

# AERIAL NAVIGATION IN AMERICA

By HARRY LA THOMA,  
American Aeronaut.

In the matter of aerial navigation the balloonists of America have done little more than perfect ideas original with foreigners. The parachute, invented in 1845 by a Frenchman, was the greatest step forward in aerial navigation.



Harry La Thoma.

The Frenchman's parachute was a crude affair, but the idea was his. The perfected parachute appeared years after the Frenchman had given the world his discovery. An American balloonist in the '80's brought out the perfected parachute, and with it one-half of the dangers of ballooning were removed and the aeronaut was brought to a better understanding of the freakish upper-air currents.

Before the advent of the perfect parachute balloonists made ascents and descents in a basket. Often the balloons—inflated with gas—were carried out to sea and landings were more than perilous. With the parachute the aeronaut was enabled to choose his own landing spot; his balloon was tipped by a weight fastened to one side of the bag from the top, and balloonist and balloon landed almost on chosen spots not a great distance from each other.

The parachute, however, soon demonstrated that it was governable only along the lines of its direct descent to the ground, and that its control was only partial at best. It drifted with the winds as it sank, the operator, however, being able to guide it with some accuracy. But the operator became in a way familiar with the uncertain upper elements. He found that no accurate forecast of the upper currents could be made. Sometimes the parachute drifted in an opposite direction from the course of the wind close over the land. The reverse, however, was more often the rule. But the balloonist learned that at best he could only guess at the course of the wind currents.

Years ago Darius Green determined to fly. Hundreds of persons have since spent much money and time along the line of Green's wings! THEY ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING, FOR THEY PROVED THAT THE WING IDEA MUST BE ABANDONED! Then came the airship. First the cigar-shaped machine looked best, as it seemed, with its conical front, most likely to prove manageable and submissive in the hands of the pilot in the upper atmosphere. One Pennington, a citizen of Chicago, once claimed to have the airship problem solved. In the old exposition building on the Chicago lake front Pennington erected and operated an "airship." This ship worked fairly well inside the exposition building, but once it encountered the air currents outdoors it failed, being unmanageable.

The French aeronauts and the German balloonists, backed by private and almost inexhaustible purses, have elaborated the good ideas produced by their predecessors; but it is yet to be demonstrated that man's ingenuity has met and conquered the freakish air currents in the aerial regions must encounter.

Count de la Vaulx has recently made a daring and partially successful attempt to cross over the Mediterranean in a balloon. M. Santos-Dumont has met with partial success ballooning above land. I believe that the airship will navigate above sea many years before success will be met with in aerial navigation above the land. The reason for this is obvious. The sea is comparatively a level surface. The land is hilly, even mountainous in most regions of any considerable extent. Allowing that the air currents move in stratas of comparatively equal depth, the navigator over the seas stands the best chance of success, his surface being level, and the land navigator being at heights above his surface that vary according to the profile of the country over which he is passing.

To back an enterprise in the aerial navigation line a very substantial sum of money is required, and until the United States government or persons of great wealth stand behind the aspiring balloonist no advancement in this line is to be looked for in America. These observations are the result of 458 personal trips into the aerial regions, each ascension reiterating the fickle and treacherous nature of the upper air currents.

*Harry La Thoma*

## VALUE OF AN HONEST EYE.

It is Better Than a Hundred Recommendations to Secure Employment.

A business man said that he once devoted half a day to hiring a man whom he needed in his office. In answer to his advertisement, says a writer in Success, a great many applicants called. He rejected the first because he would not look him in the eye. "The second man," said the merchant, "was armed with a double-barreled recommendation from his pastor, with testimonials as to his business ability and good character, but, though he looked me in the eye, I saw that we could never hope to get along well together, and so I dismissed him. The third interested me the moment he stepped inside the door. He was poorly dressed, and, though his clothes were whole, they were at least two sizes too small. It was evident that his attire troubled him not the least, for he held his head high, and as he approached my desk looked me squarely in the eye. He said that he had no recommendation; that he had no business experience; but that he was willing to do his best to please me. In an instant it dawned upon me that before me was the man that I was looking for. He had nothing to recommend him save an honest, bright eye and a pleasant face, but that was sufficient. I engaged him on the spot.

"Since then I have been fit to advance him over a man who had been with me three years. The latter grumbled, but there was reason for my move—the new man had proved himself worthy of promotion."

Instances might be indefinitely multiplied of the value of an honest eye. That wonderful window of the soul, the eye, is a sure index to character. If

you have it not cultivate a bright, honest, straightforward look. It will more than repay your effort. Look up and fearlessly meet the eyes of those with whom you converse. Many a choice position has been lost through an indifferent, flinching eye, and many a coveted position has been won through a fearless, honest eye. That kind of eye is better than a hundred recommendations.

**Rubber from Greasewood.**  
The ingenuity of a Yankee inventor has devised a use for that humble and unlovely shrub of the western deserts known as the "greasewood." It has been found to contain a gum that affords a valuable substitute for rubber. The method of obtaining the gum, which has been newly patented, consists in bruising the woody stalks of the greasewood, soaking them in a solution of carbon disulphide, and then drawing off the liquid, which is distilled. The chemical used as a solvent is driven off by heat, and there remains in the bottom of the vessel a gummy stuff, flexible and elastic. Finally, the gummy stuff is washed and purified, the result being a very fair substitute for india-rubber—so good, in fact, as to suggest the notion that some day the American deserts may be made to yield very satisfactory profits in the production of raw material for gum shoes and bicycle tires.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

**Sweeping.**  
"I was just telling my daughter," said Mrs. Nextdore, "that it's a shame of her to play the piano on Sunday." "Huh!" exclaimed Mrs. eppery, "why Sunday, especially?"—Philadelphia Press.

# Fur as a Trimming for Seasonable Gowns

It Is Used in a Great Variety of Ways and With Excellent Effects.

**R**ICHNESS and variety are the passwords of the season's modes. In no way are these two words illustrated better than in the matter of furs. There was a time, not so very long ago, when fur capes, fur collarettes, muffs and a sealskin coat of a regulation pattern had to satisfy our winter requirements. But how different are the conditions today. Now fur is used in a variety of ways that were undreamed of a few years ago. Our coats are fashioned of sealskin or caracul in all the latest modes; we wear fur about our throats



OF BROWN BROADCLOTH, TRIMMED WITH MINK.

in as many different ways as we wear our skirts; we bury ourselves in high collars of fur, and decorate our gowns in a hundred becoming ways with beautiful skins.

The fact is that the fashion makers have taken advantage of the times to enforce a display of the most expensive materials of all kinds embracing laces, fabrics and furs. That they have accomplished their purpose is evidenced by the elaborate display of these materials seen in every city and town and in every store throughout the country. This expensive tendency of the fashions of the day may not be appreciated by all of us, but we all must follow to the extent of our ability, and in keeping with our place in society, or step aside for those more fortunate or more willing to indulge in extravagances.

An illustration of this tendency to elaborateness and expense, and to the use of fur as a trimming, is to be found in a reception gown of brown broadcloth, trimmed with velvet and narrow bands of mink. The broadcloth skirt had three deep, Van Dyke tucks just below the knees, with panels of dark brown velvet from the waist line to the hem let in at each side and at the back. A velvet band encircled the foot of the skirt, was a narrow band of the mink above. The coat bodice had a long habit back, and was trimmed with appliques of embroidered chiffon on each side. This opened over a vest of brown velvet, edged with the mink, and fashioned with buttons of gold tinsel braid. There was a small chemise, with a high collar and sleeves



A DAINY EVENING COAT.

having full puffs at the wrist of rose colored glace silk, over which was creamy guipure lace.

Another illustration may be found in a pretty evening coat of a light fawn broadcloth, made double-breasted and rather loose, with rows of machine stitching down the front and at the foot. Eight large, mother-of-pearl buttons finished the front. The coat was lined with the new fashionable white Mongolian fur, and had a deep turn-over collar of the same, with cuffs of the fur to edge the bell-shaped sleeve at the wrist.

Another coat that forms a third illustration was one of the fashionable three-quarter length garments on the Louis XIV style. It was made of white velour, and the high collar and deep-pointed revers were of embroidered white broadcloth edged with narrow bands of sable. There was a vest of soft white silk, covered with Arab lace. A soft sash of black silk at the waist line, with long ends caught in front. The sleeves were very wide at the wrist, with cuffs of embroidered white broadcloth edged with fur.

Less expensive coats on the same order are made of black velour and trimmed with mink, astrachan or chinchilla.

I wonder why alterations to furs are so exceedingly expensive when the fur-sewers are amongst the most miserably paid of all workers? The smallest alteration to a sealskin or sable garment, though involving no new fur, is charged several dollars to do by the furriers; and before buying a costly fur one ought to see one's way to endow the thing with several hundred dollars, "on trust, to use the income for its life," of course; for it will cost the interest on the sum to keep the garment up to the changes of fashion. The alterations this winter from the older fashions in furs will be tolerably complete. The high collars are disappearing; though some of the new garments are still so made, it is unwise to buy them, as it gives a rather old-fashioned aspect at once. A deep turn-down collar, preferably of a different fur, with or without revers, turned back on the chest, but not open at the throat, is the thing. Capes will always be more or less in vogue in furs, as they are so easily thrown on and off.

Of sleeves, oh, what a variety! Never have I seen a greater number of forms offered. Some of them are pretty and some quite as freakish as was the balloon sleeve of unlamented memory. When one considers all the various modes in sleeves it seems as though good Dame Fashion had given her un-



ON THE LOUIS XIV ORDER.

divided attention to their designing, and while there are many that are pretty and many that are not, it is quite a hard task to undertake to select from the long list the one that is best for each coat or gown. If you let the question of becomingness influence your decision you will choose the one which fits the arm closely below the elbow and puffs out well over the elbow at the back. This sort of sleeve is quite close fitting above the elbow finish, at least close without being tight fitting.

Other sleeves with the close fitting cuff below the elbow are full to the shoulder above, but this is usually made of soft thin material. The mode most generally adopted this winter is the one which widens into a decided puff, or a ruffled under sleeve, below the elbow.

The shirt sleeve is varied in many ways and very prettily by opening it on the outside from the wrist to the elbow, and fitting it in with plaited lace or chiffon which crops a little above the four-inch wristband. An insertion of lace with tucks on either side, down the outer side of the sleeve to the elbow, below which the material falls in a puff, makes a lovely shirt sleeve. If the insertion is narrow two or three rows may be set in between groups of tucks.

SARAH DAVIDSON.

**Reflections of a Bachelor.**  
In love affairs it's the one who goes fishing that gets caught.

He who loves and runs away may live to get engaged another day.

Most men seem to think the way to get up in the world is to show that somebody else is down.

After her third engagement a woman goes into a new one with about as much romance as she laces her shoes.

When a girl gets a letter from the right man regretting he can't come to dine at her house she makes all the other girls green with envy by acting like the letter was a proposal of marriage.—N. Y. Press.

## AT A SAVINGS BANK.

Why a Man Who Was in a Hurry Did Not Remain to Make a Deposit.

The business man who was in a hurry was standing in line at the savings bank, waiting his turn to deposit. There was only one person ahead of him, and he was congratulating himself upon this good luck. The person ahead was a woman, and when the business man arrived she was just opening negotiations with the receiving teller, relates the New York Tribune.

"Now, I want to open accounts," she began, "for some little nieces and nephews of mine. It's for a Christmas present, you know"—confidentially—"and I'm only going to put five dollars in each book. Of course that isn't much, but"—Here the teller endeavored to get down to the business details, but in vain. "If they're real saving, as I want them to be, they'll soon make it more. Lots of rich men started with"—

"Yes, yes, madam," interrupted the teller, in desperation; "of course they did. Now, what are these children's names and ages?"

"Why, there's Fannie, my namesake, she's nine—no, maybe it was eight, her last birthday—What? Oh, her full name? Frances Jane, of course; how stupid of me! And then Johnnie—no, John William, named after an uncle that died—he's six, and just as cute as he can be. You wouldn't believe what that child!"

"Yes, I would, madam; but please be as brief as possible and omit everything but business. Are there any more children?"

"Oh, yes; there's the baby, Mildred. She's ten months old, and I thought she seemed pretty young to have a bankbook all to herself, so I'd like to take one for her and her mother together—her mother's only my brother's sister-in-law, but she's just like an own sister to me. What? I can't do that? Well, that's funny; but you fix it according to the rules, of course."

The business man, who had at first glared savagely at the loquacious depositor, now shifted wearily from one leg to the other, and began to show signs of collapse.

The teller succeeded in extracting the necessary information as to the birthplace of the children, and then inquired in whose names the books were to be held in trust for them.

"Will you have it in their mother's name or their father's, or whose?" he asked, shortly.

"Their father's! Mercy sakes!" exclaimed the depositor, energetically. "Why, he's a perfect good-for-nothing scamp, if there ever was one. You couldn't trust him!"

"No, I suppose not," hastened the teller, repenting that unfortunate suggestion. "The mother's, then, I suppose. Her name, age and birthplace, please. Be as quick as you can, madam."

As he finished the entries he turned with a sigh of relief and a look of pity for the business man who had been waiting so long. But the latter had given up.

## USE FOR OLD MAGAZINES.

Excellent Idea of a Clever Woman for Preserving Their Contents.

A clever woman has devised a new use for old magazines. She doesn't bind them, for one reason, because of the bother of keeping all of the numbers together; somebody's always borrowing a magazine and forgetting to return it, and, for another reason, because, as she says, while bound volumes of magazines look well on a library shelf, nobody wants to read them, says the Philadelphia Press.

Her plan is this: As fast as a magazine number has been read by all of the family and is ready to be consigned to the oblivion of the closet shelf, she takes possession of it. The wire that holds the leaves together is removed and the various articles are separated according to subjects.

She has heavy manila envelopes marked "Art," "Music," "History," "Fiction," "Verse," etc. Every article is put into the envelope where it belongs, according to its classification. And in one envelope will be articles from four or five or more magazines, according to the number available. When a sufficient number of articles, say 1,000, have accumulated in any one envelope, she arranges them in the order in which she wishes to have them, numbers the pages anew with a pen, makes a complex index for the front of the volume, and sends it to the bindery. When it returns she has a valuable book on art, or music or something else, as the case may be.

## As to House Cleaning.

A conference of women was held not long ago in a neighboring city to discuss the wisdom of the semi-annual domestic upheaval called house cleaning, and it was decided that while some tearing to pieces was still necessary to get at the dust at the bottom of things, the continued development of the modern sanitary idea tends to do away with the old order of cleaning. Rugs, hard floors, steam heat, and electric lighting are all assisting agents, but more simplicity in belongings is needed, heavy and multiplied draperies, carved furniture, tufted upholstery are still too much in evidence. Complicated arrangement is opposed to sanitation. Everything that simplifies household furnishings increases the possibility of that perpetual cleanliness which is the only right domestic standard, as well as a chief requisite of hygienic living. As this principle is recognized and applied the passing of "house cleaning" will be accomplished.—N. Y. Post.

## HUMOROUS.

"Is he broke?" "I guess so. He said if air was five cents a barrel, he'd suffocate."—Indianapolis News.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—"I guess it's the dumb-ague he's got." Mr. Crimmonbeak—"No, it can't be; he's all the time talking about it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Ned—"Miss Stuyvesant told my sister that you asked her to marry you twice." Tom—"No, I didn't. I asked her twice to marry me once."—Somerville Journal.

Hiding Himself.—Friend—"But why did you publish your poems under the name of Smith?" Poet—"Just think how many good people will fall under suspicion."—N. Y. Times.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark." "How does she do it?" "She makes me get up and look at the clock."—London Tit-Bits.

"Jackson loves to see his name in print, doesn't he?" "I should say so. Why, the morning after he was married he got up at five o'clock to read the wedding notices in the papers."—Town Topics.

"Mirandy, what business is that young man in?" asked Mrs. Ridgfarm of her daughter. "I don't know, ma," said Mirandy, "but I think he must work in a woodyard. He always ends his letters 'cordially.'"—Buffalo Express.

Mother—"That young man has been calling on you pretty regularly, Mabel." Mabel—"Yes, mother." Mother—"Well, I'd like to know what his intentions are. Do you know?" Mabel (blushing)—"Well, er—mamma, we are both very much in the dark."—Philadelphia Press.

## A CASE OF SWELLHEAD.

Young Man Who Thought He Was Getting to Be the Whole Government.

"When I went to Washington as a senator," observed an old wheelhorse, who had served a term with distinction, relates the Detroit Free Press, "it seemed as if every man in my district expected an office of some kind. I managed to get places for half a dozen, and among them was a young man of 20 whose widowed mother I had known for years, and who was a very worthy woman. He was a quiet young man, and seemed to be scared half to death when he reached Washington. I got him a clerkship in the agricultural department, and he meekly listened to the fatherly advice I gave him. Six weeks after his appointment, and without my having seen him since, I strolled into the department one day to look him up and see how he was getting on. It seems that he had been promoted to sixteenth chief clerk, or something of that sort, and I found him taking his ease with a cigar in his mouth. He gave me a glance as I entered and then pretended to be very busy with a newspaper, but I walked up to him and slapped him on the back and said:

"Well, Will, how goes it?" "Sir," he exclaimed, as he bounded to his feet. "Do you know who you are slapping?"

"Why, Will, don't you know me?" "No, sir," he promptly replied. "But I am Senator Blank."

"Blank? Blank?" he queried, as he looked at me without a wink. "Never heard of you, sir. Can we do anything for you to-day?"

"Why, Willie, what's come over you?" I persisted, wondering if the boy was off his head, or my eyes had gone back on me.

"I am well, sir—well as usual." "But I am Senator Blank." "Yes?"

"And I got you this place." "Yes." "And I called to see how you were getting on. Do you hear from your mother often?"

"John," said the boy, as he turned to a porter who stood in the door, "shake hands with Senator Blank for me, if you will, and inform him that all communications between the agricultural department and the senate should be in writing and pass through the usual official channels."

"That was enough for me, and I got out," laughed the senator, "and my young friend might have been running the government yet if he hadn't ordered the minister from France to throw away his lighted cigar as he made a call to see about some pumpkin seeds."

**Codfish, Eggs and Meat.**  
The mother codfish is prolific, the roe of a large one containing as many as 9,000,000 eggs. Nature seems to have provided for a much larger supply of cod than we are obtaining. But the eggs, floating on the surface of the water to hatch, are destroyed by millions. Codfish eat anything that comes along—from tacks to sharks' teeth. In the stomach of a large specimen two ducks were found. The fish weigh as much as 150 pounds, and the biggest are 4½ feet in length. One man has caught 600 in a day of 11 hours on the Newfoundland banks with a hand line. Eighty men take on an average of 1,600 a day on the Dogger bank. Newfoundland is the headquarters for dried cod. Consul Carter, at St. Johns, says the quantity held there before the present season opened was 35,840,000 pounds. The stock on hand a year before was 42,560,000 pounds.—N. Y. Press.

**Protecting President of France.**  
President Loubet is well protected. His secret guard consists of 12 men, under the orders of a police commissioner. When he receives they mingle with the guests close by him, and when he goes out they follow him and have orders never to lose him an instant from view.—N. Y. Herald.