

SUN BATHERS' COLONY

HEALTH SEEKERS IN THE COLORADO DESERT.

Arizona Capitalists to Build Sanitarium in San Diego County, California.

Denver Republican: Sunbath, in the center of the Colorado desert, in San Diego county, Cal., is to be made a health resort, and Arizona capitalists have already ordered lumber for a large sanitarium, says J. K. Hanning, of Phoenix, Ariz., at the St. James hotel. The town has already been laid out, and there are at present between 50 and 60 invalids living there in tents. A majority of them were suffering from consumption in its last stages, and went to Phoenix as a last resort. In the Arizona town they heard of what is locally known as the sunbath treatment and went to the location in the desert where others had preceded them. In two years there have been but two deaths among the pilgrims, and a majority of them have improved to a wonderful extent, while no less than 15 have departed for their eastern homes entirely cured.

"The fact that the climate in this out of the way place is always warm and dry is one of the first reasons why those afflicted with lung trouble improve so rapidly there," explained Mr. Hanning. "But the real reason, we believe, lies in the treatment they undergo. They spend the greater part of the day in an almost completely nude condition. The colony has its own laws, one of which is that by 8 o'clock in the morning of each day the men leave the camp and journey a half mile to the other side of a slight sand hill rise, where they remain until noon. They then dress and return to dinner, and in the afternoon the women make the same pilgrimage, the object being to provide the exercise of walking for both men and women, as well as to permit of the use of as scanty clothing as possible. At the joint where we are to locate the town and sanitarium of Sunbath the desert is over 100 feet below the level of the sea, and for years it was thought to be impossible to live there. Since then, however, a number of companies have investigated the place, and found that not only was the climatic conditions conducive to longevity, but that it was possible to pipe water from the Colorado river and irrigate the soil in such a way that almost anything will grow there.

"The efficacy of the sunbath treatment was first suggested by the health of Indians, but it was later proved by an actor who was given up for dead several times, but who came to Phoenix, bought a horse and a tent, and went out on the desert and lived, wearing no more clothing than a breechcloth day in and day out. He is now well and strong and back in his profession.

"The intention of the company I represent is to build two large inclosures, one for men and the other for women, fitted up much after the style of the cooling rooms, in a Turkish bath, with settees, couches, attendants, etc., where the sunbaths may be enjoyed without the necessity of the present colony scheme. The sanitarium building is to be constructed on new and novel principles, and the windows will never be closed except when the weather is extreme. We will discourage any railroads, and will endeavor to make the resort exclusive, the application of patients to be voted on by what will be known as a membership committee."

In further experiments with radium rays, M. Berthelot has discovered that they possess the power of devitalizing seeds. A week's exposure to the invisible rays given off by uranium is found to be amply sufficient to deprive seeds of mustard and cress of their powers of germination. Their irritating action on the skin is another peculiar feature of these rays.

The present comparative strength of the numerous parties or "fractions," in the reichstag is summed by the North German Allgemeine Zeitung as follows: Centre (Roman Catholics), 106; social democrats, 56; national liberals, 51; progressist people's party, 26; free conservative party, 20; Poles, 14; progressist union party, 13; social reform party (anti-Semites), 10; German people's party, 7; independents or neutrals, 37; seats at present vacant, 6.

O. L. SPAULDING.



It is announced that Oliver L. Spaulding, first assistant secretary of the treasury, will resign his position and leave when Secretary Gage goes.

CHARLES MORSE.



The famous leader of ice trust now also demonstrating his financial grip by buying up eastern steamboats and trying to obtain control of lines running between Maine and New York.

FORGET WHILE THEY LIVE.

Odd Instance of Forgetfulness That Occasioned

Rochester Post-Express: It was a diplomat, according to Ribot, in his book on "Diseases of Memory," who, when about to tell the servant his name, he said, "For heaven's sake, he said, 'I am.'"

That distinguished lawyer, Lord E. was the lord Chancellor of England and had to keep the national seal. The great seal of the square caught fire from robbers he buried in his garden, but unfortunately forgot the exact spot. The story is told that he went to bed in a hurry, but he forgot to dress for the party, but he went to bed instead of going to his party.

The Way to Make Men Work.

Chicago Tribune: President Schwab of the United States says it is the intention "to put every man in charge of a little branch of business, not on a salary, but on a percentage of the profit, which he can invest in the security of that way of doing business. We don't believe that we can get the best out of every man in charge of a manufacturing department if he will cost his work to reduce the cost of production. If he has charge of a sales department he will strive each year to make a better record for the department than the year before, not merely a larger amount of money, but a larger percentage of profit. We will not remain loyal to the company. He will as other head departments or there will be a spirit of emulation which will result in a corporation as we share this spirit.

This is, in a way, the unambitious who prefer a fixed salary to the prospect of a greater reward which will be paid by increased activity. It is, under the system, will work to the advantage of the ambitious and capable who will delight a system of rewards.

This method of compensating subordinates who fill responsible positions will increase their pay, but it will be an expenditure which the company will make much more than any other company. The business is of such a nature that the individual result of subordinate can be accurately ascertained year by year.

"Chicago thy name is mud," exclaims the Tribune. "Chicago is the ideal spot for those who are happy," pipes the water between these extremes safety lies in boiling the water.

UNDER A SEA OF SAND.

BURIED TOWNS IN CHINESE TURKESTAN.

After Lying Hidden for Two Thousand Years They Will Reveal History of the Past.

London Chronicle: Dr. M. A. Stein is returning to India this week after making preliminary arrangements of the remarkable finds brought to light during his recent expedition in Chinese Turkestan. The cursory examination that has so far been possible within the short time available reveals in a striking manner and for the first time many points bearing on the culture and daily life of localities which for many centuries—some for nearly two thousand years—have been buried under a sea of sand, and whose history has hitherto been practically a blank.

Speaking on this point, Dr. Stein says how for the first time have been brought to light some aspects of the everyday life, home industries and arts of the inhabitants of villages of Chinese Turkestan, which were abandoned at the beginning of the Christian era. The culture of the people was derived mainly from India, and there can be no doubt that the inhabitants were Buddhists. Dr. Stein added:

"Of special interest were the refuse heaps which we unearthed near some ruined houses, once apparently tenanted by village officials—kinds of 'waste paper baskets,' containing hundreds of documents, beautifully written on wooden tablets, and carefully tied and sealed. Owing to the preservative nature of the sand, many of these were in splendid condition—the ink as black and the seals and string as perfect as if they were only a few weeks old. As these documents are in a known Indian script, their deciphering can be expected to reveal in a fascinating manner many of the details of the ancient village life. But it will be a task requiring years of close study, as in India itself the materials available of this early script have so far been very scanty. At sites less ancient we also found paper documents in Sanskrit, Chinese and also Tibetan manuscripts. In none of the excavations did I find any unknown characters.

"Round most of the sand-buried houses were brought to light carefully-planned little gardens, with avenues of trees, fenced lanes, orchards, and so forth. It was truly astonishing, on clearing away the sand, to find under the shriveled hedges heaps of dried leaves just as they had fallen in ages gone by. The gardens were much the same in character as those still to be found in Turkestan today. The trees were mostly poplar and peach, mulberry and apricot. There is no evidence to any sudden catastrophes, but their gradual desertion was evidently due to the impossibility of continued irrigation, causing an advance of the sand. While articles of real value were, therefore, removed by their possessors, we found in the dwelling places many household implements of small value, such as pitchforks, mousetraps, boots, chairs, shoemakers' lasts, etc.

"In the ruined temples we found a sort of unintentional exhibition of the fabrics of those remote ages; for in front of some of the idols were heaps of torn shreds of elaborately-worked silks and other fabrics which had been deposited as votive offerings. In one temple it was curious to note an instance of where a pilgrim, anxious, apparently, to propitiate as many deities as possible, had torn into portions a Tibetan manuscript, which he had divided among the various idols. These fragments are now once more united under glass panes.

"Many colossal statues in stucco were unearthed from the monasteries and temples. One of the latter contained in its cloisters over a hundred statues all over life-size. While as many as possible of these were cleaned for the purpose of taking photographs, only a few could be rescued, as when the protecting sand was removed the great stucco threatened to collapse, owing to their inner wooden work having rotted away. However, interesting portions of them were successfully brought away."

Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of the "Self-Help" series, and well known to American readers, celebrated his 90th birthday last Monday. His last published book, "A Publisher and His Friends," netted him \$10,000, which he gave as a Christmas gift to his four surviving sons and daughter.

GENERAL DE WET.



Above is a portrait of the intrepid Boer leader, General De Wet, who is daily causing the British heavy losses in blood, money and prestige.

HOW NUMBER FIVE WAS SAVED.



BY A. P. PAYSON.

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THE enginemen had struck. They had gone out in a body, and they had gone out to stay, but in spite of their unity the road was by no means tied up. True, the crews were forced to double, and some of them came from the offices, but nevertheless traffic was not greatly interfered with.

No. 5, the westbound mail, was scheduled to leave at 8 p. m. and to run the 101 miles in two hours and three minutes. The engineer selected to take her out was one who had been employed for that day only, but he had shown even in that short time, a willingness to do things "square."

At 7:20 he went down to the roundhouse. His fireman, John McDonald, had just put the fire in the service, No. 950, on the turntable, and she was swinging slowly around to her track.

As the engineer stepped near she gave a slight "phut" and moved slowly off to the solid ground. She looked faultless. Her headlight shone with dazzling brilliancy, she was polished from pilot to tender, and the high light on her great boiler shone in the electric light which flashed before the dispatcher's office.

The new engineer climbed aboard, and when the fireman came back from the office he was standing in the cab, silently looking her over. He reached for the throttle and pinched it gently. Not for the world would he abuse this steed.

In mute obedience the racer started forward noiselessly, for her exhaust was muffled, and she was not being forced. Slowly she glided over the switches until the station shed was reached. Then, dropping into the main line, she crept ahead to the edge of the depot and waited for her burden.

At 7:45 the yardmaster climbed aboard and introduced the enginemen, who up to this time had scarcely spoken a word. "John," he said, addressing the fireman, "this is Will Donohue. You two have a nasty run before you. No. 5 is twenty minutes late because of rains over toward Chicago. Think you can make it up?"

He was looking at Donohue, who nodded curtly. "I don't know anything about her capacity, but she responds quickly and runs smoothly. I'll test her tonight."

The yardmaster looked serious. "Don't be too daring. This locomotive has one bad fault. She can't stop quickly. She needs plenty of room. See that she has it." And he jumped from the locomotive.

At 5:23 the Limited slid, dripping, into the depot. Her engine, worn out, rattled off to the roundhouse, and No. 950 glided down the track and gently made the couplings. No. 5 was composed of seven cars, five vestibuled Pullmans and two heavily loaded mail cars. The superintendent, who had come over from the Illinois division with her hurried forward.

"The storm's following you, with a gale blowing from the east. If you run fast, you may keep ahead of it till the time's made up."

He ran back to the train and climbed aboard as Donohue slid his window shut and opened the throttle.

The stars were fading, the sky was clouded, and a brisk wind started up, advance guards of the storm. In a moment they were clear of the yards, and the great engine buckled down to her work. Every second the speed went up. It was fifty miles an hour, fifty-two, fifty-four. Another touch on the throttle, and she was wide open. The engineer put the reverse next to the center and dropped a few handfuls of sand. He played with her, humored her, urged her on, and as the speed in-

creased he sat down to watch her and the rails ahead.

He wondered whether, in the superintendent had his head out of the car window, he would now think the wind came from the east. He would wager anything that they were not twenty-three minutes late now.

A star suddenly hove in sight on the horizon. It twinkled and grew steadily larger. It was followed by a trail of weaker light. A meteor? Nearer and nearer it tore along the eastbound tracks. For a brief moment it shone, dazzling, on 950, then shot past. Will Donohue caught a glimpse of a figure in the cab, the faint gleam of the Pintsch burners in the sleepers, the sharper lights on the rear end. It was the eastbound flier. They were scheduled to pass at Woodvale, five miles ahead. The Limited was five minutes late. She would be on time in a short while.

But the sky was black with threatening clouds. Even then, as the engineer thrust his hand put in the night, he felt the big raindrops that presage a heavy storm. He must watch sharp now, for in a moment the tracks would be soaked and the wheels would be slipping.

As the train swept round a curve, leaning heavily to the left, a streak of lightning flashed vividly. There was a roar and crash of thunder, and the gale was upon them, driving resistlessly, steadily, from the east. They were on time now and as soon would be ahead of the schedule.

Donohue, remembering the words of the yardmaster, rose to shut off some steam. They skimmed over a bridge, and Will felt it sway beneath them. By the lightning he had caught a glimpse of swirling waters and realized that in another five minutes that bridge would be down. Were there others like it? His fireman touched his arm.

"For God's sake," he shouted, "shut off, Bill! Waverly trestle's just a mile ahead, and heaven knows whether she's there yet!"

Donohue nodded and turned to shove the throttle in. It would not budge. He took both hands to the task and failed. Again and again he threw his whole weight on it. Suddenly it went home, and he fell to the door of the cab. In an instant he was on his feet, and a flash of lightning showed the trestle hanging in mid-air some distance ahead. They were running ninety miles an hour, with a gale to push them forward, slippery rails and wet wheels for the brakes and an engine which needed plenty of room in which to stop!

On the instant that Donohue rose from his fall the brakes flew to the wheels and sand poured on the steel. A stream of fire fell from the drivers and from every wheel on the train. With a struggle the engineer reversed the engine. She shuddered as if in the clutch of death; she reared and shook; she seemed trying to tear herself to pieces, but her speed went lower and lower. The brakes gripped the burning wheel treads with a grasp of iron. As she ground along her flanges somehow mounted the steel, and with a struggle, a last terrible leap, she tore herself loose from the rest of the train and plunged over the embankment.

McDonald had jumped long ago, but—Will?

With a cry he felt the engine that had won his heart from the start, his love of a single night, crash off the ties. He reached for the throttle and grasped it. When they found him, buried beneath the ruins of his engine, he still clutched the choker in his cold, lifeless hands. He had gone down to his death with 950, but the train was saved.

INTERVIEWING ROOSEVELT.

A St. Louis Reporter Finds in Him a Helpful Friend.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "Speaking of President Roosevelt," said a bohemian scribbler, "I had a rather novel, but rather pleasant, experience with him during the campaign, and was connected with a St. Louis paper at the time. Right at the beginning I want to say that he is one of the most genial gentlemen I ever saw, and a good friend of the struggling reporter."

"I was struggling on a St. Louis newspaper at the time, was practically a new man, and was fighting to get a good standing with the men who employed me. Mr. Roosevelt, then a candidate for vice president, had arrived in St. Louis with his party, and it fell to me to look after the story. I hurried to the hotel. The distinguished gentleman was at breakfast. The dining room was locked. There was a crowd of newspaper men in the rotunda of the hotel, and they were all eager to get to the candidate for vice president. In my own case I simply had to do it. My reputation depended upon it. My job depended upon it.

"While the other fellows were pressing their faces against the glass panes of the dining room door I slipped around the back way and entered the dining room through the kitchen. I walked up to the table where Mr. Roosevelt was seated, introduced my-

self, and told him my business. In a necessary burst of confidence I told him that I simply had to see him, and had to get an expression of some sort from him on some subject or other. He laughed heartily about it. He invited me to be seated at the table with him, and insisted upon my taking breakfast with the party. I had a good talk out of him, and while it was going on my companions kept pressing their faces against the glass door, and I really felt sorry for them, but I could do nothing for them. I got the story and held my job, and since that time I have had a very warm feeling for President Roosevelt, and I think it may be accepted as a key to the man's character.

On July 4 next the town of Natick, Mass., which was founded by John Elliot, the famous apostle of the Indians, will celebrate its 225th anniversary. On July 3 there will be a gathering of the descendants of John Elliot himself, who have scattered into widely separated parts of the country and who call themselves indifferently Elliot, Elliott or Ellott. This will be the second reunion of the members of the Elliot family. The first, held in 1875 at Guilford, Ct., was attended by nearly 200 persons.

The Connecticut savings banks increased their deposits the past year by \$3,500,000, bringing the total up to \$193,000,000 in round numbers. But of this sum only \$76,000,000 belongs to depositors who have less than \$1,000 each to their credit.