

THE TELEPHONE-REGISTER

McMinnville, Oregon, September 11, 1900

FIVE MILES A MINUTE. The Wonderful Bicycle Railway That is to Revolutionize Railway Travel.

The Boynton Bicycle Railway system is just now receiving the careful consideration of the several elevated railway companies, who are cautiously inquiring in its merits.

The distinguishing feature of the system is that the cars are supported on single wheels, precisely as the human body is supported over the wheels of the bicycle.

The bicycle car would topple over without support at the side or top. The required support is secured at the top by wheels supported horizontally on perpendicular supports attached to the top of the car.

Every boy is aware that in rolling a hoop the faster the hoop goes the less it wobbles, and the bicyclist knows that a bicycle going at full speed has little or no tendency to tip over.

The features of superiority which are claimed for the Boynton bicycle system over the present one are briefly summed up: That the trains will be only one-fifth the present weight; that the construction will cost only one-tenth that of the present double track lines; that the operating expenses will be reduced one-half; that the friction will be diminished 50 per cent; that the safety of passengers and freight will be increased; that the system is applicable to any existing road, surface or elevated; that the capacity of the present road will be increased fourfold, and that a speed of 100 miles an hour for continuous passage can be readily secured, while 200 miles an hour can be obtained if desirable.

These claims are so sweeping as to take one's breath away. Yet Mr. Boynton seeks to prove them good in view of the following statements of facts: The motor power is a bicycle steam engine, although he has also developed an electric engine, which he thinks will supersede the steam. There are two patterns of the steam engine, known as engine No. 1 and engine No. 2. No. 1 weighs 22 tons, driver diameter 8 feet, with 2 cylinders, 12 by 14 inches, making pressure of boiler 150 pounds to the square inch; average number of turns a minute, with 150 pounds of steam, 600. This engine will take a single car of seven tons, seating 100 passengers, ninety miles an hour.

Engine No. 1, with a two-story passenger coach weighing five tons, capable of carrying 108 passengers. There are nine compartments on each deck; each compartment is entered from the side, contains two seats facing each other, each seat seating three persons, so that each compartment accommodates six persons, making fifty-four on each deck. A two-story station, of course, is necessary to give admission to the car. The elements entering into the security of speed also affect the cost of construction of the cars, for the passenger cars, as shown by their weight—six and seven tons—are made lighter in construction than the present cars. The friction, in consequence of the pressure being directly over a single wheel, as already stated, is reduced, so that the cost of operation is reduced 50 per cent. The nature is illustrated by the fact that while Mr. Boynton constantly refers that a thirty-five pound bicycle carried Stevens around the world. After the bicycle train is once in motion it can be given a terrific velocity, just as a hoop once set going can be kept at a speed limited only by the running powers of the boy who gives it an occasional tap.

Speaking of the capacity and powers of his system, Mr. Boynton said yesterday: "Engine No. 1 will draw 324 passengers in three compartment cars of an average weight of ten tons, with a traction of six tons, capable of being increased to ten tons—because the water tank and coal are immediately above the driver—at the average rate of a mile a minute, or to Boston and back in a single day, with a single ton of coal. Now, 100 passengers—the average number in a palace car train of four cars—make a train where cars weigh 180 tons, exclusive of baggage.

"These four cars have seats for 100 people, or the same as one of our five-ton cars carry. The coal burned for the

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

The Crowding of Yankee News-Papers Over Four or Five Tin Ships.

New York papers that are read in every country on earth contain about three times a week two or more columns of matter about the white squadron, says the New York Star.

Compare this with what is said about the fleets of other navies by the newspapers of their respective countries, and one might readily take for granted that the white squadron could fight and easily conquer the fleets of the world; while, really, what are the facts of the case? I have lately visited a foreign country in one of our ships, and members of the crew were actually ashamed to go ashore, where it was impossible to avoid meeting men-of-war-men of foreign powers, especially the English, whose smiles of derision at the "crowding of Yankee newspapers over four or five tin ships" was very annoying.

"Freight cars on this system will weigh about five tons, will be framed of angle steel and designed for all classes of freight, including grain, coal and all kinds of freight that can be dumped by the receiver through sliding doors at the top of the car, and be dumped by opening sliding valves at the bottom, so that grain and coal can be dumped directly on shipboard or into warehouse. This is especially feasible, as the track can be built on a single line of posts, precisely as the elevated roads are built on some of the lines of this city.

Ten cars of this pattern will do the work of 100 ordinary freight cars of heavy pattern, which, saving proportionately by their lightness and economical facilities. Of course these cars can be run upon the ordinary standard gauge road.

"The bicycle structure of wood is built of the best Southern pine sawed timber; it requires posts, one every thirty feet, and guiding planks six inches suspended above the tracks, five feet apart, directly over the rails below and laced together. The cost, with lumber at \$30 a thousand, is \$8,000 a mile in the South and West, where the lumber at the mills can be procured at \$10 a thousand, will average not to exceed \$2,000 a mile. Wire stretched upon the posts supporting the guiding planks will fence in the wood against cattle, etc., at \$1,000 a mile. The cost with steel pipe posts and iron lattice girders will be about \$6,000 a mile."

The application of his bicycle system to elevated railroad structures is of special importance to New York and Brooklyn. As already stated, this fact has struck the "tin" people of this city and Brooklyn so much that they are carefully looking into the system. General George W. Wingate, attorney of the Brooklyn Elevated Railway Company, whom a Press reporter accompanied in an inspection of the bicycle road at Gravesend on Thursday, expressed himself yesterday as follows on the results of his examination:

"I have studied this bicycle system critically, and the only conclusion I am able to draw is that it is remarkably well adapted to elevated railroad uses. I can't get around that conclusion. Just consider the matter. Two rails, or an ordinary standard single track road, afford two lines of traffic by the bicycle system. A two-line structure can thus be built on a single line of pillars. The cars are light, and the most important feature, the engines are light, while the bicycle engine itself runs so easily and smoothly that there is hardly any rumbling and vibration. The engines and cars are so light, with no side motion; that a double system could be built over the single line of pillars, with a third line for express trains immediately above. The running of that car at Gravesend is the ocular proof of the feasibility of the scheme. There certainly are the car and the engine. As we observed, they ran with wonderful smoothness and lightness and speed, with no perceptible vibration. The car cannot jump the track, for the guiding from above prevents that, unless a wheel should break, and even then the other end of the car would be held in position by the wheels above as well as below. The element of safety is certainly as great as on any other system. When it comes to speed, we certainly roll at the rate of 100 miles an hour, while one dash of thirty-three seconds took us a mile.

Sad Time in a Woman's Life. There is a time in a woman's life when she is too old for the dances and frolic of the young and too young for the quiet corner of the old. No class claims her. She feels often like an alien from the commonwealth of womanhood. In charitable work and in social life the invisible line is passed. No one invites her now to preside at the fancy booth or hasten the sale of flowers with her gracious smile. Neither is she asked to give the dignity of her age and position as one of the patronesses of the fair. She is laughed at if she dresses in the gay colors her soul loves, or scolded by her family for always wearing.

She has no part in the play, but is quietly relegated to the position of stage setter and prompter, while younger and older women pose and win applause. Her beauty is not at its best. She has neither the fair girlish face which is the history of what it has been. White hair does not crown her with glory, and she has lost the golden curls of her youth. The blossom has faded and the fruit does not yet compensate for its loss.

The trials of the transition state envelop her in the home. Sometimes she feels that her husband is almost deserting her for the young daughter, who is the second edition of the girl he fell in love with years ago. The solving of the domestic problem has not made such drafts upon his mental and physical resources as it has upon hers. He is a comparatively young man, and no one dreams of asking him to step aside from any familiar path.

AN OLD WAR-HORSE.

Comanche is One of the Two Survivors of the Custer Massacre.

Col. Keogh's famous war-horse, Comanche, and a new Crow Indian were all that escaped from the awfully unequal battle of the Little Big Horn, generally called "the massacre of the Rosebud," where the gallant Custer and his famous troopers went to their death with colors flying and sabres flashing. Col. Keogh rode Comanche in that terrible fight, and after the valley was hushed in death and General Terry's column came to the relief of that portion of the almost annihilated eleventh that, through Reno's cowardice or inexcusable blunder, did not go to the rescue of their gallant comrades. Comanche was found wandering around the grounds of the Indian camp. The horse was immediately recognized by Capt. Nowlan, who was quartermaster with Gen. Terry's column, and was sent to Fort Abraham Lincoln.

Comanche is still alive and with troop I. Col. Keogh's old command, now commanded by Capt. Nowlan. He is a "claybank," not a sorrel. Comanche is stationed at Fort Riley, Kan., and is in excellent health but shows his age. He has the best of care, and when he dies will, in all probability, be buried with ceremony. He has not been ridden since 1877 or 1878; up to that date the daughter of the colonel commanding the regiment was in the habit of sending her compliments to Capt. Nowlan and requesting the use of Comanche to ride. But one day the major's daughter sent her compliments to Capt. Nowlan and asked for Comanche, a request which the polite and accomplished captain readily granted. Soon after the horse had been delivered to the young lady the colonel's daughter sent for her favorite animal, and when she found out that Comanche had gone out she was very much disappointed. To this disappointment was soon added bitterness when, in a few moments, the two young ladies joined the same riding party.

That was the last time that Comanche was ever used. The colonel issued an order reciting the horse's services and wounds and its provisions forbade Comanche to ever be ridden by any one.

Mme. Barrios' Diamonds. Mme. Barrios, widow of the late President Barrios of Guatemala, has one of the finest collections of diamonds among the society women here. She has sixty diamond rings, and necklaces, tiaras and bracelets too numerous to mention. All these jewels were heirlooms of the kingdom and were sent to Paris and dug out of their antique settings and made into the form in which they are now worn. One of the most exquisite settings is a pointed girdle of diamonds. When not traveling Mme. Barrios lives on Fifth avenue. She never keeps her diamonds in the residence, but immediately she returns from a ball she has them sent to the Lincoln Trust Company. When she travels she hires a detective to follow her, and when she drives she has a man on the cab watching her every movement.

On a recent trip to Washington it was feared a beautiful diamond ring, which was her wedding ring, was lost, and as it bore the state emblem of Guatemala she was much afraid she would never recover it. However, the best detectives were put on the scent. Months passed by and no news came of the ring. One day a little baby was playing near a chair in an apartment occupied by the madame, and in the course of his childish explorations he dug up the state ring of Guatemala.

A Sunken Mountain. It is reported apparently upon good authority, that a mountain peak, nearly 1000 feet high, in the Coast range of Oregon has suddenly disappeared, or as the discoverers a party of hunters express it, "the mountain is now an island, as it were, surrounded by an almost perpendicular wall of rock about 100 feet in height." The noise made by the sudden sinking of this mass of rock and trees was heard several miles away; but until the discovery by the party alluded to, no one knew when the noise proceeded. The location is about three miles from "Latrod" on the Coos bay wagon road.—Mining and Scientific Press.

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THE RATIO OF GROWTH. It is now certain that the population of the United States, including the territories, is not less than 64,000,000. It has been set down by estimate somewhat higher. The figures generally employed have been 65,000,000. But, taking the smaller number, the increase in the last decade has been 28 per cent, which is a somewhat smaller ratio of increase than has been known during the present century, with the exception of the decade from 1830 to 1840, when, by reason of the great loss of life in the Civil war, the ratio of growth for that decade was only 22.65 per cent. During all the other periods it has exceeded 30 per cent. But hereafter the ratio may not exceed 28 per cent—and there is good ground for supposing that it will not, but may fall to 25 per cent, because it is constantly to be based on greater aggregate numbers. The ratio may slowly decline, while the actual increase is not lessened. The increase of population in the ratio of 25 per cent for each decade during the next sixty years has been figured out recently by statisticians with the result that in the year 1900 our population will be 80,000,000, in 1920 it will be 156,000,000 and in 1950 at the same rate 244,000,000. It is true that this growth cannot be demonstrated beyond a doubt. It cannot be assumed as certain that up to 1950 the ratio of growth of each decade will be equal to 25 per cent. But there is a strong probability that for a quarter of a century this ratio will hold good. The year 1890 began with a population in this country a little exceeding 5,000,000. The close of the century, ten years hence, will find a population of 80,000,000. The population of the United Kingdom at the beginning of the present century was three times as great as that of the former is only three-fifths of our own. Only one nation in Europe,

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AH WING'S JEWEL.

An Alaskan Version of the John Smith and Pocahontas Story.

Pocahontas has been outdone by an Alaskan maiden. John Smith was only in danger of having his brains splattered over the surrounding real estate when Pocahontas rescued him; her love. The John Smith of Alaska was not only in danger of being killed but of being eaten, when the woman in whose eyes he found favor saved him. The Alaska John Smith was not a titled explorer when he fell into the hands of the savages, nor was his name John Smith. He was only a common, yellow-skinned sea cook. His name is Ah Wing, and there is nothing attractive about him. He is about as homely a mixture of Chinaman and Malay pirate as could be found in a day's walk. His Pocahontas answers the name of Julie just now, but nobody knows what her Indian name was. She is a long way of being a Pocahontas in beauty, and the Siwash features, generations were consolidated when her face was made. Still the romance is there.

Ah Wing and Julie, now Mrs. Ah Wing, arrived here on a codfish schooner several months since but have not gone into society yet. They reside in Ross alley, in Chinatown, and submitted to an interview yesterday. They only submitted to it, they did not take part in it, and when it came to securing the story of their love the reporter was obliged to obtain his information from a third party, to whom Wing had confided in explanation of his off-color bride.

Ah Wing, some nine years ago, was a cook in the employ of the navy department, and was shipped north on the Jamestown. While on the Sitka station Wing's time expired or he deserted—just which is not quite plain—and shipped aboard a whaler. The whaler was wrecked and Julie was cast upon an inhospitable icefield. Wing was the daughter of a chief of a tribe of Indians, and while hunting with his father, discovered Ah Wing who was near death from starvation, cold and exposure as it was possible for him to be and retain life. For days and days Julie nursed him, and he finally recovered to find himself the object of a great deal of attention on the part of the Indians. They could speak no Chinese or English, and Wing had no comprehension of their dialect. He was at loss to understand the solitude with which the fed him and the interest they took in the accumulation of fat on his ribs. At last the horrid truth dawned upon him—at least so he says. They were going to barbecue and eat him.

He attempted to escape, but was captured and returned to the village and put under guard. The fatal day arrived. Wing was informed by pantomime that an incision would be made in his neck and his life fluid allowed to escape into a soapstone basin. He gave up all for lost, when he was inspired by the sight of Julie in tears. He made love to her. She comprehended and went to ask papa. The old chief was fond of his daughter and could refuse her nothing. He issued an edict against baked Wing. The remainder of the village protested, and the chief was obliged to state why he desired the stranger's life preserved. The objectors gave in and Wing and Julie were married in Indian style.

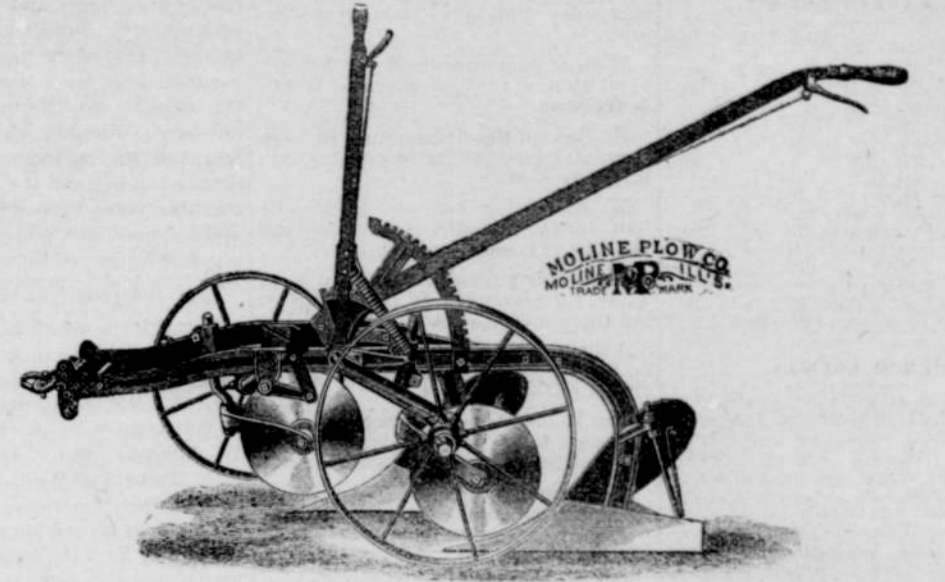
Wing lived with the tribe for some time, but never became very popular. He was not much of a hunter, and preferred to lie around the house, sewing with the women, to chasing polar bears, walrus, seals and the like. Finally he had a chance to escape. A boat's crew came in from a schooner to trade for skins. Their cook was dead, and Wing begged them to take him away with them. Wing's father-in-law gave him leave of absence for three months and sent Julie along with him to insure his return.

They sailed away and after much marine wandering and transferring from one vessel to another, arrived in San Francisco. Wing had a taste for the needle and secured a job of tailoring. The faithful Julie proved an adept and shares Wing's labors. They find some difficulty in conversing. Wing knows a few words of English and a few of Chinese. When their discourse becomes animated they resort to all three languages at once, and the talk is very exciting. There is a little Wing now, and he is learning all three languages.

Their home is on the top floor of a Ross alley tenement, where Julie is rapidly being converted into a Chinaman by her fellow-lodgers. She is quiet at all times, and is presumably mourning for the freedom of her native snow field. She does not go out because to noise and the bustle of the streets frighten her. Wing's leave of absence has long since expired, but in the confines of civilization he has become the master, and has no intention of returning to the land of his wife's people. Julie will not live long here; she already shows signs of consumption, developed presumably by the unaccustomed foul air. The story has been pretty well authenticated, with the exception of the intention of the Indians to eat Wing after killing her. His town countrymen do not believe this part of his story, but Wing adheres to it stoutly, and the strongest tie between him and his wife is his gratitude to her for saving him from such a fate. Voyagers to the far North state that they have heard of cannibalism among the Indians, but it has always been attributed to isolated instances of starvation's necessity, and not habit.

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