

New York in Midsummer.

Perhaps It Is the Heat That Makes Denizens of the Big Town Want to Fly—The Popularity of the Aviator—The Sugar Trust Situation.

By JAMES A. EGBERTON. [Our New York Correspondent.]
D ESPI TE the fact that some of our human birds are gliding gracefully into trees and others are bumping into the landscapes from great heights, we are still flying. What is more, we are going to continue flying. There is nothing to stop us, nothing—that is, except those same trees and landscapes and a few other hard and insurmountable obstacles. We only learn to walk by taking many tumbles, and it is evident that we learn to fly in the same way, the only difference being that we have farther to tumble. A baby sits down suddenly and sustains nothing more serious than a bump and a surprise, but when an aeronaut makes a miscue and hits the earth or the side of a house he makes a dent. We do not stop automobiling because a few joy riders try to break down telegraph poles, run over the population and take flying leaps from high embankments. Neither are we going to quit aviation because some of our aeroplanes do not aviate. The first man I ever heard of trying to fly jumped off a house with a dry goods box under each arm. The boxes did not help keep him up, but added to



the excitement of the crash when he hit. Since the day of that first martyr of science, or, rather, near-martyr, for he was not killed, we have gone on smashing aeroplanes in ever increasing ratio. But it is so the world moves. Every battle with nature has its unending and dead, like the wars on which both sides are human. Besides, we are making progress. Now the aviator only breaks his machine, whereas formerly he broke his neck.

Paris is not the only city that can afford the luxury of flying machines. New York can now support an occasional flock of her own. We have just got through with one of the aerial tournaments, and every other man one meets has a crooked neck in consequence. There ought to be some way invented by which spectators at a flying contest could lie on their backs and look straight up without making their necks writhe like a worm. At the Morris park aerial races there were sometimes as high as 15,000 in attendance, and the neck exposure and contortions were something frightful to behold. I will not say that I told you so—for I didn't—but the Glenn H. Curtiss machine won. This is the little two plane creation with the wonderful motor, the whole weight of aeroplane, motor and operator being only about 650 pounds. In three flights, covering a mile and three-quarters, at the rate of thirty-three miles an hour and at approximately thirty feet above the ground, this machine gracefully flew to the grand stand and back, cleared the track, alighted without mishap and was always under control. If you the medal and the spectators' hearts at the same time. After that exhibition no one can doubt that the aerial age is really here. If we are not all flying in ten years it will be because we have not enough money to buy wings.

The government's prosecution of the sugar trust and the indictments brought against that concern and its directors, including John E. Parsons, its chief counsel, show that Uncle Sam is quite as much in earnest in punishing violations of the anti-trust law as he has been in mearthing and forcing restitution from the same corporation in the weighing frauds at the New York custom house. This is all the more welcome because of the fact that the trust at one time employed the law firm of which Henry W. Taft is and Attorney General Wickensham was a member. There are plenty of political and financial wiseacres hereabouts who wagged their heads over this fact and said that nothing would be done. The fact that Henry W. Taft, brother of the president, was counsel in the identical case that forms the basis of the government's suit, the one unmentioned by Roosevelt in which the trust shut down the refinery of the Pennsylvania Sugar company, was an especially sweet morsel to the penitents. To the story

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE SUFFERING with FEVERISHNESS, COLIC, SOOTHING THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WHOOPING COUGH, and is the best remedy for BRONCHITIS, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of INFANTS. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and get the "Bee" Brand. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Just take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. One year's supply in the "Bee" Brand. Druggists and Grocers. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. 123 N. 2nd St. N. Y. C.

of American manhood their predictions have been proved false. With regard to party, this should be food for pride to us all.
The manner in which Police Commissioner Bingham was forced out of office by the Duffy case is now ancient history, but certain political gossip arising therefrom is very much up to date. For one thing it is said that Tammany, thoroughly aroused by the independent wave sweeping over the city, intends to make Judge Gaynor, the author of the Duffy letter, its candidate for mayor. This sort of talk is rather surprising, inasmuch as Gaynor has been the most talked of candidate of the independents. It would be still more surprising if the Brooklyn justice were to listen to this suggestion of accepting a Tammany nomination. The gossip aforesaid goes into particulars. It avers that there is an understanding between Murphy and McChellan and that both are agreed that Gaynor is the man. This would be even more sensational than Murphy's action in taking up Fomes and Grant, independent candidates for president of the board of aldermen and comptroller on the last Low ticket. And while all of this talk is in progress Gaynor himself sails for Europe to be gone till September.

For my simple self, I believe that this sort of political prophecy is of the pipe dream variety; that William J. Gaynor, if he is a candidate at all, will run on an independent and not on the Tammany ticket and that he is not the sort of man who would work in collusion with politicians of the Murphy and McClellan stripe. Nevertheless the mere fact that he is talked of puts a different face on the political situation. There is no gainsaying the fact that Gaynor would be a strong candidate wherever he might run. As a Tammany nominee, however, his personal strength would be much weakened, since the bulk of his friends are sworn enemies of the Murphy machine and for the further reason that Gaynor's acceptance of such a nomination would imply a deal and would disgust honest men. I believe it is doing him a wrong even to consider such a possibility. As the matter now stands, however, no certain forecast can be made as to candidates before the early fall. There is persistent talk that the Republicans will insist on running a man of their own, and this still further complicates the situation. The Hearst papers charge that this is part of the plan of Thomas F. Ryan, who, they assert, will control the nomination of both parties. If Hearst were trying to picture Satan he would make him look like Ryan.

New York's famous "bread line," which formed in front of Fleischmann's bakery on Broadway, has been temporarily wiped out, or, rather, has been shifted off Broadway by the destruction of the bakery by fire. This procession of the hungry has long been one of the most familiar and one of the most saddening sights of the metropolis. The assurance that the bakery will be restored and with it the bread line therefore brings mingled feelings—pleasure that the needy will be fed and sorrow that our civilization has not progressed to a point beyond the necessity of such exhibitions. While some professional bunns infest the bread line, there is no question in the mind of any one who has ever studied the matter that many of those who tramp in the daily procession for a loaf are men who are able to work and anxious to work, but who are not permitted to work. The man who will solve the problem of the unemployed will be hailed as the greatest benefactor of modern times, a veritable savior of the poor.

There is a pretty kettle of fish over the Early case, all due to the fact that doctors cannot agree. When Captain Early went to Washington he was pronounced a leper and detained as such. Now when he succeeds in returning to New York he is a leper no longer and in consequence threatens to bring suit against the Washington doctors. Early is somewhat like John Armstrong Chanler, or Challeon, as he persists in calling himself. In New York state Challeon is insane and is liable to be locked up in a madhouse. In Virginia, where he has bought a fine estate, he is as sane as you or I. Thus, though our government cannot punish by exile, the courts in effect have done so in his case. Yet there is a shadow of reason for this legal anomaly. One might be mentally right in the peace and quiet of Virginia and yet be utterly bughouse in the swirl of New York. There is something here that brings out latent insanity as a hot bath brings out the measles.

The war of the Chinese tong, growing out of the murder of Elsie Sigel, did not come off as per schedule. It seems that the tongs wanted to fight, but the police would not let them. Owing to the appeals of the Chinese minister at Washington and the consul at New York, a few hundred plain clothes men went down to Chinatown and nipped all martial water in the bud. As a consequence several cues will remain in place that otherwise might have been cut off just below the ears.

Just as the president and other dignitaries are celebrating the discovery of Lake Champlain we are breaking ground in New York for the Hudson monument and preparing for the Hudson-Fulton celebration. This occurs in September and October, most of the ceremonies being scheduled for the city, but some of them extending all along the Hudson river. There is no question about it, this is the most centralized year in the calendar.

Those Villas.
Stubb—Looks pretty barren around here.
Penn—And yet the agent advertised it as the "land of plenty."
Stubb—H'm! He must have meant plenty of mosquitoes.—Chicago News.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winchester, Ind.—"Four doctors told me that they could never make me regular, and that I would eventually have dropsy, I would bloat, and suffer from bearing-down pains, cramps and hills, and I could not sleep nights. My mother wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking one and one-half bottles of the Compound, I am all right again, and I recommend it to every suffering woman."—Mrs. MARY DEAL, Winchester, Ind.
Hundreds of such letters from girls and mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.
Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.
If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

AT A RUMMAGE SALE

The Little Pouch That Was Bought by Its Maker.

By SYDNEY PHELPS.
Mother looked up from the bundle of old clothes which had just arrived at the parsonage. They represented all that my wealthy Aunt Florence and my cousins could do to help us in our rummage sale.
"I don't believe we have \$10 worth of things all together," she said. A hopeless expression crossed her face as she thought of the needed \$50.
"How hateful all one's rich relations always are!" I burst out. "I believe they sell their things to old clothes men."
"We must do the best we can," said mother patiently. "The poor people who get them will be pleased anyway. I wonder if any one will look in and help us at the sale."
"No one," I answered, with conviction. "Between heckly and—"
"Hero worship," mother interrupted, laughing. "If we could only get John Gray to come we would not have standing room."
I did not answer. John Gray was just home from the Philippines. As an interesting conversationalist and hero he was in great demand among the girls. But, though I had known him from childhood, I refused to add one to the ranks of his admirers, so a coolness had fallen between my old playmate and myself.
"Mrs. Denzil is in the parlor, ma'am," said the maid, and we went in to be cheered by the gayest little lady in the town.
Mrs. Denzil had a husband in the Philippines and appeared to get along very well without him. We would not have willingly spared that brilliant face with its wealth of fair hair, audacious blue eyes and wickedly curved red lips from our midst. It was vain to try to look askance at Mrs. Denzil, her absolute frankness was so disarming.
"You look worried," she said. "What is it?"
"It is only our rummage sale," I said sadly. "The things which have been sent in will bring but a song, yet we know of no other way in which to raise the money."
"Are men's things any use? Why not ask young Gray?"
"I hardly liked to," said mother. "All right, I will. He must have heaps of things he doesn't want."
Off went Mrs. Denzil, promising to write to John Gray and send us the results of her appeal. Sure enough, a few days later she brought in her dog-cart a huge bundle which she opened triumphantly.
"There, I told you I would get something out of him—shoes, lots of them, brown and black; two suits, very little worn; socks, collars, ties."
"Splendid!" we said. "Did he send them all the way to your house?"
"No; I told him I would call for the bundle this afternoon. It was to be ready in his own special sanctum. He was out, but old Jenkins showed me in. I found a note from him asking if this sort of thing would be of any use and saying that if we wanted anything more Jenkins could get it for me."
Pursued by our grateful thanks, Mrs. Denzil drove off in her usual whirlwind. She promised to come to our sale next day and especially begged to be allowed to act as auctioneer for Gray's things.
Mother and I returned to the examination of the bundle. "Actually, two of his pipes," she said. "How very good of him!"
"I said nothing, for just at that moment I had caught sight of something which gave me a sharp stab of pain. Many years ago, when John Gray first went to college, I had worked its corners on a tobacco pouch. There had

EGGS SENT BY MAIL AS A JOKE

Letters Came Dripping to Brattleboro

EGGS ON EVERYTHING

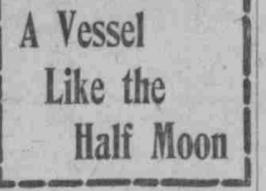
Some One Across the Border of Canada Blamed.—Addresses Obliterated in Many Instances.

Brattleboro, July 19.—Some person across the Canadian border, wishing to perpetrate a joke upon the U. S. postal authorities, sent a setting of three dozen eggs to Brattleboro Saturday. Although they were evidently meant for hatching, they resembled the scrambled variety when the mail pouch which contained them was opened.
It would have been impossible to have mailed the package on this side of the border line, according to Postmaster H. E. Taylor. Upon opening the bag the mail was found dripping from the contents of a large tin box in which the eggs had been placed.
It was necessary to clean the post-office to remove the traces of the eggs, and the mail pouch was subjected to a gasoline bath.
Some of the mail was for the west river branch of the Central Vermont railroad, while the rest was for Brattleboro people.
The egg traces were removed as well as possible and the mail sent out. In some cases the addresses were entirely obliterated, and Postmaster Taylor will have a large assortment of mail for the dead letter office.

been something more than mere kindness in our farewell to that occasion. He surely need not have sent the pouch to a rummage sale.
The sale came off the next day. In the midst of a little argument with a stout woman as to the value of a red fannel dressing sack mother said to me:
"Clare, both of the Whites have come. That is rather nice of them. They have brought another girl with them."
I looked up and smiled at the three. Just then, to my surprise, the daughter of our bank president appeared, followed closely by a fairly representative gathering of the young ladies of the neighborhood.
"There must be some mistake, if I thought," they must think there is an entertainment to follow."
Just then I heard Mrs. Denzil's voice. "Here I am," she said, "in plenty of time. Hurry up, girls; the auction is going to begin. Can I have a chair put on that table? Thanks. The handle of my riding whip will be the hammer. And, flinging herself with rapture into the part, she began the auction.
The buyers were as wax in her hands.
"Look at these ties," she said in tones of ardent admiration—"college colors, club colors, rainbow colors. Girls, you will never forgive yourselves if you let such a chance as this slip. Six ties, all worn—well worn. Did I hear you say a quarter, Miss Smith? Oh, I hope not! I could not listen to such an offer from you. Fifty cents, Linda. That is better, but not good enough." In the end she extracted an offer of \$1.50 from the bank president's daughter. Never once did she mention the name of the donor of the effects, and the ladies gazed in undisguised amazement at each other's frantic bids.
"This pair of boots," Mrs. Denzil pursued, "was worn in the Philippines."
This was entirely untrue, but the spirited bidding ensued, and another girl became their proud possessor at the extravagant price of \$2.50.
At last, to my mingled relief and rage, the little tobacco pouch was held aloft in Mrs. Denzil's grasp. I had decided to buy back again my despised gift if only for the pleasure of seeing it burned.
"A tobacco pouch—look!" said the gay voice. "What memories may surround it!"
"Twenty-five," squeaked Linda White.
"Fifty," I growled.
Mrs. Denzil nearly dropped the pouch to amazement at my intervention.
"One dollar," from the oldest Miss Smyth.
"One twenty-five," I said, my cheeks burning. Through the hush I could hear mother's surprised voice:
"Clare, my dear!"
How long that horrible auction lasted I do not know. I only know that at last, at the cost of \$5, which I could ill spare, the horrid little pouch became once more my own property. The rest of the scene is a dream to me.
When all the lots were disposed of all the girls quietly withdrew, each crying her neighbor with stern distrust.
Mrs. Denzil sat down and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. "Do you know how I did it?" she asked. "I told each of them—in the strictest confidence—that some trifles belonging to John Gray were going to be sold. They thought they would pick up some little souvenir cheaply, but—and she carefully weighed a purse in her hands—"I don't think they did, exactly."
I turned toward the big fireplace. I would get rid of that pouch at once.

The door flew open, and John Gray burst in. "Oh, I say, Mrs. Denzil, I came rushing down to see whether by mistake one or two little articles had not been put into that bundle of mine."
"Oh, I hope I did nothing wrong," she said lightly. "I only added one or two nondescript things."
"Would you tell me whether two of my pipes were among them?"
"Yes, but they were both quite old ones, I am sure," said Mrs. Denzil.
"Then if you don't mind I will buy them back myself. They were favorites of mine."
Mrs. Denzil looked very thoughtful. "Miss Mortimer bought one and Miss Rawson the other, but no doubt they would be delighted for you to have them back."
The young man's face was a study. "There was one thing more"—he grew very red and looked across to where I stood rigidly by the fire watching the slow flames struggling with the remnants of their prey—"a little tobacco pouch," he said.
"Very shabby," said the lady firmly; "quite a disgrace to you. That is why I took it."
"But I really want that back again," he urged. Please tell me who has it."
"You had better ask Clare," she said. "Mrs. Warren and I have to make out our accounts."
She drew mother out into the hall. John Gray strode over to me. I never saw such a slow fire in all my life.
"Do you know where it is, Clare?" he began, and then his eyes fell on the grate. One end of a bit of gray fabric still ornamented with a shield lay among the coal.
"You burned it?" he asked reproachfully. "Why?"
I could find nothing to say.
"Clare, you could not have thought that I meant to give that to any charity under the sun?"
Still no answer.
He bent over until he could look into my downcast face.
"Clare," he cried, and even in my bewilderment I heard the note of joy in his voice. Then he took me in his arms, and I straightway forgot that there had ever been such a thing as a rummage sale.

THE ceremonies next autumn in honor of Hudson's discovery of the great river bearing his name and in commemoration of Fulton's achievement in inaugurating steam navigation will embrace a large variety of incidents and will last from Sept. 25 to Oct. 9. Conspicuous among the events of the celebration will be the reception of the replica of Hudson's Half Moon and the dedication of the monument in honor of Hudson, which will crown Spyten Duvel hill, in the northern borders of New York city. The first of the series of celebrations in remembrance of the discovery of the Hudson took place a short time ago when ground was broken for this monument. It was the occasion of a fitting ceremony, including a historical address by Edward Hagaman Hall. The monument will tower far above all other objects now in the vicinity. From a base of white marble on a site 200 feet above sea level will rise a shaft of Doric design 100 feet in height, surmounted by a bronze statue of Henry Hudson 20 feet high. Thus the topmost point of the statue will be 220 feet above the waters of the Hudson beneath. The statue is the work of Karl Bitter, the base being the design of Henry M. Shady.
The facsimile of Hudson's little ship will be formally received on Monday, Sept. 27, and will take her place in line for the journey to be made up the river on Oct. 1. The fleet will include a reproduction of Fulton's steamboat, the Clermont. The comparison between the Half Moon, the Clermont and the mighty leviathans of the deep which may be seen upon the broad bosom of the river today will be an interesting one.
When the plans for observing the Hudson bicentenary were first drawn up about two years ago it was seen that it would be fitting to have the people of Holland participate in it in some way. Acting on the initiative of the Holland society in New York, a



Dutch minister of state, Baron Mackay, at their head, to decide upon the form that Holland's contribution to the celebration should take. The decision was to build a ship which should as nearly as possible reproduce the Halve Maen, or Half Moon, in which Hudson made his exploration of the now famous river. When it came to building the craft unforeseen difficulties were presented. Museums and antiquarian resorts were searched in vain for some time for data on which to plan the ship. Ultimately two books were found, one a "Uitloopboek," or sailing record, and the other a "Memorial," or memorandum book, which contained references to the vessel. In the former, under date of 1609, there appeared an entry, "Jacht Halve Maen, Lasts 40, Noordwaarts, Hendrik Hudson Terug," which meant that the yacht Half Moon, a vessel of forty loads, sailed northward under Captain Hendrick Hudson. This showed that the vessel was one of eighty tons. Further diligent search revealed books and documents which enabled the committee to complete the particulars in regard to the character of the vessel. A unique print was also found depicting the port of Amsterdam at the time of Hudson's sailing and ships like the Half Moon upon it. A drawing was made, and the construction work was commenced in October, 1908, under the shipbuilding master E. J. Bentham. He will accompany the new Half Moon to America. Like the old Half Moon, the facsimile will have three masts and will carry on the foremast fore and top sails, on the mainmast main and maintop sails and at the mizzen a lateen sail not fastened to the yard. The bowsprit is rigged with a small square or "blind" sail. The vessel is sixty-three feet long by Amsterdam measurement and eighteen feet broad. The crew to accompany the ship will be costumed in garb such as worn by Dutch sailors in the seventeenth century.

The wing of the White House, built in 1903 for the offices of the president, has proved to be too small, although it contains much more room than was available when the executive business was done in the main building. Congress has appropriated money for doubling the size of the new wing, and work on it will begin soon. The addition will extend over the ground used by President Roosevelt as a tennis court. The plans provide for a large oval room for the president overlooking the Potomac, flanked on the right by his secretary's office and on the left by a new cabinet room. An enlarged waiting room for the public and a special waiting room for members of congress will occupy part of the space vacated in the original building, and the president, separated from the public by a hall, will be able to do his work in greater privacy.—Youth's Companion.

Comfort Powder
ARTISAN'S TOILET
TWO VIEWS OF THE NEW HALF MOON WHILE UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN AMSTERDAM.
number of influential men of the Netherlands formed themselves into a committee, with Prince Hendrick and the



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She had so much trouble to keep their clothes clean,
Till she got Fels-Naptha, with the wrapper red and green,
Now her washing's easy, clothes are cleaner, too,
Isn't it a good thing, she found out what to do?

Here's an arithmetic problem that's worth figuring out.
How many hours do you spend each week in washing clothes?
Multiply the number by 52.
Then divide the total into two parts and one of those parts is how much time you would save in a year by using Fels-Naptha Soap.
You would likely save more.

Most women who use Fels-Naptha Soap do their washing in less than half the time it would take in the old way.
And with one-fourth the work.
And without any extra expense for fuel because Fels-Naptha Soap cleanses clothes in cool or lukewarm water.
No boiling; no scalding; no steaming suds. Summer or Winter.

Don't spend more of your life than's necessary in washing clothes.
Do them the quicker, better way—the Fels-Naptha way.
Just follow directions on the red and green wrapper.

SIGNS OF JULY.
Oh, the summer girl is flirting
By the sea,
And the lemonade is sizzling
Jolly,
And the landlord is a-smiling
In a manner most beguiling
As he sees his till up pling
L. S. D.
All the German bands are tooting
O'er the way,
And the merry chutes are churning
Blithe and gay,
And the happy loop-the-looper
Is as jolly as a trooper
As he hoops his iron hooper
Day by day.
On the roof we seek the garden
Cool and bright,
Derby lads and furs discarded
With delight,
And the kids give up their schooling
For the swimming pond so cooling,
Where they spend their time a-fooling
Day and night.
In the town the weary daddy
Winks his eye
As he thinks of golf and caddy
By and by,
And he dally writes his "only"
Up at Windymere or Stoneleigh,
Closing up with "Poohing lonely!"
So am I!
When there's signs like the foregoing
To the eye,
When the mercury is flowing
Rather high,
When the skies are bright and pleasant
And the weather's far from frosty,
You can bet you've reached the season
Of July.
—Horace Dodd Gastin in Harper's Week-ly.



Mr. Plymouth—Is Mr. Cochran so very poor?
Mr. Brahman—Yes, he has to scratch all the time to get a living.—Baltimore American.
Girl of Many Colors.
Mrs. Henken—George, this is the most interesting novel I ever read. Just listen, dear: In the tenth chapter the heroine sees the hero approaching, and she turns pink. He kisses her, and she turns red. A footstep is heard, and she turns white. Five minutes later the villain arrives, and she turns purple with rage. Now, wouldn't you call such a girl as that a heroine, George?
Mr. Hleskem (absentmindedly)—H'm! I think I should call her a chameleon.—Chicago News.

Comfort Powder
ARTISAN'S TOILET