

HOMER DAVENPORT PLEADS FOR ANIMALS TO TORTURED TO MAKE MAN'S PLEASURE

IV. PROUD OF HIS TRIGGER FINGER.

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PICTURES like the one above are frequently posed for by men who take no interest in the conditions of life among wild birds or beasts other than to learn where they can be shot in the greatest numbers. Such men see few of the beauties of nature. Apparently they never are bothered by the fact that they have killed more game than they can eat. But if the innocent animals that they destroy had souls, and these hunters were confronted suddenly by these souls, they might

find it hard work to ease their minds. How often we have seen in newspapers photographs of scenes like the one herewith presented, showing some person proud of the fact that he is surrounded by a large quantity of game which he has killed. Here is a picture of supreme contentment and triumph. The hunter is prouder than was Napoleon when he was reviewing his army. Few occasions are ever so important to this overfed dyspeptic killer as when he is being photographed surrounded

by the carcasses that have contributed to his day's fun. The torture he has caused is nothing to him, not to speak of the great loss of bird and animal life. The dogs sometimes look ashamed in such pictures, but the great hero is very proud of his trigger-finger and his splendid eye. He is at last a hero.

It is a very strange part of our nature, this desire to hold a killing bee. We soon would outgrow it, if we only studied the habits of harmless wild game. Then we would become aware

of the pleasure they derive from life. We are foolish enough to excuse ourselves by saying, "Well, they don't enjoy life as we do, and so there's no harm in killing them." Such ignorance afflicts the human race, the beautiful deer and wild birds lead a life so delightful that almost any human being would be thrown into ecstasies over one brief week of such an existence, if not pursued by men with guns.

Could a hunter see a doe rear her

fawn, observing day by day her mother's care, and could he see the care bestowed and comfort taken by a pair of wild geese in rearing their little broods year by year, he would kill no more than was needed to satisfy hunger.

I believe we are waking up to the enormity of the crime of killing innocent game. I was present at a gun club dinner the other night, and the first speaker hit the nail on the head by saying that it was a strange sort of

affair for him to attend, for he never had taken pleasure in trying to kill anything. And other speakers who had intended to tell of big game that they had made with the guns avoided the subject as a result of his example.

A young doctor who sat near me said that after he had killed almost everything that the law allowed him to, except wild turkeys, he was invited to go to the South by a friend, who assured him that he could give him some turkey shooting. After the doctor had

shot two of the beautiful creatures, he spared sixteen that had been tricked, one at a time, into answering an imitation of their own call. Instead of taking the lives of these birds of an almost extinct glossy species from the blind where he was hidden, the doctor photographed them, and somehow he enjoyed the camera work more than he could have enjoyed using the gun.

If you want to attend a dry affair, go to a hunter's dinner in a generation from now.

Our Beacon Lights Great Help to Navigation

Story of American Lighthouses, Powey Rocks and Tillamook.

IN less than 200 years this country has marched from the position of having no aids to navigation to being, in proportion to her coast line, the most perfectly protected country in the world.

Historic and possibly first in order of difficulty of construction is Minot's Ledge, near Boston. On this lonely rock, awash with the tide at low water and covered at high water, a lighthouse was erected in 1848, of iron piles, says the New York Sun.

In 1851 the house was swept away and all in it at the time—a keeper and two assistants—lost their lives. In 1840 the last stone of the present structure was laid, completing one of the great stone lighthouses of the world.

Work could be done only at low water. Blasting and cutting a rock hardly big enough for the lighthouse itself, constant interference from wind and sea, made the laying of every fresh block of stone a new and unsolved problem. Minot's Ledge light today, one of the loneliest lighthouses in existence, is still a triumph, although some other structures since erected have equalled it in difficulty.

Spectacle Reef, for instance, in Lake Huron, was an engineering problem the

solution of which was watched by the engineers of the world. Even when in 1873 the structure was completed everyone predicted that the terrible lopsidedness of the Winter would sweep it away. But the man who built it, General O. M. Poe, had wrought with a cunning hand.

The masonry courses were so fitted together and so strongly and securely bolted that a minimum calculation showed it to be even stronger than a shaft of solid stone. The ice is first crushed by impact on an outer stone structure. Thus broken it grounds in the seven feet of water on the reef and protects the house from the force of other ice.

Ten miles from the nearest land, and with ice and waves having a fetch of 170 miles to the southeast, it is in a pitifully unprotected position. In 1874, when the keepers returned for a new season, they found ice piled 40 feet high around it. Powey Rocks lighthouse, in Florida, was hardly less difficult in construction than Spectacle Reef. It is a steel structure built on iron piles driven 10 feet into living coral rocks. It is at the extreme north point of the Florida Keys.

The work was so interrupted by stress of weather that at last a platform was built over the foundation piles 12 feet above the water, and a force of workmen left there for days at a time, working when

they could get material, at other times waiting with what patience they could for the weather to allow the supply tugs to tow out new girders and plates for the work to continue.

Perhaps one of the most spectacular lighthouse achievements of the service is the light on Tillamook Rock, Or. This apparently impossible feat was accomplished under tremendous difficulties.

Tillamook Rock is a small, abrupt rock formation one mile from the mainland. The sides are so precipitous and so inhospitable that even in calm weather the landing is exceedingly dangerous, so that on the first attempt to put a working party on the rock the foreman lost his life.

The party did not land and it was difficult thereafter to get the skilled labor necessary; but at last in 1879 nine men succeeded in landing with provisions and tools. Building themselves a strong shelter, bolted to the rock, they set to work. Blasting had to be done to get the foundation, supplies of stone and tools and apparatus had to be landed from ships, involving much difficult engineering and many hairbreadth escapes, but after 18 months of labor the structure was completed.

Less spectacular but hardly less in importance to the mariner are the lesser lights—the post lights, which have made river navigation and particularly Mississippi River navigation possible at night, the buoys which mark the channels of rivers and harbors, the bell and whistling buoys which mark prominently the places to avoid in fogs and mists, the fog horns, sirens, Daboll trumpets, which are an integral part of many lighthouse stations, and the day beacons or ranges by which navigation is assisted.

The service includes 43 steam tenders, the business of which is to place and to replace buoys, take them to buoy depots for painting and repairing, supply light stations with rations and coal, oil and apparatus and generally maintain the service.

The lighthouses are supplemented by the lightships, of which there are now 49 in position and 11 in relief. These vessels are in effect but floating lighthouses, placed where lighthouses cannot be built, and guarding reefs and shoals in much traveled water. The most famous and the most dreaded of these are the Diamond Shoals, those terrible sandbanks off Cape Hatteras.

Here, where it storms almost the year round, a ship is constantly menaced; a captain, a mate, two engineers and a crew of 14 men living for three months at a time, a life cut off absolutely from communication of every kind, if one excepts an infrequent mail and the wireless station. What a blessing the naval establishment of a wireless station on these lightships is to the crew only one who, like the writer, has lived with them, can know.

What a safeguard the wireless is can be easily appreciated when it is stated that a wireless message brought a relief ship to the Nantuxet Shoals ship just in time to rescue the crew, last year, before the ship, stern wrecked, went down beneath her men. Half an hour later, indeed five minutes later, some say, and another tragedy would have been added to the list of marine disasters.

It is of particular interest at this time to know that the Diamond Shoals Lightship may soon be a thing of the past. Early this Spring the Department of Commerce and Labor was to decide finally on the exact location for a Diamond Shoals lighthouse, which Congress has authorized Captain Eels of Maine to build at his own expense.

Built, maintained and satisfactory for five long years, Captain Eels will receive \$750,000 for the work. The thing had been tried before, and any failure resulted, the sea teeth of Hatteras and the gales of wind making a plaything of the heaviest structure ever towed out to form a foundation.

Captain Eels has a new plan, a new patent, apparently unlimited confidence and sufficient capital, and work is already going forward on the construction of the lighthouse. When finished the lighthouse and its contents will weigh 30,000 tons, concrete and iron, and when in the course of time the iron rusts away the solid concrete core will be left, a solid rock in the Atlantic, buried 30 feet in the sand, and according to the engineer's calculation, capable of supporting a 150-foot tower in the heaviest gale that ever blew.

If this experiment is a success, other lighthouses of similar construction will stand where now the stanch and plucky but sometimes uncertain lightships are stationed.

Our modern lighthouses have the best towers of steel and of masonry that the engineering talent of the world can devise, lighted by oil lamps of the most approved pattern and with the light collected and transmitted by France's wonderful lenticular apparatus. This lenticular cage is nothing more nor less than an arrangement of prisms and glass lenses to such an end that all the light from the lamp is collected and sent out in one direction, parallel to the sea. But little is lost up or down, and none to the rear if the lighthouse is on the coast; all the light is collected, reflected and refracted where it will do the most good.

A word must be said about other illuminants than oil. Electricity has been tried and found wanting, because of the difficulty of keeping the light in the center of the focal point of these lens cages. The carbons burn unevenly, or the feeding apparatus fails to work, the light drops an inch or so, and instead of the light being sent out parallel with the sea it is directed upward, or perhaps downward.

The oil lamp is steady, gives an enormous volume of light and is reliable. In first order lights the wicks are circular and sometimes six in number, one inside the other, the light impossible to look at and the heat so great that under certain conditions a new glass chimney must be put on every 15 minutes or so, before the old one quite melts and runs away.

The United States provides its aids to navigation absolutely free to all France and Spain do likewise. Other countries, especially Denmark and Belgium, and even England, exact a due from every vessel passing within sight of a light on their shores.

Two Tourneys. Louisville Courier-Journal. (1907.)

"Avaunt!"

"Marry come up!"

"Odds splutter my nails, have at thee!"

"On, gadsooka!"

Queer English, eh?

(1907.)

"Sa-a-ake!"

"Sak de empra!"

"Passe de bloomin' gesser in de slats!"

"Cheese it; de cops!"

Queer English, eh?

Getting Ready.

A few nights ago the choir of a local chapel was heard practicing a well-known funeral hymn, and, being curious, a passer-by inquired, as it was very late at night, why they were there.

"He was told that they were practicing a hymn for Mr. Blank's funeral."

"When did he die?" asked the stranger, who knew the man well.

To his surprise the answer came: "Oh, he is not dead yet, but, as Mr. Blank is very ill, the conductor thought we might practice it up a bit!"