A NEW TORPEDO BOAT

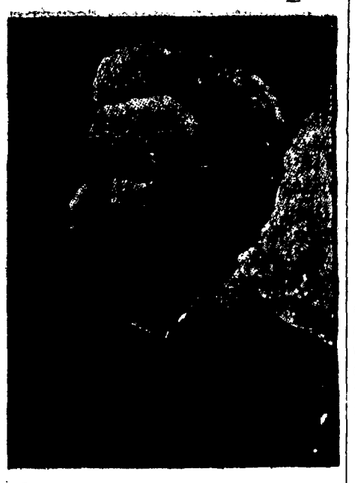
Hudson Maxim Describes his latest Invention

BEWILDERING SPEED

Torpedoes of Such Explosive Power as to Insure Instant Destruction of Any War Vessel Struck—Boat Can Make Sixty Miles an Hour Submerged.

An efficient navy is to-day a wall of national security, just as in old times was the great city wall. If our naval wall were to be breached by an enemy then our coast cities would be at its mercy, and could be pillaged under cover of the guns of its fleet and in spite of our insufficient coast defenses, says Hudson Maxim in the New York World. While we might doubtless be able to repel an invasion of the interior, still we cannot afford to take any chances of such a national disaster, even as a remote possibility, the cost of which would be more than the building of a dozen fleets as large as that now in Pacific waters.

I have invented a torpedo which will have double the range and speed of any torpedo now in use, and have invented a torpedo boat



HUDSON MAXIM.

which will have a speed greater than that of any battleship or cruiser, and which will be able to defy the shot and shell of quick-firing guns in making a run of attack.

Torpedoes will be carried in the torpedo boat with half a ton of high explosive in the warhead, so that to be struck by one of them, will insure the instant destruction of any war vessel—and there is no war vessel in existence that could avoid being struck by one of these torpedoes.

A torpedo boat built according to my invention will be about sixty-four feet long, and will be driven by gasoline engines upon the surface of the water, under normal conditions; but when going into action the boat will be submerged until only the top of the conning tower and the top of the dorsal fin will be seen above the surface of the water.

In the prow of the boat will be carried two large torpedoes, each containing half a ton of high explosive.

Motorite is the fuel, consisting of 70 per cent. nitroglycerine and 30 per cent. guncotton. For use it is made in long solid bars, forced and sealed into long steel tubes. This fuel is self-combustive, and does not require atmospheric air to burn it; consequently, it may be burned in a confined space. The heat of the burning motorite is used to evaporate water, and the steam and products of combustion are mingled to drive turbines for the boat's propulsion.

It will, of course, require an enormous amount of power to propel this torpedo-boat at an express train speed when submerged, but with motorite we have all the power that may be needed even to attain a speed as great as sixty miles an hour.

As only the top of the conning tower will appear above the surface of the water, this will be a very difficult object to hit, even with the quick-firing guns of the battleship, and the exposed part of the conning tower will be protected by armor plate of a thickness great enough to resist the projectiles of quick-firing guns, and any projectile striking the superstructure can do no real damage to the boat itself.

When the torpedo boat is launched, the reaction or recoil will serve to retard the torpedo-boat and to aid in stopping it. After launching the torpedo the engines will reverse and the boat will withdraw stern-foremost. At this juncture there will be no fear of the enemys guns, for the survivors will be busy with their prayers.

Let me repeat, it will be absolutely impossible to prevent this torpedo-boat from reaching and torpedoing any battleship in the world, and with but small danger on its part of being destroyed.

At least a hundred of these torpedo boats could be built at the cost of a single battle ship, and a hundred of them would be more than a match for an equal number of battleships.

The goats which produce the milk for the famous Roquefort cheese, rarely ever drink water, obtaining the moisture they require from the herbage.

SORROWS OF A KING.

The Buoyant and Impressionable Alfonso is Grievously Henpecked.

It is an interesting tale that comes from Madrid, to the effect that the youthful King, the buoyant and impressionable Alfonso, is grievously henpecked. His wife, Victoria, is a granddaughter of the late and good and great Queen Victoria, and doubtless the younger Queen inherits from the older certain of those forceful personal qualities which did so much to steady the English ship of state. It is always sad to see one so young and care-free and irridescent as was Alfonso in his boyish bachelor days brought up short, in spite of his crown.

If reports are true, then no more for him the primrose path of dalliance or any other path except the straight and stony one. No more the free and easy fandango danced with choice spirits, no more the merry bull-fight, for the young Queen, his dearly loved better half, and more, has set her generous Anglo-Saxon foot down upon these pastimes hard and fast. Alfonso must now be good and dutiful, or Victoria must know the reason why. It seems that she has offended about half his kinsfolk and two-thirds of his old courtiers.

Not only is she prudent in management of the King, but cautious in her outlay of the household expenses. She has as good as told a score of regular feedlings at the palace to put on their old hats and go away to eat. Her patrician nose she has turned up at the national sport, therefore offending many of the gayest patrons of the bull ring. She calls bull-fighting "butchering," and absolutely refuses to lend her royal presence to the sport. She went once and almost started a family feud by holding her hands over her eyes when the torreador, in all the glory of his pink sash and knee breeches gave the bull the grand kibosh with his polished rapier.

It is a pity to see a jaunty young man like Alfonso XIII gradually shrivel until he is nothing more than a timid married man with enough responsibilities upon his shoulders to sink a ship. But such is life, the world over. There are crosses even in the King business.

Odd Doings of Earthworms.

Ever since Darwin wrote his remarkable book on earthworms, the general public has taken an interest in these lowly creatures. Everybody has observed thousands of them on the cement walks during and after a rain; but the true cause of these remarkable wanderers is not often written about. The fact is that earthworms can move about only when the ground and the grass is wet. The truth of this is easily shown by placing an earthworm on some dry sand, when the dry grains will stick to its slimy skin and make it helpless.

All living things are endowed with the instinct to move and spread over the earth. Human beings, higher animals, and birds prefer to move about in fair weather. To the earthworm and other lowly creatures like frogs, salamanders, slugs and land snails, rainy days are the only days for traveling. When the sun comes out and dries the roads and the meadows they withdraw into their hiding places. As earthworms cannot see clearly, they crawl about in an aimless sort of way. If they happen to get on a board or cement walk, when the sky clears away they soon die and shrivel up.

When a dry season or winter approaches, the earthworm burrows deeper into the ground. At a depth varying from six inches to two feet each worm coils up in a little ball. By the aid of secretive slime it makes a case of dirt around itself, and in this state it remains dormant until abundant rains or the spring thaw calls it back to more active life.

Absent-Minded Beggars.

"You see a lot of absent-minded men around a barber shop," remarked the barber with the bristly hair as he shoved one more little gob of lather into the customer's mouth. "You'd be surprised at the number of people who come in here and make preparations to go to bed," he continued. "No, they don't take this place for a hotel. It ain't that. Here's how it happens: A man will come in and take off his coat and collar and necktie, preparatory to getting shaved or having his hair cut. Then when he sees himself in the glass he looks so much like a man about to retire for the night, that about half the time he will go ahead and wind his watch. A few of the more absent-minded ones may start to undo their suspenders before they remember that they aren't going to bed at all. But scores of them wind their watches just as they do at night. That much of it is a common occurrence."

A Fiji Rainfall.

The astonishing effects sometimes produced by cloudbursts are well known, but not many trustworthy records of the depth of the rainfall during such occurrences exist. The following instance, therefore, possesses much interest. On Aug. 6, 1906, during a thunderstorm in the Fiji Islands, the measured depth of the rainfall in a guage elevated twenty-five feet above the ground was three feet and one inch. The rain continued thirteen hours, and owing to unmeasured overflow, the total amount remains unknown, but it is estimated to have been not less than forty-one inches.—Youth's Companion.

SEN. OWEN OF OKLAHOMA

The New Member from the Youngest State

A CHEROKEE INDIAN

Although an Oklahoman by Adoption is a Virginian by Birth—Has Been in Turn Teacher, Editor, Lawyer, Banker, and Man of Business.

When Robert Latham Owen, Senator from the new State of Oklahoma, entered the Senate Chamber, he was regarded as merely an interesting addition to the greatest deliberative body in the world. He is a Cherokee Indian, or, rather, the blood of Cherokee ancestors courses in his veins.

Although an Oklahoman by adoption, Senator Owen is a Virginian by birth. He was born in Lynchburg, Feb 2, 1856. His father was Robert L. Owen, formerly President of the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, while his mother was Narcissa Chisholm Owen, of the Cherokee Nation.

Owen, Sr., saw to it that his son went out into the world equipped with both good health and the best of education. He seems to have

ROBERT L. OWEN.

been a man of stern purpose, but he was a hero to his two boys. He ruled them with a rod of iron, and while he wielded complete authority over their affairs, they made him their hero.

Young Owen was taught the rudiments in private schools in Lynchburg. Later he was sent to a preparatory school in Baltimore, an event that marked the first separation between mother and son. Leaving there he entered Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va., from which institute he was graduated in 1887 with the degree of Master of Arts.

It was probably the call of the West within him that started him toward the setting sun, for he had much of his mother's spirit. In any event, for the next few years the Senator-to-be filled a number of roles. He was in turn, teacher, editor, lawyer, banker, and business man, engaged in various enterprises. He made a sterling reputation as a skillful lawyer, and later added to his reputation as a banker of foresight and unimpeachable integrity.

During his busy life, however, Owen found time to enter politics. He plunged into public affairs with the energy that characterized his private undertakings. As a result, he was a member of the Democratic National Committee from 1892 to 1896. He was a member of the subcommittee that drew the party platform in 1896, and ten years later was Vice-Chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee in Oklahoma.

Owen was nominated June 8, 1907, for the United States Senate by a State primary that gave him the largest vote of any candidate by about 10,000. The remarkable vote cast for him over the other candidates is an indication of the popularity he enjoys in his home State.

When Owen was sworn in as a United States Senator he was accompanied by his blind colleague, Thomas P. Gore. It was necessary that the two men settle which should be seated for the short term and which for the long. It was decided to leave the matter to chance. Two pieces of paper were prepared, one shorter than the other. The Senator who drew the longer of the two was to have the long term.

A blindfolded page was called and the slips given him. Because of his colleague's affliction, Owen insisted upon him drawing first. Gore did. It was discovered he had drawn the short slip. As a result Gore's term expires in March of 1909. Owen will serve until 1913.

But as he turned away from the drawing that to him had been so successful it was difficult to judge whether Owen was glad or sorry. His gaze rested compassionately on his colleague, who held out a groping hand in congratulation. Grasping it, the two went arm in arm back to their seats, the stalwart young Indian guiding the hesitating steps of the other to his desk.

A church building on the Island of Mahe is built of blocks of white coral.

HIS OWN PRIVATE THEATRE.

Man With Money Who Wants to See Shows Built One for the Purpose.

There is a town in Pennsylvania, not far from Harrisburg, but off the beaten track, which boasts of a theatre, which for luxury of accommodation would be hard to equal. The theatre has all sorts of modern conveniences, of a kind which could hardly be expected in a city under a million of inhabitants. This particular city had at the last census about 10,000 inhabitants.

The reason for being of this theatre, which gets all the road attractions of high class, is that there is in the town an exceedingly wealthy man who wants to see shows without leaving home. He is worth about $10,000,000.

He has lived in and about the place all his life making money out of lumber and manufactures. When he had enough to retire on he didn't want to go anywhere else to see shows, and as the theatre the place boasted of was a very dingy one he had one built.

He runs the theatre himself at a considerable loss every year, but he gets what he wants. The theatre people like the place, too, because it is so very different from the average show house in the small town.

The Desert of Sahara.

The Desert of Sahara may be deserted; perhaps it is most desert like, great tracts of sand, and not a soul to be seen, but that is not the conception that most of us have. Personally the writer is convinced that it is crowded with people all of them recognizing one another. It must be so, from the number of persons we hear exclaiming: "I should have known you, my dear, if I'd met you in the Desert of Sahara." They do not say that they ever have met anyone in the desert, but one gets the impression that the air here is particularly favorable for recognition—a sort of "if you see it in the desert it's so." The place apparently, gives a stamp of reality, proves it in fact, and that is why so many women say: "I wouldn't have believed it, not if I'd seen it in the Desert of Sahara." We know that if they would doubt it there, convincing them any where else would out of the question. This may be quite an erroneous idea and only the result of not traveling. Some day that desert will have to be found out about and these minor points ironed up.

Fastidious Smokers.

Did you know," asked one member of a group who were talking of the recent Indian uprising in the Southwest, "that an Indian is much more fastidious than a white man in the matter of smoking? I saw, when I was in Montana, several of their war dances and the councils afterwards. You know they sit in a circle on the ground and pass the pipe of goodfellowship around in silence. Each man takes two or three puffs then hands the pipe to his next neighbor. But, if you notice, you will see that in the whole circuit which it makes the mouthpiece is never wet. The red man merely lays the stem against his lower lip, and, keeping his mouth partly open, draws a deep breath. Removing the pipe, he exhales the smoke, and then perhaps repeats the process, but he never puts the mouthpiece into his mouth in the common 'paleface' fashion. If he is asked to smoke a peace-pipe after a white man, he first wipes off the end of the pestem, where it has been in the previous smoker's mouth."

Guarding Bank of France.

Like the Bank of England, the Bank of France is now guarded every night by soldiers. But within quite recent time the officials at the bank resorted to a quite novel method of protecting their bullion.

This consisted in engaging masons to wall up the doors of the vaults in the cellar with hydraulic mortar as soon as the money was deposited each day in these receptacles. The water was then turned on and kept running until the whole cellar was flooded. A burglar would be obliged to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even begin to plunder the vaults.

When the bank officials arrived next morning the water was drawn off, the masonry torn down, and the vaults opened.

The Energetic Collector.

New York thrives with collectors of "worthless accounts," and they are worse than a pack of hounds after a sick fox in a stubble field. Their ways are peculiar. One very successful fellow writes a polite note to the debtor. Receiving no response he writes a second time, in style somewhat formal. Nothing doing, as the phrase goes, he makes a personal call and is in all probability kicked down stairs or threatened with personal violence. Corporal punishment only eggs him on to renewed exertions. His next letter is addressed in scarlet ink, the handwriting being so big as to attract attention across the street. The language is quite as fierce as the chirography. It "throws a scare," and a settlement usually follows.

Statistics show that the longest-lived people eat the heartiest breakfasts.

A Danville (Ill.) hen recently laid her thousandth egg. This is believed to be the record.

EIGHTY FIVE YEARS OLD

Sen. Davis of West Virginia has reached that Age

HAS MANY MILLIONS

Called "The Grand Ol' Man" of West Virginia by the People of the Mountain State—Has Knocked Dr. Osler's Chloroform Theory Galley-West.

Henry Gassaway Davis is proudly and affectionately called "The Grand Old Man" of West Virginia by the folk of the Mountain State. He is known personally to hundreds of them, and known of by every one of them.

In West Virginia they call him "Uncle Henry Gassaway," never taking the trouble to add the superfluity of his last name. "There is only one 'Uncle Henry Gassaway,'" so there is no use of going to the trouble of adding on the Davis. West Virginians are always interested in what their "Uncle Henry Gassaway" is saying and doing.

Senator Davis is 86 years of age, and has had more to do with knocking Dr. Osler's chloroform theory galley-west than any other specimen of robustuous age extent. He was

HENRY G. DAVIS.

born in Maryland, November 16, 1823, and the traditions of that good old State are still near and dear to him. He likes his chicken a la Maryland, and terrapin tickles his palate more pleasingly than any other article of gastronomic indulgence. Davis was born of poor parents, and school advantages were denied him, so he had to go to work very early in life. He worked in a store as a boy, then became an employe of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad as a brakeman. He worked at this for several years, and then was promoted to a conductor. He later on quit the railroad and embarked in the mercantile business with his brother, Thomas B., at Piedmont, W. Va. It was there that he laid the foundation of his great fortune, which is believed to amount to $30,000,000.

Senator Davis had early taken an interest in politics, and was elected a member of the House of Delegates in 1865. In 1867 he became a State Senator, and in 1871, he was elected a United States Senator. He was re-elected in 1877, which term he served out, but declined to stand as a candidate for a third term. His last official connection was a delegate to the Panama Congress. In 1904 he was nominated for Vice President on the ticket with Parker. He was very desirous of getting a good big vote in his State, and really hoped to carry it. But West Virginia gave the biggest Republican maority that year in its history, Roosevelt carrying the State by over thirty-one thousand.

"Uncle Henry Gassaway" has a palatial mansion, "Graceland," at Elkins. It tops one of the three stately hills which stand side by side, and on the other two hills are two other multi-millionaire palaces, one occupied by Senator Elkins and the other by Richard C. Kerens of Missouri. The Elkins residence looks for all the world like a feudal castle.

He is a powerfully built man, over 6 feet, walks with a sprightly, elastic step, and has solved the problem of never getting old, in the sense that most of 85 do.

Long Distance Balloon Record.

Many notable trips have been made in balloons. In 1849 Mr. Wise started from St. Louis and came down in Henderson county, New York, having made about eight hundred miles.

This stood as the world's long distance record until the Paris Exposition of 1900, when the Count de la Vaulx sailed over into Russia. His distance was about twelve hundred miles and he was in the air over thirty-six hours.

The present record for time was established by two German aeronauts. They succeeded in remaining in the air over fifty-one hours.

When the German Emperor attends a musical comedy he often composes two or three original jokes, which are handed from the royal box to the leading comedian for interpolation.

THE WHOLE WORLD KIN.

An Incident Which Seems to Prove the Truth of This Saying.

That New Yorkers are not in too much of a hurry all the time to be thoughtful and kindly was illustrated the other day in Nassau street, when the wind was playing such havoc with umbrellas, that a man with a taste for statistics counted just ten blown into wrecks in the space of twenty-five minutes. Just as this diverting spectacle was at its height in front of the quick-lunch restaurant, a poor woman, with a basketful of newspapers hung over one crooked arm and a baby snugged up close to her body in the other, came down the street trying to make way against the wind and still shelter the baby under a shabby excuse for an umbrella.

Just as she was in front of the restaurant a particularly fierce blast of wind blew the umbrella backward, carrying the baby's cap with it. Instantly one man bolted from the door of the restaurant to her aid, two men on the sidewalk grabbed for the tiny cap and a fourth started on a jump across the street to the woman's aid. Two of the men put the cap on the baby's head and another held the umbrella over the mother's head while they were doing it. The fourth man looked as if he had been injured deeply by not having a hand in the good work. He salved his hurt feelings by putting a coin in the baby's fingers. Then every one in sight looked pleased and the traffic went on its wind-blown way.

The Auto Faker.

"No I don't own an automobile, and I never expect to," the man admitted; "but then, is that any reason why I shouldn't own a pair of auto goggles and an automobile duster. If you traveled around the country as much as I do you'd know that there are hundreds of people who wear auto fixings despite the fact that they probably never rode in an auto. I got to using these goggles last summer on the observation coaches, because I found they were good to keep cinders out of my eyes. Then I found that the auto rigging gave me prestige with other passengers. I got to talking with one man who wore the goggles trying to make a bluff at being an autoist to keep him from finding out, and I learned that he was a ringer, the same as I was. There is no denying the fact though, that a man with auto clothes on can get better service than the not polloi. Waiters and everybody thinks he's a millionaire and act accordingly.

Rarest of Trades.

"Mine is the rarest of all trades," said an Englisman sipping his light ale, which he called small beer. "I am a maker of instruments of torture. I suppose that at this moment in Siam and China, yellow men are bleeding and howling in the clutch of machines of my make."

He lighted his pipe. "Pleasant thought, eh? But we must make our living somehow. In Birmingham mines made. There, for seventeen years I have been turning out racks, hair and nail drawers, thumbscrews, skinners, needle beds, searing irons, bone breakers, and what not.

Siam and China have bought their instruments of torture from Birmingham for generations. Some of these contrivances are very costly and ingenious. There is a water dropper which works by clockwork that costs $500. There's a— but that's too horrible to talk about. The Chinese instruments by the way, are a million times crueler than the Siamese."

Demand for Old Hats.

'Oh, yes, I am always in the market for second-hand derbys and silk hats. They sell better than anything else." The old clothes dealer pointed to a room filled with shocking hats. "There's not half enough to meet my demands," he said. "If you was to bring me a carload of old hats this morning I'd take 'em all."

"There's such a demand, eh?"

"You bet there's a demand. Especially among old maids and widows that live alone. They buy these hats and hang a couple on the hall rack. Then, when a beggar or tramp gets too rambunctious at the door they turn and say:

"George is home. There's his hat. George! Oh, George! Will you come down here and turn this rascal away?"

"Then the tramp sneaks, thinking there's a man in the house.

"Restaurants when they open up new stands, generally lay in twenty-five or thirty hats. They hang them in the lobby to make people think business is brisk."

Treatment of Deaf Mutes.

In the experience of Dr. Marage, as reported to the Paris Academy of Medicine, very few deaf mutes have proven absolutely incurable, but of the others there are two classes—those who eventually understand and speak almost as well as anybody, and those who get no further than hearing and understanding music. A recent class of pupils from 11 to 14 years of age had been given a six weeks' course of accoustic exercise with the voice siren. By this system the teacher avoids fatigue and the children had not only acquired the ability to hear and understand French, but their voices had lost the harshness characteristic of deaf mutes.