

Developments in the Field of Electricity

Noiseless Trolley Cars.
Noiseless street car wheels is the newest thing promised the car-suffering world, through the incorporation at Detroit of the Noiseless Wheel company, with a capitalization of \$1,000,000. The fact that the average street car in passing through a street makes enough noise to arouse the dead has made their presence one of the banes of city life. To overcome the jar and hammering of the monster cars of modern times as their wheels strike the slightest joint or impediment to their progress over the rails has been one of the dreams of engineers and the people at large.

An inventor brought out the scheme of making a car wheel in two parts. One is to be the center or hub of iron, and the other a steel rim, to be bolted to the hub. His noise killer is placed between the two parts and consists of merely a layer of felt or cardboard or some deadening influence that receives the jar and noise before it reaches the axle of the car.

Experiments have been made with this invention, and it is claimed that its efficiency is astonishing traction men. On suburban lines, where most of the tests have been made, the improvement has been so great that a car may pass without notice by people in the vicinity.

The wheel possesses economies also in that a flat wheel can be cured with less expense by merely placing a new tire on it and milling the old one true again in short order. Other features of the wheel are attractive also to traction men.

The possibility of the growth of steel street cars is making the new wheel more desirable because it is likely that the steel car would be subject to greater vibratory weakness than the wooden car, and by the use of the noiseless wheel all of that difficulty can be overcome. The matter is arousing much interest in all large cities where the noise of the street cars has been increasing with their increase in number, and is giving some concern to physicians and others, who realize the ill effects on humanity in general.

Electricity Supplies Steam.
 The opening of the new electric road on the Rochester division of the Erie railroad recently marked another achievement of American ingenuity in electrical railway service. For the first time, reports the New York Times, a steam railway is using a single-phase alternating motor for moving trains, with power from Niagara falls, seventy miles away.

The new system has been installed on the main line of the Erie between Rochester and Avon, and on a branch running from Avon to Mt. Morris. It covers thirty-four miles of single track and is intended for passenger service only.

Until the trolley cars were put into operation the equipment was largely in the nature of an experiment. The preliminary test justified the confidence of the engineers, and this promise has been borne out by the operation of the road since it was opened to the public several weeks ago. Indeed, the departure is considered so successful that plans are under way to extend the trolley system to other divisions of the Erie lines.

The system has been developed in the last three years by the Westinghouse interests. Its novelty is found in the use of the alternating current instead of the direct current that has been generally employed by steam railroads. This change has been made possible by the single-phase motor. It is an adaptation of the older continuous current motor in its age.

Although the single-phase motor is not unlike the direct current motor in its operation, there is an important difference in the use of the alternating current. It is unnecessary to supply a direct current on any part of the electric line. Therefore the trolley wires before entering the substations, which have heretofore been installed at intervals along the electric lines.

The substation at Avon is nineteen miles from Rochester and fifteen miles from Mt. Morris, or about midway between the terminals of the new road. The power is drawn from the lines of the Niagara, Lockport & Ontario Power company running to the new station of the Ontario Power company at Niagara falls.

In the substation building are three 750-kilowatt transformers of the oil-insulated, water-cooled type, which transform the 60,000-volt three-phase current from Niagara to an 11,000-volt single-phase current. This is fed directly to the trolley wires of the Erie railroad. The overhead construction is of the so-called "catenary" type, the trolley wire being suspended from a messenger cable at intervals of ten feet, the whole being supported on poles with brackets. The support given by the messenger cable is a precaution required by the high electric tension, the relative large power supplied to the cars, the high speed at which they are run and the necessity for absolute certainty of contact. The transformers on the cars receive the power at 11,000 volts and lower it to a point between 10 and 30 volts, the average being 20 volts.

Everyday Electricity.
 But a few years ago electricity, even for lighting purposes, was a luxury. But there have been giant strides of progress since then in the building of electrical machinery and in the methods of distributing current until today the mysterious force can be economically employed to perform the drudgery of household work and to add to our greater comfort as well as light our buildings and streets, turn the wheels of industry and carry our messages.

It is everyday electricity now. A few utensils, a few pennies' worth of current, and the meal can be prepared by electricity—prepared cleanly, quickly, without dirt, odor, or that worst of household evils, an overheated kitchen. The secret of electrical cooking lies in

the fact that none of the heat is wasted—all of it is employed in cooking the foods or heating the liquids. The very best estimates show that fully seven-tenths of the heat from an ordinary range is wasted. Three-tenths are used to cook the food and the rest goes up the chimney or makes the kitchen untenable.

But cooking is only one of the many conveniences of everyday electricity. There are sixty-seven different kinds of heating devices manufactured by the General Electric company, including cigar lighters, milk warmers, corn poppers, shaving mugs, heating pads, radiators, fat irons, broilers, cookers, coffee and tea percolators, chafing dishes, etc. Electricity is now made to do most of the work in the home. Small motors are used to run the sewing machines, floor sweepers and polishers, washing machines, buffers and grinders, bread mixers, ash sifters, meat choppers, fans, etc.

Electricity is the new household servant. It responds instantly to call and performs willingly all the heavy work about the house. It never asks for half a day off and has no relatives to get married, sick or die.

Sometimes the timid housewife is afraid of getting a shock. There is not the slightest danger. The appliances are as simple and safe as an electric light. The wires are perfectly insulated and may be handled

with impunity. Electric utensils are far easier to operate than a coal stove, and ten times as safe as a gasoline stove or alcohol chafing dish. They can neither catch fire nor explode. No one thinks of disputing the fact that electricity will be an everyday necessity in a few years.

Electricity in the Oldest City.
 Hidden away in the consular trade reports received at Washington is the announcement that electricity has at last been introduced into Damascus, the oldest surviving city in the world, and probably the most typical oriental one. On February 7 that city celebrated the opening of a new electric street railway and an electric street lighting system. It was an event of more than passing interest in the old city. Representatives of the Ottoman government came from Constantinople to attend the celebration. The consul general at Beirut writes the State department that it was a red letter day in the annals of Ottoman Asia. Until about one year ago there existed a ban on electricity in Turkey. The consul general at Beirut relates that it was American influence that raised the ban. Now that the government permits the introduction of electricity it is predicted by the consul general that a morning of great awakening is at hand in the near

east. His writes that the natives are infatuated with the electric light and are already preparing to introduce it in their shops and residences. Since Turkey raised the ban against electricity concessions for electric light and street railway undertakings have been granted corporations in Damascus, Beirut, Aleppo, Smyrna and Salonica. The country is still without the telephone, but it is assumed that it will follow speedily on the heels of the electrical car and the electric light.

Ahead, Yet Behind.
 The nervous foreigner got up and went back to the conductor of the street car. "Pardieu, m'sieur," said he, "but see car, he run so slow, and why, if you please?" "Yes," replied the conductor. "We can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind." The foreigner's eyes opened wider. "Would you mind saying him again?" he asked apologetically. "I say," replied the conductor, louder than before, "that the car ahead is behind, sic!" The foreigner returned to his seat. "Zee car-r-r-ahead, he ees behind!" said he to himself. "Most wonderful, most astonishing is zis country!"—Judge.

Gossip and Stories About Noted People

Harriman's Correspondent.
SIDNEY Webster, the recipient of E. H. Harriman's 2-year-old letter, publication of which created such a hullabaloo, was the private secretary of President Franklin Pierce "way back in the fifties." Mr. Webster, says the Washington Herald, had studied law under the great New Hampshire democrat, and when General Pierce was called to the presidency he brought the young lawyer along to Washington as his private secretary. Stuyvesant Fish's father, Hamilton Fish, afterward Grant's secretary of state, was then a senator from New York, and a few years after, when Mr. Webster had opened a law office in New York, where he has ever since resided, he married Hamilton Fish's eldest daughter. Curiously enough, he was the mentor for both his brother-in-law, Stuyvesant Fish, and E. H. Harriman, and was directly instrumental in making them members of the board of directors of the Illinois Central railroad, from the presidency of which Mr. Harriman recently ousted Mr. Fish. Although still a staunch democrat of the old school, Mr. Webster has taken no active part in politics for many years. He is descended directly from the stock that produced the great Daniel.

Eckles and the Bible.
 James H. Eckles, who died suddenly of heart disease at his home in Chicago a few days ago, was one of the most devoutly religious men of large affairs in the country. He scrupulously avoided ostentatious display of his genuine piety, reports the Washington Herald, and only his most intimate friends knew of his deep religious convictions. Among them was Grover Cleveland, who, while governor of New York, discovered this trait in Mr. Eckles' character when the latter was a student of the Albany law school. Mr. Eckles was not a psalm singer or a leader of prayer meetings, etc. Seldom was his name publicly connected with church matters of religious movements, but it is recalled by persons in Washington who knew him when he lived here as comptroller of the currency in the last Cleveland administration, that he gave more liberally of his income to the cause of religion than any man of his acquaintance. It was his custom to read one or more chapters of the Bible every night before retiring. It was no difference how late the hour, and on his outing trips he invariably carried, tucked away in his baggage, a copy of the sacred book. It is related that while always the jolliest member of every outing party, Mr. Eckles never failed to read the Bible in camp under a sputtering light every night as long as the trip lasted. He and Mr. Cleveland, the latter the son of a minister, used to have long discussions of the Bible whenever Mr. Eckles called at the White House at night for a private chat with the president.

Mourning for a Brigand.
 Corsicans are mourning the death of the brigand chief Bellacocchia, of whom they are almost as proud as of Napoleon. His real name was Antonio Bonelli. In consequence of a vendetta he and his brother, Jacob, were compelled six years ago to seek safety in the mountains. For forty-eight years they terrorized the country, going from province to province, and all efforts of the government to capture them were unavailing. In 1897, aged and broken down, Bellacocchia voluntarily delivered himself into the hands of justice. So great was the national admiration of his bold exploits that the court of Ajaccio acquitted him, but the police expelled him and he sought a home in Marseilles. He could not endure his exile more than a few months and secretly returned to end his days in the wide of Corsica.

Parnell's Entrance into Politics.
 Justice McCarthy says that as a youth Charles Stewart Parnell had not the slightest scrap of interest in politics. With a drop of Irish blood in his veins he was receiving the orthodox tuition of an English boy in England. While he was at Cambridge the Fenian movement broke out in Ireland. His mother was then in his ancestral home at Avondale, in the county of Wicklow. She was supposed to have some sympathy with the movement and to have sheltered Fenians in the house. Avondale was searched by the police and even Mrs. Parnell's bedroom was not spared from investigation. When young Parnell heard of

this indignity offered to his mother he became suddenly filled with the passion of hatred for English government in Ireland. From that moment he became the inveterate enemy of English rule in Ireland.

Great Grandson of John Hancock.
 A member of the engineering force of the new city water works at Greeley, Colo., is the great grandson of the famous John Hancock, who played such an important part in the early history of this country, was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence and the first governor of Massachusetts. The head of the fourth generation is also named John Hancock and bears a striking resemblance to the portraits of his illustrious ancestor. His father was Otto Hancock, a Massachusetts manufacturer, and his grandfather, Hezekiah Hancock, fought in the revolutionary war.

This John Hancock was born in Boston, is a graduate of the Institute of Technology and he and his young son are the last of this branch of the family. Many relics, including letters written when governor of Massachusetts to his wife, were in his possession until recently, when they were turned over to the state house collection in Boston. John Hancock of Greeley is 45 years old.

Mark Twain's Acquaintance.
 He had recently arrived Berlin and had begun housekeeping in a furnished apartment, relates Mark Twain in his Autobiography. One morning at breakfast a vast card arrived—an invitation. To be precise it was a command from the emperor of Germany to be present at a dinner several months I had encountered socially, on the continent, men bearing lofty titles; and all this while Jean was becoming more and more impressed and awed, and subdued, by these imposing events, and he was now to her—wonders out of dreamland turned into realities. The imperial card was passed from hand to hand, around the table, and examined with interest; when it reached Jean she exhibited excitement and emotion, but for time was quite speechless; then she said: "Why, papa, if it keeps going on like

this pretty soon there won't be anybody left for you to get acquainted with but God."

Outwitted by Uncle Joe.
 How Speaker Joseph G. Cannon once outwitted his schoolmaster and saved a favorite cap from confiscation is a story of his younger days told in the Saturday Evening Post by a former schoolmate, now a professor in a western quaker college. It was at a time when Mr. Cannon's parents lived in a quaker settlement in western Indiana, where the district school was governed by a man thoroughly imbued with the ideas of severe simplicity at that time in favor among the Friends.

Contrary to all precedents and in violation of accepted tenets in matters of dress, young Mr. Cannon appeared at school one day wearing a cap which, like the famous coat of the first Joseph, was of many colors. It was so different from those of the other boys that the master's attention was at once attracted and he promptly confiscated the offending cap, quietly removing it from his peg.

General MacArthur.
 Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, who is soon to be relieved of the command of the division of the Pacific and at his own request take station at Milwaukee, is one of the survivors of the civil war now holding commissions in the army. General MacArthur fought his way up from the ranks in a Wisconsin regiment

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

End of a Long Wait.
THE lesson we taught by the happy conclusion of the courtship between John B. Bunder and Miss Rose McGuire, relates the Chicago Inter-Ocean, is that we should never be discouraged, even in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties.

If John B. Bunder, like some men that we can nearly all point out, had become disheartened in the early days of his courtship and given up Miss Rose—if he had, as other lovers have, left her with a look of cold disdain in his face; if he had written her a letter telling her that she could never be even a sister to him—the chances are that the courtship would never have terminated as happily as it has.

John and Rose were boy and girl together in Tennessee, away back in the early days of the last century. When he was 11 and she was 10 they were married, not solemnly. At the age of 19 she was carried off to England by her parents. He, broken-hearted, migrated to California. Recently he returned to Tennessee and purchased the old homestead. He discovered his old sweetheart's address. A correspondence sprang up between them. He proposed marriage. She accepted him. He is going to Preston, Lancashire, in June to marry her. She will be 100. He will be 101.

Elopers Wed in River Skiff.
 Robert E. Bradenham and Miss Hannah D. Godden, elopers from New Kent county, Virginia, were married in the middle of the Pamunkey river, near West Point, Va.

The Rev. Mr. Waugh, a Baptist minister, and Charles Caba, a friend, accompanied the couple, who were fleeing from the parents of the girl, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Godden, who pursued in another boat. The skiff was being rowed across the river while the marriage service was read. The couple landed at West Point and boarded the Baltimore boat for a trip north. The parents were close enough

while the marriage service was being performed to see what was going on, but were unable to prevent it.

The Korean Way.
 Prince Yungchin of Korea is now old enough to be married and must soon take to himself a wife. He does not have anything to say about who she shall wed, for a commission of six elders chooses the girl for him. She is sent to the palace and told to marry him and that is all either of them has to say about the matter. It is not so different from the way European royalty is mated, either.

Lonely Bachelor Cop Trapped.
 The Patrolmen's Wives Benevolent association celebrated its fifth anniversary by a barn dance at majestic hall, in East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York City. Cupid was there and in rare form, reports the New York World.

"What a charming laugh!" Who owns it? Policeman John H. Little of the orchestra moved to claim as a silver ripple reached him despite the tooting of the bass horn.

"Permit me to present you," said a matron who knew Little to be the only single member of the orchestra. Little was delighted. So was Miss Margaret Brown, niece of Policeman George Fink of Astoria, for Little appeared tall and handsome and he could play the piano.

"Now, that's the kind of a girl I would choose for a wife," mused Little as he rattled the ivory once more, and his eyes followed the dainty figure of the owner of that silvery laugh, as she danced. Somehow or other, maybe it was wireless, Little's musings were communicated to the accommodating matron. The matron, smiling, hustled to the side of the owner of the ivory laugh.

"What do you think of a man like that for a husband?" she asked, blandly.

Miss Brown was ready to admit that the manly figure of the piano playing policeman pleased her greatly. The matron, chuckling at the possibilities, hunted up the entertainment committee, the floor committee and the board of directors of the Wives' association. She told them she thought there was a chance of Miss Brown qualifying for membership if matters were conducted with delicacy and despatch.

"They're going to pop for you, Jack," whispered one of the pianist's friends to Little, by way of warning.

"Pop for me nothing," cried the pianist. "I'll pop for myself," and he strode forth, followed by the orchestra.

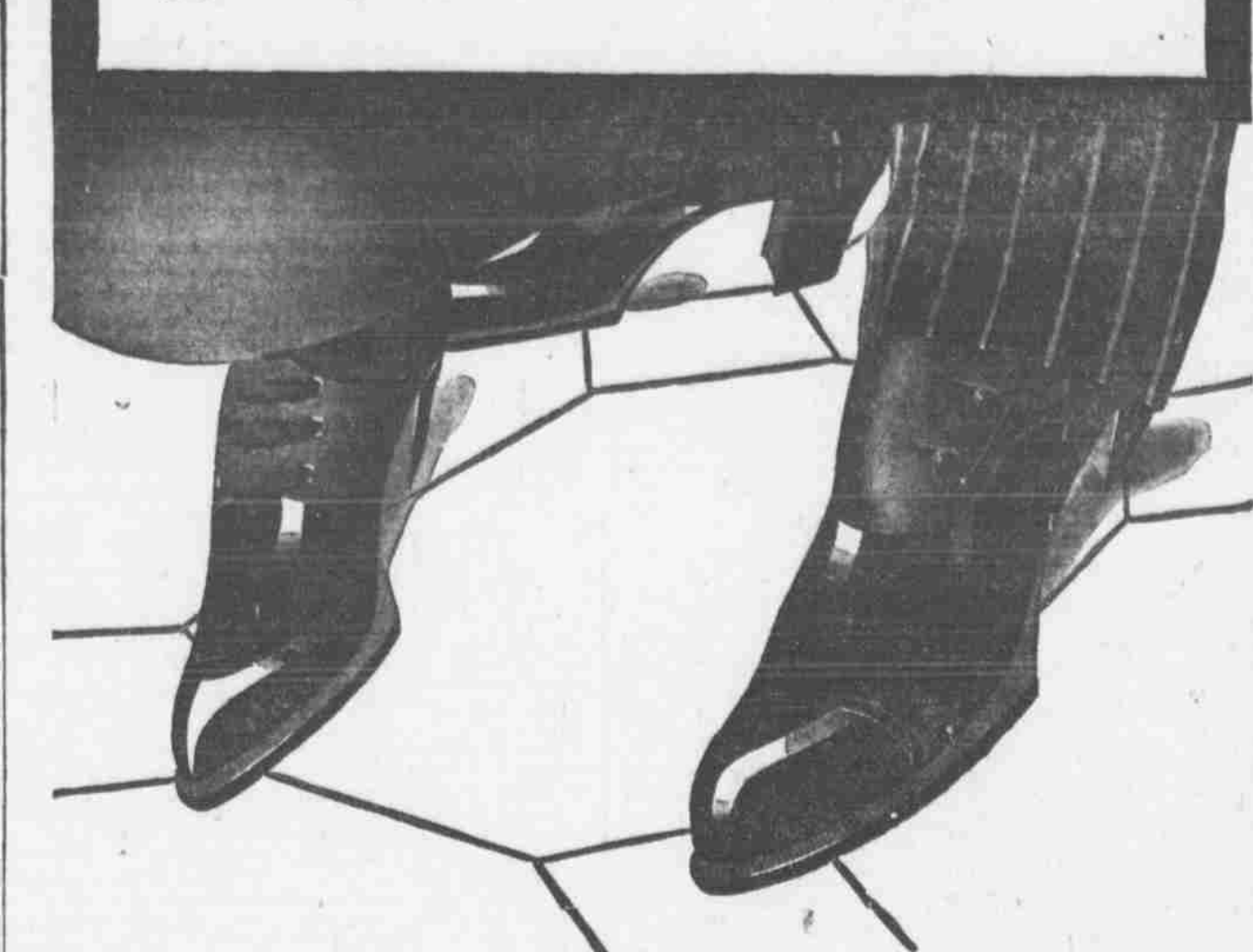
It was not by accident that before he had gone very far he met Miss Brown, followed by a bevy of delectable matrons. Policeman John H. Little is a brave man. He has faced death many a time without flinching, but it was with a quivering voice that he laid his heart and hand at the feet of the young woman.

"Yes," said Miss Brown, loud enough for all to hear. There was a about that singled the "chandeliers." Mrs. Minnie Whitman, president of the association, was for getting a parson at once, but the young couple counseled against haste and promised to let everybody help them celebrate their wedding some time within a month.

Killed by a Penny Story.
 Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bennett, wife of Fred K. H. Bennett of Trenton, N. J., is dead as the result of a funny story told by her husband a week ago. She laughed so heartily that she burst a blood vessel, and death ensued after several days of intense suffering. Three years ago Mrs.

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and has seen as much hard fighting and other actual service of the soldier as perhaps any other living American. By the army he is generally regarded as one of the most accomplished and scholarly soldiers in the world. He will not retire under the age limit until 1909. It is recalled that when "Tecumseh" Sherman held the highest rank in the army, as is now the case with General MacArthur, he refused to live in Washington because he did not like the system of the War department and made his residence in St. Louis.

Hotels.
 "—gain the timely Inn," says Shakespeare, and we think the Hotel Belmont

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