

WIRELESS MAN IS A JOKER

So His Visitors Find the Marvels They Seek.

HERTZIAN WAVES ACCOUNTED FOR

Satisfying the Interest Jack Binn Started—A Long Distance Message—The Amateur Inventors and a Hero.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Ever since Jack Binn sent that Q Q D cry for help through the night from the wounded Republic the wireless operator on board ship has been a personage. Before that he was simply a person. People passed his cubbyhole of a stateroom unconcernedly, save to pause as their eyes caught the posted tariff of aerograms. Now all that is changed and the man of the key has become a man of mark, although the wireless man themselves assume not to believe it. "Do your duty," is their watchword, "we're no heroes; we're paid to do our work." And accordingly they remain in the presence of all persons as black as the purple pools at the foot of Parnassus.

Which, by the way, is not all metaphor, as they must surely have drunk of the pools or else seized upon Pegasus in order to stimulate their imagination as well as that of their visitors upon the subject of wireless telegraphy. In fact, it is not without reason that their temperament is very great. After a dozen or so voyages technical explanations of the instruments in words of one syllable begin to weigh heavily on the mind of the average operator and he suddenly discovered that his possibilities are vastly unsuspected creative power. Being by this time a fair judge of human nature he is discriminating in exercising his talent and up to the present time there is no recorded instance of his unexpectedly meeting the other Greek among his questioners. These last, especially on the coastwise steamers, usually begin to cluster round his little office by the time the vessel passes Sandy Hook. After the usual "Oh!" and "Aha!" and "How perfectly wonderful!" from the more impressionable element, a hardfaced Yankee school marm wants to know exactly what he is sending and without wires. She is told that it is accomplished by means of electrical waves discharged from the ship's masthead and traveling through the air to receiving stations on shore.

"But if another ship is between you and the station on shore will it hear what you say?"

"Yes, ma'am it will."

"Then," pursues the lady, "how does the station on shore hear?"

Life is short and the operator has explained the tuning process a great many times. He tells her, therefore, that only a few of the waves from the ship and that the rest divide, roll over and go around. Apropos of nothing he adds impressively that they are called Hertzian waves, which causes the lady to nod comprehendingly, as though this fully accounted for their remarkable feat. As she is departing one of her fair charges lingers, with one or two companions, for a little further inquiry.

"O Mr. Operator, do you get the messages through that funny looking telephone thing? And why are they called Hertzian waves?"

"Yes, ma'am," replies the operator, "the messages reach me through these telephones. They come in a faint buzzing sound which cannot be heard unless the phones are over both ears. They are called Hertzian waves because it was discovered that their motions were remarkably like Alfred Hertz, the conductor at the Metropolitan opera house."

"How perfectly wonderful! Oh, please let me listen a minute when some one is sending another message."

"With pleasure. Just allow me to adjust the telephone over your head," says the operator, who has never been known to shirk this stage of the proceedings. "Can you hear that faint purring sound? That is Colon, Panama, sending to Vera Cruz."

It is really only an oil tug five miles away, whose captain runs his own wireless outfit and is painfully spelling out his distance report to the operator at Manhattan beach. But it is ever so much more interesting to listen to Colon, as attested by the girl's giggles. Of course all the girls want to hear the Isthmus, and the operator lets them, one after another. The attention of those who are not listening is next attracted to the receiving box, or tuner, with its multiplicity of small switches.

"What are those little disks in the middle for?" asks one, pointing to the potentiometer, a switch which moves over a down steel pegs, by which the resistance to the local battery is raised or lowered.

"That is the switch we use to connect this ship with the different stations," replies Monchamus. "It corresponds in principle to a telephone switchboard. For instance, one of these little pegs is New York, the next Atlantic City, this one Cape Hatteras, and so on down the coast. The switch is now set at Colon, but he must be nearly through."

He then takes the phones, and finding the redoubtable tugboat captain still struggling with his reports, moves the switch to the next peg.

"Ah, there's Vera Cruz answering now," he says, replacing the headpiece over the fair one's ears.

The increased resistance renders the tug's signals fainter. The girls are quick to note the different sound and shriek delightedly at the demonstration. One, of a logical turn of mind, thinks Vera Cruz is nearer than Colon and wonders why it doesn't sound louder than the Isthmus city. This causes the operator to grow inwardly, as he might just as easily have moved the switch in the other direction, making the tug's signals louder.

He is a resourceful chap, however, and explains that the waves travel over land with greater difficulty than over water, and that between Vera Cruz and the ship the peninsula of Florida is interposed. This is so convincing that the young women depart overjoyed with their investigations. The operator mops his brow, reaches feverishly for a cigarette and enjoys a brief respite before the master.

After the dinner hour another group appears. A young couple in the lead step into the operator's stateroom with that easy air of proprietorship which distinguishes all novices at ocean travel.

"Now, tell me," exclaims the woman, who has evidently been arguing the matter with her companion, "is it possible for you to hear what another ship says without having the telephone on your head?"

"No, ma'am," replies the operator, removing the telephone. "The sounds are too faint to be heard unless the phones are over my ears."

"There, George," turning to the man at her side, "what did I tell you? Now, then, Mr. Operator, could the man at the station you wished to communicate with hear you if you didn't have 'em on?"

The operator admits that this is likewise impossible.

"Well, suppose someone were calling you now, you couldn't hear him, could you?" Again the operator acknowledges the truth of her deductions.

"Oh, but suppose there was a wreck somewhere and they were sending out that X Y Z signal, or whatever it is, how would you know about it?"

"Well, you see, madam, it's this way. I wouldn't hear him for a minute or two. But then I listen in every five minutes. If a vessel were sending out a distress signal I would have been notified by the shore station before now. There are three men on duty in those stations, and one of 'em has the phone on his head all the time. You see, the weather is fine and there is no chance of a wreck tonight, anyway. Of course, in case of stormy weather I never remove the telephones. My meals are sent here and I eat without removing the headphones."

And with unchanging countenance the placid wireless man lets them swallow that bit and digest it.

The sweet young thing's escort breaks in here. He thinks it a very faulty system. "What you need," he goes on, with the air of one who is making a new trail in science and invention, "is a red electric bulb fastened in front of your instruments which would light when some one called you."

This bright idea appeals with great force to the other onlookers, some of whom stop to give their suggestions by others, on which the following are specimens: "Why not have an electric bell ring when your call comes in? I should think a large, loud one would be preferable, so that it would wake you up when asleep."

"Why not a buzzer fastened to the head of your instrument?"

"Why not reproduce the sound through a big horn, like they do with phonographs?"

"Why not have the signals come in by electric flashes, the way they do on telegraph?"

The operator never loses his sangfroid under this inundation of intellect, and mindful of his traditions and the company's conciliatory policy toward all inquiries, pulls his wits together and returns manfully to the issue.

"Yes, sir," he says, addressing the red light idiot, "that's a splendid idea. You happen to have hit upon the very thing the company is trying to perfect. The mechanical application of the idea offers a few obstacles, but our department of invention has a corps of eminent scientists at present busily engaged in overcoming them from the perspicacious one, who in parting words wisely says that they had better hurry up or some outsider will steal the idea and patent it."

Not all of the troubles of the wireless man at sea have to do with mere seekers after knowledge. Sometimes a retired banker with garrulous proclivities comes aboard, hitches up a camp chair and holds forth as follows:

"Oh, yes, the wireless. Didn't know these coastwise boats had it. Used to sit in the office of the operator on the Lusitania and see him work. Just got back from a trip to Palestine with my wife," and then launches into a detailed description of his trip, telling the operator all about his horses and automobiles, but how he really loves the sea better than these things, etc. He will take a case of 50-cent cigars out, light one, put the rest back and go on talking until stopped by the dinner gong. And the next morning he won't even buy the ocean newspaper."

Interest in the wireless varies with different shiploads of passengers. Occasionally there will be no visitors out of the entire passenger list. This gives the wireless man a rest and his mental powers a period of rejuvenation, the necessity for which is sufficiently apparent.

JETTER BREWERY STARTS SMALL AND GETS BIG

Short Story of the Building Up of a Great Manufacturing Plant.

The older inhabitants of Omaha are always inclined to look back with pride upon the development of the city and point out such improvements as have taken place during the time they have lived here. Many large establishments which adorn the cities of Omaha and South Omaha today were launched with a very small beginning.

The growth of each particular business is involved in the principle which underlies the progress of the city. Among the large firms that are now doing business in Omaha and South Omaha which began at an early period in a small way is the Jetter Brewing company located at Twentieth and Y streets, South Omaha. This concern was established in the year 1887 by Mr. B. Jetter and was very successfully managed by him until the last few years, when he turned over the active management to his nephew, Mr. J. M. Jetter.

The brewery is at present turning out 75,000 barrels of beer per year. It has a large and finely equipped bottling department. The water supply of the brewery is obtained from a large lake, which is supplied by private wells and springs. The machinery of the plant has been installed from time to time as the modern developments required. The most recent equipment which has been added are the steel glass enamel tanks. These have the largest storage capacity of anything of their kind in the west. These tanks are designed by the modern development which has taken place in the manufacture of beer, as they have been found necessary in connection with the preservation of the natural flavors during the process of manufacture.

This brewery is modern in every detail. It is situated on a beautiful site of about fifty acres of land and overlooks the artificial lake which supplies the brewery. Mr. B. Jetter, the founder of the brewery, came to Omaha in the year 1871, but did not enter the brewery business until the year 1887, since which time his brewery has had an exceptionally rapid growth.

SOLDIERS WILL NET NEAT SUM BY TOURNEY

Fifteen Thousand Dollars Clear Profit at Des Moines—Iowans Want Them Again.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 25.—Officers today declared that the military tournament which closed with today's program was the most successful ever held, and the soldiers will clear more than \$15,000 as the result of the week's maneuvers. Already Des Moines has begun a movement to secure the maneuvers again next year. Chairman J. A. T. Hull of the congressional military committee has promised to use his influence in that direction. The camp will break up tomorrow.

Perfect Old Age.

An Illinois nonagenarian, who proposes to live to be at least 100, has framed up this platform for the benefit of the B. O. Haris of this generation, and I deem it worthy of being passed along: "Don't worry." "Be moral." "Don't be a temperance crank." "Use tobacco, smoke cigars or a pipe, and chew the weed." "Don't work too hard." "Don't swear; that leads to other evils." "Take exercise a plenty." "Be good-natured, not a 'grouch'."

All looks good except relating to swearing. An eminent man of science (whose name I have forgotten) said the other day that excessive affording a salary vent for evil passions which might otherwise corrode the system and put the nervous system on the fringes of words to that effect.—New York Telegraph.

One Great Omaha Insurance Order

Woodmen Circle, for the Women Folks, Shows Immense Growth in Few Years.

Perhaps no other line of business has had the immense growth within the last few decades as has life insurance. Many companies have started from a small organization and grown so enormously that a realization of their expansion is almost beyond understanding.

Omaha has been especially favored in this line, and among the more prominent societies which have been developed in Omaha during the last few years, is the Woodmen circle, which is auxiliary to the Woodmen of the World.

The Woodmen circle was incorporated under the laws of the state of Nebraska in September, 1895, as a fraternal insurance order. When Mrs. Emma B. Manchester was selected as its presiding officer in March, 1899, it had a scattered membership of 5,000, an outstanding indebtedness of over \$30,000 and no resources.

Today it boasts of an enthusiastic membership of 80,000, over \$2,000,000 paid out in death losses and over \$1,000,000 in its reserve fund, and does not owe one dollar.

All this has been accomplished in ten years' time, in the face of the fact that the rates of assessment have been twice increased, with the subsequent loss of membership which such a raise always means to an order, but the rates are now established in accordance with the table required by the National Fraternal congress, the order has overcome every obstacle and is now increasing at the rate of from 4,000 to 4,000 new members every month.

This certainly speaks well for the woman who has been at the head of the organization for the last ten years, who has not every crisis with indomitable courage and whose wonderful executive ability is responsible for the successful manner in which every department of the work has been advanced.

The present membership of this society, when considered in connection with its rapid development in the last ten years, is indication that it is destined to be one of the largest fraternal insurance societies in the world.

KINDER QUEER PENSION TALE

Government Runs Down Woman Pensioned as Her Stepfather's Widow.

A story that rivals the tales of Zola was thrown upon the desk of A. S. Van Valkenburgh, United States district attorney in Kansas City, being twelve pounds of the record of the pension case of Sarah Baker, of Kinder. Pension examiners claim to have found that the woman was declaring herself to be the widow of her stepfather, and that in that role she had actually received some \$200 in pension money.

Early in the '90s an Illinois soldier named Baker married Nancy Brown. It is outside the story, but inside the facts that he had buried one wife whose name too had been Nancy. Nancy Brown had been the widow of a soldier, and she had got a pension for his death, losing that pension when she married a second soldier named Baker, from whom she was divorced. They had a child named Sarah.

Being out of soldiers again, Nancy took out herself a third, this time the Illinois man named Kinder. To Kinder she took her daughter by her former husband, for Sarah, so the government papers read, for the real wife found herself supplanted by the daughter, compelled to take the name of Mrs. Robertson, and to say that she was assisting in the work.

The condition of affairs in this extraordinary household, by this time established in West Plains, southern Missouri, is told in the last paragraph of the government report.

Kinder died and the government heard of his death when, as it was supposed, the widow applied for a pension for herself and their four children. The claim ran through the various channels pension claims have to take; pension examiners went to the Kinder home and made personal examinations and investigations, as they always do, and so well was the proof of the claims of the supposed widow, Sarah Kinder, established that not only she, but the four children also were put on the pension list and kept there for four years. They were paid as the widow and children of the Illinois veteran.

Last April Washington heard from another Mrs. Kinder. This time it was Mrs. Nancy Kinder, who claimed a pension as the widow of the William Kinder. Kinder and two were put together, and it was found that while there were two Mrs. Kinders in the files the one drawing a pension and the other wanting to, there was only one William Kinder claimed as their husband.

Away went the pension examiners again, this time with a clue that led straight to West Plains, where Mrs. Nancy Kinder was, and there, it is claimed, they learned of the state of affairs which had made her stand by and see her own daughter take her husband, but not the daughter's father, away from her and made her be the servant of the house for the sake of peace.

Being unlettered, not certain that she had not made herself legally liable, unfamiliar with the changes in the pension laws, the real widow, the mother of the alleged illegal widow, postponed asking for a pension till this year, when her application started the accumulation of a report that already weighs twelve pounds and may send a woman to the federal prison.—Kansas City Journal.

Dainty Slippers FOR AK-SAR-BEN BALL

We are prepared as never before to supply your wants in ball slippers. Every lady in Omaha will find a pair to fit her feet. As for dress slippers, we always lead the ban in this city.

Today we are ready with all of the prevailing styles in this footwear. All shapes and colors to match costumes. This season we are showing a full line of satins which have become very popular for fall slippers—Colors black, bronze, beaded and plain in the different shapes and styles. In the large and complete stock of fancy slippers we are showing this season. Prices range from—

\$2.50 to \$7.00

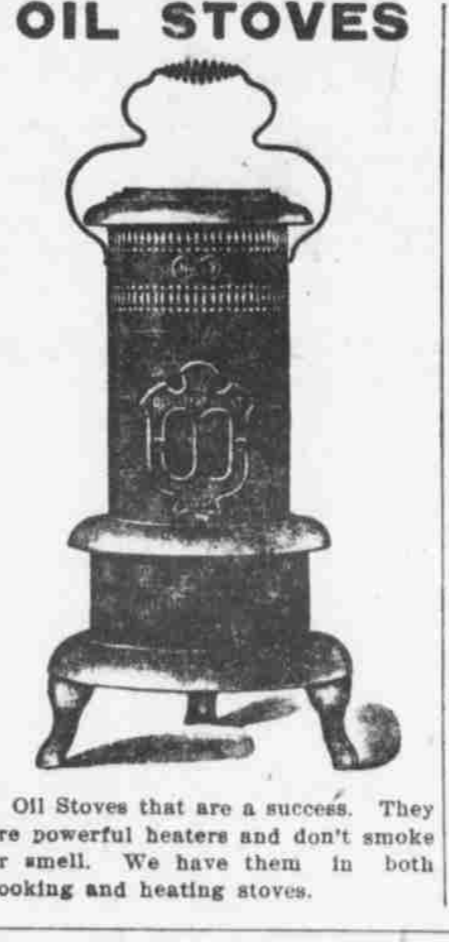
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Along Railroad in Montana CONRAD-VALIER Project

69 Miles North of Great Falls. 70,000 acres of irrigated land, segregated by the United States under the Carey Land Act, will be open to entry and settlement.

This land will be allotted by drawing at Valier, Montana, a new railroad town, on Thursday, October 7, 1909.

You May Register for This Drawing by Power of Attorney if you do not take land after your number is drawn, it costs nothing.

Title Can Be Acquired by Only 30 Days' Residence. There is no sage brush or stumps on this land, which is ready for the plow. Reached over the Great Northern or Burlington Railroads. For complete information and blanks, call on or address

W. M. Wayman 1109 Security Bank Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., or Valier, Montana.

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WE'VE brought together for you this fall the greatest line of smart, snappy, fashionable models you ever had a chance at.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX Have made them for us and their new models are exceptionally striking; there's something good for every man in town; a color that will suit; a pattern that will please; a weave that looks and feels just right to you; and a variety in shapes, in models, in pockets, in finish of the cuffs, in the hang of the trousers that will fit the taste of every man.

All we want is a chance to show you the greatest line of ready-to-wear clothes ever brought to Omaha. The value will do the rest. You can't help but be pleased. You'll always profit if you—

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