CIPRIANO CASTRO, CASTLE BANDIT OF THE ANDES

Dictator *of* a Lawless Element, He Holds Sway, Calling Himself Supreme Chief--Has Firm Grip on the Government--Unknown to Fame Only a Few Years Ago

Venezuela is a nation with a population equal to the combined population of the states of New York and New Jersey. Its area is greater than the combined area of the German empire, the British Isles and Japan. It has an export trade of $15,000,000 and an import commerce of about $9,000,000. Its national debt is about $45,000,000 and its national wealth is so enormous that no statistician has ever computed it. For nine years this rich and populous nation has been under the rule of the most picturesque autocrat that ever defied the nations of the earth. Just now he is at odds with Holland, and a Dutch fleet is reported as being on its way to La Guayra. There are few characters more remarkable than Cipriano Castro. The sketch of him which follows was written by one who had been afforded unusual opportunities of making a close study of this "Porcupine of the Andes."

IF "tight little Holland" should find a way to remove Don Cipriano Castro, the Andean cattle-thief who, for years, has maintained himself as dictator of unhappy Venezuela, it will have accomplished more in the cause of civilization and law and order than all The Hague conferences have accomplished thus far.

The relations between Holland and Venezuela are necessarily close and important, because of the vicinity of the Dutch colonies of Curacao and Surinam to the coast of the most retrograde, in a political sense, of the Latin-American republics. These relations have long been strained to the breaking point, and three years ago the predecessor of the Dutch minister who left Caracas last week under every circumstance of insult and contempt which the fertile imagination of the little Andean bandit could contrive waited upon the reckless dictator in his palace at Miraflores and complained of the insulting manner in which he had been treated by Castro's henchmen in the foreign office.

"After all, your excellency should beg your officials to remember that whatever my personal unworthiness, I am the representative of the low countries."

"And I," said Castro curtly, as he turned upon his heel, "would have you remember that I am the supreme chief of the high countries."

The Value of Ignorance.

He certainly is, and the decent elements among his fellow-countrymen have on several occasions signally failed to unseat him. The truth of the matter is, the very fact that Castro is without education, conscience, or scruples brings him in closest sympathy with a great number of his fellow-countrymen of mixed blood and utterly lawless antecedents.

For many years now Castro has had no relations with the respectable classes among his fellow-countrymen, except those which the jailer has with his prisoners and the burglar with those whom he robs. One after another the European and the South American powers have at the instance of self-respect been compelled to sever all relations with the "bad man" of Caracas. The representatives of Colombia, Chile, the United States, and France recently withdrew, and now even the stolid, long-suffering Dutch minister has gone, until today the diplomatic officers remaining in Caracas can easily be transported in a four-seated barouche.

The domestic enemies of the Andean dictator, such as they were, have gone the way of the foreign envoys. Senor Matos, who found from a very bitter experience that a revolution in Venezuela was not the kid-gloved affair it had been in the days of his youth, seems to be living happily and fairly contented in Paris. He may yearn for some things, but another struggle with Castro for the spoils of the dictatorship would not seem to be among them. General Hernandez, once the beloved "El Mocho," or "The Maimed One," would seem to have recently lost his former prestige and popularity.

Treatment of a Rival.

When the European powers instituted their blockade of the Venezuelan ports the unfortunate Hernandez, as the result of a revolution against Castro so abortive that the general could claim with much show of evidence that it never was begun, was languishing in the curiously misnamed fortress-prison of the Liberator in Puerto Cabello. From his practically submarine cell, bent with rheumatism and prematurely aged by the sufferings of his confinement, Hernandez appealed to Castro to be given a chance to die fighting the common foe, the foreigners.

Castro saw the point that was to be gained and gave Heranadez partial freedom, but when the fear of the foreign fleets was passed he put an end to all danger on the score of Hernandez' former popularity by compelling him to accept the post of Venezuelan consul in Philadelphia.

There is another and more vigorous claimant to the supreme chieftainship, and that is General Rolando, who was Matos's fighting lieutenant, and who acquitted himself with credit, while unsuccessful. Rolando was in New York a very few days ago, and this time was apparently plotting a revolution on his own personal account. I am inclined to think, however, that while the better elements of the country would welcome Rolando if successful, they will not stir a finger in his behalf, and that as long as Castro retains his health and vigor, both of which should long ago, according to the rules of ordinary men, have been shattered by the life of ease and debauchery which he leads, he will prove capable of maintaining himself against all enemies from within.

The savage Andines, of whom his armies at almost exclusively composed, adore their repulsive robber chief. At all events, he does not rob them, they aver, and this assertion is undoubtedly true. Castro is exceedingly generous with his brigand followers, and, while of course retaining the lion's share of the loot of his country for himself, he sees to it that his soldiers are more comfortable and have more money than Venezuelan soldiers ever had before.

He has not wearied of the cares of office, possibly because he takes his responsibilities so lightly, and the charms of Paris do not appeal to him. The money that he has begged, borrowed, and stolen is not hoarded up in Paris against the day of downfall and exile, as was the almost invariable habit of his predecessors, but is ready in his strong boxes for use in the day of need.

Castro planned and assiduously worked for a union of the northern republics of South America under his dictatorship, but failed. His unsuccessful invasion of Colombia was the most open manifestation of this plan, from which he has never swerved. His diplomatic plots to bring about this result have also failed signally, leaving the dictator an embittered man and ready for any enterprise however daring and hazardous if it but contain the slightest promise of the grandiose results which he dreams.

Recently he has characterized his regime as the Gobierno Restaurador, or the "restorative government." In explanation of this term he has announced in many public documents and speeches that while Bolivar conquered and drove away the Spaniards, the cosmopolitan companies and the foreign business men have flocked to Venezuela and taken control of the country, imposing a yoke as hard to bear as that of the Spaniards.

"They are much better armed, stronger in men and money than were the enemies of Bolivar," is one of the dictator's most recent utterances, "but I shall drive them out and not rest content until the economic life as well as the political administration of the country is in native hands. My dream is to regenerate the republics of the north of South America by uniting them against the barbarians of Europe and the other America."

This is rather ungrateful of the man whom five years ago, unwisely it has always seemed to me, we saved from the consequences of his high-handed acts and saw to it that he had his day in the big court of The Hague, with Mr. Bowen, the able American minister, as his advocate. But is characteristic of the man who went down upon his bended knees to secure Mr. Bowen's services, and then when the matter had been arranged inspired a scurrilous campaign in the Caracas press against the man and the country he had publicly acclaimed, and with great justice, a few weeks before, the one as his benefactor and the other his bulwark.

Not Typical of Country.

It is undoubtedly a mistake to characterize Castro as a South American type. He is fortunately an exceptional man in any continent and under every dispensation of civilization or want of it.

Ten years ago, when the present dictator of Venezuela, who so often before, as today, has succeeded in endangering the peace of the world, was 40 years of age, there were at least five score self-styled generals in the republic more prominent than he. Ignoring the etiquette of the revolutionary game, by assassinations, exiles and imprisonments, he has thinned out the ranks of his competitors, and for the moment at least rues supreme over a subjudicated people.

In 1898 Castro was not only unknown to fame, but his first appearance in public life as senator to the federal congress from the Andine state of El Gachira had been a distinct failure. His uncouth manners were remarked upon in a by no means conventional or august assembly. He made no mark upon the legislation of the session, and all that is remembered of his parliamentary activity is the fact that his untrammeled feet refused to be encased in leather for more than 10 minutes at a time, and that he was as "sockless" as Jerry Simpson in his early days.

Castro returned to the Andes with a great hatred of Caracas, which he denounced as a Europeanized capital, and of its society, by which he had been overlooked and snubbed. He detested the men of the Guzman Blanco and Matos school, by whom he had been ignored.

I here touch upon the real strength of Castro's position outside of his brigandish independence, of the restraints of law and the properties, and his undoubted courage. He eats like a pig and makes more noise when drinking than a horse. His hair is always unkempt, and his clothing far from cleanly or neat. He was born a man of the people, and such a one he has remained. He has not risen in the social scale with his political advancement. He has without success tried to learn to play billiards, but otherwise he has left the Parisian veneer, so dear to many of his predecessors, severely alone.

CIPRIANO CASTRO—MISRULER OF VENEZUELA—"CATTLE BANDIT OF THE ANDES."

When the cattle herders from the Colombian frontier or the Orinoco plains call upon him and find their dictator wallowing in the mud and filth to which so many of them are accustomed at home, they like it, and take a very lenient view of Castro's crimes and blunders, which, as they take but short views of the situation, they do not see can ever affect their personal fortunes, and this of course is their principal concern.

To the cattlemen and the peons of Venezuela the South American statesmen of the school of Blanco and Matos are as much strangers as we gringos from the north, and, indeed, perhaps more so. These men have acquired their education in France or in England, they wear foreign clothes, avoid the black beans of the country as though they contained arsenical poison, and are called "moosins" by their humble fellow-countrymen, like any other foreigners.

Poor But Cultivated Citizens.

In Caracas, Valencia, and in Puerto Cabello I have frequently met with men who had achieved university honors at Oxford, in Paris, or at Heidelberg and Bonn. They were still well-read, charming conversationalists and companions, but without any exceptions, at least that have come to my notice, they were most ineffective citizens. My relations with one of these cosmopolitan citizens of Caracas were such that on one occasion I ventured to point out that, after all, as they made not the slightest effort to bear the burdens of citizenship, he and those who remained inactive with him probably deserved no better fate than was theirs, that of being ruled with great cruelty and severity by successive crews of barbarians.

"I think conditions are quite different down here, and your criticism is unjust," was his reply. "In the United States the voter who sometimes can neither read nor write cancels by his ballot the vote of the college president or some other leader of great parts, and I could acquiesce in that. But down here the periodic revolutions take the place of your presidential elections, and according to your ideas of civic virtue I should allow myself to be pitted against the bare-footed bandit of the plains and see that my bullet goes home.

"I say the struggle is an unfair one and decline the challenge. The bandit is a better man than I am in the jungle and in the mountains, and I admit it. Consequently I have adopted a policy which is simply one of self-preservation. In so far as that is possible, I stand in with all parties. Whenever a revolution is started I send presents as rich as I can afford to the new chief, who may prove a winner; at the same time I strengthen myself with the actual chief by as stout a contribution as my strong box affords. So the new men come and go, they rob me and deprive me of my best farms, but I survive, and a change may come, but not initiated by us. We want the intervention of some civilized power. One of my cousins prays every day for intervention, even the intervention of the devil, as he puts it; but, after all, the Monroe doctrine stands in the way of any civilized people taking pity on our plight, and we are surely drifting back to a level of Hayti and the Congo.

"Forty years ago my grandfather owned lands which covered an extent of territory greater than several of your smaller states. On these lands 10,000 people lived, and our coffee was fought for on the Amsterdam and the London exchanges. Today, with the exception of a few near-by farms, this vast estate is a wilderness in which wild animals and still wilder men have their lairs.

"I would no more think of showing myself on those lands where my grandfather ruled than I would think of taking prussic acid. The only safety for a landed proprietor is when his estates are grown up with weeds and jungle brush—then the new flight of edventurers which follow every successive 'supreme chief' will not cast covetous eyes upon them.

"When Castro came in I had a suggestive misadventure of this kind. One of his Andino lieutenants liked the looks of a little hacienda which I kept in fair shape near the city. I had contributed money and ammunition to the Castro campaign fund, and when this fellow came and offered me about one third what the place was worth I declined curtly.

"Then Castro intervened. He was more amiable than he has often shown himself to be on similar occasions. He remembered my opportune contribution of ammunition and cash, but he said that 'Pepito,' his countryman from the Andes, had set his heart on the place, and to avoid friction and trouble I had better let him have it at his price.

"I did it. I gave Pepito the title deeds and he gave me his pogorito or promise to pay the absurd purchase price at some future day. Since then I have never heard from Pepito, and some of my friends tell me I am fortunate.

"You North Americans think that I and those of my class who submit to such treatment are cowards. Some of your countrymen have told me as much, but you do us an injustice, I think. A man who enters into a struggle where he knows he will not have fair play, where he will be stabbed from behind by some bandit hired for the job at about 25 cents a murder, is not, in our opinion, a brave man, but a thoughtless, careless fool. I pay tribute to Castro and to his sub-chiefs. I submit to it all as pleasantly as I can; they say I am a good fellow and not proud, like some of my peers, and as a result I have fed my children and kept some of my estates intact.

"Two members of my family have gone into politics in the last 20 years, and both of them were murdered. In my judgment they simply wasted their lives. Castro cannot live forever; perhaps some day a man whose wife or sister or daughter has suffered the last indignity at his hands, as have so many of the daughters of Caracas, may take vengeance in his own hands, and then things would have to be better, because —well, because they could not possibly be worse."

I give this picture of affairs in Venezuela as viewed from the inside, because it has seemed to me the truest that was ever painted, and I give it the more readily because the thought that what would happen to my informant, whose identity would be easily recognized, does not deter me. The last mails from Venezuela brought the news of his escape by death from a position which, in view of all the conditions, I will not qualify.

Ways of a Brigand.

Once returned to his native highlands, Castro found his hatred of the capital and those who dwell therein a political asset of great value, and he exploited it. These mountain men of Los Andes and Trujillo had been robbed for generations by officials who were sent to them from the capital with orders to enrich themselves and their patrons as quickly as possible. Castro in the season made his living by sampling coffee beans for a German firm in Maracaibo, and from this connection springs, it is said, his intense hatred of the Germans. He also had at this time a small cattle ranch at San Cristoval. Castro was decidedly averse to paying taxes on these cattle, possibly because, as a wit among his neighbors remarked, anyone could see from the brand marks they bore that the cattle didn't really belong to him. When the collector came into his neighborhood Castro drove his cattle over the line into Colombia, and so prospered, as in the way of the tax-dodger.

But one year, a date frequent with much disaster to Venezuela, the tax collector of the frontier district in Venezuela and his colleague in Colombia got together and planned a simultaneous drive against the tax dodgers. Castro was caught between two fires, several of his men and neighbors who also found the payment of taxes irksome were killed, and their herds were confiscated.

Having now left to him no other means of support, Castro raised the standard of revolt. He proclaimed a short-sword war against the outlanders from Caracas, and within three weeks, supported by the cattlemen, he entered the capital of the Andean state and was proclaimed president of the mountain province. Andrade, a well-intentioned but weak man, was president of Venezuela at the time and most unpopular. All the politicians of the capital wanted to get rid of him, because in the few months he had held office he had shown himself to be surprisingly honest and self-respecting.

Savior of the Country.

The political junta about this time heard of Castro and they tipped him the wink to come on and save the country. Castro came, starting with eighty men, and though he opened all the jails he came across in his hard ride to the capital, he probably had only 500 or 600 men with him when he won the fight at Valencia, and Andrade, disgusted by the treachery with which he was surrounded, left the country. He fled to Hayti on the leaky gunboat which then, as it is now, was about all there was afloat of the Venezuelan navy. When he landed in Jacmel, Andrade sent the gunboat back to Castro with the advice to have it immediately and thoroughly overhauled, as he would need it and need it badly at an early day to make his own exit from the difficult position he had attained with such astonishing ease.

But Andrade was mistaken, as were all the political prophets who had been of the opinion that once he had done the bloody butcher's job for them the political junta of the capital would make short work of the little Andean cattle thief. It was a grave mistake they made. Three at least of the junta paid for their miscalculations with their lives, and the others have had years in exile to repent of it.

From the day when Castro entered the astonished capital with the, in view of his acts, almost sacrilegious words "God and the Federation" emblazoned upon his yellow banners, he has ruled the country according to the dictates of his personal caprice and for the greatest profit to himself and his Andean comrades.

Several of the half-hearted defenders of the Castro regime, and a few such they are, say that after all the friction which has resulted in the almost complete ostracism of Castro by the civilized world has arisen over the claims of foreign concession hunters, whose morality and observance of the law are no more admirable than those of the Andean dictator. After all, it is asserted, these men invested their money in this country with full knowledge of the conditions obtaining there, and several of them in advance committed themselves to the position of promising to seek no redress for their wrongs, real or fancied, except at the hands of the Venezuelan courts. These advocates of Castro, or at least of non-intervention, say that it is a case which is well covered by the old axiom of international law, which reads, "Let the investor beware or take the consequences."

This view of reasoning sounds well, but it is not in accord with the facts. When the American concessions which have now been confiscated or are disputed were made there were courts in Caracas which commanded confidence, and Castro has abolished them or changed their personnel without observing the due processes of the law in so doing. After the Castro regime had been in charge of the country for a year, the supreme court of the land, in the performance of its duties as laid down by law, visited the Caracas jail to investigate the conditions there. They were of course found to be appalling. Hundreds of unfortunate men and women were found to be living there under conditions which a Chinese leper would have resented.

It was found that 200 men, mostly common criminals, who had been duly committed to the jail by sentence of the courts, had been allowed to walk out, while over 100 men were found in prison against whom no charge had ever been made. The members of the court were summoning up the courage necessary, and under the conditions prevailing this step required courage, to make representations to the dictator, when suddenly they found themselves removed from their high offices by a presidential order, which was of course wholly illegal.

The bar association of Caracas met, and after verifying the facts as stated above every member pledged himself not to accept the positions which had been vacated in such an illegal manner. This attitude did them honor, but in the sequel proved quite unnecessary. Castro filled the vacancies with his cronies, men for the most part without the slightest legal training or standing in the community. One was a barber, another a mule driver. When summoned to preside over the highest courts in the land they purchased law books for the first time. During the blockade of the Venezuelan ports in the winter of 1903 some uneasiness was manifested in Washington as to the fairness and the legality of this court, against which the powers had protested repeatedly before they were compelled to take forcible measures for reckless. Castro saw that he must act quickly to bolster up the prestige of his court, and he did so in a clever, characteristic way.

Running the Courts.

An American claim for breach of contract against the Venezuelan government had been before the courts for 10 years. The claimant was long since dead, and the claim was regarded as without value. But Castro fished it out of the dockets and cabled Washington that the full damages, with interest, had been awarded three days before. The supreme court, obedient to the dictator's will, had rendered this decision. These incidents, which might easily be duplicated a thousandfold, will suffice, I think, to justify the extreme want of confidence which all foreign litigants show in the integrity of the Venezuelan courts as at present constituted.

The other charge which the partisans of Castro bring has much more foundation in fact. The accusation is that during the Matos rebellion all the foreigners aided the Matos forces with men, money, arms and information. These charges have never been proved by evidence that would stand scrutiny, but here at least there is some basis in fact. In three years Castro had hampered and, indeed, in many instances, as in the asphalt concession, absolutely ruined every enterprise in the land conducted by foreigners.

Then Matos, an honest man of good antecedents, and with the best blood in the country flowing through his veins, made his bid for the presidency in the revolutionary way, the only way, owing to the utter defiance of the electoral laws by the usurping cattle thief, that was open to him. Matos failed because he was not a man of war, and during the last four years Castro has devoted himself to the Indian punishment of those whom he suspects, undoubtedly with some reason, of having aided or abetted his unsuccessful rival.

As a result the commerce of the country has dwindled to nothing; the bountiful crops are not harvested because there is no money in the land; people are starving in what was actually the land of plenty; only the black death travels from deserted port to grass-grown Caracas, inflicting the last touch to a gloomy picture the like of which has not been since the dictator Francia converted smiling Paraguay into a deserted wilderness.

HE MURDERED OPPORTUNITY--By John Anderson Jayne

FIFTY YEARS AGO, in an old town in Massachusetts, there was born to a well-to-do couple their first and, as after events proved, their only son. From the very beginning of his career the young lad was surrounded with every privilege that intelligence, industry and love could devise. His father, a faithful member of one of the strong Puritanical churches, sought to train his boy in the ways of righteousness and character. While demanding of his boy obedience to paternal commands, he was not hard, harsh and strict as men even today count harshness. He reasoned with his son, and showed him by precept and example the ways of the higher life. The mother, one of the truest who ever breathed the blue air of New England, was as loyal to her son's interests as was the father. She did not do, as do too many mothers, seek to shield her son's derelictions from the knowledge of the father, but—a second Eunice—she trained him well in the principles of life, then so well understood by the mothers of her day and generation.

In '61, when the war broke out, the father enlisted as a private in the Union army, and such was his courage and heroism, at the close he came home from the war with the title of a captian. Knowing that long absence from home had given his son more liberty than he otherwise might have had, the father began winning the boy's confidence anew, and, at the age of 12, father and son were the best of friends and intimate chums. This happy relationship continued until the lad was 16, when, suddenly, almost without a moment's warning, he took the bit in his teeth and, like a young colt, ran away with himself. He broke loose from the restraint of his home, refused to study in the academy which he was attending, and, associating with the vulgar and the vicious of his native town, brought sorrow to his mother's heart, disgrace to his father, and began sowing seeds of idleness and wrong that in the after years were to be fearful harvests of crime and disease.

At the age of 21 he married, upon impulse, a young woman from a position in life considerably lower than that of his family. A girl of absolutely no education and refinement, who had been sent at least twice to the state reform school because of incorrigibility. He soon tired of her, while she, poor thing, broke her heart for him and died holding her dead babe in her arms shortly after he had fled the town.

The next 20 years of this young man's life is a record of rambling and gambling, such as few would believe, were it not proved to them. He became a veritable globe trotter. One week he would be heard of in Cincinnati, Ohio, then in an almost incredibly short time he would be heard of in Portland, Or. Sowehow, and in some way, during his rambles, possibly having a natural aptitude for mechanics, he had learned to do work on what was known as a belt knife machine in a tannery, a job that in those days paid remarkably good money. He went to South America, made great jumps to Australia and Africa, and found himself adrift in the Indian ocean and was rescued when at the point of death by a passing bark carrying the flag of Brazil.

During these 20 years he had married a girl in Cincinnati, from a good family, but such was his treatment of her that she lived with him but a few months, and afterward secured a divorce. He returned to his native town one night under cover of darkness, ragged and destitute, and succeeded in wrestling from his mother money with which he fixed himself up, and then presented himself at the doors of the best homes, calling himself a returned wanderer, who had made a "strike" out in the Black Hills. Under promise of reformation, he married again, this time one of the best girls of his former set. Upon her at the time of the marriage was settled a large sum of money, which he immediately confiscated, and when it was well-nigh spent disappeared, while she died of a broken heart.

When the Spanish-American war broke out, though he was above age, he was known to be on Dewey's flagship at Manila bay. In some way he secured a discharge from the Olympia and obtained a situation in a United States government office, where, in some mysterious manner, considerable money that passed through his hands remained glued to his fingers. Conditions being unsettled in the Philippines, and there being no absolute proof that he was a thief and forger, he was allowed to return to the states a free man.

Just a few days ago he was in Pittsburg. There was something of the old beauty lingering in his face, something of the debonair manner lingering in his carriage. But those who read character in the face would know him to be a soldier of fortune, a man in whose veins flowed the spirit of the "wanderlust," whose life had been spent in action, getting, however, nowhither.

Just before he left the city he said to the preacher: "I have murdered my opportunity. I have made shipwreck of life. I have had and lost, and now have nothing. I am but flotsam and jetsam on the ocean of life. You may tell my story if you will, but if you tell it, tell it for the purpose of warning other young men. Tell young men that licentiousness does not pay; that wickedness brings despair, disease and disgrace. Tell them to listen to their father's advice, if they have a decent father, and forsake not the way of their mother. Tell them the way of the transgressor is hard, hard, hard."

This is the simple, true story of a man, who, by his own statement, and to the knowledge of his friends, murdered opportunity. It's a story that can be duplicated thousands upon thousands of times. But in the hope that some young man will catch the warning and heed the message the story of this particular young man who murdered opportunity is told today.

In Vienna it is necessary for a man to get his wife's consent before he may ascend in a balloon.

By the Amateur Gardener

I notice in my gardening
The soil is somehow hardening.
I rake it,
But, plague take it!
It just crumbles into dust.
Plain mud I make by soaking it,
It's got beyond all joking, it
Just fills me
And chills me
With a feeling of disgust.

My lettuce isn't flourishing,
My cabbages want nourishing.
Manuring
Isn't curing;
It is only breeding flies.
My corn is dry and yellowing,
My beets are far from mellowing;
Potatoes
And tomatoes
Never will get any size.

It may be sheer stupidity,
Humidity, aridity,
The weather—
Altogether—
I can't see the reason clear,
The causes I'm divided on,
But one thing I've decided on:
I'll stop it,
Simply drop it,
And I'll buy my stuff next year.
—Chicago News.

MME. FARMAN WOULD FLY--Tells *of* Her Experiences *and* Ambitions as an Aeronaut's Wife

WHILE Henry Farman is busy with his airship at the Brighton Beach race track his wife is steadily reminding him that he has promised her at the outset of his aeronautic career that he would take her along with him on one of his flights through the air.

Madame Farman is small and foreign-looking, with bright auburn hair and brown eyes. She speaks with animation and active gestures. Her admiration for her husband's pluck and ability is unbounded.

"It is now a year ago," she said, "that my husband turned his attention from automobiles to airships. Ever since then he has been experimenting continually. "He leaves our house at Paris about 10 o'clock every morning, gets to work with his airship, and does not leave it until 10 o'clock at night, sometimes, even later. Since he began his experiments in aerial navigation he has made 5,000 flights."

"What!" exclaimed the reporter, fearing that he had misunderstood. But Madame Farman smiled reassuringly and reiterated her statement.

"Yes, 5,000 flights," she said. "He is flying all the time. Besides being exceedingly plucky, he is very careful and calculating.

Cellular Aeroplane.

"His airship is of the cellular aeroplane type, built along the lines of the machines of Langley, Chanut and Lilienthal with some distinctive devices of my husband's own invention.

"I have seen my husband fly twice only, the second time being when he won the Deutsch prize of $10,000 last January."

"Did you feel nervous on those occasions?" Madame Farman was asked.

"At first I did not. But when I looked at the faces of the people in the crowd and heard their comments about the danger to which my husband was exposing himself in his flight, I became quite uncomfortable.

"Has your husband had any serious accidents?"

"One. That was last March. You know he usually flies his airship very close to the ground, which, though safer if the motor gives out high up, you are done for—is much more difficult than flying at a great altitude. Near the ground, you see, there are currents of air coming up from the earth, and others coming down meeting them, and others coming crosswise."

"Well, my husband was flying at great velocity quite near the earth, when an unexpected current of air suddenly turned his machine completely over, throwing him violently to the ground.

"He was at once taken to his mother's house, which was fortunately near. There he lay unconscious two hours.

"I am glad that I wasn't there. I received a wire immediately, but when I got to his mother's house he was all right, though his face—oh, it was dreadful.

"Previous to his present trip to America he has always experimented for himself, never as a public performer. At first, in spite of the very tempting offer to come here—he is to get about $25,000, I understand—he hesitated, owing to the fact that his three months' stay in this country would set him back in his experiments for improving his machine. At Paris, as I said, he is continually making improvements, and he has been experimenting recently with a new motor far stronger and better than the one he now has. In fact, the trouble with his machine at present is the motor—it is not really adapted for carrying more than one person at a time in the machine.

Build Many Airships.

"Eventually my husband hopes to build a number of airships and sell them, for you will understand that the expenses of his constant experimenting are enormous. The Deutsch prize of $10,000, won by him in January, and another of $2,000 have only served to cover his recent expenses.

"One source of heavy expense is the high pay he has to give his mechanic, Herbster. An airship mechanic, you must know, is an engineer willing to do the dirty work, which most engineers will not do. Herbster—we always call him Maurice—has been with my husband from the start and thoroughly understands the machine. He came from the Automobile Palace at Paris, the big garage run by my husband and his brother.

"Another point about his flights here in America, which will be different from the conditions under which he has been accustomed to work at Paris, will be that he will probably undertake to fly sometimes when wind and weather are not quite satisfactory, since he will not want to disappoint those who gather to see him do it. But I am glad to say that those who brought him over here are intelligent men, who understand perfectly well that an aeroplane cannot fly to order; that certain conditions are necessary to make a flight a success. And the crowds that go to Brighton expecting to see my husband fly must use their own judgment before starting as to whether or not these conditions may be fulfilled and not expect to see him fly just because they have come out with that end in view.

"And there will be another difference here in the United States—the Sundays. If weather conditions permit, my husband will fly at Brighton Beach on Sunday as well as on week days.

"Now, in Paris he never takes his airship up on Sundays. That day he keeps for me. At the outset of his airship experiments he promised me that he would do so and he has never even once broken the rule.

"But here, of course, with the crowds coming to see him fly, he will be obliged to go up Sundays, too."

And Madame Farman sighed regretfully.

THE OLD ORDER PASSETH--By Cara Reese

MAYBE the other folks have not changed so much as you are different yourself.

It is not always a one-sided experience, this thing of old-time friends looking and seeming unlike themselves when you meet them after a lapse of years.

There is a continuous changing about of particles in both organic and inorganic substances, and you, as a representative of the former, are not exempt. But it is not in the physical being that the changes are marked so much as in the status of the intellectual growth.

That is, the old-time friends seem far ahead, or vice versa; they seem superior in some respects, or vice versa; they have gained in some indescribable manner, or lost, or the measure is above or below that which you had expected. Oh, yes; years have passed and processes have been slow, perhaps, and age has made inroads.

In other words, the cottage in which you passed your childhood, and whose boundaries seemed limitless and living room spacious, and the memory of which you have cherished during all your years of wanderings in foreign lands, and to which you return at last to look upon with awe and reverence has shrunk to pigmy size and you are bewildered, disappointed.

Where you had fondly hoped to meet appreciative and congenial comradeship after the lapse of time, you find the smiling infant still, howbeit in adult guise; or vice versa, you meet the pitying glances of the intellectual giant who was once your inferior in bookish ways, your puny pinafore playmate. To meet old friends is not always the unalloyed pleasure of which the sentimentalist sings.

And family reunions and gatherings of the clans are not always joyous. Lives that have been lived apart are always different; the points of contact are lost, the insidious process of change has wrought transformation; never again will the old days return; never again the old confidences or the old interchange of thought and feelings.

Saddening, is it not? And yet, perhaps the other folks are not changed nearly so much as you are different yourself. The pouting, petulant ways of childhood are now confirmed habits and you are whining, disagreeable person. Your willful tendencies are now downright antagonistic and you are an irritant, instead of an attractive, sprightly child, petted and shielded. You have followed your own bent; no hallmark of the schools, no disciplined mind, no encouraged traits such as love for books, for music and art, and for the finer things of life.

You are a clod, perhaps, while the old-time friends have blossomed, put forth fruitage; have followed ever higher leading and have toiled both early and late in the master's vineyard.

Well, a penny awaits you both, overtime work or scanty measure; a penny awaits you, as well as the other, providing that you take hold now in earnest and draw yourself up to proper order; develop your faculties and strive to put something into this good world, and not always be squeezing out the juice. Be wise!