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WHEN HE STRUCK A STUMP

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

JUDY caught the letter her father tossed to her as he hurried through the kitchen and on out the back. She squinted at the postmark and then tore open the envelope hastily. (Nobody lugged in harvest time at John Hamlin's.) Then Judy's brow drew together magnetically, her lips pursed.

"Betty Lane is coming this afternoon, mother, for a week's visit," she announced somewhat chagrined. "Of all persons, Betty!"

"What's wrong with Betty?" asked Mrs. Hamlin, coming briskly out of the pantry with a pan of rolls.

"Well," clipped Judy, "she's a flapper!"

"Tut! Tut! Ugly word!" chided Judy's mother. "To the generous-hearted there are no flappers, Judy. They are all some mother's daughter!"

"But Betty is—" she shrugged; "you wait and see for yourself. I'm afraid dad isn't going to like for us to have so much company. There's Bob's school friend—and now Betty.

"Well, if Betty links in and helps like Larry Hornsby has, dad will welcome her," said Mrs. Hamlin. "When the harvest is ripe is the time to reap it."

But Judy felt no optimism about Betty's coming. Her mother had never seen Betty. She had no idea of the true nature of the girl Judy had met the previous winter at the university. And her letter had said she was coming to rest up from a round of gayeties so that she would be fresh for winning the heart of the most desirable young man that had ever come to Gatesville. She would doubtless have no trouble in winning him—for she was an avowed beauty with a small fortune coming her way.

At the dinner table Judy told Bob and Larry. "You boys be ready to spruce up at supper, because there's going to be a perfect heartbreaker here."

But this news brought no great amount of enthusiasm from them. For Bob's part, Judy knew he was not so keen on heart-breakers. She felt a little despondent as she cleared away the dishes. Didn't Larry like girls, either? She would wager they wouldn't talk harvest so incessantly this time tomorrow—for Betty Lane would wind them both around her lily-white finger and then laugh at them with her cherry-red lips.

She hoped Betty would like Bob—No! For Betty was not the kind of girl she wanted Bob to like. Betty was light-minded, self-centered, living only to count her conquests of hearts and to dance herself into happiness. Bob's heart must never be seared by the flame of Betty's flickering love. Larry—but was he not as deserving as Bob?

It was a most depressed Judy who met the 3:20 train in Mills Point.

"I'm not surprised that you're glum, Judy!" Betty shiv, shrugging at the small town. "What have you planned for tonight, child? I feel like I could dance till 4."

"I thought you wanted to rest from gayeties," said Judy, striving to become light-hearted. "We haven't planned anything. Mother and dad are old-fashioned, Betty. We don't give dances."

"My gosh! I guess I'm in for it, then! When do prayers begin?"

"I don't think they ever end at our house, Betty. Oh, look at that covey of quails—aren't they beauties?"

But Betty didn't trouble to look; and they rode in silence for some time. Then she demanded peevishly: "How far down in 'Possum Holler' do you live, Judy? My! I'll have no difficulty in creating a sensation out here!"

"No competition whatever," laughed Judy. "This is our farm. And allow me to introduce you to our wonderful South Forty! Did you ever see a more perfect lake of gold than that field of sun-kissed grain? The boys are wild over it! I'm going to drive down this lane and let you see it—"

"Oh, don't trouble, Judy, if it's out of the way. Who are the boys? Of course, I knew there's Bob—Ooh! Ooh!"

For Judy, in making the turn had struck a stump, giving them a startled twist and jolt. The car came to a dead halt.

"See?" cried Betty Lane. "You shouldn't have come this way! And there's another car—you'll never be able to pass it in this narrow road."

"That's Bob's runabout," exclaimed Judy, hopping out. "I hope I haven't damaged Bob's boat!"

The small car glided up to them and a tall figure in overalls sprang out. "What's wrong Judy?" Larry asked, removing Bob's huge straw from his head.

"Struck a stump!" Judy informed him, somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, well, don't worry! We all strike stumps now and then!"

Judy introduced Betty Lane and Larry Hornsby.

"Mr. Hornsby!" shrilled Betty delightedly. "Are you Guy Hornsby's brother that's coming to Gatesville next week?"

Larry nodded.

"Gee, that's great! And here I am ahead of all the girls, getting to know you first! You see you're creating quite a sensation in Gatesville since we heard—"

"Blab! Blab!" broke in Larry, his face suddenly flushed. "I've called off my visit to Gatesville, Miss Lane, since I've heard that Guy has made a fool of himself—and myself as well!" He dropped to his knees to examine underneath the big car. "I'm sure you're going to enjoy it down here in the country," he added, getting up. "How do you like the looks o' that?" with a flourish of his harvest hat toward the boasted South Forty.

"What is it—wheat, oats, or barley?" drawled Betty. "I'm no farmer girl. I despise the country—if you want to know. But this friend of mine insists on burying her otherwise intelligent self out here in the sticks—and I had a longing somehow to see her. I understand now that it was only the hand of Providence leading me into the wilderness—since you're here! Guy told me how perfectly you dance—and this knot on a stick says she hasn't planned a single dance for us!"

"I should say not!" said Larry, indicating with a nod that the car was ready to go. "When night comes—on this place—everybody is too tired to dance. You see this is harvest time, Miss Lane, and we're all true harvesters."

That night Judy lingered on the back porch as she returned from the milkroom, putting the last pan to draw cream. Her heart was heavy, her throat tight. A firm step crossed the kitchen and came out very, very close to her—and stood gazing into the heavens, too—for of course there was a harvest moon. Judy's heavy heart leaped suddenly through her tight throat and pounded foolishly in her ears. She had thought him with Betty. Betty had scarcely permitted him out of her sight since her arrival.

"I'm the one that struck a stump now, Judy," he muttered dejectedly. "She's the girl Guy has set his heart on—for me! Lord help me! Why did you let her come now, and pester me to death? Can't you persuade that girl-shy Bob to take her over and leave me to my happy thought of you, Judy?"

"I'll tell you—Larry," she spoke his name softly, "We'll put Betty to work—real hard work—and before two days she'll be gone. That's the stump that'll stop Betty! Anyway, who minds Betty—now?"

This Cave a Concert Hall

For the purpose of testing its acoustic properties a concert was held in the caverns of Postumia, which wander through the earth for a distance of between 10 and 20 miles, not far from Trieste. This subterranean auditorium, located in the center of the subterranean galleries, is a vast hall called the Mythological hall, or the Elysian fields, nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference and which can hold probably from 10,000 to 20,000 persons. The dome of the hall rises more than 300 feet and is decorated with crystals of huge size. Fantastically shaped stalactites like veils and curtains hang over the various passages of approach.

Well, Why Not?

A teacher in a school in the Northeast was having a lesson in long measure in her classroom and wanted to make her question clear, so she said, "Now, children can anyone tell me what can be bought by the foot?"

After tense moments of silence a diminutive little fellow raised his hand and in a voice full of confidence said, "Teacher, I know." "Well, William, what is it that you can buy by the foot?"

And Willie, without a quiver in his voice, answered, "A pair of shoes."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Unexplored Africa

One section of Africa that has recently been discovered, but still requires more exploration, is the mountain region lying between the Lakes Albert Edward and Albert Nyanza. This is said to be the least known mountain region in Africa. It was popularly called "Mountains of the Moon" and is now known by the name "Ruwenzori."

Many Legal Holidays

Of the 365 days in the year, 289 are bank or public holidays in one country or another. People engaged in international transactions find it necessary to keep track of them all.

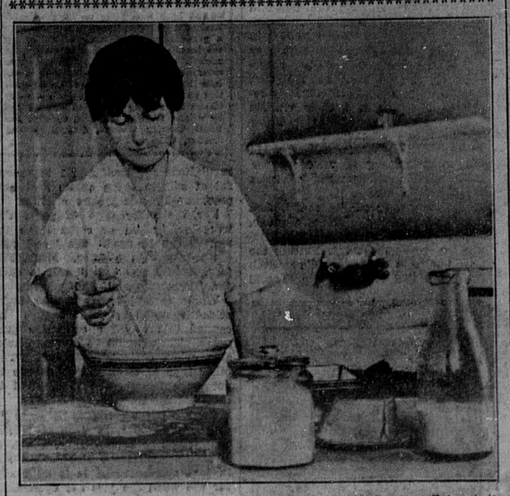
Flood of Reading

More than 17,000,000 books have been printed since the advent of printing.

Holds the World's Record as Keeper of Diary

The diary of Samuel Pepys, covering a period of about ten years, which came to light long after his death, probably attracted as much attention as any other journal of similar nature. Pepys has many imitators among journalists and elsewhere. It remained, however, for Maj. S. Willard Saxton, of Washington, to bring forth a diary to which he might well claim honors. From the standpoint of continuous effort it probably surpasses any other of which there is a record. He had been making daily entries for 84 years, Saxton celebrated his one hundred and [illegible] birthday. He was born in Saxton, and he served throughout the period. Thereafter he entered the civil service and was employed in various departmental positions until his retirement in 1921. The mortality among diaries must be something appalling. Every year the diary publishers bring out their blank volumes in attractive and convenient form, ranging all the way from the time-of-day variety, to those having plenty of space for principal jottings as well as facts. Most people begin with the start of the year, make entries faithfully for the first few days, [illegible] work for a time with [illegible] it un[illegible]

Use of Cooking Thermometer



Bread Dough Should Be Kept at a Temperature of 82 Degrees Fahrenheit During the Rising Periods.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the important uses of the general purpose cooking thermometer is in making yeast-raised bread. The temperature of the dough should be kept constantly at about 82 degrees F. throughout the mixing and rising periods. This can only be done exactly when a thermometer is used. An oven thermometer, too, will be wanted when the bread is baked. The following directions for making bread at home are given by the bureau of home economics. The materials indicated yield about three and a half pounds, that is, three large or four small loaves of bread. Hard-wheat or bread flour is called for. If a soft wheat flour is used a larger quantity is needed; also more yeast and sugar. For the same amount of liquid about two and a half pounds or two and three-quarters quarts of sifted soft-wheat flour will be required, and about double the amount of yeast and sugar. The liquid in either case may be milk, water, potato water, or any combination of these.

About 2¼ lbs. or 2 qts. hard-wheat flour, 2¼ cups liquid, 6 tsp. salt, 2 tbs. sugar, 2 tbs. fat, 1 ounce (2 cakes) yeast.

With the temperature about 82 degrees F. bread can be made by the straight dough method with the above ingredients in about four hours from the time the dough is mixed until the loaves are put into the oven. A small quantity of the liquid, about one-half cupful, must be set aside for softening the yeast. If milk is used, it must be scalded first to check the growth of bacteria, and then cooled. The part reserved for soaking the yeast should be cooled quickly, and the rest may be poured while hot over the sugar, salt and fat. Other liquids than milk do not require heating, but often this is done for convenience in dissolving and melting the sugar, salt and fat. In any case the liquid mixture should be brought to a temperature below 100 degrees F. before mixing with the yeast. The temperature should be adjusted so as to bring the temperature of the dough to about 82 degrees F.

The flour, except about one cupful, should be added to the liquid and mixed thoroughly with a spoon, the hands, or a mechanical bread mixer. All the flour may be added at once if experience has shown the amount necessary. It is impossible, however, to tell beforehand how much flour will be required unless flour from this lot has been used. The dough should be as soft as it can be conveniently handled, but it should not be sticky. More flour is required with water than with milk.

When the flour and liquid are thoroughly mixed and the dough no longer sticks to the sides of the bowl, it is ready to be kneaded. If a bread mixer is used, it kneads as well as mixes. To knead by hand, turn the dough out on a clean floured board and work quickly with the palms of the hands until it is smooth and elastic.

Allow the bread to rise to about double its bulk in a place where the temperature is from 80 degrees to 85 degrees F. The bowl may be placed in a pan of warm water to raise the temperature of the dough if it has cooled off, and keep it at the right point. Punch down, turn the ball of dough over, and allow it to rise a second time. Divide then into loaves, mold, grease the top surface lightly, and place in pans to rise again, regulating the temperature carefully as before. Start to bake in a fairly hot oven, 400 degrees to 415 degrees F., depending on the size of the loaf. A pound loaf should be baked at a higher temperature and more quickly than a pound and a half loaf. Turn the loaves around after 20 minutes and lower the temperature of the oven. Bake from 45 minutes to one hour. Cool the loaves on a rack as soon as they leave the oven. Do not cover while warm.

Fairy Tale for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Mr. and Mrs. Emu were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Ostrich one day when Mr. Ostrich began talking of the children.

The emu family look something like the ostrich family. They have very long legs but instead of beautiful feathers their bodies are covered with something which looks very much like gray hay.

Their necks, which are long, also have the same kind of hay covering.

"You see," said Mr. Ostrich, "we looked after our children together.

"In the daytime Mrs. Ostrich would sit on the eggs and at night I would tell her to rest and I would sit on them."

"Of course," said Mr. Emu, "it is something the way with us as it is with you.

"I help Mrs. Emu, but then I find she lets me take over all the work to do."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Emu, "and why not? I always say to myself:

"'If he's willing to work, it would be foolish of me to stop him.'

"Yes, that is what I always say."

"You certainly do," said Mr. Emu. "And you live up to your words, too."

"Don't you sit on your eggs during the day?" asked Mrs. Ostrich. "I like to have a hand in the hatching out of the eggs."

"I hardly call it having a hand in the hatching when you sit on the

"How Grandly You Talk."

eggs, my love," said Mr. Ostrich, with a foolish smile. "And besides you haven't a hand."

"I know," said Mrs. Ostrich, "but it's something creatures say so I thought I would, too."

"You asked me a question," said Mrs. Emu. "Do you, or do you not, want to have it answered?

"From the way you are going on talking it would appear that you do not wish to be informed."

"How grandly you talk, Mrs. Emu," said Mrs. Ostrich. "To be sure I do wish to have my question answered."

"She talks grandly," said Mr. Emu, "because she can spend her time thinking of words and so forth.

"She does not have to work, nor even look after her children."

"Right, my dear," said Mrs. Emu, "but as I said before you always offer to help me, so I give right up to you."

"You give work right up to me," said Mr. Emu.

"It's this way," explained Mrs. Emu. "Mr. Emu finds me sitting on the eggs, and he always says:

"'Oh, can't I do that for you?'

"Now wouldn't it be extremely foolish for me to say that he could not.

"If he is so willing, I must be willing, too. Then I get used to being idle and doing nothing but wander about and I forget about Mr. Emu and the work, until I find he is looking after the children."

"I think you forget about me on purpose," said Mr. Emu, "but it makes no difference—for I do not mind hatching the eggs in the least."

"Do you hatch the eggs?" asked the ostrich.

"Yes," said Mr. Emu. "Mrs. Emu lays them. Then I hatch them out, and what is more I look after the children until they are able to care for themselves."

"Well, that is strange," said Mrs. Ostrich. "We like to divide the time."

"It simply means," said Mrs. Emu, "that you follow the ways of the ostrich family and we follow the ways of the emu family.

"We have different family ways—that's all."

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OATMEAL AND DATE BARS FOR LUNCH

Good for the children's lunch boxes or for social occasions, these bars are easily made and sure to be liked. The bureau of home economics, United States Department of Agriculture, supplies the recipe.

Oatmeal and Date Bars.

¾ lb dates (1¾ cups pitted dates), 1 cup nut meats, chopped, ¾ cup oatmeal, ¼ cup flour, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. baking powder, 3 eggs, 1 cup brown sugar.

Cut the pitted dates into small pieces. Mix the oatmeal, flour, salt and baking powder and add the nuts and dates. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, and stir into this the other ingredients. Place the mixture in greased shallow pans and bake in a slow oven (300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit) for about 30 minutes. When cool cut into bars or squares, and roll in granulated or powdered sugar.

Velvet Evening Wrap Is Popular

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY

No more brilliantly colorful scene can be conceived of than that of a galaxy of lovely women mantled in gorgeous evening wraps whose moods and modes were never so enchantingly whimsical and versatile as the new collections reveal them.

Regarding favored materials for the evening cape or coat, it is a significant fact that with all the allurement of other weaves, the compass of fashion keeps pointing steadily to velvet. No doubt the delectable colorings for the new velvets have much to do with their prestige. No matter what tone or tint of the evening gown there is a complementary color awaiting it in the velvet realm. Which is exactly what fashionists require to aid them to play up color values in the ensemble effects which are considered as important in the realm of evening costume design as it is in that of apparel for daytime wear.

Then, too, velvet yields with consummate grace to manipulation of all sorts, particularly shirring such as is so lavishly employed this season. Particular stress is given to furless wraps, which make intriguing working of the material itself their outstanding attraction. Collars especially are fantastically designed, some trending to Medici types, others puffed and shirred in becoming huge rolled effects.

The charming cape-coat in the picture below is typical of the youthful silhouette given to many of the new evening wraps. Note the clever deep yoke from which falls a graceful cape. The flower on the shoulder is of self velvet. A chic detail of this wrap is the lining of sheerest white velvet even to the flower showing a reverse of white, thus exploiting the black-and-white theme which is so prominent in the evening mode. At this time fashionables of Paris are interpreting black-and-white in fetching ways such as a bewitching frock which combines black with white tulle stressing flounces which alternate these. White jewelry is worn with this costume. The black-and-white ensemble is completed with a white ermine wrap.

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Shoes Require Much Care

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is not necessary to discard shoes as soon as they begin to show signs of wear. Shoes with ripped seams or with outsoles worn through can often be repaired and worn for a long time.

Perspiration is hard on shoe leather. It is, therefore, an economical

These Shoes Seemed Beyond Repair, but—

plan to have two pairs of shoes for alternate daily wear. This permits each pair to dry out between times.

Shoes not in use are kept best on shoe trees, which can be bought at reasonable prices.

Mud, water, or excessive dryness ruins leather. Oil and grease preserve it. Boots and shoes kept clean, pliable and water resistant will last longer. Those for farm or other heavy outdoor use need greasing. Those for street wear need polishing only, although the soles may be oiled or greased.

Children's shoes will wear much longer if the youngsters are taught to polish them regularly, to oil them once or twice a month with a little castor oil, and to avoid getting them soaking wet.

The minute a seam begins to rip, the upper cracks through, a heel twists out of shape or runs down, or a hole wears through the outsole, the shoe needs mending. If the necessary repairs are put off the shoe will not be worth mending. This is particularly true if the welt is worn away or the insole is worn through.

The illustration shows a pair of shoes with extremely worn soles which did not look worth repairing. The uppers were good, however, and by having complete new soles put on for $2, the shoes were made to give three months' more service.

Run-down heels are bad for body posture as well as uncomfortable and unsightly to wear. Worn heel "lifts" of leather or rubber can be replaced easily. Ripped seams in the uppers

They Were Made to Look Like This

can sometimes be hand-stitched at home.

With a modest repair kit many minor shoe troubles can be cured by anyone handy with tools.

Send to the United States Department of Agriculture for a copy of Farmers' Bulletin 1523-F entitled "Leather Shoes—Selection and Care."

LEISURE FOR MOTHERS

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"There's nothing that's of great concern
Except to live and love and learn."

Today with all the modern conveniences and plenty of leisure for some mothers, the question is not what shall the average mother do with her leisure, but how may she obtain a little.

It may seem improbable to the class that has leisure, to realize that there are countless numbers who have none in spite of the fact that the world is full of labor saving devices. We need not go to the tenement districts of large cities nor to the slums (so-called) to find leisureless women—the country is full of them—on the little farms where wood and water must be carried in as well as its waste carried out; mothers of little children work from sun to sun with work never done, until the joy of living is completely crushed out of them. What a marvelous uplift this world might have, if the leisure women might share a little of the burden of those who never knew the joy of a vacation. Share it without making the other feel that she was accepting charity.

In some little towns there is a custom that might well be more common: It is that one day or half day in the week, one neighbor takes charge of the children of another or more, as she can manage. This gives one a free time to go shopping, visiting or to do anything that she chooses and she takes her turn with the children on a day when she can best look after them.

How many people with roomy cars might give an afternoon to help some tired mother, by relieving her of her brood, and giving them a happy time. There are not enough owners of cars who look for those who have none, to give them a little pleasure. There should be no one in this day and age who has not enjoyed an auto ride, if there is an auto in the town.

With running water and a bathroom, burdened mother finds it lessens her work as well as weariness. A hot bath and soak in good hot water will relieve tired nerves of the mother as well as restless children. Before the auto is bought the house should be equipped with a few comforts such as a bath[illegible] machine, [illegible] to include [illegible] then when the time comes for the auto, there will be leisure to enjoy it.

Unless you are sure of a mild, well flavored vinegar, the lemon affords the best of acids for dainty salads and other things, like pudding sauces. Practically all chefs discard vinegar and use the "witching drop of lemon juice" because it gives a more exquisite flavor.

New York Salad.—Arrange slices of pineapple on tender lettuce leaves. In the center heap tender celery cut into strips and mixed with nutmeats. On each pineapple section lay a section of orange freed from all membrane. Serve with french dressing.

Fruit Cup.—Take one cupful of skinned, seeded white grapes and the membrane from a cupful of orange sections. Mix all together with a cupful of pineapple dice, one-half cupful each of orange juice and pineapple sirup. Add a few grains of salt and sugar if needed. Put into a freezer until the juice freezes. Serve in glasses garnished with a maraschino cherry.

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HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

[illegible] boiled [illegible] stables [illegible] be the [illegible] spoiled. Odor and appearance [illegible] tell enough without the risk of tasting. When in doubt throw it out.

Wild Bison Increase

[illegible]den's stock of wild bisons is [illegible] largest in Europe, if not in [illegible]rld, according to Alarik Behm, [illegible] of the open-air museum of [illegible] in Stockholm. By means of [illegible] legislation these animals [illegible]ng in the vast bison park at [illegible]rg, in the province of Vaest[illegible] and are rapidly multiplying.

Biblical Quotation

The saying that there is nothing new under the sun is found in the Bible. Ecclesiastes 1:9 says: "The thing that hath been it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun."—Path finder Magazine.

Tree's Unwelcome Guest

A hospitable locust tree on the estate of C. H. Grolv at Great Neck, L. I., some years ago gave refuge to a cherry pit at the junction of its two trunks, and now it is nursing a flourishing five-foot cherry tree in its bosom. So forceful has been the growth of the uninvited guest that the double trunk of the locust has cracked and is in imminent danger of breaking apart.

Odd Grecian Belief

It is said that the early Greeks believed that if the seed sower leaped into the air as he sowed the height of the grain could be influenced.

NEARBY AND YONDER

By T. T. MAXEY

The Carnival of the Cowboy

NUMEROUS local and regional celebrations are held annually in this broad land, each springing from some historic or other background and calculated to apprize the universe that its particular locality offers something worthwhile, which fate denied to all the others. It remained, however, for Wyomingites to throw their hats in the ring, let out a few whoops and produce a "going on," which is unusual in the extreme, daring and thrilling in execution—action plus, held annually in their historic capital city of Cheyenne. Started some 30 years ago, as a purely Wyoming affair, it has become a western institution.

This "Frontier Day" celebration, as it is frequently termed, has for its major motif a long program—usually requiring from three to five days to complete—of exciting contests between human skill and courage on one hand, and cunning ferocity and brute strength on the other, which run the full gamut of cowboy activities in old-time, wild-west days, from races peculiar to the open range to riding bucking bronchos, roping and riding wild steers, bull-dogging, trick and fancy riding for cowboys and cowgirls and what not.

An outstanding and attractive feature of this big time in Wyoming is a dramatic Frontier parade which, in reality, is a history of transportation, to which come the Sioux and other Indians, in their colorful costumes ornamented with elk's teeth, shells, feathers and beads, from the days of the buffalo, the prairie schooner and the stage coach to the palatial transcontinental limited of today.

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"The Singing Tower"

AT SO-CALLED Iron mountain, the highest land elevation in all Florida, sacred ground of former Indian tribes, Edward W. Bok has seen his dream transformed into a reality, created a sanctuary "for humans and for birds" and crowned it with a masterpiece in towers which was dedicated and presented, for visitation, to the American people, by the President of the United States.

On a 48-acre tract great numbers of splendid palms, magnolias, live oaks, azaleas, primrose, jasmine, and other rare and beautiful plants and trees have been set out, accommodations arranged to fit the varying needs of various species of the feathered tribe, with the calculation that it will become a free-for-all stopping place for both native and migratory birds, a protectorate and a sanctuary, and thereby save the lives of thousands which are lost annually in course of migration.

Rising heavenward out of this sanctuary is a 205-foot tower, 51 feet square at the base, tapering to 37 feet at the top, done in gray, pink and white stone, which promises to be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Within this tower are great tanks for watering the sanctuary and the largest carillon of bells on earth—71 bells, ranging in weight from 12 to 24,000 pounds. In the hands of an experienced carillonneur, their music is positively divine. As the sound waves roll away from the structure the impression leads one to imagine that the tower itself had broken out into song, hence "The Singing Tower."

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The Storm King Highway

"STORM KING" — a mountain which rises 1,380 feet out of the western edge of the Hudson near West Point, was so named "because of the clouds which gather about its summit in stormy weather." Early Dutch skippers called it Boter Berg or Butter Hill, because its rounded outline resembled a huge hunk of butter.

To overcome the necessity of going around the mountain on the west and shorten the north-and-south highway along the west shore of the Hudson by many miles, it was decided to try the daring experiment of carving a highway in the rocky face of the eastern side of the mountain.

The first surveys were made by shooting cans of paint against the steepest points along the mountain's side. The marks thus made were located indirectly without being actually reached by the surveyors. In many places the slope was less than 30 degrees from vertical, and in the beginning the rock drillers were suspended from ropes tied to trees above the site of operations. Far below ran a railroad track which greatly complicated the job, lest rocks should fall upon the track and delay the trains.

The highway was opened to traffic in 1922, is four miles long, 24 feet wide and at the turn around the point of the mountain is almost exactly 400 feet directly above the water in the river. Its cost, aside from the right-of-way, was $300,000. Its construction made available to the public hitherto unreachable scenic views of rare charm. The panorama up and down the river must be seen to be fully appreciated. It is a scenic drive which, in many respects, is unequaled.

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Healthy Region

The healthiest country in the world is New Zealand. The average expectation of life there for men is 62¾ years; for women, 65.

Deodorizing Gasoline

The bureau of mines says that there is no substance which can be used at home in order to deodorize gasoline. This is done on a large scale with sulphuric acid and later washing with an alkali. The resulting compound is filtered through fuller's earth.

Old Christmas Hymn

The biggest shock a pampered only son gets is discovering that his wife treats him just like his mother treats his father.—Cincinnati Enquirer.