

Heaven on Earth

By Winifred Black



MRS. Cornelia Botkin died in the California penitentiary the other day.

And the day after she died they took her body up to a little village in the green hills of California and buried her.

There was a funeral at the little old house where her parents lived, and her mother and father sat together at the head of her coffin, and the neighbors came and brought flowers, and the preacher from the little country church preached a simple, kindly sermon, and the village choir sang "In the Sweet Bye and Bye" and "Come Ye Disconsolate" quite as if the woman whose body lay in the coffin had been a good woman all her life and had never been tried and sent to the penitentiary for murder.

For Mrs. Botkin's father and mother did not know that she had died in prison.

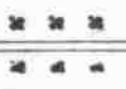
They did not know that she had ever seen the inside of a prison anywhere, and they never heard of the Botkin case, which was one of the most famous criminal cases ever tried on the Pacific Coast.

There is a little paper in the little village where Mrs. Botkin's old father and mother lived, and the paper printed every day accounts of the trial while it was going on.

But they called it the Dunning case and spoke always of Mrs. Botkin as the accused, and the old man and the old woman read the paper and talked the famous murder case over together and never even dreamed that "the accused" was their own daughter.

And all the little village took hold of hands and formed around the old people a cordon of silence, and woe be to any one who dared to try to break through.

We are prone to think of heaven as a place far removed from everything we know here on this earth. But oh, that little village out there, nestling in the green, green hills of smiling California! I wonder if the angels do not look down upon it and smile.—New York American.



The Rockefeller Foundation

Suggestion for the Use of Part of the Fund for Immigrants and Poor Folks

By Joseph N. Francolini



IN connection with the gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller the following plan has suggested itself to me as meeting many conditions:

First, the purchase of farm land adjacent to a large city.

Second, on every several acres of the land to be provided a house and warm with horse, cow and farm implements, seeds and trees according to the ground conditions in the judgment of an expert agriculturist.

Third, immigrants and poor people to be transported there and maintained (with a stipulated quantity of flour, dried meat, fruits, etc.), at the company's expense for a few months or more.

Fourth, at the termination of one year or more payments in instalments to be made by farmer to company until full amount of indebtedness has been paid.

Fifth, if at the termination of one year or more the farmer has not made the farm yield a certain percentage of increase another man to be placed there in possession.

The effects of this would be:

First, the dissemination of immigrants and those who live in congested city districts.

Second, the increase of wealth and produce to the country.

Third, the uplift of people who would otherwise live in a deteriorating environment.

Fourth, the provision of a continual fund for this work for a long time to come.



No Danger of Over-population

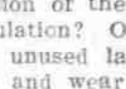
By Bolton Hall

IT has been said that the time is not far off when the United States will be unable to support her inhabitants. But those who think that have either forgotten or have not reckoned with the new intensive cultivation of the land.

The island of Guernsey, in the south of England, is from four to seven miles in length, and about four miles in width. It has a resident population of 41,000, and a visiting population of 30,000 a year, which it supports. About \$4,500,000 worth of farm and garden stuff, or a little less than \$400 worth to the acre, is produced annually, with only 11,623 acres under cultivation.

Now, if the whole State of New York were cultivated and populated as that is cultivated and populated, it would yield annually \$15,000,000,000 worth of farm and garden produce, and support 233,641,473 people—that is, about four times the population of the entire United States. Wherein then lies the danger of overpopulation? Only in monopolizing and holding idle the land; where there are unused lands there are bound to be idle hands for all that we eat, use, and wear comes from the land by labor.

"Over-population" and "pauper labor" are not the works of nature, and if they should ever come, the people themselves will be responsible.—Practical Ideals.



Opera in Europe

By William Armstrong

AN American going to Europe for appearance in opera finds very quickly the assurance of Italian and German audiences in pronouncing a verdict on the newcomer.

Intrigue does, and will, exist in Italy until the end of the story; it is as inevitable there as garlic and olives. But if the voice be a good one, true to the pitch, and supported by musical instinct, opposition by the best organized clique is generally swept into oblivion.

In Germany, the advent of the American singer, at first looked upon as a joke, grew presently to be a menace to the home product. Possessing exactly those qualities which the public demanded—and in a degree which the German aspirant, in general, did not—they grew into acceptance with that kind of amiability which attends the inevitable.

In Italy the singer is restricted in repertory almost entirely to the Italian school, with often a chance to sing in but one opera for a whole season; in Germany nearly everywhere the performances are of a versatility ranging from operetta to Wagner.—Ainslee's.

FULTON---CURTISS.

1807 1910.



—Cartoon by C. R. Macauley, in the New York World.

EVENTS THAT HAVE MARKED THE ART OF AIR FLIGHT.

- May 20, 1910—Record speed of 54.07 miles an hour from Albany to New York, 137 miles, made by Glenn H. Curtiss in a Curtiss biplane.
- April 28, 1910—Longest continuous flight, 117 miles, from Litchfield to Manchester, made by Louis Paulhan in a Farman biplane.
- January 12, 1910—Record height, 4165 feet, reached by Louis Paulhan at Los Angeles in a Farman biplane.
- November 3, 1910—Longest continuous time in air, 4 hours 6 minutes 25 seconds; made by Henri Farman at Chalons, France, in a Farman biplane.
- October 27, 1909—First woman to make an aeroplane flight, Mrs. R. H. Van Deman, of Washington, with Wilbur Wright in Wright biplane in College Park, Md.
- August 29, 1909—Longest continuous flight in a dirigible balloon, 450 miles, from Friedrichshafen to Berlin, Germany, by Count Zeppelin in Zeppelin III.
- July 25, 1909—First flight across the English Channel, from Calais to Dover, made by Louis Bleriot in 23 minutes in a Bleriot monoplane.
- October 6, 1908—Longest time spent in air by a heavier-than-air machine with two occupants, 1 hour 4 minutes 2 seconds; made by Wilbur Wright and a passenger at Le Mans, France.
- July 1, 1908—Longest continuous time in air in a dirigible balloon, 12 hours, spent by Count Zeppelin in a Zeppelin airship above Lake Constance.

CURTISS CRAFT WAS SMALLEST EVER USED.

Biplane Measures Only 30 Feet Fore and Aft and From Side to Side—Weight Only 1004 Pounds—Fifty Horse-Power Water-Cooled Motor Drives Seven-Foot Propeller at 1000 Revolutions a Minute.

New York City.—The machine with which Glenn H. Curtiss made his flight from Albany to New York is not only the smallest ever employed in an important aerial trip, but aviators say it is the smallest which ever has been utilized in a cross-country journey.

It is what is known as the biplane type. It measures from extreme front to extreme rear just thirty feet one inch, and it is thirty feet wide. The two planes, which are four and one-half feet apart, are also four and one-half feet wide. They are made of the fine rubber-silk cloth which is Captain Thomas Baldwin's contribution to aviation.

The planes and wings of the Curtiss machine are concave but rigid, in which they differ from the Wright machine in that its wings may be warped through lever controls operated by the rider. Instead of warping his wing tips Curtiss employs an aileron on each side of the machine. These ailerons are four feet long and two and one-half feet wide, and are fastened at each end of the machine to two of the upright rods at the front edges of the planes. The uses to which these ailerons are put are identical with those accorded by the warping wings of the Wright machine.

By a system of wires and pulleys, acting on the rear edges of the ailerons (and on the Wright machine on the rear of the wings), the aileron on one side is pulled up when the other side is pulled down. This is necessary to give stability and prevent drift and overturning. If, in straight-away flight, for instance, the aeroplane drops toward the right, the degree of the angle of incidence of that side of the planes is increased, thereby adding to the resistance of the air of that side, which tends to make that end of the machine rise, and the angle of incidence of the upward end is decreased, pulling it down and bringing the aeroplane back to a normal position.

The elevating plane or deflector at the front of the machine which Curtiss used is larger than any hitherto has employed. It measures about two feet more in width than the one he had on his Governors Island "June Bug" type of biplane. The rear rudder is of the customary Curtiss manufacture, consisting of a vertical and a horizontal plane which intersect each other at the centre lines.

At the very centre of the lower plane and on a strong wooden bed is the eight-cylinder, V-type, fifty-horse power motor, which drives the single seven-foot propeller at a thousand revolutions per minute. This exerts a 350-pound pressure on the air, and thereby propels the machine. The cylinders, which are cast singly, and are water-jacketed to an extent rather less than is the custom with automobile cylinders, are square, measuring four by four inches. They are cast of gray iron, with finely wrought pistons.

The oil tank, holding two gallons, is located under the aluminum crank case. The lubricant is forced upward through two one-sixteenth inch pipes to the chrome-nickel steel crankshaft by means of a small gear-driven

pump. The crankshaft is hollow and the oil runs through it to the bearings, overflowing from there to the case. A system of overflow tubes keeps the oil in the crankcase at a constant level.

The radiator, which is of four-gallons capacity, is located to the right of the engine, looking forward, and the water is forced by a gear-driven pump through the packing of the cylinders.

This is the largest engine that Curtiss has yet built, and marks his discarding of the air-cooled type for the water-cooling system.

Under the framework to which the front wheel is attached Curtiss, before his flight, affixed a silk air-bag whose top was a piece of finely selected spruce reinforced by a strip of rubber silk to make that side of the bag airtight. This was intended to have the effect of a hydroplane in the event that Curtiss was compelled to come down on the water at any time during his flight.

New York City.—The aeroplane would not endanger New York in the event of war, in the opinion of Brigadier-General Walter Howe, commanding the Department of the East, with headquarters on Governors Island. General Howe pointed out that there is no telling what the aeroplane of the future might do, and wished it understood that his opinion applied to the aeroplane as it is. High in the air and traveling at a great speed, General Howe said the aviator would find his task a very hard one if he attempted to drop explosives on vessels or forts. If he descended to an altitude where he could drop his explosives with any degree of accuracy, the land forces would wreck his machine with shrapnel. General Howe responded to a question put by a reporter, the question being what, in his opinion was the military lesson to be drawn from the Curtiss flight from Albany.

"In my opinion," General Howe said, "the only military lesson is that there will come a time when the aeroplane will be of great value as an agent of warfare. This is shown by the fact that two years ago none of us believed that the development of the aeroplane on a scale such as was shown by the Curtiss flight was possible. When we remember this we can only conjecture how great will be the progress in the development the next few years will bring."

"At the present time the aviator in an aeroplane may be able to carry dynamite or other high explosive, but, owing to the height at which he would fly, I do not think his presence would endanger to any appreciable extent vessels or fortifications, or even cities and towns, above which he flew. If he flew high he would probably have a hard time hitting us, while if he came low we would have very little trouble in getting his range."

General Howe expressed the opinion that the Government would not engage extensively in the development of the aeroplane, but would continue as in the past, to leave that largely in the hands of individuals.

United States and Mexico Take Steps to Control Airships.

Washington, D. C.—The advance in aerial navigation has led the United States and Mexico to take the initial step in the direction of regulating international traffic in the air. A treaty between the two countries is now being negotiated by Secretary Knox and Senor de la Barra.

It is pointed out that in carrying light weight and valuable packages, the airship, with an unrestricted method of operation, could do a profitable smuggling business.

America is Bound to Take Lead in Science of the Air.

Milwaukee, Wis.—"This is only a beginning of American progress in the science of the air," declared Dean J. G. Davis, of the College of Engineering, of Marquette University, speaking of Curtiss' great achievement in aeronautics. "America is bound to take the lead sooner or later in this great new science, and I think that the next few years will see Curtiss' achievement regarded in the same light as the Fulton steamboat trip of 1807."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



"MARY ANN HUBBLE."

I once knew a woman named Mary Ann Hubble. And this woman always was looking for trouble. She was looking all day from the time she got up. To the candlelight hour when she sat down to sup. She would look all around her, and search high and low—Just looking for trouble where'er she would go.

And you may be sure that this Mary Ann Hubble had more than her share of what people call trouble.

—Deborah E. Olds, in St. Nicholas.

HOW MIX SAVED THE HORSE.

Down on the next corner the people keep a number of horses, and also a dog to keep watch over them. The dog's name is Mix, and he sleeps in the same barn with the horses. One night last summer a fire started in the barn, and the dog saw there was danger and barked for help, but no help came. After barking for some time he jumped right through the window and ran up to the house. Barking again he awoke his master. The horses were all saved, but poor Mix was badly cut with the glass. His master cared for him day by day until now he is a well dog.—Ethel Barrett, in the New York Tribune.

SCHOOLBOY DEFINITIONS.

James I. died from argue.
Henry I. died of eating paltry.
The earth is an obsolete spheroid.
Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."
A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.
Geometry teaches us how to bisect angles.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.

Shakespeare founded "As You Like It" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid it is very injurious to health.

The isles of Greece are always quarreling as to which was the birthplace of Homer; Chaos has the most right claim to him.—New York Telegram.

DON'T WANT TO GO TO HARVARD.

Last Christmas vacation we went to the country for a week, and of course our pet dog, Johnny, went with us. He knows a great many tricks. He can walk on his hind legs, say his prayers, beg and jump over a cane. When he is asked what he would rather do than go to Harvard he lies down and pretends he is dead; then, when we tell him he need not go, he comes to life, sits up and cheers for Princeton. One evening a young lady who was for Harvard was watching him perform his tricks. After he had lied rather than go to Harvard, she said: "Oh, he will do it for any college. Come here, Johnny. What would you rather do than go to Princeton?" But Johnny sat right up and cheered. You see, although he is only a dog, he is a true Princetonian.—Ruth Handy, in the New York Tribune.

KERNEL KUNNING.

As many children seem to be interested in pets, perhaps you would like to hear about my bird. He is a canary, and his name is Kernel Kunning. We keep him in a large mockingbird's cage, so that he can have plenty of room to fly. There is a wheel in the cage, and he sits on it and whirls around, singing as only a bird can. He has many rather cute tricks, and I think him the prettiest bird in all New York. He sits on my hand and pecks my fingers. He does not like us to wear hats, and always scolds us when we put them on. When mother is housecleaning she always wears a white cloth over her head to keep her hair clean, and then the bird shrieks until she takes it off. As the wires of the cage are rather far apart, it is very easy for a mouse to go in and out. There is a small one which goes in nearly every evening and eats the seeds which have fallen to the floor of the cage. Once the mouse tried to get into the seed cup, but that made Kernel so angry that he flew down and pecked it on the head. The poor, frightened little mouse ran out and has not gone back since.—Rosalind F. Dunkin, in the New York Tribune.

PURITAN SMALL BOYS.

In a book in which Jonathan Trumbull recorded the minor cases he tried as justice of the peace is this entry: "His Majesties Tithing man entered complaint against Jona. and Susan Smith, that on the Lord's Day, during Divine Service, they did smile." They were found guilty, and each was fined five shillings and costs. But it was the "small boy" whose behavior in the meeting house provoked the Puritan elders to groan in chorus, "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child."

The boy behaved badly because he was seated with other boys, instead of with his father and mother in a family pew. They were herded together on the pulpit and gallery stairs, and tithingmen and constables

were appointed to watch over them, "and see that they behave themselves comely, and use such raps and blows as meet."

In one parish it was ordered in town meeting "that there be some sticks set up in various places in the meeting-house, and fit persons by them to use them."

In Miss Earle's book, "The Sabbath in Puritan New England," a story is told of Doctor Dakin hearing a noise while he was praying in a church in Quincy. The minister opened his eyes to discover the cause, and saw a red-haired boy clutching the railing on the front edge of the gallery, while a venerable deacon clutched the boy. At last the balustrade gave way, and boy and deacon fell with a crash. The deacon then led the boy out of the meeting-house, and swishing sounds, accompanied by wails, were soon heard from the region of the horse sheds.

Parson Chauncey, of Durham, when a boy in his congregation misbehaved in meeting, and was "punched up" by the tithingman, would stop in his sermon, and, calling the offender by name, would ask him to call at the parsonage the next day. At these Monday interviews such tender and beautiful lessons were taught the bad boys that they looked upon Mr. Chauncey as a model of Christian patience and gentleness.

A Yankee trait early showed itself, for in 1729 the town of Medford passed an order to prosecute "all who cut the seats in the meeting-house." Those Puritan boys would whittle, and in spite of the tithingman's watchfulness the seats were hacked and cut.—Christian Register.

A PET TERRIER.

There was a little Scotch terrier on the farm who was fond of the society of boys, and with whom we had a great deal of fun. This dog had several peculiar merits. For instance, he could climb a tree. It must be admitted that in order for him to do this several conditions were necessary.

The tree must be an apple tree with branching limbs not far from the ground, and the trunk a good deal inclined; there must be a cat in one of the topmost branches, and there must be some boys to urge the shaggy little beast to his utmost endeavor. There were a good many such trees on the farm; there were always cats willing to sit in safety upon an upper branch and give a dog lessons in tree climbing; and we confidently believed that with continual practice the terrier would be able in time to emulate the squirrels.

But there was something this little dog could do better than tree climbing. Down by the river there were great meadows where the cows were pastured, and here the land lay so low that at high tide it would be overflowed were it not for high banks which were built along the river shore. These banks became the homes of a large number of muskrats who dug through their long holes and galleries, sometimes undermining and injuring the banks to such an extent that great gaps were broken in them by the rising tides, and the meadows were inundated.

Of course it was very desirable to kill as many muskrats as possible, and at this business the little terrier showed great ability. He was so small that by some scratching and pushing he could go into the muskrat holes and follow their windings for a long distance, and attack the enemy in his inmost strongholds.

Sometimes the little dog would be inside the bank and lost to sight for half an hour, and when at last he came out it was impossible for his admiring young friends who awaited him to put a limit to the number of muskrats he had killed when lost to our view. He never boasted, but we did that for him.—Frank R. Stockton.

The Editor's Paradise.

Frederick C. Beyer, a well known Cleveland editor, told at a recent press banquet a newspaper story:

"A Medina editor died," he said, "and was, of course, directed to ascend to the Abode of the Just. But during the ascent the editor's journalistic curiosity asserted itself and he said:

"Is it permitted for one to have a look at—er—the other place?"

"Certainly," was the gracious reply, and accordingly a descent to the other place was made. Here the editor found much to interest him. He scurried about and was soon lost to view.

"His angelic escort got worried at last, and began a systematic search for his charge. He found him at last seated before a furnace, fanning himself and gazing at the people in the fire. On the door of the furnace was a plate saying, 'Delinquent Subscribers.'"

"Come," said the angel to the editor, "we must be going."

"You go on," the editor answered, "without lifting his eyes. 'I'm not coming. This is heaven enough for me.'"—Lodi'sville Times.