ABOUT SHADOWING SHADOWS

How Well Trained Detectives Do Their Strange Work.

WORKING ON A BIG DIAMOND STEAL

Superintendent Byrnes on Crime and the Methods Employed by Scientific Chief Catchers—The Ins and Outs of a Detective's Life.

(Copyright, 1893.)

The telephone bell jingles. The chief of the detective bureau takes up the ear-trumpet, and, listening a moment, turns and writes something on a bit of paper, at the same time tapping a bell and summoning one of his aides.

"Harkaway," he says—and as he speaks he is already thumbing the city directory for an address—"Harkaway, some diamonds have been stolen at the big hotel up on Broadway; hurry up there with help; learn all the details in the case; then join your side-partner, Bailey, at the Twenty-Third Street station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated railroad. Now skip! quick!"

This is the way a detective begins his day's work. It is a case to attract wide-spread interest. Harkaway is one of the best men in New York. It will be interesting to follow him.

A Hot Starter.

Arriving at the hotel, the landlord is in waiting. To the detective the proprietor of the place says:

"Mr. Harkaway, I have a case for you. It involves the loss of a $6,000 package of diamonds, left for security in our safe by one of our guests."

"How long have the stones been lost?"

"Two weeks. It is like this—"

The landlord then went on to say that a lady had deposited the gems for safe keeping, and that they had mysteriously disappeared over night from the safe. Nobody was suspected. The clerk on watch at the time was one of the old and trusted employes of the house.

"I must interview the clerk," said Harkaway, at once.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied the proprietor, tapping a bell.

To the page who responded the landlord gave directions that Mr. Shepard should come at once to the private office.

Jack Shepard had been in the employ of the house for many years. He was one of the trusted agents of the firm. Yearly thousands and thousands of dollars in cash and in property passed through his hands. His record was above reproach. Personally, Shepard was a man of fine presence, graceful in bearing, forceful in speech. He was a man of few words. His story of the robbery had all the elements of truth. He said, in response to questions, that he had put away the package himself, given a receipt for it; but that it was stolen overnight. That was all he knew about the case.

"I will shadow Jack Shepard."

These were the final words of the detective. The proprietor expressed surprise, but wisely left the case to Harkaway.

"Operator Number One's Report."

From this time forth Harkaway was known at the hotel as "Operator Number One." He determined to find out at once in what style Shepard was living. He learned from the directory that the clerk had a flat in the upper part of the city. He resided here with his handsome wife and child. Operator Number One entered the cosy home several times disguised as a dealer in small wares. He found everything pretty and unassuming. Mrs. Shepard wore no excessive amount of jewelry; the clerk belonged to one humble club; he was a regular member of the church; he had, so far as Operator Number One could see, no expensive habits and no costly vices.

Operator Number One used to come into the hotel just about the hour he knew Shepard would be relieved. He would "cover" his man—that is, "shadow" him—for hours thereafter, till the clerk was safe in his home. Nothing unusual was developed for some days. During this time the detective was handing in daily reports to his office of his doings. One read like this:

"Took my man at hotel at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; covered him right side Broadway to Fourteenth street, then west side to Tenth street, where he went into saloon and played billiards with dark man wearing whiskers; then stayed there two hours; then took him to East Tenth street, where went into restaurant; sat down alone and ate; small supper; then to Third Avenue elevated, at Ninth street; rode with him up to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station; went in house No. 333; lady came to window and raised blinds; then gave way to Operator Number Two.

Operator Number Two of course, stayed there all night, shadowing the man of the hotel next morning."

Being "Dropped To."

After working on the case three weeks, and filing daily reports of progress with the detective bureau, something quite definite turned up one day. Operator Number One was sitting in the park near the hotel, thinking the matter over. Nothing had as yet come of all the investigations the bureau had made at the pawn shops. The diamonds had disappeared as effectually as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Operator Number One was convinced, in his own mind, that there was a woman in the case; but the difficulty was to locate the prize. That day his report said:

"Took subject at usual hour and shadowed down Broadway to Fourteenth; then down Fourteenth; bowed to lady in black; lifted his hat to two girls in blue and pink; one girl tall and fair, the other short and dark; then to saloon on Fourteenth near Sixth avenue, where he ordered a cocktail and took a nip of the free lunch; leaned over the bar and had a long chat with barkeeper. Then out and Sixth Avenue Elevated to same house in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Stayed inside an hour, then out and took Third Avenue Elevated to Barclay street; then on 9 o'clock ferry of New York, Ontario & Western railroad, to Weehawken; took him up lonely road: no one else near us; difficult to follow without being dropped to; finally was dropped to; had to quit at once."

"What do you mean by being 'dropped to?'" suggested the landlord, as he heard the story.

"Dropped to—why, that means when the subject takes a tumble to a man, and realizes that he is followed. In such instances we have to put another fellow on the case; tomorrow Operator Numeer Two will come forward. Since the subject is onto me, we will change men."

"He thinks he has tricked you."

"They all think that."

That night the landlord tried to reason out why his faithful clerk would go to a place remote from his home, alone, on a lonely road. He finally gave the matter up in disgust.

A Sneak in the Night.

One fine afternoon a man sauntered up to the desk and asked if Mr. Percy Rerwick was stopping in that house.

Clerk Shepard replied that he had been there, but that he was gone now.

The man said that the present address of Mr. Percy Renwick would be desired. The clerk said he did not know what the address was, but would try to find out. For the present no more was said.

About this time the landlord noticed that a good deal of mail came to the hotel for a certain Mr. Percy Renwick, but that it had suddenly stopped; there was no such name on the ledgers. To Clerk Shepard the proprietor said:

"Jack, who is this man Renwick? He seems to get a lot of mail here."

"He does. He is a friend of mine; he is a drummer; but he is out of New York now. He asked me to look after his mail while he was gone."

That very night, after Shepard was gone, in came a boy with a letter addressed to Mr. Percy Renwick. The night clerk signed for it, threw it aimlessly into the common receiver, and went on with his work. Half an hour later a gentleman called and asked for the Renwick letter. It was given him and he at once departed.

Meantime Operator Number Two was covering Shepard all around town. He shadowed the clerk in and out of saloons; he shadowed him to his home; he hung around for hours. To be a detective is to play awaiting game.

It is worse than this. It is to expose yourself to all the inclemencies of wind and weather. To be out all night watching a place is a mere trifle. Sometimes the game will become shy and will not make a move for weeks. It proved so in this case. A week now passed without a single incident worthy of record. Daily, however, the reports of the men—Operator Number Two and his "side," Operator Number Thee—were handed to the bureau. These told of shadowing or of "covering" the subject from the hotel and back again.

That night, very late Jack Shepard was a passenger on the ferryboat to Weehawkeen. He then took the street car and rode a long ways to a lonely part of the outskirts. It was nearly 11 o'clock. It was through a new country; the street car line was one of those irregular suburban affairs. In the car was a poor laboring man, clad in blue jeans, returning with his dinner pail from his hard toil.

Shepard left the car after riding half an hour. He went straight to a splendid villa set back in a small park beside the broad highway. A knock on the front door, and he was admitted to the grand home. A woman came to the door, all glittering in silks and diamonds.

Those diamonds were the stolen property, and this woman was enjoying the ill-gotten wealth.

Something About Detectives.

The day of disguises in the detective business is gone by. All that one reads of false whiskers, changes of costumes and all the rest, is likely to be spun out of the imagination.

Your real detective is a very practical fellow.

The great Superintendent Byrnes of New York, before whose very name crooks in every land tremble in their hiding, says that there is no romance about crime. He has done all he can, and that is a great deal, to reduce thief-hunting to a scientific basis.

If a man is to be "shadowed," he is simply shadowed, and that is all there is to it. There is none of the claptrap "disguising" of the dime novelist and of the cheap circuit drama.

Nor does your good detective need to be spying around under the very nose of his victim. He can remain a long way off, or he can be near at hand; at any rate, he never reveals his presence by grotesque ogling, passing and repassing, as the cheap novelist would have you believe.

He simply acts like any other sensible man would—not a detective—who might chance to be told to "watch" a friend.

Between the words "watch" and "shadow" there is little difference, except that one has a more mysterious sound than has the other. And your good detective does not use the word "shadow" either. He prefers the vaguer expression "took." This is to prevent suspicion. There are hundreds of men in responsible positions in New York who are weekly subjected to close watch. All their out-goings and in comings are reported to the head of the firm. If a fellow is going wrong, ten to one the sort of life he is leading will show it. Therefore all the large corporations spend plenty of money in the "shadowing" business yearly. Thus the senior partners know at a glance just where their young men have been the night before. The information comes to them in the form of the reports, given as in the Shepard case. These reports are often very exact as to detail. Your good detective will photograph the doings of his subject with almost microscopic fidelity. He will include the drinks the chap took in public, the people he bowed to on the street, the ladies he chatted with, whether they were stylishly dressed or the contrary, their personal charms; also the very shop windows the subject lingered before on his way up or down town.

For safety the detective calls himself "Operator Number One" or "Operator Number Two." When the first detective is weary by long hours his "side" comes up and relieves him. Then the first man comes back again, and so on. If the subject leaves town on the train for Boston or Buffalo, the detective is following still, as silent as the grave, as constant as the shadow to the sun, telegraphing to his partner to follow at once, keeping him informed by repeated telegrams just where to meet him; by and by the second man catches up again, and so it goes.

All this is the work of the "shadower."

Women Give the Most Trouble.

Detectives have more trouble shadowing women than they have with men. The reason for this is obvious. A man can go any place his subject can enter; but he cannot follow a woman wherever she may go. A woman, for illustration, can go into a big bazaar, with ten or more doors, and give the shadow the slip with the greatest of ease. A man could never do this. Then, again, if a woman "drops" to the detective she can lead him a long and fruitless journey, all over time, miles and miles, just merely to "make sport" of him. This is a thoroughly feminine trick, so the best detectives say.

Caught in a Drag.

When Jack Shepard came down to work that next day he said to his brother clerk, whom he was relieving:

"Were there any letters for me while I was gone?"

"There were not."

Ten minutes later he was summoned to the office of the proprietor.

Two strange men were there. One of these men was Harkaway, the other the clerk had never seen before. The proprietor, in a cold voice, said:

"Shepard, you will consider yourself under arrest!"

The man started backward, and with a low cry of surprise.

"What's that?" he gasped, looking from one face to the other.

"Shepard," said the manager, in a quiet way, "did you ever know a man named Percy Renwick?"

"He is my friend, the Chicago drummer."

"I thought so. Remember, this is a matter of life and death; answer at your peril. Did you, or did you not, ever know a man named Percy Renwick?"

"Never—only as I say."

"You lie!"

"What does this mean?" said the clerk, flaring up.

"It means," said Harkaway, coming forward, "that you are hereupon formally arrested for the diamond robbery three months ago. It means, too, that Percy Renwick and Jack Shepard are one and the same personage. Under the former name you have been getting mail at this hotel; these letters were written to you by the woman to whom you gave the diamonds and for whom you must now spend twenty years in Sing Sing. Your time has come!"

With this the detective slipped the irons on the thief's wrists.

And to this day, as he sits in his lonely cell in Sing Sing, he does not know how it was that his lover's country villa, far down that lonely road, back in that splendid little private park, where he visited only under cover of midnight, was unearthed. He thinks about it often and often in the silent watches of the night, like many another convict—thinks of the points in the great game wherein he failed and for which he now gives up his life.

But the poor old laboring man who sat in the street car with his pail might throw some light on the matter—if he chose.

He was none other than "Operator Number Two," doing a neat bit of detective work for his bureau.

Thus was Jack Shepard shadowed to his doom.

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

A LENTEN LAY.

Christine Griffin in Judge.

With downcast eyes and lips devout
She kneels to pray across the aisle;
Yet I, poor sinner, can but look
And ponder on her charms the while
The sunlight falls upon her face.
She heeds it not, her mind's intent
On grave responses, and she dreams
Of fasting days sans cakes and creams—
She's keeping Lent.

Heigho! 'Twas but a week ago
We danced the whole long evening through,
And, by the Gods! Terpsichore
Had not such grace divine as you.
But while I dream of pleasures vain
Her thoughts are on the sermon bent;
She does not know that I am here.
My saint is sad and yet austere—
She's keeping Lent.

Oh, saintly one, have you forgot
That shadowy nook where faint perfume
Of hothouse flowers came floating in
And gave your cheek an added bloom?
Have you forgot the way I gave
The longing of my heart free vent
And touched it, too? Ah, me! 'tis past;
The sermon's done; this psalm's the last—
She's keeping Lent.

The church is out. She deigns to glance
With sober eyes across the aisle.
A little bow—oh, angel mine,
Where is, alas! thy old-time smile?
Can it be true—I pause to think—
By such reserve a slight is meant?
But no, I'm wrong; her thoughts profound
Tread naught today but sacred ground—
She is keeping Lent.

There are three things worth saving—Time, Trouble and Money—and De Witt's Little Early Risers will save them for you. These little pills will save you time, as they act promptly. They will save you trouble as they cause no pain. They will save you money as they economize doctor's bills.

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY

No Field of Human Endeavor Promises Greater Achievement.

TO CHEAPEN DRIVING POWER OF DYNAMOS

A Remarkable Forecast of the Miracles Sure to Be Wrought in Many Departments of Life by Means of Electricity.

A recent issue of the New York Independent presents a remarkable paper by Mr. Park Benjamin on the future of electricity. He says:

Any useful invention or discovery is the product of two factors, the man who originates it and the times in which he lives. Both are essential and both must co-act. There has been no period in the world's history when every sign pointed more markedly to the imminence of great and marvelous discoveries than the present. Equally, there has been no time when more men—cautious, skillful, patient investigators—have been at work under strictly scientific methods to make nature reveal the secrets the existence of which can now, for the first time, be dimly discerned. And in all the fields of human endavor there is none in which the promise and potency of future achievement is greater than in the development of that wonderful form of energy which we know as "electricity."

In this field progress is advancing in two paths; the one leading to the production of the force cheaper than by known means, and the other toward new devices and ways for applying it to the practical needs of mankind. The first path is the least attractive, but it leads to by far the most momentous discoveries as affecting our every-day life. The current which now supplies our lamps and motors is obtained by revolving a coil of wire in the field of a magnet. The steam engine does this just as it turns a coffee mill, or a churn, or a lathe. Therefore, coal is burned under the boiler to produce steam, and steam drives the engine, the engine turns the dynamo, the dynamo delivers its current on the wires which lead to the lamps. Hence the efficiency of the whole system depends mainly upon the efficiency of the engine and boiler which furnish the power. The best engine and boiler do not utilize more than 10 per cent of the energy locked up in the fuel; and this is due, not to faulty construction or bad management, but chiefly because of natural laws mainly dependent upon the temperature in which we live. To improve the dynamo or the lamps simply means greater economy in the utilization of the obtained 10 per cent. It does not affect the problem of how to get more than 10 per cent, and that is the great discovery of the future—so great, that the man who finds the way to convert, not 80 or 90, but even 20 per cent of the stored energy in fuel into electricity will do more for human civilization than all the inventors of all the marvelous applications of that force put together have done since electricity was discovered.

Present indications point to the voltaic cell as the probable means of attaining this result. Not to a cell consuming zinc, of course; for electricity thus produced is about twenty-five times dearer than that obtained from the steam engine and dynamo; but to a cell directly consuming carbon, not by hot combustion, but by cool, chemical combination with the boundless store of oxygen in the air. Carbon is cheap, and air is cheaper; and if they can be made to combine at low temperature by means no more costly than the grate or furnace in which we make them unite at high temperature, then we shall get very much more than 10 per cent of the available energy. It is not necessary to seek any further reason for the end of the reign of steam. When people can get a machine which wastes even $8, or $7, or $6 out of $10, they will no longer use an apparatus which wastes $9.

Of course, we can cheapen electricity now by driving our present dynamos by wind power or by the natural fall of water when circumstances will permit; and, in fact, we have already set the Hercules of Niagara to spinning the electrical distaff; but what we most want to know is how to consume carbon directly in the cell. Not necessarily hard carbon, but any form of that universal material. We are turning into the rivers from this great city, for example, millions of tons of sewage rich in hydrocarbons and organic substances. Theoretically that refuse, which is not only waste, but pernicious, can be burned in the cell to make the electric current, and the electric current therefrom can be accumulated and used for any purpose. Who will find the way to do it?

All along the frontier of the science open innumerable paths with endless vistas fascinating in their invitations to the student and to the inventor. Even in the oldest of our electrical marvels (the telegraph) the possibilities are still wonderful. A pen, guided in Chicago, will now write in New York the autograph of the operator, so that a bank might safely pay the check to which it is appended. We are multiplying the number of dispatches which can be sent simultaneously; and we are rapidly approaching the time when unlimited messages can be transmitted at perceptibly the same instant in opposite directions over a single wire. We have contrived systems of communicating time which will possibly enable 1,000 clocks at once, distributed all along the continent, and perhaps from one end of the world to the other, to work in synchronism and with a current less than is required for ordinary telegraphing. Whether this will result in the establishment of absolute time throughout the world and the final deposition of the sun as a timepiece remains to be seen. We have found substances which are so sensitive to light that they will modify an electric current in accordance with the intensity of the light ray which strikes them—and there is the germ of the picture-telegraph. Before the next century expires the grandsons of the present generation will see one another across the Atlantic, and the great ceremonial events of the world, as they pass before the eye of the camera, will be enacted at the same instant before all mankind. The use of the high-frequency electrical current, with possibly screens from outside inductive influences, is believed by many to offer at last a solution to the difficulties which prevent telephoning over long submarine cables. If this be realized, and with the transmission of images and possibly of colors over the wires likewise achieved, then the nations of the earth will indeed stand face to face and speech to speech.

Meanwhile, not only will the electric motor supplant the iron horse, but also the patient steed of flesh and blood; and our descendants, whirling in their electric carriages, over perfectly built speedways at a mile a minute, may wonder at the slowness of that ancient generation which was content to crawl behind the leisurely trotter. Electricity will reduce our metals from the ores and melt them at far higher heats than we now get in our furnaces. What chemical affinities it may unlock, what new substances it may bring to light, no one can imagine. We shall have fireless dwellings, for the electric current will cook the dinner and warm the houses. It will steer our vessels, it will propel them, and it may render possible not only communication between them, but communication from the land to any vessel, no matter where she is on the broad ocean. It will light the unmarked roads of the sea so that a ship may find her way as easily from port to port as a carriage threads its path along the avenue of a city.

Of the electric light, even as we now know it, the possibilities are by no means exhausted. Last summer an arc light on the summit of Mount Washington flashed signals over more than 100 miles, and this far from the most powerful form of the apparatus; for the new French reflector is twice as large and has a luminosity of 257,000,000 candles. Such a light as this can project illuminated letters, for example, upon the clouds, which can be read over an immense expanse of territory. It has already been suggested that the inhabitants of Mars are trying to communicate with us by triangular signals of presumably electric light; and it is estimated that a blazing signal six miles in length on the earth's surface would be clearly visible to the Martial people. If this be the fact a row of powerful search lights, extending along some plateau where the air is clear, intermittently extinguished and lighted all at once and at definite intervals (chosen perhaps in some mathematical relation one to the other, which would of itself attract attention) might establish the long sought communication with our sister world.

Meanwhile, as Dr. Gilbert pointed out 300 years ago, "the earth is a huge magnet." It has its field of force or magnetic atmosphere and its electrical atmosphere wherein magnetic and electric storms rage. On its surface are the so-called "equi-potential planes" between which the earth currents flow; and the time is not far distant when we shall utilize these natural currents which now merely act to disturb telegraphic communication. But more strange than all is that which is now to be told.

Every part of space is filled with a fluid called "ether"—infinitely thin and infinitely elastic. In it the particles of what we know as "matter" are in constant motion, ceaselessly hammering one upon the other, and keeping up an eternal bombardment in every direction. There are no forces known to us equal to those with which these infinitely small masses pound and strike; but their energy is exerted in all directions, the force of the particles moving in one way neutralizing that of others moving in a different way, and therefore our senses do not perceive the result of this tremendous work. If, however, we cannot direct these particles to move in the same direction (not generating any new force, be it observed, nor evolving unknown powers, Keely-motor fashion, out of nothing), but merely changing the direction of the force produced by the movement of these particles—in other words, "if we can guide the ether-storm"—then, as has well been said, "we shall hook our machinery to the machinery of nature," and handle forces so vast that the mind now quails before the effort to conceivethem.

Years ago a current of electricity directed into a partially exhausted glass receiver caused the few gas molecules which were left in the vessel to move in streams in the same direction, to bombard surfaces of carbon or platinum and to produce beautiful effects of radiance. The electrical discharge of today, in the hands of Nikola Tesla, has been made to alternate (swing to and fro) at the rate of hundreds of thousands of vibrations per second, producing in the ether not a storm, by a hurricane; such blasts that partly exhausted tubes brought into their path glowed without apparent cause. Long wires stretched across the room blazed, and from the terminals of the apparatus burst forth great white, ghostlike streams—true flames, yet without heat, and in which nothing was burned. Standing in this electrical pandemonium the experimenter received charges which would be certain death did not their own rapidity of change neutralize their effects too soon to let them kill; the electrical lamp connected to but one wire, and with no return conductor or circuit, flashed into brilliancy in his naked hands. The mysterious flame within a partly exhausted bulb recognized his presence and moved from him as if to escape; and not merely this, but disappeared at the clinching of his fist, or followed the motion of his finger. This is not claptrap "wizardism" of the stockjobbing order, but the result of a long and skillful questioning of nature which at last is beginning to reveal to us "Ariel and all his quality."

And what more is it leading to? What is this marvelous atmosphere of energy in which we are immersed, in which we live, and which, if not allied to life, at least controls life? How far is this already an unknown medium of communication of that silent language of the lower created things? How far may it be made a medium of communication between ourselves by merely producing electrical disturbances in it, which in turn may be recognized at far-distant points, so that thus waves of regulated intelligence may be set flowing throughout the world? If vibrations can be transmitted to this ether from one source, why not from another? And so, why may not the molecular vibrations of the brain, "the maddening mechanism of thought," set, through the ether, a second brain into corresponding vibration? Does then the ether convey thought, or can electrical vibrations be the means of making it do so? If light vibrations can travel from star to star throughout the universe, will thought vibrations do the same?

Again, there is a great deal to be learned concerning the physical effects of these currents of enormous pressure which change with such inconceivable rapidity. At one moment the body is exposed to a discharge that would produce instant death were it not for the fact that the bolt is no sooner hurled than it is thrown back again. But suppose that the bolt is not hurled back, and suppose, furthermore, that it be projected by still higher manifestations of energy than those which we have been able so far to direct—then what? Conceive the possibility of creating an invisible field in which every human structure entering would meet with destruction and every living thing, death. Conceive how utterly puny would become man's present armament should he learn thus to handle the invisible weapons of nature.

But this is merely speculative, and perhaps, for many tastes, a little too much so. The transmission of intelligence between points not very far distant without wires and by the aid of the high-frequency current is much nearer the realms of possibility, and perhaps will be realized before long. So also are new developments in electrical illumination. Light is merely an ether vibration of a definite rate per second and electricity, likewise an ether vibration, is closely akin to light. When we can electrically produce ether vibrations of the same frequency as light, then we shall make light; for when such vibrations strike our retinas we shall see.

Nor is this all. The fiat of the Almighty was "Let there be light." When we are able to set the molecules of matter quivering and vibrating at the speed which they assumed in the beginning in answer to that command, when that pure, cold radiance blazes forth under our hands (as some day it will do), then we shall know that of His infinite wisdom we have attained—not quite as much as has the glowworm which we tread upon.

Electrical Notes.

Germany has 68,850 miles of telegraph.

Half of Massachusetts' railways are electric.

Electricity forces the growth of vegetables.

The French government has approved a proposition to lay a cable between New Caledonia and Australia.

At Cherbourg, France, an electrical canoe is in successful operation. It will run twelve hours at the rate of nearly eight knots an hour.

Cairo, in the land of the Pharaohs, is soon to be illuminated by the electric light.

The second electric cable made in France is now being laid between Marseilles and Tunis, a distance of about 700 miles.

A New England man has invented a railway car brake, operated by electricity, which is claimed to be as effective as the air brake.

A complete set of electric cooking appliances is to be placed on the new whaleback steamer Columbus, which will be the first vessel to be thus equipped.

A chemical company has ordered a large generator for use in the manufacture of bleaching powders, the amperage to be equal to affording sufficient heat to decompose common salt, from which chlorine is obtained.

An English inventor has secured a patent for lighting trains by electricity, in which the current is generated from the axles of the cars, batteries for storage being located in each coach.

Successful experiments have been made in France relative to the introduction of telephones for use in warfare. The telephonists are organized in sets of two men, each set being provided with equipment for a mile line.

Busy people have no time, and sensible people have no inclination to use pills that make them sick a day for every dose they take. They have learned that the use of De Witt's Little Early Risers does not interfere with their health by causing nausea, pain or griping. These little pills are perfect in action and results, regulating the stomach and bowels so that headaches, dizziness and lassitude are prevented. They cleanse the blood, clear the complexion and tone up the system. Lots of health in these little fellows.

LITTLE THINGS FOR LITTLE ONES.

An experienced mother said not long ago: "Nurses make a great mistake in not giving the baby anything to drink. Its poor little throat is often as thirsty and parched as yours, and when it cries this may be what it needs. Give it a drink—not too much, of course—and you will often find it will transform a cross baby into a perfect, smiling little angel."

* * *

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in springtime.

"Ah, yes," said the wee miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks."

* * *

"Goodness me, Johnny! What are you crying about now?"

"'Cause Tommy dreamed about eatin' pie last night and I didn't."

* * *

"Johnny," said the young man's father, "what made you shout 'amen' right in the midst of the superintendent's speech?"

"I thought maybe he was trying to think of the word and couldn't."

* * *

Little Boy—What's the difference between High church and low church?

Little Girl—Why, don't you know? One says "Awmen" and the other says "Amen."

* * *

Tompkins—Tommy, have you heard that your little playmate, Charlie Banks is dead?

Tommy—Golly! is that so! He won't git spanked fer askin' for a second piece o' angel cake now, will he?

* * *

A very funny incident happened the other day in the home of a happy family of three. The guileless wife and mother knew by instinct and hints she had read in children's magazines that a baby with convulsions must be put into a hot bath. The brown-eyed beauty of 4 months was taken with the dread ailment a few days ago. The young mother was terror-stricken, but had presence of mind enough to prepare a hot bath. There was no waste of time or preliminary caution; the bath was drawn and baby popped in. The dear little soul came out like a lobster—cured, but howling in a healthy, vigorous manner. It was wrapped up, but cried from 8 in the evening until break of day. When the doctor came he said, gravely: "It's a wonder that the child is not one big blister, madam, for you had last night a boiled baby."

* * *

"And now, children," said the superintendent of the Sunday school, "if there are any topics upon which we have not touched in reviewing the lesson or any points about which you have doubts in your own minds I shall be glad to make them clear to you."

"Mr. Grifscrips," called out one of the little boys, "what was Adam's other name?"

* * *

Young America—Pa, pass the beans.

Father—What are you saying, son? Think now.

"Pass the beans."

"Is that all you want to say, son?"

"No, pass the vinegar, too."

* * *

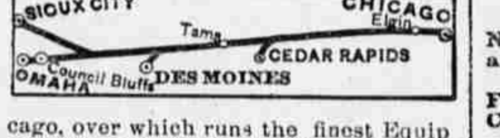
Little Mabel—Mamma, don't you think I can teach Fido to talk? Mamma—No, dear; what made you think you could? Little Mabel—Well, when I gave him his dinner he growled just like you say papa does when his meal doesn't please him.

In Vienna 15,000 young and old bachelors have formed a nonmarrying club. Each member is bound by an oath that he will never marry. If that club should come to the World's fair and see our pretty American girls, there would be 15,000 oats smashed to smithereens in less than a week.

The No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson with its rotary movement, is the lightest running machine in the market, and is unequalled for speed, durability and quality of work. Sold by W. Lancaster & Co., 614 South Sixtehnt street.

For clinical work a Frenchman has devised an exceedingly delicate and quick-reading electric thermometer, capable of showing a variation in temperature of one-twentieth of a degree centigrade.

The Omaha and Chicago Short Line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry., was opened for freight and passenger traffic. It these ten short years the "Milwaukee" as it is affectionately termed, by its patrons, has taken front rank amongst its older competitors, and to-day stands unrivaled for speed, comfort and safety. Here is a map showing its short line between Omaha, Council Bluffs and Chicago,



over which runs the finest Equipped Electric Lighted Steam Heated Vestibuled Trains with Magnificent Dining Car service enroute. F. A. Nash is the General Agent and the Omaha City Ticket Office is at No. 1501 Farnam St.,