

The Sun.

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LOCAL NEWS.—The City and Suburban News Bureau of the UNITED PRESS and NEW YORK ASSOCIATED PRESS is at 21 to 23 Ann street. All information and documents for public use instantly disseminated to the press of the whole country.

We Cannot Fly.

The two most active and most promising leaders in the study of flying machines for man, MAXIM and LILIENTHAL, have within a month or two proved in practice the failure of their experiments. Both of these inventors have tried to fly by the use of an immense area of wing. The MAXIM machine, or aeroplane, which has at last come to grief, has an extreme spread of about 125 feet, and is driven by a pair of two-bladed propellers eighteen feet in diameter. It weighed about 8,000 pounds when loaded with men and stores, and included an engine producing a horse power for every six pounds of weight, a marvel in mechanics. The fuel was gasoline. The body of the machine was a flat car running on tracks with preventer bars to keep it from rising beyond the track's guidance.

Carrying Mr. MAXIM and two other men, the machine started, driven along the track by its great canvas propellers like an ordinary railway car. As it acquired speed, the air pressure against its slanting wings and its ascending force became so great that one of the preventer wheels holding it down to the track broke; and, once released from the clutch of the earth, or, in other words, so soon as it began to fly, the thing slewed round, tore up a portion of the rail, lurched uncontrollably to one side, and fell, a wreck in itself, but without injuring the three men on it.

The conclusion of *Industries and Iron*, which gives the most detailed account of the accident, is that our attempts at flying have carried us no nearer its accomplishment than we were before we began them. However pleasing may be the trick of passing through the air for a little way under certain conditions, as MAXIM and LILIENTHAL have done, flight by man on the lines attempted, namely, those of the bird, using wings which, in man's case, must necessarily be so vast as to be unwieldy, and doomed to destruction by even moderate violence of wind, is a dream. Until we are able to sustain ourselves with comparatively a tenth or a hundredth part of the surface exposed by birds, or until the increase of our ability to produce force is so enormous as to amount practically to the creation of a new force, man must stay on the ground.