

THIRTEEN NOT UNLUCKY FOR HIM

For hundreds of years the number 13 has been regarded as bringing certain misfortune. Even in the present age of education and enlightenment, there are multitudes of people who regard it with fear and dread. These people never think of starting an undertaking on the 13th of the month; they would do almost anything to avoid eating at a table around which 13 persons are seated; they shun as a pestilence everything which in any way involves the fatal number.

The experience of many from the earliest times would seem to furnish a substantial basis for this superstition, but after all misfortunes connected with 13 for the most part are but coincidences. Usually cases of so-called bad luck are specially emphasized while no-one pays attention to happenings which turn out well, even though 13 may be mixed up with them in various ways. Doubtless all other numbers are quite as unlucky as 13 but no-one notices it; 13 has got a bad reputation and the superstitious simply won't let it live down.

As is well known, President Wilson has found that if 13 is any different from other numbers it brings him good luck. A still more remarkable case where 13 has proved lucky rather than unlucky is that of George Haller, of Bellfountain, O., who served with the A. E. F. in France.

On July 13 Haller started for the war zone in a train made up of 13 cars, drawn by engine No. 13. The ship that carried him across the Atlantic was convoyed by 13 vessels and the voyage consumed exactly 13 days. On reaching France he was assigned to the 13th division of engineers and quartered in barracks 13.

Later he got aboard a train of 13 cars, engine No. 13 hauled it onto the main line and in due time it rolled into Verdun, on track No. 13. Shortly after this Haller's organization was placed under the command of the 13th regular officer.

After the armistice was signed and it appeared that the trouble was "over over there" Haller with his comrades embarked for the homeward voyage on the 13th of the month, reaching America 13 days later. After debarking engine No. 13 pulled their train to the demobilization camp. Haller was finally discharged from the service and started home, boarding train No. 13, consisting of 13 cars, on track No. 13. In due time he reached home safe and sound having been in the army of the United States just 13 months.

FOOLING THE WILY FISH

It was formerly the custom among the Indians inhabiting California to "dance for salmon" every spring when the fish were running. In case this

ceremony failed to accomplish the desired results the "wise man" of the tribe would fashion a crude image of a swimming fish. This would then be placed in the water for the purpose of attracting live fish so that they could be captured with the fisherman's spears and nets.

Fishermen of the primitive race of Ainus, in Japan, take quaint precautions to avoid spoiling their luck at the beginning of the fishing season. They insist that the first fish caught must be taken in through a window instead of through a door. By doing this they believe the uncaught fish are prevented from "seeing" and thus the work of the fisherman is made less difficult.

Japanese fishermen hold that strict silence must be observed to insure luck in catching fish. They insist that even the women who remain at home must refrain from speaking lest the fish hear and disapprove.

A BAD STATE

Mollie Carroll, the actress who flew over the British embassy dropping leaflets of protest about Ireland, said at a Washington dinner party the other day: "Poor Ireland! I know an Irish boy named Mike Shane who immigrated to America last month. When he reached here the immigration officer started to question him. 'Where do you come from?' he says.

"I come from Ballybunion," says Mike.

"Ballybunion," says the immigration officer. "And what state is Ballybunion in?"

"Faith, sorr," says Mike, "She's in a horrible state. That's why I immigrated."

HAD DONE HIS SHARE

An old gentleman in a railroad waiting-room, annoyed by some youngsters playing tag around his feet, exclaimed, "Stop that racket, children!"

"Well, I like that!" said the mother in a loud, angry tone.

"Now look here, madam," said the old gentleman, "I've raised three families of children and not a single child was ever allowed to annoy people."

"Well," replied the irate lady, "if you've raised three families you've certainly done your duty and I'll thank you to allow me to raise mine."

A farmer living near Calgary, Canada, found several nuggets of gold in the gizzard of a goose which he was dressing for dinner. Thereupon he killed all of his other geese and his ducks as well and obtained a number of other nuggets. Immediately an extraordinary demand for ducks and geese grown in that section developed and fancy prices were paid for them. The owner of the gold-mining geese collected some black sand from his farm and this assayed more than 18 grains of gold to the cubic yard.