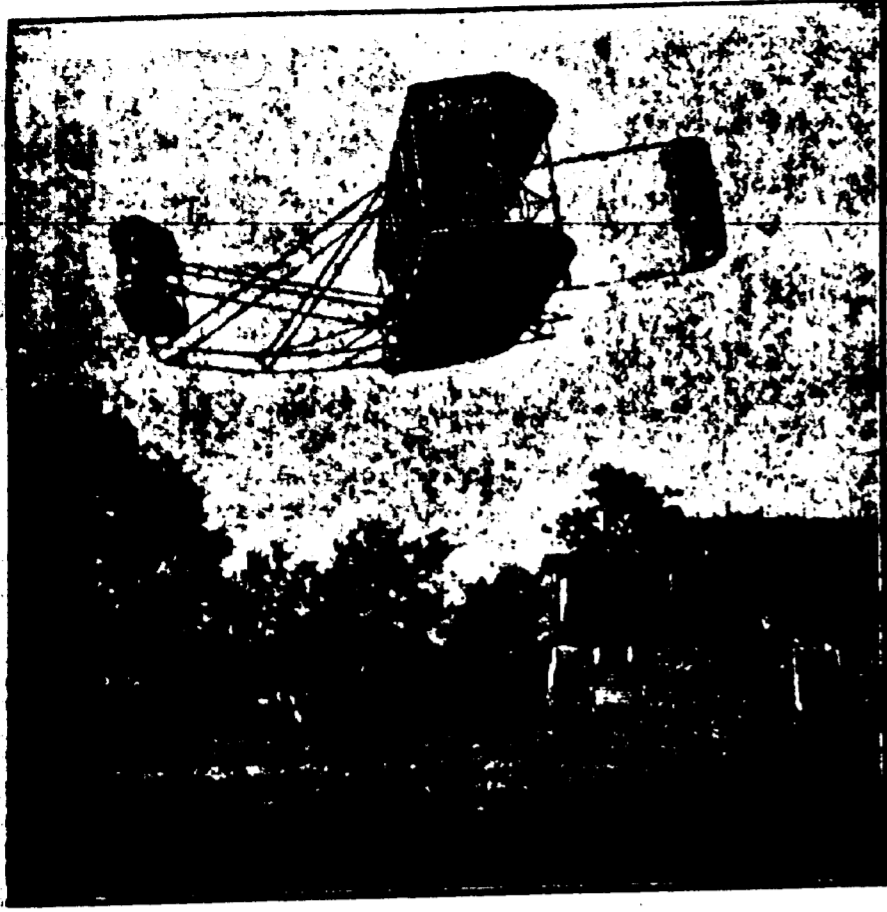


FLIGHT OF THE AEROPLANE



The above photograph shows Wilbur Wright, the famous American aviator, flying over the race track at Le Mans, France.

BARON QUILTS WORK

RESIGNS AS PANTRYMAN TO RESUME TITLE.

Will Return to Prussia, Where Fortune of \$40,000 Awaits Him—Come Over Here—Wed American Heiress.

New York.—Herr Alexander von Waldenburg of Prussia will sail for his native land in the storage of one of the big Atlantic liners soon. He is a citizen of the world who has been everything, from an officer in the German Imperial guards to a scullery man in a fourth-rate Staten Island hotel. He is going home to get \$40,000 which he inherited from his great-grandfather, who was Prince Augustus of Prussia, a nephew of Frederick the Great.

Von Waldenburg for the last few weeks has made his home in an unpretentious little lodging on West Thirty-sixth street, and it was there he read in a German newspaper a Berlin solicitor's advertisement asking information of Capt. Alexander von Waldenburg. He saw as the crow flies to the German consul's office and proved his identity to that official.

Prince Augustus of Prussia, von Waldenburg's great-grandfather, was a son of Prince Ferdinand, the youngest brother of Frederick the Great. Prince Augustus was fond of the society of fair women. When he died he left two illegitimate families, one family of them the children of Mme. Frederica Wickman, who was ennobled as baroness von Waldenburg. Her son Edward left a son Edward, who in turn left four children, one of them Alexander, the man who will sail for Germany.

Alexander von Waldenburg is 35 years old and was educated at Bonn, received a commission in the army and became a captain in the Imperial guards. He then came into a handsome property which him by an uncle, and turned from the army to the joy of living. In a short time he had run almost through his inheritance, and it was then that he set sail for America. He landed in New York with \$1,000 in his pocket and an avowed purpose of marrying a rich American wife. Having heard that they were to be had in large numbers at the Waldorf Astoria, he registered there on his arrival, but on his first night he was invited to take a hand in the national game and when dawn stole through the curtains his solitary \$1,000 had vanished like a mist.

After a good sleep he went to the head porter and obtained employment on his staff, and for a month hustled trunks on and off the freight elevator. After he gave up that job he became a turn a waiter, an insurance agent, a book canvasser, a riding master and a pantryman in a hotel at Tottenville, Staten Island.

Von Waldenburg said that he had eaten all the husks he ever mean, to eat, and that when he collects his \$40,000 he means to nurse it. He will also resume his title of baron when he gets back to Berlin, and will take his rightful place in society.

HAD "HOURGLASS STOMACH."

Autopsy on Once Stout Woman Reveals a Rare Disease.

London, Ind.—After having been treated unsuccessfully by several physicians during her lifetime for a mysterious disease, Mrs. Edward Walton died, and an autopsy revealed that she had been afflicted with what is known as an "hourglass stomach." There was a contraction through the middle, making practically two stomachs, and to a great degree destroying the functions of the organ.

The case is regarded as remarkable, and none of the doctors had ever seen anything of the kind, though all had seen of rare cases in the medical journals. Prior to her affliction, Mrs. Walton weighed 210 pounds, but at the time of her death she had wasted away until she weighed little more than 100 pounds.

BUILD HIS BODY FOUR TIMES.

But Human Freak Outlived Three of His Buyers.

Grand Junction, Col.—Fred Vincent, 42 years old, who had sold his body four times to as many physicians and outlived those to whom he had given a bill of sale, committed suicide by swallowing poison.

The act was done in the R royalty club saloon and was deliberately planned, as Vincent told at least six persons that he was about to take his life. He secured the drug at a local drug store in the morning and went from the store to the R royalty club saloon. There he asked William Gould,

the bartender, for a glass of water, saying: "Give me a glass of water, Bill. I am going over the road."

The bartender gave him the glass of water, thinking he was joking, and Vincent swallowed the poison and then went to his room, where shortly afterward he died.

Vincent killed himself because of his physical condition. Five years ago his body became filled with cancers and he sought treatment in Chicago at an institute, where his hands were burned by an X-ray machine and so badly disfigured and injured him that he could not work. He told friends that he would rather die than become a charge on the world, and made every preparation to take his life.

Vincent was 6 feet 6 1/2 inches tall and had worked as a farmhand for years. Every bone in his body was double jointed, and the cancers came about five years ago. He spent the last year in Chicago undergoing treatment, but he grew worse instead of better.

Physicians marveled at the construction of his body, and a St. Louis doctor, a Pennsylvania doctor and a Denver surgeon purchased his body, and it is said that the Chicago institution now holds a bill of sale for it. The three surgeons who purchased his body have died.

PAINTINGS TO COST \$45,000.

Mural Decorations to Adorn Chicago's Federal Court.

New York.—Mural decorations which are to cost \$45,000 will adorn the United States courthouse in Chicago, where Judge Landis imposed a fine of \$29,000,000 on the Standard Oil Company and where Judge Grosscup reversed the decision. A commission for the paintings has just been given to William Brantley Van Ingen of this city, who had a share in beautifying the federal building in Indianapolis and other structures.

Mr. Van Ingen's contract calls for a piece eight feet high for each of the five rooms, which are 75 feet square. There are also to be some minor decorations. A firm of decorators in Chicago is associated with Mr. Van Ingen. This courthouse is in the judicial district which consists of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana, and the paintings will suggest the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the region and the natural resources and beauties of the four commonwealths. One painting is to be emblematical of the great lakes, and another of the law. That he might get all the information possible, the artist has consulted both Judge Landis of the United States circuit court and Judge Grosscup of the board of appeals, who reversed the decision of the jurist of Kenosha.

Part of the work will be done in Mr. Van Ingen's studio, while the remainder will be done in Chicago. The paintings must be finished in a year.

Parson Vigorous at Ninety. Media Pa.—Rev. Dr. David Tully, the venerable pastor emeritus of the Media Presbyterian church, reached his ninety-third birthday today, and is still hearty and active and in possession of all his faculties. His favorite pastime at present is working in a large vegetable and flower garden in the rear of the church, which is a model.

A few weeks since he attracted the attention of passers-by when seen on the narrow cornice of the mansard roof of his home sailing on a mosquito netting.

FIGHTING FORMOSAN TRIBES.

Abrorigines Willing to Give Up Enemies' Skulls.

Several weeks ago ten communities of the Nan-ow aboriginal tribe in the Gran province of Formosa proposed to the government to submit, says the South China Post. Upon this the government gave them the following terms of conditions under which the government was disposed to admit their submission:

- The aborigines concerned should hand over to the government those skulls which had been cut off the bodies of the other tribes whom they killed and are keeping in their houses according to their habits.
- The arms and ammunition should all be surrendered to the government.
- The aborigines agreed to the former condition, but many of them objected to the latter, and thereupon they gave up the idea of submission. Since then they are again offering resistance against the government troops, appearing here and there in the vicinity of the Aiyu line (a guard line established by the government against the unsubjugated aborigines), but the government troops having finished the construction of their guardhouses, telephone lines and wire entanglements, and thus almost attaining their object, are now chiefly paying attention to their guard service, attaching less importance to their submission.

NERVES THAT STOP WORK.

Oders Unnoticed After a Few Minutes—Unriling Heart.

The most easily tried nerves in the body are the nerves that smell. They can detect the faintest whiff of perfume, says Stray Stories.

As you pass in the rose garden, the quantity of perfume that gets into your nostrils must be many millions of billions of times smaller than the tiniest grain of sand. But rub the strongest perfume to your mustache, and in a few seconds you fall to notice it, the nerve of smell is so quick-ly fatigued.

The heat nerves and cold nerves, which are quite distinct from the nerves of ordinary sensation, also stop working very quickly. A bath that seems quite hot when you first step into it, very soon ceases to cause any particular feeling of heat.

Nerves of hearing and sight can go through an enormous amount of work. For 16 hours a day they work hard, and are still willing to do more.

The nerves of the heart are the most unriling of all. From the first dawn of life until the last gasp, they work without stopping for one instant.

One on the Sankey. A story told by the late Ira D. Sankey on himself, has been revived since the evangelist's death. One day he entered a Swiss shop and asked to see some music boxes. The salesman graciously showed him a number, but none was what he wanted. "Have you none that play sacred music?" he asked. "Why," answered the salesman, "we have some that play a kind of half-way sacred music." "What?" inquired Mr. Sankey. "Oh, these Moody and Sankey hymns; I can't imagine what the people see in them, but we sell thousands of the boxes that play them." "We have enormous orders for these boxes," continued the salesman, "from every part of Europe," and then he added, apologetically, "it's a matter of business you know, with us."

Suspicious.

Senator Penrose, a few days before he set out on his hunting trip in the Rockies, said of a political movement to a political reporter of Philadelphia: "Their words are suspicious, like the words of a wine merchant and his wife."

"This couple were inspecting a building on the Penrose estate that they thought of renting. The water was, unfortunately, poor. "Tasting the water, frowning, and shaking his head, the merchant said: "It would do, at a pinch, for my inferior wines; but how about my champagne and vintage wines?" "Couldn't you filter it?" the wife asked."—Philadelphia Record.

Origin of the "Ghost."

The most popular creature in theatrical circles is "the ghost," and the ghost is said "to walk" when salaries are paid. The credit for originating this phrase belongs to a company of English strolling players, who, although their salaries had long been in arrears, were rehearsing "Hamlet." The rehearsal progressed, but when Hamlet, referring to the ghost, ex-claimed: "Perchance 'twill walk again; that sordid spirit yelled back again emphatically: "No! I'm d— if the ghost walks any more until our salaries are paid!"

Object to Memorial.

Successful objection has been made by the medical and scientific men of Berlin to the form of the proposed memorial to Virchow, which is not a statue of Virchow, but introduces as the chief group a symbolic representation of his life-work in the form of a struggle between a giant and a fabulous beast, while on a pedestal a medallion portrait of Virchow is placed.

Had No Chance.

Jones (at side of friend killed in train wreck)—What were his last words, Doc? Doctor (attending the victim)—There were some. His wife was present.—Bohonian Magazine.

THEIR MONEY IN OLD BOOTS.

How Russian Farmers in Kansas Hid Their Wealth.

"Ellis county has more money hidden in tin cans and old boots than is deposited in the banks," said Val E. Gross, a banker and broker of Hays City, Kan., to a correspondent of the Washington Post.

"Old boots are the proper thing," continued the Kansas banker, "because the people who hide their money in our county, as a rule, have no old socks to use for that purpose. They do not wear socks. They are Russians, who have no working knowledge of our banking system, and who show no disposition to learn much about it.

"They do their own banking. Their strong box consists of a tin can or an old boot, and their safety deposit vault is a hole under the barn or in the cellar. When they want to buy something, they pay cash for it. When they sell something they demand the cash and hide it."

"It is a conservative estimate to say that more than half of the actual cash of Ellis county is hidden. Our deposits come chiefly from the Americans. Comparatively few of the Russians do any banking business. We have conducted a campaign among them for years, and some of the younger element are beginning to patronize us. But the oldtimers are still holding off, and probably will continue to do so for the rest of their lives.

"Perhaps 70 per cent of the people of Ellis county are Russians. More strictly speaking, they are German-Russian. Originally they went from Germany to Russia, and later came to this country. They are a sturdy, honest, people, industrious, very religious and great money savers. As debt-payers they are celebrated. They never hide behind the statute of limitations. If a Russian buys a horse of a farm, he is just as sure to pay for it as he lives. Mortgage are only used as protection in case of death."

UNIQUE DIVING FOR FISH.

Curious Method Employed by the Natives at Panlaung River.

A unique method of fishing is employed by natives along the Panlaung river, says the Rangoon Gazette.

Two dugout boats are employed about 20 feet long, with two men with long poles, one in the bow, the other at the stern punting the boat along.

They stretch a long rope made of bamboo and plaited grass about 100 yards long and weighted about every ten yards with big stones. This they let down into the water and the fish are frightened toward the bank.

The divers then jump in three at a time, remaining down about 20 seconds.

They carry gaffs about 18 inches long and hooked with cords attached. When they strike a fish they let go the gaff and the fish is hauled up in the boat.

Motoring in Palestine.

Atropos of the trip of American tourists who were the first to enter Palestine with a motor car, the consul at Jerusalem, Thomas R. Wallace, reports that the tour was made with ease, even roads that had been pronounced impracticable for motor cars being traversed without difficulty. He says that great interest has been aroused throughout the district, and that a number of people are talking of investing in cars. He recommends a light, strong car, with good clearance, a good hill climber, and of medium price, and suggests that a medium and supply shop would add greatly to the chances of sales. At present permission from the Turkish imperial government must be obtained to travel through the country in motor cars.

Lead in Pottery.

A committee has been created by the British government to consider the dangers attendant on the use of lead in pottery, and to report how far these can be obviated by improved appliances and methods in lead processes by the limitation of the use of lead, by the substitution of harmless compounds for raw lead, or of other materials for lead, and by other means. The committee is also instructed to consider the danger and injury to health arising from dust or other causes in the manufacture of pottery, and the special rules regarding the decoration of earthenware and china.

Drawing Sparks from Belt.

To show how great may be the generation of static electricity in German factories, Prof. M. M. Richter has drawn sparks an inch to an inch and a half long from a five-inch belt on a wheel making 10,000 revolutions a minute. The risk of explosion in dust of gases seems to have been overlooked. Coating with bronze or aluminum powder prevented static charges while a weekly application of acid-free glycerin was a remedy, and added durability to the leather.

Miss Ann Teak Chased.

"Since Miss Ann Teak has her electric phaeton she speeds so that she keeps the bicycle cops busy." "Why does she do it?" "She says it's so exciting to be chased by a man."—New York Evening Sun.

In the Billville Precinct.

"Colonel, did you ever know the office to work the man?" "Yes, sir; and it stumbled over him and hurt itself!"—Atlanta Constitution.

IS AN AUTO-STIMULANT.

Rest Head on Table and Ideas Flow Anew.

"An auto-stimulant, a self-stimulator, something within yourself which instantly will turn your tired and jaded brain to a fresh and vigorous one."

The speaker, a reporter, increased the power of the electric fan.

"Yes," he said, "I am the inventor of the auto-stimulant, and I'll give you the recipe. It is simply to work with your head lying on the table."

"The discovery, like all great discoveries, was accidental. I was engaged on a murder story. I wanted to write a fine yarn, but I was tired and stale. I hadn't slept the night before, and out of my dried-up brain not an idea would flow.

"In disgust and weariness I laid my cheek on the table. My mind at once seemed a little brighter. I took my pen again, and in that ridiculous position I dashed off easily the brilliant and strong introductory paragraph on which, upright, I had worked vainly for an hour. I kept on writing. My thoughts flowed well, my mind seemed quite fresh."

"If, however, I lifted my head I was again seedy and jaded and unable to write anything commonplace. So I wrote all my story with my cheek on my desk, and a better story I never turned out, nor one that flowed more easily."

"My doctor says that lowering the head that way sends the blood to the brain, the same as a stimulant does, only more so."

"That is the explanation, and there's your recipe—an auto-stimulant, worth all the alcohol or cocaine or coffee in creation."

HIS WAS A NATURAL ERROR.

Airship Is Mistaken for His Satanic Majesty by Negro.

A group of aeronauts were telling balloon stories in the smoking room of a Chicago hotel. Capt. R. E. Honeywell, who, with the fielding Antonio balloon was later to break all long-distance records, laughed and said: "The great Elvort made a balloon ascent from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunderstorm came

up. Elvort, amid buckets of rain, the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning, was blown about like a little dingy. On toward midnight he found himself over a plantation and threw out his anchor—a grapnel at the end of a long rope.

"It happened that a colored man had died in one of the huts of this plantation the morning. A dozen friends of the dead man sat in the soft summer night before the but telling ghost stories."

"Suddenly in the darkness above them they heard strange noises—a flapping as of great wings, menacing cries. And they saw dimly a formless black shape."

"All but one man ran. This the man, as he covered on his stool, the ill luck to be seized by the grapnel."

"The grapnel, going at a great pace, whirled him up four or five feet in the air and jerked him along at the rate of 15 miles or so an hour."

"Oh, massa, massa," he yelled, squirming and kicking in that strange flight. "Dis was de one! I see not de cause!" "Dis in de house dah! In de house dah!"

"Oh Lawd, How Long?"

In the course of a speech not long ago Representative John Sharp Williams illustrated his point by a story of an old colored woman in Alabama whose extreme age and helplessness were such that her neighbors felt called upon to supply all her needs. The aged negroess was very grateful for all such attentions, and never failed to express her gratitude—therefore in original language.

"It appearing one day that she could not sufficiently thank the son of an old friend who had brought her some choice fruit, the old woman said:

"You is powerful good to a pore ole woman like me, wid one foot in de grave an' de oder acrying out: 'How long, oh Lawd, how long?'"

Cheerful Ignorance.

"You'd be surprised," said the woman who is supposed to be wise, "how many people are perfectly ignorant of the correct way to write acceptances and regrets when they are asked to entertainments. It would pay some enterprising woman to go around writing them for those who don't know how. You'd be amazed to see the people who come to me to ask how it is done or get me to write them. And," she admitted, "if the truth must be told, I don't know so awfully much about it myself."

The Stay-Away Cure.

Mrs. Eze—Good-bye. I'm sorry my husband isn't in. I wish I knew some way of keeping him at home a little more.

Mrs. Wye—Let him buy a motor car.

Mrs. Eze—Why, he'd be out more than ever then.

Mrs. Wye—Oh, dear, no! Mrs. Dasher tells me her husband bought a motor a few days ago, and the doctor says he won't be out for six weeks.—Illustrated Bits.

The Higher Life.

"Why don't you go to work instead of begging and boozing?" "I will, boss, as soon as there's an opens in my trade. An' I ain't got long to wait, neither."

"What is your trade?" "I'm a track walker for aeroplans hase."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

DEWEY HAS YOUTHFUL CHUM.

Ten-Year-Old Charlie Taft Is Admiral's Great Friend.

Wouldn't it be nice, boys, to have a real, sure enough, big, live admiral for your best chum?

That is what Charlie Taft, ten-year-old son of the Republican candidate for president, has in Admiral George Dewey of their dad's big navy. The admiral is Charlie's next door neighbor. They're great chums, says the Toledo News-Be.

Charlie went to the Philippines with his father just when the admiral's fame was at its zenith. There he heard a whole lot about the admiral. The first thing he did when he returned was to go down to his home and ask for his autograph.

He got it. More than that, he won a staunch friend in the admiral. Since then he has visited him often, and they've taken many a carriage ride together. About a year ago the admiral moved down town next door to the Tafts. Since then Charlie and the admiral have become real chums.

Charlie doesn't think half so much of the army as he used to, and he is disgusted with the idea of his father being elected president.

"I'd rather be in a big battle like you were," he told the admiral the other day, "than to be president a dozen times. I don't think much of being president, anyway. If we were to have a war do you think they'd let the president fight? Not much. All he could do would be to sit in the White House and read the dispatches."

BISHOP POTTER HAS PARABLE.

Bogus Coin the Equivalent of Untor-tunate's Affliction.

Bishop Potter did not approve of reckless aimiviging. Once he was stopped on the street by a beggar as he was hurrying home to his dinner. However, he was never in too much of a hurry to give his time when there was a possibility of his being of use, so although he was hungry, and he knew that a savory meal awaited him, he stopped to listen to the man.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Can you help a poor blind man to a night's lodgin'?" came the tremulous voice of the man. "I haven't a penny in my pocket, sir."

The bishop sized him up for a moment, and noted that he was a rugged-looking specimen, inclined to the Howery type. One eye was closed, and a patch was over the other. Something attracted the bishop's attention, and he looked away for a moment, and then, turning quickly back, he caught the beggar in the act of giving a near-by friend a wise wink with the closed eye.

Instantly the bishop put his hand in his pocket and drew out a bogus piece of money that some one had passed to him in change during the afternoon. Holding it out toward the man, he said:

"If I should give you this particular coin don't you think that my aim would just about suit your affliction?"

Lord Wolsey Lacks Cash.

Lord Wolsey, who used to be known in England as "our greatest general," is in straitened circumstances and has given up his residence, the Farmhouse, Glynde, Sussex, owing to the expiration of his lease, and the furniture and contents of the modest little mansion have been disposed of by auction. The distinguished soldier has received in his time several liberal grants from a grateful country for services rendered to it, but it is understood that his lot has now fallen on rather evil times—the more so as his state of health has prevented him from completing his "Life of Marlborough." Still, the suite of apartments that was granted him and Lady Wolsey at Hampton Court palace remains at their disposal.

Driven Out of Berlin.

Miss Anna Morgan, heiress to \$100,000,000, says a Vienna paper, was driven out of Berlin, where she hoped to study politico-social conditions, by the beggars, high and low, nobility and others, who no sooner heard of the arrival of the rich American girl than they set siege to her dollars. Individuals, societies, churches, charitable institutions and promoters of business schemes wrote, telegraphed and sent messengers. It all looked funny to the young woman at first, but it became a nuisance, from which she escaped by means of her automobile, in which she hastened to a nearby summer resort.

Wanted a Hatched Baby.

Manager Knight of the Scottish national exhibition at Edinburgh has received the following from a little girl: "I heard you hatch babies in incubators. Do you give any away? If you don't, I'd like one about \$5 (75 cents), one that has been hatched for a week or two. I would like a fair-haired and blue-eyed little girl, one that is nice and healthy and does not squeal much. If you have no fair-haired at \$5, a brown-haired and brown-eyed girl will do. It must be healthy and a girl. I will not have a boy."

Turtles Furnish a Business.

Capturing giant turtles seems to be a profitable business along the Maine coast. A 1,000-pound one was recently taken in these waters, and so great a curiosity was it that the two captors promptly exchanged it for a perfectly good check for \$350. The purchasers, present day P. T. Barnums, hope to reap a small fortune by exhibiting the turtle at county fairs.