

How many times during a year would you be willing to pay a few cents an hour for a reliable power?

A good many times, no doubt. For grinding or cutting feed, sawing wood, separating cream, churning, pumping water, grinding tools, and a score of other tasks. A good many times, indeed, and when you want it you want it without delay.

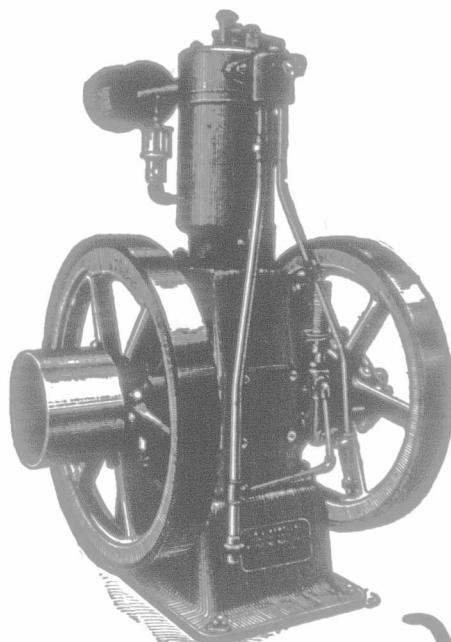
An I. H. C. gasoline engine will furnish such power—a 3-horse engine, for instance, will furnish power equal to that of three horses at the smallest cost per hour, and it will be always ready when you want it, and ready to work as long and as hard as you wish. You don't have to start a fire—not even strike a match—to start an I. H. C. gasoline engine. All you have to do is close a little

switch, open the fuel valve, give the flywheel a turn or two by hand, and off it goes, working—ready to help in a hundred ways.

Stop and think how many times you could have used such convenient power last week, for instance.

There should be a gasoline engine on every farm. Whether it shall be an I. H. C. or some other engine on your farm is for you to decide, but it will pay you well to learn of the simple construction of I. H. C. gasoline engines before you buy. It will pay you to find out how easily they are operated, how little trouble they give, how economical in the use of fuel, how much power they will furnish, how strong and durable they are.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA, CHICAGO, U. S. A. (INCORPORATED.)



These engines are made in the following styles and sizes:—Horizontal (stationary or portable), 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15 and 20-horse power. Vertical, 2 and 3-horse power. It will pay you to know these things. Call on our local agent or write nearest branch house for catalog.

A charming young woman went into the office of one of the best known publishing houses in New York to explain with enthusiasm her plan for a book of travel. The idea was approved and the lady was told that if the book were equal to the conception it would be accepted. She went abroad for the summer to live the travel experiences of which she was to write, and in due time the manuscript was submitted. It was rather rude yet there was a note of freshness about it—evidence of an original point of view—which made the publisher hesitate to "turn it down." So they wrote the author an encouraging letter, criticising her lack of style, suggesting lines of revision, and offered to reconsider it in its revised form.

The author was optimistic and found it easy to believe what she wanted to believe. She told her friends that her book was practically accepted. Then came word that the revised manuscript fell far short of expectations, and it was politely declined.

Two weeks later the author appeared at the publisher's office and tearfully explained that she had told her friends that her story was to be issued, and that she never could bear the humiliation of confessing that it had, after all, been rejected. Her tale of woe was listened to sympathetically by the young man whose business it is to stand between the head of the firm and the host of people who wish to see him personally. He explained gently that they could not reconsider their decision. Upon this the lady burst into silent but visible weeping and the young man fled. Ten minutes passed and the disappointed author continued to sit disconsolately in a corner of the reception room, still dissolved in tears. The young man was perplexed. He sought the head of the firm and laid the case before him; that gentleman went to the unhappy lady and endeavored to show her that she had been treated fairly in the matter. There was no articulate reply to his reasoning—only more tears. He continued gently talking, but the writer was not to be consoled.

Suddenly she stopped crying. "At last she sees my point of view," thought the publisher with a sigh of relief, and as he waited for her next words she turned her charming, tear-stained face once again upon the august head of this great company. "Excuse me, sir," she said with a fresh sob, "but will you loan me your handkerchief; mine's all damp!" The house brought out the book.

A New Yorker, who is accustomed each year to pass a few weeks with a farmer in Dutchess County, says that once, in notifying the latter of his intention to make the usual visit, he wrote as follows:

"There are several little matters that I should like to see changed if my family and I decide to spend our vacation at your house. We don't like the girl Martha. And in the second place, we do not think that it is sanitary to have a pig sty so near the house."

In reply, the farmer said: "Martha went last week. We ain't had no hogs since you were here last September."

Before a great fire of logs in Helicon Hall, the seat of his Utopian colony, Upton Sinclair one snowy night talked of the injustice of the private ownership of land:

"A tramp was one day strolling through a wood that belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. The Duke happened to meet him, and said:

"Do you know you're walking on my land?"

"Your land?" said the tramp. "Well, I've got no land of my own, so I'm obliged to walk on somebody's. Where, though, did you get this land?"

"I got it from my ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did they get it from?" went on the tramp.

"From their ancestors," said the duke.

"And where did their ancestors get it from?"

"They fought for it."

"Come on, then," said the tramp, "and as he pulled off his coat, and I'll fight you for it."

"Put the duke retreating hastily, declined to accept this fair offer."



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