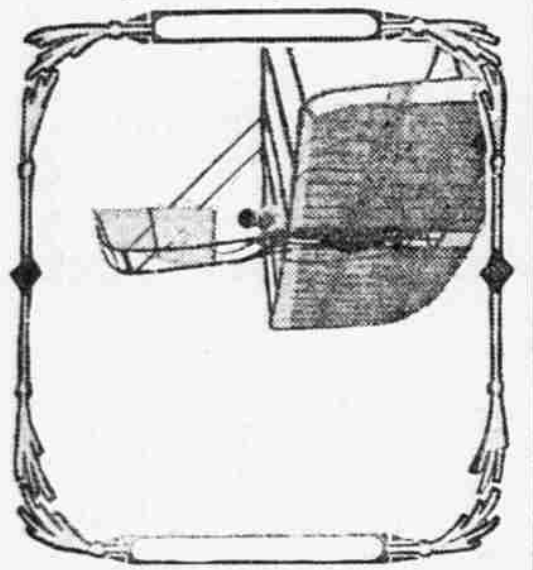


Two Clever Builders of Aeroplanes.

THE success of the Wright brothers of Dayton, O., in getting the German government to contract with them for the building of a fleet of airships is a significant achievement. According to the opinion of no less an authority on the subject than Professor Alexander Graham Bell, it means that the era of practical aerial navigation has now been reached. The matter is no longer one of mere theory and experiment. "The impossible has been passed in aerial navigation," said Professor Bell not long ago on learning of the successful flights of the Wright aeroplane, "and I am proud of the fact that America leads the world in that matter." At the time of this remark the Wrights had demonstrated the practicability of their machine, but had made no contracts for the construction of a fleet. They were negotiating with the French government, and it was supposed that France would have the honor of launching the first vessels of the Wright design. It was reported that France had an option on the invention of the Ohio men, but for some reason the negotiations were broken off. It is said that the brothers submitted general plans to the government guaranteeing a flight of fifteen miles and asking for \$200,000. The height of flight guaranteed was only seventy-five feet, according to report, and as the French government considered a height of 900 feet essential for war purposes it declined to give more than \$40,000. The Wrights left Paris for Berlin a short time ago to arrange for the construction of a number of airships, and it is understood they will be paid \$10,000 by the German government for each ship built by them. They purchased in Paris several light motors of twenty-four and forty horsepower. The Wright machine is a gliding machine. There is no dependence on balloons in any form. The craft is built to operate on the heavier than air principle and to overcome the law of gravitation by the resistance to the air caused by rapid flight and the broad surfaces presented by the wings of the



THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT. aeroplane. It is self lifting and self propelling, the power being supplied by a gasoline motor. There are two propellers, one lifting up, the other driving forward, and the vessel is guided by a rudder. It may be manipulated so accurately as to sail in any desired direction, either with or against the wind. The person who steers lies prone upon his face. Gasoline enough to last two hours may be carried, and a weight of 2,000 pounds, including that of the airship, motor and operator, may be sustained.

Orville and Wilbur Wright are in the neighborhood of forty and are sons of a bishop in the United Brethren church. They were in the bicycle business at the time the bicycle was a craze and have been experimenting with flying machines since about 1900. They early determined upon the aeroplane as giving the best chance of successful flight and in 1903 succeeded in making a machine which would fly. Since then their efforts have been given to improving their machine and overcoming practical difficulties. The first flight lasted only fifty-nine seconds, but during it the aeroplane advanced a distance of 852 feet against a twenty mile an hour wind. The next year the brothers accomplished for the first time the feat of describing a circle. By the latter part of 1904 they had succeeded in flying as long distances as four miles at a time. Most of the experiments were made over meadows near their home at Dayton. They kept their aerial operations as much in the dark, so to speak, as possible in order to protect their discoveries and inventions from appropriation by others and often made their flights at night. In the latter part of 1905 a flight of twenty-five miles was made at a rate of nearly forty miles an hour. The accompanying picture from a photograph reproduced in the Scientific American gives a general idea of the Wright aeroplane. Heretofore the brothers have been very secretive about their invention and have avoided publicity as much as possible. Now that their work has been crowned with success and the stamp of approval has been placed upon it by a powerful European government and with their financial future assured by the action this government has taken there is reason to expect from the courageous and persistent inventors greater freedom of utterance in respect to their ideas and anticipations.

At Wisconsin.
"Men," said the coy maid to a fond fusser, "are a delusion and a snare."
"It is queer," murmured the man, "women will hug a delusion."
And while the coy maiden faintly protested the fond fusser set out to be snared.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

IN A SUBMARINE.

What Happens as the Vessel Takes the Plunge Beneath the Sea.

Under ordinary conditions as soon as the hood is closed for the plunge the captain opens the faucets and a quantity of water, which makes the ship heavy enough to sink, rushes into the reservoirs located at the sides of the vessel. Even the most hardened of the sailors say that the noise of the water rushing into the boat gives a lugubrious impression, and it requires men gifted with cool heads and possessing tested courage for the hazards involved in operating these little boats. But, in spite of their fragile appearance, they are terrible instruments of war, and notwithstanding their diminutive size they are controlled by twelve men, each of whom is indispensable to their navigation.

The hood once closed, the submarine is absolutely cut off from the world. Its shell, calculated to support a pressure of seven or eight atmospheres, gives it the ability in theory to go down to a distance of thirty to forty meters, but in practice it is considered sufficient to drop to a depth of fifteen meters, and at such a level it is in no danger of being flooded. The most strongly armored vessels of the ordinary type extend downward only ten meters.

The vessel is directed by two vertical governors, one above and one below the stern, as they are always placed on submarines. To govern the coming up and going down of a boat there are two horizontal governors, one at the stern and one at the bow.—Metropolitan Magazine.

PROPER BREATHING.

More Essential Than a Beautiful Voice For Perfect Singing.

I cannot too forcibly insist that the mere possession of a lovely voice is only the basis of vocal art. Nature occasionally bestows one by the prodigality of her gifts, but no student has any right to expect to sing by inspiration any more than an athlete may expect to win a race because he is naturally fleet of foot.

Methods of breathing, "attack" and the use of registers must all be perfectly understood by the successful singer, who should likewise be complete master of all details relating to the structure and use of those parts above the voice box and be convinced of the necessity of a perfectly controlled chest expansion in the production of tone.

For perfect singing, correct breathing, strange as it may sound, is even more essential than a beautiful voice. No matter how exquisite the vocal organ may be, its beauty cannot be adequately demonstrated without proper breath control. Here is one of the old Italian secrets which many singers of today wholly lack, because they are unwilling to give the necessary time for the full development of breathing power and control. Phrasing, tone, resonance, expression, all depend upon respiration, and, in my opinion, musical students, even when too young to allow the free use of the voice, should be thoroughly taught the principles of breathing.—Nellie Melba in Century.

The Trouble With Decorators.

The great trouble with the decorator who fails to succeed lies in his predilection for one particular school of design. He becomes a monomaniac, declares Interior Decoration, on the subject of some special school of decoration. He goes in for arts and crafts and knows nothing else. He becomes colonial mad or he affiliates with the French school, and nothing is right that isn't French, or perhaps, being a German and German by education, he espouses German or Flemish art, or, being English and English by education, nothing is quite correct that is not Elizabethan or Georgian.

The Early Bird.

Bishop Brewster of Connecticut is noted for his funny stories, and his latest is said to be about an old reprobate who decided to repent and announced to every one that whatever wrong he had done should be made right, so a man whom he had cheated out of a large sum of money went around at midnight to demand it.

"But what did you come at this hour for and wake me up? Why not wait till tomorrow?" said the old sinner crossly.

"I came now," replied the man, "to avoid the rush."—Harper's Weekly.

A Dogs' Academy.

There is an academy for canines in a certain South London borough which is known to all the prominent circus people of Europe, and which is the "old school" of many of the performing dogs in Great Britain at the present time. The interior is fitted up with trapezes, etc., and day by day all sorts of performing canines are taught their clever tricks. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the proprietor enjoys the benefit of a first class income.—London Captain.

Luck.

Customer (to landlady)—Will you tell me why there should be two flies in my soup? There is none in that man's over there. Landlady—Oh, it's just a question of luck, sir.—Fliegende Blätter.

Foretold.

Mrs. Crawford—Why was your husband more angry than usual when he came home so late? Mrs. Crabshaw—You see, dear, I woke up before he had time to set the clock back.—Harper's.

His Motto.

"Dudley says his motto is, 'Live and learn.'"
"Well, if he isn't more successful at the former than the latter we'll be going to his funeral soon."—Exchange.

Stories About The Authors Of Indiana.

By EDWARD HALE BRUSH.



BOOTH TARKINGTON.

THE state of Indiana has become so fertile as a literary field as to cause much comment upon the fact. Other commonwealths are almost envious of the Hoosier State on account of its growing literary fame. Not content with producing a Lew Wallace, it also sent forth into the ranks of literature two very popular humorists, James Whitcomb Riley and the younger genius in making folks laugh, George Ade. It is the native state of Joaquin Miller and has produced Booth Tarkington, Charles Major, George Barr McCutcheon, Meredith Nicholson, Wilbur D. Nesbit and others whose literary stars are in the ascendant.

Indiana writers are noted for taking home scenes or types of character as subjects. This is especially true of Booth Tarkington, author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "The Conquest of Canaan," the scenes of which are laid in the Hoosier State. Others of his best known works are "Monsieur Beauclaire," "The Two Van Revels," "Cherry," "In the Arena" and "The Beautiful Lady." Mr. Tarkington, who was born thirty-eight years ago in Indianapolis and who studied at Princeton, once said that he had no literary success until, after trying other lines, he struck Indiana subjects. While "The Gentleman From Indiana" was running in serial form the author received a great number of letters from people throughout the state who thought they saw in the first few numbers of the story evidences of disloyalty to Indiana. They advised Mr. Tarkington to go east, where he belonged, and called him everything from a snob to a traitor. Four county papers took up the same cry and abused him with as much ardor as if he had been running for office.

"I really hardly knew what to think of it," said Mr. Tarkington. "It never occurred to me to be disloyal, and I was glad when the story was finished and they saw that they were mistaken."

Though Wilbur D. Nesbit, author of "The Trail to Boyland" and "The Gentleman Ragman," was born in Xenia, O., he sprang into fame while a news-



A PLEASANT PROPRIETOR—WILBUR D. NESBIT paper worker in Indiana, and much of his writing has been done while residing in the Hoosier State. He married an Indianapolis girl, Miss Mary Lee Jenkins. Mr. Nesbit is thirty-six and very boyish looking. One is astonished to learn that in his brief career he has written over 5,000 poems. Naturally enough, some of these effusions do not evince a high order of genius, but some of them have won popularity. There was a time when the only way he could turn his poetic talents to profit was by writing rhyming advertisements. One such effort was turned to the glorification of an array of straw hats in an Indianapolis dry goods store. As a writer of "ads." in prose Mr. Nesbit had not been much of a success. He was already facing the danger of being "fired" when this "poem" appeared.

"Who wrote that stuff?" demanded the proprietor of the store of the manager at the sight of the morning's profits.

"Er—Nesbit. I told him I didn't think it was."

"Tell him to go ahead and write some more of the kind," broke in the proprietor, and thus out of a Hoosier dry goods store a poet was made.

George Barr McCutcheon has the good fortune to be a Hoosier born and bred, for he first saw the light on a farm in Tippecanoe county, Ind., in 1866 and was educated at the public schools of Lafayette and at Purdue university of the same place. He also worked on Lafayette papers during his early career as a writer. He is a brother of the cartoonist and illustrator John T. McCutcheon and is accounted a clever artist himself. The scene of "The Sherrods," which won a \$15,000 premium from his publishers, is laid in Indiana and Illinois. Among his other works are "Castle Craneycrong," "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," "The Day of the Dog," "Nedra" and "Purple Parasol."



GEORGE B. MCCUTCHEON.

Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Stars," is one of the brilliant galaxy of literary stars which has made the state of Indiana proud of itself because it gave them to the universe. He was born in Grant county, near Jalapa, in 1841, and, though that was close to

threescore and ten years ago and the poet left Indiana with his parents for the Pacific coast when he was nine, he still has vivid memories of the days of his early youth in the Hoosier State. Mr. Miller proposes to visit his boyhood home on the occasion of his next birthday, which falls in August, and the people of the vicinity are going to give him a welcome at the time of his "home coming." Writing to George B. Lockwood, editor of the Marion Chronicle, the poet recently said:

"What I most of all things want to see is the old log home which my re-



JOAQUIN MILLER AS OLD MAN AND AS BOY.

vered parents built away back in the forties, and I want to see the beautiful river. I want to go to the old Miami village and see Jim Sasequas Shinglemea and his two bright boys. They made me a bow and arrows. The arrows had been, bright points, which they made out of an old barrel hoop with pap's file. And they were perfect. As proof of this there is scarce a single buffalo left.

"I want to walk down the old dusty corduroy state road. I want to go to Lafontaine bareheaded. I want to walk in the dust, with my pants rolled to my knees, just as of old. We can take some doughnuts in our pockets. Maybe we can steal a few apples from Bluebeard pirates harbored along the creek. Anyhow I want to make a day of it. I want to be a boy back on the old place once more before I die. Come along and bring a lot of boys and girls, and let them all be 'kids' once more, not caring a bean whether school keeps or not."

Mr. Miller has recently avowed an intention to take up his residence in Oregon and run for the United States senate.

James Whitcomb Riley is Indiana's best known poet and humorist, and the public accepts at least a touch of playfulness in his poetic effusions, but he can write serious verse, as was shown in the poem he read at the unveiling of the statue of General Henry W. Lawton in Indianapolis. It was entitled "The Home Voyage" and was composed in honor of General Lawton's memory when the body of the hero was being brought home from the Philippines.

Dr. Henry van Dyke in a recent article in the Book News Monthly thus discussed the personality of the Hoosier poet:

"James Whitcomb Riley is an island. Others use it as a boat; it enables them to move around and see the world, without being lost in it. These last are the men of geniality—which is one of the qualities of genius—and James Whitcomb Riley is a person of that kind. Speaking of boats, we are inevitably reminded of that famous comparison of old Thomas Fuller's, in which he imagines a wit combat between Ben Jonson as a Spanish galleon, and James Whitcomb Riley as a light, quick moving English man-of-war. If we modernized the figure, and set, let us say, Mr. Riley and Mr. Kipling afloat, what shapes would our fancy give them? Perhaps the one would be a trading schooner, ready for adventurous voyaging in strange seas, laden with all sorts of foreign and mysterious merchandise and redolent of eastern spices; and the other would be a native built canoe, framed for the exploration of familiar and friendly little rivers, journeying with ever new delight of discovery through the woodland and the farmland of Indiana, stopping without fail at 'The Old Swimmin' Hole,' and tying up at night at some landing place along the Brandywine, within sight of a farmhouse, where William Leachman or Doc Sifers would be waiting for a good talk.

Right here at home, boys—jes right where we air! Birds don't sing any sweeter anywhere; Grass don't grow any greener'n she grows Across the pastur' where the old path goes— All things in earshot's purty, or in sight, Right here at home, boys, of we size 'em right.

Charles Major, author of two of the most popular novels of the day, "When Knighthood Was In Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," is also a native of Indiana. He was born in Indianapolis in 1856 and educated at the common schools of that city and of Shelbyville, where he now resides. He also studied at Michigan university. He married a Miss Alice Shaw, in 1885. Mr. Major combines the practice of law with the writing of fiction. Among his stories, besides those mentioned, are "Bears of Blue River," "A Forest Heart" and "Yolanda, Maid of Burgundy." At Shelbyville he shares honors as a prominent citizen with a big chicken grower, and that his genius is not unappreciated in his home town is shown by the remarks of a friend, who is quoted as saying:

I have known Charley for thirty years, and I have never yet heard a bad word spoken against him. I never heard a man in this town say that Charley was not as straight as a string and one of the best fellows in the place. He ain't stuck up about his money, either. He is as liberal as you get 'em, and there ain't nobody in town that can say that they ever did anything for Charley Major that they didn't get paid for.



CHARLES MAJOR.

YOUR NERVES.

The Most Untiring of All Are Those of the Heart.

The most easily tired nerves in the body are the nerves of smell. They can detect the faintest whiff of perfume. As you pass a rose in the garden the quantity of perfume that gets into your nostril must be many millions of billions of times smaller than the tiniest grain of sand. But rub the strongest perfume on your upper lip and in a few seconds you fail to notice it, the nerve of smell is so quickly fatigued.

The heat nerves and cold nerves, which are quite distinct from the nerves of ordinary sensation, also give over working very quickly. A bath that seems quite hot when you step into it very soon ceases to cause any particular feeling of heat.

Nerves of hearing and sight can go through an enormous amount of work. For sixteen hours a day they work hard and are still willing to do more. The nerves of the heart are the most untiring of all. From the first dawn of life until the last gasp they work without stopping for one instant. And even after death if some salted water is pumped into the heart it commences to beat again, showing that the nerves are still willing.—Pearson's Weekly.

HE REVISED IT.

Young Author Was Anxious to Comply With the Editor's Request.

"Your story possesses merit," wrote the kindly magazine editor in returning a manuscript to a struggling young author of Washington, "but you have embellished it with too much description, atmosphere and other irrelevant matter. What we want is a story setting out the simple facts—facts, just plain facts. If you will revise your story according to our ideas, we will be glad to pay you \$25 for it."

A few days later the editor got the following from the struggling young author of Washington:

"Herewith revised story. Please send check by return mail, as I need the money."

And this was the story as rewritten: "Jonas loved Eliza, but he was poor, and wealthy papa kicked. Jonas went into Wall street and made a million, incidentally bankrupting papa. Then Eliza went fishing, fell off a log into the mill pond, and Jonas fished her out. Papa relented and borrowed a hundred thousand from Jonas. Marriage."—Washington Post.

Explosion of Gasoline.

A gasoline tank rarely explodes. It cannot unless it contains gasoline vapor and air in explosive proportions, which latter condition is almost never present.

It does not explode because it contains too little air or too much gasoline. Even if a tank of gasoline were to burst from heat applied to its exterior the confined heavy gas would not explode if in contact with flame or fire, but would burn instead.

True, a tank of gasoline with no vent could do considerable damage were it to burst and throw burning oil and flaming gas about, but 1,000 gallons of gasoline in a vessel's bilges would not be so dangerous from explosion as a hundredth of that amount. The larger quantity would burn rapidly, while the smaller would be sufficient, if mixed with the proper amount of air, to utterly demolish almost any boat.—Scientific American.

Aldrich's Birthplace.

The quaint old town by the sea called Portsmouth is the only seacoast town in New Hampshire and is one of our very oldest settlements, for it was founded in the year 1623, and it has a history worth knowing. It was an old town when Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in one of its quaint and ancient houses on the 11th of November in the year 1836, and he has written a very delightful book about Portsmouth called "An Old Town by the Sea," while his famous "Story of a Bad Boy" is a very true account of his boyhood in the New Hampshire seaport.—J. L. Harbour in St. Nicholas.

Cut Rate Contributors.

In a certain parish of Greater New York the rector, while admonishing his flock on Sunday last that the collection basket receipts were steadily growing less, took occasion to declare that "certain parishioners contribute according to their means, but others give in keeping with their meanness." He added that in measure such exhibitions of false pretense reminded him of the story told of the pilgrim fathers upon their arrival at Plymouth Rock, "First they fell upon their knees; then they fell upon the aborigines."

The Folly of Delay.

It is one of the strangest things in life how few people have settled in their own minds what it is they really want or who will take the trouble to be happy. "I have often thought how much I should like to do so and so," we hear people say, and nine times out of ten it is something they could very easily have done, only they always put it off.—London Spectator.

Quick Fingers.

The dexterity of a modern virtuoso's fingers made a deep impression on an old farmer who was among the audience at a piano recital. Clapping both hands suddenly down upon his knees, he was heard to exclaim, "I'd give \$100 to have that man pick peas for me!"

Mischief comes by the pound and goes away by the ounce.—French Proverb.

Cotton cloth made in India is mentioned by Herodotus, B. C. 400.

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