

# "PACE THAT KILLS"

This is a story of "the pace that kills."

Young George Pullman, age, according to the records, 26, born to the possession of millions, attended through all his life by the luxurious surroundings that were his by right of parentage and expectation, died recently in California. The cause of his death was given in the dispatches as acute pneumonia.

George Pullman, as every one who reads the newspapers knows, was one of the twin sons of George M. Pullman, the inventor of the sleeping-car system that bears that name. He and his twin brother Sanger were born on June 25, 1875. The character and achievement of the father are too well known to need explanation here. Pullman, Sr., from humble beginnings amassed a colossal fortune. The foundations of his fortune were laid before his sons were born, and there was never a time thereafter that his fortune did not prosper. He died very suddenly, as it might be said, without warning. That is to say, he retired one night in perfect health, awoke in distress, and passed away almost before physicians could be summoned to lend him assistance and comfort.

A day after the newspapers were filled with flattering obituaries. It was only after the publication of the terms of his will that the world became aware of the great and mighty grief that had tugged at the heart strings of the rich man for years before Providence sent the stroke that took him out of the world. In this will he cut off his twin sons with a comparative paltry pittance of \$3,000 a year, being careful, however, to explain that the reason he did so lay in the total inability of either to appreciate the blessings of business of the value of money. The country rang with the news of the disinheritance of the twins, and the event served to afford excuse for a recapitulation of the numerous and picturesque escapades of both. The bulk of the Pullman fortune of course

The two engagements were announced almost simultaneously. Miss Lynne Fernald, the daughter of Mrs. J. W. Fernald of Chicago, plighted her troth to Sanger Pullman. Within a few days it was announced that George Pullman, Jr., was engaged to Miss Felicitie Oglesby, a daughter of the former governor of Illinois of that name. Immediately after the publication of the terms of the Pullman will disinheriting the twins, both young ladies promptly sought release from their respective engagements.

After their disinherittance, the twins seemed to thrive fairly well, though there was no appreciable diminution of the fervor with which they sought the gayeties of life. Neither seemed to grieve over the loss of his fiancée. Young George went the pace as of yore, and the next piece of news to startle various communities was to the effect that he and Miss Fernald had eloped from his mother's summer cottage at Elburn, N. J., where the young lady was an honored guest. The two were married privately in New York, and when Sanger heard of the event he telegraphed his brother his sincere congratulations.

Not so long after this Sanger himself was married without parental consent to a young woman in California, and when he arrived in Chicago to seek his mother's blessing, he was met by his brother George, who gave him every assurance of his affection and support. From that time on Sanger and his wife have lived happily. It was to the doomed George that the trouble came.

Very shortly after his brother Sanger's marriage he resumed a former friendship with Mrs. Blanche Bowers, one of the playmates of his childhood, and the wife of the composer of several popular songs. The two were seen together constantly. George took Mrs. Bowers to New York, and it was while living with her at the Gerrard hotel, on Forty-fourth street, that Mr. Bowers brought suit for divorce against his wife and an action against

by the vibrating glitter. And then you fall asleep.

Several other mechanical contrivances for inducing sleep have been placed on the market from time to time. All are founded upon the well-known fact that the concentration of the mind upon a single impression produces sleep. The most complicated of these mechanical sleep producers is the "vibrating coronet," just invented by Dr. Galfie of Paris. It consists of three bands of metal encircling the head. A branch strip extends to either of the eyelids, and by aid of a spring gently vibrates against it. This is used to induce sleep in the patients of the clinic of Dr. Bertillon.

## GUITEAU'S SANITY.

Doctor Who Questioned Him Says He Was Irresponsibly Insane.

I propounded to Guiteau a series of questions which, with few exceptions, were such as he had not answered before. They related to his mental and moral experiences while contemplating his objections to the course of Garfield toward himself to the rise of the idea that he must "remove him," to his shrinking from it at first or otherwise, and what would have been his opinion if President Garfield had recovered, writes Dr. T. M. Buckley in the Century Magazine. Many of them involved sharp discriminations, and were such as would have puzzled a typical monomaniac or paranoiac. He answered the questions, made no reply that required explanation, used no superfluous words, did not ask for a repetition of any questions, nor employ a word in an improper sense; but occasionally he contradicted the record of his own course and his own testimony. He gave no indication of being, or ever having been, irresponsibly insane. His conversation and bearing were unlike those of a man who had committed a crime, and after doing so had made himself believe that he could not help it. His motives were obvious. He desired office; dis-

# Pictorial Humor



**DIDN'T WANT ANY STALE.**  
Young Housekeeper—Have you some fine salt?  
Grocer—Yes, ma'am.  
Young Housekeeper—Is it fresh?

## INFLUENCE OF FOOD.

From the Pittsburg Gazette: "What do you think of the theory that food has a potent influence in determining character?" asked Mr. Smithfield, as he put three lumps of sugar in his coffee.

"I guess it's all right," replied Mr. Wood as he severed a portion of his beefsteak. "It always seems a little cannibalistic to me when you order lobster."

"Well," retorted Mr. Smithfield, good humoredly, "I ought to have known it was dangerous to lend you money after I discovered your fondness for beats. But, seriously, if there were anything in the theory, wouldn't it make a man sheepish to eat mutton?"

"It would, and prize fighters ought to restrict themselves to a diet of scraps."

## A DIFFICULT TASK.

Mrs. von Blummer—That cook was the worst thing I ever had in my house.

Von Blummer—Yes, you acted as if you didn't like her.

"I couldn't help it. Why, it was all I could do to write her out a good recommendation."—Life.

When an optimist breaks his leg he rejoices that it isn't his neck.

## THE ONLY ONE THERE.

In the office of a justice of the peace in Memphis a white man was being tried a few days ago for assault and battery. A small negro, the man's hired boy, was on the witness stand testifying for the defendant.

"Tell the court, boy, all you know of this affair," said the judge.

"Well, Judge, you see hit wuz dis away. Dat man dere," indicating the plaintiff, "wuz in my boss's office 'tother day and dey kummenced quallin' over sumthin' 'nother, en dat man he rip out en call my boss en ole bal-headed scound'el!"

"Are you sure," asked the J. P., "that the man was addressing your employer? Was there no one else in the room?"

"Yes, Judge, dere wuz oder folks dere 'sides us, but I knowa my boss wuz de only bal-headed scound'el in de office."

**Automobling Exposed.**  
From the Brooklyn Eagle: "How many horse-power is your automobile?" inquired the man in the dog cart.

"Ten horse and two men," responded the owner. "The 10-horse power runs it on the level roads, and my chauffeur and I get out and push it up the hills."

Mrs. Guinnvoice—I never have any trouble with baby. I've only to sing to him and he goes right off to sleep.

Mrs. Phaser—What a knowing child!

## CASTING A REFLECTION.



Husband—Who was it that said "Man is a little lower than the angels?"  
Wife—It was evidently some one with a very poor opinion of angels.

## HER IDEA.



He—Politicians frequently spend the whole night playing poker.  
She—Maybe that accounts for the deals we read so much about.

**Misconstrued.**  
Her Father—Well, sir, what can I do for you?  
Her Lover—I—er—called to see if you—er—would give assent to my marriage to your daughter.

Her Father—Not a cent, sir; not a cent. Good day!

**Cause of the Divorce.**  
Mr. Snaggs—The leaves are leaving, my dear.  
Mrs. Snaggs—Is there anything odd about that?  
Mr. Snaggs—Yes, in the spring it was the trees that were leaving.

**Quite Literal.**  
"What 'ave you got that sign, 'Hands Off,' posted outside your works for?" asked the curious individual.  
"Because," returned the jocular mill owner, "my men are on strike."

## THE VICTOR.

A year ago I held a maiden's hand;  
'Twas white and slim and delicately planned;  
She gave me a red rose; last night I saw  
Her at the altar with another stand.

He looked at me as victors look at those  
Who lie defeated, bleeding from their blows—  
She held a bunch of flowers in her hand,  
But on her breast was fastened a red rose.

**Flights of Fancy.**  
"Children," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings or draw inspiration from outside sources."

As a result of this advice Johnny Vise turned in the following composition:

"We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but rite what is in us. In me there is my stumckel, lungs, hart, liver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."

**The Scot's Reply.**  
A young man, contemplating matrimonial felicity, took his fair intended to the home of his parents that she might be introduced to the old folks.

"This is my future wife," said the young man proudly, turning to paternal family, who was a canny Scot. "Now, father, tell me candidly, what you think of her."

The old man eyed the blushing bride-elect critically for fully two minutes, then answered, with deliberation:

"Well, John, I can only say you have shown much better taste than she has."

**Reason for Sorrow.**  
Teddy—I wished I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning. Mamma—You see now how wrong it was, don't you, dear? Teddy—Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party.—London Tit-Bits.

**Natural Query.**  
Mill Owner—My business runs like clockwork.  
Walking Delegate—With a strike every now and then.

**Two Views of It.**  
Mrs. B.—"Don't you think a woman ought to keep tabs on her husband?"  
Mrs. C.—"Some women, perhaps; but I never mend my husband's shirts."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



went to the widow. The two daughters, however, Florence and Harriet, received a magnificent share. Both of these sisters are now married, one being Mrs. Frank O. Lowden of Chicago.

Sympathy for the two boys might have been more marked if it had not been for the known intention of their mother, made public very shortly after the publication of the terms of the will, to provide for them handsomely from her own splendid jointure. She made good her promises in no uncertain way, and since their father's death the twins have suffered no lack of luxury. It was in their doings before and after their father's death that the newspapers of New York and Chicago, not to speak of other cities, found the pretext for biographical sketches that were not always complimentary.

One of the beautiful features of this strange modern domestic romance has been the lasting and imperishable affection that has always existed between the two brothers. When either one has been in a scrape or in any sort of entanglement the other has invariably stood by him. Sanger Pullman was at his brother George's bedside when he passed away. He was never away from him when he was in trouble.

The first trouble came, perhaps, while the parents were in Europe, shortly after the twins had returned from separate schools in the East. Young George and his brother Sanger, handsome as young gods in these days, became the dual center-piece of a rapidly moving coterie of young men of the town, who spilled champagne by the bucket, patronized all the first nights at the theaters, consumed all the lobsters and Welsh rarebits that were to be had for money, and in other ways managed to interest themselves in the industry of burning the candle of life at both ends.

These, of course, were wild oats of the more trivial sort. The tragedy began to darken when the blessed state of matrimony hove into view as a possible solution of the destiny of the twins. It was the matrimonial experience of both that gave the newspaper historians their best opportunities, and that brought to both brothers a notoriety that either, no doubt, would have gladly escaped.

Mr. Pullman for \$50,000 damages for alienation of the lady's affections. Mr. Bowers has since secured a decree of divorce from his wife. The damage suit probably terminates with the death of Mr. Pullman.

Mrs. Pullman (formerly Miss Fernald) secured a divorce from her husband last December, with balm for her feelings in the way of \$1,000 annual alimony. That balm may or may not cease with the death of the offender. Fourteen days after that divorce Mr. Pullman married Mrs. Brazelle, a sister of his brother Sanger's wife. The ceremony was performed in the Arlington hotel in Carson City, Nev. Since that time and up to the day of Mr. Pullman's death, he and his wife lived in California.

## MACHINE TO INDUCE SLEEP.

Help Brought to Sufferers of Insomnia by a Recent Invention.

The alarm clock which may with reasonable certainty be depended upon to awaken you at any desired time in the morning is soon to be greatly enhanced in value by another mechanical attachment. This is a sleep producer. To persons troubled with sleeplessness or sleepiness the new contrivance will undoubtedly prove a boon. It will put you to sleep at night and waken up at the proper time in the morning.

The sleep-producing attachment consists of two horizontal rectangular panels of ebony, eight inches long and one inch high, revolving in opposite directions on a nickel pivot. The spring having been wound up, the ebony panels, one above the other, revolve. Each is studded on both sides by a horizontal row of bright circular mirrors, the size of a quarter dollar, and maintains a velocity of one revolution per second. This speed will continue for an hour without rewinding.

To induce sleep by aid of this mechanism you darken your room and allow a bright pencil of light falling from an aperture in the window behind you to fall upon the rows of mirrors in such a manner that they will reflect the rays into your eyes. Concentrate your gaze upon the revolving panels, and not allowing it to wander elsewhere about the room, you soon become fascinated

appointed in the quest he felt revengeful and the idea occurred to him to kill the president and put the "Stalwarts" in power. When it first arose it was like the idea of forgery murder or suicide. By turning away he could have cast it out and resisted its fascination, but as he voluntarily dwelt upon it its proportions grew. The root questions in his case were: Did he know what he was doing? Did he know that it was a crime? Had he power to refrain from doing it? These, I believe, could be answered only in the affirmative by one unweeded to a theory. Whether Guiteau had become irresponsibly insane at the time of his execution is another question.

## A New Alpine Danger.

The wire cables used by tourists for protection and aid in the Alps may, according to the latest experiences, be dangerous. An accident which occurred on July 20, during an ascent of the Tribulaun in the Stubai Alps is a proof of this. Several tourists on that day ascended to the summit of the mountain, which is 3,100 metres high. Near the top, where the ascent had to be made with the aid of wire cables, the rocks suddenly began to hum when an ice pick came in contact with the cable, and sparks were seen. Shortly before there had been a thunderstorm which caused all these electrical phenomena. Suddenly the lightning struck the cable, stunning a tourist and the guide and hurling them several hundred metres below. The other tourists were also struck.

## Electricity Instead of Fuel.

The people of Davos, Switzerland, propose to dispense with fuel of every description and to resort to electricity for all industrial and domestic purposes. Already electricity is extensively employed for cooking, heating and lighting in several villas, while one of the largest bakeries in the district is electrically equipped in every respect.

The scientific world awaits the particulars of the latest process of extracting oxygen from the air by physical instead of chemical means