NOVELIST'S WIFE AS AN AVIATOR

MRS. HEWLETT MOUNTING HER MACHINE

ONE of the first of the English women to essay the delights and brave the dangers of the aeroplane was Mrs. Maurice Hewlett, wife of the well known novelist. She liked flying so much that she became an expert and finally established an aviation school at Brooklands, England. Many pupils are being initiated into the art of aviation by her, among them some women. The picture shows Mrs. Hewlett in the act of mounting her biplane preparatory to a flight.

TRAVELS IN AFRICA

Well-Known English Authoress Tells of Trip.

Miss Mary Gaunt Rode 700 Miles in Hammock Through Tropical Country Where White Woman Never Had Been Before.

London.—After traveling 1,500 miles—700 of them was in a hammock—through tropical Africa, a large portion of her journey being through country where no white woman has ever been before, Miss Mary Gaunt, the well known authoress, has returned to London to write a book of her experiences.

The other day she narrated some of her experiences. She is a pleasant looking, resolute lady.

"I have been all along the gold coast," she said, "from the western to the eastern borders. I also visited Togoland (the German territory) and Sunyani, in the northwest province of Ashanti, the back of beyond, where no other white woman has gone.

"Altogether, I have been away eight months. Now I want to go to Timbuctoo, but I must write my book first.

"In Ashanti I created quite a sensation. None of the natives had ever seen a white woman before.

"They turned out with guns and shot them off, and they beat deliciously upon tom-toms. Crowds came to look at me.

"They 'dashed' me (gave me) sheep and chickens and eggs—some of which were hoary with age—and even onions. That meant, of course, that I had to 'dash' them, which cost money.

"In all the time I was in tropical Africa I never felt the heat so much as I have done since I came home.

"Ninety-four degrees in the shade was the hottest my thermometer registered, but it was very humid, and everything rusts and rots, including one's clothes.

"On May 18 I lost my medicine chest, my boots, knives and forks, and nearly all I possessed.

"This happened on a 350-ton bar steamer in the mouth of the Volta river. The surf was so bad that it smashed the bulwarks, the boats, the cranes, the galley, and the water rose in the engine room flush with the fires. We thought we were going down. The waves were mountainous.

"I was the only passenger, and a woman, too, so I did not say I was frightened. I said to the captain:

"'It is magnificent, isn't it?'

"'Magnificent!' he said. 'Good gracious; we can't stand any more of it. We are going down!'

"All the blacks, crew and all, ran up on deck, crying and wailing. The engineer, a German, stuck to his post. He was groping about amongst scalding steam. He said:

"'I think it finish, but I may as well "go out" this way as another.'

"We came through all right, in the end, but his face was scalded. He saved us all.

"I traveled 700 miles in a hammock all over the gold coast, carried by men, four at a time.

"At Angomeda my carriers were afraid to go any further because of the danger from the Krobo Hill. The Krobos used to come down and catch men and sacrifice them to their blood fetish.

"At Angomeda I heard a leopard crying and I wanted to get on. We went on and found a bright, moonlit spot, where I thought we would camp, but they said: 'Oh, no; bad place!' and raced on.

"Close at hand was a gloomy eminence, which they said was the Krobo Hill. They clapped their hands and tried to make noises like a very large company.

"A black clerk riding by on a bicycle had disappeared there. The Krobos come down with pronged forks, with which they seize their victims by the neck and carry them up the hill to torture them.

"From there I went to Labolabo, scaled the steep Eveto mountains and got into the German colony, where the roads are very good. The English roads are not."

Umbrella for a Squirrel

Don't Like to Get Wet and Continuous Rains Force Little Animals to Make Use of Wits.

Tarrytown, N. Y.—Automobilists who drove down the Gorybrooke road reported that as they passed William Rockefeller's place they saw two gray squirrels crossing the road with umbrellas over their heads to protect them from the rain.

The story was laughed at when first told, but Irving Revere drove into town, bringing along a dead gray squirrel. Revere said the squirrel had been hit by a car and near by was a cabbage leaf. He said it explained why so many gardens had been ravaged of their large cabbage the last two weeks.

When the squirrels found a leaf large enough to cover their body they would bite a small hole in it, put their tail through and travel to and fro, protected in their cabbage-leaf cravenettes. Squirrels don't like to get wet, but it rained so long they were forced to use their wits to keep dry, with the above successful results.

Hungary's Maize Crop.

Budapest.—Hungary's maize crop for 1911, according to the estimate of county Adalbert Serenyi, Hungarian minister of agriculture, will be 30 per cent below that of 1910.

Is Wooed by Wireless

Indianapolis Business Man, in Love With French Girl, Carries on Courtship by Telegraph and Wins the Lass.

New York.—The wireless as an aid to bashful swains who cannot muster courage to tell their love in their sweethearts' presence stepped in to accomplish a marriage solemnized in New York the other day.

A French girl, Miss Marguerite Castaign, a daughter of Colonel Jean Castaign, was the heroine of the Jules Vernlike romance that the wedding disclosed. James Guy Haugh, an Indianapolis manufacturer, was the hero. The various scenes are laid in France and America and on three liners that crossed the Atlantic at various times this summer. And neither the cable, which runs far beneath the surface of the ocean, nor the ether above the water was without its share in conveying the messages of love which finally brought the two together.

Haugh met Mlle. Castaign on shipboard last June. He was attracted to the charming young woman, and she in her turn appeared to regard the American with favor. Arrived in France Haugh managed to make the acquaintance of Colonel Castaign, the young woman's father. He visited the Castaigns several times, and his acquaintance with the daughter grew.

The time came for his return to America, but he could not summon sufficient courage to ask the fateful question so soon after he had first met her. They parted. The time when he might return to France was indefinite.

Mr. Haugh, after a restless period, decided he could wait no longer. He approached the wireless operator of the vessel, and a few moments later a message for Miss Castaign was flashing into the ether from the masthead of the retreating steamship. It said, in the language of dots and dashes of the telegraph code:

"I love you. Will you marry me?"

After more restless days the liner reached New York. There was a cablegram waiting for Mr. Haugh.

"I certainly will," it said.

The cables between America and France hummed with other rapid-fire correspondence between the two. Mr. Haugh was unable to return to France to get his fiancee, and so she agreed to come to him. The other morning he met the French Line steamer La Bretagne, and Miss Castaign landed and that afternoon she became Mrs. Haugh.

Dumb Cured by Lightning.

New Orleans, La.—After being speechless two years, as a result of a long illness, Miss Jessie Fishel instantly recovered the other day when frightened by a vivid flash of lightning and a loud peal of thunder. Seventeen specialists in several cities had tried to restore her voice. Her father declares the recovery is the result of prayers offered constantly by the family. A big family celebration has been planned.

Fog Horns Roar Out Tunes

One Is to Be Set Up on the California Coast and Can Be Heard for Distance of 12 Miles.

San Francisco.—The time when a ship will be welcomed twelve miles out to sea by national airs, popular tunes and, perhaps, eventually phonographic records bellowed from gigantic fog horns, seems not far distant.

Pleased with the tuneful tooting of electric automobile horns, Lieut.-Com. William A. Moffatt, lighthouse inspector of the sixteenth district, made inquiries as to the possibility of making a similar horn for lighthouse service to replace the dismal blare of the fog horns now in use. He learned that one could be made which would be heard at the Farrallone islands, 23 miles out at sea. As a sample, however, he decided to order one with a 12-mile range. It will be installed immediately on Blunt's point, Angel island.

Cure for Hay Fever.

St. Louis.—Warren D. Feurst, a financier, has cured his hay fever by spending half an hour each day for two weeks in the beer cooler of a St. Louis Brewery. When the great annual sneeze came he didn't have time to go to a mountain resort, so he decided on the cold-storage treatment. There was such a rush that the brewery has put up a sign: "This is no sanitarium."

PROGRESS of the WORL

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

Excel in One Thing

Success Frequently Hinges Upon the Ability to Stand Out From Fellow Workers.

ALSO MAKE WORK CONGENIAL

How Advice Given by Doctor to Unstrung Girl Proved Turning Point in Her Life—Never Look Upon Toil as a Side Issue.

"I hate my work," is the expression which comes from the lips of many girls.

That is what makes life seem drudgery. Unless we like the thing we are doing, it becomes a deadly burden.

"Yet how can I like it?" is the insistent demand. "It is uncongenial, irksome."

Why is it uncongenial, why is it irksome? Can you do anything better? Are you really worth more money than you are getting? Are your services valuable?

Shall I tell you how one girl taught herself to like her work? It was a dreary enough occupation in all conscience. She had to fill in certain spaces on printed post-cards. Hundreds of other clerks were doing the same thing, and there seemed to be no opportunity for advance. From nine in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon she wrote, interminably, with an intermission of a half-hour for lunch.

"At first it seemed as if I should go mad," she said. "I went to my doctor and told him the trouble. I told him that my work was killing me. He shook his head and said gruffly: 'You are killing yourself.' I demanded, hotly, his reason for such a statement. His response I shall never forget. 'All life consists in doing the same work over and over again, but, thank God, some of us know that such work is our salvation. Go back to your office and make up your mind that you will do some one thing better than those who work around you and then come back to me and report.'

"I went back to my office, but there seemed no way for me to improve upon the old routine. One morning I had an inspiration. I had heard some one tell of the penmanship exacted of those who do cataloging for libraries. I revolved to learn to write in the fine, exact manner which appears on card indexes. I hunted up a friend in a public library and questioned her. For weeks after that I practiced and finally each post card that went from my hands bore the stamp of finished script. You have no idea how I enjoyed that one small detail of interest in my daily toil, and in the end it counted. My perfect postcards could not escape the eyes of those in authority. I think they indicated my ability to break away from set routine. My chief recognized this and a promotion ensued. I was put to work on charts where my exact penmanship was needed."

Our work will mean something to us only as we resolve to make it worth while. To look upon it as a side issue, to make the part of our day in which we toil the least important part in our thoughts and plans is to put up a barrier against success and happiness.

"Every piece of work which is not as good as you can make it, in which you have palmed off imperfect thought, niggardly execution; every hasty or slovenly or untrue performance should rise up against you in the court of your own heart and condemn you for a thief."—Temple Bailey in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Where Girls Should Start.

I receive many letters from girls, who seem to have one paramount problem, how to earn a living. The multitude of them want city life, although few have a special training to fit for it.

When a girl asks for counsel—there is only one brand of advice to offer. First let her make a beginning in her own community. No matter how small her town is, there is sure to be a little store where she can get some idea of business. A year or two spent in waiting on customers, in making change and caring for bills rubs off considerable of the rawness which is a handicap in the city. She can qualify as a stenographer in the office of some country lawyer or village factory. She can learn telegraphy or telephone work, millinery, bookkeeping, library work or journalism. The superintendent of schools in a large city tells me that some of his best teachers were girls who had taught for several terms in country schools. They were healthier, less frazzled of nerve, and had more endurance than the city-bred girls. A city hospital recruits, when possible, from nurses who have been trained in a village hospital. A New York physician declares he prefers a country-bred nurse to the woman who has never been out of a city. As a rule she has a steadier head, steadier hand and steadier nerves.—Isabel Gordon Curtis in Success Magazine.

MY WORK—MY BLESSING.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room.
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it in not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

HAVING MIND ALWAYS CLEAR

Systemization Is the Master Habit That Brings Success to Its Owner.

Working or thinking without system enfeebles the mind, and leaves the mental faculties in a clogged condition, so that they do not work sharply. The mind must be kept clear and clean for the present problem, so that it may seize and grasp with all its might the thing it is attempting to accomplish.

There is only one best way to learn how to act: that way is the way of system. Systematize your thoughts, your energies, your abilities. Learn early in life to do this, and it will prove the master habit that wins success.

Systemless men are always surprised that the heads of great enterprises can find so much time for social life, for hobbies, for travel. They cannot understand it at all. They do not realize that a man of great organizing ability, with a splendid system, can do more effective business in a single hour at his office than a systemless man can accomplish in twelve. It is not the number of hours, but the effectiveness of the system that tells.

One of the advantages of a college course is that it trains the mind to work by system. Whether he likes to or not, the student is forced to concentrate his mind when the time comes, no matter what his mood, or how he feels. Four years of training in this should put the mind into working order. It should tune the intellect so that all the things will be in harmony. A good college education should train the mind to think concisely, deeply, effectively as well.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

MUST HAVE F

DISCIPLINE IMPOSSI FAVORITISM E

Most Serious Mistake Make Is to Allow Per ing to Dominate

Not a few managers tuted that "correct busin is by no means second them. Other characteris balance that which mak and just management, i not only the firm suffers individually.

The manager with a sweet faces or a leaning kind who will blarney hi dency to petty spite an tions is sure to do a thin quite in accord with what known as good business stead of submerging his uality entirely in that of he allows it to dominate. manifestation is favoritisn

This is a common co large offices, sometimes sometimes without founda

In one instance, at lea dence of favoritism demo whole office.

The two leading stenogra were both charming and nieces of the superintend not be inured to the har nine hours a day propositi prevailed in that office. Th treated them with a len smiling indulgence that s more comment than was g business.

Previously the head st had always been looked u model and pacemaker to and less able employes, an influence of two doll-like who had things pretty m own way and flounced in a the office at odd hours wa ficial.

The typists began to follo far as possible, in fact, too cape notice. They assumed tives altogether out of keep their positions, and the be put on the curb. But a sli lion remained in the air just

In the course of time so turing and hectoring was that it was evident to all that the management was of flaws. The most obvious was to dismiss the two e nieces of the superintendent this was an impractical p from the standpoint of the himself resigned.

Comfort in Old Age

SYSTEM OF PENSIONS INAUGURATED BY RAILROADS.

Differences Are Few and Adapted to Varying Methods Under Which the Lines Are Operated.

The following is a general analysis of the pension systems of 21 railroads. These systems are maintained solely by the companies without contributions from employes. One of these railroads limits the age for entering service in order to be eligible to a pension to 50 years, regardless of railroad experience. Seven limit this age of entrance to 45 for persons experienced in railway work, 35 for those inexperienced, and set no limit where service requires special qualifications. Three companies fix 35 and two 45 regardless of experience, and no limit where special qualifications are required. Two limit this age to 45 and one to 35 under all circumstances. The remaining five companies have no stated limit.

The average age of retirement in these 21 companies is fixed at about 67 years, and the number of years' service entitling an employee to a pension varies from 10 to 30 years.

One company allows a life pension of 2 per cent. of the average monthly pay for the ten years next preceding retirement at 65. Another allows one and one-fourth per cent. of the highest average monthly pay up to $50 during any consecutive ten years of service, and in addition three-fourths of one per cent. of any excess of such average monthly over $50; in exceptional cases the amount may be increased not to exceed 25 per cent.; not nuder $20 nor over $75 per month. Fifteen of these companies give one per cent. for each year of service, of the average monthly pay for ten years preceding retirement. In one railroad this one per cent. is increased by a small superannuation allowance from the relief department, a mutual benefit association supported in part by the company and in part by the employes. Another bases its pension on a percentage of the salary received for the entire term of service.

Two companies' pension is a daily allowance of from 25 cents to $1.25, according to which class the pension-er belongs in the companies' re partment. If membership in re partment has been continuous years, the allowance is incres five per cent. and a like amou ed for each additional term of f secutive years. The remainin pany grants a pension of such such a length of time as the p board may determine.

In the majority of these com locomotive engineers and fireme ductors, flagmen and brakemen, ed baggagemen, yardmasters, s men, bridge foremen, section fo and roadmasters, switchmen, foremen, section foremen and masters may retire with a pensi 65 if they so elect.

World's Cotton Spindles.

The cotton spindles of the number roundly 134,000,000, of about 54,000,000 are in the U Kingdom, and a large proportio these are in Lancashire and sec immediately adjacent. The a export of manufactures of co valued at approximately $500,00 constitute nearly one-fourth of entire $2,280,000,000 exports of kingdom In addition to the ex the mills supply for home cons tion cloths to the value of app mately $100,000,000 annually. T are employed in the spinning weaving mills about 550,000 per whose wages aggregate about $ 000,000 per annum. These mills n ber nearly 2,000, and 741,107 lo are operated by them. In the pro tion of yarn and cloth, their prep tion for and transportation to mar a number of other industries are lied with the cotton mills. Male eratives earn from 40 to 60 shilli a week; women are paid 15 to 25 s lings per week.

New Zealand Sheep Shearers.

The shearing of sheep in New Z land lasts from September to Janua The wages of shearers are regulat by awards of the New Zealand Ar tration court. The present minimu wage is 20s ($4.87) for every 100 she shorn, with rations supplied. If tions are not supplied the rate mu be at least £1 2s 6d ($5.47) per Tht rate for shearing adult rams double the foregoing rates. Shearin machines are now used in nearly the large sheds.