RIDING IN AN AEROPLANE

James Hopper Describes His Emotions During His First Flight Through the Air.

James Hopper, who rode as a passenger in an Antoinette aeroplane, thus describes his emotions in Everybody's:

"And then-good Lord, what is that! At first I thought that we had atruck an abandoned quarry and were hurtling through a pile of stones. Then, more plausibly, that we had passed from the grassy plain to a groud of torn-up macadam. But neither of these suppositions answered quite the question put to me by my senses. We seemed to roll on a medium singu-Marly hard. Hard and smooth, and yet sown with roughness. It felt as if we were upon a road of adamant laid mpon the bedrock of the earth, and as if upon this adamantine road pebbles hard and faceted like diamonds had been strewn. Upon the hard, smooth substance the machine glided Hevel, but excited to a furious trepidation by the bristling diamonds. 'We are going through a rock pile,' I said to myself, returning to my first unmatisfactory and yet more plausible supposition. We were flying, by Jove! That was the meaning of this hard going, this tremendous trepida-Mon. From the gentle earth we had passed to the ways of the air. That adamantine, resilient and diamondbristling surface upon which we rode now, it was the azure of the skies. It was ozone, it was ether, it was everything that is hazy and impalpable and blue-and it felt like metal, like rock, like chrome steel, like the compressed bowels of some planet smashed between two state. I was flying, and it was like drilling. I was feeling the earth, and the earth was following sme, jealous and vigilant, gripping me, stubbornly and implacably, with its earth sensations.

WAS AN INVENTIVE GENIUS

Man Devised Contrivance for Riveting Knobs on Strings of Honey Bees

"That man once invented a great labor-saving device that he expected to make him rich, but his hopes all came to nothing."

"What was it?" "It was a contrivance for riveting Httle knobs upon the stingers of honey bees, thus rendering them harmless. He got his idea from seeing a cow with knobs on her horns to prevent her from goring."

"Why was it that his invention didn't pan out?"

"That was the strange part of it. You see, bees are queer things Teoon as he would get his little knob fastened upon the stinger of a bee the blamed thing would just sit around. tapping on the floor of the hive with it. Before he had completed his invention no bee had ever been able to make a noise of that kind. Well, sir, all the bees that had knobs on their stingers Just seemed to give up their ambition as honey gatherers, and there they would sit, proudly drumming on the Door of the hive, hour after hour, while the bees that didn't wear knobs would hang around listening, instead of going about their business. So he had to give it up; but I understand that he's working on a new thing which he expects to turn out much

"It's a machine for fastening fish scales together so they can be used in stove doors in the place of isinglass."

World's Greatest Oil Well. The scene in the Potrero del Llano district, a few miles above here, where the biggest oil well in the world has been active since January 3, 1911, cannot be adequately described. Imagine a solid column of oil shooting to a height of more than four hundred and fifty feet from a hole in the earth, with a mist of minute globules carried by the wind for more than ten miles settling down upon the vegetation and forming pools of oil within that radius; then a great lake of the fluid four miles long by three miles wide and formed by means of an earthen dam hastily thrown across a matural reservoir, and at the lowest depression of the bank of this lake a channel several feet wide leading into the Tuxpan river, through which the! overflow of oil from the wonderful geyser is constantly going to waste.-Tuxpaw (Mexico) Dispatch.

Valuable Knowledge. "And there?" we asked, as we: were ushered into a room filled with children deeply immersed in study. "They are learning." said the prin-

cipal, "the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee!" We were not a little struck. "But

is the game," we objected, "worth the Candle?"

"Oh, entirely so!" rejoined the principal "When they grow up they will be able, with very little assistance from the agent, to distinguish a car sof the current year's model from & car of the year previous, thus to save themselves much humiliation and loss of social rating."---Puck.

Like Moving Picture Shows. Marionette or puppet theaters, foramerly well beloved by the Italian residents from memories of their old home, have disappeared in New York. being replaced by the moving picture shows, but the mythological and legendary dramas familiar in the vanished playhouses are still preserved and in more effective form by the Alms of the biographs.

SOME STRANGE WEDDINGS

Three Australian Brothers Married Three Sisters on the Same Day -Two Sets of Twins.

Of strange weddings there appear to be no end, and the following are a few of the instances in point:

There are some very remarkable! coincidents in the series of Quinn-Hoffman weddings. A year or two ago, at Adelong, Australia, three brothers named Quinn married, on the same day, three sisters of the name of Hoffman; but the most curious part of it is that two of the brothers were twins and these were married to two of the Hoffman girls, who also were twins! Again, some time previous, another brother of the Quinns married another girl of the Hoffman family, so that it may be said to be an interfamily record.

A somewhat similar occurrence happened in Trail Village, England, when four sons of Mr. John Somers were married, on the same day, to four daughters of Mr. Hochsettler-a well-to-do farmer of the neighborhood. The four couples all took up abode in the vicinity.

A marriage which caused much talk at the time was celebrated in 1896, between the Marin and Rheaume families, who lived in the parish of Sainte Marie, Quebec.

The parties were neighbors, and the four sons of the one family arranged marriages with the four daughters of the other, and so pernetuated the old adage that "exchange is no robbery."---Widow.

HID HIS GOLD SINCE 1849

Virginian, Nearing Death, Shows His Housekeeper Where His Yellow Treasure is Burled.

James P. Snyder of Luray, Va., is reported to have left much money, which he had carefully guarded since the memorable California gold fever in 1849. Then a young man about twenty, Snyder, with several Virginia companions, started in search of the yellow metal.

For a time his lot was one of hardship and privation. Finally there was a turn, and Snyder was soon rated as one of the lucky ones. He continued to stay in California, all the time adding to his wealth. He never married and his housekeeper since the death of her husband has been Mrs. J. C.

Not long ago Snyder, realizing his 82 years and the consequent near approach of the end, called Mrs. Southard into a side room of his home and, pointing to the floor, said: "See that piece of carpet? Raise it up and lift ing so, Snyder gave further directions. "Get down there and take that hoe you'll find there," indicating by a point of the finger. "Now, be careful when you scratch away that dirt"-pointing to a certain spot-"as you may break something." Removing the dirt as directed, Mrs. Southard soon came upon a half gallon glass jar of California gold money which had been hidden since Snyder's western trip.

To Please the Men?

It is a fact that the impelling motive in the fashions of women's gowns, hats and other outer anpurtenances is dictated by a purpose to arouse the admiration of men? Such theory has been promulgated from time beyond the reckoning of statisticians. But how does it work when the latest dictum of fashion from Paris is announced?

According to that dictum, the fashionable woman of the immediate future will be "dressed like a Turk, a Spaniard, a Japanese, a grand dame of the first empire and a convict." Here is the combination: "Hat, Turkish turban; jacket, Spanish bolero, but with Japanese kimono sleeves: skirt, high waisted empire with 'loud,' perpendicular convict stripes." It is; to be taken for granted, of course, that the women will continue their accustomed practice of pleasing the men, somehow. But, how much will such a combination aid in producing

Woman National Bank Cashier. Miss E. M. Boynton has been elected cashler of the Bay Side, N. Y., National bank at a salary of \$2,500 a year. Miss Boynton came from her home in the west to take a place as bookkeeper in a store at Bay Side. When the Bay Side National bank was organized she became assistant cashier and of late had filled the cashier's place. Mrs. Minnie Y. Trickey, president of the Commercial State bank of Rosedale, Kan., for several years, has been re-elected for another year. Mrs. Trickey is also city treasurer of Rosedale. Mrs. Ella Dodd is said to be the only woman bank director in Delaware. She is a director and one of the principal stockholders in the Lewis National bank. Mrs. Dodd is the owner and manager of several prosperous farms.

Pearls In Cocoanute, Few people know that the cocoanuts of the Malay peninsula sometimes produce pearls that are highly prized by the natives. The stones are not unlike the pearls of the mullusks and are similar in composition to the oyster pearls, having calcium carbonate and a little organic matter. These concretions form just beneath the stem, and a pure white pearl brings a high price, as it is supposed by the natives to possess some kind of a charm. Cases have been known where the cocoanut pearl has been sold as a mollusk product. but such instances are rare.

DRESSMAKER AND NOVELIST

Unable to Spell, Marguerite Audoux, a Parls Soamatress, Vet Writes a Most Remarkable Book.

M. Octave Mirheau discovered Manrice Macterlinck. He has now discovered an illiterate seamstress who is a novelist of genius, Marguerite Audoux. She never learned how to write; does not know how to spell; but she has written a remarkable book, "Marie Claire." She earned her living with her needle and thread, and in her short intervals of leisure write her autobiography. Her sight falling her, she had to give up sewing, and, to keep the wolf from the door, thought of turning her MS, to account. The late Charles Louis Philippe, himself a novelist who described the life of the poor with much power, read her manuscript, and advised her, above all, not to try to learn style, but to go on writing as she had before. He took her MS to the Countess Mathieu de Noailles, but the latter was "scandalized by the bad spelling," and poor Charles Louis Philippe died when still a young man.

Mirbeau has now taken up the seamstress-novelist, and her novel has just been issued, with an enthusiastic preface by him. I have just read the book, and am amazed by its literary finish. Everyone who has ever read the writing of beginners knows that their overwhelming fault is to say too much. To say just enough is probably the height of art. Marguerite Audoux, the illiterate seamstress, almost reaches it. In her novel, which is just the plain, pathetic, and often tragic account of her own life, she never says too much. To tell a really unvarnished tale is, as every writer knows, the most difficult task of all. If no one has pruned her novel-and we are positively assured that no one has touched her MS, beyoud correcting the spelling-Marguerite Audoux is all unconsciously a successful disciple of Guy de Maupassant. It is said that the Academy of Ten, founded by Edmond de Concourt. thinks of awarding her its annual prize,

RUBBISH SAVED A MILLION

Brooklynites, by the Use of Street Debrls, Have Reclaimed Much Land at Coney Island.

H. Milton Kennedy tells some interesting things about the pioneer work of Brooklyn in the matter of refuse disposal. It will be news to most Brooklynites that by the use of street rubbish and ashes \$1,000,000 worth of hand has already bene reclaimed at Coney Island.

"The sanitary, economical and efficient method for final disposition of ashes and rubbish as practiced by the department of street cleaning means much for the growth of a city," Mr. Kennedy says. "Brooklyn was the first city to establish the system of transporting its wastes in cars to the outlying lowlands, thus reclaiming otherwise worthless territory, which is made habitable and which increases the city's tax revenues.

"Since its operation, beginning seven years ago, more than one million dollars' worth of land has been reclaimed in the vicinity of Coney Island and a similar work is now in progress on the shores of Flushing bay. All from Brooklyn ashes and rubbish that was formerly wasted by the expensive method of scow dumping at sea.

"Besides this, the hauling distance for the department street cleaning carts was reduced by one-half, resulting in more frequent trips and better collections. It also afforded better paving right into the collecting stations, instead of long hauls over bad roads which injured the horses' feet and increased mortality, not to mention wear and tear to equipment."-Brooklyn Eagle.

Would Chase Cats.

The other night a New York man visited friends in a New Jersey town where police dogs belo the local force in routing out burglars. These dogs are highly trained.

"In spite of that," said the man, "Max, which I believe is considered the best of them, cannot be trained to leave a cat alone. His job is to go around at night with a policeman and circle houses. If he finds a burglar at work he is trained to chase him out into the open, where the policemen can get at him. But if Max finds a cat on his trip around a house it is all off with his job. He chases that cat until pursuit is useless. I don't know what he would do if he caught a cat, because he is kent muzzled, but his nature tells him cats are to be worried and he annoys them all he can in spite of his train-

in Dead Earnest. The funeral procession was moving along the village street when Uncle Abe Burse stepped out of a store. He hadn't heard the news. "Sho," said Uncle Abe Burse, "who they buryin' today?" "Poor old Tite Harrison." said the storekeeper. "Sho," said Unele Abe Burse, "Tite Harrison, hey? Is Tite dead?" "You don't think we're rehearsin' with him, do you?" snap-

ped the storekeeper.—Cincinnati

Relics of Other Days. Miss De Peyster, a wealthy New York woman who died recently, left all her property to the New York Historical society. Some of the articles enumerated in her will have been in her family for 200 years. There willprobably be a room set aside in the nociety for the portraits and other beautiful possessions.

URGES MUSIC IN THE HOME

Ethical Culture Man Would Have Children Begin by Learning to Play on the Dishpan.

A member of the faculty of the Ethical Culture school of New York urger the development of music in the home. by unusual though simple means. He would have the growing child learn to play upon his mother's dishpan as an introduction to the keyboard of the pla no, and graduate from thrumming upon a rubber hand to the strings of a violin. He mentioned also the triangle and the xylophone as examples of the more primitive instruments a child could learn to play, and he might have extended the list with the instruments employed in the kinder-symphony-the cuckòo, the water whistle, the watchman's rattle and the other diminutive editions of the cacophonous inventions of Richard Strauss.

To carry the idea further, a child who has the laudable ambition to become the tympanist in a symphony orchestra might be taught to drum on the window pane on rainy days; he should be fed on drumsticks; he is to be encouraged to practice the reveille and the rataplan with his knife and fork on the edge of the table. Hereafter judicious parents will not throw away empty tomato cans, for, given a stout bit of twine and a piece of rosin, their noisemaking possibilities are almost infinite. By sliding downstairs children will cultivate a faculty that will prove useful in the manipulation of the slide trombone, and the use of the shoehorn will suggest the French horn and the English horn subsequently.

FINE TREES IN PALESTINE

Eucalyptus, Fig, Olive and Orange Flourish Among the Rocks on " Its Chalk Hills.

Palestine is exceptionally fitted for forestry. On its sand surfaces as on its chalk hills trees flourish and fruit in an extraordinarily short time. Eucalyptuses, for example, in three or four years reach a height and girth which elsewhere require eight or ten, and when cut off at a height of two meters develop to full trees again. It is a common thing to find great olive and fig trees growing among the rocks: The best oranges on the European market are from the land which is sand yet fetches now the highest price for orange culture. Indeed there is a jesting phrase among Jewish colonists as to Palestinian fertility: "If you but stick an umbrella in the soil you will next year get a crop of them." The orange trees are especially profitable, as they fruit two months before those of Italy and Spain, giving the advantage to Jewish shippers. Jewish nurs erymen are developing marked skill in grafting. Orange culture has now spread from the coast into Samaria. But the olive forstry is most promising. By 1912 the Jewish people will own in Palestine some 60,000 olive and fruit trees.

Mostly Sound and Fury. His honor, Judge Samuel D. Waddv. K. C., who ended his life as a

county court judge, was a nonconformist and a preacher. When he had preached his first sermon, E. E. Crispe, the author of "Reminiscences of a K. C.," says he returned to the paternal home hoping to receive his father's congratulations.

At the midday meal there was an ominous silence. This the young man at last broke by appealing "Father!" "Yes, Samuel," said the good man thus appealed to. "I have heard your sermon. There was not much theology in it."

"No. father." "Nor was there much divinity."

"No, father." "Nor description of Biblical character."

"No, father." "Nor explanation of difficult prob-

lems." "No. father."

"Not much expounding." "No. father."

"Well, Sam," said the father, with mild irony, "don't you think there ought to have been something in it?" -Toronto Mail and Empire.

Be Optimistic.

There is much in the past which we suggest ought to encourage us to face the unknown future hopefully and confidently. The pessimists are very vocal in our midst, and they doubtless play a useful part in reminding us of our imperfections, but none the less a look backward recalls to us the line of a well-known hymn: "Ye fearful saints. fresh courage take." We hope we need hardly say that we are not arguing for any careless view of life or its responsibilities. We think there is a real need for an increased seriousness in certain sections of the community in order that we may more nearly attain the level of the ideal state in which each of its members contributes something to its service. Let us be anxious about the future.-Westminster Gezette.

Woman Suffrage Advocate, Miss Marjorie Johnson is giving a course of lectures in Philadelphia. She is one of the young college women connected with the Henry Street Settlement House of New York. She was chosen by the Consumers league of New York to investigate the conditions of factory and mill operators, and while investigating them worked in several mills and factories. In her lectures in Philadelphia Miss Johnson contends that women in industrial occupations need the ballot more than

any other class.

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GUNNER WAS NOT FLATTERED

Ladies Visiting the Warship "Put Their Dirty Paws" All Over His Immaculate Gun.

A company of ladies were visiting an froncisd, and paused for a moment on the upper deck to examine the cannon. Their admiration was excited by the shining condition of the great monsters and one of the younger members of the party, standing near the gun, placed her delicately-gloved hand on the brass mountings, at the same time making some remark about its beautiful polish.

The gunner whose duty it was to keep the brasswork bright did not appear to be greatly pleased with the feminine compliments, and the ladies had no sooner moved away than he seized a cloth, sprang to the cannon which the young lady had touched, and commenced rubbing it flercely, all the while casting malevolent glances after the retreating party.

The officer of the deck noticed his action, and remarked:

"Well, Smith, you don't seem to be tickled as I should think a man would

be with all that flattery." "Flattery!" said Smith, bitterly. " 'Tain't enough for them to come and fook at it"-rub, rub, rub-"but they've got to go and put their dirty paws all over it." And he kept on scrubbing the brasswork with his fiercest en-

RESULTS OF A WRONG DIET

English Writer Says That Nearly Every Form of Disease Can Be Traced to Food.

To sum up in a word, wrong diet furnishes the raw material for every disease. Without it they are not possible. It furnishes the means by which inherited predisposition develops into active disease. In its absence we are not vulnerable to infection and contagion., Its retention in the body in the form of foreign matter is the one real disease. For disease is the accumulations of foreign matter in one part or other of the body, and all the manifold names it bears serve merely to distinguish the different conditions arising from this common cause. The locality, character and state of these accumulations may give rise to the most varying symptoms, disordering the blood, retarding the changes of the tissues, clogging the joints, irritating the nerves and generally obstructing the bodily functions.

Wrong diet is the underlying cause of consumption, rheumatism, cholera, epilepsy, cancer, bubonic and pneumonic plague, heart disease, measles, bronchitis influenza appendicitis had temper, melancholia, apoplexy, hysteria, cataract and arthritis, and is the commonest cause of suicide.

Church a Playroom.

Before the appointed hour of nine o'clock the other morning the doors of the Central Park Methodist Episcopal church were open for the convenience of the boys and girls of St. Paul who desire to take advantage of the games distributed by the Thursday club, says a St. Paul dispatch. Piled on the shelves of one of the classrooms were more than a thousand sets of games, and Miss Helen Swanstrom stood ready to hand them out to the first comers.

The boys and girls who came were overloyed at the information that they would be allowed to make use of the games right there in the church. They were glad too that the rooms would be open from 7 until 9:30 o'clock every evening, except Saturday and Sunday evenings, whengames will be given out for use in the church, but not for carrying home. Games for home use may be taken out any time on any Saturday from 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

Novelists and the Public. Surprises in the novel reading line are always pleasant. Readers are so apt nowadays to label a novelist, to say or assume that such an such a style, such and such a treatment, such and such characters, are his or hers by right of invention, or of adoption, or of anything else. And who can answer that writers do not readily agree to the fancy, or the whim, or the taste, or the judgment of the public? With might and mainthey try to live up to the label, making, as a rule, little or no effort to change the brand. "You ask for a" certain thing; here it is for you." they seem to say. "There are other draughts as good to be got from the vintage of my examination; but fearing your disapproval, I shall not attempt to provide them."--Naho Walker in London T. P.'s Weekly.

Put Out. Seymour-Aren't you living in the Ashley-No; the landlord evicted

me because I was practicing deep breathing. Seymour—That seems like an absurd reason.

Ashley--It wasn't absurd, however: expanding my chest pushed out two or three of his partitions.-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Portuguese in America. Probably the deposed king of Portsral doesn't know it-for he is not credited with being much interested in his subjects, much less ex-subjects—but there are 50,000 of his countrymen in the United States, Massachusetts runs strong with them, having about 15,000. Little Rhode Island has 2,500.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING IS BAD

May Be More Logical and Phonetic But Offends Taste of Majority of Intelligent People.

We cheerfully and gladly print, in his own incorrect spelling, Mr. Andrew Carnegie's animadversions upon the Times' "old fogy" orthography. The clothing of men and women is incorrect as it falls to follow the cumtom of the majority of the most respected wearers of clothing. Usage, not logic or even convenience, is the criterion in dress. The usage of a majority, of the best speakers and writers determines how a language should be spelled. Judged by this standard, the simplified spelling which Mr. Carnegio affects in his letter to the Times may be more logical, more phonetic, more economical than the accepted forms, but he will have to confess that it is incorrect and uncouth. It offends the taste of the majority of intelligent readers and writers.

Mr. Carnegie should not blame the teachers at Wellesley for enforcing the dictionary spellings in the compositions of its students. There are plenty of good abstract reasons why the young women at Wellesley, and, in fact, all women, should don trousers as better suited to freedom of movement than the cumbersome skirt and petticoat. In this matter the reformers of dress have all the arguments on their side, and Mr. Carnegie. we presume, would confess his prejudice in respect of custom and usage. A newspaper's business is the gathering and printing news. In conveying the news it would not affront its thousands of readers.-New York Times.

ORIGIN OF A SLANG PHRASE

"Bughouse" Started When a Telegraph Operator Found His Apparatus Short-Circuited by a Bug.

"Slang, the German word for snake. creeps into our language in spite of our vigilance," writes a correspondent of the New York World. "To illustrate: Some five or six years ago a certain telegraph operator, Joe Lilly, in a large Baltimore office, called up Cincinnati by telegraph, but could not make himealf understood, although he could easfly understand the message sent him. Then he called up other cities with the same result. Evidently something was wrong, so he notified the electrician. who on opening the box containing the transmitting apparatus found a bug which in the course of its wanderlust had short-circuited the machine.

"The other operators gave the victim a horse laugh for having a 'bughouse' transmitter. Even the messengers ac cased each other of being 'bughouse,' and inside of an hour it was flashed from one city to another. But after a while a race of employes strang up who know not Joseph, and to these the word 'bughouse' conveyed not much meaning.

"Could 'hughouse' compete with 'crazy?' Well, for a time, 'bughouse' had 'crazy' beaten, but a reaction set in when some miscreant composed the ditty, 'I May Be Crazy, But I Ain't No. Fool.' That put a quietus on 'bughouse'-a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Blaze Had Lasted Long. A delegation of officials of fire departments of western cities was on a visit to fire headquarters in New York city a few days ago and their talk turned upoon blg fires in their experi-

"We had a big fire in our city a few years ago. The blaze wasn't entirely extinguished for nearly a week,"

said one of the visitors. "A week may seem long in some cases, but we had a fire in this city that was not extinguished in two rears," said Commissioner Waldo with

"It was only the other day that I ordered a fireboat up to Riker's Island in the East River to throw water on a fire that started two years ago. The fire was in the ground that had been reclaimed from the water by dumping cinders and other refuse from the city. In spite of the rains and water the underground fire has persisted. The reduction of the cinders and refuse to ashes has caused the ground to sink."

An Old Legend. The legend of the live toad imprisoned in a solid block of coal or stone dies hard. It is to be feared that many who distrust some of the startling assertions of science are quite ready to receive this myth. The latest evidence of this extraordinary example of credulity comes from Leicestershire. It is reported that a resident, while breaking a lump of coal, saw "a live, halfgrown toad fall out on its back. I called the attention of my neighbors to it, and I thought it was dead, but in a few minutes it began to move about. so I took care of it, and have it now. as well as the piece of coal. There is a cavity in the coal where it lay. I can vouch for its genuineness."-Dundee Advertiser.

Rings Replace Straps. A newly invented substitute for the street car strap is a series of iron rings, attached to a bar running the length of the car. Each ring is fastened with a spring, and returns to a uniform position when the hand is withdrawn from it. The rings are not sightly, but their cleanliness attracts, a polished white surface being kept well scrubbed by the fransportation companies which have adopted them.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

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