

## SUMMER CLIMATOLOGY.

PLACES THAT RIVAL NEBUCHADNEZ-  
ZAR'S FURNACE.PORTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES AND INDIA  
SURPASSED ONLY BY THE SAHARA.

The summer temperatures in the northeastern part of the United States this year have been more extreme than usual. But there are other places in this country, to say nothing of other lands, where the weather is far more intolerable than it has been in the metropolis for the last few weeks.

Generally speaking, it is both hotter in summer and cooler in winter in the heart of a continent than near the ocean. In New-York City this season the highest temperature has been 95 degrees. Official thermometers rarely go above 100 degrees here, and there are few winters when the mercury gets down to zero. But out in North Dakota and Montana 40 and 50 degrees below zero is the regulation thing in December and January, and records of 60 degrees below are not uncommon. Nevertheless, for a portion of the summer it is always hotter in those States than in New-York. The mercury has been above 100 degrees several times in North Dakota and Montana this season, and records of 105 and 110 degrees have been made repeatedly in that region in past years.

The heat is more continuous, though, in a belt that extends from Texas across New-Mexico and Arizona to the extreme southeastern corner of California. Thus for July the mean temperature of Rio Grande City, on the Gulf, is 85 degrees, or 11 degrees hotter than a normal July in the metropolis. A number of places in Northern Texas have recorded a maximum of 110 degrees, and El Paso has experienced 118 degrees. Fort Yuma, Arizona, at the mouth of the Colorado River, has an average temperature in July of 92 degrees, or 18 degrees higher than that of this city. Yuma's highest individual flight of the mercury was 118 degrees. This figure has been beaten by one degree at Phoenix and Fort McDowell, in the same Territory.

So far as well authenticated records go, the deserts of California, just over the line from Arizona, constitute the hottest part of the American continent. Death Valley, inclosed by parallel ranges of mountains and covered with glittering white salt, has long been famous for its terrors, but not until 1891 was it systematically investigated. Writing before that time, General Greely expressed the belief that there was not a well authenticated record of 120 degrees in the United States, but the Weather Bureau expedition to Death Valley reported for July, 1891, a mean temperature of 102 degrees and a maximum of 122 degrees! By those who scrutinized their proof carefully, this will probably be regarded as high water mark for this country. It should be noted, however, that Professor G. K. Gilbert mentions in "Johnson's Encyclopedia" that in 1887 the thermometer rose to 128 degrees in the Colorado desert which lies near the southern boundary of California, only a short distance west of Yuma. But Professor Gilbert does not specify by whom the observation was made, nor under what circumstances. Yet even if these figures should be discarded by the critical, as some others certainly should be, it will still remain true that in Death Valley the temperature has been 26 degrees hotter for a month at a time than it was in New-York during last month, and that a maximum has been reached there which beats that of this city in 1900 by 27 degrees.

The foregoing data all relate to shade temperatures. It has been a difficult matter to determine accurately the heat of sunshine. The effects of solar heat certainly vary with the color of a man's raiment. Black absorbs and light hues reflect heat. The instrument employed to take sun temperatures has its bulb carefully blackened, and is then sealed inside another globe, in which a vacuum has been secured. Now, a black bulb thermometer in New-York generally registers from thirty-five to fifty degrees higher than an ordinary shade thermometer which is properly sheltered and not twenty feet away. The difference between the two readings depends largely on the amount of dust, moisture and other impurities in the atmosphere; but in the dry, pure air of a mountain climate the black bulb thermometer reads from seventy to eighty degrees higher than the other instrument. A traveller in Death Valley exposed to the full sunshine of a July afternoon and wearing black garments and hat might not actually experience a heat represented by 200 degrees, but he could not tell the difference by his feeling.

South America is smaller than the northern half of the continent, and, though crossed by the Equator, does not appear to present just the right combination of conditions for greater heat than is found in some portions of the United States. When the upper Amazon and Orinoco are explored more thoroughly than heretofore it is not unlikely that new records will be made, but at present the highest temperatures are credited to British Guiana.

The most sustained heat and the greatest extremes in the Old World are found in a region that reaches from the southern base of the Himalayas to Central Africa. In the Punjab, Sindh and the Northwestern provinces of India, winter yields to summer rather abruptly at the end of April. May and June are the hottest months of the year. Some time during July the rains set in, and make it cooler, even if more uncomfortable. But in May and June an intensely dry heat prevails. The people try to

modify it—that is, in their houses—by hanging wet grass screens in the doorways, bringing into play revolving fans (called "therm-antidotes"), and having their servants swing punkahs over their couches.

In his classic work on the climate of India, Blanford gives these temperatures for June, 1885: Peshawur, average, 89, or 15 degrees higher than the normal temperature for July in New-York; Hyderabad, average 91, maximum 106; Lahore, average 93, maximum 107. The mean for Agra was 95 degrees, and for Jacobabad 96. At most of the stations isolated maxima in other months that year were fully 8 or 10 degrees higher than those just given. The highest record was 117 degrees. But in other years 122 degrees has been registered. Blanford says that ordinarily in summer the maxima in Northwestern India range from 112 to 120 degrees. And as the air is

apparently incongruous purposes. But of all strange uses made of ordinary everyday articles the case as reported at Lobatsi is the strangest. A Boer who had felt the weight of the relieving force at Mafeking was seen rushing wildly across the veldt with his shirt stuffed in the pony's mouth and using the two sleeves as reins.

## "ICH KANN WARTEN."

A LITTLE STORY OF ONE OF C. P. HUNTINGTON'S  
FAVORITE PICTURES.

In the outer room of the small suite of offices in the Mills Building occupied by the late Collis P. Huntington hangs a small engraving of a painting by the German artist Knaus, which has many times been the means of showing the kindness of heart of the dead magnate. The picture is that of an old man who is soliciting employment. The face bears many traces of



"ICH KANN WARTEN" ("I CAN WAIT").

From the painting by Ludwig Knaus; one of the late Collis P. Huntington's favorite pictures.

exceedingly dry in that part of the world the black bulb thermometer often reads 70 and 80 degrees higher than the shade thermometer.

A similar state of things prevails in Afghanistan, Turkish Kurdistan and Arabia. A not well authenticated maximum of 117 degrees has been ascribed to Mossoul, near Bagdad. Massawah, a small island on the Egyptian side of the Red Sea, has a mean temperature in July of 99 degrees. This is apparently a little worse than anything in India, but the maximums at Massawah are doubtless kept down by the nearness of the water, and probably do not reach 120 degrees.

The popular supposition that the Sahara Desert is the hottest place on the globe is probably not erroneous, but it seems to lead by only a narrow margin. Satisfactory evidence on this point is yet lacking. The best that experts can do is to note the temperatures of adjacent districts. Greely cites 121, 126 and 127.4 degrees on the southern boundary of Algeria, and adds that these are "probably the highest observed with reliable and properly exposed instruments." Scott, at the head of the British weather service, gives a record of 130 degrees for Murzuk, in Fezzan, on the northern edge of the Sahara, and Loomis has somewhere picked up the statement that 133 degrees was observed in Africa. But it is not clear how far these figures are to be trusted. Greely was doubtless familiar with them when he made the remark just quoted.

If Gilbert's maximum for the Colorado district (128 degrees) should be ignored, the highest American record would be 122 degrees in Death Valley. This is identical with Blanford's for India. Algeria has already beaten this by 5 degrees or more, and it is not improbable that some day a trusty record of something better will be obtained in the Sahara.

## A SHIRT FOR A BRIDLE.

From Rhodesia.

South Africa is above all a country of makeshifts. The old campaigner will use a pair of boots as a pillow, a blanket for a tent, a tent sail for a roof, a pail for a cooking pot, a pot for a basin, an antheap for a stove, a bit of string for a button, a mealie leaf for a cigarette paper, and extend the utility of other articles to

age and a hard life, the clothes hang loosely on a frame that gives evidence of once having had great strength, and there is a general air of submissiveness and patience about it. Under a nearby table lies a bag of references, perhaps, and underneath is the inscription, "Ich kann Warten" ("I Can Wait").

This little engraving was one of Mr. Huntington's favorites, and he often looked at it for several minutes at a time. Some of the older employes say that he would always express sympathy for the old man in some kind phrase. He said that it was sad that an old man like the one in the picture should have to show so much patience and be treated as an inferior. Perhaps he found matter for comparison between the old man and himself. There certainly was a great difference, for it is impossible to imagine Mr. Huntington with a submissive demeanor saying "Ich kann Warten" to any one. Many men repeated the words at his office door, but no one could ever charge unkind treatment.

## THE M. P.'S IN LONDON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

It is scarcely too much to say that save for an occasional visit to the theatre, following a dinner at some restaurant, which is the vogue of the moment, a fête at the Botanical, or an illumination at South Kensington, the people's representatives have ceased to bring their families to London. The expense of a town house has almost entirely disappeared from the Member of Parliament's sessional outlay; he himself has a room in Suffolk-st., Pall Mall, or in the still more modest precinct of Buckingham Gate. Feminine pressure may constrain him to sanction a trip to London by those who bear his name. They are then deposited for a night or two in some corner of the Suffolk-st. pied à terre, at some lodging of a less masculine order, or beneath the roof of a friend's or relative's domicile in town.

## JUVENILE FORESIGHT.

From The Chicago Record.

"Sammy, where did you get that ice?"  
"Th' iceman gimme it."  
"Isn't it too cool a day for you to be eating ice?"  
"Praps; but mebbe he'll come along some hot day an' won't gimme any."

## ON BEING STYLED A PRO-BORR.\*

William Watson in The Speaker.

Friend, call me what you will: no jot care is it that shall stand for England till I die. England! The England that rejoiced to see Hellas unbound, Italy one and free; The England that had tears for Poland's doom, And in her heart for all the world made room; The England from whose side I have not swerved;

The immortal England whom I too have served, Accounting her all living lands above, In justice and in mercy and in love.

\*The title is Mr. Watson's own.

## AT THE SALLE D'ARMES.

M. Beauvais, maître d'armes, having given you so stern and excellent a lesson in "the fencing" that you could with difficulty see out of your eyes, would, in order to create a short breathing space, spin stories—some true, some untrue, many with a point, and all without a moral. As thus:

Le Capitaine Larne—yes, he was the worst fencer in my school, particularly, as I recollect, at the time of which I am speaking. Always his mustache grew finer, but not his swordsmanship. It explained itself one afternoon when he came down to salle very beaming, and it was generally known that he had recently become betrothed to a very beautiful lady. You younger will be able to indicate why it is at this period that a man's sword arm is stiff. Naturally, he received the utmost felicitations, for he was of a good temper and popularity beyond words. Still, I happened to hear M. Constant—a little rat of a civilian (he had been most assiduous with the épée for some weeks past) say to him with an air that any one less happy than M. le Capitaine would have taken for impertinence:

"I have not yet congratulated you on your good fortune."

"Ah, what need?" said le Capitaine, in his lazy, good natured way. "I protest that all my friends are of an overwhelming kindness. I perceive your congratulations in your eye, monsieur."

You younger will be able to explain why at this period a man sees so many things that are not obvious. To me it seemed as if M. Constant's eye was like that of a vicious horse, but he neither assented nor contradicted.

"Shall we have a turn together with the épée?" he asked shortly.

M. le Capitaine agreed, and they were soon pitted against each other for a bout of five. There were many fencing in the salle, and I was myself instructing a pupil, but my ears are accustomed to hear things through the clat of the steel.

"Touche!" admitted le Capitaine in a very short time. Again and yet again he was touched—the last time with a stroke that would have dissected his lungs. "Touche!" he called.

"That is for the fifth time, is it not?" said M. Constant.

"It is true," said M. le Capitaine, laughing.

"Yesterday it was the same," continued M. Constant. "Five touches to nothing."

"You are irresistible," said the other, humoring him. "Also for several weeks past," the little man pursued in an even voice, "our bouts have ended themselves in the same manner."

"Exactly the same," admitted le Capitaine, again laughing. "I am no match for you. I would not stand against you in earnest for the world."

"And yet," said Constant—and a sneer came into his voice—"M. le Capitaine Larne would sooner fight me than be publicly announced a coward?"

At that M. le Capitaine took him up quickly enough. "What is your meaning, monsieur?" he said.

"A little while ago," said Constant, "I observed that I had not yet congratulated M. le Capitaine on his good fortune."

"Well?"

"I do not intend to."

"It can be dispensed with," said le Capitaine, smiling contemptuously.

"For this reason," went on the little man, insultingly, "that I consider the fortune too good for—shall we say—so clumsy a fencer? I do not, it is understood, quarrel with le Capitaine's good taste; on the contrary, I propose myself to console ma'mselle in the event of the unexpected loss of M. le Capitaine."

I could have shaken the little man. Here he had been practising with the épée for weeks past out of jealousy, in order that he might force a duel on M. le Capitaine and come out himself unhurt. For a moment I feared le Capitaine would actually shake him, for he made a step toward him with so angry a face that the little man shrank back in terror. But he restrained himself, no doubt from consideration of my feelings and the conveniences of the salle, and only said:

"I shall have much pleasure in asking my friend to arrange a meeting between monsieur and myself."

And he retired, drawing himself together as he passed M. Constant as though to touch him were an abomination. As for myself, I murmured (with reference to the little rat) "Assassin!" Further, seeing that M. le Capitaine was with me a great favorite, I permitted myself, as M. Constant passed by to scrape up a friend (he had a few), to say in a sufficiently loud voice, as if answering some question put me by my pupil:

"Who is, in my opinion, you ask, best with the épée of those that attend my salle?"

My pupil stared, as well he might, but M. Constant pricked up his ears.