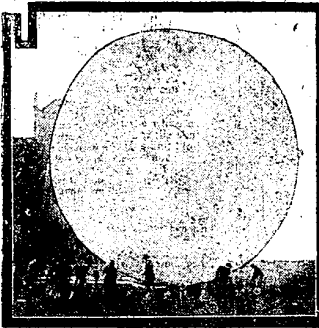


TENDERWING IN THE UPPER AIR BY WINTHROP E. SCARRITT

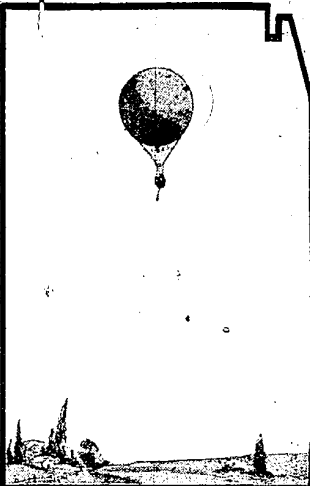


FINISHING THE PROCESS OF INFLATION

AT LAST the day of dreams had come. For had it not been a boyhood dream to step into the car of a balloon and go sailing away into the undimmed blue of the inviting sky? And now I was to cross the line which separates the kingdom of anticipation from that of realization.

I must confess that my devotions that morning were a little more protracted and fervent than usual. However, the time and the place and the pilot—were most opportune. For I was to be the guest of England's foremost balloonist, that prince of sporting sportsmen, Hon. Charles S. Rolls.

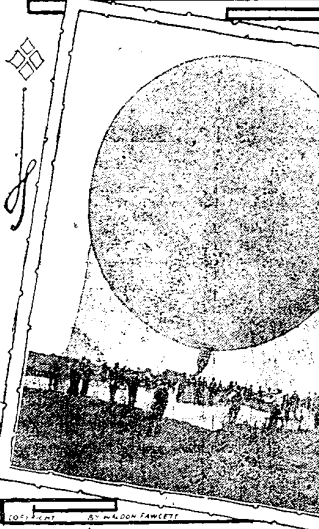
through to the top, where was located the escape-valve. I immediately inquired if it "ought to be like that?" I was told yes, that opening was essential in order to allow the expanding gas to escape; otherwise the balloon would burst. I then inquired whether that opening was large enough to let the gas out fast enough. Mr. Rolls thought it was. But, I persisted, suppose it tight—what will become of us? "That will depend upon your past life," was the laconic reply. Up to this moment I had felt no alarm or undue anxiety. One by one the helpers unhooked the bags of sand that had been holding us to earth. At length the basket swung clear of the ground and was only kept from ascending by a half-dozen pairs of strong hands holding it within a foot or two of the earth. Near us was a huge gas-tank about 10 feet tall. To me it looked 700. The direction of the wind would take us directly toward it. The balloon was edged away by the helpers to the father side of the enclosure as far as possible from that huge round iron tank. Would



CLEAR SAILING

the clash of arms at Marston Moor. Across the gulf of the years we can see Caesar and his conquering legions and the white cliffs of Albion. Indeed we are over the Playground of History. 2:40. Our direction is changing for the better and we are drifting north of east and hence will have a longer ride. We have dropped a thousand feet and the noises of the city grow clamorous. Mr. Rolls is throwing out sand and closely watching his altimeter.

"The sun is behind a cloud and our barograph shows



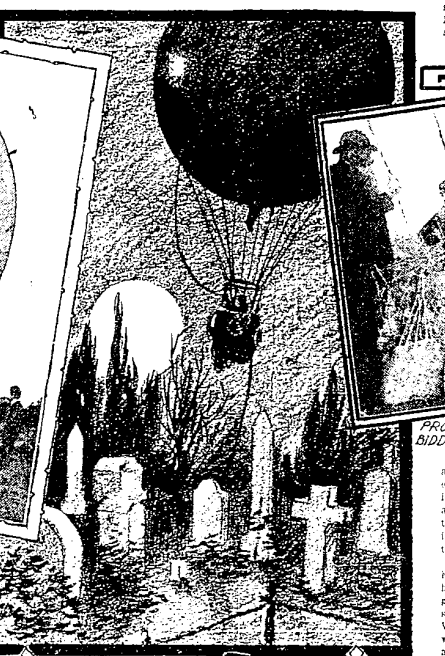
LITTLE SAYS NEW WAR BALLOON

will sail over London, the playground of his life, as my talented friend, C. N. Williamson, happily put it.

Taking a taxi cab at the Navy Hotel in company with some Canadian friends, we bowed along the bank of the Thames to Short's balloon works, Queens Circus, Battersea Park. It was a clear, crisp afternoon, and the touch of winter was in the air. We turned a sharp corner, and to the distance I caught my first glimpse of our aerial night-club. It was a house with a boat-shaped chariot. It was swaying in the afternoon sun, a great golden ball 42 feet in diameter, and extending up above the housetops. Its name was the Venus. Mr. Rolls, the owner and pilot, gave us a cordial welcome. The other passengers, the Hon. Mrs. Austen, Mr. Harbord and Mr. Jack Humphreys, had already arrived. Mean-while a strong breeze had sprung up, and as I leaned at the Venus swaying to and fro in the wind and straining at the squeaking ropes, I was reminded of a nervous, blooded race-horse champing at his bits, anxious to be off. Suddenly the question came to my mind, "Where will this suspension, yellow, polished horse take us and what will it do with us when it gets us there?"

The balloon basket was about 44 feet square and about that depth and was held to the ground by many bags of sand, each having a rope handle and weighing about 42 pounds.

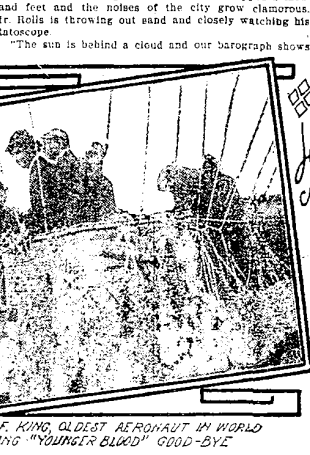
It is surprising to the layman to see the number of things taken on such a journey. There were a drag-rope, an anchor-rope and anchor, a huge and well-filled lunch basket, a little clock-like apparatus which shows by a continuous line on a chart just how many feet one is above the earth. Also we had extra wraps, a good map of England and seven bags of sand hanging on the outside as ballast.



HOW THE LAND AND WATER LOOK FROM A BALLOON

we hit it? Could we by some miracle miss it? There and then I got my first fright. It was a good, big, paralyzing fright. Oh, how hard, cruel and altogether repulsive that iron tank looked! There was nothing nice about it. I sat down on a large lunch-basket in the south-east corner of the car and held on for dear life. Some way I didn't feel any inclination to stand up and look about and crack jokes—which jokes seemed to me quite ill-timed—as the others were doing. Suddenly I was startled by the cry, "Let go!" I am sure Gabriel's trumpet will not frighten me so much as did that cry, "Let go!" I am still of the opinion that Mr. Rolls need not have said it so loudly. Immediately we were shot into the air as though we were an arrow, hurled from a mighty bow. I literally felt my breath till we cleared that ugly gas reservoir, then I looked down and saw the pale, upturned faces of my friends, gazing in speechless silence. I thought, "That is the way people look at a funeral," and I was not comforted.

In less time than I'm talking to tell we were 1,000 feet above the earth. How extremely careless of these people "to keep standing up and, even to lean over and look down when the sides of the basket is only



PROF. KING, OLDEST AERONAUT IN WORLD BIDDING 'YOUNGER BLOOD' GOOD-BYE

a straight line indicating that we are sailing on an even keel, as it were, neither ascending nor descending. This is the great desire of sky pilots. 3:19. We are outside of London. Mr. Rolls announces gleefully that we have passed the Rubicon of our difficulties. He is kind in saying that he is glad I am making my first trip with him.

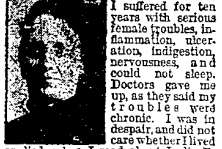
Mrs. Harbord opens a wonderful lunch-basket and now delicious are those dairies and our hot tea up here among the clouds which are drifting lazily by like great white ships in a shoreless sea. 3:45. We were suddenly struck an upper current and have soared aloft. We are 2,600 feet above the earth. Yes, it is cold, and we button tight our overcoats. We are over Weald hall, a delightfully beautiful country estate. From the castle fronts the union jack and also the stars and stripes. God grant they may ever float together in one ery land where civilization has a home or freedom a banner!

"Just now I looked up, and oh, horrors! the balloon is on fire! No, I am mistaken. It is only the gas which is pouring out of the mouth of the bag. To my untrained eye it looks like smoke and I have been taught that where there is smoke there is likely to be fire. We have lost quite a lot of gas and the balloon has wrinkles and folds which do not look nice. I anxiously inquire if it ought to do "so that. It looks like an enormous, leather-faced, toothless old giant getting ready to devour its victims four, I admit Mr. Humphreys' coolness through it all. Although a "tenderwing" like my self, he is behaving better than I.

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N.J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has



given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my trouble was chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I began to take it, and am well again and renewed of all my sufferings.—Mrs. GEORGE JONNY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pain, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



JUST AS BAD.

Blubber—Can your daughter play the piano?
Shubs—Awfully well. I don't know whether she can or not, but she does.

A New One About Napoleon.
A "new" story about Napoleon is necessarily doubtful, the probability is that it is so good that it has been forgotten. However, here is one that Arthur M. Chapman paid for. L'Opinion as never before published. It relates Napoleon and Blucher.

The emperor received the general at the castle of Pinkenstein, while he was preparing for the siege of Hamau. He drew him to a window in the upper story and paid him compliments on his military gifts, and Blucher, some way delighted, described the interview to his aide-de-camp. "What a chance you missed!" exclaimed the latter.

"You might have changed the whole course of history."
"How?"

"Why, you might have drawn him out of the window."
"Confound it!" replied Blucher. "So I might! If only I had thought of it!"
—New York Evening Post.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE
Agrees with Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients."

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate, an essential in food for the sick, and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet find Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing."

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the butter, white of egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavoring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress."

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients."

"Personally I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts with fresh or stewed fruit as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick."

In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fog, a 10 day trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding and in this way ending the trouble.

"There's a Reason," and trial proves. Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."