HIS QUEER 'CATCH'

And Garbage Master Was Not Fishing, at That.

Old Copy Reader Ransacks His Mind for Most Unique Story He Can Recall, and Here Is the Result He Achieved.

The oldest copy reader on the paper grew reminiscent.

"In all the thousands of 'stories' for the paper I have read, how many unique ones have I found? Well, I can give you one that stands out in my memory, sharply defined, without a flaw.

"It is about the strangest fish that was ever caught in Sheepshead bay. It was about the time that motorboats were first being built, and risky things they were, too, in those days. Well, there was a certain young man about Broadway whose boast was that he would try anything once.

"He had tried automobiles and had had considerable success in finding out what happened to them when they ran into brick walls, telegraph poles and other things like that. So he decided to try motorboats, too.

"He did, and never tried anything after that. He gathered a jolly little party, packed a jolly little luncheon and off from shore they set in a cocky little motorboat, out into the middle of Sheepshead bay. There came a heavy squall, the boat upset and several of the happy throng were drowned, the gay young man included. Now, here's the meat of the yarn:

"The prettiest girl in the party was also the gayest. Her French heels were the highest and her big, flappy hat was the biggest and the flappiest. Well, she went down, down into Sheepshead bay and drank more water in five minutes than she had in as many years.

"When she came up for the third time she grabbed an empty floating box and clung to it until she grew too weak. Down she went. Night fell.

. . .

"Now a tug came puffing and snorting on her way back from the garbage dumping grounds—or waters—dragging half a dozen empty scows, all of which were, like all such craft, equipped with hinged bottoms which open outward. All the scows were open, and aboard one, the captain or skipper or master, or whatever he ranked, was watching to see that nothing broke loose in the squall.

"Suddenly he heard a squeak, shrill and uncanny. He investigated. And inside his opened-up garbage scow, clinging desperately to the chains that swing open and shut the container of garbage was what had been a glorious creature in picture hat, French heels and other furbelows. The garbage master was a brave man, but this appalled him. His nerve won, however, and he hauled the miracle to what deck there was, and she survived and revived.

"What had happened was that the beautiful lady had been drawn down into the water again, but had once more come to the surface just as the scow passed over her and she had come up inside. She had life enough and sense enough to grasp anything tangible, that being in this case a slippery chain. Then she knew enough to try to shriek. The squeak she emitted saved her life."

Gleaning.

England is delighted, and justly so, with her surprising success at wheat culture, the present home-grown crop of which released many thousand tons of shipping for use elsewhere. Incidentally, also, the home product saved England many millions that normally would have been sent beyond the ocean to Argentina and the United States for breadstuffs. It is now predicted that never again will the "island kingdom" allow her ancient agriculture to fall into evil ways as during the last half century. How well, indeed, the world has learned during the trials and restrictions of war that Mother Earth is a cherishing mother indeed, and that in hours of distress it is to her that man must turn for comfort and succor.

Slang in the Pulpit.

A striking instance of the force of American "slanguage" is afforded in one of America's leading preachers. The speaker, a doctor of divinity, was addressing a Canadian audience on Uncle Sam's efforts. In a 90-minute talk there occurred, among others, these "gems:" "We are on this job to the finish. We are prepared to fight till hell itself freezes over, and if Germany isn't beat then we'll buy skates and get after her on the ice." "This kaiser is the biggest duplex, double-action, high-powered liar in history. He told his people the Americans could never get to France. Waal, he and his people have got another guess coming."

Cement Industry Big.

Statistics of the cement industry in the United States in 1917, prepared by the United States geological survey, indicates that the total shipments of Portland cement from the mills amounted to 90,708,474 barrels valued in bulk at the mills at $122,745,068. This represents a decrease in quantity of 4.1 per cent and an increase in value of 17.8 per cent compared with 1916. The production of Portland cement in 1917 was 92,814,202 barrels, compared with 91,521,198 barrels in 1916, an increase of 1.4 per cent. This production holds the record, the next highest output, 92,097,181 barrels, having been in 1913.