

# Utah Man On THE Wonders OF Wireless Telegraphy.

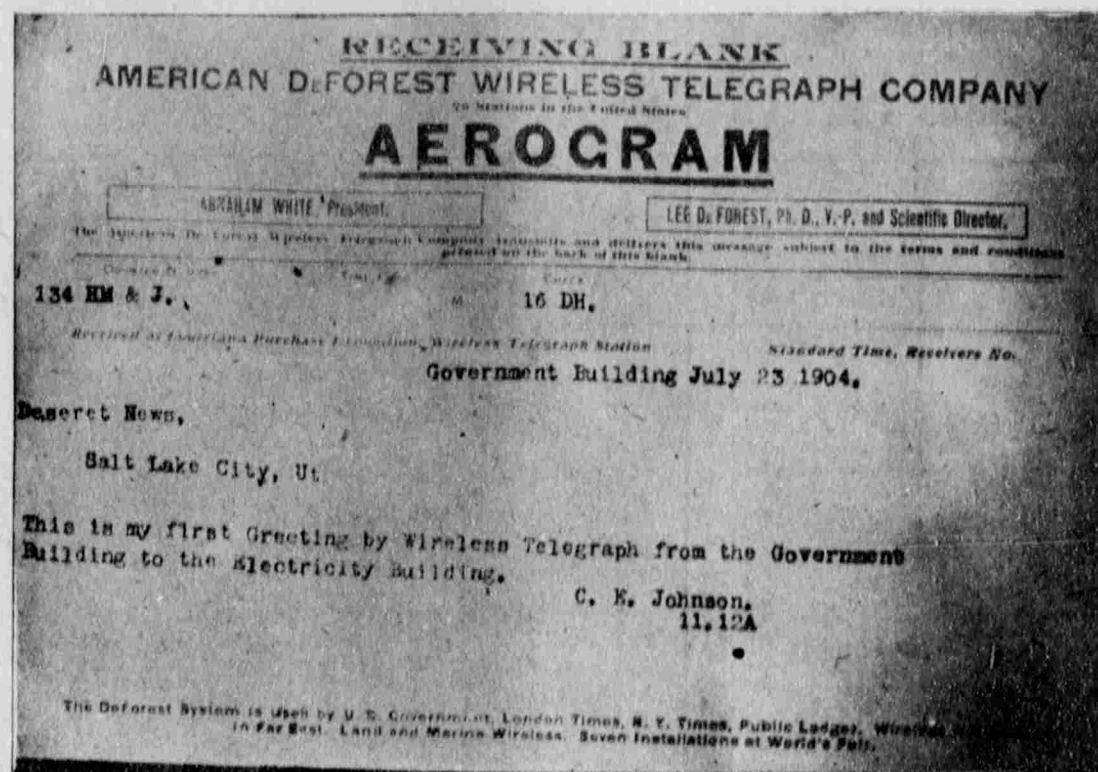
Special Correspondence.  
ST. LOUIS, July 25.—"In thoughts, I fly to thee," is now a practical reality, and there's the method in it. I remember the time when we used to put these words on Valentines, and it seemed then to be the only place for them. There was always an arrow pointing to pierce a loving heart (pretending to be) and the arrow was supposed to have been shot from somewhere by somebody with something—presumably a bow and string. Now a day or two ago I "grew big" I find an entirely different way of "flying" thoughts. Other things have "grew big" alongside of me, and all this is to tell you about the wonders of the wireless telegraph.

They have a fine exhibit of "installation" on the fair grounds, the De Forest company having arrayed six or eight stations in different parts of the grounds and city. Visitors are given the free privilege of sending messages to the various stations. You can send a message and then go over to the other station and get it, or you can have a friend at the other end to receive it immediately. There is no nonsense about it. It is practical and sure—more sure, so I am told, than a wire telegraph. They have some nice boys who have charge of the stations, and I advise all my Utah friends to test it when they are at the fair.

I made some photos of the sending and receiving stations, and asked some questions about it. This is how it goes: The De Forest system does not use any "volts" such as Marconi uses, but sends the current out from the top of the tower or station from the loose; bare ends of a lot of wires. They are

spread out like the fingers on your hand, and there is 10 or 20 of them. They seem to be common iron wire—or galvanized wire about the size of "telegraph wire"—about eight-gauge I think. The current is of terrific strength—from 20,000 to 50,000 volts. When you realize that 5,000—and sometimes 2,000 will kill a man, you can realize the energy used here. The current is controlled by a regular telegraph "key" (you've seen them in every telegraph office). The message only gives evidence in the instrument I call the attuner. You can see it in the picture. There are several wire rings, and there is a connector which can be clamped on anyone of them. This is for the purpose of getting it "in tune" with the station you want to talk to. It is tuned according to distance. I asked the attendant if, when the message was sent, it could not be caught by everybody who had an instrument. He explained that he could cut out everybody except those who used exactly the same distance from the station, which happened to be sending a message. "Practically," he says, "it almost never happens, and is fully as secure or secret as the wire telegraph."

Asked as to its liability to derangement, he said it will, under the most unfavorable circumstances, be much more certain than the wire. When poles and wires are cut, broken or blown down, or when destroyed by enemies, or during storms, under all these circumstances the wireless is working at its best. The more storm the easier it works. But as to the action of sending the message: Inside of the attuner you can see two points that come nearly together. Between these a bright spark is produced each time the sending key is depressed. It gives a vicious, snappy spark of great brill-



WIRELESS MESSAGE REMINDER TO THE DESERET NEWS.

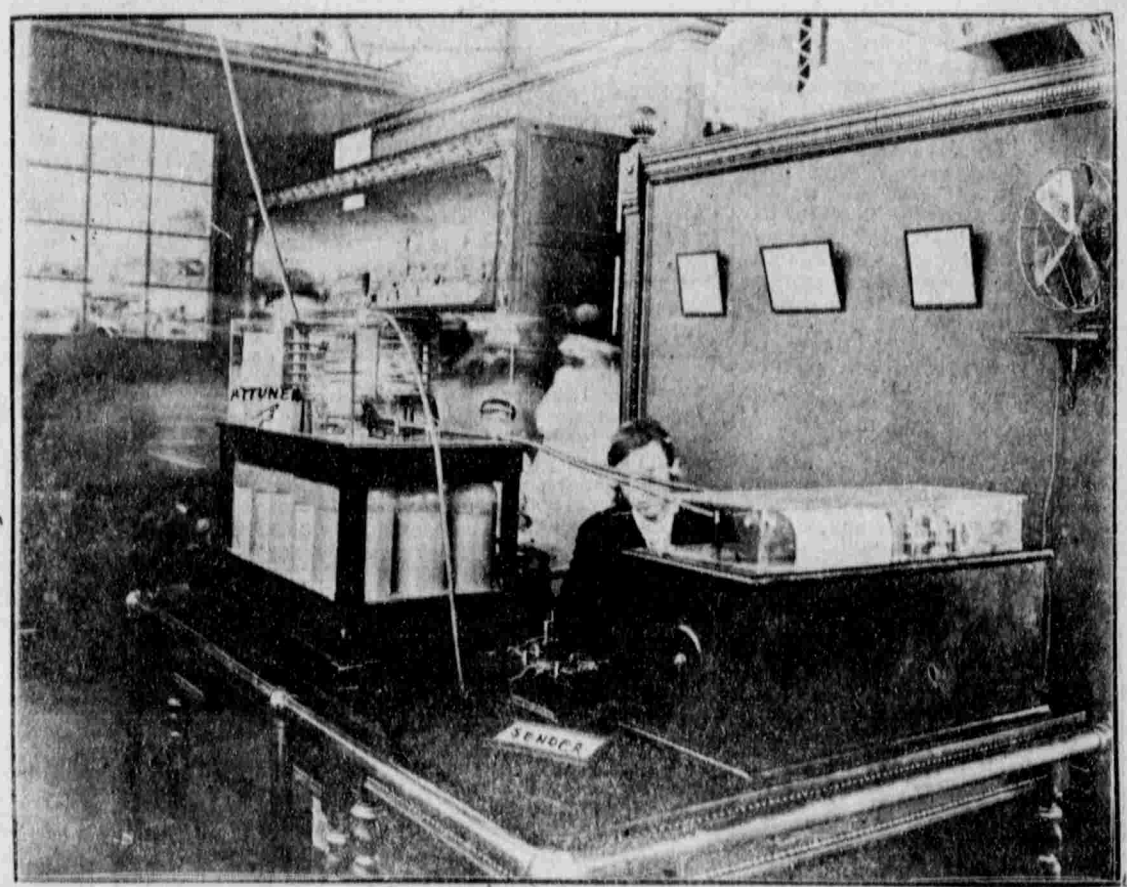
iance, and by the vigor of it you can imagine the terrific current that is used.

The receiver is like the one in the telephone girl uses, only there are two, and they are clamped over your ears with a spring that goes over your head. When you put this on, you hear a faint clicking, which, if you can understand the Morse system or alphabet, you can read the messages as they come. The operator puts this on and sits at a typewriter, receiving and writing it down at the same time.

The photos are made, the one where the message is being sent is in the government building, at the north end, and near the model portico, and represents the attendant, Mr. Johnson, sending my message. The other, or receiving station, is in the electric building, and the young man in charge posed for me specially for the "News." And at Dr. De Forest's request. The doctor would not pose, but I caught part of him as he stood at the back talking to some visitors. In this photo you can see how the wires begin to branch out, and in this station they do not go outside of the roof, but the current comes right through the sky and trees and house and everything.

Although it is new, and seems wonderful, it is all very simple and practical and useful. The newspapers down town, six or seven miles from the fair, have hourly or "minutely" reports from the fair grounds, and keep changing the editions of their papers every hour or so.

All the instruments and apparatus are very simple and easily understood by anyone versed in electrical science. Charlie Jacobsen can tell you more definitely what all the instruments are used for. Just under the attuner you will see a lot of glass jars lined with tinfoil, and looking very much like an old-fashioned "Leyden jar" of the early electrical text books. There is also a large box with a glass box on top. The



OPERATOR SENDING WIRELESS TELEGRAPH MESSAGE.

glass box is full of fine little instruments, and I judged that there was a large coil in the lower box. The instrument between these is a sort of adjuster, and is ready in a second or two to send out the message.

I send you also the copy of the message as delivered to me. It is called an Aerogram.

I'll just add a few words to this to strengthen what I have written in letters before, that is, do not hesitate to come to the fair right now. There are millions of things to see. Don't fret about the cost of it, you can live here as cheaply as you can get the same living at home. Of course the hotels are high priced, but there are tens of thousands of places to sleep and eat, and you can get meals from 10 cents upwards. Inside the grounds the meals from 35 cents up. There are plenty of restaurants where good 50 cent meals are to be had. As a rule you should avoid the larger ones such as the inside inn, where so many people are served that people become of about as much importance as mosquitoes.

Get a room down town and then take your time. Eat at restaurants, keep walking along until you see one that looks good to you, then make sure, by asking, just how much you are to pay for each thing. They have a way in restaurants, not only here, but in Salt Lake, and everywhere of piling in lots of things you thought were coming up free. When you go to the fair, if you want to economize, buy one of the lunch boxes put up on purpose. These are from 10 to 25 cents and are very good. It is quite the proper thing here.

You land at the Union station here, and can go to the fair for five cents on the street car. There is an informa-

tion bureau at the station. You can check your grips for 10 cents and then go and arrange for your rooms. Don't be in a hurry to grab the first one you see—unless it suits you—and don't let anybody excite you about the scarcity of rooms or anything. There are plenty, and there will be more people bankrupt for want of customers in St. Louis than will make any money out of it.

I have lots of other things to write about especially the new instrument called the "telephonograph" for recording a telephone message, and afterwards repeating it as many times as you wish.

JOHNSON.

## PAST.

Charles W. Kempe, the Mayor of Akron, was accosted near the City Hall the other afternoon by a small hoodlum. "Hey, yer Honor," said the lad, as he took from his pocket a very large, thick watch, "give me the time."

"Four o'clock," said Mayor Kempe, smiling.

The boy set his watch at 1 o'clock, whereupon the Mayor, who had paused, said kindly:

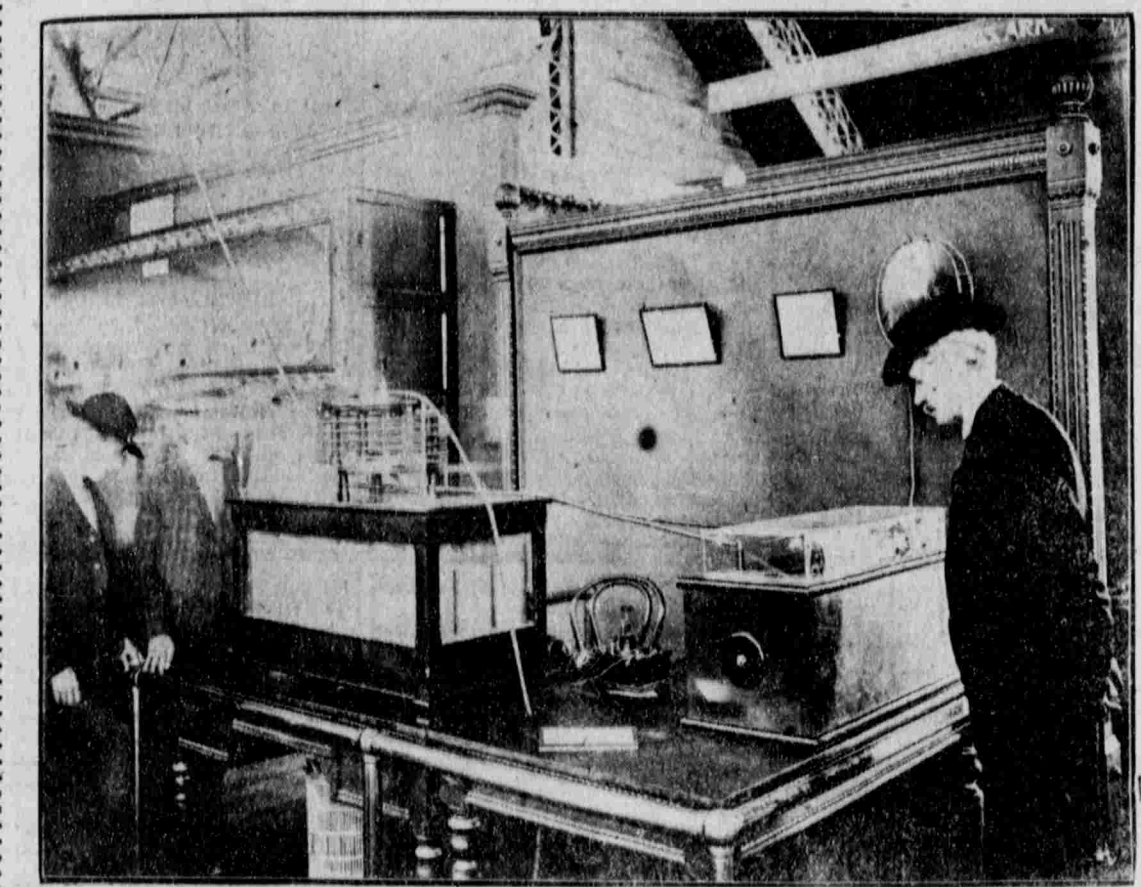
"I said 4, not 1, my lad."

"Oh, that's all right, yer Honor," the boy replied. "She'll soon make up that bit. She's a wonderful gear."

## SOUTH AFRICAN RACES.

Some scholars are of the opinion that the native races now scattered over a large extent of Mashonaland, in South Africa, are descended from a commercial people who some 3,000 years ago penetrated from southern Arabia to Mashonaland.

LEGAL BLANKS, a full supply, all the latest forms at the Deseret News Book store.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

## AGAIN BARRIE MAY ECLIPSE PINERO.

Special Correspondence.  
LONDON, July 27.—Wonder how Mr. Pinero likes it? Wonder if he isn't a bit jealous of Mr. Barrie? This year's season, like last year's, starts with new plays coming from both dramatists, and on more the elder playwright seems in danger of being eclipsed by the younger. In spite of Mr. Barrie's string of successes—"The Little Minister," "Quality Street," and "The Admirable Crichton"—probably, up to last fall, no one thought of his wresting from Pinero his title of premier British dramatist. Mr. Pinero least of all. But "Letty" and "Little Mary" produced within a few nights of each other, afforded a rather striking comparison, so far as popularity was concerned. The Pinero play interested the town and ran somewhat over 100 nights, but Mr. Barrie's "Dramatic Joke" was the craze of the season and gave up the spot only after 250 performances. It did rather badly at home, one remembers, but perhaps that was because its application was so entirely British.

Now, although it has been announced that there will be a new play from Pinero this fall, no one seems unduly excited over the prospect. On the other hand the one topic of the play-going world here is the new piece which

Barrie is writing for Ellen Terry and which is to be seen here first and afterward in the United States. Of course the idea for the play was Barrie's. Rumor declares that it has to do with the relations between a certain mother and daughter. And no sooner had the dramatist confided it to his manager, Charles Frohman, than the American impresario declared that Ellen Terry must be secured for the part of the elder woman, so off he and Barrie posted to the country town where Sir Henry Irving's former partner is spending the summer. The first plan was to get Miss Terry to cancel the previous tour, which she had planned, but at this the actress balked, so Mr. Barrie's play will have to wait until this tour is finished, which will be early in November. With the fantasies of "Crichton" and "Little Mary" in mind, however, not to mention Mr. Barrie's significant remark that if play-goers would stand the latter play they would stand anything, Londoners are speculating over his latest deliverance as they are not likely to speculate over any other piece this season. Meanwhile, Pinero is holding his own in Scotland, and saying nothing. He must realize, however, that he never has had a more dangerous rival than Barrie, and one wonders how he likes it?

## HOW YOUNG FILIPINOS SING THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

YOU must imagine 50,000 little boys and girls, with wonderful brown eyes, flat little noses and black hair, packing their books and bags, going to school each morning under the blue skies and tropic sun of the Philippines. And even in the islands where the towns are far apart the smallest village would be very much ashamed if it did not have some kind of a school for ninos.

It is very quiet in these islands, and the days seem to pass by like dreams. Only the distant clang of convent bells, the liquid bird-notes, or the sleepy challenge of a cock disturb the peaceful silence of the southern isles. The little villages are all alike—a big cathedral and a rambling convent looking out upon the sparkling sea, the carabao and ponies grazing on the plaza, and a few rice running wild among the bamboo houses under the banana trees. In some such towns, 40,000 miles away from everybody, you would be surprised some morning if you were to hear the small, clear notes of the

children singing one of your own songs, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" or "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Some of my friends would have a rather bad opinion of the small boys of Manila if they were to see the little rascals of Calle Real or the Escorial, struggling with cigars almost as big as a banana, or engaged in pitching pennies Sunday morning on the street. The public schools, however, keep the small boy out of mischief for a good part of the day. The city schools are a great credit to America. The buildings, which are used in Spanish times, are large and cool. Built in the shape of yellow squares, the inside windows look out on the shady courtyard, where the pupils play at recess under the green palms. When school is over, small investments of centavos and pesos may be made in mangoes or bananas, sugared biscuits, or a stick of boiled rice in a palm-leaf cup at one of the small China shops on the road. Making a fair division of the sweets, young Filipinos walk home affectionately, hand in hand.—Buffalo Times.

## IS STAGE TALENT HEREDITARY?

STAGE talent hereditary? Authorities differ on that point. "We have only to look through the family trees of our most prominent players to find I am right," says Miss Blanche

Ring. "I am quite sure that John Drew, for instance, is a better actor because his mother, the late Mrs. John Drew, was a superb actress for many years. We all remember that she was the best Mrs. Malaprop that ever

stepped upon the stage. Look at the Davenport family. There was a famous E. L. Davenport, one of the leading tragedians of his time, and the late Fanny Davenport. Other Davenports of this family that have won their way to the stage are Harry Davenport, Regular theater-goers of course remember the marvelous personality of Maurice Barrymore and his wife Georgia Barrymore. We find them worthily represented today in their daughter Ethel and their son Lionel.

"Henry Irving's son, H. B., is now the leading man of Charles Frohman's London stock company and his son, Lawrence, has achieved some reputation as a playwright. George Grosvenor's son, George Grosvenor, Jr., is the light comedian of the Gaiety theater, London, and his son Lawrence did clever work with me in 'The Love Birds' at the Savoy in that city last winter.

"In the case of my own unimportant self I am pleased to recall that my grandfather, James Rigg, was for thirty years character comedian at the Boston museum and that my grandmother could dance a breakdown and play a tragedy queen at equally brief notice. The great Salvini's son, the late Alexander, gave a splendid impersonation of Don Caesar de Bazan."

Mr. Dietrichstein thinks that there is nothing at all in heredity. "I cannot," he said, "imagine players whose offspring tried to act and were practically hooted off the boards. The environment of childhood, early education and associates mold human character into refinement and cleverness, or the reverse."

"It is silly to claim that because your papa or your mamma gave a marvelous performance of a celebrated role you can do likewise. As far as I am concerned, there has never been a playwright or an actor in my family, the nearest approach to anything of the latter sort being my grandfather, who was of a literary turn of mind."

## TAKE ADVANTAGE

Of the low rates to northern Utah and Idaho points via Oregon Short Line Saturday, Aug. 13. Long limits. This is the last excursion of the season.

## BINGHAM AND RETURN, \$1.00

Via D. & R. G., Sunday, Aug. 7th.

A good chance to visit the great copper camp and see the big producers. Leave Salt Lake 8:15 a. m. Six hours in the camp. Returning arrive at Salt Lake 5:50 p. m.

## BRIDAL VEIL FALLS AND RETURN, \$1.25

Via D. & R. G., Sunday, Aug. 7th.

A grand, indescribable panorama of natural beauty. Wild, rugged and picturesque. Dazzling waterfalls; roaring cataracts; misty pines; cool, shady nooks; gushing springs of cold water, and everything to delight the soul of man. Leave Salt Lake 9:00 a. m. Returning leave Upper Falls at 5:00 p. m.

## AUGUST 13

Is the date of the last excursion to northern Utah and Idaho points via Oregon Short Line. See agents for particulars.



EDDIE STAIN AS A SAILOR.

Utah Boy Who Likes the Life of the Ocean Wave.

Eddie Stain, a young Salt Lake who enlisted in the United States navy a few years ago, has written his parents that he was recently promoted to the position of seaman. The young man has had no academic naval training, but is making good progress and is apparently well liked by his superiors. At present he is with one of the ships formerly commanded by Admiral Dewey, the fleet including the Olympia, Illinois, Cleveland, Baltimore, Mayflower, Iowa, Missouri, Maine, Alabama and Keokuk.

Young Stain is gaining a valuable education in his travels. He speaks in his letters of having visited Lisbon, Portugal; Gibraltar, Athens, Tangier, Trieste, Austria; in fact, his travels have carried him into almost all foreign countries.

At a bull fight in Lisbon he saw the king and queen of Portugal, and in the ancient city of Athens he says he explored the very temples in which the Apostle Paul preached centuries ago. In his letter from Trieste, he states that the object of the fleet's trip to foreign waters is "to collect \$15,000,000 that Turkey owes Uncle Sam." The young man hopes to be in New York, after having seen the world, about the middle of September.

The father of the young sailor is C. A. Stain of Sugar House, who is traveling salesman for an eastern business firm. The family came here from Springfield about six years ago.

A feature of young Stain's letters is the utter frankness with which he tells the news. In one letter, he says: "We go from here to Tangier, Africa. They will land us there to rescue that United States millionaire from the brigands. They have kidnapped him for ransom."

## A COCKROACH IN THE CAPE.

Screams and cries of "Kill that cockroach!" filled the fragrant air of a fashionable Louisville restaurant. "Suddenly, eh," responded the negro.

He struck at the bug with a napkin, but missed it several inches. He then made a move as if to step on the offender. The roach disappeared between two steam pipes. In a few moments he appeared again and once

more the waiter made two unsuccessful attempts to exterminate him. A man seated near the door thought the waiter was "bluffing" in his attempts to kill the roach. Waiting his opportunity, he said:

"Why didn't you want to kill that roach?"

Apparently recognizing that denial was useless, the waiter said:

"Pow! bad luck, seh. It's mighty bad to kill a spider, but Mistah Roach is wuss. One of our boys stepped on a roach last night, jess by accident; didn't mean to do it at all, and don't you know, seh, inside of five minutes he dropped a tray of dishes, air, besides, he didn't pick up nary piece o' money that whole evenin'."

"Whenever a gemmen says 'kill that roach,' my eyesight gets mighty bad an' it looks jess as if I can't flip a napkin straight or put this foot o' mine down on him. I allus misses. Every roach is a king in this house when I'm on watch."—Louisville Herald.

## JOHNSON AT HOME

After his extensive trip to Palestine and Europe. During his visit Mr. Johnson has studied the methods of the French, English and Italian photographers and returns with the latest and most up to date ideas.

The studio, at 16 south West Temple, has been thoroughly renovated and those wishing to avail themselves of his services are invited to call. "You see Johnson all over the World."



Salt Lake & Los Angeles Railway

Time table in effect May 31st, 1904.

GOING-LEAVE SALT LAKE	RETURNING-ARRIVE SALT LAKE
No. 2, 10:00 a. m.	No. 1, 12:30 p. m.
No. 4, 2:00 p. m.	No. 3, 3:30 p. m.
No. 6, 4:00 p. m.	No. 5, 5:30 p. m.
No. 8, 6:00 p. m.	No. 7, 6:30 p. m.
No. 10, 8:00 p. m.	No. 9, 7:30 p. m.
No. 12, 10:00 p. m.	No. 11, 8:30 p. m.
No. 14, 8:00 p. m.	No. 13, 10:00 p. m.
No. 16, 8:00 p. m.	No. 15, 11:45 p. m.

FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP 25 CENTS.

\*Sunday, last train leaves Salt Lake at 9:30.

J. E. LANGFORD, Lessee.

## Lagoon TIME TABLE.

Leave Salt Lake	Leave Lagoon
6:30 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
11:00 a. m.	12:00 Noon
1:30 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
6:30 p. m.	8:30 p. m.
7:30 p. m.	9:30 p. m.

Extra trains on Sundays and holidays at 2:30 and 4:30 p. m.

Last train leaves Lagoon Sundays, 9:30 p. m.

Fare for round trip 25cents.

A. D. PIERSON, Pass. & Ticket Agt.  
J. B. DEAN, Excursion Agt.  
Office, 151 Main St.

**Brighton Hotel** Silver Lake, Big Cottonwood Canyon  
Daily Stage via Park City, connecting with trains, and stage every other day up Big Cottonwood Canyon, leaving Cullen Hotel at 7 a. m. Telephone 28. Murray Exchange, or Brighton Hotel.  
HYRUM NEILSON, Prop.

He brought his watch in to have it repaired.  
When he called for it he said the charge of \$2 was too much. Two weeks later he called to compare time and found his watch had varied but three seconds.  
He was then pleased and forgot the cost. So does everyone.  
Phone 65 for the correct time.

**Leyson's JEWELERS.**  
236 MAIN ST.  
SALT LAKE CITY.

**The Man Who Works**  
Through the hot summer months needs every bit of his vitality, and if the character of his labor requires much walking or standing, he should wear a suspensory bandage. It helps him every minute, and enables him to do double the amount of work without greatly lessening his physical exhaustion. We sell all of the best suspensories in silk and lisle from 25 cents to \$2.50 each.

**SCHRAMM'S**  
WHERE THE CARS STOP

Everything in Jewelry from the cheapest that's good to the best that's made.  
**McCONAHAY.**