

# THE INVENTIONS OF HAWKINS

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

## THE HORSE BRAKE.

Hawkins is part inventor and part idiot.

Hawkins has money, which generally mitigates idiocy; but in his case it also allows free rein to his inventive genius, and that is a bad thing.

When I decided to build a nice, quiet summer home in the Berkshires, I paid for the ground before discovering that the next villa belonged to Hawkins.

Had I known then what I know now, my county seat would be located somewhere in central Illinois or western Oregon; but at that time my knowledge of Hawkins extended no farther than the facts that he resided a few doors below me in New York, and that we exchanged a kindly smile every morning on the L.

One day last August, having mastered the mechanism of our little steam runabout, my wife ventured out alone, to call upon Mrs. Hawkins.

I am not a worrying man, but automobile repairs are expensive, and when she had been gone an hour or so I strolled toward our neighbors.

The auto I was relieved to find standing before the door, apparently in good health, and I had already turned back when Hawkins came trotting along the drive from the stable.

"Just in time, Griggs, just in time!" he cried, exuberantly.

"In time for what?"

"The first trial of—"

"Now, see here, Hawkins—" I began, preparing to flee, for I knew too well the meaning of that light in his eyes.

"The Hawkins Horse-brake!" he finished, triumphantly.

"Hawkins," I said, solemnly, "far be it from me to disparage your work; but I recall most distinctly the Hawkins Aero-motor, which motored you on my devoted head. I also have some recollection of your gasoline milkster, the one that exploded and burned every hair of the starboard side of my best Alderney cow. If you are bent on trying something new, hold it off until I can get my poor wife out of harm's way."

Hawkins favored me with a stare that would have withered a row of hardy sunflowers and turned his eyes to the stable.

Something was being led toward us from that direction.

The foundation of the something I recognized as Hawkins' aged work horse, facetiously christened Maud S. The superstructure was the most remarkable collection of mechanism I ever saw.

Four steel rods stuck into the air at the four corners of the animal. They seemed to be connected in some way to a machine strapped to the back of the saddle.

I presume the machine was logical enough if you understood it, but beyond noting that it bore striking resemblance to the vital organs of a clock, I cannot attempt a description.

"That will do, Patrick," said Hawkins, taking the bride and regarding his handiwork with an enraptured smile. "Well, Griggs, frankly, what do you think of it?"

"Frankly," I said, "when I look at that thing, I feel somehow incapable of thought."

"I rather imagined that it would take your eye," replied Hawkins, complacently. "Now, just see the simplicity of the thing, Griggs. Drop your childish prejudices for a minute and examine it."

"Let us suppose that this brake is fitted to a fiery saddle-horse. The rider has lost all control. In another minute, unless he can stop the beast, he will be dashed to the ground and kicked into pulp. What does he do? Simply pulls this lever—thus! The animal can't budge!"

An uncanny clankety-clankety-clank accompanied his words, and the rods dropped suddenly. In their descent they somehow managed to gather two steel cuffs apiece.

When they ceased dropping, Maud S. had a steel bar above the back of each leg, with a cuff above and a cuff below the knee. Hawkins was quite right—so far as I could see, Maud was anchored until some well-disposed person brought a hack-saw and cut off her shackles.

"You see how it acts when she is standing still?" chuckled the inventor, replacing the rods. "Just keep your eyes open and note the suddenness with which she stops running."

"Hawkins," I cried, despairingly, as he led the animal up the road, "don't go to all that trouble on my account. I can see perfectly that the thing is a success. Don't try it again."

"My dear Griggs," said Hawkins, coldly, "this trial trip is for my own personal satisfaction, not yours. To tell the truth, I had no idea that you or anyone else would be here to witness my triumph."

He went perhaps three or four hundred feet up the road; then he turned Maud's nose homeward and clambered to her back.

As I waited behind the hedge, I grieved for the old mare. Hawkins evidently intended urging her into something more rapid than the walk she had used for so many years, and I feared that at her advanced age the excitement might prove injurious.

But Maud broke into such a sedate canter when Hawkins had thumped

her ribs a few times with his heels, and her kindly old face seemed to wear such a gentle expression as she approached, that I breathed easier.

"Now, Griggs!" cried Hawkins, coming abreast. "Watch—now!"

He thrust one hand behind, grasped the lever, and gave it a tug. The little rods remained in the air.

A puzzled expression flitted over Hawkins' face, and as he centered by he appeared to tug a trifle harder.

This time something happened.

I heard a whir like the echo of a sawmill, and saw several yards of steel spring shoot out of the inwards of the machine. I heard a sort of frantic shriek from Maud S. I saw a sudden cloud of pebbles and dust in the road, such as I should imagine would be kicked up by an exploding shell—and that was all.

Hawkins, Maud, and the infernal machine were making for the county town with none of the grace, but nearly all the speed, of a shooting star.

For a few seconds I stood dazed.

Then it occurred to me that Hawkins' wife would later wish to know what his dying words had been, and I went into the auto with a flying leap, sent it about in its own length, almost jumped the hedge, and thus started upon a race whose memory will haunt me when greater things have faded into the forgotten past.

My runabout, while hardly a racer, is supposed to have some pretty speedy machinery stored away in it, but the engine had a big undertaking in trying to overhaul that old mare.

It was painfully apparent that something—possibly righteous indignation

"No, it won't. Jump, for Heaven's sake, jump!"

I think that Hawkins had framed a reply, but just then a particularly hard bump appeared to knock the breath out of his body. He took a better grip on the brake and said no more.

I hardly knew what to do. Every minute brought us nearer to the town, where traffic is rather heavy all day.

Up to now we had had a clear track, but in another five minutes a collision would be almost as inevitable as the sunset.

I endeavored to recall the "First Aid to the Injured" treatment for fractured skulls and broken backs, and I thanked goodness that there would be only one auto to complete the mangling of Hawkins' remains, should they drop into the road after the smash.

Would there? I glanced backward and gasped. Others had joined the pursuit, and I was merely the vanguard of a procession.

Twenty feet to the rear loomed the black muzzle of Enos Jackson's trotter, with Jackson in his little road-cart. Behind him, three bicyclists filled up the gap between the road-cart and Dr. Brotherton's buggy.

I felt a little better at seeing Brotherton there. He set my hired man's leg two years ago, and made a splendid job.

There was more of the cavalcade behind Brotherton, although the dust revealed only glimpses of it; but I had seen enough to realize that if Hawkins' brake did work, and Hawkins' mare stopped suddenly, there was going to be a piled-up mass of men and things in the road that for sheer

does, and Burgett is keen on looking up new business.

"Stop, there!" he shouted, as we came up. "Stop!"

Nobody stopped.

"Stop, or I'll arrest the whole danged lot of ye fer fast drivin'!" roared Burgett, gathering up reins and whip.

And with that he dashed into the place behind Enos Jackson and crowded the bicyclists to the side of the road.

Our county town is a small one, and at the pace set by Maud it didn't take us long to reach the far side and sweep out on the highway which leads, eventually, to Boston.

I began to wonder dimly whether Maud's wind and my water and gasoline would carry us to the Hub, and, if so, what would happen when we had passed through the city.

Just beyond Boston, you know, is the Atlantic ocean.

At this point in my meditations we started down the slope to the big creamery.

The building is located to the right of the road. On the left, a rather steep grassy embankment drops perhaps 30 feet to the little river.

On this beautiful sunny afternoon, the creamery's milk cans, something like a hundred in number, were being by the roadside, just on the edge of the embankment; and as we thundered down I smiled grimly to think of the attractive little frill Maud might add to her performance by kicking a dozen or two of the milk cans into the river as she passed.

Maud, however, as she approached



"Hawkins Shot Off Into Space."

## WAS THE BIGGEST PIG IN THE TOWN.

It is a kindly and beneficial custom in some country villages for the wealthier inhabitants to subscribe and make good the loss which a poorer villager may sustain through the death of a pig.

Maj. Cardie, however, had but recently returned from abroad, and knew little of the local customs, and therefore he was astounded, recently,

to receive a visit from the wife of a laborer who lived near.

"Lost a pig—eh?" he repeated, gruffly. "Well, I haven't got it! I don't collect pigs."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," faltered the woman; "but you see, sir, the pig died."

"Well, I've want me to go to the funeral, send a wreath, or what, woman?" he replied.

"No, sir; indeed, no!" was the reply. "But we're poor folks, sir, and we thought that, bein' the biggest pig in the neighborhood, you'd give us a little 'elp.'"

The major's reply was distinctly pungent.

## SHARKS AND BALLOONISTS.

Ballooning on the Adriatic coasts has dangers of its own apart from the risk of drowning. The sea is stated to be infested by sharks, and an aeronaut reaching the water has small chance of living till rescue reaches him.

No trace has yet been found of the bodies of Capt. Nazari and Signor Minolotti, whose balloon collapsed over

and then crashed to the ground like an overturned toy horse.

Hawkins shot off into space, and at the moment I didn't care greatly where he landed. I was vaguely conscious that he collided head-on with the row of milk-cans, but my main anxiety was to shut off my power, set the brake, point the auto into the ditch and jump.

And I did it all in about one second.

After the jump, my recollection grows hazy. I know that one of my feet landed in an open milk-can, and that I grabbed wildly at several others. Then the cans and I toppled headlong over the embankment and went down, down, down, white, fainter and fainter, I could hear something like:

"Whoa! Whoa! Gd darn ye! Ow! Stop that hoss! Bang! Rattle! Rattle! Bang! Whoa! Stop, can't ye?"

Then a peculiarly unyielding milk-can landed on my head and I seemed to float away.

I have reason to believe that I sat up about two minutes later. The crash was over and peace had settled once more upon the face of nature.

From far away came the sound of galloping hoofs, belonging, no doubt, to some of the horses who had participated in the late excitement.

The embankment was strewn with men and milk-cans, chiefly the latter. No one seemed to be wholly dead, although one or two looked pretty near it.

A few feet away, Burckett, the constable, was having a convulsion in his vain endeavor to extricate his cranium from a milk-can. The sounds that issued from that can made me blush.

Jackson was sitting up and staring dully at the river, while Dr. Brotherton, with his frock-coat split to the collar, was fishing fragments of his medicine case out of another can.

Others of the erstwhile procession were distributed about the embankment in various conditions, but, as I have said, nobody seemed to have parted company with the vital spark.

Hawkins alone was invisible, and as I struggled to my feet this fact puzzled me considerably.

A pile of milk-cans balanced on the river's edge, and on the chance of finding the inventor's remains, I tipped them into the stream. Underneath, stretched on the cold, unsympathetic ground, his feet dabbled idly in the water, his clothes in a hundred shreds, a great lump on his brow, was Hawkins, stunned and bleeding!

As I turned to summon Brotherton, Hawkins opened his eyes.

I am not one to cherish a grudge. I felt that Hawkins' invention had been its own terrible punishment. So I helped him to his feet as gently as possible, and waited for apologetic utterances.

"You see, Griggs," began Hawkins, uncertainly—"you see, the ratchet on the big wheel—stuck. I'll put a new—a new ratchet there, and oil—lots of oil on the—"

"That's enough, Hawkins," I said. "Come home."

"Yes, but don't you see," he groaned, holding fast to his battered skull as I helped him back to the road, "if I get that little point perfected—it—it will revol—"

"Let it!" I snapped. "Sit here until I see what's left of my automobile."

Ten minutes later, Patrick having appeared to take charge of Maud S., Hawkins and I were making our homeward way in the runabout, which had mercifully been spared.

Something in my face must have forbidden conversation, for Hawkins wrapped the soiled fragments of his raiment about him in offended dignity and was silent on the subject of horse-brake.

Nor have I ever heard of the thing since. Possibly Mrs. Hawkins succeeded in demonstrating the fallacy of the whole horse-brake theory; in fact, from the expression on her face when we reached the house, I am inclined to think that she did.

Mrs. Hawkins can be strong-minded on occasion, and her tongue is in no way inadequate to the needs of her mind.

At any rate, a friend of mine in the patent office, whom I asked about the matter some time ago, tells me that the Hawkins Horse-brake has never been patented, so that I presume the invention is in its grave. As a public-spirited citizen, I venture to add that this is a blessing.

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## HERDER LEADS LONELY LIFE.

The journey of the last two days has been in the solemn stillness of the forest, says a writer in the Pacific Monthly. Hardly has the soft twittering of a bird broken the unending silence. But now the voice of the distant flocks is the undertone that fills the air—it rises and falls in cadences, but is never still. There, under the shadow of the pines, is pitched the herder's tent. Company is scarce and therefore valuable, and hardly have his dogs given warning of a stranger when the one solitary figure is strolling toward us. It is quite impossible to forecast the nationality, age, upbringing or condition of this man. Sheep herding is as often a refuge as an occupation. Wages is good, work there is none, food is found, responsibilities sit very lightly; through six months of the year this outdoor life involves no hardship. If from one or two weeks' end to the next no living man is in sight to speak to—well, there is the less chance of quarrelling, and the dogs are ever at hand and good company for many hours out of the 24.

But, then, the ever-present sheep. To rise with the sun, get breakfast and then follow the big flock as they

slowly feed away from camp. To hear their everlasting "ba-as," to smell the ever-present willingness, to live, move and have your being in an atmosphere of sheep—to walk when they walk, to stop when they feel disposed to rest, and to go up in the slowly passing hours, to accompany them back to the neighborhood of camp, and not until the flock has gone to bed for good to feel a moment's freedom from their society.

No wonder that, as one sheep-herding friend told me, he was ready to bless a wolf or two that broke in on the monotony of the day by trying to steal a sheep before his very eyes. The sheep herder is well armed as well fed. And very often on the summer marches he can so manage the day's march with his flock as to bring in the blessed trout stream, where the fish are rising at the summer flies. One man I know learned Spanish in the summer's herding. Another found a haven in higher mathematics. Several others used their pocket knives to carve ornaments and knick-knacks. Books, magazines and letters are always brought out with the supply of beans and bacon, coffee and flour, sugar and tobacco.

## SOME FISH SALADS.

APPETIZING DISHES EASILY AND INEXPENSIVELY MADE.

Herring, Sardine, Salmon and Lobster Salads, That You Can Prepare Quickly in Cases of Emergency That Will Arise.

HERRING SALAD.—Heat through by turning on the stove three well smoked herring, then tear off the heads and pull the skin away, split take out the backbones, and cut up into small bits, or to shred them is better. Put in a salad bowl, add one small chopped onion, two hard boiled chopped eggs, and one boiled potato; cut fine with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley; season with a teaspoonful of salt, one of pepper, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and two of oil. Mix well, and if you have it, decorate with a boiled beet.

SARDINE SALAD.—Allow three sardines for each person; bone and fillet these, carefully removing all the skins, and set them aside until required. Boil two eggs for three minutes, shell them, and break them up in your salad bowl with a spoon; mix with them a teaspoonful each of French mustard and essence of anchovies, the strained oil from the tin of sardines with as much oil as will make three teaspoonfuls in all; add chilli, shallot, and good malt vinegar to taste. Cut up some nice crisp lettuce and mix it well with the dressing, but only just before it is to be served. Put a little heap of mustard and cress in the center of the salad, with a whole red capsicum upon it. Arrange the sardines round, and outside these a border of mustard and cress dotted here and there with slices of red capsicum.

SALMON SALAD.—One quart of cooked salmon, two heads of lettuce, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one of vinegar, two of capers, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, a cupful of mayonnaise dressing or the French dressing. Break up the salmon with two silver forks. Add to it the salt, pepper, vinegar, and lemon juice. Put in the ice chest or some other cold place for two or three hours. Prepare the lettuce as directed for lobster salad. At serving time pick out leaves enough to border the dish. Cut or tear the remainder in pieces and arrange these in the center of a flat dish. On them heap the salmon lightly and cover with the dressing. Now sprinkle on the capers. Arrange the whole leaves at the base, and, if you choose, lay one-fourth of a thin slice of lemon on each leaf.

LOBSTER SALAD.—Put a large lobster over the fire in boiling water slightly salted; boil rapidly for about 20 minutes; when done it will be of a bright red color and should be removed, as, if boiled too long, it will be tough; when cold, crack the claws after first disjoining, twist off the head, which is used in garnishing; split the body in two lengthwise; pick out the meat in bits not too fine, saving the coral separate; cut up a large head slightly and place on a dish, over which lay the lobster, putting the coral around the outside. For dressing take the yolks of three eggs, beat well, add four tablespoons salad oil, dropping it in slowly, beating all the time; then add a little salt, cayenne pepper, half teaspoon mixed mustard, and two tablespoons vinegar. Pour this over the lobster just before sending to table.

About Expenses.

Young housekeepers so often utter the plaint: "I can buy the ordinary food for three meals a day on my table allowance, but there are so many extras."

A woman of many years' experience accustomed to working domestic miracles with an infinitesimal income, once said:

"I would never have kept out of the poorhouse if I had not had a system. I make a list of the sundries, without which no house is complete—soap, starch, flour, salt, etc.—and keep it under my eye. Each week I apportion so much money for my sundries and buy something. Thus I never find myself face to face with an empty saltbox or vinegar jug at a time when there is no money to fill the lack."

Sweet Potato Pudding.

Peel and wash a large sweet potato, wipe dry, and grate with a large grater. While the potato is being grated heat one quart of milk, stir a cup of the grated potato into the hot milk, and let it boil. Meantime beat four eggs to a cream, add one tablespoon butter to the milk and potatoes, and take them off the fire. Stir the beaten eggs with the milk and potatoes, season the pudding palatably with salt and pepper, and put into an earthen dish and bake for 20 minutes, or until the custard is firm. Serve hot as a vegetable.

Financial Bandits Met.

Mr. Rhodes once told a circle of friends after dinner the story of his first meeting with Beit. "I called at Forges' late one evening," he said, "and there was Beit working away as usual. 'Do you never take a rest?' I asked. 'Not often,' he replied. 'Well, what's your game?' said I. 'I am going to control the whole diamond output before I am much older,' he answered, as he got off his stool. 'That's funny,' I said. 'I have made up my mind to do the same; we had better join hands.' Join hands they did."

For Cleaning Marble.

To clean marble, take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice stone and one part of finely powdered salt. Sift the mixture through a fine sieve and mix it with water, then rub it well over the marble and the stains will be removed. Rub the marble over with salt and water, then wash off and wipe dry.

Best Fruits for Jellies.

The most desirable fruits for jelly making are currants are crab apples, quinces, grapes, blackberries, raspberries and peaches. If the fruit is used before it is fully ripe it makes a clearer jelly and a gelée simmering with no stirring will make it of finer grain.

## ROSEWATER DEAD

HIS BODY DISCOVERED IN JUDGE TROUP'S COURT ROOM.

### WENT THERE THE NIGHT BEFORE

Had Been Dead a Number of Hours Before Discovery—Is Supposed to Have Died from Heart Disease.

OMAHA — Edward Rosewater is dead. The editor and founder of the Omaha Bee went to sleep in Judge Troup's court room on the third floor of the Bee building Thursday night and never awoke.

His dead body was found next morning in a familiar attitude of rest.

Drs. Hoffman and Goetz made an examination and pronounced the cause of death heart failure.

Mr. Rosewater was a little over 65 years old.

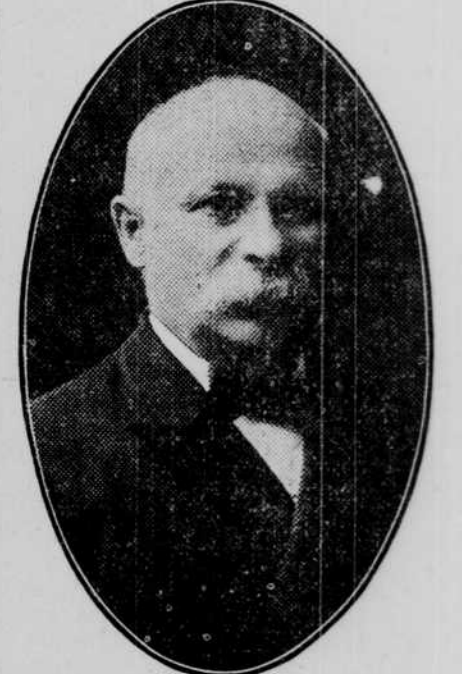
Mr. Rosewater spoke at the Grand Army meeting in Waterloo Thursday afternoon.

He returned, cheerful and in apparently usual health, by the 7 o'clock train.

He went up to his office and was busy until 6 o'clock, when he went to his home and ate dinner.

About 7 o'clock he left his home and returned to the Bee building. After he entered he was seen alive by only one person, Mary Clark, janitor of the third floor.

He shook hands with her, and she



Edward Rosewater.

remarked: "This is the first time I have seen you, sir, since you came back from Europe."

Mr. Rosewater replied that he had been very busy and had not gotten about much in the city. This meeting was in the corridor outside of the court room.

Mrs. Rosewater did not miss Mr. Rosewater when he did not come home for he was often engaged in his office until very late in the night.

She went to bed and left the light burning. No one missed him until this morning at about 6 o'clock.

Finding the light still burning Mrs. Rosewater became alarmed and telephoned to Victor Rosewater, asking if he knew where his father could be.

The alarm was sounded and T. W. McCullough, Chief Donahue and others were sent for. The police detectives were sent out in every direction and a search was made.

No one thought of the court room until Judge Troup came down and opened his office at 9 o'clock.

Judge Troup found Mr. Rosewater reclined at the end of the second bench with his left arm lying along the top of the radiator and his head resting upon it.

The body was in a natural reclining attitude and all those that rushed up to the court room at the news remarked that he had never looked more lifelike and peaceful.

Physicians were called at once, but it was very evident that Mr. Rosewater had been dead some hours.

Mr. Rosewater, before his departure for Rome as the United States postal delegate, had been in a rather low condition.

He was not ill enough ever to be in bed, and with his great energy probably kept about and attended to his affairs, where another man might have given up and taken a much-needed rest.

The senatorial campaign made a great amount of work, but Mr. Rosewater's nature was such that it had a stimulating effect upon him, and until the ballot was reached he did not feel the exhaustion of the campaign until it was all over.

Charley Rosewater, a son, who is absent at Lenox, Mass., has been notified of the death of his father.

N. P. Feil, a son-in-law, at Cleveland, O., also has been wired and these two will inform the friends and relatives in the east.

Ultimatum to the Packers.

WASHINGTON — Nothing short of the placing on meat products of labels which will not deceive the public was the ultimatum which Secretary Wilson delivered to forty representatives of various packing houses here. Hereafter, if the packers want their goods accepted for interstate shipment, the packages must bear labels more specific than those used hitherto. It will not do, for instance, to state merely that a package contains sausage. The label must distinctly describe the article.

Soldiers Going to Study.

WASHINGTON — Forty enlisted men from various army posts throughout the eastern part of the United States will be ordered by the War department in Washington in a short time for instruction in taking finger prints and in photography, preparatory to carrying out the new identification plans for the army. It is the purpose to have at least one man at every post who is familiar with the finger print and photographic work. Men detailed to Washington will remain a week.