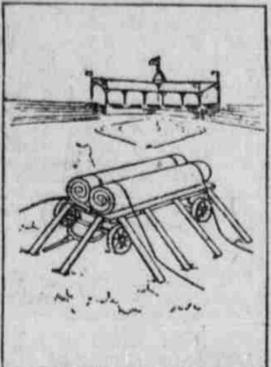


SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

COVER FOR BASEBALL FIELD
Waterproof Strip Drains Rain From
Base Lines and Prevents Them
From Getting Muddy.

With the baseball season in full blast, anything relating to the national game becomes of paramount interest. Here is a waterproof cover for the diamond designed by a Pennsylvania man that is guaranteed to keep the base lines dry during the heavy rains. The cover is a strip of waterproof material that when not in use is rolled up from both ends and placed on a truck, being first laid on a support having hinged legs that facilitate its rolling and unrolling. When a storm comes up one of these strips can be unrolled over each of



Cover for Ball Field.

the four base lines and will protect them from getting muddy and slippery. The supporting device will serve to keep the cover raised slightly in the center and drain the water off all along the line, so there is no danger of any settling along the edges and seeping underneath. Cables attached to the ends of the strip facilitate its unwinding.

ODD THINGS FOR AMUSEMENT

Several Little Tricks That Will Assist Greatly in Entertaining a Party of Friends.

Here are some things that you might do to pass away an evening, or to provide entertainment for a party of friends when nothing better offers itself:

To find a number any one thinks of, use the following method: Let a person think of a number, say six. Tell him to multiply it by three. Ask him then to add 1; then multiply by three, then add to this the number thought of. The result will be 63. After he informs you of the entire amount, you strike off the last number, which will leave six, the original number.

By taking a long piece of wood, such as the handle of a broom, and placing a watch at one end, the ticking will be heard very distinctly at the other end.

By placing a garden snail upon a piece of glass it will produce, by drawing itself along, a very sweet music, similar to the musical glasses often heard. This sounds rather queer, but just try it, and you will have music equal to the guitar.

WINGED FEET ON SWIMMERS

Plate Attached to Sole of Foot Enables Man to Obtain Much Greater Speed Than Ordinarily.

Mythology tells us of a gentleman named Mercury, who had wings on his feet and could run away from anything on two legs, but it remained for Texas man to invent wings for the feet of swimmers. The Texan's invention consists of a hinged plate that is



An Aid to Swimmers.

fastened to the sole of the foot. There is a projecting stop to prevent the wings, or soles of the plate, from opening more than enough to form an even flat surface. The backward kick of the swimmer opens these wings and provides a wide surface of resistance to the water, thus enabling the man to achieve a much greater speed than he could otherwise obtain, so he is propelled forward with greater impetus. In drawing the foot forward again the wings close and make this movement no more arduous than if the foot was unencumbered.

THE GOAT.



The cow. It is a model beast,
Its coat is soft as silk.
To get the butter from the cow
You have to churn the milk.

A nanny also can be milked,
Although you'd never dream
To get the butter from the goat
You don't need any cream.

NEAT TRICK SAFE AND SURE

Glass May Be Cut Without Danger of Breaking if Immersed in Tub of Water While Working.

With an ordinary pair of scissors you can cut a sheet of glass—a window pane, for instance—as easily as you can cut a sheet of pasteboard.

The secret of this experiment consists in plunging your hands, with the glass and scissors, into a tub of water, and there performing the operation. In this way the glass cuts in straight or in curved lines, without break or crack, for the water deadens the vibrations of the scissors and the sheet of glass, says a writer in the *Magical Experiments*. If the operator allows the smallest part of the scissors to appear above the water, the vibrations will be sufficient to prevent the success of the experiment.

I know that many of my readers will be incredulous of this statement, but let them try the experiment and they will be convinced of its truth.

There is another way in which you may cut thin glass with a pair of scissors,



Cutting Glass.

without plunging your hands with the glass into water. You have only to cover the glass with little bands or strings of paper, carefully pasted on and arranged in all directions. These bands deaden the vibrations and prevent the glass from breaking. The experiment with the tub of water, however, is the safest and surest.

REAL MEANING OF MILLION

Some Figures Given That May Give Significance to Greatly Used Term—Distance to Sun.

We think and do things in millions these days, yet, though we are accustomed to employ the term lightly, the significance of the word "million" is really hard to grasp.

It has been estimated that 1,000,000 persons assembled in a crowd, with due allowance of, say, three square feet a person, would cover an area of 68.8 acres, or, to put it more conveniently, let us say 70 acres; or it could be contained in a square having sides 577.6 yards long. Or, again, allowing 18 inches to each person, standing shoulder to shoulder, 1,000,000 individuals would extend a distance of 284.1 miles. The population of London amounts, roughly speaking, to 6,549,000. Allowing 18 inches to each person, shoulder to shoulder, this human aggregation would constitute a wall 1,860 miles long.

In astronomical calculation it is most difficult to grasp the meaning of millions of miles, but some idea in this connection may be gathered from the statement of the time that would be consumed by an express train or the shot from a cannon to cover celestial space.

Now, the distance from the earth to the sun is about 92,000,000 miles, and light traveling from the solar luminary comes to us at the rate of 186,700 miles a second. It traverses this distance in 8¼ minutes, but a railway train proceeding at 60 miles an hour, would take 175 years to cover the distance to the sun.

The circumference of the ecliptic forming the orbit of the earth round the sun is about 577,760,000 miles in length, and the earth covers this distance in 365¼ days, traveling at the rate of 65,910 miles an hour, 1,098 miles a minute, or nearly 1,100 times as fast as a train going at one mile a minute. It is therefore clear that a train proceeding at this speed would require nearly 1,100 years to accomplish the journey around the earth's orbit.

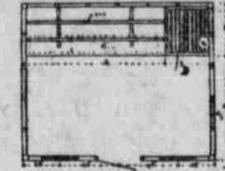
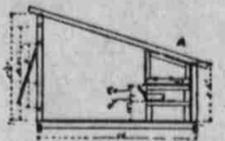
According to high authority, the velocity of a rifle bullet is something like 2,130 feet a second, or 24.3 miles a minute, and that of the projectiles weighing 330 pounds from a quick firing gun is about 3,000 feet a second, 34 miles a minute; so that the velocity of the earth is 32.3 times as great as the latter.

POULTRY

COLONY HOUSE FOR CHICKENS

Will Accommodate 25 to 30 Old Fowls, or From 200 to 300 Young Chicks—Heavy to Handle.

The colony house shown in the illustration measures 10 by 12 feet and may be used either for housing old stock or for brooding the young. It will accommodate from 25 to 30 old



Colony House, 10 by 12 Feet.

fowls or from 200 to 300 young chicks, depending upon the kind and age of the brood. Its size makes it quite heavy to handle, and it probably marks the limit in size, so far as concerns portable houses.

The runners are 3x6 timber, and are 14 feet long, extending a foot beyond the wall at each end. The siding is of No. 1 matched stuff, and must fit tightly.

A colony house should be blocked up so that the floor will be level, to prevent the litter from being pushed down to the lower side if there is any slope.

The windows are hinged at the top and swing outward at the bottom. This permits the entrance of an abundance of fresh air during rains or storms. On the outside the windows are covered with poultry wire, to keep the fowls in while the windows are open. The long, narrow window, placed vertically, has the advantage over the square ones commonly used, in that it better distributes the light.

A small muslin window is set in the door. It may be hinged at the bottom and swung in when it is desired to have it open.

If used for old hens' roosts, nests and dropping-board are located in the rear of the house. Hoppers, feed-cans and water-pans may be placed on the ends or front.

POULTRY NOTES

Overcrowding and overfeeding are crimes.

Keep the house in as cool a condition as possible.

Keep a continual lookout for rats, weasels, possums, etc.

We are apt to neglect the hens during the late summer months.

Do not let up on your warfare against the destructive house army.

Not enough importance is usually attached to the selection of laying hens.

All the old stock that is not wanted should now be disposed of before they go into molt.

Earnest, sympathetic, intelligent effort wins. It is the secret of success in the poultry yard.

The eggs should be kept in the cellar where it is cool. Hot weather quickly stales them.

It may be that even while running about on the farm hens cannot find the grit they like, or enough of it.

Fine gravel is not the proper grit for poultry. They want a sharp material with which to grind their feed.

On the average farm, fifty hens bring as big returns as the best cow in the herd with less feed and care.

There is danger of mating too many hens with one male, and there is also danger of mating too few for best results.

The length of time that a new male has been placed in a pen of hens will have something to do with the fertility of the eggs.

Poultrymen should remember that hens should always be kept busy searching for food, so that they may get sufficient exercise.

Never breed from small, light stock from closely related stock, from immature stock; one parent must be full grown if the other is young.

On free range the hens will get a good share of their living, but it is not best to take it for granted that they will support themselves.

The fowls should be sent to roost at night with full crops and get off the roost in the morning to scratch in straw or leaves for grain during the day.

Fowls should always be starved for at least 24 hours before being killed, so as to have their crops and intestines thoroughly free from food of any kind.

THE SHOPLIFTER

By JAMES NORTON

When Maj. Hyde had lived for two months in the place he had bought on the Hudson, the most that his nearest neighbor knew of him was that he had retired from the army; that he was a widower; that he had a handsome daughter 20 years old who seemed devoted to him; that he was irascible and cranky; that he disputed his tradesmen's bills, and that he was fond of sailing a catboat that he owned. On the major's part, all he knew about his nearest neighbor, who was the Widow Harper, was that she was very touchy about her hens, or his dog trespassing on her property, that she had a son at college or in South Africa, he didn't care which; that she claimed that the line fence between them was a foot over on her land, and that on two separate and distinct occasions she had ordered a servant to scold his dog.

There was no neighboring between the neighbors. In fact, they had not even seen each other at the end of those two months. The widow was waiting for her son Burt to come home from a trip to the west to ask him if the green apples that had fallen from her trees over on the major's land thereby reverted to him, and the major was waiting for his dog to come home and complain of having been scalded while prowling around the widow's kitchen door. Then any fuss he raised would be sure to have the backing of his daughter, Edith, who knew his disposition thoroughly and had kept him out of many rows.

On a certain August morning this was the situation on the Hudson. Major Hyde and his daughter were out in the catboat with a good breeze blowing. Burt Harper, who had arrived home the previous afternoon and settled the green apple question, was out in his catboat working up a muscle. He had taken no particular notice of a catboat containing a man and a girl, and its occupants had taken no particular notice of a rowboat with a broad-shouldered young man of 23 pulling the oars. At that point the Hudson is wide enough and big enough for a hundred catboats and rowboats to perform all sorts of maneuvers without colliding, but the unforeseen is always happening. The catboat was heading across the river with her starboard tacks aboard and the major at the helm, when Miss Edith gave a sudden cry of alarm, and the next moment there was a crash. Young Mr. Harper, without any tacks aboard, and pulling for all he was worth to get the kinks out of his spine, had plumped into the other craft. As he was taking a course of law at Harvard, and had got as far as John vs. Doe, he could have explained matters had the major given him time. But the major wouldn't. He had learned in war that the quicker and more vigorously you jump on your enemy the sooner you have him conquered, and he rose up and blasted the young man in the rowboat. If any damage had been done it was to the latter craft, but that made no difference to the major. He did not swear in the presence of his daughter, nor did he pull off his coat and double up his fists. He simply used sarcasm that cut and hurt. He had something to say about little boys being intrusted out in boats by their mothers, and underheads who thought they had the whole Atlantic ocean to row in, and he politely inquired if Mr. Harper intended to run down the "Mary Powell" on her next trip up and down all her passengers.

Mr. Harper turned red and apologized. He looked to the major to his daughter and apologized again. It was his fault, and he admitted it, and he apologized some more. The major had no pity, but the young man thought he saw a gleam of it in Miss Edith's eyes before she turned away her head. The soldier held him for five minutes, doing most of the talking and enjoying his confusion, and then let him go with the observation:

"And now, sir, if you have got a mamma, and you think you can get back to her without help, I should advise you to head for shore and spare any canal boat that may happen to get in your way."

At that hour the Hydes did not know young Harper as Harper, and he didn't know them as the Hydes. He made his way to shore in his leaky boat, and as he sat down on a stranded log he felt that he would give a thousand dollars in cash to lick some one—some one about the size and build of the major when he was in his prime. The words had hurt, but the fact that they had been spoken before the girl was humiliating. He had decided from the first that they were father and daughter, and after gritting his teeth for half an hour he made up his mind that nothing could be done in the case and went off home.

"Father, I think you were wrong," said Edith in quiet tones as the young man rowed away.

"What's that? Wrong? How can I be wrong?" replied the major.

"According to sailing instructions, when you are sailing free other crafts must look out for you. You were not sailing free."

"But if he had known enough to look over his shoulder he must have seen us."

"And if I had been on the lookout, as I ought to have been, I should have seen him. No doubt he knew that you were wrong, and yet he apologized."

"Wrong? Wrong? I tell you I wasn't wrong, Hardee's Tactics say that when you meet another—when you are marching by the right flank—when the head of the column—"

Edith smiled as he paused. He thought he could sail a boat by the same tactics that drilled a regiment. He subsided in some confusion, and the young man and the accident were not again mentioned. There were scores of young men sailing and rowing on the river daily, and why should this one prove to be the son of their widowed neighbor. On reaching home the major went out and looked at those withered green apples that had fallen on his side of the line and generously decided not to claim them, and Miss Edith sought a book and her hammock and wondered if the young man was looking at her all the time she was looking at the opposite bank out of consideration for his feelings. She finally concluded that such was probably the case, and was surprised to find herself a bit pleased.

On the succeeding day the major and a party of friends sailed up the river for a little outing, while Miss Edith was driven to the village and went into the city to do some shopping. She had frequently made such trips alone. The father had no objections to urge, as it cultivated a spirit of self-reliance, but he had several times said to her:

"If you ever get into any trouble in the city just say that you are the daughter of Maj. Hyde, late of the Seventeenth. That will be sufficient."

There was trouble ahead for the young lady, but it did not come until afternoon. She had made some purchases at two or three stores, had her lunch, and was just leaving another store after looking over some goods, when a hand was laid on her arm and a quiet voice said:

"Beg pardon, young lady, but you will have to come with me."

It was a man. In fact, it was the store detective, as Miss Edith was soon informed. He had been told by one of the salesgirls that she had secreted goods under her jacket. She at first indignantly and then tearfully denied the allegation. She at first hotly refused to follow him to the manager's office, and then behought her of her father's admonition and drew herself up stiffly and announced:

"Sir, I am the daughter of Maj. Hyde, late of the Seventeenth!"

The man replied that she might be the daughter of a general for all he cared, and just then two things happened. A policeman came through the store and stopped to say that he would take the girl to the station, and at the same moment the young man of the rowboat pushed his way into the crowd and stood beside her and said that he would accompany her. He was sure there was a mistake, but he also saw that the easiest way out, and the one to avoid notoriety, was to accompany the officer. A cab was called and the station reached, and a search by the matron proved that the charge was without the slightest foundation. The prisoner was set at liberty, and many apologies, and with a suit of damages against the store if the major wanted to press it, and the young man called another cab and drove Miss Edith to the depot. She was in tears, and he did not disturb her. He simply went ahead and did things. It was only when she found herself on the train homeward bound with Mr. Harper beside her that she rallied and looked him in the face and said:

"You—you are the young man of the rowboat?"

"Just so. My name is Harper, son of Mrs. Nelson Harper of Irvington."

"Why, I live there. I am Miss Hyde, daughter of Maj. Hyde."

Two days later the major appeared at the widow's house and asked for Burt. When he had shaken hands with the young man and tendered his thanks he added:

"Sir, I was wrong in regard to that collision. I am something of a crank. Also, something of an ass. Please overlook it and come over after your green apples and let Edith thank you again. She can't speak too highly of your conduct in the affair in town the other day."

There will be only one question between the major and his son-in-law, viz.: Should a sailboat be maneuvered according to Hardee's army tactics, or should it go skipping along in any old way?

Watchdog Over \$102,000,000,000.

Charles A. Hanna, just named as chief examiner of the Clearing House association, will enact the role of watchdog over \$102,000,000,000 represented by the New York bankers. His salary is to be \$20,000 a year, and he will direct a corps of trained accountants. By his appointment the association hopes to make a reputation of the Morse, Walsh and Heinze banking scandals impossible. Practically Mr. Hanna's position will be similar to the one he recently resigned as national bank examiner in the New York district. He was born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1863, did not have time to go to college, and has been in the banking business more or less all his life. He is a slender, square-shouldered man, and if he has a fad it is auto-cobbling.

To take up the strain more evenly a Swedish inventor has produced electric cables with hempen cores.

The Onlooker

The DREAM PATH



Ho, outward from the Land of Workaday

There leads a little path that winds and winds
Where'er it may be fancying to stray
Until at last your longed-for goal it finds.

A twilight path it is, and yet at noon
Amid the city's endless rush and roar
You may fare forth upon that path, and soon
Find solitude upon some distant shore.

It finds the Land of the Fair Days that were,
Where reddest roses nod along the street,
Where drifting breezes idly come and bear
An incense that is faint, but honey-sweet.

Where children's laughter echoes all the day
And songs are sung, and no one wears a frown—
So ever far and far and far away
The Dream Path winds and wanders up and down.

A smooth, broad path it is, at times, and then,
A narrow trail that hides among the trees
And takes you back to be a boy again
In fields of grain that cling about your knees;

It leads you by the willow-shaded brook
Where once you knelt to drink in Indian slips,
And to the briars till you find the nook
Where once the blood of berries gauged your lips.

So do you foot that path these many times,
And none may know what journeys you may take,
What songs sigh in your heart in halting rhymes,
What visions of the past form, but to break;

But outward from the Land of Workaday
It lures you in the night, the noon, the dawn—
The Dream Path that goes wandering away,
Forever and forever on and on.

Scientific Salesmanship.

"How do you manage to sell so many automobiles?" was asked of the salesman who wears diamonds and a silk hat and smokes 50-cent cigars.

"I don't mind telling you, if you treat it confidentially," he says. "You know most people judge a machine by the speed it can make. Well, there's a quiet little stretch of road about ten miles out of the city. I get the prospect to take a ride in the machine I want him to buy. When we reach that stretch of road I let her out for all she's worth—generally about 30 miles an hour. Pretty soon my partner, disguised as a constable, stops us, and asserts vehemently that he has timed us and we were going 85 miles an hour. After some wrangling I manage to buy him off, and on the way home I close the deal with the prospect."

Made an Impression.

"And you say," asks the husband "that Mrs. Blithers made the greatest impression on the audience when she spoke?"

"Yes," replied the wife, who has been attending the convention of the combined women's clubs for the amelioration of something or other.

"What did she say?"

"O, nobody paid any attention to that. But she wore a robin's breast brown suit with applique of Pompeian red, and her hat was—"

"But the husband had buried himself again in his paper.

Polyglot.

A dry goods house in Danville, Ill., advertises special salespeople who speak various languages, thus:

"Miss Jennie Vassen speaks Belgian, French and English."

"Miss Virginia Bouchez speaks French, Belgian and English."

Any person who can speak Belgian may easily become fluent in China, Spain, Italy, Missouri, Nyack, Greenland and Evanston.

Indefinite.

"How do you like my new photos?" asks the first fair young thing.

"They look just like you," answers the second fair young thing.

Whereat the first fair young thing is in a quandary, not knowing whether the other is trying to be honest or is simply speaking a compliment.

W. D. Nesbit.