

## Poor Prognosticator

By R. RAY BAKER

Nobody had any faith in the weather man. Nobody ever has faith in any weather man, unless it is negative. "I see by the paper tomorrow will be fair; that means rain sure," says the cynical dear public, and the dear public laughs and congratulates itself on being witty. But the joke is as ancient as Mount Ararat. You will remember that Noah's prediction of rain was treated with the same lack of respect.

But this story is no discussion of the merits or demerits of weather men in general. It deals with one particular prognosticator, by name Hiram Lake. As has been said, nobody had faith in him; that is, nobody except Julia Collins, and even she was beginning to weaken.

Julia had lived all her life in Wesley except for the time spent in boarding school, and, having finished her course in that institution, she had come home and settled down, ready to get married—when some suitable, marriageable man should happen along.

There was Jacob Hamford, whose father owned a twine factory and had tied up more than his share of wealth with his product. Jacob was "willin'" where Julia was concerned, but there were things about him she didn't like. Hiram happened along, and he seemed to suit in every particular until he lost caste by his professional record.

Wesley had just been designated weather headquarters for that part of the state and the government sent Hiram to reside at the prophesying. He met Julia and a romance started to bud—until she suddenly discovered he had become the joke of the town, and her friends, by means of derision and sarcasm, began to undermine her regard for Hiram.

Julia struggled against this, but the friends persisted, aided and abetted by Jacob, and she weakened. Jacob was invited to all the parties, and nobody would have anything to do with Hiram; and the young woman enjoyed parties. So the rich man's son finally worked his way into her favor to some extent, although the weather man still called occasionally—when there was no social activity to require her attention.

Wesley folk were very exacting. The grocer who mixed sand in sugar was ostracized, as was the dairyman who put water in milk—that is, more than a reasonable amount. A jeweler who sold paste for diamonds would lose popularity, and the townspeople could not make an exception in the case of a prophet who had it rain when he promised sunshine. Hiram scanned his daily reports with meticulous care and made his deductions with scrupulous caution, but when a low pressure area seemed headed for certain in the direction of Wesley and he predicted a storm on the strength of it, mild weather was inevitable.

The Sunday of the big picnic hike dawned as fair as the most hopeful could wish, and when the walking club stopped for Julia every member was in high spirits. Still, Julia insisted on taking an umbrella until they laughed her out of the idea.

"Rain?" said Jacob. "Why, look at that sky—clear as a bell."

"But," Julia faltered, "the paper last night predicted rain for today." The uproar produced by this remark made her feel very sheepish, while Jacob's exuberance prompted him to a witty remark to the effect that the prediction of rain was a positive assurance of continued sunshine. Julia was downcast on her own account as well as Hiram's. She just couldn't help having some faith in her weather man, because—because—well, she'd care for him, even though he was the joke of the town.

But she went without the umbrella. Out on a country road, through the woods, turning green under the breath of spring, the hikers hiked, carrying lunch baskets and creating sharp appetites for their contents. Their blood was warmed by the spirit of the season and they made merry.

Lunch was eaten at the edge of the woods far from any habitation, with the sun shining brightly. But while the dishes were being gathered into the baskets preparatory to returning a black cloud unfurled from the West and spread across the thimble blue sky. In the heavens thunder began and flashes of lightning became more frequent as time passed.

The party looked askance at the sky and worried frowns crept across their faces, although a smile mingled with the troubled look on Julia's countenance.

"They will scoff at my weather man, will they?" she said to herself and felt a sense of satisfaction.

Suddenly, without further preliminaries, the black cloud split and a torrent descended, sheets of rain cutting through the branches of the trees under which the party sought safety.

Jacob Hamford assumed leadership and led the way to a ledge under which a miniature cave had been formed. The opening served as a shelter, but not as an adequate one, because waves of water were beaten in on the huddled group by a fierce wind that suddenly developed.

"Just a cloudburst," said Jacob reassuringly. "It'll be all over in a minute and the sun will be shining as if nothing had happened."

To exclude the beating rain the young men of the party hung their coats across the mouth of the cave,

stringing them on some pieces of twine, which was part of the lunch equipment and which they knotted together, using their hands to keep the garments taut.

But the rain did not subside; instead, it seemed to gather strength, and before long the gray darkness of twilight began to mingle with the blackness of the storm.

The girls became peevish, and Julia's attitude toward Jacob became conspicuously cold.

"If you had let me bring an umbrella, perhaps I would be able to keep my promise and accompany mother to church this evening. I would rather miss forty picnics than disappoint her. You know," she added impressively, "the paper last night predicted rain for today."

And this time nobody laughed, although some may have wondered just how much use an umbrella would be in such a downpour.

For two hours, at least, the marooned picnickers stood huddled in the prison, before an automobile was observed working its way along the muddy road, headed toward the town. As it approached it developed into a flivver coupe. It was the first car that had passed that way, for the road was unfrequented.

Julia looked over the coat barrier and scrutinized the auto, which looked somewhat familiar. Suddenly she waved her hand and the machine came to a stop in front of the cave. A man stepped out and approached the cave, holding an umbrella over him.

"Hello, Hiram!" Julia called.

"How are the chances for a free ride?" He stopped at the mouth of the shelter.

"Fine—for you. But I couldn't possibly take anybody else. You see, my coupe is full of luggage. I've been on a business trip to Creston. Come on, Julia."

She accompanied him to the car, and as she entered she smiled maliciously at the group in the cave. Soon she and Hiram were wending their splashy way along the road.

Little was said for several minutes, then Hiram spoke.

"Julia, I've quit my job at the weather bureau and am going to work for an umbrella factory in Creston. This is one of their samples. It looks like a good proposition, and I—I wonder—how about marrying me now?"

"I'm willing," she said, "especially since you made good with Saturday's prediction of rain."

Hiram cleared the water from the windshield, opened his mouth to speak, but held his tongue.

"Guess I better not confess I was away Saturday and my assistant in the weather bureau made the forecast of rain for today," he told himself.

## HAVE GOOD TIME ON SUNDAY

Anything From Drinking Condensed Milk to Sanguinary Dueling  
"Goes" in Costa Rica.

On Sunday in Costa Rica the whole family visits the nearest village to put in a gala day. Perhaps there is a religious festival in the morning; at any rate, there is a mass to be attended. Afternoon is given over to visits, which women and children usually make alone, while the man of the house hangs around the general store or postoffice, as the center of interest. If he is feeling "flush," he treats himself to a can of evaporated milk, a great luxury, which he drains off through a nail hole, just as if it were champagne.

Too frequently, however, he uncorks a jug of moonshiners' liquor, a violent beverage, which is manufactured in many huts in spite of the activity of government revenue agents. If there is any of this stuff in circulation, he usually ends the day by indulging in a machete duel with his best friend, and both principals spend the night in the jail, which even the smallest villages maintain for such eventualities. The duellists awake good friends the next morning, but unfit for work for another day or two.

Bullfighting is rare in the republic; the only ring, I believe, is in the capital, and that is seldom used. Cock-fighting flourishes to a certain extent, but not so much as in the more northern republics. Lotteries are popular. —Paul B. Popeone in the National Geographic Magazine.

## Popular Old Greek Phrase.

Thespis, the reputed inventor of Greek tragedy, had his own troubles in getting his contemporaries used to his ways. He was a singer of vintage songs, all of which concerned themselves with the praise of Bacchus, the Grecian god of wine.

When Thespis conceived his broader dramatic idea, he began to intersperse his drinking couplets with epic recitations; and on one occasion an impatient auditor interrupted him with the derisive exclamation: "What has that to do with Bacchus?"

The phrase became popular and can be found in many versions in the Greek classics.

## From Uniforms to Cab Linings.

Things, like persons, Paris Figaro philosophizes, suffer strange turns of fate.

Expecting the world war to last a long time, the American administration contracted for enormous quantities of cloth for soldiers' uniforms.

But, happily, the war came to a more speedy end than had been anticipated. In consequence, great quantities of the fabric which was to have clothed the gallant doughboys were thrown upon the market and were purchased by a French concern—for lining the taxicabs of Paris! Such is the fate of cloth which had almost attained glory.

## HIGHEST PRICES FOR MARKET HAY

Farmers' Bulletin Discusses Merits of Co.-shipment and Straight-Sales Methods.

## MANY DETAILS ARE EXPLAINED

Shipper Must Consider Conditions and Determine Which Course Is Most Advantageous—Simple Rules to Keep in Mind.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The merits of the consignment method and the straight-sales method of marketing hay are discussed in Farmers' Bulletin 1265, Business Methods of Marketing Hay, by G. A. Collier, recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. In addition, chapters are devoted to trade rules, when and where to sell hay, billing and invoicing shipments, and loss and damage claims. Explanations are given therein for some of the principal trade terms and suggestions are offered as to how the various aids to marketing may be applied by the producer or shipper.

## Two Methods Explained.

The consignment method consists in shipping to brokers or commission merchants, who act as the shipper's representative in selling his hay on the market. By the straight-sales method the shipper sells his hay at a fixed price, either at the point of shipment or point of destination at a certain specified time. The shipper must consider conditions and decide which method is the more advantageous to use, for the method that may be advantageous one week may be not at all profitable the next.

It is important to know the preferences of the various markets, for it is the buyer's preference that prevails. In general, New England and Eastern markets prefer large five or six-wire bales weighing from 175 to 215 pounds. Southeastern, Southern, and Southwestern markets prefer small two or



Hay Loader in Operation.

three-wire bales weighing from 75 to 100 pounds, and ranging in size from 14 by 16 inches to 17 by 22 inches by about 36 to 48 inches in length. In the Central Western markets the 17 by 22-inch bale is probably the most generally used, and on the Pacific Coast both this size and the large bale prevail almost exclusively.

To avoid differences between buyer and seller it is suggested that a few simple rules be kept in mind. The seller should state clearly all necessary factors, including quality and quantity of hay, time at or within which shipment can be made, routing, rates, price, and terms of payment. All sales should be confirmed by letter, stating all terms included in the original offer. When confirmation is received from the buyer any items that appear incorrect should be corrected immediately. Since much of such business is transacted by telephone or telegraph brevity is necessary, but a few extra words will often save much trouble and money. Sample telegrams covering various conditions are given in the bulletin.

## Best Time to Market.

The time of marketing makes a great deal of difference in the price received for hay. Statistics compiled by the department and tabulated in this publication show that for a period of ten years ending in 1921 the highest average prices at two large markets were reached in April for prairie and alfalfa hay, and in May for timothy. The months of highest price are just before the new crop begins to come on the market.

Hay producers and shippers, says the bulletin, should secure all the information possible bearing on the marketing of hay. They may keep well informed by watching the reports prepared periodically by the Department of Agriculture. Copies of the bulletin may be obtained by addressing the department at Washington, D. C.

## BEST TOP SILAGE FOR EWES

Material Will Increase Flow of Milk at Lambing Time—Gradually Increase Feeding.

Best top silage will increase the flow of milk of ewes at lambing time. It is best to start feeding only about one pound per head daily and gradually to increase the quantity to three pounds per day. The udder may become feverish if this caution is not observed.

## Patsy Ruth Miller



As a rule it takes long hard work to get to the top in pictures. But it was easy for Patsy Ruth Miller, a beautiful seventeen-year-old "movie" star, who recently won a contract. She was visiting her parents in California when a director saw her at the beach and told her he wanted her in a photoplay. She worked in that picture, then went to another studio, handed in her photograph and promptly got another engagement. She was born in St. Louis, has dark brown hair, brown eyes and is 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall. She has a vivacious manner and keen mind that give her decided personality.

## "What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; whence it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

## CORNELIA

FORTUNATE is she who bears the name of Cornelia, which through the centuries has been symbolic of all that is beautiful and reverent in motherhood. Not only has Cornelia a heritage worthy of an empress, coming as she does from the distinguished old Roman gens of Cornelius, but her memory is immortalized by Latin legend, which makes her the mother of the Gracchi and the heroine of one of the most beautiful tributes to motherhood.

Some etymologists endeavor to trace Cornelia back to the two words cornu bell, meaning "a war horn," but the consensus of opinion is that she had no existence previous to the first woman so called, who was the daughter of Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus I, and the mother of the Gracchi. She seems to have inherited from her gallant warrior father a spirit of pure, lofty dignity which made her the highest type of Roman motherhood.

When, according to the legend, the matrons of the most fashionable circle of Roman society were gossiping over the ancient Roman equivalent for tea and exhibiting their gem collections for the edification and envy of each other, Cornelia alone had no glittering display. But, summoning a slave, she had her 12 beautiful children brought to her, and, laying her hands on the shoulders of the Gracchi, proudly said: "These are my jewels."

The great historians of ancient Rome have carefully recorded the incident making Cornelia superior to all the noble Roman ladies of her time.

Cornelia's popularity as a feminine name throughout Europe is due to the martyred Pope Cornelius whose relics were brought to Compeigne by Charles the Bald. In the Low Countries, Cornelius became Keetje or sometimes Kee. Neilson is a Dutch rendition of Cornelius.

But though Cornelia's jewels may have been her children, she had a talismanic stone, the turquoise. It is said to protect its wearer from the danger attendant upon travelers and to bring them good fortune when they see the new moon reflected on its surface. Saturday is her lucky day and one her lucky number. Holly, signifying foresight, is her flower.

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## Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

## KEEP BRAKES IN ORDER

AT THE approach to every dangerous turn of a state road is a sign which reads:

GO SLOW.  
The automobilist who has keen sense and good brakes heeds the warning. He gets around the turn without anything happening to him.

The speed maniac, or the man whose brakes are out of order, keeps right on. And we usually read of one or both in the accident columns of the newspapers, sooner or later.

The road we all must take is pretty well marked with warnings, although it takes experience to read some of them.

If we have the brake called will power, and keep it in trim, we have nothing to fear from the dangerous places.

If our judgment is bad and our will power likely to give way we never get where we are going, except in a very badly damaged condition.

There is no occasion for such great hurry that the warning signs must be over-run.

On the road to wealth, and especially the road to pleasure, the warnings are very abundant.

Yet thousands and thousands of people run past them every day, with the usual disastrous results.

There is little enough time in the average life. We must all work rapidly if we are to get a good lifetime's work accomplished in the working years that are allotted us.

But we can always slow down at the risky corner, provided we keep our will power in condition, and use the judgment that ought to be a part of our make-up.

The "too much play" turn in the road is more dangerous than the "too much work" corner, but it is well to slow up at both of them.

Then the "overindulgence" and "late hour" spots call for almost a halt.

Read all the signs and observe them. It is delightful to speed along the road and feel that we shall get where we are going in jig time.

But many speeders who do not see or heed the warnings, never get where they are going at all.

And when they are piled up in the hospital or the sanitarium or told by a grave-faced doctor to bid their families a last good-by, they begin to see the sense in stringing these signs along the road, and to wish they had kept their brakes in order.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

## KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

## NOD-A-VILLE

TO THE quaint old town of Nod-A-Ville,

Out there in the Sundown West; Just over the crest of Slumber Hill, Where the evening shades lie cool and still,

And the birds have gone to rest— To a quaint old house on Quiet Street, Deep shaded by Sleepy Tree, While the sighing breeze sings low and sweet

My babies three—with me.

Dick-e-Dum marches with air sedate, And Margy-ree—half-past two— Waddles along with a queer-toed gait, Worried for fear that she may be late, And the dark blot out the view.

But Charlotte May—brand-new you know—

She couldn't climb Slumber Hill— So she rides a knee the journey through, And the only comment she makes is "go-goo,"

On the way to Nod-a-Ville.

In the quaint old house they softly creep

As the sun sinks in the west; And kneeling there in the silence deep They whisper their "lay me down to sleep."

And in God's strong arms rest, O, Nod-a-Ville! Through all the night May angels watch o'er thee; And when the morning has dawned clear, bright

Send back their faces rosy alight My babies three—to me.

(Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)



## What This Buffalo Physician Has Done For Humanity

The picture which appears here of Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., was taken in 1910. As a young man Dr. Pierce practiced medicine in Pennsylvania and was known far and wide for his great success in alleviating disease. He early moved to Buffalo and put up in ready-to-use form, his Golden Medical Discovery, the well-known tonic for the blood. This strength-builder is made from a formula which Dr. Pierce found most effective in diseases of the blood. It contains no alcohol and is an extract of native roots with the ingredients plainly stated on the wrapper. Good red blood, vim, vigor and vitality are sure to follow if you take this Alterative Extract. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery clears away pimples and annoying eruptions, tends to keep the complexion fresh and clear. This Discovery corrects the disordered conditions in a sick stomach, aids digestion, acts as a tonic and purifies the blood. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., and receive confidential medical advice free. Send 10c for trial pkg. tablets. All druggists sell Discovery, tablets or liquid.

## BOY SCOUTS

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

## A GLORIOUS OUTING

Tramp, tramp, tramp—dignified and quiet—tramp, tramp—sturdy and bronzed, into National Headquarters on July 22 walked 60 hardy lads, packs on their backs and the spell of the out-of-doors about them, fresh from a hike of 225 miles through the state of New York.

To Scout Executive W. F. Abriel, boy lover and outdoor enthusiast, the credit is due for the 850-mile trip enjoyed by these 60 honor scouts of Trenton, N. J. For months before the great trip, a merit system was in practice among the scouts at Trenton. Semi-weekly hikes were made of 12 and 15 miles. Personal health and correct diet were stressed. The 60 boys ranking highest in physical fitness and efficiency in scouting were selected for the trip.

Trenton bade them Godspeed when on July 10 they left in autos for New York City. There they took the boat for Albany where the hiking began. Up to Fort Ticonderoga they pushed, sleeping out of doors each night, cooking their meals in the open, stopping for rest periods and practice of swimming and scoutcraft—but always with an objective point to reach each day. Scout Executive Abriel had hiked the entire distance twice in advance of the trip, arranging every detail.

Albany, Watertown, Stillwater, Schuylerville, Fort Edward, Saratoga, Schenectady, Sabbath Day Point, Fort Ticonderoga—these were among the stopping points. At each place contingents of local scouts met the party and entertainments were carried out, the Trenton lads' own life and drum corps doing its share.

The historic points of the famous ground they covered were explained by the scout leaders and educational side tours, such as visits to the General Electric plant at Schenectady, the Capitol and the Educational building at Albany, were features of the trip.

Not one boy was sick, although the sun and rain vigorously challenged the scouts. Enthusiasm for perfect scoutcraft reigned; tents were pitched with flawless precision; tests were passed wherever opportunity presented itself to advance in scouting rank. Twenty-one merit badges were won.

Besides Scout Executive Abriel and the scouts, four adult leaders were in the party.

In commenting on the trip, Mr. Abriel said, "To me this is real scouting—a combination of work and play that brings to the boys the love of the out-of-doors, its wholesomeness and joy, with the opportunity to learn to work together generously and helpfully, each for all, all for each."

This itinerant camp was called "Camp Kiwanis" in honor of Trenton Kiwanians who are backing the scout movement in their city.

## Boom for Good Roads.

A road program that will place Kansas among the leading road building states of the nation was urged by E. J. Heckle of Topeka, manager of the Kansas Automobile Owners' association, in an address to the state conference of officials of chambers of commerce.

## Tennessee Road Work.

Tennessee has inaugurated a federal aid road-building program involving the expenditure of \$8,000,000 for 281 miles of roads in 20 counties.