THE AEROPLANE.

Keeping It Properly Balanced Is a Difficult Art.

An aeroplane may be defined as a surface propelled horizontally in such a manner that the resulting pressure of air from beneath prevents its falling. A balloon can remain stationary over a given spot in a calm, but an aeroplane must be kept in motion if it is to remain in the air. Such a plane literally runs on the air like a skater gliding over thin ice. The most familiar example of an aeroplane is the kite of our boyhood days. We all remember how we kept it aloft even in a light breeze by running with it against the wind. Substitute the pull of a propeller for the cord and the aeroplane flying machine is created. If this were all, the problem of artificial flight would have been solved long ago. There remains the supremely difficult art of balancing the plane so that it will skate on an even keel. Even birds find it hard to maintain this stability. In the constant effort to steady himself a hawk sways from side to side as he soars, like an acrobat on a tight rope. Occasionally a bird will catch the wind on the top of his wing, with the result that he will capsize and fall some distance before he can recover himself. If the living aeroplanes of nature find the feat of balancing so difficult, is it any wonder that men have been killed in endeavoring to discover their secret?

If you have ever sailed a canoe you will readily understand what this task of balancing an aeroplane really means. As the pressure of the wind on your sail heels your canoe over you must climb out on the outrigger far enough for your weight to counterbalance the wind pressure, so that you will not be upset. The physicist scientifically explains your achievement by stating that you have succeeded in keeping the center of air pressure and the center of gravity on the same straight line. In a canoe the feat is comparatively easy; in an aeroplane it demands constant and flashlike shifting of the body, because the sudden slight variations of the wind must be immediately opposed. — Waldemar Kaempffest in Cosmopolitan.

MAGIC OF THE BASS.

Memories of the Battle That Linger With the Angler.

"The Indians call it 'Me-da Mon-nuh-she-gan,' which translated means magic bass. He is said to be much like other black bass in appearance. But his peculiar attributes are these:

"He must be caught by casting, with a surface bait, so that you can see him rise to it. He may be taken in running water where the clear current foams over messy bowlders and through gurgling, sunlit shallows or in the silent pools where the forest hangs darkly over the stream. He may be taken at some still lake's grassy marge, where the water lilies build him a green and white and golden canopy, or in the open places when the west wind's magic turns the glassy surface into silver.

"But wherever you find him you will see that nature rules supreme. And whether in brawling stream or quiet pool, in some peaceful lilied bay or just beneath the rippled broad expanse, where the wild beauty of the spot makes your heart beat faster, here may you find the magic bass.

"And this is his magic: That when you have fought him inch by inch and have looked upon him as he lay exhausted in your landing net you are his forever. For wherever you go and whatever you do there will come to you ever and often a dream of his first leap into the air, of the tugging line and of his body at your feet, and indistinct behind it all lie the sparkling water and the forest and the blue sky.

"In the dead of winter you will of a sudden hear the soft splash of the bass rising to your fly, you will feel the sudden tautness of the line, and the snow outside your window will melt into a summer landscape. When you are busiest there will come to you the song of the reel and the smell of pine and fir and balsam. That is the magic of the Me-da Mon-nuh-she-gan."—Outing Magazine.

Various Kinds of Meteors.

"Meteors" and "meteorologists" have little in common, although their origin is identical. "Meteor" meant a good many more things to Englishmen of a few generations ago than it does now, in accordance with the meaning of the Greek adjective, which signified "up in the air," so that "ta meteora," the things up in the air, meant the heavenly bodies. Winds and whirlwinds were aerial meteors formerly in English, clouds, snow and rain were aqueous meteors, and among luminous meteors were reckoned rainbows and twilight. Meteorology preserves the memory of all this, but the word "meteor" has gone over altogether to the astronomer's sphere.

Infinitesimal Shears.

A clever workman in a cutlery factory in Sheffield, England, made a dozen pairs of shears, each so minute that they altogether weigh less than half a grain. That is about the weight of a postage stamp. Each pair is perfect and will cut if sufficiently delicate material could be found. Lying on a piece of white paper they seem no larger than fleas.

Not In Stock.

Customer (at bookstore)—I'd like to get a cheap edition of Shakespeare's plays. New Salesman (after an extended search)—Sorry, sir, but we hain't got nothing but his works.—Chicago

How He Grew Young.

One satisfied man returned from a two weeks' holiday. He spent it on a farm owned by an old aunt, and the royal way in which she fed him, to use his own description, formed the chief delight of his holiday.

"You see," he remarked confidentially, "my wife is a graduate of a diet and cooking school of the most up to date sort. She sees that we never have a meal which isn't perfectly balanced as to food values. The things we eat are chosen with reference to that and not with regard to whether we like them especially. Well, I can tell you, old Aunt Laura, with her table just groaning with forbidden, indigestible articles, was a mighty welcome change to me. She never heard of carbohydrates or phosphates or cellulose, and she wouldn't know a proteid if she met one in a bean porridge, where, by the way, I believe they largely congregate. But I tell you her fried chicken and fresh pork and biscuits were the finest things I've had for years. My wife actually turned pale when she saw me eat, and I know she was worried, because we were six miles from a doctor. I was never ill for a minute, though, and those two weeks of old fashioned, unscientific cooking have made me feel like a new man—or, rather, like a boy again."—London M. A. P.

Her Conversion.

When preparing his parishioners for the solemn ordinance of confirmation an old clergyman found among them one old woman so excessively ignorant and stupid that for some weeks prior to the time he was obliged to have her come to his house every day in order to instruct and catechise her. At length he began to hope that his time, patience and zeal had not been entirely bestowed in vain, a few bright flashes of understanding having burst from the old dame's clouded intellect. "Now, my good friend," said the worthy pastor just previous to the commencement of the ceremony, "as this is the last moment in which I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you, let me ask, do you thoroughly understand and believe all the articles of your Christian faith?"

"Aye, yes, sir, thank'ee," replied his venerable pupil, with a simper and dropping one of her best courtesies, "I does indeed now, and, thank God, I heartily renounces them all."

The Clock Struck 1.

It was just two minutes to 1 when John Ludlam entered the house and, unwrapping a paper parcel, said to his wife that he had brought her a present of a clock. It was her birthday, and she had expected a brooch or a ring at least, and so she said tartly, "You liked the look of that clock."

His face flushed. "A nice way to speak about a present!" said he hotly.

"Well, it's the truth. I wouldn't have given a couple of shillings for it," said she in an exasperating tone.

John Ludlam was a quick tempered man. The veins in his temples swelled, and—

Just then the clock struck 1.

What did it signify—that the clock was running all right?

It did not. The ambulance surgeon said a few minutes later that if the clock had struck one inch nearer her temple John Ludlam would have been a widower.—Pearson's Weekly.

Many Color Lines in Cuba.

There are social distinctions in Cuba based upon color. There is not one but several color lines, though these are not eternal, hard, fast and unchangeable, as in the United States. In Cuba social life is run largely by social clubs. There are in almost every town and village negro clubs, two or three grades of mulatto clubs and white clubs. In one and at its functions may appear the husband, excluding the wife; in another, the wife, but not the husband; in a third, their children, but neither the father nor mother. To the world this will appear incredible, almost incomprehensible. Here it is convention, fixed, settled, accepted and operative. These distinctions, however, run but for a lifetime.—Army and Navy Life.

Too Much For Him.

"Andrew," said a devoted wife to her husband, "I want a hundred."

"A hundred what?" exclaimed the husband.

"Dollars," she replied calmly.

"What for?"

"Oh, a whole lot of things."

"Um-um," he hesitated. "I guess I shall have to check your extravagance, my dear."

"Do," she smiled, "and make it payable to my order, please."

He collapsed then and there.—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Persian Language.

Persian is said to be not a very difficult language. The modern Persian is very much like the English in its sensible rejection of the inflections that burden so many of the world's tongues. There is no difference of termination to mark the gender either in nouns or adjectives, and all inanimate things are neuter. In other ways the Persian language conforms to the English.

Illegal.

Ethel—That sixteen-year-old boy asked me to marry him. Edith—And you threw him over? Ethel—Yes; told him it was against the law to catch lobsters so young.—Judge's Library.

Not Depressed.

"He says his whole life is a fizzle."

"Is he so pessimistic?"

"Not a bit of it. He's merely the clerk that attends to the soda water drinks."—Baltimore American.

Public Library

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