

THE PRICE WE PAY TO CONQUER THE AIR



YOU are a thousand feet in the air. Your engine is working evenly and your seasoned propellers are beating the air with an even roar that half deafens you. The wind of the open spaces sings in your ears. The wide wings are lifting you steadily higher and higher in great sweeping circles as you climb the air ladder toward the zenith. The world lies spread out beneath you like a colored map. You feel as free as the birds of the air; you long to measure your speed with the eagles.

Suddenly there is a crashing explosion behind and beneath you, and the wide and steady planes seem to crumple up like a sick crow's wings. The earth seems to leap up to meet you, and the rushing gale of air seems to tear the breath from your lungs. Your senses reel as the tremendous pull of gravity hurls you and your broken machine and coughing engine to the earth. Earth and sky seem to run together in an awful burst of flame, and blackness and blessed oblivion blot out the clouds and the good green earth for you forever.

It must be in some such manner that the aviator dies. There is but little evidence of the feelings that riot through the human brain when dropped from the clouds to the earth beneath. Few men survive a fall of any height, in spite of the number who are meeting with accidents in their efforts to master the air. In spite of the danger, which is admittedly great, the craze for the aeroplane and the sport of aviation is steadily growing. Yet ten years ago the heavier-than-air flyers were mere chimeras of a scientific brain.

On the seventeenth day of December, 1903, a thin-faced man hurled himself out into the air from a sandy hillside down in North Carolina. The first of the wind riders in the world's history made a long, gliding flight in a biplane on the hill slope near Kitty Hawk. Wilbur Wright was the first of the bird men to rise superior to the air. Five years later the brother of the first man to fly was trying out a new and powerful aeroplane under the direction of the officers of the United States army. On a September afternoon the strange new machine rose in full flight, carrying Lieutenant Selfridge as a passenger. Orville Wright was at the steering wheel. A guy wire was snapped by a whirling propeller, the great wings crumpled up, the mass of debris shot to the earth, and Selfridge, the first of a long line of martyrs to aviation, was dead at Fort Meyer.

Since that September afternoon, less than two years ago, 23 men have given up their lives to conquer the elastic and yet stable element—the air. Within one week this summer eight aviators and dirigible balloonists have been killed. Some notable things have been accomplished by the earnest students and the more foolhardy of the new school of exhibition flyers, but the price of success and mastery has been over a score of lives. Some of the men still in the game of flight have been dangerously injured time after time. Several of the nations of the world are beginning to wake up to the danger of inexperienced and irresponsible persons making flights. Austria has passed laws regulating attempts of her citizens to conquer the air. Russia has put the ban on the owning of machines by irresponsible persons, but it is generally understood that this is because of her fear of the new distance annihilators in the hands of nihilists and the radical reds.

In the United States a few folk are beginning to wonder how long it will be until something has to be done to stop the growing death roll among pioneers of the air. Aviators and aviation were openly condemned a few days ago by an influential journal of Cleveland, Ohio.

"To Those Who Exalt Themselves," the article was headed, and the following reactionary ideas were expressed: "The craze for dirigible balloons and airships should be legally restricted. It is unthinkable that the Creator intended that man should inhabit the air or fly like the birds. He would have furnished him with wings. The numerous deaths that have occurred from attempts to fly should warn man that his habitation and home is the earth."

But in spite of warnings, published and spoken, the craze for aviation remains unchecked. A thousand inventors are working in their shops, firm in the belief that they are in sight of the final secret that will wrest the mastery of the upper air spaces from the birds and place it in the hands of



HON. C. E. ROLLS AND SCENE OF WRECK IN WHICH HE MET HIS DEATH



M. LEFEVRE KILLED AT JUVISY

"wing riders." The blue vault of heaven is fretted by thousands of roaring propellers and shifting planes. "The bird men" are dreaming dreams of cross-continent flights. The more imaginative of them catch glimpses of visions of transatlantic trips, faster than the flight of the frigate bird.

It may happen the hour of trial comes in the very midst of an apparent success. Engines may be working perfectly and with even beat. The roar of the spinning propellers may be droning a song of confidence and security. Then something snaps; a guy wire parts like a stretched fiddle string, the roar of the engine breaks and sputters, or the big planes crumple because of some unguessed weakness. Then comes that terrible rush of air as the machine, engine, rent planes and tangle of bent and broken framework bears the aviator to a terrible death.

When wireless telegraphy was invented it was but a year or so until the country was filled with amateurs, all busily working on new theories of transferring messages. As soon as the Wrights, Farman, Bleriot, Paulhan and Curtiss and others had demonstrated that a heavier-than-air machine could actually remain in the air, in a thousand barns, warehouses and back-yard woodsheds all over the civilized world men and boys began to try to build for themselves machines in which to spurn the solid earth. Hysterically, the science of aviation has been taken up, and with a few more improvements the death roll will grow to even greater proportions. So far most of the men who have met death have been veteran aviators. Delagrang, Le Blon, Ferber, Lefevre and Rolls were all well-known and internationally famous in the air fields. But the moment came that found them helpless despite their skill.

With the multiplying of factories where the cheap fliers can be constructed will come a rush of amateurs into the ranks of the aviators. More deaths are bound to follow when these would-be man birds have bought for themselves machines and start in to perfect themselves in the art of flight. The list of deaths is bound to grow as soon as the means of flight is brought within reach of the average purse. A shower of would-be aviators from the clouds to the "too solid earth" will further demonstrate that the mastery of the air must be bought with human life.

An analysis of the accidents of the past two years shows that death comes in a dozen shapes to the daring aviator. The aeroplane is a pitifully new thing, and even the veterans of the air are not always able to detect in their machines the lurking weaknesses. The first of the aeroplane accidents that resulted fatally was caused by the guy wire of one of the planes being placed too near the propeller blades. Selfridge died in this accident and Orville Wright was terribly injured. It was months before he again took up the problem of aerial flights.

It was a year later before death took his toll again from the ranks of the air workers. On the seventh of September, 1909, two men, the foremost aviators in their respective countries, met their deaths. Rossi was engaged in testing a machine of his own invention near Rome, and after a few short and successful flights at a low altitude he tilted his planes upward at a considerable angle and shot into the air for an ambitious trial. He had barely reached a height of 60 feet till some of the intricate machinery gave way and he was dashed to death. M. Lefevre, a well-known aeronaut of France, was killed on the same day while soaring above Juvisy in a Wright biplane. Two weeks later the pride of the Frenchmen in aeronautics, Capt. Louis Ferdinand Ferber, a pioneer in the art of flying, was killed in a peculiar accident, one of the many unexplainable ones that mark the chronology of flight. He was soaring over a field near Boulogne, when his machine "turned turtle" in the air.

It was thought that he had pointed the plane tips of his flier toward the earth in an effort to make a landing and in some manner the planes were capsized. He was crushed to death beneath his heavy motor in the fall. The French have been the heaviest losers in life of any of the nations interested in aeronautics. Half a score of daring and temperamental Frenchmen have paid with their lives the penalty for venturing into the sky spaces on frail machines of silk, aluminum and piano wire. The Germans are the next heaviest losers in life and property. The wrecking of the numerous rigid and semi-rigid dirigibles of the Zeppelin and Parseval types has hit hard the backers of the German idea in aeronautics. The casualties for the year 1909 were terminated by the death of the Spanish aviator, Fernandez, at Nice, on December 6. He was a martyr to the idea of lightness in aeroplane construction. His death was undoubtedly caused by trying to fly with a motor that was entirely too light for the strain it had to bear during his determined flights. While sweeping in great circles over the aviation grounds of the French city the tiny motor gave way with a splitting crash. The watchers turned their heads away while the swift fall lasted.

In spite of the warning conveyed in his death, many aviators even yet are sacrificing safety for lightness in their engines. Delagrang, who was killed in the first week of January, 1910, made the opposing mistake of having an engine whose weight was too great for his wing area. His planes were not sufficiently large to bear up under the weight of his heavy motor, when under the strain of full flight. Delagrang was the first aviator to carry a passenger with him in his aerial trips. Mrs. Pettier, the first woman passenger in the history of the aeroplane, made a flight with him in July, 1908.

After the death of Delagrang, the first few months of 1910 were devoid of fatal accidents. Aviation meetings were going on late in the winter in America, southern Europe and in Egypt. It was April in the present year before Le Blon was killed on the Spanish seacoast at San Sebastian. Le Blon was the idol of the more daring aviators. He had attracted international attention by his remarkable flights at Doncaster, England, late in October of the previous year. He had dared the winds to do their worst in a 15-mile flight on October 19, and on the next day he made a trip that all aviators, even his nervous fellow-countrymen, characterized as foolhardy. A great gale blew up out of the Atlantic on the night of October 18, growing steadily worse through the night of the nineteenth. It was the sort that sweeps the "tight little island" every autumn, a terrific blow that comes roaring up the channel from the Atlantic, sending fishermen and channel shipping scurrying for shelter in some rock-bound harbor.

In the midst of this great gale the Frenchman announced that he was going to make a flight. In aeronautical records the flight that he made that day is set down as being "a foolhardy flight in a great gale."

The death roll has grown rapidly in this, the summer of 1910. On May 13, Michelin was carried by a strong wind against a derrier, and in the fall that followed sustained injuries that caused his death. Eugene Spier was killed at San Francisco while practicing on a "glider." M. Robt met his death in a meet at Stettin. Waechter was killed at Reims. Charles Stewart Rolls, hero of England by reason of his remarkable flight from Dover to Calais and return, was killed at Bournemouth through a rudder of his own invention failing to answer the lever. Kinest, a Belgian, met his death during a recent aviation exhibition in a French town. Eugene Ely, while trying for the third time to make a continuous flight from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, fell from a height of several hundred feet and was killed.

The dirigibles have been the occasion of nine of the twenty-three deaths of the last two years. On September 25, 1909, the French war balloon, the Republique, on its way to Meudon from the field maneuvers at La Palisse, was destroyed, supposedly by a propeller blade breaking off and ripping open the walls of the craft. Four men were killed in the fall of 1909, that followed the utter collapse of the dirigible. In the destruction of the Erbsloeh, at Leichlingen, Germany, a few days ago, five men, including the inventor, met their doom.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Solve the Ciphers Used by Yeggmen



WASHINGTON—Here is a unique receipt for "soup:"

"First, take about ten or a dozen Impspwri hz xug, crumble it up fine and put it in a pan or wash bowl, then pour over it enough uswhohs (either chhx or akyl) to cover it well. Stir it up well with your hands, being careful to break all the lumps; leave it set for a few minutes; then get a few yards of cheesecloth and tear it in pieces and strain the mixture through the cloth into another vessel, wring the sawdust dry and throw it away. The remains will be Lhal uxg uswhohs mixed; next take the same amount of water as you used of uswhohs and pour it in; leave the whole set for a few minutes."

It is the "soup" of yeggmen, whose particular business is robbing safes. A crude cipher runs through the rigamarole—merely a subdivision of the alphabet and the substitution of one letter for another. The first six letters beginning with A are substituted for the last six beginning with U, and so on, with the single exception that N is taken out of its turn and made the equivalent of G, an irregularity intended to protect the cipher from detection. But no cipher is proof against expert analysis: certainly not this one, which, though still used by "yeggs," nevertheless is known to the

police, to post office inspectors and the treasury secret service people.

Translating, you find that to make the soup you take ten or a dozen sticks of dynamite and use either wood or pure alcohol in the manner directed.

Fewer depredations by yeggmen are reported this year than usual. Last fall a series of such crimes occurred and since that time apparently there has been a period of inactivity among these most dangerous of plunderers. The post office inspectors, whose contact with yeggmen is frequent, since the attacks are often directed against country post offices, hesitate to say whether there has been an actual reduction in their numbers; for experience goes to show that waves of crime seem to sweep the country after intervals of varying length.

The "yeggmen" are especially feared because of their recklessness regarding the sacrifice of human life. Of itself, handling the "soup" is a dangerous business. The explosion is a menace to anyone in the building, and often the robbers must make a running fight of it to "make a get-away with the swag."

The name is of gypsy origin, and among gypsies indicates a clever thief, so the "yegg" is a wandering thief, generally a "hobo." As late as twenty years ago one tramp meeting another and desiring to be sure of his identity as a professional tramp, saluted him, "Ho, Beau." It was the password establishing at once a confidential partnership on a basis approaching outlawry. The "yeggs" generally are tramps, though not all tramps are "yeggs."

Blind Man Tells of Baseball Game



IMAGINE, if you can, one who has never seen the light of day, sitting in his accustomed place in the grand stand rooting with all his energy for the success of the home team, and you can easily figure out just why Washington always supports a ball team, although her ball tossers have not finished in the first division during the last decade.

Eugene Brewerton, familiarly known to his friends as "Jack," has perhaps as wide acquaintance among the patrons of the national game at the capital as "Gabby" Street or Walter Johnson, and is unquestionably the most unique rooter who ever patronized the sport. "Jack" was born in Columbus, S. C., 24 years ago, and after receiving a public school education matriculated at the University of South Carolina. He came to Washington a few years ago to study law at the Georgetown University, and it is his ambition to become as famous a lawyer as the blind senator from Oklahoma, Thomas Pryor Gore.

But "Jack" does not believe in giving his entire attention to study, and, accordingly, he has found it to his liking to take in the ball games. Not only is he familiar with every characteristic of the members of the local team, but he knows as well the records and playing abilities of the visiting aggregations.

"I have often been asked how, as a blind man, I can enjoy a game. Why, there is nothing going on I don't get. I know the finer points of the game, and can map out plays which I think Jim McAleer in his palmest days could not duplicate. Don't you think it is a pleasure to see chaps of the Milan type skip around the diamond? I cannot help from yelling every time I see him completing the circuit. Then there is Speaker of the Boston team, and Cobb of the Tigers. How I love to 'watch' them in action!"

"It is my firm belief that all blind people have a sort of intuition, and everything that is going on around them makes a picture in their mind. That is the way it appears to me, anyhow. I can sit in the grand stand in the ball park and picture what Walter Johnson and the rest of the players look like."

"When the game is over, I don't have the least trouble getting to the street cars. I can feel my way along the grand stand and reach the street."

Attempt to Stop Infantile Paralysis



TROUBLED by the inroads the disease is making in some of the eastern states at the present time, the government has ordered an investigation into the epidemic of infantile paralysis. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and the city of Washington, D. C., have felt the disease the heaviest this year, and the scores of deaths that have occurred among the little ones of that district has caused Uncle Sam to take some action.

Dr. Wyman of the Public Health and Marine hospital service, is the leader in the investigation, and he made the announcement this week that he believes the disease to be both infectious and contagious. Although

the disease is often fatal, its appalling feature is that many children affected are permanently crippled or deformed, robbed of speech or hearing. In a word, infantile paralysis is not a slaughter but a mutilation of the innocents. The disease commonly attacks children under five years of age, but occasionally an adult is its victim.

Its shining mark at this minute in the east is William Hinrich, a pitcher of the Washington American league in Washington, and his entire right baseball team. He is in a hospital arm paralyzed. At the present time there are over 500 cases of the disease in Washington alone, while Philadelphia and New York city reports even greater numbers. Nothing is known of the cause of the disease other than that it is believed to come from a germ, but even these have not yet been found. The disease usually appears during June, reaches its greatest prevalence during July and August and subsides in September.

Government Prisoners Go in Style



THE Leavenworth Overland Special" is a palatial Pullman car which runs every now and then from Washington to a certain rest cure out west with a stone wall around it. The tours are personally conducted and are rapidly becoming famous.

Every once in awhile your Uncle Sam runs across certain persons who, he believes, are leading a too active existence. A rest cure is what they need. Uncle Sam takes charge of them and sends them, after certain legal formalities, such as a trial and verdict are compiled with, out to Leavenworth to recuperate.

With Uncle Samuel there is no class distinction. Deeds count. It doesn't matter whether he was a "man higher up" or not. He travels like one. He travels to the golden west in a Pullman, he has porters to wait on him and extremely attentive detectives to see that he is comfortable. He lolls in plush swivel chairs and he dines in those neat little la carte Pullman buffets on chicken, porterhouse steak, and all the side dishes. He eats what he pleases and he does not tip the waiter, neither does he pay the bill. Uncle Sam attends to that. It is a delightful trip that is furnished him in his concluding days of freedom—days he is not likely to forget.

From Washington to Leavenworth is a trip of more than 1,500 miles. On every mile of the journey the wants of Uncle Sam's prisoners and guards are well catered to, as evidenced by the hampers of chicken, beef, ham, eggs, sardines and so on, down to the more ethereal delights of the tourist library.

It is not always that a lack of money is a benefit. A lady of Green Forest, Ark., owes her health to the fact that she could not pay in advance the fee demanded by a specialist to treat her for stomach trouble. In telling of her case she says:

"I had been treated by four different physicians during 10 years of stomach trouble. Lately I called on another who told me he could not cure me; that I had neuralgia of the stomach. Then I went to a specialist who told me I had catarrh of the stomach and said he could cure me in four months but would have to have his money down. I could not raise the necessary sum and in my extremity I was led to quit coffee and try Postum.

"So I stopped coffee and gave Postum a thorough trial and the results have been magical. I now sleep well at night, something I had not done for a long time; the pain in my stomach is gone and I am a different woman."

"I dreaded to quit coffee, because every time I had tried to stop it I suffered from severe headaches, so I continued to drink it although I had reason to believe it was injurious to me, and was the cause of my stomach trouble and extreme nervousness. But when I had Postum to shift to it was different.

"To my surprise I did not miss coffee when I began to drink Postum. Coffee had been steadily and surely killing me and I didn't fully realize what was doing it until I quit and changed to Postum."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE

Has cured thousands and it can cure you. Relieves from the first. All Druggists, 25¢

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water



Slenderly—It must be, pet; it's gone to sleep.

Husbands and Housecleaning.

The reason a man wants to get as far away from home as he can during housecleaning is that everything looks so desperate and it seems as if the work never would be done. If you would use Easy Task soap the work would be over in less time and would be done more thoroughly. Easy Task isn't like the yellow soap that leave a lot of grease and rosin behind them; it makes everything sweet and clean; and it runs the roaches away. Confidentially, it is sure death to the "critters" that like to nest in the bedsteads.

Good Record Made by Women.

Through the activity of women, in the anti-tuberculosis campaign, sanatoria and hospitals for the treatment of tuberculosis have been erected; traveling libraries have been circulated, posters, circulars and other kinds of literature have been distributed to the number of millions of pieces, thousands of lectures have been given, large sums of money have been secured, hundreds of needy cases have been helped; tuberculosis work has been started in many communities where no movement had existed; and millions of women have learned the dangers and methods of prevention of tuberculosis. The work of the women extends from the drawing room of the rich to the homes of the poor, and embraces all classes, including the factory girl and millionaire. During the coming year a special campaign of lectures to women will be carried on in all parts of the United States.

A Diplomat.

"And how old should you say I am?" giggled the golden-haired spinster, with a coy glance at BJones.

"Ah, Miss Smiley," replied BJones, with a low bow, "I do not think you are old at all. Ask rather how young do I take you to be."

—And she was so pleased she forgot to.—Harper's Weekly.

Points of View.

Venus was rising from the sea.

"What a vision!" cried the men on the beach.

"What a horrid bathing suit!" echoed the women, enviously.—Chicago News.

LACK OF MONEY Was a Godsend in This Case.

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