

HAMMOND'S RECORD

Briefly speaking, John Hays Hammond is one of the ambulant and amphibious wonders of the world, being a whirling, whizzing wizard concerning the earth and the things under the earth, not to mention the sea and the power of rolling waters.

In the matter of clinging to the face of a slimy cliff in a search for gold, he has done things that drew the veil over the vaunted exploits of the highly expert but very extinct pterodactyl; and Noah never catalogued among his animals one four-footed beast that had half of Hammond's knowledge about how to make a hole in the ground.

Consequently, in sending him as special ambassador to the coronation of King George V of England, President Taft who has been his close friend all his life, has set down among the fogs and fads of London a great effulgence—meaning a real man, full of red blood and blue lightning.

Hammond's fame is built on his achievements as a mining engineer, but, in addition to this line of endeavor, he has used as his pawns big pawns big water-power sites, irrigation projects, oil-fields, and street railways.

Every day that he falls to construct, carry forward, or complete a far-reaching piece of work, he retires miserably to his sighs in dark dejection, and sobbing himself to sleep—but, it should be stated, the Sand Man usually finds him with a broad grin on his face.

Czar Nicholas, Kaiser Wilhelm, and other potentates, sovereigns, and princes have held his hand and looked with interest into his steady gray eyes. Laborers in mines and ditches say he is good fellow, and tramps call him "buddy". He wore brogans and overalls for years, and at another time he hobnobbed with Cecil Rhodes and wound up by having himself sentenced to be hanged by the Boers as a result of the Jameson raid.

On one occasion, weakened and wracked by a malignant fever, he crawled many miles through the mountains of Honduras and was finally nursed back to health by a kind native; and still another of his feats was to explore the region of King Solomon's mines, making the journey through a two-hundred-mile desert so hot and dry that the privations killed his sole companion.

And nowadays, as he counts his millions and maps out new enterprises, the high financiers of Wall Street, risk his pockets in attempts to find out where he carries his Aladdin's lamp or some other magic instrument that enables him to pull off his remarkable stunts.

Only a few months ago he went to Russia and it was reported that he was about to undertake the gigantic project of fully developing the latent mineral wealth of Siberia—a report which he has as yet neither affirmed nor denied.

This recital shows the things he has accomplished, but back of the achievements are two stories, more human and more striking. One is his personality, the other his wife, Hammond has a tremendous capacity for sustained and intense work, whether physical or mental; but he is also a great lover of fun, and therefore, a good "mixer" among his fellows. Although he has done things which required marvelous courage and has established a brilliant career, he is as modest as a girl.

The reason that tramps call him "buddy" is that he prefers, rather than talk about himself to hear their life stories and to get their viewpoint of the world. In the language of the farm, he has a heart as big as a mule's, and he engages in much philanthropy—the kind that is gagged, obscure, secretive, and on the quiet, not the kind that is put out with one hand while the other clutches the telephone to call up the newspaper reporters to hear all about the good deeds.

As to the second story, Mrs. Hammond has accompanied him into the wilds of Mexico, where there were only mountains, Greasers, and rough mining-camps; into South Africa, where she saved his life when he was ill and under sentence of death on an unjust accusation; and into the mountains and mines of the Far West of this country when he was starting out on the princely salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. As a helpmeet, she has been a glorious and glittering success.

Hammond's career can be divided roughly into three periods—the first in this country, Mexico, and South and Central America; the second in South Africa from 1893 to 1900; the third in the United States from 1900 until the present time. As a result of his labors, he owns mines in this country, Mexico, and South Africa; water-power sites in the United States and Mexico, and in the land made famous by Diaz the biggest irrigation project in the world. Two of his ventures "on the side" were to buy, electrify, and sell the street-car lines of Cape Town and Mexico City.

During the Mexican period, he spent a night with a notorious bandit who, with his sons, made a practice of picking off miners carrying ore. Hammond had his wagon full of valuable ore and did not know the character of his host. The following morning the old robber and his sons, after showing Hammond that each of them could put a rifle bullet through a whiskey-cork at a range of more than a hundred yards, let him go on his way unmolested and unrobbed.

He is proud of the fact that he never "takes a flier" in Wall Street and that the money he has made came out of the ground and big projects. The one possession that he guards with great care is his collection of autographed photographs of famous men and intimate friends. The walls of his library in Washington are covered with such pictures of the sovereigns, statesmen, engineers, and tramps he has known.

The President has often tried to make him accept public office, but he has steadfastly refused, turning down a place in the cabinet and several big foreign missions. He ac-

cepted the special ambassadorship to the coronation only because of its temporary nature, his chief business being the bridling of rivers, the melting of metal, and the making of fun for his friends.—James Hay, Jr., in June Cosmopolitan.

O'Connell's Wonderful Oratory.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, spoke in Covent Garden, London, many years ago, and John Coleman, an old English actor, pictured him as follows: "The audience hung spellbound on the words of the great orator. His resonant and magnificent voice, flavored with its rich Hibernian accent, held both soul and sense captive. As for me, my Celtic blood took fire, my heart throbbled with passionate indignation or melted into tears as he dwelt upon the wrongs of my beloved country. Never, surely, was such a born orator! Stern men cried one moment and laughed the next. Strange to say, they never laughed in the wrong place, though once at least he afforded them a unique opportunity. As he approached the end of his oration, carried away by his theme, he took his wig off (a brown 'jazey') put it in his hat and mopped his beautiful bald brow with a great flaming crimson bandanna. The action appeared so natural and appropriate that no one seemed to think it absurd or even incongruous."

Couldn't Hurt His Brain.

Strickland W. Gillilan says that Sam Jones and "Sunshine Hawks" of Baltimore, the revivalists, were invited to the home of a good brother and sister in the church. At the dinner table it transpired that the sister had had a sinister purpose in issuing the invitation, for she said: "Mr. Jones, I wish you'd tell my husband that smoking is injurious to him. I know it is, but he won't believe it. I wish you'd tell him, and it might have some influence over him."

"No, sister," said Jones, who was himself an inveterate smoker, "I can't tell him that. Smoking injures only the human brain. And he hasn't any brain to injure, or he wouldn't have married you. Now, sister, I came here to eat—that is what I was invited for—not to lecture. So if you'll carve that turkey, give me a piece of the white meat and Hawks a leg we'll be all right." And that husband's gratitude lives yet.

Defining a Boundary Line.

In 1847 Rufus Choate appeared in behalf of parties whose rights were affected by the boundary line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, thus described in the agreement: "Beginning, etc., 'thence to an angle on the easterly side of Watuppa pond, thence across said pond to the two rocks on the westerly side of said pond and near thereto, thence westerly to the buttonwood tree in the village of Fall River.'"

In his argument, commenting on the boundary, Mr. Choate thus referred to this part of the description: "A boundary line between two sovereign states described by a couple of stones near a pond and a buttonwood sapling in a village! The commissioners might as well have defined it as starting from a blue jay, thence to a swarm of bees in living time and thence to 500 foxes with firebrands tied to their tails."—Minneapolis Journal.

When Parasols Began.

Parasols when they first came into use must have been cumbersome. Henri Estienne, writing in 1578, speaks of a parasol as capable generally of sheltering four persons from the sun. And when they diminished in circumference the material still remained of the heaviest. Red velvet parasols, with heavy gold fringes, were carried by ladies of fashion in the days of Louis XIV. At that time it was possible when crossing a bridge in Paris to hire a parasol at one end and deposit it at the other, the charge for the accommodation being a sou. Under the regency fashion went to the other extreme. Men's parasols folded into the shape of a three-cornered hat and could thus be carried elegantly under the arm. Ladies' parasols were hinged, so that they could slip into the pocket, for ladies had pockets then.—London Spectator.

Longest Indian Word.

The longest Indian word on record is the following, that was printed in an Indian Bible in 1661: Wutappesitukussunnoohwehtunkquok.

It signifies "kneeling down to him." When the Rev. Cotton Mather, primitive Boston's Puritan pastor, first saw this consolidated phrase it prompted him to jestingly observe that the words of the language must have been growing ever since the dispersion at Babel.—New York Telegram.

Proved Himself Great.

With a sigh she laid down the magazine article upon Daniel O'Connell. "The day of great men," she said, "is gone forever." "But the day of beautiful women is not," he responded. She smiled and blushed. "I was only joking," she explained hurriedly.—Western Christian Advocate.

Too Late.

A good many men discover when too late that they made a great mistake in life by not remaining at school a year or two longer than they did.—Rochester Herald.

Pig Iron.

It takes 4,221 pounds of ore, 2,310 pounds of coke, which means about 8,000 pounds of coal and 1,147 pounds of limestone, a total of over four tons of ore, coal and limestone, to make a ton of pig iron.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Lament of the Poppy Doll.

I'm only a poppy dolly, And, alas, I've had my day, For the little girl that made me Has gone away to play! She went into the garden And chose me, a poppy red, Eyes, nose and mouth she pricked Right in my poppy head. She folded back my petals With a sash of grass bright green. With twigs she made my arms, The straightest ever seen. A little bell-like flower Made me a pretty hat. A nasturtium leaf my sunshine. Would you have thought of that And now that she has left me I'm sure that I won't last. If you should see her anywhere Tell her I'm fading fast. —Youth's Companion.

Commercial Traveler.

This is one of the convenient games which can be played on the spur of the moment and requires no materials, not even the usual pencil and paper. The players being seated in a circle a leader is chosen, who, beginning any where in the circle, asks questions which must be answered alphabetically; that is, the first person's words should all begin with "a," the second with "b," and so on. For example: Leader: "Ladies and gentlemen, we will suppose that you are all commercial travelers about to start on a journey to any part of the world you may prefer on business. Will you each kindly tell me where you are going and for what purpose, naming your destinations and errands alphabetically?"

- "Where are you going, No. —?" Answer: "To Annapolis." "What will you do there?" "Advertise aeroplanes." "I am going to Baltimore," says the next. "What will you do there?" asks the leader. "Boost Burnett's Burnisher brightens boilers." Each person is asked in turn by the leader where he's going and what to do there? C. goes to Chicago to catch Columbian coins. D. to Damascus to dress dancing dervishes. E. to England to enjoy every English entertainment. F. to Florida to find a fortune in fly-paper. G. to Guatemala to grow guavas. H. to Harrisburg to harass hypocritical humbugs. I. to India to inspect improved idols. J. to Jersey to jump on jays. And so on to the end of the alphabet.

Watch Boys of Norway.

It is quite a common sight to see boys watching cattle to keep them from straying, but a watch boy whose duty it is to keep a lookout for a school of fish would indeed be an oddity in this country. In Norway small boys sit in sentry boxes built on stilts and watch for fish, a custom prevailing in nearly all of the towns along the coast, especially where fishing is depended upon as a means of livelihood. A little sentry box is made of wood and perched high on a post. Here the lad sits, gazing across the sea, using his keen eyes for the benefit of the fishermen, who are depending upon him to give the alarm when a school of fish appears. When the signal is given the fishermen, who usually work on their farms when there are no schools of fish about, throw the huge nets over their shoulders and hurry off to their boats.

A Drummer.

Perhaps you have heard of the composer and musician Haydn. When Haydn was a schoolboy he was a great drummer and was always chosen when processions were in progress. As he was much too small to carry a drum and beat it, his favorite instrument was mounted on the back of an equal-sized small hunchback, who marched in front of Haydn. It is not strange that in all the band the drummer is the one that attracts the greatest attention and the crowd is always thickest around him. The whole crowd must have been around Haydn when he marched through the streets with his hunchback carrier in front of him beating the drum with the same fervor with which he later composed his great oratorios.

Hard to Learn.

The Japanese language is claimed to be the hardest to learn of all languages. Even the Japanese find it difficult, and several American army officers have acknowledged that they found it impossible to master it. It takes the Japanese child seven years to learn the essential parts of the alphabet, and one must become familiar with 214 signs to learn the simple part of the language alone. The 214 signs serve as the English initial letters in our alphabet. To be able to read any of the higher class Japanese newspapers one must be the master of from 2,500 to 3,000 single letters conveying a thought.

Conundrums.

Where can happiness always be found? In the dictionary. Why are the people of Ireland like a carpet? Because they are kept down by tax (tacks). Why are bachelors bad grammarians? Because when asked to conjugate they invariably decline. Why is a coachman like a lover? Because he always desires to be remembered by his fare. What table has no legs to stand on? The multiplication table. At what age should you marry? At the parsonage. Why are these conundrums like monkeys? Because they are farfetched and full of nonsense.

GO ADVERTISE LIKEWISE.

How did the little busy bee Get such a reputation? Why, his name's great throughout the earth, In every tribe and nation.

He has a buzzer for his biz And buzzes while he's busy. His store is surely a beehive. He's busy till he's dizzy.

How did that little yaller hen Get to that rung so high? Was she borne there by an airship, Or did she just up fly?

She cackled, then she laid an egg And cackled awful after. To let folks know about that egg She almost raised a rafter.

Thus if you have a thing that's good And wish the folks to buy it You'll surely never do the stunt If you sit and keep quiet.

If that old hen didn't advertise Her eggs would just get rotten. She'd get the ax right in the neck And quick would be forgotten. C. M. BARNITZ.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q.—I have a Plymouth Rock hen here that is laying eggs with a pinkish white. She has already laid three in twenty-four days, and I should like to have your opinion as to the cause. A.—The fat around your hen's egg machine impedes the work of the muscles as they push the egg along, and they consequently bleed. Sometimes only a tiny clot appears in the egg; again, the blood mixes with the albumen, and you have that pinkish white.

Q.—Please state where there is a market for duck eggs, how they compare in price with hen's eggs and what color of shell is popular. A.—Duck eggs find their best market in the city, where the white popular shelled eggs sell at a higher price than chicken eggs to the Hebrew element.

Q.—What do you think of fish scrap as meat for breeders and chicks? What is it made of? A.—It is very good if fresh. It is made of ground codfish heads.

Q.—I exhibited Pekin ducks last winter at two shows, entering the same two birds at both. One duck was creamy white and the other white, but otherwise they were alike in weight, shape and style. At the first show the creamy bird won first, the other second. At the second show it was the reverse. Which judge was right? A.—If both ducks were alike in other respects the first judge was right, as the Standard calls for "creamy white."

Q.—I notice quite a number of poultrymen recommend tobacco dust for body lice on poultry. Is it ever fed to fowls for intestinal worms? A.—We never heard of its use for such purpose except in case of sheep, where it is fed to kill the stomach worm. A sure remedy for worms in poultry is a handful of oak wood ashes to every two quarts of mash twice a week.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

In a gang of six chicken thieves captured at Marietta, Pa., was a woman who dressed the fowls and sold them at market. Rather fowl work for a fair female.

When eggs are allowed to accumulate in the nest they not only are broken and start egg eating, but they encourage the hens to be broody. If eggs are removed as they are laid a turkey will lay as high as seventy in a season.

Refrigerator eggs from Australia are frozen so hard that a London dealer threw one at his office wall and made a hole in the plaster, but did not crack the shell. A lawyer, astonished, took three home to surprise his wife. He banged them down on the table where she and her fashionably dressed friends were playing cards, when—oh, horrors!—every egg busted. They had thawed.

With a corn crop of 3,125,713,000 bushels the green duck crop will exceed all records. There is now one medical quack to every 800 of the population, and our college incubators are still turning the fresh green product out at a fearful rate.

In March a California incubator manufacturer was running his factory day and night and was yet back 2,500 in orders, and the day was once when there was not an incubator in this country. Today over 300,000 are sold annually. Take that, pessimist!

To our friends who got rattled over that reciprocity treaty for fear it would flood this country with fresh eggs we just rise long enough to remark that Canada's surplus eggs for a whole year would supply New York city for just one day. Eggs for nog aren't included.

When an egg is broken in a setting the smear not only imperils the hatchability of the daubed eggs, but also makes the shells rough, so that there is friction when the hen turns her eggs and thus more breakage. Such eggs should be washed in warm water and at once be returned to the hen.

If old eggs hatch at all they hatch late and give poor chicks. As incubator chicks should not be fed the first day, these late chicks get their first meal too soon or the early chicks from the fresh eggs get theirs too late. Never be fresh yourself, but always set all fresh eggs for success.

When you give a chick feed as soon as it comes from the shell you overtax its digestive system, and that is generally its finish. Give the chick a day to assimilate the yolk and then feed little, but often.

To win a market for fine eggs and poultry these days is easy, but to win back confidence after imposing on a customer is seldom accomplished. The fellow that sticks to business and the Golden Rule is never branded as a knave or fool.

G. M. Barnitz.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Loyalty.

He may be six kinds of a liar, He may be ten kinds of a fool, He may be a wicked high flier Beyond any reason or rule. There may be a shadow above him Of ruin and woe that impend, And I may not respect, but I love him Because—well, because he's my friend.

I know he has faults by the billion, But his faults are a portion of him. I know that his record's vermillion—He's far from a sweet seraphim—But he's always been square with yours truly.

All ready to give or to lend, And, though he is wild and unruly, I like him because he's my friend.

I knock him, I know, but I do it The same to his face as away, And if other folks knock—well, they rue it And wish they'd had nothing to say. I never make diagrams of him, No maps of his soul have I penned, For I don't analyze, I just love him Because—well, because he's my friend. —Berton Braley in Puck.

She Took No Chances. "I know what's passing in your mind," suddenly said the maiden as the habitually silent caller stared at her. "I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to your self and keeping other nice young men away. You want me to marry you, don't you?" "I—I do!" gasped the young man. "I thought so. Very well; I will." Ladies' Home Journal.

Not the Same. "I don't believe there is anything in that talk about Harlow being hard up," said Little Binks. "Why, he's just blossomed forth with a footman on his motor." "Footman?" echoed Jinkinson derisively. "Footman is good! That isn't a footman—it's a deputy sheriff in charge of the car."—Harper's Weekly.

Speeding Some. Two men were out speeding up Connecticut way in a high powered car. "What cemetery is this we are passing through?" asked the guest. "Cemetery?" repeated the driver. "This isn't a cemetery. Those white stones you see are mileposts."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Danger Not So Imminent. "Why, Tommy," exclaimed the Sunday school teacher, "don't you say your prayers every night before you go to bed?" "Not any more," replied Tommy. "I utter when I slept in a folding bed, though."—Philadelphia Record.

Woolgathering. "For one's wits to go woolgathering" is an allusion to a pitiful industry sometimes seen in older countries. In parts of France, Germany and Spain very old people are sometimes employed in gathering wool from bushes in sheep pastures, where it has been plucked from the fleece as the animals pass too close to the branches.

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