RACE TRACK TIPSTERS AND THEIR WILD SCHEMES

"THERE ain't nothin' doin' in the toutin' line any more," said a sad-faced young man who was lounging in the rotunda of the Saratoga hotel the other day. "Time was when I used to clean up $50 to $75 a day steering fellows at the tracks. But now it's different. They have guards who chase the touts out of the betting ring, and if you try to get hold of a 'live one' some husky officer comes up and boots you out into the street.

"Of course, the only thing left for me to do is to go and bet my own money on the races—and what happens? I go broke. I blew in my last cent at the track today, and I've got to telegraph my folks in the East to send me some coin."

While the officials of Washington park have kept the sad-faced young man and dozens of others like him from earning a living by imparting "stable information" to credulous race-goers, they have at the same time unwittingly encouraged a new form of touting. The flashly-dressed men who formerly haunted the betting-ring have now established headquarters in downtown buildings, where they issue circulars containing the same "tips' that they formerly gave out verbally. In other words, they have invaded the field occupied by reputable handicappers.

There are half dozen men in Chicago who figure out the probable winners of races in accordance with the form of horses. They issue letters containing these calculations and send them to anywhere from 100 to 500 regular patrons. These men do not pretend to say definitely just what horses will win. They simply figure out the horse that ought to win, provided it has a good mount, and give their patrons the benefit of nothing but their keen knowledge of racing.

But the "sure-thing" tipster is an entirely different individual. He tells you that he gets inside information from jockeys and stable boys, and even from owners. For all of this he says he must pay large sums of money. In consequence he makes you pay liberally for what he gives you.

"Money Back If You Lose."

Most of the "sure-thing" tipsters have agents stationed outside Washington park. Their "tips" are in sealed envelopes. Some of these are sold at 25 cents each, while others cost from $2 to $5.

"Come and back the 'water-carrier.' He carries water to the horses and knows just what ones are slated to win!" "Play your coin on the 'Old Jockey's' tips. He gets inside information from the boys that ride the horses. If you follow him you can't lose, and if you do the 'Old Jockey' will refund your money. We've got a nice 50 to 1 shot in the third race that will just walk in!" These alluring inducements are offered every afternoon by the agents of the tipsters. That the men make money out of their scheme is self-evident, for if the public ignored them they would soon go out of business.

"A tipster who has an office on Dearborn street told me that he cleared $2,000 from his game in one season," said a tobacco merchant who attends the races every day. "He got me to playing his tips last year and we became quite friendly, for a number of his 'good things' panned out, and I thought he was all right.

"One day while the races were running at Hawthorne this tipster came running into my store all out of breath and said he had hit on a scheme that would bring us a barrel of money.

"'We can't possibly lose out,' he said, 'for we'll bet on the races after they've been run and we'll know who the winners are. Now, this game was told to me by a bartender who was drunk at the time and he didn't no more know what he was talking about than a rabbit. He had a handful of bills that he had won by working the scheme, and he was buyin' bucketfuls of wine while he was explaining the dodge to me.

"'Wel, hurry up and spiel out your scheme,' I said, for I was beginning to get excited and was afraid we might not get at the thing fast enough.

The Tipster's Scheme.

"'It's a dead easy one,' answered the tipster, 'and it won't take me very long to explain things. Now, the thing is this: They send in the results of the races at Hawthorne by telephone, and a fellow has got to walk a quarter of a mile from the racetrack to reach the nearest 'phone. This fellow is employed by the down-town poolrooms—you know what I mean—the guys that run handbooks.

"'Well, when this fellow 'phones that the horses have started the handbook men close up the race, and won't take any more bets on it. That's where the easy part of the game comes in for us. While the telephone is a long distance from the track, there is a telegraph office a heap nearer. For the life of me I can't understand why these handbook fellows have never had the starts of the race telegraphed instead of telephoned, but it's a fact that they haven't.

"'Now, what does this wise bartender do? He gets onto the fact that the telegraph can be worked quicker than the telephone out at the track, and so he first gets a confederate. This confederate is stationed down town in a hotel telegraph office, which is near a handbook joint on State street.

"'As soon as the first race is run the bartender rushes out to the telegraph office and sends a message to the confederate, telling him just what horses come in first, second and third. Then the confederate runs to the poolroom and puts up his money on the winner to win, the place horse to come in second, and the third horse to show.

"'Well, it really was a shame to rob those handbook people that way. And, besides, the bartender told me they were friends of his. What do you think of that for turning a friend down? On the six races at Hawthorne that day the bartender and his pal cleared $500 apiece. Then the bartender gets drunk and comes and tells me all about it. Why, it's the chance of your life to come into this game with me.'

"I could tell from the way this tipster was talking that he was in dead earnest all right, and besides I couldn't figure out where I stood the slightest ghost of a show to lose my money. So I told him I would go into the scheme and begin that very afternoon.

"'We can only work this for one day,' I said, 'and so we might as well make a big killing. I'll go out to the track and telegraph in the races, and you can play them,' Then I gave him $600, telling him to lay on every cent that the handbook men would take.

"All right. What happens? I go out to the track and the horse that wins the first race is a 2 to 1 shot. I was so nervous over it that I almost broke my neck getting to the telegraph office. While I was running out of the racing grounds a copper took me for a thief and held me about a minute until he satisfied himself that I was all right. That broke me all up, but I managed to get to the telegraph office within a few minutes after the race had been run, and then I sent a message to the tipster. The message was somewhat guarded, for we were afraid the telegraph man might balk. It was something like this:

"'Silurian is a first-time wonder and I have a second-spot for Gaheris, while Grandon is third choice.'

"Of course I was trying to make it appear like an innocent mesage. Silurian had won the race at 2 to 1; Gaheris was second at 25 to 1, and Grandon was third at some price I can't remember. Anyhow, I figured it out that if my tipster played $200 on Silurian, $200 on Gaheris, and $200 on Grandon we would have a nice starter."

"In the next race a horse named Our Nellie won at 7 to 1. The rest of the winners were at good prices, and while I was coming back down town I felt so jubilant that I couldn't sit still in the train. I had it figured out that my tipster ought to have at least $5,000.

Dan's "Bum Finish."

"We had agreed to meet in a hotel on State street at 7 o'clock that evening. I was there right at the drop of the second, but the tipster wasn't anywhere in sight. I waited around for two hours, but no Mr. Tipster came. Then I got it into my head that he had skinned out of town. This thought made me so wobbly that I went into the barroom to get a bracer. The drink mixer was a loud-mouthed fellow, and as I lined up at the bar the first words that he shot at a man he was talking with made me feel like collapsing.

"'Dan, the tipster had a bum finish in the poolroom across the street today,' said the bartender. 'You see, Dan wanted to get rich all in a hurry. While I was pretty full the other night I told him how I had cleaned out the handbook fellows by working a game at Hawthorne, and he got it into his head that he would do likewise.

"'But when I woke up that day and remembered that I'd blurted out too much, I hiked over to the owner of the handbook place, who's my friend, and tells him the whole business, at the same time apologizing for my cleanup. He was so tickled at getting onto the scheme that he didn't put no blame on me.

"'All this is leading up to show Dan got his bum finish. It seems that he gets some moneyed guy to stake him, and then he tries my scheme. Well, when he goes into the handbook place to make the first bet three bookmakers jump on him and beat him almost to death, for the boss was sore and wanted to get back at someone, consequently he had told his pals about this Dan and what I had told him.

"'When Dan landed out in the middle of the street he picked himself together and proceeded to drown his troubles with liquor. He was here a while ago waving three $100 bills, and declaring that he was a millionaire.'

"You can imagine the way I felt when I heard this. Here was Dan, my tipster, blowing in the $600 I had given him. And it was every cent of money I had. I just naturally called myself all kinds of a chump for having parted with the $600. But there was one thing left for me to do—I might find Dan and recover some of the coin. So I approached the bartender, told him I was a friend of Dan's and asked where he could be found.

Found Him Playing Poker.

"'The last I heard of him,' said the bartender, 'he was playin' in a poker game over on Dearborn street, and losing like a long shot in a mile and a half race.'

"That was enough for me. I dug out for the gambling joint where the bartender had told me Dan was playing, and when I got there Dan was sitting at a table with two solitary blue chips in front of him. I was so mad I could have killed that tipster. I started to call him down, and he gave me a stony stare. Then I began abusing him. At this he called to the owners of the joint and asked him to have me ejected. What do you think of that? And he sitting there and blowing in the last of my $600.

"I was almost bughouse by this time and began fighting. Of course I was thrown down three flights of stairs, and finally got home with my coat ripped up the back, and the seat of my trousers looking like a bull dog had made a meal off them. I never saw Dan the tipster again. I got out a warrant for him, but he ducked town. I hope he's in some other business by this time, for he is certainly a failure as a 'sure thing' tipster."

GRANITE FLOWS LIKE WATER; STEEL RAILS WELDED IN A TWINKLING

WELTING iron and stone instantly is the power claimed for a new heating force just discovered. Under its awful lightning blaze granite flows like water and big steel rails are welded in the twinkling of an eye. It can be made to explode with tremendous power or to work almost silently with appalling result.

With this invention a burglar puts a cigarette light to a handful of metal filings with a primer and lo! bank vaults melt and combination locks vanish.

According to high authority it is the most startling discovery in chemistry. Thermite is its name. Distinguished chemists say that it needs only the touch of a match to this new compound to produce a temperature of 400 degrees Fahrenheit.

"The human mind," says a New York scientist, "can form no appreciative conception of what such a temperature means. It would melt the most refractory rocks and cause them to flow like water."

The interior of Mont Pelee, whose fiery blast destroyed St. Pierre in a moment and crumbled its buildings into dust, would be cool compared with this temperature of 5,400 degrees. It would melt the White Mountains into rivers of liquid fire. Nothing could withstand its consuming power.

Can Be Controlled and Regulated.

"Yet this heat can not only be produced at a few moments' notice," said the scientist yesterday, "but it can be controlled—regulated for use in commercial work, in factories, foundries and machine shops, for melting, shaping and welding masses of iron and steel. It is equally valuable for producing hitherto rare and costly metals in a state of almost absolute purity."

And what makes this stupendous force? The answer seems incredible as the claims for the force itself. It is produced by simply putting a match to a mixture of albuminum filings and oxide of chromium, both metallic, and yet, as by magic, a mighty force is instantly created.

Here is the story of how the wonderful invention was discovered, according to the scientist seen yesterday:

"The first demonstration of this new agent in America was made early in May, when certain processes were exhibited before the Columbia University Chemical society. The invention, like many others for which we are indebted to the chemist, originated in Germany. Some time ago the Messrs. Krupp, the celebrated gun and armor plate manufacturers, of Essen, required a considerable quantity of pure metallic chromium, the metal much employed to give extra hardness to steel.

How It Was Discovered.

"It is comparatively easy to produce this metal, but it is not usually pure, and it contains a considerable quantity of carbon. To obtain it perfectly pure was difficult, and it was once thought impossible to manufacture it on a large scale. The task of filling Krupp's orders fortunately fell to a skilled chemist—Dr. Hans Goldschmidt. He saw the necessity of inventing a process of production to fit this particular case.

"Now, it had been known for many years that if an intimate (complete) mixture of aluminum filings and the oxide of chromium were heated in a furnace a violent explosion would follow, owing to the great intensity of the chemical action brought about, but precisely how no one knew, as the explosion was so violent as to empty the crucibles, and scatter their contents far and wide.

"Dr. Goldschmidt was ingenious and persisted. He argued that, in such cases metallic chromium must be found; also that the explosion was due to the too sudden heating of the furnace. He was sure that if the 'reaction' could be made more regular the chromium would be saved.

"Could he but start the chemical reaction at one litle point in the mass, it would proceed more gently and itself produce heat sufficient for its completion. It was, in fact, the case of a loaded railway car at rest on an incline. A little push would send it down without the aid of motive power.

The Mystery Solved at Last.

"After a series of careful experiments, the problem was solved. When the aluminum filings were thoroughly mixed in a crucible with oxide of chromium a teaspoonful of ordinary flashlight powder and peroxide of sodium was placed on the mass. This acted as a 'primer.' A match was applied. There was a bright flash, followed by a glow and gentle flame from the crucible, and all was over. When cold, the crucible was broken open. At the bottom was found metallic chromium at least 90 per cent pure. Above it and easily separated was a slag of aluminum oxide, or artificial corundum. Herr Krupp could have his precious metal at reasonable cost for hardening steel for guns and armor plates.

"This was the open door to one of the greatest inventions of the age. Dr. Goldschmidt resolved to experiment further. He soon discovered that very pure manganese, also a valuable but almost unknown product in commercial quantities, could be equally well obtained in this way—merely substituting oxide of manganese for oxide of chromium."

"Next came experiments with oxide of iron and then the discovery of 'thermite.' Dr. Goldschmidt found that if oxide of iron (a pure haematite ore, such as is mined in Northern Michigan) were substituted for oxide of chromium and touched off by the flashlight primer, its action would be far more violent, though it could still be controlled.

Made Iron Run Like Water.

"In his remarkable experiments the slag of the corundum spurted out liquid and flaming. It was a blinding spectacle. Bubbling like water, it ran pure metallic iron and sank to the bottom in a dazzling molten mass, so electrically brilliant, so intense, that the operator was forced to arm himself with blue glasses. As it was, he found himself temporarily blinded. The heat generated was enormous.

"It may be stated that this method of producing iron in small quantities could not, commercially speaking, compete with the blast furnace; but as a source of heat it contains vast possibilities, and practical ways of using it were at once sought.

"Experiments on the welding of rails at once demonstrated its possibilities. The clean cut ends to be welded are clamped together by a kind of portable vise. Around the joint to be welded is arranged the mold, composed of highly refractory material. A plugged pipe of the same material, communicating from above with the bottom of the crucible, is adjusted. In the crucible is placed a charge of thermite; on this a small quantity of the priming material (flashlight powder). The operator, wearing blue spectacles, drops a lighted match on the primer (thermite itself will not take fire from a match) and retires to a safe distance.

"The Pelee in miniature goes off. The operator returns, opens the plug, and the contents of the crucible flows quickly into the mould and on the tightly clamped rails. The liquid iron sinks to the bottom and fuses the lower flange, strengthening the joint. The hot slag strikes the upper part of the rail and heats it to such a degree that the union is instant and perfect. Later the mould is opened. A blow or two with a hammer separates the slag from the upper part of the now solid rail, and the operation is complete.

Other Mysteries of Thermite.

"It is remarkable that, though the contents of the crucible flows out at a temperature little below 4,504, Fahrenheit, the outside of the crucible may be held in the bare hand almost immediately, because the development of the heat is too rapid to affect surrounding bodies unless kept in contact with the molten mass longer than it remains in the crucible.

"So great is the heat that the rail would be still hot to the hand at the end of eight or ten hours if the mould were allowed to remain unopened so long. The practical utility of the invention is shown by the fact that steel rails are now welded by this process in Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Cassel and other German cities.

"It is also a success in welding pipes into continuous lengths, miles long, if necessary. For pipes only the slag (not the molten metal) is allowed in contact with the pipe joint. Many other uses have been suggested for thermite, and it will work a revolution in the great industries of iron, steel and other metals.

"In conclusion it may be remarked," says the scientist, "that the thermite mixture is safe to handle and safe to store—as safe as sawdust. Only a very high surrounding temperature or the ignition of the priming material will make it burn. Of course it is never added to the mixture until a demonstration is to be made. The constituents of thermite may be transported separately, to be mixed on the spot. Until they are mixed they are as harmless as sand."

Ideas That Make Men Free.

Such are the wonders of chemistry, suggesting Emerson's claim, "Thought sets men free." By a simple process—flame applied to metal filings—prison bars melt and vaulted dungeons flow like water.

What is the secret hidden in these cold metals? Only the Creator knows. Everybody has seen aluminum. It is a cheap, silvery metal, as light as cardboard, yet, in its various forms, it composes about one-twelfth of the earth's crust. Marvelous to relate, many metals are of the aluminum form. Mixed with copper every day, aluminum becomes the cheap gold of commerce, as used for cheap watch cases, jewelry and settings for artificial stones, now widely displayed in show windows.

These stones, almost as hard as those of nature, are of corundum, an oxide of aluminum. This corundum, referred to above, is the famous substance recently manufactured by electricity at high temperature. It is a kind of precious substance itself, nearly as hard as the diamond, and among the gems of its various forms are sapphires, amethysts, rubies and topazes.

Another wondrous element is chromium. In its pure state it is of a tin white color, like aluminum. After fusion it is even harder than corundum. It oxidizes slowly and in oxygen burns vividly. It does not occur "native," but is found in chrome iron stone, lead chromate and meteoric iron. One of its forms is supposed to be the green that gives resplendent luster to the emerald. When artificially made this kind of chromium is of a dull green color and is popular with manufacturers for imparting a green tint to porcelain. The most important use of pure chromium is to harden steel. With it Krupp tempers armor plates for battle ships.

By chemistry the pale faced modern Faust, working in his laboratory, makes metals out of clay and many marvelous combinations. What they will do when skillfully proportioned and exposed to heat the story above gives a hint—accounting, as it were, for the forces at work in space, creating heat and electricity, making suns burn with indescribable fury, colliding with peaceful planets, mixing their metals in a second of time—and new worlds seem to leap into vision, balls of molten fire sweeping through space; vast cyclones of flame, making Pelee a cold storage vault by comparison. All this seems simple enough as explained by modern chemistry, giving men unlimited power, making them gods, as it were, to first master themselves and then the universe.

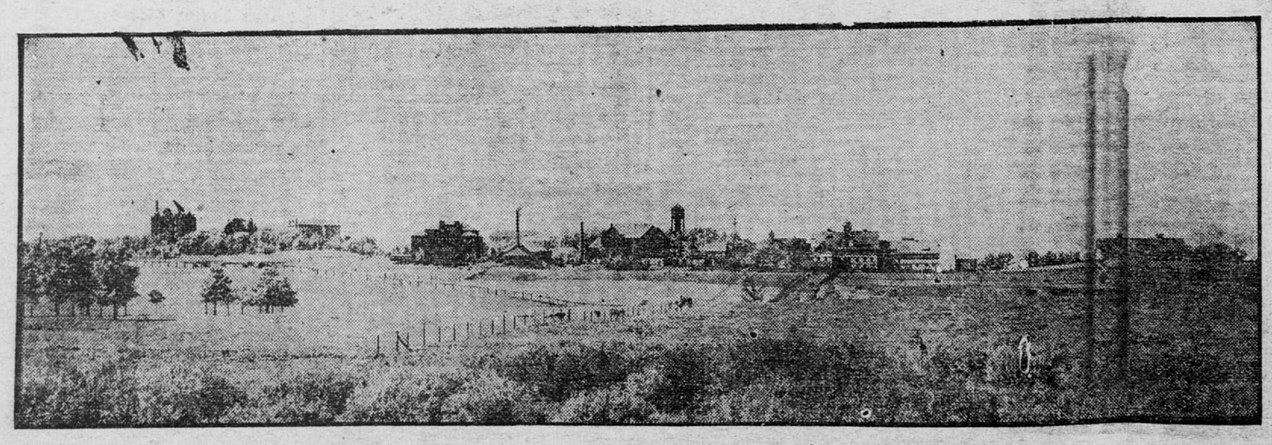
Republican Club Meeting.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—The programme of the meeting of the National League of Republican Clubs in this city, Oct. 1-3, was completed today. Business sessions will be held on the 2d and 3d. Gov. Cummins, of Iowa, will speak Tuesday night; Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, Wednesday night, and Thursday night President Roosevelt and Senator Beveridge, of Indiana.

Bravery to Be Recognized.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 20. — Lieut. Kenneth P. Williams, of the First infantry, has been recommended by Gen. Chaffee for a congressional medal of honor for his skill and bravery in leading the relief expedition to the rescue of the marine detachment which completed the now famous march across the island of Samar.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MINNESOTA STATE EXPERIMENTAL FARM.



One of the most striking and instructive points of interest in St. Paul is one that is rarely visited, notwithstanding its accessibility. We refer to the School of Agriculture and State Experimental Station at St. Anthony Park, reached by the Como Interurban line. There are no less than twenty buildings, all spacious and impressive, as they should be to represent a great state. The grounds are handsomely ornamented by well selected shrubbery, that by foliage, habit of growth or flower adds beauty to a naturally attractive place. The farm consists of 256 acres, not as much land as is common in most of Minnesota, but intelligent effort has made it wonderfully productive and an object lesson to everyone interested in farm work. The view presented above gives a fair idea of the grounds and position of the most imposing buildings. It is to be hoped that visitors to the coming state fair will not overlook this important adjunct to the upholding of agriculture in Minnesota. The institution is one of the best in the Union in the men and women who preside over its affairs as well as in its general physical and material equipment.

Odd Ailments Puzzle Doctors

PROVIDENCE, R. I.,—After an illness of two years, Miss Leonie Jodoin, 20 years old, has died at her home in Jericho, R. I. A part of this time was spent as a novice in the Roman Catholic convent at Flushing, L. I., which she was forced to leave on account of ill health.

The case had baffled New York and Rhode Island physicians and a post-mortem examination was required to clear up the mystery. At first hemorrhages were frequent, and Miss Jodoin had been treated for consumption. Several months ago a hard lump was detected in her stomach, and an operation disclosed a common sewing needle, one and a half inches long, which was removed. This operation gave her great relief and recovery seemed certain until recently, when the old pains returned.

The post-mortem examination revealed, piercing the outer envelope of the heart, a steel hat pin, four and one-fourth inches long, without a head, and in the stomach another headless hat pin, one, one and one-half inches long. Miss Jodoin never gave any explanation of how the needle got in her stomach, and Dr. C. E. Chagnon, the family physician, expressed the opinion that while in a fit of hysteria Miss Jodoin forced the hat pins into her body.

By Dr. Howard Childs Carpenter.

Hysterical persons as a rule do not injure themselves purposely. When they do hurt themselves, it is generally to secure sympathy and excite compassion. When they throw themselves about and fall they choose a soft spot, such as a sofa or a bed or a pile of rugs. Even in their hysteria they do not deliberately plan personal damage of any kind. So, in the case of Miss Jodoin hysteria may be eliminated as a cause for the self-inflicted wounds.

Her using pins in the way that she did has the appearance of dementia rather than anything else. Demented persons might stab themselves in the manner described and then keep secret the cause of their suffering. Regarding the pin which pierced the outer covering of the heart, I am inclined to believe that it was the immediate cause of her death.

Bullets have been known to penetrate the heart, and the wounded person to recover. But it is different where a rigid instrument pierces the sack of the heart. In that case the muscular movements of the organ would tear the wound larger and larger, and would set up inflammation which would soon cause death.

WILKESBARRE.—Lightning struck the house of John Hudock, a Russian, several days ago. It passed down the chimney and struck a child in a cradle, running down its body from the right shoulder to the left hip and then down the leg and across the right foot, burning the flesh all the way. When the parents rushed to the cradle the child showed no signs of life.

Neighbors flocked in, and as soon as it could be done a grave two feet deep was made. The child, stripped of all clothing, was covered with earth, its head being left free. The rain poured down, but the crowd stood about the grave, praying.

Half an hour later Dr. E. M. Davis reached the place and found the child conscious and suffering very little. It was taken to the hospital and is likely to recover.

The theory of the Russians is that the earth absorbs the electricity from the body.

By Dr. J. Solis Cohen.

Earth treatment has entered into a very large number of diseases from time immemorial. It is certain that some earths have peculiar curative properties. Hence the mud baths, marble baths and sand baths for various ills of the flesh.

But regarding the particular case in point, I do not think that the earth burial had anything to do with the recovery of the child. In the first place, the electric spark having struck and passed through its body did not leave that body charged with electricity. The child lost consciousness from shock and when buried was probably in a trance condition. Its return to consciousness was due to other causes than the burial.

But the use of earth for reducing swellings in cancer cases, in securing equable pressure around wounds and for poulticing is now common in medicine. The original earth poultice man in this city was Dr. Hewson, who some twenty or thirty years ago was very successful in his applications of earth poultices. To be sure, he was a "crank" about some of his treatment, for he insisted that his poultices should be covered with blue paper. But to this day earth poultices are used after his formula with great success.

NEW YORK—Able Seaman Thomas Preston, of the Pictou, N. S., schooner Sirdar, has been "moon struck" ever since last Christmas. He is a sufferer from paralysis of the face and almost total blindness of the left eye, due to the effect of the full moon. This affliction, peculiar to sailors and the nature of which is but little understood, is known among seafaring men as "moon blink."

The Sirdar, commanded by Captain Rafuse, has arrived from Montevideo at the West Shore docks, Weehawken.

"When three days out the Sirdar sprang aleak," says Seaman Preston.

"After the pumps began to work I climbed to the top of the deck load and dropped exhausted to sleep in the moonlight. It was a fine Christmas morning, the sea shone like burnished silver, and I thought sleep would be more refreshing on deck than in the fo'c'sle.

"When I was called to help man the pumps for the forenoon watch I found that I had been 'moon blinked.' I presented such an unnatural and grotesque appearance that my shipmates scarcely recognized in my distorted features the man whom they had known on the night before as Tom Preston."

By Dr. S. D. Risley.

The only case of moon blindness, or "moon blink" that has ever come under my immediate attention was during one of my clinics at the University of Pennsylvania. A woman was brought to me by two hucksters. She said that a few nights before she had been sitting on her doorstep in the moonlight and that she had fallen into a doze. When she awakened she said that she found that she was blind. "Moon blink" she claimed had set in and she had to be led around like a child.

I examined her eyes and found that the iris and pupil reacted to the light, but to my repeated questions she said that she could not see or detect the presence of light. Accordingly I put a pair of speculums on her eyes, which prevented her closing the lids and turned her face full into the glare of the western sun. A blind person would not have been at all inconvenienced by this treatment. But the moment the sun's rays attacked this woman's eyes she became restless. Finally she burst into a scream of profanity the like of which I never heard, and tearing off the speculums she bolted for the door and out into the street a completely cured woman.

I judged from this and from other observations that "moon blink" is a myth, a figment of the imagination.

SINGLE RAIL TROLLEY ROADS

AS A commercial success the single rail electric passenger line is not with us yet; but Howard Hensel Tunis, an inventor, of Baltimore, Md., promises that it will be soon. He says that experiments in the suburbs of Baltimore have proved so satisfactory to the group of capitalists interested that his system will be exploited for all it is worth, and, in the minds of many careful investors, that is a great deal.

There are other mono-rail or single rail inventions, notably in Germany, but none he says, save his system, where the one rail is laid upon the ground. In the land of the Kaiser the car is suspended. In the land of Uncle Sam the car will stand upright, its equilibrium being maintained by simple and effective devices.

For his system the inventor claims these important things:

Cheapness of construction.

Exceedingly low cost of maintenance and operation.

Minimum of friction and almost total absence of noise or sense of motion. No "bumping" or swaying of the car.

High rate of speed, sixty miles per hour being easily maintained.

As is well understood by transportation experts one great drawback to the installation of rapid transit facilities between small towns or in the country is the great cost of the power house to generate and distribute the electricity, the laying of a double track and the cost of maintenance. Mr. Tunis declares that by his system he can lay two tracks—so that if one becomes obstructed the car can be switched over to the other—and the trusses or bents which guide his car for just one-half of the cost of a trolley line.

As each car is propelled with its own motor power the great expense of a power house is not only eliminated, but the system is not in danger of being paralyzed by a breakdown in the central station. Each car with its trailer is absolutely independent of everything save itself.

The single rail is laid just like the tracks of the ordinary steam rail. Over it, at fixed distances are bents or trusses supporting the guides which keep the car always in an upright position. The car can be built of any length required. In the forward end is the engine, supplied by gasoline oil or steam power.

The experimental road which Mr. Tunis has built and over which he is now sending a rudely constructed car at frequent intervals is two thousand feet long. Here the trusses are of timber, but steel or iron will be used in actual equipment. The car is nicely balanced on the single rail, the wheels being of the grooved pattern. The centrifugal motion of the car on curves is provided for in the slant of the trusses.

A compact four-horse power engine in the car, with coal oil fuel that costs ten cents an hour, is sufficient to drive the big car at a fifteen-mile per hour rate. A sixteen horse-power engine will give, Mr. Tunis declares, a speed of sixty miles an hour on a forty-foot car and trailer filled with people, and at a cost of forty cents per hour.

The baseball season is over, so go and see Bardsley & Co., 308 Endicott, about a good, improved farm in Lac qui Parle county.

LOST IN FOREST AND FREED BY FOUR BEARS

Nevertheless, Two Deer Were Bagged by This Sportsman of Energetic Disposition.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 20.—While deer hunting near Oswegatchie village, up the Carthage and Adirondack railroad, John Briscoe got lost in the wilderness. When found by a party after a day's search he was nearly exhausted. His feet were raw and bleeding from his long tramp of miles through the woods.

During his wanderings he met a large bear and ran for a tree, which he climbed. From his perch he could see four other bears prowling around in the woods. He remained in his hiding place several hours before the bears disappeared and allowed him to resume his tramp. Before he became separated from his guide, Dan Shatraw, Briscoe shot two deer, which were brought out of the woods by wagon.

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE