Aentorratice III alcimnant Bellefonte, Pa., November 4, 1927

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

The little toy dog is covered with dust But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little toy soldier is red with rust And his musket molds in his hands. Time was when the little toy dog was ne And the soldier was passing fair; And that was the time when Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise!" So, toddling off to his trundle-bed, He dreamt of the pretty toys. And as he was dreaming, an angel song Awakened our Little Boy Blue; Oh, the years are many, the years are long, But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face; And they wondered, as waiting these long years through.

In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue, Since he kissed them and put them there.

_Eugene Field

THE BOY IN THE SILVER SHIP.

It was light. There was no more rain, and the fog was lifting every second. He got out and nodded to Frazier. Again the motor roared into life. "I wonder if she knows she'll never stop for a day and a half, this time?" Lindley thought, and people marveled at the smile that came to his face.

He looked at the crowd, and dozens of bearlike grips from the men about him fairly crushed his hand.

"Good luck, boy," Accord said huskily, and Chambers, his face drawn and tense, was wordless, but in his handclasp was all the understanding of brotherhood of the air.

Commander Fowler held his hand for five long seconds. Then:

"So long, Slim. See you in Paris!" Lindley turned away in agony of embarrassment. He could not say the things he wanted to say to those great hearted sportsmen-

The ear-shattering roar of the en-gine died slowly to idling. "How does she sound?" Lindley

asked evenly. 'Sounds good to me," Frazier said, his voice unsteady.

"Then I might as well go," Slim found himself saying, and he was in the cockpit almost before the mechanic was out of it.

His hand eased the throttle forward as the "Spirit of St. Louis" strained against the wheel blocks, wild to be gone. His eyes swept the in-struments. Gently, the throttle came back. He took a deep breath and

gazed below him at the smiling sea. Ships were here and there— "But there won't be any, later," he reminded himself.

Fog over Newfoundland he'd been told. He hoped it wouldn't be too thick. Perhaps there wouldn't be any.

He was unaware of the passage of time. The figures on the clock were meaningless, as far as actual con-sciousness of what they indicated was concerned. Prevading his whole being was sort of a transcendent exaltation, an exaltation so great that the thought of what lay ahead of him held no terrors. The Atlantic was merely a difficult obstruction, requiring greater concentration to sur-

Land ahead-Nova Scotia. That would be Meteghan down there, if his earth indicator had not failed. It was. The time was 12:25. Again the flying was easy as he roared up the coast. Halifax, then Port Mulgrave, coast. Hallax, then for an actively and the electric clock said exactly four o'clock as he pointed his ship out over the water from the tip of Nova Sctia and sent it hurtling into the misty air that stretched ahead of him. Now as the cooling air chilled him and sullen water rolled beneath, his face grew more set, and his eyes held a look of deepened brooding. One more tiny interval over land-and the die would be cast. Five o'clock, six, and about seven he should sight land again-the southern tip of Newfoundland.

The mist was turning into a heavy fog that rolled in from the icy waters of the Grand Banks. Foot by foot, he was forced down, until at the last the Spirit of St. Louis was darting along less than a thousand feet above the sullenly heaving water. His eyes held almost ceaselessly to his compass, flitting occasionally to his drift indicator.

Nearly seven o'clock-and there appeared in the eyes of his periscope a dark line acoss the sea. He strain-

ed forward in his seat. "Land all right," he told himself thankfully. "It must be Newfoundland."

For a moment he leaned back, re-laxed. Then his body stiffened. His ship dropped lower. It was the rugship dropped lower. It was the rug-ged, bleak-looking coast of Newfound-land, but he must find some land mark to set his course by. The fog was so thick he could scarcely see anything. He must find the city of St. John's, if possible. He could, perhaps, take his bearings from Cape Race, but he wanted to make sure of himself by locating the island's chief town. locating the island's chief town. He swung the nose of the dripping monoplane northward, seeking about like a hound for the scent. The northeast tip of the southern extreme of the island

Suddenly it burst into view as he flew northward, now less than five hundred feet high as the fog forced him down. There was the bay, and there the small city. Tense as a drawn wire, he circled around it briefly, getting his bearings and setting his course. Then he circled again, methodically figuring what he and leaned out the open door. "Pull the blocks," he shouted, and dred fifty miles in a few minutes less

pointed it eastward.

and his fate close to someone's heart.

saw the darkly brooding pot of water

that the strain of fourteen continuous

the air.

was over. He was again the cool flyer, as he thrst the throttle all the way on, and sent his ship upward in-

to a blank wall of mist. He kept it level, and in a gradual climb, with the help of his banking and climbing indicators. His eyes were on the little bubbles almost constantly. He could not see fifteen feet in any direction. Hunched in his tiny cckpit with the fog like a shroud about him and the open sea beneath him, he leveled out at five thousand feet, and the song of the motor, dropped into a lower key as he throttled it, was like the voice of a friend from out the limitless loneliness that was hig

A half hour later, and suddenly the silver ship hurled itself out of the fog. Above him was a darkening sky, be-low him a blue-gray sea that stirred itself in long swells, like a monster, stretching. Stars winked on as the heavens darkened, and the water became a white-splotched floor below

He wasn't hungry, but he munched a sandwich-his first food. To his dying day he will never know what that sandwich was made of.

As night fell, shortly after nine o'clock, the motor seemed to run with a smoother rythm, and the ship, as though to reassure him, was bounding more buoyantly through the smooth air. To the north of him, like ghost-ly rafts, great icebergs glinted in the wan starlight. Then a great, heav-ing sea of ice floes. And ever the twain—ship and nilot—rushed on into a smoother rythm, and the ship, as twain-ship and pilot-rushed on into the night, farther and farther from

miles away. Again he was unconscious of the

passage of time. Flying was auto-matic, now, and his sustained exalta-tion sped the time on wings. He thought of nothing in particular. The consciousness of his goal was always with him, and yet in the background. The roar of the motor had become hypnotic, lulling his senses into a vague dreaminess.

He scarcely looked ahead. Occasionally he gazed down at the water patiently waiting to destroy him, but he rarely thought of what the fail-

knowledge that below him, a boat was plowing through the water, brought no sense of comforting safety to him. It brought not even a momentary thrill of companionship, nothing would, now. He was alone, a demigod wing-ing his way through the air—and that meant the height of happiness for

him. The light dropped behind, and disappeared back of one of the growing number of white piles that sailed in stately splendor across his path. Midnight-more than five hundred miles from shore.

"Plenty of gas, plenty of gas!" be-came the refrain of the Wright as he him, in ceaseless phanlanxes the army

He gasped with relief, as he saw overcome him. He seemed without motor seemed to die thankfully, as the ice coating on the ship turn to water. He was but fifty feet high. Now he was down to ten feet, he had to be, to see. ened.

A few seconds later he leaned for-A few seconds later he leaned for-ward hope in his eyes. There was light ahead, but even as he flashed forth from the storm, he knew that his temporary exultation had been premature. All around him were more clouds, down to the very water, and on every side. So he renewed the fight, the fight

that seemed never-ending. He banker around the first cloud, eyes glued to his compass, and with motor full on, climbed at the same time. Banking his course in order to compensate for them when he had a chance, he inched his way upward on a tortuous

course. Three times, below five thou-sand feet, he was forced into a few seconds of that deadly rain of sleet and snow, but each time he fought through in time.

Six thousand feet, and there loomed above him, from horizon to horizon, a dense wall of black mist. He could never get over it, and again the silvery ship rushed downward, and for taunt miles he skipped along, barely above the waves that flung his drawn face. themselves upward like wolves leaping at their prey. The rain pound-ed against the ship, and suddenly a great wave, twenty-five feet high, rushed like a charging monster from

out the opaque storm. He cried out, as he pulled the ship possible rescue, and nearer and nearer back, and as it answered, its under-to their goal, twenty-two hundred carriage was wet with the creamy foam that was like teeth on the crest

of the water. Then, as a momentary surcease from the deadly strain, came an interval of a minute during which time he must decide between two things. He was in the clear, but another mass of sleet-filled mist was marching toward him. It was not so high, and he decided to go over it. With the motor roaring its loudest and the tachometer needle wobbling as the tachometer needle wobbing as us, ingly. ship vibrated, he climbed desperately. ingly. "Am I on the road to Ireland?" ed his way upward. He handled the ship with the matchless skill that was his, as his brain almost unconsciously kept track of his deviations from compass course.

Ten thousand feet high, he sank back and wiped the beads of icy sweat from his lined forehead. He was above them, but miles ahead. higher ones, their tops scraping the very sky, were coming toward him.

And they never stopped. Hour after tragic hour went by, as he fought horizon. his fight. A dozen times he was forced to rush downward through the icy particles which drove against his titude, making a thousand life-and- him, still would recur: death decisions every hour, sometimes attaining a moment's peace two miles

feeling incapable of thought. "Snap out of it!" he told himself suddenly and his weary body straight-

He looked over his instruments, and then it was that something elec-tric seemed to course through his veins. He was on the way to Parts already only five hours from land. The worst part of the Atlantic was conquered. All that it meant came back to him, and his dulled eyes brightened and strength flowed from his mind to his body. And as his eyes rested on the motor guilder

eyes rested on the motor cylinders before him, he was ashamed. The ship was no more his brain child and circling, striving to calculate in it was a mighty thing, more worthy minutes and degrees the changes in of trust than he. of trust than he.

With each minute, his exultation mounted higher.

An hour passed, and as he gazed briefly through his periscope, he leaned forward. "Land!" he cried aloud, and his

heart was pumping like mad. He had made terrific speed-must

been a strong tail wind— "Where is it?" he asked himself in bewilderment, as that island he had !

"A mirage—and I was crazy

self. "Wake up Slim, wake up!" Two hours that were meaningless chunks of time, and what he saw he knew was no mirage. There were fishing vessels ahead—he must be nearing land!

And then there assailed his suddenly super-stimulated mind all the dread possibilities to which he had given no thought for hours. He had tried to remain on his course—but had he? He might be hundreds of miles from it. But there must be land, somewhere, not too far away. Impulsively he cut the motor, and sent the ship into a steep dive. For a second he held it in a semi-stall above one of the vessels. Vague

"They couldn't hear," he chuckled— an exultant chuckle as he pushed the throttle forward and the motor answered.

he got a grip on himsen, and the unit of the men about him and took the hyper placidity of mind that was normally hand in both of his. his, returned to him, he realized that "I'm Ambassador Merrick," he said he got a grip on himself, and the cool he was still looking over water to the

Nevertheless, his eye barely left the periscope before him from then on, and he searched the sky line with ship in savage, deadly millions, and then almost to dodge the waves in a driving downpour of rain. Then up again, fighting for every inch of al-titude making of the second difference of the second despicable to had made that impossible. And the thught, which seemed despicable to

Suppose the motor should failafter eighteen hours over the ocean!" magic, safe from the tens of thous-But it did not. When he actually id see land, the motor seemed to lift its song into a pean of triumph, and the ship seemed to increase its speed as though it, too, saw that narrow plack line in front of it. It was no mirage, this. It was land. A rocky coast.

though very tired.

And then, winging down silently through the night in graceful spirals, he strove to comprehend what that field below him meant. And he could field below him meant. And he could not. A vision had come true, and all that he had yearned for would be his. His silver plane had become a dream ship that had carried him to the har-bor of his heart's desire. And his eyes were wet as he patted the side of

eyes were wet as he patted the side of the cockpit, and said huskily: "You did it, old girl, you did it!" He landed smoothly, but he was in a trance. Suddenly his body went limp, and he gazed stupidly at a tor-rent of black former provided. rent of black figures sweeping across the field toward him. He knew, later, that twenty-five thousand frenzied people had burst all barriers to roll over him in a tidal wave of humanity. He could not move, it seemed, save to cut the motor dead in order to have the propeller still when those people arrived. As the leaders swept up to him, he thrust his head from the

cockpit, and smiled. "Well, I made it," he found himself saying, but it was scarcely heard by a living soul, he knew.

He slumped back in his seat, and then the boyish smile flickered across on the shoulders of a dorser swaying center of a sea of humanity, mad with excitement. He was dropped, and he enough to believe it," he chided him-self. "Wake up Slim, wake up!" A sea of faces, indistinguished words in French battering at his ears, women in tears and men shouting themselves hoarse-

He was whirled about, and saw the crowd around the ship. They were tearing at it—souvenirs— In a trice his brain cleared, and he

But it was useless. For a second, he felt that he himself was being mangled. But he was helpless. Again he was lifted to the shoulders of the strangers.

A car forced itself through the mass that was fairly hurling his tired body over a surface of hands. Smiling uncertainly, he felt himself whisked into the car, and two French offic-"Am I on the road to Ireland ? he yelled at the top of his voice, and then laughed at himself." ers were pumping his hand as the au-to sped across the field to the commandant's office.

Drawn faced and grimy, hair falling over eyes that were burning with an almost unearthly glow, he ank in-He knew he was close to land. He felt that he had finished the flight al-ready. But only for a minute. As shock of gray hair burst through the men about him and took the flyer's

"I'm Amoassador Merrick, he said unsteadily, "and—Captain, you're the hero of the whole world this night!" "Thank you, sir," Lindy said smil-

ingly, "but that's going a little bit too far, isn't it?" There certainly was a lot of excitement, he thought.

A half hour later he was at the Embassy, spirited there as though by ands of men and women who would ave worn his tired body with their adulation. Some hot milk, a bath-and the happiest youth in all' Christendom has laid himself down to sleep in pajamas belonging to the Ambassador of the United States to France. Gosh, but he was tired. His long legs bent slightly to fit the bed, his hair spread over the pillow, he had time to think. "Well I'm here. Everybody sure-And 1:30 in the afternoon. In a is marvelous to me. I'll bet Mother, few moments, his last doubt was disget a little kick out of it. I wonder -what-they're doing now-The door opened slightly, but the Ambassador stopped as he saw the doubled-up fiugre beneath the bed clothes. Outside a mob was singing and cheering, but Slim was sleeping like a tired baby. The Ambassador closed the door softly. Three minutes later a message was flashing across the Atlantic, following Slim's own, previously-sent message: "Warmest congratulations. Your incomparable son has done me the honor to be my guest. He is in fine condition, and is sleeping sweetly beneath his country's roof." - American Boy. From the Reformatory Record.

"So long, everybody!"

The throttle went forward. Slowly, the overweighted little craft started down the ash runway. Slim was looking through his periscope, his body strained forward over the stick as though to help his comrade along.

The gallant monoplane did its mightiest. He could feel it straining beneath him, and felt that it was a living thing making a superhuman effort to do its job. The soft, rainsoaked earth clung to the wheels. Ahead of him was a gully, then telephone wires.

He rocked it, and felt it answer. He was in the air-

But only for a second. The ship dropped, and again the wheels were held in that clinging embrace. But there was no turning back. Suddenly, there leaped into his vision the half of a propeller thrust into the three-quarters. ground ahead of him-grim remindground ahead of him—grim remind-er of the fate of gallant men who had lost there lives here a year before, there we go," he whispered, as they—he and his ship—hurled them-selves into the fog, which blotted out starting on the mission he had set himself

He heaved back on the stick, and a few feet below him, again the ship answered. It was white-topped waves, like the teeth staggering through the air, like an ov- of a monster lying hungrily in wait er burdened animal weakening under the strain. He must keep it there, or that gully ahead would turn him and his beloved craft into mangled ruins.

It seemed that the indomitable spirit flaming within him flowed through the fingers into the ship. With all his transcendent skill, he watching. fought to keep the ship in the air. One more dip to the ground, and no power on earth could save them. The monoplane staggered drunkenly along fifty miles beyond Newfoundland be--but above the ground.

Foot by foot, with scarcely enough flying speed even to stay level, he in gorgeous theatres men and women forced it upward. He was white, his were standing in silent prayer for forced it upward. He was white, his eyes pools of tragedy, as the telephone wires loomed ahead and above him. He would have been stunned at the mere idea that there was Then:

"You did it, you did it!" he whispered weakly, and as the wires, fairly scraping the undercarriage, slid be-low him, he sank back in his seat. He leveled out a bit, as though resting his hip. A mile ahead were trees. Somehow he knew they would hurdle that obstacle. The test had come, and the ship had been equal to it. He was hind, and that he in his silver ship not surprised when the slow-climbing was the physical symbol of what ship cleared the trees, and the song of the motor became a hymn of triumph.

As though the gods themselves were smiling, the first ray of sun burst through the thinning clouds.

And to Slim, sitting in his snugly enclosed cockpit like a lone crusader bound for conquest, it seemed that a higher power was clearing the way for him. That coast, which had been fog-bound for days, lay smiling be-neath the sun as the fog fairly rolled away ahead of him. At a hundred miles an hour he winged his way

from Scituate, on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, for Nova Scotia. That land flight had seemed like the hops from San Diego—a mere preliminary. Now, as he got halfway across on the two hundred mile water jump, he

than twelve hours. A favoring wind made a mental calculation from his of the air. His ship thrown about in had helped the overladen ship aver- fuel guage. age a hundred miles an hour, and

now it was picking up speed as its tremendous cargo lightened. From was plowing its own lonely way across the swelling sea. Another hour passed. Time didn't his fuel guage he estimated that he had used gas at the rate of about twelve gallons an hour.

exist. The sky seemed lightening, while the clouds thickened and grew Eastward stretched the Atlanticnineteen hundred miles of it-to Irelarger. He was conscious of occasional puffs of wind, too, that some-times lifted the wings of his ship. The water became lighter as the stars went out, and the cloud seemand. Again he verified his course. The slightest deviation would mean hundreds of miles off course at the other end of the flight. He had ed to turn grey. He looked at his clock unbelieving-

plenty of gasoline, and plenty of oil. Ahead of him the motor was firing without a break, and below him, his second self, The Spirit of St. Louis, seemed to be straining ahead as he pointed it eastward ly. "Gosh, it hasn't stopped, has it?" was the thought that flashed into his

Had he been five or six hours more His eyes were the eyes of a man in than he thought, out over the sea? a trance, and his lips worked as his "No, that much gas hasn't been used up—Holy Moses! What a dumb bell I am!" he told himself disgusted-ly. "Nights are shorter in this counhand caressed the throttle, now at try!"

the land as though Newfoundland had In a few minutes, he was winging along in the broad daylight—and it was not yet two o'clock. But as day-light came, the clouds seemed to mass been wiped from the earth. Just huge together in menacing gray piles. Now he was leaning forward, his eyes fiit-He was utterly alone, save for his ship. The fog had swallowed up the hip and the man whom the world was vatching. He never dreamed, as he hurtled long through the gradually lighted the was learning forward, ins eyes into ting from compasses to the periscope. A huge bank of mist lay directly ahead. It would be only a mile or so to go northward, so he could get around it. His eyes on the earth inalong through the gradually lightenductor compass and the clock, he ing fog, that he was being borne on the hopes and prayers of three hunturned his ship and darted along on the very fringe of the cloud. He must dred and fifty million people. He did turn the ship southward the same not know that he had scarcely gone number of degrees, for the same length of time, to get back on his

fore the world was aware of the fact course. As he banked around the cloud, others seemed to be closing in on all that he was out over the sea, nor that

scarcely a home in the western world

He turned southward, eyes on the or a street corner in a town, where his name was not on someone's lips, compass, and a few seconds later his ship was swallowed up in the fog. and as though to dare the sea, drop He would have smiled his bashful, And he had become a drawn taut boyish smile, and flushed with embar-rassment, had he ever been told that mechanism, with narrowed eyes and ment's respite was ahead, he decided, bounding heart as he realized the truth. The sleet rattled against his that would go on until he and the fight forgot. He just must get there that he had gathered within himself the dreams of the world he had left beship like the continuous roll of musk- monoplane were battered into ruinsetry, and before his eyes, his wing struts were being coated with ice. A earthbound mortals of the watching few minutes of that, and the curva- sunlight on an almost tranquil sea. world dreamed they would like to be. ture of the wings would change, his These were great rollers, but they He was just a flyer, taking a chance

to prove what a ship and a man could do, writing another page in the history of the game he loved, and the heart, and shoved the stick ahead. It only reward he wanted was the opwould melt, at a lower altitude. If it didn't-he thought of himself Utterly spent, he mechanically sent portunity to march in the vanguard of afloat in his litle raft, and strove to blot the suggestion. Meanwhile, his mind began to work. Eleven o'clock Momentarily, as his motor roared its song of defiance to sea and fog, he weakened. He found himself hundred miles an hour. Meanwhile, his hundred miles an hour. Meanwhile, his hundred miles an hour. Meanwhile, his hundred miles an hour.

"Thank goodness for the all-metal hrough blackness. The altimeter dropped swiftly. He was white fac-ed and tight-lipped, and his eyes look-ed disaster in the face, as his ship. mines an nour he winged ins way along, knowing every second where he was. Two hours later, he set his course ever?" he exploded, and it seemed dropped swiftly. He was white fac-ed and tight-lipped, and his eyes look-ed disaster in the face, as his ship be-the disaster in the face, as his ship became wing heavy—so much so that he so tired— had to fight the stick to keep it level. He caug

Fifteen hndred feet, a thousand. He could scarcely control the mono- flying in his sleep-sleep with his plane, now, and seconds would tell the

the swirling cauldrons of the winds, Another light shone on the clear his body a network of nerves strained night. Far to the south some vessel" to the breaking point, sleepless and without food, he fought until he could fight no longer. Not even the blurred song of the motor that had never fail-

ed to cover the sea and the sky at once, forced him into another heartbreaking fight.

Flesh and blood could stand more. He was through— And then it was that the strength

he had stored up through the years seemed to well from some mysterious spirit reservoir. The blood of Vikings, who had conquered the sea a housand years before surged hot through his veins. In a sort of sublime madness he flung back his head, and to the great gray monsters who rolled down on the battered dauntless ship he cried his challenge to do their worst-and fought on.

He felt a ferocious joy in the fight, now. He flung his ship into the teeth of the storm of gods, and it seemed that he helped to lift on. Two hands on the stick, sometimes, to combat the winds that strove to tear it to pieces, cheating the waves that would devour him one minute, and fighting for precious altitude the next, he clung to his course. In the very middle of the Atlantic, he scarcely realized where he was or what he was doing, as he and his ship fought their great gray enemies, and beat off bil-lions of missiles that sought to batter them. A thousand times the ship was almost out of his control, until he gritted his teeth and brought it level

"I've got to go through!" he told himself grimly, "or I won't know where I am!" second, before going back to the com-pass needle, discerned a lightening ahead. He lifted his ship over a wave, ped it down again to look. A mo He stared ahead stupidly as the

plane flashed forth into a smiling ship become unmanageable— "I've got to dive to melt it—I can't get over!" he thought with sinking cloud in the sky.

For a moment, he scarcely could comprehend that his fight was over.

He caught himself just in time. For a minute or two, he had been eyes wide open. He strove to combat

"Ireland, by the mighty!" the young flyer told himself slowly. "Got to ed him could help him now. "I've got to turn back—I can't make it!" he thought desparingly, as another gargantuan cloud, that seem-

sipated, as the outlines of the shore below him coincided exactly with Dingle Bay.

"That was lucky," he told himself. "Only a few miles off my course, with that storm. And I'm in Europe!" Starry eyed, the feel of victory within him, he sent his ship higher and higher and rushed along on his nearly completed journey. The short hop to England was made, it seemed to him, in but a moment, as he sped over the rolling, park-like terrian of Britain, he went still higher to cross the channel. He felt superstitious about that strip of water, somehow. "Just my luck to come in that, now!" he told himself, and laughed then with almost hysterical exuber-

ance. "We have won, we have won, we have won," sung the mighty little motor, minute after minute.

As darkness fell, his glowing eyes picked out Bayeaux, near the arm of the channel noted on his map as Seine Bas.

"An hour and a half more, an hour and a half more!" the motor was singing in his ears, and his body was afire. "Pipe down, big boy, pipe down,' he talked to himself. "A forced land ing in the dark could cook your goose right now, as easy as the Atlantic could."

And again he was the constrained flying man, his joyousness suppressed into a quiet happiness such as he had

never known before. "Now to the Seine River—can't miss it—and Paris!" he thought, and with his whole being set on the goal, the significance of it he temporarily was all.

A full fifty miles from Paris, his eyes discerned the lights of it. A slim golden arrow—the Eiffel tower— beckoned him. Tiny lights that seem ed to be rockets danced like fireflies below huge lines of light shooting upward into the black sky. Rockets, and the searchlights of the aerodrom

With his goal in sight, all he could

think was: "If the motor should fail now!"

But it did not. He was two miles high, because he wanted plenty of gliding distance should the engine that had carried him thirty-six hundred miles without a miss, fail at the end of its cruel strain. And two miles high he still was, as he peered down on the brightly lighted field that he knew must be the Le Bourget air-port. There were the lights of myr-iad cars, and a dense black mass that must be people, waiting.

He cut the throttle gradually, so the drowsiness that was trying to gently that it was like a caress. The news while it is news.

The Real Music

One will lose no music by not attending the oratorios and operas. The really inspiring melodies are cheap and universal; and are as audible to the poor man's son as to the rich man's. Listening to the harmonies of the universe is not allied to dissipation: My neighbors have gone to the vestry to hear Ned Kendal, the bugler; tonight, but I am come forth to the hills to hear my bugler in the horizon. 1 can forego the seeming advantages of cities without misgiving. No heavenly strain is lost to the ear that is fitted to hear it .- Thoreau.

Aquarium Cement

Cement for panes in aquariums is produced from litharge and glycerin. The former must be as finely powdered as possible and the glycerinvery condensed, of a sirupy consistency and limpid. Mix the two ingredients into a semi-liquid paste, coat the places, or pour the tough mass intothe respective cavity, and press inteit the part to be cemented on. The surplus oozing out must be removed at once and the place cleaned, as the putty hardens very rapidly.

Found at Last

The harrassed-looking man was being shown over some works. "That machine," said his guide,

does the work of 30 men." The man smiled glumly.

"At last," he said, "I have seen what my wife should have married."

-The Watchman gives all the: