

FLYING OVER HISTORY



Looking Down on Constantinople.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THERE are few opportunities anywhere in the world to see so many historic sites in half a dozen hours as during the brief airplane trip from Constantinople to Athens.

The route is paved with geography; with history, which is geography interacting with mankind; and with mythology, in which elemental geographic forces are given childishly human characteristics.

Poets and historians, ladies and their Leanders, Argonauts and Amazons, have so mosaicked with meaning this age-old route that the air traveler, completing it between breakfast and luncheon, would need that last-minute-before-drowning clairvoyance to take in even the broad outlines of the picture on the rift between West and East, Europe and Asia, sailor and nomad, Greek and barbarian, between what was known and what was off the map.

The battleship Agamemnon, leading the allied fleet into the Dardanelles, A. D. 1915, churned the very waters that bore to the siege of Troy Agamemnon's thousand ships, launched by a woman's face, almost as many years before the Christian era. Xerxes, Alexander, and the Turks, their exploits separated by centuries, all crossed the Hellespont at the same point. The northeastern that cool or chill both Bosphorus and Gallipoli, and the treacherous currents which inspire gruesome gossip are the same that Strabo and Herodotus described.

The plane is fitted with pontoons and rises from the Bosphorus. Behind, the Genoese castle of Anadolu Kavak, only a moment ago outlined against the Black sea, has flattened out against a northern tip of Asin Minor. As a point is rounded, with the palaces and embassy gardens of Therapia below, the view extends to the Golden Horn.

By the time the strait between Rumeli and Anadolu Hisar is reached the plane is so high above Mohammed the Conqueror's "Cutthroat Castle" that the ground plan, said to be a chirograph of his Arabic name, is just a comfortable cypher.

The ground plan of Robert College takes on rare symmetry. In its center a football game is being played by two tribes of vari-colored ants. Now the Constantinople Woman's college is reached, its buildings aligned into one imposing facade.

The coil-pockets that smudge the view below Armat Kol sweep south toward the glittering jewel-box mosque of Orta Kol and the roofless ruin of Chergan—palace, prison, and parliament house.

Looking Down on Stamboul.

There is a slight haze above Stamboul, the Seraglio palaces are visibly isolated from the teeming city; and the cornucopia curve of the Golden Horn—despite its fame, a mere nick in the eastern edge of Europe, is clearly cut between close-rooted slopes, pock-marked by fire and mournful with cypresses rising above marble-skeletoned cemeteries. The fabled seven hills unite into one main, curving ridge.

Now the plane is almost over fat-domed Sancta Sophia; and the six minarets of the Sultan Ahmed mosque, so needlelike from the ground, seem squat towers. The obelisks in the Hippodrome, Byzantium's antique pleasure center, have no height, but their shadows stretch wide across a park the perfection of which was never before so evident. One wonders when architects will begin to design structures to be beautiful from the air, as landscape gardening already is.

Outside the left windows the Princes Islands bathe in sun-spread quicksilver and the Gulf of Ismid loses itself beyond.

Off the right wing the landward wall of Byzantium, starting imposingly with the Seven Towers, dwindles away until its battlements are lost behind a hill overlooking the Sweet Waters of Europe.

Now one looks straight down on the Island of Marmora, unexpectedly large and full of valleys. Around a tiny bay in the north edge, marble cliffs or slag dumps, white as chalk, describe a horseshoe curve.

Now Europe edges in from the right, with the ridge of Tekir Dagh, emphasized by cumuli, stretching down to give backbone to Gallipoli. What a place to study geography! The two

most famous straits of olden times, where Helle drowned and Io, Hera's rival, forded the Bosphorus.

Now the upper entrance to the Hellespont has been reached, with Gallipoli on the opposite shore. Just under the hull is a level hill where there used to be a Turkish fort.

A little farther on Lapsaki comes into view. It used to be Lampasac and was famous for its wine and Priapic worship. The town, being made of mud and stone, may have moved about a bit, but the name has hovered right there since the days when Themistocles was its monarchos and the idea of hereditary monarchy was new.

Lapsaki has its own little marina, but the main town stands back from the water, its reddish-brown roofs arranged in seemingly perfect squares. The junction of land and water here is of extreme beauty, the shoreline edged with a greenish blue breaking away to the royal purple of the deep-water.

The ship seemingly increases its speed over the narrows where Leander swam to see Hero and set an example for Lord Byron and others. On a bridge of boats Xerxes crossed here to invade Europe. A century and a half later Alexander returned the compliment.

Beyond the Gallipoli peninsula one can see Suvla Bay and below is the old tower of Chanak Kalesi, until recently ringed with modern forts. Across the narrow neck of water is the trefoil fort of Kilit Bahr, a stalkless ace of clubs spiked down with a tall central tower.

And here is Troy, immortalized by Homer and Vergil, described by Strabo, a rain soaked, soggy plain, cut by mere brooks and utterly without dramatic quality.

The whole outline of Tenedos may be seen as one lies along, its central portion cultivated, its shoreline notched by ways to which the Greeks withdrew, leaving the wooden horse outside the Trojan walls.

The Isles of Greece.

There are pitch-black clouds ahead, their lower sides festooned with waving wisps of rain like Spanish moss. The plane swoops down to 2,000 feet. The long line of Lemnos fills the horizon at the right, and through the opposite window Lesbos (Mylene) detaches itself from the flank of Asin Minor. Only indistinct suggestions of land lie ahead.

Skyros shoulders her blood-red, craggy cliffs toward the ship's path. When the flight has lasted three hours an Acropolislike plateau on Euboea shows itself. For the first time the plane dives directly toward the land to find a low, narrow pass above cultivated fields, salmon pink amid gray rock and lush green and dotted with circular stone threshing floors near the Gulf of Petali.

Then comes the supreme thrill; for there, sweeping round in a perfect curve like a gold-edged scimitar laid against the blue, is the Plain of Marathon. Hoary-headed Parnes toms beyond, and Pentelcus, neighbor of Athens and mother of her marbles, suggests how short a flight remains; yet how long that run for Philippiades, bringing news that the Medes and Persians were in flight and that Miltiades had won!

A wheel of spokelike roads, cutting the fertile Mesogalias, centers in Markopoulon. At least a dozen pleasant villages are in sight at once, pearl gray, amid crop and plow-strepped fields pushed to the limit of man's endurance against the dull skeleton of Attica.

Now the Saronic Gulf is below, opalescent tints showing on an oyster-shell-shaped beach. What seems to be the mainland to the left is really the Island of Salamis. From Marathon to Salamis, a ten-year struggle for the Persians, and the flyer can cover it in the sweep of an eye!

A brightly tinted new town, its landscape gardening reduced to the proportions of a painting, grows below as the plane descends. Little Lykabettos spears up to the right, and the Acropolis begins to assume a fraction of its wonted dignity, as the very heart and center of Greek life.

There is a bus terminus, and down the plane comes, flashing past new villas and deserted piers. One final glance for the flyers at that historic plain between Parnes and Hymettos, and down their ship splashes like a duck, in Phaleron Bay, to the east of Piraeus.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

The Baroness Orczy

W. M. U. Service
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CHAPTER V—Continued

Say, more! There were many who positively asserted that in some unexplainable way the whole of the Deseze affair was connected with the capture of the English spy who was known throughout France as the Scarlet Pimpernel. This spy had been at work in the district for some time; every one knew that it was he who had dragged those de-vant traitors and aristos, the Tournon-d'Arenays, out of Citizen Lauzet's clutches, and Citizen Lauzet was now having his revenge. He would capture the Scarlet Pimpernel, catch him in the act of trying to effect the escape of the Deseze family, and thus earn the reward of ten thousand livres offered to any man who would lay that enemy of France by the heels.

Lucky Lauzet! Thus to have the means of earning a sum of money sufficient to keep a man and his family in affluence for the rest of their lives. And besides the money there would be the glory, too! Who could gauge the heights to which a man might rise if he brought about the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel? Well, Lauzet would do it! Lucky Lauzet! He would certainly do it, asserted some; those sort of men always have all the luck! There were even those who asserted that the Scarlet Pimpernel was already captured and that Lauzet had got him. Lucky, lucky Lauzet!

"You don't suppose," one man declared, "that anything would be known of the affair unless it was already accomplished? Lauzet is not one to talk till after a thing is done. No! No! Believe me, my friends, Lauzet has already got his ten thousand livres in his pocket!"

He was a wizened little old man from over Lanoy way, and now he dolefully shook his head.

"And to think," he went on, "that I might have laid that English spy by the heels myself, if I had had a bit of luck like Lauzet."

A shout of derision greeted this astounding assertion.

"You, papa Sargon?" one of the crowd ejaculated with a loud laugh, "you, laying the English spy by the heels? That is the best joke I've heard for many a day. Will you tell us how that came about?"

And papa Sargon told the tale how he and his wife had a visit from a squad of soldiers who told him that they were after a band of English spies who were known to be in that district. The soldiers asked for a night's shelter, as they were weary after a long day's ride. Papa Sargon had made them comfortable in the big barn behind the cottage; but the next morning, when he went to see how they had fared in the night, he found the barn empty and the soldiers gone. And papa Sargon remained convinced in his own mind that for the better part of a night he had harbored the most bitter enemies of his country, and it had been only guessed who those supposed soldiers were, he might have informed the local commissary of police, and earned ten thousand livres for himself.

Now, this story would not perhaps have been altogether convincing to an prejudiced ear, but such as it was, and with everything that had occurred in Molsion these last few days, it aroused considerable excitement. It went to prove that the Scarlet Pimpernel was not nearly so mysterious or so astute as rumor credited him to be, since he almost fell a victim to papa and mamma Sargon. It also went to prove to the satisfaction of the company present that Citizen Lauzet had been sharper than papa Sargon and, having come across the Scarlet Pimpernel through some lucky accident, he had laid hands on him and was even now conveying him to Paris, where a grateful government would hand him over the promised reward of ten thousand livres.

This notion, which gradually filtered into the minds of the company, did not tend to make Citizen Lauzet any more popular; and when presently most of that same company adjourned to Leon's for refreshment, there were some among the younger men who wanted to know why they should not have their share in those ten thousand livres. The Scarlet Pimpernel they argued with more enthusiasm than logic, had been captured in their district. The Deseze family who were in some way connected with the capture were citizens of Molsion; why should not they, citizens of Molsion, too, finger a part of the reward?

It was all wild and illogical, and it would have been impossible for any one to say definitely who was the prime mover in the ensuing resolution, which, by the way, was carried unanimously; that a deputation should set out forthwith for Mantes to interview Citizen Lauzet and demand in the name of justice, and for the benefit

of Molsion, some share in the money prize granted by the government for the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Subsequently, both papa Sargon and a drover from Alincourt were held to be chiefly to blame, but as papa Sargon properly remarked, neither he nor the stranger from Alincourt stood to gain anything by the wild goose chase, so why should they have instigated it?

Be that as it may, soon after midday meal, half a score of young stalwarts climbed into the cart of the drover from Alincourt, and the party, full of enthusiasm and of Leon's excellent red wine, set out for Mantes. They had provided themselves with a miscellaneous collection of arms; those who possessed guns brought them along, then they borrowed a couple of pistols from Leon and two more from old Mitau, who had been a soldier in his day. Some of them had sabres, others took sickles or scythes which might be useful; one man had a saw, another took a wood chopper. All these things would be useful should there be a fight over this affair, and most of them hoped that there would be a fight.

The first disappointment came on arrival in Mantes. Here at the commissariat they were informed that Citizen Lauzet had been gone these last two hours. He had ridden away in the company of his friend who had come from Paris some two days previously. The general idea prevalent at the commissariat was that the two men had ridden away in the direction of Paris.

The second disappointment, a corollary of the first, was that the diligence with prisoners and escort had started on its way less than half an hour ago. It seemed in truth as if the plot thickened. Lauzet and his friend from Paris gone, the diligence gone! No one paused for a moment to reflect how this could possibly mean anything in the nature of a plot, but by this time spirits were inflamed.

Unaccountably inflamed. Every one was so poor these days; money was so terribly hard to earn; work was so grinding, remuneration so small, that now that the idea of the capture of the English spy with its attendant reward had seized hold of the imagination of these young hotheads, they clung to it tenaciously, grimly, certain that if they acted quickly and wisely and if no one else got in the way, they would succeed in gaining the golden prize. A competence! Just think on it! And with nothing to do for it but an exciting adventure. And here was Lauzet interfering! Snatching the prize for himself! Lauzet, who already drew a large salary from the state for very little work.

All this had been talked over, sworn over, discussed, commented at great length all the way between Molsion and Mantes, in the rickety cart driven by the drover from Alincourt. He was a wise man, that driver. His advice was both sound and bold. "Why," he asked, pertinently, "should a man like Citizen Lauzet get everything he wants? I say it is because he has a friend over in Paris who comes along and helps him. Because he has money and influence. What? Was there ever anything seen quite so unjust? Where is the English spy, my friends? I ask you. He is in this district. Our district. And what I say is that what's in our district belongs to us. Remember, there's ten thousand livres waiting for every man who takes a hand in the capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel. Ten thousand livres! And Citizen Lauzet, with that stranger from Paris, is even at this hour riding away with it in his pocket."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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High Praise Conveyed

in Three Short Words

Dr. William A. Muhlenberg, who founded the Church of the Holy Communion in New York, is claimed by a correspondent of The Churchman to be the author of the world's shortest sermon.

The occasion was the burial service for one of his trustees. He gave out his text, Micah 6:8, which reads "He hath shewed thee, Oh, man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" His sermon was, "He did this."

Recently The Churchman expressed the belief that a sermon by a Catholic priest in Toronto during the hot weather this summer was the record holder for brevity. That sermon, however, ran to 100 words.

"Advertise, or Bust" Is

Slogan of Lord Dewar

Lord Dewar made a number of characteristic remarks on advertising recently, "hen he opened the seventh annual exhibition of the London and North-Eastern railway's posters at the New Burlington galleries. "Samson," he declared, "got some wonderful advertising results when he took two columns and certainly brought down the house." "If you do not advertise you fossilize. A man upon his trade relies. He must either bust or advertise." "The prophet without honor is one who does not know how to advertise." "Some people are always looking for a new kind of mistake to make." "Success is merely a matter of buying your experience cheap and selling it at a profit." "We are gradually and surely moving along to better times. If we will say 'hats off to the past and coats off to the future,' and act up to it all will come right."

See End of Tsetse Fly

As the result of experiments being conducted in the tsetse belt of Natal, the South African government is hopeful that an effective means of combating the ravages of the deadly tsetse fly has been at last discovered. A special poison in powdered form has been sprayed over donkeys. The tsetse fly, when it alights on the animal, absorbs the poison through its feet and dies. Reports so far received show that the experiments have been successful, giving hope that one of the worst plagues with which the farmer of South Africa has to contend is doomed.

Natural Fountain

Seepage water from irrigation enters a large pear tree at Brass Valley, Calif., and issues under pressure four feet up the trunk. The trunk forks at that height and a crack in the fork forms the vent for a tree fountain that is attracting much notice.

Would Try to Remedy That

"Theory and practice are very different things," said the professor.

"Yes, indeed," assented the medical student, "I pay for theory and intend to be paid for practice."—Stray Stories.

Safety Move

After a while a man stops hoping that people will pay what they owe him and concentrates on praying for strength not to lend them any more.—Ohio State Journal.

Something Else

"Do you honestly believe cigar ashes are good for the rug?" "Yes, but I can't get my wife to believe it."

Virtue in Laziness.

Patience is sometimes only the virtuous aspect of laziness.—El Paso Herald.

None at All

Salesman—"This machine will cut your work in half." Customer—"Let me have two."—Montreal Star.

La Raza is the first Spanish language newspaper in Chicago, where there are 185,000 Mexicans and Spanish.

A study of 620 feature motion pictures in this country last year showed that about one-third had no villain and no crime.

A woman isn't necessarily smart because she says things that make other people smart.

The usual judge of a beauty contest is the rich young bachelor who serves as the prize.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

All you need to make camping enjoyable is a tent, a cot and the subtraction of about 20 years.

It is a noble and a great thing to cover the blemishes and excuse the failings of a friend.—South.

The Right Way to Redye Fine Silks

Textile makers always use special dyes for silk or wool. They know that is the best way. The makers of Diamond Dyes are the first to enable home dyers to follow this plan.



Next time you want to dye some of your more valuable articles of silk or wool, try the special Diamond Dyes in the Blue Package. They will give these materials clearer, more brilliant colors than any "all-purpose" dye. And they are just as easy to use as ordinary dyes. Like the white package Diamond Dyes, these dyes contain an abundance of the highest quality anilines. The blue package dyes silk or wool only; the white package dyes, or tints, any material. Either package; 15c, drugstores.

And Ears

Patron—"That barber down the street has cut his prices down to 40 cents for a haircut."

Barber (after withering silence)—"Yeah? Well, a good barber cuts hair and a poor one cuts prices.—Cincinnati Enquirer."

Thinking Vegetables

Even if vegetable life does think, as a scientist claims, nothing really important can happen when a parsnip and a carrot go into conference.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Natural Result

Townbird—I suppose you've made your garden bed?
Suburb—Yes; and now I have to lie about it.—London Answers.

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