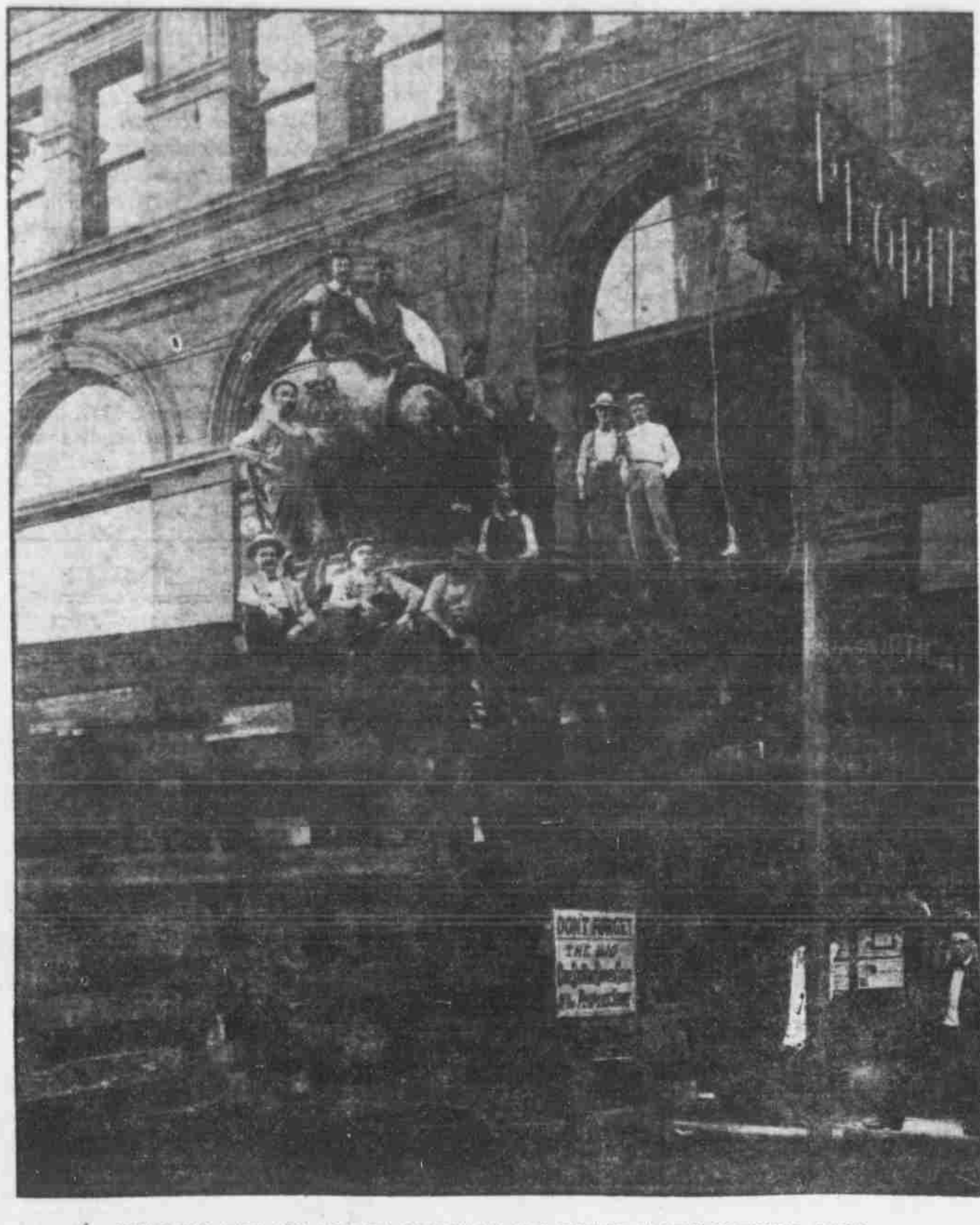


Eight New Manganese Steel Safes at United States National Bank



REMOVING THE BIG COLLISS SAFE FROM THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK

THE J. J. Deright company of Omaha has just installed eight of the famous manganese steel safes in the United States National bank, Sixteenth and Farnam streets. These safes have a storage capacity of sixty cubic feet, and supplant the old eighteen-ton single safe that has been in the building since its erection about twenty years ago. This big safe was a Corliss, manufactured by the firm that makes the manganese steel safes, and had a storage capacity of but thirty cubic feet.

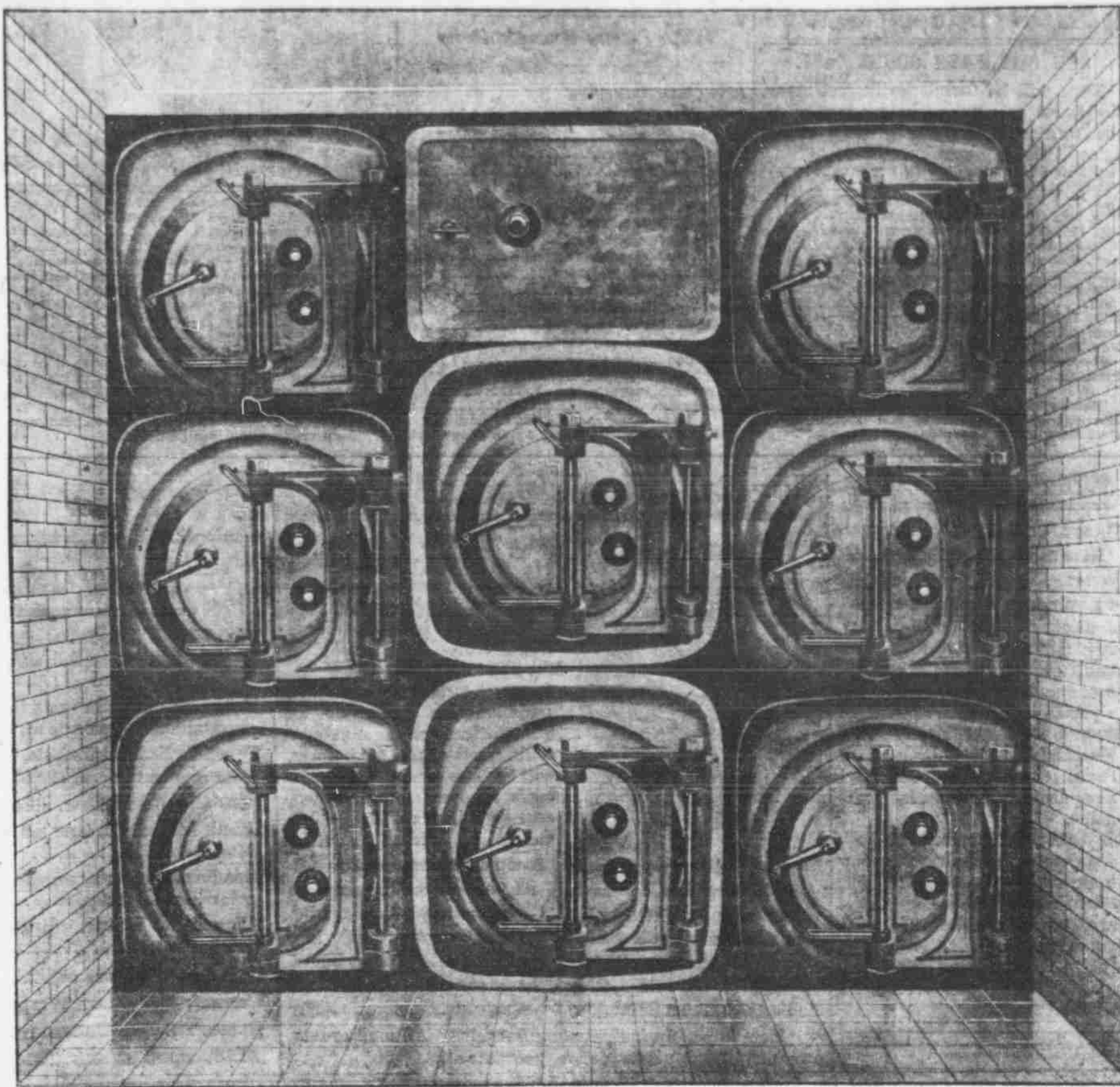
The removal of the old safe, which was practically built into the bank building, or rather the building was built around it, was a tremendous task. On account of its great weight the floors of the bank building had to be reinforced and stayed with heavy timbers to permit the removal of the safe from the vault across the floors to the Sixteenth street front, where it was taken one of the large windows onto heavy scaffolding and supports, then gradually lowered by powerful jacks to the heavy trucks, upon which it was hauled away to the front of the Deright establishment. Owing to the heavy and dangerous nature of the work, it had to be done after night, so as to not interfere with street traffic. The task was successfully accomplished without damage to the building, other than the necessary cutting out of a part of the big vault in which the big safe has been encased for twenty years.

The mechanical work of the removal of the 35,000 pounds globular leviathan of steel was performed under the direction of E. J. Davis, the safe mover. The work was completed without the slightest accident, and is regarded as the heaviest work of safe moving ever undertaken west of the Mississippi, the Corliss safe being the largest safe of its kind in the west, there being but two other like it in the country. In its day it was the best and most secure safe known, and though at present discarded, it is as strong and impregnable as the day of its installation twenty years ago. It was too bulky for the purpose of the bank in its enlarged sphere, taking up too much room in the big vault, on account of its globular shape, and affording too little storage capacity.

The eight new safes which succeed it have just double its capacity and occupy scarcely more than half the space in the vault formerly occupied by the big Corliss. The eight manganese steel safes are marvels of mechanical ingenuity and skill. In material, design and construction they are in advance of anything that has yet been produced in the safe line. The material, manganese steel, is so hard that no burglar could possibly drill it. Unlike other safe steels and vault steels are shown to be susceptible to being drilled with comparative ease by diamond steel drills. This has been demonstrated repeatedly in the hardened chrome steel and pitted from use in safe and vault construction as being penetrable by diamond drills. This

manganese steel will resist the diamond drill most effectively, and being less brittle than the other steels will resist without breaking or cracking, charges of high explosives which would wreck the largest buildings.

In the design of the manganese steel safe a distinct advance has been made in that it is constructed of only two pieces of metal, the body and the door. The door is ground into the body to a valve tight joint, precluding the possibility of introducing any liquid explosive. The body and door are held securely together when the safe is locked by wedge bolts, which make the two practically one. After years of experimentation, all other safe manufacturers have been obliged to abandon the idea of making a spindle for the operation of the bolts and locks which could not be removed, and an entrance door was resorted to which open the safe whether the bank or the burglar is in possession of the premises at any time at the present time. By these changes in safe we have more than doubled the capacity of the safes heretofore in use and we have gained almost double the space in our vaults. By adding additional safes



EIGHT NEW MANGANESE STEEL SAFES NOW INSTALLED IN THE VAULT OF THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK.

we can indefinitely accommodate the business as it grows. With the future growth of the city and the territory around it Omaha is just about beginning to get a good start and we expect the bank's business to increase more in the next five or ten years than it has done in the sum of all the years of its previous history.

The popularity of the manganese steel safe is shown in the fact that the J. J. Deright company has sold about 60 of this make of safe in Nebraska and South Dakota.

An additional precaution to the safety of the bank's funds is in the electrical equipment of the vault which is being installed by the American District Telegraph company in its alarm system. This equipment embraces everything known to science today to insure absolute safety. The vault is cooled, walled and floored with a steel lining in which is enclosed a multiplicity of insulated wires scarcely more than a quarter of an inch apart, all connected with the general alarm system at the main office of the American District Telegraph company. The slightest attempt to drill into or through any portion of the vault from any point immediately sets off an automatic alarm at the main office of the company. These alarm wires are carried underground, so that there can be no

possible interference with them. Once the alarm is given, an armed man is at once dispatched to the bank, followed a moment later by another. If within ten minutes these men do not return to the main office, a secret alarm is sent in to the police station and a force of policemen is at once hurried to the bank.

The instruments which control the signals are secured in a box electrically protected in the same vault and cannot be tampered with without sending in the alarm. The alarm apparatus is tested every fifteen minutes when the bank is closed during nights and holidays.

In front of the vault doors is another door built of glass, through which is interwoven an intricate network of insulated wires installed by the American District Telegraph company, so when the bank people close the vault for the day the glass doors close automatically, thereby completing the circuit. These glass doors cannot be opened or a hole drilled through them in any direction but it gives the alarm at the central office. A bank under the protection of this company from the time of the official opening or closing of the vault, will not open such vault without a notice in writing or in person to the central office. No attention is paid whatever to telephone orders, especially at

night, for a telephone order might be given at the point of a burglar's pistol.

Additional precautions are established by the electrical alarm system for the protection of the vaults in the day time. The combination locks of the inside vault doors are connected by insulated wires with the desks of the vice president and cashier. The moment any one seeks to open the vault a flash of a tiny red lamp at the elbow of both of these officials is given and they are on the instant enabled to see who is in the vault or at the vault door, the vault being in full view of both officials.

In brief, as stated by Vice President Caldwell, nothing is left undone to secure the absolute safety of the bank and its contents at all times, night or day.

This electrical alarm system has been installed by the American District Telegraph company for the government in thirty-two public buildings throughout the country, including the federal building in Omaha, in which there are ten vaults thus protected. The burglar alarm manager of the company has just returned from San Francisco where he closed a contract with the government to install the system in the treasury and United States mint, where \$20,000,000 of gold and gold bullion is constantly stored.

ready for conversion.

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"But you have more than one wife," objected the missionary. "My church does not allow that."

The chief departed in dejection, but returned again in a few days and announced, with evident satisfaction, that he now had only one wife and was ready for baptism.

"But," objected the clergyman doubtfully, "where are your other wives?"

"Oh," replied the convert, "I have eaten them."—New York Tribune.

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"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, "my boy is doing first rate at school. I sent him to one of them elementary schools, and his teacher says he's doing fine. He's a first-class sculler, they tell me, and he's in his class in gastronomy, knows his letters by sight, and can spell like one of those deformed spellers down to Washington."

"What's he going to be when he grows up?"

"He wants to be an undertaker, and I'm inclined to humor him, so I've told the confessor to pay special attention to the dead languages," said the proud mother.—Harper's Weekly.

Circumstantial Evidence.

In a criminal case one day Senator Vest urged that no man should be convicted on circumstantial evidence alone.

"Why," he said, "when I was a boy I knew another lad who, while his parents were absent, went into the pantry and nearly devoured a custard pie. Then, fearing the consequences, he looked about for means of hiding the traces of his guilt."

"He seized the cat, smeared her face and paws with the custard, and then took the innocent animal into the back yard and shot her. As he did so, the boy observed to me:

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Way of a Southern Sheriff.

"Down in Alabama," said John D. Fearhake, "there's a deputy marshal who doesn't let any such trifles as extradition laws stop him. Term of court was about to begin at one time and a gentleman who was out on bail was reported to be enjoying himself over in Georgia. Deputy Jim went after him. Next day he telegraphed the judge: 'I have persuaded him to come.'

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Quaint Features of Life

Horse's Sense of Danger.

THAT a horse has the instincts of impending danger was demonstrated the other afternoon, when an animal belonging to M. D. Fetsher, road overseer, at Cripple Creek, Colo., refused to get on the bit, ran up the mountainside and saved its rider from death in a cloud-burst.

Swisher was riding along Box canyon, a narrow gulch, when the horse turned from the road and, paying no attention to the rider, ran up the mountainside and stopped on a ledge twenty feet above. Swisher was mystified until he saw water about eight feet deep rushing down the canyon tearing up bushes and upending everything movable. The water was from a cloudburst about half a mile further up the gulch and the horse had heard the noise of the rushing water before the rider.

Half a mile of the Box canyon road leading to Florissant was washed out and bridges carried away. Swisher remained on the mountainside for an hour before he considered it safe to re-enter the canyon.

Burglar Ticked Girl's Feet.

The sight of pretty Martina Armstrong's well-heeled feet peeping out from under the covers proved too much for the burglar who entered several Avalon houses, Philadelphia, and by stopping to tickle the girl's feet he almost caused his own capture.

As it was, the girl awakened and screamed, and several members of the household answered her cry. The burglar escaped.

Martha, 16 years old, was sleeping at the home of her uncle, T. E. Armstrong, when the burglar entered. The tickling sensation awakened the girl, who saw a strange man standing at her bedside.

"Mighty pretty feet you have," said the burglar.

Martha's only reply was a series of screams, and the man fled. He took articles worth \$50 with him.

Ten Days Camping on Mont Pelee

(Continued from Page One.)

mountain has been covered with clouds and steam that I have not been able to see it for several days.

"Coming up the mountain our servants lost one of our grips containing matches, salt and nightclothes. A receding party was at once sent out to look up the missing property, which was finally located at the base of the mountain, where the servants had abandoned it, being too tired to carry it further.

"Our first meal consisted of powdered pea soup, which proved more appetizing. For our evening meal a can of baked beans put up by an American concern tasted even better than the choicest Sunday morning breakfast ever served at the Hub.

"We couldn't have any tea for we were short of water. Five miles on a straight road for water seems a long way to go, but when more than half the way is practically perpendicular climbing you can imagine the difficulty of getting fresh water. Alcohol baths are all that we can take while in camp here, water being too much of a luxury.

"May 2—Our first night on the mountain was a very comfortable one. It was cold, to be sure, but we didn't suffer. This morning we saw a great avalanche.

"At the time of the big eruption great mounds and hills of mud and rock thrown out by the volcano were piled up. These are now getting dried out and they great avalanches occur. One can see great marks where the rocks have scored out huge ravines. Oh, the desolation of it! Not a living thing around us, only the rocks, the ashes or dry mud, the great mountain peaks and the clouds—everything as far as the eye can see the same color—the gray of ordinary ashes.

"This morning Mr. Hovey went out to the mountain while the servants went for water and I staid at the camp alone. It was very weird. I had a pistol on the cot beside me, but I think I was more afraid of that than of anything. I was on my knees in the ashes writing on a packing box for a desk.

"We couldn't make a fire up here if we were freezing, for there isn't a stick or blade of grass within miles and miles.

"The steam, as it is now lighted up by the sunset, looks like the color of pink roses and it is gorgeous, 'an you imagine being so high, so near the sea—the mountain rises, as it were, right out of the Caribbean sea—that you can readily see the earth

is round? I never was so high with the sea, so near at hand before, but it certainly gives one a curious sensation.

"May 3—Mr. Hovey is out on the mountain today, but I did not go, as the climbing is very difficult and there is little for me to see, as he goes to study and collect rocks. I am alone again in the camp, but I am somewhat used to it now, so the pistol is kept on the box instead of at hand, and there is really nothing to be afraid of, as no one will climb this far out of curiosity.

"It is a wonderful day and the cone of the active part of Pelee is covered with clouds, so we cannot see it all. The sea is glorious, and the sunlight, touching the tops of the mountain, makes them glisten and look very attractive, although there is such a lack of vegetation.

"The director of the observatory was to spend today with us, but instead sent his servant twenty miles to tell us that he was detained and to bring me some writing paper so that I could write letters."

After five days at this camp, which they called Hotel Pinarolo, Dr. and Mrs. Hovey returned to sea level again and were transported by canoe to St. Pierre to ascend Mont Pelee again on the east side of the crater. This entailed a trip of some thirty miles to reach a point less than five miles away from their first camp. During their journey across the island to ascend the mountain on the eastern slope they were magnificently entertained by wealthy planters who own large sugar plantations on the island and who were anxious to give the New Yorkers a banquet at every stage in their journey.

The second camp was situated on the east side of the crater of Mont Pelee, 5,000 feet above sea level and 1,000 feet higher up than the first camp. Only a couple of hundred feet from their camp was the open crater of the volcano pouring forth its steam. It was at this, the highest point ever reached by a woman since the destruction of St. Pierre, that Mrs. Hovey entertained Chester Martin, the American consul at Port de France, who with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Maud Jones of Detroit, Mich., made the long journey from Fort de France to the top of Pelee to visit the Hovey camp.

This camp on the volcano's crater was the most thrilling part of Mrs. Hovey's trip. In describing in her diary what took place during her five days' stay at the crater she made the following entry:

Monday, May 11—We left our comfortable quarters at Caport early this morning and in an ox cart drawn by four oxen we started with our outfit for the top of Pelee. We came as far as possible in the cart. Then eight negroes took our

baggage on their heads and we took horses and rode up as far as the horses could climb.

"The remainder of the journey was made by foot. It wasn't as difficult as I expected, although it was tiresome enough. We are now encamped on the edge of the crater and I am so thankful I could get here. I was afraid I should have to be satisfied with camping on the side and I did want to reach the top so much.

"I think we shall be very comfortable here. The priest on the island and the young men who dined yesterday all said they were going to come up here and give us a surprise party while we were in camp. One has no idea of the hospitality of these people. Even our negro servants bring limes and bananas, pineapples and melons as presents.

"On our arrival here our tents were soon up and, as the clouds opened, we could occasionally see into the crater. But the wind blew so hard and the mist was so thick that it was very difficult to see anything or to get about at all.

"Tuesday, May 12—It was a very cold night and we slept in our clothes. The mist was so thick that we could only see into the crater occasionally. Although I only went a short distance from the tent, I got lost and had to call for help.

"We are having a pretty comfortable time. Of course we are wet through most of the time, as the sun rarely comes out for more than a minute and at all other times the mist is like rain.

"At noon to our great surprise the Martins arrived. In the party were United States Consul Martin and Mrs. Martin, their daughter, Mrs. Jones, and Dr. Teitzer, an American dentist. They brought with them a complete outfit and loads of provisions for the entire party. Mr. Martin and the dentist returned down the mountain that night, the others remaining with us.

"Thursday, May 14—All day yesterday it poured. Today the weather was better, and at noon ten men appeared for a picnic with us, bringing with them a large quantity of food.

"It was a great event for them. They had come from miles around, one even from Port de France, one and one-half day's journey. Our party had a fine time.

"They brought a whole lamb baked plus and cake, wine and champagne. Fancy carrying that up the mountain! The one woman in the visiting party, Mrs. J. Berzelli, was prostrated and had to be almost carried up the last part of the journey.

"I was the first woman ever to sleep on the mountain, and Mrs. Jones and I the only ones ever to get into the crater or onto the cone. It was a great experience which I would not give up for anything."

From the Story Teller's Pack

Ready for Conversion.

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a mule, leading the prisoner, tied snugly with a cloth around his neck.

"Why, for heaven's sake, Jim," said the judge, "you didn't make him walk all the way from Georgia, did you?"

"No," said Jim, "part of the way I drug him; when we came to the Tallapoosa river he swam."—New York Telegraph.

No Aid from the Aid.

Mr. Taft's successor as secretary of war, General Luke E. Wright, told at a dinner in Washington a war story from Manila.

"There was once upon a time," he began, "a gallant old general. This general, leading a splendid charge in his youth, got a bullet in his chest and two saber cuts across the head. In after life, relating over the war and when his many battles, it was this particular charge that he always described most flamboyantly.

"The older the general grew, the more splendid the charge became; the more awful was the slaughter that he visited upon the enemy; the more horrible were the wounds he received. For corroboration he would always turn to a grizzled veteran on his left, his aid-de-camp. The aid-de-camp would nod his gray head in acquiescence silently.

"Taller and taller grew the general's stories of the charge. Higher and higher grew the mound of enemies slain by his sword. More and more numerous became the bullets, thrusts and slashes sustained by himself. At the end he always appealed to the grizzled aid, and in always the aid nodded confirmation.

"The general one night gave a large dinner party. The wine was no less abundant than superb, and at dessert the old warrior let himself out upon the charge as he had never heretofore done. Four horses were killed under him. Three lances passed through his right arm, five through his left. Nine sabers crashed down upon his head simultaneously. The bodies of his slain formed a wall well-nigh impassable about him. And it seemed that there was hardly a muscle in his person wherein a bullet failed to lodge itself.

"You remember all this, don't you, De Coursey?" he said, in conclusion, as was his custom, to the grizzled aid.

"The eldest and longest suffering aid at last spoke up.

"No, general," he shouted, in a loud, indignant voice. "No, of course, I don't remember it. How can you expect me to? You know as well as I do that the cannon ball that killed your fourth horse struck the breastplate of a cuirassier behind us, and then bounded back and took my head off!"—Washington Star.

Baby in the Desk.

While her mother was searching everywhere about the house for her, relates the Philadelphia Press, Alice Throman, 3 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Throman of 1841 Smick street, Manayunk, was fast asleep inside a closed roll top desk.

Alice has an older sister, Cora, aged 5. While the children were playing Alice managed to climb into the desk while the roll top was open, and soon fell fast asleep. In a spirit of playfulness Cora then closed the desk, the lock snapped and the little sleeper went off into another room and also went fast asleep.

But if the situation had no worries for Cora and Alice it did for Mrs. Throman, after neither child answered her call. She soon found the older girl asleep in her bed. A search all over the house for Alice being unsuccessful, Mrs. Throman awakened Cora, but for some reason of childish perversity Cora had forgotten all about the desk incident of her earlier play.

And not a trace of the missing child did the agonized mother find until Mr. Throman himself came home for supper and had occasion to open his desk. There, peacefully sleeping, was the worse for her cramped quarters, Alice was found. Buffeted air had circulated through the desk top to keep the child alive.

Ball Beats Ball Team.

The Jacksonville Pioneers and the Clinton Athletics, in whose uniform red predomi-