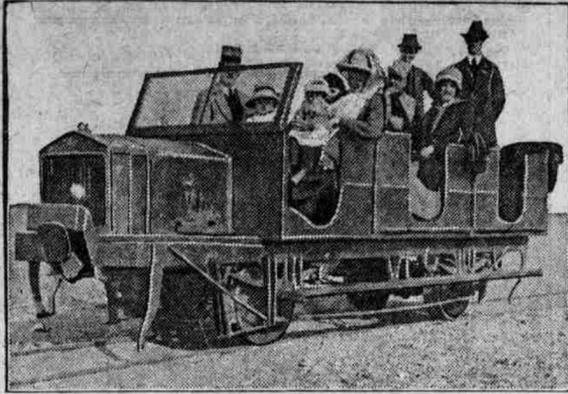


**AUTO-RAILROAD CAR USED IN EGYPT**



The illustration shows a gasoline engine-driven railroad car used on the light railway from the main Egyptian railway to the Khargo oasis in the desert. It was originally built to carry troops to stop the inroads the Senusi made during the early stages of the world's war.

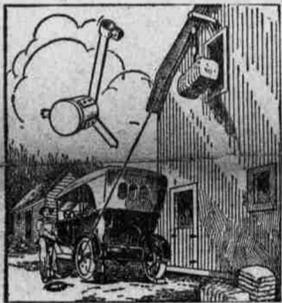
**HOISTING DRUM ON AUTO WHEEL**

Addition of Small Device Makes It Possible to Use Car for Hoisting Purposes.

**PUT ON DIRECTLY OVER HUB**

Solid Piece of Oak May Be Quickly Attached or Taken Off—Heavy Loads Can Be Handled—Illustration Self-Explanatory.

In cases of emergency, the rear, or driving wheel of an automobile may be used as a drum around which the line from a hoisting tackle is wound. The power from the wheel, when turning free from the ground, is sufficient to exert great force in winding up the tackle rope. For that purpose, the drum described was designed to be attached directly over the hub, and to the spokes of the wheel. It may be quickly put on or taken off, and is



The Addition of a Small Drum to a Rear-Wheel Hub Makes Possible the Use of a Car for Hoisting.

small enough to prevent the wheel, when turning under normal speed, from being unduly strained by heavy loads.

**Dimensions of Drum.**

A solid piece of oak, about eight inches in diameter should be turned out in the shape of a cylinder five inches long. For large cars this may be increased in size. Surmount the drum with a disk, somewhat larger, to act as a rim, and bore a hole in the opposite end of the drum just large enough to fit snugly over the hub of the wheel. Then make three arms of strap iron, large enough to reach a good way up the spokes of the wheel. Bolt these at equal distances around the circumference of the drum, setting them in flush.

**How Hoisting is Done.**

To operate, back the car up until it is near the tackle, and jack up the wheel upon which the drum has been placed. The other wheel must be blocked so that it will not turn. Give the hauling rope a few turns about the drum, then apply the power to the wheel and at the same time pull easily upon the rope, keeping it taut on the drum. In this way heavy loads can be raised that would otherwise be beyond the ability of one man to handle.—L. B. Robbins, Harwich, Mass., in Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**USE SPONGE ON WET TIRES**

Wiping Them Off and Then Carefully Drying Them Will Prevent Annoying Rim Rust.

After driving in wet weather if the car owner is careful to sponge off the tires when he returns to the garage and then wipes them dry, especially along the beads, he will do much to prevent the formation of rust. This advice is particularly applicable during the spring months of frequent and copious rains.

**Always Carry a Rope.**

One of the most useful things to carry in the car on tours is 25 feet of half-inch manila rope, which has almost endless uses.

**Necessary Adjustment.**

Why is an adjustment necessary? Do not make it unless it is.

**ALL IN A STEW**

By LUCY HIFTON.

"Smells awfully good," declared big Bill Printley, coming into the kitchen from the garden and sniffing about. "How long before dinner, Eleanor?"

"About twenty minutes," briskly returned his tiny wife, stooping to turn a pan of biscuits in the oven. "I'm just going to put the potatoes in the stew now."

"Stew's the stuff for hungry gardeners," Bill replied appreciatively. "Lucky I had a vacation today, that garden needed hoeing badly. Hello!" he exclaimed, glancing out of the window. "What's up? Somebody's having fire trouble. Guess I'll run out a minute and see if I can help."

"Eleanor," he called in a tone of mingled awe and excitement a few minutes later, "it's John Gillespie, head of the firm, and it will be quite some time before he gets fixed up, so I asked him in to dinner."

Eleanor stared at her husband in ominous silence. In a moment she found her voice.

"Bill Printley, what were you thinking of?" she demanded. "Today of all days. I'm ironing, too. And we've nothing but lamb stew, biscuits and boiled custard."

"I'm sorry," he whispered, stepping up softly behind her and kissing a saucy curl on her neck.

Eleanor relented. "I'll have to think of something more suitable in a jiffy," she returned, smiling into his great brown eyes.

She stepped into the pantry and selected a jar of ox tongue. She would cut it in thin slices and garnish with parsley. That would be vastly superior to plain lamb stew.

She glanced at the clock. Fortunately, she had saved some potatoes from the stew. She would cream them. There would be time for a tomato bisque, and with the addition of a few egg whites whipped she would turn her boiled custard into a floating island and dot it with currant jelly.

She slipped into a pretty gray voile house dress, and flushed and smiling she welcomed her unexpected guest.

After a few minutes' chat she excused herself, leaving Bill to entertain.

She hurried into the pantry, but stood petrified with horror as she beheld the platter of choice tongue floating in a pan of milk. In her haste she had left the platter uncaringly perched on the window sill and a good stiff breeze had done the mischief.

Another hasty glance at the emergency shelf revealed a can of crab meat that was too small. Salmon and dried beef were worse than lamb stew. She sighed. She must serve this plebeian dish after all. She would serve the stew en casserole. It wouldn't be bad, after all, with carrots and peas.

"I wonder if you ever eat lamb stew?" asked Eleanor slightly apologetic after the soup course had been disposed.

"My favorite dish," responded Mr. Gillespie. "Nothing beats real home cooking."

After a few mouthfuls, he continued: "It's just like mother used to make for me when I came home from school. And it justifies the tantalizing odors that were wafted out to me when, zip! bang! went my tire. I was wishing my good fairy would invite me to dinner when, lo! my tire turned the trick."

Eleanor flushed with pleasure. There was no mistaking his sincerity.

Mr. Gillespie took the lead in the conversation, and before either Eleanor or Bill realized it, he had them telling him their hopes and aspirations.

After his departure, Eleanor looked at Bill a long moment. "What do you make out of it all?" she asked as she hurried back to her ironing.

"He seemed mighty interested in us here in our home," returned Bill dubiously. "But I never flattered myself that he even noticed me in the office. Just a drudge along with the rest of the machinery."

For two weeks the eager look of expectancy in Eleanor's eyes were met by studied cheerfulness on Bill's part as each night he greeted her with, "No news yet, sweetheart."

"I'm—I'm afraid I talked too much," said Eleanor uncertainly.

"Well, if we did it was all Gillespie's fault," defended Bill. "He led us on."

The thought that they had made a grave blunder rankled in Eleanor's soul, but she strove to keep up her spirits for Bill's sake. Then one night, just as she had lost hope, she heard him bound up the steps and the next moment he was in the room. "I got it!" he shouted jubilantly, catching her in his arms.

"Gillespie called me into the office tonight and offered me the job of manager of the sales department. Do you realize what that means, sweetheart?" She nodded, face aglow.

"Not just a paltry raise, but manager," he emphasized. "He had two men of equal ability on the promotion list, but couldn't decide which was more deserving. That stew and our chat told him many things he wanted to know."

"Things happen queer," reflected Bill, as they sat down to their cooling dinner. "Who would ever have thought the day Gillespie punctured his tire we'd land this \$5,000 job all in a stew that tickled his faded palate?"

And now when the Printleys celebrate any further rise in the financial world it's never that delicacy chicken or choice ox tongue, or even a dignified roast that graces the board, but plain lamb stew.

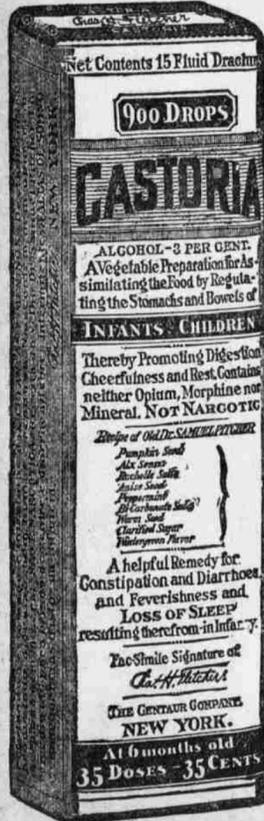
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**Imitations Are Dangerous.**

AN OHIO druggist writes to "The Practical Druggist," a prominent New York Drug Journal, as follows: "Please furnish formula for Castoria. All the formulas I have worked with are either ineffective or disagreeable to administer."

To this "The Practical Druggist" replies: "We do not supply formulas for proprietary articles. We couldn't if we wanted to. Your experience with imitative formulas is not surprising, but just what is to be expected. When Castoria is wanted, why not supply the genuine? If you make a substitute, it is not fair or right to label it Castoria. We can give you all sorts of laxative preparations for children, but not Castoria, and we think a mother who asks for Castoria would not feel kindly toward you if you gave her your own product under such a name."

No mother with a spark of affection for her child will overlook the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher when buying Castoria.



**Children Cry For**

*Fletcher's*  
**CASTORIA**

**Mothers Must Use Care.**

Why do we so often call your attention to imitations of Fletcher's Castoria? Because it is a baby's medicine and imitations are always dangerous, particularly imitations of a remedy for infants.

Your druggist may not keep an imitation but they are to be found on drug-store shelves. Reliable druggists think only of the welfare of their customers. The other kind only of the greater profit to be made on imitations.

Your own judgment tells you that Fletcher's Castoria having for over thirty years at great expense held up its reputation, must jealously guard it. Then, it follows that this company must use the very best of material. Must employ experts in the selection of the herbs. Must retain skilled chemists in its manufacture.

Your same good judgment must tell you that these irresponsible imitators are trading on your credulity and the reputation built up by Mr. Fletcher, during all these years, for his Castoria.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**PALESTINE LAND OF BEAUTY**

Everywhere Nature Seems to Have Expressed Determination to Make the Country Lovely.

Palestine, in its endless variety of Nature, seems like a miniature land God made himself, a tiny epitome of the whole world. Or is it a lovely woman with a lovely soul?

Under a dazzling sky it curves in swift changing beauty through hill and valley from the river to the sea. Eve's mystery lurks in the sand stretches of Sinai. Feminine lure is in the purple-tinted mountains of Moab, a virgin calm in the Lake of Galilee under its misty veil. Jewels shine in Palestine's bosom, the emerald Garden of Gethsemane and the sapphire sea that clasps the fast-flowing Jordan by breathless Jericho.

In the spring the land is decked in garlands of orange and almond blossoms amid myriads of tiny, vivid-hued flowers. And the indomitable will of Judaea speaks in the low, stony, rounded hills with their determined tufts of growth. It is as if Judaea said to the world: "No ravager can despoil me. I WILL bloom."

Palestine is ageless, running the gamut of the years in budding Galilee, in fertile Sharon, and touching eternity in the hoary loveliness of Jerusalem, where the century-old crevices are as beautiful as a mother's wrinkles to her son.

**Business Methods.**

Clerk—Young Van Sapp wants a suit on credit.

Clothier—Sell him something that won't last over two months. He never pays for one suit until he needs another.

**Contentment.**

Perfect contentment kills all ambition. No small boy licking an ice cream cone would change places with the president of the United States during that glad few minutes.

**An Oily Life.**

John D. Rockefeller attributes his long life to olive oil, says a dispatch. Our notion is that kerosene oil also has had a little to do with it.

**When Aloft.**

"I was just reading that an English clergyman has become an aviator."

"A high churchman, eh?"

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is powerful but safe. One dose is enough to expel Worms or Tapeworm. No castor oil necessary. Adv.

There certainly is no place like home when it is impossible to get into one.

Few people will take advice unless charged for it.

**TOASTS OF RUSTIC ENGLAND**

As Might Be Expected, Many of Them Have to Do With Eating and Drinking.

A good rustic toast is likely to be concerned with beef and beer, like that comprehensive toast of Arcadian wilds, "The Nine B's," which is as much as to say: Baker's best bread, butcher's best beef and brewer's best beer. In another form it runs: "The inside of a loaf, the outside of a jail, a pound of beefsteak and a pot of good ale." The plow is toasted by an enigma: "Life before, dead in the middle and body and soul behind." The shy carter gives for a toast, "Scorched bread and well buttered," adding, "if that ain't toast, I'm bothered." Some toasts are a little unkind, as: "May 'im as wunt wurk in the 'eat go 'ungry when the frosts come." To a farmer's wife it is polite to raise your glass with the words: "Ere's good 'ealth to 'ee, mum, an' may yer allus 'ave the strength to push about same as yew does now, and set a pattern 't all the farmers' wives way 'round."—London Morning Post.

**Not to Be Thought Of.**

The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England was a man of brilliant attainments and very caustic wit. Satire came naturally to him, as this anecdote shows:

A certain Mr. F.—a very rough diamond—was urging a perfectly untenable point at wearisome length, until Justice Coleridge, who had picked up the threads of an intricate case with his usual marvelous ability for assimilating facts, gently interposed with the remark:

"Unfortunately for you, Mr. F., the correspondence does not in any way bear out your assertion."

"I say it does!" rudely contradicted the learned counsel.

The lord chief justice gently allowed himself to sink back into his cushions as he murmured in silky tones:

"Oh, then, it wouldn't be polite of me to contradict you!"

**Eye for Music.**

"At last," said the man with no ear for music, "I have found one tune I can recognize."

"Sing it."

"I can't do that. But when I see everybody standing up I know it's ten chances to one the band is playing 'The Star-Spangled Banner.'"

**The Other Way.**

"There is no excuse for crime." "Perhaps not, but there is generally a warrant for it."

We know a man who thinks his wife never made a mistake in her life. He's been married a week.

**STIRRED IRE OF BOY SCOUT**

Youngster Properly Rebuked Woman Who Threw Sacred Flag into a Rubbish Receptacle.

Here is a pretty boy scout story. H. S. Hera of Germantown told it to Edward Bok, who passes it on to me. "One thing I have always admired about the scouts," said Mr. Hera, "is that they are eager to teach the etiquette of the American flag."

"Some time ago I heard a woman storekeeper say that she had thoughtlessly thrown away a small American flag, and it somehow found its way into some rubbish about to be collected by the street cleaners."

"But only a short time after a box with waste, containing that soiled flag, had been put out on the curb, a wee little scout came into her store, saluted in grand military style and said:

"Madam, I found this flag out there in your rubbish. Don't you know that you should not insult the American flag that way? Then he handed the woman the flag and told her please not to let that occur again."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Not Always Appropriate.**

During the Fifth Liberty loan campaign all country newspapers were asked to insert between their articles some such quotations as "Help Finish the Job," instead of the customary dash. The quotations were put in regardless of the substance of the article. Sometimes embarrassing results followed, as when an article was headed: "Esteemed Woman of the City Is Dead," and below the obituary was "Help Finish the Job."

**Dire Threat.**

"Guess there won't be any more rent boosting in Washington."

"What now?"

"Some senator has threatened to move the seat of government to another town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Strained Relations.**

Mrs. Wiggs—Ain't you speaking to Mrs. Olden now?

Mrs. Biggs—I'm speaking to her all right, but not in a nice manner.—London Tit-Bits.

Hard cash is not hard to get rid of.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM**  
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists.

**HINDERCORNS** Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops all pain, ensures comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. See, by mail or at Druggists. Hicoa Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

WE BUY AND SELL industrial, oil, mining stocks of all descriptions. Fitzgerald & Co. Brokers, Boatman's Bank Bldg., St. Louis