

WOMEN AS DETECTIVES.

There Are Only One or Two Lines in Which They Can Operate with Any Success.

There may be a female Sherlock Holmes some day—but detectives think there won't. The remoteness of this possibility, however, does not deter numbers of women from making constant application to the heads of large detective bureaus for employment. Generally they are refused, says the Chicago Tribune.

Detectives are practically unanimous that with one or two exceptions the different lines of detective work are closed to women simply because they are women. One of these exceptions is work in a department store. There it is almost necessary that the detective should be a woman. A man lettering about the store to detect shoplifters would be known within a short time. His work is too unnatural a position. Men do not wander through department stores as a rule.

In other lines of the work a woman is at a natural handicap which makes it impossible for her to do serviceable work, and which makes the manager of a detective agency unwilling to give her employment. For instance, a woman cannot shadow a man. She cannot loiter about the streets without attracting as much attention as the man would in a department store. In spite of these obstacles the number of women who desire to go in the business is large.

A. L. Drummond, who was chief of the United States secret service for 20 years, being John Wilkie's predecessor, said of the woman detective: "They don't exist in a legitimate business—that is, a business which concerns itself with the pursuit of crime and the protection of commercial interests. We have applicants of course, but in the ten years that I have been out of the government service I have not paid out, all told, more than \$30 for the services of women. I keep none in my employment. Once in a while by chance I need one. If I do it is generally some private individual, perhaps a member of my own family, that I employ.

The applicants as a rule are not a desirable class of women. Strange to say they are not young girls, smitten with a desire for a life of adventure. They are not romantic dime novel reading young idiomats like the boys. We never have an office boy who does not believe himself to be an undeveloped Sherlock Holmes, and the boys who come here on errands from other places generally speak in husky voices and peer around for trap doors.

"Should be detectives among the women are usually beyond 35 years of age. Most generally it is a divorced woman who knows how she was caught and thinks she could improve the knowledge she gained thus. Sometimes the widow of a detective tries to take his place, but unless she confines her work entirely to the management of the office she will make a failure of it and soon give it up. "In fact, the only woman who does any effective detective work is the distinctly non-professional. Once in the government service I employed a woman to run down the defaulting president of a national bank. She was employed for three months, and she finally got the man in Brazil. That was good work. Occasionally in counterfeiting cases women are valuable, but it is nearly always as informers and not as detectives."

FOOLING WARSHIP LOOKOUTS.

Champagne Bottles Set Afloat Neck-Deep Resemble Submarine-Boat Periscopes.

When a submarine torpedo boat is about to deliver her attack she must rise close enough to the surface of the sea in which she is submerged to make a fresh observation. Bearings are obtained by lifting out of water the upper end of a vertical tubular device called a periscope. The experiment would probably be tried when the submarine was so near to her foe that detection of the former by the latter might prove a serious matter. A few well directed shots from a small caliber rapid fire gun on the threatened battleship would suffice, if they did not sink, its tiny assailant. Lookouts on big warships have, therefore, been trained to watch for anything which resembles the tip of a periscope during naval maneuvers, and to report their discoveries promptly, says the New York Tribune. At least, such is the practice in the French navy, which includes a considerable number of submarines, and which has given them many public trials.

It has recently been noticed that the end of a periscope looks like the top of a champagne bottle. Accordingly, by weighting a number of such bottles so that they will float with just the right amount of neck out of water, it is often possible to fool the most vigilant observer. The crews of the French submarines have already derived much fun from the trick, and they hope to profit by it in time of war. If by such means the enemy can be induced to misdirect his fire, there would be a better chance of a successful attack upon him with a torpedo.

German Benefactress. Representatives of all the kings of Europe marched in the funeral procession of the late Baroness von Coblenz-Oppenheim, daughter of the old Emperor William's banker. The baroness was a benefactress on a grand scale and did more for literature and art than all the princes of Germany together. Some time ago, when a number of poor people lost money in a bank in which she was interested, she paid their claims, amounting to \$2,000,000, in full.—London Mail.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

A Few of the Pretty Trifles That Will Figure in the Spring Costumes.

Tea gowns of white silk will still be fashionable next season. There is a revival of the box-plaited skirt back—the plait as a rule being adjustable, and of an extra breadth of the skirt fabric.

Shirring, tucking, plaits and hem-stitching play an important part in the making up of gowns both for day and evening wear, and delicate embroideries, either in white or dainty colorings, appear upon the newest shirt waists of India mull, linen lawn, chambray, organdie and other French cotton goods.

It is considered more fashionable to wear a blue, green, gray or red hat with a black gown than a black hat.

Flower-printed wash nets are among the new and attractive transparent dress textiles for the spring and summer seasons. They have all of the diaphanous and airy effect of chiffon, and are far more durable, says the New York Post.

Green and white will form a very fashionable combination on hats for the spring and early summer.

Sheer and semi-transparent fabrics, and long curving lines from shoulder to skirt hem, will be popular for the summer season of 1933.

This is a fashion note that comes direct from Paris to one of the large American designing houses: "For both day and evening wear, white undressed kid gloves, with plain pearl buttons and no stitching, are considered the most correct style. They should be worn from one-half to one size too large, as nothing is considered more provincial than gloves that are a 'snug fit'."

The newest blouse and fancy-waist collars are shaped like pointed girdles, both front and back, or they take the bishop form, with pointed embroidered tabs in front. For simple house or morning waists the straight clerical band, with turnover edge of lace, embroidery, or hemstitched muslin, is the preferred style of finish, with bands to match at the wrists.

The easy-fitting Norfolk jacket will remain a favorite model for general utility uses during the entire spring season. The newest models are slightly shorter than the three-quarter shapes of the winter and the broad plaits, as a rule, are made separately and stitched to the jacket instead of being taken up in the goods when the garment is cut. The applied bands give a slender and more graceful appearance to the wearer of the jacket. A medium-wide silk-stitched belt passes under the plaits just below the waist line at the back and curves in shapely dip on the front, the pointed ends drawn through a gun-metal buckle.

LANDLADY'S RECKLESSNESS.

Places Some Real Food Before Her Boarders and Creates a Commotion.

Among the boarders at Mrs. La Hasch's on Sunday morning last consternation reigned. An utterly unfamiliar and fearfully awesome object challenged their attention. The object seemed so very strange, so thoroughly mysterious, that there was a terrible weirdness even in the suggestion that it be investigated. Uncanny effects, shivery apprehensiveness, lurked, presentiments, forebodings, lurked, grasped, enthralled. All, all was hushed, writes Fred Ladd, in Puck.

Ordinarily the Sunday morning breakfast and table was a scene of reckless abandon. How silent the gathering now! The funeral witticisms and mathematical jokes of the funny boarder were unspoken; unheard was the profound drivel of Jimes, the Bargain Counter (first left, fourth aisle) Logician. With these wanton personages stilled what wonder that the other boarders felt unnerved? For did they not know how much it took to shut up the Mathematical Humorist and the Bargain Counter Logician?

The strange object which by the eloquence of its mystery had stricken with fear the inhabitants at Mrs. La Hasch's lay motionless upon the table. It was an inconsequential appearing bit of matter, but, ah! how compelling and terrifying in its effect! The Mathematical Humorist cowered in the far corner of the basement dining-room; the once-wealthy, but-now-depressed lady boarder clung to his trembling form. The Bargain Counter Logician had fled to the side-board and stood as though in mute supplication to the painting of a painted dish of painted fruit which hung on the wall above. Huddled beside him in terror were the music teacher boarder (young lady), the kicker boarder (old gentleman) and the boarding house cat.

The sport boarder stood on a chair. Suddenly he stepped down, placed it nearer the table, remounted and began to poke the grewsome object at arm's length. He cried out in glad relief. "It's all right!" he shouted. They advanced cautiously. The object was indeed discovered to be entirely harmless. It was Food. But they were too excited to eat.

Lettuce Writers.

Select or sp. rather small leaves of young lettuce and tear apart in pieces about an inch square, and stir into a butter made of one egg, a tablespoonful of sweet cream, salt and four enough to make it moderately stiff. Drop by the spoonful in hot lard or fry in olive oil, just enough to keep the lettuce from burning. Serve piled on a folded napkin, with slices of lemon.—N. Y. Post.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A woman in Lyons, N. J., died from the bite of a pet cat. A Manchester (England) man is suing a woman for breach of promise, and she is suing him on the same charges. They don't agree to a compromise.

Congressman Goldfogle, of New York was towing a party of his constituents around the capitol building. Pausing in the rotunda, he said: "That is a picture of Washington giving up his commission." One of the party, a practical politician, observed regretfully: "I didn't know Washington was such a sucker as to give up his commission. How much was it?"

Gen. Booth, the Salvation Army leader, has been a pronounced vegetarian for years. He even refuses to indulge in butter, milk or vegetables cooked in fat, living entirely on cereals, principally boiled rice. The general says he is a vegetarian for two reasons. One is his belief that primitive man ate no meat and the other is that after a long trial of that diet he finds himself much younger than his years.

Queen Alexandra's special lad is that of having her pocket money made perfectly clean and bright before she fingers it. Whenever a check is turned into hard cash for her use the coins are scrubbed in a lather of spirits of wine, water and soap before being placed in her purse, and any change that may be tendered her when making purchases is taken charge of by the lady-in-waiting until it has been subjected to a like process of purification.

Senator Perkins, of California, who spent years of his early life at sea, tells of a stowaway being found in the cabin of a vessel. The lad was made cabin boy to the captain, who took quite a fancy to him. When the ship made her first stop the captain gave the lad \$20 and sent him ashore for some vegetables. The boy told a grocery man what he had come for and the storekeeper, pointing to a barrel of dried peas, said: "Them's vegetables." The boy invested the \$20 and on rowing out to the ship, which was anchored in the bay, was hailed by the captain: "Have you brought the vegetables?" "Yes, sir," said the lad, not very confidently. "Look alive, then, and hand them up one at a time."

Not long ago Sir Richard Powell, a famous London physician, was called to treat King Edward. The king's regular physician, Sir Francis Laking, was present. After examining his august patient, Sir Richard said in his characteristically brusque way: "You have eaten and drunk too much, I will send you a prescription that will put you right." Then he hurried out to see other patients, when Sir Francis followed and protested against his abrupt way of treating the king. "My dear Laking," said Powell, "if there is any squirming to do you return and attend to it. I really haven't the time."

RED-HEADED GIRL DID IT.

Her Young Man Gained the Edge for "Goo-Gooing" and Saved Many Lives.

"As to railroad smash-ups," said an old conductor who has long had a run out of Detroit, "you may hit or miss by a close margin. Five seconds at a crossing may mean safety or tragedy. My closest call from a head-on collision was mixed up with a red-headed girl, and I feel that I can never be too grateful. The girl was a waitress in a railroad eating house where our passengers took supper, and I suppose I made goo-goo eyes at her occasionally. I suppose so from the fact that a lusty young man to whom she was engaged sent me a letter threatening to do me up if I didn't quit. I lit a cigar with the epistle and continued to goo-goo."

"One night we stopped as usual for 20 minutes' refreshment, and I got my orders from the train dispatcher to make up four minutes' lost time in the next 20 miles. He gave me a clear run, and though it was late in the fall and dark evening the track was in good shape. I cut the passengers short by a minute and a half, and had just got the last of 'em aboard when a man walked up to me and planted a right-hander between my eyes. Lordy, but I thought the heavens and the earth had come together. I was knocked as flat as a pancake, and the fellow piled on to me and got in two or three more good ones before he could be hauled off. It was the red-headed girl's young man, and he was making good his threats. I was helped aboard the train for repairs, but we had lost six minutes. The brakeman was about to give the signal to start when a freight train of 36 cars came booming in to take the siding. The train dispatcher had made a mix of it. Had we pulled out on time we should have met that train three or four miles up the road, and no one can say how many dead and wounded there would have been. With my nose skinned, two front teeth out and my eyes going into mourning, I sought out my rival and blessed him, and I sought out the red-haired girl and would have kissed her had she permitted, and when we finally jogged along there was a song in my heart and I didn't care a cent whether school kept or not."

Strange Tribe of Eskimos.

The remnant of a strange tribe of Eskimos has been discovered on Southampton Island, at the north end of Hudson Bay. These people had never seen a white man until recently. Their huts are built of the great jaws of whales, covered with skins. In the middle is an elevation, on which is a stone lamp used for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow and drying clothes. The tribe is almost extinct, only some 10 being left.—Chicago Journal.

ASTONISHED THE LANDLORD.

He Knew a Few Tricks Himself, But Was Shown One That Beat Him Out.

A few months since a man who called himself a conjurer entered a tavern in a country town and asked the assembled company if they would like to witness one of his tricks. The fellow looked cold and hungry, says London Tit-Bits, so the landlord gave assent, and stated that he knew a few tricks himself and had seen many wonderful ones.

The conjurer then requested the company to place three hats upon the table, after which he desired the landlord to bring a loaf of bread, and the stranger cut three pieces (nearly half a pound each) and placed one upon each hat. He then stated that he could do the trick so much more comfortably to himself if he had three pieces of cheese. The cheese being brought, he cut three good-sized pieces and placed one by each piece of bread.

Now was the grand trick. The conjurer turned up the cuffs of his coat, took out his handkerchief, unbuttoned his shirt-collar, and stated that he would eat the three pieces of bread and cheese and afterwards bring all under one hat. He commenced eating, and after demolishing two pieces declared that he could not proceed with the third and finish the trick unless he had something to drink.

The landlord, anxious that the wonderful trick should be proceeded with, for the amusement of his customers, immediately gave the fellow a quart of ale; and the third piece of bread and cheese soon followed the first two pieces. Now, the grand trick was disclosed, and the landlord and his companions anxiously waited to see it.

The conjurer said: "Now, gentlemen, which hat shall I bring the bread and cheese under?" The landlord pointed out his own hat, wishing it to take part in the trick as well as the bread and cheese. It being so arranged, the conjurer again said:

"Gentlemen, I have eaten the bread and cheese and I will bring it under the landlord's hat," and immediately placed the hat upon his head and walked out, getting clean away before the company could recover from their surprise.

SEA DUTY OF NAVAL OFFICERS

Comparison Between the Number in Command of Ships in 1907 and 1902.

In view of the complaints that the demands upon officers for sea duty have grown overwhelmingly large, the following comparison has been made on the number of officers serving on ships on January 1, 1907, and January 1, 1902. As the Philippine squadron has been somewhat reduced in the last year, it is not believed that the new navy register, which is soon to be issued, will show any marked difference over the conditions of a year ago, says a Washington report.

In 1907 there were six rear admirals, two of whom were at sea commanding squadrons, as well as two of the ten commodores. Of the 45 captains, 24 were in command of cruisers or battleships. Sixteen commanders out of 85 were on war vessels, two being on training ships and two on school ships. Of the 74 lieutenant commanders, 37 were at sea, 13 being in command of vessels. Of the 259 lieutenants, four were commanding coast survey vessels, one a torpedo boat, and 14 were serving on cruisers. One lieutenant, junior grade, was in command of a coast survey steamer, one of a fish commission boat, and 55 others were doing watch officers' duty on various ships. There were then 75 officers in this grade.

During 1902, six of the 22 rear admirals were at sea. Of the 73 captains, five were on receiving ships, one on a training ship, and 21 in command of cruisers and battleships. Of the 117 commanders, 32 were in command of war vessels, three of school ships, one of a training ship, and one of a fish-commission boat. Of 175 lieutenant commanders, 95 were at sea, ten exercising command. Fourteen of the 306 lieutenants were at sea in command, and 190 were doing other sea duty. Of 78 lieutenants, junior grade, two were in command and 37 doing watch and division duty. In 1897 there were then 299 of the line at sea out of 545. In 1902 there were 409 out of a total of 772, serving on ships. But it must be remembered that in 1897 there were 104 engineer officers at sea, while this year the engineers are included in the line. It will, therefore, be seen that the demands of the navy of to-day are by no means greater.

Natural Colored Silks.

Recent experiments in France have shown that the yellow and green colors possessed by the silk spun by certain caterpillars are due to the coloring matter derived from food, and passed through the blood of the spinners. By impregnating leaves with artificial colors the experimenters have caused some species of caterpillars to produce silk of bright orange-yellow and fine rose hues. By the aid of the spectroscope the presence and nature of colored pigments in the blood of the little animals was established.

Enough Razor for the Whole.

"I am afraid," said Maund, thoughtfully, "that Willie Wibbles will never come here again." "Did he go away in a rage?" asked Mammie. "Well, some of him did. Just before he started my dear little dachshund bit a piece out of him."—Stray Stories.

LETZK'S GREAT SALT MINES.

Property of the Russian Government Leased to Merchants Who Control the Output.

In a recent report to the state department at Washington, W. R. Holaway, United States consul general at St. Petersburg, gives the following interesting particulars concerning the remarkable salt mines of Letzsk, Russia:

Letzsk is a small settlement of 62 kilometers (38.5 miles) from Orenburg, in the region of the Ural and steppes. Cossacks of the Ural established the settlement in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the rich stratum, containing from 7,000,000,000,000 to 50,000,000,000,000 pounds (4,180,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 tons) of excellent mineral salt, covering an area of four square versts (1.75 square miles), was discovered. The depth of the mines has recently been ascertained to exceed 90 sagesens (620 feet).

In the beginning of the sixteenth century Bashkirs worked this layer in a primitive way. The Russian government took possession of it in 1753. In 1810 the government built the Orenburg-Samara salt track, and from 1817 a regular exploitation of the mine has been carried on, first by convicts and since 1849 by free workmen.

At present a company of Orenburg merchants holds these rich mines on lease from the government, but the work is not extensive. The yearly production does not exceed 1,500,000 pounds (243,800 tons), because of the lack of good roads—the place having been inaccessible—but now that a branch of the railway of Orenburg-Tashkent leads to the mine, it is expected that the export will be largely increased. The salt is now worked by one enormous pit—a sort of cavern—at a depth of 57 sagesens (399 feet) underground. This excavation measures 112 sagesens (754 feet) in length, 12 sagesens (84 feet) in breadth and 25 sagesens (175 feet) in height. The walls are quite white. The ceiling is of a cylindrical form and has a thickness of 30 sagesens (210 feet). A sand layer, 10 to 15 sagesens (75 to 105 feet) thick, covers the mineral stratum, and, absorbing the dampness, protects the vein of pure crystalline salt. The cavern is lighted by several electric lamps.

"Eighty workmen are occupied in this cavern. Some trace new lines for the work, others make canals in the direction marked, and when these reach the points indicated by the engineer the bed is blasted with gunpowder in the same manner as is used for blasting stone.

A steam elevator serves for communication with the surface, and is anchored on the top of low walls, where they make an insurmountable barrier. They are also broken finely, mixed with plaster of paris, and poured or rammed into ramblers. When the plaster sets, no rat will ever gnaw it. Mixed with cement, broken bottles make a good beton or concrete for military walls."

NO YELLS, NO FIGHT.

Pete Couldn't Do Good Work Without Getting Properly Kept Up for It.

"I was boss over a big gang of men," said Col. Woods, according to the Boston Globe, "and among the navvies were a dozen very tough men. The cock of the walk, though, was a fellow named Pete. He was looked up to and feared and admired as a resident of the head waters of Fighting creek. "It was fun to see him fight. He had to work up to it by yelling, and he had a voice on him like a fog horn. As a matter of fact he had his opponent scared before a blow was struck. I got on to his tactics after awhile, and as he was a tyrant and abusive, I wanted to see him get a setback. "One day after he had chased a little fellow named Mike off the dump, I went to the vanquished and said: "See here, Mike, can you fight a little bit?" "I wouldn't be an Irishman if I couldn't," he replied.

"Have you noticed that Pete has whooped and yelled for three or four minutes before pitching in?" "I have, sir, and his yells give a man chills. They are like the roars of a grizzly." "Never mind his yells. Do as I tell you and you'll lick him out of his boots."

"An hour later," continued the colonel, "Pete looked around for some one to smash and his glance fell upon Mike. He dropped his shovel, threw down his hat and began to roar. "Mike did not lose a minute in getting after him, and in two minutes he had the big fellow on the run. It was a victory to the surprise of the whole gang, and within three days so many had caught on to the trick and Pete had been licked so often that he came to me and said: "Colonel, I think I'll take my ticket and go. Your crowd is too ambitious." "In what way?" "Why, they want to get me licked before I have time to get ready for a fight."

Less of Two Evils.

"Yeast—Why does that fellow walk on the railway?" The train might come along and kill him. "Crimsonbank—Yes, but I suppose the poor fellow is afraid of the automobiles.—Stray Stories.

Scrubbing the Landscape.

Hubbub: How bright and clean everything looks out here. Subhub: Yes, we had a couple of detectives scouring the country last week.—Philadelphia Record.

A BOTTLE ESTABLISHMENT.

Where Second-Hand Receptacles Are Cleaned and Prepared for Sale to Tradesmen.

Of the millions of bottles used every year about one-half are lost, and the other half used again. They are collected by servants, janitors, rag pickers, dump pickers, and small boys, and sold at a half cent, a cent, or two cents, to a junk dealer, who disposes of them to a bottle dealer, from whose place, when they are cleaned and assorted, they go back again into trade. The dealers used to be Irish almost exclusively. At the present time the Italians predominate, the Irish come second and the Russian Jews third, says the New York Post.

"The business," said a dealer, "looks simpler than it really is. Collecting is easy, and cleaning presents no difficulties. When a bottle is very dirty, say, where it contains paint, it costs more to clean it than it will sell for when cleaned. Such bottles are never bought. The assortment demands considerable trade knowledge. All bottles are put by themselves. They are purchased by their original owners, and sometimes by their instigators.

"Drug stores or prescription bottles make a class. We don't care much for them, as they are so cheap originally that the profit is very small. Rubine wine and Moselle bottles are in large demand, as they are nearly all imported. Whisky and gin bottles make good stock. They go to the distilleries, bucket shops, and cheap saloons. Champagne bottles are not quite so profitable. They are used by American champagne makers, cider bottlers and mineral-water fitters. Cologne and fancy perfumery bottles go to the East. Where cheap soaps are manufactured, many patent medicine bottles, especially those of odd design, are bought by the manufacturers. The same rule applies to ink and nail-file bottles, but only to larger sizes. Magnums and extra chianti's always find a ready market."

"Another important point is the attitude of a customer. Many bottlers, saloons and drug stores will receive our goods delivered in open baskets. It does not hurt their trade for the public to know that they use second-hand bottles. Others are very different, and insist on their bottles being packed in boxes and crates, as if they came from the glass works. Formerly we did a large business in beer and milk bottles, but these trades have organized an excellent system of cooperative collecting and distributing which was, of course, at our expense. We do not utilize broken bottles. In Europe they are mixed with mortar and laid on the top of low walls, where they make an insurmountable barrier. They are also broken finely, mixed with plaster of paris, and poured or rammed into ramblers. When the plaster sets, no rat will ever gnaw it. Mixed with cement, broken bottles make a good beton or concrete for military walls."

QUAIL IN THE CORNFIELD.

How the Birds Are Hugged on a Southern Plantation Without the Aid of a Dog.

In the wide southern field, with rows of cornstalks dead and stripped running from side to side, a moist soil and pebbles scattered here and there, no man needs a dog in hunting quail. Commonly the cattle are turned into a field of this kind after the corn is in the barns and they trample over it, eating the peas and knocking as many up of the peas as they eat.

It is this ground fruitful in food for the birds and they can get out of it only by being shot out. A beggar harassed three times a week will return to it again until the last one of them has gone to pot, says the New York Sun. The feeding times of the quail are as regular as a clock. Indeed, a man might almost set a watch by them. At the same hour each day the same bevy will be found in the same part of the field and generally no more than 50 yards from the spot from which it was flushed on the day before.

The birds go into the fields as soon as the sun has dried the dew from the grasses, say when the sun is an hour high, and remain until noon, when they seek water and then the shade of thick cover where they lie until feeding time in the afternoon. A man hunting quail without a dog in a field of this kind does not, of course, look for them on the ground, though the bevy may be seen sometimes running along the rows. He walks across the rows from one end of the field to the other and then, taking a slightly different line, walks back.

Somewhere he is certain to be startled by the thunder of wings as the birds rise almost at his feet. A field like this on a southern plantation contains generally more than a hundred acres and the bevy will drop at some other spot on it, scattering slightly, and may be marked down without trouble. The man goes after them then, getting them one by one by one and having good shooting. Of course he fails to find many of the birds, whereas a good dog would work them out one by one, but he will be certain to get enough to satisfy any reasonable sportsman, and when he has thoroughly covered the ground he has only to go to another part of the field to discover another bevy. This sort of work is much fairer to the birds than seeking them with pointer or setter in such limited territory and they last longer in a season. The only difficulty the man will experience will be in finding the birds which he has knocked down and ability to find dead birds is something that comes only with practice. Men used to it will shoot all day and not lose a dead bird. The winged ones will get away sometimes, but not often.