

PASSENGER ELEVATORS.

RESULT OF A TRIP THROUGH THE UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE.

Writer Wellman Thinks You May Judge of a People by Their Elevators. "Lifts" on the English Delight to Demolish Them—American Elevators in the Lead.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—On the top floor of the United States patent office I came upon a large glass case filled with models of passenger elevators. I thought at once of the entertaining accounts of the English and European elevator or "lift" which Murrat Halstead has been writing. At a glance one would say some of the elevators in this case presented the plans on which the foreign "lifts" were built—climby, complicated, slow, but strong and safe. Somehow or other the thought naturally follows that you can tell a people by their elevators. The elevator has become such an important feature of our civilization that it partakes of the characteristics of the people who make and use it, and when it goes to a city or country, the inhabitants can be pretty well judged by the manner in which they carry you ver-

modern architecture and added millions upon millions of dollars to the value of city blocks. It is the elevator which makes it possible for the owner of a valuable piece of ground to rent ten floors to better advantage than he could formerly rent four. It is the elevator that has made it possible to build the great hives of humanity, a thousand workers under one roof, now so commonly found in the large cities.

The elevator has even invaded the private house, and a number of patents have been taken out within the last year on machines particularly designed for use in residences. In New York there are a hundred houses with elevators, and many in Chicago, Boston and other cities. In the residence of Cyrus W. Field there are two "lifts," both of them beautiful pieces of machinery, and ornamental and attractive as furniture. It is now the popular thing to have a residence elevator, with carved woods in the car, rich upholstery and nickel plated cylinders. Even the White House has an elevator, though a very little one, just large enough for two persons to squeeze in, and not two if they are both as fat as President Cleveland was. Mr. Cleveland, by the way, is the last man that used this elevator, as it has not been kept in running order since he left the White House. There is not much use for it at that. It was put in for the accommodation of Gratiano Garfield, who was to submit to walk upstairs, and then the assassin Gaitan came along and spoiled Grandma's proposed visit to her son. The elevator has been an unlucky one from the start. Two White House employes have been hurt by it, and one nearly lost his life.

This case of models in the patent office, and the hundreds of inventions for which no model was furnished, are strongly suggestive of the ingenuity, the resources of man. The experts tell us all elevator machinery is very simple, and yet here are nearly eight hundred patents on elevators and parts thereof. Some of them do not appear to be very simple, either.

The elevator in its present form is the growth of the last twenty years, and therefore nearly everything about it is still protected by patent. This explains why elevators cost from one thousand to two thousand dollars. In the residence of Cyrus W. Field there are two "lifts," both of them beautiful pieces of machinery, and ornamental and attractive as furniture. It is now the popular thing to have a residence elevator, with carved woods in the car, rich upholstery and nickel plated cylinders. Even the White House has an elevator, though a very little one, just large enough for two persons to squeeze in, and not two if they are both as fat as President Cleveland was. Mr. Cleveland, by the way, is the last man that used this elevator, as it has not been kept in running order since he left the White House. There is not much use for it at that. It was put in for the accommodation of Gratiano Garfield, who was to submit to walk upstairs, and then the assassin Gaitan came along and spoiled Grandma's proposed visit to her son. The elevator has been an unlucky one from the start. Two White House employes have been hurt by it, and one nearly lost his life.

tically, and by the sort of machine which they use in doing so. Mr. Halstead has told us what the English elevator is like—just what you would expect it to be like—strong, slow, clumsy, patience trying, but reliable. That is the national elevator of Great Britain, and probably the type is little varied in different cities. But in America the elevator in which you ride in New York is not like the elevator used by the Philadelphians, nor yet like that in which Chicagoans travel from basement to roof.

It is a very odd fact, pointed out to me on excellent authority, that the elevator has really had its greatest development in the west. The irrepressible man of statistics comes to our aid with the figures to show that Chicago uses a greater number of elevators than New York, and St. Paul and Minneapolis together a greater number than Philadelphia or Boston. This can be easily explained. It is not that the people of the east are more fond of walking up stairs than their friends of the west, but that the cities of the latter group had their growth chiefly after the elevator had assumed its present importance as a labor and time saver. New buildings in the west—and these western cities are largely composed of new buildings—are arranged for one or more elevators just as they are provided with roofs and drainage. No longer is the elevator looked upon as a luxury—it is a necessity, and so the west has had a greater number of structures in the older cities were built, and these ancient houses wait and wait in vain for the day when the proprietors will see it to their advantage to tear them down and replace them with modern structures, elevators and all.

The fastest elevator in the world is the Chicago elevator. This is conceded by all authorities, and nobody denies that it is in keeping with the characteristics of the place. Chicago is a rapid town. The elevator expert of the patent office says the average speed of Chicago "lifts" is about 400 feet per minute, nearly all of the elevators in the large blocks running 500 feet or more per minute. In the great office buildings of that city there is no little rivalry in elevator speed, each new builder trying to outdo those who have preceded him. To people from the country it is a somewhat novel experience to be shot up to the roof of a tall building, past floor after floor in such rapid succession as to make one almost dizzy. At the coming down is a more unpleasant thing, owing up for the sudden stops jar and shake many passengers into something akin to vertigo. Thousands of Chicago people will not ride on the rapid running elevators, and in one large office building of that city, where there are six elevators, two of them are run at a slow speed for the especial convenience of passengers with weak nerves or susceptible stomachs. On the wire network which surrounds most elevators I remember having seen in a Chicago building a placard, telling people who were afraid of rapid traveling to take the stairs. It is needless to say, however, that the average Chicagoan likes his elevators, as everywhere else, about as fast as it is possible for it to go.

The other extreme is reached in the city of Washington, where there are very few elevators except those in the government buildings. Nearly all of these are as slow as snails. They creep lazily up and down, the doors are opened in a leisurely way by the attendants, and nobody seems to be in a hurry. This is in striking contrast to the methods used in western cities, where doors are opened and closed with a snap and a bang irritating to the nerves of timid passengers. In the government offices the elevators are large, roomy concerns, two or three times as large as those of the east, and nobody seems to be in a hurry. This is in striking contrast to the methods used in western cities, where doors are opened and closed with a snap and a bang irritating to the nerves of timid passengers. In the government offices the elevators are large, roomy concerns, two or three times as large as those of the east, and nobody seems to be in a hurry. This is in striking contrast to the methods used in western cities, where doors are opened and closed with a snap and a bang irritating to the nerves of timid passengers.

New York and Philadelphia strike a happy medium between Chicago and Washington. Their elevators are run neither at breakneck speed nor at so slow a pace as to try one's patience. In New York it is said there are now about 3,500 elevators, and in Chicago nearly 4,000. Of the "lifts" in New York more than 125 run to exceed 100 feet, the longest distance traveled being to the tower of the Produce Exchange—235 feet. In Chicago the tallest shaft in which an elevator runs is that leading to the tower of the new Auditorium building—about 250 feet. The highest elevator in the country is in the Washington monument, and that runs 500 feet. It travels at a rate of a little less than a hundred feet a minute, which is just about the speed an active boy or man can make running down the stairway.

The elevator has fairly revolutionized

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

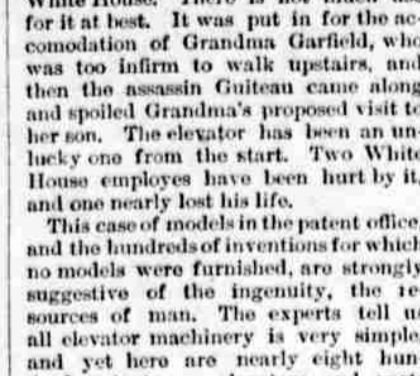
Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

"Ha, Eagle!" cried a familiar voice in French, calling him by his regimental nickname, "how goes it, old comrade? We never could find out why Nikolai Pavlovitch (Nicholas, the son of Paul) went there in the Caucasus, in such a hurry; but, anyhow, it was the luckiest event of his life!"

"So it seems now," answered Prince Bariatinski, with a momentary cloud upon his handsome face; "but I can tell thee that at the time I thought otherwise."

And probably the grand duchess had thought otherwise, too; for although she and Bariatinski never met more, it was whispered that she never wholly forgot the handsome young officer who had been so strangely taken out of it.



A TYPICAL CASE. The elevator which they use in doing so. Mr. Halstead has told us what the English elevator is like—just what you would expect it to be like—strong, slow, clumsy, patience trying, but reliable. That is the national elevator of Great Britain, and probably the type is little varied in different cities.

ally, and by the sort of machine which they use in doing so. Mr. Halstead has told us what the English elevator is like—just what you would expect it to be like—strong, slow, clumsy, patience trying, but reliable. That is the national elevator of Great Britain, and probably the type is little varied in different cities. But in America the elevator in which you ride in New York is not like the elevator used by the Philadelphians, nor yet like that in which Chicagoans travel from basement to roof.

It is a very odd fact, pointed out to me on excellent authority, that the elevator has really had its greatest development in the west. The irrepressible man of statistics comes to our aid with the figures to show that Chicago uses a greater number of elevators than New York, and St. Paul and Minneapolis together a greater number than Philadelphia or Boston. This can be easily explained. It is not that the people of the east are more fond of walking up stairs than their friends of the west, but that the cities of the latter group had their growth chiefly after the elevator had assumed its present importance as a labor and time saver. New buildings in the west—and these western cities are largely composed of new buildings—are arranged for one or more elevators just as they are provided with roofs and drainage. No longer is the elevator looked upon as a luxury—it is a necessity, and so the west has had a greater number of structures in the older cities were built, and these ancient houses wait and wait in vain for the day when the proprietors will see it to their advantage to tear them down and replace them with modern structures, elevators and all.

The fastest elevator in the world is the Chicago elevator. This is conceded by all authorities, and nobody denies that it is in keeping with the characteristics of the place. Chicago is a rapid town. The elevator expert of the patent office says the average speed of Chicago "lifts" is about 400 feet per minute, nearly all of the elevators in the large blocks running 500 feet or more per minute. In the great office buildings of that city there is no little rivalry in elevator speed, each new builder trying to outdo those who have preceded him. To people from the country it is a somewhat novel experience to be shot up to the roof of a tall building, past floor after floor in such rapid succession as to make one almost dizzy. At the coming down is a more unpleasant thing, owing up for the sudden stops jar and shake many passengers into something akin to vertigo. Thousands of Chicago people will not ride on the rapid running elevators, and in one large office building of that city, where there are six elevators, two of them are run at a slow speed for the especial convenience of passengers with weak nerves or susceptible stomachs. On the wire network which surrounds most elevators I remember having seen in a Chicago building a placard, telling people who were afraid of rapid traveling to take the stairs. It is needless to say, however, that the average Chicagoan likes his elevators, as everywhere else, about as fast as it is possible for it to go.

The elevator has fairly revolutionized

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

ally, and by the sort of machine which they use in doing so. Mr. Halstead has told us what the English elevator is like—just what you would expect it to be like—strong, slow, clumsy, patience trying, but reliable. That is the national elevator of Great Britain, and probably the type is little varied in different cities. But in America the elevator in which you ride in New York is not like the elevator used by the Philadelphians, nor yet like that in which Chicagoans travel from basement to roof.

It is a very odd fact, pointed out to me on excellent authority, that the elevator has really had its greatest development in the west. The irrepressible man of statistics comes to our aid with the figures to show that Chicago uses a greater number of elevators than New York, and St. Paul and Minneapolis together a greater number than Philadelphia or Boston. This can be easily explained. It is not that the people of the east are more fond of walking up stairs than their friends of the west, but that the cities of the latter group had their growth chiefly after the elevator had assumed its present importance as a labor and time saver. New buildings in the west—and these western cities are largely composed of new buildings—are arranged for one or more elevators just as they are provided with roofs and drainage. No longer is the elevator looked upon as a luxury—it is a necessity, and so the west has had a greater number of structures in the older cities were built, and these ancient houses wait and wait in vain for the day when the proprietors will see it to their advantage to tear them down and replace them with modern structures, elevators and all.

The fastest elevator in the world is the Chicago elevator. This is conceded by all authorities, and nobody denies that it is in keeping with the characteristics of the place. Chicago is a rapid town. The elevator expert of the patent office says the average speed of Chicago "lifts" is about 400 feet per minute, nearly all of the elevators in the large blocks running 500 feet or more per minute. In the great office buildings of that city there is no little rivalry in elevator speed, each new builder trying to outdo those who have preceded him. To people from the country it is a somewhat novel experience to be shot up to the roof of a tall building, past floor after floor in such rapid succession as to make one almost dizzy. At the coming down is a more unpleasant thing, owing up for the sudden stops jar and shake many passengers into something akin to vertigo. Thousands of Chicago people will not ride on the rapid running elevators, and in one large office building of that city, where there are six elevators, two of them are run at a slow speed for the especial convenience of passengers with weak nerves or susceptible stomachs. On the wire network which surrounds most elevators I remember having seen in a Chicago building a placard, telling people who were afraid of rapid traveling to take the stairs. It is needless to say, however, that the average Chicagoan likes his elevators, as everywhere else, about as fast as it is possible for it to go.

The elevator has fairly revolutionized

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

ally, and by the sort of machine which they use in doing so. Mr. Halstead has told us what the English elevator is like—just what you would expect it to be like—strong, slow, clumsy, patience trying, but reliable. That is the national elevator of Great Britain, and probably the type is little varied in different cities. But in America the elevator in which you ride in New York is not like the elevator used by the Philadelphians, nor yet like that in which Chicagoans travel from basement to roof.

It is a very odd fact, pointed out to me on excellent authority, that the elevator has really had its greatest development in the west. The irrepressible man of statistics comes to our aid with the figures to show that Chicago uses a greater number of elevators than New York, and St. Paul and Minneapolis together a greater number than Philadelphia or Boston. This can be easily explained. It is not that the people of the east are more fond of walking up stairs than their friends of the west, but that the cities of the latter group had their growth chiefly after the elevator had assumed its present importance as a labor and time saver. New buildings in the west—and these western cities are largely composed of new buildings—are arranged for one or more elevators just as they are provided with roofs and drainage. No longer is the elevator looked upon as a luxury—it is a necessity, and so the west has had a greater number of structures in the older cities were built, and these ancient houses wait and wait in vain for the day when the proprietors will see it to their advantage to tear them down and replace them with modern structures, elevators and all.

The fastest elevator in the world is the Chicago elevator. This is conceded by all authorities, and nobody denies that it is in keeping with the characteristics of the place. Chicago is a rapid town. The elevator expert of the patent office says the average speed of Chicago "lifts" is about 400 feet per minute, nearly all of the elevators in the large blocks running 500 feet or more per minute. In the great office buildings of that city there is no little rivalry in elevator speed, each new builder trying to outdo those who have preceded him. To people from the country it is a somewhat novel experience to be shot up to the roof of a tall building, past floor after floor in such rapid succession as to make one almost dizzy. At the coming down is a more unpleasant thing, owing up for the sudden stops jar and shake many passengers into something akin to vertigo. Thousands of Chicago people will not ride on the rapid running elevators, and in one large office building of that city, where there are six elevators, two of them are run at a slow speed for the especial convenience of passengers with weak nerves or susceptible stomachs. On the wire network which surrounds most elevators I remember having seen in a Chicago building a placard, telling people who were afraid of rapid traveling to take the stairs. It is needless to say, however, that the average Chicagoan likes his elevators, as everywhere else, about as fast as it is possible for it to go.

The elevator has fairly revolutionized

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

man's time and rank. Nicholas stated slightly, as if he were a familiar to him, and then he said coldly: "Follow me!"

So saying he led the young subaltern (who followed with as firm a step as if he were going to a court ball instead of to apparently certain death) away from the main front of the palace through a narrow passage, and was winding stairs into a small room which seemed to have no furniture beyond a chair, a writing table and a lamp suspended above it.

The czar seated himself, and looking keenly at the young Russian, said, in the deepest tones of his commanding voice: "Now, what have you to say?"

"Nothing," answered the guardsman, with the reckless courage of despair. "I might say indeed—and truly—that I know not who your imperial highness was, but I will not plead even that excuse. My life is in your majesty's hands—do with it as you will!"

His eyes met, and for a moment the two men gazed fixedly at each other in silence. Then the czar turned round to the table and began to write.

Was it a death sentence that was being written so quickly and coolly?

Suddenly Nicholas rose and handed him a sealed letter, addressed to the viceroy of the Caucasus.

"Take this letter," said he, "and stop not by day or night till you deliver it."

The young officer bowed, and departed without a word upon a journey of several thousand miles, which might very possibly have a violent and shameful death at the end of it.

Meanwhile Nicholas went back to the ball room, with the very ghost of a smile playing over his marble features, like moonlight upon a statue. He thought that he had merely got rid of a presumption, but was doubtless well pleased to have done so. What he had really done (though he himself never knew it) was to decide the event of a mighty war and to open a new chapter in the history of Russia.

Twenty years had passed since that night, and all St. Petersburg was in a fever of joy and triumph. The long war with the Czarina's mountain conquerors of the Caucasus was ended at last, and the terrible mountain chief, Schamyl, the life and soul of that desperate struggle, was entering the Russian capital as a prisoner, side by side with his conqueror, the great Prince Bariatinski. And Prince Bariatinski was no other than the grand duchess' former lover, the young officer of the Imperial guard.

Many changes had occurred since he left St. Petersburg on that memorable night, expecting to see it no more. The czar Nicholas had died by his own hand, with his iron heart broken by the disasters of the Crimean war. His daughter was far away, reigning over a loveless home and a crumbling kingdom; while her lover, the unknown subaltern of the guard, was now governor general of all southeastern Russia, knight of the Order of St. Alexander Nevski, and, for the moment at least, the most famous man in the whole Russian empire.

ally, and by the sort of machine which they use in doing so. Mr. Halstead has told us what the English elevator is like—just what you would expect it to be like—strong, slow, clumsy, patience trying