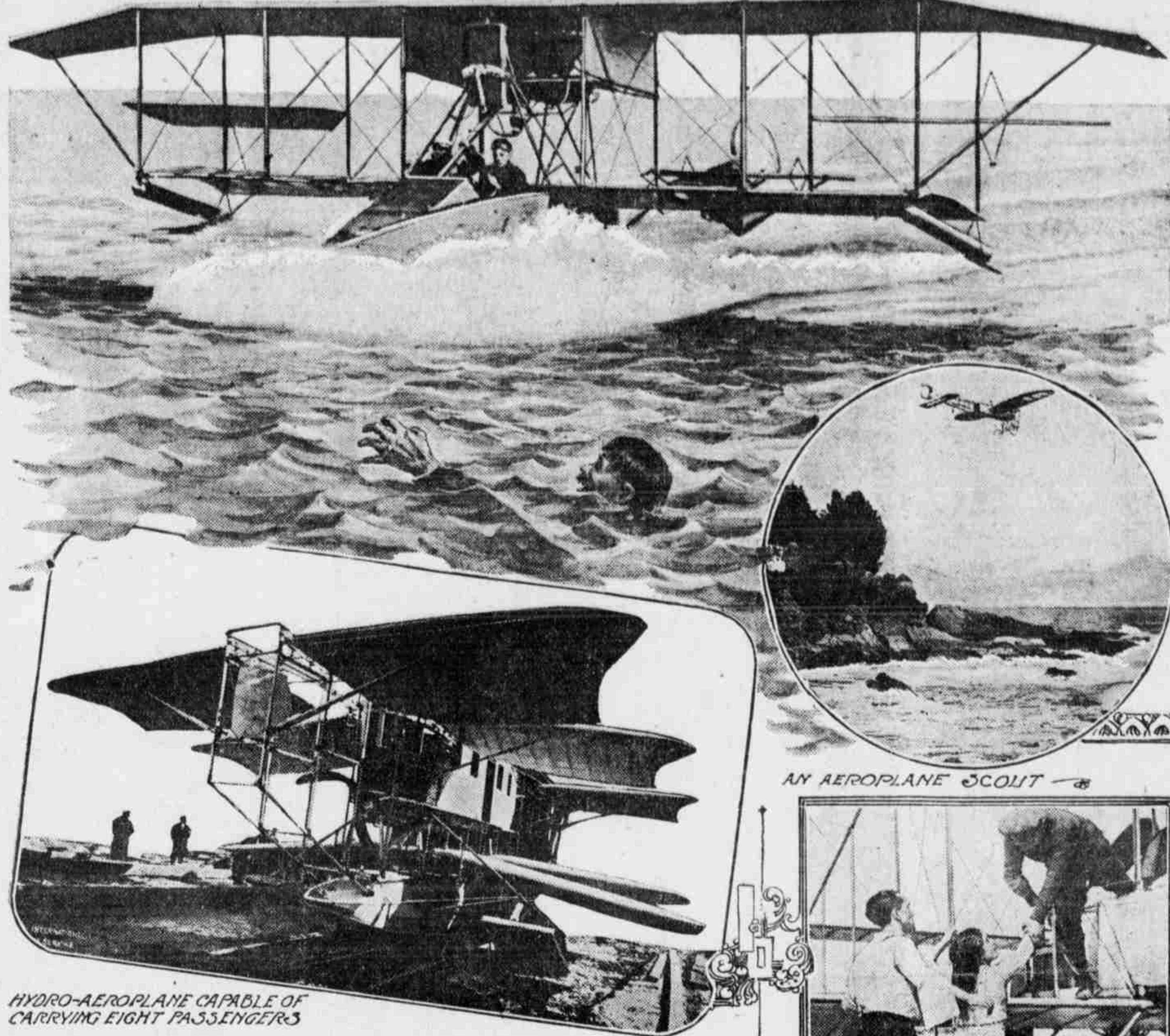
SAVING LIFE by AEROPLANE



HYDRO-AEROPLANE CAPABLE OF CARRYING EIGHT PASSENGERS

AN AEROPLANE SCOUT

SAVED FROM DROWNING BY A HYDRO-AEROPLANE

THE aeroplane's career as a savior of lives in large number began as early as 1911, in the very war in which it first demonstrated its potentiality as an instrument of war, and the result shows that its potentiality was greater as an instrument of peace—a life saver.

Those who followed the development of the Italian-Turkish war will remember how at the very start of the campaign, before the first engagement took place, the newly landed Italians were saved from an unpleasant surprise by the aerial scouts, who observed three advancing columns of Turks and Arabs of about 6,000 men. The Italians, after receiving this information, could successfully calculate distances and arrange for their defense.

On the following day, October 24, the battle of Sciara-Sciat took place, resulting in the loss to the Turkish army of 3,000 men. During the battle two aeroplanes were circling the air. The flights took place above the line of fire, so as to be able to direct the firing of the big guns from the battleship Carlo Alberto and also of the mountain artillery. The aeroplanes were often shot at by the guns of the enemy, but with no results. The finding of the enemy was an influential event. The situation at the time was such that without that discovery the Italians would have met with a defeat which might have affected the whole campaign. Thus two men and two old, half worn aeroplanes saved a defeat which might have involved the loss of thousands of lives—as was the case in the Erithrea campaign—at a cost of possibly only a few dollars, the price of gasolene and oil.

Later in the campaign the aeroplane became a veritable advance agent of peace, being used by the Italian officers to drop manifestoes over the encampment telling the natives of the Italians' intentions. This is a very important matter, because, as shown by France's long campaign in Algeria and Morocco, most of the trouble in colonies is due to the natives misunderstanding the purposes of the invaders, who never have a chance to explain their intentions.

Again in the Balkan war the aeroplane was a messenger of peace.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of the Balkan war was that Adrianople, the Gibraltar of the Balkans, which the Turks were supposed to defend to the last breath of life, was captured with little loss of life by a comparatively small force. The aeroplane—even the old type clumsy machines, manned by untrained pilots, used by the Bulgarians—deserves the greatest credit for the saving of life and money.

The Bulgarian air scouts, though untrained in military matters and poorly equipped mechanically, went out over the besieged city and brought to their commanders information which enabled them to attack the weakest spots. Then others—messengers of peace, whom humanity should recognize now that they have saved thousands of lives in both the Tripolitanian and Balkan wars—soared over the city and dropped messages to the besieged, which if not of peace, made for peace.

An admirable feat in saving the lives of 500 French soldiers is credited to a single aeroplane of the French Morocco squadron. In December, 1912, a column of 500 French troops had been surrounded by rebels to the south of Mogador and for five days some anxiety was felt for their safety. Then Lieutenant Do-Hu, in his Bleriot monoplane, was able to convey information to the commander that reinforcements were close at hand, and, encouraged, they renewed their defence, while the rebels, seeing ominous signs in the arrival of the aeroplane, retreated.

Life saving in time of peace, while it has not attained more than a fraction of the number of lives saved in war, is, perhaps, more interesting to most people than the latter, being closer to daily needs and experiences of the general public. It is, therefore, gratifying to find that the water aeroplane, the hydro-aeroplane and the flying boat seem destined to save life.

The hydro-aeroplane began its career as a lifesaver in 1911, while still in the experimental period. It was during the famous Chicago meet an aviator lost control while flying over Lake Michigan and fell into the water. Three-quarters of a mile away there was a hydro-aeroplane, the early Curtis model—the prototype of the flying boat—circling around and occasionally settling on the surface of the water like a big seagull. The pilot of this craft, seeing the aviator's fall, went to the rescue. Flying at a mile a minute speed, he reached the spot, landed on the water by the submerged aeroplane and offered to take the aviator to land—all in less than one minute!

Some months later, on March 6, 1912, two aviators fell in San Diego bay while flying and their machine capsized. An aviator on the shore saw the accident, jumped on his hydro with his mechanic and flew to the rescue, landing a minute later by the "shipwrecked" two.

The first demonstration of actually rescuing a person not connected with aviation was given on October 10, 1912, by Charles Wald, instructor in the Wright school of water flying, at the Glenwood Country club. A man named Walter Strohbach fell into the harbor from a rowboat in which he was seeking diversion with a friend. The rowboat was half a mile off the shore at Sea Cliff and fully a mile from the Glenwood Country club, when, miscalculating his position, Mr. Strohbach attempted to sit further on the stern of the boat, with the result that he fell overboard. Although his friend tried to reach his companion, a strong current carried them apart. Shouts along the shore told of the plight of the young man, who was exhausted in the chilly water. Mr. Charles Wald, learning of the occurrence while at the hangar preparing to make a flight, jumped into his machine and flew to the man in the water, who could be seen from the club station.

Alighting in the hydro-aeroplane on the water near Strohbach, the aviator first threw a life preserver to the young man, who was scarcely able to keep afloat, then, bringing the machine alongside, managed to get him aboard one of the floats of the biplane and brought him safely to the Wright station.

Boats leaving the shore did not reach the scene of the accident until the hydro-aeroplane was well on its way to shore with the rescued.

Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss, the dean of water flyers and creator of both the hydro-aeroplane and flying boat, was the hero of a life-saving act last June, rescuing two occupants of a broken down motor boat with the big four-passenger flying boat of Mr. Harold F. McCormick. Mr. Curtiss and Mr. C. C. Witmer were flying over Lake Keuka in the boat to test it and were running for home ahead of a coming thunder shower when, a mile from shore, they noticed a motor boat in which two men were waving wildly.

Curtiss brought the flying boat to the water and stopped near the motor boat. The men said their motor was broken and they wanted some one sent out to row them ashore. Mr. Witmer crawled out on the tail of the flying boat and took a rope from the motor boat, which he held while Curtiss drove the flying boat a mile to the shore.

The motor boat was left there and, taking the men aboard, Mr. Curtiss flew back to Hammondsport.

The airboat and hydro-aeroplane may be said to be the logical adjunct of life-saving stations and, therefore, absolutely necessary. As an essential purpose of a life-saving station is to relieve wrecks and save people from drowning, speed, in doing it is the essence of efficiency. The aeroplane—the water kind—is revolutionary in this respect. It can fly to the spot where relief is needed at the rate of a mile a minute, and the airman who sees every detail of what goes on below can either land by the object or rescue or just drop life belts, ropes, food, medicine or stimulants—according to the urgency of the needs.

With all the navies working to develop means for launching aeroplanes from battleships and receiving them back, it is safe to say that the problems connected therewith will be solved very soon. Then liners will carry aeroplanes to use for carrying dispatches and for general pilot duties.

Just as the water aeroplane is a wonderful auxiliary of the navy, it is a wonderful auxiliary for ocean liners, promising to afford to passenger-carrying ships services of the highest kind.

The water aeroplane is wonderfully adapted for preventing disasters of the kind which overcame the steamship Titanic, and, in case such disasters take place, minimize the loss of life. A flying boat on a steamer can rise to investigate unseen dangers ahead. It can do so at night as well as by using the ship's searchlights as the aeroplane's searchlights. In case of the vessel becoming disabled the aeroplane can fly to notify other vessels, utilizing the wireless apparatus, with which every flying boat is being equipped in the foreign navies, to notify the other steamships of the need or of its aproach.

The most appalling thing in the Titanic disaster was that there were a number of steamships within call distance—some not as much as 40 miles away—which the wireless telegraph did not reach in some cases because it became disabled as the ship sank. A flying boat could have covered the 40 miles in less than an hour, while its wireless plant would have notified the other vessels as it proceeded onward.

A flying boat on the vessels that came to the rescue after the Titanic had sunk could have searched the surface of the sea for survivors, its altitude giving it a range of vision of miles, and could have found the survivors where the vessels did not see them. It would thus practically have superintended the work of life saving.

Each year there is a long list of people who are drowned from falling overboard from large vessels and who cannot be rescued in time to save their lives, the boat sent to save them reaching them too late to be of avail. A flying boat can be launched and can search for the person that has fallen overboard and can drop a safety belt or land by and pick him up much faster than the fastest life saving boat.

The sea is an unknown quantity in many respects, and the biggest of steamships is very much at its mercy, and assistance of the kind which the flying boat affords is a necessity. A vessel at sea often meets signs of wrecks or it is signalled by craft in distress. At the present time there is no way to investigate such things without involving a great delay or putting the craft itself in danger through taking it out of its marked route, which is the safety zone. A flying boat can do all these things for the vessel. It can be launched with two men, one of whom searches the surface of the sea with powerful glasses. The vessel can proceed on its course; the flying boat will overtake it after having discharged its mission.

As even a special machine and the equipment cannot cost more than $10,000, it is evident that it is an absurdly cheap factor of efficiency which every craft can afford and should have.

ALL FOR JEAN'S SAKE

By JEAN WALDEN.

"The man must be willing not only to efface himself, but to blot himself out of existence, if necessary, for my sake."

Jean Boyce made this statement without premeditation, driven to it by sheer ennui. It was the third time that she had been called upon to give her reason for not acquiescing in Maurice Ankeney's belief that they were made for each other, and this time she wanted it to be final.

They had just turned the corner into her home street. Jean hastened her steps as she spoke with a little laugh of impatience.

Maurice Ankeney looked at her at first with disappointment in his frank blue eyes, then with speculation, and at last with amusement. "Could you care that much for anyone?" he asked coolly.

"Oh, no," her tone was matter-of-fact, "I couldn't. It isn't in me."

"Oh, I see, you demand it as a complimentary quality in others."

He continued his scrutiny of her face as a smart trap with a man and woman in it rounded the corner. The woman—a stoutish blonde with a mountain of lavender plumes on her head—was driving.

The warm color that came to Jean's cheeks as she returned the man's recognition deepened as the trap rolled past, for she knew that Maurice was watching her and she felt the new, strange intentness in his gaze.

As for Ankeney, his expression suddenly became a mixture of calmness and stern determination. "I'll do it," he exclaimed. And for this apparently eccentric remark, he was rewarded by an electrifying look of inquiry from a pair of dark eyes.

"Do what?"

"Efface—I mean extinguish myself by getting him for you."

The dark eyes became inscrutable.

"If you want Harold Buckley, you shall have him," he continued precipitately, as they mounted the steps of Jean Boyce's home. "It will be an easy matter. He is only dazzled by her millions. It's you he really cares for. Madge Racer has no right to buy—"

"Maurice Ankeney, I'll never speak to you again." As Jean faced him with this emphatic announcement, her blushes were fully accounted for by her anger.

"All right, I might as well die one way as another," and he was gone.

In the days that followed, Jean Boyce had a new experience. Maurice Ankeney never stayed away so long before, and she had missed him—a condition she had not thought possible. Still there was the counteracting annoyance of Harold Buckley and the heiress. It is true, she never realized that she cared for Buckley until she found that he was out of her reach. But Jean's self-analysis could go no deeper than this and her state of mind became chaotic once more, when one afternoon Harold Buckley called.

Jean's resentment was not wholly dispelled by Buckley's keenly correct valuation of the heiress. "She was fishing for a husband," he said, and "it's a good thing just to know such women. It makes one expert at estimating character."

Jean interpreted this last remark: "A man does not need to be bitten more than once," and she found herself wondering why she did not feel flattered by his confidence. Still she felt gratified by her triumph in bringing him back. She did not understand until afterwards why his next remark quenched her elation.

"She has Maurice Ankeney on her hook now, or rather, he took her by storm. I never saw a fellow maneuver so." He spoke contemptuously. "But he's welcome."

"How small of him," observed Jean. Then all at once she thought of Maurice's strange promise to her and she wondered—no it could not be, he only wanted a cloak for his mercenary ambitions.

Jean did not feel altogether complimented by the ease with which Harold assumed his old relations. Still, when he asked her to take an automobile ride that same evening, she accepted.

Her pride in Harold Buckley's personal attractiveness was extended to his splendid machine as they went bounding over the road with a red October sunset in their faces.

Another automobile came tooting up behind them and passed them on the road. It was occupied by Madge Racer and Maurice Ankeney.

The vague depression that had been haunting Jean became poignant. She felt misused.

"Queer taste he has," she observed, with a curl of her lip. Then to hide her pique she conjured a spirit of daring.

"Oh, let's pass them, do, do!"

Harold Buckley, ready to please her, or possibly for reasons of his own, entered into the sport and put on power with great abandon.

Jean was almost delirious with the excitement of swift motion. "How jolly—" Then came a sudden jolting and a desperate adjusting of brakes. They had struck a rocky place in the road. Before Harold could slow up Jean was almost shaken from her seat. The sun's rays, on a level with their eyes, blinded them. There was a loud report, a scream from Maurice Angeney's auto, which they had grazed in stopping, and they toppled over into a shallow ditch, with an extra tire hanging to one of their wheels.

Jean felt a sharp pain in her arm as she picked herself up. Then the diversion of what followed made her forget herself. The blonde heiress followed up her screams by an attack upon Harold, who had just extricated himself from the ditch.

"Mr. Buckley, this is a great way to drive," she cried in her high voice, with its slightly foreign accent. "Why don't you look at your road?"

But she was instantly mollified by Harold's abject apologies, and shook hands with him quite sweetly.

Maurice, who had got to work without loss of time, had almost finished putting on a new tire, when Jean felt so faint that she had to sit down on the grass. The pain was coming back into her wrist.

It was just then that Maurice Ankeney happened to look over his shoulder. He burst out roughly to Harold, who was still busy with the heiress: "Don't you see the girl is hurt?"

He got to her first, but in a second they were all bending over her. She assured them it was only a sprained wrist.

Maurice gave Buckley his handkerchief, ordering him to bandage the injured arm tight, and flew back to work again at the tire.

Jean received a feverish impression through her brain that there was a parley and almost an altercation. Maurice seemed to be out of patience with everybody and the heiress played him a close second. Jean couldn't see all the time, but she heard Madge Racer's voice grow shriller and shriller.

"No, Mr. Buckley must take the back seat with Miss Boyce. I'll ride in front."

But Mr. Buckley said that some one must stay with the disabled machine. It hastily came to Jean that he suggested Maurice as the one to do this. At this Madge Racer insisted that they take Buckley's auto in tow.

After what seemed hours to Jean she felt herself lifted up in somebody's arms and the next thing she knew the wind of rapid motion against her face brought everything clear to her. Maurice, at her side, looked back grimly over his shoulder and swore under his breath.

"All right?" he questioned, seeing her looking at him, "Guess I surprised them this time. She thought I was going to wait to take Buckley in tow, with you about to keel over there on the ground."

"But I didn't keel over." Her voice sounded far away.

"Oh, no, you didn't. You're game. I'd like to see the heiress in the same fix."

There was so much of genuine admiration in his look and tone that Jean took new strength for a moment. She must have been weak too or she would not have said what she did next.

"Do you really care for her money?"

Maurice gave her a sharp, quick look. "You must be out of your head," he muttered as he bent again over the guide wheel.

When he was ready to leave her at home, after the sprain had been cared for and the color was creeping back into her cheeks, he stood over her couch and asked humbly:

"Am I sufficiently blotted out?"

"I think you are," she laughed.

"But I'd like you to be sure," he insisted.

"I am sure," declared Jean, and the look that came into his blue eyes told her that he was satisfied.

Only Wanted a Bite to Eat.

"Now don't put yourself out on my account," said Aunt Serelda Bean, as she untied her bonnet strings after arriving without previous warning at the home of Aunt Jane Joy.

"You know me well enough, Jane, to know that when I go a-visitin' it ain't for what I get to eat. If you just stir up one o' your 'lection cakes, an' make one o' your raisin pies an' a pan o' your cream-tarter biskits, an' fry a chicken, an' have a little cranberry sarce with it, an' mebbe a glass o' your watermelon preserve, an' then make a pot o' coffee an' put on a few doughnuts, I'll git along all right without another thing, unless you'd like to bake some of your Greening apples. They go ruther good with roast chicken.

"I'm thankful I ain't one o' the kind that visits only for what they git to eat. Older I grow, the less I care for what's set before me when I go visitin'. How did your pickalil come out you told me you was goin' to make? I dono but I'd like a leetle mite at dinner, to see if the reseet worked as well with you as it did with me."—Judge.

Preserve Historic Relic.

The original home of the Knights Templar at Rhodes, has just been purchased by M. Bompard, the French ambassador at Constantinople. He has made a present of it to the French nation. This constitutes one of the most glorious historical souvenirs of French prowess in the east, as it was there that the military order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the famous Crusaders, installed themselves when driven out of Palestine in 1310. They were able to remain there for two centuries, until in 1522, after the desperate six months' siege, they capitulated to Suliman the Magnificent and took refuge at Malta. The period of their star at Rhodes was marked by numerous fine monuments, and the Hostelry which now reverts to France is a gem of middle age architecture and decoration which will now be scrupulously kept up, and form an attraction for tourists and visitors henceforth.

Not Quite the Same.

In an interview given its Paris correspondent by Clemenceau, in which was discussed the recent Lloyd-George naval armament pronouncement, the London Mail made the French statesman refer to the English chancellor of the exchequer as a "mountebank." Now it is explained the Frenchman used the word "primesautier," meaning versatile. The editor of the Mail printed a correction.