

AIRCRAFT IN "WAR"

Developments at Manoeuvres—Schemes to Disguise the Troops.

Airships and aeroplanes, both naval and military, are to play an important part in the coming army manoeuvres. Last year they achieved the greatest success in observation work, but since then considerable developments have taken place—changes that have not only improved the aircraft, but will test their abilities still more highly. Not the least interesting feature of the operations will be the many curious devices resorted to by both sides in the hope of deceiving the keen eyes of the airman far above. It may be that we shall see little groups of soldiers, bent nearly double, half-crawling along under shelter of a sheet, believing that they are deluding the eyes in the air into thinking they are nothing more harmful than ruminating bullocks. Little experiments like that will certainly add to the interest—and the gaiety—of the mimic conflict. But it has become very necessary for commanders to do what they can to conceal troops on the march and in bivouac, as well as in action, and so the adoption of unusual and misleading formations may be expected by on-lookers.

All the Flyers.
The flying corps units taking part in England will be:
With the "Brown" Side:
No. 3 (Aeroplane) Squadron, Military Wing.
With the "White" Side:
Detachment from the Naval Wing, No. 1 (Airship) Squadron, Military Wing.
Detachment from No. 4 and 5 (Aeroplane) Squadrons, Military Wing.

Detachment from the Flying Depot, Military Wing.
The Second Squadron (from Montrose) is being employed separately on the army manoeuvres in Ireland.

The naval detachments will consist of one of the new naval airships and a flight of four aeroplanes. The airship will work from the sheds at Farnborough.
Black and white stripes on the under surface of the lower planes will be the marks by which the forces on land will be able to identify the No. 3 Squadron with the "Brown" Side. This Squadron is also to take part in the command and divisional operations which precede the army manoeuvres proper, and which commence about the 12th inst.

The "White" aircraft will move to camps in the neighborhood of Rugby. The Delta dirigible is ready, and H. M. A. Eta, which has recently been turned out by the Royal Aircraft Factory, is now undergoing trials, will, it is hoped, also take part in the operations. The Beta will be in reserve.

Very Few Monoplanes.
With the exception of one flight of Blériot monoplanes with the "Brown" force, only biplanes will be employed this year by the military wing.

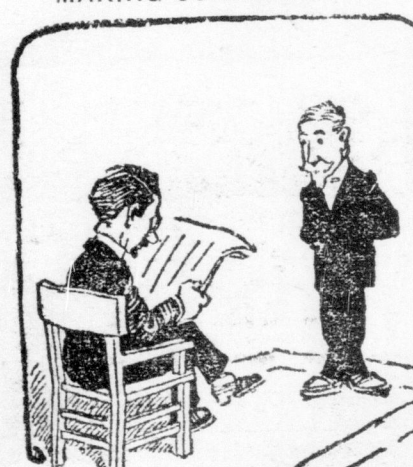
Another feature will be the increased use of wireless equipment on the aircraft. All aeroplanes will be ordered to fly at a minimum height of 3,000 feet when exposed to rifle fire, and not lower than 4,000 when exposed to artillery fire. But the four unpiloted aircraft will be attached to the aeroplanes, having instructions not to put individual aeroplanes out of action on account of flying too low. It is considered that the non-delivery of information gained will be sufficient penalty, and quite enough "putting out of action" is likely to be done by other circumstances.

A JUST REWARD.



The Professor—Ellen, you have been in my employ twenty-five years. As a reward for your fidelity I have decided to have this beetle I recently discovered, named after you.

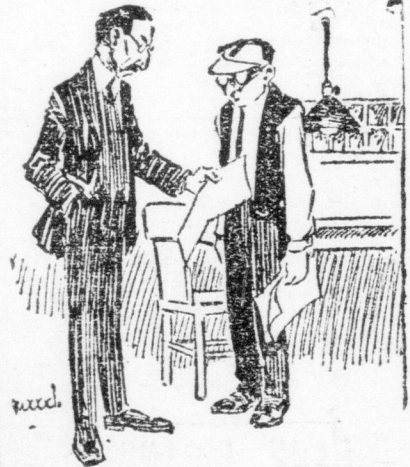
MAKING COMPARISONS.



Dr. Carver—I see that a university president is authorized for the statement that in was it costs \$15,000 to kill a man.

Dr. Kidslayer—And yet some say we doctors overcharge.

SYNONYMOUS.



The New Proof-Reader—I've let a mistake get by. In reference to the "detective branch of the Police Department" it appears as "defective branch."

The Editor—Oh, that's all right.

Pests Who Prey on Parsons

A CLERGYMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

It is rather late on Saturday night, and I am still struggling with my sermon. I wonder how many impostors will try to fleece me tonight. They always choose Saturday nights, because they imagine that the parson will then be so busy with his sermons that he won't have time to investigate the truth of their tales.

A ring at the door, and a well-dressed man is ushered in.
"Good evening, Mr. C.," he cries, warmly.
I don't know him from Adam.
"I was one of your congregation at St. Alban's," he explains.
It is eight years since I was curate there, so I may have known him once, and forgotten him.

He puts his handkerchief to his eyes. "It was one of your sermons that converted me," he murmurs, "so I want to show my gratitude by giving you a little donation of ten dollars."

Here he puts his hand into his pocket, and withdraws it with a cry of dismay.
"My pocket's been picked!" he exclaims.
I cannot do less than offer to advance him a couple of dollars for his hotel expenses, which, he says, will be more than enough. But before parting with the money I try an old dodge of mine on him.

FOUND OUT.

"Did you ever go fishing with the vicar's son, Charlie?" I ask, casually, as I unlock my cash-box.

"Almost every week, at one time," he answers, smiling.

I kick him out of the house at once—the vicar was a bachelor!

As I suspected, the man had merely looked up my career in a Clerical Directory. Quite a number of shady characters spend their Saturday nights in thus trading on the affection most clergymen feel toward their former parishes. Then a young woman is shown in, apparently in great distress.

"I want to get to Wimpole at once," she sobs. "If I don't get there to-night my father will turn me out of doors—I'm only half a crown short of the fare."

"When does the last train leave?" I inquire, sympathetically.

"In twenty minutes," she replies, weeping.

No time to investigate, of course. Yet her story may be true.

"I'll advance you half a crown if you leave me your muffs as security," I say.

She retires, nonplussed. Another fraud, of course.

A PROFITABLE BABY.

Then a disreputable-looking man and woman are shown in, the latter carrying a baby.

"Can you baptize my child, sir?" says the man, humbly. "I live fifteen miles from 'ere, but I heard folks sayin' what a splendid clergyman you are, sir, and, says I to my wife, 'Well, 'ave 'im to christen our baby—and we've tramped every inch of the way, sir, 'aving no money for the train.'"

It is extremely flattering, and my hand goes instinctively into my pocket—I feel I must really pay their fare back, with, perhaps, a trifle added.

A thought strikes me, however, and I look at the couple more narrowly.

"Has that baby ever been baptized before?" I ask.

"No, sir," they answer, indignantly.

"I remember baptizing it at X. two months ago," I reply. "You're hawking it round with the same tale to all the clergy of the neighborhood."

So I turn them out at once.

These are all old familiar tricks; but parsons are so busy on Saturday nights that many impostors make quite a good thing out of fleecing them then.

Quaint Customs of the World's Queer People

LITTLE JAP BOYS ARE TAUGHT TO SUFFER PAIN WITHOUT FLINCHING—LIKE THE BRAVE CARP.

On the far-away fairy island of Japan, the most cherished things in life are the children; everything is made to revolve about them, and many queer customs and usages have grown up in this connection.

The birth of a child, whether male or female, is attended with great rejoicing. Relations and friends resort to the house with gifts of felicitation as soon as the birth of a child is announced. Eggs, fruit, and welcome cakes and dried fish, and welcome lengths of crepe, silk or cotton for the baby's clothes are presented. On account of the law of primogeniture and ancestor-worship, which teaches that a man's first duty is to raise up an heir to his ancestors to carry on the family name, the greatest importance is attached to the birth of sons.

Friends present inflated kites made in the shape of paper-carp to the newly-arrived baby-boy, so that it often happens that from a single house proudly float a dozen or more festival fish. In Japan the carp is the symbol of energy, courage and indomitable will. It is known to work its way up a stream, and to perform the wonderful feat of leaping up waterfalls, being sometimes found entangled in the branches of shrubs and trees growing on the bank. So the father and mother hope that the little son will surmount all difficulties and rise in the world. It is also the samurai among fish, for when placed on the cutting board under the knife it never moves, but resigns itself with quiet dignity to death, and the boy learns that the same stoicism is required of him!

His whole youth becomes a training for bravery. With his companions he learns the art of jui-jitsu—wrestling, of fencing, of fighting. He is taught that some day Japan may wage a war for the supremacy of the entire globe, and then trained muscles will be required of her dauntless sons!



Japanese Boys Fencing—One of the Requirements of the Yellow Youth. for bravery. With his companions he learns the art of jui-jitsu—wrestling, of fencing, of fighting. He is taught that some day Japan may wage a war for the supremacy of the entire globe, and then trained muscles will be required of her dauntless sons!

Blackmail Plot From Novel Scheme to Rob Lord Rothschild

Young German Who Imitated Character in Book Caught by Clever Police Scheme—His Intended Victim Was Merciful.

How a young German clerk, Heinrich Kremerskotten, was influenced by a novel to write blackmailing letters to Lord Rothschild was narrated to the recorder at the Old Bailey recently, when the man was sentenced to fifteen months' hard labor, and was recommended for deportation.

Kremerskotten's counsel, Mr. Roome, said the prisoner desired to express his most profound and sincere regret to Lord Rothschild and the members of his family for the letters which he was so unwise as to write, and to ask their forgiveness. He had most solemnly declared from the very first that he had no intention whatever to commit any injury to Lord Rothschild. He was out of employment, destitute of money, and after four months' fruitless search for work there came to his mind the crazy idea of imitating something he had read in a book about the period of Louis XV.

"Black-Hand" Threats.

He had read a story in which a man named Latide desired to ingratiate himself with Madame Pompadour, the favorite of Louis XV., and, through her, with the French King. This man sent a packet of harmless powder to Madame Pompadour, and at the same time sent her a letter in which he getting money, he had heard two men plotting to send her a packet of dangerous powder, and to put her on her guard. He hoped by this method to gain the favor of Madame Pompadour.

In this way there came to the prisoner's mind the idea of gaining favor with Lord Rothschild. He wrote the first letter with no intention of getting money, or indeed with no expectation of obtaining any from Lord Rothschild. His intention was to send a second letter, written by himself—the first having been typewritten and supposed to come from the "Black Hand Criminal Society"—warning Lord Rothschild that he had overheard a conversation in Hyde Park between two men, to give their descriptions, and to say that they were endeavoring to extort money from his lordship. Folly of a Foolish Youth.

He yielded to the temptation of thinking that if he persisted in the threats he would obtain a sum of money. Therefore, most wickedly, he changed his original plan and sent second and third letters demanding money. Counsel referred to the "real magnanimity and chivalrous generosity" of Lord Rothschild's recommendation to mercy on behalf of the youth, and mentioned that at the age of five prisoner sustained a fractured skull, and that medical examination showed that there was still a soft spot at the back of the skull. He ventured to think that this was not a determined and deliberate attempt at blackmail, but rather the folly of a weak and foolish youth, who had no serious intention.

It was stated by the prosecution that in one of the letters there was a statement that not only Lord Rothschild, but Miss Alice Rothschild might have to die, unless the demands of the writer were met. Counsel quoted extracts from the first letter, in which a demand was made by "the committee of the Black Hand" for £30,000. The prisoner was captured by an ingenious plan. Through the medium of personal advertisements in The Times it was arranged that £500 should be left in a hole in a restaurant lavatory wall. The police made an arrangement by which any person attempting to interfere with the hole in the wall where the money was to be put would set in motion an electrical arrangement which would ring a bell in the restaurant.

Invited by a Miner.

Kremerskotten came into the restaurant, went into the lavatory, and immediately the bell rang. He was caught red-handed with a dummy packet in his possession, which he thought contained bank notes to the value of £500, and admitted that he was the person who had sent the letters. It was an interesting fact, commented counsel, as showing one of the dangers of writing letters of this sort, whether the writer of them intended to do injury to the person to whom they were written or not, that these letters, the contents of which were published in the newspapers when the case was opened at the police court, were immediately copied by another man.

Another case was heard at Ormskirk in which a collier, who was charged with sending a threatening letter to a solicitor, had copied word for word the letter written to Lord Rothschild.

AN ORIGINAL WAY.

Jacob—"How did you make your money?"

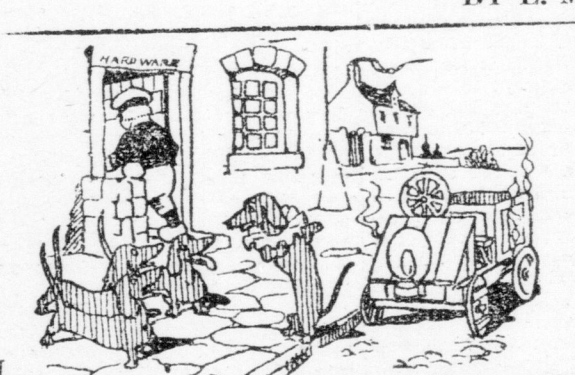
Isaac—"Racing."

Jacob—"I never knew you betted."

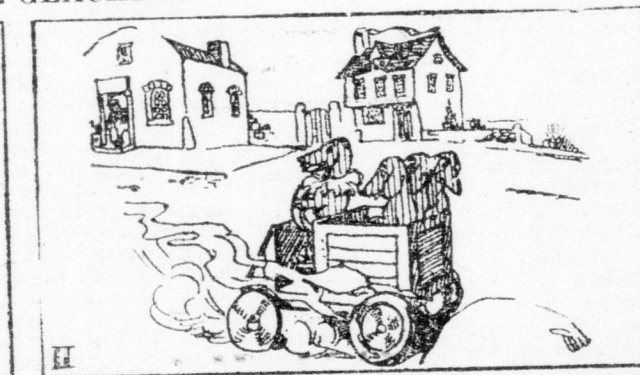
Isaac—"I didn't. I started a pawnshop just outside the course for them as wanted a ticket home after backing the winner."

Adventures of Hans and His Chums

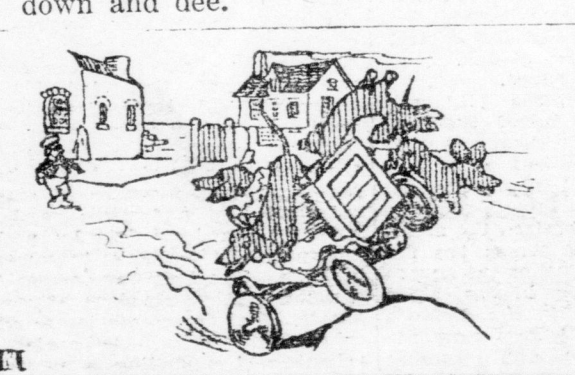
BY L. M. GLACKENS.



"Being Dutch, I'm no chaf-wat's-his-name," said Dackel to the three;
"If I couldn't run an auto, though, I'd lay me down and dee."



"We are going backward, say you? What difference does it make?
Do not bother me with trifles, or I'll give you all the shake."



"And they never even warned me we were coming to a stone;
Well, they've got their shake," quoth Dackel;
"now I'll run the thing alone."



"Bah! There's nothing to this motoring. It's simple as can be—
Wo-wow! I do believe that tree is steering straight for me!"



"I knew it was!" he shouted, as he rose above the crash;
"There was something seemed to tell me we were going to have a smash."



"You are looking poorly, Dackel," Hans remarked; "you need some fun;
Bring those pieces home, and bring them"—here he chuckled—"one by one."

Protecting Birds of Fine Plumage

Movement to Prevent Reckless Slaughter Reaches England.

There is at least some prospect of action being taken to check the indiscriminate use of plumes of birds for millinery or other decorative purposes.

For a number of years it has been sought to achieve this purpose by legislation. But nothing having been accomplished by this means, an attempt is now being made to work along different lines, viz., trade itself.
The Secretary of the Seaborne Society, Mr. W. M. Webb, who has inherited this new departure, told a press representative that his purpose was to see whether common ground could not be found between the trade and those who desire to protect the birds on scientific or aesthetic grounds. After all, he pointed out, none of these parties desire the birds to become extinct.

Action of the Committee.

The first result of this movement has been the appointment of a committee to deal with the question. This body—"The Committee for the Economic Preservation of Birds"—has sent a number of questions to British Consuls in countries in which birds are being exterminated, with a view to eliciting information. Sir Edward Grey has asked that the results of the inquiry should be sent to the official committee which, under the chairmanship of the Chancellor of the Duchy, the question of the plumage traffic.

The Committee for the Economic Preservation of Birds contains among its members gentlemen appointed by the Seaborne Society and the London Chamber of Commerce, as well as many of the leading zoologists.

All those who have joined the committee have agreed that if as a result of the investigation it is found that birds used for trade are not in danger of extermination or serious reduction, the committee will not object to the use of plumes of wild birds for millinery or decorative purposes, and will not directly or indirectly support any bill that penalizes British trade, leaves continental trade untouched.

They have also agreed that "the committee will, so far as possible, discourage irresponsible attacks upon the trade in feathers, and will publicly publish in the press which this committee may find in the course of its investigations to be untrue or unfounded."

The Textile Trade Section of the London Chamber of Commerce has undertaken to support the committee.

SCOTLAND SCORES.

An American "doing the sights" in Edinburgh arranged with the hotel boy to show him round the city.

It was a hard task to raise any spark of appreciation of the ancient relics in the visitor's mind. Sight after sight the boy extolled, but the American hemmed and hawed, disparaging everything compared with what they had "on the other side."

"What's that for?" he asked, presently, pointing to a passing vehicle carrying an enormous bar of iron.

A glint came in the juvenile eye as he answered, airily:

"They're building a new hotel up the road, sir, and that's the kitchen poker."

A FEW DEFECTS.



Garb's Barber—Getting very bald, sir, and if I might say so—

Long-Suffering Patient—Look here my friend, if we're going to talk personalities, I could tell you of one or two defects in your own face!

ALARMING.



He—And now is the old man now?

She—Pretty bad. Never known him like it afore. "Come home sober every night this week."

DON'T Welcome Flies

By Berton Bralley.

Don't patronize the merchant with a stock of flies! For tell me, what—
What earthly use it is to swat When flies are loose. If all the fruit and half the meat And other food you have to eat Has been the common stamping-ground For all the flies in blocks around?

Don't patronize the merchant who Has foodstuffs open to the view, Without a glass, without a screen, To keep them insectless and clean; So when you find a grocery store With fifty million flies or more, You'll turn and say, In accents clear, "No, thanks—good-day! I won't trade here; I'll try some other place for mine, Where flies don't find a 'Welcome' sign, And where they're not on pleasant terms With fifty-seven brands of germs." That's what I'd say, And go away— Don't patronize The merchant with a stock of flies!

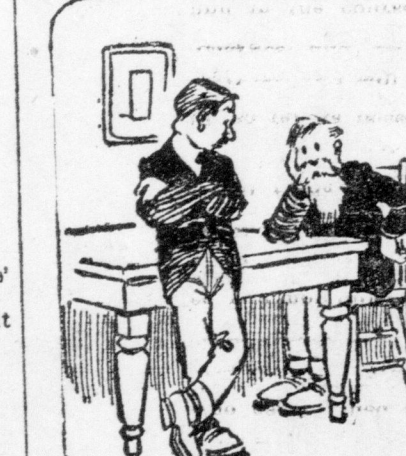
KEEP PEN FULL OF INK

This isn't a fountain pen. It's simply a regular pen with two pen points in the holder instead of one. It will be found that by using a system like this you can

60 or 70 words can be written before it is necessary to dip the pen in the

ink again. The space between the pens forms a small reservoir that feeds the ink to the points freely and easily. The upper pen point should be shoved into the holder just the least little bit further than the lower with which the writing is done.

NEAR-LOGIC.



Phil Ossifer—A fountain pen may contain a sonnet, a pencil, a best seller.

Common Moral—Have you level thought of the hidden mysteries of a pie?