

## The Niagara Falls

**Is Just a Drop of Water—But This Story Has a Moral That Will Be Appreciated By Many Farmer's Wives**

By HES, in "Michigan Farmer"

Early one morning, a good many years ago, a small caravan stood just outside the entrance to a vast estate in the land of Caanan. Impatiently awaiting the signal to highball, the means of locomotion was furnished by ten camels. These were busily chewing their feed of grass which had been cut and placed in small piles in front of each animal, while their attendants walked up and down, fanning and pointing because of the delay.

The reason for the detention was that the leader of the youthful whom, for convenience sake we'll call Jeff, was closeested with the master of the estate, receiving full instructions before starting on his long trek across the desert. Jeff was a man of unusual comeliness and trustworthiness, a man with a beard on him as long as the Penn Marquette and possessed with all the characteristics which endear a servant to his employer. Hence he was to be entrusted with most delicate and extraordinary missions.

Jeff's master had a handsome son, unchristened, named Isaac, who had adored the lad since the age when his parents considered it advisable for him to take on a family, and it was up to them, and up to the maid who was to be the nurse in matrimony, Isaac, now, had been too bashful to really do much about it, so the trusted old servant was deputed to state over his shoulder and pick out a name, names for him. A queer way, I know, I'll say.

Finally, having absorbed all the details, Jeff mounted his camel at the head of the train and began the long, tiresome 450-mile hike over the sands. Now you and I would probably negotiate a little joint of 350 miles in not even a day and a half, but I never rode so slow. So I even started showing time took. (Cousin, though) I cannot get a hump on itself. If it wants to, we will say, for convenience, that about 1:30 p.m., or the tenth day they pulled up at the outskirts of Nahor, the terminus of their trip.

It had been a hot, sultry old ride and they were all in need of water both internally and externally. In those days the old-time well-drilling machine, or water wheel, or plumbum was an underground graft. Usually, right outside the city was the town pump, which it was a good job, just long enough. And in the meantime, each evening comes the combine population of the city taken with peddlers in which to carry the dirty curbs out to their respective houses. Quilt-a-job for the girls, wasn't it?

Old Jeff left with his groceries when he picked that point of vantage and in the meantime glistened and gossiped. He wanted fresh meat and bacon for Isaac. Finally, a regular young queen came floating down to the pump with her pitcher and as soon as Jeff saw her, he ran a' temperature. There she was, waterily like I've been looking for! I ass-he to himself as he edged over where she was struggling to raise the filled jug to her fair shoulder. He opened negotiations by asking for bacon. Now, one would naturally think Jeff would offer to help her carry the filled container or, at least, set her drink. But not in those days. Rebecca didn't forthcomingly and Isp: "How do you get that way?" She snatched her sweetest smile, poured Jeff his bacon and proceeded to draw water for his entire retinue. Including the ten camels, while Jeff and his servants looked on. That was over 2,500 years ago; yet, today, there are lots and lots of farms where the women still handle that end of the game. Personally, I believe pump work made for women to wear and not to work, and I'd bet a good drink right now that if the fate now here a Hall of Fame, one of the names up close to the top is Mr. "Isp: Deante, the guy who invented the room."

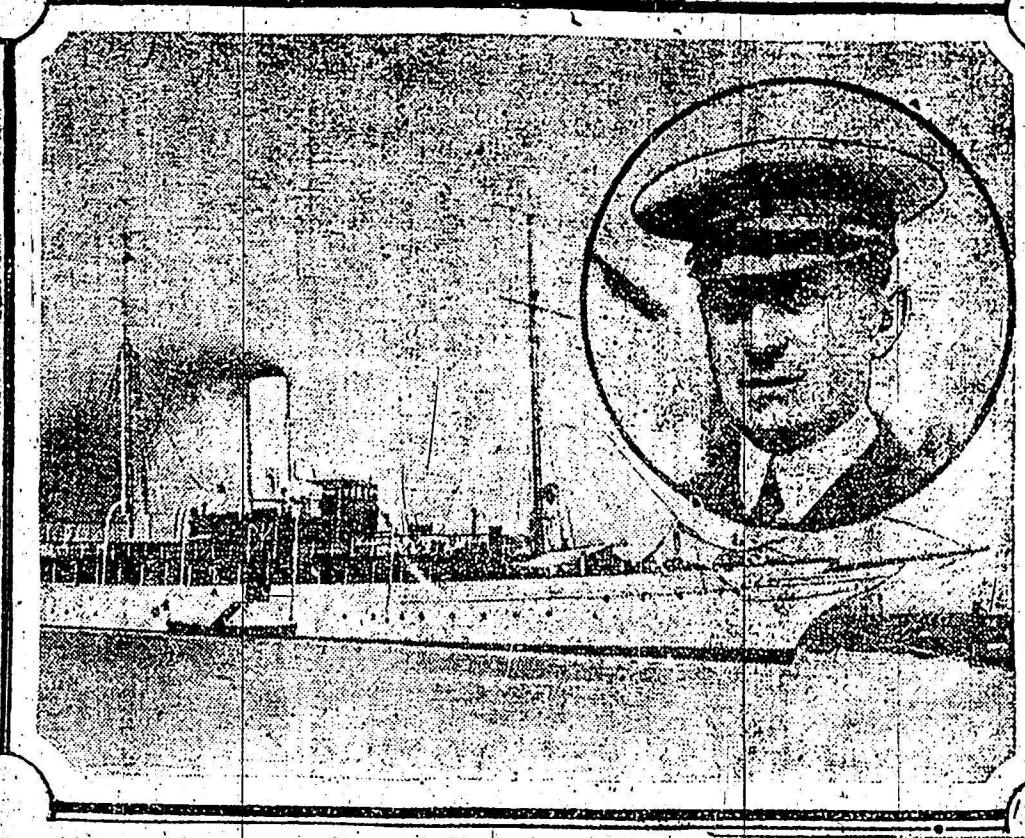
In to a few years ago, the only time we ever had running water in the house was when it rained. Our water problem was located a quarter of a mile from the kitchen door-knocked down. Thirty-two strokes it took before you could even look at it and honestly, I've worked on the right end of that pump handle till the water came out hot. Talk about the water works! It was, I threatened a thousand times to take up a homestead in Lake Michigan, and live on a raft. Really, I've been willing more than once to change places with some good prosperous fish.

There are water power concerns that will tell you the average consumption of water per person each day is twenty-five gallons. Not when you pump it, isn't? We used to get along on almost a dribble, you might say, except, of course, on Saturday night. Then, when I annexed a few cattle and had to give them a gargle once a day—sweet essence of gravy! how I dreaded chit-chat. I actually became bow-legged carrying water to them. Sometimes I think they were crossed with water buffalo or mink the way they loved the aqua pura, and I remember one time after becoming waterlogged from so many trips to the pump, I decided to trade them for a flock of camels, something who don't need a drink more than a couple of times a month.

So I finally decided there were easier ways of breaking your back than over a pump. The question was, how? Water may look serene and placid enough but it's pretty hard, sometimes, to make it behave. My farm was practically waterproof. One thing about it, I just couldn't drown on it. There was, however, a spring on one corner of it which I had always considered as being useless, unless I happened to build my kitchen over it. Besides, it was fifty feet lower than the house and water won't run up hill. Went it? You bet it will, as I found out to my joy.

Of course, there has to be something behind pushing it and I've got one of the neatest little pushers you ever saw. You've heard the one about the school teacher who asked the kid

## The Wizard of Wireless and His Floating Laboratory.



INVENTOR OF WIRELESS AND RADIO BEAM

William Marconi will start out in his yacht Electra for a four-months tour of the Atlantic in an effort to perfect "beam" or directional transmission. He will communicate with all beam stations from Australia to England.

## Marconi Tackles Fading Mystery

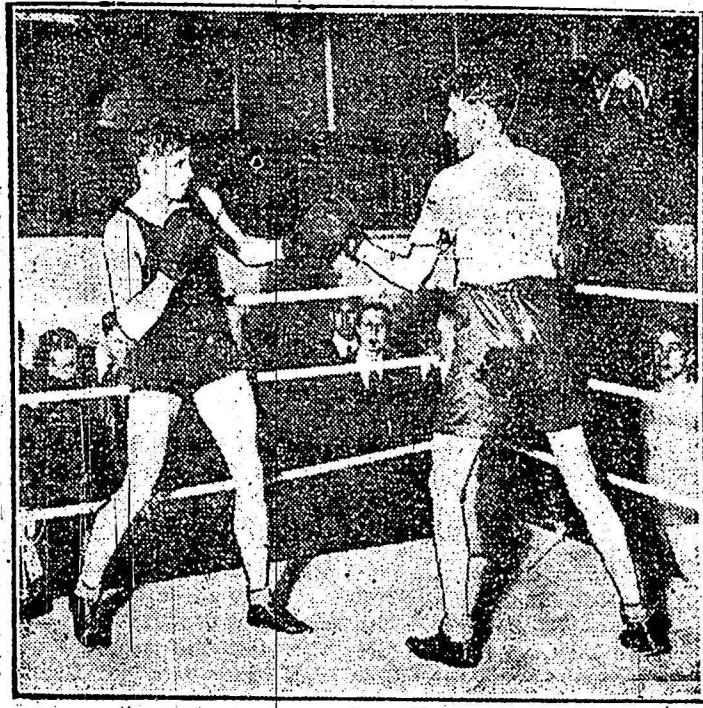
**Inventor of Wireless Plans Study Cruise in Floating Workshop—North Magnetic Pole Blamed for Interference With Radio Beam**

Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of wireless, is planning a cruise of several months' duration on the Atlantic aboard his floating laboratory yacht Electra to learn more about the action of his world-wide beam transmitters. Marconi and British broadcasting engineers are working together to overcome the fading difficulty in short-wave long-distance reception. The cause of all the virtues and vagaries of short waves is generally recognized to be the Heaviside layer, the ionized stratum of upper atmosphere which deviates waves. Professor E. V. Appleton, a noted British radio expert, stated in a recent lecture that during a normal night the height of this layer may vary from 90 to 130 kilometers, but on occasions, in winter, heights from 250 to 350 kilometers have frequently been measured in the three hours before dawn. He also referred to the results of the elaborate tests carried out in Britain on the occasion of the eclipse of the sun last year. The eclipse produced a definite effect on the properties of the Heaviside layer responsible for deflecting waves of 300 to 400 metres back to the ground. There was a great increase in the intensity of the downcoming ray. This may be attributed to the increase in the height of the stratum, and the rapid removal of ionization in the lower layers of the atmosphere.

A striking feature of the observations was the short time the eclipse effect lasted, varying from 20 to 50 minutes, whilst the moon took nearly 2 hours to pass across the sun. This means that quite an appreciable fraction of the sun's rays must be cut off before the effect can be detected by wireless.

Where possible farmers should store gasoline in underground tanks. Otherwise it is best to keep it in the original containers or suitable tanks left open. If kept in a building this should be located at least fifty feet from other buildings.

## Upholds British Aristocracy



HEIR TO A PEERAGE POUNDED A POLICEMAN

Lord Knobworth (left) helped to Lord Lytton, won his four-round boxing contest with Policeman Bone at the Iford rink, having a good margin on points

## S'MATTER POP—By Payne



## Canadian Engineers

### Reception

### Radio

## B-mile Tunnel

Montreal.—Radio experiments on an extensive scale to determine the degree of penetration of rock have been carried out during four nights at Mount Royal tunnel of the Canadian National Railways, the experiments being in charge of the following Professor A. S. Eve, director of the department of physics, McGill University, Montreal; Dr. E. S. Bleuler, of the same department; Major W. S. Steel, Royal Canadian Corps of Signals, Ottawa, with the co-operation of A. R. McEwan, director of radio; C. W. Olive, radio engineer of the Canadian National Railways, and the operating department of the National system.

Mount Royal tunnel—really twin tunnels through rock—passes under the heart of Montreal and under the mountain for a distance of three miles, trains passing through this underground way being electrically operated from overhead power lines. For the experiments receiving apparatus was set up in a wooden shed built by the railway and steel car being considered undesirable. The apparatus was arranged for low-wave reception,

the antenna being at a height of 10,000 meters, the receiver being so designed that the radio waves come through the rock to the opening of the tunnel.

Surrounding these matters the mouths of the wells were blocked by steel grates, the latter being cut off. The shield was covered by unusual devices, various amateurs who were interested in the reported dot and dash signals were intrigued by the experiments, and sent out messages to the Canadian Corps of Engineers to inquire what was being done in the tunnel, and what was the amount of rock penetration obtained from this source. The data required for the calculations will have been obtained and analyzed, a complete report of the results obtained will be issued.

## Prince's Cousin Gets Promotion

**Lord Louis Mountbatten Made Lieutenant Commander in Navy**

London.—Lieutenant Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin to the Prince of Wales, has been appointed Lieutenant Commander.

Lord Mountbatten entered the Royal Navy as a cadet in 1913, when he was only 13.

Three years later he went to sea as midshipman, and in 1919 became sub-lieutenant. He accompanied the Prince of Wales on his Australian and New Zealand tour as flag lieutenant to Rear Admiral Sir Lionel Halley aboard H.M.S. Renown, and became a Lieutenant in 1920.

Seven years ago, while a guard in the House Office Building, he conceived the idea of opening the Territory of Alaska to aviation. He had come to Washington fresh from active service during the closing months of the World War, with the Second Lieutenant's commission tucked away among his belongings.

When Eielson, who is a North Dakotan, came to Washington, he intended to study law, but the Alaskan dream came to the fore.

Unsuccessfully seeking to influence Government officials to send planes to Alaska, Eielson left Washington in 1922 and made his way to Fairbanks, Alaska, where he obtained a position teaching English and mathematics in the high school. Before many months he had convinced a newspaperman and a banker that he were tremendous opportunities for commercial aviation in Alaska and had formed a company for this purpose.

Eielson was signed up as the first commercial aviator in interior Alaska. The Fairbanks Airplane Corporation, his company, was called, bought a Jenny from the Army, had it shipped to Fairbanks and used it for passenger transportation until dying in 1923. It was the first plane most of the frontier had ever seen. From July to October, 1923, he carried 200 passengers to and from mining camps in the interior without a casualty.

The Government then became interested. Eielson received a contract to fly air mail from Fairbanks to McGrath, a distance of 550 miles. The contract, which was experimental, called for twelve flights, one every two weeks. He made the first flight Feb. 21, 1924, and returned without mishap the same day, after flying for two hours in pitch dark frozen wastes.

After his eighth trip a silk piano supplied to him by the Post office Department was shipped to him at the cost of \$100. He returned to re-enter the air service. He was on duty at Langley Field for a year beginning Sept. 21, 1924, and in February, 1925, was promoted to First Lieutenant.

When Eielson again returned to the Arctic, it was with the Wilkins polar expedition, sent out from Detroit to explore the unexplored lands of the polar regions.

On March 26, 1926, he made the first flight from Fairbanks to Point Barrow with Captain Wilkins. The trip of 550 miles was made in five hours. In the course of the flight they crossed the landlocked Mountains, 10,000 feet high, and passed over stretches of ice 180 miles long where it would have been impossible to effect a landing.

Fairbanks was again used as their base when the Detroit News-Wilkins expedition went to Alaska in 1927. On March 29 of that year, Wilkins and Eielson took off from Point Barrow for a flight over the Arctic, with fuel for 1,100 miles.

The natural tendency of everyone is to go straight, the difficulty is that space nobody wants it, and ideas seem to feel that way, too.

## Ways of Happiness

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