

# HAIR-PIN SAVES LIFE OF WOMAN ADRIFT IN AN AIR-SHIP.

**T**HERE was wild excitement among the crowd that for months had hung around the "California Messenger" at Berkeley. The cry that the airship had escaped its moorings rang through the town. Thousands ran for points of vantage, to watch the elephantine play of the huge machine as it drifted landward and seaward, and hovered lightly, and dipped dangerously, over the spires of Berkeley.

Soon it began to swiftly ascend. The fact of the escape, however thrilling though it was, did not account for the tense faces and the strained voices of the mass that surged here and there in a mad attempt to parallel the balloon's flight.

It had taken a woman passenger with it in its treacherous bound. The white face of the pretty wife of the young inventor could be seen looking over the edge of the car.

Her husband, making a megaphone with his hands, tried madly to shout directions to her. A thousand voices joining in the desperate effort to reach her realized their own impotency against that terrible height.

But if she was not an aeronaut she was a brave little woman. Although she knew nothing of the intricate machinery of the great ship of which her husband was the inventor, she knew something of gas balloons in general. At first, when she realized that she was really adrift, she thought it was going to be no more than an ordinary balloon ascension. She had seen many and had been with her husband in a few, and she determined that whatever happened she would keep cool.

## Steers Away from the Sea.

She turned to the rudder. That at least was in good working order, and she began to steer the ship, keeping it from heading out to sea, and circling its course over and above Berkeley. At first she could see her husband and the others running around beneath her. Then the objects of the earth became only a few tiny dots.

For awhile there still floated upward the sound of the voices, stripped of both their harshness and softness, and with the metallic quality of a far away graphophone. Then they became a faint vibration. From the first they had been only a blur of unintelligible sounds. When even this could be distinguished no longer, brave little Mrs. Heaton realized that she was plunging rapidly into unknown altitudes.

Soon the motor, which only had been set for a little while, and which had been running more feebly every minute, stopped entirely. She was now adrift in a universe that held the silence of death.

With the stopping of the motor there came a new danger. The current from the engine operated the guide ropes that connect with the rudder. The terror of the little woman now was that she would lose control of the ship and drift out to the open sea. With the determination not to be beaten, she grasped the helm with both hands and found that it still responded to her efforts. She breathed more easily for a moment, until all at once she was filled with the certainty of a terrible dread. She was confronted with a danger that is always a terror to aeronauts.

## Expanding Gas Brings Danger.

The gas in the balloon was beginning to expand as it reached the high altitudes, and there was the terrible chance of its bursting. The tension was already great and the little woman looked with horror at the glossy sides of the big bag straining dangerously as the tremendous inner pressure increased. With the energy of desperation she climbed into the rope supports of the car in her effort to reach the cord that was attached to the gas valve.

Finally with one mad reach she got hold of it, but though she pulled with the might of all the strength that was in her the valve refused to move. There was no more hope of the release vent. There was no knife in the car. The sides of the balloon were becoming lighter and more transparent.

## Tears Valve with Teeth.

Finally, acting upon an impulse that had lain dormant through the ages of evolution, hardly knowing how she did it, she climbed again into the rigging supports of the car. She grasped the silk tube through which the gas was forced into



MRS. GEORGE E. HEATON.

the balloon. She braced herself so that she could get hold of it with her teeth.

Working at it desperately she tore a small hole in the outer covering. Finally it became so large that she could insert her finger. Tearing at it she opened it enough to expose the inner covering to where she could attack that, too, with the fierceness of that which devours. It seemed as if her bravest efforts were doomed to meet with defeat. The tough fiber of the cloth strained into a tense, impregnable surface as it approached the bursting point, but would not yield to impression.

It seemed as if fate was determined that the young wife should only rejoin her husband below by being hurled down to him on her way to eternity.

Then a funny thing happened. "Funny and psychologically clear," said Mrs. Heaton afterward, "in my subconscious mind even at that dizzy height."

She fell back upon a little everyday habit. It was just the "way of a woman" reasserting itself in the midst of the primitive might of uncontrolled forces.

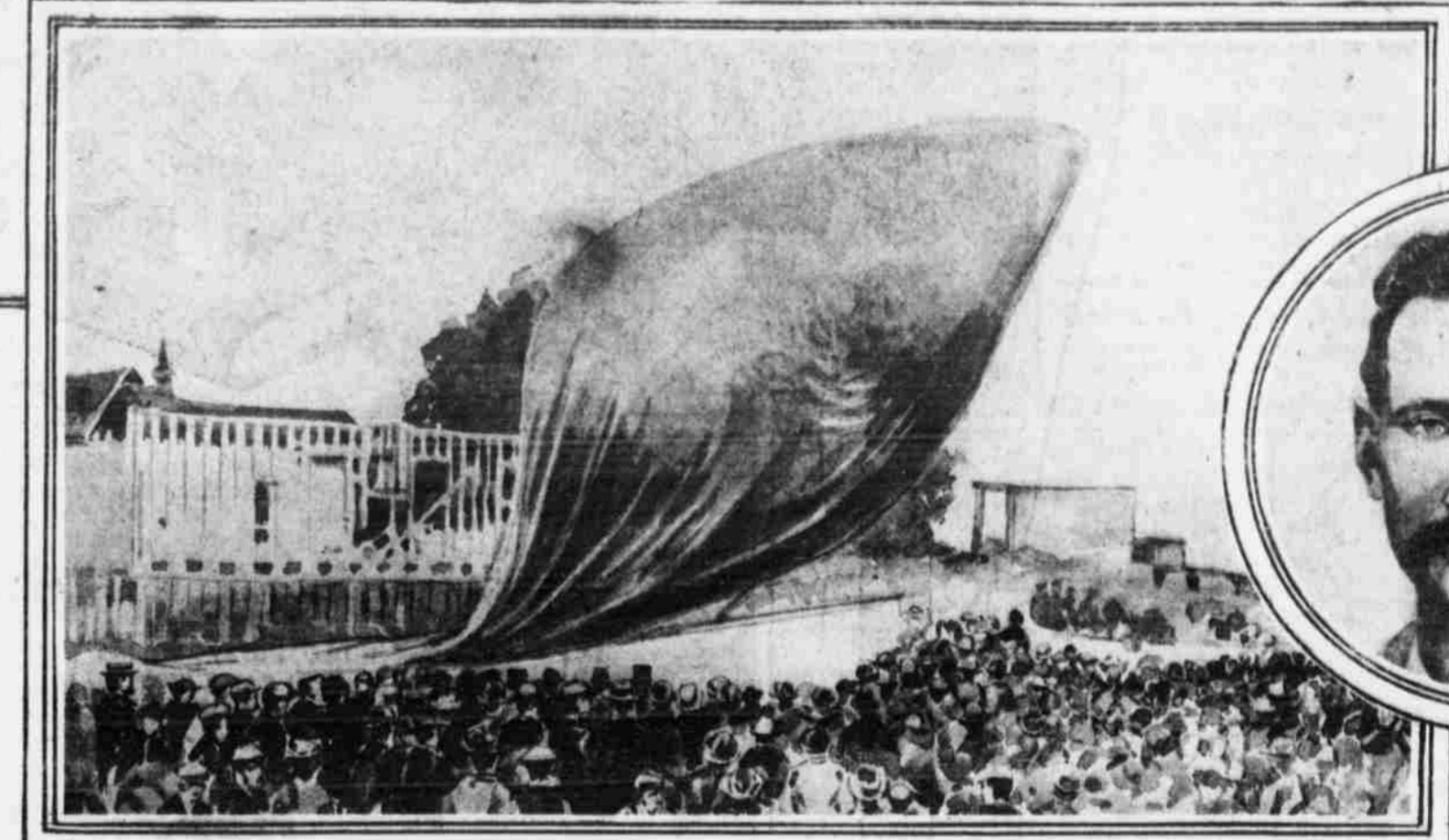
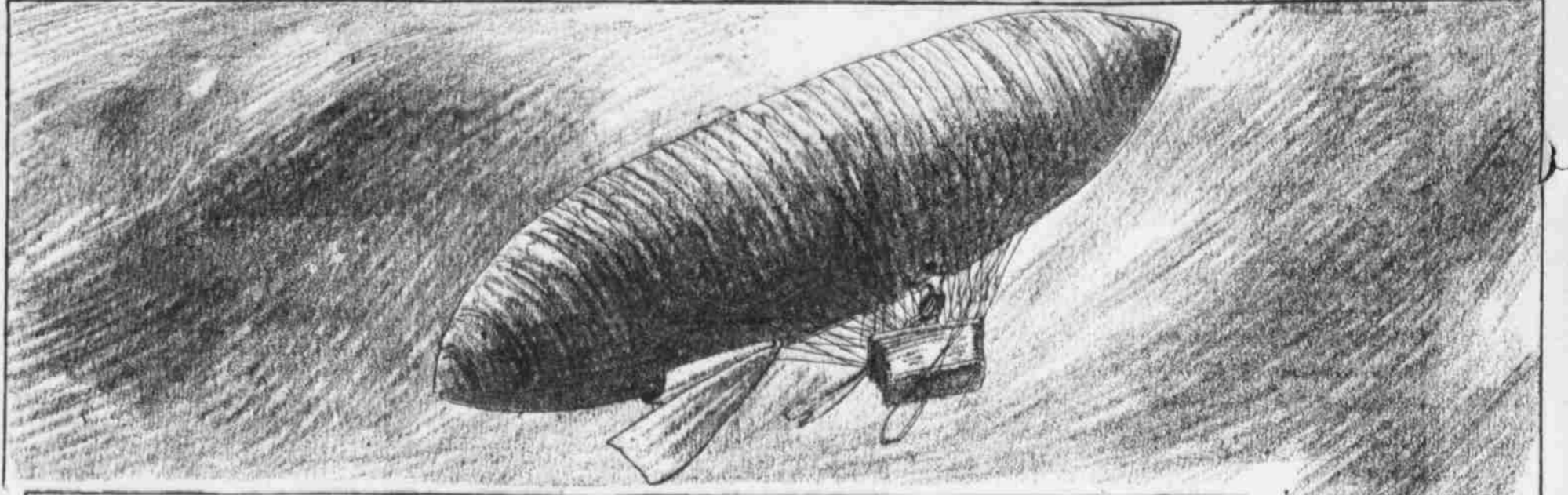
It was the triumph of the little implement which leads all the machinery of the world in its accessibility.

## Hair Pin Does the Trick.

She put her hand up to her hair instinctively and took out a tiny wire hair pin and began to puncture, puncture. At last she had worked it in and back, and out and forth, until the bias of escaping gas through the small aperture told her that her efforts were no longer in vain.

The worst was over.

It did not look so to the husband chained impotently to the earth and trying to bridge the chasm between them with his telescope. Long before she realized it he had known that she was going either to her doom or to a terrible fight with death. He had known it, when he had tried to shout directions to her with frantic energy. With his little glass it was long before he could make out that the tide had turned for the better.



WRECK OF THE AIR-SHIP "CALIFORNIA MESSENGER"



GEORGE E. HEATON.

It was still a matter of work and time for Mrs. Heaton to affect perceptibly the buoyancy of the balloon. She worked the hair pin around in the puncture and enlarged the hole a little. The pressure of gas aided her and soon there was a rush of the vapor and a noticeable shrinking of the taut silk cover.

## Comes Back to Earth.

Slowly, at last the airship began to settle toward the earth. Slowly the great crowd of thousands who had gathered below began to make out that the far object was becoming a little clearer. After a little while it became ap-

parent that the brave passenger so high had again taken hold of the steering gear and that the ship was answering beautifully to the helm. It was evident that she was steering not only toward Berkeley, but toward an open green space, where the beloved airship upon which centered her husband's hopes of fame and fortune would escape the spires and towers of the college town. A wild cheer came from the thousands as they followed the course of the ship.

As the gas went out of the balloon, however, there was a new danger. The ship careened in the wind, and lurched and swayed back and forth, and it was evident that the brave occupant was only maintaining her position by clinging to the rigging of the car. After all that she had escaped, was the

airship to turn a complete somersault and hurl her to death? Once more the people of the great crowd held their breath. With strained faces they watched the last struggle so insignificant in comparison with those she had already won. She won this, too. As the balloon neared the ground she braced herself against the sides of the car and prepared for the jar. There was none, however. The car touched the ground gently as the eager thousands reached to hold it. Mrs. Heaton emerged from the tangled mass of machinery, ropes, and wires unharmed, but shivering and white of face. It was many days before she had the merriment to recall that a little hair pin was the most useful thing which she had taken with her in her journey to the clouds.

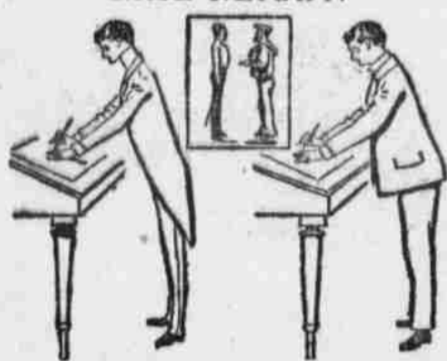


BIGGEST GRAMOPHONE.



It has just been constructed in England. Its volume of sound is equal to that of a fair sized orchestra.

SAME HEIGHT.



These men are the same height. Notice how the clothes make the man.

TO ROLL A CIGARET.



Take a strip of paper and a pinch of tobacco. Pull the tobacco out so that it lies evenly on the paper.



Using the first finger and thumb of both hands, begin to roll the tobacco in the paper upwards and downwards.



When the tobacco is neatly rolled, raise the fingers slightly toward the end of the cigarette and press gently. This will cause the un-gummed side of the paper to become tucked underneath the tobacco.



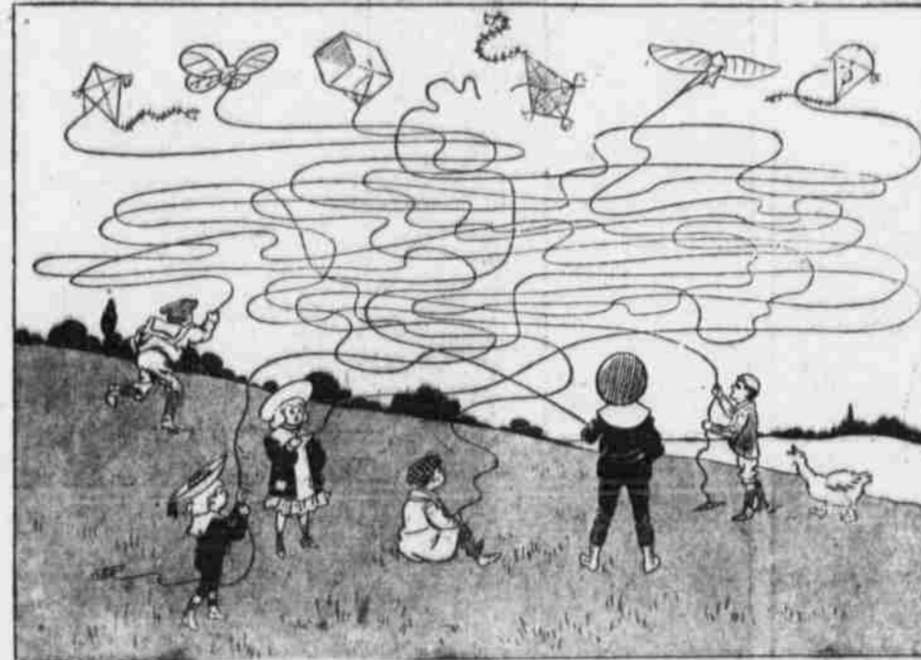
Moisten the gummed edge, press it down, and with the thumb and first finger nip off the tobacco protruding at the ends. The cigarette is now complete.

LEADING THE SINGING.



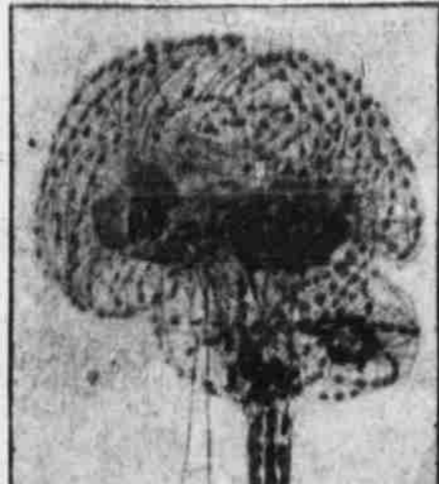
The London Mirror prints these sketches to show the characteristic attitudes assumed by Mr. Alexander, the singing evangelist, in conducting the big choruses at the Torrey-Alexander revival meetings.

WHO HAS LOST THE KITE?



One of these six boys has lost his kite. Do you think you can find out which boy it is? If you take a pencil and, beginning at the top, follow it along the line of the kite string, you'll soon find the owner of the lost kite.

YOUR BRAIN.



What your brain is like. This is a map of the human brain, showing all the various nerves.

GATES FAMILY CAT.



It lives at John W. Gates' home at St. Charles, Ill., and has a record of killing five rats at one time. Like its owner, it cleans up everything in sight when it can.

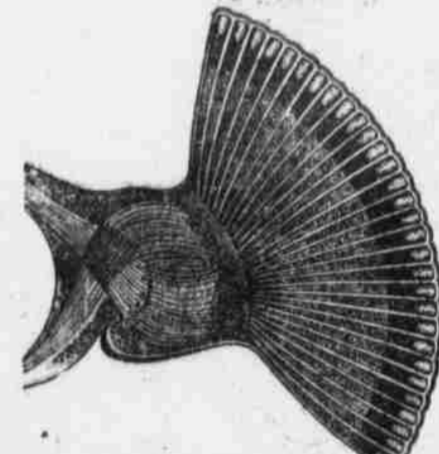
UNSPILLABLE INK WELL.



This ingenious inkstand is made in Germany. It doesn't spill a drop, even when it stands on its head. When not in use it is not covered, but simply inverted.



INSECT'S EYE.



An insect's eye, sliced lengthwise, looks like this. It is a bundle of many little eyes—thousands in some species—each of which attends to its own little patch of the field of view.

TRAVEL IN CASHMERE.



In Cashmere palanquins are used still by travelers.

WHISTLE GLOVES.



These are "whistle gloves" each "finger" of which ends in a wooden whistle. Each whistle, when blown, gives forth one note, so that each player is equipped with ten notes of the total number of those required to make up the tune being rendered.

THREE BLOW, TWO PLAY.

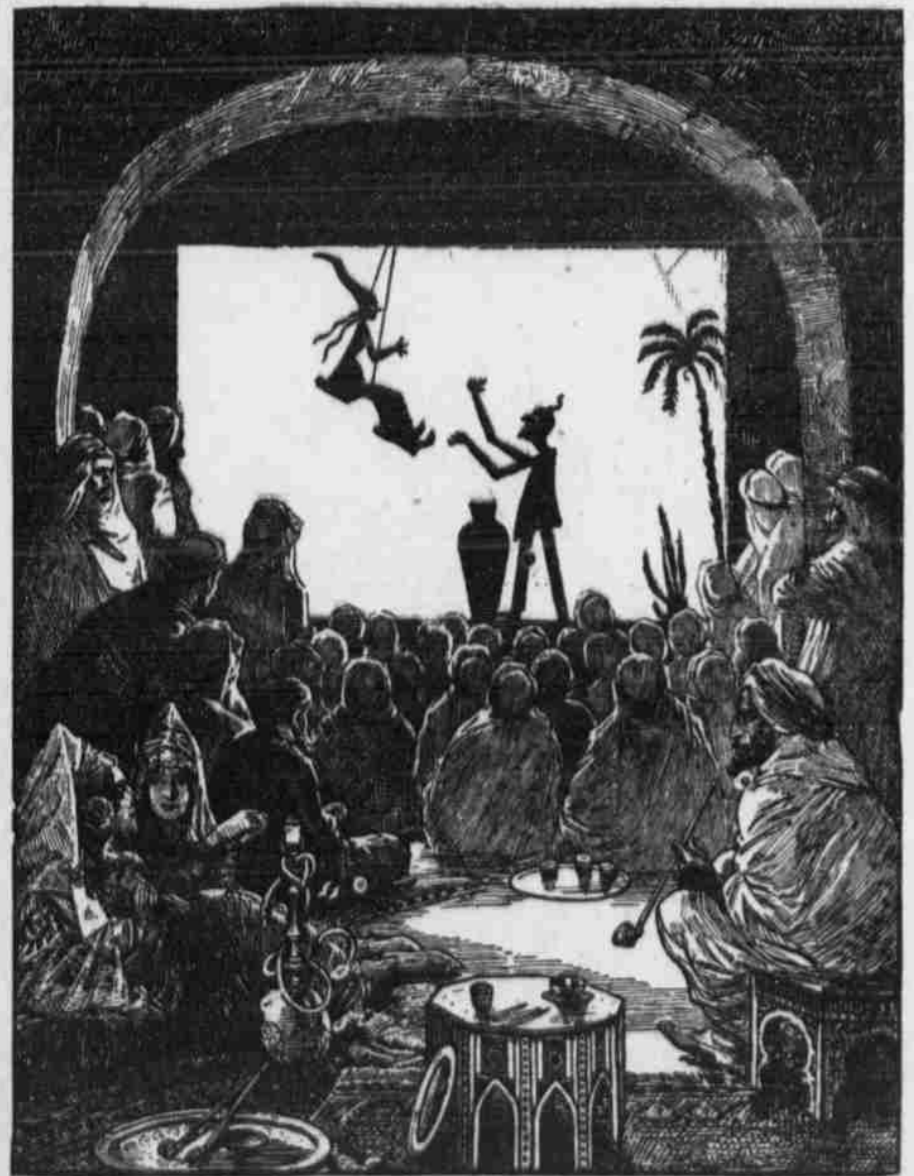


Traders in central Africa a few years back sold whole cartloads of ocarinas, little wind instruments made of earthenware. To one chief the idea occurred of having a giant ocarina constructed. The services of three natives are required to blow it, and there are two players, each of whom controls with his hands four of the eight note-holes provided.

WORLD'S LARGEST DIAMOND.



The great diamond, weighing 3,032 carats, the world's biggest diamond, which was recently discovered at Johannesburg. It measures four and a half inches by two and a quarter inches. The picture represents the exact size of the diamond.



Shadow plays originated in China ages ago, were imported to the court of Samarcand by Amerline's son and successor, were greatly enjoyed by the Sultan Baladin, and are now popular throughout the east. Here is a comic and western looking scene as performed in an Arabian coffee house.