Puget Sound Trail

Tacoma Washington

February 20, 1914.
The Child Hour In The Public Library

Theme written for Sociology Class by Ruth Nelson.

The public library is only a development of about thirty years. The Children's Department is of much more recent date as it has only been in operation the last fourteen years but the last seven has shown its most rapid progress.

The library has aptly been called the people's university. When we stop to think how many people there are who have not had the opportunities of a college or even a high school education, we can realize how necessary it is that the library be a center of knowledge and information. And also how necessary that the Children's Department be so operated that the children, while young, will develop ideas of good citizenship.

The ideal aim then is to educate all citizens. There are three elements needed to carry this out—the first is to further enrich life, the second is to lead to greater knowledge and the third is to establish the reading habit. Although the last of these is the proper function of the library, it can easily be foreseen how it develops the other two elements. Many think that the library is an institution holding books which are waiting for people who wish to read or use them. It is the primary duty of the library to interest people in reading and getting knowledge.

The Children's Department then is really the place where the habit of reading must find its beginning of development. As children will not develop this habit if left to themselves a stimulus must be given to get the children to come to the library. There are several things to be considered in promoting such a stimulus.

In the first place the rooms themselves must be large, cheerful and well-lighted. The furniture needs to be durable and suited to the children (tables and chairs of various sizes). The workmanship and arrangement of the furniture should have an artistic turn.

Growing plants and flowers in their season beside making the rooms homelike and cheerful also serve the purpose especially in large cities of giving the children a chance to see flowers and to know when they are in season. Children of the tenement districts get so little comfort that even the flowers in...
THE CHILD HOUR IN
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

the windows, though it may seem to be a small point to notice, may often give an inspiration not found in books.

Everyone knows how children love pictures. They will often read books that are illustrated which they would not otherwise read. Therefore good pictures and reproductions in plaster of standard works of art are very appropriate for the children's room. These are most interesting when especially adopted to child life.

Lists of books of current interest made attractive by some sort of decoration help the children in finding something good to read. In one library a card had been put up with this heading, "Scissors Pictures, Can You Make Them?" and below were pictures made by paper cutting. Some time after a boy brought in a package which he wished the librarian to examine. It was found to contain very good paper cuttings which the boy had produced himself. On further questioning it was found out that some months before the boy had disliked drawing so much that he had begged his father to have him excused from it in school. But seeing this bulletin made him interested and soon he became very adept, finding that he had a great ability along this line. Although this example does not fully illustrate how the children can be interested in books, by posting notices on a bulletin, yet it serves to show what an attractive placard will do to attract attention, and it may be added that this interest may be directed to books as well as other things.

The attitude and personal tact of the librarian will draw the confidence of the children. Children are severe critics, therefore the librarian must be patient and tactful and show a real love for them. She must be quick to think and use her knowledge, for children ask so many questions and very strange ones, too. In proportion to the confidence the children place in the librarian just so much can she influence them for good. Her opportunities are really greater than that of the school teacher for her work is not compulsory upon the children who come there (as they think) only for their amusement. But at such a state of mind the children readily grasp what they hear. They do not feel that they must read this or that or that they are being taught. President Eliot believes if you succeed in making a child feel that he is following a course of study that he has chosen, that he is through his own powers accomplishing something you have done the best possible educational work. You have awakened the creative spirit and given him the power of independent thinking. When this is achieved the greatest problem of child education has been mastered. The library must help to do this.

But in this we do not try to lower the position of the public schools. There can be a beneficial cooperation between the teacher and librarian for the good of the child. The teacher's more intimate acquaintance with the child is connected with the librarian's knowledge of books. Miss A. B. Maltby has aptly said, "The Library's Work With Children" has aptly said, "It is one thing to know books, and another to know children and still another to know at what psychological moment to bring the two together." The teacher and librarian can accomplish this by working together.

The kind of books found in the library is an important point for they are the medium through which knowledge is imparted. If the purpose is to make the children morsely and mentally pure they must get this through the thoughts they receive in books they read. The great objection to books written for children is not that there is anything wrong in them but that they lack educational value. The watchword in selection of books should be quality and not quantity.

The story hour is a novel development of the library system. At some set hour in the week (usually Saturday afternoon) the children gather in the library to hear stories told by the librarian. Some claim this is taking a privilege away from the home and also trying to do settlement work. But the story hour has a great effect where the people are huddled together in tenements and there is no true home life. This story telling helps keep the children off the street and many boys have been won over by the tales of the wonderful deeds of Ulysses, King Arthur and Burnhild. Children go home and tell these stories to their parents. This shows how the children remember what is told them. There is one interesting record of a boy who read Uncle Tom's Cabin to his parents translating into Yiddish as he went along.

From these facts we may draw a few general conclusions as to the value of the child hour in the public library. The children, while young, learn to read and appreciate good books. This furnishes an opportunity for intellectual and moral instruction keeping the children off the streets. Last, though not of minor importance, the library works with the public school in training the children to noble citizenship.

Some of the women who are leading the fight for marriages along the lines suggested by eugenics are still attending dinners, balls and other entertainments in low neck dresses.
Humorous

The Chicago Record-Herald, which has been conducting a campaign against slang, uses Stonewall Jackson's famous saying in the poem, "Barbara Fritchie," as an illustration, and prints it under the heading, "Which do you prefer?"

**THIS**

"Who touches a hair on yon gray head
Dies like a dog; march on," he said.

**OR THIS**

"Who musses the thatch on yon gray goop
Croaks like a sausage—roll your hoop."

"Do they study the three R's in your son's college?"

"Yes. Revelry, relaxation and rot."

A Congressman in making an address to the House once declared oratorically in the midst of a great speech, "As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary—"

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk.

"Noah, nothing," replied the speaker, Noah built the ark."—Ex.

Stout Soph—"Am I not a little pale?"

Freshie—"Naw, you're a big tub."

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose
And every other flower of spring.

Said she, "I can't be all of these,
So you must Li-lac everything."—McMinnville Review.

She—"No, Bob, you must not kiss me, for you might get microbes and I might get yourcrobes."—Ex.

Sellers—"Why, Royce, I though you took Geometry last year."

Royce—"I did, but the faculty gave me an encore."

A colored pastor announced to his congregation the following subject:—"Brethren an' Sistern, I'se gwine to preach a powful sermon dis mawin'. I'se gwine to define de undefinable. I'se gwine to explain de unexplainable and I'se gwine to unscrew de unscrutable."—Ex.

Theorem, in geometry:—"If a fellow loves a girl, she loves him."

Given, The fellow who loves the girl.

By Axinom, All the World Loves a Lover.”

By Hypothesis, She's All the World to Him."

Therefore, If he is a lover and all the world loves a lover and she's all the world to him, she loves him.

Q. E. D. (We refer this proof to Prof. Hanawalt for verification).

Another Theorem in Geometry:—To prove that a ton of coal is a colored man.

**PROOF.**

A ton of coal is a weight.
A wait is a short pause.
A pause is a short stop.
A short-stop is a ball-player.
A ball-player is a foul grabber.
A fowl grabber is a colored man.
Therefore, a ton of coal is a colored man.—Q. E. D.

Music and Oratory

(Vera Pemberton, reporter)

The Senior class entertained, informally, at the Studio, Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Grace Tee. Miss Tee is a former pupil of Prof. Scofield but now a teacher in Seattle.

Following a few short vocal selections by Miss Leona Hanson, Mrs. Craig and Prof. Scofield, a delightful lunch was served.

Those present were: Misses Grace Tee, Sophy Preston, Frances Bradshaw, Leona Hanson, Jaunita Glidden, Vera Pemberton, Alice Goulder, Merle Olin, Mildred Metz, Merian Zeller, Mrs. Craig; Prof. Scofield, Henry LaForge and the Misses Marion Brew and Gladys Bartholomew of Puyallup.

**AMPHICTYONS.**

(Marie Opdahl, reporter)

The Amphictyons are working hard now on the annual program which is to be given by the society. We gave a very creditable program, last year, and will try to give even a better one, this year. The committee arranging for this year's program consists of Guy Dunning, Robert Cowan, Lelia Hazeltime, Mabel Holland and Mildred Metz. The series of programs on American authors is closed, now, and we will next take up famous men and women of the stage, a program on inventors and a special Irish program on St. Patrick's Eve. The society is flourishing and in better condition than ever before. Several new members have been taken in since the beginning of the present Semester. Their names will be given in the next issue.
WASHINGTON and LINCOLN.

About this time every year, perhaps on account of the fact that their birthdays come so close together, there is revived the old controversy as to which did the greater service for his country, Washington, or Lincoln. As long as the birthdays of these two great Americans are celebrated, the old argument will probably be revived each year, and yet it is a discussion foolish and uncalled for. Because the types of service given to the country by the two men was of totally different kinds and still was of practically the same value to the country. Washington made our country possible, and Lincoln saved it from ruin. If a great ship-builder built a magnificent ship, we would unanimously praise the skipper. And he would deserve it. If, however, shortly after the ship was launched it should encounter a terrible storm and in the storm became threatened with great danger of being dashed against the rocks, but by the sacrifice, ability and perseverance of its great skipper it was saved, we would unanimously praise the skipper. And he would deserve it. Would we stop to argue as to whether the builder or the skipper of the ship were the greater man? No, because the work of one man was of an entirely different nature from the work of the other. We would be equally thankful to both. The case of the builder of the ship and its skipper is strikingly analogous to the case of Washington and Lincoln. Washington made our country possible, while Lincoln saved it. We are equally thankful to both, and discussions as to which was the greater are futile and foolish.

Comparisons of the two men are always in order, however, and a careful comparison reveals some similarities and differences that most people do not know existed between them. Both men were almost giants physically, Lincoln perhaps being slightly the taller of the two, but no heavier than Washington, for Washington was of a stockier build. In facial expression, they differed greatly; Washington always wore a calm expression, the sphinx-like expression which never betrays one’s thoughts. Lincoln, on the other hand, expressed in his face, every thought and every emotion. Ordinarily on Lincoln’s face, the expression of one who has become used to a great sorrow, rested. But this expression would change as he conversed with companions about different matters. Washington was very dignified,—seldom saw humor in anything, and rarely, if ever, was given to joking. Lincoln, on the other hand, was very quick to see the humor in anything and very often joked and told stories. Washington was aristocratic in his tastes and manners—Lincoln was very commonplace. Washington was a great commander of troops—he could plan and execute a military campaign admirably, even with the small means which he had at his disposal. Lincoln, while he had little military experience, had a military mind and many articles have been written to show what a wonderful general he would have made had he elected to take up a military career. Washington was a great Statesman—his ability as a statesman while often rated below that of Lincoln, was fully as great. But he didn’t have the same chance to exhibit it as Lincoln did—his positions in the matter of statesmanship being exactly reversed from what they were in the cases of military ability. But the thing in which they differed the most was in greatness of heart. We always think of Washington as meting out stern justice—nothing less than justice; a few times, simply justice, but nothing more than justice. The sense of justice and simply mercy permeated Washington, but the great tender heart of Lincoln took in the woes and miseries of all mankind and ever reached out in sympathy to the one in trouble. Lincoln never gave less than justice; a few times, simply justice, but many, many times more than justice. “He ever leaned towards Mercy’s side.” It was this great-heartedness of Lincoln’s which has made him for all time the idol of the common people whom he so dearly loved.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is a wise father that knows his own daughter—when he meets her on the street, nowadays.

There are many office holders and prospective candidates for office, in Washington, just now, who are trying to get out of stating how they stand on the “Wet” and “Dry” question which is to be voted on this fall, but the dodging candidate has had his day—the people want to know now where a man stands and why he stands there.
It is noticeable that the people who talk the most against kissing are usually the least kissable.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.—Mencius.

You may be sure that the man who is telling others how to do great deeds and never does any, himself, has little weight in the World.

ORATORICAL CONTEST A SUCCESS.
The contest of last Friday night was won by Clark Cottrell, his subject being "The Decisive Hour." Robert Cowan was a close second, with a thoughtful, well-written oration on "Alcohol vs. Our Immigrants." Lloyd Burk came out a strong third and used as his topic, "The Call to Action." Mr. Burk ranked high on delivery, almost as high as Mr. Cottrell, but was graded low on thought and composition. Richard Decker, Otto Schultz and Mrs. Dillon, ranked fourth, fifth and sixth, respectively. Mr. Decker took as his subject, "Prohibition Triumphant;" Mr. Schultz, "Prohibition—Now," and Mrs. Dillon, "What Shall We Do?"

The U. P. S. orchestra, under the direction of Miss Bradshaw, added greatly to the enjoyability of the evening's program by rendering "At Sunset" and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Miss June Thomas and Miss Dorothea Satterthwaite added to the musical part of the program by giving a duet which was excellently rendered and thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Guy Dunning acted as chairman of the evening and the following acted as judges: On thought and composition, Mr. Harold K. Rockhill, Editor of The Tacoma Times; Rev. Roht. L. Hay and Rev. F. W. Wightmann; on Delivery, Attorneys Frederick H. Murray and L. C. Stevenson and Professor E. R. Rogers, teacher of debating and oral expression at the Stadium High school.

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AN INTERESTING RECITAL.

The largest audience which has been in the chapel this year, attended the recital given by the Schools of Music and Oratory, last Wednesday evening. And this despite the fact that an admission fee was charged. So we will take back what we said in a previous issue in regard to the number of people who attend free recitals and then are strangely absent when an admission fee is to be charged.

We wish to compliment the audience present on the fact that it was not only large but was representative and appreciative. An unusually large number of students and members of the faculty were present and the number of outsiders was also unusually large and represented some of the best people of the city.

The program, given by the pupils of the two schools, from the time the first number began until the last one had finished, was excellent and each one taking part is to be congratulated on the work done. Those deserving individual mention because of especially good work are: Miss Hildegarde Larson, Miss Jessie Boardman, Miss Amy Hunt, Miss Icel Marshall, Miss Leona Hansen, Miss Juanita Glidden, Miss Miriam Zeller, Mr. George Pflaum and Miss Sadie Vernhardsen.

The complete program as rendered, follows:
1 Violin Solo—Serenade ............R. Drigo
Harry A. Thornton
2 Reading—Spreading The News ...J. L. Harbour
Hildegrade Larson
3 Violin Solo—Adagio Op. 34..........Franz Ries
Jessie Boardman
4 Vocal Solo—He Was A Prince....Frann Lynes
Amy Hunt
5 Reading—The Story of a Stepmother....
.................................................Kate M. Cleary
Blanche T. Hudson
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6 Vocal Solo—Oh, Dry Those Tears.....Del Riego
Mr. W. L. Morse
Violin obligato by Gladys Flaskeit
7 Violin Solo—Adagio from Concerte No. 9......De Beriot
Frances Shade
8 Monologues—The Book Agent...Beatrice Herford
At the Matinee.....Marjorie Benton Cooke
Icel Marshall
9 Vocal Duet—From Don Giovanni............Mozart
Nay Bid Me Not Resign
Leona Hansen and Robert Scofield
Juanita Glidden, at the piano
10 Scenes: (a) The Tent—Scene from Julius Caesar
Shakespeare
Brutus .............Louis Arboelet
Cassius .............Ray Gaines
(b) From Act 2 of “Herod”......
.............................Stephen Phillips
Meriamme ...........Meriam Zeller
Herod .............George Pflaum
(c) From Acts 3 and 5 of As You
Like It................Shakespeare
Audrey ............Sadie Varnhardson
Touchstone ........Guy Dunning
William ............George Pflaum

JUNIOR PARTY.
(Junior Class reporter)
The Junior class enjoyed a frolic last Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. W. C. Sharp at 802 North L street. Class spirit ran riot in songs and yells which formed the chief entertainment of the evening. Miss June Thomas, a member of our Class last year, was a guest for the evening. We may be few in number, but quality isn’t quantity and we had a “rippin’” good time with “big eats” at the end.

Words pass away but actions remain.—Napoleon.

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KAPPA SIGMA THETA.

(Dorothea Satterthwaite, reporter)

The Theta's, as usual, are having very interesting programs. The program of February tenth contained a particularly interesting oral story, given by Ellen McClung. The story was that of the "Purple Rhodendendron," by John Fox, and told in the first person by Miss McClung, was almost painfully realistic. Marian Maxham and Thrina Baker gave a piano duet which was vigorously encored. The other musical number was the quartette, "Sweet and Low," sung by Misses Goulder, Moe, Bonds, and Satterthwaite. In the absence of our faculty critic, Miss Reneau, Annis Scatton was appointed Critic pro tem.

This last Tuesday's program was an hour "With Our American Poets." The following was given:

A brief sketch of the Life of Henry Van Dyke—Flossie Duncan.
Reading, from Van Dyke, entitled "A Handful of Clay"—Ruth Frame.
Paper; "Walt Whitman as a Poet of Democracy"—Ruth Reynolds.
Reading from Whitman, "My Captain,"—Jessie Rummel.
Longfellow’s Love Story—Junia Todd.
Longfellow’s Narrative Poems—Lillian Lister.
Reading from Longfellow, Extract from "Hiawatha"—Ann Fry.
Ruth Frame’s selection "A Handful of Clay" was well given, and of real interest. Jessie Rummel’s reading of "My Captain" was particularly appropriate.

All the papers were good, only don’t say anything.

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PHILOMATHEAN.

(Rena Long, reporter)

The "Choice" program which was given by the Philos Tuesday evening, was one of the most interesting and entertaining given this year. Each person appearing on the program was given the privilege of choosing his own selection and the numbers together made a very harmonious program. The musical numbers were excellent, Jean Bullock and Mildred Pollom giving a vocal duet and Miss Glidden responded to an extemporary musical number with a piano solo "The Rosary." The chief attraction of the evening was the farce given by Ray Gaines, Sadie Vernhardson and Florence Boston. If anyone in the neighborhood of the University heard any unusual noise it was only the commotion caused by an imaginary mouse.

"A TRIP TO MARS."

(Continued from page Three)

its nose toward the heavens and we moved swiftly and noiselessly thru the atmosphere toward the planet Mars.

For years I had made quite a thorough study of astronomy. The starry heavens had a peculiarly fascinating attraction for me and as I would stand on a cold cloudless night and view the milky way,

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the twinkling stars and the lustrously burning planets, the though would come to me, why should we not come in closer touch with these sister worlds of ours? and I resolved that if I should ever be fortunate enough in my scientific research, to discover some seemingly plausible means of reaching these neighboring planets, I would take any reasonable risk to overcome the difficulties of interstellar navigation and visit these realms unknown.

When the Wright brothers began their experiments with heavier than air machines with such amazingly satisfactory results, I thought to myself, “Perhaps here is the solution of the great problem,” and at once I began to make a thorough study of aeronautics and of everything that had any bearing upon the subject. I took my friend Walter Thompson, a scientist of no small ability, into my confidence and it was not long before he was just as enthusiastic over the proposition as I. We spent all our spare time, thinking, studying and experimenting, with the result that at the end of two years of arduous labor we had, all unknown to any other living soul, constructed an airship that we were confident would not only carry us to Mars in a reasonably short space of time but would also in a few minutes carry us to the most remote planet of our solar system.

It is usually true that the more effective the invention, the less complicated is its mechanism. Our machine was no exception to this rule. After it was discovered that space was composed of a medium, called ether and that this ether was capable of transmitting electrical vibrations, as has been demonstrated by the success of wireless telegraphy, I came to the conclusion that this principle could be utilized as an aid to aerial navigation. Keeping these principles in mind, Walter and I worked continuously with the result that after many failures we perfected a machine which would travel from the slowest imaginable rate of speed to that of a ray of light or of a flash of electricity, namely, about one hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second.

The air ship, which was cigar shaped, was twenty-four feet long from stem to stern and eight feet, three inches in diameter. The body of the craft consisted of an outer and an inner casing of aluminum with an eight inch space betw een which we had stuf fed cotton so as to prevent the conduction of the intense cold thru which we expected to pass, long narrow windows, of the thickest plate glass,
Both sides of the engine room were fitted with which extended along the sides. The tail of the machine was fitted up with a small rudder which was operated by a wheel from the pilot house. The interior was divided into three compartments. The rear compartment we used for a store room, in which we had placed a month's supply of food, which consisted largely of canned goods, fruit, pemmican and vegetables. The middle room was fitted up with two bunks and a number of book shelves upon which we had placed several scientific works for which we thought we might have some use. The front space was fitted up as the engine room and pilot house. It was in this room that we expected to spend the greater part of our time and it was here that we sat as we glided forward toward our destination.

It was three o'clock in the morning, June 1, 1911, that we began this memorable journey. We had located Mars exactly, before getting into the Air King and Walt kept his eye on Mars and his hand on the steering gear while I gave my attention to regulating the speed. We had contrived a speedometer and were careful not to go faster than two hundred miles per hour while we were within the limit of the earth's atmosphere so as to avoid too much friction with the surrounding air. The less than one thousand cubic feet of air with which we started was soon used up and it was necessary for me to turn the crank of the air purifying device which we had invented. In this way the air was kept pure and sweet continually.

The sun soon came into sight off to the left and presented to our view one of the most beautiful spectacles I had ever seen. We had risen so high into the air that the earth looked like a gigantic ball. Smoky spots were visible here and there marking the locations of the great cities. I brought the machine to a dead stop and we sat and watched the movements of the earth for some time. I could not help but wish that Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and others who in the face of so much ridicule, had advocated what we call the copernican system, could have seen what we saw then. As we watched we could distinctly notice a dual movement of the earth for it was moving away from us rapidly, which proved that it was traveling in an orbit around the sun, and at the same time we observed certain smoky spots disappear and even as we gazed upon this remarkable panorama outspreading so many miles beneath us, the great expanse of blue which marked the Pacific Ocean gradually passed from our view, proving beyond a doubt that the earth rotates as well as revolves.

Taking a last lingering look at the only world we had ever known, I started our machine toward the planet we were to visit, not knowing whether
we should ever see our own world again or not. I could see by our gravimeter that we were now so far away from the earth as to be but little affected by the force of gravitation. The cold became so intense that in spite of all the precautions we had taken against it, our thermometer had fallen from twenty degrees above to ten degrees below zero (centigrade). We put on our furs and I gradually increased the speed until we were traveling at the tremendous rate of fifty thousand miles per second. At this rate we figured that we would land on Mars in about fifteen minutes. Our air ship was capable of a much greater rate of speed than this but not wishing to shock the Martians by dropping in upon them too suddenly, we held our speed down to a much lower rate.

"There she is," said Walt presently, pointing off a little to the right.

I looked and saw what seemed to be a small silvery ball about the size of a man's fist. This ball grew perceptibly larger each moment as we approached and very soon our gravimeter showed that we were being strongly attracted by the planet. The thermometer had risen rapidly until now it registered twenty degrees above.

(To be Continued)

Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.—Bible.
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