He Was an Average Man

By JANE OSBORN

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Reider Dawson signed dejectedly as he looked first at one pretty face and then at another.

"Some way or other none of them seems to get me," he told the art chief who had strewn the drawings on Dawson's large flat-top desk for his inspection. "They are good drawings—pretty girls—but they don't appeal. It isn't the right type. Your artists haven't chosen models that appeal to the average man—and it's the average man we want to appeal to in advertising."

"You're the doctor," was the art director's reply. "Mr. Collins gave orders to leave the decision to you." He gathered the drawings together ruefully. "Just what type would you suggest instead? Of course, she must be pretty. In a soap advertisement like this we've got to have a pretty head. It seems as if these sketches represent almost every type of pretty girl there is.

Reider Dawson thought for a minute, let his gaze wander off to the skyline of gray buildings against a grayer skyline and sighed again.

You want a girl that looks as if she had good health, good sense and pep. Take a girl like that dietitian in there. Now, she's pretty, isn't she? Nine men out of ten would say so—but she's none of your baby-eyed, swan-necked, narrow-nosed creatures—"

"Miss Hollis?" said the art chief, a little surprised, and then, "Yes, she is pretty, very pretty in her own way, but she isn't the pretty girl type, if you get the distinction; besides, I doubt whether she'd consent to having her face used as a soap advertisement. Still, I get your point—"

The art chief may have understood Reider Dawson's criticism, but he was not at all cheerful or optimistic as he gathered the drawings he had collected together and left the room of the young vice president.

Then Dawson sat wondering if he had been too critical. He was frankly sorry that he had to put the art chief to the trouble of getting more sketches, but if it was true, as he had said, that Mr. Collins, the president, had left orders to have him pass on all sketches, then the only honest thing for him to do was to give his candid opinion.

He was just wondering, though, how much the weather and his own sense of loneliness had to do with his severity toward those insipid pretty faces when there was a downright sort of tap at the door and in walked Miss Hollis. She bore a small tray covered with a snowy napkin and there was a suspicion of steam coming from beneath its folds. Reider Dawson looked at her a little more closely than perhaps he should have done ordinarily—but now he was trying to justify himself in his statement that she was of the type of much stronger and wider appeal than these insipid girls the art chief had shown him. Yes, he had been right, perfectly right—hers was a convincing type of prettiness, as substantial and downright as the way she knocked at the door or the way she placed the tray on the table.

"I have brought you something to sample," she began, raising the napkin and letting out the aroma of well-brewed coffee, and something that smelled amazingly like the gingerbread that had been so dear to his heart as a boy. "You know we handle the advertising for the people that make Three X molasses. We're going to feature a big poster showing steaming gingerbread made with Three X. With it is to go a recipe for making the best gingerbread. I've been experimenting on an inexpensive simple recipe, and here I have narrowed down to two and I can't decide which is better. They are put together differently and the amount of flour and molasses is different. Perhaps you aren't hungry, but I'm so anxious to get your opinion—"

"What's the coffee to do with it?" asked Reider, grinning and drawing up his chair before the table where the tray rested.

The dietitian blushed visibly. "Well, you see, gingerbread is rather dry eating without some beverage, and it seemed to me as if coffee went with it better than tea—and it's such a miserable day; but you don't have to drink it unless you want to. I made it from that Big Bear Brand coffee we do advertising for. It's not so bad for an inexpensive coffee—"

After that Reider Dawson could not help but notice that very, very often Miss Hollis found excuse to bring her little sampling tray to his room. She was constantly working on recipes for the various food products for which the concern did advertising. Formerly when such tests had been made ten or a dozen of the office staff had been called into the dietitian's laboratory and then had followed a lengthy discussion of the merits of the various samples, but now seemingly she was playing favorites. And that was just what Reider Dawson hoped devoutly that she was doing. For Reider Dawson wanted to marry her and he didn't want to ask her if there wasn't a ghost of a chance that she would have him. He wouldn't much mind being turned down by some girls he told himself, but he never could go on working in the same office with Miss Hollis once she had rejected his suit. So Reider Dawson was going slowly.

Meantime he was receiving an occasional bit of good-natured banter from Mr. Collins and others who counted themselves good frineds among the executives of the company.

"She's a nice girl, and a pretty girl," Collins told Reider, "and the daughter of an old friend of mine. You'll have to go a long way before you find her equal. In the meantime you're getting all the gingerbread and pancakes and crullers and we're going hungry."

Reider Dawson continued, therefore, to feel hopeful. Still, there never seemed to be anything at all encouraging in Miss Hollis' manner toward him when she called with her little testing tray.

Reider determined to get his bearings. It was the last cold, damp day that March and Miss Hollis arrived with fresh, crisp, hot crullers and a cup of coffee.

"You don't know how much I appreciate this," said Reider. "But I'd be a lot happier if you brought in samples for two and sat down sociably with me—"

"But there wouldn't be any object," said Miss Hollis.

"It would be sociable."

"But that isn't the object," said Miss Hollis in a most matter-of-fact way. "I'm trying to keep down expenses. I am sure you agree with Mr. Collins that that is important. It costs a good deal more to make enough gingerbread or crullers for eight or ten than just for you. I noticed that while the others used to disagree when I took a vote the majority decision was always identical with your selection. It happened time and again until I came to realize that you had a perfect average taste. You were, in other words, the average man, and it is the average man that an advertisement or any advertising campaign wants to get to. It makes things much simpler, besides less expensive. I told Mr. Collins and suggested this new plan—"

"Then—then the only reason you've been bringing me all these good things," stammered Reider, "is because I'm average. What a fool I've been—"

"I didn't say just that, but I've noticed in other things—in the books you like, the plays you prefer—that you are perfectly average."

"Thank you for your frankness," said Reider. "I am sorry I misunderstood. I—"

"Well, Mr. Collins agrees with me, too," said Miss Hollis, a little nettled. "In fact he gave orders to the art department to depend on your judgment as final in the selection of all advertising pictures—that's why they—"

"That's why they asked me about the picture for that new soap advertising campaign," continued Reider, "and it's because I'm average that I told them that a face like yours was prettier than any their artists had drawn—"

"I suppose so," admitted Miss Hollis.

"Well, I'm glad to know how you rate me," snapped Reider, biting viciously at a crisp cruller. "I'm glad, too, to know why you have honored me with these good things. I thought you perhaps cared—now I know you consider me nothing but average—commonplace."

"I didn't say commonplace," defended the girl. "It's nice to be average. I'd rather marry an average man than any other sort. Oh, that's not what I meant to say at all." Reider jumped to his feet, narrowly avoiding upsetting his cup of steaming coffee.

"Maybe it isn't what you meant to say," he cried excitedly. "But it's what you said. You know how I feel about you—"

"I've had a sort of an idea," said Miss Hollis.

"Then why in the world won't you marry me?" said Reider heatedly.

"Because you never asked me."

This much of the conversation in excited voices penetrated the partitions into Mr. Collins' office.

"That isn't just the way the average man proposes," he said to his stenographer. "But I'll bet we'll have to look around for a new dietitian."

STOPPING WASTE OF WATER

City Lunchrooms Have Cut Down Size of Glasses, and the Saving Is Considerable.

People who look upon water that flows through the hydrant as of no value will be interested to learn that the large lunchrooms in the cities have reduced drinking glasses in size so that water, which costs them a good deal may be saved.

The new water glass, observes the Kansas City Times, is about half the size of the old-fashioned tumbler. It is made so, not to prevent the customer from drinking all the water he may desire, but to assure that he will not draw more water than he will drink so that the residue left in glasses shall not be wasted. The manager of a big lunch room in St. Louis said when questioned on the subject:

"We use pure filtered ice water here. It costs the city money to impound, pump, purify and distribute, although our patrons may not realize it. Now we don't begrudge it to those who want it, but we've found that the average patron will fill a large tumbler to the brim and leave half of the water. Our midget tumblers do away with the waste. They contain just as much water as we have found the average patron drinks with his meals."

Not Used to It.

Hostess—I wonder why your little brother seems so restless and uncomfortable.

Little Sister—Please, ma'am, I think it's 'cause his hands are clean.—Boston Transcript.

'BUDDY' SURELY WAS HUNGRY

Chiefly Through Her Efforts, Those Thousand Herring Disappeared in Double-Quick Time.

"Me and my buddy can eat a thousand of them," was the surprising statement of a resident of the fishing-shore section of one of the Virginia counties bordering on the Potomac river when he witnessed a small haul of herring one afternoon.

"You and your buddy can eat a thousand of 'em?" asked one of a party of farmers waiting to get a load of fish to put away for winter use.

"Who is your buddy?"

The man who had made the boast had been heard to indulge in extravagant conversation before and the gathered farmers concluded they would call what they termed his bluff.

Fifty dollars was the amount of the wager, and the following Tuesday was the time fixed for the eating. The thousand fish were piled near the steamboat landing and the man whose buddy was to assist in the eating of them appeared on the appointed hour.

"Just cook a hundred of 'em," he said, "and leave the 900 uncooked ones where they are."

"But where's your buddy?" impatient bystanders chorused.

The hundred herring were cooked and the belle of the fishing shore announced everything in readiness for the feast.

"Is that your buddy?" asked the man interested to the amount of $50 in the transaction. "You call that your buddy?"

"Sure," was the response.

They were talking about a 800-pound sow that had had nothing to eat since the day the wager was placed, and "me and buddy" succeeded in a successful performance of the disappearing act.—Exchange.

LAMB OR NOTHING FOR HIM

Offended Suitor Certainly Not There for Lengthy Interview With the "Family Mutton."

Usually it is the father of the girl whom the trembling young man has to see when he wishes to propose, but sometimes it is the mother.

One such unfortunate called upon his prospective mother-in-law, and was met with absolute frigidity.

When his mission was announced, the mother had a fit.

"No, sir!" she exclaimed. "I have not encouraged your visits. On the contrary, I have opposed them. I feel you have taken a mean advantage of our hospitality—that you intend to steal our one ewe lamb."

Then the young man became angry, for he had received every possible encouragement.

"Madam," he said to the astonished woman, who expected and hoped he would go down on his knees to beg for the honor of an alliance with the family, "if I cannot have the family lamb, you will excuse me from continuing this interview with the family mutton."—London Tit-Bits.

Gentle Hearts.

Great minds—male and female—have gentle hearts. Izaak Walton handled a frog as if he loved him. Cowper would not unnecessarily hurt a worm. Lincoln upset his White House cabinet to rescue a mother pig from a mire. Webster neglected the Supreme court to replace a baby robin that had fallen from its nest. . . . Walton, the father of fishers and fishing, angled for the habits of fishes more than for their hides. The capture of a fish was insignificantly incidental to the main notion of his hours abroad—his divine love of the waters, the fields, the meadows, the skies, the trees and God's beautiful things that inhabit these. 'Tis the soul we seek to replenish, not the creel.—From "The Persistent Angler and Brook Trout."

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THOMER C. PELTON, Agent, 109 Walnut St. New York.

DAIRY

Some Requirements for Right Start of Calves

The dairy calf six to eight months old should be provided with salt. It is best to keep a small box in the calf pen or stall with salt in it at all times. The calf will then take just what is needed.

More than 56 per cent of the calf's body is made up of water; and for digesting the feed, regulating the body temperature, and other body purposes the calf needs 4 to 6 gallons of clean, fresh water every day. So the club boy should see that his calf has all the water it wants and that it is watered during warm days three times.

Sunshine is necessary for normal growth of the calf, but like most good things the calf can get too much; therefore, see that your pasture has plenty of shade to which the calf can go to lie down and chew its cud during the heat of the day.

When the dairy calf is weaned from skimmilk, it should be eating grains and hay well. A good legume hay, like alfalfa, peavine, soy bean, or lespedeza, should be fed. This hay is necessary to furnish minerals to build bone, to supply protein for muscle building, and to furnish bulk for developing large feed capacity.

During the "fly season" a liberal use of the curry comb and brush will help keep the hair silky and the skin oily, both of which will tend to keep off flies.

Teach the calf to lead by the halter this summer. The best way to do this is to lead the calf to pasture each morning and back to the barn at night.

Tuberculosis Introduced Into Healthy Dairy Herd

Tuberculosis may be introduced into a healthy herd by any of the following means:

By the addition of an animal that is affected with the disease; therefore animals should be purchased only from herds known to be free from tuberculosis, or from herds under supervision for the eradication of the disease.

By feeding calves with milk or other dairy products from tuberculous cows; this frequently occurs where the owner purchases mixed skim milk from the creamery, and feeds it to his calves without first making it safe by boiling or pasteurization.

By showing cattle at fairs and exhibitions; reports have indicated that numerous herds have become infected through mingling with infected cattle at shows or by occupying infected premises.

The shipment of animals in cars which have recently carried diseased cattle and which have not been disinfected properly.

Community pastures; pastures in which tuberculous cattle are allowed to graze are a source of danger.

In most cases the outward appearance of the animal bears no relation to the degree of infection. The disease frequently develops so slowly that in some cases it may be months or even longer before any symptoms are shown; therefore be on the safe side and have your herd tested.

Cows Require Material for Production of Milk

To keep the summer milk checks up to normal, the cows require a little special attention at this time of the year. In spite of good pastures, grass is apt to be tough and not nearly so appetizing as it was in May or June. Hence the cows are going to stand around in the shade instead of putting away material for milk production.

This all means that the cows need a little grain at milking time during the late summer months and a little silage, too, if you have it. Green oats and peas or green corn are very good, as well as many other forage crops, cut green and fed during milking time. Here's a good grain mixture to be used while the cows are on pasture:

200 lbs. cornmeal
150 lbs. cottonseed meal
150 lbs. ground oats
150 lbs. gluten feed

Feed the grain mixture according to the way the cow responds. If a cow will not respond to grain feeding in the summer, she isn't worth keeping.

At the New Jersey agricultural experiment station the cows are being sprayed night and morning with a reliable spray that kills the flies. As a result, the cows stand better for milking and since they are not bothered with the flies they have time to eat their grain. Furthermore, when the milker is swatting flies and the cow is switching her tail around in his face he isn't apt to take much interest in how much milk the cow gives.

A good fly spray is a good investment.

Unprofitable Cows Kept Simply for Amusement

Not over a third of the so-called dairy cows of the United States are profitable to their owners. Ten million "loafer" cows are milked whose yield is worth less than their feed. Their owners seem to keep them for the sole purpose of milking them fourteen times a week cleaning out after them, and otherwise enjoying their society.

Odd Method of "Saving."

Rosa Bonheur used to say that her youth was one of great poverty; then she would add some droll stories about the family method of regulating its finance. The studio was a collection of odds and ends and M. Bonheur knew how to turn that disorder to account.

When he received money for his work he would take a handful of coin and throw it at random about the room. Then in times of stress, when there was apparently not a sou left in the house, the entire family would set to work searching in nooks and corners. Sometimes they would find a five-franc piece, and that warded off starvation.

MOSQUITOES

An application at night tends to keep the pests away. Vicks is fine also for reducing the inflammation caused by all bites and stings.

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

Community Building

INCREASING USE OF STUCCO

As a Building Material It Is Finding Appreciation Among Architectural Critics.

Not only do architectural critics consider stucco as one of the most attractive finishes to be obtained for exterior walls of modern buildings but the general public as well has placed its approval upon this method of structural finishing and beautifying.

Stucco is a magnesite product which not only is pleasing in appearance but has permanency as well. Properly applied, it is said to last as long as the foundation of a home. It is said to be fireproof and fire resisting. It is understood to resist the natural elements said to disintegrate and destroy some other forms of finish. Stucco forms a protection to the structure to which it is applied and protects and perpetuates itself as well.

Attractiveness possible in the variety of its use and design is a feature. Block after block of homes, churches or other buildings can be built with this type of finish and no two buildings need be alike. This difference in appearance is obtained through the use of small pebbles, crushed rock, flaked shells and other materials capable of resisting constant exposure to the weather, and varying so greatly in texture and color that unlimited combinations can be obtained, giving to each building a distinctly different effect from the one adjacent. These surfaces are never painted and are said to be ideal as the resurfacing for old structures, resulting not only in making them look new, but making cooler homes in the summer and warmer houses in the winter.

MUST NOT OVERLOOK VINES

Have Strong Useful Purposes as Well as Generally Recognized Ornamental Effect.

Vines are among the most useful plants for "tying" buildings to their surroundings. There is a freedom and grace about their growth that helps to relieve the formality of buildings or fences better than almost any other plants. Care in their selection is necessary, however, as there are disadvantages in the use of some vines under certain conditions. On brick and stone buildings some of the clinging vines are most appropriate. The impression that such vines are injurious to the walls or make them damp which exists in some quarters is erroneous, the United States Department of Agriculture believes.

The great problem is so to train the vines that they may be removed to permit proper painting of the woodwork when that is necessary. This may be done by means of a trellis hinged near the ground or a chicken wire placed over hooks at the highest point, so that it may be removed. A trellis can be made of chicken wire on a pipe frame that will keep vines entirely away from woodwork. The thought is sometimes expressed that vines cause woodwork to rot. This is true if they are permitted to become so thick as to prevent proper ventilation and timely painting. Hot sunshine, however, is one of the most destructive forces in the life of paint. Vines by their shade help to preserve paint instead of destroy it.

Means "Better America."

Speaking at the Better Homes ceremony President Harding declared that the movement for better homes "is a movement for a better America." He continued:

"The home is at least not merely the center but truly the aim, the object and the purpose of all human organization. The common man of yesterday was a serf, a peasant, bound to tasks whose significance he did not know, and for whose results he had small care. The common man of today is a citizen, a voter, a sovereign, truly a participant in determining the ends and destiny of the state. It is the purpose of the Better Homes movement to make possible a like advance in the status of womankind."

Prepare Plans Carefully.

Don't make the mistake of building from sketchy plans or from no plans at all. Nothing is more expensive than the rule of thumb of planning or hit-and-miss building. Railroads cannot operate trains without time tables. There is no quicker way to wreck your purse than building without an accurate buying and building schedule. This means carefully prepared plans that are complete in every respect.

Town Wants Radio Set.

Seward, Alaska, is conducting a rapid-fire campaign to raise funds for a municipal radio outfit.

Home Town Generally Best.

Someone has said: "I'd rather be a big toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a big puddle." For most men there are greater opportunities in home towns than there are in large cities. Better stay in your home town.

Individual Effort Necesary.

A clean city, be it remembered, can come only from individual effort. Don't leave it to your next door neighbor to do all the cleaning in your community [illegible]

Had Its Use.

Bluebelle had just been introduced to a newcomer in the rosebud garden of girls and, as girls will, started in to impress her.

"We have a big town house."

"How nice," said the newcomer.

"We winter in Florida," went on the other.

"Yes."

"And we summer in Maine."

"Then," asked the stranger, "what is the use of that big town house?"

"Oh, we have to have some place to keep away from."

Obeyed Instructions.

An old farmer had received an invitation from his squire and landlord to dine at the hall. But his two daughters, who had had some little education, strove their utmost to prevent his going, fearful lest he should make some slip and disgrace them.

However, he persisted, but in order that he might get through his dinner without discredit, they taught him such phrases as "Beg pardon" and "Present company excepted."

At the dinner the old man remained quiet for some time. At last he decided that he would say something.

Turning to a young woman sitting next to him, he said: "Why, miss, at my farm I have the grandest litter of pigs ever seen—present company excepted."

For Outdoor Comfort in Hot Weather

visit our "Summerland Floor"—

Hammocks, porch rockers and chairs.

HAMMOTH ASSORTMENTS H.B. GRAVES CO. 78 STATE ST., ROCHESTER, N.Y. WE FURNISH HOMES COMPLETE

MANY KINDS OF BIRDS' NESTS

Homes Vary as Greatly as Do the Feathered Creatures Who Raise Families Therein.

The average time taken by a bird to build its nest is about a week; but if the first one be destroyed a second home may be built in a day, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A few birds afflicted with chronic laziness do no more than repair an old nest of last year. Immediately after the nest has been built egg laying begins, usually at the rate of one a day laid about the same time. Eggs laid in dark holes, like those of the woodpeckers and kingfishers, are always white, so that they can be seen by the bird entering the nest. Eggs, however, are all colors. Often, contrary to popular opinion, the coloring is not at all protective. The number of eggs laid increases with the amount of danger to which they are exposed. Sea birds nesting on the inaccessible cliffs lay only one egg, waterfowl ten to twenty. The usual number is three to five. Incubation usually begins with the laying of the first egg. Owls, however, begin when the last egg has been laid. Robins' eggs require fourteen days' incubation, ducks twenty-seven, geese thirty-five. In all cases during this period the eggs have to be constantly turned and moistened. Usually incubation is the work of the female alone, but the male sparrow is peculiar in that he sinks his dignity—and does his share.

BELIEVE IN THE "EVIL EYE"

One of the Most Ancient of Superstitions—Mentioned by St. Paul, in Galatians.

The "Evil Eye" is a mysterious power attributed to certain persons who are thereby able to injure others, or even to cause their death, by simply looking at them. This ancient and widespread superstition was at one time sanctioned by the classical authors, the fathers of the church, and the physicians of the Middle ages; and is still believed in by many nations within the range of Christendom. The belief is widely spread among the Italians and Spaniards at the present day, as well as among the Turks, Chinese and Japanese. The ancient Greeks called it Baskania, and the Romans, Fascinum. Virgil, in the Third Eclogue, speaks of an "evil eye" that has bewitched the tender lambs; and St. Paul, in Galatians 3:1, makes use of the idea metaphorically to denote the spiritual perversion of the Galatians as follows:

"O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath evidently set forth, crucified among you?"—Detroit News.

She Didn't Know.

He was a fragile youth, and didn't dance all the dances.

"Let's sit it out," he said to his pretty partner.

"Where?" she asked.

"On the stairs."

So they went up a little way and sat down.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Stackpole?" cried the girl. For the young man had risen hastily and was gasping for breath. He could not reply. His face was livid, and with one shaking hand he clawed feebly at the tail of his coat.

"What kind of an attack is it?" she gasped.

At this question his voice returned. "What difference does that make?" he growled. Then, without a word of apology, he dashed up the stairs and flung himself into the men's cloakroom.

How was she to know it was an ordinary carpet tack that the man who canvased the stairs had carelessly left standing on its head?

They Fly by Instinct.

When morning dawned the woods were filled with flocks of black polled warblers, flitting like living shadows from light to light, where the sunshine came streaming through the leaves. They had come in the night; in another day they would be gone, flown on northward.

Black polls, frail little birds with bones no larger than straws, can fly better than the best of man's airplanes. Every spring they migrate from South America to Canada and every autumn they fly back. The distance is from 5,000 to 7,000 miles. Some fall by the wayside, but many make the journey.

Black poll cross the Gulf of Mexico at one flight. For 24 hours on end they are in the air, ceaselessly beating their tiny wings, guided by unerring instinct. They follow their uncharted courses through the air until they arrive safe at their destination.

Why the Dead Sea Is Salt.

In a lecture before the Royal Geographical society, Wilfred Irwin discussed the chemical composition of the River Jordan, which is responsible for the extreme saltiness of the Dead sea. Analysis of samples taken from different parts of the river shows that even near its source the water is highly impregnated with various salts, chiefly common table salt and chloride of magnesia. As the water passes through the Sea of Galilee there is a slight increase in the salt content, but the calcium sulphate and the silica, which it also contains, decrease. In the immense evaporating pan of the Dead sea the salt—that is, the sodium chloride—is crystallized, whereas the magnesium chloride remains in solution.—Living Age.

THINK

Read what some of the greatest thinkers of the ages have said:

"Thought rules the world."—McCosh.

"Thinking makes the man."—Alcott.

"Thought is the seed of action."—Emerson.

"Thinkers are scarce as gold."—Lavater.

"Thinking, not growth, makes manhood."—Isaac Taylor.

"Learning without thought is labor lost."—Confucius.

"Man by thinking only, becomes truly man."—Pestalozzi.

"Nothing is so practical as thought. —Cecil.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Proverbs.

"There is no thought in any mind but it quickly tends to convert itself into a power."—Emerson.

"Some people study all their life, and at their death have learned everything except to think."—Domerque.

"Why do so many men never amount to anything? Because they don't think."—Edison.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE SEX

Some girls are a delight to the eye and a drug to the mind.

If a woman is pretty she can safely insist on her own imperfections.

No woman is so angelic as to prefer a halo to a hat.

The meaner men are the more they want their wives to be angels.

It is much easier to love a woman than to understand her.

Marriage is no joke, though some women think they are married to one.

FIGHT FIRE WITH DYNAMITE

Conflagration That Threatened to Do Enormous Damage Quickly Subdued by Powerful Explosive.

Many great fires that threatened to destroy both life and property on a wholesale scale have been subdued not by water but by explosives.

When London's great blaze was raging three centuries ago King Charles himself superintended operations. He saw that the only way of stopping the fire was to make gaps which the flames could not cross. At his orders buildings in its path were blown up, and the flames, having nothing to burn, died out.

Even more violent methods were used recently to extinguish an oil gusher which had burst into flames. A new well was being sunk in the middle of a great oilfield. As the drill broke through the final layer a column of gas and oil shot 150 feet into the air.

Attempts were made to get it under control, and whilst they were in progress a crowbar striking against a stone made a spark which ignited the rushing, roaring column of gas. Next instant the whole oilfield was lit up by a blaze that could be seen for many miles. Every well in the neighborhood was in danger.

After an examination, an expert determined to blow out the flames just as one blows out a match. But in this case the draught was to be provided by the explosion of a hundredweight of dynamite.

The operation was successful. The force of the explosion broke the column of flames and quenched a fire that threatened to do millions of dollars' worth of damage.

PAPER FLOCK ALARMED HIM

Professor's Chickens Increased So Rapidly He Feared They Would Depopulate the Country.

Anyone who is attempting to supplement his income by keeping poultry will be interested in the latest American story on the subject. A professor of mathematics, contemplating a hobby of this kind, calculated that he had just money enough to buy a hen and a setting of eggs. After dinner one evening he sat down to estimate results. If ten chicks were hatched and half of them were pullets he would have six hens the next year. On the same basis he would have 56 the third year and 216 the fourth. From there on he developed fast. By eight o'clock he had bought 15,000 acres more land for his coops and runs. By nine o'clock he was occupying all the tillable area of his own state. Two hours later the original hen had populated the country and was expanding into Canada and Mexico. Just before it was time for the professor to turn in for the night it had become necessary to run henroosts out over the rivers and lakes. At this point he went out and killed the hen. He hadn't the heart, he said, to start a thing like that and crowd the human race out of North America.—Manchester Guardian.

Where Old Crows Go.

Crows are devoted parents. The community mounts guard over the nest until the young are ready for flight. After the young birds have left the nests the different communities or tribes domiciled in the same region assemble with every evidence of systematic organization. Their meetings are held before the dawn and the meeting place is a deserted spot where perfect secrecy can be observed. During the session many distinctly different cries are heard and in them naturalists have professed to see the rudiments of a language. Chatham, Ont., is a great crow wintering place for in that warmest corner in eastern Canada the crows stay, who hesitate to take the long trip across Lake Erie southwards for the winter. Among them are many old ones who die there.

Just Don't Use Brains.

Perhaps Keith, the British anthropologist, is right. He asserted the other day that people use only a small fraction of their brain capacity. If you witnessed the feats of memory and observation performed by the bank clerks who pass on your checks to decide if the signature is really yours, you would agree that the human mind has marvelous capabilities that are not brought into action ordinarily.

Signature clerks in banks are not mental giants or marvels. Their brains are no better developed than yours. But through practice and training, they acquire the power to do things that seem impossible, things you would say you could never do. Yet you might be able to duplicate their feats if you only trained your observation and concentrated your attention as they have done.

Strange Experience.

I was in a big city for the first time and alone. It was a dreary, rainy day. The streets were slippery and it was cold. I was cold and hungry and had to find a hotel to pass the night. I had not gone far when I slipped and fell, dropping my suitcase and losing my hat. A man came along, helped me up, and after asking where I wanted to go offered to escort me to a nearby hotel. I gladly accepted. His voice sounded strangely familiar, although I could not place it. When we arrived at the hotel, I turned to thank my new friend, and in the light recognized my long-lost brother whom I had not seen for years.—Chicago Journal.

Great honors are great burdens, but most men think their shoulders broad enough to bear them.

What we call liberality is often but the vanity of giving, which we like more than what we give away.

SEEKING FACTS ABOUT MOON

Photographic Attempts to Determine the Composition of Strange Area on It.

Curious results are obtained when certain objects are photographed under different lights. For example, plates of a landscape obtained by infra-red light give the sky as jet black and trees and grass as white as snow. Ultra-violet photographs or pictures obtained through a quartz lens heavily silvered on one side show white garden flowers as quite black.

If the moon's whiteness were due to the presence of zinc oxide, then the localities in which this substance was present when photographed by ultra-violet rays would not appear white, but black. This plan has been tried in the case of lunar photographs, and in the neighborhood of the crater Aristarchus it is clearly shown that there is a considerable area whereof the surface material differs from that in its proximity.

In ordinary light this shows no variation from the rest of the surface, but repeated photographs taken with the quartz lens and silver lens prove that some unsuspected substance exists on that spot. The difficulty is to determine its nature. The only way at present, it seems, consists in photographing different rocks until one is found that presents the same characteristics as those of this district of the moon. There have been unavailingly tried lavas, volcanic debris and minerals of many kinds.—Washington Star.

EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT CLAIM

Colchester's Assertion That It Is the Oldest Town in Great Britain May Be True.

The average American tourist in England is usually content to limit his sightseeing to those historic spots which the guide books have made familiar, writes Adelaide Bragg Gillespie in Travel, without ever realizing that there are many places of historic interest and actual beauty not far from the beaten track, which more than repay the adventurer who strikes off bodily from the popular itineraries. Comparatively few travelers, for example, explore the beauties of Essex, yet this is a really charming country that is rich in quaint and ancient towns and villages.

And the touchstone of Essex is Colchester, only 52 miles from London, and easily accessible by motor or by train. From the standpoint of tourist, historian, archeologist, and antiquary alike, Colchester is the most important town of its county, and a day, or many days, may pleasurably and profitably be spent in visiting its treasures. For Colchester makes the unique claim of being the oldest town in Great Britain, and as the relics and remains of its various inhabitants date back to Paleolithic and Neolithic times we shall not dispute the claim.

To Be Happy, Though Married.

H. E. W.: Is it true you hold a theory that married people are not happy? This is to settle a bet.

MYRTLE.

Whoa, Mertz! . . . What I hold is that human beings are as happy or as miserable as they make each other. It is generally true that married people are as happy, on the average, as unmarried people. But it is peculiar of married people that they do a whole lot of unnecessary things to make each other miserable, and as a result they're always inviting company, because they'd rather see almost anyone than each other, the way they feel in their curl papers and grouches. It isn't being married that does it. It's forgetting to be sweethearts. But married people who keep on being pals and sweethearts are the happiest beings this side of angels.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A woman's tongue is like her allowance—the smaller it is the faster it goes.—Boston Transcript.

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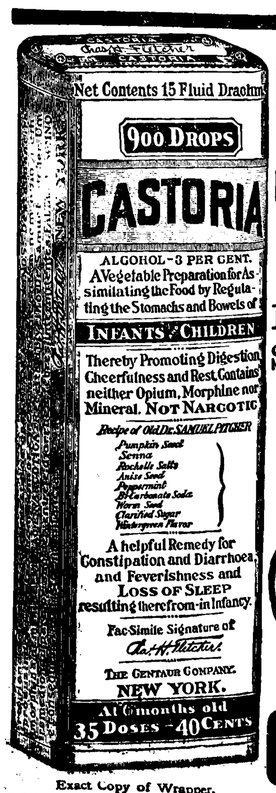

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When women who are between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five are beset with such annoying symptoms as nervousness, irritability, melancholia and heat flashes, which produce headaches, dizziness, or a sense of suffocation, they should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It is prepared from roots and herbs and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics.

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POLICEMAN HAS A GRIEVANCE

Asks Plaintively How He Can Be Supposed to Know How Fast One Can Walk.

"How far can you walk in five minutes?" asked the policeman.

"Oh, I don't know. A block, two blocks, three maybe."

"Maybe four or five," supplemented the policeman. "But maybe somebody else, who isn't as young as you are, could only walk one.

"Now what I'm getting at is this: People are all the time coming up to me and asking to be directed to some place. And when I point the way they invariably ask, 'How long a walk is it?'

"Well, that's all right if it's only a short distance. Then I can count up the number of blocks in my head and tell them. But if it's further I say it's a 10-minute walk or a 20-minute walk. But the trouble is how am I going to know how fast they walk?

"It's a proposition. A man will ask where some store is, and when I tell him he's way past it he gets mad and says that a fellow back there told him it was a 15-minute walk. While another will not be anywhere near the place he's going to, but when I tell him that he'll say: 'But a man down the line said it was only a six-minute walk!'"

An old lady interrupted the policeman at this point, inquiring the way to Blank square.

"Straight ahead, ma'am. You can't miss it."

"Is it far?" asked the old lady.

"About a ten-minute walk."

He watched her stride away, her little legs moving at an amazing speed for one so aged.

"Now look at her," exclaimed the policeman. "Who would have thought she'd walk like that? She'll be there within three minutes, but she'll go right on and not stop till she's walked ten. Some people are so literal."—New York Sun

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY

The shadow of suspicion has thrown many a man in the shade.

One of the commonest virtues is honesty that has never been tried out.

You never can tell. Lots of excuses are not worth the trouble it takes to make them.

"There's no place like home," says the Suburban Sage, "to the man who hasn't any.

The devil doesn't care how often we go to church on Sunday if he can get us the rest of the week.

Never compliment a woman on being graceful till you have seen her alight from a trolley car.

It's too bad the fellow who is his own worst enemy is so adverse to making friends with himself.

The man who looks down on his neighbors is very much surprised when he finds that they don't look up to him.

TIME TABLE.
Railway, Trolley, and 'Bus.

Northern Central

The passenger trains on the Northern Central pass Penn Yan as follows:

Going South

Express	8 32 A. M
Accommodation	2 08 P. M.
Accommodation	7 12 P. M
Express	9 13 P. M
Sundays	
Accommodation	2 08 P M
Express	9 13 P. M.
Going North	
Express	6 36 A. M
Express	12 13 P. M
Accommodation	2 42 P. M
Express	7 07 P. M
Sundays	
Accommodation	6 36 A. M
Express	12 13 P. M

New York Central
(In effect, Oct. 31.)

Northbound

Leave	Arrive
7 12 A. M.	8 35 A. M.
12 05 P. M.— Saturday only	
7 10 P. M.	8 43 P. M.

Southbound

7 12 A. M.	8 35 A. M.
Saturday only—1 11 P. M.	
4 50 P. M.	5 52 P. M.
7 10 P. M.	8 43 P. M.

Sundays

Northbound

5 20 P. M.	6 20 P. M.

Southbound

9 15 A. M.	10 20 A. M.

GENEVA-PENN YAN TRANS. CO
Auto Bus Time Card

| Leave Penn Yan | Leave