

THOUGHT TASK EASY

ATTEMPT OF CITY MAN TO MILK
A COW.

Inexperienced Individual Quit the Job
After Furnishing Amusement for
the Farm People—Job is One That
Requires Skill.

"Most city persons," said a millionaire amateur farmer, "labor under the impression that to milk a cow is easy. There could be no greater mistake. Milking requires a peculiar movement of the wrist, which, if not learned in one's youth, seldom is learned afterward. Some cows are more easily milked than others, but even in the case of the easy ones it has to be done in a certain way or not at all. I have known some inexperienced persons to acquire the movement after a few trials, but they found it imposed such an unnatural strain on the muscles of the wrist that they seldom essayed a second attempt.

"I had a young fellow from the city out at my place one summer who had the idea that it was as easy to get milk as it was to drink it. As a usual thing we don't let an inexperienced person try to milk a cow, for there is nothing that will dry her up quicker than to be made the subject of experiments; but this young fellow was so dead certain that he knew all about it that I took him out to the shed one evening after the cows had been stanchioned and were placidly munching their grain, and told him to go ahead and see what he could do.

"When he looked at the long line of animals, and saw them switching their tails and now and then kicking at a fly, his heart seemed to fail him.

"I can't sit down in here at the beginning," he protested; "can't we take one of them outside?"

In order to humor him I chased an easy milker out into the yard, and then handed him a stool and a pail. He stood gazing at the cow thoughtfully.

"Well?" I finally asked.

"Well?" said he.

"He looked very unhappy. 'To tell you the truth,' he at last blurted out, 'I am—er—a person of some—er—that is—delicacy, and on such short acquaintance, you know, I—I don't like to take—' He came to a dead stop.

"Bah!" I said.

"That apparently stung him into action, for he sat down on the stool like a man who seats himself in an electric chair. Then he closed his eyes and started in. A few seconds later he opened his eyes, and you never saw a man so bewildered. There was nothing doing. He looked up at me in piteous appeal.

"She—she—er—doesn't seem to have any," he said.

"At that I laughed outright, and he got up as mad as a wet hen.

"Now, don't get excited," I said, soothingly. "Let me show you how to do it."

"Well, after I illustrated to him how easy it was, he tried it again. He toiled valiantly for ten minutes without result, and then, chancing to look up, he saw he was providing entertainment for practically the entire population of the farm. At that he arose, kicked the pail against the fence and hurried into the house to bathe his wrists with witch hazel."

A Glorious Mansion.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the seas, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;

And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meager works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

—Reginald Heber.

Weapons of Modern War

The present war has raised, perhaps more acutely than ever before, the question how far it is permissible to go with death-dealing inventions. . . . This recalls to mind the mysterious invention of the great Dundonald, which was so terrible that the British government even in its need and extremity shrank from employing it, and resolved to keep it a profound secret lest somebody should put it to use and literally "stagger humanity." Dundonald, who was as accomplished in chemistry and engineering as he was formidable in conflict, first proposed his device in the early Napoleonic wars, to annihilate the French fleet and fortresses at Toulon. It was considered by a committee composed of the foremost army and navy authorities and including Congreve, the inventor of the rocket. The committee reported that the device would undoubtedly do all that Dundonald claimed, but with a devastating fury that would be inhuman. So the government declined to use it at Toulon or at Flushing. When Dundonald went to South America, the British government exacted of him a pledge that he would not use nor divulge his invention there, a pledge which he kept at cost of forfeiting his pay from South American states. In 1846, when there was fear of war with France, his scheme was again considered by a British committee, which reported that it would infallibly annihilate a hostile fleet, but that the use of it would be inhuman. Twice during the Crimean war it was considered for the reduction of Sebastopol, but though nobody doubted it would do the work effectively, it was rejected on the same grounds as before. So to this day the awful secret remains a secret, hidden

away in the confidential archives of the British war office.

Now, it may be that the British government was right, and that Dundonald's invention was too inhumanly destructive to be used. But it seems doubtful if governments will assent to the outlawing of any of the existing engines of war, or even of some new inventions that may yet be perfected. . . . It would be absurd to demand that warfare in the twentieth century should be conducted with the weapons of the tenth century. Nor are we sure that it would be well for humanity thus to restrain warfare within primitive limits, even if it could be done. The more terrible the engines of war become, the fewer the wars themselves become, and, strange as it may seem, the less destructive do they become. Hannibal used weapons which would be contemptible by the side of those of the last hundred years, and his army was a mere handful compared with those wielded by Napoleon and Grant and Moltke. Yet no battle of the last century can be compared with Cannae in destructiveness to human life. Had Gettysburg equaled it, proportionately, not a single man of Lee's army would have been left alive. As for Waterloo, its slaughter seems insignificant besides that of the Apulian field. Nor was Cannae singular. The battles and the wars of old were, as a general rule, more numerous and more deadly than those of modern times. The broadsword and the pike did greater havoc than the rifle and the machine gun. So, in a strange way, do deadly inventions lessen mortality, and so, with a strange literalness, does civilization get forward upon a powder cart.—New York Tribune.

The Sand Man's Town

Come cuddle your head on my breast, little boy,
And cover your drowsy eyes,
And we'll away from the land of day
To the dreamland in the skies.
By the Shut-Eye route we will go, little boy,
As the purpling sun sinks down
And flashes its beams in golden streams
And silvery shafts, to the land of dreams,
That borders the Sand Man's town.

With your dear hands folded in mine, little boy,
We will travel to that land fair,
Where the rose-bloom smiles in the leafy aisles
And the bird song fills the air.
The sleepship waits at the port, little boy,
With its snowy pinions a-gleam,
And its prow points straight for the golden gate,
So let's go aboard or we may be late
For the wonderful land of dream.

Then, away o'er rosy sea, little boy,
By the light of the old north star,
While the sunset dies in the golden skies,
We'll sail for that land afar.
O, list to the gentle splash, little boy,
Of the waves against the strand,
As they swiftly ride o'er the crimson tide,
While peacefully over their crest, we glide
Toward the beautiful slumber land!

The silvery moon hangs low, little boy,

When the harbor bar is passed,
To the joyous strain of a sweet refrain,
And we anchor in port at last,
Then the sand man leads us ashore, little boy,
To his beautiful castle there,
In a shady dell, where his minions dwell,
And over the land weave a magic spell
Of enchantment everywhere.

Then, out for a trip we will go, little boy,
Through this wonderful land of dream,
And, side by side, we will take a ride
Down a roadway of chocolate cream.
There are bonbon trees everywhere, little boy,
And an ice cream soda lake,
While the walks are made and the highways laid
With cinnamon drops of a crimson shade,
And curbings of layer cake.

When the first faint flush tints the sky, little boy,
And crimson the peaceful bay,
The ship's bell rings and the sand man sings:
"All aboard for the land of day!"
Then, out with the flowing tide, little boy,
And over the spray and foam,
While the pale stars gleam and the moon rays beam
With a silvery light on the rippling stream,
Till the harbor bells ring "Home!"
—New York Tribune.

Logic of the Savage

Lord Lyveden and his party of English tourists were recently entertained in New York. Lord Lyveden, who has traveled all over the world, narrated at a dinner some of his adventures. At one point he said:

"I used to know in Australia an intelligent and interesting missionary. He and I were talking one day about the natives of New Guinea, and he told me how one of these natives had stumped him in a certain argument.

"It seems that he had accosted the native, and urged him to let himself be civilized.

"But what good," the native asked, "will this civilization of yours do me?"

"Well," said the missionary, "you will cease, for one thing, to idle all

your time away. You will learn the delights of honest labor."

"What good will the labor do me?"

"Through it you will gradually accumulate money, and in time, with frugality, you will possess much store of honestly acquired riches."

"The native was still unconvinced. 'What good will the riches do me?' was his next question.

"They," said the missionary, "will enable you to cease from work at last, and to spend the rest of your days in well-earned rest."

"The native laughed.

"It seems to me," he said, "that, if I did as you say, I would be taking a mighty roundabout course to get to the place I started from."



TICKLE GRASS

BY
BYRON WILLIAMS

Joy in Your Heart.

Jest hum a chune as yer pluggin' along;
Joy in yer heart as ye carol yer song!
Sobs only jiggle de load on yer back!
Doan help ter lighten de weight o' yer pack!

No sense ter pine er be downcast 'th
woe;
All folkes got they's own ga'den ter hoe!
Roll up yo eyes at de heavens o' blue—
This am de glory fer me and fer you!

Suggestive.

On our way downtown this morn-
ing we saw a doctor's sign. It read:

: Phil Graves, M. D. :

Now what do you think of that?

Traveling broadens the mind, educates it from exclusiveness and egotism, and fills it with a storehouse of knowledge. Travel wipes out false imagination, gives reality and provides one with ever-ready and entertaining manners. Who would not travel? Where are you going the Fourth?

Testifying in her suit for breach of promise a fair Kansas plaintiff said of the cruel defendant's first kiss: "When he kissed me for the first time he said it was the sweetest kiss he ever had. It took him about an hour to kiss me." Mercy! but there was a lot of fight in him, wasn't there?

In Detroit, says a local paper, the fire plugs have been painted red. In New York city roans and bays still predominate, but there's sixty-four white horses on the force and they call for red hald accessories. Otherwise Detroit leads!



TAKING A CHANCE.

Bath tubs are being imported from Germany. What's the reason? Is not the American make slippery enough?

The Summer Vacation.

Beside the billowed lake they sit—
O'erhead the glories of the skies—
Or, screened from view, as boarders pass,
They read love's answer in the eyes!

He holds her hand in warm caress,
The color surges in her cheeks—
Her gown is wrinkled in a mess
Beneath his arm, which waistward seeks!

The sun sinks lowly to its bed,
The world is all a golden hue!
Upon his shoulder rests her head—
And oh! her eyes are blue and true!

Ah! gladsome, joyous country days,
When willing Love the landlord pays!

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a Russian village passed,
A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,

"Tscheroffitchskivotch."

And that's the end of the poem, because the Japs got him before he reached the second stanza.

It was a Michigan editor who received this notice: "Notise, I lke Pickins won't pa noe dets conetracted by mi wif, Mary Pickins. She haz quit me cold an I ain't makin a bizness of suportin fikel wimen!"

Indiana society belles are making their own gowns, and Pittsburg society women are baking bread. Now, if Illinois girls will begin to sew on buttons, we know of several susceptible bachelors who may be hoodwinked!