

# Turning the Tables On Big Sea Gangster

## Man-Eating Shark Now Hunted and Will Supply Man in Future With Vitamins A and D

The terror of bathers, the shark of the Australian coast, villain of many aquatic tragedies, is no longer having everything his own way.

The hunter has become the hunted. Though he may still snap a morsel or two off some rash swimmer, human shark killers are hot on his trail, and ultimately his numbers must dwindle.

For a dead shark is worth good money. His hide, liver, flesh and other parts are of such commercial value that it pays to sally forth and kill him. And that discovery has inspired the hitherto patient victims of this gangster of the sea to make war upon him at last.

In a copyrighted dispatch from Port Stephens, Australia, to the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" Magazine, we are invited to observe one of the monsters as he patrolled the clear waters of the Pacific. Suddenly, we are told, he came upon a potential dinner.

That it was a brother shark, smaller than this marauding tiger of the deep, and in trouble, made no difference.

Like a fish the marine cannibal dived to the slaughter of the smaller shark, which was tangled in the nets of shark fishers.

Seizing his victim in his terrible jaws, we read, the large shark dashed away to consume his meal at a safe distance.

But swift retribution was visited upon the finny murderer. Ten minutes later the monster himself became entangled in another net. Taken prisoner by the fishers, he was fittingly punished for his crime: by being put to death for commercial purposes. His victim, whom this intervention came too late, was found half-way down the monster's throat.

Mr. Mills-Joyce tells the story in an account of the commercial shark fisheries of Australia, remarking further of the savagery of these monsters that "desperate fights between sharks for fish caught in the nets often occur. The monsters dash at each other with open mouths, and with a snap of their razorlike teeth one can cut his antagonist in twain."

Shark hunting began as a sport, but then, we are told:

It was discovered that the shark has a fine liver which yields great quantities of oil of medicinal value, and that certain portions of the creature are considered as edible delicacies in the Far East. A definite industry slowly developed, and when some one found out that the skin could be tanned, and that shagreen was a valuable commercial product, the industry made a decided spurt forward.

The most striking example of the enormous value of the research work on monsters of the deep is to be found in the development of the shark fisheries around the coast of Australia, which owes its inception to Capt. C. R. Turner, D.S.C., the veteran shark-catcher of the Pacific.

Shark hunting in the past has been left to a few fishermen who, for the mere sport of hooking a hard-fighting, hard-dying fish and of putting their skill against the brute force of the maddened monster, fished for the sake of the thrill and the lust of killing a meniscus, craty, and cruel foe.

Now, at Port Stephens, the lure of the baited hook is no longer used. In its stead, nets cunningly constructed and effectively laid to bar the brutes' progress are taking a great toll of sharks.

The shark fishermen's day begins at 2.30 in the morning with a hasty snack, and a cup of tea, then the boats are pushed out.

These boats are thirty feet long, fitted with twelve-horse-power Diesel engines, and are specially constructed to withstand any amount of buffeting. An early start is made in order to be on the fishing grounds in the calm of the day break, and so avoid the choppy sea which, in icy wind develops, rendering the handling of the nets difficult.

By the dim light of the stars, in silence, broken only by the regular bark of the exhaust, and an occasional grunt of a dolphin, speculation is rife among the hunters as to extent of the morning's catch.

Half an hour's run from the steep headlands guarding the entrance to the end of a net.

A thousand feet away, two more buoys mark the other end. The net hangs between these buoys. The ground rope is weighted with four-ounce leads every three feet, and the head-line is buoyed by glass floats, five inches in diameter, placed every eight feet. The nets are twelve, sixteen, or twenty inch mesh and twenty feet deep, and may be used in water of that depth or down to 130 feet. So far the shallower water has yielded the greater number of sharks.

When a shark is ensnared the net is dragged upward at the spot till the creature's head is above the surface of the water; a large hook suspended from the derpick is then thrust into its jaws, and it is dispatched by its heavy blows of a club on the back of the head, or by a bullet through the brain, which is on top of the snout.

Even after a shark has been killed his muscles relax and cause him to thrash his tail wildly. I have seen several men hurt by such tail-thrashing.

When the boats return to the depot a rope is secured round the tails of the sharks, and they are lifted to the dock by means of a derrick worked with a hand winch. Then begins the work of preparing the shark for market, a process described thus:

First the fins are removed; these are cut off close to the body and are then dried in the sun or in patent dehydrators. They are exported to the East, where they are a great delicacy, being converted into soups or gelatin.

A ton of mixed sharks yields about twenty pounds of dried fin; the loss of

weight on drying amounts to approximately 60 per cent.

Next the skin is stripped from the carcasses, the tails being first chopped off, and the hide slid down the back and round the body behind the gill openings.

The skin of the shark is covered with minute dense calcified papillae, known individually as denticles and collectively as shagreen, and these must be removed before or during tanning if the leather is to be used for other than ornamental purposes.

The flesh of the shark is cut into strips a foot long; these are soaked in brine and then hung in dehydrators to extract the moisture. It is then ready for shipment to the Malay States and Africa, where the demand for dried shark flesh for food is enormous.

The liver of a thirteen-foot tiger shark, which I saw captured and treated, measured seven feet long and weighed 500 pounds. Shark livers are extremely rich in oil, and in some parts of the world sharks are captured for this purpose alone.

The proportion of oil to the weight of the liver varies very greatly in the different species, and also with the age of the creature. The livers of older sharks yield more oil than those of younger ones. Yields computed from a large number of mixed sharks treated, including small ones, show that 28 per cent. of the weight of the liver—eighteen gallons to a ton of shark—is recoverable as oil.

Shark-liver oil is used for the currying of leather, the tempering of steel, and in soap-making. It will probably be extensively used for medicinal purposes, for it is very rich in vitamins A and D, on which the therapeutic value of cod-liver oil is mainly used.

**November**

November woods are bare and still; November days are clear and bright; Each noon burns up the morning's chill; Each morning's snow is gone by night; Each day my steps grow slow, grow light; As through the woods I revert creep, Watching all things lie down to sleep.

I never knew before what beds Fragrant to smell, and soft to touch. The forest shifts and shapes and appears; I never knew before how much Of human sound there is in such Low tones as through the forest sweep. When all wild things lie down to sleep.

Each day I find new coverlets Tucked in, and mere sweet eyes shut tight; Sometimes the viewless mother birds Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight. I hear their choruses of "good-night"; And half I smile, and half I weep, Listening while they lie down to sleep.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

**Camels Like Petting React Like Humans**

Snarling, biting, vicious and other adjectives have long been applied to those "ships of the desert," the two-humped, long-haired camel. Now Rodney Gilbert in an article in "Asia" flatly contradicts this old fallacy by describing them as "affectionate," "companionable" and even "lovable."

The article is a sort of "amorce honorable." Once, Mr. Gilbert confesses, he called the camel in print, "an ill-tempered, evil-smelling, stupid animal." But now he has repented better. He found reason to change his opinion just after the war, when he was travelling as a propagandist for the Allies in the Mohammedan territories of western China and Turkestan. No pack animals were available but camels, and no camels moving in his direction for hire, he tells us, "Therefore, we read:

I was driven to purchase two camels, put my heavy luggage on one and my bedding, saddlebags and my own person on another, and to hire a Lurly, one-eyed Mohammedan to lead this diminutive expedition and act as groom to the animals.

The camels were young and strong, and in beautiful condition; the Mohammedan knew his business, knew the roads, coked well, and was a masterful raconteur; so an eleven-day journey across the Ordos desert passed like a pleasant dream, and I was delivered at the town of Ningxia, in Kansu, none the worse for wear.

It was there that I received news of the Armistice in due course, and my career as a war propagandist came to an end; and there that my education as a camel-tender began. My one-eyed expert deserted me to become his brother's partner in business, and, since camels do not usually go into Ningxia but around it, I could find no substitutes; so for some weeks it was my duty, and to some extent my pleasure, to feed and groom my two querulously talkative animals.

Then came instructions to move about, since I was so far west and there was no hurry over getting back, and explain the war and the victory to certain Mohammedan potentates who were known to have cherished pro-Turkish and therefore anti-Allied feelings.

My search for a camel expert was an urgent and careless one, and I started off into the barren and uninhabited Ala-han, and the cold and dreary desert beyond, with a little man who subsequently confessed, when he had brought us into a dangerous situation after we had been lost for a week in the waterless hills, that he was a runaway soldier, with no knowledge whatever of camels, and no experience in desert travel.

He had simply been in the frantic hurry to get out of Ningxia. The day after this confession was made, we had the good fortune to stumble upon one of the big camel trails, and I then invited my counterfeit guide to find his own way back to civilization.

I set out southwestward alone, sometimes leading my beasts, sometimes riding them, pitching my tent each morning in a gale with the ther-

monometer at 30 or 35 degrees below zero, collecting dry dung for my fire by the light of the morning star, cooking my mutton stew and tea, packing and unpacking the patient but obviously lonely and bewildered camels, and finding them grazing and water when I could.

Then I fell in with a string of a thousand camels and eighty men going my way, and my troubles were over; but my education in the lore of the trail was already so far advanced by adversity that my new road-fellows were genuinely interested in improving it.

For the rest of the winter Mr. Gilbert kept on learning more and more about camels, sometimes in company, sometimes alone, until for an amateur he was "not such a bad camel driver." He soon learned this, for example:

The greatest obstacle to a sympathetic understanding with the camel is the nose rope. Arabian camels have halters, but throughout the east a half of Asia the leading rope is made fast to a wooden pin through the nostrils. The thin membrane between the nostrils is punctured when the camel is about two years old, and a peg five inches or so long is put through, with a knob at one end and a notch for the leading string at the other, near the point.

The rope is attached to the pin by a lig- string, which will break before any injury can be done the beast's nose in case he falls. But a heavy-handed person can give this rope a jerk that is extremely painful without breaking the string, and the camel is long a beast of burden without having had many such jerks.

The result is that, when any one approaches a camel with outstretched hand, he throws his head as high as he can get it, edges clumsily away and screams his protests. If the man who reaches up for the rope is a stranger, the camel will probably spatter him from head to foot with its foul-smelling cud, and a bad-tempered old stallion may even bite or kick.

If you can reach up and take the leading rope of your camel without exciting him to any such demonstration, you may be sure that you have won his confidence and have never hurt his nose.

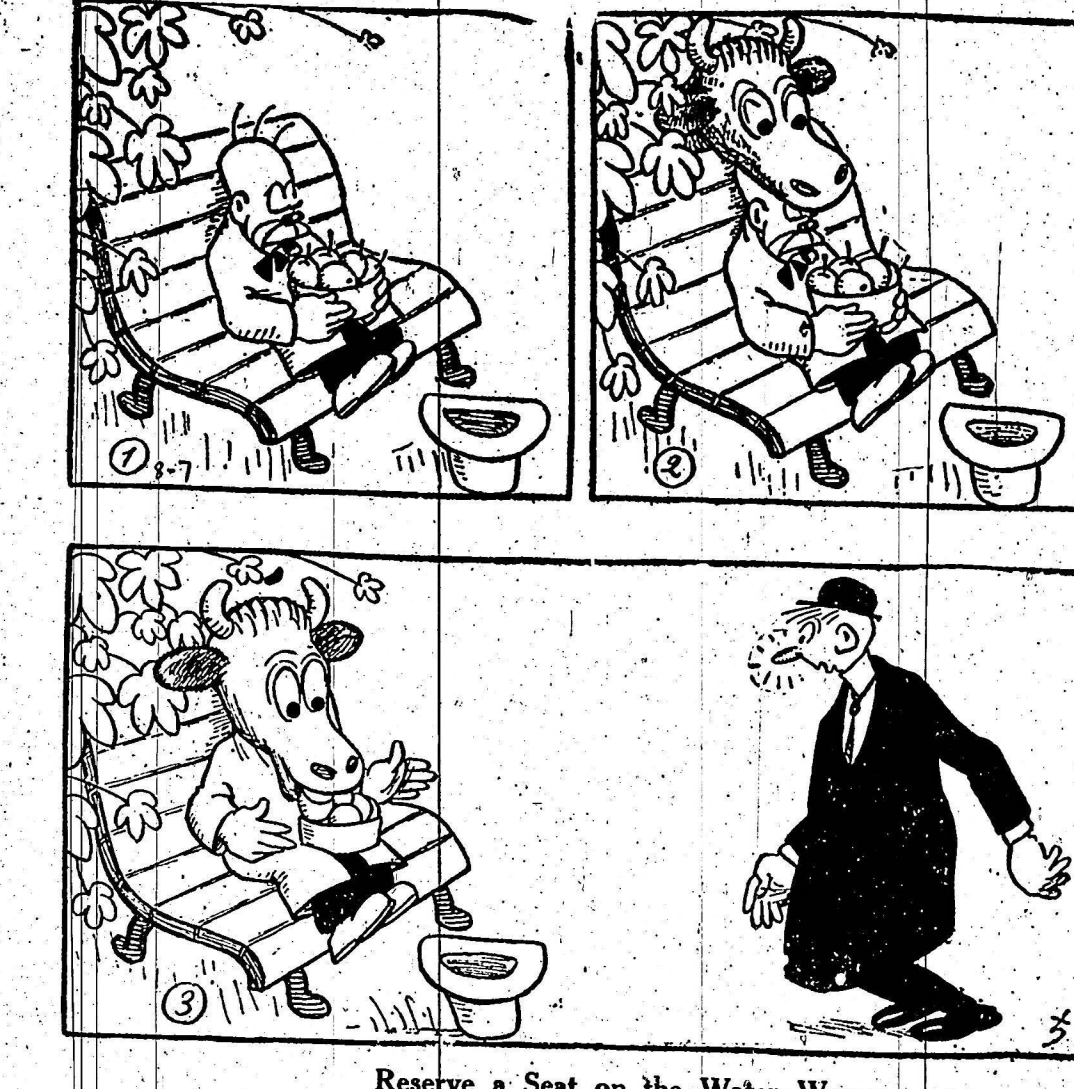
It requires infinite patience to inspire this degree of faith; but, once your mount does have such confidence in you, he regards you as a friend and will not only let you take the rope but will kneel readily at the command "Sok!" (pronounced "soak" and not "sock"), and will even lower his head and gurgles affectionately as a hint that he would enjoy having the base of his ears scratched.

That camels can be not only affectionate but very solicitous for the rider's welfare, the writer discovered on another occasion, of which we are told:

In a town near the Tibetan frontier, I contracted what was then known in China as the "five-day flu," and, although the attack in its severity did not last more than five days, I continued to have fever and headache for many days afterward.

I coddled myself until I was disgusted with my feeling of general worthlessness, and decided to take a trip somewhere and work it off, so I

# "ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES"



Reserve a Seat on the Water Wagon.

set out alone for the nearby town of Dangar to visit a wool buyer for a British firm in Fie-mien.

I simply threw my bedding over the back of my young female camel, climbed on top of it and went off, leaving the gelding in the care of friends.

My mount was thoroughly tired of living in a courtyard, and started at a brisk walk that soon became a gentle amble. It would have been very pleasant going had I been well, since it was a brilliantly sunny day in mid-winter, and the stupendous hills all about me were magnificent under snow; but we had not done a mile before I was thoroughly tired and had developed a backache so severe that it was actually nauseating.

I squirmed about, trying all sorts of positions, and my mount looked around frequently to see what was the matter. Finally, when I had fallen forward over the hump, she slowed down and stopped and took a good look at me, made some sort of remark in the grom-d, and then she again turned her head and made this peculiar throaty noise.

It was as plain a suggestion to get off and rest as a human being could have made, and I took it. Now, being young, this animal was often foolish; she usually refused to kneel at all without much coaxing and a few gentle tugs at the nose rope, and then she had to have her head held down or she would spring at once to her feet. When I wanted to mount her, I always tried to have some one hold her head until I was firmly seated between the humps, because otherwise she would be up with a leap as soon as she felt a leg over her back, and she left me many times sprawling on the ground.

On this occasion, however, she not only knelt of her own accord but stayed down, inspecting me once in a while with her big birdlike eyes, while I sat with my tired back against aoulder and smoked. When I came to get up again, she turned her head and watched me, waiting until I was securely in my place with both hands gripping the long hair on the hump, and then very slowly got up in the three successive upheavals customary with a camel under a heavy pack.

If she had done so with any speed, I should not have had the strength to hold on; for these upheavals are disconcerting.

The camel rises first to its fore knees, tilting the rider abruptly backward, then brings its hind legs all the way up in one motion, pitching him forward, and finally gets on its fore knees to its feet, throwing him backward again. If the upheavals come in very rapid succession, the novice goes off in one direction or another.

My young lady, however, managed the business of getting up and down as if she were an equestrian with a bucket of water on her back; which she was not to spill, and this performance we went through not once but a dozen times that day.

One of the most active features of friendship with camels, we learn, is their conversation; "I blither." "They comment on everything that goes on

# Invention Made to Trap Hens For Laying Lightweight Eggs

A machine to keep tabs on lazy hens was one of the gems of the Sixth International Exhibition of Inventions recently held in London by the Institute of Patentes. The hen sits on a wooden nest not unlike the usual nest boxes. A magnetic attachment is provided so that every time an egg is laid this fact, plus the weight of the egg, if desired, is recorded on a near-by chart; like the charts that power-house engineers use to keep track of the behavior of their engines or boilers.

This record may be inspected every day, it is desired, or may be allowed to run on for days or months. If the nest is occupied by but one hen a perfect record of that hen's laying abilities is obtained. What may be even more annoying to the hen thus subjected to magnetic espionage, it is possible to set the magnetic attachments of the nest so that if any hen lays an egg below the normal weight, a mechanical alarm jolts across and traps the

laid egg; the bird, to be removed afterwards by the poultryman, sold for eating and replaced with a laying hen whose product is more nearly up to the weight standard. Another invention in the London exhibition was a device for lowered by passing a handle over the handle bars, so that the rider may sit his feet down conveniently on the ground when caught in traffic.

Another invention was a road mirror for motorists, to be worn clipped fast to the hat like the rear-view mirror of an automobile and for the same purpose, so that the pedestrian can see what is creeping up on him from behind. Finally, there was a patent non-gelatin button, with a spring to get the hand of the shirt so that the button cannot come loose when one is dressing hurriedly and vanishes under the furniture.

around them, and they make a wider variety of noises than any other domesticated beast. For instance: They groan, grunt, gurgle, whine, chirp, chirp, bark, yelp and scream. One of the commonest expressions of displeasure, can be described only as a squawk. It must be confessed that their voices are not musical, and that the noises they make are never pleasant, with the possible exception of a gentle whine; but it has been too often wrongly assumed that, because their voices are raucous, they are forever in a bad temper and uttering complaints.

They do grumble when they are loaded, and they scream when they think they are about to suffer pain or indignity; but when you come to understand their language, you discover that they can ask very politely for their food, thank you when you have attended to their wants, express pleasure at seeing you, and almost inquire into the "rate of your health."

**Apple Magic**

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." We have all heard this old saying, although we may not have known its origin, which is as follows: From ancient times, an apple, wiped and covered, heated in a saucepan with sufficient water to cover it, then squeezed through a colander, flavoured with a few drops of lemon juice, and drunk fasting in the morning, has been the means of keeping country people well and hungry.

In olden days, too, people set great store on the apple as a cure for sore throat. The apple is boiled down as already described, with the addition of four cloves. Strain through a sieve, add a tablespoonful of honey and the juice of a lemon, and then sip small teaspoonfuls of the cordial from time to time.

**A Devonshire Dainty**

An apple cake is a delicacy not very well known outside Devonshire. Rub two tablespoonfuls of margarine into two teaspoonfuls of flour, adding a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add two eggs, well-beaten and stir in half a cupful of milk, beating until the whole is a smooth batter. Grease a baking tin, sprinkle the bottom with sliced apples, and a little butter with Demerara sugar and a little spice. Pour the batter over. Bake for about thirty minutes, or until the top of the batter is a golden brown.

The ordinary crab apple can be made into a delectable preserve. Make a syrup of a cupful of loaf sugar, a cupful of boiling water, and the rind and juice of a lemon, boiling until it thickens, with the addition of four cloves tied in a muslin bag. In the flavor is liked. When the syrup has thickened, place as many crab apples in the saucepan as the syrup will reach—merely wiping them and seeing that they are perfectly sound.

Boil for five minutes. Allow to cool a little, boil up again for five minutes, then cool and boil until the apples are soft without breaking. A tablespoonful of rum is then added and the apples are bottled in jars, the juice over them, and tied down like jam. They make an excellent appetizer to eat with rice puddings and so on during the winter.

**Enough For Cats and Dogs**

Weather Man—"Put down rain for a certainty this afternoon."

Assistant—"Are you positive, sir?"

Weather Man—"Yes, indeed. I've lost my umbrella. I'm planning to play golf, and my wife's giving a lawn-party."

Chicago News.

By the way, Barrie, who first made his real start in newspaper work on the "Nottingham Journal," was once asked for a recipe for the production of an editorial. Here is what he wrote: 2 pipes equal 1 hour, 2 hours equal 1 idea, 1 idea equals 3 paragraphs, 3 paragraphs equal 1 editorial. And

## To Protect Polished Wood

Give soft wool cloth to the bottom of gardeners, for no matter how smooth the table sooner or later, when they feel they are sure to mark the table sooner or later.

If a flowerpot and saucer are used, glue cloth to the ottom of the saucer, and cover the inside with melted paraffin, which will prevent moisture from seeping through. Narrow strips of wool cloth glued to the bottom of rockers, and small pieces to fit the bottoms of legs of straight chairs will do much toward keeping polished floors in perfect condition.

Traveller (paying his bill)—"Now, we are all square." Landlord of Inn—"Yes, and I hope you'll soon be round again."

**MUTT AND JEFF—By BUD FISHER**

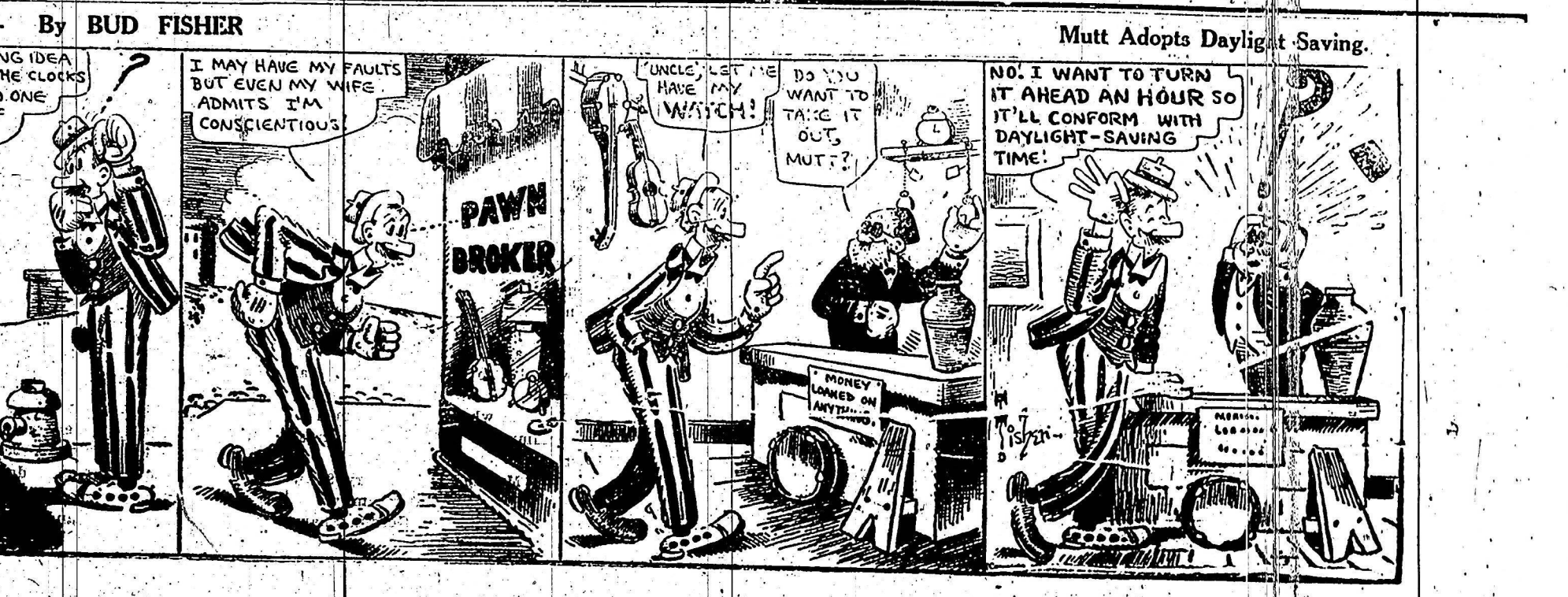
MUTT, THIS DAYLIGHT-SAVING IDEA IS GREAT STUFF. SINCE THE CLOCKS HAVE BEEN SHoved AHEAD ONE HOUR I CAN PLAY GOLF TILL HALF-PAST EIGHT EASY AS PIE!

I MAY HAVE MY FAULTS BUT EVEN MY WIFE ADMITS I'M CONSCIENTIOUS!

PAWNBROKER

DO YOU WANT TO TAKE IT OUT MUTT?

NO, I WANT TO TURN IT AHEAD AN HOUR SO IT'LL CONFORM WITH DAYLIGHT-SAVING TIME!



## Mutt Adopts Daylight Saving.

When a girl only speculates about the stock market, it's because she's not really interested.

Sixty pounds of sweet apples, peeled and cored. Stick two whole cloves in each piece. Make a syrup of 2 pounds of sugar and 1 pint of vinegar. Drop in pieces of apple and cook until tender; then pack in cans. When all the apples are coked off, the remaining syrup five minutes, turn it over the apples in the cans and seal while hot. Pears and peaches may be done in the same way.

"My husband who takes in his sheep may really ruin his wife's nerves," declared a specialist. Especially if she can't bear what he's saying.

The daymaid slowly milked the goat. Ah! bottling, she passed to milk.

"I would kindly turn a milk," the animal turned to buy her.

## Sweet Apple Pickles

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