



## Thrilling Ascent of a Volunteer Boy Balloonist.

Breathlessly, almost, a large crowd was awaiting a balloon ascension at Hashagen's Park, St. Louis, Mo. Half a dozen men were inflating the huge bag with gas, and the professional aeronaut, in pink tights and apangles, was arranging the parachute. His movements were closely noted by the spectators, who were commenting in whispers on his recklessness and daring and the probability that he was about to make his last trip.

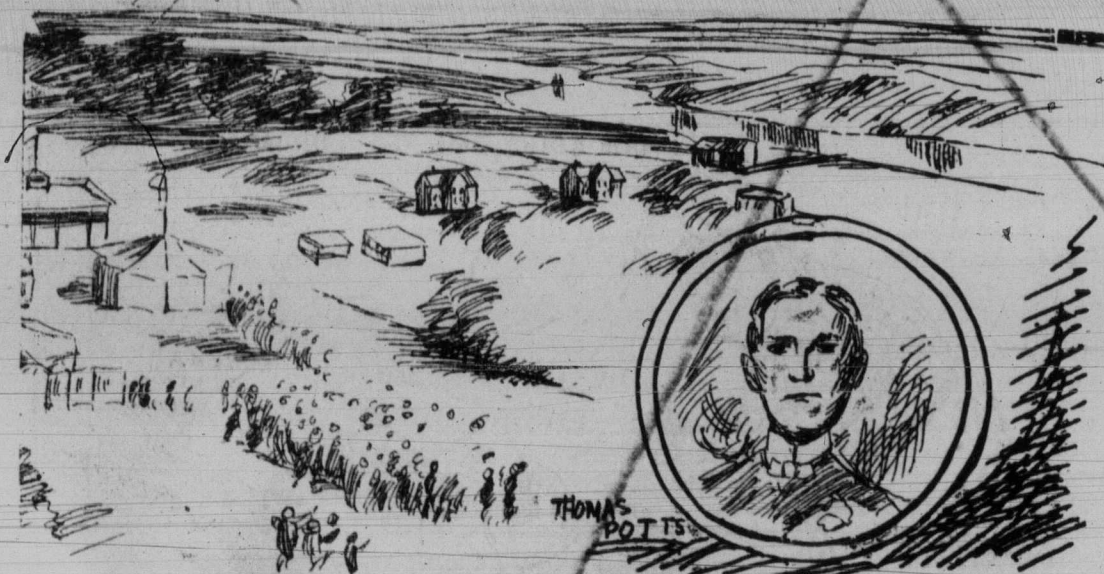
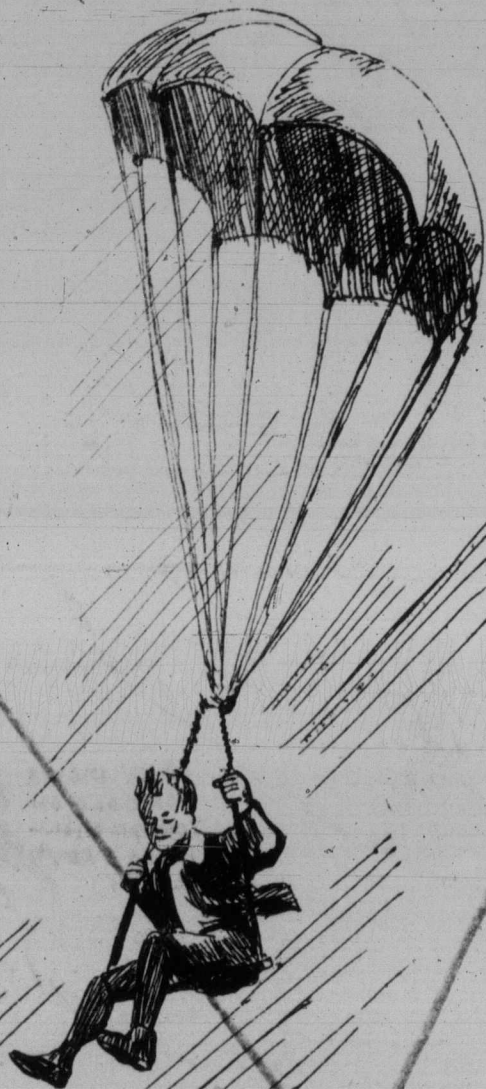
Suddenly, as though he had been stunned by the anxiety which was being expressed in his behalf, the balloonist loosened his hold on the parachute ropes and, turning to the manager of the garden, his face pale as death, he announced that he would not make the ascent. The manager accused the aeronaut of cowardice, and the latter did not deny it; in fact, he admitted that he was afraid to make the trip.

The disappointment of the spectators gave way to disgust and they demanded an exhibition or their money. The manager pleaded with the aeronaut. The hero of a moment before was shaking like a leaf. He declared aloud, in quivering tones that he would not undertake the feat if it cost him his reputation. His statement was greeted with jeers.

"I'll go up in the balloon, if papa will let me."

The voice of a lad in knickerbockers fell upon the ears of the spectators.

"Don't allow that youngster to



commit suicide," shouted one person, and the next minute every one present was voicing his or her protest.

"You'll not do, my boy," said the manager. "You're too young."

"I'm not afraid to go up," replied the lad, looking at the balloon, which was rapidly filling. The boy was "Tommy" Potts, fourteen years old, and lives at No. 4,145 South Compton avenue, a few blocks from the park. He said he had never been up in a balloon, but insisted that he be allowed to try the experiment, providing he could obtain his father's consent. It happened that the latter was on the grounds, and when he learned of his son's offer to take the place of the frightened aeronaut he said readily, "If the boy wants to make the trip I have no objection."

A few minutes later, after bidding his father goodby, "Tommy" mounted the parachute swing and gave orders to release the balloon.

Very few persons in that crowd had the courage to look at the balloon as it started up. They turned their heads and several ran from the scene. The father, wringing his hands nervously and regretting that he had allowed the boy to undertake the perilous feat, did not take his eyes from the balloon from the time it left the ground. He watched it grow smaller as it rose higher, saw his boy's form clinging to the ropes until it looked like a speck, and then, as the balloon reached a height of nearly four thousand feet, he turned to the crowd and remarked, proud-

ly, "Hasn't that boy a lot of nerve?" "Tommy's" mother and sisters witnessed the ascension from the front porch of their home. They little suspected who the aeronaut was, and neighbors who had been to the park kept the information from them.

Six minutes after the balloon had left the ground the open mouthed spectators saw the parachute cut loose from the big bag and fall. Again they turned their heads from the sight. Even the proud father turned pale. Presently the parachute assumed an umbrella shape and began descending slowly, and a few minutes later "Tommy" was on earth, receiving the congratulations of the crowd.

The parachute alighted at Compton avenue and North Dakota street. There was a lawn party in progress a block away, and "Tommy" said he had seen the illuminated lawn when he was thousands of feet from the ground and had tried his best to alight in the midst of it.

When Mrs. Potts heard of her son's adventure her first impulse upon recovering from the shock was to give the youth a sound thrashing, but she changed her mind and kissed him instead.

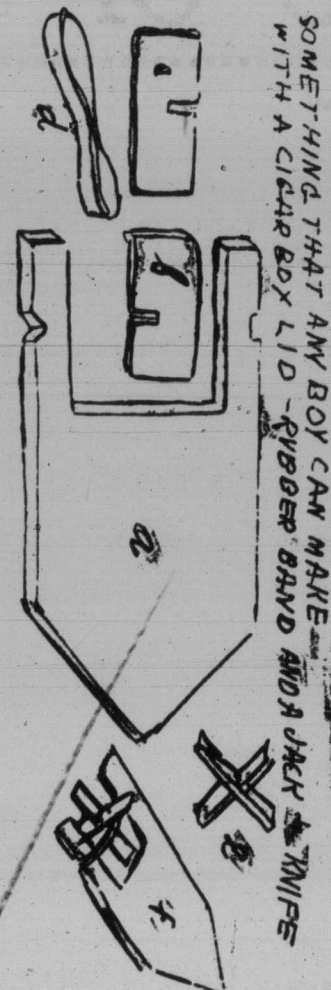
Master Potts declares that he was not frightened at any stage of the venture, although he admits that just after the balloon started he "kind of wished he was back on the ground." The Mississippi river looked like a tape measure, and the tops of the houses and trees looked like toys.

He said he thought of the folks at home and wondered what his mother would say.

Robert Scanlan, the aeronaut who was to have made the ascension, is thirty-five years old and has been a balloonist for twelve years. He says he cannot account for his nerve failing him.

Young Potts has been working around Hashagen's Park ever since the arrival of the balloon in May.

The boy took a great interest in the aeronaut's work and frequently requested permission to make a trip with him.



The best fun in whittling and making things is to make things that will "get a move on" after they are made. Now, see here, boys, this isn't merely because you like the fun of seeing things go. It is more than that. It is the same desire that makes men successful in business life.

A man who is willing to waste his life in starting things—business affairs, for instance—that need him behind them all the time to make them go as they should, wastes much of his energy and life force in pushing matters that ought to go of their own motion after he has started them. The great business men of today meet success half way by planning things out so that, after they once start a business—whether it is a factory or a syndicate or anything else—it will go on of itself, and keep increasing, while they turn to still other matters.

It is a far cry from a great syndicate, apparently, to a stern paddle-wheel boat that can be made out of a cigar-box and a rubber band with no tool except a jack-knife; but if you make that go you have done something toward success.

The picture shows just how the boat can be made. "A" shows the shape into which the box-lid is to be cut; "B" and "C" show the two paddles, made by slitting the piece cut out of the part of "A" between the prongs. These must be dove-tailed and grooved, too, to form the piece "D."

That really completes the boat. All that is necessary now is to put engine power in her. The engine is a rubber band. Slip the band, twisted as in "D," over "E" and around the prongs of "A" until the boat complete is like the figure "F." Then turn the paddle wheel until the rubber band is tightly twisted. Then put her in the water and let her go.

Of course, if you are right-minded and proud of your handiwork, you will build a cabin on her, and give her smokestacks and the other appendages of an honest craft. But that will be only for looks.

### Want Their Cash.

New York, July 29.—Charles D. Kimball, governor of Rhode Island, accompanied by a lawyer, appeared in the Tombs police court today and

asked for a warrant for the arrest of Andrew F. Power, a promoter. Magistrate Duell declined to issue a warrant but issued a summons, returnable August 6. It is charged that Power went to Gov. Kimball and asked him to join the directorate of a company in which he said all the governors of the eastern states would

be included. The governor became interested to the extent of \$2,000 and he says he has never been able to get an accounting for the money. A joint complaint is L. B. Curtis, of Bridgeport, Conn., who it is understood invested \$3,000 with Power but has never been able to obtain an accounting.

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