RAILWAY RIDING IN THE FUTURE

How It Will Be Possible to Go Two Miles a Minute.

ONE GREAT OBSTACLE IN THE WAY

Atmospheric Resistance Is the Present Insuperable Brake to Great Speed, but There Are Reasons for Believing That This Will One Day Be Overcome.

F. C. Adams, in the Times-Herald.

When E. E. Anderson rode a bicycle a mile in 1:03 he demonstrated beyond any possible doubt a scientific truth of vast importance. It has remained for a bicycle rider to absolutely prove the crudity and antiquity of modern passenger train construction and to demolish by a simple experiment the fine spun theories of those who attempt to defend the ridiculous railroad train of today.

Four years ago the writer made a series of original experiments and investigations, upon which were based certain inventions designed to overcome the atmospheric resistance of railroad trains. The purely mechanical problems are easy of solution. The main subject of contention is in regard to the accuracy of the assertion, "Atmospheric resistance is the all-predominating factor in the total of train frictions." If Anderson's new famous ride proves anything, it proves the soundness of that assertion and forecasts a revolution in passenger train construction. The truth of my theory that train speeds are limited by air resistance has been affirmed by scores of best engineering experts in this country and in Europe, but no step has yet been taken for a practical demonstration.

So long as the prevailing type of passenger car conformation exists, high speeds are impossible, except at ruinous waste of power and money, and even the present slow speeds can be maintained only at an enormous sacrifice of fuel, power and economy of operation.

Any object which attempts to attain a high rate of speed on this earth finds its greatest resistance from the atmosphere. This is true of a bullet, of an arrow, of a bird, of a bicycle rider, of a locomotive or a passenger train. It is a law of nature as well as of common sense that those bodies so shaped as to offer the least resistance can be propelled the more swiftly and economically. That is why an Indian points his arrow, that is why Krupp points his projectiles; that is why the sharp prowed ocean steamship is faster than a flat-headed scow; that is why fast passenger trains are generally late and it is because this law has been ignored that average train speeds have not increased in the last twenty years.

CYCLIST'S ADVANTAGE.

Anderson rode a bicycle at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. Why? Because he did not have to overcome but a small amount of atmospheric resistance. It is not claimed that Anderson is the greatest bicycle rider in the world. In his St. Louis ride, the factor which retards the rider under ordinary circumstance was eliminated. He was riding in a partial vacuum. The waves of air did not beat against and retard him. The all-important resistance to high speed was absent. It was simply a question of revolving a high-geared wheel at a certain speed and of keeping on the narrow track. It was a fact of skill and not of strength.

If the proper kind of a track is built and a locomotive with a square front and rear can be built with sufficient power to overcome the enormous air resistance incident to the speed required, Anderson, or some other rider, on a high-geared bicycle can make a mile in 45 seconds or less.

How fast can Anderson or any other man ride without being paced? Walter Sanger holds this record, and it is a mile in 2:00⅗. There is a vast difference between a mile in 1.03 and one in two minutes and over. It partially represents the influence of the air as a retarding factor in high speeds.

The analogy between the bicycle and the locomotive is almost perfect. The bicycle wheels correspond to the locomotive drivers; the bicycle rider is the power, and takes the place of the steam. The speeds of both bicycle rider and locomtive are retarded and limited by the same influences. Here are the frictions of bicycle and locomotive on a straight and level track:

First. Axle friction, which depends on the weight of the rider or of the locomotive, and is reduced by ball-bearings on other devices.

Second. Internal friction. On a locomotive this is the friction of its working parts; on a bicycle it is mainly the friction of the chain.

Third. Wheel friction. This is due in both bicycle and locomotive to imperfections in the roadway or track.

Fourth. Atmospheric resistance. This amounts to little at speeds below five miles an hour, but increases in proportion with the square of the velocity until it exhausts the power of the locomotive or bicycle rider.

This last friction is the only one which increases with speed. Eliminate this resistence and you remove the theoretical speed-limit of both bicycle and locomotive. It simply becomes a question of the agility of the rider's legs or the capacity of a steam cylinder to receive or discharge steam. A modern locomotive, not in motion, can revolve its wheels 250 miles an hour. Why can it not attain a speed approximating 250 miles an hour? Because the greater part of its power is exhausted in overcoming atmospheric resistance. A bicycle rider can pedal a high-geared wheel at the rate of 100 miles an hour. But he can attain a speed, when not paced, of but thirty miles an hour, and this only for a short distance. Why? Because the muscular power of the rider is exhausted in overcoming the air resistance due to speed.

WIND GIVES TROUBLE.

There is no theory about this. Every man, woman and child, who ever rode a bicycle knows, in a general way, that the air is the great force to be overcome. It requires no effort to ride with a favoring wind. It is the hardest kind of work pumping against a twenty-mile breeze. Only the most sturdy rider can make headway in a forty-mile wind. A head-wind is worse than grades, and more dreaded than muddy roads. The bicycle rider will agree with me that "atmospheric resistance is the all-predominating factor in the total of bicycle frictions."

The expert bicycle rider attains high speed just in proportion as he reduces atmospheric resistance. He first discovered that a greater speed could be made by bending the body to such an angle as would offer the least air pressure. Watch the professional rider and you will notice that his shoulders and body are on a horizontal plane. With an erect position high speed is an absolute impossibility. The horizontal position—so much ridiculed—reduces the air resistance to a minimum.

The next discovery made by the bicycle rider was that he could ride faster if paced. He also found that the closer he rode to the pacemaker the easier it was to maintain the speed. The explanation is simple. The pacemakers take the brunt of the air resistance, and the one being paced rides in a partial vacuum, where the air resistance is decreased. The only true test of the endurance of a bicycle rider is an unpaced run for any given distance, not in competition. In a race no rider cares to take the lead or set the pace. The man who sets the pace has to meet the unbroken impact of the air.

Bicycle speeds have been increased just in proportion as the pacemaking facilities have been improved. The single pacemaker, then the tandem, then the quad, then the horse, and now the locomotive. If a perfect vacuum can be provided, some rider will go a mile in thirty seconds.

In the last few years everyone—with the single exception of the passenger car builder—has discovered that the atmosphere has wonderful qualities of force and of resistance. A hurricane with a wind velocity of eighty miles an hour will level half the houses in a town and blow a passenger train from a track. This, however, has no significance to a car builder, who yet vainly imagines that a locomotive can haul a passenger train eighty miles an hour without encountering much atmospheric resistance. A wind storm will tear the solid masonry from the Eads bridge. A month later an inventor, who has designed a new and powerful locomotive, wonders why he cannot haul a few passenger cars at the rate of 100 miles an hour. The fact that a 100-mile gale will hurl a man into the air like a chip entirely escapes his attention.

A meteor wandering through space comes within the orbit of the earth and enters that intangible fluid we call the atmosphere. So great is the friction that the meteor instantly comes to a white heat, and fuses as a thin strip of glass cast into a blast furnace. And yet some alleged experts declare that atmospheric resistance is so small a factor that it may be ignored.

RESISTANCE ESTIMATED.

The modern passenger train is, of all things animate and inanimate, natural or artificial, the one exception that attempts, while defying a simple and self-evident law of nature, to attain a high velocity. The modern locomotive and passenger train is a succession of air-resisting planes, seemingly erected with the one object of retarding speed and nullifying the power exerted in the cylinders. Not until the existing construction of passenger trains is changed will high speeds be possible or any sped economical. At fifty miles an hour not less than 80 per cent. of the power of the locomotive is exhausted in overcoming the atmospheric resistance due to the speed of the train.

According to Smeaton, the most conservative authority on the subject, "wind resistance equals the square of the velocity of miles per hour divided by 200." Thus, at ten miles per hour the pressure in pounds per square foot is one half a pound; at twenty miles it is two pounds; at forty miles it is eight pounds; at sixty miles it is eighteen pounds; at eighty miles it is thirty-two pounds, and at 100 miles it is fifty pounds a square foot. That is why trains do not go 100 miles an hour, and it is the only reason why.

Suppose Smeaton is wrong and that the resistance is only half as much as he says, the fact will yet remain that atmospheric resistance is tht one and the only factor which prevents high speeds. It will be admitted that the pressure increases with speed; the faster a train goes the greater is the air resistance and that finally a limit is reached in its speed. Examine all your other train frictions. Not one of them increases with the speed. On the contrary, there is the highest authority for the statement that they decrease.

Now it would naturally be supposed in view of the fact that only one friction increases with speed, and the further fact that speed is a desirable thing in a railroad train, that some attention would be paid to this factor and an attempt made to lessen the amount of atmospheric resistance. But nothing has been done. A powerful tugboat hitched to a string of flat-headed mud scows stands as much show of attaining a marine time record as does a locomotive which attempts to haul a modern passenger train at a high rate of speed.

FURTHER FIGURING.

Make a single computation. Smeaton says that at sixty miles an hour the air resistance is eighteen pounds to the square foot. Recent tests show it to be more than this, but for sake of argument call it eighteen pounds to the square foot. No one can contend it is less than that. A locomotive offers 100 square feet of resisting surface. The first car opposes 130 square feet. Say there are eight cars. The Erie railroad estimates that all cars after the front one have an exposed surface equal to 40 per cent. of the front one. We will be conservative and call it 30 per cent. or thirty-nine square feet to each car. The rear car has a back which exerts a suction power equal to the direct resistance of the first car. Stand on the rear of a train and you will become convinced of the truth of this. That makes 130 square feet more. The air resisting surfaces of our train of eight cars are then as follows:

Locomotive	100 sq. ft.
First car	130 sq. ft.
Seven cars	273 sq. ft.
Rear car	130 sq. ft.
Total	633 sq. ft.

As a matter of fact, each of the cars has a direct front resistance and an equal back resistance which would amount to 273 square feet more, but we will not count this. We have 633 square feet which we are attempting to force through the air at the rate of a mile a minute. Take a flat car and build thereon a billboard twenty-four feet square and try to haul it sixty miles an hour. You cannot do it. What is more, you cannot haul eight passenger coaches under ordinary circumstances sixty miles an hour. Why? The air will not permit it.

Multiply 633 by 18 and you have the atmospheric resistance, which is now 10,854 pounds. The average passenger engine has a traction power of from 12,000 to 14,000 pounds. The train has wheel and axle frictions exceeding 4,000 pounds. These latter frictions are constant, and before sixty miles an hour is reached the capacity of the locomotive is exhausted. As a matter of fact, it is exhausted long before this. Take a time table and look at the speed of the alleged fast trains of the country. The fastest train from Chicago to Omaha avereages less than thirty-five miles an hour; the fastest train from Chicago to Denver thirty-two miles an hour; the fastest train from Chicago to New York less than forty miles an hour; the fastest regular train in the world about fifty-two miles an hour, with but four cars and especially constructed locomotives of enormous power.

HELD AS IN A VICE.

Critically observe the development of speed of a passenger train from the time it pulls out of a station until it attains its maximum speed. Assume a straight and level track and a still day. The speed increases rapidly up to twenty miles an hour. Then it is that some mysterious but powerful retarding influence begins to be felt. What is it? There are but four frictions. Three of them—wheel, axle and the internal friction of the locomotive—do not increase with speed. But hear the roar of the wind on this still day! At thirty miles it has increased, at forty miles the engineer "pulls her out" three or four notches, at fifty miles the stoker is a busy man, and unless the train is a short one the limit of speed is reached before a sixty-mile an hour speed is attained. A hurricane is sweeping past the train and is tugging with a giant's strength at every projecting surface. It whistles through the ventilating windows; it roars among the wheels and brakes. It is not safe to stand on the platform. The train is held as in a vice. The limit of speed has been reached. The atmospheric resistance has increased with the square of the velocity and the power of the locomotive is exhausted in the combat. The speed is maintained only at an enormous waste in fuel and power. No railroad company can maintain a passenger train service which averages a speed of forty miles an hour, to say nothing of sixty.

It should need no extended argument, no massing of statistical information to stamp the morden passenger locomotive and train as a mechanical monstrosity which should have been discarded years ago. If the present construction is right, then the lines of the yacht Defender are wrong, and a scow could have distanced the Valkyrie.

WASTE OF ENERGY.

If my theory is correct, the railroad companies of the United States are squandering millions of dollars annually in wasted fuel and power. The fuel bill of the railroads of this country exceeds $150,000,000 a year. This amount is subtracted from railroad dividends.

A proper and scientific train construction would reduce this vast amount by a material percentage. It is impossible to say how much until a practical experiment is made. Such an experiment can be made at an expense of les than $10,000. Larger sums have been advanced for scientific experiment of less interest an importance.

These inventions contemplate no expensive modifications in existing locomotive and car construction. The locomotive should have a sheared or pointed front, so as to cleave the air. From the front of the locomotive to the end of the rear platform of the last car, there should be no break in the continuity of the lines. The tender should vestibule to the locomotive and to the front car. The several cars should be vestibuled flush to the outside shell of the cars, and there should be no open space between cars where the air now strikes with speed-destroying force. The windows should be flush with the sides of the cars. The sides of the cars should curve down to the boxes of the car trucks, so as to reduce the air resistance of the running gear as much as possible. The surface of the entire train, from locomotive front to the tapered rear of the last car, should be as smooth and unbroken as a yacht or ocean steamship below the water line. The air for ventilating purposes should be admitted at the front of the tender and distributed through the train. The present method of pasesnger train ventilation is unworthy of a civilized people. The engine pours out smoke and stirs up dust. The car windows are then opened and this dust and smoke and grime cinders is swirled against the helpless and wretched passengers. At the front of the train there is an unlimited supply of pure air, and the speed insures its distribution the entire length of the train. The mechanical details are simple and have been provided.

With such a train present railroad speeds can be doubled without increase in fuel or power. With such a train present railroad speeds can be maintained with an enormous saving in fuel, power, comfort and safety. Railroad expenses would be reduced, patronage increased and greater dividends insured.

VULGARISMS OF SPEECH.

"Don't You Know" Is British Insolence—See?

"See?" is bad enough as a vulgarism of speech; "Don't you know?" is worse.

"See?" belongs to the grossly uncultivated. The voluble man of this class makes some trifling statement which he deems a shade above the plane of his most common utterance, and he calls attention to its intellectual grade by rounding it with the inquiry "See?" He says, for example: "My bicyle needed oiling, see?" In him it is pardonable. Being uncultivated there is no reason why it should occur to him that the inquiry is a useless, foolish and impertinent mannerism.

But "don't you know?" because it is used precisely the same irrational way by people of more or less claim to cultivation is unpardonable.

Some people no doubt say it when they are a bit embarrassed. Others have adopted the habit because they want to be regarded as having thr ugh familiarity fallen into the modes of swelldom. Still others use it occasionally and unconsciously because it is in the air. But the man who is sure of his thought and speech would sooner use his bootblack's "see?" than this inexcusable British affectation.—The Illustrated American.

THESPIANS WITH MONEY.

Della Fox owns a beautiful home in St. Louis, to say nothing of over $100,000 in jewels.

Emma Eames owns property in Paris.

De Wolf Hopper has money in the bank.

Francis Wilson can boast of a beautiful home in New Rochelle.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke put his stare money in Denver real estate. It is netting him large profits.

Clara Morris owns a beautiful home up the Hudson, to say nothing of valuable property in this city.

Frederick Warde owns valuable land in several western states. He has a strong faith in the future growth of Montana and Washington.

BARDDONIAETH SYR LEWIS MORRIS

With the Subtle Wiles of Woman Drawn from the Armory of Fate.

PHAEDRA PLOTS AGAINST EROS

She Infects the Old King with Jealousy, and Induces Him to Bid His Son to Drive Forth His Chariot Along the Ocean Sand—Other Interesting Notes.

Phaedra, who has been sacrificed as a girl to the old king as his second wife, knowing as yet nothing of true love, finds love kindle within her when she meets with his son Eros. She would fain fly with him to thier lands, leaving the king, his father, but filial duty restrains the youth from the act, and he places in her hand a scroll which treats:

Dearest, it may not be; I fear the gods;
We dare not do this wrong. I go from hence
And see thy face no more. Farewell! Forget
The love we may not own; go, seek for both
Forgiveness from the gods.

On this the love of Phaedra is incited to hate, and she plots against the life of Eros. "With the subtle wiles of a woman drawn from the armoty of hate" she infects the old king with jealousy and induces him to bid his son drive forth his chariot with fiery steeds along the ocean sands when a fierce storm is raging. The fearless youth obeys, but unwilling to prove his skill as a charioteer, and with the following result portrayed by the hand of a master. A witness of the thrilling spectacle, Phaedra says:

I saw a chariot
Upon the dotard's face, when now the steeds
Were harnessed and the chariot, on the sand
Along the circling margin of the bay,
Flew, swift as light. A sudden gleam of sun
Flashed on the silver harness as it went,
Burned on the brazen axles of the wheels
And on the golden fillets of the Prince
Doubled the gold. Sometimes a larger wave
Would dash in mist around him, and in fear
The rearing courser plunged, and then again
The strong young arm constrained them, and they flashed
To where the wave-worn foreland ends the bay.
And then he turned his chariot, a bright speck
Nor seen, nor hidden, but always, tho' the surge
Broke round it, safe; emerging like a star
From the white clouds of foam. And as I watched,
Speaking no word, and breathing scarce a breath,
I saw the firm limbs strongly set apart
Upon the chariot, and the reins held high,
And the proud head bent forward, with long locks
Streaming behind, as nearer and more near
The swift team rushed—until, with a half joy,
It seemed as if my love might yet elude
The slow sure anger of the god, dull wrath
Swayed by a woman's lie.

But on the verge,
As I cast my eyes, a vast and purple wall
Swelled swiftly towards the land; the lesser waves
Sank as it came, and to its toppling crest
The pume-flecked waters, from the strand drawn back,
Left dry the yellow shore. Onward it came,
Hoarse, capped with breaking foam, lurid, immense,
Rearing its dreadful height. The chariot sped
Nearer and nearer. I could see my love
With the light of victory in his eyes, the smile
Of darling on his lips; so near he came
To where the marble palace-wall confined
The narrow strip of beach—his brave young eyes
Fixed steadfast on the goal, in the pride of life
Without a thought of death. I strove to cry,
But terror choked my breath. Then, like a bull
Upon the windy level of the plain
Lashing himself to rage, the furious wave,
Poising itself a moment, tossing high
Its wind-vexed crest, dashed downward on the strand,
With a stamp, with a rush, with a roar.

And when I looked,
The shore, the fields, the plain, were one white sea
Of churning, seething foam—chariot and steeds
Gone, and my darling on the wave's white crest
Tossed high, whirled down, beaten, and bruised, and flung,
Dying upon the marble.

OTHER NOTABLE POEMS.

Two years after the publication of the "Epic of Hades," Mr. Lewis Morris published the poem entitled "Gwen," a drama in monologue. The scene of this poem is laid in Wales, and the heroine is the daughter of a Welsh parson—

A simple girl, half peasant, lithe and tall,
With deep blue eyes and hair of gold.

It is a sweet and pathetic story of a secret love-match between the heroine and the scion of an English aristocratic house.

In March, 1880, "The Ode of Life" appeared. This is a truely great poem, the chief charm of which is its lofty optimism, based on a firm belief in the Divine Fatherhood. We learn from this poem that though a Welshman, crudled in a narrower creed, our author has not proved false to the highest note of his great poetic teachers. For him, as for Tennyson "Nothing walks with aimless feet." For all human wrong, and loss, and misery, there is "hope of answer and redress, behind the veil." The bitter sea of human sorrow and human failure laves his feet, and chills him with its spray; but Robert Browning's silver crescent gleams God-lighted overhead, and he seems to chant as he moves onward the sweet refrain:—

On the earth the broken arc, in the heaven the perfect round.

The God in whom he trusts cannot suffer an infinite defeat or be loaded with an eternal sorrow. The curtain of our destiny is not dropped at the close of our suffering, tempted life. There is a large hope i. sed, not on the caprice of man, but on the unchanging love of God. We imerge from the infinite, and live our little life, and stumble amidst its flood, and pass on, but "His mercy endureth forever." Hence, the prayer of our author where he cries to the God of his life:

Take me, oh! Infinite Cause, and cleanse me of wrong!
Take me; take me to Higher Life through centuries long!
Cleanse me, by pain if need be, through aeons of days!
Take me, and purge me, still will I answer with praise.
There is no Death for ever!

The limits of our space forbid that we should deal in any adequate way with "Songs Unsung," issued in 1883, or with the tragedy bearing the title "Garcia," or with "Songs of Britain," published in 1887, or with the Odes on the Queen's Jubilee and on the "Imperial Institute (the latter written by request, owing to the illness of the laureate) for which Mr. Morris received the jubilee medal from the queen, who farther honored the poet by conferring a knighthood on Him in 1895.

We can only deal briefly with the poem bearing the date 1890, and which is entitled

"IDYLLS AND LYRICS."

This last volume from the pen of Sir Lewis Morris was published only a few weeks ago. There is a stirring trumpet-call in it under the title of "Armenia" which once more displays the warm heart of the writer, his hatred of injustice, and his keen sympathy with the oppressed. "A Modern Idyll," strikes a true note, and excels in descriptive powers and exquisite word music. On the whole we do not think that our author has written anything sweeter than this winsome poem. If we may take a passage from the contents to describe its quality, we may compare it with a "caressing breeze breathing upon sea and sky, and waking the leep into rippling laughter." In the "True Story of Damon and Pythias" Mr. Morris returns to his old love of Greek legend, and his lines abound with

The subtle music which attuntes
The chords of life to gracious Harmony.

The fine moral exaltation of this volume also impresses us most favorably. We trace it not only to the poet, but the preacher over whom the thought of God broods like the o'er-arching sky, and in whom the sense of duty reigns as a dominant and ennobling presence. Thus in one place the poet says:

To duty only let me kneel,
Her painful circlet on her brow!
To her my Queen, my head shall bow,
Not knowing, but content to feel?

All faint, all fade, all pass, but he
Shines clear for young and aged eyes,
High as the peaks which kiss the skies,
Profound as the unfathomed sea!

Here we conclude our sketch of one of the very foremost of contemporary poets. Thought, fancy, music, moral fibre, religious significance, and rich penetrative sympathy will all be found blended in his works. His mark is made upon the age he has enriched with the glow of his genius, and some of his finer creations promise to be as enduring as the language in which they are enshrined. We heartily commend his writings to all who can appreciate high thought expressed in noble verse.

NOTES

Caradog, the veteran conductor, is in poor health and is now at Portheawl doing his best to get well.

Crwn y Bedd, the home of some celebrated singers, is suggested as the proper spot for the erection of the national monument to Prince Llewelyn, the last of the Welsh princes.

A bicyclist named Michael, from Aberaman, broke the long distance record of the world at New York last week. The late Arthur Linton, one of the greatest cyclists of the world, who died recently, was also from this place.

Three hundred eggs are used every morning for breakfast in one of the hotels at Llandrindod, and in another hotel at the same place the poultry bill amounts to about four hundred dollars a week. And still some English people will call it "poor little Wales."

Probably the smallest Welsh colony in the world is at the foot of the Andes. Twenty-five Welsh emigrants from Patagonia, South America, have settled there. They are Welsh Methodists and want a minister. This would be a good place for him to play the poverty act.

The Rev. John Roberts, the Welsh missionary at the Khasia Hills, India, who is at present on a visit to Wales, is superintending a revised edition of the New Testament which is running through the press. The book is in the Khasi language and has been translated by Mr. Roberts.

A marriage will take place in October between Arthur Stuart Williams, of the Royal Horse Artillery, son of Judge Gwilym Williams, of Miskin Castle, and Margaret Johanna, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Smith, and niece of the late Mr. John Smith, of London. The Smiths and the Joneses have always been on very intimate terms, but it is a new departure for a combination between the Smiths and the Williamses, although the Williamses are rather a numerous family in Wales.

Sir Richard Bulkeley, of Baron Hill, is adding to his Welsh property. He has just purchased the estate of Cochle in Anglesey. A few years ago Sir Richard sold thousands of acres in Anglesey to his tenants, the farms being knocked down as they were held. A year ago he commenced to buy back some of the farms around Beaumaris, and this he seems inclined to continue. He is the chairman of the Anglesey Quarter Sessions and one of the most influential men in the island of Anglesey.

Plynlymon commands one of the finest if not the most extensive views in the whole of the United Kingdom. The distant prospect of the mountain is sublime. From Snowden to the Breconshire Beacons is a wide range. Yet these are the mountains that form the horizon to north and south on a clear day, while in all directions are seen silver streams meandering to the sea and lakes glistening like mirrors among the dark blue haze on the distant hills. Bendigedig!

Point is given to the complaint of English musicians who visit Wales that the principality hides its vocalists by the case of Mrs. J. S. Thomas. This excellent soprano has been singing in Llanelly and the district since childhood, but since she was "discovered" by Sir Joseph Barnaby at the National Eisteddfod two years ago she has been in request all over the country, and has now received a tempting invitation to go and tour South Africa for three months.

It is not in Cardiganshire alone that there are hospitable Unions. The only inn at Abbey Cwm Hir, in Radnorshire, is also known as the "Union." They consist of a Welshman riding the goat, the rider wearing a leek in his hat and holding a plate of beef in his hands. It is a very old place, but there is as much controversy about its exact age as there is about the old tradition that Prince Llewelyn was buried in the old abbey close by.

David Jenkins, Mus. Bach., when known as Jenkins Bach Trecastell, was a great conductor, and had the opportunity been given him in those days he would "have made very short work" of some of the great conductors "of the hills of Glamorgan." There is one man in America who remembers well the day "that he made short work" of Llew Llwyfo, Silas Evans and others "from the hills of Glamorgan" at an Eisteddfod held at the ancient town of Brecon some years ago, and it was in the chief choral competition. Did our friend Rhys Morgan, of Tonic Solfa eminence, sing with Jenkins Bach in those days?

A Welsh paper, "Papur Pawb" (everybody's paper), has just taken a plebiscite of its readers as to the most popular Welsh preacher, bard, author, musician and member of parliament. The result has placed the Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach) now of Pontypridd, at the head of the preachers, with Dr. Herber Evans running him very closely. Dafed leads the bards, with Ben Davies making a good second. Mr. O. M. Edwards is the most popular author, and is followed by Mr. Charles Ashton. Dr. Parry is the favorite musician, Mr. David Jenkins coming second; of the politicians, Mr. Lloyd George outstrips all competitors, the second favorite being Mr. Tom Ellis.

A good deal of amusement was caused at the Ebbw Vale eisteddfod by the mistake under which Professor Maldwyn Price gave the prize to the Merthyr male voice party instead of Rhymney. It was caused by mixing up the numbers of the choirs. A similar blunder was made at Porth by Dr. Rogers, and strange to say Mr. Price was his coadjudicator. For the reason, probably, when the Eisteddfod at Ebbw Vale was held, Mr. Price humorously said that "he must be careful in dealing with numbers"—a hint which gave much mirth to those who knew of the mistake at Porth. It was queer that he should fall to the same mistake as did Dr. Rogers, but at Ebbw Vale almost everybody in the building knew that Mr. Price had made a mistake; consequently there was not much difficulty in putting the matter right. Still, it caused much disappointment to the Merthyr party, whose members had commenced to congratulate themselves upon their victory.

Has the itinerant preacher became obsolete in Wales? Apparently this will soon be the case with the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists of Maesteg. Thus at Hermon Welsh Chapel the Rev. W. Griffiths, Warde, commenced duties as pastor last Sunday and the Rev. J. Rowlands, Bangor, will do the same as pastor of the English church at Trinity next Sunday. At Libanus (Garth) the Rev. H. W. Thomas, Cwmaman, has just been appointed pastor, and the Rev. W. H. Thomas, Tabor, is an old shepherd of the mother church of Calvinistic Methodism in "yr hen blwyf." To crown all, it is rumored that the Rev. David Phillips, Swansea, possibly the oldest Calvinistic Methodist minister in South Wales, is anxious to end his days at Maesteg, where he spent about forty years of his ministerial life. His son, the Rev. Martin Luther Phillips, B. A., has received a unanimous call to of Ponthdycyff church. The call has not the pastorate of Babell (Llangynwyd) and as yet been accepted, but Mr. Phillips, jun., has visited Maesteg frequently of late.

The Cardiff Mail, in its last issue, has the following to say of the great Denver Eisteddfod: "An eisteddfod, held under the auspices of the Incorporated Western Association of Colorado, has this week been held at Denver. Genial Judge Edwards, of Scranton, who paid a visit to these shores a couple of years back, was the Master of the Ceremonies—to quote the programme. The latter, by-the-bye, is an excellent production, teeming with the portraits of the adjudicators, officials, committee, etc., and contains an interesting, introductory article on the Welsh and the Eisteddfod by Mr. Lloyd Jones, the grand secretary. Eisteddfodwyr will be interested to know that the prize-list amounted to upwards of £1,000, and that choirs of 40 to 150 voices contested in the chief choral competition on "Hark! the Deep Tremendous Voice," and the "Lullaby of Life," unaccompanied, for prizes, first, £200, and second, £50.

In the history of music "on the hills" probably there has never been a change so remarkable as that which has just taken place at Dowlais, and the result of which will be produced either at the Cardiff Exhibition Eisteddfod in October or at the Dowlais Eisteddfod in December. Last year Dowlais was represented by two male voice choirs—one composed almost entirely of members of the Philharmonic Society, and conducted by Mr. John Davies (not the brother of Mr. Dan Davies). The other choir was under the baton of Mr. William James, and consisted in the main of singers who had refused to join Mr. Harry Evans' standard. There is much jealousy in Dowlais music, and, as it was freely rumored that Mr. James was receiving support from Mr. Dan Davies, Mr. Harry Evans boldly threw in his lot with Mr. John Davies' choir, and the latter won the prize, amid an outburst of excitement rarely seen in the town. But, as the late Lord Beaconsfield would say, "a great many things have happened since then." Rightly or wrongly—probably wrongly—Mr. John Davies has been accused of seeking to undermine Mr. Harry Evans' influence, and all the members of his former choir have now enlisted under the banner of Mr. William James, while Mr. Davies, picking up the gauntlet, has organized an entirely new choir, including many of the singers who owned Mr. James as their conductor last December. The upshot of this extraordinary change is being eagerly canvassed by the townspeople generally.

The Cambrian, Utica, N. Y.

SHE HID HER DOG.

And Got It Aboard the Train in Spite of Regulations to the Contrary.

From the New York Herald.

I saw a woman stop at the entrance to one of the big railroad stations the other day, removed her mackintosh and seize a handful or so of dog which had been trotting along beside her.

It was a very wise-looking dog, with long hair, which all but hid two eyes that told of rare sagacity.

"Don't you dare move," she said to the woolly thing. "Do you hear?" The dog heard and seemed to understand. "If you make any noise you're a dead dog," she continued. The wooly thing by its eyes, seemd to say that it understood.

She hid him under the cape of her mackintosh, one could have sworn that she had nothing under the cape but her arm. I supposed that she was going on a little way out of town. To my surprise she bought a sleeper ticket and paid $10 for her regular transportation.

There was never a whine or motion under the cape as she offered her ticket to be punched and passed through to the train. The woolly thing knew, it seemed, that dire things would befall if the sleeper were not reached in silence. Nothing short of X-ray glasses would have betrayed his mistress.

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What Sarah Bernhard says

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