Peck's Bad Boy in a Foreign Land

THEY RUN OVER A PEASANT WITH AN AUTO AND CLIMB "GLAZIERS" IN SWITZERLAND

(Hon. George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of Peck's Sun, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc. Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

GENEVA, Switzerland.—My Dear Old Man: By ginger, but I would like to be home now. I have had enough of foreign travel; I don't see what is the use of traveling, to see people of foreign countries, when you can go to any large city in America and find more people belonging to any foreign country than you can find by going to that country, and they know a confounded sight more. Take the Russians in New York, the Norwegians of Minnesota, the Italians of Chicago and the Germans of Milwaukee and they can talk English, and you can find out all about their own countries by talking with them, but you go to their countries and the natives don't know that there is such a language as the United States language, and they laugh at you when you ask questions. I am sick of the whole business, and would give all I ever expect to be worth, to be home right now, with my skates sharp.

I would like to open the door of your old grocery and take one long breath, and die right there on the doorstep, rather than to live in luxury in any foreign country. Do you know, I sometimes go into a grocery store abroad, and smell around, in order to get my thoughts on dear old America, but nothing abroad smells as the same thing does in our country. If I could get one more smell of that keg of sauerkraut back of your counter, when it is ripe enough to pick, I think I would break right down and cry for joy. Of course I have smelled sauer-kraut over here, but it all seems new and tame compared to yours. It may be the kraut here is not aged enough to be good, but yours is aged enough to vote and sticks to your clothes. Gee, but I just ache to get into your grocery and eat things, and smell smells, and then lay down on the counter with the cat with my head on a pile of wrapping paper and go to sleep and wake up in America, an American citizen, that no King or Queen can tell to "hush up" and take off my hat when I want my hat on.

You may wonder how we got out of Monte Carlo, when we had lost every cent we had gambling. Well, we wondered about it all night, and had our breakfast sent up to our room, and had it charged, expecting that when the bill came in we would have to jump into the ocean, as we had no gun to kill ourselves with. Just after breakfast a Duke, or something, came to our room, and dad said it was all off, and he called upon the Dakota man to make a speech on politics while dad and I skipped out. We thought the Duke, who was the manager of the hotel, would not understand the speech, and would think we were great people, who had got stranded.

The Dakota man started in on a Democratic speech that he used to deliver in the campaign of '96, and in half an hour the Duke held up his hands, and the Dakota man let up on the speech. Then the Duke took out a roll of bills and said: "Ze shentlemen is what you call bust. Is it not so?" Dad said he could bet his life it was so. Then the Duke handed the rolls of bills to dad, and said it was a tribute from the Prince of Monaco, and that we were his guests, and when our stay was at an end automobile would be furnished for us to go to Nice, where we could cable home for funds, and be happy.

Well, when the Duke left us, dad said: "Wouldn't that skin you?" and he gave the Dakota man one of the bills to try on the bartender, and when he found the money was good we ordered an automobile and skipped out for Nice. The chauffeur could not understand English, so we talked over the situation and decided that the only way to be looked upon as a genuine automobilists would be to wear goggles and look prosperous and mad at everybody. We took turns looking mad at everybody we passed on the road, and got it down so fine that people picked up rocks after we had passed and threw them at us, and then we knew that we were succeeding in being considered genuine, rich automobile tourists.

After we had succeeded for an hour or two in convincing the people that we were properly heartless and purse proud, dad said the only thing we needed to make the trip a success was to run over somebody. He said nearly all the American automobile tourists in Europe had killed somebody and had been obliged to settle and support a family or two in France or Italy, and they were prouder of it than they would be if they endowed a university, or built a church, and he said he trusted our chauffeur would not be too careful in running through the country, but would at least cripple some one.

Well, just before we got to Nice, and darkness was settling down on the road, the chauffeur blew his horn, there was a scream that would raise hair on Horace Greeley's head, the automobile stopped, and there was a bundle of dusty old clothes, with an old woman done up in them, and we jumped out and lifted her up, and there we were, the woman in a faint, the peasants gathering around us with scythes and rakes and clubs, demanding our lives. The bloody-faced woman was taken into a home, the crowd held us, until finally a doctor came, and after examining the woman said she might live, but it would be a tight squeeze. We wanted to go on, but we didn't want to be cut open with a scythe, so finally a man, who said he was the husband of the woman, came out with a

About a Hundred Feet With the Rope on Him.

gun, dad got down on his knees and tried to say a prayer, the Dakota man held up both hands like it was a stage being held up, and I cried. Finally the chauffeur said, in broken English, that the husband would settle for $400, because he could pay the funeral expenses, get another wife for half the money and have something left to lay up for Christmas. As the man's gun was pointed at dad, he quit praying and gave up the money and agreed to send $50 a month for 11 years, until the oldest child was of age.

Well, we got away, alive, got into Nice, and the chauffeur started back and we cabled home for money to be sent to Geneva, Switzerland. But, say; you have not heard the sequel. A story that has a sequel is always the best, and I hope to die if the police of Nice didn't tell us that we were buncoed by that old woman and that the chauffeur was in the scheme and got part of dad's money. The way they do it is to wait till dark, and then roll the woman in the dust and put some red ink on her face, and she pretends to be run over, and the doctor is hired by the month, and they average $500 a month, playing that game on automobile tourists from America. After the woman is run over every night,and the money is collected, and the victims have been allowed to go on their way, the whole community gathers at the house of the injured woman and they have a celebration and a dance, and probably our chauffeur got back to the house that night in time to enjoy the celebration. I suppose thousands of Americans are paying money for killing people that never got a scratch.

Say, we think in America that we have plenty of ways to rob the tenderfoot, but

Started In on a Democratic Speech.

they give us cards and spades and little casino and beat us every time. Dad wanted to hire a hack and go back and finish that old woman with an ax, because he said he had a corpse coming to him, but the police told him he could be arrested for thinking murder, and that he was a dangerous man, and that they would give him 12 hours to get out of France, and so we bought tickets for Switzerland, though what we came here for I don't know, only dad said it was a republic like America and he wanted to breathe the free air of the mountains in the home of the Switzerkase.

Well, anybody can have Switzerland if they want it. I will sell my interest cheap. The first three days we were here everybody wanted us to go out on the lake, said to be the most beautiful lake in the world, and we sailed on it, and rowed on it, and looked down into the clear water where it is said you can see a corpse on the bottom of the lake 100 feet down. We hadn't lost any corpse, except the corpse of that old woman we run over at Nice, but we wanted to get the worth of our money, so we kept looking for days, but the search for a corpse became tame after awhile, and we gave it up. All we saw in the bottom of the lake was a cow, but no man can weep properly over the remains of a cow, and dad said they could go to the deuce with their corpses, and we just camped at the hotel till our money came. Say, that lake they talk so much about is no better than lakes all over Wisconsin, and there are no black bass or muskellunges in it.

The tourists here are just daffy about climbing mountains and glaziers, and they talk about it all the time, and I could see dad's finish. They told him that no American that ever visited Switzerland would be recognized when he got sky. We went 100 miles or so on the cars, passing along valleys where all the cows wear tea bells, and it sounds like chimes in the distance. It is beautiful in Switzerland, but the cheese is something awful. A piece of native Swiss cheese would break up a family.

At night we arrived at a station where we hired guides and clothes and things, and the next morning we started. Dad wanted me to stay at the station a couple of days while he was gone, and play with the goats, but I told him if there were any places in the mountains or glaziers any more dangerous than Paris or Monte Carlo, I wanted to visit them, so he let me go. Well, we were rigged up for discovering the North Pole, and had alpenstocks to push ourselves up with, and the guides had ropes to pull us up when we got to places where we couldn't climb. I could get along all right, but they had dad on a rope most of the time, pulling him until his tongue run out and his face turned

Dad Got Down on His Knee.

blue. But dad was game, and don't you forget it.

Before noon we got on top of a glazier, which is the ice of a frozen river, that moves all the time, sliding towards the sea. There was nothing but a hard Winter, in Summer, to the experience, and we would have gone back the same night, only dad slipped down a crevice about 200 feet with the rope on him, and the two guides couldn't pull him up, and we had to send a lunch down to him on the rope and one of the guides had to go back to the village for help to get dad up. Well, sir, I think dad was nearer dead than he ever was before, but they sent down a bottle of brandy, and when he drank some of it the snow began to melt and he was warm enough to use bad language.

He yelled to me that this was the limit and wanted to know how long they were going to keep him there. I yelled to him that one of the guides had gone for help to pull him out, and he said for them to order a yoke of oxen. I told him that probably he would have to remain there until Spring opened and that I was going back to America and leave him there, and he better pray. I don't know whether dad prayed, down there in the bowels of the mountains, but he didn't pray when help came, and they finally hauled him up. His breath was gone, but he gave those guides some language that would set them to thinking if they could have understood him, and finally we started down the mountain. They kept the rope on dad and every little while he would slip and slide 100 feet or so down the mountain on his pants, and the snow would go up his trousers legs clear to his collar, and the exercise made him so hot that the steam came out of his clothes and he looked like a locomotive wrecked in a snow bank blowing off steam.

It became dark and I expected we would be killed, but before midnight we got to the station and changed our clothes and paid off the guides and took a train back. Dad said to me, as we got on the cars: "Now, Hennery, I have done this glazier stunt, just to show that a brave man, whatever his age, is equal to anything they can propose in Europe, but, by ginger, this settles it, and now I want to go where things come easier. I am now going to Turkey and see how the Turks worry along. Are you with me?" "You bet your life," says I. Yours truly,

HENNERY.

Billy Grace and His Present of a Go-Devil

A FRIEND of Billy Grace presented him with an automobile. Billy does not think as much of that friend as he did, but that has nothing to do with the story of Billy's experience.

Billy told the story himself, but he did not know it was going to be printed. "Yes, a friend did present me with an automobile," said Billy yesterday. "I have no use under the sun for an automobile, but under the circumstances I accepted it. It came as a surprise. My friend never told me just why he desired to make me a present of the tarnal thing, and of course I could not very well inquire the cause of his generosity.

"It was a beaut, as automobiles go, with all the latest improvements, double speed gear, handsomely upholstered, and having the speed of an express locomotive.

"My friend said it was so simple in construction that a child could run it. The book of instructions says the same thing. Well, perhaps it is because I am too old and don't know as much about children as I should know, that I had such a highfalootin time with the blamed thing.

"My friend showed me how to light the gas and start the machinery going. Then gave me a few lessons on the manipulation of the lever, which makes the thing go fast or slow, back up or stop, as may be desired. There is another lever by which you steer the auto. We rode around town on the East Side for a few blocks, and I could make it go just where and when I wanted it to go. It was so easy that I thanked my friend several times during the trial trip for the present.

"We returned to the place of starting, and my friend said adieu and left me the proud possessor of one of the finest and speediest go-devils west of the Rocky Mountains.

"Before coming out on the main streets and astonishing my friends, I thought I would take a spin out into the country and become an expert auto engineer.

"I did not like to go alone, so I telephoned a lady friend and asked her if she would like to go automobile riding. Certainly she did. Well, I would be down after her in just three minutes. She demurred to that—said I must give her at least ten minutes to get ready. Well, I waited eight minutes and then I lit the gas and started the engine, got in and pushed the starting lever to the moderate speed forward notch, but it didn't go.

"A boy and his dog were watching me. The boy said I had better send and get a livery team, to make it go. I was somewhat out of patience, and gave the lever another yank, and the machine took a sudden plunge backward and ran over the dog. The boy escaped. I am sorry for the dog. I didn't have anything against him. I reversed the lever suddenly and away went the machine down the street, speeded up to sixty miles an hour. I could steer all right, but it kept me thinking fast. I violated the law when I crossed the Washington-street bridge.

"As I turned the Resort-street corner I thought of slowing down ,and reached for the slow-up lever, but I was passing the Brooklyn School before the speed began to slacken.

"By this time I was about ten minutes behind the time I was to call for my lady friend. I headed for her house and drew up to the front gate in grand style. She was waiting for me. I slowed down, took a graceful curve like a boy cutting the pigeon wing on skates, and sailed by the young lady at the rate of 15 miles an hour. Something was wrong; the stop lever had evidently slipped a cog; the auto refused to stop. I ran around the block and came back. By this time the speed had increased. I called to my friend that I would stop the next time I came around, and I came around all right, but the auto and I were speeding some, I tell you. I was working the lever to beat the band. I yanked everything in sight, but I did not seem to catch on to the right thing, because the auto kept on moving. I called to her the sixth time around that I wanted to get the machine limbered up before taking her in. The tenth time around I said that I would be back in a minute, and I was, but the young lady had gone into the house, and was watching me from the front window.

"By this time I was getting out of patience, so I concluded to run the blamed thing down and headed for the Virtue mine. I knew the road, but when I got out of town a few miles I tried to turn to the right, struck a rock and turned to the left down a road I was not familiar with. Any old road was good enough, so we kept on. Pretty soon we came in sight of a gate. It was one of these new-fangled barbed-wire affairs. I tried to turn out of the road and head the other way, but the wheels were in a rut, and I had to keep straight ahead. We went through that gate as though it wasn't there, and it wasn't, either, after we passed. A part of it caught on the auto and came thumping down the pike after us like a tin can tied to a dog's tail.

"I was having the time in my life, but I was busy. There was only one thing I could do with that machine. I could steer it, and steer it well. I traveled through some pretty rough country, ran through a band of sheep and only hit a few of them. The herder took a shot at me, but I was out of range before the bullet got started.

"I ran through a pasture and stampeded a herd of cattle, but still there was no sign of the auto getting out of breath.

"I remembered that my friend said that the blamed thing would run 12 hours without replenishing the gasoline tanks. I was not going to ride about like that for a day. I wanted to stop—anyway. I wanted to get out. I could get out all right, but I did not relish the way I would hit the ground if I did. I had lost all my affection for the auto. I was willing to give it to any one who would head us off. Suddenly there loomed up in front of me two large haystacks. They were close together—not room for the auto to pass through. A happy thought struck me. I would beach the auto between those stacks. I steered for the opening, bracing myself just before we struck. I went out over the dashboard just the same, but I struck the side of one of the stacks and escaped without a scratch. The gasoline tank exploded when we hit the stacks, and I had just time to scramble out from between them before the fire caught me. It was a beautiful conflagration.

"I watched the fire for a few moments, and, as there was no one in sight, I struck off across the country for home, thankful that I was able to walk. I suppose I will have to pay for the hay, and am willing to pay for it, because of the satisfaction I experienced in watching that blamed auto burn up.

"My friend remarked at parting: 'Billy, you ought to be able to catch a wife with that auto,' and I acknowledged I had some hopes in that regard myself, but I know now that my fondest dreams have all gone up in smoke with the auto. No, my lady friend has not phoned to inquire if I got back, and from the expression on her countenance the last time I passed her home I don't think she cares if I ever come back."

"A very good story," said the man with the pencil and notebook. "It is strange, however, that I never heard about this present of a $2500 auto until now, when I have seen you every day during the past month."

"Do you know," said Billy, "I was thinking about that myself. I was pondering that matter in my mind as I trudged back to town, and I said to myself that I would just bet I would have to go out and haul in the charred remains of that auto, before any one would believe my story, and—just then I woke up and realized I had been dreaming. I have these to show that I have had some kind of a terrible experience." Then Billy displayed a pair of hands, the palms of which were full of blisters, "and if you will step into my room I will show you how I blistered them."

The crestfallen story writer followed Billy into the next room, and there, sure enough, was the evidence of his terrible tussle with the auto. One of the large iron bed posts of his $75 bed was almost twisted off. "You can just bet," said Billy, "I was going some when I did that."

Millions for Game of Golf

England Leads in Number of Clubs, Pressed Closely by America.

THE sum of nearly $50,000,000 is expended yearly on the game of golf, and of this sum about a third is spent by England and about a fifth by Scotland. There are no fewer than 879 golf clubs in England alone. The United States has 769, Scotland 632, Ireland 134 and Wales 42. There are 63 dotted over the Continent, and no British colony is without one, and in many cases several links. In round numbers there are 3000 golf links in the world.

Estimates show that no less than $15,000 has been sunk in each of these clubs, and the preparation of their courses, so that there has been a total permanent investment of about $45,000,000. Few of these clubs are run on less than $5000 a year, and many of them cost ten times that sum. The revenue is usually not entirely derived from subscriptions. Profits on catering and refreshments, green fees paid by visitors who use the links and various other items swell the club's revenues and make them equal to the strain put upon them.

Taking the average, these 3000 golf clubs of the world cost about $20,000 each a year to run. The average membership is about 200, and the average subscription being $30, the total amount paid in subscriptions by the 600,000 members of the 3000 golf clubs is near $20,000,000. But besides these golfers there are many thousands unattached, so that the entire golfing population of the world is about 750,000, not including the professionals, caddies and others who are intimately concerned. A short calculation will show that with the club dues, extra green fees, purchases of clubs and balls and the many other expenses of the player, prominent among which are the railroad fares from residence to links, it is inevitable that the golfers must spend at the very least $50 yearly. Many spend that sum, and there is one well-known amateur who gives his golfing expenses at $3800 yearly. But at the modest average of $50 yearly, the 750,000 golfers would spend among them $37,750,000 a year. Then each of them possesses an outfit the average cost of which is $20. Many players use but seven sticks, and few use more, but most players have at least 12. Thus the golfing public has sunk about $15,000,000 in the purchase of clubs. One amateur confessed that his 12 clubs were priceless, because he could not replace them to his satisfaction, but that they cost him in actual money $885.

The little ball has been the basis of enormous business enterprises in both England and America. Till lately the ordinary gutta percha ball, which is comparatively cheap, was used, and it formed an insignificant part of a player's expenditures. But now the new ball has a core of gutta percha strands wound at a tension, and its cost is much greater. Besides, it is easily damaged and made unfit for further play, so that comparatively few are used for more than three or four games. They vary in price from 25 to 75 cents, the popular ball being that at the middle price. The average amateur spends about 75 cents a week on balls, though many are known to spend $5. But, averaging on the minimum, the golfers of the world fritter away the sum of $28,125,000 on balls.

We Ain't a' Scairt o' Pa.

J. W. Foley in New York Times.

Us boys ain't scairt o' pa so much,
He only makes a noise,
An' says he never did see such
Onmanageable boys.
But when ma looks around I see
Just somethin' long and flat,
An' always make a point to be
Some better after that.

Pa promises an' promises,
But never does a thing;
But what ma says she does she does,
An' when I go to bring
Her slipper or her hair brush when
She says she'll dust my pants,
I think I could be better then
If I had one more chance.

Pa always says nex' time 'at he
Will have a word to say,
But ma she is more apt to be
A-doin' right away;
Pa turns around at us an' glares
As fierce as he can look,
But when we're out of sight, upstairs,
He goes back to his book.

Ma doesn't glare as much as pa,
Or make as big a fuss,
But what she says is law is law,
And when she speaks to us
She's lookin' carelessly around
F'r somethin' long an' flat,
And when we notice it we're bound
To be good after that.

So we ain't scairt o' pa at all,
Although he thinks we are;
But when we hear ma come an' call,
No difference how far
We are away, we answer quick,
An' tell her where we're at,
When she stoops down an' starts to pick
Up somethin' long and flat.

Thirtieth Lesson in Manual Training

SHELLAC VARNISH HOW APPLIED GOOD FINISH FOR PINE AND WHITE MAPLE

SHELLAC varnish, or shellac, as it is commonly called, is a solution of shellac gum in alcohol. Pure grain alcohol only is used for the best grades, wood alcohol being substituted in the cheaper grades. These cheaper grades should be avoided, because they deteriorate rapidly and do not produce a good finish, besides being very hard to spread evenly with the brush.

Shellac varnish must be brushed on quickly, since the alcohol evaporates rapidly. It must also be diluted with alcohol when necessary, until it will flow freely and spread evenly.

Shellac varnish alone makes an excellent finish for either soft or hard pine or for white maple, without the use of a filler. Three to six coats will be needed, and each coat, when dry, must be sandpapered smooth with No. 0 paper before another is applied. The last coat is not sandpapered, but instead the surface is cut down even and smooth with powdered pumice stone and oil. A good quality of machine or lubricating oil is the best for this purpose and should be used freely to keep the pumice stone wet and to prevent it from gathering into lumps on the rubber or on the surface of the work. If the surface is flat use a small block of pine wood, or better, of cork, over which several thicknesses of Canton flannel have been wrapped. After cutting off the higher projections dispense with the block and hold the cloth in the fingers only. The pumice will cut faster without the block, but greater care must be taken to avoid rubbing over and cutting the shellac from the corners and angles of the piece being rubbed.

Shellac will not take a high polish like varnish and is usually finished and polished with the pumice and oil alone. To work rapidly they must be used freely and the condition of the surface examined often during the process by simply wiping off a small section with the finger or a soft cloth.

Patching Varnish.

When rubbing varnish to an even and smooth surface, even experienced rubbers will sometimes rub through—that is, rub or cut off all the varnish down to the bare wood. To patch such spots requires time, patience and care. The first coat (in recoating) must be put on so as to cover the bare spots only, but as the shellac is very thin for some distance around the spot, the second coat must be spread around the first, and the third still farther on, adding a coat each day, but sandpapering between coats with great care to avoid scratching the rubbed surface of the shellac near by.

Copal Varnish.

Copal, or furniture varnish, as it is more often called, is made of gum copal, boiled linseed oil and turpentine, combined by heat, being boiled together and strained, after which it is allowed to settle and ripen, often for several months, before it is ready to use.

This varnish, unlike shellac, dries very slowly, owing to the oil which it contains, so that each coat requires from two to four days to dry and harden.

It must be used quite thin, so that it will run freely from the brush, turpentine being added for this purpose, or better, the varnish may be slightly warmed by placing the varnish cup over (not in) a vessel of hot water. This last method, when convenient, is greatly to be preferred, as the raw turpentine when added will destroy much of the smoothness and gloss of the varnish.

Copal varnish is applied directly to the surface of the filler, and each successive coat must be sandpapered smooth with No. 0 paper before another is brushed on. Three, four and even six coats will be needed, according to the quality of the finish desired. After the last coat has become dry and hard the whole is rubbed down even and smooth with pumice stone. Oil may be used as described for shellac, but as copal is an oil varnish, it will resist water, and the pumice stone will cut much faster if water is used with it in place of oil. The surface produced will be equally smooth, but will have no polish or gloss.

After cutting the varnish to a smooth, even surface, all pumice must be carefully wiped off with a moist sponge and the new surface of the varnish allowed to dry and harden for one or two days, after which all remaining particles of pumice are removed and the new surface of the varnish is polished by using fine powdered rotten stone and oil on a soft wad of canton flannel.

When polishing with rotten stone the last or finishing polish is best produced by small circular strokes of the polisher, and when the required polish has been given to the surface, all remaining oil and rotten stone is wiped off with a soft cloth, and the final polish given with a piece of soft chamois skin, continuing to use the circular strokes in preference to rubbing lengthwise or in one direction.

When polishing with rotten stone, linseed oil will produce a finer polish than other oils, but it must be more carefully wiped from all angles and corners, where, if allowed to remain, it will catch and retain dust.

Powdered pumice stone is sold in several grades of fineness, and the finest only should be used on varnish or shellac. The cost will be 3 to 4 cents a pound.

Pulverized rotten stone of the best quality will cost from 5 to 8 cents a pound. Both pumice and rotten stone should be bought only where varnish and other wood finishing materials are sold, thus insuring a good article free from dust and grit.

The art of finishing fine furniture, pianos, etc., after they are made, as may be inferred from the description and instructions given regarding varnishes and how to use them, is not only complicated, but requires years of experience and practice, and is far in advance of the work of the varnisher or painter who finishes the interior of our houses.

Yet, with these facts before him, the beginner may, with care and patience in following these simple directions, produce a passably fair finish on articles made by himself, and bearing on which we wish to emphasize the following points:

First—Water stain will dry in one hour; oil stain requires 24 to 36 hours.

Second—Filler must be rubbed off perfectly clean from the surface and from all angles and corners. It must then have from 24 to 48 hours to harden and dry.

Third—Each coat of varnish or of shellac must be dry and hard before another is applied.

Fourth—Each successive coat (except the last) must be sandpapered smooth when dry.

Fifth—Each coat of shellac should have about 24 hours to dry and harden.

Sixth—Each coat of copal (furniture) varnish must have from two to four days to dry and harden.

Seventh—Shellac varnish does not resist moisture; hence be sure to use oil, not water, with the pumice stone.

Eighth—Copal, being an oil varnish, resists moisture; therefore may be rubbed with pumice and water to produce an even surface.

Ninth—Pumice stone will cut much faster when used with water than when used with oil.

Tenth—When copal is rubbed with pumice and water the finished surface, although even and smooth, will have no gloss.

Eleventh—If copal is rubbed with pumice and oil (instead of water) a beautiful dead finish is produced, which many persons prefer to a bright, glossy polish.

Twelfth—If a bright polish is desired on any kind of varnish, it must be polished with rotten stone and oil, after being cut to an even surface with pumice stone.

Thirteenth—Never use a block or holder when sandpapering shellac or varnish of any kind. Use the hand only.

Fourteenth—Use a block when rubbing down flat surfaces with pumice and oil, or water, only long enough to cut off the larger projections of the varnish. Then use the hand alone to hold the rubber.

Fifteenth—Never sandpaper the last coat—use pumice stone, as directed.

Note—All articles finished with copal varnish can be cleaned and renewed in appearance, after long use, in no way so well as to wash with a soft cloth and tepid water, to which a little mild, fine soap has been added. No injury will result, provided they are at once wiped dry with a soft cloth. To improve the polish after the above, go over all surfaces with a small piece of chamois skin and a few drops of olive oil, and finally polish with a soft, dry chamois until all oil has been removed, especially from the angles and corners.

Much of the foregoing instruction applies to the finishing of wood on which a fine, smooth surface and polish are desired. A very common but rough finish may be produced by first staining (when desired), filling and then applying two or three coats of good varnish of any kind and leaving the last coat in its natural gloss, unrubbed. Such a finish may be seen on the interior hard woodwork of many houses, and also on the cheap grades of cabinet furniture.

Waxing.

Waxing is the most durable, and the most easily renewed of all finishes for wood. Three or four generations ago nearly all the woodwork in the interior of houses was finished with wax. The wax then used was simply beeswax, cut and made into a paste with turpentine, which produced a soft finish that would not dry hard, and required renewing very often.

Now that wax finish is coming into use again, not only for floors, but also for the better class of furniture, a wax paste is being manufactured which dries more quickly than copal varnish. The "Johnson" and the "Butchers'" floor and furniture wax can be bought in one-pound tins at about 40 cents a pound, and this finish is recommended to wickers in wood for all their hardwood work.

The preparation of the wood for waxing is the same in every way as when varnish is to be used. For example, if the article is made of oak, and is to be finished antique in color, it is first filled with antique filler, which must be rubbed off clean, and polished. After hardening for about 48 hours a coat of wax is rubbed on with a cloth. After standing for ten to 15 minutes the wax is rubbed in and vigorously polished with a soft cloth. In 24 hours this will be dry, when a second coat is applied in the same way as the first, and again well polished.

The work of finishing is now complete, and after drying for a day it will be found perfectly hard and will resist moisture and hard usage much better than a varnish finish. If the article is made of quartered oak and the finish required is golden oak, first stain the wood with golden oak oil stain, as directed for varnish finish. When the stain is thoroughly dry (48 hours should be given) fill with the best golden oak or antique colored filler, after which two coats of wax, as directed above.

Flemish oak, weathered oak and other colors are produced in the same manner—by first staining the wood, then filling and lastly applying two coats of wax.

The whole process is so simple, and the results so satisfactory, that no one, after using the wax, will think of returning to varnish.

The use of wax is equally successful on any of the hardwoods. When marred or in any way injured, the wax finish is easily renewed by rubbing on a little fresh wax and repolishing as before.

For soft woods, particularly white pine, shellac is better than wax, giving a hard surface the wood does not possess.

Note—After coating with wax do not let it dry too long before rubbing off and polishing, or it will work very hard. Eight, ten or at most, 15 minutes are sufficient, the time depending on the warmth of the room.

Oregon's Red Apple Is King

BY HENRY E. DOSCH.

WHO has not heard, and frequently, too, the announcement "Cotton is King!" Then some one claims "Corn is King," and again comes the cry, "All wrong. Wheat is King," and I have no doubt that occasionally this is true, and many people think so. Just at this time, when our Oriental friends are getting away with the Muscovites, it may be said that "Rice is King," especially American rice, for the rice that feeds the Japanese army today comes from Louisiana, and while I do not wish to say it boastfully, but when I was stationed in that country several years ago, I called the Japanese government's attention to the superiority of American rice over Cochin China rice, which they were using, costing no more, and induced them to make a trial, which proved so successful that many cargoes have been and are still being purchased in Louisiana, and this rice has no doubt lent strength, stamina and stick-to-itiveness to the little brown men, and which characterizes the Japanese successes; may they not be pardoned for believing that "American Rice is King."

But with us Oregonians, the beautiful red apple is King, and this belief is gradually being shared by the rest of the world, as they are becoming acquainted with our apples, thanks to the education afforded by our extensive exhibits at the great expositions held in the last 12 years, beginning with the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and ending with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, to which we hope to add the crowning sheaf at our National and International-Centennial Exposition and Oriental Fair this year.

I was asked to be one of the jurors on horticulture, which, however, I gratefully declined, as Oregon was largely interested, and feeling confident that the Oregon apple would not only hold its own in securing many gold medals, but capture the grand prize, as it had done at other expositions, I feared that perchance some of our less favored states might think undue influence was exercised to bring about such results, more especially as our red apples came into direct competition with the apples from all the famous apple regions of America, but Oregon's red apples "Came, saw and conquered."

Now that the contest is finished and our victorious representatives have returned home, with the banner on which is inscribed "Grand Prix" for most excellent apples, as to size, color and flavor, nailed to its masthead, may I be permitted to add a word of explanation. Through my acquaintance with the commissioners of other apple-growing states, formed at prior expositions, I was enabled to test the very best of the various apples grown in the famous districts of the Ozark regions of Missouri and Arkansas, the Blue Ridge section of Virginia, the home of the now famous Yellow Newtown Pippin, the Osage and Orange Counties of New York; the Illinois and Iowa apples, and last but not least, Michigan and Wisconsin, and emphatically concur in the verdict of the jury awarding the grand prize to Oregon.

It is not an easy matter to individualize, but I feel confident that when I say that the Esopus Spitzenberg stands at the head of the list, I will have the indorsement of all apple lovers, and nowhere on earth does this now celebrated apple grow more perfect than in our own Willamette Valley. Proof, if proof were needed, was given at the Pan-American Exposition, when Count Van Arnim, the caterer for the Waldorf-Astoria, came in quest of apples for his renowned hostelry, and after searching through the Horticultural Palace, came to our section with some friends and pointed out the high color of some of our Spitzenbergs; overhearing his remarks, I said: "They taste as fine as they look," and the proof of the pudding is the eating of it. I took up a handsome specimen and against his protestations, cut it open tot divide. It was amusing to see their expressions and hear their praises. He then made himself known to me, and we exchanged cards and he asked, "Where can I buy such apples? Can't I buy these?" I said, "Not very well, and besides, these apples came by express and cost us $7.65 per box," when he quickly answered, "I'll take 20 boxes right now; the cost cuts no figure, as I want such apples for our guests." I gave him several addresses to wire for some, which he did, and secured a supply.

In this connection it may be stated that all transplanted apples into Oregon improve to such an extent that whenever they come into competion, invariably defeat the parent district in which they originated; not only the Spitzenberg, but the Newtown Pippin, and even that fine English apple, the Ruxbury Russet; and again, all these famous apples show peculiar characteristics, even in Oregon, which is due to the various soil and climatic conditions. If grown in the Hood River, Grand Ronde or Eagle Valleys or higher plateau regions of Eastern Oregon, or the apple regions of Southern Oregon, they have a very high color, susceptible to a fine polish, so much desired by retailers; good flavor and superior long-keeping qualities, especially adapted for ocean transportation, while those apples grown in the moister regions of the Willamette and tributary valleys excel in fragrance, and have a very fine aromatic, winey palatableness, which makes them the favorite with connoisseurs, who delight in a specially toothsome apple, but do not possess the long-keeping qualities attributed to the apples grown in dryer and higher altitudes. These healthful and superior characteristics are the reasons why Oregon apples are now found on the fruit stands throughout the United States, and have been sought after by and shipped to all the civilized nations of the world, which makes the Oregon apple the king of kings.

Desperate Situation of London's Poor

(Continued from Page 32.)

By CONSUELO, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

SUNDERLAND HOUSE, London.—At this moment, when the problem of the unemployed is becoming more and more urgent, and solutions, both political and economic, are being discussed, it is a good time to remind the people of the work the Church Army is doing to relieve the prevalent distress. In the search after more radical measures it would be a pity to forget existing institutions, and people desiring to help immediately could do no kinder act than to assist the Church Army in giving work to the unemployed.

Only a few days ago I visited the districts of Westminster and Finsbury, where the Church Army is operating. Hundreds of starving men were standing for hours waiting for enough work to supply them with food and lodging. As the price of two hours' labor they receive a good meal and a bed for the night. It will be seen, therefore, that the relief given is not pauperizing. The police expressed themselves satisfied on this point, and declared that the large majority of those relieved were real workingmen and not loafers. Some of them have been unemployed for months through no fault of their own. Trade is slack and they suffer in consequence.

It is true that the Borough Councils are employing extra labor in order to alleviate the fearful distress, but the y are unable to employ more than a certain number, and that is confined to inhabitants of their own borough. Thus a great fluctuating population which has wandered from place to place in search of occupation is in no way assisted. In this class I saw many old soldiers, laborers, plumbers, painters and able artisans; and it is these men whom the Church Army helps. Every day 1600 of such homeless men have been saved from spending the night in the streets, frozen and starved. It is impossible to see the terrible suffering caused by the cold and the scarcity of labor without feeling the necessity of such relief as is given by the Church Army. This relief must cease unless sufficient orders for work come in, as it is most difficult to dispose of the quantities of firewood made by the men during the hour they work to pay for their bed-ticket and food.

Surely such good work must not be allowed to suffer for lack of funds. I therefore pray for help to alleviate the terrible distress which exists at our very doors, and to do so through the medium of the Church Army, for they have grappled the question in a practical way and are accomplishing a work for which there is the utmost need. The work of the Church Army does not solve the unemployed problem—it is a mere chip on a surging ocean—yet if the Church Army had a depot in every borough, in every city and town, it would be enabled to save many a human from suffering, sorrow and—death.

In its hour, America has listened—why cannot rich England?—to the cries of her starving souls.