

THE INVENTIONS OF HAWKINS

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

THE CROOK TRAP.

Hawkins and his wife had been just one month in their new house.

My memory on that point is particularly clear, for the Executive Committee of the Ladies' Missionary Society met at Hawkins' home the very day they moved in officially; and it had been hanging over me, more or less, that the next assembly of that body was to be held at my own residence.

Not that I am in any way unsympathetic as to church work and benighted savages and such matters; but when half a dozen women get together and discuss a few heathen and a great many hats and similar things, the solitary man in the house is apt to feel—

At any rate, when I saw Mrs. Hawkins enter my door that evening, the first of the Executive Committee to arrive, I experienced a sinking sensation for the moment. Then I secured my hat, mumbled a few excuses, and disappeared, to see how Hawkins was spending the evening.

The inventor himself answered my ring. "Ah, Griggs," he remarked. "Committee talk you out of the house?" "Something of the sort," I admitted.

"Glad you came in. There's something I want to—but hang up your hat."

"Hawkins," I said, closing the door, "why do you pay a large overfed English gentleman to stand around the premises if it's necessary for you to answer the bell? I'm not much on style, you know, but—"

"William? Oh, it's his night out," laughed Hawkins. "I believe the cook and the girls have gone, too, for that matter."

"Then we're altogether alone?" "Yes," said the inventor, comfortably, pushing forward one of the big library chairs for my accommodation, "all alone in the house."

"And it's a mighty nice house," I mused, gazing into the next apartment, the dining-room. "That's a splendid room, Hawkins."

"Isn't it?" smiled Hawkins, drawing back the heavy curtains rather proudly. "Most of the little wrinkles are my own ideas, too."

"That sideboard?" I asked, indicating a frail-looking but artistic bit of furniture built into the wall. "That, too—combination of sideboard and silver-safe."

"Safe!" I laughed. "You don't keep the silver in there?" "Why not?"

"My dear man, anyone could pry that door off with a penknife." "Admitted. But supposing your 'anyone' to be a burglar, he'd have to get to the door before he could pry it off, would he not, Griggs?"

"Burglars do not, as a rule, find great difficulty in entering the average house," I suggested.

"Aha! That's just it—the average house!" cried the inventor. "This isn't the average house, Griggs. The burglar who tries to get into this particular house is distinctly up against it!"

"Indeed?" "Yes, sir! The crook that attempts a nocturnal entrance here has my sincere and heartfelt sympathy."

"Hawkins' Patent Automatic Burglar Alarm?" I suggested. "What the deuce are you sneering at?" snapped the inventor. "No, there's no patent burglar alarm in this house."

"Hawkins' Steel Dynamite-Proof Shutters?" Hawkins ignored the remark and busied himself lighting a cigar.

"Hawkins' Triple-Expansion Spring-Gun?" I hazarded once more. "Oh, drop it! Drop it!" cried Hawkins. "Positively, Griggs, your efforts at humor disgust one. In some ways, you are as bad as a woman. Go back and sit with the Executive Committee."

"What's the connection?" "Why, the thing I expected to show you in a few minutes is the very same one which my wife fought against for two weeks, before she let me put it into operation peacefully!"

Hawkins burst out. "There's where the connection comes in between your degenerate little wits and those of the generality of women."

"If it was an invention, I don't blame your wife one little bit, Hawkins," I said. "I can see just how she must have felt about—"

"There's the evening paper, if you want to read," spat forth the inventor, poking the sheet across the library table.

Therewith he turned his back squarely upon me and settled down to a book.

Hawkins was sitting near the window—in fact, his chair brushed the hangings. As I sat gazing pensively at the back of his neck, a sudden breeze swayed the curtains above him.

There was an undue amount of swishing overhead, it seemed to me. Something near the top of the window, and concealed by the hangings, rattled distinctly; simultaneously a gag struck sharply somewhere upstairs.

Hawkins whirled about, a most remarkable expression on his lately sulen countenance. As nearly as I could analyze it, it was a mixture of joy, excitement and trembling expectancy. "One!" he exclaimed.

The bell struck again. "Two!" cried Hawkins. "By Jove! That's—"

Crash! Out of the curtains something something dropped heavily on the inventor!

For an instant it held the appearance of a grain sack, but there was something distinctly solid about it, too, for it dealt Hawkins a resounding whack upon his cranium before it rolled to the floor.

"Phew!" he gasped, sinking back into his chair caressing the bump with an unsteady hand. "That—that did startle me, Griggs!"

"I shouldn't wonder," I smiled. "What on earth did you have concealed up there?"

"Aha! You'd never guess," remarked Hawkins, his ill-humor departed. "No, I don't believe I should," I mused, staring at the pile of canvas on the floor. "Did the painters leave it?"

"They did not," replied Hawkins, coldly. "That, Griggs, is the Hawkins Crook-Trap!"

"Hawkins-Crook-Trap!" I repeated. "That's what I said," pursued the gentleman. "Possibly—now—it may not be past your understanding to grasp why I feel so secure about that flimsy little silver-safe."

"I think I see. The burglar, presumably, comes in at the window, is knocked senseless by your trap, and next morning you find and capture him as you go down to breakfast?"

"Nothing of the sort. Look here," Hawkins picked up the affair.

"About 20 windows to the average house," I murmured. "Two thousand dollars for—"

"Well, it won't cost a tenth of that when I'm having the parts turned out in quantities," cried Hawkins, with considerable heat. "Why under the sun do you always try to throw a wet blanket over everything? Suppose it does cost \$2,000 to equip a house with my crook-trap? If a man has \$10,000 worth of silverware, he'll be willing enough to spend—"

I laughed. It wasn't meant for a nasty laugh at all—it was simply amusement at the inventor's emotionalism. But it riled Hawkins.

"Where the devil does the joke come in?" he thundered. "If I—"

"Hush!" I cried. "I won't hush! I—"

"Two!" I counted. "Be quiet." Hawkins calmed down on the instant.

"Was—was it the bell?" he whispered. Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

The gong upstairs had chimed six times and stopped.

I stared at Hawkins, and Hawkins at me, and the inventor's countenance went white.

Far above, the evening calm was disturbed by a stamping and threshing noise, punctuated now and then by a muffled shout.

"There!" cried the inventor. There was a wealth of satisfaction in that one word.

"Well, somebody's caught," I said. "You bet he is!" replied Hawkins, with a nervous chuckle. "Six bells—that's the top story back—one of the

Hawkins opened the door very gently.

Inside, the room was dark—not pitch dark, but that semi-gloom of a city room whose only light comes from an arc lamp half a block away.

The air was heavy and sickening with the fumes of chloroform. They fairly sent my head a-reeling, but their effect upon the burglar seemed to have been nil.

Over by the window a huge form was hurling itself to and fro, from wall to wall and back again, in the frantic endeavor to gain freedom. The bag enveloped his head and shoulders, but a mighty pair of arms within the bag were straining and tearing at the fabric, and a couple of long, muscular legs kicked madly at everything within reach.

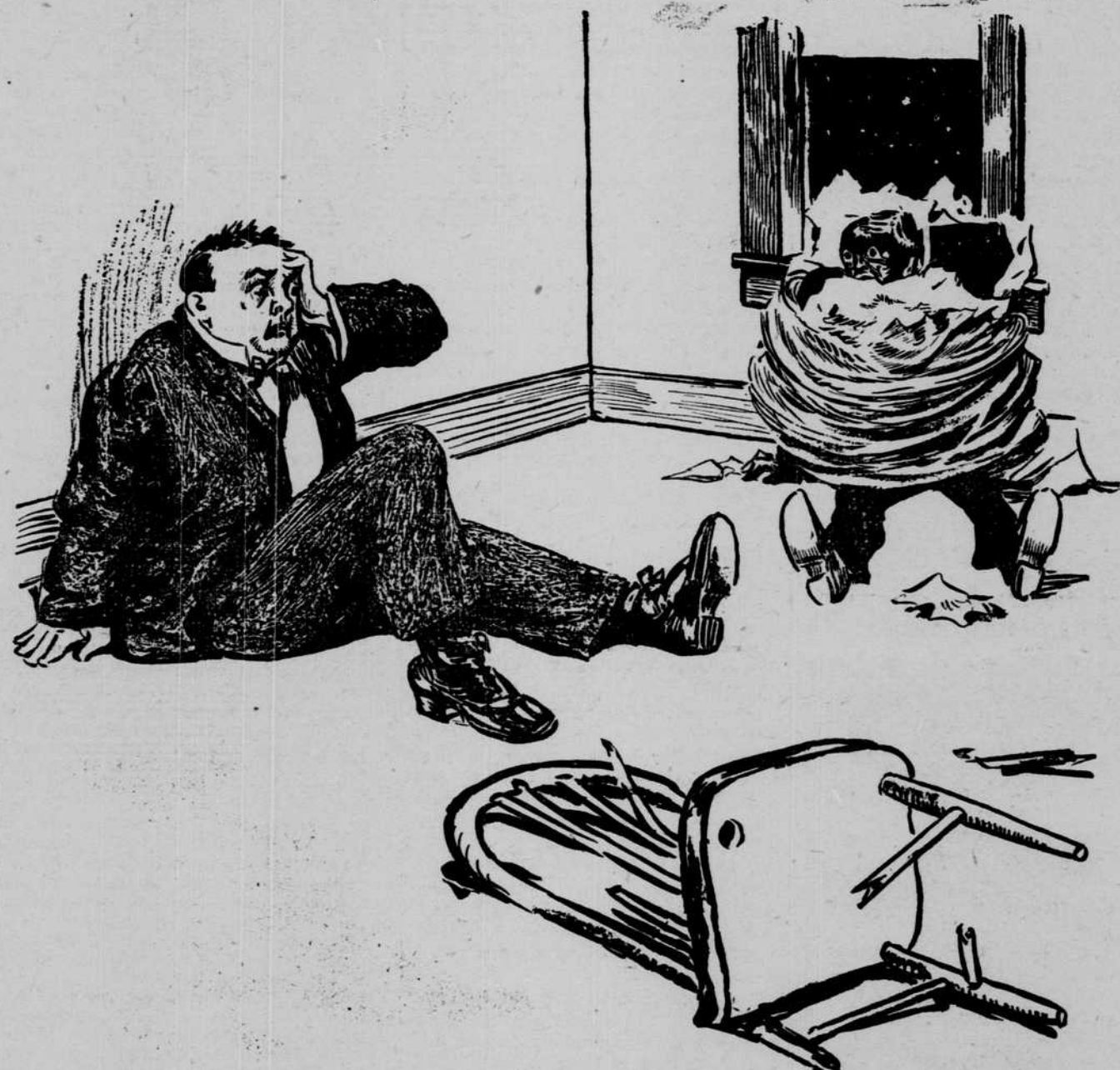
One the whole, the scene was a bit too gruesome to be humorous. As a rule I can see the funny side of Hawkins' doings; but the fun departed from this particular mess at the thought of what would happen when the colossus finally emerged from the bag and commenced operations upon Hawkins and myself—neither of us athletes.

"He's caught, isn't he, Griggs?" stammered Hawkins, clutching my arm. "For the moment," I replied. "But come—let's get an officer. If that canvas gives—"

"Gives!" sneered the inventor. "Why that canvas—"

"Gawd! If I gets yer!" screamed the man in the bag.

"Oh, great Caesar!" gulped Hawkins. "It's—it's getting horrible, isn't it?"



"Mr.—Awwkins!" Gasped the Butler.

As he grasped the end, the thing hung downward and showed itself to be a long canvas bag, fully large enough to contain the upper half of the average man. It was distended, too, by ribs, and appeared to be of considerable weight.

"There she is—just a bag, telescoped and hung on a frame above the window. The burglar steps in, the bag is released, drops over him, these circular steel ribs contract and clutch his arms like a vise—and there you are! How's that for an idea, Griggs?"

"Looks good," I assented. "Moreover, the same spring which releases the ribs breaks a bottle of chloroform," continued the inventor, enthusiastically. "It runs into a hood, is pressed against the burglar's nose, and two minutes later the man is stark and stiff on the floor!"

"Meanwhile the annunciator bell tells me what window has been opened. I ring up the police—and it's all over with the man who tries to break in."

"It sounds all right," I admitted. "Why didn't it do all that just now?"

"Just now? Oh—you mean—just now?" stammered the inventor. "Well, it did do practically all of that, didn't it? The window wasn't opened, anyway—it was the breeze that knocked down the thing. Furthermore, the ones on this floor aren't adjusted yet—I only got them from the fellow who made them to-day."

"But up-stairs they're all fixed—chloroform and all, ready for the burglar. I tell you, Griggs, when this crook-trap of mine is on every window in New York city, there's be a sensation in criminal circles!"

"Very likely. How much does it cost?"

"Well—or well it cost me about—er—\$100 a window, Griggs, but—"

"Aha! I heard yer then, ye cur!" roared the captive.

Hawkins' hand on my arm shook violently.

"We—we'll have to do something with him," he whispered. "What shall it be? We've got to subdue him, somehow or other."

"Why not let the chloroform work while we go out and get a couple of policemen?"

"Well, you see, it doesn't seem to be working, Griggs. Don't know why, but—phew! Did you hear that rip?"

I had heard it. I had also seen the silhouette of a long arm appear against the dim light of the window.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Hawkins. "It's given somewhere! We'll have to squelch him now inside of ten seconds—or what the deuce shall I do, Griggs?"

"Take a chair and stun him," I replied. And personally I don't care for the job."

"Well—somebody's got to do something," groaned the inventor, seizing one of the bedroom chairs. "If ever he gets loose—say, where are you going, Griggs?"

"Just into the hall," I said. "I'm going to light the gas and watch the battle from a safe distance."

Hawkins clutched his chair and stared at me like a man in a nightmare. His expression reminded me of the day when, as a boy on the farm, I took the hatchet and started out to kill my first chicken. I felt just as Hawkins looked that evening in the dark doorway of the bedroom.

"D'ye suppose it'll kill him?" he choked. "Griggs, do you think—"

A long rip resounded from the darkness. A triumphant shout followed. Hawkins turned swiftly, raised his chair, and darted toward the man in the bag.

There was a crash, a shout, a dull blow, and a heavy fall—and just then I managed to light the gas.

Literally, I caught my breath and rubbed my eyes. For a few seconds the scene dumfounded me past action; but shortly I hurried into the apartment and struck another light.

Hawkins was stretched upon the floor groaning. His entire face seemed to have suffered violent impact with some unyielding body, and both hands covered his nose, from which the life-blood flowed freely.

And across the room, sitting against the wall, his large person decorated by sundry steel hoops and shreds of canvas, sat—William, the Hawkins' butler, staring dazedly into space!

"Oh, Griggs, Griggs, Griggs!" moaned the inventor. "Come quick! Get my wife! I'm done for this time! He's finished me!"

"Hawkins!" I cried, shaking him. "Did he—"

"Never mind him—let him escape," replied Hawkins, faintly. "Just get my wife before I go. Good-by, old friend, good-by."

"Mr.—Awwkins!" gasped the butler, his senses returning.

"What!" shrieked the inventor, sitting bolt upright, black eyes, swelled face, and all completely forgotten. "Is that you, William?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the man. "Was—was it you I hit, sir?"

"Was it?" yelled Hawkins, struggling to his feet. "Look at this face! What the deuce did you mean by it?"

"Beg—beg pardon, sir, but did you—did you sorter strike me with a chair, sir?"

"I—well, yes, William, I did."

"Well, I, not knowing of course as it was you, sir, I sorter hit back. But have you got the thief, sir?"

"The what?"

"Indeed, yes, sir. There's one in the house. I was attacked here—right in this very room. See here, sir, this bag! Just as I opened the window, he kept behind me, sir, threw it over my head, and tried to chloroform me, sir—you can smell it, sir."

"Yes, All right," said Hawkins, briefly, with what must have seemed to the man a strange lack of interest.

"You see, sir, whoever the rascal was, he must 'a' known as I intended going out this evening, sir, and that the house would be empty like. So in he sneaks from the roof, bag and all, and waits. And when I kemp up the stairs, instead of going out, sir—"

"All right. That'll do. I understand," muttered Hawkins. "No one threw a bag over you. It was a new—er—sort of burglar alarm—just had it put up to-day."

"Burglar alarm!" cried the butler, staring at the remnants from which he was slowly extricating himself.

"Yes!" snapped Hawkins. "And don't stand there mumbling over it, William!"

"Yes, sir," said the inventor, "is a—er—twenty-dollar note. You will immediately forget everything that has happened within the last half hour."

"Yes, sir," responded the butler, with a wide smile.

Hawkins led the way down-stairs. In the bathroom he paused to lave his much abused features; and by the time he had finished, my own features had had a chance to regain something like composure.

Once more in the library, which we had deserted some 20 minutes before, Hawkins threw himself rather limply into a chair.

"Well, well, well!" he muttered. "Now, who under the sun could have foreseen that?"

I forebore remarks.

"William ought to be in the prize-ring," continued the inventor, sadly. "But he's a bright chap. He'll keep his mouth shut. Lucky—er—nobody else was in the house, wasn't it?"

"How are you going to account to Mrs. Hawkins for those black eyes?"

"Oh—we can say that we were boxing and you hit me. That's easy."

"She'll believe that, too, Hawkins," I said, gazing at the battered countenance. "You look more as if you'd had a collision with an express train."

"Oh, she'll believe it, all right," said the inventor, cheerily. "For once—just for once, Griggs—something has happened which my better half won't be on to. You'll see I'm right. There isn't a clew."

"And now let's have some of that old Scotch. I feel a little weak."

We loitered into the next apartment—the dining-room. We turned our our footsteps toward the sideboard. We stopped—both of us—as if transformed to stone.

The door was off the silver-safe. The drawers lay about the floor. And the little safe itself was as empty as the day it left the cabinet-maker!

"D-d-d'you see it, too?" cried Hawkins in a scared, husky voice.

"Yes," I replied, stooping to look into the safe. "It must have been a sneak-thief, Hawkins. Every vestige of your beautiful service is gone!"

The inventor glared long at the wreck.

"And now that's got to be explained," he muttered at last, continuing his journey to the sideboard. "How can I get around it?"

He poured out a generous dose of the Scotch, imbibed it at a swallow, and shuffled drearily back to the library, where he dropped once more into a chair and stared through fast-swelling eyes at the glazed first-place.

And I? Well, just then I heard Mrs. Hawkins' step on the vestibule flooring without; she had returned for the minutes of the last meeting.

The bell rang. I walked quickly upstairs to call up the police and notify them. It wasn't my place to answer that bell, with William in the house.

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HE GUARDED JEFF DAVIS.

SOLDIER WHO WATCHED OVER CONFEDERATE PRESIDENT.

Was on Duty at Fortress Monroe When Davis Was a Prisoner There—He Served Thirty Years in the Regular Army.

St. Louis.—S. A. Trask, who recently resigned as assistant marshal of Webster Groves, Mo., and who served many years in the United States regular army, was at one time a guard over Jefferson Davis, the leader of the confederacy, while the latter was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, Va., soon after the close of the civil war.

For 35 years, he has been a wearer of the blue, having served for 30 years in the regular army and for two years and six months served as conductor on the Suburban railway in this city. He has occupied the position he lately resigned for a period of two years and four months.

He removed to St. Louis on his retirement from the army, and has lived here up to the date of his appointment as assistant marshal of Webster Groves, when he moved, with his family, to that place.

Trask participated in many of the most important campaigns and engagements against the hostile tribes of Indians in the west, notably the great winter campaign in the Big Horn country, under Gen. George Crook, and which terminated with the battle of Red Rock Canyon, on the north fork of the Powder River November 25, 1876. In this battle there were engaged from 3,000 to 5,000 Sioux and Cheyennes under White Antelope, and 13,000 cavalry under Col. R. S. MacKenzie. The fight resulted in breaking the spirit of the red men, who had slaughtered Gen. Custer and his brave band.

Trask served under Gen. Crook in Arizona during the campaign of 1872 and 1873, when six months of scouting and skirmishing subdued the Tonto Apaches. His troop, under command of Capt. George Price, was the first that ever succeeded in marching through the Tonto basin, which for ages was the stronghold of the Tontos. He was at Fort Grant, Ariz., when the Tonto chief surrendered to Gen. Crook.

He was also present at Fort Laramie, Wyo., when the great Chief Red Cloud made his last treaty with the government, and was selected as orderly to the Indian commissioner when 3,000 feathered and painted braves, the picked men of the Sioux Nation, came to the fort to listen to the speeches of their chiefs and the commissioner in regard to that treaty.

Scouting, escorting and campaigning took up the first 15 years' service of Mr. Trask, and he can relate many hair-raising incidents in which he participated.

Mr. Trask served 15 years as post quartermaster sergeant. He was appointed from regimental quartermaster sergeant, and was among the first to fill that important position.

He was on duty at Fort Bowie, Ariz., when the noted Chief Geronimo surrendered. He took an important part in that campaign by supplying and issuing stories to the troops on the field.

He was on duty at Fort Abraham Lincoln, N. D., in 1887, and under Lieut. A. C. Sharp, wound up the business of that post after it had been ordered abandoned. He lowered the last flag that floated over that historic post, and has it as a sacred memento.

He was then sent to Fort Bennett, S. D., where he took a similar part in



S. A. TRASK. (An Old Soldier Who Has Remarkable Record.)

the abandonment of that post, and with his family went through some thrilling experiences with the treacherous Mission River and Dakota blizzards.

For his faithful services he was ordered to duty at West Point, where he served for two years and a half in charge of the quartermaster stores. He can relate many interesting anecdotes of that famous military school.

At his own request, he was then ordered to report for duty at Fort Meade, S. D., at that time one of the most important points in the northwest. There he served for five years, and for his faithful service during that time received special mention from the inspector general.

At the close of hostilities with Spain Mr. Trask, having reached the period of 30 years' service, and having a family of interesting children, applied for his retirement from active service. His request was granted, and with his wife and children Mr. Trask came to St. Louis to take up his residence.

Though 58 years old, he is still hale and hearty, and looks as rugged and active as a young soldier.

BEST-GUARDED MAN IN EUROPE

He is "Abdul the Damned," the "Sick Man" of Turkey.

Constantinople.—In the Turkish budget for the coming year several



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY. (Forty-Three Thousand Spies Are Employed to Guard Him.)

million dollars are set aside to provide for the personal security of the sultan, Abdul Hamid. It is well-known to people who have traveled in Turkey that the sultan has at his personal service a regular army of spies

who are said to number 43,000. Three thousand of these are employed near the sultan's palace, while several thousand more are scattered through the capital, some of them making a special object of their espionage the foreign embassies.

All over the Turkish empire are the sultan's spies, scattered so that even high officials do not escape their vigilance. Besides, the bodyguard of the Turkish sovereign, which numbers 35,000 men, is like a living wall which surrounds the sultan in moments of danger. These soldiers are paid between \$40 and \$100 a month.

The sultan leads a very regular life. He rises at five or six every morning, and after a walk in the spacious gardens of his palace he is ready for breakfast, which he generally eats all alone. Osman Effendi, his special secretary, tastes all food before the sultan partakes of it, and he is the only one allowed to be present at the morning meal of the Turkish sovereign.

After breakfast the sultan spends an hour or two in his libraries, of which he possesses four, well stocked with books and manuscripts in all sorts of languages, among which are thousands of works of great value which have never seen the light of publicity.

Cheese and Charity.

"Nothing surprises me any more in the charity line," said a benevolent looking old lady at a guild meeting the other day. "I received my last shock at a recent holiday dinner, arranged by a number of charitably inclined women to entertain the very poor children who had seldom, if ever, had a good square meal."

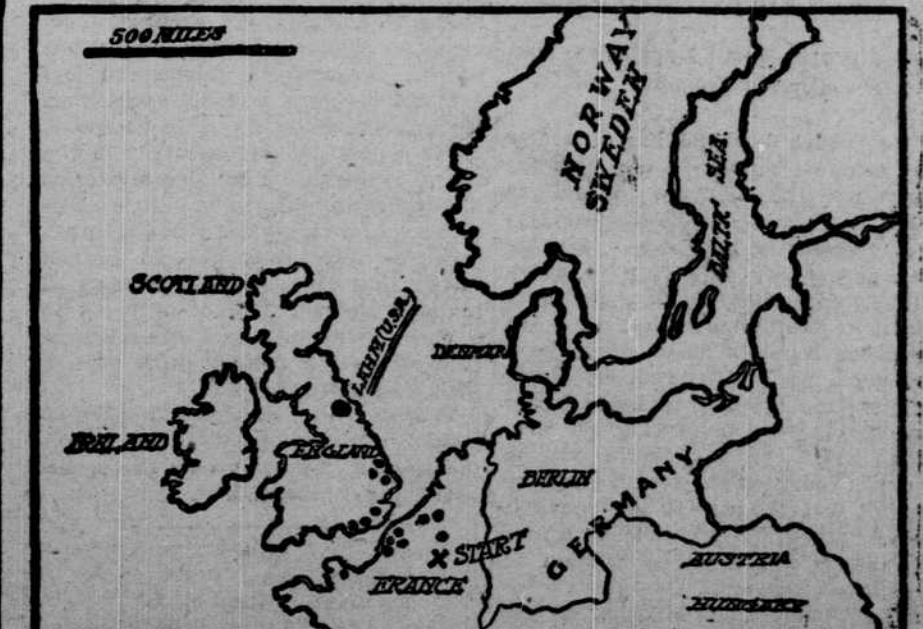
"The feast began with turkey and ended with pumpkin pie, and I stood behind one little, wretched looking girl of eight or thereabouts when the pie was set before her. It was a generous sized piece, and I awaited with pleasure the moment when I should see her enjoying her first mouthful of the luxury. Instead, however, of im-

mediately beginning to eat it, she looked inquiringly all around the table, then looked again at her plate, and finally took her fork, stuck it into the pie, lifted the slice up, gazed searchingly under it, first at the plate and then at the crust, and finally slapped the piece of pie back on the plate again with a most disgusted expression. Then, turning to the girl seated next to her, she exclaimed:

"Where the devil is the cheese?" "Yes, I'm all through. That finished me!"—N. Y. Herald.

The wisest men make mistakes, but they don't waste much time in trying to convince themselves that they were not to blame.

COURSE OF GREAT BALLOON RACE.



The recent great international balloon race was won by Lieut. Labor, United States cavalry, the American contestant, who traveled as far as Hall, England, 500 miles north of Paris, the starting point. The black dots in the map show where the balloons landed.

PROPER CARE OF THE MIND

In a recent Harper's was printed for the first time a charming paper by the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," entitled "Feeding the Mind." It begins:

Breakfast, dinner, tea; in extreme cases breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body? Which of us sees as much for his mind? And

what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means. But life depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men) though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain

shall ensue as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty, and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter.

"Bless me! one would cry, 'I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!'"

"I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have

fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow."

"Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately. I gave it a lot of sugar plums yesterday."

"Ah, I thought so. Now just mind this: If you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days. Take care now! No novels on any account!"