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Huge Gasoline Loss.
The volume of gasoline that is lost by evaporation in one stage in the handling of crude oil is equal to one-third of the country's annual gasoline production.

Two Kinds of Women.
An optimist is a man who believes that all women are angels and a pessimist is a man who believes they are the kind of angels with asbestos wings.

Strange Kind of Worm Can Live in Ice
Tacoma, Wash.—A species of worm that lives even in the ice and cannot withstand even the heat of a human hand, has been found and photographed by a scientific expedition that recently went into the Olympic mountains.
The ice on Dodwell-Rixon pass in the Olympics was found literally alive with these worms. They are black, thin and about half an inch long.

IT WAS THE RULING PASSION
By JAMES BARNES
(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)

PERCY ALAN ARMSTRONG, familiarly known to the staffs of three metropolitan daily newspapers as "Pa," slowly, very slowly, awakened to a blurred, detached consciousness of his own existence. He did not have to ask where he was. He had visited hospitals often enough. Once he had interviewed a would-be suicide in a private room just like this. There was a slight smell of ether about him, and he was possessed of a sensation that reminded him of the time he had been assigned to write the story of "A Day on the Fishing Banks." Otherwise he felt no pain particularly.

"Guess I was 'among those,'" he observed to himself. He could see the headlines—"Crash on Third Ave. L"—he'd written up a lot of them, but he was rather mixed as to this one. There had been a sway, a lurch, a big noise and—here he was!

A nice-looking young woman, dressed in white, was standing at the foot of the high cot, looking at him. "Many hurt?" he asked, forming the words slowly. "Mustn't talk—rest quietly," returned the young woman, softly. "You're getting on nicely." "What day is it?" "Sunday. It's your all right—just rest—we'll take care of you." She had a very soothing voice. "Jess as you say, m' dear," mumbled Pa weakly, and with that he lost connection with the actual in a long, quivering intake of breath.

The next time he came out of the darkness he was alone. The discomforting sensation was gone, only a strange, dull ache was all over him, and a pain in his head. He lay very flat and straight at his slight incline. It was a warm, sunny day of very early spring; the window was open and the houseposts opposite were just level with his line of vision. He recognized several taller buildings beyond, against the sky line.

He looked down at himself—a much bandaged object lay on a pillow at his right; the other arm was across his chest. He started to lift the hand to his aching head—the only response was a slight movement of the index finger and the thumb—he tried his feet and legs—nothing responded. He gave just the slightest moan. Once, after the cave-in of a floor at a fire, he had seen a poor devil of a smoke-eater laid out like this. "Spine," said he. "That's the answer." He compressed his lips—his eyes blurred—he tasted the salt of the quick gush of tears. "Finished, finished, finished," his mind kept repeating, and then—"How lucky!" No one was dependent on him, not even a dog or a cat! All he'd ever had or cared for in life had been his work. That was over now. . . . There were institutions, of course, and a flash of hope—he might, possibly might recover. Lord, how clear his mind was!

The paper and the boys would be good to him. He mustn't give up altogether. If he could only teach that left hand to hold a pen! Plenty of time now to write all that stuff he was going to do "some day." He turned his bandaged head to the right. On a table by his side there was a telephone, a glass and a shiny little metal tube. "All ready to give me another shot," he reasoned. "Never thought I'd come to this!"

He was glad he was alone. He felt sure, if he made a sound, that the white-dressed woman would appear. He didn't want anybody just now. . . . His eyes had cleared and his glance sought the open window. There was a man on the roof opposite, leaning over the brick railing, looking down at the street. He was in shirt sleeves and hatless; his bald head glistened in the sunlight. Straightening up, the man hurried back to the shadow of a metal roof house and disappeared. As he had walked with a slight limp, as if he had lost the use of a knee joint.

If Pa had ever spotted anyone at that distance before he knew that man to a certainty! Forgetting himself and everything else, he kept his tense gaze on that stretch of roof. There the man was again, hat and coat on his time, and another was with him! They peered round the side of the house very cautiously and then vanished. Despite his helplessness Pa Armstrong felt the old-time, familiar excitement. Every part of his brain was intently wide awake. But it was only after two attempts that he managed to say— "Oh, Miss Nurse. If you please!" She was just outside the door, and, concealing her anxiety, hurried to him. "Telephone—call—most important—get this now! Three-hundred Spring—I want—" The young woman put her hand on his forehead. "Not now," she soothed. "It is against orders. You mustn't talk—mustn't excite yourself." The best card Pa Armstrong had in his personal pack was his smile; it had worked on dangerous crooks, crusty guardians at closed doorways, was a key to the sympathy of the quiet child and the attention of determined and obstinate women. "See here, Miss," he coaxed weakly, looking up at her, "I'm dead on to

what's happened to me! If you could do the last thing that anyone could do for it? Call that number and put the 'phone down here where I can talk into it. Sure, you're going to—Be a good scout!" The smile was a trifle twisted, but it won. "Three-hundred Spring," said the nurse, softly but clearly into the mouthpiece. Her tones could hardly have been heard out in the hallway. "Yes, yes—wait a minute."

She put the instrument on the bed, and shutting the door, closed it. One doesn't like to be caught breaking orders! Then she lifted the receiver to Pa Armstrong's ear and held the mouthpiece of the instrument close to the eager, waiting lips. "Hello—Want Inspector McLaren . . . important. . . . Hello, Mac . . . Me . . . Don't you know my voice? Say, listen. Limpy Moore and his gang are on the job again—right now—furs—loft job—West Sixteenth street; middle of block." He paused and summoned all his forces. Number 13, I guess. Lookout is below on street outside. Truck must be on Seventh. Hurry—you'll get 'em on roof. Yes, sure. Can't talk any more—I—"

He turned his head away; the young woman, still holding the instrument, looked at him in alarm. But the eyelids lifted—the smile, a very forced, white-lipped one, appeared again. "Call Chronicle office, city desk. . . . Tell 'em send police headquarters—see McLaren—story how they got Limpy Moore—story how they're talking for P. A. A. Ah, go on—be a good scout! Ah, please do!"

He kept wide eyes on her, straining his ears to each word she spoke. "Good girl, you got it through. . . . It's a best!" murmured Pa Armstrong, taking a long breath. "A sure beat!" he repeated, very sleepily; he felt he was in a smoothly descending lift, going down faster and faster. . . . It could not have been unpleasant, for he still was smiling.

"I could swear 'twas him—his voice," said the inspector. "And that's how we got the whole gang—Limpy and the others—with the goods this time!" "It was a woman called up the office," returned the cub reporter, gathering up his packet of filmy paper; "you're going to the funeral, aren't you?" "I sure am," said the inspector. "There'll be a man or more from almost every precinct there." "Big crowd, I guess," said the young Chronicle man, at the door.

Nothing Ever Lost by Word of Praise
Say a word of praise for an effort made or a result accomplished! At home, at work, or elsewhere, the man who scatters words of praise helps to keep the world moving forward and men to reach the goal to which they have set out. A word of praise to the struggling man is a friendly hand behind the back of a climber up life's hill. The road is long, the incline so steep that the least push forward is a help. A word of praise is one of the few things in the world of which we possess more in proportion to the amount we give away. Let us not be stingy in our passing out of kindly words. This fellow with so bold an air, with so hearty a laugh and with so splendid a disposition may be putting up a front to hide financial troubles, a sad heart as the result of domestic complications or a troubled spirit because of some problem in his life which of the world knows nothing.

Fellowship means interest in the other chap. We never know when a serious word of kindness, of praise, of encouragement, will fall on ears which are hungry for it, sink into hearts that are sad. It sounds a bit preachy to you, but it will sound peachy to ears which listen to your words of praise!—Klwan's Magazine.

Remarkable Photography
The young man and the young woman were musing on the the strangeness of life in general. A favorite occupation nowadays when everybody is convinced that they have a special flair for soulfulness. "Photography is a strange profession," said the young man, apropos absolutely of nothing at all. "Because it develops negatives?" inquired his companion with a knowing look. "No, not that exactly. The other day I had my photograph taken in my riding things—not on horseback, you know, just standing with my crop in my hand. Today the photographer sent me word that the portraits are ready, and, do you know, he says that they are all mounted."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

These Critical Times
The hall of the suburban church was crowded. A well-known authority on the English language had been engaged to come down and lecture to the women's club on "The Decadence of Pure English." Everything went well, and at the close of the lecture a lady—she was a lady; she wore a most expensive fur coat and three strings of pearls—approached the authority, and said, gushingly: "I did enjoy your talk ever and ever so much, and I agree with you that the English language is decaying something awful. Hardly no one talks proper nowadays, and goodness only knows what the next generation will talk like if something ain't done about it!"

FARM STOCK

MANY DEVICES USED TO EXERCISE BULLS

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
Many a valuable bull is rendered useless by improper care and management, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The importance of exercise is often underestimated, and many bulls, after their value has been proved, are found to be sterile or slow breeders, due largely to close confinement and lack of activity. This is more true of dairy bulls, perhaps, because of their temperament, which makes them more difficult to handle.

Regular exercise helps materially to keep the bull in good condition. Any method that will make the sluggish bull take exercise regularly and without overwork is satisfactory. The main point is for him to get it. In some countries bulls are yoked like oxen and used to pull a plow, to haul manure, or to do other farm work. Where there is only one bull, special hitching arrangements for work on a cart may be made. Thus the bull not only gets his exercise but at the same time does useful farm work. A treadmill is sometimes used, but is not always satisfactory because the bull sometimes learns tricks for stopping the machine and needs to be watched.

A pen large and roomy enough for exercising may be all that is needed for some bulls, but others are lazy and need to be forced to exercise. A young bull turned in the lot with an older one will usually cause the older one to take his "daily dozen." The younger bull will usually be active enough to keep out of danger if the pen is large enough to prevent his being cornered. The owner should use his judgment as to the merits of this plan.

Bulls may be induced to exercise themselves with an empty barrel or keg by bumping or rolling it around the pen. The keg may be left on the ground or hung by a rope or chain low enough so the bull can butt it with his head. A block of wood, with the corners removed, will serve the same purpose. Some bulls spend hours playing with contrivances of this sort, while others pay little attention to them.

When an exercise pen is not available, it is a common practice to tie the bull to a ring which slides on a suspended wire or cable 75 to 100 feet long and high enough above the bull's head to prevent him from getting his feet over the lead chain, which should be 12 to 15 feet long. A revolving sweep will give the bull some exercise, if he will use it.

Many Animals Inspected During Year Just Ended
Slaughter of nearly 80,000,000 animals in establishments operating under federal meat inspection during the year ended June 30, 1924, is shown by figures recently compiled by the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture. The exact total is 79,814,000, which is more than 6,000,000 more animals than were slaughtered during any previous fiscal year.

Hogs were the most numerous of all classes of stock, there being 54,416,481 of these animals slaughtered. This number, nearly three-fifths of the total, is also a new high mark. Calves slaughtered during this record-breaking year numbered 4,667,948, which is also the largest number on the records of the United States meat inspection service for any year. Cattle and sheep killed under the supervision of government inspectors numbered 9,188,652 and 11,505,001, respectively.

Live Stock Facts
The loss of little pigs will mean the loss of big profits.
The wise stockman recognizes that careful attention to little details pays well in the end.
Too much skim milk or too much thin stop tends to produce a "pot-bellied" type of pig. Middlings should not make up too much of the ration for either the sow or the pigs for it causes the pigs to scour.
The addition of a small amount of lime water to skim milk for calf feeding is now being used with excellent results by many dairymen.
Unless the dairy farmers are willing to buy additional milk pails they ought not to try better breeding of their cows.
It is time well spent to teach the heifer to be handled and to lead. The average hand-raised heifer is gentle and, if done early, is very easily taught to lead.

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First Religious Paper.
The first religious newspaper ever issued was the Herald of Gospel Liberty, which was published by Elias Smith of Portsmouth, N. H., in 1809.

Huge Dam in India.
The Bhatnagar irrigation dam near Poona, India, containing 21,500,000 cubic feet of masonry, has the largest volume of any dam in the world.

Composed Music at Six.
At six years of age the composer, Mozart, could compose unaided by any instrument and knew the effects of sound as shown by notes.

Every Man's Duty.
Every man should strive to be entitled to a good opinion of himself, and having gained it should strive to keep it to himself.—Boston Transcript.

Woman Builds Bridges.
Bridge building is the specialty of Mrs. Lou Alta Melton-Merrill, a graduate engineer in the United States bureau of public roads.

Knowledge and Practice.
Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—Froude.

Unfortunate Truth.
A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.—W. D. Howells.

Drop Union Membership.
Since the great railway strike in Great Britain the membership of the National Union of Railwaymen has dropped from 457,836 to 386,115.

Lizard Sheds Tail.
A lizard is none the worse for losing its tail. Nature provides that when he is in danger he can shed his tail while he makes good his escape.

Fewer Infant Deaths.
Twenty years ago about 158 babies died for every 1,000 born in New York state. Last year only 75 died out of every thousand born.

Believe in Split Souls.
Among the natives of South Africa there is a general belief in the split soul. One tribe believes in three souls—one in the head, another in the stomach and a third in the big toe.

Butter From Fish.
Indians obtain the fat from butterfish by boiling them in cedar vats heated by dropping hot stones into the water and then skimming off the oil as it rises to the surface.

Paint Preserves White House.
Without an annual coat of waterproof white paint the White House at Washington would have been in ruins at the end of one hundred years.

Nature's Bank.
Natives of China, India and Malay peninsula, use the soil for their banks, and it is estimated millions of dollars are thus stored away.

World Planes Retired.
San Diego, Cal.—The round-the-world army fliers, headed by Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith, landed at Rockwell field here Monday from Santa Monica, Cal. The three airplanes used by the fliers were turned over to army authorities here and no longer will be utilized for aviation.

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