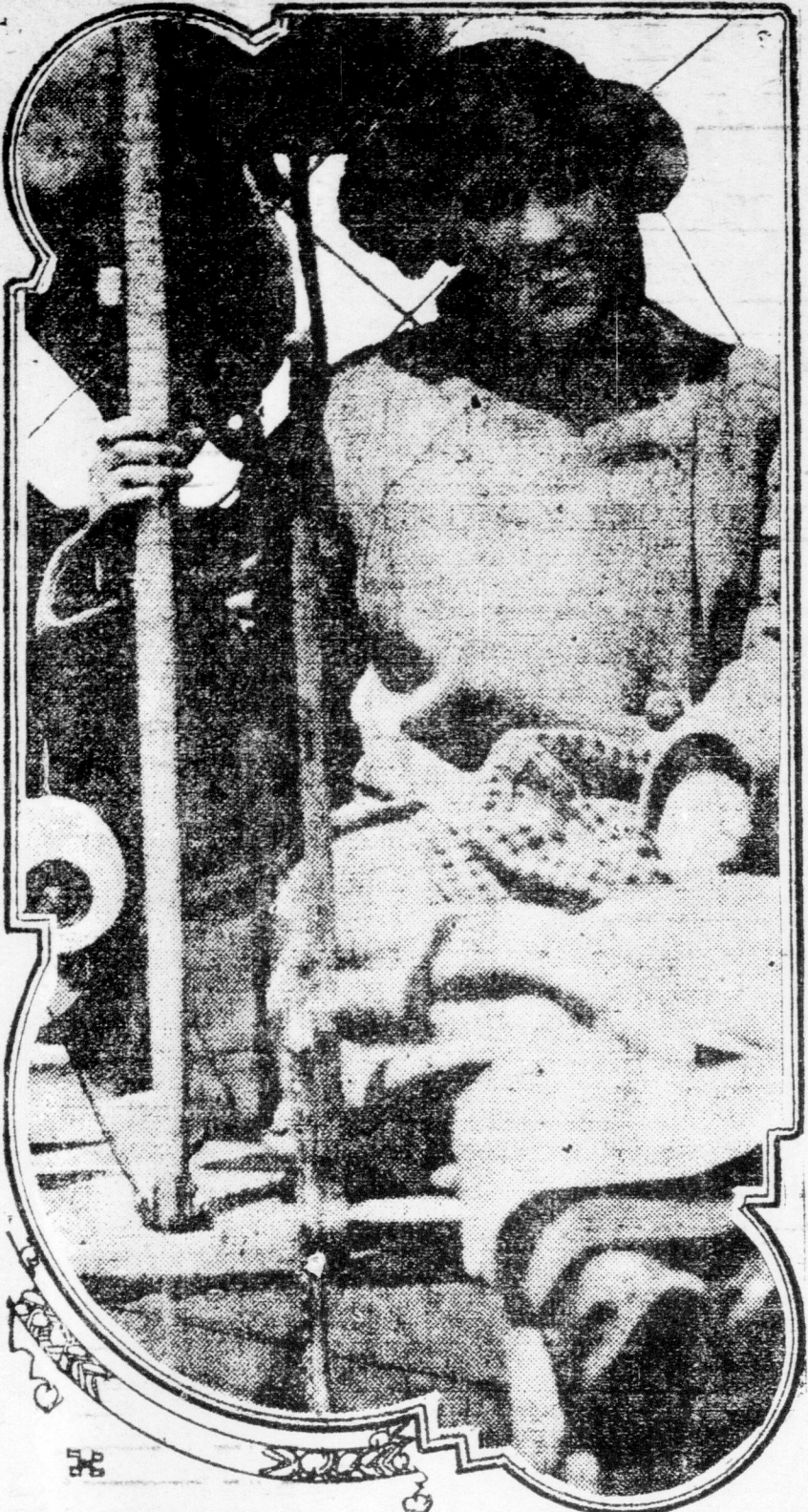


No Thrills in Airshipping, Says Catherine



MISS CATHERINE CALVERT JUST AFTER HER FLIGHT.
"Take it from me, aviation for women isn't what it's cracked up to be. There's more thrill in a motor car."

"One Limited Monarchy and Ten Thousand Little Czars"

Lloyd George's Purgent Description of the Old Land
—Raps the Tyranny of Big Landlords—A
Gathering of 30,000 to 40,000
Welsh at Swansea.

There were few parts of Wales, from the mountainous districts of the north to the rugged wilds of the west coast, which did not send some small contingent to the great demonstration held at Swansea recently, in favor of disestablishment. Over fifty special trains arrived in Swansea, and it was estimated that they conveyed between twenty and thirty thousand people. The proceedings of the day opened with the great National Disestablishment Convention in the Albert Hall, and when Mr. Lloyd George took the chair at 11 o'clock, the floor and the galleries were densely packed with delegates representing Liberal Associations, Free Church Councils, chapels, etc. The delegates were next motioned with the words, "From Toleration to Equality." The arrival of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was the signal for the convention to open the proceedings, and upstanding the vast audience sang in Welsh, "Marchog, Iesu, yn llyw adanau." The wild grandeur of the air was an impressive opening to the proceedings, and Mr. Lloyd George sang as fervently as the rest.

Chancellor's Speech.
Mr. Lloyd George, who was given a wildly enthusiastic reception, said he felt there was a ring of determination



MRS. G. A. SELBY AND CHILD

Uses Only Cuticura Soap for Prize Baby

"I have always used Cuticura Soap and no other for my baby, and he has never had a sore of any kind. He does not even get a rash, and his babies do. I feel that it is all owing to Cuticura Soap for he is fine and healthy, and when five months old won a prize in a baby contest. It makes my heart ache to go into so many homes and see a sweet faced baby with the whole top of its head a solid mass of scurf, caused by the use of poor soap. I always recommend Cuticura, and nine times out of ten the next time I see the mother she says 'Oh! I am so glad you told me of Cuticura.' (Signed) Mrs. G. A. Selby, Redondo Beach, Calif.

Although Cuticura Soap is sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 29, Boston, U.S.A., will secure a liberal sample, with 32-p. book on the care of skin, scalp and hair.

to the present they had dealt with it as if they were handling a hedgehog. "If in this country change were made in business as we are in politics," he declared, "then, instead of having the greatest international trade of the world, we should have been nothing today but a coal yard for the German Empire. The situation today—and I am one of those on the look-out, looking for the icebergs ahead—the situation today needs courage, and nine parts of courage is faith. For Heaven's sake, let us apply our principles fearlessly." (Cheers.)

Who Said Sacrilege?
Mr. Lloyd George went on to say that they had been called robbers. (Laughter.) He would reply to them by saying that the honor of the Nonconformist peasant was as precious as that of the proudest baron in the land. (Cheers.) As long as these charges were made against the Welsh people—sacrilege, robbery, theft and greed—they would provide cheerful homes. "Vessels consecrated in the sanctuary are still on their sideboards," he proceeded. "The meat dedicated to the altar stock their larders today—there are thousands of them. The richest land in England and Wales, which is consecrated to the service of God and His poor, they have got today. (Hear hear.) Go to a Primrose League meeting, look at the platform—one-third of them are probably people who have got church land. The very primroses which adorn their buttonholes were plucked from land consecrated to the service of the altar, and they have the effrontery to charge us, when we ask that money which belongs to the poor ought to be returned—they have the effrontery to say we are robbing God."

Tyranny of Landlordism.
These people, the Chancellor proceeded, were raising wider issues than they knew when they challenged the right of the people of Wales to reconsider the application of the trust property of the people. But that was not the only trust in land which had been betrayed in South Wales. They had hundreds of thousands a year paid in rents and taxes, and the men of South Wales jeopardized their lives to pay these exactions, and when they came up in the sunshine again to seek rest and recreation they were met with disease and degradation. The men for whom they worked graded them every inch of sunlit space of breathing ground. That was a trust that would be looked into. (Cheers.)

They claimed a right to it—who gave it them? It was not in the law, nor in the prophets. (Laughter.) In the lonely, thinly populated districts of Wales they could deprive a man of his livelihood for his opinions. What king could do that? They could exile a man from the home of his fathers. They had done it. From his own home at Criccieth he could see three farms where he remembered their Nonconformist owners being turned adrift because they dared to go for religious equality. There was no monarchy in the world, not even in Russia, could do that.

A Land of Little Tears.
"I am not afraid of their intimidation in Wales," the Chancellor exclaimed, with emphasis, "but still there is their power. Who gave it them? They can consign a man, not for weeks, but for a lifetime to live as they do, in rural districts, as well as in great towns, in miserable dens, the crevices of which are seething with disease and degradation. I will not say that the matter with this country. There is an limited monarchy here, and there are ten thousand little Tsars. (Laughter.) They hold an absolute, autocratic sway. Who

They were all there, he went on, to demand the right to manage their own spiritual affairs in their native land, without interference from either Canterbury or Westminster. (Cheers.) They were loyal subjects of the throne, they were obedient to the laws of the land, and they did not recognize the right of the state to interfere in their spiritual concerns. The state had no right to touch the Ark of the Covenant. The connection of the state with religion he considered to be an injury to the spiritual life of the country. They won an election two years ago on the cry: "The will of the people must prevail." In what, he asked, should it prevail more than in what concerned the people most—their spiritual affairs?

Religious Services Secure.
"If you carried Disestablishment and Disendowment tomorrow," the Chancellor proceeded, "and I say it now so much to you who know, but for the benefit of those outside who do not know our native land—if you carried them there would not be a service less in this land, there would not be a prayer the less, there would not be a song of praise the less. The only thing that would happen would be that in the rural districts the landowners would have to do what tenant farmers of the neighborhood would have to do. (Cheers.) They would have to maintain their own religious services."

When their opponents talked about the endowments, they asked to whom did they belong, for whose benefit were they given? They all agreed that they were trust funds, and the most extreme Tories did not maintain that the property belonged to the parson. They said he was merely a trustee. But for whose benefit was the title imposed? Was it imposed for the benefit of the parson? You might as well say, "that the poor rate was imposed for the benefit of the relieving officer. (Laughter and cheers.) You might as well say that the insurance contributions are levied for the benefit of the doctors." (Loud laughter.)

Robbery and Generosity.
Not merely Conservatives, but even some Liberals said: "You must be generous." Generous? said the Chancellor, had nothing to do with it. There was no such commandment as "Thou shalt steal provided thou art generous with the owner." But if the property belonged to the nation, or if it was given for the benefit of the Welsh people, it was theirs. They could not away the property of a nation in order to earn a meritorious credit for generosity. What difference was there in robbing a parson and robbing a people?

The people he contended were getting too hasty in the application of their principles, and many politicians also were afraid of their principles. These were gigantic problems waiting settlement, and parliament was afraid. All parties seemed to him to be affected with this nervous prostration. Even the Tories were afraid of their principles. (Laughter.) But what about the Liberals? Now he was at home he meant to talk freely. Let them look at the land question. Up

to the present they had dealt with it as if they were handling a hedgehog. "If in this country change were made in business as we are in politics," he declared, "then, instead of having the greatest international trade of the world, we should have been nothing today but a coal yard for the German Empire. The situation today—and I am one of those on the look-out, looking for the icebergs ahead—the situation today needs courage, and nine parts of courage is faith. For Heaven's sake, let us apply our principles fearlessly." (Cheers.)

Poor "Gentle Folk" Whom Poverty Hits the Hardest

(James Douglas in the London Daily News.)

If a sorrow's crown of sorrow be remembering happier things, surely the pang and pain of poverty must be very poignant in the heart of the poor gentleman or the poor gentleman. The haughty pride of the poor is peculiarly intense in those who have known sweeter days. Not long ago an old Londoner died in a cold solitary room in a London by-street, and for a moment the whole metropolis paused to grieve over the tragical pathos of his death. He had been an officer, but his heroic dignity forbade him to seek alms from his old regiment. He preferred to let hunger slowly eat him away, and up to his last breath he kept his honor unstained and his human pride unbroken by the poor and hungry.

Hunger ate out his heart, but when his old regiment heard the high tale of his valiant martyrdom it gave him a soldier's funeral. The irony of it hurt our conscience. We could not stoop to the ignominy of chiding his brave folly, because the temper of it was so fine. And in our souls we walked with a dim sense of collective guilt.

Derelicts.
But the tide of life rolled over the old soldier's grave, and we forgot, as we are wont to forget, all these uncomfortable glimpses into the gray abyss of poverty. The great mundane system must go on, and the wheels of labor and pleasure must revolve, although they crush the weakling, the hapless, and the unfortunate. It is only too true that it is better to be publicly and ostentatiously poor than to be secretly and privately poor. In the lower depths of poverty it is not easy to hide from human pity. The very fact that the poor are denied the doubtful boon of privacy is at once a curse and a blessing. It is only in the middle class that the art of starving to death can be securely practiced.

I am aware that the instinct of benevolence does not reach out in these times to the middle classes who are so often ground into poverty by the dreadful millstones of gentility whose weight tends to grow heavier every day. But justice compels us to admit that the lot of the artisan is freer than theirs. He is not the lot of the cultured indigent who strive quixotically to "keep up their position" till the very end. They cannot dig; to beg they are ashamed. They live in exile on the very edge of famine, pushed over inch by inch in a gnarly isolation.

For these derelicts the state can do little. At any rate, we know that many of them die like the derelicts of the Titanic who died amid the Atlantic silences chewing the cork torn from their life-belts. One of these derelicts was a man in evening dress. His face was the face of many a poor gentleman and gentlewoman, the only difference being that he died with poor men at his side. Too often poor gentility died unaccompanied, cut off from the sympathy of those above and those below.

Unfitness For Poverty.
A hundred years ago Peter Herve conceived a noble scheme for rescuing these derelicts of gentility. Who was Peter Herve? I find his story told in a little brochure written by Mr. E. V. Lucas, a man of letters who has a natural sympathy with impoverished gentility, seeing that he is the biographer of Charles and Mary Lamb. He tells us that Peter Herve, a century ago was a middle-aged man in fair practice as a miniature painter. In thinking over the problems of unequally distributed wealth he had been moved by the hardships of elderly and lonely men and women of gentle upbringing who are often as poor as the very poorest, and are yet without any of that appalling fitness for being poor which the poor automatically acquire. I may here interject a doubt about this "appalling fitness" of the poor for "being poor." Let us not lightly take it for granted that the habit of poverty is easily formed.

However, that may be, Herve laid his plan before a few men of good will on June 27, 1812. The meeting was held in the drawing-room of the first Earl Mansfield. A committee of management was appointed. The name chosen was "The National Benevolent Institution." The Duke of Kent, afterwards to become the father of Queen Victoria, was the first patron. Today King George is the patron of Peter Herve's life-saving society. During the century nearly £700,000 has been disbursed in small pensions that make just the difference between destitution and a home.

The Spirit of Charity.
Mr. Lucas tells us that Herve had a predecessor in imaginative benevolence three and a half centuries ago in Florence. This was none other than the sweet and kindly Antonino, Little Anthony, was his birth name, affectionately called him. He was prior of the monastery of S. Marco at the time Fra Angelico was painting his frescoes there, and afterwards he became Archbishop of Florence. It was he who enrolled in 1441 the Buonumini, or Society of Good Men, for the purpose of relieving, as secretaries might be, the necessities of poor Florentines of sad birth who had come down in the world. Little Anthony's Society of Good Men still flourishes in Florence, just as Peter Herve's Society of Good Men still flourishes in London.

In pleading for the due celebration of the centenary of our Antonino, I cannot help thinking of the old soldier who lately died in that London by-street, and of many poor gentlefolk like him. I think especially of two old ladies whom I once knew. They might have stepped out of one of Jane Austen's novels. They taught music; all their hair was white, and there was no more music left in them. They were long kept alive by secret doles from a compassionate few, and now they are old-age pensioners. For such poor souls on the road to seventy the gentle spirit of the old miniature-painter still invokes our tenderness and our pity.

100 YEARS AGO BALL
Greatest of Fancy Dress Revels
—Dazzling Scene at Albert Hall, London.

Those were gay times when the world was young—a hundred years ago. On Thursday, June 6, jaded modern society, assembled at Albert Hall, did its best to recreate them for one brief night, one glorious night of just such revelry as fair women and brave men laughed through on the eve of Waterloo. Perhaps a hundred years hence—but such chastening thoughts had no place in the whirl of merriment that rose to dizzy heights as the day dawned. The world was young—a hundred years ago.

It was a ball to describe with the adjectives out of a synonym dictionary, or to paint with a brush dipped in the sunset. It was also—and perhaps this should come first—a marvelous exhibition of Society, with a capital S, at least a dozen times more imposing than church parade in Hyde Park, and an apotheosis of dressmaking that can find no parallel in modern annals. The whole affair astonished one by sheer weight of its lavish splendor.

Brighton Pavilion.
Dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, politicians, plutocrats, debutantes and dowagers danced through the short hours of June darkness on into the bright houses of a June morning with all the gaiety and abandonment of dwellers on some mythical Mars with no dark spots or gray tomorrows.

From the boxes—let at a hundred guineas each in the case of the gentry for whose benefit the ball was held—wealth and fashion, behind a golden trellis-work of Moorish design, looked out over the vast dancing floor. Where the great organ is usually seen appeared a representation of Brighton pavilion. Nothing had been spared that would help the mind to leap a century, or lend it a delightful sense of luxury in performing the feat.

The labor of lifetimes, and enough money to provide several substantial fortunes, had obviously been spent upon the gossamer of a hundred years ago. Such exquisite creations as Lady Sarah Wilson's fawn shot silk promenade gown, of Lady Curzon's court gown of silver, embroidered with brilliants, as are near the last word in dressmaking as the world is likely to see in this generation.

Fashions Then and Now.
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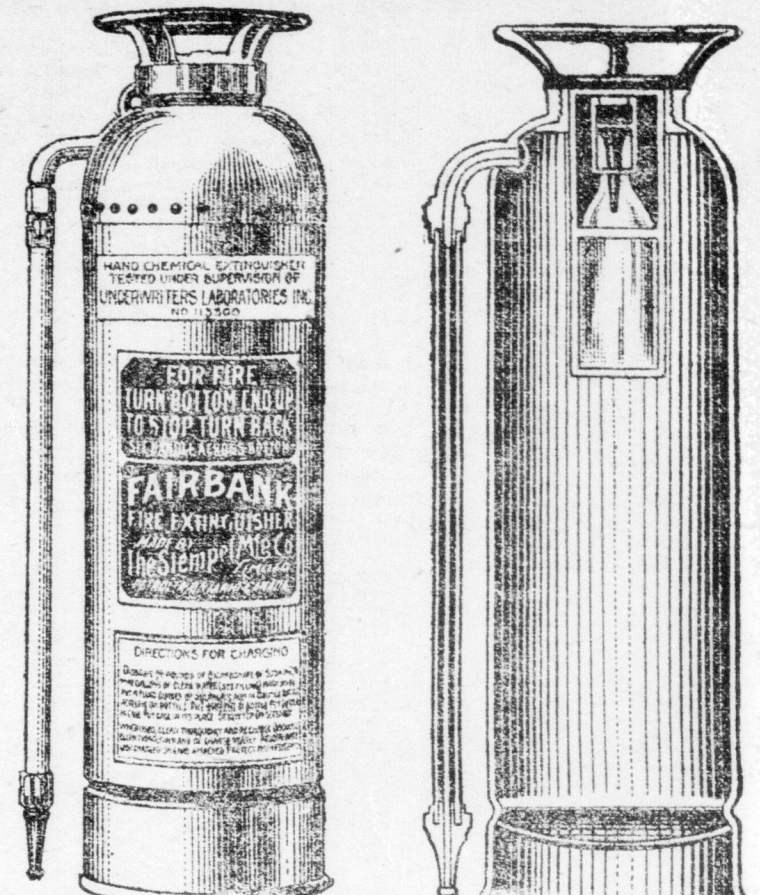
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Statements made by patients taking the New Method Treatment. They know it Cures

CONSTITUTIONAL BLOOD DISEASE.
Patient No. 16474. The spots are all gone from my legs and arms and I feel good now. I am very grateful to you and shall never forget the favor your medicines have done for me. You can verify my name in recommending it to any sufferer. I am going to get married soon. Thanking you once more, etc.

SAYS TWO MONTHS CURED HIM.
Patient No. 16465. Age 23. Simple. Indulged in immoral habits 4 years. Deposit in urine and drains at night. Varicose Veins on both sides, pain in back, weak sexually. He writes: "I received your letter of recent date and in reply I am pleased to say that after taking two months' treatment I would consider myself completely cured, as I have seen no signs of them coming back (one year)."

THE WORLD SEEMS DIFFERENT.
Patient No. 15923. "I have not had a regular emission I don't know when and am feeling fine. The world seems altogether different to me and I thank God for directing me to you. You have been an honest doctor with me."

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We treat and cure VARICOSE VEINS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BLOOD AND URINARY COMPLAINTS, KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES and all Diseases peculiar to men.
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matter of fashions; high waists in their extreme form looked far less strange than would have been the case ten years back, and the simple clinging skirts seemed quite familiar.

Just before midnight came the great event of the ball—the entry of the quadrilles. It was a perfect piece of stagecraft, and the artistic effect, owing to the immense size of the setting, was only comparable with what has been attained in the most elaborate historical pageants. Each quadrille—whether it was countess Hardinge's "Merry Past" or Lady Sarah Wilson's ghostly "Ancestors" or Lady Loch's brilliant "Grenadier Guards," or the Duchess of Rutland's naive "Cries of London," or Mrs. Chalmers's dainty "Jane Austen"—was a poem worthy of a historian or artist and full of fascination for the mere idle "bit-ter-out."

If anything better in the way of fancy dress can be done, no doubt it will be attempted. But this ball probably rode on the crest of this particular wave.

California is spreading the fame of one of her products by celebrating a Rainin Day, for which April 30 was set apart. This year the day was observed not only in California, but on many railways and in many hotels throughout the country by the serving of a special dish of which California raisins were an ingredient.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.