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LONG SEA VOYAGER.

Back 100 Days From Port to Port
Ship Blown Across Pacific.

The other day the Italian ship *Ninfa* sailed into the Channel with a chance of wind and signaled off *Pravda* Point, 100 days out from Astoria Bay, without once having been reported, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. To the nautical perception the sea is full of such lonely craft battering their way round the Horn through a region of almost perpetual gales, or sitting in the doldrums to the irritation of their dispirited crews, who only find partial consolation in the reflection that every flap of the mainsail means half a crown out of the owner's pocket and a corresponding addition to their own hard earned pay.

Within the experience of the deep sea sailor such passages are nothing unusual, particularly on the outward voyage to the Pacific, when Cape Horn has to be weathered and its prevailing westerly winds won through. On March 2, 1910, the four masted bark *Invernesshire* sailed from Hamburg bound for Santa Barbara in the Gulf of California. During a passage which included such incidents as her crew's abandonment by her crew in a storm off her founding, she was forced to put into the Falklands to refuel and sailed again on her interrupted voyage on September 27. From that time she was never seen nor heard of until she arrived safely at her destination on February 2, 1911, 332 days out from her original point of departure.

The voyage of the *Invernesshire* almost compares with the performance of the lumbering craft of earlier navigators, except no doubt that it was a tedious passage and not enlivened by encounters with caracaras laden with pepper from Malabar, of which the King of Spain was owner. On November 19, 1887, the *De Witt*, under command of Thomas Cavendish, a gentleman of Suffolk, set sail from the headlands of California for the Channel.

At break of day on June 8 of the following year she fell in sight of the island of St. Helena; on July 2 she crossed the line and after holding the heavy trade winds to the limit of 40 degrees north latitude recovered the long wished for port of Plymouth on September 7, 1588. Not much better could be expected from the ships and their equipment.

The sailing master of the *De Witt* thought it worthy of record that running merrily before the wind under all the sail she could carry his vessel compassed 140 miles between noon and noon, a feat which would expose the modern shipmaster to the derision of his contemporaries in every shiphandler's shop of the ports frequented.

Among some extraordinary voyages made by deep sea sailing craft within recent years there may be mentioned that of the *Beacon Rock*, engaged on a short coastal trip between two Australian ports. After all hope of her safe arrival had been abandoned she turned up at Talcahuano and Chile, some 6,000 miles from her intended destination. Being in light trim and consequently with no grip on the water, she had been unable to make any progress against a persistent head wind and her master had been compelled to square yards and make a fair wind of it across the broad Pacific.

Another large four masted bark, the *Bute*, had the remarkable experience last year of circling round the windless Gulf of Panama like a circus horse until she was obliged to put back, ninety days out and short of provisions, to her port of departure. It may, however, be an exaggeration that the lighthouse keepers in the Gulf fell into the habit of regulating their calendars by her appearances.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE.

An Adopted Monarch Who Has Got Along Very Well.

The Danish royal family was lucky in securing thrones, but Prince William Christian Alphonse George, who reigns in Greece today under the name of George I, King of the Hellenes (not of Greece but of the Greeks), is the luckiest of all, according to the *Eastern and Western Review*; for anarchy in Greece is unknown and royalty was free and unmolested. King George has comparatively an easy time of it. Gifted with no small share of worldly goods, for besides the civil list granted by the Greek Government he receives an additional grant from the three

protecting powers—England, Russia, and France—he is therefore considered one of the richest rulers in Europe. The court expenses, both private and public, are limited; no one could accuse the King of undue display or of squandering his royal estate.

Both he and the Queen set an example by their simplicity of living, both at home and in their travels abroad. They brought up their family as becomes the democratic spirit of the country.

Forty-three years ago the King married the young and beautiful Grand Duchess Olga Constantinovna of Russia. The Crown Prince and his son, Prince George, having been born in Greece and brought up in the national creed of the country, are looked upon as native Greek Princes by the nation with which they have wholly and entirely identified themselves.

It was a difficult task for anyone coming to a country that had been divided by internal strife, after expelling its ruler, to reign over a turbulent race as yet unused to any higher authority. Happily, the King adapted himself to circumstances, and aided by a natural gift of foresight and keen intelligence won the respect and devotion of his subjects. He is summed up in his motto, "My strength lies in the love of my people," which pleased every Greek heart.

CHARTS FOR AIR VOYAGERS.

French Commission Presents Plan for Air Governments.

A permanent aerial navigation commission, empowered to elaborate a system of air charts, recently reported to the French Minister of Public Works a plan, which the commission suggests should be adopted by all the Governments of the world in order to ensure its effectiveness.

The system counts longitude from zero to 180 degrees west and east from the Behring meridian, and latitude from zero to 180 from south to north, starting from the South pole.

The charts will be cut according to meridians and parallels, each chart including one degree of longitude and one degree of latitude. Corresponding to the special aim of land out with the special aim of aiding aeroplanes in times of fog.

SHIP'S ENGINES.

The trial trip of the tramp steamer *Vulcanus*, built in Holland for trade with Borneo, and equipped solely with internal combustion engines, marks, according to the *Engineer*, of London, the first step in a new epoch. There are many boats propelled by internal combustion engines, but they are nearly all pleasure craft or vessels which do not venture far from home. The *Vulcanus* is a regular seagoing ship, although her engines are of only 500 horse power. It is predicted that, within ten years large steamers driven by internal combustion engines will be seen crossing the Atlantic. Yet doubt is expressed whether such engines can be applied to develop more than about 24,000 horse-power in a ship. If it be so, extremely large vessels will continue to be driven by engines of the old type.

CHINA'S SPLENDID PAPERS.

One of the most remarkable advances the Chinese have made is in the character of their newspapers. It was not many years ago that the newspapers of China were not to be compared with those of Japan, but I would to-day rather read a Chinese newspaper than any foreign newspaper that reaches the Empire, writes a Shanghai correspondent. They contain as much news as many of the papers of Europe, and their policies, editorial and otherwise, are vigorous.

BETTER THAN A GOOD RAIN.

While it has not been found possible to make it rain, something even better has been discovered, and that is that the moisture can be bottled up in the soil. When a soil is full of moisture, as in the spring, the evaporation is rapid, and if the soils compact, amounting to about an inch a week. By stirring the surface, thus forming a soil mulch, this evaporation is stopped and that moisture saved in the soil. This is better than a good rain in the growing season, and it has the further advantage of warming up the soil.

FIGHT AT "HOLE IN THE WALL"

STIRRING STORY OF THE WILD WEST OF LONG AGO.

Remarkable Feat of Fred M. Hans, the Famous Scout and Indian Fighter.

"For faithfulness, daring, and endurance, and good judgment he is the superior of any scout and guide I have ever known."

In these words General Sheridan, of the American Army, once paid tribute to the bravery and prowess of Mr. Fred M. Hans, the famous scout and Indian fighter, whom the Sioux named *Wu-Chac-Pe-Wan-Gu-La* (Lone Star), owing to his custom of wearing alone. He accomplished all but incredible feats, and had many hair-breadth escapes but it is doubtful if he was ever in such a tight corner as when, single-handed, he tackled a band of desperadoes in the notorious "Hole-in-the-Wall" retreat, Wyoming—which, by the way, this day remains a favorite retreat for outlaws—killed two, captured three, and smashed up the gang.

"SHACKNASTY" JIM.

At the time he was attached to Fort Mead, and one day the commander, General Cook, a famous Indian fighter, said to him, "These outlaws in Central Wyoming are causing too much trouble. Can you put a stop to it, and capture or kill them? How many men do you want, and when can you start?" "I don't want any men at all, and I can start at once," Lone Star answered, and before half an hour had passed he was in the saddle and had left the fort behind him to go into the den of the worst set of men in the West.

The leader of the gang was one "Shacknasty Jim," a thorough a ruffian, thief, and murderer as the frontier ever produced. He, together with his gang, had robbed stage and mails, and never hesitated to kill men in cold blood. Their headquarters—"Hole-in-the-Wall"—was situated in the heart of the Big Horn Mountains, and was reputed to be so safe, guarded by Nature, that no one man with a Winchester could prevent any number of persons from passing its portals.

A DARING PLAN.

Lone Star's plan was to endeavor to fall in with some of the outlaws, posing as a fugitive from justice, and ask to be allowed to join the band. Then, at the first opportunity, he intended to either arrest the leader or shoot him, and then fight his way through to the mountains. Having thus learned the route to the rendezvous, he intended to return later with a company of soldiers and break up the infamous gang.

Three days after leaving Fort Mead, Lone Star came in sight of the famous "Hole-in-the-Wall," a self-made narrow gateway, scarcely wide enough for a horseman to pass through, and which led to a large valley, surrounded on all sides by inaccessible cliffs hundreds of feet high. Apparently the outlaws considered themselves quite safe from interruption, for Lone Star passed through the gateway unchallenged. With his field-glasses he carefully scanned the valley, and soon located two men who were eating lunch at the foot of a great tree. "These men saw me about the same time as I saw them," says Lone Star in his account of the incident, "and, hastily mounting their horses, they rode towards me. As they drew closer I recognized them from the descriptions which had been given me; the pig-sticker in front could be none other than 'Shacknasty Jim' himself, while his companion was his chief lieutenant, Bill Cole."

AT TWENTY YARDS.

"My quarry were actually coming to me, and I determined at once to either capture or kill them both."

Jim and Cole got within twenty yards of Lone Star, when the former called out savagely, "What the dickens are you doing here?" "In stead of answering," says Lone Star, "I whipped out my Colt in either hand, and called upon the astonished pair to surrender. By way of warning from their horses, and from the shelter of the animals prepared to shoot. Before either could fire, however, I got in half-a-dozen shots. Jim's horse fell dead at my first shot, and his master went down with two bullets in his breast a second later."

SHORT AND SHARP.

"Cole's horse became frightened at the firing and jumped from in front of him, leaving him exposed to my fire. The man lost his nerve at this, and instead of shooting at me, which he could easily have done while I was engaged with his companion, he ran to cover behind Jim's dead horse. Before he reached it, though, I sent a bullet through his arm, and his weapon dropped to the ground. At the same time his left arm went up and he surrendered."

Not content with this, Lone Star determined to see what other bandits there were in the "Hole-in-the-Wall"; and after handcuffing the two outlaws to a tree outside the entrance to the valley, he rode for ten miles down the valley. Then he suddenly came in sight of a large tent, but as he could not discover how many men were within, and fearing to ride up without seeing his opponents, he dismounted, and made as though he intended to go into camp. Just after he had built a fire three tough-looking characters came from the tent, mounted their horses, and rode towards the scout. They were three more members of "Shacknasty Jim's" gang—Tom Lawton, Jack Hawkins, and a stranger to Lone Star.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

Allowing these men to get within twenty yards of him, Lone Star whipped out his gun and demanded their surrender. Instead of complying, all three wheeled their horses and attempted to escape. With three shots, however, he killed the three horses, and nothing remained for the desperadoes but to surrender or fight. They were not the kind to surrender easily, however, and as quickly as their horses fell each man rose with a gun ready for work. Then ensued a thrilling scene. Lone Star jumped behind a pine tree, while the bandits took refuge behind the carcasses of their dead horses.

"We were only a few yards apart," says Lone Star, "and every time a part of my clothes showed—and my tree was a small one, and half large enough for my comfort—I was promptly riddled with three bullets."

"Then I heard them planning a rush at my tree, expecting in the resulting mix-up to get me excited and so manage to kill me. Suddenly, with a whoop and a hail of lead, all three men jumped and started for me at a run. Two of them carried a revolver in either hand, and five guns were working as fast as they could fire."

"Jack Hawkins' second leap was his last one, for he dropped with a bullet through his heart. As Hawkins fell dead, I stepped from behind my tree and covered the other two bandits, who were only a few yards away by this time. They hesitated, lost their nerve, and promptly dropped their guns and surrendered."

WALKED 150 MILES.

Handcuffing the pair, Lone Star drove them before him out through the entrance to the valley to the place where he had left "Shacknasty Jim" and Bill Cole. There he found that Jim had died of his wounds during the three surviving bandits together and started for the fort, 150 miles away; and as no horses could be found the outlaws were compelled to walk the whole distance. One week later the handcuffed outlaws, ragged, foot-sore, and weary, entered the fort, while Lone Star himself was nearly dead for want of sleep. The prisoners were turned over to the military authorities, and duly suffered the penalty of their crimes. Lone Star led the soldiers back to the "Hole-in-the-Wall," but it found that the other robbers had taken alarm and fled.

TWO PROCESSIONS.

Coronation Times Will Be Lively in Old London.

There will be two processions of the King and Queen in State through the streets of London, in connection with the coronation. There will be the procession to Westminster Abbey on the coronation day, Thursday, June 22, the route all lined with troops, being from Buckingham Palace, Whitehall, and Parliament Street. On the following day, Friday, the King and Queen will make a progress in state through the metropolis, by way of Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, St. James Street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, the Strand, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Churchyard, Cannon Street, London Bridge, Southwark, St. George's Church, Westminster Bridge Road and the Mall. At the entrance of the city, where Temple Bar formerly stood, the King and Queen will be welcomed by the Lord Mayor and the city fathers, will receive an address of welcome, and will touch the ancient City Sword of State tendered to him by the Lord Mayor for the purpose, in token of submission of the city to his sovereignty. The King and Queen will be escorted by a brilliant cavalcade, and the streets, as on coronation day, will be lined with some 50,000 troops, under the command of Field Marshal Lord Kitchener. Windows along the route are already being secured at big prices, and so much money is being spent in tenting these points of vantage from which to watch the enormous business in the way of insurance against loss resulting from the possible abandonment of the progress through the metropolis, for some untoward reason or other.



CHINESE MODEL CITY.

A Home for Returning Emigrants Built to Order.

A little over a year ago a number of Chinese capitalists inaugurated the construction of a modern Chinese city to order on the shore of Yehli Bay, ten miles from Massau inner harbor and not far from one of the Lappa customs stations in the province of Kwangtung. In some respects the scheme is a peculiarly significant one. The new city is to be called *Huangcho*. Of the enterprise the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs Commissioner at Lappa, in his annual report, says:

It is openly stated that a new Chinese city with all foreign comforts, as it is intended to make *Huangcho*, will be a great attraction to many wealthy Chinese immigrants, who are averse to returning to their own country and making their homes in an ordinary Chinese city or village for the reason that, owing to long residence in foreign countries, they have acquired foreign habits, likings and tastes. The promoters' scheme is a most ambitious one. Of prime necessity there will be the construction of an immensely strong breakwater, over a mile long, and extensive dredging, as there is no natural harbor. Jeties are to be solidly constructed of large blocks of stone, which exists in large quantities in the neighboring hills, sunk in layers between rows of a well laid out city, with broad streets and foreign buildings for shops and residences, which is to be governed by a municipal council; it also provides for schools, charitable institutions, police and fire stations, theatre, public gardens, electric lights and trams, water works, afforestation, chamber of commerce, free libraries, and in fact everything that may tend to public good. Opium smoking and gambling of all sorts are to be strictly prohibited.

The construction of the city was commenced in April, 1908, and quite a large number of buildings have been erected, including police and fire brigade stations, a large number of residences and business buildings. The work on the breakwater progressed rapidly for a time, but at present is delayed for financial reasons. In fact, at present nearly all work has ceased until it is certain what course toward the city is to be followed by the Chinese Government.

A RUTHLESS VETERAN.

An Instance Which Shows His Harsh and Cruel Nature.

Lord Anglesy, who was wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, was a man of hasty temper, as several stories related by his grandson, Admiral Montagu, in his "Reminiscences," serve to show. One of those, the admiral declares, always made his "coat stand up like a Scotch terrier's," and he found it hard to excuse his grandfather's action. Others will agree with the admiral that his grandfather was harsh, and therefore cruel.

My grandfather had long enjoyed the services of a very faithful valet, to whom, I believe, he was much attached, although he certainly "dissembled his love" with some success. One very cold morning, when he was writing at his table, he noticed that the fire was low, and rang the bell for more coals. In walked his valet.

"Coals!" Put more coals on the fire!" said his lordship, shortly.

Out went the valet in search of fuel; but as he seemed to be taking an unusually long time bringing the coal-scuttle, Lord Anglesy became impatient, and rang furiously for the valet with the coals and made up the fire.

"Send Stephen here immediately!" thundered his lordship; and when the faithful valet arrived:

"Stephen," said Lord Anglesy, "my orders to you were to put coals on the fire. You have not obeyed my orders, but have deputed that wretch to do so instead. Stephen, how long have you been in my service?"

"Thirty-three years, my lord," said the trembling valet.

My grandfather took out his watch.

"I see that it is half past twelve," he murmured, contemptuously. "Stephen, how long will it take you to pack up your things and leave my house?"

Poor Stephen, being much taken

aback, was unable to get a word out.

"Very well, then," continued the old autocrat, "I will give you one hour. At half past one I expect you to be gone."

Probably those old veterans were very full of gout, or had become accustomed to unquestioning obedience that they could not brook the slightest opposition; but it made a very strong and painful impression upon my youthful mind.

COOLIE INGENUITY.

How He Secured Milk for the Missionary's Family.

A returned missionary, who has acquired during the years of her service great respect for the native shrewdness of the Chinese peasant, tells the following incident to justify her opinion. She lived for a time near the town of Chia-ting in the province of Szechuan. The region is rocky and precipitous, the sacred mountain of O-mieshan, covered with temples, rising in the immediate neighborhood.

"To the pasture-lands at the foot of the mountain, just outside the city walls, the mission-cooled led, and watched from morn till night, our cow and calf. Little cows, these are, smaller than the thoroughbred Jersey, which give, when at their best, only two quarts of milk a day. Oftentimes has our supply for breakfast been but a cupful. To obtain even this bit, the calf is an all important factor, for without it the cow gives not a drop of milk. It is not an uncommon sight to see a year-old calf running alongside its mother.

"One late October day the coolie was lazily lounging on the grass, but half-watching in his careless manner our cow and calf. Suddenly realizing that the calf was not with its mother, he raised himself quickly, and with apprehension looked about. What the coolie most dreaded had happened: the calf had fallen over the cliff which bounded the pasture to the north. A rocky bluff it was, with a sheer drop of one hundred feet. That the animal was dead was a certainty, for it was not the first time such an accident had occurred.

"Trembling with fear, the coolie hurried down to the narrow cliff, which led by the foot of the cliff. The mere fact that the calf was dead mattered little to him, but if the little animal was not beside its mother that night, we would have no milk for dinner, and not only that night, but for days to come. The coolie, however, was equal to the occasion. He took out his knife and carefully skinned the calf, stuffed the skin with grass, and carried the result of his labor and ingenuity to the barn.

"That evening our family could have been seen standing in the door of the barn, looking on with amused wonder; for there was that grass-stuffed calf, leaning against the feed-box, within sight of the cow; and she, our little Chinese cow, was giving her usual supply of milk."

FRENCH POPULATION GROWS.

Suburbs Drawing From Congested Districts of Paris.

The publication of the first results of the census which recently was taken throughout France rather gives the lie to the pessimistic view generally taken of late years regarding the danger of the depopulation of the country.

Two facts stand out from the reports received so far. One is the decided tendency toward a partial abandonment of the land in favor of urban districts and the other is the decentralization of the most crowded sections of large cities. The heart of Paris, for instance, is getting less thickly populated, while the suburbs are receiving the benefit of the exodus and are growing steadily.

Throughout France the figures show a slow but general growth in the population. The most notable increase has taken place at Nancy and Toulouse, due, without doubt, to the growing prosperity of the eastern frontier. It is safe to say already that when all the returns are in it will be shown that the population of France has considerably grown since the last census in 1904.

"Your face is a mass of scars. Did you cut yourself while shaving?" "No, but I managed to shave my self while cutting."