Toleration is the greatest gift of the mind; it requires the same effort of the brain that it takes to balance one's self on a bicycle." Helen Keller.



Halfway House, by Maurice Hewiste \$1.50. Charles Scribners Sons, New York City, and the J. K. Gill Co., Portland It is well to remember that the sub-It is well to remember that the sub-title of this novel is "A Comedy of Degrees," before deeply wading into what is an analysis of English "high" life and the temperamental study of a foolish but fortunate young woman. Miss Mary Middleham, afterwards in succession Mrs. John Gorman and Mrs. Jack Senhouse.

Jack Senhouse.

"Halfway House," in title, almost suggests a sort of Last-Chance Saloon, a last gap for liquid refreshment and a two-fer cigar before we again "hit" the dusty road; but the author clearly shows that it is a place of moral shelter. The book is a striking bit of fiction and comes up to the front in a season noteworthy for meritorious story-telling, "England" to written all over it—from the insistent use of the yerbs "shall" and "will," down to many verbs "shall" and "will," down to many cups of tea. On page 244 we read that one Tristram Duplessis "leisurely sipper his tea before answering, got up and waited for another cup while he colwaited for another cup while he col-lected his reply. It's a long time—I know that. Thanks, no sugar." Next page, we come across Miss Nina Swetebrede, of Copestake, who "came in, craving tea." And further along, the young person says, as she dis-tributes her node and smiles on either "Dear Mary, I'm so tired. feed me and make a fuss of me and

shall love you." But after all Mary Middleham is the star performer, the top-liner in comedy of temperament. She first comes on the stage as a country governess, a pumiless dependent, who is fortunate enough to attract the notice of John Germain, widower, a man old enough to be her father, but the pos-"She glowed like a peach in the sun-She looked wholesome and healthy. Her figure was charming—softly, ten-

every pretty girl as his lawful prey, and Jack Senhouse, poet, dreamer and tinker. Senhouse is the most interesting of the three, and this description of him is furnished by an envious

friend:

Jack Senhouse? Well, he's mad. Rich chap—at least his father was rich Well. Jack chucked all that—took to painting, serthbling. Ged knows what His governor gets crose; sends him 'round the world on the chance he settles down by and by. He collects plants in the Atlas. He turns up in Warmen, talking to the Poles about revolution. He goes to Siberia after plants and politics. More rows. Well, he came back and said he was a tinker. He'd learned tiskering somewhere, sowderin' and all that, and I'm d.—d if he didn't set up a cart and horse and go about with a test. He paints, he scribbles, he sowders and he turns England into a garden and plants his plants. He's got plants out all over the country.

Mary marries Mr. Germain, although she doesn't love him, and he treats her as he would a grown-up daughter. Even after marriage Mr. Germain allows Duplessis to pay her remarkable attention, a fact of which her hus-band is painfully aware, although he prefers to suffer in silence. Senhouse, he who allows his hair to grow long, walks about without shoes or stockings, and tramps over England with caravan, horse and dog, thus senses

the cituation:
Old Germain—what's he doing but playing the "King on the Cross?" But has he anything to give? It's an infernal shame. He's bought the child. She'll never forgive him. She'll harden, she'll be pitiless—have no mercy when the hour strikes. If there's a woman in her, after travail she'll be born. If I bedeck the bosom of England and star it with the flowers, do I do better than Germain with his money, or Duplessis with his rights? And if I were to court her bosom. Oh, my brown-syed venturer in deep waters. I could serve you well! Go to school missy—and when you are tired, there's Halfway House.

When one reads of the armed-peace between Mrs. Germain and her hus-

between Mrs. Germain and her husand learns that the queerly assorted pair have hardly one thought In common, one dimly suspects that the husband will conveniently die be-fore vary long. No tender-hearted novellat would dare - in fiction - to hint that such a marriage ought to be of the until-death-doth-us-part order. So, old Mr. Germain dies of a broken heart, and leaves a fine house and \$15,000 a year to his widow, so long as she remains unmarried. But, if she

Now, put on your thinking cap. What Now, put on your thinking cap. What do you think this very-much-loved young woman does? Go through the remainder of her life a widow? Mr. Hewlett finds a ready answer.

Co., Boston, Mass.

to The Oregonian, has made African

THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE travel a familiar subject in this region, and so complete have been his word pictures that it would seem that the entire subject had been exhausted for the

But the writer of this interesting book of observation holds up a new mirror and tells about what may he called "a wo-man's Africa." She describes the journey of herself and mother to Uganda and the Transvaal, the accompanying photographs being excellent. She tells of utter accompany in close contact with modern savagery in close contact with modern social life built up by Britons, French, Germans, Italians and Portuguese. A lively introduction is given by Lieutenant-

General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafe-king during the British-Boer war.

The authoress says that her book is published with the hope of interesting other Americans in one of the most fas-cinating and unique tours in the world— a tour which can be made with entire

safety and great comfort.
"Where else?" asks she, "can you look "Where else?" asks she, "can you look from rallway carriage windows and see zebras, gnus, giraffes, hyenas, and even lions, as you steam through a land? We two women only fouched the surface of it, but we were ever conscious of much that we could not see, nor hear, nor formulate, but which exists in a land teaming with force and savage life." teeming with fierce and savage life."
In speaking of Victoria Nyanza, the latter word meaning "lake," our authoress writes:

Lake Superior has none of the hippopo-tami, the giant croccedites, or the still more repulsive water-pythone that infest this body of water and give a sinister glint to

By way of reassurance, the captain of our steamer showed us photographs of huge crocodiles he had shot from the end of that very pier; also of a mammoth water-python which had crawled up a few months ago on the very deck where we were sitting, where it stretched its horrid, slimy, if feet of cells, and interrupted a "capital game of hides".

"She glowed like a peach in the sunShe looked wholesome and healthy.
Her figure was charming—softly, tenderly curved." Germain was impressed
with the maften, for he wistfully said
in his heart: "To woe the confidence
back to such eyes, to still the doubts
in such a breast, were work for a
true man."

Now, Miss Mary was clearly not
meant for marriage, since she was capable of loving only one person in the
world—herself. But she hankered
after matrimony and the delight of
having money and a handle to
her name. The average young man
of her acquaintance in those days always wanted to fall down on his knees In nearly every chapter the authoress

ways wanted to fall down on his knees sibly been brought there from South and worship her just as soon as she put in an appearance. Three of her chief lovers were John Germain, 50 lation of about 200,000 in the year 1900, years old, lord of the manor; Tristram Duplessis, a six-footer who looked on that date and 1906, in the Protectorate. The opinion is expressed that a long residence in tropical Africa has a disintegrating effect, both physically and mentally, on the white races it maps the vigor, rendering bodies anemic and minds orpid, one of its most peculiar effects being the destruction of the memory. The tenure of the Anglo-Saxon in Central Africa, it is stated, is rather like that of the animal trainer in a cage full of trained lions and tigers, because "the black races do not like the white people."

The Wayfarers, by Mary Stewart Cutting, \$123. Illustrated. The McClure Company, New York City.

Just as Conan Doyle is known to the world for his wonderfully good detective stories. O. Henry, for his New York takes of the four million; Robert W. Chambers, for his brilliant pictures of our new plutocracy-Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting has become known as the nov-elist of the American suburbanits. Picture a business man in the city manag-ing a machine shop or a foundry, a train tooting toward the fragrant meadows. a trolley car or a ferryboat, and a wait-ing wife accompanied by lets of babies at the other end of suburban-town, and

the Cutting atmosphere arrives.

Mrs. Cutting, up to now, has rather been known as a writer of short stories. but lately she has wooed fame as the author of regular novels. A ty Cushing study is "The Wayfarers," ing the story of a married pair who narrowly escaped being the principal actors in the domestic tragedy of an unhappy marriage, the moving spirit in it being Justin Alexander, a husband who becomes so much absorbed in his business that his wife suffers from lack of his society. She was made to be coddled and loved—like a big baby—and she has one long wall of regret, just like the cat whose milk-bowl is left untilled for a succession of mornings. unfilled for a succession of mornings. Probably Mrs. Alexander would have been happier had her husband been able

store her in one of his vest pockets, e one nearest his heart. But, anyway, Mrs. Alexander is human and lovable, and possesses an interesting personality, so much so that she makes one curlous to watch her to the end. One morning she "sat up" to welcome her husband on his return from a club dinner party, and "her face was white,

Of course not. Mr. Alexander came up with his foolish wife and caught her and the little tragedy dissolved amid kisses and tears. So a woman's words

A young girl, Miss Doela Linden, is introduced with admirable yet amusing effect. She is a girl of foolish sentimentalism who has a variety of lovers and can't for a long time make up her mind which one is "the" one. Ultimate-ly she is suited.

The portrait of Justin Alexander is perhaps the best drawn, because he endures the most—a young business man starting on borrowed capital and whose ancial savior turns out, indirectly, to The Wayfarers" has a domestic thrill, a homey feeling that goes to the right spot. Its married lovers are natural folks of every-day type.

Anne of Green Gables, by L. M. Ment-gomery. Higstrated, \$1.50. L.C. Page & Co. Boston, Mass., and Lipman, Welfe & Co., Portland.

& Co. Portland
Too much praise cannot be awarded this
splendidly drawn and daintily appreciative sketch of sensitive and imaginative
girlhood. The heroine is Miss Anne or
Cordella Shirley, who has red hair and
creeps into the book and into your tiking
when she is just il years old, and is a
graduate from an orphan asylum on
Prince Island, Canada. There is a quaint
numer shout her that is contagious, but humor about her that is contagious, but pleasant—the kind you chuckle over. She has all sorts of odd adventures, and the delineation of character seen in the per-sons of a rugged old farmer and his dried-up spinster sister is above the aver-

dried-up spinster sister is above the average.

Anne is a child of trouble, but there is enough optimism in her to say at the end, when she is really a success in life; "Dear old world, you are very lovely and I am glad to be alive in you." The tosching of the novel is wholesome, and the book is a suitable present for a young girl at school. There ought to be more sensible books like "Anne of Green Gables."

The Vegetable Garden, by Ira D. Bennett. Hustrated. \$1.50. The McClure Com-pany, New York City.

pany. New York City.

Away with peddled fruit and the dusty vegetables that grace the grocers' doorway! In the words of this excellent book. "There are no vegetables like those which come wet with the morning dew from one's own garden, to grace the breakfast table with the techhapme selsmans of the scarlet

den, to grace the breakfast table with the toothsome crispness of the scarlet radish or the fresh coolness of lettu c. To possess the land and till it, is the primal heritage of men."

All of which goes to show that you ought to have a little house and garden all your own, and that you ought to plant seeds in the patient earth which before long will come out as food. This finely illustrated and sensibly written book will tell you just what you ought to do. Its wise advice is worth real money. vice is worth real money.

Iow to Dress a Doll, by Mary M. Morgan 50 cents. Henry Altemus Company. Phil-ndelphia, Pa. A valuable little book admirably adapted for use in schools, church, sewing classes and the home. Both mother and child will welcome it as a The authoress is an experiinced teacher of sewing and seems to know every difficulty that besets lit-tle needlewomen. Simple words are used, so simple that most of the little folia will understand the lessons given. Pictures, diagrams and patterns help to simplify the text, and the mysteries of tucks, hems and stitches are made clear.

The Mystery of the Four Fingers, by Fred. M. White. W. J. Watt & Co., New York

A sensational story of English life, depleting the aftermath of one Mark Fen-wick, who committed murder to gain the secret of how to obtain gold from the Four Fingers mine, in Mexico. The "four four thread in the story is a grewsome one, and the subsequent Nemesia which overtakes Fenwick thrills like melo-drama. But the story itself is undeniably cheap, and I can't recommend it as one to read just before dinner.

The Social Duty of Our Daughters, by Mrs.
Adolph Hoffman. 35 cents. Vir PublishCompany, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Hoffman, of Geneva, Switzerland, is prominent in European reform
work, and in this sympathetically written book gives a helpful message to mothers and grown daughters on the responsibility of motherhood. J. M. QUENTIN.

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP. New books received: "Peggy at Spinster Parm." by Heien M. Winslow (Page & Co.); "The Study of Nature." by Dr. Samuel Christian Schmercker (Lippincott).

New books received: Through Lipman, Welfe & Co., "Anne of Green Gabies," and "Persy at Spinster Farm;" through the J. (Gill Company, "The Study of Nature," The Wayfarers," "The Vegetable Garden."

Some one asked Max Nordam to define the difference between genius and insenity. "Well." said the author of "Degeneration." speaking in a tone of conviction. "the luna-tic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

Robert Herrick's new novel 'Together," a prose spic of marriage, continues to be sought after. It's one charm is that it begins at the place where heroes and herrines are generally supposed to live happily ever after.

The best story for young children that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written for some years will be published immediately under the title of "The Good Wolf." Already, through its serial publication, the wolf is one of her most popular heroes, and the book will no doubt meet with a large male.

When Sir Robert Walpole, the English statesman, retired into private life, time hung heavy on his hands, and Horaco exerted himself to amuse his father, Onday he offered to read to him. "What will you read, child?" arked Bir Robert, wearily, Horace suggested history. "No. no." replied the veteran statesman; "not history, Horace; that can't be true."

"The Blue Dragon," by Kirk Munroe, and "Cast Up by the Sea," by Samuel White Baker, old-time favorites with young people, have gone into reprint. Other juvenile reprints noticed are "Teby Tyler," by James Otla; "Fony Tracks and Crooked Trails," by Frederick Remingion; "Nan," by Lucy C. Lillie, and three books by Ellien Douglas Deland—"Cakleigh," "Josephine" and "Alan Rainsford."

. . . In a few days will be issued a new nevel by Frederick Palmer entitled "The Big Pellow." This is a big stery with a big American for its hero—a new character, simple and magnetic, full of boyish unaffectedness, a real here without even wanting to be one. The story recalls measurably, the author's other fine American navel. "The Vagabond" but it is maturer, more finished better in overy way.

keep the public from learning that an acade-mician could not spell.

"The Duke's Motto" is the title of the new novel by Justin Huntly McCarthy which will see the light in a few days. Lovers of facile swords and fevil; may care heroes will rejoice to know that Mr. McCarthy's nero will be like that. The plot has its setting in France under Louis XIII. shifts also to Spain, and is described as sheer adventure completely under the spell of a hero so audacious and resourceful that all of his exploits seem true.

A novel of international flavor, powerful in plot and action, will be published under the title of "The Statue." It is the joint work of Eden Phillipotts and Annold Bennett and partakes of the great story-telling qualities of each of these greatly unlike novelists. The scene is England sind the issues involved, social and political, are of the larger kind. The novel is finely written. It leaves the roader at the close of the exciting climax with the feeling of astisfaction that follows the reading of only a few books each year.

An exciling detective story is announced under the title of "The Man Without a Head." The author is Tyler de Saix. The scene is England, for the most part London, and the hero a young German recently annexed to the staff of Scotland Yard. who has his reputation to make—and makes it. The story is one which depends for its powerful grip on the attention upon the keen clash of wits between the pursuer and the pursued, rather than upon the sheet force of horror piled on horror, which is the method of so many recent writers of mystery stories.

Among women who write there is some diversity of opinion about women's clubs. Many of the best-known writers are identified with club life, Gertrude Atherion, of opurse, being the great exception, and the newer ones are also divided among themselves. "I am very fond of clubs," confesses Mande Radford Warren, who is being noticed as the author of the new novel, "The Land of the Living." "I belong to half a dozen or so of all sorts—merely so-cal, purely fashionable, really intellectual, and solely philanthropic. In short, I belong to all the nice clubs I can find."

Mary Roberts Rinchart is a young suthoress who is going to be lucky with her first novel. "The Circular Staircase," affrst-class detective story, which profits to be mysterious and very readable. Up to new, Miss Rinchart has attracted faverable notice as a writer of short stories. "The Circular Staircase" tells what happened to a middle aged spinster, who with her slatter two grown children, occupies a country house for the Summer. Then a murder happens, and the clue to the murders is so deftly hidden that the explanation relative to the identity of the wretch, comes like a sudden blow in the face.

Of course, the one important feature of the September number of the Pacific Monthly

Of course, the one important feature of the September number of the Pacific Monthly is the new story, by Jack London, entitled "Martin Eden." The opening chapters open exceedingly well, and all the good things said in advance of the story so far turn out to be true. London appears this time in a new and better light, and its about time. His story is sure to meet with a great reception. Very useful is William T. Proser's article. "Is Alaska Recoming a Rich Man's Preserver!" Ared White, seemingly a new writer, writes gill-edge fiction in a stiering tale of a man hunt. The Anniversary of Lee Pines." Mr. White's word pictures are so vivid that one almost seems to see his characters move on a stage.

William Heinemann, the well-known London publisher, is a man of varied talents. It is known that he has successfully appeared in London in a number of copyright performances of modern standard plays, and now he has been displaying his skill as a photographer in a number of striking snapehots that he has taken of William Debiorgan, author of "Somehow Good," and "Joseph Vance," in Florence. Aithough it is known that Mr. DeMorgan is considerably over 60 years of age, he does not look a day over it in these pictures, all of which show him in the best of humor. Most of them were taken in the bequiful Cachine Park, one of them at the spot where Shelley wrote "The Ode to the West Wind." Still another shows Mr. DeMorgan on the Lung Arno near where Dante mot Beatrice.

Commenting upps Lord Dunedin's remark

Commenting upon Lord Dunedin's remark at the recent unveiling of the memorial to Mrs. Oilphant in Edinburch Cathedral, to the effect that the author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford" was the greatest novelles: Scotland had produced since Miss Perrier, the Springfield Republican says that this is "an estimate to which some ardent Stevensonians would take exception." And it adds: "As a metter of fact, Stevenson was hardly a novelist at all, though a brilliant writer and romances. It may well be helleved that if he had lived another ten years and learned to portray women and develop character he would have become a great novelist as well. His unfinished Welr of Hermiston' shows a remarkable growth in this direction. Mrs. Oilphant was by comparison a second-rate writer, but a more accomplished novelist, and her books have liasting charm."

"The Whole Family," the remarkable serial novel now appearing in Harper's Bazar, is conceded by the critics to be a most striking magazine feature. "The Whole Family" is written by tweive of America's most famous authors, whose names are: William Dean Howella Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, John Kendrick Bangs, Mary R. S. Andrews, Mary Stewart Cutting, Alice Brown, Henry van Dyke, Elizabeth Jordon, Edith Wyatt, Mary Heaton Vorse, Henry James.

The novel is unique and wholly different from former composite novels in the fact that each author writes his chapter in the first person and as the mouthplece of one member of the family. Moreover, the Bazar is publishing the chapters without the names of the authors, and allowing the public to guess which has written each installment.

school in the province of Manchuria.

It is well know that Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose influence on the American public has deepened since 'The Testing of Diana Maliory' has been written, is an ardent settlement worker, and prominently identified with the promotion of recreation schools. Only recently Mrs. Ward was hostess at a settlement garden-party in London, where the children of the play schools entertained her guests, the Society of Women Journalists, of which she is president, with exercises dances and songs. 'I have seen Mrs. Ward.' said one woman who was present at the fete, 'on a platform with the late Manguste Sabatier, joining in a discussion on religious and philosophical problems, I have heard her lecture on Pierre Loti, and address an audience of learned people on Modernism' in Italy. But asver has she appeared more charming or more womanly than in the company of the tiny members of her 'Guilds of Play.'"

Sir Gilbert Parker's beyish taste in books, if it does not indicate the future authorship of novels like 'The Weavers' and 'The Right of Way," is at least uncommon. 'The hooks of my boyhood which lired une most,"

One morning she "sat up" to welcome her husband on his return from a club dinner party, and "her face was white, and her large eyes stared straight before her rigidly, yet with a wild gleam in them. As he looked at her she rose and moved as if to pass him."

"Where are you going?" he asked, as he stepped forward with his dripping overcoat—it was raining—half off.

Her lips stiffly framed the word: "Out." He spoke roughly, in a terrible anxiety and anger mixed together: "What are you working yourself up to all this foolishness for?"

"You den't care any more." Oh, if he stigged the form of the story recalls measurably, the beoks of my boyhood which lured me most," writes Sir Gilbert, "were Shapeapeare (eight of whose plays I knew by heart). David of whose plays I knew by heart). David of whose plays I knew by heart. The weavery way is an entire to he work way.

It is being told of Renan in Paris that his contemporary Boissier came to him be the produced the spoke roughly, in a terrible anxiety and langer mixed together: "What are you working yourself up to all this foolishness for?"

"You den't care any more." Oh, if he

Solving the Secrets of Aerial Flight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

years, but, then, it may come in a night. But this I do know—when the scientists come to irrefutable facts and figures in serial navigation and can figures in aerial navigation and can lay down a set of rules and laws and a formula for the guidance of us practical men, then will come perfection in

There are very few who have taken up the subject methodically and scientifically, in fact, practically none but experimenters like myself—plain, practical experimenters, willing to take a chance and find out the best we may how the thing is to be done. But it takes years and lives to learn and get the experience. We can only hope that science will join hands with practicability and gain perfection in aviation. "The airship of the future will be of the Von Zeppelin type. I have studied out that phase of the question to my own satisfaction, and I have come to the conclusion that such will be the

the conclusion that such will be the type. But it will have more planes— more than on my dirigible—in fact, be a combination of the dirigible and the aeroplane, but larger. The airship of the future, as I see it, will be of immanse size, have great speed and will be as easily controlled as this hun-dred-footer of mine. It will be of such size that it will overcome the elements as does the modern liner, and will be as capable, from its great lift-ing power, of being of service not only in war but in commerce."

By O. Chanute

Bullder of Airships and author several books on aeronautics.

BELIEVE the ultimate type of flying machine will preserve the feature of bridge trussing, because in that way we seem to be able to attain to the maximum of stiffness and strength with the minimum of weight. My interest is in the sible. two-surface or double-decker machine. It s with that type Farman, Bell, the Wright brothers and De la Grange are getting their best results. While I am satisfied that the two-sur-

face idea will be adhered to, I am also of the opinion there may be a variation from the present manner of arranging the surfaces to get the best possible results. It is most important now that there should be such arrangement of surface as will assure automatic equilibrium in the air. By automatic equilibrium I mean that the apparatus itself shall be able to neu-tralize fregularities of the wind and that less reliance need be placed on the human less reliance need be placed on the human equation. Wright brothers, for instance, have done some great things with their fiying machines, but it is questionable if any one else could have done so much with them.

The ultimate heavier-than-air machine must be one which will meet successfully its own emergencies in flight and overcome obstacles without too much in-

overcome obstacles without too much in tervention on the part of the operator. That is recognized both in this country and in Europe as the one great desider-

power to the square foot, but it is much heavier than the double-surface manning and one loves more in the latter direction than is gained in the former. The great effort of the future, it seems to me, should be to bring about automatic equilibrium. That accomplished the hardest part of the road will have been passed I have made up my mind that no

neavier-than-air machine ever will devised that will serve for practical com-mercial purposes—for carrying passengers and freight in any numbers or quantity. The difficulty is that the weight of the machine will increase more rapidly than its carrying capacity.

Commenting upon Lord Dunedin's remark

Commenting upon Lord Dunedin's remark

Duilding an airship that will bear more heavy and could not well be raised in same end. than five persons. The use of the flying machine will be confined to three things First, it will be used for sport; second. reconnoisance in times of war, and, third, for the exploration of lands and places that are otherwise plainly inac-

I do not subscribe to the prophecy that the flying machine will remodel civiliza-tion, that it will do away with tariffs and frontiers, and that it will result in modifi-cations of existing styles of architecture. There is too much optimism in that fore-cast for me, and I have studied the sub-ject pretty thoroughly. I do not expect to see the day, as some would have us stations for their flying machines. Dirigi-ble balloons may be built to carry a score of men but they must be always cumbersome and dangerous, according to our

By Alexander Graham Bell

As to the ultimate type of airship, that to my mind is a question that canot be answered. There are two distinct classes of aerial vehicles-balloons, which are lighter than air, and airships, which are heavier than air. I believe that serial navigation will be solved by the heavier-than-air machines, and consequently am giving all my attention to

There are three varieties of heavier than-air machines aerodromes, helicop-lera and the ornithopter. All three of these are being worked, but only the first named has given any practical results and carried a man any distance. Aerodromes are divided into many types, and the type that will eventually be suc-cessful will be decided by experiments now being made, but I have the greatest confidence in the tetradons. As to the probable influence on social and political conditions, I might reply that I am not interested in that phase of the airship question and have not given it serious thought. I am anxious only to succeed without reference to the uses to which the machine may be put, but I will say that the success of the airably will revdutionize warfare. It may become, fact, a war exterminating agency, and thus end all armed conflicts between na-tions. For instance, as an illustration of the tremendous use to which the airship will be put, a \$7,000,000 ship might be easily destroyed by a cheap machine, and by the same agencies whole cities wiped

Then when you regard the more peaceful side of the question, it is safe to pre-dict that aerial sailing will become a great sport, for it will entail less exthan automobiling or motorboats

By Captain W. H. Hedge Founder of the Aero Club of Amer-

Founder of the Aero Club of America. THE flying machine will make our seacoasts absolutely impregnable. It has been estimated that a single airship station costing \$25,000 would render useless a war fleet worth tens of millions of dollars. A small fleet of such craft would be more than a match for the combined navies of the world. Here is but one utility of the airship. When it is considered what a tremendous advantage it injun slayer, Joe, you're all right. Want Another writer to spend his vacation in Maine is Norman Duncan, author of "The Cruise of the Shining Light" and other stories of the seacoast. Mr. Duncan is in camp at a place whose very name is suggestive of things cool and remote—Indian Pond, at Moosehead Lake. a war fleet worth tens of millions of dol-

can. Certainly within the next score of will afford reconnoitering and in all field operations it seems no exaggeration to say it will revolutionize warfare. Ultimately the airship in some form is

a jump.

"There are very few who have taken be utilized for transporting lighter freight, such as the malls, and ultimately we will stiffeally be fast practically and scientifically in fast practically. ships crossing the Atlantic as well as the

By Brig.-Gen. G. J. Allen

THE practical utility of the airship seems to be limited at present to warfare, but in this field its value can soarcely be estimated. I am very hopeful of its future. The Government tests at Fort Meyer will be the most rigid yet tried and will doubtless go far to establish the airship in this field. The use of such engines for reconncitring promises to work a revolution in our method. revolution in our methods of warfare. It is impossible to say whether the dirigible or the aeroplane will ultimately be adopted. At present the dir-

mately he adopted. At present the di-igible balloon answers our purposes better. It will go higher and stay aloft longer. The aeropiane is more dependent upon the atmosphere. In the next few years, however, the de-velopment of the aeropiane may be weighted of the acropane the balloon. We are waiting meanwhile and watching with the liveliest interest and hopefulness.

The advance in aerial navigation of late has been remarkable. Compare the

recent German war balloon with the balloons we sent up during the Civil War. When we see what has been ac-War. complished, the most extravagant hopes of the future do not seem impos-sible. Public confidence in the airship meanwhile seems complete. After the loss of the French war balloon, for instance, many people in France seemed to imagine that Germany would be able to invade them within a few

By Dr. A. F. Zahm Catholic University of America.

SINCE automobiles have been perassume that the flying machine will be crystalized in five, said Dr. Zahm. With the machines which are now available a revolution is at hand in methods of transportation. We have dirigible balloons which will travel an hour with a carrying capacity of twelve people for voyages of 40 hours. Today the aeroplane will carry two peo-ple at a speed of 40 miles an hour and within a year this speed will probably be increased to 50 or 60 miles. As for tance, the Wright brothers already of-to build an airship which will travel 500 miles without coming to earth.

In other words, within a year or two we will find ourselves in a new age. Our methods of warfare will probably be the first to be affected. I believe that a single aeropiane capable of traveling 500 miles will be as effective as an army methods of warfare will probably be the dirigible balloon will doubt-less to be affected. I believe that a single aeropiane capable of traveling 500 miles will be as effective as an army of 50,000 men. A fleet of such machines will revolutionize warfare. With such an engine of war the enemy would have no secrets. Its exact force and distribution will few years, and we may look for still less to few years, and we may look for still less to few years, and we may look for still less to few years, and we may look for still less to few years. ould be observed and reported hourly.

The airship again will soon become a

ery active and terrible engine of war, apart from its value as a scout. It will be impossible to scatter explosives, as has been suggested, because bombs are

fect over wide areas. A piece of phos-phorus, for instance, dropped from a great height would instantly ignite any-thing it struck. Great forests or fields of grain or even cities could be fired in this way. The possibilities of such war-fare are incalculable.

Within a few years we may see actuabattles in the air between war acroplanes. The possibilities of resistance in these machines is greater than would be immachines is greater than would be im-agined. It would be impossible for them to raise cannon or heavy guns to the up-per air to fight with, so that in fighting among themselves their batteries will consist only of rifles or pistojs. Since these planes would be sweeping about at a mile-a-minute gait they would be hard to hit in any vital spot. They might hard to mt in any vital apol. They intent be riddled with shot and still keep affeat. The only way to sink these ships would be to disable the operator, and this would prove a very difficult thing to do. A battle in midair will last longer than

battle in midair will last longer than most people would imagine.

We are likely to develop the balloon, the dirigible and the aeroplane along more or less parallel lines. Each form of airship one its own merits. In America especially I think this advance will be very rapid. The Government restrictions of the control of their restrictions. tions are the most rigid of their kind in the world. The requirements for the tests at Fort Meyer are far more exacting time in any other country

By Peter Cooper Hewitt Inventor, member Aero Club of America.

AM not only hopeful but confident of I the immediate future of aerial navigation. It is but a question of a very few or less common use such as automobiles extravagant are today. The use of such craft as a means of transportation will eventually follow. It is already possible to calculate with some degree of accuracy the cost of this form of transportation. The airship will prove somewhat cheaper than an automobile. The airship consists merely of canvas and a few bars and bolts and pleces of wire. The cost of roads which must be provided at public expense will be done away with. The cost of propulsion will be less than in the case of boats or automobiles.

The cost of propelling an airship has The cost of propelling an airship has been found to be about one-eighth that of a boat, taking weight for weight. The question of the cost of the machine is quite apart. Allowing for variations there is still obviously a very great advantage in favor of the air craft in comparison with the boat, which in turn is chemen. with the boat, which in turn is cheaper between land and air transportation. 25 miles an hour and carry two is impossible to predict with any certainty people. * Within two years we may when the era of air transportation who expect a speed of forty miles or more arrive, but the future would seem to be

for the lighter work of transportation. Since it is very swift its usefulness is obvious. As we learn to drive it more swiftly through the air it will become safer and more efficient. There is little variation, for instance, in the path of a bullet. An aeroplane traveling 50 miles an hour need fear little from the wind currents. For lifting and carrying greater weights, the dirigible balloon will doubt-

greater improvements in the near future. This applies both to the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon. Within a year or two I expect to have several of my own airships in actual operation, while many other inventors are working toward the

The Frisking of Caribou Joe CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.

fighter like you anywhere. Come let's scalps for souvenirs? rush 'em!"

I'd got him by the elbow and was pushin' him out the front door by that his traps, and starts him north on the time; so it was a case of must. It was next train that comes in Purdy Pell gets time; so it was a case of must. It was a mighty nice moonlight night, but there off one car just as Joe climbs in anwas so many bushes and trees around the grounds that the shadows were plenty and black. "Git behind one of them trees, quick!"

says Joe, all excited. So we makes a run for it; but we hadn't got half way before there come a bang! bang! and half a dozen bushes was lit up by flashes.

"Oh, lordy, lordy!" groans Joe, and then he streaks it for the tree like he was a hundred-vard champ.

"Git out!" says he, when I comes up. 'Go find a tree of your own." "Not much!" says I. "I'm goln' to stick by you and watch the slaughter. Why

don't you get busy?" "I'm waitin' to shoot at some of them

flashes." says he. He didn't have to wait long. They opened up again, and Joe lets drive back. And say, I'll be hanged if he wa'n't goin' about it cool and business like. He might have been some scared at first; but the minute he gets to work his nerve comes back, and he acts like a man who means to do a good job. Course, he didn't know that nothin' but Fourth of July ammunition was bein' burned, and I begun to see that behind all that bluff there

was some real grit.

"There!" says Joe, crackin' another shot. "I'll bet a doughnut one of them pesky redskins bit the dust then!"

I guess it was lucky for them Cattaraugus braves that Joe was shootin' nothin' but powder.

othin' but powder.
"Look out!" says I. "They're crawlin' up on us."

Blamed if it wa'n't better'n anything Buffalo Bill ever put on, to see them turkey tail bonnets wrigglin' along, and the moonlight shinin, on the pistol barrets. Dodge has spread out his crowd so that

they had us cut off from the house, and was closin' in gradual. Joe, he lets fly a couple of times; but when he don't see ony of 'em tumble over he don't know what to make of it. He stands it a couple of minutes, and the next thing I know he heaves up a yell you could have heard 40 blocks, and starts over the sod on the jump. I keeps on after him the best I can, and the whole on after him the best I can, and the whole bunch trails after, shootin' and yellin' to beat the cars. It was a hot pace he was settin', and we left 'em behind like they was all standin' still.

Joe was headed toward the station, and by the time I'd got there he has turned over the baggage truck and has his knife out, preparin' for the last stand. I knew Dodge had called off his crowd at the gates and had gone back to let Mrs.

Pell into the game.
"It's all over, Joe," says I.
He wouldn't believe it for a spell; but
after he'd listened and couldn't hear any-

giad you're here! I'd follow an old Injun | to go out and see if you can gather a few "No," says he, "I can't wait. I've got to go back to the lakes."

"Hello, there, professor." says he.
"What's up now?"
"Nothin' much," says 1, "only we've
been givin' the folks a little outdoor

melodrammer. "Where is Caribou Joe?" says he. "Him?" says I. "The Terror of the Rangeleys? Oh, I've just loaded him into the smoker there. He's goin' back to the woods to tell 'em about the Battle of Rockywold.

Then we goes up to the house, where Mrs. Pell is givin' the basketmakers a swell midnight spread, and everybody has a lot of fun tellin' how scared Joe was. But say, I ain't so sure he didn't pretty near makin' good his bluff, after

Prepared Sandwiches.

Take a long oblong shaped loaf of bread and cut the crust from the sides, top and bottom; then cut into thin slices, lengthwise; chop a quantity of cold boiled ham also a quantity of cold boiled chicken take a slice of the bread and place upon it a layer of chopped ham, then a layer of mayonnaise dressing, a layer of chopped chicken, a layer of chopped English wainuts and another silce of bread again a layer of chopped ham, mayonnaise dressing, chopped chicken, chopped English wainuts and lastly a site of bread. Wrap all in a damp cloth and place a heavy weight on top (flat irons are servicesble) to press well the ingredi-ents. Allow the loaf to stand from six to eight hours, then slice as you would bread. This makes a very dainty course for luncheons, parties, etc. A layer of finely cut lettuce or celery may be used with effect.

The Town Summer Girl. New York Times.

The Summer Girl, down by the sea.
Strolls lenely on the silver strand;
Or, in the wild waves, billowy,
Is guided by her own fair hand.
Day in, day out, 'tis hers to scan
The sea and shore, to find a man.

The Summer Girl, up in the hills, Sits lonesome in her hammock swing; She reads a novel for her thrills, And hears no little love-bird sing. She wanders far, she braves the ten In searching valuly for a man.

The Summer Girl, who stays in town, Is on the everlasting jump.
Until her system's quite run down And her emotions on the sump. The men are standing in a line Around the block, or more. They beg of her to sup or dine. Or so down to the shore; They take her out in motorcars. To all the roots in town she goes. They walk with her beneath the start, Or take her to the Summer shows. What's sea or mountains? Town is where The Summer Girl has men to spare.