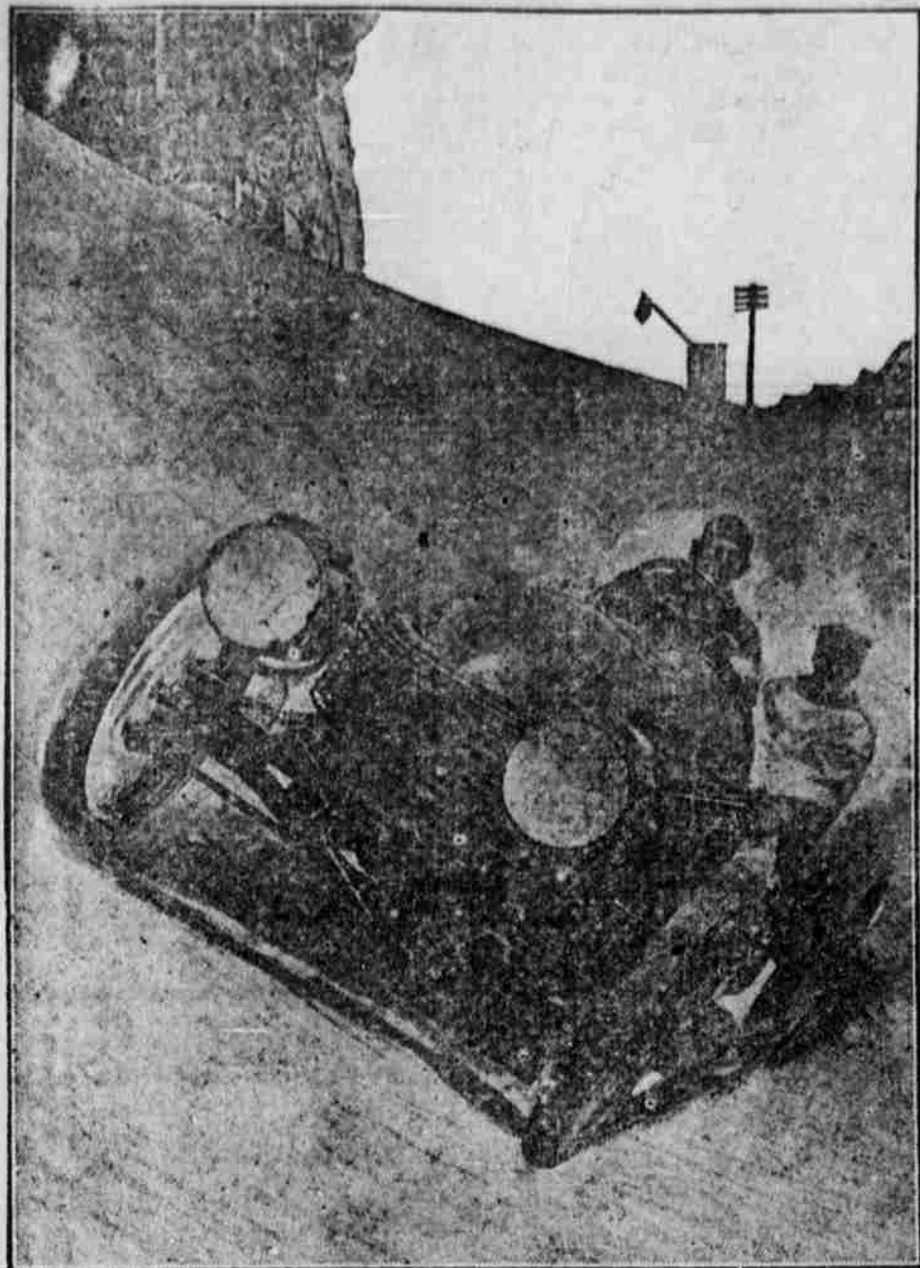


NEW ENGLISH AUTO TRACK



Mr. S. F. Edge Trying for a New 24-Hour Record.

FARMERS BUYING AUTOS.

NEW SIGNS OF PROSPERITY OBSERVED IN THE WEST.

Manufacturers of Motor Cars Cannot Make Machines Fast Enough to Supply Demand from Tillers of the Soil.

Lincoln, Neb.—Western agents of an automobile factory assert that if the machines could be obtained hundreds of autos could be sold this summer to the farmers of Nebraska and Kansas.

As it is, the residents of the country towns and the farmers are buying more of the benzine buggies than the cities, and there is scarcely a country town in Nebraska in which there are not more automobiles in proportion to the population than in Lincoln or Omaha.

The prosperity of western farmers has become an old story, and this prosperity is going to be augmented this year by another big crop of wheat and corn and oats. Most of the farmers in the state could buy a medium-priced machine just as a luxury if they wanted to, but the manner in which they have amassed their money does not lead to extravagance of that kind.

When a Nebraska agriculturist adds to his machinery collection he buys only that which will be of use. That is why he is just now turning to the automobile. The favorite farm type is the runabout, largely because of its low first cost. The prudent farmer figures that with good carriage horses bringing \$150 to \$250 each in the market he is foolish to utilize them in the pleasure jaunts and his journeyings to and from church.

If he uses his work horses to go to town or about the country, he deducts that much from their working capacity on the farm. By using an auto he saves the horses fresh for the farm work, he can transact his business quicker and get back to the farm in a short time, to his financial betterment.

ness quicker and get back to the farm in a short time, to his financial betterment.

LAD OF 7 CROSSES SEA ALONE.

Adorned with Many Tags Before He Reaches New York from Russia.

New York.—Adorned with a motley array of tags, which were pinned on his coat, shirt and trousers in many cities on the route from far off Minsk, Russia, to this city, seven-year-old Benjamin Meyerson is quartered in the Hebrew home for immigrants in this city. He is bound for Omaha, where his parents, who left Russia several years ago, now reside.

The boy remained with his uncle until recently, when his parents sent for him and he was started alone on what probably has been the most remarkable journey ever taken by a little fellow of his age.

Benjamin's uncle tagged him so that the railroad men might know where to ship the tiny human freight. He also appended to the boy's coat a request that wherever the wee journeyer stopped he should be bathed. The child has been scrubbed in a score of cities.

At each point where the boy changed cars he was retagged until, when he arrived two days ago on the Etruria he looked like a misshapen trunk that had gone through the grand tour.

Woman of 92 Fine Sprinter. London.—Sydney Talbot, the 98-year-old American marine engineer whose activity has been told of, has rivals. At a charitable fete given for the aged poor in Buckinghamshire prizes for flat races were won by two men aged 83 and 86 years respectively. In one woman's race a dame of 92 sprinted finely, but was beaten by a younger competitor.

A SMALL COIN BLOCKS CARS.

New York Motorman Searches Tracks Fifteen Minutes for Quarter.

New York.—There was much excitement on the Bowery the other day when a motorman on a south-bound Third avenue surface car tied up the line for nearly 15 minutes trying to find a 25-cent piece he had slipped in the center of the track. The coin was lying in the groove of the rail. When he brought the car to a stop the wheels of the truck were directly over it.

This the motorman did not know, and he crawled under the car to search for the coin. A large crowd soon gathered, thinking something was wrong. The discovery was made at Grand street, just at the time when the streets were badly congested and traffic was at its height. Several policemen soon arrived and wanted to know what all the trouble was about. It wasn't long before the crowd learned what the motorman was after.

Several men and boys, including a couple of street-cleaning sweepers, immediately joined in the search. After crawling about for ten minutes in vain the motorman had an inspiration that the coin might be under the wheel. He told the conductor to start the car on about a foot. Then there was a scramble. Boys, men and street-cleaning sweepers made a rush for the bit of money at the same time. The motorman, who was the nearest to it, after a hard struggle, knocking the men and boys aside, finally got it.

By this time the street was blocked, and the drivers of trucks were yelling

like madmen. A string of cars extended back almost to Fourteenth street. A crowd of nearly 1,000 persons had gathered and the police had their hands full in dispersing it.

BILLION LOST ON CRIMINALS.

Caring for Vicious Costs More Yearly Than Nation's Wealth Grows.

Washington.—"This country spends \$6,000,000,000 annually on the criminal, pauper and vicious classes, and the annual increase of wealth is only \$5,000,000,000. Does not that look as if the public were bankrupt?"

This statement was made in a lecture by Dr. Charles J. Bushnell, who is conducting a model public playground here. He is a graduate of Heidelberg university and an authority on civic matters.

Dr. Bushnell's figures are taken, as he says, from reliable sources and represent years of careful study. He challenges anyone to disprove their accuracy. He and his wife have made a special study of what they call the "social illness" of the United States. Continuing, Dr. Bushnell said:

"Why, the \$6,000,000,000 that this nation spends every year on its criminal cases equals the amount spent on all churches, public libraries, the Young Men's Christian association, the Salvation Army, public hospitals, asylums for the insane and all benevolent institutions. The average factory hand earns \$440 a year, while it is estimated that the average criminal costs the public at least \$1,200 a year."

BRIDGE WHIST CRAZE

SUMMER COLONY AT NEWPORT WILD OVER GAME.

Many Prominent Society Women Give Up Their Whole Time to It—Golf Clubs Again Popular as a Result.

Newport, R. I.—Newport has the bridge whist craze. So has Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor, but it is at Newport that the epidemic is most virulent.

Here pursuit of the game has become an obsession. Big sums of money are won and lost every day at the tables. Women in most instances are the most inveterate of the gamblers. The flushed face of the woman gambler can be seen daily in carriages that flash along Bellevue avenue. Her nervous, eager manner betrays her. At ordinary social functions she waits patiently for the outsiders to depart in order that the elect few may creep away to the boudoir of the hostess for an hour at bridge.

Bridge is not the only game. More than one splendid villa here now conceals a dainty roulette wheel and a private faro layout for the delectation of the elect.

To such an extent has the passion for play gone that some of the older heads are seriously discussing the organization of an anti-gambling crusade. The effect of gambling on the nerves of some women in the younger set, as well as on their pocketbooks, is creating alarm.

And then the golf club claims attention. The golf club had run to seed. It was so far away it didn't offer any particular diversion after one had made the long journey out to the place. Of late, however, unwanted prosperity has come to the club. Bridge whist did it. Confronted with a situation that spelled ruin for the club the managers appointed a women's committee to take matters in hand. The committee turned to bridge whist. Now the golf club has become one of the most popular institutions at Newport. Members even occasionally play golf as a recreation after several hours of enervating play at the tables.

Here it is that the passion for bridge is seen at its height. On a recent afternoon there were eight tables going. Refreshing breezes swept in from the ocean. Half a dozen of the best-known women in New York and Philadelphia society lounged outside on the terrace. Within at least 20 young women and a few men toiled feverishly at bridge.

Among the stories they tell sub rosa at the golf club is one of a young woman who has won enough during this season to buy a handsome automobile, and another young woman who lost so much that her father threatened to cut off her allowance and refuse to stand responsible for any of her debts if she does not quit the game. There are other stories of matrons who are heavily in debt to their fellow-players, and a couple of men who practically support themselves by means of their winnings.

WEDS GIRL, WON'T TELL NAME. Millionaire Hearne Married to a Miss of Seventeen. New York.—A millionaire of 50 marrying a beautiful brunette of 17 summers is the latest romance of the Waldorf-Astoria. The groom is W. H. Hearne, of Wheeling, W. Va., a member of the Pennsylvania staff and a brother of the late Col. Frank J. Hearne, at one time president of the Colorado Fuel and Iron company.

The identity of the bride is not revealed. Her husband says, "It's none of the public's business." Just where the marriage took place cannot be learned, but it is supposed in the west.

The couple met for the first time a few weeks ago at Kansas City, while Mr. Hearne was visiting his sister, Mrs. Annie Armour, and his bride was the guest of Mrs. Kirk Armour.

Soon after Mr. Hearne's daughter, Mrs. Archibald Mitchell, was surprised on receiving this telegram from her father:

"Meet me in Wheeling. Am going to be married."

The daughter hurried to Wheeling, but her father failed to appear. A few days ago he and his bride arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria. Their devotion to each other attracted considerable attention.

Danger in Handcuff Game. Washington, Pa.—As a result of his efforts to emulate a handcuff expert whom he saw at a traveling show, Thomas Garbert, aged 22 years, is dead at his home at Roscoe. The young man kept up his practice daily and learned to release himself from all kinds of locks and entanglements. While trying to free himself from an especially difficult position recently he strained himself so badly that dropsy set in, resulting in death.

Biggest Kansas Baby. Kansas City, Mo.—A baby boy that weighed 15½ pounds arrived at the farm of Cecil Van Berger, near Shawnee, in Johnson county, Kansas. It is the sixth child born to Mrs. Van Berger. None of the others weighed more than eight or ten pounds at birth.

"The child is healthy and well developed," said Dr. E. P. Chace. "It is, I think, the largest baby in the state of Kansas, without a doubt." The mother is a native of Belgium.

DECOY HORSES ON SHIPBOARD.

Mirror Helps to Make Process of Embarkation Easy.

Circus horses do much traveling from place to place, and sometimes have to be transported by ship. To embark them they may, perhaps, have to be slung on board by means of a hoisting crane and sling. When possible, however, they are simply walked up a gangway.

In some instances the horse is nervous of going on board. Maybe



not one horse of a whole string will face doing so. The manager of one traveling circus has ingeniously solved the difficulty.

A big, strong framed mirror—one of the circus "properties"—mounted on wheels, is placed on deck, and at the end of the gangway. The leading horse is led to a position facing this, and, seeing his own reflection in the mirror, he thinks there is a horse already on board, and so feels no hesitation in "joining it." One by one the remaining horses follow.

SILK THREAD IN NEST.

Bright Material, Made Trouble for Home-Building Robins.

"It is astonishing," says a bird lover, "where and how birds manage to find or steal the variety of materials they use in building their nests."

"Two robins are now building in a tree close to my window, and besides twigs, blades of dried grass, horse hairs, and other things that might be expected, one of them brought a skein of blue silk thread. It had been stolen from somewhere, and was evidently regarded by both the robins as a very valuable acquisition, for after bringing it to the nest there was a long, animated discussion as to what ought to be done with it. It would not do to use it on the outside, for its color was so bright that it would attract attention to the nest, so after a world of talk about it, the silk was finally disposed of by twining it round and round on the inside. There it became the cause of further trouble, for the male bird, leaving the nest, found it tangled with his claws, and pulled it nearly all out, being roundly scolded by the lady bird for his carelessness. It took hours to put it all back again and prevent a recurrence of a similar accident, but things were finally adjusted to the satisfaction of both birds, and though I could not see, I think they covered up the silk with bits of paper, for I saw them carrying fragments of newspaper and wrappers and apparently very busy stowing them away inside."

CANTEEN AS LIFE BUOY.

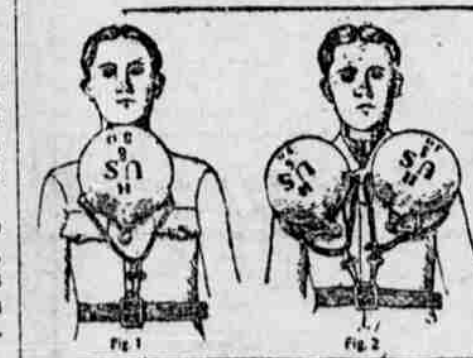
As Uncle Sam's Boys in Blue Are Taught to Use It.

A novel use of the canteen is to employ it as a life buoy or as an aid in learning to swim. The accompanying sketch shows the position of the canteen as it should be used. Whether there is one canteen or two, the idea is practically the same. Snap the

As Uncle Sam's Boys in Blue Are Taught to Use It.

As Uncle Sam's Boys in Blue Are Taught to Use It.

A novel use of the canteen is to employ it as a life buoy or as an aid in learning to swim. The accompanying sketch shows the position of the canteen as it should be used. Whether there is one canteen or two, the idea is practically the same. Snap the



canteen strap to the belt buckle and fasten the canteens upon the breast so that they cannot slip out of place, says the Journal of the American Cavalry Association. This may be accomplished by fastening a string or handkerchief to the side rings of the canteens, and then passing it around the neck. For still greater security, pass a cord around the body and fasten it to the outside rings.

Paving Streets with Gold Ore.

West Denver is soon to boast of having probably the only streets on this earthly globe paved with gold. While workmen the other day were unloading disintegrating granite shipped from South park for the surfacing of the district between south Eleventh and Larimer streets, they found rock which contained what looked to be free gold. Samples were turned over to experts, who pronounced that to the naked eye it was unmistakably gold ore. This opinion was strengthened by the fact of material having been secured in South park. This district was recently examined by mining engineers representing the chamber of commerce, who reported that the district was an unexplored region of wealth. Mayor Speer has some samples of the rock which he intends to have tested by an assayer. In the meantime this presumably valuable material will be placed on the streets unless so much ore is found by the assayer to warrant its being placed in the city treasury instead.—Denver Republican.

THE AVENGER

STORY BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1907, by the Author, W. R. Edson.)

Scripture Authority:—1 Samuel, chapters 24 and 26.

SERMONETTE.

"The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee: but mine hand shall not be upon thee."—The words of David to Saul following his remarkable experience in the cave when King Saul came into his power, and when he withstood the strong temptation to kill him. It was a most remarkable exhibition of self-control, of noble-hearted magnanimity, of faith in God. About a year later a similar opportunity of taking Saul's life came to David, but as on the first occasion he withstood the pleading of his companion, as well as the temptation of his own heart.

Here was one of the supreme testing times which was to prove his worthiness for kingship. He must rule his own spirit before he could rule a kingdom. In the strict terms of justice he could rightfully have taken Saul's life. The natural desire and the sense of self-preservation dictated such a course. It seemed as though it must be either Saul's life or his own life, and when seemingly by providential intervention his enemy had been placed within his power, why should he not be avenged of the bitter wrongs and persecutions which he had been forced to suffer, inasmuch also as God had spoken good concerning him and had promised him the kingdom? But no, with marvelous self-control, he held himself in check, refusing to give reign to the unworthy impulses which sought for gratification.

Thus was the noble, large-heartedness of his nature called into expression. By the checking of the lower, the higher had opportunity of expansion and growth. And this is one of the important laws governing the development of character. The suppression of unworthy impulses works not only a negative but a positive good. It not only roots out the bad but it puts new life and vigor into the good. Try it in your own life and see.

But the supreme and the sublime motive governing David in this instance was his faith in God. His vision was fixed above the mere human circumstances and conditions. He had come to realize that interwoven with the warp of human endeavor was the woof of the divine plan. He knew that behind the human judgment was the judgment of God. He knew that all that life had that was worth gaining was not to be desired except the Lord gave, even though it were riches, honor and a kingdom. He knew he could safely trust with God his all. That if he were wronged God would ultimately vindicate him. That if a kingdom was to be his God would give it. And as we consider the subsequent events of David's life we see how completely such faith in God was justified. And will he not do even more abundantly for you and me?

THE STORY. IT WAS a perilous undertaking, but the heart of David, chafing under the cruel and bitter persecutions he had suffered at Saul's hands, had grown desperate, and when his relentless enemy had followed him into the wilderness of Ziph he had suddenly resolved that he would not be hunted down like a dog, but would seek his enemy face to face, and that it should be either Saul's life or his own in a hand-to-hand encounter. That evening his spies had returned with the report that King Saul himself had come with his soldiers, and was encamped in the hill of Hachilah, and he had determined to hazard a journey thither and started at once with Abishai.

It was a hard and perilous journey. The night was dark and it was with difficulty that a passage was found through the dense undergrowth. David had established his stronghold in one of the most inaccessible portions of the wild region, and the passage from it to the point where Saul was encamped would have been a difficult one even in the day time. But in the dead of night with only the starlight to give but feeble and uncertain light progress was slow, so that ere they came to the region where Saul and his 3,000 men lay encamped the morning was almost ready to break.

As David realized his nearness to the camp of his enemy the bitterness of his lot forced itself afresh upon his heart. Here he was a fugitive and a wanderer all because of the unreasoning hatred of one man. All the things which he had suffered during the long years in which Saul had

so relentlessly sought his life passed in review before his mind.

"Better that either Saul or David were dead," he muttered. "And this night shall determine which," and he set his teeth firmly, and took a step nearer the encamped army.

"If I had improved my opportunity when God gave me my enemy into my hands in the cave, I should have been saved this hard night's trip," David continued, as the memory of that experience in the cave in the wilderness of Engedi came to him. "But I surely thought that when I spared his life that he would cease troubling me."

Yea, I thought he would even have suffered me to go and dwell peaceably among my people. But what hath he done? Rewarded me evil for good. And now what seemeth to remain for me save to fight for my life," and he let his hand fall to his side and caressed the dagger which hung there, as though it was the only friend left him.

"Master, it were well that we were pressing forward if thou wouldst reach the side of thy enemy before the breaking of the morning light," Abishai said, pointing to the faint show of gray light in the eastern sky.

Thus aroused, David readjusted his light garments, again felt of his short sword, and then stealthily crept forward. His long years of training in the wilderness as he lived in the fastnesses of the mountains and the forests had given him a tread as soft and noiseless as that of a cat, and David and Abishai found no difficulty in treading their way through the open ranks of the soldiers of Saul as they lay stretched out in deep slumber.

It had been a long, hard march which they had had the day before, and when they had gone into camp at night, the soldiers of Saul were only too glad to stretch their weary bodies on the soft, yielding ground and give themselves over to refreshing slumber. It would seem strange that there should have been no guard placed or precautions taken against surprise, but the Ziphite guides had reassured Saul that it was impossible for a large body of men to get through from the stronghold where David lay entrenched to the place where Saul's camp was pitched without their movements becoming known, and they said: "A small body will not venture against so splendid a company of men." Thus encouraged, Saul and his men had sought a much needed night's rest, and when David and Abishai reached the camp the deep sleep of the early morning was upon them, so that even had their tread not been so light they would not have disturbed the tired sleepers.

On and on they crept, until the outer bodyguard of Saul was reached. Here the two men paused, scarcely breathing lest they rouse some watchful soldier. David looked about him and noted the place where Saul lay and then, cautiously creeping around the inert forms lying all about, he reached the side of the king.

How haggard and pitiful was that countenance. David was shocked by the lines of wretched agony which appeared as the facial muscles were relaxed in sleep. He saw written there the tragedy of that life. He noted the sunken eyes, the drooping mouth and the nervous, irregular breathing which indicated that even in sleep there was no peace or rest for the man who had rejected the Lord. As David looked closer and examined the features they told him all the sad story of the years of soul torture which had come to this man because of his willful, unrepentant disobedience of God's commandments, and David's heart smote him and his hand relaxed its hold upon the dagger at his side.

And then David contrasted his own inner peace and confidence in God. What if the outward conditions had been trying and desperate; what if he had been driven from place to place so that in no region did he feel secure, was his lot not better than that of the man with the guilty conscience before him who was fighting against God? After all, Saul was suffering the most.

Abishai watched David closely. He noted the relaxed features, nay the almost look of compassion which had taken the place of the set, determined expression of fierce anger. Now he stepped to David's side and said, with vehemence: "God hath delivered thine enemy into thine hand this day; now therefore let me smite him, I pray thee, with the spear to the earth at once."

David looked up startled, nay almost guiltily, as he realized how hated in his heart had almost plunged him into an awful crime.

"Nay," he said, slowly, "God shall be my avenger. Destroy not; for who can stretch forth his hand against the Lord's anointed and be guiltless? As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him; or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into battle and perish."

As David finished speaking he stooped and picked up the cruse of water standing by Saul's side and, taking the spear which was at his head, he turned and as softly as he had come he went away again, followed by his faithful companion, Abishai. And in the after years David never ceased to thank God that he was content to let God become his avenger.

Medicinal Tobacco.

Tobacco may be a luxury, but it is also a splendid disinfectant, and rarely, in my experience, does a smoker take an infectious disease. This being so, I cannot look upon the moderate use of tobacco entirely in the light of a luxury—it is a preventive medicine.—London Argus.