

The Wireless Death

By C. S. Raymond

Courtesy Technical World.

Synopsis of Chapters I and II.

The United States is about to go to war with a foreign nation. The employees of the government power station which supplied Washington and New York with electricity for light, heat and power, are expecting orders to supply heavier current. Atsins, an electrician at the station, obtains leave to place an invention of his before the head of the United States Army at Washington. He obtains an interview with the General who is favorably impressed with the annihilating apparatus and gives directions for its installation under the supervision of its inventor.

Chapter III

To the surprise of the nation, Congress held back during the day, a narrow fringe of conservative members standing between the country and war. The news service, which had picked up again and was voluminous and detailed once more, still carried the prediction that war was inevitable and could be only delayed.

Meanwhile the stolid helplessness of the War Department, which had blanketed even the energetic efforts of the department chiefs to do the best they could at the eleventh hour, had given away to a feverish activity extending even to departments unaware of the purpose.

Atsins had taken a fast express ship back to Susnehana, returning at top speed with the concentrator, the plans of which he had shown Shod and Montrus, and which, many months before, he had constructed.

Shod had his orders regarding power, orders which carried a significance to him but to none other at the power station.

At No. 10 Sending Station, Atsins, with an army of electricians and mechanics under him, worked at nerve-racking speed during the day. Montrus, possessed by a devil of impatience, foreboding, and fear, could not contain himself either in the office or at the station.

The work progressed; the death dealing concentrator went into place;



DESTRUCTION OF THE GREAT GERMAN AIR FLEET.

reinforcement was added to every detail of the station; its capacity was increased to the limits of possibility. Night had come and was advancing. Still Congress held to its tense debate. Ten o'clock came; and Atsins sought Montrus, finding him nervously pacing back and forth in his office. The young electrician was calm and charged with quiet confidence.

"If we can get their location, they will not leave," he said. "Maybe you cannot furnish it?"

"We can if we can get Curtis again," said Montrus. "What if we can't?"

"Then we shall have to take them when we get it," replied Atsins. "It would be safer to annihilate them before they start."

"Try for Curtis again," ordered the general, turning to the aide in the room. They waited for an answer, which came back presently. The operator at the Sending Station No. 5 reported that his efforts were not successful, and he advised against many repetitions.

"It endangers him," he said. "He will report when he can."

With nothing to do but wait, in nervous tension, they saw the hours mount to 12. Then came a bulletin from Congress. The vote was about to be taken. Of the result there could be no doubt, and there was none in the minds of the men sitting in the office. There had been none from the start; and yet, now that the moment had come, they looked at each other, pale-faced and heavy-eyed.

"Come outside," said Montrus to At-

through the hood: "Here's the flash. War's declared."

The general twitched with suppressed excitement. For a moment longer, he watched the picture in the reflector. Then he saw that the fleet had the news. Across the Atlantic the instantaneous service had carried the declaration of war.

Far below him was the chief city of his nation, now subdued in the knowledge that it and the nation had been brought to the final test. In the sending station was the man on whom his nation's hopes depended. He firmly pressed the button.

In the reflector he saw the enemy's squadron move. He knew that it had been in readiness to start, and on the instant of the receipt of the tidings was setting forth. If it came unopposed, as it had every right to expect it would, there could be but one result to his nation.

It seemed an eternity of time as he watched the reflector.

Suddenly one of the ships disappeared in a blotch which sent confused shadows over the reflector. Montrus trembled in his excitement.

The pictures grew clearer for an instant. Then another blur—a quick succession of blurs, between which he could see nothing.

He grew dizzy, and held tightly to the supports of the reflector to steady himself. His unblinking eyes were so held by the grim, silent chaos of destruction portrayed before him, that the seeing faculty seemed a thing apart from him and separated completely by his dazed condition.

The tumultuous heaving and blurring on the reflector cleared away. It revealed a sun and shattered fleet—two-thirds of the ships had vanished completely, others beating feebly and in their last efforts, others slowly sinking through the air, a few trying to escape from an unseen terror.

General Montrus, veteran though he was, shuddered at the horror of the sight. Unseen, unheard, softly through the thick darkness, the wireless death swept that proud aerial fleet out of existence in one tense instant. Atsins, the shrewdest youth in the country, sitting calmly up there in the sending station, with one solid hand on the lever of his great, terrible concentrator. It was he who had utilized the means formerly used to send messages, to bear intelligence across boundless areas, which, increased a hundred thousand-fold in voltage, had now carried absolute destruction.

Still breathing heavily, Montrus threw off the hood, coming back to the utter blackness and the drizzle of the Washington night.

A bulletin was flashed on the board which carried the duplicates from Curtis.

"Fleet gone—Vanished in Convulsion—Pictures Actual and Accurate Disturbance not caused by defects but by destruction of fleet—Can't explain it, but America is saved."

Montrus turned the wireless telescope on to the sending station, and saw Atsins sitting quietly on a box in one corner of the little room, gravely smoking a short pipe, his shock of blonde hair badly rumpled, a smile on his forehead. "Atsins!" the commander-in-chief was trying hard to control his voice—Atsins. You have saved us. It is all over. Their fleet was annihilated."

It seemed to the old soldier, veteran of a dozen campaigns, absurdly impossible that the safety of a great nation should have been put into the hands of that grimly boy in blue overalls.

"It worked all right, didn't it?" Atsins answered calmly.

"Come over here," Montrus went on "Hurry and come. Tomorrow, Congress'll be giving you a vote of thanks; you'll be a bigger man than old Dewey ever was."

A troubled frown came on Atsins' face. "Excuse me, please, general," he said. "I'm going back to the shop. I've just thought of a big improvement on my concentrator. Good night."

Longest Climb in the World.

Imagine making the ascent of Mount Washington by means of a staircase. But a feat akin to this many travelers in China have accomplished in going to the top of the holy mountain, some six thousand feet above Taingant-fu. The road leading to it is the best in all the kingdom. About a mile north of the city walls stands a large gate amid the ruins of a once flourishing suburb. Leading from this gate the road is lined with temples, convents and shrines, where pilgrims stop to pray if they are fortunate enough to rid themselves of the hordes of beggars.

Where the real ascent begins there is a stone portal which is inscribed with the fact that here the great Confucius halted 2,600 years ago, not having the strength to ascend the six thousand stone steps leading to the top. These Tatschan steps are by far the highest in the world, for, taking the number of steps in one story of an ordinary house to be twenty, the number of Tatschan steps equals three hundred stories. The coolies will carry a pilgrim up the stairs and back, a distance of twice sixteen miles, for thirty cents—fifteen cents for each coolie.

When the ascent is made one finds himself upon a large plateau, which is covered with numerous temples and stone monuments. The main temple is that of the holy mother, consisting of several buildings surrounded by a stone wall. The several courts are adorned with magnificent statues and monuments of bronze, with a huge statue of the holy mother on the altar. These doors are opened once only each year, when an imperial commission comes to collect the money offerings of the pilgrims. By means of a substantial ladder the guard may be induced to push the bar of the main gate aside, so that one may have a glimpse within. The floor of this large temple is usually filled with a heap of coins of every description, size and value, probably representing \$10,000 in American currency. The money is divided among the convents and beggars of the holy mountain, but the largest share goes into the pockets of that enterprising lady, the Dowager Empress.

In all Cuban cigar factories in the West Indies, Key West and Tampa, a public reader is employed. This man occupies a high seat and reads aloud newspapers, magazines and novels to the cigar-makers as they work.

"THE DECIDER"

A New Trap for Women Who Hesitate About What to Buy.

An ingenious attempt is now being made in some of the big department establishments to assist the opinions of undecided women who come to shop.

Every salesman and every saleswoman knows the woman who haunts the bargain sales, butters from counter to counter, is shown features, and attendants are driven to distraction, thinking she will buy everything, and finally invests in a yard and a half of pink ribbon, simple because she is absolutely incapable of making up her own mind as to what she wants.

Drapers have long tolerated this form of mental weakness. Now they have revolted, and the day of "The Decider" has come.

"The Decider" is an American institution, and Gibsonian at that. She is beautiful as to face and features, and always gowning to perfection. Her duty is to induce the doubtful to buy.

To the customer she appears as a customer, with the earnest intense "sales face" that one now sees every day in the big stores.

She sees a customer a little worse dressed than herself hesitating over the purchase of a dress length of chiffon velvet. The shopman has done his best to persuade the lady that it is the superlative bargain of the season.

"You ought to take it, once, madam," he says, eagerly; "if you leave it to think the matter over, you will regret it."

"I suppose so," the lady says, "but I want to look about first: it is so hard to decide—an evening gown is so very important." And she surveys the dress length again from three different angles.

Entrapping the Victim.

It is now the Decider's moment to step in. Pretending to have noticed the chiffon velvet, for the first time, she thrusts out a perfectly gloved hand, and eagerly catches hold of an end of the material. She hangs it up against her figure, and looks at it admiringly. The doubtful lady looks annoyed, gives the chiffon a tug, but the Decider holds on.

"You are not going to buy this dress length," she says, "I will take it. It is the only one I suppose," she adds, turning to the attendant, and is told it is.

Meanwhile the genuine customer has observed the exquisite "turn out" of the eager "sales-hawk," as she imagines the Decider to be. If she is a person anxious to buy the stuff it must be worth securing, she argues, so without further doubt she says sharply:

"But I am going to take it." The transaction is closed, and the seeming-christened Decider disappears.

Having settled this little business of the chiffon velvet she sails off to the fur department.

Here she fixes on a saw-toothed young wife, who has brought her husband to help in the choice of a set of furs.

"Do you like it, dear?" the lanky girl-wife asks, holding up a white boa.

"Is \$22 too much for this, and the muff?"

She has \$400 a year of her own, and he has his pay as a lieutenant in the artillery, so he decides to be gracious. "No, too much," he replies, but isn't the whole thing a bit too light-for—" he stops.

Then another is brought out but he objects to it too. "I hate these ashy-colored things," he says petulantly. "Oh! take it off."

"Well, dear, what am I to do? You think the first one is too light and the other one is too ashy." The tone is despairing.

"Try this one on again, madam," says the saleswoman, and the wife turns to take it but it is gone. She finds herself confronted with the elegant figure of the Decider, who has arrayed herself in the boa and a bolster muff.

The young wife looks at her husband and sees his eyes fixed on the charming vision of bright hair, bright eyes, gleaming teeth, and warm complexion, set off by the fluffy softness of the boa and muff. Entirely forgetful of her own saw-toothed appearance, she quickly makes up her mind to have that boa—it is so very becoming.

"I think dear," she says to her husband, "that this is just what I want. I am sure mamma would like it. Her husband is still gazing at the pretty 'Decider' arrayed in the boa, and answers her jerkily.

"Yes, it's pretty," he says, absent-mindedly, "awfully becoming to—yes, it is so clean and fresh-looking isn't it?" You can't do better, have it." In another second the boa and muff are both in the shop girl's hands, and the pale wife is giving her address.

The Decider is liberally paid. She draws a regular salary, and in addition receives a commission on all sales effected through her interference. The profession opens up a new vista for attractive women whom circumstances have forced into the labor market.

Fine Indian Photographs.

We recently published an illustration of Indian Twins which should have been credited to Major Lee Moorehouse of Pendleton, Oregon, who has perhaps one of the best collections of Indian pictures of the north west. Major Moorehouse's famous pictures of the Cayuse Twins has had more recognition, perhaps, than any other Indian photograph ever taken and he has now issued an album containing other striking pictures. "The Last Outpost of a Dying Race" is a picture photograph of a lone Indian in wigwam with a background of dark landscape, suggestive in the extreme of the title of the picture. Many of the Moorehouse pictures attracted much attention at the Lewis and Clarke Exposition.

45c DISH PAN SAVED

By using St. John's Tin Mender and a Match. Don't say that tin mender costs every time you have a little leak in your pan, kettles, pots, etc. Buy it once for a little more. Ready for instant use. Mends all holes, from size of a pin point to 1-1/2 inch in diameter. Greatest household convenience ever invented. Write to-day for St. John's Tin Mender, 35-cent package, 100 for \$2.00. Prepared. Postpaid for agents.

E. N. CORNEAU & CO. CHICAGO, Dept. 49 River Street.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Food. From hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to J. F. Kellogg, 2558 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Food. From hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to J. F. Kellogg, 2558 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.



THE ANGLE LAMP

is not an improvement on the old style lamp, but an entirely NEW METHOD of burning oil which has made common kerosene (or coal oil) the most satisfactory of all illuminants.

And when we say satisfactory we mean satisfactory—not an illuminant that merely gives a brilliant light, but one that combines brilliancy with soft, restful, pleasing quality; that is convenient as gas, safe as a tallow candle; and yet so economical to burn that in a few months' use

IT ACTUALLY PAYS FOR ITSELF

The ordinary lamp with the round wick, generally considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about 8 hours on a quart of oil, while The Angle Lamp burns a full 16 hours on the same quantity. This, even where oil is cheap, sums amounts to more than its entire original cost. But in another way it saves as much—perhaps more.

Ordinary lamps must always be turned at full height, although on an average of two hours a night all that is really needed is a dim light ready to be turned up full when wanted. A gallon of oil is absolutely wasted, simply because your lamps cannot be turned low without unbearable color. All this is saved in The Angle Lamp, for whether burned at full height or turned low, it gives not the slightest trace of odor or smoke.

You should know more about the lamp, which for its convenience and soft, restful light, might be considered a luxury were it not for the wonderful economy which makes it an actual necessity. Write for our catalogue "B" fully explaining this new principle of oil lighting, and for our proposition to prove these statements by

30 DAYS' TRIAL

When such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefeller's, Carnegies, and thousands of others after trying The Angle Lamp, find it profitable to burn and prefer to burn, and throw away gasoline and acetone outfits or ordinary lamps, it is surely worth your while to send a penny postal to find out about it.

Write for catalogue "B," listing 32 varieties from \$1.50 up, and our booklet, "Lighting and Common Sense," which gives you the benefit of our ten years of experience with all kinds of oil lighting, and for our proposition to prove these statements by

THE ANGLE MANUFACTURING CO., 78-80 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK

Don't Be Fat.

My New Obesity Food Quickly Reduces Your Weight To Normal, Requires No Starvation Process and is Absolutely Safe.

TRIAL PACKAGE MAILED FREE.

My new Obesity Food, taken at mealtime, compels perfect assimilation of the food and sends the food nutriment where it belongs. It requires no starvation process. You can eat all you want. It makes muscle, bone, sinew, nerve and brain tissue out of the excess fat, and quickly reduces your weight to normal. It takes off the big stomach and relieves the compressed condition and enables the heart to beat freely and the lungs to expand naturally and the kidneys and liver to perform their functions in a natural manner. You will feel better the first day you try this wonderful home food. Fill out coupon herewith and mail to-day.



FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Kellogg's Obesity Food. From hundreds who have been greatly reduced, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to J. F. Kellogg, 2558 Kellogg Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

Marvelous Growth of New Hair.

To Prove It, I Send a Trial Package Free By Mail.



My discovery actually grows hair, stops hair falling out, removes dandruff and quickly restores luxuriant growth to shining scalps, eyebrows and eyelashes, and quickly restores gray or faded hair to its natural color. Write to-day.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

For this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to J. F. Stokes, Mgr., 6184 Polo Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a recent photo of your hair, so that we can give you a trial package by mail, prepaid, free, I will use it.

I have never tried Fozo Hair and Scalp Remedy, but if you will send me a trial package by mail, prepaid, free, I will use it.

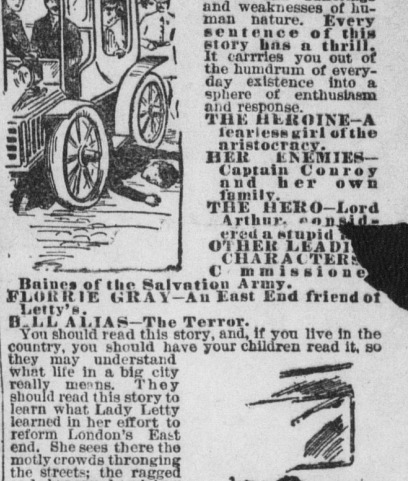
Give full address—write plainly.

ONE DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF THE Remington Typewriter IS THAT IT LASTS

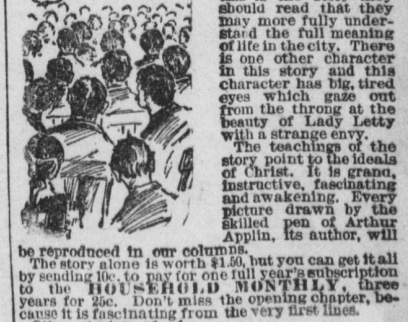
It does good work when it is new, and continues to do good work when it is old. REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO., 821 Broadway, NEW YORK

"RAGS AND RICHES" A Romance of Darkest London BY ARTHUR APPLIN.

The Greatest English Story of Modern Times.



Lady Letty, the nineteen year old daughter of a noble family of London and lives and goes with the best of London. It is the story of a girl who is the most beautiful in the world; it should be read by everyone desiring to learn the secret of success and wealth. Every man's nature. Every man's dream. Every man's ambition. Every man's hope. Every man's ambition. Every man's hope. Every man's ambition. Every man's hope.



HOUSEHOLD MONTHLY. Department 12, 391-C Congress Street, Boston, Mass.