

THE FLIGHT.

How John Edwards Got the Money For a Trip to Switzerland.

The sun had been too hot for John Edwards. He was not a strong man at best, and he had been reckless. John was in a hurry, and instead of taking the shady side of the street he carelessly neglected this precaution and defied the torrid rays. A good many people were affected that day by the heat, and their names made a long list in the morning papers.

When John Edwards returned to his office—he was the local representative of an out-of-town iron mill, his head ached and his skin seemed painfully parched. He bathed his face in cold water and, being a little dizzy, sat down suddenly and waited. A little later he picked up the morning paper and glanced at it, and was surprised to notice how queerly the type joggled itself about. And when he tried to hold the paper very still and give the lines a chance to settle back in their places he was alarmed by the way they resisted his efforts.

He let the paper fall presently and, staggering to the washstand, soaked the towel in cold water and tied it about his head. Then he fell back into the chair again and almost instantly dropped asleep, if sleep it could be called.

When he awoke he was waving his hand to the motorman of a suburban car. He stepped aboard the platform and passed up the aisle to a front seat. He wasn't quite sure that he understood why he took the suburban car. He had thought only the day before of making a little trip into the country and taking his wife with him. There was a pretty place, a gorge on a quiet stream, he liked to visit, and he concluded he was on his way there now. He was sorry he hadn't brought his wife with him.

He paid little attention to the progress of the car, and it was not until he was well out in the country that he looked about him.

"Stop 17," the conductor called. John Edwards remembered that the "stop" he used was "18," and when the car resumed its rapid pace he pressed the button.

As he left the car he noticed the conductor looked at him a little curiously.

"Going over to the shed?" he asked. "I guess so," John answered, somewhat vaguely.

"Better look out for shotguns," the conductor warned him. "Thank you," said John. "I'll remember."

He swung himself to the roadway and took the slanting path down the embankment, and then followed the trail along the stream. Presently he noticed in the clearing on one side, half hidden by a grove of trees, a peculiar looking shed.

And just then a voice hailed him. A man was standing by the fence that inclosed the field, a young man, a hatless young man, very sallow, and with a short briarwood pipe in his mouth.

"Hallo, friend," said this stranger. "In a hurry?"

"No," replied John Edwards. He knitted his brows thoughtfully. "I am quite sure there is no claim upon my time."

"Good," said the stranger. "Like to take a ride?"

John Edwards looked around. "Yes," he said in the same deliberate way.

"Good again," said the sallow stranger. "You are not a nervous man, are you?"

John Edwards shook his head. "Is it a question of nerves?" he asked with a cunning smile.

"Oh, no," replied the young man. "Nerves really have nothing to do with it. It's just a little novelty, you understand, and some people might be startled—but only at first. I can explain it to you more clearly if you come this way."

The fence was low and John Edwards climbed it with much care. He was afraid the queer dizziness might come back. The stranger watched him closely.

"You seem a phlegmatic person," he said. "And that's just the temperament I want. And your weight is about right, too. This way, please."

John Edwards followed the sallow young man, followed him to the barn-like structure at the edge of the wood. John paused and stared up at the blue sky and the lazy white clouds.

"Fine day for a flight," he said. The sallow young man turned on him suddenly.

"By George," he cried, "that's funny!" His sallow face grew dark. "You must have known about this."

And he struck his knuckles against the closed doors of the barn.

John Edwards shook his head and smiled.

"I do not understand you," he said. "What is it you are concealing there?"

The intense expression of the sallow young man's face slowly relaxed. "I spoke hastily," he said. "I was afraid my secret had been discovered. I have guarded it such a long time. If you understood my anxiety you would forgive me."

He produced a peculiar key and unlocked the big doors, and after a swift glance about the field, threw them open.

"Here is my secret," he said, and his sallow face suddenly lightened.

John Edwards stepped forward and stared at the queer arrangement of rods and planes and wheels.

"An airship," he quietly remarked. "I am not surprised. I guessed there was an airship here as soon as I saw the building."

"Perhaps," said the stranger, "you also guessed that I was going to ask you to accompany me on my first flight?"

John Edwards nodded. "Yes," he answered, "I guessed that, too."

The sallow young man's eyes opened wide. "You are almost uncanny," he said. "I'd be a little afraid of you if I were superstitious. But step in and let me close the doors. We don't want

any intruders." He drew the big doors together and barred them from the inside. The room was lighted by a window set in the roof, and the light was strong enough for the purposes of the clever workman, whose tools and materials were scattered about.

"Look it over," said the stranger, and there was an eager note in his voice. "Tell me what you think about it."

John Edwards began a coldly critical inspection of the odd machine. He did not remember that he had ever been interested in machinery before. But the fact failed to surprise him. He peered here and there, went down on his knees to inspect a hidden part, and tested the strength of the rods, and narrowly investigated the steering apparatus.

And the sallow young man watched him with a serious face.

Presently he looked up. "It seems taut and compact," he said. "I like the way you have connected your motor, and your pilot plane looks more practical than any I have seen."

The stranger quickly nodded. "That's my own idea," he said. "I'm getting it protected. Do you notice the cant of the major plane?"

He looked anxiously at his visitor turned again to the machine.

"I noticed it," said John. "It looks good." He paused and wrinkled his forehead. "Have you ever thought of an oscillating plane?"

The stranger stared. "No," he replied. "What do you mean?"

"I mean a double plane that acts like a pair of oars," John explained. "They work from the centre by cam and eccentric arrangement, and are belted to your motor. They feather the air and steady your centre of gravity. Here, let me show you." He drew an envelope from his coat pocket, and, picking up a pencil from the workbench, rapidly made a sketch, the sallow young man eagerly following his quick pencil strokes.

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aeroplane ran forward on its starting wheels and suddenly arose from the earth. It arose gradually, and had half crossed the field before it reached an altitude sufficient to clear the trees.

The stranger brought it around with a graceful sweep, and as the planes canted John Edwards threw his weight to the opposite side and held the wild thing to an even keel.

"All right?" cried the stranger. "All right," replied John.

He had no fear. His soul seemed to exult in this strange adventure. He tried to wonder at himself.

"And now the airship sailed over the woods and across the gorge and above a great field of waving corn. The breeze suddenly freshened and came in fitful puffs.

"She's a wonder, isn't she?" cried the exulting stranger.

"Yes," John answered. "Glad you came?"

"Yes, yes."

The cool breeze felt very good as it stirred John's damp hair. He realized that he had no hat. He must have left his hat in the office. That was strange.

They were skimming along at a height of perhaps 100 feet, and had voyaged a dozen miles or more, when the stranger called back to him:

"Hold fast," he cried; "I'm going to try a dip."

John clutched a rod and clung to it as the planes canted and the aeroplane dove down. It was a reckless experiment. For a moment it seemed that a collision with the earth was inevitable. But the stranger flung the craft around, the planes careened and John Edwards—whose strength seemed to ooze away like water—was flung to the ground.

He heard the stranger cry out, he saw the planes arise, and then he lost consciousness.

When he awoke he was in his own bed at home and the gentle face of his wife was bending over him.

"Hullo," he faintly said. He was strangely weak.

A wonderful smile overspread his wife's face. She laid her cool hand on his head.

"Not a bit of fever," she said. "You're all right now."

He looked at her inquiringly. "You have had a little touch of sunstroke, John. Dr. Barclay says you will be all right in a few days."

"How did you happen to look for me?"

"The janitor felt worried when you hurried by him, hatless and excited. He tried to stop you, but you would not heed him. Then he telephoned for me and I came down to the office—and met Cousin George in the hallway and he had his car at the door and we started out to find you. A policeman had seen you boarding the suburban car and so we trailed it. And pretty soon we saw you walking in a field. We got you aboard the car and picked up Dr. Barclay on the way home—and you'll soon be out again."

And she laid her cheek lovingly against his.

"How did I appear when you found me?" he asked.

"You—you were not yourself, dear. You seemed to have fallen in the field, because your clothes were soiled."

John faintly nodded.

"Yes," he quietly said, "I fell out of an airship."

She gave him a frightened glance.

"No, no, John. You were dizzy. You stumbled and fell."

"Didn't you see it?"

"See an airship? No, John."

"Nor the aeroplane at the edge of the wood?"

"No, no, John. You have been working too hard, dear. You need a rest."

He looked at her earnestly.

"It seemed very real," he said. "I wonder if that sort of thing is common to sun scorched brains? It's very hard to bring myself to admit it was just hallucination. I went up in an airship with a stranger and fell out. It does sound preposterous, doesn't it?"

"Yes, John. You must forget all about it."

He faintly smiled.

"Not until I tell you the story," he said.

And so he told it as well as he could remember. And his wife, closely watching him, listened attentively.

"A very strange dream, dear," she said, "and when you are quite well you must write it all out."

He was silent for a moment.

"I know it all was hallucination," he slowly said, "but I give it up with strong reluctance. I—I felt so sure of that trip abroad."

"Never mind, dear," said the loving voice. "We can wait."

He faintly laughed.

"Helen," he said, "I am going to do something very foolish. Bring me the coat I wore, please. I am going to look for the phantom money the phantom sky pilot gave me."

She was smiling as she handed him the coat. And he smiled a little shamefacedly as he took it. When he caught her amused look he suddenly laughed aloud and hastily drawing forth the envelope he remembered so well gave it a quick shake.

And across the covered flattered twenty fifty-dollar bills.—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR HOLD TRIENNIAL IN CHICAGO

Great Conclave Presided Over by Acting Grand Master Melish--Wonderful Parade Through Elaborately Decorated Streets Is the Most Spectacular Feature.

Chicago.—Marching to the music of forty-two bands and the almost equally melodious cheers of hundreds of thousands of their relatives, friends and admirers, some 50,000 Knights Templar took part August 9 in the greatest parade ever held by the order. Their waving plumes and fine uniforms were fittingly set off by the beautiful decorations of the streets and buildings, and the scene was one that will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness it.

This magnificent parade was the climax of a spectacular week of the thirty-first triennial convalescence of the Knights Templar, which opened here on Sunday, Aug. 7, in accordance with the time honored custom of the grand encampment, the doings of the week began with divine service.

Begin With Divine Service. The six knights selected Orchestra hall for this purpose and entirely filled



Acting Grand Master Melish.

the body of that hall to listen to a sermon on "Templarism" delivered by Rev. Dr. George H. MacAdam of Madison, Wis., in the absence of Sir Knight George C. Rafter of Cheyenne, Wyo., very eminent grand prelate of the grand encampment. The music was in charge of the grand organist of the grand commandery of Illinois, the choir consisting of several male quartets belonging to the order in this state. The Grand Encampment of the United States marched to the hall escorted by six knights of the various commanderies of Cook county, commanded by Benjamin S. Wilson, chairman of the escort committee. In many of the leading churches of the city special services were held which were attended by visiting knights and their families.

Monday was devoted mainly to the receiving of the grand and subordinate commanderies and escorting them to their hotels. It is estimated that fully 100,000 visitors came with the knights and that about 300,000 other excursionists have flocked to the city this week in consequence of the convalescence. Of course every hotel was thronged and thousands of the visitors found quarters in private residences.

On Monday evening all the local and visiting commanderies kept open house at their respective headquarters, and many of the visitors found their way to the various amusement parks and the theaters.

Parade of the Knights. The "grand parade" of Tuesday was the largest parade of Knights Templar ever held. The preparations were elaborate and Michigan boulevard was most elaborately decorated. The six knights formed in line of march on the boulevard south of Thirty-first street, and signal to move was given by the guns of Battery B, I. N. G., the detachment for the purpose being composed of Knights Templar all of whom are members of the battery. The same detachment fired the salute to the grand master.

Marching northward in Michigan boulevard, the parade passed, near Hubbard court, beneath an entrance arch built in the form of an ancient battlement with its towers and turrets. This was intended to represent the entrance to the city, and as the column passed under it, buglers stationed on its heights heralded the approach of each grand division.

Next the knights came abreast of the first grand stand, one-half mile in length, and this needed no decorations, for it was filled to its capacity mainly with ladies whose beautiful summer costumes made it like a vast garden. About 50,000 persons were in this immense stand, as at its center was a gorgeous throne on which sat the acting grand master, William Brownell Melish of Cincinnati, who became head of the order on the recent death of Grand Master Henry W. Rugg of Providence, R. I. Mr. Melish will be regularly elected grand master before the close of the convalescence.

Just north of the Art Institute the parade passed before another reviewing stand in which were Mayor Buss, the city council and the park commissioners.

Beautiful "Templar Way." At Washington street the marchers turned west to State, where they entered on the "Templar Way." This stretch extended from Randolph to Van Buren street and was made beautiful by a handsome arch and massive Corinthian columns of pure white erected thirty-three feet apart on both sides of the street. Festoons of natural laurel connected the columns, and the bright red cross and the shield and coat of arms of the order were prominent in the scheme of decoration.

Moving south to Jackson boulevard, the knights again turned west, and near the federal building passed before yet another reviewing stand which accommodated Governor Deneen and his staff. Marching north on La Salle street, the parade passed beneath the grand commandery arch of pure white which spanned the street at the La Salle hotel, the headquarters of the grand commandery of Illinois. This was a beautiful structure designed by one of Chicago's most famous sculptors. Upon its top stood the figures of mounted knights fourteen feet high. At the new city hall on Washington street the parade was dismissed, after marching forty-three blocks.

Care For the Marchers. Everything that could be thought of for the comfort of the paraders and the spectators was done by the local committees. In nearly every block along the line of march were stationed physicians who were also knights templar, with trained nurses and equipment for emergency cases. In addition, emergency hospitals to be kept open day and night during the convalescence were established at many points in the center of the city, and at the West Side park which was selected as the place for the competitive drills.

Wednesday and Thursday were the days set apart for the drills for which handsome trophies are awarded, and the marchers had put up decorations that transformed the great shopping district into a veritable fairy land.

Undoubtedly the most spectacular feature of the night display was the wonderful electric set piece erected in Grant park on the lake front, reproducing in colossal size the official emblem or badge of the convalescence. It was 150 feet high and its 5,000 powerful electric lights of varied colors brilliantly illuminated all that part of the city.

Much of the success of the convalescence must be attributed to the efforts of John D. Cleveland, grand commander of Illinois and president of the triennial executive committee. Arthur MacArthur of Troy, N. Y., is the very eminent grand generalissimo of the grand encampment and W. Frank Pierce of San Francisco the grand captain general.

Among the most noted of the visiting masons from other lands are: The Right Hon. the Earl of Euston, grand master of the great priory of England and Wales; the Lord Athlumney, past great constable; Thomas Fraser, great marshal; R. Newton Crane, past great herald; F. C. Van Duzer, past great standard bearer; H. J. Homer, acting grand master banner bearer; John Ferguson, past preceptor of England and Wales, and the Right Hon. Luther B. Archibald, most eminent grand master of the great priory of Canada, and official staff.

low spirits, melancholia, distorted mental outlook, faulty assimilation and disease.

The opposite effects flow from the northwest winds. The west and northwest winds keep the mucous membranes of the body in good working order. The coating of moisture which is always present with the east wind disappears. Absence of any wind if long continued has a bad effect on the human body and mind.

A prolonged calm means lack of ventilation on a great scale. The winds serve to mix in normal proportions the gases which compose the atmosphere and in this way they are conducive to health up to a certain point. Beyond about 20 miles an hour their influence begins to be unfavorable.

Driven Out. Bacon—I bought my wife a horse and carriage, and she drove me out every day.

Egypt—Well, I bought my wife a piano, and she drives me out every day.—Yonkers Statesman.



Concrete Fence Posts.

The United States Department of Agriculture has issued an elaborate bulletin on the subject of "Concrete Fence Posts."