Sport and Adventure

FROM PILOT TO "SAMURAI."

Money is being raised in Japan to restore the monument of Will Adams, the first English resident of that country and the founder of the Japanese fleet. No fiction of adventure is more romantic and seemingly improbable than is the story of this Kentish pilot of the seventeenth century. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in one of his books on Japan, tells the tale of the young Englishman's rise to fortune.

In 1600 Will Adams arrived in Japan in command of a Dutch ship. Adams had partaken of many a sea adventure, and had probably been brought in contact with Hawkins, Drake, Sir Richard Grenville and the other celebrated voyagers of that day. He says himself, in his account of his life, that he "served for Master and Pilott in her Majestie's ships."

On landing in Japan, Adams was taken prisoner and sent to Osaka to the great Emperor Iyesyasu.

"As soon as I came before him he demanded of what countrey we were," says Adams. "So I answered him on all points. He asked whether our country had warres. I answered him yea. He asked as to the way we came to the countrey. Having a chart of the whole world I showed him through the Straight of Magelan. He viewed me well and seemed to be wonderful favorable."

The Emperor attached Adams to his personal service, and later we read of the late pilot teaching his royal master "jeometry and understanding of the art of mathematicks."

Adams was well provided for, and commanded to build ships for deep-sea sailing. Before long he was created Samurai, and an estate was given him.

Surely no romance of that romantic age was stranger than the rise of this plain English pilot, with only his simple honesty and common sense to help him. He was in such extraordinary favor with the greatest and shrewdest of Japanese rulers that we read in a contemporary account: "The Emperor esteemeth hym much, and he may goe in and speake to hym at all times when Kynges and Princes are kept out."

Adams' only cause for regret in his elevation to fortune was the fact that he was never allowed to visit his native land. His services were regarded as too precious to be spared. The Emperor never refused him anything but this one privilege, and Adams did not dare to urge the matter too hard, for, as he writes, "When I asked one too many times the Ould Emperour was silent."

ALIVE IN CAPSIZED VESSELS.

A striking example of one among the many strange accidents that befall sailors was reported the other day from Newcastle, New South Wales.

The barkentine Kate Tatham turned turtle in a gale, and one of her crew was shut up in her hold. The survivors, who had climbed on her keel as she heeled over, naturally took it for granted that he was drowned. What was their surprise therefore presently to hear faint knockings from beneath their feet, evidently made by their imprisoned comrade.

Help was at hand, and a hole was cut through the ship's bottom, when the man was hauled out, little the worse for his terrible experience. He had, it appeared, been kept alive by the air which had been imprisoned in the hull when the vessel capsized and which, becoming compressed as the water rose, had eventually stopped its further encroachment. He had used a balk of floating timber to support himself.

His imprisonment lasted for two hours, and in the cabled reports sent to this country the incident is characterized as unparalleled. This, however, is by no means correct. There are several cases on record of men having lived in similar circumstances in the hulks of capsized ships not hours only but days, the most remarkable authenticated instance being that of Captain Engallandt, of the Erndte, who was rescued alive after an entombment lasting altogether eleven days eighteen hours.

During this period the derelict, drifting bottom uppermost, was sighted by the masters of several vessels, all of whom, however, passed nonchalantly by, none imagining for a moment that the semi-submerged and capsized hulk contained, shut up in its vitals, a living man.

Eventually the Erndte drifted ashore near Danzig, and Captain Engallandt was taken out alive, although greatly emaciated.—Pearson's Weekly.

AN AVERTED TRAGEDY.

The family had six black cats, all of which lined up daily on the back porch, expecting food and getting it, says a writer in the Washington Star. Then after a while mother began to say she did wish that she could get rid of a few cats. Father said he should think she would, too, and asked why she did not chloroform them. He explained that it was a painless sleep, and a method approved by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Grandmother said she had read in the newspapers that the society used gas in an air-tight chamber, but, anyhow, it was humane. Uncle Nat said he never saw so many cats in his life, and that he was always stepping on one whenever he put his foot down.

Aunt Caroline said she hated cats; but one could get used to anything, even cats. Susan, the colored cook, said she was going to leave if some of those cats didn't; that there never was a crumb of anything to eat in the house after those hollow cats had been filled up; and why didn't they hunt their living like other cats?

Then one day mother asked Uncle Nat to get a bottle of chloroform at the druggist's, which she left on the mantel-shelf in plain sight.

Father asked where the bottle of chloroform came from, and what it was for? Grandmother said it was very careless of some one to leave a bottle of chloroform round like that, where any one could get it.

Aunt Caroline asked who was going to use the chloroform.

Uncle Nat said he was willing to buy it, and had done his part, and if any one thought he was going to kill cats with it he was mistaken.

The day was Thursday, Susan's day out. The family had gone for a drive, all except mother, who had a motive in remaining at home. It was now or never. With the light of resolution in her eye and her lips pressed firmly together, with a bottle and sponge in one hand and cats in her apron, she started for the barn.

Pursing her lips more tightly still, she gathered up more cats as she went. Then she shut all she had in an empty box, which was to serve as an execution chamber, and went in search of more cats. Two more were added; none was spared. The sponge was saturated and thrust into the box, and the executioner fled to the house without once looking back.

When father came home and found what had been done he was amazed. He wouldn't have lost the cat named Punch for anything, and he had always regarded Punch as his own cat, and Punch was a first-class ratter.

Grandmother also evinced surprise at what had happened, and said she should always mourn the cat named Judy, for Judy was such a ladylike cat, and could always have a corner in her room to sleep in, for Judy was never in the way nor the least bit objectionable.

Uncle Nat said he wouldn't have taken any money for Topsy, as he regarded Topsy as his especial property, and the likeliest cat in the bunch.

Aunt Caroline said it was bad luck to kill black cats, and she couldn't think of anything she was so superstitious about as black cats.

Susan said she wouldn't have killed even one black cat for all the money on earth, and that she should be afraid to stay now, anyway, and couldn't wait till her mouth was up, either.

Mother hadn't a word to say for herself. That night black cats stared at her out of the darkness, and once she awoke from a nightmare of pursuing cats, an army of them, and thought she heard them wailing—the spirits of the cats she had chloroformed!

At daybreak she rose from her bed, dressed herself, and descended to the kitchen—and there on the back doorstep, peering through the screen door as usual, unhurried and expectant, were the six black cats, waiting for their breakfast.

"I'm so glad I didn't put a rock on the top of that box!" said mother. She gathered them in as if they had been prodigals, and all six of them had the breakfast of their nine or more lives.

STRUGGLE WITH A TIGER.

Two brothers, Khuda Bakhs and Shaikh Abdul Ghani, of Moradabad, were despatched recently to Rampur on an errand, and while entering a grove at Khadpura a tiger sprang upon Khuda Bakhs, who, being an athlete, warded off the blow aimed at him with his right hand and caught one of the paws with the other and maintained his hold, though the tiger was mauling the other hand.

Abdul Ghani now rushed up with a stout stick, which he forced down the tiger's throat, making it release his brother's hand, when Khuda Bakhs seized another paw with his wounded hand, forcing both the paws back. He wrestled with the tiger, keeping it down by sheer force, while Abdul Ghani belabored it with his lathi and killed it.

The tiger was carried by the brothers to His Highness the Nawab of Rampur, "who kept the skin as a memento and sent Khuda Bakhs to the State dispensary for treatment."—Indian Daily Telegraph.

VICARIOUS SNAKE BITE.

A vicarious snake bite is the curious case reported from Shepperton, Victoria, by Dr. Watchman. A small dog was bitten by a snake, and in turn bit his master, who was dressing his wound. The dog died. The man soon afterward became drowsy on being taken to the hospital developed alarming symptoms of snake poisoning, and only energetic treatment saved his life.—Philadelphia Record.

Protecting the Camp From Insects

At our camp last summer we discovered a good method to keep insects and snakes out of our camp. After we choose the best site we could find for our tent we burned a stretch of grass a few feet wide entirely around the tent. This proved very effective, as bugs and worms and even snakes, will not readily cross newly burned-over ground.—Mabel Kneeland, in Recreation.

For and About Women

BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

In some parts of the Tyrol a beautiful though curious custom prevails. When a girl is going to be married, and just before she leaves for the church, her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called a tearkerchief. It is made of newly spun and unused linen, and with it the girl dries the natural tears she sheds on leaving home. The tearkerchief is never used after the marriage day, but is folded up and placed in the linen closet, where it remains till its owner's death, when it is taken from its place and spread over her face.—Tit-Bits.

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO DUST?

The feather duster is doomed. The recruits in the warfare against consumption have taken up arms against it, and, like the old oaken bucket so dear to our childhood, it is to be known to the next generation only in song and story. A representative of a committee of physicians and others who are fighting against tuberculosis in this State recently said:

"We hear a good deal nowadays about street dust and soft coal as nuisances and as dangerous to the public health, but we are apt to forget that right in our own homes we often have a danger just as great. Methods of cleaning are still in vogue that have come down to us from the days when the wrath of God was held responsible for a disease that, by the ignorance of man, was fostered behind closed windows and spread with housewifely industry by the feather duster. These old-fashioned ways are a menace to health, and so those men who have organized the anti-tuberculosis movement have come out with the following public announcement about sweeping and dusting:

"'When you sweep a room, raise as little dust as possible, because this dust, when breathed, irritates the nose and throat and may set up catarrh. Some of the dust breathed in dusty air reaches the lungs, making parts of them black and hard and useless.

"'If the dust in the air you breathe contains the germs of consumption—tubercle bacilli—which have come from consumptives spitting on the floors, you run the risk of getting consumption yourself.

"'To prevent making a great dust in sweeping, use moist sawdust on bare floors. When the room is carpeted, moisten a newspaper and tear it into small scraps and scatter upon the carpet when you begin sweeping. As you sweep, brush the papers along by the broom, and they will catch most of the dust and hold it fast, just as the sawdust does on bare floors. Do not have either the paper or the sawdust dripping wet—only moist.

"'In dusting a room do not use a feather duster, because this does not remove the dust from the room, but only brushes it into the air so that you breathe it in, or it settles down, and then you have to do the work over again.

"'Use soft, dry cloths to dust with and shake them frequently out of the window, or use slightly moistened cloths and rinse them out in water when you have finished. In this way you get the dust out of the room.'"—The House Beautiful.

WHAT BECOMES OF NEW IDEALS

Anne O'Hagan is writing a series of papers in Harper's Bazar which deserves the thoughtful attention of every intelligent woman. This month Miss O'Hagan discusses feminine ideals, concerning which she is quite optimistic, as the following extract shows:

"Even I, even you—are not our ideals compounded with us at last? Do we not hear the riot of the children more leniently, more tenderly, because we, too, were once adventurers? Are we not a little kinder to the serious, prosing young because we, too, were serious and prosy once? Can we not discern noble, shy purpose in what looks to unenlightened eyes like mere pomposity? Is not the workable, every-day honesty, which is all that we can claim now, the remnant of that old dream of ours—that dream of utter truth in words and thoughts and deeds? Was not all that vast, impossible ideal necessary to give us just this little bit of ordinary, companionable decency—as earth and air and April rain and sunshine and all the vast chemistry of nature are needed to give you finally your serviceable vegetable pot?

"What becomes of our ideals? Our ideals are the food that makes us what we are, that is transmuted into the very fabric of our being. To the making of an ordinarily decent man or woman—just an ordinarily, honest, kind, unselfish human being—so many glorious aspirations, golden dreams, noble intentions, must go, as to the making of an ordinarily healthy person so many proteids, so much albumen—so much beef and egg and butter, in short—must go. After a certain age a conspicuously idealistic attitude on the part of the average human being merely denotes maldigestion, malnutrition. And, on the other hand, after a certain age to be hard, insincere, vehemently self-seeking, means that youth was nourished upon no proper diet of ideals, was starved of what is the chief ingredient of mature character. That is what our ideals are — the spiritual food of our youth, and what has become of them is witnessed by the fibre of our elder natures."

CHANCE FOR MATRIMONY.

Women, if you are not married, do you know what your chances for matrimony are in New York City? It is not to be expected that any law can be laid down for individual cases, but there is an average established, by carefully kept records, regardless of the exceptional cases, that has varied little in years, and shows what the chances are during the different ages from fifteen to fifty-six.

If you are between twenty and twenty-five years old your chances are the best possible, for more than one-half of the women who marry in New York City do so between these years, or, to be more exact, fifty-one and two-tenths out of every hundred.

The next most favorable matrimonial period covers the following five years from twenty-five to thirty, when there takes place the weddings of sixteen women out of every hundred who marry, or sixteen per cent. Then comes the five years above, from thirty to thirty-five, when th figures drop two, or fourteen out o: one hundred.

Then to get the next highest figures one must go back to the earliest years of the records, which show that out of every hundred women married thirteen are between fifteen and twenty years old. But the most sudden decline of all is found upward from thirty-five to forty, for in those years only three out of each hundred women who marry are found, or eleven per cent. less than during the five years under thirty-five.

From forty the percentage falls off gradually there being two women married out of each hundred between their fortieth and forty-fifth years; then in the next five years, up to fifty, the records show that only one woman out of two hundred marry, or one-half of one per cent.

From the ages of fifty to fifty-six there is a falling off to one-fifth of one per cent, or one married woman out of each five hundred married. There are few brides after the fifty-sixth year, only one out of each one thousand women marrying, or one-tenth of one per cent.—New York Herald.

Our Cut-out Receipe. Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

"Divinity," Substitute For Fudge.—Girls, have you tried making "divinity?" It is the very latest in the sweet-tooth teasers. If you want to be up to the minute with the latest confection, you had better try this formula in your chafing dish: Pour three cups of sugar into a saucepan. Add two-thirds of a cup of water and a cup of thick table sirup. In another pan mix a cup of sugar and one-half cup of water. While the contents of both pans are coming to a soft boil, beat the whites of three eggs in a large bowl, and when stiff pour in the contents of the second pan and beat. Then add the contents of the first pan. Mix and add shelled nuts. Then beat the whole decoction till stiff. Pour into a greased pan to cool. Cut into dainty slices.

EATING TOO MUCH.

An old proverb says: "Spare the dinner, spare the doctor." Like many other homely sayings, it is to the point. Some of the foremost physicians shake their heads gravely and say, "People eat too much." They have grown into the habit of unquestionably eating all that is set before them, and then, rather surprised, they resent any reference to this as "overeating." Elaborate meals are prepared in this day of plenty and people thoughtlessly indulge their appetite. The digestive system is responsible for nearly every ill the flesh is heir to. Nothing upsets it more quickly or weakens its vitality more than having too much work to do. There is a rule—simple enough, but hard to follow—that will save many a disordered system. It is upheld by wise doctors. It is this: Always leave a meal feeling that you could have eaten, could have enjoyed, a little more. — Indianapolis News.

GODS AND WOMEN.

The gods, deeming themselves quite shrewd and clever, no doubt, bestowed on woman lips with which, by keeping them shut, she might make her mouth like a rosebud. But what happens? The trap proves ineffectual and woman proceeds to enhance her charm, while at the same time having her own way about it, by using those very lips to say "no" with when she means "yes."

So, too, her nose. The gods intended this to add character to her face, but she never rested until she had learned to blow smoke through it.

Everybody knows how it is with the eyes given to her to see, and the ears given her to hear. She wears stylish glasses on the one and hangs the chain back over the other.

All of which must make the gods suspect that they're not so much in the creative way, after all.—Ramsey Benson, in Puck.

For the Younger Children....

A CAT TALE.

The little old woman to town would go
To buy her a Sunday gown.
But a storm came up, and the wind did blow,
And the rain came pouring down;
And the little old woman, oh, sad to see!
In a terrible fidget and fret was she—
In a terrible fret was she!

The little old man was cross and cold,
For the chimney smoked that day,
And never a thing would he do but scold
In the most unmannerly way.
When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!"
He answered her nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"
No, nothing but "fiddle-dee-dee!"

Then she whacked the puggy-wug dog, she did,
As asleep on the mat he lay;
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And howled in a dismal way,
For a puggy was he of spirit and pride,
And a slight like that he couldn't abide—
He couldn't, of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, "Deary me!
What a state of affairs is this!
I must purr my very best purr, I see,
Since everything goes amiss!"
So Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
Till, at last, the little old woman she heard—
The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man,
And back he smiled again,
And they both agreed on a charming plan
For a walk in the wind and rain.
Then, hand in hand, to the market town
They went to look for the Sunday gown—
For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot,
And the puggy-wug dog and the cat
Their old-time quarrels they quite forgot,
And snuggled up close on the mat,
While Muffin, the kitten, she purred and purred,
And there never was trouble again, I've heard—
No, never again, I've heard!

—Ellen Manly, in St. Nicholas.

THE BEE EATER.

The beautiful bird known as the bee eater is of gorgeous plumage, the predominating color of its feathers being a brilliant green, though a rich red-brown, buff, and black also enter into its coloring, making an artistic combination most attractive to the eye.

The female bee eater makes for her nest a hole in a bank, or digs a narrow tunnel into level earth to the astonishing depth of eight or ten feet. This tunnel nest shows much ingenuity in construction. The number of the season's lay ranges from four to six eggs, and these are deposited in the bottom of the hole or tunnel which is used for a nest. There is no straw, bark, leaves or feathers to soften the nest, the eggs being laid on the hard earth.

The territory occupied by the bee eaters ranges from the British Islands to Australia, the African region especially being plentifully supplied with them. The feet of the bee eater are peculiarly formed, the middle and outer toes being webbed together to almost their entire length.

The name "bee eater" is most appropriate inasmuch as the bird feasts upon bees whenever it gets a chance to do so, and in Spain is a real pest to the bee raisers, for it hovers about the honey bees' hives, catching the luckless insects in great numbers.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

GATHERING INDIA RUBBER.

India rubber has a curious history in the arts. Its common name was given to it because it was first used for removing pencil marks from paper. It is produced in most tropical lands. The use of it has increased until it has become one of the most important forest products of the world. It has become in many parts of the world an article of cultivation, but the native forests of the Amazon basin and of the Congo, in Africa, are still the source of the world's greatest supply. The quantity has been greatly increased in later years, for the production has been stimulated by an advance in price. Interesting facts in regard to the industry in the Amazon region are given by one who is a native of the country and familiar with its productions.

As the steamer moves along the traveler on the Amazon, or on any of its numerous navigable tributaries, will notice little wisps of smoke rising from the banks of the river. This smoke, which is quite characteristic of the most fertile river banks, indicates the places where the natives are treating the sap of the rubber tree to prepare it for the market.

The business of collecting and preparing rubber is carried on extensively in the valley of the Amazon. There are districts of from forty to fifty miles owned and operated by one person. The rubber trees are scattered more or less plentifully among other trees that yield no profit as yet.

When a man has secured a large tract of forest land for the industry, he puts up a rough shelter upon it and engages all the Indians of the neighborhood, men and women, to help him in the work.

They start out early in the morning to make the rounds of the estate, for they must get back to the riverside before the heat of the day becomes too great. They tap the trees afresh if they need it, attach the little tin cups for catching the sap and bring home whatever sap may have been collected.

The sap of the rubber tree is a perfectly white liquid of the consistency of goat's milk. It is necessary that it be converted into a solid. This is effected by the action of a pungent smoke which coagulates, or curdles, the milky fluid. For this use the seeds of two different kinds of palm are employed. Nothing else will answer the purpose.

The seeds are put in an earthen jar which has a narrow neck, the bottom of which is perforated with a number of square holes. In this the palm nuts are burned; the holes in the bottom of the jar admit a draft and cause a dense smoke to issue from the deck of the steamer.

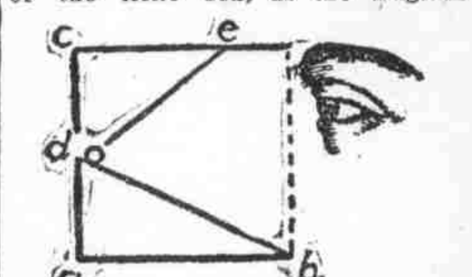
The operator takes a paddle similar to that with which he paddles his canoe and holds the blade of it over the jar. Upon it he pours the milky juice, cup by cup, all the time turning the blade so as to bring all parts of it into the smoke. The fluid is instantly fixed, and adheres to the wood or to the rubber already formed. This process goes on until a solid lump is formed that will weigh perhaps sixteen pounds.

When the lump has grown large enough for handling, a slit is cut in it and the blade is drawn out. A mass of rubber is left ready for exportation. It is the smoke used in coagulating the sap that gives crude rubber the dark appearance which is familiar.

The natives who collect the rubber have little use for the article at home. They have no pencilings to erase, wear no raincoats, have no mills to be supplied with belting, nor automobiles that require rubber tires. They do, however, make playthings for their children by pouring the sap into clay molds of birds, animals and fishes, and then crushing the clay and removing it.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

This amusing toy consists of a little square box made of cardboard 2x2x2 inches, inside of which a slanting piece of cardboard and a piece of looking glass are glued to the sides of the little box, as the diagram shows.



Line A—B represents the bottom, A—C the rear wall of the box, D—L the slanting piece of pasteboard and D—E the slanting piece of looking glass. In the centres of the front and back sides of the box round openings are made; one for the eye, the other one to admit a marble, which is to roll down the slanting piece of cardboard. If you let the marble roll down and look into the box at the same time you will see the marble roll upward!

This is a very puzzling little illusion and will amuse your friends if you do not tell them how it is done.—Washington Star.

Russian Court Customs.

There are some curious customs at the Russian court which do not harmonize with one's idea of a despotic and autocratic sovereign. While we are sitting at small tables, the Czar walked about, talking to his guests, all of whom, including officers, remained seated. It appears that this was the habit of Peter the Great, who disliked ceremony of any kind; and as tradition is everything in Russia, this custom was religiously kept. There is no doubt that the etiquette of the Russian court is much less rigid than it is in England or Germany. For instance, it is not the custon to treat the members of the imperial family with so much deference as in other European courts. I noticed that the ladies did not think of courtesying to a young grand duke and would rise only when the Czarina did, or at the entrance of the Czar. The ladies, too, when making their obesiance, bowed swiftly from the waist, which was even more ungraceful than the English bob, our apology for a courtesy. The men, on the other hand, were very deferential, particularly to the ladies.—From "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," in the Century.

Building Note in 1923.

In order to complete the 410th story of the Skyndicate building the contractors will have to raise the sky three or four feet.—Harper's Weekly.