



If you ever have the opportunity to witness a balloon race, do so by all means, says Williamsport (Pa.) Grit. A horse or automobile race is not in the same class, and even the human race is quite tame along side of it. The excitement is not confined to the competitors. The spectators share it, and they feel as the balloonist does that it is a race against time and space, with death as a competitor with a possible chance of winning. The balloon racer is unquestionably above other racing men. He goes over a course in which ordinarily no obstacles can be placed, and he usually has the track to himself.

Above is a picture of a recent balloon race showing the balloons ready to start. There are about a dozen of them, and each one is tugging at the ropes which hold it captive. One almost fancied the great canvas spheres are animate beings and are eager to be off at the crack of the pistol, like a trained track horse. The spectators are standing about, sipping up the racers and the men who will raise them. The balloons are really the racers of the aerial track, and the daring balloonists are the jockeys who will guide them over the course. When all was in readiness, at a given signal the balloons were simultaneously released, and shot up into the air with a loud swish. A mighty shout arose from the assembled spectators. For a few moments the racers seemed to be about neck and neck in the race, and then the racer floating the red and white colors forged a bit ahead. A shout of frenzied delight arose from its partisans. Evidently the applause reached the ears of the man guiding it, for the balloon shot ahead another

fifty feet as a result of some manipulation. For some minutes the balloons appeared to hold the positions attained at the start, and then the red and green noticeably gained on the red and white. The two by this time were far ahead of the others, and it was evident to all that one of the two balloons in the lead would win the race, and the betting became wildly enthusiastic. Farther and farther up into space they arose. Now they would appear to be going inland, and again as they entered a higher current of air they would appear to be going seaward at a frightful pace, and one would hear a groan of dismay from the spectators. Soon the two became mere specks in the sky, and it was no longer possible to learn which was in the lead. The anxious spectators learned the result of the race by telegraph two hours later, the red and white having traveled the greatest distance by far in the specified time. There was not a hitch or accident in the race. In spite of the danger which is certainly always present with such sport, balloon racing is rapidly growing in popularity.

WOMEN AND THEIR HUSBANDS' MONEY.



Women are always telling a tale of woe about the tragedy of not having any money they can call their own and being obliged to ask for it from husbands who treat them like beggars. After reviewing the matter dispassionately, I confess to a sneaking sympathy with the men. Where does the money come from for the incessant demands of life? Just now I am desperately turning over in my mind various schemes by which living expenses may be lightened. Truth compels me to state that I have not hit upon any. I know that I have conveyed to my readers the idea that I am economical and thrifty. Far from it! I am one of those pig-headed idealists who are always working themselves to death and having nothing to show for it. Plenty of people with less to live on dress better and make more show in the world.

JULIET V. STRAUSS.

Whenever I hear a woman boast of being a good manager I always take it with a grain of salt. Good management comes in mainly when there isn't anything to manage on. It consists in being quite cheerful and smiling in a last-year's gown and a made-over hat. The best management in the world is in making life worth living to yourself and to your family. A woman can never do this by assuming a downtrodden air about spending "her husband's money."

Many a woman thinks her husband stingy when he is only reasonable, and many a man gives in to his wife's pleading for money to furnish the house or send the children away to school when all his better judgment tells him the money should be laid by for a rainy day. I know women who are mean in money matters and men who have lived narrow, pitiful lives because their wives were of the skinflint disposition. Lack of money can come as near dwarfing a life as any other thing, except a narrow mind and a narrow creed. But we need not be hopelessly bound in shallows, even though we be women, custom shackled and seemingly at the mercy of some selfish, close-fisted man.

Let me say again, though I paraphrase Wagner, that liberty is a state of mind. I know women who have private incomes to apply as they like, who travel and see and hear all that is to be seen and heard, and who are much happier or brighter or much better informed than the writer of these lines, who has never in her life been free from poverty, who has seldom been out of her native State, who has never seen the ocean or the capital of the United States, but who is nevertheless a denizen of the world—a child of the universe, "whose lanterns are the moon and Mars."—Juliet V. Strauss, in Chicago Journal.

SECOND WIFE MUST BE DUMB.

Widower Goes No. 1 Kept Her Tongue Sounding Every Hour.

A twelve months' trial of life as a widower has proved unsatisfactory to Peter Manchester and he is looking for a second wife, but the requirement is such as to make the search difficult, says the Pine Ridge (S. D.) correspondent of the New York World. His first wife was an interminable talker, and, he says, her chatter was continuous from the time she arose in the morning until bedtime. Manchester says the woman he seeks, and he will take no other, must be without the power of speech, but she may have her hearing; he would prefer her that way. He began his search two months ago and has even traveled all over the State in his quest. Dumb women, he says, are not at all plentiful. He wrote to several matrimonial agencies setting forth his needs and begging them to send him at once the names and addresses of as many dumb women of marriageable age as they had listed, so that he might place himself in communication with them and make a choice.

At the time they received his letter the matrimonial agencies had no dumb women listed, but they have promised to make a diligent effort to supply him with the names of some, and he is now waiting with as much patience as he can command, to hear from them further.

Manchester is a retiring man, somewhat in the forties, is well to do and is fairly attractive in physical aspect and in manners. He admires good looks in a woman and he says he hopes the woman he vests may be comely. He likes a sweet, sunny temper also, and he expresses the hope that his new wife may be of a sweet, sunny temper.

Could Not Find Her. Suspicion, once planted in the human breast, is quick and flourishing of growth. The countryman, proverbial bait for the wicked, is more often taken in by the innocent things than by con-

fidence men and thieves. Of such a type was the old farmer's wife whose story is told in the Minneapolis Journal. The ways of the city were a mystery to the good lady, and she resolved to be armed for every emergency.

The farmer and his wife were setting off for an event in their lives, a visit to St. Paul. They had been cautioned repeatedly by their friends to beware of sharpers. They replied that they would keep their eyes open, and started with a nervous determination to look out for confidence tricks.

On the way the old farmer got off at a junction to buy some lunch, and the train went on without him. It was a terrible mishap. The last he saw of his wife she was craning out of the car window, shouting something reproachful at him, which he could not hear on account of the noise of the train.

It happened that an express came along a few minutes later. The farmer boarded it and got to St. Paul nearly an hour earlier than his wife. He was waiting for her at the station when she arrived. He ran up to her and seized her valise. "Well, Sarah," he said, "I'm glad to see you again. I didn't know but we was separated forever."

"No, ye don't, Mr. Sharper!" she cried. "I left my husband at the junction. Don't be coming any of yer confidence games on me, or I'll call a policeman."



Hewitt—What did they charge you a day at that summer hotel? Jewitt—I only know the minute price.—Town Talk.

First Computer—What do you do with yourself evenings? Second Computer—I take the 5:33 train from the city.—Puck.

"How was the comic opera?" "My wife thought the costumes were disgusting." "I guess I'll go."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cook—Now we've had words, you'll be lookin' for another cook to keep company with? Policeman—Not me, I'll starve first!—Punch.

Hadsum—I want a good revolver. Dealer—A six-shooter? Hadsum—Better make it a nine-shooter. It's for a cat next door.—Ally Sloper.

News—Don't you believe that marriage broadens a man? Oldwed—Well, I don't know about that; but it usually makes him shorter.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Now that your son's in college, I suppose he'll be getting very exclusive; he'll be getting into the 400." "Oh, he's more exclusive than that already; he's on the nine."—Philadelphia Press.

"Do you regard baseball as a healthful game?" "Well," answered the physician, "I should say it ought to do a great deal toward strengthening people's lungs."—Washington Star.

Comparative Stranger—What's all the excitement about? Summer Boarder—Nothing; just a lynching. The man who wrote the folders about this place is coming down on the train.—Puck.

Yeast—Our boarding-house lady has been taking cooking lessons, and she says next week she is going to try her hand in her own kitchen. Crismonbeak—Is that a threat or a promise?—Yonkers Statesman.

First Boy—Did you really win three prizes at school? Second Ditto—Yes, and one was for my excellence of memory. "How did you win the others?" "The others? I forgot what they were for."—Black and White.

Father—Well, how does your husband succeed with his art? Does he sell any pictures? Daughter—I should think so! Why, there is not a single one left of those you gave us for a wedding present.—Fleegende Blatter.

Mrs. Goodart—I always feel so sorry for those poor shop girls; they're so overworked, you know. Mr. Goodart—Well, my dear, the best way to help them is to keep away from bargain sales.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Miss Elderleigh—Jane Jones is a mean, spiteful old cat. Miss Younger—What's the matter? Miss Elderleigh—I told her that my family came over in the Mayflower and she asked me if I was seasick.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. McDooley—Faith, an' it do be a question of have fer yer, me darlin'. Miss Clancey—Pfwat is it, Pat? Mr. McDooley—Whin it comes tolme for the funeral, how would yer like t' be th' Widder McDooley?—Chicago Daily News.

Wise—He's very wealthy. Mrs. Wise—Yes, and very stingy and mean. Wise—Come now, you're not sure of that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes. Mrs. Wise—I don't. I'm judgin' him by his wife's clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

"Our engagement will have to be temporarily suspended," announced the summer girl, calmly. "Oh, impossible," the young man vowed. "It will have to be. My husband writes that he is coming down for a week."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"My good man," said the lady missionary, "do you ever pause to think where you are going?" "Sure 'ting," replied the unlauded hobo. "Ef I didn't I might get on de wrong freight an' land back at me startin' place!"—Chicago Daily News.

"Do you think the time will come when there will be no money in politics?" said one boss. "I don't know," answered the other. "It won't be our fault if it doesn't. We have done the best we could to take out all there was in it."—Washington Star.

Russian Official—You can not stay in this country, sir. Traveler—Then, of course, I will leave it. "Have you a permit to leave?" "No, sir." "Then I must tell you that you can not go. I give you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."—Tattler.

"Train holdups," said the old traveler, "are nothing new for me. I've been in lots of them." "How does it seem to be covered with a revolver?" asked the listener. "Can't say," replied the old traveler. "I've always been held up with a whisk broom."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Jigley—We were talking about suburban cottages, and Subbuss remarked that the only thing they ever dreamed of out his way in Boghurst was Queen Anne. Citizen—The idea! Is that the way he pronounces it now? Jigley—Pronounces what? Citizen—Quinine.—Philadelphia Press.

"Can you give bond?" asked the Judge. "Have you got anything?" "Judge," replied the prisoner, "since you ax me, I'll tell you; I hadn't got nuthin' in the world 'cept the spring chills, six acres of no-count land, a big family, a hope of a hereafter, an' the fo' war-tornationalism."—Atlanta Constitution.

How They Do It. First Little Girl—When you grow up are you going to advertise for a husband? Second Little Girl—No; I'm going to be a widow. They don't have to.

Skeptical. Tom—They say Miss Prunes speaks eight different languages. Dick—I'll bet \$4 she says the same thing in every one of them.—Detroit Free Press.

In New York. "Policeman Jinks was fined for peevish activity." "Percivious activity?" "The same. He insisted on patroling his beat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

About all house cleaning means to a man is an excuse for his wife to rearrange the furniture so he will fall over it.

ATE UP THE SHOW.

Goat That Will Figure No More in Wild-West Scenes.

He was only a goat, a simple-minded William goat, but with such an appetite! It was this capacity for devouring things that caused his downfall and suspension from one of the biggest wild west shows that ever struck East Lynn. Not that he got his walking papers, but because he ate up the show, says the Lynn Item.

It all happened in the sand pits off Melvin avenue. His goatship that is owned by Charlie Farum and a band of juveniles who have become enthused with the stories of Will Bill (not the goat) and his stunts with the Apaches in the far West were depicting those scenes true to life. They had the necessary (home made) paraphernalia of burned cork, old sheets for blankets and other accoutrements, even to real guns, which were without powder.

Just as Will Bill set upon by a big band of bloodthirsty Indians, was single-handed, wiping them out of existence, mounted on his handsome bronco (the goat), box 521 came in. The lads saw the fire and in an instance Will Bill was to the tall pines, and as imaginary fire engines they were heretofore for the Hunt grain store fire.

The goat was left behind, but Sir William did not mind it in the least. He found those blankets pretty fair, although a trifle dry. Tin cans were not in it with those guns and other things. And he munched away as contented as a small boy over his Thanksgiving dinner.

A fire cannot last forever, especially when such trained firemen are on the scene, so after a couple of hours the goats returned to the scene of the great battle. What was their surprise to find—not a pile of dead and dying Indians about Will Bill's steed, nor any bows, arrows or tomahawks, but a cleanly swept field of battle. There stood Sir William, as meek as Mary's lamb, munching something red and white. Also, a closer inspection revealed the fact that even Old Glory had fallen to resist the powers of William's appetite, and as a pleasing dessert to his meal of wild-west scenery William was finishing up the American flag.

The goat still lives and is still hungry, but hereafter he is to be banished from the role of charging steed in any such production, no matter how big, for with such an appetite even the actors themselves are in danger.

A CROCODILE ADVENTURE.

While looking for a hippopotamus it was the fortune of the author of "Uganda to Khartoum" to encounter a crocodile under somewhat unusual circumstances. He was following a fresh track leading through the dense undergrowth from the lake inland. Two men accompanied him, one carrying his camera and the other his second gun, while he shouldered his rifle. Suddenly I heard a rustling noise in front of me, and realized that some creature was approaching, but what? It could not be the hippo, because there was no thunderous tread; but I had no time to think, for the creature, whatever it might be, was upon me in a second.

At two yards I discovered what it was—an immense crocodile, more than twelve feet long.

I was right in its path, and there no possible escape on either side, so I stood still with my rifle at shoulder and waited. The "crook" did not wait, however, and in some remarkable way it hustled me to one side, almost knocked me over, and endeavored to make his way to the water.

To dispute his right of way would have been folly. I realized only a horrible, soft, wriggling mass pressing against my legs in a most sickening way. Why he did not bite me I do not know. At first I thought he had done so as he brushed against my leg; but I found it was only his horny scales that scraped my shin. And he was more taken by surprise than I was, and forgot all about his huge jaw and the lasting impression he might have made upon my legs.

After he had passed I turned to see how the men would fare. One had got back to the shore, and so was no longer in view. The other man with the camera was the funniest sight! His head was stuck fast in the thick brambles, and his legs were in the air, the camera, of course, in the mud beside him.

I do not think the "crook" could have seen him, for he had literally taken a header into the bush, and his legs were far above the crocodile's jaws.

Tim Hurst's Baseball Troubles. At the close of that memorable season when Tim Hurst managed the Browns for Von der Ahe he laid over in Philadelphia on his way to his home up the State, and while in the Quaker City he told his daily experiences while running the Mound City club.

"My Mondays," said Timothy, "were devoted to telling the St. Louis sporting editors how I was going to win the pennant the next year. Tuesdays I would be kept busy denying to the club owners that I had ever made any such statements. Wednesdays I would be explaining to the newspapers why we weren't winning games. Thursdays I would be fighting with 'Chris' to keep him from firing the players all the money they had coming to them. Fridays I would generally be busy all day getting the terms of pitchers that no batter could hit."

"And on Saturdays?"

"On Saturdays I would spend the day signing players that couldn't hit any kind of pitching."—Iduluth Herald.

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EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

WHAT WATERWAYS DEVELOP.

BETWEEN May and December, 1905, thirty-four million tons of ore was shipped from the Lake Superior mines to Lake Erie ports. This traffic greatly exceeds the total passing through the Suez Canal. Facilities for handling the mountain of freight have grown with its growth. One railroad has constructed two docks, located at Buffalo and Erie, that unload 2,200,000 tons of ore during the season of navigation. The depth of water at these docks is sufficient for the largest boats. Massive electric machinery unloads the ore and then puts on board a return cargo of coal. At the Buffalo dock 500 tons of ore an hour is transferred by machinery directly from a ship to a train that runs along the face of the dock, and storage bins are at hand that hold 250,000 tons each.

Up to four years ago a steel bucket holding a ton was lowered into a vessel and filled by shovelers. Now self-lifting baskets, each of five to ten tons capacity, are used, and no shovelers are needed. The deep lake channels have brought about the big ships, and these in turn have expanded the methods of loading and unloading. Economic gains are large and added to every year. Let no one undertake to deal with river improvement on the basis of the commerce on the present unimproved river channels. Big vessels, with assured depth of water, create conditions of their own. They have never failed in this respect, and will not work differently on the main streams of the Mississippi Valley.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

INVESTIGATION OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE fact that stands out with most startling distinctness in connection with recent railway accidents is the general distrust that is felt in the attempts of the railways themselves to investigate the causes of accidents and to apply the remedies. No sane person supposes for an instant that the frequency and seriousness of disasters are matters of indifference to railway managers and others. The actual destruction of property and the enormous damages that invariably follow would alone be sufficient to insure all possible precautions; but that these potent motives have proved ineffectual, shows that the radical defect in American methods and practice has not yet been reached. The successful incorporation into American practice of an independent public investigation of railway accidents by a trained official, such as an engineering officer of the army, presents many difficulties of legislation, but these it should not be impossible to overcome. At all events, the repetition of disasters like that at the Atlantic City drawbridge, the collision near the national capital a few weeks ago, the derailment of the electric train on the New York Central and the ac-

MEXICO'S MANY MILLIONAIRES.

Made Rich by Henequen Yucatan May Yield Supremacy.

The wealth of the mines of Mexico is proverbial, yet there are nearly as many millionaires in Merida, the capital of Yucatan, a State with practically no mineral resources, as there are in all Mexico combined, says Modern Mexico. Henequen, or sisal hemp as it is sometimes known, has made Merida and its people rich. Merida has forty millionaires, or one to every 2,000 inhabitants. The farmers of the United States, who use binding twine, which is manufactured from henequen, have enriched the growers of henequen in Yucatan. The United States, in 1906, bought from Mexico 95,834 tons of henequen, valued at \$14,486,569. The imports of henequen elsewhere than from Mexico amounted to but 2,599 tons, valued at about \$306,150. Of the total amount of henequen exported from Mexico to the United States, and this accounts for about 95 per cent of the total production, all but less than 6,000 tons was produced in Yucatan. Only in Campeche, Chiapas and Tabasco is henequen grown outside of Yucatan, in Mexico. Of these the largest amount of henequen is grown in Campeche, the production of this State last year being 5,200 tons. Campeche is the future competitor of Yucatan in the production of henequen. While Yucatan is the natural habitat of henequen, yet the production in Campeche is greater per acre. This is due to the better quality of land in Campeche and the greater amount of rainfall.

The stability of the henequen industry, to quote a Yucatan authority, "greater than that of any bank." The plant has practically no enemies. Drought does not affect it, and the locusts allowable in its harvesting extend over twelve months. The best authorities agree that the cost of production of henequen to the planter is about 2 cents per pound. Landed in New York, the cost per pound is placed at about 5 cents. The average price of henequen is about 7 cents per pound, showing a net profit in the neighborhood of 100 per cent. With an average good stand of henequen, counting in the profits from by-products, each acre, it is estimated, will produce \$60.

Had Not Been Introduced. The late Bishop George F. Seymour, of Springfield, Ill., who founded St. Stephen's College, at Annandale on the Hudson, had a reverent fondness for trout.

While the bishop was walking with a young woman one day, says the Minneapolis Journal, he pointed out to her some of the fine trees in the neighborhood. She professed great interest and delight, declaring that the noble aspect of beautiful trees stirred up the keenest emotions of the soul. Then, putting a great trunk, she said, glowingly: "You superb oak, what would you say to me if you could talk?"

The bishop smiled.

"I believe I can be his interpreter," he said. "He would probably say, 'I beg your pardon, miss, but I am a beech.'"

Vocal Power. "Why, his voice completely filled the house. I wish mine was so powerful." "Well, don't feel badly about it. Your voice could empty the house."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A book agent may have a great many friends—back home where they don't know his business.

Most people seem to enjoy coming out of a church more than they do going in.

dent to the Pennsylvania's "eighteen-hour flyer" will sooner or later compel decisive action for the protection of the traveler. It were far better that the action should be taken with the co-operation and assistance of the railways than if it were hastily imposed upon them by the compelling force of an outraged, and possibly illogical and ill-informed, public opinion. But something must be done; that is a conclusion from which there is no possible escape.—Chicago Tribune.

CONVICTION OF MAYOR SCHMITZ.

In the long list of bad city administrators which this nation has to its discredit the period of misrule given to San Francisco by Schmitz and his unscrupulous political partner, Abe Ruef, must be ranked near the top. It stands as a reproach to San Franciscans, who were not sufficiently public spirited to act in the interest of the community at critical times. Instead, they dallied with faction and so were overwhelmed with disgrace in municipal affairs long after they had had abundant proof that the Schmitz regime was unreliable and unscrupulous. In the riot of bribery which has been a logical result of their lack of public spirit they have had their well-merited punishment.

Here is a lesson for every American municipality. No citizen of any of them can afford to shape his course in political matters in response to any but the best motives. If he elects hoodlums to power they are his hoodlums and his is the shame when their evil doings are exposed. There are plenty of worthy and efficient men to hold all the public offices. To choose any other kind of public officers is to drag one's citizenship in the dust.—Chicago News.

PUBLIC LAND THIEVES.

THE public land troubles has reached an acute stage. The climax has come in Utah, where it is shown that corporations, the heads of which are Eastern men, have forcibly taken entry on coal lands of almost fabulous value and are retaining possession by the shotgun method.

Conditions prevail in Utah somewhat similar to those in the government timber regions, and, first and last, there has been a great deal of thievery—and worse—in all the public domain. Men high in place and power have been mixed in it and have mostly covered their tracks so well as to escape their just deserts. Senator Mitchell of Oregon was caught, but there are other equally as guilty as he was who are yet unpunished. They have been stealing Uncle Sam's por, and if they can be brought to book and made to suffer like other criminals the country will rejoice.—Williamsport (Pa.) Grit.

CHANCE MURDER A NEW TERROR.



MRS. EDNA HUMEHAGEN.

That death is latent in surroundings that seem most secure is demonstrated by the slaying of Mrs. Edna Humelshagen on the streets of Freeport, Ill., by a stranger, because she looked like a woman who had spurned his love. Mrs. Humelshagen, married only a score of months, was trundling her baby along the street in the sunshine, blithe in her heart and proud as a young mother can be of her child.

Suddenly a young man the worse for liquor, halts, stares at her, mumbles a curse and frightens her into a run. As she flees this shadow across her path, the brute whips out a revolver and fires at her. The third bullet strikes down the terrified woman and she drops into the arms of a passerby. The shooter was a youth who says he mistook Mrs. Humelshagen for a woman who had rejected him.

at the same time by relatives from Illinois and relatives from Vermont. Cousin John from the prairies grew restless after a day or two, and finally owned he felt shut in and smothered. "These hills! these hills! Living in a hole, I call it," he said. "Now I like to see a neighbor coming when he's ten miles off, and get some sense and feeling of the size of this good, big old world of ours. I want room!"

Cousin Eliza, from the Green Mountains, made no remarks, but she shortened her visit by several days, and admitted the reason, a trifle shamefacedly, on the morning of her departure.

"The fact is, Eben," she owned, "it's so flat round here I just couldn't stand it any longer. I'm downright homesick for a hill!"

A Friend's Diagnosis. A man of somewhat caustic wit who had been dining sumptuously at the table of a nouveau riche declared to a friend on his homeward way that he felt a new and strange sensation about his heart.

"If it isn't indigestion," ventured the friend, "I think it must be gratitude."

A New Motor Gas. "Alkoholine," the new motor gas, is a mixture of air, alcohol vapor and acetylene, resulting from the spraying of dilute alcohol over calcium carbide. It proves to be a cheaper fuel than gasoline, and the necessary apparatus for producing it can be adapted to any high-speed gasoline motor.

About all the desolating gown does for a thin woman is to start an argument about which looks worse: collar bones or elbows.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME. When the cousin from the Middle West, who had never seen the ocean, was expected, her New England relatives rejoiced in the three-days' wild storm that preceded her arrival, for it assured such a surf as would render her first view suitably impressive. They escorted her jubilantly to a jutting headland, where she could best behold the tremendous sea, and stood eagerly awaiting her verdict. It was unexpected.