

COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR-SHIP.

Another excellent voyage is reported from Constance, where Count Zeppelin made an ascent on Wednesday. The movements there, as well as the return to Friedrichshafen were most successful.

A telegram from Friedrichshafen states that Count Zeppelin made a successful descent by the Bodensee. The Count on returning by motor-car to Friedrichshafen was received with wild enthusiasm by an immense crowd.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.]

The Hague, September 26.

The Third Commission of the Peace Conference adopted the third reading of the new proposal regarding mines at sea by a majority of 38. Six of the delegates abstained from voting. A number of provisos were inserted, by Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia and others. Those articles which did not at previous sittings obtain a clear majority were excluded from the proposal. Two amendments, one of them British whereby the use of anchored mines was prohibited for a period of three years, did not obtain a clear majority and were consequently rejected. The Fourth Commission on Naval Warfare were unanimously agreed on the German proposal declaring all mails at sea to be inviolable, and stipulating that belligerents should abstain from searching mail-boats.

MOROCCAN AFFAIRS.**RE-OPENING OF THE CASABLANCA MARKET.**

General Drude telegraphs to Paris from Casablanca that the market was re-opened on Wednesday for the first time since the landing of the troops. A great number of cattle was offered for sale. The chief tribes engaged in marketing were the Senata and Ulad Hari. The coast-road which these tribes were obliged to make use of, was guarded by troops. Besides the Ulad Hari, four tribes sent delegates to negotiate terms of surrender.

THE SULTAN ABDUL ASIZ.

Tangier, September 26.

The Sultan Abdul Asiz has expressed a wish to have a conversation with M. Regnault, the French Minister. It is considered certain that, acting on instructions from his Government, M. Regnault will accede to the request.

THE TRIBES SURRENDER.

Casablanca, September 25.

It is stated that the tribes who have been in negotiation with General Drude, have agreed to surrender. The conclave occupied two hours. Four tribes, the wildest of all, have not yet surrendered. The eight hostages promised by the defeated tribes have arrived and will be kept under arrest in the Dar el Maghzen. They are taken every day to the market-place in order to identify their kinsmen.

Paris, September 26.

Admiral Philibert has telegraphed to the Government that he has accepted the surrender of the four tribes of the Uledsejan, viz. the Mulin-ed-Drux, the Madraka, the Mediuna and the Ulad Hari, on the same terms as were agreed upon in the case of the Shauja.

THE SULTAN'S MAHALLA.

Paris, September 27.

Le Matin reports from Casablanca that the Sultan's Mahalla will start on an expedition within a radius of 100 kilometres from Casablanca.

TERRIBLE STORM IN FRANCE.

Lodève (Dep. Hérault), September 26.

A storm of exceptional severity has caused considerable destruction in this neighbourhood. Many villages have been inundated, and several bridges and buildings have been swept away. Traffic on the railways has been impeded in a number of places. On a single farm five-hundred cattle have been drowned.

Later.

A great many details have come to hand, but so far only one corpse, that of a Spanish workman, has been recovered. At Lamalon-les-Bains a landslide has blocked up the street. At Beziers several houses have collapsed. In the village of Lieuran-les-Béziers the manor-house was destroyed, in addition to fifteen houses. At Servian a woman was killed; at Agde the railway-station is under water; at Florensac a factory which employed 380 hands was destroyed, while the whole of the low-lying country containing about 3,000 inhabitants is inundated.

THE FLOODS IN SPAIN.**VILLAGES DESTROYED.**

A telegram from Malaga states that whole villages have been destroyed by the floods. More than 150 persons have been drowned. So far 78 bodies have been recovered in the vicinity of Malaga. King Alfonso is to proceed to the scene of the disaster. The town presents a terrible aspect. The streets are deep in mud, in which the remains of furniture, doors, trees and the corpses of men and animals are sunk. One meets people

looking for their relatives, and terrible tokens of distress. The fire brigade and other bodies are engaged in recovering the dead, whose exposure seems likely to cause a pestilence.

LATER NEWS.

Madrid, September 27.

The Governor of Malaga reported to the Minister of the Interior that in all 72 people had lost their lives in the floods, while 68 had received injuries. Many of the bodies cannot be identified.

Malaga, September 27.

Rain continues. Up to 9 p. m. yesterday the river Guadalmedina had risen one metre. If the water rises half a metre higher a terrible catastrophe will ensue.

Malaga, September 27 (later).

After ceasing for a time rain is again falling. Further inundations are feared. The work of rescue has had to be discontinued for the present.

Hugo Borack

English spoken. Purveyor to the Court. English spoken.

4, See Strasse 4,

corner of Zahns Gasse.

Morley's and all other kinds of English Merino.

Woolen underwear.

Flannel shirts. Ladies' Jerseys.

Knitted Waists.

English and German knitted Goods.

Fast-colour black Hosiery for Ladies,

Gentlemen and children.

Shawls, Shetland veils, Wool and Silk, Skirts, Caps, Felt Shoes and Slippers.

Novelties of the season.

SEA AND SENSIBILITY.

A book which will probably possess great interest for the Transatlantic voyager has recently been published by Dr. Norman Barnett, F.R.C.S., a former surgeon to the P. and O. and Orient Mail Lines, entitled "Sea-sickness: Its True Cause and Cure". Dr. Barnett's theory is that sea-sickness is of two kinds, the false and the genuine. The former is simply caused through a disordered condition of the stomach, and yields to the ordinary treatment for such cases. The bona fide malady he ascribes to the effect of the motion upon the "endolymph", an organ which might not unaptly be termed the "human spirit-level", since any disturbance of this organ is invariably followed by giddiness and loss of equilibrium, entailing the two well-known symptoms of distressing nausea, which so often detract from the pleasure of a sea voyage. The doctor's specific for mal-de-mer is a free dosage of bromide, but the writer has witnessed the heroic efforts of sufferers with this and other medicines, and has come to the conclusion—leavened with personal and painful experience—that a recumbent posture is the only palliative during the mauvais quart d'heure which is the almost inevitable lot of the pilgrim voyager. If one becomes seasick on such a floating city as the "Lusitania", it would seem that the dreaded malady is one of those necessary evils which one and all must patiently endure, and to a layman it would appear that physic is only apt to more thoroughly upset the long-suffering internal economy of the unhappy victim.

G. WIRSING, American Dentist. Graduate of the Milwaukee Medical College (Dental Department). Silesian Strasse 10b, corner Prager Strasse. Tel.: 9987.

DISILLUSIONED CHILDHOOD.

One of the scientific magazines in America, says the *Evening Standard*, has been inquiring into the problem, "Are children naturally cruel?" and finds an answer in the affirmative. Unhappily the decision reached seems, as to the majority of young people, the only one possible. The child which will not detach the wings from a living fly, or leave its doll for the paramount joy of crushing a beetle, is a phenomenon. As the child is individually, so are children collectively. A storm of indignation possessed the hearts of young Hertfordshire a short time ago. A number of bright children who were included in the St. Albans pageant studiously read up the history of the principal events which were to be represented. And with great joy and cheerfulness they threw themselves into the task before them. But when the pageant ended, they returned to their homes sad, deceived, filled with wrath and complaining, and refusing to be comforted. "This pageant's been all Tommy-rot," complained a chief of the malcontents. "We read in the history books what it was to be like, and it hasn't been like it at all. There was nobody killed, there was no blood, there wasn't even any injured." Those sweet little savages had gone out for real blood, and they saw it not. St. Albans must not have another pageant yet, or she will have to do without children for her show.

ARS LONGA.

"Art," said Harry Rivers, eyeing the points of his immaculate pumps, "is really played out. At best, it is the exploitation of a temperament for the sake of an income; at its worst—"

The clever youth spread his hands in his own sweet unaffected fashion.

Mrs. Hedley Cox fidgetted a little in her chair, twisting her long bony fingers into a closer network. "Harry is so right," she said dolourously, "always so right."

As usual, her attempted sarcasm ended on a querulous note. The wife of an artist sympathizes quite naturally with sweeping detractions; and indeed, Mrs. Hedley Cox recognised Art only in the old masters, whom she inwardly mistrusted, and in her own husband, whom she bullied into inspirations. She belonged to a type of woman pressed within the fringe of good taste by circumstance more than by impulse. Had she not married an artist, she would have been happy with bamboo and exultant with curly mahogany. Harry knew it; therefore sweeping detractions from him were singularly unpalatable. Also, to detract was in any case her prerogative.

"The fact is," urged Mr. Cox, jerking a pipe towards his canvasses, "that people don't know what Art is. Why, it's as good as Whistler!"

"It's better," said his wife.

"Ye-es," said Harry Rivers with politeness. "And yet," he added, half closing his eyes to produce an effect of minute analysis, "you suffer from two diseases—indigestion and sentimentality."

"You rogue," laughed the artist, "is sentimentality a disease?"

"And isn't indigestion?" asked Harry.

Again Mrs. Cox fidgetted. She always fidgetted when her hand was not on the rudder; always when her husband showed signs of being happy, of forgetting her. Freedom was infidelity. Mr. Cox's eyes looked at her in all their calf-like sincerity of expression.

"Hedley," Mrs. Cox said coaxingly, "aren't you wasting time, my dear? I'm sure Harry's very witty, and his conversation stimulates him—and you too, my dear—but, but—"

"Well, I've sent in my picture to the Academy."

"One swallow, you know, doesn't et cetera. Suppose you are accepted; must you stop working on that account? Ah! I remember when we were first married (not so long ago), you swore you would not rest until —"

She wiped away a hasty tear or two.

"For your sake, my dear," said Hedley Cox humbly yet good-humouredly, and left the room. They heard him shifting canvasses in the studio above.

Mrs. Cox sighed.

"Poor Hedley works so, so hard."

"M-m-m—" said Harry Rivers.

"He is a great artist."

Harry Rivers maintained an earnest silence.

"And one day we shall be rich, Harry."

"Yes?" said Harry, quite alert.

"I mean, with such talents Hedley must make his fortune."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Cox hated him more than ever for that brief syllable.

"Suppose they do reject him," Mrs. Cox continued, "what if they do reject him? Who cares a pin nowadays what the Academy does? They rejected him last year. 'So much the better' I said."

She had wept sore for two days and three nights, and had her Puritan education not forbidden it, would have wished Hedley's rivals at the bottom of the sea. It was her education that had made her charitable, kept her wishes inarticulate.

"Curious you shouldn't have heard yet, one way or another. Bailey heard yesterday, and so did Ingmar."

Mrs. Cox turned pale.

"They are accepted?"

Harry nodded, and looked out of the window.

"A man like Bailey—and Ingmar—and Jenkinson. Pooh! It makes me wild to think of them, and their tawdry vulgarities," Mrs. Cox lamented.

"Oh, I don't know, though. Bailey can paint sunshine. And Ingmar's nocturnes, you know —"

"Pooh! Just the stuff they'll take at the Academy, the fools! 'Pon my word, I do hope they'll keep Hedley out of that place, I do indeed. For his sake—and the sake of Art."

"Hillo!" said Harry "Here's the postman."

"Ah!"

Rat-tat. Poor Hedley is rushing down the stairs two at a time. Pause. Hedley is rushing up the stairs three at a time.

He opened the door, pale and breathless. That sallow wall of flesh, his face, had taken on a hue utterly unbaked, and his great round chin hung unbalanced.

"They've accepted," he whispered hoarsely.

Mrs. Cox flushed purple.

"My dear!"

She held out a long hand that trembled.

"Well," she said, turning her sneering features upon Hany "and what did I say?"

"You said—"

Harry checked himself, biting his lip.

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