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TERRORS OF SIMPLON PASS



ON SIMPLON PASS

Stop to think of the heroic deeds of the monks of St. Bernard, the men who assist them or of the dogs who cooperate with them in the snow and frozen wastes of the Simplon pass in the Alps.

The rescue force consists of 17 monks and 15 assistants who undertake the work for the sake of humanity. The men must be strong of limb and lung and robust in every way to stand the life. Even with perfect physical endowment most of them break down in their twelfth year of service. A few last fifteen years and then death follows. No member has lasted more than twenty years. The constant exposure and attendant hardships are too much for human endurance. As the monks live 8,000 feet above the sea level the cold is intense and the breathing of such a rarified air injures the health and hastens the end. They live near the region of perpetual snow, for the winter lasts nine months of the year and even in July snowstorms occur which bother greatly the tourists who make the passage of the steep road to the monastery in large numbers.

When Brigands Assailed Them.

The hospice was founded 948 years ago by a nobleman, Bernard de Menthon, for the benefit of pilgrims traveling to Rome. For a long time they were harassed by the brigands who infested the surrounding mountains. Sometimes the demands of these vagabonds were refused and then the thwarted would go away after threatening vengeance. Soon a squad of 25 or 30 of these pirates of the mountains would appear, but they found barricaded doors and windows impossible to pass and the monks lived in a state of siege until fierce storms drove the brigands away.

Napoleon in leading his army of 30,000 across the Alps in 1800, headed for Italy, used the hospice as a barracks for his weary, frost-bitten soldiers. At St. Pierre, the last village on the Swiss side, are shown the small table and the armchair used at breakfast by Napoleon before starting for Italy.

The monastery is a plain, unpretentious block of gray buildings with thick walls to withstand the terrific winds and snowstorms. The snow is frequently eight or ten feet deep round the hospice and sometimes forms enormous drifts which reach to the roof of the building. Shelter can be provided for nearly 400 travelers and dormitories for about 100; anyone crossing the pass is welcome to the hospitality of the monks. Voluntary contributions can be made and, for instance, there is a generous response for the cost of keeping up the monastery is very heavy; as everything has to be hauled so far over a dangerous long and none too good road. Mules have to haul the food and other supplies for many miles each day. Two meals are served—one at 12 m. and one at 6 p. m. Every nation is represented in the crowds at the tables. The monks mingle freely with the diners and make them feel at home. Two pianos played by King Edward of England are played in the evening after dinner to make the hours pass pleasantly. More than 20,000 persons cross the pass every year and more than two-thirds of the number make the journey during the winter. The majority are laborers on their way to work who cannot wait for more favorable weather and it speaks volumes for the vigilance of the monks that a life is very rarely lost now.

The monastery is connected by telegraph with stations on both sides of the pass and whenever travelers start to make the ascent the number is telegraphed to the monks so that they can look out for them and send rescue parties to their aid if they fail to put in an appearance.

The Wonderful Dogs.

Everyone has heard the wonderful stories of the fidelity of the St. Bernard dogs. At the top of the pass is a monument in memory of one who saved 40 lives during the 10 years of its existence. On one occasion it discovered in the snow a child whose mother had been killed by an avalanche. After rousing it by licking its face, the dog induced it to get on its back and brought it safe and sound to the hospice. Unfortunately this dog was killed several years ago by some unknown person, probably a

SUICIDE HOLDS BIG LINE

Passenger Jumps Overboard in Gale; Rescue Attempt From Ship's Ladder.

New York—The story of a thrilling but fruitless attempt to rescue a man who had jumped overboard in mid-ocean was related by passengers and the crew of the French liner France, which arrived in port from Havre thirty hours late. The incident occurred during a ninety-mile gale which was whipping the waves into watery mountains. Only the hardest passengers ventured on deck. During the morning a three-ton winch had been washed overboard.

William Lees of Manchester, England, a first-class passenger, appeared on the promenade deck at 4 o'clock. He made his way along the cabins until he met a sailor, to whom he handed a note addressed to the captain. Then without warning Lees leaped over the rail into the sea.

The cry of "man overboard" was raised. Captain Poncelet and his officers on the bridge could see a black object appearing at intervals on the tops of waves astern. The sea was too rough to admit of lowering a boat. Captain Poncelet swung his ship in a circle until he had the vessel directly alongside of Lees, who, while making no effort to support himself, was floating.

The skipper directed that a sailor be lowered over the side by a rope. Try as he would, the man could not reach Lees, who was floating face downward with arms extended.

The sailor was drawn aboard after a few minutes and a ship's ladder was lowered. Another sailor descended this and, hanging to the bottom step, reached out every time the roll of the ship permitted and made a grab for Lees. After a dozen unsuccessful tries he managed to get his fingers clutched in the clothing of the man in the water, when a heavy wave rolled along and whipped the prize from his grasp.

Then the captain lowered a boat far enough to touch the water, but not "oating on it. In it were a dozen sailors. They were reaching for Lees with a boat hook when the body sank.

WINS OVER COWBOYS

Tenderfoot Captures Western Girl From Many Rivals.

Preacher Who Was an Unsuccessful Suitor for Her Hand Will Officiate at Nuptials—Other Swains Also Present.

Grand Junction, Colo.—For two years scores of suitors have sought the hand of pretty Molly Reese, queen of the cowpunchers of three states. She has cast aside the proffer of riches, has looked with scorn upon wealth if she had to take it with a husband and now announces her engagement to a \$30-a-month "tenderfoot" cowpuncher.

Hal Hanson of Boston is the lucky "cattle wrangler" who will lead the beautiful cowgirl of the plains to the altar. A former suitor whom the girl discarded will perform the ceremony, and the wedding party will include fourteen or more ardent swains who had their "innings," but failed to capture the prize, while the scene of the marriage will be the home of D. G. Graden, cattle baron.

Hanson's proficiency with the mouth harp won him his fiancée. The melodious strains from the little wind instrument with which he surreptitiously serenaded the object of his dreams nightly turned the tide in his favor over almost a score of other active suitors.

The most determined rivals for the pretty cowgirl's hand in marriage were four cowboys from the same camp. Jim Hadley, Weston Hayes, Chris Johnson and Bill Groves took turn about each night for four months until they learned it was no use. Henry George James, a schoolteacher in the Middlebury school, next tried his luck and failed. Rev. Henry Austin, a Free Methodist preacher, was the next victim, but he progressed no further than an earthly call at two sage hens, Wilbur Jena, a schoolboy friend, was next turned down to make room for W. L. Henselman, a real estate dealer of Gateway, Utah. Another schoolteacher, a German nobleman, going under the title of Baron von Brudenecker, three ranchers and numerous cowboys from the plains of Colorado, Utah and Wyoming, who rode miles on their cow ponies to bask a while in the light of Miss Reese's smiles, were numbered in the long list of rejected applicants for the hand of the girl before the engagement of Miss Reese and Hanson was announced.

And even then they would not stop, for, despite the fact that Hanson's horsehoonish engagement ring encircled her left third finger, the beauty charms proved too much for an eastern correspondent of a produce journal who spent two weeks here covering the outlook in western Colorado and eastern Utah for stock marketing. He vainly attempted to prove that life as the wife of a special writer beat that of darning socks for a cowpuncher.

Hanson came here two years ago from Boston. He worked in a stuffy office as copyist until his health broke down. Fearing tuberculosis, he secured work in a cattle camp on Flap Mesa about two weeks here covering the outlook in western Colorado and eastern Utah for stock marketing. He vainly attempted to prove that life as the wife of a special writer beat that of darning socks for a cowpuncher.

HARVARD LADS PLAY 'KIDDOO'

Something Happens Whenever Students See Attractive Girl on Street.

Cambridge, Mass.—"Kiddoo" is the newest diversion at Harvard. It is a game that originated among the law students. The young women of the college community play an important part in the pastime, but they call it "awful" and sometimes threaten to call an officer.

Whenever students see a young woman approaching, if one of them deems her good looking, he raises his right arm and holds the first two fingers at her and in a voice stentorian shouts "Kiddoo," whereupon the young woman's face gives a kaleidoscopic imitation of seventeen different kinds of rainbows.

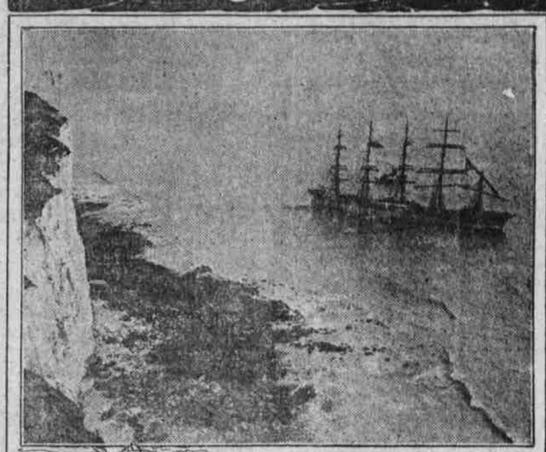
As she passes, the others look her over, in a manner intended to be inoffensive, but nevertheless searching, and embarrassing. Then all except the "kiddooer" consult. If they decide the girl is good looking the "kiddoo" chap is credited with ten points, if not, he loses ten points. Fifty points constitute the possible total. If it is on the winning side the possessor of the required figure is treated by the rest; if on the losing side the victim must purchase.

One student, called "Rags," was forty points to the bad. In the distance he espied a maid. He made out the contour of a Venus-like figure. Surely the possessor of such a form must be good looking. As she tripped into the light "Rags" noted that she was heavily veiled. He couldn't lose now. The fair one was within twenty feet, when "Rags" pointed at her and triumphantly yelled "Kiddoo!"

Instead of shying away the maiden set sail straight for "Rags." Her voice quivered with anger. Her dialect was unmistakable.

"What for you done point at me, man? Wha' fo' Huh?" And she ended by landing a heavy left on "Rags' jaw. "Rags" took to his heels. He "set them up," but he has quit the game.

SALVAGE OF WRECKS



A STRANDED SHIP

As a general rule a ship which has been badly damaged and sunk is not worth raising. It would probably cost more to raise her and repair her than to build a new ship.

Her value as old iron, on the other hand, would not pay for raising and breaking up. She may, however, be in the way of other ships, a danger to navigation generally, and then she is sometimes blown to pieces by a judiciously placed charge of dynamite.

It is usually worth while, however, to save parts of a wreck, if by any means they can be got at. Brass work, for example, is of sufficient value to be worth getting, and, of course, if gold or silver—either in the form of coins or bars—be a part of the cargo, then it is certainly worth an attempt.

Sometimes even that is impossible, because of the depth at which the wreck lies. As a diver descends the water pressure increases, and to keep him from being crushed by it the pressure of air in his dress has to be increased to the same extent, and there is a limit to the amount of air pressure which a man can stand. The main trouble is that his blood becomes aerated under the pressure.

Its condition becomes like that of soda water in a corked bottle, and as soon as he commences to ascend and the pressure is reduced it becomes like soda water with the cork out. The nitrogen which was forced into it by the pressure comes bubbling out as the pressure falls, and if this be allowed to occur too vigorously it will result in the diver's death.

About thirty-five fathoms is the limit below which man cannot go, and even at that, if the diver has to stay down any length of time, he must ascend again by easy stages with long intervals of rest for his blood to get rid of the absorbed air; so that his ascent will take as much as four hours. Four hours spent in coming to the surface after but one hour's work below—five or more hours' wages for one hour's work to an expensive man like a diver, to say nothing of the wages of his attendants—makes deep water diving an expensive matter, and beyond the limit mentioned is out of the question altogether.

Diving in Strong Currents.

Then there is the trouble caused by strong tides and undercurrents. The diver when in the water is the plaything of the currents. Robert Lewis Stevenson, who once ventured on a diving expedition, describes himself as being "blown sideways like a leaf" when in the water. Even large, heavy bodies like ships of iron are sometimes carried to long distances by the currents. It is said that the naval authorities have thus lost entirely an old submarine which they sank for the purpose of trying salvage experiments.

They knew the spot where it went down, but when they tried to save it it was not there. The under current had carried it away. It is obvious, therefore, that diving in places where tide or current runs strongly is very difficult.

And most salvage operations depend entirely upon the diver. Suppose that a ship is sunk in collision. He first goes down and examines the wreck. Upon his report it is decided whether it is worth while to attempt to save the ship as a whole. If not, he may be told to save the brass fittings, so down he will go again, with tools suitable for the work and will remove from the ship and send up all that he can procure that is worth saving.

If there be treasure on board he is the man who will have to get it. He may be able to make his way to the place where it is kept by the ordinary means, but sometimes he will have to blast holes in the vessel's hull in order to obtain access to it. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been fetched from the sea in this manner. Sometimes there are among the cargo things which are worth saving, and the diver has to get them out by similar methods.

The whole wreck is to be saved, he has even more difficult feats to perform. For example, a very com-

mon thing is to patch the shell of a ship. The great, jagged rent in her side, it may be, where the bow of another vessel has cut into her, or which has been gashed open by a sharp rock, has to be prepared for the patch which is to keep the water out.

Wonderful Feats in Salvage.

Measurements have to be taken, from which the patch can be made, shaped so that it will fit nicely. Probably holes have to be drilled in the ship's skin—all, be it remembered, under the water—and finally the patch has to be put in place and secured with bolts. Then, when the diver has done all that, the water is pumped out and the ship floated.

Of course in some cases the diver's work may only be to fix or run ropes by which the vessel may be lifted, but often he has much skillful work to perform under the difficult conditions of complete immersion in water in a thick, clumsy dress and under an abnormal pressure of air. It is, indeed, wonderful what salvage divers can do.

There are, however, instances in which ships have been literally "fished up" from the depths to which divers could not descend. One which occurred to the writer was that of a small naval vessel sunk in collision off the south coast. Two steam tugs held the ends of a long cable, and by slowly dragging it along the sea floor they caught the wreck and drew the cable under it.

Several cables were thus got in place, and then, being pulled tight at low water, the tide lifted the ships above and so lifted the wreck as well, whereupon it was towed into shallow water. This operation being repeated at every tide, the wreck was at last beached.

In one well known instance of salvage a ship was literally cut in two, but the two halves were in good condition, and it was resolved to save them both. The divers put in a temporary end of timber to each and so they were raised, taken to the nearest shipyard and there joined together again.

The salvage of wrecks is a very difficult and daring business, but there are men who are expert at it and whose experience is so extensive that they seldom fail at a job which they once undertake. It is only fair to say, however, that they are much indebted to the splendid diver's equipment which is now procurable, without which much that they do would be quite impossible.

First Vacuum Cleaner.

The vacuum cleaner which has only recently come into favor, was covered by a patent granted in 1860 to Daniel Hess of West Union, Ia. His device was a carpet sweeper in which as it rolled over the floor a bellows operated to create a suction, draw dust up from the carpet and discharge it into pans of water, the bellows being worked from a crank on one of the supporting rollers. This cleaner closely resembles those marketed today in that it has a broad flat nozzle to move along the floor, a handle extending up to be grasped by one of the operator's hands, while the other hand turns a drive pulley geared by a rope with a fan which sucks the dust up into a receptacle carried by the handle above the fan. A machine following this plan of more than 40 years ago, if well made mechanically, would present a good appearance alongside of the modern machines, and doubtless would give good results in actual use.

Practical Reason.

"I wish this fellow wouldn't send you so many chocolates," said the other suitor.

"Why?" stammered the girl, "are you jealous?"

"No; but I prefer to eat marshmallows."

Independent.

"Doesn't care for public opinion, you say?"

"Not a rap, I've seen him ride around town in an automobile that's a 1902 model."

DECRIES UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

Man Declares Work Is Caricature and Has Done More Harm Than Any Other Volume.

Camden, N. J.—In an address at the Camden high school, F. Hopkinson Smith, writer and artist, said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done more harm than any other book ever written. He added that the general condition of the negro had not improved since the Civil war, and that the negroes of the south were happier, better cared for and more content in the days of slavery than they were now.

Mr. Smith's criticism of Uncle Tom's Cabin" was based on his belief that the book gave the world an erroneous conception of the negro's life and condition before the war. He said the chief incidents in Mrs. Stowe's work were such as never could have happened in the south. He attributed much of the bitterness that prevailed in the south years before the war to "misinformation conveyed broadcast" by "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mrs. Stowe, he said, was to be blamed only for making such use of incidents that came to her knowledge at second hand. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as a whole, he insisted, was a highly colored caricature that did not reflect real life in the south.

BRACE UP; GET A FORTUNE

Millionaire Makes Two Wills, and Son's Conduct Will Determine Which Shall Be Probated.

Denver.—Two wills have been prepared by Alonzo Thompson, octogenarian millionaire and spiritualist of Denver. In the first will his son, Alonzo, Jr., is to be given the entire fortune. If he can brace up and be a man. The young man's conduct is to decide whether he becomes beneficiary under the first will or under another one by which he is bequeathed \$5.

Both wills were signed by Thompson yesterday afternoon, and placed in the hands of his attorney. If young Thompson's conduct meets with his father's approval before the will becomes effective, the old man himself will tear up the will leaving the son only \$5; but if he should die before the change in conduct has come about, the lawyer is to determine which will shall be probated.

Thompson a short time ago declared that his wife and son were attempting to send him to an insane asylum in order to obtain his estate. Later Mrs. Thompson filed petition for divorce, alleging non-support. She was granted her petition and \$125,000 alimony.

Another Blow at the Public Towl.

Washington.—The common towel has been ordered abolished from railroad cars, vessels, all other interstate vehicles and from stations, by Secretary MacVeagh of the Treasury department, in an amendment to the interstate quarantine regulation. This action follows closely the abolition of the common drinking cup from use on interstate carriers. Towels may be used again only after being sterilized in boiling water.

WORMS AND GERMS IN MONTCLAIR, N. J., LIBRARY DOOMED TO DEATH.

Montclair, N. J.—Book worms and bacteria will have short lives in the Montclair free public library after a sterilizing device, which the board of directors of the library has installed, gets down to work.

"By this apparatus germs are to be destroyed by the principle of long continued heat. The object of its installation is to protect patrons from danger of contagion and at the same time preserve books where contagious diseases have prevailed.

The heat is supplied by gas jets in the base of a metal cabinet. Temperatures ranging from 150 to 200 degrees Fahrenheit are maintained by an automatic device.

SMACK OF DUTY ALONE REMAINS IN SOCIETY, IT IS SAID, BY LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London.—Kisses may be divided into two classes, pleasure kisses and duty kisses. At the present time, we are told, the former have gone out of fashion, but duty kisses remain, whereof some examples. Nothing is more deadly than the kiss of a well-bred chaperon, who, mindful of the time and trouble spent over the powder box, gently presses her lips on your hair just north of your ear.

The minister's wife is another sweet soul, who knows where a kiss will do the least harm, and her favorite method is an air kiss, with a gentle pressure of her cheek to your cheek.

The woman of fashion, who patronizes you and lets you visit her while she is at her sleigh, kisses you anywhere between the eye, ear and hair line.

GOTHAM POVERTY GROWS

Relief Association Shows Increase in Number of Poor Despite General Prosperity.

New York.—Despite general prosperity, there was an increase in poverty in New York during the last year, according to the annual report of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The increased cost of living is charged with most of the responsibility for an increase in the expenses of the association. It is shown that 30 per cent more money was spent in relief work, although the number of families served was practically the same as in the previous

KILLS BOARD BILL JUMPER

Robins Mill Tenn.—John Stedwell, charged with attempting to jump a board bill, was shot and killed by William Knight, an officer. Knight claims he shot only to frighten the fleeing man.

DEFENSELESS WOMAN.

One of Blanche Bates' most intimate friends is telling a rather funny story about this clever actress.

"She came into my house one evening very much excited, and I said to her, 'Blanche, for heaven's sake, what is the matter with you? You seem to be all gone to pieces.'"

"Matter enough," she answered as her voice shook with anger. "I have been accosted by a man in the street."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I hauled off and hit him in the face," she answered, "and I said to him, 'You dirty dog, would you speak to a defenseless woman?'"

"And where was he when you said this?" I again inquired.

"Telling in the gutter where he fell when I hit him," she said in a surly tone at my question.—"Taleo Blade.

UNIMPORTANCE.

"Nothing, it seems to me, looks as unimportant as a bridegroom at a wedding."

"Have you ever noticed a governor when he was surrounded by the uniformed members of his staff?"

WHY EMPLOYER WANTED HER

Beautiful Stenographer Agrees to Marry Assistant Secretary When She Learns the Truth.

"Did you send for me?" asked the beautiful stenographer.

"Yes," replied the head of the establishment. "Please sit down. My wife left yesterday for Europe."

"Oh, Mr. Bullington, I'm so surprised to hear you say so. I—you see, I didn't know she was expecting to go."

"She made up her mind rather suddenly. Her health has been very bad lately, and the doctor thought a sea voyage might benefit her."

"I hope it will—that is, I suppose you will be very anxious about her."

"I hardly expect the sea voyage to do her much good. I'm afraid she put it off too long. If she never comes back I want you—"

The telephone bell rang just then and Mr. Bullington engaged in conversation over the wire.

When he had hung up the receiver he turned to the beautiful stenographer and seemed to be trying to remember what he had been saying when he had been interrupted.

"You said," she suggested, "that if your wife never came back you wanted me."

"O, yes; if she never comes back I want you to remind me every three months that I am to send a check to her mother. I'm so blamed forgetful about such things."

As she was going out the beautiful stenographer drew a deep sigh and looked sadly over her shoulder. Then she went to the desk of the young assistant secretary and whispered:

"I have been thinking over what you spoke to me last night before."

"And what do you say?" he asked, taking advantage of a chance to squeeze two of her fingers.

"Yes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE WONDERFUL DOGS.

Everyone has heard the wonderful stories of the fidelity of the St. Bernard dogs. At the top of the pass is a monument in memory of one who saved 40 lives during the 10 years of its existence. On one occasion it discovered in the snow a child whose mother had been killed by an avalanche. After rousing it by licking its face, the dog induced it to get on its back and brought it safe and sound to the hospice. Unfortunately this dog was killed several years ago by some unknown person, probably a

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