

# MARLEY, THE CLOWN

By ELIZABETH SCHOEN COBB.

From a distance Marley, circus clown, worshipped the darling female equestrienne, Gloria. It was no wonder. She was unlike any dainty-toed, sylph-finished girl who had ever swayed trippingly across the platform back of a trained ring steed. There was none of the slippering praise seeker in her smile or of flustering audacity in her pose. She was simply a lively, delighted girl, full of vivacity and loving the sawdust atmosphere because she had been brought up in it, her father having been a ringmaster for over a quarter of a century.

Gloria's father watched his motherless child as the apple of his eye. He was jealous of any attention bestowed upon her by her fellow actors. When her part was over, her chaperone took charge of her.

"A new clown, eh?" he remarked to the manager the day Marley appeared to succeed the one he had replaced.

"Yes, and a good one," was the response. "He will have to learn the antics, but as to the face and voice, he is a genius."

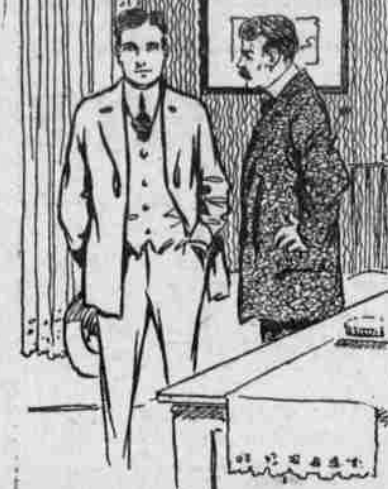
So it proved. All the players knew that Marley had been an actor, then a teacher in a school of mimicry. Then the new-comer turned out to be a mystery. He acted strange and un-social. One would almost guess he was striving to hide himself from somebody or something.

"He leaves the show and disappears, and you never see him on the street," said Mr. Rice one day to the manager.

"What matters, so he fills the bill and draws the crowd?" retorted the manager.

"Yes, he does that, all right," was conceded.

Then there happened something that awoke both gratitude and uneasiness in the old ringmaster. One



"Now, Then, I Want Your Story!"

night, just as Gloria was rounding the ring with tip-toe elegance, a gasoline chandelier fell across the head of the steed she rode.

The horse screamed, reared and backed. Gloria sprang lightly to the sawdust floor of the arena. A whirl of the scattering flames, however, had caught her light gauzy dress.

A shriek of alarm rang from the audience at this vivid picture of impending destruction.

"She is doomed!"

"Save her—oh, quick!"

The ringmaster stood petrified with helpless dread. Others in the ring moved forward, but stupidly gazed, with no plan of aid or rescue. A quick figure suddenly flew past dressing-room curtains. It was Marley.

His face was white as death, his eyes glowed eager fire. He had torn down a drapery in his mad rush. How he did it, he himself could not tell afterwards, but in a flash he had enveloped that beloved form, extinguished the flames and Gloria, her hair barely singed, bowed and smiled to the audience, while Marley tottered back out of view, face and hands seared and blistered.

But the audience would not have it that way. They yelled and clapped their hands and shouted until the manager forced Marley into the ring. Gloria, radiant, had caught his hand, and both stood bowing amid the deafening plaudits.

The thrill of that sweet contact re-warded Marley for all he suffered. Then after that, whenever she came to the tent, Gloria lingered always a few moments by the side of her hero.

This was that the ringmaster resented, fearing a growing attachment between the two. He need not have worried, however. Marley held Gloria as high above him as the stars. Besides that, a certain secret in his life oppressed him, crushed him, shut him away from appearing as the true man that he really was.

It was one morning, about a week after this episode, that a few of the actors met to rehearse a new act. The ringmaster, for a wonder, was absent, but his daughter and Marley were both on hand.

They had drawn aside in the dressing-room entrance to await their call in the act being rehearsed, and were conversing casually, she with interest as always in her companion, he with glowing eyes, for her presence was a sweet balm to his loneliness and trouble, when two men came through the main entrance and approached the manager.

"You have a man here named Marley," spoke one of them.

"Yes, what of it?" snapped the manager, ruffled at the intrusion.

"We are officers of the law, and we have a warrant for his arrest as Charles Page."

Gloria fixed her startled eyes upon her companion. Marley had paled. He shrank back slightly.

"He is a criminal, an embezzler," continued the officer.

"I shall go with him," spoke Marley.

quickly. "I am neither Charles Page nor an embezzler, but duty demands that I should be the scapegoat for both."

"Oh, I knew you were innocent!" cried Gloria, her hands clasping his arm fervently. "No, you shall not sacrifice yourself. Quick—this way!"

It was with considerable wonderment that a search for Marley began, the manager noting that he had disappeared. It was with irascible defeat that the officers realized that their prey had escaped them.

Gloria's heart fluttered for hours after that. More than once her eyes glanced toward the cage where her performing tiger, Judah, was confined. She learned that a guard of officers hung around the outside of the tent.

And there within, in the cage, hidden by the great canvas cover of the cage wagon, Marley lurked. He was at the mercy of the ferocious Judah, but he held a tallman that made the animal gentle as a kitten towards him—the scarf Gloria always wore when in the cage. When the great circus caravan wended its slow, gaudy way from the city the next day, the watching officers again missed it in finding a clue to the man who had vanished.

The show made a long trip across four states. That evening they settled at their fixed stand, Rice called Marley into his room at the hotel.

"Now, then, I want your story," he said, mandatorily.

"Why?" challenged Marley.

"For Gloria's sake."

That was enough. If Gloria was interested! Ah! Was it friendship, gratitude only? But Marley recited all the details of an event, where, to save a sorrowing mother, he had assumed the blame of the crime of another.

"I have an offer for a long tour in Europe," said Rice. "There you would be safe."

"But why should I trouble you thus—" began Marley, and the old ringmaster answered:

"I think Gloria will wish to go where you go. She believes in you. Are you dense, man! She loves you, and I know you to be a man of honor, and so—"

And so the circus romance ended in a quiet, happy wedding, and peace, and security and love.

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## LIKES TO ENCOURAGE BORES

Formerly Man Shunned Them, But Now He Listens and Smiles Graciously.

"A friend of mine," said Maj. Jasper Bulwinkle, according to the Indianapolis News, "has taken on a new fad, of which he is likely for some time to come to have a monopoly. For some time it has been in my mind that he was in some fashion making a study of me. He was not long since a person of somewhat irascible temper and listened but badly to some, I may say to nearly all of my best stories. Now he smiles encouragingly and listens as a lamb meekly to any narrative, no matter how ancient, how long or how dreary it may be."

"No matter how anacoluthic an anecdote, in the telling he remains smiling to the end. I have recently found out that I am not the only person to whom he is so gracious, that half a dozen persons whom you and I know to be out and out bores are being assiduously fostered and encouraged by my straggled friend, and I no longer enjoy the monopoly I supposed was mine."

"It is a whim, a fad," he admitted to me the other day, "that I have taken up and out of it I get not only amusement—and some little instruction—but a discipline in patience that I have long needed. It is teaching me to be kind, gentle and considerate of certain of my fellow creatures whom heretofore I have shunned as a pestilence and to whom has been given the unlovely designation of bores. Thus far in this new cult I believe I am without competition. I have entered a neglected field, a field from which other students of mankind have been too willing to escape. I am only sorry that the greatest commonwealth of boredom has been overlooked, nay, positively shunned by me so long. My fear now is that when these bore friends make the discovery that I am actually finding enjoyment in their fatiguing wearisomeness they will set up a quarantine against me."

**Process of Evolution.**  
The evening primrose of Lamarck is a flower which, Hugo de Vries has discovered, most easily proves Lamarck's theory that evolution proceeds by "leaps" and not by slow and imperceptible changes over millions of years. De Vries announced at the University of Brussels that one or two in every hundred evening primrose seedlings would produce new races that are readily kept pure during their succeeding generations. He predicts that the principle of variability discovered here and in other plants and animals shows the way into a "vast new domain of investigation."

**His Time Had Come.**  
Again that ringing in his ears! It was the warning he had dreaded. He knew his time had come. Yet, although he had started at the sound, he seemed half-dazed and wholly careless of the consequences. But still the ringing in his ears! "Drat it!" he finally said, and springing from bed the careworn commuter shut off the alarm clock and proceeded to dress for the 7-10 train.—Puck.

**Mildew Stains.**  
Mildew stains are sometimes a source of great trouble, and are difficult to remove unless you know just the right way. Rub a little soap over the mildew spots, and on top of this a little chalk and lemon juice. If the garment is then put in the sun for a couple of hours and afterwards washed in the usual way the spots will disappear.

**Entirely Too Old.**  
Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack?  
Jack (who has just settled a dressmaker's bill)—Yes, but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper!

# FARMING IN A CAVE

ROBERT H. MOULTON

ONE of the queerest farms in the world is located 75 feet underground, in a cave six miles southeast of Springfield, Mo. This is believed to be the only cave farm in existence. There are small caverns in which mushrooms are grown in France, but this Missouri cave produces not only mushrooms in large quantities, but also a superior crop of rhubarb. It is also used as a bleaching place for celery.

But one of the most remarkable crops ever produced in this cave is one that cultivates itself, and is gathered for the market by a flashlight process. Bullfrogs constitute this staple.

Robert Smith, the cave farmer, used to live in St. Louis. About a dozen years ago the "back



OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE FARM

to the farm" mantle took possession of him. He wanted a small farm in the Ozarks, but he expected to cultivate it in the usual way.

CASTING about for a location Mr. Smith found a tract of 25 acres three miles beyond the terminus of the National cemetery road that runs out from Springfield. It was a rolling tract, with sloping fields and a bluff and a woodland. Under the bluff was a cave, known as Fisher's cave, from the name of a former owner of the place.

The St. Louisian looked over the place, purchased it and became Farmer Smith. But before making the purchase he determined to become Cave Farmer Smith, to be the pioneer in a new and unique sort of agriculture. Somewhere he had read of the mushroom industry in France, where abandoned quarries, artificial caves, were rented to growers of the delicate fungus which is so much in vogue among epicures when they are assured that it is not a toadstool.

He studied diligently the habits and habits of the mushroom, which knowledge led to his establishment of the first and only natural cave farm. From mushrooms to rhubarb and celery and frogs Farmer Smith progressed by easy stages, experimenting as he went along, until finally he developed a system of intensive underground farming, which has given him a unique position amongst the million of American farmers.

Mr. Smith learned, in the first place, that Fisher's cave has an even temperature of 60 degrees all the year round. August may fry and sizzle at 100 in the shade of the saplings just outside the mouth of the cave; inside, back behind the curve where daylight dies and midnight darkness prevails, the temperature is 60 degrees, January zero weather may, and does create ice at the mouth of the cave; back in its depths the thermometer registers exactly 60 degrees.

Fisher's cave differs from the ordinary cavern of the Ozarks, of which there are many, in its freedom from a disagreeable and chilling breeze. There is no apparent air current, no clammy feeling, and yet the atmosphere always is fresh and there is enough moisture to give growth to such plants as flourish in the dark. This is a highly important factor in cave farming. Many caves drip so much moisture from the roof that it is impracticable to grow crops of any sort. Fisher's cave has a happy minimum of dripping. In many places the roof of limestone is dry enough to light a match by friction.

There was some "clearing" to be done in opening up this novel farm. No trees, bushes or weeds, of course, were in the way, but there were stalagmites to be "grubbed" out, and there were downhanging stalactites to be removed. These rock formations, built up by the slow-dripping process of ages, were broken off where their removal was found necessary, and they served as material for banking up a lake outside of the cave, fed by clear water from a perennial river that runs through the cavern and empties at its mouth. This lake came in handy later on as an outdoor picnic ground for bullfrogs when they were cleared of the inner recesses.

Having cleared his farm, Mr. Smith found it necessary to introduce some soil. There is a clayey substance called ochre covering the floor here and there, but many of the little "fields" were floored only with the bare limestone. The first task was the building of a boat, for river navigation was necessary in order to develop the farm. There is only one way to get to and from the Smith farm, and that is by boat.

Mr. Smith built a flatboat, 25 feet long, 5 feet wide and 1 foot deep. This peculiar craft is so steady that the pastime of "rocking the boat" is impossible. One may stand in any corner of the boat without causing it to tip up. The boat has no oars, no paddles, no motive power, except a pole operated by the muscles of the pilot. A wharf at the mouth of the cave, where the river is about forty feet wide, is the mooring place of the flatboat when not in use.

When Mr. Smith wishes to get into his farm,

he steps into the boat, pushes it off, poles it along first by poking the pole against the bottom of the stream and later on by putting it in contact with the roof and the sides of the cave. Here and there his hands come into play. He grasps a stalactite that has escaped

the clearing process, or the inverted stump of one that has been broken off. The boat moves with surprising smoothness and celerity.

Navigation thus being established, it was an easy matter to take top soil from the land outside and transfer it to the floor of the cave. Comparatively little soil was required for the growing of such crops as the farmer found possible underground. For the mushroom fields the chief need was a thick bed of manure, which was topped by an inch or so of soil after the mushroom spawn had been planted and had begun to sprout.

The rhubarb required soil enriched by manure. This plant being an outdoor vegetable, according to all prior agricultural experience, Farmer Smith's experiments in growing it in the dark were at first the subject of some derision from the real Top-of-the-Ozarks farmer. But as time wore on and it was discovered that rhubarb thrived and grew amazingly in the cave, this derision changed to congratulation, and in some instances to envy, for the outdoor vegetable growers, who lacked underground fields, learned that Mr. Smith was beating them to the market.

The frog item in cave farming is a considerable one, although it is limited to the frog season. Bullfrogs have a natural habit of hibernating, like bears, and no amount of coaxing, or coaxing, on the part of Farmer Smith, has induced them to keep themselves "in season" the year round.

Just outside the cave is the special frog lake, where the hoarse-tooled bellows are fenced in with wire netting to keep them from migrating, when they emerge from the cave for an outing. Back in the cave, when the frogs come out of their winter refuges, they seem to take much delight in sitting upon the stumps of stalactites, croaking so loudly that the cavern echoes each croak into a chorus. The river is always near at hand for them to leap into for a trollop.

The chief advantage of having the cave for frog cultivation lies in the fact that the darkness makes frog hunting as profitable in daytime as it is outside at night. The frogs are caught by blinding them with a sudden light thrown in their faces. This startles them so that they are both mute and motionless, and they are scooped into a net and carried out to be killed. Their "saddles," otherwise their long and luscious hind legs, are cut off and shipped to market. Frogs legs bring from \$1.50 to \$2 a dozen in the markets.

It requires two years for a tadpole to grow into a marketable bullfrog. The Fisher's cave frogs are noted for their unusual size. They spend a large part of their time in the cave, where they are protected from the premature doom that overtakes many frogs before they have attained the proper size.

**A MODEST MAN.**  
"Do you tell your wife everything?"  
"I certainly do not!"  
"Ah! I suspected that you were that kind of a man!"  
"I don't know everything."

**SUFFERING.**  
"They say that birds suffer when their feathers are removed by collectors."  
"Not as much as women seem to suffer when feathers are removed by customs collectors."

**INCREASING THE TROUBLE.**  
Church—Do you think indigestion is on the increase?  
Gotham—It must be. I saw where a boy was born, the other day, with two stomachs.

## CAN'T MAKE KITCHENER TALK

British Field Marshal Has Proved a Hard Subject for Reporters' Efforts.

Kitchener, turning his back on the would-be interviewer.

Another story comes from Aberdeen. Lord Kitchener was discovered one morning at Aberdeen station, having arrived there on his way to Balmoral by the night express. The youngest reporter of the evening paper was on the platform, and approached the great man, explaining that he represented a local journal. "Glad to meet you," said his lordship. "Now, tell me, do you know Aberdeen well?" "Yes," said the youth, delighted to find his

victim so complaisant. "Excellent," said Lord Kitchener. "Then you can tell me where I can find a good barber, one who really shaves well." "Oh, yes," replied the newspaper man, and he led his lordship to a barber's shop. His lordship thanked him much, but the youth later spoke with a request that he might state he had spoken to Lord Kitchener. He hoped for more of an interview.

"Certainly," responded the field marshal heartily, "and you can add that you are the most obliging and intelligent inhabitant of Aberdeen I have ever met!" The lad went back to his editor rather shamefacedly with his tale, but the expert was enthusiastic. "Write every word," he commanded, and himself supplied a string of headings, in which "Lord Kitchener in Aberdeen—Interview with our representative this morning" were the least.

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readily at 50 cents a pound. That is nearly all clear profit, the only expense to be figured being the cost of the spawn and the work required in bedding and picking them. They keep sprouting up for many weeks after the first gathering, and it is necessary only to go over the ground again to get a fresh supply. One mulching will run out in about three months. Figuring in the time required for the mushrooms to begin producing, after the beds are planted, three crops a year are practicable.

"One square foot of ground sometimes produces two pounds of mushrooms from one crop, though this is above the average. I should say that from a pound to a pound and a half is the yield that can be counted upon. I have not used all the available space in the cave suitable to mushrooms, because I have other interests that require my attention for a considerable part of the year, but my experience in raising mushrooms has shown that, with comparatively little labor, I can clear \$100 a month from mushrooms alone. I have done that and could make a good deal more at it, if I devoted my attention exclusively to mushrooms.

"This cave is a natural storage house for such fruits and vegetables as require an even temperature high enough to keep them from freezing and a degree of moisture that will not cause sprouting. Sweet potatoes are the most profitable for storage. Many farmers hereabouts raise large crops of sweet potatoes, and for 20 miles around they bring their product for storage in this cave. I get 15 cents a bushel for their storage over winter, so you can figure out how profitable that branch of my cave industry is."

The farmers realize a large extra profit on their sweet potatoes thus held in storage until early spring, when they can supply the tubers to a market that is not glutted. Mr. Smith says that at times sweet potatoes have been kept in the cave two years and at the end of that period have been found to be in fine condition.

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# BIG OCEAN ACROBAT

Mola, One of the Strangest Creatures of the Sea.

Thousand Pound Fish, all Head, but Can Jump—Delicate Pompanoes Which Glide Like an Aeroplane—Striped Shark That Leaps.

One of the strangest jumpers it has been my good fortune to watch and catch is the sunfish, or mola, in all probability the strangest fish in the sea, as it appears to be all head, says a writer in the New York Press. This is so seemingly true that in a specimen three feet long the vertebra is but an inch and a half long. Some of the fish weigh over one thousand pounds.

I have had some weird experiences with this fish. In 1875 I was fishing at the mouth of the St. John river, Florida, for channel bass, tarpon and big sharks, when a monster sunfish came sailing in and, like a ship, grounded on the bar opposite Pilot-town. I went out to watch its capture. It was said to weigh 2,200 pounds, and looked it. It was 11 feet high.

The next one I saw was off the Isles of Shoals, in 1877. I had been trying to take a tuna with a rod off Boon Island, and on the way, in the dory, we nearly ran into a sunfish. I looked on to it with a gaff and brought it in. Later at Santa Catalina I found a very large one. I ran alongside, seized its fin and bent it over the rail while the boatman cut a hole in the fin and passed a rope through it.

While we were doing this the monster nearly wrecked the launch and towed us toward shore; when we finally got it in tow our launch could not move when the fish felt like swimming the other way. It took two launches to tow this sunfish, which must have weighed over 1,000 pounds, into Avalon bay, where I had an excellent opportunity to watch and study it, after which I released it unharmed.

Of Santa Catalina or San Clemente in summer thousands of the young of this fish are seen from a foot to three feet in length. They swim in small schools; are very social, swimming about the boats, engaged in a continual game of leaping. Sometimes whenever you look you see a leaping sunfish. At times they leap very clumsily, but generally come down with a resounding crash. To see dozens of these "big heads" in the air coming down in a continual patter is fascinating.

The big barracuda and the kingfish of Florida are jumpers of high degree. The former is a wild and splendid jumper after it is hooked, while the latter makes magnificent leaps after the bait before it is hooked; so it is in the class with the tuna. I should not care to go on record with a mere guess as to the length of the jumps, but they are supreme in vivacity, length and exhilaration among the wild busy tribes of the sea.

That there should be so great a difference in the mere leaps of game fish seems impossible to the layman, but your keen observing angler notices all the niceties of the jump and is quick to see it.

Several years ago I was fishing just outside of Aransas pass, Texas, for channel bass, which we took with shrimp bait in extraordinary holes in the lagoon when the gafftopsail catfish would allow it. This was an extraordinary locality for jumping fishes. Apparently everything leaped, and at the slightest suggestion. If I splashed the water with an oar a score of mullets would go into the air, and over what appeared to be a variety of tulle there was a constant flash of scales in the hot August sun.

Suddenly the pompanoes began to leap and I was afforded a remarkable opportunity to watch their methods. The pompano is a little fish, but very broad. An ordinary leap covered ten or 15 feet. But the peculiar feature was that this little fish, about the size of the palm of your hand, did not jump high, yet covered incredible distances. After watching several I believe I solved the mystery.

In leaping the pompano did not go up; it dashed out of the water at an angle and when at an elevation of four or five feet I distinctly saw it turn on its side, and so, like an aeroplane, with its broad surface to the air, it slid away in a long and graceful parabola.

I saw this repeatedly, as the fish were jumping by our boat every few minutes, and one or two fell into the water. A friend told me that in beating up a narrow river in Florida he alarmed a school of these delicious, delightful little fishes and they came out of the water in swarms, bombarding him, hitting the sail and falling into the boat.

At Aransas, in the pass, I hooked a shark, which jumped so exactly like a tarpon that I was more than once deceived by it. In Catalina Harbor, Cal., there is a striped shark which leaps when hooked and gives a very good imitation of a game fish.

**National Parks.**  
There are in the entire country twenty national parks—Yellowstone; Hot Springs, Ark.; National Zoo Park, Washington, D. C.; Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Ga. and Tenn.; Antietam, Md.; Rock Creek, D. C.; Sequoia, Cal.; General Grant, Cal.; Yosemite, Cal.; Shiloh, Tenn.; Gettysburg, Pa.; Vicksburg, Miss.; Mount Rainier, Wash.; Crater Lake, Ore.; Platt, N. D.; Mesa Verde, Colo.; Glacier, Mont. The Yellowstone, Mont., and Wyo., has an area of 2,142,720 acres.

**Sounds Like It.**  
Reed—I hear an automobile was built in 11 minutes and put on the road in 19, at a test conducted at a factory in Manchester, England.

**Greene—Wonder if this was the one which broke down in four minutes and reached the scrap-heap in 15 minutes.**

**Unaccountable.**  
"Queer about this tainted water supply business."  
"How is it queer?"  
"That well water makes people sick."

**Egypt is adopting modern agricultural machinery after using the most primitive kinds for thousands of years.**