

"FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN"

Beautiful Title St. Louis Woman Had Earned Through Many Years of Service.

What more beautiful title could a woman desire than that of "Friend of Many Children?" And that was what Margaret Madden of St. Louis was called. She died a few days ago, and sketches tell of her life spent in making children happy. She held a humble place in the community, conducting a little store where candy and cakes were sold, her patrons being almost entirely the little people of the neighborhood, and she never sold them anything that by any possibility could do them harm. The St. Louis Times devotes an editorial to Margaret Madden, and pays this tribute: "The children knew her as a friend, and when she died an account of her death published in a St. Louis paper bore a headline which contained the words, 'Friend of many children.' That would not seem a great distinction; but the world is filled with people who have won no distinction at all. And it would be very hard to think of any kind of fame so lovely and touching as that which fell to the lot of this St. Louis shopkeeper. For to be 'the friend of many children' is a blessing vouchsafed to but few. Children's friendships are largely of the heart—not of the judgment, of intuition, not of expediency. It is their blessed privilege to love those who do not always attract attention from older people. You may see only the little shop, the trembling smile, the narrow outlook and the long procession of dull days. But it is the heritage of the child that it can see the heart, rather than the bare surface indications. It can see the vision that was not realized—the power that was only latent. It senses the kindness that came with sacrifice. It knows more than the misleading What Is, and looks beyond into the great domain of What Might Have Been."

The Friends We Leave Behind.

I find the one great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind which is really moving onward. It is this: That one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thoughts tied to him and look—I am afraid, with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows—the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it! —From Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

His Illustration.

Several times cynics had attempted to trap the auctioneer who was selling the retired druggist's stock of medicine into an admission that the medicine he boomed was fake goods, but always he was too quick witted for them. But when he got to the cough sirup warranted to relieve tickling in the throat and stop the worst cough in five minutes after taking they thought they had him sure. The cold that had hampered the auctioneer throughout the day developed into a racking cough which punctuated his praises of the peerless medicine.

"Why don't you stop talking long enough to take some of your own cure, eh?" a wag called out.

"My dear sir," barked the auctioneer. "If I should do that I would have no cough handy to illustrate the kind of cough my medicine will cure."

Johnson's Opinion of Rousseau.

One evening, at the Nitre, Johnson said sarcastically to me, "It seems, sir, you have kept very good company abroad—Rousseau and Wilkes." I answered with a smile, "My dear sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company; do you really think him a bad man?" Johnson—"Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk to you. If you can be serious, I think him one of the worst of men, a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country. Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." —From Boswell's Life of Johnson.

Appearances.

"I haven't seen the new minister—shall I know him by his clerical look?"

"Oh, yes."

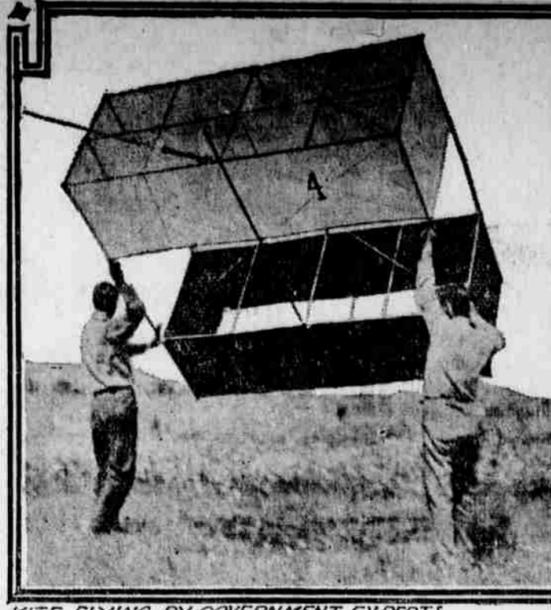
"And his wife?"

"You will know her by—er—her chanted clerical look."—Puck.

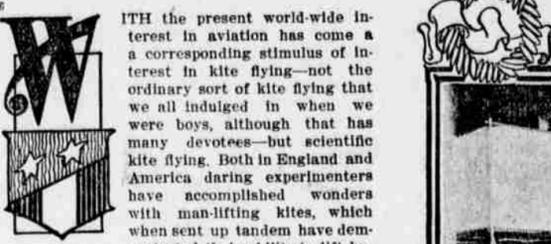
Inconsiderate.

Indignant Old Gent—Aren't you ashamed to sit there and let a woman with a bundle stand?

Hazy Citizen—Shamed? No! Can't see her I gotter package myself!—Puck.

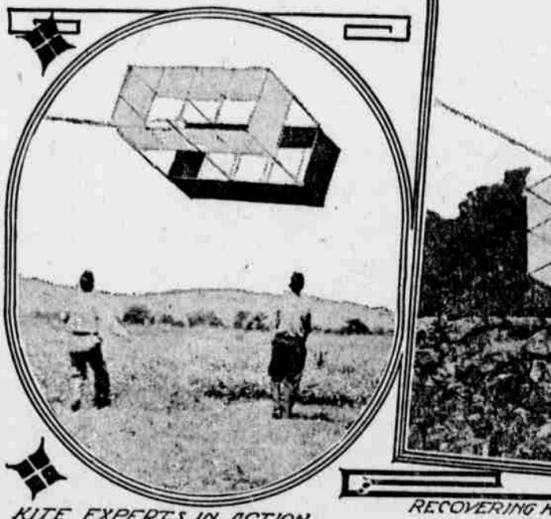


KITE FLYING BY GOVERNMENT EXPERTS



KITE EXPERTS IN ACTION

WITH the present world-wide interest in aviation has come a corresponding stimulus of interest in kite flying—not the ordinary sort of kite flying that we all indulged in when we were boys, although that has many devotees—but scientific kite flying. Both in England and America daring experimenters have accomplished wonders with man-lifting kites, which when sent up tandem have demonstrated their ability to lift human beings to the clouds quite as neatly as do motor-driven airships. Then, too, Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, has these past few years performed some wonderful experiments with a new type of kite made up of triangular cells and hopes yet to solve the problem of aerial navigation with a sky craft developed along this line.



RECOVERING KITE AFTER IT HAD BROKEN AWAY

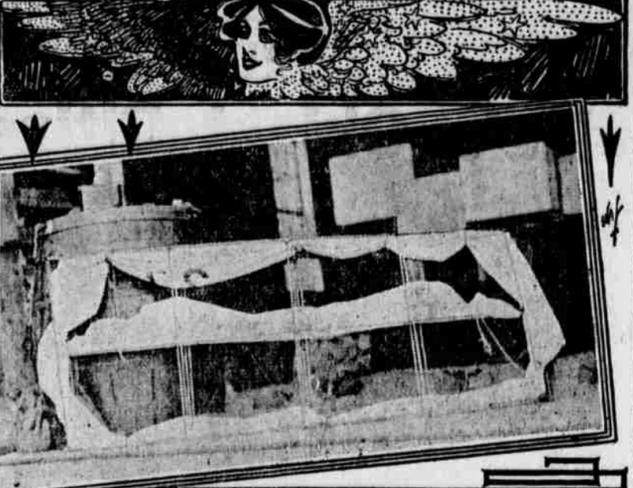
While the man-lifting kites have thus been developing to the point of undreamed-of possibilities another branch of scientific kite flying has been making like progress. This embraces the use of kites for studying the conditions of the upper air and obtaining data to be used in forecasting the weather. Various institutions all over the world have been using kites in this way, but the lead has been taken by the United States government, thanks to the facilities which it enjoys at its unique new weather observatory in northern Virginia, not far from the West Virginia line. The Mount Weather observatory, as this new kite station is officially designated, is designed especially for the exploration of the upper air by means of kites and balloons and it is located on top of a peak nearly 2,000 feet high in an isolated part of the Blue Ridge mountains—that which no better location could be imagined for this class of work.

There are not many buildings at this kite-flying outpost, but a substantial stone structure has been provided for use as a kite house. This is the headquarters for a corps of five men who devote all their time to this branch of aerial work. More than two dozen kites are constantly kept on hand and in readiness for use and included in this equipment are samples of all the different kinds of kites which have been used by any of the foreign governments that have engaged in scientific kite flying. However, Uncle Sam's experts have developed some designs of kites that are superior to anything known abroad, and particularly have they evolved a wonderful new type of kite that can be sent aloft in the fiercest gales that sweep over the Virginia mountains. The ordinary kite will fly in any wind with a velocity of ten miles per hour or more, but is not adapted to use when the wind exceeds 25 miles per hour. However, this new style kite, which weighs but eight pounds and has a lifting surface of 58 feet, has made successful flights more than a mile in height when the wind was blowing a gale of 46 miles an hour.

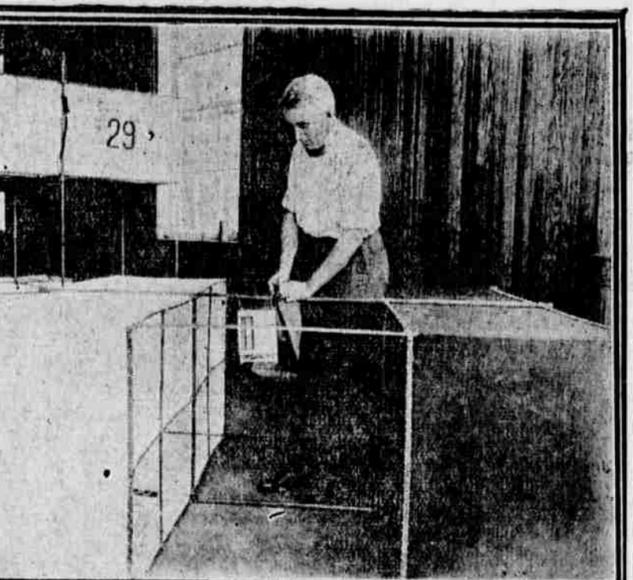
The government experts have sent up kites at Mount Weather as high as 23,000 feet, which means, of course, several miles. Of course no rope or string can be used for such kite flying, but wire must be employed. The wire is wound upon an immense reel of forged steel and the kite flying is in reality done by machinery, this reel being operated by a three-horsepower electric motor. When it is desired to haul down or draw in a kite this reel is set in motion at any speed desired. The steel drum has capacity for carrying 50,000 feet of piano wire, which is much more than would be required for any kite flight that will ever be attempted. The object of Uncle Sam's kite flying is of course to explore the upper air and to end automatically operated recording instruments are attached to every kite sent up. These bring down records not only of the altitude attained by the kite but of the temperature at various altitudes and other information of the greatest value to the scientists in their study of the atmosphere that envelops the earth.

The remarkable development of the aeroplane

UNCLE SAM AS A KITE FLYER



"KNOCKED DOWN" FOR TRANSPORTATION



ATTACHING AUTOMATIC RECORDING INSTRUMENTS TO A KITE



RECOVERING KITE AFTER IT HAD BROKEN AWAY

This is all-important. In this respect alone engineers have been achieving results of late which would have been declared absolutely impossible by experts a few years ago. From my point of view, as a pilot of aeroplanes, the improvement in engines has been astonishing. Last year, although long flights were occasionally made, the undertaking of a cross-country journey was a matter of considerable uncertainty. Now, however, although our engines are still admittedly imperfect, one can fly from point to point with a growing confidence.

Although much of the future of airmanship is still in doubt, the establishment of regular air lines of large towns is an innovation which will soon be an accomplished fact. The idea of the 'air station' is simple. It will, roughly, correspond to the garage for the motor car. There will be a large, smooth open space for machines to start from and also to alight upon. There will be a number of sheds in which air craft will be housed. There will be repair shops; also depots in which oil and petrol will be stored. The airman, studying a special map before he starts upon a long cross-country flight, will locate the position of the various air stations on route and halt at some of them—filling up his tanks, having his engine overhauled, and perhaps garaging his machine for the night in one of the sheds provided.

Already—a convincing proof of the development of flight—international authorities are discussing seriously the immediate laying down of regular 'airways.' Simply described, an airway will direct the passage of air craft over a given tract of land when in flight from city to city or from one country to another. These airways—several have already been provisionally mapped out in England—will make it incumbent upon pilots to fly their craft over sparsely populated tracts of country whenever possible, and will also obviate flying over towns.

"We do not want to hamper airmanship with too many rules, but danger to the people on the earth must be obviated, and the risk of involuntary descents in crowded districts must be avoided. The rights of private property must be considered also; it is clear that machines cannot be allowed to descend haphazard just where they like.

"So far the whole attitude toward flying has been to encourage it, a striking contrast to the condemnation of the railway train when it was introduced. This toleration the airman must do nothing to undermine. Motoring would not have been discredited in many people's eyes had it not been for the 'road hog.' We must have no 'air hogs.' As aeroplane owners increase many perplexing problems will arise. What is wanted is a sensible code of rules, framed in the public interest by practical authorities and tactfully enforced before there is possibility of any outcry against the new sport.

"For rapid transit generally, for fast mail traffic, for express services, for naval and military reconnoitering work, as instruments of destruction—although this phase may be far distant—these are some of the possibilities of the aeroplane. What we now want is a machine which will fly reliably in any wind short of a gale."

BOTH HAD THEIR GRIEVANCES

Tenants of Building Meet and Attempt to Settle the Noise Question.

"Say, look here, I don't like to kick, but really I have stood it just as long as I can. Every night somebody in your house keeps the phonola going or else starts the phonograph, and I find it impossible to get the sleep I need. Understand, I like you and your family as neighbors all right, generally speaking, and I'm sure you don't intend to make it disagreeable. It's just a case of not thinking of the rights and the comfort of others. That's the great trouble with most of us. We forget when we are enjoying ourselves, that we may be making it mighty unpleasant for others."

"You're right, old man, and I don't blame you a bit for complaining. By the way, there is a little matter I have wanted to speak to you about for some time, but I've felt some delicacy in approaching the subject. Why is it that you let your roosters begin crowing along about daylight? They make it almost impossible for us to get the sleep we need, and why do you mow your lawn on Sunday mornings? Please understand that I don't deny you the right to spend your Sundays in any way you see fit, as long as you don't interfere with the rights and comforts of others, but this thing of starting in to rattle a lawn mower at 5 o'clock every Sunday morning—the one morning in the week when the majority of people would like to sleep late—doesn't seem to me to indicate that you have much regard for your neighbors. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll compromise with you."

"What's your proposition?"

"I'll see that our music is stopped every night at 10 o'clock if you will keep your roosters and the lawn mower quiet until 7 in the mornings."

"O paw! There's no use talking to you. I had an idea you could listen to reason, but I see I was mistaken. Morning."

"Morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Took Them for Insects.

Woodrow Wilson, the president of Princeton, said at a recent dinner in the beautiful university town:

"When all the world is well educated, as all the world will be some day, then it will be better for everybody. Some foolish people, though, don't care to see all the world educated. These people want to shine—and to shine, of course, one must have darkness."

"But that is a poor way to look at it. Those ambitious people should rather see, the more education, the more appreciation."

"There's nothing more disagreeable than want of appreciation, you know. A multimillionaire returned to his native village and erected a marble palace on a hilltop there. One day, after the palace was completed, he said to the postmaster and the crowd of loiterers in the general store:

"Boys, my million-dollar house up on the hill is simply full of Titians."

"The loiterers exchanged looks of surprise and horror, and the postmaster exclaimed:

"'Good gracious! Ain't there no way o' killin' 'em?'"

Lord Kitchener a Fatalist.

Those who know Lord Kitchener best call him a fatalist. That he has some very strong convictions as to his future, however, his friends are well aware. To give two examples: During the Sudan campaign he was once warned not to expose himself to recklessly to the enemy when in action. To this remonstrance he replied: "I shall never be killed. When my time comes I shall die peacefully in my bed." Again, in South Africa, after he had become commander-in-chief, the headquarters mess was discussing the military future of the various members present. It was the unanimous opinion that Kitchener himself would be called to the war office. But Lord Kitchener shook his head and said, with a smile; "I think you are all wrong. Somehow I have a feeling that convinces me I shall never occupy any position in the war office." We see that Lord Kitchener has just started to play golf. Let us hope that a few rounds on the links will make him an optimist.

He Wouldn't.

Joseph H. Choate, brilliant lawyer of New York, depreicated at a recent dinner the exorbitant fees charged by some lawyers.

"You have perhaps heard," said Mr. Choate, "of the gentleman who remarked to his counsel, when his case was settled:

"'Well, your fee, sir, is exorbitant. I know positively that you didn't give two hours to my case from first to last.'"

"'Ah, sir,' said the lawyer, airily, 'it is not alone my actual time I charge you with, but the cost of my legal training as well.'"

"'All very fine,' retorted the client. 'And now I wonder if you'd mind giving me a receipt for the cost of your legal training, so that your next customer won't have to pay for it all over again!'"

A Useful Magazine.

This magazine looks rather the worse for wear.

"Yes; it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays."

"Doesn't she get tired of reading always the same one?"

"Oh, no! You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."—Tit-Bits.