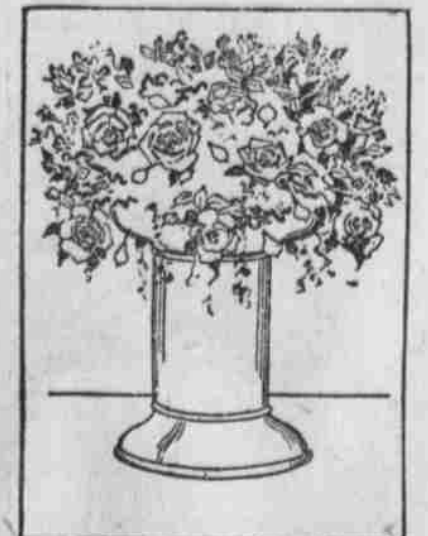


THE ELECTRICAL WORLD

BETTER THAN TABLE CANDLES

Prettily Arranged Device for Holding Electric Lights—Also Serves as Flower Vase.

Every woman has realized for some time past that the use of the candle as a table decoration was attended by danger and other shortcomings, and a substitute has been eagerly sought. The solution of the problem has not been found in electricity for the reason that lamps of this character lacked the feature of portability and their use also required the presence of wires piercing the cloths and tables. A New York man has recently designed a piece of table decoration which takes the place of candles on the dining



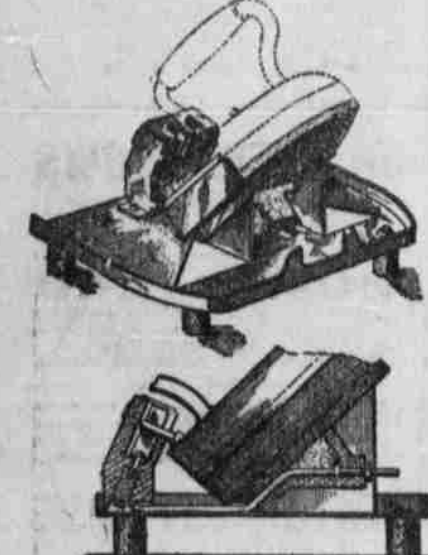
Displaces Table Candelabra. room table in the home as well as the hotel and cafe.

The device is a pretty design embracing a silver receptacle capable of holding a single storage cell. The battery stores sufficient energy to keep the lamp as long as 14 hours and the illumination emanates from three tungsten lamps supplied with switch for controlling them. Fitting neatly over the stand is a shallow glass dish containing cut flowers and water. The former are supported by a cut glass disk, with numerous holes into which the flower stems, etc., project. The lamp thus serves as a flower vase as well as the effect of the light passing through the glass and water and playing around the flowers and leaves is very pretty indeed.

SUPPORT FOR HEATED IRONS

Electrical Device so Arranged That Current is Turned on When Object is in Holder.

A novel support has recently been invented for electrically heated flatirons, says Scientific American. It is so arranged that the current is turned on only when the iron is on the support. The support consists of a metallic base provided with legs of insulating material and upon which is mounted, in inclined position, a plate of slate. On this the flatiron is adapted to be supported, so that the head of the flatiron will slide down and bear against a block of insulating



Support for Heated Flatirons.

material at the rear of the base. In this block are two sockets, provided with metallic clips forming the terminals of an electric current. The flatiron, which is provided with the usual heating coils, has two terminal pins near the heel. These are adapted to engage the clips when the iron is in position on the slate. This completes the circuit through the coils and serves to heat the iron. As soon as the iron is removed from the stove the circuit is broken, and there is no waste of current or dangerous overheating liable to cause a fire.

TO REPLACE SURGEON'S SAW

French Scientist Discovers Method to Revolutionize Surgery by Use of Electricity.

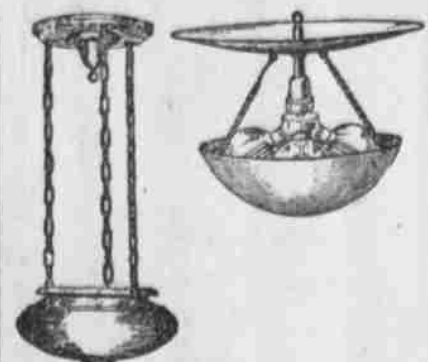
A revolution in surgery is impending, according to a report made to the Paris Academy of Sciences by Prof. Dr. D'Arsonval, whose researches are well known throughout the world. Twenty years hence, it is prophesied, a strong electrical current will have replaced the surgeon's knife and saw, possibly even the forceps. French scientists are excited over the results of their colleague's experiments, for electrical amputations are now said to be the safest and surest of any yet tried.

"With a powerful apparatus," said Dr. D'Arsonval, "we have been able to pass through certain animals electrical currents which raised their bodies to a high temperature without affecting either the sensitiveness or the muscular contraction, the animals not seeming to feel the heat in general. The electrical currents, however, literally cooked the posterior limbs, whether the effect was directed. Still, the animal in each case showed no suffering and some days later the limbs operated on dropped off, leaving the wound perfectly cicatrized."

LIGHTS HIDDEN FROM SIGHT

Globes so Arranged That One May Get Rid of Direct Glare—Two Methods Shown.

The old adage about not hiding one's light under a bushel seems to be set at naught by the developments of recent years, for a large variety of interiors are nowadays lit by lamps which themselves are hidden from view, says Popular Mechanics. By projecting the light to the ceiling and letting that diffuse the light, we get rid of the direct glare of the lamps, so we are practically getting our illu-



Hiding the Lamps.

mination from lamps hid under a bushel. Where such a method of lighting is applicable, the present problem narrows itself down practically to a choice of the reflecting and concealing fixture, which may be highly artistic or decidedly homespun. For instance, two such indirect lighting fixtures were recently advertised in the same month's issue of a European and an American technical journal. Both designs are here reproduced, leaving each reader to make his own comments.

SEARCHLIGHTS ON THE SUEZ

Every Warship of Any Description Compelled to Carry Light of Special Pattern.

Every war vessel carries from one to twenty searchlights, and every vessel of any description whatever passing through the Suez Canal has to carry one of special pattern. A searchlight consists essentially of an arc lamp of special form, a parabolic mirror and a case to hold the lot; the case being mounted so as to be capable of movement in two directions, viz., vertically and horizontally. The hood, as this case is called, is made of sheet steel about three-thirty-seconds of an inch thick, says Cassier's Magazine. The turntable, trunnions, etc., are cast in gun metal, the arms which support the hood are of cast steel. The lamp box is formed as part of the hood. The mirror is carried on springs in the back cover and at the front of the hood is a "front glass" mounted in a gun metal ring, and the dispersion lens, when carried, is hinged on in front of this. Training is carried out by means of a worm and wormwheel or by a rack and pinion. Slewing is effected by means of a pinion which gears into a crown wheel on the underside of the turntable, or else it is done directly by hand. The Suez Canal regulations require that the projector shall be capable of giving the light required under two different conditions—in the first case a broad, flat beam of light illuminating both banks and the canal uninterruptedly, this being used when no other ship is approaching; in the other case they require a beam having the same angle of divergence and consequently the same width as the first, but divided into two portions, with a dark interval between, thus giving light at both sides but not directly in front and so not interfering with the navigation of the approaching vessel.

Felling Trees by Electricity.

According to a statement issued by the Siemens-Schuckert company of Berlin, Germany, the felling of trees by means of wires heated by electric currents, which has been described in various newspapers, cannot be accomplished in a practical and economical manner, for the following reasons: The wire, to cut effectively, must be very tightly stretched and is therefore very liable to rupture, in consequence of its high temperature. The radiant wire carbonizes the wood, and the charcoal, if allowed to accumulate, protects the interior parts from the heat of the wire. In order to remove the charcoal, the wire must be roughened and moved to and fro lengthwise, so that the operation is still a sort of sawing, and the motion and roughening increase the liability to rupture.

Electric Steering Device.

A Scottish mariner claims to have invented an automatic steering device, operated by electricity from a compass, but permitting the helm to be moved in the ordinary way when necessary.

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

At Cleveland there is a complete plant for curing meats by electric processes.

The National Electric Light association has attained a membership of nearly 4,000.

There are more than 400 wireless stations on the coasts of the maritime nations.

Nearly all of the finest automobile machines are driven by direct connected electric motors.

A cast iron electro magnet, of good quality, can be wound so as to carry 50 pounds for every square inch of its cross section.

Weighing less than 50 pounds, an electrically driven machine has been invented for scrubbing floors.

Plans are under way for placing all trunk telephone lines between Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington under ground.

The city of Hamilton, O., proposes to cover part of its main street with a glass canopy and illuminate the interior with powerful electric lights.

New News of Yesterday

Story of United States Bank

How Head of the Savannah Branch Forced Stranger to Carry Away \$200,000 in Silver and Checked Plot.

The most famous president of the United States bank, which President Jackson forced out of business, was Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia, who after being a director of the bank for a matter of four years, became its president in 1823 and remained in that post until the bank went out of business in 1836.

"Nick" Biddle, as he was known to his associates both in finance and society—he was a member of Philadelphia's exclusive set—kept a firm grip upon the affairs of all the branches of the United States bank from his desk in the bank's headquarters in Philadelphia. He was very careful to get reports from the branches regularly and as speedily as the mail facilities of the time could deliver them to him, and he studied these reports with minute care.

One day he noticed that a report from the Savannah branch did not show the average redemption of bank notes, and each subsequent report showed a constant falling off in redemptions, so that Mr. Biddle became very much disturbed. At last he said to himself: "There's going to be trouble of some kind at that branch. Somebody is collecting Savannah branch bank notes and they may offer them all of a sudden for redemption. But I will see to that."

Thereupon he caused a large amount of silver money to be collected and shipped to Savannah. Then he waited.

A few weeks after the silver had reached the Savannah branch a stranger called at it and stated that he had some bank notes which he would like to have redeemed at once in silver. He was asked what was the value of the notes. "Two hundred thousand dollars," he replied.

"Very well," said the official of the bank, who was acting under instructions from President Biddle, "bring your bills here so that we can count them. Whereupon, the stranger protested at the delay. "What," exclaimed the bank official, "you surely do not think we are going to redeem notes until we have counted them and seen

that the amount you give us is right?" So the stranger went away, returning speedily with a hand barrow filled with notes, and all the rest of the day the bank force was occupied in counting them.

That task over at last, the manager of the branch turned to the stranger. "The amount you stated is correct, sir," and your silver is ready. Can we help you in sending it anywhere?" "You've got the silver here?" gasped the stranger. "You're going to pay me in silver on the spot?"

"Certainly," said the bank manager. "Isn't that what you asked for?" "But—" began the stranger.

"Yes," smiled the other, "two hundred thousand dollars in silver does make a very bulky parcel. I suppose you will take it to a vessel?"

The stranger hesitated, doubtless reflecting that if he took the silver it would cost him a pretty penny for insurance and another for freight. At last he said: "Well, I think I will take drafts on New Orleans. On the whole, they will do just as good."

He Posed as Prince of Wales

How Col. George Bliss Was Mistaken for Edward by the Enthusiastic People of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

This story of the late King Edward, when, as the prince of Wales, he traveled in this country, was told to me several years ago by the late Col. George Bliss, who at one time was United States district attorney for the southern district of New York, and whose "Bliss's Digest" is one of the standard legal works throughout the United States.

"At the time that the prince was here I was serving upon the military staff of Governor E. D. Morgan of New York," said Colonel Bliss, "and I was detailed to represent the governor in certain ceremonies, and particularly upon the occasion of the trip abroad of the prince of Wales up the Hudson river to West Point and Albany."

"I remember vividly how interested the prince was in the scenery that

This time a grim smile came to the banker's lips. "You will not take drafts on New Orleans," he said. "You will take the silver, and you'll take it at once."

There was no other way around it; the stranger had to lug off his two hundred thousand dollars in silver, and pay insurance and freight charges on it to its destination in the north. For he was an agent of a group of state bankers in the north who had combined to break the credit of the United States bank, if possible. They hit upon the plan of getting together a lot of the bank notes of the Savannah branch and suddenly presenting them in a lump for redemption, feeling reasonably certain that the bank would not have on hand sufficient silver with which to redeem at once, word would go throughout the country that the United States bank at Savannah had failed, and the other branches and the headquarters itself would be imperiled, if not ruined. But in building their beautiful scheme the jealous state bankers failed to take into consideration President Biddle's painstaking study of the reports of his bank's branches, and so they were confounded, and not he.

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stretched before him on both sides of the noble river, and I have only to shut my eyes to see in fancy the shores dotted here and there with large and small groups of people, anxious to get a glimpse of the future ruler of England. Through it all the prince was very affable and accommodating; he was always ready to step to some conspicuous place upon the upper deck of the steamboat and courteously acknowledge the salutes and cheers which came to him from the shores.

"Some miles before the boat reached Poughkeepsie there was brought aboard it by special messenger a pouch of mail for the prince. He had not heard from home for some time and he was anxious to read the letters; you must remember that the Atlantic cable, though laid, was not working at the time. So, taking the heavy mail with him, the prince went into the pilot house and soon was deeply immersed in his letters. He was still reading when we arrived at Poughkeepsie, where it seemed as though the entire city and all the people for miles around about had turned out to greet him.

"Hastily, word was carried to the prince that an enormous crowd, covering the steamboat dock and stretching away back to the foot of the hill, was anxious to give him the tribute of their good wishes. But, as luck would have it, he was in the midst of perusing an especially important letter and was not willing to be disturbed.

Therefore, I stepped to the railing of the boat upon the upper deck, to give some intimation to the crowd that the prince was in retirement, when, of a sudden, I discovered that the people below me had taken me for our distinguished guest. They set up a great cheering, hats were thrown in the air, women clapped their hands and waved their handkerchiefs—every eye was fastened upon me.

"What could I do? I could not tell them that I was not the Prince of Wales, but only a member of the governor's staff; I could not have made myself heard three feet away in all that welcoming uproar. So, almost involuntarily, I bowed and made a military salute.

"For perhaps a minute I received the enthusiastic greeting of a city; then the boat started and all Poughkeepsie returned home, satisfied that it had seen the prince. In fact, years later I heard residents of that town telling with not a little pride how they had been bowed to and saluted by the prince. They never knew of the mistake.

"But as soon as the prince had finished with his mail and returned to the deck, I related to him how I had been mistaken for him. And the story amused him greatly—not in the sense that it was an absurdity that I should be taken for him, which it was, nevertheless, but because he seemed to see in his mind's eye a vivid picture of that great throng halting a plain citizen of the United States as the prince of Wales."

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Concentration. Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.—Emerson.

How "Gilded Age" Was Done

Mark Twain and Warner Wrote It to Show Their Joking Wives Just What They Could Do When They Tried.

The late Stephen A. Hubbard, who was for many years the managing editor and one of the owners of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant when Joseph R. Hawley was editor and Charles Dudley Warner, the author and humorist, co-editor, told me this, the real story of the manner in which Mark Twain and Mr. Warner came to write "The Gilded Age," which was published in 1873.

"After Mark Twain came to Hartford to live," said Mr. Hubbard, "he early made the acquaintance of Mr. Warner, being especially attracted to him because of the success of the deliciously humorous book, 'My Summer in a Garden,' which gained Mr. Warner national fame, and which was the first of his separate writings. The acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and the families of the two men were frequently together.

"It happened that one evening, when the Twains had the Warners at a family dinner, something was said about the success of 'Innocents Abroad.' Thereupon both Mrs. Clemens and Mrs. Warner began to twit Mark Twain; they made all manner of good-natured fun of his book, called it an accidental hit, and finally ended up by defying him to write another work like it.

"In high humor Mark Twain turned to Mr. Warner. 'You and I will show these ladies that their laughter is unseemly and a cracking of thorns under a pot,'" he cried. 'We'll get together and write a story, chapter by chapter every morning, and we will so interweave our work that these wives of ours will not be able to say which has been written by Mark Twain and which by Charles D. Warner; for once a week we will gather in my library and read the story to them as it has progressed under our pens.'"

"What was spoken in jest was acted upon in the spirit of jest, Mr. Warner

agreeing to meet Mark Twain every morning for an hour or two so that together they could write a new story somewhat on the lines of 'Innocents Abroad.' After they had been at work already for a little while they became thoroughly interested in it, and then, when Mark Twain proposed to introduce the character of Colonel Sellers in the story, both he and Mr. Warner grew actually enthusiastic over it, and their wives confessed their deep interest in it as it was read to them as the writing progressed.

"So the jest was carried on until the story was about half finished, if I remember correctly, when it suddenly occurred to Mark Twain that it might be worth publishing; if it interested the wives of the authors, it ought to interest the public. Therefore, Twain approached his publishers and told them that he and Mr. Warner were jointly writing a book, and he wondered whether he could make arrangements with them to publish it. They jumped at the proposition. The book was published under the title of 'The Gilded Age,' it sold beyond all expectation for a while, and then, suddenly, the sales stopped. It is the one dead failure among Mark Twain's works. Yet a sufficiently large number of copies were sold by subscription to repay the cost of manufacture and return some profit to the joint authors and the publishers.

"Later, however," continued Mr. Hubbard, "Mark Twain made a tidy sum out of the dramatic rights of the book. About the time that the book was to be published he suggested to Mr. Warner that he would buy whatever dramatic rights that Warner might have in the work. The idea appealed to Mr. Warner, and I have always understood that Mark Twain paid him \$8,000 or thereabouts for his share of the dramatic rights and with that money Mr. Warner was able to make a long winter tour through Egypt. As for Mark Twain, he made thousands in royalties out of the play based on his utterly dead book."

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A Story of General Grant

How the Famous Soldier-President Responded to a Distracted Woman's Plea.

Mrs. Louisa Boggs, an eighty-year-old resident of St. Louis, tells the following story of Gen. U. S. Grant, who was her cousin and whose memory she lovingly cherishes. The story is being passed around in Washington.

"Julia Dent, the general's wife, was a southern girl, you know. Her family lived just west of Jefferson Barracks, south of St. Louis, and while stationed there Lieutenant Grant met and fell in love with her. Julia had a girlhood friend whom I will call Mittie. They grew up together, warm-hearted and loving. Their tastes, accomplishments and ambitions were much alike. Both married soldiers. Mittie's husband cast his fortunes with the south and rose to the rank of general. When the southern cross began to go down before the far-reaching sweep of the northern

armies, Mittie received the news that her husband had been wounded. She alone wild to go to him, but the cordon was drawn tight around Dixie land; it was hard to get through. Learning that Mrs. Grant was at our house in St. Louis, the wife of the southern soldier hastened there to implore her girlhood friend to do what she could to get her through.

The wife of a soldier herself, Mrs. Grant understood to the depth of her sympathetic soul the terrible anxiety of her friend, but even she was unable to find the way. By rare good fortune, however, General Grant came to St. Louis about that time. He listened quietly while the distraught young woman told her message from the south, she should reach her husband's side at once, be the danger what it may.

"You can imagine what such a plea meant to a soldier like Grant. To him the woman in the hospital, on the field where the battle had been,

was as a saint, as repellent as he sat angled at a table and picked up a pen. He wrote her an order that would carry her through the lines with as great deference as would have been shown the president. Not only that, but he gave her a great roll of Confederate money—the sort used in the south.

"Take this," he said, briefly; "I hope you'll find—getting along all right," and then he left the room."

Even the Chair Groaned. Young Rector (in evident embarrassment)—My dear Miss Clara, I—trying to leave the chair—I believe I have formed an attachment and—

Miss Clara (blushing furiously)—Oh, Arthur—I mean, Mr. Greene—this is so sudden! I must—

Young Rector (frantically)—Beg pardon, Miss Clara, but I was about to say that I have formed an attachment to this chair, due to the presence of a bit of cobweb's web placed here by that unregenerate young brother of yours.

And even the chair groaned in sympathy.

Hints For Hostess

A Charming Porch Party.

This delightful affair was given on the porch of a lovely country home, but it may be just as successfully carried out indoors and at any season of the year. There were about 20 guests, each asked to bring her work. The porch was decorated entirely with garden flowers that are so plentiful and brilliant at this time. After an hour of lively chatter, with needle and thread, crochet hook and knitting, the hostess appeared and announced a "so-in" contest. Slips of paper and small green pencils were passed with the explanation that each answer began "So" as the first letters. The questions and answers follow:

- A wise man of ancient times—Solomon. That which one voice sings—Solo. A necessary kitchen compound—Soap. What the twentieth century flying machine should do—Soar. To steep in liquid—Soak. Serious—Solear. A nickname—Sobriquet. Church members enjoy this sociable communism—Socialism. A mixture and an explanation—Solution. Popular with the summer girl—Soda. A church society—Sodality. A seat built for two or more—Sofa. To dwell for a time—Sojourn. A note in music—Solo. A name for the sun—Sol. Pertaining to a light giver—Solar. What an article always is, if bought—Sole. Metallic cement—Soldier. A man of war—Soldier. Nearest the floor—Sole. Incorrectness of language—Solecism. Alone in the world—Solo. A flat fish—Sole. What a tramp does at the door—Solicit. A tune for an instrument—Sonata. Giving forth sound—Sonorous. Painful—Sore. Species, kind—Sort. Seed-sprinkler—Sower.

After 20 minutes the "key" was read; then the hostess said: "Having finished 'Soing,' there would be a Garden competition," and she passed another set of papers, with these questions:

- 1. We are a practical family, neither sad nor sentimental, yet we never fail to make everyone sized tears.
- 2. We are noted for our heads; if one of our family fails to have one of good shape he is regarded as of little worth.
- 3. We are great travelers; we wear a green uniform and our flesh is cool and crisp.
- 4. Our dress is pink, but later we wear brown.
- 5. We wear purple dresses above the ground and white below.
- 6. Our leaves are crisp and curled, but our hearts are creamy gold.
- 7. Sometimes large, sometimes small, a gold heart with a rough exterior.

8. I am snow white and when good to eat don a silken plume.

9. I have many little round companions in our narrow green house.

10. I blush red because my name is a term of reproach.

11. We are famed for our heads, but they must be snow white.

12. Of shades of red and yellow; once thought poisonous, now thought mellow.

13. Thick is our stalk but tender our crop.

14. Our family name is of the past tense, yet we are on every table of today.

15. Sturdy are we, yet not allowed to live in the sunlight.

16. Some of us are crooked all around, others only in the neck.

17. We live in bright red houses and have hot tempers.

THE KEY.

1. Onion.
2. Cabbage.
3. Cucumber.
4. Potato.
5. Turnip.
6. Lettuce.
7. Pumpkin.
8. Corn.
9. Peas.
10. Beet.
11. Cauliflower.
12. Tomato.
13. Asparagus.
14. Bean.
15. Celery.
16. Squash.
17. Pepper.

The prizes were the most realistic vegetables—cabbage, corn and Irish potatoes, which were candy boxes filled with bon-bons in shape of corn kernels, wee carrots, etc. The refreshments consisted of delicious salad in green pepper cases, cucumber sandwiches, olives and salted nuts with coffee.

IN VOGUE

Many three-quarter sleeves, built entirely of puffs, are seen in out-of-door gowns.

Fine cloths in dull blue and rose tints are in demand for dressy afternoon frocks.

Turbans are rising in height and also showing the narrow effect at the crown apex.

Narrow ostrich bands edge many of the new wraps and add an extremely smart touch.

Beaver is to have a great season in millinery. If early importations count for anything.

There are some uncertain predictions that the short waistline will come in again.

The correct and suitable shoe for a black satin tailor made is the black suede or undressed kid.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES



LITTLE girl's party frock of white batiste with hand-run tucks and Valenciennes lace. Sash and hair bow of light blue satin ribbon, and slippers to match. Lingerie

coat of sheer white handkerchief linen and fine English embroidery over a slip of pink China silk. Hat of linen, lace, blue ribbon and wee pink rosbuds completes costume small girl will be proud of.

THE MANIA FOR STORING

Many Women Keep for Years Things That Are Absolutely No Use Whatever.

Why, oh, why, will women keep for years impossible things, that no one will ever want and that do nothing but accumulate dust and microbes, for the sheer joy of keeping them?

Old Magazines and newspapers, bric-a-brac, deservedly obsolete "ornaments," clothes and parts of clothes—they all lie together in some obscure storeroom or closet or box, with no purpose in life except to make still heavier the twice-yearly housecleaning.

One wonders sometimes if the owners are simply too stingy to give away the givable things and throw the rest into the dust heap. But no; they are only the victims of that procrastination that cannot bear to do the most necessary thing now and lets matters slide for years and years instead.

Storerooms were made to store possessions for a season; closets to hold clothing, boxes to contain the tempo-

rary and the useful. By all means, if you are one of these unfortunate slaves to the "keeping" habit, get rid of the trash you have been saving and start life again with a clean record and a lightened heart.

For you will find that your relief and freedom from cars will mean reality that to you.

Hints for Old Ladies. For actual street wear some very pretty bonnet forms are coming in, but the preferred head covering continues to be a close-fitting toque or turban of conservative height and trimming. At the same time the darker Persian silks and lawns are drawn upon for many quaint shapes, over which the figured material is draped, shirred or molded. Hats of this sort and those of dark shot tulle constitute the larger part of the carriage and garden hats which city milliners are sending to the fashionable watering places. Usually they are self-trimmed.—Harper's Bazar.

There is a noticeable tendency to get away from the kimono sleeves and to substitute puffed sleeves.