

FROM PORTLAND TO PALESTINE TOUCHING THE HIGH PLACES OF A DELIGHTFUL TRIP

By J. B. Horner.

DOWN into the valley of the Nile, and we are again riding along the Nile, and we are again riding along the Nile. We are near the ancient and historic city. The foundation of Memphis is the first event in Egyptian history. The one large vertical incident in the reign of the first king who emerged a real man from the shadowland, which the Egyptians called the reign of the gods.

The outskirt resembles some missionary picture of a village of interior Africa. After passing a small grove of palms we are shown some great red granite columns that were surrounded with splendor when the Suddis were still in question in this city. The railway train rolls in and soon we are down the Nile.

It was along this river that the Hebrew children were in bondage and the Lord gave them Moses, Aaron and Joshua as their deliverers.

It was here that the plagues were visited upon the wicked king, and it was here that the Hebrews suffered at the hands of a nation which has never recovered from the injuries it inflicted.

It was here that Cleopatra and the few were here that Augustus did not fall. It was here that the astrologers studied the stars from deep pits dug into the earth as a substitute for the modern telescope.

It was here that geometry and surveying and masonry were first introduced in relocating fields and establishing boundaries. The flood had passed on in its annual visitation.

It was here that literature first made its appearance. From here they passed the lamp of learning to the Greeks, thence to Rome, thence to England and finally to America. The Americans in point of literature are therefore the descendants of the great-great-grandchildren of the Egyptians.

A Long Time Dead.

All the British museum in Cairo I gazed into the face of the oldest man I ever met; he lived to be 100 years of age. He was Ramesses II. He had been dead a long time, to be sure; but except for the fact that his appearance was leathery and somewhat emaciated, he looked as if he had been living yesterday. His eyes are intact, and his features have retained their form. His gray locks are beautiful; and he is in comedy, but for the fact that he is a mummy. By his side lies his queen. They are in a casket which the British government has provided. Their hands cross each other, and if you could force the dead king to rise, you could look into the face of Ramesses and grasp his hand as if to welcome him into the activities of this century. Our guide, who is accustomed to mummies, said:

"Only the best people can afford to be mummified and he exposed to the scrutiny of travelers thousands of years after their death. The more ancient Egyptians were veritable gods. Every Egyptian was his own best statue. Hence the necessity for mummification. People do not deteriorate since that time that they do not longer make good mummies, hence they have resorted to incineration, which they innocently call cremation. Their ashes is the best they can have after death. The ancient Egyptians made good mummies. But what is the advantage in being a mummy? Better be a mummy in Oregon than a mummy in Egypt. When I look into the face of the old king I said to myself that I would much rather be a good active member of the Hundred Year club in Oregon than a mummy in Egypt for 60 centuries. And the name of the Hundred Year club, I joined that distinguished body and registered, along with my name the names of several of my friends, among whom were the following:

Hundred Year Club Members.

George H. Himes, Portland.
Charles H. Himes, Portland.
Turner Oliver, La Grande.
W. T. Wright, Union.
J. E. N. Bell, Baker City.
W. E. Yates, Vancouver, Washington.
D. B. Mason, Albany.
J. C. Fullerton, Roseburg.
W. R. Ellis, Pendleton.
John Sharpstein, Walla, Walla, Washington.
R. V. Butler, Monmouth.
R. J. Hendricks, Salem.
R. J. Hawthorne, Eugene.
J. H. Carter, Newport.
William Colburn, Jacksonville.
Benjamin Jones, Independence.

We saw funeral processions every day in Cairo, and they were pretentious affairs. The corpse was borne by bearers and in the rear of the procession were the mourners, women, crying aloud. These are regularly hired at a small salary to mourn according to a fixed custom. They weep into tear bottles and their tears are sprinkled on the grave. A commendable feature of the Egyptian practice is the selection of women to do their weeping, for in Egypt, as in other countries, women weep so much more freely and easily than do men. I think that I observed the same women in attendance at three funerals in one day.

Throughout the east the people appear very generous. They are willing to do an American a favor, and then they stand ready for reciprocity. They want to make the visitor feel happy, and are quite willing that he shall swell with adulation, while they minister to his wants.

However, their manner differs somewhat in various localities. In Egypt, where the language is more animated in general, and exaltation, the peasant seeks to favor you and will offer to share with you the burdens of the hour; but "backsheeh" has been accumulated in his stiff throat all every morning to indicate that it is pure and healthy, and not from Chicago. To see him serving in this capacity reminds one of the soap advertisement that appeared in an American paper a long time ago, and has used none other since.

After we had been down on the Nile near old Cairo, at a place marked as the spot where Moses was found in the bushes, we were taken through some streets eight or ten feet wide, where Joseph and Mary brought the Savior in their flight into Egypt. This is the Coptic church known as Abu Saif.

Abu Saif really consists of two churches—old and the other. The upper one only is in regular use—the lower one is reserved for tourists and Christians generally is seldom or never used. A period of seven centuries separates the building of the two. The lower church dates from the middle of the second century of the Christian era. This is probably the oldest church in the world. There was, of course, a Christian community there before any consecrated building was erected. It necessarily would be a long time, and a claim of commentators on holy writ claim this spot

and this Christian body as the one referred to in the first epistle of St. Peter, viz.—The church that is at Babylon elected together with you, salute you, and so doth Marcus, my son. Tradition has it that the preaching of Peter among a colony of Jews who had lived here for three centuries was so successful that the Jews all became Christians and their synagogue a Christian church. Anyhow, it is certain that in very early days the synagogue passed into Christian hands and remained so for some centuries, until financial trouble forced the Christians to sell it back to the Jews.

Refuge of the Holy Family.

But a more intense interest surrounds this out-of-the-way and hidden church, for here the guide tells you that the holy family took refuge when flying from the rage of Herod (Matt. II). He points to a spot on the marble slab marked by an Egyptian cross and says: "This is where Mary sat with the holy child Jesus, and two pages away he points to a niche in the wall marked in the same way and says: 'This is where Joseph sat.'"

Is this true? No! No! This church was not built for 150 years after the event, but at the latest moment it comes up with that imploring look which he has been cultivating since he first whispered accents of love at his mother's knees.

Princely Paupers of Greece.

But a Greek is polite. For example, he notices that you have in your mouth a naughty cigar, which is not burning. He will bring you a match or fusee. When he has lighted your cigar and every morning to indicate that it is pure and healthy, and not from Chicago. To see him serving in this capacity reminds one of the soap advertisement that appeared in an American paper a long time ago, and has used none other since.

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Sphinx With Soudanese Man, Giving Some Idea of Its Magnitude.

so with the Mohammedans, however, who say that Solomon promoted an institution of this kind, and Solomon was a wise man. But just imagine King Solomon juggling 400 or 500 wives to a country on a plinking tour one day each week. Solomon will know that a cemetery is no place to have fun, and he never took his wives there for entertainment. So, if these people cannot conduct their Coptician business more in accord with the success of earlier days, the government ought to declare the institution a state of decay.

Of all the abuses of the Mohammedan European idea of decency by adopting dress as in the days of old, but he ought not to mislead the world by wearing monogamic dress.

Trousers and Monogamy.

Those who have involved themselves matrimonially so as to transcend the European idea of decency by adopting dress as in the days of old, but he ought not to mislead the world by wearing monogamic dress, which stands for a higher order of thought and life. There-

fore, in oriental countries no man with more than one wife should be permitted to wear trousers. A man's trousers are the principal part of his uniform. That uniform is honorable and ought to have a significant meaning in no wise contaminated with the constant troubles of the antiquated harem.

While in old Cairo we observed a group of people disturbed over some current topic. The matter was one that seemed to demand blows, hence our guide investigated. After a while he returned and informed our party that it was the most remarkable sensation that had struck the city in 50 years.

"A wedding there was in the town a few days before," he said, "and the groom was the subject of a singular but serious mistake in Mohammedan lands, as you know, the mother selects the bride, who is never seen by her spouse until after her marriage. Mustoupha, the bridegroom, appeared, and he was suddenly called away, some attendant whom she had selected for that purpose escorted the bride to the wedding place. The marriage ceremony being performed, Mustoupha took his bride away to his father's home. Two days later the officers came to arrest Mustoupha for taking the wrong woman. It was when the bride was being explained to the magistrate that his mother, who had selected the bride, had been suddenly called away at the approach of the wedding, and her orders to bring the fiancée to the wedding had been misunderstood by the attendants, who actually brought the wrong girl. The investigation before the magistrate drew out the evidence that Mustoupha did not know until he was arrested that he had married the wrong bride, at which time the demands of the magistrate were not easily met."

What the Hat Tells.

Should you enter a place of worship in the East, they will tell you that you have your hats off, you would call them Mohammedans.

The Mohammedans celebrate Friday as their Sabbath, the Hebrews Saturday, and the Christians Sunday. The Hebrews are the most devoted in the observance of the Sabbath, and they are the last to backslide from the religious teachings of their childhood.

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believe Amru should build a mosque with 800 columns and arches. Mahomet afterward, referring to this mosque in the Koran, said that some time there would be a great fight here. All of which the Moslems firmly believe, and as a presentation, the Khedive permits worship only once a year at this place.

The pulpit shows Mecca, which in this case happens to be east. The court of the great quadrangle shows evidence of neglect. Heron is a shrine where people come to pray, and the shrine is faith is exercised by these imaginative people. The pilgrim applies the juice of a lemon to the stone pillar and on Monday kneels here at intervals for three successive days, which time so the keeper assures us, permanent relief is obtained.

Physical Test of Spirituality.

Upon taking our exit we are shown two stone columns standing so near each other that only the good can pass through it. This, as the Moslems say, is a physical test of spirituality. "A tight squeeze" and they berated the aqueous is an unflinching test of a Moslem's worthiness. All tried it and all passed through, except the writer.

On the river, the dam, the Damietta river toward Port Said two men met—an American and an Egyptian. Neither knew the vernacular of the other. But the American pointed to the Egyptian's watch chain, on which was fastened a square and a compass. The native looked up in surprise. The American reaching forth his hand gave certain evidence, whereby he made himself known. It was enough. The Egyptian fell upon the broad shoulders of the American, and according to oriental custom, the American made himself an interpreter, who said, "This man wants me to tell you that this is the happiest day in all his life; for while he always knew he had brothers in Egypt, he knows that he has one here in America." After exchanging presents the Egyptian said Freemasonry took its origin in Egypt, and that when Solomon was building the temple he made himself already an ancient institution along the Nile.

Egypt is full of mystery, marvel and monumental ruin. Silent, yet eloquent; speechless, yet vocal; it speaks from the battlements of antiquity. Her throngs have crumbled to the dust, her kings have been buried in the sepulcher of the ages.

In one of the galleries of Europe is a great picture of a dying king. His crown has just fallen back on the pillow, his scepter rolled on the floor, and the last agonizing gasps are heard. Him his servants are decking themselves merrily in royal robes or plunging their hands in the royal coffers, or stealing the scepter of the monarch, or the crown. This picture is the greatest work of art in the gallery. It is passing and perishing the glory of ancient Egypt.

Site of the Lewis-Clark Fair

By CLARK LOUIS BADZEE.

Neglected, abandoned, nearly October's skies,
Deserted, forsaken, alone,
Where emerald hills in their beauty still rise,
Like sentinels true, mounting up to the skies,
And sorrowing zephyrs are blown,
There lies in its glory and splendor yet rare,
The beautiful site of our Lewis-Clark fair.

From the silvery lake, like a glistening sheen
Sparkling bright in the low autumn sun,
Upfloat the soft vapors 'mong foliage green,
To form the great tents that are shed on the scene.
Where throngs of gay people have come,
But whispering words ever sadly declare,
"They are gone, all are gone, from the Lewis-Clark fair."

The great scenic structures like monuments stand,
E'er telling the story again;
How Lewis and Clark and their brave little band,
From far off Atlantic to Pacific's broad strand,
Pressed onward o'er mountain and plain,
And the pure gentle breath of the evening air,
Refreshes the site of the Lewis-Clark fair.

As shadows of twilight their curtains let fall
O'er the site where we'd longer remain,
The walks and gardens, the vines on the wall,
The "Oregon Building" so dear to us all,
Some gathering tears we restrain;
Yet ever, forever, our hearts shall be there,
To dwell on the site of the Lewis-Clark fair.

But hark! o'er the crest of the waters so mild
Comes the merciless hammer's sound;
Its echoes return from the "Government Isle"
And plaintively float o'er weeping Lake Guild
As temples are razed to the ground;
And birds everywhere, as they wing through the air,
Sing a dirge to the death of our Lewis-Clark fair.

When long years have come and have silently passed,
When manions shall cover the spot,
The "Forestry House" shall remain to the last,
Its image indelibly on our souls cast,
Its message shall ne'er be forgotten;
May it rest there for ages, with tenderest care,
To watch o'er the site of our Lewis-Clark fair.

Inroads on History.

The quarter round about was called Babylon—but not the Babylon of the Euphrates. These people south of the Mediterranean get so many things different from what has been taught us. The most remarkable inroad they have made into our history, it seems to me, is the impression they have of Abraham. An infidel, a Moslem said to tourists, "Like the Hebrews, we are the sons of Abraham. They are the sons of Isaac; we, the sons of Ishmael. We are taught by our learned men, by the Koran, and by all that we regard as sacred that Ishmael was the favorite son of Abraham, and that Isaac, the father of the Hebrews, was turned-out of house and home. Certainly, history sustains this theory, because everybody knows that the Jews have been unable to have a government of their own for all these centuries. Mohammed knew that Ishmael was the favorite son of Abraham, and he referred to this place as Babylon. Probably for some similar reasons this place where we stand is called Babylon."

At least Babylon has been his name for a long time, and a claim of commentators on holy writ claim this spot

OREGON ENGINEER WORTHY OF HERO MEDAL

By Bert Huffman.

By the first Oregon man who will receive a Carnegie hero medal will be Engineer Luke E. Ferguson of the La Grande division of the O. R. & N. The Chicago and Portland special train with over 200 souls from almost certain destruction in a collision near Durkee, Baker county, on a few days ago.

By reversing his engine and hurriedly backing his passenger train out of the way a runaway freight, which had been abandoned by its crew on the mountain side, was prevented from crashing down it on the steep grade, Engineer Ferguson prevented what all railroad men agree would have been the most horrible wreck in the history of the O. R. & N.

As it was a collision occurred, but of mild character in comparison to the possibilities of the accident. Fifteen freight cars were wrecked, both freight and passenger engines were badly damaged, and the passengers were terribly shaken, although no serious injuries resulted.

Ferguson's heroic act consisted in remaining at his post on the passenger engine as the runaway freight train rapidly approached running wild down a 2 per cent grade, with no crew on board to control it.

It seemed that it meant certain death to Ferguson and his fireman when the crash should have occurred, but in spite of the engineer remained at his post, and through the most daring and skillful act ever performed on the O. R. & N. system succeeded in backing his passenger train away from the runaway freight at such a speed that when the collision occurred his train was not wrecked.

The impact of the collision wrecked the runaway freight engine, which left the rails and with 15 freight cars was piled up in a heap on the track.

Engineer Ferguson is a native of Nevada, 50 years old, and has worked on the O. R. & N. system at The Dalles and La Grande for about 20 years. He is a former engineer for the government in the construction of the jetty at Taquima bay, and is a typical western man.

In all his career as a locomotive engineer he has been regarded as a careful, intelligent man, and his foresight and cool judgment on this occasion proved that he is a safe man for an emergency.

When the accident occurred he was making an extra trip on the passenger engine, as the regular engineer was on a vacation. Engineer Ferguson is on a freight engine, although he is an extra passenger engineer, and is on passenger service much of the time.

The accompanying photograph of Mr. Ferguson and his engine, No. 263, was taken at Meacham a short time ago by Major Lee Moorhouse of this city. Steps are being taken to secure a Carnegie hero medal for the brave man who faced what seemed certain death to save his train and the people in his charge.

Brave Luke Ferguson, and the Big Engine, on Which He Saved Many Lives.

THE world is suffering from an epidemic of jewel robberies. In four months the fashionable jewelry stores of New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco have been lightened of their jewels to the extent of \$30,000 without the intricate machinery of the law being able to crush the wrongdoer in its coils.

The French mystery case of the diamond is still fresh in most memories, and a long series of recent English jewel robberies remains to be solved.

Of all the abuses of the Mohammedan European idea of decency by adopting dress as in the days of old, but he ought not to mislead the world by wearing monogamic dress, which stands for a higher order of thought and life. There-

Royal Regalia His Prize.

For a daringly conceived design—quite in keeping with the unconscionable traditions of Alastair—Colonel Blood's attempt, in the reign of Charles II, to deprive the kingdom of its regalia, always ranks high in the annals of historical jewel robberies.

The strangest part of the story is that Colonel Blood, instead of receiving the reward he had promised, was pardoned by the king, who awarded him a pension of £500 a year, which was almost equivalent to \$1,000 in these days.

No jewel robbery can compare in historical interest to that of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace in 1788. Dumas, Carlyle, and an army of lesser writers have been inspired by the romance of the theft. And, incidentally, the famous necklace played its part in the French revolution, and thus in shaping the destinies of the modern world.

Never Move Him.

Cardinal de Rohan, most credulous of men, purchased as a present for the queen a diamond necklace, the work of Boehmer, the court jeweler, for which 700,000 pounds was to be paid. The moment it was handed to the queen's servant, the necklace disappeared. Rohan says the diamonds were sold in England.

Although the robberies of today are sometimes stripped of their picturesque setting, they are none the less daring and more successful than those of a century ago. The year 1905 was an extremely lucrative one for the jewel thief, who achieves the somewhat brusque and brutal—not to say laborious—task of the burglar in that year there was quite an epidemic of disappearing servants—generally accompanied by their mistress' jewel caskets. Servitude is the latest method of the jewel thief for pilfering-de-luxe.

Pilfering Servants.

In May a Hungarian footman, who exhibited the best of (forged) references, was engaged at a Millford mansion. He was only 20 years of age, spoke English, French and Italian fluently, and was of reassuring appearance. In four days he disappeared with \$2,000 worth of jewels, and has since been a "child of the mist."

Exactly a month later an Austrian footman, also of irreproachable reputation, decamped from London-road, St. John's Wood, with jewels to the value of 2,000 pounds. He carried excellent references, and remained in the house just long enough to obtain duplicates of the necessary keys. He, too, is an unknown quantity.

In the same year the "Princess of Thieves" made her appearance in England. She was a handsome Belgian of 38 years of age, who had lived many years in Chicago. Her chance came at Christie's. A necklace of pearls and diamonds valued at 2,000 pounds, was to be offered for sale, and Madame visited the salesroom on several occasions, attracted, apparently, by the beauty of the necklace.

On the morning of the sale she asked a porter if she might examine the costly jewel at closer quarters. The obliging attendant immediately unlocked the case,

and handed the lady the necklace. In a trice a dummy necklace was substituted, and the lady made off with her prize. Unfortunately for the success of the daring scheme she was not quick enough in disappearing to escape the notice of a more than ordinarily daring jewel robbery was brought to a successful issue the same year at Nice. The wife of an Italian millionaire, tired with dancing, returned to her home, a fashionable ball, she divested herself of her jewels, valued at 10,000 pounds, and after placing them on the dressing table, she went to bed. In a few minutes she awoke with a start, and found her treasures gone, with a credit note for 6,000 pounds. Despite the offer of a tempting reward, the thieves were never captured.

Women Balloonists

THE eyes of all London have been lately fixed on the exploits of the plucky little band of lady balloonists, all members of the Aero club, who, on recent ascents into cloudland formed one of the chief sensations of the season.

The Princess di Teano is one of the fashionable women who have become identified with the sport. Aeronauts, like all those whose lives are devoted to safety upon the vagaries of the elements, have a firm belief that certain passengers carry good or bad luck in the work of command. For di Teano, the reigning belle of a couple of seasons, is an especially popular fellow voyager. Exceptional good luck has attended every ascent she has yet made. The evidence of this is that she has landed with an unexpended drop, no matter how easily she could leave the balloon, she must not dream of doing so until the aeronaut in charge gives the word of command. For to lighten the car of one person's weight, the balloon is quite deflated, and it might suddenly skyward, whence it might descend again with a drop, killing the occupants.

The fittings of the up-to-date balloon car, even when women passengers are to be taken, are of necessity meager. In many cars the occupants have only just room to stand up in, though some of the bigger cars are provided with a special luxury with a very narrow wooden seat running across one side for the benefit of women voyagers. Most men prefer to stand up, and more bags of ballast—filled with sifted sand—are placed in the bottom of the car.

Some balloons have among their fittings a small shovel with which the aeronaut ladies on the sand, a small hand saw, a time for in a well-balanced balloon the throwing out of a single handful of sand will cause her to rise hundreds of feet in the air, so delicately is she poised.

A small aneroid barometer, a megaphone—for attracting the notice and asking questions of passers-by—a map, a stethoscope, a newly invented and delicate instrument which registers the rise or fall of the balloon, thus avoiding the necessity for throwing out pieces of paper in order to find out whether the balloon is rising or falling, together with a trailing cord, and a grasping iron or anchor, complete the aeronaut's outfit, while a dagger, sword, or rapping cord, as it is technically termed, or whack—used in the event the balloon is ripped up in a previous prepared place to let the gas out quickly when making a rough descent on a gusty day, thus preventing the car and its occupants from being dragged at the heels of a half-deflated balloon through barbed wire or over glass hot houses and cucumber frames, is tied up in the rickety in a bright red bag to prevent its being accidentally touched by meddling onlookers before the start.

There is no side entrance to a balloon car, so a pile of sandbags is often arranged beside those destined to carry a lady passenger. By this means they mount into their respective cars five minutes before the start, swinging themselves into the basket between the ropes of rigging.

SKILLFUL FAKIRS MAKE NEW BOOKS OLD

YOU would be surprised at the immense amount of dodges there are in the old-book trade, said a well-known dealer in second-hand books to the writer recently. If you collect old books you cannot be too careful to see whether the work you purchase is all that the dealer declares it to be. The "faking" of old editions is carried on to a considerable extent by the unscrupulous.

A well-known collector recently acquired what he took to be a book published by Aldus in the year 1488. He paid 250 pounds for it, and believed that it was an original Aldus, because the publisher's pressmark, a dolphin coiled round an anchor, appeared upon it. When the book was shown to me I proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that it was a modern antique—that is to say, it was simply a copy of the original work printed by an ingenious book "faker." So clever was the imitation that only an expert could tell it from the original and rare book.

Scores of persons during recent years have bought facsimiles of rare works under the impression that they were getting the originals. Dickens' "Sunday Under Three Heads" has been "faked" many times and sold as original to collectors who no doubt treasure them as rarities. Genuine copies of this little

book are worth a good sum, and some unscrupulous dealers, taking advantage of the circumstance, have had it reprinted, and palm off the copies on unsuspecting bibliomaniacs for the genuine first edition.

A valuable book is Greener's "Italian Frescoes," bound in red morocco by Bedford. This work has been also reprinted, and, although experts may be able to distinguish between the original and the reprint, the average book fancier finds them exactly alike in every detail and is unable to detect any difference.

Many make a living by "doctoring" old and rare books for unscrupulous dealers. These men are adept in the art of book restoring, and are quite able to make good any part of an imperfect copy. For instance, if a rare book has a leaf missing it is handed over to a restorer, who reprints the page with battered type, the paper upon which it is printed being afterwards discolored with chemicals or tobacco water in order to give it the true antique hue.

The first folio Shakespeare is, of course, of great value, and it is safe to say that every possible adulteration has been practiced in fitting up copies of this work for sale. At one time the manufacture of first-folio Shakespeare was quite a trade.

A first folio having several leaves missing had leaves inserted from the

second folio, while in one case the entire play of "Cymbeline" was reprinted and inserted in a first folio. The "faked" pages were so cleverly done that several experts were at first unable to detect them when turning over the pages of the work in question.

Worm-eaten books have the perforations "doctored" in this way. Paper is chewed by a restorer and pressed gently into each hole. When the material is dry and hard it is colored to match the pages.

Book restorers, as a rule, are most ingenious artists, and they can produce an imitation of a page of a rare book which will deceive hundreds of collectors. One particular restorer to my knowledge has "doctored" over a thousand old books during the last two years, producing pages in facsimile and supplying colophons or decorated capitals. There is not a thing wanting to make a book complete, that this man cannot skillfully "fake."

Embellished.

"When a woman is willing to let a sister actress share the calcium," declared Susan, Brit history, "she don't get no credit for being generous."

"No."

"Not on your life. They only say she's gettin' old an' anxious to die."

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HISTORIC JEWEL ROBBERIES

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The French mystery case of the diamond is still fresh in most memories, and a long series of recent English jewel robberies remains to be solved.

Of all the abuses of the Mohammedan European idea of decency by adopting dress as in the days of old, but he ought not to mislead the world by wearing monogamic dress, which stands for a higher order of thought and life. There-

WOMEN BALLOONISTS

THE eyes of all London have been lately fixed on the exploits of the plucky little band of lady balloonists, all members of the Aero club, who, on recent ascents into cloudland formed one of the chief sensations of the season.

The Princess di Teano is one of the fashionable women who have become identified with the sport. Aeronauts, like all those whose lives are devoted to safety upon the vagaries of the elements, have a firm belief that certain passengers carry good or bad luck in the work of command. For di Teano, the reigning belle of a couple of seasons, is an especially popular fellow voyager. Exceptional good luck has attended every ascent she has yet made. The evidence of this is that she has landed with an unexpended drop, no matter how easily she could leave the balloon, she must not dream of doing so until the aeronaut in charge gives the word of command. For to lighten the car of one person's weight, the balloon is quite deflated, and it might suddenly skyward, whence it might descend again with a drop, killing the occupants.

The fittings of the up-to-date balloon car, even when women passengers are to be taken, are of necessity meager. In many cars the occupants have only just room to stand up in, though some of the bigger cars are provided with a special luxury with a very narrow wooden seat running across one side for the benefit of women voyagers. Most men prefer to stand up, and more bags of ballast—filled with sifted sand—are placed in the bottom of the car.

Some balloons have among their fittings a small shovel with which the aeronaut ladies on the sand, a small hand saw, a time for in a well-balanced balloon the throwing out of a single handful of sand will cause her to rise hundreds of feet in the air, so delicately is she poised.

A small aneroid barometer, a megaphone—for attracting the notice and asking questions of passers-by—a map, a stethoscope, a newly invented and delicate instrument which registers the rise or fall of the balloon, thus avoiding the necessity for throwing out pieces of paper in order to find out whether the balloon is rising or falling, together with a trailing cord, and a grasping iron or anchor, complete the aeronaut's outfit, while a dagger, sword, or rapping cord, as it is technically termed, or whack—used in the event the balloon is ripped up in a previous prepared place to let the gas out quickly when making a rough descent on a gusty day, thus preventing the car and its occupants from being dragged at the heels of a half-deflated balloon through barbed wire or over glass hot houses and cucumber frames, is tied up in the rickety in a bright red bag to prevent its being accidentally touched by meddling onlookers before the start.

There is no side entrance to a balloon car, so a pile of sandbags is often arranged beside those destined to carry a lady passenger. By this means they mount into their respective cars five minutes before the start, swinging themselves into the basket between the ropes of rigging.

SKILLFUL FAKIRS MAKE NEW BOOKS OLD

YOU would be surprised at the immense amount of dodges there are in the old-book trade, said a well-known dealer in second-hand books to the writer recently. If you collect old books you cannot be too careful to see whether the work you purchase is all that the dealer declares it to be. The "faking" of old editions is carried on to a considerable extent by the unscrupulous.

A well-known collector recently acquired what he took to be a book published by Aldus in the year 1488. He paid 250 pounds for it, and believed that it was an original Aldus, because the publisher's pressmark, a dolphin coiled round an anchor, appeared upon it. When the book was shown to me I proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that it was a modern antique—that is to say, it was simply a copy of the original work printed by an ingenious book "faker." So clever was the imitation that only an expert could tell it from the original and rare book.

Scores of persons during recent years have bought facsimiles of rare works under the impression that they were getting the originals. Dickens' "Sunday Under Three Heads" has been "faked" many times and sold as original to collectors who no doubt treasure them as rarities. Genuine copies of this little

book are worth a good sum, and some unscrupulous dealers, taking advantage of the circumstance, have had it reprinted, and palm off the copies on unsuspecting bibliomaniacs for the genuine first edition.

A valuable book is Greener's "Italian Frescoes," bound in red morocco by Bedford. This work has been also reprinted, and, although experts may be able to distinguish between the original and the reprint, the average book fancier finds them exactly alike in every detail and is unable to detect any difference.

Many make a living by "doctoring" old and rare books for unscrupulous dealers. These men are adept in the art of book restoring, and are quite able to make good any part of an imperfect copy. For instance, if a rare book has a leaf missing it is handed over to a restorer, who reprints the page with battered type, the paper upon which it is printed being afterwards discolored with chemicals or tobacco water in order to give it the true antique hue.

The first folio Shakespeare is, of course, of great value, and it is safe to say that every possible adulteration has been practiced in fitting up copies of this work for sale. At one time the manufacture of first-folio Shakespeare was quite a trade.

A first folio having several leaves missing had leaves inserted from the

second folio, while in one case the entire play of "Cymbeline" was reprinted and inserted in a first folio. The "faked" pages were so cleverly done that several experts were at first unable to detect them when turning over the pages of the work in question.

Worm-eaten books have the perforations "doctored" in this way. Paper is chewed by a restorer and pressed gently into each hole. When the material is dry and hard it is colored to match the pages.

Book restorers, as a rule, are most ingenious artists, and they can produce an imitation of a page of a rare book which will deceive hundreds of collectors. One particular restorer to my knowledge has "doctored" over a thousand old books during the last two years, producing pages in facsimile and supplying colophons or decorated capitals. There is not a thing wanting to make a book complete, that this man cannot skillfully "fake."

Embellished.

"When a woman is willing to let a sister actress share the calcium," declared Susan, Brit history, "she don't get no credit for being generous."

"No."

"Not on your life. They only say she's gettin' old an' anxious to die."