

ways, even on small farms. An electric current may be produced in many ways. Water power, steam, oil, gasoline engine or wind-power may be utilized for this purpose. Electricity may be used on farms for lighting and heating. Where it has been used in European countries for outside work such as plowing, etc., it is utilized in the same way as steam power. A French scientist, however, claims that by the use of electric cables power may be distributed over a number of fields, which may be used for plowing or like work.

Professor See, of the United States Naval Observatory, has announced a new theory of the world's formation which is, in brief, that the temperature of a gaseous star varies inversely as its radius. In other words, when a gaseous body shrinks, its temperature increases, or, to make the illustration specific, our sun, which is known to be growing smaller, is therefore growing hotter. This is exactly contrary to the accepted belief that the sun is cooling off. From this hypothesis the Professor reasons that at one time the condition of our solar system and of all other stellar systems was a formless swarm of icy masses floating like some great flock of birds in blue space. This vast cold nebula sets up a slow motion which is the beginning of development. It revolves on its axis and condenses gradually by the attraction of gravitation. As it grows smaller it revolves a little faster. In the course of a few million years its motion is so fast that a part of the mass not able to keep up is detached, forming a planet, and, as the process goes on, more planets are formed, the central mass gradually becoming hotter. All this is directly contrary to some of the current beliefs, which represent our solar system as beginning as an unpalpable nebulous mass, heated to an almost inconceivable degree. This mass by revolving threw off the planets in the same way, only they were hot and are gradually cooling off.

(Since writing the above we have learned that Mr. Tripler denies stating that he could produce ten gallons of liquid air from three gallons.) Ed.

Hard on the Scrub

The people of Colorado are about to adopt a practical method towards preventing the production of scrub live stock in that state. The law will follow the principle that it is easier to check a disease before its germs have spread contagion and similarly it is much better to kill a scrub before its miserable conception than after its wretched bringing forth. The law which will come into force on July 6th provides that no mustang or inferior stallion, no inferior bull, and no inferior ram shall be allowed to run at large. Not only will this be a punishable misdemeanor, but any stock raiser who finds an inferior sire running at large may castrate the animal. Any person allowing his cows to run at large upon the public ranges of the state must furnish a high-grade bull for every twenty-five cows so running. Jersey bulls will not be allowed to run at large under any pretence whatever. Where so much live stock runs at large as in some of the Western States this should prove an effective means of preventing the production of "scrub" animals.

Mean Trick on the Hens

Yankee Way of Making them Work Overtime

"I hate to tell this story," said the man from Long Island, as he raked his chin whisker with his fingers. "It's a tale of deception and the betrayal of the confidences of faithful, hard-working creatures.

"Well, to boil it down, it was this way. A thin-faced Yankee moved over from Connecticut, bringing with him about fifty hens. He fixed up the old barn on the

place next to mine, which he bought, and he installed the poultry, with three or four arrogant roosters, in this here barn. He gave out, although he didn't talk much, that he was a-goin' to run an egg farm. He called it an egg rap .n. As he wasn't sociable to any large extent, and was 'a the habit of drinkin' by himself, nobody paid much attention to him. We let him potter around and just formed the conclusion that he was a mighty mean man. And, by ginger spruce! he was the meanest low-downedest cuss that I've ever run up against, and we have some purty mean members of the tribe over in Long Island.

"Well, things went along, and this fellow—Perkins was his name—went down to the railroad station every day 'n' shipped his eggs to N' York. One day Sam Martin came to me and sez, sezsee:

"Joe, how many hens has that 'ere Perkins fellow got layin' for him?"

"Well, I didn't know edactly, but the postmaster, who keeps the grocery store as a side-show to his business with Uncle Sam, he chipped in 'n' says: 'Why, he's only got fifty hens: I counted 'em.'

"That's jes' what I thought," says Sam, 'and that's why I ast ye. Ye see, that fellow's sendin' about twelve dozen eggs to ther city every day. He can't make eggs, 'n' he don't steal 'em, for nobody's missed none, so where'n thunder does he get 'em?'

"To tell the truth, we all thought Sam was mistaken, but the next day I was down at the railroad station, and so were a lot of others. Sure enough, Perkins shipped about twelve dozen eggs to the market.

"Now, you folks who live up here can't think how that Perkins egg situation bothered us. We stopped talkin' politics, church squabbles were lost sight of, 'n' we didn't do anything but talk about the Perkins egg output daytime and in the post-office at night. Bimeby it came to a crisis. The strain was a-gettin' too heavy. We were losin' sleep over the matter. It was decided that we must investigate. We appointed a committee, and went out to Perkins's place. But do you think he'd let us get within ten feet of that barn? Nary.

"We felt bad over our throw-down for a day or two, till finally somebody suggested that Perkins had cast a spell on the hens. The thing looked supernatural, uncanny, you know, so, to get at the gist of the whole thing, we decided to sneak out to that barn some night about midnight. Well, we did 'n' I'll never forget that night till my dying day. We sneaked up to the barn. Everything was quiet, 'n' we didn't notice that he'd run electric light wires from the big hotel into the barn. Howsumever, we got bold, 'n' one of our gang threw open the barn door.

"Say, gentlemen, it was the saddest sight of my life. I've seen deceived women and such, but this beat 'em all, for those hens were dumb creatures. Whatjer think this mean cuss of a Perkins had done? Well, he'd hung up painted scenery, like ye see in theeayters, all around the sides of the barn, to look like landscape. Then from the middle of the roof hung down a dozen electric lights. Around the sides of the barn, in their boxes, set the most woe-begone, dejected, worn out set of hens you ever saw. If you ever saw agony in a hen's face it was there. Why, they had almost human lines of care writ in their faces.

"You see the game of this Perkins party was a slick one. It was this away. He'd turn on the electric lights for four hours 'n' the hens would do their duty 'n' lay their usual eggs. Then he'd turn off the lights, 'n' the hens would think it was night 'n' go to bed. He'd let 'em sleep for four hours 'n' then slap would go the lights on again full glare. The misguided hens would think it was another day, and strain themselves—work overtime, as it were—and lay another egg apiece. The poor things didn't know how they were fooled, but they knew something was wrong, 'n' the appealing looks they turned to us made us almost cry. Say, some of those fowls was on the verge of suicide.

"Well, we held an indignation meeting the next day, 'n' the result was that this Perkins feller moved back to Connecticut to dodge the Cruelty to Animals people."—*New York Sun*.