

UNITED STATES COLONIZING CANADA

FREE WHEAT FARMS HAVE ATTRACTED ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND AMERICANS

S. LOUIE, Oct. 15.—(Special Correspondent of The Sunday Oregonian.)—Both Uncle Sam and John Bull are bringing money into Canada," said Mr. William Hutchinson, the Canadian commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition, as we sat together today in the Canadian pavilion. "Fifty thousand American farmers crossed the border last year, and we now have about 150,000 American settlers. Many of these are well to do. On the average I should say they bring about \$1000 each into the country, that we draw at least \$150,000,000 from our recent American immigrants."

The Canadian Southwest.

"What is the cause of the exodus?" I asked. "The high prices of land in the United States and the free government lands of Canada," said Mr. Hutchinson. "Our western country is what Kansas and Nebraska were 40 or 50 years ago. The land is chiefly owned by the government and the railroad. The Canadian Pacific, which built its line from Quebec to Vancouver, is the right to take certain numbers of alternate sections. It picked them out in the richest parts of its territory, and these lands are now for sale. The Hudson's Bay Company also has large grants of land, which are now in the market."

"The balance of the unoccupied soil belongs to the government, and we are taking it to the settlers in 160-acre tracts. All that the settler needs do is to take out his papers, at a cost of \$10, and live on and cultivate the land for three years, when the government will give him a title. If he has sons of 18 years or over they can take up the adjoining quarters, and if such sons are married they can take up the quarter their parents while proving up their land. The son of Mr. Duncan, one of my assistants here, is an Indian boy of 20. He has his father's title, and he will get the title to it. He has never had more than \$100 ahead; but when that title is proved he will be worth \$200. There are many other such cases of families coming in takes up as much as it can, and its members often buy the adjoining railroad lands, so that they have good-sized farms."

"What are lands worth?" I asked. "In the territory where they are being taken from \$7 to \$15 per acre, according to the character of the soil and its nearness to the railroad. Speculators have picked up here and there some large tracts. One company at St. Paul recently bought 1,000,000 acres at \$2 per acre. They raised the price at \$100,000,000 per acre, and the people who would not touch it a few years ago, when it was a drug on the market at \$1, fairly fell over each other in their eagerness to take it at \$10."

100,000,000 Acres of Wheat.

"Just where is the new wheat region, Mr. Hutchinson?" "The great wheat country of today is in Manitoba, and in Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, which lie west and northwest of it, and also in Alberta, beyond. These states have vast areas of wheat land, and it is estimated that 100,000,000 acres of this are now offered for settlement. "Just north of the wheat country," continued Mr. Hutchinson, "lies Athabasca, a vast territory which will raise wheat, but which has not yet been opened up to settlement. Athabasca has 15,000,000 acres, more than 150,000,000 acres. It is more than three times as large as your state of New York. Altogether we have now 110,000,000 acres in the Northwest which have been surveyed, but not yet taken up; and three-fourths of this is wheat land. The wheat belt is a tract about 1000 miles long and 400 miles wide, and covers all of Canada there are vast pulp wood farms, the trees of which are worth about \$40 per acre. This is also wheat land when cleared. "What is the wheat output of the western country now?" "Last year it was 65,000,000 bushels. Twelve years ago it was practically nothing."

Miss Canada to Feed John Bull.

"What are its possibilities?" "We shall feed the world," said the Canadian commissioner. "Uncle Sam has boasted of feeding John Bull with a spoon, but the day will come when his daughter, Miss Canada, will do that for him. Indeed, his fast stomach is already filled with our wheat flour and cheese. I believe that we shall feed Uncle Sam as well. Your wheat lands play out after a time. Good hard wheat cannot be raised by fertilizers and great cultivation, so that the hard wheat country tends to go to the new lands. Moreover, you will grow in population through your immense mineral resources, and your resources to such an extent that you will not be able to raise your own food. You have 80,000,000 people. By and by you will have 200,000,000. Then we will feed you."

A Nation of Farmers.

"We are a nation of farmers," continued the Canadian Commissioner. "That is our business which we expect to develop just as you are doing your manufacturing. At present there are many large farms, but the majority of the farmers of Canada own their own farms. This is especially so with the French of the Northwest, who have a large scale. The land is broken up with gang plows. The threshing is done by threshing gangs who go with their immense machines from farm to farm. Ten thousand Americans came into Canada last year to help us harvest our wheat crop. "The harvests are too big to be put into barns, and great elevators have been built at the railway stations, so that the wheat goes direct from the threshing to the elevator without a long haul. We have now much in the elevators west of Lake Superior, which will hold over 40,000,000 bushels of wheat at one time. We have one elevator at Fort William, on Lake Superior, which has a capacity of 2,000,000 bushels. We are building more elevators right along and more railroads. I tell you, you people do not realize what is going on in the Canadian Northwest. We have an empire there which is growing faster in population and wealth than any other part of the world. We have some 1000 square miles of the best land on earth. It is a black loam, very deep and very rich."

How Wheat is Raised in Canada.

"But, Mr. Hutchinson," said I, "if these lands are so good, why have they not been taken up before?" "For several reasons. There were no railroads until lately. We did not know what we had. We thought these lands too far north for wheat. Some of the best of them are 2000 miles nearer the north pole than this city of St. Louis. We also thought the seasons would be too short to plant and harvest. We have now learned how to work. We break up the ground in the summer or fall, and seed the wheat crop in the following spring. Perhaps we may raise a crop of flax first. The next spring as soon as the snow has gone and while the ground is still frozen, it may be for several inches, we run the seeder over the fields and cover the grain with the dirt on the surface. There may be only one inch of soil



from, but the first hot days bring the wheat up by magic. It comes with cyclonic swiftness, and lo! the whole country is a sheet of green. I have known of three wheat crops being planted in three successive years without plowing, although we do not advise that. The frost keeps thawing out for weeks and gives moisture to the fresh young wheat.

The Flour Mills of the Northwest.

"Tell me something about the yield per acre." "It is better than yours, by a great deal. Our average for ten years has been 21 bushels per acre. The United States rarely shows an average of more than 14."

"What do our American exporters think of the prospect?" "They don't like it. The Minneapolis millers have been establishing mills to grind Canadian wheat for export. The wheat is shipped there in bond to the seacoast. They do this on the ground that the Canadian hard wheat grows as fast as our grain fields. It has 21 bushels per acre, and it built more than 15,000,000 worth of new buildings last year. It has electric light and water, and better than yours. We are largely Anglo-Saxons, with a mixture of French, who are thrifty and easily governed. You have a large element from Southern Europe and

Winnipeg in 1904.

"What kind of place is Winnipeg?" "It is the Chicago of Canada, and the metropolis of the new wheat country. It is the gateway to the Northwest, and it grows as fast as our grain fields. It has now 70,000 people, and it built more than 15,000,000 worth of new buildings last year. It has electric light and water, and better than yours. We are largely Anglo-Saxons, with a mixture of French, who are thrifty and easily governed. You have a large element from Southern Europe and

The Canada of the Future.

"Yes, Mr. Hutchinson, but have you not been on the edge a long time? What are your population and area?" "Our area is bigger than the whole United States, and our population is now about 6,000,000. We have grown slowly, but the elements of our National make-up are better than yours. We are largely Anglo-Saxons, with a mixture of French, who are thrifty and easily governed. You have a large element from Southern Europe and

Colonies of Industrious Beaver Near Portland

Continued From Page 33.

provisions of choice bark, may find lodgment until appropriated by the busy animals, for their food is entirely of the barks of different trees, and it is to get these barks that they toil in the forests. The striped remnants of the trees they break into segments and use them for covering and making their lodges more durable and less easy of access to the prowling enemies of their kind.

In company with Martin Gorman, a well-known local botanist, an Oregonian representative and an expert photographer, Colonel Hawkins visited the colony a few days ago for the purpose of making a close study of their habits and to secure additional specimens of their work. The colony included a drive of 25 miles, followed by a walk of several miles through dense woods and tangled underbrush. The neighborhood was reached about noon, and a cautious approach was made upon the place by the party in the hopes of surprising the beavers at their work. But experience has made them wary, and the slightest snapping of a twig is enough to drive them into the shelter of their lodges, which are fitted up in such manner that a whole regiment could hardly expect to root them out.

Just Like a Woodman.

The approach to their lodges was found to be marked by a broad clearance in the woods. A count revealed 30 trees down in one place, 70 in another and 70 more in another, all within an area of two acres. All were cut with great neatness, and to the casual observer would have passed as an ordinary wood-choppers' clearance. The method of their work and much regarding their habits is clearly decipherable from a study of the beavers' clearances in the woods. By examining the trees it was found that none had been cut down prior to a couple of years ago, the marks being comparatively fresh in each instance. Some of the gnawing had plainly been done during the forenoon or past night. Just where the animals came from can

an average of more than \$10, or more than \$12 per family. Of course, the goods do not absolutely amount to anything like that per family, as a great part of them is composed of luxuries which we use in manufactures."

The conversation here turned to Canada's new tariff laws which are now about to be put into force. Mr. Hutchinson said:

"Canada is now enacting, or rather is about to enforce, some new laws as to her foreign trade. She does not propose to be the dumping ground of the factories of the foreign nations, the place where they can ship their surplus and sell it at lower prices than they are selling home. We do not consider this fair to our own factories. We propose that such goods shall be kept out of the country or admitted on such conditions that we will not have any advantage over our home products. As it is now your factories here will sell goods to Americans at high prices, through the tariff, and then dump their surplus into Canada and sell it at a little above cost. No country can build up a manufacturing industry under such conditions."

How Canada Taxes Great Britain.

"Again," continued the World's Fair commissioner from Canada, "we are taxing ourselves from Europe in the same way. We have, you know, a preferential tariff with Great Britain and the colonies by which the goods sent from such places have a discount of 15 per cent. We find that the German and other continental exporters are sending their goods into England and are having them re-packed there and reshipped to Canada as English goods. We don't propose to stand that either."

"How are the trusts dealing with Canada? Is all your business being gobbled by great combinations of capital?" "Not in the United States," was the reply. "We have some great syndicates, but nothing like you have here. Our chief trusts are the railroad companies and the Hudson Bay Company."

"How about the Hudson Bay Company? Is it still strong in Canada?" "Yes, it does an enormous business in the North and Northwest. It has a large population of Eskis, and it has millions of acres of farm lands for sale and altogether its business is enormous."

"What dividends does the company pay?" "I can't say," replied the commissioner. "The Hudson Bay Company is a close corporation and it is safe to venture that its profits are very large. Nearly all the men who hold much stock in it are English."

American Money in Canada.

"Is there much American money invested in Canada outside the farm lands?" "Yes, a great deal," was the reply. "Your capitalists have investments in our railroads, our mines, forests and factories, as well as in other things. There are a number of American stockholders who have crossed over the border from Montana into Alberta to take advantage of the vast grazing ranges there. They are not the kind of immigrants we are courting, nor do they make up any large element of our people. We want Anglo-Saxons, Germans and Scandinavians, and we are getting them very rapidly. James J. Hill, one of your great railroad men, says he believes that within 50 years Canada will have a population of 50,000,000. It can easily support several times that number."

"Not for annexation." "How about Canada becoming a part of the United States?" "That will never come," said the Canadian Commissioner. "Our people don't want it. We are satisfied with our own government, and think in many respects it is superior to yours. We shall eventually have about the best cattle on this continent. We have as good as any on the average now."

"Canada at the World's Fair." In company with Mr. Hutchinson I took a walk through some of the Canadian departments at the exposition here. That country has one of the best of the foreign exhibits, and best arranged. The grain interests are well displayed, as are also fish, game, fruits and minerals. Canadian shipping is shown in vast quantities those specialties for which the country is noted. Said Mr. Hutchinson, "I am proud to see the Canadian division of the mining building."

"Fortunes in Asbestos and Nickel." "These are the staples of Canada. It is a great product of my country. We have the best and richest asbestos on earth, and we are furnishing 90 per cent of the world's supply. That pile of ore farther on is nickel; it has tons of it here. That is another of our great specialties, for we supply 50 per cent of all used by man. It is employed, you know, largely in the armies and navies of the world, and is used in the manufacture of armor plate, etc. Here is a pile of corundum, of which we furnish 85 per cent of the world's total product, and that ore farther on is a garnet used to make emeralds and rubies. It comes from the new mine just discovered by a little French blacksmith, who is likely to make millions out of his discovery. It is a very fine garnet, and we are looking for from Canada, British Columbia and in the regions of the Yukon." (Copyright, 1904.) FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Jerusalem, but you are a sight.

He wants me to get him a female trained nurse, but ma kicks. They had a trained nurse for the year round, but she was a little electric flashlight that you touch a button and it lights up the room like a burglar was in the house, and she used to get up in the night and flash the light into dad's room. Dad always had nervous prostration after ma flashed the light, and the nurse fainted dead away, so ma and I are going to do the nursing ourselves. And when she's gone, she'll be a sight, and then he and I skip. I can see my finish when I get off alone with dad."

"Where you going first?" asked the old grocerman, as he opened the door to let the odor of onion and burned rag out of the room. "What kind of treatment do the doctors advise to bring the old man around so he will be himself again?" "Well, they say he needs some excitement that will get that supposed monkey wrench out of his system. They want him to go where he can take baths, and gamble, and attend horse races, and go into fast society, and maybe have a fight or two, so as to stir his blood, and we have decided to take him first to the hot springs at Warm Springs, and then we are packing up now and shall go next week. They tell me that at the Arkansas Hot Springs you can get into any kind of a scrape you want, and you don't have to get around for trouble. It comes to you. Oh, we won't do a thing down there. I broke the news to dad last night, and told him the doctors had prescribed ex-

Nothing But Doctors in This Building

A Utopian Scheme That Has Turned Out to Be a Great Success in New York.

One of the strangest colonies in the United States, if not in the world, is covered by the roof of a big apartment building in Madison Avenue, New York. It is made up of nearly half a hundred physicians and surgeons in private practice, and was brought into existence by the merest accident.

The plan has been in operation only since last Spring, but its success is already so great as to indicate that the cooperative idea has taken hold of the minds of the physicians as strongly as the studio idea caught the artists some years ago. There are now buildings all over the city devoted exclusively to artists, and it may be that in course of time colonies of physicians will be as common as colonies of the fraternity of the brush. Closely resembling the physicians' colony is the Nurses' Club, in West Ninety-first street. The members of this club are all graduate nurses. They, too, have taken over a building in Madison Avenue, where they can be reached at any hour by telephone.

The building in which the physicians are gathered is known as the Sydenham, being named after the eminent English practitioner, Dr. Sydenham. It is at the north-west corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-eighth street and is within a stone's throw of the most aristocratic part of the city.

The men who spend their time in this great workshop are not struggling beginners who have yet to build up a practice; they are doctors who have treated some of the most distinguished men in public office and private life.

Only eight or ten years ago the telephone bell rang in the office of a prominent physician. At the other end of the wire was J. D. Tremholm, a real estate operator. He wanted his regular physician to attend to a patient, but the doctor was out, but the doctor was out and nobody knew when he would be in. An hour passed and again the telephone was used by Mr. Tremholm. And again the physician was reported as not at home. No one in the office knew when he would be in. Another hour passed, and once more Mr. Tremholm called up. It was a case in which the regular physician had to be employed. Before Mr. Tremholm could get into communication with the physician the sufferer had a relapse, which nearly ended fatally.

Mr. Tremholm has had large experience in the management of buildings, and he thought occurred to him that if the telephone there ought to be a way to keep in touch with physicians at any hour of the day or night. The first step in this direction was to contact with the physicians so that the cost of this constant communication would not be too high. The doctors to whom he first broached the subject were not ready to try the scheme as utopian. Indeed, some laughed outright at the proposition to gather a large body of practitioners under one roof.

One by one, however, doctors were banded together, and as the number grew the advantages of association became more apparent, until all became filled with enthusiasm and decided that the idea was worthy of trial.

The structure is an imposing seven-story building in the style of the modern apartment-house. There is nothing about the building to show it is the quarters of a medical colony. Not a sign is to be seen anywhere, not even in the windows. The absence of signs is in accordance with the castro rules of the building, some of which at first may appear strange. All the rules, however, have a common sense principle as their basis. Here are some of the more important:

No signs are permitted on the exterior of the building or in the main hall.

Accustomed to It.

Ad—And weren't you a bit nervous when he proposed? Clara—Oh, No! A proposal doesn't make me nervous any more.

PECK'S BAD BOY ABOARD

HE AND HIS DAD HAVE AN EXCITING AUTOMOBILE RIDE AND JUMP FENCE

(By Hon. George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck's Sun," author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc. Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles. Copyright in Great Britain.)

"GIVE ME a package of your strongest breakfast food, and a big onion," said the bad boy, as he came into the grocery, looking as weak as a fever convalescent. "I want to eat the onion right now."

"Well, that is a combination, sure enough," said the old grocerman, as he wrapped a package of breakfast food in a paper and watched the boy rub his hand on a salt bag and eat it greedily.

"What is the matter with you to look so sick and eat raw onion before breakfast?"

"Oh, it is this new-fashioned way of living that is killing little Henry. When I lived at home before, we used to have sausage and pancakes for breakfast, roast meat for dinner and cold meat for supper, and dad was healthy as a tramp, ma could dance a highland fling, I could play all kinds of games and jump over a high-board fence when anybody was chasing me. Now we have some kind of breakfast food three times a day because ma reads the advertisements, and dad is so weak he has to be helped to dress, ma goes moping around like a fashionable invalid, I am so tired I can't hit a window with a snowball, and the dog that used to fight cats now wants to lay in front of the grates and wish he was dead. Gosh, but there ought to be a law that any man that invents a new breakfast food should be compelled to eat it. Gee, but that onion gives a man strength."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh! I couldn't stop her. Some of the crowd got bailed up and the more I touched things the faster she went. We frightened four teams and had three runs away, and the air seemed full of horses rearing up and kicking. I took her to a stop. One farmer with a load of hay would not give any of the road, and I guess his hay came in contact with the gasoline tank, for the hay took fire, his team ran away, and as we went over the hill I looked back and saw a fire engine trying to catch up with a red-hot load of hay. The fire engine took her, and she had to take him down with a fire ladder. I was afraid to let her go, but she got frightened and asked me to stop."

"I should think so," said the old grocerman, as he took a rag and set it on fire and let the smoke drift into the room. "But I suppose your folks are like a great many others who have quit eating meat on account of the meat trade, and are going to die in their tracks. I can't see any sense in that. I'll give you the fresh air and brace up on my travels abroad."

"No, dad is going to stay in the house."

"Henry, this attempt on your part to murder me was not the success you expected."

raw spot, and we were off. I run her around town for a while on the streets that had no teams on, and dad was pleased. He said:

"Henry, I like a boy that knows something about machinery, and who knows what dings to touch to make his machine go. I'm certain, though, and I am proud of you."

"We had to go through the business part of town, and dad looked around at the people on the streets and he knew, and he swelled up and tried to look as though he owned a brewery, and told me to let her out, and I thought if dad could stare it to let her out I could do it. I pulled her open just as one of these station fruit-vendors with a handcart was crossing the street. The cowcatcher in front caught the handcart, and he took me, and threw it into the air, and it rained bananas and oranges, and the Dago came down on his head and swore in Italian. I mean folks."

"Then the machine swung out the street and knocked the fender of a streetcar, and then I got her in the road straight, and, by Gosh!