

BRAGA IS RULED

New President of Portugal Governed by His Wife.

Love Old Country Place Where They Lived for Many Years, and Will Not Change Her Mode of Living.

Lisbon.—When Senhor Theophilo Braga, the new president was called upon at his country residence, a long, one-story building on a cliff overlooking the Tagus at Cruz Quebrada, seven miles west of Lisbon, it was found he had left for the capital, but his wife, a frail, sweet-faced old lady, with white hair, advanced and insisted that the interviewer should enter. She led him by the hand in motherly fashion to a long, low room, more than modestly furnished, the windows of which overlooked the wide expanse of blue serene waters but lately seething and smoking under shot and shell. She expressed her regret at her husband's absence, and said that she was delighted to speak to the English people. She was congratulated on her husband's new dignity, it being added she ought to feel proud.

"Proud," she exclaimed, smiling modestly, "perhaps, but above all I regret the interruption of 48 years of peaceful domestic happiness. In the conversation that ensued she said many things of an adorable simplicity, of which the following are a few.

"We married for love. We have always been poor, and always happy with one another, except for our great sorrow that we are now childless, for we are ever mourning the loss of our son and daughter, 20 years ago. My girl would have been forty now and I should have had grown-up grandchildren around me," she added, with eyes full of tears. "But we found comfort in my husband in his books and I in my household work near him."

It was suggested that the change would involve a change of habits and probably of residence.

"No, no!" exclaimed the old lady, almost terrified. "I have told Theophilo that I will never leave my little home and my pretty garden, where I have lived for 20 years. If we are forced to have a larger house for meetings and receptions, we will keep our little home to live in always."

"We have had just enough to live on. My husband has always been persecuted because of his opinions, but although he cannot forget, he is manageable now of seeking to avenge himself on his enemies."

"I, too, am a Republican, but I adored King Edward of England, so just, so good, so courteous to all!" she referred to his visit to Portugal and contrasted the enthusiasm of the people in the streets with their indifference towards their own King Carlos.

Speaking of a visit of the commander of the English warships, Senhora Braga added, proudly: "And he knew my husband quite well by his books! Theophilo is so pleased with the good words in the English newspapers," she continued. "The monarchists always held up the bogey of English intervention, but only ignorant people believed that England would act thus towards another country." With simplicity she added: "One does not give orders in another person's house."

Again reverting to her favorite theme, home life, she exclaimed, laughing: "Oh, but I could, Theophilo sometimes. Our men folk at home have to be kept under a little."

CARIBOU STOPS PACK TRAIN

Ten Thousand of Animals Seen by Miners on Trail Between Circle and Fairbanks.

Seattle, Wash.—Caribou in a herd of countless hundreds, densely crowded on a mountain side, held up a pack train for four hours while the antlered beast passed slowly by on a lonely trail between Circle and Fairbanks, Alaska. This was seen by Capt. R. T. Barnett, a mining operator, just arrived here for the winter.

The herd was one of the largest ever viewed by a white man in the belief of Captain Barnett. Reports printed in the local papers state that this run of caribou was witnessed by persons in other parts of the Tanana hills. It is estimated that the number of animals was 10,000. The caribou were going south.

Captain Barnett and his pack train had just reached a wide trail across the Tanana hills and was about to start the ascent, when a drove of caribou passed by. This herd was followed by smaller bands. Then it was seen that the herd stretched back as far as the eye could see. The stampeding animals bore down almost upon the party and thundered by in a flying wedge, the width averaging about one-quarter of a mile. It is the first time in years that caribou have traveled through the region between Circle and Fairbanks.

Wedded But One Family. New York.—"Some women seem to think that when they marry a man they can saddle their whole family on him," remarked Magistrate Harris, in the domestic relations court, when George Stockley had been haled into court on his wife's complaint. "That's altogether wrong. A man is not obliged to support his mother-in-law. If a wife does not want to live with her husband separately, the husband is not required to support her."

USE DOGS TO SOLVE CANCER

Animals to Drink Water in Which Fish Live to Solve Cancerous Mysteries.

East Portland, Me.—Is cancer communicable through fish to human beings?

Through the establishment of a test bureau at the United States fish hatcheries here the government intends to try and settle for all time this much mooted question. Dogs are to be used in the experiment. A half-dozen little mongrels which will be enrolled as charter members of the "cancer squad" have just arrived, accompanied by Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, director of the Gratiwick cancer laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y. The doctor has achieved fame through his discoveries that the laws of immunity apply to cancer.

The dogs are to be fed on the best and most healthful sterilized food, have the best sanitary quarters and have a canine physician all their own. To appease their thirst they are only allowed to drink of a pond in which there are fish. These fish and the dogs, carefully tended, may thus be made to solve another of the great puzzles of the medical world. That is, if the cancerous proclivities of the fish are transmitted through the water, then the dogs, it is believed, will show it and prove that the danger of this disease is ever present for human beings who drink water in which fish live.

Prof. Charles G. Atkins, in charge of the hatchery, says: "We now have a number of dogs and expect shortly to receive more, sent here to aid in investigating the cause of the throat disease known as goitre, which is one of the numerous forms of cancer."

That the cancerous disease affecting both dogs and fishes is identical in nature has already been established. That it is identical remains to be demonstrated. The relation between the two has not yet been worked out, and that is just what the scientists want to learn, among other things, Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, who is in charge of the experiments being made, said:

"The dogs do not contract the cancer from the fishes, it is believed, but by drinking water from the ponds where the infected fish specimens swim."

The United States government is at present taking under consideration the advisability of establishing a permanent station here where experiments in connection with cancer may be made upon dogs in lieu of human beings.

SECRET OF MAKING PEARLS

Japanese Know of Way to Make Gems of Finest Quality but Refrain From Glutting Market.

New York.—The existence of a secret method of making pearls, which if disclosed would make them as plentiful and as cheap as the "Park Row collar-button," was told the other day by Prof. Bashford Dean of Columbia university to the American Fisheries society in session here.

"In a little harbor south of Tokyo, Japan, there has been produced successfully by a secret process pearls that are of the finest type," said Professor Dean. "When I was at the University of Japan, the emperor of Japan himself opened one of these oysters and took there from this new pearl exhibit, so there is no doubt about the genuine success of this experiment. But the secret has even been withheld from the emperor, otherwise the whole of the pearl industry would be revolutionized."

"Dr. N. Nishikawa, a graduate of the University of Tokyo, discovered the process and left his secret to his father-in-law, Mikemoto, one of the most famous pearl raisers of Japan. I surmise that the pearl is formed by introducing scientifically a piece of mother of pearl into the shell, around which the pearl is formed, taking the place of the worm which nature uses to form the core of the naturally grown pearl."

BARS SALE BIRDS' PLUMAGE

Aligarettes Cannot Be Sold by New York Milliners After July 1 Next by Statute.

New York.—The plumage of forty-three specimens of birds formerly used to decorate women's hats cannot be sold by the milliners of New York state after July 1 next, according to the annual report of the National Association of Audubon Societies.

The most important feature of a law recently passed by the state legislature, the report continues, is the prohibition of the sale of aligarettes. New York is one of the three greatest centers for the sale of aligarettes, the others being Paris and London.

The statute is taken from the mother bird when nesting, and costs her life and the life of the young birds. The Audubon societies have been fighting for the protection of these birds for many years.

The passage of the so-called plumage bill will prevent the use of their plumage as well as that of most wild birds of the country and all the birds native of New York state.

Congress in China in 1913. Peking.—An imperial parliament, the first in the history of China, will be convened in 1913, according to an official edict issued the other day.

TO CHOKO A BORE

Device Arranged to Protect New Yorker and Family.

J. Montgomery Gubbins Makes Contrivance to Absorb Silly Chatter of Neighbor and Throw It Back at Her.

New York.—"See this funnel!" said J. Montgomery Gubbins the other afternoon. He held up an ordinary tin funnel—the kind grocery men keep near the vinegar barrel.

"This funnel," continued J. Montgomery Gubbins, without waiting for a reply, "contains my own arrangement of violin strings and sponges and along this snout you see there is a little keyboard. It will find any person's 'note' and I call it the Gubbins sponger and word catcher."

"I was forced by circumstances to invent this contrivance for the protection of my family and my own peace of mind. It happened this way:

"The wife of our next door neighbor on the left of our Omaha home is a bore. It was her habit before this," and he waved the funnel, "to call on us several times a week just at dinner time. She always came to borrow something—a cupful of sugar, a pint of milk or an egg.

"Oh, I mustn't keep you from your dinner!" she would exclaim with a sniff. After declining an invitation to dinner she would take a few steps toward the door, then stop and talk and talk and talk, and very few words she would remark that she just must go home.

"Courtesy forced my wife and me to stand and listen to her. On these occasions I could always hear the dinner cool off.

"Things came to a desperate pass one night when we had a distinguished person from Clam Gulf dining with us. The neighbor was there and talked so long our dinner froze. Then there came a loud snap from the dining room. Willie, my youngest son, was surreptitiously breaking an icicle from the chicken's wing. And the distinguished person got mad because he wanted to do the talking himself.

"Bang! An idea suddenly kicked me into action. I rushed to the kitchen, snatched this funnel from the hands of the cook and ran to my workshop. Presently I emerged triumphant.

"Walking nonchalantly toward that talking female with the funnel held carelessly in my hand, I planted myself directly in front of her and pressed one of these keys. The result was just as I had planned. The woman's jaw kept on moving, but she spoke soundless words, at least the only sound heard was the thud-thud of her words dropping like pebbles into this funnel.

"I pressed another key. The woman stretched her jaws as wide open as she could, then her words began to roll from the funnel back into her mouth. When her mouth was full of words I pressed a third key. Then she ate her own words.

"I kept this up until she got a violent attack of indigestion and we had to send for the doctor. The medical man said—but here's my train."

CHILDREN CAN VISIT EUROPE

Columbia Professor Would Use Same Scheme As Colleges Now Do With Their Students.

Boston.—The present practice of sending exchange students to the European centers ought to be extended to children and young people of both sexes in all walks of life," declared Dr. Ernest Richard, professor at Columbia university, at a meeting of the Twentieth Century club the other day.

Professor Richard's plan would enable families with small means to place their children with families in other countries, thus enabling them to study the language of the country and become acquainted with its business, social and educational enterprises.

"The distinguishing feature of children's exchange," he declared, "is the reception free of expense of foreigners in the home life of the family. There are, of course, many families that would like to see their son or daughter enjoy the advantages of a prolonged stay abroad, but do not have the means to pay for it. In receiving the guest member of the family in exchange, the expenses for maintenance remain the same; only the transportation has to be provided.

"There is no reason why, after conquering the first difficulties, the enterprise proposed should not develop most useful activities."

Tramp Seizes Pie. Sharon, Pa.—"Fire! Fire!" shouted a tramp at the home of Rev. Thomas Barnes in Brookfield township just as the family sat down to chicken dinner. Everybody rushed out just in time to see the man disappear. Another man went in the back door, stole the chicken and two pies from the table and fled before the family discovered the trick.

Czar Flees Through Kitchen. Berlin.—Accompanied by the grand duke of Hesse, the czar motored to Frankfurt-on-Main the other day, alighting at a hotel, the Englishes Hof. When he was ready to depart the czar left the hotel by the way of the kitchen in order to escape the crowds in front of the entrance.

PRINCE SINGS OUR PRAISES

Persian Nobleman Admires American Women for Their Frankness—Mean What They Say.

New York.—Prince Freydom Malcom, a long time ago from Persia and recently from half the nations of Europe, diplomat and traveler by profession, is not a cosmopolitan by choice or by conviction.

"I don't like it, you know. It's not the thing at all. It's really beastly rot, you know," he explained as he sat in the Turkish room at the Waldorf, his very English sounding odd from his unEnglish lips. "That's the only fault I've ever been able to find with your American women I've known abroad. They're bent on being cosmopolitan. They're the best charming women in the world when they are themselves, and they don't seem to know it. They keep on trying to be English women or French women, or some other sort—anything so it's not American—and they go to all sorts of trouble to do it, too; and all the time they were much more the thing, you know, when they were themselves. It's a jolly shame. Somebody ought to tell them," said Prince Malcom.

"The first thing a real American is is frank," he continued. "An American woman means exactly what she says, and you can tell by her face whether she likes you or not. That's jolly nice, and respectful to a diplomat, too. Why, in Europe, especially in the Latin countries, you might be on the most friendly terms with a woman for years and suddenly find out that she always has detested you. It's her natural impulse to hide her feelings and motives. She calls it being subtle. It's a beastly bore."

"NEWSIE" TEARS UP BIG ROLL

Declares He Grew Tired of Trying to Spend \$400 Picked Up in Pittsburgh Auto.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Ghilmena Bartoloma is the name of a twelve-year-old "newsie" who saw a big pocketbook lying in an automobile downtown the other day that contained a roll of over \$400. The "newsie," according to the police, appropriated the roll and started out to have a time. Half an hour later a report of the loss was received at police headquarters and Special Officers Brophy and McCreehy started on a search.

After a search of several moving picture shows they got trace of the youngster and finally arrested him at his home, 1222 Bedford avenue.

"Where is that roll?" asked Officer Brophy. "Spent some of it and tore up the rest," quietly remarked the "newsie."

The boy was taken to headquarters and searched. The roll was missing and he adhered to the original story that he had torn up the bank roll and scattered it to the winds. "What did you tear that money up for?" asked an officer, satisfied the boy was lying.

"Got tired of spending it. Honest I did. Never saw so much coin in me life before. Honest I didn't."

The officers searched the boy's home. No roll was found and no information throwing any light on its whereabouts could be secured from the family.

The police are reluctant to believe the boy destroyed the money, but have no alternative. They refuse to give the name of the person who left so much money lying around loose.

CHAMPAGNE OUTLOOK IS SAD

Grapes Half Devoured by Insects. Half Withered by Mildew, Being Gathered in France.

Paris.—A writer in the Temps draws a melancholy picture of the grape harvesting in the Champagne districts.

"The sight presented by the Champagne vineyards, so animated and joyous in the times of abundant harvests, is one of desolating sadness this year," he says. "Instead of long lines of workers gathering the thick clusters, a few wine growers only can be seen weighed down by implacable fate."

"And yet the grapes are being gathered, if these miserable berries half devoured by insects, half withered by mildew can be called grapes. They are thrown into casks and burned to the furnace, where they are burned that the eggs of the insects, the germs of the parasites may be destroyed and not endanger the next season's crops."

"Champagne, at this time of the year, is always crowded with workers from Alsace and Belgium, who come for the grape gathering. This year the district is deserted. In the villages the misery is appalling. "For four years the growers have had to fight to preserve their vines, and in those four years they have only gathered the value of one good harvest. Many are irretrievably ruined."

Manners Make "Dandies."

Paris.—Andre de Fouquieres, who has the enviable reputation of being the best dressed man in Paris, has written a book which goes far toward telling us how it is done. According to this authority, the perfect dandy of today must have an elegant mind as well as an elegant waistcoat. In other words, he must be an intelligent, spirited talker, courteous, tactful and chivalrous. For it is in his manner as much as in his dress that the real dandy is to be discovered.

BEARS IN A SCHOOL

Startling Adventure of School Teacher in Wilderness.

Two Animals Get Into Building Through Dugout and Spring Lock After Themselves—Attracted by Honey.

Cross Fork, Pa.—When Miss Lydia Musser, teacher of a country school in Enclilla township, opened the door of her schoolroom the other morning she was confronted by two pupils who were not enrolled in her book. Two black bears got into the building through a trap door in the floor, which led into a dugout underneath used for the storage of wood.

Of course Miss Musser, who was alone, didn't tarry to ask the new scholars their names, nor whether it was the first time they had been to school. She slammed the door shut against the spring lock and the bears were again made prisoners, for it was subsequently discovered that they had cut off their own egress by the route through which they had come by accidentally slipping the catch on the trap door after they were in the room and being unable to open it.

When Miss Musser opened the door the bears made a lunge toward her, doubtless in an effort to reach the door and escape, but the young woman believed that they were about to attack her, so that in her haste to get the door shut she tripped on her skirt and fell from the porch, landing in such a manner as to turn her foot and sprain her ankle so that she was unable to rise, and sustaining an injury from which she is not apt to recover for several weeks.

She screamed at the top of her voice. The schoolhouse is fully a mile from the nearest farmhouse, though, fortunately, a teamster who was within earshot in passing heard her and went to her rescue. Several pupils on the way to school also heard her alarm. Miss Musser informed the man of what she had seen, but prevented him from unlocking the schoolhouse until she had been helped out of the reach of danger.

The arriving pupils peeked through the windows and saw the bears. The animals were pawing back and forth like caged lions and showed every evidence of their fright at being prisoners in the schoolhouse under the gaze of the fast gathering throng and aroused by the noise made by the frightened boys and girls.

The teamster sent some of the boys down the road to the nearest house for a rifle, but before the gun arrived the bears took it into their heads to do something on their own hook. One of them appeared at the window farthest away from where the school crowd had collected, and with one great push of his paws sent the glass flying in a hundred pieces, following the crash with a plunge that brought his shaggy form all a tumble on to the ground. He had no sooner landed than the second bear followed suit, and in another second the animals were streaking it into the woods, while the boys and girls, of course, were making pell-mell in the other direction.

The bear that did the glass breaking evidently cut its paw, for blood in pretty good quantities was to be found along the route taken by the animals. When the schoolroom was opened and an examination made it was discovered that the bears had played havoc with the books and maps. They were evidently in search for food, and the books and other articles coming within the reach of their search had been roughly handled.

This is the schoolhouse in which during the summer a colony of bees took up their abode between the wall and the weather boards, where they stored a quite generous supply of honey before being discovered and their sweetmeats confiscated. It is presumed that the bears were drawn to the place by the smell of this honey, or the bees may have made some of their comb in the little basement of the building, and that this is what first attracted the attention of the bears.

PIGEON DROPS ON STEAMER

Exhausted Bird Joins Fishermen on Board Fishing Boat Angler—Tenderly Cared for.

New York.—The fishing boat Angler went out to the banks for fish and came back with a pigeon. She had a big crowd of amateur fishermen on board, and while steaming about for a good place to drop lines John Volts, a deckhand, saw a pigeon sopping about in the gale as if wounded.

The bird made a desperate effort to get to the Angler, and despite the fact that there was enough noise and hilarity aboard to scare a tame cat, the bird gave no heed and dropped helplessly on the deck. Volts picked up the pigeon and put it in a box in the cabin, giving it water and oatmeal.

The bird had an aluminum band on its left leg, bearing the number "E. Capt. Al Foster of the Angler, said the owner can have the bird by proving his property."

Freedom to Wed Demanded.

Rome.—A movement is on foot among the telephone girls of Rome to have abolished the regulation which forbids them to marry before they cease the age of twenty-eight years. Italian women reach their prime before they are twenty, and considering their chances of marriage greatly lessened by this government regulation.

SURELY LIMIT IN RED TAPE

Incident in the Very Cradle of Prussian Officialdom That Is Hard to Beat.

The following story of red tape which is vouched for by the Berlin Tagliche Rundschau, is hard to beat even in the very cradle of Prussian officialdom. Not long ago the head mistress of a high school for girls notified the authorities that there was a rat on the premises and asked that a man might be sent to kill it. The request was duly noted, but as the official rat catcher was not immediately available the head mistress was advised to feed the beast in the meantime so that the rat catcher should not make a fruitless journey. This she did for some weeks, and as the rat killer did not put in an appearance she made a second application. The original request, she was informed, had been mislaid, but help would be sent in a few days.

Weeks passed and one day the rat was found dead and was buried in the garden in the presence of the head mistress. A day or so later an official carrying a bundle of documents "in the matter of the rat" brought a message to the effect that the head mistress should take steps to destroy the rat at her own expense, as the official rat catcher could not come before the end of November. Upon being informed that the rat was dead and buried the official retired, but came back the next day asking for a written certificate to show that the rat was really dead. He got it, and the administrative machine is once more working smoothly.

AS TO OUR SENSE OF HUMOR

Life Would Be Dull Without It, But Its Manifestations Are Beyond Estimation.

A dignified, retired judge in the east was brought near to death lately through a fit of laughter caused by a comparison of a woman in a hobble skirt to a giraffe with its feet tied together. The possessor of a keen sense of humor would hardly find this amusing, but it nearly killed the judge. So, too, a man in Lawrenceburg, Ind., laughed for 12 hours over the idea of trading a mule for a shaved-tail horse.

A sense of humor is often a safety valve to human beings. Life would be a dull thing without it, but its manifestations are beyond estimation. A recent writer speaks of the frequency with which it spoils the most pathetic scenes at the theater; of how that which should incite pity is mistaken by the thoughtless for a subject of mirth. The criticism is deserved, but it is to be doubted if it will correct a misplaced sense of humor which seems to be inherent in a considerable portion of the human race.

There is no accounting for taste, even in matters of this sort, and there is no way to prevent grave and reverend jurists or male traders from becoming victims of an undeveloped or a too greatly developed sense of humor.

Galloping Kitchen.

The British soldier is notoriously fond of his rations, and like every other soldier is a poor fighter when his meals do not appear with proper regularity.

So that Tommy Atkins may not be kept a second date from his best nut tea the army has rigged up a novel "galloping kitchen," a cooker on wheels, which cooks as it goes and can rattle along on its gun carriage over the roughest roads a horse can take, the provender boiling away all the time.

There is a boiler divided into four compartments and a firebox below, nothing more. The arrangement could not be simpler, and it saves the annoyance of setting up a whole cooking outfit at every stop when the army is on a rapid march, and also assures a meal to the detachment that is away from camp on a scouting or skirmishing expedition.

Very Prosy.

Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia, in one of his brilliant addresses on the drama, said of an unimaginative and prosaic dramatist:

"He it was, I am sure, who in his youth, on being asked in examination what Shakespeare meant by the phrase, 'Swearers in stones,' wrote in reply:

"When passing by a tombstone you may learn the name and the date of birth and death of the departed one, and also from the inscription a valuable moral lesson from his or her life. Walking along a road you may see from the milestones the number of miles to the nearest town, and thus acquire geographical information. Heaps of stones by the roadside indicate that repairs are to take place, and so inculcate a lesson in neatness."

Not Tipping for Show.

First Walter—That's his wife he's got with him.

Second Walter—What makes you think so?

First Walter—He picked up the quarter and left me the dime, and she was looking right at him all the time.—Detroit Free Press.

Regarding His Duties.

"Were you successful in the discharge of your duties on earth?" asked St. Peter.

The wealthy importer shook his head and smiled sadly. "Not nearly so successful as I was in the evading of them," he confessed.