

Interviews with Eminent Animals

Flip, the Baby Walrus.



By Anthony H. Zuver.

Editor's Note.—If you don't believe an animal can talk—in his own way—you'd better not read this interview, which is for true believers only.

"Is he dangerous?" I asked timidly.
"Him? You could put him in a cradle with the baby! Couldn't you, Flip, old boy?" The person addressed had been galumphing up the hill from his specially salted puddle. When he first saw us there was a peep of black-bank-honks, followed by a spray of whiffles and a snargle, which is a good deal like a snore with burrs along its back. When he reached the gate of the enclosure he kerfopped himself down with satisfaction.
"Want to take a walk and get weighed?" said the keeper. There was a book and a snuffle of sneezes. "Yes, I do, if you promise not to lose me."
Before talking to Flip you should first study the call of the automobile, or better still a baby rambler, the throatings being vastly similar, although the speed limits of the Walrus and the Automobile will differ slightly. As we started out Flip hung on his high gear and opened the signal valves. At the end of every third honk he would tumble over himself like the Michelin tires.
"Want to rest?" said the keeper. Flip

honked that he did. A kind green tree had moved into the picture, dropping shade lavishly.
"What a splendid place for an interview," said I.
"Interview! Thought I was going to get weighed."
"So you are, but I want to interview you first."
"Does it hurt?"
"Not a bit; just go on and talk about yourself; that's all."
"That ought to be easy enough. Let me see." Meditation drowsed in his heavy eyes as he snargled pensively. There was a snort and we were off.
"I was just a few months old when I came here, so that Ellsmere-Land, as I bring it back, isn't very vivid."
"Sort of a retrospective phantasma of aurora-borealis, ice-packs and frigid water?" I ventured.
"Quite so! Quite so! Hoggie Goggie! How I'd like to be there now. The very day I was plucked my uncle was swatted into the Never Never Land by the Ice People. Poor Nunky! A penchant for clams was his undoing and conducted him to his early snuff. He'd been submarining for clams that day—you see, with our vacuum-cleaner-nozzle arrangement we suck 'em and suck 'em up without swallowing any water. They must have had a line on Nunky, for when he bobbed above the aqua marine they handed him some puts to make it easier, and then harried for the clams."
"Of course, I get my seventeen pounds a day just the same, for I was ranked away before I learned the shelling stuf. And then seventeen pounds of cod, boned, too, mind you! Though I've left the North, I still live on the fat of the land! Honk, honk!" he laughed hydraically, casting a spray as gentle as a May day rain.
"But I don't care," he said with a snuff of his head; "they've put me here now let them make the best of it. Eight dollars a day's what I cost—more than the biggest elephant or anything else. They say I could stay at the best hotel in town for that, but then the accommodations wouldn't be as good."
"Three hundred and fifty now is what I am, but when I get big I'm going to tip to three thousand. Great thing to have a vacuum like that as long as you can get it. Had an awful scare once, though, when they got me outside the polar bear's cage. Just an attraction so he'd come out to see another cage they wanted to get him into. When he started to come at me I didn't see the bars between us—I just saw the clam boy giving up his job and hanging crape on the Walrus Pen. One night last winter I had a awful nightmare; thought I saw Old Silver up at the fence looking in at me, but in the morning it was just a bench covered with snow."
"And he'll tell you lots of other stories, will Flip, if you just let his accent and strike him in a reminiscent mood."

Illinois Is Proud of Its Interesting Group of Centenarians

Their Hoary Memories Recall a Long Gone Generation.

ILLINOIS says it has the most interesting group of centenarians in the Middle West. One is the oldest newsboy in the world and peddles papers at the state age of 105. Another is the sole survivor of the Black Hawk War and is ready at any time to tell his reminiscences of the conflict with the red men. He is also 105. Illinois also has the distinction of possessing the oldest king in the world, and he is to be seen daily surrounded by his loyal subjects, who gaze with awe upon his patriarchal appearance. He celebrated his 100th birthday on July 23.
Perhaps the oldest singer in the world may also be claimed by Illinois. This old time vocalist spends most of his waking hours singing gospel hymns. He, too, is 105. There is one woman in the group, and she is quite youthful compared with the men. She became 100 on October 18 last. Local Illinoisans give credit to the climate. They insist that residence in the Sucker State promotes longevity and all that is necessary to increase the life expectation is to remove, bag and baggage, into any one of the 102 counties which make up the State of Lincoln.
There are others than the five mentioned who have passed the century mark, but their life histories have been more commonplace and do not bear the interesting associations that will attract attention to the group previously mentioned.
Will Retire at 105.
Probably the most remarkable character of alic Ursanus Page, of Joliet, who is famed as the world's oldest newsboy. He will be the guest of honor at the early dedication of Joliet's new Union Station, which is to cost \$200,000 and is now nearing completion. Page has peddled papers about the platform of the old depot for the last twenty years, and is known to thousands of travellers. He has been growing somewhat feeble of late, and realizes that 105 is a responsible age at which to retire from active labor.
He has announced that when the new station is completed and thrown open to the public he will leave the field to the more youthful newsboys and spend his remaining days in quiet. He is a quaint figure as he hobbles about the platform and solicits the patronage of passengers in the trains that stop at Joliet. He lost one leg at the knee in an accident forty years ago, while engaged as a railroad conductor, and the wooden stump

has been a handicap to him since. The old man was born near Buffalo, February 11, 1808, and spent his early years in tending over the Alleghany Mountains. He came to Illinois a half century ago and took contracts for grading the right of way for several railroads, among them being the Chicago and Alton.
He amassed considerable property, but unfortunate investments robbed him of all. His accident also interfered with his earning capacities, and he was finally reduced to the occupation of newsboy. He has supported himself and wife comfortably, and has saved enough for the proverbial "rainy day."
He never uses intoxicants, but has been a lifelong smoker and takes a vast amount of comfort out of his evening pipe.
Page takes an optimistic view of life, and believes that the world is growing better. His career has been marked by hard work, but he takes a philosophical satisfaction in the thought that he has "three acres and ten" and has been privileged to see the development of the airplane and other wonders of the last fifty years.
Aged 105 and calmly awaiting the end of earthly things is Harrison Ingham, the quaint singer of Hoopston. Seated in his favorite armchair at the home of his son-in-law, Wiley Ingham, the old man chants "Amazing Grace," "Children of the Heavenly King," "The Tie That Binds" and an endless number of other familiar selections, many of them of long ago and forgotten or unknown to the present generation.
Fought the British.
Despite his remarkable age, the old man possesses a strong voice, not as clear as it used to be, yet still carrying the tune in good time, although his auditors detect a quaver that was not present in his younger days. Of late years he entertains the idea that the angels visit him while he sings and that in return they sing to him the songs of the other world, which he soon expects to reach.
He also relates experiences which, comparing with the angels, stating that they sometimes bring with them his wife and children, who have long since crossed to the other shore. He firmly believes that his visions are realities. Ingham was born in Harrison county, Indiana, in 1808. His father and uncle fought the

British in 1812. He was three times married. One son was a soldier of the civil war, dying in battle. The government allows the centenarian \$12 pension each month on account of the death of this son. It is said that Ingham is the oldest pensioner in Illinois, and perhaps in the West. He is a habitual smoker and finds his pipe a great solace when he is not sleeping or singing.
The oldest king in all the world is claimed by Illinois. He is James Moran and is known through Central Illinois as the "King of the Waupecan." He resides upon the banks of the Waupecan River in the southern part of Grundy county. Moran will be 100 years old on July 23 and is the eldest man in Illinois, and perhaps in the Middle West of the United States. His age is authentic, as the date of his birth has been substantiated by careful investigation.
The "King" obtained his title years ago. When in his prime he was highly proficient in the use of the scythe. This was long before the day of the lawn mower and mowing machines, and the farmers cut their hay with scythes. It was a homely diversion among the early settlers to engage in mowing contests, and Moran, who was a man of great physical strength and endurance, easily vanquished all competitors. His prowess and remarkable exhibition of muscle and endurance won the admiration of the spectators. One of these contests attracted more than usual attention and took place upon the banks of the Waupecan, a picturesque stream of Central Illinois.
His admirers, enthused over the fine showing of Moran and in the excess of their enthusiasm, acclaimed him "King of the Waupecan." A native of Ireland, Moran was born in county Mayo July 23, 1808, and came to this country when a youth. While a hard working man, he was never able to earn more than a fair living, and his sole possession at the present time is a four acre tract which was given to him, more than sixty years ago by his brother Michael.
Still Does the Chores.
His homemaker's life unmarried daughter, Anna, who has lived with him since his physical weakness made it necessary for some one to look after him. Despite his extraordinary age, "King" Moran is able to do some of the light chores about the place, bringing in coal and kindling and helping his daughter.

Cheney, Gamest Trotting Horse

WHEN Cheney, a little mare from the stable of John Mulkey, of Waxahachie, Texas, trotted under the wire at Readville, Mass., a few days ago the winner of the \$10,000 American Derby she won for herself the reputation of being the gamest horse on the Grand Circuit.
She had been lame for weeks, so lame that "Big John" Flemming, who drives her, feared she would have to go to the hospital, but she beat the crack horses of the country in America's greatest race without once showing the sign of a limp, and as her driver led her into her stall she rubbed her nose against his shoulder and looked as pleased as if she were human and realized what she had accomplished.
"She knows more than some men," Flemming said after the race, "and I believe that she went out and won the Derby just because she knew that it was my ambition to send her under the wire first. Cheney and I talk the races over always, and I am willing to bet her weight in silver that she knows every word I say to her. She is the most sensitive horse I ever saw. She never viciously resents any abuse, but the look on her face, if any one is unkind to her, to a person with horse sense is more of a rebuke than a kick."
Cheney is perhaps the smallest racing horse on the Grand Circuit. She weighs less than 900 pounds—about the weight of a pony—and her limbs are so fine that one wonders where she gets the remarkable strength that is in them. She is called upon to do more than the ordinary racing horse, too, because her driver, Flemming, is six feet in height and weighs 200 pounds.
She loves Flemming, though, and he loves her, and believes that she would rather have him and all his avocations in the sulky behind her than a ninety pound boy.
When she won first by half a length in the Derby she showed no evidence of fatigue and her body was as dry as if she had been simply having a little workout over the track. She is a mass of nervous energy when in action, but always has an ear a little to one side, so that she can hear the words of encouragement and advice that Flemming uses instead of a whip.
The day of the Derby she was limping about the track five minutes before the start, but once turned for the line the lameness disappeared. Back in the stable and the race over, the limp came back and Cheney seemed to suffer considerably pain while the affected leg was being bathed and wrapped in bandages.
"Big John" Flemming has never been able to induce her Texas owner to sell her, Flemming has her under lease for the Grand Circuit meetings, and when the season is over he will have to take her back to Waxahachie.
Cheney is five years old and was bred by L. W. Green & Son, of Indiana, Ill. She comes of a long line of blooded stallions, and when she was two years old great things were prophesied for her. She was raced last year through the West and Southwest, and at Dallas, Texas, made a record of 2:09 1/2. This year she has been raced eight times in Grand Circuit meetings, and at Fort Erie lowered her record to 2:07 1/2. She was opposed by faster horses in the Derby, but it was a handicap event and none of the crack horses had a chance against her from the start.
Her best race before the Derby was at Detroit, where she was second to Chatty Direct in 2:07 1/2 and 2:07 1/2.

MYSTERY OF "SILVER" GOFF

Cash Boy's Reminiscences of the Supreme Court Justice When He Was in Dry Goods.



IN the 70's Supreme Court Justice Goff, of New York, was a clerk in A. T. Stewart's dry goods store. A man who was employed there as a cash boy at that time has some interesting memories of the Justice, who was regarded as an eccentric person by his fellow employees. They did not understand him in the least and stood much in awe of him.
"The first time I ever saw Mr. Goff," said the whilom cash boy, "he was coming down the broad stairway in the store. He wore a close fitting frock coat with a rim of white cuff showing, dark trousers and large, highly polished black shoes. To me he looks no older now than he did then."
"In his right hand he carried a mysterious looking book, about the size of a pocket prayerbook, and not very different from it in appearance, his middle finger buried deep in its pages so that he could open it at the desired place at a second's notice."
"He was a picturesque figure as he trotted about among the conventional shoppers, reminding one as he stepped carefully over the women's trains of country dancers in the Virginia reel. He had an expression both self-conscious and concentrated, and I doubt whether he saw the people as he dodged about among them."
"There were plenty of interesting people who used to come into Stewart's 'Dry Goods Palace' in those days. I have seen Horace Greeley there, with his fair face and fringe of long gray hair, wearing a long linen duster and carrying a carpet bag. I used to see Wombold, too, of minstrel fame, and Mrs. Wombold, Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, Mary Anderson and her mother and others who were celebrities of the time. Mr. Goff was too intent upon his own affairs to bestow any notice upon others."
"Silver" Goff, as we boys used to call him, was employed in the department where women's suits were made to order. This department was upstairs, and it was Mr. Goff's duty to take the order for the various kinds of material needed in this department down to the main floor where

where women's suits were made to order. This department was upstairs, and it was Mr. Goff's duty to take the order for the various kinds of material needed in this department down to the main floor where

they were kept and when they were measured to return with them to his department. This department did a heavy business in those days and "Silver" Goff was kept busy, but always he carried about with him the mysterious little black book with his middle finger between the leaves.
"The boys were curious to know what was in that book, but they never dared ask. They had a code of signals when Mr. Goff came where they were. The boy who saw him first would close one eye, draw up the corners of his mouth and jerk his head in the direction of Mr. Goff. This signal would be taken up by others, until all the boys looked like Humpty Dumpty about to announce a discovery."
"Utterly oblivious of the interest he excited, Mr. Goff would go up to the counter where was the material for which he had come, fall lightly upon it and draw that give his order to the salesman, and then, while waiting, would swing around, with

to attempt to solve the mystery. I got a good look at the book, but all I could tell the boys was that it looked like 'hog Latin' to me."
"We made up our minds that he was studying to become a clergyman. The part seemed to suit him so perfectly that no other was possible. He was tall, lanky and large boned, with a fine neck well exposed by his turned down collar, hair that looked all the more silvery by contrast with a florid complexion, thin beard, a full underlip and an everlastingly smile from his eyes or his mouth, or both. I really think that it was this smile that fixed him as a candidate for the ministry—that and the book."
"Forty-eight" was the boy who finally solved the problem. He found the book of mystery lying with its pages wide open in the lunch room and he came waving his arms and laughing to tell the rest of us that we had all guessed wrong. "Silver" Goff was not to be a minister; he was studying to be a lawyer. The little black book was a law book."
What the Doctors Say About Mushroom Poison and Its Antidotes.
Mr. Francis M. I. Fabre, the venerable and illustrious entomologist, has, in the tenth volume of his "Souvenirs," revealed a method by which ordinarily poisonous mushrooms may be rendered harmless. During the thirty years which he has lived at Sérignan (Hérault) he has never heard a report of even the slightest case of poisoning from this cause in the region, although mushrooms are eaten there in large quantities, especially in the autumn.
At the same time he states that, in his walks through the forests in the vicinity he has often seen in the baskets of the gatherers the "bolet pourpre," a variety of mushroom which is classified among the most dangerous and the most poisonous; the "agaric annulaire," which is very abundant at the foot of the nutberry trees, and is, consequently, very frequent; the smooth headed "amanite" and many other varieties considered extremely dangerous, which, he found, are eaten indiscriminately.
The reason for such immunity, says Mr. Fabre, is that in the district it is customary to leech all mushrooms that are to be eaten first in slightly salted water, and then wash them several times with cold water. They are then ready for preparation for the table in whatever form may be preferred. Thus, whatever might have been dangerous at the beginning is rendered innocuous, the boiling and the washings carrying off all the harmful principles.
Mr. Fabre adds that his own experience proves the efficacy of the method followed in the district. Very often he and his family have eaten the "agaric annulaire," which is considered very poisonous. One of his friends, a physician, to whom he had expressed his fears upon the treatment of mushrooms by boiling, desired to

try the method for himself. He made use of two particularly noxious varieties, yet felt no evil effects.
From these facts it is evident that a good initial leeching is the best safeguard against accidents from the eating of mushrooms. It must not be thought that this treatment will reduce the vegetable to a soup or will deprive it of its flavor or succulence. The mushroom undergoes this leeching without the least damage. It loses none of its sapidity and its odor is not lessened in any way. Moreover, its digestibility is greatly improved. The general conclusion may be drawn that the use of mushrooms as a food should always be preceded by leeching, even when it is a question of the most wholesome kinds, such as the "orange."
While it will always be wisest to use only those kinds of mushroom which are known to be harmless, the precaution of first leeching them in salted water, which is thrown away, will prevent the accidents which the eating of doubtful kinds might cause.
It is well, however, to know what should be done in the event of this method by any chance proving to be inefficient and of the appearance in the persons who are partakers of mushrooms of such symptoms of poisoning as a heaviness of the stomach, or other epigastric trouble, followed by vomiting, frequently of a violent character; by pain, and repeated and painful evacuations, sweating of the abdomen, and great sensibility of the stomach, accompanied by a rapid but small pulse and coldness of the extremities.
The first thing to be done is to relieve the digestive organs of the poisonous products by an emetic composed of 150 centigrammes of powdered ipecacuanha, to which is added five centigrammes of satiny and potassium-tartrate mixed with four glasses of lukewarm water, to be taken in from two to four doses.
Should the patient fail to vomit, recourse must be had to an oesophageal sound, which may be improvised from a rubber tube. Fitting this with a funnel, proceed to wash the stomach, and then, lowering the funnel, so as to form a siphon, allow the liquid to run out. Stimulants such as coffee and other should be given afterward.
The first effect of poisoning by mushrooms being to cause a healthy vomiting or a clearing of the intestines, nature should be aided by whatever means are at hand—lukewarm water with a large quantity of salt, olive oil or sulphate of copper, which may be obtained anywhere and which should be used in doses of ten centigrammes diluted in two or three tablespoonfuls of water, repeated two or three times.
When the stomach has been cleared out give the sufferer milk, water containing gum, mastic, or a glass of lemonade, the white of an egg beaten in a glass of water, or, as a precaution, a weak solution of potassium iodide, which is a specific antidote to the poisons contained in certain particularly dangerous mushrooms.
Though purgatives cannot have as good an effect as emetics, yet it is always well to add them to the treatment. Use sodium sulphate, magnesium sulphate or castor oil.
Little can be expected from enemata, their effect being likely to be insufficient. Nevertheless, enemata with salt and oil may be used to aid more rapid and complete evacuations and at the same time prepare for subsequent medical treatment. In the event of pain or inflammation later, lavements with laudanum may be resorted to. In case of depression or stupor, employ enemata with coffee, tea or wine.
To sum up, in an ordinary case of mushroom poisoning begin by making the patient vomit, then administer a purgative, and at the same time give him a diluted drink, milk or albuminated water.