

WIRELESS MESSAGES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

No scientific development of recent times has caused more interest throughout the world than the announcement of Guglielmo Marconi that he had received at St. John's, N. F., wireless electric signals from his station in Cornwall, England, a distance of about 1800 miles. That Marconi received these signals is generally accepted as a fact in the scientific world. The Marconi station in Cornwall is

has received unstinted encouragement. His recent success in signalling vessels at sea is a matter of general knowledge. In discussing his system not long ago Signor Marconi said: "To Mr. Hertz, of course, belongs the distinction of having discovered the electric waves, and by his experiments he proved that electricity in its progress through space follows the law of optics. Many others have made experi-



MARCONI, THE WIZARD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
—From New York Tribune.

a most powerful one. An electric force a hundred times greater than at the ordinary stations is generated there. Before he left England Signor Marconi arranged that the electrician in charge of the station, which is located at Poldhu, should begin sending signals daily after a certain date, which Marconi was to cable to him upon perfecting arrangements here. Marconi arrived at St. John's in about two weeks. He selected Signal Hill, at the entrance to the harbor, as an experimenting station, and moved his equipment there. The next Monday week he cabled to the Poldhu station orders to begin sending signals at 3 p. m. daily and to continue them until 6 p. m., these hours being respectively 11.30 a. m. and 2.30 p. m., St. John's time.

During these hours on the following Wednesday Signor Marconi elevated a kite, with the wire by means of which signals are sent or received. He remained at the recorder attached to the receiving apparatus, and, to his profound satisfaction, signals were received by him at intervals, according to the program arranged previously with the operator at Poldhu. These signals consisted of the repetition at intervals of the letter "S," which in Marconi's code is made by three dots or quick strokes. This signal was repeated so frequently and so perfectly in accord with the detailed plan arranged to provide safeguards against the possibility of a mistake that Signor Marconi was satisfied that it was a genuine transmission from England. Again on Thursday, during the same

ments in the same direction as I, but so far no one has obtained such results at anything approaching the distance as I have done with Hertzian waves. "Fog has no effect upon the signals, nor has even the most solid substance. The waves can penetrate walls and rocks without being materially affected."

"Is it possible," was asked, "to send



SIGNOR MARCONI.

many messages in different directions at the same time?"

"It is," was the reply, "but care must be taken to time the transmitters and receivers to the same frequency or 'note.'"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Country Boy Squelches Uncle.

He was a typical small boy, who lived in a well-to-do town in the western part of the State, with pride in his native home, and a vague idea that city people considered all outsiders as small potatoes and few in a hill at that.

Now, when his mother brought him to Milwaukee to visit her brother, he held his head proudly and intended to convey the idea that he and his were of some importance.

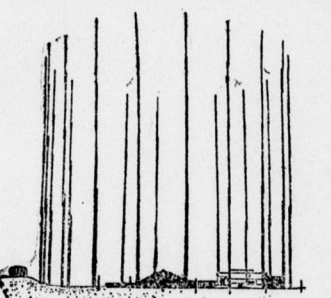
His uncle took him to see the different big buildings, including the Pabst Theatre, the library, the postoffice, and the various churches.

One Sunday they were seated in St. Paul's. The mother turned her head to take in the beauty of the pictured windows with their pretty colorings, and secretly wished her lot had fallen in the city, but the boy sat bolt upright as though such surroundings were very common to him.

When they reached home his uncle remarked: "Well, Tommy, the church is something grand compared with your buildings in C—."

With an impatient toss of his head, Mr. Impertinence announced: "It wouldn't make a woodbox for our Baptist Church!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Sometimes we only see the worst side of a man because his wife gets the best of him.

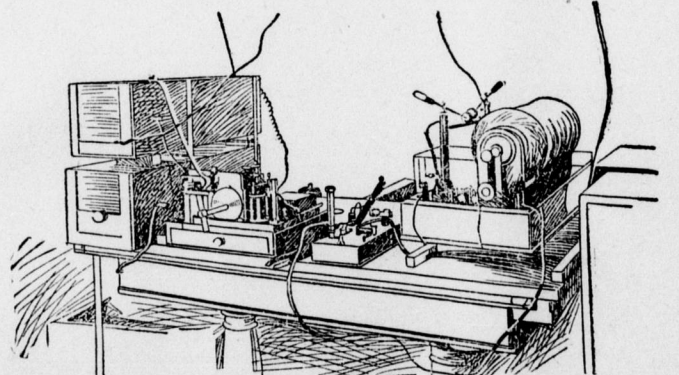


MARCONI WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION

hours, the kite was elevated and the same signals were renewed.

Should Marconi perfect his system of wireless messages across the ocean the results, of course, will be far-reaching and wonderfully important. Electrical experts have great confidence in Marconi, and there is a general belief that he will "make good" his claims.

Guglielmo Marconi was born near Bologna, Italy, April 25, 1874. He is, therefore, not yet twenty-eight years old. In 1896, when but twenty-two years old, he came into prominence. Prior to that time he had demonstrated in Italy the possibility of signalling without wires by means of the Hertzian waves. His experiments in his



INSTRUMENT AND APPARATUS FOR SENDING LONG DISTANCE MESSAGES BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY USED BY SIGNOR MARCONI.

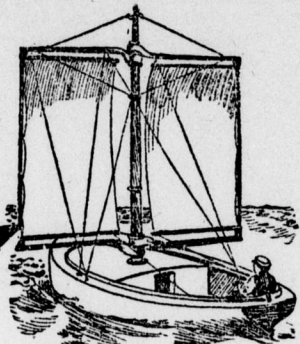
native country attracted but little attention. It was not until he went to England in 1896 that he secured scientific and financial backing. Since that time in this country and England he

The Sycamore flour mill in Upper Providence Township, Pennsylvania, which was burned recently, was said to be the oldest in the country, having been built in 1717.

A NOVELTY IN SAIL BOATS.

It Has Twin Sheets Equally Balanced Side by Side.

The queer-looking craft illustrated below has been designed by James P. Pool with the intention of improving the facilities for handling the sails and steering the boat. In place of the



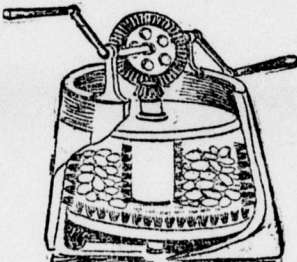
TWIN SAILS ON ONE MAST.

single sail projecting from one side of the mast on a long boom the inventor provides a pair of sails equally balanced on either side of the mast, and capable of adjustment in tacking or sailing with the wind to obtain the maximum speed with minimum strain on the mast. The sails are set in swinging frames secured to horizontal booms on the mast, with the free edge of each sail turned toward the mast and under easy control of the boatman in the stern of the vessel. Instead of easing off or drawing in the long main boom of a single sail in tacking or changing the course, the sailor swings the shorter booms of the new craft around on the mast until they reach the same angle that the old sail would have occupied, when the sails are adjusted in parallel planes and each receives an equal amount of wind, and consequently divides the strain and pulls evenly on the mast.

MACHINE POTATO PEELER.

The Tuber's Skin Rubbed Off by a Number of Brushes.

Here is the machine which is intended for use in hotels and boarding houses, where large quantities of potatoes must be peeled every day to supply the demand for the table. It is a French idea, invented by Justin Blanche, and is operated in the following manner: The vegetables to be peeled are placed in a kind of barrel, the inner periphery of which is furnished with brushes of special construction, while the movable bottom, which is likewise provided with brushes, receives a rapid rotary motion about a vertical axis, causing the tubers to revolve in the same direction, and in consequence of the centrifugal



BRUSHES THE JACKETS OFF THE TUBERS.

force thus developed, to be constantly thrown against the fixed brushes, which divests them of their jackets, the tub merely being partially filled with water to aid in the scrubbing and cleaning process. The brushes are made of either whalebone, bristles or horn, their stiffness serving to better peel the tubers.

First McKinley Memorial.

Accompanying is a picture of the monument to the late President William McKinley, unveiled at Tower, Minn., a few days ago, the first memorial to the murdered President. The shaft, which is of iron, resting upon a base of iron ore and a foundation of



concrete, was erected by the citizens of Tower and Soudan, Minn. There is a brass plate on each of the four sides, bearing the following inscriptions: "William McKinley. Born January 29, 1843. Elected President in 1896. Re-elected President in 1900. Assassinated September 6, 1901. Died September 14, 1901."

"The sturdy miners of Soudan and their children."
"The hardy lumbermen of Tower."
"The citizens of Tower and their children."

Value of Mustaches.

The manager of a Berlin cafe recently engaged some fourteen or fifteen waiters on the condition that they shaved off their mustaches. On being paid off, however, the waiters in a body demanded some equivalent for their sacrificed hirsute adornments, and after a long discussion the manager consented to allow six marks for each claimant.—Paris Figaro.

THE DEATH'S HEAD CARRIAGE.

A Strange Vehicle Which Napoleon Declined to Accept.

A carriage has been preserved in the Army of Schloss Friedenstein, Gotha, which has been called the "Death's Head carriage," says the Golden Penny. This strange vehicle was built by order of Duke August of Saxe-Coburg and Alenburg (1804-1822). Whether it was meant to represent a death's head is not quite clear, as it bears no other emblems of death, unless, perhaps, the "Mors Imperator" should be represented by the diamond-like lozenge wreath. A Beck is the only writer who reproduces any history of the "Death's Head carriage," and he says: "After the conclusion of the peace of Tilsit, the Duke August and his brother Frederick came to Dresden in order to meet the Emperor Napoleon (July 17, 1807), who was afterwards, on July 23, at the Castle Friedenstein, where he was festively received and magnificently entertained.



THE DEATH'S HEAD COACH.

The use of a splendid State coach, sent by the Duke for the Emperor, which had, however, the shape of a death's head, was refused by Napoleon."

The carriage is marvelous in color—the upper part of the body dark green leather, the lower painted in red, crimson, and gold, representing draped curtains, and the coachman's seat is in velvet of sage green and red, with old gold fringes. The rest of the carriage is painted gold, picked out with green; the inside is furnished with silk; the top, or ceiling, representing the sky, in blue, with gold stars.

Colonel Arthur Lynch.

Colonel Arthur Lynch, who has been elected to Parliament from Galway City, and whose right to take the seat will be contested because of his service



COLONEL LYNCH.

(Boer ally elected to Parliament.)

in the Boer army, is an Australian by birth. He is about forty years old, and was educated at Melbourne University. For a time he was an instructor of mathematics, and then entered the service of the Victorian Railway in the engineer's department. He drifted into journalism, and when the war broke out in South Africa he went to the front as a correspondent for a Paris newspaper. Prior to that he had been the Paris correspondent of a London paper. In 1892 he was candidate for Parliament in the Galway district, but was defeated by the anti-Parnellite candidate, Pinkerton.

Chicago's Tabloid Restaurant.

Even more expeditious and more deadly than the quick-lunch counter is the "tabloid restaurant" which an ingenious Chicagoan plans to establish. Instead of spending three minutes thirty-seven seconds in gulping a piece of pie and a cup of scalding hot coffee, one can there swallow a "compressed beefsteak" or a "protosed hash" in only one minute nineteen seconds, thus in a single year of 313 working days adding eleven hours fifty-nine minutes fifty-four seconds to one's business life.

Of course the scientists who devise food tabloids carefully explain that they are useful only in emergencies, and will harm the health if used steadily; of course all the pleasure and the poetry of the table would vanish if man could really be nourished by choking down a pill with a glass of water. But what is a little thing like that if a man can gain twelve hours more in a year to "jack up" wheat" or "put down" rye?

Speculation as to the "food of the future" is always interesting. No doubt after a fair trial of the Chicago plan there will be a great deal of curiosity in the complete report—of the coroner.—New York World.

Fast railroad speed is regularly made between Milan and Varese, in Italy. By the use of an electric third rail the fifty miles are covered in fifty minutes.

The surest way not to prevent a marriage is to oppose it.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Grace of Courtesy—Christian Thoughtfulness is Born in the Heart by the Power of the Holy Ghost—Speak Well of One Another.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges thoughtfulness for others, and shows how such a benign spirit may be fostered; text, I Peter ii, 8, "Be courteous."

In an age when bluntness has been canonized as a virtue it may be useful to extol one of the most beautiful of all the royal family of graces—courtesy. It is graciousness, deference to the wishes of others, good manners, affability, willingness to deny ourselves somewhat for the advantage of others, urbanity. But what is the use of my defining the grace of courtesy when we all know so well what it is? The botanist might say some very interesting things about a rose, and the chemist might discourse about water or light, but without ever seeing a botanist or a chemist we know what a rose is and what water and light are. Do not take our time in telling us what courtesy is. Only show us how we may get more of it and avoid what are its counterfeits. Mark you, it cannot be put on or dramatized successfully for a long while. We may be full of bows and genuflections, and smiles and complimentary phrases, and have nothing of genuine courtesy either in our make-up or in our demeanor. A backwoodsman who never saw a drawing room or a dancing master or a caterer or a fold of drapery may with his big soul and hard hand and awfully salutation exercise the grace, while one born under richest upbringing, and educated in foreign schools, and bothered to know which of ten garments he will take from a royal wardrobe, may be as barren of the spirit of courtesy as the great Sahara desert is of green meadows and flowing fountains.

Christian courtesy is born in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, who has transformed and illumined and glorified one's nature. Mark you, I am speaking of the highest kind of courtesy, which is Christian courtesy. Something like it—ordinarily politeness—may grow up with water—the direction of intelligent and under-parentage, but I am not speaking of that which is merely agreeableness of conversation and behavior. All that may be a matter of tutelage and fine surrounding and show itself in lifting the hat to passers-by and in a graceful way of asking about your health and sending the right kind of acceptance when you cannot go and understanding all the laws of preference at table and parlor door, all of which is well. I am speaking of a principle of courtesy so implanted in one's mind that his civility of conversation and manner shall be the outburst of what he feels for the happiness and welfare of others, a principle that will work in the next world as well as in this, and will be as appropriate in the mansions of heaven as in earthly dwelling places.

Now, you know as well as I do that some of the most undesirable people have been seeming incarnations of courtesy. In our early American history there arose a man of wonderful talent, an impersonation of all that can charm drawing rooms and cultivated circles. Aged men who knew him in their youth have told me that he was the most irresistible man they ever met, his voice silvery, his smile bewitching, his glove immaculate, his eye piercing, his high forehead wreathed in curls, his attire a fascination. He became Vice-President of the United States and with one vote of being President. Men threw away their fortunes to help him in his political aspirations and to forward him in a conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the United States, he trying to do in America what Napoleon did in Europe—establish a throne for himself. But he was immoral and corrupt. He was the serpent that wound its way into many a domestic paradise. He shot to death one of the greatest of Americans—Alexander Hamilton. The world found out long ago before he left it that the offender I speak of was an embodiment of dissoluteness and base ambition. He was the best illustration that I know of the fact that a man may have the appearance of courtesy while within he is all wrong.

Abalom, a Bible character, was a specimen of a man of polish outside and of rotteness inside. Beautiful, brilliant and with such wealth of hair that when it was cut in each December as a matter of pride he had it weighed, and it weighed 200 shekels. He captured all who came near him. But, oh, what a heart he had—full of treachery and unflinching spirit and baseness! He was as bad as he was alluring and charming.

In the famous Athenian Alcibiades history discourses of the same splendor of manner covering utter depravity. Noble pedigree, transcendent abilities, radiant personality, eloquent tongue, triumphant warrior, victor at Olympic games, but a debauchee and an impersonation of all the vices. Alas, that all up and down history and clear on into our day there are so many of what Christ called "whitewashed sepulchers, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness!" Gilded abominations, walking lazarettes, attired in vermilion and gold. Perdition hanging out the banners of heaven. As far as possible are they removed from all genuine courtesy.

I like that John Wesley said to a man when their carriages met on the road. The ruffian, knowing Mr. Wesley and disliking him, did not turn out, but kept the middle of the road. Mr. Wesley cheerfully gave the man all the road, himself riding into the ditch. As they passed each other the ruffian said, "I never turn out for fools," and Mr. Wesley said, "I always do." I like the reproof which a Chinaman in San Francisco gave an American. The American pushed him off the sidewalk until he fell into the mud. The Chinaman arising began to brush off the mud and said to the American: "You Christian; me heathen. Good-bye." A stranger entered a church in one of the cities and was allowed to stand a long while, although there was plenty of room. No one offered a seat. The stranger after awhile said to one of the brethren: "What church is this?" The answer was, "Christ's church, sir." "Is He in?" said the stranger. The officer of the church understood what was meant and gave him a seat. We want more courtesy in places of business, more courtesy in our homes.

But heart courtesy must precede hand and head and foot courtesy. Cultivation of it should begin in the father's house. You often notice that brothers and sisters are often gruff and snappy and say things and do things that they would not have the outside world know about. Rough things are sometimes said in households which ought never to be said at all—teasing and recrimination and fault-finding and harsh criticisms, which will have their echo thirty and forty and fifty years afterward. In the street driven by the east wind no sweet flowers of kindness and geniality will grow.

Let children hear their parents picking at each other, and those children will be found picking at each other, and far down the road of life will be seen the same disposition to pick at others. Better than this habit of picking at children, which so many parents indulge in, would be one good, healthy application of the rod. Better a shower that lasts a few minutes than the cold drizzle of many days. We never grow our first hair until we have our first houses we may have afterward.

Let us all cultivate the grace of Christian courtesy by indulging in the habit of praise instead of the habit of blame. There are evils in the world that we must denounce, and there are men and women

who ought to be chastised, but never let us allow the opportunity of applauding good deeds pass unimproved.

There are two sides to every man's character—a good side and an evil side. The good see only the good and the evil only the evil, and the probability is that a medium opinion is the right opinion. Most of the people whom I know are doing about as well as they can under the circumstances. We have a people who are worse than I am. I conclude that at least the same bad influences around me all my life that they have had I would probably have been worse than they now are. The work of reform is the most important work, but many of the reformers, dwelling on one evil see nothing but evil, and they get so used to anathema they forget the usefulness once in awhile of a benediction. They get so accustomed to exhorting public men that they do not realize that never since John Hancock in boldest chirography signed the Declaration of Independence, never since Columbus picked up the floating land flowers that showed him he was coming near some new country, have there been so many noble and splendid and Christian men in high places in this country as now. You could go into the President's Cabinet or the United States Senate or the House of Representatives in this city and find plenty of men capable of holding an old fashioned Methodist prayer meeting, plenty of Senators and Representatives and Cabinet officers to start the tune and kneel with the penitents at the altar. In all these places there are men who could, without looking at the book, recite the sublime words, as did Gladstone during vacation at Hawarden, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ," and from the Senate and House of Representatives and the Presidential Cabinet and from the surrounding offices and committee rooms, if they could hear, would come many voices responding "Amen and amen!"

Christian courtesy I especially commend to those who have subordinations. Almost every person has some one under him. How do you treat that clerk, that servant, that assistant, that employe? Do you accost him in brusque terms and roughly command him that which you might kindly ask him to do? The first words that the Duke of Wellington uttered were, "If you please." That conqueror in what was in some respects the greatest battle ever fought in his last hours, asked by his servant if he would take some tea, replied, "If you please." His last expression of courtesy, beautiful characteristic in any class, the day laborers in Sweden, passing each other, take off their hats in reverence. There is no excuse for boorishness in any circle. As complete a gentleman as ever lived was the man who was unhorsed on the road to Ostia—Paul, the apostle. I know that he might be so characterized by the way he apologized to Ananias, the high priest. I know it from the way he complimented Felix as a judge, and from the way he greets the king, thank myself, King Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews, especially because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews." I know that Paul was a gentleman from the way he opened his sermon, "Mars hill, not insulting his audience, as King James' translation implies, but saying, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are very devout." I know he was a gentleman from the fact that when he with others of a shrewd, on the island of Malta visited the governor of the island he was most impressed with the courtesy shown them and reported that visit in these words: "In the same quarters were possessions of the chief man of the island, whose name was Publius, who received us and lodged us three days courteously." And then see those words of advice which he gives: "Bear ye one another's burdens;" "In honor preferring one another;" "Honour all men."

What a mighty means of usefulness is courtesy! The lack of it brings to many a dead failure, while before those who possess it in large quantity all the doors of opportunity are open. You can tell that urbanity does not come from study of books of etiquette, although such books have their use, but from a mind full of thoughtfulness for others and a heart in sympathy with the conditions of others. If those conditions be prosperous, a gladness for the success, or if the conditions be depressing, a sorrow for the unfavorable circumstances. Ah, this world needs lighting up!

To those of us who are prosperous it is no credit that we are in a state of good cheer, but in the lives of ninety-nine out of a hundred there is a pathetic side, a taking off, a deficit, an anxiety, a trouble. By a genial look, by a kind word, by a helpful action, we may lift a little of the burden and partly clear the way for the stumbling foot. Oh, what a glorious art it is to say the right word in the right way at the right time!

If others lack courtesy, that is no reason why you should lack it. Respond to rudeness by utmost affability. Because some one else is a boor is no reason why you should be a boor. But how few show urbanity when badly treated! Human nature says: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a retort for retort, slander for slander, maltreatment for maltreatment." But there have been those you and have known who amid assault and injury and injustice have maintained the loveliness of blossom weed in springtime. Nothing but divine grace in the heart can keep such equilibrium. That is not human nature until it is transformed by supernatural influences. To put it on the lowest ground you cannot afford to be revengeful and malignant.

Hatred and high indignation are stages of unhealth. They enrage the spleen; they weaken the nerves; they attack the brain. Rage in a man is one form of apoplexy. Every time you get mad you damage your body and mind and soul, and you have not such a privilege of anger and energy that you can afford to sacrifice them. So I applaud Christian courtesy. I would put it upon the throne of every heart in all the world. The beauty of it is that you may extend it to others and have just as much of it as you want—more of it—left in your own heart and life.

It is like the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which, by being divided, were multiplied until twelve baskets were filled with the remnants. It is like a torch, with which fifty lamps may be lighted and yet the torch remain as bright as before it lighted the first lamp. But this grace will not come to its coronal until it reaches the heavenly sphere. What a world that must be where selfishness and jealousy and pride and acerbities of temper have never entered and never will enter! No struggle for precedence. No rivalry between cherubim and seraphim. No ambition as to who shall have the front seats in the temple of God and the Lamb. No controversy about the place the guest may take at the banquet. No rivalry of robe or coronet. No racing of chariots. No throne looking askance upon other thrones, but all the inhabitants perfectly happy and rejoicing in the perfect happiness of others. If I never get to any other delightful place I want to get to that place. What a realm to live in forever! All worshipping the same God, all saved by the same Christ, all experiencing the same emotions, all ascending the same heights of love and exultation, all celebrating the victories. Courtesy there easy, because there will be no faults to overlook, no apologies to make, no mistakes to correct, no disagreeableness to overcome, no wrongs to right. In all the ages to come not a detraction or a subterfuge. A perfect soul in a perfect heaven. In that realm, world without end, it will never be necessary to repeat the words of my text, words that now need oft repetition, "Be courteous."