

On a Summer Day

By CRAWFORD LUTTRELL

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Kate was in the orchard, filling a small basket with yellow harvest apples when Mac Malone came upon her. "Hello!" he called cheerily, waving his cap. "I've hunted all over the farm for you. Thought you were down at the spring house, so I went there first. What are we going to do with these apples. Make cider?"

Mac asked suddenly. "Forever," said Kate simply. "We lived on the same street, in the same block, from the time I was a baby until dad bought this farm and we moved out here last year. Reece is really splendid. You'll like him."

Mac tried to smile, made a miserable failure of it and stooped over to pick up the basket again. "Nothing in this world is too good for you, Kate." When they had reached the cider press on the porch of the old spring house black Pete, who had gone down there for water, looked at the little basket of apples and burst out laughing. "Lawd hev mercy on us, chile."

"A little philosopher, aren't you?" he smiled. "I wish that I had always known a girl like you." "A girl like me, or—" She hesitated, laughing at his quick protest. "You, of course. Just you, Kate. I never dreamed that there was a girl in the world who loves the country as I do, city born and bred as I have been."

"I suppose you have known many, many girls, haven't you?" "I never knew another Kate." "No?" She was smilingly expectant. "I wish that I had known you sooner," he said again soberly. He rose suddenly, holding out his hand to her. "I'll try to see you some time tomorrow. I'm thinking about going on a fishing trip."

All of the laughing and the ghosts of happy little dreams fled away as she looked up at him. "Aren't you going to wait until Pete comes back with the apples? It will be such fun to help make the cider. Why can't you stay, Mac?"

He smiled gratefully when she called him by name, but shook his head. "I'm in the dumps," he told her wistfully. "Better get off by myself until I'm cured." She watched him go swinging off down a little path, travel worn and beaten into a thin, dusty line through the drying grass. He did not look back and at every step he took he seemed to be treading on her heart.

"I wish that I had known you sooner," he said sadly. Was there, perhaps, somebody else, somebody to whom he had pledged himself? Eyes smarting with unshed, carefully restrained tears, Kate looked up once more at the far blue sky, but a shadow had veiled the golden sun and it was as somberly gray as last year's gipsy fires.

He came back so quietly that she did not know he was near until he leaned over her tenderly, his moist hands burning as with a fever as he drew her to her feet before him. "Kate, dear, I have no right to come back to tell you that I love you, that I want you for my wife, when I know that you are engaged to Reece Logan, but something stronger than my will impelled me, forced me back. Don't let it distress you, but I'll never love another girl."

He was drawing her unresisting body closer to him, the flame of his own passion reflected in the warm color that dyed her throat and face. "Oh, Kate, it isn't right to ask you, but if I had had a chance, before you promised to marry Reece, do you think you could have cared for me?"

Kate put her small clenched hands on his breast and faced him bravely, although her words came in choking little gasps. "Reece is my brother-in-law. He and sister Sue gave me this little ring, and when you came I took it off of my right hand and put it on my engagement finger because—because I thought you were like all city men who go to the country for their vacations—just making love to every girl."

A little later old Pete, returning with a wheelbarrow filled with ripe apples, saw enough of the miracle that had happened to Mac and Kate to question, with a twinkle in his sharp old eyes, "Is we gwine use dis here cider to drink to yo' happiness, missy?"

Best Stop Throwing Stones. Man Ever Ready to Criticize Must Remember He is a Target for Criticism. Have you ever seen a man whose own penmanship is an abomination carefully and impatiently do his own writing of another man?

WHEN AIRPLANE MOTOR BALKS

Overhauling of Engine Very Interesting Process.

GREATEST OF CARE IS TAKEN

Friendly Rivalry Between Different Departments in Trying to Get Something on the Other Side to Promote Efficiency—Parts Are Carefully Inspected and Tested in Each Section Before Motor Gets Final O. K.

When an airplane motor stops something always happens—if the motor is in a plane flying at any altitude. Many a witty story has been told by pilots and ground men in reply to the question: "What happens if the motor stops?"

To follow a motor through the numerous branches of the aviation repair depot at Montgomery, Ala., and attempt to grasp what is done to it in an actual overhaul is a very interesting process.

The overhaul of an airplane motor is described as follows, in a statement authorized by Maj. Gen. Charles T. Mencher, director of the air service, himself an expert mechanic: Overhauling a Motor. Upon its arrival on the field the motor is checked and is immediately given a work order to guide it on its way, and make possible a careful record of its repair and cost. It is first taken to the dismantling room, carefully taken to pieces and transferred to the wash rack and washed with kerosene and gasoline. All carbon is removed and the pistons are carefully polished to remove all roughness, that carbon might not adhere so readily. From the washrack it is transferred to the inspection room, where it is given a most thorough inspection. Parts which are worn or damaged to such an extent that they cannot be replaced are immediately salvaged.

Parts that are repairable are transferred, where the necessary repairs are made, and returned again to the inspector. A triplicate list of all parts repaired and condemned is made, one following the motor, one going to the engineer officer, and one is kept on record in the inspection room. After the motor is passed by the inspectors, the stock-chaser checks up by the inspection report the parts which have been condemned, and draws from stock new parts to take their places. He also draws a complete set of gaskets for every motor, and tries to deliver the motor to the motor assembly department as nearly complete as possible.

The motor now becomes the property of the motor assembly department. It has gone safely through the inspectors and all parts are supposed to be in perfect condition, but the mechanic has a perfect right to reject from his motor any part which he finds faulty. There is friendly rivalry between the two departments, the mechanic, as a rule, loves to "hang something" on the inspection department. Thus a double inspection is developed. In this department the bearings are reamed and scraped, all bearings tested by dial indicator tests for clearance, valves ground and tested for leaks. Cylinder blocks which have been drawn from stock and valves which have passed the factory inspector's test, after assembly are often found leaky and do not come up to A. R. D. test. This test consists of filling the intake port hole with gasoline, and from inside the cylinder around the seat of the valve forcing a 60-pound air pressure. A valve which is, after testing by gasoline seepage, to all appearances O. K., will frequently fail with this air test. After the different parts are assembled and the motor is ready for timing, the ignition parts are drawn from that department and installed.

Ready for Test. The motor is now ready for test, and again becomes the property of the inspection and test department. This is where they try to hang the crepe on the motor repair. If the motor is rejected a report is made by the chief of motor repair of what was found wrong and the correction made. "The reports go to the engineer officer, who then does the heavy growling. After a second and successful block test the motor is tagged 'O. K.' the tag showing R. P. M., running time, oil pressure and the kind of propeller used. Here again it becomes the property of the engine repair. If the engine is to be placed at once in a plane it passes to the final assembly, but if its destination is unknown the intake and exhaust ports are closed, cylinders filled with oil, the entire motor sprayed with a protective coating of cosmoline applied rapidly and efficiently with an ingenious air gun, and is then ready for shipment, or for storage, leaving the aviation repair depot in either case a thoroughly rebuilt, inspected, tested and, in the case of a rotary, properly cussed motor."



Washington's Headquarters, Newburgh, N. Y. Here, at the close of the American Revolution, Washington issued the proclamation of peace and disbanded the old Continental Army.

Every motor highway and by-way throughout picturesque New England and New York is a part of the long "Socony Trail."

Dealers Who Sell Socony Gasoline

- A. W. Brown Sales Co. Oswego, N. Y. Clayton & Hellard Oswego, N. Y. Denton & Soh Oswego, N. Y. Chas. Fitzsimmons Oswego, N. Y. Thos. G. Fuller Oswego, N. Y. A. D. McIntyre Oswego, N. Y. Jas. W. O'Grady Oswego, N. Y. Park Livery Oswego, N. Y. John S. Parsons Oswego, N. Y. John W. Wade Oswego, N. Y. F. G. Wolever Oswego, N. Y. J. H. O'Brian Oswego, N. Y. W. J. Young Minetto, N. Y. W. E. Baker Minetto, N. Y. C. M. Barstow Southwest Oswego, N. Y. A. L. Douglass Martville, N. Y. Bruce E. Green North Victory, N. Y. Ingersoll's Garage Fair Haven, N. Y. George McFarland Sterling, N. Y. Matson & Umbeck Crocketts, N. Y. Matson & Umbeck Hannibal, N. Y. Mexico Motor Car & Supply Co. Mexico, N. Y. Robinson & Phillips Fair Haven, N. Y. James Baumgardner Demeter, N. Y. Newton M. Coe Lycoming, N. Y. George McDonald Mexico, N. Y. W. E. Soper New Haven, N. Y. W. V. Whitlock New Haven, N. Y.

Her Weight in Gold

By MURREL LEE

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"I'm through!" announced Bruce Atwood with fixed determination. "I'll stick," asserted his mining partner, Dan Forster.

"Don't blame me, Dan," went on the first almost pathetically, for he and Forster had been close friends. "I have cheerfully invested half of my resources in this Golden Bar proposition to find that I am not adapted for the business. There's gold in the bed of the old Minouka, for we have found it, but it's all guess work as to locating the particular spots where it is massed up in sufficient quantities to pay for taking it out."

"Well, if you haven't the patience to wait until the dams and bins are put in, quit it and no hard feelings. One thing, though, do you intend to draw out your share of the capital now in the bank to cover work contracted for?"

"Not a penny of it," replied Atwood promptly. "Go the limit on that, Dan. You see, I have only a few thousands left and I'm going to make a new try in real legitimate business. I've got a fair opportunity to do it down in Appleton."

"What line, Bruce?" "Boots and shoes, an established store. Owner sick and has to sell out. I've got some new ideas as to running such a business. I'll not be content to simply drudge along and make a living. If I can't see a big future in the proposition, I'll sell out and get to the big cities."

Within the week Atwood was sole proprietor of the shoe store in Appleton. He had the place renovated and bought a dazzling electric sign. He spared no money to make the show windows attractive. The opening day was signalized by a band concert. Atwood circularized the district for miles around and on Saturday there was a constant rush of farmers and their families and sales were beyond his fondest anticipations.

The new advertising wrinkles of the week was the setting in place of a handsome weighing scale, capacious and ornate, with a broad alluring dial and everybody was invited to weigh themselves free of charge. Very few passersby ignored the opportunity.

One afternoon Atwood was standing near the door when a young lady and an old gentleman, evidently her father, halted as the former spoke in musical accents. "Oh, papa, I want to weigh myself. I haven't done so since I came home from my visit East."

Atwood came forward and waved his hand toward the scale, receiving a smiling recognition of thanks from the bewitching young lady as she stepped upon the scale platform.

"One hundred and twenty-two pounds," announced Vivian Dalton. "Why, papa, home cooking has increased my weight over six pounds in a week."

"That adds so much more to your value," was the affectionate reply. "worth your weight in gold. The fortunate young man who wins you will have to qualify up to that standard."

"Oh, what a lovely pair of slippers!" exclaimed Vivian, and in her haste to get nearer to the show window her foot caught in the extending top plate of the platform and tore away the heel of her shoe entirely and a part of the sole. She would have fallen only that Atwood caught her. For a fleeting moment he held in his arms this dainty, sweet creature, whose value he estimated even beyond that expressed by her proud and loving parent. She had to come inside and remained seated while the cobbler repaired her disordered footgear and both she and her father expressed their thanks for the prompt and helpful attention.

"I can't forget her," sighed Atwood the next morning. "My manager says her father is the money king in the town. Pretty plainly he indicated that her husband-to-be must have 'her weight in gold.' Her! One hundred and twenty-two pounds. Why that would be a little fortune. I'll forget her, probably I'll never see her again. I couldn't match her with silver even in the present state of my finances."

But the next day Miss Dalton came into the store to buy the pretty slippers she had fancied. During the following week she again visited in charity for the poor. Would Mr. Atwood contribute a pair of shoes to children of poor families.

"Oh, surely," and more than that, "just bring in the sizes needed as new worthy applicants in need appear." And the radiant smile from Vivian that rewarded his good heartedness fully compensated for his impulsive generosity.

Another month went by and three two met at several local functions. Then Atwood was invited to the Dalton home and was made to feel as a welcome guest.

One day he received a letter from Dan Forster. Golden Bar had paid out rich! Enclosed in the mislaid was a receipt from the United States mint for Atwood's half of the proceeds of the last clean-up. "Fortune has smiled on me," he told Mr. Dalton and Vivian, sitting them on the street that afternoon and showed them the mint receipt. "Oh, we're wading in it down at the Bar. And I've been reckoning—in the pure metal I've got enough and to spare to weight down the scales for over 122 pounds. I was thinking of Mr. Dalton's value, you see," he smiled, and Mr. Dalton looked pleasantly interested and pretty Vivian flushed ecstatically.

Trade and Commerce

Table with columns for Wholesale Prices of Farm Products, Office Daily and Semi-Weekly Times, and Retail Prices. Includes items like Butter, Eggs, and various meats.

Syracuse Markets

Table listing market prices for various goods in Syracuse, including Lamb, Pork, and various types of meat.

Onions, green, doz.

Table listing prices for various types of onions and other vegetables, such as Peas, Parsnips, and Spinach.

