

Rocket Car Wrecked in Test

Opel's "Devil Machine" Attains Speed of 254 Kilometers an Hour on Rails

Leaps Track in Second Run

Hanover—An ear-wracking roar, followed by a series of cloudburst detonations. A serpent's tongue of flame. Dense billows of black smoke thinning gradually into white. Movement made almost invisible by velocity.

Thus the observer's brain recorded the spectacle of Fritz von Opel's rocket car blazing along the railroad tracks in the environs of this city to-day at a speed of 254 kilometers an hour—thirty-nine faster than has ever been achieved before by a vehicle running on rails.

The devil car, as the German press calls it, flashed over the course laid down for it all by itself. Its propeller rockets were exploded by an automatic device and rockets facing the other way and affixed to its prow served as a brake in bringing the engine to a reluctant halt.

Herr Opel deemed this experiment, the third he has undertaken thus far for a demonstration of the feasibility of rocket locomotion, too dangerous for human participation in the furious course along the rails. His judgment was justified, for while the day's first trial unquestionably confirmed his contentions, the second was disastrous.

Leaps From Track and Burns Up

Loaded with a charge of explosives four times more powerful than on its initial run, the machine sprang from the track some 300 yards from the start, crashed into a gully bordering the road-bed and burned up in a thundering bonfire of exploding rockets. This time it carried a passenger—a most unwilling passenger—a cat. The cat did not come back.

Fully 20,000 persons lined the railroad stretch on the Lennepenberge Heide, set aside by the German Government for the purpose, among them Herr Dörpmüller, head of the German Railway Company. The spectators were held back by a strong barrier of police stationed along both sides of the track for more than two miles. Despite the obvious danger, the multitude again and again broke through the police lines in attempts to get a closer view of the devil car.

This slynder contrivance resembled the skeleton of an automobile more than anything hitherto existing. Its front was equipped with wings similar to those on the rocket machine Opel drove a month ago on the Berlin speedway and designed to prevent it from bounding off the rails. Its wheels were solid and like the chassis, built of light steel painted bright red. At the bow was a small cylinder capable of holding two rockets—brakes. At the rear, connected with the front by a single steel rod, was an enclosed space big enough to hold a man, but where only the cat in a specially attached cage had the doubtful honor of riding to.

Behind the "carrosserie" was a case about three feet square holding 24 rockets. These were discharged at regular intervals by a mechanical device.

Started by Electric Fuse

The initial impetus was communicated to the explosives by an electric fuse set in motion by one of Opel's engineers. The young automobile manufacturer himself gave the command for the start at half-past two.

Instantly there occurred those hellish manifestations recorded above. The devil car vanished from view down the track leaving bruised ears and smarting eyes behind it. A stretch seven kilometers long had been reserved for its passage. The speed test, however, was limited to the first two kilometers of this distance, at the end of which the brake rockets automatically exploded, gradually bring the machine to a halt.

Instruments placed at intervals of 250 meters registered electrically the engine's velocity, which leaped from sixty kilometers per hour at the start—considerably less than the initial speed of the rocket automobile—to a maximum of 254. The greatest speed attained even on rails therefore was 215 kilometers an hour, registered by an electric car run over a German railway in 1903. Thus the first half of the experiment was thoroughly successful.

Then came the less fortunate second stage. Opel had hoped to increase the car's velocity to more than 300 kilometers. But the short wings were impotent to keep it on the ground and as soon as it hit its stride it hurtled into the air and tumbled off the roadbed in flaming mass. Probably the cause was the premature explosion of one of the brake rockets.

The spectators stormed forward through the police cordons and it was a matter of luck that nobody was hurt by the blazing rockets.

Opel expressed satisfaction with the results of the day's work, which he declared proved the speed possibilities of rocket propulsion. The next step will be a rocket airplane, about which he remains uncommunicative, but which it is understood will be tried out next month.—(N. Y. Times.)

If we are to keep Government out of business, business must be kept out of Government.—Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas.



OWL LAFFS
ON WITH LAUGHTER

A sick calf acts that way anyhow, but a man only when he is in love.

There are more opportunities to day than there are men capable of grasping them.

She's old enough to be called "Miss" if she no longer prefers sitting on the floor to put on her stockings.

THE CORRESPONDENT'S PLEA

If we could write the things we feel,

Could make imagination real—

If pencil, paper, pen and ink—

Had but the gift to make us think.

We'd shed our studied attitudes,

Idle remarks and platitudes,

And write our missives just as

They went to people whom we know.

We'd scorn such terms as "even date"

"In reply we beg to state,"

"Regarding" would not be "in re."

Our meanings would be plain as day.

"Yours truly" we would not "remain".

From edited phrases we'd refrain—

How vivid would our letters be in simple phraseology!

No "fifth inst." or "sooth ulti."

Our readers' sense would insult;

From formal bombast like "esteemed"

Our sentences would be redeemed.

In homely words and simple style

We'd write each letter with a smile—

Oh! What a difference—goodness knows.

If we could write plain English prose!

DOINGS OF THE NAMES CLUB

There's nothing in the name as A. Boss, who was married last week,

will soon find out.

Ida L. Shortness was granted a di-

cate in a Baby-Awful at Three—and it's Dangerous

by Ruth Brittain



Young snubbing does look sweet in a baby, but it is disgusting in the three-year-old and sometimes it hangs on until fifteen or sixteen! The habit may cause an inflamed mouth or induce adenoids; and it always interferes with digestion. Pinning the sleeve over the hand; attaching mittens, or putting on cardboard cuffs, which prevent bending the arms at the elbows, are some of the ways to stop the habit.

The chorus of the revue song in question, as sung by Miss Mimi Crawford, runs as follows:

I've danced with a man who's danced with a girl

Who's danced with the Prince of Wales;

I'm crazy with excitement—completely off the rails;

When he told me what she told him

The Prince remarked to her,

It was simply grand!

He said, "Topping hand."

And she said, "Delightful sir."

Glory, glory, Hallelujah.

I'm the luckiest of females,

For I've danced with a man who's danced with a girl

Who's danced with the Prince of Wales.

The revue is called "Many Happy Returns," and it contains many silly thrusts at men and women who are for the moment prominent in the public eye. Some of these thrusts, it is understood, were regarded by the Lord Chamberlain as a trifle too personal, so they were either cut out or toned down.

The revue was first produced privately at the Arts Theatre. Being a private performance, the Lord Chamberlain had no authority to exercise his blue pencil. It was thought, however, that the Prince should be asked if he objected to the song in question, and he replied, through one of his secretaries, that he did not.

I'm somewhat of a talker myself.—William Sulzer.

Discover the old-world charm of Canada for yourself

Montreal—Murray Bay—Saguenay Canyon

SPLASHING waters, blue as the summer sky . . . jeweled by tiny islets crowned with Aladdin palaces . . . sweet fresh winds . . . rest and enjoyment.

Your boat gliding through group after group everywhere a panorama of wondrous beauty . . . laughter and music . . . the joy of good company.

And then down the winding, rushing St. Lawrence, dashing over foaming rapids . . . swirling through tumbling cascades . . . throwing the spray of conquest over the bows.

And so to Montreal . . . and quaint Quebec and Murray Bay . . . Tadoussac and the great capes of the Saguenay where mountains meet the sea.

Here is a vacation that is new . . . new with the thrill of tingling life . . . new to the eye, the ear, the whole being.

Come! The great adventure into old French Canada awaits you through the 1000 Islands and along the banks of the great Romantic River.

Write for details of this tour of surprises

Montreal, Que.
Ticket Office:
715 Victoria Square
or your local agent.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

voice from John Shortness—which indicates the shortness of married life.

Dave Tibbs and Ross Bowles were married last week. Now that she's got Tibbs she'll probably want a wash-board.

Now go on with the story: And there was the Scotchman who wouldn't wear sex because they put too much strain on his garters.

Pity one couldn't know he's got enough until he's got too much.

Advice Regarding Gardens: "Weed and Reap."

Dancing Now in Revue Song

London Hit Tells About Girl Who Had Prince for a Partner Twice Removed

London—The Prince of Wales can and often does enjoy a joke at his own expense. A humorous allusion to his many achievements, whether on the hunting field, at golf, or at the dance, is sure of a ready laugh from him, and no resentment.

Such an allusion is most likely to be made on the stage, and it is the duty of the Lord Chamberlain, the censor of plays, to see that it is within the bounds of propriety. Of course, if the Prince himself says he does not object, there is an end to the matter, and he has raised no objection to his name being mentioned in a song which is one of the hits of a show now running in London.

He has patronized many dances organized by the proletariat in the choice of partners. When he patronizes a dance, whether it be a patrician or a plebeian affair, he does not just "look in" make one or two gracious bows and then execute a quick getaway. He goes to dance, and he does.

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