ALL FLIERS FEAR

Some of Mishaps Which the Aviator Must Fight.

Hoxsey was a fatalist, one of the many whose strange temperament has helped make aviation possible.

"If it's after me, it'll get me," he used to say.

This symbolic "it" is recognized and feared by all. They feel there's a thing lurking in the clouds—a death-dealing thing that patiently awaits their day. To this uncanny feeling, this gruesome premonition, their fatalism (is traceable.

There is something beautiful and terrible in the conception that even the most unimaginative aviator holds of the thin gthat waits for him up in the sky. Often with supreme fatalism he talks indifferently on the subject, huddled in a tent or on the lee side of a hangar when the wind is booming and the canvas flapping heavily at its straining ropes.

"It'll get us yet," he says when the wind whistles its loudest; "it'll get us as it did Johnstone, Hoxsey, Moisant, Rolls, Le Blon—all of them."

That's his way of referring to the thing—luck, chance, fate, death. But we whom the air has not transformed into fatalists can subject the matter to cold analysis. We can separate the elements of this weird compound that has made these men more indifferent to life than were ever the swarthy soldiers of Mohammed. We can see, instead of the vague shape that somewhere behind the clouds is taking those who one yield to its damp, misty terror, the many causes of accidents in the air.

For clarity, let us take these causes in groupings:

First, there is the strange psyschology of flying. Accidents to themselves do not make aviators careful; rather, they have an opposite effect.

"Lightning does not twice strike in the same place in the same way," they reason, "and if it's going to strike us in another place it will, that's all."

Also, accidents to other aviators have no effect on them. Remember Hoxsey at Denver and Los Angeles. "It was his turn" is the attitude.

Second, there is the carelessness of flying, which is best subdivided in this way:

1. Relaxation of nervous tension.
2. Momentary loss of balance.
3. Overconfidence.
4. Confounding recklessness, ignorance of danger and fatalistic indifference with bravery.

Lastly come the mishaps that may befall the aviator, like air-sickness, temporary paralysis from the cold, heart failure or mental collapse. The machine, too, may break or be pitched about by air currents.—From Edward Lyell Fox's "Fatalism of the Fliers" in April Century.

When Your Eyes Need Care

Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

THE PRIMITIVE KUBUS.

A people without any form of religion, without superstition, devoid of any thought of the future state, has been found in the interior forests of Sumatra, according to Dr. Wilhelm Valez, the geologist of the University of Breslau, who has made extensive journeys through the island.

There he found the Kubus, as he named them, who are scarcely to be distinguished from the small manlike ape of the Indo-Malayan countries. They are wanderers through the forest seeking food; they have no property. They are not hunters, but simply collectors. They seek merely sufficient nuts, fruits and other edible growths to keep them alive.

The Kubus wage very little warfare upon the small amount of animal life in their silent and sombre land. The only notion that Prof. Valez could get from them of a difference between a live and a dead person was that the dead do not breathe. He infers that they are immeasurably inferior to the paleolithic man of Europe, who fashioned tools and hunted big game with his flint tipped arrow and knife. Intellectual atrophy is the result of the Kubus' environment. The words they know are almost as few as the ideas they try to express.—From the London Globe.

Why persist in being imposed upon by buying poor trashy alum baking powder when you can just as well buy Magic Baking Powder, the health giving "No Alum" brand at the same price? Sixteen ounces for twenty-five cents. At all Grocers.

MEMORY.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"I understand that you have a good memory."

"I have. I pride myself on that."

"Can you remember names and faces?"

"Distinctly. If ever I am introduced to a man I can recall his name and the circumstances of our meeting years afterward."

"Can you remember dates?"

"Yes, fairly well."

"Telephone numbers and the size of the gloves you wear?"

"I have no difficulty with such details."

"You must be a wonder. But now tell me can you always remember to turn off the electric light to the cellar when you fix the furnace for the night?"

"No," he shouted. "I can't. I am only human."

THE WORST OVER.

Mary—"Are you going to ask Ida to your bridge? She has been home from Europe six weeks."

Alice—"Wh, yes; I'll ask her. She must have stopped telling her foreign experiences by now."—Harper's Bazar.

NO IDOLATRY THERE.

(Harpers Weekly.)

"I hope you are not bringing up your children to worship money, Hawkins?" said Dubbleigh.

"No, indeed," sighed Hawkins. "Why, Dubb, my children despise money so much that the minute a dollar comes their way they get rid of it as fast as they can."

Don't Live in Sealed Bottle

(By A Physician.)

Here's a little experiment that folks who don't take any stock in fresh air talk would do well to try.

Take a wide mouthed bottle and a little wax candle, a Christmas tree candle will do. Light the candle and lower it in the bottle. Then cork the bottle.

In a few seconds the candle will go out.

What happens? The same thing that would happen to you if you were corked up in a bottle big enough to hold you. The light simply dies of lack of oxygen.

Every day your lungs require over a hundred barrels of air. Not the same barrel of air over and over again, but ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT BARRELS OF AIR.

The moral is:

GETTING HIS SIGNS MIXED.

Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, says Brooklyn Life, relates an amusing incident which occurred while he had occasion to stop at a country hotel in Connecticut. In a conspicuous place in the parlor was an inscription: "Ici on parle Francais." The mayor, as he noticed the sign, turned to the proprietor and said: "Do you speak French?"

"Not me," the man replied. "United States is good enough for me."

"Well, then," said the mayor, "why do you have that inscription on the wall That means 'French is spoken here.'"

"You don't mean it," exclaimed the hotel keeper. "Well, I'll be darned! A young chap sold that to me for 'God Bless Our Home.'"

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

A DREAM WORLD.

In Which a Child's Idea Is That "Everybody Loves Good."

Stella, the lovely child heroine of William J. Locke's "Stella Maris," is pictured as living in a dream world of rate beauty and happiness, from which the love of friends has shut out all knowledge of wrong and evil. Thus her idea of religion and man's need of it is a peculiar one. In the April Century she is shown as talking wisely with John, her faithful friend and "Great High Belovedest."

"We aren't good like the angels, I know," she remarked with the seriousness of a young disputant in the school of Duns Scotus: "but men don't kill each other, or rob each other, or be cruel to the weak, and nobody tells horrible lies, do they?"

"I think we've improved during the last few thousand years," said John.

"So," said Stella Maris, continuing her argument, "as the fathers have no particular sins, they can't be visited much on the children. And if there are no wicked people to go to hell, hell must be empty, and therefore useless. So it's no good believing in it."

"Not the slightest good in the world," said John, fervently.

"And now that everybody loves God," she went on, "I don't see what's the godo of religion. I love you, Great High Belovedest, but there's no need for me to get a form of words to say 'I love you, I love you,' all day long. One's heart says it."

"What's your idea of God, Stella dear?" he asked in a curiously husky voice.

She beckoned to him. He drew his chair nearer and bent toward her. She waved her fragile arms bare to the elbow.

"I think we breathe God," she said.

"Congratulations, old man. I hear you have been speculating successfully." "No, I lost money." "That's so? Well, you ought to know better than to gamble."—Kansas City Journal.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

(Young's Magazine.)

"My mother's awful generous," said the New Boy. "She knows I hate to take my cod liver oil, so she gives me a nickel every time I take it."

"How often do you take it?" queried the Other Boy.

"Three times a day."

"Gee," sighed the other, in hopeless envy at such wealth. "Fifteen cents a day! How do you ever spend it all?"

"I don't. She takes care of it for me. And when there are enough nickels to make a dollar, she—"

"Hands it over to you."

"No. She buys another bottle of cod liver oil."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

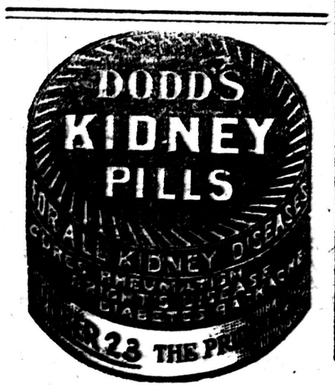
LEVEL CROSSINGS.

(New York Herald.)

For years the continued existence of steam railway tracks passing through the crowded west side streets of Manhattan at grade has been a disgrace to the city. It has already cost scores of lives. It hinders and hampers traffic. Probably in no other great modern city would it be permitted.

The Herald was the first to voice the reasonable demand for the removal of the railway track from the street surfaces. The agitation, long continued, has finally resulted in the plan for a city-owned elevated freight railway which will not only abolish the existing evil, but will provide a much needed link of direct communication between the railways and the steamship piers. This plan has been generally accepted by the citizens.

"That chauffeur was a great disappointment," I thought he would be." "But you gave him a letter of recommendation." "Of course. And I advise you to do the same. It's the only way to get him to go peaceably."—Washington Star.



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LUNCHES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

(Rochester Times.)

The trial which has been made of furnishing lunches for children in certain Rochester schools seems to prove conclusively the benefits of the experiment and also that it should be extended to other schools. At present such lunches are furnished in three schools. Each child pays a cent for his or her lunch. The Board of Education furnishes the equipment for a kitchen in each of the schools where such lunches are served. The expense over the sum contributed by the children, is met, in part, by the College Women's Club.

It has been conclusively proven that many of the children who come to Rochester schools are suffering from malnutrition and lack of nourishment. Investigation showed that many had for their breakfast only a slice of baker's bread and a cup of coffee or a glass of beer. In such cases it is no wonder that these children were lacking in energy and often seemed mentally deficient. After the school lunches were instituted a rapid improvement was noticed. Children were stronger both mentally and physically. Better attention was paid to studies. Children supposedly delinquent became well behaved. This is not to be wondered at. A hungry child cannot devote his attention to his studies and his department will not be of the best.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality, if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

PEACE REIGNS THERE.

Rosa, the colored cook in a well-known Trenton family, says Harper's Magazine, is very much in love with her young husband, whom she calls "Mistah Watts" in the soft North Carolina accent. Recently the Watts family have taken a boarder, a stylish young molatto school teacher named Emily. Upon Emily becoming a member of the family, Rosa thus addressed her:

"Miss Em'ly, you come heah a strangah. Yo' stay heah a strangah. Yo' come down in the mawin', yo' say, 'Good mawnin', Mishah Watts.' He says, 'Good mawnin', Miss Em'ly.' Dat's all theah is to it. Yo undehstand!'"

And Miss Emily and Mr. Watts both evidently understood, for peace reigns in the home.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

SOUNDS IN THE SILENCE.

It is very difficult to make some persons believe that nothing can move without making a sound, although it may seem to be absolute silence to them. Everything that moves disturbs the air around it and sets up a kind of wave motion that spreads through the atmosphere in all directions. When these wave motions are strong enough we hear a sound. That we do not hear anything is no evidence that there is no sound, for other living things may hear what we cannot.

The motion that is started in the air when anything vibrates or moves suddenly has often been compared to the motion of the surface of still water when we drop a pebble into a pond. But there is this great difference. The eye can see the wave made by the smallest glass bead you can find, but the ear is not nearly so sensitive, and unless the waves are pretty high in the atmosphere the human ear cannot detect them as sound.

Animals and birds have much better ears than we have. A dog will prick up its ears at the sound of your voice, or a faint whistle, when it is an astonishing distance off. A man in Baltimore put his head out of the window and called his dog Jack, which he thought was chasing cats in the grounds of the Blind Asylum opposite.

The dog was sitting on the steps of a friend's house with the man's daughter, down in Calvert street, nearly half a mile away, and instantly jumped up and tore off home. It had heard that call.

A deer has been known to look up at the sound of a footstep that was still half a mile away in the woods. A gamekeeper in the South of England noticed that the partridges were startled by some sound which he could not hear, just at sunset every evening. An army officer who was visiting the estate thought it peculiar that the time should change with the change in the hour of sunset, and he had an idea.

At a fort twenty miles away they fired a gun at sunset every evening and he noted the difference in the time and the moment that the partridges jumped, and found it was just about the time that it would take for the sound to travel that distance. One day he arranged to have the sunset gun fired five minutes late, and the partridges rose just exactly at the predicted time.

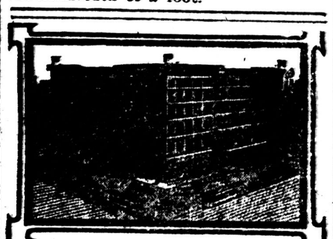
Here is an experiment that any boy or girl can make to prove that there are sounds which they cannot hear. Tie a string around the neck of a heavy poker, or any short bar of iron, and then swing it gently against a wooden chair. All you will hear is a little tap.

But the poker has been made to vibrate, and must be still disturbing the air round it with tiny waves of motion, far too delicate for your ear to catch. But now twist each end of your piece of string round the forefinger of a hand and letting the poker hang free, stick your fingers in your ears so that the poker hangs like a Y. Now tap it on the chair and for several seconds you will hear a sound as loud as a bell in a cathedral.

WITHOUT POSTS.

Novel Construction Used in Theatre at Colorado Springs.

In the building of a theatre in Colorado Springs reinforced concrete was made use of throughout, and the galleries are without posts or other supports, so that every spectator has an unobstructed view of the stage. In order to satisfy the city building authorities of the strength of this structure it was put to a very practical test. The gallery was loaded with 765 sacks of sand, each weighing 100 pounds. Two sacks were placed on each seat and four sacks on each step of the four aisles. The balcony was loaded with 1,124 similarly distributed. The city engineer took levels with a Berger level and self-reading rod, reading to hundredths of a foot, and the maximum variation was but 0.05 foot. On the next day, using the same level and rod, and taking elevation from a bench mark outside of the building, levels were run over the same points, showing a maximum deflection of 0.01 foot. After the sacks had been removed, another series of levels gave the identical results obtained in the first instance. Probably there was absolutely no deflection, since in reading to hundredths of a foot a very slight variation in the plumbing of a rod will show as much difference as one-hundredth of a foot.



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HATS WORN AT TABLE.

Seventeenth century etiquette prescribed that hats should be worn at table. "The Rules of Civility, or Certain Ways of Deportment," published 1673, gives some directions on this point. Under the supposition that "a person of quality detains you to dine with him," it is laid down that "when the person invited is seated he must keep himself uncovered till the rest sit down, and the person of quality has put on his hat. If the person of honor drinks a health to you, you must be sure to be uncovered. If he speaks to you, you must likewise be uncovered till you have answered him. If one rises from the table before the rest, he must pull off his hat."

A trace of this etiquette lingers in the House of Commons, where a member is always allowed to wear his hat only when seated.—From the London Chronicle.

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST Liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day. Yours very truly,

T. G. McMULLEN.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

(Woman's Home Companion.)

They were twitting a friend who stuttered upon the fact that he had never been married.

"I kn-kn-know, boys, that I've never b-b-been married, but I was pre-pre-pretty near it once."

"How was that?" they inquired.

"Well, you see, I ask-ask-asked a girl to have-hav-hav-have me, and she said that she'd rather be e-ex-excused, and and I was such a fo-fo-fool I ex-ex-excused her."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

HAS MUCH TO LEARN.

(Cleveland Plain-Dealer.)

The modern lady started in with the ancient formula.

"Tell me," she whispered, coyly, "am I the first girl you have ever kissed?"

"You are not," answered the modest lover, boldly.

"Oh," she demurred, "I don't believe you."

"I swear it is true," he insisted, breathlessly.

"It may be," she admitted, "but, oh! you have much to learn yet!"

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SPANISH JEWS IN NEW YORK.

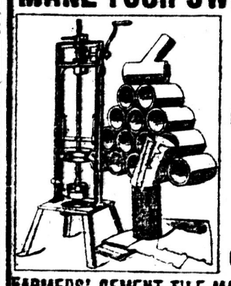
Almost unknown to the general community is the steadily increasing immigration into this city of Spanish speaking Jews from the Orient. It is estimated that these descendants of the Jewry expelled from the Iberian peninsula over 400 years ago, now number about 10,000 in New York city.

Others are spreading abroad throughout the country, and a body of these Jews who have clung so faithfully to their Spanish tongue held religious services according to their own minhag last Rosh Hashona so far west as Portland, Ore.

In New York they are at least numerous enough to support two newspapers printed in Ladino-Spanish in Hebrew characters, one, appearing weekly, entitled L'America, edited by H. S. Gadol, the other a daily paper entitled El Aguila, edited by Mr. Mizrahi.

This immigration has become so considerable that the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society has recently been compelled to form an Oriental bureau, through which the immigrant Jew speaking Spanish, Greek, Turkish, Arabic or Sephardic Hebrew can receive proper care.—From the American Hebrew.

MAKE YOUR OWN TILE



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A LOVER OF SILENCE.

Representative Sulzer, in an interview in Washington with the St. Louis Republican correspondent, compared Russias silence of the passport question to an unusually silent, uncommunicative man.

"This man," he said, "hated all talk as Russia hates all passport talk. He went into a barber shop recently to be shaved and before seating himself in the chair handed the barber a dime.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the barber. "I don't often get my tip before I begin. Thank you, sir, very much.'

"'That isn't a tip,' said the silent man, sternly; 'it's hush money.'"

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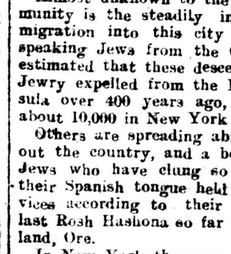
No pain. Describe the trouble, we will send book and testimonials free.

THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, Limited 10 Churchill Ave., Toronto.

EYES GET FIRST ATTENTION.

(London Chronicle.)

There is no such disguise as that of the eyes. If we want to get an impression of a person's face we have to look at the eyes. You will find this in any railway carriage or public conveyance. You are interested in a face; you fix your eyes on the opposite eyes. If the eyes meet both fall; the eyes drop apologetically, for the enquiry is too intimate. The two people know well enough, though neither may be artists, that you cannot get an impression of the face by looking at the chin, or the forehead, or the nose; you must look straight at the eyes—the window of the soul—and the face becomes a recognizable unit. The best disguise—as burglars and children know—is the mask that covers the eyes only.



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SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

ISSUE NO. 14, 1912

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WHEN WIVES WERE CHEAP.

There is living in Horsham at the age of 85, a remarkable old man called Henry Burstow— by hard necessity a shoemaker, by taste a singer of songs and a ringer of church bells. Even now he can sing any one of 400 songs that he knows by heart. Mr. Burstow occasionally reinforces his memory with stories told him by his father, and so can go back to 1820 when a man sold his wife at the November fair for 3s. 6d. He himself can well remember that in 1844 a lady known as "Pin-Toe Nanny" was brought into the marketplace with a halter around her neck and sold for 30s. to a man who parted with his watch to raise the price. Nanny changed hands again a year afterward and married one Jimmy Smith, with whom she lived happily ever after.—Westminster Gazette.

WOMEN NEED GIN PILLS

Port Dufferin, N. B.

"I was troubled with Kidney Diseases for several years. My back was weak. I had terrible headaches, and was so restless that I could not sleep at nights. At last a friend told me about Gin Pills. I at once got a box, and after taking them I felt better. After three boxes I was cured.

ETHEL DALCOMBE.

Write us for free sample of Gin Pills to try. Then get the regular size boxes at your dealer's or direct from us. 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50. Money refunded if Gin Pills fail to cure. National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada, Limited. Dept. H. L., Toronto.

A MAN'S OWN HORN.

(Washington Star.)

"I should think some of these speechmakers would get tired of hearing themselves," said the proprietor of the village store.

"Human nature's the same in politics as 'tis anywhere else," replied old Joe Smithers. "A man don't mind listenin' to the worst noise a cornet can make, provided he's the feller that's doin' the practicin'."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

HELP FROM LITTLE JOHNNIE.

(Ladies' Home Journal.)

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" asked her mother.

"Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin," replied the young lad.

The mother looked dubiously at her daughter, whereupon her little brother, wishing to help his sister, said:

"Yeth, they wath, mother. I heard 'em. Mr. Thmith asked for a kith and she thaid, 'You kin.'"

FORGOT HIS CUE.

Mr. Clarence—"Sister in, Georgie?"

Georgie—"She's either in or indisposed. I forget which."—Judge.

MAXWELL LAWN MOWER

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with its Crucible Steel Cutter Knives cuts so smooth, clean and easy, and holds its edge so well, that every man who appreciates a good lawn mower is sure to be pleased with it.

The whole mower is compact and perfectly balanced that it makes cutting the grass a light, pleasant exercise.

All sizes from 8 to 22 inches wide—with wheels 8 to 11½ inches high, and 3 to 6 knives.

has the largest opening of any washing machine. Every woman will appreciate the convenience of this big top.

Maxwell's Champion is the only washer that can be worked with side crank as well as hand lever.

The tub is Red Cypress—the wood that grows in the water and will never rot.

chops all kinds of Meat, raw or cooked, and all kinds of Fruits, Vegetables, Crackers, Bread, Cheese, Nuts, etc., into clean-cut, uniform pieces—fine or coarse as wanted—without mashing, squeezing, tearing or grinding and with great rapidity.

Does away with the chopping knife and bowl entirely, doing the work in one-tenth of the time and producing an absolutely uniform product.

5 different cutters for coarse or fine mincing. Simple in construction—easy to clean—strong and durable.

Write for catalogue, if your dealer does not handle these household necessities.

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