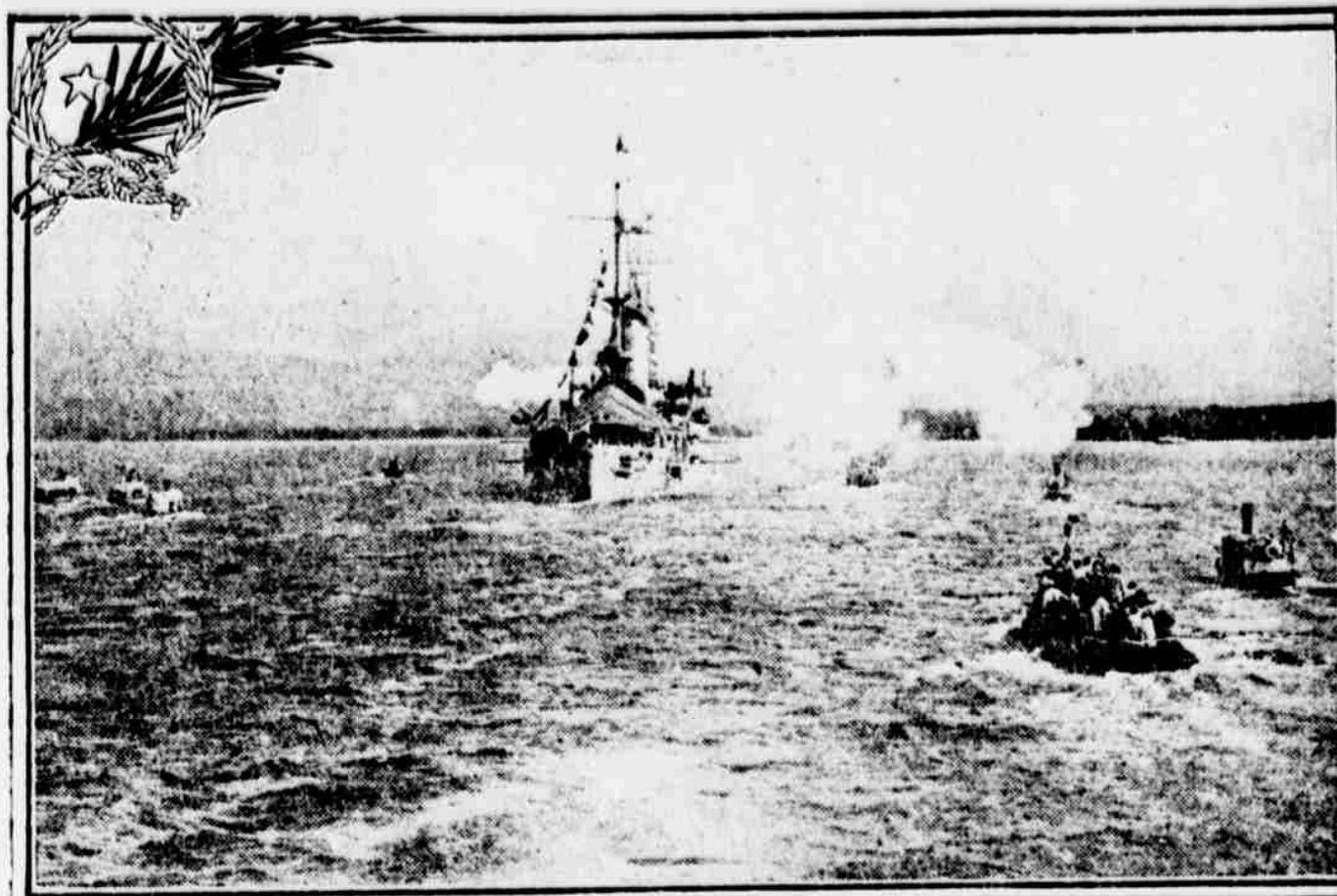


OPENING OF PEARL HARBOR, HONOLULU



AFTER ten years of dredging, Pearl Harbor, one of the greatest strategic points in the world, midway between Occident and Orient, was formally opened the other day by the entrance and departure of the U. S. Cruiser California, with Rear Admiral Thomas in command. There was a general celebration in Honolulu, including a banquet attended by ex-Queen Liliuokalani. Our photograph shows the California returning the salute from Camp Cowles, and coming to anchor just opposite the dry dock.

TO TALK UNDER SEA

Will Soon Be a Reality, According to Prophets.

Submarine Link Between England and France Was American Scientist's Invention—Prof. Pupin's Inspiring Work.

Chicago.—Twice within comparatively recent times has the feat of telephoning across the Atlantic ocean been pronounced not only feasible but within the probability of almost immediate accomplishment. The first prophecy was made thirty-five years ago by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, soon after he had invented the telephone. But in a recent letter to Popular Mechanics Dr. Bell said: "I may say I am a little more skeptical now. I have no doubt, however, that it will be done some day." The second prediction was made by a former president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers in an article on the important researches of Prof. M. I. Pupin of Columbia university, by which the problem of long distance telephony over land lines of hundreds of miles in extent was made practical, and many other authorities also concurred in this view. Now, as Dr. Bell has said in his case, they are more skeptical.

But, after all, the difficulties in the way are only of a practical nature and probably will soon be overcome. Only a few months ago the telephone engineers succeeded in adapting Pupin's invention to a submarine telephone cable across the English channel, between England and France, so that telephone conversation can now be carried on successfully between the two countries. And this was in the face of hostile criticisms by eminent European and American telephone engineers, that the practical difficulties in the way of this accomplishment could not possibly be overcome. Yet the thing was done in spite of the doubting Thomases of the telephone profession. Then why not a transatlantic submarine telephone? It is, of

course, a much more difficult proposition, but the obstacle is one only of degree, and as the problem is theoretically possible it is quite likely that eventually a solution will be found.

Maj. W. A. J. O'Meara, engineer in chief of the work of connecting England and France by telephone, is confident that transatlantic telephony will come with continued advancement in the means of increasing the range of telephonic speech. In a letter to Popular Mechanics Magazine he says:

"As to my views on the possibility and value of establishing a telephone across the Atlantic, I may say that such a service would of course, be of considerable value, but such a desirable consummation does not at present appear to be in immediate sight.

"Existing means or devices for increasing the range of speech, both in submarine and subterranean conductors, may be very considerably improved in the near future and further improvements may be made both in transmitting and receiving apparatus.

"In view of the enormous strides made in recent years in the direction of increasing the range of telephonic speech, I think the prospect of transatlantic telephony is full of hope, and I confess that I have great faith in the ability of engineers to provide eventually the means for closer intercourse of peoples separated by obstacles which may be considered insurmountable nowadays."

At first blush the layman will point out that transatlantic submarine cable telegraphy has been in successful operation for many years; so why not transatlantic telephony? The answer is that while telegraphy is possible as long as the receiving station is able to discern the difference between a short and a long electrical impulse, the impulse that constitutes an electrical telephonic message must be transmitted and received with little or no alteration in order to be recognized as articulate speech at the receiving station.

Cable telegraphy differs from land telegraphy on account of the fact that a submarine cable possesses in a high

degree what is known as "capacity;" that is, before it will transmit electrical impulses in measurable amounts it must be electrically charged in a manner similar to a Leyden jar.

DETECT CUSSES IN BIOGRAPH

Deaf Mutes Read Lips of Actor Who Thinks His Words Are Lost.

London.—The bioscope was registering a banquet scene at the moment of the speeches. The young actor who was intrusted with the role of presiding rose and solemnly made the gestures appropriate to a learned discourse, while all the time he kept his fellow actors amused by a flow of amusing slang and profanity with unprintable anecdotes as decoration.

What did it matter? He was posing before a cinematograph, not speaking before a phonograph.

The film was a great success, it was praised all over the world, especially for the life-like attention the guests evidently paid to the orator.

One complaint only was received, a very severe and indignant rebuke. It came from the director of a deaf mutes' institution, where the pupils, trained to reading of lips, had been able to follow the unbridled license of the orator as well as to watch his gestures.

HORSE DIES WITH HIS OWNER

Innkeeper's Will Directs Death for His Faithful Friend—Executor Chloroform Animal.

Boston, Mass.—John Drewsen, 70 years proprietor of the Hotel Highland, Washington street, Roxbury, who died recently, directed his executor to chloroform and kill his chestnut horse on the day of his own death. Pursuant to the provisions of the will the executor of the will promptly had the animal chloroformed.

The horse had been in the possession of Mr. Drewsen for many years and there was a strong attachment between the two.

Of recent years the animal was too old and infirm to be taken out of the stable, but Mr. Drewsen visited it frequently day and night.

PRAISES WORK IN ENGLAND

Sunday School Worker Closes Tour and Finds the Movement Progressing.

London.—Marion Lawrence, the American Sunday school leader, brought to a close his British tour. It had lasted since September, when he left Chicago.

The object of this tour was five-fold: To inspire and strengthen the interest in Sunday school work; to consider practical Sunday school problems of the day; to emphasize the Sunday school as the church's best evangelistic force; and to call attention to its work as a missionary force and as a medium for the cultivation of the spirit of international brotherhood and peace.

Mr. Lawrence considers the position of the English Sunday school movement to be satisfactory. When asked whether he considered the American child brighter than the English, Mr. Lawrence replied:

"No, children are children the world over."

His aphorisms have a directness that appealed to Sunday school leaders throughout the kingdom.

"It is all very well," he says, "to attract children to Sunday schools; but you must make it worth their while to remain inside. You can fool chickens by offering them sawdust once or twice, but not for a longer time."

"If you go fishing, and the fish will not bite, you don't throw stones at them. You just change your bait."

The cost of fire prevention in this country is \$450,000,000 per year.

STOPS THE BLOOD TO BRAIN

Surgeon Deflects It in Head by Ligation of the Internal Carotid.

Philadelphia.—Demonstrations in advanced surgery were made in many Philadelphia hospitals by famous surgeons for the benefit of delegates assembled in this city, who attended the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America.

An operation considered fatal until modern surgery lent its aid was performed at the University hospital to deflect the flow of blood from one part of the injured head of a patient. Its purpose was accomplished by Dr. John B. Deaver by the ligation of the internal carotid, the principal artery of the neck supplying blood to the greater part of the brain, the orbit, internal ear and the forehead and nose.

The operation stopped the supply of blood to the brain through this channel, relieving the congestion. A sufficient amount, however, to maintain life is still conveyed by the external carotid and its branches, and as the injured portion of the skull heals nature will adapt itself to the changed condition and the arteries which have been forced to do added duty will gradually dilate until the normal supply of blood is distributed in all parts of the head.

Before leaving Clayton Souder said: "My arm feels better," and before reaching the hospital he declared it was well, and begged to be taken back home. But his brother-in-law, who accompanied him, insisted on his going to the hospital. Here it was found that the arm was well, the bandage taken off and left off. It had cured in three hours.

Souder says the only way he can account for the strange cure is that the blood poisoning was scared out of him.

A whale's skin, which in places is two feet thick, is the thickest hide of any living creature.

ONE OF THE AFRICAN STYLES

Dusky Damsels Adorn Themselves by Repulsively Distending Their Lips With Wooden Discs.

London.—Africa is the land of many strange things and queer people, and not the least odd of the latter are some of the natives living in the vicinity of Lake Chad in the central part of that puzzling continent. As a result of his travels on the dark continent Lander has given some fine descriptions of the people and their grotesque customs.

The accompanying illustration gives an excellent idea of one of these. One may be excused for not believing it to be the picture of a woman, for there is nothing to suggest the fem-



African Victim of Style.

inine in this case, unless it be woman's inherent love of adornment. Having determined that elongated lips are a thing of beauty, these dusky damsels go the limit, using wooden discs in the process of creating and maintaining this frightful, repulsive condition.

"It was on the Shari river," writes Lander, "that I found the custom of elongating the lips more exaggerated than in any other part of Africa, the women actually inserting small wooden or tin saucers in their upper lip and sometimes in both lips. It was most ludicrous to hear these young ladies talk, especially when they had two plates, one in each lip, as they clapped like castanets, and the voice became nasal and unmusical. These women were otherwise well formed anatomically and quite statuesque when young. They adorned their ankles and arms with brass rings and wore shell ornaments around the neck. The plates in the lips were occasionally removed, when the upper lip hung down so low in a loop as to reach lower than the chin, leaving a repulsive aperture under the nose through which one could see the teeth."

Not a very pleasant picture, truly; but style is style, and Africa is Africa.

Farmer Had Carved Inscription on Its Shell in 1883 When He Was a Boy.

Harrisburg, Pa.—A farmer in southern Pennsylvania, went swimming very frequently last summer in Green lake. On one occasion one of his toes was suddenly caught and held with a vise-like grip. He sputtered and tried to get loose all the way to the shore, almost fainting with the exertion.

His catch was a large snapping turtle which had to be removed from his

toe with a chisel and hammer. The following inscription was found carved on the shell: "H. T. 1888. 'Why,' gasped the astonished farmer, 'I carved that on a pet turtle when I was fifteen years old, and I've been looking for him ever since. He found me first, however.'"

Young New Jersey Farmer, Fearing Loss of Arm, Has Singular Recovery.

Clayton, N. J.—Joseph G. Souder, a prosperous young farmer of Clayton, who recently purchased the Hubois farm for \$10,000, was bitten on the finger by a hog he was killing several weeks ago, and blood poisoning set in. The finger was lanced, but the poison spread to his arm, which it was thought would have to be amputated. Souder objected to losing the arm, but as he grew worse he started for the hospital.

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Find His Pet Turtle.

He found me first, however."

POISON SCARED OUT OF HIM

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From the look in her eyes Madge

His Nephew's Bride

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

Willis Granger paused in the act of lighting his cigar. Some one was snipping branches from the bush of bridal wreath behind the summer house. Granger was a philanthropist and it was distasteful to him to think that anyone would steal what he would willingly have given.

He arose cautiously from the hammock and peered through the vines. Surprise checked the stern rebuke that would have sprung from his lips. He went softly around until his huge frame filled the grape-hung doorway.

"Come here!" His voice was toned to a soft command.

The girl turned a startled head and clutched the small cluster of bridal wreath spasmodically to her breast. She stood poised as if for flight.

"Come here—please!" Granger's voice again commanded.

She came slowly toward him. Her great gray eyes set in a wan little face held to his as if they vainly would drag pardon from him.

"Sit down," he said, when she was within the summer house. He knew that her knees were trembling and he held forth a wide low chair. She slipped down among the cushions still keeping her big eyes on him.

"I would have given you all the flowers you wanted," Granger said. "I didn't know how to ask you—for some," the girl faltered. She went on swiftly, "I am going to be married—to-morrow—and I just couldn't—without a few flowers."

Granger repressed his amazement. He had supposed the girl to be not more than fifteen at the outside.

"How old are you, child?" he asked her.

"Twenty," she said simply. "I haven't any hairpins—for my hair; that's why I look so young."

Granger looked closely at her. She certainly did look young with those coppery curls shimmering down the nape of her neck.

"Are you very much in love with the man to whom you are giving yourself?"

Now that the nervousness had left her Granger sat down beside her.

She hesitated and a faint color stained her skin.

"I care for him—yes," she said, "but I am marrying mostly because it seems as if I couldn't live among those people any longer."

Upon questioning her Granger learned that the woman with whom she lived had taken her in after a wreck on the railroad. The child had been miraculously saved and had grown up without affection or care among the lower class of the village.

"Tom says I can have a new dress—after we are married," the girl said with a wistful glance at the ragged frock.

"Tom! Tom who?" demanded Granger.

"Tom Anson—he drives a grocery wagon."

Granger had scarcely heard; he was thinking. This young girl with her trusting eyes was far too young to have her confidence in men shattered. Without rousing her trust he must in some way prevent her throwing her lot with that of a man such as Anson and yet preserve for her an unmarred vision into the world.

"Can you cook and mend and do all the things required of a poor man's wife?" he asked finally.

Her startled eyes brought a smile to Granger's lips.

"I can't do anything like that! I shiver all the time I am washing dishes and I can't stand dirt—it makes me squirm!"

Granger again plunged into thought. Here was a startling example of a soul struggling against the sordid things of life yet powerless and drifting with the murky current.

Granger absorbed himself in contemplation of her while she closed her eyes in momentary fatigue. There was refinement in her voice, in her eyes and in her lips. The hopeless little gestures with which she had punctuated her story of life had in them the grace of culture.

"Madge," he used her name that he might keep her at her ease, "I am going to order tea and while we are having it I have a proposition to make to you." He rang the bell at his side and when his butler appeared Granger ordered a tea that would most appeal to a tired little waif.

Nor did the butler mention in the kitchen that the master was entertaining a wonderful beggar-maid in the summer house. Granger's philanthropies were every day occurrences.

Madge showed no embarrassment when the tea tray was placed on the table beside her. Instead, she found that her hands had naturally fallen on the handle of the little silver teapot and that she was asking Willis Granger how he liked his tea.

Surprise and amusement dawned in Granger's eyes. It suddenly occurred to him that here was the very girl he would have selected as a wife for his nephew. With a year or two of good schooling she would be a little paragon of both beauty and charm.

"Now listen carefully to what I am going to say," he began, when she was comfortably eating an English muffin and sipping her tea. "I want you to postpone your marriage to Tom Anson for one year."

From the look in her eyes Madge

had forgotten for a moment that Tom Anson was a person. Granger did not allow her to speak.

"In that year I want to send you to a school of domestic economy. That means—" he answered the question in her eyes—"that you will be prepared to take the management of a home into your own hands."

"Where will I get the home?" she asked innocently but with a hint of mischief in her now happy eyes.

Granger did not answer at once. He wondered if she were aware of her elfin beauty. Yes, he decided, Madge Carter was the very wife for Harold.

"Oh, I say—I beg your pardon!" Harold himself burst into the summer house.

Granger arose and introduced the two whom he had selected for mates. The boy was confused and a question was in his eyes.

"I was stealing some flowers from your uncle's garden," the girl said with an abashed glance at Granger. "He caught me, and in return he is giving me tea."

"Am I too late to have a cup?" Harold sank into a chair and Willis Granger realized with oddly mixed emotions that his own scheming had been in the nature of a forerunner. His good looking young nephew and the beggar-maid seemed to have found the big thing in life in their first exchange of glances.

During the months following, Madge went through an abbreviated course in domestic economy. After that she was intrusted to the tutelage of a maiden lady whose profession it was to instruct those whose education had been neglected. There Madge received the little finishing and society touches so dear to the refined nature.

During these long months of separation Harold accepted gladly the position of envoy. At frequent intervals he was sent for information to the various schools. He returned with enthusiastic accounts of Madge's progress.

Once only, during her absence, had Willis Granger seen his protegee. On that occasion his had been a peculiar medley of emotions.

She had received him in the little visitor's parlor of the boarding house. Harold had in a measure prepared him yet he was strangely at a loss for words during the interview. He had hurried away, whether in self-defense or a desire to hurry Harold toward the capture of Madge, he knew not.

As Willis Granger drove up the shady drive and through the luxurious grounds to his home the memory of the comfortless boarding house he had left smote him. Wistful gray eyes floated before him and the clinging pressure of soft fingers sent an uncomfortable warmth up his arm.

Inside the house he wrote a note asking or rather demanding that his protegee come at once for a two weeks' change.

Granger thought of a house party but finally decided against the idea. A house party would involve the necessity of young men who might in a measure jeopardize Harold's chance of winning Madge. Granger felt relieved over this decision and Madge became a part of the household under the amused chaperonage of Granger's sister.

Things progressed. Willis Granger felt that he was rejoicing in the very evident success of his plans. He and his sister talked of a church wedding and afterward in the privacy of his den the philanthropist tried to visualize himself in the act of placing the hand of his protegee in that of his nephew. But instead, the soft fingers of the girl clung to his own.

Granger felt suddenly very warm. He took off his coat and went to the open window through which a young moon peeped. The mystical beauty of the night, his own deep unrest and a desire to be alone sent him out and toward the summer house.

He paused in the act of lighting his cigar before entering.

A low, breathless sob as of a child tired with weeping, reached him.

She was huddled up in his big smoking chair. He saw, by the pale light of the moon, that Madge had resumed her tattered dress and that her coppery curls lay on the nape of her neck.

"Madge!" Granger's voice shook. "Why are you crying? Why these clothes? Come here!"

She turned wide frightened eyes on him then jumped up as if she would have flown from the summer house.

"Tell me all I have asked," he commanded, barring her way.

"I was saying good-by—to the summer house," she faltered.

Granger strove to steady his voice. "Good-by? You are not going back to marry—?"

"I'm not going to marry anyone!" she burst out.

"There are two more things to answer."

"I put these clothes on because they are all that belong to me," she said and caught her breath quickly.

"And why were you crying?"

But, past all endurance, she made a dart toward the door. He caught her swiftly. The suddenness of the contact made them both silent until in the soft murmurings of lovers newly found they voiced the long felt want.