



**W**ILL the development of aeroplaning bring about a new species of man—a bird man? This is a question which students of human science are asking, as they note the physical and mental peculiarities of those who have been most in the public eye in connection with the advancement of aviation in the field of heavier-than-air machines.

Phrenologists were the first to see the curious resemblance between the heads of the chief aeroplane inventors, and from this beginning there has grown a more extended inquiry into the reasons therefor. Then, there has been the incidental feature of the possible development, in greater degree, of the same characteristics in others as aviation brings more and more students into its field.

It is possible, therefore, that there is an aeroplane head. While it may be easy to look upon it as a coincidence, nevertheless there are several reasons for thinking differently. The photographs of Curtiss, Beachey, Knabenshue, the Wrights, Farman, Bleriot, Santos-Dumont, De la Grange and others phrenologists declare to show certain qualities upon all their skulls without which they never would have attempted the problems which they have so nearly solved.

The essential feature found in all the aviators whose photographs have been examined phrenologically is a certain width above the eyebrows, which is designated as demonstrating by the study which has been made of the shape of the human head that this peculiar width has always been accompanied in its possessor by a balancing capacity, a steadiness of hand and muscular control and application of the laws of gravity, of motion and of momentum, and is exemplified in power to keep the equilibrium while walking on high elevations, in riding a horse, skating, climbing, sailing, etc. In addition, it has its bearing on the judgment of weight, of resistance, of density, etc., while giddiness, staggering, liability to fall, seasickness, etc., have been attributed to a lack of this power—at least in considerable degree, or to its temporary disturbance.

All the aviators show the inventor's capacity. The faculty of marvelousness, as the phrenologist calls it, is distinguished in the width above and in front of the

ears. In the individuals given as examples there are variations in the height of the head, but it is easily to be seen that though, in some instances, the head rises higher, it still has width in this particular locality.

To this quality of marvelousness the phrenologists attribute the imaginative and even inspirational moments which have led these inventors to think of the new things that have been made necessary in their efforts to conquer the upper air.

A third quality which is discoverable upon investigation of the heads of these conquerors of the air, is that of constructive ability, which is responsible for their ability to carry out a conception once it has appealed to them. This quality is, of course, peculiar to inventors, and its evidence is closely allied in the shaping of the head to the evidence of the faculty of marvelousness.

That the world gradually will develop aeroplane heads as the work of the aviators bring navigation of the air closer to us, is the belief of students of human science, as indicated by the outward characteristics of the skull. Our brains, they declare, have already been considerably modified by the development of the inventions which have been applied to or used in everyday life, and the intense interest in the aeroplane is regarded as likely to have an even stronger bearing on the human faculties than any discovery or invention of the recent centuries. In human science it is accepted that the brain will develop much as the muscle does when demands are made upon it. Muscular exercise brings about an increase in power and in size which we all accept without question. The exercise of the brain along certain lines is regarded as positively having the same effect, though much more slow in making its effects apparent in the outward evidences.

That we shall become a race of man-birds is among the possibilities, and that it will have its effect on the physiognomy is even more certain than the accomplishment of air navigation, for in this we have the precedents of the past to go upon, while in the matter of aviation we can only guess at the future, despite the advancement which has been made.

There has been the bicycle face and the automobile face, but we must wait to determine just what the aeroplane face will be.

#### LIFE AND SONG.

If life were caught by a clarinet  
And a wild heart, throbbing in the  
reed,  
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,  
And utter its heart in every deed,

Then would this breathing clarinet  
Type what the poet fain would be;  
For none of the singers ever yet  
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy,

Or clearly sung his true, true thought,  
Or utterly bodied forth his life,  
Or out of life and song has wrought  
That perfect one of man and wife;

Or lived and sung, that Life and Song  
Might each express the other's all  
Careless if life or art were long,  
Since both were one, to stand or fall

So that the wonder struck the crowd,  
Who shouted about the land:  
His song was only living aloud,  
His work, a singing with his hand!  
—Sidney Lanier.

#### AT HOME FROM TWO TILL FIVE

Claude Morrissey tramped the floor from the door to the window and back again. He was just as sadly off as a scapegrace can be, disinherited and in love.

The latter was the most discouraging of all, considering pretty Grace Collum knew all the bad things about him; Claude had been a reckless gambler in college, and Grace, just in long dresses, sided with his father and promptly turned her back on the luckless young man.

Claude, poor wretch, at the wrong moment showed spunk, and his father sent him packing.

New York swallowed him, his misdeeds and loose change. He hunted for work; Allan Perry, a college chum, got him a small job on a big paper.

Presently Claude threw himself on his bed and picked up the morning's paper. The first item his glance found was this announcement: "Mrs. Collum, Miss Grace Collum at home to-day from 2 till 5."

Morrissey stared at the words with breathless interest.

"It is Grace; her aunt lives in New York, and Grace is staying here for the season."

Suddenly he sprang up and began pacing the floor again.

"I must see her," he moaned. "Oh, girlie! If you only knew how sorry I have been—if father could know—!" Then he struck his hand fiercely across wet eyes.

But a smile came immediately afterwards, and the lad looked so handsome with the mirth in his gray eyes, that his good angel, taking pity, pop-

ped the idea of an escapade into his head which he at once seized upon.

At 2:30, dressed in afternoon togs, he stood on the steps of the Collum house and rang with outward calm.

The butler who opened the door, stared stolidly over his head while Claude reached for his cardcase and broke into a cold perspiration on not finding it. Just when despair swooped down upon him, Perry came up the steps.

They greeted, and as the butler still stood and stared indifferently, Perry said:

"I was sent to write this up; coming in?"

With a gulp Claude assented. In a short time they were shaking hands with their hostess. Claude, following Allan, pressed Mrs. Collum's hand, then the vibrant fingers of Grace.

Her conventional greeting sank to a whisper, and he clung to her hand till her low, distressed voice reached him: "Claude—please let my hand go!"

He did so, but stood where he could watch her till suddenly she was gone. Then he began a search for her, finding her at last pouring tea, and looking white and distraught.

He made his way to her side and leaned over:

"Grace," he exclaimed imploringly. "Pray go!"

"Never!" he cried with emphasis.



"Please come away somewhere; I must speak to you."

She hesitated, then beckoned one of her cousins to take her place and conducted him to the deserted morning room.

She faced him there, and spoke abruptly:

"You are a cruel son—you are breaking your father's heart. You don't know how old he has grown this last year."

Her voice was indignant.

"He drove me away."

"Who was to blame?"

After a long pause, he answered in a hoarse voice: "Myself."

Her cold face altered till it was all loveliness. "You have learned much, Claude; go back and tell him that." They looked at one another till something in his eyes made her turn for flight.

"Do you think he will take me back into his heart, Grace?" Claude stood before her.

"Yes," she breathed, her delicate flesh on fire.

"And you, Grace—will you?"

"Let me pass—please, Claude."

"Oh, girlie! If you knew the dreadful, sick months—!" The agony in his voice overwhelmed her womanly timidity.

"And I, too, Claude—I have suffered," she whispered against his neck.—Des Moines News.

#### Small Families in France.

The recent census of France discloses some curious information concerning the decrease of population in that country, and gives the number of children in the household as follows:

Total number of families	11,315,000
Without children	1,304,720
With one child	2,966,171
With two children	2,561,978
With three children	1,613,425
With four children	987,392
With five children	566,768
With six children	327,241
With seven children	182,998
With eight children	94,729
With nine children	44,723
With ten children	20,639
With eleven children	8,305
With twelve children	3,508
With thirteen children	1,437
With fourteen children	553
With fifteen children	249
With sixteen children	79
With seventeen children	34
With eighteen children	45

There are 19,533,899 women and girls and 18,816,389 men and boys in France, making an excess of 717,510 women and girls. There were about 45,000 less births than deaths in France during the last year.

#### As Represented.

Irate Stranger—Look here! I thought you told me that dog I bought from you had a good many fine points. He looks like he has been shot full of arrows.

Mountaineer Pete—These be the fine points, stranger. He tackled a porcupine the day before you bought him.—Los Angeles Times.

#### The Contest.

"Who was the first to reach the north pole?"

"I don't care anything about first arrivals," answered the excited citizen. "What I am interested in now is the last word."—Washington Star.

#### Trouble for Him.

"Charlie told me that he never saw a prettier girl than me."

"He told me that there are no prettier girls than me."—Houston Post.

#### FLEET IN MOVING PICTURES.

Special Show Given for Officers of the Army and Navy.

Moving-picture views of the Atlantic battle-ship fleet at target practice on the southern drill grounds in August and September were exhibited to-day by Lieutenant Commander Leigh C. Palmer, inspector of target practice, to the high officials of the navy and army, a Washington special dispatch to the Baltimore Sun says.

The "show," which was held in a darkened and unfrequented corridor, on the fifth floor of the Navy Department, was impromptu. Shortly after noon Admiral Potter, chief of navigation, notified Acting Secretary Winthrop that it would be held at 2:30 o'clock. Notice was also issued to all the naval bureau chiefs, ordnance officers and others interested. It was then decided to invite the army observers.

Accordingly Gen. Oliver, acting secretary; Gen. Bull, chief of staff; Gen. Murray, chief of artillery, and all the other bureau chiefs at the office to-day were invited. The invitations went to the members of the general board of the navy and to the army and navy joint board.

Nearly 100 officers gathered for the show. The corridor had been screened off from intrusion and precautions were taken to prevent the presence of any one except the guests. Correspondents, department clerks and foreign attaches were left on the outside.

Several hundred yards of film was exhibited, most of it showing the firing of the Georgia and Nebraska. The photographer, a yeoman on the Vermont was stationed on the tug towing the target in most of the pictures, the object being to photograph the splash as the projectile struck the target or went over or under it.

Most of the pictures were on battle practice, and they are likely to prove of benefit in aiding the target inspectors to confirm observations of the special umpires on close shots that may be in dispute. The distance of the camera from the target being known, as also the distance of the firing ship from the target, it will be an easy matter on the picture to correctly measure the distance any given shot missed the target. Several snapshot pictures of target work were made by the same yeoman in Manila bay last fall, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Commander Palmer, who was then ordnance officer of the Vermont, which won the battle pennant. They proved of such value that this year he had moving pictures made, which, of course, were much more accurate, each shot being numbered on the back of the film on which it was photographed at the time the picture was taken.

Gen. Bell, Secretary Winthrop and the officers were greatly pleased with the results. At the close a number of films showing the movements of the American and foreign warships in the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration were shown. It is expected that the entire performance will be given for President Taft and members of the Senate and House naval and military committees when Congress meets in December.

#### A HINT TO THE WISE.

Nineteen of Every Twenty Persons at Age of 60 Are Dependent.

According to Dr. J. C. Clemmer, of Columbus, O., 95 per cent of all men are dependent upon their relatives for their support when they reach the age of 60.

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Clemmer recently, "19 out of every 20 persons living at the age of 60 are dependent. In looking through the probate records of one of the principal counties of Ohio I found that in a period from January 1, 1901, to January 1, 1905, four years, there were close to 8,000 deaths of adults, and of this number more than 6,000 left no estate at all. A few more than 800, or 10 per cent, left property valued at less than \$1,000.

Six hundred willed estates of less than \$5,000, while 200 had worldly goods amounting to from \$10,000 to \$20,000. There were only 76 who left property valued at more than \$25,000. In New York 85 per cent of the men who die leave no estate, and this average, I believe, will apply in most of the large cities.

"It is strange, perhaps, but when a man reaches 40, he must, according to all statistics, be an exception if he does not lose all his accumulations. At 45 years 97 per cent of the persons have lost everything, while at 50 but one person in 5,000 can recover his financial footing. These are unpleasant truths, perhaps, but they may cause some young men to think while they yet have time about saving up for the rainy days that are sure to come."

#### Revising an Old One.

Miss Prim—When I marry I am determined that my husband shall dress in good taste.

Miss Cayenne—But you must remember, my dear Miss Prim, the recipe on "How to Dress a Husband." It begins like this: "First, catch him!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### Too True.

"What's one man's get-rich-quick scheme," said Uncle Eben, "is often a get-poor-sudden scheme for a whole lot of folks."

Sometimes a preacher's popularity can be measured by the shortness of his sermons.

If a woman has nothing to worry about her happiness is incomplete.

## YOUNG FOLKS

"Whom Do I Call This Time?"

If this game is played by a large company it adds to the fun.

A stake is set up in the middle of the room or on a lawn. A "grace hoop" stake will do. There must be a ring for each player and a name of a player attached to each ring.

There are two sides and a captain for each side. The hoops lie in a pile and the captain of one side takes a hoop and tosses it toward the stake, exclaiming, "Whom do I call this time?" If the captain fails to place the ring over the stake, the captain of the other side takes his turn. On the other hand, if the ring goes over the stake, number one, next to the captain of the other side, has a guess as to whose name is written on the slip attached to the ring. If he guesses correctly, he can choose one from the other side; if his guess is wrong, that side loses a player, and so on till one side far outnumbers the other. Prizes, of course, add to the charm.

#### The New Pupil.

Helen and Mary and Eleanor were playing school one afternoon, when Helen's father found them.

"What are you doing, girls?" he asked.

"We are not girls. We are school children, and Mary is the teacher," Helen replied.

"Oh, pardon me!" said he. Then, in a different manner, he went on: "Breakfast was late this morning, teacher and I couldn't get to school on time. Mother will write an excuse, and I will bring it this afternoon."

He sat down and pretended to study. Eleanor giggled, but Mary and Helen had seen him do the same thing before, so they went on with the school.

"Eleanor, how much are three times four?" the teacher asked.

"I don't know the times yet, teacher. I know only the ands and the lesses," Eleanor replied.

"Then you don't belong in this grade," said the teacher, sternly. "I'll have to put you back in the first grade. The children here know the ands, the lesses, the times and the intos. Now we'll have the class in reading. The big boy may read first."

Helen's father stood up with his book open before him. This is what he read in a clear, serious voice that made them all laugh:

"When the Moon Became Dark,  
"Hey, diddle, diddle, when the cat  
played the fiddle  
The cow jumped into the moon,  
And the little dog howled alone in the  
dark,  
For the light went out so soon."

"That isn't right!" said the teacher. "It doesn't go that way!" Eleanor exclaimed.

The teacher was too excited to notice that both Helen and Eleanor had left their seats and were pressing against the "big boys' book to see what was in it.

"I never heard it like that," said Helen. "It goes, 'Hey diddle, the cat and the fiddle, not 'the cat played the fiddle.'"

"Maybe this isn't right, either," said the big boy. And he read:

"A Cure for Sleeplessness.  
"Little Bo-Peep lost her sheep,  
And doesn't know where to find it.  
Put her to bed and cover her head,  
And then she'll never mind it."

Mary suddenly remembered that she was the teacher.

"Children, take your seats!" she commanded.

Helen and Eleanor sat down, but the big boy still stood up. May reproved him for disturbing the school.

#### MAN IS HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

And He Is a Curse to Himself Who Denies It, Says Cardinal Gibbons.

"I believe in public spirit and I admire Americans for endeavoring to relieve suffering, but suffering cannot be eliminated," said Cardinal Gibbons, recently. "God intended inequality, we will always have it. Christ's disciples were not men of potent political influence or high social position; they were without any prestige at all in the sight of men. But they were commanded by Christ to preach the gospel, to heal the broken hearts, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

"The religion of Christ is a practical religion, and bears a relation to social beings. Men were created for society, and no man is sufficient by himself. There should be the same harmonious relations between members of the social body, whether rich or poor, as between members of the physical body.

"I care not how rich a man is. I care not whether he be a Croesus, a John Jacob Astor, a John D. Rockefeller of a Vanderbilt, what will his wealth avail him if he has no friend to help him, no servant to minister to his wants, no one to stand by him, no one to give him solace in his sorrow? If they have no friend, I say, their wealth will avail them nothing.

"The rich as well as the poor declare 'I am not my brother's keeper.' This is the language of selfishness and misery. That man must be miserable that says: 'I am not my brother's keeper.' He is an iceberg and is a curse to himself. Man is his brother's keeper, and we would be in a sad state were everybody to believe that he were not his brother's keeper."

"I haven't finished my reading lesson yet," the big boy said. "I want to read about 'Naughty Mary.'"

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How does your temper grow?"  
"With little squeals and angry yells  
To get my way, you know."

Mary hung her head and looked sorry. Then the man said he thought school had kept long enough. The three girls gathered round him, and Helen asked:

"Father, does it really say those things?"

He showed her the book, and there were some loose pages lying in it with typewriting on them.

"Oh, yes, it does!" she exclaimed. "Here is one you didn't read. It is 'A Sad Song About a Picnic.'"

"Read it! Read it!" Mary and Eleanor both demanded. And Helen read this:

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of pie,  
Four and twenty little girls screaming  
out, 'O my!'"

For the pie was sat upon by the careless lad.

Wasn't that a thoughtless thing without a blotting-pad!"

And as Eleanor started for home she said to Helen, "Haven't you a nice father?"

"Indeed I have!" said Helen.—Youth's Companion.

#### The Garden of Children.



The world is a garden,  
Children the flowers,  
Smiles are the sunshine,  
Tears are the showers,  
Frowns are the weeds,  
That should never find room  
In a well-tended garden  
Covered with bloom.

#### Weighing Smoke.

Did you ever hear the story of how Sir Walter Raleigh made a wager with Queen Elizabeth that he could weigh the smoke that came from a pipe full of tobacco? How do you suppose he did it? If you can guess you are more clever than Queen Elizabeth, and yet the solution is simple.

He weighed the tobacco carefully on some scales before he put it in his pipe, and after he had smoked it he knocked out the ashes and weighed those. The difference, of course, was the weight of the smoke.

#### Dangerous.

I think I heard my mamma say "At somebody's been bad all day, An' if 'once more' time cummee around, She'd get that switch out on the ground."

I'm sure I dunno who she meant, But anyhow I'd give a cent If I was safe upstairs in bed, And she'd forgot 'bout what she said.

er's keeper, and we would be in a sad state were everybody to believe that he were not his brother's keeper."

#### Earliest Railway Tickets.

The earliest railway tickets differed entirely from those now in use, the Railway Magazine says. The booking clerk was furnished with a volume, the pages of which were divided down the center by a perforated line, the outside half of each page was again divided into slips about four inches long by an inch and three-quarters in width, on each of which was printed the name of the issuing station, spaces were provided in which the clerk had to write the destination, passenger's name, date of issue and the time the train was to depart.

One of these slips, duly filled in, was detached from the book and handed over to each would-be passenger in exchange for his fare.

The traveler, having thus obtained his ticket, was passed on to the guard of the train by which he desired to travel. This official was provided with a kind of waybill in which he entered particulars of all his passengers in much the same way that a parcel is served nowadays.

Incidentally the similarity of treatment did not always end there; the third-class passengers had to travel in an open carriage, frequently nothing more than a goods truck attached to a train which carried both passengers and goods, more or less indiscriminately.

#### Germany Liberal to Aeronauts.

The government of Germany has spent more money to further aviation than any other nation.