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OUT-OF-ORDINARY PEOPLE

JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN

Joseph C. S. Blackburn of Kentucky, who was recently appointed to succeed former Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois as the resident commissioner in charge of the construction of the Lincoln memorial in Washington, is one of the best story tellers in the country.

Speaking of the penchant of politicians to hold office once the germ gets into the blood, Mr. Blackburn told one of "Private John" Allen's stories recently to illustrate his point. Allen of Tupelo, Miss., was one of the historic wits of congress. A number of years ago Allen went to visit the plantation of his grandfather and rising early in the morning went out into the garden, where he found "Aunt Betsy," a negro servant of his grandfather, whereupon the following conversation took place:

"Marse John, ebery time I sees you I kyan't help thinking how much yuh looks like yuh ole grandfahtah. Yuh looks like him, yuh talks like him and yuh walks like him."

"Well, Aunt Betsy, what office did he ever hold?" inquired Allen.

"Jes' de same office you hold, Marse John," replied Aunt Betsy. "As long as Ah kin disremember, he was a candidate."

REPRESENTATIVE HUMPHREY'S FIRST CASE

When Representative W. E. Humphrey of the First district of Washington isn't in congress he practices law for a living—but he has been in congress for 11 years. However, he spent long years at the bar, but they and the subsequent service in congress, have failed to dim the recollection of his first case. He doesn't tell it; one has to get Mrs. Humphrey to do that. Here it is:

It was back in Indiana, the state of the nativity of most far western statesmen, where they breed politicians as Massachusetts breeds highbrows. Mr. Humphrey had just hung out his shingle when he was retained in a small case before a county justice of the peace.

This justice was an old friend. Mr. Humphrey and he had sat on the same bench in country school and gone swimming together in the ol' swimming hole.

"Will," said the justice, seeking him out privately, "this is the first case I ever tried as justice, and I don't know a blamed thing about law. You've just got to help me out. See?"

The young advocate saw. And so, through the trial, he hammered vigorously, mostly on the table. But when he hammered on the book he got the ruling. The score at the end stood: Rulings against Humphrey, 12; rulings in favor of Humphrey, 5; percentage against Humphrey, .294. Nevertheless, Humphrey won.

TREADWAY'S WASTED ENERGY

"I think I'm rightfully entitled to the presidency of the Wasted Energy club," remarked Representative Allen Treadway of Massachusetts at Washington, the other day. "In closing my campaign last fall with a tour through my district I sallied forth gayly one morning, after telephoning my lieutenants at the town of B—— that I would arrive there punctually at three o'clock that afternoon to deliver an address.

"An hour later, as my car topped a hill, I saw a most charming valley stretched off to my right. Turning down into it I commenced my electioneering work.

"Never had I met such genial folk. Every one seemed ready to listen to me with a smile as soon as I made known my mission. Charmed with this reception, I forgot the flight of time until I suddenly found it was after four o'clock and I was a dozen miles from B——.

"When I chugged into it I found the remnants of a reception committee awaiting me.

"'I'm late, boys,' I said, cheerfully, 'but I've done a capital day's work back in the country here.'

"'Have you been electioneering up that road you just came down?' inquired the committee spokesman in sour tones.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'and I've got that section solid. Every man of them promised that, at least, he would not vote against me.'

"'I guess not!' rasped the spokesman. 'You've been electioneering all day across the state line over in Vermont.!'"

MRS. MORRIS SHEPPARD OF TEXAS

The woman in public life who remains enthusiastic and unwearied throughout a Washington season, with its round of official and private entertaining, is rare. The woman who not only accomplishes this feat, but who finds time to read with her husband the good old books that a certain Mr. Dickens, a Mr. Thackeray and other gentlemen of their time used to write, is a paragon. She has achieved both poise and a sense of leisure.

One finds on the library table of Mrs. Morris Sheppard, the young wife of Senator Sheppard of Texas, not only these standard works of fiction that show she treads the conventional and well worn paths of literature. Besides these, there is always some rarer volume at hand, such, for instance, as an "Autobiography of Benevuto Cellini," or it may be, an exquisite brochure by some little known, little read author, which proves its owner and reader to be a connoisseur of books.

"My husband and I," says Mrs. Sheppard, "are fond of society, but we do not allow it to interfere with our favorite recreation, that of reading together. I don't know just how we accomplish it, but we do find time to enjoy together a great many of those standard books which are so much more enjoyable when read aloud than when read to one's self."

BIRDS SHOW SKILL

Display Almost Human Ingenuity in Making Nests.

Baltimore Oriole's Nest Is Constructed Like a Pouch and Hung From Limb of Tree—Few Show Superiority in Construction.

Baltimore.—True it is that many of those birds which went away for the winter vacation have not yet thought of returning to their summer homes. But some of them have, for some come back early, and they always like to take a ticket that permits several stopovers and side trips by the way.

It's safe to say that young Miss Robin and Miss Bluebird feel a little nervous these days when they think of those nests to be built back in the land to the north. Of course, it's different with the older ones, for their homes may have withstood the winter; and then if they do have to build, why they are old hands at the business. Very likely the bird misses wish they had given more attention to the construction of the nest when they were fledglings. But it's one of a young bird's failings and a blessing to men that appetite is about the biggest thing in its world. Eating about fifty times a day as it does, there isn't much time to notice how its home is made. Then when they get big enough to leave the nest there are so many gay and happy events that more serious thoughts are dismissed for the time.

Some observers of birds have placed different colored ribbons at the foot of the trees where orioles were building their nest. The orioles accepted the ribbon with silent thanks and wove the colors together not aimlessly, but after a definite plan. A naturalist tells of showing such a nest to an elderly woman, who seriously suggested using the bird to knit stockings.

The nest of the Baltimore oriole, whose name, by the way, comes from its colors, yellow and black, those of

Baltimore Orioles Are America's Most Remarkable Nest Builders.

Lord Baltimore, is constructed like a pouch and hung from the limb of an elm, or willow or maple. And the wise little bird knows enough to build a shallow nest if it is attached to a stout branch and a deep one if on a swaying twig.

Few birds surpass the oriole in the beautification of their homes, but there is one, the baya of southeastern Asia, which goes a step further. This bird even illuminates its home. It sticks small lumps of moist clay on the inside walls of the nest and then catches some of the innumerable fireflies and fastens them in the sticky clay. The result is startling in its evidence of intelligence. The little bird home is lighted by a dim phosphorescent glow. Reluctance to credit a bird with such ingenuity may well be pardoned, but scientists tell the story, adding that the baya is capable of learning many clever tricks.

WIFE HIS "HOUSE FLOWER"

Husband Would Pump Water on Her Every Day, Says Young Spouse in Seeking Divorce.

Georgetown, Del.—Declaring that her husband called her his "house flower," and that he watered her every day by placing her head under a pump, Mrs. Florence Magee, age nineteen, has in the Sussex county court here been granted a divorce from her husband, Levin Magee. The specific ground was cruelty. The couple were married January 14, 1911.

The bride, a delicate young woman, objected when her husband insisted that she work in the fields. "He would come into the house and call me his house flower. Then he seized me and saying house flowers needed water, he placed my head under the pump and pumped water all over me. Sometimes he did this three times a day, saturating me completely. Each time I was compelled to change my clothing. On a number of other occasions he also doused me with buckets of water."

Cannot Stop Hiccoughs.

New York.—Hilda Cain, eleven, has been hiccoughing since she was frightened by a ragamuffin on Thanksgiving day. Physicians have used every known remedy, but are unable to stop it.

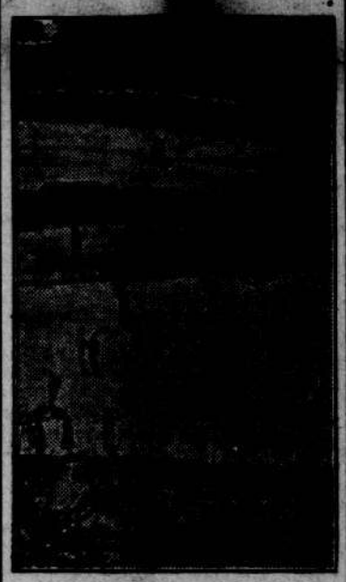
300 Take Cigarette Cure.

Hoboken, N. J.—Wives, mothers and sweethearts looked on while 300 men and boys took the cigarette "cure" before Recorder McGovern.

JOYS OF LITTLE ALPINE TOWN

Village of Wengen Perched Overhanging Lauterbrunnen Valley, the Jungfrau Towering Near By.

Wengen, Switzerland.—Forty years ago I saw the little village of Wengen on its green shelf overhanging Lauterbrunnen valley, the by the noble face of the Jungfrau. I suppose it had a name, but I was on a pedestrian tour, two, for it was on a pedestrian tour that attained early prominence—the route from Lauterbrunnen to the Wengen Alp and the Lauberhorn pass down to Grindelwald and thence over the Great Scheidegg to Meringen. Our grandfathers and even our great-grandfathers passed along



Outdoor Skating Rink at Wengen.

that track admiring the avalanches and the strange glaciers, and the high and supposedly almost inaccessible peaks that look down upon it all along in the south. Even forty years ago little was changed except that by then the glamour of inaccessibility had gone from the peaks. But since then the mountain railways have come and the great summer crowds, and all is altered. There is no solitude and no mystery any more, and the railway even carries multitudes to the very Jungfraujoch itself. The English, who first popularized the Alps in summer and then were submerged by the Teutonic multitudes that followed them, have changed their season, and now they own the chief Swiss winter sport resorts, Germans and Austrians for the most part finding their pleasure in their own eastern mountains, which are more easily accessible to them.

HOME LIFE ONE MOVING DAY

Tiring of Fourteen Residences in a Year, Wife Brings Suit for a Divorce.

Cincinnati.—The common or garden variety of house renter, who imagines that he is kept on the go by having to move every year or two, will have to take off his hat and salute Joseph E. Phillips, if charges in his wife's suit for divorce are substantiated.

Mrs. Margaret I. Phillips said they started married life in Newport, Ky., on November 27, 1912, and in a year and a month, less six days, they lived in 14 different houses.

She charges that they moved so fast from one place to another that they did not have time to establish the usual lines of credit with corner grocers and butchers, and that her husband's father "furnished all the eatables and paid what little rent was paid, because the defendant would not work."

She says she threatened to leave him three times, but each time he announced he would "give her ten minutes to make up her mind to live with him or die," and each time she chose to stay.

40 YEARS REJAILING DEACON

So Long Ago He Had Broken Out, He Had Entirely Forgotten All About It.

Houston, Tex.—James McGowen, an aged negro, was the most surprised man in the world when he was arrested in Cold Springs, San Jacinto county, for breaking jail. He knew there had been a mistake, for he had not been in jail, and, besides, he was respected and a deacon in the church. Then he was shown a warrant which charged him with breaking jail at Cold Springs 40 years ago.

It was so long ago that McGowan had forgotten all about the incident. Nevertheless, the deacon was brought to Houston by Deputy Sheriff I. J. Patrick and placed in jail until his trial can be held.

FOUR DAYS ON COCOANUTS

Captain and Crew of British Freight Steamer Lose Provisions by Big Wave.

New York.—With the captain and crew having lived four days on cocoanuts, which formed the vessel's cargo, the British freight steamer American arrived at this port. The American left San Andreas January 1.

Four days ago in a heavy gale a wave flooded her storerooms and washed overboard or ruined all her supplies. The water casks also were damaged and thoroughly salted, leaving the crew nothing but brackish water to drink.

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