

MUST NOT TAKE ANY RISKS

Lincoln Beachey's Story Shows That It Is Safe to Fly on a Plane

Lincoln Beachey after his flight over Niagara Falls in a biplane was congratulated on his daring by a reporter.

"But I wasn't daring," the aviator said. "I put my machine only in such a position as I knew it could withstand in flying, as in love we must run no risks."

He laughed softly.

"I know," he said, "a young woman about to wed who decided at the last moment to test her swoon-heart. So, selecting the prettiest girl she knew, she said to her, though she knew it was a great risk."

"I'll arrange for Jack to take you out tonight—a walk on the beach in the moonlight, a lobster supper and all that sort of thing—and I want you in order to put his fidelity to the proof—to ask him for a kiss."

"The other girl laughed, blushed and assented. The dangerous plot was carried out. Then, the next day, the girl in love visited the pretty one and said anxiously:

"Well, did you ask him?" "No, dear." "No? Why not?" "I didn't get a chance. He asked me first."

MIRACLE IN THE MELONS

Where Do Those in Oklahoma Get the Water in a Season of Drought?

Bishop Quarle of the Methodist Episcopal church spoke at a camp-meeting and referred to miracles about which people talk so much. He said down in Oklahoma they have not had a good ground-soaking for two years, nor have they had any dew on the ground for many a long morning. The crops are parched and the fruit grows pale. But the watermelons come up, verdant and rotund, and filled with water.

Where does the water come from? There is your miracle. How is it possible for that great, juicy core to come out of that parched ground? Talk about turning water into wine, why, here is a case where you turn a dry clod into a honeycomb. There is a big red-cored watermelon, gouge the heart out of it, stuff the laughing mouth with it, and then philosophize to your heart's content about the impossibility of that hard, dry soil, in which there is not enough moisture to give a drink to a flea.

How much do you philosophize on this miracle? Not at all. You just eat the miracle, make it part of your joy, and thank the good Lord that this is still an age of miracles.

Music by Electricity

The "telharmonium," invented by Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, furnishes what is called "electric music," not merely as a transmitter and imitator, but as direct producer of musical tones by means of alternating electric currents. By combining these currents in different ways the operator at the keyboard produces different qualities of tone. Dr. Cahill has recently made improvements which render the instrument capable of producing all sorts of entirely new tones of its own, while its imitation of trumpets, horns, violas and violins may be so perfect as to deceive even the practiced ear of a musical hearer. A single receiver, it is said, responds satisfactorily to any sound from deepest bass to highest treble, and to a single note of pure tone to a full chord of composite tones.

The Cry of the Guinea

City folk visiting country neighbors where guinea fowl are kept have often wondered at the cry of those pretentious creatures. Probably no other member of the feathered tribes emits a cry as exasperating to human listeners as that of the guinea fowl. The average man rarely hears it without secretly longing to throttle the throat from which it came.

Yet it has its uses. Guinea fowl are the policemen of the poultry yard. They serve as guards to give other fowl warning of the approach of danger, whether it be in the form of thieves, dogs, hawks or crows. The cry of the guinea is said to be terrifying to hawks and other predatory birds, and it has prevented many a raid upon tempting flocks of poultry. But the fact remains that it is an affront to the human ear.

Incomparable Old Maids

"Her education in youth was not much attended to, and she happily missed all the train of female accomplishments which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or Providence, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon their fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls they should be brought up in exactly that fashion. I know not whether their chance in well-look might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it, it maketh (if worst comes to worst) most incomparable old maids!"—From Essays of Elia.

More Profitable

Miss Rocksey—But, Papa, George is a hard-working young man. Old Rocksey—That's it exactly. The man I wish you to marry must be able to make money without working—Life.

TIRED OF "TRIAL" MARRIAGE

Belated Man Fell into the Trap and Had "Nothing" But Tribulation.

"Thanky, sabb, thanky!" gratefully said a ramshackle-looking colored citizen who had percolated into the office of a prominent attorney of Polkville, Arkansas. "And dis yuh am what yo' kin do for mub, cunnel, if yo' please; I wants to git dis trial marriage dat I's mub busted up so's I kin git out'n it agin."

Trial marriage—" echoed the legal luminary.

"Yessah! Dat's what it's done been—a trial-fun de beginnin' twell plumb yit! Trial, sab—trial and tribulation—all de time! And I knowed how 'twould be befo' I got into dis trap. Didn't want to marry, nohow; allus was unshooked o' de marryin' notion and now—"

"Well, then, why did you marry if you didn't want to?"

"Who?—me? Eh kaze I hatter, sab! Hatter do it, dat's way! Dar want no way 'round it! 'Twas de law! When dat 'ar yaller lady fell into de creek at de picnic an' I plunged in an' drug her out at de risk o' mub life, right dar, sab, I got up agin de law—de marry-law! De young white men told me 'bout it, soon 's dey found out what I'd done; hadn't told me I'd uh-gone 'bout mub bidness like a fool twell I landed in de penitentiary for mub ignuce. Dey done told me what I was 'bleeged to do—man saves a 'oman fum drownin' he's sho' gotter marry her. Fo'ced to do it, sab, an' I done did it. An' now, cunnel, for goodness' sake won't yo' please tell mub how to git out'n de scrape? Kin I git a divorce, or suppin', or must I take de lady down to de creek whuh I drug her out, an' 'trow her agin?"—Tom P. Morgan, in Puck.

FATTERER OF SPRING POETS

Farmer Took Them Lean and Mourning and Taught Them Life is Worth Living.

"That feller, settin' on the fence yonder," said the local historian of rural life, "has plowed more spring poets than any farmer in the settlement."

"Plowed them?"

"Yes; learn 'em how to plow—how to run a straight furrow and manage a Georgia mule. Plowed 'em, an' fattened 'em, and made 'em know that life's wuth livin'. They come loafin' roun', lean as a razor-back shoat, an' hungry an' lonesome, singin' songs 'bout trees an' flowers, an' cowbells, an' cool grass, an' Lord knows what, an' that feller takes 'em in' an' astonishes 'em with three meals a day—lets 'em hang roun' easy, an' rest up for a week, mebbe, then puts 'em to plowin', with boein' on the side for recreation, an' before you know, they're too fat to sing!"

"You see, these here poet-fellers never do none of that melancholy writin' or 'singin', as they call it, 'cept when they're short on vittles, an' as holler as a dead tree; then they feel that the world owes 'em a living, but they ain't gittin' it, an' midnight owls can't beat 'em at complainin'. But you jest work 'em an' fatten 'em, an' there's change in their dispositions an' life looks as bright as a torchlight procession to 'em. 'Stidder singin' 'bout beautiful trees, they git healthy exercise cuttin' 'em down, an' they soon find that a breakfast of ham an' eggs is fur an' away ahead of rose-leaves an' dreams."

"Here come two new ones—they lean-lookin' chaps, climb'n the fence. Watch that farmer git 'em!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Down Where It's Hot

The deepest hole in the world up to date is the boring begun ten years ago at Czuchow, Silesia, with the object of attaining a depth of 2,500 meters, and which has now reached a depth of 2,240 meters (7,349 feet). The bore is 44 centimeters in diameter at the top, and diminishes progressively to five centimeters. Measurements of temperature have been made regularly. At 2220 meters the temperature is 33.4 degrees C. (182 degrees F.) This gives a "geothermic degree" (amount of descent corresponding to a rise of temperature of 1 degree C.) of 31.8 meters. The change of temperature does not proceed uniformly. In fact, an interesting "temperature inversion" occurs between the depths of 640 and 730 meters, where the temperature actually falls, with descent, about two degrees.—Scientific American.

Might Have Been Worse

A clerk in a Washington street hotel says the Boston Traveler, tells this story: "My first hotel job was in a Texas city. One morning a guest who had been celebrating unwisely the night before swayed up to the desk and asked for some information. His name was Colonel Hawkins, and he was the soul of politeness under all circumstances. And this morning he was looking worried. 'Frank, he whispered, my memory of last night, I regret to say, sub, is pretty hazy. Confidentially, now—what did I do?' 'Colonel, said I, 'you got drunk and shot a man.' 'Anything else?' 'Yes, isn't that about enough?' 'It's unfortunate, yes, sub, but I was afraid I had insulted somebody.'"

The Joy Rider

"His father laid the foundation of a fortune by burning midnight oil." "Yes, and he is wasting it by exploding midnight gasoline."

ARE FRIENDS OF THE FARMER

Blackbirds and Other Feathered Creatures Feed on Insects That Destroy Crops.

A number of years ago blackbirds were exceedingly abundant through eastern Nebraska. They were so plentiful that the farmers believed they were damaging crops, so they began poisoning the birds. A single grain of corn soaked in strychnine was enough to kill a blackbird. In the years that followed, great numbers of these and other birds were destroyed during the spring and fall. At the same time thousands of quail, prairie chickens and other game birds were killed in every county to supply the market. As the birds began to disappear, swarms of locusts took their place. These insects hatched out in countless numbers and began devastating crops. Few fields of grain escaped damage. Many were entirely destroyed. Where blackbirds, quail, prairie chickens, plover, and other birds remained, they took to living entirely on locusts. In such localities fair crops were secured solely through the assistance of the birds.

The members of the United States entomological commission, who witnessed the work accomplished by the birds in this region, said the results were so complete that it was impossible to entertain any doubt as to the value of birds as locust destroyers.—William L. Finley, in Success.

WAS INVENTOR OF VOLAPUK

Johann Martin Schleyer, German Pastor, Devised That System of Universal Speech.

The name of Johann Martin Schleyer, who has just died at Constance at the age of 80, is now known to but a few persons outside the number directly concerned in his work. This German pastor was the inventor of Volapuk, which was once put forward with some plausible chances of success as an international language.

Schleyer's system of universal speech was introduced to the world in 1879. It was formed on the basis of similar artificial languages which seek to exclude all elements not universal. The sounds in Volapuk are expressed by twenty-seven letters, which, generally speaking, are to be used in their Latin, Italian or German values. Words are formed from the European languages. The noun in Volapuk is the root of the word divested of all sounds excluded by the rules of the new tongue. In its final effect this artificial speech was rather a meager medium of expression, practically incapable of any special vocabulary. So changed by its processes and rules were the roots of the words taken from various tongues that they were scarcely recognizable and had to be learned by memory.

These disadvantages of the invention did not, however, prevent it from finding supporters in Europe and this country.

Was a Whisky Jack

Three brokers walking up William street were attracted by four stuffed birds in a dingy window, says the New York Sun. One bet the two others that neither could name all four.

The other man knew the ring-necked pheasant at sight, and one of the other fowls after inspection, and made a lucky guess on a third. The fourth bird stumped him. It was about robin size with a long tail, quaker gray, fluffy, and had a white throat and a white forehead.

"Er—catbird," he ventured.

"Come again."

"Butcher bird. No? Well, brown thrasher just back from Pittsburg. You win. What is the bird, anyway?"

"Whisky Jack," said the wise one. The other regarded him admiringly.

"That's good enough," he said. "I'll buy on that anyhow. I thought you didn't know him yourself."

But a whisky jack the bird was. His other name is Canada Jay, and he haunts the camps of hunters in the northern forests. Whisky Jack is merely the guides' corruption of the Indian name.

Mutton a Muscle Builder

Dr. D. W. Burbank, graduate manager of the Stanford university student body, in researches for more nutritious proteins upon which to feed the variety football squad, has discovered that mutton contains a large portion of muscle-bearing properties. He has purchased 15 sheep and is fattening them.

"The student body will erect a slaughter house," declares Burbank, "where sheep will be butchered and supplied to the training table. This year the feeding of the variety squad on well-fattened mutton will be conducted as an experiment, and if the Cardinals can beat the University of California team this fall we will make mutton the main article of diet hereafter."

Omelette or Briles

Senator Martine of New Jersey—the "farmer senator," as it is his pride to be called—was relating in Washington memories of his farm life.

"What quaint minds," he said, "have those New Jersey colored folks who work New Jersey's farms! I remember an old uncle who once paused in a job of potato hoeing to sing in my ears the praise of chicken."

"'Chickens,' he said, 'is so accommodatin'. Dey's so accommodatin' huh. Yo' can eat 'em befo' dey's hawn, an' yo' can eat 'em abitah dey's dead.'"

SO THEN HE TOOK ANOTHER

How the Pretty Girl Kept her Word When He Asked With a Kiss.

With impudent during the day, a young man, having carried on a merry conversation with the main street, he had not noticed how far they were straying from the house, turned to her and said:

"I believe I will kiss you."

"So?" she exclaimed laughingly, drawing her cheek up with an air of regal disdain. "I dare you."

"It isn't a question of courage; it's a question of taste," he smiled nonchalantly.

"I positively forbid you to do such a thing," she declared.

"And what good does your forbidding do?" he argued. "We are fully a mile from any one. We are away out here in the meadows. Listen to the joyous chirping of yonder birds that are billing and cooing. All nature suggests love-making and—"

"Sir, you are positively rude!" she interrupted, stamping her little foot.

"I should be rude, indeed, not to wish to kiss so pretty a girl in such lovely surroundings," he said, placing his arm firmly about her slender waist.

"I will not let you kiss me!" she asserted.

"You will not?" he laughed easily. "How will you prevent me? I am stronger than you; you cannot get away from me."

"I can still scream, thank heaven!" she answered determinedly.

With no further argument he placed his free hand under her dimpled chin, elevated it to the proper angle and kissed her.

True to her word, she exclaimed, "Thank heaven!"—Judge.

KNOTS INSTEAD OF BUTTONS

Chinese Diplomat's Explanation of the Various Kinds Used by His Countrymen.

A Chinese diplomat, dressed in brocade silk, was sitting out a dance beside a fountain with a Bar Harbor girl.

"Yes," he admitted, "my dress is pretty, and one queer thing about it is that it has no buttons—only knots and knotholes."

He showed her the fastenings of his flame-colored jacket.

"You see?" he said. "Short cords, each with a knot at the end, and on the other side a knothole, or, as you would say, a buttonhole. That is simpler than buttons, simpler and easier. Do you wear pajamas? Yes? Then you must know that what I say is so."

"On my pajamas," said the girl, laughing a little, "I have buttons and buttonholes instead of knots and knotholes."

"How foolish of you!" said the diplomat. "But what I was going to say was that the knots we employ in place of buttons are of many kinds, and they have many names. There are plum blossom and cherry blossom knots for young girls' garments. Such you would wear. There are winter and snow knots for the aged. Soldiers have death knots."

"What kind of knots are yours?" the young girl asked.

"Mine?" he replied. "Oh, mine are just the usual married man's knots."

"And what are they called?" she pursued.

"Knots of resignation," he answered, with a sigh.

Gangrene and Oxygen. A remarkable instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the Hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon-in-chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot—one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was enclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A singular experiment tried upon another patient, equally aged, and equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

Didn't Need It

It was the anniversary of his young son's birthday, and the proud father, who felt that he ought to give the lad something, stepped into a bookseller's shop.

"What kind of book would you like, sir?" asked the assistant, to whom the other had confided his purpose.

"Something that would be useful and educative," answered the father, forgetting that he always detested such books in his own boyhood.

"Well, here is a very excellent one on 'Self-Help.'"

"Self-Help?" exclaimed the father. "Ben don't need anything of that kind. You ought to see him at the dinner-table!"

SHE WAS EXPERT SHOPPER

Clerks in Atchison Store Were Astonished by Skill of the Woman Stricken by Death of the Woman Customer.

Early this morning a thin, well-dressed woman drove rapidly into an Atchison dry goods store where her sale was going on. She stopped at the first counter she came to and began ransacking it. The woman at the counter fell back, and a clerk hurried forward and respectfully looked on.

The woman's hands had felt the goods on that counter with the practiced skill of a surgeon when he is performing an operation. She did not miss one piece of goods, and then with a hard glitter in her eyes and a strange look on her face she turned to the clerk and said:

"I have more things than I can carry. I have first class, the material piled two or three feet high. The other women at the counter looked at her defiantly and the clerk gazed fascinated.

From counter to counter the woman went, without glancing to the right or to the left. She examined every yard of goods, every ready-to-wear garment, every piece of embroidery, lace, etc.

Then, with the swiftness of an arrow, she shot into the basement of the store and from a damaged box leader to lots of cloth her hands flew over everything in that basement. Every-where the woman encountered awestricken glances from the other women and the clerks. At last the town clock began striking 6 p. m. Clerks removed their aprons and covers were placed over the goods preparatory to closing the store for the night, and that small, thin woman, with a triumphant gleam in her eyes and a grim smile on her lips, carrying a bundle about as large as a walnut, walked out of the store, and every clerk there and every woman knew they had seen a magnificent "shopper" in full operation.—Atchison Globe.

NATURE TEACHES THE RABBIT

Instinct Alone, Not Their Parents, Tells Them How and What to Eat.

In popular "nature literature" it is often stated that wild animals "go to school"; that the wood mothers teach their young both manners and morals that lead to the saving of their lives by grace of their legs. A writer, however, who has had a pair of rabbits under constant observation, having taken them from their mother when they were but a day old, declares that nature, in the guise of instinct, was the only teacher they had or needed.

The baby rabbits got along excellently. They soon began to crawl blubbingly out of their nest and nibble at oats and to chew up whole blades of tender grass.

Of several things I am positive. They never saw their mother "freeze," nor wash her face, nor sit up on her hind legs; nor could they have learned from her what is good to eat and what is poisonous.

As soon as they were strong enough to balance themselves, I saw them often sitting erect and sniffing the air. About the same time they were observed busily to wash their faces with their fore paws. Some tried to do it and fell over, unable to balance themselves. No experience was required for them to practice the art of washing.

I tried to feed the rabbits with common vegetable poison. By giving them a very small handful of grass with several sprigs of nightshade intermixed, I was able to note their preferences. This experience was often repeated. In no case did I see them eat any nightshade. Evidently they possessed protective instincts which guarded them without a mother's teaching.—Country Life in America.

Shaping the Pony

The formation of breeds of ponies in different parts of the world is one of the most interesting things in connection with horses, for, unlike the diminutive breeds in other kinds of domestic creatures—as as bantams, among fowls, or the smaller varieties among dogs—which have been bred down below the normal size by the skill of man, the diminution which has resulted in any of the breeds of really small ponies has been wholly the work of nature. The horse who attained the size that we are accustomed to consider as normal in the temperate zone and if taken to a very cold or very hot country he will inevitably deteriorate in size. He does not deteriorate, however, in other respects; indeed, the pony of whatever type is much more thoroughly a horse, as regards the highest equine qualities and characteristics, than horses like those of the draft breeds, which greatly exceed in size the normal and original type.—Outing Magazine.

Cook Objected

A noble lord in the Midland counties has a favorite mare named "The Cook," apropos of which the following incident recently occurred:

Lord (to groom, who appears with his arm in a sling and his face covered with sticking-plaster and scratches): "Good heavens, Bateal! What's the matter?"

Bateal—"It's all on account of your lordship's orders. You says to me last night as 'ow 'The Cook's' girths was too tight, and you gave me orders to loosen 'em, wash 'er down, curry-comb 'er, and put 'er in the loose box. Cook, wot's indoors, overheard you, and, as she don't know the names of the 'osses, tuk it personal and went for me sudden-like—and—er—well, look at me!"—London Tit Bits.

An Interesting Program

"You think that the question of the cost of living can be solved by cheap sugar?"

"Entirely," replied the elaborate logician. "Cheap sugar will promote the use of confectionery until everybody's teeth are ruined, and then we will all be forced to eat the simplest foods."

Fortunate

"This germ theory causes a great deal of anxiety and apprehension."

"Yes," replied the man who worries over the climate. "Sometimes a little forgetfulness is beneficial. It's lucky that we can't use a microscope off-hand, the same as we do a thermometer."

Diverse Causes

"Many a man becomes a cynic because he was disappointed in love."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and many others eventually become cynics because they were not."