

# IS DRIVEN BY FANS.

## INVENTION FOR A BALLOON FLYING MACHINE.

Experiments a Success—In the Car Attached to the Balloon is an Engine Fed with Petroleum, Which Supplies the Motive Power.



HARLES E. HITE, of this city, has invented a balloon which he claims he will be able to direct and drive through the air by means of two fans operated by a motor.

Mr. Hite is a well-known scientist. In 1892 he accompanied the Peary relief expedition on the steamship Kite, making valuable researches in the Arctic regions. In 1895 he went to Central America to collect material for the biological department of the University of Pennsylvania.

One year ago, Mr. Hite, while toying

INVENTOR HITE'S EXPERIMENTAL AIR SHIP.

with a bit of paper, had suggested to him the idea of aerial navigation. This was the inception of his "dirigible balloon," on the plans of which, now protected by patent, he has been working ever since.

In description this peculiar airship is nothing more than a balloon large enough to carry a pair of small but powerful steam engines capable of driving a pair of fans. Mr. Hite has worked along independent lines in the planning of his balloon, and it is significant of the feasibility of his project that the only other airship resembling his, which has given any practical demonstration of sustained flight, is that of Carl Meyers, flown successfully at the Nashville Exposition.

The fans and framework weigh 250 pounds, and the balloon and net will come up to about 150, thus making a total of 700 pounds. The balloon is 29 feet in diameter by 64 feet long, having at these figures a capacity of 20,000 cubic feet of gas.

An exhibition of the efficiency of the model was given before Professor Arthur Goodspeed, professor of physics at the University of Pennsylvania, who considered the application of power a correct principle, and commended the ingenuity of the idea.

praise, among them being Professor King, the aeronaut, who heartily endorsed the general plan, and said that he looked upon it as practicable.

Of course these experiments are by no means new, and Mr. Hite merely performed them to convince the incredulous and make assurance doubly sure. It should be understood that there was no attempt to make the machine fly, that feat not entering into the demonstration, but being left to the lifting power of the balloon.

The car is suspended by harness from a netting identical with the netting of an ordinary balloon, and is guyed fore and aft to prevent oscillation, although there could be little danger of that, as the car is drawn up tightly against the body of the balloon.

He believes that the self-propelling balloon will figure largely in the warfare of the future, contemporaneously with the submarine boat, whose development it very closely resembles.

Mother—What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe? Innocent—Shall I leave out the wicked words, mamma? Mother—Certainly, Innocent—Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mamma.

The Brute! Wife—We have been married twelve years, and not once in that time have I missed baking you a cake for your birthday. Have I dear? Hubby—No, my pet. I can look back upon those cakes as milestones in my life.

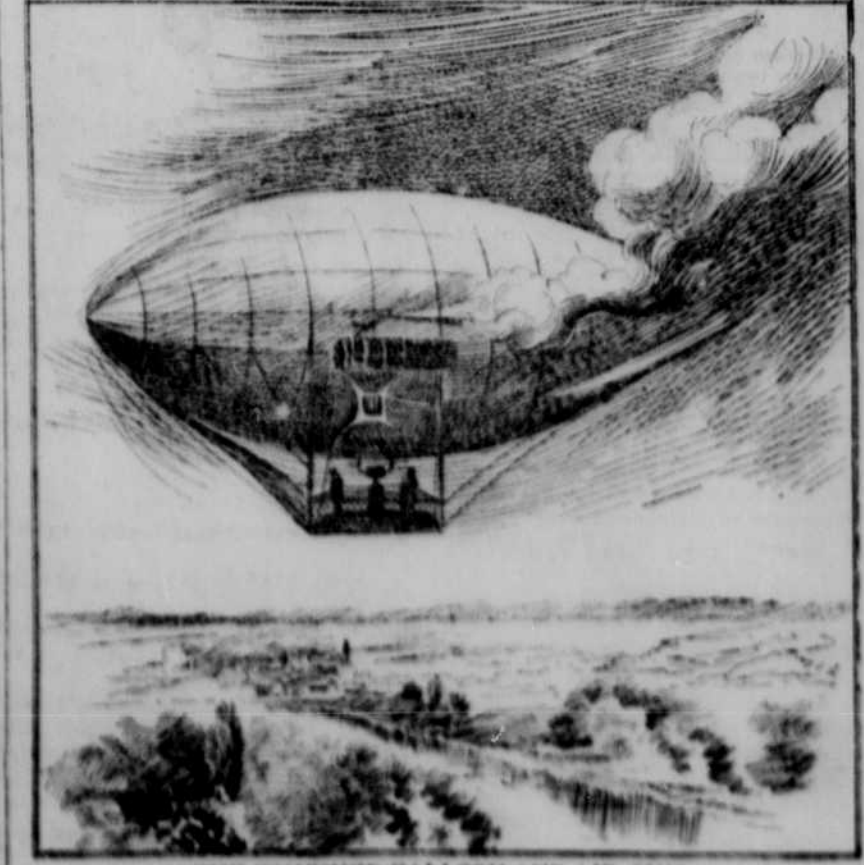
There is a 15-year-old widow at Covington, Ky. The girl was married a year ago to a 19-year-old boy, all the parents consenting. Her husband died a few days ago.

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Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell, widow of the Irish leader, is about to take up her residence at Trematon castle, near Plymouth. Trematon castle was formerly one of the great houses of Cornwall.

Marcelle Berenger, the most beautiful model in Paris, who has declared her intention of posing in the future for none but American artists, is a slight, brown-haired, blue-eyed slip of a girl, with a faultless figure.

When a woman is in doubt concerning the trimming of her hat, she simply puts on a few more red flowers and feathers.—Washington Post.



THE COMBINED BALLOON AND AIR SHIP. From the inventor's drawings.

Increased or decreased at will through a residue of expansive element in the boiler. By this method the usual escape of hydrogen, which is the most expensive consideration in ballooning, will be prevented, and the balloon be dropped or raised into different air currents by altering the density and thereby the lifting power of the gas.

It is expected that the dirigible balloon will make about twenty miles an hour in a still atmosphere, and will have a steaming radius of 500 miles at an average speed of ten miles an hour.

Mr. Hite is at present getting up the working drawings of this most unique airship. When asked why he placed the propellers at the side instead of at the stern, he explained that if they were put in the rear the motion of such a large body through the air would rob the fans of their working medium by creating a vacuum.

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# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## LABOR STRIKES THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

From the Following Text, Matt. vii 12: "Whatsoever Ye Would that Men Should Do to You, Do You Even So to Them."



THE greatest war the world has ever seen is between capital and labor. The strife is not like that which in history is called the Thirty Years' War, for it is a war of the five continents, it is a war hemispheric.

The antagonistic forces are closing in upon each other. The Pennsylvania miners' strikes, the telegraph operators' strikes, the railroad employees' strikes, the movements of the boycotters and the dynamiters are only skirmishes before a general engagement.

After awhile, crash goes the money market, and there is no more demand for the articles manufactured in that iron mill, and the owner does not know what to do.

I shall first show you how this quarrel between monopoly and hard work cannot be stopped, and then I will show you how this controversy will be settled.

Futile remedies. In the first place there will come no pacification to this trouble through an outcry against rich men merely because they are rich.

There is a dead halt for a minute or two, and then one of the workmen steps out from the ranks of his fellows, and says: "Boss, you have been very good to us, and when you prospered we prospered, and now you are in a tight place and I am sorry, and we have got to sympathize with you."

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That night in all the cabins of the working-people where they have family prayers the widowhood and the orphanage in the mansion are remembered. No glaring populations look over the iron fence of the cemetery, but, hovering over the scene, the benediction of God and man is coming for the fulfillment of the Christ-like injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

"Oh," says some man here, "that is all Utopian, that is apocryphal, that is impossible." No, I cut out of a paper this: "One of the pleasant incidents recorded in a long time is reported from Sheffield, England. The wages of the men in the iron works at Sheffield are regulated by a board of arbitration, by whose decision both masters and men are bound."

Neither will the contest be settled by cynical and unsympathetic treatment of the laboring classes. There are those who speak of them as though they were only cattle or draught horses. Their nerves are nothing, their domestic comfort is nothing, their happiness is nothing.

They have no more sympathy for them than a hound has for a hare, or a hawk for a hen, or a tiger for a calf. When Jean Valjean, the greatest hero of Victor Hugo's writings, after a life of suffering and brave endurance, goes into incarceration and death, they clap the book shut and say "Good for him!"

They stamp their feet with indignation and say just the opposite of "Save the working-classes." They have all their sympathies with Shylock, and not with Antonio and Portia. They are plutocrats, and their feelings are infernal. They are filled with irritation and irascibility on this subject.

Neither will there be any pacification of this angry controversy through violence. God never blessed murder. Well, if this controversy between capital and labor cannot be settled by human wisdom, if today capital and labor stand with their thumbs on each other's throat—as they do—it is time for us to look somewhere else for relief and it points from my text to the broadcloth shoulder of capital, and puts the other on the home-spun-covered shoulder of toil, and says, with a voice that will grandly and gloriously settle this, and settle everything, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

That is, the lady of the household will say: "I must treat the maid in the kitchen just as I would like to be treated if I were downstairs, and it were my work to wash, and cook, and sweep, and it were the duty of the maid in the kitchen to preside in this parlor." The maid in the kitchen must say: "If my employer seems to be more prosperous than I, that is no fault of hers; I shall not treat her as an enemy. I will have the same industry and fidelity downstairs as I would expect from my subordinates, if I happened to be the wife of a silk importer."

The owner of an iron mill, having taken a dose of my text before leaving home in the morning, will go into his foundry, and, passing into what is called the puddling-room, he will see a man there stripped to the waist, and besweated and exhausted with the labor and the toil and he will say to him: "Why it seems to be very hot in here. You look very much exhausted. I hear your child is sick with scarlet fever. If you want your wages a little earlier this week so as to pay the nurse and get the medicines, just come into my office any time."

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But you go with me and I will show you—not so far off as Sheffield, England—factories, banking houses, store houses, and costly enterprises where this Christ-like injunction of my text is fully kept, and you could no more get the employer to practice an injustice upon his men, or the men to conspire against the employer, than you could get your right hand and your left eye, your right ear and your left ear, into physiological antagonism.

Now, where is this to begin? In our homes, in our stores, on our farms—not waiting for other people to do their duty. Is there a divergence now between the parlor and the kitchen? Then there is something wrong, either in the parlor or the kitchen, perhaps in both. Are the clerks in your store irate against the firm? Then there is something wrong, either behind the counter, or in the private office, or perhaps in both.

The great want of the world today is the fulfillment of this Christ-like injunction, that which he promulgated in his sermon Olivet. All the political economists under the archivault of the heavens in convention for a thousand years cannot settle this controversy between monopoly and hard work, between capital and labor.

During the Revolutionary war there was a heavy piece of timber to be lifted, perhaps for some fortress, and a corporal was overseeing the work, and he was giving commands to some soldiers as they lifted: "Heave away, there! ye heave!" Well, the timber was too heavy; they could not get it up. There was a gentleman riding by on a horse, and he stopped and said to this corporal, "Why don't you help them lift?"

That timber is too heavy for them to lift." "No," he said, "I won't; I am a corporal." The gentleman got off his horse and came up to the place. "Now," he said to the soldiers, "all together—ye heave!" and the timber went to its place. "Now," said the gentleman to the corporal, "when you have a piece of timber too heavy for the men to lift, and you want help, you send to your commander-in-chief. It was Washington. Now, that is about all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of giving somebody a lift, a lift out of darkness, a lift out of earth into heaven. That is all the Gospel I know—the Gospel of helping somebody else to lift."

The greatest friend of capitalist and toiler, and the one who will bring them together in complete accord, was born one Christmas night while the curtains of heaven swung, stirred by the wings angelic. Owner of all things—all the continents, all worlds, and all the islands of light. Capitalist of immensity, crossing over to our condition. Coming into our world, not by gate of palace, but by door of barn. Spending his first night amid the shepherds. Gathering afterward around him the fishermen to be his chief attendants. With adze, and saw, and chisel, and axe, and in a carpenter shop showing himself brother with the tradesmen. Owner of all things, and yet on a hillcock back of Jerusalem one day resigning everything for others, keeping not so much as a shekel to pay for his obsequies: by charity buried in the suburbs of a city that had cast him out. Before the cross of such a capitalist, and such a carpenter, all men can afford to shake hands and worship.

Here is the every man's Christ. None so high, but he was higher. None so poor, but he was poorer. At his feet the hostile extremes will yet renounce their animosities, and countenances which have glowered with the prejudices and revenge of centuries shall be brightened with the smile of heaven as he commands: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

An Italian Solomon. The Duke of Ossone, while Viceroy of Naples, delivered many quaint and clever judgments. The case is related where a young Spanish exquisite named Bertrand Solus, while lounging about in the busy part of the city, was run against by a porter carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder.

The porter had called out, "Make way, please!" several times, but without effect. He had then tried to get by without collision, but his bundle caught the young man's velvet dress and tore it. Solus was highly indignant, and had the porter arrested. The Viceroy, who had privately investigated the matter, told the porter to pretend he was dumb, and at the trial to reply by signs to any question that might be put to him.

When the case came on, and Solus had made his complaint, the Viceroy turned to the porter and asked him what he had to say in reply. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands.

"What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?" asked the Viceroy.

"Oh, your excellency," replied Solus, falling into the trap, "the man is an imposter. I assure you he is not dumb. Before he ran into me I distinctly heard him cry out, 'Make way!'"

"Then," said the Viceroy sternly, "if you heard him ask you make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the accident was entirely with yourself, and you must give this poor man compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here."

Victoria—Queen Victoria shined brightly as a ruler in a galaxy of poets, painters and men and women of genius in her own country and in every land. Rev. Robert A. MacArthur, Baptist, New York City.

Adam—It was not a punishment but a blessing that Adam was shut out of Eden, shut out from the tree of life, shut out from immortality of sin.—Rev. C. M. Coburn, Methodist, Denver, Col.