What It Costs in Hard Cash to Learn How to Fly

Buying the Aeroplane Is Only a Beginning of the Long Expense Account Sure to Follow.

It is bad grammar to say, "I'd rather it was him than me." That is why we say it about aviators. They are such frisky, headstrong, self-sufficient fellows that we want something grim, homely and ungrammatical to say about them. Yet when we cry out at these air men, at their dangers, the fearful depths under them, their reckless divings and turnings, we know all the time that they are only doing magnificently the things we are dying to do ourselves.

Before many years some of us will have the chance. Even to-day any citizen with a sound body and good nerves can learn to fly if he has the money and the strength of purpose. Just how much money he needs and how strong his purpose has to be make a problem that is both interesting and instructive. Suppose, then, that a wealthy New York man decided to keep an aeroplane and fly it himself how would he go about it?

The first thing for him to do, according to all the authorities, is to "study up on" aviation.

He lightens his studies by attending all the aeroplane meets that are held within three hundred miles of New York.

He must meet as many of the bird-men as possible, talk with them constantly and learn all they will tell him. He must join either the Aero Club or the Aeronautical Society and ask questions industriously of all the members he can find to answer him. The preliminary study should last from eight months to two years. The more obvious expenses are: About $150 for literature, $200 to $500 for railroad fares and admission to aviation meets and $70 to $150 for club fees and dues.

All this while the bird-man is still in the egg. Now he is ready to break the shell and balance on the edge of the nest. In other words, he is almost ready to fly. The one sure and correct thing to do is to make a journey to Europe and learn at one of the aviation schools in France or England. At Mr. Grahame-White's, which is one of the best, the charges are 100 guineas—or, roughly, $510—for instruction in either the monoplane or the biplane, and 150 guineas—about $765—for the mastery of both. An additional deposit of $250 is required to cover possible damage to the machines.

No aeroplane school has yet been established in the United States, although several have been promised. Captain Baldwin is authority for the statement that "if a man goes up alone, without having made at least sixty flights with an experienced pilot, he's lucky if he don't smash $1,500 worth of repairs out of his machine in the first five flights." However, an amateur who is cautious and willing to learn can make a very creditable start as an aviator without leaving his own country.

To fly in the United States the beginner must have an aeroplane of his own.

The Curtiss and Wright biplanes, the two principal American types, are sold at $5,000 and $7,500 each, respectively. The Farman biplane and the Blériot monoplane, the two best known types abroad, sell at $5,000 and $2,500 at the factory. The duty on aeroplanes is 45 per cent and the cost of bringing a machine across the ocean is about $500, plus the expenses of the mechanician, who is required to put it together on this side. Thus the total cost of an imported aeroplane would not be far from $5,000 for the $2,500 machine, or $8,000 for the one listed at $5,000.

While his aeroplane is being built the amateur must find a place to house it. If he lives in New York he will probably make his headquarters the aviation field at Garden City. Here he leases a plot in the camp of the Aero Club or the Aeronautical Society, paying $10 or $25 a month rent, and on it he puts up his shed, or "hangar." A tent will do for a time, but a more substantial structure will be necessary if he expects to stay for more than a month or two. A tent that will cover an ordinary biplane can be bought for $200. A shed costs from $500 to $1,500. One side must be so arranged that it can be completely thrown open, either by raising the leaves of a door or by dropping them on the ground outside, forming a sort of temporary front stoop laid flat on the ground.

It must be equipped with a full outfit of carpenter's tools, benches and the like, and all the things the motor needs to make its toilet. An aeroplane engine is as delicate as a prima donna, and as the aeronaut's life depends on its industry while they are aloft together it is well to keep it in a good humor.

While his machine is building, too, he will engage his staff of mechanics. Unless he is something of a mechanic himself and willing to work he will need three men. At least one of them must be an all around workman of the highest class, skilled both in woodworking and in the handling and repairing of steel machinery. It is important, if possible, to obtain a man who has already had experience in the care of aeroplanes. His pay will be from $30 to $40 a week. His two helpers will get from $15 to $25 a week each. If the amateur obtains a harmonious and efficient working force for a total of $75 a week he is fortunate.

A special wagon can usually be hired to haul the machine from the railroad to the aviation field. The whole cost of transportation will probably be from $5 to $200, according to the location of the factory. Once arrived at the hangar, the aeroplane is put together by the amateur's mechanics and the manufacturer's working together.

From three days to two weeks are consumed in tightening wires, adjusting rudders and appliances and trying out the engine. Usually, one of the manufacturer's aviators takes out the machine for an actual trial in the air before turning it over to its new owner.

Then comes the day when the novice has an aeroplane of his own. He can take his place at last in the driver's seat and try his skill like the others.

It is a very bad wreck indeed which the staff cannot make right within a week.

New wheels cost him from $7 to $15. Wood for repairs, which must be the very best and straightest selected spruce, costs $100 a thousand feet. The wire for bracings and control connections is a special grade of piano wire, and sells at five cents a foot. There are five hundred feet of wire in an ordinary biplane. Turn buckles, which must be inserted in every wire to tighten it or loosen it as may be required, cost from 25 to 40 cents each, and there are from fifty to a hundred in each machine. They are very unlikely to be damaged by an accident.

One of the most expensive parts of the aeroplane is the cloth covering of the wings and rudders. This is usually of silk or linen, treated by a patented process to render it airtight. One of the best coverings sells for $2.50 a square yard. Enough to cover a Curtiss biplane would cost about $112.

The cost of a single mile of flight, counting merely the supplies which the machine consumes in the air, varies greatly with the performance of the engine. A famous cross-country flight of one hundred and fifty miles was made with a consumption of fifteen gallons of gasolene and two gallons of lubricating oil. Aeronauts buy gasolene by the tank at about 12 cents a gallon, and the lubricant used in this case cost 70 cents a gallon. Thus the cost of the flight itself was $3.20, or about two cents a mile.

Another well known machine, however, which uses castor oil as a lubricant, consumes half a gallon of it for every gallon of gasolene. Castor oil sells by the barrel at 96 cents a gallon. An hour's flight, which for the machine is about forty miles, requires four gallons of gasolene and two of lubricant, costing in all $2.40, or 5 1-3 cents a mile. And the smell of that aeroplane when the castor oil is running freely over the hot engine is enough to make ten aviators famous.

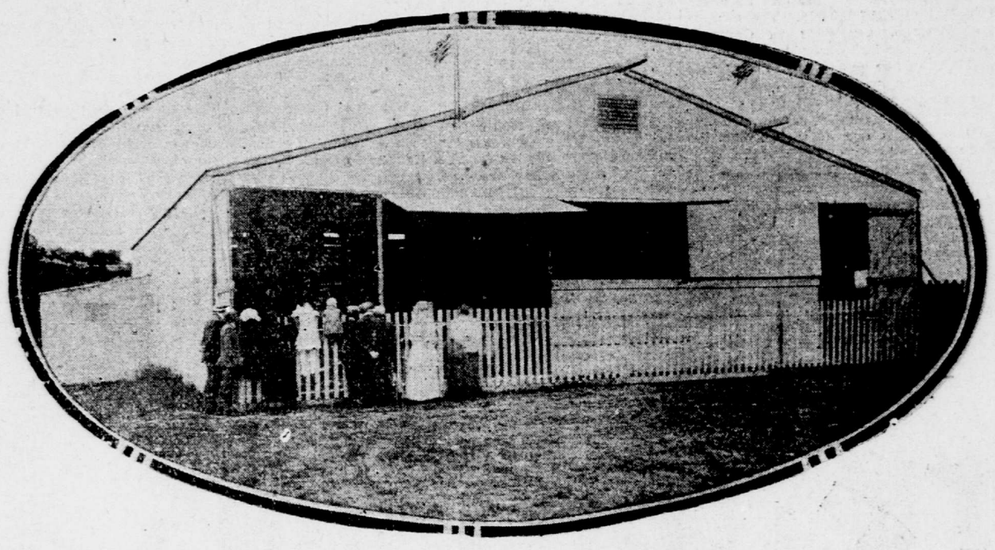
The cost of gasolene, lubricant, materials for repairs and miscellaneous supplies may be reckoned at about $20 a week. Thus the aviator's weekly expenses will run about as follows: Rent of ground for hangar, $2.50 to $5; three mechanics, $75; sundries, $20; total, something over $100. Bills for more serious repairs add heavily to this account. For instance, if a propeller is broken, a frequent accident in aviation, the cost of a first rate substitute is $60.

The aviator is likely to buy a good many of the smaller knickknacks that are on sale for his consumption. An anemometer to tell him how high he is flying—and if he is wise he will not go high enough to need one for many months—costs him from $20 to $50. An aerometer, which records the speed he is making through the air, sells for $20. Then there is a new wrinkle just in from France, a sort of curved spirit level, made daintily of glass and lacquered copper, to tell whether the aeroplane is rising or descending, and its precise angle. It would go in a waistcoat pocket and sells at $7.50. The Wright brothers have an indicator for the same purpose which is not patented. They tie a strip of cotton rag half an inch wide and a foot long to the back of their front rudder and let it hang there. If it is blown downward they know the machine is going up; if it is blown up the craft is going down; if it floats sidewise there is a "skidding" motion that ought to be corrected. It is twice as good as the French instrument and never gets out of order. There are leather coats for aviators at $85 each and heavy leather caps at $10.

These are the expenditures of the amateur aeronaut. In return he gets a chance to fly on any still morning or evening the year round. When he has become something of an expert, say at the end of six months' novitiate, he can attempt cross-country flights and drop in on his friends at neighboring beach hotels, or even essay the journey across the Sound, as Clifford B. Harmon did a few weeks ago. He can drink in new sensations to his heart's content. Ask an aviator how it feels to fly and he only says, "There's nothing like it."

As yet the sport is in its infancy; indeed, it has hardly been born at all. Aside from Mr. Harmon, there is not a single aviator who has proved his ability to fly across country who is strictly an amateur or who is not looking to the new science for a financial reward of one kind or another. It is very costly; a steam yacht is hardly a more expensive toy than an aeroplane, but the air navigator finds thrills that the sea can hardly give him. And the risk of aeroplaning, the anxiety of friends and family and the long apprenticeship that is needed to master its simplest secrets will keep it for a long time to come the sport of the wealthy, leisurely and hardy few.

J. B., Jr.



THE BIRD-MAN FEATHERS HIS NEST—AT A COST.
A "hangar," or aeroplane shed, at the Garden City aviation field. This building cost about $800. It is a machine shop, a carpenter shop, a garage and something of a museum.

"FLY AT SIX; REPAIR ALL DAY."
So say even the cautious aviators. An aeroplane takes all the attention of two skilled mechanics and a helper. All its hundred-odd wires and its scores of delicate joints must be tested and adjusted every day. The discarded wheel shown in the picture cost $9.50. The propeller, which replaced one broken the previous week, cost $55.

Repairs, New Parts, Skilled Mechanics, Rent of Hangar, Instruments and Clothes Run Up a Pretty Bill.

Good Stories Told by "Sunny Jim" Sherman

"Sunny Jim" Sherman, Vice-President of the United States, had a good time in Oklahoma during his recent speaking tour of the state, and he made every person who heard him happy. He told stories that illustrated his political points in a manner that made his statements all the more convincing, and he dovetailed them into his speeches until his large audiences in that state were delighted. He witnessed a baseball game in Oklahoma City, visited old Fort Reno while at El Reno, participated in a Roman candle automobile parade in Guthrie, and at Enid—which heretofore has been considered the stronghold of "insurgency" in Oklahoma—he put all Republicans in the same band wagon and left them all determined to win a victory.

During his Guthrie speech Mr. Sherman grew poetical in alluding to the many mistakes made by the Democratic party, which he declared had never been able to see ahead for an instant. "I cannot account for it," he said, "unless the following lines are applicable:

"The lightning bug is brilliant,
But it hasn't any mind;
It blunders through existence,
With its headlight on behind."

In all of his addresses in Oklahoma, as elsewhere, Vice-President Sherman contended that the Republican party kept its promises and never did things contrary to expectations, as the Democrats did. To illustrate this, he told his Oklahoma City audience of a recruit from Italy who came to America expecting to find constant employment at top wages. The Italian had an exciting time dodging trolley cars prior to his departure from New York City to the West, where he was to be employed in railroad section work, but, thanks to the motorman's bell, he soon learned to avoid getting run over.

After reaching the boundless West the Italian was told by his road boss that the vicinity was infested with rattlesnakes, and that the only redeeming feature was the fact that the snakes never struck without giving warning. With this well settled in his mind he went to work, but while sitting on a log eating his noonday "snack" he was surprised to see a big rattlesnake coiled between his feet and ready to strike. The Italian quickly rolled backward over the log, the snake sinking its fangs deep into the wood. Peering at the reptile from a safe distance, the Italian rebuked him thus:

"You son of a gun; you no ring-a da bell."

The Vice-President had the pure brogue, the proper slurring of the r's and a rolling of the vowels when he told of the Irish woman on her deathbed, with her husband sitting by. Instead of the departing one making reference to "that home beyond the river" she paraphrased it to "in our shack over the cr-rick." She told Pat that he and her mother had never got on well, to which he assented, with an explanation that it had not been his fault.

"Oi hev wan dyin' requist to make, Pat," she told him.

"Oi'll do ut," responded Pat, choking down a sob.

"Oi want yez an' me mither to r-ride in th' same hack to my funeral."

"Oi'll make the sacrifoice; but understand," cautioned Pat, "it'll rob me av all th' pleashure av th' day."

Mr. Sherman reminded his hearers that he was in Oklahoma to preach plain Republicanism, and told of a negro parson who, after looking over his congregation on Sunday morning, said:

"Bredern and sistahs: I'm heah to preach on de pill. Not de quinine pill, not de calomel pill, but the gos-pill."

"It's Republican gos-pill that I intend preaching to you," said the man from Utica.

To illustrate the apparent tendency of Democracy, through its ill advised leaders, to "hold up" the people, Mr. Sherman told of an undertaker at Utica who sent his Irish assistant to officiate at a Chinese funeral. The assistant returned with a favorable report to his employer, but desired to know about certain practices of the Chinese in burying their dead. The undertaker explained that cloves, spices, etc., were placed in the coffin, owing to an Oriental superstition that when the shade reached the other land it would be fully anointed with every suggestion of the earthly absent. The broken chinaware, beads and the like placed in the coffin, he explained, were to symbolize that the end had been reached so far as the world was concerned.

"But why is it," persisted the Irishman, "that they place a dollar in the dead Chink's hand?"

"Another superstition," replied the undertaker. "It is to pay his fare over the river."

"Well, thin," said the Irishman, "that Chink will have to swim or drown, for Oi swiped the dollar."

While in Enid some one asked Mr. Sherman what he considered the real cause of the money stringency.

"The people have been so very prosperous with few interruptions and suspensions of development," said Mr. Sherman, "and they have accumulated so much wealth from increased values in realty holdings, that they have acquired extravagant habits. The man who lives now has more to eat, wear and read, and a better home to live in than the prince had a few decades ago. This rapid accumulation of wealth has caused the more successful to set a pace which the neighbor across the street has attempted to take frequently when he could not afford it, and when he must depend upon good fortune to help him defray the debt incurred.

"For instance," continued Mr. Sherman, "you and I are neighbors. You are the more prosperous. One day you bring home a pianola that cost you $700, or perhaps an automobile that cost you $1,000. I hear the music from your instrument or witness you taking your family out for a spin on a hot night, while my wife and family remain at home. I naturally want my family to fare as well as yours, and so mortgage my homestead to buy the instrument and machine. This takes thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the community, and sets me and my friends to paying interest, to say nothing of the countless other expenses that follow the ownership of these luxuries."

INSURANCE.

"That horse of yours looks terribly run down."

"Yep," replied Uncle Si Simlin.

"Why do you keep him?"

"Well, it's a kind of a comfort to have him around. As long as I've got him I feel that there ain't much danger of me bein' cheated in a hoss trade."—Washington Star.

Hairbreadth Escapes That Occur Behind the Scenes

Disasters That Would Surely Follow a Moment's Carelessness by Stage Hands.

In these days when marvels in scenic effects are the usual thing at the Hippodrome we are accustomed to feeling that, although wonderful indeed in their realism and their display of real materials, the stage settings are so sure in their mechanical workings that there is practically no danger of a hitch.

It seldom occurs to us that there might be a slip-up at any minute any night whereby a thrillingly beautiful or desperately exciting scene would, by a stage hand's error, the breaking of some controlling motor or the failure of the director's signal, turn into laughable farce before the surprised onlookers or into a matter of extreme danger for the actors.

Yet on this immense stage, where the mechanism of each display is so complicated, the possibilities of accidents during the presentation of every scene are almost limitless in number and variety. Besides the mechanism there are one hundred stage hands, eighty property men, fifty-five electricians and forty engineers, upon all of whom, working as one man, the success of each effect depends.

"One glass of beer," said Arthur Voegtlin, who invents and produces the scenic displays, "might cause a second's delay in a man's hand on the electric switchboard which controls the lights and motors, and even such a delay would in many scenes be disastrous."

When success depends upon a thing so small as the presence or absence of one beer there is no wonder that both grave and gorgeous mistakes are already on record at the Hippodrome.

One night last year the huge Atlantic liner which sailed grandly from its pier out into the river went steaming off in two pieces, to the horror of the management and the heartless delight of the audience. This year already, as is natural when the production is new and all hands are still fresh at the work, many strange things have happened.

There is, for instance, an earthquake scene wherein a little South American city is shaken to the ground and a lake emerges from the bowels of the earth. On dress rehearsal night everything in the little city shook down admirably except the three heavy stone cornices of the largest building in sight; and these, defiant of the laws of gravitation and unaware, apparently, that the building to which they rightfully belonged was lying prostrate on the ground, far beneath them, seemed to be floating serenely on the air. Frightened citizens who were fleeing from the ruined city realized presence of mind enough to avoid passing beneath the weird cornices as they swung aloft. Finally, with sudden determination, all three slid peacefully to earth and lay at jaunty angles on top of the debris of the building they had once adorned.

"Just think," cried Mr. Voegtlin in despairing voice, "of planning and working over a scene for six months only to have some fellow standing at a switchboard moon away to himself like that instead of being alert to his cue!"

The constant fear of seeing his big production made ridiculous by the turn of a hand has sometimes almost unnerved the Hippodrome's scenic artist. On the opening night, when the most complicated of all the scenes was about to be presented, he rose from his seat in the audience and rushed from the house.

"My being there couldn't do any good and the suspense was too much," he declared.

That the two big sloop yachts racing for the international cup sailed backward was another novel feature on rehearsal night, and on a night last week only one boat sailed—the other refused to move at all. But now that the yachts are run by a submerged crew of forty men instead of an unreliable motor the cup race is surer of being correctly "pulled off" than any other scene in this year's show. As for the rest, any night the wreck on the ocean may refuse to sink, as it has done once already, or the earth refuse to quake; or the many animals on whose devotion and intelligence much depends may balk. On opening night the leading horse, during the race with the locomotive, threw his rider. This was an extra touch of realism that was a surprise even for the Hippodrome. But the accident was so quickly covered by darkening the stage that few noticed what had occurred.

Many of the mistakes pass unheeded by the audience, through being skilfully "muffled" in some way. On this account a hopeful spirit prevails where otherwise despair might reign among those on whom the responsibility rests. Lee Shubert himself, under whose management the Hippodrome is run, showed this tendency on the first night, when his mother, who sat with him in the audience, turned to ask him what would happen if one of the lions in the circus act should escape from his frail cage.

"Oh, that's nothing, mother," responded Mr. Shubert quickly, "we keep a dog back there to bark at them if they break loose."

Those in the audience, amazed at results as they are now, would be yet more amazed if they could see the enormous detail behind each of these results, and would tremble with the stage director for the success of each display. On the Niagara Falls scene this year twelve stereopticons, with their running white lights, have to be levelled from the balconies. If the scenery were to be placed one-sixteenth of an inch too far front or too far back the rays from these batteries of light would strike in the wrong place when the curtain gives way upon the scene and the entire effect would be spoiled. Yet the stage hands have almost no time in which to prepare this scene, and must find the numerous pieces of which it is composed and place them almost in the dark.

"Plots" help the working crew somewhat. These are slips of paper on which the duties of each are written, together with the cues he is to listen for. The men who manage the lights are more dependent on their "plots" than the rest, for the changing of the lights in amount and color and the combining of different shades to produce a blend are so constant that the men could never remember what to do unless they had one eye on the switch and the other on the "plot." If they should lose the trusty paper—well, that is another awful possibility.

One man who stands in the subcellar of the Hippodrome with his hand on a lever waiting for his electric signal has a heavier responsibility than most people would like to shoulder, especially in connection with a dramatic entertainment, for on his alertness nearly a dozen lives depend. It is he who controls the fate of the full-blooded mermaids that rise from the lake in the last moment of the last act. If he should fail to swing his lever across on the instant the cue sounded, all the girls who bravely take part in that astonishing scene would drown.

"Do the girls know this?" was asked of the scene director.

"Yes; they are a brave lot," he said. "They are willing to do or risk anything to make the show a success."—C. I. D.

THE SCENE IN THIS YEAR'S HIPPODROME SHOW THAT CAUSES MOST ANXIETY TO THE DIRECTORS.
While a set of colored lights is played on the ballet, a running white light is pointed on Niagara Falls behind. A variation of a sixteenth of an inch in either of the lighting instruments would ruin the effect.

The Birth of Stars

"Making stars over night is generally believed to be essentially an American theatrical custom. An actor makes a popular success in a leading role, and his manager immediately sees in him a prospective commercial proposition. This is very good for the actor, but it is very bad for art. Once a young actor, whose training has not fitted him for anything above the ordinary, takes the step into stardom he seldom rises above mediocrity, unless he has great natural gifts—genius, perhaps—and in that case nothing could keep him back," said J. E. Dodson, a leading actor of character parts, who is starring in "The House Next Door."

"This is a subject," Mr. Dodson went on, "which has been discussed so often from different points of view that it is too trite to refer to now more than incidentally. It leads up to what I set out to say—that the origin of the promiscuous and pernicious starring system, believed to be of American invention, had in reality its beginning in England.

"It will surprise most of the professional brethren to know that the system of making stars of nobodies was an English institution before the beginning of the Civil War, and that it did not come into custom in the United States until long after that national conflict.

"There were so many of 'the greatest wonders of the age' at that period in England that the bare enumeration of them would have filled a book of many pages. So great was the number of stars that there was difficulty in finding 'actors' to support them.

"And what was the reason of this great influx of stage people into the arena of satellites? It was not ability, it was not popularity, it was not a demand for little stars. It was in a great measure owing to new conditions of doing business between provincial theatres and London, the theatrical centre. It was brought about by the quick and certain facilities offered for the transaction of business by mail and telegraph and expeditious travelling by railroad, which made competition keener and started a mania which became later a bore and made trouble for the provincial managers, when the public awoke to the fact that misrepresentation had abused their confidence. Like many other things in life, starring soon found its own level and only the best stars survived; the others, of course, returned to their original place in obscurity.

"Before this mania possessed theatre proprietors there were those, as there were later, who had rare histrionic genius and who had achieved metropolitan celebrity. They continued to receive encouragement from provincial managers to take starring engagements, and public patronage went their way as usual.

"And have not the telegraph, wonderful mail facilities and rapid railroading done a great deal for the theatrical business in this country? They brought with them into the circumference of the theatrical world competition and more theatres, and forced managers to make stars of little people, whether there was a demand for them or not. The American public has accepted the habit, however, if the play pleases it, and it is the play after all that counts.

"There are among us actors whose names head companies, some of whom are highly talented, many barely above and some even below mediocrity. Art evidently does not go hand in hand with advertising, judging by many names seen posted in large and ferocious looking letters on prominent thoroughfares over this vast country."

One Man Could Drown a Flock of Hippodrome Tank Girls Any Night.

PUNCTURELESS AUTO TIRES

An English Invention of a Protective Inner Lining Promises Good Results.

What seems to be a punctureless automobile tire, says Consul Benjamin F. Chase, of Leeds, is the invention of an Englishman. He describes it as follows:

"It is composed of an inextensible heavy canvas lining, the crown being packed with a puncture proof material and placed between the outer cover and the inner air tube of the ordinary pneumatic tire. The lining is so made as to cause a low pressure on the tread and to more nearly equalize the pressure on the inner air tube. The lining is thickest at the crown and tapers to a feather edge near the rim. The external appearance is like the ordinary tire. The inventor has given it drastic tests. He made several gashes and cuts on the outer cover of a tire through to the patent lining, and with these has driven his car five hundred miles without a puncture or the necessity of repair on this tire, although wheels on the same machine fitted with other tires had the usual difficulties. Other tests on heavy cars without the special gashes have been equally satisfactory.

"An inspection of the invention impresses one with its simplicity, and the carved outer cover used and seen demonstrates that it is a great development in tires for use on automobiles. Apparently a simple and practical solution of the ordinary tire trouble has been found. The invention is patented in England and the United States.

"Another invention by the same man is a bridge tire of keyed-chamber design for heavy motor vehicles. It is described as follows:

"'In an all-rubber tire of almost square section is moulded a double series of small triangular air chambers so keyed into each other than a radial line drawn from the hub of the wheel to its periphery at any angle must pass through at least one of the air chambers. Though every chamber is separated from its fellows by dividing walls they are all connected by air vents and may be inflated to any pressure. . . . Twenty to thirty pounds of pressure is sufficient to insure all the advantages given by a continuous air tube, with none of the disadvantages inseparable from high pressure.'

"These two inventions seem, upon examination and some investigation, to be of practical value in the growing use of automobiles and other motor vehicles."

A CAMP WATER COOLER.

The principle of keeping drinking water cool in hot weather by evaporation has been long familiar to the inhabitants of most of the tropical countries. In India, for example, porous water jars are in common use. The miners in the Kimberley diamond fields, in South Africa, have a device which is so simple that it should commend itself to boys who are planning to camp out.

It takes the form of a canvas bag, made by doubling a strip of canvas two feet long and a foot wide, and sewing the sides and top very closely with waxed cotton cord. When the bag is being sewed at the top a small space is left open at one corner. In this is inserted the neck of a good sized bottle, care having been taken to cut the glass as smoothly and evenly as possible so that there may be no danger from broken particles, and the canvas is sewed tightly round it.

It will be found convenient to attach two stout cords to the top corners and to tie them to a short pole, which will serve as a handle by which to carry the bag. Fill the cooler with water, cork it tightly and hang it under a tree. There will be a certain amount of leakage and evaporation, and this will keep the water cool with the thermometer well up above the hundred mark.—Youth's Companion.

BASEBALL PARKS DE LUXE.

Over $2,000,000 has been invested in baseball parks within a season or so by three cities—Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Chicago. At Pittsburg, "Barney" Dreyfuss has just opened his million-dollar ball park, so called: a triple deck, steel and concrete structure, comfortably seating twenty-odd thousand, affording a view, not of billboard yards and billboard advertising, but of a beautiful stretch of country; in short, quite worthy of associating with one of the great public parks and the Carnegie Technical School. In the same class with Pittsburg may be put Benjamin S. Shibe's new steel and concrete stand and field for the American League club in Philadelphia. The present season marks the opening of a new $500,000 baseball park in Chicago for the American League club, while in New York the American League backers are planning grounds equal to those of "Barney" Dreyfuss in Pittsburg.—Collier's.