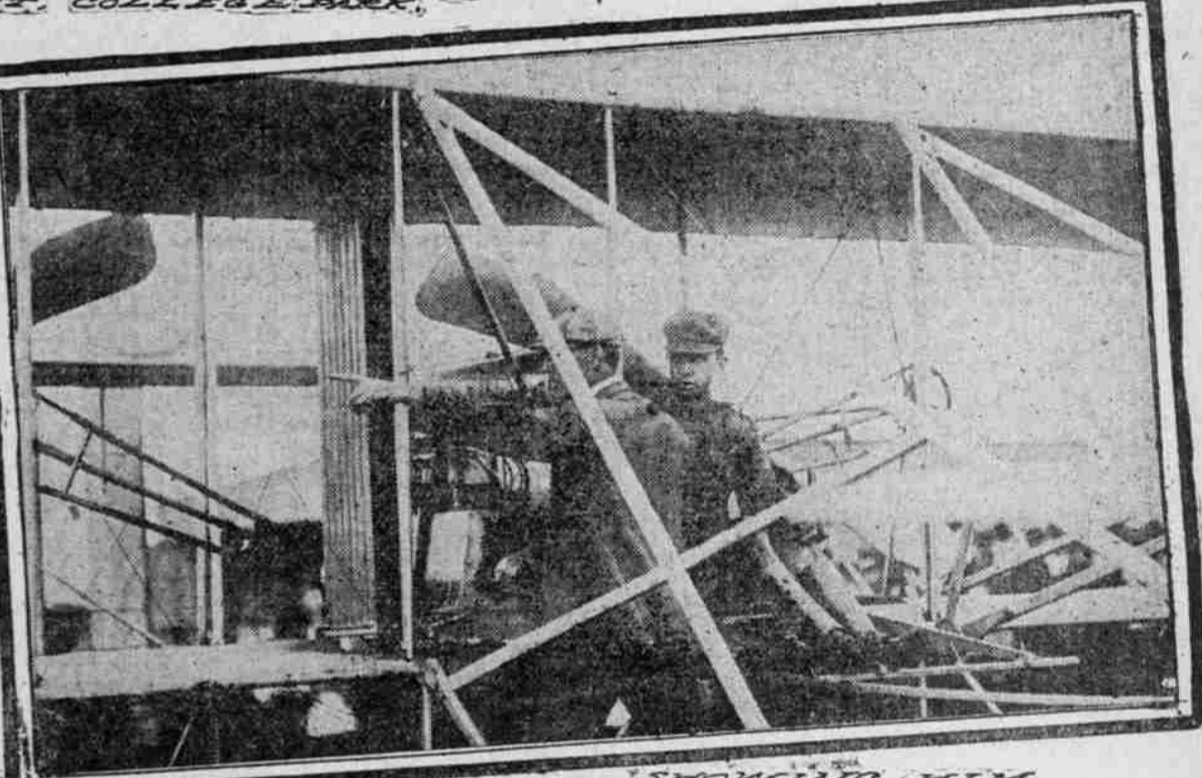
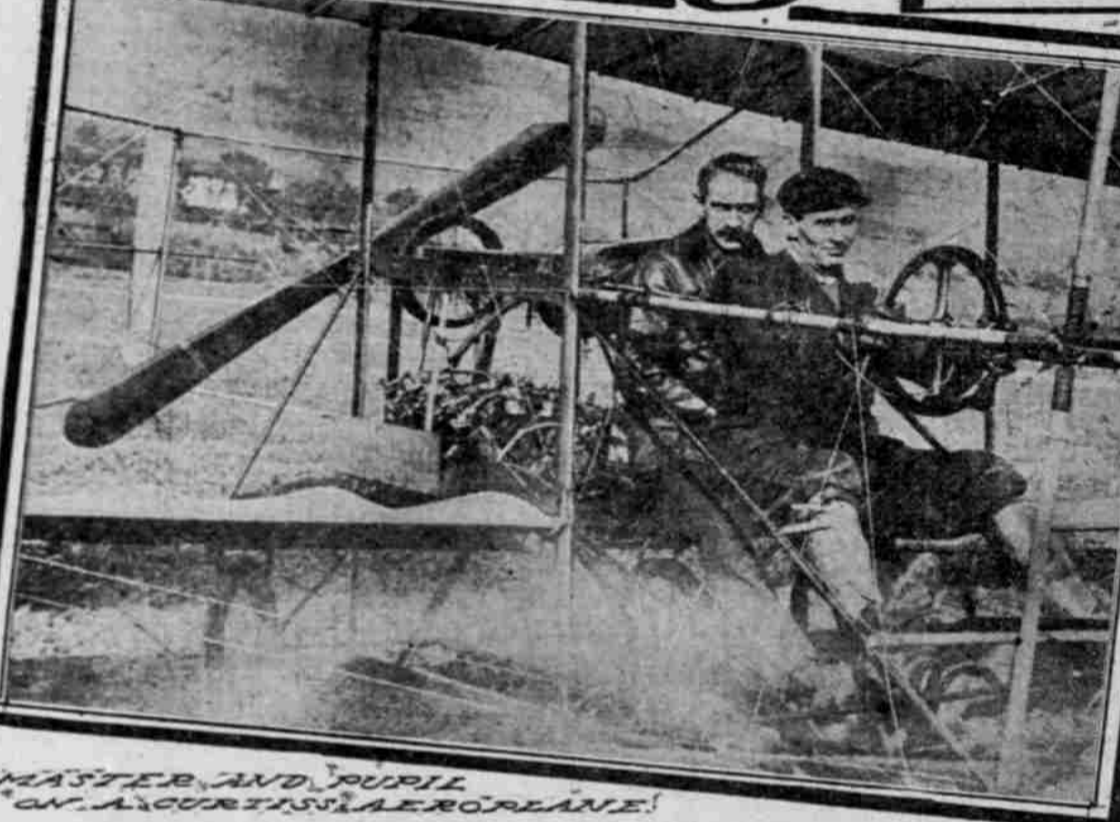
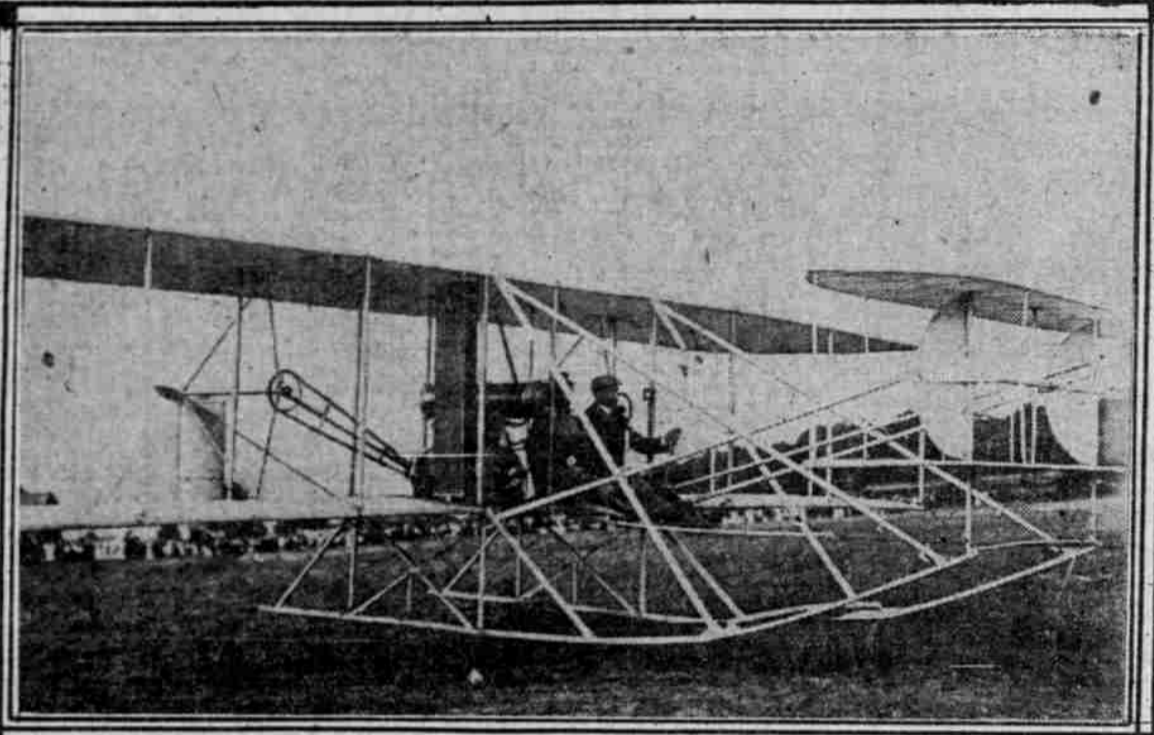
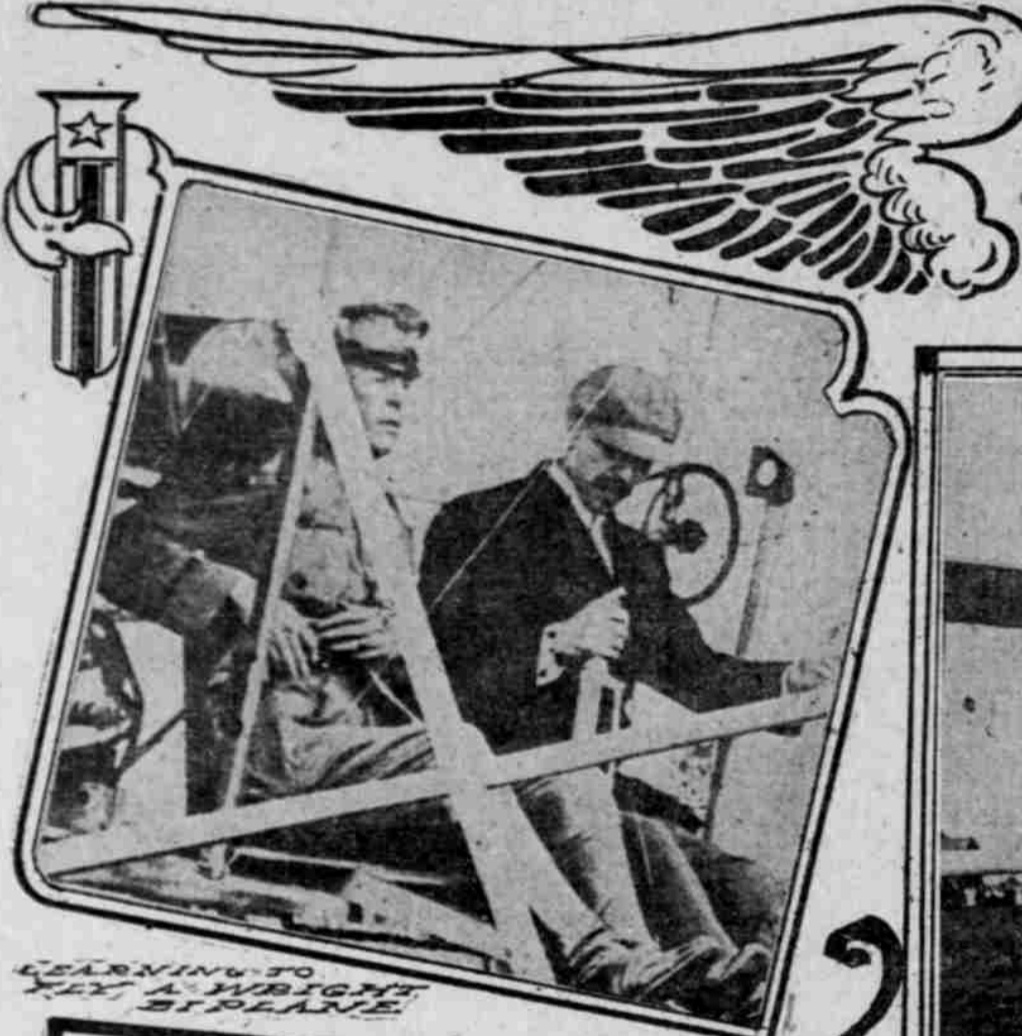


# WHERE YOUNG MEN LEARN TO FLY.

## New National Academy Near Washington for Instruction of Military and Civilian Aeronauts



**BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.**

**H**OW do you learn to fly?

The flying masters of our new National Aviation School have been telling me all about it.

Fifteen to twenty lessons and you are a birdman in full feather. Fifteen to twenty lessons at \$25 per, and you can add "aviation" to your name. This means \$375 to \$500 for the course, depending upon your aptitude and your nerve.

It is a much more pleasurable process than being broken in to ballooning, for no discomfort akin to "balloon sickness" is ever experienced by the aviator who is trying his wings. And this is because your biplane or monoplane never revolves or rolls, whereas your gasbag is forever undulating, oscillating, pulsating. But ballooning is quite too out of date for serious discussion, my flying masters tell me, with disdainful shrug of shoulders.

**Your First Lesson.**

But to the business.

Let us break you in on, say, "the Wright"—either the "Wright roadster" or the "baby Wright."

Your flying master swings open the doors of the hangar and rolls the bi-

plane out into the aviation field. He boosts you into the "passenger seat" in the center of the machine and takes his place in the "operator's seat," on your left, where he is always counterbalanced by the engine, whether your seat is occupied or not.

"Bur-r-r-r! Siz-z-z-z!" You do not know just when you leave the ground, but presently you drop your eyes to see the grass rolling back beneath you like the endless platform of a colossal treadmill. You have nothing to do except hold fast. Thus for 10 minutes you barely skim the ground. Then, before you realize that the biplane has alighted, you are told to jump out. And here ends the first lesson, which is devoted merely to accustom you to the sensation of flying.

Your second flight takes you up 50 feet. Making sure that you have your nerve, the flying master "gives" you the "actuating lever," which steers the biplane up and down or keeps it in a horizontal course. When first your left palm grasps the helm you are somewhat appalled by the consciousness that you have taken your life into this same hand. But this sense of grave responsibility is exaggerated. Your flying teacher has hold of a duplicate lever,

which corrects any errors you may chance to make. At the same time he clutches the "warping lever," which controls the biplane's lateral balance and turns it to right or left.

Six flights you make with actuating lever in hand, and next you are given six more with the aforesaid warping lever.

Then you are taken up and given both levers, your teacher all the while maintaining superior control with the duplicate in his hands. Regardless of how your erring hand may tempt fate, the great bird does his bidding.

**Learning the "Figure Eight."**

Gradually you master the turn to the right or left, then the difficult "figure eight" and finally you learn to launch your craft from terra firma into the aerial sea above or to drop it gently down from the empyrean's perilous heights onto hospitable earth. And in learning this last feat you must master the art of "taking off" the motor in the air and of gliding or coasting so that in case of accident to your engine you may make a safe landing without your propeller's aid.

Having made six perfect landings, you are turned loose. Like the mother bird which has faithfully and patiently taught its young the art of arts, your flying master now pushes you from the

nest and surrenders you to the hand of fate.

It has taken you from two to seven days to undergo your full course of 15 to 20 lessons, the first eight or ten of which have been given on calm days—this that you cannot blame your errors upon the vagaries of the winds. But during the latter half of your course the flying master sees to it that you are up in breezy weather, into whose tricks and treacheries you must be initiated under his guidance, if you value your trusty neck.

**Practice With Skeleton Machine.**

Mastering the Curtiss machine is a very similar process—except that master and pupil sit tandem fashion—but flying with the Blériot, Farman or any other foreign machine is taught by what is termed the "French-English method."

For your earlier lessons you board a great skeleton bird which cannot fly, no matter how it yearns for the air. It merely runs you along the ground, while you are learning all of the levers. Having been thus "broken in," you are given an actual machine with very low horsepower, in which you hop along the ground a few yards at a time. Very gradually are its surface and power increased, until you can venture 200 feet above ground.

Finally, upon graduation from the school, you are ready to purchase there

your Wright roadster, or baby Wright, for \$7500; your Curtiss, for \$4000; your Farman or Blériot, for \$5000, or your Antoinette, for \$7000.

Indeed, this national flying academy will be the most interesting thing that Washington has feasted its eyes upon in many a year—which is saying much for the capital city is blasé from seeing always the greatest sights that are offered to beholders.

The hangars, aerodrome, experiment ground, demonstration field and maneuver ground of the school are being made shipshape out at College Park, Md., a near suburb of the National capital, on the same ground which the Wrights have used in instructing Army officers in the handling of the War Department's only aeroplane. Here both theoretical and practical instruction will be given with biplanes, monoplanes and aerial craft of all kinds, and the "aerial maneuver ground" will be arranged as a park, where officers of the Army, Navy, National Guard and active members of the U. S. aeronautical reserve will study aeronautics as a means of national defense. Washington was chosen as the country's center for military aviation not only because the War and Navy departments are here, but because military and naval attaches are stationed at the capital by all of the great foreign powers interested in the enlargement of aerial fleets.

The Wrights and other aviators have, moreover, found the capital's "flying weather" especially good, its "flying season" unusually long and its surrounding topography ideal for test flights. The desire of aeroplane makers to exhibit their craft where members of Congress can see things for themselves, is another reason why the College Park site was chosen.

**The Head of the Faculty.**

The provisional head of the school's faculty is Captain C. J. Fox, United States aeronautical reserve, who is also Major and Chief of Ordnance, National Guard, District of Columbia. For five years Major Fox studied military science in France, Germany and England, in all of which countries he has attended maneuvers. He has studied also at the University of Geneva and Paris. While a student at Heidelberg he won the degree of Ph. D. by writing a thesis on the military science of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Speaking of the new school, Major Fox said:

"In the course of military instruction the National Aviation School will make practical experiments in aerial reconnaissance, dispatch carrying, transmitting wireless messages and visual signaling; also the carrying of ammunition, sanitary supplies and other war material. The reconnaissance work will

include estimating distance and judging the number and arm of troops when seen at a distance from above while moving rapidly through the air.

**Teaching Bomb Dropping.**

"Instruction and practice in bomb dropping will be a regular feature of the military course. Foreign experiments in military aeronautics will be studied carefully, and under the direction of Army and Naval officers adapted to American military conditions. There will also be established in conjunction with the school a general supply depot for monoplanes, biplanes, motors, propellers and aeronautic materials of all kinds, and a demonstration grounds where the manufacturers of various types of machines will be invited to exhibit. It is intended to establish at Washington a kind of permanent exhibit, where people who have come from all parts of our own country, as well as the diplomatic representatives who come from foreign governments, may see all that America has to offer in the aeronautical line. As a co-ordinate branch of the school, we aim to have an aeronautical laboratory, directed by a mathematical physicist of National reputation, for the study of such problems as the lifting power of different surfaces, the propeller power of the air, action of the wind currents, skin friction and structural strength of aeroplane materials."

## BASEBALL YARNS

### Stories of Great Players and Plays of Past and Present

**T**HERE are two types of baseball cranks that pester ball players especially. They are: the crank who writes letters anonymously and tells the players how bad they are and the enthusiastic crank who butts in, introduces himself, and proceeds to tell how good they are.

Ty Cobb, the Tiger star, met one of the latter kind on a train this Summer. Worse than that, the fellow not only was a baseball crank, but also one of these "purity in sport" reformers. He held for cleanliness for sportsmanship, and Cobb was with him. Then he got to talking about tricks turned by ball players to gain advantages, and he decried them as unsportsmanlike. Finally he said:

"Mr. Cobb, I am delighted to know you. I have read things that gave me an idea totally incorrect of you and your playing. I am glad to find you a sportsman and a lover of clean sport."

"Thank you," muttered Cobb, a trifle wearily.

"I shall explain to my friends," stated the fan. "The sure, Mr. Cobb, that as a Southern gentleman, you never took an unfair advantage of an opponent, that you never bumped a baseman intentionally or cut with your spikes, did you?"

"Well," said Cobb, hesitatingly, "not any of my close personal friends."

Billy "Bullhead" Dahlen, now the sedate and settled manager of the rapidly rising Brooklyn team, once had something of the same sort of an adventure with a great editor. It happened at that time I was working for

the editor who, besides being one of the great newspaper geniuses of the country, happened also to be a wild baseball crank. One day Dahlen, who was playing shortstop, had a bad day. He kicked and booted and threw wild and did everything backward, and that night the editor, who had seen the game, summoned me and said, sharply: "Go after that fellow, Dahlen, and drive him out of town. He's a loafer and a drinker."

There wasn't a chance to argue, so I hunted Dahlen up and remarked that I was going to "pan the life out of him" and drive him off the team, explaining the circumstances. Whereupon he remarked that he wished me success and would help me. For two weeks Dahlen was criticized at every turn. Then we went East and on the train Dahlen and I slipped away from Anson's ever watchful eye and sought the buffet car and liquid refreshment. While we were thus engaged the editor entered the car, addressed me, inquired whether the team was on the train and was introduced to Dahlen. I left them at 11 o'clock, the editor ordering more beer and talking baseball with Dahlen. The following morning the editor stopped at my berth.

"I was much mistaken in that young man, Dahlen," he remarked. "He is a smart, intelligent and interesting young man. I believe these stories about his drinking have been exaggerated. I fear we have been misled by the talk of cranks. I wish you would write a story suggesting him as the logical successor of Captain Anson as the manager of the team."

Dahlen was, during his Chicago career, a pestiferous player toward the umpire, and one of the worst naggers in the business. He has grown sedate and conservative and is friendly to some of the umpires nowadays, but when young he gave all the umpires and Uncle Nick Young more trouble than any player since his time.

One day on the West Side, Dahlen

approached Hank O'Day, who was the umpire, and remarked:

"Say, Hank, if I run at you in the first inning and call you a blank blank blank and step on your toes with my spike and push my glove into your face, what'll you do?"

"Do?" said Henry, getting rolled up. "Do? I'll chase you off the lot faster than you can run."

"All right," said Dahlen, calmly, "no hard feelings; I just want to get put out quick, so I can get to Harlem in time to get a bet down on the fourth race."

"Huh," said Hank. "Huh—Say, you can't get put out of this game in a thousand years, not if you spike me in the face, and remarked:

"Nor could he, although he did everything he could think of. O'Day made him play out the string, and the horse spit and push my glove into your face, what'll you do?"

Possibly the best joke of the entire baseball year was the one that Frank Isbell, now owner and manager of the Wichita team, slipped over on his old comrades the Chicago White Sox this Spring. The Sox were to play an exhibition game at Wichita, and Issey had made great preparations for their coming. Also he thought they had a sense of humor—which was another mistake.

Issey prepared a great feast at his home, and served to his old friends on the Sox team a beautiful repast. During the dinner the Sox were telling of the wretched umpiring they had been getting, and how every umpire in the little cities thought himself duty bound to help his team beat big leaguers. Issey remarked: "I've been having trouble here in the exhibition games. I've had one of the regular league umpires, but Detroit kicked on him and the other team, too. He was pretty bad, so I got another fellow for today. I think he's all right. He lives here and has umpired a lot of amateur and college games. He's a man worth a quarter of a million dollars, he stands high in society and church circles and in business. He thinks it an honor to umpire this game, and I hope you fellows won't kick."

They didn't kick. The umpiring was fine up to the ninth inning. Then Wichita was leading by one run. In the first of the tenth, with a runner on bases, Frank Smith hit the ball half a mile over the left field fence and put the Sox ahead. Up to that time the Sox had been much pleased with the umpire, but when Wichita went to bat for the last time things changed. The um-

pire began to call balls regardless of where they were pitched. He walked three men, then another and forced home a run. The Sox grew mad and Smith turned on him.

"What are you trying to do?" he demanded. "Steal this game?"

"Why, Mr. Smith," said the prominent citizen, in distressed and surprised tones. "Mr. Isbell explained to me that you wanted to lose this game to him to give his Wichita team a good send-off."

"Foxy Issey had 'double-crossed' both the umpire and the Sox and he won the game. Instead of seeing the joke, the Sox got mad.

Perhaps the most remarkable catch made anywhere during the season of 1910 was made by Carlisle, of the Vernon team of the Pacific Coast League, at points the San Francisco grounds early in October. The catch was made possible because it started in a joking tribute by Carlisle to the hitting prowess of "Ping" Bodie, the slugging outfielder of the Frisco team, who came near breaking world's records for home run hits during the season.

The San Francisco grounds are situated low, and surrounded by great fences, some of them as tall as the three-story houses that adjoin the park. At points the fences are nearly 50 feet high, yet Bodie kept driving the ball over fences, signs and high screens until it got to be a regular thing, and a source of joking among the fans and players alike. The Vernon team came down from the North with the Frisco team, and they stopped to play a series at the Mission-street grounds. It happened that while the team was away painters had been putting some new lettering on signs high above the fence, and one tall ladder remained propped against the fence in right center field. The ladder was left there, and after Vernon had batted and failed to score,

Carlisle, jugged out to his position, saw the ladder, and thought of a joke. Two were out when "Ping," the hero of Frisco, came to bat. Carlisle jogged back to the fence and, climbing about 20 feet up the ladder, turned his face toward the field. The bleacher crowd appreciated his tribute to Bodie's hitting power and laughed and cheered, and the crowd in the stands took up the applause. Bodie swung wickedly upon the first ball pitched, Carlisle, thinking he had carried the joke far enough, was descending the ladder, when he saw the ball coming toward the fence, far above his head. He turned, scrambled 10 feet up the ladder, clinging to a round with one hand and stretching out the other, caught the ball.

The catch caused a long argument, but it was allowed and then the umpire stopped the game until the ladder was removed.

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**MITCHELL GIVES FIGURES**

**Employers' Liability Companies Get Huge Sums Each Year.**

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 14.—In eleven years \$39,959,978 has been paid in premiums to employers' liability companies in the United States, while but \$42,899,498 was paid out in claims. Of this amount less than \$20,000,000 went to injured working men and their families.

More than 500,000 men are killed or maimed every year in American industrial pursuits.

These figures are given by John Mitchell, labor leader at a meeting, at which was organized a state branch of the National organizations which is working for uniform state laws.

