

# Today

Concentration, Personality.  
Happiness, Prosperity.  
May We Have All Four.  
Some Air News.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

If an angel sent all the way down to do a favor as the New Year begins, offered you any two qualities which you would select, leaving out high moral quality that you doubtless possess already?

Concentration and personality are the two qualities most desirable in the opinion of this writer, and of others more important.

Personality is largely hereditary, the power of concentration also. But power of concentration can be developed through the will. And with concentration comes personality.

As a year ends human beings wish for each other two things, happiness and prosperity. Usefulness ought to be added, but is usually not added.

Happiness comes from within; each must make that for himself. Prosperity comes from without.

As the old year died away there were many signs of prosperity. Stocks and bonds, wheat, corn, cotton and copper were all going up when the bell rang and 1924, dropped into the grave.

The right mental attitude, plus common sense, will keep things going up through 1925.

The president's excellent supply of New England common sense will help. May he live long and prosper.

Robert Lansing, once secretary of state, forcibly removed by Woodrow Wilson somewhat as a dentist removes a tooth, has discovered that there is no danger whatever of war between the United States and Japan.

Why, do you ask?  
For the "reason" if you please, that Japan hasn't enough iron to carry on a war.

Mr. Lansing apparently imagines that war still depends on the firing of large, round, iron bullets.

Did Mr. Lansing notice that one of the Japanese ships unfortunately on fire at night, was carrying to Japan a very large cargo of nitrates? Nitrates give the kick to explosive bombs, and such bombs, plus poisonous gases that would destroy a whole city, not many tons of large, round, iron bullets, will decide the next war.

That the British empire means to rule the air, with the world's best air fleet, as it has hitherto ruled the old-fashioned oceans, is perfectly clear and much to the credit of British statesmanship.

The British are building giant dirigibles, for air mail service from England to India, in peace; big enough to carry troops for fighting with a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas.

And England goes ahead with this program in spite of the fact that the highly dangerous and deadly hydrogen gas must be used. The United States has practically a monopoly of helium gas, which makes the dirigible safe.

We also assuredly have the money to build ships. You are assured also by able financiers that it won't hurt the country at all to lend \$1,000,000,000 a year to private borrowers in Europe. It would not hurt us to spend one-tenth of \$1,000,000,000 on flying.

What we lack is the imagination that looks a few years ahead.

Russian soviet government has just ordered 100 fighting airplanes from Fokker, the Dutch builder. British engines will be put in the flying machines, and Russia has men to handle them.

Thus, by one modest purchase, Russia secures just five times as many fighting machines in good condition, as are owned by this glorious, richest nation in the world.

If a "bankrupt" bolshevik government can afford to order and pay for 100 modern fighting machines, couldn't the United States afford 1,000, and train the men to run them?

How long is Uncle Sam to remain like a fat grocer man sitting at his front door, unarmed waiting for some gunman to fly across the water and hold him up?

A rumor via Berlin that Trotsky is in a Moscow prison, takes you back to revolutionary days at the end of the eighteenth century, in Paris.

Danton, sent by Robespierre, went to prison, and thence to guillotine.

Robespierre, when his turn came, went to prison, and then with a broken jaw, but with courage intact, took his turn under the guillotine blade.

Marat ruled for a little while, from his bathtub. But Charlotte Corday made a call in his bathroom, and that was the end of Marat.

Revolution, beginning in murder, usually ends as it began. Those that cut off the heads of others lose their own.

The usual rule will presumably work in Russia. The man of real courage and brains comes out on top. Trotsky, with a big red army behind him, seemed to be that man. But one moment's hesitation, at the wrong side, means death.

This is the time for Russian leaders to study Peter the Great. There was no hesitation about him.

Lord Robert Cecil says some dictator will arise and rule in Russia. Trotsky has the chance to be that man.

It is announced in the French senate that the Morgan loan of \$100,000,000, with expenses deducted, "yielded" \$89,000,000.

Slylock treated his customers better than some of our high-minded financiers treat Europe.

(Copyright, 1924.)

## U. S. Fliers Risk Necks Over Malaya "Bony Finger," Conquer Big Air Trap, Save 800 Miles "on Way to Mandalay"

Told By LOWELL THOMAS

(Copyright, 1924.)

Between Bangkok, Siam and Rangoon, Burma, old Mother Asia extends a long bony finger right down to the equator. With the tip of it she separates the islands of Borneo and Sumatra. This finger of land is covered with unpeaked mountains and streaming tropical jungle. It is the peninsula of Malaya, famous since the dawn of history as the home of Malaya pirates and some source of most of the world's tin supply.

The next important supply depot that the advance officer for the world fliers had established was at Rangoon, near where the Irrawaddy empties into the Bay or Burma. Commanded Smith and his fellow airmen had to decide whether they should go around the Malay peninsula or fly over it. If the former, then they were faced with a flight of nearly 1,000 miles across the Gulf of Siam, the South China sea, and thence from Singapore near the equator up the straits of Malacca to the Bay of Bengal. Their planes were equipped with pontoons, and went through the water to do was to keep over water as much of the time as possible until the arrival in Calcutta, where they were scheduled to change to wheels for the flight across India.

But if they flew a few miles south to the thinnest part of the peninsula, and ran the risk of crashing in the primeval jungle where a forced landing would mean certain death, a flight of only 130 miles would take them across Malaya. They decided to take the chance and attempt to cut off over 800 miles.

Friday morning, the 20th day of June, they rolled out of their bunkers on the destroyer, and went through their usual aquatic sports, taxiing up and down the river attempting to get off. The Menam, like many other inland waterways, is so smooth that it's a ticklish game trying to ruffle up the surface enough to get one's "pontoons" up. But they finally made it, and were on their way to Mandalay.

On nearly every leg of their journey around the globe they encountered some new phenomena that kept the flight from ever becoming monotonous. This jump from Siam to Burma was no exception. Just as the jungle crepters twine themselves around and strangle giant trees, in a curiously similar way strange air currents from the somber Malay forest reached up and tried to pull them down, into that tropical wilderness.

Leave Wine-Like Air Behind.  
They began to notice these air currents about a half hour after the bustling, gilded spires and jewel-studded pagodas of Bangkok had melted into the background of banyans, bamboos, and tamarind trees. Although it was shortly after dawn that they boarded the planes, by the time they had reached the tropic coast of Malaya the wine-like tonic of the air at daybreak had gone. The air was humid and the vast, dripping forest under them was throwing off great clouds of vapor.

Some of the mountains in the center of the peninsula are from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high. Even the precipices are stifled under the weight of banks of fern and tangled jungle. The brooding immensity, and all pervading fecundity of that Malay forest surprised anything the fliers had ever seen. The clouds of steam rising from the damp roots of the jungle hung so low that they hid the mountains and the American airmen were often obliged to "lick rudder and dodge quickly."

Suction Causes Terrible Vision.  
"At times," according to Jack Harding, "the pontoons of the three planes barely skimmed over the jungle-covered summits of these untrodden mountains. Then the moment we would shoot out over a valley a downward current of air would drop us with such speed that I had visions of waking up in the jungle, to find myself either dangling from the horn of a Malay rhinoceros or squashed by a 30-foot python, or gored by the ferocious sladang, which lives in the heart of this jungle and is reputed to be the most dangerous animal on earth."

"While crossing a deep valley right in the middle of the peninsula we were suddenly sucked toward the jungle just like a gnat inhaled by a green monster. The Chicago and Boston were well off to our right at the time and were not affected by this particular current although they, too, were having the bumpiest trip they had ever gone through. While we were sucked into the valley they passed on over the next ridge. We couldn't get over it, so Erik banked, and we flew right back the way we came in order to get out and into another current. But when we started over the ridge we

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were drawn right into the valley again.

Strike Malayan Air Trap.  
"Meanwhile the other boys were wondering what had happened to us. So they flew back and circled around, waiting for us to escape from this curious air trap. Wade and Ogden were flying a bit lower than Smith and Arnold, and suddenly they, too, were sucked into the valley. Both planes were dangerously near the jungle. A strange race of pygmies, called the Sakel, live in the Stygian depths of the Manayan forest.

"They wear no cloths, live in bamboo shelters high up in the trees, and use poisoned arrows shot from blow pipes with which to kill monkeys and birds. What must these pygmies have thought when they saw and heard us so roaring over their villages? But we were four of the happiest airmen east of the Suez when we finally succeeded in climbing out of that Malayan air trap.

"Before we had gotten across the Malay peninsula the invisible sun and dark vapors arising from that equatorial wilderness made us feel as though we were flying through steam instead of through air. As we drew nearer the Bay of Bengal we could see occasional gaps in the jungle and rows and rows of trees all laid out with mathematical precision. We knew these must be rubber plantations, for we had heard in Bangkok that nearly all the rubber used in making tires for American motor cars is grown in the federated Malay states, Straits Settlements, and on the island of Sumatra, a little to the south of us, just across the equator.

But after our hair-raising experiences with the air currents of Malaya, we had no wild desire to fly down low enough to see the Tamil tappers collecting the latex or to fly past the open doors of any of the plantation factories just to get a glimpse of wan-faced Englishmen turing vats of milky sap into coagulated masses of raw rubber by adding acid.

Fly Out Over Sea  
"We flew right out to sea and came down beside the destroyer Sicard that was awaiting us at Tovy to give us a fresh supply of fuel. There were strong cross currents where we descended that made it difficult for us to reach our moorings. While we were servicing up the tide changed, the wind swept in from Nicobar and the Andamans, and the sea became almost too rough to get off. We were forced to try it though, because there was no sheltered cove where we could run in until the storm passed.

"Smith and Les managed to get off, but Leigh and Hank on their final bounce before leaving the water hit a big wave and one of their wires gave way. When we followed along behind them, in leaping from one mountainous wave to another the shock snapped two wires. Wade kept right on going with his wire dangling, thinking that it was less dangerous to attempt to fly on up the Burma coast to Rangoon with his plane in that condition than to take any chances on descending in such a sea and having a still worse crash. But with the two main wires gone we had to taxi back to our moorings for repairs.

"During the hour that it took us to put in new wires the other planes pushed right on north. On this flight up the Bay of Bengal we flew above the islands of Mergus archipelago, where it rains most of the time and where there is a queer race of people who live and die on their little boats.

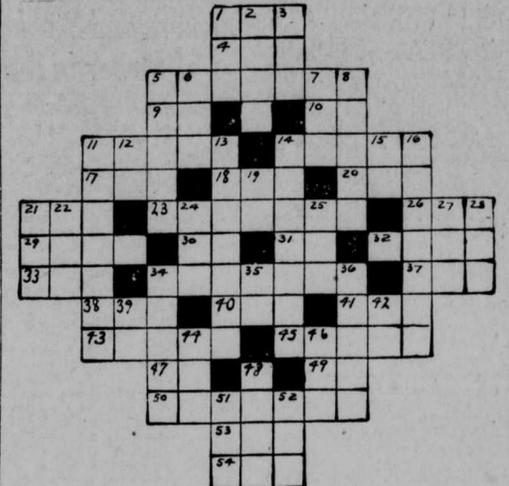
"We also flew over the Bay of Bengal, where the little-known Salween river flows down from far-off Tibet, and to our right, on a hill overlooking a little city, we saw the 'old Moummei pagoda' which Kipling has immortalized.

Arrive in Teeming India.  
"We jumped into our cockpits at dawn in Bangkok, Siam, and it was just sunset that we climbed out of them at Rangoon, Burma. Instead of landing in the Irrawaddy near the docks we flew on past the golden Shwe Dagon pagoda, which is one of the seven wonders of the world, and came down in a side stream near a former royal air force camp.

"To make up for having had such

## The Daily Cross Word Puzzle

By RICHARD H. TINGLEY.



Horizontal.

- 119.38 square yards of land measure.
- To batter.
- Skilled workman.
- Negation.
- Apart (prefix).

Vertical.

- Italian banker who invented a certain type of insurance.
- Sacred song.
- Cretan mountain.
- And not.
- A make of automobile.
- Source of light.
- Maternal parents.
- Tropical tree.
- Myself.
- Greek letter.
- Jumping stick.

good luck in getting away from Tovy without breaking any part of their plane. Lowell and Les had an extra thrill when they landed here at Rangoon. The current was far too swift for safety. Les was hanging on to the plane with one hand and grabbing for the buoy with the other.

But a strong wind carried the Chicago away from the mooring and Les landed in the water. Smith didn't happen to see what occurred because he had his eye on a junk that had come near colliding with them. A moment and Arnold was left to flounder about in the water in his flying clothes until Smith finally missed him and rushed back to the rescue."

Read the next installment of the thrilling story of the round-the-world flight in The Omaha Bee tomorrow.

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### BOY'S FEET FROZEN IN TRIP IN STORM

Broken Bow, Jan. 1.—John Rourke, 14, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Rourke, residing 11 miles north-west of Broken Bow, is at the home of his grandmother in this city with both feet badly frozen and is in danger of losing them. The boy, with his father and a neighbor made a night trip in a storm recently.

No one seemed the worse for the experience until John complained after reaching home that his feet and legs felt like sticks and it was then discovered they were frozen. Every effort is being made to save them from amputation.

The solution will appear tomorrow.

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