A CHAT WITH TESLA.

The Inventor Gives His Views on Work, Sleep, Recreation, Marriage and the Future Existence.

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One night at about 11 o'clock I found Mr. Tesla in the cafe, seated at his usual table, looking tired and haggard. He greeted me with the kindly smile and strong grasp of the hand that are natural to him, but I saw by the pallor of his face and the troubled look in his dark eyes that something had gone wrong.

A SHOCK OF THREE AND A HALF MILLION VOLTS.

"I am afraid," he said, "you won't find me a pleasant companion tonight. The fact is I was almost killed today."

This he said in quite a matter-of-fact tone, which did not prevent me from showing the concern I felt.

"Yes," he continued, "I got a shock of about three and a half million volts from one of my machines. The spark jumped three feet through the air and struck me here on the right shoulder. I tell you it made me feel dizzy. If my assistant had not turned off the current instantly it might have been the end of me. As it was, I have to show for it a queer mark on my right breast, where the current struck in and a burned heel in one of my socks where it left my body. Of course, the volume of current was exceedingly small, otherwise it must have been fatal. You know three and a half million volts is no joke, however small the volume."

A great difficulty, and at the same time a delight in talking with Tesla, is the utter inability one feels to understand what he is saying, or lift one's self to the plane on which he is thinking. What ordinary person could grapple with the idea of three and a half million volts or the electric contrivances necessary to produce it? I knew perfectly well that 20,000 volts is the potential considered absolutely fatal in the current used for execution, and yet here was a man, perhaps the greatest electrician of his time, calmly describing his sensations in receiving the shock of a current more than 150 times as strong. It was plainly hopeless to attempt any understanding of this anomally, so I asked about something easier.

"I should have thought the spark from such a current would have jumped farther than three feet," I ventured.

"So it would, if I had wanted it to. I have frequently had sparks from my high tension machines jump the width or length of my laboratory, say thirty or forty feet. Indeed, there is no limit to their length, although you can't see them except for the first yard or so, the flash is so quick. It is just like lightning. The fact is, there would be no particular difficulty in imitating lightning with sparks, say a mile long, if anyone chose to pay for the necessary apparatus. Yes, I am quite sure I could make a spark a mile long, and I don't know that it would cost so much either."

I asked Mr. Tesla if he had had many accidents with electricity during all the years he has been experimenting with it.

"No," he said, "I have had very few accidents. I don't suppose I average more than one in a year, and no one has ever been killed by one of my machines. I always build my apparatus so that whatever happens it cannot kill any one. The burning of my laboratory two years ago was the most serious accident I have ever had. No one knows what I lost by that."

JOYS AND SORROWS OF THE INVENTOR.

He shook his head and passed his large hand across his brow in regretful reminiscence.

"You see," he went on, "that is one of the sad things in an inventor's life. So many ideas go chasing through his brain that he can only seize a few of them as they fly, and of these he can only find the time and strength to bring a few to perfection. And it happens many times that another inventor who has conceived the same ideas anticipates him in carrying out one of them. Ah, I tell you, that makes a fellow's heart ache. When my laboratory was burned there was destroyed with it apparatus I had devised for liquifying air by a new method; I was on the eve of success, and in the months of delay that ensued a German scientist solved the problem, just as I was about to solve it, and left me only the memory of what I might have done. I was so blue and discouraged in those days that I don't believe I could have borne up but for the regular electric treatment which I administered to myself. You see, electricity puts into the tired body just what it most needs—life force, nerve force. It's a great doctor, I can tell you, perhaps the greatest of all doctors."

I asked Mr. Tesla if he often fell into these periods of depression.

"Perhaps not often, but now and then. Every man of artistic temperament has relapses from the great enthusiasms that buoy him up and sweep him forward. In the main my life is very happy, happier than any life I can conceive of. When I was a student I have known what it is to sit at the gaming table forty-eight hours at a stretch. I thought that an intense emotion, the fascination of play, and I believe many people regard it as the strongest emotion; but I can tell you that for many years all the allurements of the game would have seemed tame and insipid to me compared with the tremendous, overmastering excitement of my life in the laboratory. I do not think there is any thrill that can go through the human heart like that felt by the inventor as he sees some creation of his brain unfolding to success, as he watches some crucial experiment prove that through months of waiting and hoping he has been in the right. Such emotions make a man forget food, sleep, sickness, friends, love, everything."

What a gentle, tender light there was in this man's eyes as he spoke thus, and yet there was something of sternness, too, almost fierceness; as if he had flung away with scorn all the world's cherished prizes from devotion to these creatures of his brain. Here was a man who rejoiced in the loneliness of his laboratory, who had strayed so high up into untraveled realms of knowledge, that there were few, perhaps none, to share with him in full the delight of his discoveries. So far had he strayed from the beaten ways of men that he seemed almost to belong to another race.

INVENTORS SHOULD NOT MARRY.

"Do you believe in marriage, Mr. Tesla, for persons of artistic temperament?" I asked.

"For an artist, yes, for a musician, yes, for a writer yes, but for an inventor, no. The first three must gain inspiration from a woman's influence and be led by their love to finer achievement, but an inventor has so intense a nature with so much in it of wild, passionate quality that in giving himself to a woman he might love, he would give everything and so take everything from his chosen field. I do not think you can name many great inventions that have been made by married men." He paused a moment and then added, with a shade of pathos in his tone: "It's a pity, too, for sometimes we feel so lonely."

The amount of work Mr. Tesla does in a day, does every day, is simply prodigious. It is literally true that his life is passed in continuous labor in the laboratory with occasional intervals for food and sleep, and after working all day long from 8 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock at night, he often has his dinner brought to the laboratory and continues to work until 11 or 12. Twice in the last two years he has been to a theater. On very, very rare occasions, when he could not avoid it, he has heeded some social call and enjoyed it, too, as he admits, although the thought of going to a reception or evening gathering fills him with dismay in advance. One of his few relaxations is the half hour he spends every evening at the cafe, where we met, exchanging a pleasant word with friends he finds there.

"What do you think about sleep?" I asked. "Is it wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours sleep a day so as to do more work?"

Tesla shook his head. "That is a great mistake, I am convinced. A man is given just so many hours to be awake and the fewer of these he uses up each day, the more days it will take to use them up, that is, the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. Do you know that Gladstone sleeps seventeen hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that it is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake. Do I do this myself? No, but here, as in many other things, I am far from being a model."

As a young man in his native land of Montenegro, Tesla was famous for unusual bodily strength, overcoming all his comrades with little effort in wrestling bouts and feats of prowess. Even now, despite the neglect of his muscles, he is a man of remarkable stature and physical force.

THE TESLA FAMILY.

As the waiter was bringing some things that had been ordered, I remarked the fluency with which Mr. Tesla spoke French and asked him how many languages he knew.

"Not very many," he said, "six or seven, or eight; but my father was a great linguist; he spoke eighteen languages. Besides that he was a remarkable mathematician."

I asked Mr. Tesla about the members of his family still living, and he told me that he had three sisters in Servia, for whom he has the most profound affection. They were all married, according to the custom of the country, at the early age of 16 or 17, which, he thinks, a great mistake.

"You have the right ideas," he said, "about that in America. When girls marry at such an early age, they are old women at 35."

"Do your sisters know," I asked, "of the great success you have made in this country, and the honors that have come to you?"

"Yes," said Tesla, "they know, and they worship me; they make so much of what I have done because they do not understand it. I would give anything to have them here with me, but they would not leave their country. They could not live away from it."

HIS BOYHOOD DAYS.

The same tender look beamed into Tesla's eyes as he spoke of his faraway home and presently he began to speak in a lower tone, telling of his boyhood days in Montenegro. I was most impressed by his telling how, while a student at the university, he nearly died with an attack of Asiatic cholera.

"In that year," he said, "the scourge was wiping out whole villages. In the little town where my family lived, with a population of only about 2,000, as many as 123 died in a single day. My father sent me a message not to come home, but, heedless of his warning, I started and made the journey on foot. As I passed through a little place not far from my destination, a bright-eyed girl who was fond of me, brought me a bowl filled with sheep's cream, which we regarded as a great delicacy. In drinking this I think I absorbed the germs of the disease, for a few hours later, when I had scarcely reached my home, I was writhing on the floor in the first tortures of the plague. Then I turned livid and blue, and the tortures I suffered are beyond description. It is a miracle that I lived, for in those countries there is little relief for sufferers of cholera. For nine months I was an invalid, but I finally got strong and well. I passed close to death that time, just as I did today. I don't like the thought of death. It seems hard to give up one's work so soon."

VIEWS ABOUT THE FUTURE LIFE.

"And the future life," I ventured.

"Ah, that is another story. Some time I will tell you my views about the future life; but, do you know this, that it is possible to make a plausible demonstration of your future existence and mine by laboratory experiments?"

"Really?" I said.

"Yes; it rests on a study of cellular organisms, the point being that each elementary cell which has ever entered into a certain combination, say to represent you or me or any other individual, has the consciousness of that fact, as seems to be shown, and preserves the tendency to group itself or reunite itself in any future time with the other cells, which have been associated with it previously. So it all comes down to the question of probability. There is a certain formula for each individual, one for you, one for me, one for everybody else. If the atoms that compose that formula, dissipate at your death or mine, ever again in infinite time find themselves together or near one another, then they would rush together as before and according to the unvarying law of cause and effect, the same result will follow the reunion as followed it before and you or I must live again. And so in an infinity of ages we might live again many times. That is just to give you a faint idea of a vast and interesting subject for speculation, which I shall be glad to take up some other time."

And so we said good night.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

A CHAT WITH TESLA.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

Suicide is less prevalent in Ireland than in any other country in the world.

The property of the Salvation Army in the United States is valued at near $5,000,000.

Physiological uses of the Roentgen rays have so increased that the publication of the Archives of Clinical Skiagraphy has been begun in London.

A Paris shopkeeper who does not smoke is trying to get a divorce from his wife, the only evidence he offers of her infidelity being that her clothes always smell of tobacco.

When a Randolph, Vt., man was asked how much property he had he thrashed the assessor who asked the question and was arrested, convicted and bound over for the offense.

A single glass eye can rarely be worn more than a year without being polished, for the surface becomes roughened by the action of tears, etc., and irritates the lids as they rub over it.

The great new Boston public library has already been found to have been ill planned and inadequate. It costs $2,500,000 and now $25,000 is about to be expended to construct a "suitable reading room."

The Burns exhibition, which is to commemorate the centenary of the poet's death will be held in the Glasgow Fine Art institute from July till October. Her majesty has consented to become a patron.

Intemperance among London women is increasing. The metropolitan police returns show that there has been a decided advance during the last two years in the number of women apprehended for drunkenness.

The revenue from tobacco in England was greater during the last year than ever before, which fact the chancellor of the exchequer attributes to the greatly increased consumption of cigarettes by children.

Every ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, seventy-nine pounds; Arctic and Antarctic waters yield eighty-five pounds to the ton and Dead sea water 187 pounds.

There are numerous hotels in New York wher suites of rooms, consisting of bedroom, parlor, bathroom and one or two sitting-rooms, cost $200 to $500 a week. This, of course, includes table service and a private dining-room and attendance.

A queer accident happened near Walsall, in England, lately, where a canal fell into a coal pit. The canal flowed over the pit, the underground supports of which gave way, letting down the ground above, draining the canal of water and putting a stop to all traffic.

Paris is rushing into the Bois de Boulogne for residence and abandoning the district around the Elysee palace. The emigration to the west is so constant that people are already speaking of the not distant time when the Bois de Boulogne will be the center of Paris.

The salt product of the United States during 1865 was 13,666,649 barrels of 280 pounds each, valued at $4,423,086. About one-half of it was produced in the state of New York. Although the amount was greater by 600 barrels than in any previous year the value was $300,000 less.

At the Pasteur institute in Palermo 2,221 persons have been treated in ten years. While the greater number of cases were of dog bites there were instances of bites by donkeys, mules, oxen, pigs, wolves, a horse, a ferret and a rabbit, and sixteen cases of bites by human beings suffering from hydrophobia.

A small town in Bavaria is about to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of a lawsuit with a line of barons concerning the ownership of a forest of oak and beach trees. The villagers will come into full possession next month and have managed the property so well that its value has increased to $500,000.

Sleeping in the open air is a grievous and severely punished offense in England. Two little girls, one five years old, the other two, were brought before a London police magistrate recently, charged with sleeping out without visible means of subsistence. He refused to commit them and ordered them to be let loose in the streets again, as their parents had abandoned them.

On the boundary line of Penobscot and Hancock counties, Maine, there is a post, it is said, upon which a man may sit with his feet in Hancock county and his coattails hanging down in Penobscot county. He may take a pipe out of his pocket in Holden, tobacco out of a pocket in Bucksport, and lighting the pipe, blow smoke into the town of Dedham.

Lord George Hamilton recently said in parliament that the English system of primary education was the most expensive in the world. Sir Charles Dike thereupon asked the government to give official figures, asserting that the United States spent two or three times as much money on schools as England does. This is likely to be true, yet the results obtained probably justify Lord George Hamilton's statement.

Mrs. J. V. Bloomfield of Deerfield, Me., observed that her young child was restless and called a physician. An examination led him to believe the little one was suffering from some affliction of the blood and he advised poulticing the thigh. In a few days a full-sized needle was removed from the thigh, the theory of the doctor being that the child had at some time sat down upon it and that it had worked upward and out.

A scheme is on foot to double the area of Edinburgh by the annexation of certain rural districts and also the towns of Leith and Portobello. It seems that the present area of the city is less than ten square miles, while the population is more than 275,000. The present acreage of the city is 6,216 and the proposed rural extensions 5,780 acres. The area of Leith is 2,044 acres and the area of Portobello 257 acres, so that the area of the extended city would be 14,400 acres.

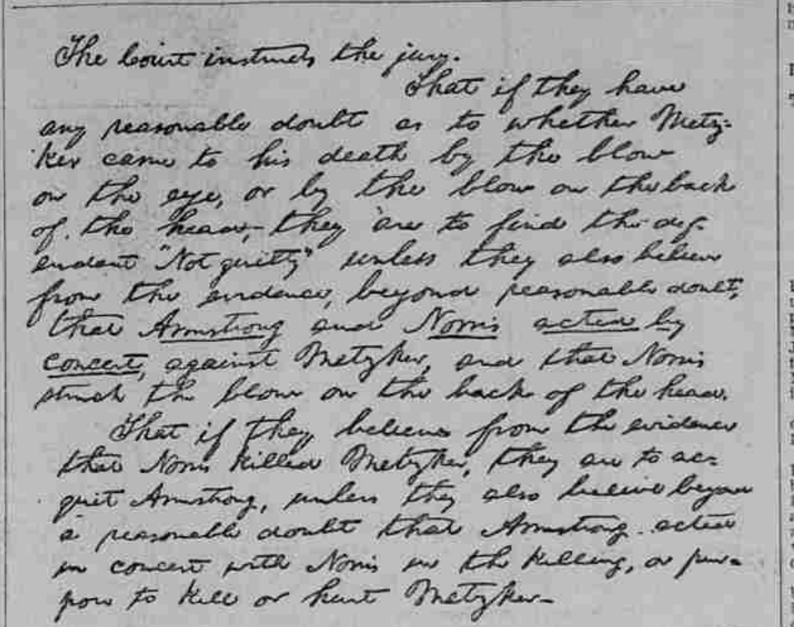
LINCOLN'S ELOQUENCE.

The Part It and an Almanac Played in a Celebrated Trial.

(Copyright, 1896, S. S. McClure Co.)

The most sensational criminal case in which Abraham Lincoln was ever engaged was that in which he defended Duff Armstrong, the son of the friends of his early years in Illinois, against the charge of murder. For years this case has figured with more or less detail in all biographies of Lincoln, and it has been made the most prominent episode in at least one novel of western life, Edward Eggleston's "The Graysons."

Although the hero of the case, Duff Armstrong, is still living, no one has ever been able until now to get a statement from him for publication. Mr. J. McCan Davis, of Springfield, Ill., has, however, recently persuaded Armstrong to tell what he remembers of the broil in which he was supposed to have murdered a companion, and also of the trial in which Lincoln secured his release. Armstrong is now in his sixty-third year, and has long been a respected citizen of the little village of Ashland, in which he spends most of his time. He has been, for several years, a member of the Christian church. His trial for the murder of "Pres" Metzker is a subject he seldom talks about; he would fain forget it, and those about him have not often been inquisitive.



The Court instructs the jury.
That if they have any reasonable doubt as to whether Metzker came to his death by the blow on the eye, or by the blow on the back of the head—they are to find the defendant "Not guilty" unless they also believe from the evidence, beyond reasonable doubt, that Armstrong and Norris acted by concert, against Metzker, and that Norris struck the blow on the back of the head.
That if they believe from the evidence that Norris killed Metzker, they are to acquit Armstrong, unless they also believe beyond a reasonable doubt that Armstrong acted in concert with Norris in the killing, or purpose to kill or hurt Metzker.

LINCOLN'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE JURY IN THE ARMSTRONG CASE.

DUFF'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIGHT WITH "PRES" METZKER.

The accounts hitherto printed he pronounces glaringly inaccurate. This is his own story of the alleged murder and of the trial:

"It was on a Saturday night, and camp meeting was over for the day. In the edge of the grove were three bars where liquor was sold. Here gathered all the men and boys who came to camp meeting to drink whisky and have a good time—and a great many went for no other purpose. I had been at the meeting two days and had been drinking much, but I was then becoming sober. It was probably 10 o'clock when I found a big goods box not far from the bars, and I stretched myself out for a night's sleep. Up to this time 'Pres' Metzker and I had been good friends; but 'Pres' had been drinking and was in an ugly mood. He came along, making a great deal of noise, and said to me: 'D—n you, get up!' Then he grabbed my legs and pulled me off. In a few minutes he jerked me off again.

I said, 'Let me alone, Pres; I am sleepy.' He went away, but soon came back and pulled me off a third time, and took my hat, threw it upon the ground and stamped it. He said I had no business there; that I ought to be at hime picking up chips for my ma." I told him that was none of his business; and then I walked over to one of the long counters and called for a drink of whiskey. He followed, and just as I lifted the glass to my lips he caught me by the throat, spilling the whiskey. I set down my glass and turned around and said to him: 'Pres, if you do that again, I will knock you down, if you are bigger than I am; you have run this thing far enough.' He had a loaded whip in his hand, and was determined to have a fight with me. I hit him a terrible blow, knocking the skin from one of my knuckles. We clinched and 'Pres' rather got the best of me. I was strong for one of my size and was able to catch him and throw him back over me. He got up first and came at me again. Then we fought like tigers. At last he got me under him. More than a hundred people stood by watching us fight, and when the boys saw 'Pres' was getting the best of me they pulled him off. We walked up to the bar, each taking a drink of whiskey; we bumped glasses and were friends again. But 'Pres' had not gotten through with me. As we stood there, without any warning, he hit me a blow on the upper lip. He was going to hit me with a glass, when another man said: 'Set that down; if you strike him with that glass I will kill you.' Then we parted. Metzker stole a quilt from a buggy near by, and wrapping it around him, walked off to bed. I saw nothing more of him until the next morning, when he walked to the bar with the stolen quilt still around him. His right eye was swollen shut. He bathed it with a glass of whiskey; drank another glass, and then mounted his horse and rode away. Several days after that he died. Then the officers came and arrested me and put me in jail.

"I had a preliminary examination at Havana, and was held without bail. All the bad luck in the world seemed to come to me now. On this very day my father, 'Jack' Armstrong, died. On his deathbed he said to my mother: 'Hannah, sell everything to clear 'Duff.' These were almost his last words. I was a kind of favorite with my ma and pa both. I always staid at home with them.

LINCOLN'S DEFENSE.

"After the change of venue to Beardstown, Lincoln told my mother he would defend me. At the trial I had about twenty-five witnesses. The strongest witness against me was Charles Allen. He was the witness that swore about the moon; he swore it was a full moon and almost overhead. 'Uncle Abe' asked him over and over about it, but he stuck to it. Then he said he saw me strike Metzker with a slung-shot. 'Uncle Abe' asked him to tell how it was done. He got up and went through the motion; struck an over-hand blow, just as he declared he saw me do by the light of the full moon. 'Uncle Abe' had him do it over again. After Allen's testimony everybody thought I would be convicted. After 'Uncle Abe' had talked to the jury a little while, he said: 'Now, I will show you that this man Allen's testimony is a pack of lies; that he never saw Armstrong strike Metzker with a slung-shot; that he did not witness this fight by the light of the full moon, for the moon was not in the heavens that night.' And then 'Uncle Abe' pulled out the almanac and showed the jury the truth about the moon; I do not remember exactly what it was—whether the moon had not risen, or whether it had set; but whatever it was, it upset Allen's story completely. He passed the almanac to the jurors and they all inspected it. Then 'Uncle Abe' talked about the fight, and showed that I had acted in self-defense and had used no weapon of any kind. But it seemed to me 'Uncle Abe' did his best talking when he told the jury what true friends my father and mother had been to him in the early days, when he was a poor young man at New Salem. He told how he used to go out to 'Jack' Armstrong's and stay for days; how kind my mother was to him, and how, many a time, he had rocked me to sleep in the old cradle. He said he was not there pleading for me because he was paid for it; but he was there to help a good woman who had helped him when he needed help. Lawyer Walker made a good speech for me, too, but 'Uncle Abe's' beat anything I ever heard.

"As 'Uncle Abe' finished his speech, he said: 'I hope this man will be a free man before sundown.' The jury retired and nearly everybody went to supper. They left me there with the sheriff, my brother Jim and a parcel of boys. The jury was in a room near by, and it was not over five minutes after they went out when I heard them talking and laughing, and my heart beat a little faster. As soon as the judge and lawyers got back from supper, the jury was brought in. They had to pass me, and I eyed them closely for some hopeful sign. One of them looked at me and winked. Then I knew it was all right; and when the foreman handed up the verdict of not guilty, I was the happiest man in the world I reckon.

AFTER THE TRIAL.

"Now, my mother was not in the court room when the jury came in; and it is all stuff about her fainting and falling into my arms. She was away somewhere; I don't know just where. That night she went home with Jim Dick, the sheriff; I went home with Dick Overton, and as we went down the court house steps he slipped a $5 bill into my hand. 'Uncle Abe' would not charge my mother a cent; he said her happiness over my freedom was his sufficient reward.

"The almanac used by Lincoln was one which my cousin, Jake Jones, furnished him. On the morning of the trial, I was taken outside the courtroom to talk to Lincoln. Jake Jones was with us. Lincoln said he wanted an almanac for 1857. Jake went right off and got one, and brought it to 'Uncle Abe.' It was an almanac for the proper year, and there was no fraud about it. The truth is there was no moon that night; if there was, it was hidden by clouds. But it was light enough for everybody to see the fight. The fight took place in front of one of the bars, and each bar had two or three candles on it. I had no slung-shot; I never carried a weapon of any kind—never in my life. Metzker had a loaded whip, but he did not attempt to use it on me. It was only a fist fight, and if I killed 'Pres' Metzker I killed him with my naked fist.

"The night after the trial, Lincoln made a speech in Beardstown. The next morning, he got the judge and the lawyers and all the big men together, and then called me and my mother, and commenced talk about old times. He told me the first match he ever saw; Jim Long, of Petersburg, had it. He told about the Clary's Grove set, and for an hour kept everybody laughing. I remember his telling how 'Put' Greene went off somewhere and sold a horse for $35. When he got home he felt pretty rich—so rich he hardly knew what to do with all his wealth—and would go around and ask the boys if they had any money. If they said 'no' (as most of them did) 'Put' would give them some. This seemed very funny to Lincoln.

DUFF ARMSTRONG.

"James H. Norris was indicted with me for the killing of Metzker. He was tried at Havana before my trial was had. Now, he had no more to do with the fight than any of the other bystanders; but he had killed a man sometime before, and had gotten clear, and everybody seemed to think this would be a good chance to give him his just deserts. So they sent him to the penitentiary for eight years.

"When the war broke out, the four brothers of us enlisted in the army. Jim was wounded at Belmont; Pleasant died. I served on until near the end of the war, when mother took a notion she wanted me. People laughed at her when she said she would write to the president; but she said, 'Please goodness, I am a-going to try it.' She got 'Squire' Garber, of Petersburg to write to 'Uncle Abe;' and in a few days mother got a telegram signed 'A. Lincoln' telling her I had been honorably discharged. At that time I was at Elmira, N. Y., helping pick up deserters, and a discharge was the last thing I was dreaming of."

Did you ever think how readily the blood is poisoned by constipation? Bad blood means bad health and premature old age. DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills, overcome obstinate constipation. For sale by Nelden-Judson Drug Co.

BIKE AND BLOOMERS.

Ten thousand cyclists of both sexes assembled on the South Park meadow, in Rochester, N. Y., a few evenings ago to protest against a city ordinance forbidding their riding on sidewalks, and providing for the carrying of lamps and bells.

An Emancipated Candidate.—
The girl was small, but her tears were big
As she wept o'er her books and toys;
And she sobbed: "It's a shame that I haven't the same
Advantages as the boys.
I can't carry tops nor my pieces of string,
Nor my marbles, if I were to win them,
I've just got to cry 'cause my mother won't buy
Me some bloomers with big pockets in them."
—Washington Times.

Millie—"It looks as if the bicycle would drive the horse out of existence."
Leavitt—"Not a bit of it. The more bicycles there are the more they will need horses."
Millie—"What for?"
Leavitt — "Ambulances."—New York Herald.

The Bloomer Girl.—
Blessings on thee, woman-man,
Cycling maid, with leggins tan;
With thy red cheeks, redder still,
Flushed by pedaling up the hill;
With the merry whistled tunes,
And thy bloomer pantaloons:
From my heart I give thee joy—
Thou canst ride now—like a boy.
—New York Press.

Thousands of plumbers who have bought bicycles are to be prevented from using them during business hours by a peremptory order which the Plumbers' Union of Indianapolis has requested M. J. Cunahan, general secretary of the National Plumbers' Association, to issue. Mr. Cunahan is considering when he will issue the order.

James M. Kinney, secretary of the Indianapolis Plumbers' Union, has written a letter to Mr. Cunahan in which he says:

"At our last meeting it was unanimously declined not to allow any of our members to ride bicycles during work hours, for the reason that a man doing job work and riding a wheel can do as much work as three plumbers on foot. We wish you would kindly see what the locals think of it."

The matter is to be brought before the board of walking delegates of the building trades and the building trades section of the Central Labor Union. If a no-bike decree is issued the cycling plumbers will probably secede from the union.—New York World.

Rev. William McNicholl, of Westville Conn., considers Sunday bicycling one of the evidences that our institutions are in jeopardy.

"The attractions of Father Thames are nowhere this season beside the charms of the bicycle," writes an English authority. "So far the river has been almost deserted in the lovely spring weather, most of the former oarsmen and oarswomen going a-wheeling instead."

It is wonderful how the wheel has widened fair woman's world. No more does the sun come up at the curbstone in front of her abode and set in the alley at the rear. Her horizon is as wide as man's, and she goeth wheresoever she listeth. Parlor and kitchen and all that constituted her prison-house are left behind as she pumps her way into the joyous current of life. Adown city streets with their restless throngs, along the smooth sweep of the boulevard, following the leafy windings of the island park, or out into the greeness of the surrounding country, the matronly cyclist speeds blithesomely onward. Adieu for the time to the demands of a workaday, domestic world—they can wait a few hours' wheeling. A parting wave to approaching callers—let them join the bike contingent. Regrets to cooks and seamstresses—let them catch her. On, on, on—the wheel waits for no one.

How much the wheel is doing to dispel the notion that wives and mothers must renounce the exhilarations of which youth delights, that they must shake their heads sorrowfully and say: "We have no part in the outdoor pastimes of the young and merry." The wheel has recalled the middleaged from such banishment. It has carried them out into the tide of invigorating diversion and health-renewing exercise. It has rescued them from physical thraldom. It is giving strength to flabby muscles, the glow of health to cheeks that were growing colorless, the blessing of appetite to dyspeptic and dispirited women. Better than a plunge into the fountain of perpetual youth is the daily spin on the wheel, and it beats all the tonics in the world. The new woman physically will ride in on the wheel.—Detroit Free Press.

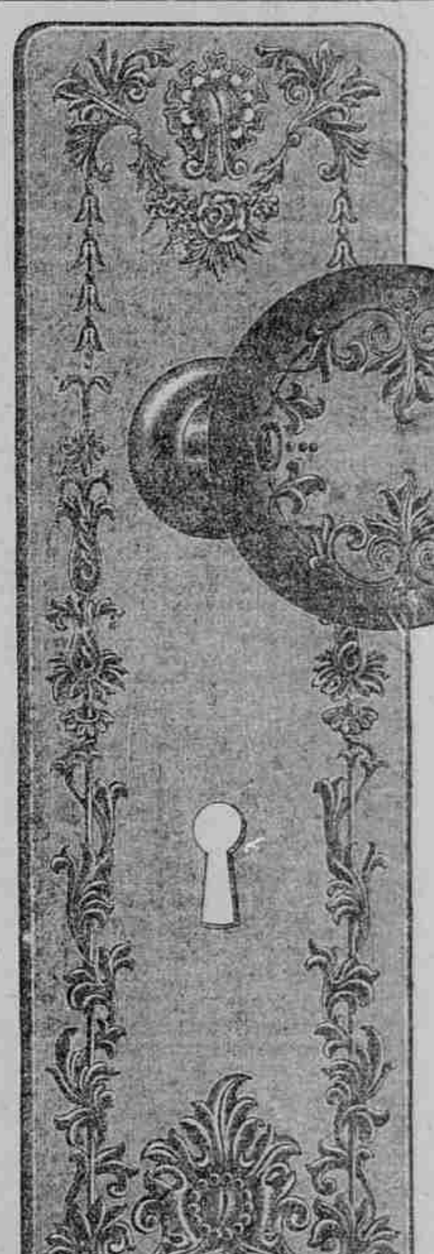
"I niver knew such a woman fur borryin' thrubble," remarked Mrs. Dolan, "as is Mrs. Rafferty next dure."
"She is," replied Mr. Dolan.
"Oi had rayson ty notice thot same pecularity yisterday afternoon while yes wor out."
"Yes did?"
"Yes. She kem over an' got the loan av yer bicycle."—Washington Star.

An Augusta (Me.) youth rents his bicycle for an afternoon, using the proceeds to attend the ball games.

"Bicycles and Dogs Not Admitted," is a sign at the entrance to the New York Bay cemetery in Jersey City.

Constantine, King of Scots, punished drunkenness with death. He used to say that a drunkard was but the mimic of a man, and differed from the beast only in shape. A. D. 870. Drunkenness was restrained in the commonalty in England in 975; and by several later laws.

Mrs. R. DeYoung, Middleburg, Ia., writes: I have used One Minute Cough Cure for six years, both for myself and children, and I consider it the quickest acting and most satisfactory Cough Cure I have ever used. For sale by Nelden-Judson Drug Co.



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