

IMPROVED PLUG COCK.

Provided With Removable Sleeve to Facilitate Repairs. A plug cock or faucet is much more desirable than a compression cock or screw faucet because it is cheaper to produce and is quick acting.



SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, N.Y.

PLUG COCK WITH REMOVABLE SLEEVE.

and the only way of repairing the damage is to replace the worn or plug with a new one.

In order to reduce this item of expense and provide a ready means of repairing a worn out plug cock an inventor has recently designed a cock having a removable sleeve on the plug. When the ports through this sleeve become badly worn it is a simple matter to remove the plug from the cock and replace the worn sleeve with a new one.

The Color of Water.

Some interesting experiments were made at Liege for the purpose of ascertaining the true color of water. The water was first boiled four hours over potash manganate and permanganate and then distilled twice in platinum vessels and the product received in a silver vessel protected from contact with the air.

In order to obtain the requisite depth of water for the light to pass through and make any color it would give visible, there were used glass tubes of sixteen feet in length and rather more than one and one-half inches in width. The tubes were closed at both ends by glass flaps and furnished with a pipe through which the water could be introduced.

Care of an Electric Fan.

Most people have no use for an electric fan in the winter. It should be stowed away properly, however, so that it will be kept in good condition and be ready for service next season. Here's the best way to do it: After you have unscrewed the connecting plug at the end of the flexible wire which has been used to supply current to the fan from the lighting socket place the fan on a table and wipe it off thoroughly with a dry cloth or dry cotton waste.

The Automatic Range.

The latest development in electric cookery is the automatic range, which possesses many unique features. It will get breakfast while you sleep, prepare luncheon while you are shopping and cook dinner while you are at the matinee.

The vital parts are a clock and a thermometer. After the food has been prepared and placed in its receptacles in the range the clock automatically turns on the heat at the appointed time, and the thermometer automatically turns it off when the boiling, baking or roasting temperature has been reached. The stored heat completes the cooking process.

A Queer African Plant.

In South Africa there is found a plant of the genus mesembryanthemum growing on stony ground which so closely resembles a pebble that it is invariably taken by the stranger to be a stone. Another species of the same plant growing on the hills round the Karoo produces two leaves about as large as ducks' eggs, having a surface resembling weathered stone of brownish gray color, tinged with green.

MISS OLAVE ST. CLAIR SOAMES

She is to be the Bride of Sir Robert Baden-Powell in December. Miss Olave St. Clair Soames, who is to be married in December to Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking and founder of the boy scouts is the daughter of Harold Soames of Lilliput, Dorset, England. The wedding will be very quiet, and only the nearest relatives are to be invited.



MISS OLAVE ST. CLAIR SOAMES.

to buy a wedding gift, and a thousand girl scouts are following the example. The wedding probably will be the occasion of great rejoicing by the boy scouts. There are now over a million boys enrolled in various parts of the world under command of Chief Scout Baden-Powell, whose organization Lord Rosebery has described as "the most hopeful movement of our time."

Congratulations from all over the world have been showered on the general since his betrothal was announced. He is fifty-five years old, but looks forty. His bride to be is twenty-five. By a singular coincidence both were born on Feb. 22, Washington's birth day, thirty years apart.

As a girl of ten Miss Soames was thrilled by the published accounts of Baden-Powell's gallant defense of Mafeking, and when they met last winter on a liner going to the West Indies their casual acquaintance soon ripened into love. Both happened to be in the United States on their last birthday.

WELDON BRINTON HEYBURN. Late Senator From Idaho Was a Picturesque Figure. Weldon Brinton Heyburn, United States senator from Idaho, who died recently had the reputation of being one of the hardest working and also one of the most stubborn men in congress. He rivaled Senator La Follette as a filibuster.

Senator Heyburn was born in Delaware county, Pennsylvania, on May 23, 1852. His parents were Quakers. He was admitted to the bar in 1876 and went to Idaho, where he specialized in mining law, gaining the reputation of being one of the best equipped advisers on this phase of the law in the United States.

Mr. Heyburn got his start in politics in 1896 when he refused to follow the bolting Idaho Free Silver Republicans in their flop to Bryan. He ran for congress in 1898, but was defeated by a fusion of Democrats, Populists and silver Republicans. When Idaho swung away from free silver, however, Mr. Heyburn rode into the senate in 1903 as a protectionist and gold Republican.

From the day of his appearance in congress he earned the reputation of being a virile, able speaker. There was no man in the senate who was so ready and willing to fight a battle single handed as Heyburn, provided he was convinced he was right. There was no man in the senate of stronger likes and dislikes.

His opposition to the Confederate veterans amounted to almost an obsession with him. He bitterly fought on the floor of the senate the proposition to give permission to have a statue of General Robert E. Lee placed in the capitol. His bitter words in the senate often led to the waving of the bloody shirt, but for all that Heyburn had very warm friends among the southerners on the Democratic side of the chamber.

Senator Heyburn's last words were: "I have lived my life as best I could within human limitations. I am worn out in the service of a great cause. He

LIMEKILN CLUB.

Hon. Moses Livingston Delivers a Great Oration.

ALL ABOUT HUMAN NATURE.

Famous Kentucky Spellbinder Explores the Fact That No One is Ever Contented—The Case of the Jones Family.

By M. QUAD. [Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.]

His name was Hon. Moses Livingston, and he was from Kentucky. He was cock eyed in both eyes, lame in the right leg and had a droop in his shoulders, but he had oratory and to spare. He got into town three days before the regular meeting of the Limekiln club and lodged with Brother Gardner, borrowed money of Samuel Shin and begged a swallowtailed coat of Shindig Watkins.

He gave out that he was a son of a veteran, a son of liberty and a son of a gun and that he had walked 700 miles in the middle of the road for the purpose of delivering a speech before the club.



"OBER DAR SOTS PICKLES SMITH."

crumb was devoured. He exhibited no embarrassment and was cheered as he took the platform and began: "My fren's, I has arrive yere, same as I has arrive at hundreds of other places, to find men and women strivin' fer place and power, fer riches and happiness, fer de head ob de precession and de big end ob de cake.

"Dat's only human natur, encouragin' ef ebery book we read and ebery paper we pick up. At de present dat dar am a million pussions in dis world encouragin' de rest ob us to climb up. Dey gibs us mottoes to adopt and precepts and examples to foller, and dey tell how easy it am fer any one to go from de tall ob de class to de haid.

"Ober dar sots Pickles Smith. He am jist achin' to climb to de top and own and run a postoffice and reserve ten boxes fer his own mail.

"Ober dis way sots Elder Penstock. He has been told dat dar am no reason on airth why he shouldn't be governor ob dis state, and he am tastin' de fried oysters he will have when dat event happens.

Honesty and Industry. "In front ob de stove, wid his years workin' back and fo'th and his eyes shinin' wid ambishun, am Drawback White. He has read dat honesty and industry will boost a man to de top ob de pole, and he am lookin' forward to ownin' a steamboat and bootin' de deck hands about.

"So it goes from one to de odder, all wantin' sunthin' better, all achin' to climb up. No one ob you am content wid his station in life. Sich ob you as kin afford claims don't want to stop at dat. You want lobster. Sich ob you as have patent leather shoes am sighnin' fer gold headed canes to match.

"I am fur from wantin' de world to stand still or discouragin' ambishun, but I am at de same time compelled to ask, 'What's de use?' We has all read ob Caesar. He made up his mind to go to de top, and he got dar. Befo' he begun tryin' he was a contented man. If de flour and potatoes and bacon was out he knowed whar he could git mo'. If a circus came along he was dar. If dar was a hoss race he had his \$2 up on the right hoss. He had de money in his pocket to pay his taxes, and if he went into a saloon and found a dozen men dar he didn't have to drink alone and make a sneak.

"How was it when Caesar reached de pinnacle? Nuffin' but trouble at noon, trouble when he laid his weary head on de pillar. He had heaps ob money, but no enjoyment; he had heaps ob fren's, but no enemies; he had heaps ob power, but not 'nuff to save his own life. Some few wept when dey buried him, but dar was hundreds who rejoiced.

"Kin any ob you tell me what was de use?"

The Case of Hannerable. "Dar was Hannerable. As a farmer's son he hood corn, milked cows, fed de haws and had billed dinners twice a week. He drove to town wid a good lookin' girl wheneber dar was a circus, and he was allus on hand at camp meetin's and county fairs. He

was content and growin' fat till ambishun hit him. He got it into his head that he wanted to climb up, and nobody could hold him. He clumb and clumb and clumb. He got to de very top. He got to whar he could look up and see no one on de limb above him. He got fame, but he didn't have time to eat his meals. He got glory, but he made enemies every hour. He won victories, but he come home to find that de haws had broke into his garden and rooted eberything up. He reached de top only to die, and his breath had only passed away when de newspapers was sayin' mean things about him.

"Napoleon was de man ob all de world fur a quarter ob a century. From 1800 in a garret he come to libbin' in a palace. From belin' a nobody he come to be a ruler ob de world. Dat man could go out and lick a kentry and annex it as easy as you or me could go out and saw half a cord of wood. But what did it all amount to in de end? What was de use? Dar come a day when he was pulled off de perch and libbed and died an exile.

"I was talkin' wid Givendam Jones ob dis club last night. He works in a woodyard at 82 a day. He has got a cuckoo clock and a red sofa in his house. He owns a winter overcoat wid a velvet collar to it. He kin put up a dollar on a hoss race any day in de week. If kerosene goes up a cent a gallon he don't cuss. If bacon drops a cent a pound he don't chuckle ob it. He has got a name dat compels respect. When he starts fer home at night eben de police git out of his road. His wife gibs a high tea one week and a low coffee de next, and she kin haul two pairs ob two dollar shoes a year. Kin you draw me a picture of contentment and prosperity to beat dat?"

Givendam Jones. "And yet what does Givendam Jones want? He wants to change his front name to Claude; he wants to find sunthin' to take de kink out ob his har' and pass fer a Cuban; he wants a diamond pin and a plug hat; he wants to be de mayor ob dis city and gradually climb up to de presidency; he wants to be known as de 'it' ob de United States. He would leab all contentment behind him fur a few years ob greatness. Think ob it! Think ob swappin' such a name as Givendam fur dat of Claude! Why, such a thing would make de very planets halt in deir course!

"My fren's, I ask you again, what's de use? It's a question I hab asked 10,000 times and shall keep on askin'. Nobody is bring int' dis world wid any particular objec' in view. If he draps into a good place, what's de use ob kickin' and wishin' it was a better one? We are bo'n and lib our time and den pass away. What's de use ob wastin' half a lifetime in a struggle dat don't amount to shucks if you win? Hain't it better to be content wid what you've got and sot down and enjoy it to de utmost? When you've got de red sofa you've got to begin to look out fer moths, and so it goes right along up to de top. Think ob dese things. Turn 'em ober in your minds. Don't let a day go past widout askin' yourself, 'What's de use?' "I didn't arrive yere to take up your valuable time. I jist wanted to git off what was on my mind, and havin' accomplished dat purpose, I now return my heartfelt thanks and bid you all good night."

Remembered the Grocers. She was apt to forget things, and so she was afraid she would forget to order the chickens in time. All day, to guard against it, she would keep repeating to herself, "Chickens—grocer—chickens—grocer." Finally at the time she was accustomed to call the grocer she went to the telephone and asked: "Have you any nice young grocers?" "Why, yes, ma'am," said a surprised voice at the other end of the line.

"This is Mrs. Jones talking," she went on, "and I want you to send me a couple dressed."

"Send you a couple dressed?" gasped the grocer.

"Well, no; you had better send them undressed, and when my husband comes home he will wring their necks and the cook can dress them."—Kansas City Star.

Whose Nose? Did you ever hear the story about how a young man bawled out an unknown bore at the theater? Well, here's how. He was standing up and trying to see the show. Some one leaned over his shoulder. The young man drew a handkerchief and, without looking around, pinched the man's nose with it.

"Here!" shouted the man above the din of the orchestra. "What do you mean by pulling my nose?"

"Pardon me," he apologized. "It was so close to my face that I thought it was mine. Was it really your nose?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wouldn't Do. "It's useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no I mean no."

"Always?"

"Invariably."

"And can nothing ever break your determination when once you make up your mind?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Well, I wouldn't care to marry a girl like that, anyhow."—Boston Transcript.

Varying It. "Er—er—some of the facetious gentlemen in the congregation," says the minister, as the deacons prepare to take up the collection, "have been in the habit of dropping buttons into the plate. Might I suggest that in view of a recent arrival at the parsonage they substitute safety pins for the time being?"—Judge.

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