

The Impossible Inventor

By R. RAY BAKER.

The Childs sisters paused at the sound of hammering which issued from a barn-like structure set some distance from the woodland path they were traveling.

Ruth, the younger, laughed aloud. "There's poor old Rhoderic inventing something," she said, with a strong suspicion of derision in her tone. "Wonder what it can be now—a lamp that will burn the same electricity twice or a wheelbarrow without handles?"

Hilda, two years older, smiled for a moment, but quickly a look of wistfulness flashed to her dark face. "Rhoderic Smith is a genius," she said gently, and seemed to sigh. "Some day he'll invent something worth while."

Ruth continued to laugh. "He'd better hurry, then. Nothing he has invented so far has been a financial success or has done anybody in the world any good. He's impossible."

Hilda was silent as they walked along toward home. She was disappointed because Rhoderic was not making good at something, but she would not admit it. She had been in love with him a couple of years ago and they had practically become engaged. Then he became possessed with a mania for invention and gave up his job as mechanic in a garage in the city of Bayton.

Now he was working on a brand-new idea, shutting himself off from the world like Edison.

"I'll make me rich—maybe," he said enthusiastically three weeks ago when Hilda saw him the last time. "Then you and I can do what we planned—unless you change your mind."

In truth, Hilda was changing her mind. She had lost confidence in Rhoderic, had come to the conclusion he was doomed to dream his life away, burning up his energy in useless experiments, and another man had come across her horizon.

Where the path converged with a sidewalk and lost itself in cement Hilda and Ruth met this man. He was walking rapidly along, head erect, arms swinging. His attire was a business suit with a check that verged on "loudness." His eyes always snapped and he had an effluent smile ready at his command. This smile spread across his countenance when he met the girls, bringing himself to a sudden stop.

"Afternoon, ladies. Whither going?"

"Home," said Ruth. "We're taking some oranges to Clifford."

Clifford was their invalid brother, who had never walked and always had made his way about in a wheel chair, either Hilda or Ruth usually being the motive power.

"Oh, Clifford," said the business-like young man. "Too bad about him. Wish I could do something for him. Wait till this new deal of mine turns out. Maybe I'll be rich; and then—Wonderful day, isn't it? May I call this evening?" The question was directed at Hilda, and she smiled and nodded.

"Good," he said. "This old town's pretty dead, isn't it? Nothing to keep it awake except Rhoderic Smith's noise. I heard a terrific hammering from his machine shop this morning. Bright chap, that; but his intelligence is misdirected. I'd give him a job if he'd work at it, but he prefers to invent. I guess he'll never do anything worth while for the human race. On the other hand, look at me. Every resort lot I sell here in Cloverdale is doing somebody good. It provides a way to fresh air for the smoke-inhaling city dwellers, and it brings dollars to the local merchants. I'll be the making of this town yet. Well, goodbye; I've got to run up to the city for an hour."

"Good-by, Mr. Howard," the girls returned, and watched him hustle up the street.

Before long the girls arrived at a neat ivy-covered cottage, which was their abode. Their father was county clerk and that was the reason of their residence in Cloverdale, which was the county seat. His salary was by no means princely, but the Childs family enjoyed a good living.

Mrs. Childs was busy in the kitchen when the girls entered, while Clifford sat in a big armchair by a window, reading a book. He was emaciated and pale, but his rather attractive countenance lighted up when he saw his sisters. Clifford had tried at times to work in an office, but his frail constitution would not permit it; so now he busied himself writing poetry, some of which he had been able to dispose of for small sums. He dearly loved oranges.

"Tomorrow afternoon," he said, "I'm going out in the woods—for inspiration. That is, if it doesn't rain and if one of you big sisters will wheel me." He began peeling an orange.

But the next day it rained, and the next and the next. Mr. Howard called twice during the week, but no proposal was forthcoming. Evidently he was waiting for the big deal to come off, and he spoke enthusiastically of its progress.

The rain continued for a week, and then came a bright, sunny Monday. Hilda was getting Clifford's wheel-chair ready for the journey to the

woods in quest of inspiration when there was a knock on the door. When it was opened it revealed Rhoderic Smith, his untrimmed black hair looking like a heap of brush, his hat in his hand. Spots of grease covered his cheap brown suit and there were no traces of polish on his shoes. He was smiling joyfully.

"Hello, folks," he drawled. "Well, I'm out again. I just drove over in my new bus. I'm going to show Clifford how to run it and let him take a ride; and as soon as the new company gets to making them I'll present him with the original. Come on out and see it."

He escorted them to the sidewalk, where a four-wheeled vehicle, greatly resembling an automobile, only much smaller, was standing. It had a steering wheel and a lever on the side and solid rubber tires.

"There it is," he said proudly. "It's an electric invalid chair, the simplest thing in the world to operate. It'll go eight miles an hour and run twenty miles on the battery charge. No garage is necessary: the vehicle can be kept in the parlor. One lever operates the entire mechanism. Clifford was the inspiration for the invention. I used to watch him being shoved around in his wheel-chair and wish I could make it possible for him to go about alone. Now I've done it, the patent has been secured and a company is being formed to manufacture the machines. I nearly lost out, I confess, because a fellow tried to steal the patent, but I succeeded in fooling him. Let's bring Clifford out and let him take a ride all by himself."

Clifford was brought out and placed in the vehicle. Rhoderic explained the control mechanism to him, and presently the girl's invalid brother started off down the walk.

"Who was it tried to cheat you?" Hilda inquired, her eyes ablaze with something more than mere admiration for her inventive suitor.

"His name was Howard," replied Rhoderic, watching his machine turn around the corner.

WHERE THE WOMEN TRIUMPH

Most Perfect Man Can Not Hold His Own as a Nurse—Bachelors Are Beyond Hope.

"Can you point," said the misogynist, "to any useful work which women can do better than men?"

"Nursing," I replied.

Say what you will, when it comes to real illness every man wants a woman about him. Bachelors, widowers and all other lorn and lonely men are the most helpless people in the world where sickness is concerned. They can do nothing for themselves or for other people. The first thing that a physician prescribes for a man in a critical case is a nurse. He knows that, whatever he may be able to do for his patient, nothing will pull him through but skilled nursing.

And what wonderful women these trained nurses are! The mere sight of them, with their cheerful, smiling countenances and trim, becoming uniforms, has tonic effects upon a sick man. How amazingly efficient they are, too!

You will see a mere slip of a girl, pretty and delicately nurtured, who will take charge of a difficult case. In a few hours she has a strong man entirely helpless in her hands. She will care for him as if he were a baby. And she will stand no nonsense from him. If he fondly imagines he will dominate her, he soon discovers his mistake. There is the iron hand beneath the velvet glove. She smiles and humors and pets him, but no protest on his part will avail to turn her by a hair's breadth from carrying out her intentions and doing her duty.

—Alfred Edye in the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Art Superior to Nature.

It is naturally conceded that man cannot equal nature's handiwork in many particulars, such as painting the lily, but while this is true it is given to him to rival her in other respects.

Such is the case when it comes to abrasives, and not only is it possible to produce artificially a corundum having more desirable properties than the natural, but it is also possible to produce another abrasive of an entirely different nature not found anywhere in a natural state.

This latter product is carborundum, a compound of carbon and silicon. Both the artificial corundum and carborundum are produced by the same means in the electric furnace.

The Ptarmigan.

Among European birds the ptarmigan is unique, for it is the only species that remains at its haunts on the highest hills in winter as in summer. In the British islands the ptarmigan is not alone in its nesting on the roof of Scotland. As its companions are frequently found the confiding dotterel, the golden eagle, the peregrine falcon, and the snow bunting. But the dotterel is there only during the fine summer months, the eagle and peregrine are visitors only to the high hills, their nesting ground—and thus their true home—is at lower elevations, while the snow bunting at the coming of winter seeks the glens and sheltered corries.

Value of the Abstruse.

"Why does Prof. Helbrau devote so much time to the discussion of the fourth dimension?"

"He is a man who does not like to have his opinions opposed. He can say almost anything he likes about the fourth dimension and nobody will venture to contradict him."

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR MAY 1

BIBLE TEACHINGS ABOUT EDUCATION.

LESSON TEXT—Deut. 6:4-9; Prov. 3:13-18; Luke 2:52.
GOLDEN TEXT—Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom.—Prov. 4:7.
REFERENCE MATERIAL—Prov. 1:7-9; 4:1-13; Col. 3:2; Jas. 1:5; II Pet. 1:5.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Boy Jesus With the Teachers.
JUNIOR TOPIC—Pleasing God in School.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Value of an Education.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Making Education Christian.

I. The Excellency of Wisdom (Prov. 3:13-18).
Let no man confuse this "wisdom" with the so-called wisdom resulting from an education in the arts, sciences and philosophy taught in the modern colleges and universities. The way to have this in its true sense is to get it from the Bible, God's revealed Word (Psa. 119:98-100). Wisdom personified means Christ (Prov. 8). All real wisdom leads to Christ, who is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification (I Cor. 1:30). Wisdom is desirable because:

1. Of its inherent qualities (vv. 13-15). (1) "Better than the merchandise of silver and the gain of gold" (v. 14). Men set great value upon these, but they are corruptible and shall soon pass away. (2) "More precious than rubies" (v. 15). Though among the most valuable among the precious stones, the ruby is of secondary value when compared with the wisdom of God. (3) Of immeasurable value (v. 15). The best things that the human heart can desire are not worthy to compare in value unto wisdom.
2. It ministers to our earthly welfare (vv. 16-18). (1) "Length of days is in her right hand" (v. 16). Godliness tends to long life. (2) "In her left hand riches and honor" (v. 16). "Riches and honor" may not always be according to the world's standard. (3) "Her ways are ways of pleasantness" (v. 17). The notion that the life of the Christian is hard and that pleasure does not enter into his experience is all wrong. The way of the transgressor is hard (Prov. 13:15). Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come (I Tim. 4:8). (4) "All her paths are peace" (v. 17). There is no peace, to the wicked. "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt" (Isa. 57:20, 21). (5) "She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her" (v. 18). Those who eat of the tree of life, Christ, have eternal life (Gen. 3:22; ch. John 6:63). (6) "Happy is everyone that retaineth her" (v. 18). The only true happiness that can be had is in laying hold on wisdom in God's Word.

II. Israel's Responsibility With Reference to the Statutes of the Lord (Deut. 6:4-9).

1. Central truths to be taught (v. 4, 5). (1) Unity of God. "The Lord our God is one Lord." This was a testimony against the polytheism of that day. He is God alone, therefore to worship another is sin. (2) Man's supreme obligation (v. 5). "God should be loved with all the heart, soul, and might, because He is God alone."
2. How these truths are to be kept alive (vv. 6-9). The place for God's Word is in the heart. In order that it may be in the heart (1) "teach diligently to thy children" (v. 7). The most important part of a child's education is that given in the Word of God. (2) Talk of them in the home (v. 7). How blessed is that home where God's Word is the topic of conversation. (3) Talk of them when walking with our children and friends (v. 7). (4) Talk of them when retiring for the night (v. 7). The last thing upon which the mind should rest before going to sleep should be God and His truth. (5) Talk of them when rising in the morning (v. 7). How fitting that God should speak to us the first thing when we awake. (6) Bind them upon thine hand (v. 8). This was literally done by the Jews. (7) Write them upon the posts of the house and on the gates (v. 8).

III. The Growth of Jesus (Luke 2:52).

1. Bodily stature. Being really human, His bodily size and strength increased.
2. Increased in wisdom. His mental equipment enlarged as any normal human being. His fountain of knowledge increased as He came in contact with men and the world.
3. In favor with God and man. His innate perfection and beauty more and more expressed itself as His human nature expanded.

The Detractor's Work.

The detractor may, and often does, pull down others, but by so doing he never, as he seems to suppose, elevates himself to their position—the most he can do is maliciously tear from them the blessings which he cannot enjoy himself.—Selected.

Eternity.

Eternity stands always fronting God; a stern colossal image, with blind eyes, and grand dim lips, that murmur evermore, "God—God—God!"
—E. B. Browning.

LIVED IN PILE OF WASTE PAPER

Man Takes Up the Habitat of Hermit in Crowded Section of New York City.

MADE CAVE FOR SELF

Naked Body Reclines Beneath Mass of Old Papers and Rags Which Completely Fill Room in Tenement.

New York.—New York city's East side—a minute strip on a minor island—is, perhaps the most densely populated region on the Western hemisphere. And yet it was in this humanity-throbbing district that Theodore Greesley chose to take up the habit of a hermit. It was in the spot where more persons live, and have their being than any other in this country that this old man, long bearded and gray, sought to withdraw from all human contact.

Up on the third floor and to the right of a dull, brown tenement at 129 Chrystie street there's a small room, which, along with its few chairs, its small bed and a picture or two, Mrs. Alice Bernard had rented to Theodore Greesley six years ago. She had seen little of him since. He would call to pay the rent occasionally—it was only \$1.50 a week. For almost a month Mrs. Bernard had not seen the old man at all, nor had any one else.

Police Chopped Door Down.
So this landlady trudged up the three flights of steps to find out what had happened. She stopped at the door of the small room and listened. There was no sound and her rappings went unheeded. Even unlocking the door did not gain for her admittance. Frightened she called the police. Two sturdy Irishmen tried their weight against the portal but they failed to move it.

A fire ax finally chopped an entrance, but upon a strange scene. The room was literally packed with old newspapers and rags. They were wedged in so completely that they had barred the swinging of the door. Nowhere was there a sign that the



Found Him Dead.

room was inhabited. It was completely filled with this waste. From the ceiling it slanted down toward the floor.

Had Tunneled Beneath Heap.
On one side was an indication of a passage or tunnel into this strange hillside of papers and rags. And into it the policemen burrowed. They followed several feet until they came to a wider opening—a cave in this unusual artificial mountain. It was about four feet wide and not more than two feet in height.

BOY'S WIT SAVES TWO LIVES

Ten-Year-Old Lad Snatches His Sister From Paths of Street Cars.

New York.—The quick wit of ten-year-old Pasquale Demoristi of Lodi, N. J., probably saved him and his six-year-old sister, Rosa, from death under the wheels of a Third avenue car at Twenty-ninth street.

The mother and father had crossed the street. Pasquale and his sister trailed behind. Hand in hand, both started across the avenue. A south-bound and a north-bound car approached.

Rosa became frightened and screamed. The children started to run when the north-bound car bore down on them, despite the motorman's frantic efforts to stop it.

When it seemed certain one of the cars would strike them, Pasquale grabbed Rosa around the waist, made a flying leap and caught hold of the edge of the vestibule of the south-bound car and held on until the car was brought to a stop.

ORCHARD GLEANINGS

METHOD OF KILLING PSYLLA

Most Satisfactory Spray Mixture Is Combination of Soap, Tobacco Extract and Water.

The best means of killing Psylla flies in spring is spraying during a period of warm weather during early spring. The most satisfactory mixture, from the standpoints of safety to fruit and leaf buds and effectiveness against the insect, is three-fourths of a pint of tobacco extract (40 per cent nicotine) in 100 gallons of water to which are added from three to five pounds of soap.

Eggs about to hatch and newly emerged nymphs succumb to an application of the lime-sulphur solution. By postponing the dormant treatment for the San Jose scale until the blossom cluster-buds are beginning to separate at the tips, very effective work can be done against the eggs. The lime-sulphur should be used in the proportion of one gallon of the concentrate 32 degrees B., to eight gallons of water. In some tests of other contact sprays the miscible oils, oil emulsions, weak dilutions of nicotine, and soapy solutions were, of small value for the destruction of the eggs. On the other hand, the wash



Spraying Orchard—Note Whitewashed Trunks to Reflect Sun and Prevent Sunscald and Trunk Injury.

having considerable amounts of sediment (15-20-50 formula) was less destructive to the eggs but the young psyllas which hatched for the most part failed to reach the opening buds and these succumbed to the action of the sediment which became attached to their bodies after leaving the egg shells.

While the adult psyllas seem to prefer to spend the winter under the loose bark of the trees, they may seek shelter under any waste which affords protection. Matted weeds, tufts of grass, leaves, or rubbish on or about the trees present ideal hiding places for the insects.

The rough bark not only provides a shelter for the psyllas during the winter but it also constitutes the chief obstacle to thorough spraying during the dormant season to kill the hibernating flies. Its removal is desirable for two reasons: first, to render the trees less attractive for the purposes of hibernation during late fall, winter and early spring; and, second, to facilitate a more thorough spraying of the trunks and lower portions of the larger limbs. The loose bark should be removed by a dull hoe or floor scraper, preferably during a wet period, as the bark is then more easily detached. Care should be taken not to cut into the live tissues as the wounds may become infested with disease. The bark should be collected and burned to kill the insects which are attached to the scrapings.

The chief factors which make for efficient work against the hibernating psylla flies and their eggs are (1) a knowledge on the part of the grower of the habits of the flies and an acquaintance with the eggs; (2) an understanding of the conditions under which these stages are most vulnerable to sprays; (3) thorough work in spraying.

DESTROY PEACH TREE BORER

Fine Crystals of Para-dichlorobenzene Sprinkled Around Base of Trees Is Efficient.

The horticulturists of the United States Department of Agriculture have found a new agent for the eradication of the destructive peach tree borer which has done \$6,000,000 damage annually. The most effective remedy known heretofore has been to dig the larvae out of the trunks of the trees or to kill them with a long sharp wire. The new treatment consists of sprinkling crystals of para-dichlorobenzene around the base of the trees and covering slightly with earth. The substance is highly volatile, readily changing to a gas which is heavier than air and settles down through the soil. The gas is an effective destroyer of the pest. The para-dichlorobenzene can be obtained at any drug store. A pound is sufficient for eight or ten trees and costs only about 25 cents.

ARTIFICIAL MULCHING HELPS

Very Satisfactory Substitute for Cultivation and Is Good for Soil Management.

Trees properly mulched will be found much more productive and profitable than those left to compete with weeds and grass for water and food. As a matter of fact, artificial mulching is a very satisfactory substitute for cultivation and an entirely practicable method of soil management under many conditions.

POULTRY

BACK-YARD FOWLS WILL PAY

St. Louis Woman Writes Department of Agriculture of Her Success With Hen Flock.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
During the war and since the United States Department of Agriculture has encouraged the keeping of a poultry flock in the city back-yard as one of the best means of cutting the high cost of living.

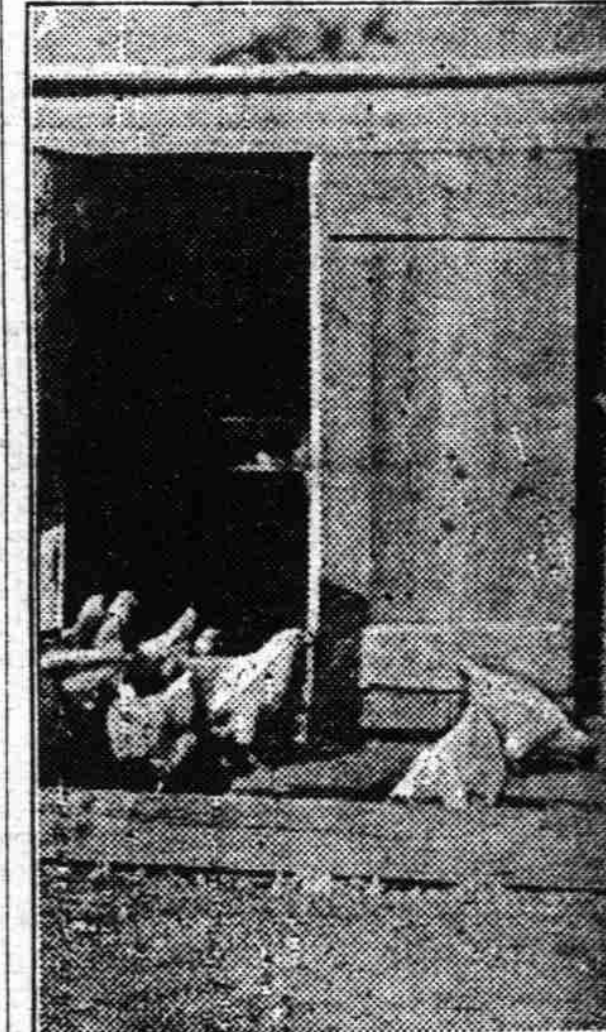
When proper care has been given the flock the results in most instances have been very gratifying. A woman living in St. Louis recently wrote the department concerning the success that attended the efforts.

"I hear people say hen's don't pay, but surely they cannot have kept accounts and records. I have had a small flock of 24 hens in my city back-yard since the government urged us to get into the game three years ago. The following are the results for the year ending October 31, 1920: My entire feed bill, the grain being bought at retail, amounted to \$66.74.

"My entire egg production was 3,606 eggs, or 300 3/4 dozens, the retail market value of which, taken from month to month, was \$189.30. Deducting \$66.74 from the above \$189.30 leaves me a net profit of \$122.56 for my work and investment.

"We used all the newly laid eggs we wished for our own table and the balance went to our neighbors, who are more than anxious to get them even at top store prices. The last 12 months, when feed was unusually high, the cost of egg production averaged 22 1/2 cents per dozen, and the lowest market price for eggs was in May and June, when they sold for 50 cents per dozen.

"I will add that all our hens are leg-banded and trap-nested. The hen house is eight feet square and the hens are confined all the year round to a run eight feet wide and 50 feet long. Starting in August I begin culling and killing the older ones and the poorest layers which have a rec-



Gratifying Results Can Be Obtained From Small Flock If Given Proper Care and Feed.

ord of 15 eggs or less per month, and in October I renew the flock by adding one dozen new spring pullets. These pullets now, in November, are all laying and will continue laying through the winter, while my older hens get through molting.

"Keeping the hens and surroundings scrupulously clean and feeding a balanced ration at regular intervals is the secret of success with a back-yard flock."

HOW TO BREAK BROODY HENS

Confine Them in Small Coop, Raised Off Ground, Preferably With a Slatted Bottom.

When hens become broody they should be "broken up" as quickly as possible. The sooner this is done, the sooner they will resume laying. To break a hen of broodiness, she should be confined to a small coop raised off the ground, preferably with a slatted bottom. Give her plenty of water to drink; she may be fed or not, as desired. Not much difference will be found in the time required to break her of broodiness, whether she is fed or made to fast, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Usually from three to six days' confinement will break her, but some hens require ten to twelve days. The broody hen will be recognized by her inclination to stay on the nest at night, the ruffling of her feathers and her picking at anyone who approaches her, and by the clucking noise she makes. The fact that her broodiness has been "broken up" can be recognized by the disappearance of these symptoms.

AVOID ROUP-INFECTED EGGS

Select Eggs From Flock Which Has Not Been Infected Wherever It Is Possible.

It is not advisable to set eggs from a flock that has been infected with roup. If at all possible, by all means select hatching eggs from another flock which has not been so infected or from hens which have never had the disease.