

AERONAUT IS LOST

Death in Trip From Munich Across North Sea.

IS DASHED INTO THE WAVES.

When Bag Arose From Immersion One of the Original Party of Three Was Gone—Survivors Were Almost Drowned.

Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, Dec. 6.—Two members of the Balloon Touring club who left Munich, Germany, Sunday morning landed here. An easterly gale carried the balloon across the North sea.

Herr Distler, director of the German Aeronautical Touring club, one of the party, says they lost knowledge of their position in a fog and suddenly heard the sea roaring below them.

They descended to try to ascertain their whereabouts and dashed into the waves, being immersed. When they arose again they found one of the party, Herr Metzger, missing.

The balloon was caused to descend twice, but each time it struck the waves. Everything, even the anchor, was thrown overboard. Finally the sound of the waves ceased, and the party knew they were over the land.

The emergency cord was pulled to release what gas remained in the balloon. The wind whirled the bag along at a furious rate of speed, and it struck fences and stone walls, which it knocked down. Distler and his companion, Captain Joerdensen, crouched in the bottom of the car and were badly battered. They were hurled to the ground a mile inland bruised and bleeding. They thought they were in Sweden until they saw the word "Push" on an electric doorbell.

MEN'S CHORUS DISMISSED.

Opera Singers Who Wanted More Pay Warbled in Whispers.

Vienna, Dec. 6.—The entire men's chorus has been summarily dismissed from the Imperial opera for what is called a passive resistance demonstration. The forty-eight men were exasperated by the refusal of their persistent appeals for better pay and decided Saturday to keep only the letter of their contracts.

They appeared on the stage as usual, but suppressed their voices to whispers. The conductor's frantic efforts to make them sing were ignored, and the audience hissed them; hence the punishment.

The program has now been rearranged so as to exclude the chorus from the operas as far as possible. When necessary soloists will form the chorus. A chorus man's salary is \$100 yearly until he has served three years, after which it rises gradually until he receives \$250. The Imperial Opera House has a big deficit yearly, which is recouped from the emperor's private purse.

DENVER USES MORE PENNIES.

Banks Have Ordered 60,000 For Christmas Bargain Buyers.

Denver, Dec. 6.—Two Denver banks have ordered 60,000 pennies from the east to meet the demands of the local trade. The banks pay 5 per cent premium in the form of express charges for the pennies, selling them, therefore, for less than cost.

The department stores now use a great many of them, newspapers now sell on the streets for 2 cents and cafeterias have played an important part in putting pennies into universal use. Ten years ago pennies were almost a curiosity in Denver.

One on the Judge.

The lawyer for the prosecution had finished his closing argument, and the judge, a pompous and long winded individual, was charging the jury.

He was in the midst of an unusually long and tedious address when he suddenly noticed that one of the jurymen had fallen fast asleep. The indignation of his honor was boundless. Rapping sharply on his desk, he awakened the slumberer, who seemed not at all abashed at being thus caught napping. After glaring at him angrily for a few moments the magistrate in his most sarcastic tone said:

"So that's the way you attend to your duty, is it? You're a fine specimen to have on a jury. Do you think your opinion will be of any value when I send you out to determine the fate of this prisoner?"

"Yes, sir," said the jurymen quietly; "I think so."

"Oh, you do, do you?" shouted the exasperated judge. "Pray tell me, sir, how long you have been sleeping?"

"I don't know, your honor," was the reply. "How long have you been talking?"—New York Herald.

A Polished Diplomat.

"Did you see anything that particularly struck your fancy when you were looking round the furniture shops today?" asked a young husband of his lately made wife on her return from a tour of furniture inspection.

"Yes," she replied; "I saw something exceedingly pretty in looking glasses."

"I have no doubt you did," he observed, "if you looked into them."

The halo of a calm, sweet peace rests upon that home.

Saturday Night Talks

By Rev. F. E. DAVIDSON
Rutland, Vt.

THE KING'S LAST BATTLE.

International Bible Lesson for Dec. 11, '10—(Matt. 27; 15-50).

The crowning event of history has already taken place. Nothing in the ages past, nothing in the ages to come is, or can be, comparable to it. That was the focus toward which everything from the foundations of the world converged. That was the fulcrum Archimedes could not find, for the long lever that could move the planet. The result of that event will yet have a direct and personal effect upon every individual inhabiting this globe. For that stupendous, far-reaching and revolutionary event was the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

The world has seen some awful tragedies; but that was earth's greatest tragedy. The world has seen some dark days; but that was earth's darkest day. The world has seen some terrible earthquakes; but never one before or since that burst tombs open and brought sheeted dead to life. The world has seen some strange mysteries; but never one before or since like the invisible power that ripped the wonderful veil of the temple from top to bottom, exposing the Holy of Holies to every curious eye.

The world has seen some great battlefields; but never any like that green hill-top—Calvary. Other conflicts settle the destinies of cities, of nations, of continents; this conflict settled the future of a world. One Friday, in the month of April, outside the walls of Jerusalem, in the presence of men, angels and devils, heaven stooping from above, hell swarming up from beneath, great nature turning out the lights of the sun to add to the horror of the scene, the Second Adam, fought the great fight of redemption and won the victory for all men everywhere, to the last syllable of recorded time.

The King a Victor.
The ordinary view of the crucifixion is to dwell upon the sufferings of the victim, to stand awe-stricken at the spectacle of physical distress and to stop there. But that is not the teaching of Calvary. To count the sufferer's wounds, of head, and hand, and foot, and go no further, is to put a low estimate on the issues of that day. To sympathize and to pity the Bozrah Conqueror is all wrong. He does not ask for pity. He wants no sentimental tears shed over him, as though he was a felon executed against his will. Hear His glorious declaration: "I lay down my life of myself; no man taketh it from me; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Christ is not a martyr, dragged to the cross and executed in spite of Himself.

He was a victor on that battlefield. He was a victor when He shouted, "It is finished!" And He lay down to rest in the new tomb in the garden, like a conqueror on the field sleeping the sleep of peace. It is a mistake as wide as the universe to use the cross to excite the lachrymal glands. Christ was nobody's victim. He was victor. The cross stands for suffering certainly, keen, awful, mysterious, but that is not by any means the chief lesson of the crucifixion.

The Cross Emblem of Victory.
Up to that April afternoon the cross was the emblem of shame and disgrace. But this conqueror transformed it and the cross now, always and everywhere stands for victory. That is what Constantine thought of it, as he saw it emblazoned on the midnight sky, with its significant prophecy: "By this sign ye shall conquer!" That is what Peter the Hermit thought of it as he bore it aloft over Europe, until he inflamed a continent with the ambition to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. Men, women and children flocked to that standard and put the holy emblem on their shoulders, shouting, "It is the will of God!" That cross is mightier to-day than fleets and armies. Before it all other signets bow.

There is a wonderful picture in the Dore Gallery in London. It is called "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," and is remarkable as being the artist's conception of the true meaning of the cross. The dreaming woman is represented as standing in a balcony and looking up a valley which is crowded with figures. It is the vale of the centuries and the figures are generations of the church which is yet to be. Immediately in front is the Saviour Himself bearing His cross; behind and around Him are His twelve apostles and their converts; behind these, the church of the early centuries, with the great fathers; further back, the church of the Middle Ages, with the majestic forms of the crusaders rising from its midst; behind these, the church of modern times, with its heroes; then multitudes upon multitudes, that no man can number, pressing forward in broadening ranks, till far aloft, in the white and shining heavens, lo, tier on tier and circle on circle, with the angels of God hovering above them and on their flanks; and in the midst, transfigured to the brightness of a star, the cross, which in its rough reality He is bearing wearily below. As Dr. Collier puts it: The great central event in all history is the death of Jesus Christ. The centuries circle around the cross.

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Wanted to Help.

"Captain Kendall of the Montrose," said a New York journalist, "was grieved by us correspondents in Quebec about the stupidity of the story that he made Crippen laugh with, so as to see the little man's false teeth."

"Captain Kendall took our guying good naturedly. The subject of Crippen's life insurance came up, and the captain told us he had an insurance story that we'd like better, perhaps, than the banquet yarn that made Crippen open his mouth so wide in laughter."

"He said a draper once told a friend, a grocer, that he was so hard up he didn't know which way to turn. Ruin, in fact, was staring him in the face. 'Well, insure your store,' said the grocer. 'Then some dark night, you understand—when the wind is high—' 'So the draper insured his store. A month or two later a fire broke out in the place. Somebody turned in an alarm, the fire engines soon arrived, and a vigorous fight was begun. 'The grocer hurried to the fire to see the fun. He walked about a bit smiling to himself, though it annoyed him



WILLSON'S

"IDIOT! WHAT ARE YOU THROWING WATER FOR?"

to see that the firemen were getting rather the better of the blaze. Suddenly he came upon the draper throwing bucket after bucket of water on the flames.

"The grocer could hardly believe his eyes. He hastened to his friend's side and hissed:

"'Idiot! What are you throwing on water for?"

"'Shut up, you fool!' the draper answered. 'This isn't water. It's kerosene.'"

WORKER SURE TO GET LEFT IN ANY EVENT

Roosevelt's Happy Illustration of the Contingent Fee.

Mr. Roosevelt, discussing in Milwaukee his idea of an employers' liability law, said to a group of correspondents: "Such a law would assure an injured workman of compensation without the cost of a suit. To be sure, some lawyers would thus lose money, but, after all, the 'ambulance chasing' type of lawyer isn't worthy of much consideration."

"An injured miner was telling a friend how one of these 'ambulance chasers' was going to bring a suit for him.

"'He's working for me on a contingent fee,' the miner said. 'What is a contingent fee? Do you know, Jimmy?'" "Sure I know," Jimmy answered. "If you lose the case your lawyer'll get nothing, and if you win you'll get nothing."

Too Ladylike.

Fire Chief Robert O. Mesnor of Canton will have no cigarette smokers among his firemen. Cigarette smokers, he claims, lack nerve.

"Your cigarette smoker," said the sturdy chief to a reporter, "is too ladylike for fire fighting. He is too delicate and mild."

"One of these cigarette smoking gentlemen had occasion at a harvest festival to refer to the story of Jonah."

"Jonah," he said, "passed three days and three nights in the whale's—er—the whale's—"

"He blushed furiously and added:

"'The whale's society.'"

On the Stump.

Timothy L. Woodruff at a dinner in New York told a number of election stories.

"Then there was Cosgrove," he said. "Cosgrove made a good stump speaker—an imposing, stately kind of man. While Cosgrove was speaking in a hall in Syracuse one night somebody brayed. Cosgrove stopped short, glared and said:

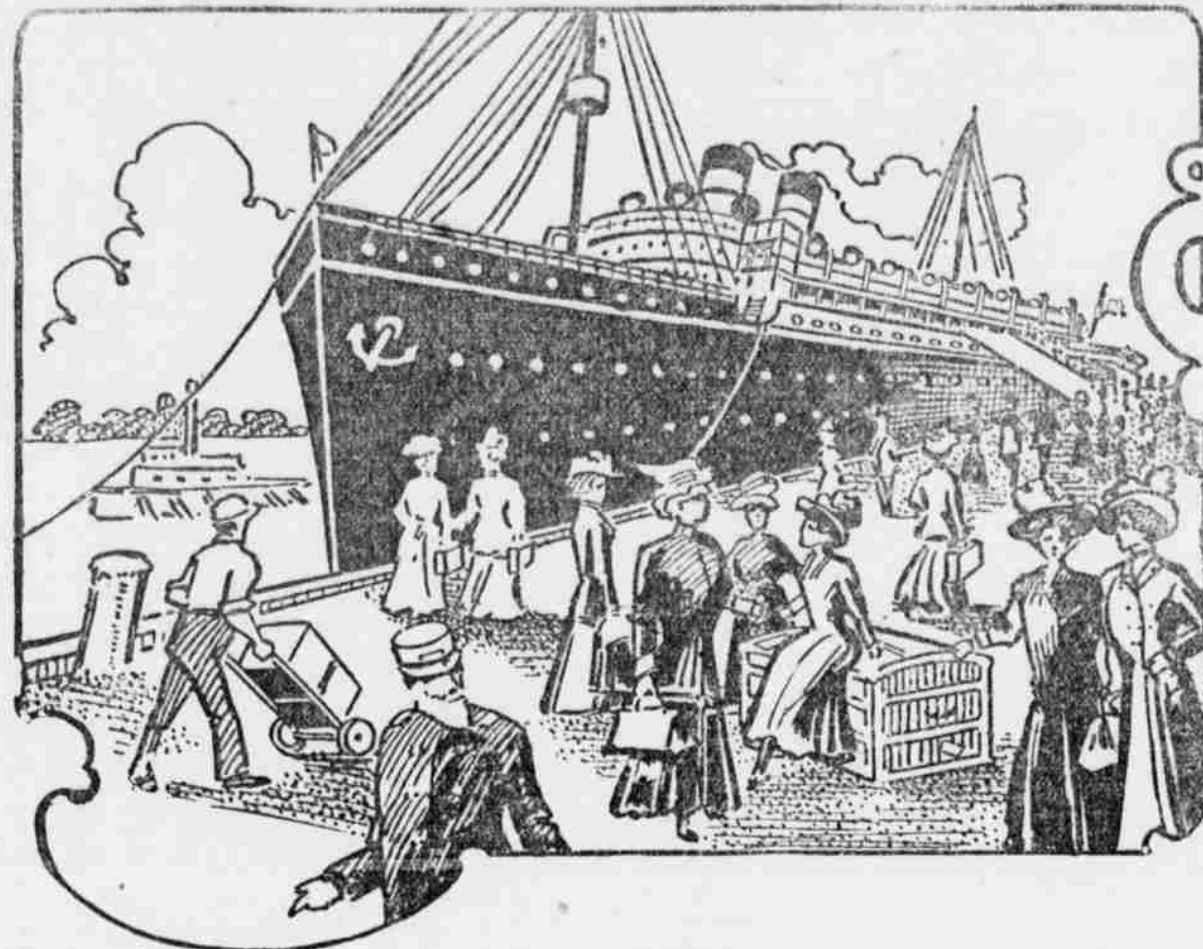
"'Who brayed there?"

"'A little chap in the front row piped mildly: 'It was only an echo, sir. Go on with your speech, Mr. Cosgrove.'"

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