

Winter Early and Hard.

That is the Outlook, the Weather Sharps Declare—Squirrels Yet to Be Heard From.

Just at this time, when the price of coal is soaring as the result of the strike in the coal regions, there comes word from the weather sharps that an unusually severe winter may be expected. From the deductions they have made, they say, it will be surprising if there is not a very cold winter this winter, and then they give figures which make a layman feel cold around the ears. But the meteorologists, as they themselves confess, have not got the weather completely in their grasp yet. They have been getting a tighter hold on it for years, so some of the sharps say, but when it comes to going so far as to predict just what kind of winter is coming, most of them will tell an inquirer that they don't care to prophesy for fear the weather may turn and make fools of them.

At the Weather Bureau no forecast of the winter is given out, for the reason, it is said, that it would place on the Weather Bureau an amount of responsibility that it does not care to shoulder. They will show you figures, though, and give you a hint once in a while as to how things have gone in other years, and so even at the Weather Bureau an inquirer who is concerned about the weather only in its relations to his coal bill can get the idea that if the weather man told everything he thought he would describe a winter with ice and snow enough to make a Laplander feel himself at home here.

The fears which a visit to the Weather Bureau arouses are strengthened when some of the outside weather sharps are looked up. These individuals who spend their time in playing hide and seek with storms and hot waves and cold snaps are inclined to be a little more outspoken regarding the winter than the Weather Bureau people. They don't mind telling you the methods by which they have come to the conclusion is the same. Just how cold the winter is going to be none of the weather sharps will say, for the reason that the weather has a way of giving out cold in dabs here and there and not distributing it evenly; hence the amount of cold to be expected can be calculated, but to place cold waves is a job which few weather sharps attempt. One of those who do attempt as much as this is Andrew Jackson Devoe, the Hackensack weather prophet.

Mr. Devoe is famous among weather prophets because of the verification of some very remarkable predictions made by him and also for his method of weather calculation, which is said to be entirely his own and not practised by any one else. His method can be described as astronomical. He says that deductions by this method cannot fail to be exact and that the user of it can go far beyond the ken of the ordinary weather sharp. In other words he can anticipate the formation of a storm or any condition of the atmosphere, while by the method which the government employes one has to wait until such a condition has already formed before making any prediction about it. Mr. Devoe supports his theory by pointing to a remarkable prediction of the big storm which inundated Galveston. This prediction was made by him and printed in a Southern newspaper a year ago. The only point in which it erred was in the fact that the hurricane occurred a day later than was predicted by Mr. Devoe. Mr. Devoe also foretold of the droughts in Kansas some years ago and his advice is now sought by hundreds of farmers out in that region. It is needless to say, therefore, that when Mr. Devoe says the winter will be a cold one, his advice is worth listening to.

To a Sun reporter the other day who sought his advice and an insight into his methods, Mr. Devoe predicted a very cold fall and a severe and early winter. The coldest weather might be expected, he said in December, which would be also very stormy. By cold weather, Mr. Devoe said, he meant what is popularly known as zero weather and he promised with it good sleighing. Winter, according to Mr. Devoe, will start in to do business about Nov. 8, when New York will have a cold wave which will make last winter's weather seem very tame. From that time till the end of the month there will be a succession of storms and freezing weather. In December there will be heavy storms on the 5th and 8th, and sleigh riding during the middle of the month, when zero weather will prevail. Christmas will see a slight change, but zero weather will begin in January with snowstorms and a taste of 'be weather of years ago.

"I make these predictions," said Mr. Devoe, "from astronomical conditions. I

receive a chart of these every day from one of the best astronomers in the United States. There is absolutely no guesswork about it. I make my forecast right on these conditions. For instance, when I wrote over a year ago that a great storm would occur in the Gulf in September the astronomical conditions were such that I arrived at that conclusion. The chief thing on which I base my forecasts is the position of the sun's eclipse. Whenever the line of totality crosses the earth's surface it will be followed by very severe storms and it will be the great storm battle ground for six months. This storm belt is going to travel north and there will be eight great storms in progress in different parts of the earth at the same time. There will be a storm belt along the Atlantic Coast the greater part of the winter. That means a stormy winter and as the belt will be a longitudinal one the winter will be more severe than any other we have had for several years at least.

Another expert who, although he has retired from public office still continues to keep his eye on the weather, is E. B. Dunn, who was the chief of the Weather Bureau here for many years. Mr. Dunn is one of those experts who declare that the science of meteorology has not as yet been perfected enough to admit of any accurate prediction concerning the winter for the reason that it would be looking too far ahead. The only way by which an idea can be gained or what the winter will be, Mr. Dunn says, is by the theory of the counterbalancing of seasons. To put it in its crude form this theory is to the effect that a warm summer is followed by a cold winter. The great trouble with this theory is that it would be necessary to go back a long time to find out just how the winter and summers hitch or in other words to find to which summer a winter belongs. Despite the inaccuracies of deductions made on this theory it is nevertheless believed in to a certain extent by a vast majority of weather sharps and on this theory their expectations of a severe winter are based. From the fact that last winter was an unusually mild one and the summer a very hot one, the weather sharps are pretty confident that his theory will work out pretty nearly right this year. One of the reasons for this, according to Mr. Dunn, is that on account of the warm summer there is just now an unusual excess of temperature and to bring the weather down to the annual mean for this locality, which is 51 degrees, there will have to be just so much cold weather. The average daily excess of heat in July was 2 degrees and in August 4 degrees. According to the Weather Bureau figures the excess since Jan. 1 amounted on Aug. 30 to 460 degrees. The excess on the same date for years back has not been half that. In August, 1899, it was only 170 degrees.

"Following the theory that the seasons counterbalance," said Mr. Dunn, "this would mean that the excess of cold in the remaining months of this year would amount to 230 degrees. If this was evenly distributed it would be a daily average of about 2 1/2 degrees. Of course there is no way of telling whether we will get this in a lump or have it parcelled out, but it is a pretty sure thing that we will get that amount of cold, which would mean a winter colder than or as cold as any we have had in fully eight years. I do not think we will have what might be called an extreme winter, because we don't have them any more. The last extreme winter we had was in 1885. Since 1871 there have only been eight days when the official temperature was below zero. If the cold weather, however, came all at once this year we could have zero weather for a good many days before the excess of heat would be consumed.

"Meteorology has not advanced enough for us to tell when to expect cold weather at such an early date as this. In my mind the science had not advanced any in the last thirty years. We have found no reason for the change in our climate, although we know it is changing to a moderate degree. The average mean temperature used to be below 50 degrees, now it is above. Formerly the seasons were well marked. Now they are difficult to define. It's hard to tell where summer leaves off and winter begins, and there are really now, it can be said, only two seasons—summer and winter. Although the highest temperature recorded last summer was 95 degrees, yet it was a hot summer, because the heat was spread over a good many days. Last winter we had unseasonably mild weather. Putting these two together it would seem as though the

natural order of things would be for this winter to be pretty cold, and doing a little figuring only tends to strengthen this idea.

"But the weather has a way of surprising even weather sharps, and one has to be careful in making predictions so far ahead as this. Still if more coal isn't burned and thicker clothing worn than for some years, I will be surprised and a good many others too."

Reports from a certain class of weather observers are not obtainable yet. These are the squirrels, which are said to lay in an unusual store of nuts when a heavy winter is coming on. As these reports come in from country districts, pretty nearly every autumn, there has been a loss of confidence in the squirrel as a weather observer. His forecast, however, is the only one needed now, and it will be interesting to see if it bears out the predictions of the weather prophet.—N. Y. Sun.

THE CHINESE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Peccoliar Tactics Employed to Irritate Foreign Representatives.

The Tsung-li Yamen or Chinese Board of Foreign Affairs, of which so much was heard before the culmination of the Chinese horrors, was first established in 1860, after the British had compelled the opening of the sacred capital, Peking. Its method of conducting business has been often devious and deliberate, but its earlier dealings displayed a childish obviousness in the trickery by which it sought to vex, delay and thwart the foreigners.

Every session opened with refreshments, each dish being brought in separately with much ceremony. The place of meeting was intentionally ill-kept, dirty, draughty and generally uncomfortable. The foreign representatives sat in hats and ulsters, with their coat collars turned up to their ears to ward off pneumonia.

"At last," wrote a chronicler who had seen it all, when the melon seeds and sugar-plums have been distributed in saucers all over the only table where the foreigners would have liked to spread their papers, business is supposed to begin, half an hour having been happily consumed in arranging sweetmeats.

"A foreign representative puts a question. One of the rules is that no one shall speak first; so they—the Chinese—take sidelong glances at each other and keep silence until one bolder than the rest opens his mouth, as much to the surprise as to the relief of his comrade, who hope he may say something which can be used against him, should his reputation threaten ever to eclipse their own. What he does say is:

"Take some of these walnuts. They come from the prefecture of Long-wei, which was celebrated by the poets of Tang for the excellence of its fruit."

"And a discussion of nuts, fruit and poets follows and business is deferred until it is too late to conclude anything."

"At the next meeting tactics of the same sort would be employed. The only hope of the foreign diplomatist was in overbearing impetuosity, or in appearing unconcerned, never growing impatient, never being tired out, thus beating the Chinese at their own game; and this some of the foreign representatives soon learned to do.

"Sometimes the Tsung-li-Yamen would conspire to trip some special minister. Once it was Sir Harry Parkes. Chang Pei lam, who had a particularly sharp tongue, was selected as the best person to provoke Sir Harry to anger. They could then complain of his behavior to his home government and ask for his recall.

"At the next meeting, therefore, Chang made a sneering remark. Sir Henry promptly resented it; whereupon the whole board roared in snison that his manners were intolerable, and they would not discuss matters with him again!" But in the scene which followed, Sir Henry remained so cool that he turned the tables, and although the complaint was made, as had been planned, his government not only sustained but commended him.

"Such tricks as these had to be abandoned in favor of subtler methods; for the foreigners, if they possessed what one Chinese viceroy termed with surprise 'a strange habit of speaking the truth,' were yet not so simple as to be readily outwitted.

The Size of Sound Waves.

Lord Rayleigh, in discussing our ability to tell the direction from which sound proceeds, calls attention to an interesting difference between the eyes and the ears with regard to the size of the waves that strike them. The average wave-length of light is about one ten thousandth of the diameter of the pupil of the eye. On the other hand 'the wave of sound issuing from a man's mouth, says Lord Rayleigh, 'are about eight feet long, whereas the diameter of the passage of the ear is quite small, and could not well have been made a large multiple of eight feet.' One consequence of the minuteness of light waves in com-

"77"

The use of "Seventy-seven" renders the system impervious to the changeable weather.

COLDS

There are more Colds contracted before the fires are lighted than at any other time. Sitting for hours in a cold room—riding in an open car—exposure without proper clothing, all tend to bring on a chill, or chilly feeling, the first sign of taking Cold.

The prompt use of "77" restores the checked circulation, starts the blood coursing through the veins and "breaks up" the Cold or attack of Grip.

"77" consists of a small vial of pleasant pellets and fits the vest pocket.

Doctor book mailed free
At druggists, or sent for 25c.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor
William & John Sts., New York.

parison with the size of the eyes is that the lenses of the eyes are able to concentrate rays of light upon the retina with great efficiency.

HOODOO POLICE BRIDGE 66

An Attempt to Break the Spell by Turning It Upside Down.

Star 66 of the Los Angeles, Cal., police force would seem to be a hoodoo. The first officer who wore star 66 was a man named Maguire. He had worn it only a few months when a distressing combination of business and family troubles drove him to suicide. They found him one morning lying on the sward with a bullet hole in his breast. Only a few inches from the ugly wound shone star 66.

After Maguire's untimely end no one appears to have worn it regularly for several months. Then it came to be the badge of officer John Craig. Craig was a handsome man, tall and attractive. He married a daughter of Hunter, a pioneer living out near Tropic. For a time Craig was prosperous. Then alcohol sent him to the dogs at a break-neck speed. Even his wife after infinite endurance, had to leave him to seek refuge with her children in her father's house. For awhile Craig amused himself with annoying her pettily, until one day he borrowed enough money to get drunk and buy two revolvers. The conjunction of a loaded policeman and a loaded revolver is always evil. In Craig's case it resulted in a terrible tragedy. He drove out to Hunter's house, shot his wife dead as she was approaching the screen door at which he stood, then turned another revolver on her brother, shooting him in the neck and inflicting frightful wounds, from which he will never recover. The madman then jumped into his buggy and drove at top speed to the town house of Hunter's on Buena Vista street, found the old man Hunter and his aged wife sitting on the front porch and shot them both dead in their chairs. He was tried for the murder of his wife and awarded a richly-deserved hanging.

From Craig, star 66 seems to have been transferred to Officer Stephenson, one of the best known and most popular of the older officers. He wore it until a severe and seemingly incurable inflammatory rheumatism carried him onto the retired list, long before his time and left him a crippled pensioner.

After Stephenson was retired the star of misfortune was given to Fowler. What happened to Fowler is recent history. After a multitude of troubles with the Police Commission he still clung to the unlucky star, and one night three officers—without right, Fowler asserts—by force took it away from him and locked him up. Now he is suing them for heavy damages.

While relating the above mass of coincidences the other day Attorney Earl Rogers with anominous shrug of his shoulders said:

"It has been my own ill-fortune to get into the rays of the star, and, while I have no superstition in my make-up, I cannot resist a feeling that a most annoying and unlucky series of incidents in my own affairs, commencing on the very day that I began to have something to do with the star, is in some way connected with or attributable to it. I wish I had never seen star 66."

The officers up at the police station are handing star 66 around, but no one is willing to admit that he is afraid to wear it. Nevertheless they all seem a bit squeamish about the thing!

The other day an officer was wearing the star upside down, with the "66" reversed. He appeared to be No 99.

Will that charm away the hoodoo of star 66?

FLASHES OF FUN.

'The new magazine,' writes an editor, 'is dead. All we need now is ground to bury it. All of its late contributors will be honorary pallbearers.'

Mrs. Ruggles—Does your husband ever talk politics around the house?
Mrs. Hepeck—My husband never talks anything around the house.

Suggestion—Wife—"We need a new set of china, dear. This one is nearly gone."
Husband—"Why don't you wait until we get a new cook and start even?"

Real Gratitude—Tramp (to Chappie, who has given him a shilling)—"I 'ope as 'ow some day sir, you may want a shillin,' an' that I'll be able to give it to yer!"

The Pet Clerk—The old maid is self-possessed.

The Hashed Philosopher—That's because no one else wants to possess her.

Mr. Bloomfield—I don't know a more credulous man than Snaggs.

Mr. Bellefield—Neither do I; he'll carry an umbrella if the weather man predicts rain.

'She's the worst bargain fiend I ever knew.'

'Isn't she! Why that woman would want to die on the day that coffins were marked down to \$4.99.'

'What would it cost,' asked a Georgia correspondent, to print a poem three columns in length?
It would cost the man who sent it down \$30 or 80 days.

'Money,' said the philosophic person, 'does not always bring happiness.'
'No,' answered the matter-of-fact friend. 'But the lack of it invariably brings discomort.'

College President—No, we cannot open the fall term yet.

Visitor—But, why?
President—The students have not yet decided upon the college yell.

'Hahn,' we better burn all our love letters, Ethel?'
'Oh, no, Herbert; maybe after we've been married awhile we'll get dull some evening and want something funny to read.'

Masket—I've changed my mind about that business of 13 sitting down together at table.

Joaner—Aha! Found it unlucky, eh?
Masket—Yes, I did it yesterday, and I had to settle for the whole party.

'I am proud to say,' said the financial magnate and captain of industry, 'that I began at the foot of the ladder.' But I did not stay there long.

'Neither did the ladder,' cheerfully interpolated another gentleman of the same class.

The English seem to be having much the same kind of a time in South Africa that we're having in the Philippines.

'Oh, dear, no; not at all. The Boers are able to dodge better than the Filipinos, but they haven't had anything like the training as runners.'

Bobbs—Isn't the recovery of old Bonditt a wonderful thing?
Dobbs—Didn't know he had been ill.

Bobbs—Why, he lost his memory entirely just before the tax assessor began work, and regained that faculty as soon as the assessor quit.

Mrs. Jocelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is away?
Mrs. Golightly—Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his place and half the time forget that he really isn't there.

Ecstatic papa—Here, Johnnie, come and kiss your new sister.

Johnnie (four years old)—Nen, paw, will you buy me a gun?

Ecstatic papa—A gun? What for?
Johnnie—Well, I bet I'll shoot th' next stork I see flying 'round this house!

First Bargain Hunter—Here, that's mine, madam; I saw it first.

Second Bargain Hunter—Don't you dare push me in that rude manner—you—you ill-bred—

Clerk—Ladies, you will find the pugilistic parlor on the second floor front. Next customer, please!

"Whisky, You're the Devil!"

Says the Irishman, who nevertheless employs it to cast out the uglier devils, a cough or cold; how much more sensible to employ Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which never fails. 25c. all Druggists.

Would Change It Himself.

'It's a woman's privilege to change her mind, you know,' she said.

'That's right,' he replied brutally, 'and I don't blame her a bit. If I had the average feminine mind I'd change it myself.'

However, he already had the reputation of being a "mean old thing" so very little harm was done.

Qualified.

'Our Georgie is to be a policeman.'

'What makes you think he is fitted for it?'

'He walks in his sleep.'

HORSES AND CATTLE have colic and cramps. Pain Killer will cure them every time. Half a bottle in hot water repeated a few times. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis.