NAVAL AIRMAN TELLS OF TRIP

Thrilling Story of the Adventure of the Balloonists Who Were Lost in Wilds of Canada.

DEATH NEAR WHEN RESCUED

Lost to the World 29 Days in All-Wandered Four Days in the Woods With Nothing to Eest Except the Pigeons They Had With Them.

Mattice, Ont .- After being lost to the world for 29 days, four of which were spent wandering in the woods. the three navy balloonists, Lieuts. Farrell, Hinton and Kloor, arrived here. Lieut. Farrell told the following story of their adventures:

Lieut. Farrell's story, of the flight and wanderings of the trio begins with the morning hours in Rockaway naval air station, on December 13 and goes on through the flight, the landing, and up to the meeting with the Indian at Moose Factory who saved their lives. "It was just an ordinary balloon hop," Farrell began. "It was for training. Hinton told me after we left that the gas in the balloon was ten days old, stale and impure.

"Hinton called me up at about twenty minutes to 12 (December 13) and told me I could come on flight if I wanted to. No special orders are needed. We just got permission from Commander Cummings of the post and Executive Officer Douglas.

"I am senior officer of the three, but Kloor was in command of the flight, as he is a balloon officer and I am a gunnery officer. I have been in aviation for three years and have flown in every kind of aircraft. We left at 1 p. m.

Left With Four Pigeons.

Brooklyn navy yard. "Hinton and Kloor had heavy underwear and uniforms under their flying suits. I had only the underwear and the flying suit. I had a grip with my uniform and some other things in it. We had eight sandwiches and two

thermos bottles of hot coffee. None of the underwear was electrically heated. "We expected to land next morning in upper New York state. We had no maps or charts except a railroad map of the Canadian Quebec Central,

line, which I bought. We had three chances to land before we did. We did stop once at Wells, N. Y. "We made fast to a tree near a

light. It was in a window of a farmhouse. A man came along and we asked him where we were. He told us, but he could not say what big town we were near.

Kloor Game to Go On.

"We cast loose and went up again. It rained and blew during the night. We could have landed at Ottawa at 11 p. m. We saw the lights of a big city. But Kloor is just a kid and he was enthusiastic about a long flight. We all agreed that we ought to do a decent flight. There had been rain from Wells on.

"The wind was north by west. That night it blew hard and rained. There was no sign of civilization. But we thought it would be all right in the morning. At daylight we saw only forests. The rain had calmed down. There were low clouds and fog.

"The rain stopped at 8 a. m. (December 14). We ate all our food during the night. We had two packages of cigarettes and one box of matches, but you cannot smoke in a hydrogen balloon. We realized we were in bad that morning."

Explains Flying Technique.

Here Farrell paused to give a brief explanation of the technique of balloon flying.

"You have a lot of expendable ballast," he said. "We had twenty-one sandbags weighing thirty pounds apiece. At first the balloon rises with all the cargo. Then it begins coming down as the gas deteriorates. When you are down too low you throw out a sandbag and that sends you up again. "When all the ballast is gone you

go up for the last time and have to come down as soon as the gas begins

morning. After that we had to throw out equipment to keep up. We hauled in the drag rope which is used in making landings and cut it into several pieces. We used each piece as ballast. It was not very long before the last piece went over the side.

At 11 a. m. the sun came out and heated up the gas in the balloon; that makes the gas expand and sends the balloon up.

"We were fighting to keep in the air. All we saw was trees, lakes, and snow. It was about 1:30 p.m. that we saw a shack in the woods. At

vere in doubt about this until we heard a dog bark.

"I took bearings with the compass on the shack and the place where the dog barked. We decided to land. We were in low clouds about 1,000 feet high. The wind was north by west, the sun had been heating up our bag and we began to go up. We reached 6,500 feet. It takes a long time to go from that height.

Make a Bad Landing.

"The clouds were below us and above us. We got down about two o'clock. It was a bad landing and we were pretty badly shaken up. We were not hurt or thrown out, but the basket was smashed against the ground.

"The balloon caught between the trees. We had taken the pigeons into the basket to protect them from the landing. Usually they ride in a cage tied outside of the basket. The weather was clear and nearly freezing.

"All three of us stepped out of the basket in our flying clothes. I took the grip. We were soaking wet. Kloor took the pigeon cage. We started off at a terrific pace to get where the dog barked. We did not stop to inspect the balloon. From the bearings I took in the balloon we figured the dog to be south by east from us.

Start on Long Trek.

"We started through the forest on that line. I carried my grip for one day. We went on until dark and made a fire. I smoked two cigarettes while we rested; so did Kloor. Hinton did not smoke.

"We did not eat that day; we carried the pigeons until the next day. There was some snow on the ground, so we got a lot of pine brush to lie on and I picked a lot of rotten wood with my penknife. We had no firearms-only the knife and the box of matches.

"Hinton went on a little to find a stream. While he was gone he laid off his flying suit to make better headway and he could not find it on his way back.

"That night I slept next to Hinton. He was next to the fire. I was on the outside. Kloor lay off to one side and "We had four pigeons; we let the slept. We got on fine together in the first one go with a message for the forest. Hinton and I didn't sleep. We got up at daylight.

They Eat First Pigeon.

"We ate a pigeon that morning, December 15. We cleaned a pigeon and cooked it. We divided it in three parts, a couple of mouthfuls apiece. We drank water out of moose tracks and holes in the ground. That is what probably made me sick the next day. We started off, I carrying my

"We came to a creek that day (the Indians call this stream the Nescohaga). Hinton was leading and kept moving too far to the west.

"I proposed to him to go southeast. In 30 minutes we got to the creek, which was not frozen over, so we had to follow the bank. We camped again in good shape. I, for one, was not very hungry, but we were cold when we stopped walking.

"We had made a fire and rested a noon, but we did not eat in order to conserve food. We argued about where we were. I figured it somewhere in the woods in Canada, but wasn't sure.

How They Were Garbed.

"At that time I was still in my flying suit, Hinton in uniform and Kloor in uniform and flying suit. We all wore flying boots. My grip kept getting foul of trees, so I threw it away at ten o'clock, but took care to put it in a tree. Before that I got my good English shoes out of the grip and put them on and threw away my flying boots, which were pretty near

"I did not make more than four miles the first day nor more than seven or eight the second day. Our night camp was on the creek. We did not eat. During the day we all nibbled a bit of a kind of moss we found growing around.

"We were not cheerful. We began to dread that this dog barking proposition was a kind of phoney. There were so many noises. I figure now it was a wolf barking. We saw a lot of wolf tracks.

Youngest Flyer Prays.

"Kloor told us he had been praying -not out loud, but just to himself. I'm not much on religion; I didn't pray. No more than I made a proposition they should dine off me.

"Hinton and I discussed our course while Kloor was praying. We had to admit we were in a pretty serious jam "Our twenty-first bag went over that and felt pretty blue. But when we quit we had a hunch that the third day was going to be lucky.

"We ate the second pigeon and killed the other one the morning of the third day-December 16. Kloor put the dead pigeon in his pocket. We did this to do away with the cage.

"During the night Hinton and Kloor got their feet in the fire. Now their flying shoes were burned and they had to throw them away and walk in uniform boots. My shoes were in the best shape.

Hikers Growing Weak. "We were all growing weak and fell least we thought it was a shack. We a lot in holes and over trees. Hinton I ask is that I get to a fire," he said.

was very weak. I felt like comiting Hinton was nauser red, his stomacl was very bad, but our heads were as clear as they are right now.

"If we had had a definite object we could have gone fifty or a hundred miles without so much distress. We saw so much of the same sort of woods that it appeared we were not going anywhere. But we were not going in circles because we were steered by the compass zigzagging through the wood. That counted against us.

"I began to lag behind pretty much and Hinton suggested that I take off my flying suit. I did, and walked in my underclothing the rest of the trip.

"Hinton wrapped my sult around him as a sort of blanket. Just before noon I had a nasty fall over a tree trunk into a hole three feet deep. I was bruised and scratched but I got up alone.

Hunch Fails to Help Out.

"We didn't eat at noon and made fire and warmed up and started off again all together. We were pretty blue when we camped the third night. Our hunch about the third being the lucky day flivvered.

"Hinton said, 'Let's write some letters and put them in our pockets,' but I said, 'No, we'll have plenty of time to do that.'

"Hinton could hardly hold his head up. It was very cold and it sure was our worst night. We slept again with Hinton near the fire and me on the outside. I had the flying suit on, but it was too cold to lie still, and I would get up often.

"When I did Hinton did too, and we would both sit near the fire for a while. Kloor slept fine, almost in the fire. He kept getting his feet in the fire and we would have to pull them

"Next morning we kidded the kidthat's what we called Kloor-and told him he had been hogging the fire. Hinton had the matches, because he knows how to light a fire. We were careful with the matches. We would go stiff when it took Hinton two matches to get the fire going.

Trio in Bad Shape.

"Kloor had lots of pep after his night's sleep and Hinton was in bad shape. I was a bit better off than Hinton, but not much. We started off without food along the bank of the creek. I had a hunch that night might have frozen up the creek and I left them to go down and try it out."

The distance covered that afternoon was not more than three miles. Next day (Thursday) almost the same story was repeated at nightfall, their distance from the "hypothetical" village being still as undetermined as when they made their landing.

Friday proved to be the lucky day. In the morning Tom Marks, a Cree Indian trapper, who was inspecting his traps on the outskirts of the settlement of Moose Factory, an island in the bottom of James bay, noticed tracks which he judged to have been made by three white men. His curiosity getting the better of the native Indian timidity in the presence of the unusual, Marks followed up the tracks until early in the afternoon he came upon the three balloonists.

Kloor's Story of Trip.

"The first days out were the worst," said Lieutenant Kloor, describing their experiences. "We had practiced walking with snowshoes at Moose Factory while we were there and thought we were experts with them, but after going a day on the trail changed our minds. It was quite stormy, too, and the first week we were out we encountered three severe blizzards.

"On Sunday a week ago it became so bad we were compelled to retrace our steps for more than a mile. We also found that the dogs we had with us were inadequate for the load we were carrying and had to send back for more. The weather, however, was not very cold. We had lots of moose meat to eat and I think we are all feeling fine."

"What scientific values to be derived from your trip?" was asked.

"The main scientific fact demonstrated," replied Kloor, "is that a balloon of 35,000 cubic feet capacity can remain in the air for more than twelve hours. We were in the air for twenty-five hours and could have remained there longer. Further than that I think nothing ought to be said until we report to our superiors."

Dogs Hail the Arrival.

Kloor, a blue-eyed, ruddy young fellow who looked to be in the pink of condition, was the first to arrive. He came whising around the bend of the Missanaibi ato the town, riding on the dog slea, with Sam Sainsbury, Toronto explores, who had gone to meet him.

The howling of huskies tethered before Indian huts here was the first warning of the party's approach. A moment later Kloor's sled came over the snow. He was bundled to the eyes in the garb of the countrymackinaw, moccasins, wool cap and muffler-and no one recognized him until he had slid stiffly from his sled and introduced himself.

"I feel fine. We're all all right, All

Trivial Accident Brings Disaster.

Weight for Age

By ALFRED STODDART

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"I think I know now," said Hugh Westerly, "how a woman feels when she goes to a smart affair in her last season's gown. It will mike me feel old to see all these young fellows riding in the taces tomorrow

"You fooilsh cld Hugh," miled Edith Penton. "As if you could ever grow

Tea had been served in the hall of Penton Lodge, a great loak-beamed apartment, and most of the houseparty had gone to dress for dinner. Only Hugh was left to flaish his tea and his chat with Edith Penton, the daughter of the house.

The Meadowthorpe Hunt races on the morrow were the occasion of the gathering, and Hugh half only just

last few months, spent most of his life in England, was forty-four years of age, and the worst of it was that he was beginning to be a vare of that

In his heart, however, Hugh knew well enough that it was not the difference between English and American manners which caused this sudden, rather unpleasant consciousness of his age. The real reason way Edith Penton herself, the daughter of his father's old friend Roger Penton-Edith with her splendid youthfulness and ripening womanhood of twenty-

"No. Poor Dick is out West on important business, and can lot get back. He wired me to find another rider for Harvester, but I'm afraid I can't get

the race. I should like to have had Stanley Borden, but he has promised to ride Mr. Bradbury's Druid.

Hugh knew Stapley Borden very well indeed.

pang that was very much like jealousy as he pictured Stänley's slight form, as much at ease in a difficult figure of a cotillion as it was when leading the field on a good horse in the finish of a stiff three failes "across country."

When it was announced the next morning at the breakfast table that Hugh Westerly's offer to ride Harvester in the Challenge Cupshad been accepted, an audible titter an round the

Most of the younger people present did not know that Hug; had ridden many races in England.

about "weight for age." which poor Hugh could not but everhear, and Stanley Borden, who was staying in the house, smiled a rather scornful smile which affected Hugh's nerves considerably.

When at last, however the saddling bugle for the Challetge Cup had sounded, and Hugh, having weighed in, was ready to mount, he felt not a little nervous in spite of himself, and he wondered whether, after all, Edith herself was not laughting at him a little bit.

Once more, however, the "feel" of the good horse between his knees gave him confidence.

Hugh was glad to accept a hint from

old Watson, Penten's head groom. "'E's a proud 'oss, sir," said Watson, "and you can't keep 'im back very long. If 'e once gets discouraged, it

lenge Cup, and all of them started.

The starter, with a syleeping glance which comprehends every one of the downward sweep, and the horses skim over the turf like a flight of swallows flying close together.

Hugh Westerly on Harvester got away about fourth, a losition which suited him well.

distance when Harvester made up his mind to try conclusions with his rider, and threw up his head to a very determined manner, with the ultimate intention of bolting the course. Much to his regret, Flugh was com-

pelled to give his mount a rather vigorous treatment with his spurs. Grasping him tightly by the head, he administered just one telling slash with his whip, and then suddenly Harvester determined to ge kindly for the present. The struggle however, had cost Hugh his place, and he now found himself trailing along to the rear.

All the horses had been taking their fences well, but they tow approached a natural "in-and-out," formed by a grassy lane running between two post

ly in his stride, and he was followed over by Brighteyes. Whalebone, however, balked at the second leap, and Lady Grey refused alsogether at the first attempt.

ly easy ones, until they approached the "Liverpool," an awe-inspiring leap to the untrained rider or to a hadly schooled horse.

Bricktop, with the indifference born of scores of former struggles, skimmed it like a bird, att Brighteyes would have none of it. Druid and Harvester were now on equal terms; and Stanley Borden, with a quick glance from the corner of his eye, realized that Hugh was going to be a formidable competitor, after all.

He took a fresh grasp of his reins as both horses approached the "Liverpool," and Hugh did his best to steady his own mount.

The two horses went at the big jump-a guard-rall, a six-foot ditch, and a stiff hedge on the landing sidetogether. As one horse they rose, and, as they landed and raced madly on, a faint sound as of applause from the crowd came from the clubhouse, threequarters of a mile away.

The race was now on in earnest. Bricktop, well in the lead, begat to set the pace, while Druid and Harvester fought it out together.

No doubt Stanley Borden was surprised to find himself contending with Hugh.

Glancing ahead. Hugh saw that they were gaining rapidly on Bricktop.

Slowly the brown drew away from the chestnut, until, as they approached the brook, he was leading by a couple of lengths. Druid went at the water full speed and cleared it splendidly, but for a moment Hugh feared that his mount was going to refuse.

Just one little hint with his spurred heel did Hugh give to the chestnut, and he flew into the air, landing well in his stride on the other side of the brook.

The jumping was over, and the run home, three-quarters of a mile in length, now lay before them.

In one respect, however, Borden had the advantage. He could punish with whip and spur and thus force his mount to use all the speed he possessed. Hugh could only coax the chestnut by appealing to his courage and by an occasional hint from his spur.

But as inch by inch he began to draw up to Druid, and when at last the chestnut's nose was on a line with the breen horse's girth, he felt his Andence return to him with a rush, and he was his own man again. After wat Hugh had only a rather dim idea of what was taking place.

But it was not until he had turned and was riding back to the judges' stand that he was assured, by the cheering of the spectators, of his vic-

It was Harvester's race.

Surely his self-raised bogy of middle age had been exorcised now for all time; and he hurried his tollet with the eagerness of a boy in his anxiety to see Edith Penton.

He found her in the shadow of the Penton drag, talking to Stanley Borden, who was still dressed in his racing clothes. Borden held out his hand in warm and sincere congratulation. "You rode a wonderful race," he

Edith, too, extended her hand to

Hugh. "I cannot tell you how grateful I am," she cried. "It was splendid. Just to show you how much I appreciate your winning for me, I am going to tell you a secret, hours before any one else hears it-our secret, Stanley's and mine."

Poor old Hugh. Things began to blur before him again as they did in the finish of the steeplechase.

He heard Edith murmur something about the engagement being announced that evening, and somehow he managed to say what was expected of him: then he made his exit as best he

Hugh did not stay for the festivities at Penton Lodge that night, but pleaded an urgent telephone message which compelled him to hurry back to town, As he stood before his mirror late

that evening examining ruefully the increasing grayness about his temples he reflected bitterly that the race is not always to the swift nor the victory to the strong.

To which wise reflection he added a stern resolution to ride no more steeplechases.

SECRET THAT NATURE KEEPS

Scientists Have Never Been Able to Discover Where the Seals Spend the Winter.

the winter. In Alaska they begin to ready to go back," appear on the islands of St. Paul and St. George about the end of April or the first of May, and toward the latter part of August or in the first weeks of September they disappear as strangely and mysteriously as they came. This is one of Nature's secrets which she has kept most successfully hid from scientists as well as the prying eyes of the merely curious and inquisitive.

Even in the days, years ago, when the seals numbered 5,000,000 or more, apparently some signal unknown to man would be given and the next day the fog-wreathed rocks would be bare, the seals having deserted the islands. With their slipping off into Bering sea. all trace of them was lost until their return the following spring. Then some morning they would suddenly reappear, disporting themselves in the water or on the shore.

Call for New Branding Designs.

There are between 40,000 and 45,000 cattle-branding marks registered in the state of Colorado, and it is said that the limit of possible combinations has about been reached. New branding The jumps now were comparative | designs are wanted.



The Waves who had wanted adven-

tures and who had been allowed to have them by the

consent of their mother, Mother Ocean, were getting pretty tired of them.

Mother Ocean was really looking after her children though they didn't know it and would have been greatly relieved had they known it. But she felt

they must see just

what they had

asked to see and

then they would be really content-"Hello, Brownie." ed when they

came back. They had been taken by a brownie to a city. It was horrible. There were pavements and it was all they could do to get out of the way of people's feet. These people were so unlike the people at the seashore. They didn't rest but they always kept hurrying and scurrying along.

After a bit the brownie led them into a great building and into a dark, terrible thing the brownle called an elevator. Up they whizzed to a dizzy height and then they stopped with a horrible jolt.

The brownie beckoned to them to follow him and he led them into a little office where there was a man sitting at a desk. There were many papers before him and he was looking through them.

"Hello, Brownie," he said.

"Hello," answered the brownie. "I've brought some waves here with me. They were tired of the ocean. They wanted adventures. I've shown them what our great forests were like and what this beautiful city was like. Now I believe they'd like to settle down to work. They were tired of their mother-you've heard of Mother Ocean, haven't you?"

The old man nodded his head. "Well, they wanted to leave her and strike out for themselves. They want to do great things in the world, so I've brought them here. Of course no one can do great things all at once, but I'm sure they'd be willing to learn. Perhaps you can start some of them as stokers on railway trains. They may in time do so well that they're made managers of the road. And some you might make lawyers and doctors, but you would have to send them to school for a good long time first. .

"Well, you know all about jobs and what ones are ready for them now, and how much study and work they need do before they can take them. If they have ambition we all know they will get on. No one can start at the top, though, eh?" grinned the brownie.

"No one," said the little man. The waves were trying to say that they didn't want to work in this horrible city, they wanted to go back to the sea, but they couldn't say a word.

Finally one of the waves reached into his sea-shell su's case and pulled out his sea-weed night shirt. He tried to say he wanted to go back and he waved his night shirt, thinking they would understand as they looked at the sea-weed that surely a creature who wore such queer things wouldn't do for the earth, or the dry land.

But the brownie only grinned at the little man. "Ah," he said, "this wave wants a good night's rest and then he's ready

The poor wave could bear it no longer. He fell down at the brownie's feet all his strength gone. He

brothers and sisters had dropped by him in just another moemnt. "I believe No one knows where the seals go in | they're quite. and looking up the waves saw the sun smiling down upon them. They

didn't know how

long he had been

there, he didn't

know that his

to start in."

looked further and there was the smiling face of dear old Mother Ocean before them,

"Take Us Back." They were on the beach again.

"Oh, mother, take us back," they cried. "Your sisters and brothers are coming for you," she called in that voice

of hers which seemed more beatiful to them than ever. "The wind carried you back, for he sald you were unhappy on the earth."

And one of their big sister waves dashed up on the shore and took them. back with her to their beautiful sea home and the adventures were over at last!

A Subtle Scheme.

"Auntie, May I have another piece of candy?"

"No it won't. I'll just go and cat

ooth ache more."

OF INTEREST TO EVERYBODY The first blcycle driven by pedals | Scotch interests are planning to ob-

was made in Paris in 1866. Ecuador takes its name from the fact that it is situated on the equator.

Oil production in the United States

increased 25,000,000 barrels in the last year. The West Indian crab is born in the sea, matures in fresh water and then passes the remainder of its life on dry

tain 42,000 electrical horsepower by harnessing three lakes, and to utilize the waterpower running to waste in the watershed of the Tay.

As a form of hazing, "plebes" at the United States Naval academy at Annapolis who are unable to guess the daily dessert are forced to eat their meals sitting on the floor under the

The gypsy moth has caused a great deal of trouble in this country, and much money and energy have been spent in the effort to exterminate it. The trouble started when a French naturalist named Trouvelot, residing in the town of Malden, Mass., left a paper box containing gypsy moth eggs on a window ledge and it blew off. That was in the early eighties, and he was making experiments with various kinds of caterpillars as silk spinners

arrived. Hugh Westerly, who hid until the

"I suppose," continued Hugh, "that your brother Dick will de his own horse Harvester in the Challenge Cup?"

"All the good men have mounts in

No wonder poor Hugh Jelt a sudden

Bertie Norris murmured something

will be hall hoff for today, sir." There were six entries for the Chal-

"field," drops his flag with a sudden

The Mendowthorpe course is a natural one, and the first nile of the face was over a literally "fair hunting Hugh had ridden for about half that

and rall fences. Bricktop took both jumps splendid-

This left the way cear for Druid, who took both jumps very cleverly; while Harvester, rushing at them with in impetus that was a most fatal, just managed to get over without a fall.

"No. Willie, it will, only make your

it in front of the dentist's."