Business Proposition.

"Your honor," said the convicted beggar, "can't you change my sentence of imprisonment to a fine?"

"Suppose I did," said the judge, "where would you get the money to pay it?"

"Oh," replied the c. b., "I could beg a little every day till I had enough."

No Exact Equivalent.

"It would be correct to say, then, that you are on the water wagon, wouldn't it?" asked the reporter.

"No," said the distinguisher actor; "that hardly expresses it. I have merely quit drinking coffee and taken to more wholesome beverages. You might say, perhaps, that I am on the milk wagon."

Amply Qualified.

Farmer Honk—Hear ye are goin' to send you son to college, Eben?

Farmer Bornkicker—Don't see any reason why I shouldn't—he's too dum lazy to work, has too much hair, and can yell so's you can hear him 'most a mile.—The Circle.

Any Change an Improvement.

Photographer—Is that the most pleasing expression you can assume?

Sitter—Yes, sir.

Photographer—Then, for heaven's sake, glare ferociously at me!

Preliminary.

"Mrs. McGoozle, your husband is a singularly gifted man. It's a wonder to me that he isn't on the lecture platform."

"I think he contemplates taking to that some day. In fact, he has been lecturing in a desultory sort of way, just for practice, for the last ten years."

"Why, where, Mrs. McGoozle?"

"At home. I'm the audience."

Inside History.

Indignant Wife—What's the use of my saying anything to you, John? It goes in at one ear and out at the other!

Provoking Husband—Not always, Maria. When you say anything worth minding I stop it on the way through.

Waited.

"So you want to earn enough to buy you a dinner, eh?"

"Yes, boss."

"I wish you had come around here half an hour ago."

"I did, boss."

"Well, there was a ton of coal to be carried in then; why didn't you knock?"

"I seen de coal."—Houston Post.

At the Night School.

Teacher—Who's Wordsworth——

Shaggy Haired Pupil (interrupting)—A dollar apiece? Any living ex-President's.

Almost Incapacitated.

A colonel in General Lee's division in the late Civil War sometimes indulged in more apple-jack than was good for him. Passing him one evening, leaning against a tree, the general said: "Good evening, Colonel. Come over to my tent for a moment, please." "'S-s-cuse me, g-g-en'ral, s-s-cuse me," replied the Colonel. "It's 'bout all I can do stay where I am.'

Sarcasm.

Cleaning the Stage.

"We hope," said the spokesman of the committee, "to enlist your support in favor of a clean stage."

"You have it," responded the theatrical manager, heartily. "Why, almost every one of my plays opens with a girl dusting everything in sight."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lesson from the Past.

Robin Hood had just handed back half the contents of the slender purse he had taken from the plainly dressed traveler.

"If you were a rich man," he said, "I'd soak you for the whole of it, but I'm no hog; I exact only what I think the traffic will bear."

For Robin Hood, with all his faults, lived faithfully up to his idea of what a graduated income tax ought to be.

Getting It Right.

They asked him if his name was Tahft,
And merrily the big man laughed.
"Why, no," he said; "my name is Taft,
Which, as you will find by consulting the various dictionaries and paying particular attention to the marks indicating the correct pronunciation of the words therein,
Almost, if not quite, rhymes with 'raft.'"
—Chicago Tribune.

Uncle Jerry.

"As a general thing," observed Uncle Jerry Peebles, "I believe in lettin' women have whatever they want; but when I see one of 'em goin' around with a spring hat on her head that looke like an old-fashioned beehive that's been tarred and feathered and then struck by lightning, I begin to wonder, by George, if it would be safe to trust her with the ballot!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Similarity.

Mrs. Gunner—Henry, you would persist in calling that last cook a vision. There was nothing pretty about her.

Mr. Gunner—Not at all.

Mrs. Gunner—Then why did you call her a vision?

Mr. Gunner—Because visions fade away. She remained only two days.

Suspicious Circumstance.

The grocer had warranted the maple sirup to be the real stuff.

"It doesn't taste like any maple sirup I ever bought," said the customer, who had just sampled it, "and I strongly suspect——"

"Sir!" said the indignant gracer.

"I strongly suspect, in spite of your guaranty, that it's genuine."

Telegraph Poles.

Harker—Fine automobile, Coggwood. What do you call it?

Coggwood—Peary.

Harker—After the arctic explorer, eh? And why?

Coggwood—Because it is always making a dash for the pole.

Revenge.

"I'm going to get even with all the phonograph fiends in our flat."

"How so?"

"Give my kids snare drums for Christmas."—Detroit Free Press.

Fulfilment of a Prophecy.

Hannibal, the illustrious general, driven to despair by his enemies, had taken poison and had laid himself down to die.

"Anyhow, he said, "my name will live in history."

His foresight was unerring.

Two thousand years later a town in Missouri was named in his honor.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Constitutional Right.

Gladys—So you've sent Herbert about his business, have you?

Maybelle—Yes; but I have since used the—er—recall on him.—Chicago Tribune.

The Winter of His Discontent.

"What's the matter? Aren't your pictures a success?"

"No."

"But the papers say they are full of warmth."

"That's it; they are all Arctic scenes."—Houston Post.

Concisely Stated.

Mrs. Ferguson—George, what are the seven deadly sins?

Mr. Ferguson—Being a candidate for any office.

A Handicap.

"My mamma's yardstick has three feet,"
Said Willie, cute and cunning.
"I've only two, but I can beat
My mamma's yardstick running."
—Judge.

Initiative.

"That statesman is a man of wonderful initiative."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "there is no doubt about his initiative. He starts things that nobody on earth could finish."—Washington Star.

Making Up for Lost Time.

Stranger (happening along)—What's all that loud wrangling about in there?

Sexton—The ladies, sir, are holding an adjourned meeting in the silence room.—Chicago Tribune.

Different Strata.

The irresistible high handshake chanced to meet the immovable low handshake.

Whereupon they gave each other the cold shake and passed on.

Not Now.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is the "unwritten law?"

Mr. Chugwater—There isn't any. It's been written up in all the papers. I've told you that before.

Why They Don't.

Would some oracle might utter,
Giving me the reason why
Maidens in a constant flutter
Never fly!
—Indianapolis News.

Fame.

Uncle Hiram—So you play base ball, do you, Dickey? Has your ball club got a name?

Five-Year-Old—Has it got a name! Gee! You've heard of the Rag Alley Yannigans, haven't you, uncle? Well, I'm their reg'lar shortstop. We're goin' to whale the everlastin' stuffin out o' the Bumtown Billygoats next Saturday!—Chicago Tribune.

The Qualifications.

"I want somebody to report a woman's congress," said the managing editor.

"Some one well versed in parliamentary language, I presume?"

"Nope. Some one who understands such terms as passementerie, aigrette and the like."—Kansas City Journal.

Those Loving Friends.

Nan (exhibiting her latest photograph)—Don't you think a three-quarters view better than a profile?

Fan—No, dear; it shows too much of the face.

More About Him.

Of gardening the city man
Oft little understands,
Yet never fails to raise a crop
Of blisters on his hands.
—Kansas City Times.

And when his M. C. franks to him
A lot of garden seeds,
He plants them and is sure to raise
A splendid crop of weeds.
—Chicago Tribune.

No Limit to His Ability.

"Now here," said the salesman, "is a cigar I can recommend."

"I know you can, young man," said the customer. "I tried one of them the other day on your recommendation. What I want is a brand you can recommend without lying."

Arrogance of Wealth.

"What's them apples worth?" asked the farmer, stopping in front of a fruit stand.

"In that pile?" said the proprietor of the stand. "Five cents apiece."

"So? Well, I guess I'll eat about a dime's worth."

Thereupon he took two big red apples out of a capacious pocket in his overcoat and strolled on, placidly munching one of them.—Chicago Tribune.

RIGID LAWS TO GOVERN AERONAUTS.

A. Leo Stevens, Instructor of U. S. Army Balloon Corps, Advocates Government License and Examinations.

Every day I am firmly convinced that there should be government regulation on ballooning. I have held this theory for some time, but the experience of a certain California aeronaut a few days ago in the Sierra Madre mountains has brought the need home to me more strongly than ever. The government regulations should consist of licenses for balloon pilots, and laws within which the pilots should have to confine themselves.

While I do not wish to reflect on this aeronaut, I do wish to point out that he is only a case in point. Some people can never become successful balloon men any more than all men can become successes as artists or deep sea divers. It's a part of a man's makeup. There are some men who can make 20 ascensions and still be no better equipped as pilots than if they were going up for the second time. A person who is not skilled in aeronautics, knowing that a great many reckless people to have the experience of seeing the earth slip out from under them. Here is where the trouble comes. I will not say that it is not right for a man to go up in a balloon by himself. I think that is this man has made say nine ascensions says, "Oh, I'll willingly go." If we had government regulation, where men skilled in aircraft should make the examinations as to whether or not the applicant was fitted to be a pilot, this obvious danger would be dispensed with.

The popular idea is that all one has to do to make an ascension is to jump into the balloon car, cut loose and when one is ready to ascend throw overboard the sand ballast. As a matter of fact that much is not even the alphabet of air riding.

When I heard that this experimenter was to make the trip with that number of passengers and with so small an amount of ballast in my old "America," I predicted failure. He should be thankful that the escape was so successful. There are some requirements and some theories controlling the ascent and descent of balloons just as fixed as those that govern temperature or that of gravitation. A certain sized air ship, with so many cubic feet of gas naturally can carry only so many passengers exclusive of its ballast.

There is a nicety in determining just how many it can carry successfully. To be specific, a balloon with 80,000 cubic feet of gas should start out with 35 bags of ballast and five passengers. Equipped in that manner the pilot need fear no storm, and have no worry. He is just as safe as if he were sitting at his own fireside. When a storm comes, by throwing overboard some ballast he can go above it. When the storm is over, by letting out a little gas through the escape valves he can descend safely to the earth. When a balloon of this size, that is 80,000 cubic feet, has thrown over all its ballast for one reason or another, except five bags, it should drop to earth at once. To do otherwise is to run a dangerous risk. A law making this necesary would be a great boon to the art and practice of ballooning. A bag carrying between 35,000 and 40,000 cubic feet of gas and two persons besides the pilot should drop to earth when the pilot has expended all the ballast save three bags. If he does not do so he is risking lives that he should not be allowed to jeopardize.

I am in favor of government regulation. At the present time licenses can be granted to pilots in this country by the Aero club of America. There are now 24 men holding these licenses. An applicant must make 10 successful ascensions before he is granted the license. These directions have to be made before he is granted the license, under the direction of other licensed pilots, or after the applicant has made four or five so that he can manage a balloon, he must keep data of his trips. This information has to be exact, and be filed away. For instance, when the applicant drops back to earth, say on a man's farm, he has to give the man's name and where he lives, and who hauled him back to town. This is so that at any future time the authorities may satisfy themselves that the trip was really made and that it was a successful one in every way.

France has a very creditable method of licensing its balloon men. The licenses are not governmental, though. Each pilot, who is going to make an ascent, carries in his pocket a little book with his number and his photograph in it. If any one questions his identity or his ability as a navigator he simply shows the book with his photo behind the isenglass.

I am in favor of government licensing and government regulations, rather than that of state jurisdiction. In this way the laws would be uniform, and all the air sailers of something near equal ability. An applicant would not have to go to Washington to make an ascent by any means. He may make the trip at any place under the guidance of an accredited pilot.

Ballooning is becoming more and more popular. It is now more than a craze. Its possibilities are attracting more a matter of ethics. A person may walk on a railroad where there is a third rail. He does it knowing that he is taking his life in his hands, but when he persuades other people to go along with him, he risks their lives without enough experience to get them out of danger should anything happen. When five people go up in a balloon in addition to the pilot, the unskilled pilot is risking five lives in addition to his own.

Throwing overboard ballast is a science. Ballast is to a balloon what steam is to an engine. And just as steam once gone can never be recovered, just so ballast thrown overboard is lost. One man can get along, make a whole trip without losing more than five bags of ballast while another spends twenty. The latter spends all his time in traveling up and down, making saw teeth, while the other sails along in a comparatively straight line. The pilot who is out with the beginner makes careful notes and gives a full report to the members of the Aero club. He takes into consideration just how much fluctuating the learner does. He assists the new man, but watches him carefully to find out how much grip he has on the science.

The dilettante in search of new sensation is as dangerous as an automobilist with the speed mania. I hesitate to make a trip with a beginner who says the danger is nothing, with the man who says "Oh, I'm not afraid. I've got the nerve." As a matter of fact when good sense is used, there is no more danger than there is in an automobile trip. But there is much potential danger. I am willing to make the trip with a beginner who says: "Now I'm new at this, and want you to take the rudder. I don't know it all."

Another thing, balloons and all air crafts will soon be equipped with wireless telephone. An air craft in distress can send a C. Q. D. message to earth just like a vessel at sea. It should be compulsory that equipment for communications with the earth or airships be installed. A balloon in trouble would simply telephone its location or general direction and rescue balloons or automobiles could be sent to the rescue.

The U. S. army corps with which I have been connected has successfully experimented with a DeForest instrument, weighing less than 100 pounds. However, there is a new sparkless and wireless telephone of the radio variety which weighs only 10 pounds and which any balloonist can safely carry. The radio sparkless attachment does away with the danger of setting the gas bag on fire. The weight of the telephone is so small that when the balloon lands out in the country the operator can put it under his arm and take it with him. An old fashioned wireless telegraph is impractical for the reason that it makes a spark that may ignite the gas bag.

Ballooning has advanced so far now that it is no longer experimental, but is a science. The throwing out of ballast is a science. It takes a long time to learn to handle a balloon properly. Why, in the fitness of things, should a beginner, one who has nothing to urge him on except curiosity and daredevilry, be allowed to risk other lives?

I think the license to beginners should be made reasonably hard to obtain. And further, the laws regulating the ballooning should be severe. Ballooning is a matter of public concern, and when licenses are first issued I hope that they will not be given so promiscuously as licenses were given at first to auto drivers.

Letting an outsider take up a balloon is exactly like running a railroad engine. A railroad train is half way between stations when its engineer dies. The train is stopped. Somebody asks, "Can anybody here run an engine?" A young man steps up and says: "Yes, I can." He takes the engine and may draw the train ten miles without an accident and he may get it safely into the station. But is he a worthy engineer? No. On the following day this same young man might wreck the train before he got out of the switch yards.