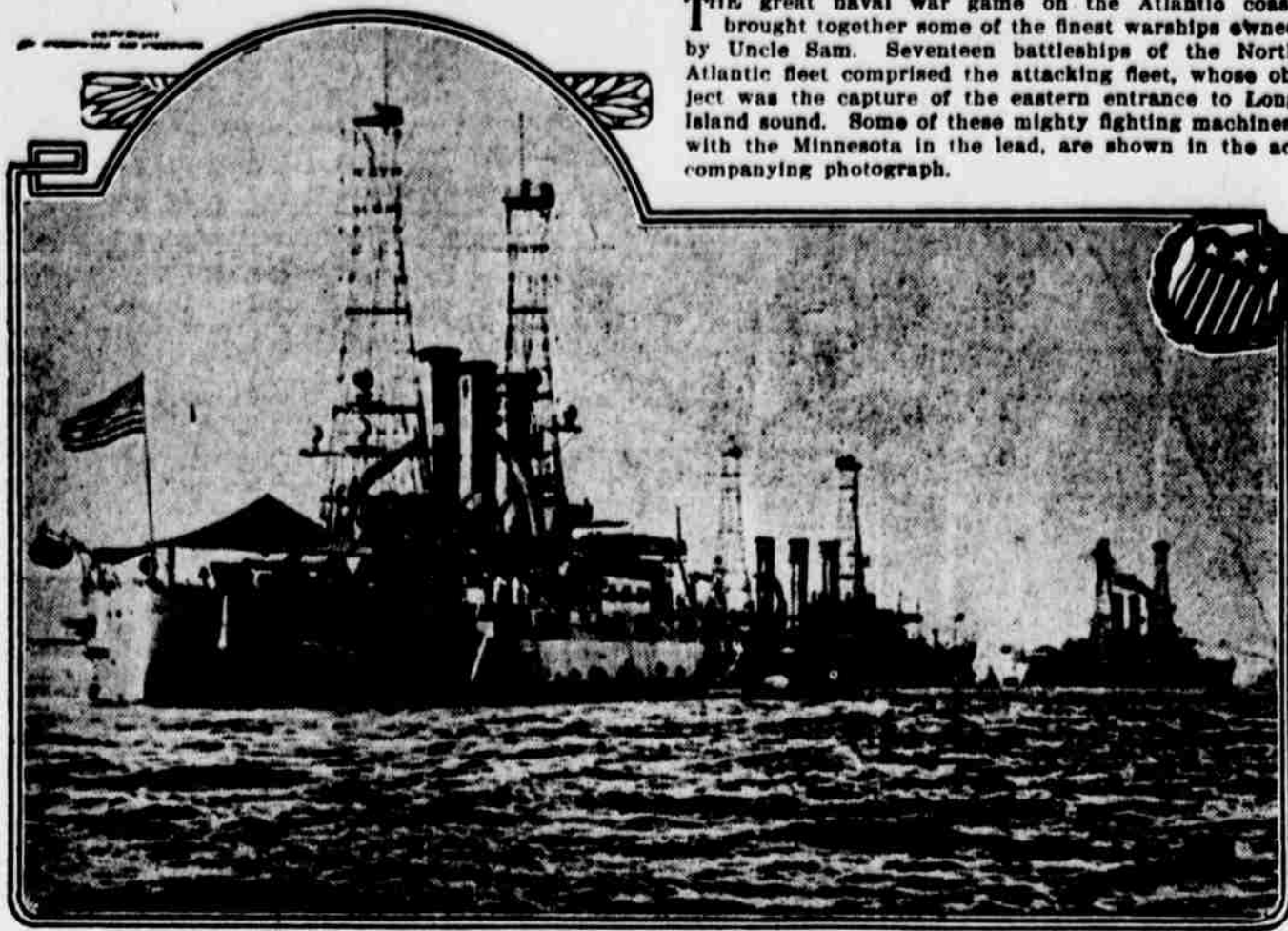


BIG BATTLESHIPS IN THE WAR GAME

THE great naval war game on the Atlantic coast brought together some of the finest warships owned by Uncle Sam. Seventeen battleships of the North Atlantic fleet comprised the attacking fleet, whose object was the capture of the eastern entrance to Long Island sound. Some of these mighty fighting machines, with the Minnesota in the lead, are shown in the accompanying photograph.



LINED UP FOR MANEUVERS

REAP WITH CRADLES

Old-Time Farmers Show Revolution of Farm Machinery.

Veteran Swings Scythe at Ninety and Explains How He Harvested Grain Seventy-Five Years Ago at DeKalb.

Chicago.—From the shadows of the past came reapers of 50 and 70 years ago to the Henry Whitmore farm the other day, near DeKalb, and in the role of harvesters pitted themselves against the marvelous machinery of modern times.

More than 1,000, many of whom came in automobiles, watched the men harvesting grain in as many ways as have been contrived since agricultural pursuits have been followed on the American continent. There was the old-fashioned cradle, the sickle and scythe, the early-day reaper and the modern binder. It was a panoramic history of one of the most important phases of the industrial life of America.

White-haired, patriarchal in appearance, his shoulders bent with the weight of years, "Uncle" William Allen of Sycamore, swung his cradle for five minutes as he was wont to do three-quarters of a century ago. And as he cut his last swath, he leaned on the handle of his cradle and laughed at the incongruity of the picture presented.

"Looks silly, doesn't it?" he asked of the cheering spectators. "Times have certainly changed since I began harvesting." And his old eyes followed a modern binding machine cutting a wide swath, gathering up the fallen grain and tying it in bundles.

"I am 91 years old," said the veteran harvester as the binder turned a corner, "but if I could live 20 years more I would see even greater changes in the world than since I first began swinging a cradle in a harvest field."

Among the reapers were C. W. and W. W. Marsh, two brothers, who have lived more than the allotted three-score years and ten, and who are credited with being the first to have conceived the idea of the reaper. Their first machine was brought forth and cut a swath around the ten-acre field. As crude as it seemed to the throng of spectators, it was a marvel compared to the cradle which they had used for years before they brought the reaper into being.

"I am glad to have lived to see this day," said the elder of the Marsh brothers. "Farming today is not what it was when we were boys. Look at that binder. See how the driver fairly sails through that ocean of grain. Isn't it worth living to see?"

Following the exhibition in the field, bundles of wheat and oats were brought to the lawn of the Whitmore home and spread on the grass, where it was thrashed by old-fashioned flails by men who had swung flails long before the thrashing machine was ever dreamed of.

Speechmaking and music concluded the day's program and refreshments were served in old-fashioned style to the hungry harvesters.

WANTED TO SHOW THE JUDGE

Magistrate Calls Halt When Girl Starts to Bare Form in Court—Case Was Dismissed.

New York.—William McMeenan of 298 Avenue A was so little anxious to see his wife outside the Yorkville court the other day that he waited until a policeman went along with him.

McMeenan was a complainant against his comely stepdaughter, Mary Miller, a pocket edition maiden, charged with presenting a large black eye to her foster parent.

"She is all the time beating me," the man told the court.

"He hit her first," said the tiny woman.

"Where?" asked Magistrate Stein-

ert in a moment of judicial indiscretion.

The girl started to let the drapery down from a well rounded shoulder. There was a threat of a more intimate knowledge of the family affairs of the McMeenans.

"Hold on; don't do that; this case is dismissed," said the magistrate.

"I'll see you outside," said Mrs. McMeenan to her husband.

McMeenan said he was in no particular hurry about going. He waited for a policeman going his way.

SEND RATTLESNAKE BY MAIL

Californian Made Custodian of Innumerable Collection of Spiders, Bugs and Strange Things.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A live rattlesnake held captive in a large oil can which in turn was reinforced with a wooden box arrived at the Hollenbeck consigned to Charles Mead.

Since his receipt of the rare Latrodectus manctus, or red spotted spider, the most poisonous insect of its kind, Smead has been made the custodian of an innumerable collection of spiders, bugs and curious living things that crawl, creep and fly, the latest being the rattlesnake.

A friend residing in Calzona having read of the fact that the hotel man had received the spider decided on a more peculiar gift and as a result set out to catch the snake, of which species there are many in that section of the country. In a letter accompanying the gift, the donor mentions the manner of its capture and hopes that Smead will be able to add to the collection which he has or is

making for the southwest museum. As yet Smead has not been able to decide whether the serpent shall be killed and his skin tanned and stuffed or whether to turn it over to some of the Main street side show fakers.

From Don Cabezas, on the Mexican border, Smead several days ago received one of the most perfect specimens of a scorpion ever seen here. It is five and one-half inches in length with not a vertebra or a claw displaced in the horrible land crab. In addition two splendid specimens of the centipede were inclosed.

A mining man residing in Lower California undertook to show his esteem for the hotel man by shipping him a pair of bats captured in a great guano cave along the west shore. They were both dead, but preserved in such a manner that they will keep for a long time. In the letter accompanying the bats, the mining man tells a wonderful tale of the millions of these night flyers that at about seven o'clock in the evening begin to leave the caves.

"They pour forth in one steady stream for a period of more than three hours, all going out over the ocean in their flight. At about three o'clock in the morning they begin to return, flying from the land side, having evidently completed a big circle in their flight. Again it takes them several hours to get inside. The caves are so foul smelling, so vilely black that they have never been fully explored."

BONE ON HIS BRAIN

Removal May Restore Victim to His Right Mind.

New York Man Recovers Speech After Operation and Surgeons Believe Frequent Attacks of Insanity Will Now Cease.

New Haven, Conn.—Removal of a piece of a patient's skull which had come in contact with the brain brought back the power of speech to Harry Wiltse of 154 Plymouth street.

For six months Mr. Wiltse had been unable to utter a word, but when Dr. Morris D. Slatery, who performed the operation in the presence of a dozen or more prominent surgeons in the city, came into the operating room again after leaving it to see another patient, Mr. Wiltse raised his head from the pillow, and in a distinct but low tone said: "Hello, Doc."

There was great surprise at the moment and the news quickly circulated to the physicians who had been interested in the case. They proclaimed the belief that when Mr. Wiltse fully recovers his strength, his speech would be as good as ever. They also believe that frequent attacks of insanity, the result of injury to Mr. Wiltse's head 21 years ago, will cease. The operation was performed in the hospital of St. Raphael.

The injury to Mr. Wiltse, who is 36 years old, came to him when he was 15. He was playing ball near his home in Forty-fifth street, New York city, one afternoon, when he was run over by a team, the horse stepping on the boy's head. He was taken unconscious to a hospital, where it was found that his skull was fractured. He remained in the hospital about six months, but as a result of the injury insanity developed.

He was later sent to the insane asylum in Middletown, N. Y., and after a few years there he was released as cured. Three years ago, however, he

BOY'S MILLION DOLLAR HOME

\$25,000 for Furnishing Apartment for Little Russell Hopkins—Also Have Private Zoo.

New York.—Russell Hopkins of Atlanta, consul general from Panama to this country, has just purchased a \$1,000,000 house at 1045 Fifth avenue for his baby son, John Randolph Hopkins, who was born two months ago in the Hotel St. Regis.

The baby's grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Lawrence, will spend \$25,000 in furnishing a suite of rooms which are to serve for the nursery.

The roof of the house will be covered with a steel wire case and converted into a playground. One end will be used for a small private zoo.

Three Pastors in 100 Years

Clayville, Pa.—The Clayville United Presbyterian church celebrated its hundredth anniversary Sunday.

The church holds a record in that it has had but three continuous pastors in its 100 years' existence.

The present pastor, Rev. Alexander McLachlin, has been with the church since 1873.

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Bathing Suits in Church.

New York.—The following advertisement appears in a Montclair (N. J.) newspaper:

"The Brookdale Baptist church will be in session at 9:30 tomorrow morning. No collection. Please bring bathing suits."

None of the officials of the church who might explain the advertisement could be found.

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ABE SHEARER'S RETURN

By CARL JENKINS

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Abe Shearer had been born on a farm. At six years old he was picking up potatoes as his father dug them. Between ten and twelve he put in two winters at the district school and learned to read in a slow, uncertain way. He could also spell the easy words if not hurried. Arithmetic was almost a sealed book to him and he rejoiced when he had added seven and four together and was assured that his sum of eleven was positively correct. From the age of twelve it was all hard work and no chance. Abe was a good-hearted fellow and a hard worker, but he grew up a boor.

Mary Baxter was a farmer's daughter. As soon as she was old enough to lift the churn dasher it was placed in her hand. To be a farmer's daughter meant feeding the chickens, peeling the potatoes, using the broom and helping otherwise. She also went to school for a term or two. She learned more and faster than Abe, who carried her dinner basket for her, and sometimes took her hand for the long mile walk. They were always in love, it seemed, but nothing was spoken of marriage until Abe had reached the age of manhood. In intellect and intuition the girl was the superior, and yet Abe was strong and rugged physically and was looked up to.

One day as Abe was working in a field by the roadside an auto in which four girls were riding met with some accident. They were girls from the city stopping at a summer resort two miles away.

The hired man was called to and he responded. After half an hour he was lucky enough to find the cause of the trouble and remedy it, but that half hour had worked a change in him. Abe had never been in a city. He had never seen a handsome girl. He had looked into the face of Mary Baxter thousands of times, but never to ask himself if she were homely or good-looking. He had seen her in many dresses, but he had never thought of style or harmony of colors. She had been just Mary to him. She was neither a flirt nor a coquette. Their talks as lovers had always had a sober tinge.

The girls in the auto were full of talk and laughter. Abe wondered that God had made them so handsome, and that money could buy such hats and dresses. He came to them in a hickory shirt and overalls and with a rusty straw hat on his head and they flattered him. They praised his strength and admired his sunburn and freckles. They said if they ever married it would be to men like him. And as a climax of the handsomest and most mischievous of the quartette whispered in the hired man's ear as the auto was ready to proceed:

"It is a case of love at first sight with me. Meet me this evening at eight o'clock by the big willow tree just this side of the hotel. Don't fail me."

Abe Shearer had never thought much of himself. He had done some 'big days' work and bragged of the record, but he wasn't vain or egotistical. He was just a farmer's hired man and was content with his lot. But a new epoch had come into his life. He had been praised and flattered by handsome girls. He had won the love of one of them without making the slightest effort on his part. He knew for the first time that he was handsome as well as strong. Abe's old straw hat was cocked on his ear for the rest of the afternoon, and the family wondered at his superior air as he sat at the supper table. It seemed as if he had been lifted up into another sphere.

Abe was Farmer Baxter's hired man, and he was therefore under the eyes of the girl he was going to marry. She noted this sudden change in him quicker than the others, and she knew the reason of it. She had been in the orchard while Abe was at the automobile and she had heard the laughter of the girls.

After Abe had finished the milking and put on his Sunday suit Mary divined where he was going. She asked no questions and made no comments. She of all the household was awake at midnight when Abe stumbled upstairs. He carried a puzzled, disappointed look next morning but she had no comments. At four o'clock that afternoon the rural mail carrier hailed the hired man from the road and gave him a letter with the remark:

"You must be getting up among the high-toned, Abe. Bet you that's a love letter from one of the good-looking girls at the hotel."

Abe sat down under a thorn-apple tree and opened the little robin's-egg colored envelope. On the dainty sheet of paper within were written the words:

"I was detained last night. Please be there at the same hour this evening."

"By hokey!" exclaimed Abe, as he flourished the note around his head; and that superior air came back. The girl had not kept the tryst last night but she was all right. She wouldn't disappoint him again.

When darkness came Abe set out as before. Father and mother looked at Mary for an explanation, but she had none to make. It was an hour after midnight this time when Abe came in. He was sullen and moody all next day, and no letter was received, but at night he went away for the third time. It was growing daylight when he came home and the watching girl saw him go straight to the barn. Every line

of his figure showed dejection and yet she seemed to read a certain determination in his step. She dressed and reached the barn to find him adjusting a noosed rope to a beam.

"Abe, I know all about it," she said, as she took the rope from his hands. "Come and sit down here."

"What—what you here for?" he demanded.

"To save you from making a bigger fool of yourself. Sit down and hear some plain talk. No, then, who are we? You are Abe and I am Mary. Neither of us is educated and both of us are plain faced. We have lived a farm life all our years. We know nothing of the life lived in the cities. Our ways are different ways. Abe, you would hardly know how to ring a doorbell, and I'm sure I'd be as awkward as a cow in a lady's parlor."

"I say we are just as good as anybody!" shouted Abe as he wiped a tear from his eye.

"Just as good to live and die. Just as good while we stay in our own world. When we get out of it it's a different thing. Abe, can you think of me, with my crude education, with my awkward ways—with my plain face—with the little I know of the world, becoming the wife of a rich man and holding a place in society?"

He was silent.

"The other day you repaired an auto in which four girls were riding. You got puffed up over what they said. Poor boy, you didn't know that they were having fun at your expense. Your looks and talk were a joke to them."

"Scat 'em!" growled Abe.

"And you dressed up and went away to meet one of them by moonlight. She was just fooling you, Abe—she didn't appear."

"But she said—she said—"

"That she loved you. Oh, Abe, where was your sense! It was all fun and mischief to her. Why should she love you? Why mate with you? Your world is for you and hers for her. And when you found that she was just laughing at you it was to hang yourself! Abe, there are fools among women, but oh, the fools among men!"

"It's time to get the pails and do the milking," said the young man as he rose.

"Is that all?" asked the girl, as she looked up.

"Why, if you want to be kissed you'd better stand up, and if you don't know that I want our wedding day jumped ahead three months then you'd better find out before another dinged auto comes chuggin' along with a lot of titterin' gals for a load!"

The Exceptional Young Man.

The exceptional young man, says Orison Swett Marden in an article in Success magazine, is the one who looks upon his employer's interests as he would his own, who regards his vocation as an opportunity to make a man of himself, an opportunity to show his employer the stuff he is made of, and who is always preparing himself to fill the position above him.

The exceptional young man is the one who never says: "I was not paid to do that;" "I don't get salary enough to work after hours or to take so much pains." He never leaves things half done, but does everything to a finish.

The exceptional young man is the one who studies his employer's business, who reads its literature, who is on the watch for every improvement which others in the same line have adopted and which his employer has not, who is always improving himself during his spare time for larger things.

Science Confirms Legend.

Dr. Albert Cann of the Heidelberg Cancer Institute announces the result of certain experiments which show that the human organs contain quantities of radium or some allied radioactive substance. Anatomical specimens which could not possibly have come into contact with isolated radium showed all the qualities associated with radium. Dr. Borness, another investigator, announces that the brain substance is radio-active and under certain conditions irradiates a faint glow. Science, he says, has always derided the idea of the halo, or nimbus, with which the Saviour and the angels are depicted. But now science comes to confirm the religious legend. The nimbus is a fact, invisible indeed to the ordinary eye, but perhaps visible in another age and under abnormal conditions of the body and mind.

Indoor Air and Health.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick of the Russell Sage Foundation, New York, calls attention to the need of further study of the effects of indoor air upon health. "This air," he says, "is somehow not as good for us, even under the best conditions of ventilation, as the open air." He quotes Drs. Thompson and Brennan of New York as thinking that we ought to do away with all systems of ventilation, and use simply natural ventilation—open windows. On the other hand, Dr. Leonard Hill of England finds the Plenum system of ventilation superior in its effects to open windows. But Dr. Gulick holds that present conditions are not right, and that it still remains to discover what must be done to make indoor as healthy as outdoor living.

The Onlooker

WILBUR D. NESBIT



There's one sure way to make it cool When it's a hundred in the shade, And all the helps you ever know'll Fail to bring you the slightest aid; Though by the warmth you are dismayed, This plan will make each broiling street Like to a snow-heaped wintry glade—I'll write this verse about the heat.

The poor, perishing rhymater who'll Not let his spirit be dismayed But will observe this ancient rule Can bring the chill for which we've prayed;

In needful am I arrayed; The blighting simoon breath to cheat; 'Twill get cold; bet's may now be laid—I'll write this verse about the heat.

The weather is just like a mule; 'Tis a perverse and forward jade; 'Twill now grow frigid as at Yule, The heated term shall here be stayed, The sun's hot glare will dim and fade, Who knows? We may have snow and sleet!

My melting work shall be repaid—I'll write this verse about the heat.

L'ENVOI.

Friends, prithee no more be afraid, A hundred times I've done this feat, To cool things off I have essayed—I'll write this verse about the heat.



The eminent pianist is simply making the keyboard sizzle with the violence of his fingering, when a fat man in a rear seat is asked by his neighbor:

"Hasn't he a wonderful touch?"

"Wonderful?" asks the fat man. "Wonderful don't begin to tell it. Why, I gave up \$3 for my seat, and he hasn't played a blame thing that I haven't got the music to for my piano at home."

Polarized Him, Probably.

A teacher at Cornell swallowed by accident a capsule containing sixteen small steel compass points, which had been placed in the capsule for safe-keeping. It is stated that a surgical operation saved his life.

As the compass always points to the north, some people might think that Dr. Cook could have treated him successfully.

However, it may be that the poor man was operated on by a doctor of geophysics.

But for the short time he kept the compass points he must have been able to exert a great deal of animal magnetism upon those about him.

At a Gulp.

There goes Green. He took up with a new healing cult last week—some peculiar sect which argues that everything is nothing and nothing is everything," said White.

"Yes," replied Black. "I had heard of it. He told me he simply couldn't swallow the medicines that his old doctor was giving him."

"Huh! Shouldn't think that was half as hard a task as swallowing the claims of the everything-is-nothing fellows."

Appropriate Term.

"Servants of the people, indeed!" sniffs the angry citizen, discussing the office holders. "Servants of the people! There never was a greater fallacy."

"I don't know about that," commented another taxpayer. "Did you ever try to induce your cook to let you run your own house?"

A Crusher.

"Don't you know, I think you would be an ideal valentine."

"Yes? And to whom would send me?"

W. D. Nesbit.