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OCTOBER 9, 1913

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

1763

stayed with her. She'd hit the water, shoot fifty feet into the air and then duck again.

On one of these jumps she cleared the bow of the Sagamore of the Montauk Steamship Company. The decks were black with excursionists. They could see something was wrong and the captain dropt a boat over the side.

Well, hopping fifty feet into the air and ducking ten feet under water between hops is tiresome business. At about the fifteenth duck I let go and turned over on my back. That balloon just took one jump 3,000 feet or so straight up and then beat it due east. It ought to be in London by this time.

I'm not much of a swimmer, and after I'd floated for ten minutes or so I began to have a tough time of it. I was about ready to give up, when I heard a motor-boat puffing close at hand. The Donnellys grabbed me as I was trying to remember all the things I'd heard about drowning being an easy death. I couldn't wiggle. They had to haul me into their boat bodily.

If that motor-boat hadn't been as fast as it was they'd have been out there dragging for me. But we aviators always get back somehow or other.

—Literary Digest.

News of the Week

Parliament may be called on November 20th.

The first through train on the new Canadian Northern line, between Toronto and Ottawa, arrived in Ottawa on October 8rd.

President Wilson signed the Democratic Tariff Bill on October 8rd.

Water was let into the Culbra cut, from the Gatun Lake, for the first time, on October 1st, and is slowly filling the great channel.

The Mont Dor tunnel, between France and Switzerland, which has been under construction for three years, was pierced on October 2nd. It is over three miles long.

A young American physician, Dr. Lewis Hart Marks, who is studying in Germany, claims to have found a cure for blood-poisoning of bacterial origin.

Sir Frederick Treves announced at the Radium Institute in London, on October 2nd, that it has been discovered that radium constantly exudes a gas which has the properties of pure radium. This gas is being collected, and, it is hoped from the experiments of the last year, will be of great use in the cure of cancer.

Ambition.

(By A. W. Sylvester, M. D.)

I wish no niche within the hall of fame,
No monument of bronze or crumbling stone;
No fickle populace to shout my name,
No arch triumphant—crown or throne.
But be it said, when I have reached the end
Of life's rough road: "He seemed
To make each bird and beast a loving friend—
The flowers nodded as he passed them by,
And children welcomed him to join their play;
For those who laughed he multiplied the cheer;
He had for those who toiled, a helping way,
For those who mourned, a sympathizing tear."

PREFERS A HORSE.

Mrs. Flynn—"They do be afther sayin's that old mom Killy has got locomother ataxy."

Mr. Flynn—"Well, he's got the money to run waa av thim if he wants ter, but fer my par-rt, I'd rayther have a good horse anny day."

She was One Third Right.

The young woman would have amused anybody but the librarian; but the librarian only looked bored. She tripped in and vigorously poked over the card index for a moment. Then she walked to the desk, and murmured:

"Won't you please get a book called 'Here and There' for me? I can't find it anywhere."

The clerk ran a practiced finger through the files.

"There doesn't seem to be such a book here," she said. "Who is the author?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "But I'm going to the country for the summer, and a friend told me to read it—said it was all about nature, you know. No such book, you say? Well, now, maybe it was 'Up and Down.' Look for that, please."

The librarian searched the files without success.

"It's awfully funny!" exclaimed the girl. "Perhaps it's named 'In and Out.' Won't you please look for that?"

Again the index cards were patiently run through.

"There's no such book here," she said again.

"It's awfully funny," said the girl. "O, I know now what it must have been! Look for 'Back and Forth.'"

The weary woman was making a vain search for 'Back and Forth,' when another clerk, who had overheard part of the conversation, returned from the book shelves.

"This is the book you want, I think," she said, handing the girl a volume. It was John Burroughs' "Far and Near."

She had not quite forgotten the title. She got the "and" right.—East and West.

It Couldn't be Done.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done, But he with a chuckle replied, That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he tried. So he buckled right in, with the trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid it. He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it!

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that—"

At least, no one ever has done it"; But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or quiddit, He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it!

There are thousands to tell you it can't be done,

There are thousands to prophesy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you. But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,

Then take off your hat and go to it, Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing

That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it. —Edgar A. Guest, in Onward.

A writer in the Wide World Magazine says that the most curious sight he saw at Cairo was men ironing clothes with their feet! The men were employed in the native tailoring establishments. Except for the long handle, the irons were shaped like the ordinary flat-iron, only larger. A solid block of wood rested on the top of the iron, and on this the men placed one foot, guiding the iron in the desired direction by means of the handle. For the sake of convenience, ironing-boards were raised only a few inches from the ground, and, however strange the method may seem to us, the work was done very well and very expeditiously.

"Does my boy," inquired the parent, "seem to have any natural bent in any one direction?" "Yes, sir," said the teacher. "He gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."

How About Your Wife?

Nearly every day one hears of some new device for eliminating confusion, waste of time and misdirected energy in a business office.

How would you feel by 5 o'clock if you had done your day's work without a phone, a typewriter and a filing system? When you got home you would feel just as tired and worried as your wife looks if she hasn't the advantage of business system in the kitchen.

See to it that she has a

Look for the Trade Mark



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to eliminate confusion, waste of time and misdirected energy. It will save her more steps than you know of, and just half-up her trouble and work. What's more, it will improve the kitchen, simplify the cooking and soon save its cost. A Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet is the best "filing system" for the kitchen.

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