

The Doped Auto

By
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"Don't be foolish, Edgar, an automobile is too expensive a luxury for us," declared Mrs. Ross.

"I'm the paymaster," retorted her husband, smartly. "I fancy I earn as much money as that self-conceited Arthur Riggs. Humph! I'll wager a month's salary he's buying that cheap machine of his on installments."

"Suppose he is, or isn't?" propounded practical Mrs. Ross. "I've got too much sense to let envy, or spite, or emulation force me into a foolish action."

"But he whizzed that tin Lizzie of his past us with a haughty stare, as if he was some emperor and we scrubs. No, sir. He don't lord it over yours truly! I'm going to take the starch out of him. I'm going to make him wilt like a dishrag. I'm going to make that snub-nosed wife of his understand that you don't have to walk. I'm going to get a machine that will put his in the dust currents whenever I overtake him."

"Really, Edgar," remonstrated Mrs. Ross, "you are getting absolutely vindictive!"

"Nuff said, Nettie!" returned her husband, definitely. "I'm negotiating for a high-powered five-passenger car that cost three thousand five hundred dollars."

"Oh, Edgar!" gasped Mrs. Ross.

"Originally, I've got a friend who has put me up against a friend of his, a broker in automobiles. The trader is going to give me a bargain, and what do you think? Don't let it out, but, by paying cash as on the nail



He Fussed With Them and Gave It Up.

head, I get the machine for four hundred dollars."

"But, Edgar, it's an old car."

"People will never know it unless you tell them," declared Ross.

"Of course, I won't do that."

"It's been repainted in blue, lined with white, new lamps and fender, and fast—ha! ha! It'll make that cad Riggs turn black in the face when I set him a pace. That's one thing I insisted on with the broker—speed."

Ross had found out that his neighbor's car could run up to forty miles an hour.

"If the car I'm buying can't beat that, I don't want it," he told the broker definitely.

"How's sixty?" pertly inquired the trader.

"That hits the mark," acquiesced Ross. "Can you do it?"

"Sure!"

"You want to look out sharp in dealing with those motor specialists," a friend warned Ross, while the latter was expatiating on "the rare bargain" he had secured. "You know second-hand autos and old horses are susceptible of some decidedly skillful manipulation."

"Oh, they can dope a horse with drug, till he looks sick as butter," observed Ross lightly, "but they can't dope an automobile."

"Well, I suppose that's so," murmured the friend—and little knew, Mrs. Ross looked grave as the old barn was turned into a garage and the auto run into it. She deplored the investment of even four hundred dollars. Still, she could not help but become infected with the hilarious enthusiasm of her husband.

They made a brief practice try-out of the machine and it ran very well. Ross, however, was saving himself for an event two days ahead. The Ross family and the Riggs folks and two other neighbors had been jointly invited to a function at Clear Lake, a summer resort twenty-five miles distant. For this occasion Ross had reserved all his ambition. He waited until the Riggs and the others had got started in their various machines. Then Ross proudly, confidently wheeled into the road and speeded up.

"Whizz!"

Mrs. Ross was half frightened at the flying progress, but duly excited and smiled quite joyously. After all,

there was something refreshing in passing two or three neighbors with a superiority of speed that must have nettled them.

Zip! Edgar Ross laughed uproariously. They had overtaken the Riggs car. They had glided by it like a meteor. Looking back, Mrs. Ross saw their social rivals fairly engulfed in clouds and clouds of dust.

"Some class!" chuckled Ross, as they flew along. "I certainly picked a rare plum when I grabbed this easy bargain."

"We are nearly an hour early," remarked Mrs. Ross, as they came within sight of the lights of the club house at Clear Lake.

"And those other fellows will be over an hour late, if they creep at the pace they started," chirped Ross. "Enjoying this?"

"It's very inspiring, but in a breathless sort of way," responded Mrs. Ross.

"We've got lots of time to spare. We'll pass the club house and strike the paved boulevard leading to the city. A ten mile spin over that smooth road will bring out the real merits of this elegant machine."

It did. There was no discounting the speeding qualities of the automobile. It seemed to be possessed with the speed demon of a professional racing car.

"Over a mile a minute, see that!" exultantly announced Ross, as they turned around finally to return to the club house.

"Why, what is the matter now, Edgar?" inquired Mrs. Ross, as the machine, which had hitherto behaved superbly, began to back, slow down and pound.

He got out and looked over the carburetor, radiator and vibrator. He managed to make the machine cover about a mile at a snail's pace until they reached a roadside garage station. The mechanic came out at the signaling horn toot.

"Something the matter," volunteered Ross and the man looked over the machine.

"Out of juice, that's all," he observed expertly.

"Fill her up," ordered Ross and got out while the man removed the seat cushion and uncapped the gasoline tank.

"Phew!" he ejaculated in a straggling tone, "get a whiff of that."

Ross applied his face close to the orifice. He drew back, coughing and spluttering.

"Chloroform!" he suggested in a suffocated voice.

"No, ether," corrected the mechanic. "What did you put that stuff in for, anyway?"

"I didn't. I just bought the machine."

"H'm" muttered the man artisan thoughtfully and with a quiet smile. "I see. Doped to sell."

"What do you mean?" inquired Ross, his spirits sinking.

"Why, the machine probably won't go very well on gasoline. That vaporizing ether, though, is dynamic, and the fellow who fleeced you knew just how to proportion the mixture. Don't you try it—dangerous."

He shot in five gallons of gasoline and Ross started up the machine. It went, but all its speed glory had vanished. It crept, creaked. The crestfallen Ross took a side road to avoid meeting any of his rival neighbors.

"What are you going to do, Edgar?" ventured Mrs. Ross.

"I'm going home!" snapped out her incensed husband. "I'm going to get a wood axe and chop up this miserable wreck. Two to one if I don't take the same instrument and go hunting for the villain who fleeced me!"

It took three hours to get back home and then in a drenching down-pour. Next day Ross sold the car for what it would bring.

"Oh, Edgar," observed Mrs. Ross two evenings later, "what do you think? Mrs. Riggs was over today."

"Gloating over their new machine, I suppose," growled Ross.

"Not at all. They haven't any machine. The one they used a friend loaned them for a week, while he was out of town. They think ours was a rented machine."

"Don't undecieve them," directed Mr. Ross humbly. "Next time any neighborly rivalry gets me going, you'll know it."

"Which is a very sensible conclusion," observed his practical wife.

Mosquitoes Killed With Drugged Air.

A round-the-world electrical engineer tells this story:

"We ran up to Bagdad to put over a little deal with a pasha, a former governmental official who had been prominent in the days of Abdul Hamid. His palace was infested with mosquitoes and we had to plan to give him relief."

"He lived in the usual Moorish house with high walls, flat roof with parapets, few windows and open court. The old pasha looked exactly as if he had just stepped out of a Broadway musical comedy with his shining silk robes, turban and red shoes with upturned toes."

"In the palace garden was a stream with a fall of about ten feet. It would develop about one-fourth horse power. We built a water mill, equipped it with a dynamo, wired the palace and started up some gigantic electric fans. These fans cooled the air and also blew through the rooms a narcotic sufficiently powerful to cause the mosquitoes to fall in a coma. All that remained was for the servants to go around and sweep them up in piles to be destroyed."—World Outlook.



LOOMING straight up out of the sea the rock of Gibraltar stands today as it has stood two centuries in the grasp of Britain. Never ceasing in her vigilance Britain's thin red line of soldiers has held this well-nigh impregnable fortress year in and year out. Wars have come and wars have gone, but no power for a century has even threatened the looming, forbidding rock.

They say the central powers of Europe offer to give the frowning rock back to Spain if Spain will cast her lot with them. But before the gift may be made by the Austro-Germans it must first be won. You have to catch your rabbit, you know, before you can skin it.

And in the meantime Great Britain keeps her never-ending watch over the portal of the Mediterranean.

Every moment, day and night, in times of peace, as well as in times of war, for upward of 100 years, a line of British sentinels has stood on the shore side of the rock watching out over a narrow strip of low lying neutral ground toward the shore of Spain to guard against surprise. And every moment, for over 100 years, a sentry has stood upon the highest pinnacle of the rock and gazed out over the sea. Generations of sentinels have lived and died and been replaced by others; wars have come and gone; no attack has ever been made or even threatened against the rock, but the eternal vigilance has never relaxed, not for one minute in the last 100 years.

The sleepless vigilance through the century may well be taken as typical of the bulldog temper of the British people. They have salted this rock down with their blood and bones. They have given too many lives for it to ever give it up now so long as a British soldier lives to fight for it. And so this precipice of rock, looming out of the sea, looking out across the strait to the shore of Africa, the mysterious, keeps on brooding there in grim silence, with its thousands of guns shotted, always ready, ever watching and waiting through the centuries.

Honeycombed With Tunnels.

Britain has held the Rock of Gibraltar for 200 years and has fortified it so strongly that it has been known for a century as "Impregnable Gibraltar." To capture it an attacking force would literally have to pound the vast rock to dust. Gibraltar is honeycombed with tunnels and the muzzles of the greatest guns in the world bristle from a thousand openings in the face of the rock, like pins stuck in a paper. What would those guns be doing to a fleet or land force that got close enough to throw shells against the rock?

It is very well to state, as some military men have said these past two years, that modern guns which can shoot more than the 20 miles across the narrow gap that divides Europe from Africa could render the place untenable, but no power yet has seen fit to try it out. The odds are too great and the prize too inconsiderable for the price.

Fruitless Siege of Four Years.

The last time an attempt was made to take Gibraltar was 100 years ago, France and Spain together undertook to capture Gibraltar from the British. Inside the rock, hidden in the tunnels like ants in a hill, were 6,000 British soldiers. Attacking them were 61,000 of the best trained fighters in the world and a fleet of 47 ships. For four years the siege went on. It was one of the greatest sieges in all history and there were many deeds of daring, but the 61,000 had never a chance against 6,000 safely hidden in their rock cells, just the muzzles of their guns thrust out and hurling red-hot iron shot.

That was a century ago. Ever since then the human moles garrisoned there have been boring and burrowing, deeper into the rock, storing food and ammunition in great chambered galleries, even below the sea level; mounting larger guns and making the rock as nearly unconquerable as possible. They are never idle, those human moles. They are always making the place stronger.

Gibraltar has been the scene of 13 sieges and many battles. Its rocky slopes have run red with blood. Early armies rained their arrows against it and their battering rams tried to powder its natural walls centuries before the age of powder and iron balls. For this is one of nature's strongholds, this western gate of the Mediterranean.

This cliff of solid limestone was one of the Pillars of Hercules, beyond which it was thought anciently no man might venture and live. Beyond was Ultima Thule, the last island, the end of all. Later the Phoenicians, venturing out into the Atlantic to the tin

Mighty Gibraltar

VIEW OF THE ROCK

mines of Britain, had a way station and fort on the rock. Centuries later the Carthaginians erected watch towers upon it to observe the galleys of their Roman enemies. The Romans captured it, and the Goths took it from the Romans. The Moors got it next and held it for 800 years. The Moslem hosts landed there to overrun Europe. Always the power that held the rock was a power dominating world commerce, and never since the days of Hercules has the rock been so forbidding as it is this minute.

REGION FULL OF ROMANCE

Khanikin, Kasr-i-Shirin and Other Points on the Caravan Route to Bagdad.

The Khanikin region, where the Russians were reported to have been checked some time ago in their advance upon Bagdad, is the subject of the following war geography bulletin issued by the National Geographic society:

It is a 32 hours' journey, along a much-traveled caravan route, from Khanikin to Bagdad. The latter city lies 85 miles southwest of the Turkish border town which is situated on both sides of the Hulvan river, a tributary of the Diale, whose waters empty into the Tigris.

Nestling near the foothills of the Zagros mountains, with the fertile but uncultivated Mesopotamian plain stretching to the south, Khanikin is a commercial gateway between Persia and Asiatic Turkey. Through it pass the caravans which bear to Bagdad the produce destined for transshipment to the port of Basra on the Persian gulf. To the east lies Kermanshah, famous for its carpets and its horses, and situated almost equidistant from Tabriz, Teheran, Isfahan and Bagdad.

Not only does the traveler journeying from Bagdad to Khanikin meet trade caravans, but frequently he encounters curious funeral processions of Shiite pilgrims making their solemn way from various points in Kurdistan to Kerbela, below Bagdad. The faithful believe that there is special virtue in being buried near the shrine of Hussein, who fell at Kerbela in 680 A. D., while battling with the enemies of his father, Ali, son-in-law of the prophet and fourth caliph.

Khanikin is charmingly situated in the midst of gardens, whose fruits and palms are famous. Six hours' journey from here, on the road to Kermanshah, is Kasr-i-Shirin, once the headquarters of a notorious robber chief and interesting on account of its connection with the romantic legends concerning Ferhad and Shirin. Here are to be found the remains of a rock-been aqueduct, which in ancient days conveyed water for a distance of 15 miles in order that the gardens of Shirin might be made worthy of the beauty of their far-famed mistress. The story of Ferhad and Shirin is one of the favorite romances of the East. Ferhad was the greatest sculptor of his day, and a great architect. While making bas-reliefs of his sovereign, Chosroes II, and of the latter's bride, the Christian Shirin (also called Sira), the sculptor fell madly in love with his beautiful model. Chosroes, so goes the legend, promised to bestow Shirin upon his gifted subject provided the latter would cut through the rock of Behistan and divert a stream to the Kermanshah plain. Ferhad undertook the task, but when the work was almost completed an emissary came from the false king bearing a tragic story of Shirin's death. The sculptor in despair leaped from the rocks and was dashed to death upon the site of his engineering triumph.

In this neighborhood is Sar-i-Pulizhab, where the Ali Inhis believe David lived and where a rock-been tomb is a place of pilgrimage. This sect, supposed to believe in the successive reincarnation of the godhead through 1,001 existences, had a remarkable beginning, for it is recorded that Ali, who is held to be their god, repudiated the worship of his would-be followers, and when Abdulla bin Saba, an Arab, proclaimed him to be God the disciple and those who joined in protestations of reverence were ordered cast into a pit where fire was thrown upon them. While the burning brands descended upon the zealous they cried out in their agony, "Now is the certainty of all certainty that thou art God, for the prophet has said, 'None but God shall punish with fire.'"

A Warning.

"Can you tell me, my good man, if they take in summer boarders at the farmhouse yonder?"

"Yep, unless the summer boarders are smarter than the farm folks are."

The Clouds Blow By

They'll all blow by, those clouds that seem To hide the splendor of your dream. They'll fade and fly before the light That follows as the day the night. 'Twill not be dark for long, for long, While love decks life with light and song.

They'll soon blow by, soon disappear, And where they float the skies will clear, The sun shine out, the day be sweet, And forth we'll go with dancing feet. To find life's yoke of good and ill Is measured fair to all men still.

The gloom will lift that haunts your heart, We have our dreams; the dreams depart, Our ups and downs, our griefs and cares, But he lives best who plucks and shares From life's blest service hope to make The world seem best for dear love's sake.

You're feeling blue; you must not mind, The world, with all it does that's blind, Still treats us well; we should not lose Our faith and trust or get the blues. The tempest roars a little while, And then the sunbeams sweetly smile.

They'll all blow by; those clouds that gray The ambient beauty of your day, The shadows fall, but not for long; Behind them lurks the sunlit song, The bloom, the cheer, the love God gives Through which the whole creation lives. —Folger McKinsey, in the Baltimore Sun.

POULTRY POINTERS

Turkeys do best when kept separate from chickens. If the two are kept together the turkeys are likely to take chicken diseases.

Watch for head lice on the chicks. If found, rub top of head with a small piece of lard free from salt.

Geese are probably the hardest of all domestic fowls, requiring less attention than cows or hens, and little or no outlay for buildings.

After the grass gets tough chicks can catch more bugs and worms and will grow better on loose soil. The cornfield furnishes ideal conditions.

Dried bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, milk, crackers and milk, parched oatmeal and curds will all prove very satisfactory for young turkeys.

People who fall in the poultry business are usually those who take it up as a fad and not for the purpose of making a living.

Avoid crowding by keeping in small flocks and by providing roomy coops. Thin them out if there are too many.

The farmer who says that hens are a nuisance generally speaks the truth as far as his own personal experience goes.

Clean feed for all kinds of poultry, young and old, is necessary for success. Filthy, moldy, musty or soured grain will cause digestive troubles.

Creed of the Knocker.

"I believe that nothing is right. I believe that I alone have the right ideas. The town is wrong, the editor is wrong, the teachers are wrong, the people are wrong, the things they do are wrong and they are doing them in the wrong way anyhow. I believe I could fix things if they would let me. If they don't I will get a lot of other fellows like myself and we will have a law passed to make others do things the way we want them done. I do not believe that the town ought to grow. It is too big now. I believe in fighting every public improvement and spoiling everybody's pleasure. I am always to the front in opposing things and never yet advanced an idea or supported a movement that would make the people happier or add to the pleasure of man, woman or child. I am opposed to fun and am happiest when at a funeral. I believe in starting reforms that will take the joy out of life. It's a sad world and I am glad of it. Amen."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Temperature of Trees.

It is not shade that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself is to be considered, since its temperature is about 45 degrees Fahrenheit at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 degrees. So, it will be seen, a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher.

It is for this reason that municipal experts contend that trees should be planted in the tenement districts of large cities. If, they reason, the air can be made cooler and purer by trees, fewer children will die of heat ailments. As more city children die during the months of June, July, August and September than in any other period of the year the importance of the suggestion has received widespread notice.

Genius of French Army Cooks.

The world-wide fame of France as the motherland of chefs has been enhanced by the demands of war. The cuisine of the French army is far ahead of the best cooking in any other army. The "slum" of the American cook soldier is not to be compared with the savory steves served on the French front in appetizing quantities. This is not due to variety of supply, but to the native talent of the Frenchman, who was a cook long before he was a soldier.—Granville Fortescue in the Saturday Evening Post.

STAR OF FILMDOM



Theda Bara.

Movie actress who is known to all followers of the silent drama through her portrayal of "vampire" roles.

Fifty Thousand Men Now Are Flying Over Europe

To the average American, the aeroplane still is a wonder, a miracle, a creation of magic. In Europe men have become so accustomed to it that children now talk of becoming "aviators" as they would be of becoming "policemen." Counting both pilots and observers, there are more than 50,000 men now in Europe in daily flights above ground. The number increases from day to day and before the war is ended it is possible that the number will have reached 100,000. A hundred thousand human beings talking to the air every day—and only six years ago Glenn H. Curtiss made his first long flight down the Hudson river—a wonderful feat chronicled in the press of the world.

Traveling by Parcel Post.

Though our parcel post is a wonderful system, enabling us to send all kinds of strange things by mail, the English system can do one thing which we have as yet not attempted.

An Englishman who was in a hurry to reach a part of London with which he was unfamiliar, called at the general post office to consult a directory. Upon explaining his case, the clerk gave him the startling information that he could go by parcel post for the payment of three pence a mile.

He was accordingly placed in charge of a messenger boy who took him to his destination. The boy carried a printed slip on which was written "Article required to be delivered" with a description of the parcel following.

Crookedest Railroad in the World

Up California's Tamalpais runs the crookedest railroad in the world. Of the eight miles of track the longest tangent is but 413 feet. In one notable instance the road makes five complete loops and ties two complete new knots to attain an elevation of 90 feet. The end of the line is about half a mile higher than the starting point, and there is not one particularly steep grade in the entire system.

Horseradish Sauce.

Horseradish sauce is made by mixing in a bowl a teaspoonful of mustard, teaspoonful of vinegar, half teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Break on this mixture the yolks of two eggs and beat with an egg beater. Add olive oil until a thick sauce results, and then add a tablespoonful of grated horseradish.