

LEAP FROM CLOUDS

The parachute jumper is a comparatively recent product in the profession of ballooning. The first parachute jumper, the first man literally to make the leap from the clouds, was Sam Baldwin, now a successful manufacturer of balloons at Quincy, Ill. Baldwin, his brother and Prof. Van Tassel, three gas balloon men, happened to meet in a Los Angeles hotel in the summer of 1887. Each had a hard-luck story to tell and it was unanimously agreed that the business had gone to the dogs. As a means of resisting it and rescuing it from the canine grasp Baldwin suggested the parachute leap. The others did not believe it possible for a man to make the jump and live.

Out of the chaffing came a determination to make the experiment. None of them was willing to offer himself up as a sacrifice, so a bag of sand was substituted. The balloon was sent up from the commons with a long string attached to the parachute rope. When the bag had risen in a height of three-quarters of a mile the cord was pulled and the chute cut loose. It dropped like a log for a hundred feet, then opened and came slowly down to earth. Repeated experiments convinced each that it was a safe trick with a man in place of the bag of sand. Van Tassel then went to Frisco to interview the newspapers and get them to send special to Los Angeles, but while he was away the impatient Baldwins experimented themselves and Sam made the first jump in history safely and easily.

The Baldwins were quick to realize the money value of being first in the field and they started east to inaugurate the sport there. The greatly incensed Van Tassel broke with them and getting an outfit began making ascents himself.

Act Drew Immense Crowds.
The new act leaped into popular favor at once. The incredible daring of the performance and the seeming fact that it was more than an equal chance that the aeronaut would be dashed to pieces drew immense crowds everywhere the leap was advertised to take place. The man who "rode the bag" could command almost any price he asked. For some time the three balloonists who told each other hard-luck stories in Los Angeles had the field to themselves. Most of the other aeronauts were afraid of it. With four assistants and a pushing manager the Baldwins made a tour around the world. In a year and a half they netted a cool \$100,000 in cash. To this they added big money secured from the managers of many eastern resorts. Five hundred dollars was the fixed charge for one performance.

With the advent of other "riders of the bag," as the technical term of the profession is, prices began to drop.

Many Jumpers Being Priced Down.
From \$1,000 that was once paid for Fourth of July performances at the big resorts, prices went steadily downward, until \$250 was reached. Still more recruits came, and nowadays the rising price is from \$25 to \$40, due largely to the presence of many "farmers" in the business, men who use it as a means of making a little side money during the summer. No one has ever compiled an accurate list of the number of men who depend upon the parachute jumping as a means of livelihood, but estimates range from 350 to 500, with no basis of guessing how many local performers there are.

Startling Novelties Devised.
The public craze for novelty, combined with the desire to excel, caused a number of startling innovations. First came the man and a woman, then later the dog was added. First the man and woman rode on the same bar. Later they had separate parachutes, tied to the same bar. When the dog

blank cartridges. The balloon was released in the ordinary manner, and when it reached a proper height the aeronaut exploded his cartridge and "the human cannon ball" dropped into view. Down in an Indiana town an aeronaut with a gas balloon successfully made an ascension with a big farm wagon attached. To add to the realism, the performer sat on the front seat and pined a long whip. Then came the "gang chute." Four men, each with a little chute of his own, went up with the balloon. A big bar like a whiffletree was attached to the balloon. To this the chutes were tied and necessary was to unloose it. Then came the man riding a bicycle in mid-air. When he left the ground he was pedaling at a great rate. This he kept up as long as he was in sight. It looked very risky, but it wasn't. The machine was tied stoutly to the parachute, with the cut-off rope dangling down within reach, while the rider himself was secured by hidden safety appliances to the wheel.

The Common Act.
Later came the man who fired himself out of a cannon in midair. This



MORE SPECTACULAR THAN DANGEROUS.
in a row. One by one they were dropped safely to the earth.

Animals Sent Up.
Baboons, roosters, cats and other domestic animals have been among those harnessed to little parachutes and set free to ride down to earth. Others have taken pigeons, ducks, doves and other good fliers and let them loose in midair. Advertising matter was set afloat in the same manner.
The spectacular part of the ascension is to be found in the acrobatic feats while the outfit is mounting heavenward. This is nerve-racking to the spectator, but not disconcerting to the performer. It must be remembered that he feels no sensation of the rush through the air. To him everything appears stationary, save the earth which is dropping away from him. If he holds by one hand he knows, though the crowd doesn't, that the web bandage which grips him by the wrist will hold him secure, and if he hangs head downward he knows that a pair of horses could not pull him away from a trapeze into the corners of which he has planted his toes.

Sensations of Parachute Jumpers in Dropping From Flying Balloons.

to another ascent. They become cripplingly or frightened into something that promises longer life, even though the price is a humdrum youth.
H. T. DOBBINS.

hunting business at Sabine, last season killed sixty-eight ducks in one hour and twenty minutes, all being wing shots. Ben F. Johnson, county commissioner from that precinct, killed a like number at one discharge of a double-barrelled gun. Henry Townsend killed sixty-three mallards that he got at the discharge of a double-barrelled gun.

A Smoking Centennial.
How shall one reach the century Mr. Sidney Cooper will attain if he lives till September 26, 1903. Some ten years ago Mr. Cooper, then close upon 90, gave an account of his daily life. He breakfasted at 8, after having done in the summer an hour, in the winter half an hour, in his painting room. His breakfast consisted of oatmeal porridge and bread and about half a pint of milk just warm from his own cow. He had not then tasted a cup of tea or coffee for nearly forty years. After breakfast he worked till lunch time, his lunch consisting of a mutton chop and a glass of that ale, which, as he himself says, taken in moderation gives stimulus and power. In those days—they were in the early '30s—he went for a walk before his dinner at 6 o'clock, beer again being his only drink. After that he read his newspaper. At 9 o'clock he took his one cigar and at 10 was in bed. This was the everyday tenor of his life, and he remarked that regularity is the secret of longevity.—London Chronicle.

Presidents of One Name.
The accession of Vice-President Roosevelt to the chief magistracy adds



another to the list of presidents who had but one Christian name. Of the twenty-five presidents, but six, of the young Adams, the elder Harrison, Polk, Grant, Hayes and Arthur had two. Mr. Cleveland since the death of ex-President Harrison is the only living ex-president. There have been but three other instances where there was but one surviving. In 1836 when Madison died, John Quincy Adams alone survived; in 1874, when Fillmore died, Andrew Johnson, and in 1886, when Arthur died, Hayes. There have been but two occasions when there was none surviving—during the term of John Adams when Washington died, and during the second term of Grant in 1875, when Johnson died.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Killed Sixty-Eight Ducks at One Shot.
The duck shooting season has opened up in this portion of the coast country, says the Galveston Daily News, but the prevalence of mosquitoes is making the sport less attractive than it otherwise would be, and is also deterring the "pot shooters" from spending as much time in the lakes and marshes as they would wish to do. However, the Sabine market is being supplied with ducks, and they are plump and juicy, having fed and fattened in the rice fields along the bayous to the north and west of the city. Several years ago, when driving the mail and passenger stage between Sabine and Galveston, on his return home one afternoon, Joe Marty killed 263 ducks in one of the lakes along the route in two hours and fifteen minutes from the time he began shooting. A. H. Best, who is in the

Coast Line in Cuba.
One of the monthly magazines publishes an article by Edward Marshall, entitled "Covering a War," purporting to show how the papers get the news and what it costs them. He deals principally with Cuba, and in the article occurs this paragraph: "To patrol a coast line as great as that of Cuba (the island is over one hundred miles long), and to know every event of importance within its limits, was an extremely difficult matter." If Mr. Marshall's estimate of the daily cost of the news-getting is as wide of the mark as that of the length of Cuba we shall have to divide his figures by 15, for the coast line is really over 1,800 miles long. To be accurate: The northern coast is 913 and the southern 972 in length.—New York Press.

Not Much Danger in Ice.
The Boston board of health has been considering for some time the question of whether typhoid fever lurks in ice, and is prepared to report that there is little danger. In natural ice the bacteria are thrown out by freezing, and in artificial ice they are killed in sterilizing.

BLOCKED NEAR MOUNTAIN TOP.

Explorers Brought to a Standstill Near Assiniboine's Summit.
Henry Grier Bryant, traveler and explorer, recently returned from a five weeks' trip in the Canadian Rockies, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. With Walter Dwight Wilcox, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, who has often traveled and made scientific investigations thereabouts, Mr. Bryant organized an expedition to explore the region around the headwaters of the Elk and Palliser rivers—a district covering about 2,000 square miles, which has remained a blank on the government maps, and, if possible, to make an attempt to ascend Mount Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the Rockies. The party, consisting of two Swiss guides, three cowboys and fourteen horses, with provisions and supplies, beside Mr. Bryant and Mr. Wilcox, left Banff, a station on the Canadian Pacific, on July 21, and struck through the woods to the south and up the Spray river in the direction of Mount Assiniboine. No one had ever succeeded in reaching the summit of this mountain, which is put down in the government survey as being 12,000 feet high. Every attack on the mountain before had been made from the north, but Mr. Bryant and his party decided to try it from the south, from which direction the ascent was believed to be easier. One of the Swiss guides was kicked by a horse before reaching the foot, and had to be left behind. Picking their way over stretches of snow and rocks and keeping as much as possible under the overhanging ridges, so as to be protected from a possible avalanche the party steadily pushed upward, but were brought to a standstill when only 800 feet from the top by a long traverse of snow, over which it would have been foolhardiness to attempt to pass. The expedition had reached 11,125 feet, however, the highest point ever attained. Mr. Bryant says that it is only a question of time before the summit will be reached, but as their time was limited the party was compelled to give it up.

COIN SOUVENIRS OF TRAIN.

McKinley's Funeral Car Runs Over Gold Pieces in Pennsylvania.
The desire for souvenirs upon the part of the large crowds lined along the railroad tracks at every point was a distinctive feature of the McKinley funeral train, says the Pittsburg Post. The most popular of all the methods adopted was the placing of coins on the track so that the train might pass over them, smashing flat the pieces of money as a mark of identification in years to come. This practice was not confined to any particular point or crowd, but was indulged in generally all along the route. The mutilated coins were afterward gathered up by their owners and displayed with much pride. At some stations, according to the train conductors, so many coins were placed on the rails that it caused a slight jar to the cars as they passed over them. Coins of different denominations aggregating at least several hundred dollars were strewn along the track at Union station. Even these relic-hunters seemed to appreciate the occasion and surroundings, and, instead of making a rush for their property as soon as the train had passed, waited until it was out of sight before picking up the crushed coins, and by common mute consent each was allowed to have his or her own without the least quibbling among them. At Roup station a prominent and wealthy resident of the Shadyside district placed a \$10 gold piece upon the rail. The approach of the train started to shake it off, but it managed to remain long enough to have just a small portion of it nipped off as if done by a knife. The owner is quite a collector of souvenirs and oddities, and when he picked up his coin he stated it would occupy the most prominent and conspicuous place in his large collection.

Great Bet in History.
Lord George Bentinck, in 1842, in betting on his horse Gaper, for the Derby, stood to win £150,000 (\$720,000), but saved himself upon Cotherstone, and netted £30,000 (\$144,000). At another time a bet of £29,000 (\$432,000) against £30,000 (\$440,000) was booked between old Lord Glasgow and Lord George Bentinck. The Marquis of Hastings bet and lost £103,000 (\$494,400) on the Hermit's Derby. Bell & Co. of Wall street, in August, 1900, had \$350,000 placed in their hands to bet on President McKinley's re-election, at odds of 2½ to 1. Their offer was absorbed in fractions. Lord Dudley bet £24,000 to £4,000 on Peter in a race at Ascot with a bookmaker named Morris. Peter was beaten. A syndicate headed by a man named Lambert won £30,000 on Don Juan in the Cesarewitch at Newmarket in 1883.—New York Herald.

Electricians' Gloves.
The Electric Laboratory of Paris has been carrying out recently a series of experiments bearing on the insulating qualities of electricians' gloves. As a result the members having the matter in charge have arrived at the conclusion that insulating gloves cannot be considered as affording efficient protection against the dangers connected with high-tension currents, and state that in their judgment it would even be better to prescribe their use altogether rather than to rely upon their efficiency in contact with dangerous connections. It is prudent, they say, to consider them useful only for working with those parts already insulated from the lines, such for example as the non-metallic hands of switches.—Philadelphia Times.

BIG FLOATING DOCK

BUILT AT BALTIMORE TO BE TOWED SOUTH.

Immense Steel Dry Dock for Use at Algiers, La.—Its Use Is to Lift Great Vessels Out of the Water.

Baltimore correspondence, Chicago Journal: Down at Sparrows Point, completed all but a few finishing touches, lies the great steel floating dry dock built by the Maryland Steel company for the United States government, and which is to be towed to Algiers, La., as soon as the West India hurricane season has passed. That will be about Oct. 1, and several powerful ocean-going tugs will convey the immense dock to its destination. It is certain that this immense piece of marine mechanism for lifting great vessels out of the water in order to clean or repair them is without a superior in its line, and it is doubtful whether it has an equal. It can raise a 15,000-ton battleship and have the floor of the dock two feet above the water, which is demanded by the government for its work, but with the floor even with the water line it can lift an 18,000-ton ship. The dock is 525 feet in length over all, while its breadth is exactly 128 feet 3 7/8 inches. The width between the sides is 100 feet. The entire height of the sides, from their bottoms, which are submerged, to the tops, is fifty-five feet. The depth of the pontoons, or what the inexperienced might call the hulls of the docks, is seventeen feet six inches. The greatest draught of the dock is forty-nine feet six inches. There are three pontoons, which form its floor and also with the sides, give it buoyancy. The middle pontoon is the largest, being 242 feet long, and the end pontoons are each 141 feet ¾ inch in length. The walls are 35 feet ½ inch long and nine feet in width at the top and thirteen feet at the bottom. The pontoons and sides are divided into forty watertight compartments, which enable the dock to be completely under the control of the dock master, who can make it assume any position required to dock a vessel. It has 261 keel blocks, upon which the vessel rests in the dock, and they are movable, so that they can be readily adjusted. The weight of the steel in the dock is 5,845 tons, and the weight of the dock equipment is 1,909 tons, making a total weight of 6,855 tons. The cost of the dock complete is \$810,000. The stability of the structure, according to the engineer's figures, is something remarkable. Carrying a 15,000-ton battleship two feet above the water, it will cause her stability to be fifteen or twenty times as great as that of a ship in the water. The numerous compartments add to the steadiness of the dock, for, if they were few in number, the water in them when the dock was submerged or partly so, would splash about and cause considerable motion to the structure. When it is necessary to dock a vessel water is admitted to the compartments through sixteen valves, each sixteen inches in diameter, and it requires about an hour to sink the dock so that craft can enter it. After the dock is sufficiently deep in the water the vessel enters, and, having been accurately adjusted, the water is pumped out of the compartments by means of eight pumps, which are driven by four engines that have four boilers of the water-tube type and of 135 horse-power each to supply them with steam. The pumping apparatus is so arranged that either engine can steam from either boiler, and in case there is a breakdown on one side of the dock the pair of pumps on the other side could do all the pumping. It takes about three hours and a half to raise the dock. The pumps also operate a line of hose, which is employed to wash the slime from the hulls of vessels that are docked. This is quite a task, for the amount of fouling which is washed from the sides of a large ship is considerable, and after it has been cleaned the stuff has also to be washed from the floor of the dock, otherwise the men could not work about the craft.

LEATHER MADE FROM SCRAPS.

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Consult General Hughes writes from Coburg that, according to the German press, Fibroleum, a new artificial leather, has just been invented by a Frenchman. It consists of pieces of refuse skins and hides, cut exceedingly small, which are put into a vat filled with an intensely alkaline solution. After the mass has become pulpy, it is taken out of the vat, placed in a specially constructed machine, and, after undergoing treatment therein, is again taken out and put through a paper making machine. The resulting paper like substance is cut into large sheets, which are laid one upon another, in lots of 100 to 1,000, and put in a hydraulic press to remove all moisture. The article is strong and pliable and can be pressed or moulded into all kinds of shapes and patterns.

Need For Free Public Baths.

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A bathtub in every tenement is an idle dream; they cost too much and run very good chances of being used for coal. A public bath around the corner is another matter and seems in reason. Many doubts were expressed as to whether public baths would be used until the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor tried the experiment. Last year 130,000 people paid 5 cents for soap and towel and the privilege of using the People's bath at Center Market place, New York.—Scribner's Magazine.

First Modern Woman Missionary.

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The first of all women missionaries in modern times was Hannah Marchman. She was born in England in 1767, and spent forty-seven years in missionary work in India.

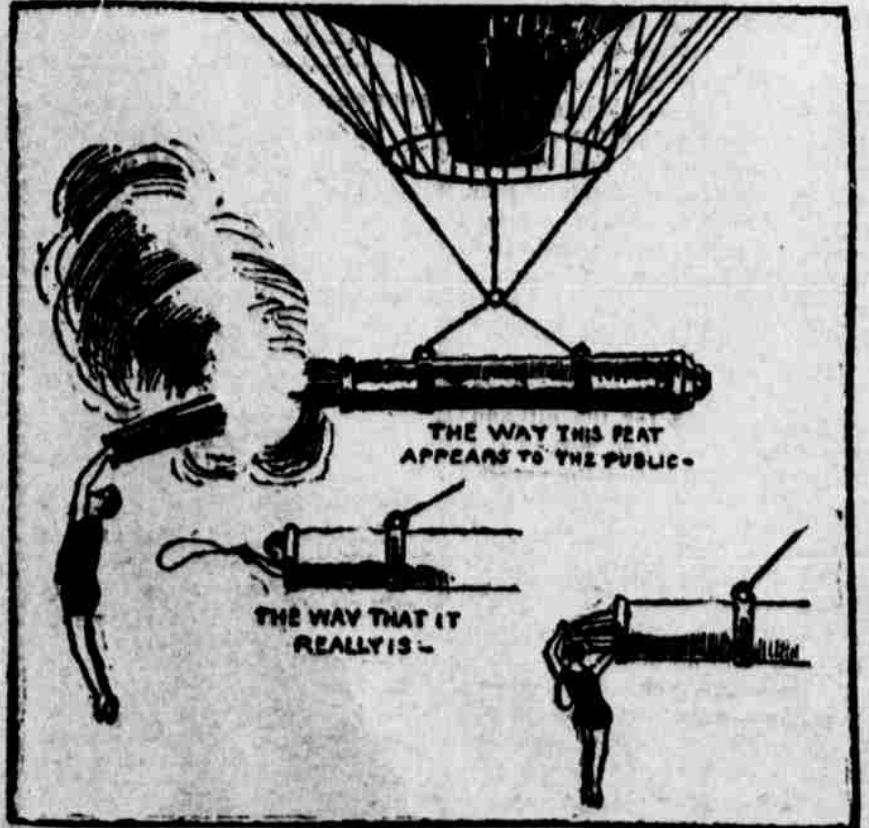
ELEPHANTS IN AFRICA.

In the Lake Rudolph Country Hunters Encounter Elephant Herd.

On December 19 we reached the much-talked-of Hiawash river, a fine, broad stream of ninety yards in width, deep, with a fast-flowing current; this river is another which is said to run out and disappear some seventy miles further northeast; such a volume of water, one could hardly believe it, says a writer in the Geographical Journal. Here our Berthon boat became decidedly popular, especially as crocodiles abounded. We found at this camp our first fresh elephant spoor, and, being keen to procure some ivory to take up as a present to the emperor, we all separated and entered a three-mile patch of dense African jungle, huge prickly acacia, enormous cactus with long, sharp points, and a tall, feathery plant like privet made up a safe asylum from ordinary mortals. Very few minutes sufficed to turn hunters into hunted. No. 1, a cow, charged down on us. Jumping aside, I killed her as she rushed on my shikaree, not four feet from him. Hardly had we struck the spoor of another lot when a young bull suddenly bore down on me; however, a lucky forehead shot laid him low. While skinning one of these heads, the whole place seemed alive with elephant crashing toward us. Seizing my rifle, I ran ahead to try and cut off the troop, when suddenly a line of over forty elephants broke cover, about twenty-five in the first line jammed together like a cavalry regiment charging. Being over twenty yards from me when they appeared, with the center bearing directly down on me, I own to feeling they had the best of me. I saw my only chance was killing the flank one. In a second I dropped the left-hand one, which, falling inwardly, inclined the whole troop a little to the right. Within ten yards I fired my remaining barrel, dropping another, causing still further deflection to the right; another second the flank one on the left rushed past, almost knocking me down. I felt thankful for such a lucky escape, and blessed my new .450 cordite rifle by Rigby, which had done such good work, five elephants in six shots unquestionably proving its value. I found, on returning to camp, Whitehouse and Butter had both undergone similar experiences, and I felt bound to apologize for introducing them to their first elephant—such elephants, and in such a jungle.

A \$7,000,000 BABY.

Inheritor of Estate of Lady William Beresford's First Husband.
James Hooker Hamersley, for many years a prominent figure in the fashionable life of the city, died of heart failure recently at his country home at Garrison-on-the-Hudson. Mr. Hamersley was the cousin of Louis C. Hamersley, the first husband of Lady William Beresford. Lady Beresford's second husband was the Duke of Marlborough. She is now a widow. Louis C. Hamersley left an extraordinary will when he died in February, 1883. He provided that his widow should have the income of his estate during her life, but upon her death the whole property, valued at \$7,000,000, was to go to the male issue of his cousin J. Hooker Hamersley. In event of the latter having no male issue the estate was to go to such charities as his widow should name in her will. At the time of Louis C. Hamersley's death J. Hooker Hamersley was regarded as a confirmed bachelor. But soon after he married Miss Catherine Chisholm a noted southern beauty. One baby daughter and then another baby daughter was born to the couple. But on July 2, 1892, a baby boy was born, and since then he has been called "the \$7,000,000 Hamersley baby," although he is now a sturdy boy of nine years. The boy is named Louis Gordon Hamersley, and his health has been guarded as carefully as if he were the heir to a kingdom.—New York World.



MARVELOUS FEAT OF THE TIN CANNON AND TOY PISTOL.
arrived on the scene he was given a chute of his own. It was tied to the bar, and when the signal came all that was spectacular and faded, but a great deal of a fake. The faked chute was first placed inside a big tube of tin mounted on stanchions and carriage of the same flimsy material, painted black to resemble iron. This was attached to the parachute. Then the performer crawled in. He had concealed in the breast of his leotard, the half coat used by all tumblers and trapeze artists, a pistol, provided with

Without it is a hard profession. The man who faces danger daily may claim that he becomes so accustomed to its men that he fears it no longer. Externally this may be true, but the nervous system has its limitations, and if the warnings it sometimes sends out are not heeded death may come in a horrible shape.
Thus the ranks are swelled today by the young and daring; depleted tomorrow by the tried and wise. Few men grow old in the profession. They marry and their wives will not hear