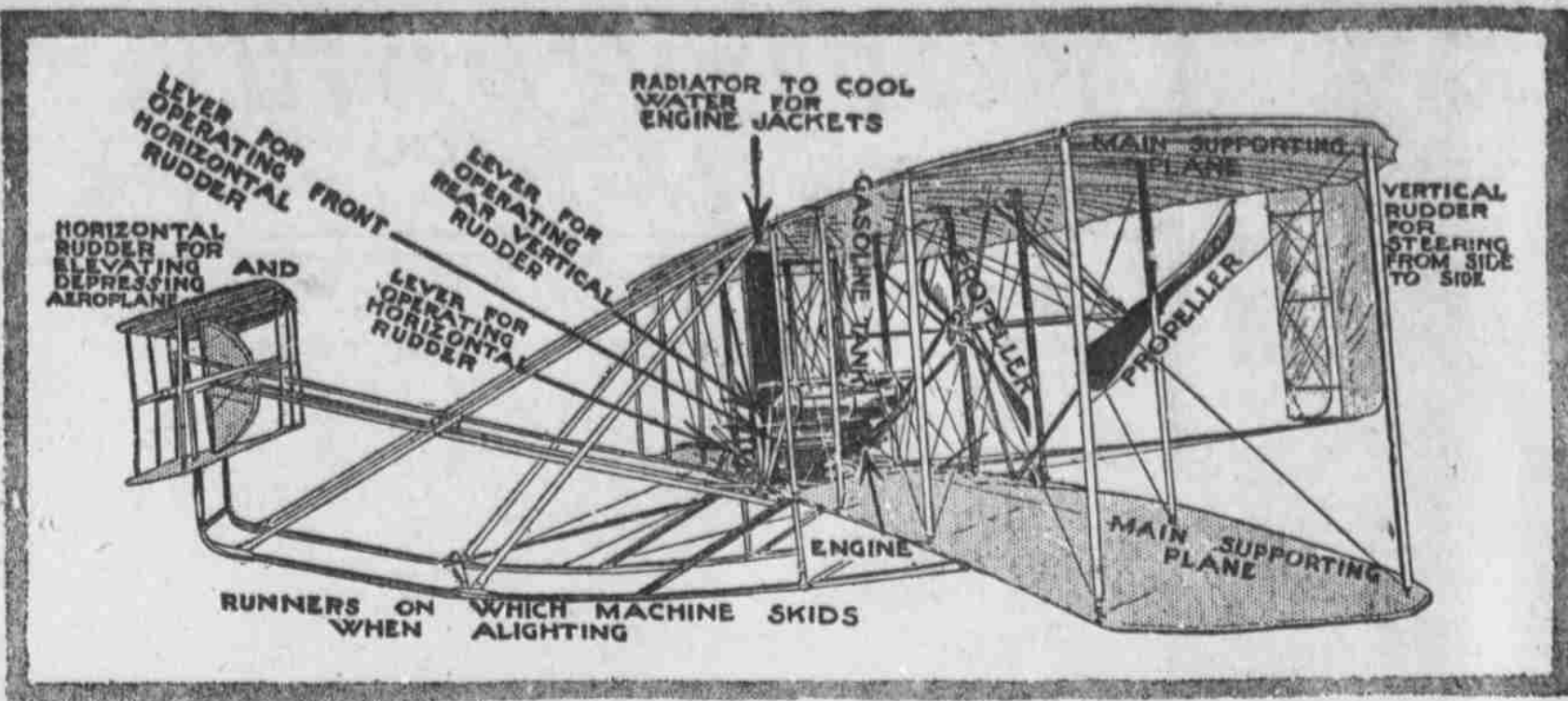


CONSTRUCTION OF THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE



DETAILS OF THE WRIGHT MACHINE

To the public at large the Wright flying machine and its simple mechanism has been a hidden mystery. Its very simplicity has been charged with the mysterious, to the layman mind.

While the whole world was crowding to witness the announced flights for the first time in New York city, this wizard of the sky, Wilbur Wright, was quietly devoting his time and his skill in his shed perfecting every detail of his aeroplanes.

To a writer for the Philadelphia Ledger, who was among the few privileged persons who watched him day after day, Wright has given a view of his own opinion of the Wright machine. "Do you think any of the machines that have been built in Europe are equal to your own aeroplane?"

"No," Mr. Wright remarked. "They have all copied us as much as they could, but as yet they still use twice the power, and even then are not able to produce results equal to ours."

Much surprise was expressed in this country because the Wright machine did not win in the races at Rheims. Mr. Wright's attention was called to this fact, and he was asked why he had not been successful against the other aviators.

"If I wanted to build a machine for racing I would build one different from the one which I have here, and—I think I shall probably do so in a few years," he remarked. Mr. Wright did not venture to explain the sort of a machine he had in mind, but he added, "The type we have now is not designed for racing purposes. Our machine is designed for general, practical use. It is not a speed machine."

Mr. Wright specially pointed out that in experiments in aerodynamics, both in marine and aerial propellers, it has been generally concluded that a propeller of large diameter and slow revolution is more efficient and less wasteful of power than a small one turning very fast. He laid stress on the fact that the size of the Wright propeller is not far different from that of propellers on other aeroplanes. But the use of two instead of one affords a means of reducing the rotative speed without lessening the total thrust. In this way, he said, the power of the motor is applied with much greater



WILBUR WRIGHT

economy. The use of twin propellers, however, involves added weight of gearing and chains, but the resultant decrease of weight in size of motor fully overbalances this.

His attention was called to the fact that a further objection has been made to the use of two propellers, viz.: that if one of them should suddenly break the effect on the other, if still rotating, would be to turn the machine around in such a manner as to seriously endanger its equilibrium.

To this he replied: "Obviously the best reply for this is to immediately stop the motor; but, if this were to be impossible, the propellers could be connected by a scheme in such fashion that when one stops the other will also stop."

The movement of a Wright machine in the air shows the promptness of

the correction of lateral balance. When the machine "heels over" to one side it is brought back in a short, quick motion to an even keel, and responds instantaneously to the operation of the lever by the aviator. The horizontal rudder of the Wright machine has two surfaces, and is placed well out in front. It is mounted on a frame in such a manner that it is "thrown off centre" when moved.

The Wright machine is mounted on skids, no wheels being provided. It is, therefore, unable to run along the ground, and requires a rail for starting. This feature has been greatly decried and held as a serious fault. "But," Mr. Wright said, "if I needed it I could add wheels and start by running along the ground."

"Does the use of skids render the machine unable to rise again if land-

ing away from the rail?" he was asked.

"Yes, except in an exceptional case of smooth ground, but where the starting device is cheap, and the landing far away from the rail unlikely, these objections lose their force. The rail of the Wright machine can be laid on the smoothest lawn or the roughest moor, and starts made with equal ease; while the use of the 'derrick' and falling weight, in addition to the rail, makes it possible to start in a very limited space. The ground at Pau," said Mr. Wright, "was very rough and full of hummocks, but the rail was laid down very easily and could be changed in direction to suit the wind. M. Bleriot at one time was going to use Pau for a flying ground also, but as his machine ran on wheels he was forced to give up the idea, as the ground was too rough. The construction of the Wright machine has been called crude, but its crudeness lies only in its simplicity, and is, therefore, a great advantage. It can be packed and shipped more easily than any other machine, and its construction is such as to enable it to suffer hard knocks with little damage. The construction of the frame itself is light, but fully strong enough."

"The motor is placed on one side of the seats, which are two in number. The aviator sits on the outer one, while the passenger sits between the pilot and the motor, directly over the center of gravity. This disposition of seats and motor was very practical, as it enabled the passenger to reach his side and, if necessary, adjust the motor in flight, without in the least disturbing the equilibrium of the machine, a feature of construction which is absent in other machines."

"When aviation has progressed far enough there is no reason why an aviator should not mount to the clouds in his aeroplane, out of the motor, and then soar in circles and spirals over ascending currents of air like the great birds, sail on for a period of time, with no exertion of energy, then at his will restart the motor and return safely to earth. I expect in a few years to be able to do this myself, and my brother Orville, with his flights, is already preparing to do this."

FIGHT IN PERE LA CHAISE

Stone Wall of Frightful Memories in Famous Cemetery of French Capital.

WON'T LET FRANCE FORGET.

Communards Celebrate Anarchists' Deaths and Vainly Seek to Erect Monument to Fallen.

Funeral wreaths of pottery and glass beads are shocking enough to American eyes in continental cemeteries, but in a far corner of Pere LaChaise, that last resting place of famous Parisians, there is a bit of the outer wall hung with red wreaths, draperies and flags, which in that quiet place seem particularly sinister and revolting, says a Paris correspondent of the Detroit Free Press. It is "Le Mur des Federes," with their backs to which the "communards" made their last stand against government troops and were shot down like rabbits in the last days of May, 1871.

The communards, who had retreated to the cemetery for their last refuge, set up a battery of ten guns near the

INDIAN FUGITIVE TAKES REFUGE IN SCHOOLHOUSE.

Barricaded in a country schoolhouse filled with children, near Sleeper, Okla., Jack Willis, a Cherokee Indian, fought with officers until he was shot dead and Constable Tuck Ketcher was mortally wounded. Willis resisted arrest for a trivial offense. Finding himself pursued by officers he sought



refuge in the schoolhouse. Willis opened fire, wounding Ketcher. The wounded constable, lying on the ground, kept firing at Willis. The pupils escaped through windows. Constable Wilson finally crawled close to the building and shot Willis.

KILLS UNRULY SCHOOLBOY.

Near Gravette, Ark., John Butram, a schoolboy, was killed by his teacher, A. T. Kelley. It is said that Butram

KING TOILS AS A LABORER.



GUSTAV V. AND QUEEN LOUISE. RULER OF SWEDEN. COPYRIGHT 1907 BY THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

King Gustav of Sweden has become a laborer despite the pleas of Queen Louise. Disguised as a stevedore, he spent a day carrying sacks of coal from a lighter. In an interview after it was all over the king said that this was only the beginning. He intended to mix with all classes of laborers, so that he might ascertain their opinions and wishes.

The determination of King Gustav to learn of the conditions of the workmen by mingling with them and taking part in their labors has resulted from the recent great tie-up of the

business life of the country by a general strike. King Gustav intervened last August in an endeavor to secure a compromise, but without avail.

Eventually arbitration was undertaken by the Swedish government to settle the dispute and in the interim many of the workmen returned to their tasks, although the number of unemployed remained very great. The king found difficulty in ascertaining the real facts, and he then made arrangements to join various craftsmen and laborers at their work and in such a guise that they would not recognize him.

tomb of the duc de Morny, which they used as an ammunition store. From this battery they kept up an incessant fire on the quarters of Paris occupied by the regular troops.

At midnight of Saturday, May 27, a detachment of the 47th line regiment entered the cemetery, where a fierce engagement took place. Many tombs bear the marks of bullets. Early on the following morning 148 prisoners were placed against the wall and shot. Next day, says an eyewitness of the scene, the ground was covered with heads, hands, feet and fragments of bloody clothing. The bodies were not numbered, but hastily gathered together in the trench they had defended, saturated with oil and lime, and burned where they fell.

Recently there was exhibited in the Paris salon a greswome piece of plastic art which one would have found puzzling unless one had the good fortune to be well versed in the history of Paris. It was entitled "Le Mur: Aux Victims du Revolution," by the sculptor, Moreau-Vauthier. The wall itself was about twenty feet long; in front in full relief against it with arms extended and back toward it was a figure representing France with upturned face; while behind, faintly suggested in the wall itself in low relief, were hideous fragments of human beings; grinning faces, clenched hands, staring eyes, ears, feet and any number of gaping terrified mouths.

The idea was typical of the modern French school. Realistic horrors perpetuated in works of art.

Weather reports by wireless telegraph are furnished the British Bureau by ships in the Atlantic. The ocean has been divided into numbered areas, so as to locate all reports.

The corozo tree abounds throughout the Mexican State of Tabasco, being most abundant in the virgin forests, as it requires shade and humidity to develop favorably.

IN FRANCE.

French barbers oddly advertise their art by wearing beards.

The two great race courses of Paris are within the great public park, the Bois.

Twenty-two Parisian suburbs are connected with the city by pneumatic letter tubes.

"Swiss cheese" in Paris means a white cream cheese. It is eaten with powdered sugar.



JOLLY JOKER

Visitor—What have you in arctic literature? Librarian—Cook books and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.

"I want one of the new spotted face vells, please." "Yes, madam. Spotted, pattered, or spotted?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife (reminiscent)—Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John, John (absent-mindedly)—I know—but who told you?—The Sketch.

"If m'wife's awake, I'll ahay; M'dear, brought y' some c'ath'munas—chrysthms—chrysthms—hang h! Wish I'd got roses."—Life.

Borrower—I have no use for that fellow BJones. Wigwag—Yes, BJones is one of those fellows who object to being used.—Philadelphia Record.

"What do they mean by an 'endurance test'?" "Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobiles."—Springfield Republican.

"Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?" "Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company."—St. Louis Republic.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."—The Jewish Ledger.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed. "I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"New-mown hay is a delightful perfume; we sell lots of it." "Haven't you something with a gasoline odor?" "I want people to think I own a motor car, not a horse."—Life.

Mrs. Newbridge—Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too! Mother—The monster! He might have killed you!—The United Presbyterian.

Hoax—Out in Arizona he is known as a bad man. Hoax—Is that so? Did he ever kill any one? Hoax—Oh, yes. Hoax—What make of car does he drive?—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—Can you read the past? Fortune Teller—Certainly. That's my business. Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!—Boston Globe.

"Do you want employment?" asked the sympathetic woman. "I dunno wot dat is, ma'am," replied the husky hob, "but of it's anything ter eat, youse may gimme a few."—Chicago Daily News.

Judge—I'll have to fine ye fifty dollars for exceeding the speed limit. Jack Scorchler—Look here, judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Remit the fine and you get the job.—Brooklyn Life.

Whole—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home? Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lansing, in a tone of reproach. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Bimah at Memphis."—Chicago Tribune.

Cynic—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Wife—No, I don't know about that; my wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it."—Philadelphia Record.

"Are you in favor of votes for women?" "Yes. Perhaps if we can get them to think more about votes they will think less about clothes. I have four daughters who are growing up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?" "No." "Never go out in a buggy along a shady lane, with a plug of a horse and the only girl in the world? Say, you a-a't know what life it."—Public Ledger.

A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and, as he registered, asked a question of the clerk. "What time do you have breakfast?" "From half-past March to a quarter to May."

Reporter—Mr. Cummins, have you the manuscript of the after-dinner speech you delivered at that banquet last night? Ketchum A. Cummins (with a gasp)—Did I deliver a speech there, young man? Whose?—Chicago Tribune.

"The starvation experiences of those English suffragettes were trying." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it's pretty hard to be obliged to stop criticizing the public policies of a great government in order to find fault with its cooking."—Washington Star.

Husband—You must marry again, dearest, when I am gone, and that will be very soon. Wife—No, Edward, no one will marry an old woe-n like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, "we have another mummy. From the cooking utensils found near her, she is supposed to have been a cook. For 2,000 years she has remained just where she was found." "Boh!" scoffed the American tourist, "that's no cook." "Why not?" "Who ever heard of a cook remaining in one place that long?"—Chicago Daily News.

Deduction. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Forkins, "I see a great deal of reference to cotton duck in the market reports."

"Well, you know what that is, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Any one could figure that out. It's what the duck hunters use for decoys."—Washington Star.

"Don't you hate to find a worm when you're eating fruit?" "Well, not so much as finding half a worm!"—Puck.

"FRAT" MEMBERS BRAND BOY.

"My boy, branded as they would a steer on the Western range, in the initiation ceremony by a fraternity at the School of Mines, impels me to cry to mothers and to demand that such barbarous practices be brought to a civilized end." This statement was made by Mrs. J. A. Sneider when she brought her son, Eugene Sneider, 19 years old, to Denver in her automobile, suffering from the treatment he and six other fresh-



men are said to have received when they were initiated into the Kappa Sigma Fraternity. Mrs. Sneider is the wife of a millionaire mining man.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Most drunken men act drunker than they really are.

The other fellow's mistakes always seem absurd to you.

Any man who will tell his wrongs, will exaggerate them.

A drunken man always wants to talk about his respectability.

After you have attained a triumph, it doesn't seem so great, does it?

No girl, except the Gould and Vanderbilt girls, has enough to live on.

When fatality is readily recognized, it is a sign it is aimed at someone else.

If a man's family appreciates him, he doesn't miss it so much if the world doesn't.

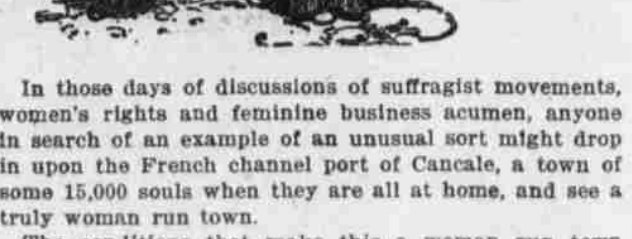
A real smart man is one smart enough to know when he is being made fun of.

A farmer always knows a farm in his neighborhood that has starved one or two owners.

When you are guilty of a mean trick, ever remark how sneaking it makes you feel?

How important a politician looks when he says to a reporter: "I have nothing to say."

A FRENCH TOWN WHERE WOMEN RULE



In those days of discussions of suffragist movements, women's rights and feminine business acumen, anyone in search of an example of an unusual sort might drop in upon the French channel port of Cancale, a town of some 15,000 souls when they are all at home, and see a truly woman run town.

The conditions that make this a woman run town come about in the most natural way in the world. All the men are fishers and they spend the greater part of the year at sea. They are good sailors and they man the craft that venture across the Atlantic to the French fishing grounds along the Newfoundland coast. It was their rights that used to come up frequently for adjustment by fishery commissions and it is the loss of their vessels that almost every year brings sorrow to Cancale and the neighboring coast.

When the men do return they find that the town has been managed so well in their absence and the thrift of the women has been so well exercised that they are content not to meddle and to let things go on as they have been going. There are proportionately more widows and young widows, too, in Cancale than in any other town in France. A fisherman's bride waits for four years after she has heard that the boat her husband sailed away on has not been reported and then she puts on her mourning. It is this uncertainty as to the fate of the men, the fear that at any time they may be thrown helpless and homeless upon their own resources, that makes the women of Cancale self-reliant and that leads them early to seek some means of their own for an honest livelihood.

The thrift that the conditions mentioned inspire is something of a passion among the women. It seems that there is a constant struggle with each one of them to make more money than the man who goes to sea. They frequently accomplish this, too, for the returning fisherman finds frequently that his yearly gain of \$150 or \$200 got after a hard battle from the sea is more

than equaled by the patient and careful housewife that he left at home.

Good looks are one of the commodities of the town and they have always paid well. The great French painter, Feyen-Perrin, went to Cancale years ago and found models for his famous "Le Retour de la Pêche Aux Huitres" that hangs in the Luxembourg at Paris, and since the artists and photographers have been visiting the town to paint or snapshot new generations of oyster women and marine scenes.

The girls that posed for Feyen-Perrin are mothers now, but their daughters or granddaughters, as pretty of figure and face, are still much sought after. They all know the artist's weakness and work upon his sympathies with admirable adroitness and shrewdness.

It seems strange to Americans, whose ideas of oyster gatherers is bewildered fishermen with sloops and dredges and machinery, to hear of women as laborers in the slimy, muddy oyster beds. But women do the work, and they do it so well that the French government is not unwilling to give the sex credit for the success of the cultivation at this point.

The R rule prevails in France as elsewhere, but there is always so much to be done in summer in the beds, or the parks, as they are called, that there is work for many women during the whole year.

The parks lie around the sea front, and with their rough fences and piles of granite resemble nothing so much as water-soaked fields at low tide. It is a wonderful sight to see the hundreds of women hurrying in from the beds, keeping just in advance of the rapidly-inflowing tide.

It is weird, too, to see them, 300 or 400 of them, loading the big oyster-carrying vessels. They crawl over the sides like ants. It is a bustling business working against the tide and carrying through slime and mud great baskets that men would not handle with most ease or swiftness.

WITH THE SAGES.

Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart.—Hood.

You cannot hurt anybody without receiving a greater hurt yourself.—Cobden.

Absence of occupation is not rest; a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.—Cowper.

From the horny hand of toil comes the richest harvest of content.—W. Stewart Royster.

VAGARIES OF GENIUS.

No man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it.—Emerson.

He that does good works for praise to a selfish end sells an inestimable jewel for a trifle.—St. Gregory.

Happiness is the natural flower of duty. The good man ought to be thoroughly happy.—Phillips Brooks.

Break one thread in the border of virtue, and you don't know how much you may unravel.—Cunningham Gekle.

Longfellow never wrote while eating.

Charles Dickens always walked upstairs.

Mrs. Hemans did not wear peckaboo walsats.

Dr. Johnson was never known to eat ice cream.

Dante never called his "Inferno" profane history.

Shakespeare could not use a type-writer in composing his plays.