

SEES BIG WAR CLOUD

Correspondent Says End of Trouble in Europe is Far Away.

Declares It is Impossible for Anyone to Predict That 1912 Will End in Peace—Russia Attempted to End Present Conflict.

Berlin, Germany.—That Europe has passed through the two first months of spring without a catastrophe of any kind in the diplomatic field must not be taken to mean that the sky is now cloudless and the horizon clear. On the contrary, ominous rumblings are heard everywhere, and no one dares prophesy that 1912 will end in peace. During the last two weeks a correspondent of a Washington paper writes, events have happened which have puzzled the diplomats of all the great countries—events which seem to predict the imminency of material changes in the delicate balance of old Europe. Our poor old world, in spite of all its enlightenment, still possesses its political sphinx, situated within the confines of Russia.

What Russia's plans really are no one knows, least of all, probably, the gentle and peace-loving czar himself. Russia gave the first impulse to the new grouping of the powers when, under Alexander III., a strong and virile ruler of extraordinary gifts as a statesman, she concluded the alliance with France, which became the unshakable corner stone of the European position. Now, at least, it seems as if this corner stone is less firm than before. France and Russia are no longer in perfect harmony, and Russia blamed the French ambassador to St. Petersburg for the jarring note of the discord which was dimly heard by those whose ears are always pressed against the ground.

Russia wanted to put an end to the war between Italy and Turkey, but she wanted something herself from the government in Constantinople in exchange for her friendly services, and she hoped, naturally, to be backed up by France. In this hope she was disappointed, and the closing of the Dardanelles, which followed, caused the greatest irritation in St. Petersburg, because it brought home very forcibly to the Russian statesmen the immense disadvantage and danger of their empire not controlling the outlets from the Black sea. Now, of course, the Dardanelles are once more open, but many a statesman's head will be unquietly until the Russian sphinx has spoken and made known its plans definitely. Meanwhile it is admitted that the continuance of the Italo-Turkish war is not free from danger.

Italy cannot think of an advance in Tripoli until the autumn, and may not be able to do so even then. Nor can Italy withdraw with honor. There is an impasse which European diplomacy will have to remove. But no statesman has yet found a way, and all that M. Sazanoff's attempts have so far achieved is the diplomatic sensation in Paris.

VAIN HUNT FOR \$823 LOOT

Lawyers Believe Client, Who Says, "It's Buried on Bank of River and Was Taken From Me."

Pittsburg.—It has often been declared that lawyers will go to unusual lengths to secure fees, but it has remained for two prominent Pittsburg attorneys—John B. Hobb, Jr., and Will do Cassatt—to take shovel and pick and go digging along a river bank for treasure which a client had confided to them and buried here.

Hobb and Cassatt were engaged to defend Ladina Muscardello, who was charged with killing Luigi Fratelli Muscardello, on engaging the attorneys, explained that he had no money to pay them, but that he had \$823 buried on the river bank, which they could procure.

Muscardello gave the location and directions to be followed in the search for the buried treasure. He claimed he had robbed an old man of the money and buried it just previous to the murder of Fratelli.

REMOVES DOG'S APPENDIX

Vivisectionist at Garfield, Kan., in Demonstrating, Discovers Animal is Diseased.

Garfield, Kan.—Dr. A. M. Morrow of this place performed a surgical operation on a dog at the high school here in order to give a demonstration of the heart action. In cutting into the animal it was found to have a bad case of appendicitis.

The appendix was successfully removed, but the case was such a bad one that the patient could not have survived the operation, so an additional anesthetic was administered and the animal was sacrificed in the progress of the demonstration originally intended.

More Snow-Legged Men.

Los Angeles, Cal.—There are more snow-legged and knee-bowed men than women, despite all the attempts to tear the hobble skirt to pieces metaphorically in a garment causing knock-knees," declared Dr. William A. Weiden, United States quarantine officer here.

CAPTURE GIANT SEA-COW

Monster Taken by Fishermen Weighs 3,000 Pounds and is Twelve Feet Long.

Point Isabel, Tex.—Mexican fishermen had an exciting encounter with a manatee, a giant sea-cow, in the shallow water of the Laguna Madre near here recently. It was captured only after one of the men, Ramon Rodriguez, had been seriously hurt by one of its flippers.

The creature was 12 feet long and weighed more than 3,000 pounds. It is being kept alive and promises to survive for some time.

The sea-cow is supposed to have come up from the more southern waters of the gulf. It entered the Laguna Madre at the pass which separates the island from the mainland and was seen by the fishermen struggling in a shallow part of the strip of water.

A boat with three men went out to capture it. When they got close to it Rodriguez climbed out of the boat and attempted to put a rope around the manatee's fins and was knocked unconscious by a blow from one of its flippers. He would have drowned had he not been dragged into the boat by his companions. The rope was finally fastened and the manatee was towed ashore. It is the second of its kind captured in the Laguna Madre in the last few weeks.

These animals are quite numerous along the coast 150 to 200 miles south of here. They are adapted to both salt and fresh water. A strange feature of their appearance in the waters along the coast is that they are usually accompanied by a school of sea devils, great sea monsters frequently weighing as much as 4,500 pounds each. One of them when harpooned has been known to drag 20 boats, hitched tandem, each carrying two men.

Such an experience came two or three years ago at Aransas Pass to a party of fishermen, among whom were John W. Robb, then state treasurer; W. G. Stewart, present state game, fish and oyster commissioner, and J. W. Maxwell of Austin, a noted big game hunter and fisherman. They were fishing just off the little town of Tarpon when a sea devil of extraordinary size came to the surface near one of the boats. A boatman sank a harpoon deep into its body, the harpoon being secured to the boat by a line. The sea devil made off at lightning speed. As the boat to which it was attached passed the boat each threw a line, and 20 other boats, carrying 40 men, were towed by the giant animal. They had stuck to it for six hours, when it headed out toward the ocean. Then the men raised the signal of distress and a life-saving crew on Harbor island rowed out and shot the monster.

RATS ATTACK BABY IN CRIB

Six-Month-Old Infant Bitten and Gnawed During Mother's Absence.

Philadelphia.—Left alone by his mother all afternoon and evening, six-month-old Frederick Brogden, colored, was attacked by rats as he lay in a crib at his parents' home, 329 South Warwick street.

The puny struggle the infant was able to make proved to be little protection against the vicious rodents, and when the mother, Mrs. Mary B. Brogden, finally did return she found her baby with the ends of five of his fingers chewed off, both ears gnawed, and his body lacerated by the teeth of the rats, several of which jumped from the crib and scampered across the floor as she entered the room.

Mrs. Brogden's cries attracted the attention of neighbors, who, learning what had happened, summoned an ambulance and in it the infant, pale-conscious from pain and loss of blood, and in a serious condition from shock, was removed to the Jefferson hospital, where it was said he would recover.

BEARS DEVOUR DEAD SAILORS

Revenue Cutter Falls to Find Bodies Left on Island Off Alaska Coast.

Corova, Alaska.—The revenue cutter Manning arrived from the wreck of the lighthouse tender Armeria, near Cape Mitchell, bringing \$30,000 worth of the Armeria's cargo, consisting principally of supplies intended for the lighthouse along the south-western coast. The Manning landed five men on Montague island, where the barge Hayden Brown was lost, but they were unable to find the two bodies left there by August Palmer, the sole survivor of the barge. It is believed that Kodiak bears, seen by Palmer, carried the bodies into the woods.

BLAMES GLASSES UPON CAPS

Doctor Says Freshmen's Practice Injures the Eyes—Are Unprotected From Sun.

Ithaca, N. Y.—Dr. Melvin Dressbach of Cornell has compiled figures by which he shows that 27 per cent of the men at Cornell wear glasses. He labels the habit of making the freshmen wear little caps without any visors as a vicious habit and declares it should be abandoned as the caps furnish no protection to the eyes from the sun.

To Be Wedded on Chimney.

Racine, Wis.—Joseph Kuehner and Miss Agnes Petris plan to be married on top of a brick chimney 200 feet high, being erected by a local manufacturing firm.

NOT HER FIRST APPEARANCE

Well Meaning Church Woman Unfortunate in Extending Welcome, as Pastor Had Counseled.

It is embarrassing sometimes, this thing of sudden religious zeal; that is, if you haven't made it a regular business. Witness the mistake made some time ago by a good woman who was a regular attendant at a church down on Chestnut street, says the Louisville Times.

One Sunday morning her pastor preached an inspiring sermon on the subject of welcoming the "Stranger Within Thy Gates." He urged upon his membership the duty of giving a cordial greeting to strangers who happened in at that church.

This good woman was much impressed with his remarks. As she turned around to leave the church, she discovered an unfamiliar face in the pew immediately behind her. With a radiant smile she extended her hand. "I'm glad to see you out this morning," she said.

"Thank you," replied the stranger with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Do you come often?" sweetly asked the good woman.

The stranger smiled. "I have been occupying this pew for the past seven years," she said.

There was an embarrassed silence, and then the good woman turned and started out. It was noticeable that she made no further attempt to greet any stranger that morning.

WORLD'S MOST NOTED ECHOES

Some Reproduce Sound in Melodious Manner, Others With an Effect That is Terrifying.

Probably the finest echo which the world knows is in the cathedral at Pisa, where the Leaning Tower is. Sing two notes and there is no reverberation; sing three and they are at once taken up by the walls of the edifice, swelled, prolonged and varied, till they seem as a divine harmony from some majestic organ.

There is a cavern in Finland in which, if you test your lungs to the top of their capacity, there will answer you such horrible roarings, moanings and mutterings that you will be glad to rush out in absolute terror.

The cutting down of trees in a certain locality on the Hudson river spoils a splendid echo. A word shouted there was repeated 43 times.

Undoubtedly the most extraordinary natural echo in the world is to be heard by the side of a small lake in Bavaria. On one hand rises a perpendicular cliff several thousand feet high, while on the other side is a dense forest. If a pistol is fired on the lake the woods send back a faint echo that gradually dies away, but presently it is heard from the cliff, continually increasing in power, till it bursts over one's head like a deafening peal of thunder.

"Papa" and "Mamma."

The use of "papa" in this country illustrates the flow and ebb of fashion in words, as in costumes, pretty clearly.

All authorities agree that "papa" and "mamma" arrived here from France in the seventh century, says the London Chronicle. At first they were courtly expressions, and were used by "persons of fashion," adults as well as children, in the eighteenth century. But with the nineteenth the middle classes took them up, originally regarding them as genteel; in our own time one of the fashions of the hour is "to dump" words, after coming into "a little bit of speech," was that he "ad the cheek and impudence to call 'is mother 'is ma." The usual result followed. Everybody's words adopted as genteel became vulgar, and now "papa" and "mamma" are dying out, even among children.

Drew the Crowd.

It was the ambition of the proprietor of the moving picture show to get a record house that week. The first two nights he failed to get it. On the third night his unparalleled attractions were advertised thus through a megaphone at the hall door:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Every picture I shall show you tonight has cost the life of a film actor. In the bridge wrecking scene two men were drowned, in the railroad collision one man was crushed to death, and the jungle scene three men were fearfully mangled by wild beasts.

"Reprehensible tactics to mention those harrowing details," said the proprietors of other shows; nevertheless they achieved the manager's purpose, for the next day the house was packed at every performance.

Texas.

The area of Europe is about 3,700,000 square miles, while that of Texas is 265,000 square miles. But the Lone Star State is not to be "measured" at an empire. It is bigger than France, bigger than the whole German Empire, bigger than Austro-Hungary, bigger twice over than the United Kingdom. It is rich in natural resources, and it settled as thickly as little Belgium. It would have a population of 265,000,000, or nearly three times the present population of the entire United States.

Valiant Soldier.

Foam-Cul Bloodsucker's old wife trifles still cling to him.

Nicks—How so?

Foam—I dined with him last night and he gave the waiter no quarter.

FUSSY MAN MAKES PROTEST

Almost Universal Trick of City Salesmen Makes No Sort of Appeal to Him.

"Of course it is generally understood that we can always run the other fellow's business better than he can," said the fussy Philadelphian, "which is all the more reason for surprise that our advice is so seldom regarded. I could tell the haberdasher, for instance, what sort of salesmen he should have behind his counters.

"I have never yet met one of these fellows who could resist the temptation to tell me what I should wear. And that isn't the worst of it. They tell me I should wear certain things because they do, not realizing that that is the very reason why I should not wear them.

"I rather pride myself upon the nicety of my attire, and to have one of these young whippersnappers say, 'Here is the collar for you; I wear those myself,' as though that would influence me favorably, certainly does get on my nerves. And they all do it. It seems to be considered by their employers as an asset in their favor.

"If I wanted to look like a \$15 a week counterjumper I might consider their taste and follow their advice. But I don't."

DOGS BECOME A NUISANCE

States Island Made a Dumping Ground by Its Big Neighbor, New York City.

States Island, N. Y., is notorious as a refuge for stray dogs. The borough across the bay is overrun with homeless curs of all sizes, ages and descriptions, and the policemen are kept busy shooting them up to appease the howls of the nervous inhabitants.

"Most of them come across on the boats," explained a cop stationed at the ferry house at St. George. "No, they aren't stowaways, neither do they work their passage over. They are brought over by people who don't want them, who have grown tired of their pets, or want to get rid of them for some reason, and instead of taking them to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals they bring them over here and turn them loose, knowing they will never find their way back.

"Once here they have to forage for their food, and become wild and dangerous. Often they form in packs like wolves, and then they realize the strength of numbers, and are absolutely fearless. I dare say there are more dogs on States Island than in all the rest of the boroughs put together."

Trying It On the Girl.

"Oh, it's the grand job I've got now," said a burly Irish girl to her companion, in the subway. "My principal duty is to sit in the parlor twirling my thumbs and listening to my lady play the piano. It seems her man likes music, but she gets so fussed every time she plays in front of people that she is after having a crying spell every time. So one day she says to me: 'Mary, I wish you to leave your work and come in and listen to me practice. I want to get used to playing in front of folks.' I dried my hands and slicked back my hair and went to the parlor and there I sit one hour listening to my lady play the piano and if she work to be kind she never says a word. Next week she says she is going to ask in the janitor so as to make more of a crowd and I have a secret hope that she's going to ask my gentleman friend to join us some evening when the boss is out and he is calling on me. It's the finest job I've had in my seven years' experience in America."

Sell Enough.

Vincent Astor, at a luncheon in New York, praised the neatness of the American men's dress.

"In the past, I have been told," he said, "the American was careless—a little careless as to shaving, polishing his boots, and brushing his clothes. But he's now as neat as his English brother, who is acknowledged to be the neatest man on earth.

"Appropos of the unbrushed clothes of the past, there was an actor of the old school type who appeared one morning on the Bialto with a red rose in his string coat.

"Where do you suppose I got this?" he asked another actor, lifting his lapel proudly.

"Oh, dear knows! the other answered, determined to escape a snarl tale. "Dear knows—unless it grew there."

New Breakfast Food

Representative Mann of Chicago recently stopped to inspect some street construction work in the Windy City. His attention seemed to be particularly drawn to a large iron cylinder that was being constantly turned over a fire for the purpose of heating gravel.

"What do you make of that, Mann?" asked a friend who chanced along just then.

"I think they must be rotting potatoes," answered Mr. Mann. "Some new kind of breakfast food adapted for those Italian immigrants."

An Easier Job.

"An easy job will suit me, some."

"How about winding the clocks every week?"

"I might make that do. But what's the matter with my tearing the leaves off the calendar every month?"

CONVICT HAS FERTILE BRAIN

Inventions of Real Worth the Work of Prisoner in Pennsylvania Penitentiary.

There was exhibited in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia a few days ago, six mechanical devices which one of the inmates of the institution has invented. The man, John Edwards, who is serving a long term for robbery, displayed so much ingenuity and skill in his work that the warden furnished him with money and gave him permission to spend his time in the perfection of his inventions.

One of the devices is a burglar alarm and doorbell. Another which the inventor calls an "internal combustion turbine," has aroused the curiosity of prominent mechanical engineers. It is operated by means of gravity and hydrostatic pressure. A "noiseless railroad crossing system" is another invention, the model of which he exhibited. He has applied for patents in Washington.

Edwards has invented an "ellipsograph," to be used by draftsmen and architects in drawing ellipses. He showed an improvement in padlocks, where the tensile strength of the lock is equal to the strength of six other ordinary locks. He has perfected an advertising device which consists of pieces of wood which can be applied to almost any use, and upon which pictures have been drawn. Among the uses to which the broad boards can be put is in the construction of the backs of chairs.

TOWERED OVER SHIP'S MASTS

Commanders of Vessels Supply New Information as to Height of Atlantic Waves.

It is very doubtful if the log of any naval vessel of the world contains records equal to those of the *Roe*, Lieut. Commander C. H. Woodward has stated that he never expected to bring his craft through the immense waves. The indicator on the bridge, which was at times the only part of the vessel out of water, showed that the little craft rolled 90 degrees, being at times clear over her beam ends.

Just at the time when the commanders of the little squadron estimated that the gale was at its height and blowing practically 90 miles an hour the *Roe's* steering gear gave way and she dropped into the trough of the sea. This little vessel's masts are 52 feet high from the water line, says the *Christian Herald*, and although it has been stated that the highest wave yet recorded upon the Atlantic ocean was not more than 50 feet in height, Commander Woodward's estimate that the waves of the recent storm overtopped his masts by several feet has been borne out by the officers not only of the smaller ships but even of the battleship *Delaware*.

Sacredness of the Cow in India.

The killing of animals is abhorrent to the Hindoo. You may see the pious Jain, who carries the doctrine of the preservation of life to an absurd extreme, moving about on the Esplanade or near trees and fields with a packet of four ash sugar, in search of ants and other insects, that he may feed them from his store. In towns and villages you will occasionally come across the sacred bull, who roams about at will and helps himself to grain and other foodstuffs placed in shops as he pleases. He is a symbol of divinity. None will molest him; everybody will hold him in reverence. But in the case of the bull the reverence is limited to the one who, so to speak, is born in purple.

As for the cow, the entire species is sacred, and to kill it is a cardinal sin. Whenever the pious Hindoo passes by a cow, he touches it with his hand and salutes it.

The Cure.

Miss Fay Tompkins, at a supper at the Ritz-Carlton in New York given in honor of her return to the stage, praised the American business man.

"I have only one fault to find with him," she said. "He works too hard. Hence, of an evening, he is sometimes a little dull.

"But intelligent wives can soon cure their husbands of overworking. I knew a wife—she and her good man are in Egypt now—who came down to dinner one night in a somber black robe.

"Her husband—a frightfully overworked millionaire—looked at her calmly and exclaimed:

"Why on earth, my love, are you wearing a dress like that? It's positively half-mourning."

"Of course it's half-mourning," she replied. "When you come home from the office, don't you always complain that you're half dead?"

Perils of Sea Service.

The submarine branch of the navy has undoubtedly risks and dangers of its own, as the sad tale of previous disasters plainly shows; and when a catastrophe such as took place recently unhappily occurs it is of a nature to make a profound impression upon the public. But in relation to the number of submarines in commission, and to the constant exercise they undergo, the picked officers and men who serve in them do not incur a risk out of all proportion greater than their comrades in other branches. Danger and risk are no peculiar prerogative of the submarine; they form the very foundation of naval character, and are a pledge, in no small degree, of the security upon which as a nation we repose.—*London Times*.

FIGHT OF DUCK AND OYSTER

Bivalve Conquered by Clinging to the Powl's Bill Until the Bird Was Drowned.

Not long ago there occurred a lively contest in Maryland waters between a duck and an oyster. The oyster was victorious, but it was a fatal victory, for when the bivalve had killed the duck there appeared a man who killed the oyster and ate them both.

The combat between the duck and the oyster was of the rough and tumble kind. The duck was large and full grown. It was of the diving species frequently seen in those waters.

Now when the oyster feeds it opens its shell so wide that the full oyster itself is plainly visible. The sight of such a morsel was too great a temptation for the duck. He made a head-long plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell.

Like a flash the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came a struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller bivalves clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water.

In this way the bird drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float it with the oysters, and thus it drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken from the water the oyster was clinging to the bird's beak with such force that considerable difficulty was had in breaking its hold.

WAS HER EYESIGHT FAILING?

Woman Who Could Not See the Tail of the Comma Went to Oculist.

Sometimes a comma makes a good deal of difference to the meaning of the sentence you happen to be reading. A woman who has reached the age of being called "Madam" by most shopkeepers, but whose friends always tell her how young and girlish she looks, was reading a newspaper paragraph. It didn't make any sense, so she read it again. Then she yanked the paper up close to her face, leaned toward the window and studied it out in a better light. Then she saw the tail on the comma. What had looked like a perfectly good period was after all but a division of a sentence.

She sat for a moment with the paper in her lap. Then she rose, walked to her looking glass, studied herself for a few seconds, put on her hat and hastened to an oculist. "I will not wait," said she to herself, "until I try to thread the point of needle or humiliate myself by stooping to pick up a coin on a car platform and find it is a mill head worn smooth. I will turn my old age misstep as gracefully as possible." I wonder," said she with a sigh, "if the tail of that comma was perfectly plain, or was it blurred in the newspaper I was reading?"

Feeding a Convalescent Child.

When my small son was convalescing from a recent illness the doctor ordered beef gruel, broths, etc., and I realized that it would require some finesse to get him to take them.

So after I had prepared the little dishes for the tray I rolled paper into cones and stood one up over each little cup. Then I pinned a penny flag onto one cone and lo! I had Company "D" in camp and soapy and I went visiting.

We slipped down at the captain's tent (where the flag was) and he pastook of the treat offered. Then he went gayly from tent to tent, eagerly lifting up the paper cones to see what was beneath.

The next day I made a leg cabin out of toasted bread strips piled log cabin fashion. It involved a cup of beef tea, which he drank because it was presented in a way that appealed to his imagination.

We played soda fountain and he paid for his hot drinks with toy money, and thus I accomplished my purpose without friction.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Natives Eat Earth in West Africa.

Natives of West Africa, in French Sudan, practice "geophagy." Although the practice is common in many parts of the world, this particular case is remarkable for the systematic way in which the dirt is collected, and for the fact that it occurs in a well cultivated region, where food is abundant. The earth consumed is a clay, which is found intercalated among the grits of the region in beds of various thickness. The deeper layers are preferred, and for this reason the natives dig galleries, which are so crudely constructed that falls of earth frequently occur, sometimes with fatal results. When an unhealthy miner is thus buried no attempt is made to rescue him, as it is believed that the divinity of the mines require an annual victim. It is stated that individuals not infrequently consume seven and a half pounds of clay daily.

Man Gets a Souquet.

One foggy morning recently a Leath-wanna ferryboat was in collision with a tug. No great damage was done, but for a few moments considerable excitement prevailed among the commuters. One woman in particular rushed to the rail, and in her panic seemed bent on leaping overboard. As athletic young man restrained her, assuring her there was no danger. At length she was sufficiently calmed to speak, and then, clinging to her preserver's arm, she gasped: "You know, I'm a spinner and a subgrageta, but there certainly are times when a man is a mighty good thing to have around."—*New York Press*.