The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1929

QUEBEC

I said: "I love old streets!"
And here I found them: ancient, climbing ones,
Cobbled and quaint, and mellowed by the suns
Of centuries of slowly passing years,
Streets that have known the stealthily Indian tread,
The tramp of rival armies, hero-led
And shod with destiny, high hopes, grim fears.
On, on, they led me through the storied pack;
Dreaming, I saw, as in a crystal clear,
The glorious pageant of each bygone year—
From savage wigwam to the Frontenac,
Quick-house of half the world, was but a breath
Caught in amazement, yet the looking back
Dimmed not the purchase price of toil and death.
Below the Citadel I watched the gleam,
The widening wonder of St. Lawrence stream
And, as I pictured paddling voyageurs,
And the old "Royal William" at her quay,
Swift as a gulf, lean, silent, grey,
An ocean liner steamed to open sea!
City of age and youth whose hills enchance
A new world's stronghold for the old's romance,
Could Champlain see you now I think 'twould seem
His dream's fulfilment far outstrip the dream.

—Molly Bevan.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Free Press by JUDY O'GRADY

It's come, it's here at last, or rather it was here, but it has gone away now! By "it" of course I mean the rain. For days past there has been rain, rain to the left of us, rain to the right of us, everywhere except o'er head of us, has it volleyed and thundered. For that perhaps we should be truly thankful, as I don't suppose it is in the nature of man to welcome such tempestuous storms as there have been in many districts. Much as we needed rain I must confess I was really frightened when the storm started. Is there anything to compare with the elements for proving how ineffectual are our best efforts to combat the forces of nature? Storms are bad but an earthquake is worse and I suppose there are few who would welcome a repetition of our recent experience. Strange to say we knew nothing about the earthquake until we saw an account of it in the paper. No, we were not in bed and asleep but very much up and out, and for that reason I suppose we failed to notice it, there not being any dishes to rattle outside or furniture to start excursions on its own. We very well remember the last quake in 1925, so we were not seriously upset at missing this one, and yet, somehow, one feels rather out of it as though one of life's experiences had passed one by. You know I feel that way about a good many things—the war, for instance. I did not enjoy it by any means, and I never want to see another but yet I am glad, if it had to be, that I was alive and old enough to take part in it and realize its meaning. I remember a young friend of mine being asked about his experiences in the retreat from Mons and I heard him say, "I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand dollars but I wouldn't go through it again for two thousand or even three!"

That, too, is my attitude in regard to farming. The same brand of misfortune from year to year would become monotonous but variety lends a spice of adventure. From the time we started we have sure had lots of variety. In the West we lost crops from drought, hail, grasshoppers and gophers. Here it has been drought, hail, floods or backward seasons. Lots of variety—yet, but its all in the day's work. We can, each one of us, say if we will—

"And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid."

—Henley.

Just at present the "menace of the years" don't worry me half so much as the menace of the bumble-bees. Where they all come from, I can't imagine, but there seem to be nests all over the farm. Partner is the most recent sufferer. His natural beauty is temporarily marred by a sting near one eye which has swollen and gives him a decidedly bibulous appearance. And the flies, I can't get on with my work for chasing them! Yesterday I mended several holes in the screen-doors and then sprayed and sprayed the rooms until the air was thick with fly-poison. After the dead flies were swept up and burnt there was not one to be seen anywhere, and now, if you'll believe me, they are just as thick as ever. If I walk into the kitchen such a buzzing and whirring goes before me one might imagine I had set up a covey of pheasants.

Then the hen-house—really, it is most discouraging the different insects we have to contend with. One day last week I read in the paper the price of eggs would soon be so high it would be almost out of sight. After dinner I went straight out to the hen-house and I had an honest-to-goodness heart to heart talk with our feathered friends. "Now look here," I said, "here is a field of barley right next to your very door. It is registered, O. A. C. No. 21 seed, yet you have tramped it and fed on it until in places there was nothing left to cut, now you are helping yourselves to the choicest ears in the stooks. Partner has exhausted his vocabulary of complimentary terms, so now it is up to you to be good sports and lay, what may prove to be the golden egg or eggs as the case may be!"

To encourage them I painted the roosts with coal oil, sprayed the walls and floor, put nice clean straw in the boxes and dusted them well with powder and then proceeded to gather the eggs which were not all in the hen-house, far from it. One in a nest in the weeds, one in the reservoir of an old stove in the wood-shed, two in the horse stable, one a long way back in the alsike mow, three under the old fanning mill and the rest, strange to say, were in the hen-house, making seventeen in all.

Did you ever know anything in connection with farming unattended by those twin harbingers of Fate—"if" and "perhaps"? Be that as it may, it doesn't do to get discouraged or to lose faith in our ability to contend with obstacles. There is always something fresh cropping up, perhaps something to deal with that we have never done before and we must have a certain conceit in ourselves to tackle the unknown and then—the harder the battle the greater the victory. I always love the spirit of the boy who was asked if he could play the violin. He answered, "I don't know, I've never tried!" Sublime conceit, of course, but cannot you imagine that boy climbing song after rung up the ladder of Success, leaving far behind his fellow-competitors of lesser faith?

IT WORKED ALL RIGHT

Traffic Cop: Hey! When I blew my whistle, why didn't you go?

The Girl Driver: You whistle so beautifully I just had to stop and listen.

SOME CALL

She: Can't you feel the call of the open road?

He (lighting motor cop): Yes!—and I think we're going to hear it, too.

The Free Press Short Story

THE GRANNY KNOT

ALBERT W. TOLMAN

On a hot day in July Thad Greenough, insurance clerk with Bardell & Willey, was returning from his early luncheon. Black, angry thunderclouds hung over the city, and big drops were already spattering on the pavements. Thad did not care to risk a wetting; so he left the main street and took a short cut through narrow Chancery Lane.

Rounding a corner, he came suddenly on an automobile truck that was loaded with lime; it was backed up against the rear of a partly completed brick office building. Beside it a short stout, middle-aged man in shirt sleeves was talking excitedly. A broken-trimmed, lopsided straw hat covered his gray hair, and his unshaven face was red and perspiring.

A lime cask lay on its edge in a rope sling, hooked to a fall running straight up to a block swung below a girder end that projected from the roof, eight stories above. The other end of the fall was held by a bareheaded young man with a heavy shock of black hair. He was staring down from the glassless opening of a window on the fourth floor.

When Thad appeared, an expression of relief came to the stout man's face. "Hey, lad, hold up a minute, will you?" he said.

Thad stopped.

"I'm Gowen, the plasterer, and I've contracted to finish some extra partition on that fourth floor. Those cloud bottoms are wearing pretty thin, and are liable to drop out any minute, and I don't want this lime to get wet. You're lanky. I'll give you half a dollar if you'll lend a hand to Terence up there."

Thad thought of his spotless serge suit, and hesitated.

"Ah, come on, now! It won't hurt your clothes any, and it won't raise a blister. You may need to be helped out of a tight place yourself some time. I'll make it a dollar."

A rain flurry sprinkled the lime casks.

"I'll help you," said Thad, "but keep your money."

"We'll see about the money. I'll hook the hoists. Now hustle up the fire stairs and grab that rope. Lively! I'm due in at least three other places this very minute."

Thad was soon on the fourth floor. He took off his coat and hat, rolled up his sleeves and took hold of the rope with Terence, who was already hoisting the first barrel.

Together they swayed down on the rope that ran over the single sheave of the squealing block. The loose coil on the floor behind them grew steadily. Before long the cask had risen above the low sill; it hung about three feet from the brick wall, and a little to the left of the opening, for the girder from which the block swung was not directly above the window.

"Hold har-r-rd!"

With his left hand still keeping its grip, Terence reached out a hook with his right and drew the barrel in over the sill. The rope sling was sent down on the fall to Gowen.

Four more casks came up rapidly, Terence did the lion's share of the hoisting. He was strong and willing, although a little clumsy. It was now almost one o'clock, and the rain was coming down smartly. Below them, through Chancery Lane, bobbed a steady stream of umbrellas.

As they pulled in the fifth barrel, Thad noticed a badly frayed spot in the fall just above their hands. Terence agreed that it would be unsafe to hoist the last cask without making repairs. They drew down more rope, and Thad, with his knife, cut out the short section that was badly worn. The big drops were pelting down steadily now, and in the street Gowen was dancing up and down excitedly.

"What are you about up there?" he yelled. "Get a move on!"

Thad thrust his head out of the window and explained, while Terence fastened the two ends together.

"Be sure you tie a square knot!" shouted Gowen.

As Terence finished his work, he tested it with a hard pull. "Square knot it is! Sure, 'tis square as a brick!"

They sent the sling down for the last time. Thad watched the knot go up until it stopped—two or three inches more, and it would have jammed in the sheave of the pulley block.

Gowen hurriedly slung the last cask, and shouting, "Up with it, boys!" sprang to the steering wheel. His automobile was already cranked. The moment the barrel rose clear of the truck he started down the street.

Thad and Terence surged down on the fall, and up came the barrel. An unbroken string of umbrellas crowded Chancery Lane. Over the low wooden building opposite Thad and Terence could look down on the main street. They saw Gowen's motor car whirl into sight and stop. Out leaped the plasterer and began to fuss over his engine.

The cask had reached the third story, when suddenly the rope gave a little. What was the matter? Thad glanced up and uttered a yell of consternation. The knot, which had come down almost to the window, was pulling out! The projecting rope ends were already appallingly short. If the cask fell, it meant death to some one in that thronging lane.

"Pull! Pull!" he screamed to Terence.

They gave a mighty wrench and the barrel leaped upward, but even as it did so the rope yielded again. Thad's heart was in his throat.

The cask hung just below the sill. The knot, now almost pulled out, had come in sight. The only thing to do was to pull quickly and grasp the rope above the knot.

"Once more!"

Down swayed the knob of hemp, close to Thad's hands. As he caught the fall above it, the sections suddenly fell apart. With a cry of alarm Terence toppled over backward, clinging to the lower piece, and the whole weight of the lime was thrown on Thad.

He clutched the rope desperately with both hands, but the barrel was too heavy and had gained too much headway to be stopped. Before Thad could decide what to do, he was snapped off his feet and jerked through the open window.

"Look out below!" he shrieked, as he was drawn upward by the weight of the falling barrel.

With a desperate kick he stabbed his toe under the top of the window frame and brought himself to a stop. Terence, who had now regained his feet, sprang upon the sill and made a clumsy grab at Thad's feet; but instead of securing a hold, he dislodged the boy's toe.

Then Terence thrust his steel hook into the fold at the bottom of Thad's trousers. The sharp point held for a moment only before it ripped out. Thad began to move rapidly up the brick wall.

He looked downward and caught just a glimpse of white faces gazing up at him from under tilted umbrellas in Chancery Lane. Gowen had seen the accident from Main Street, and was running toward the building. But what could he do? What could anyone do?

In a flash Thad realized his peril. As the cask approached the ground, he would be nearing the top. Before the accident the knot had almost touched the block; now his hands were where the knot had been. But at the lower end of the fall had occurred a change that might mean to him the difference between life and death.

The lime had been hooked on in the truck; now the truck was not there. The cask would have at least thirty inches farther to drop before it struck the ground, and that extra distance would inevitably snatch the rope end through the block. Thad's fingers would be drawn into the sheave, crushed, broken, stripped from the rope—he would be hurled eighty feet straight down to the brick pavement of Chancery Lane.

All that flitted through Thad's brain as he swung rapidly up the red wall, midway between two lines of windows. Dragging his shoes along the bricks, he tried to catch his toes between the courses.

As he rose past the fifth-floor window, he flung himself violently to the left, in an effort to thrust his toe under the frame; but he missed it by the fraction of an inch. Exclamations of horror rose from below. The umbrellas were scattering in panic. If there were only some way of stopping that barrel before it reached the ground!

Thad clung mechanically to the rope. It seemed frightfully short, for there were only a few inches of it dangling below his hands. A moment later he rose past the windows of the sixth floor.

Beside him the other part of the fall was running down. Had it not been moving so fast, he would have tried to grasp it with one hand, and so bring himself and the barrel to a stop; but he knew that the sudden wrench that would come would inevitably tear his hold away. Even as it was, he had all he could do to keep his grip.

Overhead, the girder end and its suspended pulley loomed larger and larger against the rainy, black sky. The creaking of the block grew ever louder, and mingled with that sound was the noise that Terence made, as shouting wildly, he clattered up the short flights of fire stairs; but Thad was rising much faster than Terence could climb.

A shout drew his eyes downward, and he saw Gowen burst into sight round the corner, with red face unturned, [illegible] cried.

As if Thad could do anything else! But what use was it?

He was passing between the windows of the seventh floor; his last chance had come. Roused to a final mighty effort, he flung himself to the left, and just managed to hook his toe under the frame. At the same moment he clenched the rope with all the strength in his fingers.

There was a terrific wrench, and for a second it seemed that his hands would be torn from the rope. But he came to a dead stop. He could just see over the sill of the window on the eighth floor. If he could only hang there long enough for Terence to reach him!

He shouted, and Terence, who was running like mad up the stairs a flight or so below, shouted in reply. But Thad's toe was slipping; slipping; the weight of the cask was dragging him skyward, and he knew that he could not hold his position ten seconds longer. He cast his eyes upward. Those few feet of hemp below the block were the measure of his life.

On a sudden his toe came away, and up he went—higher, higher, higher. Fascination held his eyes fixed to the block, which was squealing fiendishly as it devoured the shortening rope. Now it was only a yard—two feet—one—a matter of inches.

Thad shut his eyes and locked his fingers round the hard rope in an agony of horror. Come what might, he would never allow that heavy barrel to make him unclench his hands; they might be dragged into the sheave, crushed, broken, but while they had the strength to retain their hold he would never let go.

Suddenly, with a little jolt, he stopped. What had happened? He opened his eyes and saw that his locked hands were less than two inches from the iron wheel. He looked down, and there in Chancery Lane, eighty feet below, stood Gowen and another man, holding the barrel off the ground. It was not a difficult feat, for they had only to lift hard enough to take care of that part of the weight of the cask that was not balanced by Thad's weight.

The rest was easy—another rope was bent on below, the cask was unslung and they then lowered Thad a few feet, until Terence could grasp him and draw him into the eighth-story window.

Thad felt weak. He collapsed on the floor as Gowen and the other man came hurrying up the stairs.

"What kind of a knot did you tie, Terence?" demanded the plasterer.

"A square knot, of course."

Gowen pulled in more rope, and then cut off a piece.

"Tie me another."

Terence began to make a knot, but the plasterer stopped him when he had half finished.

"Put that end under the other instead of over it, you blockhead! Square knot, indeed! You've tied a granny! And it came near being a mighty expensive granny for you and me. Well, I didn't ship you for an able seaman, but don't you ever tie that kind of a square knot for me again, if you want to hold your job.

"I'm sorry, my boy," he said to Thad. "Get yourself fixed up in first-class shape again, and send the bill to me. It's the least I can do. You did me a good turn, and it came near costing you dear. I don't like to think of what would have happened if I hadn't caught that barrel just in the nick of time."

ONE CONSOLATION

To avoid chartering a special car to ship 200 pounds of Limburger cheese, a manufacturer packed it in a rough, oblong box and checked it as a corpse. At the first stop he went ahead to the baggage car to see that there was no trouble. He stood by the box in a disconsolate attitude and shaded his eyes with his hand. The baggage man was sympathetic. "A relative?" he asked.

"Yes, it's my brother."

"Well, you have one consolation. He ain't in no trunce."

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MARK TWAIN AND THE EMPEROR

In the latter lifetime Mark Twain spent some time with his family in Vienna. Dr. Charles Vincent Herdliska, who was secretary of the United States embassy there, gives an interesting account of how he presented Mr. Clemens to Emperor Franz Joseph.

Mr. Clemens was a good deal worried about what he should say to the Emperor. He told Doctor Herdliska that he feared he might be so overcome as to forget his little speech.

"Never mind," replied the secretary, "the Emperor will know what you intend to say. You have to send your speech to the palace several days before you are presented. Then if His Majesty doesn't like what you are going to say, he need not receive you. We shall find the Emperor standing in the centre of the large reception hall in the palace, and together we shall cross the floor to him, and I shall speak the words of presentation. When the Emperor has replied, you will say your say in English, addressing it to me, and I will repeat it to the Emperor in German. His Majesty will then reply to me in German, and I will translate his reply to you."

"Is that all there will be to it? Shan't we have any visit?" asked the humorist, with visible disappointment.

"That will be all. And don't offer to shake hands. That would be an unpardonable breach of court etiquette. As soon as we have exchanged greetings we shall withdraw."

On the appointed day Mr. Clemens and Doctor Herdliska appeared at the palace. Between double lines of guards, the two Americans were ushered through room after room of the palace until they reached the threshold of the audience chamber.

The door of the reception hall swung open, and humorist and secretary advanced toward the solitary figure of the aged monarch. All three bowed, and Doctor Herdliska spoke the formal words of presentation. The Emperor replied. So far everything had gone according to schedule. Mr. Clemens then began his speech, but had not repeated more than a sentence or two when the Emperor spoke a few words in German to Doctor Herdliska, and turning on his heel started across the floor toward a distant door. The secretary started to follow; but Mr. Clemens, who understood German only imperfectly, clutching his arm, whispering, "Hold on, doctor. This isn't according to your instructions! Shall I go on with my speech?"

Doctor Herdliska explained that the Emperor had said, "Tell Mr. Clemens he need not finish his speech. I have already read it. Both of you come into my library."

Much relieved, Mr. Clemens followed Doctor Herdliska into the Emperor's study, where His Majesty put all formality aside and entertained the two Americans for nearly an hour.

"Which of his books," asked the Emperor, through Doctor Herdliska, "does Mr. Clemens regard as his best?"

"Tell His Majesty that I believe it is 'Innocents Abroad'."

"Personally," replied the Emperor, "I like 'Huckleberry Finn' the best. The Empress, however, thinks 'Roughing It' is better."

"Tell him," returned Mr. Clemens, "they can have their choice. I wrote 'em all."

The humorist was by this time in quite a mellow mood; his fear of royalty was a thing of the past. The Emperor's cigars were very much to his liking, and the author was at times almost concealed in thick clouds of smoke.

As the interview came to an end, the Emperor did a most unusual thing: he extended his hand to Mr. Clemens, who gave it a hearty grasp. And when Doctor Herdliska and his companion reached the latter's hotel, they found the Emperor had done another unusual thing: he had sent a servant to the author's apartment with a dozen boxes of the cigars that had given the humorist so much satisfaction.

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AULD SCOTLAND ABROAD

A native Scotchman who enters a restaurant far from his hills and heather is almost sure to be an amusing fellow. Andra Kirkaldy, the professional golf player, who has passed fifty years of his life on the famous links at St. Andrews, Scotland, once had to spend a few hours in London in company with three other Scots. The one thing that bothered them, we learn from his book, Fifty Years of Golf, was the price of the supper they ate.

Pointing to a bright, attractive-looking restaurant, Ben Sayers, who was one of the party, said, "Let us go in there."

"They'll make ye pay through the nose in that braw place," I said.

But Ben Sayers and Hugh were so enthusiastic over the restaurant that they offered to pay half of what the supper might cost Davie Grant and me. Since that seemed fair we agreed to risk eating there. Waiters came and helped us off with our hats and overcoats; a string band was playing fancy music on a platform, and finely-dressed women and men were chatting and eating and drinking.

"Andra," Davie said to me, "ye dinna see a sicht like that in St. Andrews. It dozzles my yetta een. Them's bonnie women, but the men look poor things."

"They'll make us pay for coming here," I said. "It'll cost us a bonnie penny afore we get out."

In fact I wanted to go out there and then but the others stopped me; we had a kind of struggle, but at last we all settled down. The bill of fare was printed in a language none of us could read,—a daftlike thing it seemed to me, and we had to let the waiter bring what he liked. We had three or four courses, but it was more like picking than eating; there were a small piece of ham, some pieces of chicken, a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. Then came the thunderbolt I had been waiting for—7s. 6d. each!

"All on one bill?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, that'll do," Sayers replied.

It amounted to thirty shillings. "Just about the cost of the single journey to St. Andrews," said I.

"Give me three shillings, Davie," Sayers said to Grant, "and I'll pay for your supper."

"No," said Davie, "I'll gie ye a shillin'!"

Hugh said the same thing to me, and I replied as Davie had done. "It'll be a lesson to you to keep out of such places," I added.

As the waiter was helping Davie on with his coat he noticed that there were no tips for him on the table. "Don't forget the waiter, please," he said.

Davie turned on him with the most solemn look I ever saw on a man's face. "Forget yet!" he said. "I'll never forget ye till my dyin' day, and what's mair I'll never forgie ye."

A Remedy for Earache.—To have the earache is to endure torture. The ear is a delicate organ and few care to deal with it, considering it work for a doctor. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil offers a simple remedy. A few drops upon a piece of lint or medicated cotton and placed in the ear will do much to relieving pain.

STEER FEEDING AT CHARLOTTETOWN

For several seasons past the steer feeding experiments at the Charlottetown Experimental Station have, in general, consisted of a study of the comparative feeding value of rutabaga, or swede turnips, and cull potatoes. The extensive seed-potato industry within the province makes available each year large quantities of cull potatoes suitable for feeding purposes, and it seemed desirable to compare the value of these with what has been for many years the standard succulent feed, namely, swede turnips.

In 1927, twenty-eight steers were fed for a period of 122 days; in 1928 twenty steers were fed for 76 days, and in 1929 twenty-four steers were fed for a period of 107 days. The following pens were comparable during the three seasons:

Lot I.—Swedes were fed at the rate of 40 pounds per steer per day at the start of the period, the amount being reduced at the rate of one pound per week until the completion of the feeding period. Lot II.—Swedes were fed at the rate of 20 pounds per day, reduced by one-half pound per week until the end of the feeding period. Lot III was fed with swedes at the rate of 15 pounds per day per steer throughout the duration of the test. Lot IV. received cull potatoes at the rate of 25 pounds per steer per day throughout the feeding period. Lot V. was used as a check pen and received neither roots nor potatoes. The hay and meal ration in every case was at a uniform rate for all pens, the roots or potatoes being the only variable.

Striking an average of the figures obtained for the three years' test, swede turnips as fed to Lot I. gave a return value of $6.26 per ton, bazing hay and meal at local market cost prices. Lot II. for the same period returned a value of $9.25 per ton for the amount of roots fed. Lot III. gave a return of $10.60 per ton over the check lot receiving no roots. Lot IV. receiving potatoes returned a value of $10.52 per ton for the potatoes so fed, or approximately 33 cents per bushel.

From the above it would appear that very profitable returns are to be obtained for roots or cull potatoes when fed to short-keep steers.

It is noticeable that greater returns per ton were obtained from swedes when fed in moderate quantities, and it would seem in this respect that a moderate amount given uniformly throughout the feeding period is superior to approximately the same total tonnage fed in gradually decreasing amounts until the completion of the test.

This point is supported by additional tests in 1927, in which one lot received 30 pounds per steer per day during the entire feeding period, while a second lot received 50 pounds per steer per day at the start, this amount being reduced by 2 pounds per week until the end of the feeding period. The lot receiving the uniformly made ration returned a value of $6.80, while those fed decreasing amounts returned only $5.95 per ton for the roots fed. In neither case was the return so high as when smaller amounts of foods were fed.

Perhaps the outstanding finding of the test is the return value received for cull potatoes. With our seed potato industry at its present magnitude there are large quantities of small and cull potatoes available each year, that have little if any market value. Growers are oftentimes at a loss as to the disposal of these, but it would seem from the foregoing figures that large returns might be realized from this by-product if fed to good-grade beef steers.

A test in 1929 feeding only 15 pounds of potatoes per steer per day, leads us to believe that the amount fed should be at least 25 pounds per day.—B. P. Tinney, Dominion Experimental Station, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HE RELIED ON TACT

Tact is indispensable to the hostess, the politician, the clergyman and the lawyer; useful, indeed, in almost every walk of life. If any one could dispense with it successful one would suppose that it would be a policeman, since a man who can back his requests with a warrant and a pair of handcuffs seems to have little need for the exercise of social policy. Nevertheless, an anecdote, recently related by a minister whose work is in the poor quarters of a great city, shows what unexpected resources of tact are occasionally displayed even on "the force."

The minister had often visited the home of a poor woman whose good-for-nothing husband, although amiable enough when sober, was abusive when drunk. There was now sickness in the house; a child was dangerously ill. When the clergyman called he found the troubled and exhausted mother with a bruised and blackened eye, while her sodden husband glowered sullenly in the corner, sunk in a tipsy stupor, which might at any moment break into wrath again.

The clergyman's pity for the woman was mingled with anxiety for the sick child. The wife had never complained of her worthless husband, and the minister knew she would not do so then; so he wasted no words, but on leaving went himself to the police station and related the case.

The burly patrolman to whom he spoke shared his feelings. It was outrageous of Tim, he declared. Mrs. Mahoney was a good woman, and deserved better luck. Tim deserved—well, Tim deserved more than he would get. There was the usual difficulty; punishment of the husband would also be punishment of the wife. Nevertheless, something must be done. Tim must be at least remonstrated with. But interference in domestic troubles is always a delicate task, and the policeman warned the clergyman to repress his indignation and leave matters to him.

"It's tact that's needed," he declared, emphatically. "Widout tact he'd only be shtirred up and make maters worse than iver I know Tim."

The Clergyman admitted that he was right, promised discretion, and they proceeded to the house. Tim still sat glowering in the corner. The tactful policeman strode across the room and seized him by the collar.

"Tim Mahoney, ye great baste!" he said, jerking the culprit violently backward and forward. "What do ye mane, abusin' the good wife Divin gave yo—yo undesarvin', outrageous, intoxicatin' ould rapscallion!" He paused to shake him with a vigor which did not permit further words. When the shaking moderated, he began again, pouring forth a stream of vituperative denunciation enlivened with uncomplimentary simile to hogs, "divils," "sarpents," and other unpleasing creatures. When this ceased, the shaking began again.

In a momentary lull the clergyman put in a mild word.

"Timothy, you really ought to be ashamed," he began, but was cut short at once.

"Ah, don't sor! You'll only irritate him," whispered his friend the patrolman, in a hasty aside; and he resumed his gentle admonitions. At the end he whisked his victim from his seat, shook him in the air like a rat, and dropped him very hard in a huddled heap, too much astonished and too little breath to protest.

"It'll be mony a day before he lays finger on Mary Ann Mahoney again—I promise ye that, sor!" said the policeman with satisfaction, as they walked away together. "All that was needed was a little tact!"

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A STRANGE ADVENTURE

Richard Cregan, a tunnel-worker of Jersey City, had an experience which has probably never been duplicated by any other man since time began. He was blown out of the "airlock" in the front of the tunnel in which he was working, up through the mud and gravel through which he had been digging, through a navigable river on which steamers were running, and some distance into the air, from which he fell back again into the river, to be picked up apparently unharmed.

A new subway was in process of construction under the East River, to connect New York and Brooklyn. From the Brooklyn side the workmen had progressed about two hundred feet from the dock. They were boring through mud with an immense tube or shield. The open end of this was filled with compressed air at a pressure of about thirteen pounds to the square inch. This held the mud of the river-bed back, and enabled the four men who worked out there to do so in comparative safety. Back of them was another air-chamber where other men worked under pressure. Sometimes "faults" developed in the river-bed and air escaped. When a bad leak develops, the air is apt to escape with a rush and the mud to overwhelm the workers before they can get out.

One day in March, while Cregan and three others were in the advance chamber,—literally in a "bubble" at the end of the tunnel,—they heard the crackle of escaping air. Cregan turned quickly and saw a bad break developing.

"Quick, boys! The bags!" he called, and picking up a sack of hay from a pile kept for the purpose, attempted to block the blowout with it.

Before the others could understand what was happening the blast of outrushing air had caught Cregan and driven him head first up through the vent. His hands were above his head as he went in, and he stuck fast when only his feet remained in sight of his mates. They were at a loss what to do. They could not pull Cregan back, and to do so would cost them all their lives. They must get through the air-lock. Luckily, the men in the rear chamber felt the reduction in pressure, opened the door and let them in.

Cregan, suddenly driven head first through the crumbling river bottom, was battered and bruised by the pebbles which slid past him with the escaping air. He retained his wits, and knowing the only possible way out was straight ahead, the way the air was rushing, he began to pull with his hands. He was able to give the necessary aid to free himself, and just as his breath was leaving him he felt himself shoot up through the river and out into the air. The water there was about forty feet deep, but Cregan came with such force that he shot clear of it and fell back, apparently to be a geyser. A rowboat at once put out and picked him up.

"An' what was ye thinkin' about, Dick?" asked a friend, later in the day.

"I wasn't thinking," said he. "I was pasting that mud. But when I landed in the water all right side up, and stretched out me legs, and they was there, and pulled in me arms, and they was all there, I began thinking then that ye can't kill an Irishman."

SAFETY SCAFFOLD FOR PAINTERS

A new scaffold for painters and other men who work on the side of a building many stories above the street, the invention of Rolph J. Lackner, is said to secure the workmen against accident from almost every possible source. They are protected in the event of ropes breaking, knots slipping or the breaking up of the platform itself. The device, developed after fourteen years of experiment, is in three parts. The first is a kind of trolley to which the men are attached by a torsion grip. This trolley is suspended between the ropes of the scaffold and secured independently to the building. The men can move about freely, yet they are automatically attached to the trolley if the ropes should break or if the men should slip. The second is an automatic gravity clamp, which permits the ropes to slide through the pulleys, but instantly clamps all of them if one breaks or if a knot slips. This is done by the falling scaffold itself, which automatically locks itself after dropping a few feet. The third part is a steel anchorage for hanging the scaffold from the roof. The safety devices have been approved by trade unions of painters and others, and in some States have already been made compulsory by law.

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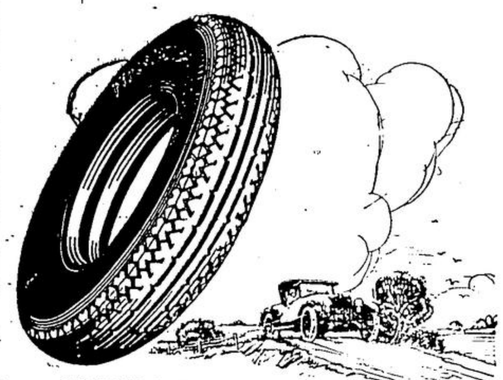

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Rich Old Cheese, ripe and mellow, per pound 29c
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Imperial Dry Ginger Ale, contents of 6 bottles 42c

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