

PARROT IS TERROR IN BELGIAN PALACE

Repeats Everything He Hears, and Always, of Course, at the Wrong Time.

GIFT FROM AMERICAN

Imitates the Voice of the Countess of Flanders Exactly and Often Issues Orders Which Seem to Come Directly From Her.

Brussels.—Among the pets of King Albert's mother, the countess of Flanders, is a parrot, which is the terror of the household. It is a male "Polly," a remarkable talker with an extensive vocabulary, a great memory and unusual powers of mimicry. He repeats everything he hears, always, of course, at the wrong moment.

Sometimes he is banished from the countess' apartments. Then those who are near him talk in whispers or on their fingers (an art the parrot has not yet acquired); otherwise when he went back to his place near the countess he would reel off every word he had heard in the exact tone of the speaker, with dire results, as has often happened.

He imitates the voice of the countess of Flanders exactly and often issues orders which seem to come from her, throwing everything into confusion.

The other day, when a new foreign minister called for his first visit and was being conducted into the salon, he heard what seemed to be most uncomplimentary things said in the countess' voice about himself and his country. He started back in indignation.

"Take no notice," remarked the official who was escorting him. "It is only that blessed parrot."

In explanation of the chatter that startled an envoy it may be noted that this bird has had a diplomatic career. Charles Page Evans got it in Rio Janeiro, 10 years ago, when American minister to Brazil, kept it in the legation at Berne when he was transferred to Switzerland, carried it to Portugal and brought it here two years ago when he was promoted to this post.

When Colonel Roosevelt came here in 1910 on his way home from Africa



"It is Only That Blessed Parrot."

the parrot achieved fame. A regimental band engaged by the burgomaster to serenade the former president started to play in front of the American legation. The parrot seemed to take this as a challenge and immediately entered into such a noise-making competition that he got into the newspapers.

Crown Prince Leopold read about it and straightaway developed great interest in the feathered diplomat. Learning this, Minister Bryan sent the parrot to the crown prince as a present. For a few days it was treated as an honored guest at the royal palace at Laeken, hanging in King Albert's study, but became so talkative and so often interrupted the royal councils that it was consigned to Prince Leopold's playroom. After a time the prince tired of the pet and then it was sent to his grandmother.

CATCH 21,750 FISH IN A DAY

Six Japanese Make Fine Yellowtail Haul on Hook and Line at Santa Monica, Cal.

Santa Monica, Cal.—All records for the number of fish caught one day at this beach were broken when 21,750 yellowtail were caught at the long wharf by six Japanese fishermen with ordinary hook and line tackle.

Three schools of yellowtail swam to the wharf early and remained all day. The Japanese fishermen, who made the catch from boats, were exhausted from landing the fish when evening came, and their arms were numb.

Champion Runaway.

Chicago.—Raymond Williams, 12 years old, 16 Elizabeth street, regarded by the police as the champion boy runaway, was reported the other day as being missing for the seventy-eighth time in the past four years. Mrs. Marie Williams, mother of the boy, went to the South Clark street station and asked the police to search for the boy. When 8 years old the boy ran away from home, and since then he has been reported missing so often that he is now known to almost every policeman in Chicago.

Took "Just One."

Chicago.—Alderman J. A. Richard took "just one drink" after the council meeting was over. When he awoke he was "shy" \$1,000 worth of diamonds.

RAGGED BEGGAR WAS HER LONG LOST SON

Kansan Who Had Mysteriously Disappeared Came to Mother's Home in Daze.

Pratt, Kan.—Thomas Stubblefield, who mysteriously disappeared from this city in April, 1910, has been found. Stubblefield was a car repairer in the Rock Island shops here. At the time of his disappearance he was holding down a claim in Oklahoma near Texhoma. In April, 1910, he took a ten-day lay-off and started for his claim. He got as far as Guymon, where he stayed all night with his brother-in-law. He took a freight train for Texhoma the next morning.

That was the last seen of him by his family until a few days ago, when he came to his mother's front door in McDowell, Mo., and asked for something to eat. The mother recognized her son, but saw that he did not know her. She called Stubblefield's wife, who was living with a brother.



Recognized Her Son.

When his wife and children arrived Stubblefield did not recognize them either.

Stubblefield can tell little of his experience the last two years. He remembers only of falling off a box car near Texhoma, but does not know when it was. He says that his name is not Stubblefield, but Colorado Pete, and is offended if called by his right name. When he came to his mother's home he was without shoes, hat or coat. He said he had lost them while swimming.

Stubblefield was a member of the Redmen and of the Carmen. Those orders spent several hundred dollars in trying to find him. Two men were sent to Texhoma, but found no trace of him. Then a reward was offered by the lodges for any information leading to his discovery.

Stubblefield never had any domestic troubles. He had no debts to worry him and there was not a motive for him to leave home. He was often absent-minded and one cold morning came to work without a coat or hat. He said he had forgotten them.

Mrs. Stubblefield has held down the claim in her husband's absence and has taken care of their four small children.

BABIES "VANISH" IN CHICAGO

"Whether Children Are Slain or Not We Cannot Tell," Says Investigator.

Chicago.—More than 1,000 babies born in this city vanish every year without a single clue to their fate, according to some startling figures given out the other day by Mrs. Gertrude Howe Britton, superintendent of the Juvenile Protective association at a meeting of the association. Investigators for the association have been at work for six months looking into the methods employed in hospitals and maternity homes.

Of 489 babies, the investigators found 143 had vanished, and there was no record to tell what had become of them. In the slack records of the maternity institutions twenty-seven babies were entered as "given out," while nineteen were recorded as "given away." But in no case was there a record of the persons to whom they were given.

"Our investigators found that the law regarding the reports to be made by maternity homes to the health department was not carried out," said Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, president of the association. "We find that there are from 3,000 to 3,500 illegitimate children or waifs born in this city every year, and a large percentage of them disappear in a manner most mysterious. Whether they are murdered outright or what becomes of them we have not yet discovered."

TO WEAR LIZARD NEWEST FAD

Attached by Gold Collars and Chains They Crawl Around Society Women's Necks.

London.—The fad of several years ago of women wearing chameleons is coming in again, with the lizard for the wriggly pet. Live lizards have been sold by hundreds in London this year. Many varieties of small green horned gallots, great spotted eye dalmatians and Austrian blue throated and spotted eye dalmatians are the most popular.

The creatures of 12 to 18 inches long and have a gold collar around the neck and a chain. They crawl over the front of the dress and around the neck and are sometimes worn as a live bracelet.

They are handled over water until they get used to being fondled and learn not to bite. They are fed on live worms and are kept in a glass case when not worn. They need nothing more than worms and a glass of water.

In Adrianople Before the Siege



ONE VIEW OF ADRIANOPLE

IF YOU want to get away from the world of trusts and strikes and monopolies, away from the clangor of car bells and the shrieks of itinerant newsboys, and back to a time when, four times a day, the long-pronounced walls of a score of muezzins sound from as many minarets; where competition is unknown and there are no labor unions, go by rail across Macedonia to Adrianople, the strategic point in every trans-Macedonian war!

Half an hour after midnight, a proverbial black Turkish night, with the crickets singing and the boys peddling water at the stations, the east-bound all-Macedonian express deposited me at a station labeled Karaghatch—somewhere this side of Constantinople, undoubtedly, but how far from my destination, the old capital of the Ottoman empire, Adrianople, I had not the faintest idea. There was a light baggage examination, for I came here from Salonika and there is always a baggage examination between provinces in Turkey, and then they went for my teskeret, or internal passport. Where I had come from, where I had sold the Salonika police I was bound for, what country I hailed from, my profession, general characteristics, etc., all were copied in the feeble light of a station lantern, while the crickets sang on and the hours grew ever weaker and weaker.

Finally, after registering the names of the newspapers I represented, I was turned loose to find my way. There were two or three ramshackle cabs standing about and I hired the one whose driver seemed to have least of the bitterness of life written in his face.

Over lone, dark fields and down a pike, feebly lit by gas lamps, over a bridge across the Maritza, into which my cicerone could have hurled the infidel passenger and no man been the wiser, and up to the doors of the Hotel America (think of it!), I was taken. It was one by the town clock when we galloped thus into Adrianople.

By means of a narrow door we entered a courtyard, surrounded by a low veranda, onto which the guest rooms opened. It took up another half hour to wake the proprietor and then I was given a bed. I was again in America, withal in the heart of Turkey, at last!

Waking early that next morning the prospect was not reassuring. A maze of gray-brown roofs stretched off on every hand. That was all. After an experience in Monastir, where we had been arrested for walking the streets, under the plea that they mistook me for a spy, I dared not venture forth in this city without authorized guide, and that gentleman was not at leisure until 11:15. I beguiled the time as does every other stranger thus put to it in Adrianople, with Myer, the Baedeker of the Balkans, attempting to learn what we could of the city beyond the fact of its containing a branch of the Ottoman bank, and Austrian, as well as Turkish, postoffices, which is always the fact thrust first on the traveler.

This Adrianople, the old capital of Turkey in Europe, lies at the junction of the Maritza, the Arda and the Tundsche rivers, in a most fertile valley. Now the capital of the vilayet or province of the same name, Adrianople, has fallen from its former glory, and, as I was already aware, was made up of narrow, crooked, badly-plastered streets, dirty as is only Turkey in decadence, withal that a movement was now on foot for widening the main thoroughfare. The town is built almost entirely of lightly constructed shanties, with gardens and cobbling walks until it takes on the appearance

of an overgrown village. Its population nevertheless is set at 81,500, and Adrianople is probably the only place in the Ottoman empire where population is being estimated, for the sultan has a pleasant habit of holding the province governors responsible for amounts of taxes proportionate to population, and so these usually deceive and lower the figure. Christians, however, tell you that owing to the great emigration to America the population of Adrianople today is not over, if so much as, 45,200, of which about 30,000 are Mussulmen; while according to the Turkish estimate, the city contains something like 23,000 Greek Orientals (Greek and Bulgarian church communicants, that is), 8,000 Spanish Jews, 6,000 Gregorian Armenians, 500 Catholics and Protestants, and 100 heathen kypses.

Adrianople, in consequence, is the capital of a Vail and Muteschar, or governor and vice governor of provinces; of a Greek archbishop, bishop of the Bulgarian Orthodox and Bulgarian United churches, of a rabbi and a Turkish grand mullah and contains the headquarters of the Second Army corps. In addition to exporting the best wine raised in all Turkey, raw hides, spun silk and cocoons, flour and tanned hides, distilled perfumes, silks, woollens and cotton stuffs and rich carpets go from the city in large quantities. So much for modern Adrianople.

Noted for Its Wine.

A word as to its past. The city originally was old Uskodama, first a district capital of Thrace; then a Roman capital under Hadrian, and the object of Goth vandalism as early as 378, when it was wholly destroyed. In the thirteenth century the Latin emperor and the Bulgarians fought a fearful battle here, after which Adrianople experienced an era of peace until about the year 1361 when the Sultan Murad I, captured it. In 1365 he made it his home and such it remained, capital of the empire, until the fall of Constantinople, when it was reduced to a sort of sub-capital. Since then its career has been uneventful. The city was taken in 1720, and here was signed the Peace of Adrianople, by which Russia returned to Turkey all that she had taken away and fixed the boundaries that remained in force substantially until 1878, when the Russian re-entered the city.

This much learned, it was to look up and find the guide at hand, already ordering a cup of coffee and toast at our expense, as is the custom. He was a loquacious, French-speaking Spanish Jew, and it behooved us to watch keenly to bargain.

Like everyone else, we walked in the street; through narrow cobbled alleyways, with stores built right up from the curb, and Jews, Moslems, Armenians and Bulgars, and, above all, gypsy boozers, each in distinctive costume, surging by. The street led off in devious-wise, crossed and recrossed by other mazes, until it became evident that no stranger in his senses would attempt Adrianople alone.

And yet, there was nothing to see, touristically! A gorgeous mosque, that was grand for size alone, save for particulars interesting to architects only—more ratty houses, more ratty bazaars, harems with the stove-pipes up—turned as they emerged without; hospitals and barracks and muddy streets—such was the city.

At four next morning we must leave—such are trade connections. We had been content with our pilgrimage—we had seen what a stranger is permitted to see of the ancient capital of Islam!

Seven rooms are economically tucked away within the four walls and roof of the house illustrated in the design here shown. This house is built on the story and a half plan, is 22 feet 6 inches wide and 36 feet long on the ground, without measuring the porches.

This is an economical way to build a medium-sized house, because you get the roof space for the upper rooms—space that is very often just thrown away on an attic. The upper bedrooms fit into the gables, and the clothes closets fit in between the bedrooms and the lower part of the roof; so there is no waste space at all, and you get square ceilings, too—or nearly so.

It depends a good deal on climate whether you want a house built like this, or whether you want to elevate the roof clear above the upper rooms. In some hot valleys where the sun seems to beat down a little hotter each day during the summer, a higher roof might be an advantage; but on the northern hills where few really hot days are known and where the nights are usually cool, this style of house is just about as comfortable as any in the summer time, and it is a great deal warmer and more cozy in winter. Our northern climate seems to have a good deal more winter than summer; in fact a good many of the northern states get six or seven months' winter, and the balance of the year is largely divided up between cloudy days and cool weather.

It is to settle such questions that house plans are for. If a person has a plain, straight-forward plan of a house, with the size plainly given and the shape and the size of the rooms properly designated, he can study it

over and decide at leisure about these different points. An economy in building may not be an economy in after years. It is sometimes better to increase the purchase price mortgage sufficiently to cover certain extra costs, in order to have the house as you want it; because, under satisfactory conditions, the increased expenditure in occupying the house is worth a good deal more than the additional interest. However, each person must decide such questions for himself.

There is a good deal in the looks of a house. In these modern times, it is not necessary to build a slab-sided

the ground in any kind of order, or leave the planting to some handy man of all work. To be satisfactory, you must study the design of the house as well as the shape, size, and location of the lot; and you must buy plants and trees that are suitable to the soil, to the climate, and to your own taste.

It pays well to give careful attention to the preparation of the soil. You cannot grow any kind of vegetation satisfactorily on poor soil. It does not cost a great deal to haul in good soil sufficient to cover the whole lot a foot deep; or this may not be necessary. A mixture of good soil, well rotted manure, and commercial fertilizer, will usually tone up almost any lot so that stuff planted will give good results.

Wealth in Bulgaria. Wealth is more evenly distributed in Bulgaria than in any other European state. Poverty, according to Edward Dicey, "does not exist among the Bulgarians." In the towns there are individual cases of destitution, owing to drink and misconduct, but these cases are few and insignificant. There is no need to make any public provision for the relief of the poor; there is no question of the conflicting interest of workmen and employers; strikes and trade unions are alike unknown. Bulgaria, as at present constituted, approaches as closely as is consistent with the imperfection of all human institutions to the ideal state of our latter day social reformers, in which there are to be no poor and no rich, no privileged class and no social distinctions.

Would Find Out for Him. Everett Shinn, the painter and wit of New York, scored off an enemy at a tea at Sherry's.

To this enemy, himself a painter of the Bouguereau school, Mr. Shinn said: "How many pictures have you painted in the course of your long and honorable career?" "I haven't the least idea," was the reply.

Mr. Shinn laughed maliciously. "Some day, then," he said, "I'll come around to your studio and count them."

Few Moose in Maine. Hunters and game wardens say that moose are scarcer this year than they were last. If a man gets a bull this year, he will have to travel some, and then the chances are it will be the guide that does the shooting. The law has probably protected the moose in Maine, but the lumbering operations have hindered them and they have gone out of the state into New Brunswick.—Aroostook Pioneer.

IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

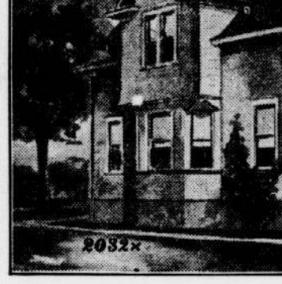
Almost every woman likes a front hall with an open stair. This seems to be the most suitable entrance and the most satisfactory way of going upstairs. Other arrangements have been tried repeatedly; but builders have never found a satisfactory substitute for a front hall and a stair of this kind. It lands far enough back upstairs to leave room for a good bedroom in the front part of the house, and it does not spoil any room either upstairs or down.

A house of this style lends itself easily as part of a plan of outside decoration. There is more in this than most people realize. A home

does not consist merely of a house. The surroundings have a great deal to do with a person's comfort. You want shade trees, but you don't want too much shade. You want flowers, shrubbery, and climbing vines; and, of course, you must have a place for them and have them in their right places. You cannot buy a miscellaneous assortment of such things from a nursery, and stick them in

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It pays well to give careful attention to the preparation of the soil. You cannot grow any kind of vegetation satisfactorily on poor soil. It does not cost a great deal to haul in good soil sufficient to cover the whole lot a foot deep; or this may not be necessary. A mixture of good soil, well rotted manure, and commercial fertilizer, will usually tone up almost any lot so that stuff planted will give good results.



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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR DECEMBER THE LUNATIC BOY.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 9:14-29. GOLDEN TEXT—"And Jesus said to him, If thou canst! All things are possible to him that believeth."—Mark 9:29.

1. The Disciples' Failure—vv. 14-18. Each of the Evangelists places the lesson in close connection with the mount of transfiguration. Sorrow, sin, crushed and bleeding hearts, always to be found at the foot of the mountains of vision and of privilege. So also is to be found human nature. Let us get the picture. A little party reaches the base of the mountain they find an excited multitude surrounding the remaining disciples who were undergoing a series of questions propounded to them by the scribes. Arriving in the midst of this questioning, Jesus challenges the scribes by saying, "Why question ye them?" Before either the scribes or the disciples could answer, "one of the multitude" (v. 17) told his story to Jesus. The speaker had brought his only son, demon-possessed, to the disciples to be healed. He goes to tell Jesus the terrible story of the boy's sufferings, and that to his utter disappointment and anguish he has found that the disciples are equal to the task of healing. The inability upon their part gave the scribes their opportunity and had undoubtedly raised in the fathers' minds a doubt as to the power of Jesus.

Takes Case in Hand. Jesus at once takes the case in hand. Rebuke and pity are mingled in His words, "O faithless generation, how long shall I bear with you? The disciples, the scribes and the multitude, all alike, are involved in the rebuke. All were in a greater or less degree faithless. Jesus had been their midst performing his mighty deeds, speaking his marvelous words, and manifesting his wonderful power yet they were without faith. He often the present-day church as Christian workers stand impatiently before the world's great need because of a lack of faith. How frequently we miss a blessing because of our dependence upon some one else. It makes a failure of faith and prayer. Jesus was then and always has been troubled and distressed at such times (v. 19). However, the father was rewarded when, in obedience to the command, he brought his boy to Jesus. The conversation that came is interesting and pathetic, one that is too often repeated today. At the end of his deep anguish the father said, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us." He says, as all true fathers should, completely identified himself with his and his son's need. Fewer young men of today would be demon-possessed if their fathers would have identified themselves more fully with their boys.

The reply of Jesus forms the golden text. What a magnificent response this father made, "I believe; but thou mine unbeliever." Small wonder that Jesus should again work a wonder of healing.

11. The Master's Victory—vv. 20-29. The son of man, who had just been so wonderfully glorified, again manifests to the world his power over the afflicted son of man. The evil of demon, however, never gives up its position without a struggle. Hence it is that, as the boy was brought to Jesus, the very worst manifestations of his malady were exhibited. So much, that as the multitude rushed together to witness his paroxysm, he saw him as the demons left him, declared the boy to be dead. We remember how long time the demon had ruled the boy (v. 21). A man boy once defined a habit as "something hard to break;" very true, for the longer the habit the harder it is to break. The father's faith was weak but very earnest. It was sufficient to cry to Jesus for relief and that always enough. Jesus repeats the man's use of the word "if" as though to challenge the implied lack of power and at once throws the burden of responsibility upon the father. It was not the question "if" Jesus could heal but rather "if" the father could believe. Realizing his lack, the father cried, "Help mine unbeliever." This is a cry as this God always answers. Quickly avoiding the fast gathering crowd he takes the boy by the hand, raises him up and sends him to his father on their way.

No father has the right to transfer his obligations, spiritual or otherwise, to any organization. Entering the nearby house the disciples set us a good example by their failure, and he tells them of the great necessity is prayer. They are more defeats in the church. Christ and in the lives of his followers that can be traced to a lack of prayer than perhaps any other element. These disciples had cast out demons before this, but, shriveled from fellowship with him in the deed, he had foretold (Mark 8:32-33). He stood condemned before him, powerless in the fact of a great need, condemned by the multitude. "If thou canst." Success is never conditioned upon ability, but always upon our willingness. A broken fellowship always spells defeat. Failing here, we reproach upon him an unbelieving demand before an unbelieving man. This does not necessarily mean that in every case we disbelieve his power, but rather that something in the path of obedience we will not break in our fellowship. The aggressive, such as