

An aeroplane costs \$5,000. An armored cruiser costs \$5,000,000. The best of our armored cruisers, the Tennessee and the Montana, have been rendered obsolete by the inflexible and the Von der Tann. Nor are we building new ones to succeed them. Therefore the aeroplane, as an adjunct to the battleship, becomes a matter of interest, both tactically and economically. The coming attempt of an aeroplane to fly from the deck of an ocean steamer back to New York harbor is a matter of prime moment. Though the federal government has rescinded the order detaching torpedo boats to assist in the experiment, the navy department will keep official watch on it. The result of this experiment may determine whether the naval authorities will equip the next new battleship with an aeroplane and the necessary facilities for making a flight from the ship's deck while at sea. The advent of the battleship-cruiser has made our best cruisers nothing but scouts, and not rapid ones, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Yet the cost of their maintenance is almost that of a dreadnought. If the aeroplane can perform scout duty at sea the cost of constructing and maintaining our navy will be immensely reduced. This new application of aeronautics to naval warfare seems, at present, a delicate and difficult matter. It will require expert aviators aboard ship and highly favorable conditions all around. Yet skilled and daring flyers are rapidly increasing in number and the ability to cope with varied atmospheric conditions is developing to match.

Showing American agricultural products alongside those of England and Scotland in those two countries may not strike many as promising valuable results to our people. But in other ways there seem to be opportunities. John N. McCunn, our consul at Glasgow, writes that he considers it a great mistake that American farm and dairy outfits are not on exhibition at the farmers' weekly markets in such Scotch towns as Kilmarnock, Kirkcubright and other places of like character. It appears that the excellence of such devices is their own commendation. The inventive American mind has gone very far in contriving apparatus which economizes time and effort and increases efficiency, as the use of such appliances here has demonstrated. The old world has been slower, but the Scotch are quick to perceive advantages such as the American outfits assure, and Consul McCunn's hint might be taken with advantage to all concerned.

Carlyle once told a man who was financially interested in gold mining that all the gold ever produced by California was not worth one good mealy potato. And yet the potato in Scotland has a history of less than 200 years, says the Edinburgh Dispatch. When Macdonald of Clanranald, in 1743 brought seed potatoes for his tenants in South Uist they objected to planting them because the potato is not mentioned in the Bible! Somewhat later George Bachop, one of the Ochertrey tenants, when told by his wife that she had potatoes for supper, contemptuously replied: "Tatties! tatties! I never suppit on them a' my days, and winna' the night. Gie them to the herd, gie me sowens."

Cape Town once lived under so severe a code of sumptuary laws that anything like display was restricted to the governor and his immediate circle. Thus runs Article VI. of the Dutch laws against luxury and ostentation: "No one less in rank than a junior merchant and if one among the citizens of equal rank and the wives and daughters only of those who are or have been members of any council shall venture to use umbrellas," in practice this restricted the possession and use of umbrellas to about 50 persons in Cape Town.

An inventor in New York claims to have perfected a solid fuel for automobiles, the chief advantages of which are that it gives off no odor and is smokeless. As soon as we are assured that his new fuel is as he represents it to be we shall start a movement for the purpose of having him accepted as one of the country heroes.

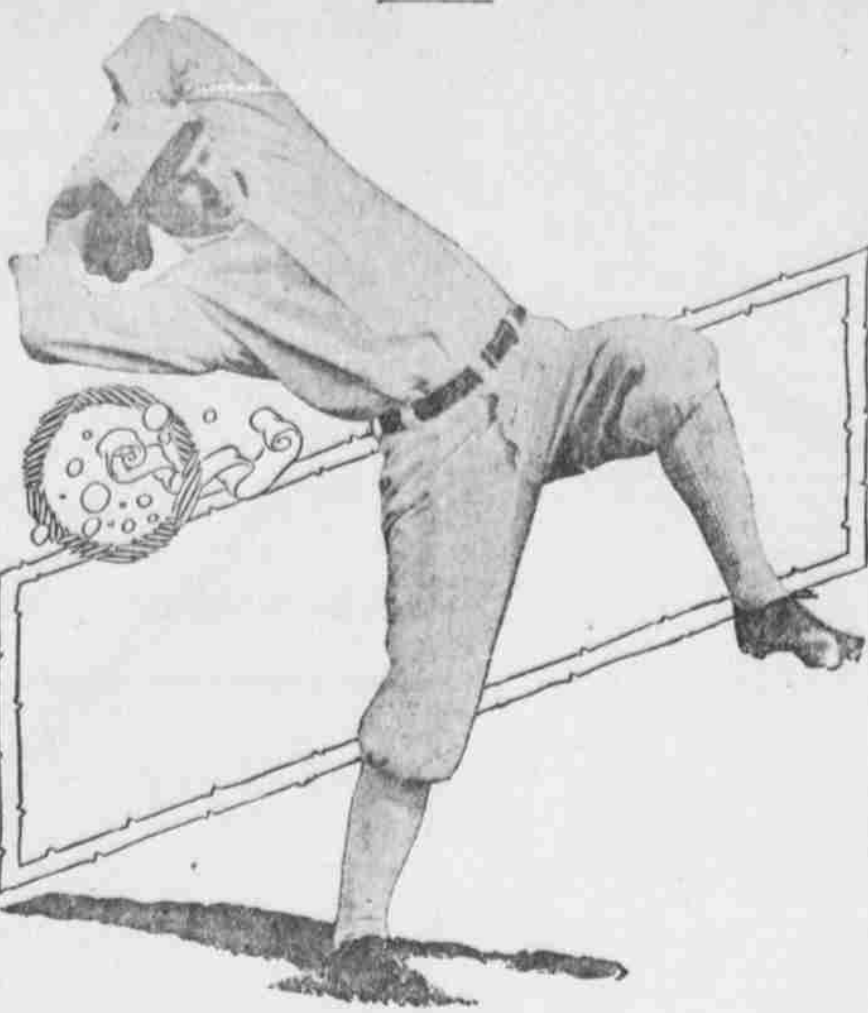
A Punxsutawney (Pa.) man has invented a pocket telephone, about eight inches long, two inches broad and an inch thick, which can be used by putting a plug attached to it into a hole in boxes fixed on the telephone poles around the town. The idea is ingenious, but is the Punxsutawney pocket big enough for the device?

One reason New York city is so congested is that they can enlarge the island only upward and downward.

A Berlin woman's club has organized a "league of politeness." One of the first rules of the league should provide that when young women who have been at the matinee enter the cars to journey homeward they should not attempt to stare weary old men out of their seats.

The war against the locoworm goes merrily on in Porto Rico, with excellent results. Over one-third of the population has received treatment.

JIM SCOTT'S START DUE TO BOYISH DARE



James Scott, White Sox Pitcher.

If anyone had told me I would be a professional baseball player ten years ago I would have laughed. I wanted to be a physician and had my college career all mapped out. My father had agreed to send me to college at Nebraska Wesleyan university and I went there to start my professional career. I had played a little baseball around my home at Lander, Wyo., as a boy, usually at third base, and had not given the game a serious thought. The way I managed to get into baseball was an accident. I was at home in Lander when some of the boys wanted me to come out and play third base against the team from a regiment stationed at the post. It happened that there were a lot of railroad men out to see the game, and among them was J. P. Cantillon, a brother of Mike and Joe Cantillon, the baseball men. I did not know this at the time. In the first inning the soldiers made two runs off my pitcher and knocked him out, so the boys yelled for me to go in and pitch. I knew nothing about pitching except to fire the ball over and pitch a curve when I felt like it, but I went in. It was the first real game I ever had tried to pitch. We won out, 3 to 2, and I think the soldiers made one hit off me. After the game Mr. Cantillon came to me and said if I wanted to pitch baseball he would give me a ticket to Des Moines, where the Cantillons owned the team, for a try out. The fellows dared me to go, and just

as a piece of boy foolishness I packed up and left that night for Des Moines. There were eleven pitchers there being tried out. I hung around for a couple of weeks and pitched one inning, finishing up a game that was lost. They told me then they didn't need me. I had no contract or agreement and did not receive a cent. I hated to go back home and have the boys think I had failed, and felt that they had not given me much of a chance. Besides I had been studying the experienced pitchers on the team and had begun to learn that there was more to pitching than throwing the ball.

I got out of Des Moines and went to Oskaloosa, Iowa, where I got a job as pitcher and made good quickly. I gave a lot of thought and hard work to pitching and when Wichita picked me up I decided to stick to the profession and show them I could move up in it. I had begun to like it and the deeper I got into it the more satisfaction I took in my work. It had become my real profession. I worked hard at Wichita and that fall was sold to Chicago. I came there thinking I knew a lot, only to find out I was just starting, and by studying the great pitchers on Comiskey's team I think I began to improve. It was harder work the higher up I got and I found that I had to keep studying and working just as hard to hold on as to get up. That is all there has been to it, just hard work and hard study. (Copyright, 1918, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

BOXER GIVES MUCH PROMISE

Sam Fitzpatrick Declines He Has Another Kid Lavigne in Antoine Lagrave, Western Fighter.

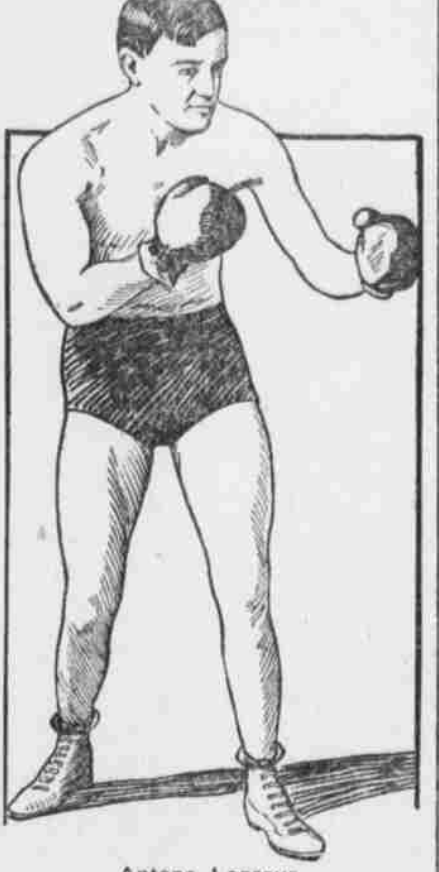
If Antoine Lagrave is as good a fighter as Sam Fitzpatrick thinks he is (and Samuel's judgment is fairly good), there is trouble in store for Ad Wolgast and any other lightweight who may have an eye on Wolgast's title.

Fitzpatrick once handled Kid Lavigne, champion lightweight of the world, and the retentive manager believes he has a second Lavigne in Lagrave. It is a significant fact that both Lavigne and Lagrave are of French extraction, the only difference being that Lavigne sprang from the pine-clad hills of Michigan and Lagrave is a native of the Pacific slope.

Fitzpatrick naturally was much impressed with the 15-round draw that his boy recently fought with Battling Nelson, and considers it a great performance. In a note to the writer, Fitzpatrick says:

"Lagrave is another Kid Lavigne, and that 15 rounds with Nelson very much resembled the Lavigne-Wolgast fight at Maspeth some time ago." It is quite evident that Lagrave put up a sturdy fight, and the only question is as to the condition of the Dane on the night of the battle. The general impression as to Nelson's present form is that he has deteriorated, and that Lagrave did not meet the man who toppled Gans from the lightweight championship throne or even the man who gave Wolgast so stubborn a fight before yielding the scrapper of the 133-pound class.

Be that as it may, any man who can buffet Nelson for 15 rounds must have some class, and Lagrave therefore will



Antoine Lagrave.

be watched with interest the next time he starts in the lightweight handicap.

Fitzpatrick's reference to the Lavigne-Walgast battle at Maspeth in 1915 revives recollections of one of the fiercest glove fights in the history of the Queensbury game. The bout was a handicap affair, Walcott stipulating to knock out Lavigne in 15 rounds or forfeit a \$500 side bet. The men weighed 133 pounds ringside, and this was a severe handicap to the negro, who was compelled to resort to baths and drugs in order to make the weight.

The match grew out of an argument between O'Rourke and Fitzpatrick as to the relative merits of their men.

Walcott started in with a rush and for a time punished Lavigne severely. But the Saginaw Kid, with his wonderful vitality, took all Walcott could hand out and then came back for more.

The bout lasted the scheduled limit of 15 rounds, and while both men were on their feet, Walcott had weakened under the enforced low weight and the fast pace and probably would have been put to sleep in a few more rounds.

Lavigne, by staying to the end of the bout won the wager, and Tim Hurst, the referee, was not called on to make any decision.

Had a decision been rendered on the bout itself it would have been a draw, as Walcott had the best of the first half of the bout and Lavigne came very strongly in the latter half.

Some of the records erroneously set forth that Walcott lost the bout. All that the Black Demon lost was \$500 and, some prestige because he failed to put Lavigne to sleep.

Jones Turns Down Harvard.

Fielder Jones, former leader of the Chicago White Sox, has been offered the position of professional coach for the Harvard university baseball team next spring. Harvard is taking up the professional coaching plan for the first time in its history. Yale, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, Princeton and other schools long ago adopted the professional plan.

Jones, who is heavily interested in Oregon timber lands, was forced to decline the proposition on account of his business. Harvard has several other baseball stars in view for the position, but wanted Fielder first of all. Last year Jones coached the Oregon Agricultural college and whipped a green bunch of material into a championship team.

Panama Wants Ball Players.

Baseball players are wanted in the Panama Canal Zone, and if a letter received by Secretary A. J. Heinemann of the New Orleans club tells the truth, the zone is not a bad place for players if they have the ability. The letter is from George Markley, located at Empire, Panama. Markley was at one time manager of the Charlie club when that city was in the Southern league, and also played with Atlanta. Markley says he can use several good pitchers and outfielders. "For any player who can fulfill the requirements there is an inside job at \$150 a month, with a division of the gate on Saturdays, which will increase the salary materially. Markley will pay transportation to the Canal Zone.

The American Home WILLIAM A. RADFORD Editor

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 18 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The little house illustrated in the accompanying perspective sketch and floor plans is of a very attractive design that is very popular. A residence should not be too plain and unadorned in its appearance; yet at the same time there is no need of going to extravagant lengths in the pursuit of architectural beauty.

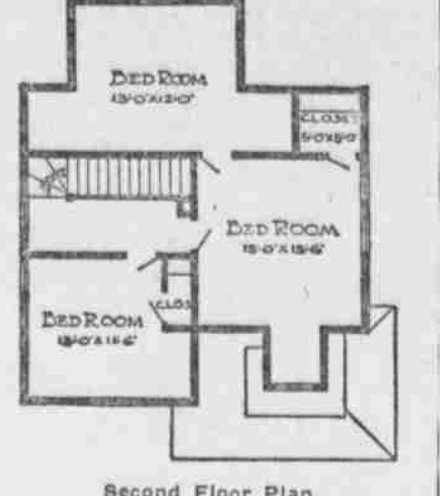
Many try so hard in their desire for an artistic home and in their abhorrence of the plain, box-like houses that the designs they finally work out and follow in building reminds one of a Chinese pagoda, or of a pavilion at the county fair. It is a good thing to look after the artistic in house designs, but always with moderation. In the house illustrated there are a number of very pleasing features which give the building a distinctive appearance; yet, these are in good taste and the dwelling has a sensible, home-like appearance.

With a good brick or solid concrete foundation, the first story of this house is covered with clapboards, while the second story is finished with cement plaster stucco, divided into panels in the English half timber style. The second story also projects slightly beyond the line of the first, in that way keeping true to the English Elizabethan models.

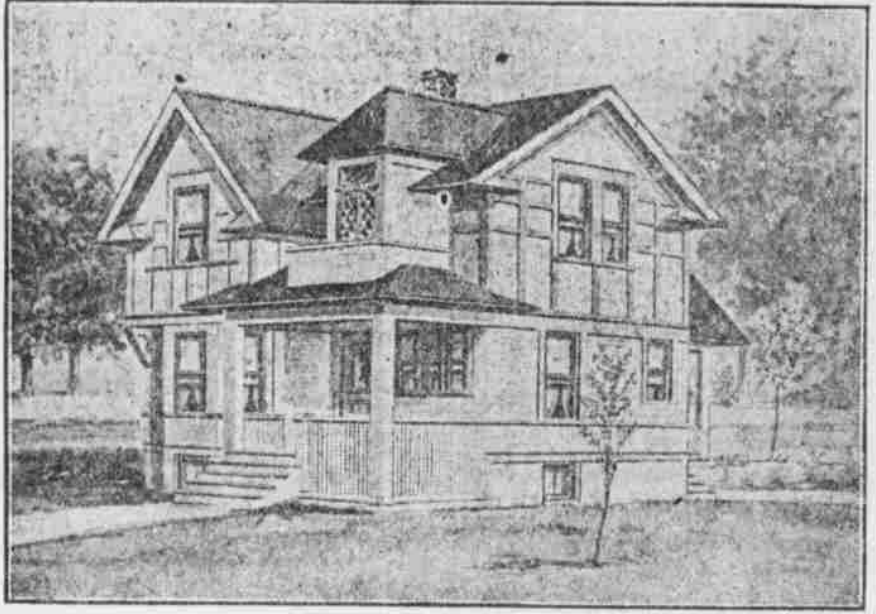
With the woodwork painted a soft

floor. Upstairs there are three comfortable bedrooms. Two of these seem to be somewhat cut up owing to the way the roof is formed; yet, these extra spaces are by no means disadvantageous. The small balcony over the front porch and opening from the large dormer window is a feature that is both ornamental and useful.

The cost of this comfortable dwelling is estimated at \$2,200. This would provide for oak floors for the living room and dining room, maple floors



for the kitchen and pantry and first quality yellow pine edge grain flooring on the second floor. The living room and dining room should be finished in red oak, stained, the interior trim to be of a square cut fashion to harmonize with the general character of the design of the house. For the second floor no material is superior to birch, either red or the white. This can be



finished in any color and produces a beautifully appearing hardwood trim. For the bedrooms a combination of mahogany and white enamel is the most popular and it is, without doubt, as attractive a style of finishing for such rooms as can be devised.

A warm air furnace of proper size placed very nearly in the center of the basement will heat this house both upstairs and down very satisfactorily. No one who has any appreciation of convenience or economy would think of building a new house of this kind and not provide a central heating plant. Stoves have shown themselves to be not only costly and inefficient, but dangerous as well. With a good waterproof cemented basement, as called for in the plans of this house, a very satisfactory heating plant can be easily installed.

Money Speaks.

Somerset Maugham, the popular English playwright, was shown by a reporter, during his recent visit to New York, a rather harsh criticism of his work.

Mr. Maugham, with a smile, took out his pocketbook and began to read off to the reporter the "runs" of his various plays:

"Mrs. Dot," 421 nights; "Smith," 217 nights; "Penelope," 399 nights." So he read on till he had completed the long list of his successes. Then he said:

"When the author of this article has written plays with runs like those, I'll believe his criticism. Till then I prefer to believe in the public and the box office. This isn't a question of words; it's a question of figures."

TWO USES FOR THE SUIT

After All, Tilly Was Not Going to Lose All the Money She Had Put Into It.

Each week Tilly had me put away half her wages. Finally I asked her what had caused this saving fever. "Lord, now, Miss Gracie, doan' you know now?"

I nodded negatively. Tilly's money usually found its way to Lize's keeping. Lize was her latest.

"Bress yo' heart, honey, I've savin' to buy a reg'lar satin' weddin' suit, vell an' all, mind you." Tilly folded her hands over her expansive stomach and smiled complacently.

conceal a smile which Tilly happily did not understand.

A few weeks later I heard Lize had forsaken his bride and taken up with another belle of Darkeytown, which in the vicinity was not an unusual occurrence. I expected to find my Tilly heartbroken; instead a broadly beaming face greeted me the next morning.

"Honey, Miss Gracie, I's gwine ax you for my savin'." Tilly smoothed the spotless folds of her gingham apron. "The lodge is layin' off to turn out nex' week an' I've a dse set out in de ebenin', so I done made up my mind it'd be de time to wear my weddin' outfit, vell an' all."

I almost dropped my coffee cup. "Tilly," I said, "what do you was with a wedding outfit now?"

"Lord bress me, honey, don't da' good for nothin' girl of Lize's be at de set out?"

As I made no reply, Tilly suspected her purpose was not exactly clear to me, so she said with a twinkle in her black eyes:

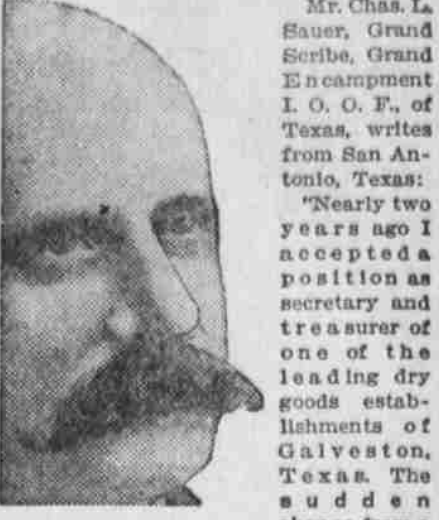
"Miss Gracie, dat suit done gwine answer two purposes."

"How?" I asked.

"Dis time, honey, it's a divorce suit." —Mack's National Monthly.

PROMINENT ODD FELLOW

Bad Case of Catarrh and Other Complications. Fully Restored by Peruna.



Mr. Chas. L. Sauer.

Mr. Chas. L. Sauer, Grand Sorber, Grand Encampment I. O. O. F., of Texas, writes from San Antonio, Texas: "Nearly two years ago I accepted a position as secretary and treasurer of one of the leading dry goods establishments of Galveston, Texas. The sudden change from a high and dry altitude to sea level proved too much for me and I became afflicted with catarrh and cold in the head and general debility to such an extent as to almost incapacitate me for attending to my duties. "I was induced to try Peruna, and after taking several bottles in small doses I am pleased to say I was entirely restored to my former normal condition and have ever since recommended the use of Peruna to my friends." Ask Your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1911.

LOVE AND THE AEROPLANE

Some Good Advice for These Daring Mortals Who Would Do Their Courting Aloft.

Secure a nice roomy aeroplane, and place in it an old-fashioned sofa or armchair. Then put the girl in, get in yourself and turn on the power.

Do not be in any hurry. Get far enough up so that you can be preoccupied for a few moments without landing.

It is just as well to strap the girl in. She can't get away, of course, but you can kiss a girl in an aeroplane much easier if she is firmly secured.

Always keep one hand on the steering apparatus and the other on the girl; but if worst comes to worst, let go the steering apparatus.

The following schedule, if adhered to, will prevent ordinary accidents: Five hundred feet up, hold girl's hand. Six hundred feet up, arm around her waist. Seven hundred feet, drop everything and hold girl, working steering apparatus with both feet.

Be careful, when you alight, not to come down near a church. In the excitement of the occasion you may forget yourself and marry the girl. Many fatal accidents have resulted in this manner.—Puck.

A Little Mixed.

Admiral Evans, at a luncheon in San Francisco, said of a naval polly he disliked:

"It is mixed and illogical. It reminds me of Bob Backstay, who became engineer on a submarine.

"Bob," said a friend, "don't you find it dangerous work, this knocking about in a submarine deep beneath the sea?"

"Yes, very dangerous," Backstay admitted, "but a man's got to do something, you know, to keep his head above water."

Absent-Minded.

The professor had just sneezed for the thirtieth time, and it naturally attracted some attention.

"What's the matter with the professor?" asked the visitor. "He appears to have a bad cold."

"Oh, no," said Madame la Professoress. "It is only his fearful absent-mindedness. I left him in charge of the baby for a few moments this morning, and when he cried he gave him the pepper-pot to play with instead of his rattle."—Harper's Weekly.

Returning the Compliment.

Mrs. Faraway—I suppose you have forgotten that this is the anniversary of your wedding day?"

Professor Faraway (abstracting himself from comic sections)—Eh? What? Dear me! Is it really? And when is your's, dear?—Stray Stories.

Companions in Misery.

Ella—For all sad words of tongue or pen— Stella—Forget it; I'm an old maid myself.

Don't make the mistake of claiming you never make one.

For Breakfast Post Toasties

A crisp, dainty food that pleases young and old. Wholesome Economical Convenient. Serve with cream or milk (hot or cold). "The Memory Lingers" POSTUM CEREAL CO., LAG., Battle Creek, Mich.