

THE SONG OF THE AUTOMOBILE.

I am humming along, I am singing a song,
I am merrily clipping the miles,
Till the road all the way is a ribbon of gray.
With a blur for the fences and stiles,
There are horses behind that I passed like
the wind,
Their chagrins they cannot conceal,
At having to take all the dust that I make,
For I am an automobile.
Oh where is the car on this giddy old star
That can match me for beauty and speed?
It must be allowed I've a right to be
proud,
Since I'm always the one in the lead.
There is nothing so fast in this universe
as I.
As my body of scarlet and steel,
The wind and the swallow behind me must
follow,
For I am an automobile.
—Mina Irving, in Gunter's Magazine.

**The True Story
of a Story.**

By VICTOR KAUFFMANN.

This is the true story of a story that will not down. It had its beginning more than seventeen years ago, and to all intents and purposes it is as fresh to-day as it ever was.

In 1891 I was a reporter on a Washington evening paper. On a day in October of that year, during an unusually heavy wind and rain storm that swept over the city, really a hurricane, a large building on F street that was being erected for a music hall was blown down and several persons were either killed or injured. In a very few minutes I was on the spot watching the police and firemen in the work of removing the debris and rescuing the victims. I must have sat down upon a green wall, for on my way home from the office that afternoon a friend called my attention to the fact that the rear of my trousers was badly marked with plaster.

Now I was particularly pleased with that pair of trousers, for they had but recently been made for me by a New York tailor, and were the most "costly" pair that I had ever indulged in. So that evening I left word that when John Quander, a colored handy-man, came in the morning to black the boots and incidentally to rouse me for the day's toil, he was to give that garment a very thorough cleaning.

The next morning, when John had rapped on my door the customary length of time, the following conversation ensued:

"Deed, sir, I can't get them pants cleaned nohow. I done bresh 'em, 'n' use a wet rag, 'n' soap 'n' water, but I can't get 'em clean nohow."
"John, have you tried ammonia?"
"No, sir, I haven't; but I know they'd fit me first rate."

Now I thought then and still think that that was the best pun in the English language, especially as the perpetrator was so thoroughly innocent. I sent the story with a suggestion for an illustration to a leading New York weekly. I received no reply; but a few weeks later the story, with an illustration such as I had outlined, did appear in another well-known periodical. I presume some friend who had heard me tell it had forestalled me, and had reaped the reward I had thought was mine.

However that may be, that story is still going the rounds of the press, and cropping up as a brand-new story with remarkable regularity. A few years ago, when I was in Florida, I saw the story in a Philadelphia paper ascribed to Representative John Sharp Williams. Again I saw it in a Chicago daily credited to the son of a famous Milwaukee brewer who had a valet. That was the only difference. It has appeared at intervals in New York, usually laid at the doors of some "well-known visitor at a prominent up-town hotel." It has come to be a part of the stock in trade of many professional interviewers, who, when short of fresh material, ring it in in their "Hotel Corridors" column as told by some illustrious guest at a leading hotel. And so it goes.

Some fifteen years ago a Washington lady told the story at a luncheon, only she finished it up something like this:

"John, have you tried cleanollo?"
"No, sir, I haven't; but I know they'd fit me first rate."

And she wondered why it fell so flat, for she had heard it told by Elinor McCartney Lane, the novelist and playwright, and always with great success. Mrs. Lane first heard the story a day or two after it occurred, and for more than seventeen years now it has occupied a prominent place in her repertoire. It is the only old story she tells.

In the spring of 1907 I was at the Grand Canor in Arizona, and there met a very brilliant young woman from Los Angeles, who was one of the best story-tellers I have ever known. We swapped yarns to our mutual satisfaction, but I saved "mine own" for the last and best. Finally I sprang it in what I thought was my very best style, but there was nothing doing. In despair I repeated it, accenting the point. Thus: "Have you tried ammonia—have you tried 'em on you. See?"

With a wistful look across the great chasm she merely said: "Please do not ask me to laugh at that story. I had to laugh at it at seven dinner parties in San Francisco last winter, and each time the teller insisted it had happened to him."
This summer, when I was in New England, this same young woman sent me an August number of a popular magazine, in which my story again saw the light of day.

Last winter my brother was at a dinner given by the Men's Society of the Church of the Covenant, which in years gone by has sometimes been known as the "Church of the Government." A gentleman sitting at his right told him that selfsame story as having happened to him, and a few minutes later one of the chief speakers of the evening incorporated it in his address as a personal experience. I have never seen the story in London Punch, but I am sure that by the time it shall have reached its majority, four years hence, the editors will have appreciated its merits, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing it in American papers reproduced, with due credit, from that famous English weekly. Only I am afraid they will substitute methylated spirits for ammonia.

Now, what I want to know is this: Will any one now believe that this is really my story, and that it actually happened to me about 7.15 o'clock on the morning of November 24, 1891?

In conclusion, let me say that I have ceased telling the story.—Harper's Weekly.

Has Immigration Debased Us?

"In this country," says Professor E. A. Ross, discussing "The Outlook for Plain Folk," in Everybody's, "the thronging in from the backward, benighted lands hurts socially the calling and circles that the immigrants enter. Their habits cause Americans to shrink from them as from a lower caste. Their helplessness invites oppression. Certain official brutalities peculiar to us—white penance, police clubbing, the 'sweat-box,' the 'third degree,' the convict-lease system—got their start in the abuse of the friendless alien. Their wage-cutting, 'scabbing,' and strike-breaking foment violence, which leads to the ready bayonet, State constabularies, and the denial of home rule to cities. Their political crudeness brings reproach on democratic institutions. Their clannishness delivers them to the shrewd boss who gives them 'representation' on his ticket. Finally, our increasing diversity in blood and tradition, by permitting race prejudice to be played upon, divides and weakens the people in their fight for self-government."

"Nor is this all. The startling inequalities of wealth that have sprung up in a generation threaten to establish class distinctions hostile to democracy. For the tendency of such abysmal contrasts is this: The ultra-rich vie in extravagance. The spectacle of their baronial estates, princely houses, liveried lackeys, Sybaritic luxury, and elaborate ostentation infects even the worthy with the worship of wealth. Success comes to be measured by the sheer cash standard. The young and ambitious realize it, and shape their course accordingly. People fall apart into as many social groups as there are styles of living, and forget how to meet their fellows on the level. The rule is, snobbishness toward those below you, and toadyism toward those above you. The rich are gangrened with pride, the poor with envy. There is no longer a public opinion, there are only clashing class opinions. Honest labor is felt to be more disgraceful than mean parasitism. The toiling millions cease to be respected, even by themselves. The upper classes claim and are conceded the right to lead, finally the right to govern."

"Such would be the course of the malady. Unless democracy mends the distribution of wealth, the maldistribution of wealth will end democracy. And yet—summing up—the balance inclines in favor of democracy. The forces on its side reach deeper; they are civilizational. The swarming in of low-grade immigrants and the maldistribution of wealth are manageable things. They can be, in fact elsewhere have been, successfully dealt with by organized society. They are matters for statesmanship. So it is more likely that democracy will cut the roots of privilege than that privilege will cut the roots of democracy."

"Let the half-stiffed muck-raker, the faltering soldier of the common good, the down-hearted reformer leave his trench for a moment and climb to the hilltop that looks out on all the peoples and on all the forces of the age. He will see that 'the lips of the morning are reddening!'"

The Walrus' Defenses.

A full grown walrus will weigh as much as 2000 pounds; a mountainous mass of muscle and blubber, says the St. Nicholas. He is armed with tusks of ivory, sometimes two feet in length, and when from his upreared bulk these formidable weapons are plunged downward upon an enemy, they are as resistless as the drop of a guillotine. Such a thick layer of blubber lies under the skin that he is practically clad in an armor impervious to teeth and claws alike. So, unless the bear is greatly favored by luck, he has little chance to overthrow his antagonist.

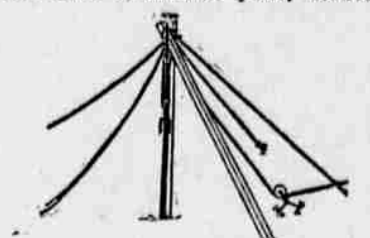
Feminine Aggression.

A New York woman tackled a fleeing burglar so successfully that she was dragged through a window and into a yard some feet below. As she did so well on her first attempt, a little practice ought to make her eligible for one of the big football elevens.



Hay Stacker.

We think we have a good device for stacking alfalfa or other hay and fast, too, that might be helpful to some of the readers and farmers and that is to have two four by four pieces of timber thirty feet long that are clear of knots and bolt together at top. Dig a couple of holes in ground a foot deep and fifteen feet apart, opposite each other and place those four by fours in those holes and put two guy ropes one in each side and pull them up and stake good, but give them enough rope to let them have eight to ten feet each way from straight up and down, fasten pulley at crotch, the end of one rope at crotch and put a pulley on it and then run it through pulley at crotch and down to another pulley staked



good off at one side of derrick and one horse hitched on end of rope will handle the fork all right.

Put hay fork on pulley as shown in diagram. Haul hay or buck it up under guy rope No. 1 and leave derrick lean as it is and load fork and start horse, and when the fork gets to crotch let horse pull it over and jerk trip rope as it goes, and it will throw hay a good distance. One man can stack after this device and build a stack twelve feet wide, thirty to fifty feet long and sixteen to twenty feet high. When you get fork unloaded pull derrick back and load again; one man can load fork and trip it with a long trip rope and pull derrick back without getting off load, and a little boy can handle the horse or fork. Stake guy rope No. 2 off a little from one side, not much, just enough so rope rubs stack good on one side, and stake the pulley that horse is hitched to rope on the other side so it will pull straight and not upset.—E. A. McMillan, in The Economist.

Sheep and Wool.

E. D. King, in a recent address before the Kansas Association of Improved Breeders, made this comparison in behalf of sheep and wool profits as compared with cows. He said: "One hundred good grade ewes will cost about the same as ten good grade cows, will eat about the same the year through, and at the same per cent. of increase will return eighty lambs, worth \$4 each, and 1000 pounds of wool, worth \$175, as against eight calves, worth \$10 each, and 2000 pounds of butter, worth \$300. Quite a difference in favor of the sheep, and they will run in the pasture caring for themselves, and any of you who have milked ten cows through the year and hand-fed the calves, as you must to get the butter returns, know that there is a great deal of labor attached to that work. If the farmer does not have the alfalfa or clover to go with his corn, the sheep will thrive admirably upon prairie hay, wheat or flax straw, corn fodder, or sorghum or kafir corn, but as these are all highly carbonaceous, he should feed some bran or oats or oil meal with the corn to balance the ration. In 1901 my flock was confined entirely to corn fodder and a half bushel per 100 head daily of a ration composed of wheat and cottonseed meal in equal parts, and did fine."

"I fattened some old ewes for market upon cottonseed meal and a very light feed of poor shock corn. Some of the professors whom we consulted said: 'Don't feed any cottonseed meal to pregnant ewes.' But some twenty head ran with the fattening flock up to lambing and did well and raised good lambs."

Feeding For Eggs.

Hens will not refuse to lay providing the conditions which surround them are favorable for egg production. Of course a hen cannot keep on laying all the time, nor will some hens lay even for a majority of the time, but the farmer who provides the correct conditions of housing, feeding and general management will find that he will not be entirely without eggs at any time of the year. Of course, it is not the hen's nature to lay at this time of the year, but if she is comfortably housed and well fed, the farmer will find that the hen after all really has little sentiment as to just which season she shall produce her eggs.

Getting eggs is not entirely a matter of feeding, yet if we feed correctly the hens will not have that as an actual obstacle to laying. Maturity and vigor are two important things in the hens that are to be heavy winter layers. Keep the hens in a thrifty, vigorous condition, and be sure and feed a variety. These things count for a great deal toward success. Corn, oats and wheat are the three principal grain feeds, but there are others that may well be fed by way of variety, and the meat and green stuff in some form should never be neglected.

Give any kind of meat scraps or prepared meat foods, as it pays. Try to keep the hen under conditions as near like those in existence at spring time as you can, and you will not suffer severely from an egg famine. This is nothing impossible, and, briefly, only means comfortable housing, a variety of feeds, green stuff and meat scraps, and sanitary quarters.—Epitomist.

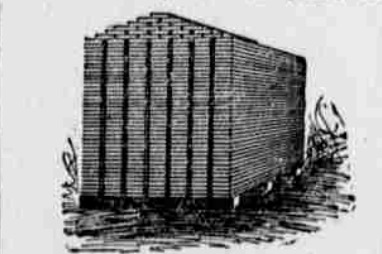
Neglected Agriculture.

There are two branches of agriculture which pay larger than any others for the investments in them in the Central Western States, that are the most neglected. We refer to the dairy and poultry industries. It is true that in a way they are both pursued on the farm, but back in the years when butter sold for six and seven cents a pound, chickens \$1.00 a dozen, and eggs at five and six cents per dozen, the men on the farm taboed them, and thought these industries were too trifling, and they have never gotten over it. It is a good illustration of the force of early habits, for it sticks to most farmers yet, though dairying and poultry demands and prices have quadrupled in price in many respects. The ancient cows which made but two or three pounds of butter a week, and the dung-hill chicks that were in the same scant class, probably had something to do with forming this habit; but now that we have passed these things by, isn't it time to take notice more generally and to give the most profitable industries of the farm greater and more methodic attention?

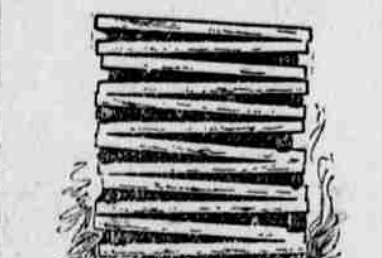
It is also to be said of the dairy industry that it is one of the greatest factors in keeping up soil fertility. Experience has shown that where dairying is followed as a leading feature of the farm, that the average yield of corn and other crops are decidedly increasing. Corn and corn silage are leading features in the industry, as by this method, the greater productions of the farm are returned to the soil to enrich it. Rotating corn and clover, both of which are required in dairying, insures the nitrogen and humus so essential, in the soil. Clover, or alfalfa where it can be grown, along with corn and corn silage make a good ration for cows, and make good rotations. With these farm crops but little bran and cottonseed meal are needed in dairy feeding to make a balanced ration.—Indiana Farmer.

Piling Wood to Season.

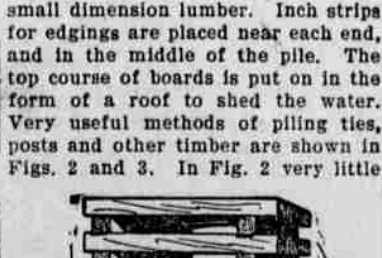
The climate has much to do with the best method to be employed in piling green wood so that it will season. In the humid sections of the United States, says Farm and Home, it should be piled with plenty of



space between the pieces, but in the arid regions it should be piled closer to prevent too quickly drying out and consequent checking of the wood. Fig. 1 shows a very satisfactory method of piling boards, planks and



small dimension lumber. Inch strips for edgings are placed near each end, and in the middle of the pile. The top course of boards is put on in the form of a roof to shed the water. Very useful methods of piling ties, posts and other timber are shown in Figs. 2 and 3. In Fig. 2 very little



room is taken up, and at the same time individual pieces of timber touch at very few points, thus permitting air circulation on all sides of the wood. When quick drying and seasoning is wanted, Fig. 3 shows a better method and the one commonly employed.

The prima nobilis, a shellfish found in the Mediterranean, spins a fine silk.

NON-SPINNING ROPE AS MINING INVENTION.

Twisting Prevented by Peculiar Construction of Strands, It Promises to Be Useful.

A non-spinning rope has been recently made for use in quarries, mines and similar places where it is desired to hoist heavy weights with a single rope, says the Washington Herald. With the use of the rope of standard design the load has a tendency to rotate, because the action of the weight is to untwist the strands, and this tendency must be overcome by the use of a guide rope, by which the load is controlled on its journey through the air. As a test a block of marble suspended by the single line was raised from a depth of more than 250 feet without making a half turn in its ascent. No guide rope was necessary.

In the construction of this rope an inner series of wire strands is wound in one direction over a core and an outer series of wire strands is wound in the opposite direction about the inner series as a core. The wires which make up each of the individual inner strands are twisted in the same direction as the lay of the strands, but in the outer strands the individual wires are laid in opposite directions to the lay of the strands.

The number of strands required for the second or outer layer must, of course, be greater than the number of strands in the inner layer. For this reason the inner layer has the wires as well as the strands all laid in one direction, as described, thereby giving them a tendency to untwist very much faster than if they were twisted in the direction opposite to the lay of the strands. The wires in the outer layer, being laid in an opposite direction to the lay of the strands, do not tend to untwist as fast as the inner layer.

The strands in the outer layer, however, counteract the tendency of untwisting the rope as a whole. When a weight is applied to the end of the rope the greater number of strands of the outer layer have a tendency to untwist in one direction, whereas the fewer strands of the inner layer have a tendency to untwist very much faster in the opposite direction, and it is found in practice that these two actions almost perfectly balance each other.

Hindley Points Out Danger.

President Hindley of Yale writes: "In the year 1789 the whole French people was in a state of political excitement. They seized eagerly upon everything sensational. A young journalist named Camille Desmoulines shared this feeling and took advantage of it. He wrote a series of articles called 'Lamp Post Talks to the People of Paris,' in which he urged that anybody who was not a friend of the people ought to be taken to the nearest lamp post and hanged. He was not himself a bloodthirsty man. He chose his title chiefly because it sounded so picturesque. After a time he saw that they were executing a great many innocent men and women and began to tell men so. Then they said that he was not a friend of the people any longer, and hanged him. This story has a moral for us in America to-day. It shows the dangers that come to a people which reads newspapers for the sake of excitement, instead of for the sake of information."

Sneezing.

The custom of saying "God bless you!" after sneezing must be at least as old as the fifteenth century, as a reference to it appears in the first edition of Caxton's "Golden Legend." After describing a certain malady which broke out among the early Christians—the result, apparently, of their intemperate habits—Caxton proceeds: "In this manere somtyme sneezing, they deyed; so that when any persone was herd sneezing, anon that were by said to hym, God helpe you, or Cryste helpe, and yet endureth the custome." A curious superstition with regard to sneezing still lingers in the villages of Devonshire. It has found expression in the following couplet:

Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,
You'll enjoy your own true love to everlasting.

In the highlands of Scotland it is believed that a newborn child is under the thrall of the fairies until it sneezes.—London Chronicle.

The Price of Pearls.

Consul-General William H. Michael, of Calcutta, reports that a scheme has been set on foot to regulate the Indian pearl market and to prevent a repetition of the disastrous experience of last year, on account of the money crisis in the United States. An agency is to be formed in India with several branches, and a head office at Bombay, to collect pearls and to dispatch them to the London market at a fixed price, but subject to offers. Against these parcels a small advance will be given in Bombay, while the price is being cabled for to London. The promoters of the scheme say that there is a great future in store for the Indian pearl industry if it can be properly handled. The syndicate intends to extend its operations to the Australian fisheries.

Might Happen.

He—"Nothing could ever come between us, could it dear?" She—"I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man before we get married."—Stray Stories.

LAMB IN THE MORNING.

Feels As If Your Back Would Surely Break.

LeRoy S. Currier, 46 Purchase St., Newburyport, Mass., says: "For years my kidneys gave me trouble. I had dull pains in the small of the back and felt lame every morning when getting out of bed. The kidney secretions passed too frequently, compelling me to get up often at night. After several remedies that I tried had failed, I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. They did their work well. I now have no backache and can sleep splendidly."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Municipal Management.

Controller Metz's suggestion that city employes do a full day's work every day is so obvious that it should not have taken years and all the recent agitation against waste to make public officials think of it. But the employes won't all do it. Full day's work, for there is not a full day's work for all of them to do.—New York Tribune.

Safe and Sure.

Among the medicines that are recommended and endorsed by physicians and nurses is Kemp's Balsam. The best cough cure. For many years it has been regarded by doctors as the medicine most likely to cure coughs, and it has a strong hold on the esteem of all well-informed people. When Kemp's Balsam cannot cure a cough we shall be at a loss to know what will. At druggists and dealers, 25c.

Dutch Centenary.

The Dutch intended to celebrate the centenary re-establishment of their national independence by a world exposition, to be held at the Hague in the year 1913. The exposition ground and guaranty fund have already been secured.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Proliferating Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

Administering Oaths.

A witness before a court in Camden, New Jersey, declined to take the usual oath, saying "I do not know whether there is a God or not," and the court excused him. The witness was a hand-writing expert, and says he has been testifying for 20 years, and he was never ruled out before.

If one were to analyze the proposition involved in this incident, he would probably come to the conclusion, that a man who didn't believe in the existence of God would be quite as good a witness as the man who did believe there is a God, and was in constant revolt against him, violating his laws, profaning his name and desecrating his own life. Why wouldn't a man who didn't believe there is a God come nearer telling the truth than a man who is constantly defying him by a low and vicious life?

It seems we ought to have some change in this court swearing business. It is terribly misused. We might have a new oath, with a life duty in it, and a prison alternative projecting fiercely from it.—Ohio State Journal.

World Wave of Extravagance.

Three of the great powers, the United States, Great Britain and Germany, are about to wrestle with the deficit question. The British Liberals estimate the gap between revenues and expenditures which parliament must make good by new taxation as \$50,000,000, while the Conservatives, after the manner of opposition, put it at \$70,000,000. The German government wants \$118,000,000 more revenue at once, and here in the United States we know that when the books are closed at the end of the current fiscal year there will be a deficit of more than \$100,000,000. Congress keeps right on as if there was no such thing as inadequate revenues. In all three countries big military and naval appropriations are largely responsible for the excess of expenditures, though in neither Great Britain nor Germany is the proportion of the taxpayers' money devoted to fleets, pensions, and armies as great as in our own.—Boston Transcript.

LESS MEAT

Advice of Family Physician.

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for the family physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from a N. Y. man:

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food."
"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man." Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the \$500.00 worth of medicine I had taken before.

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts."

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkg. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.