

# Is AIRSHIP PROBLEM SOLVED?



MR. FARMAN ON HIS AEROPLANE



A FERON

This question has been asked time and again in the past but it must be asked again with increased emphasis in view of the recent remarkable feat of M. Farman, the French aeronaut, who made a perfect circle in his aeroplane at Paris, thereby winning the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of \$10,000. The circle which Farman described had a radius of one kilometer, almost five-eighths of a mile, and during the entire flight the aeroplane appeared to be under perfect control, displaying a rare equilibrium and making the continuous turn on an even keel. The Deutsch-Archdeacon prize had been offered to the aviator, or aeronaut, who first succeeded in completing a circular kilometer in the air.

As a second accomplishment M. Farman demonstrated beyond doubt that his aeroplane has solved for all time the problem of aerodynamics, that the heavier-than-air power kite, and not the gas-bag flying machine, is the airship of the future. The flight of the Farman aeroplane marks a record in aerial navigation.

The third thing M. Farman did was to predict the speedy inauguration of an aeroplane omnibus service between Paris and London, a distance of 287 miles, with the possibility of the service being extended to all parts of Europe and even to New York. It is simply a question now of determining how large the aeroplane must be to fly thousands instead of merely hundreds of miles.

Wildly imaginative as it may seem at the present time, the idea of constructing aeroplanes capable of flying from New York to London or Paris is receiving encouragement from deep thinking scientists and inventors interested in aerodynamics whose opinions have weight and who are generally credited with knowing what they are talking about.

The Farman aeroplane, which has opened a new field for speculation as to the future of aerodynamics, resembles a huge dragon fly with upper and lower sets of wings. On the under side are four bicycle wheels upon which the machine glides along the ground until it has gathered sufficient impetus to rise from the ground and commence its flight. The motor and operator are situated between the two front lateral wings, and the course of the machine is governed by a small aeroplane placed in front. The machine is propelled by two revolving blades in the rear. These act on the same principle as the screws of a steamship.

It is interesting to note that the late Prof. Langley is in reality responsible for the success of the Farman aeroplane. M. Farman went ahead just where Prof. Langley left off and has embodied in his flying machine all the correct principles and theories governing the Langley aeroplane.

Very little can be told at present as to the size or capacity of the aeroplanes for the projected London to Paris service. Each aeroplane will necessarily have to be many times larger than the machine with which M. Farman won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize.

As stated above, the present type of aeroplane starts by gliding along the ground until sufficient impetus has been gathered to give it a lifting power. Then it gradually rises to be

guided along in any direction desired by the operator and propelled by the motor-driven propeller blades behind. This method of getting a start, it has been suggested, may be improved upon by following out the idea of Prof. Langley. His plan was to provide a launching platform several feet above ground to be reached by an inclined plane. The Langley idea was to haul or propel the aeroplane up the inclined plane at a good speed and then to project it from the platform out into open space, where the aeroplane was to take care of itself by skimming along through the air, instead of falling. And while Farman and Dumont and other aeronauts of Europe are busy working on the problem of air navigation, American inventors are not idle. Mr. Arthur Feron, a New York architect, is the latest experimenter in aerodynamics to command attention. He claims to have solved the problem of aerial flight by means of a machine that is heavier than air, yet not a dead weight in the atmosphere. He has invented an airship, circular in the main points of its structure, which, like a huge pinwheel, spins its way from earth to the higher levels.

Feron is the first man to give practical expression to an idea which has long possessed students of the aerial navigation problem—the idea that aluminum might be substituted for silk or other textile as a strong gas tank. Although oxygen gas is used by Mr. Feron as an agent of buoyancy, his device is not a dirigible balloon. It is a flying machine in as full a sense of the word as the aeroplanes of the Wright brothers or of Farman, but it is made of finest aluminum.

The significance of this departure, attended as it has been by success, is more apparent to experts in aerodynamics than to the lay mind. But the Feron filter has one quality which all can appreciate—it flies. This has been proven by experiments made with models constructed on varying scales. Mr. Feron does not depend entirely upon the gas to keep his machine in the air. It is intended only to lighten the task of the rising screw, which is the soul of this flyer. The airship is composed of two distinct parts, which may be described as the upper and the lower works. In the upper works is the cylindrical aluminum bag, resembling a huge crown. It has a diameter of 96 feet. It has 32 air tight compartments.

The lower works consist of the basket or car, ten feet square and five feet deep; the rising screw, the propellers and steering gear and motor. There are two "decks" to the car. On the lower one, or the bottom, rests the motor and all machinery for working the rising and propelling screws.

The rising screw is set upon the end of an upright shaft which passes from an upright machine compartment through the main deck to a point 15 feet above the rim of the car. The rising screw has two blades shaped like the blades of a steamship propeller. Its motion, however, is horizontal. It pushes the air beneath it and makes the airship mount, where the water's propeller pushes the water behind it and makes the vessel go forward.

The rising screw blades are each 20 feet long and when revolving span a diameter of 40 feet.

truth that when we are repelled by a fellow-being it is not because of that one's unworthiness, but because of our blind unwillingness to see things as they are.—Sunday School Times.

**Appetites of Husky Woodmen.**  
Here are some figures from a lumber camp up in Greenwood, Maine, which give an idea as to the appetites of husky woodmen. There are 35 men in this crew, and the cook reports that he makes each day 300 large biscuits, 150 doughnuts, 36 pies, bakes six quarts of dry beans, with potatoes, vegetables, etc., in proportion. A large beef creature is eaten every day. There is something to be explained in that item of 36 pies daily for 35 men. Probably the boss gets the extra one.

**To Explore Amazon Watershed.**  
An expedition organized in Boston by George M. Boynton will explore the great unknown regions of the southern watershed of the Amazon river between the fourth and fifth parallels. Boynton's work already done there has gained him honorary membership in the Royal Geographical society.

# Round the Capital

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

## "I" Out of the White House Alphabet

complete list of "we," obtained with vast difficulty from high sources: President Roosevelt, who holds the highest position in the club, that of "I." Secretary Taft, who holds the next highest, that of "me, too." Herbert Knox Smith who is "first assistant me;" Milton D. Purdy, "chief trust buster and second assistant me;" Charles J. Bonaparte, "assistant to Mr. Purdy and deputy trust buster;" James R. Garfield, who holds the post of "almost I;" Keneas Mountain Landis, Frank B. Kellogg, George Von L. Meyer, Jonathan Bourne, Herbert Parsons and Francis J. Heney, who serve in the ranks and are known collectively by the title of "us."

George B. Cortelyou, it is learned, was formerly a component part of "we," and sometimes even had a look-in at "our policies." He is now a member of the class whom "we" refer to as "them."

There is the highest authority for the statement that Edward H. Harriman, J. Pierpont Morgan, William D. Haywood, Chancellor Day, John D. Rockefeller, Joseph B. Foraker and Beckley Storer do not belong to "we." The allegation that they do, from whatever source it may come, may be safely met with the shorter and uglier word.

## "Uncle Ike" Objects to Hotel Bills

hole bouquet every day and put on all the dog there is. All went well until the bills began to come in, and then "Uncle Ike" went to one of his colleagues and said: "Senator, got any idea where a man could find a good, modest priced boarding house?"

"Where are you living now?" was asked.

"At the Willard."

"Well, senator, that's the best boarding house in Washington."

"I know it is good," answered "Uncle Ike," "but it costs like blazes."

"But you're the richest man in the senate, so what's the difficulty?"

"Probably I've got a little more saved up than some of the boys," was the Wisconsin senator's reply, "but, I wish I could get it out of my own way. Why, just before I came east I gave \$150,000 to colleges. I expect to give some more, and I'm blamed if I want all of my substance eaten up by hotel bills."

"Uncle Ike" pounded his knee by way of emphasis and proceeded to give further vent to his indignation by hunting a newspaper and looking through the want ads to see if he could locate a place where good board could be had for a small section of his income per week.

"THERE," sighed the professor, as he placed a drop of what looked like soup, but was really distilled paper, on a glass slide, "three waves of my wand and we will see what this rascally jobber has been selling to the government."

It was in the paper-testing division of the United States bureau of standards that this monologue took place. The government printing office has sent some samples of paper to be tested. The samples were warranted to be "pure poplar pulp paper."

"That's the poplar," murmured the professor, as he dropped some liquid from a glass tube upon the small globe of soup, and watched it turn purple. "Now for the spruce."

It required but a moment to pick up another glass tube and apply another drop of colorless liquid. Under its

## Uncle Sam Tests All Paper He Buys

magic influence part of the soup turned pink.

"Ha," sighed the professor; "about 10 per cent. of spruce. Once more."

A third drop was applied with a third glass tube, and the soup began to show several points of bright yellow.

"Rags," said the professor. "About five per cent."

The glass slide was slipped under the end of a microscope, and the professor took a good look and jotted down the areas occupied by the different colors.

"That jobber," said he, "either does not know what is in the paper he is selling or he is a liar. But the eye of the bureau of standards sees it all."

And so, indeed, it does. Even after the wood, rags, and other ingredients have been ground up into pulp and then made into paper, the hand of science resolves them again into their original ingredients and the eye of science sees the relative proportion of each as certainly as if the professor had stood beside the pulp mill when the paper was made.

## Camera Pest at the National Capital

of the trip. When they get back to the starting place the pictures, printed and mounted, ready for them.

**WAYS OF TELLING TIME.**  
Some of the Curious Contrivances Used for That Purpose.

From our Philippine possessions has come an account of a primitive device for recording time which deserves a place among the long list of contrivances for that purpose. It is used by the natives during certain sports. They bore a hole in the bottom of a coconut shell and let it fill with water. At a certain point it suddenly drops to the bottom of the basin. This calls "time."

Many were the devices for recording the flight of the hours before the coming of the clock. The most famous, which was made of various sizes and capable of recording with tolerable accuracy almost any given interval of time, although seldom one greater than an hour.

The burning of candles was another favorite device. Lines were drawn at different elevations for the fractional divisions of the period which the candle recorded. There was also an ingenious water-clock, which is even now occasionally seen in museums. The sun dial, for marking true astronomical time, was much in use in early days. In our latitude it would not be strictly accurate, except on a few days in the year, and its accuracy at other times would be of a varying quantity.—Harper's Weekly.

**New Name, Old Disease.**  
Ergophobia is a new disease. Its chief symptom is a diallia for

# WOMAN WEDS 14 MEN IN 45 YEARS

MRS. TOWNSEND OF DODGE, NEB., GETS HELPMETS CONFUSED WHEN TALKING OF THEM.

## LOSES BUT FIVE BY DEATH

Two Spouses Were Colorado Men and One New Lives in Cripple Creek —Advised for Last One.

Omaha, Neb. — Joseph Zoover, Charles E. Ewing, John J. Suits, O. H. Scott, Philip Moomaw, Charles Hitchcock, D. C. Bigford, George W. Smith, Henry Straw, Jesse Luman, Thomas Birchell, Edgar Fenton, Charles Henshy, A. W. Townsend, Mrs. A. W. Townsend of Dodge, Neb., has been married to 14 men within the last 45 years. Above is a complete list of their names in the order in which she married them. Her marriage to Townsend, a wealthy retired farmer, has just been celebrated.

Mrs. Townsend became the wife of Joseph Zoover, a Colorado miner, when she was 13 years old, and before she was 14 she was a mother and a widow. Before she was 15 she was married to Ewing, and before she was of age she had several husbands and was the mother of a number of children.

She is now 58 years old, and is a well-preserved and by no means unattractive woman.

All but five of her 14 husbands are living. All but two of the 14 served in the civil war.

Zoover, Suits, Scott, Bigford and Smith are dead. Ewing lives in Cripple Creek, Col.; Moomaw in Salt Lake City, Hitchcock in Oakland, Cal.; Straw, Luman and Birchell in Council Bluffs, Fenton in Seattle, and Henshy in Dayton, O.

Mrs. Townsend has had so many husbands that she sometimes experiences difficulty in recalling the names of some of them. When she talks of them she occasionally gets them confused and has to stop and think to get them straight in her mind. Their faces she cannot always recall, either, nor can she always recall clearly just what

escape and started to climb over the railing, at the same time announcing her intention of killing herself.

Susan Claw, her negro maid, clambered out after her, and managed to grasp her right arm, just as she was about to drop. The negroess, braced against the railing hung on with all her strength, and screamed at the top of her voice.

Mrs. Charles Viohl, who lives in the next flat, which opens upon the same fire escape, opened her front window, looked out, and then hastened to assist the maid. The two women held Mrs. Graff, who squirmed and twisted and fought with desperate energy.

The husband, rendered helpless from fright, ran about aimlessly on the sidewalk, while others prepared to catch the struggling woman.

When they dropped Mrs. Graff to the blankets below, Mrs. Viohl dropped on the fire escape in a dead faint.

**STRUCK A HORNET'S NEST.**  
This Hobo Will Visit Lincoln Park, N. J. No More.

Lincoln Park, N. J.—Stung by hornets, chewed up by a farm dog and then horsewhipped through her father's orchard for stealing peaches and chasing two young women through the Snyder orchard. They don't like her. This one did not even have a chance to shake the dust of the place from his person. It was shaken from him by a young farmer, William Jackson, who said afterward that he greatly enjoyed the task.

Miss Carlotta Snyder, daughter and heiress of the snug Snyder fortune, was the first to discover the tramp. She was wandering through her father's orchard with her friend, Miss Esther Burrigode, of Brooklyn, when they espied the man in one of the finest peach trees filling a bag with the fruit.

"That fellow is stealing my father's peaches!" cried Miss Snyder, and then she sternly ordered the tramp to leave the place.

"I'll steal you, too, for you are the finest peach in the orchard," declared the tramp, as he descended from the tree and ran toward the girls.

They screamed and fled, with the tramp in hot pursuit. In their flight the girls ran past a tree, on a lower limb of which was a large hornet's nest, and Miss Snyder, with a sudden inspiration, shook the limb vigorously and then ran on faster than ever.

"The angry insects swarmed on" just as the tramp reached the tree. His chase of the girls ended in flight there, and while he was fleeing from the hornets and fighting them, "Tige," the Snyder dog, arrived and gave battle. He would have killed the tramp, who had been bitten in a dozen places and stung in something less than a thousand more, when young Jackson arrived and pulled the dog off.

Then he led the tramp none too gently to a railroad siding, and leaning him against a freight car, soundly horsewhipped him. Mr. Tramp was forced to board a train, from which a brakeman promised to kick him 40 miles farther on.

Sailor Captures Leopard Shark. Santa Barbara, Cal.—A leopard shark, about three feet long, was captured alive by Capt. George Courley of the launch Vamoose, about a mile off the pleasure wharf. The shark is dark colored, with great blotches all over the body.

It is rated as a rare specimen of shark, is thick across the jaws and fore fins, with a body tapering to a slender tail. The mouth is large, and when the great slit is opened three rows of small teeth, not unlike the rays of a large fish, are revealed on either jaw.

The captive is in tow to the piles of the wharf by means of a strong cord tied to his tail.

**Eyes Frozen in Viewing Ice.**  
Cedar Falls, Ia.—While sitting in an engine house looking through a small opening and running an engine used to hoist ice into an icehouse, Frank Osagood's eyes were frozen. He has lost control of both eyes and it is feared he will lose his sight.

Big Sum for Charity. New York city will be required to spend this year \$2,287,944 for charity, besides \$926,203 for Bellevue and allied hospitals.

WON THE FATHER'S GRATITUDE. Old Doctor's Simple Method That Saved Child from Death.

"I have just passed through an experience that showed me what ten times the human life hangs on," said George J. Mattock of the Gilpatrick. "I was out in Denver when I received a telegram from my home in Springfield, Ill., telling me that my little five-year-old daughter was expected to die at any minute."

"Of course I rushed home at once. I found that she had been reaching for something white on top of a chair and in so doing had strangled herself and became sick a day or two afterward. Several of the prominent doctors of that town were called in, but all failed to find what was the matter. At last it was determined by the doctors who met in consultation that the girl could not live 24 hours."

"My wife and I were heartbroken. But I refused to give up hope. There was an old doctor in Springfield who used to be a favorite of my mother, and often she declared he could cure

any disease in existence. I never had much faith in him, however, but at this period I thought of the old doctor. And as a last resort I called him in."

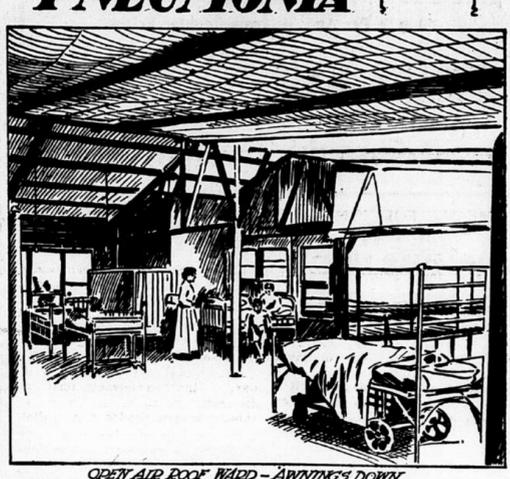
"When he came he asked about the cause of the accident. When we told him, he at once went to work and with such good results as to bring around the absolute recovery of my daughter. And the cure consisted of a simple poultice upon her back, the old doctor succeeded in loosening the blood clot and thus eliminating the whole trouble."

"Needless to say, the old doctor has obtained one client who will patronize him until death."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**Sure Enough.**  
Patience—I see it is said that the renting of wedding outfits is a large industry in France. It frequently happens that everything used is hired for the occasion.

Patience—Wonder what they have to pay for hiring the rice and old shoes?—Yonkers Statesman.

# OPEN AIR WAR ON PNEUMONIA



OPEN AIR WARD - AWNINGS DOWN

That fresh air is the best kind of medicine for almost every kind of disease which in any way affects the respiratory organs is coming more and more to be realized. Years ago persons suffering from bronchitis, pneumonia and kindred ailments were guarded with the most zealous care lest the least whiff of fresh, cool air should strike them or even enter the room where the patient was confined. And to the common mind even to-day pneumonia is associated with warm rooms protected from every draught, with efforts to keep the temperature equable. But such methods no longer receive the indorsement of the professional men whose business it is to keep pace with the latest developments of medical and surgical science. It is no longer the close room where the pneumonia patient is kept sheltered but in the apartment where the greatest amount of fresh air can be secured. Perhaps the Presbyterian hospital of New York has taken the most advanced steps in respect to this open air treatment for pneumonia, and a visit to their roof ward would come as a shock and a revelation to many who still hold to the old method of treatment.

There on that high, exposed place, with only canvas awnings to shelter from snow or rain are to be seen a score or more of patients on iron beds, their pallid faces upturned to the winter sky, their breath frosted by the keen wind, and the falling light of the bleak winter day giving an aspect of utter dreariness to the wind-swept space.

"These," said the doctor in attendance, with a comprehensive sweep of arm over the still, white faces, "are our pneumonia patients. We have now about 45 in all. Here is where we bring them to combat the disease. See this one—high fever, delirium when brought in, now resting comparatively easy—asleep, as you may see. This other, a child four years old—here, put your arms under the cover—there, now, keep still and go to sleep. Afraid of the dark? It won't hurt you. Go to sleep now. You'll wake up feeling all right."

Yet here were pneumonia patients, many of ten or twelve years, exposed to every winter blast that blew, no roof overhead, only an awning that could be slid over rods in case of rain or sleet or snow. It seemed barbaric. The doctor said that it was only revolutionary.

Here is Dr. William P. Northrup of the visiting staff of the Presbyterian hospital, and it was due to his strong faith in this radical idea, and to his insistence in the virtues of the open-air treatment for all suffering from pneumonia and acute infectious diseases, such as typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., that this open-air ward was established on the roof of the hospital.

"In one sense it is an experiment," Dr. Northrup said, "and in another it is not. I have employed the treatment in private practice and have been more than satisfied with the result. It is an experiment only in the sense that this is the first time it is being tried out in a hospital and on a large scale. It was only at the beginning of this winter that the ward was made ready for the reception of pneumonia patients. That is the only type of disease that we are treating in it now."

"The result has been satisfactory. It has been conclusively shown that no harm has followed the sending of the patients directly into the open air, and conspicuous benefits have been noted. The patients are less nervous, their sleep is better, and this conserves their strength; they are able to take more nourishment, and

know details about pneumonia cases taken out of doors on the roof. All pneumonia cases in the height of fever, while the stimulating effect of the pneumotoxin was full on, were regularly on the list to go to the roof for six hours on pleasant days. That did not mean avoiding winds or cold with sunlight, but avoiding rain or snow.

"It has been noted by the nurses that the children on rainy days, after being confined to the ward all day, become restless and peevish toward evening. When returned from a good airing on the roof they are hungry and sleepy. At night their sleep is quiet, profound, unbroken."

"This roof ward, in all stages, affords the greater emphasis now being laid by the medical profession on fresh-air treatment."

**Watercess Farms in England.**  
The development of watercess growing in Dorset, England, is enormous. One firm near Bere Regis employs no fewer than 40 men in the cultivation, cutting, and packing of cress, and the proprietor publicly stated a few days ago that he pays £2,000 a year in wages. The watercess, which is scientifically cultivated,

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