

Decks Bad Boy of the Airship

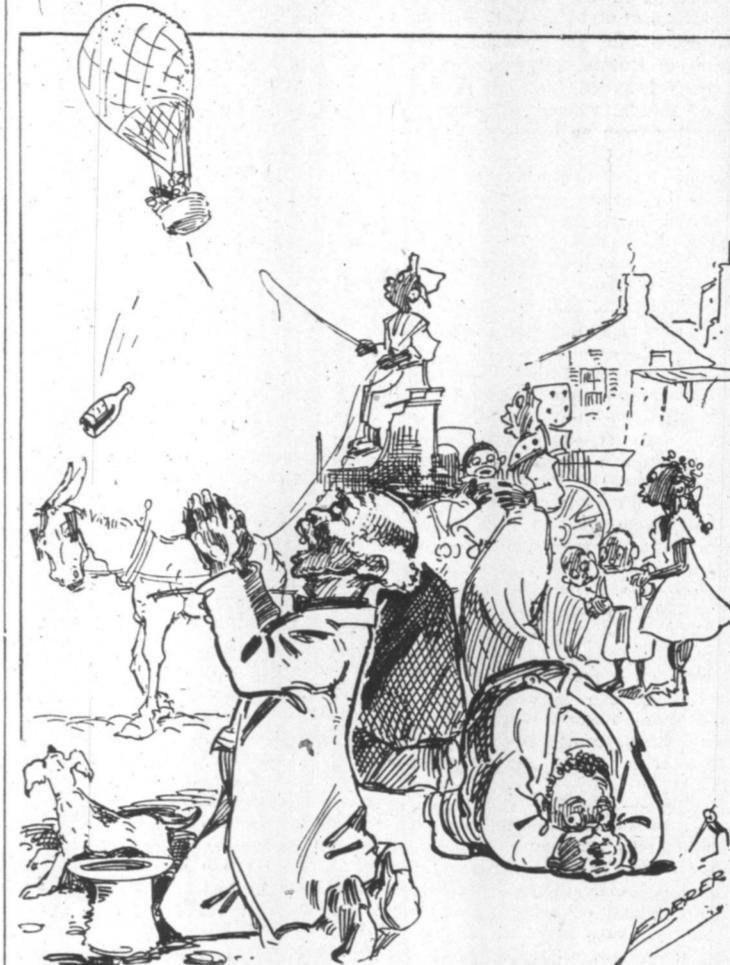
HE BOMBARDS THE POPULACE

When our balloon left St. Louis, and got up in the air so far that the earth looked like a piece of rag carpet, with popcorn scattered over it, which were villages, and I realized that if anything busted, we would be dropping for hours before we struck a church steeple, and would be so dead when we hit the ground, and stiff and cold, that we would be driven down in the mud so far no one would ever find us, and I looked at the two fool men in the basket with me, who didn't seem to care what became of them, as though they were unhappily married or had money in a shaky bank. I began to choke up, and the tears came to my eyes, and I took a long breath of thin air, and fainted dead away.

Then I fainted we were being driven south, and when I came to, with a smell of ammonia on my hair, we were going east, and the balloon had gone down within a mile of the earth, and the men gave me some hot tea out of a patent bottle, and pretty soon I began to enjoy myself and wonder if I could hit a mess of negroes picking cotton in a field, with a sand bag.

When you are up in the air so far that a policeman cannot reach you, you feel loose enough to insult men that would knock your block off if you should give them any lip when you were on the ground.

We came down a half a mile more, and I asked the boss man if I might throw a sand bag at the negroes, and he said I might throw a bundle of advertisements for liver pills at them, so I yelled: "Hello, you black rabbits, and when the negroes looked up and saw the balloon, they turned pale, and dropped on their knees, and I guess they began to pray, and I didn't mean to interfere with their devotions, so I threw a bottle of ginger ale at a mule hitched to a wagon near them, and when the bottle struck the mule on the head and exploded and the ginger ale began to squirt all over the colored population, the mule ran one way with the wagon, and the negroes ran for the cane brakes. The boss man in the balloon complimented me on being a good shot, and said I had many characteristics of a true balloonist, and probably before we got to the end of the trip I would get so I could hit a church steeple with a bag of ballast, and break up a Sunday school in the basement. He said that being up in the rarefied air made a man feel as though he would like to commit murder, and I found out that was so, for the next town we passed over when all the people were out in the main street, and the balloon man told me to throw over a bag of sand, so we could go up higher, instead of trying to throw the bag into a field, where there was nobody to be hurt or frightened, do you know, I shied that bag at a fountain in the public square and laughed like a crazy person when the water splashed all over



I Didn't Want to Interfere with Their Devotions So I Threw a Bottle of Ginger Ale at a Mule.

whether anybody was killed or not. It was the craziness of being up in the air, and not caring for responsibility, like a drunken chauffeur running a crazy automobile through a crowd of children, and acting mad because they were in the way of progress.

We laughed and chuckled at the sensation we had caused, but cared no



Hit the Chief of Police with a Bottle.

the crowd, and the fountain was smashed to pieces, and the pirates in the balloon complimented me, and yet, when those men were at home, on the ground, they are Christian gentlemen, they told me, so I made up my mind that if ballooning became a fashionable pastime, those who participated in it would become murderers, and the people on the ground would shoot at a balloonist on sight.

We went up so high that we were out of sight of people on the ground, so you couldn't pick out any particular person to hit with a bundle of pickle advertisements, so you had to shoot into a flock, and run chances of winging somebody, so I did not enjoy

more for the results than a hired girl who starts a fire with kerosene.

It came on dark after a while, and all we had to do was to look at the stars and the moon, and it seemed to me that the stars were as big as locomotive-headlights, and that you could see them, and on several of the largest stars I was sure I could see people moving, and the mood seemed so near that you could catch the smile of the man in the moon, and see him wink at you.

The inspiration came to me up there in the rarefied air, and I was as sure I was going around the horn as though I was already on one of the ships.

We sailed along part of the day and the gas began to give out, and I had to throw over ballast, and open cans of food, and bottles of stuff to drink, and I made some good shots with the sand bags and the bottles. Once I hit right in front of a brakeman on a freight train with a bottle of soda water, and again I hit an oyster schooner with a sand bag and must have chucked at least a barrel of oysters. The gas kept escaping, and presently we came down in a field in Delaware, after I had hit a chief of police in Wilmington with a bottle of beer, which is a crime in a prohibition country, and after we landed the police arrested the two balloon men, and tied up the balloon. They paid me \$30 for my services, and I took a train for Fortress Monroe to join the fleet, and left the two balloon men on the way to a whipping post.

(Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

(Copyright in Great Britain.)

WILL TAP VAST COAL FIELDS

New Railroads to Northwest Will Make 45,000,000,000 Tons Accessible.

Forty-five million tons of coal, included in the greatest coal fields in western North America, will be available as soon as railroad extensions now in progress tapping the Crows' Nest Pass region are completed, going far towards averting the predicted fuel famine, says the Technical World.

for a railroad connecting with the Canadian Pacific east of Michel, B. C., and extending in a southerly direction 14 miles. Construction gangs are now in the field rushing work. This line will open coal lands in 17 sections, a total of 10,800 acres, for which the company holds crown grants from the provincial government of British Columbia.

Although but a few miles from the mouth of the river Thames, noted for its fog, the atmosphere of Herne bay, England, is rarely obscured.

COACH OF PURDUE ELEVEN



FRED SPEIK
Fred Speik, a Pupil of Coach A. A. Stagg of the Chicago University, Who Has Charge of the Purdue Football Squad.

PASSING OF JOE GANS ENDS VARIED CAREER

Colored Wonder, Always a Figure in Lightweight Championship, Now a Has-Been.

The sun of fame set on one of the most spectacular pugilistic careers in the history of the prize ring when Nelson—a mere physical entity, a personified iron jaw, an embodied punch tester, a quantity which might be stamped with little more than the purely physical—for the second time battered down Joe Gans, and thereby closed the last chapter in the history of this famous colored fighter at Colma.

Gans was a real factor. He stands out before the world as a man who was a self-confessed cheater, a person who bartered even his own good name for the chance of a little loose change, a purvaricator and stronger than that, and for everything that in a pugilist of integrity is considered impossible.

Yet, from the flames of his past, cleansed in the eyes of the public, he won back the championship. Not only that, but, despite his color, he was a popular fighter, and won his way into the game as an able exponent of it. Exposure of dishonesty in almost any sport, professional or amateur, is certain to be followed by loss of reputation and standing and ultimate oblivion; yet Gans not only survived his own story of his early shortcomings, but was never more popular in his entire career than after he told the San Francisco newspapers how he had cheated the public in the McGovern, Britt and other contests.

The mind of man fails to fathom such things. It may be possible that the fighter was among that number of great history makers whose ability at his one specialty was such that his shortcomings in other respects were condoned.

Pugilistically, Gans died at the age of 34—not so advanced a period of life but that he might have been supposed to have retained his best form. Fitzsimmons did it at a much later stage of his career. But then he entered upon his real ring career, whereas Gans was but 16 years old when he began to attract attention. Since that time Gans has been fighting for his livelihood and the end of a seesaw approximates the story of his life in the ring.

For years Gans has been a lightweight champion factor, but his celebrated relapses continually prevented him from rising to any safe degree of celebrity. Years ago he was believed to be the best man in the world at his weight. He always had the edge on Frank Erne, who was then champion, but Gans lost to him the first time through manipulation, according to Gans' own story. When they subsequently met again, Gans put it over the clever white boy in one round.

CUE KNIGHTS STIRRING

Well Known Billiard Experts in Training for Busy Season.

Billiards will be given a great boom this season by a big championship tournament which is being planned for the fall months following the elections. All the professional stars are getting into shape, and from the ranks of the shortstops it is expected that several new men will be brought into prominence. The falling off of the old champions and the rapid advance of several of the younger generation is giving the billiard world a variety of changes.

Washington's four outfields, Miller, Ganley, Pickering and Clymer, all hit from the left side of the plate.

CHASE WILL REMAIN OUTLAW

It reports from San Jose, Cal., are correct appearances indicate that Hal Chase, the former first baseman of the Yankees, who quit the team the latter part of last month to return to his California home, intends to make good his statement that he was through with the east and major league baseball. It is said that the Boston American league team, through its western agent, had made Chase a good offer to join that club.

According to report the Red Sox management went so far as to offer the first baseman the captaincy and management of the team for next season if he would refrain from playing out ball and join the ranks under John I. Taylor. Chase is said to have turned down the proposition and reiterated his farewell statement.

PRIZED DECORATIONS FOR WOMEN

It looks as if Umpire Perrine, of the Pacific Coast league, would prove a valuable addition to Ban Johnson's staff of arbitrators. Nothing but praise is heard for the California Outfielder Cravath of the Boston Americans formerly played in the Pacific Coast league. When asked the other day about Perrine, he had the following to say: "Perrine is an excellent official. He uses excellent judgment, and while being master of the situation at all times, he knows how to get along with the players."

Connie Mack says he will be a tender for the rag in good old 1908.

Umpire with Good Reputation.

There are few decorations for women in Europe, the most ancient order coming from the Austrian throne. It is the decoration of the star and crucifix and is given to women of high rank. Another is the Luisen, founded in memory of the beautiful queen of Prussia, whom Napoleon insulted. This order is given to all classes of women who commit any great self-sacrifice.

Overdid it.

Rankin—You've been keeping open this summer, haven't you?

Fyle—Yes, but I'm not doing it so much now. It was too open. Burglars got into it three or four times without any trouble.

COSTLY ENGLISH LAW ROBES

The Wardrobe of a Judge Costs Considerably Over \$2,500.

An English judge's outfit in the way of robes imposes a heavy tax upon the newly-appointed judge, although the cost is not nearly so great as it was in the early days of Queen Victoria.

Then it was the custom for the law luminaries to attend court functions in figured damask silk gowns, with costly lace bands and ruffles. Theisiger, a celebrated legal dignitary of that day, is said, on one occasion, to have spent \$500 on bands alone.

The lord chancellor's robes cost something like \$750, and even a judge's stockings are an expensive item.

The wardrobe of a judge costs anything from \$2,500 to \$3,000, and if the newly-fledged "my lord" is attached to the king's bench division he will require five gowns, a girdle, a scarf, a casting-hood, a black cap, a three-cornered cap, a leather hat, a cocked hat, a silk hat, lace bands, and two full court suits, swords, etc., to keep up the majesty of the 'aw.

Prior to the reign of George III, nearly all professional men wore wigs of some sort, but the custom fell into disuse, and the bench and bar alone now stick to the conservative periwig.

Not many years ago Mr. Justice Kekewich positively refused to have a barrister who was attired in a gray suit.

Another well-known barrister, was quite recently pleading before Mr. Justice Darling, who has a keen sense of humor. The barrister, who wore a sporting waistcoat of a loud type, was suffering from such a severe cold that it affected his voice; he, however, did his best to speak clearly, when Mr. Justice Darling broke in with:

"Excuse me, but owing to your voice being so weak and your waistcoat being so loud, unless you try and overcome the loudness of your waistcoat by putting a little more force into your voice, I am afraid I shall not be able to hear a word you say."—Stray Stories.

BACHELORS

Bachelors are cultivated in all large cities. They live in bachelor apartments and bungalows. They can be seen during the day in counting houses and on golf links, and in the evening at dinner parties and poker games.

Bachelors at one time were easily caught with almost any kind of bait, and swallowed, bait, hook, sinker and all, often at the first throw. Now, however, they are becoming much more wary, and hide in the depths of their bachelor apartments or in deep pools, rooms from which they cannot be lured.

They are gregarious in their habits, running in schools, but they stand by each other, and it is very unusual to find a solitary one. Occasionally, however, a more foolish and overconfident specimen will pique his nose into a summer resort, when he is promptly landed.

Bachelors are in reality the bulwark of the nation. By not getting married they do not raise families. Families, as we know, are constantly consuming our natural resources. Bachelors are, therefore, really providing more natural resources for the few. Their conduct, it will be seen, is thus quite unselfish.—Life.

COMPLETE ALPINIST

The young millionaire had climbed in August the Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger.

"It is more dangerous work than motoring," he said, "and, dear me, how the climber is loaded down. He carries a peddler more than anything else.

He has been one of the inexplicable things of modern football that so much poor passing and poorer catching of the forward pass should be tolerated by up-to-date coaches. At any rate coaches appear to have realized the handicap this weakness has been to winning teams, and we may look for a radical improvement this fall.

He carries wood to make a fire with. He carries nails for his boots. He carries a lamp. He also has an ax wherewith to cut steps for himself in inclement ice-walls, and he has a cord wherewith to rope himself to his companions, and he has a staff to help him up and down steep.

"In the gash on his back there are all sorts of things—tubes of concentrated soap, tea, coffee, pins, brandy, meat extract, smoked glasses.

"And dangling between his shoulders is a pair of snowshoes without which, in the hot August sun, he would sink in the soft snow quite up to his knees at every step."

RATHER PARTICULAR

"Them bilious taters is kind uv soggy," protested the hungry hobo.

"Huh!" rejoined the charitable lady who had drawn on the icebox in his behalf, "I'll bet it isn't often you get as good a dinner as that."

"Not at dis season uv de year," acknowledged the personally conducted tourist, "but in de good old winter time I fare a heap sight better."

"What do you eat them?" asked the c. i.

"Snowballs," replied the hobo. "Dey is better'n soggy taters, all right, for they make a feller's mouth water."

And having successfully dodged the flattening that came his way, he hurried down the pine.

ANOTHER LESSON FROM NATURE

"Young gentlemen," lectured the eminent instructor, "you are old enough now to put away the childish and trivial amusements that sufficed for you when you were younger. Learn a lesson from the dumb brutes, and even from the reptiles. When they arrive at maturity they comport themselves with a certain dignity."

"It isn't so with the rattlesnake, professor," objected the young man with the bad eye. "The older he grows the more rattles he plays with."

WHAT HE KNEW

"Do you believe that love makes the world go round?" queried the sentimental maid in the big touring car.

"I don't know about that," replied the practical young man at the steering wheel, "but it is gasoline that makes the wheels go round on a grade like this."

And realizing that it was a hopeless case, the s. m. closed her face and proceeded to get interested in the scenery.

OVERDID IT

Rankin—You've been keeping open this summer, haven't you?

Fyle—Yes, but I'm not doing it so much now. It was too open. Burglars got into it three or four times without any trouble.

Connie Mack says he will be a tender for the rag in good old 1908.

Umpire with Good Reputation.

It looks as if Umpire Perrine, of the Pacific Coast league, would prove a valuable addition to Ban Johnson's staff of arbitrators. Nothing but praise is heard for the California Outfielder Cravath of the Boston Americans formerly played in the Pacific Coast league. When asked the other day about Perrine, he had the following to say: "Perrine is an excellent official. He uses excellent judgment, and while being master of the situation at all times, he knows how to get along with the players."

Connie Mack says he will be a tender for the rag in good old 1908.

Umpire with Good Reputation.

It looks as if Umpire Perrine, of the Pacific Coast league, would prove a valuable addition to Ban Johnson's staff of arbitrators. Nothing but praise is heard for the California Outfielder Cravath of the Boston Americans formerly played in the Pacific Coast league. When asked the other day about Perrine, he had the following to say: "Perrine is an excellent official. He uses excellent judgment, and while being master of the situation at all times, he knows how to get along with the players."

Connie Mack says he will be a tender for the rag in good old 1908.

Umpire with Good Reputation.

It looks as if Umpire Perrine, of the Pacific Coast league, would prove a valuable addition to Ban Johnson's staff of arbitrators. Nothing but praise is heard for the California Outfielder Cravath of the Boston Americans formerly played in the Pacific Coast league. When asked the other day about Perrine, he had the following to say: "Perrine is an excellent official. He uses excellent judgment, and while being master of the situation at all times, he knows how to get along with the players."

Connie Mack says he will be a tender for the rag in good old