

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1908

MUST WE ALL LEARN TO FLY?

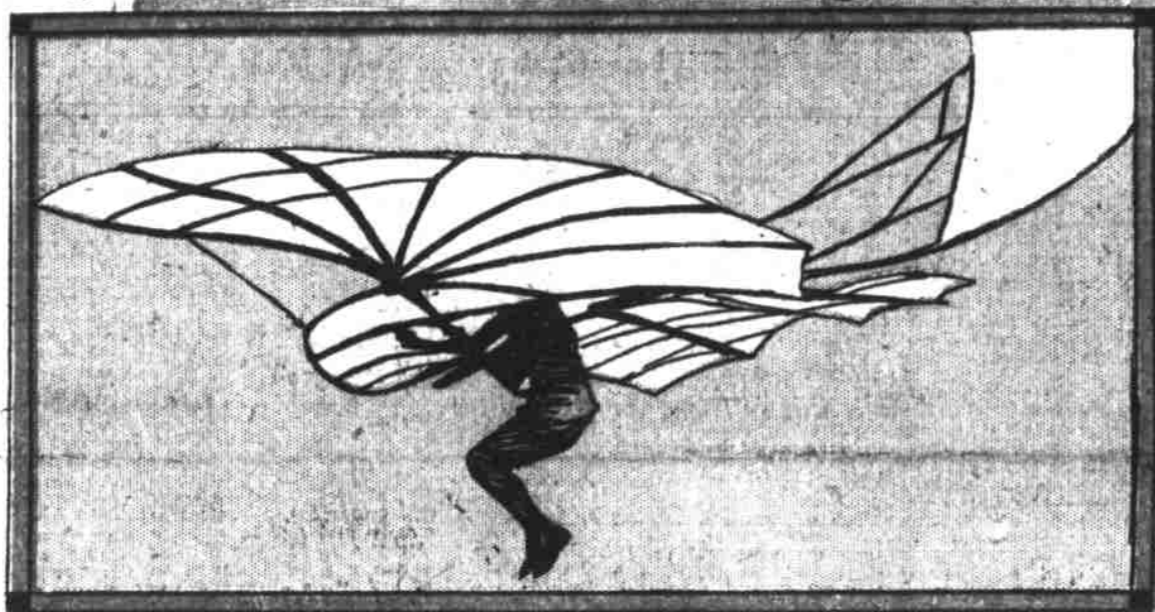


Henry Farman, who completed a circuit of an Aero-plane

Airships, within a Generation May Be as Common as Automobiles



Farman's Machine in Successful Flight



Lilienthal's Machine the First to Make a Successful Glide

IT MUST be recognized that the most marvelous advance in humanity's domination of the elements, beside which the first dugout that traversed the waters was but a poor prototype, has come—is here, real and in full flower. And mankind is going about its business as though nothing more surprising had occurred than the blowing up of another Mont Pelee; it could not be much less agitated.

With the winning of the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize, Henri Farman, at Paris, has demonstrated that man can fly through the air. And the thought of man, the emotions of his spirit, the activities of his world, have actually been less stirred than they were by one recent sensational trial for murder.

Is it that the supreme triumph, the dream of the ages, the ambition of the generations, has come by stages so gradual that its thrilling achievement was wholly discounted? Or is it that the full measure of its significance is so vast that the human imagination, in this age of material longings, falls back upon its husks and acorns, hopeless of realizing the grandeurs it has found, content to wait the large fulfillment of the promise?

Whatever it may be, the art of flying, if the lessons of history teach truly, is the most imminent accomplishment which demands acquisition by men living today. The railroad, the steamboat, the automobile—how swiftly they have developed from curiosities of transportation to necessities of everyday existence! And who, if he be not qualified to serve as engineer or chauffeur, dare now admit his reluctance to be a passenger?

What, then, must all of us do, since we must learn to fly?

vision—all essential to the ultimate completeness of man's dominion over the air, all attained after or in the millennium of universal peace, the conquest of the unconquered Poles, the addition of thirty years to the ordinary span of man's mortal life.

There, in that nerve-tingling prophecy, Kipling drops one single passing taunt—amid the hurtling flight of his 200-mile an hour postal packets, his huge grain airships and flying sanatoria for consumptives—at the "progress" of our era and his own.

The shaft-bearings of the packet in which he flies in that distant future came from old "Number 97," which took them over from the old Dominion Light, which had them out of the wreck of the Perseus aeroplane "in the years when men still flew kites over thorium engines."

Those days, this day, are in "the years when men still fly kites over engines." This day, this year, marks the birth of the greatest science of the world, the birth over which the world has been in throes for a century. If it does not mean to us who are living now all that Kipling's fancy painted it to be, it surely means more than the knowledge of any living man can suffice to accurately describe.

First of all, it means to the average man the tight-rope skill in flying which he had to acquire timidly as a boy on skates and in the water and later, even more timidly, on the bicycle.

Awkward as he may foresee himself in the air, the average man has, nevertheless, already won half his battle in the art of flying. From the time he commenced to walk he has been practicing upon his equilibrium; already he is far from being helpless.

The change is only in the nature of the base on which he poises himself. Beginning with the acquisition of the art of equisopose for a living, inverted cone—when, as the child, he learned to

maintain his body upright upon the tiny pedestal of the foot—he proceeded to the more difficult feat of reducing the base to a monorail so narrow as to be almost a knife edge—the runner of the ice skate.

It is there that the boy first put consciously into practice the principle of equisopose by means of motion—the secret of all equilibrium where a body is poised upon an inadequate and unstable base. How great is the gain in ease of poise becomes apparent when, without forward movement, one tries to stand on one foot, or (an impossibility except for the most expert) to stand still on one skate runner for more than an instant.

The ballet dancer's highest skill is not displayed while she is making those delightful gyroscopic pirouettes and whirls; it is shown when, poised on the great toe of one foot, she stands immovable, with no aid whatever from the forces involved in movement.

At a greater elevation from the ground, but upon the same basis of the monorail, the bicycle demonstrated afresh humanity's peculiar adaptability to equisopose. All that were required by human muscles, brain and nerves were the minimum of base and the minimum of motion. The next stage, inevitably, was the total discarding of a solid base.

But even that had been successfully practiced, from the times when the first specimen of the pithecanthropus fell into the creek and swam out again. The swimmer has a persistently liquid and unstable base; but with this inestimable compensation: his center of gravity is so low that it is most easy for him to preserve any position. Indeed, his base in the water is so broad and so low that he is almost as firm in posture as the pyramids of the Nile.

If, now, we drop the phrase "flying through the air" and use instead "swimming through the air," we will have a much more accurate foretaste of the sensation which many of us doubtless are destined to experience before we die—perhaps within years as few as those which elapsed between the first high-wheeler and the modern drop-frame bicycle.

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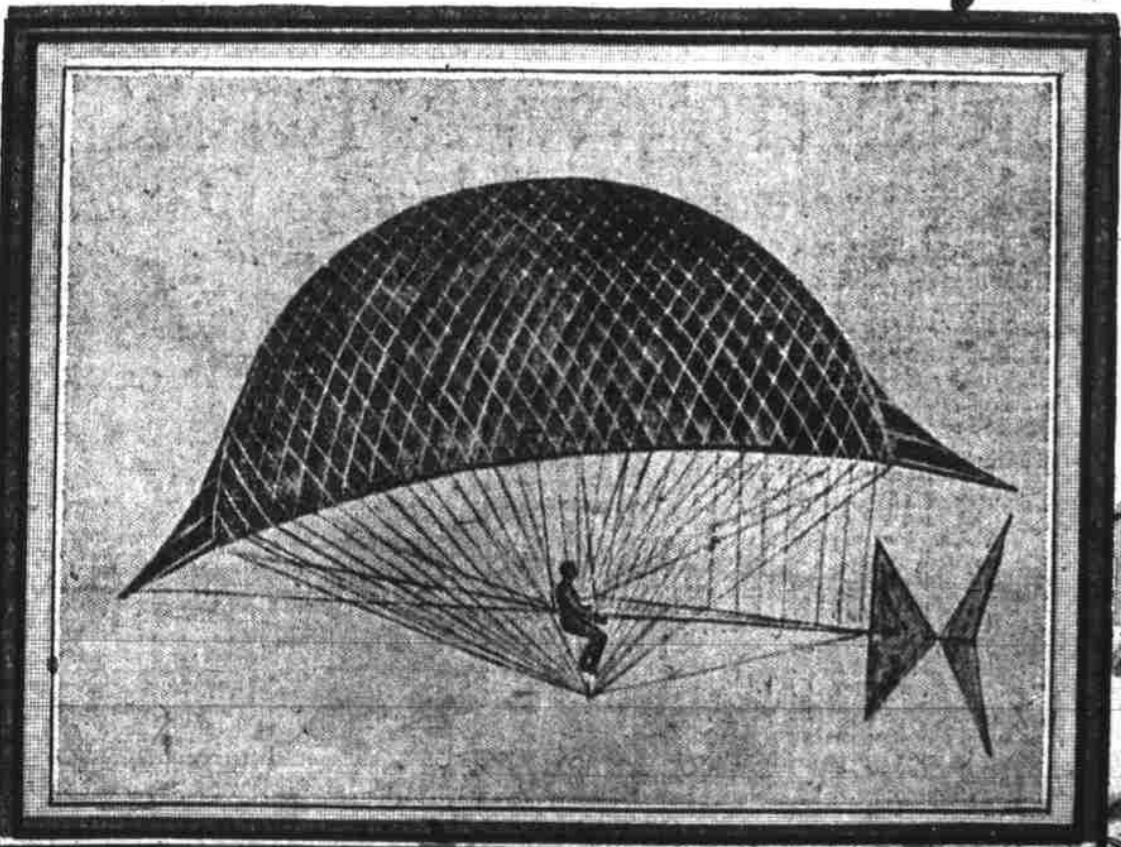
advanced today.

It is the most baffling, as well as one of the most thrilling, stories which that master of tales has ever told, for it bears, as an unmistakable mark of his genius, the uncompromising stamp of the man who has "arrived" in all that aerial navigation can be hoped to mean.

Glinting everywhere through its pages are references to discoveries, inventions, strange, new victories of science, and marvels of force and control of which he alone has had the pre-

"Nor-Nor-Nor-Nor—
West from Sourabaya to the Baltic!
Ninety knot an hour to the Skaw!
Mother Eugen's tea house on the Baltic
And a dance with Ella Sweyn at Elnore!"

THAT is the song of the air which Rudyard Kipling wrote for his story, "With the Night Mail," more than two years ago, when he told of a trip through the air on a mail packet at the time in the future when aerial navigation should be as far advanced toward perfection as navigation of the sea is



Gas kite of 1881 with Combined Hand and Foot Power

