

THE LAND OF MAGIC.

There's a wonderful land where I go by myself. Without stirring out of my chair...

THE MAN THAT WAS IN HIM.

(Concluded from last week.) And there, upon the car top, in the utter darkness, Ol' Ezram scrawled a brief message...

coat tails flying, and, like strange birds, they leaped into the air.

In the door of the station a little group of men berated hard as they waited the roar of the wreck.

"I wouldn't have been—sure," the station agent whispered. "I wouldn't have known what to do, in time, if it hadn't been for that note."

Just that instant the switchman braced himself, for he heard the thunder of the car. It flung past, a soulless Frankenstein, then, with a crash and a roar that swelled into a bellow, struck the derailing irons.

The group of men in the station doorway started; then they wiped the sweat from streaming faces.

"Just two dead—instead of two hundred," one of them whispered. "They couldn't have got off alive."

"Maybe they did. It must have slowed down some."

"Yes—but it was going like the wind. Come!"

And those that could go started running down the track toward the switch tower, their lantern glimmering.

But Ol' Ezram and the stranger had not heard the noise of the smash-up. Their sleep had been too deep for that.

Then Ol' Ezram opened his eyes. All was dark at first; he could not see even the stars.

"He tried to sit up, and for the first time became aware of a vicious, stabbing pain in his leg below the knee.

But he disregarded it, and peered about him. Now he could see the lights of the switch tower.

Then Ol' Ezram remembered—the swift descent, the leap into darkness, the shock of falling, the stranger.

What of this stranger? He had jumped, too *

He crawled closer, and lay down beside him, and his thin old arm went round him.

"Wake up, stranger," Ezram begged. "We done it. Yes, we did."

"Wake up, I say. The track's cleared and all them women an' children are saved. Here she comes, ding bust her! Here she comes now. Wake up and see her, son!"

And soon he did waken. He heard a kind, though cracked voice in his ears at first—then the roar of the Sunset Limited on the track in front.

"Wake up, stranger," Ezram begged. "We done it. Yes, we did."

"Wake up, I say. The track's cleared and all them women an' children are saved. Here she comes, ding bust her! Here she comes now. Wake up and see her, son!"

"Wake up, I say. The track's cleared and all them women an' children are saved. Here she comes, ding bust her! Here she comes now. Wake up and see her, son!"

"Wake up, I say. The track's cleared and all them women an' children are saved. Here she comes, ding bust her! Here she comes now. Wake up and see her, son!"

spoke. The revelation had not made of them railway king and vagrant; they were just two old men who had fought side by side, and whose mettle had been proven true.

"Will I?" the answer came. The weak old eyes filled and flooded.

"And incidentally," continued the railway builder in the same exalted voice, "I'll pass the word along to the heads of several lines that I control that the brakies are not to be quite so hard on the brotherhood of 'boes'."

Though not in his own words, this is the story that John Austin related to his guests at his country home that late summer afternoon.

"If I had ever been a snob," he concluded, "that night with Ol' Ezram would have taken it out of me.

The young men thought they would, so John Austin led them down from the porch to the green lawn.

"Well, one time there was a little yaller-haired gal, and her name was Goldie-Lock * * *

And here we may leave Ol' Ezram, in his haven at last, floating out very quietly and joyfully on the mild eb tide of life.

THE PLEASING VOICE.

At no period of our existence does the pleasing voice with its musical intonations and lucid articulations fail to win an audience and respect.

There is a compelling charm in its accent, its deliberate sweetness and enunciation which is well-nigh irresistible, whether it praises or condemns.

And yet with all the subtle power invested in the organs of speech, men and women in their oral intercourse with one another are habitually careless.

Such voices narrow and dampen the spirit of expectant hearers until they wish they could go suddenly deaf or vanish in the air.

Whether the rasping discords come from the lips of vestals or scullions, the effect produced is always "creepy" and depressing to the refined.

And this would seem to show the importance of a pleasing voice at the fireside, the desk, behind the counter, everywhere, in fact where tired ears are pausing on tip-toe for a soothing sound to assuage their pent-up nervousness.

Nothing is more destructive to a salesman's success than a loud, coarse and brazen enunciation, with a touch of authoritative command in every vowel and aspirate.

Nothing applies not only to the salesman but to every man and woman in all walks of life, and especially to those who are dependent on others for a livelihood.

The discriminating employer naturally gives preference to him or her who habitually uses a pleasing voice in company with a kindly smile and courteous manners, in all kinds of weather and in all sorts of business.

The Test.

A gray old practitioner of the type of the last generation, who is the official physician of the school of a nearby town, was examining the pupils recently.

With watch in hand he gripped the slender wrist of a little girl under test.

"No, sir," came the timid reply.

"No, sir," came the timid reply.

There was the same monosyllabic reply and with an air of deep disgust the old man held the watch to his own ear, exclaiming:

—Get your job work done here.

TREES ADD GREATLY TO BEAUTY OF ROAD.

Apparently the early custom of roadside tree planting in America has been forgotten. In the constant effort to keep pace with the ever-growing demands of the autoist for more and better roads, there has been little time or money for the planting and care of trees along the roads.

If trees were planted and maintained under ideal conditions and were not subject to injuries and disease, they would continue to thrive for years.

Early in the present century the rapid diminution of the natural forests and the astounding mortality of the native fruit and shade trees prompted a study of preventive measures.

One of the most important principles in modern tree surgery is that bark and sapwood will eventually grow over filled cavities.

Having learned this fact, however, many an ill-advised person has started the treatment without understanding that success can be obtained only by observing certain precautions.

When a cavity is properly filled it is easily made waterproof, and repeated investigations have proved that there is no reinforcement behind a filling when it is properly made.

Light on Biblical Authorship.

An Egyptian tomb in western Thebes, it is said, has furnished evidence that the writer of the Book of Proverbs is indebted for some of his passages to an Egyptian named Amenemopel, who, according to records, lived hundreds of years earlier than the Bible author.

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher grade.

Her Affliction.

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher grade.

Can't All Be Vegetarians.

There is one very good reason why we cannot all be vegetarians, even if we would.

Unexpected Pleasure.

One side of the famous Devil's Glen was open to the public; the other side was kept strictly private by the landlord.

Point Moral Lesson.

"Little Apes of Nikko," sometimes known as the "Three Wise Monkeys," is the name of monkeys which appear in a mural decoration among ancient tombs at Nikko, Japan.

Lightning in Forests.

When lightning strikes a tree the ordinary result is to splinter the wood or strip off bark through the sudden generation of steam, says Nature Magazine.

Limit to Her Anger.

"So the engagement is off?"

"Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement ring and flung it onto her right hand."

Would-Be Librarians Not "Up" in History.

Nearly thirty persons, some of them college graduates, applied for a certain position in the Cincinnati public library, but only eight scored a passing mark in the examination.

The Pathfinder's poetry machine and its relation to poetic licenses must have been uppermost in the mind for the candidate who said that one of the grants of high office bestowed on a poet laureate was "certain privileges called poetic license."

Another candidate defined Sleepy Hollow as a "hollow in Kentucky that has become the setting of several books."

Madame Curie was credited with being founder of the Christian Science church—"Robinson Crusoe" was said to have been the work of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lotteries Have Firm Hold on All Italians.

The national sport of Italy is the lottery. It is the popular sport of all classes. There are many kinds of lotteries, but the one which seems to hold the popular favor is the weekly one.

Light on Biblical Authorship.

An Egyptian tomb in western Thebes, it is said, has furnished evidence that the writer of the Book of Proverbs is indebted for some of his passages to an Egyptian named Amenemopel, who, according to records, lived hundreds of years earlier than the Bible author.

Her Affliction.

Little Millie had achieved great success at her school, and was being moved to a higher grade.

Can't All Be Vegetarians.

There is one very good reason why we cannot all be vegetarians, even if we would.

Unexpected Pleasure.

One side of the famous Devil's Glen was open to the public; the other side was kept strictly private by the landlord.

Point Moral Lesson.

"Little Apes of Nikko," sometimes known as the "Three Wise Monkeys," is the name of monkeys which appear in a mural decoration among ancient tombs at Nikko, Japan.

Lightning in Forests.

When lightning strikes a tree the ordinary result is to splinter the wood or strip off bark through the sudden generation of steam, says Nature Magazine.

Limit to Her Anger.

"So the engagement is off?"

"Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement ring and flung it onto her right hand."

SHARPEST BLADES NEVER CUT.

No matter how sharp a blade may be it never actually cuts anything. When, for instance, a blade passes through a loaf of bread it parts the bread, but it does not cut or destroy the particles which make up the loaf.

All the blade does is to separate the atoms, to push the tiny things aside and pass on to the next.

An atom is such a wee thing that it cannot be distinctly seen even through the strongest microscope. The only way to see an atom is to look at a mass of atoms under a glass because the actual individual atoms are too small to be seen.

The head of a pin contains so many minute pieces that it would take an expert an hour to write down enough figures to represent the number of atoms. Atoms cannot be actually cut or destroyed, they are too small. They are never destroyed. When you burn a log of wood you apparently destroy it, and so you do, you destroy the log, but you do not injure the atoms which remain as they were, although separated into smoke, gases and ashes.

The individual atoms are there just as they were before, but they do not cling to each other because the heat has torn them more or less apart.

Atoms are round and they escape by rolling away from danger. They are like the seeds of the melon. Press them and they slip away and save themselves. Atoms are attracted to each other by something of which we know nothing, although the attraction is supposed to be electric magnetism.

These tiny things roll to and against each other and stick together by the billion so that in the end they form one particle, then a number of these particles roll together in turn, and so on and on until they become a large mass, and in the end the billions of masses form a loaf of bread.

Atoms stick to each other, not because they are "sticky," but because each one is a magnet.

To see magnetic atoms in action push a toy magnet slowly toward a pinch of steel filings on a piece of glass. Watch them collect. Look very carefully and you will see the particles roll up to the magnet, push each other to one side and cling to the mother magnet.

Such particles as are unable to crowd between the more fortunate ones and thus reach the mother magnet do the next best thing, they cling to the fortunate ones.

This constant struggling may be seen very easily if the particles of steel are long and thin like tiny needles. The first one to reach the mother magnet will spread his entire length on her but the newcomers push them up on end, squeeze in between and eventually you will see all the pieces of steel standing on their heads.

A loaf of bread is really a collection of round atoms which have magnetized each other into larger balls known as cells. The loaf is therefore nothing but a bunch of round balls.

In passing through the bread the blade pushes aside these billions and billions of balls and goes on its way. The sharp blades push the balls aside easier because the sharp edge can get easily between the spaces made by the balls. Dull blades do not "cut" well because their edges are wide and they have to push many times more balls than do the slim blades.

When you swim through the water you push aside so many atoms that all the figures in the world could not number them.

When you stick a shovel into a heap of mustard seeds you are doing exactly what the blade does to the atoms.

Billion Dollars Yearly on Highways is Planned.

Ten years ago the idea that the United States would spend a billion dollars annually on highways would have been regarded as preposterous, just as preposterous, perhaps, as the idea that the country some day would have one motor vehicle for about every six persons.

The United States bureau of roads estimates that this year the States will invest more than \$400,000,000 in highways, and the counties an even larger amount, while about \$135,000,000 will be spent by state departments in maintenance. The explanation of this condition is found largely in the fact that there are now more than 17,500,000 motor vehicles in the country. The motor car has helped to bring the roads and it is furnishing no small part in the cost of them, contributing for that purpose over \$200,000,000 in license fees alone and still other millions in the form of gasoline taxes.

It is a day of big figures, big operations and big prospects in the motor vehicle and highway field. The benefit of this development is beyond calculation. It is another era of progress for America, comparable to the era of immense expansion by the railroads half a century ago, but without the excesses of that earlier period. Those who have believed that the days of great expansion in America ended with the opening of the west and the building of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines should consider the transformation of the country being wrought today by the motor vehicle and the paved highway.

Clark Turner, who lives in the State of Washington, is conducting a unique industry—he supplies ladybugs to orchardists. According to a news dispatch, Turner has sold nearly 3,000,000 of the insects this year. He gathers them from the crevices in the Cascade mountains where they are numerous. They are distributed to the orchard about 100 to an acre. Since they breed several times a year they multiply rapidly and soon destroy many enemies to fruit trees, such as the green and woolly aphids, peach tree lice and other pests.

Bragg.

Wife—"My husband has no habits. He never drinks, and he spends all his evenings at home. Why, he doesn't even belong to a club."

Friend—"Does he smoke?"

"Only in moderation. He likes a cigar after he has had a good dinner, but I don't suppose he smokes two cigars a month."—Tit Bits.