

WINTER FISHING IN LAKE ERIE.

Coldest Weather Does Not Stop the Industry—Fish Are Caught Almost as Easily as in the Spring.

On Lake Erie there is more or less fishing done all winter long. It is very seldom that the mercury shrinks far enough down in the tube of the thermometer to drive the fishers completely off the shore. Fishermen are there with poles and lines and with nets, and any fish that comes near the shore in the hopes of finding a little warmer water for thawing out its fins will make a bad move, for he doesn't stand a much better show of swimming away alive and happy than he would in the

popularity became great in the last few years. Then the college men and the other gymnasium fellows who had been smiling in a superior sort of masculine way at the mild pleasures of basket-ball began to think there might be something in it and formed experimental teams, just for the fun of the thing. That settled it. When men once organize "teams" in anything of a competitive nature there is no end to it. The team which wins the early contests thinks itself invincible and roams



LAKE SHORE SETTLEMENT OF MEN WHO LIVE BY FISHING.

summer time when there are almost as many fishers as there are fish.

In the mind of the small boy there is an inseparable connection between summer time and fishing, but fish have to live in the winter as well as in the summer and consequently they must eat and swim. The man with the pole and line throws in as tempting bait on his hook as he can lay hands on, and the men with nets let them down into the water in the places where the fish swim the same as in hot weather. These fishers who keep up their fishing all winter long make a fair, regular little fortune, it is said. They take their catches to the keepers of small markets and readily dispose of them, for the demand for fish keeps up steadily even through the winter months. A number of the fishers do not depend on sales to the retail dealers, but carry the fish from door to door and dispose of them at a little less than the regular retail prices. Some of these fishers have established a regular line of customers and know just what they can sell on certain days to certain customers. Fishing in winter in Lake Erie is not confined by any means to the fishers who use hook and line or windlass nets. There are a number of small boats and tugs which are used exclusively in the winter in the fishing industry. The operators of the tugs run out every day and sing nets not far from the government pier and on the following day the tugs run out to haul in the catch. Goodly catches of hundreds of excellent fish are often made and it is said that, taken as a whole, the tug owners are doing quite a thriving business. The fishermen are careful to lay their nets in places which are not in the course of the regular steamers. A buoy is made fast over the nets so that the fishers can easily find them again. The nets are sunk deep in the water, so that even if vessels did come by they would not injure them in the least. They might strike the buoy and cut it loose, but the nets would not be touched by even the deepest draught vessels on the lake.

around looking for "easy" and ambitious teams which it may wipe off the map. The teams which lose are determined they can do better next time and cannot be induced to quit. The competition thus engendered keeps the game alive and the spectators of the early matches, seeing how easy it looks, form new teams and leagues and things and go out after trophies and prizes, and there is no end to it.

In some respects the manner of playing the game resembles football—that is, the teams line up opposite each other on the floor of the gymnasium with the ball put into play in the center of the field, the object being to get the ball to either end. But it differs in that there are but five players on a side instead of eleven; the ball is a great, balloon-like affair, almost two feet in diameter, very light and soft, and instead of being kicked over a bar between goal posts to decide the game it must be passed by the hands into a basket hung at either end of the hall well above the heads of the players. Such, in brief, is the manner of playing the game which is rapidly growing in popularity and which bids fair to be the rage for the winter sport within a year or two. The ball cannot be kicked or carried as a football is advanced. It must be tossed from one player to another and interference of almost any kind by the opposition is allowable, although no roughness is tolerated. The interference, if instead of being aimed against the play-



BASKET BALL PLAYERS AT THEIR GAME.

BASKET-BALL IS POPULAR.

Game Has Recently Found Favor Among Athletes.

It seems to be the fate of the fair sex that when anything in the line of sport or exercise is devised which is especially adapted to girls their brothers look on in amusement and contempt for a while, gradually realize the advantages of the new idea and then calmly appropriate it, shouldering the girls into the background or magnanimously allowing them to take part under revised rules and other restrictions. This was the history of the safety bicycle, originally referred to as the "woman's wheel" with much contempt by riders of the old neck-breaking high machines. When the riders of the "ordinary" wheels realized the advantages of the "safety" they put the high wheels in the discard and adopted the "woman's wheel."

Basket-ball seems to be rapidly following the same route. Designed as a good exercise for gymnasium classes of women, which offered plenty of running, reaching and throwing without the dangerous features of football, it was looked upon with amused toleration by the husky athletes of the colleges and gymnasiums for several years. It was "good enough for girls," but there was not enough of the rough work in it to meet the desires of the average athlete. Tossing a great big mussy ball around a gymnasium and striving to pass it into a basket was too much like child's play, they declared. No one's neck was broken and no ribs were caved in, so far as the basket-ball records go, and, therefore, the sport was too quiet for the men to take much interest in it.

But the girls did not mind the criticism of the football players and club

or, as in football, is aimed against the ball itself. If it is flying through the air from one player to another a player of the opposite side tries to check its progress by intercepting it or he strikes it from the hands of the player who catches it or jerks the arm which is preparing to throw it. But there is no attempt to disable the players, as in football, and as there is no running with the ball allowed there is no "tackling" of players, with the dangerous falls which occur in football. The player at the goal stands directly under the basket and it is the object of the other four players on his side to get the ball into his hands that he may toss it into the receptacle. Beside him stands an opposition player, who uses every endeavor to prevent him from getting the ball into the basket, and that is about all there is to it.

MAKE HARD WORK OF DINING.

Eng. Lieutenants Know Little of the Pleasures of the Table.

When dining at his club Lord Salisbury is generally very much preoccupied and seems not to know what he is eating. On a recent occasion the Premier and the Duke of Devonshire were dining at the same

club, but not together. Lord Salisbury ordered a mutton chop and potatoes—nothing more. The chop was placed on the table, but his lordship was so interested in a book he was reading that he took no notice of his dinner. Twenty minutes went by and the chop remained untouched.

Suddenly up he jumped, and, apparently unconscious of everything and everybody, hurriedly left the building without having had a bite. Later the Duke of Devonshire, who had witnessed this extraordinary conduct on the part of his chief, met Lord Salisbury and quite casually remarked, "Dined yet?"

"Dined? Dined? Oh, yes, I've dined," somewhat testily replied his lordship; "dined at the club and had chicken as dry and as tough as a London policeman." When the Duke afterwards told Lord Salisbury about the neglected chop he replied, "Oh, really, you cannot make me believe this! I have not studied the science of gastronomy very much, I will confess, but surely I know the difference between a chicken and a mutton chop."

Lord Rosebery, although an excellent judge of a good dinner, cannot bear to sit long over a meal. Not many weeks ago he was dining with an old friend of his, Bishop Creighton. As usual Lord Rosebery speedily finished his meal.

"Your lordship appears to be in a great hurry," playfully remarked the Bishop. "You ought, if only for the sake of your health, to take longer over your meals."

"Oh," said Lord Rosebery, laughing, "it worries me to be long over my dinner. Two things always upset me a long dinner and a long sermon."

"Ah," replied the Bishop dreamily, "ah, if every sermon preached were as palatable as this tart I am now tasting what a Christian country this would be!"

Unpleasant Reminder.
In the recently published "Life of Sir James Nicholas Douglass," a well-known English civil engineer, many interesting stories are told of English lighthouses, their builders and keepers. One story concerns a man named Tom Bowen, who was an assistant during the building of a new tower.

Among many curious things that Tom knew was every nook and cranny in the rocks where the crabs were to be found. He would put his arm into the holes, often right up to the shoulder, and haul out with wonderful dexterity—generally to make a present of his plunder to somebody else—one fine specimen after another of the shell-fish.

He seldom met with a mishap while engaged in this dangerous sport, but once, at any rate, he did, as the following extract from a rough diary which was kept by the principal keeper—a strict Sabbatarian—quietly records:

"Sunday, Aug. 26, T. B. after crabs; one bit him by the hand to pay him for Sunday."

Sneeze Without Winking.

Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises and trundling a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing my child?" exclaimed his terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes; I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within about ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again I'd run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when sneeze comes, you just try it some day."

A STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

Short Story About Another Genius Who Succeeded at His First Attempt.

"I believe, and just as firmly as ever," said the struggling young author, "that the man was has got it in him to command success gets it sooner or later, and that he gets it finally not by luck and chance, but by hard work; and yet I do suppose that circumstances may have something to do in determining how soon or how late a man may be in attaining it. Take, for example, the case of a very successful young friend of mine who reached success at the first bound:

"His field of effort was not literature but music; but so far as the principle is concerned it is all the same. The first piece he ever sent out for publication was a simple little thing designed for the amusement of children, a musical setting for some familiar rhymes. Under my experienced tutelage he made good manuscript of it. I don't know anything about music, but I know that it can be legibly or illegibly written—and he sent along with it a little letter of transmittal and a stamped and addressed envelope for its return if not used; and then he waited with sympathetic interest, and in due time his own addressed envelope came back; a package much emaciated as compared with the one he had sent forth, but not sadly so. It was in fact joyfully thin for it contained not his manuscript, returned, but a check for £1. He had scored at first trial.

"Now for the circumstances. It was in summer that he sent this manuscript out and, as it happened, the reader of the musical manuscripts in the office of the publication to which he had sent it was away on his vacation. And so it happened that the music man's next friend in the office, who was looking after his affairs in his absence, put my friend's piece in his pocket and carried it home to get his wife to try it on the piano. They had a little child that was fretting and worrying, as children will do.

"Now, you listen to this," the mother said, interested in the manuscript, and in the manner in which it had come to her; and as she played, straightway the fretfulness of the child departed; and there came instead, instilled by the music, a spirit of peaceful contentment.

"So you see, practically, this little

DRINKING OF WATER.

THE BEVERAGE PROVIDED BY BENEFICENT NATURE.

Information About a Very Common Article—Hard, Soft and Mineral Waters—Many Impurities and How to Get Rid of Them.

Water is always the same no matter from what source it comes; but it is made to appear different on account of certain substances which are dissolved in it. Carbonic acid gas, oxygen, and air are dissolved in all ordinary water; and besides these, particles of dust, and living, but harmless, germs are afloat on it. The dissolved air gives it a slight taste.

Water containing little or no lime is said to be soft. It contains also, other mineral matter, especially soda and potash. Minerals and gases do not render water impure, but rather give it a more pleasant taste.

When mineral matter is present in large quantities, it is called mineral water. Springs containing salt, lime, soda, potash, and sulphur are found in various parts of the country and are noted for their great healing properties. Some contain as much as one or two ounces of mineral substance to every gallon of water. The greater part of the table salt in common use is obtained from these springs.

Water containing substances which are injurious to health is impure and should be avoided. That which stands in pipes for any length of time should be allowed to flow for several minutes before using, so as to wash away any substance which may have been dissolved from the iron or lead, as the case may be. The water in a well is just as likely to become polluted as a muddy or stagnant stream, and the danger is much greater because it remains clear and pleasant to the taste.

The most common dangerous substances found in water are decaying matter and germs of disease. The decaying matter is itself poisonous, but its greater danger lies in the fact that it furnishes the food upon which the disease germs live. These germs are ready to grow when taken into the body. Typhoid fever is almost always transmitted in this way. Germs will starve in absolutely pure water, but the presence of a very slight amount of decaying matter induces them to grow readily. Water which is colored, or has an odor, or a taste, is almost sure to contain decaying matter; but that which is clear and sparkling is not always free from disease germs.

Slopes and refuse emptied on the ground near a house are likely to find their way to the well, and if the water contains the proper substances, germs will grow and produce disease. If, however, the ground is not soaked through with such refuse matter, the decaying animal and vegetable matter will become oxidized and only the mineral parts reach the bottom of the well.

Filtration is the process of passing water through a powdered substance so as to screen out all impurities. Pure sand is the best filter, and clay the poorest. Another way in which water is purified is by the action of the air and sun upon running water. Sewerage from large towns and cities is conducted into rivers, and the action of the sun and the agitation of the waters by reasons of the wind and other agencies, cause the waste matter and germs to become oxidized.

Impure water should not be used for washing purposes, as the germs may remain on the things washed. Typhoid fever has been known to spread by milk cans being washed in impure water. The use of ice formed of such water should also be avoided, as it is just as apt to contain the germs of disease as the water itself. One of the best safeguards against the dangers of disease is to boil all water used for drinking purposes.

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child was my friend's approving reader. And he never abused its confidence. By which I mean to say that, having gained a footing he never periled it by sending out anything inferior. For the music man is not always on his vacation; and however a man may get in, he can't stay in unless he keeps his end up. So my friend worked faithfully and gave only of his best, and he has been successful ever since.

"But for all that, while I am willing to admit that circumstances may help a man some, yet I still believe, and as firmly as ever, that luck lays his hand on no man's shoulder unless that man has tried."



The British government encourages inventors and scientists by extending financial assistance to those whose work is considered of sufficient value to warrant such development. The grants are made through the British Royal Society, and range in value from \$50 to \$2,500, according to the nature of the invention to be exploited.

Experiments are being carried out in the Austrian army with a new portable oven for field and transport purposes. The oven at present in use is a very unwieldy and heavy article and has to be transported in sections. The new oven, however, may be carried intact upon a cart, and, if necessary, can be utilized for baking purposes while on the march.

A German botanist is said to have discovered that out of 4,300 species of flowers cultivated in Europe only 420 possess an agreeable perfume. Flowers with white or cream-colored petals are more frequently odoriferous than others. Next in order come the yellow flowers, then the red, after them the blue, and finally the violet, of which only 13 varieties out of 308 give off a pleasing perfume. In the whole list 3,880 varieties are offensive in odor, and 2,300 have no perceptible smell, either good or bad.

Prof. O. F. Cook, of Washington, reports the surprising discovery of camphor as an animal secretion. The animal concerned is a myriapod, resembling a worm, or small slug, and scientifically known as Polyzoonum scolobum. It lives in the humus of moist, undisturbed forests. When handled it gives off a very distinct odor of camphor, and ejects a milky fluid which possesses the smell, flavor and taste of ordinary camphor. Prof. Cook thinks the camphor is secreted instead of the prussic or hydrocyanic acid found in other myriapods as a means of defense.

Recent reports from Dr. Sven Hedin, who is again exploring Central Asia, strengthen the impression which his previous explorations have given of the extraordinary character of that part of the world. Salt lakes, dried up lakebeds, abandoned habitations and temples and interesting people, hitherto almost unknown, are among his discoveries. He also reports that the Tarim River in Eastern Turkestan, which he has surveyed for a long distance, is the largest river in the interior of Asia. Over a part of its course the river is simply a multitude of small intercalated lakes.

The cork of the ordinary fire preserver soon becomes saturated with water, greatly reducing its efficiency. In the new fire preserver of M. Rober, of the Lyceum of Cherbourg, the cork is reduced to fine grains and coated with lamp-black, which seals the pores and makes the material absolutely impervious to water. The cork in grains is more readily adapted to convenient shaping for wearing. A garment that can be worn permanently as an under-vest, weighing twenty-six pounds, has been shown by tests to make the human body unsinkable, and has met with favor in the French army and navy.

In the middle of the space enclosed by the so-called "ring nebula," in the constellation Lyra, gleams a minute star which very few telescopes are powerful enough to reveal. Even with the huge Lick refractor it is a very faint object. Yet the Crossley photographic telescope on Mount Hamilton is able, with two minutes' exposure, to obtain a surprisingly strong image of this star, together with a well-marked impression of the nebula surrounding it. On photographs made with longer exposures the strange star becomes a large blur of light. There are other instances in which photographs of celestial objects either show what the eye cannot detect at all, or so alter the visual aspect of the object that it becomes hardly recognizable.

Fools Are Not All Dead.
Among the public servants who are worried by foolish questions the superintendent of mails in the post-office gets his full share. "One of my visitors last week was a man who said to the deputy who answered the call at the window:

"I am going out of town today and want to get a letter to my brother, who is on board the Majestic, and she is not due until Wednesday. I don't know where he will stay in New York or where he will go from here. Can't you help me?"

"Certainly we can," said the clerk. "A mailboat goes to meet the steamer, and if you address your letter properly and put domestic postage on it it will be delivered all right."

"But how shall I address it—where shall I send it?"

"Address it John Smith, passenger on board incoming steamer Majestic, due in New York Dec. 12. That will reach him."

"No city? No nothing?"

"That's all—just as I told you."

The man thanked the clerk and went away, and came back a little later with an addressed letter in his hand.

"Say," he said to the clerk, "about that letter, I've addressed it, and stamped it all right, but the man's name isn't John Smith. How about that?"—New York Tribune.

National Debt of This Country.
The national debt of the United States is only about \$6 to every \$500 of its wealth.

Good people no longer give their children Bible names, but select instead names from popular novels.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Farmer Skindint (reading sign)—Eyesight tested free on charge. By gosh! Mandy, in I go an' find out if it's hurtin' my eyesight tew read the paper.

Mandy—An' if it is, are yew goin' to squander good money on spectacles?

Farmer Skindint—No, sir-ee! I'm goin' tew give up the paper.—Brooklyn Life.

Why They Wear Hats.
"Do you think, Minnie, that men are bald because they always wear their hats?"

"Oh, no! They always wear their hats because they are bald!"—Kleine Witzblatt.

Horrible Thought.

"He don't take no notice of me when I'm pushin' de baby aroun'. Oh! horrible thought! I wonder if he thinks I'm married?"

Then It Grows Monotonous.

Friend—This free-and-easy, Bohemian style of living must be very pleasant.

Artist—It is—when you are not compelled to live that way.—Judge.

What He Wanted.

She—Take care, Alfred; that isn't the cure for seasickness. Don't you see the bottle is marked "Poison?"

He (groaning)—That's the one I want.—London Tit-Bits.

An Easy One.

Mr. Askit—How is it that no matter how small a chunk of ice I get it always weighs thirty pounds?

Ice-man—That's as low as the scales go, m' friend.—Baltimore American.

Quite the Contrary.

Kindliman—What's the matter, my little man? You seem to be in great pain.

Little Boy (groaning dismally)—No, I ain't, but dey seems ter be a great pain in me.—Philadelphia Press.

College Yells.

Successful Farmer (whose son has been to college)—What was all that howlin' you was doin' out in th' grove?

Cultured Son—I was merely showing Miss Brighteyes what a college yell is like.

Farmer—Wall, I swan! Colleges is some good after all. I'm goin' into town to sell some truck to-morrow. You kin go along an' do th' callin'!—New York Weekly.

For the Christmas Beggars.

"I have a beggar at the door; shall I give him anything?"

"Give him our bath tickets that are left over. It's too cold now, anyhow."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Same Quest.

Alkali Ike—Say! kid, I've come to lick the editor.

Office Boy—Just take a seat, sir; there are three others ahead of you.

Wide Open.

Briggs—Well, old man, how is that Authors' Club of yours getting on?

Griggs—First rate. We have made a rule that no one can belong to it unless he has written a book.

"Is that so? I had an idea that it was an exclusive affair."—Life.

Going Through.

Bill the Bitter—Ever go through a railroad collision?

Jake the Jonah—Naw. Best ever I done was to go through the passengers after the collision.—Indianapolis Press.

Unappreciated Activity.

"I tell you that idleness doesn't pay. The surest way for a person to get ahead is to keep moving."

"I fancy you're right. That's the way four of my tenants got ahead of me last week."—Stray Stories.

It Is Funny.

Greene—Funny about the magazines.

Gray—What's funny?

Greene—That they should put so many pages of reading matter between the advertising pages.—Boston Transcript.

A Realist.

"So you let your leading man go?"

"I had to," answered Stormington Barnes. "He was too realistic in his ideas."

"Interfered with your work on the stage?"

"No, not on the stage. In the box office. He wanted real money."—Washington Star.

Becoming Personal.
Mr. Saphid—Aw—do you know, I believe I saw monkeys taw, Miss Smart?

Miss Smart—I know they talk—I have heard them.—Ohio State Journal.

Too True.

Nodd—How do you like your country home?

Todd—It's a great place. The only drawback is that I can't sell it.—Harper's Bazar.

The Only Sure Kind.

Lady—I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite.

Dealer (meditatively)—I guess you'd better get an iron one, mum.—New York Weekly.

Modern Term.

"I would be your devoted servant forever!" he pleaded.

"That sounds so old-fashioned!" laughed she.

"Well, your devoted help, then?" exclaimed the youth.—Detroit Journal.

No Literary Fame Likely.

Of a Northern author who recently inherited a fortune an exchange says: "He is too rich to write now."

Well, there are still a few of 'em who are poor enough to keep tugging at it.—Atlanta Constitution.

As Far As He Got.

Askit—So you're writing for the magazines; what success are you having?

Wright—Oh, varying.

Askit—Really?

Wright—Yes; some of my stuff is declined "with regrets" and some "with thanks."—Philadelphia Press.

The Flatterer.

"Yes, that cheeky young Wintergreen made a friend of the haughty Mrs. De Young the very first time he met her!"

"How did he do it?"

"He asked her if her hair wasn't prematurely gray."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Evened It Up.

"Junson has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his kick can handle him every time. He kicked last night because his dinner was cold."

"What was his wife's play?"

"She made it hot for him."—Brooklyn Life.

Well Recommended.

Mistress—You say you are well recommended?

Maid—Indeed, ma'am, I have thirty-nine excellent references.

Mistress—And you have been in domestic service?

Maid—Two years, ma'am.—Glasgow Evening Times.

After the Ball.

He—Colonel Huggins, whom you met this evening, took a prominent part in a recent engagement.

She—Yes; I noticed smokeless powder on the lapel of his coat.