

The Evening World Daily Magazine

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World's Big Cities Linked By "Aerial Limited" Lines, Prediction of Col. Bishop

Passenger Airplanes Will Be Fitted With Buffet Lunches and Sleeping Berths, Says "Ace of Aces," and Further Forecasts Aerial Express Service, Air Smugglers, Air Cops and Even Aerial Fire Patrol.

SAYS ATLANTIC WILL BE CROSSED THIS SPRING AND SEES USEFUL AIR SERVICE IN NEAR FUTURE.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

AN Aerial Limited between all the principal cities of the world, an aerial express for parcels, aeroplanes fitted with buffet lunches and berths, air smugglers and—to catch them—air cops, aviators doing fire patrol, a transatlantic aerial route—these, according to Col. William A. Bishop, will be developments of the near future for each "nation's air navies" toppling through the central blue.

And Col. Bishop, as most of us know, is the Ace of Aces, the uncrowned king of the air, the greatest flyer now alive in the world. The official record during the war of this Canadian is seventy-two German planes, and he is the only man alive to-day who has earned the right to wear those three notable war decorations, the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order

(twice won) and the Military Cross. Yet he is only twenty-four years old, and the most modest hero I ever have had the pleasure of meeting. He wears muffs, with no shred of distinguishing ribbon anywhere about. He will not talk of himself, and even when he is discussing a subject as impersonal as the future of aviation his big blue eyes only now and then glance shyly at his questioner. He is slender, not over medium height and pink and

lar airplane route between London and Paris, costing \$15 a trip. I do not see why all the great cities of the world should not be connected in this fashion.

"You now have a machine in this country which can carry fifty passengers. If machines of that size can be made and operated successfully there is no reason why they cannot be fitted out with all the appliances of comfortable travel. Probably they will be built with buffet lunches for the passengers, and they might even be fitted up with berths for long trips."

Then Col. Bishop blew up one aluring air bubble. He does not believe that aerial tin Lizzies will be found practical, or that the time will come when every man has his own flying fiver.

"To be safe, a machine must be made of the best material and must be expensive," he declared. "I would not go up in a cheap machine. I do not think any attempt should be made to use it commercially. As far as I can see, the aeroplanes must cost a great deal and therefore travelling will not be inexpensive."

"But is it safe enough to attract most persons for anything more than a voyage of curiosity?" I asked. "Even in motoring, a combination of the best machine and the best chauffeur is not invariably successful. But a car can be stopped and the chauffeur can get out to fix the machinery. In the air it is different."

"In the air, if anything goes wrong, you can always glide down," defended Col. Bishop. "Unless, that is, you are over a range of mountains. Flying is safe. Most of the accidents are among those who have not learned to fly. I venture to say that there are fewer accidents among experienced flyers than among motorists. No, people won't be afraid of travel by air, or, if they are, they will get over their fear, as they get over the first fear of motoring."

"What kind of men make the safest flyers?" I asked Col. Bishop.

"I believe anybody can learn to fly," he replied. "We used boys as young as seventeen and eighteen, and I have seen fine flyers thirty-five, forty, even fifty years old. Of course, the man who is likely to lose his head in an emergency is not the best flying material, although that type usually learns a lot of sense if he tries to fly."

"I should think the lesson might be expensive," I couldn't help suggesting, "rather like the Chinese cure."

Col. Bishop smilingly agreed. Then his blue eyes glinted as he spoke of another possible development of aviation. "I don't see how they can stop the air smugglers," he declared. "I'll wager I could smuggle in an aeroplane without detection. I think a lot of that sort of thing will be done, and of course the only way to combat it will be to establish aerial police."

"In Canada, where the distances are so great, and I should think in your own western States, an air patrol watching against forest fires could do a great deal of good. For this work sea planes would be best, as they could be landed on lakes and a forest is not the landing place for the ordinary landplanes."

"The only interference with the commercial use of aeroplanes will be the weather. All flights, for passengers, mail or express, would be subject to occasional postponement on account of fog or heavy snowstorms, in which it is impossible to see a landing. Therefore the aeroplane will never drive ships off the sea or trains off the land. But as a supplementary method of transportation it will be invaluable."

WHO COULD BLAME HILDA?
MINNEAPOLIS woman had as her guests for a Sunday dinner four soldiers who had received her invitation through the War Camp Community Club. During dinner the hostess was very much annoyed by her Swedish maid. Every time she served the boys she burst out giggling. Unable to stand it any longer the woman followed her into the kitchen and demanded: "Why, Hilda, what do you mean by laughing my guests in this manner? I can't understand it."
"Oh," giggled Hilda, "one of them soldiers gave my fellow."—Private H. Laska, in Judge.

By Touch New York's Blind Children Are Taught the Wonders of the World

Blind Pupils of City's Public Schools Are Brought by Teachers to American Museum of Natural History, There to Make the Acquaintance of Birds and Animals About Whom They Have Heard, and Have Their Knowledge of the World at Their Finger Tips.

Photographs reproduced, by permission, from the American Museum Journal.

THOUGH it is a universal belief that every human being has two eyes, every one brought into contact with the blind must realize that we are actually endowed with four organs of sight, the other two being the highly sensitive hands, by which the sightless are taught to "see" through the sense of touch.

The visit of Sir Arthur Pearson to this country has given wide publicity to the work now being done for blinded soldiers in England. And the noble efforts of Miss Winifred Holt, both in America and in France, to promote the welfare and happiness of the blind have met with universal appreciation.

Little known, however, is the educational course for the blind carried on in New York City by the American Museum of Natural History through the Jonathan Thorpe Memorial Fund by public lectures for men and women and classes for sightless children.

There are in New York and its vicinity about ninety blind or partially blind children who are pupils in the public schools. These children, in classes of nine or ten, are brought to the museum by their teachers and are introduced through the sense of touch to prehistoric mammoths, stuffed elephants and gigantic birds, every animal wonder housed in the great building at Columbus Avenue and 77th Street. In addition, the public schools which the blind children attend regularly are provided with plaster models of beasts and birds and also with geographical globes and maps with countries, rivers and mountains indicated in high relief. When the sightless little ones have grown familiar with these museum treasures they sit down and listen to informal talks given by museum instructors on subjects chosen by their teachers from a list submitted to them at the beginning of each year.

Last year the blind children of New York took "a journey to Africa," learned about "the baskets and pot-

tery of the Indians," heard "The Story of the Stone Age" and listened breathlessly to minute descriptions of "Animals of the Seashore," "Birds That Fly" and absorbed a dozen

other simple lectures on subjects of thrilling importance to their opening minds.

In their school work through the use of globes lent by the museum, the children get their first dawning conception of the earth they will never see, except through the second pair of eyes it is the museum's purpose to develop to their highest efficiency. They feel with skillful, sensitive hands, that the earth is round, that it inclines on its axis, and they learn to locate through the sense of touch its principal cities, seas and mountain ranges and trace with their sight-tipped fingers the flatness of deserts and the courses of rivers winding to the sea. When they have learned the geographical position of a country they are told stories about the history of its people and are allowed to hold models of native animals and houses, costumes and implements of war and peace. After a few lessons any blind child who attends the museum classes can point to any city or country on the globe, and one of the children's most delightful games consists in taking imaginary journeys, say from New York across the Panama Canal by sea, or a trip by train to California, then by steamer to Japan, with a stop at the Hawaiian Islands.

Through other models furnished by the museum, children are taught the history of transportation. With the eyes in their hands they see the necessities on which the Indian traveled, pack horses that took American pioneers across the prairie, steam cars, rail and steamboats and hydro-aeroplanes.

In the museum available for every class is a model showing the course of the earth about the sun and also the rotation of the earth on its axis as well, and the action of the direct rays of the sun striking the earth's surface, sun rays being indicated by fine wires.

One of the most interesting models for the use of the blind in the museum shows life in the Arctic and illustrates the Eskimo's house, or igloo, which he occupies in winter. Children are taught how the Eskimo builds his summer home by stretching pieces of seal-skin over tent poles, and they are allowed to make miniature models with bits of seal-skin.

The American Museum's work for the blind is not confined to the instruction of children. It holds evening classes for the sightless or partially sightless adults, the average attendance being about 300. The museum has a list of about 700 blind men and women within the neighborhood of New York to whom it sends invitations to attend the free lectures held especially for them. Carfare to and from the museum is advanced when necessary, and Boy Scouts generously act as guides for blind persons who have no one to accompany them. Animals, birds or flowers, to be discussed during the lectures, are exhibited in the foyer of the museum. Masses of wild flowers assembled for this purpose have given keen delight to sightless nature-lovers.

Calvary Cemetery, Long Island, has been the scene, and the sculptural exterior and mural interior decoration of the mortuary chapel and mausoleum erected by the late Cardinal Farley for the prelates and priests of the archdiocese of New York has been her achievement.

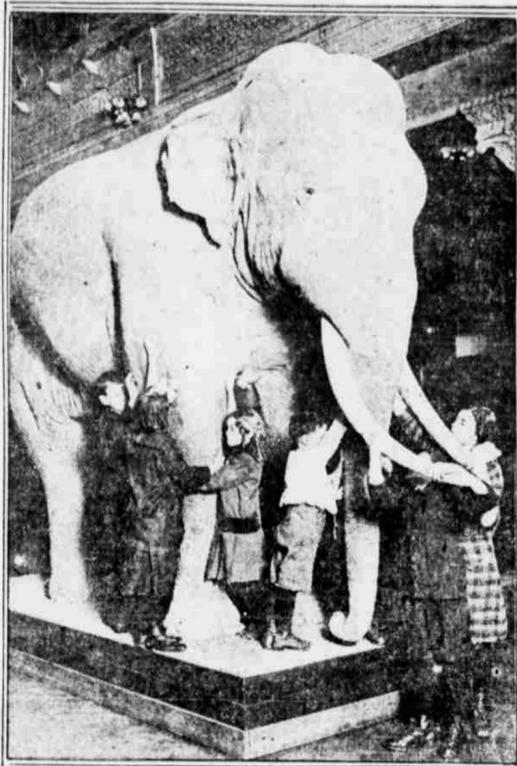
The chapel, built of hard blue Indiana limestone at a cost of half a million dollars, crowns the highest point in the cemetery, overlooking Greater New York on one side and Long Island Sound on the other. It is early Byzantine in architecture.

A colossal statue of Christ, 10 feet 4 inches in height, is included in the sculptural work of the main entrance, which is 22 feet across. Sixteen life-size figures in high relief form the exterior sculptural decoration.

Unlike most sculptors who turn over their clay models to others for execution, Miss Wilson cuts her designs out of the solid block of stone with her own hands.

Miss Wilson has the distinction of never having studied abroad. Her training was primarily acquired through three consecutive scholarships awarded by her alma mater, the Cincinnati Art Academy.

Physically, this American artist is an Amazon. With arms of muscle and sinew she wields smallest and chis-



TO HELP THE CHILDREN FORM AN IDEA OF THE SHAPE OF BIG ANIMALS LIKE THIS ELEPHANT THEY ARE ALSO GIVEN SMALL PLASTER MODELS FOR STUDY.

ern. Ernest Thompson Seton and Admiral Robert Peary have been included among the speakers at the museum's evening talks for the blind. When Peary lectured at the museum Mr. Holmes of the Ziegler Magazine for the Blind gave every member of the audience a relief map, showing

the Arctic lands and the water about the North Pole. On this occasion the museum had on exhibition a team of Eskimo dogs hitched to a sled used on one of the Peary expeditions, which the blind examined with eager fingers to learn the method of harnessing used in the Arctic wilds.

Woman Sculptor Works on High Scaffold To Carve Designs Out of Solid Stone

Melva Beatrice Wilson, Who Never Studied Abroad, Says She Gets Her Best Inspiration by Working in a Cemetery, Where She Is Decorating a Mortuary Chapel.

ONE of the most interesting unheralded stories of a woman's accomplishment in the field of art is the work-a-day story of Melva Beatrice Wilson, sculptor, who went through the experience of spending eight consecutive summer outings in New York's most congested city of the dead.

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Physically, this American artist is an Amazon. With arms of muscle and sinew she wields smallest and chis-

els with the lightness and deftness of a champion golfer.

In her workshop—a hollow rectangle of stone—flanking the chapel, where all day long can be heard the constant dirge of "The Miserere," the office for the dead, so continuous are funeral corteges to this city of eternal sleepers, Miss Wilson admits she gets her

best inspiration.

Miss Wilson is the daughter of Judge John Lafayette Wilson of Warren, O. While a student in the Art Academy of Cincinnati she acquired the habit of not only finding ready sale for her clay studies but of securing through them worth while commissions.

Fourteen Points League of Matrimony.

NO. V.—SEASON YOUR MARRIAGE WITH SENTIMENT.

Sentiment Is the Sunlight of Women's Souls—A Great Lover Is Simply the Perfect Host of His Heart—He Loves a Woman With Grace, With Delicacy, With an Appreciation of Her Personality.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

ONCE, a few years ago, I took a party of American men and women to call on Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who had consented to receive them. Every person in the group had expressed the keenest desire to meet the greatest woman I have ever known, and upon bidding Madame Bernhardt goodbye one American kissed her hand, a simple ceremony that in any European capital would have passed unnoticed because every man present would have done the same thing. But the scene was Long Beach. So when we were outside the hotel once more a younger man spoke the simple sentiments of his outraged soul.

"I never would have believed that of you, Jack, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. I didn't know you believed in that sort of flub-dub. I never kissed a woman's hand in my life."

"I feel sorry for you," I interposed at this point.

"Why?" inquired the candid creature.

"What fun is there in kissing a woman's hand? What would she get out of it? What would I get out of it?"

"Nothing that you would understand, perhaps," I answered. "But if you ever want to please and touch and gratify the tenderest sentiments of a woman's soul, you will kiss her hand, nevertheless."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the matter-of-fact young man, incredulously. "Are you telling me a woman would rather a man would kiss her hand than her lips?"

"Certainly," I replied—at least upon occasions—you see, to kiss her hand is an act of sentiment, of homage, to kiss her lips is merely an act of sex."

"What else does she expect?" interrupted the bewildered youth. "When I marry I want my wife to be sensible and have no more use for a lot of mush than I have myself."

"God pity her!" I answered. And I say it again, now, of any wife whose husband is without sentiment.

For sentiment is the sunlight of women's souls. Without it, life is just a long, London fog. Any man who wishes really to be loved by a woman should simulate sentiment, even when he cannot feel it. Men have been wondering since the Garden of Eden why women love the type of man played so perfectly by Leo Dietrichstein in his various presentations of the adroit seducer. The answer is that such men take the trouble to dis-

cover how women wish to be loved and love them accordingly.

If I am giving a dinner party and desire to be considered a successful hostess, do I say to myself when I plan the menu: "I will give the Joneses, who like squab and creamed heart of palm, chiffonade salad and biscuit tortoni, a good, hearty meal of short ribs of beef, noodles and apple pie, because that is what I feel like eating?"

No, I offer the Joneses what I know they will like without lecturing them on their gastronomic errors of judgment. The great lover—any great lover—is the successful host of his heart, and he seasons his lightest word, look and acts with sentiment.

Ask any waiter in New York what men order in restaurants. He will tell you roast beef or lamb, steak, chops—always something simply cooked. But women as invariably choose from the list of made dishes, things really warmed over, but so deliciously seasoned that they forget their dubious origin in their exquisite taste. Now, if we could consult Cupid and Eros, the busy waiters in the restaurant of life, we should find the same difference in the choices made by men and women.

And we should find, too, that many marriages become unpalatable to wives because their husbands persistently omit the seasoning of sentiment from their common life.

"An American man gulps love down as he does a glass of whiskey," an embittered woman writer of France observed to me not long ago. "No wonder so many American women marry Europeans. Is there any sentiment, any language of compliment and admiration over here?"

"The most genuine in the world," I answered, but I could not help thinking of the young man who had never kissed a woman's hand; I knew he had met some one like that. "You see, our men are trained to be much more honest with women than yours are. A Frenchman might have a rendezvous with Sophie on Monday, and he would say to her as a matter of course: 'My love, my life, my soul, how good of you to bless my miserable existence with these too few moments of happiness!' And on Tuesday he would be saying exactly the same words to Jeanne de Marie Louise."

"Well, what difference would that make to Sophie, after all, if on Tuesday she is happy all day long because at last she knows she is loved as she wishes to be? Inquired the product of decadent civilization. "Believe me, you have much to learn about love in this country of so many divorces. Why do you have them, by the way? A woman—yes, even an American woman—will forgive everything to the man who loves her as she wants to be loved—with sentiment, with delicacy, with a perception, an appreciation of her personality. The added hour in a woman's life is when she realizes that she is loved not because she is different from all other women, but because she is like them. You must tell the American husband that he does not know how to love."

"I will tell him that he needs more sentiment in marriage," I answered. "For the rest you will have to talk to him yourself—for I don't go with you."

NEW INVENTIONS.
Attachments for tailors' tape Enos have been invented to hold one end to arms so that accurate measurements are taken.

An auxiliary reservoir, carried at a slightly greater height than the barrel of the pen, assures a steady flow of ink to a new fountain pen which, however, cannot be carried in a pocket.