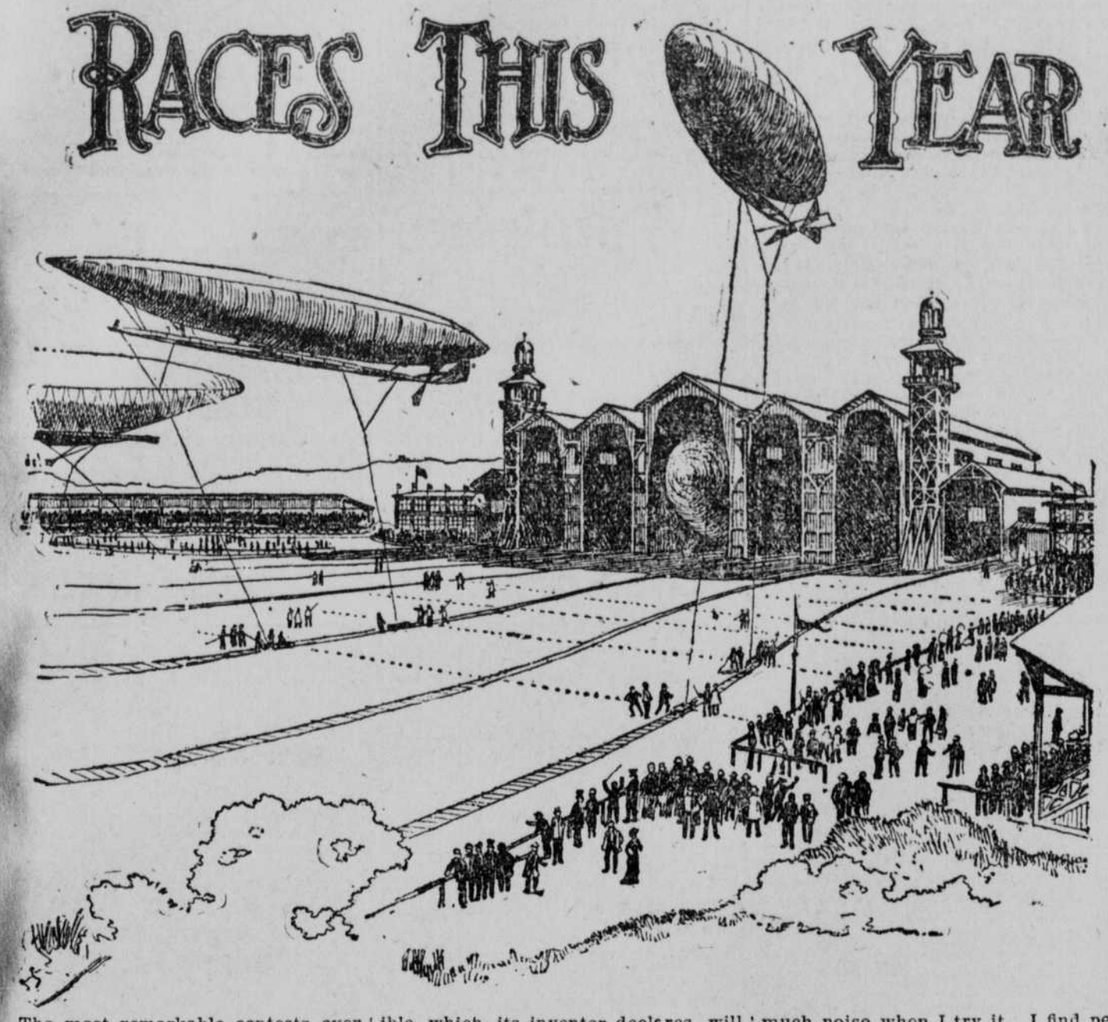
PARIS TO HAVE AIRSHIP RACES THIS YEAR



The most remarkable contests ever held will take place at Paris, France, next summer, when Santos-Dumont, the Lebaudys, Tour and other famous aeronauts will start in a series of airship races. Huge barns for storing the leviathans of the air and equipped with appliances for launching the airships are now being built. More—the passenger airship built to carry a dozen passengers is fast nearing completion under the watchful eye of the little Brazilian inventor.

"Paris will soon see the first of the union airship depots," said Santos-Dumont.

"That means we may expect airship races?" was asked.

"Exactly," returned the inventor. "My depot will have room for seven air ships. My own fleet for next summer will consist of three ships. Therefore at any time I could invite the owners of four other ships to stable their machines with me, where they would have a ready supply of hydrogen or illuminating gas and other conveniences. Then, when all is ready, the maneuvering trucks will roll out on miniature railways, hauling the airships after them and holding them parallel at the starting line till the word 'Go!' would start the big fellows on their race through space.

The illustrations herewith show the idea perfectly. For want of such a landing yard last winter's accident at Monte Carlo happened. The balloon house built for Santos-Dumont by the Prince of Monaco stood just across the street that runs along the shore of the Bay of Monaco. Street car tracks, houses, trees, telegraph poles, lamp posts, and, worst of all, a great sea wall, threatened the air ship each time it left or returned to the balloon shed. The thing was almost inevitable in a crowded town, though situated on a sheltered bay.

Santos-Dumont has already invited the Lebaudys to a race. These two well-known millionaire sugar refiners, Paul and Jacques, making themselves the financial backers of two engineers with aerial ideas—Messrs. Julliot and Surcouf—have built and even navigated an airship called the "Yellow One." The "Yellow One," according to those who have seen it, is a promising airship. Therefore Santos-Dumont deposited 25,000 francs forfeit money with the Aero Club and challenged the Lebaudys to a race for 100,000 francs a side.

"We did not build the Yellow One for speed," they replied, "but for stability."

"An elephant has stability," said Dumont.

Nevertheless the races are bound to come as soon as the experimenters perfect their airships to the point of making a few first flights each. At the present moment there are more than a dozen full-sized airships in and about Paris fully equipped and ready to mount into the air.

The three dirigibles of M. Sontos-Dumont—his "No. 7," swift and powerful and capable of carrying two persons; his new "buggy" airship, for practice in aerial navigation, small and with but 3½-horse power, and his new passenger airship.

The Lebaudy airship, capable of carrying three people.

The Rose "plano-aerostat," which has been completed for two years past, the most enormous of all these contrivances, with more stability than navigability.

The Deutsch airship, "La Ville de Paris," built by the engineer, Tatin. It can scarcely be distinguished from one of the Santos-Dumont airships.

The Firmin Bousson "bottle-shaped" airship.

The "General Tour," built and invented by M. Tour, son of the general.

The Moreau mattress shaped dirigible, which, its inventor declares, will act as an aeroplane.

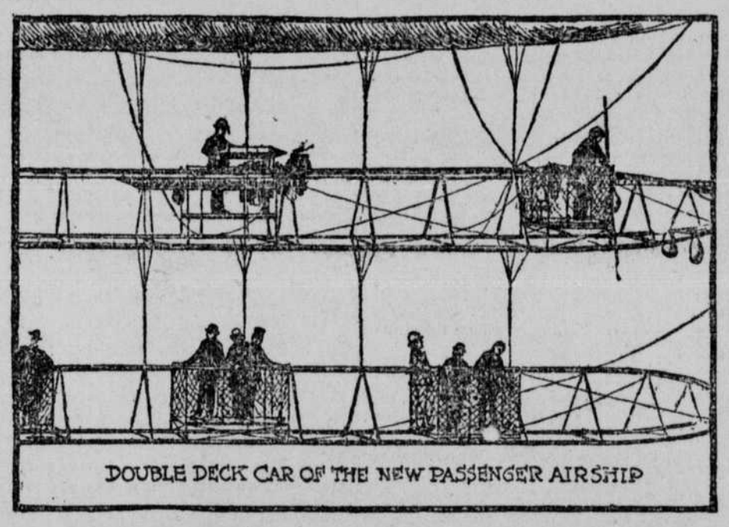
"The National," called the "Secret of Meudon," supposed to be already more than half finished, built for the French army at the Calais-Meudon Military Balloon Park. This military aerostat will make its first flight, it is promised, in the spring. It is to be propelled by an electric motor, which will give it twice the speed of the "France"—the airship built by the Renard Brothers in 1884.

Meanwhile Santos-Dumont is making ready to take up twelve passengers at a time. The immense balloon envelope is almost completed at the Lachambre works. I myself have seen the keel, with its four great wicker-work baskets, each to hold three passengers.

I asked Santos if he had any doubt about a sufficient number of passengers offering themselves.

"I have a list of a hundred volunteers already," he answered. "For the first trip I am really embarrassed. They all want to make the first trip—personal friends and absolute strangers! I have letters from Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans and Russians offering to pay any price even for the privilege."

And Santos laughed gayily.—New York Press.



DOUBLE DECK CAR OF THE NEW PASSENGER AIRSHIP

WHY MEN ARE LIKE RAZORS.

Barber Shows That He Knows Something of Human Nature.

"People," said the barber as he lathered, "are a good deal like razors. It isn't the ivory-handled ones that do the best work always. Yet that kind of razor sells more readily than any other. I've seen some expensive silver-steel fellows, too, that cut like Damascus two or three times, but wilted when I tested them on a good horse hide strop—all right on the outside, but no body to the steel; soft inside.

"When you select a razor, don't look at the handle at all. It's the blade, not the handle that talks. The best razor in my shop has an old gutta-percha handle, and I keep it in a case that is red in spots and is getting frayed, but I'd let you have all the rest of the cutters if I could keep this one. The man that made it knew his business. It's finely tempered, works well all the time, and it sings when I lay it on the leather pretty hard.

"Same with people. Some of them do three days' work in one day, and three hours' work the rest of the week. When they're tested, they go soft, and the silver-steel can't save them, because there's too much silver and not enough steel. A half hour on the stone makes a good razor better, but it kills a poor one. I'm always suspicious of a new razor that makes too much noise when I try it. I find people just about the same as razors, and I've got so now I'm a pretty good judge of both.

"Not too close? All right, sir!"—New York Press.

TRAIN AND DANIEL WEBSTER.

Anecdote Reveals Traits of Three Old-Time Statesmen.

When little more than a boy George Francis Train visited Washington and called on Daniel Webster, then secretary of state, whom he had met in Boston. Webster gave him a note of introduction to the president, Gen. Taylor. Train says in his autobiography: "I was at once ushered into the presence of Gen. Taylor, who sat at his desk. The presidential feet rested on another chair. At his request I seated myself opposite him and from this point of vantage made a hurried study of his appearance. He wore a shirt that was formerly white but which then looked like the map of Mexico after the battle of Buena Vista. It was spotted and spattered with tobacco juice. Directly behind me, as I was soon made aware, was a cuspidor, toward which the president turned the flow of tobacco juice. I was in mortal terror but he never missed the custidor once or put my person in jeopard." The president at Train's request added his signature to Webster's letter. Then Train called on Henry Clay and asked his autograph, "I told him," says Train, "that I was about to start for England and that as I had a letter signed by Mr. Webster and the President I should like to add his signature also. 'I believe that two signatures are usually necessary on Mr. Webster's paper,' said Mr. Clay, with a smile."

Toadyism of the World.

Because a man happens to grow phenomenally rich it doesn't follow that his mind broadens or his disposition sweetens in proportion. Quite the contrary. By necessity, his wits sharpen in the money getting process, which is considered an education in itself, and he then passes for the self-made man of brains, entirely capable of comprehending and criticising the higher intellectual orders. The spirit of toadyism, so rampant now, encourages this Plutus to pose in any character he chooses, and his utterances on all the great topics and questions of the day are quoted far and wide. It is a symptom of this age of gold that people think it worth while to listen to him while at the same time thew smile up their sleeves.

Cheap Travel in London.

On all South London street railways the fare is now one cent.

WHAT M'KINLEY SAID

AND WHAT WAS MEANT BY THE BUFFALO SPEECH.

An Address Which Has Been Persistently Perverted to Mean the Abandonment of Protection Through the Adoption of Competitive Reciprocity.

Carefully disregarding and usually omitting such qualifying phrases as those which insist upon preserving the domestic market to the domestic producer, and which deprecate any scheme of foreign trade expansion that shall "injure home industry" or "curtail domestic production"—phrases which do and were unmistakably intended to indicate the general tone of strict adherence to the principles and policy of protection—the advocates of wide-open reciprocity continue to parade certain parts of President McKinley's speech at Buffalo in September, 1901, and to insist that the President in that speech committed himself unreservedly to the scheme of swapping trade privileges by means of special tariff concessions. It is not true that President McKinley committed himself or the Republican party to any such sacrifice or abandonment of protection. Let us take up that portion of the speech most quoted by the advocates of reciprocity in competitive products and see to what extent, if any, the speech can be properly so construed.

"A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade."

That system we already have. We mutually exchange commodities to the extent of close upon a billion dollars' worth of merchandise which we annually buy of foreign countries nearly 5c per cent is admitted free of duty. Add to the billion dollars' worth which we buy, the $200,000,000 which we pay every year to foreign steamships for carrying 32 per cent of our commerce and the total makes us out to be the most liberal buyer of foreign goods of any nation in the world.

"We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing."

We are very far from reposing in any such security. As already stated, we buy in merchandise and freights about $1,200,000,000 a year. We buy even more than this, for our tourists spend abroad about $75,000,000 a year, and we are paying $75,000,000 more each year in the shape of interest and dividends on American bonds and investment stocks owned abroad. The total, then, of what we actually buy each year is brought up to about $1,350,000,000. That would hardly be called "little or nothing."

"Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established."

True, provided it is the right kind of reciprocity, that is, in articles which we do not ourselves produce, or non-competitive reciprocity. Reciprocity in competitive products would be a distinctly unnatural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development, an absolute negation of the domestic policy now firmly established.

"The period of exclusiveness is past."

Undoubtedly it is. A country which buys every year from the rest of the world $1,350,000,000 would not, we think, be called an "exclusive" country.

"The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem."

Yes, and we are solving that problem in the most thorough and satisfactory manner. In the last five and a half years of protection we have made mighty strides in the expansion of our trade and commerce. For 1901 our total exports were $1,460,462,806; against a total of $793,392,590 for 1895; a gain of $667,070,216, or about 84 per cent. How is that for solution of a pressing problem?

"Commercial wars are unprofitable."

Truer word was never spoken. How to avoid them? Treat every nation exactly alike and require at the hands of every nation equally fair and impartial treatment. This done, there can be no such thing as commercial wars for our country.

"A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals."

Good will and friendly trade relations are best conserved by strict adherence to the policy of non-discrimination, non-favoritism. You excite jealousy, irritation and reprisals when by special treaty agreement you admit the goods of one nation at a lower rate of duty than that imposed upon the competitive goods of another nation. Commercial peace and amity are disturbed by such unfair and impolitic trade arrangements. For every friend secured you make several enemies, says Andrew Carnegie. Uniformity and equality of treatment is the only policy of good will and friendly trade relations, the only policy that will prevent reprisals.

"Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the time; measures of retaliation are not."

Yes; reciprocity treaties arranged with countries producing articles which we "do not ourselves produce," no others. Reciprocity thus confined and prescribed creates no bad blood, inspires no retaliation. We shall never need to resort to measures of retaliation so long as we treat everybody alike and give offense to nobody.

No one can now say what was in William McKinley's mind when he made that speech in Buffalo. What was not in his mind, may, however, be fairly known or inferred. It was not in his mind to favor or advocate reciprocity in competitive products the sacrifice of one industry for the benefit of another industry, the abandonment of the principles for which he had stood all his life long: Equal and just protection to all industry and all labor. That much is morally certain.

THEIR PORTION.

American Labor's Share in the Benefits of Protection Prosperity.

It is announced from Chicago, under date of Feb. 1, that on April 1 an increase of wages will be paid by the Pullman Palace Car company to every man employed in the works Nearly 8,000 men are affected, and more than $70,000 will be added to the company's pay roll each month One thousand extra men will be employed to do the work performed in the ten-hour day by the old force. Under the old schedule the men worked sixty hours a week. Under the new system they will work fifty-four hours a week and will have their Saturday afternoons off.

Lacking only a few weeks of nine years ago the Pullman Palace Car company did precisely the opposite thing. It put in force a sweeping reduction in the pay of its great army of employes, and because they refused to accept the lower wages a great strike resulted which cost the country a vast amount of money, and very nearly plunged this republic into the abyss of anarchy. This wage reduction and this strike followed a little more than a year after the inauguration of a free-trade President backed up by a free-trade majority in both houses of Congress. The free-trade tariff law cooked up by Wilson and Gorman had not yet been enacted, but it was known to be coming, and its effects on all industry, all labor, all trade, all commerce, all business were already in full force. It was not the passage of the Wilson-Gorman tariff, but the anticipation of it, that carried the country into the most prolonged and devastating period of paralysis and ruin that it had ever experienced.

The obverse of the picture is now presented. It shows 8,000 Pullman company wage earners working shorter hours and receiving as much pay as they did for working longer hours. It shows that these 8,000 workers have come into their share of protection and prosperity.

The Big Obscured by the Little.

Cuba's trade with the United States per year $16,000,000. Germany's trade with the United States per year, $190,000,000.

Is It Fair?

"Is it fair to reduce protective duties on sugar and keep them up on products of American manufacture which successfully compete with foreign goods in foreign markets? And as for the plea for 'suffering Cuba'—there is no suffering Cuba."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Is it fair? That question is going to be asked many times and in many places in the event that the ruling powers of this country shall decide to select the agricultural interests to bear alone the burden of so-called "reciprocity." The farmers of this country who grow sugar, tobacco and fruits are very certain to inquire why it is that their products are subjected to foreign competition for the sole benefit of manufacturers, whose protection is in no way disturbed. It will be an awkward question to answer.

Retaliation May Be Necessary.

The loss of German's meat purchases from this country, contemplated by the proposed German tariff, will seriously injure the export meat trade of this country, reducing it twenty-five per cent. It is to be hoped that the injury can be averted by the exercise of wise statesmanship on the part of German leaders, but if it cannot the United States will undoubtedly be driven to the adoption of retaliatory legislation This would cripple Germany far more than the proposed German tariff affects this country, and would probably have the ultimate result of bringing that country to terms. It is hoped, however, that such measures will not become necessary.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Almost Nothing.

Republican prosperity will not shut off steam and the Democrats have unlimited wind, but besides that—almost nothing.—Staunton (Va.) Sun.

VILLON'S LAST VERSE

REMARKABLE LINES ATTRIBUTED TO GREAT POET.

John D. Swain Recalls Mythical Deathbed Scene of the Famous Frenchman—Beauty in His Description of a Wasted Life.

(Francois Villon, being about to die, a worthy friar would fain have shrived him, and did earnestly exhort that he should confess him at this time of those acts of his life which he did regret. Villon bade him return yet again, that he might have time to think him of his sins. Upon the good father's return Villon was dead; but by his side were the following verses, his last, wherein he set forth things which he did regret. Whereat the friar was sore grieved and hid them away among the manuscripts of his abbey, showing them to no man; yet they were found in some wise. The name of the friar and the very place where stood the abbey are forgot, but the verses have endured unto this day.)

I, Francois Villon, ta'en at last
To this rude bed where all must lie,
Fain would forget the turbid past
And lay me down in peace, to die.
"Would I be shrived?" Ah, can I tell?
My sins but trifles seem to be,
Nor worth the dignity of hell;
If not, then ill avails it me
To name them one and all—and yet—
There be some things which I regret!

The sack of abbeys, many a brawl,
A score of knife-thrusts in the dark,
Forced oft, by Fate, against the wall,
And years in donjons, cold and stark—
These crimes and pains seem far away
Now that I come at length to die;
'Tis idle for the past to pray,
('Tis hopeless for the past to sigh):
These are a troubled dream—and yet—
For them I have but scant regret!

The toil my mother lived to know,
What years I lay in gyves for debt;
A pretty song heard long ago:
Where, I know not; when, I forget;
The crust I once kept for my one
(Though all too scant for my poor use),
The friend I left to die alone,
(Pardie! the watchman pressed us close!)
Trifles, against my crimes to set!
Yet these are all which I regret.

Captains and cut-throats, not a few,
And maidens fair of many a clime
Have named me friend in the wild past
When as we wallowed in the slime;
Gamblers and rogues and clever thieves,
And unfrocked priests, a sorry crew,
(How stubbornly the memory cleaves
To all who have befriended you!)
I drain a cup to them—and yet—
'Tis not for such I feel regret!

My foundered horse, who died for me
(Nor whip nor spur was his, I ween!)
That day the hangman looked to see
Poor Villon earth and sky between!
A mongrel cur who shared my lot
Three bitter winters on the Ile:
He held the rabble off, God wot.
One time I cheated in the deal:
'Twas but an instant, while I fled
Down a vile alley, known to me—
Back in the tavern he lay dead;
The gamblers raged—but I went free!
Humble, poor brutes at best; and yet—
They are the friends whom I regret!

And eke the lilies were a-blow
Through all the sunny fields of France,
I marked one whiter than the snow
And would have gathered it, perchance,
Had not some trifle I forget
(A bishop's loot, a cask of wine
Filched from some carbot—a bet—)
Distracted this wild head of mine.
A childish fancy this, and yet—
It is a thing that I regret!

Again, I rode through Picardy
What time the vine was in the bud;
A little maiden smiled on me,
I might have kissed her, and I would!
I've known a thousand maidens since,
And many have been kind to me—
I've never seen one quite so fair
As she, that day in Picardy.
Ashes of roses, these, and yet—
They are the things which I regret!

One prfect lily grew for me,
And blossomed on another breast;
Others have clasped the little hands
Whose rosy palms I might have pressed;
So, as I die, my wasted youth
Mocks my dim eye and fading breath—
Still, I have lived! And having lived
That much is mine. I mock at death!
I should confess, you say? But yet—
For life alone I have regret!

Envoy.

O bubbles of the vanished wine
To which my lips were never set!
O lips that dimpled close to mine,
Whose ruddy warmth I never met!
Father, but trifles these, and yet—
They are the things which I regret!
—John D. Swain, in the Critic.

Simple Home Decoration.

Never has there been a time when some element of interest has not attached itself to hand work of even the simplest kind, and to-day, when the mechanical processes of pictorial reproduction have practically annihilated the thought of handicraft, it is pleasant to know that in many places the love for the old personal element in human endeavor is still cherished as a precious thing.

One of the smaller fields for exploitation along these lines that has been considerably developed during the last few years is that of the hand decoration of some strong or beautiful thought, which when framed and hung as a wall ornament serves the double purpose of furnishing a pleasant bit of color for the eye and giving every day a needed uplift to the soul jaded with the strain and rush of our modern life methods.

The writer has a very distinct remembrance of the effect upon him, during some gray days in his life, of finding upon the wall of a guest chamber of a kindly home where he was visiting the prettily decorated lines now well known, beginning "Sleep sweetly in this pleasant room," etc., and of how much sweeter his rest was than it would have been had not the dainty little mental sleeping draught been administered.

There is also a vivid spot in his mind as to the time and place when he first ran across, during an evening call, William Ellery Channing's symphony, "To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury," etc., and with what determined persistency he has continued to cling to the letter and spirit of at least the first clause of that fine little production ever since.

It has been a work of no small pleasure then to have been able for several years past to place these pregnant sermonettes in many homes where they have spoken gently and encouragingly every day to those that understood, each carrying with it a bit of hand work in water color in addition to the helpful text.