

TWENTY-FOUR

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

WORLD-WIDE WIRELESS TELEPHONY PREDICTED

Columbia Professor Says One Day New York Will Be Able to Converse With St. Petersburg or Hong Kong by Taking Down Receiver.

"Hello! This is New York! Is that you, St. Petersburg?" or Hong Kong, or Vladivostok, or Bombay, or whatever distant point may be desired, that such calls may be possible is the assurance of the men who are working at the development of wireless telephony, says the New York Sun.

Prof. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University, declares that at any time, but certainly within a few years, some inventor will discover the means whereby wireless telephony may become possible between points thousands of miles apart, at present telephoning by wire is possible only over distances of not exceeding 100 miles. It was Prof. Pupin who discovered the means of telephoning over under-ground wires through the invention of the Pupin coil. By use of this invention it is now possible to telephone from New York to Denver, while plans are being perfected whereby telephonic conversation may soon be carried on between New York and San Francisco.

Prof. Pupin came to New York from Serbia while a boy 33 years ago. He laid the foundation of his scientific education at Cooper Institute in the guarded, conservative words of the scientist he thus describes the difficulties which confront the electrical inventor in the field of wireless telephony.

"Wireless telephony over short distances is an accomplished fact," he said. "Many messages have been sent over distances of about 25 miles, but such distances, of course, are trifling as compared with the distance covered by wireless telephony."

"We not only know today how to transmit wireless telephony messages over short distances, but we also know very accurately the instruments in order to which must be followed up by a very accurate distance of transmission. The principal difficulty to be overcome is at the transmitting station, and is at the difficulty of dividing itself into two distinct parts."

"The first of these is the difficulty of generating very rapidly oscillating electric power in large quantities, and which will oscillate in a persistent manner. The ordinary method of generating power is to charge so-called condensers and discharge them by means of disruptive sparks, when by means of the sparks, which are carried by a series of oscillations, certain number of rapid oscillations, which die out at a rapid rate.

"This method of generating rapidly oscillating electrical power is all right for wireless telephony, but it is not adaptable for wireless telephony. To carry a wireless telephony message successfully we must generate rapidly oscillating electrical power without the employment of a spark. That is to say, we must generate it by an ordinary dynamo-electric machine.

"But it turns out that dynamo-electric machines for the generating of rapidly oscillating electrical power have their limitations. To have a dynamo generating electrical energy which oscillates 100,000 times a second is next to impossible, and if it should turn out that in order to carry on a wireless telephony communication over, say, 1,000 miles, we should produce a dynamo-electric machine capable of doing that we could have a very good thing."

There are other "old enemies," similar to the ones mentioned in the testimonial. Kidney and Bladder Troubles are old enemies to good health. As soon as you start to take GIN PILLS these ailments begin to disappear. It is the same in cases of Lumbago, Sciatica and like complaints. This letter illustrates the benefit of GIN PILLS.

Winnipeg, Jan. 6th.
"I have been a sufferer from Lumbago for some years past and during Christmas week had a very acute attack which confined me to the house. About the latter part of April, I met your Mr. Hill and mentioned my complaint to him. He advised me to take GIN PILLS. I have been taking them at intervals during the early part of the present winter, and up to date have had no return of my old trouble. In fact, I feel better than I have for years and think that my old enemy has vanished for good and all."
H. A. JUKES.

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kind occasionally affecting one another's fortunes, but the history of mankind as a whole, the fortunes of each branch henceforth bound up with those of the other. In these conditions the historian of the future will need an amplitude of conception and a power of grouping his figures like that of Tintoret or Michael Angelo, if he is to handle vast a canvas.

"A Common Devotion to Truth." These conditions in which the world now finds itself, these closer relations of contact between the great nations in their transatlantic possessions, suggest a final observation. It is this. One duty that was always incumbent on the historian has now become a duty of deeper significance and stronger obligation. Truth, and truth only, is our aim. We are bound as historians to examine and record facts without favor or affection to our own nation or any other. Our common devotion to truth is what brings us here and unites us in one body divided by no national jealousies, but of all united investigations. But though no other sentiments intrude here, we are only too well aware that jealousies and misunderstandings do exist and from time to time threaten the concord of loyalty to truth that the historians of Britain bid you welcome here.

DR. A. W. WARD.

The Old French Cemeteries Of New Orleans

Strange and Gruesome Burial Customs [By W. J. McIntosh, Formerly of London.]

(Continued from Page Seventeen.)

Small Consideration for Por. As to the ovens forming the outer walls, which are mainly occupied by deceased members of the poorer classes, who are hence more liable to be soon forgotten, my guide confessed that when hard-pressed for room they sometimes cleared out an oven as soon as six months after the date of death. They assured me, however, that they never had any trouble in getting anything left of the corpse by that time, except bones, and that the sections had positive orders to pick up every bone, "even the smallest bit," so as to avoid transferring any portion of the skeleton to the bonfire. "Do you ever notice any odor from the tombs?" I asked. "Well, no, not tombs," he responded, "but rather a smell of decaying flesh, indicating with certainty that within that tomb the worms were still at feast. With a shudder, I hurried on.

Among the family tombs, I noted that there was here and there a much larger structure, some of them a room for ten, twenty or more coffins. Such tombs belong to national clubs, fraternal societies, churches, or other organizations, and one was reserved exclusively for Jesuit priests. The largest that I saw was that of an Italian society, and contained seventy ovens, arranged in vertical tiers, five ovens high. On the front of each oven was a slab bearing a number. I remarked, questioning, to my guide that I supposed there must be a good many skeletons in the bottom of that tomb. "Yes," said he, "there are more than five hundred of them mixed up in there." I asked: "When a place like that gets filled up, what do you do?" "We rake them out," he replied, "and take them to a new cemetery we have out in the suburbs, and bury them." It is apparent that in New Orleans there is no rest even in the tomb, for either the living or the dead.

A Ghastly Discovery. Proceeding further, I became curious as to what might lie beyond the high mound I have mentioned on which the fire was burning, and I asked my guide about it. "Beyond that mound," said he, "is the unconsecrated ground where the old Protestants were buried. There has been nothing buried there for over a hundred years." Then I climbed over the mound, passed the coffin bonfire, and looked down upon the most appalling state of things I had ever discovered. Here was a space of perhaps a hundred feet square, completely walled in, and to which the only way of access was by climbing over the mound. The small area was crowded to the utmost with tombs, chiefly in ruins. Most of them had originally consisted merely of four brick walls, two or three feet in height, and a large horizontal slab. But in some instances the slabs had been more or less displaced by what agency I have no idea—and in good many cases the slabs had been removed altogether and were piled, helter-skelter, upon other tombs, leaving only the brickwork, inclosing a shallow well. And, horror of horrors, what was that yellowish object which I see in a tomb that gapes open to the sky? To verify my suspicion, I turn it over with my pickaxe, and perceive that it was not mistaken. I discover other bones—arms, bones, leg-bones, ribs. Investigating another open tomb, the same thing is repeated. Here, in this dreadful spot, the bones of scores of dead men and women, washed by the rain, bleaching in the sun, year after year, and absolutely neglected. It seemed incredible that such things could be in the United States of America, in the twentieth century of the Christian era. Yet there they are, and forgotten citizens of New Orleans, to be seen of all men, yet receiving less care than any garbage heap.

Many Ovens Collapsing. In another part of the cemetery I saw a long stretch of ovens that were in a state of near collapse. There were some cracks and openings, and their memorial slabs had been displaced. My sexton guide informed me that these ovens had been "conquered." Just what he meant did not dawn upon my mind at once. He dilated the way to one of the most magnificent ovens, loosened and removed several bricks with his fingers, thrust his hand into the interior, and brought forth a human skull. "Why don't you people take care of the place?" "Well," said he, in an injured tone, "we don't know who those dead ones belonged to, and nobody offers to pay for the job."

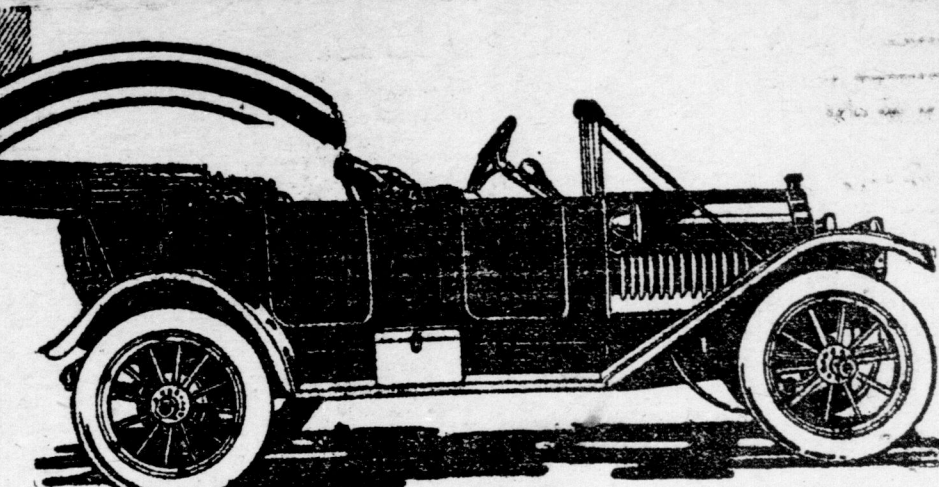
Soon we came to the oldest and the most out-of-the-way part of the cemetery. Here I observed that some distance down the aisle along which we were walking, the way was entirely blocked by a mound of earth that was higher than my head. On the top of it a fire was smoldering. "What is the most matter-of-fact way?" "We're burning up some old coffins." To my further amazement he explained that as the cemetery was chock full it was constantly necessary to make room for new arrivals; and that the law permitted the removal of the old coffins and their contents from the cemetery. The words last quoted were, "death." The words last quoted were, "City Ordinance in that behalf." So, when a family tomb is fully occupied, if another death occurs in the highest circles of society, to have the tomb opened and a coffin removed. The bones are then dumped on the ground in the space reserved for that purpose in the space reserved for that purpose. The old coffin and casket are taken away to be burned. My guide remarked: "You know, my friend, bones don't get rid of a lot of them 't'way." This space is provided for a newly-dead in the place of honor on a shelf, not, of course, of the last there "until the sound of the year and a day," but for at least a year and a day, or until the family owning that tomb shall have another member and shall therefore have need of a shelf-room in that tomb.

back and more widely around than are we not as students of history specially called upon to do what we can to try to reduce every source of international ill-feeling? As historians we know how few wars have been necessary wars, and how much more harm than good most wars have done. As historians we know that every great people has had its characteristic faults. None is specially blameless, each has rendered its special services to humanity. We have the best reason for knowing how great is the debt each one owes to the other, how essential not only to the material development of each nation, but also to the greatness and the welfare of others and the common friendship of all. May not we and the students of physical science, who also labor for knowledge in their own fields, and how as we do before the august figure of Truth, hope to become a bond of sympathy between the nations, helping each people to feel and appreciate all that is best in the others, and seeking to point the way to peace and good-will throughout the world?

It is in this spirit of fraternal love of learning and loyalty to truth that the historians of Britain bid you welcome here.

DR. A. W. WARD.

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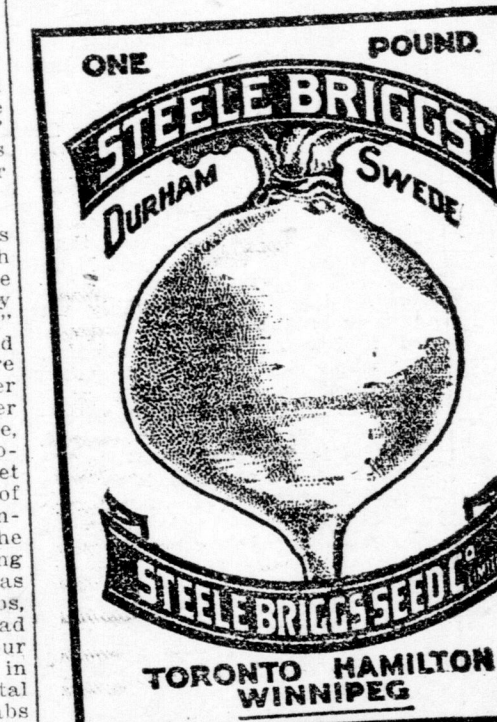
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through this busy thoroughfare will be consigned to some awful place as I walked through today, there to rest from their labor for at least a little while—at least until corruption shall have done its perfect work—after which their bones, all that will then be left of their earthly tabernacle, will probably be hustled—whither? Verily, New Orleans would seem a fine field for investment in a crematory.

Always there is some improvement, apparently, to be made in our common tools. A contributor to a mechanical journal says that the ordinary screw-driver bruises out the edges of the slot of a screw, so that it cannot easily be unscrewed, because it is bevelled. A screw-driver, he says, should have a flat, unbevelled working end, not a knife-edge, in order to avert this trouble. Belfast, Ireland, is in "the largest in the world" class. It has the largest flax, the spinning in the world which can accommodate the Olympic, and the largest rope manufactory. It also claims the one of the largest distilleries in the world.

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A well-known New Yorker, who has had wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit can be easily banished in three days without any return of the craving. The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, many vigor, strong memory and a general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits. No more of that nervous feeling; no more of pipe, cigar, cigarette or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire. The author, Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Avenue, 549 G., New York City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him.