



SOME of the foremost aeroplanists in the world entered in the race from Paris to Turin by way of Rome. The upper picture herewith given shows Andre Beaumont speeding over the wireless station that is in the old lighthouse of the harbor of Genoa. In the lower picture Garros, another of the contestants, is seen flying along the Italian coast near Nervi.

An Artist and His Dog

BY CARL JENKINS

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It was known to the Sheffields, the Durhams, the Chattertons and all other country families for five miles around that the little farm known as Roselands had been sold to some one in the city, but the name of the buyer had not transpired. Roselands had been owned and occupied by an old recluse for years. His hobby was growing roses, but he would never sell or give one away. They simply budded, bloomed and faded.

On two occasions Miss May Sheffield, who was by all odds the best-looking young woman who drove past Roselands had stopped and tried to melt the old man's heart, but it was in vain. Had she been red-headed and cross-eyed, and had a big mouth and a nose tilted up at the end, he could not have been more surly with her. Neither praise, flattery, smiles or cash would melt him. Red roses—pink roses—white roses—roses enough for a duke's wedding, and yet the passersby could not have one of them.

When it was known for certain that the old recluse had departed, and that the buyer was coming down from the city in a few days to take possession, Miss Mary put on a determined look and said: "Well, I'm going right over there tomorrow afternoon and get some cuttings from those rose bushes. I don't believe the buyer will care. At any rate I'll chance it."

"He's probably a married man," said the mother, "and you don't know what his wife may say about it." "If she's mean enough to say anything I'll offer to pay. Why, we've given away cuttings and roots and bulbs by the cart load."

At two o'clock next afternoon, after a walk of a mile, Miss Mary arrived at Roselands. She had brought a knife along, and she lost no time selecting the bushes and making her cuttings. When she had bundled them up she took a look into the cottage through the window, and was amazed to find that a lot of new furniture had been moved in. Weeds and grass had also been cut down, and it was evident that the buyer was ready to take possession.

"Only a cat, old boy," said the man, "and you needn't drive her away. We want a cat to make it seem home-like. May be a coon or a rabbit, from the way you bark. I'll come down and help you rustle it out. Here—"

"You needn't put yourself to any great trouble," said Miss May Sheffield as she appeared in the open doorway. "T—thunder!" exclaimed the artist, as he fell back in amazement.

"Sir," said the haughty girl before him; "you called me a cat!" "I—I—by no means." "And you called me a coon!" "But I—I never meant to." "And you called me a rabbit!" "Yes, but you see—"

"And you ordered your dog to hustle me out!" "But I didn't know—"

"And when I am hustled out you swear at me!" "But my astonishment—my surprise—"

"And now I am expecting a blow from a club!" "Miss—young lady—my dear—"

there. Now, then, was she to get out unseen?

"No rain for a week, and everything around here wants water!" continued the man. "We must put the hose on and wet down. You look out for tramps and I'll take care of the roses. And say, Carlo, be a little careful as to the dogs you get acquainted with around here. They must be up to the mark. They say a man is judged by his dog. Something in the shed there? Go and see."

The dog had scented the trespasser, and now he ran down and stuck his head into the shed and barked an alarm.

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"But as you haven't hit me, I wish to thank you for your clemency and bid you good afternoon!"

And with head held high and the gait of a duchess, the girl swept the fluttering man aside and walked to the gate and up the road. The dog followed her for a few paces in a wondering way, and then returned to his master to be addressed with:

"Carlo, have we had a pipe dream or have we actually seen the queen of her sex for 50 miles around?"

Carlo went down to the shed to see if anything more like that was lingering around, and finding nothing returned to be asked:

"But who in the devil can she be and what in the devil did she want here? Came on foot and went away the same way. Can't live so very far off. No roses out yet. Was she after cuttings? Let's take a look. Why, here's a bundle of them! We came home just in time. She heard us and went into hiding. Must have known she was a trespasser and a thief, and yet how she stood up to me! Wasn't that an awful bluff, old man? Well, well! There are a few things to be found before we settle down."

Mr. Tikins was only a day or two finding out what he wanted to know, and then he appeared at the Sheffield's, not as a caller, but as a bearer of burdens. He had three rose bushes. They were, as he explained to Miss May, partial repayment for calling her a cat, a coon and a rabbit. If she still felt aggrieved she might send father and brother over and dig up all but a single bush. He had exclaimed "thunder!" at the sudden sight of her, but there were lilies and tulips and pinks at Roselands, and would she take them and forget the word?

Miss May's chin came down by degrees, but it came down. One evening in the late fall the dog Carlo wasn't so very much astonished to hear his master say, after coming home at a late hour:

"Well, my old friend, we'll be going back to town for the winter soon, but next spring Roselands will surely have a mistress. It was you that discovered her, and I want to tell you how much obliged I am. Heigho! How she did stand here and bluff!"

Origin of "Buncombe." In historic Buncombe county, North Carolina, was originated the phrase "talking buncombe," for in this mountainous country years ago, Col. Edward Buncombe founded his famous hall, and placed the words "To Buncombe Hall, Welcome All" over his doorway. The expression, "I am talking for Buncombe," meaning Buncombe county, became current hereabouts by home folks, but unregarding strangers have used it to signify political blarney or exaggerated praise.—"In the Land of the Sky," Joe M. Chapple in National Magazine.

Claim Great Age for Tree The village of Remborn, in Germany, has a linden tree believed to be 1,200 years old.



She Lost No Time in Selecting the Bushes. If the trespasser had delayed a single day longer—

And then she heard the chug of an auto, and lost it as the machine stopped at the gate, and there came the sounds of men's voices and the barking of a dog. The buyer of Roselands was at hand! Should the girl walk out with that bundle of cuttings under her arm, and her chin held high in defiance? No, of course not. Should she go without the cuttings? Should she break her way to the fields in the rear through the rank grass and weeds? A shed with vines climbing over it, and the door standing half open caught her eye, and a few seconds later she was concealed.

A good looking young man, talking with his chauffeur, came up the path and unlocked one of the doors and entered. Half a dozen trips were made by the two, and when they came to an end the hiding girl knew that the chauffeur had driven away alone, and that the master and his dog were seated on the doorsteps within 25 feet of her. She scented the smoke of a pipe, and she heard the man say to the dog:

"Well, old fellow, we are here at—last. Wonder if we are going to be cleaning up Roselands and then we must to our canvasses."

"An artist, eh? That's what Miss May had thought as she peered at the man's face through a crack in the shed. He had brought the last of his effects, and was going to stay right there. Now, then, was she to get out unseen?"

"No rain for a week, and everything around here wants water!" continued the man. "We must put the hose on and wet down. You look out for tramps and I'll take care of the roses. And say, Carlo, be a little careful as to the dogs you get acquainted with around here. They must be up to the mark. They say a man is judged by his dog. Something in the shed there? Go and see."

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SAVE ALFALFA CROP

New Bug Being Imported to Kill Injurious Weevils.

Government Brings Italian Insect Over in Storage Vaults and It Revives Under Utah Sunshine—Work is Experimental.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Swept from the alfalfa crops in sunny Italy; frozen stiff and transported in cigar-box-like cages in the cold-storage vaults of a liner across the Atlantic ocean to New York, and then transferred again to the refrigerator compartment of a transcontinental train and hurried to Utah, is the experience of the alfalfa weevil parasites which, it is hoped, will save the alfalfa crops of Utah and all intermountain farmers from the ravages of the alfalfa beetle.

The parasites are now coming to life again in the sunshine which filters through the windows of the United States entomology experiment station in the Utah capital, and they will be used in a series of experiments planned by the government with a view to helping the farmer in his fight against one of the most destructive pests of recent years.

The work is under the immediate supervision of A. H. Kirkland, special agent of the government in the alfalfa weevil investigation. Mr. Kirkland was in charge of the campaign waged by the government against the destructive grassy moth in Massachusetts, and was signally successful in fighting that pest. He has been through the practical as well as the technical features of such work, and is now employed by the government to supervise such investigations as are under way in Utah.

The work locally with the Italian parasites and the alfalfa weevil is purely experimental. The idea is to have the parasites lay their eggs in the eggs of the weevil and so destroy the weevil, while propagating the parasites. When it is known that the weevil's eggs, in which the parasites' eggs are to be laid, are only about the size of a pin point, it can be readily understood that the men in charge of the work are called upon to use great skill in watching developments in such minute forms of life.

Mr. Kirkland, in telling of the work, says: "We cannot promise, of course, that the means we have undertaken to eradicate the alfalfa weevil pest will be successful. We are hopeful, however. At any rate, the government is

enough interested in the farmers of Utah and other states to tell us to proceed with our experiments, and we shall do all we can to get the best results from this work.

"The alfalfa weevil is a native of Europe and western Asia. In those countries, however, its ravages are kept down by a parasite. It is that parasite we have brought from Italy to experiment with in this country. There is no telling how long ago the weevil was introduced into the United States. It may have been brought over in hay used as packing or something of that sort. At any rate it got here, and when it reached Utah it found conditions just right for propagation."

The Italian parasites were shipped from Portici, Italy, by a government agent sent there for the purpose of gathering them. Twenty boxes were Kirkland having come on with them received in Utah last month. Mr. Kirkland having come on with them from New York, and more will be received during the course of the work.

ANGLER IS DUCKED BY EEL

Winsted, Conn., Man Captures Specimen Six Feet Long After Being Pulled into the Water.

Winsted, Conn.—"By John Rogers," exclaimed Joseph Rogers when pulled into deep water in Highland lake, "I'll get that darned whopper yet," he said to his comrades in a boat as he floundered in water many feet deep. And he did, but not without a struggle.

The "whopper" was one of those large, strong, hungry eels which have been in Highland lake so many years that they dare to tackle any human trespasser. Rogers was standing in one end of the craft holding a steel rod when he was pulled overboard. He held on to the steel rod with one hand and kept himself afloat with the other until his companions reached him. The eel was six feet long.

Beat is Lonesome; Policeman Resigns. Newark, N. J.—After three months' service as a Newark policeman Patrolman Daniel F. Haggerty found his beat so lonesome that he telephoned in his resignation and went home.

Black Bass Chews Tobacco New Yorker Discovers Fish That Strikes at Cigar Butts and Has Taste for Nicotine.

Bartlett's, N. Y.—John J. Flanagan, manager at Bartlett's, has as one of his proteges a black bass which uses tobacco. The fish, being an intelligent one, does not smoke cigarettes. But it chews.

Mr. Flanagan got acquainted with the habits of the bass about a month ago. The bass' favorite landing ground is near a power-house. Always, when Mr. Flanagan goes to the power-house, he flings the cigar he happens to be smoking away, so that there will be no danger of fire.

He flung his cigar into the water by the power-house one day and the bass made a rush for it and grabbed it, disappearing under the water. Mr. Flanagan thought little of that at the time, for on certain days bass will strike at nearly anything, while on other days the most alluring bait will not tempt them. A day or two later he flung another cigar butt into the water and the same fish rose to it and nabbed it.

After this had happened a dozen times, Mr. Flanagan was forced to the conclusion that it was not mere random hunger on the part of the bass, but a genuine taste for tobacco. Several times shreds of the cigar,

GEN. LEE AND JEFF DAVIS

Mrs. Burton Harrison's Description of the Two Great Leaders of the Confederacy.

Our most illustrious caller that spring was the commander-in-chief of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Lee came one evening, and after a pleasant talk with my mother and me, he arose to go, we escorting him to the front door. It was broad moonlight, and I recall as if it were yesterday, the superb figure of our hero standing in the little porch without, saying a few last words as he swung his military cape around his shoulders. It did not need my fervid imagination to think him the most noble-looking mortal I had ever seen. As he swept off his hat for a second and final farewell, he bent down and kissed me, as he often did the girls he had known from their childhood. At that time General Lee was literally the idol of the Confederacy. His moral grandeur, recognized by all, lifted him into the region where

"envy, nor calumny, nor hate, nor pain" ventured not to assail him. We felt, as he left us and walked off up the quiet, leafy street in the moonlight, that we had been honored as by more than royalty.

We went often to Mrs. Davis' receptions, where the president never failed to say kind words in passing, and sometimes to tarry for a pleasant chat. Always grave, always looking as if he bore the sorrows of a world, he was invariably courteous, and sometimes playful in his talk with very young women. These entertainments of Mrs. Davis, held in the evening between limited hours, were attended by every one in deep mourning. The lady of the Confederate White House, while not always sparing of witty sarcasms upon those who had affronted her, could be depended upon to conduct her salon with extreme grace and conventional ease. Her sister, Margaret Howell, aided to lend it brilliancy. I have always regretted that my path in life and that of Mrs. de Stoeurs have diverged so widely since.—Mrs. Burton Harrison, in Scribner.

Girl Saves \$5,200 on \$1 a Day. Worcester, Mass.—Relatives of Miss Marguerite Hudon, who died after working as a shop clerk seventeen years at \$1 a day, found bank deposits in her name aggregating \$5,200. Her total earnings had been \$5,304.

Beer Barrels Save Life. New York.—If Felix Madell, a five-year-old patient in an uptown hospital, lives he can thank a pyramid of beer barrels in the rear yard of his tenement-house home. He fell five stories from the roof the other night while playing leapfrog and struck the apex of the beer-barrel pyramid. The barrels rolled away under him, breaking his fall, and he slid down gradually.

out the mouse, but with a \$50 bill sticking to one of the claws. The members of the family at once suspended housekeeping to explore the hole in the footstool.

Fort Plain, N. Y.—A cat chased a mouse under a footstool in the home of Henry Karg. The cat speared part way under the stool, then thrust its paw up into the hole in the bottom of the stool.

Presently down came the paw with

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PUTTING IT RATHER NEATLY

Piece of Humor That Lifted Diffident Professor to the Highest Summits of Joy.

It is told that after Professor Ayton had made proposals of marriage to Miss Emily Jane Wilson, daughter of Christopher North, he was, as a matter of course, referred to her father. As the professor was uncommonly diffident, he said to her: "Emily, my dear, you must speak to him for me. I could not summon courage to speak to the professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the professor, "and I will wait here."

There being apparently no help for it, the lady proceeded to the library. "Papa's answer is pinned to the back of my dress," said Miss Wilson, as she re-entered the room.

Turning around, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."—Success.

IN BUGGVILLE. Willie Fly—Heavens! I'm caught in a cyclone!

Ben's Logic. "Ben," said his friend, waking up from a reverie in which he had been gazing abstractedly at the shiny expanse of Ben's skatin'-rink-for-flies, "is there nothing you could do for your baldness?"

Ben, by the way, is on, forty. "No, lad!" he replied with decision. "Fifteen years ago I was courting strong, and I tried lots o' things. But about that time 'prince of Wales—Edward, you know—came to ope. 't new hospital, and I said to myself as soon as I saw him liftin' his hat to 't crowd, 'Ben, my lad, that can give it up as a 'ba' job, and save thy brass. If there was owt 'at 'ud cure a bald head they'd 'a' cured his."—Tit-Bits.

In Gold. "Is your ball over here?" "Is it in a hole?" "Yes." "A deep hole?" "With slightly overhanging banks, so you can't possibly get at it?" "Yes." "Then it's my ball, all right."

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In the Future. "How did you get your start in life?" "I got a flying start; I was born in an airship."

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