

# Motorite Will Do It

## With New Fuel Torpedo Boats Can Sink Warships

By HUDSON MAXIM.



That government which shall be first to build torpedoes with double the speed and range of those now in use, and to build torpedo boats capable of reaching and sinking the battleships of an enemy with insignificant risk, will have an overwhelming advantage in any naval engagement—an advantage that will mean certain victory.

A torpedo boat built according to my invention will be about 64 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. The dorsal fin is a superstructure consisting of a large number of small compartments separated from one another by thin sheet metal partitions and filled with cellulose. This superstructure is for flotation purposes only, serving to maintain the boat at the surface of the water.

The boat will also be provided with a ventral fin, or keel, to balance the dorsal fin, or superstructure. The vertical diameter of the body of the boat will be about 10 feet, and the horizontal section, in other words, the boat will be flat.

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

Motorite is a mixture consisting of 70 per cent. nitroglycerine and 30 per cent. gun cotton. 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 60 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 a 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.

I purpose to make my torpedoes semi-armored—that is to say, the warhead will have a point capable of penetrating the unprotected hull of any war vessel, and will pass through any torpedo netting with which the vessel may be surrounded.

When the torpedo is launched, the reaction or recoil will serve to retard the torpedo boat and to aid in stopping it. After launching the torpedoes, the boat will be ready to be ready of the enemy's 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.

A torpedo-boat of this character, 64 feet long, will require a crew of but two men, so the risk of life will be insignificant.

# Let Woman Do Mating

By JAMES GRANT.

"There is no doubt that the selection of the husband should really rest with the woman," says Dr. Denlow Lewis. "In the animal world it is invariably the female that chooses her mate. Only in the human race it the right of selection arbitrarily given to the male. Left to herself, and with no hampering conventions to interfere, the woman would be the most discriminating chooser. With all sorts of men to select from she would be in no hurry to mate with the first little man that popped the question. Woman has physical perfection.

"With her right to select unquestioned, a woman would pick out the man of her own physical ideal, who him with all her varied arts and fascinations at her disposal, and nine times out of ten get him. Physically the race would be greatly benefited. There are many thousands of women in this country who have married men just because they have been asked and who now live the lives of housekeeping drudges, bound to the so-called home only by the stern dictates of duty."

The right of man alone to put the all-important question of her life to the woman he selects has come into fashion only with the advent of civilization, which is, as we know, but a relative term. The exclusive right of proposing marriage did not always belong to the lords of creation, and since it has become his special privilege men, says Dr. Westermarck, the eminent German ethnologist, have deteriorated in physical worth. Even now, among those races which distinguish woman by giving her the right to select the man who is to preserve the species which she is to mother, the finest specimens of physical manhood are to be found. Among primitive races, modern as well as ancient, the right of selecting her mate was always given to the woman.

Primitive societies were intelligent enough, says M. Drumart, to allow the law of compensation to work. They realized that the species could only be preserved in its original excellence by allowing the female the right to exercise her discretion as to who should be allowed to mate with her. The law of all primitive societies allowed her to choose, and, in the majority of cases, severely penalized the occasional aggressor who forced his attentions upon an unwilling woman. What was the result? A race of perfect men grew into being. All the males in the tribe strove by their accomplishments in feats of strength and endurance to win the attraction of the women, whose choice was therefore fixed according to the highest criterion of physical manhood.

Nowadays, however, it is often the man who are least athletic, and in most cases the least worthy physically, who show the greatest pretensions, or who devote most time to attracting the attention of the opposite sex. The consequence is that we see unbranded and often almost decrepit men mated with women of magnificent physical proportions, all the disparities reappearing, particularly in regard to their detrimental aspect, in the offspring, which is more often than not unequal and unenduring.

# SERIAL STORY

## THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CRANK," "SIXDA BARRER," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"Good! but this is just what I want. I'll have a layer of bricks and a thin coat of cement. A nice job! It must have been in the work, and it cost the price of a tiger hunt," I gumbled.

"Take heart, old man, and listen," said Larry, beginning the wall with a hammer, exactly under the north gable-end. We had sounded everything in and about the house until the process bored me.

"Hurry up and get through with it," I jerked impatiently, holding the lantern at the level of his head. It was sharply cold under the posts, and I was anxious to prove the worthlessness of his idea and he done.

"Thump! thump!"

"There's a place here that sounds a trifle off the key. You try it."

"I smashes the hammer and repeated his smashes."

"Thump! thump!"

There was a space about four feet square in the wall that certainly gave forth a hollow sound.

"Stand back!" exclaimed Larry eagerly. "Here goes with the ax."

"I struck into the wall sharply and the cement crumbled off in rough pieces, disclosing bricks beneath. Larry paused when he had uncovered a foot of the inner layer, and examined the surface.

"They're loose—these bricks are loose, and there's something beside each behind them."

"The bricks were set up without mortar, and I plucked them out and raised with my knuckles on a wooden surface.

Even Larry grew excited as we flung the bricks out into the tunnel.

"Ah, lad," he said, "the old gentleman had a way with him—he had a way with him!" A brick dropped on his foot and he howled in pain.

"Hence the old gentleman's heart! He made it as easy for us as he could. Now, for the Glenarm millions, red money all piled up for the ease of something it—a thousand pounds in every pile."

"I'll bet the brick had and the handle of Larry's pipe made breathing difficult."

"That's all the loose bricks,—bring the lantern closer,—and we peered through the aperture upon a wooden door, in which strips of iron were deposited. It was fastened with a padlock and Larry reached down for the ax.

"Wait!" I called, drawing closer with the lantern. "What's this?"

The wood of the door was fresh and white, but burned deep on the surface, in this order, were the words:

### The Door of Bewilderment

"There are dead men inside, I dare say! Here, my lad, it's not for me to turn loose the family skeleton," and Larry stood aside while I swung the ax and brought it down with a crash on the padlock. It was of no flimsy stuff and the remaining bricks crumpled me, but half a dozen bricks broke it off.

"The house of a thousand ghosts," chanted Larry, as I pushed the door open, crashed through and dropped down inside.

Whatever the place was it had a floor and I set my feet firmly upon it and turned to take the lantern.

"Hold a bit!" he exclaimed. "Some one's coming,"—and bending toward the opening I heard the sound of steps down the corridor. In a moment I was ran up, calling my name with more spirit than I had ever known in him.

"What is it?" I demanded through the opening.

"It's Mr. Pickering. The sheriff has come with him, sir."

As he spoke his glance fell upon the broken wall and open door. The light of Larry's lantern struck full upon him. Amazed, and I thought, a certain satisfaction, were marked upon his countenance.

"Non aone, Jack,—I'll be up a little later," said Larry. "If the fellow has come in daylight with the sheriff, he isn't dangerous. It's his friends that shoot in the dark that give us the trouble."

I crawled out and stood upright, facing the opening, seemed reluctant to leave the spot.

"You seem to have found it, sir," he said. "I thought it little chockingly. His interest in the matter nettled me. It was none of his affair, for one thing; and my first business was to go above for an interview with the executor,—if that of immediate importance, and it should have been clear to any one else."

"Of course we have found it," he ejaculated, brushing the dust from his clothes.

"If Mr. Stoddard in the morning," he said. "I'll be up a little later."

his lantern and I left Larry crawling through the broken door as I hurried toward the house. I knew him well enough to be sure he would not leave the door until we had found what lay behind it.

"You didn't tell the sheriff where you asked me to be, did you?" I asked in the kitchen.

"No, sir. Mr. Stoddard received the gentlemen. He took the bill for me and when I went into the library he was waiting. He said, 'Kindly tell Mr. Glenarm that I've come to my mind. I thought it rather neat, or consider his clerical office. I know you work better somewhere else, the trap door was open and I found you exactly empty.'

"Dates were very bright that I had seen there. A certain buoyant note gave an entirely new tone to his voice. He walked about of me to the library door, threw it open and stood aside."

"Ah, here you are, Glenarm," said Stoddard. Pickering and a stranger stood near the fireplace in their evening coats."

Pickering advanced and offered its hand, but I turned away from him with out taking it. His companion, a burly countryman, stood staring a paper in his hand."

"The sheriff," Pickering explained, "and our business is rather personal."

He glanced at Stoddard, who looked at me.

"Mr. Stoddard will do me the kindness to remain," I said and took my stand beside the fireplace.

"Oh!" Pickering ejaculated scornfully. "I didn't understand that your relations with the neighboring clergy were so intimate. Your taste is improving, Glenarm."

"Mr. Glenarm is a friend of mine," remarked Stoddard quietly. "A very particular friend," he added.

"I congratulate you both."

I laughed. Pickering was surveying the room as he spoke, and Stoddard suddenly stepped toward him, merely, I think, to draw up a chair for the sheriff. But Pickering, not hearing Stoddard's step on the soft rug until the stranger was close beside him, started perceptibly and reddened.

It was certainly ludicrous, and when Stoddard faced me again he was biting his lip.

"Fudge me!" he murmured.

"Now gentlemen, will you kindly state your business? My own affairs press me."

Pickering was studying the cartridge boxes in the library table. The sheriff, too, was viewing these effects with interest. I think, unsmiling with a certain gleam in his eye.

"I don't like to invoke the law to eject you from this property, but I am left with no alternative. I can stay out here indefinitely, and I want to know what's in it to expect."

"That is a fair question," I replied. "It is merely a matter of following in the terms of the will I should not like to be here now. But it isn't my duty to the grandfather, that keeps me in the determination to give you the annoyance possible,—to make good and might have had for you to get out of this house until I have found of you are so much interested in it."

"You always had a grand way in your matters. As I told you before, I don't care, it's a poor estate."

"I don't insist wholly of this land on your quality, whose quality you have opportunity to read."

"I believe there is money in it,—but I dare say you to the possibilities. This is a time a rich man has no redoubts little behind it."

"I am anxious to get possession of this property that you call a 'house and an unbroken school teacher!'"

"You would understand me," he replied. "The sheriff will perform the duty of performing it upon him by the way to you. But

I haven't come here to debate this question: When am I to have possession?"

"No till I'm ready,—thanks!"

"Mr. Sheriff, will you serve your writ?" he said, and I looked to Stoddard for any hint from him as to what I should do.

I believe Mr. Glenarm is quite willing to hear whatever the sheriff has to say to him," said Stoddard. He seemed nearer to me, as though to emphasize the fact that he belonged to my side of the controversy, and the sheriff read an order of the Walslow county court directing me, immediately, to deliver the house and grounds into the keeping of the executor of the will of the estate of John Marshall Glenarm."

The sheriff rather enjoyed holding the center of the stage, and I listened quietly to the unfamiliar phrasing. Before he had quite finished I heard a step in the hall and Larry appeared at the door, pipe in mouth. Pickering turned toward him frowning, but Larry paid not the slightest attention to the executor, but leaned against the door with his usual tranquil unconcern.

"I advise you not to trifle with the law, Glenarm," said Pickering, as the sheriff folded his paper. "You have absolutely no right whatever to be here. And these other gentlemen—your guests, I suppose—are equally trespassers under the law."

He stared at Larry, who crossed his legs for greater ease in adjusting his lean frame to the door.

"Well, Mr. Pickering, what is the next step?" asked the sheriff.

"Mr. Pickering," said Larry, straightening up and taking his pipe from his mouth. "I'm Mr. Glenarm's cousin. If you will do me the kindness to ask the

sheriff to retire for a moment I should like to say a few words to you that you might prefer to keep between our selves."

I had usually found it wise to take any cue Larry threw me, and I said: "Pickering, this is Mr. Donovan, who has every authority to act for me in the matter."

Pickering looked impatiently from one to the other of us.

"You seem to have the guns, the ammunition and the numbers on your side," he observed dryly.

"The sheriff may wait within call," said Larry, and at a word from Pickering the man left the room.

"Now, Mr. Pickering,"—Larry spoke slowly,—as my friend has explained the case to me, the assets of his grandfather's estate are all accounted for,—the land, hereabouts, this house, ten thousand dollars in securities and a somewhat vague claim against a lady known as Sister Theresa, who conducts St. Agatha's school. Is that correct?"

"I don't ask you to take my word for it, sir," rejoined Pickering hotly. "I have filed an inventory of the estate, so far as found, with the proper authorities."

"Certainly. But I merely wish to be sure of my facts for the purpose of going to the records. And, moreover, I am somewhat unfamiliar with your procedure in this country. I am a member, sir, of the Irish bar. Permit me, but I repeat my question."

"I have made oath,—that, I trust, is sufficient assurance for a member of the Irish bar."

"Quite," said Larry, nodding his head gravely.

He was not, to be sure, a prominent member of any bar, for a similar detracted considerably from the appearance of one side of his face, his clothes were rumpled and covered with black dust, and his hands were black. But I had rarely seen him so calm. He roared his lungs, roared into the bowl of his pipe for a moment, then asked, as quietly as though he were settling an opinion of the weather.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Pickering, whether you yourself are a debtor of John Marshall Glenarm's estate?"

"NO DE CONTINUED."

"Two of Life's Tasks. It takes on half our lives to learn who our friends are, and the other half to sleep them."

# MINES AND MINING

At Neal, Idaho, the old properties and some of the new ones are enjoying an era of development.

Activity in the American Fork mining district of Utah has started and preparations are under way for a trade season at a large number of properties.

The very late season has somewhat discouraged placer miners at Placerville, Idaho. The snow has been deepening but without producing sufficient water for mining purposes.

Coal and coke plants of Indiana county, Pennsylvania, have shut down for an indefinite period, throwing 1,000 men out of employment. Only to the value of \$50,000 is stored awaiting a market.

There has been no exaggeration of the richness of the properties at Boyd basin the new camp in the Pine Forest range, that have been previously mentioned in this paper, says the Humboldt (Nevada) Star.

Rumors have been the effect that hundreds of miners from Missouri were on their way to the Coser d'Alone, or soon will be. The rumors are unconfirmed and, in fact, are denied by the mine owners.

The cessation of the past week in Goldfield was the official announcement of an important strike in the Great Basin, the most important of the Dairies at Diamondfield, which has long been considered one of the best prospective mines in the district.

With the realization that straight ahead into the mountains within their lines are resources of splendid merit, all that is needed being work to get at them, the officials of the Idaho Queen Consolidated company are beginning on installing more powerful equipment, says the Salt Lake Tribune.

A protracted session of the leading iron interests of the country was held in New York on the 16th at the office of the United States Steel corporation. After a full discussion it was the unanimous opinion of all present that the present prices of iron and steel should not be changed.

The Silver King Cattle Co. company has filed its answer in the suit brought by Colonel Nicholas Treweek early in the year, in which he alleges that the King company had mined 10,000 tons of ore, worth \$400,000 from the Coking and Arthur mining claims and demanding an accounting and judgment.

The annual report of the Utah Consolidated shows that the output of refined copper for the year was only 13,851,661 pounds, a decrease of \$446,423 pounds of silver, 290,296 ounces, a decrease of \$7,516 ounces, and of gold, 24,254 ounces, a decrease of \$1,000,000.

The Molokai Red Top and other claims at Goldfield are being developed preparatory to their opening as a broad scale, which will be entered upon about six months hence, when the new 60-ton mill will go into commission, and when the company is confidently expected to show net earnings of \$1 per share.

Dear Lodge, the Nevada mining district which is causing considerable favorable comment these days, is just seventeen miles from Nelson, Utah, the railroad point, from which a daily stage is now carrying people. The roads between the two points are fine, and around Deer Lodge is an abundance of wood and water.

March was the best month in the history of the Valerita mine in the way of remunerative returns, says the Trough Hill Record. Recently a new body of ore was struck, which returns assays from \$32 to \$200. This ledge has been penetrated to the present line a distance of forty feet, and the tunnel is still in ore.

A strange body of ore has been encountered in the south end of the Prior & Chubbuck lease on the Blakely Hills ground, at Seven Troughs, Nevada, a series of assays indicating an average value per ton between \$1,000 and \$1,700. It is said that from one to three feet of the vein will maintain this high average.

Following a warning received through an anonymous letter that unless the Chal Pina coal mine of the Royal Coal & Coke company at Durango, Colo., was made safe by repairs, the mine would be blown up, an explosion occurred in the mine which completely wrecked the workings and perhaps fatally injured three persons.

Developments in the Black Hornet district of Idaho continue most satisfactory. In the Picket 5th mine, on the north side of the gulch, a very large body has been opened. The mill at the Celtic is running smoothly on ore that carries \$130 a ton in gold.

The Deer Lodge district of Nevada is picking up fast. Many claims have been allowed to lapse during the past few years, for the owners grew despondent in the face of the setback in which the camp was situated. But all these old claims are being re-taken.

The Veterans mine of the Cumberland district is to be taken for production during the coming month, when its new operating shaft will be started, and the mine will be provided in better facilities the holding of the output.

In the newly discovered district at Lime Point, Nevada, a woman has made one of the richest discoveries on record, in digging a well a rich quartz ledge having been encountered. She has another prospect which shows a rich quartz vein over 1,000 yards.

