BRINDLE KID DID NOT GO

The Real Reason Why the Journey to Paris Was Not Made Is Herewith Disclosed

GABE Turner and I had camped on the trail of a band of mustangs for three days, and just when it seemed as if success was ours they had given us the slip down a rocky canyon in the foothills of the Sierra Sacramento. We sat down to smoke, curse and berate our luck.

"When luck is on the other side you might just as well throw up your paws and say 'Come and get me.' It's no use to try to beat it," said Gabe. "This luck business reminds me of the time the Brindle Kid and me thought we had the world by the tail through a knothole in the fence.

"We works it thisaway: The Kid rides to a town, pulls up in front of the main saloon, ties Carmencita and goes in. He calls for the drinks all around like any well brought up gent should.

"Pretty quick the Kid begins to talk loud and put on like he's acquired the prize jag of the season. He talks horse-racin'. Brags and blows around about his horse. Fastest thing on four legs.

"'That there hoss,' says the Kid, wavin' a drunken paw toward the door, where Carmencita stands tied, head hangin', dusty and half asleep. 'That there hoss just naturally can't do nothin' but run.'

"The Brindle Kid pays for the drinks, pullin' out a roll of fifty dollar bills and crumplin' 'em up like they was nothin' but rags. By that everybody is sure he's drunk.

"By the time I get there they have a race all framed up. The Kid is objectin' to the barkeep holdin' the stakes.

"'While I realizes that barkeeps is always the most popular men in town, an' justly so, and not that I doubts the wisdom, integerty and sagacerty of this bar dog either,' the Kid is sayin' when I comes in. 'But I never does have no luck when barkeeps holds the stakes. Now if we only has a preacher to hold them stakes I wins in a walk.'

"They shows him there ain't no preacher in town.

"'This plaza,' they tells him mighty scornful, 'is what you might call plumb immune from sky scouts in all forms, everybody bein' either sung too low in the mire of gamblin' and card playin' or flyin' too high in a alcoholic haze to be reached and wrangled in the fold by a dozen golden rulers.'

"I come in about this time. The Brindle Kid squints over at where I'm takin' a drink at the end of the bar.

"'Who might this stray be?' he asks, pointin' at me. 'Who is this gent takin' a loner at the bar?'

"They all says they never sees me before and don't know me none at all.

"'We settles this stake holdin' conterversy,' says the Kid, plumb happy, like he's found a way out at last, 'by lettin' this locoed stranger hold them stakes.'

"Bein' stake holder thataway, and a stranger to both parties, makes me the judge. They agrees to go by what I says, and when Carmencita wins the race and they claims a foul or a bad start I put the kibosh on their objections by awardin' the money to the Brindle Kid.

"It's as easy as stealin' money from a dead miner, the way we takes it from them tin horn gamblers, miners, cow punchers and all the rest. That Carmencita could outrun her own shadow. None of their cow ponies could keep in her dust. We travelled around for a couple of weeks and kept doublin' our money until we had quite a stake.

"The Brindle Kid plans a new way every day to blow his share of the dinero.

"'We just hires a special private Pullman car,' he rambles on one day as we're ridin' between two towns. 'We charters one of them plush upholstered millionaires' readin' rooms on wheels, puts our feet up on the mahogany sideboard, lights an imported Rooshian cigarette, calls for a pussy cafay, cusses out the nigger for puttin' too much Eyetalian vermouth in the glass, says 'adios' and starts for Frisco to show them dudes up there they ain't got nothin' on us no time.'

"Next day after we've picked up a few more big iron dollars the Kid has a new plan.

"'This here private car business is only a starter,' he says. 'We gets to Frisco an' we buys a steamboat an' we sets out for Paris to show them frawg eaters a trick or two.'

"'Paris,' I tells him, 'is on the other side of the world. There's three or four continents in the way if you goes from Frisco—Japan, India, Sweden and all them Souwegian countries.'

"'That's all right,' returns the Brindle Kid, meetin' every drawback. 'We stops off a day an' gives each one a whirl for luck, an' then goes on around 'em. You just keep Carmencita's hoofs in shape so she don't go tender footed an' in one month more of this racin' we adjourns to Paris an' the Reveera.

"'On that steamboat trip, though,' says the Kid, 'we holds in some, it's too far, an' if we makes it a orgy all the way we wouldn't last. But when we hits Paris,' he goes on, gettin' excited, 'when we comes bustin' in among them French cafays an' patty-dee-foy-grass we removes the limit, an' stands them Skypoleans plumb on their ears. An' remember,' he winds up, startin' off on a lope, 'all this time we ain't eatin' nothin' but frawgs laigs, fish aigs an' charlotte roosh. We never sees no more bacon from the time we leaves except to grease our boots with on Sunday.'

"Then maybe the next day the Kid would plan to take his share and get married.

"'I've been a single footer now for twenty-five years,' he says, 'an' this thing of browsin' around loose an' unattached gets some tiresome. After we come back from Paris I calls a halt to this bustin' all over the scenery without no wife. The first squaw I catches off her guard I creeps up, slips a di'mond hoop on her finger, an' makes a sneak for the altar. When you once gets 'em in a church the rest is easy.'

"'This matrimony game is the one form of gamblin' I draws the line at,' I says. 'The odds is too big against you. I don't learn fast, but when I see a trap set I remember where it lays and don't go walkin' around there. Wedlock. That's sure the right name for it. The preacher locks you in and then throws the key away. I've bucked up against every game of chance from the Panhandle to California and tried 'em all, but this trottin' in double harness scares me up, and you bet I'll play a lone hand the rest of the game.'

"But the Brindle Kid goes on a-plannin'.

"'Then I builds me one of them big houses with a front an' a back stoop, like I saw last fall when I goes back east to Kansas City with them Circle Dot steers. An' I has 'em build a steeple on top with a lightnin' rod. Then I plants trees an' bushes an' hires a granger to irrigate 'em. Inside I tacks hand painted pictures all over the walls. Also,' he confides plumb delighted with his plans, 'also I gets me a big planer, an' rents a nigger by the month to play it. An' what's more,' he adds, shakin' his head, 'he don't play nothin' but "The Dyin' Ranger," "Ol' Sam Bass" and "Mormon Anne."'

"Well, we ain't been to Frisco or Paris or no place else. Sure, you knew we got beat at least, because you never heard of no two cowhands spinnin' them countries around and diggin' 'em up by the roots. And you'd be plenty out to hear about it if ever we did get there. It's the old story of the mug goin' once too often to the windmill. Luck was with us for a long time, but when she left us she left us afoot.

"We rode into Fort Sumner one day about noon.

"'An' this is the last race we holds before the revels begin,' said the Kid as we rode over the last hill into town. 'We ain't hogs. We don't want all the money in the world. After this one race we repairs to them metropolitan gayeties we mentions.'

"In Fort Sumner when they hear we're looking for a race Big Tim and three of the boys comes over to the livery barn to fix it up.

"'We goes you once just for luck,' says Tim. 'Make it even money and we covers your wad.'

"'All right,' returns the Kid, 'even money and horse agin horse.'

"'No,' says Tim, who's doin' the talkin' for the outfit, 'we covers all your money and puts up three hundred agin your horse. We on'y got a sort of a precar'ous arrangement with our horse; we puts up three hundred in his place.'

"'Sure,' we tells him, 'we just as leave have the money as your horse. When do we get action?'

"'Right now; we ain't got a minute to spare,' he says.

"'You all must be some pushed for leisure,' remarks the Brindle Kid. 'Where I come from horse racin' comes ahead of all other occupations. Funerals is stopped in the street to watch 'em.'

"They led out a long stilt laiged animal as lean as a hound dog. He sure looks like speed and I tells the Kid, 'Here we gets it at last.'

"'Don't you weaken,' he tells me. 'Carmencita has beat the fastest horses in New Mexico. Just because that cayuse has them reediculous long legs don't mean he's good for anything but wadin' in a swamp.'

"We had up all our money and Carmencita too. And that meant about all the money there was in southern New Mexico at that time.

"That long legged horse of Tim's was a whirlwind. He ran two feet to Carmencita's one. After the race Tim come ridin' back on the big horse, a-prancin' and curvin' around.

"'That little mare of yours, boys, is a good runner all right,' he says, 'but she runs too long in one place. The secret of horse racin',' he goes on, lookin' wise, 'is speed.'

"It's then we hears an awful uproar over on the sidewalk, and a little fat man in a checkerboard suit comes chargin' out of the Bon Ton restaurant with a napkin all tied around his neck like he left in a big hurry.

"'Get off that horse! Get off!' he yells at Tim, a-wavin' a fork in his paw and chokin' with his mouth full of Bon Ton hash. 'What do you cowboys mean stealin' my horse? I'll have the marshal take you in. Climb down off that horse or I'll have you arrested!'

"Lookin' down cold and soopercilious at the mad little gent, Big Tim drawls:

"'Whatever is eatin' on you, pardner? What do you mean by sayin' you'll have me run in? In the first place there ain't no jail in town and then I'm the marshal myse'f.'

"'That's my horse. Get off, I tells you,' raves the mad little man, wavin' his arms and sputterin'. 'I'll get the law on you sure.'

"'Whatever shall we do with this locoed little fat gent, boys?' Tim asked, turnin' to us calm and rollin' a smoke. 'Nobody can't reason with him none at all,' he goes on, while the mad little man is ravin' and cursin' frightful. 'It's like this:

"'This robust, fat, frothin' little gent is bringin' this race horse East from California in a special car. He stops off here to rest over one train to give this fast movin' cayuse a chance to roll and rest up for them big races he's goin' to win back East. He turns him out in the cattle pen by the track, while he himse'f goes up to the Bon Ton to take on a feed.

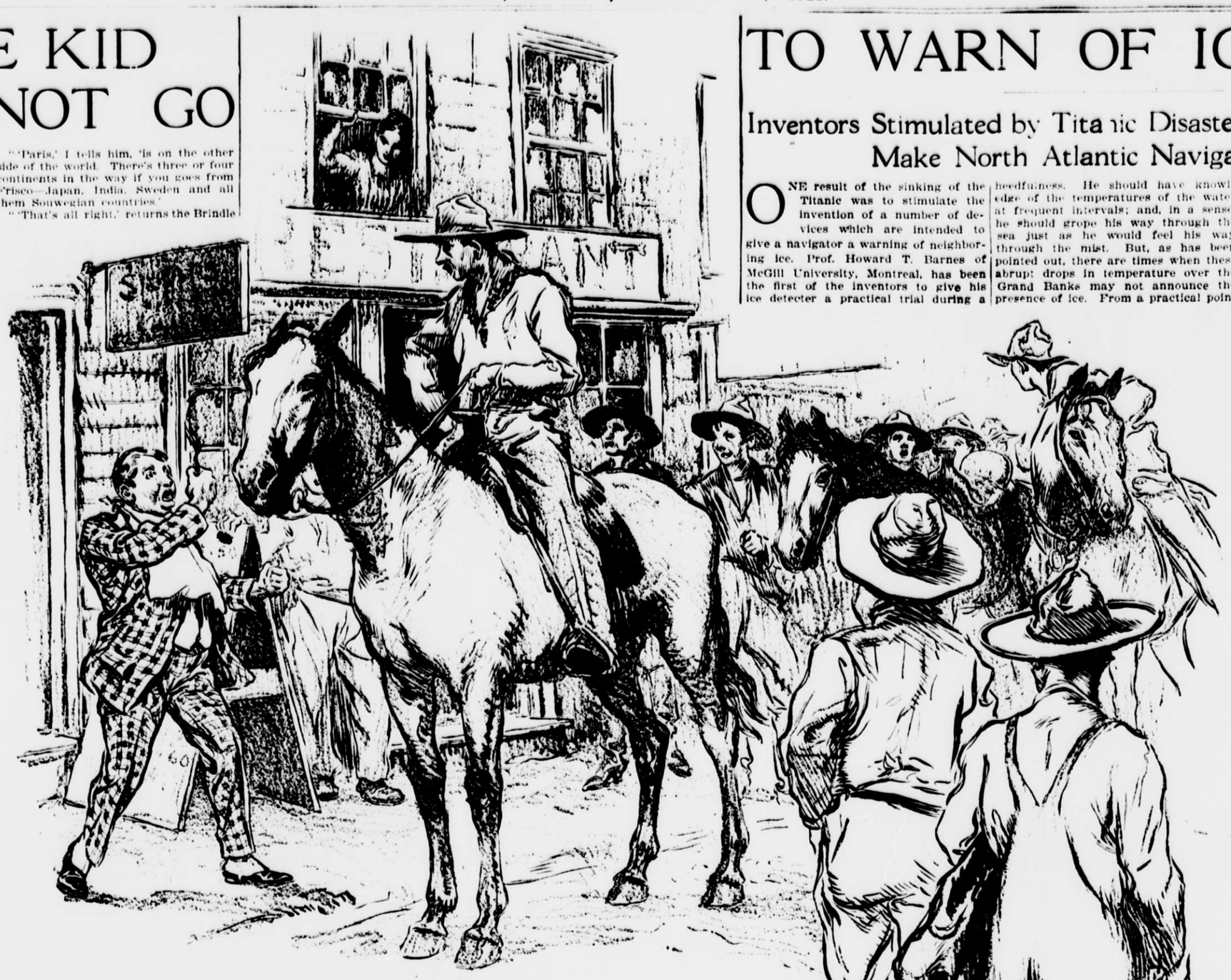
"'I sees it all from where I'm sittin' over in front of the White Elephant. It's just at this time you all comes in lookin' for a race. We needs the money, so I slips over and borrows this four legged cyclone while this striped little gent is eatin' up a bait at the Bon Ton. If them Chinks on'y feeds him more and keeps him five minutes longer he wouldn't have knowed anything about it. But here he is and wants to law me for exercisin' his horse.'

"'I lets it go if you boys whack up and give me half what you wins,' says the little gent calmin' down.

"'Of course you lets it go,' returns Tim. 'You ain't got no comeback. Why didn't you talk like that at first instead of cussin' us out? Pardner, you ain't been raised right. You're too impolite, a heap too impolite. If you came in the right way we'd whack up, but not now.'

"At that the mad little gent dances up and down, gettin' madder and madder, shakin' his fists.

"'Oh, well,' says that outrageous Tim, 'if you insists we'll pay you rent for your cayuse. Regular livery stable rates, two dollars an hour. We has him out just ten minutes, so we owes you thirty-three and a third cents. And just to show you we ain't no pikers we calls it thirty-four. Here's your horse and here's your rent. I don't want no gent goin' back East and spreadin' it around that Big Tim ain't on the square.'"



"GET OFF THAT HORSE! GET OFF!" HE YELLS AT TIM.

LAST RELIC OF OLD TIME TRANSPORTATION METHODS STILL EXISTENT IN NEW YORK.

TO WARN OF ICEBERGS

Inventors Stimulated by Titanic Disaster in Their Efforts to Make North Atlantic Navigation Safer

ONE result of the sinking of the Titanic was to stimulate the invention of a number of devices which are intended to give a navigator a warning of neighboring ice. Prof. Howard T. Barnes of McGill University, Montreal, has been the first of the inventors to give his ice detecter a practical trial during a transatlantic voyage, and the apparatus unquestionably recorded the proximity of bergs. But whether it supplies the desired protection to ships is still to be determined.

It is certainly true that the presence of an iceberg will chill the sea in its vicinity so that an ordinary thermometer will indicate the drop. But icebergs and field ice will not give warnings of their presence equally in every direction.

Prof. Barnes's micro-thermometer is unquestionably a valuable instrument, but in the minds of some navigators it is debatable whether a continuous recording of very minute variations of temperature is something to be desired for practical navigation. Isn't it possible that the man on the bridge may become indifferent through too much warning, they ask, and isn't it likely that the very circumstances of certain regions of the ocean may practically neutralize the advantages of an apparatus of this sort if it be considered essentially an ice detecter?

A sudden drop in the temperature of the water, if the season for ice has arrived, should stimulate a skipper's heedfulness. He should have knowledge of the temperatures of the water at frequent intervals; and, in a sense, he should grope his way through the sea just as he would feel his way through the mist. But, as has been pointed out, there are times when these abrupt drops in temperature over the Grand Banks may not announce the presence of ice. From a practical point of view, it would seem that an instrument that could be depended upon to respond to pronounced variations rather than to delicate differences of temperature would be the better suited to the needs of the navigator. A shout more often than a whisper is a more effective means of saving a fellow from an accident.

An American inventor, William H. Bristol, has devised a detecter or a signal system which works upon an entirely different principle from that of Prof. Barnes's. It is not a thermometer in the literal sense of the term, although it is excited and set going by changes of small fractions of a decree of temperature. Mr. Bristol believes it is better to cry "Wolf!" only when there is sufficient cause rather than to fret the navigator by a continuous appeal to his attention. The man on the bridge has enough to worry him under the best of conditions.

The beauty of the Bristol apparatus is that it is made to give notice only of sudden differences of temperature in the sea water, quite irrespective of the matter of degree. The instrument is not a delicate affair, and the ocean itself automatically tells its own story or sounds the needful warnings.

Ninety-one years ago Seebeck discovered that if two wires of different materials were soldered or twisted together so that their two ends when joined formed a circuit, the application of heat at one of these junctions occasioned a flow of electricity within the wires. This flow of current continued until the other end was likewise heated, and then the action ceased. Again, if the two-metal circuit were of a uniform temperature and one joint were suddenly chilled, an electric current was also generated, but it flowed in the opposite direction.

The two dissimilar metals thus connected were called an electric couple, and the motive force was designated as thermo-electricity. When a number of these couples or thermo-electric pairs were grouped together they became a thermopile. The only difference between the couple and the group was in the measure of the electro-motive force, the latter being stronger. A thermopile designed by Nobili was sensitive enough to respond to the heat of a lighted match 100 feet away, and an adaptation of the thermo-electric couple devised by Boys was excited by the radiation of candle light from a halfpenny at a distance of 1,530 feet. This serves to give some idea of the nature of the operative unit upon which Mr. Bristol depends in his system.

The character of the two dissimilar metals employed in the couple has much to do with the effectiveness of the action, and before Mr. Bristol settled upon his present choice he had to do a great deal of experimenting. The curious part about the action of the various metals is that they may work up or down to a certain temperature peculiar to each, and then completely reverse their conduct. The problem was to find two metals which would do their work properly within the probable ranges of temperature to which they would be subjected in service afloat.

Now let us see how the electric couple is put to service as a navigational aid by Mr. Bristol. The thermopile is placed at some convenient point within the ship and well below the water line and where local temperatures may be normal. The excitable end of the thermopile is placed either against the vessel's bottom plating or within a metallic envelope exposed to the passing sea water, so that should the temperature of the ocean rise or drop suddenly, even though slightly, the thermopile would produce an electric current.

This current is arranged to follow proper conductors to the bridge, and there to tell its story in a number of ways. Remember the electric couple continues to work only until its opposite joint has acquired the same temperature.

In the pilot house or at the navigator's station there are two separate mechanisms, which are really adaptations of commercial instruments which Mr. Bristol has been making for some years. One is a modified time and temperature recording apparatus which, in this case, shows sudden temperature changes without necessarily indicating the degree of those variations. The sharpness of the peaks and valleys of the broken line in themselves tell of the measure of difference. The time element is important, because the hour of the initial disturbance and the frequency of the following warnings are of decided meaning to the mariner.

The other mechanism gives visual warnings of another sort and also sound signals. There is an arrangement of two lights, one red and one green, and two bells, one high pitched and the other of lower tone. If the change of temperature in the sea is a drop, the red light shines and its associate bell rings, and if the alteration is a rise, the green light glows and its allotted bell rings. The navigator is thus automatically cautioned and his attention attracted in a manner that admits of no misunderstanding.

When the green light shines and the bell of softer tone rings, the man on the bridge knows that he is passing into warmer water, and, so far as that goes, he is probably going further from the ice if a previous red light and shriller bell cautioned him rightly of that menace. But quite apart from this, Mr. Bristol's apparatus is a real navigational aid in marking the entrance upon the Gulf Stream from the colder waters of the outlying ocean, or the opposite movement. The thermopile is working deep down below the surface and is operating where it cannot be affected by the temperature of the air and the chilling effects of the wind. Instead of relying upon deckhands to take temperature readings of water caught from the surface of the sea, and this done at infrequent intervals and perhaps in a slipshod manner, the thermopile is doing its work continually and reliably.

WILLIAM H. BRISTOL, THE AMERICAN INVENTOR OF A VERY INGENIOUS DETECTER OF TEMPERATURE CHANGES IN SEA WATER.