In the Current American Magazines

Is Flying as Dangerous as Motoring?—Adelina Patti's Earnings—Cutting the Cullinan Diamond.

IS FLYING AS DANGEROUS AS MOTORING?

Of course, there is a certain element of danger in flying, as there is in every sport. But granting that, it is still a question in the minds of those who have tried both flying and motoring whether the aerodrome, at its average gait of thirty-eight miles an hour, is not a safer vehicle than the automobile when it goes tearing up a road at the same rate of speed. And as between riding in an aerodrome and in a Vanderbilt Cup race, ask any one who has tried which he believes the safer. Farman, who has given up cup racing to go into aviation, smiles when you put the question, and promptly chooses the flying machine. Furthermore, I'm told you couldn't get the Wrights into a racing automobile unless you dragged them into it and then sat on them. Because, as the two respectfully and earnestly submit, they have an extremely anxious regard for both life and limb.

One of the usual questions put to Orville Wright at the Fort Myer tests was whether flying is hard to learn.

"That depends," he answered always. "Some persons learn to run a motor car without any trouble at all. It takes others longer. Some never learn."

Pinning him to the fact, I asked whether this was the case with the aerodrome.

"It seems so," he answered, after a moment's cautious reflection.

But this question, asked by so many in a spirit of idle curiosity, is of first importance to any one considering flying as a sport. If you are a motorist, the flying machine, with its engine, levers, rudders and supporting surfaces, will be more or less easy to understand—much easier, in fact, than the involved mechanism of a motor car. But in running your automobile the road is in plain sight before you, its hills and vales and turnings clearly indicated, and every obstruction visible before you come to it. Furthermore, you can nearly always tell at a glance where your auto is likely to skid or bore or crimp its forward wheels. In the air, however, sight will aid you very little. It is all a matter of sensation—of feel. Still further, the road through the air is a highway among hills and hollows, a path filled with innumerable grades and pitches, cliffs, gulfs and precipices, all invisible and all in a state of chaotic, violent unrest. You must keep this in mind if you wish to fly. In motoring, you see your road; in flying, you know it only by the feel.—Maximilian Foster, in Outing.

ADELINA PATTI'S EARNINGS.

Adelina Patti never suffered from the financial timidity of a Jenny Lind. Not only was she a supreme vocalist, but, as Colonel Mapleson remarked, "no one ever approached her in the art of obtaining from a manager the greatest possible sum he could by any possibility contrive to pay." But the musical miracle was the spoiled darling of her day, and she never failed to obtain exactly what she wanted. She was first engaged in London, in 1861, by Mapleson, to sing four nights "on approval," and, in case of success, to obtain £40 a week. This contract was not fulfilled, however, for, being hard pressed financially, she had borrowed £50 from a rival manager, and her receipt proved practically a contract. This was the beginning of a career so dazzling that its successive steps are simply a series of increasing banknotes. In 1872 she obtained in London 200 guineas a night, since she insisted on having more than Christine Nilsson, who was receiving £200. She sang twice a week. Ten years later she was given $5,000 a night! Her famous contract to sing in America provided that the money should be paid her at 2 o'clock on the day she sang, also a drawing room and sleeping car to be especially built for her with conservatory and fernery, etc. Further, there was to be deposited to her credit $50,000 for payment of the last ten performances—Patti's favorite device. She thus received about twenty times what Mario and Grisi got.

Her private car, incidentally, cost $60,000, and contained a silver bath and gold keys to the doors—to say nothing of a $2,000 piano. Patti only gave to the manager her voice and her costumes. Her drawing capacity justified this. "Lucia," as an example, was sung to an average of $14,000. "Traviata" drew more, since she sang more notes: it was a frequent occurrence among the poorer music lovers to buy a club ticket and each take turns at hearing her for twenty minutes; if one overstayed his time he paid for the entire ticket. Some mathematicians computed, by dividing number of notes sung by the sum paid, that in "Semiramide" Patti received 42⅔ cents for each note. This was found to be just 7 1-10 cents a note more than Rossini got for writing the whole opera.—George Middleton, in The Bookman.

CUTTING THE CULLINAN DIAMOND.

After the diamond was received at the factory it was photographed in all possible positions. And after a long and tedious examination and consultation it was found that two important and other minor flaws existed in the stone, which made it necessary that it be cut into certainly two and perhaps more pieces. Such a task carried a responsibility that even the most expert diamond cutter would be reluctant to assume, but it was decided that of all the diamond experts in Amsterdam Joseph Asscher was the one who could best be trusted with the work. Casts were made of the stone, both in clay and in crystal, and numberless experiments were made in cleaving these casts in order to ascertain what would happen when the original stone was cleaved. The master hand was soon in possession of just what was necessary to be done. Two incisions were made with an American sawing machine along the grain to a depth of one-half to three-quarters of an inch, and when the fateful day arrived Asscher, with a specially constructed knife blade made of the finest steel, and covered up to the neck with an apron to save any of the flying precious pieces, inserted it into the slit, and with two terrific blows cut the stone in twain exactly along the grain and through the flaws precisely at the point he had calculated. Such good fortune does not always follow the cleaving of a diamond. It sometimes happens that when the stone is struck with the blade that cleaves it, instead of splitting along the grain, it flies into a number of pieces. Imagine, then, Asscher's joy when his work was successfully executed and he saw in two of the pieces possibilities of making two diamonds larger than any stone before dreamed of. In speaking afterward of his achievement he was asked if he had not felt nervous before striking the fateful blows; but he replied that it was only after his work was accomplished that he realized what strain he had been under, and for three nights never closed his eyes.

After the operation of cleaving the stone was completed the question of polishing it came up. A room specially built for the polishing was constructed, and it was there that the now celebrated Koe took up his quarters, and for nine months, from 7 in the morning until 9 o'clock at night, without interruption, and every day in the week except Saturday, he stood to his task watching the precious stones being ground into shape on a mammoth disk revolving at the rate of 2,700 revolutions a minute. In the inclosures he was guarded by two detectives, and another stood at the door, barring the entrance to any one. The process, as may be imagined, was intensely absorbing, for the slightest mistake would have meant the loss of thousands of dollars, and, more than that, the reputation of the diamond firm. But the faithful Koe stood to his task day in and day out, hour after hour, watching with jealous care his charge, until the disk ceased to revolve and his work was done, one of the most intricate and nerve racking tasks ever undertaken. In general all diamonds, or so-called brilliants, are given fifty-eight facets, but in order to bring out the prismatic fires in the Cullinan seventy-six facets were given to it.—Frank U. Bausisett, in The Technical World.

THE MOST PICTURESQUE CITY IN EUROPE

For a thousand years Rothenburg has been a city. For more than five hundred years it was a free city of the empire. It is not like those ancient towns which, through centuries of strife, preserved their entity through being huddled near the base of some great castle; it is not like those towns that were protected by powerful princes; for it has maintained itself by its own unaided sturdiness. If great barons came to Rothenburg, they came to receive protection, not to give it, or else they came to be entertained with the lavish open handedness that made the city a place to which emperors themselves found pleasure in resorting.

By crusaders and pilgrims Rothenburg was held in affectionate regard, not only for its generous hospitality, but because, seen from the river, it bore a striking resemblance to Jerusalem. But there was order in those times of turbulence; and in an old, old house used by Palestine's pilgrims, and still known as "pilgrims' house," there is an ancient stone bearing upon it an ancient carving of a hand and a hatchet, with the ominous inscription: "He who quarrels in this house shall have his hand cut off."

Yet since those early days the town has been comparatively forgotten. Even yet it has not become a haunt of the tourist and the traveller, although each year a few Americans resort thitherward, bringing back tales of this city that out-Nürnberg Nürnberg. It is easily reached, being on a little branch line from the railway between Frankfort and Munich.

It is a place where the sightseer cannot go wrong, for everywhere is fascination. There are both stateliness and beauty. There are towering houses with criss-crossed fronts.

There are deep dungeons under the Rathhaus, reached by stairways dripping with moisture, into which not a ray of light can enter; and in one of these dungeons, some five centuries ago, the men of Rothenburg placed the burgomaster who, more than any other in the long burgomasterial line, gave the city power and wealth and prosperity. But they charged him with conspiring with the emperor, and not only gave him no light but edged their animosity by deliberately giving him no food. It is in all a fiercely dramatic story; for friends who were still faithful tunnelled to the cell and madly cut through its prodigious wall, and reached the prisoner—but only to find him dead.

Nowadays they treat unpopular burgomasters with more consideration. Each burgomaster is chosen for three years, and at the end of that time he is either elected for life or gives place to a successor. But an election for life does not give unchecked power, for it is a simple matter with these townsfolk, if they tire of a life-chosen mayor, to make him "so crazy with vexation," as it was expressed to me, that he is glad to resign and accept the pension that they palliatively offer. Only recently they thus got rid of one.—Robert Shackleton, in Harper's.

THE VINE IN ROMAN HISTORY.

For many centuries the Romans were water drinkers; little wine was made in Italy and that of inferior quality; commonly not even the rich were wont to drink it daily; many used it only as medicine during illness; women were never to drink it. For a long time any woman in Rome who used wine inspired a sense of repulsion. At the time of Polybius, that is, toward the middle of the second century B. C., ladies were allowed to drink only a little passum: that is, sweet wine made with raisins, a kind of syrup. About the women too much given to the beverage of Dionysius terrifying stories were told. It was said, for instance, that the wife of Ignatius Mecenius was beaten to death by her husband because she secretly drank wine, and that Romulus had absolved the husband. It was told on the word of Fabius Pictor, who mentioned it in his annals, that a Roman lady was condemned by the family tribunal to die of hunger because she had stolen from her husband the keys to the wine cellar. It was said the judge Dionysius condemned to the loss of her dower a wife who, unknown to her husband, had drunk more than was good for her health—this story is one which shows that women began to be allowed to use wine as a medicine. Finally, for a true Roman, it was for a long time a vaunt to despise fine wines. For example, the ancient historians recount that when Cato returned from his proconsulship in Spain, acclaimed imperator by the soldiers, he boasted of having drunk on the voyage the same wine as his rowers. It certainly was not, as we should say now, either Bordeaux or champagne.

Cato, it is true, was a queer fellow who pleased himself by throwing in the face of the young nobility and its incipient luxury a piece of almost brutal rudeness; but he exaggerated, rather than falsified, the ideas and the sentiments of Romanism. At that time it was a thing unworthy of a Roman to be a practised admirer of . . . .

But in the second half of the last century of the Republic and the first half of the first century A. D. . . . the Italian wines rose to great fame and demand, and Italy took from the Greeks the pre-eminence in wine they so long had held. Finally this pre-eminence formed one of the spoils of world conquest, and that not one of the meagrest. Pliny, writing in the second half of the first century, says: "Among the eighty most celebrated qualities of wine made in all the world Italy makes about two-thirds: therefore in this it outdoes other peoples." The first wines that came into note seem to have been those of Southern Italy, especially Falernian, and Julius Cæsar seems to have done much to make it known. Pliny tells us that in the great popular banquet offered to celebrate his triumph after his return from Egypt he gave to every group of banqueters a cask of Chios and an amphora of Falernian, and that in his third consulate he distributed to the populace wine of Lesbos, of Chios, of Falerno and the Mamertine: two Greek provinces and two Italian. It is evident that he wished officially to recognize national wines as equal to the foreign, in favor of Italian vintners; so that Julius Cæsar, that universal man, has a place not only in the history of great Italian conquests, but also in that of Italian viticulture.

The wines of the valley of the Po were not long in making place for themselves after those of Southern Italy. We know that Augustus drank only Rhetian wine. We know that Livia drank Istrian wine.—Guglielmo Ferrero, in McClure's.

THE QUICKEST PLAY IN BASEBALL.

The quickest thinking I ever saw on a baseball field was done by "Tommy" McCarthy, the Boston outfielder of years ago. "Tom" Browne, one of the speediest runners that ever played baseball, was on second base and New York needed one run to tie the score. "Jack" Doyle, then a great batter, was at bat, and it seemed certain that a base hit by Doyle would tie the score and perhaps win the game, as there was but one out and Browne was so speedy he could score from second base on almost any kind of a safe hit. McCarthy crept closer to the infield on left, realizing that although he could throw with wonderful rapidity and accuracy, the chances were all against throwing Browne out at the plate unless he was close and the ball came to him quickly. Doyle drove a hard line hit straight to the left field; Browne went scudding toward third base. Doyle raced for first and McCarthy plunged forward at top speed. The fielder reached the ball on its first bound, grabbed it, and without stopping or looking threw with terrific force and perfect aim across the diamond into the first baseman's hands. Browne had stopped at third base; Doyle, who had turned first with the intention of sprinting to second, was caught standing still ten feet from first. The next batter went out on a fly and Boston won the game.

After the game I asked McCarthy concerning the play. "Well," he explained, "Browne is a quick thinker. He saw how hard that ball was hit and knew he would be thrown out at the plate unless I fumbled. Doyle doesn't think very fast and, knowing that he would turn first and stop to see if I was throwing home, I threw across to first and caught him."

He figured that out while the ball was screaming through the air toward him, probably reaching his conclusions and making the decision in four-fifths of a second.—Hugh S. Fullerton, in The American Magazine.

THE FLOWER OF REMEMBRANCE.

The ring my onetime lover gave
I could no longer wear,
Then deep in earth I made a grave,
And left it buried there.

I planted for his sake a flower
My lover's gift above;
For, oh! my heart had not the power
To dwell apart from love.

Here, as its petals white unclose,
I tend the flower I gave,
And consecrate to love the rose
That blossoms on a grave!
—Eugene C. Dolson, in Putnam's.

WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

Few things can appear more curious to a dispassionate observer than the foam of discontent seething up among women at the present day. Any discontent, if it be strong enough, will produce revolution; but a not uncommon result of revolution is a recoil into a more despotic absolutism than any that existed before the rebellion. It is possible that such a result will follow on the present revolt of womankind; meantime, coupled with another equally prominent feature of their sex in the present time, it is certainly one of the most curious of our social phenomena. We have studied it as such with some degree of attention, and we have come to the conclusion that, despite the prominence of its school, it is not altogether so original as it believes, and it does not very clearly know what it actually aims at and requires.

"Equality with men," we are answered. But this is exceedingly difficult to define. Of course, it is perfectly easy to pass jests upon and concoct witticisms out of such a subject; they suggest themselves by the million. The harder effort is to avoid the attractively and facilely ludicrous side of the subject and write upon it seriously. All jests apart, it is something difficult to define—this equality with men that is the female cry of the hour. If equality in privileges be taken, equality in liabilities must be enforced also. Are women to go to this extreme—to become soldiers if they become surgeons, to become sailors if they become statesmen? We doubt if they are prepared to reach this length; but unless they are, the desire for "equality with men" is only another phase of the desire for every privilege and the exemption from every penalty.

We can thoroughly sympathize with the impatience of a clever woman at seeing herself excluded from an arena of public life in which some masculine fools and many masculine mediocrities succeed. We are fully prepared to admit that here and there may arise a woman of such brilliant abilities that she would be fully capable of governing an empire or manœuvring an army. But such women come once in five centuries; and this question is not of exceptional, but of all, women. The equality demanded is not for the few, but for the many. It is of the admission of the many to its rights and exercises that we have to treat; not of the admission of the two or three great women who may adorn a century, and who, be it noted, generally contrive to do well for themselves and rarely are participants in the cry of which we have heard so much in late years. Where real genius appears it levels sex; but this is at all times rare, in women rarest, and it is of the vast mass of "the general" that we speak. Maria Theresa, Catherine, Manon, Roland, Hypatia, Corinna, Sappho, will always make their own mark on the world's history; but the plea now raised is for the admission of all women—on the simple score of womanhood—to the possession of the paths and thrones of men.—"Ouida," in Lippincott's.

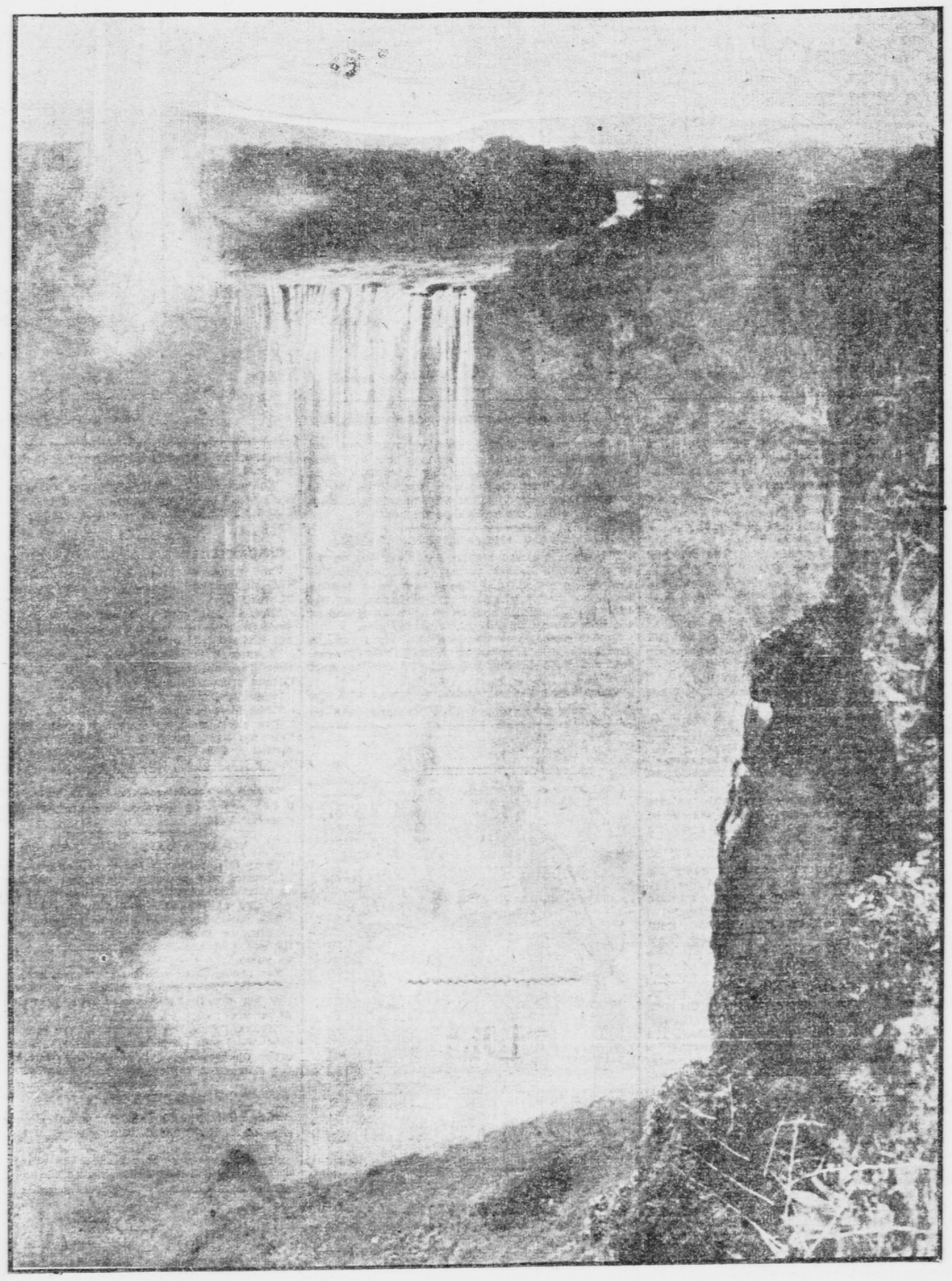
YALE'S ABSENTMINDED PRESIDENT.

The absentmindedness of President Hadley is a byword. He boarded a streetcar one day, and seeing his old friend, the late Professor Seymour, step on the same car, he rushed up and eagerly shook hands with the conductor, while indifferently dropping a nickel in the hand of the famous Greek scholar. Dr. Hadley reached his recitation room on another day, when he suddenly remembered that he had left his watch. He was lost without it, yet he must begin his recitation in a few minutes; so as to see if he would have time to go for the missing timepiece he automatically reached in his vest pocket, drew out the watch, which he had put there after all, and glancing at it, exclaimed, "Yes, I'll just have time to get it," and started home on a run.

Eccentric though he be, President Hadley is never without a ready and witty remark. Yale's Sunday services are addressed by prominent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities. When these visiting preachers occasionally ask President Hadley how long they shall speak he invariably replies, "There is no limit, sir, upon the time you may preach; but there is a Yale tradition that no souls are saved after the first twenty minutes."—Bohemian.

THE HUMAN COMEDY OF THE FRENCH STREETS.

The streets of Paris are a stage—set sometimes to a melodrama or to a pageant such as Nodier's fantasy, or ours, has figured; more often to a comedy wherein the unities are outraged and the mob amused. As in some Elizabethan piece, we who sit to it may be spectators and players, too; it is from our cafe table on the pavement—if we stay not too long—that the piece is best followed and is best enjoyed. In London, where the play is more spectacular, with less of human interest and more emphasis upon the "properties," we prefer to take a 'bus top seat. Here we may face the 'bus stand, if we like; the 'bus stand, where they are watering their cattle and calling the numbers for another circuit. A handful of copper buys us all this, with our bock thrown in; and if the play which Paris improvises for us fail to amuse there is the beer at least, and the cafe newspaper and the stationery to write a letter home on—if not this article. All these small perquisites come with our fauteuil d'orchestre in the open air theatre of the boulevard. The dialogue was better at Furetière's cabaret or in Voltaire's time, but the music of the comedy—the orchestra wears tight red coats—is well enough to-day; so, too, the action. Even in the quarters of the poor—Paris is not all holiday nor all Boulevard des Italiens—the street sends up accompaniment to the piece that is always playing, the comédie humaine. The glazier calls his Ho . . . ! vitrier, ho! the vegetable women cry their potatoes and watercresses; the fish wife plaintively comments, Ah, qu'il est donc bon, le maquereau! There is ever a diversion on some penny whistle.—Warren Barton Blake, in Scribner's.



THE KAIETEUR FALL ON THE POTARO RIVER, ESSEQUIBO, BRITISH GUIANA.
The perpendicular height of the fall is 741 feet, or nearly five times that of Niagara. The width varies from 350 feet in the dry season to 400 feet in the rainy season, and the depth of water passing over similarly ranges from a few feet to twenty feet. Even in very dry seasons the river has a depth of thirty-five feet about a quarter of a mile above the fall. The face of the fall is of sandstone, with a capping of harder conglomerate. It is suggested that the falls may be used to provide power, and it is pointed out that the chief fall alone would supply two and one-eighth million horsepower.
—Illustrated London News.

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ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE

Enthusiastic Greeting to the Japanese Squadron.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

San Francisco, May 1.—The reception here and at Los Angeles to the Japanese training squadron has been so hearty and enthusiastic as to assure Admiral Ijichi, his officers and men of the good feeling of Californians toward their people. In the southern city the Japanese admiral had the good fortune to meet Rear Admiral Evans, and the two veterans had a pleasant visit and recalled many yarns of their former friendship when Evans was in command of the Asiatic squadron. They also laughed over the jingo efforts to show that the two nations were eager to begin war. The dinner given by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce to the Japanese officers at the Jonathan Club was one of the most brilliant affairs in the history of the city. San Francisco has arranged plans for a reception to the fleet next week to include dinners, excursions and other entertainments in which resident Japanese will bear a conspicuous part.

Friday was celebrated as Raisin Day in Fresno, the centre of raisin growing, as well as throughout the state. The design of the promoters of this unique festival was to call the attention both of Californians and of the nation to the general merit of the raisin as an article of diet. The leading hotels of the state presented raisins in various styles on their menus, and small cartons of seeded raisins were on sale in the stores during the week.

The first meeting was held this week to make arrangements for the formation of a convention league whose work will be to bring national conventions to San Francisco. This meeting was largely attended by representatives of large commercial bodies, and great hope is entertained for the success of the enterprise. It is claimed that San Francisco in its rapid rebuilding from the ashes of three years ago forms the most interesting spectacle to be seen in this country. It has hotel accommodations for the largest gatherings and there are many scenic attractions within a few hours of the city. Hence it is planned to make a strong bid for conventions with such low railroad rates as will attract many Eastern people.

The Native Sons of the Golden West, the largest organization in the state, decided at its annual convention in Marysville this week to prohibit the serving of wines or liquors at entertainments by the various parlors of the order. This vote is simply the enforcement of a by-law adopted twenty-five years ago, but which has since been a dead letter. Strong efforts were made to permit the use of California wines at dinners and other entertainments, but this amendment was voted down. The argument which had most weight was that as young men of eighteen born in California are eligible to the order it should be the aim of the association to protect them from the drink habit.

Colonel Paul U. Nippert, of the California National Guard, has bills on his desk amounting to $24,000 for transporting soldiers and supplies to Atascadero, where the military manœuvres were held last year. Colonel Nippert drew $7,000 from the arming and equipping of militia fund, but was then stopped by the Governor's orders and instructed to refund this sum to the Treasury. It is expected that a special bill will be passed to cover this expenditure. Meanwhile the Southern Pacific company and other creditors will be compelled to wait for their money.

Broughton Brandenburg, who is under arrest here for selling an alleged spurious article by Grover Cleveland to "The New York Times," has filled many columns of the local papers with his special pleas. He claims that he has proof that the article was genuine and that his prosecution in the East was a plot stirred up by politicians who feared the results of Cleveland's candid opinion of Democratic leaders. Brandenburg appears to enjoy his notoriety. He will make a vigorous fight against extradition to New York, where he declares it is impossible for him to obtain justice because he says District Attorney Jerome is against him.

The conviction of James Walter Wilson on the charge of murdering his friend Harry Boas by poison has aroused much interest because of the fact that the conviction was obtained entirely on circumstantial evidence. The gravest evidence against Wilson in the eyes of the judge seemed to be the testimony of handwriting experts that he was the author of letters sent to Boas which induced him to take the poison. A movement is on foot to raise $250 to pay for the appeal of the case, hiring a handwriting expert who would present Wilson's side of the case.

The bill providing for the acquisition of a tract of land at the junction of Hayes, Franklin and Market streets for the erection of city buildings and the establishment of a civic centre was passed by the supervisors this week. The bill authorizes the City Engineer to procure plans and estimates for several public buildings. This scheme was opposed by many because they believed it poor policy at this time to add millions to the already heavy bonded indebtedness of the city to secure what was not virtually necessary.

The discovery of a ledge of rich gold bearing ore in the San Carpajaro section of the Coast Range of mountains in San Luis Obispo County has upset the theory of geologists, who have always asserted that the Coast Range would yield no gold because of its comparatively recent formation. It is reported that ore worth $40,000 has been found.

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