

SECRETS OF THE TRIP TO CATALINA.

"When at sea you see the sea and see the charming ocean, You'd rather see the sea from the sea than see yourself in motion."

"To see the ships go by and the sailors bold and free, But I'd rather see the sea from the land, than see it from the sea."

EVERY man had a bucket and the crew was armed with mops half an hour after the good ship Cabrillo with her precious freight of pilgrims from Salt Lake cleared the San Pedro harbor last Tuesday.

Old Neptune was no respecter of persons; the humble and the mighty were both prostrated and animated conversation was reduced to a few hysterical laughs and curt answers to sympathetic questions.

The first intimation of what was in store came from the "news butcher" on the train, which carried the jolliest crowd of holiday makers out of Los Angeles at a most unearthly hour in the morning, when the late hours of the previous evening were taken into consideration. Through the length of the six crowded cars he promenade at stated intervals with his exasperating cry "Here's where you get your fine chewing gum! It's a sure cure for sea sickness!" Seafaring laughed while the medical branch of the Commercial club discovered learnedly on the dread malignity of "mal de mer" and its antidotes. Others told how they had been out on Great Salt Lake when fearful storms were raging, and had never turned a hair. The wise ones, however, held their peace and awaited developments. The sequel came with abrupt suddenness and the list of casualties was appalling.

DELIGHTFUL RIDE.

It was a delightful ride down to the sea, past the various ocean resorts with their charming Californian cottages and brown-legged youngsters playing on the sands. Atty. Goodwin went into transports of delight as the combers came racing up the beach. It was the first time he had seen the ocean and he so told the assembled multitude. Later he had a chance to study the billows from the starboard rail in a fashion which indicated, to say the least, that he was a connoisseur of no mean qualifications. But why single him out? There were others who had never seen the sea and who subsequently wished that they hadn't—but this is uninteresting.

DECKED WITH BUNTING.

On arrival at the wharf of the Salt Lake Route it was manifest that the visitors were welcome. The four majestic schooners loaded with lumber and discharging their cargo to waiting railroad cars, were decked with bunting in honor of the invasion. Across the water on the San Pedro side strains of a brass band floated. After the Salt Laker's and members of the chamber of commerce of Los Angeles had embarked, the Cabrillo slowly crossed to pick up more passengers from the southern Pacific dock. And there, way off 500 miles from home, stood Harry Hamilton and "Billy" Young, who had missed the train and were accordingly rushed down to the dock on an automobile which some enthusiastic Los Angeles man had insisted on placing at their disposal. The first thing that drew attention to these two was the sign immediately over their heads which read, "Fresh Lobsters." This would not have been mentioned had not Hamilton, some 20 minutes later, endorsed the sentiment.

Then came the chamber of commerce of San Pedro in all the pomp and glory of yellow badges. They fell on the decks of the Salt Laker and promptly told weird tales of boom and prosperity.

Finally the stately steamer moved down the harbor escorted by the tug Warrior, bearing the brass band and the wise ones. At the end of the breakwater the tug blew her siren, swung round and proceeded to return. In the meantime the band played "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Oh, Wouldn't You Like to be Aie" and other ditties.

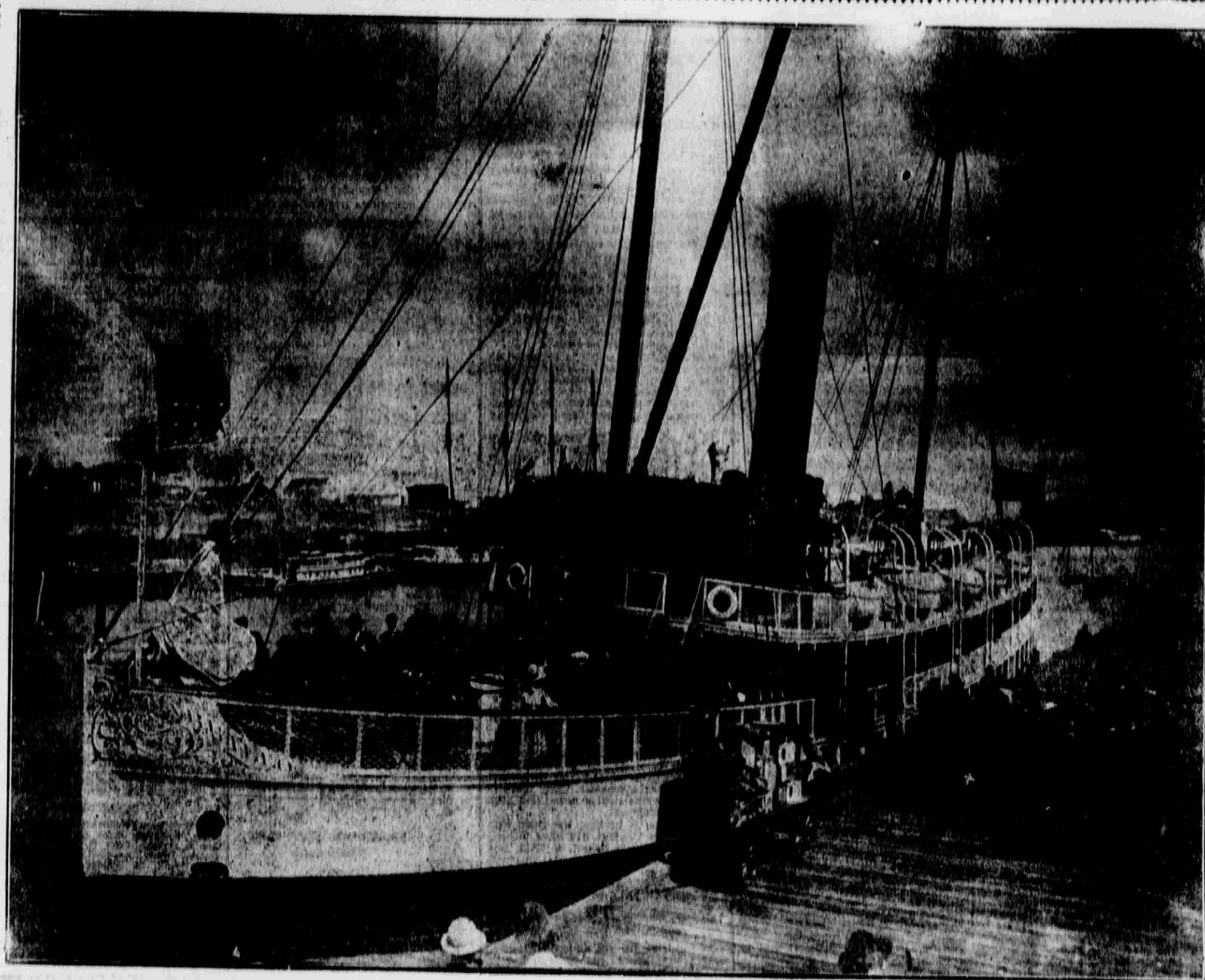
THE OPENING TRAGEDY.

Then the air was rent with a piercing feminine shriek, "Oh the ship is going over!" The good old boat hesitated and decided not to go completely over but return and repeat the performance for the benefit of the people on the other side. At this juncture Mr. Overbeck came charging across the deck which had assumed the aspect of one side of the roof of a house. He was clutching frantically at the thin air when he encountered the neck of C. T. Adams, who was gracefully perched cowboy fashion astride the water tank. Adams promptly took the mat and the next instant the couple slid across the deck and knocked over half a dozen people who were sitting on the hurricane deck. When the remains were sorted out, Overbeck tried to explain how it happened, but Mr. Adams was too much in need of an arnica bottle and too cross to go into details.

MAKING OF HISTORY.

From this time on history was made in large and generous chunks. Senator Reed Smoot had the thanks of all on board who were feeling queer. He made no bones about the matter at all, but retired promptly to what the steward called "social hall." As soon as it

Incidents Connected With a Most Remarkable Sea Voyage, Made by a Set of Most Remarkable Mariners—Their Introduction to Neptune, and How Some of Them Behaved Themselves—By Far the Most Interesting Experience of Those Who Took Advantage of Senator Clark's Generosity.



Good Ship Cabrillo on Which Salt Lake Excursionists Journeyed to Catalina, Enjoying "Pleasant Sensations" on the Way—In the Picture Can be Seen Distinctly Some of Those Who Went.

was known that Mr. Smoot had set the fashion, social hall absorbed recruits at the rate of one a minute for some time until one unfeeling brute suggested that the red cross flag be hoisted at the masthead. Ex-Gov. Wells, Maj. Breeden, J. G. McDonald and other notables, including two physicians, retired from public gaze. About this time those who had taken deck chairs forward to the bows went down in a solid phalanx with a crash that sounded like a herd of elephants stampeding through a bottling house.

Then the man at the wheel winked solemnly, and twisted her a couple of spokes in time to meet a billow. The subsequent ducking that accompanied this action afforded much merriment.

UNSYMPATHETIC IMMUNES.

The action of the immunes in this direction was most unsympathetic. Those who had cameras accumulated a weird assortment of negatives which the victim would undoubtedly give good weighty coin of the republic to secure. The striking feature of the whole affair was that not one of them lost his temper, although apparently at the point of death, all smiled at intervals and gloated over the sufferings of their companions.

SOME SAMPLE HUMOR.

When Councilman Davis was in the throes of anguish and Dr. Beer approached him with a metal washer and remarked, "I guess, Davis, you have ruptured your plumbing." Davis suspended his study of the flying fish and other marine wonders long enough to smile in appreciation of the grim humor.

Before land was reached there was a story going the rounds that Dr. Stauffer (an old sailor), between spasms looked down at his feet and observed a small dog trying to keep his footing on the heaving deck. A look of pained surprise passed over the countenance of the genial specialist as he queried, "Great Scott, did I swallow you?"

H. T. Cleaver also got a surprise when the boat started rolling, and ex-



Deseret News Man Sending the First Wireless Message to Salt Lake City—Times' Man Waiting His Turn.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The picture telegraph of Dr. Korn, of the University of Munich, has been so perfected that in 10 to 20 minutes a photograph 4 by 7 inches in size can be sent through a resistance corresponding to 1,000 miles. The portrait or design to be transmitted is on a transparent film, which is wound around a glass cylinder, and upon which a lens focuses a point of light that passes through the film to a selenium cell in the cylinder. The bright and dark portions of the picture cause the ray of light to vary the resistance of the selenium cell to an electric current passing through it, and this variation produces a corresponding instantaneous brightening or darkening of the glow in a Tesla vacuum tube at the receiving end of the wire. To expect a pin point aperture, the vacuum tube is covered with wax or rubber. The light ray from the aperture

falls upon a sensitive film wound upon a cylinder, and as this cylinder and that of the transmitter are in unison, the light and shade of the original picture are reproduced in proper place on the second film, giving a new photograph accurate in minute detail.

An outbreak of 12 cases of smallpox at Newcastle, Eng., last year has mystified the doctors. No ordinary source of infection could be discovered, but it has been found that on the days when 11 of the patients probably contracted the disease the wind was blowing from one or the other of the smallpox hospitals—one about a mile away, the other about two miles. It is pointed out that flies, a pest of hospitals, may be carried long distances by the wind.

The moon is usually supposed to have solidified from the center to the periphery, but lunar photographs have con-

vinced two leading French astronomers that the surface hardened first. This view modifies various theories.

The beautiful patina of old bronzes is often ascribed to some secret of composition or manufacture that died with the ancient artist. After long observation and experiment, Dr. Otto N. Witt, a German chemist, finds this notion to be quite unfounded, and that, while the surface alteration of our coppers and bronzes varies greatly with slight impurities and differences of composition, the failure to get ancient effects is largely due to the chemical changes that have taken place in city atmospheres. The much prized blue-green patina results from the formation of an unalterable coating of basic cupric chloride. The chlorides of the sea breezes of Greece, Rome and Egypt gave this patina, and even in inland cities, when wood was the chief fuel, the air contained little to act on copper

except the hydrochloric acid from ocean winds. With the burning of coal, great quantities of sulphuric acid have been discharged into the atmosphere. This acid rapidly attacks objects of copper and bronze, and as the sulphates are washed away nightly corrosion is produced instead of true patination.

The art of the cheese-maker now depends to an ever-increasing degree on bacteriology. While bacteria seem to play a smaller part in the ripening of cheese than was formerly supposed, lactic bacteria are found necessary for acidifying the milk and specific molds are essential for the flavors characteristic of some kinds of cheese. The newest discovery was "languey," that tend to prevent deterioration of cheese. These harmless organisms appear to exhaust the food of objectionable forms, and thus give a good product where without them no cheese at all could be made.

A lubricant-testing machine just put to work at Frankfurt, Germany, consists essentially of a short shaft running in an ordinary bearing. The shaft is rotated at a speed and under a pressure easily regulated, and the oil half a pint having been poured upon the bearing, has its effectiveness estimated from the time taken by the shaft to come to rest from a standard speed. The bearing is cleaned by a suitable liquid and a blast of air.

Rocks that explode or fly to pieces spontaneously have been reported in recent years from mines in various parts of the world. Quartz-reefs, hornblende schists, trap-dikes and slates have been included among these "kick-in" rocks, and molecular strain, occluded gases and compression are the suggested causes of their peculiarity. In some cases pieces fly from the rocks on being dried or scratched with a pick, in other cases the floor or sides

of a mine may split into thousands of fragments, filling shaft or tunnel with debris. One of the most remarkable of these rock bursts occurred a few months ago in the New Hillgrove proprietary mine, New South Wales, and destroyed much of the mine at a depth of 2,950 feet, affecting an area of 800 feet long and 100 feet in height, and causing a shock like that of an earthquake for a mile or two around. On investigation, Mr. J. B. Jaquet, the inspector, has now concluded that this outbreak was due to a state of molecular strain from earth movements, the rock breaking and disintegrating instead of bending like many slates.

Under the fierce rays of the summer sun, the surface of the earth becomes very hot at midday, but the soil conducts heat so slowly that at a depth of two feet the lowest temperature for the twenty-four hours is not reached until about noon, while the greatest heat is at midnight. A few inches lower down the daily temperature is practically uniform. These curious facts appear from observations made at Juvisy, France, during the great heat of last July, when the daily oscillation at the earth's surface was 43.5 C., though it was only 16.6 degrees in the air, and at a depth of ten inches it was but 1.5 degrees, disappearing entirely at thirty inches. The maximum temperature was reached about 1 p. m. at the surface, at 8 p. m. at a depth of ten inches, and at 1 a. m. at twenty inches.

The latest and most elaborate determination of the difference in longevity between the great observatories at Greenwich and Paris has just been completed by two French astronomers. The result is 9 minutes 20.974 seconds, which is only the thirtieth of a second in time more than the best independent English determination.

claimed for it. Visitors were given an oratorical demonstration as to the fishing "then an old gentleman came ashore with 200 pounds of fish as the result of his morning's work with rod and reel. The seals were there to get their dinner and the seals hovered screaming overhead to pick up what the seals overlooked. The way the Salt Laker stormed the glass bottomed boats brought a joyous smile on the tanned faces of the boatmen. These fellows were artists with the oars and could keep a boat floating within a yard of a surf beaten rock while the passengers viewed the marine garden below and gave nicknames to the various fishes causing tea feet beneath the surface. So charmed were Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Miller with the place that they stayed over to go fishing next day.

IGNORANT ISLANDERS.

Still the islanders do not appreciate what they have apparently.

A section of the mountain side was a veritable blizzard of purple flowers. In reply as to their names and characteristics drew a blank. The lady, however, did her best and called in a neighbor, who in turn called in a few others, but all efforts were futile—they always grew there.

It was too bad the pilgrims (at least some of them) could not appreciate the spread provided by the chamber of commerce at the Hotel Metropole for their debauchery. Such a menu of sea food as was spread was magnificent. There in good fettle, however, did ample justice to the repast which some of the pilgrims present pronounced the best fish dinner they had ever sampled. Some of the visitors preferred the roast duck and onions—that is, until they were well on their way home on the return voyage.

FIRST WIRELESS MESSAGE.

From Catalina Island the Deseret News representative sent the first wireless message dispatched to a newspaper in Utah, or for that matter, in any of the intermountain states. After leaping through space for 35 miles to the station on the mainland at San Pedro, the Western Union took up the message and relayed it on to Salt Lake.

Col. E. F. Holmes at the wireless telegraph was one of the features of the stay at Avalon, Catalina Island. He sat down and "pounded the brasses" in a fashion that surprised his friends, who were not aware that in his youth he was an operator on the Erie railroad. He is probably the only Salt Laker to date who has operated a wireless instrument.

LOST FAITH IN HIM.

Taken all in all, the trip on the ocean was a great eye-opener to the Salt Laker. Early in the game they lost faith in Doc B. J. Wyatt, the weather man, and concluded that he could not control the elements—between labored gulps and pauses Doc is reported as saying, he wished he could.

It is best to draw a curtain over the return trip, which was practically a duplication of the one over, with the addition that some more Salt Lakers surrendered. Somebody remarked that they had no idea that a certain councilman had so much in him. By way of a courteous retort the maligned alderman came back with, "Well, nobody ever expected anything from you, because you have never been known to give anything up." All of which was not conducive to good feeling.

FISHER HARRIS' FLIGHT.

A few moments before the boat started a wan figure drifted around the lower and hurricane decks and made the following announcement: "Gentlemen, there will be a meeting of the Commercial club tonight at the Angelus. I am telling you now, because I will be too ill later."

Poor Fisher Harris was a true prophet—he did not tell a story or crack a smile until the band began to play on terra firma.

Ask Dr. Chas. F. Wilcox what he thinks of the ocean and he will say it is delightful. Ask Chairman Frank J. Hewitt of the city council and he will tell you—that is, if he hasn't changed his mind since that never-to-be-forgotten day—that the next time he goes to Catalina Island he will go on a street car, or else stay at home.

All of which demonstrates that impressions generally hinge on the state of a man's liver.

A LONG TOW AHEAD.

What will be the largest floating dock in the world is now nearing completion at the works of the Maryland Steel Company, Baltimore. It is intended for the United States naval station at Cavite, P. I. The contract calls for the completion of the dock by July 29 next, but owing to the advanced state of the work it will probably be finished in May next. The navy department will invite bids for towing the huge structure from Baltimore to the Philippines. It has not been decided whether the long voyage shall be made through the Suez canal or by way of Cape Horn.

The dock, which is designed to lift any ship of the United States navy now afloat, is specified in the contract to lift a weight of 16,000 tons, as built by the Maryland company, however, it will have a maximum lifting capacity of 30,000 tons, and is likely to accommodate any battleship that can be made, despite the rapid advance in the weight of such floating fortresses in the past decade or two.—Washington Star.

claimed in awestruck tones: "For land's sake, my left leg is too long."

CHEWING GUM BRIGADE.

While all this was going on there was a 20-knot breeze blowing, and everybody was holding on to their hats and the railings. As they were all chewing gum at the same time, aside from other things, they were decidedly busy.

This gum chewing contest was a most frantic and solemn affair. The worse a man would get the harder he would chew. There was no end of contentment about the entire proceeding, either.

SEA DOGS HIT.

But what brought joy to the racked bosoms of the Salt Lakers was the fact that such old sea dogs as two-thirds of the chamber of commerce of San Pedro succumbed to old Neptune and sought secluded nooks. No longer was the ear of the pilgrim greeted with tales of fortunes to be made in California's reality. The voice of the boomer was dumb save for an occasional, "Oh my"—on second thoughts the second word was not invariably used.

Passengers bought chewing gum, lemon drops, bromo and strong waters in wholesale lots, but still the carnage kept up until 60 per cent of the joyous crowd had surrendered, 20 per cent were fighting manfully at the last ditch, and the remaining 20 per cent puffed black cigars aggressively and laughed like the callous fellows they were.

PORT IN SIGHT.

Flying fish ceased to charm, passing fishing boats received but a casual glance. All eyes were riveted on the island of Catalina that was looming up larger each moment. Once under the lee of the island the swell moderated until by the time the pier was reached, some of the victims were able to join in the sport of throwing nickles to the diving boys alongside.

Much has been written regarding the natural attractions at Catalina Island. As a resort it is all that is