

Home Journal

Dr. Samuel Johnson on Flying

More than two hundred years ago Dr. Samuel Johnson had given some thought to human aviation, as is evidenced by the following paragraphs out of "Rasselas":

Among the artists that had been allured into happy valley, to labor for the accommodation and pleasure of its inhabitants, was a man eminent for his knowledge of the mechanic powers, who had contrived many engines, both of use and recreation. By a wheel which the stream turned he forced the water into a tower, whence it was distributed to all the apartments of the palace. He erected a pavilion in the garden, around which he kept the air always cool by artificial showers. One of the groves appropriated to the ladies was ventilated by fans, to which the rivulet that ran through it gave a constant motion; the instruments of soft music were placed at proper distances, of which some played by the impulse of the wind and some by the power of the stream.

This artist was sometimes visited by Rasselas, who was pleased with every kind of knowledge, imagining that the time would come when all his acquisitions should be of use to him in the open world. He came one day to amuse himself in his usual manner, and found his master busy in building a sailing chariot; he saw that the design was practicable upon a level surface, and with expressions of great esteem solicited its completion. The workman was pleased to find himself so much regarded by the prince, and resolved to gain yet higher honors. "Sir," said he, "you have seen but a small part of what the mechanic sciences can perform. I have been long of opinion that, instead of the tardy conveyance of ships and chariots, man might use the swifter migration of wings; that the fields of air are open to knowledge, and that only ignorance and idleness need crawl upon the ground."

This hint rekindled the prince's desire of passing the mountains: having seen what the mechanist had already performed, he was willing to fancy that he could do more; yet resolved to inquire further, before he suffered hope to afflict him by disappointment. "I am afraid," said he to the artist, "that your imagination prevails over your skill, and that you now tell me rather what you wish than what you know. Every animal has his element assigned him; the birds have the air, and man and beasts the earth."

"So," replied the mechanist, "fishes have the water, in which yet beasts can swim by nature and men by art. He that can swim needs not despair to fly; to swim is to fly in a grosser fluid, and to fly is to swim in a subtler. We are only to proportion our power of resistance to the different density of matter through which we are to pass. You will be necessarily upborne by the air, if you can renew any impulse upon it faster than the air can recede from the pressure."

"But the exercise of swimming," said the prince, "is very laborious; the strongest limbs are soon wearied; I am afraid the act of flying will be yet more violent; and wings will be of no great use unless we can fly further than we can swim."

"The labor of rising from the ground," said the artist, "will be great, as we see it in the heavier domestic fowls, but as we mount higher,

the earth's attraction and the body's gravity will be gradually diminished, till we shall arrive at a region where the man will float in the air without any tendency to fall; no care will then be necessary but to move forwards, which the gentlest impulse will effect. You, sir, whose curiosity is so extensive, will easily conceive with what pleasure a philosopher, furnished with wings, and hovering in the sky, would see the earth and all its inhabitants rolling beneath him, and presenting to him successively, by its diurnal motion, all the countries within the same parallel. How must it amuse the pendant spectator to see the moving scene of land and ocean, cities and deserts! To survey with equal serenity the marts of trade and the fields of battle; mountains infested by barbarians, and fruitful regions gladdened by plenty and lulled by peace! How easily shall we then trace the Nile through all his passage; pass over to distant regions, and examine the face of nature from one

in the air beyond the malice and pursuit of man. But I will work only on this condition that the art shall not be divulged, and that you shall not require me to make wings for any but ourselves."

"Why," said Rasselas, "should you envy others so great an advantage? All skill ought to be exerted for universal good; every man has owed so much to others, and ought to repay the kindness that he has received."

"If men were all virtuous," returned the artist, "I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them. Even this valley, the retreat of princes, the abode of happiness, might be violated by the sudden descent of some of the naked nations that swarm on the coast of the southern sea."

The prince promised secrecy, and waited for the performance, not wholly hopeless of success. He visited the work from time to time, observed its progress, and remarked many ingenious contrivances to facilitate motion, and unite levity with strength. The artist was every day more certain that he should leave vultures and eagles behind him, and the contagion of his confidence seized upon the prince.

In a year the wings were finished and on a morning appointed, the maker appeared furnished for flight on a little promontory; he waved his pinions awhile to gather air, then leaped from his stand, and in an instant dropped into the lake. His wings, which were of no use in the air, sustained him in the water, and the prince drew him to land, half dead with terror and vexation.

Moving Pictures Barred

Pugilism is about down and out. It was hard to find a place so lost to self-respect as to be willing to be the scene of the last fight and the dollars to be brought into that place were the final compelling agents. But, heretofore, with that charming inconsistency that characterizes the human race, states and cities that would have spurned the suggestion of having the fight take place within their borders, allowed moving pictures showing every detail to be displayed, even freely displayed in houses to which men and women and tender children were permitted to come. Things have changed. For various reasons, none of which are as important as the result for decency obtained, state after state and city after city are issuing injunctions restraining owners of moving picture machines from exhibiting views of the fight. The province of Ontario has passed an order-in-council to prevent the pictures being shown anywhere in the province. It would be a wise idea for the prairie provinces to follow suit.

* * *

The beautiful grounds of The Grange, bequeathed to the city of Toronto by the late Professor Goldwin Smith, will probably be used as a public park. The house itself, according to the wish of the donor, is to be kept as an art museum.

OPPORTUNITY

WRITTEN BY MALONE IN ANSWER TO INGALL'S POEM, "OPPORTUNITY."

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances past away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane,
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from Hell;
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped.
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can."
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
But they might rise and be again a man.

extremity to the other!"

"All this," said the prince, "is much to be desired; but I am afraid that no man will be able to breathe in these regions of speculation and tranquility. I have been told that respiration is difficult upon lofty mountains, yet from these precipices, though so high as to produce great tenuity of air, it is very easy to fall; therefore, I suspect that from any height where life can be supported there may be danger of too quick descent."

"Nothing," replied the artist, "will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must be first overcome. If you will favor my project, I will try the first flight at my own hazard. I have considered the structure of all volant animals, and find the folding continuity of the bat's wings most easily accommodated to the human form. Upon this model I shall begin my task to-morrow, and in a year expect to tower

ally, prices
hicago and

he number
was the
this week.
ry supplies
week or so.
3,000 head.
t go much
to see how

ire of some
week pro-
calves are

The calf
a sufficient
ek to meet
the coun-
reds, prices
of demand
t was diffi-
rds, nowa-
nt-up pas-
ed are the
Farmers
der to carry
rifying. A
nd always
t afford to
cheap.

The crop
ers, appre-
ff. Prices

to \$5.75

to 5.50

to 5.00

to 5.00

to 4.25

to 3.25

9.25

to 7.50

to 5.75

to 5.00

to 4.00

ifers, \$6.15
0 to \$5.75;
0 to \$5.40;
to \$5.40;
to \$4.75;
red, \$9.25;

teers, 14½c.
pool prices
ian steers.

5 to \$6.25;
00; feeders,
p, \$3.85 to

ek for farm

21 to 22c.

32 to 33c.

24c.

25c.

19c.

15 to 17c.

12½ to 13c.

10 to 10½c.

16c.

16 to 17c.

10 to 12c.

8 to 10c.

14c.

14c.

19c.

22c.

16½c.

12½c.

10c.

14c.

15c.

11½c.

7½ to 8c.

\$18.00

20.00

22.00

0 to \$26.00

0 to 13.00

0 to 17.00

30 to 35c.

\$1.75