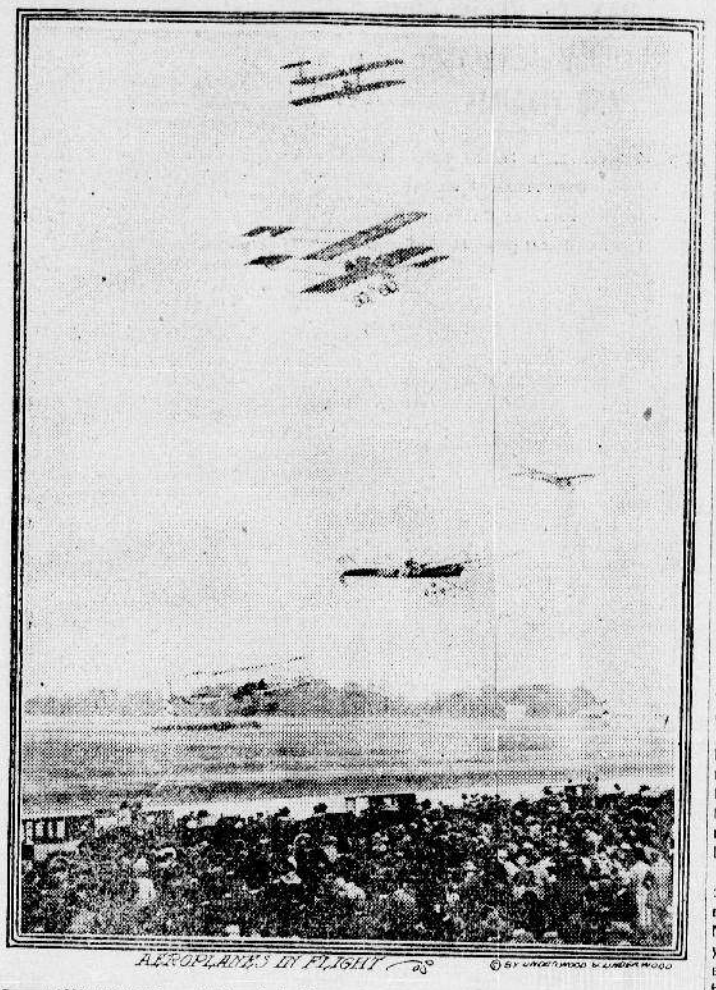
MAN'S MASTERY OF THE AIR



AEROPLANES IN FLIGHT ©BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THE navigation of the air! How the very idea of it thrills! To rise above the earth and flit from city to city and from continent to continent! To travel free and untrammeled as do the birds! This has been the dream of mankind for ages.

Impossible of accomplishment? Do not be too sure. Tremendous strides toward this splendid, this alluring goal have been made within the past three years. Already have daring men of the air pierced the blue vault of heaven to astonishing altitudes, already have they dashed from metropolis to metropolis with a speed rivaling the fastest express train, already have they leaped over mountain ranges and crossed bodies of water which separate nations. If the progress is to be as great during the next three years, then, indeed, will marvels have been accomplished beyond anything of which today we permit ourselves to dream.

Much depends upon the attitude and activity of those daring and ingenious men who already have elevated the science of aviation from the purely experimental and speculative to something at least approaching the practical. If their talents and the talents of such scientific men as now are or hereafter may be attracted to the problem of aerial flight are devoted to the making of aviation more nearly safe and therefore more useful, rather than toward outdoing the marvelous records already made in altitude, distance, speed and duration, then will the world be the gainer and travel and commerce be helped through this new means of communication.

Safety! That is now the thing to be aimed at. Not till a full measure of it is reached can the conquest of the air really be claimed or aviation be lifted from the spectacular to the utilitarian.

Considering what has already been accomplished in aerial navigation, is it too much to say that even greater discoveries will be made and applied in the near future? Where shall we place the limit upon an age which has produced a machine that talks and sings, which propels loaded cars up and down hill by means of an invisible fluid, which takes protographs through solid substances, which has instant communication by wire between the most widely separated continents, which has made conversation possible between New York and Chicago and which thinks nothing of sending wireles messages from land to vessels hundreds of miles away at sea? After all, is a certain and safe passenger and freight service through the air more improbable to our near future than was the automobile and the electric express train to the future of the man of the ox-cart and the pole propelled flatboat?

The Drifting Balloon.

The balloon is the elder brothher of the aeroplane and its discovery was the cause of fully as great a sensation. Compared, however, with the later air craft, it is very simple and its possibilities are limited.

To Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier belong the distinction of making the first balloon. They were papermakers of Annonay, France, and they experimented for years before they succeeded in causing a silk bag to rise to the ceiling of their workshop. The first men to make a balloon ascension were Pilatre des Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlandes. They went up from Paris on November 21, 1783 ,and remained aloft 25 minutes.

The efforts to construct an airship subject to control has been a long and persistent one, but the necessarily enormous bulk of gas balloons has been a discouraging obstacle. Such a tremendous surface presented to the wind more than offsets the power of the rudder to control, except in a comparative calm, and the invariable disaster which has overtaken the most elaborate and expensive attempts—those of Count Zeppelin of Germany—presumably will discourage further effort along this line and concentrate inventive genius upon the aeroplane. The dirigible balloon, however, is by no means a complete failure.

The ordinary balloon retains the pear-shape of the original, but the dirigible is elongated or cigar-shaped and braced along the sides to give it stability. The control is gained from a rudder extending from the suspended car, which contains an electric or gasoline motor. Walter Wellman's fruitless attempt to reach the north pole and later to cross the Atlantic were among the interesting but gigantic failures of the dirigible balloon.

The Flying Machine.

Genuine aerial navigation, or independent flight as distinguished from aimless floating in the air, really had its birth when men abandoned the balloon idea and sought to mimic the birds. Otto Lilienthal in Germany, Hiram Maxim in England and Samuel P. Langley in the United States experimented and constructed machines with planes and wings and rudders, but their success was inconsiderable, for their machines were either too heavy or too frail.

Different inventors constructed winged machines, large and small, light and heavy, but the most they accomplished were short and uncertain flights or glides from elevated starting places. Finally in 1903 Octave Chanute began to attract attention with his long glides among the sand dunes in the vicinity of Chicago, but his machine had no motive power and was never anything more than a plaything.

In Dayton, O., two brothers named Wright, bicycle repairers, had been experimenting with planes. Chanute turned over to them all his ideas and they helped much in solving the problem of equilibrium. In 1903 the Wrights took a machine to Kitty Hawk, N. C., and on December 17, after several trials and carrying Wilbur Wright, it left the rails on which it gained its momentum and flew 852 feet in 59 seconds—the first actual flight by man in an aeroplane.

Since then the Wrights have remained prominent in the work of air navigation and their names must always take front rank in any history of aerial flight.

It would require many columns merely to mention the marvels performed by nearly 3,000 aviators who have flown during the past three years. Record after record has been broken, wonder has piled on wonder with bewildering swiftness, until today the people are not surprised at any feat which the birdmen may perform. During this brief period the progress has been truly staggering and the last 12 months have been richer in achievement than any preceding similar period. Such names as Santos-Dumont, Glenn H. Curtiss, Charles K. Hamilton, Louis Paulhan, James C. (Bud) Mars, Grahame-White, Walter Brookins, Hubert Latham, Louis Bleriot, Count Jacques de Lesseps, Stewart Rolls, John B. Moissant, J. Armstrong Drexel, Eugene B. Ely, Alfred Le Blanc, Louis Delagrange, Henry Farnham, J. A. D. McCurdy, Eugene Lefebvre, Clifford Harmon, Ralph Johnstone, Archie Hoxsey, Lincoln Beachey, Harry A. Atwood and a host of others are familiar to all.

Distance to these birdmen is limited only by the amount of fuel they car carry.

NECK BROKEN; LIVED

MAN WHO SPENT YEARS IN CHAIR NOW DEAD.

Lived Twelve Years With Broken Neck—Father Left Him $800,000, Which He Raised to $2,500,000.

New York.—Walter E. Duryea, who lived almost a full dozen years with a broken neck, died at his home in Upper Montclair in his forty-fourth year. He broke his neck in August, 1899, by jumping from the Casino at Glen Cove landing, alighting on his head in the sand in three feet of water. After ten months in Roosevelt hospital, following two operations, on which the doctors had based the slightest sort of a hope that he would recover, he mended and so recovered his faculties that by shrewd investments he increased the $800,000 which he inherited from his father to $2,500,000.

Duryea, who is a son of Edgar E. Duryea, the wealthy starch manufacturer, was a member of the Seventh Regiment and the Glen Cove Yacht club when the accident happened. In about ten months he was out of the hospital and at a sanitarium at Danville, N. Y. Meantime his father died. The elder thought that the possibility of his son living was so slight that he left him about $200,000 in trust, but should he live two years he was to get the bulk of the estate. His three sisters contested the will, but they were defeated, and the young man inherited about $800,000 from his father's personal estate and real estate holdings. It was said that Duryea never forgave his sisters for contesting the will.

Duryea's recovery was the subject of much medical discussion. He spent most of the time in a sitting posture in a specially contrived chair. Three years after the accident he had built a 65-foot yacht which he designed himself. At no time was he left alone, there being four women and two men nurses in attendance.

ONE "DEAD MAN" IS FOUND

"Widow's" Application for a Pension Leads to Search for Man Who Deserted Her.

Boston, Mass.—Given up for dead by his wife and two children for more than 30 years, Timothy Teaffe has been found living in Grand Rapids, Minn., according to Special Pension Examiner E. W. Young.

Although he denied knowing anybody in Massachusetts, where his family lives, documentary evidence was unearthed in his home which the examiner says establishes the fact that he is the same Timothy Teaffe who deserted his wife and children in Boston, in 1875, and who has never been seen since by former friends except his wife, who encountered him on a journey in 1880, and had a chat with him for about two hours.

Teaffe had been given up for dead but the application of his legal wife for a pension led to the search which revealed that he had been living in hiding in the lumbering regions around the Ottawa river in Ontario for years where he had married again.

PAINT BABY COUSIN GREEN

Weird Sight Sets Dog and Mother Almost Hysterical and Doctor Is Called.

Connellsville, Pa.—Two-year-old Willie Wilkins had the heat problem settled for him by being fitted with a skin tight green coat of paint. He crowed with delight, rolled in the grass on the lawn and was having a splendid time, to the amusement of his two cousins, 8 and 10 years old, when the family dog, returning from a foraging expedition, saw him and became so wildly excited that his barking brought Mrs. Mary Wilkins, the baby's mother, to the door.

When she saw Willie she gave a wild shriek and George and Scott Williams, her nephews, hurried out to the front gate on a run. She picked up Willie and ran screaming with him into the house and summoned a doctor, who came to the house in a mad dash in his auto. The nephews had stripped Willie of his clothing and painted him all over with green paint, secured at a new residence next door, which Willie's father, Daniel Wilkins, is erecting.

Rattlesnake on the Table.

Fairburn, S. D.—Rattlesnakes are very numerous in this locality this season. The little seven-year-old daughter of Mrs. B. C. Kennedy was bitten on the hand a few days ago, but by prompt services by a physician she is nearly well now.

The other morning, when the mail carrier, Myron Godding, stopped at Charles Nordstrom's ranch to deliver some groceries, he found a large rattler coiled up on the kitchen table. He dropped his groceries, got a club and soon finished the snake, which measured six feet and had ten rattles.

Poses as Woman 30 Years.

Boston, Mass.—An autopsy performed on the charred body of "Harriet" Kelly, steward, one of the two burned to death in the fire that detroyed the excursion steamer Governor Andrew, disclosed that "Harriet" was a man.

For thirty years Harriet had lived as a woman, and was known on the Governor Andrew as a widow. For several years Harriet was a domestic in aristocratic Back Bay families.

AMERICA NAMED BY GERMAN

Martin Waldseemuller Published First Map With That Title Given the New World.

In the interesting town of St. Die, in French Lorraine, there was recently held a celebration of special interest to the people of this side of the world, and in a lesser degree to Spain and Italy. It was in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of the publication there of the geographical work of Martin Waldseemuller, in which America was suggested as the name of the New World.

There have been many theories and much controversy as to the origin of the name America, and not a few have resented the slight which was put upon Columbus in this connection. Some have denounced Amerigo Vespucci—who, like Columbus, was an Italian sailing under the flag of Spain—for "stealing" the glory due the real discoverer.

But the chief wrong, if any was done, was committed by the German geographer in the book which was published in 1507, and on the map which he published a year or so later. On that map the name America was applied, however, only to the southern part of the New World. The northern part was called Parias.

It is possible, perhaps probable, that Vespucci, not Columbus, first reached the mainland of America; and it was Vespucci who grasped the important fact that a new continent had been found, and not simply a part of Asia. Of that fact Columbus died in ignorance.

But rightly or wrongly, the name of Amerigo Vespucci, trader, traveler and writer, was given to the New World, and given to remain forever. And now a lofty tower rises among the hills of Lorraine to commemorate the suggestion which resulted in the designation.

Dumas's Melon Contract.

Alexandre Dumas, pere, was extremely fond of melons, and an autograph letter of his has just come into the possession of the library of the town of Carpentras by legacy which proves the fact. It is perhaps one of the strangest contracts ever made by man of letters. The letter is addressed to M. Seguin, the deputy-maire of Cavaillon in the Caucluse in August, 1864, by the author of "Les Trois Mousquetaires," who was then living at St. Gratien, near Enghein. He says: "On receipt of your letter I have immediately arranged with my publisher, M. Michael Levy, for him to send you the two or three hundred volumes which have already appeared of my works, and that in the future as they appear he will send you the others, and I am very pleased to be able to reply to the great honor which you do me. But please have the goodness to tell your honorable maire, M. Tourel, that I impose one condition. If the town and the authorities of Cavaillon like my books, I like their melons, and I desire that in exchange of my three or four hundred volumes there shall be constituted for me, by 'municipal decree,' a yearly income of twelve melons per year. The cost of carriage will naturally be at my expense." Need one add that the contract was faithfully kept on both sides?

Was Too Obliging.

Fresh from the lecture on politeness the street car conductor went on duty resolved to extend courtesy to all. From the car barns up to 99th street he put his resolution into effect. He assisted the feeble and heavy-laden, he smiled serenely under unmerited abuse and he hurried no one unduly. At 98th street he noticed that a woman in the middle seat was preparing to leave the car at the next corner. The child beside her was too big to cause her any particular trouble in alighting, but the conductor had been pleased with the way the woman smiled upon the child, so he hurried forward to help.

The woman stepped down first and the conductor, with one sweep of his arm, set the child down beside her. His signal to go on was followed by a scream, then another and another. "Boo hoo," howled the boy, and "My child! Bring my child back here," cried a woman in the car. Half a block further along the car stopped.

"He isn't mine," gasped the woman when she and the boy had caught up with the car. "I only just smiled at him."—New York Sun.

Knew What She Wanted.

A kid with fiery red hair and scorning any such protection as may be afforded by shoes and stockings, walked into a pharmacy and nervously stood about until one of the clerks accosted her.

"I want some o' dat stuff to die a switch wid," she said.

"What color would you like?" inquired the facetious clerk. "Red, green, purple or what?"

"Quit your kiddin'," admonished the young lady. "I dunno the stuff, but it's suthin' like hopper-grass an' it smells orful.'

Without a moment's hesitation the man handed out a nickel's worth of copperas—which makes for black dye while it disinfects the material as well.

Circumlocution.

"I am inclined to think," said the man who speaks with firmness though with caution, "that our friend Mr. Grafton Grabb was created on the Sabbath."

"For what reason?"

"We are told that an honest man is the noblest work of the Creator, and also that on the seventh day the Creator rested."

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

"Spuds" Cause Split in Sharp Family

PITTSBURG, Kan.—"Them potatoes ort to be peeled before they are boiled," said wife No. 2 to wife No. 1, when the pair were getting Peter Sharp's dinner ready the other day. "Well, I guess I know Peter better than you, for I knew him before the Chicago fire in which he lost me," declared wife No. 1, as she tossed the "murphies" with their jackets on into the boiler. "And what was good enough for him then is good enough for him now."

A row started right there and now Peter Sharp is sorry he found his first wife and took her back to live with him and his second wife, whom he married when he thought his initial spouse had perished in the blaze which wiped out Chicago in 1871.

For Peter's house hasn't been a place of joy since he made the compromise which brought the two women under his roof. Some time ago wife No. 1 found out that her husband, who went out of her life forty years ago, was still alive and had married again. She renewed the acquaintance so long interrupted and Peter hardly knew what to do.

Then a happy thought struck him. He had been married for a number of years—nearly forty in fact—to wife No. 2, and she suited him perfectly. He had no desire to return to conditions as they were before the fire. However, he couldn't overlook the fact that wife No. 1 had the prior claim and would have the law with her in the ousting of wife No. 2 from the Sharp household.

So, as a solution to the problem, Peter got the two wives to hold a conference with him. He told them how they were old and peaceable folk and could live together in peace and amity without jealousies that beset younger persons. Peter could see no reason why they couldn't get along together.

So the bargain was struck and wife No. 1 was installed in the Sharp household in all her ancient glory. She had to share everything with wife No. 2, however, and this was bound to cause trouble. Finally they couldn't agree upon the proper manner in which to cook potatoes and the result is that Peter would gladly find someone who will consent to take one of his wives—No. 1 preferably—off his hands.

Aged Farmer Loses $3,000 to Fiance

CHICAGO.—No wedding bells will ring for William Dennis, 83 years old, a retired Wisconsin farmer who came to Chicago to be married to a woman whom he had met two weeks before at a county fair. The day after his arrival here Dennis appeared at the detective bureau and reported that his intended wife had disappeared, taking with her $3,000, which he had entrusted to her care.

Dennis told the police that the young woman, known to him only as Blanche, left him in the La Salle street depot on the pretext that she was going to telephone to a wealthy sister. Dennis waited patiently for her for several hours, and when she failed to return realized that he had been fleeced.

Dennis, according to his story, told the police he met the woman at the county fair, where she conducted a fortune telling concession. Dennis told the police that he took a liking to the woman and proposed marriage to her. "She accepted me," he said, "and we made preparations to come to Chicago and get married."

They came in on the interurban electric railroad. Then they took a Northwestern elevated train around to the La Salle street depot. Mlle. Blanche said she wanted to telephone her sister in Grant Park. "You stay here, honey, while I telephone to my sister, who will meet us with her automobile," said the woman, according to the story told by the aged man. "I'll call up Muriel and tell her I have captured my mate," explained the blonde prophetess. "She will send her French car right over for us. We will be in time for luncheon. I fear she may be yachting." Then Blanche "harem-skirted" to a telephone in the station and telephoned. She never came back. In her lisle pocketbook she had placed for "safe keeping" the $3,000 of Dennis.

Dennis, after waiting for several hours for the woman's return, went to a hotel. Next morning he appeared at the detective bureau and told his story.

Bogus Worshiper Would Rob Poor-Box

NEW YORK.—The attempted robbery of a poor-box in the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in East Twenty-eighth street, was followed by an exciting chase of the thief which ended in his capture.

Solemn high mass had just been celebrated. Father McCabe, the parish priest, had gone home, but the church was open. Lately money has been missed from some of the collection boxes and William Mangin, the sexton, has been on the watch for thieves. Standing behind the altar he saw a man enter by the Twenty-eighth street entrance and go up the aisle to the altar of the Sacred Heart, where he knelt as if in prayer.

On the center aisle is a large poor-box, which usually contains a very considerable amount in votive offerings. Walking softly down the middle aisle Mangin saw the pretended worshiper pull from his pocket a jimmy and screwdriver and force open the poor-box door.

Hastily grabbing the coins it contained, the man jumped to his feet and sped down the aisle. Mangin was between him and the door and the next moment the sexton was felled with a handful of coin thrown in his face.

Down Twenty-ninth street to First avenue ran the thief, with Mangin close behind, shouting "Stop thief!" A crowd quickly joined in the pursuit. Policeman Harry Rosenthal ran with the others after the fugitive, who doubled up First avenue to Thirty-first street and turned toward the East river.

Near the river is Kohler's brewery. Here the watchman, Jack Halpine, sat dozing over his after-dinner pipe in a courtyard. Past him shot the thief and through an open door into a loft in the middle of the yard. Halpine grabbed the man by his feet as he entered. Mangin and Rosenthal soon ran up and the man was captured after a fight.

Cigarette Betrays Girl in Male Garb

ST. LOUIS.—The manner in which "Willie" Wright lighted a cigarette attracted the attention of Patrolman Daily, and now, incidentally, "Willie" is Ada.

Bailey saw "Willie" at Third street and Washington avenue. He wore blue overalls, black sack coat and brown cap and stopped at the corner to light a cigarette. The smallness of the mouth which held the cigarette first arrested Dailey's attention. Then he observed the small white hand which handled the match. "Willie" held the match between the tips of the thumb and index finger at the extreme end and drew it across a brick wall with a long sweep of the arm. It did not light until it had been scratched several times. Then, instead of leaving the cigarette in the mouth and puffing it into a light, the smoker held it at arm's length until it became ignited and choked and coughed when the puffing began. The contortions of the face alone were a study.

"What is your name?" he asked, going up to the smoker. "Willie Wright," was the reply in a soft voice. The policeman lifted the cap and light tresses fell about "Willie's" shoulders. "Oh, I don't care," pouted the owner of the hair. "That cigarette has made me sick, anyway." At Central District station the prisoner said she was Ada Wright, eighteen years old, 2809 South Broadway. "I got a letter last week that my mother is sick in Bloomington, Ind., and needs my help," she continued. "I had only $8.45, so I thought I would beat my way on a freight train and have a little money left for my mother when I got there.

"Tony Miller, my landlady's son, gave me these togs, and I bought the tobacco and cigarette papers to help me play the part. I bought a corncob pipe and a revolver and some cartridges, because I heard there were lots of rough hobos on the road."