

MAILING THE AIR.

It Feels to Soar Aloft In a Balloon or Aeroplane.

SENSE OF HEIGHT LOST.

Subsequently There is No Feeling of Dizziness or Giddiness, and After a Few Hundred Feet There is a Sensation of Speed.

Comparatively few persons can look down from a great height without a feeling of dizziness and nerves and chasing down the spine.

One would naturally think these unpleasant symptoms would be intensified if one were to rise several hundred feet in the air in a flying machine.

But that idea is a mistake, according to Mr. Charles C. Turner in an article in the Pall Mall Magazine, in which he tells how beginners are taught the use of the aeroplane.

describes the sensations of flight. The manner in which a course of flight lessons begins depends chiefly on the weather.

If it is fine and calm the pupil is at once taken out for passenger flights, sitting behind the instructor or beside him, according to the type of machine, and having nothing to think about except the novelty of his experiences and the new aspect which he sees familiar things.

His first flight is a great event in his career of the pupil, and when it is over he is anxious for the next.

He estimates of the difficulties that he will have to overcome, and he is glad to be able to besiege his instructor with questions.

He climbed into the passenger's seat and gripped the stanchions with both hands. He need not be gripped them quite so hard, for soon found that the motion of the machine was not in the least disturbing.

To start it a mechanic stood behind the main planes and gave the propeller a turn, and suddenly the engine was giving out a tremendous roar and the machine vibrated.

Other mechanics were holding on to the tail to prevent the aeroplane from shooting forward before the pilot was ready.

But almost immediately the passenger observed the pilot hold up one hand as a signal, and on the instant the machine plunged forward over the ground like a swift motorcar.

Before he had time to observe and note his feelings the sensations had changed. The machine was traveling forward with perfect smoothness, the noise of the engine had curiously softened down, the ground no longer raced beneath the machine, and he realized that he was flying and that already he was twenty, forty, fifty feet above the ground.

Flying has been compared to many things, but in truth no comparison is good. Perhaps I may correct one or two common but false notions concerning it.

There is no sense of traveling at a great height. There is not the slightest danger of giddiness. To me this is no surprise, for, as every balloonist knows, it matters not whether you look down from 20 or 2,000 feet—the sensation of height is absent.

To take my own case, I cannot look down a 100 foot cliff for many seconds before feeling unsafe, but I can look down from a balloon that is two miles above ground and can gaze at the scene below for half an hour without a qualm. It is the experience of every aeronaut.

It is impossible also with reasonable accuracy without the aid of an aneroid to estimate one's height. You are trees far below you, and if you are high enough they appear to be mere bushes, but you cannot tell whether you are 400 feet up or 700.

Again, the sense of speed is almost entirely lost when you have attained a height of 300 or 400 feet. The ground rushes below you very slowly, while if you get up to 800 or 1,000 feet it is only by steadily watching the ground that you perceive that you are moving.

At all the while there is that steady flow of wind upon the face that informs you of your speed.

In descending a pupil notices that the speed of the ground rapidly accelerates. The chances are that he cannot distinguish the moment when the landing wheels again come into contact with the earth. The machine moves forward over the ground until its momentum is exhausted, and he and the pilot then descend from their seats.

The Doctor's Sin of Omission. A doctor in his "Primitive Superstitions" tells of an Indian who had been badly hurt by a grizzly bear. The medicine man prescribed a mixture of rattlesnakes' heads, wornout moccasins and chewing tobacco, seasoned with petroleum and red pepper, of which the patient was ordered to take a pint every half hour. "He was a brave man, but he died with the utmost expedition," and at the tribal inquest it was agreed that the remedy was faultless, but that death was due to the doctor's omitting to dance and sing.

Which is Yours? The remuneration received for services rendered has many names. The laborer calls it "pay," the skilled workman "wages," the city clerk "salary," the banker "income," a lawyer "fees" and a burglar "swag."—London Answers.

That which starts upon wings often ends upon crutches.—Italian Proverb.

THE SECOND GRAVEDIGGER.

He Saw His Chance and Made a Big Hit in "Hamlet."

A company playing "Hamlet" was forced to find an actor to play the second gravedigger on account of the illness of the second comedian of the company. The only actor available was a variety performer who had no reverence for Shakespeare and no respect for the traditions of the classic drama.

The second gravedigger was a comedy part, and he knew that he could "get away with it."

When the first gravedigger threw off the waistcoat, revealing another underneath, the audience tittered. The removal of the second waistcoat brought a loud laugh, and the third produced a roar. The first gravedigger was delighted. He had never played to such an appreciative audience, and visions of good notices in the papers and a possible increase in salary began to loom up before his eyes.

As he threw off the fourth waistcoat he turned partially around, and the cause of the unusual hit was disclosed to him.

The second gravedigger, being accustomed to build laughs on lines and business of other actors, saw his opportunity and seized it. As fast as the first gravedigger would throw the waistcoats on the ground the variety comedian would pick them up and put them on. The new business was much funnier to the audience than the old, with which it was thoroughly familiar.

Not content with having stolen the laughs from the regular comedian in this scene, the new man went further. When the first gravedigger said to him: "Go, get thee to Youghan; fetch me a stoup of liquor" (to which there is no reply in the text), the assistant sexton replied:

"Youghan told me to tell you that you couldn't have any more liquor from him till you paid for the last you got."—Emmett C. King in Bookman.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS.

Why They Retain Their Sheen in Spite of Their Great Age.

If you have ever seen a Persian rug fifty years old or older which had been used only in its native country you have doubtless observed that, though made of wool, it had the sheen of velvet.

This was due partly to the excellence of the dyes and the workmanship, but partly also to the fact that it had never known the touch of a shoe, but had been walked over in stockinged feet. If a man should enter your drawing room and stand on the sofa and upholstered chairs it would appear no more outrageous to you than it does to a Persian to walk with shoes upon his rug.

It seems impossible that such a beautiful thing as a Persian rug should be produced on the rug of looms, consisting, as they do, merely of crooked, irregular beams of wood roughly fastened together. The rude construction of the loom explains why it is that every genuine Persian rug of any length is more or less crooked.

This is because after part of it is woven it must be removed from the loom and lowered, and on so crude an affair it is impossible to get the warp of the second part exactly straight with that of the first part.

Until quite recently each province had its own style of rug, each village its own pattern, and yet each rug had an individuality of its own, and no two rugs were identical in design. The weaver copied designs and effects from trees and flowers or from common objects in everyday use. Sometimes a verse from the Koran or a stanza of a poem in the graceful, intricate Arabic character formed part of the pattern.—New York Sun.

"Yiddish."

"Yiddish," properly speaking, is not a language. It is a mixture of poor German, worse Hebrew and in Russia has some Russian words added. It has, however, a considerable literature, including a large number of newspapers and other periodicals, and is used colloquially by Russian, Polish and Hungarian Jews. In the United States it is spoken by more or less recent immigrants only, their children absolutely refusing to use it, and their attempts to make them do so is the chief cause of the disagreement between them which the parents so bitterly complain of.—American Israelite.

A Soldier's Reply.

A soldier of Marshal Saxe's army, being discovered in a theft, was condemned to be hanged. What he had stolen might be worth 5 shillings. The marshal, meeting him as he was being led to execution, said to him: "What a miserable fool you were to risk your life for 5 shillings!"

"General," replied the soldier, "I have risked it every day for my pay, fivepence." This remark saved his life.

The Best He Could Do.

"Now, gentlemen," said the stage manager at rehearsal, "I want you all to wear your heavy overcoats in this scene, as it is supposed to be an extremely chilly night."

"I have no overcoat, sir," replied one of the actors. Then a bright thought struck him. "But I could put on my heavy underwear."—Boston Transcript.

How Could He Forget?

She—Are you sure it was a year today that we became engaged, dear? He—Yes. I looked it up in my check book this morning.—New York Journal.

He Who Reigns Within Himself and Rules Passion, Desires and Fears is More than a King.—Milton.

VANISHED GRANDEUR.

Glories of the Thames When London Roads Were Markets.

In Tudor times royal residences were situated along the Middlesex bank of the Thames, and splendid barges manned by oarsmen in liveries were constantly coming and going between them.

"The city companies," says the London Times, "all had their state barges and liveried watermen. Great river pageants were numerous. High placed criminals traveled down to their death on the ebbing tide. Ambassadors and other envoys of foreign powers were met at Gravesend by the lord mayor and his aldermen and taken by river in a stately progress to Tower stairs. The regular route westward was by river to Putney, thence by road across Putney heath."

"That way went Wolsey when deprived of the great seal, traveling from York House to Escher in disgrace, until he fell in with the king's messenger on the heath and knew he was his master's man once more. In a later age the entry into London of Catharine of Braganza, the consort of Charles II., was a memorable example of the river pageant."

In old days the city roads were markets rather than thoroughfares, so that even if anybody wished to go from one part of the city to another he went by river, for the roads were quagmires in bad weather and at all times haunted by highwaymen and footpads. Peeps, that type of the patriotic permanent official, always used the river. Such phrases as 'by water to Whitehall' and 'so by water home' constantly occur in his diary.

"In Queen Anne's reign there were 40,000 watermen plying for hire on the Thames and over a hundred 'stairs' or landing places. In London proper. These watermen were the 'rabbits' of that age. The really curious thing is that the Thames was still a main thoroughfare less than a century ago. Not until 1857 did the lord mayor's show proceed to Westminster otherwise than by water."

WOULDN'T BE TAMED.

End of a Wild Stallion That Resented the Touch of Man.

In "Mustangs, Busters and Outlaws of the Nevada Wild Horse Country," in the American Magazine, Rufus Steele writes of the capture of a splendid wild stallion that had long eluded capture. He was an "outlaw." Writes Mr. Steele:

"Until we saddled him we did not realize his desperation. We fastened the riata to his front feet. When he tried to run away we jerked his feet from under him, throwing him heavily. As he attempted to rise we threw him again and repeated the maneuver until exhaustion necessitated his capitulation. But his surrender was only temporary. For three years we tried to break him, using every artifice known to us. As quickly as one man gave up the task another would try to conquer him, but every time a human being approached or tried to bridle or saddle him he would bite viciously, while his eyes, protruding from the sockets, blazed fiery red with hate. As the cinch was drawn tight the outlaw, if upon his feet, invariably reared straight up, poised upon his hind legs, then hurled himself backward to the ground. We always mounted him while he was tied down, and to 'stay' after he gained his feet called for action which boiled a day's work into thirty minutes of struggle."

"His end was tragic as his career. In making an attempt at escape by jumping out of a stockade corral he misjudged the distance and became impaled on a jagged post, and a 44 was turned loose upon him to end his suffering."

Cautions.

A lawyer happened to be acquainted with a juror in a petty civil case, and he met him during a recess of the court. The lawyer was just "lighting up," and under ordinary circumstances he would have offered the other a cigar unhesitatingly, but it occurred to him that it might not look right.

"I suppose," he said guardedly, "that a cigar would not influence your verdict?"

The juror was equally cautious. "A good one wouldn't," he replied. "but a poor one might prejudice me."

He got a good cigar.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nature's Protection For the Ear.

The membrane lining the canal of the ear contains a great number of little glands which secrete a waxy substance having an intensely bitter taste. The purpose of this is to prevent the entrance of insects and to keep the ear clean, as the layer of wax dries in scales, which rapidly fall away, thus removing with them any particle of dust or other foreign matters which may have found entrance to the ear.

Softer.

"I have no doubt you have heard some stories to my discredit," he said. "I don't like to put it in that way," she quietly replied.

"How then?" he hopefully asked. "I have never heard any stories to your credit," said she.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Knew.

Mrs. Caller Down—You needn't think that I'm going to fix your trousers at this hour of the night. Caller Down—Tut, tut! It's never too late to mend.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Pedometer.

A patent was granted Nov. 4, 1899, in England to Ralph Gout for a pedometer, an instrument that numbered the steps taken by a pedestrian.

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