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Story of a Heroic Deed By RALPH BERGENGREN

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 hr-r-r of the motor was softened by distance, and fieldglasses were necessary to assure oneself that the little black figure between the canvas parallelograms was actually a human being.

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Brothers

Of the Air

The last man who had touched the biplane one of the mechanicians 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

The young whose cap, worn backward after me 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 air man talking rather familiarly with an unknown mechanician. Many were watching them and pointing them out to new arrivals with

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

Harriman's grip tightened a little on the mechanician's shoulder. "Did you tamper with Clinton's ma-

chine before the getaway?" he asked evenly. His voice was low. It failed to reach

the group of ten or a dozen other mechanicians 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. "T'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?
"If anything happens," he continued, day 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 cir-

He turned on his heel and moved away, whistling. The mechanician 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

HOW A DEEP

And Sore Lungs Were Over-come by Vinol-Mr. Hillman's Statement of Facts Follows:

Camden, N. J .- "I had a deep seated Camden, N. J.—"I had a deep seated cough, a run-down system and my lungs were awfully weak and sore. I am an electrician by occupation and my cough kept me awake nights so I thought at times I would have to give up. I tried everything everybody suggested and had taken so much medicine I was dis-

had taken so much medicine I was disgusted.

"One evening I read about Vinol and decided to give it a trial. Soon I noticed an improvement. I kept on taking it and today I am a well man. The soreness is all gone from my lungs, I do not have any cough and have gained fifteen pounds in weight and I am telling my friends that Vinol did it."—FRANK HILLMAN, Camden, N. J.

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fluence of cods' livers aided by the blood-making, strength creating properties of tonic iron, contained in Vinol, that made it so successful in Mr. Hillman's case.

We ask every person in this vicinity suffering from weak lungs, chronic coughs, or a run-down condition of the system to try a bottle of Vinol on our guarantee to return your money if it fails to help you.

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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 determina-tion, had turned and gripped him by

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

The men puttering 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 were 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 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 tam pered machine, which may fall any minute. He can't be signaled, and there's no use starting a panic in the

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 Bler-i-ot. He-will-try-tobreak - the world's record for alti-

Harriman, firmly settled in his machine, raised his right hand. Behind him the mechanicians sprang away from the apparatus, the propeller be gan its steady, insistent roar, and the monoplane careered madly across the elastic turf of the field.

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 k steadied, and those who knew drew a long breath and told one another that the swerve was due to some up per 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 o Harriman's motor meanwhile sounded like a continuous accent of haste and

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 ele vating 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 people argued about the probable altitude, but none denied that the monoplane was rising faster than the air-

ship that had preceded it. 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.

Again and again it seemed as if Harriman lifted his machine upward by sheer force of will. As the faint buzz of the motor 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 ground, but each successive spiral, sometimes carrying the monoplane far out over the river, evidently brought the pursuer nearer the altitude of his

Fifteen minutes, twenty, twenty-five almost half an hour had elapsed since the monoplane started. The two airships were now near together, and fieldglasses 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 prepara-tion. The aviators had drawn together and were looking steadily upward, The mechanicians stood in idle groups watching the airships. The announcer had out down his megaphone.

Then the biplane began to drop. 13 fell slowly to the level of the mono-plane, 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 mo-ment later a motor driven ambulance came into view from behind the hos-pital 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 airships 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.

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 re versed. The monoplane led, and the diplane 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.

The faint buzzing of the motors grew to a roar as the two airships 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 airship, "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 ene's leather jacket!"

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Skeptical. Minister (calling on inmate of prison) -Remember, Mr. Kenney, that stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage. Kenney-Well, they've

got me hypnotized, then; that's all. One Way. Tramp — Ah, mum, I've charged many a battery in my day. Woman-Where and when? Tramp-Oh, when

I worked in the battery department of

an electric automobile concern.-New,

Yark Globe. Marine Insurance. Marine insurance was practiced in Rome 45 B. C. It was very general in Europe before the discovery of America, and it is altogether probable that the ships of Columbus were insured for their full value.-Boston Globe.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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Life in the Trenches

Human pature has marvellous

daptability. According to accounts, ife in the trenches at the front in Flanders provides a large and mixed supply of evils. Not only have all kinds of physical hardship to be encountered in the shape of water, mud and cold, but even the least temporary indiscretion in the way of exposure will likely be followed by unpleasant reminders that the enemy is close at hand. Lut even the snipers are not the only danger to the men knee or waist deep in the trenches. They never know when the hail of shrapnel will come or the vastly huger shells that Tommy Atkins has humorously dubbed 'Jack Johnsons," "Black Marias" or 'Coal Boxes,' digging craters in the ground large enough to bury a horse and wagon. Through it all the soldier laughs and is happy.

Vivid as are the descriptions of life under these conditions, it is difficult for the stay-at-homes to realize what it all means. Only actual experience could bring these conditions home, and when habit becomes a second nature it is surprising how soon the first impression fades and how difficult to revive is its memory. More is told in the early letters from the front than can ever be contained when the history of the war comes to be written by the Dry-as-Dusta who will dig into army orders, staff reports and all the other voluminous records that are being piled up by the carload. This war, too, is an entirely novel affair. Nothing like it has ever been witnessed since the world began. The great wonder is the irrepressible good spirits and impregnable courage of the private soldier.

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his blood,
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Oh! the roast beef of old En
Oh! the old English roast

Our fathers of old were rol

our fathers of old were to and strong, and they kept open house cheer all day long. Which made their plump tens in the song
Oh! the roast beef of old Eng

The tender sirloin was by To knighthcod enobled, i

of the smoking hot joint that on the board
Oh! the roast beef of old En

Great Handel, 'tis said, could Which was doubtful his reason land to fix,

As the land where good music

oh! the roast beef of old En Then long may each Britain o

his fill,
At Christmas, the season of goodwill,
For the man that's well fed never do ill

Oh! the roast beef of old En

Oh! the old English roast

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