

THE INVENTIONS OF HAWKINS

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

THE CHEMICO-SPRINKLER SYSTEM.

The gathering at the Hawkins' home that night was, I suppose, in the nature of a house-warming. The Blossoms, the Ridgways, the Eldridges, the Gordons were there, in addition to perhaps a dozen and a half other people whom I had never met. Also, Mr. Blodgett was there.

Old Mr. Blodgett is Hawkins' father-in-law. There is a Mrs. Blodgett, too, but she is really too sweet an old lady to be placed in the mother-in-law category.

Blodgett, however, makes up for any deficiencies on his wife's part in the traditional traits. He seems to have analyzed Hawkins with expert care and precision—to have appraised and classified his character and attainments to a nicety.

Consequently, Hawkins and Mr. Blodgett are rarely to be observed wandering hither and thither with their arms about each other's waists. Finally, I was there myself with my wife.

It seems almost superfluous to mention my presence. Wherever Hawkins is on the verge of trouble with one of his contrivances, some esoteric force seems to sweep me along in his direction with resistless energy.

Sometimes I wonder what Hawkins did for a victim before we met—but let that be.

Dinner had been lively, for the guests were mainly young, and the wines such as Hawkins can afford; but when we had assembled in the drawing-room, conversation seemed to slow down somewhat, and to pass over to a languid discussion of the house as a sort of relaxation.

Then it was that a pert miss from one of the Oranges remarked: "Yes, the frescing is lovely—almost all of it. But—whichever could have designed that frieze, Mr. Hawkins?"

"Er—that frieze?" repeated the inventor, a little uncomfortably, indicating the insane-looking strip of painting a foot or so wide which ran along under the ceiling.

"Yes, it's so funny. Nothing but dots and dots and dots. Whoever could have conceived such an idea?"

"Well, I did, Miss Mather," Hawkins replied. "I designed that myself."

"Oh, did you?" murmured the inquisitive one, going red.

Hawkins turned to me, and the girl subsided; but old Mr. Blodgett had overheard. He felt constrained to put in, with his usual tactful thought and grating, nasal voice:

"It's hideous—simply hideous. I don't see—I can't see the sense in spending that amount of money in plastering painted roses and undressed young ones all over the ceiling, Herbert."

"No," said Hawkins, between his teeth.

"Folly—pure folly," grunted the old gentleman. "No reason for it—no reason under the sun."

Hawkins at least reserves family dissensions for family occasions. He held his peace and his tongue.

"Yes, sir," persisted Blodgett, "everything else out of the question, the house might catch fire to-night, and your entire stock of painted babies go up in smoke. Then where'd they be? Eh?"

"See here," said Hawkins, goaded into speech, "you just keep your mind easy on that score at least, will you, papa, dear?"

"What's that? What's that?"

"This house isn't going up in smoke," went on the inventor, tartly. "You can take my word for it."

"Isn't it?" jeered the elderly Blodgett with his nasty sneering little chuckle. "And how do you know it's not? Eh? Smarter men than you, my boy, and in better built houses have—"

"Look here! This particular place isn't going to burn, because—"

Hawkins rapped out.

"What isn't going to burn, Herbert?" inquired Mrs. Hawkins, with a cold, warning glance at her husband as she perceived that hostilities were in progress. "Is he teasing you again, papa?"

"Teasing me!" sniffed Blodgett with an unpleasant leer at Hawkins.

"Teasing that antiquity!" Hawkins growled in my ear. "Say, isn't that enough to—"

"Don't whisper, Herbert—it isn't polite," continued Mrs. Hawkins, the playfulness of her manner somewhat belied by the glitter in her eye. "Let us all into the secret."

"Oh, there's no secret," said the inventor, shortly.

"No dance, either," pouted the girl from Jersey, who was an intimate of the family.

I do! There isn't anything sweeter waiting for me in Heaven than to feel myself emptying a pan of dishwater on that old reprobate from one of the upper windows.

"Why, Griggs, sometimes in the night I dream I have him on the floor, that I'm just getting even for some of the things he's said to me and about me, and I wake up in a dripping perspiration and—"

"Stop, Hawkins!" I guffawed. "Strikes you funny, too, does it? The inventor cried angrily. 'I suppose you think it's all right for him to talk as he does? Criticise my decorations, tell me they'll all burn up some day, and all that?'"

"Well, but they might." "They might not!" shouted Hawkins in a fury. "You don't know any more about it than he does. You couldn't burn up this house if you soaked every carpet in it with oil!"

"Why not?" "Aha! Why not? That's just the point. Why not, to be sure? Because it's all prepared for ahead of time."

"Private wire to the engine-house?" I queried.

"Private wire to Halifax! There's no private wire about it. See here, Griggs, do you suppose that poor little brain of yours could comprehend a truly great idea?"

"It could try," I said, meekly.

"Then listen. You remember those dots on the frieze all through the house? You do? All right. Just close your eyes and conceive a little metal tube running back into the wall. Imagine the little tube opening into a large supply pipe in the wall.

"Is that clear? Then conceive that the supply pipe in each room connects

a wooden affair, lined with lead. Over the top, and some two feet above the tank proper, the heavy cover was suspended by a weird system of pulleys and electric wires. To the under side of the cover was fastened a big glass sphere filled with white stuff.

It was a remarkable contrivance. "There—that's simple, isn't it?" said Hawkins, with a happy smile. "It may be if you understand it."

"Why, just look here. See that big glass ball? That's full of marble dust—carbonate of lime, you know. The tank is filled with weak sulphuric acid. When the ball drops into the acid—what happens?"

"You have a nasty job fishing it out again!"

"Not at all. It smashes into fenders, the marble dust combines with the sulphuric acid, and forms a neutral liquid, bubbling with carbonic acid. Even you, Griggs, must know that carbonic acid gas will put out any fire, without damaging anything. There you are."

"I see. You smell fire, rush up here and knock that ball into the tank, and the house is flooded through the dots in your frieze. Remarkable!"

"Oh, I don't even have to come up here," smiled Hawkins. "See that?"

"That" was a little strand of platinum wire in a niche in the wall.

"That's just a test fuse, so that I can see that she's all in working order," pursued the inventor, leaning his cigar against it. "There's half a dozen of them in every room in the house. As soon as the heat touches them, they melt and set off my electric release—and down drops the cover of the tank—ball and all. The ball breaks, the valve at the bottom opens

"I'm sure I don't know." "But I had it up-stairs. We were both smoking."

"So you did," I said. "The last I saw of it you leaned it against that fuse thing—"

"Great Scott! That's what I did!" gasped the inventor, turning white. "Well, what of it?"

"Why, suppose the infernal thing has burned down to the fuse!" cried Hawkins, hoarsely. "Suppose it melts through the wire and sends down that top!"

"Will it start the stuff running?" "Start it! Of course it'll start it. Gee whizz! I'm going up there now, Griggs!"

Hawkins made for the stairs. I smiled after him, for he seemed rather worked up.

I turned back to the dancers. It was a pretty scene. To the rhythm of a particularly seductive waltz, the guests were gliding about the floor. I noted the gay colors of the ladies' gowns, the flowers, the sparkling diamonds.

And then—then I noted the frieze! My eyes seemed instinctively to travel to that stretch of ugliness—they fastened upon the dots with a kind of fascination. And none too soon.

From one of the dots spurted forth what looked like a tiny stream of water. Another followed and another and yet another. The whole multitude of dots were raining liquid upon the dancers from all sides of the room!

The streams came from north, east, south and west. They came from the hallway behind me—a hundred of them seemed to converge upon my devoted back. I was fairly soaked through in a second.



The Streams Came from North, East, South and West.

with a supply in the rear of the house, and that the big pipe terminates—or rather begins—in a big tank on the top floor?"

"But what on earth is it all?"

"It's the Hawkins Chemico-Sprinkler System!" announced the inventor. "For the Lord's sake!" I gasped.

"Yes, sir! It's something like the sprinkling system you see in factories, but all concealed—perfectly adapted to private house purposes. Every one of those dots is simply a little hole in the wall through which, in case of fire, will flow quartz after quartz of my chemical fire-extinguisher. How's that?"

"Er—is the tank full?" I asked, gliding hurriedly away from the wall.

"Of course it is. Oh, sit where you were, C'iggs, don't drag in that asinine clownishness of yours. Or, better still, come up with me and see the business end of the thing—the tank and all that."

"The stuff isn't inflammable, is it? We're smoking, you know."

"An inflammable fire-extinguishing liquid!" cried Hawkins. "Why, can't you understand that—bah!"

He laid a course to the upper regions and I followed.

"Out here in the extension," he explained, when we reached the top floor. "There!"

We stood in a bare room, whose emptiness was accentuated by the cold, electric light.

"Furnishings it had none, save for the big tank in the center. This was

automatically—and down goes the tank, full of extinguisher."

"Well, I must say it looks practical."

"It is!" asserted Hawkins. "Some night—if the night ever comes—when you see a roaring blaze in one of those rooms subdued in ten seconds by the gentle drizzle that comes out of that frieze, you will—"

"Mr. Hawkins, sir," interrupted Hawkins' butler at the door.

"Well, William?"

"Mrs. Hawkins, sir, she says as how your presence is desired down-stairs."

"Oh, all right," said the inventor, wearily. "I'll be down directly."

"No rest for the wicked," he commented to me. "Come on, Griggs, we'll have to dance."

The festivity was in full swing when we descended.

Mrs. Hawkins came over to us and remarked in low tones to her spouse:

"Now just try to make yourself agreeable, Herbert. It's not nice for you to steal away and smoke."

"I'm not smoking."

The panic can hardly be fancied. Men and women shrieked together in the utter amazement of the thing. They laughed aloud, some of them. Others cried out in terror.

They leaped and sprang back and forth, to this side and that, in the vain endeavor to dodge the innumerable streams. Some slipped and almost fell, carrying down others with them. And all were doused.

Then, as suddenly as it had started, the flood ceased.

"Well, God bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Blodgett, putting up a hand to wring his collar. "What in Heaven's name happened?"

"Great Caesar's ghost!" said Hawkins' voice behind me.

He had returned from his trip to the top floor extension.

"It's all right," he called with cheery indifference to the contrary sentiments of two dozen people. "There's no danger. It won't hurt you."

"But it does. It bites!" cried the girl from Jersey. "What is it? Where did it come from?"

"Yes, it does bite! It smarts awfully! By Jove! The stuff's eating me! What is it, Hawkins? Oh, Mr. Hawkins, wherever did it come from? Why, it ran out of those dots—I saw it. What is it?" echoed from different parts of the room.

"It's only my sprinkler—my fire-extinguisher," Hawkins explained. "It went off by accident, you see. There's nothing in it to hurt you. It's

excitement we had entirely forgotten them, and Morgan offered to go back after them. I guess he was glad enough to get away from those pesky little bees. By the time he got back he had killed all the bees, and we hastily filled our pails and hurried off to camp. The old man came to see the colonel next day, but we had covered our tracks well, and he found nothing suspicious about camp. As soon as he went we boys took the colonel some of the best honey."

U. S. SOLDIERS ON A BEE HIVE

C. Childs, company I, Twenty-seventh Massachusetts, tells the following amusing incident of his war experiences in the National Tribune: "One hot day at Newbern, N. C., in 1862, when our regiment was doing picket duty at Deep Gully, about eight miles up the railroad from Newbern, two of my comrades came up and proposed that we go and get some honey. We took two pails and left

camp for a plantation about one mile out. We arrived safely and found ten swarms of bees, but as luck would have it the owner of the insects, his wife, daughter and a bloodhound were watching them. Though we tried, we could make no headway with the vigilant watchers, and finally resolved to move on and try our luck at another plantation where I knew there were two swarms of bees. The hives

were located on either side of the door of the house, a small one-story building containing two rooms. We decided that one of the boys should engage the old man in conversation and keep him to the rear. I was to stop up the holes in the hives and keep a lookout for the lady of the house, in case she tried to interfere with our operations, and the third man, Morgan, was to take the bees.

Everything worked well, and soon I saw Morgan running across the field with one bee hive. In those days hives were made of hollow logs, with boards nailed on the ends and holes cut in them to let the bees go in and out. I followed him as soon as possible, first notifying our other companions that we had the bees. When I caught up to Morgan I discovered that one end of the bee hive had come off and he was having a hot time. I threw my coat over the hive and asked for the pails, quick. In our

perfectly neutral. It can't bite—that's imagination."

"But it does!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "It stings like acid. It actually seems to be eating my skin!"

"Bite! I should say it did!" growled Mr. Blodgett. "It's chewing my hands off—I believe it's carbolic acid. I do—I'll swear I do. No smell—but it's been deodorized. That's it—carbolic acid!"

"Carbolic fiddlesticks!" said Hawkins.

Then a puzzled expression came into his eyes. He raised one of his wet hands and tasted it—and spat violently.

"Say! Hold on! Wait a minute!" he cried.

Hawkins darted off up-stairs. I could hear him bounding along, two steps at a time, until he reached the top.

Silence ensued for a few seconds, save for an exclamation here and there, as one or another of the guests discovered that his or her neck or ear or arm was smarting.

Then the servants piled up from below. They, too, were wet and frightened. They, too, had discovered that the liquid emitted by the Hawkins Chemico-Sprinkler System bit into the human epidermis like fire.

"That is it? That is it?" the cook was dreadingly intoning, when hurrying footsteps turned my attention once more to the stairs.

Hawkins was coming down at a gallop. In his arms he carried a keg, which dribbled white powder over the beautiful carpet.

"Say," he shouted to me. "That ball didn't burst!"

"No! There's no marble dust in the stuff!" said the inventor, landing on the floor with a final jump and tearing into the parlor. "It's pure, diluted sulphuric acid!"

"Yes!" shrieked a dozen ladies, hissing through their teeth.

"Yes!" growled Hawkins, depositing his keg on the floor. "But we'll get the best of it. William, bring up a wash-tub full of water! Mary, go get all the washrags in the house! Quick!"

The homely household articles arrived within a minute or two.

"Now," continued Hawkins, dumping half the keg into the tub. "That's baking soda. It'll neutralize the acid. Here, everybody. Dip a rag in here and wash off the acid."

"Oh, hang propriety and decency and conventionality and all the rest of it!" he vociferated as some of the ladies, quite warrantably hung back. "Get at the acid before it gets at you! Don't you—can't you understand? It'll burn into your skin in a little while! Come on!"

There was no hesitation after that. Men and women alike made frantically for the tub, dipped cloths in the liquid, and laved industriously hands and arms and cheeks that were already sore and burning.

Picture the scene: A dozen women in evening dress, a dozen men in swallow-tails, clustered around a wash-tub there in Hawkins' parlor, working for dear life with the soaking cloths.

Ludicrous, impossible, it was just the sort of thing that could happen under Hawkins' roof and nowhere else—barring perhaps a retreat for the insane.

Later the excitement subsided. The ladies, disheveled as to hair, carrying costumes whose glory had departed forever, retired to the chambers above for such further repairs as might be possible. The men, too, under William's guidance, went to draw upon Hawkins' wardrobe for clothes in which to return home.

The inventor, Mr. Blodgett, and myself were left together in the drawing-room.

"Well, it's a good thing that was diluted acid instead of strong, isn't it, Griggs?" remarked Hawkins. "Originally I had intended using the strong acid, you know, for the reason—"

"Aaah!" cried Mr. Blodgett. "So that was more of your imbecile invention, was it? Fire-extinguisher! Bah! I thought nobody but you could have conceived the idea like that! What under the sun did you let off your infernal contrivance for?"

"Oh, I just did it to spite you, papa," said Hawkins, with warty sarcasm.

"By George, sir, I believe you did!" snapped the old gentleman. "It's like you! Look at my coat, sir! Look at—"

I was edging away when Mrs. Hawkins entered. She was clad in scarlet black now, and her cheeks flamed scarlet with mortification.

"Well!" she exclaimed.

"Well, my dear!" said Hawkins, bracing himself.

"A pretty mess you've made of our house-warming, haven't you? You and your idiotic fire-extinguisher!"

"Madam, my Chemico-Sprinkler system is one—"

"And not only the evening spoiled, and half our friends so enraged at you that they'll never enter the house again, but do you know what you'll have to pay for? Miss Mather's dress alone, I happen to know, cost \$200! And Mrs. Gordon's gown came from Paris last week—\$450! And I was with Nellie Ridgeway the day she bought that white satin dress she had on. It cost—"

"Glaug of it!" interposed Blodgett, with a fidgeting chuckle. "Serves him fully well right! If you'd listened to me 15 years ago, Edith, when I told you not to marry that fool—"

"Griggs! W-w-w-where are you going?" Hawkins called, weakly.

"Home!" I said, decidedly, making for the hall. "I think my wife's ready. And I'm afraid my hair's loosening up, too, where your fire-extinguished wet it. Good night." (Copyright, 1906, by W. G. Chapman.)

PILGRIMAGE TO HOLY HILL

THOUSANDS PRAY FOR CURE AT MIRACULOUS SHRINE.

Located at One of the Beauty Spots of Southern Wisconsin—Famed for Many Wonderful Cures—Its Chapel.

Milwaukee.—Pilgrims in thousands, maimed, halt, blind, deaf, victims of the deadly cancer and of the "white plague," the afflicted of every sort, will gather from all parts of the country at the foot of Holy Hill, the famed Wisconsin shrine, there to climb painfully the steep and stony path that leads to the Church of St. Mary at the summit and to find, if may be, that miraculous release from sickness and suffering that so many devout Catholics before them are said to have met with in that sacred place.

What Lourdes is to the Roman Catholics of France and western Germany, Holy Hill is fast becoming to the followers of that faith in this country throughout the northwest. Each year sees an increase in the number who make the pilgrimage until of late from 15,000 to 20,000 have visited the place each year.

Holy Hill is a lofty and grandly picturesque place near Hartford, about 30 miles from Milwaukee. The hill has gained great fame as a shrine of sacred pilgrimage. Its popularity has become so great in recent years that its renown has no parallel among the institutions of its kind anywhere in the United States.

The history of Holy Hill is a long series of remarkable events, and through the omnipotent power which is deemed to pervade its sacred precincts the lame walk, the blind see, the maniac raves no more and the afflicted who approach its shrine with zeal and fervent supplications, devoutly invoking divine aid and the intercession of Mary, the mother of God, are said to depart therefrom, in many instances, happy over the miraculous acquiescence of an unseen power in their prayerful petitions.

There are few places in southern Wisconsin whose beauty transcends that of Holy Hill and the surrounding country. It is located about six miles southeast of Hartford and covers a tract of ground nearly 40 acres in extent. The hill upon which the shrine proper, or chapel, is located is tall, conical shaped and towers high above the surrounding country. It rises to a height of 289 feet above its base and 827 feet above the level of Lake Michigan.

The church stands on the highest point of the hill and can be seen for miles away. The building is of brick, with little ornamentation, and of the Gothic style. The church spire is on the end over the main entrance of the

averted a frightful panic, when a canopy fell on a state procession. The private life of Portugal's monarch is rather interesting, because it is more like that of a private gentleman than the daily round of a sovereign. As he rises at five in the morning, he manages to get all his work done before mid-day, then five days of the six he gives over the afternoon and evening to his one amusement—sport.

He has explored every corner of his kingdom in his motor car, and a short time since, when driving through some out-of-the-way place, he had rather an amusing experience. Arriving at a small town, he found a crowd waiting, but no one recognized him. In fact, the chief point of interest at that moment was an old woman, who had had her basket of eggs upset by those who jostled her. The king, with his usual good nature, approached and asked what was the matter. "They say the king is coming through here to-day, so these idiots are waiting to see him. One cannot even do one's daily labor, with this crowd watching for a fat, lazy fellow, who does not work and spends his time in eating." The king laughed, presented her with a coin to pay for the eggs, and to "remember the fat, lazy fellow by," and a moment more the royal car had vanished in a whirl of dust before anyone knew it had arrived—save one dumb-struck peasant woman.

London.—It is not very often that we hear much of King Carlos in his snug little kingdom of Portugal, but he has certainly won the world's acclamation for his coolness at the Lisbon disaster—coolness which alone

prize money never claimed. British Admiralty Has Sums on Hand for Destroying Slave Ships.

The days when prize money was looked upon in the navy as an ordinary source of income are recalled by a notification from the British admiralty of money waiting to be claimed—the proceeds of bounties for the destruction of pirates and of the sale of slave ships.

There is a sum of \$25,000 from the sale of slaving vessels captured in the '60s awaiting claimants, also a goodly amount of naval prize money and bounty for the destruction of pirates which nobody applies for.

HAD LOST FAITH IN DOCTOR.

"Motions" Failed to Rid Old Negro of Rheumatism.

An old negro hobbled into the county prosecutor's office.

"That motion doctah beaten me out of \$3.50 and Ah wants him 'rested," the old negro said.

"What kind of a doctor was he?" Bert Kimball, assistant prosecutor, asked.

"Motion doctah, boss; jest motion doctah. He weren't nothin' else; he says the Lawd was behind him and that he was a 'devine healah,' but Ah calls him a motion doctah; he didn't do nothin' but make motions with his hands and arms and chaghe me \$3.50."

"What kind of motions did he make?" Mr. Kimball inquired.

"Well, sub, fust he taken me over and stand me in de corner. He wave he alls hands up and down and snap his fingahs. When he done dat an' roll he alls eyes till Ah see de whites he done hold up 'ree fingahs an' de fourth fingah half way up. Dat mean Ah must pay him de \$3.50, so Ah done paid him."

Had Densest Population.

Bombay claims the greatest density of population in the world, and its claim is only disputed by Agra, also in India. Bombay has 760 persons per acre in certain areas.

double doors, which open under a circular gallery attached by the ends to both sides of the church. The interior is cheerful and well lighted by the tall windows of stained glass. The roof is supported by six squared columns, whose slender proportions increase the height and beauty of the place. The chancel is carpeted and separated from the chapel by a low, latticed communion rail of wood, covered with dark cloth extending across the narrow passageways on each side. In the chancel there are one main and two side altars. The combined cost of the three altars was \$1,100, which was contributed by persons interested



ST. MARY'S CHAPEL. (Located on Top of Holy Hill, Wisconsin.)

in the welfare of the church. Back of the mensa and projecting from underneath the canopy of the main altar stands the tabernacle, built in accordance with the rules of Catholic architecture, having a double door with lock and key, ornamented in gold with grapes and heads of wheat, the emblems of the sacrament. Underneath and in front of the mensa is a figure of the Lamb of God resting on a sealed book. The candelabra and many of the accessories used in worship are the gifts of charitably disposed persons. On the left of the altar, in the main body of the church, is a confessional. A pipe organ is located in the gallery. To the right in the chancel, suspended from the side wall, hangs a square case with a glass front entitled a "votive tablet." Among the vow offerings are several pairs of spectacles left there in curing eyes impaired by disease. There are also