

# WAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Was Bitten by Bloodthirsty Barbastel



**NEW YORK.**—A large, ferocious, bloodthirsty barbastel, which chiropterous mammal is probably more familiar to you under its Latin nickname of Synotus Barbastellus, caused a panic among the one hundred employes of Benjamin Fechter, a clothing manufacturer, when it flew through a window of the loft the other morning at 10 o'clock, and bit, scratched, clawed and tore the hair, eyes, ears and noses of several of the men and women working at the machines.

The barbastel is generally insectivorous or frugivorous, and is a first cousin of the big-eared Mega-dermagis, which inhabits Australia. The barbastel in question, however, was decidedly carnivorous, and to judge from the way it tried to make a ten-course dinner from the physiognomy of Morris Binberg, one of the cutters, it had not eaten for several days.

Binberg was the first one to see the barbastel as it flew into the shop. Binberg has nice fat cheeks and the barbastel made straight for the cutter, who dived under his machine too late. The terrible animal caught him by the hair and Binberg started to do a Marathon around the room, shrieking for help at the top of his lungs, while women fainted, and of course, it follows that strong men grew pale. The other employes ran out of the room in a panic, but as they couldn't

pronounce the name of the bloodthirsty animal they did not succeed in getting help.

Rosie Goldstein tried to slip under the safe, saying that the barbastel was an eagle and that she had often seen its species in Russia, but the space beneath the bottom of the safe was too narrow for Rosie's burly figure, so she was compelled to crawl under a bench.

In the meanwhile Binberg had grabbed a stick and tried to beat the barbastel, who was devouring the hair tonic on Binberg's curly locks. He managed to hit the barbastel once, after having bruised himself a dozen times.

Manager Joseph Blankford was dancing around in a frenzy, crying, "B-b-b-barb-b-bastel, b-b-beat it," but the ferocious animal couldn't understand Yiddish and transferred his affections from Binberg to Blankford. Joe won by a nose in the race for a closet.

Finally Mr. Barbastel was cornered and clapped under an empty box, and some 5 or 18 people sat on top to make sure that it didn't escape.

Mr. Fechter returned from a business call, and found his employes completely metroglorIALIZED by the awful encounter. Cautiously lifting up the box, he looked within and began to laugh as though he would burst a blood vessel. His employes were aghast when Mr. Fechter grabbed the animal and shoved it into a wide-necked bottle.

"What is it, a neagle?" asked Rebecca Zuckerman.

"No, you blockheads; it's only a bat," said Mr. Fechter.

"Oy oy," said the employes, and went back to work.

## Finds Young Son After a Long Search

**DENVER.**—"There's my papa," said four-year-old Frederick Eugene Lockwood, pressing his face against the window-pane of one of the rooms of the state home for dependent children. A minute later the boy had his arms around his father's neck and both father and son were crying with joy. His identification by the boy was a test suggested by the father to prove that he was the boy's parent.

Frederick H. Lockwood, the father, is a balloonist and parachute jumper, and when there are no circuses nor county fairs where his services are in demand he works as a cook in hotels and restaurants. For more than a year Lockwood has been trying to find his boy, but without success. A few days ago he finished an engagement at the more hazardous of his two occupations in the south and came on to Denver to make another effort to find the boy.

When he asked for the custody of the child he suggested a test to prove that he was the boy's father. He stood, with several other men, outside the home and the boy was taken to a window and asked if he recognized any of the party. The child picked



out his father without hesitation. This time he was successful, but he heard a story that made his blood boil with anger.

Little Frederick Lockwood was taken to the detention home last October and left there by Mrs. Edith M. Villanue Goebel, who told the matron of the home that the boy was turned over to her by an inmate of a resort in Seattle, Wash. She asked the detention home to take charge of the boy.

When the child was undressed at the detention home it was found that his left arm was broken, his left collar bone dislocated and that his body was covered with marks and bruises. He was sent to the county hospital, and from there to the state home. He has never recovered from his injuries, and may be a cripple all his life.

## Ants' Nests Divert Fashionable City



**PARIS.**—With the approach of spring the rage for novelty has descended on fashionable Paris. On all sides new forms of the entertainment of guests and new ways of doing things are being subjected to experiment.

One of the most curious of the new fashions is the ants' nest craze. No hostess thinks a drawing room complete unless it contains a glass case inside of which are a few pounds of earth, a large number of ants and their eggs, and a supply of more or less suitable food. Guests are provided with magnifying glasses and are invited to watch the industrious insects carrying on their domestic and civic duties, much as if still in a country field.

To vary the program the ants are made to engage in a pitched battle as one swarm is introduced into the nest of another. Invaders and invaded lock in fierce combat, and a hastily improvised hospital and ambulance service for the injured is organized by the non-combatants. This idea was introduced into Paris society by a well-known singer.

Another innovation which is having an immense success is a dog's training college, which was opened in the most fashionable quarter of Paris. Here a society woman's dumb friend is lodged, fed, and educated in all that he should and should not do at the trifling fee of about \$30 a month, though day pupils are admitted at a lower rate.

Many graceful accomplishments are imparted in the course, which is divided into school and college grades, and diplomas are awarded on a certain standard of proficiency being attained. It is jokingly said that the time-honored French polish is going to the dogs.

## Old Mansion May Be Sold for Taxes

**CHICAGO.**—Remnants of what once was the Reber mansion, Chicago's pride in ante-bellum days, will be sold for taxes by Cook county some time in March. For forty years county, state and city have attempted unsuccessfully the collection of taxes on this last vestige of the Reber estate.

And the proceeding will not be without its pathos and romance. By the home will be sold over the head of Gertrude V. Reber Backus, who in her eighth decade of life is alone in the world. In her eighty years she has seen the mansion of old transformed into a forfeited hotel.



For thirty years tax buyers have grasped the Reber property at each delinquent tax-sale. In those years the residence, with its site, was accepted as a good risk by tax buyers. As years went by and the aged owner clung persistently to her abode, even in defiance of law, the tax buyers abandoned it as a bad proposition.

Since 1901 the county has levied on the property regularly. Delinquency notices were served with no effect. Court procedure had as little effect. The gray-haired defendant let everything go by default and held steadfastly to her abode.

# SCRAPS OF HUMOR



**Just as He Said.**  
At the good roads convention in Emporia recently Mit Wilhoit was introducing some of Emporia's prominent citizens to the delegates. He told the delegates what each one of the prominent citizens represented in a business way until he introduced the last one. "He represents nothing," Mr. Wilhoit said. "Except myself—I represent myself," said the prominent citizen. "Well, that is what I said," replied Mr. Wilhoit.

**Her Help.**  
"Hilton says he is willing to give his wife credit for having been a great help to him in business."  
"I understand she was his stenographer for several years."  
"Yes. He insists that he has never had anyone in the office who could equal her in the delicate business of persuading creditors to be patient."

**In Desperate Mood.**  
"That prima donna has a voice like an angel's."  
"You think so," responded the impresario, resentfully. "Well, I don't know how an angel talks when things don't go to suit her. But if I thought they all sounded like this prima donna I'd think twice before wanting to go to heaven."

**Fitfalls of Language.**  
"I'm going to ride at the country," said a Frenchman, whose English was not very perfect, to a friend.  
"You should say ride in the country," remarked the friend.  
"Ah! yes—very good," responded the Frenchman, "and when I come back I will knock in your door."



**The Artist (showing new picture)—**  
This is the best thing I ever did.  
The Critic—Oh! well, you mustn't let that discourage you.

**Alas!**  
Oh, hark! The postman's whistle. This life's all burr and thistle. A merchant from my pittance Demands a quick remittance.

**Danger in Liberty.**  
"A drop of ink makes millions think," remarked the ready made philosopher.  
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but you want to limit your use of ink to drops. As soon as you go to spreading it around in quarts they're liable to get too tired to think."

**A Good Record for Both.**  
"I've driven my car for over a year now," said Bilkins, "and I've never run down anybody."  
"That's nothing," said Mrs. Bilkins. "I've attended the meetings of our sewing circle for five years and have never run down anybody."—Harper's Weekly.

**Advance in Art.**  
"So you think our national artistic sense is improving."  
"Yes," replied the cruel critic. "Our statuary is far from what it should be. But we have at least taken the wooden Indians from in front of the cigar stores."

**The Nervous Patient.**  
"You should take an ice cold plunge every morning," said the physician.  
"But, doctor, I have insomnia."  
"The ice cold plunge will help to cure it."  
"No, it won't, I'll be awake all night dreaming it."

**No Place for Them.**  
"I see where President Taft has been asked to appoint a woman to the Supreme court vacancy."  
"Nonsense! Do you suppose any normal woman is going to take a place where she has to sit still and let other people do all the arguing?"

## HOLY LAND SHEEP

### Shepherds Still Retain Their Ancient Characters.

**Men of This Interesting Land Carry Primitive Weapons to Protect Flocks From Raids by Bedouins and Animals.**

**Jerusalem.**—There are few more picturesque sights in the Holy Land than the shepherd and his flock of sheep. You can never see one without the other, says a writer in Country Life in America. They live intimately with their flocks.

Their business is not only an honorable calling, but it is one of perpetual difficulty and danger. Shepherds in the east are men of war; also they are men of some initiative and practical intelligence.

They, of course, belong to the native population, which may be divided into three groups, the townspeople, or medanijeh; the peasants, or dwellers in villages, called the fellahen, and the nomads, who live in tents and spend their lives roaming, called the Bedouins.

The shepherds, therefore, come under the head of peasants, or fellahen, but nevertheless, they are virtually a race apart. Unlike the other native tribes, they have maintained their ancient character intact. They attended to the wants of their sheep and led them from pasture to pasture among the hills and valleys long before the coming of the Children of Israel.

The sheep themselves are distinctly of the Syrian breed and famed for their fat tails. Much has been made of the fact that the shepherds of Palestine lead their sheep. This custom has arisen, of course, through the ab-



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### Party of Shepherds.

sence of roads, and the scanty nature of the pasturage found on the mountain sides. It would be impossible to drive the flocks from place to place, unless dogs were employed, and there are no sheep dogs in eastern countries. Hence the shepherd goes on in front, the sheep following, behind, a shepherd boy as a rule bringing up the rear. This is the shepherd's principal duty, to guide his sheep and find pasturage for them.

Then another remarkable trait about these men is that they know their sheep and can instantly pick them out from strangers. At Bethlehem once, I witnessed a very striking demonstration of this. Three shepherds met, and their flocks, totalling some 160 sheep, were soon hopelessly mixed up together. It required but a few minutes to drive the sheep into a fold, and in a remarkably short space of time the shepherds pointed out correctly the members of their respective flocks.

Then the shepherds of this interesting land are men of arms. In the southern districts of Palestine and also in the Lebanon country they all carry firearms, and those around Jerusalem and in the neighborhood of Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, and in other parts of the country carry weapons in the shape of heavy wooden clubs or slings, the latter as primitive as that used by David when he tended his father's flocks. The guns are invariably old-fashioned flintlock muskets or some other obsolete type of firearm. With these weapons the shepherd protects his flock from wild beasts—leopards, panthers and wolves. But his worst enemy is not the wild animals of the country, but the roving Bedouins. The latter are always making raids and carry off sheep, with the result that even today many a good shepherd is called upon to lay down his life for the sheep.

**Spleen Was Broken.**  
New York.—Although doctors cannot tell why human beings have a spleen Arthur Galot secured a verdict of \$7,858 because his spleen was broken by falling through a sidewalk grating.

**Clipped Them Off.**  
New York.—Salvage "John" clipping to the magnificent musician of John Holly told him and clipped off his side with shears. The barber refused the rest. Holly wants \$200 for the hair.

## GIVE THE BOY SMALL FLOCK

Plan Given for Coop to Accommodate Ten or Twelve Fowls and Has Been Found Satisfactory.

(By MRS. E. A. GRIGGS.)  
If a boy has fowls of his own, he will want to manage them so as to keep them separate from the other poultry on the farm. The following plan which is arranged to accommodate ten or twelve hens and a male, has been found satisfactory.

The coop in question is five feet wide and twelve feet long, giving a floor space of sixty square feet—five or six square feet per hen. It is six feet high at the front and four feet at the back, and is built from cheap lumber and covered with tarred roofing.

The door into the coop is put at one end of the front wall. It is closed with a frame covered with wire netting having a curtain of muslin on the inside for use in the cold weather. The upper half of the remaining part of the front is also left open and covered with netting, with an inside muslin curtain.

In the warm weather these curtains are kept rolled up, but in cold weather they are let down over the openings. The only other openings in the coop are four little square doorways, eight by ten inches in size.

In the center of the back wall, two feet above the floor, fasten a frame two feet wide and three feet long, carrying two roosting poles. This frame should be hinged to the wall, so it can be raised out of the way when desired.

Under it, a foot from the floor, make a little platform of boards to catch the droppings. Do not fasten this anywhere, as you will want to take it up to clean it.

On the front corners of the roosting frame put legs a foot long, which should rest on this dropping board when the roost is lowered in place. Have both resting poles the same height, not set so the frame will slant.

On the ceiling, directly above the roost, nail strips of inch board so as to make a frame the same size, or a trifle larger, than the roost itself. To this tack strips of burlap-sacking long enough to reach the floor,



Convenient House and Run.

and wide enough to completely surround the coop when they are dropped in place.

At the lower edges put slats to keep them in place, as on the other curtains. On cold nights this makes a snug and yet not stuffy sleeping place for the fiddles.

The nest boxes—two are plenty—should be placed in the darkest part of the coop. This will be against the front wall, in the corner farthest from the outer door.

**Care of the Brooder.**  
Brush out the brooders every other day, changing the material used in floor covering. This may be of bran, sand, sawdust, or paper, but must be dry. Damp bedding induces disease every time.

When it is necessary to wash the brooder choose a warm, sunny day, so that the chicks will not need it, and it can be thoroughly dried before returning them at night. If these conditions cannot be complied with, a temporary brooder may be used for the day by means of a box and one or two jugs of hot water well wrapped in flannel, the latter serving the double purpose of holding in the heat and preventing a chick being crowded up and burnt.

## POULTRY NOTES

Chickens must have green food. All hens like to lay in dark nest boxes.

The hens will relish a feed of scalded oats any time.

Never set a thin, lousy hen. She won't stay her time out.

Chickens are often considered a nuisance by the farmer.

On cold evenings the hens must be sent to roost with full crops.

A little cayenne pepper in the mash will warm the hens up and help cure colds.

Especially at this time of the year, the fireless brooder is to be recommended.

Coal oil and carbolic acid are good lice and mite killers as well as disinfectants.

Some hens seem to know when it is feeding time. It will pay you to humor them and be prompt and regular.

Sprouted oats is perhaps the best and cheapest green food in winter. It is also good for fowls penned up in summer.

It is best that the young turkeys become accustomed to their attendant and to all persons and animals about the place.

Asches scattered about the floor help to keep it clean, help keep the air pure and have some value as disinfectants.

For early hatching it is best to give not more than eleven eggs to a hen, or those on the outer edge may be also exposed and chilled.

Any egg which is the first to hatch the rest will be weak and puny.



## TO MANAGE TURKEY

Breeding of Youngsters. Strict Attention to Details, though Simple Operations.

(By COOPER GUSTON.)

The artificial or natural breeding of pouls, although a comparatively simple operation, demands strict attention to details and is the most important phase in turkey raising, inasmuch as the first month of the poult's life is the most precious period. From that period onward, all other dangers, excepting that of black-head disease, continue to grow less.

If a hen is confined in a room, covered pen, and the poult is carefully yarded during the first month,



Excellent Type.

she will, barring the ravages of black-head disease, raise 90 per cent. of them. If she is allowed to roam she may raise as many, but it will depend largely upon their fortuitous escape from water, cold and animal foes. Their survival may also depend upon the individual characteristics of the hen as a brooder, and upon the care which she receives.

Pouls improperly brooded during the first week begin to die in the second. They seem at this early age particularly subject to lung and abdominal troubles. Overheating and chilling, and rapid changes from hot to cool conditions, affect them fatally. The connection between the lungs and the abdominal air sacs is such that both are affected by colds. One of the most common results of these inflammations is a suspension of eating followed by the absence of ingesta in the intestine. The consequences of this is that the white material excreted by the kidneys becomes more apparent, and gives rise to the symptom called white diarrhea. While this inflammation may or may not be due to a specific germ, the disease is so readily prevented by proper temperature conditions during the first three weeks of the poult's life that it matters little whether it is a germ disease or not. The disease is on the same basis as pneumonia in human beings, since germs in that case may cause the disease, but they seem to get their first foothold by inflammations produced in the tissues as a result of changes of temperature.

## WHITE WYANDOTTE IN FAVOR

Fowls Are Doomed Compared With Restless Leghorn and De Nut Kat More—Lay During Mating.

For more than 50 years I was in the poultry business, until last April, when the last chick was sold and I took a three-month vacation. But I missed my fowls so much that I decided that even if I had to use a small yard I would have some fowls again, says a writer in an exchange. So a flock of White Wyandottes with 13 small chicks came into my possession. To say that I am delighted to put it mildly. They are so docile compared with the restless Leghorns.

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