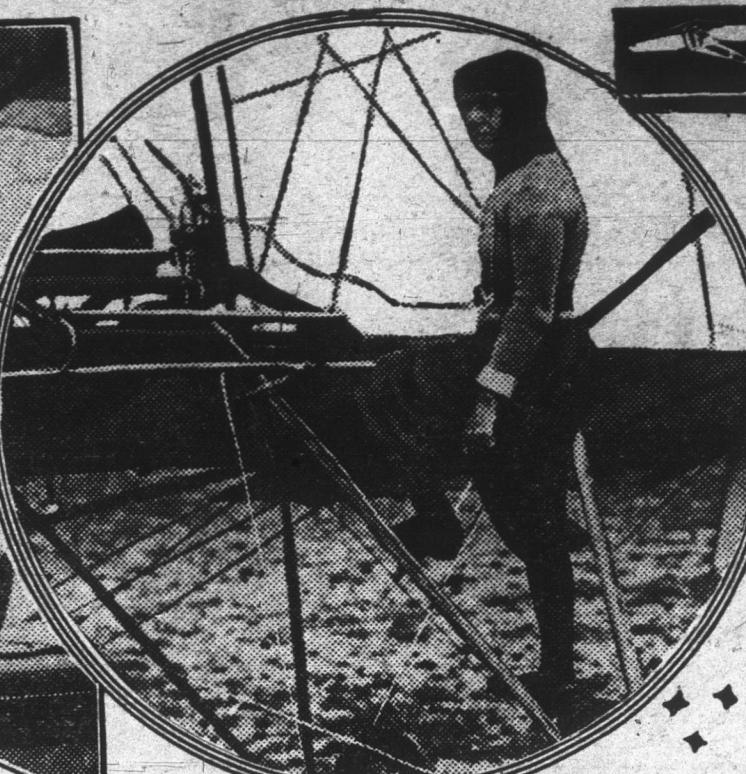




MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM-WHITE



MRS. HEWLETT MOUNTING HER BIPLANE



HARRIET QUIMBY, AEROPLANE VICTIM

IFTEEN hundred feet above my creditors—hung in space twixt heaven and earth—at peace with God and the world, and yet traveling at the rate of sixty or more miles an hour!

That's what I felt on my first aeroplane trip, and mighty sorry was I to have to come back to earth, writes Irene Vandy in the New York Press.

There is nothing in the world quite like flying. Some have compared it with sailing—water sailing; others have compared it with autoing on a very smooth road; but it is incomparable. Once or twice during my trip I looked aloft almost expecting to find the big white-winged mechanical bird hung from a wire attached to gigantic telegraph poles and operated on a pulley, so easy did it ride on space. Once or twice the machine rocked a bit, and the sensation was delightful. Until the machine rocks, one can scarcely believe it is moving, no matter what the rate of speed.

Once we got lost in a cloud—I and my aviator—but I never knew it. I could still look down and realize that the world is round, for if there is any vantage point from which to prove the roundness of the earth it is in an aeroplane, provided you are high enough.

"Why," I tried to explain, "I never knew how small the world was before!" For it seemed all stretched below me like toy farms, where one could pick up the houses in one's hand and play with them; but the rush of wind caught the words, and I thought I should never again get my mouth closed, when there was a slight dip on one wing, and the machine turned in another direction.

We were now passing over the Belmont race-track, and the hurdles showed plainly below like so many matches, or maybe toothpicks, painted white. The grandstand was no bigger than a copy of some popular novel. I wished there had been some activity. It would have been interesting to see those tiny horses.

But I was to be rewarded for my love of the horse. As we passed over Westbury they were having a practice game on the polo field. I looked down and saw the midget beasties racing hither and thither, with momentary gleams of a mallet raised in the air, like a splinter. I saw a train pull into the Hempstead station—a train no bigger than those one buys for baby on the street, "five cents the train;" I saw the Garden City hotel, St. Paul's school, the Salisbury golf links, with men and women moving about like tiny china dolls, the buildings no bigger than toy blocks that a baby could handle.

Imagine the glory of all this under a perfect sky and a setting sun reflecting that peculiar radiance of scintillating lights on a background of greens and browns, with here and there a red roof blending into the whole, and trees you wanted to pick for a boutonniere!

Somehow it never occurred to me to be afraid. An utter relaxation came over me, and I gave myself up to the thrill of the beauty all round me. It seemed as though upon leaving terra firma my last worry had vanished. I wished I might spend my summer vacation in the air.

But then I had absolute confidence in the ability of my aviator—absolute confidence in the stability of his aeroplane, which, I suppose, is half the game. The flight was from the Hempstead Plains aviation field, which, by the way, never had the right to the name, because it lies in Garden City, and not in Hempstead at all. It is really Old Camp Black of Spanish-American war fame, and is as large as Central park. The usual passenger flight is once round the field, a distance of about four miles, and takes about as many minutes.

WOMAN'S PART IN AVIATION



ANNE MORGAN, LATEST PASSENGER RECRUIT

utes, at a height of 200 feet. However, the aviator does not really care about flying so low, and if you show no sign of fear you are liable to go higher, and there is less danger, for it is harder to shut off the engine and volplane down from a height of a few hundred feet than it is from a height of a thousand feet, and not volplaning down means sometimes landing with a thump. The 1,000-foot volplane and easy landing is one of the tests the Aero club requires before granting a license.

My trip was with Mr. Albert Heinrich of the Heinrich Aeroplane company, who owns one of the lightest and prettiest craft afloat—a monoplane of about six hundred and fifty pounds, with a very narrow, graceful fuselage, laced up the center—dainty and attractive to women especially. He finished second last July in the race round New York, and has never had a fall since the days when he was learning to fly. That is, perhaps, the reason I lost all sense of fear. I could readily realize the fascination of flying to women, and, once in the air myself, the desire to learn to fly an aeroplane all but conquered me.

But the monoplane had tipped its nose groundward and we were volplaning down. The tip I scarcely felt, but when I realized the engine had been shut off and we were coming down, riding on air at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, it sort of caught my breath, but we landed easy as a bird, without so much as a bump.

And then, for the first time since the flight began, I felt like a hero.

"How did it feel? Didn't you feel a sort of giddiness all here?" placing their hands on the spot where stomachs ought to be. "Weren't you afraid when you got in the cloud? Could you see us?"

These were a few of the questions fired at me from the rapid-fire gun of my bundle of friends, but the beauty—the absolute peace of it all—was upon me.

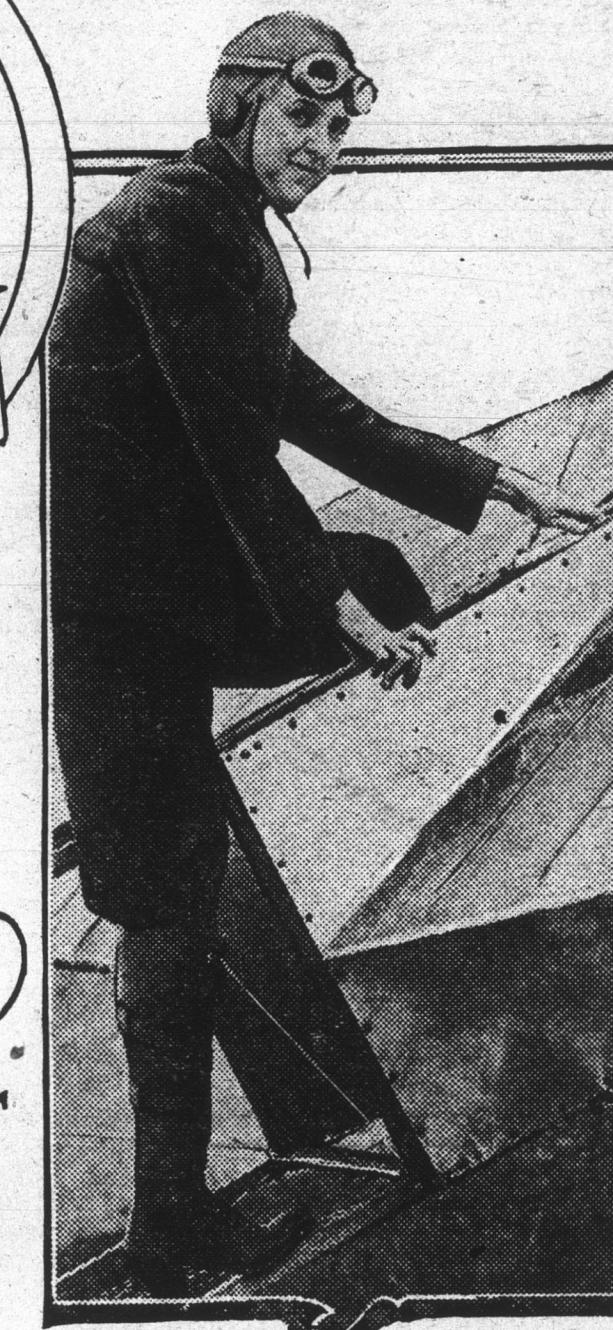
"How long was I up?" I replied, ignoring their questions.

"Just twenty-three minutes," they answered, and I looked my amazement, for it seemed but five at the most.

"No," said I to all their questions, except the one as to how does it feel, and to that I gave the same answer that Colonel Vanderbilt, Anne Morgan, Mrs. Charles Whitman, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Clifford B. Harmon, and a host of others who have flown have given: "I never enjoyed anything more in my life!" And I was not surprised, as I used to be, that women had gone into the game.

But why, you will ask, if this is so, have the women who flew dropped out one by one, till today there is but one of the trio who used to appear at international meets left flying—Mlle. Helen Dutrieu, a French woman?

There are several reasons. One is that the day of aviation as an exhibition is over unless one can cater to a morbid public. The aviator who today can fly upside down and inside out, who can loop loops, who can tango and hesitate in the air, balancing first on one wing, then on the other, and keeping the audience in momentary expectancy of seeing him smashed to death amid a wreckage of engine, wires, wood and canvas, is



MISS BERNETTA A. MILLER, WHO HOLDS AVIATOR'S LICENSE

the man who draws. From war to aeronautics there is but one hero in the public eye—he or she who defies death and comes out alive. The days of "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" and "Flying over the celebration to astonish creation" are over. Down on Long Island, where the ground is flat, and flying is comparatively safe, if one knows how, the buzz of the aeroplane is as familiar as the buzz of the mosquito over in Jersey.

Women are naturally more cautious than men. A man may do and dare before he knows how to do and dare, but if a woman does and dares you may be pretty sure she knows what she is doing and daring, of course, always, with the exception which proves the rule. Now that straight flying is no longer interesting, because it is comparatively safe, women will not go into the trick flying. Therefore, there is no commercial market for them. The only thing left is aerial navigation and, necessarily, passenger-carrying.

Few women will carry passengers at the moment. The only passenger-carrying woman in America just at present is Ruth Law, now in Newport, who owns and operates a Wright biplane. Perhaps women place a higher value on life than men, and will run no risks. But more probable is the effect of the tragic death of Miss Harriet Quimby, killed in flight two years ago. Since then Miss Matilda Molsant, one of the trio who was always on hand at international meets with Miss Quimby and Mlle. Dutrieu, has dropped out. The Baroness de la Roche, the first woman in the world to fly, has also dropped out, but possibly because she broke both legs in a fall.

Another reason why women have dropped out of the game or given up momentarily is that the expense of buying and maintaining an aeroplane is too great. Since the circus days of ordinary stunts have called their death roll and are over there is not sufficient thrill in the mere fact of a woman flying to draw, and managers will not put up the funds for a machine. And still another reason is that men—the aviators themselves—do not like to see women risk their lives in the game.

Despite all this, however, there is today a dear little woman, pretty as a picture, who has entered the game and intends to win. She is Mrs. Marion Sims, a widow, and a pupil of Mr. Heinrich. She has declared her intention of being ready next May to fly at the Panama-Pacific exposition in California, and afterward to take a trip in a flying machine round the world. She became interested in aeronautics about a year ago and could not rest till she had learned how to fly, though to date she has not taken her pilot's license.

UP TO DATE.

Old Lady—Do you guarantee these eggs to be strictly fresh?

Grocer (diplomatically)—Well, mum, we don't give no written certificate with 'em, but we assure you that no hands came in contact with 'em in the process of manufacture and that since the time of making the contents of them eggs has been inclosed in sealed air-tight coverings.

Puck.

Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORRISON SWETT MARDEN

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DESTRUCTIVE SUGGESTION.

SOME time ago the mayor of one of our western cities requested the editors of the daily papers to refrain from publishing the details of suicides, because their publication had caused an alarming epidemic of suicides in that community.

The human mind may be attuned to any key, high or low, base or noble, by the power of suggestion. The suggestion may be in a word spoken by oneself or by another; it may come from a newspaper, a book, a play or a picture; it may emanate from the presence of a friend or of an enemy, from a grand, heroic character, or a mean, cowardly one. From hundreds of sources it may come, from within or without, but from wherever it comes, it leaves its mark on the life for good or ill. Our characters are largely made up from various kinds of suggestion.

Many people scatter suggestions of fear, doubt and failure wherever they go, and these take root in minds that might otherwise be free from them and therefore happy, confident and successful.

Who can picture the havoc which the suspicious suggestion has wrought in innocent lives? Think of the influence of employers holding the thought of suspicion regarding their servants or other employees.

Servants have actually been made dishonest by other persons perpetually holding the suspicion that they were dishonest. This thought suggests dishonesty to the suspected perhaps for the first time, and being constantly held takes root and grows, and bears the fruit of theft.

Is it not cruel to hold a suspicious thought of another until you have positive proof? That other person's mind is sacred; have you any right to invade it with your miserable thoughts and pictures of suspicion? Many a being has been made wretched and miserable for years; has been depressed and borne down by the uncharitable, wicked thoughts of others. There is no doubt that many a man is serving a sentence which ought to be served by those who have influenced him to commit the crime for which he is being punished.

The time will come when we shall have more sympathy for those who go wrong, and even for criminals, because we shall know how powerfully human minds are influenced by the vicious thoughts of others.

We are the creatures of suggestion. We get them from newspapers, books, from everyone with whom we come in contact. The atmosphere is full of them. We are constantly giving them to ourselves.

Many a criminal's acts could be traced to the graphic suggestions of criminal novels, the exciting stories of murder and plunder which he began to read when a child.

It is a dangerous thing to hold in the mind a wrong suggestion, for it tends to become a part of us, and before we realize it we are like our thought.

If young people only realized what a terrible thing it is to get even a suggestion of impurity into the mind they would never read an author whose lines drip with the very gall of death. They would not look at those dangerous books which lead their readers as near the edge of indecency as possible without stepping over. To describe impurity in rosy, glowing, seductive, suggestive language is but the refinement of the house of death.

The suggestion of impurity in trashy literature is responsible for a great deal of dissipation; for blasted hopes and blighted lives. The same is true of suggestiveness in art and the drama.

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We have all had the exalted experience, the marvelous tonic, the uplift, that has come from the suggestion in a play or a book depicting a great hero. How heroic and noble and self-sacrificing we feel for a long time, and how resolved we are to become like the hero in the play or the story. This is a good illustration of the power suggestion is constantly playing in our experience all through life.

HABIT—THE SERVANT, THE MASTER.

ON every hand we hear the discussion of eugenics, but early training in habit forming is just as important as to be well born.

"When shall I begin to train my child?" asked a young mother of a prominent physician.

"How old is the child?" inquired the doctor.

"Two years, sir."

"Then you have lost just two years," replied he, gravely.

"You must begin with the grandmother," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked a similar question.

"We sow an act, we reap a habit; we sow a habit, we reap a character."

While correct habits depend largely on self-discipline, and often on self-denial, bad habits, like weeds, spring up, unaided and untrained, to choke the plants of virtue, and, as with Canada thistles, allowed to go to seed in a fair meadow, we may have "one day's sowing, ten years' weeding."

We seldom see much change in people

ple after they get to be twenty-five or thirty years of age, except in going farther in the way they have started; but it is a great comfort to think that, when one is young, it is almost as easy to acquire a good habit as a bad one, and that it is possible to be hardened in goodness as well as in evil.

Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.

How unfortunate that the science of habit-forming is not more generally known by parents and taught in our schools, colleges and universities. It is a science, compared with which other departments of education sink into insignificance.

Man's life work is a masterpiece or botch, according as each little habit has been perfectly or carelessly formed.

It is said that if you invite one of the devil's children to your home the whole family will follow. So one bad habit seems to have a relationship with all the others. For instance, the one habit of negligence, slovenliness, makes it easier to form others equally bad, until the entire character is honeycombed by the invasion of a family of bad habits.

A man is often shocked when he suddenly discovers that he is considered a liar. He never dreamed of forming such a habit; but the little misrepresentations to gain some temporary end had, before he was aware of it, made a beaten track in the nerve and brain tissue, until lying had become almost a physical necessity. He thinks he can easily overcome this habit, but he will not. He is bound to his habit with cords of steel; and only by painful, watchful and careful repetition of the exact truth, with a special effort of the will power at each act, can he form a counter trunk line in the nerve and brain tissue.

Society is often shocked by the criminal act of a man who has always been considered upright and true. But if they could examine the habit map in his nervous mechanism and brain, they would find the beginnings of a path leading directly to his deed, in the tiny repetitions of what he regarded as trivial acts. All expert and technical education is built upon the theory that these trunk lines of habit become more and more sensitive to their accustomed stimuli, and respond more and more readily.

We are apt to overlook the physical basis of habit. Every repetition of an act makes us more likely to perform that act, and discover in our wonderful mechanism a tendency to perpetual repetition, whose facility increases in exact proportion to the repetition. Finally the original act becomes voluntary from a natural reaction.

All through our lives the brain is constantly educating different parts of the body to form habits which will work automatically from reflex action, and thus is delegated to the nervous system a large part of life's duties. This is nature's wonderful economy to release the brain from the drudgery of individual acts, and leave it free to command all its forces for higher service.

Men carelessly or playfully get into habits of speech or act which become so natural that they speak or act as they do not intend, to their discomfiture.

Beware of "small sins" and "white lies."

WHY POISON IVY POISONS?

French Scientist Discovers Cause in the Presence of Prussic Acid in the Plant.

Poison ivy has long been a mystery both to scientists and laymen; why and in what manner it causes the peculiar rash and irritating inflammation have puzzled both botanists and physicians. At last the reason has been discovered. Doctor Mirande of Paris read to the Academy of Sciences in that city recently the result of his study of the poisonous weed.

Poison ivy contains prussic acid. This is found principally in the young leaves and buds; in older leaves there is very little of it.

In three and one-half ounces of young leaves there is about a quarter of a grain of the acid.

As with other plants in which prussic acid is found, the poisonous substance does not exist in its perfect form, but develops as soon as the leaves are bruised, a chemical action being set up through the union of an enzyme with a glucosid.

Bernhardt's Long Career. At the time of the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, Sarah Bernhardt left the stage and became a hospital nurse, where she did excellent work among the wounded. After this she entered the Comedie Francaise, where, in the character of Dona Sol, in *Hermana*, she was first pronounced great by Paris. Sarah was the daughter of a French lawyer and a Dutch Jewess and first saw the light of day in 1844.

Turning in His Grave. There was a clicking noise as the bones of Lindley Murray stirred uneasily in his grave.

"Must my name in future be associated with lawn tennis instead of grammar?" murmured the old chap complainingly.

Realizing that he had just made a racquet he subsided.

On, Why Not? "Madam, the feather in your hat is getting in my eye!" exclaimed a man in a crowd.

The