

# BROTHERS OF THE AIR

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

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THE new biplane had only just left the field in an effort to climb higher into the almost cloudless sky than any aviator had yet ascended. Twice it had circled the aviation course, and each long spiral had carried it a peg upward. Already the determined, insistent *br-r-r-r* of the motor was softened by distance, and field-glasses were necessary to assure oneself that the little black figure between the canvas parallelograms was actually a human being.

The last man who had touched the biplane—one of the mechanics who had given the apparatus its final grooming—watched its flight grimly. His face was pale under its coat of tan, and his eyes glittered with some repressed excitement. Presently, when somebody touched him lightly, he started nervously, and pulled himself together with an effort; but he seemed unable to fix his eyes on the tall young man in plaid knickerbockers who had thus startled him.

The young man, whose cap, worn backward after the fashion of aviators, seemed to add keenness to his long, smooth-shaven face, kept his hand lightly on the other's shoulder. To the distant spectators they presented nothing more startling than the spectacle of a well-known airman talking rather familiarly with an unknown mechanic. Many were watching them, and pointing them out to new arrivals with the explanation:

"That's Harriman, you know, away over there across the field—the fellow who made that splendid flight yesterday in the Blériot."

High in the air, the biplane, having again circled the course, was starting on a new spiral, carrying it still higher. Harriman's grip tightened a little on the mechanic's shoulder.

"Did you tamper with Clinton's machine before the getaway?" he asked evenly.

His voice was low. It failed to reach the group of ten or a dozen other mechanics gathered around his own machine at a little distance. The man in the blue overalls looked at him, and then away again.

"What do you mean, Mr. Harriman?" he demanded sullenly.

"Don't lie!" said the other. "I've been watching you ever since he went up." He dropped his hand from the man's shoulder. "We're rivals in this business, and if anything happens to Clinton it's none of my funeral. But I'd like to know if anything is likely to happen—understand?"

Presumably the man understood. His face lost something of its look of apprehension; but he said nothing. The aviator, his hands in his pockets, turned as if to go away; then he apparently thought better of it.

"If anything happens," he continued, "I may add that there'd be a hundred dollars coming to the man who had fixed it. But it wouldn't do for him to come to me with his story after he'd had a chance to make it fit the circumstances!"

He turned on his heel and moved away, whistling. The mechanic hesitated. Then he took a long step after the other man.

"I'll tell you what will happen, Mr. Harriman," he said quickly. "He'll lose his control of the elevating plane. He gave me my walking-papers this morning, but I guess he won't be looking very hard for a substitute. You watch him. When he's done about a dozen of them spirals—"

He got no further. Harriman, his face illuminated with angry determination, had turned and gripped him by the wrists.

"You low brute!" he exclaimed sharply, raising his voice.

The men pattering about the monoplane heard him; they turned quickly, saw the two men struggling together, and came up

running. The group surrounded the aviator and his captive like a living curtain.

"Take this man and give him to the police," said Harriman. "Pick him up as if he was injured. If he makes a fuss, *injure him*. Two of you are enough. The rest of you get my machine in order. And you, Dick, chase across the field and tell the announcer I'm going up. Tell him," he called after the retreating figure, "that I'm going up after altitude!"

The men stared. They were used to quick action, but this had happened a little quicker than usual. Only one of them caught the situation.

"You're going to catch Clinton?"

"If I can. He's up there with a tampered machine, which may fall any minute. He can't be signaled — and there's no use starting a panic in the grand stand."

## II

THE distant crowd of spectators wondered as it saw two men, with their burden, emerge from the little group, while a third ran across the field toward the announcer, and the others swung the monoplane into line for a start. There was a moment's discussion; then the announcer raised his megaphone and bellowed to the four points of the compass:

"Mis-ter Tho-mas Har-ri-man going up in the Blér-i-ot. He—will—try—to—break—the—world's—record—for—altitude!"

Four times he shouted it. A cheer swept the grand stand, ran the length of the field, and was echoed by the people in the humbler seats at the far end of the course. They couldn't hear what was going to happen, but they cheered with imitative enthusiasm. The biplane, circling higher and higher, was temporarily forgotten.

Harriman, firmly settled in his machine, raised his right hand. Behind him the mechanics sprang away from the apparatus; the propeller began its steady, insistent roar, and the monoplane careered madly across the elastic turf of the field. For about seventy feet it ran evenly, then it left the ground and soared gracefully skyward. Nearly a hundred thousand eyes followed it.

Of all air-craft yet invented, the monoplane is the single one that actually suggests a living creature. It has been likened to a gigantic dragon-fly, and its wide-spread wings and long, slender body, terminating in the vertical and horizontal rudders, makes

the description surprisingly accurate. It is a dragon-fly multiplied a million times, and the humming noise of its motor is like a similar multiplication of the insect's buzz.

Hitherto Harriman's flights had been marked by preliminaries of daring airman-ship that had made him the most spectacular feature of the meet. The audience settled back, expecting a few high-speed flights around the course, varied by reckless swoops and astonishing rushes from side to side, before he settled to the business of forcing his flier up toward the point where Clinton's more matter-of-fact air-ship was now completing its fourth ascending spiral.

Against the darker background of a small cloud, the rays of the sun caught the ascending biplane, flamed on its polished brass motor, and transformed the soaring mechanism into a lovely, artificial thing of gold and ivory. And the monoplane, cutting between the sun and the audience, hummed above the grand stand like an ominous reality.

But among the aviators and experts on the field, the knowledge of Harriman's errand had spread from man to man. It had lapped over into the press-box, and sent an unaccustomed thrill of excitement along the reporters' table. Anxious eyes studied the biplane, to see if there was yet any sign of defective machinery. Once the machine started as if to settle earthward; then it steadied, and those who knew drew a long breath and told one another that the swerve was due to some upper air-current, for the biplane was again climbing.

Although the whiz of its propeller-blades was clearly visible, like a little electric fan, the sound they made was now altogether inaudible. The roar of Harriman's motor, meanwhile, sounded like a continuous accent of haste and anxiety.

For the monoplane was now completing its first spiral, its motor running full speed, and its occupant evidently bent on gaining every possible inch of elevation. Again and again the elevating plane lifted the insect-like body to a sudden, almost perpendicular, upward flight. There was danger in thus forcing the mechanism; each time the aviator took the risk that the repeated stress would snap some connecting link between himself and his apparatus, and send it crashing downward. But to the audience each of these splendid upward leaps seemed to be executed for its amusement, and it cheered them wildly. Here and there peo-

ple argued about the probable altitude, but none denied that the monoplane was rising faster than the air-ship that had preceded it.

The band was playing "Up the Street," and several thousand pairs of feet kept time to the march on the grand stand flooring. Boys in white coats passed here and there, selling peanuts and ginger-ale. Across the river that bordered the aviation field on the west, a string of kites flourished an advertisement, in the hope of catching an occasional eye when the aviators were not busy.

Somewhere along the road from the field to the neighboring city rolled a black wagon, with a blue-uniformed man driving, another blue-uniformed man standing on a little step behind, and a third man sitting, handcuffed, on the seat inside. Every now and then, so far as his handcuffs would let him, the prisoner wiped his oily hands on his blue overalls. Sometimes, when a turn of the road brought the back of the wagon into view of the distant aviation field, he looked stupidly up at the two air-ships soaring above it. And the man knew that, unless the second one soon overtook the first, the charge against him would be murder, based on the confession that he had allowed Harriman to draw from him.

Under any circumstances, Harriman's monoplane was a faster machine than Clinton's biplane. The biplane was built for stability, endurance, and carrying power. The monoplane was constructed for speed first, and other things afterward. In the upper air, therefore, the biplane went about its business with a certain dogged persistency, as remote from communication with the field below as if the earth had no existence, and intent only upon carrying its recording instruments to the highest possible altitude. The field, seen from such a height, was too remote and miniature to make possible the recognition of any signal; and even if the sound of voices could have reached the airman, the noise of his own motor would have silenced them.

But the monoplane carried no instruments; one might have said that it carried nothing but a human desire. Fifty thousand people saw in the performance simply a thrilling example of airmanship; but the experts saw a man coquetting with instant and horrible death in the unselfish determination to save another.

Again and again it seemed as if Harriman lifted his machine upward by sheer force of will. As the faint buzz of the mo-

tor sounded once more directly above the grand stand, it was evident that the dragon-fly had cut one-third from the distance that separated it from the biplane. It was impossible to estimate its height above the ground, but each successive spiral, sometimes carrying the monoplane far out over the river, evidently brought the pursuer nearer the altitude of his quarry.

Fifteen minutes—twenty—twenty-five—almost half an hour had elapsed since the monoplane started. The two air-ships were now near together, and field-glasses were necessary to follow their evolutions. The band had started another march, but no feet beat time to it. The field had altogether lost its customary air of bustle and preparation. The aviators had drawn together and were looking steadily upward. The mechanics stood in idle groups, watching the air-ships. The announcer had put down his megaphone.

Then the biplane began to drop. It fell slowly to the level of the monoplane—and for a long thirty seconds the two machines seemed to be coming down together.

One of the men at the edge of the field spoke into a telephone, and a moment later a motor-driven ambulance came into view from behind the hospital tent. It stopped and waited. Inside, a couple of white-coated surgeons were arranging a stretcher. The chauffeur leaned forward, with his eye fixed on the biplane.

But the two air-ships were again mounting, now almost side by side. Even with the glasses, it was impossible to tell what the men in them were doing; but the monoplane, putting on speed, headed in front of the slower craft, and then turned and plunged suddenly downward.

### III

A QUICK indrawing of breath ran along the grand stand, a mighty sigh, as if all these thousands of people had responded to a given signal. The band stopped playing, one instrument after another involuntarily silenced by the general feeling of something imminent and terrible.

Up there in the sky Harriman seemed to be performing feats that were no longer amusing, but criminally reckless. It was one thing, people told one another, to see a man take risks, but they had not come there to see a man commit suicide. Three times in succession he drove his machine across the path of the biplane, and then dived

earthward at an angle that made it seem impossible that he would not be pitched bodily out. But the fourth time, the other machine followed, and the two began circling back toward the earth.

And now the race seemed to be reversed. The monoplane led and the biplane followed. The long, graceful spirals brought them nearer and nearer to the landing-place. The band, as if ashamed of its lapse from duty, played louder than ever. Field-glasses were lowered, and the audience, feeling that the most exciting event of the day was nearly over, prepared to applaud the participants.

The faint buzzing of the motors grew to a roar as the two air-ships circled the course not far above the heads of the spectators. Then it stopped abruptly as first one man

and then the other shut off his power and swooped to the solid earth. Clinton climbed hastily out of his machine and approached the monoplane, taking off the pads that protected his ears from the noise of his motor, and hearing for the first time the thunder of applause that had greeted his landing.

"Well, Harriman," he said, "I suppose this is what you were after, with all that pantomime. But what the dickens were you trying to say to me?"

"You just look over that machine of yours, inch by inch," replied Harriman, climbing stiffly out of his own air-ship, "and I don't think you'll need to ask questions. Overhaul your elevating plane, in particular. *Br-r-r-r!*" He slapped his arms to restore circulation. "It's a cold place up there, without one's leather jacket!"

#### WINDS OF YESTERDAY

OVER the hills you fled from me,  
Oh, winds of yesterday!  
Bearing from me so much I loved,  
Oh, winds of yesterday—

A bit of the golden dust of youth,  
Blowing it far with careless ruth;  
The laugh of a friend, a low, sweet song  
Sung when the shadows lingered long;  
A hope that died with the setting sun,  
A dream that waned when day was done—

These and a thousand loved things more  
You took from my life forevermore;  
And never a prayer that priests can frame,  
Never a charm that lips can name,  
Never the yearnings of worlds of men,  
Can bring them back to me again!

Yet if you come no more to me,  
Oh, winds of yesterday,  
Out of the shadowy hills of the past,  
Oh, winds of yesterday—

I'll treasure the dust that still remains,  
Shield it from loss and darksome stains;  
The friendly voice with its cheery thrill  
Shall speak with the old loved accents still;  
The strain of the song that fled away  
My heart shall recall at the close of day.

The hope that died I shall ne'er regret,  
For hopes must die and hearts forget;  
The dream that waned in the bright day's glare  
Remembered still leads me to do and dare.  
Life is calling forever great deeds to perform,  
Love waits still to guide me through shadow and storm;  
I follow you not on your far hill way—  
Farewell, ye winds of yesterday!

*Arthur Wallace Peach*

# FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

## XXIV—LOLA MONTEZ AND KING LUDWIG OF BAVARIA

BY LYNDON ORR

**L**OLA MONTEZ! The name suggests dark eyes and abundant hair, lithe limbs and a sinuous body, with twining hands and great eyes that gleam with a sort of ebon splendor. One thinks of Spanish beauty as he hears the name; and in truth Lola Montez justified the mental picture.

She was not altogether Spanish, yet the other elements that entered into her mercurial nature heightened and vivified her Castilian traits. Her mother was a Spaniard—partly Moorish, however. Her father was an Irishman. There you have it—the dreamy romance of Spain, the exotic touch of the Orient, and the daring, unreasoning vivacity of the Celt.

This woman, during the forty-three years of her life, had adventures innumerable, was widely known in Europe and America, and actually lost one king his throne. Her maiden name was Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert. Her father was a British officer, the son of an Irish knight, Sir Edward Gilbert. Her mother had been a *danseuse*, named Lola Oliver. "Lola" is a diminutive of Dolores, and as "Lola" she became known to the world.

She lived, at one time or another, in nearly all the countries of Europe, and likewise in India, America, and Australia. It would be impossible to set down here all the sensa-

tions that she achieved. Let us select the climax of her career, and show how she overturned a kingdom, passing but lightly over her early and her later years.

### THE EARLY LIFE OF LOLA MONTEZ

She was born in Limerick in 1818, but her father's parents cast off their son and his young wife, the Spanish dancer. They went to India, and in 1825 the father died, leaving his young widow without a rupee; but she was quickly married again, this time to an officer of importance.

The former *danseuse* became a very conventional person, a fit match for her highly conventional husband; but the small daughter did not take kindly to the proprieties of life. The Hindu servants taught her more things than she should have known; and at one time her stepfather found her performing the *danse du ventre*. It was the Moorish strain inherited from her mother.

She was sent back to Europe, however, and had a sort of education in Scotland and England, and finally in Paris, where she was detected in an incipient flirtation with her music-master. There were other persons hanging about her from her fifteenth year, at which time her stepfather, in India, had arranged a marriage between her and a rich but uninteresting old judge. One of her numerous admirers told her this.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910); "The Empress Catharine and Prince Potemkin" (February); "Dean Swift and the Two Esthers" (March); "Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur" (April); "Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay" (May); "The Story of Franz Liszt" (June); "The Story of George Sand" (July); "The Story of Rachel" (August); "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); and "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November).