JOURNALISTIC TRIUMPHS OF THE FEMININE GENDER

How Geneva Acquired a Newspaper and Two Girls From Wellesley Acquired Experience Which a College Cannot Give—Some Shares of Stock and How They Helped the Enterprise

IF THERE was one town in all the west that steadfastly refused to accept any share in the legacy of new ideas which the old century was bequeathing with such lavish hand to the world, that town was Geneva. Her social customs seemed as incapable of being altered as the old gray stone houses that lined her streets and nestled among her aged oaks, houses and traditions alike, being heritages that held the minds of their possessors in a vise. Winter might come and whiten the hills along the river bank and freeze the surface of the shining stream, or spring might break the ice and set the birds a-twittering in the trees. Geneva could not prevent these changes. But in the realm of Geneva's thought the seasons were not known. It was a changeless land, where custom, crowned by the hoar frost of time, held undisputed sway.

It was sometimes said by impatient capitalists who settled there, that if the city graybeards could have prevented, Geneva's hills would never have re-echoed the whistle of the steam engine, nor her sky have been darkened by factory smoke. And, indeed, after two or three railroads and factories had forced their way through her unwilling gates, Geneva had "closed ports" and maintained a clamlike resistance to other innovations for some years.

But an event occurred in June which made Geneva's air vibrant with alarm for the guardians of her ancient customs. Kate Brown and Elinor Smith came home from Wellesley college with a brand new printing press and the determination to start a newspaper.

The two editors of Geneva's only paper, the Morning Times, smiled complacently when they heard of this feminine enterprise. But if a lyddite shell had exploded in the streets it would not have caused much more commotion among the city fathers.

"That infernal 'woman's rights' question will be brewin' here first thing we know," said one when he heard the news. "Are the women fergettin' how to be women these days?" and he shook his head dolefully.

But the girls did not trouble their heads about any rights they did not already possess. Entirely innocent of political ambition, they began to establish their plant with a systematic, intelligent, business like enthusiasm that rendered men who had known only the Geneva woman, pure and simple, utterly helpless with astonishment.

"Why, Miss Elinor—really—we have one daily here—you know—and I—I—hardly think the city will support another," said a merchant whom Elinor as business manager, had solicited to take shares.

"Do you?" said that young woman with a smile so cool that it made him shiver. "Well, I think a city of 20,000 with Geneva's capital, ought to do better than that, and so do others better acquainted with its resources." And she produced a list of stockholders that made him whistle, for which he begged her pardon as soon as he came to himself. He found on the list not only the capitalists of his own town, but well known business men of the city, who were not afraid to back the enterprise of Geneva's only two college bred girls. When, on looking up, he again encountered the calm, confident smile on the young woman's face, he succumbed. "Put me down for five shares," he said humbly.

Other men succumbed likewise. So before the graybearded defenders of Geneva's ancient traditions could recover from their first gasp of astonishment and indignation at the bare mention of women undertaking an enterprise that was clearly the sole prerogative of the masculine portion of humanity, "Offices of the Evening Telegraph" blazed out on a brand new sign over the doors of the neatest suite of rooms in the best brick building in town.

Glared at the Boards.

Reverend men glared in wrath at the helpless boards bearing this legend and one irate deacon paused and shook his cane in fury at the sign when it first caught his eye. They had not recovered from the shock the sign had given them when another was administered by the newsboys yelling through the streets, "Here's yer E-v'n-i-n-g- T-e-l-e-g-r-a-p-h!" And their wrath was not diminished when they beheld these journalistic mercuries disposing of bundle after bundle of the new paper. It sold to friend and foe alike. Geneva had become a mental whirlpool and the Evening Telegraph was the suction center around which the waters of her thought were wildly eddying.

Meanwhile the editors of the Morning Times sat in their office and smoked while they listened grimly to the newsboys' evening chorus rising like bugle notes above the din of the streets. Each note seemed like a challenge, a direct reply to certain complacent remarks they had made on "the female enterprise of recent date." Never in her newest and palmiest days had the Morning Times met with such a rousing reception. Fragments of conversation to that effect floated in through their open windows from the passers-by. Two newsboys met on the Times' corner and the following dialogue swept in through the window like the first blast of winter:

Hello, kid, how's yer biz?"

"Out uv sight! Evenin' Telegraf's my gal, yer bet!"

"All yourn gone, too?"

"Not a scrap left as big as yer granny's thumb nail."

"Guess we'd a sold a thousand more ef we'd a had 'em."

And they passed on, a gleeful chink of pennies in their pockets keeping time to their eulogistic remarks on the new paper.

Welden Whistler threw down the stump of a cigar he had smoked in grim silence, rose, kicked the office chair savagely away. "What in thunder is giving these school girls' paper such a confounded sale, anyway?" he asked his equally silent partner.

"Novelty and the charms of youth and sex, added to the opposition of a lot of old fools in town," replied that young man, as he tossed on the desk a copy of the Telegraph he had been reading, plunged his hands in his pockets and began to walk the floor. Whistler picked up the paper, began to study the headlines and presently looked up, saying, "You may call it what you please, but let me tell you, old man, if our female brother keeps up this style, she'll sell if she was ugly as sin and old as Methuselah and there wasn't another old fogy in a thousand miles to make her the center of attraction by a loud mouthed opposition. Look at this foreign news about the Diamond coal mine and a lot of other items of general interest they've got from the devil knows where, besides an editorial I couldn't come it over to save my neck. Why, man, we'll have to do something or quit the town."

George Gregory stopped short in his angry promenade and said abruptly: "Then we'll do something."

No doubt he would "do something," for the ring in his tones gave emphatic affirmation to his words, the spirit of them sparkled in his eye and hardened the lines around his mouth. As business manager of the Times he had had plain and easy sailing. To pilot the little craft over the channel of politics and business in the sleepy little town had required scarcely enough exertion to keep him awake, as long as she had the whole stream to herself and could glide right down the middle over the smoothest and deepest water. But when another sail began to flutter in the breeze, and the water began to ripple at a prow so close in wake, he knew he would have to divide the course and sail on shallower water—or keep ahead.

So the Times awoke and shook herself. Experience in the business had not been lost on her managers. A little trimming of her sail, a turn or two of her pilot wheel, and she shot to a position ahead of the Telegraph, from which she proceeded to take the wind out of the sail of that young craft by a skillful use of "extras." The newsboys called it "takin' de bloom off uv her cheek," as they shouted out the contents of Times "extras" in the middle of the day, and thus made the most important items of the day's Telegraph, mere echoes, for the loyalty in their rising citizens was located in their ragged trouser pockets where their hard earned pennies were housed.

The editors of the Telegraph bore up bravely for a time, and made the literary value of their paper to shine like the morning sun. But when was literary merit ever known to take her place beside sensational news on journalistic waters? And Geneva, since she had been roused from her slumbers by a set of innovations she could not drive away from the gates seemed hungrier for these sensations than a town that had always had them as a daily diet. This was especially the case when Geneva became personally interested in two of the sensations of the hour, the threatened failure of the Diamond Coal mines, in which her citizens had largely invested and the absconding of Charles Norton, a bank cashier, with something near a half million in clean cash, obtained by inveigling a lot of the city fathers to invest in a bogus enterprise. Norton and the mines had stirred Geneva's anxiety to the highest pitch, and the Morning Times was making capital and scoring victory after victory over its rival by these public disasters, by means of the "extras" it would turn loose at critical moments, just an hour or two before the Telegraph left the press.

"T-i-m-e-s E-x-t-r-a!" "Diamon busted!" "Norton at the bottom of the sea!" This smote the ears of the Telegraph's editors one afternoon just as their paper was leaving press. They looked at each other in despair. These were their leading items, only, not having yet attained the journalistic conscience their head line was not quite so striking, being modified by a few grains of truth. Kate Brown broke the silence, the big tears sparking in her dark eyes. "Oh, El, it's horrid! I can't stand it! They are reducing us to a mere echo! and——" the sentence ended in a great sob, her dusky head prone on her desk, where tears and ink stains met and mingled.

"Yes, but it's legitimate, and what we have to do is to scare up an idea how to meet this competition and silence it," responded Elinor, with a gloomy but determined face.

"I don't see where the idea is to come from, unless you capture Norton on the sly, or develop a new vein in the Diamond," came in smothered tones from the desk.

Could Note the Groups.

From the window where she stood Elinor could see groups of excited men discussing the contents of the Times "extra." The Telegraph was again reduced to a mere echo of the only news which the excited populace cared anything about. The situation began to robe itself into a gray hued hopelessness. But Elinor had the warrior in her makeup and the sobs from the editorial desk roused it mightily. She would yet rise radiantly triumphant from the ashes of defeat. But how? The question was absorbing her, body, soul and mind, when a knock sounded on the office door and the office boy handed in a bundle of letters. Still pondering the mighty question "how," she mechanically tore open the topmost of the pile, bearing the San Francisco postmark. The first line that caught her eye was "Hot on the track of your Norton." The other letters fell unheeded to the floor. She straightened up. A thrill shot through her from head to foot. The color flooded her cheek and the fire flashed in her eye In a moment she had finished the letter. In another she was at the side of her weeping partner.

Kate!" and she gave that editorial Niobe a pat on the shoulder that electrified her. She raised her head, dashed the tears away, saw the glowing face, the sparkling eye, the tumbled heap of letters and was out of her chair like a flash.

"What is it, Elinor Smith? You have got the Idea! Don't tell you have not or I'll murder you on the spot!" said Kate, becoming melodramatic in her joy.

Elinor was putting on her hat and gloves. "Yes, I've got it," she said briefly. The door opened and she was gone, a merry threat of vengeance ringing after her.

Returning from the telegraph office an hour later, she explained to the anxious editor her "find."

"You know Cousin Lewis, Kate?"

"Why, of course. You ought to be ashamed of an editor who did not know the best reporter in the west, especially when he happens to be the cousin of that editor's partner. Why, he's almost next to Sherlock Holmes."

"Well, he's following up this Norton case, and I have telegraphed him an eloquent appeal for help. He knows the situation, and if he don't do something to help me out, he's no true cousin."

"Well, how?" asked Kate.

"How?" repeated Elinor impatiently. "Lewis will know of the capture of Norton almost as soon as Norton himself, and we'll get the news in a private telegram before a paper in the country gets it, for Lewis will sacrifice himself this once. He can afford to," and Elinor smiled confidently, "'and then we'll have an extra that will wipe defeat off the face of the earth." And she waved her gloves and indulged in a few jig steps in which Kate joined.

The telegram came at 3 o'clock in the morning. It was private and long enough to eat up a small fortune. But in the anticipation of a blazing triumph the consideration of dollars and dimes disappeared as mist before the sun, and they sat down eagerly to the composition of as striking an account as could be devised from the jerky sentences of the dispatch, and the account of the chase which had been inclosed with the letter from Lewis. By half past 4 it was done. Lights flashed in the Telegraph's rooms and the typesetters were at work. But there was no sleep for the editors. The stimulation of the telegram was too much. They sat in their office and talked, every molecule in their respective make-ups vibrant with the anticipation of victory.

The gray of dawn was beginning to creep up the streets and the birds to twitter drowsily in the old oaks, when the office boy sheepishly poked his head in at the door of their sanctum. His appearance boded misfortune. His eyes were wide open, and his jaw dropped. His whole body was limp and his tongue paralyzed. He did not speak until Elinor, anticipating something direful, flew at him, catching him by the shoulder, and demanded what his tongue was made for. Then he managed to gasp out: "They ain't no paper for that extry. Train got wrecked last night and we won't git no more 'fore the middle of the day!" And then he added: "The foreman made me tell ye, 'cause he didn't like to do it hisself."

A thunder stroke could not have paralyzed the two girls more effectually for a moment. "The middle of the day!" By that time the Times would have the news. Defeat again stared them in the face.

It was Kate who rallied first this time. "What time in the morning does the Times leave the press?"

"Half past nine," replied the boy.

"Elinor, with the type already set, how long would it take to get out a few of these extras to begin on?"

There was a new born hope in Kate's eyes that roused Elinor.

"If we had the paper by a quarter past 8, at the latest, we could get out a few damps, anyhow, before the Times left the press," she said eagerly.

"Good! Then we'll do it. I'm going now. Be sure to have everything ready. No, don't say a word to me." And calling to the office boy, "Come up to my room at a quarter to eight," she disappeared, leaving Elinor saying to herself, "I wonder if Kate Brown intends converting all our old linen into paper by a private process."

After two hours of sleep and a cold plunge, Kate Brown, fresh as a lark, and dressed in her very best tailor made gown, presented herself at the door of the Times office. The editors looked up. To them it seemed that a concentrated individualized bit of the sparkle of the morning and the breath of the rose stood on their threshold. Hastily withdrawing their feet from the top of the office desk, and throwing their unfinished cigars into a dirty cuspidor, they drew themselves together and simultaneously rose to greet her.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she said with a smile that dazzled them. "I have come to ask a favor of you. We have some work to get out this morning and no paper, as the train bringing our supply was wrecked last evening. Would you kindly loan us the necessary amount until ours comes in?"

"Delighted to be of service, I am sure!" and they both bowed and Gregory added:

"Just state what amount you need, Miss Brown, and we will sent it down immediately."

"That isn't necessary," she replied. "I anticipated your kindness and brought our boy along." And she stated the amount, and while waiting for the boy to appear she said very sweetly:

"I must compliment you gentlemen on your enterprise. You certainly understand how to get news and get it before the people. We are new to the business, and expect to learn a great deal from you." Then as the boy appeared with the paper, she thanked them for their courtesy and was gone in a moment.

"By George, she's a beauty!" exclaimed Whistler as she vanished from his admiring gaze.

"Isn't she, though?" responded Gregory. "And how sweetly she complimented us on those extras. Say woman has no magnanimity! Why, man, I feel real mean about taking the wind out of her little editorial sail like we have!"

A few minutes after eight, Kate, glowing and triumphant, marched in the Telegraph rooms.

Concerning the Extra.

Fifteen minutes before The Times left the press the newsboys were thronging the streets, crying "T-el-e-g-r-a-p-h E-x-t-r-a! All about the capture of Norton and your cash!" and in 10 minutes there was a crowd in the streets which nothing but a fire or the capture of a thief could bring together in so short a time. The newsboys reaped a harvest. Men whose money Norton had taken made frantic dives for the paper, flung down dimes and quarters and rushed away without change. The old fellow that shook his cane at the telegraph sign board hailed a boy for a copy. "Ain't ye afeared she'll pizen ye?" said the irreverent youth, remembering a rap across the knuckles which the old man had given him the first day he sold the paper.

"I don't care a dern! God bless the girls! Hurrah for the Telegraph!" the old fellow yelled, throwing his hat in the air and waving his cane frantically. "I'd have gone crazy if that news had been half a day later. That scamp had everything I own." And he picked up his hat, tossed the boy a quarter and went home to tell his wife to dry her tears and think no more of the poorhouse.

"Telegraph Extra," said The Times office boy, tossing the sheet on the table and disappearing. The editors started, stared at it blankly for an instant, then read the headlines. For a moment the silence between them was tragic, then Gregory broke it with a long shrill whistle. "So! that's the 'work' that little Delilah had to get out this morning!" and he fell to fiercely chewing his mustache. Whistler's only reply was a "Confound it!" so full of concentrated chagrin that it could hardly force its way through his clinched teeth. If either could have blamed the other an escape valve for the pentup feelings of each might have been found, but both having been equally anxious to accommodate the "little Delilah" could only sit in silent misery and blame themselves for their own undoing.

They were sitting thus at 11 when the news flashed over the wires that a rich vein had been unexpectedly discovered in the Diamond. It had the effect of an electric shock. Here was a chance to save themselves. They rushed to the pressroom to give orders to get the type ready for an extra. Then they felt that they had butted their heads violently against a stone wall when the foreman said:

"What's the use? We ain't got a scrap of paper and won't have till night. Took every bit for regular copy this morning."

He was ignorant of the chivalric loan.

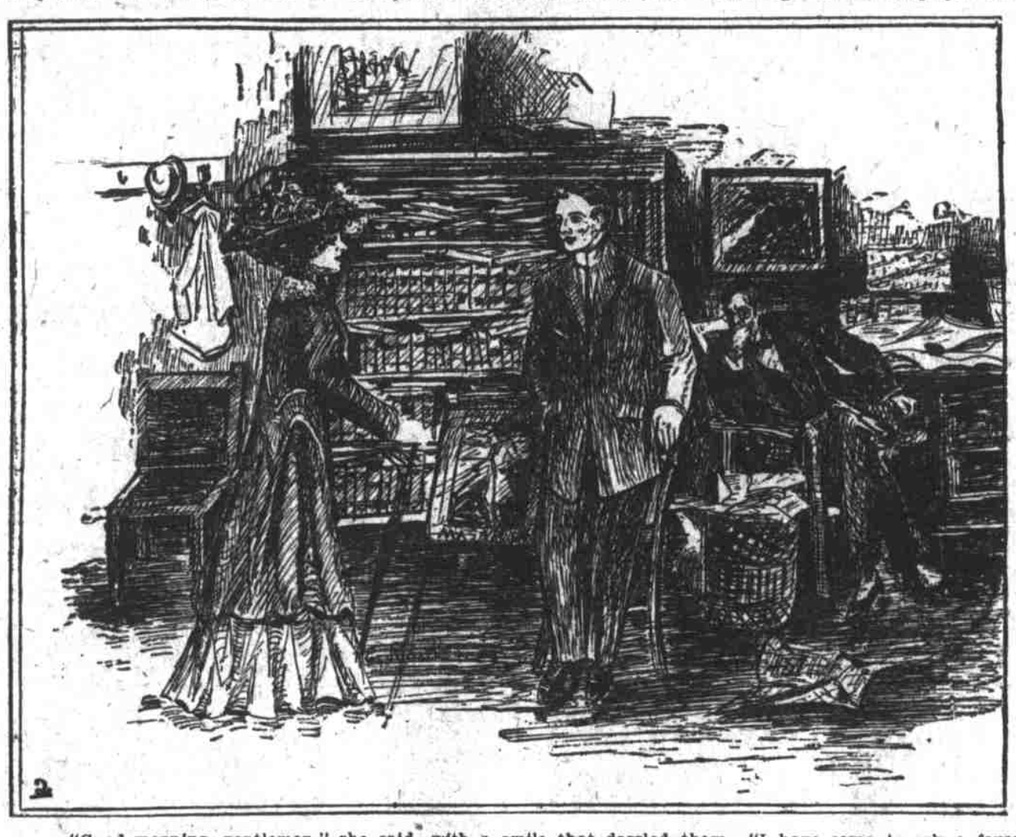
At 1 o'clock The Telegraph boy brought back the borrowed paper and the press was soon clicking away.

But the editors of The Telegraph had had a taste of victory that only made them eager for more. They had their paper out half an hour ahead to be able to meet The Times "extra" "half way," so Elinor had said.

It met it more than half way. The Telegraph boys had swept the ground clear before The Times "extra" could be gotten from the press.

The town went wild. In an hour the shares of the Diamond were as much above par as they had been below, and The Telegraph was riding the crest of a wave that carried her so far ahead that the latter could never again "take the wind out of her little editorial sail."

Evening Telegraph?



"Good morning, gentlemen," she said, with a smile that dazzled them—"I have come to ask a favor of you—"

MODERN BUSINESS AND HOW IT IS CONDUCTED

NOW that the busy fall season is on and trade awakening, every enterprising business man is thinking about ways and means of stopping the little leaks through which escape so much of the profits of his business. The Lackawanna railroad is spending $10,000,000 in an effort to save only 30 minutes in its running time between New York and Buffalo. Yet it expects in the years to come to reap a million dollars for every minute saved. Likewise, the man who cuts off the little corners of the path of expense by the installation of money saving, time saving and labor saying business machinery does so in the hope of reducing the running time to the goal of success. To cut down expenses without detracting anything from the business is the problem that is before every man of affairs.

Some one has estimated that if in all the correspondence of all the branches of the Standard Oil industry just one unnecessary word were eliminated from each letter, the saving would be equivalent to thousands of dollars a year. This is a tip for Mr. Rockefeller. He can find precedent for it in the United States government, for that august factor does not scorn to squeeze all water out of its correspondence. Since the edict has been issued that all government correspondence shall be boiled down to the "essence" point, letter writing in the government departments has fallen off perhaps 20 per cent. The resultant saving in time runs up into the thousands of hours a month, and as the government pays more for its help, grade for grade, than any other employer, the saving of money is not small.

Not Underpaying Help.

Your twentieth century business man is not trying to grow rich at the expense of his faithful help, for he has found that this is the surest way not to grow rich. Recently a big employer of salesmen was asked if he intended to give up his annual complimentary excursion to his salesmen, in view of the depression in business. "Not on your life," was his instant reply. "The best way in the world to hurry prosperity along is to keep my salesmen in good spirits. Failure to write orders is discouraging enough, without their having to forego their usual pleasures. I am going not only to meet returning prosperity half way, but I am going right down to the gate and extend it' the glad hand by keeping my salesmen in good spirits."

This new order of things in the relations between employer and employe is strikingly illustrated by the action of a big Chicago firm. It found that many of its employes were patronizing the loan sharks of the city, to whom they were paying from 100 per cent to 200 per cent for loans. So it created a fund for lending money on equitable terms to its employes. It finds that in this way it can help its men along, save them from cut-throat interest rates, and at the same time have such a knowledge of their private lives as will enable the firm to know what degree of confidence to repose in each man.

Reckoning Profits.

It is the little things that count in reckoning profits and losses of a business. If the average merchant were stingy with his wrapping twine he would soon have to close his doors for want of trade. Yet every postal clerk in the government service is required to be as saving with twine as possible, notwithstanding the fact that the twine the government uses is of such quality that any self respecting merchant would scorn it. If you saw a well to do friend of yours on the street gathering up waste paper, old bottles and old rags, you would think he had lost his mind. Yet the great Pennsylvania railroad, wealthiest of all the world's railways, gathers up such junk and makes a snug fortune out of it every year. If you had a little cubby hole on your sidewalk where a bootblack could place his chair without interfering in the slightest with your business, you could not look your wife in the face if you charged him for the privilege of placing his chair there. Yet the Pennsylvania railroad charges the contractor bootblack who looks after the shoes of passengers on its ferryboats in New York harbor $20,000 a year for the privilege.

Everywhere men are going after these small things. The First National bank of Chicago, with wealth enough to ransom a king, holds all of its letters until the close of the business day, in order to save the stamps that different letters to a single address might require. The day was when the conservative national bank discouraged the opening of accounts of small depositors. They reasoned that an account of a few hundred dollars was not large enough to pay its way, the cost of keeping it being greater than its value to the bank. Then came the trust company and the penny savings bank with their striking illustrations of the tremendous pulling power of small savings when united, and the national banks were awakened to the fact that they were losing a valuable line of business. So they are now courting the small depositor as assiduously as are the savings banks or the trust companies. They have found that the average balance of a number of small depositors is greater than the average balance of a few big depositors. And the small depositor's money is at hand when loan rates are high, while the big depositor draws his out when he can get high interest for it.

The Systematizer.

One of the newest professions of today is that of the business systematizer. He has been called the surgeon of commercial warfare. He goes into a business house, finds out just what ails it, and proceeds to use the knife of system to lop off the little diseased parts of waste. He has a cost keeping system and everything else that enables the firm to know exactly where it stands any day in the year.

His is but one of a hundred businesses that inventive genius has created for itself. In Boston there is a young woman who makes a specialty of taking inventories of furnished houses for renting agents. Before a family moves in she takes a full inventory for the agent of the property. When it moves out she checks off the list and notes all damages to furniture. Her work is so good that every renting agent in the city is said to be her client, and she is making money.

One of the biggest leaks in the business world is the annual fire bill. There is a wide different of opinion as to how much of the nation's wealth annually goes up in great conflagrations. The figures of experts place it somewhere between $200,000,000 a year and $1,000,000 a day. But even at the lower of these figures it amounts to nine times as much per capita as the fire loss of Europe. There is talk of organizing an American Fire Prevention association to consider ways and means of cutting down this big annual smoke bill.

There are thousands of small businesses in the United States that double their capital every year. If a man would start out with 1 cent today and double his money every year, he would be worth over $5,000,000 in 30 years. It would take him 18 years to get his first $1300 together, but after that it would be a going forward by leaps and bounds. By the time his business was 25 years old he would have $167,000. At 30 years it would amount to $5,368,000.

Thousands of advertisers are doubling their money every year. If they would only double their advertising as rapidly as they double their business they might keep this pace up for any number of years. Experience shows that newspaper advertising is the best form of advertising. The biggest users of advertising space are invariably the most prosperous business men, so long as they have something of merit behind their advertising. All sorts of new advertising schemes will be in evidence this fall and many old ones will be given a new turn.

One firm has taken to sending out one side of a pair of suspenders to possible buyers among the male populace. It offers to give the other side if the recipient will call at the store and pay a nickel for having the two sewed together, or it will pay 10 cents for the return of the part sent out if the recipient does not care for the suspenders at the outlay of the nickel. Akin to this is the sending out of one side of a pair of scissors with a similar offer to women. Another firm last year sent out a lot of letters, in each of which was enclosed a new 5 cent piece. The letter opened with the request that the recipient sell the writer 5 cents' worth of his time. Of course a fire or a circus parade could not draw attention away from that letter until it was read, and it brought such good results that the same advertisement will be sent out again this year.

An Eastern Idea.

An eastern store has adopted the idea of giving all new paper money in making change for its customers, and the women of that city have learned to know it as the "Clean Money Store." It is surprising how much trade the love of clean money has drawn for that store. A Philadelphia bank and a Washington bank have adopted the same idea with their women patrons, both as to paper money and specie. These banks are getting a monopoly on the business of women depositors.

A Pittsburg housefurnisher patronizes a clipping bureau to keep track of engaged couples and marriages throughout his territory. He is always the first on the spot with reasons why they should furnish their apartments with his goods. An eastern grocer puts in a free telephone for every patron whose purchases amount to $25 a month, and pays a proportionate share of the cost of a telephone when the monthly bill is less than $25. The result is a land office business.

Not long ago there was a tiny bit of a boy riding on a suburban car between Yonkers and Mount Vernon, New York. He was such a little boy with such a big tag tied around his neck that he got a great deal of attention from the passengers. One benevolent looking old gentleman was heard to mutter something about the outrage of sending babies around tagged like cattle. He then looked at the tag, and was seen to settle back in his seat with a rather embarrassed air. Of course everybody else wanted to see what was on that tag. When they looked they read, "Don't worry about me. I am going to Blank's shoe store. They sell the best shoes in town for the money."

IF EUROPE WENT TO WAR, HOW CONFLICT MIGHT WAGE

(Continued From First Page of This Section.)

become the determining factor in sealing the fate of a nation unprepared."

Since Zeppelin's famous flight Captain Neumann, instructor of the German airship battalion, has estimated the practical time of a cruiser at 20 hours. At 33.5 miles an hour this would give a redius of 671 miles.

One of these big dirigibles could carry 4480 pounds pounds of bombs to a height of 5000 feet.

Imagin what would happen to the fortifications of a seaport if just one big dirigible dived down the clouds some foggy night and dumped its cargo on them!

Already Zeppelin has proved that he could make an onslaught on London and get back to Germany to land. Both the British navy and the British army would be powerless against him.

As to the aeroplanes, their uses are manifold. As scouts they would be invaluable on sea or land. They can easily be carried on battleships and can therefore, operate wherever an attacking force can go, either on sea or land.

What is of equal importance, they are almost immune from attack. They offer practically no target to an enemy, and their speed is so great as to defy the best artillerists.

Before sailing for Europe, recently, Orville Wright stated that the aeroplane perfected by him and his brother, Wilbur, was capable of carrying enough fuel to remain in the air 25 hours. At a speed of 40 miles an hour, this would mean a flight of 1000 miles, or about the distance from New York to Chicago.

If the science of aeronautics has already reached such perfection, what may not be expected in just a few years more? Will not these war hawks have to be reckoned with?

So far Germany is about the only nation that has considered means to fight these war hawks and her defensive measures are hardly more than rudimentary. She has some guns that can be trained to high altitudes. The only trouble is that it's hard to hit with them. The sighting must be done by mirrors. What chance has a gunner to take a pot shot at an aeroplane going 40 or 50 miles an hour?

It is significant that Mr. Wright's trip to Europe is for the purpose of instructing the Germans in aviation. Heretofore Count Zeppelin's types of airships have almost monopolized the attention the Germans have given to aeroplanes or anything else that promises to practically bridge over the British channel by crippling the great fleet which prevents its use for the transportation of soldiers.

Notwithstanding the perils which airships and submarines offer to armies and navies, Great Britain hangs on to the "two power standard," as if it were scripture, and Germany is rushing ahead on her battleships as fast as she is progressing with means to destroy those of other nations. This is the score up to date:

BATTLESHIPS.

Displacement	Britain	France	Germany
Over 16,000 tons	11	..	..
14,000 tons or over	30	6	..
Over 13,000 tons	..	..	5
Over 12,000 tons	7	2	5
Over 11,000 tons	4	8	5
Over 10,000 tons	7	5	5
Under 10,000 tons	..	..	4
	59	21	24

ARMORED CRUISERS.

Displacement	Britain	France	Germany
Over 16,000 tons (Indomitables)	3	..	..
14,000 tons or over	3	..	..
12,000 tons or over	18	5	..
Under 12,000 tons	16	15	8
	38	20	8

So England is far ahead of the "two power standard"—that is, she is stronger in the water than any two of the first class European powers. She sees, however, that Germany is laying down Dreadnoughts at a tremendous rate, and is scared to death at the prospect that in a decade or so the sacred "two power standard" will no longer be practicable.

Well do the British statesmen know that their army is no match for Germany's. Nor do they see any prospect of advancing as fast on land as Germany is doing on the water. Yet they are trying to put up something of a front. The army estimates provide for a grand total of 804,373, including the regular force, which stands at 183,000 men. This will set back the treasury just $154,449,750, which is a few hundreds of thousands over the estimates for the preceding year.

Judging from recent inventions the armies would have no pleasanter time than the navies, if a couple of them got to mixing up in real earnest.

There's the wireless, which would come in for quite a few stunts. A country likely to be invaded could be nicely planted with mines, which could be exploded by wireless when the invaders were beginning to feel at home.

There would be no secret scouting, because that would be attended to by aeroplanes or airships, which would report to headquarters by wireless and bring back photographs which would show just what the enemy was doing.

Skirmishing and scouting, too, would be neatly and nicely performed by armored automobiles.

Noiseless guns and smokeless powder would be utilized for surprise parties mowing men down as neatly as Colonel Roosevelt bags a lion or plugs a leopard.

Indeed, there is no telling what would or wouldn't happen if another Napoleon broke loose in Europe. It's dollars to doughnuts, thought, that some rampant inventor will find a way to shoot upon army by wireless electricity. Then there won't be no more war.

Immigration Across the Mexican Border.

From the Mexican Herald.

During the 10 months ending with the month of April nearly 8000 more immigrants came into the United States at Laredo, Texas, than during the previous entire fiscal year of 1907-08. During the same time application for admission was refused to more persons than ever before. The total admissions into the United States during the first 10 months of this fiscal year amounted to 10,169, against 2262 for the entire previous year.

The first four months of this calendar year admissions were as follows: 530, 684, 949 and 1121, against 240, 315, 437 and 416 for the same months in their order last year.

Those excluded were three idiots, two imbeciles, three turpitudes, six mendicants, one assistant to aliens, 16 white slaves, three agents accompanying aliens, 21 sufferers from sore eyes (tracoma), three Japanese without passports, 64 persons liable to become public charges (none of these were Mexicans) and 39 violators of the contract labor law.