

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900.

## LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

### ANOTHER ST. JOHN DETECTIVE.

Officer Garnett Proves Himself Such—The Boys Got Clear—Billboard Vandals.

The local police force has a new detective, Officer Garnett. He has proved this fact himself by his clever capture of the vandal boys who did so much damage to the Parks cottage property off Cradle Hill last week.

For over a week Officer Garnett hunted after the boy or boys, but without success. He was utterly without a clue. Not content with giving up the objects of his search, and goaded on by the owners of the damaged property he sallied forth once more toward the last of last week, this time striking into the park vicinity. Hearing revolver shots in the woods he followed the sounds and at last came upon some young fellows practicing with revolvers. The officer feigning a hearty laugh told the boys they were not good shots and said he could break a window at twenty paces every time. The bait was at once taken by the boys who to beat Officer Garnett's story, up and told confidentially how they had broken the Parks house windows at a greater distance than that. After spending some time with the young fellows and learning their names and addresses the policeman disclosed his identity and the miscreants accompanied him dumfoundedly to the Central Police Station.

But the lads got clear. They were of good families, Clarke and Grossett's of East End, and choirists in Trinity church. Mr. Parks on hearing this refused to push the charge and Rector Richardson intervened. Its lucky the boys were so situated, or they might have gone across Courney Bay, or have been jailed. They have learned a lesson nevertheless and their sleep on the Guard Room lockers (not in cells as stated) will doubtless linger long in their memory.

Vandalism in St. John has been very frequent for some years past and only a few issues ago PROGRESS called attention to the outrageous way in which the home of Diver Frank Henrion had been used in West End, during the absence of Mr. Henrion's family in Halifax. Windows were smashed in, doors broken, snow filled the house, carpets and furniture were destroyed and the water pipes burst. Nobody was apprehended for this offence either.

Another growing evil along the line of vandalism is the wilful and oft times malicious destruction of posters and lithographs on regularly licensed billboards and sanctioned dead walls. Costly theatrical "paper" is sometimes hardly dry before a crowd of bad boys tear it off, or mark up indecently the pictures upon it. It must be impressed upon these depraved and youthful minds that such printed matter means the outlay of a lot of money and in destroying it they are amenable to the law. Advertisers have to pay for the hire of a great many billboards and the expense in this way mounts up. Newspaper bulletins, the liveliest kind of poster advertising, are frequently torn off or made unreadable, sometimes through sheer malice. Offenders in this manner should be speedily and justly dealt with.

It cannot be possible that some law in the vandalism books does not cover the abuse of billboards, and if there is such clauses the police of St. John are not paying much heed to it.

### Well-Known Colored Woman Dead.

Mrs. Delia Kennedy of Willow Grove, a colored resident of that settlement well known in the city, died about a fortnight ago of consumption. The deceased was the leader of the Willow Grove jubilee singers, whose Southern melodies and folksongs of the negro race delighted the people of St. John some years ago. She did work for a great many families in the city and served during her younger days as a nurse. Her's was the makeup of the real Southern "mammy," and when singing a veritable prototype. During the St. John and Halifax exhibitions of 1898 she exposed the virtues of Welcome Soap, through the medium of the wash tub and sang to delighted crowds at both shows. "Delia's" many friends will learn of her decease with much regret.

### Too Much Like a Sunday School.

The North End Salvage Corps is soon to have its annual election of officers and already a strong canvas is being made to oust the present Captain, Mr. Phillip Hamm of the bakery firm. Mr. Hamm, however, is losing no sleep over the matter, it is said, for he knows he has had the interests of his corps always at heart and

can look backward upon his career as Captain without regret. But there are some in authority among the salvage men who say the corps is being "run too much like a Sunday school" and are fighting hard for a change. They want to play a game of cards once and a while, possibly for pennies "a corner," or it may be they desire to hold not infrequently a jolly "smoker"—social functions which Captain Hamm has in the past discontinued. And so a canvas is being made to that end and some say there may be a hot contest.

### THOSE DESPERATE MASHERS.

They are Just as Numerous as Ever, but are Only Treated.

Pretty nearly every place that makes pretensions to being either a city or town has its ogres, those fellows; yes, and sometimes women and girls, who stare you out of countenance, which if returned results in a desperate flirtation, and perhaps head to head talk. The usual parade ground for the townsfolk here in St. John is Charlotte and King streets and it is on this route the masher and masheress ply their eyes, necks and smiles.

The hotel windows are favorite resorts for the flirty contingent in the ranks of the commercial traveller and in summer time the hotel fronts are reviewing stands. While the average drummer is a hey-day sort of fellow, chuck full of business and alert to that end, yet there are an occasional few—quite a few—who view the procession of St. John's pretty daughters on fine days with mischievous eyes. Missing or seeing the same young ladies perhaps a half dozen times during their brief stay in town they feel as though they almost know them and attempts at flirting are made. Usually they receive frosty glances when this stage of the game arrives, but not infrequently an impressionable Miss casts a sheepy glance back, and when next the knight of the grip arrives in town he becomes even more intimate with the fair ones he has exchanged "eyes" with on prior occasions.

The winter just past has had a big list of this kind of conquests. Mashers as a general rule are not very favorably received in St. John and instances might be quoted where fresh young men have received their quietus, not only from the fair object of their fascinating glances, but from enraged "steady" friends and indignant papas. Prominent actresses have administered knockouts to gay Lotharios right in front of the Opera House, and chorus girls have turned down more than a few green room Johnnies, whose attentions were obnoxious. Too friendly and familiar dudes have found out to their sorrow that the young ladies of this city feel duly privileged to enjoy a walk of a fine day without being bothered by sickening glances and nods, and but a few days ago one young fellow discovered this fact to his consternation and chagrin.

Patent leather shoes, fur lined coats, golf stockings or "garters" are not the only essentials in seeking the acquaintance of the girls and young ladies of St. John, the first thing necessary is a civil main, and equally civil tongue, then when the occasion offers, perhaps the gallant may be privileged to go through the form of being presented to the young lady he desires to know.

### A Visit Which Brought Gloom.

A short time ago when one of the Beaver line of steamers arrived at Sand Point, her commander, Captain Carey, soon after the boat was docked came over to the city to visit, as he thought, his friend the Rev. Dr. Carey. When he called at the late Baptist clergyman's address, 24 Paddecock street, and learned the respected cleric had lost since been dead and buried the weather beaten mariner was greatly shocked and saddened. It was his first trip to St. John since last winter, when he was invariably greeted by the genial pastor of Brussels street church. The late Dr. Carey and Capt. Carey were not related in the least, but the exceptional sociability of the late preacher brought the two together one day, for the sake of their

name. Both found one another's company instructive and pleasing and Capt. Carey attended his friend's church whenever in port, and in return Dr. Carey lunched frequently aboard the big Beaver boat.

### The Wrong Finger Got His Bouquet.

A young man was in the audience at the Thursday night performance of Iolanthe last week who did not enjoy the show at all, at least that part of the opera which was sung after the three dollar bouquet he had purchased for one of the principals had been given another young lady by mistake. He did not even know the fair recipient of his roses, or it might not have been so bad, but when he saw the bungling usher hasten footwards with his array of blossoms and have them handed over the rail to other than whom they were intended for his heart thumped so hard against his full dress shirt bosom that he had to get up and go out for fear of disturbing those about him. Once in the hallway he felt like enacting a really truly tragedy right there and then with the usher as the victim, but considering in cooler blood the fact that discretion was after all a little more the proper thing, he banged on his hat and sallied into the night. If ever again, he vows, he is found guilty of blowing his duets for bouquets he will have them ticketed with produce tags, or otherwise marked.

### That Duke Street Fire.

There was a fire down on Duke street last Monday afternoon, in that particular part of the street where the colored population have their shoddes. Naturally the blaze caused a panic among the residents and when the fireman arrived the hurrying took on even greater proportions. To make a long story short two houses were ruined and the firemen had to put forth considerable effort to prevent further damage. But the fire was not wholly devoid of fun, as can be imagined when it is known the redoubtable Dan Taylor and Bill Diamond were on the scene. Mr. Diamond became very indignant at a supposed delay of the Salvage Corps and shouted in stentorian tones, "Wheah! them Salvage Corps fellers at, wid doze blankies, ef dis wuz a fish on Germain street de furnituh be saved all right, shuh!"

Dan Taylor came running out of one of the burning houses and caused roars of laughter by telling the crowd he was "jess goin down town to git some surance on!"

### Why one Man Married.

General Gordon once said that the reason why he did not marry was that he never found a woman who was prepared to accompany him to the ends of the earth. Such a woman Sir Henry M. Lawrence did find. She went with him, says his biographer, into every difficult and dangerous place where his great work for India called him.

One day Lord John Lawrence, Sir Henry's younger brother, was sitting in his drawing room at Southgate when, looking up from the book in which he had been engrossed that his wife had left the room.

"Where is mother?" he asked one of his daughters.

"She's up stairs," returned the girl.

Lord John went back to his book; but looking up again, a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he turned to his reading; once more he looked up, with the familiar inquiry upon his lips. Thereupon his sister broke in.

"Why, really, John," she said, "it would seem as if you could not get along five minutes without your wife!"

"That's why I married her," the old statesman replied.

"Why don't you learn to punctuate?" asked the kind friend.

"Punctuate?" cried the young woman. "Why, I put more commas and dashes in what I write than anyone else I know of."

Hingoo—Oh, I'll fix that servant girl, if she is determined to go.

Mrs. Hingoo—What will you do?

Hingoo—Pay her the \$4.75 in pennies.

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.

### TO USE THE TIDE.

Still Another Machine to Turn the Ocean Power to Man's Needs.

Undismayed by the long row of tombstones which mark the graves of the schemes of inventors to turn the tides of the ocean to the uses of man, a New Jersey toiler has just brought forth a new device, which, he asserts with confidence, presents the solution of the problem. The inventor has been working on his machine for ten years. Like all its delunct predecessors, doubtless, it is a plausible affair, born apparently for success; but, at any rate, it has one great and actual advantage, it is the soul of simplicity.

In its simplest form the invention is nothing but a waterwheel working on the principles of a windmill, with a few modifications, to suit the different medium. Upon a fixed vertical axis revolves a light wheel. From the circumference of this hang a number of flanges against which the current flows, causing the wheel to revolve. Now, were these flanges fixed, those on one side of the wheel would neutralize those on the other, and the wheel would remain stationary. It would be like a totally submerged paddle wheel when the paddles on the upper half counteract those in the lower. The flanges, however, hang by hinges in such a manner that when pressed from one side they stand out at right angles to the wheel and receive the face of the current, while if the pressure be from the other side they close up flat against the wheel and offer no resistance. Thus, while on one half of the wheel the current strikes the face of the flanges, holds them open and causes the wheel to revolve, on the other half it strikes them on the back and keeps them closed. The effort is the same as with the actual paddle wheel, one-half of which is always out of water.

But the movable flanges have another most important advantage. One of the greatest difficulties which have confronted inventors who sought to utilize the power of the tides has been in the circumstance that the direction of the force changes every six hours. Thus the rotation of the waterwheel is reversed, which necessitates readjustment of gears and tends to rack the machine. Now, in the wheel under consideration the direction of the rotation is always the same, no matter how often that of the propelling force changes. For example, when the currents are from the north, the flanges on the right half of the wheel, which face north, will be erected and resistant, while those which face south will receive the pressure on their backs, and will consequently be closed. The movement then will be against the hands of the watch, from right to left. Again, when the current flows from the south, the flanges on the left side will be open and those on the right closed, with the result that the direction will be unchanged.

But the flanges have other peculiarities besides their attachment. If when closed up they lay absolutely flush with the wheel, the upward pressure of the water would keep them closed during the whole revolution, the current having nothing to take the initial grip upon in order to throw them open. This difficulty is obviated by a groove in the face of the flange. As soon as it comes to be opposed to the current the effect of the water forcing its way through the groove is to throw the flange open at once. Furthermore the flange is hung at an angle to the spoke in two directions, an arrangement which assists the groove in throwing it into position at the first possible moment.

The position of the wheel when in operation would either be on the bottom at a depth sufficient to clear the keels of vessels, or else would be secured to the support of a bridge or hung under a pier when the current is unobstructed. Of course, the situation chosen would be in an estuary or some other place where the tide runs more or less swiftly. Cogwheels affixed to the top of the axle change the plane of rotation from horizontal to vertical and multiply the velocity as many times as is desired, and a band running on a larger wheel transmits the power to the place desired. A number of experiments have been

made in which a small model is used. In it the diameter of the wheel was twelve inches. There were four rows, each containing eight flanges. The dimensions of each flange were two inches by three. The two lower rows revolved on the main axle in one direction from right to left. The two upper rotated independently on an outer axle and their revolution was from left to right. By this device additional power was secured through the principle of torsion as applied in the ordinary hand press. The machine was hung from a pier in the Harlem River where the current runs at about four and a half miles an hour. A simple pony brake attached showed a constant pressure of twenty five pounds. Calculating from this basis, Prof. Jacobus of the Stevens Institute deduced that a wheel with a diameter of ten feet would develop twenty five horse power. In another experiment the wheel was worked in connection with a patent sewing machine which it drove at the rate of 2,500 stitches per minute, while in another it threw a column of water through an inch diameter tube to a height of over twelve feet.

The inventor asserts wonderful virtues for his creation. The dimensions of the wheel may be increased indefinitely while there is no reason that the number of the discs should be limited to four. It can be used, he says for any purpose for which power is required, especially for the generation of electricity. Indeed, in his roseate dreams he sees power for the whole electric scheme of New York city, lighting, street cars, telegraph and telephone supplied through the medium of waterwheels by the current of the river at a nominal cost.

### PROJECTILE AIR.

Theory That Bubbles Driven by Mauser Bullets Explode in the Body.

Physicians in South Africa now have another theory for explaining away the charges made by both Briton and Boer that the other is using explosive bullets. The extensive laceration often found in bullet wounds is now said to be due to the air which the bullet drives before it into the wound. The existence of this phenomenon can be proved easily. If a round bullet be dropped into a glass of water from the height of a few feet it will be seen that when the bullet touches the bottom a large bubble of air will become detached and rise to the surface. In this case the bubble will usually be from ten to twenty times the size of the bullet.

Now, a Mauser bullet travelling at high speed is said to carry before it a bubble of compressed air of large dimensions. Experiments made by a surgeon who fired a pistol ball into a glass of water showed the bubble to be one hundred times the size of the ball. From the appearance of the wounds and from these experiments it is concluded that the mass of air driven by a Mauser bullet explodes in the body of the wounded man with sufficient force to cause extensive laceration. This destructive air bubble is well known to surgeons under the name of projectile air.

### No Chance to be "Impossible."

Some recent unpleasant use of the word "impossible" in connection with the British South African campaign has recalled a story of the siege and capture of Gwalior, in the Mahratta War in 1803. A participant in that war related the incident. "We had been one night working hard at a battery half way up the hill, and afterward cleared a road up to it, but no power we possessed could move our iron battering guns above a few hundred yards from the bottom, so steep and rugged was the ascent."

"I had just been relieved from working by a fresh party, and was enjoying a few moments' rest on some clean straw, when the officer commanding the working party came up to Colonel Wallace who was brigadier of the trenches, and reported that it was impossible to get the heavy guns up to the battery."

"The Scotch colonel looked at him in simple astonishment."

"Impossible?" he exclaimed. "Hoot, mon, it must be done, for I've got the order for it in my pocket!"

Nevertheless, it was done. The word impossible may not exist in the bright lexicon of youth, but it does exist in the vocabulary of military mechanics.

Eliphalel—Uncle Ephrim, if ye kin meek fow shits outch three yahds, how many shits kin ye git from one yald?

Uncle Ephrim—Well, honey, hit depends on whos yald's ye's in.