

# "MAG" RUNS A FERRY

Steered Raft Across Hudson for Twenty Years.

Smokes a Corn-cob Pipe, but Was a Musician and Still Loves the Books She Retains—Is the Daughter of a Preacher.

New York.—Times have changed since Charon had the monopoly of ferrying. One of the pioneers is a ferry woman of long experience and superior ability; she has steered her raft from shore to shore of the Hudson river for twenty years or more.

The traveler who comes to the river's edge near Mechanicsville, wishing to be ferried over to the farms and villages beyond, is puzzled for a way to summon the raft at anchor on the other side. It is so quiet and beautiful a place in the noonday stillness that transportation seems a matter foreign to the business of the day, and for a moment the stranger looks about him. He sees only green fields of farm lands, misty willows by the water, red and blue flowers in warm, hectic bunches—and a horn hanging on a nail on an old elm by the dock.

The raft comes slowly zigzagging across, held to its course by a cable; and Mag appears, shading her eyes with a knotty, brown hand for a good look at the newly arrived. She is a woman between seventy and eighty, wearing a man's hat, men's boots, and a cotton dress. Her dark face is wrinkled, shrewd and humorous.

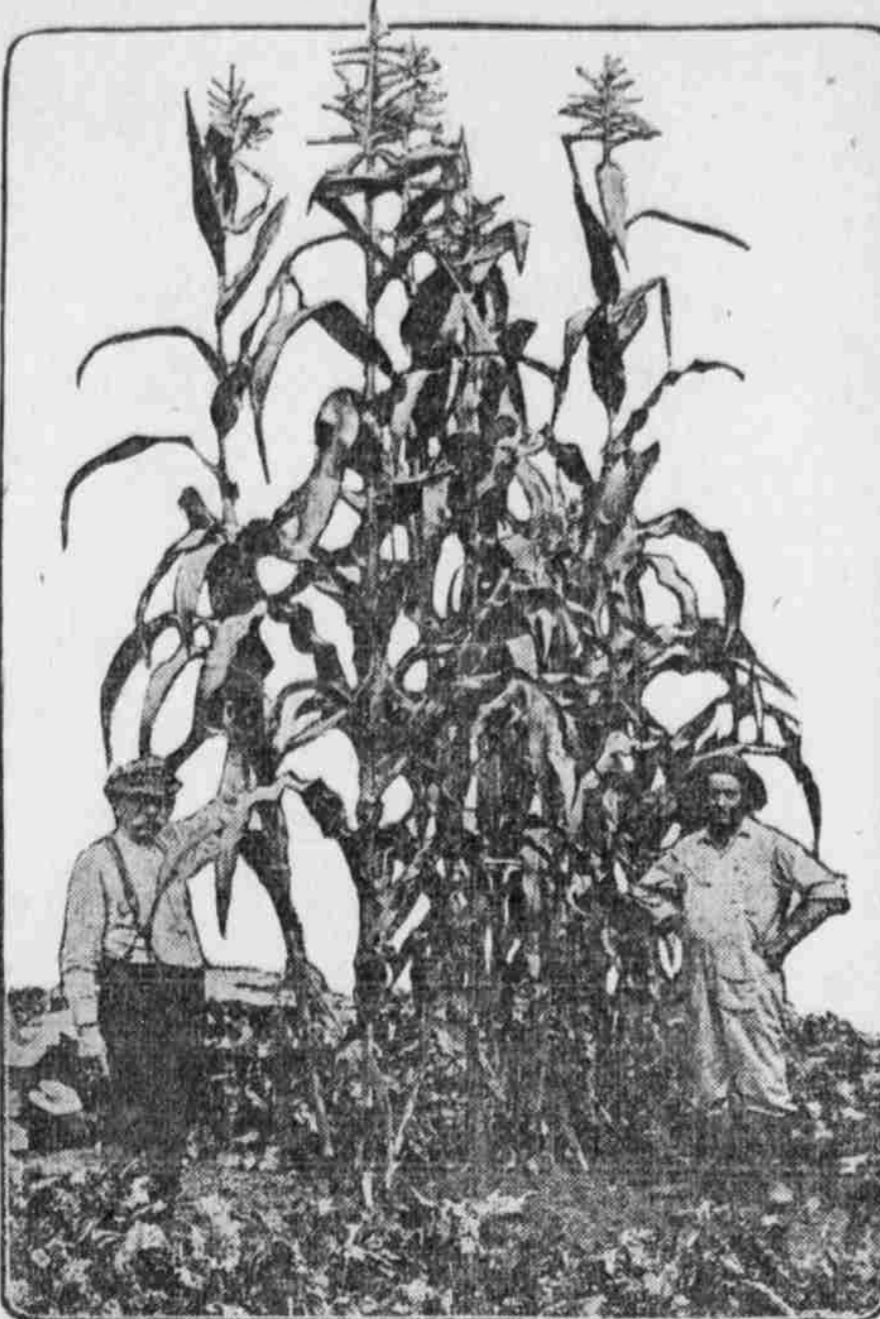
"Wal, who be ye, where be ye from, and where be ye going?" is her greeting, as she docks. As they move across the river, Mag puts him through the third degree, and gossips lavishly about his destination and all the families for miles around, never failing to put blame or praise where it belongs.

"Come down to my cabin tonight and we'll talk some more," she calls after him as he starts up the hill; "if you're from Boston I guess we know some o' the same things, and I'll be glad to see ya."

And he who is from Boston, being interested in his fellow townspeople, as well as his fellowman, goes walking far down the river bank in the dusk to the little cabin. Mag is on the doorstep, smoking her odoriferous corn-cob pipe. But their conversation is not news to him, for he has heard the history of the woman through the day.

Mag, once Margaret, was the daughter of a Boston clergyman. She was a musician, and, for a time, was organist of her father's church. The man looked at Mag as she sat, smoking, on her doorstep, and thought of the refined and charming young woman of whom he had been told. Margaret had married a farmer, and had come to live in New York state. The farmer was not a successful one; he was lazy. His wife's life was hard. She drifted with the tide, and finally

# TALLEST CORN EVER GROWN IN ILLINOIS



J. F. Edgworth of Downer's Grove, Ill., is the proud owner of the corn shown in the illustration. The corn is 17 feet 2 inches high and is the tallest corn ever grown in Illinois. It will average 49 ears to the stalk. Mr. Edgworth procured the seed from the government experiment station at a cost of 25 cents a kernel. It is Indian corn, 1,200 years old, and was found in Southern Colorado in one of the old Indian mounds.

she ferried the farmers from shore to shore, lived alone in the cabin by the river, and was again independent.

Their evening was interesting; she showed him her house—an odd mixture of the unkempt and a former taste for the beautiful and worth while. A few good books were in the house, its best possession. They walked down the bank to the place where an opening in the trees showed another cabin on the other side of the river. "That's where he lives," she said, shortly.

"Who?"  
"Old Ben. He's my husband."  
Her conversation was made up of bits of wisdom, acute knowledge of human nature, defiance of the world, mixed with a certain wistfulness for

its approval, and an astonishing desire to know what was happening in that world—somewhat mixed and unpruned, but knowledge for all that. She was greedy for news. Her love for books and music was a deep and forbidden subject. After the guest had gone, Mag caught her fish for breakfast, in the river.

In the morning she was on hand to ferry him over.

"Good by, Mr. Boston," she said. "I'm going to shake hands with ye. So you're from Boston and you're going back! Wal, I'm going to stay right here. I'm independent, and I'm about as hap' as any one is in this world." She gave a quizzical glance; then released the raft and began another zigzag crossing.

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## Electricity in a Bowl Protects a Bunch of Coin



WASHINGTON.—"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," remarked Mr. Shakespeare, which only shows that Shakespeare, was hep to humanity and wrote a good many things that other people merely thought. This philosophy on morals may not have been written with a particular view to janitors, but there are several cases in Washington where it would apply. There is one widely discussed at the capitol, where it is well known that Superintendent Elliot Woods can leave jewels and precious stones or anything else he happened to have lying around with a perfect looseness, and there is not a laborer on the place who would not walk around the block to avoid going near them.

Quite a while ago the senate laboratory was not the commodious structure it is now, but merely a private laboratory and workshop for Mr. Woods. He was an electrical expert

then, as he is now, and was always fooling with anything from wireless to high frequency currents. He noticed at one time that a good many of his small personal possessions disappeared if he did not lock them up, and as he seldom thought to lock anything up, the lost list increased to an annoying extent.

One day he built a large lyden jar out of a big china bowl and a little tin foil. He dropped a lot of pennies and nickels and dimes into it and charged it with enough "juice" to kill an ox maybe, or at least enough to make the ox think he had been killed. He left it on a sheet of glass and walked off, leaving the door of the laboratory open.

It was not long before one of the outside laborers slipped in and took a look around. That bowl of small change was an irresistible temptation, and he evidently thought a few would not be missed. He ran his hand into the bowl, but before he could grasp a nickel he felt as though some one had hit him on the funny gone with an ax. He gave a wild yell and landed in the middle of the property yard. Since that time it has been well and generally known that Mr. Woods "puts conjures" on anything that belongs to him and you could not hire anybody at the capitol to touch a thing of his.

## This Model Shop Was Rather an Eerie Place

WHEN the model shop of the Smithsonian Institution was down by the railroad tracks in South Washington, Harry Handley and the late Mr. Palmer, who were in the shop, had the surrounding population "buffaloe" to the extent that it was never necessary to lock a door. The model shop was rather an eerie place, anyhow, with its atmosphere of plaster of paris, half dismembered bodies and statues and rugs and skins and almost anything else queer that happened to float through the museum. There were a lot of life masks in plaster, and the residents of the shop were believed by all the small boys and many of the adults of the vicinity to be body snatchers and to make their living by questionable and occult arts, including human vivisection.

The thing that made the place sacred, or rather hallowed, to illiterate neighbors was a human skeleton that lived in the back of the shop and that by a simple arrangement of overhead cords could be made to get up off a chair and walk into the shop.

There is one of the clerks up in the war department who is an amateur naturalist of some attainment. He is also a smoker and is in the habit of keeping a small reserve supply of tobacco in a jar on his desk, so that he can replenish his pouch if he runs short during the day.



He found, finally, that it was impossible to keep any tobacco on hand and whenever he wanted it in a hurry the jar was sure to have been emptied. The inhabitants of Ireland have nothing on the sons of Ham when it comes to dreading snakes. All snakes look alike to them and they are all deadly, merely because they are snakes, quite regardless of the species. The clerk knew this quite well and, carefully washing out the tobacco dust from the jar, he one day dropped a perfectly harmless grass snake into it and put on the lid.

That afternoon he stayed late with a draftsman who was working overtime in an adjoining room. About 5:30 there was an agonized yell from the neighborhood of his desk and one of the janitors passed through the room in a blinding cloud of dust and took the stairs three at a time without waiting for the elevator.

## Hidden Wealth Lost; Stove Is Worst Offender



THE United States has made millions of dollars through the efforts of thrifty people to place their surplus wealth beyond the reach of thieves. Goats, calves, dogs and other animals have eaten hundreds of rolls of bills that would have been far safer in banks. Parlor stoves also appear to be a profitable source of loss.

But for the work of the redemption division of the treasury department the loss in many cases would be total. As it is much of the money is redeemed, but to date Uncle Sam is \$14,000,000 richer than he would have been had he never issued paper money. Millions of the fractional currency notes have been offered for redemption and together with later issues, are

either lost or hoarded up by curio collectors. Dogs, cats, pigs, goats and calves appear to be the chief offenders when it comes to eating paper bills. Recently the redemption division was compelled to examine the stomach of a dog that had swallowed a \$20 bill dropped by his owner. The bill was thought to be worth more than the dog, so the animal was killed. Calves mutilate paper money worse than any other animal. Goats appear to give it a "lick and a promise" and swallow the whole roll.

Men in the redemption division assert that in cases where animals swallow bills the proper course is to get the bills as soon as possible and to ship the whole mass to Washington to be unfolded and tested as to its genuineness.

Decidedly the larger part of money sent to Washington for redemption is said to have been mutilated by fire. The parlor stove is a great source of loss. During the summer months money is concealed in the stove and in the fall is sent up in smoke in the first fall fire.

## Congressman Drove a Mule and Was Proud of It

IT IS not often that a mule will help a man to get into congress, but this very thing happened in the case of William N. Baltz, who represents the Twenty-second Illinois district. He is the man who succeeded Representative Rodenberg.

Baltz is a farmer, and he is proud of it. In his youth he was offered an opportunity to obtain a college education, but he declined, saying that he preferred to devote his time to his farm. So he went to work and farmed right up to the minute that it became necessary for him to come to congress. Furthermore, he will farm some more, whenever congress adjourns.

There were those people in his district who were politically opposed to him that thought it would be a fine scheme to expose the fact that he drove a mule around home, and they spread this "scandal" far and wide.

After the story had been going the rounds for two or three weeks Baltz was called on one night down at Belleville to make his first political speech.



"Some of my political opponents say that I drive a mule," he said. "You bet I drive a mule! He's a good mule, too. I don't suppose there's a better mule in southern Illinois. I'm not ashamed of that mule, and I'm not ashamed that I'm a farmer, either. Some folks try to belittle me by saying that I wear a hickory shirt. You bet I wear one! I'm not ashamed of that, either. I'm a farmer and I'm an honest one, and if you send me to Washington I'll be an honest congressman, too!"

The speech made a hit with the audience and the newspapers said that it was one of the best that had been delivered during the campaign.

## SZECHENYIS HOLD BIG MANOR

Ideal Country Residence Where Third Daughter Was Born Is Rented for Next Summer.

Guildford, Surrey, Eng.—Countess Laszlo Szechenyi, who was Miss Gladys Vanderbilt of New York, has become so attached to Tangley Manor, the remarkable Elizabeth house where her third daughter was born on Wednesday, August 13, that she has rented it again for thirteen weeks next summer.

She and the count have enjoyed there ideal quiet and some of the most beautiful scenery typical of rural England.

Great Tangley Manor is an old timber-framed low, two-story house built presumably near the end of the sixteenth century; indeed the date 1582



English Residence of Countess Laszlo Szechenyi.

more than once appears on the trusses under the sill of the window of the room over the porch and again on the gable on the left of the porch. Both the exterior and the interior have a wealth of tracery, foliage and ornamentation derived from Italian forms.

On examining the interior a close observer would soon discover the skeleton of a much earlier building within its Elizabethan inclosure. The building is, in fact, mentioned as a royal residence of the time of King John. The interior is mostly of oak panelling, with the ceilings supported by massive beams.

some years ago with great taste, modern improvements being effected without destroying its old world appearance.

## WINE SHIPPED IN TANK CARS

Twenty Thousand Gallons of the Beverage Reached Philadelphia In This Way.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Transcontinental shipments of wines in glass-lined steel tank cars was proved to be feasible with the drawing off into barrels of 20,000 gallons of port and sherry, which arrived recently from Cucamonga, southern California.

A. S. Strouse, head of the American Wine and Spirit company, to whom the wine was consigned, was so pleased with the tank method of transportation that he will employ it exclusively hereafter, and very shortly five additional tank cars, carrying 50,000 gallons, will arrive.

## NO MORE CHIMNEY SWEEPS

Gas and Electricity Doing Away With Need for This Kind of Labor.

London.—Apropos of the financial difficulties of a chimney sweep who appeared at a country court, Mr. Jenkins, a member of the firm which sweeps the king's chimneys, spoke of this vanishing industry. He said:

"It is generally admitted that the trade of the chimney sweep is doomed, like that of the hansom cab driver. Gas and electricity are doing away with the need for sweeps. Most of the new large buildings are supplied with central heating apparatus from hot-water boilers. In private houses, old and new, gas fires are taking the place of coal fires, especially in bedrooms and rooms which are not used continuously. In some hotels the rooms have no fireplaces."

Another noticeable thing is the effect of education. Smart boys who have "received an education" want a cleaner trade. Formerly a father would put his boy to work at twelve or thirteen, but now the boys will not do it, and it is hard to get outsiders. My firm has swept the chimneys at Buckingham palace for 61 years, and we have one man who has been 25 years with us. Fortunately the king and queen still cling to coal fires in all their personal apartments, though,

## GIRLS MAKE DRESS ON TRAIN

Six Complete a Latest Style Gown in Twenty Minutes in Paris Tube Car.

Paris.—Tube travelers who were recently astonished to see six young women hurriedly cutting and making a fashionable gown while riding in a tube train have learned that the unusual performance was the result of a wager that the midnettes could not fashion a dress complete during a trip from the Porte d'Orleans station to the Port de Clignancourt, a 20-minute journey underground.

Each girl had a particular assignment. One made a sleeve, another the other sleeve, another the bodice, a fourth the skirt, while the fifth and sixth attached hoods and eyes and trimmings. As the train drew up at the terminal at Clignancourt, the girls stepped from their car and held out the finished dress with a shout of triumph, having completed it in 20 minutes.

The dress is of pink chiffon, designed in the latest style, with a draped tunic and lavish ornamentation.

## HELL FAMILY TAKING THE LEAD

Farrell, Pa.—The Damm family bids fair to lose its fame by the discovery of the Hell family here. Conrad Hell, an ice cream manufacturer, has used the family name freely in signs scattered throughout the town. One invites the public to "go to Hell for pure cream," while another reads: "Have you been to Hell? Its the coolest place in Farrell." A sign in front of Hell's establishment presents a young woman saying to her escort, "Hell for mine; always."

Mule Resents Being Ticked. New York.—As the result of tickling a mule with a straw, Paul Portare, aged five, had his face disfigured for life when the animal objected.

# Better Biscuits Baked With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS  
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.  
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-can baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

Thinks Cancer is Contagious. Authorities contend that cancer is not contagious, but Doctor Odier, head of the cancer institution at Geneva, Switzerland, says he has discovered in one of the principal streets of that city at least a dozen houses in which the disease has recurred, a fact he can only account for on the theory that it is contagious. He urges that every house in which there has been a cancer patient be disinfected.

The First Question. Wiggs—Young Sillicus says his heart is located.  
Wiggs—Who's the lass?

Kilkenny castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were 800 years ago.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

It is a waste of time to whitewash a character that could not be saved by thick enamel.

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Women never really admire each other. They are too busy admiring each other's clothes.

## TRIED REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.

