Wireless Death

Courtesy Technical World.

...ing the crowds ... the night at the ... gathering again. ... place been entire... ...l men had never ...t of the bulletins. ...ck-headed youth in ...ng the cap of a ...cian, sat on the ...he entrance to the ...king a small black ...re occupied with ...bservation.

...who were now gath...rd, were coal miners ...e shafts. Here and ...cians. The vastness ...on from which they ...more than suggested ...owd stood, the build...ly hid in a grove of ...

...miners and electric... ...silent. They seemed ...d comment and sur... ...iting for the tangible ...conjecture.

...erge of War.

...the federal news edi... ...ad worn out himself ...keeping up a detailed ...l-night session of Con... ...ght came, the service ...hat had been a con... ...ained story of congres... ...gs had slumped to a ...bulletins of which the ...half-hour before, read...

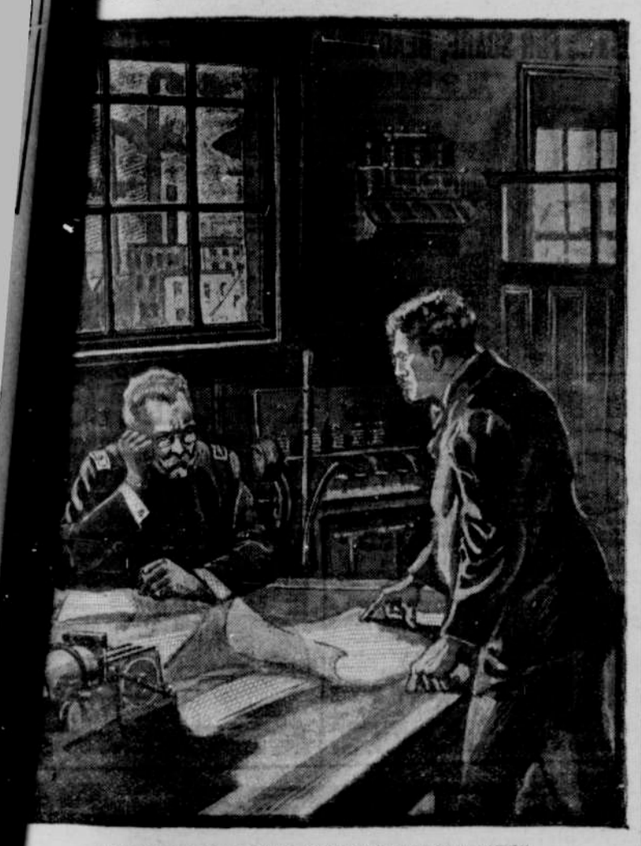
...ll has the floor. He is ...dway against the major... ...s inevitable."

...starting for the shafts, ...o news which they had ...ore they had gone away, ...arlier, to get such sleep ...ey could.

...stood watching, another ...

...has taken an hour's re... ...fast. No action."

...iners in the crowd read ...started for work. Soon ...eft only a few scattered ...



HE WAS HELD SPELLBOUND BY THE VEHEMENT EXPLANATION.

...ups; but the shock-headed electri... ...n still sat on the curb and smoked ...black pipe.

Mail by Airship.

A speck developed in the eastern sky ...d drew nearer, enlarging rapidly. ...hen the Washington mail came into ...ght, and landed at the areoplane sta... ...on near the entrance to the power ...tation. A mail clerk came down the ...levator after the sacks had been ...hrown into the chute. He was ques...tioned eagerly by the men still stand...ing about the bulletin board, but had ...nothing of news later than that which ...the bulletins had given them.

As he stood talking, another message was flashed on the board:

"Williams says that opposition to the majority will cease. War will be declared before night."

At that the shock-headed youth arose suddenly from the curbstone, walked rapidly through the gates and on into the grounds of the power station.

Vast Central Power Station.

The Susquehanna Coal and Power District, supplying not only Washington, but New York with electricity for all purposes of light, heat, and power, was the largest of the government power areas into which the country was divided. Its coal mines were of the greatest extent, its power station gigantic, and its employees an army. New York with its millions, and Washington with its institutions, secured all power from the wires charged by the dynamos of the Susquehanna District.

The shock-headed electrician kept his rapid stride through the grounds until he came to a one-story brick building marked over its doorway, with the word "Administration." It was surrounded by beds of sweet-peas, which a gardner then was watering. The young man went up the graveled walk without looking to right or left, pushed open the door, went the length of the inner hall, turned to the right, and knocked at a closed door.

He was told to enter, and did so, taking off his cap.

A middle-aged, gray-haired, spectacled man sat at a desk in the center of the room. He did not look up until the young electrician was standing beside his desk. Then he glanced at him sidewise inquiringly.

Young Inventor Busy.

"Mr. Shod," said the younger man, "I want a two weeks' leave of absence."

The elder then looked squarely at him but did not reply, merely brushing back his hair in an abstracted, preoccupied manner. The young man, waited for an answer without repeating his petition.

"Go back to work," said Shod, finally, seeming to dismiss the request as preposterous. He had started to speak calmly, but his manner changed, and he brought his fist down on the desk as he added sharply:

"Atsins, you make me think your crazy. Haven't you read the bulletins? Look here—a message from the chief, 'We expect you to run double capacity from the instant war is declared.' Leave of absence! Man, go back to work."

Atsins became confused and awkwardly abashed; but he persisted, nevertheless, urging great necessity.

"If you even ask again," cried Shod, becoming thoroughly angry, "I'll have you locked up for attempting desertion."

Daring Plan Explained.

He wheeled around in his chair, and busied himself with the wires leading off the keyboard on his desk. Atsins hesitated an instant, and then suddenly lost his awkwardness and became alert. He bent over his senior, speaking rapidly, energetically, and sharply. He drew from the inner pocket of his blouse a print, spreading it before Shod. The anger of the older man gave way to astonishment. He was held spellbound by the younger's vehement explanation, until finally Atsins ceased talking, folded up his print, returned it to his pocket, and stood waiting.

Shod contemplated him silently for several moments. Then he said:

"You have a chance. It is too great a chance to lose. It might be our salvation. I'll inform the chief."

He reached over toward the keyboard but Atsins put out a restraining hand and held him, shaking his head in vigorous protest.

"Well, I guess you are right there, too," the older man said; "do as you think best."

Catches Airship for Capital.

Atsins turned away instantly, and again with rapid stride went through the grounds. On looking at his watch, he broke into a run heading for the aeroplane station. By quick sprinting he reached the lift just as it was making its last trip up to connect with the fast Washington mail ship. It touched as he came out on the platform, and he was aboard just in time.

II.

In the early history of the nation there had been a much applauded maxim: "In time of peace, prepare for war." The people had never deviated from their policy of applauding and ignoring this wisdom of one of their earliest statesmen. The nation had never lost its complacency—had never succeeded in disillusioning itself. It imagined itself peaceful, but in reality, it was quickest to resent an injury, fancied or real, surest to raise a popular demand for war, and least prepared to carry it on.

Nation in a Trance

With the self-deceiving theory that they were not a militant people, they had continued to delude themselves in the belief that war for them was next to impossible. Their history, a record of conflicts made costly because undertaken without preparation, did not serve to destroy this illusion—it was a part of the national life.

Now popular outcry was forcing another war. At any moment, Congress, which had been in the throes of debate for three days, might open hostilities with a declaration.

Across the Atlantic, as the military men of the nation knew, a martial people were holding themselves in restraint, confident in their ability founded on thorough preparation. The nation in general knew this, but allowed itself no thought of the inevitable product of incompetence urged into action by rashness.

In all this unprepared country, no one appreciated so thoroughly the impending danger as did Montrus, the unfortunate commander-in-chief of the small military forces.

Commander in Despair.

He had been dean of the Department of electricity in the national university, when transferred to the military service, having, prior to this been an instructor in one of the national military schools. In appearance he was scholastic, his figure spare and bent, his hair and eyes gray, and his face thin-jowled.

He was alone in his office, looking out of the window across the Potomac—the only inactive figure in the War Department—when one of his aides entered the room.

"Curtis had been located," said the aide. "He is at Kiel. We got his signal followed by some code which is being transcribed."

Another aide came in.

"Curtis says he is effectually hidden, and can send electrigraphs if we can take them."

"Where is he?" asked Montrus eagerly.

Scouting the Upper Air.

"He says he is out of the path of their scouts, and thinks he is safely posted. He must be above them."

"Can you reach him?"

"We have, but he warns us not to try often. I suppose his position is precarious at best."

"Tell him to send what he can," answered Montrus. "I'll go into the tower to take it."

A hundred yards farther us the Potomac, stood a gigantic tower, the exact longitude and latitude of which was burned in the memory of every operative in the secret service. To this, Montus and his aides hastened, being carried directly to the summit by a lift.

While the aides adjusted the films and reflector of the electro-photographer, Montrus stood at the railing looking out over the peaceful river scene and drumming his fingers on the wooden bars.

"I think it is coming," said one of the aides finally; and the general stepped over to adjust about his head the hood which shut all light from the eyes looking at the reflector.

Looking Across the Ocean.

At first this remained in black and inky darkness. Then came little waves of dim light which rippled across its surface. These ripples became stronger; indistinct shapes, unrecognizable and mystic, seemed to rise out of its depths. They cleared away, and there grew up in their place the forms of a city's roofs and towers, which stood revealed in distinct outlines for a moment and then seemed to drop further and further down into the reflector.

White, fleecy clouds came between the eye and the city's roofs, the latter growing less and less distinct. There was a sweep of a dark object athwart the clouds. It crossed the entire reflector, blotting it out in blackness again, but light followed almost instantly. Again nothing but the white clouds, but finally a far-off flock of specks, which came nearer and nearer until they stood out each distinctly and separately, clear-cut in outline and identity. There they stood.

Aerial Torpedo Boats.

Montrus almost held his breath as he ran his eyes over them. For ten minutes he studied. Then he drew the hood from his head, and looked out over the river scene again.

"A hundred, I should say," he remarked at last, quietly, but in great bitterness. "Every one ready. In twenty-four hours from the time those awful fools in Congress declare war, those hundred torpedo ships will be here. Tell Curtis we've seen enough."

With that he went back to his office, and in moodiness took his post by the window again. Nothing he could plan could avert the calamity he had seen in readiness. Presently one of the aides came in again.

"A government electrician is outside," he announced, "and insists on seeing you. We have done everything to get rid of him but throw him off the grounds."

The man stopped and waited expectantly.

"Tell him—" said Montrus angrily, but stopped. "Let him in," he concluded, sullenly.

Young Inventor to the Rescue.

The aide went out and came back with the shock-headed electrician who had spent the night before by the bulletin-board. His embarrassment was great, but his earnestness equalled it. The former showed in his awkward posture and twitching fingers; the latter, in the direct look with which he sought the general's eyes.

"Well," exclaimed Montrus, sharply.

"I have a concentrator—I want you to look at it—I thought—," he began excitedly, but ended brokenly in the face of a cold stare from Montrus.

"Here it is," he concluded, unfolding the prints.

Montrus cast one careless and a second interested glance at the plans. He drew up a chair and studied them, the moodiness giving away to keen appreciation. Then he pushed them away.

"You seem to have something," he said. "Some other time—, if there's anything left of this country, some other time I'll look at them. But not now. I can't now."

Death to Distant Fleet.

"But you don't understand," exclaimed Atsins, quickly and vehemently. "Now's the time, don't you see? That will direct a million volts—two million volts—accurately, to any distance, at any object. Man, if it works, if it will do it—don't you see?"

Montrus stared at the shock-headed boy in a daze.

Atsins held himself in check and leaned forward.

"Will the ships at Kiel ever leave their moorings if it works?" he asked, drawing in his breath sharply. The two men looked at each other, and, as Montrus stared, he saw also in his mental vision those hundred dark shapes on the face of the reflector.

Then he pressed a series of buttons on his desk, and men entered from different doors.

"Take this young man, Mr. — ?"

"Not a name," said Atsins. "Just an idea."

"Take this idea," continued Montrus, speaking rapidly, "to Sending Station 10, the largest. Let him direct any changes he desires. Tell Susquehanna to give us ten times the usual power from now until notified otherwise."

The men started to obey, and Atsins to follow his guides, when Montrus stepped to him, holding out his hands.

"I hope you succeed," he said.

"I—I can't fail," stammered the young man.

(To be continued.)

ACTIVE NORWEGIAN WOMEN.

Occupy Good Positions as Stewards on Coasting Steamers.

Bright young women in Norway find a rational and congenial employment in a vocation which has not been invaded by their sex in this country. The many steamers that plow the Norwegian fjords and Scandinavian estuaries and rivers employ young women to see to the commisarat and to arrange for the personal comfort of travelers on board. Their official designation is that of "auxiliary ship's officer." That their occupation is a pleasant one is proved by the numerous applications at steamboat offices from young Danish, Swedish and Norwegian ladies anxious to secure such positions. This life on the inland lakes and rivers, is stated in fact to be immensely popular with the strong and energetic girls of Northern Europe. That the duties involved necessitate a girl's having a head on her shoulders goes without saying, and many of the applicants are daughters of either naval or professional men, such as lawyers and doctors.

It is the duty of the "auxiliary ship's officer," to ascertain from the purser of the ship how many passengers are booked on the outgoing voyage and to lay in her provisions accordingly, with an eye to ample supplies, at the same time avoiding any risk in the matter of waste. She is further responsible for the tastefully laid table and for such additional house-linen as may be required in the cabins during the voyage. Plate, china and even kitchen utensils are generally her own property, so that she must necessarily possess business ability in her selection and care. Payments are arranged at so much per head and the lady steward nets the profits over and above the actual expenses, and beyond this may depend upon complimentary contributions from the traveler, which being a customary thing, may be offered and accepted without offense.

Such an occupation with its self-respecting independence and its breezy, open-air surroundings, is healthful and exhilerating, while the constant stream of passengers and tourists, both old and new, tends to the formation of pleasant acquaintances, at all seasons of travel.

Another post filled by women on board the Norwegian mail steamers is that of "postal official." Two of these young ladies always travel together, their sole duty consisting in carrying the mail bags to and from the points of embarkation and arrival. During the voyage, the time of these girls is practically their own, and they generally may be seen employing it in producing those much-admired "Hosfilds foernings"—the beautiful Norwegian embroideries to be met with in such rich profusion throughout the Scandinavian lands. These "post ladies," however, never allow their elaborate needlework to jeopardize their official position as government employes; for long before the landing-stage is reached, both may be seen cloaked and hatted, standing, as it were, at attention. By reason of the precious burdens they bear, they are the first to leave the boat.

Miss Roosevelt's Turnips.

The first instalment of wedding gifts which reached Miss Alice Roosevelt was turnips, the largest known in the art of farming. These mammoth affairs "Colonel Sellers' Fruit", were shipped to Miss Roosevelt by a tiller of the soil in Kansas, who said that the proud farmers of this country should not be outdone by the jewelers, and that they have worked hard to produce the best possible growths this winter with which to stock the cellar of the future Mrs. Longworth. Huge potatoes were also sent from South Dakota, where they raise potatoes which are said to be so large that one potato will feed six persons. Pumpkins came likewise from South Dakota, each large enough to furnish pies for the family for one winter. If the Longworth couple do not live on the fat of the land for at least one season, it has not been the fault of the admiring farmers.

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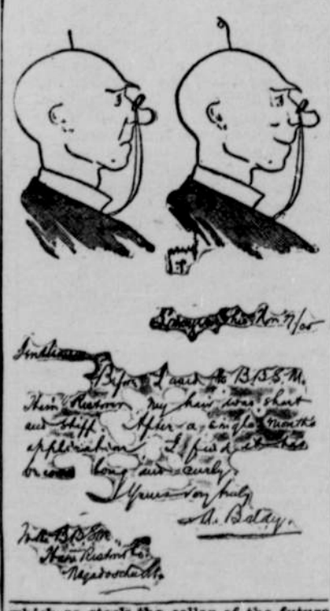

Hard to Believe.

A city man was showing a country cousin through the Metropolitan Museum. "See that bunch of old Egyptian coins over there, Reub?" he said, pointing at one of the showcases; "well, every one of those coins is over three thousand years old." "Quit yer kiddin'," retorted the countryman. "Why, it's only 1906 now."

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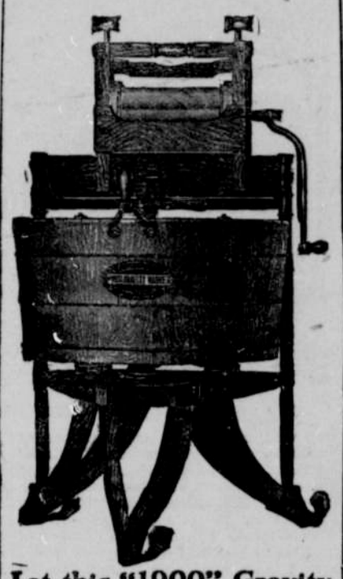

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An unseen power, called Gravity, helps run this washing machine.

By harnessing this power, we make it work for you. You start the washer by hand, then Gravity-power takes hold and does the hardest part.

And it makes this machine turn almost as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

Gravity, you know, is what makes a stone roll down hill.

This machine has just been invented and we call it the "1900" Gravity Washer.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub.

These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the clothes to anchor them, and to press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now we are all ready for quick and easy washing.

You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, then gravity pulls it the other way round.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but Gravity-power does practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

* * *

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move. But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY RUBBING,—without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this 1900 "Gravity" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twenty minutes better than any able washer-woman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

* * *

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You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours, you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents is part of what the machine saves you every week on your own, or on a washer-woman's labor. We intend that the 1900 "Gravity" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

We have sold approaching half a million "1900" Washers on a month's free trial and the only trouble we've had has been to keep up with our orders.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it is overcrowde our factory.

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It makes not the slightest difference to us how long you have had your trouble. We will go to the roots of it and cure it.

Think just for a moment what this means! Think what it promises for those who have lost, or who are loosing, the glorious tresses of youth!

We will restore your hair, make it long and strong, make it as you wish it to be, and give you more satisfaction than you have ever before experienced. Do not be disheartened because you have used other hair remedies without results. Be just to yourself and to us. Our remedy will make you happy. What it has done for others it will do for you.

We ask you in all kindness to write to us and we will send you by return mail, at our own expense, a full trial treatment of the Greatest Hair Grower on earth. We will also send you our interesting booklet of advice and hundreds of testimonials from delighted patients, giving their experiences for the benefit of others who have become discouraged. You will never regret answering this announcement, for it means much to you, more than you can imagine.

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