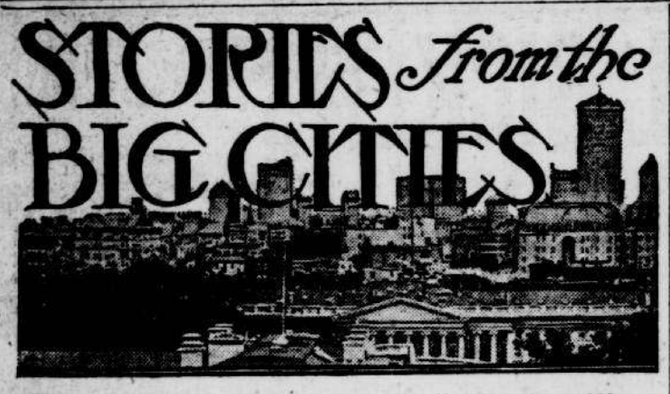


Chicagoan Goes Up Into the Air So He Can Worry

CHICAGO.—Policeman Sack was sauntering along toward La Salle and Erie streets, swinging his club by the cord and executing fancy figures therewith, when he spied a citizen perched in the crosstrees of a telegraph pole.

"Come down out o' that," commanded Sack.

"I can't," was the reply. "My wife spent $5 for a bottle of perfume and I must have time to think it over."

"Who are you and what are you doin' up there?"

"My name is Thomas York and I'm worrying up here," replied the man up the pole.

"Say," called Sack, "somebody is nutty around here, an' I'm layin' ten to six it ain't me. What in the name of common sense is the matter with you anyway?"

"I'm despondent. I been married three days, an'——"

"Oh," said the policeman. "Come on down. I didn't get you at first. I'm a friend o' yours. Le's tell it to the lieutenant."

York slid down and with his new-found confessor he proceeded to the Chicago avenue police station.

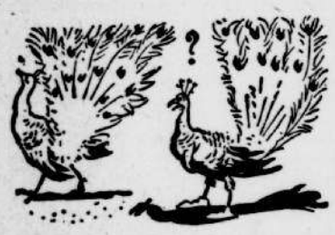
"I was married three days ago," he repeated to the lieutenant. "I brought home my first week's wages on Saturday. It was $20. My wife went out and bought herself a bottle of perfume for $5 and a pair of silk stockings for $6 and then she beat it. She said she couldn't live on my wages."

"Sure, but why the top of the pole?" asked the lieutenant.

"I wanted to worry," said York. "I can't worry if people bother me. I gotta keep my mind on the job. So I went up on the pole where I could worry in peace. But it's no use."

Chicago Aristocrat Becomes Hobo and Is Ostracized

CHICAGO.—Ninevah, the sapphire aristocrat among the peacocks of Lincoln park, is now an outcast among his fellows. Ninevah forgot his ancient lineage traced back to Alexandria, back to Tyre, and 50 of their ancestors, it is recorded, had been wont to glide majestically about the couch of Rameses I as he took his siesta. At twilight he glided out of the park and sought out the roof of a garage for his perch.



Having tasted of forbidden democracy he plunged into a wild round of dissipation, leaping and scrambling about the chimneys, trailing his effulgence through alleys and up and down over fences. Crowds pursued him, hurling sticks and trying to capture him. The park guards, hearing of the scandal, rushed to the scene in time to join Ninevah's pursuit across the car tracks and to the base of a tree in which he roosted. One of the guards, a trained peacock hunter, pitched camp under the tree to await Ninevah's return to reason.

Thus chaperoned, Ninevah fell asleep. The guard, after seeing that the Umsont was tucked in, left. When he returned, Ninevah had gone.

"Yes," evah was traced to another lair and shooed back into the park. And "Fasten ragedy began. Alone, Ninevah walked to the gardens. Other pea- padlock." ew out raucous cries at him or turned in petulant grandeur from "Yes." He was an outcast, and in vain he reared his tail. Shunned by "Put the whose proud and arrogant name he had dragged over the roof- "Yes, d through the alleys, Ninevah sought lonely refuge in an isolated tree.

Milwaukee Men Are Touchy About Their Figures

MILWAUKEE.—"Touchy," "pernickity," "finicky," otherwise oversensitive, are terms which members of the Milwaukee Custom Cutters' club apply to men—but they always do so under their breaths. The monthly meeting of the club at the Pfister hotel, after transacting routine business and watching technical demonstrations, fell into a discussion of the problem of cutting clothes.

"It is true, as Mr. Ema says, that ninety-five per cent of the men are deformed in some way," said William F. Anger, president of the club, "but we daren't tell them that.

"Men are just as touchy as women about their figures. Sometimes I think they are more so. And the higher the class of trade, the more sensitive they become. I never mention deformations when taking a man's measurements. But sometimes I forget myself and mutter, 'Low on the left side,' or 'Flat-seated,' or 'Bow-legged.' The customer is likely to flare up in such cases and ask me if I mean he is a cripple. Some of them even threaten to walk out. But after those moments of self-forgetfulness I manage to restore their confidence. For without confidence a tailor might just as well take down his sign."

Mr. Anger said that he got around the difficulty by labeling physical defects with numbers and calling off "One, two," or some indicator of the deformation. Another tailor said that he took his pad and got behind the customer and noted what defects he would have to allow for.

Gotham Beaus Soon Will Be Seen Wearing Muffs

NEW YORK.—Having lived through the infantile paralysis and strike stages and the wrist-watch epoch, now it is—yes, it is—muffs for men that we are about to be let in for. Yessir, cute little muffs, some of ermine, some of raccoon and some of—er—skunk will be worn by men addicted to reading "What Well Dressed Men Are Wearing."

George Arliss, the actor, promises that he will soon appear in a muff. It was several weeks ago that some decreer of fashions told the world the winter would be marked by muffs for men. And now they are on sale in several hoity-toity haberdasheries. The men who haberdash to the Broadway Beau Brummels feel certain that the innovation will prove popular. Tony, the famous Times square pickpocket, is thrilled by the news. "It will make the work of us dips much easier," he said. With the coming of the muffs there will be no more walking sticks on Broadway, it is predicted. For one cannot carry one's cane when one's hands are incased in a circlet of fur.

Another recent Broadway idea that has aroused much interest among those who have little to think about is to fasten a diamond scarfpin on to the northeast corner of the wing of a big, black silk or satin bow tie. Any person who wants to give more than one diamond scarfpin an airing may put a headlight on each wing.

One of the theatrical contingent brought out the diamond-on-the-wing style. He wore the interrogation-point style of bauble, and the very next day another man appeared in front of the Claridge wearing diamonds on both wings of his tie, giving him a regular port and starboard look. Three pins to the tie may develop very soon, for the Maiden Lane authorities say the style in scarfpins changes frequently and suddenly.

POSTSCRIPTS

United States yearly imports 500,000 birds.

Gen. W. A. Hardy of Oklahoma City is one hundred and two years old.

The United States is the world's greatest importer of hides and skins despite the fact that it raises more cattle than any other nation except India.

More than 50 feet of tin tubing, filled with peas, is used by an English inventor to filter the scratching and metallic sounds from phonograph music.

Australia is contemplating the construction of a harbor at the mouth of the Murray river that may create a port rivaling Sidney in importance.

A German scientist has invented a process using superheated steam for treating sewage sludge to remove its fatty acids and increase its value as fertilizer.

A patent has been granted for a combination ball and roller bearing in which the balls automatically compensate the variations in the diameter of the rollers.

The Pay Envelope

By Florence Lillian Henderson

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

Rodney Driscoll, searching in his pockets for a stray dime or nickel, found only a penny, gave it an angry fling into the gutter and then sent an envelope filled with several folded sheets of paper after it.

"That for the high and lofty set of recommendations!" he growled. "I'm down and out and I'll never get up or in again to need those." Then he noticed an acquaintance coming along, buttonholed him, borrowed half a dollar and made for the nearest saloon.

Vance Denslow, clear of eye, neat of attire, not even a penny in his pocket, came along, noticed the envelope, picked it up and became interested in reading the half-dozen odd recommendations covering the ability, efficiency and integrity of Rodney Driscoll in another city. The finder of the same smiled wryly. He had no recommendations, for he had come from a farm, and without such he had been turned down at every place he had applied for work.

"The very thing—recommendations galore!" he mused. "If I only dared to use them! Yet here they are, useless. Shall I set them to work, assume this rather well-looking name, Rodney Driscoll—and call a check on half-starvation?"

Six months previous Rodney Driscoll, leaving a sister and a fiancee behind him, had come from another city and had secured a good position on

Sent an Envelope After It.

the strength of his recommendations. He had fallen in with a fast set, got to drinking, lost his first position, found another, lost that, and his ambition and sense of honor as well, and was practically a vagabond at date.

Vance Denslow did not know this. He was taking a risk, but he also was penniless. He smiled at the oddity of his situation. Then he reflected gravely. He decided.

Before noon, as Rodney Driscoll, and backed by the recommendations he had picked out of the gutter, he had been employed by Waltham & Co., brokers, at a salary of twelve dollars a week. The recommendations had done it. His bright energetic ways enforced this influence and on the first of the next month his pay envelope read: "Fifteen dollars."

Everybody knew him as Driscoll. Luckily he had no friends in the city and the deception was not probed. Two months after being employed by Waltham & Co. the senior partner called him into his private office, commended his general diligence as to a neat profitable investment he had turned for the house and gave him the post of office manager.

The very day after Driscoll was called into the outer office. A young man handed him the card of a local collection agency.

"What's this for?" inquired Denslow.

"You'd ought to know, Mr. Driscoll," was the reply. "You've been on our books long enough. You skipped from your last employment and we've just located you. We have eight claims for unpaid bills aggregating one hundred and forty dollars. You've got to pay, or we'll notify your boss and garnishee your pay."

"H'm!" uttered Denslow dryly. And again, "H'm!"

His sin had found him out! Here was the penalty of duplicity. Denslow winced. He thought quick. He was getting fifty dollars a week. Could he afford to pay the debts of the man whose identity and recommendations he had appropriated?

"See here," he said, "how would twelve weekly payments do you?"

"Fine!" promptly responded the collector, "only, don't do as you did before—fail down on the contract. We're bound to get you in the end."

"H'm!" quizzically smiled Denslow, and paid the first installment.

When the last installment came due it was another collector who called for the final payment. He explained that his predecessor had left the collection agency. He regarded Denslow with a queer smile as he gave him the receipt. Then he whispered in his ear:

"What's the answer?"

"To what?" propounded Denslow.

"You're not Rodney Driscoll."

"Eh! What? Why do you say that?" inquired the staggered Denslow.

"Because I know for sure. I used to collect of you a year ago, before we lost you."

"Suppose I'm doing an act of kindness?" ventured Denslow.

"Oh, it's your business, of course," replied the collector airily. "Only there's another person as much interested in this mystery as I am."

"Mystery?" repeated Denslow.

"Isn't it that?" challenged the collector.

"Who else is interested?"

"The real Rodney Driscoll."

"H'm!" observed Denslow, wrestling with this new poser, and all at sea.

"Last week," explained the collector, "the old Rodney Driscoll I knew came into our office, thin, seedy and—reformed."

"Was he a bad one, then?" asked Denslow.

"Once. He's got nobly over it, though. He opened his heart to us. Been dissipating for a year. Saw a friend die of delirium tremens and got scared. Got thinking of his girl and a sister and was ashamed. He came to us square. Had no money nor a job, but says he: 'I owe you money and I've acted the sneak. Give me a chance. If I get a job you won't hound me out of it if I pay you what I can squeeze out the end of the week?'"

"And you told him?"

"Not if it's only a dime a month, provided it's regular and you're in earnest."

"So?"

"He left his address and went away."

"Give me that address, will you?"

"Sure."

"And forget there are two Rodney Driscolls till I get the muddle cleared up."

"Surest thing you know! You see, I didn't let him know his claims were all settled up. I scented a mystery. That's why I came to you this time. I'm mum till you give the word."

"Thanks."

Denslow saw the man whose name and recommendations he had stolen for the first time that night. He saw him purposely at a distance, studied him, inquired about him. Yes, to all appearances Rodney Driscoll had cut out his wild ways.

"I'll think it over for a day or so and then do the right thing," mused Deslow.

The "right thing" was forced on him the next day. The senior partner of the firm sent for him the next day.

"Driscoll," he said, "our treasurer has resigned and I have appointed you acting treasurer. You will sign the vouchers and checks 'Rodney Driscoll, Acting Treasurer,' after this."

"But that isn't my name," pronounced Denslow bluntly. It was one thing to masquerade under a false name, but quite another to employ it officially.

"Not your name?" exclaimed the astounded business man.

"No, sir. It's up to me to make open confession. Please listen," and out came the whole story.

The senior partner stared, then he laughed. Then he looked impressed, as Denslow pleaded: "Help me put this poor fellow I've robbed on to his feet, won't you, please?"

And he was so valuable, and humane, and earnest that he had his own way. He visited Driscoll and explained. He gave him a position in the office. He reassumed his own name and his friendly business associates voted his career a success, though novel.

After that Driscoll got a regular pay envelope and braced right up. At the end of a year the two went together to visit Driscoll's fiancee, Rose Mayhew, and his sister, Eunice, in his home city. They had long since been apprized of the grand friend Rodney had found. Before they returned from their vacation Denslow said to Eunice one day:

"Miss Driscoll, I once changed my name, as you know, and good came of it. If you will consent to change yours, I will guarantee love and happiness."

And Eunice did.

Word to the New Woman.

She will not heed it. She is too busy. The little tablet on her desk is scribbled full of tasks for tomorrow. If she can hold herself to that strenuous schedule, she will rise at seven, follow up her shower bath with corrective dancing to the victrola, thereby effectively arousing the rest of the household, devote the forenoon to culture (not with a K), the afternoon to Red Cross benevolence (with a bee), speak at a suffrage meeting in the evening and read the Boston Transcript before she goes to bed. There is a lack of romance in this program, but the New Woman is not dependent on romance. "Be not idle, and you shall not be longing." There is, however, a "memo. pad" on record with the entry by date and hour, set in the midst of other sundries: "Marry Mr. R."—Contributors' Club, in the Atlantic.

Catches Cold in His Wooden Legs.

The only profane "authorities" that an honest, mortal medical man should recognize are facts and truth that are verifiable in more than one way. The susceptibility of human kind to accept a dictatorial statement as correct is very great. Tell a medical student that one of the causes of a "cold" is a contagious microbe and he will almost surely fix it in his thoughts as the only cause. Doctor Osler often told his students and patients to keep their feet dry and thus be free from "colds." Upon one of these occasions a beggar at a clinic in the hospital called out: "You're wrong, doctor. I have 'colds' every season and have two wooden legs."

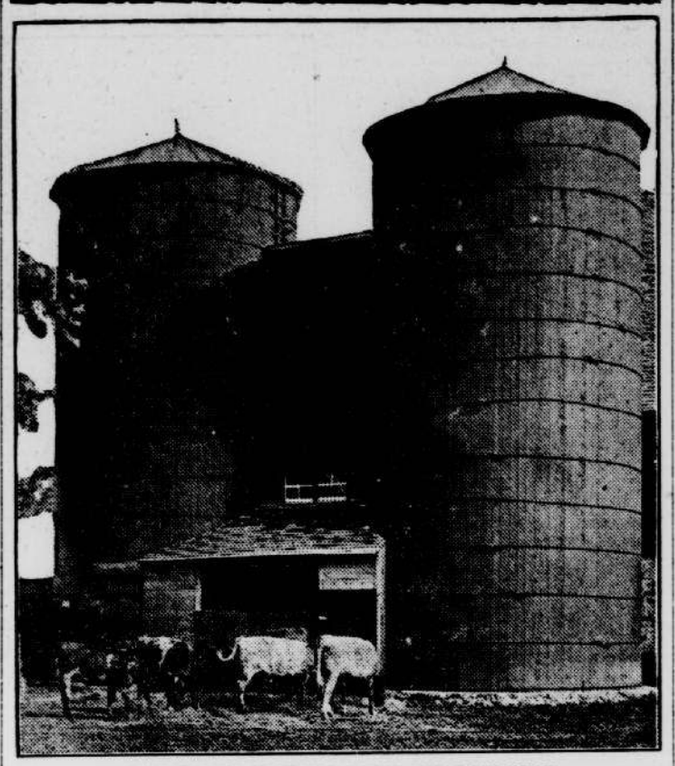
Ship Pollen of Plants.

The shipment of whole plants for breeding or experimental purposes, with the attendant danger of carrying plant diseases and insect pests, can be obviated in many cases by shipping only the pollen from such plants. Pollen from citrus trees has been sent in cold storage from Florida to California and recently a shipment was successfully made from Washington, D. C., to Japan. The anthers were sealed in glass tubes from which the air was exhausted. Some of the tubes after the exhaustion of the air were dried with sulphuric acid.

One-Sided Plan.

"There's really no necessity for man and wife to quarrel," said Mrs. Patter. "We never have any words in the house. When I feel tired and irritable, I wear a cardinal-colored ribbon, and then Mr. Patter lets me have my own way, and I treat him just the same as usual." "Oh-h-h!" exclaimed her friend. "I wondered why you'd been wearing red so much lately. That explains it!"

SILO ON EVERY FARM MOST ESSENTIAL



IMPORTANT PART OF FARM IMPROVEMENT.

A silo is one of the most essential things on the farm. You may think you can't afford a silo but you can't afford to be without one. A silo should be a part of the permanent improvements on every farm. There is no doubt as to its advantages. It is essential for the economical feeding of live stock, and especially for the profitable production of beef and milk. The results of hundreds of feeding experiments conducted in the past ten years with silage as a part of the ration give proof of its great value to the farmer.

A great many of our old methods are wasteful. There will always be more or less of the corn crop shocked in the field, but corn left exposed to the weather loses from 25 to 30 per cent of its feeding value. Why waste the crop after you have grown it, when you can put it in a silo and preserve it with all its succulence?

The silo combines more good things, pointing to greater profits, than any other building on the farm.

There is very little loss in feeding silage. When you feed the fodder to the cattle, there is a great deal of loss. Cattle refuse to eat the stalks and they are wasted.

The acids and the juices in the silage aid digestion and help the stock utilize other feeds such as oat straw and other cheap roughage. One of the good things about the silo is that any of the forage crops properly siloed make good feed; but corn is the best crop for the silo. The silo is usually filled at the slack season of the year. In building a silo the essential point is to have it airtight. T. E. Woodward of the Dairy Division in United States (Farmers' Bulletin 556), furnishes 12 good reasons why every farmer should have a silo. Everyone of them touches some spot of vital importance:

Twelve Silo Reasons.

1. More feed can be stored in a given space in the form of silage than in the form of fodder or hay.
2. There is a smaller loss of food material when a crop is made into silage, than when cured as fodder or hay.
3. Corn silage is a better feed than corn fodder.
4. An acre of corn can be placed in the silo at less cost than the same area can be husked and shredded.
5. Crops can be put in the silo during weather that could not be utilized in making hay or curing fodder.
6. More stock can be kept on a given area of land when silage is the basis of the ration.
7. There is less waste in feeding silage than in feeding fodder. Good silage properly fed is all consumed.
8. Silage is very palatable.
9. Silage, like other succulent feeds, has a beneficial effect upon the digestive organs.
10. Silage is the cheapest and best form in which a succulent feed can be provided for winter use.
11. Silage can be used for supplementing pasture more economically than can soiling crops, because it requires less labor, and silage is more palatable.
12. Converting the corn crop into silage cleans the land and leaves it ready for another crop.

AID COTTON GROWERS

Great Economic Importance of Grading Product.

United States Department of Agriculture Loans Sets of Official Standards to County Agents for Use of Planters.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

An effort to bring the great economic importance of cotton grading to the attention of growers of the fiber, and to make it possible for them to familiarize themselves with grading procedure, is being made by the office of markets and rural organization of the U. S. department of agriculture through the placing of sets of practical forms of the official cotton standards of the United States in the hands of county agents in the cotton producing regions. Heretofore, sets of the cotton standards have been furnished chiefly to cotton exchanges where they are used in the larger marketing operations. The use of the standards in individual marketing by farmers is of marked economic advantage, however, and the present step is being taken by the department in the hope of extending this practice. To secure the forms, county agents must give satisfactory assurances that they will keep the sets in a place accessible to cotton growers, in the care of a competent custodian who does not profit directly from trading in cotton.

More than sixty sets of the practical forms of the standards already have been shipped to county agents. It is expected that more than 100 will soon be placed in this way. Each set of the practical forms consists of the nine grades of white cotton. The sets remain the property of the United States government.

In arranging for the keeping of the standards in the counties the office of markets and rural organization has approved such agencies as banks, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, stores whose proprietors do no trade in cotton, etc.

The official cotton standards of the United States are used by practically every important spot market and exchange in the South, and it is the desire of the cotton specialists of the department of agriculture that the sales and purchases of cotton from the time it leaves the farmer's hands until it reaches these larger markets also shall be conducted on the basis of the standards. It is believed that the presence of a set of the practical forms in each county, where farmers may examine and become familiar with them, will be a valuable educative force in grading and will tend to bring about the substitution of methods of more exact classification in place of the approximations to grades now often employed in gin, street and warehouse sales.

With the forms of the standards in easy reach for examination and comparison and the published reports of grade prices in the nearest important spot market available through daily papers, it should be possible for growers to arrive at a reasonably close valuation of a given grade of cotton. It is expected that some county agents will figure the local valuations from day to day for the different grades, taking into consideration the cost of handling cotton to the nearby spot market, and will bulletin the figures. The office of markets and rural organization will furnish such county agents from time to time quotations on the various official grades from the nearest important spot market, as well as from all the spot markets designated under the Cotton Futures Act.

SAVE STEPS IN CULTIVATING

Enough Labor Wasted in One Season to Buy Two-Horse Cultivator—Matter Is Easy to Figure.

Professor Massey says: "The man who walks across the fields four times, or even two times to cultivate each row of corn or cotton, wastes enough labor in one season, if he has a crop of any size, to pay for a two-horse cultivator." If you doubt this statement just take an hour off and figure it out with your pencil and paper.

RENEW OLD STRAWBERRY BED

Mow Foliage, Rake or Burn It Off—Hoe or Plow All but Narrow Strip for Plants.

The old strawberry bed may be renewed by mowing the foliage, raking it off or burning it quickly on the bed, then hoeing out or plowing all but a strip about one foot wide, and letting the new plants take the space.

Future Breeding Pens.

Plan your future breeding pens. Do the work carefully, and have a good reason every time you pick out a bird.

Not Enough Silos.

There are a number of good silos being put up all over the country, but the number is not large enough.

Asparagus Preferred.

Where plants are to remain, many prefer sowing asparagus seed to other ways.

Swat Disease Breeders.

Weeds, manure piles, old tin cans, filthy closet vaults, are all disease breeders. Swat all of them.

Neutralizing Acidity.

Caustic lime is nearly twice as effective as ground limestone in neutralizing acidity in soils.

Breed Cows for Butter.

If you are making butter or selling cream, be sure your cows are bred for that end.

LIKE PIECE OF FAIRYLAND

Remarkable Cavern, Known as Shattuck Cave, Discovered When Miner Sets Off Blast.

A blast in the Shattuck mine in Arizona, set for the purpose of bringing down ore, was responsible for the discovery of a remarkable cavern, now known as Shattuck Cave, which has yielded unusual mineral specimens, some of the finest of which have been added to the collection at the Michigan College of Mines.

When the miner who had been working in that part of the 300-foot level returned with the night shift he found a great opening that reached farther than his light could penetrate. Looking upward, he could see tiny lights flashing, and, in the belief that they were stars, he ran back to the shaft and declared that he had blasted a hole clear through the surface.

On investigating the mine official found that the blast had opened a great circular cavern 345 feet in diameter and 175 feet high, which seemed like a piece of fairyland. On the roof, myriads of crystals reflected the lights from the miners' lamp. The walls, the roof and the floor were covered with great clusters of crystals, and near the center of the cavern a mass of stalactites, 40 feet long, hung from the ceiling like a great chandelier.

For the most part the crystals were pure white, but in places where the filtering waters had contained iron and copper great transparent stalactites and stalagmites, some ruby red, others a clear emerald green or azure blue, added to the beauty of the scene. —Argonaut.

APHORISMS OF GREAT MAN

Trite Sayings of Napoleon Have Been Collected and Classified, and Are Worth Attention.

Among the Frenchmen who have contributed to gnomic literature is Napoleon: "Adversity is the midwife of genius." "Love is folly committed by two." "It is imagination which loses battles." "A good philosopher makes a bad citizen." "The man the least free is the man bound to party." These and several hundred other of his truths and half-truths were collected and classified by Jules Bertaut. They have been translated by H. E. Law and C. L. Rhoades as "Napoleon: In His Own Words." The collection does not pretend to be complete nor to add anything new, but it is sufficient to mirror the man of action in a striking way. The aphorisms, of course, lack consistency and continuity, because Napoleon had no profound moral convictions. He was no philosopher nor a publicist seeking to mold events by political reason. He was a man of action, who spoke for the immediate effect which his words might accomplish —a Roman Catholic in France and a Mohammedan in Egypt. "Simpletons talk of the past, wise men of the present, and fools of the future." The translations are good, but many a reader would like to have the date, chapter and verse cited; for half the significance of a saying often lies in the occasion on which it was uttered.

Might Move Some Time.

Being economical is an excellent virtue, but old Skinflint had practiced this quality to such an extent that with him it had become almost a vice. His wife was sometimes driven almost to the verge of distraction by his meanness. The climax came when they moved into a new house. When old Skinflint was out his wife thought she would repaper the walls of the drawing room so as to make it look attractive and pretty. But when Skinflint saw it he nearly had a fit.

"I don't dislike the pattern or the color," he gasped, purple in the face with rage, "but I do object to the way you have put it on. You extravagant woman," he cried, "how dare you paste it on?"

"Why, how else could I have done it?" meekly answered his wife.

"How else?" he retorted. "You should have tacked it on. You don't suppose we shall always live in this house, do you?"

Realize the Good You Desire.

He who knows the spirit of law is not forced to stand powerless in anguish of heart before wasting sickness. Strive with all the power within you (and it is great if you but recognize it) to break down the walls of belief that any evil can dominate you. Cast out the error that stands between you and the greatest good you desire. As surely as the sunlight of day melts into the purple twilight of evening, so surely do you strike sturdy, determined blows against the prison walls of delusion and false belief. Not a pain but will vanish when the wise tongue gives it the lie. Not a misfortune but will give place to peace and joy when the wise tongue speaks truth concerning it.—Unity.

Popularity.

The definition of popularity as given by a salesman in a large music shop is one that may be applied to other things besides songs.

"Is this a popular song?" asked a young woman, holding up a sheet of music brilliantly decorated in red and green.

"Well, no, miss," said the salesman, assuming a judicial air, "I can't say it is, as yet. Of course, lots of people are singing it, and everybody likes it, but nobody's got tired enough of it yet for it to be what you'd call a popular song, miss."

According to Agreement.

"Didn't you say 'satisfaction guaranteed'?"

"Yes," replied the suave salesman. "But we didn't say whose. Our satisfaction with the transaction is unqualified."

Well Met.

"I'm thinking of going into the poultry business."

"Then I'm the very man you want to meet. I can supply your needs. I'm thinking of going out of the poultry business."—Louisville Courier-Journal.