WILL the development of aeroplaning bring about a new species of man—a bird man? This is a question which students of human science are asking, as they note the physical and mental peculiarities of those who have been most in the public eye in connection with the advancement of aviation in the field of heavier-than-air machines.

Phrenologists were the first to see the curious resemblance between the heads of the chief aeroplane inventors, and from this beginning there has grown a more extended inquiry into the reasons therefor. Then, there has been the incidental feature of the possible devlopment, in greater degree, of the same characteristics in others as aviation brings more and more students into its field.

It is possible, therefore, that there is an aeroplane head. Whi may be easy to look upon it as a coincidence, ne theless there are several reasons for thinking diffe ntly. The photographs of Curtiss, Beachey, Knabenshue, the Wrights, Farman, Bleriot, Santos-Dumont, De la Grange and others phrenologists declare to show certain qualities upon all their skulls without which they never would have attempted the problems which they have so nearly solved.

The essential feature found in all the aviators whose photographs have been examined phrenologically is a certain width above the eyebrows, which is designated as demonstrating by the study which has been made of the shape of the human head that this peculiar width has always been accompanied in its possessor by a balancing capacity, a steadiness of hand and muscular control and application of the laws of gravity, of motion and of momentum, and is exampled in power to keep the equilibrium while walking on high elevations, in riding a horse, skating, climbing, sailing, etc. In addition, it has its bearing on the judgment of weight, of resistance, of density, etc., while giddiness, staggering, liability to fall, seasickness, etc., have been attributed to a lack of this power—at least in considerable degree, or to its temporary disturbance.

All the aviators show the inventor's capacity. The faculty of marvelousness, as the phrenologist calls it, is distinguished in the width above and in front of the ears. In the individuals given as examples there are variations in the height of the head, but it is easily to be seen that though, in some instances, the head rises higher, it still has width in this particular locality.

To this quality of marvelousness the phrenologists attribute the imaginative and even inspirational moments which have led these inventors to think of the new things that have been made necessary in their efforts to conquer the upper air.

A third quality which is discoverable upon investigation of the heads of these conquerors of the air, is that of constructive ability, which is responsible for their ability to carry out a conception once it has appealed to them. This quality is, of course, peculiar to inventors, and its evidence is closely allied in the shaping of the head to the evidence of the faculty of marvelousness.

That the world gradually will develop aeroplane heads as the work of the aviators bring navigation of the air closer to us, is the belief of students of human science, as indicated by the outward characteristics of the skull. Our brains, they declare, have already been considerably modified by the development of the inventions which have been applied to or used in everyday life, and the intense interest in the aeroplane is regarded as likely to have an even stronger bearing on the human faculties than any discovery or invention of the recent centuries. In human science it is accepted that the brain will develop much as the muscle does when demands are made upon it. Muscular exercise brings about an increase in power and in size which we all accept without question. The exercise of the brain along certain lines is regarded as positively having the same effect, though much more slow in making its effects apparent in the outward evidences.

That we shall become a race of man-birds is among the possibilities, and that it will have its effect on the physiognomy is even more certain than the accomplishment of air navigation, for in this we have the precedents of the past to go upon, while in the matter of aviation we can only guess at the future, despite the advancement which has been made.

There has been the bicycle face and the automobile face, but we must wait to determine just what the aeroplane face will be.

For the Little Folks

HIS UNLUCKY DAY.

Wunst I got mad at maw,
I don't remember why,
But I 'ist walked right off to school
'Thout tellin' her goodby.

A big ol' lump came in my throat
An' purt near made me cry,
Fer me an' maw is awful pals
An' allus kiss goodby.

An' might' near everything I did
Went wrong, looked like to me;
I stubbed my toe, an' tore my waist,
An' fell an' skinned my knee.

I missed in 'rithmetic, an' lost
A chanst to get up head,
An' in the spellin' class I left
A letter out of "dead."

An' that ol' lump growed, an' I says:
"S'pose if my maw should die
Right now, an' me a-leavin' her
'Thout kissin' her goodby."

Gee! That's the longes' mornin'
'At I ever spent, I know,
It seemed like mor'n fifty years
'Fore it was time to go.

An' never mind what happened
When I seen my maw, but I
'Ist bet I won't go 'way no more
'Thout kissin' her goodby.

—Chicago News.

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

Once upon a time there lived a man who spent all his lifetime in helping others, but when his end drew near and his wealth became diminished, his friends forsook him, and he died unmourned by all except his one son. The boy was a promising lad, and the folk of the town wished to renew their friendship with him, but he would have none of it. "No," he cried, "you deserted my father in the hour of need, so I do not want your friendship. I have health and strength and my trusty gun," and closing the doors of his heart against his fellow men, he went forth to seek his fortune.

On the road he met a hare.

"Oho!" he said, "I'll eat you for my supper," and leveling his gun he was about to shoot when the hare sat bolt upright on his hind legs and pleaded:

"Please, master, spare my life, and I'll be of service to you."

The youth laughed.

"Very well, follow me," and together they entered the forest.

"By my faith, a fox!" cried the boy, "I'll need your hide for a pillow."

"Please, master, let me be your slave. Let me live to help you."

"Very well. Follow behind the hare," and the three were soon in the thick of the forest. Under a tree slept a huge bear, and the boy again raised his gun to fix his prey, when again the animal spoke.

"Let me live. I know the road to fortune."

"Follow on," said the boy, Berthold by name, and the odd procession soon came to a castle surrounded by a deep moat.

"How I'd like to own that castle!" said the boy.

"Sit on my back," answered the hare, "and I'll leap across the moat."

In a twinkling they were over, and Berthold was landed high and dry on the marble floor of the castle.

"I wonder whether the place is deserted?" asked Berthold.

"I'll scent the premises for you," answered the fox, and ran off. In a few minutes he returned and said:

"In yonder turret sleeps a great giant."

"I'll shoot him!" cried the youth.

Whereat the fox laughed.

"My master, he is covered with a coat of mail, and your little shot would never penetrate it."

"What shall we do?" asked Berthold.

"I'll hug him to death," said the bear, and he left the others to perform the deed.

Up, up into the turret crept the bear, and there lay the sleeping monster. Berthold and his companions suddenly heard a roaring noise, which made the castle tremble like leaves in a strong wind, and the boy thought surely his end was near, so he shut his eyes tight and began to pray.

Suddenly he heard a sweet voice at his side, and looking up he beheld a lovely maiden smiling on him.

"Where am I," cried Berthold, "and where are my friends, the hare, the fox and the bear?"

"At your service!" cried a gruff voice! "Command me, master, I will be your faithful servant for evermore." The boy beheld a fat cook before him.

"And I will be your housekeeper," said a middle-aged sharp-faced woman, bowing low.

"But my animal friends—where are they?" asked the bewildered Berthold.

"I was the hare," shyly said the beautiful maiden; "the wicked giant cast a spell over me, which was lifted only by his death. Will you protect me?"

"With my whole strength," and under his breath he murmured, "with my love."

"I was the fox," said the sharp-faced housekeeper; "I, too, was bewitched."

"The horrid giant changed me into a bear!" cried the servant, "and but for your kindness this morning we would all have been shot."

Then the cook got busy preparing the banquet; the housekeeper managed the house, while Berthold and the maiden pledged their troth, which was the beginning of a long life of happiness for them both.—Philadelphia Ledger.

IN THE BAGGAGE ROOM.

There was a large pile of luggage in the baggage room awaiting transportation. Several hours silence reigned, and then on a sudden a deep sigh was heard over in one corner. It seemed to come from a large Saratoga trunk that stood there. It was so pathetic a sigh that the Sympathetic Suit Case standing by inquired as to the reason for it.

"What's the matter, Sara?" is asked kindly.

"I am very much worried," replied the Saratoga. "I'm right afraid I shall be busted before I get to the end of my journey."

"Really? That's too bad," said the Suit Case. "What makes you feel that way?"

"I was strapped before I started," said the Sarstoga.

"Oh, well, never mind," said the kindly Suit Case. "If the worst comes to worst you can get your check cashed."

"How's everything over in London, old man?" asked the Hat Box, a few moments later, addressing the Steamer Trunk.

"How should I know?" returned the Steamer Trunk. "I've never been to London."

"But you have a Hotel Gastropole label on your back," said the Hat Box.

"Well, what of it," demanded the Steamer Trunk. "I've got a Yale lock on my front, but I've never been to New Haven."

"Ugh! You hateful creature," said the small leather Trunk, standing on the Baggage Truck. "To think of my having to be seen in public with you! It is the most humiliating experience in my life."

"What's the matter with me?" retorted the Strap to whom this mysterious remark was addressed. "I'm just as good leather as you are."

"The fact that we belong to the same family only adds to my disgrace," said the Trunk. "Here we are setting out on a long journey and you are as tight as you can be."

"Oh, well," grinned the Strap, "I guess you needn't throw any asparagus at me. I heard the boss say you were so full yourself that it took three men to sit on you to shut you up."

"Look at that green milliner's box over there—did you ever see such a ridiculous looking object?" jeered the Steamer Trunk eyeing a proud looking express package on the shelf "Where do you think you're going, proudy?"

"Baggage!" sniffed the milliner's box, scornfully.

"I have just got back from abroad," said a Haughty Gladstone Bag, leaning gracefully against the wall and showing some inclination to look down upon his companions.

"You don't show any signs of it," laughed the good-natured Suit Case.

"I should say not," retorted the Gladstone. "You don't catch me allowing myself to be pasted all over with hotel advertisements."

"It would be a pretty tough label that would get stuck on you, anyhow, I guess," grinned the Suit Case.

And just then the Baggage Smasher came in and threw them all out.—Washington Post.

DO YOU KNOW?

What animal has been the main hero of fable writers in all ages?—Fox.

What animal builds its house of mud, in conical form, two feet high, with an entrance under water and a dry sleeping room above?—Muskrat.

What animal is the tallest of all ruminants?—Giraffe.

The young of what leaping animal are carried and nourished in a pouch upon the mother's body?—Kangaroo.

What reptile, by its power and size, rules the rivers of the South?—Crocodile.

What insect is said to be the oldest paper manufacturer in the world?—Wasp.

What quadruped, living in the cold north, is much sought after because of its skin?—Polar Bear.

Which is the most useful of all domestic animals?—Cow.

The hind legs of what small creature are considered a great delicacy?—Frog.

What animal in Mexico carries wood and water for the natives and transports men over dizzy heights?—Burro.

What animal never walks, but simply hooks its claws over a limb and passes from branch to branch of a tree?—Sloth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ATE MA'S PIES AND FLED.

A boy, who looked barely nine years old, stopped his wheel to inquire of Farmer Abram Adams, who was working in the field on the Camden pike, how far it was to New York City. Before Adams answered the boy fell in a swoon.

Taken into the house he was revived and Adams, suspicious, "pumped" the youngster, who confessed that he was a runaway, and had been on the go since four o'clock in the morning, and did not know in what direction he was steering. He had left home because his mother had whipped him for eating five pies, which she had baked for a family gathering. The youngster had had nothing to eat since last night.

The boy said his name was Johnny Early and his parents lived two miles from Columbus, on the Bordentown road, about ten miles from Beverly. Adams hitched up his team and took the runaway home. The grief-stricken parents were overjoyed at the prodigal's return, and his mother said she would bake more pies.—Inter-Ocean.

A SLY DOG.

We brought from Scotland a collie about six months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining-room. This rule was strictly enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who ever broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table, and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation.

But one morning my daughter left the table abruptly. Rab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow, as if to say, "Now is our time!" He seized the bone, and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.—Correspondent of London Spectator.

Old Authors.

Nonagenarian authors are sufficiently rare; but France can boast of one who runs Sir Theodore Martin very close in point of age. M. G. Molinari was born in 1819, and published his first book in 1843; yet he still edits the Journal des Economistes, and contributes largely to its pages. Another regular contributor to the same review is M. Frederic Passy, who is only two years short of 90. Two French books by octogenarian authors were published last June. M. Emile Olyliver, who is 85, issued the fourteenth volume of "l'Empire Libéral," written, he tells us, in five months, and M. Emile Levesseur published an exhaustive work on wages.—London Gazette.

An electric heater for thawing explosives is used at the Roosevelt drainage tunnel in Cripple Creek Colo. It is in successful operation.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

REFORMATION AS A CRIME CURE.

By Casmo G. Romilly.

It is now an uncontested truth that our methods for dealing with crime have been sadly defective. We have regarded punishment only from the deterrent and retributive standpoints, and have paid no attention whatever to the reformative. There is a movement to try to help and reform criminals, and so by reclamation to cure crime by going to the root of the evil, and by studying criminology as a science. This movement is growing day by day, flowing in like an enormous wave that is beyond the power of man to check. The abolition of capital punishment is only a small part of this great movement, but a part of no mean importance. One hundred years ago death was the penalty in England for an enormous number of offenses, and among others for counterfeiting stamps for the sale of perfumery, and also of certificates for hair powder. We have made some progress at least! We are altogether more humane now than we were then.

Let us remember that two wrongs do not make a right, and that the state does not annul the murder by putting the murderer to death, but, instead, makes it a double tragedy. Some countries have abolished capital punishment, but it still remains a "blot to honor and religion." That same spirit which has abolished the punishments of drawing and quartering in the past will abolish the punishment of death in the future.

INDUSTRIAL BETTERMENT ESSENTIAL TO CITY.

By G. Edward Fuller.

Strange that we have learned to regard industrialism with pride but shy at reference to "work" and "trade." Art and culture we conjure with, like fakirs in front of a sideshow, although we draw our food and clothes from work and trade; while past history indicates no future prospect of the solid furnishing forth of a worthy national life with lack of broad and wholesome respect for the wage-earners. The course of the nations is strewn with wrecks of culture, and no dominating art exists to-day—nothing but fragments. There never will be enduring art and culture until the people of a nation grow up to them as a whole, and through adequate vocational pride and skill, perhaps, but certainly not through parasitism or partial views.

Japan has shown us, Germany is teaching us, and our disjointed national educational system is in sore need of proper articulation with a growing, a vitalizing industrialism based upon meliorism in the factory, the warehouse and the store, but detached from tricky and sorded forms of mere commercialism.

It is the hope of scientific meliorism that mankind has reached an epoch of betterment by a controlling, conscious evolution acting with natural evolution, and it is believed that only through enlightened industrialism shall we "find that state of things in which it should be impossible for anyone to be depraved or poor."

There is no akruism in trade building, and mere optimism is not immune, but scientific meliorism stands the wear and tear, while a healthy industrialism offers the safest and sanest means, in the workshop, laboratory and marts of trade, in wearing away the barriers between the races and between the classes.

NEED OF INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

By Edwin O. Cooley.

Within recent years there has sprung up a widespread demand for industrial education. It comes from the manufacturer, professional man, mechanic, farmer and educator. Industrial education has probably a different meaning for each of these types of individuals. Yet all agree upon one thing, and that is that it is something not found in adequate form in our present educational system.

Practically nothing has been done in this country for the development of industrial education outside the college or university. Thousands of pupils now leave school at an early age with no training whatever directly fitting them for the activities of life in the industrial world, where most of them will find their work. In the larger cities trade schools and continuation schools of various types must be organized. The scope and character of their work will be varied and must be adapted to local conditions. In rural communities secondary schools in which the study of agriculture and related lines of work is the dominant purpose must be organized. But when these different types of schools come into existence, even in considerable number, throughout the country the solution of the problem has just begun. For the great mass of those needing industrial education the existing public schools must furnish the facilities.

DON'T SELECT THE CHILD'S OCCUPATION.

By Rev. Madison C. Peters.

Many an ambitious parent forces a boy to become a preacher, doctor or lawyer when measuring dry goods would have been the fittest thing for him to do, while, on the contrary, we find parents taking boys out of school at 14 to sell dry goods whose skill in hair splitting, whose adroitness at parry and thrust and whose fertility of resource in every exigency show that nature designed them for the pulpit or the bar. Parents might as well try to turn back the waters of the Niagara as to decide what profession or business their sons should adopt. God gives to every man a particular work he can do and in the performance of which he can be happy, but the place which a man can fill with satisfaction to himself and others is that for which nature designed him.

LIFE AND SONG.

If life were caught by a clarinet
And a wild heart, throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed,

Then would this breathing clarinet
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none of the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,

Or clearly sung his true, true thought.
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or out of life and song has wrought
That perfect one of man and wife;

Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
Might each express the other's all
Careless if life or art were long,
Since both were one, to stand or fall

So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted about the land;
His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!
—Sidney Lanier.

AT HOME FROM TWO TILL FIVE

Claude Morrissey tramped the floor from the door to the window and back again. He was just as sadly off as a scapegrace can be, disinherited and in love.

The latter was the most discouraging of all, considering pretty Grace Collum knew all the bad things about him; Claude had been a reckless gambler in college, and Grace, just in long dresses, sided with his father and promptly turned her back on the luckless young man.

Claude, poor wretch, at the wrong moment showed spunk, and his father sent him packing.

New York swallowed him, his misdemeanors and loose change. He hunted for work; Allan Perry, a college chum, got him a small job on a big paper.

Presently Claude threw himself on his bed and picked up the morning's paper. The first item his glance found was this announcement: "Mrs. Collum, Miss Grace Collum at home to-day from 2 till 5."

Morrissey stared at the words with breathless interest.

"It is Grace; her aunt lives in New York, and Grace is staying here for the season."

Suddenly he sprang up and began pacing the floor again.

"I must see her," he moaned. "Oh, girlie! If you only knew how sorry I have been—if father could know—" Then he struck his hand fiercely across wet eyes.

But a smile came immediately afterwards, and the lad looked so handsome with the mirth in his gray eyes, that his good angel, taking pity, popped the idea of an escapade into his head which he at once seized upon.

At 2:30, dressed in afternoon togs, he stood on the steps of the Collum house and rang with outward calm.

The butler who opened the door, stared stolidly over his head while Claude reached for his cardcase and broke into a cold perspiration on not finding it. Just when despair swooped down upon him, Perry came up the steps.

They greeted, and as the butler still stood and stared indifferently, Perry said:

"I was sent to write this up; coming in?"

With a gulp Claude assented. In a short time they were shaking hands with their hostess. Claude, following Allan, pressed Mrs. Collum's hand, then the vibrant fingers of Grace.

Her conventional greeting sank to a whisper, and he clung to her hand till her low, distressed voice reached him: "Claude—please let my hand go!"

He did so, but stood where he could watch her till suddenly she was gone. Then he began a search for her, finding her at last pouring tea, and looking white and distrait.

He made his way to her side and leaned over:

"Grace," he exclaimed imploringly. "Pray go!"

"Never!" he cried with emphasis. "Please come away somewhere; I must speak to you."

She hesitated, then beckoned one of her cousins to take her place and conducted him to the deserted morning room.

She faced him there, and spoke abruptly:

"You are a cruel son — you are breaking your father's heart. You don't know how old he has grown this last year."

Her voice was indignant.

"He drove me away."

"Who was to blame?"

After a long pause, he answered in a hoarse voice: "Myself."

Her cold face altered till it was all loveliness. "You have learned much, Claude; go back and tell him that."

They looked at one another till something in his eyes made her turn for flight.

"Do you think he will take me back into his heart, Grace?" Claude stod before her.

"Yes," she breathed, her delicate flesh on fire.

"And you, Grace—will you?"

"Let me pass—please, Claude."

"Oh, girlie! if you knew the dreadful, sick months——" The agony in

I MUST SPEAK TO YOU.

his voice overwhelmed her womanly timidity:

"And I, too, Claude—I have suffered," she whispered against his neck.
—Des Moines News.

English Woman's Club Life.

A French woman has been making an investigation of the women's clubs in England and her report is favorable, the Minneapolis Journal says. She says the club is the woman's haven, that when she enters it she is free from molestation by her husband and able to find enjoyment and relaxation without the intrusion of outside cares. For the unmarried woman the club in England is a place where she can entertain her friends of both sexes and gain companionship.

If the French woman came to this country she would find the woman's club a different institution from that in England. The average woman's club here does little more than meet once a month; in the East it is mainly used for social politics, while in the West it dabbles in real politics and expresses its views on every public question. In England the club idea is followed to the letter. There every woman's club has its restaurant, its library, its card rooms, its lounging room, its billiard room and many have gymnasiums and swimming pools. The London clubs are crowded with women every noon for luncheon and in almost every club women are permitted to smoke—and do smoke.

Trouble for Him.

"Charlie told me that he never saw a prettier girl than me."

"He told me that there are no prettier girls than me."—Houston Post.

Science AND Invention

The slipping of carbons in arc lamps which the subjected to the jarring of buildings may be prevented by suspending the lamps from coil springs.

An English woman has patented a jeweled sunburst in which one set of rays is made to revolve over another by clock-work inserted in the setting.

Every building in Kobe, Japan, is thoroughly cleaned, both inside and out, twice a year, under the supervision of the city's sanitary authorities.

A device that turns the lamps of automobiles with the wheels, so as to illuminate the path when rounding curves, has been patented by an Ohio man.

European engineers are said to be very appreciative of the value of cement grouting for repairing defective masonry, lining wells, and for making tunnel roofs water-tight. In Germany a well polluted by infiltrations was put into satisfactory condition by lowering into it a sheet-iron drum, filling the space between the drum and the walls of the well with Portland cement, and withdrawing the drum after the cement had set. The damaged masonry of a tunnel was repaired by injecting liquid cement under pressure. Air at a pressure of seventy-eight pounds per square inch sufficed to force the cement into place.

A substitute for the kitchen range as a source of supply for hot water has recently been introduced in England. An iron block, cast round a coil of pipe, is heated by a small electric heater placed in a chamber in its center. Outside the block is a circular tank containing the water, which in its course through the coil is heated. The electric current for the heater comes from the regular house supply for lighting. As the apparatus stores considerable heat, it may be cut off when the current is required for light without seriously affecting the supply of hot water. On the other hand, the heaters may be permanently connected with the electric main, independent of the light current.

A great deal of admiration has been expressed for the feat of the veteran Italian balloonist, Captain Spelterini, who has again crossed the range of the Alps with his balloon, Sirius. On this occasion, early in August, he started from Chamouni with four companions, hoping to pass directly over Mont Blanc. But the wind bore the balloon eastward, across the Mer de Glace, round the Aiguille du Dru, over the Tour Noir, past the Zinal Rothorn, and by a sudden leap over the Weisshorn and above the valley of Zermett. Then it passed over the gigantic Dom, skirted the towering Matterhorn, and descending on the Italian side, approached the Pizzo di Ruscada. Night was at hand and a storm approaching, so Captain Spelterini landed on the edge of a precipice, and the party, after passing the night on the mountain, made the best of their way down to Locarno. The balloon was saved.

A Logical Deduction.

The tailor whose philosophy is recorded in Tit-Bits gave voice to a conclusion compounded equally of humor and wisdom.

"Mr. P., how is it you have not called on me for your account?"

"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"

"Why, after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

When a business man is shiftless, and doesn't get along, we have noticed that he often tries to lay the blame for failure on railroad rates.

Any discussion in which you are not interested seems very trivial to you.

OUTPOSTS OF THE "WIRELESS"

A dozen men in the wilderness up beyond the gateway of the St. Lawrence where the shreds of civilization fray out against the barrier of the great North link up the world with the wilderness of the Atlantic and the wilds of the Arctic regions. They do it with a wireless key and the messages they receive and send pass over barren wastes where no man lives and land wires have never been strung.

A dozen there are who serve as operators; others of the repairing crew and the supplying department come and go, but these dozen men are year after year held practically prisoners on the bald cliffs of Labrador and Newfoundland before the key of the wireless. They send through the air the tales of ships that come and go, reports that may interest St. John's or Montreal shipping exchanges; relay from the one to the other the meagre commercial messages that must pass from dealer to fisherman; send down to the land telegraphs the occasional news of shipwrecks and sea sufferings that find a way into the papers. At Battle Harbor Gordon Spracklin, a young Nova Scotian, is the Marconi operator, and Leonard Stephenson his engineer. Compared with some of their fellows Spracklin and Stephenson are fortunate in the environment of a metropolis.

But the wireless men are far from the maddening crowd even at that. To reach the wireless station requires a nice training in alpine climbing, a sure foot and an undisturbed sense of balance. Here, in a cleft below the summit of the cliff is the wireless hut and in this hut less than two months ago events occurred which need recording. They should be recorded because they measure the stamina of the men who work the wireless in this cheerless country.

The polar ship Roosevelt worked her way into the narrow harbor one sunny morning, and while the town seethed with excitement Commander Peary climbed the crag to the wireless station to interview Spracklin. He told the operator that he wanted to send to the world below his account of the discovery of the north pole.

He believed that he could put it on the land wire at Chateau Bay down the coast, but the wireless man at Indian Harbor had told him that the Dominion government had abandoned that land wire since last he had come down from the North and he must use the wireless. Could the wireless do it?

Spracklin said that it could. Then he called the man at Belle Isle over the strait a hundred miles away, and told him to pass the word along the line that there was big work ahead. The word was passed down to the office of the management in Ottawa. Spracklin worked twenty hours out of every twenty-four for five days alone and unaided save for the relief his engineer gave him while he was eating his meals. Spracklin and all the others pounded the key during those five days, not knowing at what minute the spark would fail because of the strain put upon the apparatus.

Spracklin would send two, three or four thousand words, then stop. Each succeeding station below would receive, then forward this amount, and not until it had all been put upon the cables at Cape Ray would the next installment be launched.

Here is how Peary's story was zigzagged down the coast through the air to the cable end. From Battle Harbor it went southeastward across the Straits of Belle Isle to the station situated on the northern tip of the island of that name. Belle Isle relayed to Point Amour, back to the westward and on the southern tip of Labrador.

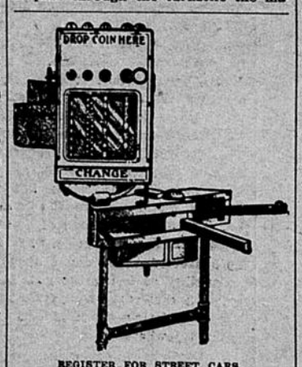
Point Amour sent the message to the east and south again to Point Richie, on the west coast of Newfoundland north of Bay of Islands. From Point Richie the spark jumped westward once more and across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Heath Point on the island of Anticosti. The final jump was back again to the Newfoundland coast, where at Cape Ray the message was put on the cable.

Not for many years will the men who sit on the tops of crags in Newfoundland and Labrador and send through the air to the world below the news of ships and of men have such a task to perform.

AUTOMATIC FARE REGISTER.

Device for Street Cars Makes Change and Rings Up Nickels.

A company in New York is manufacturing an automatic fare register which also makes change for the passengers. It is designed for pay-as-you-enter street cars, and works as follows: At the top of the machines is a series of five slots, in which a passenger may deposit a 5-cent, 25-cent, 50-cent or $1 coin. The falling coin registers a fare and also operates the change-making mechanism, so that if more than 5 cents is deposited the proper amount of change falls into a change cup located under the machine. At the same time the lock of the turnstile is automatically released, leaving it free to revolve so that the passenger can pass through. To permit passengers with transfers to pass through the turnstile the ma-



REGISTER FOR STREET CARS.

chine is fitted with a lever at the bottom of the turnstile case by which the conductor can allow transfer passengers and other non-cash fares to pass through the stile and register them. If a coin is deposited in the wrong slot it is ejected from the case and falls into the change cup to be replaced by the passenger in the proper slot. If any person tenders paper money the conductor supplies him with change so that he can deposit his fare in the fare box.—Popular Mechanics.

HOW THE DRUG MAN "STUNG."

Mixed Up a Few Things for 10 Cents—Got 50 Cents for It.

Dr. Charlie Hearn, of Swarthmore, always has a new joke to tell, and in his latest a prominent advertising man of this city was the victim, the Philadelphia Telegraph says. The latter had a touch of indigestion, and, meeting a doctor who was a friend of his upon the street, asked him what to take for it.

"A little bicarbonate of soda, a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia and some water," advised his medical friend.

"Write it down, will you, doc?" asked the advertiser. The doctor did so. The man went directly to a drug store, Dr. Hearn says, and asked for 5 cents' worth of bicarbonate of soda and also 5 cents' worth of aromatic spirits of ammonia. The drug clerk got them for him and was wrapping them when the purchaser pulled the prescription blank from his pocket. "Say," he asked, "this just says put them in some water. How much ought I to use?"

The druggist leaned forward and took the blank. "I'll fix it," he said, and disappeared.

A little later he came back with a bottle labeled.

"I added the water," he said, triumphantly. "Fifty cents, please."

"Fifty cents!" roared the customer. "You said it was only 10 cents! Do you usually charge 40 cents for a bottle of water?"

The druggist frowned. "This is a prescription," he said, "and we never put one up for less than 50 cents." And the customer, whispering "stung!" left the shop, wiser and poorer by 40 cents.

Bringing the Lesson Home.

Isabel had been making heroic efforts to get on with the boy who had recently moved in next door—and who wanted the lion's share of everything. "If we're going to play together, Billy Bond," she finally announced, firmly, being at the end of endurance, "you've just got to be more generous. Mother says we've all got to be generous to each other."

"What's gen'rous?" demanded Billy Bond, skeptically.

"Why, it's giving some of what you've got to the other one," and Isabel began eloquently to expound the doctrine. "If I've got two nice, jointed dolls, 'n' you haven't a single one, I'd give you one of mine if you wanted it, an' that would be generous."

"Huh!" commented Billy Bond.

"Or if I had two be-utiful Shetland ponies"—Isabel began to draw on the imagination—"and you didn't have any, I'd give you one. And if you had two lovely automobiles, you'd give one to me, and——"

"And if you had two fox terrier pups"—the instructed began now to show real interest—"and I didn't have any dog at all, you'd give me the one with the yellow spot on——"

"No, I wouldn't," interrupted the instructor, with an emphasis borrowed from the impact of fact, "'cause I've got 'em, an' you'd be just mean enough, Billy Bond, to ask!"

Rather Quaint.

Apropos of divorce, Judge Simon L. Hughes of Denver said at a recent dinner:

"A marriage likely to end in divorce was celebrated last week in Circleville. A minister told me about it.

"An oldish man—70 or so—was led rather unwillingly to the altar by a widow of about 45.

"He was a slow-witted old fellow, and the minister couldn't get him to repeat the responses properly. Finally, in despair, the minister said:

"'Look here, my friend, I really can't marry you unless you do what you are told.'

"But the aged bridegroom still remained stupid and silent, and the bride, losing all patience with him, shook him roughly by the arm and hissed:

"'Go on, you old toot! Say it after him just as if you were mocking him.'"

A Noncombatant.

"Why don't you play bridge whist?"

"Because I want to be popular. If you play badly you lose and people wish you were out of the game. And if you play well you win and people wish you were out of the game just the same."—Washington Star.

Wealthy Articulation.

"That fellow has just cleaned up a million bones."

"A newly rich, eh?"

"No; he prepares the skeletons of the Roosevelt game for mounting in the museum."—Kansas City Times.

A boy is never as much consolation to his mother in her sorrows as her daughter, but he can't help it; it is not his way.

A boy's idea of hardship is to have to wash his neck and ears every day.