

Zepps. and How to Catch 'em.

(According to a Recreation Room Specialist)

"Yes," said the Oracle, as he lit a cigarette and addressed the company at large; "Yes, we're all tickled to death to hear how they fetched down that dogoned Zepp.; but why in Christopher didn't they get 'em all—that's what I want to know! Same old trouble I suppose, no brains! Listen here, fellers, and I'll give you a line on a few schemes fer catching 'em; tell the War Office? nothing doing!—they'd never understand nohow!"

My first scheme is to get a bunch of eagles and train 'em ter fly up and scratch the Dickens out of the skin of the Zepp.—or it would be quite easy ter train 'em ter carry a bomb or two up and drop 'em gently where they'd do most good.

Then again, why not arrange a scheme for manufacturing thunder-storms on the wireless principle that would bust up their motors and smash 'em up generally. Or have a gun that would throw a rope and lasso the sons-er-guns, then we could haul 'em down with a windlass and use 'em ourselves. Yet again, hev a set of magnets strong enough ter pull 'em down without any trouble. Another idea of mine is ter hev a big explosion, down in Australia somewhere, so that the-recoil would make the earth jump up and hit the darned old wind-tanks; that would fix 'em alright!

Simpler still, revive the old idea of sky-hooks and get a line on 'em that way. Another pet idea of mine is to have aerial mines—balloons floating in the air channels filled with poison gas—waiting for 'em.

But there, what's the use of talking and using one's brains! this narrow-minded, old-fashioned country won't adopt a fellow's schemes anyway! They're always behind the times!!

Kriticos.

ADVERTISING—As it used to be.

We stumbled across the following advertisement on a recent trip to Canterbury. It is typical of England a hundred years ago, and forms an interesting comparison with modern advertising methods:

CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE STAGE COACH.

"All that are desirous to pass from Canterbury to Folkestone, or from Folkestone to Canterbury, or any other place on that road: let them repair to the Rose Hotel in Canterbury and to the Swan Hotel in Folkestone, at both which places they may be received in a Stage-coach every day, which performs the whole journey there and back in a day (if God permits) and sets forth at eight in the morning. Allowing each person fourteen pounds weight, and all above three pence a pound."