by Zona Gale us Lulu Bett

II.—IN WHICH LULU DUSTS A PHOTOGRAPH

And Discloses Another and Unsuspected Self to Dwight's Brother Ninian, Tease, Braggart, Unmodified Male, Who Wears Diamonds and Has Fat Hands

parlor was rarely used, but Lulu never went. The reason seemed every morning it was dusted. to be that she never went anywhere By Lulu. She dusted the black wal-nut center table which was of Ina's choosing, and looked like Ina, shining, complacent, abundantly curved things with her finger. And she The leather rocker, too, looked like thought about the brightness of that

Lulu dusted the upright piano, and that was like Dwight-in a perpetual out, playful, but capable, too, of roaring a ready bass.

And the black fireplace-there was Mrs. Bett to the life. Colorless, fireless and with a dust of ashes. In the midst of all was Lulu her-

self reflected in the narrow pier glass, bodiless-looking in her blue gingham gown, but somehow alive. Natural. This pier glass Lulu approached self but because of the photograph on its low marble shelf-easel. A photograph of a man with evident eyes,

evident lips, evident cheeks-and each of the six were rounded and convex. You could construct the rest of him. Down there under the glass you could imagine him standing, rounded and thumbs and snug clothes. It was Ninian Deacon, Dwight's brother.

Every day since his coming had been announced Lulu, dusting the parlor, had seen the photograph looking at her with its eyes somehow new. Or were her own eyes new? She dusted this photograph with a dif-ference, lifted, dusted, set it back, with no needle. less as a process than as an expe"Inie ought to make over her derience. As she dusted the mirror and luine," Mrs. Bett comfortably began. saw his trim semblance over against They talked of this, devised a mode her own bodiless reflection, she hu-ried away. But the eyes of the picture followed her, and she liked it.

She dusted the south window-sill and saw Bobby Larkin come round the house to go to the wood-shed for dividuals and alive. To the two pai-the lawn mower. She heard the lid beings accessory to the Deacons' smooth blur of the cutter. Not six house. Di had been earing for her canary and she carried her bird-bath and went to the well, and Lulu divined that Di had deliberately diswatched, and in her watching was Nor did she watch wistfully. Rather, she looked out on something in which she had never shared, could not by tality, perpetually submerged. any chance imagine herself sharing.

of May bore the soft talking. I hold this?" And again; "Now, wait till I rinse." And again: needn't be so glum"-the village salutation signifying kindly attention. plum?" he countered gloomily.

The iron of those days when she had laughed at him was deep within him, and this she now divined, and time: said absently:

"I used to think you were pretty nice. But I don't like you any more "Yes, you used to!" Bobby repeated risively. "Is that why you made

fun of me all the time?" At this Di colored and tapped her foot on the well-curb. He seemed to umph. But Di looked up at him shyly and looked down. "I had to," she admitted. "They were all teasing me about you."

They were?" This was a new him, were they? He straigthened he said in magnificent

teased you. I-I never wanted to." Again the upward look. Bobby stared at her.

never thought it was anything like "Of course you didn't." She tossed

back har bright hair, met his eyes "And you never came where I could tell you. I wanted to tell you." She ran into the house.

Lulu lowered her eyes. It was as if she had witnessed the exercise of some secret gift, had seen a cocoon open or an egg hatch. She was think-

"How easy she done it. Got him right over. But how did she do

Dusting the Dwight-like piano Lulu looked over-shoulder, with a manner of speculation, at the photo-

Bobby mowed and pondered. The magnificent concelt of the male in his understanding of the female character was sufficiently developed to cause him to welcome the improvisa tion which he had just heard. Per haps that was the way it had been been. What a fool he had been not

to understand. He cast his eyes repeatedly toward the house. He man aged to make the job last over so that he could return in the afternoon He was not conscious of planning this, but it was in some manner contrived for him by forces of his own with which he seemed to be co-oper Continually he glanced toward the

These glances Lulu saw. She was a woman of 34 and Di and Bobby were 18, but Lulu felt for them no adult indulgence. She felt that sweetness of attention which we bestow

She cut a fresh cake, filled a plate called to Di, saying: "Take some out and offered it. that Bobby Larkin, why don't

It was Lulu's way of participating.

It was her vicarious thrill.

their books and departed to the Chau-(Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.) their books and departed to the Chau-ULU was dusting the parlor. The tauqua circle. To these meetings

When they were gone Lulu felt an instant liberation. She turned aimlessly to the garden and dug around Ina, brown, plumply upholstered, tip- Chautauqua scene to which Ina and ping back a bit Really, the daven- Dwight had gone. Lulu though port looked like Ina, for its chintz about such gatherings in somewhat pattern seemed to bear a design of the way that a futurist receives the lifted eyebrows and arch, reproach- subjects of his art-forms not vague but heightened to intolerable definiteness, acute color, and always motion-motion as an integral part of attitude of rearing back, with paws the desirable. But a factor of all was that Lulu herself was the participant not the onlooker. The perfection of her dream was not impaired by any longing. She had her dream as saint, her sense of heaven.

"Lulie!" her mother called, "you come out of that damp." She obeyed, as she had obeyed that voice all her life. But she took one

last look down the dim street. She with expectation, not because of her- had not known it, but superimposed on her Chautauqua thoughts had been her faint hope that it would be to-night, while she was in the garden alone, that Ninian Deacon would arrive. And she had on her wool chally, her coral beads, her cameo pin. . She went into the lighted dining

room. Monona was in bed. Di was convex, with plump hands and curly not there. Mrs. Bett was in Dwight Herbert's leather chair and she lolled at her ease. It was strange to see this woman, usually so erect and tense, now actually lolling, as if lolling were the positive, the vital, and her ordinary rigidity a negation of her. In some corresponding orgy of

recalled other delaines. "Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Bett. "I had on a delaine when I met your father." She described it. Both women talked freely, without animation. They were inpresence, Mrs. Bett and her daughter times had Bobby traversed the lawn Lulu now bore no relationship. They when Lulu saw Di emerge from the emerged, had opinions, contradicted, their eyes were bright.

.Toward 9 o'clock Mrs. Bett an nounced that she thought she should have a lunch. This was debauchery. regarded the handy kitchen taps. She brought in bread and butter and Lulu dusted the south window and a dish of cold canned peas. She was committing all the excesses that she no quality of spying or of criticism. knew-offering opinions, laughing, eating. It was to be seen that this woman had an immense store of vi-

The south windows were open. Airs sleepy-rather cross at the last and lencies to Lulu, and, at Lulu's defens

lifted an ancient weapon. "What's the use of finding fault with Inie? Where'd you been if she hadn't married?"

Lulu said nothing. "What say?" Mrs, Bett demanded

shrilly. She was enjoying it. Lulu said no more. After a long "You always was jealous of Inie,

said Mrs. Bett, and went to her bed. As soon as her mother's door had closed. Lulu took the lamp from its bracket, stretching up her long body and her long arms until her skir lifted to show her really slim and have her now, and enjoyed his tri- some other Lulu, but slightly incarnats. Perhaps, so far, incarnate only in her feet and her long hair.

She took the lamp to the parlor and stood before the photograph of Ninian Deacon, and looked her fill. She thought to him. Teasing her about did not admire the photograph, but she wanted to look at it. The house was still; there was no possibility of interruption. The occasion became sensation, which she made no effort to quench. She held a rendezvous with she knew not what

In the early hours of the next afternoon, with the sun shining across the threshold. Lulu was paring something at the kitchen table. Mrs. Bett was asleep. ("I don't blame you a bit, mother," Lulu had said, as her mother named the intention.) Ina was asleep. (But Ina always off the curse by calling it her "siesta," long i.) Monona was playing with a neighbor's child-you heard their shrill yet lovely laughter as they obeyed the adult law that motion is pleasure. Di was not there, A man came around the house and stood tying a puppy to the porch post. A long shadow fell through the west

doorway; the puppy whined. "Oh!" said the man. "I didn't mean to arrive at the back door, but since

I'm here-He lifted a suitcase to the porch ntered, and filled the kitchen,

"It's Ina, isn't it?" he said. "I'm her sister," said Lulu, and up "Well, I'm Bert's brother," said "So I can come in, can't I?" He did so, turned around like a dog before his chair and sat down heavily forcing his fingers through heavy, upspringing brown hair.

"Oh, yes," said Lulu. "Til call Ina.

"Don't call her, then," said Ninian "Let's you and I get acquainted." He said it absently, hardly looking

"I'll get the pup a drink if you ca spare me a basin," he added. Lulu brought the basin, and while he went to the dog she ran tiptoeing to the dining room china closet and brought a cutglass tumbler, as heavy,

as ungainly as a stone crock. This "I thought maybe . . ." said she,

"Thank you!" said Ninian, and rained it. "Making pies, as I live," drained it. he observed, and brought his chair



member now Bert said he had two of palms taut and drummed on the table. her relatives-Lulu flushed and glanced at him

"He has," she said. "It's my mother and me. But we do quite a good deal of the work."
. "Til bet you do," said Ninian, and

did not perceive that anything had been violated. "What's your name?" be bethought.

She was in an immense and obscure excitement. Her manner was serene, her hands as they went on with the peeling did not tremble; her replies were given with sufficient quiet. But she told him her name as one tells something of another and

"You folks expect me?" he went on. "Oh. yes," she cried, almost with "Why, we've looked for vehemence. you every day."

"See," he said, "how long have they been married?" Lulu flushed as she answered: 'Fifteen years"

"And a year before that the first one died-and two years they were married," he computed. "I never met that one. Then it's close to 20 years since Bert and I have seen each

"How awful!" Lulu said, and flushed again. "Why?"

"To be that long away from your folks.

Suddenly she found herself facing this honesty, as if the immensity of her present experience were clarifying her understanding: Would it be thrilled by this intelligence. awful to be away from Bert and Monona and Di-yes, and Ina. for

"You think that?" he laughed. man don't know what he's like till liked the sound of it. "Roamed to put a board on her head. around on his own," he repeated, and laughed again. don't know that"

"Why don't she?" asked Lulu. She balanced a pie on her hand and carved jewelry shop in heaven." the crust. She was stupefied to hear her own question. "Why don't she"?

"Maybe she does. Do you?"
"Yes," said Lulu.
"Good enough!" He app noiselessly, with fat hands. His dia- course-often! Some day he was gomond ring sparkled, his even white eeth flashed. "I've had 20 years of galloping about," he informed her, dark, ever after. Another diamond unable, after all, to transfer his interests from himself to her. "Where?" she asked, although she

"South America, Central America, Mexico, Panama." He searched his nemory. "Colombo," he superadded. "My!" said Lulu. She had probably

never in her life had the least desire to see any of these places. She did not want to see them now. But she wanted passionately to meet her companion's mind.

"It's the life," he informed her. "I_" "Must be," Lulu breathed. he tried, and gave it up. "Where you been mostly?" he

asked at last. By this unprecedented interest in her doings she was thrown into a passion of excitement. "Here," she said. "T've always been

here. Fifteen years with Ina. Before

that we lived in the country.' He listened sympathetically now his head well on one side. He watched her veined hands pinch at the pies. "Poor old girl." he was thinking. "Is it Miss Lulu Bett?" he abruptly

inquired. "Or. Mrs.?" Lulu flushed in anguish. "Miss," she said, low, as one onfessese the extremity of failure. Then from unplumbed depths another

choice" she said.

He shouted with laughter.

"Say!" he said. Lulu glowed, quickened, smiled. Her

face was another face. "Which kind of a Mr. are you?" she heard herself ask, and his shoutings redoubled. Weil! Who would have

"Never give myself away," he as-sured her. "Say, by George, I never thought of that before! There's no telling whether a man's married or not, by his name!"

"It don't matter," said Luiu. "Why not?"

"Not so many people want to know." Again he laughed. This laughter

woman had an immense store of vitality, perpetually submerged.

When she had eaten she grew sleepy—rather cross at the last and inclined to hold up her sister's excel
It gave one hope for the whole species.

Again he laughed. This laughed to Lulu. No one species.

Was intoxicating to Lulu. No one species.

Was intoxicating to Lulu. No one species.

"Ninian!" she cried. She lent a faint impression of the double e to the impression of the source the species.

The words give no conception of the impression of the double e to the impression of the double e to the impression of the surred the rest, in Warbleton Europe amusement of several and simple. The child Monona now arrived.

banging the front gate and hurling herself round the house on the board walk, catching the toe of one foot in the heel of the other and blundering forward, head down, her short straight hair flapping over her face She began to speak, using a ridicu lous perversion of words, scarcely articulate, then in vogue in he group, And

"Whose dog?" she shrieked. Ninian looked over his shoulder held out his hand, finished some thing that he was saying to Lulu Monopa came to him readily enough staring, loose-lipped. "I'll bet I'm your uncle,"

Ninian. Relationship being her highest known form of romance, Monona was "Give us a kiss," said Ninian, find-

ing in the plural some vague mitigation for some vague offense. Monona, looking silly, compiled And her uncle said my stars, such a

he's roamed around on his own." He great big tall girl-they would have "What's that?" inquired Monona

"Course a woman She had spied his great diamond ring "This," said her uncle, "was brought to me by Santa Claus, who keeps a two apple trees, the new shed, the challe gown, with her cameo pin and

The precision and speed of his im provisation revealed him. He had 20 other diamonds like this one. He kept them for those Sundays when He applauded the sun comes up in the west. Of ing to melt a diamond and eat it. Then you sparkled all over in the he was going to plant. They say-He did it all gravely, absorbedly About it he was as conscienceless as a savage. This was no fancy spun to pleasure a child. lying, for its own sake.

He went on talking with Lulu, and gart, the unbridled, unmodified male Monona stood in the circle of his arm. The little being was attentive softened, subdued. Some pretty, faint light visited her. In her listening look she showed herself a charming child.

Lulu, "that you're going to do something mighty interesting before you

It was the clear conversational im pulse, born of the need to keep something going, but Lulu was all faith She closed the oven door on her ples and stood brushing flour from her fingers. He was looking away from her and she looked at him. He was completely like his picture. She felt as if she were looking at his picture and she was abashed and turned

"Well. I hope so," she said, which had certainly never been true, for her old farmless dreams were no intention-nothing but a mush of disconthat's nice before I quit," she said Nor was this hope now independently ing it and rocking. true, but only this surprising longing "Take this chair, dol" Ina begged. been fed. chute has failed to check his descent to appear interesting in his eyes. To "A big chair for a big man." She "I fed him," she said, and wished be pulls the cord of the other pack t was her vicarious thrill. nearer to the table. "I didn't know "You bet!" he cried. true, but only this surprising longing After supper Dwight and Ina took Iha had a sister," he went on "I re- "Never doubted it." He made his to appear interesting in his eyes. To

folks think of me, going on so?" she suddenly said. Her mild sense of disloyalty was delicious. So was his understanding glance

"You're the stuff," he remarked absently.

She laughed happily.

The door opened Ina appeared "Well!" said Ina. It was her remotest tone. She took this man to be a pediar, beheld her child in his clasp, made a quick forward step, chin lifted. She had time for a very javelic of a look at Lulu.

"Hello!" said Ninian. He had the one formula, "I believe I'm your husband's brother. Ain't this Ina?" It had not crossed the mind of Lulu to present him.

Beautiful it was to see Ina relax, soften, warm, transform, humanize, up, irrelevantly, "Ina and I might, It gave one hope for the whole get over to the other side this year,

until the v sound squinted in, Not Neenyun, but nearly Neenyun.

Ina's conception of hostess-ship was Anyone could direct him, she should hope. And he hadn't seen Dwight? She must telephone him. But then she arrested herself with a sharp, curved fling of her starched skirts. No! They would surprise him at teashe stood taut, lips compressed. Oh, the Plows were coming to tea. How unfortunate, she thought. How for-

tunate, she said. The child Monona made her kneed and elbows stiff and danced up and down. She must, she must partici-

"Aunt Lulu made three pies!" she screamed, and shook her straight

hair. "Gracious sakes," said Ninian. brought her a pup, and if I didn't

They adjourned to the porch-Ninian, Ina. Monona. The puppy was presented, and sawned. The party able inhibition. And instead of go-kept on about "the place." Ina de- ing to the parlor, she sat down by lightfully exhibited the tomatoes, the the kitchen window. She was in her bird bath. Ninian said the unspell- her string of coral. able "m-m," rising inflection, and the "I see," prolonging the verb as was expected of him. Ina said that upstairs. Lulu was now rather shy they meant to build a summer house, only, dear me, when you have a famlly-but there, he didn't know anything about that. Ina was using her eyes, she was arch, she was coquettish, she was flirtatious, and she be- ing: lieved herself to be merely matronly,

sisterly, womanly. She screamed. Dwight was at the gate. Now the meeting, exclamation, . good will. banality, guffaw . . And Lulu, peeping through the

When "tea" had been experienced that evening, it was found that a light rain was falling and the Deacons and their guests, the Plows, were constrained to remain in the parlor. The Plows were gentle, faintly lustrous folk, sketches into life rather lightly, as if they were, say, looking in from some other level.
"The only thing," said Dwight Her

bert, "that reconciles me to rain is that I'm let off croquet." He rolled his r's, a favorite device of his to in duce humor. He called it "croquette. He had never been more irrepressible. The advent of his brother was partly accountable, the need to show himself a fine family man and host in a pathetic desire.

Dwight. "Nin and I'll reminisce a wrapped the air. little." "Do!" cried Mr. Plow. This gentle

its presentation in any real form, Ninian had unerringly selected a kitchen. dwarf rocker, and he was overflow-

Ninian refused, insisted on his resanity even to Ina's estate and she would have told him why he should the over-burdened little beast be-

The child Monona entered the room. giggling. Monona had also been driven from the kitchen where Lulu "Resting." to Mrs. Bett, stood beside her and ish matched his other assimilations stared about resentfully. Mrs. Bett of travel—"Senora, allow me." was in best black and ruches, and she seized upon Monona and patted the parlor. Dwight was narrating her, as her own form of social expuppy, as hers.

"Quiet, pettie," said Ins, eyeorows up. She caught her lower lip in her

Well, sir," said Dwight, "you in a low rocker. Her starched white wouldn't think it to look at us, but skirt, throwing her chally in ugly mother had her hands pretty full. lines, revealed a peeping rim of white bringing us up."

Into Dwight's face came another look. It was always so, when he she adjusted it. She curled her feet spoke of his foster-mother who had sidewise beneath her chair, her long taken these two boys and seen there wrists and velned hands lay along her through the graded schools. This lap in no relation to her. She was woman Dwight adored, and when he tense. She rocked. spoke of her he became his inner

"We must run up-state and see her while you're here, Nin," he said. To this Ninian gave a casual assent, lacking his brother's really ten-

"Little," Dwight pursued, "little did she think I'd settle down into a nice, quiet, married dentist and magistrate in my town. And Nin into-say, Nin, what are you, anyway?"
They laughed.

That's the question," said Ninian. They laughed.

"Maybe," Ina ventured, "maybe Ninian will tell us something about his travels. He is quite a traveler, you know," she said to the Plows. 'A regular Gulliver."

They laughed respectfully.
"How we should love it, Mr. Deacon," Mrs. Plow said. "You know we've never seen very much."

Goaded on, Ninlan launched upor his foreign countries as he had seen soil, irrigation, business. For the populations Ninian had no respect Crops could not touch ours, mighty poor pickings. And the busi-

foreign hotel to Ninian. He regarded all the alien earth as barbarian, and he stoned it. He was equipped for absolutely no intensive observation. His contacts were negby the Deacons' party than Ninian her. had been wrought upon by all his

voyaging. "Tell you," said Dwight. "When we ran away that time and went to the state fair, little did we think-" He told about running away to the state fair. "I thought," he wound

commonplace. In Warbleton, Europe is never so casually spoken. Take a Today it is an important part of war "Since Dwight isn't here!" she Europe" at the very least. And both scientifically developed. "Since Dwight isn't here: she Europe at the with empressement. Dwight had When an observation balloon is set to be and shock a finger at him. with empressement. Dwight had When an observation balloon is set to be and deliberately on fire by incendiary bullets—as often definite: A volley of questions— picked up that "other side" effect. happens in war—the only chance for was his train on time? He had found and his Ina knew this, and was proud the men in the basket (usually two) house all right? Of course! Her covert glance about pensively is to jump. Their gas bag is 1000 covered her soft triumph.

the child Monona, now made her first observation. "Pity not to have went while the ency, to land them safely on the

going was good," she said, and said ground. Nobody knew guite what she best. But Ina frowned, Mamma did was company, and she dared. She never sauced Dwight in private. And

it wasn't fair, it wasn't fair-Abruptly Ninlan rose and left the

The dishes were washed. Lulu had washed them at break-neck speed-she could not, or would not. have told why. But no sooner were they finished and set away than Lulu had been attacked by an unconquer-

Laughter from the parlor mingled with the laughter of Di and Jenny of Di. A night or two before, coming home with "extra" cream, she had gone round to the side-door and had come full upon Di and Bobby, seated on the steps. And Di was sav-

"Well, if I marry you, you've ply got to be a great man. I could never marry just anybody.

smother." Lulu had heard, stricken. She passed them by, responding only faintly to their greeting. Di was far less taken aback than Lulu.

Later Di had said to Lulu: "I a'pos you heard what we were saying." Lulu, much shaken, had withdraws from the whole matter by a flat "no." "Because," she said to herself, "I couldn't have heard right."

But since then she had looked at Di as if Di were some one else. Had not Lulu taught her to make buttonholes and to hem-oh, no! Lulu could He rolled not have heard properly.

"Everybody's got somebedy to be nice to them." she thought now, sitting by the kitchen window, adult yet Cinderella, She thought that someone would

Her mother or even come for her. prosperous little home-simple and Ina. Perhaps they would send Monona. She walted at first hopefully, "Tell you what we'll do!" said then resentfully. The gray rain

"Nobody cares what becomes of m after they're fed," she thought, and kinds it is customary for the jumper fellow was always excited by life, so derived an obscure satisfaction from to equip himself with both the apfaintly excited by him, and enjoyed her phrasing, and thought it again. Ninian Deacon came into the

> Her first impression was that he had come to see whether the dog had he has fallen 400 feet. If the para-

spoke as if he were about the age that she had been busy when Ninian of Monona.

"Who, me?" he asked, "You did fusal. A few years more, and hu-that all right. Say, why in time man relationships would have spread don't you come in the other room?"

"Oh, I don't know." "Well, neither do I. I've kept thinkexchange chairs. As it was she for-bore, and kept glancing anxiously at Then I'd remember the dishes." He glanced about. "I come to help wipe

dishes."
"Oh!" she laughed so delicately, so She had been driven down by Di delightfully, one wondered where she and Jenny Piow, who had vanished got it. "They're washed "she upstairs and, through the ventilator, caught herself at "long ago."

"Resting."
"Rest in there." He bowed, crooked
"Rest in there." he said—his Spanwas, for some reason, hurrying "Rest in there." He bowed, crocked through the dishes. Monona now ran his arm. "Senora," he said—his Span-

Lulu rose. On his arm she entered pression; and Monona wriggled like To the Plows it was sufficiently normal. But Ina looked up and said: "Well!"-in two notes, descending, curving. Lulu did not look at her. Lulu sat

When Dwight had finished his par-

embroidery. Her lace front wrin-kied when she sat, and perpetually

ration there was a pause, broken at last by Mrs. Bett. "You tell that better than you used to when you started in telling it," she observed. "You get in some things I guess you used to clean forget about.

Monona, get off my rocker." Monona made a little whimpering sound, in pretense to tears. Ina said: "Darbag, quiet!"-chin a little lifted, lower lip revealing lower teeth for

the word's completion, and she held it. The Plows were asking something about Mexico. Dwight was wondering if it would let up raining at all. Di and Jenny came whispering into the room. But all these distractions

Ninian Deacon swept aside.
"Miss Lulu," he said, "I wanted you to hear about my trip up the Amazon, because I knew how interested you

are in travels." He talked, according to his lights, about the Amazon. But the person who most enjoyed the recital could his foreign countries as he had seen not afterward have told two words them: Population, exports, imports, that he said. Lulu kept the position which she had taken at first, and Soil blood in the veins of her hands and wanted to hide them. She wondered ness-say! Those fellows don't know if she might fold her arms, or have -and, say, the hotels! Don't say one hand to support her chin, gave it all up and sat motioniess, save for

the rocking. Then she forgot everything. For the first time in years someone was talking and looking not only at Ina ligible. Mrs. Plow was more excited and Dwight and their guests, but at

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

Parachute Jumping No More Merely Entertainment.

Training Is Essential to War-Time Fliers and Pack Is Perfected. amusement of gaping multitudes

trip abroad" is the phrase, or "Go to practice work, and as such has been picked up that "other side" effect, happens in war-the only chance for feet up, or higher, in the air, and Mrs. Bett, her arm still circling they must depend upon their parachutes, which are strapped on their bodies all ready for such an emerg-

To be disabled in full flight by enemy fire is a mishap more or less meant, and everybody hoped for the likely to overtake any fighting aviator at any time; but, while his mathese things occasionally when there chine may burst into flames or crash, he has a good chance of escaping bodily harm if provided with a para-

chute. Hence the practical value of the training given to fliers and balloon men of the United States army at McCook field, Dayton, O. It has been experimental as well as educational, various contrivances for the purpose being tried out; and, as a military authorities have definitely adopted a certain kind of parachute, together with a particular sort of "pack" to contain it and harness to

attach it to the body. The 'chute (as it is called) is of light and very strong silk. The harness is of straps that pass over the shoulders and under the arms, and which are supplemented by a waist belt that has an ingenious snapcatch. The 'chute is folded compactly in the pack, which is fastened to the back of the wearer.

When he drops from aloft he jerks "pilot cord," which opens a tiny rd parachute that is on the outside of the pack. This instantly catches the thereby exerting a pull which yanks the big parachute out of the On reaching the ground the man

pack. releases himself from his waist belt by a touch on the aforementioned snap-catch. It is necessary that he should be able to do this, because otherwise, if a strong breeze were blowing, he would be liable to be dragged over the ground by the parachute. From the straps about his shoulders he is able easily to disengage himself by wriggling out of

The history of parachute-jumping records a good many fatal accidents, owing to failure of the 'chute to open. In the air service of the American army there have been such melancholy happenings. But with the now accepted "official pack" the chance of disaster is almost negligible. In 3500 trials with it there has been not one mishap.

In experimental tryouts of various proved apparatus and the pack under trial. On dropping from aloft he lets loose the trial pack and counts seconds-one, two, three. By that time