

A NIGHT OF TERROR

Peculiar Experience With a Deadly Mexican Tarantula.

PENNED IN A DARK BEDROOM.

The Trying Ordeal Through Which a Woman Tourist Passed in a Hotel at Vera Cruz—Awaiting the Bite That Meant Madness and Then Death.

The tarantula is much larger in Mexico than in Italy. His four pairs of fuzzy legs, his speckled bulging belly, his abnormally fat head, armed with vicious nippers and equipped with eight eyes arranged in transverse rows, suffice to fill you with a wholesome desire to give him the right of way without ado.

Owing to the fact that he has an unwelcome habit of leaving his own realm in the tropical vines to make sociable little visitations to the corners of your bedroom it had always been my custom to search every nook and crevice of my sleeping room before retiring for the night. Twice had I seen native laborers, peons, in the agony of death due to a tarantula bite. So it was not surprising that this creeping thing headed my list of the many dangers to be shunned in Mexico.

I had just reached Vera Cruz from Mexico City, very tired, and decided to seek my room early in the evening, which, indeed, is the only safe and proper thing for an unaccompanied woman in Mexico to do. That part of the diligencias in which my room was located was evidently undergoing repairs, for a pile of timbers was included in the furnishing of my apartments. No particular reason occurred to me why I should investigate this lumber, and, little realizing that it might shelter lurking danger, I flung my weary head on the dirty pillow. But as I lay quietly dozing off to sleep I suddenly heard a soft little noise, which one might describe as a cross between a hum and a hiss.

As a precaution against the many venomous things that creep and crawl even in the well beaten paths of Mexico I had made a careful study of the arachnids, to which class the tarantula belongs. I recognized that soft unostentatious warning that announced a roommate as undesirable as one could well wish.

Cautiously I stretched out my hand to see if by chance there were some matches on the little stand near my bed, with the result that I knocked the unlighted candle upon the floor. That was enough for my mettlesome roommate; he had been personally insulted by the noise, and suddenly in the utter darkness, that black stillness which one feels in a strange room, I detected a sickening odor, the warning of the angry tarantula.

I strained my ears to detect the soft, characteristic click that the male, the deadliest of the species, employs as a fancy drill to his malicious song. My hum ebbed as I heard his muffled hum-click, hum-click, hum—apparently not three feet away. I held my breath, incidentally my nose, and lay wondering how long it would be ere I should feel his big fuzzy feet sneaking up the side of my neck or before his soft woolly body would light upon my face. It was not at all comforting to remember that one of a tarantula's eccentricities is to find his way to a point on the ceiling directly over the object of his anger and then to drop unceremoniously upon his victim.

It was the only time in my life when I longed for the bliss of ignorance. Would to heaven I had not studied this hideous horror of the tropics! But I had. Moreover, I had seen the awful effects of his worse than fatal bite, whose work of destruction was mercilessly long drawn out.

If the bite of a male tarantula infects a large artery it throws the victim into a dreadful state of crazed nerves. The incipient stages of the poisoning are accompanied by accentuated melancholia, followed by a shattering of the mentality. On gradually absorbing the venom the unfortunate subject reels and raves in a mad whirl until he swoons from pure exhaustion. The tarantula, the graceful Italian dance so often described in musical literature, derives its name from this hideous poisoning.

All this and more darted through my mind as I lay there in the darkness wondering if I, too, were doomed to die like a dervish. As the night wore on the buzzing grew less sedulous. I lay motionless during the thousand years till dawn, which came at last, a divinely soft blue, shimmering shaft of light, which made things faintly visible. Cautiously I drew myself up to a sitting posture and craned my neck in a searching survey about my chamber of horrors.

There, in torture worse than mine, hung my roommates, four of his legs pinioned beneath the timbers. There he sprawled, a malmed but angry prisoner. His good eyes winked me a militant "Good morning," and I forthwith returned the compliment with the slender shaft of my hatpin.—New York Sun.

The Easiest Way. "I want the wages of a man; that's all I'm asking," said the "Votes For Women" orator.

"Then," said a man as he arose to speak, "I contend it isn't a vote that the lady wants. All she has to do is to get married."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once; this for ever.—Child.

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ENERGY IN ATOMS

Likened to Infinite Power in an Infinitesimal Space.

EACH ONE IS A TINY WORLD.

If All Should Burst Their Walls at Once the Universe Would Dissolve In an Instant—A Magic Force That Science is Seeking to Control.

Do you remember when Aladdin had, at last, got down into the cave under the tree, what inexpressible marvels he found around him? But among all the riches of the cave there was only one little dust covered thing that was really worth the risk he had run, because it alone was truly novel and unlike anything else in the world—the necromantic lamp that had the genie for its slave. With that in his possession the poor boy was more powerful than all the monarchs in the world—provided that he knew how to handle the lamp, and that knowledge came to him by accident.

I have just been pondering over some statements by Jean Becquerel, the French physicist, about the contents of the atoms of which matter is composed, and they have forcibly recalled Aladdin's adventures to my mind. The interior of an atom is a little world infinitely more marvelous than the cave that contained the magic lamp, and it conceals powers incomparably greater than that of Aladdin's good genie.

To the scientific imagination the inside of an atom is inversely as wondrous as the starry heavens. It is infinite power packed into infinitesimal space. That, of course, is an exaggeration; but this is a case in which one has to speak in imposing figures, because the facts surpass all ordinary experience.

"The atom," says Jean Becquerel, "is a closed world, or almost closed, and it is that fact which constitutes its individuality."

This "closed world" of the atom is so small that if we could increase the powers of our microscopes a thousandfold we could not render it visible, and yet that minute speck of matter incloses a "solar system" as elaborate as that of the great sun with its planets, and keeps locked up there an energy so colossal that the plainest statements of fact that can be made about it seem like wild dreams.

"The emanation from radium" (a substance whose atoms spontaneously give out at least a part of their energy) "is capable of liberating 2,500,000 times more energy than the most violent chemical reaction known."

The world within the atom ordinarily behaves as if it had no concern with the world outside. It is sufficient unto itself. It is a little medieval China, with closed ports and insurmountable walls all round. Still, a very few atoms, like those of radium, have a tendency to communicate with the outer world by a kind of explosion.

If all atoms should burst their walls simultaneously the whole universe would be dissolved in an instant.

The atoms that do disintegrate pass from change to change. Within their limits the foundations of matter are broken up; the distinctions of the fundamental elements are confounded; things lose their nature and shift into other things; uranium gives birth to radium and to polonium; radium brings forth helium, and the last transformation of polonium that has thus far been observed is into plain lead! It is like a transmigration of atomic souls.

But this is not the only consequence of the opening of the world of the atom. That opening releases energy in forms which we can recognize and which some day perhaps we may be able to utilize.

Atomic energy is the magic lamp that the Aladdin of science has found in nature's secret cave.

One day Aladdin's mother found the rusty lamp where he had cast it aside as useless and thought that she would polish it up. Instantly, at the first vigorous rub, the slave of the lamp stood before her, ready to do her bidding!

The Aladdin of science has not thrown his lamp aside. He knows it is full of magic. He is sure that if he rubs it aright the genie will appear before him, but he has not yet learned the right stroke. And perhaps after all it will be with him as it was with the other Aladdin—accident will teach him the secret.

When that day comes, if ever it does, there will hardly be any limit to the transforming power of man over the world he lives in.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

Warned Against Coffee. Once upon a time people wanted state wide prohibition of coffee. In his book, "London in English Literature," Perry H. Boynton says of the old coffee houses:

"As the number of them increased broadsides appeared against them. One was entitled 'The Woman's Petition Against Coffee,' and it asserted that coffee drinking encouraged idling and talkativeness and led men to trifle away their time, send their chops and spend their money, all for a little base, black, thick, nasty, bitter, nauseous puddle water!"

Transposed. He—Then my welfare is of no interest to you? She—Not so much as your farewell would be. Mr. Smithers.—Boston Transcript.

We shall never find the situation where courage and cheerfulness will not avail us more than repining.

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PARK SYSTEMS FOR PUBLIC USE

One of Their Important Features Is Accessibility.

RECREATION FOR MASSES.

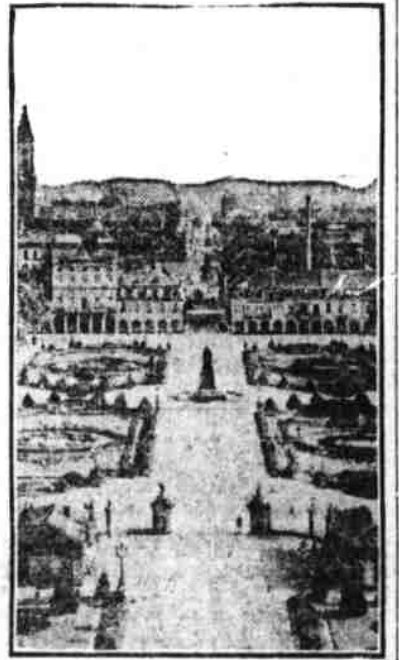
Every City Should Have at Least One Park Within Easy Walking Distance of a Considerable Part of Its Population.

By FRANK KOESTER, Author of "Modern City Planning and Maintenance."

One of the most important features of a park system is accessibility. The greatest attention should be paid to so arranging the parks and transportation lines that the public may be provided with quick, cheap and convenient means of getting to the parks, for otherwise they lose the greater part of their usefulness.

Every city should have at least one large park within easy walking distance of a considerable part of its population, and its other parks should be within easy reach by surface or other lines of transportation at a single fare. River and island parks should be reached by bridges or by boats operated by the city.

In character, the parks of a city should be varied, those of small size, surrounded by buildings of architectural interest, of more formal character, that is, laid out on a regular plan, with walks, terraces, avenues, lakes, fountains, flower beds, statuary, ornamental structures and other features of a similar sort, than those situated in more distant portions of the city. The



SCHLOSS PLAZA, KARLSRUHE.

latter should preferably be of a more rural character, primeval and undisturbed in general effect.

The main park of the city may partake of both these characteristics, portions being adapted for one purpose and portions for another.

Appealing to a large class of users, it should therefore contain a number of features calculated to make it an interesting place of recreation for the people.

The entrances to such a park may be of a monumental character and there may be in it a central mall, laid out in a formal manner and flanked with statues. Promenades and walks, large flower beds, botanical gardens, zoological gardens, lakes, with aquatic birds, facilities for rowing in summer and for skating in winter; artificial geysers, small streams and rivers with artificial falls, rock formations, by-paths, music stands, summer houses, shelter houses, drinking fountains, refreshment stands, concert pavilions, tennis and croquet grounds, wading pools for children, playgrounds with swings, carousels and the like, sundials, ornamental bridges, free singing birds, squirrels and other small animals, driveways, bridge paths, reservoirs, observation towers, decorative kiosks and other features all go to make such a park attractive to visitors of all classes.

An additional feature, which is very popular abroad, particularly in Germany and Austria, and which could be introduced by American cities in their parks, though until its advantages became familiar it would probably excite some opposition, is that of concerts to which an admission is charged.

Such concerts are given by orchestras of the finest musicians and are held in hedged inclosures. The admission fees serve to pay a large part of the expenses of the park, and also to excite the rougher element of park visitors.

Another feature of the continental park system which is of the greatest usefulness and which undoubtedly adds to the healthfulness of the public by making the parks and recreation grounds more attractive is that of having on sale, wherever the demand may exist, adequate supplies of good food at prices to suit the pocketbooks of all.

The city should erect the necessary buildings, plan the parks and grounds accordingly and lease the privileges to competent restaurateurs. Such buildings are also of use in the winter as well as in the summer, when skating and sleighing may be enjoyed and restaurants and concerts patronized as well.

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BIRTH OF A RIVER.

How the St. Lawrence, the Oldest in the World, Was Formed.

ITS BED WAS MADE TO ORDER.

Nature Saved This Historic and Unchanging Stream the Trouble of Cutting a Channel For its Course From the Great Lakes to the Sea.

What is the oldest river in the world? The St. Lawrence. It is also one of the few rivers that did not have to make its own bed and has remained unchanged since the very beginning of the American continent.

Try to think of a time when the earth was covered by a mass of water, hot, steaming and often tremendously disturbed by the throes of a globe beneath it that was shrinking because it was becoming cooler. As the globe shrank every particle of the outside was naturally pulled in toward the center, and the hardening crust, which could not be packed any more solidly than it was, had to wrinkle, sinking down here and bulging up somewhere else.

After a time certain of these rising wrinkles, or folds, the thicker or firmer parts of the earth's crust, stood the strain and became permanent ridges. The oldest of them that geologists know and apparently the first that bulged up above the universal ocean and remained high and dry was the broad mass on which Canada now rests. It is a part of the original crust of the earth, and we can see it today wherever it is not covered by newer rocks or soil just as it crystallized and cooled out of the primeval molten material.

This mass formed a broad V from Labrador down to Lake Huron and thence northward to Alaska. On account of its shape geologists call it the Canadian shield. It is the oldest land known and apparently the strongest, for there are no signs of any extensive changes in it (except the wearing away of the surface) since it first rolled the ocean off its shoulders.

Off the eastern coast of this primitive continent lay a chain of lofty islands about on the line of the Blue Ridge, the White mountains, the Maine coast and Nova Scotia. Between these islands and the mainland was a trough-like space that ran from eastern Quebec southwestward to Ohio. It was two or three hundred miles wide and filled with a shallow sea, and just outside the island chain was the great hollow that held the Atlantic ocean.

Time went on. For ages the straining and cracking of the shrinking globe, earthquakes, sun and frost, pounding surf, running water, blowing gales, ice—all labored to tear down the mountains and carry the wreckage of rocks and dust away into the valleys and seas. In this way vast masses of rock in layers of shales, sandstones, and what not, were laid down in that narrow, troughlike sea between the chain of islands and the continent.

All these "sedimentary" rocks were soft and weak as compared with the solid old granites deeply rooted on either side of them, and the trough itself, a sagging fold, was a line of weakness in the crust. As the load of deposits became heavier and heavier the floor of this trough slowly yielded, and as it sank toward the heated region below the underside melted and grew thinner and thinner.

That could not go on forever, and soon the continual shrinking of the globe and the enormous pressure of the weight of the ocean became irresistible. The Canadian shield was immovable, so the rock in the trough began to bulge or crumple all along its length. Gradually, not all at once, but by slow and varying movements, those folds were squeezed up, which in their broken and worn down form we know as the Appalachian mountains.

Toward the south there was room for this action to be rather gentle and regular, but in the far northeast the trough was narrow, and the soft rocks were set on edge, overturned and splintered against the solid continent.

Very early in the struggle a great fracture of the earth's crust occurred here along a curving northeast and southwest line. It left a deep and broad trench between the crushed and displaced rocks of the trough and the granite shore of the Canadian shield. Into this trench rushed all the interior waters of the continent, draining away to the sea, and the St. Lawrence river was born! There, no doubt, it will remain as long as the earth keeps its present form.

At that time there was no gulf of St. Lawrence. The land extended out to a coast line that stretched unbroken from Nova Scotia to Labrador. The present gulf is the result of a sinking of the coast region. Most of it is very shallow, but a chart of soundings shows the ancient river bed as a channel winding out between Newfoundland and Cape Breton to the deep ocean.—Youth's Companion.

He Simply Asked. First Clubman—Well, how are you? Second Clubman—Er—so so, perhaps. Last week I thought I was in for rheumatic fever, but just managed to stave it off, and today a twinge in my left shoulder suggests—well, it may be neuritis or— First Clubman—My dear chap, I didn't mean it literally.—London Punch.

A clever man turns great troubles into little ones and little ones into none at all.—Chinese Proverb.

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REFINED MIRTH and MELODY HARMONY

PRINCESS—TODAY

THE

Southland Comedy Four

In a Complete Change,

GALAX—Tomorrow

5c and 10c.

PAID IN FULL

Eugene Walters Five Season Theatrical Hit in Motion Pictures.

Featuring

TULLY MARSHALL

And Members of the Original Broadway Cast.

5 Gripping Parts of 210 Big Scenes.

10c and 20c.

TWO DAYS

10c and 20c

PRINCESS—Tomorrow

GALAX—Thursday

A Statement

A STATEMENT by Wm. Johnston, Jr., relative to the sale of ROYAL PARK LOTS in West Asheville, (see advertisement)

In view of the practices that sometimes pertain at land auctions, and of prevailing impressions regarding such sales, I wish to make a plain statement about the proposed sale of ROYAL PARK LOTS.

Doubtless you have attended land auctions in the past. Perhaps you now view them with mistrust. Possibly you have been a bidder and have thought that "sharp" schemes were used to raise the price on you. Perhaps you have heard of "by-bidders," of "cries in the air," of imaginary buyers and other questionable expedients.

I want to assure you that such things shall not pertain at the sale of ROYAL PARK LOTS. That it will be different from any sale you have seen. That it will be full of interest and exciting moments,—yet free from trickery and efforts to rush you.

I have employed Mr. W. J. Willingham to conduct this sale, because I believe him to be a man of honor and integrity. I have investigated him, and have gotten good reports as to his character and standing.

It is a definite part of our contract that everything in connection with the ROYAL PARK SALE shall be fair and square. There will be no "by-bidding," no false cries, nothing to artificially inflate values. If you attend this sale you will quickly decide that it is "on the level," and that Mr. Willingham is a man of his word, does what he promises and makes things interesting. If you favor him with a bid it will be appreciated, and you will bid against legitimate competition and none other. If you get a lot you will have the satisfaction of knowing that no unfair scheme was used to raise the price on you, and that the previous bidder would be glad to take it at practically your figure. You will not be rushed, worried, or tired out.

Attend ROYAL PARK SALE. SEE Mr. Willingham. Study his methods and straight forward ways. Then you will know for yourself that this sale is fair to all and that the bidder gets a square deal.

Wm. JOHNSTON, Jr.

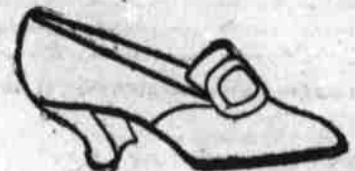
NEW LOCAL PITCHERS HAVE BEEN RELEASED

McKinley, a southpaw, and O'Neil, a right hand pitcher, who were signed several days ago by Manager Jack Corbett of the local club, were released Saturday afternoon. McKinley was from the Tri-State league and played with the York, Pa., team in that league, while O'Neil was from the Huntington, W. Va., team of the Ohio State league. McKinley started two games here, last Thursday and Friday against the Bulls, but in the first game he allowed one home run, secured by Butts, and hit one man, when he was relieved by Ostemeyer. Then in Friday's game he started again but this time was yanked in the first frame after he had allowed four hits, two two-baggers and two singles, which scored two men. Conway went in as the rescue pitcher and won the game. O'Neil was never used and never appeared on the field in uniform.

This leaves the pitching staff of the Mountaineers where it was several weeks ago: Watson, Ostemeyer, Conway and Feltz, with Fortune under suspension. He was suspended for ten days in order to allow the newcomers a show.

IF YOU notice that some particular person is a persistent advertiser in the classified columns, make up your mind that he is making money out of it—and write the moral of it yourself.

Ladies Wear Pumps



that you aren't ashamed of. Our Overstocked Sale offers prices and styles that will appeal to you. Come today.

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Gold Crowns \$4 White " 4 Bridge Work

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

We will continue to make our Gold dust Rubber Plate, a regular \$15 set for \$6.00. Note our low prices for a few days only, so call early and avoid the rush.

\$15 Set of Teeth \$6 Best '22K' Gold Crowns, Heavy Bridge Work, \$3, \$4 and \$5

White Crowns \$4.00 Fillings . . 50c to \$1.00

For the convenience of those who can't call during the day we will be open evenings till 8 o'clock.

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Out of town people—have impressions taken in the morning—go home with teeth same day. All work guaranteed 10 years.

IDEAL PAINLESS DENTISTS

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