

HOW TO CATCH RATTLE SNAKES

KEEPER SNYDER OF THE BRONX ZOO TELLS HOW TO CATCH THEM WHILE THEY ARE DOING THEIR COURTING.

If you are keen after snakes—milk-eyed, venomous rattlesnakes—and find that even an advertisement in the papers does not bring you any it is to be recommended that you go snake hunting yourself—if you know how. At least that is the way they do it up at the Bronx Zoo, where eighteen of the sleekest, wickedest rattlers in captivity are now on exhibition as the result of a recent foray across the Massachusetts border.

The ledges of Sullivan county used to be considered the prime place for snakes. Now it is asserted that the hunting is better up in the Taconics in southwestern Berkshire county, Massachusetts, just as far southwest as you can get without nibbling into New York or Connecticut.

This discovery must be credited to Delos Hickok, a civil engineer of this city who is interested in serpents. Three years ago he appeared at the reptile house in the Bronx Zoo and told Curator Raymond L. Ditmars that the rock up there were full of rattlers—so full that a party of survivors working along the state line have been compelled to lead a chamouille own life to escape from them as they hissed among the crags.

It happens that the reptile house needed some timber rattlesnakes to complete its exhibit of local poisonous serpents, so Hickok and Head Keeper Charley Snyder—Snyder being away up on snake catching—went out and got eleven. This year, advertising meanwhile having proved fruitless, they went again, stayed three days and bagged eighteen.

They had to go pretty late because of the cold spring. The time to gather snakes is when they are mating, and they don't do that until the sun makes the rocks a comfortable place in which to gossip and get acquainted.

Snyder and Hickok went up to Copake, Columbia County. There they got a rig and drove six miles to the foot of Mount Everett, in Massachusetts. Then they climbed half an hour and were in the snake country, which is broken rock and scruboak.

"And now that you're there the main thing is to keep as quiet as you can," says Charley Snyder. "First you cut two sticks, one with short, widely separated prongs. Be careful to see that the ends are blunt, for it won't do to hurt the snake—the other straight and four feet long, with a wire noose at the end—wire because the snake will bite through twine. In your pocket you have a canvas sack, with a fish basket somewhere around doubly to jall your catch when you've got him."

"When you have reached the snakes you know it. Some are lying quiet on a ledge, some scamper away, some are coiled, some are huddled down among the shrubbery, looking so much like the leaves and things that maybe you don't see them. But if they are any way disturbed they will all be buzzing."

"When you've found your group of snakes it's best to stop and look around. There may be another bunch just where you want to walk. Then pick out your snake—you can get two at once by carrying a forked stick in each hand—and pin him down."

"Not by the head, or just back of it, mind you, but somewhere about the middle of the body. If you raise his head then and stick out his tongue at you, but that only gives you a fine chance to slip the noose over, just as you would snare a pickerel and draw it tight just back of where his ears might be if he had any."

"Now, watch your chance and press the straight stick down against the back of his jawbone. Your snake is down now."

"Grab his throat between your thumb and forefinger, slip the noose over his rattles—careful not to injure them—pull the bag out of your pocket with your free hand, and while the other fellow holds it open thrust the reptile's head in and give him a quick drop. Putting the whole thing into the trout basket helps, for there's a chance that the snake might bite himself out of even the stoutest sack, which would not be pleasant, maybe."

"Of the eighteen snakes we got those two days the biggest was four feet four inches long and two and a half inches around at his best girth."



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That is big for a rattler in these parts. Some were yellow, some almost black. It is possible for snakes of all these colors to be born of the same mother.

"Some of the snakes we saw were coiled up at the mouth of deep clefts in the rock. Some of these features must be real caves, for we could hear the rattling of the escaping snake gradually grow fainter until it could barely be heard. You can bet we didn't try to follow him."

"One time I was getting after a little black devil when I heard another one tuning up under the shadow of a big rock. I put my hand on the rock and came tumbling down on the snake and almost on me. The snake was stunned and I thought he was a goner, but he came around in ten minutes and found himself in the bottom of a sack."

"Sometimes you step on a snake, but I always wear loose, thick khaki trousers and heavy shoes. Biting into the legs of those trousers is like driving a nail into a suspended lath."

"Neither Hickok nor myself was ever bitten. But I always take along some cure, though, in the shape of a bottle of permanganate of potash and a hypo syringe. A flask of brandy may come in handy too."

"If you ever bitten by a rattlesnake tie a ligature around the upper arm or leg, as the case may be, shoot some potash into the flesh around the wound, slash the skin a little with your knife and suck, or get some one to do it for you—for all your worth."

When Snyder and Hickok got back to Copake and set about boxing their snakes in a vacant lot near the hotel the natives sided in for the show. The Copakers couldn't figure out why anybody who ever came across a rattlesnake should want to let it live at all, much less cart it off to the city. "Better snap their heads off, Professor," was one bit of advice. "They ain't good for nothin' only their skins, for belts like."

It was news to them, too, when Snyder told them that scientists had learned how fallacious was the old theory that a rattler was just as many years old as he has rattles. The snake is born with a button and accumulates rattles at the normal rate of three a year. But with use a rattler wears away.

There are quiet snakes and noisy snakes, and in the case of the noisy one it's little you can tell its age by counting the discs at the tip of its tail. Also, sometimes rattles get caught and are torn off as the owner drags himself free.

Curator Ditmars is thinking of fixing up a rock ledge in the cage with its timber rattlesnakes, making the surroundings as near as possible like those back home in the Taconics. If he does a background will be painted in it as it has been in the lion house, where the sky seems as real as the den and almost as real as the lions.

SLAVES IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

SLAVERY EXISTS IN MODIFIED FORM UNDER THE NAME OF TENANTRY.

Tenantry in the south is a very different thing from what it is in the north. In the north a man who rents a farm is nearly as free to do as he pleases as if he were the owner. But in the south the present tenant system is much nearer the condition that prevailed in slavery times than it is to the present northern tenant system.

This grows naturally out of slavery; the white man learned to operate big plantations with ignorant help; and the negro on his part had no training for any other system. The white man was the natural master and the negro the natural dependent, and a mere emancipation proclamation did not at once change the spirit of the relationship.

Today a white overseer resides on every large plantation, and he or the owner himself looks after and disciplines the tenants. The tenant is in debt to him (in some cases reaching a veritable condition of debt slavery or peonage), and he must see that the crop is made. Hence he watches the work of every negro (and indeed that of the white tenants as well) sees that the land is properly chopped (thinned) and regularly cultivated. Some of the greater landowners employ assistant overseers or "riders," who are constantly traveling from farm to farm.

On one plantation I saw four such riders start out one day, each with a rifle slung on his saddle. And on a South Carolina plantation I had a glimpse of one method of discipline. A planter was telling me of his difficulties—how a spirit of unruliness sometimes swept abroad through a plantation, inspired by some "bigot nigger."

"Do you know what I do with such cases?" he said. "Come with me, I'll show you."

He took me back through his house to the broad porch, and reaching up to a shelf over the door he took down a hickory wagon spoke, as long as my arm.

"When there's trouble," he said, "I just go down with that and lay one or two of 'em out. That ends the trouble. You got to do it; they're like children and once in a while they simply have to be punished. It's far better for them to take it this way, from a white man who is their friend, than to be arrested and taken to court and sent to the chain gang."—From an article by Ray Stannard Baker in The American Magazine.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S DIPLOMACY

Very recently while at Buckingham Palace it came to the Queen's knowledge that one of the upper housemaids, who had been in the royal service for years was very unhappy over a love affair.

The Queen sent for the girl, and after advising and consoling her, sent her to Sandringham for a change. Then the Queen summoned the lover, and after a good-natured homily with humorous tact sent him to Sandringham, too. The couple have since returned, and there will be a wedding at Buckingham Palace soon.—From P. T. O.

LOVE DESCRIBED AS BRAINSTORM

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE SAYS IT OUGHT TO COME NATURALLY AT CERTAIN AGES.

Sir James Crichton Browne, M. D., has been discussing "falling in love" and "love at first sight," and if we may interpret his remarks by ordinary rules, we should say that he regards the performance as partaking of the nature of a brainstorm. He says that when a young person falls in love "it is merely a species of commotion of the brain," and "ought to come naturally in the healthy and well-constituted man or woman somewhere between the fifteenth and twenty-fifth year."

That is well enough for the youngsters, but what has he to say for those who ripen later? What of the old "uns who get hard hit and make the cold world smile at their antics? Perhaps Sir James would say that as "there is no fool like an old fool," the brainstorm is likely to be so much more severe.

The conclusions to be drawn from the eminent scientist's dicta are as follows: "That for young people to fall in love at first sight is both healthy and natural. That is so far good, but some-thing folks who are not content with the title would add that when the course of the—um, disease, runs smoothly, it is, moreover, really, very jolly."

"That their action is unconscious, and is merely a sign of their mental and physical development." Angelina and Reginald will say "Ugh!" and there, very much "Ugh!" "Physical," indeed! Why, they float in ethereal bliss, loll on the clouds of spiritual romanticism, from which even the voice of an ice cream parlor waiter could hardly will them.

"That with the action of falling in love, the subject undergoes an intellectual and spiritual enlightenment." Here is where the older ones, who travel double, come in to dispute with Sir James. They will tell him that his "enlightenment" period is one of Cimmerian darkness compared with what comes later on when the landlord and coalman and butcher and baker and milliner and nurses and doctors and so on, begin a continuous performance of bill-presenting. They will swear that the enlightenment just begins when "living on love" comes to an end, and will need all his science, won't scalp and tweezers and microscope and chemicals, to meet their arguments from experience.

Another leading scientist chips in his views. Here they are: "I believe the idea of 'falling in love' being merely a mechanical process has been vaguely expressed before, but no one has had the boldness to come forward and state the theory publicly."

There can be no possible doubt that love at first sight is just a species of commotion of the brain. "It is so natural for youth and maiden to fall in love suddenly that for them not to do so is a sign of ill-health and poor constitution."

One's first love is not necessarily one's true helpmate and ideal life-partner. Statistics show that men very rarely marry their first loves. "But, at just about 17 or 18 years of age, there comes a strange craving in every human heart for one of the opposite sex."

"I should like to add a word here for parents—the kind of parents who dub their sons and daughters idiots if they fall in love. "I should like them to remember the fact that no argument in the world can ever persuade their children to alter their behavior in this respect. "They might just as well try to stop their growth or turn their eyes from green to brown."

And there you are. What are you going to do about it? No meteorological science seems to be able to prevent these brainstorms. Who wants to prevent them? To the home with the green to brown."

But after all it is a kind of "commotion" that has momentous results. Have the "brainstorms," but take time to give cool thought to what they lead. Then all will be well.—Hamilton Times.

MARY ANDERSON'S HAPPY MARRIAGE

VISITOR DESCRIBES A SOJOURN AT THEIR COUNTRY HOME IN ENGLAND.

"I remained with Mr. and Mrs. de Navarro three weeks," said Henry Morrissey, the well-known impresario, to a New York reporter, "and I shall always remember the experience as inconceivably the pleasantest I have known—and life hasn't been barren of happiness by considerable. Such a devoted pair! Puff! One, and indivisible, these dear and hospitable Navarros. Their home is in the little hamlet of Broadway, not too far from London. It is four miles from the railroad station, and the drive over it is like a dream progress through a section of fairyland. The road is bordered with hedge, shade trees and flowers. The beautiful English summer was in its glory at the time of my visit, and I involuntarily thought of Uncle Josh Whitcomb and his hearty invitation to Happy Jack the Rover: 'Come up and see us. Come up in June, when all nature's green. Surely all of nature that was then visible wore the outwardness of enchantment, and filled my being with a sense of the beneficence of creation I had never felt before. My hostess, simple, unconventional, and as irrepressible as the adolescent when she used to be, her elders on the stage with her mischievous pranks, pointed out incidental beauties of scenery and situation; and when we drove into the manor, the entire establishment, spoke, barked, meowed and quacked, such a welcome as only sincerity's self could proffer."

"The Mary Anderson home is in the good old summertime. That's when cramps and colic are prevalent. The quickest rest is Pulton's Nerviline. Ten drops in sweetened water cures the worst cases; 25 cents at all dealers."

beautiful. It is in a retired spot, free from friction of any kind, so far as I could determine, cultivated to the highest pitch of elegant simplicity, opulent in tasteful adornment, in which, after all, is little adorning for adornment's sake, and peculiarly comfortable and cosy. The visitor is at once impressed with the homelikeness that pervades it. The domestic animals might be mistaken for the proprietors, since they take possession of every nook where it is fitting that they may be seen. No dog, from the hunter to the toy of the establishment, ever appears there with his tail between his legs, or with a furtive sneak in his eye. It should not be difficult to guess what this means in its relation to the general spirit of happiness and confidence that dominates the home of Mary Anderson.

"In one of my talks with the pervading and informing spirit of this ideal nook I learned with no less pleasure than amazement that Mrs. Navarro was paid one hundred thousand dollars for her autobiography, published a few years ago. The commercial value that shrewd publishers attach to her name and writings may be gathered from the more recent fact that an American firm offered to pay her also one hundred thousand dollars for a variant of that autobiography—fifty thousand dollars in advance and the remainder at the time of submitting the manuscript. If it were merely a matter of earning money, she would have been a fortune teller. It is for me to think of her, taking the fatigues, the wanderings, and the general inconvenience of a professional tour."

"I saw it all right," said Morrissey, "and was forced to confirm my own judgment. There is nothing in the way of material winnings big enough to tempt this lovely woman and happy wife and mother into the public glare. She is deeply religious, and there is in her home a pretty chapel, where mass is said every morning, and

Man Uses Only Half His Brain

SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT THE SEAT OF THE REASON—GREAT MEN OFTEN HAVE SMALL-SIZED BRAINS—FREAKS OF THE INTELLECT.

[By William Hanna Thompson, M.D., LL.D., physician to Roosevelt Hospital, ex-president of New York Academy of Medicine, author of "Brain and Personality," etc., etc.]

A man was brought to Bellevue Hospital, wholly unable to speak a word, though he could hear words with his ears and read with his eyes as well as ever. The story told by his friends was that in a drunken row a man had poked the tip of an umbrella into his eye. But instead of seriously injuring that organ, it had passed over the ball into his brain just where the uttering speech center lies, separated from the eye by only a very thin plate in the bony roof of the orbit. While I was describing his case to a large class at my clinic, he saw a student with an umbrella in his hand, and pointing to it, he burst into tears. As far as we could learn, he never recovered his speech.

The place injured in this and similar instances was the seat of spoken language was proved by the fact that not only did injury there invariably abolish speech, in the precise meaning of the word, but that a like injury elsewhere had no such effect, whatever other effect it might have.

The discovery of a special speech region in the brain was truly a great find, for it furnished a key for finding out the place for another of this mysterious physical organ of the mind. Ever as regards the faculty of speech itself, it was soon revealed that it had three separate anatomical seats in the brain. One place is the auditory region of the brain, where words are registered; another place is the visual area, where words coming through the eye in reading are registered; and by means of a third place, in the motor area, we utter words by the movements of the muscles of the larynx, tongue or lips. It was this center that was destroyed in the case of the umbrella accident.

How separate and distinct from this uttering center the brain place for reading is, was illustrated by a lady patient of mine who was astonished one morning at finding that she could not read a word in anything, whether newspaper or book. She thought some thing must be wrong with her eyes, but she saw everything about the room as well as ever and could sew and knit. I tested her carefully and found that she could hear every word addressed to her and could talk remarkably well. Her reading brain center, however, had been destroyed in the night without her waking, by a plug in the little artery which supplies that place, and she forthwith became as illiterate as a Papuan savage, nor did she learn to read again, succumbing to apoplexy two years after.

Generally more than one speech center is injured by an apoplectic hemorrhage in the brain, as was the case with a patient of mine, a gentleman who one morning lost not only all power of utterance, but also all ability to read. He could, however, hear words perfectly and, strange to tell, he proved that the place for arithmetic figures is in a different brain locality from that for words, because he could read and write figures and calculate every kind of a sum in large business transactions, which he successfully conducted for seven years afterward, without once being able to speak a word or even to read his own signature.

Likewise, music notes are registered in a still different place, as is demonstrated by numerous published instances of skilled musicians who suddenly lost all power to read music, though they could read everything else; while, vice versa, others have been found who became word blind, but still could read music notes.

Still other facts that demonstrate the actual relations of the brain to the mind should be mentioned, because

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where she finds real peace of the kind that the exalted in spirit tell us of. I left England persuaded that where I in Miss Anderson's place no Morrissey palaver about the triumphs of the stage and all that should ever be allowed to penetrate the inner ear."

Man Uses Only Half His Brain

they prepare us the better to understand the relations of the brain to the body. Disorders of speech, due to physical damage in the brain, show that words are there arranged somewhat like books on library shelves. When a man, therefore, learns a new language, he has to provide a new shelf for its words. This is proved by the case, among many others like it, of a man who, besides his mother English, became French, Latin and Greek. He became word blind in English, but still could read French, though with some mistakes, and Latin with fewer mistakes than French, while Greek he could read perfectly—showing that his English shell was ruined, his French was half damaged, his Latin shelf less so, while his Greek row escaped entirely.

Other instances show that the books may be so jammed sideways, so to speak, that not one of them can be got out, in which case the event proves that on each shelf the verbs are placed first, the pronouns next, then the prepositions and adverbs, and the nouns last. A man was brought to my clinic who could not utter a word. My diagnosis ascribed his disability to a tumorous swelling in the speech area, which might be absorbed by giving him iodide of potassium. I then had him removed so that he could not hear what was said, while I told the class that if he recovered he would very likely get his verbs first and his nouns last. When he returned two weeks afterward, on my showing him a knife he said, "You cut," a pencil, "You write," etc. Three weeks later he had all his prepositions, but he could name no noun or several weeks afterward. The reasons are that the verbs are, before we know what it is that we see or hear, while nouns represent things outside to us, to which later give names. The nouns that we learn last, and therefore forget soonest, are the names of persons; that is why elderly people are ever complaining that they cannot recall names.

Science is now estopped from all attempts to explain the incalculable superiority of man's mind by his having an exceptional brain. Huxley showed that the difference between the human and the chimpanzee brain is too insignificant to count, and I knew a teacher in a medical college who did not discover until his sixth lecture that the brain which he had been demonstrating to the class was the brain of an ape and not of a man. But the chief reason that science now has for hesitation is that recent discoveries which show that the brain is not the source of thought, but is purely an instrument of the musician who plays it, and by itself cannot give forth a single note of violin music.

The first approach to this conclusion came through the comparative weighing of various brains. Some of the heaviest and largest healthy brains on record were found post mortem in paupers, who during life had only the minds of paupers, while an examination of the brain of von Helmholtz, perhaps all of our age in Europe the most eminent for intellect, showed that it was a full tenth below the average weight of the adult male European brain. Plainly, then, the mental capacity of an individual bears no necessary relation to the amount of brain matter that he has in his head.

But further and more decisive evidence on this point is the fact that, strictly speaking, all of us use in thinking only one-half of the brain we have. For the fact is that the brain is a pair of organs consisting of two perfectly matched hemispheres, but only one of them becomes human brain, that is, a brain with the special mental endowments that are human, while the other remains thoughtless for life. Indeed, cases have been reported by eminent neurologists who had made post mortem examinations of persons who had lived for years after the destruction of one entire hemisphere, without

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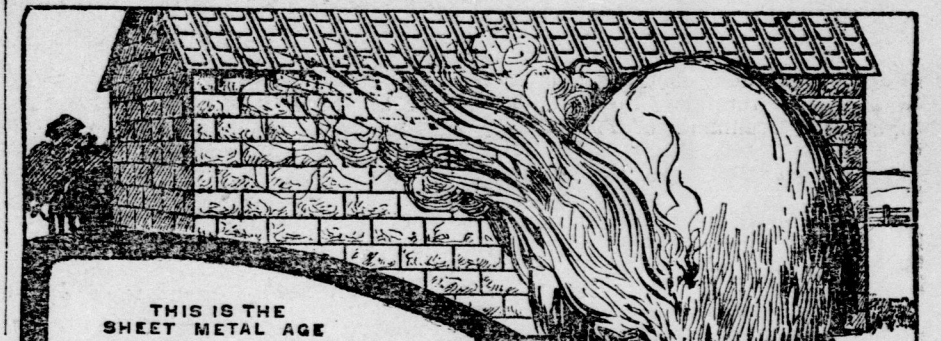
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showing any mental defect. But in each case it was the thoughtless hemisphere that had been ruined. Now, if brain matter were itself the source of production of thought then the more brain matter we had, the more thought we should have, just as two bushels of wheat will make twice as much flour as one bushel. But not so as to brain and thought. As a man does not see twice as far with his two eyes as with one eye, so his pair of brains does not double him mentally, because either hemisphere (when plugged in outlet tube. Likewise an eminent financier lived for 40 of his years with vitality but one lung doing business. So we have an extra brain which, if the individual is yet young, and his brain matter therefore still teachable, will learn everything after its fellow which was first taught has been irreparably damaged. Thus, cases have often been reported of children who suffered paralysis with destruction of the speech centers, but who in a year had taught the speech centers in the other brain to talk as well as those first educated.—From an article in Everybody's Magazine.

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