

here and there through the air. The day's pleasure ended when an announcer, sadly lifting his megaphone, droned out the message: "Arch Hoxsey has been killed. There will be no more flying to-day."

Mrs. Hoxsey Stayed Away. Mrs. C. M. Hoxsey, of Pasadena, Cal., missed by a mere accident seeing her son meet his death. She had arranged to attend the tournament and to take her first aeroplane ride with her son.

Forecast of a fatal accident were made in both instances. A fifteen mile wind, with gusty intervals, caused hangar attendants to shake their heads at Moisant, but he laughed at them, and sailed up for a try at the long distance sustained flight record and the Michelin cup, with its attendant \$4,000 prize.

CAUGHT IN SPIRAL GLIDE

Dangerous "Swiss Cheese" Atmosphere Killed Hoxsey. Los Angeles, Dec. 31.—The winds whose treacherous Arch Hoxsey so often defied and conquered killed the noted aviator to-day. As if jealous of his intrepidity, they seized him and his fragile flying machine, flung them down out of the sky and crushed out his life.

He fell dead on the field from which he had risen only a short time before, with a laughing promise to thousands of cheering spectators to surpass his own phenomenal altitude records and soar higher than any other man has dared go.

Cross currents, whirled off by a warring storm that floated in from the sea, caught his plane and shot him downward 563 feet to earth. Catching his frail machine in one of the spectacular spiral glides that are dangerous in even the calmest weather, the warring winds sported with it a moment, jugged it and then suddenly hurled it to the ground.

When field attendants reached the spot where the wreckage lay Hoxsey was dead. One side of the face, whose engaging smile had won the regard of thousands of spectators each day during the meet, had been crushed into an unrecognizable mass.

His body was broken and twisted out of all semblance of humanity. All of the spectators in the grandstand witnessed the tragedy, as it occurred directly in front of them on the opposite side of the course. Hundreds sat in awestruck silence until the announcer gave the news through the megaphone.

Megaphone Tells the Story. "Hoxsey has been killed." Then from every part of the great stand came shrieks and sobbing of women, who had but a short time before clapped their gloved hands as the aviator arose from the field for his fatal flight.

Hoxsey had promised as he left the ground to soar higher than he or any other man had ever flown before. "Of course the success of this attempt is contingent upon the kind of weather I find up there," he said. "Some of the temperatures one encounters in the higher altitudes are simply beyond human endurance. But if I can stand it and my motor works as well as it has been working I'll come down with a record of 12,000 feet or more."

Even at that moment the wind had attained a velocity that kept more cautious aviators on the ground. After he had ascended it gained rapidly in violence. Moreover, it created what aviators diagnose as "Swiss cheese" atmosphere, the most treacherous meteorological condition that airman have to contend with. There is nothing to show why Hoxsey did not go higher than the 7,142 feet which his barograph showed he had attained, but he apparently encountered at that altitude the same conflicting air currents that finally overcame him.

Fatal Rolling Dip. Notwithstanding this, and with the same daring he had displayed daily during the last week, he descended by a series of spiral glides and was performing one of his thrilling rolling dips when his plane suddenly capsized in midair and shot to earth.

Over and over the aeroplane turned as it fell, with a speed so swift that of all the thousands who saw the tragedy not one could tell what effort the aviator made to save himself. When the wreckage had been cleared sufficiently so that his body could be reached, he was found planted firmly in his seat, his arms around the levers. The fall telescoped the airplane.

The steel sprocket which drove the propellers lay across Hoxsey's face, the motor resting upon the right side of his body. Every one of the ribs on that side was shattered. An iron upright, broken by the force of the crash, held the aviator's body impaled upon its jagged point. The stop watches in the stand registered the exact second of 2:12 o'clock when Hoxsey's machine turned over and plunged in its fatal fall. The news of the tragedy was on the telegraph wires leading out of the press stand before the machine struck the ground.

The aviator had been in the air an hour and a half when the accident occurred, and had sailed again over the sloped summit of Mount Wilson, whose height he had conquered twice since the meet began.

Walter Brookings, who originated the spiral glide and the dip which brought Hoxsey to his death, was standing in front of the press stand, watching his colleague of the Wright team perform.

for many minutes after the accident. Brookings whirled at the sound of the cry and saw the crash. He uttered only one word—"God!"—his legs gave way and he fell in the roadway. Although he had been in several serious accidents himself he rose unnerved and cried like a child.

At that time the field announcers were rushing up and down, shouting through their megaphones, "No cause for alarm; Hoxsey's all right!" But Brookings was not convinced.

"That's a lie!" he shouted back at one of the announcers. "Hoxsey's dead; I know it," and again he burst into tears. A reporter of a Pasadena newspaper broke the news of Hoxsey's death to his mother this afternoon at her Bellevue Drive home, in that city.

She bore up under the shock with an exhibition of the courage that had characterized the aerial daring of her son. Although the tragedy had in every element calculated to rouse the crowd to the highest pitch of excitement, it remained calm during the seconds of Hoxsey's fall and the ensuing long period of suspense before they knew whether Hoxsey had been killed or only injured.

Souvenir Hunters Absent. The souvenir hunter was conspicuous by his absence. Without waiting for the announcement that all flying events would be called off for the day, the crowd of its own accord began filling out through the exits to go home. Only a few scattering disgruntled ones remained to demand back their admission fees and to dispute with police and committeemen when their demands were curtly refused until arrangements could be made for proper refunding.

Every flag about the grandstand and hangars was placed at half mast and over a scrap of fluttering bunting was torn down. The entire field was stripped bare of all decorations, except some mute expression of mourning which had been hastily put in place in memory of the intrepid aviator.

An accident of some kind was expected when Brookings and Hoxsey, of the Wright team, decided to-day to defy the strong wind and ascend. Charles S. Willard, who was standing close up just prior to the starting gun, and declared when he alighted that no money could induce him to go up again under such treacherous atmospheric conditions. "The air is full of holes, and it is worth any man's life to attempt to fly now," he said.

Almost at that instant a horrified shout arose from the grandstand, and Hoxsey was seen whirling downward. The mother of the aviator was not present, although she had intended to come to the field this morning and take her first flight with her son. Immediately after the accident Roy Knabenshush, of the Wright company, and Thomas Jackson, representatives of the Wright brothers, went to Pasadena to inform Mrs. Hoxsey of the tragedy.

Jackson nearly collapsed when he was informed that Hoxsey was dead. "I saw Ralph Johnstone killed in Denver and now I have seen Hoxsey go. It's too much," he said.

Hoxsey Star Performer. Hoxsey had been the star performer at the big meet that began last Saturday. Day after day he took out his machine and ascended. There had not been a day when he had not gone before the range of human vision, disappearing behind fleecy clouds or swinging in ever widening circles until he crossed the mountains or hung over the sea. His prolonged absence from the field day after day gave rise to the salutation of one friend to another on the grounds: "Has anybody here seen Hoxsey?"

No one felt fear for him, however, as he always came back, returning toward earth in spectacular and terrifying series of spiral dips, landing directly in front of the grandstand. He was the favorite of the crowds and was always greeted with applause when he came out, and with a wave of his hand started on his altitude trials.

On Monday last Hoxsey broke the world's altitude record, ascending to a height of 11,474 feet, almost 1,000 feet greater than the previous record. This feat was his supreme effort, and when he returned to the field, after nearly three hours' absence, he was carried before the grandstand on the shoulders of his admirers.

But Hoxsey was not satisfied with this record. Ever since Monday he had ascended daily for another try at altitude. On Tuesday he made 8,500 feet; Wednesday, 8,500 feet; Thursday, 10,000 feet, when he crossed 4,700 feet above the summit of Mount Wilson, some twenty-five miles from aviation field, and yesterday, 10,575.

Hoxsey's barograph instruments were absolutely unimpaired. They were running as if nothing had happened when the judges took charge of them. The charts showed that Hoxsey fell a distance of 563 feet. He had been up 7,142 feet and had begun the fatal glide while at an altitude of 6,573 feet.

Hubert Latham's Story. Hubert Latham, the French aviator, said he was watching Hoxsey when he entered the vortex of the counter current that caused his fall. "It was the same 'hole' in the air that caused me to alight," said the Frenchman, who had preceded him on a flight. "From the actions of Hoxsey's machine the conflicting currents were warning 1,700 or 1,800 feet up. When Hoxsey started his last glide one current caught the right end of his planes and lifted the machine up and turned it over."

"At best in these spiral glides an aviator has but a dangerously narrow margin of airbank to support him. Hoxsey seemed to slip out of the bank entirely and he fell like a brick. In my opinion the fall was due entirely to the treacherous air currents."

"I never saw such bad meteorological conditions in my life as prevailed to-day. Hoxsey's machine was intact until it struck the ground."

When the American flags were lowered to half mast James Radey, the English aviator, sprang on the roof of his own hangar, next door to the Wright hangars, and, climbing the flagpole, likewise half-masted his St. George's cross.

All the flying machines standing on the field were drawn into their shelters, curtains were drawn, and the members of the camps withdrew into their quarters and sat about silently with heads in their hands. Many of them wept and were unable to speak.

Charles F. Willard, who had predicted an accident just a moment before the tragedy, burst into tears. Glenn Curtiss, habitually taciturn, gave just one laconic order: "Tear down the bunting,

MOISANT MET DEATH SEEKING MICHELIN CUP

Dashed to the Earth by Treacherous Wind Current Near New Orleans. HAD JUST LEFT HIS BROTHER

Added Weight of Extra Gasoline Tank and Use of Strange Machine Factors in Fatality.

FLIGHT WITH ROOSEVELT First Brought Hoxsey Into National Prominence.

St. Louis, Dec. 31.—Hoxsey came into national prominence at St. Louis on October 11, when he took up ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, who was then visiting this city, for a short flight.

The flight was not premeditated. Mr. Roosevelt had gone to the aviation field as a spectator, and was examining the machine when Hoxsey suggested that he take a flight. Colonel Roosevelt instantly threw off his silk hat and frock coat, donned a leather jacket and a cap and climbed aboard the machine. Hoxsey clambered after him, and after two trials the motor was started and the aeroplane shot into the air. It sped quickly around the field at a height of one hundred feet and made the first lap of one and one-half miles before the crowd knew that Colonel Roosevelt was in the machine. It sailed around the field a second time, going at the rate of a mile a minute, and then Hoxsey dipped his planes and the aeroplane came easily to the earth.

The first action of Colonel Roosevelt after reaching the ground was to grasp Hoxsey by the hand in vigorous fashion. His face was beaming with smiles, and he said: "It was great. It was the finest experience I ever had. I wish I could stay up for an hour, but I haven't the time this afternoon."

"Did it feel scary?" he was asked. "Not a bit. Not a bit. It was perfectly fine. I enjoyed every minute of it." Colonel Roosevelt's hosts were greatly relieved when he reached the ground and declared that they were never so frightened in their lives as during the time the colonel and Hoxsey were careening over the field at a terrific rate of speed.

After the flight was over Hoxsey made the following statement: "The colonel's birthday and my birthday are on the same date, October 27, which has always given me a partial feeling toward him, and I was determined to take him up with me. When I was introduced to him I said: 'Here is your chance to share it with me.' He replied, 'No, and I said, 'Sure.'"

"The colonel then said: 'All right, but don't make too much fuss about it when I was started for the aeroplane at once, but the colonel beat me to it, and was crawling in among the wires when I got there. I took him around the first lap without looking at him. We were up about one hundred and fifty feet when I felt the machine wiggle a little and, turning around, I saw the colonel waving his hat at the crowd in the pavilion. I yelled at him with all my power: 'Be careful and don't pull out of the turn.' He grinned and replied: 'Nothing doing.' In another minute we were back at the starting point, and I was never so glad of anything in my life as when we came to a full stop."

"When the crowd gathered around us we were separated for a few minutes, but he reached over the shoulders of several of the people to shake hands and told me I was 'All right!'"

OPINION OF THE WRIGHTS

Hoxsey Skilful Aviator, but Took Unnecessary Risks. Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 31.—The news of Arch Hoxsey's death was received by Wilbur and Orville Wright here to-night in a brief message from Roy Knabenshush, the manager of the aerial crew. Both were greatly depressed and expressed their sorrow over the tragedy, although in the absence of facts they could express no opinion on the cause of the accident.

Hoxsey, they declared, was a skilful aviator, but was inclined at times to take unnecessary risks. Hoxsey began his training here last May and since that time had been successful in capturing two important records—endurance and altitude—which he held at the time of his death.

According to Orville and Wilbur Wright, Hoxsey was an apt pupil. While practicing and studying the art of flying during his stay at Dayton Hoxsey never had the opportunity of displaying his daring to the fullest extent for several reasons. It was apparent that he was rather reckless in the handling of his machine.

Of his life prior to the time he came to New York the Wrights knew practically nothing, as the aviator was never of a confiding disposition. He worked faithfully while here in Dayton and his one ambition was to master the machine after which he was named during practice here at a speed greater than that of an express train.

The Wright brothers looked forward toward a great career for Hoxsey, as he possessed every essential necessary for success. He and Hoxsey during practice here were always friendly rivals, both nerving to the extreme and both anxious to master and develop the science of aviation.

TABUTEAU MICHELIN VICTOR

Henry Farman Falls to Beat His Record of 362.66 Miles. Etampes, France, Dec. 31.—Henry Farman to-day failed to beat the record of 362.66 miles made yesterday by Maurice Tabuteau in the contest for the Michelin prize. Farman was compelled to land after covering 65 kilometers (393 miles) on account of the breaking of an oil tube.

The Michelin cup is awarded annually, with a cash prize of \$5,000, to the aviator making the longest sustained flight within the allotted time. Farman won the trophy in 1907, with 139 miles to his credit. Tabuteau made a flight of 235 miles on October 23, but yesterday greatly improved his record by covering 362.66 miles in a continuous flight, lasting 7 hours and 45 minutes.

The aviators Legagneux and Breget, like Farman, failed to-day to better Tabuteau's record for the Michelin cup. Breget, who made his trial at Duval, despatched after covering 393 kilometers (243 miles), Legagneux, at Pau, found it impossible to make headway against the gale.

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FLIGHT WITH ROOSEVELT First Brought Hoxsey Into National Prominence.

St. Louis, Dec. 31.—Leaving the City Park aviation field at 9:30 o'clock this morning full of vigor and hope, his eyes sparkling in anticipation of adding to his country's glory by bringing the Michelin cup to America, John B. Moisant, one of the world's most daring and skilful aviators, flew over New Orleans to meet death riding the wings of the wind near Harahan, eleven miles above the city, twenty minutes later.

To-night at the hour when he was to have been the proud owner of a handsome loving cup bearing the legend "John B. Moisant, the Glory of Central America," contributed by the Central American colony in New Orleans, the plucky aviator lies in the morgue, a martyr to the science of aviation and to his country's fame.

Alfred J. Moisant, president of the International Aviators Association, bade his brother a cheery farewell just before he ascended at the City Park. Accompanied by newspaper men and mechanicians in an automobile, he followed the flight of his brother to the place up the river where the cup trial was to take place, only to be met by the news that John B. Moisant was dead.

The added weight of an extra brass gasoline tank, containing 35 gallons and built especially for the Michelin cup trials, the use of a strange machine, and the deadly prank of a fifteen-mile wind at the moment when he had pointed the nose of his machine at a sharp downward angle, combined in sending Moisant down to death. Thrown from his machine by its sudden inclination, Moisant described a grim curve through the air, and head first, like a diver, shot down, landing on his neck and head. His neck was broken.

Rene Barrier's 30-horsepower Bleriot monoplane, which Moisant was using, is a wreck. The story of the accident is best told by G. P. Campbell Wood, representative of the Aero Club of America, who was within a few feet of where Moisant struck the ground. Mr. Wood was present in Paris a few months ago when Moisant made his wonderful flight with a passenger over that city, and in England when Charles Rolls fell to his death.

Story of an Eyewitness. Mr. Wood's story of to-day's tragedy follows: "At the time Moisant was killed this morning he had just completed a preliminary trial prior to making his attempt for the Michelin distance cup of 190, competition for which closed to-day. He was about to land at the spot agreed on for the start of the big event. The wind was at his back, and he had against it his usual back at the time, and although it is usual for aviators to land against the wind, and is considered much safer to do so, Moisant had often landed with the wind at his back when it blew stronger than it was blowing to-day. The accident cannot be said entirely attributed to this fact, although it had its share in determining it. Also, Moisant was driving a machine other than his own."

Moisant had made two laps of the course in his preliminary trial, and approached the landing space for the third time at an altitude of about 200 feet. He appeared to delay coming down until within 200 or 300 feet of the designated spot, and then made a very sharp dip. When about 100 feet from the ground he stopped his motor and would no doubt have landed without mishap, notwithstanding his comparative unfamiliarity with the machine and the unfamiliar conditions of equilibrium brought about in it by the addition of a large tank, but at that instant a strong gust of wind struck under the tail of the craft and lifted it up. The angle of descent, instead of diminishing, was thus suddenly increased to an almost vertical drop, and the ground was too near for recovery."

Pivoted Around Gasoline Tank. "The monoplane at that moment appeared to pivot around the big tank placed between the wheels and struck the ground on its propeller, smashing it beyond repair. It was not, however, the concussion which hurled Moisant out of his seat, the terrific angle at which the machine descended in the last few moments in itself being sufficient for this. I plainly saw Moisant shot out of his seat as if from a catapult before any part of the machine touched the earth. The machine fell so straight that it remained exactly where it fell, having only sufficient horizontal motion to turn it over, and leaving no marks in the ground, except where the propeller

struck. Moisant, however, landed thirty-six feet from the seat of his machine, and it is my impression that he was instantly killed, although facial reflexes seemed to give an indication of life for some minutes. "In my opinion the accident was caused by the combination of circumstances I have just spoken of—the originally sharp incline of descent, the early stoppage of the motor, followed by the gust of wind, and especially the change in the equilibrium of the machine and the lowering of its centre of gravity by the addition of the large tank, half empty though it was."

Fell on High Wheels. The moment Moisant struck the earth, falling in high weeds to the right of the field, farmers' workmen who happened to be near picked him up, while the newspaper men and officials rushed to him. A special train of flat cars was standing near the scene of the accident, and the body was hurriedly placed aboard and brought to the city and taken to an undertaking establishment. The expression on Moisant's face was that of a sleeping man, not the slightest trace of fear or pain being apparent.

Wind was the cause of the accident. Moisant, guided by the white flags which lined the course, rounded the circle twice in an effort to find a landing place. The third about fifteen miles an hour across the scene of the accident, and the body was hurriedly placed aboard and brought to the city and taken to an undertaking establishment. The expression on Moisant's face was that of a sleeping man, not the slightest trace of fear or pain being apparent.

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AVIATION'S DEATH ROLL

Lives of Thirty-five Aeronauts Already Sacrificed. THIRTY IN LAST YEAR

Killing of Moisant and Hoxsey Deprives World of Most Daring Flyers.

Since the heavier-than-air machine has begun to fly with men aboard it has sacrificed the lives of thirty-five of its drivers. Of these, thirty were killed in the year just closed, that period of marvelous progress, in which the new machine has advanced to the scientific experiment of the few to the toy of many.

America has been fortunate in losing a very small percentage of this thirty-five; yet in the killing of Moisant and Hoxsey yesterday and of Ralph Jonstone on November 17 this country lost three of the greatest flyers in the world.

The death roll abroad includes Georges Chavez, the Peruvian, who flew over the Alps, only to be fatally injured in landing; Charles S. Rolls, the popular English sportsman; Leon Delagrang, the noted French aviator, and Cecil Grace, the young American, who, after flying from Dover to Calais, was lost in a fog over the North Sea on the return trip.

Only five were killed in the two years previous, and those three years comprise the working history of the sport. It was in 1908 that Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, in 1909 that Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge, the only American to lose his life before last year, fell with Orville Wright in the first public trial of an aeroplane at Fort Myer. He was the first passenger and the first man killed in a self-sustained machine. The other four were killed in 1909.

One of the most dramatic deaths of the year was that of Georges Chavez in an epoch making flight across the Alps on September 27. He made his start at Brigone, and crossed the treacherous peaks and chasms of the mountains, with their shifting air currents, in safety. Then, while gliding with his motor shut off to a landing on the Italian side, near Domo d'Ossola, Italy, a gust drove him against a cliff when he was only a few feet from the ground. He lived only a few days.

Eighteen months ago, when the monoplane was first beginning to be heard of on this side, Wilbur Wright saw a picture of a Bleriot upset. "That's typical," was all his comment. In little more than a year later the monoplane held all world's records—altitude, distance, speed and duration—altitude, distance, speed and duration.

Paulhan, the French aviator, in his exhibition flights at New Orleans a year ago made a study of the atmospheric conditions in that section, and in his flights apparently selected that portion of land where the greatest wind exists between the lake and the river.

The report that Moisant, who had endeared himself to the hearts of New Orleans citizens, had met with a serious accident, bearing his body arrived at the Union Station there was a vast crowd surrounding the train shed. An ambulance and several surgeons were waiting, and as the train drew in several men leaped to the platform and, running to the ambulance, told the surgeons that Moisant was unconscious, but still alive.

The first surgeon, however, who reached the flat car saw that Moisant was dead. A high fall over the throng as attendants bore the body to an ambulance. Moisant had a sister married, living in San Francisco. Two sisters were with him here. Besides his brother, Alfred J. Moisant, president of the International Aviators Association, two other brothers live in Salvador, all being interested in the banking business.

Moisant was a widower, and leaves a son, Stanley, fifteen years old, now a student at the United States Military Academy, in California. The boy was in the hotel on the summit of Mount Wilson, near Los Angeles, to-day when Arch Hoxsey was killed.

Services will be conducted at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and his body will be placed temporarily in a vault here. The funeral will be conducted under the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. Following the services, Alfred J. Moisant and his sisters will leave New Orleans for New York.

DRAPE MOISANT'S MONOPLANE

Crepe Hung from Machine at Automobile and Aeroplane Show. The monoplane in which John B. Moisant, the aviator who was killed at New Orleans yesterday, crossed the English Channel with a passenger, was draped in black when placed on exhibition at the automobile and aeroplane show in the Grand Central Palace last night.

The crepe hanging from the planes of the little machine that first carried the aviator to fame cast a gloom over the crowd which flocked to the show. It formed a marked contrast to the brilliant decorations which surrounded it.

The silence which fell upon the buzzing, laughing throng as it passed the monoplane seemed a tribute to the memory of the daring sportsman who did his part to advance the science of flying.

KENNEDY & CO. (Successors to H. Wunderlich & Co.) Exhibition of Rare Lithographs BY WHISTLER during January 613 FIFTH AVENUE (49th and 50th Streets)

Notable Feats of the Year. Following are a few of the more notable feats this year, to show how rapid has been the conquest of the air, costly in life though it has proved: Chavez flew across the Alps into Italy, along the line that Napoleon marked out with his armies. Moisant crossed the English Channel with a passenger, flying by compass, like the true pilot of an airship. Glenn H. Curtiss flew down the Hudson from Albany to New York, racing against a special train. Charles K. Hamilton flew from Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, to Philadelphia, by a time card, carrying a letter from Mayor Gaynor to Governor Stuart, and returned. Claude Grahame-White and Moisant both flew over the roof tops of Brooklyn and the crowded harbor, circled the Statue of Liberty and returned to the aviation field at Belmont Park, for a prize of \$10,000. Clifford B. Harmon, an amateur, crossed Long Island Sound. Eugene Elv demonstrated from the deck of the cruiser Birmingham that an aeroplane can rise at sea and land on earth. French aviators had to be prohibited from circling the Eiffel Tower. Johnstone and Hoxsey proved that they could retain control of their biplanes in a wind so stiff that it blew them backward.

Altitude and speed figures show concretely the progress in construction. When Louis Bleriot at Los Angeles last January soared nearly a mile high, the world held its breath. Hoxsey added a mile to that; two other Americans did better than 9,000 feet within the year, and two Europeans better than 10,000 feet. In speed the contrast is not less striking. Glenn H. Curtiss at Rheims won the Gordon Bennett cup with a speed of 47.65 miles an hour. Grahame-White took the cup back with a performance of 61 miles an hour. James Radey flew a mile in 47.3 seconds. Leon Morane flew 6.4 miles in 60 minutes. Captain Bertranger flew 109 miles in 70 minutes.

J.M. Gidding & Co. 564-66-68 Fifth Avenue Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Streets

CONTINUATION OF First Clearance Sale On Tuesday we shall continue our First Clearance Sale, offering our entire Winter stock of Women's Outer Apparel, Furs and Millinery at reductions averaging one-half of our regular prices.

Further revision of our Clearance prices has brought about extraordinary values in Women's Apparel of irreproachable style and quality, notable among the offerings being--

Women's Custom-Tailored Suits Reduced from \$95, \$85, \$75 and \$65 to \$39.50

A wide range of late models in all the newest materials of the season—smart Scotch tweeds, fancy worsteds, lustrous broadcloths, serges, etc.

Gowns—Evening Wraps—Street, Carriage and Motor Coats—Fur Coats—Fur Sets—Millinery at reductions averaging one-half of our former prices.

We invite the broadest possible comparison of our values

Green Trading Stamps with All Cash or Charge Purchases—Double Stamp Before Noon