COMEDIES OF FORGOTTEN THINGS.

A Continuous Show Given by People Bound on Vacation in the Railroad Station.

A perspiring, red-faced fat man at the head of a perspiring, red-faced fat family consisting of a wife and four little girls with amazingly starchy skirts and pigtails drawn so taut that they didn't appear to be able to close their eyes, started through the gate leading to a summer resort train at one of the big Jersey City railroad stations the other afternoon.

"Tickets," said the gateman, unenthusiastically, as the fat father of the fat family started to hurl himself through the gate.

"Huh?" inquired the father of the family, an expression that was half chapfallen, half sheepish, crossing his dripping countenance.

"Tickets," repeated the gateman, yawning sleepily.

"B'jing, I forgot to buy the tickets," exclaimed the fat man, dismally. "Say, can't you let us through, and I'll pay the conductor in cash for our rides—hey?"

"'Gainst the rules," said the gateman. "Don't block the line, please. Have your tickets ready!"

The fat man squirmed back out of the line, encountering as he did so the collective glares of the pushing people behind him and the much more intensified glare of his wife.

"Forgot to get the tickets, Martha," said the fat man, looking foolish, to his wife. "Get 'em in half a second, though—be right back. Wait right here with the children." And he dashed through the swinging doors at a lumbering waddle, while his wife dropped all of the hand luggage with a thump and the four highly starched little girls picked out grips and suit cases upon which to squat until their parent's return with the tickets.

He returned to his family in about four minutes, holding the tickets in his left hand and agonizedly mopping his face with the handkerchief in his right. His fat face was contracted into an expression of acute misery.

"My dear girl," he said, edging apologetically alongside his wife, "it's a mighty good thing I stopped to take a glass of water at the cooler inside just now—a mighty good thing, indeed."

"Well, what is it now?" she asked him, in a tone filled with the prophecy of trouble.

"Now, don't be angry, my dear Martha," said the fat man, more miserable than ever, "but I fear that we shall be—er—slightly delayed—but only till the next train—only till the next train, you know. There's another one going in only two hours and forty-five minutes, and I'll be back long before that."

"Back from where?" she asked him, acridly.

"Now, please, I beg of you, do not make things worse by an exhibition of temper, my dear Martha," moaned the fat man, hopelessly, "but my taking that drink of water at the cooler inside just now reminded me that I left the cold water turned on in the kitchen sink when I left the flat. Just you wait with the children in the waiting room—I'll buy you some papers and magazines—and—let's see—I can get up to the 125th street L station and back in about an hour and a half, and that'll give us plenty of time for the next train.

"I couldn't be happy, you know, away for two weeks with that cold water running full blast. The durned sink might overflow and it'd cost me all the money I could make during the next ten years to pay for the damage.

"Now, don't worry," and the fat man darted for the ferry at a waddling lope while the wife of his bosom gathered up the traps once more and led the way to the waiting room, the four little starched girls trooping gloomily after her.

"Notice that?" said the gateman, slamming the gate leading to the resort train after the last belated passenger had cantered through. "I'm getting about four dozen a day of that kind since the hot weather began. Only this morning one of them gave me a bad scare.

"'Great heaven!' he gasped, just as he handed me his ticket to punch before passing through the gate, and his face turned purple, and I reached over to hold him up—thought sure he was going to fall down.

"Merciful Providence, Charles, what is it? Not the heat, I hope and pray. Tell me it is not the heat!" moaned his wife, who was just behind him, grabbing him by the lapels of his coat and gazing agonizingly into his face.

"'My darling,' said the man, hoarsely, leaning against the iron fence and clutching hold of a couple of the bars to hold himself up, 'forgive me—I beg and beseech you to forgive me.'

"'But, my precious Charles, what is it,' she asked him—she weighed about two hundred to his two hundred and a half, and the precious stuff was so funny that it kind o' prevented me from seeing the tragedy in the situation.

"'My poor little abused pet,' said the two hundred and a halfer, almost enfolding her in his arms, 'I am, I know, an unpardonable bungler—a vapid, vacuous lout beyond all forgiveness—a hopeless, not so say criminal, er—baller up of every blamed thing that I touch—but, my own beloved little one, I have just remembered that I left the gas burning at full tilt in the bathroom, and there is a bottle of gasolene that you were using to clean your gloves on the bathroom shelf, and if the fumes ever reach that gas flame, merciful heavens, even as I speak our cherished little home may be in ruins—ruins!' and he knocked his little outing cap off his head and grabbed at his hair in a frenzy.

"They went back to New York together to turn that bathroom gas jet off, and got back here to the gate, wilted, gloomy-looking, and all in, for the next train a couple of hours later.

"'Well, sir, did you find things all right?' I asked him with the idea of cheering him up.

"'Oh, I needn't have worried,' he replied, forlornly mopping his face. 'I might have known the janitor would attend to the gas. We found him in the flat, seated at my wife's desk, enjoying her correspondence—and we needn't have gone back at all to turn the gas off—we might have known that that jewel of a janitor would have attended to it.'

"Another of them came catapulting toward this gate yesterday afternoon, with his little wife all but hanging to his coat-tails. He was racing for the gate at such a clip that she could barely keep up with him without keeping a clutch on him.

"I picked him instantly as one of these hot weather forgetters, and when he handed me his tickets to punch I noticed that he tickets didn't have the 'B' baggage punch in them.

"'You've checked your baggage, sir, I suppose?' I said to him.

"'By the gibbering Godfrey, no, I haven't!' he bawled, giving his thigh a whack. 'Say, it's a good thing you reminded me of that.'

"'Did you wait at the flat for the transfer man to call for the baggage, Josiah?' his panting little wife inquired of him in a tone of fear.

"'By the maundering Methusalem, no, I did not!' he bawled again. 'Was that the arrangement? I thought you'd attended to all that.'

"'Now, don't you remember,' she plaintively said to him, 'that when I came downtown ahead of you to do that little shopping that I had to do, and left you to close up the flat, the last thing I said to you was, "Now, Josiah, be sure to wait here until the transfer man comes for the trunks—he promised to be at the flat at 1 o'clock prompt"—don't you remember that that was the very last thing I said to you, Josiah?'

"'No, by the goat-skin gauntlets of Goliath, I don't remember any such thing!' Josiah brazened it out. 'I thought you'd have the consideration to attend to the trunks, at least, instead of hiking downtown to get a dinky veil, when you've got eleven million veils already—and here we are over in Jersey City, the train due to start in four minutes and there are our trunks locked up in our vestibule-train flat on 144th street—oh, it's all off, that's what it is—there's no use in talking about it at all—it's all off!' and he galloped toward the ferry, with his tired-looking little wife hanging onto one of his arms with both hands and being hiked over the boards like a rag doll in the hands of a pickaninny.

"I doped it out that the trunk business had so het up Josiah that his wife was going to be chiselled out of her summer trip this year, but I was wrong there—they came back this morning, and the 'B' punch was in their tickets all right.

"A tall, cadaverous man with a short, dumpy wife got up to the gate a few mornings ago, when the sight of a woman carrying a canary bird cage through another gate down the line caused his jaw to fall.

"'My dear,' he said to his wife in a trembling tone, 'we have forgotten Loreta.'

"'Callous, careless parents, to forget their young one,' I was saying to myself, when the short, dumpy wife let go of her bags and bundles, clasped her hands, and gave a shriek.

"'There!' she screamed, 'I knew there was something we forgot! I put Loreta's cage in the spare room early this morning so that he wouldn't be making comments and criticisms while we were packing—and here we've come off without poor Loreta! We must go right back after Loreta this very instant!'

"'But,' said the tall, cadaverous man, 'the train is just about to start, my dear, and, anyhow, the janitor will no doubt hear the parrot's screechings and ship Loreta to us if we telegraph to him after we get down to the beach!'

"'Now, John James Shortcut, how dare you to call my darling Loreta a screecher!' She got right back at him. 'And do you think I would trust that janitor with my parrot? He hates poor Loreta, anyway, and if he knew Loreta was alone over there in the flat he'd kill it and—er—make a potpie of it, I verily believe, and then swear to us that the parrot had died when we got back. John James Shortcut, we must go back immediately for Loreta, or I do not move one more step of the journey.'

"John James was evidently next to his job, for he went along with her, and they got back with the parrot in time to take the last train for their place last evening.

"Some of these hot weather forgetters, though, know how to work their reputation for absent-mindedness to put foxy little stunts through. I had one like that a few mornings ago. He looked nervous as he edged his way up to my wicket a few moments before I shoved the gate open.

"'Hey, Jack,' he said to me, 'is there any way I can cop out a flask of booze in the station?'

"I told him no, but that he could nail all he wanted across the street from the station.

"'Yes, but it's hard to get away with that,' the nervous-looking man explained to me. 'She has been keeping her eye on me all the morning—I had a hard night last night and she's got her doubts,' and he nodded in the direction of his portly wife, who was standing a little distance away, 'and I dunno if I could make the breakaway to get across the street.'

"'Yours is indeed a heart-rending tale,' I said to him, and he was doing a whole lot of cogitating, standing alongside his muscular-looking wife, as I shoved open the gate and began to call for tickets.

"The nervous man whose wife's eye was upon him got behind her and passed her inside the gate, and just as he was starting through himself he gave a start.

"'By Jove,' he said to his wife, who was already inside the wicket, 'I knew that something had got away from me. Forgot to take any cigars out of my box before packing my trunk last night and here I've got three hours' travelling and nixy a smoke to my name. Just wait till I hustle into the station—be back in a jiffy,' and off he rushed, leaving his wife inside the gate.

"'Right across the street, two doors from the corner,' I whispered to him as he darted by me.

"'Watch little Willie!' he said in reply to my tip, and he was off in a bunch.

"He made a record trip of it, at that, for he was back inside of just three minutes with a lighted cigar stuck in his face to give his errand verisimilitude, so to speak.

"'Come—hurry up, the train is about to start,' his portly wife said to him as he passed though the gate, and taking up the swift walk ahead of him.

"'Make out all right?' I asked him as he passed by me at the gate.

"'Just trust Foxy Frankie, the Boy Booze Bagger,' he said to me, with a grin, and then as he got a little way ahead of me he just lifted up the back of his coat and I saw that he was fixed out all right. There was a pint flask in each of his hind pockets."

THE SUMMER CHAPERON.

Things That Make Her Popular and Also Threaten Her Undoing.

There is a surprising difference between the winter and the summer chaperon.

During the season in town the chaperon most in evidence is the mother of daughters who are out, or just coming out. She matronizes balls, dancing classes, theatre parties—every sort of entertainment, in short, indulged in by young people.

With the arrival of summer and the migration to the country there comes a change. The winter chaperon may as likely as not turn over her duties to her just-married daughter.

So long as "Mrs." is prefixed to her name the age of the summer chaperon does not seem to matter. The bride of a few weeks is just as eligible for the post as her grandmother—more so, in fact. This state of things, in the opinion of some conservative people, is only a preliminary stage to having no chaperon at all and is indicative of the growing independence of American girls, especially in summer.

On the other hand, the new order of summer chaperon is explained to be a necessity growing out of the fondness of the twentieth century girl for outdoor sports and her seeming ambition to illustrate the feasibility of perpetual motion. Older women are said to be too busy planning entertainments in which they themselves can find enjoyment to supervise automobile luncheons, four-in-hand picnics and a dozen other forms of outdoor excursions that help to keep time from hanging heavily on the hands of young people.

Whatever the reason, it has come to be an unwritten rule to select as summer chaperon a young woman of about the same age as the maidens and men in the party. This works well in two ways. The chaperon, it has been discovered, is not always a mild flirtation on her own account—a circumstance that keeps the odd man or men of the party from having a dull time. Moreover, she is too intent on having a good time herself to be overcritical of the way her charges enjoy themselves.

One of the most popular chaperons at a summer resort last season was a young woman who was one of the Easter brides and scarcely 20. From all accounts she was not selected because of an endowment of gravity beyond her years, but mainly for her uncommon fun-making propensities.

As a result of her chaperonage, or lack of chaperonage, there was a larger percentage of weddings than usual last winter in that particular set, the bridegroom in several cases frankly confessing that the most effective bit of courting he managed to work in was due to the chaperon. As a promoter of matrimony that particular young woman is an unqualified success, a circumstance which has not increased the popularity of the modern summer chaperon in all quarters.

One of the critics of the new state of things points out that marriage at any cost is not the keynote of American society, and also that the *mariage de convenance* is fast gaining ground over here. In other words, although the American girl enjoys enviable freedom in choosing a husband, at the same time her mother is becoming more and more expert in piling stumbling blocks in the way of undesirable suitors, one of the most formidable of which is a chaperon who knows what is required of her.

THREAT OF NEW BARS IN MAINE

SERIOUS PROJECT TO RESTRICT THE CARRYING OF FIREARMS.

One Section of Game Preservers Would Forbid Their Being Taken Into the Woods in Close Season—It Won't Go Through Without Strong Opposition—Sportsmen's Meeting Discusses It.

KINEO, Me., July 15.—The Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association has been tersely described to THE SUN correspondent by a prominent member, as an organization that "gets what it wants in the way of game legislation at the State House." The law making it necessary for guides to be licensed and for non-residents to employ guides while in the woods, and the non-resident hunter's tax law adopted last year, were first made public at the annual summer meeting of the association. In fact, the origin of every important innovation and restriction may be directly traced to it. Visitors to the State who have regarded the association rather as a joke are now beginning to realize that the association does "get what it wants at the State house."

Naturally, therefore, the interest in the proceedings of these annual meetings has extended until it embraces all who visit the northern section of the State. The principal topic discussed at the meeting of the association here this week is among the most important the association has ever had before it because it directly affects all who visit the State for woodland pleasures. It is "Restrictions on carrying firearms into the woods in close season and prohibition from December 1 to June 1."

When a proposal to make this restriction came up two years ago visitors did not regard it seriously. The idea seemed then too preposterous to be true. But the persistency with which the subject has kept bobbing up and its final appearance before the Fish and Game association as the principal topic for discussion, removes all possibility of doubt regarding the intention of those who are behind the movement.

At first it was said that the lumbermen were behind the agitators, fearing forest fires, but during the last year or so this argument has been lost sight of, and the proposal now appears backed by the Commission of Inland Fisheries and Game, through its chairman, LeRoy T. Carleton, and the Fish and Game association through its secretary, Col. E. C. Farrington. It is apparent, however, that opposition will not be confined, as in the past, mainly to those outside the State.

Chairman Carleton brought the matter formally before the association in his address. "The prohibition of taking firearms into the woods in close season I am entirely in favor of," he said. "Briefly, I see no necessity for carrying firearms then and no good reasons have been set forth why they should be carried."

Col. E. C. Farrington, the secretary, said that the time was not far distant when it would be necessary to restrict the carrying of firearms into the woods, and other speakers coincided with his view.

Ex-Gov. Llewellyn Powers, however, opposed the proposal very strongly. "I believe," he said, "that the right of the people to bear arms is guaranteed by the Constitution, and I doubt very much the wisdom of attempting to prohibit it. It has been shown that forest fires are rarely, if ever started from this cause, and I believe very little harm is done in the way of killing game."

Major Victor W. MacFarlane, formerly of Chicago, but now residing at Greenville, followed Gov. Powers with an impassioned argument.

"It is time to stop," he said. "The association has gone far enough at present. It is time to have the present laws enforced and to see if they are proper and just. To my mind this question borders on what is known as individual rights and it means but one thing: the man who would go into the woods and would not kill would be barred out and that man who intends to kill would slaughter ruthlessly. Let this agitation which has been going on year after year, and which culminated last year in what is to my mind the extreme limit, the hunter's license, stop. I believe this present movement should be opposed with all the force and energy we can bring to bear."

Major MacFarlane's address was enthusiastically applauded by visitors from outside the State.

"I am satisfied," he said to THE SUN correspondent later, "that I expressed the sentiments of all of Maine's visitors, and from this time I am out to oppose not only the passage of such a law, but any attempt to agitate it. The idea is too preposterous to be even considered by sensible people. Let the present laws be enforced first. There is ample need, in view of the vast amount of slaughter that has been going on this spring, and which can in no way be attributed to visitors. The firearm is as much a part of the camp outfit as a fryingpan, and to prohibit them would be to bar out the best class of summer tourists, people who leave millions in the State annually."

An interesting communication was received at the meeting from Jay Cooke, Jr., of Philadelphia, urging the passage of a bill which would entirely prohibit the taking of large game out of the State. He wrote:

I find that the most desirable class of sportsmen do not avail themselves of the privilege to any great extent. At the furthest I would permit the taking out of big game heads only.

Of the thousands of deer exported each fall it is a well-known fact that a great part are sold as soon as they reach a good market, so that the hunting trip in Maine may not only be a means of recreation, but also become one of financial gain and profit to the visiting hunter, who frequently comes with his trunk full of supplies, even bringing sufficient bread, ready cooked, to last during his stay. He gives no employment to the guides, he leaves no money with the hotels or farmers in payment for board or supplies of any description, and almost his sole expenditure within the State is the sum paid for transportation to the railroads.

From personal observation I am convinced that the number of deer and moose in the State is decreasing to an alarming extent, notwithstanding all that is being done for their preservation, and I believe that this is due to the privilege at present enjoyed by the hunter of taking out of the State the legal limit of deer and moose killed, two deer, one moose.

The question of limiting the number of doe deer to one for each hunter, and prohibiting the killing of fawns was also considered.

The sports held in connection with the meeting, which was attended by 300 persons, representing all sections of the State and including men prominent in business, professional and political life, were chacteristic of northern Maine.

Interest centred chiefly about the four-oared batteau race. The racing batteau is fashioned much like a working boat, but without movable seats, and the coxswain steers with a canoe paddle instead of a rudder, assisting, whenever possible, to increase the speed of the boat. The purse awarded is large and crews annually prepare for the event with keen interest. The distance was two miles with a turn. The list of entries included crews made up of local guides and woodsmen from Greenville, Moose River and Kineo. The Greenville crew won by two lengths in 12 minutes 55 seconds, from the Moose River crew, after a race which from start to finish kept the spectators on tip toe. The winning crew was made up entirely of Penobscot Indians, wiry, sinewy chaps who can pull at the killing pace of from thirty-four to thirty-eight strokes a minute from start to finish if the occasion demands it.

One of the other events was the portage race. Canoes were placed on the ground a hundred feet from the water, and contestants were required to carry them to the water, paddle several hundred yards, land and return the canoes to the starting point. The contest was remarkable for the endurance shown, and the winners finished at a lively dog trot, in spite of the hard paddle and the eighty pounds' weight on their shoulders.

The log poling contest flavored decidedly of river driving. Each contestant mounted a large spruce log which was constantly manifesting a tendency to roll or dip, and poled it a distance of fifty yards with a long pole with a steel pick at the end.

For the greased pole contest a clear head was necessary. The pole, liberally covered with lard, was extended parallel over the water from a barge, and the feat to be accomplished was to walk out upon this uncertain footing in stocking feet, and pluck a tiny flag from the extreme end.

Rifle shooting at 100 yards offhand at a dummy deer target (open to registered guides) drew a large field. Certain parts of the target were marked as "fatal shots." In these a shot counted five, and so on down. A score of 24 out of 25 won, but for the most part the shooting was indifferent. All of the contestants were good game shots and the poor shooting was attributed to nervousness caused by too large a company of onlookers.

VIADUCT FOR FIFTH AVENUE.

Plan to Relieve the Present Traffic Congestion at Forty-second Street.

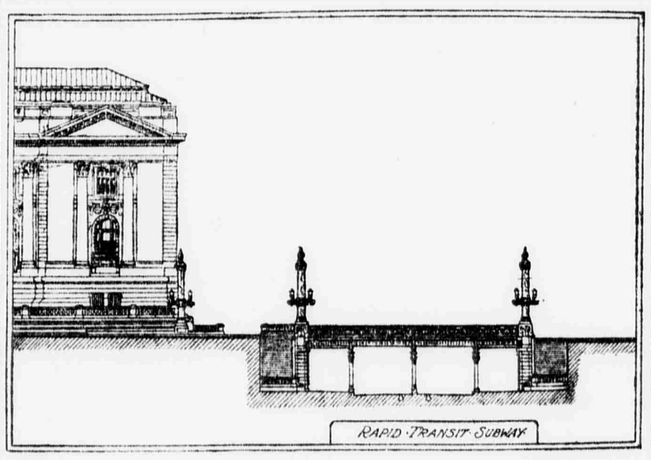
Borough President Cantor is planning to rearrange the street grades at the intersection of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street. He proposes to lessen the traffic congestion at that point by lowering the grade of Forty-second street and carrying Fifth avenue over it by means of a viaduct.

Designs for this bridge have been drawn by Carrere & Hastings and will probably be submitted to the Board of Estimate next Wednesday. In their design the architects have planned a bridge which will be a permanent ornament to the city and will relieve, to some extent, the monotony of the long unchanging lines of Fifth avenue. It will also be part of the general scheme of embellishment of the surroundings of the new Public Library.

On the side of practical results it is urged that the change will solve the traffic congestion problem at this point. It is proposed to lower the surface of Forty-second street about fourteen feet and to raise the surface of Fifth avenue nearly three feet.

This alteration of grade on Forty-second street will be an advantage both to vehicles and pedestrians, because it will do away with the summit now existing at the meeting of the avenue and the street. To reach the entrances to stores and other buildings on the Forty-second street block east of Fifth avenue it is now necessary to descend steps, but with the projected improvement the levels of the ground floors of these buildings will be on a line with the new grade.

The bridge is to be of steel, and the asphalt roadway and the sidewalks will be of the same width as now. There will be three staircases leading from the bridge to the street below. The bridge is to be ornamented with marble standard and bronze lamps and railings. The estimated cost of the work is $380,000.



PROPOSED DEPRESSION OF FORTY-SECOND STREET AT FIFTH AVENUE, SHOWING THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

MOSQUITO'S A WINTER BIRD.

Just Sleeps a While and Comes Out Fresh for Business in Warm Weather.

A fresh contribution to mosquito literature is a pamphlet issued by the Board of Health of Belmont, Mass., for the instruction of the people of that town in dealing with the nuisance. It is written by William Lyman Underwood, lecturer in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is illustrated with photographs from life. The pamphlet advises the use of kerosene on all water where the mosquitoes may breed and of pyrethrum powder in the house to kill or stupefy the adult mosquito. Prof. Underwood says:

It is very generally believed that mosquitoes bite but once and then die. This is sometimes so; but unless they are killed in the act of biting they usually live to bite again. The female mosquito (for it is only the female that attacks human beings) bites many times. It is owing to this fact that they are able to convey the germs of malarial fever from person to person.

The vast majority of mosquitoes never get human blood for food. In its absence they live upon the bloods of birds and other animals and, when these are not to be found, upon the juices of young and tender plants.

It is not known just how long mosquitoes can live, but their average life is much longer than is ordinarily supposed. Thousands of them live through the winter hibernating or asleep in dark places in barns or house cellars. In sparsely settled localities, where they cannot find such places for shelter, they live through the winter in hollow trees, in caves and holes under upturned trees, and even though the temperature may fall far below freezing they are not winter killed, but on the approach of warm weather become active again. Mosquitoes are frequently seen flying about in the woods before the snow has wholly left the ground.

Pyrethrum powder burned on the veranda will, Prof. Underwood says, keep it free from the pests.

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A TRAGEDY OF THE PACIFIC.

MORE ABOUT THE DESTRUCTIVE TIDAL WAVES AT TUAMATU.

French Official Account of the Catastrophe—One-eighth of the Inhabitants Drowned—Whole Villages Swept Away—Islands Entirely Submerged.

A brief account was published a few months ago of the terrible tidal waves which in January last swept over the Tuamatu Island of the Pacific, burying some of them deep beneath the rushing waters, utterly destroying native villages and drowning many of the people. The Tuamatu Archipelago is in one of the most isolated parts of the vast ocean, far to the southeast of Honolulu, about midway between South America and Australia. We seldom hear of it and it is not surprising that up to this time only the most fragmentary information of the great calamity has been brought to the English-speaking world by the ship or two that visited the group and saw something of the scene of desolation.

The islands belong to France and the French Government has been investigating the tragedy. The condensed account of it that has just been published in the *Journal Officiel des Establissements Français de l'Océanie* gives new and interesting information from the testimony of eye-witnesses of the catastrophe.

The French call the group the Tuamatu Islands from the native words meaning "Farthest Islands," because they form the extreme southeastern corner of the great island world. The inhabitants, however, call the little rocks on which they live the Paumotu Islands, which is a more descriptive name, meaning "Low Islands" the name being applied to them because they are nothing but atolls rising a few feet above the level of the sea.

The archipelago contains about eighty of these low coral islands besides numerous islets. The inhabitants belong to various branches of the Polynesian race, some resembling the Fijians and others the Tahitians.

Like the dwellers on many of the coral islands they are honest, industrious and thrifty, for they make a livelihood only by hard work. It is only on the high, fertile volcanic islands where food is easy to get at all seasons of the year that the inhabitants of the Pacific have fairly earned the reputation of being lazy and careless. The inhabitants of the group have considerable trade in copra, pearl shell and pearls.

The rings of coral inclose lagoons, some of which are completely separated from the sea, while others communicate through channels with the exterior waters. In some of these lagoons the pearl oyster is found and is obtained by diving.

In order to prevent the exhaustion of these fisheries the French Government does not permit all of them to be worked every year. At the beginning of the year the local governor designates the lagoon in which the divers may carry on their vocation for that season.

The lagoon of the island of Hikuern was chosen this year as the place in which the pearl shell industry might be prosecuted. Several hundreds of natives therefore had collected on Hikuern. A French physician is the administrator of the island and it was due to his energy that the calamity which overtook the natives there was not still more deplorable in its results.

The first evidences of the coming catastrophe were observed on Hikuern on Jan. 12. The sea waves were unusually high and it was remarked that they were washing further up on the shore than for a number of years past.

On Jan. 14 the waves began to reach the houses on the outskirts of the village on this island and some of the flimsy buildings were washed away. The following day mighty waves rushed in from the ocean and entirely submerged the village. The population took refuge upon the highest point of the island.

The waves still increased in height and on Jan. 16 the calamity reached its climax. The cocoanut trees, which form one of the largest resources of the archipelago, began to fall in great numbers. They were broken off or uprooted by the force of the waves.

A large number of the people who had climbed cocoanut trees for safety lost their lives with the destruction of the trees. The survivors were crowded together within a radius of 150 feet. At last the island was entirely submerged for several minutes and no distinction could be made between the lagoon and the high sea.

On the islets scattered along the eastern shore of Hikuern the disaster was even more sudden. In the space of a half hour the houses and the inhabitants were swept away by the waves with the exception of a few natives who had taken refuge in cocoanut trees which escaped destruction.

The captain of the ship Excelsior says that the appearance of Hikuern after the subsidence of the waves was pitiful. Everything had been turned topsy turvy by the swirling avalanches of water.

A group of cocoanut trees which remained standing and served as a place of refuge for 896 survivors looked like a ravaged field. The village had been swept out of existence. The soil on which it stood had been washed away and nothing was to be seen on its site excepting an expanse of coral.

Three hundred and seventeen bodies were counted floating at the sea edge or caught in the midst of heaps of débris. More than eight hundred boats had been destroyed. The loss of property on this island alone amounted at least to 1,000,000 francs.

Some of the other islands suffered to an equal extent. On Raroia three-fourths of the cocoanut trees were destroyed and strewn all over the island, where they lay among the débris of the houses and of scores of boats which had been driven inland some 600 to 800 feet from the shore. Hao also was greatly changed. Seventy-three persons were drowned on the island of Marokem.

Of course, the greatest loss was in the destruction of human life. Nearly 600 natives perished in the disaster. About 100 small sailing vessels and nearly 1,000 boats were destroyed. The waters of the sea poured over the lagoons and it is feared that the pearl oyster fisheries have been entirely ruined.

When Bougainville, one of the early discoverers of this archipelago, named it the "Dangerous Archipelago," he had in view only the perils which the many islands and islets spread in the pathway of passing vessels. He had no knowledge of such cataclysms as that which has overwhelmed Tuamatu.

These evils, however, are not very rare. As late as 1878 many of the islands were partly overwhelmed by tidal waves; but the destruction was far less terrible than that of January last, which cost the islands about an eighth of their entire population.

BRIDAL COUPLE IN IRONS.

Joke That Sent Them Honeymooning in Handcuffs.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"It's all right to be a blushing May bride," said Mr. Biggs to a friend, "but I'll bet I know of one who blushed more than any of the others in this part of the country.

"I went down to the Michigan Central depot to meet a friend, and while I was there a bride and bridegroom entered to take the next train West. They were radiantly happy until they discovered that some of their friends were not satisfied with the send-off they had given the young couple at the house, and had come to the station to put on the finishing touches.

"Now, it is the duty of all brides and bridegrooms to appear pleasant no matter what happens, so they smiled and chatted with the others as if they thought they were having the finest time in the world. In a few moments the announcer shouted his last call for all points West, and the bride and bridegroom were standing close together at the ticket gate, saying final goodbys, when one of the most daring of the party of tormentors produced a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and fastened the iron wristlets on the left hand of the bridegroom and the right hand of the bride, the short, strong, steel chain holding them close together. He had taken her for better or worse, and now they were inseparably joined.

"It was too late to do anything but join in the wild laughter, for the train was about to move, so the bride and groom hustled aboard as best they could. What the groom thought would make warm reading, I guess.

"I learned since that they entered their hotel in Chicago, bound together like a detective and a shoplifter. The bride walked up to the clerk's desk with her husband while he signed the register, and then they took the elevator to their room and immediately sent out for a locksmith.

"I don't know what that bridegroom will do to the man that put the handcuffs on him, but I can imagine. I think that if I were that joker I would take my summer vacation a little earlier than usual this year in order to be out of town when that couple return from their wedding trip. The pair of handcuffs will doubtless be kept as a very interesting souvenir, but I don't imagine they will be

YELLOW FEVER MOSQUITOES.

ONLY ONE VARIETY CONVEYS THE DREAD DISEASE.

Experts of the Marine Hospital Service Report That They Are the Only Means of Inoculation—A Parasite Does It.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The first report of "working party No. 1" of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service on its investigations as to the relations between yellow fever and mosquitoes has submitted an interesting report, which not only conclusively sustains the theory that the disease is propagated by the stings of the insect, but goes even further, showing that that is the only means of inoculation.

The party was composed of Assistant Surgeon Herman Parker of the Marine Hospital Service, and George E. Beyer and Dr. O. L. Pothier of Tulane University, New Orleans, together with two bacteriologists detailed by the Mexican Government to assist them.

They began their labors in May, 1902, and continued them until the following October, Vera Cruz, Mexico, being selected because yellow fever is more prevalent there than anywhere else.

The experiments included the inoculation of prisoners from Mexican jails by the bites of mosquitoes, which had fed from patients with well developed cases of yellow fever, and with blood from the patients.

No results were obtained from blood inoculations, while the bites of the insect produced pronounced attacks of the fever. New research was also made as to blood conditions of yellow fever patients at all stages of the disease, and, contrary to general belief, no evidence of disintegration of blood corpuscles and no traces of vegetable organisms or bacteria were found.

The party found fifteen different species of mosquitoes in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, but only one, the *Stegomyia fasciata*, was found to convey yellow fever. An extensive study of this species produced probably the most important result attained by the investigation.

This was that yellow fever inoculation was produced by a parasite peculiar to this variety of mosquito, which is developed in the stomach of the insect, but of which no trace could afterward be found in the blood of the patient who developed the disease from the bite.

The generic name given the parasite is *Myxococcidium*, and its specific title *Stegomyiæ*.

The different stages of development of the parasite are reproduced with elaborate magnified plates; in the globular form being known as oöcysts, at maturity breaking up into sporoblasts, and the latter in turn disseminating as excessively minute sporozoites.

It is in the latter form that they are transmitted to human beings through the bite of the mosquito.

The report finds that the sexual cycles of this animal parasite in some of its stages resemble in some degree the corresponding cycles of the malarial parasite, but they were unable to find its primal origin.

BIG ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

Has 16 Drive Wheels and a Capacity of 2,000 Horse Power—Weighs 180 Tons.

SCHENECTADY, July 18.—The General Electric Company has completed the largest electric locomotive in the world. It was built for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and will be shipped in a few days to Baltimore, where it will be used in the tunnel there, taking heavy freight trains out of the city limits.

The locomotive weighs 180 tons and is designed to haul a freight train weighing 1,500 tons up a grade of 1½ per cent. Its capacity is 2,000 horse power. It is controlled with the multiple unit system. There is a controller at either end of the cab so that it may be run backward or forward. The locomotive is made up of two units, each weighing 80 tons, and is so arranged that any number of units may be coupled together, making it as much larger as is desired. All of the units are controlled from the one place. There are eight 42-inch drive wheels on each unit, making sixteen drive wheels on the locomotive. The cab is of sheet steel and the frame of heavy cast steel.