

AEROPLANE BUILT ESPECIALLY TO CARRY WOMEN



RECOGNIZING the great interest that women are taking in aviation, Charles G. King has invented and built an aeroplane designed especially to carry members of the fair sex up to the clouds. Lightness, roominess and strength are said to be its chief characteristics, and it offers ample accommodation for one or two feminine passengers.

PIG ENJOYS ITS RIDE

Dressed as Baby Is Taken From Newark to New York.

Owner Carries Little Porker in Her Arms and Successfully Deceives Conductors—Stuffed Squal Betrays Secret.

New York.—If it hadn't been for a stuffed squal and a very piglike wriggle the taxicab driver would never have known that one of his fares wasn't human. In fact, the chauffeur rubbed his eyes several times before it finally dawned on him that Mrs. Marie Watson's traveling companion was a pig instead of a baby.

The chauffeur wasn't to blame for being deceived, for several conductors had made the same mistake. They don't know even now that the bundle Mrs. Watson carried so tenderly in her arms was not a baby at all. In spite of its baby cap and stuffy little coat and the milk bottle which Mrs. Watson produced every now and then on her ride from Newark.

Mrs. Watson, as almost every verdant performer knows, is the wife of Sam Watson, who has a hazyard circus. One of the star performers was a wee pig, but it got so fat that Mrs. Watson decided that another pig would have to join the show, one that she could hold in her arms without straining her muscles.

After some correspondence she found what she wanted in the pig line on a farm just outside of Newark. The pig's owner agreed to sell free on board at Newark, but not Manhattan.

Mrs. Watson and her husband went into conference to decide how to get the pig here.

"Leave it to me," said Mrs. Watson. "I'll just bring the pig over on the train."

Her husband suggested that pigs were not allowed on passenger trains. But Mrs. Watson knew what she was talking about.

"Leave it to me," she repeated, and Mr. Watson did so.

Mrs. Watson made the trip to Newark the other day and met the farmer and his pig. Mrs. Watson whispered a few words of pig language in the little fellow's ear and proceeded to dress him up in baby attire. The cap was a cute affair of muslin and baby chiffon, with a near-blue ribbon at the top. The baby coat was also blue, as was a blanket which Mrs. Watson had provided. When the dressing was finished the farmer departed chuckling over the transformation.

With the pig in her arms Mrs. Watson proceeded to the Newark station of the Pennsylvania railroad and boarded a train for Jersey City. The pig wasn't making a sound. Perhaps it was because of those few whispered words of pig language or perhaps it was because of the smattering Mrs. Watson says she has a smattering. Perhaps it was a bottle of milk which she had fastidiously prepared. Anyhow no one on the train imagined that it was anything else than a very quiet and well-behaved baby that Mrs. Watson was carrying in her arms.

At Jersey City Mrs. Watson and her

charge proceeded to the Hudson Tunnel station. While waiting for a tunnel train an elderly man suggested to Mrs. Watson that she had better stand well back from the edge of the platform.

"You know these drafts are very bad for babies," said the elderly gentleman. Mrs. Watson smiled and thanked the solicitous old man. Never once during the trip to Manhattan did the pig betray himself.

At Thirty-third street Mrs. Watson hailed a taxicab, and in this last lap of the journey was made. At the theater Mrs. Watson alighted and paid her fare. The movement of getting into her purse must have disturbed the pig, for there was a sudden squeal and a very vigorous wriggle. The baby cap slipped back, displaying a very piglike face. It was then that the chauffeur began rubbing his eyes and pinching himself.

In a few days the little pig will take the place of the elderly porker in the barnyard scene. He is now undertaking the necessary preliminary training.

CARING FOR "ONLY" CHILD

Vienna Professor Finds Only Thirteen Out of One Hundred Are Fully Normal.

Vienna.—After a study of the problem of the "only child" extending over several years, Prof. J. Friedjung of the Society of Internal Medicine and Pediatrics has made public the result of his observations. He had under examination 100 "only" children, of whom 44 were boys and 55 girls. They range in age from two to ten years.

Each had been raised in a family where there were no other children.

and therefore had been subjected to the kind of domestic isolation that accompanies those conditions.

Of the 100 children 18 were severely neuropathic and 69 manifested less marked symptoms of nervous instability. Only 13 of the youngsters, according to Dr. Friedjung, were fully normal. He set off these observations against another set of studies made among families consisting of several offspring. Of these only 31 showed neuropathic symptoms.

Fear was the strongest symptom in 75 of the 87 neuropathic "only children." They were hysterical in their nature. Forty-nine had restless sleep and 8 were subject to more marked symptoms.

Unusual mental ability and waywardness, the professor reports, seem to go hand in hand in the case of children. Of the neurotics, 32 showed malnutrition to a remarkable degree.

The "only" child, says Friedjung, gets its morbid manifestations from the excess of tender care lavished upon it. Its parents spoil it, they take away its sentiments of self-reliance, and in this way they unconsciously encourage the child never to develop unduly. A certain amount of knocking about and hardships and necessity for self-reliance is imperatively demanded, this investigator says, otherwise a child will grow into a nambypamby, a nervous molly-coddle.

On this account, as well as because of the menace to the race through the limitation of population to "only" children, Friedjung urges that every family should possess several children.

Taboo Girl Shoe Shiner.
Kansas City, Mo.—Contending that shoe shining is a work morally unfit for women, the city officials have refused to grant a license to a shoe shining parlor which advertises on a sign that "pretty girls will shine your shoes." A city ordinance is being prepared to prohibit women from shining shoes.

Part of Oklahoma Have a Model Building Material—Found in Large Quantities.
Cache, Okla.—In the Wichita mountain region, notably in the Wichita national forest reserve, the ground is covered with untold numbers of smooth boulders, both spherical and elliptical in form, ranging in size from a few inches to more than a foot in diameter. In many places these boulders are so close together as to form a substantial pavement, giving a strange and unusual appearance to the landscape. Their form and their eroded surfaces suggest that they may have dropped from melting glaciers in prehistoric times—if the glacial reach reached this far south. The deposit seems to reach only a short distance below the surface of the ground.

These stones lend themselves in many ways to ornamental uses in building and have been employed by residents of Lawton in the construction of summer homes in the Wichitas.

Excavations in Guatemala Bare Hieroglyphics That None of Searchers Has Been Able to Read.
New York.—Edgar L. Hewitt, director of the School of American Archaeology, has just returned to New York from Quirigua, Guatemala, with a glowing report of the American searchers there. The diggings at both Quirigua and Copan, he says, have laid bare ancient cities of surpassing splendor, which flourished long before the Christian era.

The American archaeologists are in complete possession of the ruins at Quirigua. There they have found sculpture as beautiful as any that Egypt or Assyria ever boasted, and hieroglyphics even more interesting, but these can scarcely be read. Only the system of reckoning time has been deciphered, and the real history is carved on blocks which no man has yet been able to translate.

Close study of the masterpieces of antique genius thus far unearthed seems to show a close cultural resemblance between this civilization and that of the races farther north, but there is not enough resemblance to prove that there ever was an actual connection between North and South America before the fall of Rome.

SEE SAHARA IN DIRIGIBLE

Doctor Siegert Hopes to Prove That "King Solomon's Mines" Are Not Entirely Legendary.

Berlin.—Doctor Siegert is actively engaged in preliminary preparations to cross the great desert of Sahara in a dirigible balloon. Prominent geographers and meteorologists are helping him in his scientific calculations and his choice of an airship. Count de la Vaux, the famous French aviator, had the same purpose a few years ago, but gave it up because airships had not sufficient protection against the sun's rays. Doctor Siegert confidently expects to make the trip he has laid out—about 950 miles—in 24 hours. His aerial vessel's engines will give the craft a speed of 135 miles an hour; besides, Doctor Siegert is counting on 12 miles an hour more by the wind.

To the unimaginative the Sahara is only an illimitable, and waste, but from it have come legends of buried cities of incalculable antiquity and tales of immense, hidden hoards. Doctor Siegert wishes to clear up the mystery surrounding the expedition of Browne, the English explorer of a

WHERE FESSENDEN WAS BORN

Patriotic Citizens Set Up Huge Boulder in Memory of Great Statesman.

Bozycawen, N. H.—Bozycawen, an interesting little post village in Merrimack county, N. H., and on the Merrimac, is the birthplace of William Pitt Fessenden who, early in life, engaged in the political affairs of Maine. The house where he was born was taken down many years ago and a more modern one erected on the site, which was in the main street of the village.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Fessenden's entire public life was spent in Maine the patriotic citizens of Bozycawen set up a huge granite boulder near the place of the old house in memory of the great statesman. On one of the sides of this big boulder is a bronze tablet which makes known that William Pitt Fessenden was born October 5, 1806; that he was United States senator from Maine for 13 years and secretary of the United States treasury from 1864 to 1865.

William Pitt Fessenden was graduated from Bowdoin college in 1827. He was admitted to the bar in 1828, and was a member of the Maine legislature in 1841, and from 1854 until the time of his death, September 8, 1869, he was United States senator, except when secretary of the treasury, 1864-1865. He was one of the founders of the Republican party in 1856 and throughout the Civil war he did eminent service as chairman of the finance committee of the senate.



The Fessenden Tablet.

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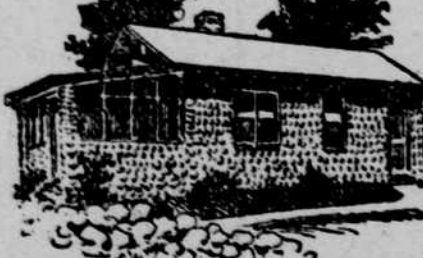
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HOUSES BUILT OF BOULDERS

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An Oklahoma Cottage Built of Boulders.

They are reddish in color and contrast prettily with the green vines that clamber over them.

Occasionally, similar formations of much greater size are found. One of the most unique lies in the Wichita reserve north of this place. The diameter of this boulder is far greater than the height of a man. Its peculiarity is its smooth, spherical form and the fact that through the formation of sandstone projects a core of the hardest granite, from which wind and weather have worn away the softer substance. It could have served as the warclub of some monstrous giant in the stone age.

FIND RUINS OF OLD CITIES

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Won at Last

By CARL JENKINS

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Mr. James Skeen was a widower of fifty. He had the reputation of being a persistent man. As he had had a lawsuit that lasted twenty-two years, his persistence had been proved. It was also known that he had courted his wife for six years and then carried her off by main force.

Mrs. Faber was a widow. She was pretty well fixed financially, and she didn't care to marry again. She had been put to the test and had refused. She was buxom and good-natured, and Widower Skeen had no moral or legal right to come bothering. But he did. He made up his mind one day to ask her to be his wife. He expected to be refused, but that didn't worry him.

The widower was hoeing corn in a lot next to the widow's house. He was barefooted and had on a torn shirt, a pair of overalls and an old straw hat. Five minutes after making up his mind he dropped his hoe, climbed the fence and appeared at the widow's back door. She was scouring a milk pan. She had polished her nose as well as the pan.

"Look-a-here, widow," said Mr. Skeen, "what's the matter of me and you getting married?"

"Lord save us!" gasped the widow as she polished her hand instead of the pan.

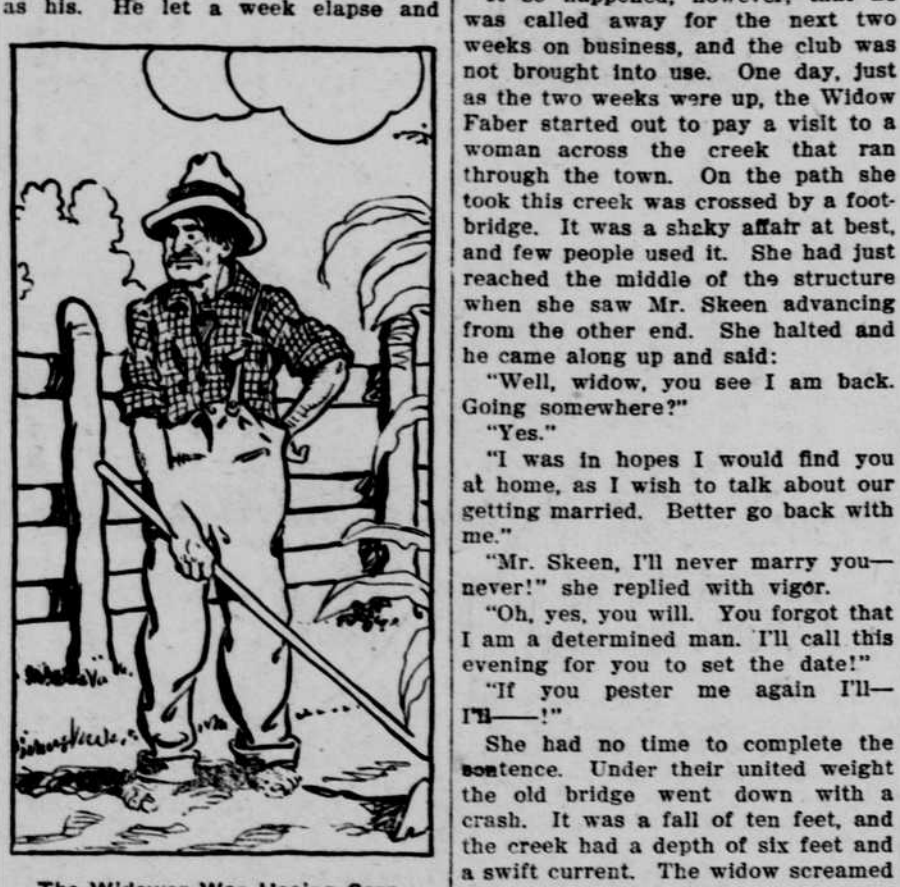
"Jars you, eh? Well it shouldn't! A widow ought to be ready for a proposal any minute."

"And a widower ought to have his ears cuffed for making one! Marry you, Jim Skeen? Why, I wouldn't think of it for a minute!"

"Oh, yes, you will. You'll think of it a great many minutes. Widow Faber, you are going to be my second wife as sure as corn grows and string-beans climb!"

"I never will, and you get out of here and back to your corn!"

Mr. Skeen went back to his work whistling. The widow was as good as his. He let a week elapse and



The Widower Was Hoeing Corn.

then he met her on the street as she was going to the postoffice and stopped her to say:

"Been thinking that thing over, of course? When will you be ready?"

"Never in all my born days!" she replied.

"Oh, yes, you will. Widow, I'm a determined man. We are going to be married. I'm as just wondering why I didn't marry you two years ago."

"You pester me and I'll have the law on you!" she almost shouted.

"You can't make it pestering to ask a woman to marry you. Jog along, widow—I'll come for you when work slackens off a little."

Two weeks later the widow saw Mr. Skeen approaching the house and she shut and locked all the doors. He was in no wise put out. He stopped at an open window, and with his head inside and his body out he cheerfully inquired:

"Shall we go before the squar', widow, or to a preacher, I'm willing you should have your way about it."

"Neither squar' nor preacher, and you get out of that window!" was called to him.

"Oh, it's got to be one or the other, you know. Think it over."

"I won't do it!"

"But you'll have to. Widow, I'm not, and when I'm not that's the end of it. You are going to be Mrs. Skeen No. 2. You can tell all your friends."

"I'll go right off now and see the constable!"

She was as good as her word. She

entered the presence of that official with tears in her eyes to say:

"Zeke Parsons, you are a constable."

"Yes, widow, I have reached that high pinnacle."

"Ain't there a law against pestering a body?"

"There sure is."

"Then I want Jim Skeen arrested and jailed."

"Whew! Why, Jim Skeen wouldn't pester a fly."

"But I tell you he is pestering me!"

"So? How?"

"Asking me to marry him when I don't want to. He's asked me three times!"

"But that ain't pestering," said the constable, as a smile crossed his face. "That is, it ain't within the meaning of the law. That's courting. No law to stop a man courting as I know of."

"But ain't it threats when he says he's bound to have me?"

"No. That's just saying that he loves you better than any other woman, and is willing to swim the millpond to get you. Why don't you marry him?"

"Because I don't want to marry any one, I don't and I won't, and I call upon the law to protect me!"

"Lots of laws on the statute books, Widow Faber, but I don't know—I don't know about this. If Jim Skeen was throwing stones at your hens or breaking your windows the law would grab him in a minute, but as long as he's only asking you to marry him, what are we going to do? If my old woman was dead I reckon I'd ask you myself."

The widow didn't go home with tears in her eyes. She was too mad for that. She hunted around for a stout club and stood it in a convenient spot, and that club was meant for the Widower Skeen in case he pestered again.

It so happened, however, that he was called away for the next two weeks on business, and the club was not brought into use. One day, just as the two weeks were up, the Widow Faber started out to pay a visit to a woman across the creek that ran through the town. On the path she took this creek was crossed by a footbridge. It was a shabby affair at best, and few people used it. She had just reached the middle of the structure when she saw Mr. Skeen advancing from the other end. She halted and he came along up and said:

"Well, widow, you see I am back. Going somewhere?"

"Yes."

"I was in hopes I would find you at home, as I wish to talk about our getting married. Better go back with me."

"Mr. Skeen, I'll never marry you—never!" she replied with vigor.

"Oh, yes, you will. You forgot that I am a determined man. I'll call this evening for you to set the date!"

"If you pester me again I'll—"

FAR BEYOND THE MIND'S EYE

From the Sea the Palace of the Doges Is a Sight Which Exceeds Imagination.

A few strokes from the sweeps soon brought me to one of the most marvelous prospects which the human eye can behold—the Piazzetta, seen from the sea. Standing in the bow of the motionless gondola, I gazed for some time in mute ecstasy at that unrivaled picture, the only one perhaps that imagination cannot surpass.

On the left, looking from seaward, the trees in the royal garden form a green line above the white terraces; next comes Zecca and the old library, the work of San Sova, with its elegant arches and its crown of mythological statues. On the right, separated by a space which forms the Piazzetta—the vestibule of the Piazza San Marco—the Palace of the Doges shows its golden facade with its rose and white marble, its massive pillars supporting a gallery of slender columns, the rib-

bing of which contains quarterfoils, with six ogival windows, a monumental balcony, enriched with brackets and niches, and statues and surmounted by a statue of the Virgin; its acroter, the acanthus leaves of which alternate against the sky with the spiral fillet, which runs up the angles and ends in traceried pinnacles. At the back of the Piazzetta, towards the library rises to a prodigious height the Campanile, a great brick tower with high pitched roof, surmounted by a golden angel. Near the Palace of the Doges is seen a corner of the peristyle of San Marco, which faces on the piazza. The prospect is closed by the Procuratie Vecchie and the clock tower with its bronze jacks, its lion of St. Mark on a stately blue ground, and its great azure dial, on which are marked the twenty-four hours.—Theophile Gautier, "Travels in Italy."

Judge not thy friend until thou standest in his place.—Hillcl.

EXPLORING THE AIR

Six Nations Interested in Series of Investigations.

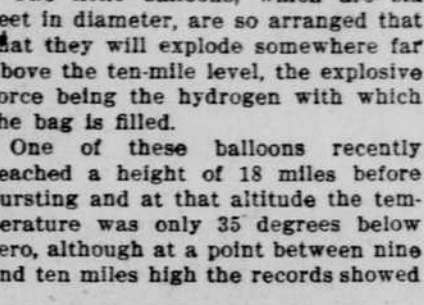
Mass of Information Concerning Conditions in High Altitudes Is Being Obtained—Weather Balloons Used for Tests.

Omaha.—Six nations are interested in a series of investigations now being carried on in Omaha by the United States government and collaborated in by the governments of England, Germany, France, Italy and Belgium. These investigations have for their object the thorough exploration of the atmosphere at a height of more than ten miles above the earth's surface, and so successfully are they being carried out that a mass of information concerning conditions existing as high as eighteen miles up in the air has been secured. Similar explorations are being conducted in the countries named above and when these are completed all information gathered by each country is to be exchanged with all other countries engaged in the investigations.

The research is being prosecuted with the assistance of "weather balloons," which are sent aloft bearing in attached baskets a number of delicate contrivances for measuring whatever conditions are met on the trip from earth through the clouds and back again to earth. The experiments continue for two weeks, a weather balloon being sent up each afternoon during that period by each of the six governments. When the information thus gained is properly arranged the meteorological bureaus in each of the countries taking part will receive tabulated copies.

The little balloons, which are six feet in diameter, are so arranged that they will explode somewhere far above the ten-mile level, the explosive force being the hydrogen with which the bag is filled.

Each of these balloons recently reached a height of 18 miles before bursting and at that altitude the temperature was only 35 degrees below zero, although at a point between nine and ten miles high the records showed



A Weather Balloon at Omaha.

that a temperature of 94 degrees below zero had been gone through. On this particular date the temperature at Omaha, the starting point of the balloon, was 47 degrees above zero.

Another balloon registered an altitude of 18 miles and a rate of more than 100 miles an hour.

The instruments used are so delicate that one of them—that for measuring the humidity—depends for its record upon the distance that a human hair will lengthen on passing through a stratum of air which contains slightly more moisture than did the stratum immediately below it.

The records are made upon a soot covered cylinder by a stylus point, operated by a level, which in turn is controlled by the instruments. This cylinder is slowly turned by a clock work arrangement, and when the box is returned to the weather station a glance at the sooty covering will give the atmospheric pressure, the humidity, and the wind velocity at any height traversed by the balloon.

The strand of hair used in the instrument for determining the humidity is chemically dried before it is placed in position. Thereafter, upon passing through a moist stratum, the hair absorbs a portion of the moisture, the hair lengthens and the stylus point records the change of the cylinder. If the next stratum is dry, some of the moisture in the hair is evaporated, the hair becomes shorter, and the cylinder makes the record accordingly.

The air pressure is determined, or recorded by the aid of a small cylinder, from which most of the air has been drawn. A small plunger, to which is attached a stylus point, makes the necessary scratches on the soot-covered cylinder.

Drapery on Poster Women.

New York.—There was joy in Jamaica, especially among the members of the citizens' committee, over the receipt of a letter from a bill posting company which has to do with the "immoral posters" which have decorated the fences for some time.

The letter was sent by F. L. Hann of Brooklyn and was to the effect that a great reform will be worked in the matter of the displaying of burlesque house posters. Mr. Hann informs the committee that hereafter when a burlesque poster shows a woman in "tight," "something will be placed over these tight hiding from view any of the woman's bare limbs."

His Game Is Freezeout.

New York.—Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner Reynolds of Brooklyn and 15 men went raiding and were starting off with four prisoners from an alleged gambling place in a bowling alley under the saloon at 382 Fifth avenue, when they heard a groan. They hunted for its source and in a box, between two big cakes of ice, they found Albert Spellman of 395 Eighth avenue.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Reynolds.

"Freezing to death," was the reply. Spellman was so cold he had to be thawed out before he could be taken to police headquarters.

TWINKLING STAR MEANS LIFE

Prof. See of Naval Observatory at Mare Island Talks to American Philosophical Society.

Philadelphia.—That planetary systems similar to our own revolve about all the fixed stars and that these planets are habitable and inhabited like our own planet, which revolves about the sun, was the declaration of Prof. T. J. See, government astronomer in charge of the naval observatory at Mare Island, Cal., made the other day before the American Philosophical Society at its annual meeting. He said life was a perfectly general phenomenon in the universe and that living beings exist wherever a star twinkled in the depths of space.

His discoveries in cosmical evolution led to the development of an entirely new science, the science of cosmogony, Professor See asserted.

Among the results announced was a link in the chain of reasoning establishing the laws of the evolution of the solar system, showing that the

planets originally were small bodies forming at a great distance from the sun, and that their masses have been increased by gathering up all manner of lesser bodies from meteorites to satellites.

Professor See outlined the process by which the planets had been built up out of matter once circulating in our nebula as comets, and said the destruction of the comets was still causing showers of cosmical dust to fall upon the planets, as witnessed in the celebrated star showers of 1799, 1833 and 1866.

"Our system was once literally filled with comets, and Kepler was right," he said, "when he declared there was as many comets in the heavens as there was fish in the sea. And just as the planets have been captured and added to our sun from without, so also the satellites have been captured and added on to their several planets. Even our moon is a planet which came to us from the heavenly space, and was never thrown out of the Pa-

Relapse Disease Kills.

Philadelphia.—After three years' illness from a disease so rare that it is said to have been the nineteenth case in the history of medicine, James M. Rhoades, Jr., widely known socially and a former guard on the Princeton football team, died the other day at Villa Nova, near here.

The disease is known to physicians as blastomycetes, and is manifested by a malignant vegetable growth, which attaches to the intestines.

Farm for Social Work.

Fishkill, N. Y.—A gift of \$100,000 to the University settlement of New York city from the widow of General Howland, U. S. A., is announced here. The gift includes the entire Howland estate at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson. The property consists of about 250 acres, and it is understood that the settlement will establish a model farm and summer camp there as a part of its work.