ARMADA OF THE AIR

PLAN FLYING MACHINE FLEET FOR THE UNITED STATES.

Congress Will Be Given Chance to , Watch Trials at Which Wright Brothers Will Fly Aeroplanes.

Washington - A well-fitted fleet of Sacrial vessels for this country in the mear future, as a means of protection against more advanced. European nations, is the prospect which is urging on those interested in the trials to be held at Fort Myer. With congress in session the proximity of the trial grounds to Washington is looked upon as a lever to force an appropriation for the continuance of experiment work.

Members of congress are to be given a practical demonstration of the progress that has been made in aerial flight and of its possibilities in warfare. The Bignal corps in making an early start in its trial at Fort Myer has in view the opportunity which these tests will offer to impress the national law makers with the necessity for appropriating sufficient money with which the aeronautical division may make a beginning toward the establishment of an aerial navy. France, Germany, Russia, Italy and other countries of Europe have kept abreast of the times by obtaining the latest equipment for aerial flight, while the United States has but one small dirigible and only two free balloons of any practical

As soon as a hydogen gas generating plant is set up at Fort Myer the officers of the signal corps will begin to train the men in the balloon squad by making numerous flights in the signal corps No. 11. This is a new spherical balloon, having a capacity of 35,000 cubic feet of gas and carrying three people. It has made several successful trips since it was purchased last sum-

As soon as the tent for housing the dirigible has been erected Lieuts. Frank P. Lahm and Benjamin D. Fouliers will resume the flights which were terminated in October last.

One of the trips proposed is to cross the Potomas from Fort Myer and fly over the capitol building. The dirigible, the only one in the possession of the government, was purchased last summer from Capt. Thomas S. Baldwin, after he had complied with the specifications. At that time the requirements were considered extremely difficult of accomplishment with a semi-rigid balloon.

The areoplane trials at Fort Myer will begin soon. A. M. Herring of New York, a pioneer in aviation, is due to deliver his machine at Fort Myer near the latter part of May.

The Wright brothers hold the other contract for the delivery of an aeroplane, but their work is so well known that their machine will not arouse the same amount of curiosity which will be evinced in the appearance of the Herring machine. Mr. Herring has formed a partnership with Glenn H. Curtiss, the aeroplanist, and it is understood that they and the Wright brothers have patents pending on an automatic controlling device which is expected to revolutionize the present efficiency and stability of heavier than air machines. Their appearance at Fort Myer at practically the same time is significant. The Wright brothers have fully demonstrated their ability to fulfill all the requirements of their contract with the government, and their experiments in Europe for the purpose of increasing their speed will offer the only new feature to their trials.

Orville Wright, who has announced his intention of completing the trials at Fort Myer in spite of the fact that he has just fully recovered from the serious injury which he suffered in the accident to his machine last September, has, while in Europe, constructed a new motor intended to materially increase the speed of the Wright machines. The Herring Curtiss aeroplane is not expected to offer any materially new features as to the carrying surface, being, it is understod, similar to the Junebug and other machines of the Aero Experiment association. The motor, however, if successful, will be a marvel of light construction and durablifty.

This motor is described as having five treated chrome nickel steel cylinders, set radially around a single shaft. Its total weight, including the flywheel, spark coils, carburetors and part of the containing frame, is said to be only 25 pounds, while it develops 22-horse power. Two of these motors will be used on the aeroplane intended for the government, which is to weigh approximately 200 pounds.

.....Giri is Basebali Captain.

Seattle, Wash.—The senior law class has established a precedent at the University of Washington by electing its one woman member, Miss Blanche Wunk, as captain of its baseball team. The election of the pretty co-eds has nothing in it of the facetious, as the "senior laws" assert she is an able critic of the great American game and will provide the nine with an efficient

Plan Transatiantic Air Trips. New York.—Fantastical as the idea may seem, steps have been taken to incorporate the Europe-American Navigation society, which proposes to promote the flights of dirigible balloons seross the Atlantic ocean. Justice Hendrick of the supreme court recently approved the certificate of incorporation and the papers were sent

BATTLE MUSIC NOT MARTIAL

British Soldiers Prefer Music Hall Songs to Heroic Hymna When They Go Into Action.

It is an understatement of deeds of heroism which delights the British soldier, declares Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in 'Through the Magic Door." Anything in the least "highfalutin" would depress a body of English troops; German troops can march to battle singing Luther's hymns; Frenchmen will work themselves into a frenzy by a song of glory; but English poets need not imagine that martial song is what the British soldier needs. as these instances testify.

Our sailors, working the heavy guns in South Africa, sang: "Here's another lump of sugar for the bird." I saw a regiment go into battle to the refrain of "A little bit off the top." The martial poet, unless he had the genius and the insight of a Kipling, would have wasted a good deal of ink before he got down to such chants as these.

The Russians are not unlike us in this respect. I remember reading of some column ascending a breach and singing lustily from start to finish, until a few survivors were left victorious upon the crest, with the song still go-

A spectator inquired what wondrous chant it was which had warmed them to such a deed of valor, and he found that the exact meaning of the words. endlessly repeated, was "Ivan is in the garden picking cabbages."

The fact is, I suppose, that a mere monotonous sound may take the place of the tom-tom of savage warfare, and hypnotize the soldier into valor.---Youth's Companion.

GIFT OF CHINESE EMPRESS.

Miss Carl, Portrait Painter, Has an Interesting Jewel Presented by Tsi Ann.

Miss Katherine Carl, the portrait painter, has an interesting jewel, presented to her by the empress of China, which reveals Tsi Ann, even amid her cares of state, as a remarkable enthusiast for the minor harmonies of life.

It was while Miss Carl was living at the palace for the purpose of painting the empress' portrait that the incident occurred. On one occasion when Miss Carl appeared before her the empress was not satisfied with the unrelieved gray of the painter's gown. Sending for flowers from the garden she tried them against the gray gown, but as they were all pink or red in tone the combination did not please her.

Finally she drew from her own hair the floral decoration which she herself wore. This was of jasmine blossoms, worn in the Chinese fashion, with the leaves all removed and a long pin thrust through rows of blossoms, which were packed tightly together the pin. The head of the pin has a branch of coral, with a setting of two large pearls.

When the empress had tried this flower strung pin against Miss Carl's hair and gown she was pleased with the note of color it afforded, and, thrusting it into Miss Carl's hair, she said:

"Keep this pin when the flowers have faded as a souvenir of me and to remind you also that it is the duty of ail of us to look as well as we can at all times, and especially that it is the duty of women."

A Weil-Built Instrument

When the concert was over, and the pianist was driving along the snowy road to the Burnham inn, where he to spend the night, he ventured to about his host of the evening if he had enjoyed the playing. "You did first-rate," Mr. Burnham told him. "That's my opinion."

"Yes," he went on, after a minute, 'you certainly did first-rate. You showed power and stren'th beyond anything I ever expected to listen to, and you was lightning quick into the bargain.

"Anybody that heard you could tell you'd worked hard and long and steady to get your trade. But I tell ye who else had ought to have some credit that's the man that made the piano you played on.

"Tain't every instrument that would stand the strain you put on it, not by a good deal.

"I should call it the praise ought to be divided pretty even betwixt ye."-The Sunday Magazine.

What Beethoven is.

"Now," said the brown-eyed woman, "I will always know how to talk when I hear a symphony or grand opera. I never could make what seemed to me, to be suitable comment, but coming out of the Philharmonic concert the! other night two high-brows walking? next to me gave me a tip.

"'Well,' said he, with a long drawn sigh; 'Beethoven is always Beethoven.' "'Yes,' she responded, soulfully; 'Beethoven is always Beethoven.'

"lsn't that lovely. It works both ways and can be applied to anybody."

All Are Busy Digging.

"The love of money is the root of all evil," but everybody seems to be digging away at the root, even preachers seem to preach more powerfully when they have plenty of the roots in their salary. The love of money, while a root of all evil, may also be the root of much good. The Bible also says: "Money answereth all things." "Money is a defense." If there were no desire for wealth there would be no need of it. It would soon cease to exist at all, and society would go back to a state of actual barbarism.

GREAT VOLGANO IN SAMOA.

In Eruntion Nearly Fe Has Emitted Enormous Mass of Molten Lava.

Letters recently received in this city from people who, journeying across the Pacific, made a stop at Samoa, give some idea of the stupendous volcanic outburst that is going on in the island of Savii, German Samoa. This volcano broke out three and a half years ago, but it is so far away from the usual lines of travel across the Pacific that but little has been learned of its activity. It has been in constant eruption the whole of that time and must have thrown out a far more enormous mass of molten matter than has any other volcano within historic times. The flery river that flows from a great rent in the side of the mountain is eight miles wide and has buried under its lava about sixty square miles of country. The activity of the volcano and the amount of the flow are increasing. Hills 600 feet high have been submerged and valleys as deep have been filled to their rims with the molten rock. The outflow of the volcano has been estimated to be at least 300,000 tons a minute. By the side of such a mass as that, kept up steadily for more than three years, the disgorgings of Vesuvius would be no more than a

spoonful. As the island of Savii is very sparse. ly inhabited, evn by the natives, while its white population consists of a few missionaries and traders, there has been but little damage to life or property in the neighborhood of the volcano. To the seismologist, however, this island offers a fruitful subject for study, although its remote situation has as yet kept it out of the reach of science.

HIS TALK VERY EDIFYING.

Minister's Parrot Guides an Old Lady's Perverse Bird Into More Decent Speech.

Rev. Philip C. Fletcher, the most eloquent and popular of St. Louis' younger ciergymen, was discussing the other day the sermon wherein he said he saw no harm in cosmetics.

"What I meant in that sermon," said Mr. Fletcher, smiling, "was that a woman owed it to herself to make the most of her looks. According to some people, I advised every woman to lay on powder and paint with a towel. I would never think of giving such advice, of course. Such advice, coming from the pulpit, would have a strange sound—as strange a sound as

the talk of the minister's parrot. "A certain minister, you know, called on an old lady, and found a new parrot in her parlor. This parrot kept saying every little while: "I wish the old girl would die!"

"The minister turned his head to conceal a smile. "But I think I can set this matter

right for you, dear madam,' he said. I, too, have a parrot, as you know. It is a very honest bird. Its talk is very edifying. I'll send it here; and it will soon guide your own parrot into de-

"He sent on his parrot that evening. The grateful old lady put the birds side by side. Then, with a pleased smile, she prepared to listen to their

" 'I wish the old girl would die,' said the parrot host.

"And the guest rolled his eyes and declaimed solemnly: "'We beseech Thee to hear us, good

He Had Reason to Flee.

Lord!"

This amdavit was filed in court of common pleas in Dublin in 1822: "And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the home of the said defendant for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuse at this deponent, threatened 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell, which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

Theater Folk Are Superstitious. Theatrical people are proverbially superstitious. I know of one great actress who never goes on the stag without first crossing herself to insure good luck. Some of our greatest stars would perhaps retire from the stage i they should lose the horseshoe which is nailed to the lid of one of their trunks, and could not get another. Mrs. Leslie Carter always raps three times on the wings before walking on the stage, and she thinks this precaution will banish all evil influences. When Mary Anderson was on the stage she never dared to peep through the curtain while the house was filling. Many theatrical people constantly carry around with them for luck "the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit killed by the light of the moon."

Bargaine le Bargains. The lady shopper gazed dubiously at

the 75-cent article. "I don't think it's worth more than 50 cents," she objected.

the salesgirl.

instantly.

"Marked down from 77," observed "I'll buy it," said the lady shopper

HE WAS A WONDERFUL JOCKEY

es Taylor Rode Mis Last Race at Age of 96 and Was Model Man.

Charley Taylor, veteran horseman, died this winter at the age of 103. He had made White River Junction, Vt., his home about fifty years. He loved horses as a boy in Canada, soil and handled them there and in the states and finally became a well-known driver on the racetracks of both countries.

It is estimated he won 70 per cent. of about 1,700 races, says the Vermonter. He knew what his horses could do in any event, was always with them, even slept with them. He rarely carried a whip, but urged them by a word. He "never abused an animal to have that come up against He was thorough in trifles. His

habits were regular and exemplary. He was always in condition. It was his quiet boast that he never lost a meal, never had a cold or a doctor. never took a glass of liquor or used tobacco, never used an oath or shook dice. He never married. His last race was at the age of 96. As a centenarian he drove exhibi-

tion half miles at fairs, and even last October at the state fair resented proffered assistance when alighting from the sulky. His mental and physical activities were surprising to the last. He did the chores, cared for the garden and hens.

He would rarely sit down, and always kept busy, saying: "This is what saves a man. Work to eat, work to sleep. If a man can't sleep he'll wear out." A four weeks slege of pneumonia carried Mr. Taylor off at last, though the attending physician says he was out doors every day during the time and seemed recovering until a relapse the day before his

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM.

Willing to Save Others from Rattlesnake Even If He Had Lost His Mule.

At the railway station of a certain Alabama town a number of passengers, who were waiting for a train long overdue, had distributed themselves on the platform, their feet hanging thereover.

Presently there came along a native, a sour-faced individual, with a rope in his hand. It subsequently transpired that he was looking for a stray mule. He came out of the bush opposite the station and stood for some time looking up and down the tracks. Then be directed his gaze to the group of waiting passengers on the platform, with their feet hanging over. He regarded them listlessly for quite awhile, then suddenly he called

"Hey, there! You all!" "What is it?" demanded some one, startled by the sudden ery.

"H'ist your feet!" This injunction to "h'ist" was complied with by all with alacrity, for, as they looked down over the platform, they perceived a big rattlesnake just coiling for a strike. A handy grindstone was dropped on the reptile, dispatching it, of course; and one of the men thanked the native for his timely warning.

The latter smiled grimly. "I don't s'pose I deserve much thanks," said he, 'but some men who have lost a mule an' been huntin' for it for three days would have been kinder onery bout that snake. However, gents, there ain't nuthin' mean 'bout me!"

The Divine Sara.

Many years have passed and many stories have been told since a critic of Le Figaro wrote: "Last evening an empty carriage drew up at the entrance of the Francaise. The door opened and Mme. Bernhardt got out." But the latest anecdote concerning her hails back before even that time.

One day, when Montigny, at the Gymnase, gave her a part which she did not like, she went away in disgust, and made up her mind to open a confectioner's shop. She had taken to this idea so seriously that she actual ly selected a shop which was to let on the Boulevard des Italiens, and which seemed admirably placed. She inspected the front of the shop and was quite pleased

If she had not gone further the business might have been concluded. But before leaving she wished to see the room at the back of the shop and the basement. This was enough for her. To spend her life in such dark holes was impossible. No; she would not, and back she went, rather regretfully at first, to the stage and its brilliant footlights.

Where Lake Erie Got Its Name. Lake Erie took its name from a tribe of Indians, of Iroquois stock, known as the Eries, who lived in the western part of New York state and on the south shore of the lake. Henry Gannett, an officer of the United States Geological Survey, and chairman of the United States Geographic board, in his "Origin of Certain Place Names in the United Staces," gives the following: "Erie, one of the great lakes, from erie, erike, or eriga, meaning 'wild cat,' the name of an ancient tribe on its borders."

His Importance.

The Lady-What will it cost to take my husband and me to the station? The Cabby_Two dollars, ma'am. The Lady-And how much for me

The Cabby-The same, ma'am. The Lady-There, dear-see how mush you're valued at?

M'KEE AND HIS CAT CLUB

ize What Was Being Done. to Him.

Cleveland, O.-Cats comprise the chief aversion of A. E. McKee, manager of the East End branch of the Cleveland Trust Company, who in earlier years was a Kansas City newspaper man. He would just as soon have a flock of garter snakes about the house 15 one small covey of cars.

Well, one night McKee was sitting

down in a hotel lobby, and a man comes up to him and says: "Come on ipstairs with me. I came after my vife, who is attending a meeting of the Cleveland Cat club up there, and I don't like to brace the bunch alone." McKee said that so long as there were no cats actually present he would take a chance. When he and his friend entered the meeting a committee of men and women members came up and insisted on them having some lemon ice and vanilla wafers. McKee, who is six feet one or two, and weighs upward of 240 pounds, made short work of the dinky little dab of lemon ice and wafers. Then several people gathered around him, and told him that just to show he was a good fellow he would simply have to join the cat club and give the treasurer his annual dues of one dollar. So McKee joined—there wasn't any way out of it, so far as he could see.

A month or so later McKee got a nolice that at the election of officers he had been made one of the trustees of the cat club. It wasn't long until an additional honor came. They made him custodian plenipotentiary of an outfit of two dozen or so prize silver cups, to be offered at cat shows and places. McKee has to rent half of the safety deposit vault at the bank to store the things in.

"I suppose I'll have to buy a bunch of long-haired and short-haired cats to be consistent," says McKee.

DOCTOR'S FAT LIQUOR FEES.

Ten Thousand Prescriptions at One Dollar Each Written by One Phy-🛬 Sician, Says Official.

Morgantown, W. Va.-The antisaloon people of this county who have been wondering for some time past why so many drunken men were seen on the streets of this place since the county was voted "dry"over a year ago have been given a rude shock by District Attorney Boyd, who declares that the physicians and the druggists of Morgantown have been reaping, the golden harvest that formerly went to the liquor mes.

According to announcement made by Prosecuting Attorney Boyd, one prominent physician of Morgantown alone has written to,000 prescriptions for liquor during the bas announced his intention of making wholesale prosecutions against the physicians. So far it is a question what can be done with the druggists, but the attorney will make an effort to include them in the prosecutions.

Counting Sundays, the number of whisky prescriptions written by this one physician reaches 27 a day. The customary price that is paid for these prescriptions is one dollar each, so that the physician made \$10,000 a year, while the druggist probably made half of that amount. Similar conditions are said to exist all through the "dry" districts of West Virginia and Ohio.

ELECTRICITY FOR DYSPEPSIA

New York Physician Advocates Cure by the Use of High Frequency Currents.

New York .- Dr. Samuel G. Tracey, member of several clinics and of the County Medical society, who announced a year ago that old age could be retarded by the use of "high frequency" electric currents, read a paper before the Bloomingdale clinic in which he declared that many cases of dyspepsia were due to an irritated brain center, and that such cases could be relieved by the use of high frequency currents.

Dr. Tracey calls the disease "braindyspepsia." In looking upon dyspepsia as a disordered state of the stomach or intestines, Dr. Tracey said the fact was "lost sight of that many cases of dyspepsia are due to a disturbed nervous system, an irritated brain center, or a loss of control of the sympathetic nerves."

The brain worker, Dr. Tracey said. whose prolonged activity tends to lower his digestive powers, needs more treatment for his nervous system than for his digestive apparatus. The usual condition of "the morning after the night before" the physician cited as an instance where the nerves and the brain were at the bottom of the trou-

Pays Firemen In Coppera East Douglass, Mass.-Just 32,000 one cent pieces have been received by the members of the Fire King Engine Company of this town from Town Treasurer Walter E. Schuster as their annual salaries. There are 40 fire fighters in the company and the salary of each is listed at \$8.

The form of payment was simply a joke on the part of the officials. Some of the men took it (money and joke), in good part, one stordy enemy of the flames stating that it was the "beaviest" salary he ever received.

Japan's Trade is Less. Tokyo.--Japan's fereign trade for

the first quarter of this year amounted to \$94,500,000, being \$10,000,000 less than in the corresponding period of 1908. Exports amounted to \$42,000,non and imports to \$52,500,000.

N. 11

IRISH BLOOD IN DIAZ LAND.

Many Mexicans Found with Red Hall - and Real Hibernian Brogue and Names.

"The Mexicans are a dark-skinned race, but in the growds of idlers who watch the passing train at every railroad station you will be sure to see one or more faces of truly Irish cast, surmounted by shocks of touseled brick-red hair," said a man who had just returned from a long trip through Diaz's republic. The reason for this isn't far to seek. When the Mexican railroads were built, twenty or thirty years ago, it was an army of Irish la borers who dug the dirt, laid the ties and spiked down the steel. They mixed with the native population, naturally, and the red-headed hybrid with a pug nose and perpetual grin is the result.

"I remember one place in particular where I saw one of these carrottopped Irish-Mexicans who had such a Hibernian face that I felt sure at once he must be an exile from Erin who had gone broke in the land of the Montezumas. It was at a station called Apizaco, on the Mexican railway —the line that leads from the capital to Vera Cruz, a road that was built by an Irishman who grew rich and became a Mexican citizen. This man was selling gaudily painted and carved canes, for which this station is famous all over the country. He was dressed in the usual two-piece suit-looss blouse and trousers of white cotton, ragged and dirty. His red head was covered by a tattered straw sombrero, and his feet were bare-like all the other peons. When he came up to me with his canes I spoke to him in English. He grinned at me and replied in Spanish that he did not understand. So I went back at him in Mexican:

"'Aren't you Irish?' What is your name?' I asked.

"'Si, senor,' he replied in the formal Spanish phrases that even the Indians there use, 'my name is innocente Jesus O'Rourke.' And he said it, with a brogue that, aside from his looks, was his sole ancestral inheritance."

COURTESY ALONE WILL NOT DO

Old Negroes of the South Are Extreme ly Polite, But Woefully Incompetent.

When the southern woman opened the door in answer to the bell the old colored man bowed and smiled, and said softly in the courtequa southern. brogue: "I've come fo the cloes.

Bertha done sent me:" The southern woman sighed as she looked at him. "Tell Bertha I'm sorry," said she, "but I've given my clothes to a white woman. Bertha is so nice. She has washed for me for four years, but she kept the clothes so long and she got them so blue I had to change. I'm SOFFY."

The old colored man, how worn his clothes were! bowed again. "That's all right," he said; "that's all right. I'll tell Bertha. She'll be sorry, too, Bertha will. She's been washing fo" you so long. Bertha'll be ve'y sorry."

The southern woman shut the door and came into the room, standing still awhile, thinking.

"So courteous," she said. The only genuine courtesy in the world, I think, is among those old negroes, but so incompetent. They are bound to be weeded out. And still you can't help being sorry. And I suppose nobody will believe that the people who are sorriest to see them supplanted by the brisker white servants are the southerners."--Washington Star.

Man and His Dog.

He lies in front of me curled up before the fire, as so many dogs must have lain before so many fires. I sit on one side of that hearth as so many men must have sat by so many hearths. Somehow this creature has completed my manhood; somehow, I cannot explain why, a man ought to have a dog. A man ought to have six legs; those other four legs are part of him. Our alliance is older than any of the passing and priggish explanations that are offered of either of us; before evolution was, we were. You can find it written in a book that I am a mere survival of a squabble of authropoid apes, and perhaps I am. I am sure I have no objection. But my dog knows I am a man, and you will not find the meaning of that word written in any book as clearly as it is written in his soul.-G. K. Chesterton, in London News.

Teaching Nothing.

Dr. Howe, president of Case school. Cleveland, never fails to express his vexation when he has a student call the zero of mathematics nothing. One of the students. Morgenthaler by name, would almost invariably read an equation like this, x plus y equals 0, as follows: "X plus y equals nothing." One day Dr. Howe lost his long-enduring patience. "See here, Morgenthaler, let me show you the difference between zero and nothing."

With this Dr. Howe wrote a big 0 on the blackboard. "This," he said, "is zero." Then erasing the 0, he added: "And this is nothing."—Lippincott's.

Circumstances and Cases. "I want you," said Mr. Dustin Stax, to show that this law is unconstitutional. Do you think you can man-

age it?" "Easily," answered the attorney. "Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case."

"I'm already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was constitutional two years ago."

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS nêne in Louisiase st'éans tous lor Blat du Bat. Es nahifeité aftre dons at summerce des avantagest exceptionnels. Les de l'absorbement un l'angl