

The Flying Man

Harry Irving Greene

"The Lash of Circumstance,"
"Barbara of the Snows"

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SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak observatory causes a great commotion throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite of Mars is approaching the earth. Destruction of the earth is inevitable, he declares. The satellite barely misses the earth. The atmospheric disturbance knocks people unconscious, but does no damage. A meteor bearing a ballistics design flutters down among the greatest of laws that march in identical design with a curious ornamental design upon the earth. The flying man-like being with huge wings descends in the midst of the guests. He notices Doris and sters toward her. The men fear he intends some harm to Doris and a battle ensues in which Tolliver and March, suitors of Doris, and Professor Desmond are injured. The flying man is wounded by a shot from Tolliver, but escapes by flying away. A faring man reports that the man carried off his young daughter. People everywhere are terrified. The government spends \$500,000 for his capture, dead or alive. Putnam is the first of the hunters to reach the flying man and a chase in the air begins. The flying man and the March of awakening in the night to see the face of the monster. The flying man is and a score of aviators arrive to enter the campaign. The reward is increased to \$1,000,000.

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aviator friends. But I fear I am super-inventive and that I am laying myself open to ridicule. Ah, I see you are smiling already. I had feared so." March's smile broadened. "I presume we were all carried a little beyond ourselves by our enthusiasm. But tell me what news you have." The astronomer tugged thoughtfully at his mustache. "I don't mind letting you know, although I am not advertising it as yet, that is, generally speaking. I have conceived a little idea that the officials are putting into execution, but which it has been estimated I am not inclined to speak much of. However, the idea is this: As you know, we have quite a powerful search light at the observatory, and nights of late I have been in the habit of throwing it about the neighboring cliffs and letting it rest for a while here and there as a matter of experiment. Well, to make the story short, upon two occasions after it had remained stationary for a while I have found the flying creature within the center of the light. I had reasoned that its glare—being something new to him—might attract him as it does almost all night flyers, and it seems that it did, for he put himself before it and for several moments remained motionless and distinct, apparently as fascinated by its brightness as had been an elk or other wild animal. That gave me my second idea and the authorities adopted it. They are rigging up a rapid-fire gun to be placed immediately over the searchlight and which will move like a strong hand as a serve to right or left took them a moment from their direct path. He looked down. Far below, so far that the trees looked like the toy trees upon the blocks which children play with, the people like toy men, and pushing at him the beasts of the field like the beasts of a toy ark, the earth was rushing backward as the film of a moving picture speeds and vanishes. He looked up. Space, yawning and infinite, hazy, gauzy, mysterious, dim, the moon barely distinguishable, and thin as a ghost floating far above like a bubble. He gazed to the west. The sun, copperish and vast, glowed as through a thin mesh. They were a mile above the point of starting—200 miles above the level of the sea and almost even with the lower reaches of the eternal snows of the peaks. The chill of upper space pervaded him and he drew himself closer together as he thieved a quick glance at the man at his side. The aviator's face grew more and more lined, his eyes glowing, his teeth clenched and his hand finger delicately fondling the wheel as his body swayed rhythmically to the slow roll of the machine. He looked ahead once more. Speeding in front of the flying man, the shadow of a bird, was the horizontal shadow of one of the men whom they were pursuing, his body stretched straight as a shaft from a bow, his grotesque face turned over his shoulder, his huge eyes glowing with malevolent hate, his mouth working busily and soundlessly. They heard his cry sweep past them in the hiss and whistle of the wind.

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Not the Same Uncle Jerry

Circumstances Had Made a Change in His Position, and He Wanted It to Be Understood.

At Sumner, N. C., there was a large crowd of colored people at the depot as the train pulled in. An old bald-headed Uncle Jerry had his head out of the coach seat apart for colored passengers, and a man on the platform recognized him and called out:

"Hello, Misser Stivers! Is dat yo'?"

The old man looked straight at him but made no response.

"Hello, Misser Stivers!"

No response.

"Sey, Misser Stivers, has yo' lostes yo' hearing?" persisted the man as he drew nearer.

"Boy, was yo' talkin' to me?" demanded the old man.

"Sartin. What's de matter?"

"Boy, does yo' want anything of me?"

"Why, how yo' talk! Reckon yo' has got de hoodoo."

Luangs of great capacity and power. Thin and elastic but exceedingly tough, muscles compressed within a small compass and operated by tremendous forces as strong as those of the legs of a horse. Seamy but exceedingly firm flesh. Legs similar to those of a wading bird, all bone and sinew, the bones strong, light and hollow. And while he appears to be fully seven feet tall I should not expect him to weigh as much as an ordinary man." March grinned reminiscently.

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Don't Need to Be Labeled

Any Man of Sense Would Know That These Two Stories Were Merely Fables.

Once upon a time there was a beaten golfer who admitted that he had missed no short putts—and that his winning rival had "gobbed" no long ones; who confessed that he was on his game and that while beaten by the margin of 3 and 2, without great luck the count would have been 8 and 6.

Moral:—They backed him up against a bunker and shot him at sunrise before he became more violent.

Once upon a time there was a fan who left the ball park and called out to a friend:

"Greatest game of the year, pal; they beat us 3 to 2; but if the ump hadn't slipped us a couple of close ones, the count would have been 3 to 0. They played better ball and won on the level."

Moral:—They didn't even wait until sunrise to put this guy. Another ten minutes, and he might have been beyond all human control.—Grantland Rice, in Collier's Weekly.

considering that this afternoon with her was rightfully his, had found a little consolation in the thought that his rival would eventually excuse himself and depart, and that he would thereby have the last hour of the day alone with her, but Tolliver showed no intention of departing, keeping his place close by her side and chatting easily and confidentially as they walked and ignoring March as much as he dared in his conversation. Angry and resentful, March spoke but little, and Doris, now that the excitement was over, had grown quiet as well.

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Rich Seldom Extravagant

Extravagant, oddly enough, is not a habit of the rich so much as it is of the poor.

The Midases and Croeseuses in every neighborhood are pretty careful of the dimes. They have a thrifty habit of squeezing a dollar till the eagle wannabe is not so much in it through miserliness as through the habit of conserving, saving.

With wealth comes the instinct to save.

Millionaires use the street cars, or probably walk. Pecker with slender purses loll about in taxicabs. Only the very rich and the very poor can afford to dress badly, is the saying. Who are the people who dine with such reckless extravagance after the theater in the cities? Among them are there many millionaires?

Not many. They are more likely to be having crackers and milk at home,

swiftly it goes again. And yet each year it draws more close and stays for a longer time; its radiance revealed to us more clearly, full of grace and truth.—Collier's Weekly.

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Women's Hats are becoming smaller.

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher, "I'm sorry I ever complained about the big hats. They were something of a protection against the hatpins."

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Seven dead of stock, 1,000 bushels of grain, and a large quantity of hay

was consumed in the burning of the Henry Prehn barn north of Mason City. The loss will exceed \$3,000.

Drs. W. G. Wilker and J. N. McCoy have been appointed pension surgeons at Allerton.

Ellen Walsh, aged 72 years, was burned to ashes when her room log cabin home near Fort Madison was burned. An overturned lamp is supposed to have caused the fire.

Dr. W. T. Shepard and company of Le Mars will organize a company to manufacture a breakfast food which he has patented. A cement factory building will be erected.

Apples are plentiful in Almaksee county and profitable, too. A. M. Caberton at Jackson Junction, has sold \$1,600 worth of apples from ten acres of ground.



NEWSY ITEMS GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Engineers and a big force of men have commenced the mighty task of straightening the Marion county portion of Skunk river. It will be the most gigantic engineering feat ever undertaken in this section of the state. When this piece of work is completed it is claimed that there will be thousands of acres of fine farming lands reclaimed from the swamps and the river.

The Iowa state Baptist convention at Waterloo elected the following officers: President, J. R. Vaughn, Waterloo; first vice-president, H. J. Tosket, Shenandoah; second vice-president, C. W. Britton, Sioux City; secretary, Rev. S. E. Wilcox, Des Moines; recording secretary, Rev. R. Sadler, Pell; treasurer, Rev. G. F. Reinking, Des Moines.

The apparent rivalry between Iowa City and Mason City for the epileptic colony appears mainly a contest between two cities of Iowa. It is the Cedar Rapids and Iowa City interurban against the Mason City and Clear Lake line. Its location near Iowa City is also desired by the state board of education, for the benefit of the medical college.

Members of the Iowa State Board of Control, Messrs. McCall, Dixon and McCongue, were in Iowa City to inspect sites for the new epileptic colony. The suggested site is near the town of North Liberty, eight miles from Iowa City, and a short distance north of Okmoo, the site of the state tuberculosis hospital.

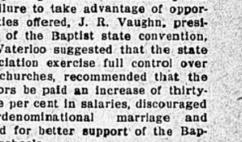
Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, who recently underwent a surgical operation at Rochester, Minn., has recovered splendidly and is at his office nearly every day in Council Bluffs. He is 80 years of age and it is a delight to his friends to know that he has had such vitality to sustain him.

With potatoes at 90 cents a bushel and farmers holding them in most cases for better prices, many are beginning to speculate as to the outcome of Minnesota reports big crops and it is possible potatoes will be cheaper later than they are now.

Joseph H. Tucker has brought suit against Major M. Meigs, in charge of the government engineers at Keokuk, asking damages to the amount of \$10,000 for injuries alleged to have been received when a horse struck a wagon Tucker was driving.

Temperance was one phase of work under discussion at the Presbyterian synod at Storm Lake, the principal address being made by Dr. E. P. Thore. The field is open as far as I know. Want to enter your name? North threw back his head and laughed, showing his perfect teeth.

"Fraid they'd scratch the as a ringer. Fact is, I am engaged to another girl about as pretty as she is and fully as sweet. That's the reason I am in this high business—not for love of it, I assure you, but for the love of the realm that is to be made out of it. You see I would not be contented unless I could have Clare—that's her name, by the way—stepping along as high as the rest of them and wearing just as good things, and the only way I could think up whereby I could get the price in a short time was by sky-scraping. She set up an angelic holier when I called her what I was going to do, but I went at it just the same, because there was no way out of it. And I land that million do you know the first thing I am going to do?"



NEWSY ITEMS GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE STATE.

Engineers and a big force of men have commenced the mighty task of straightening the Marion county portion of Skunk river. It will be the most gigantic engineering feat ever undertaken in this section of the state. When this piece of work is completed it is claimed that there will be thousands of acres of fine farming lands reclaimed from the swamps and the river.

The Iowa state Baptist convention at Waterloo elected the following officers: President, J. R. Vaughn, Waterloo; first vice-president, H. J. Tosket, Shenandoah; second vice-president, C. W. Britton, Sioux City; secretary, Rev. S. E. Wilcox, Des Moines; recording secretary, Rev. R. Sadler, Pell; treasurer, Rev. G. F. Reinking, Des Moines.

The apparent rivalry between Iowa City and Mason City for the epileptic colony appears mainly a contest between two cities of Iowa. It is the Cedar Rapids and Iowa City interurban against the Mason City and Clear Lake line. Its location near Iowa City is also desired by the state board of education, for the benefit of the medical college.

Members of the Iowa State Board of Control, Messrs. McCall, Dixon and McCongue, were in Iowa City to inspect sites for the new epileptic colony. The suggested site is near the town of North Liberty, eight miles from Iowa City, and a short distance north of Okmoo, the site of the state tuberculosis hospital.

Gen. Grenville M. Dodge, who recently underwent a surgical operation at Rochester, Minn., has recovered splendidly and is at his office nearly every day in Council Bluffs. He is 80 years of age and it is a delight to his friends to know that he has had such vitality to sustain him.

With potatoes at 90 cents a bushel and farmers holding them in most cases for better prices, many are beginning to speculate as to the outcome of Minnesota reports big crops and it is possible potatoes will be cheaper later than they are now.

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