

SUNBEAM

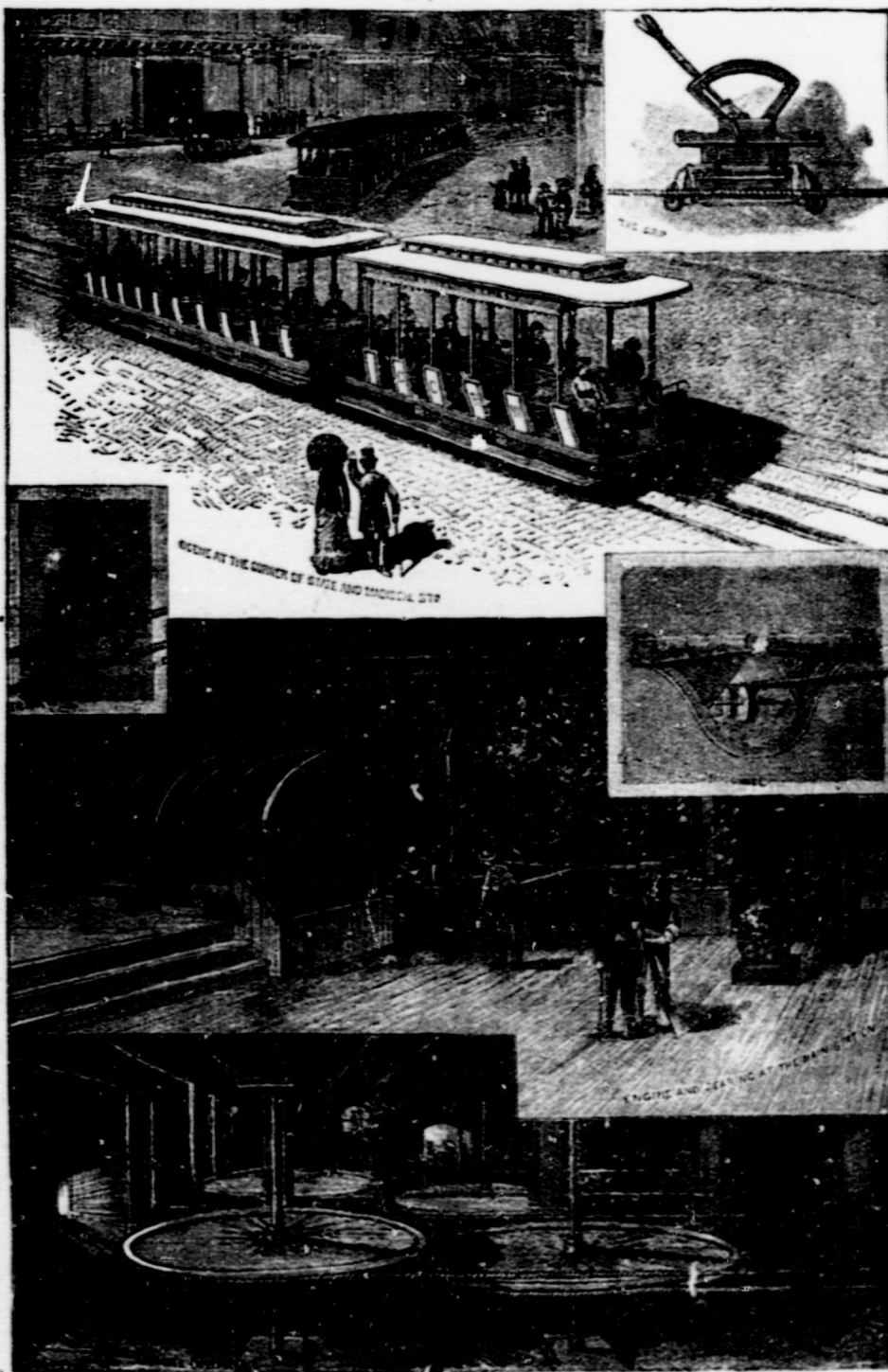
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THE CABLE CAR SYSTEM.

In the olden time when those who used to see the street-cars of our cities drawn exclusively by horses, it was a curious sight, on coming into a strange city, such as Chicago, to see them running, as it were, of themselves, being set in motion and stopped by the driver with very little effort and in a very few seconds. The secret of this is that they run on moving cables, which are set in motion and regulated from a single engine-house at one end of the track. The method is simple and interesting. Just half way between the tracks a little channel is dug about a foot deep; it is in this little channel that the cable—a strong, thick wire rope—is laid along little rollers on which it runs with great smoothness. (See Fig. 1). This cable is stretched around large wheels in the engine-house (Fig. 3), and is continually kept in motion. All that now remains to be done is to supply the heavy car with something on the principle of a pair of pincers with which to grip the cable and let it go when the driver wishes to stop. This apparatus is shown in



THE CABLE CAR SYSTEM, CHICAGO.

Fig. 2, and explains itself. Fig. 4 shows us an ingenious idea for detecting a flaw in the cable; the lower points of a metal fork, to which a bell is attached, run

along the smooth surface of the wire, and if the slightest flaw is present the warning note of the bell at once gives notice of the fact.

SOMETHING ABOUT GIVING.

"Aunt Lena, if I were rich, I should give ever so much to the poor," said Bessie, who had just finished reading about a wealthy lady's charitable acts towards the poor.

"And what would you give them, Bessie?" asked her Aunt Lena.

"Oh, food and clothes to make them comfortable, and to please the little boys I should give them lots of balls, sleds, and tops; and to the little girls I would give boxes and boxes of dolls," Bessie answered.

"But why don't you give the poor some of these nice things now?" Aunt Lena asked, stroking one of the little girl's long curls.

"Why, auntie, you know I have no money!" exclaimed Bessie, widely opening her brown eyes.

"But you have three dolls, any one of which would no doubt make little Mary Flanagan very happy," auntie said.

"But I think ever so much of my dolls, and I couldn't bear to part with one," said the little girl.

"Then you would like to be rich, so that you could give to the poor only such things

as you would not miss out of your great abundance. Is that true charity to the poor, little niece?" and Aunt Lena too, the rosy-cheeked face between both hands.