

MADE PROBE OF OIL TRUSTS



Dr. David Talbot Day has been chief of the mining and mineral resources division of the United States Geological survey since the year 1888. He made the great petroleum investigation for the government.

HER BODY A SHIELD

ONLY CARE OF CALIFORNIA WOMAN WAS HER CHILD.

Run Down by Automobile Mrs. Kirchner, of Los Angeles, Thought of Nothing But Protecting Little One.

Oakland, Cal.—Carrying her infant child in her arms and leading an eight-year-old daughter by the hand, Mrs. C. R. Kirchner, whose home is at 411 Summer street, attempted to cross the street at Broadway and fourteenth street when she was run down and buried to the ground by an automobile driven by M. T. Vance, who lives at 1326 Alabama street, San Francisco. When struck by the machine Mrs. Kirchner forgot her own danger in an effort to protect her little one from harm, throw her daughter almost out of the path of the machine, at the same time interposing her own body as a shield to the child. The force of the collision buried her from her feet to the ground, but clutching her babe in her arms she turned as she fell in such a way as to protect it from contact with the hard pavement with her own body. Before Vance could bring his machine to a stop the front wheel of the car had passed over Mrs. Kirchner's lower limbs, inflicting a number of painful bruises, and her little daughter was painfully bruised by coming in contact with the corner of the automobile. According to witnesses of the accident, Vance lost his head after striking the woman, and after bringing the machine to a stop reversed his engine and once more the front wheel of the machine passed over one of Mrs. Kirchner's legs before she could get out of the way. Policeman Conroy was a witness of the accident and he at once placed Mrs. Kirchner in the automobile and took the injured woman and Vance to the central police station. Mrs. Kirchner refused to be taken to the emergency hospital. After she had given an account of the accident to Acting Capt. Brown Mrs. Kirchner was taken to her home in the machine by which she had been injured. Vance was not arrested, as Mrs. Kirchner declared that she did not care to prosecute him. Vance declared that as he started to turn the corner Mrs. Kirchner stepped directly in front of his machine, which struck her before he could make a move to avert the accident. He said that he was running very slowly at the time of the accident and was sounding his horn as he turned the corner.

Poison in Mosquito Bite. Philadelphia—With his left arm swollen to three times its normal size, Frederick Mason, 60 years old, a foreman at the Midvale steel works, applied for treatment at the Samaritan hospital, and, according to the physicians, was treated in time to prevent amputation of the member. A week ago, while sitting on his doorstep, Mason was bitten by a mosquito. The bite caused him much annoyance by continual itching and it is supposed that in scratching the part it became inflamed and blood poisoning set in. Home remedies were applied until the arm began to swell and became very painful. This is the second time this summer that a mosquito has sent the victim to the Samaritan hospital for treatment.

Children Mangled by Hogs. Mason City, Ia. (Boston Post)—A boy and girl, five and six years old, were mangled by two wild hogs when the boys were playing with a pasture horse that they attempted to carry two of their home as pigs. Howard and Vera, aged 5 and 3 years, respectively, were badly injured by two wild hogs.

Mistaken Friend for Deer. Benton, Ark.—Mistaking Fred White for a deer, A. Beard called his gun aimed into the underbrush and fired. The object of his aim toppled over. Running a hundred yards to the spot to where he fired Beard discovered the dead body of his hunting companion, White. Beard was blown off when he shot a prominent citizen of Benton.

Girls Sail to Get Husbands. Liverpool—The remarkable episode of marriageable young women from this country to the United States and Canada is emphasized by the departure of 1,000 unmarried women on the steamer Baltic alone, while several hundred more were among the total of 5,000 passengers carried on three trans-Atlantic steamers.

DOG WAS

SHOWING THE ERROR OF JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

Pet Thought He Was Jumping at the Conclusion of a Cat, But It Was Another Kind of Animal.

Chicago—Doc, the prize speckled bulldog which is the joy of the younger members of the family of C. A. Plamondon, 82 Astor street, and the particular pride of his mistress, Miss Marie Plamondon, is in bad odor. He admits it in all the most expressive terms of the canine tongue and offers no excuse. From the tip of his wrinkled nose to the extremity of his stubby corkscrew tail he is the personification of shame and disgust. The story of Doc's undoing is sad and unavailing. It is a tale of misplaced confidence and the evils of chance acquaintances. Ordinarily Doc is rather exclusive in his acquaintances, but the other night an uncontrollable impulse led him to depart from his usual scruples and in this single lapse lay his misfortune. The members of the Plamondon family, together with several of the young people's friends of the neighborhood, were seated in the porch of the Plamondon residence enjoying the lake breeze, and laughing and talking with the usual gaiety of young people. Doc lay peacefully stretched out on the stone porch coping, enjoying the caresses of his mistress and sleepily viewing the neighborhood through half closed eyes.

But Doc was far from asleep. All at once he heaved what he mistook to be his dearest enemy, George Payson's huge Maltese cat, moving along in the shadow of the fence which borders the Plamondon home on the south and closes off the vacant lot on the corner. Doc's stumpy tail stiffened with eagerness as he gathered himself for a spring at the bushy tailed animal, and his lips rolled back in a smile of canine joy. With a yelp he sprang from the porch and dashed at the enemy.

The meeting was brief and volcanic. The yelp of joy turned to a howl of utter woe as an overpowered roar of that of Memphis Americanus—Doc on that evening air. Doc came rushing back to the porch searching his soul for sounds to express how he hated himself. But he found no welcoming friends. The overpowering smell had aroused a commotion among the occupants of the porch and a grand rush for indoors was made. In the melee everybody overlooked Doc, who gained the inviting open doorway two jumps ahead of the rest of the family. As the last member of the porch party cleared the threshold he caught sight of the black and white "pussy" calmly pursuing its course down the middle of the sidewalk.

Then the commotion was transferred to the interior of the Plamondon home. The house filled with the perfume of eau de Memphis Americanus as Doc dashed down the rear stairway to the kitchen and in abject misery sought cover under the kitchen stove. The problem was how to get him out. The young men of the family donned old clothes and gloves, pulled down their trousers and hurried into the back yard, where they narrowly missed Doc. He was sprayed with water from a distance with Florida water and chloride of lime. In the meantime Mr. Plamondon and other members of the family were busy lighting incense, mosquito, and punk sticks and placing them in jars, vases and saucers throughout the house to mitigate the atmosphere. Also in the interim the upper windows of several of the houses in the neighborhood had hastily opened to discover the cause of the commotion and were as hastily closed. The whole neighborhood thought a mammoth stockyard had moved right down in its midst. Two night watchmen and a couple of coppers were called into service to locate the intruder and put an end to his ministrations, but the task was an unwelcome one and the policeman accepted it glomerly. Reliable indications point to the fact that the little animal has taken sanctuary back of the Payson domicile.

Black Cat Kills Child. City of Mexico, Mexico—Genaro Godinez, an infant three months old, was killed while lying in his cradle by a large black cat at Plateros, the home of the Godinez family. The baby's mother had gone away from the house to see a neighbor, leaving the little one sleeping in his cradle. There were no others in the house at the time, and though some of the neighbors heard the baby crying they thought nothing of it as the screams of the child lasted but a short time. When the mother returned home she was horrified to find the infant dead. The cat had climbed the baby's face almost completely up, and had terribly lacerated his arms, breast and legs. The shock has left the mother in a very critical condition and fears are felt for her recovery.

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LOVE FOR L. WAS STRONG.

Woman, After All, Could Not Bear to Have Pet Killed.

Indianapolis.—A woman, poorly dressed but of respectable appearance, went into police headquarters with a bulldog about as friendly as the police had ever seen. Even before the woman spoke the animal was wagging her tail and nuzzling friends right and left. There was a friendly expression in the dog's eyes and the members of the department present could see at a glance that the dog was of a disposition to be trusted.

"What can we do for you, lady?" asked Desk Sergeant Crane. "I came to get rid of my dog," she replied sorrowfully. "You see, I can't afford to pay the tax." "Do you want to give the dog away?" the sergeant asked. "Yes, if some one would have her," came the reply. "But, oh my, no one wants her, and I guess the only thing to do is to have her killed."

With this the woman burst into tears and between her sobs she declared her dog was the best animal that ever lived. "Why that dog is everything in our little household. I can go away and leave the doors open and it is only necessary to tell her to stay there and watch. She is a protection against any one who means harm to me and the children. But I have no money and can not pay the tax, and I might be arrested if I don't."

"I'm sorry, lady, to see you lose such a pet," Crane told her. "If you have decided to have the dog killed Humane Inspector Smith back there will do it."

The dog jumped and cavorted about as she followed the woman to the humane office. Smith asked several questions, and then told the woman he would kill the animal. She went with the inspector into the basement in order to coax the dog there. Coolly the inspector selected a bottle of deadly poison from a cabinet. Two or three drops of it causes instant death to dogs, and Smith started toward the bulldog with the bottle in his hand.

"My God, stop," the woman cried dramatically, and with large tears running down her cheeks. "I'm very poor, but I'll go back to the wash tub and rub my hands off before that dog shall be killed. What's two or three days' work compared with the love of a dog like that. Come on, Fanny, we'll go back home."

Before the astonished Smith could speak the woman kissed the dog and ran up the stairway and out of the building. She did not leave her name.

SCHEME OF BRAVE GIRL.

Planned to Turn Herself into Walking Bomb and Blow Up Police.

St. Petersburg.—The police have arrested a young girl, nicknamed "Wanda," who is accused of participation in a plot to blow up the headquarters of the secret police, situated on the Mokka, whose torture chambers have aroused bitter feelings on the part of the revolutionists. The police claim that "Wanda" planned to become a "walking bomb" and enter the headquarters building in the middle of the day, when it is generally full of police.

She was to wear the uniform of a zemdarville officer, lined with wads of gunpowder and carrying powerful bombs. "Wanda," the police add, looped by blowing herself up to reduce the entire building to ruins and kill all the officers composing the staff of the political police.

The plot was betrayed, and the police, in addition to taking "Wanda" into custody, arrested a Jewish tailor, in whose shop they seized a half-ready uniform which was intended for the woman.

In consequence of the murderous designs of the revolutionists, the secret police have decided to give up their present headquarters, removing to an isolated stone building on Kamenky Island, where an elaborate electric signal system will be installed in order to prevent revolutionists from entering.

COMMUNION WINE BARRED.

Freak Phase of Georgia's New Prohibition Law.

Atlanta, Ga.—Under a strict construction of the prohibition law, which goes into effect in Georgia Jan. 1 next, it is held that it will be unlawful to administer wine at the communion table. This feature of the law is causing protests, and grand juries throughout the state have adopted the following:

"On Jan. 1, 1908, every minister who hands sacramental wine to his members will subject himself to as many indictments as there are members. Every deacon who hands the sacramental wine to the members of the church will subject himself to as many indictments as there are members. We petition the general assembly of Georgia to make such amendments to the law as will allow the Christian people of this state to worship God according to the dictates of conscience without violating the laws of the state."

Kissed Her Brother's Slayer. Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. A. Matthews, a witness in the Schwabaker murder trial in the West Side, testified that Mrs. Strett, sister of the dead man, stood talking to him when Frank Hapsel, the defendant walked behind him and knocked Schwabaker to the ground with a pickax. Immediately after this blow was struck, other witnesses said, Mrs. Strett kissed the man who attacked her brother.

UNLUCKY TO MEET WOMAN.

Peculiar Superstition Believed in by Irish Fisherman.

Superstitions as to its being unlucky to meet a woman when setting out to fish, or upon any journey by sea, are not uncommon. From a headland on the Donegal coast the writer was one day anxiously watching a small smack beating across the bay against a heavy sea and stiff breeze, which had suddenly sprung up. After a long hard fight for it the little craft made the pier in safety, and upon condolences being offered the skipper on his recent hardships he said: "Sure, what better luck could I have? Didn't I meet a red-headed woman in Sligo this morning the moment I left my lodging to walk down to the boat? In this case the color of the woman's hair and the fact of her being the first person met with after the man left his house seemed to be the determining factor in the day's luck. But in other places the objection to such an encounter embraces hair of all shades and any hour of the day, it being amply sufficient to bring the ill-luck that any woman should pass you by just as you are walking down to the boat. Only a few weeks ago the writer visited a small fishing village on the Galway coast, and just before getting on his car to return home was chatting to the landlady of the little inn. A strapping young fisherman, who was walking down the road toward the harbor suddenly stopped, climbed over the fence, and made his way to his boat across the fields. The writer observed to his hostess that the young fellow must have mistaken him for a process-server with a writ for him. She laughed rather derisively and said: "It's not you at all, sir, he's afraid of me. He's just going fishing, and would not pass me by if you gave him the Bill of his hat of gold."

WELL OF SODA WATER.

Natural Fountain One of the Wonders of California.

One of the most interesting and novel gushing wells in the world, and perhaps without a rival in either respect, is a well of soda water that recently came up at Wending, just across the Mendocino county border from Sonoma, Cal. This well produces soda water—genuine soda water—and of a quality that would warrant bottling for the general trade in such quantities as were never struck before. There is so much of this water that it is turned into a huge flume and used to float great logs from the forest to the lumber mills.

An artesian well borer was recently employed to secure an adequate water supply for a large sawmill in that region. He drilled to a depth of 200 feet, the lower 10 feet being through solid granite. Then a slight trace of water was found. The artesian man then placed 34 sticks of dynamite at the bottom of the well and exploded them.

Instantly water gushed up, rising 20 feet above the surface of the ground, pouring forth in enormous volume. That was days ago, and since then there has been no indication of a cessation of this vast natural soda fountain.—Scientific American

Where the Immigrants Go. With regard to the distribution of newly arrived immigrants the figures of the bureau of immigration show that of the 1,200,000 immigrants who passed through Ellis Island in 1906 about 20 per cent were destined for New York state, and most of these for the metropolitan district; 20 per cent for Pennsylvania, 7 per cent each for Illinois and Massachusetts, and 5 1/2 per cent each for New Jersey and Ohio. This would seem to indicate a considerable congestion. But it must be taken into consideration that the immigration statistics do not take into account the great number who stay in New York only long enough to discover where they may go, or to earn enough for their passage to agricultural districts. New York is the clearing house, and already there are large movements at work to draw from it the newly arrived labor so badly needed in the mills of the south, on the railroads of the southwest, in the wheat fields of the great plains—where ever there is capital and undeveloped resources.—National Magazine.

Science and Singing.

The majority of professors of singing also profess a profound knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs, and impress their pupils and clients with an extensive vocabulary of technical terms, but we venture to say that few have ever made a careful study of the organ they undertake to train, such as would be of real service to them in their instructions. A periodical examination of the pupils by a laryngologist would also undoubtedly be of great assistance in order to determine whether the vocal organs were being developed naturally and without undue strain.—London Hospital.

Harnessing the Rhine.

A great project has been formed for utilizing the waters of the Rhine about Basle for the supply of electric power. A company is in course of formation with a capital of one and a quarter millions sterling. There will be a barrage about 450 feet long near Istein. Altogether it is proposed to extract from the river power equal to 42,000 horses, which will constitute the most powerful hydraulic installation in Europe.

ERIE CANAL HELD ITS OWN.

Chewed That Inland Waterways Were by Leo Means Graduate.

When the New York Central parallelled the Erie canal, over 60 years ago, it looked very much as if canals were a thing of the past. When the West Shore bemoed it in on the other side canals had fallen in public opinion to the "raging sawmill" of the humorists. But the truth is, the Erie canal did not rage at all. It kept growing—slowly, as befits a canal. When it was completed in 1825 it was four feet deep and 40 feet wide. In 1835 it was deepened to six feet and took barges of 210 tons burden. Later it was given another foot, and was enlarged to a width of 70 feet at the top and 50 feet at the bottom, and there it remained. And while the railroads competed strenuously, its boats kept appearing at Buffalo and hauling the treasure by the only and original route to the sea. As late as 1907 it is said to have carried as much through freight as did these two trunk lines together, and it kept on doing it, despite the long-drawn jeers of locomotives.—The Century

TAKES HIS VACATION ALONE.

Hard Worker Brings Arguments to Support His Position.

"Am I justified, or not," said a married man, "in going off alone on my vacation? I think I am, the wife agrees with me, but I confess the neighbors shirk their shoulders. The case stands like this: I work hard all the year, ten full hours a day, and when I come home at night, there's the wife with her worries, and there are the children with their noisy play and their noisy quarrels. So for 50 continuous weeks—and on my brief fortnight's vacation I need a change from all that, a complete change. Therefore I go off alone to the mountains. I fish all day, and in the evening, dressed in my evening suit, I talk with beautiful young women in the hotel corridors. I want a change. I get it, and I return home a new man. But with the wife and kids along, I'd return home the same man."

Look at All the Ugly Men!

Senator Charles W. Fulton of Oregon, was a stumper whose methods were as effective as Dolliver's. He would begin something like this: "Well, I must say I'm disappointed at this crowd! Look at all the ugly men! Not a good looking man in the whole convention! How does it happen that such a lot of misshapen creatures on the masculine side have been able to attract so many beautiful female partners? Here I've been a bachelor for 40 years, but if I had known you fellows could do as well as you've done I'd never been a bachelor for 15 minutes," etc. By this hearty-bear method he placed himself on the best of terms with his hearers, and then took a dive into politics. The gist of it was according to an article in Appleton's that his wife was probably sitting in the audience listening to his remarks.

French Duet Test of Courage.

The only duet in music which was once the trouble to perform in modern French duet is that they seldom do much from the fact which is uppermost in the French mind is the objection that some one, whether a duetist come to an unnumbered of sleepers, has taken part in a duel without doing any harm to his life. His act, though probably only conventional, may turn out to be fatal. And even though, in general, it happily proves a mere formality, it involves, on the part of all concerned, a brave acknowledgment that anyone who pretends to belong to civilized society must hold himself responsible for the violation from the code of conduct which its traditions prescribe, and which its existence inviolate.—Scribner

The Devil's Bible.

The volume which is called "the Devil's Bible" is in the library of the royal palace of Sweden. It is a huge copy of the Scriptures, written on 300 prepared ass's skins. One report says that it took 300 years to complete this copy, which is so large that it has a table by itself. Another tradition says that it was completed in a single night, due to the assistance of his Satanic majesty who, when the work was finished, gave the monk a portrait of himself for a frontispiece. The illuminated likeness of the devil still adorns the front page of the work. The volume was carried off by the Swede, in the Thirty Years' War from a convent in Prague.

Name Sounded Familiar.

I was turning over the leaves of a magazine one afternoon and my little brother, three years old, happened to be standing near. As I turned one page I gazed on a lovely painting of Joan of Arc. "Do you know who this is, Ralph?" I asked. He looked at it a second and then he said, "Oh, yes, I know, that's—that's, oh, you know, she's a saint, and she's the one who swallowed the whole. He had confounded the two names of Jonah and Joan. Exchange.

If He Had a Million.

"Ray, Mike, if you had a million dollars given you today, what would you do first?" "Sure, an' I'd go to the Palace hotel and engage a room, an' I'd live wurnd with the clock to call me at five o'clock in the morning." "Why, what would you do that for?" "Ah," said Mike, with a comfortable grin, "when he found me to get up at five, 'Oh, go to the devil, I don't have to'—Judge's Library.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS