

THE END OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

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I found Von Minden on that humid, sultry night—the 21st of June—pacing the floor of his observatory, a huge box-like room that reared itself on steel legs far above his house. He was in a suppressed state of excitement, which he attempted to conceal as I entered.

"It's no use," I said to him. "I cannot work to-night. And, anyway, I'm going to the strikers' meeting. I want you to come along, if you can."

He sprang to his feet and opened the window. "Look! Put your hand out here!" he exclaimed. I did so. When I drew it in, it was sprinkled with a few small specks of what resembled soft coal soot.

"Rub your hands together," said Von Minden. "Now look at them." Where I had rubbed and where each speck had been there was a small grey smear of a bright red color. I glanced up at him, inquiringly. "What are these?" I asked. He laughed a strange laugh.

"Those," he responded, "are the signs of lunacy. That's all." He laughed again. I looked at him anxiously. I thought his mind was wandering under the terrific heat. I stepped involuntarily out of the window. It had become dark singularly early for the 21st day of June. The moon was high in the heavens. As I glanced at it I leaped from my chair.

"Von Minden," I cried aloud, "look at that!"

Von Minden sprang to the window. The moon was full and large—and red as fire. That was not all. The whole town seemed to be on fire. A thick haze had settled down upon the house-tops, and, like the moon, the haze was red as flame.

Von Minden stood with outstretched arms. "It's come!" he exclaimed. "A great epidemic of lunacy has come." He pointed far out into the space beyond.

The strikers met that night in an old, abandoned skating rink—a large, dimly lighted wooden structure. It was fitted to overflowing. A loud-voiced, red-faced demagogue stood in the rostrum, surrounded by an excited mass of humanity. We were late—Von Minden and myself. The speaker had had time to rouse his hearers to a pitch of fury.

"It's a good time," he cried, "a good time to be here, resists easy a quiet. What the h—d've mean by it? D'ye know what's happenin' up town?"

At a preconcerted signal the mob entered. Nothing could have kept them out, and no attempt was made to do so. Von Minden sat at my side with his finger on a button. He was ready at an instant's notice to loose upon the mass of humanity powerful jets of steam that would either kill or cure. For awhile there was no disorder. The great army entered, rank upon rank, and filled every street and every park. They were there to destroy, but to destroy when the time came. Suddenly we heard murmur—something was wrong.

Then a wild yell of rage, growing stronger as the time went on, burst from the throats of a million men. They had been thwarted.

At that moment Von Minden pressed the button. I looked out. Nothing happened. Something was wrong. "Look, look!" I cried. "Below!"

It is quite unnecessary for me to describe it. The mass of citizens below, in its frenzy and disappointment, had become uncontrollable—they had become wild of rage, they threw themselves, not upon the city, not against the public buildings, but upon one another. All day long that fierce battle raged within the streets of the city.

I staggered on until I reached Von Minden's house. He had got there before me.

"Von Minden!" I cried, beating the door frantically.

He came out, and I started back in surprise. Von Minden it was, but he was completely encased, from the waist up, in a metal cylinder that surrounded his body. It was full of holes and emitted a white vapor that almost completely enveloped him.

He laughed. "Steam!" he cried. "It's the only thing—the only antidote for the madness. Wait!"

He opened a small valve, and out came a flood of steam. Instantly the blood left my brain. For the first time in hours I felt like a rational being.

Then he produced another portable generator and attached it to my person.

"We must go, Anson," he explained, "in the cause of humanity."

We then proceeded to the two leading newspaper offices and dictated notices for their bulletins, directing everybody to keep their windows shut, to keep indoors, and to keep their kettles steaming. Von Minden and myself as we went through the streets, cried: "Steam! Steam!" to all whom we met.

The sun rose the next morning—saw a sun as last night's moon had been—and wherever shone the sun that day, it shone down upon ruin and disaster. The whole world woke to find itself gone mad.

The next day every state in the union was clamoring for one man—Von Minden—the federal government most of all. A special session of congress was called. Committees had experimented with Von Minden's steam generators. They sent for mechanics and engineers from every state, and called Von Minden in. Inside of 48 hours Von Minden's apparatus was being manufactured and distributed all over the country.

In a week, however, the officials—and Von Minden with them—began to wake up to the fact that, while steam was the great remedy, it was a remedy that the masses didn't want. To them madness was intoxication—they preferred it to sanity.

It was Independence day, July 4th, that the crisis came. On that day, from every town and city in the United States, by prearrangement, the men by thousands and tens of thousands, started out, mad as they were, yet with semblance of order, bound for one common destination.

They were bound for Washington. They had become anarchists. They had determined to wipe out the United States government—the president, congress, and every department.

On July 15, that fateful day, I stood with Von Minden on top of the Washington monument.

The mob had surrounded the city. The entire government had left it, and was speeding west by separate routes.

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Von Minden covered his eyes with his hands. "My God," he moaned. "We threw ourselves upon the floor, nauseated at the sight—a sight of which the world had never seen the like. Then suddenly the madness seized on us. 'The end of the world,' cried Von Minden, leaping to his feet. 'The blood surged into my head. 'Hurrah!' I exclaimed in a delirium of frenzy. 'The end of the world! Let us die now!'"

We laughed again in unison, and muttered incoherent things.

Then with a wild fling of head and arms he slung himself away from the parapet and into the space beyond.

Baths Limited.

Owners of country houses no longer hesitate to ask the co-operation of their guests when it seems necessary. In all the bathrooms of a palace on the Hudson river, which entertains many visitors in the course of a year, says the Sun, there hangs this sign:

"Guests are kindly requested not to draw more than three inches of water into the tub."

Since the host of a famous house had the courage to put up this sign his neighbors have become equally frank in requesting their visitors to help them out.

No Poetry in His Business.

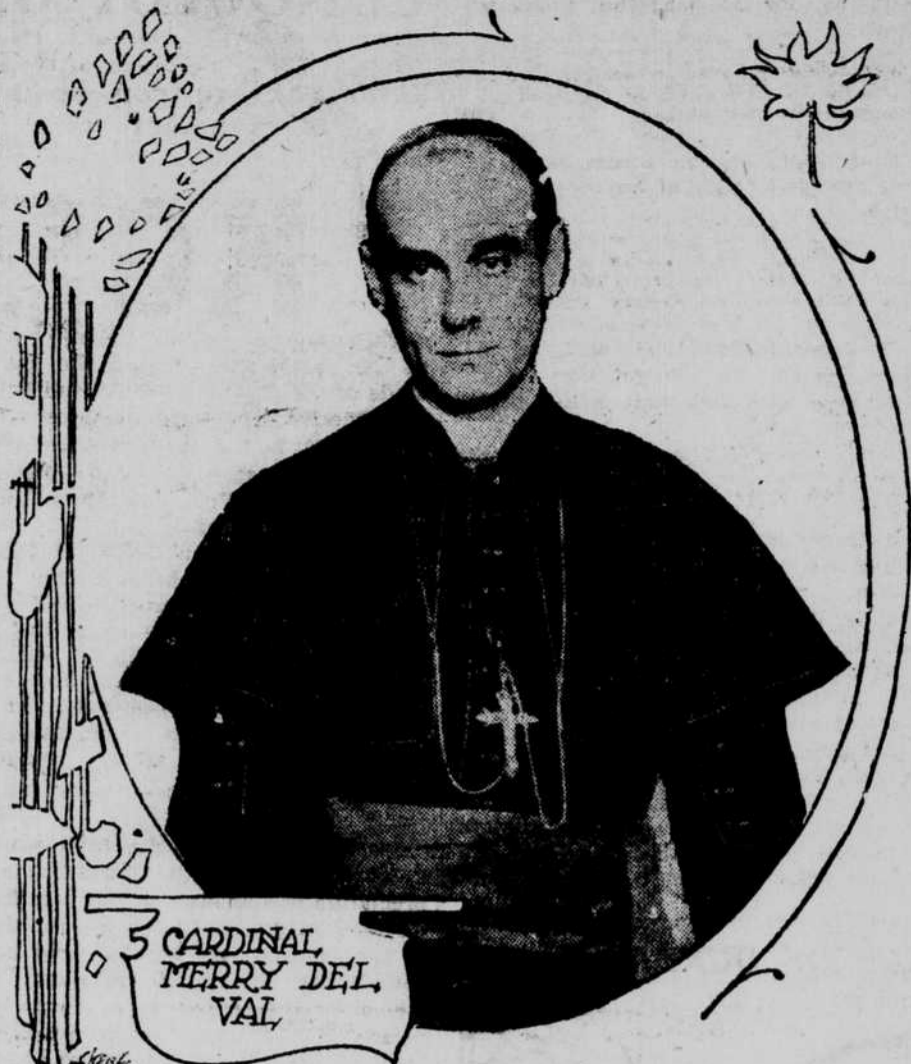
"Does it not throw a shade of bitterness into your heart," said the poetess youth, "to see the trees all leafless and to hear the wind sighing in mournful monotony? Does it not make you feel that there is too much that is bleak in the world?"

"No," answered the practical youth, "it does not."

"Why?"

"Because my father is in the coal business."—Stray Strodes.

Papal Secretary of State.



CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

All the official business of the vatican is transacted through this person. The direction of the struggle against the French government by the Catholic church has been in his charge.

ANTI-OPIUM CRUSADE.

GREAT DEMAND FOR CURE BY CHINESE OF MALAY.

Plant Discovered Which is a Specific For Smoking Habit—Free Dispensaries Established—Thousands Cured.

Washington.—The anti-opium movement in Malay, says a Penang correspondent, can only be described as colossal. So rapidly has it spread and so popular has it become that it reminds one more of a Welsh revival than a movement undertaken by the staid Chinese.

When the news of the movement first came from China a few enthusiasts took up the matter in Singapore and opened a free hospital for the cure of smokers, but very little progress was made. A few weeks ago, however, a well-to-do Chinaman in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Selangor, received from China specimens of a plant which was said to be a cure for the opium habit. A short search revealed the fact that the plant grew freely in Selangor in a wild state, and in a very short time a quantity was obtained and active operations commenced.

The leaves of the plant, which appears to be a shrub somewhat akin to gambier, are exposed to the sun for a day, then chopped fine and roasted, after which an infusion is made and the specific is ready for use. The first man experimented upon was a coolie employed by a European, and, although he was a confirmed opium smoker, he was pronounced cured in a week.

Now an anti-opium society has been formed in Kuala Lumpur, and the specific is distributed free, while so great has become the demand for the "opium plant," as the Chinese call it, that those who gather the leaves in the jungle demand \$10 per picul (133-1/3 pounds), for them. The dispensaries established for the distribution of the specific are hard pushed to keep up with the demand, the applicants in Kuala Lumpur alone numbering over 2,000 daily.

The anti-opiumists say they have cured in the few short weeks since the plant was discovered over 14,000 people in the Kuala Lumpur district alone, and the statement appears to be corroborated by the fact, which is vouched for by a partner in the opium farm, who is naturally deeply interested in the matter, that the receipts of the opium shops in and around Kuala Lumpur have fallen off by two-thirds, while several shops have had to close for lack of custom.

The federated Malay states will not be very much affected, even if the opium habit be entirely stamped out, for they do not depend upon opium to any great extent for their revenue; but in the Straits Settlements matters will be very different, for the opium farm is the principal source of revenue, and although the farmers have not yet been affected like the opium dealers in Selangor, they are distinctly apprehensive as to the effect the spread of the anti-opium movement and the introduction of the specific in the colony will have upon their sales.

A month will show whether they really have anything to fear, for the movement may die out as rapidly as it has sprung up, or it may result in the ruin of the opium farmers and the consequent embarrassment of the colonial government.

Hot Water Lake Found.

Pierre, S. D.—Another artesian well has been secured on the line between here and the Black Hills, showing that the artesian basin underlies practically the whole western half of the state, as well as the eastern half. The water in this well, like that at Capa, is very warm, having a temperature of over 120, and it is accompanied by a strong flow of gas. This indicates that a hot water well could be secured at Midland, where no borings have yet been made.

Township Has Only Ten Residents.

Lebanon, Pa.—Cold Spring township, the largest in area in Lebanon county, has had but one birth in the last four years, a child having been born to Mr. and Mrs. George Boltz. The population of the township now numbers ten, five of the residents being voters. The township also boasts of the oldest resident in the county, Mrs. Pharesny Ray, who will celebrate her one hundredth anniversary next month.

SAMPLES FOR MANUFACTURERS

Department of Commerce and Labor Has Goods Sold in Foreign Markets.

Washington.—American manufacturers who are desirous of capturing some of the trade in the orient, South America and other countries now enjoyed by foreign manufacturers, says a report of the bureau of manufactures of the department of commerce and labor, should apply to that bureau for its varied lines of samples of goods that find a ready market in those countries.

These samples have been gathered primarily for American manufacturers and consist of cotton yarns, piece goods, belts, braids, handkerchiefs, gloves, laces, towels, etc., which are manufactured in foreign countries and sold in China, Japan, India, Australia, Turkey, Egypt, South Africa and South America.

Wooden Shoe an Outlaw.

St. Louis Court Decides a Case of Surprising Interest.

St. Louis.—The ancient and honorable wooden shoe received an unexpected blow in the decision of a St. Louis magistrate that a German resident of this city must cease wearing shoes made of timber because a dweller in the same flat could not sleep on account of the noise. The law in the case seems somewhat strained, whatever the equity and the ethics may be. Wooden shoes are not illegal and at one time in the history of St. Louis they beat a tattoo on the city's pavements as their owners hastened to their daily toil in the dim morning hours. It was not the roar of the street cars that waked the later slumberers in those days, but a clatter equally insistent and penetrating.

The wooden shoe has a history. Modern civilization took its first steps in them. They encouraged and stood for honesty of purpose. Nothing much could be done on the sly in the days

Capital Gleanings

Interesting Bits of Gossip from Washington—Story of Lady Townley's Part in Retirement of Durand Causes Surprise in Society Circles—Victory for "Uncle Joe."



WASHINGTON.—A sensation has been caused in official and social circles by the publicity given to the disclosure that the jealousy and sarcasm of Lady Susan Townley had a good deal to do with the retirement from Washington of British Ambassador Sir Mortimer Durand.

In the innermost diplomatic circles the Lady Townley affair has been known and discussed for some time. Now that it is in print the gossips are talking more freely, without disclosing additional incidents of interest, but confirming the almost intolerable conditions which marked Sir Mortimer's brief sojourn at the capital. Several tangible reasons are given for his recall.

Aside from the influence of Lady Townley, which is believed to have been considerable, in embarrassing the tenure of the ambassador, the British government probably found it desirable, for political reasons, to place in Washington some one more in harmony with government officials here and with the plans of the two governments to reach an agreement upon questions left open and unresolved by the joint high commission.

Secretary Root in addition to his great aspiration to promote relations with Latin-America, desires to mark his administration of affairs of state by a settlement of the Canadian questions. Sir Mortimer gave no enthusiastic support to the proposition advanced by Secretary Root, and in which the Canadians acquiesced, to submit the questions to representatives of Canada and the United States, one commissioner to be appointed by each.

Sir Mortimer has been an obstacle instead of a help in the negotiations. He has been reticent and retiring. He was altogether out of harmony with his surroundings, and his government knew it.

Aside from the Townley incident there was nothing more natural under the circumstances than that the British government, desirous of maintaining an equal footing with other nations at Washington, should want some one here more in sympathy. Sir Mortimer's recall can be placed to an accumulation of incidents, political as well as social, which marked him not the popular diplomat his two immediate predecessors were, and not as successful a representative as the British government needs at Washington.

Sir Mortimer has written a new novel. Its title and general character are known as yet only to a few personal friends, but it will soon be published. Sir Mortimer already has a novel of English life, "Marion Preverly," to his credit as an author. It is his purpose, following his approaching retirement from public life, to devote his time to literary pursuits, which he enjoys, and for which long service as a soldier, a jurist and a diplomat has provided him much material.

Although it is not generally known, Sir Mortimer is a profound student in certain lines. He knows American history as few Americans know it, and possesses a splendid military knowledge of the campaigns of the civil war.

NO NICHE IN SENATE FOR ROOSEVELT BUST.

Whether the bust of President Roosevelt shall be set up along with the busts of others that have been vice presidents of the United States in the niches about the galleries of the senate chamber, or shall be forced to stand out in the loneliness of the main corridor, is an interesting question that will soon have to be disposed of.

Advices from New York are that the clay model of the bust to be executed in marble has been finished by James Earl Fisher, the sculptor. The cutting of the bust will be finished this winter. The bust is intended to represent Mr. Roosevelt as one of the vice presidents. The theory is that each vice president shall be honored by having his bust in marble in the senate chamber, where it is possible to look down in solemn superintendence over the proceedings. When Mr. Roosevelt's bust is finished the only vice president that will not be represented by one will be Vice President Fairbanks. His will be executed later.

The embarrassing feature of the matter is that all the niches about the galleries are now filled. There seems to be no place for the bust of Mr. Roosevelt, except out in the corridor.

In view of the well-known antagonism between the president and various elements in the senate some might calculate that it would be a fine revenge to take on the president for his habit of shaking the big stick at the upper branch of congress to leave his bust out in the corridor and exclude it from the chamber.

Just how the matter will be settled it is too early to guess. The committee on rules will dispose of it. Possibly the bust of some one of the earlier vice presidents may be removed from its niche in the chamber and that of Mr. Roosevelt put in its place.

'UNCLE JOE' WINS SOCIAL VICTORY.

The president gave a dinner at the White House January 4 in honor of the speaker of the house of representatives.

Great significance attaches to this bit of news, for it means "Uncle Joe" has won out in the fierce feud waged between him and the chief justice of the United States supreme court over the question of precedence.

The speaker has kept away from White House dinners for two years, whenever there was any possibility of a conflict between himself and the chief justice, as to which was entitled to the seat of honor nearest to the president.

The rivalry has been a matter of great embarrassment to the president, who is always in a quandary about the seating arrangement when his list of guests includes both the speaker and the chief justice.

Whenever the diplomatic corps is entertained, the president places the secretary of state at his right, and the dean of the diplomatic corps on his left. Ambassadors and ministers are then distributed down the line, which would bring Uncle Joe, if he were present, to a place at the foot of the table.

"Uncle Joe" always manages to have a dinner at his own home the night the president entertains the diplomatic corps and the supreme court. The announcement that the president was to give a dinner in honor of the speaker was important, therefore, to official and social Washington.

The Cannon dinner came before the dinner to the diplomatic corps and the supreme court affair. So "Uncle Joe's" victory is complete.

CHASE OF GAINES IN A REVOLVING DOOR.

"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," has been changed to "Run Me Around Again, Johnnie," as the result of a bloodless and ludicrous affray between Representative John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee and a man in Washington who is known as a publicity agent.

As the story goes, Gaines and the publicity agent engaged in an altercation in the rotunda of a leading hotel which concluded in an invitation to Gaines to "step out on the sidewalk and take a licking." The alacrity with which the invitation was accepted somewhat discouraged Gaines' would-be antagonist, who led the way toward the street.

When a big revolving door leading into Pennsylvania avenue was reached the publicity agent's courage shrunk completely. Instead of passing into the street he calmly followed the door around in a circle, the irate Gaines at his heels. Around and around went the pursued and pursuer with ever-increasing velocity, each in his separate compartment, dragging his heels from under the door, following relentlessly upon his footsteps.

As the compartments flew by the open space leading into the hotel and into the street loud words resounded only to be muffled a moment later as the compartment sped into the "tunnel" on either side of the doorway. Finally Gaines is reported to have become exhausted from the chase, the publicity agent vanished and when the police arrived Gaines was found alone on the field of battle with a smoking revolving door in both hands.

Loaded Shell Worked Havoc.

The explanation of the explosion recently at the Upper Forest steel works, Morrilton, Glamorganshire, is found in the practice to feed the furnaces with one-third of pig iron, one-third of heavy scrap iron and one-third of light scrap iron. Most of the scrap is purchased from the government dockyards and consists largely of shells. These shells are supposed to be emptied by the dockyard authorities, but it is asserted that in the present case one of the shells must

have been loaded, for when it was cast into the heated furnace a great explosion at once took place. The molten metal, the brickwork of the furnace and the roof were blown in all directions and six men were injured, two of them seriously. A previous explosion of a similar character occurred at the same works 18 months ago.—London Times.

You cannot always tell. A woman's bulging purse may hold everything but money.

LAMB STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.

Economical, Simple and Delicious Dish For Dinner.

Stewing is, without question, the most economical and simplest mode of cooking meats, says the Woman's Home Companion. Meat which is not capable of being satisfactorily prepared by other processes of cooking is most acceptable when dealt with in this way. Stews are very common among the so-called working classes of Europe, and oftentimes different kinds of meat enter into their composition. Let us make ours of but one kind, namely, Lamb.

Buy three pounds of lamb cut from the forequarters. Wipe meat with a piece of cheese cloth wrung out of cold water, remove superfluous fat and the meat in one-and-one-half-inch cubes. Put in a granite-ware kettle, cover with boiling water, bring gradually to the boiling point and let simmer (that means, you know, to let boil very, very slowly) until meat is tender, the time required being about two hours. After the first hour of the cooking add one small onion, from which the skin has been removed, then thinly sliced, and half a cupful each of carrot and turnip cut in half-inch cubes. Remember that the best flavor and the brightest color of a carrot lies very near the skin; therefore, carrots should be washed and scraped for the cooking, never pared. On the other hand, turnips should be pared after washing. To obtain the cubes of which I write, cut the vegetables in half-inch slices, then cut the slices in cubes. Wash and pare potatoes, and cut in one-fourth-inch slices; there should be three and one-half cupfuls. Cook five minutes in boiling salted water to cover drain and add to stew 15 minutes before serving time to finish the cooking. Melt three table-spoonfuls of butter, add four table-spoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of the hot liquid in the stew. As soon as the boiling point is reached pour slowly into the stew. Season with salt and pepper, turn on a hot platter and surround with dumplings.

Dumplings, when properly made, are light and delicious and perfectly easy of digestion; if improperly made just the reverse is true. Failures sometimes occur from not cooking the mixture as soon as it is mixed, and again, from cooking the mixture over water that falls below the boiling point.

Braising.

This is a particularly good way to treat dry meats like veal, lean beef from the under part of the round or the face of the rump, the shoulder of mutton, heart, liver, tough fowls, pigeons, or other dry game. The method of braising is like the old time pot roast, only the braising is far easier in that the water in which it is cooked does not need replenishing and there is much less danger of the kettle burning dry. In each case the meat is rolled in flour, seasoned with salt, pepper and just a dusting of sugar to assist in the quick browning. Then it is browned in the bottom of a kettle or frying pan, using some of its own fat, drippings or butter, as preferred. After this browning process it is put into a stew pan or braising kettle, covered with well flavored soup stock, gravy, or even hot water, with herbs and seasonings then covered tightly and left to simmer gently for several hours.

Six Good Things to Remember.

If you heat your knife you can cut hot bread easily.

A teaspoonful of turpentine added to a pail of warm water is excellent for all cleaning purposes. Also put a little in suds on wash day.

Straw matting should never be washed in anything but warm water; add salt.

Angel cake can be cut easily if knife is wet in cold water.

To polish floors rub them once a week in beeswax and turpentine.

To test eggs, drop eggs in dish of cold water; if they sink they are fresh.

Apple Cups.

Sift together one pint of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream tartar. Beat one egg add four tablespoonfuls of sweet milk and stir into the dry mixture, adding more milk as necessary to make a thick batter. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter (melted) and beat hard. Butter some baking cups and put in each a spoonful of the batter. Add one-half apple cup in quarters, add more batter to cover and two-thirds fill the cup. Steam or bake 30 minutes and serve with milk or a sauce.

Deep Apple Pie With Cream Cheese.

Bake a nice deep pie about half an hour before dinner. Have a small cream cheese pressed through a ricer, mixed with a cup of whipped cream and a little salt. Press through a pastry tube or paper funnel on top of the pie in a pattern and serve as dessert while still warm. This makes a fine and always appreciated company dessert for cold weather. The cheese and cream combination may also be used on the ordinary two-crust apple pie.

New Idea for Quilts.

The shops are showing wool wadding for quilts. It comes in sheets two yards wide and two yards and a quarter long, and costs about two dollars a yard. The most sanitary way to make these quilts is to cover them with cheese cloth, tacking with soft cotton. They are very pretty when dainty shades of cheese cloth are used. The ventilation with these quilts is as good as with woolen blankets.

Parsnip Cakes.

For this purpose they must be boiled until tender, pressed through a colander, and to each four good sized parsnips a well beaten egg and one tablespoonful of flour should be added; mix, form into small round cakes and saute in a little beef dripping.

Soiled Clothes.

No receptacle for soiled clothing should under any circumstances be kept in a bedroom.