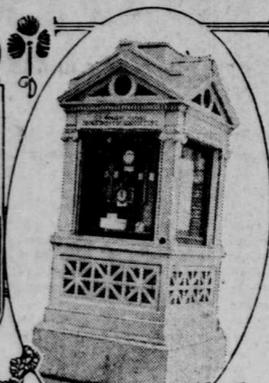


FORECASTING STORMS, FROSTS AND FLOODS



CENTRAL OFFICE WEATHER BUREAU WASHINGTON, D.C.



WEATHER KIOSK IN WASHINGTON

MONTEREY, Colic, Dalmatian, seaman, ensue, dubbed. "Why, certainly, help yourself, glad to know you, sir, or anything else you wish. That's about what you would say to anyone who stepped up to you on the street with a knowing air and delivered himself of the above quotation. There would be just a chance that he was kidding if he pulled it verbally, but if he sent it to you via wireless—well, there would be but one answer, "bughouse."

At least that would be your natural surmise, and you little know how wrong you would be. For instance, the government weather bureau at Washington receives just such messages every day in the year. And the weather bureau men know that these apparently "dippy" messages are really an important part of a great and intricate system which Uncle Sam supports to tell the people of the United States what the day is going to bring forth in the matter of weather.

As a matter of fact, "Colic, Dalmatian," etc., when translated, signifies that the steamer Monterey is saying that at 7:00 a. m. on the seventh of the month, she is in latitude 22 degrees 52 minutes; that the barometer is 30.64, the temperature 80; that the wind is northeast, blowing 14 miles an hour, and that the sky is clear. Rather an original and unique way of saying it, is it not?

It is a mighty slick little organization, this weather bureau of the department of agriculture. It keeps a small army of experts busy from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight every day in the year keeping track of just what Old Man Weather is up to, cataloguing all his idiosyncrasies and doping out what new caper he is about to cut up.

No ghost of an atmospheric disturbance, no storm wrath or cold wave apparition can stalk abroad in any cranny of the states, nowadays, without being instantly pounced upon by the nearest bureau, and its would-be secret maneuvers spread broadcast to other stations that they may expect its coming and set in motion their machinery for doping out the exact time of its appearance. It was only comparatively recently that the efficiency of the weather bureau was enhanced by an arrangement between the department and many of the big steamship lines to send semi-daily weather reports from vessels at sea beyond a distance of 75 miles from port.

Many people have an idea that there is something mysterious and occult about the work of the weather bureau in forecasting the coming of storms, frosts and floods. No, a few think that the observers must necessarily get their data by reading the planets, the stars and the moon. As a matter of fact the forecaster of the bureau foretells the coming of disturbances in a businesslike way, very similar to that in which a man who has ordered a shipment of goods would estimate the date of its arrival.

Suppose a business man had ordered a carload of pineapples from the Hawaiian Islands. He would know the average time it would take the steamer to make the trip to the Pacific port, the average time for unloading and loading into refrigerator cars, and the average number of days to be allowed these cars for their trip across the continent to New York. His estimate, however, would be subject to error, because the steamship might be delayed by fog, or the cars might meet with an accident.

Storms, like pineapples, as a rule do not originate in the United States. They come to us some from the Philippines, Japan, Siberia, Alaska, Canada or the Gulf of Mexico. The weather bureau gets cable, telegraphic or wireless notice of a foreign storm. Station after station, or vessel after vessel reports the storm's arrival in its neighborhood, so that the general direction and rate of progress can be determined very early. In fact, the

arrival of some storms can be foretold ten days in advance.

The forecasters watch for the region of low barometer, which is the storm center around which the winds blow. This whirl or eddy moves bodily forward with the general eastward drift of about 650 miles a day in our latitudes. As the lines of equal pressure (isobars) around the low center crowd closer together, the winds attending the storm increase in force. The forecaster determines the direction of movement of the storm and its velocity.

When weather disturbances are reported, the forecasters know from experience about how long it takes them to reach our Pacific coast, and then how long after they will reach the Atlantic coast. For example, if a storm coming from Siberia drifts eastward around the North pole and reappears in Alaska, it should appear in Washington and Oregon in about two days; should get to the great lakes in six days and to the Atlantic coast in seven or eight days.

Unexpected conditions may delay storms or divert them from the straight track just as a refrigerator car may be thrown off its schedule or road. Some of these storms deplete themselves by running into regions of high barometer and extent than the storm itself. Some of them, however, travel completely around the world.

To keep tab on cold waves that come into the United States from Canada and Alaska, the weather bureau studies the Canadian weather reports. England sends reports from Iceland, the British islands and continental Europe, and daily reports come from St. Petersburg on the conditions in Russia and Siberia.

The same businesslike system used

in tracing the track of a storm is applied in determining the arrival of frosts.

Flood forecasts are made in much the same way. Information as to the amount of rainfall at the head waters of streams that cause floods are covered by telegraphic reports sent by local observers. As this rain reaches the main channel, the height of the water in the channel is determined by successive gauging stations. Past records establish how much height, say of 20 feet at Dubuque, Iowa, will produce at Davenport, another station 80 miles down the Mississippi. This plan is followed all the way down the river, and at each point full allowance is made for the effects of water from tributaries, and from additional and local rainfall. As a result of these observations in the recent flood, the people of Cairo had warning a week or ten days in advance. The Pittsburgh district can be given only 12 to 24 hours' notice, because a flood is upon them within 24 hours after a heavy rainstorm.

To carry on this work of forecasting storms, frosts and floods, there are established throughout the United States 200 branch bureaus, each with apparatus for measuring rainfall, wind, etc., and with a circulating system of information between them that twice every 24 hours swaps observations, each with the other 199.

Briefly, forecasting of the modern school is resolved into watching the course of great disturbances and calculating their probable movements and the time it will take them to cover given distances. But then there is a good deal of the forecaster's work more subtle than this. For instance, it recently has been discovered that there is a remarkable interplay between atmospheric phenomena in widely separated regions. The state of the barometer in Siberia in winter is found to be related in an intimate way to the existence and progress of storms in the United States at the same time. And now the modern forecasters are reaching out into other continents for their storm warnings and prognostications.

LOTS OF BUYERS LIKE THAT

Man's Complaint That He Never Gets Quite What He Wants is a Pretty General One.

"I never buy what I want!" explained Trazler to his friend, Ebsan. "Every time I buy anything, no matter what, I hardly get home before I think of something else that I need worse and that I could have bought with the same or less money. Sometimes I can figure out three or four things I really need that the same money would have bought."

"There is the library table that I have needed so long. The time for it never comes—yet I paid \$18 for photographs the other day. I could have bought the library table for that money. I could have paid the laundry bill with that \$18."

"There is truth in what you say," murmured Ebsan sadly. "I went without a phone in my house for eight years and spent the money I could have used to pay phone rent in making monthly payments on an encyclopedia! Can you beat that?"

"Many a time I hurried over to the neighbor's phone in my bathrobe and slippers when I could have had a phone right in my own bathroom, and so could have gone along with my ablutions while the boss complained over the phone about my latest blunder."

"In your bathroom?"

"Sure. I never took a bath in my life without some one calling me on some urgent matter. So my phone is

in my bathroom now. I stopped payments on the encyclopedia and had a phone put in."

"But it has turned out now that I need the encyclopedia worse than I do the phone. That's the way it always is. Every time I go to take a bath now some neighbor is stricken with paralysis or some other calamity and the family has to use my phone instantly. So I have to don my dressing gown and duck into my room while the family's representative tells doctors, nurses and relatives about it."

"Even so, why do you need the encyclopedia?"

"To fill up the bookcase that Uncle Hitbottle gave me for Christmas."

Banded Against Napoleon. One hundred years ago Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia concluded the treaty of Chaumont, so called after the French town where the allied sovereigns then had their headquarters. Fearing the disputes might break up the coalition when its object—the overthrow of Napoleon—was all but accomplished, Lord Castlereagh, the British plenipotentiary, proposed to conclude a treaty among the four great powers which should bind them solemnly to one another, at first until the conclusion of the existing war, and then for 20 years afterward. The treaty of Chaumont, however, was soon after succeeded by that of Paris, signed April 11, 1814, by which Napoleon renounced his sovereignty.

a fur box, which any West end lady would envy, of squirrel skins, gray and white, the toilet being completed possibly—for all European garments were fashionable—by one of Mrs. Dan Crauford's skirts specially lent for the occasion.

Underworld Assurance. "We have a number of blue laws in this town," said the police officer, warningly. "Blue?" exclaimed the elegant crook. "My favorite color!"

Returned to Life in Coffin. To be buried alive in the cemetery of Hochwald, in the canton of Solerue, was the fate of an elderly Swiss lady. After the burial ceremony the grave diggers were about to fill in the grave when they heard knocking in the coffin. Instead of rendering immediate help they fled in terror to inform the doctor and the priest. When the coffin arrived at the grave the doctor was opened and it was found that the woman, who had turned over, had died.

WAS THE OLD STORY

By HAROLD CARTER.

"William," said the farmer's wife gently, coming up to where he sat and placing her arm round his neck, "what are you going to do about Bessie and her little girl?"

The old man looked up angrily. "Do!" he repeated in a dull, mechanical way. "What do you suppose I am going to do? Nothing."

"But we can't let her starve, dear." "She would have let me starve," answered William Ives, staring into the fire. "If there hadn't been minerals on that piece of land I owned and sold, Mary, where would we be now? In the poorhouse. I gave my best years to her and now—no, let her earn her own living."

"But the board won't appoint a married woman as a teacher when she has a child, even if her husband is dead, William," said the anxious mother. "Won't you help her?"

"No," said her husband finally. Everyone in Locust knew the story. Commonplace enough, it was yet essentially one that finds its yearly equivalent in a thousand homes. William Ives and his wife had scraped for years, impoverishing their scanty resources, to put their child through college. When she had secured an appointment as teacher she was to repay them by helping support them. Five years had passed since Bessie's graduation, and for a few months she had contributed to the family income. Then—she had given up her position to marry a poor writer.

John Turner was consumptive when she married him, and soon the disease had him in its full grasp. He took his wife and baby west and died there. Bessie had come back to Locust to secure a position as teacher. But the new board had passed stringent rules born out of the over-supply of teachers, and under these Bessie was unequivocally debarred. She had not gone home; she was staying with an old-time friend who had taken pity on her and the little girl and given them temporary shelter.

"It isn't as if I had wanted to send her to college," muttered the old man. "I ain't hard. I meant to treat the girl well, and when she pleaded

and pleaded I couldn't resist her. But what gratitude did she show me?"

"Year, it was to be expected," said his wife. "Every girl thinks of marriage, college or no college."

"Let her starve," answered the farmer shortly.

But he slept little that night and sighed next morning as he went out to his fields.

The mother had seen the daughter. She had visited her without telling her husband. William Ives labored hard under his grievance. He was difficult to turn. The mother's heart was bleeding, but she could do nothing.

"If only he could see little Minnie he might feel differently," she mused, kissing the child.

"Where do 'oo live, gramma?" inquired Minnie, clutching at the old woman's skirts.

"In the big white house over yonder," answered the old woman sadly.

"Then byembye me an' mamma come to see you," said little Minnie gravely, and the farmer's wife turned her face away.

Days passed. She had not dared renew the discussion with her husband. All the village was talking about the situation; most blamed the father, but a few thought he was acting rightly. This was the conservative element, the older folks who were still unreconciled to the higher education of women.

It was about a week after her conversation with her husband that Mary Ives heard him calling angrily from the front porch, on which he sat after his supper, to smoke and read. She hurried out of the house, to see the old man glaring at the child.

"'Oo! You speak just like a big bear, gramma," lisped Minnie.

"Take her away!" shouted Ives in exasperation. "You can't fool me by any such trick as that, Mary."

"What do you mean?" faltered his wife.

"You know what I mean. You hatched this scheme with that girl that used to be mine. Thought you would soften the old man's heart by patching up a clumsy, worn-out trick like that, didn't you?" he sneered.

"'Oo-oo-oo!" mocked the child. "Speak like a bear again, gramma!"

She stood in front of him, gazing up into his face with childish rapture. Evidently she mistook the old farmer's angry tones for playful growls, and was mightily amused thereby.

"Come here!" said the old man, looking at her ferociously. "Who told you to come here to me?"

"Me told me," said little Minnie. "Gramma said 'oo live in the big white house. Me come."

The man smiled bitterly. "So your grandmother put you up to this trick, did she?" he asked. "Do you know who I am?"

"'Es. 'Oo gramma," said the child, nestling confidently against his knee.

William Ives was bewildered. In spite of his hardness and of his resolution a new tenderness was creeping into his heart. The little creature was singularly like his daughter, as she had been at that age. He could picture Bessie perfectly in his mind's eye when she was four. He used to sit out there on the same porch, smoking his pipe and listening to her childish prattle; but how different had been his thoughts then! How high his hopes had been! Bessie was his first-born; there had been a boy, but he had died and all his pride had centered in the girl after his son's death.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" the old man asked the child. He spoke in a mechanical way, hardly knowing what he said, because he was fighting hard to keep back the flood of tenderness that brimmed over within him.

"Me go to college," lisped Minnie. "Me go to mamma's college!"

William Ives let his pipe fall from his hand and his eyes became suddenly dim. So it was the old story all over again, and the younger generation was dreaming the same dreams and hoping the same hopes when his old life was broken.

"William!" said his wife appealingly. "Send her home, then, but don't be angry with her, poor little mite."

"You hear that?" asked the old man of the child. "You go home now and—tell your mother supper's waiting for her. Do you understand, my dear?" he continued, taking her in his arms and kissing her in a shamefaced manner.

The child toddled away happily. But the old man sat very silently upon the porch.

"I guess I've been wrong, mother," he said at length, huskily. "We've had our day and we mustn't expect the younger people to think about us. I guess—I guess we can afford another college course, whether we live to see it through or not—eh, mother?"

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OWE THEIR RICHES TO LUCK

Stories of Fortunate Miners Who Have Gathered Wealth From Supposedly Worthless Claims.

It is strange how often the miner makes a fortune out of an abandoned or almost abandoned claim.

There was such a case at Waarn Yarra, in Australia, in May, 1903. Two Kingston miners bought an old claim for a song, and found it in such bad condition that it needed timbering all through. One wanted to give it up, but the other suggested that they might try their luck for a day or two. So they took some props down and set to work.

The first man stuck his pick into the clay roof to make a hole for a prop, and down fell a large stone almost on his head. But it was not a stone. It was a nugget of pure gold weighing 118 ounces.

The richest copper mine in the world is the United Verde, in Arizona. It was originally found by a couple of ranchmen who sold it for \$10,000 to two men named Murray and Trimble.

They worked it and found little copper, and were absolutely at the end of their resources when they struck a pocket, not of copper, but silver ore, which netted them a sum of \$80,000.

They came to an end of the silver and abandoned the mine as worthless. Another man came down from Montana and bought the old claim for a few hundred dollars. He struck the real vein of copper, and within ten years it made him one of the richest men in the world. In a single twelvemonth he took out copper valued at \$12,000,000.

This calls to mind the even more famous Mt. Morgan gold mine. The first owner of the land was Donald Gordon, who grazed his flocks above Untold and unknown riches, and sold the land for \$5 an acre to two brothers named Morgan.

They set to work, and the quartz panned out up to 800 ounces of gold to the ton. In 1889 \$5,000,000 was distributed to the shareholders. One shareholder left a fortune of \$11,355,000.

Gradually the gold quartz petered out, and the Mt. Morgan mine was supposed to be dead.

Then a clever mineralogist, poking about the half-deserted works, realized that there was more copper than gold. In 1906 the mine was reborn as a copper producer, and a new process was discovered for extracting gold from the copper. Today Mt. Morgan is still going strong.

Musical Truism.

Walter Damrosch recounted to an orchestra leader the theme of a new opera that he thought of writing. "Such an opera would be beautiful," said the orchestra leader, "but I'm afraid it wouldn't go in New York."

"Why not?" the composer demanded.

"Because, with that plot your first and last acts would contain your finest music. Well, you know the New Yorker never sees the first act of an opera because he arrives too late. Neither does he see the last act because he hurries out long before the curtain goes down. So, unless you can put all your most effective music in your second and third acts, you won't succeed in New York."

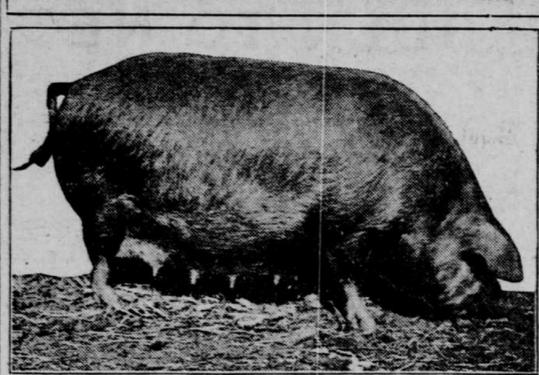
Italy's Trade Balance.

According to recent statistics just issued Italy's total imports for the year 1913 amounted to \$727,654,118 and the exports to \$500,782,724. While imports have diminished exports have increased and by comparing these figures with those for the previous year an improvement of about \$36,000,000 is noticeable in Italy's commercial balance during the last year.

To Fly to Peking.

The Russian government has authorized the French aviator Janoir, now in charge of organization of Russian military aviation, to attempt a St. Petersburg-Peking flight in May. The distance is 11,000 versts. He will travel alone on a Russian machine of 80 horsepower and hopes to do the journey in a month.

PRACTICAL HINTS PICKED UP IN HOG YARD



Fine Matured Sow—The Right Sort for Breeding.

(By HENRY G. GROWN.)

For many years I have followed the method of allowing my pigs to run with the sows as long as the sows will permit them. My theory is that sows are made for that purpose, and I see no reason why young pigs should be taken away from their mother as long as she has milk for them. The more milk the pigs get, the better it is for them.

I use matured sows for breeding, and try to have them in very good flesh at farrowing time, but not fat. They do not get too thin from suckling, and very often come in season in time to breed for fall litters, before pigs are weaned.

Another thing: I feed my pigs nearly all the corn they will eat, although I know this practice is condemned by many hog raisers. When they are very young, I give them a little slop made of shorts, water and a bit of oil-meal.

I feed the pigs in an inclosure by themselves, and never give more at one time than they will clean up. I feed them a little slop all through the summer, and give them a free run of the pasture. I take care that they have all the sweet grass they can eat, clover and alfalfa.

They root up the alfalfa slightly, but

KEEP ALL STRAW FOR STOCK FEED

FOR STOCK FEED

With Silage, Roots or Grain It Makes Good Ration—Also Valuable Fertilizer.

Many farmers do not realize to what extent straw is valuable, or how to make the best use of it. Large quantities of straw have been burned, in the past, as the easiest method of disposal, but from now on it will be used to a great extent with silage, roots, grain and the like. In using it with silage it serves a double purpose—it helps keep certain kinds of silage from spoiling in the silo, and it is a good filler for stock feeding.

Straw is especially poor in crude protein and fat, and rich in cellulose, or woody fiber. This makes it particularly useful in the winter time for horses and cattle, as it requires a great deal of energy to masticate, digest, and pass it through the body, thus keeping the animal warm. Wheat straw is being used at the present time, along with other feeds. The cattle are eating quite a large amount of this straw and have gained in weight. Oats straw is far more nutritious than wheat straw and is much preferred by stock.

After stock have been allowed to run to a straw pile, the straw will soon decay and contain a considerable amount of droppings from the animals, which makes it valuable as a fertilizer. Wheat straw makes excellent bedding material, as it does not break up badly, and will absorb more moisture than either oats or rye straw.

Wheat straw is often used by manufacturers for packing purposes. It is also used in the paper industry. If a farmer has a large amount of straw and has good shipping facilities, he may be able to dispose of it at a profit.

WHITEWASHING IS EXCELLENT HABIT

One of Old-Time Customs Which the Present Generation Might Profitably Follow.

The old-fashioned New England habit of whitewashing everything, from the front yard fence to the stable, at least twice a year, was a most excellent one, and is one of the old-time customs which the present generation might well adopt.

The following is the recipe for making whitewash published by the United States department of agriculture:

Slake half a bushel of unslaked lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt, dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice put in boiling water and boiled to a thin paste; half a pound of Spanish whiting, and a pound of clear glue, dissolved in warm water. Mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used put it on as hot as possible with painters' or whitewash brushes.

Mineral Matter for Flock.

Scientists tell us that there is often more mineral matter removed from a fleece of wool than is contained in the sheep's entire body from which the wool is clipped; hence the necessity of a ration with plenty of mineral matter in order to supply material for this superior wool growing.

Avoiding Scaly Leg.

Don't allow your chickens to have scaly legs. Clean and apply a good disinfectant, then rub in plenty of good grease.

New Bird Reservations.

During the past year seven new national bird reservations were established by the United States government, making a total of 63 to date. The new ones are as follows: Chamisso Island, in Alaska; Pishkun, in Montana; Desecheo Island, in Porto Rico; Gravel Island, on Green bay in Wisconsin; Aleutian Islands, in Alaska; Walker lake, in Arkansas, and Pettit Bois Island, in Alabama. These new reservations are important breeding sites for certain species of wild birds.

I did not believe they would do any permanent damage to it until the last year or two, when I became convinced that it would not do to pasture alfalfa, and I now keep my pigs out of it. I am satisfied that pasturing alfalfa to either pigs or hogs will cause it to run out.

I begin to feed oats to the pigs as soon as harvest comes on. They eat it with a relish, and I find it one of the best foods I can use to give the pigs stamina and start them on the road to fattening.

When the corn is past the roasting ear period, I begin to feed them that very lightly at first, gradually increasing the ration, until the late corn is ripe. I always feed some oats or old corn along with the green corn, and have never had any trouble from thumps.

I consider it very important to feed the pigs in dry warm quarters, and never allow them to stray out in the cold, wet rain. I have good shade in the pasture under which they can lie during the very hot weather.

I spray my hog houses regularly twice a year, and keep them white-washed inside and out, and have never been troubled with lice on my place. I raise from 50 to 75 hogs every year, feeding them what I raise on the farm, and always manage to make a profit.

ALFALFA PASTURE FOR LIVE STOCK

FOR LIVE STOCK

Has Higher Feeding Value When Cut at an Early Stage—Better to Feed Than Sell.

Alfalfa is invaluable as a pasture for live stock. For hog pasture it is especially so. Ten pounds of green alfalfa produces one pound of pork. Figuring on this basis, an acre of green alfalfa, weighing 20,000 pounds, will make 2,000 pounds of pork which, at five cents a pound, is worth \$100. This estimate is true when corn and alfalfa are fed together.

Alfalfa has a higher feeding value when cut at an early stage of maturity, about one-tenth in bloom, than when out in full bloom. It contains more nutrient value, pound for pound, than any other forage crop, being almost equal to wheat bran in digestible nutrients. Alfalfa compares favorably with cottonseed meal, soy beans and wheat bran in amount of digestible protein. Since the price of these concentrates is higher than the price of alfalfa, it is cheaper and more profitable to feed alfalfa.

The best way for the farmer to market alfalfa hay is in the form of horses, hogs, beef, mutton or dairy products. Such products are easily taken to the market, and the manure, which may be returned to the soil, is almost equal in value to the hay itself. Under all conditions, it is better to feed alfalfa to live stock than to sell it as a marketable product. It is advisable for the farmer to sell his hay only when he has more than enough to feed his live stock.

BUILDING A RACK FOR HAULING WOOD

FOR HAULING WOOD

Use Two Pieces of Very Strong Wood and Have Blacksmith Make Standard Sockets.

(By W. H. UNDERWOOD.)

Take two 4 by 5 pieces of very strong wood not less than eleven feet long and not more than twelve and cut a notch so as to fit down over hind bolster of wagon to prevent rack from slipping backward or forward. Use four or six standards on each side and the same number of cross pieces and at the same places make sure that the standard in going down through the standard socket catches and presses against the end of the cross piece. Make standards three and one-half feet long. They may be afterwards cut off if desired. Have a blacksmith make standard sockets from old wagon tires to admit a standard one and one-half by four inches and with bolt holes for one-half inch bolts. Bolt all cross pieces firmly. Have wagon nearby when making rack and have the rack go as far forward as possible so that when it is turned so that front wheels strike the side rail on one side and the other wheel will just miss the front end of the other side rail, and also the front standard pocket. Boards may be used on the wagon to get these measurements.

EXTRAORDINARY DISHES

Mrs. Dan Crauford, whose book, "Thinking Back," has created considerable controversy, mentioned some extraordinary Central African "dishes" in the course of a recent lecture. These included stewed elephant's trunk, roast rhinoceros foot, boiled hippo tongue (stewed 48 hours to make it tender), roast wild donkey, stewed monkey, roast water rat head, tail and all, and the luscious morsel, which a chief provided as a state delicacy, of a mess of thousands of white ants, fried in their own fat, like a sort of Central African whitebait. Also there was a special dish, much favored, of starchy boiled grass, "green and glutinous."

Mrs. Crauford also told of the Central African "knuts." The young bridegroom wore a neckpiece of teeth and hairs of the elephant's tail, and

erately fashioning metrical fragments for preludes to his Indian tales, struck a note seldom sustained in his completed compositions.

Who was Daffy-down-Dilly, and what did she do when she came to town? Was Jumping Joan flesh, fairy or symbol? Would we laugh or cry, did we understand the fantastic apparition of Banbury Cross? Why did Margery Daw sell her bed and lie upon straw, and was there not something behind the appearance of her purely eccentric depravity?—Century.

Who Was Daffy-Down-Dilly? Mother Goose, like all world poets, never told