

DOWN ON THE FARM

The Rural Life Didn't Appeal to Billy.

When Deakne walked in late one afternoon and, with a sigh that might have meant any one of a number of disconsolate things, softly set his suitcase down, the other fellows in the office were not surprised.

They were alarmed. They thought that something must have happened to Billy or his girl or his family.

"Anything the matter?" one of them asked, tenderly and sympathetically.

"Oh, no," answered Billy; "not a thing the matter. I've just decided to alter my vacation plans, that's all."

The fellows looked at each other quickly, significantly, and felt relieved.

Billy had elected that summer to take his vacation on a farm. The day he left he had been sneering about the "barbaric violence" that characterized the business streets and the "hideous noises" that "sifted his very soul." He told them that he was going to an old-fashioned farm, where he could spend a few days as the "creator intended man to live!"

Naturally his early return was a matter of interest.

"Things didn't pan out?" ventured another, in tones that invited confidence. "Tell us about it, Billy."

Every fellow was looking as solemn as he could. Consequently Billy talked.

"No more," he said decisively, with a shudder, as at a bad memory. "Down on the farm may do for the poets, but a hall bedroom and a civilized mattress and gas and a bathtub and running water within walking distance for mine, every time. Maybe I picked the wrong farm. There may be farms all the way to the good, just as the poets say, but I don't want to look for 'em. Two weeks at that place and I would have been hopelessly bug."

"That farm's about seven miles from the railroad station, as I told you, I think, before I left. By the way, that seems about a month ago, instead of three days. My troubles began at the station and never let up till I got back here."

A yap of a boy with one cheek bulged with a quid of tobacco and a sty on one eye was awaiting me at the station. He had an old spring wagon, as they called it, to which was hitched a plug of a horse that seemed to be forever trying to make up for lost sleep. In the back end of the wagon was a rocking chair for me to sit in. I climbed up and perched, everybody at the station looking on, and the journey was begun.

"Going up the first hill the plug fell down and broke the harness. The yap was nearly an hour patching it up, and in the meantime yours faithfully was calmly baking and blistering in the sun."

"I arrived without further damage, but just as I jumped out of the wagon one of the numerous dogs about the place discovered that a stranger was in their midst and it took the yap, his ma and pa and the hired girl to get me safely to the house."

"That supper! I'll forget it never! Cold hog jowl, pumpkin butter, half sour at that, corn bread and buttermilk!"

"I had to go to bed at 8:30 to keep from being left alone."

"Did you ever hear that talk about the luxury and comfort of a real country bed? Jumping into that feather bed was just like diving. The middle of my body sank until my feet were right in front of my face. I tried the stomach method of repose, but my spine was not sufficiently flexible. Finally I squatted on one side and managed to drop into a doze. But not for long."

"Mosquitoes! They extended me an ovation. I hid under a quilt and sweated and had nightmare the rest of the night."

"At dawn the mosquitoes left and I was getting a wink of precious slumber when the farmer pounded on the foot of the stairs and yelled for the yap to get up and feed the horses. A little later I was again getting to sleep when the hired girl banged on my door and told me it was time to get up and wash for breakfast."

"I had to dress before I washed. The washing was done in a tin basin in front of the kitchen door."

"Breakfast menu—strong ham, strong coffee, strong eggs and strong butter."

"And during the meal the baby, which occupied a high chair beside me, spilled its milk in my lap. I didn't mind that, though, for I had just been told that in my honor the dogs had been chained."

"After the delightful repast I thought I'd go for a stroll in the verdant meadow just abate the barnyard. Result: A bull got after me. I barely escaped by dodging around a shed, but the bull had speed up and ran through a plank fence, tearing down a whole section of it."

"The farmer wanted to tax me a dollar for the damage done to the fence."

"That was the limit. Believe me, I was provoked and I demanded to be conveyed at once to the station."

"The old skindint dictated terms. I was to forfeit the price of a week's board—I forgot to mention that I was asked that night to settle a week in advance—put up a dollar for the fence and \$2 to be hauled to the station."

"If he'd known I would have paid \$25 to get away I suppose he would have charged me that."

"Nix the farm! The wiles of modern plumbing, summer girls, moving pictures and all the other paraphernalia of civilization for mine!"

IMPETUOUS BETTY

"News!" cried Betty, waving a telegram in the air. "A couple of Rob's college friends will be here to dinner. Thoughtful of him to let us know. It's a wonder he didn't let them pounce on us unannounced. Hum—Gerald Stanton and Rob Newman. Never saw them, have you?"

The girl addressed folded up her sewing and rose. They were sitting under the apple trees at their aunt's country house, where they were spending a few weeks.

"Do you realize that we have the meal to get, as aunt is away?" she asked, calmly. "It is now 11."

"Heavens, so we have!" Betty jumped up and pushed back her tangled hair. "Puzzle—find the chaperone?" she cried, and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen on a run.

"Don't tell me," she exclaimed, as the other entered, rising from the flour barrel into which she had pounced head first, "don't tell me Bob isn't thoughtful. A whole hour and a dinner to prepare for two unknown men. How much flour do I want for those biscuits?"

A few moments later the chug-chug of the expected auto sounded down before the gate and one of the occupants appeared in the doorway. Betty met him, a smudge of flour on either cheek, sleeves rolled up to dimpled elbows.

"Just come in and make yourself at home," she said. "I'm awfully glad to see you—to see you both. Excuse my cousin and myself, won't you? We're scarcely presentable; we just got the telegram—and two hungry men to feed, you know—!" She made a charming little gesture, and her eyes pleaded with him, running over with mirth and excitement.

He looked rather bewildered—hesitated. "Thank you," he said.

"Sit on the lawn, it's cooler," she suggested. "We'll be out soon."

They were. One could scarcely tell how they worked the miracle, but the dinner was ready, the table invitingly set; and themselves gowned in little muslins and very presentable.

Betty pounced on the spokesman of the party, who was what she termed "tall, dark and interesting," leaving the other man to her gentler cousin.

"You must be Gerald Stanton," she said. "Don't contradict me, I've always wanted to know him. I've heard my brother speak of him so much."

The fellow laughed as though hugely enjoying himself. He did not contradict her.

Her eyes challenged him mirthfully, her pretty white hands flew about in gestures like little white butterflies.

They talked merrily of football—of college. Once she questioned him about Rob and he threw back his head and laughed as though she had propounded a joke. He was charming when he laughed, at least Betty pronounced him so.

Anne, nearby with the other man, was also enjoying herself. Once she started up as if to speak to the others, but fell back at a pleading gesture from her companion, and entered a conversation, which evidently afforded them both much quiet amusement.

Later they went in to dinner; and it was a merry party that sat down.

"I'm sorry that aunt isn't here," said Betty with a smile that contradicted her words. "You see you didn't give us time to provide a chaperone."

A knock sounded at the door. "Providence has supplied one," she announced solemnly, rising.

"Heavens! It's another man," as she caught sight of him through the hall.

"Do we want any sewing machines, Anne?"

He was a very presentable youth. A long dust-coat enveloped him; his hat swung easily in his hand.

"Is Mrs. Newton in?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, but my aunt is away," replied Betty.

The man hesitated. I am Rob Newman," he said. "I thought Rob—were you not his sister?"

Betty leaned against the door. Out in the street was another machine. Her eyes were glued on it and its remaining occupant.

"Yes," she said faintly. "I—Rob Herrick is my brother."

The others had flocked out from the dining room.

"I hope," Anne was saying severely in her quiet voice. "I hope this will teach you a lesson, Betty. You never did get things straight."

"Forgive me," begged the supposed Gerald Stanton, coming to her side. "I just couldn't resist."

"You knew, Anne?" gasped Betty, turning to her cousin. She hesitated, and the dimples came out in her cheeks. "Why didn't you denounce them for impostors?" she said. "They might have gotten off with the silver," adding: "Do you know who they are?"

"No," replied Anne, "but I thought he—they looked honest"—she broke off, blushing furiously.

"She took us on faith," said the man at her side.

Betty collected herself, and turned to the bewildered fellow in the doorway. "Do get Mr. Stanton and come in," she said. "And you," turning to the others, "you may introduce yourselves and we will all have dinner."

A New Affliction.

Mythomania is the latest term applied to the propensity of patients to lie to doctors.

Club for Female Flyers.

France has an aeronautical club for women.

PRODDED BY MUSIC

HOW MAJ. KENNON GOT WORK OUT OF THE FILIPINOS.

Band Aids Gave Impetus to Laborers' Zeal in Building the Famous Benguet Road Through Luzon Mountains.

Maj. L. W. V. Kennon, now commanding a battalion of the Tenth Infantry at Fort Benjamin Harrison, in building the famous Benguet road through the mountains of northern Luzon, Philippine islands, accomplished a feat called humanly impossible. It took music, money and a mongrel army of 4,000 men to do it, but Benguet road stands today one of the remarkable highways of the world.

Maj. Kennon's army of 4,000 road builders rested only on Sunday. For ten hours of each day they forged ahead. On Sunday they rested in their quarters, houses built on poles and grass. They amused themselves with dances, cards and games that appealed to the different nationalities.

Maj. Kennon introduced music as one of the attractions along his lonely highway. He is known for his resourcefulness and he does not deny that he used music to get better work out of the pleasure-loving Filipinos and other Orientals. They did not like to work, and when they did it was with slow, sluggish movement.

One day Maj. Kennon decided to try music as an impetus to zeal. He assembled his band, made up of men of all nations, and ordered it to move quietly and secretly to a place where several hundred Filipinos were engaged in drilling holes in the canyon walls. The band stole up behind the slow-going drillers and suddenly struck up a favorite Oriental air. Instantly the Filipinos caught the spirit of the music and began to beat their drills against the rock in rhythm.

The result was more than a surprise to the resourceful Kennon. He kept that band busy after that. It followed the Filipinos along the way and played wherever they worked. From laborers worth about ten cents a day he developed them into musical machines that worked to drum beats.

Maj. Kennon insists that his band saved the Philippine government thousands of dollars.

A bet had been made between Maj. Kennon and his foreman on one side and the members of the Philippine commission on the other side that the road would not be open by January 31, 1905. The story of the bet was borne from tongue to tongue along the road. Maj. Kennon promised each man a cigar if they won the bet. The effect was good. The army of 4,000 bent to their work, there being a man to every seven feet of the road on the last lap into Baguio. On January 29, two days before the expiration of the wager, Maj. Kennon rode into Baguio in a carriage. There was a great celebration and every man in the Kennon army smoked a good cigar marked "The Kennon Special," each with a label bearing the major's picture.

The Meanest Trick.

"It's strange, strange, strange, that I can't find a thing or keep a thing in this house," said Mr. Podmore the other day. "It's all because of your loose, slack, unsystematic way of keeping house, Mrs. Podmore!"

"What is it now, dear?"

"Don't dear me, but help me to find my hat. I hung it on the hall rack when I came in!"

"Why, Henry—"

"Don't stand there staring at me in that idiotic way, but help me to find that hat. I suppose I must wear my straw hat, and its rating like fury!"

"Henry Podmore, will you listen—"

"No, I'll not. When a man lays down his hat and can't find it—"

"Henry, that hat is on your head."

"What! Who put it there? This is some trick. I'd take my oath before any court in the land."

"Nonsense!"

"It's not nonsense! It's as true as that I live and stand before you, a tormented, worried, harassed man, who is ridiculed and made the victim of some mean, low trick in his own house every day. You'll hear more about this when I get home!"

Then he rushed out slamming the door after him.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Was Not Too Busy.

Lieut Shackleton told an interesting story of politeness in the untrodden regions of the Antarctic. His party, he said, were always extremely good humored and polite, and one professor in particular attained a degree of politeness unusual under such trying circumstances. "Are you busy, Mawson?" he called out one night to another member of the party who was in the tent.

"I am," said Mawson.

"Very busy?" said the professor.

"Yes, very busy."

"If you are not too busy, Mawson, I am down a crevasse."

"The professor was found hanging down a crevasse by his four fingers, a position which he could not have occupied for any length of time."

The Reading Mask.

It has been discovered that the ancient volumes over which the student pores is full of germs; and some people say that the danger should not be faced without a silk and wire mask to fit over the mouth and nose. This reading mask is used in Paris.

Why Is An Autopiano?

Before you try to Answer the above Questions

Read Carefully all that follows about



Pope Pius X.



No. 31947



DAL VATICANO, Sept. 3, 1908.

SEGRETERIA DI STATO DI SUA SANTITA'

Sir:—His Holiness charges me to thank you for the beautiful instrument just received and desires that I send you the two medals inclosed, one for Gustin Wright & Co., and the other for the Autopiano Co., as a recompense for its artistic merits.

J. Casati

Standard Of The World

There are Reasons

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EXCLUSIVE PATENTS.

GOLD MEDAL AWARD!

ENDORSEMENTS.

ON 26 BATTLESHIPS.

GUARANTEE.

LARGEST NUMBER IN USE.

REASON 1—The AUTOPIANO is the pioneer; it was the first thoroughly successful player-piano put upon the market.

REASON 2—The AUTOPIANO contains more valuable patented improvements than any other player, and we do not hesitate to claim that it is the BEST player of them all, barring none, regardless of name, manufacture or price.

REASON 3—The AUTOPIANO received two Gold Medals from Pope Pius X, in recognition of its artistic merits, beside the first and only testimonial ever given in writing by His Holiness.

REASON 4—The AUTOPIANO is highly endorsed by such celebrities as Mme. Tetrazzini, Alexander Graham Bell (inventor of the Telephone), John Jacob Astor, The Sultan of Turkey, and the factory is receiving hundreds of voluntary testimonials (endorsements) every month.

REASON 5—The AUTOPIANO is in constant use on TWENTY SIX U. S. and British Battleships, plying waters in every clime, every one of which is giving the fullest measure of satisfaction.

REASON 6—The AUTOPIANO is guaranteed to last as long, to stay in tune as long and to give as complete satisfaction as any player made. The PRICE is comparatively low because of the reason following:

REASON 7—THERE ARE OVER TWICE AS MANY AUTOPIANOS IN USE TODAY AS ANY OTHER PLAYER MADE INCLUDING THE MOST WIDELY ADVERTISED MAKES! THIS SHOULD UNEQUIVOCALLY CONVINCE THE PROSPECTIVE BUYER THAT THE AUTOPIANO IS THE BEST PLAYER-PIANO MADE. AND NOW COMES

THE LATEST TRIUMPH! viz.:

The Factory has just received a cablegram from their London representative, that the AUTOPIANO in competition with the oldest and most widely advertised make of pianos and player-pianos, at the International Musical Exhibition at Rotterdam,— RECEIVED THE GRAND PRIX, THE HIGHEST EXHIBITION AWARD!

The AUTOPIANO is a high-grade piano upon which anyone can play who is large enough to reach the pedals. It plays the standard 65 note Rolls, the 88 note rolls or can be had to play BOTH 65 and 88 note Rolls. Look for the NAME "AUTOPIANO" and get the GENUINE—"THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD."

G. V. ARGABRIGHT Sells Them In Red Cloud, Nebraska