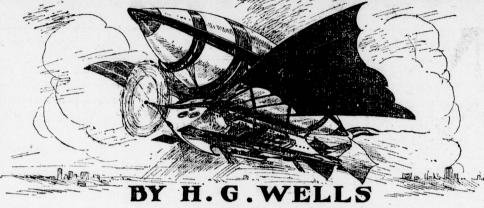
The WAR IN THE AIR



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CHAPTER I.

Bert Smallways Arises.

HIS here progress," said Mr. Tom Smallways, "it keeps on. "You'd hardly think it could keep on," said Tom Smallways.

was long before the war in the It was long before the war in the air began that Mr. Smallways made this remark. He was sitting on the fence at the end of his garden and surveying the great Bun hill gas works with an eye that neither praised nor blamed. Above the clustering gasometers three unfamiliar shapes appeared, thin, wallowing bladders that flapped and rolled about and grew bigger and bigger and rounder and rounder and rounder—balloons in course of inflation for the South of England Aero club's Satworks with an eye that neither praised South of England Aero club's Saturday afternoon ascent.

Young Bert Smallways possessed younger than Tom and had touched the fringe of a number of trades in the fringe of a number of trades in succession—draper's porter, chemist's boy, doctor's page, junior assistant gasfiter, envelope addresser, milk cart assistant, golf caddie, and at last helper in a bicycle shop. Here apparently he found the progressive quality his nature had craved. His employer, was a pirate souled young employer was a pirate souled young man named Grubb.

Then the most astounding incident in the whole of that dramatic chapter of human history, the coming of fly-ng, occurred. People talk glibly ing, occurred. enough of epoch making events; this was an epoch making event. It was the unanticipated and entirely successful flight of Mr. Alfred Butteridge from the Crystal palace to Glasgow and back in a small businesslike looking machine, heavier than alr—an entirely manageable and controllable machine that could fly as well as a pi-geon. It wasn't, one felt, a fresh step of a bird.

nowhere Fate still succeeds in producing for the stimulation of mankind. He came, it was variously said, from Australia and America and the south of France. His return to London was an occasion of unparalleled excitement. Tom and Bert Smallways both motice a good lot of bluish, evil smell-notice a good lot of bluish, evil smell-

to use his own idiom, "give the newspapers fits." The next day it was clear the fits had been given even as "Bert!" she screamed.

But Bert had put on the brakes with he said; their magazine pages were black with hasty photographs; their the headline. The next day they were worse. Before the week was out they were not so much published as carried screaming into the street. The dominant fact in the uproar was the extended to the side of the state o

manded for the secret of his machine.

He faced the British public now with
the question whether they wanted his
secret or not. He was, he said perpetually, an "imperial Englishman," and
his first wish and his last was to see
his invention the privilege and monopoly of the empire. Only—

An earnest looking man in a very
light gray eveling suit had suddents.

It was there the difficulty began. Mr. Butteridge, it became evident. was a man singularly free from any false modesty. His published portraits insisted primarily upon an immense black mustache and secondarily upon a fierceness behind the mustache. He a hereeness behind the mustache. He had a height of six feet two inches and a weight altogether proportionate to that. Moreover, he had a love affair man to Grubb. "Ketch hold!" and a weight altogether proportionate to that. Moreover, he had a love affair of large and unusual dimensions and irregular circumstances, and the still smothered down upon it. There was a largely decorous British public learned moment of triumph, but in the end the with reluctance and alarm that a sym- flames conquered. pathetic treatment of this affair was

One fact, however, remained permanent throughout all the developments of this affair behind Butteridge's preposterous love interest, his politics and personality and all his shouting and boasting, and that was that so form personality and all his shouting and boasting, and that was that, so far as the motorear, "my tarpaulin's a bit

don Daily Requiem first voiced the universal alarm and published an interview under the terrific caption of "Mr. Edna.

Butteridge Speaks His Mind."

Therein the inventor poured out his heart.

"I came," he said, "bringing me motherland the secret that would give her the empire of the world. And he was destined as a matter of fact what do I get?' He paused. "I am suffed at by eiderly mandarins. And the woman I love is treated like a leper! There are nations that will not Grubb & Smallways in a state of pro-

The firm of Grubb & Smaliways, The motorcycle business was very dull But it is a poor heart that never r. joices, and Whitsuntide had an air o coming as an agreeable break in the business complications of Grubb & Smallways. They decided to ignore the hiring trade on Sunday and devote that day to much needed relaxation. It happened that they made the ac-quaintance of two young ladies in em-ployment in Clapham, Miss Flossic Bright and Miss Edna Bunthorne, and it was resolved, therefore, to make a cheerful little cyclist party of four into the heart of Kent.

Miss Bright could ride a bicycle, and

a machine was found for her. Miss Bunthorne, whom Bert particularly affected, could not ride, and so with some difficulty he hired a basketwork trailer from the big business of Wray's.

in the Clapham road.

In the evening about 7 the party turned homeward, expecting no disasforward in the matter so much as a giant stride, a leap. Mr. Butteridge remained in the air altogether for about nine hours and during that time he flew with the ease and assurance and sourched past a number of cyclists and by a four wheeled motorcar of had scorched past a number of cyclists and by a four wheeled motorcar of the old style lamed by a deflated tire. He was one of those gentlemen from Some dust had penetrated Bert's horn, owhere Fate still succeeds in prowheezing sound had got into his "honk, saw that return from the crest of Bun ing smoke coming from about the bear-hill. Bert knew enough of things and the this was one of the natural concomiproblem of aeronautics to realize that tants of motor traction and troubled this gigantic imitation of a bee would, no more about it until abruptly it burst

he said; their magazine pages were black with hasty photographs; their prose was convulsive; they foamed at mounted. She got to the side of the

ceptional personality of Mr. Butteridge and the extraordinary terms he demanded for the secret of his machine. and the flame, which was now beginning to smell of enamel as well as oil, spread and grew.

An earnest looking man in a very light gray cycling suit had suddenly appeared at the side of the lame motor-car and addressed the owner. "Have you a tarpaulin?" he said.

The gentlemanly man, with feeble and deprecatory gestures and in the manner of a hypnotized person, pro-

"Save the trailer!" cried some one. pathetic treatment of this analysis save the transfer inseparable from the exclusive acquisition of the priceless secret of aerial battle. But the trailer could not be

danger of falling through. The Lon-|deed," he said, "if you'll come with

"But what's Bert going to do?" said "I'll have to stick 'ere for a bit."

sald Bert. "I got to see the thing through. You go on, Edna." "Don't like leavin' you, Bert."
"See you tomorrer," said Bert, though

Grubb & Smallways in a state of pro-found despondency. It seemed a small matter to them that the newspaper and cigarette shop opposite displayed In such a placard as this:

> REPORTED AMERICAN ULTI-MATUM.

> BRITAIN MUST FIGHT. OUR INFATUATED WAR OF-

FICE STILL REFUSES TO LIS-TEN TO MR. BUTTERIDGE.

GREAT MONORAIL DISASTER AT TIMBUKTU

WILL AMERICA FIGHT? ANTI-GERMAN RIOT IN BAG-DAD.

THE MUNICIPAL SCANDALS AT DAMASCUS. BUTTERIDGE'S INVEN-TION FOR AMERICA.

no good 'anging on to a losing con-cern. No sort of good. Jest foolish- "Will all

d'you think of going. Bert?" he asked.



Everybody was looking at the bal loon.

"Not singing in the streets?"

chines from the hiring stock, painting them over with crimson enamel paint, replacing the bells by the loudest sort of motor horn and doing a ride about to begin and end the entertainment. They decided their costumes should be brown stockings and sandals and cheap unbleached sheets with a hole cut in the middle and wigs and beards of tow—the rest their normal selves!
"The Desert Dervishes" they would call themselves, and their chief songs would be those popular dittles "In My Trailer" and "What Price Hairpins Now?" They decided to begin with small seaside places and gradually, as they gained confidence, attack larger centers. To begin with they selected Littlestone, in Kent, chiefly because of

its unassuming name. So you will understand the sudden apparition that surprised, rather de-lighted, the quiet informality of Dymchurch sands

"Ladies and gentlemen," they said, "we beg to present ourselves, the Des-ert Dervishes." They bowed profound-ly and struck into the cheerful strain of "What Price Hairpins Now?"

As Bert and Grubb bawled their chorus for the third time they became aware of a very big golden brown bal-loon low in the sky to the northwest

and coming rapidly toward them.

They finished their dance and then stood frankly staring.

a brisk northwesterly breeze. The song in the state possess the most delicate and dance were a "dead frost." No and dance were a "dead frost." No-body thought any more about it. Even class by themselves. Bert and Grubb forgot it and ignored the next item on the program alto- 400 years ago in the heart of Mexico.

ropes fell back, or jumped back, into the car. In another moment it was quite close. It seemed a huge affair, land, and it has borne that name ever as big as a house, and it floated down swiftly toward the sands. A long rope trailed behind it, and enormous shouts came from the man in the car. He seemed to be taking off his clothes; then his head came over the side of "Catch hold of the rope!" they

heard quite plain.
"Salvage, Bert!" cried Grubb and started to head off the rope.

Bert followed him, went down on all fours and achieved a grip. In half a dozen seconds the whole diffused popuorganization. lation of the beach had, as it were crystallized on the rope and was pull

ing against the balloon.
"Pull her in," said the man in the car. "She's fainte!!"

The balloon ceased to struggle and sank downward. Bert dropped the "Grubb, o' man," said Bert, "I'm fair rope and ran forward to catch it in sick of this shop,"

"There's that trailer," said Grubb had his hand on the car. "Lay hold after a pause.

"Blow the trailer!" said Bert. "Anyhow, I didn't leave a deposit on it.
Look 'ere. We been losing money hand
over fist; we aren't gettin' on here."

and his hand on the car. "Lay hold
of it." said the man in the car, and his
face appeared close to Bert's—a
strangely familiar face, fierce eyebrows, a flattish nose, a huge black
mustache. He had discarded coat and "What can we do?" said Grubb, waistcoat—perhaps with some idea of "Clear out. Sell what we can for presently having to swim for his life—what it will fetch and quit. See? It's and his black hair was extraordinarily

"Will all you people get hold round ness."

Grubb looked round the shop. It certainly had become distasteful. "Where heart—heaven alone knows which. the car?" My name is Butteridge. Now, please d'you think of going. Bert?" he asked.

Bert turned round and regarded him.
"I thought it out as I was walking ome and in bed. I couldn't sleep a cord falled, and the valve wouldn't

In the car, sprawling upon a sort of bed bench, in an attitude of elaborate self abandonment, was a large blond lady, wearing a fur coat and a big floriferous hat. Her head lolled back against the pudded corner of the car. and her eyes were shut and her mouth open. "Me dear!" said Mr. Butteridge in a common, loud voice, "We are

She gave no sign.

He swept the lady together by a powerful movement of his arms and lifted her. "Keep the car from jumping," he said to those who clustered about him. "Keep your weight on it. She is no light woman, and when she is out of it it will be relieved." Bert leaped lightly into a sitting po-

sition on the edge of the car. The others took a firmer grip upon the ropes and ring. "Are you ready?" said Mr. Butteridge.

He stood upon the bed bench and lifted the lady carefully. Then he sat down on the wicker-edge opposite to Bert and put one leg over to dangle was just at this moment, with Mr. Butteridge and the lady balanced finely on the basket brim, that she came to with a loud, heartrend-ing cry of "Alfred, save me!" And she waved her arms searchingly and then clasped Mr. Butteridge about.

It seemed to Bert that the car swayd for a moment and then buckjumped and kicked him. Also he saw the boots of the lady and the right leg of the gentleman describing arcs through the air preparatory to vanishing over the side of the car. His impressions were complex, but they also comprehended the fact that he had lost his balance and was going to stand on his head inside this creaking basket. His nose buried itself in a bag of sand The car gave a violent lurch and be-

GLANCE AT WORLD AFFAIRS

of representatives will show heard because of faulty acoustic properties of the national capitol hall, and this protest eventuated in a readust ment of the scheme of things which obviates the cause of complaint. While the new house will be only a little larger than the senate chamber, which accommodates ninety-two members, it will have seats for more than

The President's Turkey. Several million turkeys will be eaten by the people of the United States on in the Quaker City. Nov. 30. President Taft and the other members of the White House family will enjoy a prize bird sent with the compliments of Horace Vose of Westerly, R. I., who has been supplying presidents with turkeys since 1873, when he shipped one to President Grant that weighed thirty-two pounds when it was dressed for the oven Everybody now was looking at the balloon, drawing rapidly nearer before keys. Epicures say the birds raised

gether. The balloon was bumping as though its occupants were trying to land. It would approach, sinking slowmen that they called the "pavo," or ly, touch the ground and instantly peacota. They took a number of these jump fifty feet or so in the air and immediately begin to fall again. Its car touched a clump of trees, and the black figure that had been struggling in the

> Clergymen of all denominations are discussing the practical methods tried by the men and religion forward movement to "take religion to man." New York city just now is the center of a unique campaign of evangelism, churches, theaters, factories, department stores and public highways be-

who addresses the American Associa-tion For Highway Improvement con-

hundred bankers of the Several American Bankers' association are preparing to leave New Orleans, their con-



McGavock Dickinson, government's special counsel in steel trust suit.

vention city, for a trip to the Panama canal. Their visit is inspired by a desire for first hand knowledge regarding the great ditch for which bonds recent

Milady at the Horse Show

Fashionable women from all parts of the world are giving a public ex-hibit of clothes at the international ow in Madison horse den, New York. It is the most won-derful exhibit of the kind that has ever been seen. A tremendous quantity of furs are being worn, and they look like the last word in luxury.
The furs are very much like last year's. Long scarfs of furs and fabrics are the vogue. A good deal of moleskin is seen, and suble is holding her place as the queen of the expensive skins. Hat, searf and muff match. Purple is the predominating color for costumes, and a French fad has been taken up. It is white kid boots worn with dark walking suits. The smart new boot is the gaiter effect, with tops of white or elephant gray kid or cloth. The new triangular muff is conspicuously in evidence. Fabric hand bags match the frocks. Milady at the horse show, which now is the overshadowing event in society, wears the small close fitting "skyscraper" hat in the morning, the large, flat cre-

RATORICAL effort in the house its first stop. The executives who are preparing to start out on this unique the result of a mending proc-ess when the Sixty-second Burke of North Dakota, Vessey of Congress convenes on Dec. 4. For years the members had protested that it was difficult to make themselves the difficult to make themselves the sould be seen that the state of t gon, Hay of Washington and Johnson of California.

Army and Navy on Gridiron.
Philadelphia is all eagerness for the annual football clash between the West Point cadets and Uncle Sam's naval students at Annapolis. test takes place on Franklin field, and already a good sized advance guard of the thousands of football enthusiasts who witness these stirring contests on the gridiron have arrived

The Steel Trust Suit.

In the titanic struggle now being waged by the government on one hand and the United States Steel corporation on the other lies the crystalliza-



George Gray, one of the judges who will hear steel trust suit.

tion of federal prosecution of so called trusts, as united steel interests con-stitute the world's largest single corporation. Obvious, therefore, is the fact that the result of this particular fight to crush such a huge combine will The Road Builders.

"Road building is the nation's most profitable asset," says President Taft, the United States Steel corporation, which petition was filed in the circuit court at Trenton, N. J., several weeks vention in Richmond. Va. All road associations in this country and Canada of its field could the defendant's bilaffiliated with the association have sent representatives.

lion dollar capitalization be justified. The petition also names thirty-six subsidiary corporations and individuals, the latter-including John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan and Charles M. Schwab. The latter four are no longer directors of the Steel corporation.

Attorney General Wickersham en-gaged ex-Secretary of War Jacob Mc-Gavock Dickinson to prepare the government petition, and for this reason it is the general assumption that Mr. Dickinson will be the chief figure representing the government in handling the case in the courts. The former sec retary of war was the Democratic member of President Taft's cabinet. He is called a fighter by his friends and scored one of his biggest legal victories in the Alaskan boundary dis-

Francis Lynde Stetson, who heads the Steel corporation's imposing array of counsel, officiated in a like capacity when the combination was organized in 1901 and consolidated, under the financial management of J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., the principal steelmaking companies in the country, many of which were in themselves corpora-

Daughters of the Confederacy. It was announced at the general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which met in Richmond, Va., that its membership now exceeds 80,000. Organization of this body was effected in Nashville, Tenn., on Sept. 10, 1894.

Labor at Atlanta.

The eyes of labor are focused upon Atlanta, Ga., where the American Federation of Labor is holding its thirtyfirst annual convention.

Tuning Up.
The musical world is also tuning up. the Metropolitan Opera House in New York and Oscar Hammerstein's new opera house in London both having opened on Nov. 13.

Tippecanoe Centennial.

The centennial of the battle of Tippecanoe was held in Lafayette, Ind., on Nov. 6 and 7. This was not only a glorious victory, but led to important developments in the hard cider campaign.

The Beattie Murder.

This month writes the final chapter in the Beattle wife murder case, which aroused the state of Virginia. Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., on Friday, Sept. 8 the mass of people knew, he was in sole possession of the secret of the practicable aeroplane in which, for all one could tell to the contrary, the key of the future empire of the world resided. And presently, to the great constenation of innumerable people, including among others Mr. Bert Small, and that's too 'ot touch. Is Clarp ways, if became apparent that whatever negotiations were in progress for the acquisition of this precious secret be acquisition of this precious secret by the British government were in the motorcar and constructed in the streets?"

"Streets, No fear! But 'ow about the tour of the watering places of England, Grubb, Singing, Young and Grubb, Singing, Young and the latter hat and theater bounct in the evening.

"Confound it," be said.

"Confound it," be said.

"Confound it," be said.

"It's limb were mixed up with the garments Mr. Butteridge up with the str