

Cultivation of Soil Results in More Rainfall

With One Exception, 19 Counties Lying East of River Have Greatest Precipitation in South Dakota.

By Associated Press. Huron, S. D., Feb. 17.—That cultivation of the soil results in an increased amount of rainfall in South Dakota is a theory given credence by a comparison of tables of monthly precipitation in 64 counties over a period of from 3 to 48 years, just made public here by M. E. Blystone, federal meteorologist.

With one exception, the 19 counties showing highest average annual precipitation were those lying east of the Missouri river. The same was true of all but three of the next 14 counties in the list.

Lawrence, in the extreme west, however, was shown to be the wettest county in the state, with average annual precipitation of 38.94 inches, according to the records of one station. Union county was a close second, with 28.63 inches average for the period, and Turner ranked next with a figure of 28.55 inches.

The station in Union county also reported the most consistently high annual average, the range being from 25.78 to 36.27 inches.

The greatest precipitation reported from any county in a single year was that of the Vermillion station in Clay county. The year's total for 1905 was 45.03 inches. Other high marks were those of Fall River county, 42.17 inches; Yankton, 40.95; Hanson, 39.91; Deuel, 38.57; Hanson, 38.25; and Turner, 37.40.

In the other extreme, Butte county holds the record for scanty precipitation with 6.67 inches for 1911. In one case the annual total for Perkins county dropped as low as 7.10 inches. Hughes, 7.82; Butte, 8.04; and Buffalo, 8.86.

Yankton boasted the longest record of observations, figures being submitted for all but three years since 1872.

According to Mr. Blystone's report, precipitation in the eastern half of the state averaged 22.3 inches on the basis of all records submitted and that in the western half averaged 18.5 inches. In each case monthly records showed that about three-fourths of the total was received during the crop raising season.

Ships Targets in Bomb Tests to Be Auctioned

Washington, Feb. 17.—Three once famous American battleships, which now lie sunk in Tangier sound, 20 miles below Old Point Comfort, with their decks ripped open and their steel plating shattered by bombs, will be sold at auction at the Washington navy yard on March 19.

The ships are the Indiana, the San Marcos (formerly the Texas), and the Alabama. It will be the first time that vessels used as targets in bombing tests have been offered for sale.

They lie in shallow water, with their decks below the surface and the bids asked for will be on the basis of purchase of the ships just as they are.

Old Man's Search for Childhood Sweetheart Endangers His Life

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 17.—Led from his home in far-off Colorado, in an urge to see his boyhood sweetheart, long since dead, Robert Roscomb, 75, is at the Volunteers of America home today, ill and brokenhearted.

Roscomb came from Denver in a day coach. He was led to Syracuse, once his boyhood home, to see Mrs. Hannah Reddings, for whom he hunted rabbits as a boy in the Onondaga valley.

With only a slip of paper bearing the name of Mrs. Reddings' daughter, Mrs. William Bayliss, to guide him, Roscomb started for Syracuse. He found Mrs. Bayliss but when he asked her for her mother once his sweetheart, he learned she was dead. The romance of years was broken. He stayed for dinner at the Bayliss home, and then wandered into the night.

The aged man lost his way and was directed to a police station. To the desk sergeant, he said: "I'm lost, I guess. No one knows me in Syracuse. And she—she's dead."

Police furnished him with lodgings for the night. Today the aged man was taken to the Volunteers of America home. He is threatened with pneumonia as a result of cold and exposure.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS FOR PARCHED THROATS COLDS AND CATARRH. HEALTH RESTORED BY INTERNAL BATHS AT 68 YEARS. Mr. Elias E. Mills of 33 Smith St., New Bedford, Mass., writes to the Tyrrell Hygiene Institute...

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

(Continued From Saturday.) Miss Garden herself was quite as overwhelmed by this failure as was the company. It had certainly been through no lack of diligence on her part that the story went as it did, for she had arrived at the studio early each morning and was often the last to leave it.

Certainly we were most unwise in selecting for her first picture a story in which her operatic tradition was so ingrained. This was brought home by the comparative success of her second film, "The Splendid Sinner." Had this only been produced first we should have done on it three or four times the business which we actually did. It was, "This" had been such a complete "flop" that exhibitors had their fingers crossed when it came to Mary Garden.

The Garden experience cost the Goldwyn company heavily. Disastrous as it was, however, it did not compare with the \$250,000 contract which the Famous Players-Lasky organization made with the late Mrs. Lasky. I was at Grauman's theater in Los Angeles when the first of the two pictures involved in this contract was released, and its reception was so wild that the studio was actually "This." After playing two days it was, in fact, hissed off the stage. What was more, this experience was echoed all over the country.

It was a very beautiful and beautiful Linx Cavalieri more productive of confidence in the wisdom of transplanting the operatic star to the screen. The greatest disappointment reported from any county in a single year was that of the Vermillion station in Clay county. The year's total for 1905 was 45.03 inches. Other high marks were those of Fall River county, 42.17 inches; Yankton, 40.95; Hanson, 39.91; Deuel, 38.57; Hanson, 38.25; and Turner, 37.40.

One of the incidents which stands out from that winter in the Fort Lee studio was the meeting which I effected between Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar. The two rivals had never been introduced. But neither apparently had any acquaintance necessary to the formation of a firm opinion. In the days when Miss Farrar used to be working in the Lasky studio I would sometimes talk to her while she was taking other scenes. The conversation usually drifted toward people, and its current bore us almost inevitable to Mary Garden. It was quite patent, however that the fascination which this theme seemed to possess for Geraldine was that of professional rivalry, which always exists, ago and charges, in the minds of the more vehement the feeling.

When I came to meet Miss Garden I found the sentiment strikingly reciprocal. Yet on that famous day when I brought Miss Farrar over to the Fort Lee studio to meet her rival I wish that the world might have shared in that greeting. Never were two women more glad to see each other. The affectionate cadences of their voices, the profound appreciation of the privilege of this moment expressed by each—these ended at the last in a low, low kiss. But the kiss, I discovered later, had worked no psychological change. Both felt exactly the same after the meeting as they had before.

My experience with Miss Garden was costly. It was not, however, so ill-fated as was the Goldwyn company's engagement of Maxine Elliott. With this episode I shall begin my next chapter and shall follow it with the story of Pauline Frederick, the Goldwyn company's engagement of Geraldine Farrar, and with my memories of Charlie Chaplin.

CHAPTER ELEVEN. Maxine Elliott and Pauline Frederick. It was one day just after the Goldwyn company's inception that Arch Selwyn and Rol Cooper Megrue came to me in great excitement. "Maxine Elliott's arriving tomorrow from England," announced Megrue. "Yes, Sam," added Selwyn, "and we think it would be a great thing if you signed up with her. Right this minute the Shuberts are after her for pictures."

When a few days later, Miss Elliott came to my office I thought I had never seen a human being more radiantly lovely. When I considered, too, that in addition to this glorious beauty she had a reputation for these looks in every hamlet in America, the one anxiety which assailed me was: Can I possibly get her away from the other fellow? As a matter of fact, I did secure her only after long, arduous negotiations.

Never was a picture surrounded by more care than Miss Elliott's first production, "The Sign of the Cross." Rol Cooper Megrue wrote the story. Both names should have assured the excellence of the vehicle. Alan Dwan, one of the most celebrated directors, assumed charge of the production. Hugo Ballin, the portrait painter, designed the sets. In spite of all this perfection of detail, "Fighting Odds" was an abject failure. Never, indeed, was any Goldwyn film criticized so ferociously as this. Not only did we lose on the picture itself, but the "flop" was so conspicuous that it resulted in the cancellation of other pictures of ours.

Attorney Holds Cube Root Record

Mason City Man Surprises Mathematicians With Rapid Mental Calculations.

Mason City, Ia., Feb. 17.—This place has presented another subject for the psychologists of the world to work on. He is Urbane L. Barrett, a lawyer, with mathematics as a hobby. Within 10 seconds he can extract in his head the cube root of any number.

Mr. Barrett returned yesterday from Chicago and Columbus, O., at both of which he attended meetings of mathematicians and was acclaimed to have a mind without precedent in the history of mankind. In Chicago a paper said of him: "Archimedes might have lived the earth if he had a fulcrum, Newton might have discovered gravity, Galileo might have found the earth revolved and that Einstein's theory is more than a dream, but it remained for Mr. Barrett to name almost instantaneously the cube root of figures running up to a trillion."

At the Armour institute, before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and before the Western Engineers, he computed the cube roots of numbers as long as one's arm. It took him 11 seconds to compute the cube root of 691,517,622,133. It was 8.877. Mr. Barrett's formula, and he admits it is that, although he declined to tell what it is, came to him 20 years ago when he was milking a cow. He jumped up, rushed to the house, hovey kicked the pail of milk over and Barrett got a scolding. But he had the solution of his problem.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Madge Wondered Whether Bob Had Been Coached. "When the noise of the car begins to get faint," I whispered to Edwin. "I shall start this. Luckily it doesn't make such noise."

"All right," he assented also in a whisper, and then we all waited, tensely listening to the motor of the other car. In that interval there shot through my mind a remembrance of another time when I had been in a similar retreat farther down the road for another car to pass. Then I had been doing government service, now I was upon an errand affecting the happiness of my own family. But the winding paths and scheduled nooks of the section were serving as faithfully for one expedition as they had for another.

I knew that many legends hung around the sections, tales of the revolutionary war, when the farmers hid their horses in glades more secluded still than these, that the British soldiers might not find them, tales of Indian skirmishes, farther back, tales of smuggling later on, tales of spies during the great world war, and last of all, tales of bootlegging touching every road of this end of the island, where the distance from the coast of the ocean to that of sound or bay was so short as to be almost negligible to a swift motor car.

These remembrances and speculations, however, were but loose threads floating around the strand of stout fabric to which my mind was holding. I did not wish the men in the other car to notice the sound of my own starting engine, therefore I must not wait until they had stopped theirs altogether. On the other hand, I wanted them to get as far away as possible. I was glad to have Edwin take the decision out of my hands.

Full Speed Impossible. "They are slowing up now," he whispered. "Better." I did not wait for the finish of his sentence, but turned the switch key, hoping desperately that the car would respond in its invariably grateful fashion. Never was the sound of the starting motor more welcome to my ears, and I handled my gears and clutch with infinite care for fear of stalling, as I guided the car out of the little glade into the wood road and then out to the broader highway.

"I'm going to let her out a little," I said to Edwin. "Will you watch that side of the road for me?" "Of course," he said, and I sent the car along the road at as good a pace as I dared, considering the rain, the constant curving of the road, and the danger of skidding.

"I'm going to take this road along the bay to Southampton," I explained, although I knew that all roads were alike to my passengers. My nervous tension demanded relief in some sort of speech, and this was nearest my lips. "It's a little longer and more winding, but there's very little travel on it at night, and we come out in a remote part of the village. By the time we reach the main road if there do happen to be watchers for us, we can go in four different directions, and there will be other cars passing."

Burgess Bedtime Stories

Half enough is better than none at all for Fox or Reddy.

Reddy and Old Man Coyote Divide a Dinner. Reddy felt very sure there would be food put out. So the first of the Black Shadows found Reddy in his old hiding place behind Farmer Brown's barn. Patiently he waited, but all the time he could. But all the time he was gobbling it he was watching for Old Man Coyote.

Reddy had eaten just about half that dinner when he saw a dark form coming swiftly from behind the barn. He didn't wait to get another mouthful. He darted away without even looking behind him. Of course, Old Man Coyote saw him. But Old Man Coyote also saw that there was still food in that pan. He merely growled in Reddy's direction and kept on straight to tight pan. He gobbled up his half of the dinner even faster than Reddy had eaten his. He stopped to polish the pan with his tongue. By the time he was through Reddy was half way home. So Reddy and Old Man Coyote divided a dinner. Neither had enough, but half a dinner was better than none.

Concern for the Children. "Do you want me to keep on telling you if I see a light?" Mary piped, inordinately proud of her position as lookout. "I shouldn't think it would be necessary now," Harriet interposed, "and I'm afraid she'll get chilled, kneeling on the seat. I can't keep the blankets over the others, either, with her wriggling around."

Despite my anxiety, I could not help smiling to myself at Harriet's question tone. It was so exactly the worried mother-tongue of the woman who can see nothing beyond possible "colds" or other illness for the small children in her care. "My sister-in-law was fast being molded into the niche fate had provided so strangely for her."

Blaze in Drug Store. A small blaze, caused by explosion of a gasoline stove in the basement, called the fire department to the Hayes drug store, Sixteenth and Howard streets, early Saturday night. A big turtle soup factory has been started in Australia, much to the disgust of the turtles.—West Palm Beach Times.

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