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BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

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Our Furs are High Class.

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FURS.

They are within reach of everybody and everybody knows our Furs and their real qualities. Prices are lower than ever.

NECK PIECES $1.50, $2.50, $3.50, $5.00 and up.

MUFFS $1.50, $2.50, $3.50, $5.00 and up including the new large Roll Muff in Conny, Mink, Fox, Lynx, Oppossum and Angora, etc., best selections. Lowest price.

This is the Real POLO COAT Weather

and judging from the number of Coats sold they are going to be very scarce later.

Prices are reasonable, styles good. Better get one before they are all gone.

CHILDREN'S COATS in all prices, style and colors, including the most sought for Caracul.

"FORREST MILLS"--UNDERWEAR.

The Real Hand-Finished kind of

KNIT UNDERWEAR is beyond criticism.

Modern dress styles demand smooth-fitting Underwear. EVERY "FORREST MILLS" garment is cut from life measurements, accurately following the lines of the body and you will not find the straining of seams and stretching of fabric that is familiar with ordinary Underwear.

We carry "The Forrest Mills Underwear" in Ladies', Misses' and Children's.

PRICES FROM 15 CENTS TO $2.00.

Special Wednesday, Nov. 16th.

$1.25 Table Damask	98c.
75c Table Damask	59c.
$2.50 Napkins	$1.98.
$1.25 Napkins	98.

November 11, 1910 25 18

THE MAIN-COURT GROCERY.

I have disposed of all shop worn goods and moved into my new quarters in the **Main-Court Inn,** and am now prepared to furnish my customers with the

Best Fancy and Staple Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Bottled Beer

for family consumption. Also a full line of

Headley's Chocolates. Cigars and Tobacco.

FREE DELIVERY in City. East Main St.

C. & P. Phone, 205-R. Respectfully, HARRY GOSNELL.

March 25 1910 6 3



The Only Electric Light

RUBBER-TIRE Carriage for Weddings and other special occasions, Tally-Ho, Traps etc., and the ONLY HANSOM in the county, can be had at the

Palace Stables, Westminster, Maryland.

where you will find everything first class and up to date. Ladies' Waiting-room. Both Phones. 60-62-64 East Main St.



Baby Has Nerves Like Grown Folks—

Respect them. Baby can not tell you what is the trouble. Soothe the restless infant with **DR. FAHRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP** and he will sleep well, eat well and act well. This famous remedy is mother's best friend. It prevents Cholera Infantum, cures bowel complaints and Colic, makes Teething easy and safe. Can be given to babies one day old. 25 cents at druggists. Trial bottle free if you mention this paper. Made only by DRS. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md.

Photographs.— THE LEWIS STUDIO. HIGH CLASS PORTRAITS, BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS, POST CARDS, CRAYONS.

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Copies Made from any Picture.

All orders given prompt attention. Next Door to Postoffice. C & P Phone 81-f R. V. LEWIS, successor to S. S. Wilson, Westminster, Md. aug 5 10 3

Spritualistic Book.

"Secrets of Grave Yards and Crematoriums Revealed." 185 Pages, 24 Illustrations. Tells you more of the future than Mediums, Clairvoyants or Palmists know. Messages from the Spirit world. Communications from your loved ones. Tells the meaning of Dreams. How one buried alive was saved by Mental Telepathy. Key to Ruling Planets. Lucky dates for Marriage or Business Transactions. Know what is the future for you. Only Book of its kind ever published. Sent to any address. Price $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write plainly. Book will be sent in plain wrapper confidential.

DOBBIN BOOK COMPANY, MADISON AND MOORE STS, Baltimore, Md.

mar 4 10 4 1y

WEDDING INVITATIONS printed at this office cheap.

If you want Job Printing of any kind give us a call Our prices are the lowest.

Application for Transfer of Liquor License.

The following person has applied for a Transfer of License to sell spirituous and fermented liquors in Carroll county, State of Maryland, under the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January Session 1908.

Philip M. Bitzel, for transfer of license issued to Andrew J. Tawney at the brick and frame building Nos. 171 173 East Main street, Westminster, Carroll county, Md., known as The Central Hotel.

And unless cause to the contrary be shown in writing on or before the 15th day of November, A. D. 1910, the application for said transfer of said License will be granted, provided the said applicant complys with the requirements of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1908, requisite thereto.

OSCAR D. GILBERT,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll County. nov 5 2t

Application for Liquor License.

The following person has applied for a License to sell spirituous and fermented Liquors in Carroll County, State of Maryland, under the provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January Session 1908.

Oscar Baumgardner, in two-story frame building on West Side of Ridge Road, leading from Westminster to Mt. Airy, about 1 mile north of Mt. Airy, Carroll county, Md., property owned by applicant and Katie Baumgardner his wife.

And unless cause to the contrary be shown in writing on or before the 15th day of November, A. D., 1910, the application for said license will be granted, provided the said applicant complys with the requirements of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1908, requisite thereto.

OSCAR D. GILBERT,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county. nov 4 2t

NO. 4559 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

John Shaffer, Plaintiff vs. Obadiah Buckingham, Admr. et al. Defendants.

Ordered this 26th day of October, 1910, by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Obadiah Buckingham, trustee, appointed by decree of this Court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 28th day of November, 1910, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county once a week in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of November, 1910. The report states the amount of sale to be $1325.

OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk. oct 28 3t

NO. 4540 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County sitting in Equity.

William B. Nelson et al, Plaintiffs vs. John F. Nelson, et al. Defendants.

Ordered this 28th day of October, A. D. 1910, that the sales of the properties mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by William B. Nelson and Edward O. Weant, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28th day of November next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of November, next. The report states the amount of sales to be $10,847.16.

OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk. oct 28 3t

No. 4558 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Maryland. In Equity.

George L. Stockdale Assignee of Mortgagee, Plaintiff, against William F. Gray, Jennie C. Gray his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered this 4th day of November, in the year 1910, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by George L. Stockdale, Assignee of Mortgage, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of December, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 28th day of November next. The report states the amount of sale to be $290.

OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
OSCAR D. GILBERT, Clerk. nov 4 2t

WARNING NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon my farm or premises, by hunting with dog or gun, by trapping, or in any other manner, as I will enforce the law against all offenders.

oct 28 3t* J. D. NUSBAUM.

WARNING NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon our farms or premises, by hunting with dog or gun, by trapping, or in any other manner, as we will enforce the law against all offenders.

Lewis Green, Sr. Peter Ritz,
Henry R. Mathias. oct 28 3t*

WARNING NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon our farms or premises, by hunting with dog or gun, by trapping, or in any other manner, as we will enforce the law against all offenders.

Uriah Bixler, Howard E. Koontz,
Samuel V. Corbin, Levi Barnes,
John D. Kaufman, J. Harry Young.
nov 4 3t*

PAPER HANGING.

Having purchased the business of Mr. Leander Gladhill, I am now prepared to do

PAPER HANGING

in all styles. Call to see my samples.

HERSHAL G. SHIPLEY.
48 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.
C. & P. Phone.
jy 29 1y*

Real Estate for Sale.

Valuable properties of every description. Thirty-one different properties in Carroll county for sale privately

Farms ranging from 10 acres to 250 acres, at prices according to quality and locations. Town Properties and Building Lots in Westminster. Timber Tracts, &c.

For particulars apply to
W. FRANK THOMAS, Agent,
sep 6 tf Westminster, Md.

Dr. G. E. Baughman,

Surgeon Dentist,

WESTMINSTER, Md.

All kinds of Crown and Bridge Work Teeth extracted; also Filling. All work guaranteed.

OFFICE 114 EAST MAIN STREET, O POSITE UNION NATIONAL BANK.
sep 31 19

FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE AGENCY.

I am prepared to issue through the leading

FIRE, LIFE, HEALTH

and Accident Insurance Companies, Policies

Sick and Accident Benefits

from $7.50 to $25.00 per week.

Rates reasonable. A share of your patronage solicited.

Call C. & P. Phone 45-K or write.
S. C. Stoner, Agent,
145 West Main Street,
dec 19 09 1y Westminster. Md.

HOUSE and LOT known as No. 28 George St., Westminster, Md., at private sale.
oct 14 tf

SEE JAMES E. SMITH for Fire, Life-Tornado, Steam Boiler and Accident Insurance. Main and Church Streets West, minster. sept 27 1y

WE DO JOB PRINTING CHEAP.

WRITING FOR NEWSPAPERS

Probably not one reader in a hundred has paused to notice that a newspaper article is written on a plan just the reverse of that of a sermon or oration. Comparatively few ministers have analyzed the subject sufficiently to notice this fact, and their ignorance of it will often account for the reluctance of newspapers to accept matter contributed by them. It is worth the while of every man and woman to know the general plan on which newspaper articles are written, for almost everybody desires at times to announce something through the press. The mere knowledge of the theory will not make a successful writer in this or any other department, but it is the first step, says the Christian Advocate.

The skillful preacher or orator usually reserves his most important points until toward the end of his discourse closing with a climax. The skillful newspaper reporter puts his climax into his first sentence and ends with the most non-essential detail. While the novelist secures his dramatic effect by keeping the secret of his story hidden as long as possible, the reporter attains success by revealing his secret as quickly as words will let him. Both are working on principle as clearly defined as that on which a sonnet is constructed, but the modern newspaper articles is of so much more recent date that few critics have analyzed it and even many of the best newspaper writers work daily upon the foregoing principle without knowing it. No man can work many days under a metropolitan city editor without learning it. If he does not pick up the knack promptly he is given a chance to learn some other business.

The reasons for this method of construction are plain. The object of a newspaper "story" is to tell the news for its own sake. The majority of readers do not have time to read the whole of an article. What they want is a compact statement of the essential facts of an accident or a crime or a public meeting. The best newspaper is the one that gives them the pith of the whole matter in the first paragraph, following this with the more important details and closing with the least important. The reader then glances down the column far enough to get the vital facts and does not waste time on the rest. He can get a fair knowledge of the whole world's news for the day by merely reading the headlines and opening paragraphs of the paper, while perhaps but one article is interesting enough to read every line.

There is also another important cause which has contributed to this method of presenting the news with the cream always on top. As startling events do not occur in this world with any regularity, though the paper must always be issued at the same hour, it naturally follows that there is an ever-varying pressure on the columns. The reporters begin work on a morning paper at 1 o'clock on the preceding day. At the time when they do their "afternoon assignment" there may be space in abundance, and their articles may be written in considerable detail. Late in the evening there may be a great fire or some important victory on the battlefield that will suddenly demand a dozen or a score of columns. It becomes necessary to "cut" everything of ordinary importance. By that time the earlier "stories" are in type and cannot be rewritten. The condensing is done by dropping off the latter part of the article, which can be done without injuring its essential parts if it is constructed on the proper plan. Every large newspaper nightly "kills" many columns of matter in this way either before it is in type or afterward. If the vital news were scattered through the article there would be no alternative but to leave it all out.

Here is where the would-be correspondent so often meets his Waterloo. The young and ambitious editor of a country weekly gets a commission to represent his town as telegraphic correspondent of a large city daily. Perhaps there is a bad fire in the village and several lives are lost. He telegraphs a graphic account of it in detail, telling it in such a way that one must read 10,000 words to discover how many persons were killed or injured and what is the total value of the property destroyed. The "story" reaches the telegraph editor at a time when he is working under high pressure to cut down all news "to the marrow" in order to make room for some event of world-wide import. The country correspondent's matter is useless unless printed entire or rewritten. There is neither the space for the one nor the time for the other. The result is that the article goes into the waste-basket and the aspiring correspondent receives notice that his services are no longer desired.

Nearly every reporter learns this reason by hard experience and much wasted labor. Every editor has had his patience tried to the boiling point by contributions that might be used if they did not violate the first commandment of the newspaper decalogue—tell the news in the first sentence. I should not like to compute how many columns I wrote for the waste basket before I discovered this simple rule of journalism, or how many I have blue penciled or re-written for other beginners since I have attained to the dignity of "desk work." If the public had a better realization of the hard drill on such points that must precede all success in newspaper work there would be a less general impression that any man who has failed in other lines can be an editor impromptu.

Briefly stated, the chief rules for an ordinary news article are these: Tell the whole story in your first sentence, or at least in your first paragraph, and the briefer the paragraph the better. Be sure to give in your opening lines the time, place and chief actors concerned, along with the scope and nature of the event chronicled. Avoid exclamations, fine writing, flaming adjectives or editorial comment. If it is a piece of news in which timeliness is an important element, get it to your paper as quickly as your lucky stars will let you. Tell your story in the fewest words possible without omitting essential details. If you cannot shake off the hallucination that an introduction is needed, put it at the end, where the editor can cut it off.

There are a hundred other details, such as writing on but one side of the paper, leaving margins on the sheets, never rolling the copy, writing plainly, putting the name and address at the top of the manuscript and the like, which are generally known. But without the knowledge that a news article is not written like an oration all these are comparatively useless. The tendency to preach, which newspaper men call "editorializing," also causes many an otherwise news item from outside contributors to go upon the floor. It would be as great an advantage to the press as to the clergy and the laymen if the chief rules for writing a newspaper article were more accurately and widely understood.

THE PRICE OF INFLUENCE

Judge Z. A. Littlejohn, who presides over the southwestern circuit of Georgia, was in one of the small villages in his territory a short time ago shaking hands with the voters. The editor of the weekly paper came along and the judge nailed him. "Hi, Charley," said the Judge, "when I was here six months ago I gave you a dollar for a year's subscription to your paper and I have never received a copy, not one. What's the matter?"

"Why, Judge," replied the editor, "I didn't think you really wanted the paper. I thought you just gave me that dollar for my influence."

LATHAM'S OWN STORY OF HIS OVER-BALTIMORE FLIGHT

From my own viewpoint as an aviator my flight over Baltimore was an unqualified success and I sincerely trust that it may have proved so to the people from their viewpoint as spectators My only regret is that I was not able to fly somewhat lower, but so strong was the wind that a flight over the rooftops at a lower level would have been dangerous and virtually foolhardy.

As nearly as I could gauge it my average altitude was about 1,500 feet, and at that height the machine should have been clearly visible to the spectators—far more clearly visible than they were to me. From my seat the people on the streets and the high buildings looked like ants, but objects in the air are far more distinct to persons on the ground than objects on the ground are to a man in the air.

First of all, I would explain that the delay in my start was not due to my own delinquency, but to the tardiness of the man who supplied the petrol and who did not deliver the fuel until just about noon. My Antoinette was in readiness and I was on the ground, but the oil man was late and the delay was unavoidable.

In my preliminary trial of the engine before leaving the ground I found everything working beautifully, and with the knowledge that my engine was in good shape I had no misgivings as to the success of my flight. The wind, I should judge, blew about 20 miles an hour—rather too strong for comfort or absolute peace of mind, but still not sufficient to be terrifying. So, with confidence in my engine and my machine, I left the ground without any nervousness.

At the outset I circled the field a couple of times, ascending gradually to a height of about 400 feet, whence I could get my bearings and lay a course for the city. The whole country and the city lay spread out beneath me and I carried a map of the city in my head.

Once pointed toward town, I began to rise steadily, as the wind was not only strong, but also was gusty. And so I passed onward without incident, until I neared Fort McHenry, where I first heard the whistles below me and saw crowds of people grouped in various open spaces. The whistles followed me up the basin, and I almost believed that the spectators below might hear the throbbing of the engine.

From the end of the basin the course was easy, the Baltimore and Ohio Building, with its roof load of people, guiding the way to **The Sun** Building, which also I identified without any trouble. At this time especially I was anxious to descend to a lower level, but the wind is uncertain over a great city, and I did not believe in taking foolhardy chances.

So clear was the air that I could distinguish every landmark without the slightest trouble, and I felt as much at home over 1,000 feet up as if I were reading the names on the street signs. East Baltimore street stretched plainly before me, with Patterson Park, my objective point in the east, distinctly visible. At this point, from **The Sun** Building, the wind was favorable for speed, and, although I did not turn on more power, the machine traveled apace. I should judge that I ran from **The Sun** Building to Patterson Park in a trifle over one minute

By this time my hands had gotten very cold and with everything running smoothly I let go of the steering wheels and beat my fists together to restore circulation. Indeed, I believe that I even could have lighted a cigarette, had not my fingers been too numb to manipulate a match.

Arrived at Patterson Park, I found further crowds awaiting my arrival, and I hoped to myself that they were not disappointed at the big bird flying above them. Then I turned my attention to my course and swung around to head for North avenue. Here, too, the traveling was smooth and easy; Greenmount cemetery lay plain before me, with Druid Lake farther in the distance, and I could almost have closed my eyes and followed the route as laid down for my guidance. Here, also, I found time to warm my hands, and the tingling in my finger tips told me that the blood was coursing through the veins.

Few words are needed to tell the story of my trip over Druid Lake and back to North avenue and eastward, my thoughts at this time being with Mr. Winans, who had offered me a generous reward for a view of the flight. I could imagine him as I had seen him, at the window of his chamber, gazing anxiously upward and waiting for "the bird," and my one thought was that he should not be disappointed. So I laid my course as nearly as I could calculate within his line of vision and described a complete circle in front of his window, between his house and Greenmount Cemetery.

This feature performed, I started for Charles street, finding time to put a hand in my pocket and extract a card given me by a citizen to drop in the street near his place of business. Then, as close to his place as I could well navigate, I consigned the pasteboard to the wind and watched it flutter eastward.

"At the rate the wind is blowing that will reach ground near Patterson Park," thought I to myself, and I am rather curious to learn if it was picked up, or what ultimately became of it after its fall of 1,500 feet.

Right over the heart of the city I saw the whole town lay out beneath me—flat, flat, flat. Neither Washington Monument nor the highest building gave any idea of height; everything was level to my view, and looked exactly like a huge map. The aesthetic features of the city could not be appreciated—all was flatness.

And, speaking of maps, I noticed that, while Charles street seems straight on the map, it is, in reality, somewhat crooked—the mapmaker cannot deceive the aviator.

Thus, down Charles street I ran to **The Sun** Building again, and then turned Antoinette's nose westward for the last lap of our flight.

Although I steered a straight course westward on Baltimore street, the wind caught me and blew me somewhat off the course, and I brought up almost directly over Carroll Park, in spite of my efforts to keep more to the northward. Still I believe that all Fulton avenue must have seen the machine and have obtained as good a view as if I had been overhead.

Above Carroll Park I soared still higher, driven upward by my desire to get away from the wind, which seemed to blow with redoubled force at the lower level, and at this point, I estimate, I reached 3,000 feet.

In the distance the aviation field was plainly visible, and I steered straight for it in the knowledge that the worst was over. So high was I flying and so favorable was the direction of the wind that I could have made a safe landing in any one of a dozen places had my motor failed me and compelled an unwilling descent. Indeed, throughout my flight I sighted several landing places of which I had no previous knowledge, and I might have come down without trouble at two or three points along North avenue.

The flight from Carroll Park to the aviation field was easy, and my machine behaved beautifully and made a perfect landing.

So, thanks to the enterprise of **The Sun** and **The Evening Sun** in offering an inducement for the flight, the first trip in the air on a scheduled course over a city has been accomplished.

As to my sensations in the air, my brain principally was busy in calculating the strength and direction of the wind and inspiring my hands to instant and accurate action as each wind current struck me. At the same time, I found opportunity to enjoy the great flight and the view of the great city and its great crowds.

In a word, as you Americans would put it: it was "great."

H. Latham

TRADE, PRICE AND ELECTION

Business is overshadowed by the approaching election. An advance in railroad shares and bonds and in industrial securities is predicted if a Democratic majority is chosen in the next House and the Republican ticket defeated in New York State. Retail trade is expected to improve. Railroad contracts for improvements and purchases of supplies are expected in the same contingency. For this opinion no sound exists.

These expectations cause the advances apparent. The larger movements of price move downward. An European critic of the first rank, of long experience and balanced judgment, M. Leroy Beaulieu, the leading writer on the financial situation in France, deards of every order are sown thick all clares that the situation in the continent of Europe is the worst since 1871. It is certainly far worse than at any time since the Baring smash in England and the Panama Canal smash in France. Financial and economic hazards of every order are sown thick all over Europe for the next half year. Every financial center and every large financial institution is plainly preparing for stormy weather. A great strain is about to come on all European credits.

Credits in the United States are sound and no perils are apparent. In Kansas and the agricultural region about the State bank credits have suddenly become stringent. The farmers hate to sell their wheat under 90 cents a bushel and their corn close to 45 cents a bushel in Chicago. Farm shipments of wheat have shrunk almost to one-half of last year for the past four weeks. The farmers are holding their wheat and borrowing to carry it. They have to borrow from the banks to do this and are paying 8 and 10 per cent for the accommodation. The result is that the largest expansion of bank loans in the country, in the Mississippi valley and west of it, is being still more increased.

These broad conditions abroad and at home play an important part when an election is about to crystallize business and financial opinion as to the future, but the general course of prices continues unchanged. A reaction came Saturday in the security market, but taking the West, the average of sixty active railroad shares rose just short of $1 on the average. Trust securities advanced, though less. The New York bank surplus reserve fell $3,815,225, in a week and has lost $45,000,000 since the last week in August, a very unusual strain in New York bank resources. Loans are being reduced and have lost $11,000,000 in a fortnight and $144,000,000 in two months.

If shares have advanced in a fluctuating market, on whose near future no one is quite certain, grain fell through the week. December wheat fell 3 cents a bushel in New York and Chicago, and then rallied Friday in Chicago and Saturday in New York, so that the net loss was in New York only 2 cents and in Chicago less. Corn lost a cent on near options and is moving in Chicago to 40 and 45 cents a bushel. Lard, pork and provisions generally went off. In the past month these have lost in the East, lard 8 per cent and mess pork 13 per cent. This fall in staple foods of from 8 to 15 per cent on wholesale quotations has not yet affected retail prices, but it is certain to do so, as this year's great corn crop is turned into pork and beef. Sugar again declined slightly last week and in spite of crop news from Brazil that looks to better prices, coffee is certain to go lower.

As food grows cheaper the demand for textiles and boots and shoes will improve. Re-orders on worsted and woolen goods are giving work to New England mills and leading to purchases which have advanced both raw material and goods about 5 per cent in the past month. The sale in New York of 84,500,000 of carpets, began well, but did not keep its level of prices up, though the distribution was wide. Hides advanced last week on large transactions, 400,000 sold, and the demand for boots and shoes has begun to advance in New York, though little here or in New England.

Cotton rose last week and sharply on Saturday making an advance of nearly $2 a bale, but predictions of 12,000,000 and even 13,000,000 bales in the crop began to appear. The takings by mills are now normal, North and South, but cotton goods are not on a level with the raw material and the demand does not put them there.

Iron and steel are still on a waiting market, with quotations steadily yielding. The great volume of railroad traffic is, however, putting every car into motion and will soon bring railroad orders.

Phila. Press.

THE LITERARY TRAMP

Rider Haggard was traveling across the United States as the guest of John Hays Hammond in Hammond's private car.

"What I want to see," said Haggard, "is a real tramp. I haven't seen one since I reached this country. I can't believe you have as many as has been stated to be the case."

Harris Hammond, the eldest son of John Hays, promised:

"I'll show you one at the next stop."

He had seen one riding on the trucks under the car, and at the next station he went down and called the hobo out. When the tramp entered the car he was covered with cinders and dust and looked like something from the lower regions.

Hammond shook hands with him and introduced him, saying:

"This is Mr. Rider Haggard."

"Rider Haggard!" exclaimed the hobo, "Why I've read all of your books, and loved every one of them."

Then he sat down and discussed literature with Haggard for half an hour. At the end of the talk Harris took him back, let him get some of the dust and cinders off and handed him a good cigar.

"That fellow's not a tramp," said Haggard. "He's a gentleman in distress."

—Popular Magazine

NEW YORKERS VISIT TO LONDON.

London, November 5

When New Yorkers visit London during the summer months they seldom realize the difference between the climates of the world's two largest cities. In order to appreciate this difference it is only necessary to compare the Cleopatra's Needle in London with its sister in New York.

For 32 years one of Cleopatra's needles has adorned the Thames Embankment. Recently there have been rumors that it is to be removed. The cause of the trouble is that London atmosphere, with its smoke, its acid and its fog, is gradually destroying the hieroglyphics on which the people of Heliopolis gazed more than 3,000 years ago, and which had hardly lost their freshness when the needle was removed to Alexandria, the royal city of Cleopatra, a generation or so before the Christian era.

In the crisp, dry, cocktailed atmosphere of Manhattan the needle in the backyard of the Metropolitan Museum is as neat and clean as the day the Queen of the Nile teased Caesar about his bald head. The needle on the Embankment, however, looks diseased and smutty.

In spite of this visual evidence to the contrary, the patriotic London county Council that has charge of the Embankment monuments insists that the London climate is quite harmless. From one of their many authorities I learn that the obelisk simply needs cleaning. Furthermore, he states that the crumbling which has been going on for sometime has not effaced the inscriptions.

Nevertheless, even red granite, of which the obelisk is composed, has been proved not to be immune from the ravages of London fogs. There seems to be a prospect of America possessing the only Cleopatra's Needle.

Whether a preservative could be successfully employed for the monument is now a matter for consideration. Of the many preservatives for decayed stone that which has been employed most frequently is baryta water, which has the effect of arresting decay and hardening the surface. This was the preservative employed some years ago for restoring the stone work in the chapter-house at Westminster. Obviously, this interior preservation is a different proposition than that of an exposed slender column.

Within a few days, however, scaffolding will be erected around the Needle. Later we shall learn the fate of the monument that Londoners have come to regard with much affection.

HOW I BECAME AN AVIATOR

By Alfred Le Blanc

Is there any more thankless task than to search your memory and describe your life?

Sitting at this table with a pile of blank sheets in front of me, which have to be filled and whose whiteness scares me, the pen grows heavy in my hand, the words disappear, the sentences refuse to come and the memory blurs. I am going to make a poor writer of memories.

I feel that were I only three or four hundred meters up in the air in these hours of the morning when sky and earth wed and unite, were in my true element, serene and calm, I might possibly tell of my life.

It is a few moments after the start. You glide, or lose yourself, in silent motion. There in the vast, quiet space would be a good place to look backward and live your past over again.

Lonely and full of plenty of hard work my childhood passed, dreary and uneventful, silent as the clouds I pass on my way through the air. Ask myself as much as I would I could not find any vocation that seemed to call me.

My first experience in aviation I met nearly 30 years ago. Contrary to most of my colleagues, who began as pilots and then became constructors, I started as a constructor. It is true that I was only 12 then—I am forty now—and I constructed kites. I had a mania for making them big. Being a genuine Paris boy, I tried them at Buttes-Chaumont, as old tradition demands; but, alas, I was a poor constructor and none of my kites would fly, except one which on a windy day, nearly carried me away with it. I shall never forget the wonderful feeling of being raised off my feet, carried on the wings of the wind. The cord, a fine Brittany linen one, light and strong, cut into my fingers. Then it broke, and, to my great despair, away went my kite. This was my first fight with the winds. I have later taken my revenge, last time between Charleville and Douai.

But I soon had to give up kites for mathematics. At an early age I became charmed with the exact sciences. My love of these and of sport gave me the greatest pleasures of my youth. I entered a metal factory, where, after working as a plain laborer, I finally became superintendent.

Several of those who during long years working at my side or under my orders have done as I—have left the workshop and entered the struggle for the conquest of the air. I have been the boss for some, the subordinate of others. All have remained my friends, and of that I am proud. Aviation is the most equalizing and the most cordial of sports. Liberated from the daily treadmill and its sterily egotism, all of us—former masters and employers—are now struggling with the same adventurous and noble task. There is nothing so powerful, nothing that brings hearts more closely together than a common ideal.

I made my first flight in 1904, six years ago. A friend of mine, M. Auguste Nicalleau, member of the Aero Club, initiated me and became my teacher. If today I possess some knowledge of things aerial it is to him and to my practice in a baloon I owe it. I consider this novitiate indispensible to aviators. It was while balooning I became acquainted with air currents, that I learned to keep a cool head in a whirlwind and give battle to it. To have overcome the resistance of nature is a very fine thing, but you must also learn to conquer its hostility.

It is only a year since I gave up myself to pure aviation and that I made my first trip in a monoplane. But since March, 1907, when Bleriot made his first attempts, I have never ceased to believe in the rapid, triumphant and certain progress of this admirable sport.

Like Bleriot, who became my teacher, with him and for him, I am proud to say, I have never ceased to have faith with all my will and all my heart in his final success. After a term at the school of aviation at Pont Long, near Rau, where I was the first pupil, I received my pilot's certificate and unhesitatingly gave up the management of my factory to devote myself body and soul to the task I had set myself. I have followed Bleriot in all his feats, from the memorable flight from Etampes to Chevilly, on July 13, 1909, until his glorious and never-to-be-forgotten crossing of the Channel 11 days later.

When I decided a few months later, to try my own wings it was less because it was my own interest to do so, but because of the pleasure I take in flying. In spite of very flattering offers made me from all sides, I have never consented and never will consent to take part in any exhibition of flying in any country. When I consented to go to America to fly for the Gordon Bennet Cup it was because I saw an opportunity to maintain the superiority of French aviatiaon.

When I return I shall devote my best efforts to the school of aviation founded by Bleriot, who has done me the honor of asking me to become its head.

I will teach all my dear pupils, who are nearly all young men, future pioneers of the air, whose enthusiasm supports my own, in accordance with the peripateric method, and on long strolls with them along the highways of the air I will teach them the secrets of their profession, the dogmas I have found through my own experiences, courage and tenacity, the two main wings on which they must rely.

I will tell them about the "circuit de Pest," that memorable ramble which marked a giant stride forward in French aviation and definitely conquered the hearts of the whole people.

Far be it from me to attribute its success to myself.

The battle is won. The present enthusiasm is not a passing mood. One of the oldest and most cherished dreams of man is near the springtime of its fulfillment. In the joy of this, old quarrels are forgotten. Science and poetry have become reconciled, the brows smoothened, the eyes brightened. It is the blue truce!

WHY A CAT FALLS ON ITS FEET

(From the London Globe)

A scientist has constructed an ingenious model to show why a cat in falling invariably alights on its feet. This model, roughly speaking, consists of a cardboard cylinder, wherein are stuck four rods to serve for legs, together with a tail devised on similar principles. The object of the experiment is to show that a feline's peculiar faculty depends on the rotation of its tail with sufficient vigor.

This faculty is specially developed by climbing and leaping animals, such as members of the cat tribe, monkeys, squirrels, rats and most lemurs. As already stated, the tail plays an important part in the turning process. According to the investigator all tree-inhabiting monkeys have long tails, and there is not the slightest doubt that these tails are of great aid to all climbers in enabling them to turn in the air. The tail also serves as a balancer, as evidence in the case of a squirrel, which may be seen walking along a tightly stretched wire or string, swinging its tail from side to side much after the manner of a tight-rope walker balancing himself with a pole.

While Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, fiddled, a man named Bass ran in New Hampshire, and a Tener was a candidate in Pennsylvania. Let's all sing the standpatter's doxology.

—Washington Herald

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