

IT TELLS TOE From Chalons to Vincennes in a Biplane.

Contempt for Things Mundane That Aerial Passenger Entertains When Traveling Through the Air.

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ON THIS BANKS of the River Marne lies Chalons, a military garrison famed throughout Europe. Its broad acres have resounded to the tramp of infantry and the pounding of hoofs both in war and peace; for Chalons has played its part in the great conflict of 1870-1871, and in the more peaceful development of French military science since that day. Lately it has been the scene of much aeronautic activity, for here French officers have been taught the handling of dirigible airships and the piloting of military aeroplanes.

Not only the army officer, but the glided youth of the boulevards, weary of 30 horsepower racing cars, eventually drifts to Chalons to learn the art of flying—the most chic accomplishment of the day, the dot, as it were, of the "T" of fashion. There is hardly a room for all the aspirants to flying fame, broad as the aviation grounds are, and the wrecks are frequent enough to satisfy even the jaded senses of the Parisian flier.

Slide by side the aeroplanes sheds are raised, like the stables of race-track. Great sliding doors close them, wider even than the span of the planes within. When the doors are pushed aside it is as if the entire front has been removed to permit the machine within to roll out on the grass.

Here it was that I first met Martinet. He looked more like an automobile chauffeur than an air pilot—a wiry, leather-clad, black-eyed little Frenchman, very active, very polite. When he is not winning prizes at some aviation meeting it is his chief business in life to teach the young idea how to fly, which he does at an outrageously high price, with the aid of much Parisian slang and the smoking of far more cigarettes than are good for him.

Asked and invited. It was not until I had seen him and spoken to him almost daily for two weeks and commiserated with him on the trials of an aviation instructor's hard life (he flies when it pleases him or the wind, and he charges almost what he likes) that I ventured to ask him if I might accompany him on a cross-country flight some day.

"Come around Saturday. Maybe I will take you to Vincennes." Saturday came. It was not until 3 o'clock in the afternoon that Martinet appeared. He looked at the sky and shrugged his shoulders. "Not yet," he said. "Wait until the wind settles."

For the next hour he smoked one cigarette after another and commented on the weather. No yachtsman ever consulted the skies as Martinet did. He looked with suspicion at a whisp of a cloud that was drawn across the eastern sky like a skin of white thread. He looked at the tree tops, eyed over ever so little in the breeze, at the big weathercock that swam on top of a high flag-pole perched on the military barracks, and at wind gauges that spun around and recorded the velocity of the wind. Not satisfied with that he telephoned to the nearest weather station for the government's opinion of the wind.

"Fifteen kilometres an hour," said Martinet. "Is it blowing too hard?" I asked. To me it seemed like the gentle summer breeze of a poem.

"No. But it's gusty. It comes and goes like that. (He mimicked a puffing locomotive.) "I would rather fly in a good stiff wind than steady than in this."

Getting Closer to a Decision. Perhaps it is the sight of three pupils of the aviation school, trundling out their machines, that decides him. Once more he squints coquettishly with one eye closed at the weather cock on top of the flag pole. Then he walks over to the shed in which his machine is housed.

The doors are ceremoniously rolled aside. Within stands his Farman biplane, sleek and fit as a racehorse. Three mechanics roll it out into the sunshine. They handle it as if it were indeed a living thing; its varnished frame and yellowish white planes gleam in the light. Martinet looks it over. He shakes the main frame to assure himself that it is firm. He shakes almost every part of the machine. It seems to me, from the horizontal rudder in front to the tail and vertical rudder in the rear. He throws his whole weight on the skids on which the machine alights. He peeps into the gasoline tank and taps its metal sides, to satisfy himself that it is full, scans the motor with painful care, and examines every square inch in the two blades propped up by his rotary Gnome motor.

Once more he looks up at the sky and at the weather cock on the flag pole. Will he never fly? This meticulous care is getting on my nerves. At last he gives me a pair of automobile goggles. Perhaps I am not quite certain of him yet; he will fly after all.

"Must I wear these? Is there any danger up there?" Goggles seem brilliant to me in the air. "Better wear them. The tears will run down your face if you don't. We travel fast up there."

He puts on his own goggles and buttons the flaps of his flying cap under his chin. He is all goggles, nose and cigarette.

And Then—the Start. Martinet elumps into his seat. He motions me to take my place behind him. He lifts his hand in an eloquent way and drops it again. Two men

spring forward and grip the machine. A third gives the propeller a twist. The engine splutters a moment and then whisks around with the propeller at the rate of 1200 revolutions a minute. Such is the blast of air that the dust on the ground is whisked away in a veritable cyclone. The two blades flash like a solid glittering disk in the sunshine. He raises his hand again. The men who hold the machine, throwing like a greyhound held in leash, spring aside.

We are off. For 20, 40, 60, 100 yards we bow at automobile speed over the level grass. Suddenly it seems to me as if the ground is miraculously falling away from us. Then I realize that we are in the air, that I am flying. So gentle in the transit from ground to air, that I am not conscious of it. It is as if a bird has lifted its feet and folded them under its body.

We skim along at a height of 100 feet, and more to clear the aeroplanes sheds, and head for Bour. The ground seems to flash past under us, a streak

of green. Ever so slightly Martinet pulls the lever, which he clutches with his right hand. With an almost imperceptible upward tilt the horizontal rudder in front responds. The earth seems to fall away very fast now. We are sliding up. No longer the ground flickers past in a variant blur. Our increasing height robs me of all sense of speed. There is only the consciousness of motion, nothing more. We must be up 500 feet, according to the barometer. Houses, fields, trees, drift away from one from another and pick out one or two that I recognize.

It is wonderful, this sense of motion in the air. We seem to glide upon invisible rails, so steady and smooth is our onward course. Wonderful, too, is my sense of security. I have looked down upon Broadway from the Metropolitan tower with some misgivings. Here I am skimming the air at the rate of 45 miles an hour, on a delicate filmy thing of planes, rudders and wire bracing, in the building of which chances

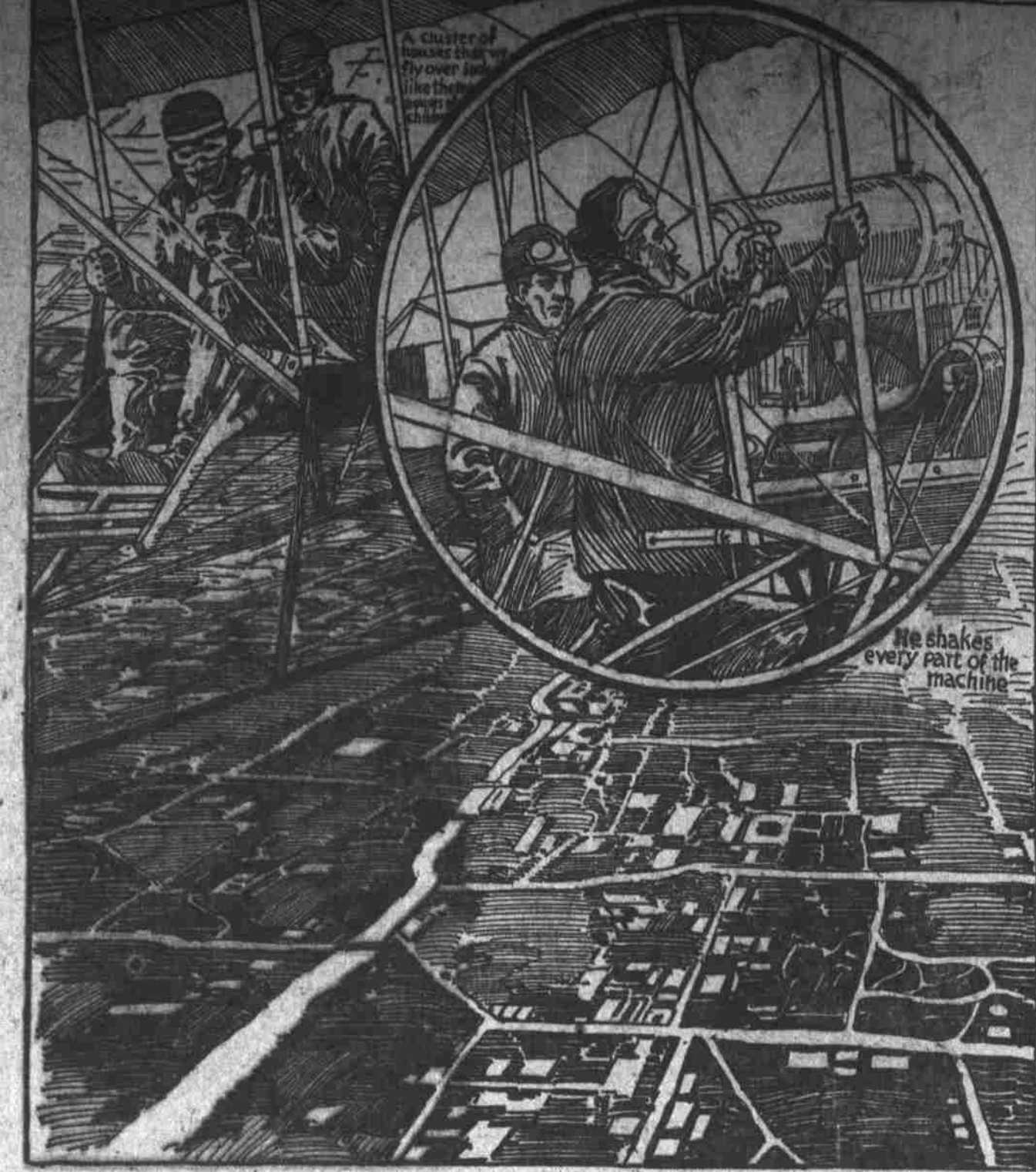
had to be saved; and yet I have no fear of falling. My feeling of security is engendered by the very speed of our motion.

Contempt for Things Mundane.

A feeling of contempt for things mundane springs up. I seem detached from the earth, superior even to the action of gravitation. It is hard to believe that if the deafening motor behind me and the whirling propeller to which it is attached halt, we must inevitably sink. The machine, Martinet, and I, are one with the clouds and the birds and the whole cosmos for that matter, in this supreme ecstasy of flight.

How ridiculous are man's creations when seen with the eye of a bird on the wing! A cluster of houses over which we fly at 1000 feet seems like a toy dwelling of children. The stream of yellow running off to the right toward Montmartre, can that really be a road? And the thing that crawls along like a tiny insect, what is that? Something white flutters from its body. It is handkerchieved the waving at us, the ridiculous little insect is an automobile.

More laughable still are the peasants in the fields. They scurry about like ants when they see us. Some of them run after us frantically in the effort to keep pace with the machine. Curious, too, is a freight train with an interminable train of cars. It seems like a



writing serpent, puffing black smoke in an odd way from its head.

Responsibilities for the Air-Pilot.

The roar of the motor and the propeller is ear-splitting. Speech is impossible. Now and then, when the tricky air on which we move gives him a moment, Martinet points to some object below; a country town set out in geometrical patterns, some gentleman's estate with many buildings grouped, as it were, on green meadows. Usually

Marinet is far too busy piloting his bi-plane. He must meet every little gust of wind, and ride over it like a boat over billows. Now and then a swirl, a big wave in the invisible sea of air, catches us. A movement of the lever, which controls the angle of the front rudder and the ailerons (those wonderful flaps on the rear corners of the main planes), and we ride over the wave, and glide on again. It is as if we are carried by an intangible hand up and over the obstacles that we cannot see. As I watch Martinet, I understand at

last why he is always so concerned about the wind before a flight, why he studies wind-gauges and weather coocks and telephones anxiously to weather offices. It is no easy matter, this piloting of a sensitive machine. It means a steady hand and nerves of steel as it means a marvelous interaction of man and machine, too. The biplane and the man are united in a single sentient organism. That horizontal surface in front, that guides us up and down, is like the antenna of an insect, an organ with which Martinet feels the air. His foot controls the vertical rudder in the rear. I can see him work the foot piece now and then, particularly when we ride over one of those treacherous swirls.

Once I turn around to watch the vertical rudder swing in response to a movement of his foot—but only once. The air is literally sucked away from my nostrils, by that glittering, spinning propeller. I imagine, I turn my face forward quickly, glad to breathe again.

Skimming the Earth Again. At Montlivet we make a long glide down to earth again and hum along at a height of perhaps 200 feet, more dangerous, as I learn later, than high flying, because of the eddies and currents caused by obstacles near the earth. That is why Martinet lifts the machine up over a long row of poplars that flank a road. He knows that waves of air are dashed up by that towering mass of foliage, like the surf that breaks on a rocky shore, and that he must avoid it.

Once we glide toward Rebaix, a forest of houses and steeples. We still keep at a height of 200 feet. The ground streaks past in a way that dazes me. I cannot look at it, and so I keep my eyes ahead. A church spire right in our course. I wonder why Martinet does not lift us over it. Not until we flash over its peak, like a spire that is a creature of the earth. I have been all my life, how I have trained myself to raise my foot instinctively when stepping from street to curbstone, how terrestrial locomotion has taught me to avoid obstacles unconsciously, and how foolishly unnecessary are all these mundane habits in the air. I feel just as if the machine were a bird that it is unnecessary to lift an aerial foot in skimming over a church spire.

Wonderful Evolutions. When we are directly over Rebaix, Martinet feels himself impelled to give the people below a highly theatrical exhibition of biplane evolutions. My first inkling of his intention is a sharp turn to the right. We rotate in a great circle perhaps 10 or 15 times. Never shall I forget it. The ease, the grace, the superb sweep of the biplane as it takes the curve. Each turn is like one of those moments on a yacht when you slacken away quickly on the main sheet and stand by for the boom to jibe. Only the machine in the air does it with no show of hesitancy and with even more grace. It rocks over at an angle and slides away on the new plane without a quiver. No matter what the speed may be the machine adjusts its own banking. Thus we wheel around and around. Carriages and motor cars stop, and those within gaze at us. Presently Martinet wears of this incessant vulture-like circling and doubling back and forth in complex figure-of-eight curves. The biplane responds wonderfully. Back and forth, in and out we glide in a way that must be well-nigh bewildering to those below. There is something genuinely exhilarating in the ease with which we wind in and out.

Ten minutes of this, and Martinet brings us back to an even keel, and darts off in the direction of Vincennes. To the right flows the river Marne, a sinuous ribbon of gold. To the left lies the village of Coulmiers. We flit past it and head straight for the forest of Crecy. The Marne is nearer now and we can see boats upon it, so motionless that they seem fixed on glass. When we reach Villiers and the fort to its right I know that we are not far from Vincennes. A few minutes later Martinet catches sight of the Maison Blanche and Parc d'Aviation. Just before we reach a white aeroplanes shed Martinet cuts off the ignition. The motor ceases its droning, the propeller slackens and stops. The aviation grounds rise up to meet us, and I know from that that we are slipping down. I prepare myself for the shock of alighting. Before I know it we are on the ground, and an army officer is bidding us welcome. The machine has slid along on its skids as gently as a sled in snow.

Marinet pushes up his goggles over his brow and pulls out his watch. "One hundred and sixty kilometers in three hours and a half! Ce n'est pas le record, mais ce n'est pas mal."

Great Sunday, "The Flying Machine of the Future."

EDVARD GRIEG AND THE NORWEGIAN FOLK MELODIES

By Mabel Fluke-Bassett. THIRTY years ago today Scandinavian lost her greatest musical genius. What Chopin did for Poland, Liszt for Hungary, Dvorak for Bohemia, Grieg accomplished for Scandinavia. Each of these discovered a new field in music. Each found in the folk melodies of his own country a foundation for his work as an individual, and his compositions by the use of these that a sensitive listener can at once detect the strange modulations. Grieg's world harmonies sound especially strange to the American ear, so accustomed are we to the lightness and meriment of our own air.

When the boy was 16, traveling with his father through northern Norway, he was impressed with the grandeur of the mountain scenery and he decided to devote his life to painting nature. Ole Bull, however, persuaded him to describe in the tonal world the wonderful scenery of Norway. He led him into the mountains, let him listen to nature's peculiar sounds in his northern realm, and thus taught him to draw inspiration directly from his own country.

At 20 he was in Copenhagen studying under Gade. Then, and when he met Nordraak, a young Norwegian composer, he began his first serious acquaintance with the Norwegian folk-melodies. Grieg said of his friend, Nordraak, "The scales suddenly fell from my eyes when first I learned through him to understand Norwegian folk-melodies and my own nature."

Scandinavian Folk Lore. The Scandinavians are a music loving people, but strangely enough, for Scandinavia is rich in folk lore, a systematic collection of their folk songs and superstitions until the beginning of the last century. The scenery of their country has greatly influenced their music. Particularly in this true of Norwegian melodies, for the three countries included in Scandinavia—Norway, Sweden and Denmark—Norway has the wildest mountain scenery. The rugged country simulates the imagination, says an enthusiastic writer. "Considering mainly of mountain masses dipping abruptly into the sea, with here and there arctic fountains from which to draw physical sustenance, the whirling currents of the maelstrom sweeping its shores, all broken and incanted by fjords, it is an ideal land for the feathering of traditions on which to found an art like that of music. Stories might be based upon deeds of the Vikings and the greatness of their mythological gods. The northern people are a people who love their northern latitude and comparative isolation, their forests, birch, waters, deep bays and mountain woods, with the health-giving pine which forever murmurs the same and melancholy moan; their legends which make them romantically superstitious, and the gorgeous tints of color which lighten up trees and fjord when the sun throws its golden javelin of light on this rugged and joyous picturesque country at midnight."

It is impossible to find the dates of some of these old songs. The Faroe islands, which lie about half way between Norway and Iceland and which now belong to Denmark, were originally peopled by Norwegians who seem to have composed the greatest number of melodies. One of their customs forbidding the singing of the same song more than once a year at the dancing parties may account for the large number of primitive songs found there today. Norwegian folk-music had been influenced in two principal ways; by the different instruments used in each section of the country, and by the national dances. Even though the inhabitants of the Faroe islands are very fond of dancing, musical instruments are unknown to them. Central Jutland in Denmark, like the Faroe islands, has many undifferentiated folk songs. Swedish like-wise has them but her folk music is not quite so pure. European influences have too strongly mingled with the character of her music. The most beautiful melodies of all are found in five districts in the southwestern and



EDVARD GRIEG.

south central part of Norway—Hardanger, Telemarken, Romadalen, Hallingdalen and Osterdalen—and from here chiefly Grieg gathered the material for his works.

In Romadalen are the highest mountains of Norway. Hardanger has peaches the next in height. It is noted for its great fields of wild flowers and its forests of pine, fir and birch. Osterdalen, Hallingdalen and Telemarken, have a gentler surface, and their rich soil makes them greater centers for agriculture. This is the one portion of Norway where modern civilization has not yet penetrated, where the ideas and customs are the same as those belonging to the first years of the nation. In the early history of Norway a band of strolling musicians—skalds they are called in Norse—composed their melodies. Nature only served them as a teacher. Their songs being handed down by memory from father to son they retained their music in this way for several generations. To these districts Grieg wandered and discovered the true source of northern music. His imagination became impregnated with their legends, superstitions, folk songs and folk poetry, and thus his work is imbued with the folk melodies of peasants living in another age.

Features of Norse Melodies.

These Norse melodies are distinguished from those of other Scandinavian nations by a certain robustness, ruggedness and abruptness in harmonic changes which are sometimes so irregular that they are often almost without rhythm, and are for the most part written in the minor key—that key in music expressing sadness. "Sometimes they begin in the major and end in the minor and sometimes the reverse. Even their most hilarious dances are frequently found in the minor, and it is a singular fact that often, when the music is not at all sad but in the major key and expressing unbounded good spirits, the grave and even mournful expression of the dancers' moods." Telemarken is largely a center of this folk music. Langstad writes: "The poetry and music of the Telemark peasant is in the closest harmony with the mountainous nature that surrounds him; they echo its melancholy, and reflect its sublimity, mystery, and terror. Our people now, so formerly, lack the more tender feelings; tenderness and effeminate love is not their affair. Only

now and then one hears a deep sigh from the birch dale hillsides where a maiden weeps in a melancholy stave her hopeless love, or expresses the tender bravery and sobbing to love and friendship. The more vigorously the pictures are drawn the better, through their grandiosity they become sometimes even unbecomingly and border on the comical. And this characteristic fits, also, on the whole, the old northern folk-songs."

Shepherd's songs constitute a large part of the folk music. Near the first of June the shepherds leave the home pasture, and take their flocks up into the mountains, where they remain with them for eight or ten weeks. Each shepherd is apt to have his land separated several miles from his comrades, so that during these weeks, with the exception of his milkmaid, he is practically cut off from human intercourse. "The milkmaid is an elderly woman whose duty it is to cook the shepherd's meals and attend to the cattle when they are penned. To the musical ones the shepherd's look is as much a necessity as the crook, and while listening to the sounds of nature they learn to imitate well the rustling of the mountain stream, rolling in musical waves over a rocky bed or leaping a precipice; or the moaning of the wind; the songs of the birds; the bellowing of cattle, mingling with the sounds of their bells. Thus from nature the Norwegians first learned music. The districts of Romadalen and Hardanger being the most mountainous of these five, are the best suited and most used for those summer pastures. When Grieg wrote the "Shepherd Song" in hisopus 14, he probably had this section in mind. The entire composition seems like an oppressively homesick melody, with its sad minor strains and peculiar harmonies. In the middle and last of the song is a distant tinkling of bells, making the shepherd continue throughout his mournful song.

Dance music takes up another large space. The Halling, which originated in Hallingdalen and received its name from this section, is the chief national dance. An expert Halling dancer is said to be a person of the past, for the dance requires so much agility and training of the muscles that it has lately fallen into disfavor. Every part of a Halling consists of a series of acrobatic feats, hence it is extremely lively and boisterous. A traveler in Norway in describing one says: "You feel yourself, as it were, raised from the floor and wish, like the practiced Halling dancer, to touch the rafters of the ceiling with your toes. The dancer jumps up as light as a feather, turns round in the air and descends again, standing on one leg; on the floor he curves, also resting on one heel, while his jacket describes a circle round him like a ball; then he makes a jump to the opposite side of the room, and goes on as before, the man frequently turning somersaults."

The spring dance and marurka are other popular forms of dance music. The marurka is quiet, but the spring dance is as much as a Halling. Whatever side of life Grieg writes, he does it with the same vividness and intensity, and his sad, weird melodies never fail to satisfy us. "If he writes of autumn we feel the very crispness in the air and the warm moon-tide sunshine; we see the haze on the hills, the twinkling silvery stars, the leaves rustling and idly falling. If it is spring, the balmy suggestiveness of its approach steals into our very blood, the rivers are swifter and the birds are already formed; or if he gives us a love poem, as "Johsle Dieh," our emotions are excited, the tale is so irresistibly intense and passionate, and when all is over a tremulous languor settles down, abiding and tranquilizing."

Grieg's Field.

Norway, Sweden and Denmark have given the world many composers, but Norway has given in Grieg the first genius of Scandinavia to strike out boldly in the field of music and discover a new branch. Grieg combined his work chiefly to the voice and piano. The Norwegian Bridal March from Grieg's opus 19, is one of the most

popular compositions for the pianoforte. In wedding in these districts where Grieg lived, his inspiration lasts frequently three weeks. If the peasant family is prosperous, the eldest child inherits the parents' farm, hence the wedding of the eldest son or daughter is of chief importance. For three Sundays before the marriage the banquets are given in the groom's home, and take place in the church, and then come the long wedding festivities which are usually held wherever the bride and groom intend to live. If it will be with his or her parents the guests are all invited there, for the two or three weeks in which the groom is able to give the bride a new home the guests will probably be asked to the place he provides for her. Each guest is expected to bring a certain amount of food, to lessen the expense of their long stay with the family, and wear the peasant national dress.

Dancing and feasting are the principal pastimes for these wedding days. Grieg's "Norwegian Bridal Procession" is merely the church bridal march. On such occasions the violin is the chief instrument, sometimes only one is used. This is explained, in this light, dainty character of his march.

Holiday Customs.

Next to the Bridal March in Grieg's Opus 19 is the "Carnival Song." In Norway the carnival festivities open Christmas and continue to the last week in January. Carnival season was originally a time of revelling, but with the rich and poor, now, however, it has come to mean a yearly vacation for the peasant class only. The first two days are mainly spent in attending church. Then begin the carnival pleasures, consisting of feasting, singing and sleighing. Each peasant man, standing on actual gold but rich in his store of food and drink—particularly the latter—and one who has his evenings filled with invitations to feasts and dances feels himself an important person.

The night ride to the home of the host, which may be a distance of 30 or 40 miles, is as great a pleasure as the indoor enjoyment. The sleighs and horses are covered with bells. Their music is exceedingly pretty. As racing is necessary adjunct to such a party there is given some sleighing, and in the morning on the riding home, when the company have frequently tasted too much liquor, the racing is apt to be unnecessarily swift and boisterous. Grieg has caught the spirit of this merry season in his "Carnival Song."

Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite for orchestra is his greatest work. The composer chose incidents from four seasons in Ibsen's drama of Peer Gynt. Two of the most popular parts are "Anitra's Dance" and "The Troldene." The Trolds are the mountain spirits, which according to Norse mythology, have their kingdom in the mountains of Norway. They are ill-shapen creatures holding away over men. Any mortal who enters their realm is converted into a troll. Peer Gynt, wandering in these mountains, was unfortunate enough to have a troll-maiden entice him to her home. The trolls do all in their power to make life attractive to the visitor, and their chief amusement is dancing. Grieg's work pictures the trolls' dances. It begins in a rather slow tempo, changing in the end to a mad, furious scherzo.

This as well as other of Grieg's compositions show his ability to describe any scene in life, beautiful or otherwise.

Until his death in 1907, Grieg lived and worked at his pretty home in a quiet suburb of Christiania. He planted on his grounds two beds of flowers. One contained the cultivated German roots, the other the wild flowers of Norway. As a traveler was most interested in these untrained jewels of the Norwegian mountains so are we most interested in those compositions of Grieg which contain the wild mountain scene that he called for us. A deep affection and reverence unconsciously spring up in our hearts for his half-melancholy, half-joyous north-

land friends.

Great Sunday, "The Flying Machine of the Future."