

LIQUID ARMOR THAT WILL STOP A SWORD CUT.



Water falling from a height of 2,000 feet and passing through a pipe having a nozzle about one-fifth of an inch in diameter, will issue from the nozzle with such force that a strong man cannot cut it with a sword, and, indeed, is likely to break the sword.

COBRAS EAT SNAKES

Awful Clash at Meal Time in Philadelphia Zoo.

Scions of "First Families of India" Fail to Appreciate Atmosphere of the "City of Brotherly Love."

Philadelphia, Pa.—Three snakes are raising Cain out in the zoological gardens. They are raising so much Cain that all the zoo men, from Superintendent Carson down, are getting snakes. They arrived at the gardens the other day, and ever since then have been whipping up one constant row and shattering the nerves of everybody roundabout.

It is easy enough to understand, even in the case of hardened and seasoned snake men. For these three troublesome serpents are variously known by such nerve-soothing epithets as snake-eating cobras, or the tree-climbing cobras, or giant cobras. And when they bite they kill. Their venom has no antidote.

It might be added that this species is the only variety of real snakes that will show fight to a man without being first attacked by him. In the zoology of the imagination there are, of course, other well-known varieties of equally active serpents, but they are pink or blue or green or yellow in color, and they are hard to grasp, while these snake-eaters at the zoo are a plain stony gray and can be distinctly felt, if any one cares to try.

They are the latest and snappiest thing in the cannibal line, are these cobras, and the story of their transportation to the gardens and of their subsequent lively pranks is no mere silly season yarn. It is a story, as the critics of fiction would say, "filled with the whiplashes and the bite of real life."

They come of one of the first, best and rarest families of India. They are scarce and they are valuable. There are plenty of your common, man-eating cobras in India, but your snake eater is a prize.

Consequently, when Robert D. Carson, superintendent of the zoological gardens, heard that three of them were en route to New York in a wooden box he hurried over and bought them, eating up a good slice of zoo money in the transaction. He bought them of an Indian wild animal trainer.

When they arrived at the zoo they caused great excitement, for every well-informed zoo keeper knows the reputation of the snake-eating cobra.

The next day these snakes boiled up into one of the worst and one of the most remarkable stews ever encountered at the zoo. Keeper Hess had thrown in the usual daily meal of one snake per snake to the cobras, on the natural assumption that each snake-eater would make a dive for a detached victim. Some time later he heard the noise of a regular whiplashing scarp in the cobra cage and hurried to the scene.

Two of the cobras were trying to swallow the same snake. One had started at the head and the other at the tail of their victim, and when they met swallowing hard, at the middle, in a head-on collision, the air was thick with flying, flashing cobra.

Hess stood electrified and helpless before the strange sight. What to do was a question, so he just watched. By and by they sank to the floor and started in a strenuous gulping contest,

each trying to swallow the other inside, snake and all.

It resolved itself into a question of which snake had the roughest yawn and the most jaw, and soon the smaller cobra began a slow and unpleasant journey down his brother cobra's mouth.

That was too much for Hess. To be a cannibal is bad. To swallow one's brother is hideous. Hess raised a narrow portion of the sliding door, pulled the head of the two-snake-swallowing snake out a little way, and then untelegraphed the smaller cobra, which he afterward slowly deprived of the lunch that was in him by drawing him off the snake that was half inside him and half inside the other cobra.

This was a perilous task, as cobra number three was in the offing, winking his weather eye at the wholesale disgorging. But Hess got away with the job and is now recovering from the strain.

That is the story of those three scrapping snakes to date. The gentle creatures are among the choicest prizes that have been gathered in by the zoo officials in recent years.

Rain Bares Radium Mine.
Telluride, Col.—That a deposit of pitchblende, which Thomas F. Walsh recently declared was likely to be found in the mining districts of Colorado, exists near here, and has been laid bare as an effect of the recent floods, is the declaration of a party of prospectors. The announcement has caused considerable excitement and a party of experienced miners will go at once to the yellow sandstone cliff which it is said contains traces of the precious radium mineral and thoroughly investigate it.

HEN LAYS TWO EGGS DAILY

Delaware Fowl Has Record of Three in Twenty-Four Hours—Suggests New Strain.

Wilmington, Del.—Although poultry raisers all over the country, after long years of experimenting in the breeding of poultry for increased egg production, have failed to produce a hen that will lay more than one egg a day, yet Lilbourne Martin of this city, is the proud possessor of a hen which not only occasionally lays two eggs a day, but sometimes turns out three eggs within 24 hours.

Persons who have had long experience in poultry raising who heard of wonderful performances of the hen were at first inclined to doubt that the hen had actually laid two eggs a day, as they had never heard of such a case or read of any reports of cases of this kind in the poultry journals. While selected thoroughbred hens, bred for egg production, have made great records in egg laying contests, held at different times, especially in one held in Australia some years ago, no hen in any of the contests ever laid two eggs a day.

The hen owned by young Martin is the only one kept by him, and it is confined in the yard in the rear of the house by itself, so that the eggs could not have been laid by any other hen. The truthfulness of the family has never been doubted by the residents of the western side of the city.

The hen is a little more than a year old and was brought from Bynum, Hartford county, Md., by young Martin last summer, having been given to him by a relative. The hen was quite

OFFICE ON EDGE OF FOREST

Mountain Stream Furnishes Power for Plant of Western Newspaper—Environed Wild.

Seattle, Wash.—Perhaps the most picturesquely situated newspaper office in the country is that of the Megaphone at Quilcene, Wash. The owner is M. F. Satterlee, a pioneer newspaper man. He says:

"It is hardly possible there is another newspaper in the world situated in a similar way to the Megaphone establishment. On the one hand, within less than four rods of the office, is a virgin forest, extending back to Walker mountain, while on the other are the waters of the Pacific ocean, which pay daily visits within one hundred feet of the huge water wheel driving the Megaphone press. The wheel is turned by a sparkling mountain stream that flows in front of the office, and then empties into the bay. We can reach out of the window of the establishment and pick from the tree Early Transparent apples, while within twenty-five feet are apples of eight other kinds and pears, prunes, plums and cherries are but a few steps away.

"Of wild fruit there are blackberries and salmon berries within a ride range of the editorial desk. Then we can go out on a wharf, 200 feet from the office door, and catch salmon trout, salmon, perch and rock cod, while the beach is one spread of clam beds; and fuel, in the shape of fir bark, broken in the proper lengths for the office stove, floats to us on every tide, as it loosens from the log-booms in tow to the mills. The Megaphone office nestles at the foot of Walker mountain, whose shadow in summer falls upon the spot at four p. m., and where the morning sun, flashing across the Taraboo peninsula, casts its beams at an early hour. In winter the place is sheltered from the blasts of the sou'westers which roar over the sound. From the Megaphone place can be seen the moonbeams glistening on the waters of Quilcene bay and miles out on Hood canal.

CHASED INTO RIVER BY BULL

Two Jersey Men Have Narrow Escape from Being Gored to Death in Saving Woman.

Montclair, N. J.—In saving Miss Ruth Manning of Paterson from an enraged bull near Singac, Reynold Thomas and Guy Taylor of this city had a narrow escape from being gored to death.

The bull was owned by a farmer named Pier, who lives not far from the home of Mrs. Schumann-Heineke, near Singac. It was rampaging up and down the road when Miss Manning came along. Some crimson ribbons on her gown aroused the bull to attack.

Bellowing furiously, the bull charged on Miss Manning, who turned and ran. The young men arrived on the scene just as the bull started after her.

Young Thomas hit the bull with a stone and it turned on him and bowled him over. The bull was trampling on Thomas and attempting to gore him when Taylor smashed him over the head with a fence rail.

Then the bull rushed at Taylor, who dashed off at a ten-second clip. The bull was young and speedy, too, and began to gain on Taylor. Feeling that he could not keep up the pace for long, Taylor turned toward the Passaic river, which runs parallel with the road at this point.

Into the river Taylor dashed, followed by the bull, which, after wading out shoulder deep, abandoned the chase.

At this juncture the owner of the bull and farm hands arrived, and with pitchforks finally drove the bull back to the farm.

Young Thomas was not severely hurt when trampled on by the bull and Taylor did not mind his ducking. Miss Manning warmly thanked the two young men.

small at the time, and he first thought it was a bantam, but it kept growing until when full grown it resembled a black minorca in both size and color. It is quite a pet and answers to the name of Snowball.

Young Martin used no special method of feeding in forcing the hen to lay. Persons experienced in poultry raising say that by breeding this hen along with heavy laying fowls a new strain might eventually be developed which would break all previous egg records.

Common hens often lay less than one hundred eggs in a year; 200 egg hens are scarce; some breeders have hens that lay 240 eggs a year. A strain of fowls that would occasionally lay two eggs a day, and sometimes three in 24 hours during the periods of a year that they were laying, might go as far above these figures.

Offers Life Saver 25 Cents.
Baltimore, Md.—Saving life according to one mother's valuation of her son, is worth 25 cents when a "kid" falls overboard about Canton. Joseph Strobel, a workman at station 5 of the American Ice Company, off Boston street, had his attention called to a boy overboard. He sprang into the water with all his clothes on and soon had Willie Harrison, nine years old, of 2413 Falt avenue, in his strong arms. When brought ashore the boy was in a bad way, but with Mr. Strobel's record of saving half a dozen boys this summer from drowning he has also acquired the art of first aid to the near drowned. He soon had Willie revived.



FIRST SOLDIER HURT IN WAR

David Jacobs Tells of Thrilling March in City of Baltimore on April 18, 1861.

David Jacobs of North Bethlehem, Pa., has a unique distinction. His war record shows him to have been a gallant soldier, and it also indicates that he possesses the proud, if somewhat painful honor of having been the first soldier wounded or injured in the war of the rebellion, even if it was only with a stone instead of a bullet. Later Mr. Jacobs had all the experience with the latter he wanted; but his first wound as a soldier and the first soldier wounded came from a stone hurled in his face, which placed him hors du combat for several hours.

Mr. Jacobs enlisted on April 17, 1861, from Allentown, Pa., to serve three months, and was mustered into



Jacobs Felled By Stone.

the United States service at Camp Curtis, Harrisburg, April 18, 1861, as a private of Capt. Thomas Yeager's Company G, Twenty-fifth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, Col. Henry L. Coke commanding. Company G was originally the Allen infantry, a well-drilled military body of Allentown, commanded by Capt. Thomas Yeager, and among the first defenders or one of the first of five companies of volunteers to arrive in Washington.

Its services were offered to and accepted by the government at the opening of hostilities. It arrived in Harrisburg April 17, 1861, was mustered in with the other four companies and left for Washington on the 18th, arriving at Baltimore at 1 p. m. It was while marching two miles through the city to Camden, in that state, that Mr. Jacobs was injured. There suddenly came a shower of missiles, and the first person to fall was Mr. Jacobs. He got a big stone square in the mouth, four teeth went down his throat or somewhere, and he went down on the cobblestones, unconscious. In falling he hurt his left arm seriously. He was picked up unconscious by his comrades and carried to the train amidst a shower of stones, and it was not until Washington was reached that he recovered his senses.

Mr. Jacobs says that that march through the mob in Baltimore was one of the most thrilling episodes in his entire war career, and before they got to the depot and were en route for Washington plenty of others were wounded; but Jacobs was the first.

They arrived at Washington at 7 p. m., the vanguard of 2,000 volunteers. They afterward received the thanks of the president and the Thirty-seventh congress for their timely presence.

ARMY'S NEW BIG TELESCOPE
Gunnery Can See Enemy While Remaining Invisible Themselves—Lenses at Angles.

After years of patient experimenting, Dana Dudley, of Wakefield, Mass., has just had the satisfaction of having his "pan angle" telescope adopted by the war department of the United States. The invention is simple in its construction, yet, it is said, may revolutionize modern warfare. It consists of reflecting lenses so arranged at angles in a tube that persons or objects above or below and on all sides may be viewed from a place of concealment.

The device as constructed for use in warfare is arranged so that even on disappearing guns or guns used in trenches and fired from any point invisible from the exterior the operator may ascertain the location of the enemy, target or other objective point without exposing himself.

Woman's Dress **Men Make Fashions for Gentle Sex**

By FREEMAN TILDEN

THAT women dress to please themselves is an illusion shared only by those of the sex who do not permit themselves the luxury of thought. That women dress for men—that is, to attract men—is a view rational enough to have been suggested by a man, but full of contradictions and far from an adequate explanation. It is nearer the truth to-day, I think, to say that women are dressed for men—by men.

A man who spends part of his income in supplying raiment for a woman is flattering himself in no very subtle manner. It gives him a standing among his fellows as a good provider. Not even the automobile has superseded it as a means of establishing and maintaining financial confidence. He likewise may win a more or less grateful recognition from the wearer of the clothes. He takes pleasure in gazing at the advertisement of his generosity and opulence as an actor is enraptured to see his personality reflected on the billboards.

Time was when men who had risen to the distinction of perpetual leisure displayed evidences of their prosperity in their own person. In certain parts of the world to-day elongated fingernails are a proud testimonial to this state. But as this was a condition where there was necessarily a recourse to the intellect for diversion and exercise, and as intellect has never been a drug on the market, loafing became a bore. Then men looked around for another means of advertising their caste—and the very natural result was the selection of women for a medium.

High-heeled shoes, ponderous headgear, corsets, cumbersome gowns, trains and labyrinthine accessories show, and are intended to show, that there is no necessity for work. They witness the grandeur of the man who paid for them and can afford to placard thus his worldly success.

Men make the fashions or procure them, and always to this end. Undoubtedly the instinct for perfection creeps in and sometimes the result is truly artistic. But the idea is to make the clothes cost as much as possible and prevent the wearer from demeaning herself by labor, which is not a very difficult task.

Do not all these features reflect the power of the man who buys, who provides, who plans? The idea cannot be entirely pleasing to women, surely, though it saves them from admitting that they are guilty of inflicting such discomfort on themselves voluntarily.

Freeman Tilden

Good Advice to Girls on Courting Men

By BETTY VINCENT

It surprises me to receive letters from young ladies asking me "how they may become acquainted" with some young man whom "they admire very much."

Girls, is the world turning wrong side out, when you consider it your place to do the "courting?" Can't you realize that if a young man sees you and admires you he will find some way to obtain an introduction?

If a young man on terms of friendship with mutual acquaintances of your own cannot seem to manage to meet you you may be sure that he does not particularly care to do so. So, young ladies, leave the initiative to the men.

The more you wish to meet some man the more likely you are to accomplish your purpose if you do not let him guess it.

To be obviously pursued is enough to disgust any man. Let the men request the introduction and protect your own dignity by not giving consent to it too readily.

A young man writes me: "I met a girl about a week ago and it was a case of love at first sight. I wish to marry her and I do not know how to ask her. What shall I say?"

It is far too soon to ask the young lady to marry you. You had best wait until you are a bit more sure of your own affections before you attempt to win hers. Recently a man wooed and won a young girl in 30 minutes. Such love affairs, however, usually end disastrously.

A young girl writes: "I have fallen in love with a young man who holds a position beneath my brother. My parents object to him on that account. What shall I do?"

Be true to your love. If the reason which you mention is the only one for the objection of your parents, it is not a good reason. Do not deceive your parents. Tell them frankly that you do not mean to give up the man you love, but be true to your own heart.

Did you ever step into a street car and find your way obstructed by a man, more often a boy, with a couple of large bundles of goods—not flowers or bric-a-brac from a department store, not even a folded baby carriage, but plain bundles of merchandise which belong on an express wagon?

You most certainly did. And you always saw the piercing glances which the motorman shot at the boy and the suppressed curses which trickled down the throat of the conductor. You have also seen the apologetic look of the man who is using the street cars when he should, properly, use an express wagon.

Street Cars Serve as Common Carriers

By P. EVAN JONES

Being inconvenienced by this man and his bundles, you often wondered why the company allows such things. Considering the frame of mind you were in, your reflections were quite pardonable. However, there is another side to the story, which does not in the least concern you, but which is interesting nevertheless. It is the struggle for existence, the hanging on to business by the skin of one's teeth, which every one of these men who uses the street car for expressing purposes goes through.

"No one is more annoyed by the large bundles on the car than I am," said a young man who had occupied nearly the entire front platform of a car with two bundles of wire frames for hats.

"But it is the only way I can keep up my business. I make these wire frames and deliver them to millinery stores. I make them in my own home. If I were to hire an expressman or keep a delivery wagon of my own for bringing the material from the wholesale house and then delivering the wire frames to my customers, I would have to go out of business to-morrow."