hominy, it is the most delicious breakfast dish known to the human race, but it behooves the consumer to have a care in buying it.

Bogus scrapple, unluckily, is all too plentiful. The basis of the real article is the fragrant liquor in which country sausage has been boiled, and its body or substance is furnished by home grown corn meal, ground in a water mill. Such scrapple is more palatable than venison and more nutritious than pemmican. It is particularly rich in proteids, carbohydrates, alkaloids, manganese, lime, naphtha and other bone and sinew making contents.

In the old days all of Baltimore's scrapple came from Pennsylvania. It came across the Mason and Dixon line at midnight, and was brought down to the city in Conestoga wagons. When the season's first wagon came rumbling down the York road, usually about October 20, there was a rush for it, and sometimes its cargo brought fancy prices—ten cents a slice, or even more. But to-day Baltimore is no longer dependent upon Pennsylvania for its scrapple supply. That made in Maryland is equal to the best. No doubt the future will see Maryland scrapple supreme in all the markets of the world, for the Eastern shoremans, as well as the Western Marylanders, seem to have an uncanny talent for the manufacture and improvement of delicatessen. The case of sauerkraut comes to mind at once. Twenty years ago that queeny victual had to be imported from Bavaria, but to-day the sauerkraut of Salisbury and Crisfield has left that of Munich and Weimar far behind it.

### A Tough Job.

The professor in the agricultural college was lecturing to his class upon the wonderful advance of science in utilizing the so-called waste products of nature. "Without taking into account," he said, "the work of our 'wizards,' who can convert the thorny cactus into an edible plant, effect a permanent change in the color, size and taste of a berry or any other kind of fruit, and all within the space of a few years, chemistry has shown us that the sagebrush and other weeds heretofore considered worse than useless contain valuable substances which can be extracted in sufficient quantity to pay for raising them.

"Our most advanced investigators are coming rapidly to the conclusion that there is nothing useless in nature, and that everything that grows or exists can be pressed into the service of mankind."

"Then, professor," enthusiastically exclaimed one of the boys in the class, "perhaps they'll find a use some day for the Ben Davis apple!"—Youth's Companion.

### Superstitious Stage Folk.

Theatrical people are proverbially superstitious. I know of one great actress who never goes on the stage without first crossing herself to insure good luck. Some of our greatest stars would perhaps retire from the stage if they should lose the horseshoe which is nailed to the lid of one of their trunks, and could not get another.

Mrs. Leslie Carter always raps three times on the wings before walking on the stage, and she thinks this precaution will banish all evil influences. When Mary Anderson was on the stage she never dared to peep through the curtain while the house was filling. Many theatrical people constantly carry around with them for luck "the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit killed by the light of the moon."—From Success.

### Big Australian Drouth.

Australia's last drouth lasted seven years, and there never has been one like it since Australia was settled. At the beginning of this dry spell there were 20,000,000 sheep in Queensland, and when the rains came only 7,000,000 were left, the dry spell ending in 1903; to-day there are as many sheep as ever. In these seven seasons the flocks have trebled themselves. Fortunes have been made since those years of disaster at a single run, and an irrigating lesson has been learned that will minimize their terror if they should come again. In the interior of Queensland the yearly average of rainfall sinks to below ten inches; rivers are scarce, cracks are few and in the summer dry up to a chain of water holes.—New York Press.

### Sacred Books of Tibet.

The sacred books of the Tibetans are said to be the most extensive of any religion, running into 325 volumes, almost a library in themselves. Tibet embraced Buddhism about the seventh century of our era. The Tibetans translated the doctrines into 100 volumes under the name of "Kangyua." And by way of exegesis and commentary they added 225 volumes. These books were printed at Marthany in 1721, and another edition was published at Pekin. Copies are to be found in the Bibliothque Nationale in Paris, in the Asiatic Museum in St. Petersburg and at the India Office in London.—London Globe.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

By virtue of its unequalled blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening, stomach-toning, appetite-restoring properties, is the one Great Spring Medicine.

Get it today in liquid form or in tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

### How Far Can You See?

What is the farthest limit to which the human vision can reach? Powers, in his book, "The Eye and Sight," gives the ability to see the star Alcor, situated at the tail of the Great Bear, as the test. Indeed, the Arabs call it the Test Star. It is most exceptional to be able to see Jupiter's satellites with the naked eye, though one or two cases are recorded, the third satellite being the most distinct. Peruvians are said to be the longest-sighted race on earth. Humboldt records a case where these Indians perceived a human being 18 miles away, being able to recognize that it was human and clad in white. This is probably the record for far sight.

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The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the Juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 533 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

### Civilization by Clothes.

During the centennial celebration in the City of Mexico next September, the poorer classes of the population are to enjoy the advantages of a thorough course in the etiquette of civilization. By order of the all-wise and benevolent government they are to be initiated into the sacred mysteries of store clothes. For a whole month no peons are to be permitted to appear in the loose cotton shirt and drawers and big straw hat of their class.

Thus only are backward races lifted to higher planes of prosperity and enlightenment. Passionate reformers will testify on their consciences that never until the plains Indian sheds his blanket and dons the blue overall of commerce will he change his moral nature, and free himself of original sin. The African chief, in stove-pipe hat and bandanna, becomes an object of awe and dignity to his tribe and the equal of the European trader in bad rum and Birmingham iron idols. There is no hope of redemption for the pagans on Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand unless they learn to wear respectable togs, like the truly civilized nations of the world.—New York World.

### Purely an Experiment.

A Cape Colony (South Africa) doctor has recently been experimenting with a new drug in the treatment of typhoid fever. It is an extract of the plant called monsonia biflora, and contains, besides tannic and gallic acid, an active principle or principles which Dr. Maberly has named entericin. The results of the doctor's experiments seem to indicate that entericin may be a useful remedy in typhoid, but his cases have been too few to justify any definite conclusions.

### POSTUM FOR MOTHERS

The Drink That Nourishes and Supplies Food For Mother and Child.

"My husband has been unable to drink coffee for several years, so we were very glad to give Postum a trial and when we understood that long boiling would bring out the delicious flavour, we have been highly pleased with it.

"It is one of the finest things for nursing mothers that I have ever seen. It keeps up the mother's strength and increases the supply of nourishment for the child if partaken of freely. I drank it between meals instead of water and found it most beneficial.

"Our five-year-old boy has been very delicate since birth and has developed slowly. He was white and bloodless. I began to give him Postum freely and you would be surprised at the change. When any person remarks about the great improvement, we never fail to tell them that we attribute his gain in strength and general health to the free use of Postum and this has led many friends to use it for themselves and children.

"I have always cautioned friends to whom I have spoken about Postum to follow directions in making it, for unless it is boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, it is quite tasteless. On the other hand, when properly made, it is very delicious. I want to thank you for the benefits we have derived from the use of your Postum."

Read "The Road to Wellville," found in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HOW define Art or Labor? We might dryly attempt to sum up the artificial distinctions between them by saying that—(1) Art is the inventive use of tools and material. (2) Labor is the mechanical use of tools and material.

But on examination (regarding the whole field of handicraft) the two would be found to be so closely connected—so much art or skill in even the simplest operation of labor, so much labor involved in even the simplest form of art—each so involved in the other, that it would be very difficult to draw the line and to say where labor ends and art begins.

—Walter Crane.