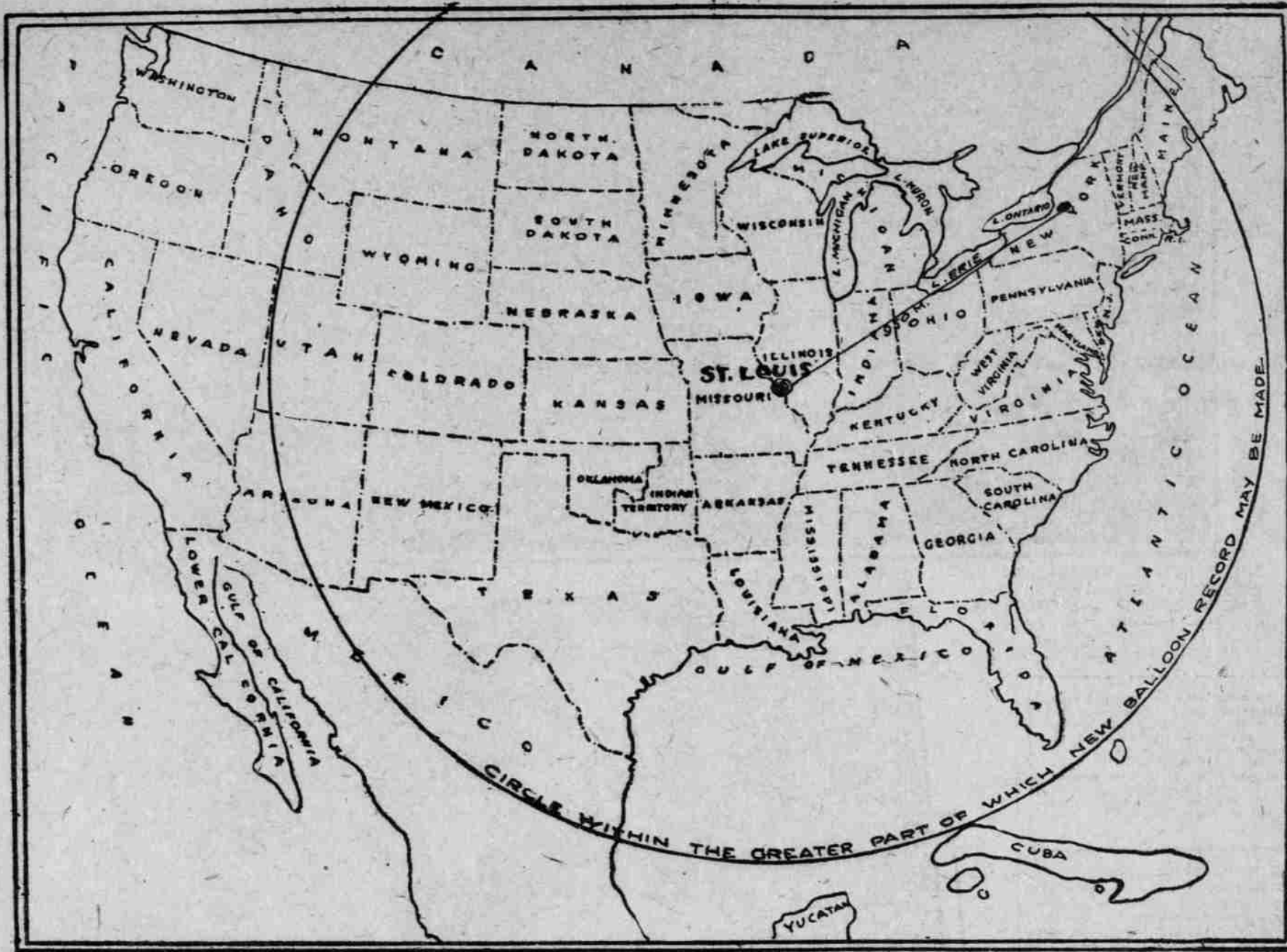


Will the Ballooning Record Be Broken

Next Week's International Contest Starting From St. Louis
Presents Double the Opportunity Offered at Paris

Chief Object of Competition is to Outdo Count de La Vaux's
Wonderful Flight of 1250 Miles



It is within the range of possibility that the people of the Pacific slope will see the end of the great international balloon race that starts from St. Louis, October 21. If they do, a new world's record for aerial flight will be set. The interest in this contest does not center around whether the international cup shall remain in America or go to France, Germany or England so much as around the possibility of breaking the record of Count de La Vaux, who sailed 1250 miles from Paris to the province of Kieff, in Little Russia, in 1900.

A glance at the maps of America and Europe shows how much greater is the opportunity of sustained flight from St. Louis, and those interested in the navigation of the air have not been slow to grasp what it meant to their science when Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, of the United States Army, won the coveted trophy last year and earned the right to have the next competition in this country. With a 1250-mile radius stretching from Paris, there are only 110 degrees of the circle on land from where it dips into the Atlantic on the coast of Sweden to where it loses itself in the Mediterranean at Turkey, and only between those two points can a new record be set in Europe. That means that the wind must be blowing approximately from the west for any new mark to be made across the Atlantic.

In the United States the chances are just doubled. A 1250-mile radius from St. Louis cuts the coast of Maine and of Old Mexico. It swings through 220 degrees on land, through which Count de La Vaux' record may be excelled and it is hundreds of miles in any direction before there is danger of the aeronaut being carried out to sea. Lieutenant Lahm sailed only 402 miles to win the cup last year, when he flew from Paris to Robin Hood's Bay, on the English coast. His winning was as great a surprise as his distance was disappointing. He was the dark horse of the race and went in only for experience. With him was Major Henry E. Hensley, who had never been in a balloon before. Lieutenant Lahm had been experimenting with war balloons for the Government, and Major Hensley, a friend, was connected with the meteorological bureau of the Government. His knowledge of air currents and Lieutenant Lahm's knowledge of balloons won for them the victory.

Eleven Balloons Will Compete.

When the unexpected had happened and America had won the cup, the Aero Club of America set about in a characteristic way to make the race of 1907 the greatest in the history of ballooning. Cortland Field Bishop, president of the American club, took the matter in hand and has devoted himself to it for nearly a year. The first thing was to select a starting point, and St. Louis was decided upon after a thorough study of its advantages and the quality of gas it affords.

The first thing was to interest St. Louis in the project, and the sportsmen of that city responded nobly. A St. Louis Aero Club was formed, with L. D. Dozier as president. It has a membership of 400, including 100 millionaires and an Archbishop. The city has granted the use of Forest Park, one of the largest parks in the world, and will guard the balloons and the ascent. Pipes are being laid to supply the gas, and a clubhouse has been built for the victors.

In all, eleven balloons will start in the race. The foreign contestants will be Charles S. Rollé, Griffith Brewer and another pilot, representing England; Herr von Abercron Heidemann, Herr Meckel and Herr Oscar Erbsloh, from Germany, and Rene Gansler, accompanied by Charles Levee, Alfred le Blanc and M. Mix, representing France.

Lieutenant Lahm, who brought the trophy to America, will be assisted in defending it by J. C. McCoy and Alan R. Hawley, each of whom will make an ascent. Lieutenant Lahm has been very ill in France, and if he is not able to enter, Major Hensley will take his place. A. B. Lambert will be Mr. Hawley's companion.

The balloons will be set free late in the afternoon and by nightfall they will be far away from earth, above clouds and mists and with a full moon to light them on their way. Each pilot will have food for three days and will endeavor to remain aloft until he has to land to escape being swept out to sea.

Probable Course.

It is not regarded as probable that the aeronauts will be carried over the Rockies from St. Louis, because of the absence of eastern winds in that vicinity,

but still there is the possibility, and the adventurers would welcome such a breeze. Their hope, however, lies in the hundreds of miles which Canada stretches to the North. In spite of the chances of being lost in that wilderness, every one of the contestants hopes it will be his luck to be carried thitherward, for it is his best chance of winning and setting a new record.

What Aeronauts Have Learned.

Ballooning for a record is not merely rising in the air and trusting to the winds to carry one to victory. The air currents are the propelling power and a knowledge of them is essential. The navigator must grope his way among them, selecting the best level for speed and direction. Then there is the handling of ballast. Every ounce of weight must be conserved against the time when the gas begins to fail, for when the sand is all gone it is only a matter of time until there is a forced descent. There is luck in every sport, but it requires judgment to take advantage of all of it.

The American contestants all have new balloons that have been thoroughly tested. Mr. McCoy, who was one of the earliest balloon enthusiasts in the country, has one of 80,000 cubic feet capacity, the largest allowed in the race. He took a course in aerostatics abroad a year ago and has made many ascents. Mr. Hawley spent three months in Europe this year and won medals in England and France.

President Bishop sailed from France October 2 and is now on his way to St. Louis to superintend the last arrangements for the race. He will be assisted by L. D. Dozier, president of the St.

Louis club, ex-Governor D. R. Francis, D. C. Nugent and G. H. Walker, vice-presidents; F. D. Hirschberg, treasurer, and A. E. Lambert and J. W. Kearney, secretaries.

International Competition.

The main race will be for the international cup, but there will be a kind of airship meet. Five thousand dollars are offered in prizes for dirigible balloons and aeroplanes. The first prize of \$2500 goes to the one making the best show-

ing over a six-mile course, turning two goals, in 30 minutes.

There are other prizes of \$1250, \$625, \$400 and \$225, respectively. In addition there are prizes of \$1000, \$500 and \$250 for those finishing second, third, fourth and

fifth in the great race for the cup. But for the action of the Aero Club of France there would be entrants from Spain and Italy and considerable adverse criticism has been made of the French for their unsportsmanlike inter-

WHITE SHOWS WHERE NEW
BALLOON RECORD MAY BE MADE
IN AMERICA

WHITE SHOWS LIMITED
FLIGHTS POSSIBLE FROM
PARIS



Jumping at Conclusions Error in Thief-Catching

New York Press.
"I don't want a detective on my staff who jumps to conclusions—conclusions are things to be cautiously crawled to," was a saying to which the late "Bob" Pinkerton, the famous head of the most noted of private sleuthing agencies, frequently gave expression. And, like most square-jawed men of his type, he practiced what he preached.

On a gala racing afternoon at Sheepshead Bay last Summer I was standing alongside Pinkerton at the main entrance to the track. It was ever a fascinating study to watch this man with the remarkable memory in the act of sifting the goats from the sheep at a racetrack gate. It is questionable if any man ever lived who had such a phenomenal recollection of physiognomies as this son of old Allan Pinkerton.

A well-dressed, grizzled man of 50, with rather close-cropped gray hair, strolled up to the gate, pretending to read a dope chart, but really keeping a furtive eye on Pinkerton.

Pinkerton, engaged in conversation with one of his men, didn't see the grizzled chap until the latter was right at the turnstile. Then he suddenly raised his eyes, and I could see the quick fire of memory burning in them like a sudden flame.

"Hello, Joe," he said to the grizzled man, holding out his hand.

"Hello, Bob," said the man with the close-cropped gray hair.

"Wait a minute—just a word," said Pinkerton then, and he stepped outside the gate, and drew the grizzled man aside. They conversed in a low tone for a moment or so, and then the man who'd had the furtive eye out for Pinkerton at the gate entered the track.

Now, this elderly man with the close-cropped hair was a famous counterfeiter who had only been released from a New York prison, after seven years' confinement, three days before Pinkerton hadn't clapped an eye on him for nearly 12 years. The detective, too, had only come into contact with the counterfeiter just through with dozen times in his life. And yet he had recognized the man at a glance when he attempted to pass through the gate.

A few minutes before the running of the fourth race that afternoon John Cavanaugh, the man in charge of the Jockey Club betting ring, rushed up to Pinkerton in the gambling shed—I happened to be strolling with the top sleuth at the time, for I was engaged in getting the material from him for some Pinkerton stories—and Cavanaugh, ordinarily one of the most self-contained of men, was visibly in a state of keen excitement.

"Bob," said Cavanaugh to the detective, "there's a whole heap of phony money being scattered all over the ring this afternoon. All of the layers have been bitten. The money's a swell bogus twenty—here's a copy of it," and Cavanaugh handed the detective a very

tidy-looking \$20 note, a piece of currency so thoroughly well executed by its manufacturers that it required a very keen eye to distinguish it from the genuine—and bookmakers in a rush can't put the acid test, so to speak, to all of the paper money that flits in their direction.

Pinkerton and Cavanaugh talked over for a brief space that inundation of bad money in the ring.

"Well," I ventured to remark to Pinkerton, when Cavanaugh had rushed back to his ring headquarters, "that fellow that you let in at the gate—the counterfeiter just through with doing his bit—has got busy again pretty quickly, hasn't he?"

"You don't think he's the one who's doing this bad money floating here today, do you?" said Pinkerton.

"What makes you think that fellow isn't working now?"

"Because," replied Pinkerton, "he told me, during that little talk I had with him outside the gate, that 'he was through with the crooked stuff.'"

That seemed astonishing enough. Here was perhaps the most distinguished detective in the world calmly

stating, in face of the fact that a big bundle of counterfeit money was circulating around the ring, his cool belief that a man whom he knew to be a counterfeiter, and then in the betting ring, had nothing whatever to do with the job. And why? Because the man had told him a while before that he was through with crookedness!

Before the afternoon's racing was over Pinkerton had four men corralled in the racetrack calaboose. They were the circulators of the bogus \$20 certificates. The man with the close-cropped gray hair was not one of them. He had had nothing whatever to do with the job, as Pinkerton had divined—divined, too, in the teeth of what seemed to such a layman as I, at any rate—the perfectly obvious conclusion.

Incidents of such a sort were virtually every-day affairs with Pinkerton at the various racetracks, which he watched over with his big staff of assistants.

One Spring afternoon at the Gravesend track, three years ago, a man with a record as a "swell dip"—pickpocket—but who had quit the criminal bunch two years before for good and all—and it is the rare thing, by the way, for a top-notch leather-worker to get back to the straight path—trudged up to the entrance gate with a woman companion. Pinkerton took the man aside for a moment.

"You're dead sure of yourself, Jim?" he said to the man who had been an accomplished pickpocket.

"Well, you ought to be able to read me," replied the ex-dip, and Pinkerton scrutinized him carefully, gazing keenly into the man's eyes, and said: "All right. In you go. I think you're going to stick."

Pinkerton was never the man to put

so much as a straw in the path of a former criminal in whose reformation he believed—and his only way of becoming convinced of a crook's actual reformation was by looking the man over and putting him to the test of that keen gray-eyed gaze of his.

Well, a couple of hours later one of the leading bookmakers in the ring was "frisked" for a wad of \$5000. The layer had had the \$5000 roll, all in \$100 bills, in one of the rear pockets of his trousers, and, while seated on his high chair, one of the "classy dips" had swung along and relieved him of it. Pinkerton got word of it along toward the running of the fifth race.

He strolled through the betting ring till he came up with the reformed pickpocket with whom he'd had the few words at the gate.

"Jim," he said, "an eight-thousand roll was wadded here a while ago. Who have you seen around?"

By that question, "Who have you seen around," Pinkerton meant to inquire of the reformed "dip" if he had noticed any of his old associates of the "dip mob" in the ring. The man whom he addressed as "Jim" looked perturbed when that question was put to him.

"Bob," he said, after a pause, "you know I never squealed nor snitched. You don't want me to begin that now, do you, just because I've become right myself?"

"You'll do," was all that Pinkerton said in reply. He had been merely trying the reformed pickpocket out. He always displaced stool pigeons and crooks who squealed on their pals, and pursued such relentlessly. He had been putting the reformed pickpocket through one of the degrees, that is all.