

THE INVENTIONS OF HAWKINS

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

THE GASOWASHINE.

The name and the precise location of the hotel are immaterial. If you happened to be there that night you know very nearly all that occurred; if not, you have in all probability never heard of it, for I understand that the proprietors took every precaution against publicity.

Let it suffice, then, that the hotel is a prominent and fashionable one, located somewhere between the Battery and the Bronx, and that Hawkins and I sat at a table in the restaurant on that particular evening and feasted.

The inventor had called at my office and dragged me away to dine with him, rather to my surprise, for I believed him to be somewhere in the south with his wife.

You see, after a certain explosion in their home, a month or two of reconstruction had been necessary; and I opine that Mrs. Hawkins had thought best to remove her husband while the repairs were being made. If he had been there it is dollars to doughnuts he would have invented a new brick-layer or a novel plastering machine and wrecked the whole place anew.

It was in reply to my query as to his presence in New York that Hawkins said:

"Well, you know, Griggs, it impressed me as very foolish from the first—that idea of my wife's of getting out of town while the place was being rebuilt."

"She may have had her reasons, Hawkins," I suggested.

"Possibly, although I fail to see what they were. When a man's own home is being built—or rebuilt—his place is on the spot, to see that everything is done right. Now, how, for instance, could I, away down in Georgia, know that those workmen were properly fitting up my new workshop?"

"Workshop?" I gasped. "Are you having another one built?"

"Certainly," snapped Hawkins. "I didn't mention it to Mrs. Hawkins, for she seems foolishly set against my continuing my scientific labors. But I fixed it on the sly with the architect. It's all finished now—has been for a week and over—power and everything else."

"Hawkins," I said, sadly, "are you going right on with your experimenting?"

"Of course I am," replied the inventor, rather warmly. "It's altogether beyond your poor little brain, Griggs, but scientific work is the very breath of my life! I can't be happy without it; I'm not going to try. Why, all those seven weeks down south one idea simply roared in my head. I had to come home and perfect it—and I did. I've been in New York nearly three weeks, working on it," concluded Hawkins, complacently.

"And you've managed to perfect another accused—" I began.

Just then I ceased speaking and watched Hawkins. His ears had pricked up like a horse's. I, too, listened and heard what seemed to be a heavy automobile outdoors; at any rate, it was the characteristic chug-chug-chug of a touring car, and nowadays a commonplace sound enough.

But it affected Hawkins deeply. An ecstatic smile overspread his face, and he drew in his breath with a long, happy:

"A-a-a-a-a-ah!"

"Been buying a new auto, Hawkins?" I asked, carelessly.

"Auto be hanged!" replied the inventor, energetically. "Do you imagine that an automobile is making that noise? I guess not! That's my new invention, Griggs!"

"What!" I cried. "Here? In this hotel?"

"Right here in this hotel—right under our feet," said Hawkins, proudly. "That noise comes from the Hawkins Gasowashine!"

I think I stared open-mouthed at Hawkins for a moment or two; I know that I leaned back and shook with as violent mirth as might be permitted in so solemnly proper a resort.

"Well, does that impress you as particularly humorous?" demanded Hawkins, angrily.

"Hawkins," I said, "why don't you start in and write nonsense verse? There's a fortune waiting for you!"

"I must say, Griggs," rejoined the inventor, sourly, "that you have very little comprehension of the advertising value of a good name. Who under the sun would ever remember the Hawkins Gasowashine Washing Machine, if they saw it in a magazine? But—the Gasowashine!"

"Of course. It's the one perfect contrivance for washing and drying dishes; and let me tell you the basic principle of that machine breathes genius, if I do say it. Why, Griggs, just think! You can pile in 300 or 400 dishes, simply start the motor, and then sit down while the clean, dry dishes are piled neatly on the table."

"And they're really using it here?" I asked, wondering.

"Well, they're going to use it," said Hawkins, rising. "I have consented to allow them to try my model. It arrived here just before we did."

"Hawkins, have we been sitting right over that thing all this time?"

"Don't try to be comic, Griggs," said the inventor, briskly. "I'm going down to see who's fooling with that motor. It should not have been touched, although I must say it's a satisfaction to sit in a first-class place

like this and hear my own machinery running. Are you coming?"

I will admit that I was curious about the contrivance. I followed Hawkins through the crowded dining-room to a door in the back.

Then, dodging a dozen hurrying waiters, we made our way down an incline into the kitchen and through that apartment, past steam tables and ranges, and pots and kettles and other paraphernalia of the cuisine.

At the further end of the room stood a massive affair of oak. It looked, as nearly as it resembled any other thing on earth, like a piano box; but on each side, near the top, was a huge fly-wheel, the two being apparently fastened to the ends of an axle.

For the rest of the mechanism, it was all concealed. I rightly surmised the monstrosity to be the Gasowashine. The fly-wheels were revolving slowly, and this seemed to irritate Hawkins.

"Good evening, Mr. Macdougall," he said, to a puzzled looking gentleman,

the Gasowashine upside down, allow it to rest upon the fly-wheels, which keep on revolving, of course, and steer it wherever I desired."

"And so you might go a little better and put on a saddle and a steering wheel and take a ride across the park while you were washing dishes?" I suggested, somewhat to the manager's amusement.

"Possibly you think it's impracticable?" Hawkins rapped out. "Perhaps you don't realize that there's a five-horsepower motor running that?"

"There, there, Hawkins," I said, soothingly, "if you say that wash-washine is good for a trans-kitchen or a trans-cantonal tour, I'll take your word for it."

"You don't have to!" cried the inventor, wrathfully. "I demonstrate it. See here, you!"

To this a corpulent French gentleman in white, who had just flipped an omelette to a platter and sent it upon its way. "Come and give me a hand here. Just help turn this thing over."

"Comme cela?" inquired the astonished cook, making pantomime with his hands.

"Exactly. That's right. Catch hold of the other side and don't let go until I tell you."

The cook complied. Really, the Gasowashine seemed to turn more easily than might have been expected from its huge bulk.

A strain or two, a puffed command from Hawkins, an ominous sliding about of hidden dishes, and the machine lurched forward, poised a moment on its edge, and turned quite gently, so that the wheels approached the floor.

"Now, easy! Easy!" cried Hawkins. "Don't let the wheels down until I tell you, and don't let go till I give the word. Now down! Down! Gently."

The cook seemed to be feeling for a new grip.

"Here! What are you doing?" cried the inventor. "Don't touch any of those handles!"

"It is that I seek a place for my hand," murmured the cook apologetically.

"Well, find it and let her down. Go your grip!"

"Aha! I have eet!" announced the Frenchman, clutching one of the brass knobs.

"All right. Down!"

Down went the Gasowashine. And a very small fraction of one second later things began to happen.

Each of Hawkins' inventions possesses a latent devil. You have only to brush against the handle or the valve or the string, or whatever it may be that connects him with the other world and the demon awakes.

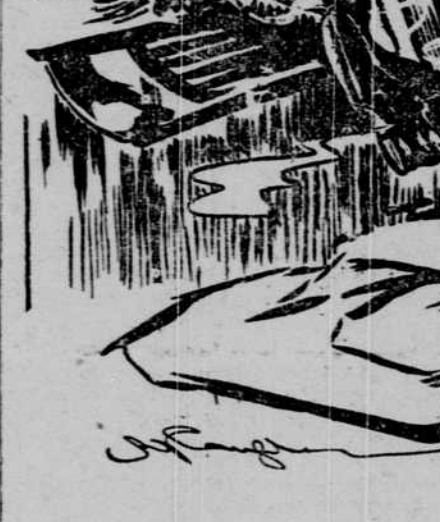
In this case, the cook must have pinched the tail of the devil of the Gasowashine, for he sprang into action with a rush.

"Is it to release the hold?" asked the Frenchman as the wheels touched the floor.

"No, not till I—hey!" cried Hawkins, starting back in amazement.

"Our—dishes!" ejaculated the manager breathlessly.

The Gasowashine and the cook were traveling across the kitchen together. The Frenchman, with remarkable presence of mind, was behind the machine and dragging back with all his might; but as well could he have hauled to a standstill the locomotive of the Empire State Express.



"I shall let it go? Yes?"

"Let it smash!" roared the manager. "Throw it over, Henri!"

"But I cannot," gasped the Frenchman as the Gasowashine set its wheels upon the incline.

"Here! Somebody get in front of that thing!" commanded Macdougall. "Don't let it go up. Knock it over!"

"If you knock that over!" stormed Hawkins, springing to the side of his contrivance and feeling excitedly for the valve which should shut off the supply of gasoline.

Two or three waiters, having in mind that their jobs depended upon Macdougall's approbation rather than Hawkins' strove to obey the former's injunction. They ran to the fore-end of the Gasowashine and seized it and pushed back upon it sideways.

And did the Gasowashine mind? Hardly.

It bowled the first man over so neatly that he fell squarely beneath one of his fellows, who was descending loaded with dishes. It rolled one of its wheels across the toes of the next antagonist, and drew from him a shriek which sent people in the dining room to their feet.

After that coup, the Gasowashine had things all its own way on the incline.

The French cook still maintained his hold. Hawkins pranced along side and fumbled feverishly, first with that knob then with this little wheel.

Several of them he managed to move, but to no good end. Whether excitement had confused Hawkins' mind or the details of his invention I cannot say; but certainly, far from controlling the Gasowashine, he made matters worse.

The machine puffed harder, the wheels revolved more rapidly, and the whole affair climbed steadily toward the dining room, dragging the tenacious cook along the incline in a sitting posture.

Thus was made the first public appearance of the Gasowashine, to the utter amazement of some hundred diners.

Bursting through the doors, it snorted for a moment, and seemed to be considering the long rows of tables before it. Several waiters, gasping with astonishment at the uncouth apparition, ran to check its progress.

That seemed to stir the Gasowashine anew. It emitted a sharp puff of rage and plunged headlong forward.

Hawkins pranced along by its side, half turning as he ran to cry:

"Now, just—make way, ladies and gentlemen, please. It's not at all dangerous. Just make way."

They made way, without losing any undue amount of time.

One or two women fainted unostentatiously.

Most of them, men and women, scrambled away from the main aisle, which seemed to have been selected by the Gasowashine for its further performances.

"Hawkins," I panted when I had managed to regain breath, "why don't you knock the cursed thing over?"

"There, there, there, Griggs," sizzled Hawkins, dashing the perspiration from his eyes. "I've almost control of it now. I'll just shut off this—"

He gave a powerful twist at one of the handles.

"That'll—" he began.

"Puff!" roared the Gasowashine, rearing up and lunging wildly from side to side for a moment.

Then it started down the aisle in earnest. Bang! Bang! Bang! echoed from the crockery inside. Puff! Puff! Puff! said the motor, driving its hardest.

"Ceil!" walled the cook. "I shall let it go? Yes?"

"No!" shouted Hawkins, running behind the unhappy man. "In just a second it'll—"

It did, although not perhaps what Hawkins expected.

I saw a little door in the side of the infernal machine flip open. I perceived a shower of finely subdivided crockery hanging over the cook for a moment.

Then the bits of china and some two or three gallons of greasy water descended upon the Frenchman and the door flipped to once more. The Gasowashine had dislodged the cook and was free to pursue its wanderings unhindered.

And certainly it made the most of the opportunity.

For three or four yards it bumped along, ramming its top-heavy nose into the carpet and seeming to become more and more enraged at its slow progress. Then it paused a moment and pawed at the floor with its whizzing wheels.

I fancied that I could upset it then, and sprang forward to do so, regardless of Hawkins.

I might have known better. I was within perhaps ten feet of the Gasowashine when another door, this time a smaller one toward the front, squeaked for a moment and then flew open. Simultaneously a bolt of something white shot forth and made for my head.

Regardless of appearances, I dropped flat to the floor and wriggled out of the danger zone.

When I arose, I realized what new disaster had taken place. It was the 60 yards of dish-towel this time!

Presumably a roller had smashed and released the thing, at any rate, there it was, yard after yard of it, trailing after the Gasowashine as it thumped energetically toward the street door.

And that was not the worst. The end of the toweling entwined itself about one of the dining tables and held there. The table went over, collided with the next and emptied that, too.

Then the next followed and the next, each new crash echoed by the frightened squeals of the guests, now lined up against the opposite walls.

The tenth table, with its load of crockery and glassware, had been sent to destruction before Macdougall, the manager, finally gained the dining room. Tears rose to his eyes as he made a rapid survey of the havoc, but he kept his wits and shouted:

"Knock it over! Somebody knock it

over!" A big military-looking man in evening clothes sprang forward. I offered a prayer for him and held my breath. He rushed to the Gasowashine, seized it with his mighty arms, and gave a shove.

"M-m-m-mister," quavered Hawkins, wriggling from under one of the tables, "don't do that! The g-g-g-gasowashine tank!"

But it was done. With a dull crash, the only perfect machine for washing and drying dishes fell to its side. The big man smiled at it.

And then—well, then a sheet of flame seemed to envelope the unfortunate. A heavy boom shook the apartment, the big glass door splintered musically and fell inward, the lights in that end of the room were extinguished.

Then followed the screams of the terrified guests, the patter of numberless fragments of crockery and countless drops of filthy dishwater as they reached the floor. And then the big man picked himself up some 20 feet from the spot where he had dared the wrath of the Gasowashine.

And Hawkins standing majestically in the wreck of a table, with one foot in a salad bowl and the other oozing nesselrode pudding, while an unbroken stream of mayonnaise dressing meandered down the back of his coat—Hawkins, standing thus, shook his fist at the big man and, above the turmoil shouted at him:

"I told you so!"

Such was the fate of the first, last and only Gasowashine.

Bellboys, clerks and waiters pelted with hand grenades its smoldering remains and squirted chemical fire extinguishers upon it; but the Gasowashine's day was done. Its turbulent spirit had passed to another sphere.

Later, when some measure of order had been restored to the dining room, when the door had been boarded up and the inquisitive police satisfied and the street crowd dispersed; and when a sympathetic waiter had partially cleansed Hawkins, and that gentleman had suggested that he might as well depart, he received a peremptory invitation to call upon the proprietor in his private office.

The proprietor was a calm, cold man. He viewed Hawkins with an inscrutable stare for some time before he spoke.

"I hardly know, Mr. Hawkins," he said at last, "whom to blame for this."

"Well, I know! That hulking lummox who knocked over my—"

"At any rate, the machine was yours. I fear you will have to pay for the damage."

"I will, eh?" blustered Hawkins. "Well, I told your man Macdougall that if one dish was broken I'd pay for it. Here's the dollar for the dish! Come, Griggs."

"Um-um. So you refuse to settle?" smiled the proprietor.

"Absolutely and positively!" declared Hawkins.

"Well, I think that, pending a suit for damages, I can have you held on a charge of disorderly conduct," mused the calm man. "Mr. Macdougall, will you kindly call an officer?"

Hawkins wilted at that. His check-book came forth, and the string of figures he was compelled to write made my heart bleed.

When he had exchanged the slip for a receipt, Hawkins and I made for the side door and slunk into the light.

The Gasowashine, I presumed, or such combustible fragments as remained, found an inglorious grave next day in the ranges of the same kitchen which had witnessed the start of its short little life.

Peat cardboard is comparatively a new product. For many years experiments in making this much-used article from peat were tried without success, but about three years ago an Austrian inventor obtained patents for a process which did not necessitate the use of chemicals and did not require the boiling of the "half stuff." A company was formed in this country, a plant was erected among

the peat beds of Michigan and large quantities of the paper (boxboard) are being turned out. The machine room contains a 120-inch five-cylinder machine, with 14 drivers, and the heater room contains four 1,500-pound heaters. No refiners are used. Paper can be and is produced in two hours from the time the peat is dug out of the ground and it is declared to be of a superior quality. It is of a brown

color, is odorless, not as brittle as strawboard, and resists moisture to a greater degree. The peat paper is made in practically the same way as strawboard, the patent being upon the process for reducing the peat to a workable pulp.

We hear of a great many "coming men," but most of them vitantly miss connections.

A peculiar nauseating odor, unlike anything encountered in mines in Montana, leads Mr. Strong to believe that further along his workings he will encounter either mummies or a charnel-house. The knife will be sent to the Smithsonian institute at Washington.

Local archeologists believe that Mr. Strong has stumbled upon the ancient burying ground of those van-

ished races whose traces are seen in southern Colorado, in Wyoming and in western Nebraska, and to study whose forts and buried cities an expedition from the University of Nebraska is soon to leave for Wyoming. —Salt Lake Tribune.

It may be that a woman changes her mind oftener than a man because it needs changing oftener.

What a difficult job the dramatist has, to be sure! It is always necessary for him to make the hero fall in love with the girl early in the first act, and the must, of course, return his love without letting him know it at the same time being careful to make the matter plain to the audience. After it has become evident to everybody but the girl that the man is ready to sacrifice even his life for her sake and when everybody but the hero knows that the heroine is dying for him she proceeds somewhat after this style:

ACT I.
He—Ah, Miss DeLancey, there is in my heart something that—but, no! I must not. I cannot!

She—Oh—Arch—I mean Mr. Spriggs, if I could only confide in you—but, hark! There is my aunt.

He—And must we part forever?

She—Forever—unless—but I must not say the words that are struggling for utterance upon my lips.

He—If I only dared; if I only had the right to—

She—Yes, yes; go on.

He—No; it cannot—I cannot!

She—Ah, well, then, let us say good-bye forever.

He—No, no, no! Not forever! Don't say that.

She—But why should you care whether it is for—ever or not?

He—You are going to marry Duncan Dingleblatt. Ah, well, so be it. I will go out into the world alone—and—and—but why should I bore you by standing here and telling you of my intentions? I will go now.

She—No, no, please don't—that is, if you must be going, good-bye.

(He impulsively catches up one of her hands, kisses it and exists.)

ACT II.
He—Miss DeLancey! Why, what brings you here?

She—Papa and I are making a trip around the world. How good it seems to meet you.

He—Thank you for saying that. Ah, if I only dared to tell you that which—but no, no, no! It cannot be.

She—You cannot know how happy it has made me to meet—dear me? What am I saying? I met Miss Friberson in Paris.

He—Don't—don't mention that woman's name to me.

She—But you love her and—

He—No, a thousand times no! If she were the last woman in the world I would scorn her!

She—Oh, if I could only believe that what you say is—but no, no! I must put all that out of my heart forever. Good-bye.

He—Stay! I cannot let you go. I will speak! And yet—ah, I have not the right to say these things to you. Duncan Dingleblatt's ring is gleaming upon your finger, and—I will speak! I must tell you what is in my—courses! There comes your aunt! But I will not be denied the right to tell you of my—my (he makes a leap, lands at her feet and kisses the hem of her skirt) to tell you of my—but no! It is my fate to be compelled to remain silent.

She (sobbing)—Good—good-bye forever. And when you and Henrietta Friberson are man and wife—I hope you may be very happy. (Curtain.)

ACT III.
He has changed his clothes and now wears the garb of a tailor. She is sitting on the southeast handle of a wheelbarrow, musing. Suddenly she stops, evidently greatly surprised at her presence.

He—You here-r-re?

She—Oh! how you frightened me. I am so glad to see you. Ah, if I could only tell you how glad I am—but I must not say such things to you. When did you return to America?

He—Immediately after we met in Naples. I have been out west trying—trying to—

She—Trying to what?

He—Trying to forget.

She—But why should you want to forget?

He—N' ah-h-h! Can you ask me that?

She—I suppose it was very hard for you to give up Miss Friberson.

He—Why do you insist on mentioning that woman to me? I never cared for her.

She—Oh, if I could only believe—but there! It is all over. Ah, well! I shall die an old maid.

He—Don't—don't say these words. Olivia—pardon me—Miss DeLancey, I—I—there is something that I have wished to—say to you—something that—but, ah no! I'm a fool to stand here talking this way. Pardon me if—I have—oh, good-bye, Miss DeLancey. But remember that if you ever need a friend I will be ready to do anything you may ask of me.

She—You are so good. I am afraid I don't deserve your kindness. Oh, if—if—but no! It cannot be. Did you know that Duncan Dingleblatt and Miss Friberson were married?

(He leaps half-way across the stage and catches her in his arms.)

He—Married? Then he is not to you for his wife, after all?

She—Me? Why, I thought you knew there never was any truth in that silly gossip.

He—Olivia! Darling! I love you!

She—And I love you, Arthur, with all my soul.

He—Ah, my sweetheart. At last—at last!

(Curtain.)

—Chicago Record-Herald.

RELICS OF PREHISTORIC PEOLPE.

B. B. Strong, who is working a mine near Anaconda, Mont., brought into that city a knife of stone, carved with beads of animals, unearthed 65 feet from the mouth of a tunnel driven into a hill 200 feet from the peak. Mr. Strong also found, near the knife, a huge stone, in the shape of a altar, and believed to have been the sacrificial stone of a prehistoric people.

FACTS IN THE CASE.

Singleton—A sensible girl is apt to request the young man she is engaged to not to spend so much money on her. Mrs. Wedderly—Yes; but she doesn't have occasion to make such a request after marriage.—Chicago Daily News.

HUSH MONEY.

"I give you this, you understand, as hush money," the senator whispered. And handing the drugist a quarter he took up the bottle of soothing sirup and uptied out.

MAKING PAPER FROM PEAT.

DANGER IN THE COLD BATH.

Should Never Be Indulged In Unless the Person Is in Good Physical Condition.

In a suggestive article on bathing, a doctor gives some hints which should never be forgotten and which are of interest to those who have long known them as well as to those who have not. Here are a few excerpts:

Should one feel chilled after a cold bath and the following hard rub, that person must realize that cold baths are bad.

There is really no way I can suggest that a person can tell whether or not cold baths are good for him, except by the glow and bodily warmth that should follow. I think if the finger nails look blue and the body is covered with gooseflesh after the bath that it is too strenuous, says the physician.

As to the method of taking baths, I believe that a needle, shower or bath sponge is best, for few are strong enough to stand a plunge, and as to sitting or lying in a tub of cold water, I would say unhesitatingly that it is unwise, for it takes too much animal heat and results in a loss of energy that is unnecessary. Frequently those who are not strong enough to take a cold water bath as it comes from the spigot will find it immensely beneficial when a bag of salt is placed in the tub; or by taking the chill off with the addition of warm water, the bath will still be practically cold, for the temperature will be much cooler than the body.

Cold baths should, as a rule, be taken only in the morning directly after rising, unless a person is very warm and wants a cold tub on a hot day or in a few cases of extreme fatigue. When very warm I would suggest that the individual wait until the perspiration is entirely dried on

the body before getting into the water. For the shock to the nerves and the rapidity with which the blood is drawn to the surface of the skin by the cold is not good. This same rule applies to salt water bathing. And many persons who jump into the surf when very warm and covered with perspiration often wonder why they feel nauseated after they have been in a few minutes.

One of the most refreshing baths I have ever taken is a combination of the cupful of elder vinegar and cold water. If it is not too cold I would suggest lying in it from five to ten minutes when particularly fatigued, for the reaction is remarkable.

There is this to be guarded against in cold water bathing, that it is not to be done unless the person is physically fit, never when the thought of the cold on the body brings a shiver or if one feels weak. At such times a bath in tepid water will be far better and will have no bad results, as the cold one might.

A Soothing Remedy.

There is something infinitely soothing in massage for tired eyes when rightly applied. All that is needed is the power of using the fingers with infinite gentleness. The lids are closed and the "masseur" using two or three fingers passes them above and below the lashes from the inner corner of the eye outward. The movement may be followed by strokes over each eyebrow.

A quick bath is the best remedy in the world for lassitude, a fit of the blues, headaches and a lot of minor ills. There is nothing so conducive to a clear skin, for by stimulating all the pores all over the body loss of the impurities of the skin are sent out through the more sensitive glands of the face. Beauty baths of milk and rose petals and all that sort of thing is the greatest kind of flubdub.

THE LOVE INTEREST.

By S. E. KISER.

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