

# HOW TO TRAP A TORNADO.



FIFTY years hence every big town in the southwest will have a tornado trap.

This is what Professor H. A. Hazen, of the Weather Bureau at Washington, told a New York Sunday Journal reporter. The tornado trap is his own idea. He proposes to destroy the tornado before it has a chance to wreck and kill by using dynamite.

"The time has arrived," said Professor Hazen, "when serious attention must be given to finding some means of defense against those whirling storms. As the so-called cyclone belt becomes more thickly populated disasters from this cause will grow more frequent. Already people in that part of the country have begun to regard the question as having an important relation to their future welfare. When a menacing cloud is seen they are terrified, anticipating a catastrophe.

"My belief is that any town in that region would be rendered safe against tornadoes by a series of lookout stations extended in a line from north to south, so as to interpose a barrier on the danger side, from which the revolving storm invariably comes. This barrier would be made effective by means of a system of dynamite bombs connected with the stations by wires. It would not be necessary to keep guard all the time, and the men appointed for the purpose would only go on duty when warning was received from the Weather Bureau that conditions were favorable for cyclones. On seeing a funnel cloud approaching the operator would simply wait until it got near enough and then touch off the cartridges, which would blow it to smithereens.

"What reason is there for doubting that such a method would be successful? Do we not know that waterspouts at sea are sometimes dissipated and reduced to harmlessness by the firing of guns from threatened ships? A waterspout is nothing more or less than a marine tornado. Occasionally they have been seen to run upon the land and transform themselves into 'cyclones.' If the tornado were not destroyed by the dynamite explosives it would be likely to be deprived of so much of its energy as to be rendered incapable of doing harm. The cost of maintaining such systems of defense throughout the cyclone belt would not amount in 1,000 years to the \$20,000,000 which the recent calamity is said to have cost St. Louis.

"Money ought to be appropriated by congress for studying this strange and little-understood phenomenon. It is most important that we should learn about the mechanism of the tornado—a meteorological disturbance capable of destroying \$20,000,000 worth of property in ten minutes. All we know at present is that the energy of the 'cyclone' must be electrical. It is always accompanied by a severe thunderstorm. The Weather Bureau report says that during the St. Louis tornado the electrical display was exceedingly brilliant, the whole west and north-west sky being an almost continual blaze of light. Intensely vivid flashes of forked lightning were outlined in green, blue and bright yellow against the duller background of never-ceasing sheet lightning.

"Evidently, then, it is necessary that we should find some means of dissipating the electricity with which the destructive funnel cloud is charged. We must do for the tornado what we do for the ordinary thunder cloud, whose lightning we conduct away harmlessly by metal rods. Just here I want to call your attention to a very interesting fact. I have devoted a great deal of attention to the study of 'cyclones,' following the history of all that have been recorded for a great many years back, and I have never

known of a case where one of them struck a town that had a forest of even a few acres in extent to the southwest. 'Tornadoes always travel from southwest to northeast. I am inclined to think that a forest of moderate extent to the southwest of a town is a most efficient protection against storms of this kind, because the trees draw off the electricity that gives to the 'cyclone' its energy. If this is true, it follows that every town in the danger belt ought to plant trees for a tornado barrier, if it has not already this defense. Such a plan is much simpler and less costly than the dynamite system which I have already suggested. The towns ought not to remain undefended while waiting for trees to grow, and so I would propose that a temporary makeshift might be serviceable, consisting of a barrier of tall poles with a net work of wires extending between them.

"Some time ago I made a list of 2,221 tornadoes that were recorded in the United States between 1873 and 1888. They caused an average loss of one life and \$14,842 per 'cyclone.' New York state had 120 of them, including one of the first order, costing a total of \$1,270,000. There were 111 in Pennsylvania, which destroyed \$1,098,000 worth of property. One of the very worst occurred at Wallingford, Conn., August 9, 1878, when 34 people were killed, 70 wounded and 92 buildings were wiped out. Stone monuments were blown off their bases. The velocity of whirl required to accomplish this was estimated at 250 miles an hour. From these facts it would appear that the east is not at all safe from calamities of this kind. The electrical display at Wallingford is described as having been most terrific.

"Accepting this electrical theory, it may naturally be asked how the tornado gathers its tremendous store of electrical energy. This is a very difficult question. We know that there is electricity in the atmosphere. Whence comes this electricity? Perhaps it is generated by sunlight. Another theory is that the heat energy of the sun is transformed under certain conditions into electrical energy. My notion is that the particles of moisture which go to make up the clouds are some of them charged with positive electricity, and others with negative electricity, under ordinary circumstances. Conditions of which we know little or nothing, cause them to rush together, and there follows a display of lightning accompanied by the noise we call thunder.

"A tornado is a thunderstorm multiplied in violence. Respecting 'cyclones,' we are sadly lacking in data. When a phenomena of this sort occurs, everybody runs away; no one thinks of watching it. I am not certain that the funnel-shaped cloud is not a mythical idea.

"The approach of a tornado is never without warning. It is accompanied by a roar that has been likened to the bellowing of a million mad bulls. The width of the path of destruction is rarely over 300 feet. The best thing to do in case of the near approach of such a storm, is to run to the north. There is no safety, however, except underground.

"No building of stone or any other material is proof against the violence of a tornado. This fact was illustrated at Grinnell, Iowa, in 1882, when a storm of this kind took sixty lives and destroyed \$80,000 worth of property. One of the buildings reduced to complete ruin was a solid edifice of stone and brick used for a public school. The tornado tore it to pieces as easily as if it had been so much lath and plaster. That was the 'record' tornado up to 1890, when a 'cyclone' struck Louisville, Ky., and wiped out seventy-six lives and \$2,250,000 worth of property.

### Schlatter's White Horse.

It is probable that Schlatter is housed at some isolated ranch in the mountains between Mule Springs and Clinton. The people of the ranches where he tarried tell wonderful tales about the healer and his white horse. It is positively asserted that the horse will not touch food or water except where his master deigned to accept like hospitality. The appetizing alfalfa and the cleanest, nicest corn failed to tempt the horse to partake thereof at the ranches where his master did not eat or drink, and this was true where he had been ridden long distances between ranches.—Silver City (Ariz.) Enterprise.

### Aged Golf Champion.

Lord Rutherford Clark, who is over 70 years of age and a judge of the Scotch Court of Session, has won the first prize in the golf competitions at Cannes twice running.

**Deer Killed by Engine on Long Island.**  
A herd of deer tried to cross the track of the Long Island railway. One of them was killed.

### TO START AN ENGLISH COLONY.

A \$2,000,000 Ranch in California the Site Chosen.

J. G. Gilmore, agent of the syndicate of English capitalists who have been negotiating for the purchase of the Chino ranch in southern California, and G. Wilding, a prominent chartered accountant of London, arrived from the southern part of the state the other day with Wendel Easton and George Easton, who had been showing the two visitors all over the Chino ranch, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

"The deal is about closed," said Mr. Easton. "The owners of the property have agreed to sell and the English syndicate has agreed to buy. Now all that remains to be done is for the accountant to verify the figures of the chartered accountant whom we employed to make a report on the property. The terms of the sale have been agreed upon and the purchase price will be about \$2,000,000. The original terms agreed upon provided that one-fourth of the purchase price be paid cash down, and the balance in one, two and three years. The syndicate is anxious, however, to pay the entire amount right away, and according to present plans the entire \$2,000,000 will be turned over before the 31st of December.

The Chino ranch is owned by Richard Gird, but C. H. Phillips has a bond of purchase on the property which will have to be satisfied in the settlement. The San Francisco Savings union also has a mortgage of half a million dollars on the property. The Chino ranch contains about 40,000 acres, and is situated in Chino valley, in southern California. Some 7,000 acres of the property are devoted to beet culture, and supply the big Chino beet factory with nearly all the sugar beets consumed there. The sugar works are excluded from the improvements which will go to the English syndicate in the purchase of the ranch, but all other improvements, including the North Chino water system, the railway connecting Chino with Ontario, on the line of the Southern Pacific, and San Antonio canyon, a piece of water property fifteen miles above Chino, are included in the purchase price. Mr. Gilmore said that the syndicate which he represented would form a corporation for the handling of the property. The idea is to place the property under the management of an English superintendent and bring out English farmers to settle in the valley with their families and work the land. "I have estimated that the ranch would support a colony of 100 families very comfortably. The colonization scheme will be carried out by men who are big transportation, shipping and colonizing people in London."

### Four Years Getting Wood.

Robert Winn, an old and eccentric character, died at his home on Hargis creek, this county, recently. "Uncle Bob," as he was familiarly called, lived to bury two wives, and not wishing to bury a third, on his dying bed he asked that his remains be buried by the side of his faithful old dog that had but a few days preceded him. The request was complied with. The death of "Uncle Bob" recalls an incident in his life that is decidedly out of the ordinary. During the opening scenes of the civil war "Uncle Bob" was anxious to join the confederate army. His wife was opposed to his doing so and used every argument and effort within her power to prevent it. One cold winter morning, after "Uncle Bob" had abandoned the idea, as Mrs. Winn supposed, of joining the army, she asked "Uncle Bob" to go to the woodyard and gather some wood with which to rekindle the fire. "Uncle Bob" started, but instead of "gathering wood" he walked to Mississippi and joined the army and for four long years fought for the cause of the confederacy. At the close of the war he returned to the home he had suddenly deserted. Entering by way of the woodyard, he gathered up an armful of wood and entering the room he found his faithful wife who had continued to remain at the old home. Walking up to the fireplace he carelessly threw down his armful of wood and looking into the face of his now dumfounded wife, he coolly remarked: "Here's your wood," after which he proceeded to make himself at home, as of yore.—Louisville Post.

### MUCH IN LITTLE.

A ripple of laughter is worth a flood of tears.  
If the dog whose day this is will call at this office, he can have it and no questions asked.  
Every man is the architect of his own fortune, but mighty few of them ever learn the trade.  
"Sweet are the uses of adversity," exclaimed the receiver as he pocketed sixty per cent of the estate.  
Poverty is no disgrace, and it is just as well it isn't; there are enough disadvantages about it as it is.  
"A soft answer turneth away wrath," and it's a good thing to use when the other fellow is larger than you.  
If it is true that the good man do is off interred with their bones, the coffins of some men are not crowded.  
It's an ill wind that blows nobody good; the small boy whose sister has the carlet fever got a vacation.  
Familiarity breeds contempt; it is not near as much fun to exercise a lawn-mower the last ten minutes as it was when you first took hold of it.  
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. This, perhaps, accounts for the fact that the fools carry off so many of the prizes in love and business.  
"Kind words can never die." How bitterly does a man realize that terrible truth when he sees all the kindest words he ever said in his life glaring at him from his published letters in a breach-of-promise suit.

### A QUEEN'S LONG REIGN.

FIFTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Much Loved Sovereign—Popularity Among All Classes—The Purity of Her Life as a Mother, Wife and Queen—Stories of Her Youth.

(London Letter.)

EARLY one sunny June morning, while the grass was still wet with the dew of night, there rode post haste up the avenue of elms that led to Kensington Palace a pair of distinguished visitors. One was Dr. Howley, archbishop of Canterbury; the other the marquis of Conyngham, then Lord Chamberlain. Though Kensington today is in the heart of London, at that time it was a secluded country place. They knocked and they rang and they thumped, but no one was astir. At last a sleepy domestic was aroused and a message taken to the attendant of the Princess Victoria that they desired an audience with her Royal Highness on business of importance. After considerable delay the attendant informed them that the princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said: "We are come on business of state to the queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." The attendant left them, and a few minutes later a fair-haired girl of 18 came into the room "in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her hair thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." That was fifty-nine years ago, and the fair-haired girl was Queen Victoria.

At the council which followed at 12 o'clock the same day she presided with much ease as if she had been doing things else all her life. Mr. Greville, who was present, says: "She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth, inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her. . . . In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense."  
Queen Victoria first saw the light in Kensington Palace on the 24th of May, 1819. She is the only child of Edward, duke of Kent, fourth son of George III., and of the Princess Louise Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Abraham Lincoln was then a 10-year-old boy. Gladstone ranabout in short pants with frills to them and probably trundled a

Many sayings of the queen as a young woman have been preserved, showing the trend of her early ideas, and her high sense of honor. On one occasion a minister told her majesty that she need not scruple to sign a paper without examination as it was not a matter of "paramount importance." "But it is for me," she replied, "a matter of paramount importance whether or not I attach my signature to a document with which I am not thoroughly satisfied." No less determined was her reply to the same minister when urging the expediency of some measure: "I have been taught, my lord, to judge between what is right and what is wrong; but expediency is a word I neither wish to hear nor to understand."

On the 10th of February, 1840, Victoria married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with whom she had long been deeply in love. It proved as everyone knows a most happy union. Prince Albert was singularly handsome, graceful and gifted, and made an ideal husband. During their twenty-one years of wedded life they were blessed with nine children—four sons and five daughters.

Of the sons all are living except Leopold, duke of Albany, who died in 1884. Of the daughters, the eldest married Frederick William, the late emperor of Germany. The second, known as Princess Alice, who became the wife of Prince Frederick-William of Hesse, died in 1878. The Princess Helena married Prince Christian, of Denmark. Princess Louise became the wife of marquis of Lorne, and the youngest, Princess Beatrice, married Prince Henry of Battenberg, who died recently while taking part in a military expedition on the west coast of Africa.

Notwithstanding the popularity of Queen Victoria her life has been attempted more than once. In June, 1840, Edward Oxford, a crazy lad of 17, fired two shots at her as she was driving with Prince Albert up Constitution Hill, a road leading through one of the London parks. Both shots were fired deliberately, but fortunately missed their aim. Oxford was arrested and

Peel, was to tell him "that she was sorry to have to part with her late ministers, of whose conduct she entirely approved, but that she was bound to constitutional usage."

The memorandum which she caused Lord John Russell to convey to Lord Palmerston in 1850 shows that she thoroughly understood her rights as well as her obligations. Lord Palmerston had acquired a habit of "dealing with foreign courts according to what seemed best to him at the moment, and his sovereign and his colleagues often only knew of some important dispatch or instruction when the thing was done, and could not be conveniently or becomingly undone," a habit of which the queen had several times complained. Her majesty, in her memorandum, intimated in plain terms that she wished to know beforehand what he proposed to do in a given case, that she might know as distinctly to what she had given her royal sanction. She further intimated that having once given her sanction to a measure, any arbitrary alteration or modification of it by the minister would be considered as a failure in sincerity towards the crown, justly to be visited by the exercise of her constitutional right of dismissing that minister.

Many anecdotes are told, showing that though punctilious in matters of ceremony and careful to exact the respect due to her exalted position, she is above all an honest, loving woman of simple refined tastes. Prior to her marriage the Archbishop of Canterbury asked her whether it would be desirable to omit the word "obey" from the marriage service, and she answered: "I wish to be married as a woman, not as a queen."

To show how particular the queen has been in the proper education of her children, a sailor once carried one of the queen's daughters on board the royal yacht. As he set her down on the deck he said: "There you are, my little lady." The child, who had not liked being carried, shook herself and said: "I am not a little lady; I'm a princess." Her mother, who overheard her daughter's speech, said quietly: "You had better tell the kind sailor who carried you that you are not a little lady yet, though you hope to be one some day."

Another anecdote shows the firmness of both mother and daughter. Hearing their father address the family physician as "Brown," the children began to do the same. The queen corrected them, and all called him Mr. or Dr. Brown except the Princess Royal. Her majesty heard her, and said that if she again did so she would be sent to bed. Next morning the wilful child said to the physician, "Good morning, Brown," then added, seeing her mother's eyes fixed on her, "And good night, Brown, for I am going to bed." And to bed she accordingly went.

### LADS UNDER ARMS IN CUBA.

The Poor Lads Have the Hearing of Soldiers.

A favorite disposition of the army by its enemies is to speak of it as composed of boys, but that shows ignorance of war, says Murat Halstead in Review of Reviews. It is never safe to despise boys in any capacity, least of all in armies. On the battlefield of Shiloh, when they were gathered for burial—it was true of the boys in blue and gray alike—that hardly one in three was a bearded man. The boys, in the true sense of the word, were in the great majority. The Spanish lads under arms in Cuba are sturdy, swarthy fellows, well fitted and equipped for the field and many of them with kindly, friendly, humorous faces, and they struggle along well clothed and shod, with brown blankets rolled tightly and tied at the corners, swung over their shoulders; bags on their backs that seem lighter than knapsacks and equally serviceable and their rifles and cartridges loading them heavily but not more so than the Germans or French on a march. The boys of whom I speak were fairly drilled and, though just landed, had evidently been set up and put through their steps. They had the swing for a long tramp. As a rule the boys with the rifles were much younger than the officers, many of whom were stout. The Spanish army is not one to be despised, and, however it may suffer from the ambuscades for which the tropical vegetation affords such eminent facilities, will make itself respected when it meets foe; it cannot see. The boys cannot march as fast as raiders can ride and will suffer from the overwhelming rains and the deplorable roads and sicken and die in thousands, but owing to the better understanding of sanitary precautions the loss from exposure will not be great as in former years. The marching to the front of the young men of Spain was a mournful spectacle. There are dark-eyed mothers, sisters and sweethearts thinking of them far away, who will wait and hope and pray for them and their safe return until the closing scenes, when the roll of the unreturning is unrolled. I wish to speak with respect of the Spanish boys—poor fellows—the sons of poor parents—who never make the wars they fight—and I have seen the great armies of Germany, France and America and many of the troops of Italy and England.

### Sunday Rest.

To give a man no Sabbath rest is an attempt to reduce him to all fours. A man is a man, and doesn't like to be worked like a machine or mule, and being a man, it is his God-given privilege to stand upright. The secularization of the Sabbath is one of the greatest enemies of better living.—Rev. C. G. Reynolds.

I have known men of great valor towards their wives.



QUEEN VICTORIA.

who was present, says: "She looked very well; and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth, inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her. . . . In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense."  
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QUEEN VICTORIA.

(At the time of her coronation.)  
hoop, while Lord Salisbury had not as yet come into existence. The duke of Wellington was fresh from his triumphs at Waterloo, and Daniel Webster was in the zenith of his fame. The income voted the young queen by the first parliament which she opened in person a few months after her accession was \$1,925,000 a year. The speaker truly said in presenting the bill to her majesty that "it had been framed in a liberal and condoling spirit."