



THE INVENTIONS OF HAWKINS

By EDGAR FRANKLIN

THE ALCOMOTIVE.

"It's a good while since you've invented anything, isn't it, Hawkins?" I had said the night before.

"Um-um," Hawkins had murmured. "Must be two months?"

"Ah?" Hawkins had smiled. "What is it? Life insurance companies do you?"

"Um-ah," Hawkins had replied. "Or have you really given it up for good? It can't be, can it?"

"Oh-no," Hawkins had yawned, and there I stopped questioning him.

Satan himself must have concocted the business which sent me—or started me—toward Philadelphia next morning. Perhaps, though, the railroad company was as much to blame; they should have known better.

The man in the moon was no further from my thoughts than Hawkins as I stepped ashore on the Jersey side of the ferry to take the train. Yet there stood Hawkins in the station.

Surely something was working him up. I wondered what it was.

As I watched, an apologetic-looking youth appeared in the door of the office and handed Hawkins an official-looking slip of paper.

The inventor snatched it impolitely and turned his back, while the youth gazed after him for a moment and then returned to the office.

"Set of confounded idiots!" Hawkins remarked, wrathfully.

Then ere I could disappear he spied me.

"Aha, Griggs, you here?"

"No, I'm not," I said, flatly. "If there's any trouble brewing, Hawkins, consider me back in New York. What has excited you?"

"Excited me? Those fool railroad officials are enough to drive a man to the asylum. Did you see how they kept me standing outside that door?"

"Well, did you want to stand inside the door, Hawkins?"

"I didn't want to stand anywhere in the neighborhood of their infernal door! The idea of making me get a permit to ride on an engine! Me!"

"I don't know how else you'd manage it, Hawkins, unless you applied for a job as fireman. Why on earth do you want to ride on a locomotive?"

"Oh, it's not a locomotive, Griggs. You don't understand. Where are you bound for?"

"Philadelphia."

"Then, by George, you'll be with us! You'll see the whole show!"

Hawkins caught my coat sleeve and dragged me toward the train-gates.

"See, here," I said, detaching him, "what whole show?"

"But why don't you come and see for yourself?" the inventor cried, impatiently. "It's—it's—"

He paused for a moment.

"Why, it's the Hawkins' Alcomotive," he added.

"And what under heavens is the Hawkins—"

"Well, you don't suppose I'm carrying some drawings of the thing on me, do you? You don't suppose that I'm prepared to give a demonstration with magic lantern pictures on the spot? If you want to see it, come and see it. If not, you'd better go into your train. It's 10:43 now."

I knew no way of better utilizing the remaining seven minutes. I walked or rather trotted—after Hawkins, through the gates, down the platform, and along by the train until we reached the locomotive—or the place where a decent, God-fearing locomotive should have been standing.

The customary huge iron horse was not in sight.

In its place stood what resembled a small fat-car. On the car I observed an affair which resembled something an enthusiastic automobilist might have conceived in a lobster salad nightmare.

It was, I presume, merely an abnormally large automobile engine; and along each side of it ran a big cylindrical tank.

"There, Griggs!" said Hawkins. "That doesn't look much like the old-fashioned, clumsy locomotive, does it?"

"I should say it didn't."

"Of course it's a little rough in finish—just a trial Alcomotive, you know—but it's going to do one thing to-day."

"And that is?"

"It's going to sound the solemn death-knell of the old steam locomotive," said Hawkins, evidently feeling some compassion for the time-honored engine.

"But will that thing pull a train? Is that the notion?"

"Notion! It's no notion—it's a simple, mathematical certainty, my dear Griggs. In that Alcomotive—it's run by vapors of alcohol, you know—we have sufficient power to pull 15 parlor cars, 12 loaded day coaches, 20 ordinary flat cars, 18 box cars, or 27—"

"Board for Newark, Elizabeth, Trenton, Philadelphia, and all points south," sang out the man at the gates.

He was lying, but he didn't know it.

"Well, I guess it's—it's time to start," Hawkins concluded, rather nervously.

"Well, may the Lord have mercy on your soul, Hawkins," I said, feelingly. "Good-by. I'll be along on the next train—whenever that is."

"What! You're coming on the Alcomotive with me!"

"Not on your life, Hawkins!" I cried, energetically. "If this railroad wishes to trust its passengers and rolling-stock and road-bed to your alcohol machine, that's their business. But

they're got a hanged sight more confidence in you than I have."

"Well, you'll have confidence enough before the day's over," said the inventor, grabbing me with some determination. "For once, I'll get the best of your sneers. You come along!"

"Let go!" I shouted.

"Here," said Hawkins to the mechanic who was warily eyeing the Alcomotive, "help Mr. Griggs up."

Hawkins boosted and the man grabbed me. In a second or two I stood on the car, and Hawkins clambered up beside me.

Had I but regained my breath a second or two sooner—had I but collected my senses sufficiently to jump!

But I was a little too bewildered by the suddenness of my elevation to act for a moment. As I stood there, gasping, I heard Hawkins say:

"What's that conductor waving his hands for?"

"He—he wants you to start up," muttered the engineer. "We are two minutes late as it is."

"Oh, that's it?" said Hawkins, gruffly. "He needs't get so excited about it. Why, positively, that man looks as if he was swearing! If I—"

"Well, say, you'd better start up," put in the engineer. "I may get blamed for this."

Hawkins opened a valve—he turned a crank—he pulled back a lever or two.

The Alcomotive suddenly left the station. So abruptly, in fact, did the train start that my last vision of the end brakeman revealed him rolling along the platform in a highly undignified fashion, while the engineer sat at my feet in amazement as I clutched the side of the car.

In less time than it takes to tell it, we were whirling over the marshes, swaying from side to side, tearing a long hole in the atmosphere, I fancy;

usage. There were visible bruises in several cases, due, presumably, to the slightly startling suddenness with which our trip began.

But Hawkins was blind to anything of that sort.

"Now, wasn't that fine?" he said, proudly.

"Well—we're here—and alive," was about all I could say.

"I wonder how it feels to be back in the cars. Let's try it," proposed Hawkins.

"But, say, mister," said the engineer, "who's going to run the darned machine, if you're not here?"

"Why, you, my man. You understand an engine of this sort, don't you? But of course you do. Here! This is the valve for the alcohol—this is the igniter—here are the brakes—this is the speed control. See? Oh, you won't find any difficulty in managing it. The Alcomotive is simplicity on wheels."

"Yes, but I've got a wife and family—"

"Well," said Hawkins, icily. "And if the thing should balk—"

"Balk! Rats! Come, Griggs. It's time you started, my man. I'll wave my hand when we reach the car."

Frankly, I think that it was a downright contemptible trick to play on the defenseless engineer. Had I been able to render him any assistance, I should have stayed with him.

But Hawkins was already trotting back to the cars, and with a murmured benediction for the hapless mechanic who stood and trembled alone on the platform of the Alcomotive, I followed.

We took seats in one of the cars.

"Well, why doesn't he start?" muttered the inventor.

"Maybe the fright has killed him," I suggested. "It's enough—"

Bang!

"We stopped with such an almighty thud that it seemed as if the cars must fly into splinters. They rattled and shook and cracked. The passengers executed further acrobatic feats upon the floor; they clutched at things and fell over things and swore and gurgled.

"Well, by thunder!" ejaculated Hawkins. That was about the mildest remark I heard at the time. "What do you suppose he did?"

"Give it up," I said, caressing the egg-like eminence that had appeared upon my brow as if by magic. "Probably he fell into the infernal thing, and it has stopped to show him up."

"Nonsense! We'll have to see what's happened. Come, we'll go through the cars. It's quicker."

We ran through the coaches until we had reached the front of the train. The Alcomotive was apparently intact. The engineer stood over the machinery, white as chalk, and his lips mumbled incoherently.

"What is it?" cried Hawkins.

"How'n blazes do I know?" demanded the engineer.

"But didn't you stop her?"

"Certainly not. She—she stopped herself."

"What perfect idiocy!" cried the inventor. "You must have done something!"

"I did not!" retorted the engineer. "The bamed thing just stood stock-still and near bumped the life out of me! Say, mister, you come up here and see what—"

"Oh, it's nothing serious, my man. Now, let me think. What could have happened? Er—just try that lever at your right hand."

"This one!"

"Yes; pull it gently."

"Hadn't we better get them people out of the train first?" asked the engineer. "You know, if anything hap-



"We Struck Into the Hills."

and certainly almost jarring the teeth from my head.

"How's this for time?" cried the inventor.

"It's all right for t-t-t-time," I stammered. But—

"Yes, that part's all right," yelled the engineer, who had been ruthlessly detailed to assist. "But say, mister, how about the time-table?"

"What about it?" demanded Hawkins.

"Why, the other trains ain't arranged to give with this 90-mile-an-hour gait."

"They should be, I told the railroad people that I intended to break a few records."

"But I guess they didn't know—we may smash into something, mister, and—"

"Not my fault," said the inventor. "If we do by any chance have a collision, the railroad people are to blame. But we won't. I can stop this machine and the whole train in 200 feet. That's another great point about the Alcomotive, Griggs—the Alcobrakes. You see, when I shut off the engine proper, all the power goes into the brakes. It is thus—"

"Hey, mister," the engineer shouted again, "here's Newark!"

I will say it for Hawkins that he managed to stop the affair at Newark in very commendable fashion. It seems so remarkable that one of his contrivances should have exhibited that amenity to control that it is worthy of note.

Some of the passengers who alighted to be sure, exhibited signs of hard

work, people just love to sue a railroad company for damages, and—"

"Pull that lever!" Hawkins cried, angrily.

The man took a good grip, murmured something which sounded like a prayer, and pulled.

Nothing happened.

"Well, that's queer!" muttered Hawkins. "Doesn't it seem to have any effect?"

"Nope."

"Well, then, try that small one at your left. Pull it back half way."

The man obeyed.

For a second or two the Alcomotive emitted a string of consumptive coughs. One or two parts moved spasmodically and seemed to be reaching for the engineer. The man dodged.

Then the Alcomotive began to back!

"Here! Here! Something's wrong!" cried Hawkins, as the accursed thing began to—

"Push that back where it was."

"Yelled the engineer, picking up his coat and running to the side of the car. "I ain't going to make my wife a widow for no da le. Inventor or no darned job! See?"

"You're not going to jump?" squealed the inventor.

"You bet I am!" replied the mechanic, making a flying leap.

The Alcomotive was now without any semblance of a controlling hand. There was no way or Hawkins to reach the contrivance, for the car was four or five feet distant from the train proper, and to attempt a leap or a climb to the Alcomotive, with the whole affair rocking and swaying as it

usual scene, went over to investigate, thinking perhaps burglars were at work. Most of them remained to criticize, extol or offer suggestions. Mr. Weis went on painting. At midnight the job was finished, and Mr. Weis took an inventory. He found that he had ruined one \$25 suit of clothes and one \$10 dress belonging to Mrs. Weis, not to mention the damage suffered by his temper. A painter who viewed the job next morning said it would have cost about two dollars to do it right.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HE PAINTED HIS OWN FENCE

Why the Work Might Have Been Done Better by a Professional.

Louis Weis, who recently built a home in Virginia, place, East St. Louis, is willing to acknowledge that there are a few things a professional can do better than an amateur. One of them is painting a fence. The next time Mr. Weis has any billboard de-

corating to do he will hire a man. It happened this way:

Last Monday night Mr. Weis had a little spare time on his hands. The back fence was in need of kalsomine, and after purchasing a can of paint for one dollar and a brush for 50 cents he started in to do the job. It was then about seven o'clock, and Mr. Weis remarked to his better half that

he would have the 25 feet of boarding properly dyed in "about three shakes of a sheep's tail." The sun went down and the supper hour passed, but Mr. Weis went on painting. It was too early for the moon to rise and, as it seemed necessary to complete the job, Mrs. Weis offered to hold a lamp while Mr. Weis painted.

The neighbors, attracted by the un-

was, would simply have been to pave the way for a neat "Herbert Hawkins" on the marble block of their plot in Greenwood cemetery.

"Well, what under the sun—" began Hawkins.

"Good heavens! This train! The people!" I gasped.

"Well—well—well—let us find the conductor. He'll know what to do!"

"Yes, but he can't stop the machine—and we're backing along at certainly 50 miles an hour; and any minute we may run into the next train behind."

"Come! Come! Find the conductor!"

We found him very easily.

The conductor was running through the train toward us as we reached the second car, and his face was the face of a fear-racked maniac.

"What's happened?" he shrieked.

"Why on earth are we backing?"

"Why, you see—" Hawkins began.

"For God's sake, stop your machine! You're the man who owns it, aren't you?"

"Certainly, certainly. But you see, the mechanism has—slipped somewhere—nothing serious, of course—and—"

"Serious!" roared the railroad man. "You call it nothing serious for us to be flying along backwards and the Washington express coming up behind at a mile a minute!"

"Oh! oh! Is it?" Hawkins faltered.

"Yes! Can't you stop her—anyway?"

"Well, not that I know—why, see here!" A smile of relief illumined Hawkins' face.

"Well? Quick, man!"

"We can have a brakeman detach the Alcomotive!"

"And what good'll that do, when she's pushing the train?"

"True, true," groaned the inventor. "I didn't think of that!"

"I'm going to bring every one into these forward cars," announced the conductor. "It's the only chance of saving a few lives when the crash comes."

"Lives," moaned Hawkins, dazedly. "Is there really any danger of—"

The conductor was gone. Hawkins sank upon a seat and gasped and gasped.

"Oh, Griggs, Griggs!" he sobbed. "If I had only known! If I could have foreseen this!"

"If you ever could foresee anything!" I said, bitterly.

"But it's partly—yes, it's all that cursed engineer's fault!"

People began to troop into the car. They came crushing along in droves, frightened to death, some weeping, some half-mad with terror.

Hawkins surveyed them with much the expression of Napoleon arriving in Hades. The conductor approached once more.

"They're all in here," he said, resignedly. "Thank heaven, there are two freight cars on the rear of the train! That may do a little good! But that express! Man, man! What have you done!"

"Did he do it? Is it his fault?" cried a dozen voices.

"No, no, no, no!" shrieked the inventor. "He's lying!"

"You'd better tell the truth now, man," said the conductor, sadly. "You may not have much longer to tell us."

"Lynch him!" yelled some one.

There was a move toward Hawkins. I don't know where it might have ended. Very likely they would have suspended Hawkins from one of the ventilators and pelted him with handkerchiefs—and very small blame to them had there been time.

But just as the crowd moved—well, then I fancied that the world had come to an end.

There was a shock, terrific beyond description—window panes clattered into the car—the whole coach was hurled from the track and slid sideways for several seconds.

Above us the roof split wide open and let in the sunlight. Passengers were on the seats, the floor, on their heads!

Then, with a final series of creaks and groans all was still.

Hawkins and I were near the ragged opening which had once been a door. We clambered out to the ground and looked about us.

Providence had been very kind to Hawkins. The Washington express was standing, unexpectedly, at a water tank—part of it, at least. Her huge locomotive was on its side.

Our two freight cars and two more passenger cars with them were piled up in kindling wood. Even the next car was derailed and badly smashed.

The Alcomotive, too, reclined upon one side and blazed merrily, a fitting tail-piece to the scene.

But not a soul had been killed—we learned that from one of the groups which swarmed from the express, after a muster had been taken of our own passengers. It was a marvel—but a fact.

Hawkins and I edged away slowly.

"Let's get out of this!" he whispered, hoarsely. "There's that infernal conductor. He seems to be looking for some one."

We did get out of it. In the excitement we sneaked down by the express, past it, and struck into the hills.

Eventually we came out upon the trolley tracks and waited for the car which took us back to Jersey City.

Now, there is really more of this narrative.

The pursuit of Hawkins by the railroad people—their discovery of him at his home that night—the painful transaction by which he was compelled to surrender to them all his holdings in that particular road—the commentary of Mrs. Hawkins.

There is, as I say, more of it. But, on the whole, it is better left untold. (Copyright, 1908, by W. G. Chapman.)

MADE RIDER A HERO

BALKY MULE GAVE SOLDIER FIRST STEP IN CAREER.

Kasterlitzky's Animal Refused to Retreat and Charged the Enemy, Action Turning Defeat Into Victory.

One of the central figures in the riots and battles between Americans and Mexican miners at Cananea was Lieut. Col. Kasterlitzky of the Mexican army.

This daring fighter is not a Mexican, but, as his name implies, a native of Poland. Coming to the United States at 15 years of age, he gained a good knowledge of English and drifted into Mexico.

There he joined the Mexican regular army, and now, at 45 years of age, is known as one of the most intrepid soldiers the republic has.

It has been claimed that Kasterlitzky was trained in the United States army, but officers of the department of Colorado say that he never was in the army. His love of personal liberty and his instincts as a soldier of fortune was developed here.

Col. Kasterlitzky is a tall, wiry, strongly built man, trained in all the art of his calling, and one of the best shots in the Mexican army. He is probably the best man in that country to cope with a mob.

The colonel, who is a Pole of noble blood, came to the United States at an early age and enlisted in the regular army. While stationed at El Paso, so the story goes, he struck an officer of the army for a fancied insult. Knowing the severe punishment which would be visited on him he fled across the Rio Grande into Mexico. He found it impossible to get a commission in the Mexican army, and, as the privates in that country are recruited from the criminal classes, he could hardly enlist.

Knowing all about horses he was finally attached to the army in the capacity of a horseshoer. When on a campaign in Siona his company was attacked by a band of Yaqui Indians. The commanding officer of the Mexicans ordered a masterly retreat. The horseshoer was mounted on a mule, which, with true obstinacy, refused to retreat, but broke into a gallop, headed toward the enemy. Kasterlitzky could not check his steed, so he drew a pistol and shouted for the Mexican soldiers to follow him. They did so, and the enemy was put to flight. For this act of involuntary valor Kasterlitzky was made an officer and has steadily advanced until he is now a colonel.

Once at Magdalena, in the state of Sonora, where the colonel was in command of the barracks, he entertained an American friend. The next morning, while dressing, the visitor heard some gun shots. When he met his host at breakfast he asked the cause of the firing, and the colonel told him he had just had three soldiers shot. He was asked what they were charged with, and replied: "Nothing in particular. We just shot them to keep up discipline."—Indianapolis Star.

Seth Got His Store Boots.

An ex-mayor of one of our Massachusetts cities not 1,000 miles from Chelsea recently related to me an interesting story of his early days, says a writer in the Boston Herald. He was born and spent his boyhood in York county, Me. It was the custom in those days to have leather on hand and employ a local shoemaker to come to the house and make up and repair a supply of shoes for the coming year. Col. Day, the man employed in that section, was not a very stylish or finished workman, and as the country stores had begun to keep boots, the future mayor informed him that he need not make him any boots, as he should get a pair of store boots.

Day was angry, and said: "You are getting d-d stuck up. I want you to know that better men than you wear my make of boots. John Ham, our representative, wore a pair of my make to Augusta last winter."

But Seth got his store shoes just the same.

Was Strong on Manners.

Frederic Ireland, stenographer of the house of representatives, at the convention at Atlantic City of the (National Association of Stenographers, said, apropos of a rash course: "I can't approve of this action because I am a foe to rashness. In handling the affairs of a great body of men I believe in prudence and carefulness. I am almost as prudent and careful as the weak-minded Scot of Peebles."

"This Scot, a silly look on his face, was skating near the famous iron bridge of Peebles on a winter day. Some young ladies wished to skate under the bridge, but they did not know whether the ice was safe or not. So, approaching the Scot, the youngest and prettiest of them said: 'Sanders, would you mind just gliding under the bridge and back so as to test the ice?'

"The half-witted Sanders took off his cap, and with a bow and smile replied: 'Na, na! If I am daff I ken manners. Leddies first.'"

Men as Public Mirror Gazers.

Persons who dig chewing gum and candy from slot machines, having complained all summer because the machines were not cooled with ice or electric fans to prevent the melting of the contents, have another growl. At the Brooklyn bridge station of the subway recently a girl in a short raspberry pink suit, severely plain (though she wasn't), and a hat at such an angle it looked as if it were pinned to the right ear, complained to three other young women that it was almost impossible to get near the slot machines, there were always so many men looking in the glass and fixing their neckties and collars. "Why, before those slot machines with mirrors were put in the subway," said she, "some men told us women were so vain they would fight to get a peep in the glass. Well, look at the thousands rushing down here every day and you'll find a tremendous majority of those who pause before the mirrors are not of the so-called vainest sex."

THE ANGEL CHILD'S LESSON.

Didn't Result as the Penurious Parents Had Hoped, but the A. C. Had Fun.

The penurious parent had been instructing the angel child in the art of saving. The angel child had listened dutifully, and when the P. P. presented it with a patent savings bank the A. C. agreed to put all the nickels he got into the bank.

At the end of the week of persistent begging from the other members of the family the A. C. gazed into the bank and discovered that he had \$4.90.

"Pa!" said the A. C., its dimpled physiognomy erupted with smiles. "I need only two more nickels to have the required \$5. Have I not been a good boy to not spend them one by one as I used to do?"

"You have, my child," replied the P. P. proudly, "and to show you that the reward of economy is a comfortable bank account, I will now give you the money to fill your bank. It can then be opened and your money placed in the big bank down town."

Saying which he handed the A. C. two nickels and the little one danced away happy.

"This only goes to show," said the P. P. to his yoke mate, "that the inculcation of right ideas cannot begin too soon with children. It is merely the forerunner of a great and glorious career for our child; and I feel that he will look back upon this moment in his after years, and remember with pride the fact that I taught him the first principles of good citizenship."

Having gotten which sentiment out of his system, the P. P. fell to perusing the financial gossip of the Evening Exciter.

And meanwhile the angel child, having pushed the two coins into the bank, gave it the proper twist and dumped the contents into his hat. Then he proceeded to sneak around the corner, gather up ten or 15 of his alley acquaintances, and blow them off to soda, ice cream and cubed cigars at the nearest confectionery, returning home with an empty bank but a full stomach.

Moral: You can't teach a young dog old tricks.—Judge.

Anecdotes of Dan O'Connell.

There are a good many interesting stories told of the famous Daniel O'Connell. Once he was defending a prisoner indicted for murder. The principal witness against the defendant swore that the prisoner's hat had been found near the place of the murder. The hat was then produced in court, and the witness swore positively that it was the same one that was found, and that it belonged to the prisoner.

"By virtue of your oath, are you positive that this is the same hat?"

"Yes."

"Did you examine it carefully before you swore that it was the prisoner's?"

"Yes."

"Now, let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat and began carefully to examine the inside of it. He paused with a curious expression on his face, and then spelled aloud, "J-a-m-e-s. Now, do you mean to say that that name was in the hat when you found it?" he asked, turning to the witness.

"I do."

"Did you see it there?"

"I did."

"And this is the same hat?"

"Yes."

"Now, my lord," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "there's an end to this case. There is no name whatever within this hat."

The prisoner was instantly acquitted.—The Sunday Magazine.

Shaw in the Pie Belt.

Secretary Shaw paid a visit to the pie belt region of New England the past summer.

He stopped one night at a small country hotel, where the youthful daughter of the proprietor officiated as waitress.

Seating himself at the breakfast table the next morning, Mr. Shaw asked:

"Have you any breakfast food, young lady?"

The ingenious little Vermontor stared perplexedly at the secretary, cast her eyes with significance over the well laden table, upon which was spread the usual assortment of preserves, jellies, pickles, Worcestershire sauce, ham, eggs and bread, and stammered out:

"Excuse me, sir, but what did you want?"

"Why, some breakfast food, please," repeated Secretary Shaw, politely.

The girl frowned, and then, with sudden illumination of the distinguished guest's meaning, replied glibly:

"Oh, yes, sir; we have apple, pumpkin, gooseberry, and—I believe—squash pie!" And she hurried from the room to execute Secretary Shaw's order.

Dipsomania.

Charles J. Douglas defines dipsomania as an abnormal demand of the nervous system, either constant or periodic, for the drug action of alcohol—a demand so strong that the patient takes the alcohol in spite of his earnest wish and effort to avoid it. Dipsomania partakes of the nature of both a neuritis and a psychosis, the predisposing cause being a nervous system that is peculiarly susceptible to the poisonous or intoxicating action of alcohol.

Dipsomania is a curable disease and not a mere habit, says the Medical Record. The patient should be removed from home, with all its customary surroundings, and devote himself to the business of being cured. In the majority of cases the writer administers some remedies hypodermically at stated hours. He usually prescribes alcoholic liquors during the first few days of treatment, gradually withdrawing them.

Milk and raw eggs are probably the best nutriment. Apomorphine is the most prompt and effective hypnotic.

All Changed.

"Don't be so snappy," said Wround-er. "There was a time when you used to call me the light of your life."

"Yes," replied his wife, "but that was before you began to go out every night."