

FOR SAFETY OF AEROPLANES

Combination of Different Ideas, It Is Believed, Will Keep Flying Machines From Turning Turtle.

Much has been said in reference to the advisability of combining the gyrocopter and the aeroplane as a means of preventing the latter from turning turtle under certain wind conditions, but the practical combination of the two has been made only recently and the machine put to a test. The whole apparatus adds a weight of but thirty pounds to the aeroplane, which includes two wheels to control both the longitudinal and transverse stability of the flying machine and the motor by which these are driven, but this impediment may be also made use of for sending wireless messages. The preliminary tests made were of the most satisfactory character, although made under the most adverse conditions. The automatic control is said to have held the machine at an even keel at all times, and when the wind falls below thirty-six miles an hour it is designed to cause the machine automatically to volplane to the ground.

ACCORDING TO PUBLIC REPORT

Capitalist Not Far Wrong When He Said Fighting Was Good in J. Pierpont Morgan's Pond.

The Pojo committee has answered a question that financial people in this city have asked unanswerable times. We now know exactly the amount of deposits carried by Philadelphia's largest private banking firm. It is a tidy sum—\$49,000,000—which Mr. Storey has under his immediate eye. When Oscar Hammerstein, in an appreciative way, referred to Mr. Storey as a "financial sponge," he doubtless took note of the goodly size of the funds said absorbent.

It reminds me of Arthur E. Newbold's first meeting with J. P. Morgan when he became a partner in the firm. Said the great Pierpont upon Mr. Newbold's presentation:

"Well, I hear you are going to fish in our pond."

"Yes," replied the Philadelphia banker, "and I understand the fishing is very good."—Philadelphia Ledger.

TURN JAIL TO ROACH PLANT.

How the prisoners at the county jail "slipped one over" on the new non-partisan sheriff of Milwaukee is the tale which is being whispered in official circles, for the prisoners, by unloading cockroaches, have succeeded in fanning up a scheme to earn pocket money while in jail.

A month ago, when the new sheriff relieved the Socialist, he ordered the jail cleaned of cockroaches, announcing that he proposed to offer a bounty for every cockroach found after the housecleaning.

Certain prisoners saved some heads of families from the slaughter and are now busy collecting one cent for each dozen carcasses, while the jail is as well filled as ever.

EFFICIENCY OF THE WOMAN.

No matter how useful a labor-saving device may be, if a woman doesn't know how to work so that she can get the most out of that tool, the value of the device is lessened. Too many women put too much emphasis on the tool and too little emphasis on themselves. If the woman is inefficient how can she use a tool except in an inefficient way? I believe that woman's liberation from drudgery in housework lies not so much in tools and devices as in her own improved advancement in methods of work.—Ladies' Home Journal.

BALKED AT WATER.

Reddy is that a Kentucky-bred horse of yours?

Green—I guess so. Didn't you notice how he refused to ford that stream?

CONDITION.

"My dear Miss Wisely, will you share my lot in life?"

"That depends. Is it on a suburban car line?"

ITS DRAWBACK.

"I have a very sunny lot in life."

"Then why are you complaining?"

"Because every prospective purchaser wants a shady lot."

HE MUST HAVE ONE.

"I wonder what is the best way to attain to a ripe old age?"

"Be somebody's rich uncle."

FIRST FINDING COAL IN 1679

Father Hennepin, French Jesuit Missionary, Said to Have Located a Mine in Illinois.

The first mention of the occurrence of coal in the United States, according to government experts, is made in the journal of Father Hennepin, a French Jesuit missionary, who in 1679 recorded the site of a "cole mine" on Illinois river, near the present city of Ottawa, Ill. The first actual mining of coal was in the Richmond basin, Va., about seventy years after Father Hennepin's discovery in Illinois, but the first records of production from the Virginia mines were for the year 1822, when, according to one authority, 34,000 tons were mined. Ohio probably ranks second in priority of production, as coal was discovered there in 1755, but the records of production date back to 1839.

The mining of anthracite in Pennsylvania began about 1790, and it is said that in 1807 fifty-five tons were shipped to Columbia, Pa. Reports of the anthracite coal trade are usually begun with the year 1820, when 865 long tons were shipped to Philadelphia from the Lehigh region. Prior to this, however, in 1814, a shipment of twenty-two tons was made from Carbondale, also to Philadelphia, and the production is considered to have begun in that year. It is likely that the actual production prior to 1820 was between 2,500 and 3,000 tons. The production for 1911 was 496,221,163 short tons.

MILITARY



"Vat makes der chris talk so?"

"Dot is because its family is all composed of kernels."

MIND AND BODY.

"When we think it is not alone the mind that thinks; it is the whole man, and the process begins with the body. The bodily fiber or quality reaches to the thought. You will never get fine thought out of a coarse body. Nor less will you get sound thought out of an unsound body. The bodily condition strikes through and shows itself in the quality of thought. A vast amount of the poor, illogical, insipid, morbid, extravagant, pessimistic thought that finds its way into books and sermons and conversation has its origin in poor bodies and bad health. The body lies at the basis of success in all respects."—Ray. Dr. Munger of Yale University.

RETAILER.

"Ahem!" the speedy individual edged over toward the prosperous looking man in the smoking car. "Gotter match?"

"Sure."

"Thanks." Lights his pipe.

"Traveling man, I s'pose?"

"Yes, I'm in the lumber business."

"That so? I used to be in the lumber business myself."

"Ah! What line?"

"I peddled toothpicks."

HIS SYSTEM.

"I wonder how Atlas could hold up the world on his shoulders?"

"I suppose, being an Atlas, he had his way of doing it all mapped out."

DEFERENCE SHOWN.

Mrs. Knicker—Do you treat your cook as one of the family?

Mrs. Becker—Yes; like our daughter just graduated.

ITS LOCATION.

"We have a grand spinal staircase in our new house."

"Have you? I suppose it is somewhere in the back?"

COMBINATION.

"That dealer in pigs has business and affliction combined, hasn't he?"

"How so?"

"He has a sty in his eye."

SIMPLY WASTING GOOD JOKE

What Happens When Man With a New One and Man Without Humor Come Together.

One man met another man on the street. This is constantly happening, of course. And yet most of the people who tell you anecdotes seem to think that is a bright and original opening. There must be something to it, therefore we experiment with it in this instance. One man met another man on the street and the first man said to the second man:

"Hello, Jim! You're just the man I wanted to see. I have a new one for you."

"A new what?" asked the second man of the first man, suspiciously.

"A new conundrum."

"There ain't any such thing. If it's good it ain't new, and if it's new it ain't."

"Cut it. Now listen: What's the difference between a poet and a plumber?"

"Aw, that's easy. A poet never has any money, and a plumber—"

"You're away off. Anybody knows that difference. Now, listen, here's the answer: A poet pipes a lay and a plumber lays a—"

"My plumber don't. He—"

"Aw, what's the use telling a good joke to a man without a sense of humor?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SMILE CARRIES ITS WELCOME

Cultivate the Habit and Become a Joy to Yourself and Everybody Whom You May Meet.

Learn how to smile. Very few people bring this art to perfection in themselves. There are all kinds of smiles, mechanical smiles, which consist in a broadening of the mouth and the deepening of the furrows about it; misent-minded smiles, which are an acknowledgment that the smiler knows that you are talking, but is utterly unconscious of what you are saying. Then there are the cynical smile, the sarcastic smile, the critical smile, the ill-natured smile—all of these nearer sneezes than smiles. There is also the tired, patient smile. But before your face can smile you must learn to be happy even if you have nothing to really make you glad, and you will become a joy to all who know you.—Exchange.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Mrs. Lloyd George, after reading the fine array of epithets bestowed on him at the meeting of protest organized by the doctors at the Queen's hall, might find consolation in a passage of one Paul Louis Courier's pamphlets. "I should like to reply to this professor, but I fear he is angry with me. He calls me a Jacobin, a revolutionary, a plagiarist, a thief, a poisoner, a forger, a pestiferous person, a madman, an impostor, a slanderer, a scoundrel, a man of corruption, a buffoon, and a raker in dustheaps. That is all, so far as I remember. I follow his meaning. He has discovered that he and I hold contrary opinions, and this is his way of telling me so."—London Chronicle.

SHE CERTAINLY COULD.

"If there's any job I hate," said the nice lady, "it's that old one that you job writers are constantly digging up about a woman not being able to hammer a nail."

"Can you hammer a nail?" we asked back, gently.

"I sure can!"

"Let's get a hammer and nail and prove it."

"That's not necessary—it's already proved. Do you see this blue thumb nail of mine?"

NEWER MYSTERIES.

We presume that the postmistress who used to read the postal cards is now sniffing the butter that passes through the parcel post.

THEIR SOURCE.

"There is much warmth in that singer's tones."

"Then it must come from the register in her voice."

NO EXCEPTIONS.

"Discipline in the navy is very strict, isn't it?"

"Very strict. They even dock the vessels."

MORE ROOM.

"Why are clubs so popular with the men?"

"Maybe because home life is such a flat affair."

MARK'S TREASURES ALL SAFE

Humorist, However, Did Not Appreciate Manner in Which His Friend Had Returned Them.

Just before Christmas a friend named Scott said to Mark Twain one day:

"Mr. Clemens, you have an extra overcoat hanging in the coat room. I've got to attend my uncle's funeral and it's raining hard. I'd like to wear it."

The coat was an old one, in the pockets of which Clemens kept a melancholy assortment of pipes, soiled handkerchiefs, neckties, letters and what not.

"Scott," he said, "if you won't lose anything out of that coat you may wear it."

An hour or two later Clemens found a notice in his mail box that a package for him was in the office. He called for it and found a neat bundle which somehow had a Christmas look. He carried it up to the reading room with a showy air.

"Now, boys," he said, "you may make all the fun of Christmas you like, but it's pretty nice, after all, to be remembered."

They gathered around and he unfolded the package. It was filled with the pipes, soiled handkerchiefs and other articles from the old overcoat. Scott had taken special precautions against losing them.

Mark Twain regarded them in silence, then he drawled:

"Well, d—n Scott! I hope his uncle's funeral will be a failure."

The Bookman.

STRIKE



Papa—Tommy, here is a nickel and you must go right to bed.

Tommy (aged six)—Nix-nix. I want more pay and longer hours.

SIBERIAN BANISHMENT.

A bill being prepared by the Russian minister of justice, according to press dispatches, will abolish penal servitude in Siberia and will substitute the same punishment in the penitentiaries of European Russia without compulsory settlement of the convicts after serving their sentences, which is to be superseded by police supervision. Since the signing of the Japanese treaty the number of convicts in Siberia has been increasing, and there have been bitter protests from the respectable free population of that country. The dumping of convicts in Siberia is seriously hampering the development of that country, and the authorities realize that there must be an alteration of the system.—The Living Church.

NOW IN DIFFERENT SETTING.

Mrs. Eze—I had to discharge my cook today.

Mrs. Wye—But you told me when last I saw you she was a perfect jewel.

Mrs. Eze—Yes, but jewels, you know, are more ornamental than useful.

TRAGEDY.

"That strange man took me apart to tell me a story."

"Then what happened?"

"I could not pull myself together again."

PREFERENCE.

She—I sent Will a lot of kisses by parcel post.

He—I guess Will would rather have by them by special delivery.

ITS MEASURE.

"Is your friend in good standing at the bar?"

"His standing at the bar is good for a treat to the crowd."

ITS SORT.

"Is that rose a perennial?"

"No; it's two plants for a quarter."

MEMORY A MATTER OF HABIT

Forgetfulness, It Is Asserted, Arises Largely From a Special Kind of Laziness.

Memory, according to psychologists, is a good deal a matter of habit, and lack of it arises largely from a special kind of laziness. We see the truth of this when we observe the prodigious memories of some of the men of letters a century ago, and then compare their education with the system of teaching which now prevails. When we wonder at their ability to quote offhand at almost any length we must remember that from their earliest days they were taught to memorize. They had to learn things by heart, and learn them exactly, with the result that in childhood they formed, perforce, the habit of remembering with absolute precision.

What we need nowadays is a sort of mental training analogous to this older schooling. Let us by all means keep to our filing cases and memorandum pads, but let us at the same time keep our memories active by making them work. The simple process of committing poetry to memory, futile as it may seem to some, is one of the most useful kinds of intellectual exercise. And if we do not before long make general use of some such stimulus it begins to look as though our memories would join our appendices as now useless relics of an earlier stage of existence.—From the Bellman.

IRONY OF FATE



"What strange sight is this, you knight riding with a dozen swords of the conquered clinging to his armor?"

"No mystery, my lady. He paid a fabulous sum to a magician to have his armor magnetized."

WANT UNFAMILIAR SCENES.

Bull fight pictures do not take well with moving picture patrons in Mexican cities. They prefer scenes from other lands, or of less familiar spectacles. In fact there has been a decided falling off in the popularity of bull fighting in various places since the "movies" have gained a foothold, and some authorities believe that they will ultimately do much to cut down the patronage and undermine the prestige of what has long been considered the national sport of Mexico.

BETTER WORD.

Banks (who has invited his friend home)—Well, what do you think of my cozy little apartment?

Dunks—Apartment, old chap? I should call it a compartment.—Boston Transcript.

TIRELESS PAIR.

"Talk about your long hours, I know a couple of hands in a factory that never stop day or night all the year round."

"Impossible! Where?"

"On the factory clock."

ITS POINT.

"Let all the nations take a bird's-eye view of the Panama canal."

"All right, so long as the bird's eye is the eagle's eye."

HIS SOLICITUDE.

"Madam, I saw your husband in a bucket shop this morning."

"Very likely. We're just fixing up our new housekeeping things."

CLOTHES HORSE.

"I hear your wife took a blue ribbon at the horse show."

"Yes; first prize in hobble gowns."

EXCEPTION.

"Age and youth are never the same."

"I don't know about that. A young man can still be an old friend."

IN THE CLASS.

"Why were Pharaoh and all his army drowned?"

"I guess it was because none of 'em could swim."

NATURAL GROUNDS.

"Why is it that so many people believe in investing in real estate?"

"I don't know, but it is a belief that is gaining grounds."

HE MEANT WELL.

Fond Father—Well, we have a new baby at our house.

Motor Enthusiast (absently)—What horse power?—Puck.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"And he is one of the most economical of men."

"Wondered why he was so unpopular."

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