

Freaks of Tornadoes

By Garrett P. Serviss



WHETHER the extensive irrigation of the Western plains has had any effect upon the prevalence of tornadoes is an interesting question. At any rate, the tornado season is once more at hand, and already two or three "twisters" have performed their fatal work.

There are few natural phenomena better worth study than these remarkable storms, and none that make a more vivid impression upon the imagination of those who, half paralyzed with fear, behold them at close quarters.

Inhabitants of the tornado belts have learned the habits of these furious amuck-runners of the air and know how to get out of their tracks. Their general direction of motion is north of east, agreeing with that of the broader movements of the atmosphere. Their direction of whirl is from right to left, which again accords with the regular motion of the atmosphere in all storms in the northern hemisphere. This is a result of the earth's axial rotation, and could not be different as long as the circulation of the atmosphere remains what it is. In the southern hemisphere, for the same reason, storms revolve from left to right.

But a tornado has been known to split in two, one part revolving in one direction. A striking example of this is found in John P. Finley's classic work on the great tornadoes of 1879. On May 29, in that year, a terrible tornado levelled the town of Irving in Kansas. In its track were a schoolhouse and a church, standing 275 feet apart. As the inky black monster approached it lashed the earth with two funnels, travelling side by side. An observer noticed that these were whirling in opposite directions. The whole phenomenon bore a likeness to a huge, awkward bird, tottering on its legs, for first one funnel and then the other touched the ground, tearing everything to pieces.

Both the church and the schoolhouse were built of heavy stone blocks. Three ladies, overcome with terror, had taken refuge in the tower of the church, which stood at a corner of the building. They saw the southern funnel of the tornado strike the schoolhouse and whirl it into a conical ruin. Almost at the same instant the northern funnel struck the church, which went down like a card house. But amid the awful uproar the tower remained standing and the ladies were uninjured. Subsequent inspection showed that the two buildings had been twisted in opposite directions.

The leaping of a tornado is one of its most terrifying vagaries. Houses, and sometimes whole towns, have been saved by these sudden jumps of the destroyed, the awful funnel descending on the farther side and ripping up the very ground. Streams and ponds have been drunk dry to their beds by a bounding tornado, which afterward deluged the neighborhood with the water. It has been suggested that electricity plays a part in this leaping motion of the funnel. It is certain that terrible electric energies are at work in or around a tornado.

Why Investors Are Disposed To Support Properly Supervised Monopolies

By Frank A. Underlip, President of the National City Bank of New York



THE clearness with which the public is coming to recognize that its rights are safeguarded by monopoly, and then subjecting the monopoly to reasonable regulations, is a safeguard which the investor appreciates. An investor wants to put his money in securities that have a wide market. With the creation of such issues investors will be satisfied with a lower return, and the investment field which will observe this type of security will enormously broaden.

It seems to me that there are the strongest economic reasons for combining all companies into large ones. The utilization of the great water powers now being so rapidly developed will tend for the combined management of the various large areas. The progress which is being made in long distance transmission is of the greatest importance in this respect.

The tendency of the times, it seems to me, is distinctly in the direction of recognizing the controlling character of the electric lighting business. We are on the whole a very sensible people. We believe in business initiative, and do not care to have great business enterprises retarded by red tape methods. The public wants fair play, and is in a position to demand and get it. The commission which demands fair and reasonable treatment of the consumer, and in return secures the corporation from piratical attack of competitors organized only to be brought out, will in the end prove a bulwark to the security holder.

Given intelligent management, accounting which embraces ample charges for service and fair rates which do not offer a field for legislative attack, I see no reason why funds in the most ample supply should not be found to absorb all the securities of this type that it is necessary to create.

Colleges Must Be Modern

By President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton

IBELIEVE in athletics. I believe in all those things which relax energy, that the faculties may be at their best when the energies are not relaxed, but only so far do I believe in these diversions. When the lad leaves school he should cease to be an athlete. The modern world is an exacting one and the things it exacts are mostly intellectual.

A danger surrounding our modern education is the danger of wealth. I am sorry for the lad who is going to inherit money. I fear that the kind of men who are to share in shaping the future are not largely exemplified in schools and colleges.

So far as the colleges go, the sideshows have swallowed up the circus and we in the main tend to not know what is going on. And I do not know that I want to continue under those conditions as a ringmaster. There are more honest occupations than teaching if you cannot teach.

When once we have the gracious assistance of fathers and mothers we shall educate their sons. Given that assistance, in a generation we will change the entire character of American education. And it must be changed. Schools like this one (St. Paul's) and universities like Princeton must pass out of existence unless they adapt themselves to modern life.

History

By Ellis O. Jones

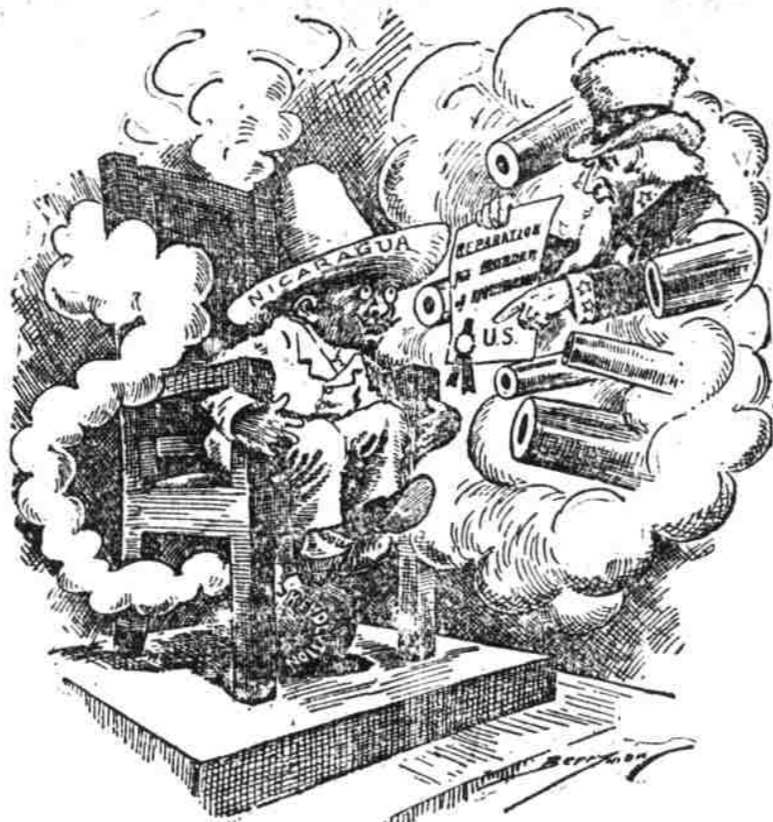


HISTORY is a running account of how King Somebody-or-other either did or did not get to a certain place, which nobody ever heard of, before King Somebody-else got there, from which we are usually supposed to conclude that it would have made quite a difference whether he did or not.

Like nearly everything else, history has two sides. The History of the Garden of Eden depends upon whether it is related by a man or a woman. The History of the American Revolution reads quite different in English books from the way it reads in our own books. The History of the Civil War depends upon which side of the Mason and Dixon Line you happen to be sitting when you write it.

History is a bore, not only because you are unacquainted with the people who figure in it, but because it repeats itself.—From Life.

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION.



—Cartoon by Berryman, in the Washington Star.

REMARKABLE STORY OF A PLOT AGAINST ROCKEFELLER

Cleveland, Ohio.—A remarkable story of a plot to kidnap or assassinate John D. Rockefeller was made public here.

The story seems incredible, but thorough investigation by the New York American's correspondent shows:

That Harold Sawyer Smith, the man who revealed the alleged plot, is a mill owner of Minerva, Stark County, Ohio, a man of means and whose responsibility is vouched for by Chief of Police W. H. Smith, of Canton.

That the police chiefs of several Ohio cities have taken Mr. Smith's story seriously.

That, according to Mr. Smith, Mr. Rockefeller himself declared his belief in Mr. Smith's narration.

One Principal, Two Hirelings.

The alleged plotters are three in number, so far as known, one principal and two hirelings. Mr. Smith says he overheard a conversation between the hirelings at Alliance on Sunday night and that they referred to the man who hired them as "Bill," a man of money.

Mr. Smith, accompanied by James Stamberger, chief of the East Cleveland police, told the story of the alleged plot to the master of the Standard Oil in the Forest Hill living room. Guards about the estate were doubled and plans were made for what appears to be a hasty departure for Pocomo Hills.

Mr. Rockefeller was scheduled to speak that night at the banquet of the Men's Club of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, known as Rockefeller's church. He had accepted the invitation only last Friday. He failed to appear, but sent word that he must pack for his intended departure for the East.

Mrs. Rockefeller, whose illness has delayed the usual October start for the East, was willing to attempt the journey. She is in better health than for several months. When the party of three—Mr. Rockefeller, Mrs. Rockefeller and the former's secretary—boarded the private car Brookline at the East 105th street station of the New York Central Line at 3:45 o'clock this afternoon the little group at the depot was half made up of detectives in plain clothes. The rest of the Rockefeller party, contrary to custom, had been sent to the Union station.

Dodges Camera at Depot.

Mr. Rockefeller alighted from his motor car for a moment. A photographer aimed a camera at him, and he jumped into the auto and ordered it kept moving down the street at a swift pace until the train's arrival.

Meanwhile a police search is being made for the men described by Mr. Smith. He told the story first to the Canton police chief, was sent to Chief Kohler, of Cleveland, and then to Chief Stamberger, of East Cleveland, who took him to Forest Hill. His story follows:

"I was visiting in Alliance Sunday. About 8:45 p. m. I started for the church to meet my brother. I walked

up a railroad track near the church and stopped when I heard some one talking in a dark shed. One voice said:

"I don't see why we came here from Pittsburgh. We might have waited until to-morrow and gone to Canton to meet Bill. We might as well get our money for killing old John D. We will get what is coming to us, whether we kill him or kidnap him. Bill and the other fellow have plenty of money and are willing to pay well for putting old Rockefeller out of the way."

"I sneaked around to head the fellows off, to get a good look at them. I stumbled as I was getting away, because it was dark. They saw me, but I hurried along and headed them off around the next block. I had a good look at both of them. They recognized me and remarked that they had seen me before, but I hurried along and paid no attention.

"Monday I went to Canton and told Chief of Police H. W. Smith. I expected to come to Cleveland Monday, and Chief Smith insisted that I tell Chief Kohler. I saw him Monday night. He took the matter up with Chief Stamberger, in East Cleveland. He was greatly interested.

"Stamberger insisted that I accompany him to Forest Hill to tell John D. just what I heard. I did not like to, but consented when he insisted.

I told John D. just what I heard and Rockefeller told me he believed me and asked that I remain in Cleveland Tuesday to make identification in case arrests were made. I told him I was doing this for principle and refused when he offered to pay my expenses while in Cleveland. I am a responsible man and did not come here with an imaginary story for the sake of notoriety or gain. I would not have come here except that my business called me here anyway. I preferred to leave the matter in the hands of the Canton police."

Bears a Good Reputation.

Canton, Ohio.—Harold Sawyer Smith bears a good reputation in Minerva and Canton. Here he is known to several lawyers and physicians who vouch for his integrity. He is a man of family, the son-in-law of Edward Tillett, well-known lumber dealer, with whom he lives one and one-half miles east of Minerva.

William H. Smith, foreman in the Morgan Engineering Works, in Alliance, is the brother Smith was visiting Sunday. He also has a brother-in-law in Alliance, Montgomery Tillett, proprietor of a shooting gallery.

Chief Smith, of the Canton police, has complete faith that Smith is telling the truth. "He was recommended to me by A. H. Elliott, an attorney of this city. He told his story in a straightforward manner. In detail it has not varied since it was first related, although he has repeated it a number of times. I am convinced he is not drawing on his imagination."

Smith returned to Canton full of praise for Rockefeller. "He is one of the finest men I ever had the pleasure of meeting," he said.

EIGHTY HUNTERS DIE THIS YEAR

Chicago.—In the hunting season recently closed the number of dead reached 80 and the injured 43. In 1908, 57 were killed; in 1907, 82, and in 1906, 74. Wisconsin and upper Michigan continue to furnish the greatest number of victims.

Included in this year's fatal accidents are several well known men. Dr. John R. More, surgeon for the United States Steel Corporation, was killed at Ironwood, Mich. H. L. Bacon, also a physician, died from an accident at New London, Wis., and John G. Hoetzel, a real estate man of Milwaukee, was killed on a hunting trip.

Several cases were reported where the careless marksmen angered other hunters by firing at them, and were themselves frightened by a return fire. It is so generally known in the Wisconsin woods that any person who is fired upon by mistake for a deer will try to shoot the careless marksman that the hunters are careful to make no mistake in what they are shooting at. Each year, however,

there is a new crop of city hunters, who have to learn these dangers all over, and it is these hunters who frequently cause the fatal accidents.

The majority of the victims were shot by companions. The hunting accidents of the season follow:

	Killed.	Inj'd.
Arkansas	2	0
Illinois	8	2
Indiana	4	2
Iowa	3	1
Kansas	1	0
Maine	1	1
Michigan	14	4
Minnesota	3	7
Missouri	0	1
Nebraska	2	0
New York	8	0
North Dakota	1	1
Ohio	1	3
Oklahoma	1	0
Pennsylvania	2	0
Wisconsin	26	20
District of Columbia	1	0
Canada	0	1
Totals	80	43

Pullman Company Ordered by Mexico to Get Rid of Americans.

Mexico City.—The Government has notified the Pullman Company that it must replace all of its American and negro conductors and porters upon its cars in Mexico with Mexicans as rapidly as possible.

Some time ago an order was issued that all conductors and porters upon cars of this company operated upon Mexican railroads must be able to speak Spanish. The latest order of the Government is in line with the movement to Mexicanize the roads.

Cotton Mills at Low Ebb—

None in England on Full Time. Manchester, England.—In response to a communication printed here, in which there is recorded the general disbelief in the United States that the cotton mills here are being put on short time, and instancing in support thereof the large takings of the raw material by the spinner, it is pointed out that this cannot be cited as a gauge of the consumption.

The fact is the reduction in the consumption has been enormous. No mill is on full time.

For the Children

THE WATCH-CAT.
At night you see me out on guard;
The watch-cat braves an I.
My fierce green eyes, my prickled-up ears
Let no marauders by.

There's not a wicked lightning-bug
Nor night-moth, how'er rash,
Would dare my claws. I am so quick
I'd have him in a flash.

And all the field-mice fear to pass
Within our garden gate.
Behind a tree, as still as death,
They know I lie in wait.

I crouch behind the shrubbery
Or pace the shadowy yard.
No fear this household ever feels—
The watch-cat is on guard.

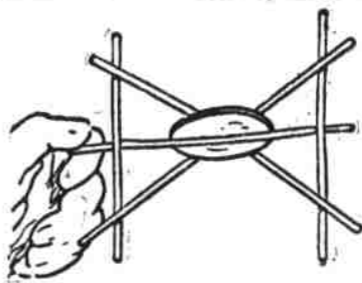
—Ray Russell Jewell, in Youth's Companion.

MY TRIP TO MONTANA.

Formerly we lived in New Haven, but four weeks ago we moved to Ekalaka, Mont. I am going to tell you of my trip to Montana. On our way we stopped at a town in Michigan called Niles. There a boy came through the train and gave everybody a cut flower. At Kalamazoo, Mich., there were men at the train who sold large bundles of celery at ten cents a bunch. After we left Chicago our train ran beside the Mississippi River for miles, and we saw logging. Through the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota we saw little houses sheltered by trees called wind breaks. The ground was so level we could look for miles, and the houses looked like little islands, they were so far off. Through the State of South Dakota we saw so much wheat and corn one would think it never could be used. We also saw a harvesting machine drawn by four horses hitched abreast. It cuts and binds the wheat at the same time. We arrived in Baker, Mont., on Monday morning. It will be the last of the railroad that I will see for some time, as my home is at Ekalaka, forty miles inland. Later I shall write and tell you about the town of Ekalaka and the staging in.—Enola Comstock, in the New York Tribune.

TO PUZZLE YOUR FRIENDS.

Though you probably have no desire to annoy your friends, we still believe that you should try them with this puzzle. This is enough to reduce a person to a state of absolute frenzy, and still the trick is simple enough when you know how.



How to Fix the Straws.

All you have to do is to give your friend five straws, little sticks, two pieces of cardboard, about three and one-half inches long, and a penny, and ask him to lift the whole by holding the tip end of one of the straws. Most people try to balance the penny on one straw and pile the other four straws on top of the penny, but they never succeed. The trick is explained in the picture. You can easily do it if you try.

THE SOCIABLE MR. TOAD.

I WAS SITTING upon a low garden seat when he made his first call, hopping to within five feet of me, then stopping to look at me with beady, questioning eyes, as if trying to ascertain what his welcome would be.

I began humming a low song, but did not make a move. It happened that was just the right thing to do, for toads are fond of low music. Nearer and nearer came Mr. Toad, until I could easily have reached out my hand and touched him, but I did not stir. Then he stopped and industriously began catching the flies which had settled on a pile of hulls that I had just taken from the strawberries. Those flies disappeared as by magic, so quickly did his long slender tongue move.

Every morning, at the same hour, I visited the spot, often sprinkling sugar on the ground to lure the flies and insects to their doom, and sociable Mr. Toad never failed to meet me. Before a month had passed he had learned to come at my signal—one long whistle and two short ones. At the end of the second month he would crawl into my outstretched hand and permit me to carry him to the carriage shed and hold him while he caught flies from the windows. As I said, he enjoyed music, if not too loud, and his beady eyes would sparkle whenever I struck into one of his favorite tunes. He did not want any doleful ones, and would show his displeasure by hopping away if I began a slow, serious melody.

Often after eating a good meal, he would climb into my lap, if I was seated upon the floor, and cuddle down for a nap, like a well-fed kitten. Although so very tame, and even affectionate with me, he was timid when strangers came near, and would then hide in my sleeve, in the folds of my dress, anywhere to get out of sight.

He grew fat and plump and—yes—aristocratic. He recognized his privileges and defended them. If another toad ventured in sight, he would instantly chase it away, then return and cuddle down near me in a funny, triumphant way. Like his human brothers, he wanted all the cream.

and was not even willing to give away the skim-milk.

I have had many pet toads since, but never one that showed the intelligence and affection that he did, although they all know more than people commonly credit them with knowing. There are no better tenants for a garden than these same despicable toads, for they pay their rent cheerfully as they go along, destroying insects that it would be hard to keep rid of without their aid. I have "colonized" them there, by turning a small box over a soft spot in a shady place, first cutting a hole in one side for a door. If a partly tamed toad is placed near such a box, with plenty of sugar sprinkled around to call insects, he will seldom fail to appreciate and appropriate it. I never had warts or suffered the slightest discomfort from associating with my friend, Mr. Toad.—Suburban Life.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

When nature spreads a clean sheet under the drooping branches of the cedars and among the naked trunks in the open woods the northern inhabitants begin at once to imprint it with records of their activity. The squirrels must make new paths to their stores of beechnuts buried deep under the white covering. They can move lightly over the soft snow but a light track ends in a burrow where a hiding place has been visited. The snow packed deep on an adjacent log and a few beechnut shells tell where the visitor has enjoyed a meal. From this the track proceeds with a leisurely lunge, the hind feet covering the marks of the fore feet, but a squirrel does not long continue leisurely. More extended leaps show a sudden haste, and the widely separated hind feet pass beyond the crowded fore feet at every bound.

Near the edge of the cedar swamp the long, easy lunge of a mink passes down the sloping shore toward the open expanse of ice. The naked woods and well padded rocks are a temptation to follow. The track leads out over the ice, the fore feet and obliterating hind feet so close together that they make but a single impression. The course is toward an air hole, a peculiarity of the ice on the northern lakes, and on the way the new trail of a fox is found crossing from shore to shore with mathematical accuracy. The fox laid out and followed a course across the lake without deviation or curve, and his short steps were regulated with his usual precision. The mink's tracks lead with less regularity toward the airhole in the ice, where without hesitation he plunged in. Coming out, he left traces of mud on the ice and snow. Evidently he dived to the bottom, and as he sat down with wet coat before starting for the shore he must have secured a clam, snail or dead fish.

Near the shore a junco has made a diminutive imprint on the new page by hopping among the scattered seeds of the silver birch. Sheltered by crowded spruces on the shore, the crooked trail of a partridge winds through the snow. Such walking must be laborious, for the bird's distended toes sink deep down through the soft snow, and he wades and waddles along, making a deep groove with his breast. This track starts from the half filled hole in which he alighted and probably spent part of the night under cover. It was fortunate the fox did not come his way. Where the short, crooked track ends there are marks of the distended tail feathers and the flapping wings that noisily took the air. The long leap of the active hare is seen more frequently than any other record on the new page.

Night is the time of forest activity, and the snow that continued to fall till after dark recorded many impressions before the gray of morning. The hares had passed and re-passed elsewhere, the fox had pursued his solitary hunt for a sleeping partridge or the fragments of some forest tragedy. The partridge had risen from his snug shelter under the snow and tried a short walk before seeking a breakfast of soft buds in the adjacent birches. The mink has sought food over the snow and under the ice. And over it all the still moon looked coldly down, lighting up the silent expanse of the lake and tracing an infinite tangle of shadows under the branches burdened with clinging snow.—Toronto Globe.

The Lady From Indiana.

"Was she artistic?" asked an inquiring person of Kin Hubbard, the Indianapolis epigram maker, who was describing an Indiana genus. "Artistic?" said Hubbard. "Was she artistic? I should say she was. She was so artistic that one day, when one of her peekaboo shirt waists she had made herself fell into the piano, they played two Beethoven rhapsodies with it before they discovered their mistake."—Saturday Evening Post.

Polite But Suspicious.

Their table was against the wall. On the wall hung the hats and overcoats on big pegs. "Why did you run after the man to?" she asked, when he came back and sat down. "I thought he was awfully polite with his 'Pardon me.'" "He was," he answered. "He said, 'Pardon me, may I get my hat?' polite as you please. Then he was walking quietly off with mine."—New York Press.