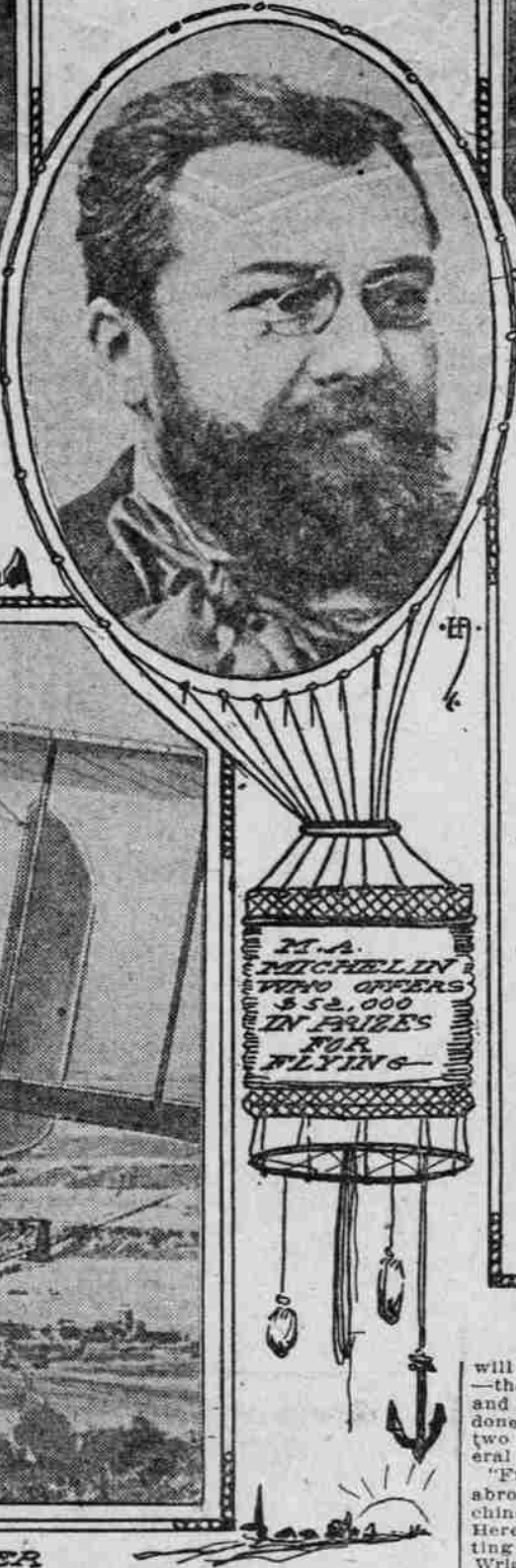
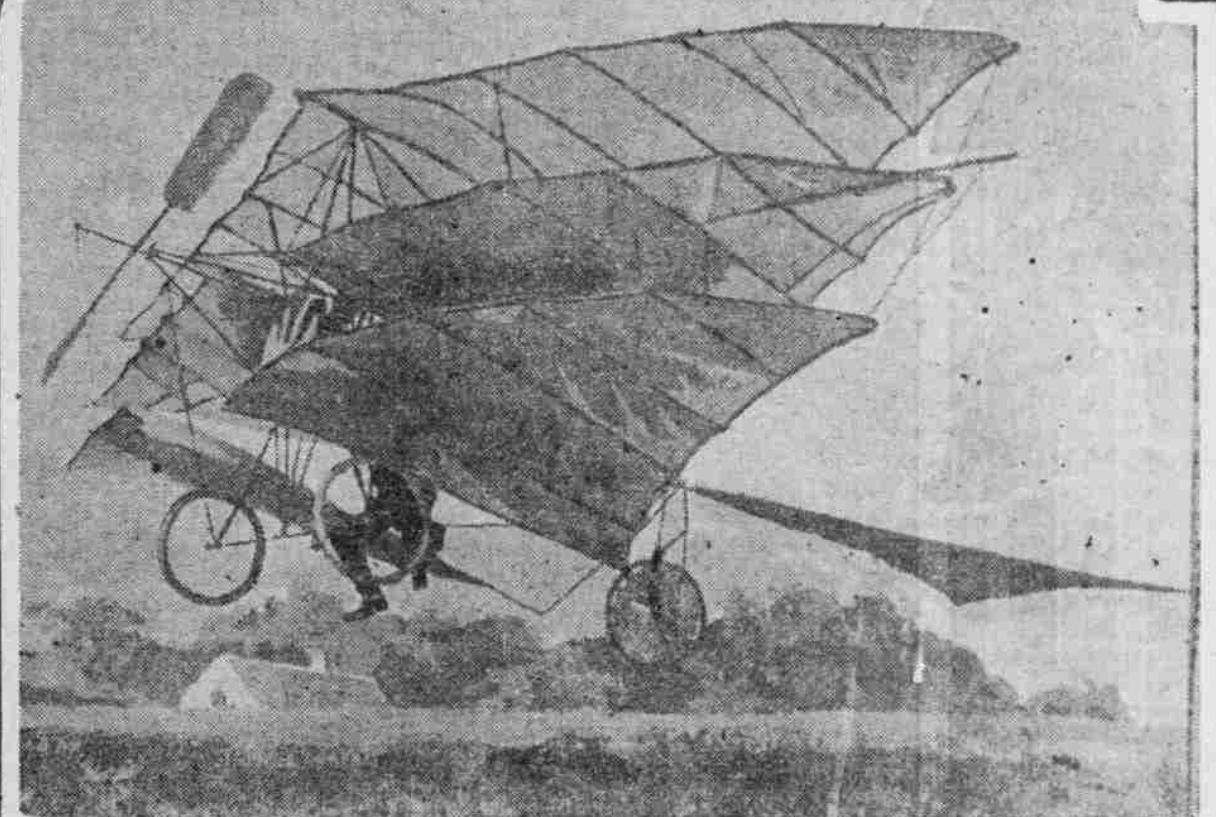


FORTUNE FOR FLYING MACHINE INVENTORS

AMERICA'S CHANCE BEST FOR WINNING THE \$52,000 MICHELIN PRIZE



THE BALDWIN AEROPLANE, WHICH HAS MADE SUCCESSFUL FLIGHTS AT HAMMONDSPORT N.Y.



ELLEHAMMER'S DANISH AEROPLANE

FARMAN'S AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT, BEATING THE RECORD WITH 837 YARDS IN 51 SECONDS

"BRAVO!" yelled the impressionable Frenchmen, when Henri Farman, in his aeroplane heavier than air, made a measured kilometer, turning the stakes on the grounds of the Aero Club of France, just outside of Paris, and landed back at the point where he started.

He had won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize of 50,000 francs—\$10,000! This was on January 13 last.

The Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders. There was to be no more sport in aviation—the final prize had been won. Why should other persons risk their lives now? Farman had turned the trick. Everybody else was destined. There was no more advantage to be gained.

But in a twinkling the whole aspect of things was changed. Andre and Edouard Michelin, the French millionaires, came forward, wrote a formal letter to the President of the Aero Club of France and more than quintupled the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize.

Two hundred and sixty thousand francs for the men who can fly machines heavier than air—\$130,000!

But best of all, the contests do not necessarily have to be held in France. America has a good chance of holding one or more—it needs only an Aero Club of official standing to act as judge and the contest may be held here in the United States. There are 14 Aero Clubs now in this country, any one of which is eligible.

Chief of these is the Aero Club of America, with headquarters in New York, which is associated with the international organization, and there are clubs in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and other cities.

The flights for distances can be held anywhere under the conditions imposed by the Michelins; all they ask is that a recognized Aero club take charge. So it won't be long before right here in this prosaic twentieth century land of ours we may be seeing aeroplanes, curveting through the air for the Michelin prizes.

It seems only the other day that a bicycle was a marvel. Yesterday the automobile was a crudity. Today both are nearing perfection and the automobile that yesterday was a crudity today is the swift monster of the road today.

"Who shall say?" asks M. Michelin, "that the aeroplane can fly a mile today may not travel a thousand miles ten years hence. At any rate, I expect to see it. I believe it can be done."

So, when they thought the time ripe the two brothers wrote a letter to the president of the Aero Club of France:

"Dear Sir: Being desirous of contributing to aviation (the science of flight), the new industry, one more which saw the light of day in France, we take pleasure in offering you a cup and special prize which are to be bestowed upon an apparatus heavier than air."

"The cup will be in the shape of an object of art of not less than 10,000 francs in value. It will be endowed with the annual sum of 15,000 francs for ten years."

"A special prize of 100,000 francs. These prizes will be given under the following conditions:

"Annual Cup—Each year before January 31 (except for the year 1908) the Aero Club will fix the programme of the contest, which will close the first of January following. It will decide the dimensions of the track, the turning points, the heights, etc., and all the conditions under which the flights will have to take place along the track, which must be a closed circle. The winner will be the flyer who, by midnight of December 31, will have made the greatest distance on the given track, either in France or in one of the countries affiliated with the Aero Club. This record, to be valid, must be confirmed by the International Federation of Aero Clubs."

"The distance should be, each year, double that of the previous year, and will be fixed by the winner. The winner of the cup for 1908 should make at least double the distance made by Mr. Henri Farman in his latest record of January 13."

"This cup will be entrusted each year to the Aero Club of the country where the established, confirmed record has been beaten by the greatest flyer."

"The prize of 15,000 francs will be awarded to the victorious aeronaut."

"If in any year the cup is not awarded, the Aero Club which has held it up to that time will retain it, and the 15,000 francs will be added to the same sum the following year."

"The winner of the tenth year will become the owner of the cup and a facsimile of it will be handed over to the Aero Club of the country in which the contest was made."

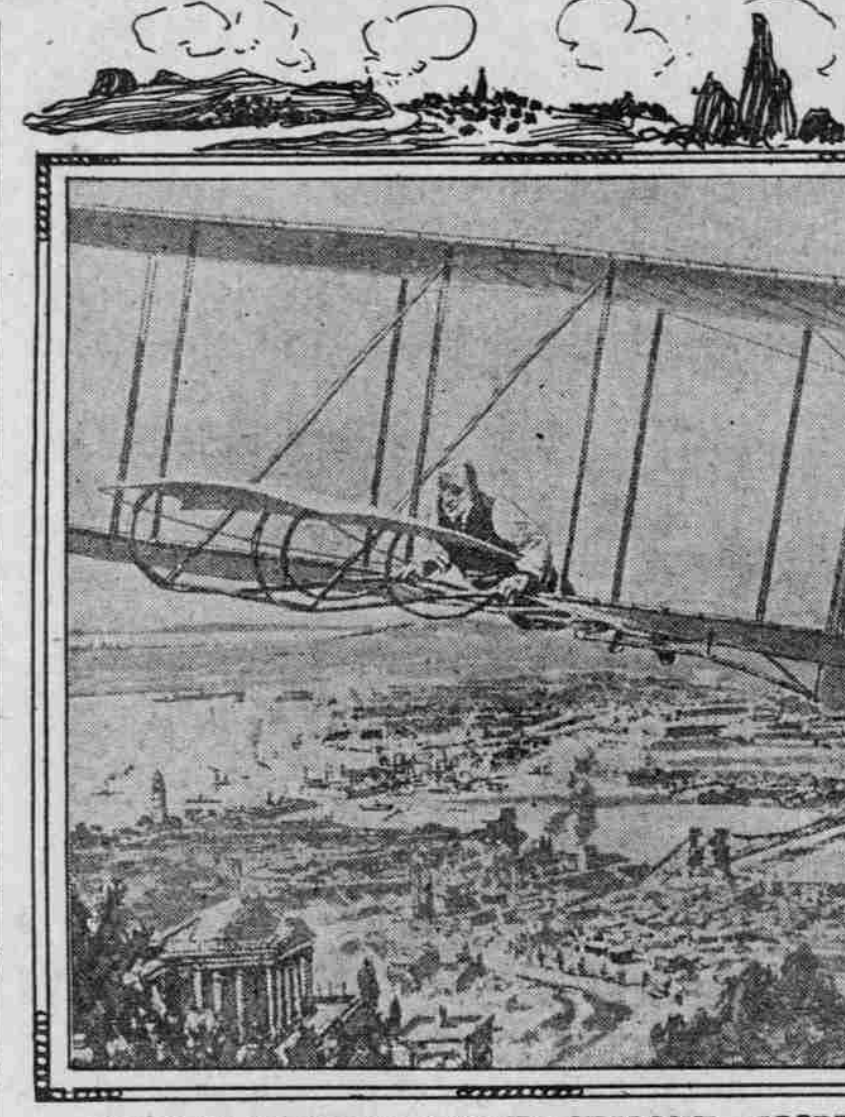
"The trials are to be made in France under the auspices of the Aero Club of France; abroad, under the control of the Aero Club of the country where the races are held, on condition that the club is affiliated with the Aero Club of France, and under the conditions above mentioned."

"Special Prize—If before January 31, 1918, a flyer, piloting his two-seated machine, occupied, gains this record, confirmed by the Aero Club of France:

"Flying from a given place in the Department of the Seine, or that of Seine and Oise, turning the Arch of Triumph in Paris, then around the Cathedral at Clermont-Ferrand, and settling on the summit of the Puy-de-Dome, 1465 meters high, and in less than six hours counted from the Arch of Triumph to the summit of the Puy-de-Dome, a prize of 100,000 francs—\$20,000."

These then are the prizes that Americans—or anybody else for that matter—may compete for. Farman has made his kilometer—about three-fifths of a mile, only to quadruple that distance two weeks later.

And now the Wright brothers, Wilbur



ORVILLE WRIGHT IN HIS FAMOUS GLIDER

and Orville, of Dayton, Ohio, flying over the sand dunes near Manteo, N. C., have made a 22-mile flight or 40 times as far. Nobody knows very much about the aeroplane of these men of mystery. The reason is not hard to find—they don't want any one to know.

"We want to try for the Michelin prize, of course," said Orville Wright, "and we are not going to let anybody get our ideas from us. Our machine is the outcome of years of patient effort. We believe that the secret of the navigation of the air lies in being able to control constantly the gliding of a man-carrying aeroplane. Are we going to enter for the Michelin prize? Of course we are."

One of the brothers was in control of the machine when it made an eight-mile flight at the rate of a mile a minute, and in trying to soar over a sand dune he pushed the lever the wrong way. The aeroplane dashed to the earth and was a complete wreck, when, if the lever had been properly worked, the apparatus would have cleared the dune like a bird.

However, it was wrecked, and the Wrights cut the damaged aeroplane to bits rather than have any one see how they worked. All they saved was the gasoline engine.

The Wrights are the premiers today in America, and there isn't the slightest doubt but that they have the proper conception of a machine that can really fly. Down in North Carolina, before the accident, they made daily flights with success every time, until Wilbur Wright unwittingly touched the wrong lever.

Even the denizens of the air took the thing for a huge bird, and flocks of crows and even eagles followed it as it whizzed through the air, 60 miles an hour. After the accident the brothers went back to Ohio and are now building a new machine, in the hopes of winning the prize. If there had been an official trial, they would have won it with miles to spare already.

"We are flying a little now," said Wilbur Wright, as they were taking the train. "But soon we will fly at will. It is only a matter of a little time when those who wish to keep an airplane may do so just as automobiles are in use today. The Michelin prize will be won easily, and it is just as likely it will be won here as abroad."

Of course, the news of these prizes has stimulated everybody interested in flying machines in this country. The Aero Club of America has taken up the Michelin prizes, and if some of the distance flights are not held on this side of the Atlantic, the members will be extremely disappointed.

"There isn't any reason," said Captain Homer W. Hedge, one of the founders and first president of the Aero Club of America, "why all the Michelin prizes should not be tried for in this country. Our aeronauts are as good as any on the face of the globe. Farman made a measured kilometer. Right here in America the Wrights have made eight miles at the rate of 60 miles an hour."

"We are all tremendously interested in the event, and New York aeronauts are immensely grateful to the Messrs. Michelin for their generosity in offering such splendid prizes."

The Aero Club of America is affiliated with the Aero Club of France, and under the dead of gift we can have any or all of the distance trials here in this country under our sanction. Of course, the flight to the Puy-de-Dome must be held in France. I have no doubt, with Farman, that this

prize will be won within the next four or five years.

"Farman's four records will easily be doubled in 1908. There are a dozen men now who can do it. Eight kilometers, about five miles, will be made, and the Michelin prize will surely be won. And as the years pass you will see the previous year's record doubled. We will see an aeroplane make 20 miles before the end of 1909. Nothing can stop someone making 50 miles in 1910, and a thousand miles in 1911. It is only a case of building motors, sufficiently light, that will not break down. Of course, if the distance keeps on doubling, we will get fantastic figures at the end of 10

years—it will take a trip around the world to win the prize in 1918. But here are automobiles going around the world today, where 10 years ago they were nothing but toys and the joke of everybody. Cannot the aeroplane be developed as fast in another 10 years? I think so. Perhaps I may be wrong, but I remember the story of the gentleman who offered to eat a locomotive wheel if it could drag a train along the track; the first steamboat was called 'Fulton's Folly'; 'As for the flight to the Puy-de-Dome, that will be easily accomplished within a few years. All we need is a better, lighter motor. The distance is 350 kilometers, or about 210 miles. It

will be easy to make 40 miles an hour—the Wrights have already done 60—and with a good day it ought to be done in five hours. The machine with two seats has not been used, but several are in course of construction.

"From what we have heard from abroad, there is a squadron of machines already in course of building. Here, half a dozen aeronauts are getting to work. Here we will have the Wrights, Maxim, Baldwin and others. In France there are Farman, Delagrangre, Santos-Dumont, Esnault-Pelterie, Count de la Vaux, Leblond, Zenn, Bierlot, Gasnier and a host of others. Then Ellehammer in Denmark, Schabaky in Russia and several others in Germany and England who would stand a good chance of winning. I haven't the slightest doubt but that each year from now on will see the distance doubled, according to Messrs. Michelin's generous deed of gift, and a 1000-mile flight is not far off."

The Baldwin machine, which has been flying very successfully near Hammondsport, N. Y., piloted by Lieutenant Selfridge, U. S. A., will be entered from America. F. W. Baldwin, its inventor, hopes to win, too.

"My machine," said he, "the 'White Wings' has struck the right principle, and as soon as we get details perfected we expect to make long flights. Shall I enter for the Michelin prize? Of course. And mark my word, more than one of them will be taken by Americans. We are on the right track now, and it is only a question of a good motor."

J. N. Williams is another American who will enter for the prize, and as will C. Oliver Jones, both of whom have built aeroplanes with novel features. It will be a great sight when these pioneers of flight get together somewhere in this country to fly for the Michelin prize!

Picture the great things of silk and aluminum and copper maneuvering over the plain, starting here and there at the speed of a railway train! Man will soon become a bird with wings and body—the wings the great sails and rudders of his aeroplane; the body the motor working away hour after hour with the regularity of a bird's heart beats.

Farman has already won the first Michelin prize, flying four kilometers without touching the ground, or two and a half miles, and in less than four minutes. Next year the man-bird who wins must fly five miles. Who doubts that he will not be an easy task when the

Wright's already have made their eight miles?

"And why do the generous Michelins give the prizes? The answer is simple. They are the manufacturers of automobile tires. To reduce the weight of the auto means to lengthen the life of the tire. To achieve that result now, the automobile engine must be made lighter in weight.

"That is why we have offered the prizes," said Edouard Michelin, in Paris, President of the Michelin Tire Company. "We recognize that the aeroplane will contribute to the advancement of the motor car by reducing the weight of the engine. Today we have motors that weigh but two kilos per horsepower. Tomorrow it may be but a kilo and a half. And who shall say where it will end."

"Reduce the weight of the automobile one-third and you lengthen the life of the tire by one-half."

Now for the tests! It won't be long before the aeroplane, the machine heavier than air, will be essaying flights as far as the automobile travels today.

The first Michelin prize was won within a week after it was offered. Who gets the second? May it not be an American? Who knows?

Good Stories Told by and About Prominent People

A Temperance Talk.

reception that I once attended in Washington. The speakers were two grand dames—I believe that is the word—two powerful social leaders, one from Philadelphia, the other from New York.

"Well," said the first grande dame, "I must be off. I've got to go and see my mother."

"The second put up her lorgnette and drawled: 'Really—at you don't mean to say you've got a mother living?'"

"The first grande dame laughed—a high, thin laugh, with something biting, like acid, in it.

"Oh, she's," she said, "my mother is still alive—and she doesn't look a day older than you do, I assure you."

Another Food Fad.

In New York's Mexican colony they were praising at a recent dinner, Pedro Alvarado, of Parral, who had just given \$200,000 to the poor.

"That is why he is now kind to the poor. A splendid fellow. Whenever I go back to Mexico I look him up.

"Alvarado likes to tell the quaint experiences of his days of poverty."

"In Mexico City he once pointed to a bakery and said to me: 'You see that bakery? Well, as I looked for work one morning early, I saw a tramp on hands and knees at the grating above the ovens. He tapped with his stick the seat of the tramp's trousers.

"Here, you, move on," he said sternly.

"That's inhuman, mister," whined the tramp. "I'm just inhaling my breakfast."

The Credit Side Would Tell.

The Ready Chauffeur.

THESE new taximeter cabs are a wonderful thing," said the actor, Henry E. Dixey. "They cost more than in London; in London they only cost 16 cents a mile. Nevertheless, let

us all patronize them, and then New York, like the other great cities of the world, will eventually come to have a reasonable cab service."

"But we must use the cabs, if we would bring on the service."

"Mr. Dixey smiled.

"I saw a well-dressed man approach the chauffeur of a taximeter cab the other day and say:

"Can you tell me the shortest way to the ball grounds?"

"Right inside my cab, sir," was the ready answer.

Heat Tears.

MRS. ELLINOR GLYN, the brilliant author of "Three Weeks," compared

at Santa Barbara the American with the English Summer.

"Here it is always fine," she said, "but your Summers in the East are cruel. Tropical countries, such as India or Arabia, have no worse heat."

"On a Summer day in New York I said to a dripping and scarlet urchin:

"How hot you are, aren't you? Your blouse is wet through."

"I can't help it," said the urchin fretfully. "This here heat makes me cry all over."

Explained at Last.

"The late Dr. Morgan Dix," said a clergyman of New York, "had a droll way of lightening grave subjects with little humorous asides.

"Once I heard him addressing a graduating class at a medical school. He began in this way:

"Physiologists tell us, gentlemen, that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the old man knows nothing, and the young one everything!"

The Baseball Spirit.

"THE baseball spirit is a wonderful and impressive thing," said a New Haven barber. "New manifestations of it continually crop up."

"Have Jones, the great Yale catcher, flopped into that red plush chair there the other day.

"'Shave, sir?'" said I.

"'No,' said he. 'Throat cut, Yale lost.'"

TAKING A CHANCE ON EVEN KEEL

WHY is canoeing considered a dangerous sport?

There are several reasons, but the first and most important is that the canoeist falls to keep the greater portion of his body's weight below the sealine. Manufacturers of canoes have, to a large measure, discarded practical lines in building and have catered to the comfort and appearance ideas rather than to the most approved methods. The consequence is that the canoeist is handicapped in these waters, and the frail canoeist in the gunwale, makes of his frail and top-heavy bark a veritable shuttlecock.

The best canoeists in America are the Canadians, and their canoes are very practical, though rather uncomfortable. Of course they are graceful, and, when properly and efficiently manned, can make the best kind of time over the rivers of that country of wide and deep streams.

Canoeists are not born. They need years and years of practice before they can feel safe under all circumstances. A clear head, sharp eye and a steady nerve are necessary, and it is always found that those who begin exercising these faculties in youth have a decided advantage over persons who try to develop them later in life. Canadian children learn to paddle almost as soon as they learn to walk, and this is the reason of their perfection in the art.

When you purchase a canoe see to it that you do not get a "man drowner." The market is flooded with canoes of various designs.

The most prominent feature about many of them is their apparent unseaworthiness; their greatest fault a canoeset built across the gunwales at bow and stern. These seats are contrary to all rules of boating, for the fundamental law is to keep your weight below the waterline.

When embarking place the foot squarely but lightly in the center of the canoe, then, resting a hand on each gunwale, lower yourself down until you are on your knees in the bottom. The stern man, or steerer, should embark first and get settled before his partner gets in. When two paddle in the same canoe it is called "tandem." In this case the heavier man takes the stern, so as to raise the bow a little, provided, of course, he understands the art of steering. The bow man must kneel in front of the first thwart and never attempt to guide the canoe unless requested to do so by the stern man.

Both men in position, the canoe properly balanced so that she is slightly deeper in the water at the stern than at the bow, and you are ready to start on your voyage. When two are paddling they should try to keep in stroke, as nothing looks worse than uneven or "ragged work," and, apart from appearances, it interferes with the steering.

It is impossible to give full instructions as to the use of the single paddle in steering. There are so many little twists and movements that the eye can hardly detect, but which influence the direction of the canoe, that they can only be picked up by practice and experience.

In the stern stroke the blade should enter the water almost perpendicularly and be brought back with a steady pull, so that it leaves the water behind the stern. If you are paddling on the right-hand side of your canoe and wish to turn her to the left the paddle must enter the water at foot or two away from the side and then sweep inward, making a curve stroke that finishes behind the stern.

The best position when alone is "amid-ship," or in the middle of the canoe. This keeps the entire keel in the water. If a man has no weight forward and kneels in the stern he raises her bow clear of the water, and the slightest head wind will make steering very difficult, if it does not spin the canoe around like a top.

The rules of canoeing are:

Learn to swim.

Don't have seats built across the gunwales.

Don't sit up on the thwarts.

Don't go into rough water until you understand the canoe.

Never overload.

Always have a life preserver with you when there is a woman aboard.

Never change places with another. If it must be done, paddle ashore and change there.

Don't skytark.

Keep your head under all conditions. Think and act quickly.

Don't wear a boiled shirt, top hat nor creases in your trousers.