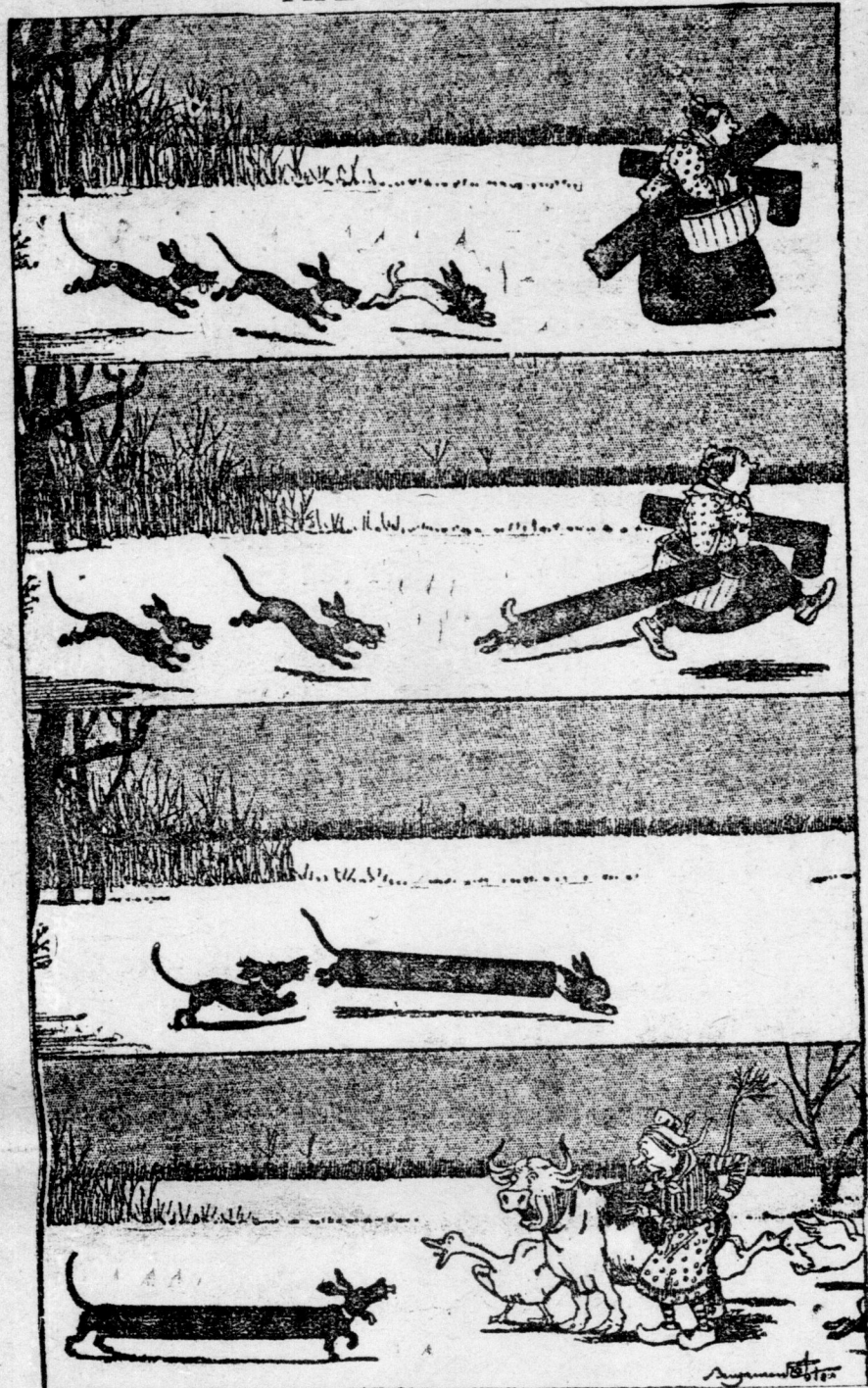


CHRISTMAS EVE



ANTICIPATION.
PIPE THE DOG!



THE CORRECT THING.



Progressive Witch—You're behind the times, Elsie! Every witch who knows what's what has shaken her broom for a carpet sweeper.

A HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE.



THERE'S ONE PLACE WHERE THE COST OF LIVING CAN'T GET YOU.



THE ELECTRIC FARM IS HERE—ILLINOIS MAN TURNS CURRENT LOOSE AMONG HIS VEGETABLES, AND RAISES TWO FINE CROPS IN ONE SEASON.

If an electric current can stimulate and strengthen the vitality of the human body, why should it not nourish and nurture plant life with equal success?

This is the question William Stahl, an Evanston, Ill., electrician-gardener, asked—and answered by electrifying his little farm. He raised a series of crops of beans, tomatoes, beets, potatoes, corn, melons and other garden fruit, each and every one of which came to maturity several weeks ahead of those on his neighbors' farms. He even planted a second crop late in the summer and brought it to a successful harvest after the frost had killed off nearly everything else on the surrounding farms. Moreover, the vegetables grown on the Stahl farm were of a size and flavor that no neighboring farmer equalled.

His electrical farm does not differ in appearance from other farms save in the poles set in the fields which might be mistaken for climbing poles for vines were it not for their unusual height and the wires connecting them. There is also a network of wires running underground, these being placed at a depth of about a foot and a half beneath the surface, and from 10 to 20 feet apart, while the overhead wires are strung about a foot apart. It is along these wires that morning and evening the electrical current is turned on from the main switchboard, energizing the soil and making it especially productive.

The power is supplied by the city electric lighting plant at from \$2.50 to \$4 per acre for the crop season. The electrical treatment is started just when the plants begin to come out of the ground, and is continued until the crops are about ready to be harvested.

The original cost of the installation of the electrical machinery is not excessive, and the cost of the current is more than offset by the saving on the cost of manual labor, for while the farm must be plowed and otherwise tended in the ordinary way, the gross amount of time expended on it is considerably less than that given to the ordinary farm, because of the speedier growth and harvesting of the crops.



Above, overhead wires and poles on the "electric farm." Below, William Stahl, the electrical farmer, and two nothouse plants given an equal start, the one on the left stimulated by electricity.

NEW FEEDING TOOLS GUARANTEED TO STOP THE BREACHES OF TABLE ETIQUETTE



News dispatches tell us of Milton E. Pack, a Chicago man, who seeks patents on novel inventions to enforce table etiquette. Among them are these: A spoon that will not stay in a cup; a napkin that cannot be tucked between collar and Adam's apple; a finger bowl no one can drink from; a knife you can't put in your mouth, and a chair no diner can twine his legs around.

AH, THOSE ELECTION PROMISES.



WHAT CAPTAIN SCOTT IS DOING.

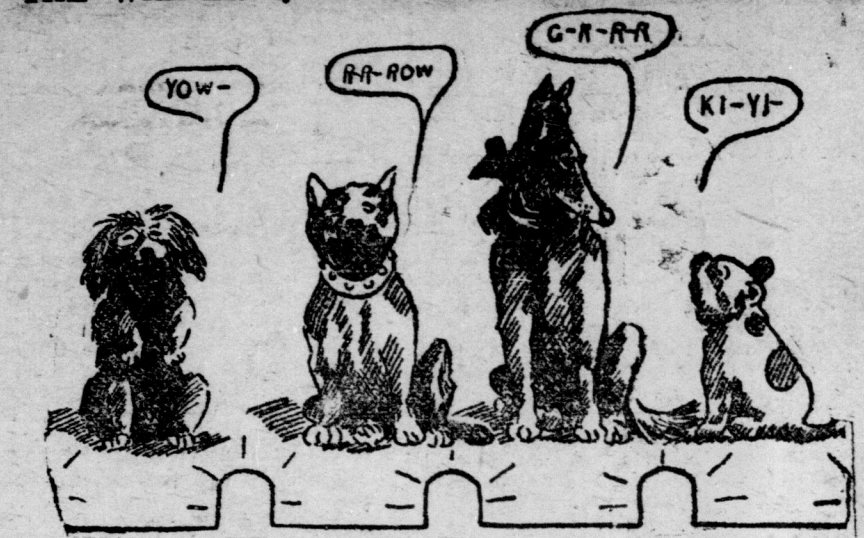
Earl Curzon at the Queen's Hall last week, at the Amundsen lecture, referred to Capt. Scott, who, he said,

is "still shrouded in the glimmering half-light of the Antarctic, whose footsteps reached the South Pole doubtless only a few weeks later than Amundsen, and who, with unostentatious persistence, and in the true spirit of scientific devotion, was garnering in during an absence of three years, a harvest of scientific spoil which when he returned would be found to render his expedition the most notable of modern times."

Commuter (starting a sprint)—There goes my train. His Little Daughter—Mamma, if it's papa's train why doesn't he make it wait for him?—Boston Transcript.

New Minister—How did you like my sermon this morning? Enthusiastic Parishioner.—It was simply grandiloquent. —Baltimore American.

THE WIENER QUARTETTE A HOWLING SUCCESS.



MONKEYSHINES.



DEATH USUALLY WINS.



The Claim Agent—Mr. Jones, you have a claim against our road for the destruction of a crate of furniture. At what date were these goods shipped?

Jones—Nov. 20.



Another Claim Agent (ten years later)—Concerning your claim for a crate of furniture destroyed, Mr. Jones—can you tell me when the shipment was made?

Jones—Nov. 20.



Another Claim Agent (twenty years later)—Mr. Jones, I am investigating your claim against our road for the loss of a crate of furniture. On what date did you ship these goods?

Jones—Nov. 20.



Another Claim Agent—Does Mr. Jones live here?

The Maid—He did, sir, but he died this morning.

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY BURBANK THESE?

