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**Oil-Fuel Boiler of Great Efficiency.**  
Attention of marine engineers has been drawn to a new type of boiler lately put forth by an English inventor. The curious device makes use not of flues nor of coils of pipe to secure quick steaming, but of hollow concentric cones. According to tests made, a boiler of this type, the size of a hoghead, will generate as much steam and has as high a horsepower rating as the ordinary boiler many times larger. This compactness and high rating make the boiler particularly adapted to marine service, where space is valuable, besides which, its ease and comparative cleanliness of operation result in quite a substantial saving of labor. Several views of the boiler appear in the March Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**To Break in New Shoes.**  
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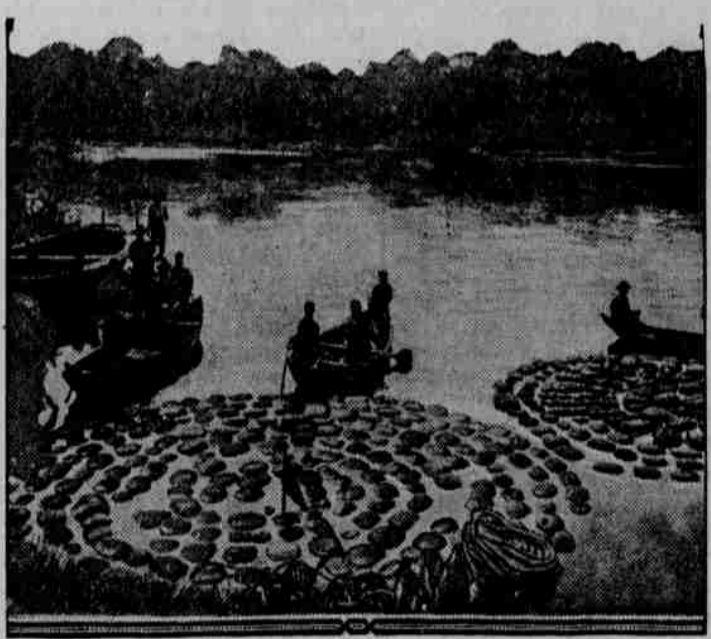
**The Wrong Impression.**  
A Quaker fell asleep in meeting and soon began to snore. For awhile the nasal notes were soft and smooth and did not disturb the worshippers, but finally the sleeper let out a few extra kinks and the effect was a trifle disconcerting.  
"Friend Hezekiah," whispered an acquaintance, digging the other in the ribs, "I think thee had better arouse thyself."  
"What did thee say? What did thee say?" cried Hezekiah, somewhat confused.  
"What is the matter?"  
"Nothing, friend Hezekiah," was the quiet rejoinder of the other, "only thee was snoring a little, and I was afraid that outsiders might think the spirit had moved thee to a trombone solo instead of an expression of thy convictions."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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# In the RUBBER COUNTRY



FLOATING RUBBER RAFTS DOWN THE RIO MACHADO

IT HAS rarely been my privilege to penetrate into more primitive regions than the headwaters of the Orinoco, or into a land of greater promise than is found along the upper reaches of the Gy Parana, better known as the Rio Machado, writes Leo E. Miller in an interesting article on the rubber regions of South America, in the India Rubber World. The Gy Parana, it might be well to state, is one of the largest affluents of the Madeira. For many years its lower course has been known to adventurous seekers of orchids, rubber, and other natural products, all of which have been yielded in abundance; but it is only within the last few years that the course of the upper river has been thrown open to navigation of any kind. Even now only an occasional dugout ventures beyond the zone of pestilence and rapids into the land of hostile Indian tribes; but the way has nevertheless been opened, and within a comparatively short time this region will be giving up its fair quota of the natural riches that lie hidden in the vast, untrodden wilderness.

The Orinoco is, no doubt, better known by name than the Machada, and at present it must suffice to give merely a vague idea of the remoteness of its hinterlands by citing that it requires approximately three months of travel from Ciudad Bolivar, 240 miles from the mouth of the mighty river, to reach the rapids of Guanjaribo, far above the mouth of the Cassiquiare; beyond that point the river is wholly unknown.

**At Senor Paraque's Barraca.**  
On February 28, 1913, I stopped at the barraca of one Senor Paraque, far up on the Orinoco, beyond the mouth of the Ventuar. The main building stood on a high bank 30 feet above the river, and was occupied by Senor Paraque and his assistants. Several large rooms were used as a venta or store and a fair stock of provisions and merchandise was carried. On one side was the camp of the full-blooded Indian employees, Maquiritares from the regions of the Cunacuana, who lived in small palm-leaf huts with their families. On the other side stood long, thatched buildings, open all around, with scores of hammocks strung from the posts and beams; these were the quarters of the natives—Venezuelans and Zambos. In the rear, and some distance away, stood the smokehouses, completely inclosed with palm leaves except for one small door opening. Trails led into the forest from a number of points, and numerous dugouts tied to the landing indicated that work was also prosecuted on the other side of the river. Often, especially in the case of the Indians, man and wife worked together.

Old-fashioned methods are employed entirely. The trees are girdled with strips of palm pitch at the base which intercept the latex and deflect it into a folded leaf placed underneath. This system is rather wasteful and injurious to the trees. There is no fixed rule or custom for tapping the trees, the men hacking into the bark at random, but occasionally the herringbone pattern of cut is used. Each man has two routes, and endeavors to have from 300 to 500 trees on each, seldom more, often less, according to the abundance of the rubber trees in the locality. He takes one trail one day, and the other the next, thus permitting the trees to rest on alternate days. If it rains, the day's catch is spoiled, as latex mixed with water is worthless.

The milk was weighed as brought in by each man at midday and credited to his account; in the afternoon the whole force repaired to the smoke-house to work up the day's catch. A kind of wood called Mazarandul is used exclusively for the smudge; it is of a deep reddish color and grows plentifully along the river.

**Transportation is Costly.**  
The cost of transportation between the Upper Orinoco and Ciudad Bolivar is enormous. In the first place, the distance is very great and the river is full of rapids, necessitating long overland portages; all provisions have to be brought up, and the crude product has to be taken back down; there is always a great loss both ways from theft and wreckage, and as there is no regular system of navigation beyond the mouth of the Apure, the difficulties encountered in securing boats and crews are tremendous.

**He Was Cautious.**  
Fred Thompson, night clerk at the Laclede hotel, St. Louis, is asking his friends to believe this one:  
"About 8 o'clock the other night," Thompson says, "a tall, rangy ruralite entered the lobby of the hotel and approached the desk. After I had fixed him up with a room he asked me if I would take care of some money for him. I told him I would be glad to put it in the safe. He fished down in his trousers pocket and produced a \$2 bill.  
"Just put that away," he said. "I am going out for a little while and I don't want to take any chances with these city slickers."  
"I kept my face straight and assured him it would be safe on his return. He started to leave and then turned around and asked how late we kept open.  
"Oh, I'll be here when you get back," I told him.  
"Well, I don't know," he replied, "I calculate I'll be pretty late. Most 10 o'clock, likely."  
"I assured him I would be on deck, but he did not seem satisfied. After pondering a few moments he asked: "Could I see Mr. Laclede?"  
"That had me going for a few minutes, but when I recovered I told him Mr. Laclede had gone to bed."  
"Pierre Laclede, the founder of St. Louis, for whom the hotel was named, died in 1878.

**Electric Door Bell Made For House Cat.**  
When a cat owned by the keeper of the Platte Fougere lighthouse on the Island of Guernsey wishes to enter its master's dwelling it rings an electric bell to summon a member of the household to the door. This has been made possible by the construction, near the bottom of a door, of a shelf which actuates a switch when a light weight is placed upon it. Thus, when the cat jumps onto this small ledge, which is supported by a bracket, the circuit is closed.—From the March Popular Mechanics Magazine.

**Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes**  
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**It Will Be All Right Then.**  
Edith—I shouldn't think you'd want to marry such a forgetful man as Jack.  
Ethel—But he says the reason he forgets things is because he's thinking so constantly of me that he cannot remember anything else.  
Edith—Oh, I see. You don't expect to have any trouble after you're married.—Boston Transcript.

**Deduction.**  
"What conclusions did you draw from your study of the ancient Egyptian inscription?" asked the professor of archaeology.  
"Why," replied the superficial student, "I decided that the old Egyptians had their comic artists the same as we have."—Washington Star.

**Charitable Hope.**  
Crawford—The janitor of our flat is going to give some kind of an entertainment.  
Crabshaw—For your sake, I hope it will be a housewarming.—Judge.

**No Such Aspiration Allowed.**  
"Isn't there a great deal of esprit du corps in that organization?"  
"Not a bit of it. Every man Jack in it is on the water wagon."—Baltimore American.

**A Bad Risk.**  
"Broken your New Year's resolutions yet?"  
"Every one of them. I wish I'd had the dog-goned things insured."

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**CAP and BELLS**  
Callow Young Man, Who Had Been Trying to Raise Mustache, Is Told to Get It Cut.

**WOULD MAKE ANY SACRIFICE**  
Callow Young Man, Who Had Been Trying to Raise Mustache, Is Told to Get It Cut.

"I'm prepared to make any sacrifice for you, dear," said the callow young man as he knelt at the feet of his adored one.  
"Do you really mean that?" asked the girl, as she thoughtfully studied his features.  
"Try me and see."  
"Then I will. You have been making a desperate effort to grow a mustache for two years, Algernon, and the result is—rather disappointing. Go to a barber, dear, and sacrifice that on the altar of love."

**Won the Argument.**  
"Blinks seems to be in a peevish mood this morning."  
"No wonder. His little boy and the small son of Gadaby, a next-door neighbor, had an argument as to whether automobile tires were filled with air or water."  
"I see."  
"And to prove his contention young Blinks bored into one of his father's new tires with an awl."

**Saving Him From Himself.**  
"I'm going to start right now," remarked the serious woman, "to break my husband of the gambling habit. He's got to promise me not to do any gambling of any kind for a whole year."  
"Does he lose much money?"  
"I don't mind his losing money. What I want to save him from is the temptation to make freak election bets."

**Asking Too Much.**  
"The Johnsons seem to think their baby the most remarkable infant in the world," said the irascible old gentleman.  
"Well, you shouldn't blame them for that. It's only natural."  
"Maybe so, but what particularly irritates me is the fact that they expect me to neglect my business and waste my valuable time just to study its good points."

**Facts and Figures.**  
"Well, how's the poultry business? You had it figured that you could make every hen supply you with a dollar's worth of eggs for fifty cents' worth of corn."  
"I did so. But I think now my hens have got it figured that I could be induced to furnish corn until spring without any eggs whatever in return. And they have it right, at that."

**Mere Mechanics.**  
"My wife," said the celebrated purveyor of indifferent sellers, "can't be made to understand that a writer has his off days."  
"No?"  
"She thinks I ought to be able to write freely as long as there is ink in the fountain pen."

**OHI OHI**  
Belle—She confesses to forty-two.  
Maude—That certainly requires fortitude.

**Prose and Poetry.**  
Lady (after the banquet)—I have really enjoyed myself immensely in your company and I shall often think of this evening.  
Gentleman—And I shall, too, dear lady! As a souvenir—I put a menu in my pocket.—Flegende Blaetter (Munich).

**What He Got.**  
Bacon—Has your wife a cook book?  
Egbert—Oh, yes.  
"Did you ever get anything out of it?"  
"Sure! Indigestion."

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**Then He Left.**  
He was talking about all the things he owned, his prize bulldog, his bungalow, his touring car.  
"But you don't seem interested," he complained.  
"Yes, I am," responded the other chap, "but I'm rather occupied today. Tell you what. You just mail me a statement of your assets and I'll read it with all the admiration and awe you could possibly desire."—Washington Star.



**The girl with a clear skin wins**  
If you, too, are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly complexion, just try  
**Resinol Soap**

regularly for a week and see if it does not make a blessed difference in your skin. In severe cases a little Resinol Ointment should also be used. Resinol Soap helps to make red, rough hands and arms soft and white, and to keep the hair healthy and free from dandruff. Contains no free alkali.  
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**Up-and-Down Danger.**  
An old lady who lived alone outside a small village in England was nervous about Zeppelins, so she made careful inquiries as to her best course.  
"I don't think there's much to worry about," said the vicar in answer to her questions. "But, if you like, you can do as some folks are doing—sleep in the cellar."  
With profuse thanks the old lady went off to alter her domestic arrangements. But in half an hour she was back again, anxiety once more wrinkling her brow.  
"The cellar's all right for Zeppelins, sir," she said, "but suppose one of them submarines comes instead?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Natural Fatality.**  
"Danae died, didn't she, when Jupiter showered her with gold?"  
"Well do you know many wives who wouldn't drop dead of the shock if their husbands started throwing real money at them?"—Baltimore American.

**Responsibility.**  
"Does your wife let you carry the latchkey?"  
"She compels me to carry it," replied Mr. Mekton. "I have to be sitting on the front steps waiting to open the door for her when she gets home."—Washington Star.

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