

TRAINING THE CHILDREN FOR THE AIR AGE.

How Boys and Girls Are Taught
the Principles of Aviation
by Means of Kites,
Model Aeroplanes
and Balloons

PHOTOS BY PAUL THOMPSON.
Schoolboys Patching Up a Kite
After Collision with a Tree.

A Home-Made Monoplane Making a Successful Flight.

The course of study, lectures and demonstrations are under the direction of Wilbur R. Kimball, the aeronautic expert.

The aim of the school is to train men for the coming industry of ship building and the "air age." The course of study is designed to prepare owners and prospective owners for participation in aerial sports; to train aero chauffeurs and mechanics; to teach practical men the principles of construction and flight, and to prepare writers, advertising men and salesmen to specialize in the new types of airships.

LOOKING forward to the time when everyone will fly, efforts are now being made throughout the country to teach school children the elementary principles of aeronautics.

In several of the public schools of New York special classes have already been established where boys and girls from ten years up receive regular instruction in the subject, and where they are encouraged to build new types of airships.

In Cincinnati the Ohio Mechanics' Institute has inaugurated similar classes which are attended by nearly a thousand boys.

Perhaps the most thorough course of all is the one conducted by the West Side Young Men's Christian Association, New York, which has been taken as a model by other institutions.

It was some minutes before he realized what had happened. He was then lying on his back, trying to say with a feeble smile he was "all right." The anxiety and distress evidenced by the luminous, gray eyes and quivering lips bending over him, caused a sudden throb that went far to pull him together.

It was unaccountable to the Rev. Paul, especially in his dazed condition, why, after that one glimpse of those eyes, their fair owner should bekeen her gaze to the other side of the room. Not appreciating the change, he struggled into a sitting position.

"Are you feeling better?" she called.

"Well, I hardly know the damage yet"—stretching himself. "No bones broken," he said, putting his hands to his head, which was wet.

He swayed a little, and the pine trees and slim, brown figure opposite seemed to swim round.

"You're not going off again?" she implored, with clasped hands, but still holding her distance.

"I've done all I can, and—now I'll go and send for the doctor."

"It's very good of you, but please don't," urged the Rev. Paul. "Perhaps I can rise if—if you will be so kind"—stretching out a hand towards her.

"Oh, I mustn't! I ought not to speak to you even!" with a glance, half shy, half pitiful, from under long, dark lashes.

"Why, in the name of goodness, must I not be spoken to?" said the reverend gentleman astonished.

"Because—because you're a man," in a voice so low he scarcely caught it.

"I was a woman, sweet girl-face, with color flaming up in it as she turned and fled precipitately down the hill."

He sat watching the flying figure

until lost to view beneath the shade of a clump of pine, further west, with a parasol. The Rev. Paul Botell, coasting swiftly down the long Livermore Hill on his bicycle, was suddenly roused to the fact that this performance was for his benefit—a warning.

But it came too late. He was startled to perceive that from side to side of the long, steep road, which lay white and shimmering in the afternoon sun, there came some unusual display of the macabre, starting. His dismay was complete when the unbusiness-like condition of his brake flashed on him—a long standing neglect. His choice lay between taking the roadside ditch or crashing the obstruction—he chose the latter.

The morning following the accident the Rev. Paul was lying full length on a couch in his own bachelor domicile, with a bandaged head. Through the open window a massive pile of gray stone buildings, with blank walls heavily buttressed, loomed dull and gaunt in the sunlight. This was Livermore Convict Prison.

"I am a failure, my dear Paul, yours is a case that has a serious aspect," said Dr. Burgoyne, the prison surgeon, greeting his patient critically. "In fact, I diagnose heart affection rather than broken head."

"Doc, do please be serious. Really, she was very charming though."

"No doubt," said the doctor, taking up the bandage, which he had removed before putting the necessary stitch or two into the reverend gentleman's scalp. "The young lady to whom this neckerchief belongs evidently bound her head up, sir! Ah! As I expected."

"Margaret—Dorothea."

The Rev. Paul flushed up in a manner strongly confirmative of the doctor's diagnosis.

"The dear girl! She must have done it while I was insensible. Who is she, Doc?"

"None of a sort of she-brigand named Grewe, living in the Yarr Cottage, close to where you got your spill. The aunt's man-servant is a confirmed type. Practically a plain, simple soul, waiting for a man. It's an Ademar's Edem, no man has penetrated within the sacred precincts in my time. Plenty of money, apparently. One deaf servant, the sole link of communication with the outside world. There you have it—the Grewe mystery! You're a newcomer or you'd know. Hello!" as a couple of gunshots rang out.

"It sounds as if some lag were trying to dodge a bullet again"—going to the window and thrusting his head out.

"What a terrible thing," observed the Rev. Paul, with a look which was a mixture of admiration and abhorrence.

"Rev. Paul cut in his gray Norfolk suit as he came forward. He was square built, manly, with a brown, curly head,

the hair blue distance.

Suddenly she looked around. Yes, under the deep shade of low-growing foliage was somebody.

A strangely unclerical figure the Rev. Paul cut in his gray Norfolk suit as he came forward. He was square built, manly, with a brown, curly head,

the hair blue distance.

"I think you should go now, without

hesitating, please, any more of the old customs. Yarr Cottage and Aunt Mar-

gar are only three minutes from here; indeed, you are trespassing on

my aunt's property."

She offered him her hand quite frankly.

"I may come again?" he pleaded, as he went in.

She looked away with little smile; then hummed a few bars of "Robin Adair," softly, as if to herself.

He laughed with a little nod.

"There will be a frequent listener,"

Miss Dorothea. "Good-bye!"

And his heart sang to him gaily as he

wended his way back to the high road through the wood.

She paused. A deep flush stole over

her features, but the apprehension on

them was giving away to something

approaching a smile.

"I will listen—moment! I must

introduce myself—Paul Botell, chaplain

over at the prison. And you, I have

learned, are Dorothea Grewe."

Very informal, I know, but you don't

mind?"

She shook her head silently, but there

was a laugh in the gray eyes now. She

turned to the easel.

"Miss Grewe, this is not quite kind—

your silence," he said, after a moment or two.

She beckoned with a taper finger, and,

to his amazement, saw she was writing.

"Please, Jim, write—under a

pledge not to speak to you, or any man.

It is absurd, I know, but not my fault!"

The Rev. Paul smiled, exultant.

"I understand," he said. "I may con-

vey my thanks to you, verbally, then?

She should never forget what you did for

me while I lay there in bed. I will

I could prevail on your aunt, on whom

I have just called, to allow me to

visit!"

"Oh, please don't; it would be a

bitter experience. My aunt holds such

peculiar views with regard to—"

Here she stopped, and written was

scrawled through vigorously.

"Ah, I know," laughed the Rev. Paul.

"My poor sex has got itself into dis-

grace with the lady. Probably some

heart affair of old standing—don't you

think?"

"I don't know," she wrote.

"My Aunt Margaret has never told me anything

about her, though I've been with

her ever since I can remember, except

when I was at boarding school."

He could not see her eyes, veiled by

the long lashes, but on the slip she

handed him he read:

"I think you should go now, without

hesitating, please, any more of the old

customs. Yarr Cottage and Aunt Mar-

gar are only three minutes from here;

indeed, you are trespassing on

my aunt's property."

She offered him her hand quite

frankly.

"I may come again?" he pleaded, as

he went in.

She looked away with little smile;

then hummed a few bars of "Robin

Adair," softly, as if to herself.

He laughed with a little nod.

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