

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

AMERICA LEADS IN AERIAL NAVIGATION.

By Alexander Graham Bell.



A. G. BELL.

Ten years ago I was given a perfect realization of the feasibility of the flying machine. At that time Professor Langley had constructed his first aeroplane and I was allowed to see it in operation. He had a steam engine in it and it flew about from one place to another, and I managed to get a photograph of it. On two different occasions he was successful with it. That demonstrated that he was on the right track, having a steam propelled airship.

The fact that the Wright brothers have been able to fly with a machine that weighs 1,925 pounds proves conclusively that the first stage has been passed. Their engine alone weighs more than 200 pounds and their car embodies a great many principles which are in the line of progress. The flexibility of the rudders in front and rear is something that seems to auger well for the future success. While I have not personally seen it, yet I can readily see how such rudders may be worked advantageously in controlling the machine.

The outlook for aerial navigation is growing brighter every day. Just what it will eventually amount to is problematical now. However, the hardest part of the difficulty has been overcome, that of really flying, and proving to the world that it is a reality. The next stage is the studying out of the problem of weight that can be carried. If the Wright brothers are able to navigate the air, with their structure bearing nearly a ton, it seems that a greater weight can be carried.

OUR NATIONAL FORESTS.

By Gifford Pinchot.



National forests (formerly called forest reserves) are created with the main object of using all their resources in the wisest way. Everything is for use—the timber, the range, the water, the land. Only those lands chiefly valuable for the production of timber or the protection of the water flow are included in national forests.

It happens that little patches of agricultural land, small mountain meadows, necessarily fall within their boundaries. These are being platted and will rapidly pass into private ownership.

The mining prospector is permitted to explore and locate his claims in the reserves without the slightest restriction, and in mining localities the timber is protected, kept in the country, and kept from burning up, for the particular benefit of the miner.

All timber and wood in the national forests is for use, and for prompt use. It is sold to the small man and to the big man. Everybody who needs timber to establish his home gets it free of charge, and gets it when he asks for it. In the case of the national forests recently created, the settler will not have to wait until they are

under administration. He may take what timber he needs for domestic use without asking.

In the sale of timber there is no chance for monopoly, for the Secretary of Agriculture can sell as much or as little as he pleases, to whomever he pleases and for whatever price he deems fair for the best interests of all the people. The government gets a fair return for its own timber, whereas before it practically gave it away, and gave it away in such a manner that it was monopolized in vast tracts by corporate interests. And after it was cut off the land was burned over and became a non-productive waste.

The range is used for the grazing of live stock. On those national forests created after March 1, 1907, there will be no interference with the grazing industry. It will go on just as if the national forests had not been established, during the entire grazing season of 1907, without fee and without any interference.

The land within national forests is freely open to use as sites for hotels, stores, mills, residences and all other legitimate purposes. The greatest possible use of the land is desired. The more people, settlement and industry the better is the protection which results. All kinds of improvements are not only permitted, but are decidedly welcomed.

ARE YOU TIRED OF YOURSELF?

By Zelma Travers.



Do you find yourself good company? Do you ever get tired of being yourself? Down in your heart do you really like yourself and do you find your thoughts really good companions?

These may seem odd questions, but unless you can answer each one of them in the affirmative I would advise you to find out what's the matter.

There are very few of us who never get tired of being ourselves. Very few of us really admire ourselves, and not always do we find our thoughts good, comforting angels.

Indeed, the world is trying to get away from itself. That's just what we are trying to do when we go to the theaters, parties, read novels the day long. O, the joy of a live novel, a story of love and adventure; of a hero—handsome, strong, manly; of a heroine—pretty, chaste, demure. Lost in the story we imagine that we are the hero or heroine, and forget all about the person called "me," who perhaps may be everything that the hero isn't.

The thing to do, then, is to endeavor to live a hero, isn't it? Find out your lackings and fill in. Be very careful what you do, be as careful what you think.

Build up your character until you never get tired of yourself, until you can find pleasant company in your thoughts.

Daily strive to do right, and don't take any off days. Study good books and good people. Mold yourself anew. If your thoughts are bad, banish them and find good ones. You will never get tired of the company of good thoughts.

bers. Only four were loaded, and in his fumbling the hammer had fallen on one of the empty ones.

He turned the cylinder carefully. A second mistake, he knew, would break his nerve.

At moments of extreme tension, the most trivial detail frequently assumes an undesired importance. Emmett was by nature and training an orderly man. As he snapped the breech to for the second time he noticed an envelope tucked away under the looking glass stand.

He glanced at it. On it was the stamp of a firm of solicitors. The name was unknown to him—but solicitors' letters had been painfully frequent of late. A freak of curiosity tempted him to know the worst. He opened it, and the lines swam before his eyes.

"Dear sir," he read, "we beg to inform you of the death of your uncle, our esteemed client, which took place on the 14th ult. We should have acquainted you with the fact before, but it has taken us a considerable time to discover your address. The late John Emmett's will leaves you sole legatee, as you know he—"

Emmett got no further, for the sudden revulsion of feeling was too much for him—that, and the lack of food. The revolver clattered on to the floor and exploded harmlessly, and he fell back in a dead faint.

Mrs. Emmett enjoyed her holiday and altered circumstances, but she never knew the truth.—London Answers.

TALK WINS OVER THE INDIANS.

Indian Agent Tells How He Once Averted a General Massacre.

Colonel John D. Miles, for twenty years an Indian agent, talked to the Lawrence Y. M. C. A. the other day of Indian matters. Among other things he told of a narrow escape he had.

Following the Indian outbreak in 1874, Colonel Miles, in common with all the whites at the agency, nearly lost his life, a speech of which he made to the Indians in their own tongue being so well received by the Indians as to placate them and turn their murderous intentions. One big Indian who came to the agency to draw his beef demanded his allowance for the preceding week, which he had failed to come for at the proper time. The regulations of the agency forbade delivering back supplies and the Indian was refused his meat. Later he came back, drew a revolver on the clerk and compelled him to deliver the extra beef.

A troop of soldiers which was sent out to arrest the thief was surrounded by 500 armed braves and given minutes to get back to the fort. They got back. Then the Indians came on to the agency, determined to kill all the whites there. Colonel Miles was lined up with others to be shot, but he asked permission to make a speech and was given leave. He used their own tongue with such skill that they released not only him but all the others.

"A few months ago," said he in his speech, "your old men sent you braves out to slay and to burn. You went and you did as you were told. Had you come back without scalps your squaws would have laughed at you, called you squaws and hated you. You had to do what you were sent to do. The great father has sent us here and told us what to do. He says to issue no back rations. See, here is my instruction." He displayed his written orders from Washington. "I must do as the great father tells me or I cannot go back. The general from the fort will show you his orders. He, too, must do as he is told by the great father to do. Now tell me, what else could I have done?"

The Indians saw the logic and heeded the appeal to fair play. It was over a year from that time until Colonel Miles was again given trouble by his wards of the government.

When Chloroform Was New.

Here is a curious little story about Sir James Simpson, the man who introduced the use of chloroform into surgery, and a peril which he escaped, as recorded by Lyon Playfair. Simpson, when busy with his researches in to the subject of anaesthetics called one day on Playfair and asked if he had anything new likely to produce anaesthesia. Playfair had just prepared a liquid which seemed worthy of trial. Simpson, who knew no fear, prepared instantly to test it on himself. This Playfair refused to allow until it had first been tried on rabbits. Two were procured and placed under the effects of the anaesthetic. Next day Simpson proposed to try it on himself. "We might as well see how the rabbits have fared," said Playfair. They found both the animals dead.

An Explosion Imminent.

Jigley—Yes, Dubley is up for president of the club. He's got an idea he can be elected, so he's up—

Wise—Well, he's not up as far as he will be when that idea is exploded.—Philadelphia Press.

As we understand it, "sanitary" couches are those where bedbugs have no place to hide.



Once in a while you see a girl who doesn't care if people know how old she is. She is usually 17.—Somerville Journal.

"Senator, a political job is pretty hard work, isn't it?" "Not very," replied Senator Badger, "but getting it is."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Chapleigh—I was all broke up over a girl once, doncher know. Miss Knox—Ah, I see! And some of the pieces were lost.—Chicago Daily News.

"How do you get those clinging ways?" asked the country cousin. "Hanging from street-car straps," answered the city girl.—Washington Herald.

The Simple One—Going away for your health! Why, that is very sudden. Does your doctor recommend it? The Wise One—No, my lawyer.—Puck.

"Do you know that I am soon to be engaged to Mr. Huber?" "Is that so? Has he spoken to your mother?" "No, but my mother has spoken to him."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Passenger (about to leave the car, sees his heavy satchel fall from the rack on a lady's head)—That's very fortunate. I had just forgotten it was there.—Fillegende Blaetter.

Grayce—My dressmaker says I ought not to wear white with my skin. Mayme—Don't believe her, dear. White and yellow make quite a pretty combination.—Baltimore American.

"I never was so happy before," said the new benedict. "Marriage has made a different man of me." "I'm glad to hear it," said his rival, "for your wife's sake."—Philadelphia Press.

Patience—How do you know Peggy is alone? Patrice—Because I hear her singing. "But that's no sign." "Yes, it is. If there was any one with her she'd be talking."—Yonkers Statesman.

Future Father-in-Law—I am sorry to inform you that my daughter will not receive her fortune until after my death. Future Son-in-Law—Well, and how old are you now?—Simplicissimus.

If you have any room left in your tool box, be sure and fill it with money. You can, on an auto tour, get along without anything but money. If there is any doubt about this, throw the tools away.—Life.

A young man went up for an examination and was "plucked." He sent the following telegram to his anxious family: "Examination splendid. Professors enthusiastic. They demand an encore."—El Riso.

Thank heaven, the multiplication table doesn't change! It is the only thing a mother knows that is the same as when she went to school, and which she can speak of without being corrected.—Arlington Globe.

"Some men insist that woman has no business brains, but there is a young woman who conducts a large business and it calls for head work all the time." "Who is she?" "My wife's milliner."—Cleveland Press.

Deacon—By the way, that man Brown you married a year ago, has he paid you your fee yet? Clergyman—No; the last time I reminded him of it he said I'd be fortunate if he didn't sue me for damages.—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Seesig—Yes, it was my first ocean trip. Miss Romanz—Ah! When you realized that you were on the great bosom of old ocean did you not feel like shouting in your exhilaration? Mr. Seesig—Well, I don't know about the exhilaration, but I—er—could scarcely contain myself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The modern wife is beginning to astonish the modern husband. A man came home at 3 a. m. He took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the bedroom door. With a sigh he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau, fully dressed. "I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," he said. "I haven't been," she said. "I just came in myself."—The New Voice.

The Chronic Kicker.

"What's the matter?" "Oh, the kentry's goin' to rack an' ruin."

"But times are good." "That's it. We're too prosperous."—Washington Herald.

The Traveling Need.

The Social Philosopher was reviewing the situation.

"We don't want overbold railroad employees," he said, "but we do need reckless schedules."—Baltimore American.

WAIT A WEE, AN' DINNA WEARY.

Wait a wee, an' dinna weary,
Tho' your heart be sad an' sair;
An' your youthful dreams hae vanish'd,
Leavin' nocht but grief an' care;
Tho' the clouds be dark an' low'r'in',
Faded flow'rs lie 'neath the snaw,
Summer suns wi' bright hopes burnin',
Stane the mists will clear awa'.

Wait a wee, an' dinna weary,
Tho' the winter's lang an' dreary,
Summer days will come to cheer ye,
Gin ye'll only wait a wee,
Wait a wee, wait a wee,
Wait a wee,
Wait, wait, a wee.

Wait a wee, an' dinna weary,
There are ither sad an' was,
Suff'rin' puir wi' heavy burdens,
Strugglin' 'gainst adversity;
For a while forget your sorrows,
Sune a' cank'r'in' care will flee,
Gin ye'd soothe the broken-hearted,
Wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e.
—R. McLean Calder.



The Last Failure

Emmett was born in 1868, yet one would have put him down as a man bordering on 50; even his fellow clerks always referred to him as "Old Emmett." He was one of life's derelicts—worn by hopes deferred, illusions shattered and early ambitions nipped. It was natural enough that three days after his wife fell ill the head of the firm should summarily dismiss him with a month's salary, and a hint that his work was getting slovenly.

How he got out of the office he never quite knew. He remembered nothing until he found himself on the front steps, numbed with sickening apprehensions for the future.

From his long connection with the firm he knew, and was known, at many offices. He went the round of these and of many other strange ones. At every one he received the same answer, sometimes bluntly, sometimes with a show of consideration—"Times were bad—cutting expenses—not enough work for their own staff, let alone extra hands."

With a shiver, he turned to face the five-mile trudge home. Home! He

shivered again as he thought of it—the stuffy house in the little street; the slatternly girl who slept out; the peevish woman who lay ill upstairs, crying because they could not do as their neighbors did—constantly nagging, constantly blaming.

He still loved her with a dog-like fidelity; yet he shrank from the shrill voice and the constant upbraiding. She accused him of want of proper pride, of helplessness. Why didn't he get his uncle to do something for them—he had money. When he remonstrated that he had only seen his uncle twice in his life—and that years ago—she relapsed into sullen tears.

He was faint with hunger, but there was something to do first, before touching the unappetizing meal laid for him. He went to a drawer in the writing table and drew out a long envelope in which was a life insurance policy for £200. He had taken it out at the time of his marriage and had contrived to keep the premiums paid up.

Having read it again, he gave a sigh of relief; he had been right all along, but he wished to make certain. He replaced the envelope, and counted out the money in his pocket—there were



A SECOND MISTAKE WOULD BREAK HIS NERVE.

twelve sovereigns. One he kept for purposes of his own; the others he took upstairs to the ailing wife, with a forced smile and a brazen lie of a rise in salary and an important post in the office.

"And—and so you see, dear," he concluded with a little choke in his voice, "we shall be able to do as the doctor

said, after all. You shall go down to—Margate; they say the air is very good there, and you can get strong and well again."

Mrs. Emmett's face brightened, and she slipped an arm round his neck.

"Oh, James, how lovely! You don't know how terrible it has been lying here. I've been horrid at times, James; but that's all over now, isn't it? Kiss me, and then go and have your supper. Why, you're crying!"

"I—I—the sudden change has upset me, dear. There, I'm all right now, and I'll see you off at the station tomorrow. They won't care—I mean, they'll excuse me being late at the office."

Emmett stood on the platform and watched the train glide out of the station. He had bought his wife a magazine and a basket of fruit, and saw her comfortably installed. He watched her go with dim eyes and an aching lump in his throat—she had called him by a pet name long fallen into disuse—as the train moved off.

Then he turned resolutely away. He was feeling cold and nervous, and he feared at the last moment his courage might fail him. He entered the station bar and drank a brandy and soda. Then he stopped at a pawnbroker's shop and got a cheap German revolver.

Clutching his parcel, he made his way home to the little house, let himself in, and locked the door. The girl had gone on a holiday, and the place was deserted.

Emmett went to the drawer and pulled out the life insurance policy. On the envelope he wrote, in his neat clerical hand, "For my wife—private," and propped it up against a candlestick on the mantelpiece. Then he went slowly up the narrow staircase to her bedroom.

The blinds were drawn, but there was ample light for his purpose. The stale, verdigris-covered cartridges jammed in the chambers; his hands were shaking, and he was naturally clumsy and unaccustomed. At length, however, he managed to fill four chambers and snap the breech to. It was a wretchedly made single action thing, and he shuddered as the lock action gave a double click.

"Lord, have mercy—have mercy!" he muttered, dry-lipped, and pulled the trigger.

It fell with a sharp snap. Dazed and confused, but with a courage few would have suspected, he inspected the cham-