# Montrous' Invention.

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

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MONTROUS was more seedy in appearance than usual as he listlessly dropped into the chair. The day was hot, and the stuffy little restaurant made his head ache.

When he looked up to give his order the new waitress smiled and in reply to his question said:

"Patsy's gone, and I've taken her place. I hope I'll suit you."

Montrous thought the name better than Patsy, and the face and figure fitted it admirably. Tess—Tess Barrington! It sounded good, and the eyes were wondrously liquid and brown.

The dinner hour was an oasis in the desert of work and worry. Montrous began to drop in earlier to avoid the noonday rush. Once when the table presided over by Tess was crowded he unwillingly took his place at another. As the days and weeks passed the new waitress looked fagged, in common with the rest.

"When do you take your vacation?" he asked one day.

"I don't think I'll take any," she said, with a sad smile. "It costs too much."

Montrous understood. A vacation without wages would be a joyless affair.

"I suppose you take yours soon?" she murmured.

"No; not this year," he blurted out. "I can't—not until my patent comes out."

This was the first time he had spoken to a stranger about his patent, and he wondered at his words. But he continued:

"You see, I'm poor and must make this patent go. It's a great one, but they don't see it that way, or want to buy it outright for a mere song. But I'll starve before they get it that way."

The subtle power which had induced him to reveal this much of his inner life to Tess could not be explained. He was no psychologist. He had no time to take an inventory of his emotions. A week passed without further reference to his work. Then one day she asked half apologetically:

"Can I see the patent?"

"Sure! But it may not interest you. It's all about—about making tin cans."

He laughed at the crude description and then added:

"It's a machine that will save thousands—millions—to manufacturers of tin cans. I'll bring it around if you'll let me."

Montrous made the patent an excuse for calling often.

"One concern offered me five hundred for it," he exclaimed scornfully. "Think of it! Five hundred for two years' work!"

In the middle of the summer he beamed into the restaurant on a very hot day and whispered softly:

"What do you think, Tess? I've got a raise. The great Consolidated Tin Can company offered me $1,500 today for the patent!"

She was tired with the day's unremitting work, and the lines on her face were drawn, but she brightened

"I HOPE I'LL SUIT YOU."

up at the sight of his happiness and said:

"You'll take it?"

He looked hurt, the smile fading from his features.

"Tess!"

There were surprise and indignation in the single word. Tess flushed and stammered quickly:

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I was so tired that the thought of $1,500 seemed like—like"—

For the first time he noted her drawn face. His own immediately changed to sympathetic appreciation of her viewpoint.

"It does seem like a good deal," he said slowly. "It would give—give you now, for instance, a nice long vacation, and you need it."

"I wasn't thinking of that," she stammered hurriedly.

For a week Montrous was moody and depressed. He took no apparent interest in his dinner. Tess gently rallied him and even changed his orders to suit her idea of what he needed. His face grew pale and drawn. Finally Tess said sharply to him one day:

"You need a rest—a change."

"Do I? And you, what about you? You're all played out, Tess, and you must take a vacation."

"Oh, I can stand it until"—

"Until you collapse!" he blurted out angrily.

Montrous did not appear at the restaurant for three days. Then on the fourth he entered, with a new, quiet, determined expression on his face.

"Tess, I want to see you tonight," he said briefly. "It—it's about the patent and—and—our—your vacation."

When he entered her bare, plain hall room that evening, the old depression had worn off. Her eyes were aglow with a new passion. Without circumlocution he plunged to the heart of his subject.

"Tess, I've sold the patent for a lump sum!"

She glanced up hurriedly, with a frightened expression on her face. The color deserted her lips. Mistaking it for a false alarm, he went on, with a smile on his lips:

"I sold it to the Consolidated Tin Can company for $2,000. I made them raise their bid $500. Isn't that glorious?"

A cry escaped her lips, and her eyes filled with anguish. Montrous stared at this exhibition of emotion, unable to explain it.

"And the royalties?" she gasped.

"There will be no royalties."

"But you said there would be a fortune in royalties and that you would never sell it outright."

The light in his eyes made her shiver.

"But, Tess, little girl, don't you see, I might have to wait years for that, and we needed the rest, the change—you and I. And $2,000 is a good sum. It will give us a vacation"—

She placed her hands to her face and was sobbing softly. Montrous approached and tried to speak steadily, but his voice wavered.

"Tess, dear, don't you see that I love you and that we can—can go away for a time? When we are married we"—

She stepped back, still holding her hands before her eyes. The movement brought Montrous to a sudden stiff attitude. The blood left his face. His voice was very faint.

"Tess, you do not love me? You cannot care for me—in this way?"

She made no reply, but continued her sobbing.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she murmured brokenly. "You must let me think—leave me alone!"

Tess did not appear at the restaurant the next day nor the next. On the third Montrous could stand it no longer. He interviewed the proprietor and learned, to his chagrin, that the new waitress had left.

Tess was out when he called at her boarding house, but he was relieved to find that she had not changed her lodgings and thus escaped him entirely. He was full of good news and anxiously waited her return. She came in late, less fagged than when he met her last, but still with circles under her eyes.

"Tess, I've good tidings," he said impulsively, taking her hand. "Some fairy godmother of mine has interceded for me. The great Tin Can heart has softened. I can hardly believe the news to be true. But I have it in black and white, and I'm forced to accept it."

She flushed prettily, and the return of the old happiness in her eyes transformed her features.

"You don't ask me what it is I have to tell you?" he added in disappointment. "Have you lost all interest in the patent? If so, then my good fortune will not interest you."

"No, no! Tell me!"

"I've made a new contract with the Consolidated Tin Can company," he announced abruptly. "Instead of paying me $2,000 for the patent they will use it in all their factories and pay me royalties. And the most wonderful thing about it is that the proposition came from them. Can you believe it?"

"No!" she answered faintly.

"Do you know what that means to me?" he added. "Why, it will make me rich—rich enough to go on with my work and to take a vacation when I wish. It's a sure income of many thousands, and"—

Then he stopped. The remembrance of their last interview flashed over him. The joy of the present suddenly lost its power. He was conscious of a loss which success could not requite. The sadness in the corners of his eyes gave him an old, wrinkled appearance. He glanced once at her, and then his resolution made him turn away. His hands strayed idly among the papers and magazines on the table. She had brought a bundle of them in with her, and they lay close to his finger tips. While his eyes roamed from one printed word to another the slow abstraction changed to sudden new interest. He picked a paper from the table and studied it closely. The paper was neatly typed, and the words had a familiar look. Increasing surprise and wonder grew in his face, transfixing him so that he was scarcely conscious of her presence.

With uncomprehending eyes she watched the slow change dawning in his face. The awkward silence attracted her attention, and her eyes fell upon the paper in his hands. There was a cry of dismay from her, and with sudden alarm she glided toward him and snatched the fatal document. With cheeks flushed and eyes lustrous with fear she glanced up, hoping fearfully that her secret was still safe. But in that instant she read the meaning of his sudden, baffled gaze.

"Tess," he said slowly, "what does this mean?"

He brushed his brow with a trembling hand.

"How did you get this?" he continued thickly. "It's a copy of my agreement with the company. However"—

She did not meet his eyes, but wavered uncertainly, holding the paper in her hands. The light of comprehension was slowly dawning on him. Still he was puzzled.

"Tess, you did this! You—you"—

Then the absurdity of it made him hesitate. What influence could a poor, friendless waitress have with one of the wealthiest corporations of the country? Clearly it was a mere coincidence! But it puzzled him, and he looked to her for an explanation.

She stood near him with half averted face. From the clear cut profile, with its delicate outline and suggestive curves of cheek and chin, his eyes wandered back to the table from which he had picked the document. There were other papers loosened from the rubber band—a memorandum, a loose sheet of some printed matter, an unopened letter and a card. The letter and card attracted his gaze. He dwelt upon them for an instant and then started as though touched by a live wire.

"Tess," he murmured abstractedly, picking up the card and letter, "can

"HOW DID YOU GET THIS?"

you explain how you got that paper and this—this"—

His voice trailed off, and he added, reading the card:

"Miss Morley."

He turned it over and gazed at the back, then looked at the handwriting on the unopened letter.

"Miss Morley," he read again.

Tess could stand it no longer. She held out a hand for her property. He watched her, a cynical smile slowly framing itself on his lips.

"You're not Tess—Tess Barrington," he went on, returning the card and letter. "It's a little game of deceit you've been playing, Miss Morley! And old John Morley is the president of the Consolidated Tin Can company! It is quite a coincidence!"

His laugh was mirthless and harsh, something like a sneer curling his lips. She winced under it, but a moment later she turned impulsively toward him and explained:

"I did not intend to deceive you. I—I was there in the restaurant for—for the experience. I wanted to see for myself how others lived. I did not want to give to charity indiscriminately, and"—

He interrupted sharply:

"Charity! Oh, yes, it was charity to"—

She stopped him with an imperious look. The shame mounted to his forehead.

"No, I didn't mean that," he apologized. "But I must have the contract canceled. I could not accept the royalties on the patent in that way."

She watched him with a dumb look of pain on her face. When she held out her hands, he did not see them. His eyes were bright with a new determination.

"You do not wish to offend me," she began slowly. "I—after all, our friendship and what has happened, should a small thing like this stand between us?"

"It is what has happened between us that makes this impossible, Tess," he replied, smiling as he emphasized the old name which had grown so dear to him. "I knew Tess Barrington. I do not know Miss Morley."

If before there had lurked any hope in his heart, it was now forever suppressed. Tess—the girl he had loved—was no more, and in her place was—He shuddered and turned from her.

"I must go," he murmured gently.

There were pain and irresolution in her face. Then suddenly she took the copy of the contract and tore it in two, casting the two pieces in the open fireplace.

"If this makes the difference," she said firmly, "I shall have the original destroyed like this. It is not worth the loss of such—such friendship as ours. Now I'm Tess again—simply Tess Barrington, the obscure waitress at D.'s. I'm tired, horribly tired, and need a vacation. See the circles under my eyes? Do they not appeal to you? Think what a vacation we could take on $2,000! Wouldn't it be glorious?"

The saucy eyes and smiling face were close to his. He held his breath and clinched his teeth, then slowly shook his head. He replied with evident effort:

"No, no. That does not alter it. The illusion is broken. Tess, poor Tess, is no more!"

She uttered a little cry of dismay, the color fading from her face. Impulsively she stretched forth both hands again. He took them and held them passionately.

"I loved Tess—loved her dearly," he exclaimed between clinched teeth. "She was more to me than my patent, more than all else in life."

"Then I shall always be Tess to you—simply Tess."

## AN ODD CANDLESTICK.

**With a Curious Reach of the Long Arm of Coincidences.**

Historical students when called upon to criticise relations of events, especially those that seem in themselves unlikely, that are recorded to have happened in the lives of persons whose careers are separated by a long period of time when the said events have a very striking similarity between them are wont to regard the first narrative as the prototype and the latter as a case of transference. Sometimes this may be the correct view to take, but it is commonly a dangerous proceeding to insist upon. An example has occurred to me which illustrates this.

At East Butterwick, a village on the banks of the Trent, there lived in the middle of the nineteenth century a shopkeeper named Marshall. He was a general dealer, supplying nearly all the wants of his neighbors. Above this man's shop and adjoining outhouses was a long chamber open to the roof in which he kept such stores as he had not room for in his somewhat small shop. Among other things, this room contained a mangle, which was at the service of such of the women of the town as made him a small payment.

One winter evening several women were engaged in mangling when one of them knocked down their solitary candlestick, and, being probably of earthenware, it was broken. Work for the night was nearly over. It did not seem worth while to fetch another, so one of the women took the still burning candle—happily it was not a very short one—and stuck it into some black, dusty looking stuff which she had noticed in a barrel standing near. Soon, however, one of these good dames had occasion to descend into the shop and, encountering Marshall there, naturally began to apologize for the candlestick having suffered.

We may conceive what was the shopkeeper's horror when he heard what was the substitute that had been found, for he knew at once that the candle was standing in a cask of gunpowder. He rushed upstairs and was just in time. He made "a cup with his two hands," as he said, "so that no sparks could get to the powder," and drew the candle calmly out without uttering a sound. His words afterward when all danger was over were, I have been told, of a kind not uncommonly heard on board of keels and coal barges on our rivers, but such as are discouraged elsewhere.

In the year 1861 "The Depositions From the Castle of York In the Seventeenth Century" was published by the Surtees society. In a note in this work by its editor, Canon Raine, the following passage occurs. The parallelism between the two narratives as to the way the candle was removed from danger is very striking:

"Newcastle had a very narrow escape about 1684. An apprentice going up with a candle into a loft which contained many barrels of gunpowder and much combustible material thoughtlessly stuck the candle into a barrel, of which the head had been knocked off, to serve for a candlestick. He saw the danger and fled. A laborer ran into the loft and, joining both his hands together, drew the candle softly up between his middlemost fingers, so that if any snuff had dropped it must have fallen into the hollow of the man's hand."—London Notes and Queries.

### The Charm of the Orient.

Rich and poor wear the plaited frock coat of somber hues, the absence of a collar producing a slovenly appearance, while the snow turban of the Arab and the red fez of the Turk are replaced by the black lambskin kolah and the brown felt skullcap of the peasant. You ask why the carpenter should draw his plane toward him, why the horse is backed into his stall or the boat dragged sternforemost on the beach. You notice the footnote at the top of the page and that your morning egg is invariably served with its small end uppermost. But not certainly in such trivial matters does the charm of the east reside. We are nearer an explanation when we acknowledge the release from care and artificial conventions which accompanies a relapse to the conditions of a freer and more primitive life. To enjoy an ease, even luxury, of life we could not afford at home to have a servant for every task, to ride in Bombay or Teheran when we would walk in Piccadilly, to be free from the burdens of a civilization which has created civic responsibilities and duties to one's fellow men, to have no Young Men's Christian association to support or fireman's ball to patronize, to be able to play the role of self indulgence to one's heart's content and be, in truth, a little king—in these things, alas, for many lies the secret of this charm.—Atlantic.


## Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

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## LARGEST TURBOGENERATOR

On the testing floor of the turbine shop of the General Electric Company's plant in Schenectady stands the largest steam turbine generator in the world. Four of these mammoth machines, capable of producing 20,000 horse-power each, have been ordered, and two will soon be put in service at Chicago by the Chicago Edison Company, and two in New York City by the New York Edison Company. The first of these giant machines will be ready for installation early this fall, and once it is set up in Chicago the Edison Company's output will be increased by the work of twenty thousand horses, although the entire floor space occupied by the turbogenerator is only 440 square feet.

The Curtis turbo-generator is an electric generator mounted above a steam turbine engine and direct-connected to the same shaft.

To those not familiar with engineering problems it is difficult to comprehend what 20,000 electrical horsepower really means.

In this great turbine one of the rotating disks, which carries the blades against which the expanding steam strikes, imparting its energy to the shaft, is 12 feet 8 inches in diameter and runs at 750 revolutions per minute. If it ran along the ground at this rate it would go 5.66 miles in a minute, or nearly 8160 miles a day, and would run from New York to San Francisco in 9 1-2 hours. This and the other four wheels which constitute the moving part of the turbine, together with the shaft and the rotating fields of the generator, weigh some 180,000 pounds, and yet so freely are they carried upon a cushion of oil that this enormous weight can be revolved by one finger.

Even at the very low rate of 13 pounds of steam per hour per kilowatt this unit would require 182,000 pounds of water evaporated into steam each hour to supply it when running at its rated capacity. The day's supply would make a 41.2 foot cube or fill a pond 28 x 50 feet to a depth of 5 feet, and at the usual rate of $1.50 per thousand cubic feet would cost over $105.00 per day. As 75 pounds of condensing water is necessary to condense one pound of steam it would require 4202 cubic feet per minute, or as much water as would issue in a jet one foot in diameter, with a velocity that would carry it to a height of 123 feet; or as much water as would flow naturally over a weir or dam in a sheet a foot thick and 21 feet wide.

Supposing one pound of coal to evaporate and superheat 84 pounds of water. It would take 520,000 pounds, or 260 tons of coal per day to make the steam to run this turbine. This would make a pyramid 40 feet square on the base and 22 1-2 feet in height, and would take a train of ten 30-ton cars for its transportation. It's cost delivered would be, for the ordinary case, somewhere around $1000.

If all applied to lighting, the 14,000 kilowatts, or 20,000 horse-power, which this unit will generate, would maintain about 250,000 16-candle-power incandescent lamps, which, if hung, in a straight line, would supply ample illumination to 600 miles of hallways 10 feet wide, or would supply 31,000 arc lamps, which, if spaced 150 feet apart, would illuminate 900 miles of ordinary streets. Using the output of this unit for fan-motor service, 150,000 of these little machines could be kept going. The energy delivered at the terminals of the generator during a day's run at full load would be sufficient to melt a cone of copper 21 feet in diameter at the base and 100 feet high, or 400 miles of copper rod one inch in diameter.

It will take 2 men to operate this wonderful machine and all its auxiliaries, not including the boiler-room equipment.


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