

# THE SHARK A COWARD.

He Will Always Sheer Off From a Splashing Swimmer.

**A** POOR little flabby two-foot shark that I saw cast up on one of the Jersey beaches the other day brought a lot of shark memories back to me. I said a youngish middle-aged man who has put in a number of cruises, boy and man, in the navy. "I had quite a few shark experiences when I was on the old line of Government packets, and I found them out. I'm just as much afraid of a sea tiger now as you'd be of a ship's kitten lapping condensed milk out of a wicker saucer on the galley deck, only, of course, I'd do a lot more moving when a shark was around and looking me over than I would in the presence of the kitten."

"The first time a shark ever got gay with me was when I was a tike of a 'prentice on the old Swatara, down in the harbor of Mazatlan, Mexico. I was a starboard side cleaner, and one afternoon was coiled in a swing, swabbing paint, and with my bare feet hanging not above a twelfth of a fathom from the water."

"All of a sudden I noticed a little glittering, goggle-eyed and snout-nosed fish a-rubbing around a lot in the little space of water directly below where my feet were swinging. He looked so perky and impudent that I was for throwing a cake of salt-water soap at him, but then I got to figuring that the cat could look at the kind and that it wasn't doing me any harm to have this little fish watch me polish off my cleaning station, and so I let him look, and presently I became so busy in trying to light a furtive cigarette without the officer of the deck spotting me that I forgot about the little snout-nosed fish."

"Presently an old bo'sun's mate walked over to the starboard rail and looked down at me."

"Hey, you cub," he called down to me a minute after he had taken his position at the starboard rail, "you'd better be gittin' them toolies' edge some few feet away from th' water's edge if you don't want to go 'y a pair o' feet for the balance o' the cruise. See that pilot fish a lookin' at you an' heckonin' his big shark mate down below?"

"This old bo'sun's mate was a great stringer to the 'prentices, and I was so sure that he was stringing me then that I barely looked up at him. It was a good thing that I didn't look up just then—I'd probably be in the Snug Harbor, with two wooden legs now, if I had looked up at him just at that instant."

"For, continuing to look down as I worked, I saw something whitey-gray swishing to the surface of the blue water—something about twenty foot long, and the for-ard ten foot of it, as it seemed to me, all teeth, rows and rows of them—and then I got busy."

"Shin up, you whelp!" the old bo'sun's mate bawled at me through the funnel that he made of his hands, and just as I grabbed the port rope swinging the bo'sun's chair and started to go hand over hand up to the rail, there was a shower of salt water that sounded like the breaking of a water spout just below me—and I had my first close view of a belly-up man-eater."

"He shot up above half a fathom above the water for me, but I already had a hold on the rail; and he missed me by quite a stretch. But as long as I was a side cleaner I never scratched paint from a bo'sun's chair after that with bare feet. My bare feet had been the bait for that big shark, guided by his little pal, the pilot fish."

"About three years after that I got some more shark education at Papeete, Tahiti. A gang of seamen gunners—I was just out of my apprenticeship then—one day got permission of the officer of the deck to take a beach swim. So we lowered away the long boat, sped her to the coral beach, stripped and went in in the buff, about eighteen of us."

"It was very hot and gummy weather, and so we were not thinking about sharks, although a thousand of them assembled about the ship every time the cook dumped a bucket of galley refuse through the swill tube. Anyhow, we were all pretty young. In addition to being young I was cheshter than I've ever been since, particularly because there wasn't a man or boy on board the old hooker that could teach me anything about swimming. That's how it came that, as soon as we jumped into the water on the Papeete beach that day, I proceeded to out-swim all the rest, just to show 'em."

"I didn't turn to look back until I was about 300 yards from the beach. The only reason why I turned around then was because I heard a lot of noise from the beach."

"When I turned, I saw about a hundred naked natives and all of the young fellows from our ship lined up on the beach at the edge of the water, jumping up and down and waving their arms at me and yelling with all their might. But something else that I saw was a lot more important to me, about a million huge, wet and shiny shark fins between me and the beach. Some of them weren't more than ten yards from me. The fins were moving slowly on the surface of the water."

"I could see my pipe out in plain view then. I stopped and trod water and nervously slapped the surface of the water with my hands. I noticed that when I slapped the water, particularly hard the sharks that were nearest to me sort of edged back and circled at a greater distance from me. So I kept on slapping the water."

"The sharks were waiting for me to get tired, that's all. They knew that I wouldn't start back right through them, and they knew, too, that I couldn't swim right ahead a few thousand knots to the Carolines or the Marquesas or the Fijis, and so they were content to take it easy, each figuring on getting what was coming to him when the moment arrived."

"Forty natives put out after me in one of those sixty-foot long and two-foot wide canoes with the outrigger arrangement familiar in the South Seas, and in the bow of the canoe and directing them was an old lime-juicer of a

quartermaster from a British trading schooner in the harbor. "Splash, han' keep a-splashing, blest y'r blazin' heyeballs fr a Yankee pup-heell!" bawled the old lime-juicer at me as the canoe approached where I was in the middle of the semi-circle of waiting sharks, and with that I began to slap and kick the water like a sea skat foaled in the mudhook chains."

"I was a lot rattled, but as the canoe approached I noticed that all of the natives that weren't helping to pull the canoe were leaning over the side and slapping and churning the water with all their might and main and making all of the noise out of their countenances that they knew how to. That settled it. The sharks dispersed like a bunch of stampeded mountain goats and I was hauled into the canoe and bawled at by the old lime-juicer for my bloomink Yankee heejoy until we pulled up on the beach."

"That was when I first found out by actual experience, what every deep-going sailor in the South Seas knows, that the shark is the worst coward that swims and that he is twenty times more afraid of a splashing human being in the water than a water moccasin is of a howling small boy in an inland creek."—Washington Star.

## AMERICAN FURNITURE IN BRITAIN

Sound Scolding For the Naughty Yankees Who Injure Them.

The presumption of America in supposing that the Old Country is to come to her for furniture is amazing. It is also, to those learned in furniture, rather amusing.

The simple reason is that American furniture is not good enough. It runs too much on the lines of what trade journals on the other side postically term "very attractive lines in mission fittings"—gaunt, ungainly designs worked out by machine in cheap woods.

Perhaps the idea that England is a dumping ground where rubbish may be shot is not yet eliminated from the American mind. And yet several experiments of that kind have ended sadly. A good many years ago cheap American cycles were almost buried on our faces. Now one of the rarest birds on an English highway is a cycle made anywhere but in England.

Another attempt of a less serious character was made a little while ago with bedroom suits. They were not particularly cheap, but to quote an expert, "the design was bad, the work was bad, the effect was tawdry," and the American-made bedroom suit is not in demand.

Of course England does import furniture from America. Of the £700,000 (\$3,500,000) worth of cabinet-ware which came from abroad in 1903 America sent a larger part than any other country—£250,000 (\$1,250,000) worth. America and France are indeed the only countries which send us as much as £100,000 (\$500,000) in the year.

But those figures represent goods of a totally different kind. The French furniture is highly finished, elaborate work; the American cheap and machine made. In one solitary "line" can the Americans claim the bulk of the English trade. The roll-top desk was originally an American invention, and for some years an American monopoly.

But a desk is now being produced in England which in price competes with the American-made article and in quality, according to experts in the retail trade, is distinctly superior.

For the plain fact is that the English cabinet-maker has no competitors. Even the finest French work, which no doubt comes nearest, is a bad second. In "finish" the Frenchman can hold his own, but in the actual cabinet-making, the putting together of the article, he leaves much to be desired. The German workmanship is not bad, but the design is heavy and clumsy.

Omitting cheap machine-made furniture—the only class apparently within American ken—the bulk of it is not made in factories at all. London is the centre of the trade, and Shoreditch and Bethnal-green are its sanctuaries. The best furniture-making is a home industry. A man, his wife and family, with perhaps one or two workmen, work together on their own account, and the large retail houses deal directly with these "garret masters."—London Telegraph.

**The Blood of Men and Apes.**  
An interesting departure from the usual methods of studying the similarity between man and the other primates has been made by Professor Uhlenuth, a noted German anthropologist, who has recently carried on a series of interesting observations on the blood of men, apes and monkeys. Between the blood of the first two there are many points of similarity and evidences of a distinct relationship, but the blood of monkeys can readily be distinguished from that of men. The difference is more or less marked, according to the species, the greatest resemblance being seen in the case of the gorilla and the least with the lemur, a small species about the size of a cat and having a face somewhat like a fox. A singular fact is that, judged by the blood, there is less evidence of relationship found in the American families of apes than in those of the Old World.—Harper's Weekly.

**Up and Down.**  
The following telephone conversation, recently heard between a woman whose home is in the suburbs and a business acquaintance of her husband, illustrates some of the curiosities of our language:

Business Acquaintance—"Good morning, Mrs. —. I'd like to speak to Mr. — for a moment."  
Mrs. ——"I'm sorry, Mr. —, but my husband isn't down yet."  
B. A. (inquiringly)—"Isn't down yet?"  
Mrs. ——"I mean he isn't up yet. I'm letting him sleep in this morning; he was so down last evening after his office troubles that he was ready to give up. He says he'll be down as soon as he gets up."—Harper's Weekly.

## POPULAR

The botanical paper reports that Dr. Vries, the great Dutch experimental evolutionist, has by long continued selection produced a variety of clover which has normally four leaves.

Within half an hour of the death of one of a pair of twin boys at Leicester, England, the other one died, through, the doctor said, a certain curious sympathy which exists between twins.

The South McAlester (Indian Territory) News relates that a negro criminal in the Choctaw Nation was so badly scared by being arrested that he has turned an ashen gray, and has never recovered his proper color.

An English watchmaker has just finished making a tiny watch in the form of a shirt stud. Its dial is two-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, and it is to be worn with two other studs. By turning the upper stud the watch is wound, while by turning the lower one the hands are adjusted.

Professor Elrod of the University of Montana gives a striking description of the treasure that his State possesses in sapphires. The only systematic mining for these precious stones in the United States is done in Montana. The annual output amounts to 450,000 or 500,000 carats, including the stones that are suitable for cutting as gems and those that are only useful for mechanical purposes. It is said that the lapidaries in Helena do finer work than is done on the stones that are sent to London to be cut. Perhaps somebody will suggest that Montana should be called the "Gem State," in view of the fact that her output of precious stones exceeds the production in that line of all the rest of the United States.

## THE ONLY Woman Admiral

**T**HE remarkable contingency that a woman Admiral may command the fleets of Russia before the ending of the war with Japan has presented itself to the minds of those who are intimately acquainted with the personal affairs of the rulers of the Old World. Should all other Admirals of the Russian Navy perish, it would lie within the power and right of Queen Olga of Greece to claim command of the ships that remain to that Navy. Not only does she rank as full Admiral of the naval forces of Russia, but she is a good sailor and as thorough a naval expert as are many of the Captains who are her subordinate in rank.

The possibility of a Roadblock of the sea coming to the succor of the beaten forces of the powerful Empire of the North, already has been the subject of more or less amused comment in the

press, accompanied by their lawless, with Mohamedan high priests and the rigid rules of this fanatical religion, and with political plot and counterplot revealing all the subtle qualities of an Oriental race, no spot at the World's Fair holds more of the strange and interesting atmosphere of a far off corner of the world than the Moro village, Philippine Exposition. Here the dignified and polite Datto Facondo, who visited the President in Washington, stands at the head of forty Samal Moros, the ever-steadfast friends of Uncle Sam, while housed in another end of the same village are to be found the hostile Lanao Moros, bitter enemies of their Samal cousins, and a race which has never been subjugated by either Spaniard or American. It has taken the utmost diplomacy on the part of Frederick Lewis, the manager of the villages, to administer the affairs of the two races, so that the spears of the Samal Moros are not hurled over the bamboo fence at their neighbors, or the wicked bolo knives of the Lanaos do not find a lodging place in the patriotic breasts of the Samal Moros or Sea Gypsies. The village of the latter, built on bamboo poles over the waters of Arrowhead Lake, offers the most characteristically striking village at the Fair.

**TAXING MEN'S APPETITES:**  
Men Eat Much More Than Women and Are Charged More.  
In a small West Side restaurant that caters to persons on economy bent the bill of fare is headed by this notice:

"Regular dinner—Men, twenty-five cents; women, fifteen cents."  
"How is this?" asked a chance customer belonging to the sex most heavily taxed. "You charge us fellows ten cents more than you do the women. What have we done that we should be so discriminated against?"

"You eat more," was the plain rejoinder. "It doesn't cost nearly so much to feed women as men, but we are the first concern in this part of town that has been brave enough to say so in plain print. Many foreign restaurants have recognized that fact and have regulated their charges accordingly. Boarding houses, too, are well acquainted with the masculine appetite, and satisfy its longings at a premium."

"However, if the male border is subject to excessive charges, he always has the satisfaction of knowing he gets his money's worth. Waiters in institutions of that kind are required to report in the kitchen whether an order is for a 'lady' or 'gentleman,' and the cook dishes up in proportion to the capacity of the diner."

"Some cheap restaurants have adopted the plan of serving 'ladylike' portions at rock bottom prices, thereby enabling the man with an appetite to double up on his order and preserve a fair ratio between the cost of men's and women's meals. But we like our plan better. It gives everybody a fair show and prevents confusion."—New York Press.

**Wide Field For Weeklies.**  
The day of the weekly literary home and farm paper has just begun, and in my opinion there never was a better day for the right kind of weekly papers than to-day. In saying this I wish you to remember that the weekly paper that comes to the family filled with able editorials and feature articles, fiction and poetry, and has departments for the women, for the farmer, for the mechanic, and especially for the little ones—a paper that is clean and leans toward a higher ideal in journalism than does the present sensational daily—is the one I refer to. . . . These papers will always be factors in our national growth. No matter how many improvements are made in the mail service, they occupy a place not filled by the average daily, and the better the weekly is made along the lines set forth the more certain it is to maintain a high place.—W. T. Moore of the Indianapolis Sentinel.

**Hungry Dogs.**  
"Alaska dogs are getting the worst fare they have had since the early days in that country," said Robert Paschall, who recently returned from Dawson. "They are eating anything and everything they can find now, when a few months ago they were living on the best of dog bacon, an inferior product that was shipped north just for dog feeding."

"You see, this packers' strike was beginning to be felt even by the dogs. The dog bacon that was formerly shipped to Alaska for feeding the pups is now in general use, and the dogs have to take the best they can get. I guess those dogs up there are glad it is the end of the strike."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



Olga, Queen of Greece and Russian Admiral.

## MOROS IN AMERICA

With Sultans of high and low degree, accompanied by their lawless, with Mohamedan high priests and the rigid rules of this fanatical religion, and with political plot and counterplot revealing all the subtle qualities of an Oriental race, no spot at the World's Fair holds more of the strange and interesting atmosphere of a far off corner of the world than the Moro village, Philippine Exposition. Here the dignified and polite Datto Facondo, who visited the President in Washington, stands at the head of forty Samal Moros, the ever-steadfast friends of Uncle Sam, while housed in another end of the same village are to be found the hostile Lanao Moros, bitter enemies of their Samal cousins, and a race which has never been subjugated by either Spaniard or American. It has taken the utmost diplomacy on the part of Frederick Lewis, the manager of the villages, to administer the affairs of the two races, so that the spears of the Samal Moros are not hurled over the bamboo fence at their neighbors, or the wicked bolo knives of the Lanaos do not find a lodging place in the patriotic breasts of the Samal Moros or Sea Gypsies. The village of the latter, built on bamboo poles over the waters of Arrowhead Lake, offers the most characteristically striking village at the Fair.

**GROUP OF LANAO MOROS.**  
Sultans (left to right), top row: Sultan Sungud, Sultan Pitulean, Sultan Ambulong, Datto Asume.  
Bottom row: Datto Marahul, Mandae, bright Moro interpreter, the lost Sultan Demasanky, Priest Rajah Muda Lumbayangul, in whose household Demasanky served as a menial.

Courts of Europe, and it is certain, within a short time, to be a topic of universal discussion, if not of serious belief, throughout Japan. There is no question that the possibility of Queen Olga's command of the Russian Navy will receive more credence in Japan than in any other portion of the world; for it is well-known that already many Japanese women have attempted to go in disguise to the front; and a course which is natural in a sovereign who, by formal appointment, holds a high and definite rank as a part of the fighting forces of the Czar.

Queen Olga enjoys the unique distinction of being the only woman Admiral in the world. This high rank was bestowed upon her by the late Czar of Russia. Sometime royal titles are distributed promiscuously and without regard to the fitness of things; but in this instance the honor is appropriate and merited. The present Queen of Greece appreciates and understands the title. She loves the sea; she takes a practical interest in the welfare of sailors, and on a recent naval inspection made such a thorough examination of one of the battleships as to win the admiration of some of the naval experts of her own country.

This gifted woman, besides her other accomplishments, is a diplomat of a high order. Her voice always is for peace, and in the recent disturbance between Greece and Turkey her advice was potent at the council board and at the conference that finally healed up the differences caused by the war.

Queen Olga is the eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, who was a brother of the late Emperor Alexander II. She was married to King George of Greece in 1907, when she was only sixteen years old.—New York Tribune.

The introduction of electric traction in the Tranvia Rural, city of Buenos Ayres, is contemplated.

**Queer Names For Children.**  
In some parts of the Continent of late years the practice has increased of giving children fantastic names. A little girl, for instance, born in the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, not long since was christened "Eiffeline," and a Swiss mother chose "May 1st" for a child born on that day. The authorities, however, refused to sanction the latter, and now the Swiss Government is considering proposed laws for the prevention of such christening eccentricities.—New York News.

**Double-Quilled Crown Band.**  
The crown bands on hats intended to be worn on cool mornings in the mountains are quite different than anything seen before.

To begin with, they resemble a cartridge belt more than anything else, and have a double tier of quillings of ribbons around the crown. The lower quilling is of light-colored ribbon, the upper one a very dark shade of the same color or of black if white be used for the lower tier. The ribbon used is of a heavy, handsome quality. The quilling is stiff enough to stand up like a stockade around the crown. The light-colored tier comes up outside of the lower edge of the dark quilling, and is also broad enough to lie out flat for a little on the brim of the felt hat. Cream-colored felt hats are handsome thus trimmed with two shades of brown ribbon or with cream and deep leaf brown.

A swirling plume of white cock's feathers, poised slightly to the left of the front, falls down over the broad belt of double quillings.

**In Brown Beaver.**  
A lovely brown beaver turban is valuable in two ways, besides its beauty. It shows that Paris has decided to divorce brown and orange, and introduces us to a new tricolor!

This charming tricolor turban is doubly three cornered. The crown in

ings left for the purpose and is closed invisibly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards (twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, or two and one-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, with one-half yards of velvet and one and three-fourth yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

The skirt is cut in seven gores and is laid in backward turning pleats which meet at the centre back, where the closing is made. The yoke is circular and is stitched to the skirt with corded silk, the trimming straps concealing the seam at sides and back. As illustrated, it is made in instep length, which is the prevailing one for the incoming season, but can be made still shorter whenever desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is eight and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, five and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, or five yards fifty-two inches wide.

## New Ideas in JOLLETTES

New York City.—Tucked coats worn with belts that confine them at the back and sides are exceedingly becoming to young girls and are among

the first place is three cornered, the beaver skirt being most deftly manipulated. The brim is likewise shaped, pointing well at the front. Folds of brown tulle cover the bandeau and the edge of the brim is decked with two tiny brown taffeta pleatings with two rows of mat beads between them. The two outer rows of beads are brown, the centre one being, no, not orange, but a delicate apple green. At the left front, on the under side of the brim, is a brown bird, or rather, the fore part of a bird. From this bird sweeps a splendid paradise plume which shades from soft brown to delicate apple green. It is a chef d'oeuvre.

**"Knicker" For School Girls.**  
For school girls plain serge and Scotch plaids will be the favorite materials. Up to fourteen years the choice of make is between the sailor suit and the Russian-house frock. Girls from eight to fourteen years wear knickerbockers for school and play-time instead of petticoats under their dress skirts now; the practical side of this fashion has recommended it to most mothers who have the comfort of their children at heart. These knickerbockers are made to match the dress; in winter of serge, in summer of gingham or linen.—Fashion Number of Harper's Bazar.

**For Breakfast.**  
A pretty matinee set seen recently had the jacket made in bolero shape. This, like the skirt, was trimmed with quantities of fluffy lace.

**Kilted Skirt With Round Yoke.**  
Skirts that are pleated below a smooth fitting yoke are among the smartest of all smart things for the coming season and will be worn for all street costumes. This one is peculiarly chic and attractive and is so arranged as to give a plait effect at the front, which is always desirable. As illustrated, it is made of chevrot in mixed shades of brown and tan, trimmed with handsome brown braid.

The latest and most attractive models shown. This very excellent example is adapted both to the costume and to the general wrap and to the many materials of the season, but is shown in a mixed brown velvet edged with fancy braid. The long lines of the front, provided by the tucks which pass over the belt, add greatly to the style and make a specially noteworthy feature. The sleeves are the new ones that are full at the shoulders and are finished with roll-over cuffs.

The coat is made with fronts, back and under-arm gores, and is finished at the neck with a simple roll-over collar. The sleeves are full and are pleated into bands that are concealed by the cuffs. The belt is adjusted over the back and fronts to the centre tucks, where it passes through open-

## A Late Design by May Manton.

**MISSIE'S TUCKED COAT.**

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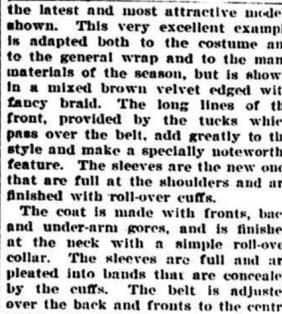
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MISSIE'S TUCKED COAT.



KILTIED SKIRT WITH ROUND YOKE.



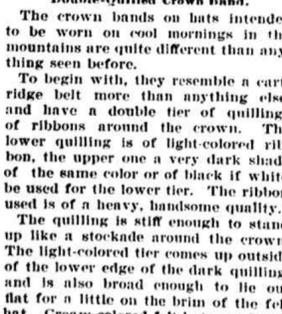
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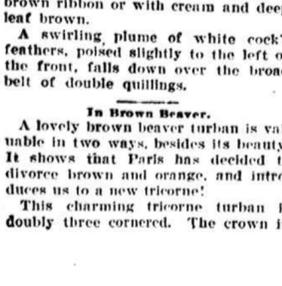
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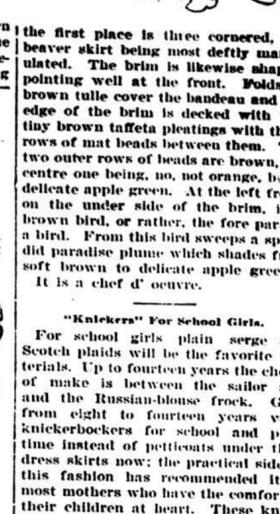
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