

THE DEATH in the DIRIGIBLE

An Adventure of Peter Crewe—"The Man with the Camera Eye."

By Harold Carter

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"Simplicity, Langton, if I may use a metaphor, is the keystone of the arch of successful crime. We have the upward curve—the plot; the downward curve—its accomplishment...

The German government, there was no doubt, had at last perfected a dirigible balloon whose value as a war weapon was incalculable...

Crewe and I, who were both interested in aeronautics, had been present at the start of each balloon from Hamburg...

"You are dangerous," he said to Lieutenant Von Keller, "to risk your life after your predecessors have perished."

"It's part of my job," Von Keller answered, with a fatalistic shrug of his shoulders. "I die well—"

"Impossible," Von Keller answered. "However, this time I shall make the ascent unaccompanied, so that treach-

ery will be impossible." "The balloon might be tampered with before you start."

"Hardly," I said, "but our officers can approach the test in which it is mooted. Then, before ascending, I shall test the pulley and all the apparatus."

"And yet," said Crewe, "your competitors were found dead in the shreds of their balloons, and they, too, had confidence. Now let me ask you a question. To what do you ascribe the fact that their bodies were found drenched with water?"

"Rain—or dew," said the lieutenant. "There had been no rain, and dew could never have soaked their bodies to the skin and drenched their hair."

"It is immaterial," Von Keller answered. "I shall not die, for I have tested the balloon thoroughly and have complete confidence in it."

"This conversation took place upon the morning of that on which the ascent was to be made. Almost immediately afterward the tent was stripped from the balloon and the huge inflated sphere could be seen swaying above the ropes which fastened it to earth. Sphere-shaped, instead of cigar-shaped, the steering apparatus was hidden within; it looked like a balloon of an old-fashioned type, such as has been in use during the past hundred years. It rose by the aid of hydrogen gas; yet, in some mysterious way, the builder had made it completely responsive to its driver's hand."

Dr. Fenelon now came forward to make the physical examination. The process proved lengthy. Crewe, who by some process known to himself alone, had obtained leave for us both to be present, watched the doctor intently.

"I doubt—I fear," stammered the doctor, "your condition does not wholly warrant your ascending. There is some organic derangement, but the heart contractions are a little feeble. At a high altitude—"

"Have you ever inhaled oxygen, Herr Lieutenant?" he asked. "Once, when I had pneumonia, to ease the lungs."

same time somebody—Crewe, as I discovered afterward, but in the confusion he was unnoticed—shouted to the men to release the rope. Instantly the balloon shot up into the skies, leaving the lieutenant standing motionless upon the ground, watching its upward flight.

This contraption sent the general into a furious passion. The balloon was as good as lost; its course had taken it out toward the North sea, with little hope of its recovery. He issued an order to the adjutant and a moment or two afterward, while I still stared round to discover my companion, I found myself under arrest. I was conveyed to the general's headquarters, along with Crewe, who had been apprehended in another section of the inclosure as he was trying to leave. Two minutes later we were hailed into his presence.

"Who the devil are you?" he shouted roughly in guttural English. "Unless you can offer a suitable explanation you shall both be placed under arrest as spies. You have spotted the Kaiser's IV—the devil take it. It is the third balloon to go!"

"Well, what the devil has that to do with me?" "General," said Crewe quietly, "when I was a younger man I spent some months in Germany and I know the Kaiser's IV."

"Why do you speak to me privately?" asked Crewe. "You are a youthful officer whose sword was stolen—"

"The general became paler than the lieutenant. "Gentlemen, you may leave me," he said, and, saluting the lieutenant and the orderly departed.

"Now, general," said Crewe briskly, "I alluded to an unfortunate incident in your early career, which I witnessed when you were a subaltern. It was not for the purpose of seeking your case, Crewe," I said later. "But I can," he said confidently. "I snapped his sword, Langton, not only in self-defense, but that he might be retained in barracks. He must not let that murderer escape. If he could have resisted the temptation to taunt us he would doubtless have known that he was discovered."

"Your proofs?" asked the general in a stern voice. "They will be found when the balloon comes to earth—an event which has probably occurred already, owing to atmospheric conditions. It is a matter of time before it will be found before nightfall. Let me ask you a question. What were the contents of the last balloon that was sent up?"

"Identical with those of the first," the general answered. "A barometer, two thermometers, a hygrometer, field glasses and certain military and motor equipment of a private nature."

"Take these men," he said, "and confine them in the guard house. To-morrow they will be arraigned before a military court as spies."

"You are mad, General," cried Crewe angrily. "I tried to save you—"

"You tried to intimidate me, sir," shouted the general, "and to excite yourselves by maligning the honor of a brave officer. Taken away immediately!"

"We were hailed off ignominiously across the officers' quarters in the direction of the guard house, while General von Stimms followed us to the door and stood upon the threshold, watching us sourly. As our captors led us across the quadrangle of green I noticed a commotion in a further corner of the square; then an officer came hurrying along, bearing a newspaper in his hand. He passed us, and I read the startling headline: "DESTRUCTION OF THE GREAT DIRIGIBLE."

Crewe had seen it as well. He smiled grimly. "If only they had arrested Fenelon," he muttered. "Why, there he goes, Langton."

Surely enough the Alsatian doctor came strutting along the path, dressed in full regimentals. He saw us from afar and, turning, came toward us, having closed his hand.

"Ha, the spies!" he said viciously. "You will find it goes hard with you, for we do not love spies in Germany." "You are lying," said Crewe, and, breaking from his captors, he struck the doctor upon the face with his open hand. Instantly the latter drew his sword and rushed at the aggressor. Crewe seized the point of the blade the moment that it left the scabbard and, with a powerful wrench, snapped it in two and threw the pieces on the ground. I saw blood follow from his wounded hands.



"Take these men and confine them in the guard house."

you misunderstood my offer and, but for a lucky circumstance, a murderer would have continued to disgrace the German uniform. I want no money. I want to punish him and save the army's honor. The balloon has been found. Where was it found?"

"At Blumdal," he answered. "It will not be touched or moved for twenty-four hours."

"Not for two days. Soldiers are guarding the place where it fell." "It was destroyed."

"The general nodded. "Take us there immediately. And let a military court be ready to convene the moment that you return, for Dr. Fenelon will have to stand his trial for murder."

"When do you wish to start?" "Within the hour," Crewe answered. "Gentlemen," said the general, "I do not know who the devil you are or why you have come here, but it shall be as you request. You are freed from arrest. I will drive with you to the railroad station and thence accompany you to the locality."

Blumdal was a small village some twenty miles distant from Hamburg. A special train was requisitioned, and at eight o'clock that evening we three disembarked at the railroad station. It was not yet dark, and when we had crossed the main street in the direction of open country we saw a large crowd gathered around the remains of the balloon.

A quarter of a mile's walk brought us to the spot. A company of soldiers who were on guard admitted us to the site where the dirigible lay. It had fallen from an immense height, and

with incredible velocity, for the wickerwork of the basket was smashed in to innumerable chips of wood which lay strewn over the ground, while the speed of the descent had ripped the gas bag from its frame covering so that hardly a particle of it remained. Within a radius of a hundred yards lay the broken remnants of the instruments. But the most singular fact was that, while the surrounding land was parched from drought, the balloon's remnants rested in a pool of water some two feet deep, which had gathered into a depression on the ground; and water had drenched the wickerwork and the piece of the instruments.

Crewe stopped and rummaged among these last. Presently he rose; in his hand he held a piece of twisted metal, nickel or aluminum. Upon one side was stamped OXYGEN.

"Do you recognize this, sir?" he asked the general. "It is merely a portion of the tank of oxygen," Von Stimms rejoined. "Which would pass out through tubes, at the disposition of the aeronaut—is that not so?" "Certainly."

"Now, if the metal were not perfectly airtight, it is obvious that the gas would speedily leak out and dissipate itself in the atmosphere. Am I correct, general?" "I believe that is correct. Obviously an oxygen tank must be entirely airtight."

"Then see these," said Crewe, holding up the fragment for Von Stimms' closer inspection. Along the edge of the metal were

drilled innumerable tiny holes, such as a pin's point might have made. "Quite large enough for a leakage," said Crewe. "Especially today, when the sun's rays have been strongly active. In cloudy weather, when there was a considerable vapor pressure in the atmosphere, it might have taken two days, as with the last balloon, before the explosion."

"You mean, sir, that the oxygen was designed to escape? But suppose that were so. Is oxygen inflammable?" "Water."

I was as perplexed as the general. Crewe placed the metal in his hands. "That will be vital evidence," he said. "General, suppose that oxygen does leak into an atmosphere saturated with escaping hydrogen? You know the hydrogen will not remain even in a silk bag more than a limited time. Now, bring oxygen and hydrogen together in the right proportion; suppose the proportions have been carefully calculated, so that eventually they are obtained. Suppose we have the formula H<sub>2</sub>O. That signifies?" "Water."

TRYING TO FIND HOW THE ANT ALWAYS GETS HOME

Ithaca, N. Y. The psychological process by which the ant always manages to find its way back to its home, no matter how far away it has wandered, are the subjects of a hundred or more experiments being conducted in the summer school psychological laboratories at Cornell University.

Zam-Buk is the best remedy known for sunburn, heat, rashes, eczema, sore feet, stings and blisters. A skin food!

EXPECTED \$60,000 BUT GET ONLY FIVE

Millionaire Hawley's Estate Very Much Below the Estimate—How it Was Apportioned

It was estimated at the time of his death on Feb. 1, 1912, that the estate of Edwin Hawley, one of the leading railroad men of the United States, would total \$60,000.

NO MORE DANDRUFF, FALLING HAIR, SCALP ITCH

Men and women—do you want a clean head of luxuriant hair free from scalp itch and dandruff? Do you want hair so bewitchingly radiant that it compels the admiration of all who see it?

Do you want a scalp as immaculate, clean and bright as a newly-minted coin? Do you want to use a hair dressing that will surely prevent baldness, that always refreshes and invigorates and makes your entire head feel fine?

Texas common, \$20,000; 5,000 shares of 200; 20,300 shares of Missouri, Kansas & Texas common, \$20,000; 21,250 shares of Lighting and Heating company; \$17,000; 300 shares of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western preferred, \$60,000; and 2,500 shares of common, \$18,800; 12,500 shares of the Western Pacific, \$75,000; and 100 bonds of the United States Realty and Improvement Company, \$70,000.

The furniture, paintings, works of art, horses, automobiles, etc., belonging to the estate were appraised by Michael J. Garvey, Charles Hawley, and William Hawley, his brothers, and Nellie H. Seymour and Annie Hawley Ogden, his sisters, who reside at Chatham, N. Y., received \$1,000; \$7,500; one of an Arab by Schreyer, valued at \$7,500; and another by the same artist, valued at \$8,000; and two by I. Heintz, valued at \$2,250.

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT

country home, and she refused to surrender it until a check, which Mr. Hawley had given to her some time before his death, was cashed. She had declared that this was not a legacy, and that she had not previously cashed the check for the reason that she had been in need of money.

Mr. Hawley was a bachelor and died intestate. He had made a will before his death, but had not signed it, so he did not realize his uncertain condition of health, his estate was divided among his sisters, brothers, nephews and nieces. Samuel Hawley, Charles Hawley, and William Hawley his brothers, and Nellie H. Seymour and Annie Hawley Ogden, his sisters, who reside at Chatham, N. Y., received \$1,000; \$7,500; one of an Arab by Schreyer, valued at \$7,500; and another by the same artist, valued at \$8,000; and two by I. Heintz, valued at \$2,250.

Every Slave to Drink Thinks He Can Quit

preme council, which is in session in Wavona, Michigan. The officers for the year were elected as follows: W. H. Smith, grand worthy templar; Cary B. Black, grand worthy vice templar; H. J. Smith, grand worthy recorder; Frank McFarlane, grand worthy treasurer; Dr. W. F. Roberts, grand worthy chaplain; H. B. Ferris, grand worthy usher; S. E. Logan, grand worthy guardian. After the election the officers were installed by Past Most Worthy Templar D. McNally.

TEMPLE OF HONOR

The Grand Temple of Honor and Temperance of New Brunswick met last evening in Glad Tidings Hall. Reports from the various officers showed that the work was in a flourishing state and the boys' branches indicated a marked increase. A program of greeting was sent to the

Prediction Gloomer: The Fredrickson Bros Band will give a concert next Sunday evening at Parliament Square. It is likely that the same concert as was played last Sunday evening will be repeated, a number of requests having been made to that effect.