

HIS STRANGE FARE

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

Big Tim finished the last crumb of his midnight lunch on the driver's seat of his old-fashioned four-wheeled hack.

"No," he said suddenly, drawing it back, "I was about to sink his teeth in its juicy depths—'Old Ready' will cheer up a bit if I give it to him and he deserves it—brave, loyal fellow!"

So Tim got down from the seat, broke the poplin in two with his strong square by square mile by mile lacerations, the police had pushed the old cab stand farther and farther from the city center. New centers had been formed, but chauffeurs and automobiles and electric cabs had intruded.

Tim sighed, and well he might. The good old days were gone, indeed. Squares by square mile by mile lacerations, the police had pushed the old cab stand farther and farther from the city center.

Tim for over a year Tim and Ready had been obliged to make their night stand at the present corner—a street car junction. An occasional fare came along. There were some exigent midnight calls from doctors, the hospital, or some belated convalescent.

"Tim had grown old and faded in the service," Ready was drooping and gray. The hack had seen both its best and its worst days. There was a family of four at home. Tim knew nothing but driving a hack, so he was fast going down hill with a falling business.

"If I only had the capital to buy an electric cab," he mused longly to a "fashionable hotel stand or the depots and a good rest for you, old Ready. Fare, sir?"

Tim always on the lookout for business, as a feature of routine called a man who had suddenly appeared, looked about him as though in a hurry.

"Munched at the Last Shred of the Toothsome Dainty." or anxious to hurry others. He was a well dressed handsome young fellow and he seemed flustered and excited.

The stranger looked over Tim, then his back, and then old Ready. It was apparent from the disappointed expression of his face that the layout was not encouraging.

"See here," he said rapidly, "is there a public garage anywhere near?"

"Mile down the avenue," vouchsafed Tim.

Again the man looked over Tim and his equipment.

"Are you ready for a hard run?" he inquired.

"Well, sir," replied Tim, "as you see, old Ready and I are in a steady plugging gait he can't be beat."

"Get up on your box and follow orders, then," directed the stranger.

"You shall have good pay, only do just as I direct you, and to Tim's surprise the man got up behind him as though resolved to act as pilot direct.

He pulled his coat collar well up over his face and spoke crisply, nervously when he spoke at all. After a few turns and windings he ordered Tim to drive slowly down a dark lane. Behind a three-story brick house he whispered in order to halt.

Tim he spoke hurriedly and definitely to Tim. He wished to reach a certain point, a little suburb eight miles distant.

"Do your best—you shan't lose," assured his fare.

It was, indeed, slow work, and unpleasant and venturesome at that. The old vehicle wobbled, and he felt as though he were on a roller coaster.

"I have read books enough and observed and conversed with enough eminent and splendidly cultured minds, too, in my time, but I assure you, I have heard finer sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the Bible."

and, lying in the mud and mire, collapsed.

"This is pretty serious," grumbled Tim. "I hope you'll see to the damage."

"Doubly over, my man," promised the fare. "Ah!" he exclaimed joyfully, looking within the vehicle—"Aida, it is I. We have escaped," and he hastened over some explanations. "I will be back as soon as I get my charge to the town jail—'Beyond here' he assured Tim and half supporting his companion he disappeared amid the darkness.

"H'm!" commented Tim lugubriously "the end has come for the old layout. I guess."

It was about an hour later when Tim, anxiously stroking poor Ready who appeared to be at his last gasp, was startled by the appearance of two men. They were breathless from running and in a minute or two Tim knew that they were on the trail of his recalcitrant fare.

Then they began to question him as to the direction his passengers had gone.

Sturdy Tim gave them no satisfaction and they tried to force him to speak. He beat off one of his assailants. The other, standing a stone's throw away, was about to lay him out, when Ready staggered to his feet. With a quick nip he seized the man's arm between his powerful jaws. There was a crunching sound, a curdling yell and then the two baffled fellows sneaked away.

Daylight was dawning as a welcome figure appeared upon the bleak spot on the prairie. There was a happy relieved look in the face of the young man.

"Well, my man," he hailed cheerily, "though I'm going to forest you, I've had lots to do—among other things getting married to the young lady you have helped out of the hands of scheming cruel relations."

"Why, sir, a romance," intimated Tim.

"Well, sir, a tragedy," said the young man seriously. "They had dragged her to spirit her away, but I got ahead of them. Now she is safe. Dear! Dear! A wreck, indeed, isn't it?"

"Yes, the old hack will never run again—'No Ready," much," observed Tim.

The stranger asked a few questions. Then he became interested and pressed his inquiries still further.

"I see your mind is on an electric cab," he observed finally. "Well, old Ready deserves retirement. I'll set out for the new layout, uniform and all."

That is why, arched in a spick and span suit and proud owner of the noblest cab in the city, Tim Downey does a thriving business as a popular up-to-date chauffeur.

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HOW BALLOONS TAKE FIRE

Reasoning of French Expert, Translated for Its Readers by the Literary Digest.

The way in which balloons are made at present is well calculated to produce electric sparks, says a writer in Cosmos, abstracting an article in L'Industrie Electrique. And as electric sparks are perhaps the best means for setting fire to the inflammable gas with which balloons are filled, the expediency of reform in their manufacture would appear obvious. We read:

"According to statistics, most of the balloon fires are due to electric sparks. All experiments to avoid the danger of fire should have to do with the constitution of these fabrics. The envelopes that are currently used are impregnated with rubber and may easily be charged with electricity by friction. If a rubber-coated fabric be rubbed on a metal surface, the friction produces a static electric charge, positive and negative. The charge assumed by the envelope persists even after several contacts with the ground, and this condition may be observed for several hours. Inflammation by sparks is no longer to be feared, with the superperal and sectional conductivities are both good."

The best fabric at present, from this point of view, is gold-beater's skin. Translation made for the Literary Digest.

Adding Value to the Tomato. The chamber of French commerce at Milan announces successful attempts to produce a valuable cattle-fodder from the tomato seeds which are a by-product of the canneries. The seeds are first dried in a tray, then crushed and then sifted to separate them from the woody fiber of the debris. They are then crushed by heated millstones and the oil which they contain in considerable quantities is separated by a hydraulic press.

The tomato seed is pressed into leaves which weigh two kilograms in weight. According to tests at the agricultural station at Portici, they contain an abundance of proteins and carbohydrates.

Look Himself Seriously. "Well, how was the circus, Hiram? Hubby? Rotten! The folks at the door made me pay full price for little Hiram." "Well, he's a good deal more'n twelve, you know." "Hubby—'Course he is, but for the sake of a year or two I don't see why I should invest in circus interests should I have the farm's community?" —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Humility Improving. Imagine the old Romans stopping a galley race to pick up some common fellow who had fallen overboard! Yet the Vanille forgets she is racing, and the Resolute comes up to offer help when seamen are swept into the ocean. Maybe the human race hasn't been moving backward, after all.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Well Arranged. Maid—Mrs. Naybor returned much cheaper coffee than she borrowed, mum. Mistress—Well, Mary, put it in a jar by itself and lend it to her when she sends over again.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Education of the Heart. I have read books enough and observed and conversed with enough eminent and splendidly cultured minds, too, in my time, but I assure you, I have heard finer sentiments from the lips of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the Bible. I shall never learn to feel and re-

CAPE COD CANAL NEARING COMPLETION



The great Cape Cod ship canal, which will be of immense service to coastwise traffic, is now not far from completion. This photograph of a section of the canal near Bourne-mouth, Mass., shows in the background a dyke that must be dynamited before vessels can pass through.

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What flag shall Ireland fly? This is a question that is again being discussed, writes a London correspondent of the New York Sun.

Probably no country has had more national flags than Ireland, so that of means restricted. The most ancient, without doubt, is the "Spear and Serpent," said to commemorate the curing by Moses of an ancestor of Milesius who had been bitten by a snake. Then there is the golden sunburst upon a blue ground, emblem of Fionn MacCumbhall's Fenian (militia). Blue was always Ireland's national color until 1798, when the United Irishmen, to signify the blending of north and south evolved a national color of the blue formed by the amalgamation of blue and orange—namely, green.

Another flag is that which Cromwell's soldiers are reputed to have seen when fighting the Kernes, a red cross upon a golden ground. Opinions as to whether such was ever a national emblem or not are divided, many people believing it to have been the arms of an insurgent commander.

The three golden crowns upon a blue ground is another emblem which has not been overlooked. The design appears today in the arms of Munster, and the three crowns are said to typify the triple kingdom of the Emerald Isle, Thomond and Ormond. Any way, this flag was the emblem of Ireland from 1170 to 1547, when Henry VIII of England substituted the harp for the three crowns, the reason being that Henry was anxious that the harp, which is deemed as typically Irish, was imposed upon Ireland by an English king; but had not the United Irishmen, although they decrowned the harp in 1798, adopted it as their emblem, and Grattan's parliament recognized the harp, although they did not like the green ground, it is hardly likely that the average Irishman today would regard it as other than an appropriate badge.

Still another national device to be considered is the "Lamh Dearg Eitinn," the Red Hand of Ireland, which, upon a white ground, was borne by Shane and Hugh O'Neill's armies that defeated Queen Elizabeth's army in 1595.

The early hours of the nineteenth century saw Ireland afflicted with the St. Patrick's Cross, a red sash upon a white ground. What St. Patrick had to do with it nobody can say, but some emblem or the other has been incorporated in the British flag upon the passing of the act of union, and so the heralds did the rest. Wherever they got the red sash from it is not known, but there is reason to believe that it was borrowed from the arms of Trinity, the Dublin, which had in turn borrowed it from the Fitzgerald family.

In all probability Ireland will adopt the sunburst upon a blue ground, the chief reason being its antiquity, its distinctly Irish origin, and its symbolism of Ireland's rise to the proper place among the nations.

But come what may, the ground of the new flag is going to be blue. The Sinn Feiners are resolved upon that, and that the flag's material shall not be silk or cotton, but good Irish linen.

Whimsical Prisoner. A prisoner's remarkable flow of words caused great amusement at Dublin sessions recently. A laborer was charged with stealing a pair of boots.

"By what stretch of imagination or by what insane processes of reasoning can you assume that I stole the boots?" he asked.

Addressing the court later, he said: "I have always testified, with the utmost ardor and fervor of my soul, my high admiration for the courage, discipline, and exalted integrity and inspiring honesty of the Dublin police. I had some pious and artistic pictures when arrested, and offered them to the police-sergeant, for his consolation in trifling with me. I had 40,000 years in jail rather than knuckle down to the whimsical and fantastic charge."

Smart Reply. The captain of a certain troopship conveying a British cavalry regiment to the cape was noted for his wit, and at every opportunity that offered he loosed his shafts of humor, to the chagrin and embarrassment of their targets. Sooner or later the stinger came stung, however, and this chronic humorist was no exception to the rule.

On one occasion, when about two days out from port, he approached a group of soldiers who were swabbing the forward deck, and, singling out a big, raw-boned Irish recruit who there was expounding his first taste of sailor's life, he gravely asked: "Can you steer the mainmast down the forecastle stairs?"

Quick as a flash came the reply: "Yes, sir, I can, if you will stand below and coil it up."

So Hot Ice Chest Blazes. The freak trick of the season at Baltimore was occasioned when it was responsible for a fire that burned the top of a chest containing the bones of Harry Siegel, 326 North Front street.

Mr. Siegel placed two lighted candles on the chest. The high temperature caused these candles to melt until they bent completely over, the flames igniting the top of the chest. The blaze and excitement prevailed for a few moments. No alarm was sounded. The fire was extinguished by members of the family.

Drama Followed the Dance. In ancient times the dances were the first mode of entertainment; then came the drama, derived from a Greek word, meaning "to act." In Greece it was given in the open or in buildings, known as theaters, after a Greek word meaning "to see."

Count Tolstoi's Library. The great writer's library numbered 10,000 volumes, in 32 languages. There were almost as many books in English as in Russian—3,415 against 3,605.

FABLES IN SLANG

The New Fable of the Galloping Pill-grim Who Tried to Sit Down by the Wayside.

A certain affluent Bachelor happened to be the only Grandson of a rugged Early Settler who wore a Coon-Skin Cap and drank Corn Juice out of a Jug. Away back in the days when every Poor Man had Bacon in the Smoke House, this Pioneer had been soaked in a Trade and found himself loaded up with a Swamp Subdivision in the Edge of Town.

Fifty years later the City had spread its wings, boyed the Swamp and Grandson was submerged beneath so much Unearned Increment that he began to speak with what sounded to him like an English Accent and his Shirts were ordered from Paris.

On the last of every Month the Grandson would buy the Paper and Grandson was submerged beneath so much Unearned Increment that he began to speak with what sounded to him like an English Accent and his Shirts were ordered from Paris.

Then the Representative of the Old Family would take a Garden Rake and pattern all this hateful Currency into a neat mound, after which a milk-fed Secretary would iron it out and disinfest it and sprinkle it with Lilia Water and tie it into artistic Packages, using Old Gold Ribbon.

After that, it was Hard Lines for the Bachelor, because he had to sit by a Window at the Club and dope out some new Way of getting all that Coin back into Circulation.

As a result of these Herculean Efforts to vaporize his Income he found himself at the age of 60 afflicted with Social Gastritis. He had gorged himself with the Pleasures of this World until the sight of a Menu Card gave him the Willies and the mere mention of Musical Comedy would cause him to break down and Cry with a Child.

He had crossed the Atlantic so often that he no longer wished to sit at the Captain's Table. He had rolled them

Two inches of the severed tail of a dog was responsible for restoring El Japonis, a white bull pup, to his mistress, Margarita Valdespino of El Paso, Tex., recently. She was the plaintiff in a squabble that suit filed in Judge McClintock's court.

"Here's our evidence in the case, your honor," said the attorney representing the plaintiff, unwrapping a section of the tail of a dog and handing it to Judge McClintock.

"The court finds," said Judge McClintock, holding the severed member aloft, "that this is a part of a dog's tail. The question to be decided is what dog belongs to it."

"To El Japonis!" exclaimed the plaintiff.

In order to give him the appearance of a real thoroughbred two inches had been clipped from the animal's tail. The severed part had been preserved. Judge McClintock scratched his head.

"In order to decide this question," he said, "I believe we ought to see what the tail fits the dog." The attorney passed the judge the bull pup, otherwise known as the Savoy.

Occasionally he would return to his provincial Home to raise the Rents on the Shop-Keepers and give out an Inventory criticizing the New School of Politicians for trifling with the forests and seeking to disturb Existing conditions.

Any time his Rake-Off was reduced from \$10 a Minute to \$9.98 he would let out a Howl like a Prairie Wolf and call upon Mortimer, his "Man, for Symmetry."

After Twenty Years of getting up at Twilight to throw aside the Pyramas and take a Tub and ease himself into the Costume made famous by John Drew, the Routine of buying Golden Phantasies and Special Cures (Intanges) for his rheumatism, and his chronic state of Soda and other Chemical Mysteries, began to lose its Sharp Zest.

In other Words, He was All In. He was Track-Sore and Blase and sore as a Crab and full of Ongway. He had played for trifling with the forests and seeking to disturb Existing conditions.

About Noon the next Day he would come up for Air, and in order to kill the rest of the Day he would have to hunt up a Game of Auction Bridge with three or four other gouty old Mavericks.

When the Carbons begin to burn low in the sputtering Arc Lights along the Boulevard of Pleasure and the Night Wind cuts like a knife through the hair, the friends his bright crimson Branigan slowly discharging itself into a

Genoa's Capture a Century Ago. One hundred years ago the rich city of Genoa, familiar to all readers of American history as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, was taken by a force of English and Sicilians. For centuries Genoa had been a pawn on the chessboard of European politics. In 1805 it had been annexed to the French empire. Now, in consequence of the overthrow of Napoleon, it was wrested from France and some months later united to the kingdom of Sardinia. The army that captured the

city on this date 100 years ago was in command of Lord William Bentinck, a celebrated English general. Many years later this same English general, while serving as governor-general of India, earned enduring fame by abolishing the "Suttee," the custom in India which required widows to be burned on the funeral pyres of their husbands.

Legal Wrong. Delay of Justice is Injustice.—Walter Savage Landor.

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