

DON'T DREAM, BUT DO!

'Tis an easy thing, if you want to know
How sweet the summer is, just to go
Down in the fields, or deep in the wood,
Or faint toward the swash of the sea.
For they all will teach you how heavenly
good
Such wholesome places be.
If you seek the soul's warm summer, too,
Don't dream, but do!

Don't sit at home with your brain-born
book
And balance questions and pry and look
Askance at this, or wonder how
That squares with some ancient doubt;
But get in touch with the throbbing now,
And let your heart go out
To your fellow-men who are spent and
blue.
Don't dream, but do!

Work in the world for the folk thereof;
With every deed that is done in love
Some crisscross matter is smoothed for
aye.
The spirit sees straight and clear;
And heaven draws close that was far
away.
As you whistle off each fear,
Work, for the days are fleet and few.
Don't dream, but do!

You may worry over God's grinding laws,
You may probe and probe for the great
first cause;
But an hour of life with an honest thrill
Of self-forgetting joy
Will ease your mind of its moody ill
And make you blithe as a boy.
The plan is simple; then see it through;
Don't dream, but do!
—Richard Burton, in *Brandur Magazine*.

TRAPPED IN AN ICE JAM.

By Laurence J. Yates;

THE Knik River, as a glance at the map will show, is a small, unimportant stream in Southwestern Alaska which empties into the Knik Arm, a shallow indentation from the head of Cook's Inlet. When the ice in this river breaks up in the spring it collects in the arm, which is really a wide estuary, where, for days, and sometimes a week, the ice formed surges back and forth with the tide, until finally it all works its way out to sea.

As the tide of the arm comes in with a small bore the floating ice is swept back up stream with great force, and the waters of the estuary being thickly studded with bars, the tide driven floe often jams on them and piles up to a great height. It was in one of these jams that John Hardman, a young naturalist, who had come to Alaska in the interests of a zoological society in one of our Eastern cities, had an extremely perilous experience in the spring of 1901, while voyaging up the arm on his way inland.

Hardman was bound for the head waters of the river, for the purpose of capturing alive some of the mountain sheep so plentiful there. Owing to the fact that the lambs must be taken, if at all, when very young, he was in a hurry to reach the mountains.

So when the ice broke up he did not wait for it to go out to sea, but started about the first of May from the head of Cook's Inlet with his party of four—one white man named Caulkins and three Knik Indians—in a large river boat or scow. He intended to fight his way through the vast floe that filled the arm.

As at this time it was possible to travel only when the tide was setting in, the method of proceeding was to wait until the bore passed and then launch the boat among the ice fields behind, rowing when the water was open enough and drifting with the current when the cakes closed in around. To prevent the boat from being crushed when the ice jammed on the numerous bars required untiring vigilance and prompt action, but Caulkins handled the scow so skillfully that for four hours the first run with the tide had all gone well.

Then suddenly a wide area of the floe began to pile up on a bar directly in front of the voyagers. Fortunately for their lives they were near shore. By quick work they succeeded in getting the boat to land before the ice could close up and catch them. To drag the clumsy scow with its cargo of 800 pounds of provisions out on the ice-heaped bank was no small feat, yet they did it.

Here in safety they watched the floe make itself into miniature mountains of blocks on the chain of bars across the arm, until at last the tide spent its force and began to recede, carrying back all the ice not jammed fast on the shallows. Left on the largest bar about half a mile out was a huge, irregular heap of big cakes, most of them fully three feet thick, which covered about two acres and was nearly forty feet high. On the smaller bars beyond, with open channels between, were several other mounds not so large, and in the broad channel between the shore and the big mound was an uneven field of tightly packed ice. As they could not get any further at present camp was made to wait for the tide of the next morning in the hope that by then the jam would be broken.

But in the morning it was found that the tide which had come in during the night instead of breaking the barrier had only added more ice to it and somewhat changed its shape. It was not safe to attempt to run the narrow channels now; the only thing to do was to wait until the insinuating current should clear a passage for them. Perhaps the next tide would do this.

At about 9 o'clock Hardman, taking his camera, left camp alone to get a closer view of the jam and some pictures of the mounds. Going along the shore about a mile he came to the portion of the floe stuck in the wide channel. It made a perfectly safe bridge clear across to the main bar, and over this he made his way to the base of the great white pile of jagged blocks.

After taking two or three photographs at favorable points he was seized with a desire to get a view from the summit. Climbing up by way of the front slope, which was a long and quite easy ascent, he was a third of the distance to the top when he reached a giant cake, broken in two in the center. The lower half lay at an angle of forty-five degrees, the upper half at not more than thirty. Between the two was a crack three feet wide, and beneath it an opening several feet deep.

Resting for a moment on the upper edge of the under cake, Hardman stepped upon the one above, not notice-

ing how insecure was its position. Instantly his foot slipped and he fell into the crack between them. He clutched at the slippery edge as he went down, hung suspended by his arms for a second, then, his hands loosing their hold, he dropped just in time to escape being crushed. For the lightly poised block had been started downward by his weight, and crashed against the lower one as he struck in a heap below. He was caught like a squirrel in a box trap in a narrow, irregular space among the blocks, about three feet wide, five feet long and six feet high.

For a moment Hardman did not realize the gravity of his situation. He felt sure that he could cut himself out with his jack knife, or at least make a hole through which he could signal to camp for help by thrusting out his coat and waving it. The sunlight filtering in through a chink gave promise of this, and helped to relieve the semi-darkness of his prison.

He inspected his camera in a leisurely fashion, glad to find that it had not been in the least injured by the fall, took out his knife and then looked at his watch. It was 10 o'clock; the tide was due at three minutes of 12. Then all at once the peril of his position flashed upon him; the tide would set the whole jam in motion, perhaps demolish it. If he did not escape he would be ground to powder. One movement of a cake would annihilate him.

For an awful moment a sickening terror clutched him, but shaking it off he began to make a calculation. He had just one hour and fifty-seven minutes in which to cut his way out and get ashore. Could he do it? A tunnel large enough for the passage of his body must be made through more than thirty inches of hard, brittle ice by means of a rather slender knife blade.

Selecting the most vulnerable point of attack, the slight crack between the cake that formed the cover of the trap and the one that formed the lower wall, he began chipping away the ice. At first he worked with feverish anxiety, but gradually his usual coolness returned.

When he had cut steadily upward to a depth of ten inches, he noticed that he was letting the hole get smaller the deeper it went into the ice. If the dimensions were allowed to decrease any more he saw that the hole would be much too narrow for his exit by the time the cake was pierced. So, beginning at the bottom, he enlarged the tunnel until it seemed to him that its necessary convergence would still leave a wide enough opening when the surface was reached.

Soon operations were again delayed. He was obliged to stop and cut footholds in the almost perpendicular side of the lower wall that he might raise himself enough to work with advantage.

At last, judging that he had cut half way, Hardman looked at his watch again. It was seven minutes past eleven. He had been sixty-seven minutes in cutting the easier half. Only fifty minutes remained; it seemed useless to go on.

"Time and tide wait for no man," the trite old adage struck him with a new and appalling force. But he must and would get out in time. His despair gave way to resolution, and he set to work with renewed vigor, striking so forcibly that the blade threatened to break at every jab.

Although surrounded with walls of ice, Hardman's whole body dripped with perspiration. Every muscle in his arms and shoulders ached intolerably with the strain of clinging to the vertical wall and picking away the relentless ice overhead. Showers of chips poured down upon his face, half blinding him, and he worked in a great measure by guess. Yet slowly the tunnel was cut upward inch by inch until he estimated there could be no more than three inches left.

At this point he was seized with a lurking fear that another block from above would slip down and double the thickness of the cover. In a frenzy of haste he struck recklessly. The blade snapped short off at the handle.

Not daring to look at his watch, Hardman opened the small blade, and, steadying his nerves, began again, very carefully now. A dozen strokes and the knife pierced clear through the cake. There was nothing on top. He listened for the roar of the expected tide, but the only sounds he heard were the soft lapping of the waves at the foot of the jam and the hoarse scream of a raven wheeling in the still air high overhead.

Cutting out the opening to a size sufficient, he thought, to permit the egress of his body, Hardman grasped the upper edge and raised himself until the top of his head was above the level of the ice. Then the breadth of his shoulders refused to let him go farther.

As he struggled vainly, a sullen roar far down the arm heralded the coming of the tide. It was now or never! With a sudden inspiration Hardman gropped back, pulled off his thick outer coat, and then, with almost superhuman strength forced himself slowly upward out of the vise-like grip of the narrow opening.

He rose to his feet, free of an icy tomb at last; but he found there was no time to cross to the shore before the ice-laden wave of the bore would strike. It was already within five hundred yards of him.

Knowing that it would take many times more force to move the jam resting on the bar than it would to move the field in the channel, Hardman quickly realized that the best thing to do was to stay on the mound. The safest place was at the summit; so to the one big cake forming the pinnacle he made his way, and crouching on its slanting surface, waited.

Over to the southwest was the camp in the shadow of the foot-hills. No one was in sight. There was no use in shooting to let his men know of his danger, for above the roar of the water his voice would not carry half the distance. Nor could the men aid him if they should hear. So in silence he turned his glance to the foaming crest of the advancing wave, noting the endless stretch of dull white ice following it.

The mound, extending down farther than the shoreward ice, was the first to receive the shock. Although the whole mass shuddered, it held firm as the first of the monster cakes carried by the bore struck, reared up, and began to accumulate at the beginning of the slope. The packed field near shore gave way a little, but became convulsed throughout its entire length, yet still hung in the passage. Out on the other side the open channels became obstructed, so that the progress of the floe was now checked clear across the arm. This made the pressure on the mound terrific.

Driven on by the immeasurable force behind, cakes weighing a hundred tons were heaved and pushed up the incline toward Hardman, as if they were nothing but chips. With fascinated gaze he watched the huge blocks climb higher and higher, and saw them pile up with a grinding, crunching sound three deep over the trap out of which he had just escaped. The slight made beads of cold perspiration stand out on his forehead.

As the floe drove in harder, the tumbling, heaving cakes crept upward; the mound trembled and was shoved backward. The block on which Hardman stood rocked with the pressure; it seemed about to topple over and pitch down the steep declivity at the back.

Then there came a mighty roar, a crash and a chaos of grating, crackling noises—the jammed floe in the inward channel had broken loose at last and was moving. At once the pressure on the centre was relieved, the ice began to deflect shoreward, and the movement of the mound ceased.

Weak and limp, Hardman reclined on the summit, while the greater part of the floating ice turned in and crowded through the opened channel in a rolling, pitching procession of much-broken cakes.

At last a shout on the shore drew Hardman's attention. There Caulkins and the Indians were making frantic gesticulations. Hardman waved his hat in return, and settled himself to wait for the passage to clear. In half an hour the ice thinned out, and Caulkins had the boat manned, came out in it and took Hardman to camp.—*Youth's Companion*.

Monkey Chums With a Cat.

The Zoo has a bashful monkey. The keepers call him "Bashful Willie." He was born in the garden one year ago, and is the son of the large Japanese monkey whose destructive proclivities have earned for her the sobriquet "Carrie Nation."

Carrie was with Willie in a separate cage until he was four months old. He was then placed in the large cage with the other monkeys, but he was found to be too bashful to live in their company. He kept on bowing right and left, but was too timid to eat or drink in the presence of others.

A special cage was placed in Keeper McCrossan's office, and there in solitude Bashful Willie is thriving. The only company he enjoys is Snake Keeper Hess' white cat, which has become famous for having one blue and one yellow eye. The cat pays regular visits to Willie and allows him to pull her tail through the bars.

A few days ago Willie had a cough, and it was thought advisable to bring the mother to him, but even Carrie was repulsed by Willie, who screamed loud and buried his head in a corner.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

The Nose.

Nothing is more rare than a really perfect nose; that is, one which unites harmony of form, correctness of proportion and proper affinity with the other features.

The following are, according to the rules of art, the conditions requisite to the beauty of this organ:

The nose should have the same length as the forehead, and have a slight depression at its root. From its root to its extremity it should follow a perfectly straight line and come exactly over the centre of the upper lip; the bridge of the nose, parallel on both sides, should be a little wider in the centre. The tip should be neither too thin nor too fleshy, and its lower outline neither narrow nor too wide. The lobes must be gracefully defined by a slight depression. Seen sideways, the lower part of the nose will have but a third of its total length.

British India's Population.

According to the census of 1901 the population of British India amounts to about 295,300,000 persons.

EASY FOR THE BUZZARD.

What He Did to the Gamecock That Was Matched to Fight Him.

Jack Willis, former Representative from Clark County in the Kentucky Legislature, enjoys the reputation of being a practical joker of no mean capacity. His brother-in-law, George Ballard, a prominent breeder of fine horses and owner of Pinchum Wilkes, a noted pacer, has on his place a pen of highly bred game chickens.

While George was showing Jack his favorite rooster and expatiating on his great prowess Jack pretended to regard the bird as a very ordinary chicken, and said he could whip him with a buzzard. A hot argument ensued, resulting in a match being arranged for between the rooster and a buzzard, which Jack agreed to produce. Jack had a trap set, and in a short time his uncommon warrior, a very large buzzard, was brought to him.

According to the terms of the contest the rooster was duly equipped with gaffs, and the two birds were linked together by the feet with a yard or so of stout cord.

As the rooster braced himself for the onslaught the buzzard regarded him with stolid indifference, and at the first pass lifted his wings and sailed away, with the rooster squawking in its wake. George ran for a gun, but before he could get back with it the buzzard and the rooster were high in the air and away out of reach of the fowling piece. The distressing cries of the unfortunate rooster grew fainter and fainter, until finally they were heard no more, and the ill-mated pair faded away in the ether blue. Nothing has since been heard of the birds.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A Tale of Duck Shooting.

We had been hunting for ducks on the upper Schuon River, and had failed to bag a single one. We were warm, tired and disgusted, and in the mood when a hunter will kill "anything," when paddling around a bend of the stream, we saw a little clearing, a log camp and a long, lank old woodsman who was seated on the bank complacently smoking a corncob pipe. Directly in front of him a flock of tame ducks were swimming in the river.

"Heavens and earth! I've a good mind to take a shot at those tame ones," said my friend. Then raising his voice he called out to the man on the bank:

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me have a shot at those ducks."

"Hand over your dollar first."

It was done, and my friend let fly both barrels, almost annihilating the flock.

"You didn't make much on that deal," said my friend.

"Oh, I dunno. I don't care. They ain't my ducks. They'll long to the Frenchman up the river."—*New York Times*.

Book Thief's Rhyme.

The couplet found in a stolen book—"Don't steal this book for fear of shame,

For in the book is writ the owner's name"—

which was quoted in one of the London Police Courts a few days ago, is neither original nor complete. The rhyme, which has been long and universally in use among school children, runs thus:

"Don't steal this book for fear of shame,

For in it's writ the owner's name;

For if you die the Lord will say:

"Where is that book you stole away?"

And if you say you do not know,

The Lord will cast you down below."

In boys' schools the concluding rhyme has usually been more definitely lurid.

—*Westminster Gazette*.

Phonograph Used at a Funeral.

A phonograph was used in place of a choir to furnish music at the funeral of Daniel P. Williams, at Leavenworth, Kan. The Rev. Samuel Pearson, pastor of the First Congregational Church, and one of the most prominent preachers in the city, was called upon to officiate at the service, and as it was too late to obtain a choir, Mr. Pearson went to a music store and obtained a phonograph and two records, "The Holy City" and "Jesus, as Thou Wilt." In the course of the service the phonograph rendered these hymns.

Mr. Pearson stated that this proved to be satisfactory to the relatives and friends of the dead man, and that while it was an innovation, he believed it would come into general use at funerals. He will in future take a phonograph when visiting the sick, interposing his spiritual talk with sacred music.—*New York Times*.

The King of Italy.

One of the most pleasing traits about the King of Italy is his extreme modesty and simplicity. He never seeks for effect, never poses, and is indeed altogether free from all pretence and affectation. One of his favorite expressions is "I am afraid I am not quite competent in this matter," and when he expresses his views about a work of art or a book he usually adds "my personal opinion is of no importance," and "perhaps I have not thoroughly understood the subject." This modesty is especially pleasing coming from a prince who is probably the most intellectual and cultured of all the reigning sovereigns of Europe. In fact, the range of his education has been a very extensive one, and whenever he takes up a subject, no matter what it may happen to be, he endeavors to master it in all its details. He always wears military uniform. This does not, however, prevent his being devoted to the sea, and he possesses much more technical knowledge relating to the seafaring profession than most of his brother rulers who affect naval dress and the uniform of admirals.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



To "Little Woman."

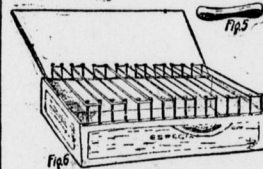
I see them coming through the shady street,
Each in her odd, old-fashioned, flowing gown,
Four girls abreast, bright, eager, laughing,
Four blossoms blooming in the green old town.

They live in hearts alike of young and old,
In many tongues their girlish voices chime,
Dear children of a happy world who hold
A charm against the blighting touch of time.

For she who made them, made them sweet and true,
Real products of our land of sun and snow,
Winsome and good and fresh as morning dew,
The girls we love, Meg, Amy, Beth and Jo.

An Odd Little Harp.

Children who are musically inclined can get a whole lot of fun out of a home-made odd little harp. First get some elastic bands and an empty cigar



AN ODD LITTLE HARP.

box. If possible get a deep cigar box, the best kind over which to stretch elastics to make them sing. Hammer slender wire nails at intervals along the front and back edges of the open box, then take ordinary elastic bands (Fig. 5) and stretch them across the box by slipping each one over two

MISSING INDIANS' PUZZLE.



Mrs. Helm was carried to the lake by an Indian chief in the massacre at Detroit, August 15, 1812. Find two other Indians.

back and two front nails. The elastics must be of various widths, the heaviest being at one end of the box and the lightest at the other (Fig. 6). With a quill test the instrument. The elastics may be tightened by being looped around and around one or more of the four pins, and in this way the strings can to a great extent be keyed as you wish. When finished practice on the musical box with the quill toothpick until you can make the elastics sing a tune.—*The Delineator*.

Experiment With Crystallization.

Make a saturated solution of common soda in water. When the crystals stop dissolving, although the water is stirred repeatedly, the fluid is ready for use. Pour the clear fluid in another glass in which you are going to try the experiment. Fasten a lima bean to a piece of cord and the other end of it to a match or small piece of wood. Tie a non-porous object (for instance, a glass ball) to the same stick and immerse both bean and glass ball in the solution. Let the solution stand, and in a little while a peculiar crystallization will form. Needle-like sticks



of soda appear on the bean and cover it completely, giving it the appearance of a porcupine. The bean has completely disappeared, while the other object, the glass ball, has not changed at all. The cause of the crystallization is in the porousness of the bean; that is, it absorbs the water, and the

soda contained in the solution, not being able to soak into the bean, settles on the outside of it, forming the crystal needles described above, while the glass ball, not being porous, does not take up any water and therefore causes no crystallization.—*New York Tribune*.

A Living Paper Cutter.

The following story is told by a South African paper: "An Indian rajah, who had learned the English language after a fashion, frequently visited some years ago the viceroys of Calcutta, and on one occasion borrowed of the latter a copy of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he happened to see lying on the table. When he returned the magazine the viceroys asked him if he had found anything interesting in it. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'many beautiful things, but also many disconnected articles. See here. This begins with 'Hunting the Orang-outang,' does it not? And now turn over the page and here you have the 'History of Mary Stuart.' The viceroys laughed. He perceived that the rajah had attempted to read the book without cutting the leaves. He accordingly took from his table a beautiful ivory paper cutter, explained its use to his visitor, and made him a present of it. About a year after this occurrence the viceroys saw a gay company entering the court, and in the centre of it the rajah seated on a young elephant. No sooner did he see the viceroys than he cried, 'Do you happen to have an uncut copy of the *Edinburgh Review*? If so, please toss it to me.' The viceroys threw out the magazine. It was caught by the elephant, who placed it between his tusks which had been wrought into elegant paper cutters, even including carved handles, and quickly cut open the leaves, after which the knowing ani-

Three Clever Fishes.

All fishes do not have sharp weapons with which to keep off their enemies or to use in catching other fishes for themselves, so nature, which looks after all things, teaches them little tricks which they use to great advantage.

There is one fish who hides himself in the mud at the bottom of the big rivers in India, where he makes his home, and just peeps his head out to see what is going on. Now, this fish has a kind of beard growing on his lips. The hairs of the beard keep wiggling about in the water, and the little fishes think that surely they are worms. So all little fishes are very greedy, so when they see these hairs they say to themselves: "Oh, here are some fine worms; let's have a party." Up they swim and begin to nibble at the hairs; but the fish who is in the mud gobbles them up, and the little ones do not have any party.

There is another kind of fish who shoots flies and little bugs. He twists his mouth until it is just like a pop-gun, and he uses a drop of water instead of a bullet. When he sees a fly sitting on a leaf near the water's edge he takes aim very carefully, then, pop, and Mr. Fly finds himself knocked into the water, only to be eaten by the fish who has shot him.

Still another strange fish lives in the sea. He is called the sucking fish. When he sees anything he likes very much he simply fastens himself to it by means of a kind of plate on his head. He is so strong that nothing can pull him away.

The people who live near the coast of Africa use this fish to catch turtles. They tie a strong cord to his tail and put him in the water near the place where the turtle is asleep. If they go too near the turtle will wake up and swim away, but the sucking fish always catches him and holds on so hard that the men in the boat pull in fish, turtle and all. So, you see, this fish is very useful.—*Washington Star*.