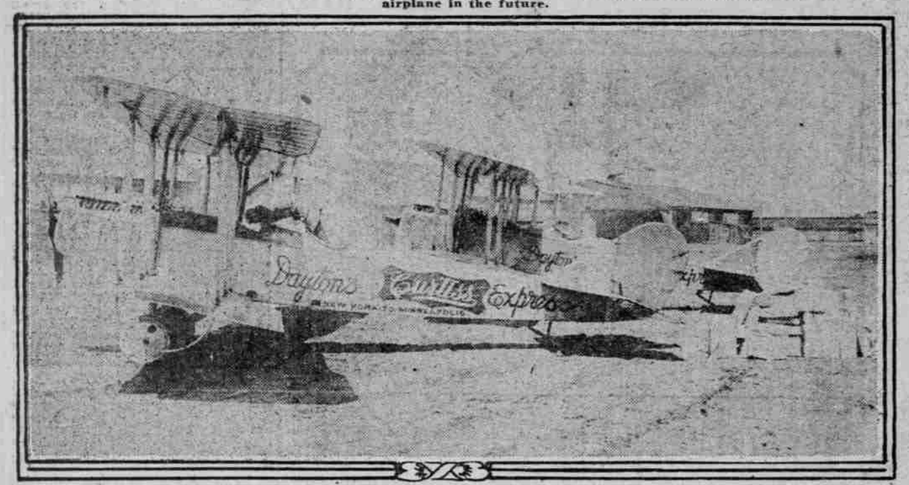
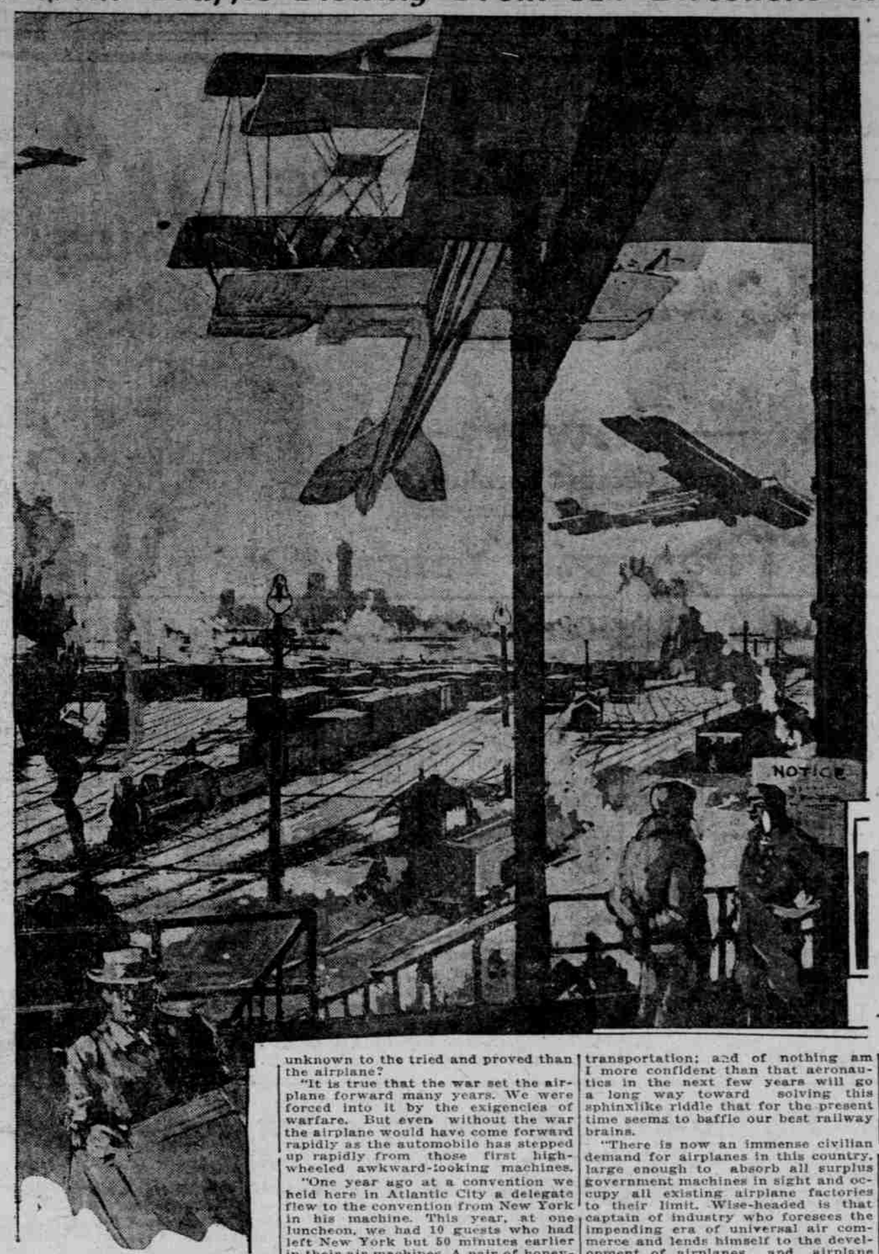
OVERBURDENED COMMERCE NOW HARNESSES THE AIRPLANE

Talks With Experts Show How This Mighty Force Is to Solve Transportation Problems Now That Earth Is Congested With Traffic Flowing From All Directions to Our Cities

Colonel J. D. Carmody, Major Thomas Scott Baldwin and Alan R. Hawley, who see clearly the place of the airplane in the future.



Airplanes as freight carriers are by no means a mere imaginative ideal of the future. Here are shown two machines loading consignments of merchandise from jobbers in New York to be shipped to retailers in Minneapolis—a 1500-mile haul by air, where there is no traffic congestion and delayed delivery.



Henry Woodhouse, author of "Text book of Naval Aeronautics."

Augustus Post finds us now approaching the age of practical adoption of the airplane for the needs of commerce. "Aeronautics will go a long way toward solving the riddle which seems to baffle our best railway brains."

BY CHARLES W. DUKE.

"IT may not be known generally that the United States leads all all other nations at the present time in the number of airplanes actually engaged in civilian pursuits and in the number of aerial transportation lines being organized," Alan R. Hawley, world's champion balloonist and famous aeronautical leader, was saying," but it is a fact of which every flying devotee is proud."

"More than 8000 pilots' certificates issued in this country, with 10,000 more pilots licensed in Great Britain, France and Italy, with prizes aggregating $2,000,000 open this summer to the competitive flyers of all nations," chimed in Augustus Post, secretary of the Aero Club of America, who recently returned from Europe, where he made an extensive study of civilian flying plans.

"Tell the public, too, that the demand for aircraft for civilian purposes in this country is so enormous that American aircraft manufacturers will not be able to supply more than a fraction of the demand during the next six months of the 1920 season," added Henry Woodhouse, an ardent patron of the art and business of flying ever since the day the Wright brothers first lifted off the ground at Dayton early in the present century.)

"Put this down also for the skeptics who said flying never could be made safe for America and all the world," was the rejoinder of Major Thomas Scott Baldwin, the first balloon parachute jumper and more recently the perfecter of aerial safety devices. "Planes that will not capsize, machines that will not burn, all-steel air parlor cars that can crash to earth without being smashed up and smashing their occupants, improved parachutes with which a man or woman may leap into space and drift safely and accurately to any desired landing place."

"Take a trip around the world as safely as though traveling in the best protected railway train, but very much cheaper and altogether much faster," put in Lluetenant-Colonel John D. Carmody of the United States army.

"Selling air machines for your Uncle Sam in the navy department as fast as we can put them together and ship them away—America, Canada, South America, China, everywhere," piped up Commander H. K. McCay, from the Philadelphia navy-yard.

One after another representative leaders in the realm of American aviation were reeling off the latest news in the way of civilian aeronautical developments the world over. Quietly, yet forcefully, while the world at large is engrossed in all manner of mundane projects, the promoters of aviation are seeing their fondest dreams realized—the earth taking to wings for the solution of its transportation problems, just as the prophets and the poets anticipated many moons ago.

Buddha smiled while all this conversation was going on. Buddha lived more than 2500 years ago, but Buddha has his prototypes today in the many images that are brought into this country by the art connoisseurs from the Buddhist temples of far-off India and Burmah. A score or more of these idols sat grouped about the tea-room of the Hotel Ambassador on the Atlantic City boardwalk, legs crossed, eyes widely aslant, intently listening while the disciples of aviation spun their yarns of epochal air achievements. Scions of an Oriental civilisation that flourished centuries ago, they composed an interesting portion of George Hoyt Allen's collection of antique buddhas put on view for the summer.

Was it not natural that these images should lend attentive ears to what was being said by this group of recognized aeronautical leaders anent the latest conquests of the air? Was it not Buddha himself who enunciated the doctrine of the transmigration of souls? We were here through no fault of ours. We would continue to be born over and over. The next state into which we were born would depend upon how we used our present life. So reasoned Buddha. What, then, so probable but that the birds that lived in Buddha's time had, in the natural evolution of time, by the simplicity of their lives and the sweetness of their songs, climbed into the souls of the mighty machines that wing their way unerringly from hemisphere to hemisphere, linking up the ages-old civilization of Burma and India with continental Europe, ready now for the conquest of the Pacific that will bring Orient and Occident into intimate contact?

A squawking seagull flitted along the beach front. Closely behind it, its approach heralded by a healthy steady roar of gasoline engines, lurched a mighty seaplane. The Buddha statues watched the two in silence, their minds wandering back through the ages.

Meanwhile the modern birdmen pursued their own fascinating conversation, all unmindful of the silent figures and their inaudible meditations. By rare chance I had come upon half a dozen of the world's leading "sky pilots" grouped here in such a remarkable environment, an environment linking past and present and pointing the way to that dim future no less obscure than the Far East civilization represented by the Buddhas. While the images silently communed among themselves concerning the possible evolution of the soul of a bird into the soul of an airplane, the "fliers" themselves "talked shop" for the benefit of the public press.

"How are we progressing in civilian aeronautics?" was the question propounded. It was but natural that the representatives of the army and navy should speak first, seeing they have so lately been engaged in aviation as a patriotic business, and qualified to speak from the standpoint of intimate and prolonged experience in the air.

"Military aeronautics have been written into history," said Lieutenant-Colonel Carmody, who is in charge of the heavier-than-air division of the army aeronautics branch. "The future cannot be placed in the hands of the military, unless—and we hope it may not happen—we are to engage in another war. The burden of aviation for the future is to be taken up by those whose economic interests can best be served by aeronautics. Our postoffice department, in the handling of mails and parcel post, has shown what may be done. And what may be done already is forecast by what is being done. Freight and passengers are to be handled with greater speed and at a less cost, thus relieving the railroads and tending to solve the problem of freight congestion. Throughout the country new air lines are being established. One reads of them nearly every day. Very soon we shall have gone into commercial flying on a large scale and one may ponder at length on the significance of this movement from the economic standpoint."

At this juncture Commander McCay of the navy took up the conversation.

"You want to know something definite of what is being done to develop civilian flying now that the war is over? All right, then: listen to this. Right now the navy department is selling 500 airplanes—$8,000,000 worth of them—together with engines, spare parts, etc. The liberty engine that cost $4000 is being sold for $2000. Machines that cost $40,000 are being disposed of for $12,400.

"Are they being taken up? How about this: Just the other day at the Philadelphia navy-yard we sold $250,000 worth of machines to one concern that will operate air lines for passengers and freight between Great Lake cities. A Cleveland group of capitalists is back of the enterprise. They propose to run lines from Buffalo to Cleveland, Detroit and other lake cities. These craft will have a capacity of 20 passengers and 2½ tons of freight. Before long they expect to have night air lines running between Cleveland and Toronto.

"Canada is on the job. Just the other day Lieutenant-Colonel Stanley Scott, acting for the Canadian air board, came down from Ottawa with $100,000 to take over ten of our machines. They are going to run lines this summer from Montreal to Halifax and the like. A South American company has negotiated for airplanes to be used in crossing the Rio de la Plata from Montevideo to Buenos Aires. China has come into the market and taken over 20 machines to be put into commercial aviation at once."

The buddahs seem interested in this near-home bit of news and one of them, a $3000 beauty with elephant tusk carvings, smiled when Colonel Carmody announced that the Canadian government had offered rich prizes to any intrepid aviator who might go out this summer and conquer the Pacific in a long jump from Vancouver to the orient just as Uncle Sam's and John Bull's daring navigators leaped last summer across the Atlantic.

Augustus Post, he of the suave voice, the beard and the piercing black eyes, took up the conversation at this point. Long an enthusiastic backer of any and everything pertaining to the development of aviation. Mr. Post depicted the future of commercial flying in vivid colors.

"There have been three eras in aviation," he began. "First came the inventive age, next the experimental, and now the age of practicability. It is into the third stage of flying that we have been ushered—all of this accomplished in less than two score years. What other scientific marvel has had such quick progress from the unknown to the tried and proved than the airplane?

"It is true that the war set the airplane forward many years. We were forced into it by the exigencies of warfare. But even without the war the airplane would have come forward rapidly as the automobile has stepped up rapidly from those first high-wheeled awkward-looking machines.

"One year ago at a convention we held here in Atlantic City a delegate flew to the convention from New York in his machine. This year, at one luncheon, we had 10 guests who had left New York but 50 minutes earlier in their air machines. A pair of honeymooners dropped in from Boston. An army colonel closed his desk in the war department at 10 o'clock in the morning and was with us for luncheon in time for the clam cocktail.

"No one of common sense or experience speaks any more of the hazards of flying. They are fast being overcome. I would as soon travel by air as by express train, for the statistics will show that in peace time there are no more accidents in the air, in the general average, than on the rail. In Europe it is a common thing to take airship and go from Paris to London or from London to Brussels.

"But the wonderful part of this new era of flying is the fact that flying is becoming so importantly linked up with commerce and general peace time public utility. There is no greater economic problem today than that of transportation; and of nothing am I more confident than that aeronautics in the next few years will go a long way toward solving this sphinxlike riddle that for the present time seems to baffle our best railway brains.

"There is now an immense civilian demand for airplanes in this country, large enough to absorb all surplus government machines in sight and occupy all existing airplane factories to their limit. Wise-headed is that captain of industry who foresees the impending era of universal air commerce and lends himself to the development of airplanes and airplane equipment. He will make money hand over fist, once he gets his eyes open and starts to supply the demand. Throughout the country there are more than a score of companies engaged in the manufacture fo air equipment of all kinds. These people are the pioneers in laying the foundation of a great business that will develop just as the automobile business grew from the manufacture of 100 motorcars a year to the making of hundreds of thousands of them."

Piecing together the fragments of conversation inserted one after the other in this conclave of aero-engineers, the writer found their programme for the present contemplates these features:

1. Placing aerial navigation on a practical basis as an art.
2. Establishing organized aerial transportation as a self-supporting business proposition.
3. Encouraging and developing aeronautic sport, nationally and internationally.
4. Encouraging and popularizing the individual use of airplanes by holding organized aerial tours on the principle of the Glidden auto tours.
5. Protecting lawful aeronautic activities by the elimination of stunt flying and dangerous operations and by adopting wise legislation and sound conditions for the issuance of insurance policies.

Some of the things they point to with a manifestation of pride are the work of the aerial police in various cities; the part played by the airplane in city planning; the value of aircraft for advertising by day and by night; the aerial mail developments in the United States, Canada and South and Central America; millions of dollars worth of valuable woodlands saved through the vigilance of aerial forest patrols; aerial exploration and the use of aircraft for coast and geodetic survey; how the weather forecasts can be extended and made more efficient by use of aircraft in exploring the upper air, and various other kindred topics.

"Only the other day came the news that an American had flown over the highest point of the Andes mountains," said Henry Woodhouse, the little bundle of energy and enterprise who has been one of the mainsprings in aeronautics from the beginning: "Just think what the future holds by way of commercial communication with our Pan-American neighbors. It will not be necessary to rely on slow-going ocean-traveling carriers. If the motorcar was expanded from a single-seater carrying less than 200 pounds to a monster truck carrying many tons, may we not picture that near future when our carriers of the air will flit away southward with their cargoes of North American goods bound for South American markets. All of the Pan-American republics are ready to join us in extensive aeronautical activities."

The Buddha figures were nodding approval as these pioneers of the new aerial era withdrew from the boardwalk temple. It may be their minds had wandered again to the great buddha, who, after he had thoroughly worked out his solution of life's problems, settled in Benares, gathered five choice spirits who had been companions in his life as an ascetic, imparted to them his discovery of what he believed to be the path of truth and spent the rest of a long life developing truth as he believed it. Maybe the five spirits were speaking through the tongues of the air prophets. At any rate, they crossed their arms and sat with bowed heads as though acknowledging again the spirit of truth.

CHILD FILMS ARE TAME, BUT LOST THRILLS HAVE REGRETS

Camera at Home Requires Large Collection of Reels or Audience Tires, but Broken Adventures Jangle Nerves.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

WE soon wearied of the little circular films that came with our boy's sized moving-picture projector.

There was the horse that trotted up to a hurdle and, lifting his forefeet in the air like a dog begging, leaped over it, much as a sawhorse would have done. The picture wasn't inspiring, even when it possessed the element of surprise. After he knew exactly what was going to happen, even the baby wouldn't look at it.

We tried to introduce a little variety by slowing up the film. That was interesting, for a time. The horse would appear to be wafted into the air by a gentle zephyr. He would hang suspended over the hurdle, like an actor in a pantomime, and then alight on the other side like a butterfly, giving his hind legs a slow, dignified kick as he did so. When constant use staled the freshness of this variant, we ran the film backward.

Repetition Loses Charm.

But even that soon lost its charm. One horse, leaping one hurdle, when seen for the hundredth time palls on the vision, no matter whether his forelegs or hind legs take the initiative.

The little children who "rang around the rosy" were not fascinating at the start. After we had looked at them a dozen times and discovered that never by any chance would one of them fall down and bark his nose, or even get scratched on the "rosy," we laid the film aside.

There is an inevitableness about a film that saddens the heart. You wait expectantly each time for something different to happen. It never does. The man turning the handspring never altered the position of his feet when they left the ground or when they resumed it. The fellow's absolute lack of originality was depressing. Even a wooden jumping-jack gets up a new movement now and then, knowing full well that if he didn't there would soon be a heavy slump in the jumping-jack market.

Decision Is Changed.

We had about decided to shelve the projector and charge the money we had invested in it up to life's little disappointments when we happened to meet a moving-picture manufacturer on the train.

To him we told how the dew had been dimmed on our moving-picture rose and the dust had been swept from our film butterfly.

"Don't can the projector," he said cheerily. "I'll send you some films for it—some live ones."

This, of course, was great news. We took it home and distributed it around the family with gratifying results.

Thousands of questions about what kind of films these would be were flung at our head. We parried all of them with a smiling "Wait and see," for we didn't have the least idea as to the nature of the treat that was in store for us. Enough for us, we said, that we were to have regular moving-picture shows in our home, without so much as a war tax to pay.

Three or four days later the films came along.

We invited in the neighbors, cleaned up the projector, hung up a sheet in the dining room, and unpacked the films, feeling much as Columbus must have felt when he spread the sail of his little caravel on a voyage to a strange and beautiful new world.

Result Is Gratifying.

The result was instantly gratifying. There were no titles nor subtitles to tell what the picture was about, but none was needed. A man in a silk hat dashed on the scene, pursued by a large and apparently very irritable bear.

The bear gained on the man for several feet of film. Then the man came to a tree, which he ascended with more agility than you would expect from the kind of a man who would wear a silk hat.

The bear reached the foot of the tree, gave a nasty look toward the branches where the feet of the silk-hatted man were being gathered up after him, and began to climb. Then followed a scene well up in the tree, with the man swaying on a limb and the bear, open-mouthed, swarming up after him. Then there was a click in the camera. The film had run out.

We hunted frantically through the box for the rest of it. But there wasn't any rest of it. We did not know, and probably shall never know, whether the bear munched the man, throwing his clothing to the ground as a monkey throws down the husk of a cocoanut, or whether an airplane came by and rescued the victim. We are betting against the latter contingency, as airplanes and bears do not mix much in the same localities, but, alas, there is nobody to decide our bet.

Audience Loses Nerve.

The next film was like the first. A locomotive was approaching a hero who was securely lashed to the rails. At a little distance a heroine, with a carving knife in her hands, was speeding to set the hero free. But before either she or the locomotive arrived the film gave out and left us in an ecstasy of disappointment.

Another search through the box availed us nothing. All the films were like that. They just got you excited and interested, when they coldly quit on you. The manufacturer had given us only remnants and these were remnants of plays that had been given up at rehearsal so long ago that even the scenario writer would not know what happened.

We aren't using the projector any more. A man has only so many nerves in his body, and when half a score of these snap every night he will soon be ready for a nutsmith. Anyone wanting these fragmentary films can have them. An experiment by one of the children which fortunately was detected in time has shown us that they are excellent for fuel, albeit a little sudden.

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THEN THE FIL M BROKE OFF.

WOMEN IN EGYPT SERFS

Men Lords of Creation, So Far as Other Sex Is Concerned.

LONDON, June 19.—The treatment of women in Egypt is the darkest phase of Egyptian life, says G. N. Barnes, member of parliament, who has recently returned from a tour of that at will from mere whim without reason, and it was not uncommon for a man to have three wives.

"In many houses," continued Mr. Barnes, "I never saw a woman and you can take it from me that the position of the women in Egypt is absolutely one of serfdom and dependence. They spend their lives in miserable hovels; in working in the adjoining fields, or in getting water.

"They are serfs of the men and as much beasts of burden as the donkey and the camel. A people which uses women folk in that way is destined to be a subject race and do not deserve to govern."

country.

The men in Egypt, said Mr. Barnes, so far as sex relations were concerned, thought themselves the lords of creation. They could divorce their wives

WOMEN ASK SPECIAL CAR

Traditional Gallantry of France Disclosed to Be Dead Letter.

PARIS, June 19.—So bad have the traveling conditions become on the tubes here that the women workers, including the midinettes and modistes of the fashionable shops, have demanded that a special carriage on each train be reserved for women.

They protest indignantly against the pushing to which they are subjected. "The traditional gallantry of France is a dead letter," said one typical business girl. "Traveling on the metro at certain hours of the day has become nothing more or less than a battle in which the weak have no chance against the strong."

Energy Is Incalculable in Atom, Says Scientist.

World Havoc Possible Through Misuse of Terrible Secret.

THE nearest physical approach to the algebraic minus quality is an election, one of the constituent parts of an atom.

If, for example, an atom could be magnified to the size of one of the pyramids, an electro under the same glass would be only a dot, and a very small dot it would be.

According to Sir Oliver Lodge, who succeeded in taking an atom apart, we may well fear future wars if the terrible secret of how to utilize the energy contained in the atoms falls into the hands of an uncivilized power. Not only human life, but the whole planet could be destroyed, he asserts. Radium is merely the expulsion of electrons from highly "charged" atoms. They are discharged with sufficient force to carry them at a velocity only a trifle slower than that of light. This power is dormant in each atom.

Sir Oliver gives credit to Professor Robert A. Milliken, of the University of Chicago, for discovering the method of studying the action and nature of the electron. Discovery of the electron itself in 1881 meant little until the study of radium gave the clue.

Dry Area Aids Theaters.

CLEVELAND, O.—The theatrical business has increased 50 per cent since the country went dry, according to John Cort of New York, one of the country's leading producers, on a recent visit to Cleveland. He declared the dry era staved off a disastrous period for the theatrical world.

LADIES! DARKEN YOUR GRAY HAIR

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and Nobody Will Know.

The use of sage and sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is mussy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known down-town druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy. —Adv.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Mrs. J. Christman Proved That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a Remedy for this Trouble.

Binghamton, N. Y.—"I was in a very nervous condition for over a year, my mind was gloomy, could see no light on anything, could not work and could not have any one to see me. Doctor's medicine did not help me and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended. I took it and am now well. I recommend it to all afflicted with nervous prostration."—Mrs. J. CHRISTMAN, 193 Oak Street, Binghamton, New York.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from nervous prostration, displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion and dizziness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

If there are any complications about which you need advice, write in confidence to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.