

THE HOTEL CLERK ON THE FITFUL FISHING FLEET

"HAVE a horrible fear in my mind," said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Rockness. "Something seems to tell me that before long I shall burst from my shell and go fishing."

"What do you think about fishing?" asked the House Detective.

"Well, not such a fabulous much," admitted the Hotel Clerk. "Any time I should feel called upon to put what I know upon the subject into book form, it would not be what you'd call a large book. Of course, there are a few salient and essential facts regarding old Mr. and Mrs. Fish and their large and interesting family that are very familiar to me. For example, take the mackerel. I know the mackerel's a salt water fish because he tastes that way for breakfast. The sardine of commerce is a small but pleasing creature which has no head and doesn't need one, because he resides in a can of oil, except when he's a mustard sardine. In such case he's still headless, but has a different name, the herring, and swims around in the Finnan haddie, has no interior department, but lives all flattened out like a buckwheat cake. As a steady and consistent layer, the lady shad or shad-hen, has the Black Wyandotte tucked clear of the nest, while her husband, when cooking for the table, is a spirited imitation of a fine-tooth comb with some waterproofing around it."

"But that, Larry, is neither here nor there. It's neither hence nor whence. It's not even hither or whither. The main point is, that Summer has come. As the lover of nature would say, the herring freely and the woods are full of jays or as the keeper of the Summer hotel puts it, the jays bite freely and the woods are full of fish; which is very different when you come to figure it out. Summer has come and I know that I'm due. Every Summer I very carefully make up my mind that this is the Summer when I positively will not go fishing, after which I very carefully up and go. I can't seem to help it. All of a sudden some morning I am seized with the desire to snatch some offensive fluke or law-abiding mussel out of his native fluid and carry him around for the table, given until he begins to smell in such a way as to invite adverse criticism."

"I think it must be the call of the wild stirring within my veins. Nearly everybody, if you'll notice closely, suffers from an attack of that call-of-the-wild disease about once a year. Some men satisfy it by going into the wild woods, having visions of bringing down a bull moose

with a set of antlers on his head like a mission hat-rack. Only they never do. They don't bring down anything except the secret scorn of the guide who gets four dollars a day to go along with them and keep them from hurting themselves. Some men can satisfy the strange love of danger which seems to lurk in every human breast by taking a ride on the hazardous Erie or the perilous B. & O. Some get married, some get divorced, and then marry over again. Some climb the Andes Mountains and some talk back to a policeman. But as for me, I go fishing."

"I can always tell, Larry, when I'm about ready to go on my annual fishing excursion. It comes along shortly after I've decided never to go fishing again as long as I live. Why is it, anyway, that as soon as a man makes up his mind he won't do a thing, he begins preparing the plans and specifications to do it? It's a question that's never been satisfactorily answered. Possibly to look at me you wouldn't think it, but I know of a great number of valuable things. Of course, there are some things that nobody on earth knows—how a Chinik laundryman keeps his books and what's the reason a dentist always has a canary bird in his office and why one year the show girls will lean so far over when they walk that you'd think they were getting ready to steal second, and the next year they'll all be reared way back with the chin in the air like they were waiting for their base on balls. One year they're emphatically to South Bend, Ind., and the next year it's Straight Edge, Minn., for theirs."

"Those are some of the things that nobody knows the right answer to. And it's the same way with this determined resolution proposition. A man decides to swear off. He wakes up some three morning following a busy evening with a taste in his mouth like a felt insect and a feeling that a swarm of bees have lived in the back part of his head and are now trying to elect a queen by the Australian ballot system. So he says to himself—never again for mine. Well, for awhile it's a very pleasant jaunt. The red-faced party with the snaky breath, who's sitting to the left of him on the front seat, remarks that it's been a long dry spell, and he says right off that he never minded a little dust in his throat. The person with the prematurely gray hair, on the right, complains because the conveyance travels so slow, and our swear-offing here replies that per-



"YOU PULL INTO THE STREAM NEAR THE MOUTH OF A POPULAR SEWER"

the materials commonly used for dallying purposes keeps bobbing up in his mind. And the next thing, the shades of evening are drawing nigh—and he's climbing off the water wagon to light the lamps!

"And so some day in June, when the wild rose blooms and all nature is glad—glad to my general description is about to evening are drawing nigh—and he's climbing off the water wagon to light the lamps!

"First, though, it becomes incumbent upon me to buy the necessary supplies. I have been reliably informed, Larry, that our forefathers used to catch nine-pound trout with a bent pin and a raveling from the old rag carpet, but I am here in the flesh to inform you that such cannot be done any more; anyhow, not in this section of the temperate zone, if it is a temperate zone, which I sometimes doubt."

"The proprietor of the sporting goods shop establishment knows you won't be back again for a long time, if ever, so without due loss of time he proceeds to extract from you all that the traffic will stand. While one fair-haired young clerkette is emptying out a showcase on your account and wrapping it up, and another with lily-white hands and a quick, darting eye, is helping the boss to figure up the second page of your bill, you may gather the courage to remark that there has possibly been a mistake somewhere—you are not starting a notion about it, you are merely going fishing. But they only tell you, with pitying glances, that to fish properly you need a proper equipment, and then they unload the contents of another counter upon you and you stagger away under a burden that no humane man would put on any horse smaller than a Percheron."

"You have to get up very early to start for the place where an unexpected fish was reported to have been detected at large some time ago. Personally, I was never fond of this extremely early rising thing. It's all right for milk men and poets and parties who expect to be hanged shortly; but I don't care for the way the hour of 4 A. M. tastes and smells to a layman. Also you have a kind of a large, hollow feeling inside of you, like a rotunda. All the time you are climbing into your old clothes the conviction is growing upon you that you are

not going to shine extensively at this pursuit. But it is now too late to retreat with honor.

"Going to the fishing place the train is almost always crowded, and he's poking you among your most cherished features with a jointed rod, and you sit down on a pocketful of unattached lime-licker hooks and are severely bitten. Still you are not daunted. Nor do you flinch in buying bait for it's weight in paper money from a man who would be holding up paycars except he can make more in his present line of business. You are committed to the venture and you resolve to go through with it or bust a sureting.

"So you hire a rowboat weighing 2000 pounds, and pull out into the stream near the mouth of a popular sewer, and you just over a cat cemetery. However, you don't notice this until you pull up your anchor and find you have been interfering with a funeral."

"Then, mayhap, you go out further where the surface of the stream doesn't look quite so showery. And pretty soon the June-tide sunshine, bright and pure, focuses its attentions on the back of your neck and your ears begin to turn red and light up, all rosy and opaque, like a memorial window, and your nose begins to pucker and peel in such a way as to show the material underneath, and your palms develop a collection of water blisters that make you think you're holding a handful of ripe Japanese persimmons in each hand."

"But what's the use, Larry? If you've ever been fishing, you know what it is yourself—how, while all around you old veteran fishermen, dressed mostly, who come out on the water because they want a quiet place to color a meerschaum pipe without unseemly interruption, are hauling them in every few minutes, you achieve a total catch that you could put in your eye without seriously interfering with the vision; and how at eventide when the sun, grown weary of cooking the tender exposed portions of your person, is sinking languidly to rest in the gold and purple west, you return home filled with the great longing to renew relations once more with the comforts of an effete civilization, such ordinary industry and a white table cloth and a neat waiter who knows what's good on the bill-of-fare, besides fish."

"Well, you say it's the call of the wild," said the House Detective, "but would it hurt your feeling if I was to name it the call of the foolfish?"

"Not in the least," said the Hotel Clerk. "Coming from you I'd regard it as being in the nature of expert testimony."

John Bull to Probe Polar Secrets in Three Vessels

Nimrod Will See 'Lost' Islands in Antarctic, While Two Other Expeditions Will Voyage to Frozen North After Glory.

VICTORIA, B. C., June 5.—(Special.)—The quest of Mikkelson and Leffingwell for the table, given as supposed by many scientists to exist in the Beaufort division of the Arctic sea, is paralleled by another similar expedition whose goal is not very far removed from the Southern Pole, upon which Captain J. K. Dufferin, who was despatched from Sydney, N. S. W., via the south island of the New Zealand group. The first of the Antarctic expedition is a continuation of the expedition two years or more ago from Lyttelton, N. Z., under Lieutenant Shackleton, with whom, on the steamer Nimrod, Captain Davis went as chief officer. The second, as are Captain Davis' instructions now, were to locate the phantom group of which Emerald, Nimrod and Dougherty islands are supposed to exist. It is none of which human foot has ever been set; to effect a landing and plant upon each a British flag, taking formal possession in the name of His Majesty, King Edward VII.

After leaving Sydney the Nimrod is expected to occupy 30 or 35 days, a course until reaching the latitude of Masquerade Island. When this island has been arrived at, the run being expected to occupy 30 or 35 days, a party is to be landed for the collection of specimens, both geological and zoological. From there the Nimrod's orders are to proceed to the latitude of Emerald Island, the actual existence of which is very doubtful, as, although it was reported and charted as long ago as 1820, its alleged location was passed over by the United States Exploratory Expedition in 1840 or 1841, without any indication of land presenting itself. If found, a careful inspection will be made of the island and a rough map prepared.

The Nimrod will next make search for the Nimrod group of islands, to ascertain whether or not they also exist in fact. Captain Heinrich Killbeck, in bringing the ship Nimrod from Port Jackson to Rio Janeiro in 1883, placed this group of islands on the chart, naming them for his ship; but in spite of subsequent search, they have never since been seen. Dougherty Island will next be sought. The Discovery, in making her voyage home after the last expedition to the Antarctic, sailed over the precise position given in the charts as that of Dougherty Island, but saw no sign of nearby land. This island was supposed to have been seen by Captain Dougherty on May 26, 1841, and by another merchant captain in 1850, but the fact that it has not been seen on other occasions renders the fact of its existence extremely questionable.

Large as the ordinary harbor cruising yacht, and christened the Argo, has been built during the past few months at Ballard, a suburb of Seattle, and is now complete and outfitted for two years' cruising. She will be shipped from Seattle to Nome by one of the steamers plying to that Alaskan port during the present month, Leffingwell having with him four of a crew, his mate and one other of the men having accompanied the Duchess of Bedford's party and, with their leaders, escaped death in the destruction of that schooner, and with them paratively will also be carried close to the Pole and its conquest crown the splendid achievements in exploration and science to the credit of the intrepid commander of the expedition.

planned by Captain Raoul Amundsen, who was the first and only person to navigate the great Northwest Passage of romantic mystery, making the hazardous voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a small sloop some three or four years ago. Amundsen is now scheduled to leave Point Barrow, the northernmost inhabited post in Alaska, some time in July, 1909, his vessel being the famous Fram, Nansen's ship, with which he will work his way a little northwest of north, getting his vessel into the ice with which she is now so thoroughly acquainted, and permitting her to drift for four or five years.

A buoy set adrift where Captain Amundsen proposes to enter the ice was found not long ago near Spitzbergen, from which it is deduced that it had drifted in a course which must have taken it very close to the North Pole itself. It is with faith that the currents from which it is deduced that it had drifted in a course which must have taken it very close to the North Pole itself. It is with faith that the currents from which it is deduced that it had drifted in a course which must have taken it very close to the North Pole itself.

The Useful Office of Despised Tobacco

One Defender Asserts It Is One of the Best Germ-Destroyers in the World.

BY W. V. LANCE.

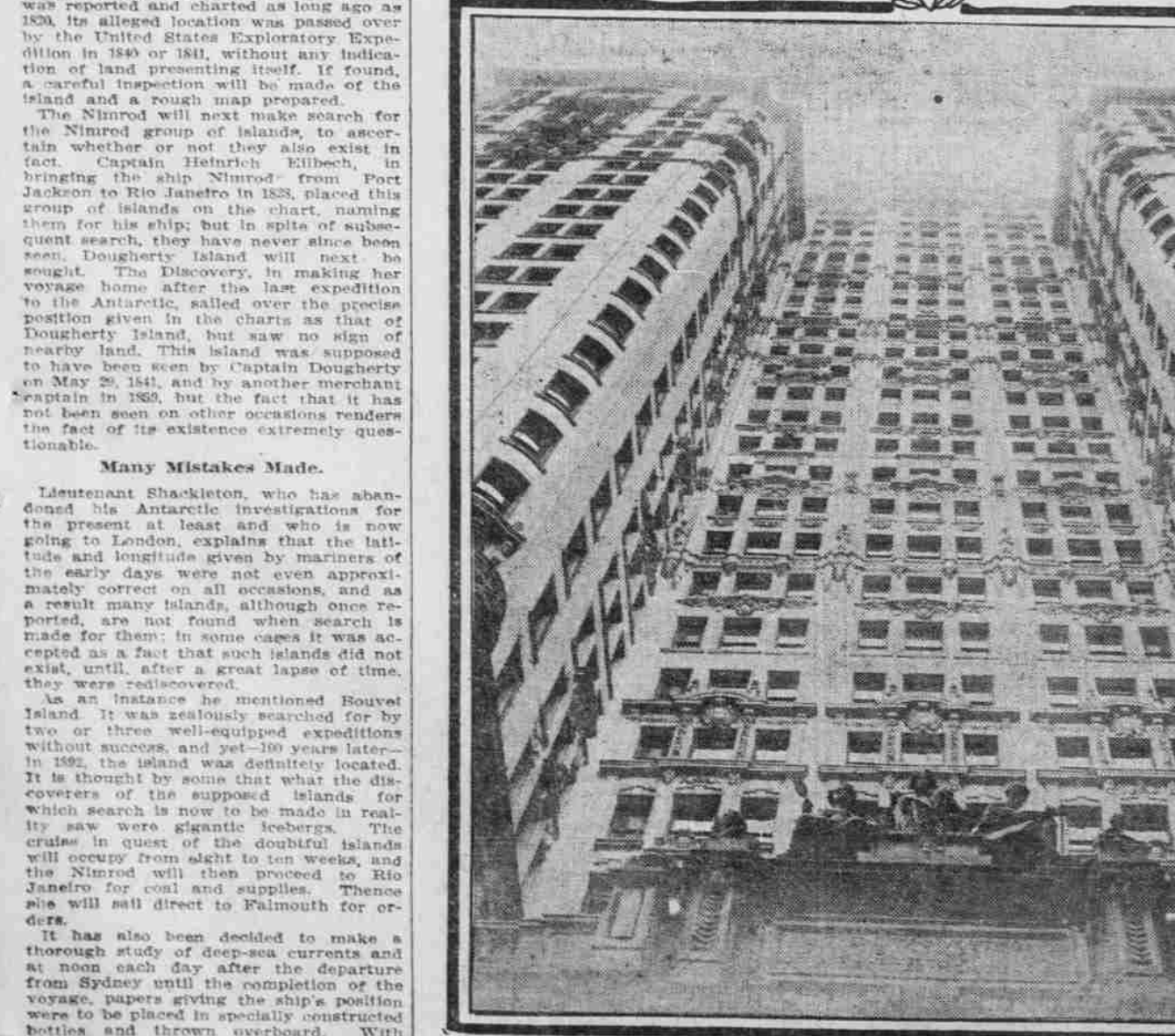
WAS much interested in your recent editorial in which you complimented the Presbyterians for their acumen in following their Methodist brethren in taboing tobacco, "even though a little late." Excepting the top and bottom of your editorial, the question of tobacco, onions and the public breath, occupied your attention. I would wager a stinkadora to a ladyfinger that your writer does not use tobacco. Users of that wonderful weed, do not, as a rule, get tangled up in such spasms. The tangent upon which the critic flew, was, and is commonly known as the exception to the rule. The decent use of tobacco far out-reaches the misuse. It is becoming more universally used every day. It is only a question of time until the use will become quite as general among women as it is now among men.

The great American "Injun" first used tobacco among the originators? Was it to make a stinkin' breath? No. It was an emblem of peace, a token of friendship. It meant the tomahawk was buried. It was the pipe of peace. Nations never have fought over tobacco. People do not kill each other on account of tobacco. It is still a mark of peace and friendship. Why

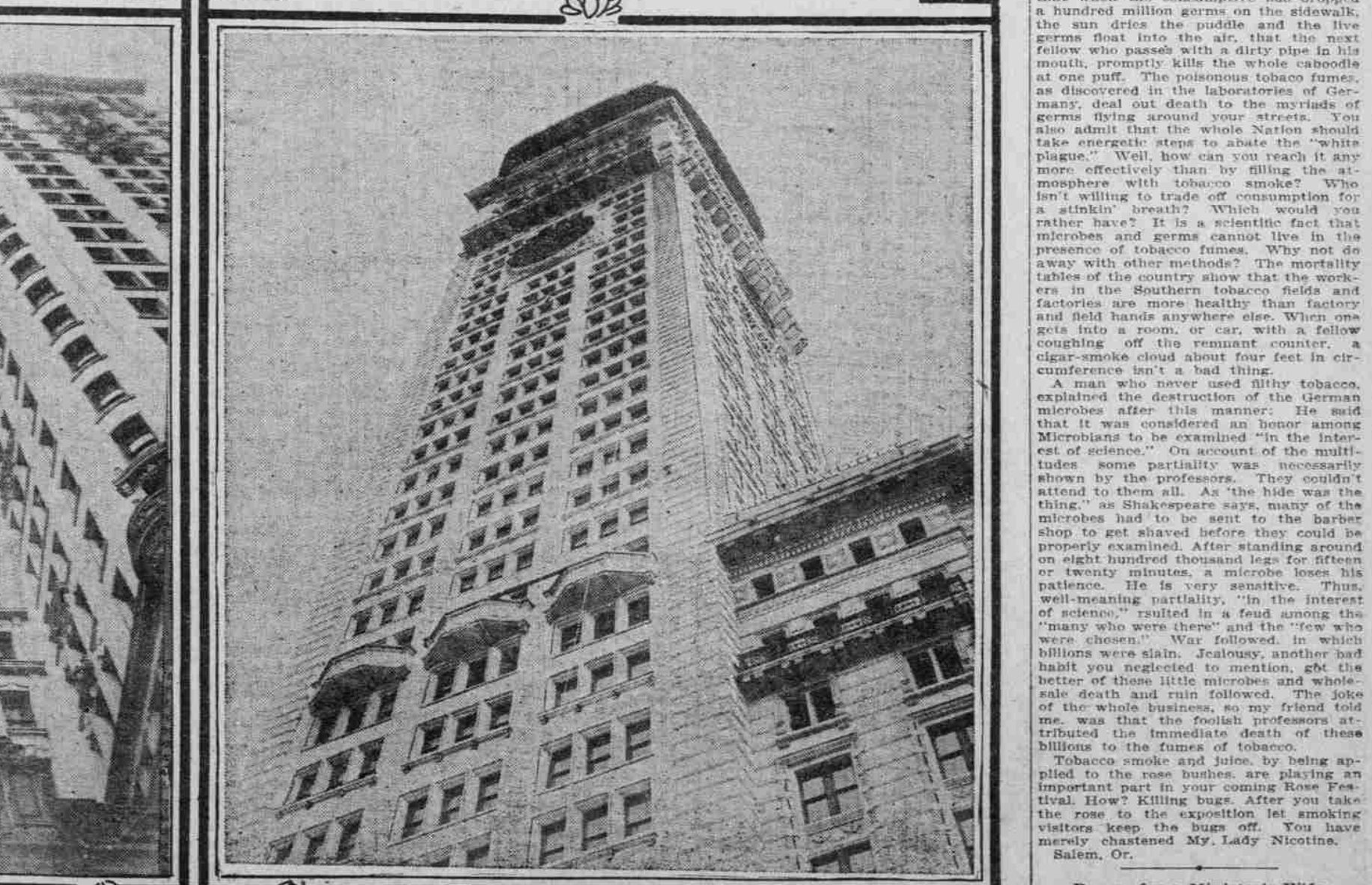
single out tobacco, when there is wine, sensuality and catarrh extant everywhere? Which is the most harmless and the least offensive? Tobacco leaves, a product of nature, a normal product, if you please, has no record of which it need be particularly ashamed. The growth of the consumptive indicates it is still the "favorite" against the field of all other habits combined. You are trying to "kill a flea with a sledgehammer." The flea is so small that he gets in one of the pores in the hammer's skin and you can't hurt him.

The physical risk you say is an open question to users of tobacco. The moral risk is certain and great. Everywhere the air is polluted and dangerous with its deadly poison. You say some writers believe that tobacco stimulates the intellect, and that they are deceived. The true intellect is not concerned about the effects of tobacco. It not studying these trifles. Whenever the intellect, or intelligent man, stops to plow around in such whimsical questions, he is no longer exercising his true intellect. He has stopped to rest and is wasting his time over quibbles. Man's intellect tells him, intuitively, whether or not tobacco is what he wants. When he has had enough the same intellect advises him of that fact. Newspapers cannot take the place of intellect. You roast

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF TWO NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS.



CITY INVESTING BUILDING - BROADWAY & ANN ST N.Y. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE SIDEWALK



METROPOLITAN, N.Y. TALLEST IN THE WORLD, 22ND ST & MADISON AVE. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE SIDEWALK.

Many Mistakes Made.

Lieutenant Shackleton, who has abandoned his Antarctic investigations for the present at least and who is now going to London, explains that the latitude and longitude given by mariners of the early days were not even approximately correct on all occasions, and as a result many islands, although once reported, are not found when search is made for them; in some cases it was accepted as a fact that such islands did not exist, until, after a great lapse of time, they were rediscovered.

As an instance he mentioned Bouvet Island. It was zealously searched for by two or three well-equipped expeditions without success, and yet 100 years later, in 1825, the island was definitely located. It is thought by some that the discoverers of the supposed islands for which search is now to be made in reality saw were gigantic icebergs. The grades in question of the doubtful islands will occur from eight to ten weeks, and the Nimrod will then proceed to Rio Janeiro for coal and supplies. Thence she will sail direct to Falkland for orders.

It has also been decided to make a thorough study of deep-sea currents and at noon each day the depth of the water from Sydney until the completion of the voyage, papers giving the ship's position were to be placed in specially constructed bottles and corked. With each bottle was a request that the finder forward them, with particulars as to where found, to Lieutenant Shackleton. There will be no attempt on the part of the Nimrod's company to reach the

Antarctic Pole or to solve any of the multitudinous problems of science incident to the great mystery solution has tempted so many courageous explorers into the wastes of the Arctic or little attention will be paid to the study of geological conditions or of fauna and flora, the chief purpose of the expedition being strictly geographical.

Arctic Expedition, Too.

Almost contemporaneous with the departure of the Nimrod from the frozen seas of the farthest south will be that of Professor Leffingwell, second in command on the ill-fated Mikkelson expedition to the Arctic with the reconstructed schooner Duchess of Bedford, wrecked and abandoned off Banks Island, her seams having opened after she had been crushed in the ice pack, and all hope of saving the stout little vessel having been made an end of. Mikkelson is now engaged in a new scientific expedition in the vicinity of the Greenland coast and Leffingwell proposes to take up his complete work in the latitude of the Beaufort Sea, with what is perhaps the smallest vessel in which men have ever entrusted their lives in far Northern waters.

This little craft, a sloop scarcely as

comfortable. His eye is clear and keen and he's so full of high moral resolves and

conscientious recollections that he can feel 'em slosh around inside if he moves suddenly.

"But the thought that he promised himself that he'd never again daily with

A man who never used filthy tobacco, explained the destruction of the German microbes after this manner: He said that it was considered an honor among Microbiologists to be examined "in the interest of science." On account of the multitude some partiality was necessarily shown by the professors. They couldn't attend to them all. As the hide was the thing," as Shakespeare says, many of the microbes had to be sent to the barber shop to get shaved before they could be properly examined. After standing around on eight hundred thousand legs for fifteen or twenty minutes, the microbes lose their patience. He is very sensitive. Thus, well-meaning partiality, "in the interest of science," resulted in a feud among the "many who were there" and the "few who were chosen." War followed, in which billions were slain. Jealousy, another bad habit you neglected to mention, got the better of these little microbes and wholesale death and ruin followed. The joke of the whole business, so my friend told me, was that the foolish professors attributed the immediate death of these billions to the fumes of tobacco.

Tobacco smoke and juice, by being applied to the nose, breathe are playing an important part in your coming Rose Festival. How? Killing bugs. After you take the rose to the exposition let smoking visitors keep the bugs off. You have merely chastened My Lady Nicotine.

Salern, Or.

Prayer for a Minister's Wife.

Atchison Globe.

All the other sisters in a church go to the minister for consolation, advice and prayer. We wonder if a minister's wife ever asks her husband to pray for her.