

The Emperor of the Air

Story of an Aviator Who Was Too Ambitious

By ALLEN G. LAMOND
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It was my part for months to use a party telephone wire with all its annoyances. I have waited for half an hour at a time while two women discussed a domestic problem or bit of scandal before being able to call up some one with whom I needed to communicate immediately.

My telephone is in the upper hall, near my bedroom. One night I was awakened by a sharp ring. Jumping out of bed, I went to the telephone and took up the receiver.

"Well?" I said.
No reply.
"Hello, central?"
No reply.
"Hello! Hello! Did you call me up?"
Then there was a lot of clicking, at the end of which a woman's voice said:

"For heaven's sake, John, come at once! Bring help."
My name is not John, and I knew the message was not for me, but some one was in trouble, and I realized the importance of getting the address at once.

"Where shall I come?" I asked.
"Why, I'm Ethel. I'm at home."
"Where is your home?"
"Oh, dear—85 Merton avenue!"
There was a click, but as the connection was not broken I inferred that the receiver had been dropped rather than shut off. Then I heard a dialogue between a man and the woman who had been talking to me. The man spoke first:

"I'm the emperor of the air. In my aeroplane I ride above the clouds. I am always at war with the worms crawling on the face of the earth. When I like I swoop down and stay



WILL JONES

"ARE YOU THE EMPEROR OF THE AIR?"
them with fire and sword or from my eyrie in the sky drop bombs upon them."

I did not hear this plainly and distinctly as I have written it. I simply gathered enough to fill it out. Then the woman said:

"Go to bed. You have to fly up to Mars tomorrow. Don't you remember—the Martians have sent for you?"
"You are right. I have nearly 30,000,000 miles to make. When I return I shall publish an account of my trip. I shall tell the world all about the Martian canals. I shall solve the great planetary problem of the age."

"So you will. Now go to bed and get a good rest preparatory to your journey."
"Ethel, you're trying to fool me. If you say anything more I'll kill you. Do you suppose that I, the emperor of the air, need rest? I'm not mortal. I'm the embodiment of one who flew up over the Andes and never came down. He was received up into heaven and there given the secret that made him emperor of the air. I am he. No human being shall trammel me in my flights. Say another word and this shall be sheathed in your breast."

From the sounds I then heard the man seemed to be driving the woman out of the room.

There was a mingling of voices as they receded until they were lost. A door that before had been closed had probably been left open as the two persons went out, for I heard a clock ticking, and presently it struck 11. Then I heard voices again—other voices evidently in a different locality.

"Is that you, Tilly?"
"Yes, You're Mand?"
"Yes, I'm Mand. I've just got a letter from Sam. He says we must be married on the 15th and call the same evening. Isn't it terrible?"

"What's terrible?"
"Why, to be married and go on a wedding trip on the unlucky 13th."

It was evident that the scene had changed and I was likely to get no further information of the woman in distress. I dropped the receiver, ran into my room, dressed, and having written down the address I had received that I might not forget it, sat bed forth to afford relief to the troubled one. I knew of no such street as Merton avenue, but reasoned that it was not far from me, since its phone was on the same party wire.

There is one thing about the matter that I have not mentioned. The

voice was one of the softest, most melodious I ever heard. While I was listening to it, while dressing and as I sallied forth I could hear the poor girl—for the voice seemed to indicate that she was a girl—pleading with the man to go to bed and get the needed rest for his journey to the planet Mars. It was evident to me that she was shut up with a lunatic, and I dreaded lest she be murdered before I could reach her.

I halted an empty back, told the driver to take me to 85 Merton avenue and be quick about it. He asked me where it was, and I told him it was at Merton avenue. He must find it, and find it at once! I would pay double fare. With this I got into the hack, banged the door, and the coachman drove on. Where to go he didn't seem to know any more than I did. After going back and forth a few times and turning several corners he hailed a policeman, who sent him in a different direction from any he had yet followed. My first thought was to take the policeman with me, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to share with any one the pleasure of relieving a woman in distress—that is, if it would not be too late for any one to relieve her.

The driver finally stopped in the middle of the street. I opened the door and asked:

"Well, have you found Merton avenue?"

"This is Merton avenue, sir," was the reply, "but I can find the number."

He drove back and forth, while it seemed to me that I should go wild with impatience. Then, suddenly catching sight of a number in a lighted transom—78—I jumped from the hack and hurried along the street till I found No. 85. The house stood by itself, no other being within a hundred yards. I ran up the steps and tried the door. It was locked. Desiring to enter without ringing, I went around to the rear and fortunately found a window unlocked. Entering, I ran into the lower hall and stole softly upstairs. I heard voices.

The only weapon I had brought with me was a small rope. Armed with this, I suddenly appeared at the door of the room within which I heard the voices and exclaimed:

"A message for the emperor of the air!"

In the room, pacing back and forth and brandishing a knife, was a young man about twenty years old. A girl of eighteen was following him about, talking with him in a voice of great distress. Both turned at once on hearing my voice.

"Are you the emperor of the air?" I asked of the man.

"I am."

"I have been sent by the king of space, the realms of infinite ether, to guide you to a new machine, a machine that will bear you not only to Mars, a neighboring planet, but to Neptune, the most distant, and thence to the fixed stars."

My reference to his proposed trip to Mars awakened confidence at once.

"Where is this machine?" he asked.

"I am deputized by the king of space to conduct you to it. Come. I have a carriage below. You must depart before the break of dawn."

The knife dropped from his hand. Instead of using it on the girl he kissed her and followed me down to the carriage. Having whispered to the coachman to drive us to a police station, I got in beside the emperor. On arrival at the station I beckoned to a policeman, who came to the carriage.

"This is the emperor of the air," I said, pressing the policeman's arm by way of warning. "Remain here while I go inside. I'll be out directly."

I told the sergeant at the desk my story. We hunted up the address of an insane asylum, and in half an hour, without even using the rope weapon I had provided, we had him under confinement.

From the asylum I drove back to the house from which I had removed the patient. Though it was late, I knew the young lady would be waiting for a report of what had happened.

On arrival I rang the bell and was admitted by her. She questioned me eagerly with her eyes. I told her that the young man was where he would be safe from himself and could not injure others. Then I asked her to explain matters.

"He is my brother," she said. "Unfortunately he has sufficient means to indulge in aviation. His ambition has been to sail higher in the air than any one else. Last Saturday he broke the record, but in touching ground he struck a telegraph pole, which broke his machine and injured him severely. Within the past few days he has acted so strangely that the servants became afraid of him, and all left us in a body yesterday. Tonight, or, rather, last night, he became violent. I attempted to call up my brother-in-law, John Gooding, but somehow got you by mistake—at least you heard me."

After locking the house I escorted Miss Ethel Houghton to the home of her brother-in-law, awakened the family, and she remained there for the night. The next day I called upon her to assure myself that she had not suffered from her distressing experience, but found that the reaction had kept her in bed.

The rest of this story is not to be told except so far as it concerns the young aviator. He recovered within a brief period, but was persuaded by his sister to let aviation alone. She had had enough of it, and her brother understood that it would be impossible for him to indulge in it without great distress to her, to say nothing of the probability of its undermining her health.

As to that part of the story which I have said is not to be told, I will simply say that I owe the great happiness and success of my life to that which I formally decided—a party telephone wire.

Woman's World

Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley, Bride of the Pure Food Crusader.



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MRS. HARVEY W. WILEY

At the age of sixty-seven Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief chemist in the department of agriculture and chief crusader in the United States for pure food and drugs, at last has taken unto himself a wife. His marriage to Miss Anna Campbell Kelton of Washington was an event of national importance. Some of the jokesmiths are expressing the hope that the new Mrs. Wiley is a good cook, for Dr. Wiley certainly deserves a wife who, if she does not actually do the family cooking, is capable of supervising the work scientifically.

Mrs. Wiley is the youngest daughter of the late Brigadier General John C. Kelton, who was governor of the Soldiers' home at Washington at the time of his death. She is president of the Woman's Suffrage league of the District of Columbia. For several years she has held an important position in the library of congress.

It is gratifying to note that a breakfast followed the wedding ceremony, after which Dr. and Mrs. Wiley started off a bridal tour to last several weeks. Mrs. Wiley's age is less than half that of her husband. Dr. Wiley is the man who led the crusade against food and drug adulteration which resulted in the enactment by congress of the measure known as the pure food law. This law requires the labeling of all food packages so that the buyer may know the exact nature of the contents. Recently Dr. Wiley in a speech declared that this is an overdrugged nation and also that alcohol is harmful, and the prohibition of the liquor traffic would be a pleasing to the world.

Extravagance Then and Now.

It is very much the fashion to berate modern women about her extravagance.

When you can't avoid a woman about anything else, when you have wasted all your ammunition against fresh fashions and other get feminine frocks, then it is considered timely to scold women for the reckless way in which they spend money nowadays. And you always add "nowadays," just as if the grandmothers were always frugal.

The nowadays is rather unfair. It is safe to assert that there have always been feminine spendthrifts as well as those who were careful and conscientious in the expenditure of money.

The wardrobe excesses of Josephine form appalling reading, with their hundreds of sets of things, and evidence more than anything else the vulgarity of the parvenu.

Maria Theresa, the second wife of Napoleon, on the other hand, conducted her expenditures on moderate lines, although springing from one of the most ancient courts of Europe.

Extravagance is not necessarily an appanage of rank. It is, as a rule, the outward and visible sign of the man who has made riches quickly and who desires that his women folk should bask in it forth to the world by running through the whole gamut of modern pleasures in the most costly possible way.

Rose Hats For Spring.

Some of the new spring hats are already on exhibition in the exclusive shops, and among them is the flower hat. Roses of all kinds and sizes seem to be the most popular flower used. Some of these roses are made of grosgrain ribbon with a pleat edge set off by leaves and stems of ribbon of the same shade as the flower. Large and small roses are often used on the same hat. The soft, pastel tones of blue, pink and green bid fair to be favorites. On some of the large hats the wreath of roses is veiled by malines, and on some of the models valenciennes lace is used to set off the beauty of the roses. Among the small flowers used are the forget-me-nots, lilies of the valley and heliotrope. One of the handiwork of the spring models has a long wreath of forget-me-nots which are made of old gold velvet. Rosebuds of pink and blue chiffon are also used on some of the advanced models.

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A CIPHER TELEGRAM

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Hornby was but twenty-two when he was made secretary of the American legation at Berlin.

Hornby was very popular in society, though, not having a fortune, he was rather sought by married women coveting attention than young girls angling for a husband. Among those wives who interested themselves in the young diplomat was Mrs. Berthalow, the wife of a Parisian financier. At that time the world was stirred by the Morocco affair, and it was feared there would be a war between France and Germany. M. Berthalow was in Berlin endeavoring to secure the first news in case the emperor decided to go to war for speculative purposes.

One evening at a court ball Mme. Berthalow, seeing Hornby pass her, called him to her on some pretext and later, while hanging on his arm, said to him:

"Mr. Hornby, do you think there will be war?"

"I don't think about such things."

"I am sure if war is declared you will know it before it is made public."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because I have been told that before going to war the emperor must know how the other powers will act, and your government is now one of the powers. The American minister will be able to judge if there is to be war and will inform his government. What he knows you know."

Hornby smiled without making any reply. The lady spoke of other matters and finally said:

"I presume all important dispatches are in cipher."

"They are."

"What is the word for 'war' in your cipher code?"

"Oh, it wouldn't do for me to tell you that."

"Please tell me that one word. I'll not divulge it."

"Well, on your promise, I'll tell you. It is 'woman.'"

"Good gracious! Why was that word chosen?"

"I don't know. I didn't make the code."

"And what is the word for 'peace'?"

"Man."

"Upon my word! I should have supposed those two words would have been reversed."

"Perhaps that's the reason of their use as they are. They are not so easily deciphered."

Mme. Berthalow looked up into the young man's face. It was as guileless as a May morning. She continued her investigations.

"Our family have an old claim against the United States, dating back a hundred years or more, for a vessel owned by my great-grandfather, destroyed by an American privateer. I should like you to advise me concerning it."

"I shall be happy to do so. I am at my office from 11 to 6 every day, where it will be proper for you to call."

This was not satisfactory to Mme. Berthalow. She would have preferred to have the young man call upon her where she could talk with him in secret, but on second thought she considered that there would be an advantage in going to his office. She might light on some information not intended for her. The next day at 12 o'clock she appeared at the legation.

"Ah, madame," Hornby said, "we are very busy today, and I fear I shall have to keep you waiting. If you will go into my private office for a while I shall be happy to advise you presently concerning your claim."

He ushered her into a cozy room in the center of which stood a table with writing materials and papers scattered about. Mme. Berthalow, being alone in the room, made a hurried examination of the papers. One of them bore evidence of having just been written. It was marked to be sent by cable to the secretary of state at Washington.

The lady eagerly seized it and ran her eyes over it. There was a jumble of words the meaning of which was unintelligible to her, but she noticed scattered throughout the dispatch the word "woman." It occurred five times. She had all the time she needed for the examination—indeed, more than she wished, for she was anxious to get away that she might impart the information to her husband that there was to be war.

Presently Hornby came in and informed her that he was ready to listen to the matter of her claim. She told him she had left home without having locked up the jewels she had worn the night before and must return at once. Hornby gave her one of his engaging smiles and saw her to her carriage.

When Hornby returned to his office he threw the cipher telegram into the wastebasket and wrote one to a broker in Paris announcing that a prominent financier would probably "sell the market." If so it would break, and the broker was to buy largely for Hornby's account.

Hornby by the operation made a fortune. Some time after this Mme. Berthalow said to him:

"Are you sure that in your cipher code 'woman' stands for 'war'?"

"It does not now. You convinced me that its use thus was ungalant, and I arranged for its being changed to mean 'peace.'"

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MADE OVER PLAYERS IN CLEVELAND'S OUTFIELD.

"Did you ever stop to think," said Jim McGuire, manager of Cleveland Americans, recently, "that I have a peculiar outfield? Outside of Callahan every one of the men who will be in the outfield this season started out in some other position. Graney was a pitcher until last year, when we signed him up for the outfield. Jackson was a pitcher, but shifted to the outfield because of his batting. Easterly was a catcher until last August, while Doane is just taking up outfield work regularly for the first time. Birmingham was an infielder in the New York state league, playing first, second and third, or wherever they needed him. And for all I know Callahan may have started out in some other position."

"But that is nothing new," said a friend standing by. "Some of the most famous outfielders in the country started out in other positions. Elmer Flick was a catcher; Mike Tiernan, George Van Haltren, Mike Donlin, Si Seymour, Jimmy Ryan and Jesse Burkett were pitchers, and Willie Keeler was a third baseman. For that matter, half of the men who have acquired more or less fame as ball players worked in one or more positions before settling down to the one in which they became the most at home. Lave Cross was considered a mighty good catcher before he took to playing third. Hughie Jennings played nearly everywhere on the team before he settled down to covering short."

DRISCOLL COMING OVER.

English Featherweight Champion Due to Arrive First Week in April.

Jem Driscoll, the featherweight champion of England, is coming to America the first week in April. Jem is anxious to retire now that he has won the Lord Londale belt for keeps, but says that he'd like to win the American title, too, and make himself the real world's champion before he puts the old gloves, shoes and tights away with the moth balls.

Driscoll has received several good offers from the promoters in this country to meet Abe Attell and three or four other pugilists on this side of the

Atlantic. Jem is considered to be about the swiftest boxer that ever appeared in the ring. He met Attell in New York about two years ago and outpointed the American champion easily. Last summer he was taken ill and forced to go back to England. Within the last few months the English champion has shown his old time form.

NEW SONDER YACHT RULES.

Germans and Americans to Bar White Cedar Wood.

The German and American yachtsmen have made an agreement barring white cedar in the construction of sonder yachts. The Kaiserlicher Yacht club of Germany and the Eastern Yacht club of this country are the parties to the agreement, which does not extend to yachts now under construction or those already built.

In Kiel harbor the Germans found that strong planking was necessary to stand the rough water, so most of their sonder yachts are built of red cedar or mahogany. But the Americans, accustomed to smooth seas off Marblehead, sought the lightest of wood and by using white cedar were able to bring the weight of their yachts close to 4,000 pounds.

The new agreement says that the sonder yachts shall be built of red cedar or heavier wood.

Pupils Choose Glass Colors.

The pupils in the Barclay and Eastham schools in the eighth grade met Tuesday and chose the glass colors for the year. They chose orange and gold. Much interest was manifested by all the pupils and school spirit seems to run high at this time, which argues well for the interest in the schools. The schools are coming on fine and the parents have every reason to be thankful for the young people are taking an interest in all school matters.

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