

PINS FAITH IN HIS DIRIGIBLE BALLOON



Capt. Thomas Baldwin, the inventor and builder of a new dirigible balloon, is confident he will be able to meet the government conditions in the coming tests at Fort Meyer.

MARRY IN A HURRY

RECORD MADE IN CUPID'S GREAT GAME AT PHILADELPHIA.

Total Strangers Meet by Chance at 4:00 P. M., Proposal Made at 4:14 P. M., and Minister Ties Knot at 5:05 P. M.

Philadelphia—It took Charles MacGregor, aged 30, and Estelle Meyers Snack, aged 23, both of Baltimore, to show Philadelphians, and for that matter the world at large, what can be accomplished in the way of speed in matrimonial affairs.

MacGregor is a rich real estate dealer whose home is on East Chase street. Miss Snack lives on East Preston street. They had never seen or heard of each other until she met him in the railroad station at 4 p. m. Don't forget the time.

Miss Snack had been spending her vacation in Atlantic City. She was returning home via Philadelphia. As she stood in the waiting room of the Broad street station she dropped her purse. A few feet away stood MacGregor on his way to Atlantic City to begin spending his vacation.

He noticed the fallen purse and sprang forward and picked it up. His eyes met the girl's for a moment. Both blushed. MacGregor found himself strangely unable to go away. A conversation was begun with the "Thank you" of the girl.

When they discovered that their homes were in the same city the way was easy. Each was very much interested in the other. At 4:10 the conversation turned to a discussion of marriage. At 4:14 it had taken on such an aspect that MacGregor was able to propose without changing the subject. One minute later he had been accepted.

The difficulty then was to arrange the marriage. As MacGregor pondered the difficulty he was aroused by a heavy slap on the back. When he looked around he almost shouted with joy. Before him, hand outstretched and smiling, was Rev. David T. Neely, pastor of the Aquith street Presbyterian church in Baltimore, his own church. Now, what do you think of that?

When the circumstances were explained the minister agreed to perform the ceremony. It was after hours for the license bureau, so Clerk Goebel of the marriage license bureau was reached on the phone. Goebel said that he had blanks at his house, so the trio jumped into a taxicab, motored to the clerk's house and obtained the license.

John J. Robinson, an intimate friend of MacGregor, was the next to receive a phone call. He gave assent to a proposition that the ceremony be performed in his house. Again the taxicab was called into requisition and the party, this time with Goebel along as a witness, went to Robinson's residence, No. 17 Saunders avenue.

There were no further obstacles, and the ceremony was performed. As the minister spoke the first words of the service the time stood at exactly 5:05. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bride and groom left for Atlantic City to spend their honeymoon.

"We did it quickly, but well," said MacGregor, the night before he left the city. "It was a sure case of love at first sight."

"We shall be happy," was all the bride could say. Both looked happy.

NIGHTDRESS NO NECESSITY.

Indiana Judge Rules Daughter of Poor Father Must Go Without.

Laporte, Ind.—A nightdress may be a desirable luxury but it is not a necessity, according to Judge H. Tutbill of the Laporte county superior court. A few weeks ago a girl of 16, whose parents are foreign born, was taken before Judge Tutbill. She was the oldest of nine children. The father could not support his daughter in idleness, he said, and wanted her placed where she would be well cared for.

The court turned her over to a probation officer, who found employment for her in the home of a prominent family. Her conduct was exemplary. But the father was not satisfied. He asked that she contribute her earnings to the support of the family. The girl developed a taste for feminine fashions, and at the end of the first week spent \$1.45 for a new dress, giving the remaining 35 cents to her parents.

Another pay day loomed near and the father learned that his daughter, as the result of associating with people accustomed to such luxuries, contemplated buying a nightdress. He appealed to the court to put a check on the young woman's habits. The maid pleaded guilty to the charge of coveting a nightdress, but after the father had related the many needs of the family Judge Tutbill decided the article might be foregone, especially in extremely warm weather. Therefore, providing she heeds the court's ruling, the girl will have to continue to wrap herself in a sheet or take chances on mosquitoes.

DOG TEAMS RACED 430 MILES.

Winners of a Novel Event in Alaska Ran Five Days.

Nome, Alaska.—Despite a blizzard that greatly delayed the contestants, the fastest time ever made by dog teams in Alaska has been recorded in an endurance contest just ended. The winning team ran over the snow between Nome and Candle and return, a distance of 430 miles, in four days and 28 hours and 15 minutes.

The drivers of the first three teams were carrying at least one dog each, and all had others barely able to follow the sled. Had the race been ten miles further the winner could not have made the distance.

Nome was dog mad throughout the race. Long distance telephone kept the public informed as to the progress of each team, and nearly every one here remained up all night to watch the bulletins and bet on the result. There were as many persons out to see the first man in at two o'clock in the morning as there had been to witness the start of the race at ten o'clock of the morning five days previous.

Men, women and children seemed equally interested. The school closed the day of the start. Men stayed at the bulletin boards, and had their meals brought to them and kept their families supplied with information by telephone.

The sleds used were all especially made and as light as skin could make them. It was a grassy plain race, and each driver was required to drive at least five dogs and not more than nine.

Gets 32 Cents Due for War Service

Montgomery, Pa.—Payment of 32 cents due John Vogt, a veteran living here, because of a mistake made in the settlement of a war claim of 1901, has been made in a check received by Vogt. The check was for \$1.19, the balance being due because of an error in payment when he was honorably discharged from service as a soldier.

One Pound Baby Thrives.

Covington, Pa.—Weighing less than one pound, and but nine inches tall, a Covington baby in an Atlantic City incubator is a rare curiosity.

He is Ralph C. Grewell, the two weeks old son of Edward and Anna Bruce of this place, formerly of Kaston. When born his head was about the size of a lemon.

APPENDICITIS WAS NO CAR.

Cupid Laughs at Dress and Suffering Girl Becomes Bride.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Dan Cupid refused to be sidetracked by such a trifling as appendicitis, and Miss Charlotte Keith, a pretty New York girl, who was stricken with the malady a few days ago, and since has been in a serious condition, arose from her sick bed long enough to go through a brief ceremony which made her the wife of William Phillips of Boston.

The young people came to the resort a few days ago for a vacation trip, and while here the pretty Gotham maiden was stricken with appendicitis. Her lover sacrificed the pleasures of the beach to watch by the bedside of his sweetheart, and love ripened even while the fair sufferer writhed in pain.

"Let's get married, anyhow," exclaimed Phillips. Miss Keith winced with pain as the Rev. Dr. Henry Fisher, a visiting clergyman, who was called, tied the nuptial knot, while hotel guests assisted in the bedchamber wedding. The honeymoon will be spent on the hotel piazza, as the bride is not yet strong enough to leave the resort.

BLOOPER FORGOT THE TICKETS.

And When He Returned for Them a Policeman Arrested a Chicago Man.

Chicago—William Meyers attempted to elope with Lillian, the 15-year-old daughter of Mrs. Theresa Vald, but made the mistake of leaving the railroad tickets in his room. When he returned for them, detectives placed him under arrest.

Mrs. Vald rents furnished rooms, and among her regular patrons was Meyers. Some weeks ago Meyers began to pay attention to the young daughter of his landlady. The mother objected because of the girl's age. Meyers persisted, and was ordered from the house. He declined to move.

The other day Mrs. Vald had some business downtown, and in order to keep her daughter from seeing Meyers, locked her in a room and took the key with her. Meyers procured a ladder and ascended the girl through a window. They left the house intending to go to Michigan. In the meantime Mrs. Vald returned, and finding her daughter had escaped, reported the matter to the police. When Meyers returned for the tickets he was arrested.

Chums Meet After Twenty Years.

By glancing unintentionally at a name on an envelope, held by a man who was about to leave the hotel, James Van Studden of Richmond, Va., was united to his school chum, Alexander McK. Sloan of Atlanta, Ga., whom he had not seen for a score of years.

The reunion occurred before the desk of the St. James hotel, where Sloan had been stopping for the last few days, and where the Virginian was about to register for a room. Sloan, waiting for a cab, held in his hand the letter, which was seen by Van Studden as he walked to the desk. "Is that Alexander McK. Sloan?" asked Van Studden of Room Clerk Ritchie.

Sloan heard his name and turned. "Hello, Alick!" fairly shouted Van Studden.

The two men fairly embraced each other in their joy over the meeting. Van Studden was to have stopped over night here, but persuaded by Sloan, left with the latter for his home at Atlanta on a week's visit. Philadelphia Inquirer.

Winner of Odd Bank Pool Dead.

St. Louis—Mrs. Margaret Castens, 94 years of age, who received \$15,000 three years ago as the result of a unique compact entered into by 65 girls in a German convent school more than 70 years ago, died at the home of her daughter in this city.

Seventy-five years ago Mrs. Castens was a pupil in a convent near Stuttgart, Germany. The girls agreed just before they graduated to pay a certain number of marks a year into a Berlin bank and the entire amount was to go to the last surviving member of the class.

Three years ago Mrs. Castens found herself the only one of the class remaining. She wrote to the bank, believing she would receive a few thousand dollars. The amount she got was in excess of \$15,000.

Pete Is a Knowing Trout.

Minnetonka, Conn.—Pete, a lone trout in a deep spring at Wintergreen, the summer home of Mr. Stone, at Highland lake, answers to his name, coming to the surface whenever it is spoken. He also has been taught to jump out of the water to take worms from a person's fingers.

Pete is one of three trout placed last summer in a small pond fed by the spring. He worked his way up the small underground stream into the walled spring during the winter. Several trout of Pete's size—fully ten inches long, have been placed in the spring at different times this season to keep him company, but the instant they were released he attacked and killed them. Pete has kept the spring free of insects and frogs.

Women See Sea Serpent.

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Four voracious women and a man vouch for the existence of a new kind of sea serpent which they saw in Long lake, near here. It is 40 feet long, has an alligator head, a turtle neck and dark red skin.

Mrs. Clara Wheatley, her daughter, and Alma and Miles Arnold say the monster came up within five feet of their boat, blinked at them and disappeared when they cried out.

"REPUBLIC OF PIGS"

MEXICAN AGITATOR SO DESCRIBES UNITED STATES.

Wroth at His Failure to Start Revolt of Mexican Workingmen, with Help from Their Fellow Laborers in America.

Mexico City.—A letter sent to his brother by Ricardo Flores Magon, now in prison at Los Angeles, Cal., and sent here to be translated, throws some light upon the methods of this agitator who tried so diligently to start a revolt of the Mexican workingmen and overthrow the Diaz administration.

He said in this letter that it would be a good idea to burn some of the larger factories so that the workmen, being idle, would be more susceptible to advice leading to deeds of violence.

He also refers to the United States as "a nation of pigs who can not be aroused to enthusiasm over anything." He contended that Roosevelt was allied with Diaz to enslave workingmen. Speaking of American intervention in case the revolution succeeded, the letter, as translated, says:

"We have thought much over the possible gringo invasion on account of the revolution. It must be remembered that it has been decided not to circulate the revolutionary manifesto for the precise purpose that Diaz may prepare himself and that we may be able to catch him unprepared."

"As regards Roosevelt, even should he not invade, he would send his troops to the frontier and we would miss the realization of part of the plan in not being able to smuggle comrades from this nation, such as the various groups in Texas."

"But that is not all. With the American people and the organized workmen of this unfortunated country, who are not susceptible to agitation, only the unions of El Paso took action. Beyond this, with the exception of Pasadena, there has been nothing of a systematic sort, such as a formal campaign in our favor."

Here and there, from time to time, paragraphs have appeared in the labor or socialist papers, but there has been no real campaign in our favor in spite of the fact that the collusion of the two governments is flagrant.

"The Americans are incapable of feeling enthusiasm or indignation. This is really a republic of pigs. Some time the gringos will have to attack us, so if it be when the people are in rebellion against Diaz, it will precipitate the fall of the dictator because the people will see Roosevelt clearly as allied to Diaz to enslave us, to lose us our autonomy."

HOODOO FOLLOWS THIS FAMILY.

Seven Have Accidents in One Day—All in Hospital.

Philadelphia.—It was hoodoo day for the Bodenstein family of Hope and Palmer streets. By eight o'clock in the evening the father, mother and five children had been treated at St. Mary's hospital for some cause or other.

The hoodoo started at breakfast when the father, John Bodenstein, while attempting to carve the meat, carved his wrist instead. Two hours later his wife, Mary, tripped over a foot scraper and broke her right leg. About this time James, aged eight, in attempting to catch a high ball muffed it and suffered a broken nose. Minnie, aged 15, fell from a hammock and suffered lacerations of the scalp. Then George, ten years old, stepped on a rusty nail.

At supper time Harry, aged two, while playing with a shoe button, got it fastened up his nose. Then, to cap it all, Lilly, aged six, while going down the cellar stairs, tripped and fell, breaking an arm.

Police Gathered in Freaks. Atlantic City, N. J.—The police who conducted the second raid of the season on the board walk amusements, obtained a fine assortment of freaks, among which were half a score of barkers, ticket sellers, and lecturers.

Within a few moments after the arrival of the outfit, which turned the jail into a good replica of a dime museum, the wild man became decently tamed, the mule legged man changed his legs for his regular cork extremities, the snake eater decided he would rather have a sandwich, the tattooed "lady" washed off her "indelible marks," and the bearded woman changed "her" skirts for trousers.

The crowd was gathered in by a squad of police under orders from Chief Woodruff, who had warned all sorts of Bowery shows that they must not run on Sunday. Several thousand visitors were present when the arrests were made, and appeared to enjoy the sights of the freaks being rushed to the patrol wagon.

Bishop Says to Kill Flies. Milwaukee, Wis.—The house fly is to us what the wild beasts are to the residents of Africa and India," declares Charles C. Grafton, Episcopal bishop of Fond du Lac.

"As God put man into the world to subdue it, it is part of his duty to put out of existence those who are his enemies in the propagation of disease," he said. "I have known some persons who objected to killing flies because of their natural kindness to animals, but the true character of the fly has only lately been known."

"The housewives of the country should enter into a crusade against flies."

COLLEGE WANTS 40,000 INSECTS.

Iowa School Needs Them for Use in Winter Lectures.

Ames, Ia.—The residents of Ames have discovered that insects have a market value, and are making such a relentless war upon them that bugs of every description threaten to become as scarce here as icicles in—well, in July, for instance. The state college extension department has announced it must have 40,000 insects between now and the time of the first freeze.

For the last two months it has employed several regular insect catchers, and still the list is far from complete. Of late additions have been made to the force, and the work is being pushed.

No variety is exempt from pursuit. The lid is off, and it is open season for insects 24 hours in the day. Arctostaphylos blue and yellow butterflies are unconsciously chucked into the same bottle with plebeian potato bugs. Plant lice so small that they can be seen only with a microscope, and devil's darning needles as large as humming birds, bloodthirsty mosquitoes and the unmentionable bugs that occupy the leading hotels, all meet death in the same inglorious way.

But these many bugs are not being sacrificed wantonly. They are giving their lives for the interest of science. They are an offering at the altar of education. The department is collecting all the insects, common and uncommon, injurious and otherwise, that inhabit the state of Iowa, and mounting them in sets.

The collection will be used at the various short courses to be held throughout the state this winter, and also in the rural schools where agriculture or nature study occupies a prominent position. By this means the boys and girls of the state will be taught which insects are good and which ones bad, so that they may destroy discriminatingly.

LIGHTS LURE MOTHS TO DOOM.

Novel Trap Aids in Fight on Plague in German Forests.

Zittau, Germany.—The Saxon authorities have discovered what would seem to be an excellent way to put an end to the caterpillar plague, which is having such a disastrous effect on the local forests. They have discovered a method to catch the brown moths that lay the eggs from which the caterpillars come in enormous quantities.

They make use of what they call the electric light trap. This consists of two large and powerful reflectors placed over a deep receptacle and powerful exhaust fans. The whole has been erected on top of the municipal electric plant. At night two great streams of light are thrown from the reflectors on the wooded mountain sides half a mile distant. The moths, drawn by the brilliancy, come fluttering in thousands along the broad rays of light. When they get within a certain distance of the reflectors the exhaust fans, with powerful currents of air, swirl them into the receptacle.

On the first night three tons of moths were caught. It has been decided to build another trap on the Rathaus tower.

CAT FINDS A HOME BY AUTO.

Mystery is How it Got on Machine in Long Trip.

Winsted, Conn.—Leaving Orange, N. J., for Falls Village, this county, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Hanchett, traveling in their auto, made but one stop between reaching Suffern, N. Y., and that at a grade crossing to let a train pass. On reaching Suffern they heard the meow of a cat.

Investigation located a half-grown kitten on the gear box of the machine. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hanchett had any idea when or where the cat boarded the car.

Twice the cat was taken from the machine and placed on the roadside, but each time it jumped back and finally decided to take it to Falls Village, which they did, placing it on the seat, where it sat quietly during the remainder of the journey and apparently enjoyed the trip.

HAND-SHAKE BREAKS ARM.

Too Vigorous Welcome Sends Sixty-Year-Old Man to Hospital.

Wilmington, Del.—As the result of a vigorous hand-shake, Jeremiah Berger, aged 60, is at the Delaware hospital suffering from a broken arm.

Berger is a powder worker for the Du Pont Powder Company and lives at Henry Clay. A few days ago he met Patrick Dougherty, a hotel proprietor, and the two clasped hands in a hearty shake, as it was the first time they had met for several months.

A few days later Berger's arm began to pain him. He went to the hospital to consult a physician, and was then told a bone had been broken.

Berger declares he will be careful hereafter to whom he extends his hand in greeting.

Small Reward for Honest Act.

Chicago.—A certified check for \$50,000 from the Cudahy Packing company to the La Salle Oil company was found in the street by William Becker, a postoffice wagon driver.

When Becker returned the check to the owner he was given a \$2 bill for his honesty.

A Fifty-Year-Old Mustache.

Elizabethtown, Pa.—Abram Schaeffer, who resides near here, made a vow in 1858 that if Bushanan should be elected president he would never part with his mustache.

IS TRAMP BY CHOICE

TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS A HOBO AND WOULD DIE ONE.

Jack Dalton, "Champion Tramp Printer of the World," Entails the Life—Calls Himself a Pioneer and Adventurer.

St. Louis.—On the way from everywhere to anywhere, Jack Dalton, "tramp" and "champion tramp printer of the world," passed through St. Louis.

Dalton is 47 years old. For 27 years he has been a derelict, floating wherever the winds of chance blow him. He has been around the world several times, is yet drifting, and expects to drift as long as he lives. He is a tramp because he likes the life.

"Tramping is the most beneficial and healthful life there is," he says. Dalton is an Irishman. Any one might tell that by the humorous, laughing expression on his face.

He was in his shirt sleeves when he arrived here. He wore an old battered straw hat. The collar of his shirt was turned down at the neck, and his duck trousers that once were white were almost black.

"Would you rather tramp than settle down and be decent?" he was asked.

"Would I? Why, of course, I would. The tramp is the only real aristocrat. He has no boss. He sleeps when he likes to. He eats when he feels hungry. When he is tired of one place he gets up and goes."

"His life is full of change and novelty. It is all new and interesting. He hasn't a care. Now isn't that better than trying yourself to one place and being a slave to business, as you are?"

He said he had a good education and that after he had learned the printer's trade and had worked at it a while he became a philosopher and decided to live by his wits.

"I'm what you might call a miscellaneous character," he said. "I'm the nearest approach to the wandering minstrel of the middle ages that you could find in these days. I am a professional story-teller in my own way. Whenever I go the people are sorry when I leave. You see, I have been all over the world. I never forget a thing and I'm loaded with anecdotes, and folks are glad to feed me and give me all I can drink in return for my entertainment."

"Oh, you drink, do you?"

"Drink? Why, I haven't been sober in years. Whisky has prolonged my life. I drink it all the time, and I drink it straight, without water or chasers. I traveled a year and a half with Francis Murphy, the great temperance lecturer. He used me as a terrible example. Fact, I assure you, I stayed with him because I got drunk every day and then in the morning I would get up and make a spiel and sign the pledge. But I always broke it the next morning. It was great."

"I've been up against it all, the rough, the smooth, the slick and all, in eloquent I didn't take a back seat from any one. I am the only American that ever made a home rule speech in Ireland."

"I made it in a blacksmith shop in Wicklow, when I was tramping through Ireland. And I made such a hit that John Moore, a man who had made his fortune in the gold fields of Australia, took a liking to me and kept me in his house for six months. That's what education and wit will do for a man. Oh, I tell you I've put my education and experience to good use."

"Why are there so many tramps in this country?"

"Because tramping is such a fine life. Take me, now. I'm a pioneer and an adventurer. I always wanted to travel to some place and I haven't found it yet. I've been hunted from one place to another all my life, and I'll keep it up till I go back to Mother Earth. Once in Birmingham, England, I walked up and down debating in my own mind whether I'd go to London for the summer or to Chicago for the world's fair. I decided to go to Chicago, and in two weeks I was here."

"How did you get there?"

"That's a part of my trade. I can travel anywhere in the world as fast as I like. I was in Oklahoma when the Strip was opened; I was in London at the queen's jubilee, and again when Edward was crowned; I saw the funeral of Cecil Rhodes in South Africa; I came across the Pacific ocean on the same steamer with Kipling; I was in Calcutta during the famine and managed to bag a good meal or two every day; I was in Havana during the Spanish-American war."

"We're weak, poor mortals, all of us, and are controlled by a power higher than us, and we can't help what we are, and that's a fact. Don't you doubt it. It was cut out for me to be a tramp, and I am one, and I couldn't be anything else if I tried, and I don't want to try."

Initiated by a Real Goat.

Bethlehem, Pa.—Billy, the Felton house goat, had the better of a strenuous argument with Franz Becker, a local character. Becker unwittingly shook his walking stick at the goat, and the next moment was butted into the middle of the street.

Covered with mud, Becker attempted to rise, but every time he moved, bang! Billy butted him a little deeper into the mire.

Several hundred amused people had gathered by this time, and Becker was rescued.