

NOVEL USE FOR MUSIC

MAY BE MADE TO EXTINGUISH FIRE IS CLAIM.

San Francisco Man Makes the Asses- sion, and Bases It on Vibration Theory—Scientists, Unconvinced, Listen With Respect.

When Charles Kellogg of San Francisco announced that he could sing a fire out there was scoffing among the unbelievers. They had heard of this man before, and knew he could imitate any bird he admired in the wood- land; that he had been able to procure wonderful pictures of wild animals through the Sierra Mountains, because he made them completely un- afraid by his singing; they knew that serpents had absolutely no terrors for him. But a fire, they argued, "has no life, no mind, therefore it cannot be hypnotized, tamed or lulled."

Nevertheless, fires are being "sung out" under test conditions.

Fires, says Mr. Kellogg, who denies all wizardry, is vibration, and just as it has been shown in the laboratory that one vibration may annul, control, silence another, so the proper one will still the vibration of fire, and, when the vibration is stilled, the fire is out.

Mr. Kellogg makes no claim that any human voice can sing to quietude the vibrations of a conflagration. The extinguishing vibrations must be of volume commensurate with those to be controlled, but he does maintain that the fire-fighting operation in the future will be based upon these principles.

According to this theory, one may fire to see giant tuning forks or musical instruments taking the place of the fire engines.

Kellogg was born in the California mountains, where he grew up in close touch with nature. His ability to re- produce musically all sounds of mother earth is phenomenal.

Make a few simple little experi- ments in vibration on your own ac- count. Hold an empty cigar in your hands in the room where someone is playing the piano, and every now and then you will feel that box vibrate. Try singing in a room where there are several small stringed instru- ments and you will be pleased some- times to hear a string sing with you.

The soothing, healing power of music in treating the insane has called forth remarks lately. Will the physician of the future take tempera- tures with a tuning fork and pre- scribe harmonious chords to allay fever or a "concord of sweet sounds" to hasten the knitting of bones?

Woman the Impersonal.

Woman is not a personality. She is a symbol. This is by no means assigned to her an inferior place. Far from it. To regard woman as an inferior, man is foolish, and as long as the woman movement, working on that basis, tries to prove that she is an equal or superior man. It must break down. As long as scientists and scholars insist on treating the points where woman differs from man as in- feriorities, so long will their work remain useless. Equally foolish is the discussion of which is the more high- ly organized. Both are superior; both complete. They are merely different.

Woman has a different nature, a different purpose; and the self-con- sidered feeling of personality is impos- sible to her. She is God-centered, a symbol of divine nature, a power working through man to accomplish what she will. She is to men the vision of creativeness, and this vision it is their part to make reality. One has only to look at the curious results of woman's interpretation of the word personality, and her application of it to herself as a "right," to see how ill this man-quality fits her. When woman starts out with a baleful determi- nation to "live her own life," it makes one weep or laugh, according to one's temperament. Woman's strength and power lie not in a pseudo-personality but in her nearness to divine nature.—Atlantic Monthly.

Kaiser's Early Rising.

William II, emperor of Germany, is an early riser and likes to have everybody about him follow his good example. He is up every day at 6 o'clock, ready to go to work or to take an outing on horseback. His high officials complain that they are torn too early from the soft delights of sleep. Herr von Bethmann-Holl- weg, who is a famous sleeper, accom- modates himself with difficulty to this strenuous regimen. He only awakens after many calls from his valet de chambre, and when drawn from his bed makes his toilet slowly and always arrives late at the palace, to find the emperor await- ing him with impatience. Some days ago, remarks the Cri de Paris, the emperor, after having waited for him until half past 6 o'clock, decid- ed to go and surprise his chancellor at Frederick street. He found him in the bath. "I wish to remind you, my dear chancellor," said the emperor, "that the day begins for you and for me at 6 o'clock. It is now going on 7 and you are not even shaved. An hour lost each day will make fifteen days in a year and in fifteen days my grandfather won three victories."

Prince as Art Critic.

August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's fourth son, known as the civilian prince because he has adopted civil life by be- coming a lawyer, has been appointed head of the art commission to select paintings and sculpture for the na- tional gallery at this year's art exposi- tion.

BEARS IN FIGHT TO DEATH

Wyoming Hunter Tells How He Started Fierce Fight Between Two Enormous Grizzlies.

A Wyoming man gives a graphic account of a battle to the death between two bears, which a shot from his rifle had caused to attack each other. "I was out after elk and discovered the two bears a long way off, digging in rotten down timber for grubs. I dismounted from my pony, and, making a wide detour, came up behind the bears and got within easy range without being winded or dis- covered by them. Taking good aim at one of the grizzlies I fired. The bullet tumbled him over, but he was on his feet again almost immediately. "The other bear had stopped its grubbing when this one fell and turned and stared at it in surprise. The wounded bear glared at its com- panion a moment and then appar- ently made up its mind that its com- panion had knocked it down, for it pitched into that bear with a feroc- ity that plainly meant business, and instantly a battle was on. The bears clinched and bit and raked one an- other with their claws. In a very short time their tough hides were hanging in strips on their huge bodies and the bears were drenched with blood. I never saw nor expect again to see such a sight. It was fearful. The grizzlies fought for at least ten minutes, and then the one I had shot failed to get up after being hurled to the ground by its antagonist, and the latter stood over its prostrate foe and tore him with his paws until it had disemboweled him.

"Then the victor, growling and gnashing its teeth, moved away a few steps, staggered like a drunken per- son and fell to the ground. I tried to get up, but could not. I crept cautiously to the spot, fearing that the bear might still have enough vitality to make it lively when it discovered me, but my caution was not called for. The grizzly was as dead as his rival. Those two bears were the most prodigious specimens of their kind I had ever seen, but they were literally torn to pieces. There was not a whole piece of skin or flesh or either of them as big as my hat."

He Cannot Forget.

A musician seated far out on a wind swept pier at Atlantic City, was tell- ing stories about composers. "Dr. Richard Strauss," he said, "vis- ited America before he achieved world fame, and the sapient, cock-sure crit- ics of New York were very hard on him. In fact, they were so hard on him that Dr. Strauss had not yet either forgotten or forgiven them. The wound is still raw. It still bleeds."

The musician regarding with an ab- sent smile the slow, lazy graceful dives of a school of porpoises in the tumbling water, continued.

"I had the honor last year of attend- ing one of Dr. Strauss' rehearsals in Munich. It was a new symphony, very beautiful, but very bizarre. In the middle of it the composer rapped his desk impatiently and called to the double bassoon.

"Why don't you play the F sharp that is marked?"

"The bassoon, a bullheaded sort of fellow, answered:

"Because it would sound wrong, that is why."

"Dr. Strauss gave a harsh laugh and shouted:

"Himmel! Are you a New York critic in disguise?"—Washington Star.

Anecdotes of Heener.

Mme. Steinbell's extraordinary "Me- moirs" contain some bits of personal anecdote in startling contrast to the horrors she depicts of the notorious murder case, prison experience and trial. She writes of Heener, the cele- brated painter of milk white auburn haired beauties unadorned.

"I never knew Heener to be em- barrassed. But if he was never em- barrassed he had embarrassing habits, the worst of which was that of examining the shoulders and arms of ladies in décolleté with unperturbed insistence. And not infrequently he would say: 'Allow me, just one sec- ond; I want to feel the grain, the qual- ity of your skin.'

"And before the victim had time to move he would press down his hairy and grimy forefinger on her bare arm, or even on her neck.

"Withdrawing his fingers, he would pass some such remark as this: 'It's really wonderful. I never grow tired of feeling flesh. It is all made of lit- tle dots—blue, white, green, pink, pur- ple, yellow. That is what flesh is.'"

Unappreciated Mercies.

"You're glad to get them back again. I guess," said the optician as he carefully adjusted a pair of spec- tacles on a customer's nose.

"Yes," replied the customer, a boy of eighteen, "I am indeed."

"That poor boy," explained the op- tician after the youth had left the shop, "has practically lost the sight of one eye, and the other is so near- sighted that he can see with it only by the aid of the strongest glass. Hard to go through life so handi- capped!"

"And I've been growling and com- plaining," said the man who had just had a pair of eyeglasses made, "be- cause I have to wear specs to cor- rect a mild astigmatism. How little we appreciate our mercies!"

Price of Fur Advances.

The price of every fur except bear advanced last year. Fine sable skins brought \$200 each, arctic fox from \$100 to \$250 a skin; wolf, \$5.50; squirrel, from 15 to 22 cents; bear, \$7.50.

PENGUIN OIL INDUSTRY

BIRDS ARE CAPTURED AND BRED FOR PROFIT.

Macquarie Island, Between Tasmania and the Antarctic Continent, Is the Center of a Promising Commercial Enterprise.

What is probably the most southerly industry of the world is being carried on at Macquarie Island, about halfway between Tasmania and the Antarctic continent, in capture of penguins for their oil. Macquarie Island belongs to the state of Tasmania, and has an area of about 25,000 acres, being about twenty-five miles long and five miles wide. The island is leased by the Tasmanian government to Joseph Hatch, who has established a penguin oil industry there. Recently meeting Mr. Hatch, I obtained the following particulars from him:

There are probably 80,000,000 pen- guins on the island, so that the stock to be drawn from seems almost limit- less. There are also a large number of sea elephants about the shores of this island. The oil is obtained from the penguins by boiling the carcasses in digesters capable of dealing with 800 birds at a time. The tops of the digesters are fastened down and steam applied until about twenty-five pounds pressure is obtained. The steam is then turned off and water pumped into the bottoms of the digesters, this causing the oil to rise, when it is taken off the top by a tap.

The oil is placed in barrels and sold to binder twine makers in Australia and New Zealand. There is a good market for all the oil that is produced here, but the industry has met with several severe losses through wreck of ships attempting to visit the island. There is no harbor about the island, so that vessels have to lie about half a mile off the rocky coast, and all material has to be conveyed to and from the shore on rafts formed of casks. Owing to the roughness of the open roadstead, it is impossible to obtain insurance for vessels trading there.

Macquarie Island is about 750 miles southeast of Hobart. The island is barren, being covered only with tus- socky grass. Whaling ships visiting there introduced rabbits and Maori hens, which are now quite prolific. The Mawson Antarctic expedition from Australia has established a wire- less station there, and daily messages are now being received at Hobart. It was the intention of this expedition to use Macquarie Island as a means of sending messages all the way from their base at Adelle land to Hobart, but unfortunately the wireless station established at Adelle land has been unable to communicate with Mac- quarie Island, owing, it is supposed, to being too near the magnetic dis- turbances caused by the proximity of the south magnetic pole. The station at Macquarie Island, however, has already proved of considerable value to shipping in Australian waters by giving warning of storms coming up from the south.—Consul Henry D Baker, Hobart, Tasmania.

American "Aristocracy."

If gilt were only gold, or sugar candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon objects de vertu, to wear the most costly dresses and always to have them cut in the height of fashion; to build houses 30 feet broad as if they were palaces; to fur- nish them with all the luxurious de- vices of a Persian genius; to give sum- mer banquets at which your guests laugh and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape Eu- ropean liveries and crests and coats of arms; to resent the friendly ad- vances of your baker's wife and the lady of your butcher (you being your- self a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of the "old families" and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of "good society," to travesty and parody, in every con- ceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the super- ficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organiza- tion entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all these were fine, what a prodigiously fine society would ours be!—George Willard Curtis.

Drunken Monkeys.

According to a recent letter from the Congo region on the west coast of Africa, the monkeys there are inordi- nately fond of a kind of beer made by the natives, who use the beverage to capture their poor relations. Having placed quantities of the beer where the monkeys can get it, the na- tives wait until their victims are in various degrees of inebriation, and when they then mingle with them the poor creatures are too much fuddled to recognize the difference between negro and ape.

When a negro takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, some other fond creature clings to the hand of the latter one, and another one to his hand; thus a single negro may some- times be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys.

When secured the beer is admin- istered in decreasing quantities, so that they may only gradually awaken to the sad results of their spree.

Deserved Protest.

A French newspaper refers to the members of the stock exchange sing- ing "God save the king." "We must protest against this total misrepresen- tation of our national aspirations," observes Punch.

ANYTHING TO SAVE THE HAT

Lucinda Forced to Smile at Antics of Men Caught in Rain With New Straw Headgear.

"I have nothing to say against men," said Lucinda, "but really it makes me smile to see them in the straw hat season when a shower comes. At such a time you may see a woman in all her finery keeping calm- ly on her way quite unruffled, while men are darting into open doorways or starting to run, all to protect their precious straw hats from a few drops of rain. And what funny things they do besides!

"Plenty of men when the sprinkle begins take off their hat and carry it sort of carelessly down at their sides, as if they had taken it off just to cool their fevered brow, don't you know, to make themselves more comfortable; but really so that less of the hat's surface may be exposed to the rain. And then you may see a man carrying his hat so tilted that the rain will fall on the under side of the brim and not on the top and crown.

"You may see some men take off their hat and put it quite frankly un- der their coat and hold that over it to keep it dry, while the number of men who open out a newspaper and hold that over their bright straw hat is not small.

"The man who holds a newspaper over his hat tries usually to do this with a careless air, as if he didn't care much about it, but thought he might as well give his hat some pro- tection. But sometimes you see a man wrestling with a newspaper desper- ately.

"Here, for instance, was a man who had been standing in a doorway wait- ing for a car, and who now when he saw his car coming, clapped a newspaper over his hat and ran out into the rain. Heavy business this was, for he had to hold that news- paper on with one hand while he grabbed for the handhold on the side of the car with the other. And after all I know he must have found that his hat had been ruined when he got aboard.

"But here was another man, who with the aid of a newspaper was keep- ing his hat absolutely dry. He had carefully and completely wrapped his hat up in a newspaper, and nowhere he was with his hat so wrapped and carried under his arm, walking bare- headed down Broadway!

"Really, it does make me smile when I see what men do with their hats when a shower comes."—New York Times.

Effectually Aroused.

A large, perspiring individual en- tered a subway train at one of the up- town stations yesterday afternoon, squeezed himself into a seat between two women and promptly went to sleep. He nodded, he swayed from side to side with every motion of the car, and at last, to the secret delight of every passenger, opposite, began slowly but surely to lay his head on the shoulder of one of the young women beside him. At this juncture the unexpected happened. Without even raising her eyes from her paper the young woman reached into her bag with one free hand, drew forth a small silver vinaigrette of smelling salts and carefully placed it under the sleeper's nose. There was a rum- bling sound, followed by a series of sneezes, and the man sat bolt upright, blinking in bewildered fashion, while the car echoed with laughter. The only person who took no part in the merriment was the young woman, who calmly replaced her vinaigrette and went on reading. The man remained wide awake for the rest of the trip.—New York Times.

Wanted It Complete.

Several days ago a house-furnishing shop on Chestnut street, west of Broad, had a display of bathroom sup- plies in their window. In one cor- ner was a bathtub. Over this was hung a portable shower with a sign attached which read, "Complete, \$10." A man came into the store and said to the salesman, "I'll take the shower." The latter was rather surprised that such a seedy-looking individual would make such a purchase and said, "We do not send these 'C. O. D.' " "That's all right," he replied, and took a ten-dollar note from a roll of bills. In the course of the day the shower was delivered to a certain address. The next day a little girl came into the shop, and, giving the address of the purchaser of the day before said, "We got the shower all right, but my father wants to know where the bathtub is." The firm sent for the shower and re- turned the \$10 bill without comment.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pump for Horn Players.

The patient German inventor has produced a new labor-saving device; this time it is meant to make easier the work of the man who plays a wind instrument.

To maintain at the lips an air pres- sure required for some wind instru- ments is fatiguing. Besides this the necessity for taking breath once in a while makes it almost impossible to render properly long passages full of sustained notes.

Hence the inventor has devised a machine operated by the foot which conveys air under pressure by a tube to the mouth of the player. It would be, of course, impossible to attach the tube from the bellows directly to the instrument, since it is by the mouth that character is given to the sounds.

But the musician using this inven- tion will have his mouth constantly filled with air, and can breathe in through his nose without interrupting his flow of music.

FLED BEFORE FLAMES

RUSSIAN PEASANTS SUFFERERS FROM PRAIRIE FIRES.

Huge Areas Devastated and Human Lives, as Well as Live Stock, Sacrificed—Whole Settle- ments Wiped Out.

Midsummer in Russia has been ushered in by a great epidemic of fires on the steppes.

The intense dryness of the season has spread the fires over a huge area. One of the most dreadful fires that raged a few days ago in the Province of Turgai, on the other side of the Ural mountains, and to the northeast of the Caspian. On these steppes vast seas of grass stretch to the horizon, raised only by shrubs of the wild cherry and dwarf almond on the hill- sides or by clumps of wormwood when the soil is clayey. Herds of cattle and horses graze on the plains.

It was early in the morning when mighty clouds of smoke suddenly rose up from the steppe, a sure sign to the inhabitants that a fire was in progress. So appalling was the speed with which the fire rolled over the dry and yellow grass that the peasants had quickly to concert measures for saving just their own lives from destruc- tion. Feverish activity prevailed in all the villages until the tongues of flame which came on nearer and near- er with uncanny swiftness appeared on the horizon.

Swept forward by the rushing wind, sparks from the conflagration kindled in advance another fire, which in a short time enveloped 30,000 acres of grazing ground. Swifter and swifter before the wind dashed on the wall of fiery waves. Enormous pillars of flame shot up into the air. The suc- tion was so strong that slabs of turf and burning branches were hurled up into the air and thrown far away.

Men and cattle were hard put to it to save themselves. Their least dan- ger was of being scorched by the fiery breath which swept on ahead of the flames. Women and children who sank helpless to the ground were dragged along by the other villagers, for only hasty flight was now of any avail. But even this would not have saved them had not a lake lain in their path, into which they all rushed, wading in as far as they could with- out drowning.

Imagine, then, hundreds of persons standing in the waters up to their shoulders, while all round them masses of flame ran along the banks and sent out flickering tongues over the water in their direction, baffled in their thirst for victims.

Some of the inhabitants of the vil- lages on the steppes directly they saw the fire advancing set to work to burn large areas, and on these oases they collected all their cattle and household goods. At last a heavy shower came and extinguished the prairie fire. Many perished in the flames or were stifled by the smoke, five in one vil- lage, three in another, and so on. Be- sides this there was great destruction of livestock, large and small.—Ham- burger Nachrichten.

How the Picture Animals Talk.

A Parisian novelty is a picture book of animals, and each animal ut- ters its own characteristic cry. The pictures represent the most familiar domestic animals, and each animal speaks its own language. To cause it to break silence nothing is neces- sary but to pull a little string at the edge of the book.

In the books are to be seen a rooster, a cow, a lamb, little birds in their nest, a donkey, a cuckoo, a goat. On the last page are children who are welcoming their parents. By pulling the string at the right page the cry of any particular creature is elicited. The listener hears the donkey heehaw and the rooster crow. The crowing is well imitated. The string is pulled again and the lamb bleats, the birds twitter, the cuckoo sings, the cow moos, or the little children call out "papa" and "mamma."

These interesting results are ob- tained simply by the aid of small bel- lows placed in a box hidden in the book. When the string is pulled the air enters the corresponding bellows and is thence expelled by a spring. The air makes its exit through a spe- cial tube appropriate for each cry, and at the same time the bellows meets with obstacles placed on a wire.

Experimenting With Death.

There are few men, perhaps, who have not a hundred times in the course of life, felt a curiosity to know what their sensations would be if they were compelled to lay life down. The very impossibility, in ordi- nary cases, of obtaining any ap- proach to this knowledge, is an inces- sant spur pressing on the fancy in its endeavors to arrive at it. Thus poets and painters have ever made the estate of a man condemned to die one of their themes of comment or description. Footboys and apprentices hang themselves every other day, con- clusively—missing their arrangement for slipping the knot half way—out of a seeming instinct to try the secrets of that fate, which—less in jest than earnest—they feel an inward moni- tion may become their own. And thousands of men, in early life, are uneasy until they have mounted a breach or fought a duel merely be- cause they wish to know, experimen- tally, that their nerves are capable of carrying them through that peculiar ordeal.—From "Le Revenant."

THOUGHT TOO MUCH OF SHOW

Finicky Action of Wife of English Fireman Duplicated in Our Own Country.

Before a justice, in a small English town of the south coast, there ap- peared, not long ago, a wife who ac- cused her husband of assault and bat- tery. The man admitted that he had seized her and thrown her down per- haps roughly, yet not without making sure she would fall upon a soft place. But he had done so, he declared, in de- fense of his person and his honor. He was a fireman, and she had tried to keep him from going properly appar- eled and equipped to a fire.

The fire company of his village, he explained, was composed chiefly of vol- unteers, whose uniforms were kept in their homes and kept in repair by their wives, a task that no wife per- formed more faithfully than his own; in fact, she was too careful of it. When a night alarm was given for a fire in the quarter between the glue factory and the wharves, and he jumped up to dress, she had positively refused to allow him to put on, de- claring that smoke and steam were bad enough, but when it came to salt and glue and fish scales as well, it was beyond all reason; his oldest trousers and a pea jacket were plenty good enough. He had remonstrated, and she had vituperated.

"But I didn't lay a finger on her, your honor, not till she saved a little at me 'ed when I grabbed for me boots," he protested, "and then it come to me 'twas no less than a pub- lic jolly to chuck 'er on 'er bed where she couldn't binterfere; and what I was to be my jolly, I ups and 'dows. So I chucked 'er."

Were ducking still the accepted pun- ishment for vice-gal wives, she might have been awarded poetic justice at the nozzle of a hose. As it was, the case ended, amid general laughter, in the discharge of the aggrieved hus- band, and a reprimand to the too careful wife.

In our own country, and in a com- munity by no means rustic, a little in- dent but a few days ago proved that it is not only the better halves of fire- men who can be too finicky. The fire- wagon, responding to a still alarm for a chimney fire, was met by the son of the house, who eagerly snatched an extinguisher, while the fire-men were smothering the hose. But the eagle eye of the chief was upon him.

"Here, here!" he cried, authorita- tively. "Don't meddle with that extin- guisher, young man. Why, it's only just been polished!"—Youth's Compan- ion.

Chinese Women Want Ballot.

Miss Margaret Chung, a young Chi- nese woman, is at the head of the movement which proposes to form an organization of American women for the purpose of assisting and encourag- ing the women of China in making the best use of their newly acquired right to the ballot. She is the secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Chinese- American League of Justice at Los Angeles, Cal., and a member of the Chinese Protective association and of the Chinese Women's Reform club.

"Without the assistance of their Caucasian sisters the Chinese women may never reap the full benefit of the franchise," Miss Chung declared when talking about the proposed organiza- tion. "When the new republic of China granted the franchise to women it was the most significant step that could have been taken in the interest of progress. Only a Chinese woman can fully understand what is meant by giving Chinese girls an equal chance with the boys. It heralds the dawn of a golden epoch, more than even the men of China realize. More and bet- ter missionary work can be done for China by instructing and encouraging the women in the use of the ballot than in any other way."

Quite Harmless.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the dis- trict visitor. "Do you harbor mad- men in this village?" She pointed to the subject of her interest—a little man with very small eyes and large spectacles, who was dodging from house to house like a demented human bee. He approached each door with the trusting smile of childhood. He left with a volley of language such as could only emanate from lodg and bitter experience.

"Oh, nobody takes no notice of him, miss," answered the old tenant. "He's quite harmless—been so these 20 years."

"Poor fellow," said the district vis- itor. "And what is the exact nature of his complaint?"

The tenant smiled compassionately as he replied:

"Optimism, ma'am. He calls for the rent every Monday, and actually al- lows himself to fancy he's going to get it."

Magic of September.

September seems to me to be the fairy among the months of the year. She is so crowned with gold, so full of play and magic spells, she has no work to do, and it is she who trans- forms the green woods and gray marshes to wondrous lands of fairy fire, and brings the great pale moon back round and full again after night into the skies. Yes, September has a magic!—St. Nicholas.

Home Run in Boston.

Here is how they describe a home run in Boston: McSwipe struck the ball a terrific blow; propelled it in a lateral direc- tion to the uttermost length of the field. By means of this notable per- formance he was enabled to complete the entire circuit of the bases. The audience applauded cordially.