

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motor trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses, and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. Before the lesson begins a girl and young man enter the living-room.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"Edith," said Mrs. Duncan. Dave arose to shake hands, but then his eyes fell full on her face. "Oh, I know you," he exclaimed. "I heard you sing yesterday."

Slowly he felt the color coming to his cheeks. Had he been too familiar? Should he have held that back? What would she think? But when he felt her hand in his, and he knew it was all right.

"And I know you," she was saying. "I saw you turn to feel the rising color."

"Yes, I know what you saw," he took up her thought. "You saw me get up and go out of church because I wouldn't sit and listen to a man say that God punished the innocent to let the guilty go free. And I won't."

There was a moment's silence following this outburst, and Mr. Duncan made a new appraisal of his pupil. Then it was time to introduce Mr. Allan Forsyth. Mr. Forsyth shook hands heartily, but Dave was conscious of being caught in one quick glance which embraced him from head to heel. And the glance was satisfied—satisfied. It was such a glance as Dave might give a horse, when he would say, "A good horse, but I can handle him."

That glance that Forsyth had no fear of rivalry from that quarter. And having no fear, he could afford to be friendly.

Dave had no distinct remembrance of what happened just after that, but he was conscious of an overwhelming desire to hear Miss Duncan sing. How like Reenie she was! And just as he was beginning to think Mr. Duncan must surely have forgotten his lesson, he heard her asking him if she should sing. And then he saw Forsyth at the piano—why couldn't he leave her to do herself, the but-in?—and then he heard her fine, silvery voice rising in the notes of that song about the land where the sun would never go down.

And suddenly he knew how lonely, how terribly, terribly, lonely he was. And he sat with head bowed that they might not hear him sing.

And then there were other songs, and at last Mrs. Duncan, who had slipped away unnoticed, returned with a silver teapot, and cups of delicate china, and sandwiches and cake, and they sat about and ate and drank and talked and laughed. And Edith refilled his cup and sat down beside him, leaving that Forsyth quite on the opposite side of the room. And suddenly he was very, very happy. And when he looked at his watch it was eleven o'clock.

"I guess we didn't get any lesson to-night," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Duncan at the sidewalk.

"I am not so sure," replied his tutor. "The first thing for you to learn is that all learning does not come from books. A good listener can learn as much as a good reader—if he listens to the right kind of people."

And as Dave walked home the thought deepened in him that he really had been a lesson, and that Mr. Duncan had intended it that way. And he wondered what remarkable fortune had been his. The air was full of the perfume of balmy-gleed, and his feet were light with the joy of youth. And he thought much of Edith, and of Reenie Hardy.

In subsequent lessons Dave was rapidly initiated into many matters besides parlor manners and conversation. Mr. Duncan placed the first and greatest emphasis upon learning to write, and to write well. They had many philosophic discussions, in which the elder man sought to lead the younger to the acceptance of truths that would not fail him in later life, and when a conclusion had been agreed upon it was Mr. Duncan's habit to embody it in a copy for Dave's writing lesson. One evening they had a long talk on success, and Mr. Duncan had gradually stripped the glamour from wealth and fame and social position. "The only thing worth while," he said, "is to give happiness. The man who contributes to the happiness of the world is a success, and the man who does not contribute to the happiness of the world is a failure, no matter what his wealth or position. Every man who lives long enough, and has brains enough, comes to know this in time. And those who have not brains enough to know it, are the greatest failures of all, because they think they have attained success, and they have only been unbecome with a counterfeit."

"But a man who has money is in a position to give more happiness than one who hasn't," objected Dave. "Think of all the things a man with a million dollars can do to make people happy."

"Like paying for libraries, and giving excursions to poor children, and things like that. So, in order to make people happy, wouldn't the first step be to

make money, so it could be spent in that way?"

"That is a good thought," agreed Mr. Duncan, "but not a conclusive one. In reckoning the happiness a man gives we must, of course, subtract the unhappiness he occasions. He may make a great sum of money, and use much of it in creating happiness, but if in the making of the money he used methods that resulted in unhappiness we must subtract the unhappiness first before we can give him any credit for the happiness he had created. And I am disposed to think that many a philanthropist, if weighed in that balance, would be found to have a debit side bigger than his credit. No matter how much wealth a man may amass, or how wisely he may distribute it, we cannot credit him with success if he has oppressed the hiring or dealt unfairly with his competitors or the public. Such a man is not a success; he is a failure. In his credit side, he knows he is a failure, that is, provided he still has a soul, and if not, as I said before, he is a greater failure still."

Out of this discussion Mr. Duncan evolved the copy line, "The success of a life is in direct proportion to the net contribution to human happiness," and Dave sat writing it far into the night.

As soon as Dave had learned to read the public library, and the young man groped in amazement up and down the great rows of books. Presently a strange sense of inadequacy came over him. "I can never read all of those books, nor half of them," he said. "I suppose one must read them in order to be well informed."

Mr. Duncan appeared to change the subject. "You like fruit?" he asked.

"Yes, of course. Why?"

"When you go into a fruit store do you stand and say, 'I can never eat all of that fruit; crates and crates of it, and carloads more in the warehouse?' Of course you don't. You eat enough for the good of your system, and let it go at that. Now, just fancy the same saying to your reading. Read enough to keep your mind fresh, and alert, and vigorous; give it one new thought to wrestle with every day, and let the rest go. . . . Oh, I know that there is a certain school which holds that unless you have read this author or that author, or this book or that book, you are hopelessly uninformed or behind the times. That's literary snobbery. Let them talk. A mind that consumes more than it can assimilate mortally on a par with a stomach that swallows more than it can digest. Gluttons, both of them. Read as much as you can think about, and no more. The trouble with many of our people is that they do not read to think, but to save themselves the trouble of thinking. The mind, left to itself, insists upon activity. So they chloroform it."

Mr. Duncan also took occasion to speak with Dave about his religious beliefs. He did not forget Dave's explanation of why he went out of the church. "I sympathize with your point of view a great deal," he said, "but don't be too sweeping in your conclusions. The church is too fussy over details; too anxious to fit the mind of man—which is his link with the Infinite—into some narrow, soul-crushing creed; too insistent upon the form of belief and not nearly insistent enough upon conduct. It makes me feel that it is a religion of the past, not of the future. I want to know about the things that makes the wheels go round. If it's no good I guess the trimmings are only fit for junk. Well, that's the way with the church. The motor that has kept it running for nineteen centuries is the doctrine of love; love of man to man, love of man to God, love of God to man. Nothing about wrath that's only a backfire—but love. Without that motor all the trimmings are junk. Each sect has its own trimmings, but they all profess to use the same motor. . . . Still, the motor is all right, even if it is neglected and abused. I don't think you'll find a better, and you must have power of some kind."

"What about Socialism?" asked Dave.

"Very good, in so far as it is constructive. But there is a destructive brand of Socialism which seizes the fancy of disappointed and disgruntled men and women, and bids them destroy. There is a basic quality in all human nature which clamors for destruction. You see it in the child pulling his toys to pieces, or in the mob wrecking buildings. Destruction is easy and passionate, but construction demands skill and patience."

"I have been at some of their meetings," said Dave. "They lay great stress on the war between Labor and Capital."

"Between husband and wife in the family of production," interrupted Mr. Duncan. "Nothing is to be gained by that quarrel. I admit the husband has been overbearing, offensive, brutal, perhaps; but the wife has been slovenly, inefficient, shallow. Neither has yet been brought to realize how hopeless is the case of one without the other. And I don't think they will learn that by quarrelling. What they need is not hard words, but mutual respect and sympathy, and an honest conception of what constitutes success. Doctrines and policies are helpful to the extent to which they cause men to think, either directly, or by creating an environment conducive to thought,

but they will never bring the golden age of happiness. That can come only through the destruction of selfishness, which can be destroyed only by the power of love. That is why I emphasized the motor, in our talk about the church. It is our only chance."

Dave's talks with Mr. Duncan became almost nightly occurrences, either at the Duncan home, or when he drove the family—for the master of the house often accompanied them—or when they met down town, as frequently happened. And the boy was not slow to realize the broad nature of the task to which Mr. Duncan had set himself. His education was to be built of every knowledge and experience that could go into the rounding of a well-developed life.

(To be continued.)

When Swamps Explode.

Nature indulges in odd tricks at times. One of her latest antics is the sudden disappearance of an enormous swamp in British East Africa. The theory is that the swamp was supported by the roof of a rocky underground cavern, and that this roof collapsed. At any rate, an immense volume of water has disappeared into the earth, leaving behind a huge, and at present unexplored, hollow.

In November, 1920, a large section of the Cullagh Bog, near Longford, burst with a roar that was heard for miles, says an English newspaper. Acres of slime gushed outwards. Luckily, there were no houses near the bog, and the only damage was to a road.

In 1910 a similar disaster took place near Castleross, in Co. Roscommon. In the middle of a November night there was a sound like thunder. Great fissures opened in the surface of the bog, and an area of more than three square miles began to slide towards the adjacent lowland. It swept on for about a quarter of a mile, overwhelming cottages and a portion of the main road.

A moving plain sliding steadily towards the sea was the terrifying spectacle witnessed in Carnarvonshire in September, 1913. This amazing performance began with rumblings like those of an earthquake. Then a large plot of grazing land began to move, its surface rising and falling like waves. Great boulders were flung out and then sucked in again. This continued until the flat, pebble-covered beach had disappeared and been replaced by the grass land.

Most people have heard of Chat Moss, in Lancashire, the great bog that was the despair of engineers for many years. In the days of Henry VIII, this mighty bog burst. It not only covered a great area with evil-smelling moss, but the peat water which ran into the Mersey destroyed thousands of fish. Great quantities of rolling moss were carried as far away as the Isle of Man.

Making Debtors Pay Up. They have a very ingenious way with debtors in Ceylon.

The creditor, it would seem, goes to the man who owes him money, holds it in his hand neungula leaves, an extremely poisonous plant, and declares that if he is not paid immediately he will poison himself. The debtor pays up at once.

In other lands he would very likely laugh at his creditor, but in Ceylon there is a law which imposes an enormous fine upon the person who is the cause of another's suicide. Another famous soldier, Sir William Robertson, is content with squeezing your fingers, though none too gently.

The Prince's Serpent. The Prince of Wales, returning from his journey around the world, brought in his baggage divers and sometimes terrible things.

The most awkward of the gifts offered to him was, without doubt, a magnificent serpent ten meters long. This serpent, to which the heat had restored some vigor, did not find the lodging given him in the Zoological Garden of London quite to his taste and refused to enter it. It took sixteen persons to compel him to move in.

Deliverance. I never knew a night so black, Light failed to follow on its track. I never knew a storm so gray It failed to have its clearing day. I never knew such bleak despair, That there was not a rift, somewhere.

I never knew an hour so drear, Love could not fill it full of cheer! —John Kendrick Bangs.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff. "I see Hiram is sparkin' up to that pretty young postmistress, but she doesn't seem to think much of him." "No, she looks upon him as second-class male matter, I reckon."

Funeral Taxation. Among the new taxes with which England is burdened is one on funerals.

This is however, merely the revival of a tax that existed as early as 1695. At that time every burial involved a fee to the state of \$2.

In 1750 this law was modified and the tax was based on the profession of the deceased.

To bury a workman \$1 had to be paid. The tariff exacted \$5 for a "gentleman" or his wife, \$25 for a doctor of law, \$150 for a duke and \$250 for a bishop.

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Separating Sunbeams.

Certain of the sun's rays have already been separated from the rest and used to cure special human disorders. There are other rays which might be captured and used to the same advantage.

"I love the merry, merry sunshine, It makes my heart so gay," ran the old song. Why is it that on bright and sunny days we feel so much better than we do when the weather is overcast and cloudy?

A noted psychologist stated recently that "it is because the human race was brought to life by the sun. The light and warmth of the sun are the natural elements of mankind."

Sunlight cures diseases and creates life. Scientists have for a long time been cutting up sunlight to sort out its different powers and harness them for use, while X-rays have already been procured to combat certain human ills. There are other rays that can very well be extracted from the sunlight and used for scientific purposes. Some day we may be able to make ourselves happy at will—give ourselves the holiday feeling at any moment—by just pressing a switch in our homes or offices, and turning on a flow of happiness-inspiring rays.

Some people vow that they cannot cross the Equator without falling wholeheartedly and desperately in love. Perhaps in the future the fairy-tale of the magic love potion, by which the fairy prince made the fairy princess love him, will be attainable at any hour.

Then we may read: "Ask for Daniel Cupid's Harnessed Sunshine Love Mixture—accept no other!" on the hoardings everywhere.

Perhaps sunshine will be stored in a little box like a pocket electric lamp, and young ladies will discard powder and rouge, and will make up their complexion by applying a little concentrated sunlight to their cheeks for a few minutes until the roses appear.

All handsome men will be able to broadcast the concentrated sunlight all over their faces until they have that slightly sunburnt tint by which they are known.

But make no mistake; this article is perfectly serious. The rays of the sun have all these powers, and merely await dissecting by some scientific genius.

Various Handshakes Used by Celebrities. Is it possible to judge a man's character by his handshake? Dickens thought so when he described Uriah Heep's handshake—a limp, clammy taking of the hand indicative of the calculating snavery of that detestable young man. A world of difference between his handshake and the respectfully hearty grip of Peggotty, the Yarmouth fisherman!

How do the celebrities of our day shake hands—the King, for example, and the Prince of Wales.

The King just grips your hand firmly, giving it no shake whatever, while the Prince's hand is soft jerkily forward, pressing yours downward at the moment of gripping it.

Earl Hatz shakes hands with courteous firmness. He grips your hand in real soldierly fashion, with his thumb locked over your fingers. Another famous soldier, Sir William Robertson, is content with squeezing your fingers, though none too gently.

The Prince's Serpent. The Prince of Wales, returning from his journey around the world, brought in his baggage divers and sometimes terrible things.

The most awkward of the gifts offered to him was, without doubt, a magnificent serpent ten meters long. This serpent, to which the heat had restored some vigor, did not find the lodging given him in the Zoological Garden of London quite to his taste and refused to enter it. It took sixteen persons to compel him to move in.

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Woman's Interests

Hot Weather Diet.

Midsummer days add greatly to the problems of the housekeeper. The men must be fed as usual, and they must have food upon which they can do a day's work, but there are many finicky appetites? What shall be the menu on these hot days? How shall the children be fed? What can we give to tempt grandma's appetite? What is there that will really taste good?

Fortunately the seasonable things of the garden help greatly in answering these questions. Tomatoes are not only priceless as appetite ticklers, but they do stellar work in supplying the necessary features of a meal, and are therefore very valuable, even though their actual nutritive value is small. Lettuce, cabbage, spinach, cauliflower, are all good vegetables to consider. They are as helpful in their line as the more solid articles of diet, though they will not wholly replace them. New potatoes make a good dish and may be served in a variety of appetizing ways. Milk gravies may often be served with these vegetables, and this addition will go far to supplying the needed protein element. Milk is always an important food, but especially so in hot weather. It should be used in gravies, soups, stews, puddings, custards, sauces, and in every way in which it can be worked in, because it is a food that will supply in readily digestible form the very elements that the appetite is prone to reject in other foods under stress of hot weather. As a beverage, when suitably cooled it is as tasty as any drink that can be served.

Eggs are often more appetizing than meat in hot weather and make an excellent substitute; in fact, the meat portion of the hot weather diet may be kept very low indeed, if eggs are served, and also used in custards, puddings and drinks.

Make a special effort to get ice whenever it can be secured. Then start the ice cream freezer and serve up dishes that will be suited to the taste of every member of the family and at the same time supply positive food value.

Backward Children Respond to Rhythm. What can be accomplished with music as a means of introducing a child into normal life, the child who because of backwardness is too often given the cold shoulder and told that he cannot do this thing and that because of his handicap, is exemplified in the work which Miss Mary C. Greene, supervisor of music in special schools, is now conducting, says the Providence Journal.

The progress which the children who are attending the special schools have made in the brief time Miss Greene has given to them is extremely gratifying and satisfactory.

As explained by Miss Greene, the children are made interested first of all in the work of a band, and experience enjoyment. In the second place, they are taught to listen and to concentrate. Thirdly, they are trained in musical co-ordination, and, lastly, they are taught to work with a group which is the real social aspect of the music work.

"Our children in the special schools," said Miss Greene, "because of their backwardness, are too often left out of things, and most of them are not even on the side lines. They cannot do things that other people do; they are not so alert, and that is why most of the crowd usually do not want them. This band work, while it teaches musical appreciation, has far greater results in making the children a part of a social group and training them to work with other people for a common end."

"In the regular schools the so-called backward children are repressed, and too often made to feel the shame of their backwardness. In the special classes the teachers are trying to live up to the old idea of education which means a drawing out of all the intelligence and all the ability the children have, and we find that music is one of the best agencies for drawing the children out and finding their latent possibilities."

"We find that many of the children have an undeveloped sense of rhythm. Now the teacher in the regular class is too busy in getting three 'R's' across with her class of from 40 to 50 children to discover individual abilities. In the special class the teacher is conscious that the traditional lullaby, for instance, the time-honored 'Rock-a-bye Baby,' is impressed upon the mind of every child. Men of all ages have yielded to the swaying of a mother's arms, while she crooned that homely old song."

"In the plan for the music for the special classes we are considering first the band music; secondly, music for interpretation; thirdly, music for appreciation and, finally, music for story-telling."

"The band music is only a means to an end; the band is not the end. Through it we are trying to arouse the child to group activities. We have music for listening, and we introduce it at the rest periods. Many of our children are restless—some of them because they are nervous, and others because their activities have not been directed, and we believe that many of the discrepancy cases arise because the children have not become fraterized. So in our special classes we have fre-

quent rest periods during which the teachers are playing on the phonograph music that is beautiful, quiet, simple and short. In other words, we make these periods ones of relaxation and rest for the children.

"We are working toward the interpretation side, to bring out what music means to the child. Every child runs, gallops or dances to almost any kind of music at home, and almost any child has at one time or another taken part in a regular parade."

"We hope to catch the spontaneous expression of the children and tie it to good music, rather than to some of the cheaper music that is often heard upon the street."

A Water-Melon Party. Play singing games and musical games, a talking machine being provided for the necessary music. Poison Handkerchief is a good game for a crowd. Divide the company into groups of twenty and have the groups form circles, facing in. The player who is "it" stands in the centre of the circle and tries to catch the knotted handkerchief which is passed around or thrown across the circle from one player to another. If the person who is "it" catches the handkerchief, the person who threw it fast, or who is touched while the handkerchief is in his possession, becomes "it."

Another jolly game is called Three Deep. Twelve or more players form a circle of pairs (one behind the other facing in) with space enough between the players to allow them to turn and run in any direction. Two players on the outside of the circle and at a distance of two yards from each other begin the game. One of them, the "tagger," tries to tag the other before he can place himself in front of one of the pairs forming the circle. If he succeeds in doing this the player tagged becomes "it," and the former "tagger" in turn tries to run to a place of safety in front of some pair. Whenever the one being pursued succeeds in getting in front of a pair before being tagged, this forms "three deep" and the one in the rear of the other two must take to his heels and try to get a place in front of some other pair before being tagged. In seeking to avoid the "tagger," the players being pursued may run in any direction, either to left or right; or across the circle, but not to pass in front of a pair so as to indicate a stop and cause a false start. A hindmost player may step in front of his own rank, making the middle man hindmost or "third" and in position to be caught.

Have the refreshment table on the lawn, using paper table-cloth and napkins and paper or wooden plates. Appropriate napkins for such an affair have a fruit border. A low basket of fruit on a mat of ferns could be used as a centre-piece, the fruit to be served after the watermelon. Place watermelons on large trays or platters at each end of the table. Cut the melons into pieces of convenient size and have the men serve it to the girls. For favors provide horns, rattles, whistles, and drums, anything to make noise and fun. Wrap the favors in pink crepe paper and tie the package with green ribbon.

Total Eclipse of Sun on Christmas Island. Christmas Island, a little patch of land in the Indian Ocean which is distinguished chiefly by its pretty name, will be a busy place for a few minutes next September 20, and from this activity may come many startling announcements of a scientific nature.

Astronomers have calculated that Christmas Island will be one of the few spots on this earth over which the sun will be totally eclipsed September 20 for a full six minutes by the clock. Science, which computes its time by such vast periods as "light years," is preparing, however, to make quite a fuss over this insignificant six minutes.

A German scientific expedition, headed by Dr. Erwin Freundlich-Flay, of Potsdam University, is now on the way to Christmas Island with a large number of delicate instruments by which it hopes to make a thorough test of the Einstein theory of relativity. If Jupiter Pluvius withholds his rain clouds they expect to succeed, but if the sky is overcast their long journey will have been in vain.

The equipment to be used in the tests consists of two of the most modern photographic telescopes, one of which is 3.60 meters long and the other 8.50 meters. Both are capable of taking detailed photographs at extremely long focal distances. The rates used will be 50 centimeters square, and the time of exposure will range from 10 to 90 seconds. Eight or ten photographs will be taken during the brief six minutes.

The test of the Einstein theory of light curvature decided upon by this expedition is possible only when the sun is completely eclipsed. Thus its practicability is sharply defined.

Several American, Australian and English expeditions also are headed for Christmas Island, where they plan to make various tests and astronomical observations in connection with the six-minute eclipse.

Enough happiness is wasted to supply the whole universe.

Minard's Liniment for Cuts, etc.

The World's Queerest Railways

The smallest public railway in the world is the Ravenglass and Eskdale line in Cumberland, says an English paper. The gauge is fifteen inches, and the length of line seven miles. There are five engines—the largest of which is eighteen feet in length and three feet ten inches in height—and two motor-coaches, while the rolling-stock consists of twenty-seven passenger coaches. In addition there are twenty-three goods wagons that hold three-quarters of a ton each.

The tiny engines perform remarkable work. The journey of seven miles is accomplished in fifty minutes, the gradient in some places being as steep as one in thirty-four.

The largest of the engines can draw a load of fourteen coaches holding eight people each—about four and a half times its own weight. When running "light" it can attain a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. The driver sits on top of the coal in the tender, with his head and shoulders above the top of the cab!

In the busy season the staff numbers nine, and since it was opened in 1916 the little line has carried over a hundred thousand passengers and twenty-one thousand tons of goods. Altogether there are six stations, and the total cost of the line and equipment was \$55,000.

There has never been an accident on the line, although occasionally trains run off the metals. When this occurs, the driver has to get out and life the engines and coaches back again!

Another queer railway is in Llutwael and Ballybunton system in the West of Ireland. The line consists of a single rail, raised about three feet from the ground. On this the train balances itself. The track runs down the centre, and the engine and coaches, which are double, hang over on either side. The locomotives have an extraordinary appearance—with their two boilers and two smoke stacks.

To add to the humor of travelling on this amazing line, passengers are frequently asked to change sides in order to maintain the balance!

Not unlike this Irish line is one built in the River Congo, in Africa. The river is not navigable to ordinary boats owing to the rapids which occur at frequent intervals. Special vessels have to be used. They consist of two boats joined together by gears which support toothed wheels. In calm stretches of water the vessels proceed by the ordinary means. Over the rapids there are single rails, which rise out of the water and are held up by steel arms. The boats steam up to these, and then the wheels engage, lift them out of the water, and carry them on until the rapids are passed, when the boats take to the water again.

Then there is the famous suspended railroad at Elberfeld, in Germany. It is like an ordinary tramway, except that the rails are above instead of underneath the cars. The trains run high over the streets on huge steel supports, so that the ordinary traffic is not affected.

There is a similar line in California, but in this case the cars are driven by a motor and an aeroplane propeller. Another instance of the use of a propeller as a means of locomotion is on the railway between Berlin and Hamburg