

EUROPE'S AIR WARSHIPS

FIVE NATIONS AT LEAST HAVE DIRIGIBLE BALLOONS.

Germany, England, Austria and Italy Have Squadrons of the Air.

At least five of the great Powers of Europe now possess more or less efficient dirigible war balloons, and these machines may play an important part in the next great conflict. France has La Patrie, the first and perhaps the most practical of all. Germany has the Paravel, the unnamed Gross balloon, and the Zeppelin airship.

England has the Nulli Secundus, both Austria and Italy have war dirigibles which really sail the air, though very little is known about them.

France was the first country to develop an aerial engine of war which was a distinct advance over the old time balloons, such as did good service as far back as the siege of Paris in 1870-71 and was used for observation in the Russo-Japanese war. On July 14 of last year, at Longchamps, La Patrie made her first appearance. The note of a siren in the air drew the eyes of the great crowd aloft, and there was a sure enough dirigible looking like a great white sailing over their heads, now with, now against, and again athwart the wind, ascending and descending and changing her course at the will of her crew.

The later dirigibles of La Patrie—how she sailed around the Eiffel Tower on July 23, with Premier Clemenceau as a passenger, called on President Fallieres at the Elysee Palace on August 9, and made various other flights under test conditions—are well known. The French consider her one of the most important features of the national defence. Their confidence in the present airship is sufficient at any rate to cause them to appropriate \$180,000 for the construction of three more.

The main body of La Patrie resembles

A HUGE BOLOGNA SAUSAGE, except that at one end it is pointed like a cigar. It is nearly 200 feet long and about 35 feet in diameter. It has two screw propellers, each of about 8 feet diameter, which gives it an average speed of about 27 miles an hour. The dirigible is suspended from the body of the balloon and carries a weight of more than 2,500 pounds. All the framework is made of steel tubing and the upper side has a sheathing of light, tough armor-plate calculated to resist rifle bullets.

Equally like a sausage but shorter and thicker is the latest German balloon, which seems to have put both the Paravel and the Zeppelin inventions in the shade, at least for the present. It made its first appearance on July 23, sailing to Berlin from the artillery school at Jungferheide and back again, remaining in the air three hours and twenty-five minutes. It is the invention of Major Gross of the Tegel aerobatic battalion of the German army, and it is understood that the dirigible is to be constructed on the same general pattern. The Germans continue to have the Zeppelin also in his experiments with dirigibles. He has actually constructed an airship of aluminum 500 feet long, which rose to a height of 2,500 feet and made a journey of thirty miles, flying over Lake Constance in 1906. The enormous weight and size of this machine render it hopeless as an adjunct to an army in the field and the Count is now busy trying to build a more easily portable military dirigible. The Austrian dirigibles were first heard of on August 1st last. Three of them made a flight that day over the fortifications of Cracovia. They remained in the air a considerable time, and the other Governments believe that they are serviceable. The secret of their construction has been carefully guarded, as has that of the Italian war balloon. Little is known of the Italian dirigible, except that in the autumn field manoeuvres of the Italian army this year it was in constant operation, and staff officers, so far as they would talk about it at all.

EXPRESSED SATISFACTION.

England is the latest Power to give a demonstration of military aerobatics. The voyage of the Nulli Secundus to London and its failure to get back in the teeth of a stiff gale were recently told by cable.

So certain are the war experts that the balloon is to be a prominent factor in the strategy of the future that they are all forming large aerobatic establishments. France has no actual school for balloonists, but there are several balloon clubs, whose members acquire a certain amount of skill in aerial navigation. These when they perform their military duties are drafted into the Battalion d'Aerostiers, which has its headquarters at Moisson, and they spend their entire term of service learning to navigate and fight and do scout duty in the air. The post is under a commandant, and it occupies the old zoological garden of St. Cyr. There is another station at Chalais-Mendon, also near Paris, where there is a large balloon factory.

Germany has a private school for aerobatics at Chemnitz. The military school and experiment station is at Jungferheide. The head of the service is Major Kress of the Aerostiers of Tegel. England has experimental stations both at the camp of Aldershot and at Farnborough in Hampshire, whence the Nulli Secundus started on its memorable flight. Probably every country in Europe has a busy corps of experimenters at work.

Actively even in little Belgium was shown recently by the report of experiments in firing at balloons with artillery. This illustrates the new problems that the dirigible balloon is bound to introduce into the art of war.

The question is of dual bearing: What will the balloons accomplish, and what can be done against them? In the primary stage, of course, their utility for scouting is most obvious. With the present range of fire the prime requisite of every commander in the field is some means superior to cavalry scouts of locating the enemy and gauging some of the

STRENGTH OF HIS DEFENCES. The dirigible balloon keeping the air for ten hours and travelling at the rate of 27 miles an hour plainly solves this

THE KING AS SPORTSMAN

HIS MAJESTY IS VERY SKILLFUL IN MANY GAMES.

Cricket and Football Are About the Only Sports in Which He Is Not Proficient.

The world knows all about the marvellous feats and sportsmanship of the strenuous tenant of the White House, but it has heard very little, curiously enough, about the really remarkable sporting record of the sovereign of the British Empire. It is as a sportsman indeed that his subjects love him most.

Other people may bow to his qualities as a diplomat, a tactician, a wise ruler, but to the Englishman Edward VII. is first and foremost an excellent sportsman. Almost the only outdoor games in which the King is not proficient are cricket and football. Although keenly interested in cricket, he never excelled as a player. He and his brother had a professional coach, who tried to teach them the game when they were boys at Windsor, but though the man labored hard with his eager pupils he never succeeded in accomplishing great results, and went away lamenting that he "could make next on their Royal Highnesses."

Yet notwithstanding this inability King Edward, like all the rest of his subjects, studies cricket scores and follows all the big matches. His football experiences are limited to watching such games as those between the Army and Navy

AT THE QUEEN'S CLUB.

He seriously thought of going out to the Crystal Palace to the cup final between the Australians and the English, but was dissuaded. As a shot he has always shown wonderful skill and enthusiasm. In Baroda and Ceylon, in addition to buffalo and deer, he brought down an elephant and a bear. He is a keen sportsman, and his first visit to Chillingham Castle thirty-five years ago, by concealing himself in a hayrack, his Majesty accomplished the rare feat of having lost the color of his face. Lord Tankerville's borderer set is famous.

CHILDREN OF THE ANCIENTS.

Present-Day Boys and Girls Hold a Very Different Place in the World.

There has recently been put upon exhibition in the British Museum a new collection, or more strictly speaking, a rearrangement of certain old collections in such a way as to make an entirely new exhibit, representing the surroundings and houses of the Greeks and Romans two thousand years ago. The arrangement includes the dress, furniture, kitchen utensils, surgical instruments—all the paraphernalia of life of the old peoples.

But among all the cases none is of more fascinating interest, none brings the far-away centuries more vividly before us than the case containing the toys of children. There are a tiny chariot with two prancing horses on an inch and a half high, a leaden horseman, a Pompeian man with a fox-terrier with a collar, and also with a fine long tail, a monkey eating a bun.

Here are tiny mechanical toys, a dolls' chair and a set of some bronze glazed and painted with imitation rolled back and arms. There are also mugs painted with figures of children, and here, too, are tiny dolls. Most of them are carved, many with beautifully jointed limbs, and some are plainly very expensive, but with no more than a curious glance. She would be right, for these dolls at least were never played with—they were discovered, nearly all of them, in funeral urns.

But among them there is one that no doll-loving little girl could fail to recognize—a little rag doll, faded and yellow and worn. There is no question, however, that this rag doll, cherished by some child twenty centuries ago.

There are other things in the collection. Rattles of strange shapes, with glorious possibilities of noise, moving figures, fish-like which the wise declare, save for a little rust, might have been made last year. All the libraries of the world could not prove so clearly the eternal kinship of childhood as this case of battered toys.

But, as a writer in the London Spectator reminds us, although the children two thousand years ago were playing the same games as the children of today, childhood itself now holds a very different place in the world. It was only in the children whom the old Greeks and Romans loved and protected—the children of other nations, the poor and the outcast, were either neglected or put to death. Children of the children's courts, vacation societies, children's clubs, free kindergartens and schools, and unaccounted other places and organizations are caring for the children of the twentieth century as they have never in the history of the world been cared for before.

ODDITIES OF WARFARE.

Owing to the small calibre of the bullets used during the Russo-Japanese war many soldiers did not know that they had been struck by them until the effect of an attack had passed. During the battle of Mukden a company of Japanese infantry, of a strength of ninety men, attacked a Russian party holding the opposite bank of the river. The attack was carried through with great spirit until the Japanese arrived upon the river-bank, when the Russians evacuated the position, evidently believing that their fire had been without any effect. It was only then that forty out of the ninety Japanese discovered that they had been wounded during the advance. The company commander only made the same discovery in his own case by seeing the water of the river reddened by his blood. There was apparently no physical effect of the wounds so long as the men had been sustained by the fury and excitement of the advance. But on seeing their feet down, they experienced the moral effect of their injuries, and all at once felt that they could advance no further.

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MISER'S PECULIAR WILL.

William John Watson emigrated a half century ago from Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, to Australia, where he made a fortune of over \$100,000. A few years ago he returned to his native town and has since lived the life of a miser in a small three-roomed house, where he was found dead three days ago. By his will he leaves the whole of his property to Portadown, for the purpose of providing a school for the people, but he bars football or race rowing. He will further provides that the urban council shall, out of the interest he has a dinner every five years, the expense not to exceed £1 per head. At each of these dinners the will is to be read publicly.

MINER'S RETURN TO LIFE

PENNSYLVANIA MINING EXPERIENCE IN LIVING TOMB.

Lay in Crevice of Earth 450 Feet Below Surface Four Days and Nights.

For almost four days and nights—40 Le exact, eighty-four hours—McCabe lay in a crevice of the earth 450 feet below the surface. Early on a recent Saturday he was digging in a shaft of the Draper colliery at Gilberton, Penn., when an unlucky shot brought the earth down upon him, cutting off all escape.

That was bad enough, but the knowledge that what he felt would be his grave lay directly underneath the home in which his wife and children awaited his coming, sent a peculiar poignancy to his plight.

It is not what a miner works 450 feet beneath the floor of his own cottage, but that is what McCabe was doing when the roof fell in, and he knew it. His wife and family learned it later when they were told he had been caught and there was little or no hope of his rescue.

MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE.

For four days and sleepless nights the wife moved about in her cottage with the knowledge that somewhere, almost right under her feet, her husband was slowly dying. The agony of it was a little too much for the woman, so that when they brought him back to her it was a long time before she could realize that it was her husband who had returned to her in the flesh from the grave. When the top of the chamber in which he was working caved in and caused a rush of culm and water from the surface, rescuers of workmen toiled unceasingly to reach McCabe. Shortly after midnight the following Wednesday the rescuers detected a scratching noise which told them that McCabe was still living, and with renewed vigor fresh reliefs were put to work with the result that at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning he was reached.

McCabe was more nearly dead than alive when reached. He had not changed his position from the time the rush occurred, as he feared that by moving about another rush of culm might start which would end his life.

PRAYED FOR WIFE AND "KIDS."

After he realized that he was saved and had recovered a little of his strength, McCabe told this story of his experience.

"When the shot went off it took down the whole roof for 120 feet, they tell me. The slush coming down put my light out. If I had been six inches further out I would have been caught. The first thing I knew I was cut off. The first thing I did was to say my prayers, and I thought of the wife and kids above me. I was praying for them more than for myself. I knew I would come out all right. But they were right above me. If I could dig my way up I would come out in my own cellar. And I kept thinking of the wife, up there, thinking she never see me again."

DRANK KEROSENE.

"So I spent the whole time in the dark. I found a couple of old dynamite boxes, and these I put together for a bed, and after a while went to sleep. When I woke up I was hungry. I had some tobacco with me and chewed some of that. The tobacco kept me from getting hungry, but after a while that wouldn't do.

"I think I took a long sleep, for when I woke up I felt as empty as an old powder can. I couldn't stand it any longer, so I commenced to sip the oil out of my lamp. The oil kept me from getting weak. There must be lots of nourishment in it. I broke off chips, and when I got it fine. It didn't get bad mixed with the oil. When I got thirsty I caught handfuls of the sulphur water dripping from the rocks. It was pretty strong, but there wasn't anything else on tap."

INDIA'S INSECT PEST.

An Ant Which Bores Holes Through Sheet Metal.

India has insect pests which make anything of the kind in this country appear trifling. The tea bush has no less than four destructive enemies from which no means of escape has yet been devised by man. These are the bark-eating borer, the sandwich caterpillar, the mosquito and the white ant, all of which attack the bush and do immense damage.

The worst and the most invincible of these plagues is the white ant, the insect merely attacking the leaves, and begin at the roots and eat upward, reducing the wood to powder and leaving only the bark to support the top, which soon topples over by reason of its own weight. There is no wood that resists its attack except sandal wood, which is reduced to powder and white wood to a powder. It cannot work in the light, but must get at the wood from some dark recess and work within a shell.

It will in some mysterious way get into a veneered or lacquered picture frame, and in a short time nothing will remain but the veneer or lacquer, nothing else being left but a small portion of the powder, the rest being consumed or removed.

The method of attack is by emitting a kind of acid, which destroys the wood, and this ant has been known to bore holes through the sheet iron bottoms of mamma.

"Dear me! I wonder where baby got such a temper?" Papa: "Never mind! We haven't got time to find out that question just now!"

KILL HUSBANDS BY SCORE

WOMEN FEED THEM ON THE WRONG SORT OF FOOD.

Responsible For Deaths in Many Cases—Should Exercise Discretion in Cookery.

Women who allow their husbands to get fat are roundly scolded by George Harvey, editor of the North American Review. These who are widowed before they reach the age of 60 years are blamed for the loss of their providers through their ignorance of even simple rules for the management and care of husbands.

According to Mr. Harvey, a married man is under no obligation to familiarize himself with conditions conducive to his physical well being. "The entire responsibility," he says, "rests upon the wife, who has vastly more at stake, to care for, while pretending to obey him."

"And how ill equipped for the performance of this task, however well intended, is the average woman! Practically all she knows is that milk is good for babies, and all she thinks is that fat grown men must have much food to feed the furnaces of their physical organism. A failing appetite is to her a sign of danger, and, forthwith, anxious and well meaning, she places before him tempting viands and dainties with him to try and eat more if only to please her, but with the inevitable consequence that he, being weak and childless and hating to be hectorated, goes on eating, ingloriously yields and adds fuel, often fatal, to a lurking disorder."

WIFE'S IGNORANCE.

"Wife's ignorance is at the bottom of all such blundering, while fatuously striving to save them women kill good providers by the score, and then hold themselves to be fit objects of sympathy because, forsooth, of their self-imposed widowhood. Frankly, we have no patience with such persons. There is no more occasion for a woman under 60 to be a widow than there is for her to be a spinster. The average man is tough, easily guided, and only too glad to conform with any subtle suggestions that are not too obviously in his good or too contrary to his inclinations. His attitude is neither obdurate nor unamiable, but he desires careful suggestion of a rational remedy, not mere reproachful statements of bitter fact, and that is what the woman has failed to equip herself for the performance of her duty as a caretaker. It is unable to give. Primarily, the woman is responsible, through ignorance, for the multiplication of tobacco hearts and the filling of married drunkards' graves."

Reduction in the quantity of food consumed and intelligent regulation of his character are declared to be absolutely essential to the longevity of husbands. In proof of this are the writings of Luigi Carnaro on the subject of diet.

HARVEY CITES CARNARO.

"Carnaro," says Mr. Harvey, "is of all kinds of food, animal as well as vegetable, but in small quantity, and he drank moderately of the light-wines of his country, diminishing his slender rations as age increased. He finally died without agony, while comfortably seated in an armchair, at the age of 104. The mere fact that one never hears of an old stout man establishes the wisdom of the method proposed for the aged, but it is equally applicable to middle life."

"What folly, then, for a woman to endeavor, through the concoction of special dishes and by means of earnest pleadings, to tempt the appetite of her bilious provider! Better for deprive him of all food till the natural expenditure has exhausted the income, and then resist rather than encourage the ravages of nature."

EX-LORD MAYOR'S BEST WORK.

Sir William Treloar Has Collected \$300,000 for Cripples' Home.

Last week Sir William Treloar laid aside the robes of the Lord Mayor of London. The bulky graybeard carpetmaker and merchant carries his sixty-five years lightly. His has been the most active administration of this highly decorative office known in recent years. The greatest of his works has been the collection of £300,000 (\$300,000) for building a big home for crippled children on sixty acres of land in Hampshire given him by act of parliament.

The fund was started with £40 (\$200) a year ago. The King and Queen immediately gave their support and money has poured in steadily ever since, coming from all classes, but most of it from workmen.

The closing days of Sir William's term are being picturesquely connected with this fund.

The other evening found the old campaigner in evening dress, with the star of knighthood, gleaming on his breast, addressing a crowded meeting of sports at Wonderland, the White-chapel home of boxing. The pugilists knocked off pummeling each other while the Lord Mayor told with pathetic simplicity the wants of tens of thousands of little boys and girls of the metropolis, who needed back or leg braces, cork legs, crutches and invalid chairs.

The sports listened with deep attention. It was a motley throng, some being in evening dress, but the majority wearing the diversified clothes of the east-end street. When the speech ended the crowd broke into uproarious cheers and shillings and sovereigns began to roll into the Lord Mayor's handbag.

When it comes to lying it doesn't matter how reckless a man is. When a wise man gets real angry he goes away back and sits down.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM DEER BANKS AND DRAES.

What is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

The total debt on Rothesay harbor is \$74,410. Fraserburgh harbor is to be extended at a cost of \$475,000.

There are 122 uninhabitable houses in Pellokshaws now occupied.

A public slaughter-house is to be erected at Largs, at a cost of \$7,000. An Aberdeen "ramp" has a population of \$500, and has another \$500 left.

The Carnegie Trust at Dumfries is to start a monkey-house in Pittencrieff Park.

An appeal to the people of Scotland on Sabbath observance has been issued by the churches of Scotland.

Mr. Herbert Smith, son of a Dundee journalist, has been a lecturer on German at a Glasgow University.

In running from Edinburgh to York an express engine burns about 3 1/2 tons of coal, and consumes about 2,000 gallons of water.

There were on October 13 in Glasgow hospitals and under sanitary supervision at home 1,250 cases of infectious disease.

The old-established stance market known as St. Luke's Fair, or the Aulton Market, is held recently on the "Debs Lands, Old Aberdeen."

Dundee has given Mr. Andrew Carnegie a loan of \$25,000 to enable him to establish new baths would be appreciated.

Scotland estimates that three weeks' rain in October damaged the crops to 1,200,000 acres an average of \$10 per acre, or \$12,000,000 in all.

Aberdeen County Council are to give a grant of \$15,000 towards the erection of the new Technical College in Aberdeen.

The Aberdeen Harbor Board contemplate a large extension of the berthing accommodation for herring drifters.

The work for the preservation of the Auld Brig o' Ayr is stated to be going on at a very satisfactory way. In spite of the recent wild spates, no accident has occurred.

Since the Herald's Guild of Kings started in Glasgow it has contributed \$1,000 to charities for children, and made between 80,000 and 90,000 gifts to children.

The other day the only child (three years) of Alex. McKinnon, farmer, Auchensavil, Carradale, fell into a manure heap, face downwards, and was fatally suffocated.

Among the interesting collection of old medals and other trophies belonging to Patrick Curlew Club, which was formed in 1842, is the old Patrick town bell, in use from 1720 to 1770.

The late Mrs. Baxton, a native of Paisley, and latterly of Hamilton, Ont., left subject to a life rent, a bequest of \$2,000 for the poor of her native parish. It is now available.

It is estimated that there will be a consumption of over 30,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric power and lighting in Edinburgh Exhibition, and that the charge will run to between \$12,500 and \$15,000.

An abnormally early snowfall in Edinburgh district in October caused a serious landslide on the east of the line near Newhall. The main line was temporarily blocked, and some trains were considerably delayed.

"Work for the Night is Coming" being sung in the Paisley Abbey church the other Sunday evening when the gas went out suddenly. The organist kept at work for ten minutes till the light started business once more.

GIRLS DEFENDED THE SOLDIERS.

Boycott Against Boycott in a German Village—Care for Jealousy.

There is always jealousy in the German rural districts over the favor that the troops detailed to various villages and small towns find from the young women.

Things look a queer turn this summer in a village of Baden, near Bruchsal, where the One Hundred and Forty-second Regiment of the line, recruited at Offenbourg, was quartered during the season of field training. The usual method of thrashing soldiers who made themselves agreeable to the girls proved a dismal failure. The men of the One Hundred and Forty-second were very hard hitters and stood up to the girls when they came to the door. The girls, when they last determined to get square with the girls who accepted attentions from the soldiers.

The word was therefore passed around that any girl who was desirous of talking, walking or flirting with a "musketier" or receiving visits from one, should be boycotted—they have adopted the word into German—at its date which was to follow the religious services at the close of the harvesting. A notice to this effect was even printed in the Bruchsal newspaper. It seemed quite settled that the girls who smiled on the soldiers should have no partners at the great event of the year.

But the young of the village understood the loyalty of the girls to each other. In the very next number of the Bruchsal paper there appeared a notice of the unanimous resolve of all the girls of the village to boycott completely the members of the One Hundred and Forty-second Regiment to come to the dance, with an assurance that they would not lock partners so far as the first girls would go round. The young women's notice ended with these patriotic words:

"It is not clear to us why we should be expected to treat the soldiers slightly. Are they not as good men as our lads in Furst? And why should the poor soldier who serves his God, his prince and his fatherland have no one to say a kind word to him?"

This was signed "The Association of Girls of Furst for the Improvement of Foreign Relations, Especially with Regiment No. 142." Negotiations for a truce, it is reported, were not wholly unsuccessful, and no engagements were broken.

WAR IS A

WHEN SULTAN

Money is a Friendly

It is little ed when the Mod del Aziz IV. him the chaste outside Casabla Majesty's mili questionably m not war.

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