

# RAILROADS TOO SLOW— NEW ERA IN SIGHT

**A**RE we on the eve of a revolution in the system of transporting postal matter over long distances? Are the railway trains to have a formidable rival in this service? Many signs point in this direction. E. M. Morgan, New York's postmaster, is quite convinced that a new era is near. He frankly admits that carriage by trunk line railways is not meeting the pressing demands of today.

At the present time the mail cars are almost invariably integral parts of passenger trains. Their speed is restricted. Therefore the chances of materially expediting the mails upon the trunk lines are not particularly promising. What, then, can be done to meet the growing needs of business?

Every new agency that has bettered the means of written or vocal communication has increased greatly the volume of business and the number of letters.

The coming of the telegraph was followed by a responsive increment in first class postal matter. In commercial practice a letter generally confirms a telegraphic order for the sake of the legal value of the record and because of the greater details which are incorporated in the communication which goes by post.

The telephone did all that the electric telegraph did but exercised its influence primarily within the cities and towns immediately concerned at first. Then as the use of the service grew and long distance telephony developed there was an extraordinary expansion of business industry within every twenty-four hours. Something had to be done to make the speedy preparation of letters possible, and the typewriter came into being. It would be difficult to estimate accurately just how much the telephone and the typewriter have done toward swelling the vast postal activity of today, but that they have outranked all other influences in this direction cannot be gainsaid.

What is capable of being traced is the bulk of the first class mail, which has grown since these two instruments of latter day intercourse have come into widespread use, and the figures are astonishing. In a period of three years the railways supplied the post office with an increase in mileage of nearly 12 per cent, this independently of the volume of the postal matter carried, and the figures have been mounting steadily since these were taken for comparison in 1910.

In 1907 the railways furnished the post office 387,557,165 miles of transportation and in 1910 the total reached a mileage of 426,923,109. This is a pretty fair indication of the part the trunk lines play in getting letters to their destinations and incidentally emphasizes the need of more rapid means of transportation for letters and registered parcels going beyond the limits of the city. Compared with the telephone service and the letter-producing typewriter, the "limited" trains as an agency of intercourse trail over the landscape, relatively speaking, as if weighted with leaden heels.

Before it is possible to appreciate what is coming in the future to make postal intercourse quicker between business centers of the country it is necessary to consider the germ of revolution as it is developing within the urban limits of big cities. Perhaps you know that there is a mail tube service here in Manhattan which has been doing effective but restricted duty for some years. This is an installation extending from the main office downtown to Harlem.

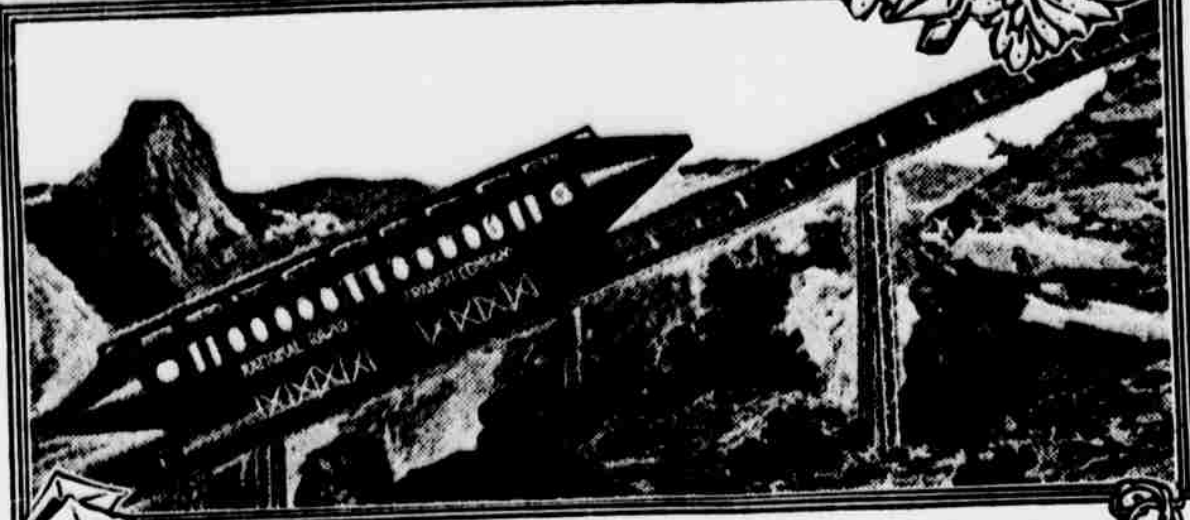
This tube is only eight inches in diameter, and mail despatched to the uppermost limits of the route must be delayed a number of times before reaching its destination. The eight-inch tube is too small to take a pouch of the regulation size and the letters must be packed in the container and taken out and again packed for forwarding in passing on from station to station. The impulse is compressed air, and the tube is utilized only to supplant the most leisurely transfer by wagons, etc. The horse-drawn vehicle is the prevailing mode of getting the mail moved from point to point. Fortunately motor vehicles will soon supplant these horse-drawn affairs and to that extent there will be a marked improvement. But this change is not the one needed most.

Some months ago Postmaster Morgan and a commission appointed by the federal postal authorities took up the question of bringing the postal facilities here up to date, and they proposed the installation of a double mail tube service which should connect the branch post offices at the two great railway terminals, the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania stations, together with a supplemental line reaching down to the main post office in the heart of the business section of New York. The proposed tubes are to be 24 inches in diameter and capable of handling the regulation mail bags. This would do away with the present loss of time in repouching and would immensely increase the hourly mail transporting capacity.

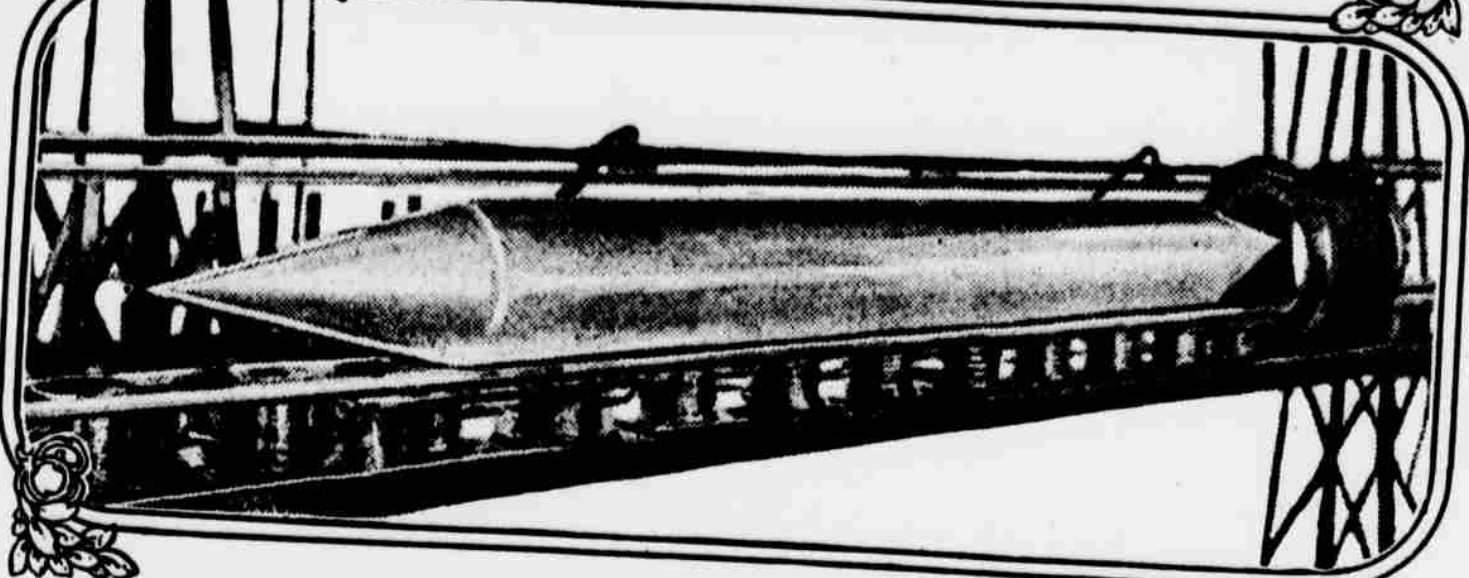
Today between the Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations the wagons run nearly the full twenty-four hours in order to carry the 4,000 or more pouches of mail involved. It is estimated that these bags have an average weight of 100 pounds and this means that 200 tons of postal matter must thus be handled and disposed of over this route every day. This of course does not represent the total of the city's service by any means and does not include the transportation of mail from downtown to and from these railway centers of shipment.

The new line would do this work speedily, would not be liable to interference by reason of blocked streets or weather conditions, and the bags would be despatched from point to point at a rate ranging anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five miles an hour, as occasion might require. The problem before the local authorities is to decide which system of a number submitted is the one best fitted to meet Manhattan's needs.

Bids have been submitted already and the schemes are either pneumatic or electrical in their method of propulsion. All of them have been tested either practically or experimentally, and apart from their individual merits each aims to do away with existing surface wagons and to



A MONORAIL LINE WHICH IS PROMISED TO DO 200 MILES AN HOUR



MODEL OF THE BACHELET MAIL AND EXPRESS CARRIER SPEED PROMISED FROM 300 TO 500 MILES AN HOUR

Increase the velocity and the volume of the postal matter to be carried from point to point within the limits specified. In this movement toward better service New York is following in the wake of kindred efforts abroad.

The underground conduit or tube, which is pretty costly to install, is not the type generally recommended for intercity or interstate service. The majority of the installations are virtually elevated viaducts of one sort or another which can be laid over the country without any particular regard to territorial contours, most of the systems being good hill climbers and intended to follow the shortest route between points, in this feature showing a radical difference from the procedure in laying out the regulation trunk lines.

As might naturally be expected, the monorail system has been strongly urged by some of the people very much concerned in promoting rapid transit both for mail and for passenger service, and one of the most interesting of these contemplates doing the double duty of carrying people and postal matter at a rate of 200 miles an hour. The engineers have figured that this could be done at a fuel cost not exceeding three cents a mile. Whether this ambitious project

will see its accomplishment within our time is of course debatable, but the elements of risk are less than most people would imagine, thanks to the stabilizing powers of the gyroscope. Improvements in electrical propulsion and the metallurgical advances which make it possible to obtain lighter and stronger materials than could be had a few years ago.

About a year ago the engineering world was decidedly interested in the demonstrating performances of a small levitated railway, the climax of years of study on the part of its inventor, Emile Bachelet. Certainly that small installation did some remarkable things, and the question is, can a full-sized plant be made to run as effectively and within the limits of commercial economy?

Mr. Bachelet made a novel use of the repulsive force of certain magnetic stream lines, and his carrier or car was actually made to float in the air, thus avoiding rail friction and other associate hindrances. His purpose was to provide a means of transporting mail and some kinds of valuable express matter aggregating in unit weight, with the car, a total of about 500 pounds; and from New York to Boston he prophesied a speed in transit of quite 300 miles an hour.

## TWINS IN STRANGE FEUD

Brothers Divide House and Do Not Speak to Each Other for 23 Years.

It was a grandfather's chair—a plain, old wooden "rocker"—but, insignificant as it appeared, it was sufficient cause for spoiling the best part of two lives, says an exchange. Just because of the chair Luke and Mathew Gregory, twin brothers, made for themselves an existence as queer as any recorded in the pages of fiction. Because of the chair they dwelt side by side in a house literally divided. They gave up love, friendship and social intercourse. For twenty-three years they met every day without exchanging a word. For twenty-three years they glowered at each other from opposite sides of a living room. For twenty-three years each sat in the chair every other day and read out of the same bible turn and turn about. The house was divided by actual measurement and continued so divided until it fulfilled the prediction of the scriptures and fell in reality.

Luke and Mathew Gregory were simple, hard-working miners. Each day they went to the great collieries at Wilkesbarre, labored on through the day, chatted with their other fellows and returned home at night. Yet they never had a word one for the other, despite the fact that they cooked at the same stove and ate from the same table.

The Gregorlys were of Scotch birth and came to Wyoming valley with their father, John Gregory, when lads of only three years. The elder Gregory had been a miner in Scotland. With him he brought his household effects, among which were the chair. With thrift and energy the father made his way little by little. From his meager wages he saved something and through his skill was advanced step by step until he reached the position of boss of the mine. When he died, after the boys had reached the age of seventeen, the lads were well able to look after themselves. The twins had always been inseparable and the father foresaw no difficulties in leaving what he had to them share and share alike, including the one-and-one-half-story cottage.

When they celebrated their thirtieth birthday each announced to the other that he was thinking of taking a wife. They shook hands and went to bed joyfully. The brothers had no idea of parting after thirty years, and determined to pool their earnings and build a second cottage on the lot they owned next door. Of course, the household goods would be divided. Bit by bit they portioned them out without a disagreement until they came to the chair. There was nothing in the intrinsic value of the piece of furniture to provoke dispute. To one uninterested it was just a worn-out old affair, none too attractive. To the brothers that mattered not at all. It had been their father's before that. It was hallowed by countless associations. Luke felt that he ought

to have it and so did Mathew. At first they joked about it, then they argued and finally quarreled. Luke came home one night and announced that the girl of his choice had promised to marry him.

"Ye maun gie me the cheer as a weddin' geefe," he told Mathew.

"That I willna," answered Mathew. The next night came Mathew with a similar announcement and a similar request. The answer of Luke was: "I willna."

Nothing could be done. The prospective brides waited tearfully month by month. They grew at first angry, then indifferent and finally sought husbands elsewhere.

A year passed and Luke and Mathew were no nearer a solution. Then, after a discussion in black anger, Luke declared that they would divide the house and all in it and never speak again. Mathew agreed. The two brothers set to work silently. They drew a line across the center of the front walk, up the porch steps and directly through the middle of the house. The stove in the front room was on Luke's side of the house, but the stove in the dining room was on Mathew's. Where the line bisected the dining room the table was set so that each had his just portion.

A mark was drawn through the center of the cook stove and up the stovepipe. All the chairs were equally divided, but the grandfather's chair remained. What to do with that was still a problem. Finally it was decided to place it exactly in the center of the front room. It was agreed that it should be used by the brothers on alternate days. The doors were sawed in half and hinged so that neither should touch the property of the other. Bricks and copper divided the cook stove, fire space, oven and all. When the grim details had been settled the brothers retired each to his own portion of the house and commenced the long silence. In the twenty-three years that followed neither stepped over the boundary line. They cooked their own meals, each on his own part of the cook stove, carried the food to their respective ends of the table and ate without speaking. At evening, when Luke was entitled to the chair, he pulled it over into his part of the house and sat down and smoked. The next night Mathew enjoyed the same privilege.

### THE LEAVEN.

Artist (to class of young women)—Now, I think the composite picture of this class would be artistically beautiful.

Pretty Student (aside)—Strange that one face could so bring up the average!—Puck.

## AROUND THE CAMP FIRE



### CAPTURED AT MURFREESBORO

Pennsylvania Minister Relates Story of Arrest of Member of Forrest's Confederate Cavalry.

On June 13, 1862, Company M, Seventh Pennsylvania cavalry, of which I was a member, was captured at Murfreesboro, Tenn. I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. John Royal Harris, whose father was a member of Forrest's Confederate cavalry. At my request he sent me the following recollection of his father about our capture, writes J. H. Shuster, Beaver Falls, Pa., in the National Tribune.

The Federals were in three positions—the Ninth Michigan, and Seventh Pennsylvania in the eastern suburb, various detachments at the jail and courthouse in the center of the town, and the Third Minnesota and Hewitt's battery outside the town to the west. Forrest's success was in keeping these separate and capturing them in detail. He first got the central position, leaving part of his command engaged with the eastern body, which did not surrender till about noon. He then flanked the western body, which had advanced toward the courthouse, but had been held in check until the rest surrendered.

I have heard my father say that the Confederates marched nearly all night coming from McMinnville, and that they rushed into town about daybreak. The pickets had been surprised, and no shots alarmed the sleeping Federals. I heard the ex-sheriff of that county, Mr. Arnold, tell of slipping up on one sentinel. My father said the men were still in their tents, and that he saw a Texas Ranger fire his six-shooter into an open tent. He said that many of the men did not have time to put their clothes on, and that they were marched through the streets so, and that the Texas Rangers amused themselves striking at their shirts with their long whips.

He himself was in one of the independent companies. He saw the assault on the courthouse, and commended the bravery of the defense. His brother was in the jail, suspected of being a spy, from his resemblance to a noted spy and bushwhacker. Other men in the jail were to be killed the next morning, and one Federal, as the men ran to the courthouse for making a stand, set fire to the jail and tried to shoot the prisoners. This man mysteriously disappeared, and it was believed that he was identified and made way with. Father always said that Forrest worked his old game of bluff, and made the Federals think he had more men than he had, and threatened to give no quarter, though, of course, he did not mean it.

I was born about ten miles from Murfreesboro, on the Jefferson pike. From the description of your escape and capture you must have been very close to my old plantation home, and possibly you did visit some of our people.

The prisoners were paroled at McMinnville, and my father went along to help guard them. He said that it was difficult to guard so many, and that they darted off into the bushes all along the way. He lived at McMinnville, and died in 1907 on the old plantation.

It is a matter of record that Colonel Mitchell wired General Buell, June 8, that Colonel Lester had told him of 1,000 Confederates being near McMinnville. Again, June 24, he warned Buell. On the day preceding the capture Buell wired Halleck that the enemy was in that section. Duffield, in view of all this, seemed to let himself be surprised easily. Without the surprise and his widely separated forces Forrest never could have made the capture. It is new to me that your command was without weapons. That, too, seems to be a little against the vigilance of your officer in charge. General Crittenden had superseded Colonel Duffield just a day or so before the capture.

### Burnt Powder.

President Lincoln's stories grew better and better as he grew older. One of the best was told to a visitor who congratulated him on the demand of the people for his re-election. Mr. Lincoln replied that he had been told that frequently, and that when it was first mentioned to him he was reminded of a farmer in Illinois who determined to try his own hand at blasting. After successfully boring and filling in with powder, he failed in his effort to make the powder go off, and after discussing with a looker-on the cause for this and failing to detect anything wrong in the powder, the farmer suddenly came to the conclusion that it would not go off because it had been shot before.

### Ten Pins at Agtletam.

At Antietam, when the Confederates advanced in a solid mass, one of our boys from Elmira, N. Y., climbed a high rock, where he could view the whole scene. He occupied his place unmindful of the bullets whizzing like bees around him. The rebels came on until we could see their faces, and then our battery poured canister into them, which mowed down a long line of Johnnies. Our friend on the rock swung his cap, and shouted: "Bul-l-l-ee; set 'em up in the other alley."

## ALL WANT TO NAME THE BABY

Advice Heaped in Profusion on Keepers of Big City's Zoological Gardens.

"The arrival of a baby animal or bird of any kind from a hippopotamus to a canary at either of the city zoos gives people all over town a chance to spread themselves in the matter of names," said a New York park keeper.

"Everybody wants the honor of naming the baby. Letters come from all parts of the city, and from the surrounding country suggesting names that the writers think appropriate. Patriotism runs high among our correspondents. If they had their way half the animals in the park would be called 'Abe' Lincoln, and a large part of the other half 'Teddy' Roosevelt. Regardless of the sex of the youngster, these two presidential appellations are urged upon us.

"Classical and Scriptural names also have their advocates. Hercules and Plato in particular are proposed.

"Of all the ladies of antiquity Niobe seems to have first call. Once in a while a writer of a sentimental turn of mind suggests a more modern romantic name. Out of consideration for the animal fancy names are taboo to start with. To call a beast of the jungle Violet or Queenie is enough to shame the most docile of infants into a reversion to type."

## WATERY BLISTERS ON FACE

Smithville, Ind.—"Six months ago our only girl, one year old, had a few red pimples come on her face which gradually spread causing her face to become very irritated and a fiery red color. The pimples on the child's face were at first small watery blisters, just a small blotch on the skin. She kept scratching at this until in a few days her whole cheeks were fiery red color and instead of the little blisters the skin was cracked and scaly looking and seemed to itch and burn very much.

"We used a number of remedies which seemed to give relief for a short time then leave her face worse than ever. Finally we got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. I washed the child's face with very warm water and Cuticura Soap, then applied the Cuticura Ointment very lightly. After doing this about three times a day the itching and burning seemed entirely gone in two days' time. Inside of two weeks' time her face seemed well. That was eight months ago and there has been no return of the trouble." (Signed) Mrs. A. K. Wooden, Nov. 4, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

### Looney Season Begins.

"Golf? Why, man, you're crazier than a loon. The idea of a fellow on a hot day like this going out and clubbing around a little white pill in the sun!"

"What are you going to do?" "Who, me? I'm going to get a row-boat and pull over the lake and try to get some fish."

"Fish? The last fish was caught out of that lake three years ago."

"Well, I know that. Suppose I don't get any fish, I've had a tiptop boat ride, haven't I?"

### Abandoned Project.

"Two hearts that beat as one." The museum manager mused.

"Oh, well," he went on, continuing his soliloquy, "I suppose we could get up a freak like that, but she wouldn't be in it with the two-headed girl, anyway."—Puck.

### Modern Method.

Maud—It's a paradox, isn't it? Edith—What? Maud—That the woman of position dances like a climber.—Judge.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle 25c.

A pair of yellow shoes doesn't age more quickly than a pretty girl after a mistaken marriage.

## Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

An Indian Case  
Mrs. John D. Whitaker, 405 N. East St., Madison, Ind., says: "Dark circles appeared under my eyes and my ankles were inflamed and swollen. I was all crippled up with rheumatism. My back ached constantly and I was a physical wreck. Doctors and expensive treatment of specialists failed. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and before long, restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3  
**THERAPION**  
Hospitals with great success, cures chronic weakness, lost vigor, etc. THE RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BLOOD POISON, GOUT, EITHER NO. DRUGGISTS OR MAIL. POST 4 CTS. FULLER CO., 20, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS, TORONTO. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK TO DR. LE CLERE MED. CO., HAVRE-ST-PIERRE, HAVRE, FRANCE. THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION, IS SAFE AND EFFECTIVE. SEE THAT TRADE MARKED WORD 'THERAPION' IS ON BOTTLE. GOVT. STAMP AFFIXED TO ALL GENUINE PACKETS.  
W. R. U., LINCOLN, NO. 37-1913.