IN THE LIMELIGHT

BEACHY A POPULAR BIRD MAN

The first cross-country race between aviators in this country was won by Lincoln Beachy, who flew from New York to Philadelphia, winning a prize of $5,000. He also won several prizes at the recent international meet in Chicago, and excited plaudits from the thousands of spectators by his many daring "circus stunts" in the air. Beachy not long ago attracted attention by his daring flights at Niagara Falls. Driving a Curtis biplane, he flew over the Falls, down under the suspension bridge and over the death-dealing rapids. Frequently his machine was so close to the water that he was drenched with spray. Beachy is 21 years of age, and is one of the Curtis flyers. He is an ambitious aviator, understands his machine perfectly and never fails to perform brilliantly.

In the great cross-country race which he won, there were three competitors who started on the long journey. Beachy made a brilliant flight, making one landing at Trenton, where he remained for about ten minutes. His actual flying time between the two cities was 2 hours 22 2-5 minutes. Most of the way he flew at the rate of a mile a minute. Robinson finished about an hour later, having lost his way in New Jersey. Ely did not finish, having to land at Princeton, N. J., because of motor trouble. The race attracted great interest and many thousands of spectators in New York, Philadelphia and along the route cheered the aviators.

MADE SPECTACULAR CAMPAIGN

James K. Vardaman, who has been chosen at the primaries for the Mississippi seat in the United States senate, was formerly governor of the state. He was elected governor in 1903 and was defeated for senator by John Sharp Williams in 1907 and by Senator Percy in 1910.

Mr. Vardaman used spectacular methods in his recent unique senate campaign. One hundred and sixty oxen, harnessed in eighty spans, drew a chariot upon which Mr. Vardaman rode through the streets of Meridian in a most spectacular parade during his tour of Mississippi in the interest of his candidacy. There were five brass bands, and a guard of 100 prominent citizens rode horseback. Then came the Vardaman "car." The great string of animals, all white, carried white streamers bearing the legend: "Vote for the white chief!" and "Uphold the white South."

On the back of each ox was a man, shrouded in white. At each animal's head walked a white-clad torch-bearer. A sort of throne was erected in the ox wagon and upon this sat Vardaman. The candidate was in immaculate white linen and had a big white hat. His long hair fell free down his shoulders and was set off by the linen.

Mr. Vardaman will not take his seat until March 14, 1913, and in consequence it will be necessary to elect a senator to fill out Mr. Percy's unexpired term. This will be done by the coming legislature.

PUGILIST AND CLASS LEADER

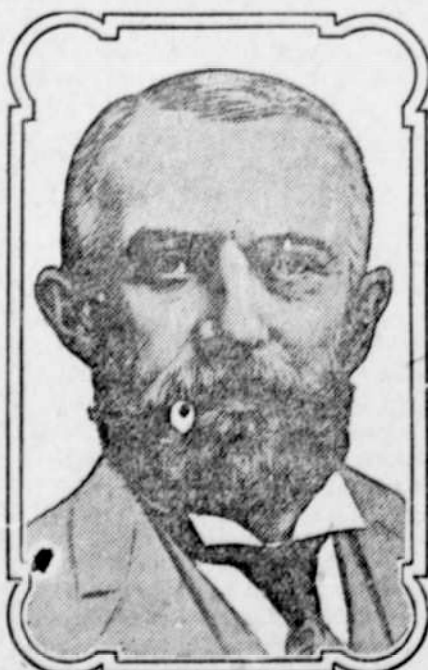
A. J. Drexel Biddle is probably one of the most unique personalities in the world. In him are united three distinct characteristics that are in every way opposite to one another. He is Philadelphia's millionaire society man, star pugilist and successful Bible class leader. He is a young man full of energy and spirit and so far he has made his career a unique one. He is known almost as well in Europe as in this country and since coming into his wealth has made himself known as a worker for the cause of philanthropy.

Mr. Biddle began life as a newspaper reporter. At the age of 19 he was an athletic young fellow, with a perfect passion for boxing. He would box with any one and at any time.

This is the man who has for years been giving his time to philanthropic work in Philadelphia. He is a member of the fashionable Church of the Holy Trinity, in Rittenhouse Square. In the parish house of the church, which is equipped with a commodious gymnasium, Mr. Biddle has found ample room for the furtherance of his ideas of what up-to-date Christianity should be. Bible in hand, he leads the large Bible class on the days set apart for such teaching, and with those same able hands hidden in padded gloves he teaches the members of his class how to take their own part and give a good account of themselves in any troubles that may come to them in the world without the peaceful portals of the parish home.

FRICK OUT OF U. P. BOARD

The retirement of Henry Clay Frick from the directorate of the Union Pacific Railroad company, was recently announced. His friends assert he felt it was not in keeping with the spirit of the times for a director in one railroad to have an influential voice in the affairs of an active competitor. He has very large holdings in the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.



Henry Clay Frick's career and material success is closely interwoven with the history of the steel and iron industry. He was one of Andrew Carnegie's lieutenants, and was deep in the confidence of that ironmaster. They had a serious disagreement, however, when Mr. Carnegie took over the $1,000,000 forfeit money which Frick deposited as a "binder" to buy the Carnegie properties but which project failed. Later Carnegie sold his interests to the United States Steel corporation for at least three times the price he named to Frick and associates.

Union Pacific and Atchison are so-called competing roads at many points, and Mr. Frick's interest and activity in the United States Steel corporation, which frequently has sold large supplies to those roads has resulted at times in adverse criticism.

Rover's Match-Making

By FLORENCE McALLYN

"I never could understand, Deborah, what you ever saw in that homely black dog to make a fuss over," remarked Mrs. Bryce scornfully, as she examined with severely critical glances a rough-coated little terrier of uncertain pedigree.

"Well, he ain't much to look at," admitted Miss Lincoln, "but there's a power of comfort in Rover. It's awful lonesome in a house where there's nothing but one woman and a shadow for company."

The visitor seated herself in a cane rocker and expressed her sentiments on the subject by a contemptuous sniff, while Rover's mistress, whose rosy cheeks and bright brown eyes bespoke the cheerful spirit within her, apologetically smoothed the folds in her blue and white gingham apron, and puckered her lips, as she had a habit of doing, when things perplexed her.

"You've always had a fancy for homely things," continued Mrs. Bryce. "I never shall forget the time I came over here to ask how your mother was, and you and her both sat on the bed together, crying over that old yellow cat. My lands! I can see it now as it lay dead on the floor."

"I know," murmured Deborah, "mother thought a heap of Mary Ellen. She was a dreadful smart cat."

"Then there was old Billy," persisted Mrs. Bryce. "Just look how you fussed over that horse, time he took sick! And homely wasn't a strong enough name for him. A knock-kneed, raw-boned old creature."

"Poor old Billy!" sighed Deborah. "He'd been as faithful as any Christian in his work. Pulled father and mother to and from meeting, rain or snow; plowed and helped reap. No wonder I felt sorry for him. He knew more than a lot of humans."

Mrs. Bryce pushed back, with a quick, impatient jerk, her big shade hat, in which red and yellow corn poppies struggled for the mastery. Argument was to her like a fire spark to powder.

"The worst of all was that Hank Andrews," she cried. "When I remember what a pretty girl you were in your ways and think of him so ugly and with sandy hair. It's a good thing you and him quarreled, Deborah, and broke it off. You're saved a heap of trouble. He's come back here now and I never saw a more miserable old man than he is this minute. You may be thankful the burden of tending to him is off your hands."

Deborah said nothing for a few moments. Then she turned the conversation adroitly into other channels. "How's Johnny's sore throat?" she inquired sympathetically.

Like a river whose waters have been guided into another course, the torrent of Mrs. Bryce's eloquence now flowed blandly into the welcome topic of Johnny's ailments. She informed Deborah, with conscientious minuteness of detail, how and under what circumstances her youngest boy was liable to attacks from cold, and in what respect he differed from Amy, whose specialty was recurrent fits of cramp.

Deborah listened attentively to the recital of the ills of the Bryce family and sighed in sympathy at intervals. This course of treatment had its effect, and by the time Mrs. Bryce arose to go, she had talked herself into a good humor and actually patted Rover on the head.

"You're real good, Deborah," she remarked, "and I guess like enough I riled you about that dog. My tongue's a bit sharp at times."

The little brown-eyed woman leaned over to stroke Rover with a loving hand and her voice was full of tender cadence as she replied:

"Oh, his feelings ain't hurt, or mine, either. Rover knows as well as I do that we needn't look for compliments at our age. What—you going, Martha? Well, now, if you want some more of that cough mixture for Johnny, sent right over any time; you're more than welcome."

Miss Deborah stood on the front porch watching the fast disappearing figure of her visitor as she made her way along the main road toward the village. She paused for a few moments drinking in the sweetness of the summer flowers not knowing that in her own heart there bloomed a fairer flower—the flower of love.

Soon she entered the cheery little kitchen and began to prepare her modest supper. Rover followed close at the heels of his mistress every step she took.

"Poor Hank!" murmured Deborah. "I guess he is miserable; getting too old. It's awful lonesome for him. Twenty years ago, and yet it don't seem that long since he used to give me pink roses every Saturday night. Once I gave him a lock of my hair. I wonder what he's done with it."

Timidly, as if ashamed, Deborah turned to an old-fashioned mahogany desk that stood in one corner of the room, and, opening an upper drawer, drew from it a little green pasteboard box in which, half hidden by faded leaves, lay two withered roses.

"I just wonder if he's angry at me still?" she mused, replacing the lid and returning the box to its hiding place. "We're both of us well on in years and I'd hate to die without hearing one word of kindness from him. If I thought I could dare—" she paused midway between the stove and table, teapot in hand—her face shone with the brightness of a new resolve.

"If I can find the courage," she said aloud and firmly, "I'll do it. I'll smile when he's passing by. Maybe I'll hold out my hand, too."

A sharp, sudden bark vibrated through the room. Supper was late and Rover's patience was exhausted.

"My goodness," exclaimed Deborah, observing the dog's erect ears, "I don't know how long you've been listening or what you heard, but anyhow, I'm sure of one thing. You won't tell Martha Bryce."

The sun shone warmly the next day as Deborah busied herself among the flowers in her garden. She was unconscious that coming along the road at a fairly rapid gait was an elderly man carrying a much-used gray umbrella as a defense against the heat of the solar rays. In the shadow of the lilac trees, near Deborah's wicket gate, sat Rover. At the sound of the man's shuffling footsteps he looked up and barked sharply.

"It's Deborah's dog," muttered the man standing behind a maple tree and regarding the top of that lady's sunbonnet, as it bobbed up and down among the rose bushes, with eager eyes. Another bark from the sentinel at the gate caused his mistress to raise her head. In doing so she caught sight of Hank Andrews, and he paused behind a tree, then, looking ashamed, walked slowly away.

A large bunch of pink roses fell to the grass from Deborah's trembling fingers, and a vivid blush warmed her cheeks under the sunbonnet.

"If I had only seen him coming," was her regretful thought, "but now it's too late," and her eyes, tear-dimmed, followed the retreating figure.

"Why, what in the world ails Rover?" she exclaimed the next minute as the dog, with a playfulness which properly belonged to puppyhood, seized several roses in his mouth and, shaking his long ears joyfully, dashed through the fence and up the road.

"Good dog," muttered Hank, "good dog!" A smile which had vanished from his lips in the days of his youth returned again.

"Hank!" came in soft accents from the rose garden. "Hank!"

He stood up. Suddenly became straight and tall, and let the old umbrella slip from his grasp. Then, as he saw the face beaming at him under the shadow of the green sunbonnet and the pleading look in Deborah's brown eyes, he hesitated no longer. Picking up his umbrella, he retraced his steps and, pushing open the wicket gate, entered what to him was Paradise.

Coming Along the Road Was an Elderly Man.

"I never got such a surprise," said Mrs. Martha Bryce to her next door neighbor, "as when I heard Deborah and Hank was going to be married. And no one knows for the life of them how she and him managed to make up after all those years. I asked Deborah and she just laughed and said that Rover was the only one that knew the secret."

Manufacturing Relics.

Wherever the trade in relics and curiosities is brisk the old legal maxim, Caveat emptor (Let the buy take heed), is appropriate. Not all dealers in such ware are scrupulous. Says a writer in the Youngstown Telegram.

While in Chattanooga a few weeks ago a local man noticed an old colored man who carried his right arm in a sling.

"What is the matter, uncle?" he asked. "Is your arm broken?"

"No, sah," grinned the old man. "It's jes' gun-sore."

"Been hunting?"

"No, sah. Ah been shotin' trees."

"Oh, I see; target-practise."

"No, sah."

"Then you'll have to elucidate."

"Well, sah, it's like dis," the old man explained. "We goes out into de woods an' shots bullets into de trees. After a while de trees grows round de bullets a little bit, den we cuts dem down to sell to people fum de Norf as relics ob de Battle ob Lookout Mountain."

Surpassing Ordeal.

"I have been trying to umpire a game of baseball," said one summer boarder.

"That's easy," said the other. "They persuaded me to decide a disputed point in a game of croquet."

STALE PHRASES ARE NEEDED

Writer Who Expresses a Powerful Emotion Must Say What Has Been Said Countless Times.

Our dramatic critic, in his review of Sardou's play "Above Suspicion," said of one of the characters that "his lips were sealed," and remarked that such phrases necessarily accompany such plays. They do, indeed, and the use of them makes one understand the emotional quality of such plays better than the most elaborate analysis of them.

There are hundreds of phrases like this, containing metaphors both violent and stale, which are only used seriously by writers who snatch at the easiest means of expressing an emotion which they do not feel. For if a writer has a real emotion of his own to express he will either use a metaphor suggested to him by that particular emotion or none at all. This is a matter of instinct, not of literary art; for a fresh emotion will not be satisfied with stale phrases but will feel itself misrepresented by them. That is one reason why, when powerfully moved, we are often so inarticulate. We feel that commonplaces will not serve our turn, but we have nothing to put in their place. The writer's task is to be neither inarticulate nor commonplace. He must not be artless, nor must he give us bad art for good. If he has a new idea to express he is not tempted by stale phrases. For they are associated with emotions rather than with thoughts; since emotions are not discoveries, like new ideas, and when expressed in literature are valued, not for their novelty, but for the power with which they are expressed. Thus, a writer who expresses a new idea says what has never been said before, but a writer who wishes to express a powerful emotion has to say what has probably been said a thousand times, and by bad writers as well as good. These bad writers have burdened our memory with metaphors, some of them lifeless from the first, some killed by constant repetition, or in appropriate use; and their metaphors stay in our minds because they have been so often repeated. The good writer's mind is often infested with them, so that, before he can find the phrase he wants, he must reject half a dozen that he does not want. This is the penalty that he has to pay for living at a time when literature is old and language sophisticated. — London Times.

He Was a 'Piscopal.

A Northwestern missionary bishop used to tell a story which was repeated to us last week by Rev. W. W. Washington of Cuyahoga Falls.

"I met an old farmer in North Dakota," he relates, "and in the course of conversation I asked him if he was connected with any religious denomination. 'Yessir,' he answered, 'I'm a 'Piscopal.'

"Of course this gratified me, and I asked him what parish he belonged to.

"'Hadn't heard about no parish,' he said, with a puzzled expression.

"'Well, what diocese?' I persisted.

"'You got me there, too.'

"'Where were you confirmed?'

"'Dunno what you mean.'

"'Then how are you an Episcopalian?'

"'Oh,' he answered, brightening up at once. 'I'll tell you. I went to a church down in Bismarck last winter, an' they called it 'Piscopal. And I heard the people sayin' that they'd "done things they hadn't orter done, an' left undone things they'd orter done." An' I says, "That's me, to a t," an' since then, I've called myself a 'Piscopal.'

"Now I understand," continued the bishop, laughing, why the membership of our church is so large."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Character in Handwriting.

If you write a small, almost feminine hand it may be a sign that you are destined to be a great statesman, according to David N. Carvalho, who finds that small handwriting is often characteristic of great men. Grover Cleveland's handwriting was of this type and so was William McKinley's.

"You find this type of writing in the large handed men," said Mr. Carvalho, "the men who are broad shouldered and well built, not perhaps tall."

If you are a woman and make little pothooks at the end of your final m's and e's you are not likely to spend much money on the latest novelties in dress, nor are you apt to bother to do your hair up in puffs. Indeed these little twists on the end of letters indicate that you would make a sensible and economical wife. Your defect would be that you might embarrass your husband by eccentricity in dress through carelessness. A slurring penmanship indicates literary ability.

Between Doctors.

"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on vacation."

"But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the women patients off to Europe."

Business Instinct.

"Do you think a woman can keep a secret?"

"No; she always tries to syndicate it."—Judge.

Consideration.

"You wouldn't think of letting Mrs. Flimgilt hear the things you say behind her back."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Somer-Storey. "I'm too kind-hearted."

WHAT ENGLAND FEARS

STARVATION RATHER THAN INVASION IS ITS DANGER.

In Case of War the Islanders' Food Supply Might Be Exhausted in Few Months.

With ships bringing foreign food supplies into England at the rate of £434 worth every minute of every day in the year, Great Britain cannot accumulate a stock of provisions large enough for a year's supply, some experts say not enough for half a year.

"Others doubt if we could hold out for three months without foreign supplies," says the Queen, "and all agree that three weeks war, or even threat of war, would enormously increase the price of foodstuffs. In the ordinary way the proportion of food and drink brought over the sea is over 42 per cent. of our total imports, being in round figures £250,000,000 out of a total of £550,000,000. Of this sum £70,000,000 goes for grain and flour alone, and nearly fifty millions for food and drink not otherwise specified, and excluding fifty millions for food, drink and tobacco subject to duty.

"What we as a nation have to fear is not invasion but starvation. To the great mass of the people of this country the question is not 'Shall we win or lose in war? but, shall we have enough food to live on when the next big war comes?' It is to meet such an emergency that the use in this country of silos for grain, or national granaries, has been advocated.

"The cost of creating and maintaining silos might be considerable, though we suppose the cost of a single dreadnought would easily cover it; but as an insurance against panic it would well be worth the expense, while as a safeguard in time of war and against imminent famine it would be invaluable, and might easily turn defeat into victory and disaster to safety.

"Gibraltar is provisioned for two years and Malta has silos which keep corn good for as long as four years, thus supporting the truth of the Biblical statement that Joseph in the dry climate of Egypt fed the people with corn stored for seven years. The idea is the gradual collection of an amount of wheat equal to one year's import and its automatic renewal by exchanging it for the new grain as it arrives at the different ports."

The Because Man.

Suppose everyone did just what he intended to do and no one failed "because." Then there would be no failures to point out. There would be no subjects for sermons for those who had no "because" attached to their names. The man without the title could not point to the "because" man and say: "He did not succeed 'because'." So the "because" man may take heart and feel that because he did not he is surely at last the subject of this sketch. True he "did not scale the rugged wall, nor climb to heights unseen" by the masses who are also other "because" men.

Most of us are "because" men, we yearn for the unattainable; we feel that life is a failure. But maybe the realities are dreams of callow youth did not come nearer the dreams than we think. Maybe the awakening will show that the "because" men climbed higher than they thought and maybe the judge will show those who stood on the heights that the "clouds are well worth striving for but in the depths there is some sunlight." But the man should never have "because" as an excuse.

Photograph Burned Manuscript.

The processes of color photography have recently been applied to obtain a legible photograph of the writing on burned manuscripts which were unreadable by any other known means. As long as the sheet has not been entirely disintegrated positive results can be obtained every time.

The charred manuscript is carefully arranged, in as near its original shape as possible, on a sheet of glass, and covered with a drying varnish, after which it is backed by another sheet of glass.

By using carefully-selected color screens and orthochromatic plates a perfectly legible photograph of the writing may be taken, although there may be no marks on the charred remains that are visible to the eye.

This is the only known method that will give results when the writing has been made with vegetable inks. Ordinary photography can be used successfully when the ink contains aniline or iron in its composition.—Popular Mechanics.

Clerk Didn't Remember Him.

"I would like to have the same room I had the last time I was here; I believe it was No. 14," said Andrew Anderson, eighty-one years old, of South Bend, Ind., to Clerk Ernest Reul at the Hotel Sherman.

"Gee!" replied the clerk; "that must have been before my time. When were you here last, Mr. Anderson?"

"In the spring of 1848 I rode to Chicago from our Indiana town horseback, and this is my first visit here since that time," he answered.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Philosophy.

Maud—Did you observe that Gus Archer gave me his first dance last evening?

Sybil—Yes; he told me later on he believed always in getting disagreeable things done as soon as possible.

HA
C

Barbe

ST. PAUL to depri citizen's ri tutional, to from the American, show in of cu Barber's S convention As the in grading sa ers at the heights, th forth: Barber s they were The dark stead of p stacy of a self with th swoops, wh the life and and to the

Accid

BROOKLY dogs of things on F by becomin contents of truck. It is the drunke man" in the lowed their The truck was chuggi tween Nint It broke do eral cases hop bevera gutter. Im sparkling w cence, gurgl gutter. The day borhood dog to Fifth a wandering to drink. Blitzen, a her head fr da tablishment piciously. came rampa

Blame

INDIANAP ment to can go in to be ma the directio lowing a su secretary of ture, that m question, th mission to These men weeks inves are supposed high cost of ucts. On the city's action. Several ye tablished a pose of givin deal direct w manner to k sible. Prel unscrupulous

Divorc

KANSAS CI of the Kansas City, compiled, ha ion. These figu ery three K its finale in t the figures s four marriag ures and th number has in the church Various ca it—the high of the divorc pendence of Whatever 1 there have licenses issu nearly 700 is an increa riage license in 1910, but increase in th filed. Incide broken home of by the ju similar perio isters are no and there is gent divorce Judge Port court also is but he sees n