

BETZVILLE TALES

Pilgath Gubb's Auto-House

By Ellis Parker Butler
Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

Among the citizens of Betzville Pilgath Gubb stands out prominently for thoughtfulness, and it is largely because he once had a grandfather. That grandfather of his is why Pilgath is so far-seeing. In every action of Pilgath's life he remembered his grandfather, and many of us would be better off if we did the same.

The reason Pilgath dug his well right alongside his barn was because he remembered that once his grandfather had fallen off the barn and had broken his arm, and Pilgath figured that if he should happen to fall off his barn he might break his arm, too, but that if he had a good, deep well alongside his barn and fell off the barn into the well instead of onto the hard ground, the water would break the fall. It was 30 feet from the top of the barn to the ground, and the well Pilgath dug was 40 feet deep, and so, one day, when Pilgath did fall off the barn into the well, he went down 30 feet into the water, and was so nearly drowned that it took five hours and three quarts of whisky to bring him to. He saw immediately that if he fell off the barn into the water a few more times he would be totally drowned to death, so he fixed that by pumping all the water out of the well and plugging up the spring in the bottom. After that there was no danger of his being drowned, but the next time he fell off the barn he fell clear to the bottom of the well, 70 feet, and broke two arms and a collar bone. Pilgath was a very thoughtful, foresighted man.

When Pilgath got married and started to build a house he remembered that his grandfather had once built a house, and then had sold the lot the house was on and had moved his house onto another lot, and that moving the house was a lot of work. So Pilgath, being a thoughtful, foresighted man, decided he would have no trouble of that kind, and that he would build his house so that if he ever wanted to move it he could move it without any trouble at all. The only way he could think of to do this was to have the house mounted on wheels, and have a good, strong automobile engine built under the front porch, with a tank of gasoline in the attic over the girl's room. He saved quite a sum on the wheels by using eight old millstones that he had inherited from his grandmother on his father's side, and he got a fine old storage battery at less than cost from Aunt Rhinocolura Betts, who had used it for her rheumatism. There wasn't any electricity in the battery, but Pilgath figured he could get it filled



As Soon as the Rain Slackened a Bit He Took a Look Around, and He Saw the House, About Twelve Miles Out on the Prairie, Revolving in Circles.

when moving time came. The crank to crank up the engine, stuck out at one side of the porch, and was soon covered with Virginia creepers, so the house looked like an everyday house. No one would have thought it was an autohouse.

The last person in the world to think it would have been Pilgath's second wife. Her name was Arbutus Ann, and she was a timid little thing, and crawled under the bed every time it thundered. She was so afraid of thunder that she crawled under the bed every time a wagon rumbled across the Two Mile bridge, and when traffic was heavy, at fair time, she staid under the bed permanently, and Pilgath had to bring her meals to her on a tray.

Last Wednesday at four o'clock a terrific thunder storm struck Betzville, and Arbutus Ann went under the bed. Pilgath was in the barn, but he started for the house on a run, for

he knew how frightened Arbutus Ann would be, but when he was half way to the house there was a tremendous stroke of lightning that almost blinded him. At that he sprinted harder than ever, although the rain was pouring down so that he could not see a yard in front of his nose. He ran swiftly, but in a few minutes he began to get scared, for he had not reached the house, and he let out a few more laps of speed. And still he did not reach the house. Then he was certainly frightened.

A very simple thing had happened. The lightning had hit the chimney and had knocked off a brick, and the brick had fallen on the crank handle and had given it a turn, which cranked up the engine, and the lightning had at the same instant buried itself in the storage battery, filling it with electricity, so that it began to spark regularly and explode the gasoline in the cylinders, and the house had moved away from where it had been. The house had an excellent engine, and it was geared high. It was geared to run about 50 miles an hour on the first speed.

As soon as Pilgath realized this he doubled his speed, for he was afraid the house might meet with an accident. He felt perfectly secure as to the wheels, for it is harder to puncture millstones than rubber tires, but he had an inkling that a frame house traveling at 50 miles an hour should have some one at the steering wheel.

As soon as the rain slackened a bit he took a look around, and he saw the house, about 12 miles out of the prairie, revolving in circles, and he started off for it with his tongue hanging out, but just before he reached it the house took a new tack and started south by west at 50 miles an hour, and in two minutes it was out of sight over Reynolds' hill. Pilgath said he never was so proud of anything in his life as the way that autohouse took that hill on first speed. When he got to the top of the hill he could only see a cloud of dust in the southwest, about 52 miles away. He said that cloud of dust assured him that the storm had been merely local.

Pilgath wants to announce that if anyone finds a house running around loose, with a wife under the bed in the first bedroom at the top of the stairs, to the left as you go up, that wife is his. He says any doubt on the subject may be removed by making a sound like thunder. Hammering on a tin waiter will do. If, at the sound, the wife backs so far under the bed that she can only be reached with a broom, there need be no doubt that her name is Arbutus Ann Gubb. The finder will please feed her until called for.

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Fine Brazilian Oranges.
Travelers and connoisseurs who have tasted all the fruits of the world are of one voice and rap opinion in pronouncing the oranges of Bahia, Brazil, the sovereign lord and king of all fruits. The dreamed-of apples of Hesperides no more touch the realization and surprise these oranges bring than a crow touches a channel-crossing flying machine. The Bahian orange is not only a gastronomic surprise, but a startling awakening of the mind to something new and strange. Like the first touch of love's young dream, one cannot all at once realize that life and the world could contain anything so deliciously sweet and perfect.—New York Press.

Notes from the Basswood Bugle.
Our school teacher is just cutting a wisdom tooth. By jing! nobody is more entitled to one than she is.

Hod Peters' youngest swallowed the coal-stove shaker the other day, and Hod says he ought to grow up to be quite an athlete, as he has so much iron in his system.

A mail sack which was knocked off from No. 6 the other night thudded down Amariah Tilson's barber pole, three blocks up the street, and upset Grandma Whipple, who was on her way home from the sewin' circle. Grandma says free mail delivery is a good thing, but there is such a thing as gettin' too free with it.—Judge.

Easy.
"George Washington never told a lie."
"Aw, that was easy; there wasn't no ball games them days."

Of Course Not.
The end-seat hog is back again. He gets the choicest seat. Now, sausage-me of end-seat hogs, would not be fit to eat.

The Flounder.
Some authorities say the flounder is only a codfish with a flattened head.

TRADE WINDS IN TWO OCEANS

Peculiar Action of Air Currents Most Noted in the Atlantic and Pacific.

Constant winds are usually called trade winds. When the surface heat of the sun is roughly speaking, a whole zone, as in the case of the tropics, a surface wind will set in toward the heated tropical zone from both sides, and, settling, will ascend, and then separating will flow as upper currents in opposite directions. Hence a surface current will flow from the higher latitude toward the equator, and an upper current toward the poles. If, then, the earth were at rest, a north wind would prevail in the northern half of the globe, and a south wind in the southern half. But these directions are modified by the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east. In virtue of this rotation objects on the earth's surface at the equator are carried round from the east at the rate of 17 miles a minute. But as we recede from the equator, this velocity is continually diminished; at latitude 60

degrees it is only eight and a half miles per minute, or half of the velocity at the equator, and at the poles it is nothing. A wind, therefore, blowing along the earth's surface to the equator is continually arriving at places which have a greater velocity than itself. Hence the wind will lag behind, that is, will come up against places toward which it blows. In consequence, the wind north of the equator is under the influence of two forces—one drawing it west—it will, by the law of composition of forces, flow in an intermediate direction, that is, from northeast to northwest. All observations confirm this reasoning. From the great services that these winds render to navigation they have been called the trade winds. It is only in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans that the trade winds have their full scope

Rapid Telegraphy.
In recent trials of the Pollak-Viras high-speed telegraph between Berlin and Konigsberg, a distance of 430 miles, 2,800 distinctly recorded words were transmitted in five minutes.

CHICAGO'S NEW LIBRARIAN

Henry E. Legler of Milwaukee Assumes New Position at Salary of \$6,000 Annually.

Chicago.—Freer use of books and better facilities for getting them are two of the reforms which book lovers may expect to follow shortly upon the advent of Henry E. Legler, who has entered upon his new duties as public librarian of Chicago. The former Wisconsin newspaperman, who is the administrative head of Chicago's public library, lost no time in going to work to earn the \$6,000 salary the board voted him. Arriving in Chicago on an early morning train from his home in Milwaukee, Librarian Legler hurried at once to the beautiful building on Michigan avenue which is to be his workshop and began at once to knuckle down to his task.

The new librarian consented to outline his plans only after expressly



Henry E. Legler.

providing that nothing he should say might be construed as criticism of his predecessor.

"The principal aim of a librarian is to get the books under his charge into the hands of the people who want them with the greatest degree of facility commensurate with proper preservation of the books themselves," declared Librarian Legler. "As rapidly as the finances will allow I believe in extending the free-delivery stations. The number of branch libraries ought also to be increased. Free home delivery has been tried in a few cities, but it is not yet necessary for Chicago and does not compare with other and more urgent needs for what money Chicago has to expend on its public library. With the help of the school officials it is our hope that the circulation of books in the juvenile department may be increased to a great extent."

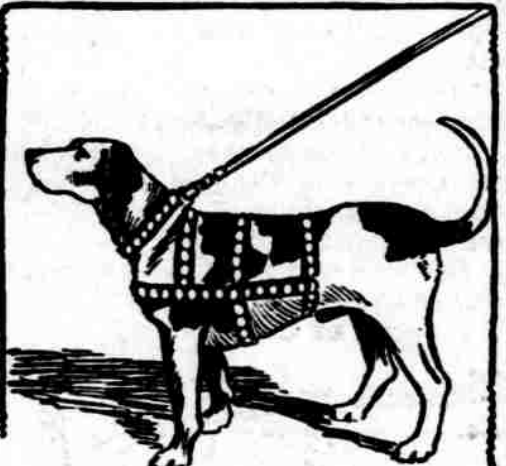
"More liberal privileges, it would seem to me, may be extended to card holders. Elsewhere it is not an unusual custom for patrons of public libraries to be allowed the right of taking out two or three, or even more, books at one time on one card, providing they do not attempt to monopolize books for which there appears to be widespread demand. Here, I am told, the holder of a card may take out only one book at a time. I think that system may be changed with due regard for the convenience of all concerned."

"The general trend everywhere also appears to be toward increasing the freedom of admission to book stacks. However, I want to make it clear that whatever changes I recommend will be only after careful consideration and after obtaining the consent of the trustees." Recently Mr. Legler refused an offer to take charge of the St. Louis public library and he also refused an offer to become New York state librarian. He was for many years a newspaper reporter, then became secretary of the Milwaukee school board, and for five years has been in charge of Wisconsin's state library commission, which handles hundreds of traveling libraries.

DOGS ON POLICE FORCE

Oak Park, Chicago's Fashionable Suburb is Guarded by Two Canine Thief Catchers.

Chicago.—Oak Park, the fashionable western suburb at Chicago, is guarded by dog police. Daring robberies in the village are responsible for the



One of the Police Dogs.

addition of the dogs to the force and it is a noticeable fact that since the two dogs, "Nick Carter" and "Jesse James" have been on the force that hold-up men and burglars have not been so busy. The dogs are trained to follow a trail over any kind of a road, whether it be an oiled thoroughfare or a common country road. H. G. Stumpfer of Hammond, Ind. is the owner of "Nick" and "Jesse." He says they will rid Oak Park of crooks. Old policemen, however, are skeptical.

Whistles.
Whistling is a fixed habit in man, but it can be overcome. The man on the tugboat is only an overgrown low-whistle boy. The boy is spanked into a knowledge that there is a season and a time when whistling may be indulged without rousing the ire and edging the nerves of the neighborhood. There is a certain legal spanking which may fit the seat of the present noisemakers.—Chicago Post.

When a man is sick he expects the rest of the family to drop everything and listen to his groans.

MOUNT VERNON

SHRINE of AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

BY EDWARD S. CLARK



WASHINGTON AND HIS FAMILY

WASHINGTON.—In the novel of "Ivanhoe," Isaac the Jew tells the knight that he knows it is the custom of the Christians to put on pilgrims' garb and to walk barefooted for miles to worship dead men's bones. There is something of a sneer in Isaac's tone and Ivanhoe rebukes him with a truly heroic, "Blasphemer, cease!" I don't know how many thousands of Americans go yearly to Mount Vernon to pay a visit to the repository of a dead man's bones, but the number is something enormous.

If George Washington never had lived at Mount Vernon, never had visited there, never had died there, and had been buried in the antipodes there would be excuse enough for the visits to the place of seventy times seven the number of the pilgrims who go yearly down the Potomac to stand on the towering hill and to look off down the valley.

It is with an utter shame that it is confessed that after four years' residence in Washington one man American born and with some turkling pride of patriotism in his make-up never until recently went to the place where the father of his country and the exponent of the American school teacher's ideal of truth lies buried.

Mount Vernon is the ultimate object of the voyage down the Potomac. There are other objects every paddle-wheel stroke of the way, for the hills on either side are hills of rare beauty crowned with trees that saw the revolution and that in the fall are wearing the raiment which belongs to the kings of the forest.

On the boat going down there was a young German gentleman, who had married an American wife. He was much more interested in the beauty of the Potomac's banks and in the history of the country beyond the banks and in the life history of George Washington than was she. The German asked his American wife if George Washington was born at Mount Vernon. She answered that he was; which he wasn't, not by many miles. He asked her many other questions, to each and every one of which, but with unerring inaccuracy, she made answers. This was a traveled American girl. There is a fairly well-grounded belief that she met and captivated her German husband while she was doing Europe in an automobile or was rhapsodizing on the Rhine.

Some day, perhaps—very likely, in fact—she will go back to her husband's land and will listen to his telling of his American trip, and in the enthusiasm of the nature which he made manifest on the Potomac he will tell the "historic truths" concerning George Washington which he learned from his American wife.

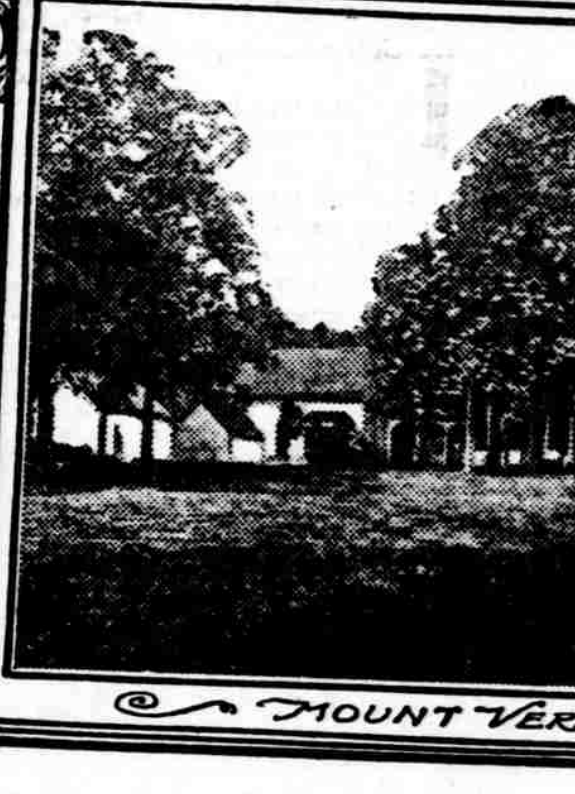
It may be that some of the Germans who know something of the life of the American general who was the friend and fellow soldier of Steuben will come to think, as some Americans have come to think before this, that a little American history might be included in the course of study of the average American girl, and that not a dollar should be spent on her passage money to Europe until she knows without stopping to think whether it was George Washington or Abraham Lincoln who crossed the Delaware, and who, something later, forced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. This may seem to be a matter that is beside the mark, but while the listener had none too thorough a knowledge of American history, there were some things said on the boat-riding down the Potomac that if they had been said by an eighth-grade school-boy ought to have brought him a flogging.

Mount Vernon has been written about by pretty nearly everybody who has seen the place. It hasn't fallen to the lot of everybody to see it in the fall. It is a noble place, a fitting resting ground for the first American.

It seldom falls to man's lot to see such heroic trees. There is a giant oak which stands sentinel over the first burial place of Washington.



TOMB OF WASHINGTON



MOUNT VERNON

The body was removed from the base of the oak about 75 years ago. It never should have been removed.

It is said that Washington selected the place where his body now lies and left instructions that one day the change of sepulcher should be made. The oak which guarded the first grave must have been standing for three centuries. The view from the place is inspiring enough to crinkle the eyes of a dead man. The view from the new tomb is fine in its way, but it is as nothing to the grand sweep of river, hilltops and forests which moves before the eye from the place where Washington slept for 30 years.

Hundreds of visitors go to Mount Vernon daily. They peer into the tomb and then straightaway go to the house. There is an interest, of course, which must attach to any of the belongings of Washington, but it seems to be a legitimate matter of regret that of the thousands who go to Mount Vernon the interest in the mirror which Washington used when he shaved and in the spoon with which he ate his porridge, if he ate porridge, is far greater than in the forest trees under which he walked and in the garden whose hedges of formal cut were planted with his own hand.

Indoors at Mount Vernon everything is dead; outdoors everything is alive. The forest and garden are instinct with Washington; the contents of the house are as dust.

There is a real interest, however, in the library of the old home. In the main the books are simple copies of those which were on the shelves in Washington's time. The originals, as I understand it, are in several libraries of the country. There are two originals, however, which are open at the title page, so that if the light be good, one may read Washington's name written in his own hand and the title of the book

which he thought worthy enough to buy.

The light wasn't good on the afternoon in mind and all that one pilgrim could make out of a book's title, above which was written Washington's name, was the

word "Sentimental." The wonder was, and the poor light was responsible for its remaining a wonder, if the father of his country had not in his quiet hours been reading "A Sentimental Journey." If the gentle Martha had peeped into the pages and had reproved George because of what she saw there one can imagine his ready answer that the book was written by a holy priest of her own chosen church.

The man with the megaphone on the Washington "rubberneck" wagons tells his audience of passengers as they roll by the Metropolitan club house: "This is the club of the nob's." In another minute, as the big sightseeing bus passes another clubhouse the megaphone man says: "And this is the club of the cranks."

"The club of the cranks," as this information howler calls it, is the Cosmos club, and a most interesting organization it is. Its membership is composed of scientists, some physicians and clergymen, a few lawyers and two or three newspaper men. The scientists are in the great majority.

It costs a pretty penny to join the Metropolitan club and to pay the dues and to live the life of the organization. The initiation fee at the Cosmos club is rather small, and the dues are light, but there are scores of members of the Metropolitan club, "the club of the nob's," who willingly would pay twice or thrice the Metropolitan initiation fee and the Metropolitan dues if the expenditure could gain them admission to the club where the "cranks" foregather.

Every Monday night is called "social night" at the Cosmos club. Of course the clubhouse is open at all times, but on Monday evening the members make a special effort to be present and there is always a large gathering in the great, sweeping rooms of the house where once lived Dolly Madison.

They don't intrude "shop" upon you in the Cosmos club. The members are a genial body of men and they have many guests from all parts of the world. They find out what the guest likes to talk about and then some one who knows the subject is promptly introduced to him. There are few world subjects upon which you cannot get an expert opinion in the Cosmos club.

The members, of course, have their hobbies and they ride them. In one corner of a room there will be an astronomical group, and there will be another corner with a fish group and another corner with a bird group and another corner with it may be, a mushroom group. It isn't all science, however, in the Cosmos club. The members play billiards and pool and bridge, and they have a fine time of it generally, and at no great expense, for it is one of the hard facts of earth that men devoted to science have little money. Learning doesn't bring high pay in the market.

INVENTOR OF GRAHAM BREAD

Sylvester Graham the First to Popularize Article of Diet That Bears His Name.

The housewives of America make many loaves of graham bread during the year, but few of them know the history of this article of food, nor have they ever taken the trouble to learn why and how it came to be first prepared.

Sylvester Graham, a native of Sufield, Conn., was the man who invented the bread, and it has borne his name ever since.

Graham was the pioneer "crank" on the food question, and he popularized his theories throughout the country. While lecturing under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Temperance society at that state, about 1830, he conceived the idea that intemperance

could be prevented and totally cured if the man who wanted alcoholic drink would confine himself to a purely vegetable diet.

He argued in public and private that by following up his course of treatment and using only vegetables in the diets, drunkards could shake off the clutch of alcohol and become proof against the habitual craving for strong drink.

Graham was himself in delicate health at the time he discovered his vegetable theory, so he started in to

try his theories on himself. After practicing his preaching for some time he announced in public on various occasions he had met with remarkable results in his own case, and detailed the improvement in his condition occasioned by his following a vegetable diet.

He followed up his studies along the line of dietetics, with the result that he finally advocated a strictly vegetable diet as a cure for all the diseases which human flesh is heir to.