

THE GAME LAWS OF STATE ARE STRICT

On October first the President approved regulations drawn up by the United States Department of Agriculture at the direction of Congress by the terms of which the Federal government assumes control of all migratory game and insectivorous birds, and fixes closed seasons for the species affected. Laws enacted by the several states can lengthen but cannot shorten these closed seasons fixed by Federal law.



Scenes from Shepherd of the Hill.

OPPORTUNITY FOR ROAD ENGINEERS

Can Improve the Present Condition of Highways.

MUCH TO CONTEND WITH.

Must Learn to Make the Best of Local Conditions—Poor Material and Inexperienced Workers Hamper Progress. Good Roads Built For Service.

One of the principal reasons for the poor conditions of the roads in many of our states is the lack of competent engineers to handle the work and the attendant lack of an educated public opinion which will demand first class work in all cases.

The employment of county engineers has been relatively so much neglected as the creating of state highway departments. It is the exceptional county where an engineer is regularly employed from one year's end to the other.

The usual rule in such counties is to have a county engineer who prepares plans and supervises all work, though



HEAVY TRAFFIC WEARS DOWN SOUTHERN ROADS.

actual legal control of the work is still vested in the county commissioners. For instance, in the great majority of counties in Texas the regular annual income is less than \$50,000, and the whole matter of road improvement in each county rests with the county judge and four commissioners, who constitute the county commissioners' court.

Without Food Twenty-eight Days. A remarkable feat of involuntary fasting was performed 12 years ago by a corporal in a regiment of French colonial infantry. On his way to work one morning a man heard cries proceeding from a disused mine, near Brest.

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High Cost of Poor Roads. The cost of bad roads is strikingly set forth by William C. Redfield, secretary of commerce in President Wilson's cabinet, in this manner: The inefficiency arising from bad roads makes it cost something like \$300,000,000 a year to cart our cotton crop from the fields to the railway stations.

There are people in this country who have so much respect for their government and institutions that they almost consider those guilty of treason who sell the capital of the country "W-a-s-h." It is all they can do to restrain themselves when they get a letter dated "Wash., D. C."



Scenes from Shepherd of the Hill.

THINGS THAT ALMOST HAPPEN

Stunned Captain Tells Why His Hair Is Nearly White, Though He Never Had an Accident.

"It is the things that almost happen which cause gray hairs in this business rather than the things that actually occur," said a veteran captain of an excursion boat to a New York Sun man.

"When I was thirty-three years old I was running a boat to Coney Island. On one occasion, in the lower bay, fog settled down thicker than mush. I held a compass course and everything went smoothly enough until it was almost time to change the course and head from the bay toward Coney. I had heard a boat—by its whistle I knew it was a towing tug—pass me further up the bay.

"Even though I could not see the bow of my boat, I was hanging with my head out of the pilot house window and straining my eyes to see, when my quartermaster, who was standing on the very peak of the bow, called for me to reverse. I rang for full speed astern and threw the wheel hard to port.

"The fog lifted for an instant and dead ahead of me I saw a scow with 'Dynamite' written on its side and a red flag floating above it. I kept the wheel hard over and it seemed to me the engine was an eternity in getting the engine reversed. We just grazed the scow. I learned afterward that it had been in tow of a tug and that the hawser broke and the tug crew had lost sight of the scow in the fog.

"When I got home that night my wife pointed out a gray hair—the first I had ever had. "In all my experience I've never had a serious accident, but as you see I have a head full of gray hairs caused by things that almost happened."

M'COY KNEW HUMAN NATURE

Explaining How the Puglist Was Able to Get His Car Through Jam Where Others Failed.

Kid McCoy drove down in his large, shiny motor. A friend accompanied him. Coming up the avenue was a flock of hooting cars. It seemed impossible for McCoy to find a way through.

"Let's turn down a side street, Kid," said the friend. "We'll make by it." "Watch me," said McCoy. He turned his head to one side, and looked into the eyes of the alarmed friend. He drove his car right at the approaching covey. Their drivers set up a quacking like a lot of frightened ducks. McCoy drove on, without looking at the road ahead. All the other cars pulled to one side and made way for him. As he passed, all the other drivers leaned out of their cars to make injurious comment upon Mr. McCoy.

"Get your bluff in first," said McCoy. "That's the rule in life that applies to motoring as well as to fighting. If I'd dropped back and honked timidly every one of those guys would have crowded me a little farther into the curb. Because they thought I was a careless, reckless, E-flat muckhead, who'd as lief have an accident as not, they gave me the right of way."—New York Times.

Abbreviation Gone Mad. There are people in this country who have so much respect for their government and institutions that they almost consider those guilty of treason who sell the capital of the country "W-a-s-h." It is all they can do to restrain themselves when they get a letter dated "Wash., D. C."

Henry Ward Beecher's Memory. Henry Ward Beecher, the centenary of whose birth is being celebrated, had a poor verbal memory, says the British Weekly. On one occasion he gave a notice in his church thus: "In addition to the notices just read, I desire to say that I shall be absent next Sabbath, and that this pulpit will be occupied by—ah—by—ah—the Rev.—(he became much flushed and confused). I will not be here next Sabbath, and as I was trying to say, the preacher will be—ah—why, I know him—you all know him—know—'Sam' will preach next Sabbath. Let us praise God by singing—the hymn—"

CITY AND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OUGHT TO PROVIDE WHARF

State Library ALWAYS GROWING OLD REALLY NO SIGNIFICANCE IN "SHOWING ONE'S AGE"

EX-MAYOR STERLING REPLIES TO CARD

Simply Means That Internal Changes Make Appearance on the Surface, Not That There Need Be Decrease in Capability.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in his book "Common Diseases," entertainingly discusses old age conditions that will come to each of us if we live long enough.

"If we are going to do anything to cure the disease of old age, we must begin before birth. Indeed, as Oliver Wendell Holmes wittily remarked in the prevention of disease, 'we must begin with the grandparents.' The so-called senile changes are changes which have been going on ever since we began our individual existence.

"The time when we begin to feel old, the particular period at which we begin to 'show our age,' is merely a matter of degree. These internal changes have reached and shows themselves upon the surface; in which, so to speak, these microscopic alterations have finally become visible to the naked eye.

"It is nothing short of absurd to say that a man becomes old, or senile, or incapable of further development or incapable of the conception of new ideas at, or after, any special or particular age. There is no one period of life in which we grow, and another in which we decline. Both processes are going on side by side in every part of our body from the day we are born. Just as the life of the body means the death of every power and faculty means the decay of others. Every primitive cell of the embryo lays down part of its life to become a muscle cell, a neuron, a blood corpuscle, or a bone cell.

"The process has no limit, any more than it has beginnings. Life is just that, one-third dying that two-thirds may live, whether it be the single cell, or the hugest and most elaborate body. While in such gross matters as mere avoidance and stature, and the actual horsepower of our muscles, we reach a limit, a period of what we are pleased to call maturity, yet in other and more important respects we continue to grow and develop steadily, to a very much later period, fifty-five, sixty and even seventy years. New and valuable achievements, masterpieces in every realm of human activity and interest, have been produced hundreds of times in every decade, up to and including the ninth.

"It is obvious then that there is no hard and fast 'dead line' which can possibly be drawn, beyond which no further growth, or fresh creative effort, or new enterprise, or improvement is possible. In fact, by living a healthful, active, happy life, and keeping up all our interests, we can grow and develop and adjust ourselves, and feel that we are growing until we are one day suddenly dead, without ever realizing in any distressing or painful way that we are growing old at all."—New York American.

Stratford, Ancient and Modern. More than three hundred years have passed since the birth of that colossal genius, Shakespeare, and many changes must have occurred in his native town within that period. The Stratford of Shakespeare's time was built principally of timber, as, indeed, it is now, and contained about 1,400 inhabitants. Today its population numbers upwards of 8,000, new dwellings have arisen where once were fields of wheat, glorious with the shimmering luster of the scarlet poppy. The older buildings, for the most part, have been demolished or altered. Manufacture, chiefly of beer, and of Shakespearean relics, has been stimulated into prosperous activity. The Avon has been spanned by a new bridge of iron. The village streets have been leveled, swept, rolled and garnished till they look like a Flemish drawing of the middle ages. Even the Shakespeare cottage, the ancient Tudor house, in High street, and the two old churches—authentic and splendid memorials of a distant and storied past—have been restored. —Winter's "Shakespeare's England."

Hardy Animal is the Goat. Goats may be raised profitably on land which is unsuited for any kind of cultivation.

Daily Special. Even If You Are Beaten a Nose, You Get Second Money.

Things to Worry About. There are women carpenters in Tibet.

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR RENT. With or without board, 323 East Second Street. Mrs. W. B. Randall. 11-11 c t c

To The Editor: I noticed in your issue of Saturday an article signed by Captain D. W. Gaskill who was complaining about the fact that there was no public wharf here, and as he mentioned my name I want to say: He was entirely justified in his complaint regarding the lack of public docks. The writer knows that there is hardly a day but what some captain is not asking for some wharf room to take on, as he terms it, a little stuff. There are probably as many as fifty power boats running out of the bays and creeks of the three counties that border on Pimlico river, to say nothing of the sail boats, that come to Washington regular with produce, etc., to sell and all of them carry back more or less merchandise bought from the merchants here. It is a positive shame that there is no wharf or dock that they can land at unless they are obliged to beg some private owner for room. Sometimes they can be accommodated and at other times they cannot. Only a few days ago a lady came in my house and complained that she could not get in the door a few days before to buy some fish on account of the door being blocked up with boxes and barrels. Now these same boxes and barrels were goods some boat was taking on at my wharf. Knowing the conditions I have complained but little, but it is a well known fact that goods taken on or off at my wharf have to be hauled through my house. I will say if it were not for the kindness of S. R. Powle & Son and some others, I do not see how our merchants could ship their goods. There are three little eight or ten foot piers owned by the town; one of them is entirely occupied by oyster boats and since the storm the one at the foot of Bonner street has been useless, also the one at the foot of Respass street. Why the town authorities do not repair them is known only to themselves. It has now been over two months since the storm and no effort has been made to put them in shape to be used. This matter of dockage is simply up to the merchants and through the Chamber of Commerce they should at once take some steps to provide a public dock. As is well known during the last few months of the writer's administration as mayor the Board of Aldermen had a bill sent to the legislature providing for the future necessary improvements for the town, viz: free dockage, water and sewage. As soon as this became known some of our citizens became hysterical and a mass meeting was called and all was dropped but the bill for a public dock. That bill became a law but the next board of aldermen failed to make use of the law and the very piece of property for the public wharf was let go to private parties. Still this law remain and the merchants and Chamber of Commerce will get busy a bond issue can be provided and a public wharf can be had. Will it be done? Respectfully,

C. H. STERLING.

Murrah! "Now I want something in your happiest vein," said the editor. "Better pay me in advance, then!" declared the poet.

For Bruises. Starch or arrowroot, slightly moistened, keeps down swelling and facilitates the healing of bruises.

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LEFT YOUNG MOTHER GASPING

Mrs. O'Leary's Well-Meant Words of Compassion Contained a Meaning That Shocked.

There are still two opinions concerning red hair. She was a very proud young mother. All the old masters had never painted such a bambino, had never imagined such a cherub as hers. Quite simply she believed it. And the baby's hair was red. It did not occur to her that red hair was anything but completely and wholly admirable. The little shining copper colored head seemed to her the sum of all that was radiant and lovely.

"I've come for the baby's wash, ma'am." It was Mrs. O'Leary, the washerwoman—a rawboned, dejected soul—who spoke. Evidently there was for her no inexpressible glory shining amid the blue and white draperies of a basin. How hard the world was on some women! So thought the young mother and proudly drew back the cover from the baby's nest.

"Come and look at my little daughter," she said. "See, she has red hair."

A flash of some strong feeling—could it be compassion?—illumined the dejected features of Mrs. O'Leary. The proud young mother felt her hand gripped in a grasp of iron, and a warm Irish voice sounded in her ears.

"There, there," it said soothingly. "Don't you fret. Don't you fret. You can't never tell what they look like when they're small—Some of 'em grows up into real good looking girls. They do that!"

LEAVE OUT THE SUPERFLUOUS

Some Truth in Assertion That Present Generation Considers Too Many "Wants" as "Needs."

A woman who has been observing people and things has come to the conclusion that the expense of living today is largely due to individual indulgence. People want so much more than they formerly did, or at any rate, if they wanted it before, they often did without it, for expediency's sake; but now, she says, to want and to have go hand in hand without regard for expediency. This woman says: "My idea of the widespread complaint of the high cost of living is that people are not temperate in supplying their three principal wants, namely, food, clothing, and shelter. Some people outgrow, on food and shelter and spend an overabundance on clothing. Others indulge themselves in rich foods that are absolutely unnecessary. Still others like to live in fashionable quarters and neglect their food and shelter. A person to be happy must preserve a balance in all things. One must be temperate with regard to food, clothing and shelter. Live in a respectable but not ultra-fashionable neighborhood; wear standard clothes, not the latest Paris fashions; eat good, substantial food, not rich, fancy delicacies that cater only to the palates, is my parting advice."

HOT PEPPERMINT BUT STRONG

Illiterate Man Was Not to Be Convinced That He Had Really Smelt Nothing.

At a certain northern Chautauqua gathering last summer a lecturer, at the opening of his address, came to the front of the platform and took a small vial from his pocket. "My friends," he said, "before I begin my address, I wish to test the ventilation of this auditorium. I am going to pour out this oil of peppermint. When the odor reaches you, raise your hands, so that I may see how rapidly it travels."

He emptied the vial, and almost instantly several hands on the front benches went up; then farther back the hands began to go up by the dozens, until at last the people in the last seats caught the odor, and raised their hands.

The lecturer thanked his auditors, and went on with his address. When he had almost finished, and was speaking of the effect of the imagination on our senses, he paused, and said with a smile that it was only clear water he had poured out of his vial.

The audience had been caught so neatly that even those who had held up their hands joined in the laugh. But one illiterate fellow, whose hand had gone up more promptly and emphatically than any other, did not quite understand.

"What they laughin' at?" he asked, audibly, of the man sitting beside him. "Why," explained the man, "you did not smell peppermint at all; it was only imagination."

"Well," said the other, "I knowed it was somethin' that smelled mighty strong."—Youth's Companion.

Of Course.

A New York dramatic writer tells of an actress of great popularity who is just beginning to be obsessed with the notion that the public holds her to be older than she really is. The writer was assigned to interview this player. He wished to obtain her views with reference to the state of the drama, a topic whereon she seldom descends, but he began patiently and anxiously to demand.

"It does not seem to me," gently suggested the interviewer, with a smile, "that I am really ascertaining your opinion. You ought to be frank, since your eyes are gray and—"

"Prematurely so, my dear boy, prematurely so," the actress hastened to assure him.—Judge.

Walking at Billiards.

"I figure out," said one of the billiard experts playing in the championship games, "that I walk three miles when I play 400 points. Of course, sometimes I go less than that, provided my average runs by nursing are larger. When I can keep the balls closely together for a good run, that lessens the distance I have to walk."

LITTLE KNOWN OF HEREDITY

Much Talk on the Subject, But World Still Awfully a Satisfactory Explanation.

There are few subjects on which so much "scientific" nonsense is talked and written as on heredity. Not very much is known of it as regards plants, less of animals, and almost nothing as regards humanity, writes H. Fielding-Hall in the Atlantic. To read books on heredity, especially those of the Eugenic society, is to read a mass of suppositions and hazardous inductions where most of the facts are negative, and only the exceptions are positive. The very meaning of "hereditary" is not understood. If any quality is truly hereditary, then it is always hereditary. It never occurs except as the result of heredity, and it is constant, that is to say, it invariably follows. But there is no quality of which this can be said. That genius is not hereditary is known. Even talent is not. Nor is any aptitude. A lawyer's son more often wants to be a soldier or an artist than a lawyer, notwithstanding the environment, and it is so with most professions. The exceptions seem to be due to training and influence, not to any hereditary transmission. A superficial likeness to parents seems hereditary, but that is all that we can assert, and that outward likeness by no means infers an inward likeness. There is nothing to attribute to heredity what is due to training or want of training. It excuses stupidity in governments and professions.

Without Food Twenty-eight Days. A remarkable feat of involuntary fasting was performed 12 years ago by a corporal in a regiment of French colonial infantry. On his way to work one morning a man heard cries proceeding from a disused mine, near Brest. At the bottom of an excavation nearly 100 feet deep Corporal Andre Desrats was found in so weak a condition that he could hardly articulate a word. When he recovered his rescuers learned that, after accidentally falling into the mine, Desrats had been imprisoned for twenty-eight days without anything to eat or drink. But a pig can "beat" a man. Dr. W. B. Carpenter in his Manual of Physiology records that a pig weighing 160 pounds was entombed by the fall of a portion of the chalk cliffs at Dover. It was dug out 160 days later, and found to be still alive, but reduced in weight to 40 pounds.

"Siphon" Sisson. Thomas Upton Sisson, member of congress from the Fourth district of Alabama, is destined to go down in history as the siphon bottle statesman. When the California-Japanese imbroglio was at height Mr. Sisson delivered an impassioned anti-Japanese speech on the floor of the house.

"If we must have war," he declared, "or submit to this indignity, I am for war." Later, in the tariff debate, Representative Johnson of Washington, reproving him for this speech, called attention to the fact that Mr. Sisson had voted last year against a battleship program, and then he referred to the southerner as "the sizzling solon from the Mississippi, Mr. Sisson."

If that doesn't sound like a siphon bottle, what does? The resemblance caught the fancy of the cloakroom attendant, and they are ringing the changes on it whenever Mr. Sisson happens along.

New Bed of Seallops. The demand for sea food is a persistent and an increasing one so much so that in some lines the supply is threatening with extinction. This is particularly true of the lobster, which is every year becoming scarcer and consequently dearer, and even the succulent clam is not found in its former abundance in those haunts to which it once gave fame. But the scallop is a good substitute, and the report just made to the secretary of commerce that a bed of the giant variety, thirty miles wide and extending from Rhode Island to the Virginia coast, has been found, is very reassuring. The common kind are plenty enough, but they are only half as large as the giant variety, and not accounted to great a delicacy. This new source of supply is regarded as practically inexhaustible, and it is not likely to have an immediately lowering effect upon the price of a hotel order.