

An Epithode

As I crossed the Wheatstone bridge about 3 A. M. I happened to look up. There was Harry Gilbert at the top of one of the coulombs. He gazed fixedly through an electroscope which he held in one hand; in the other he held a unit-pole, on the end of which was fastened a mag-net. I asked Harry Watt he was doing. "This is my thesis," said he, without looking away from the electroscope; "I can see a gauss flying this way; it is only 3 centimeters away. If you'll keep quiet a few minutes till it comes nearer I'll catch it in my mag-net. If I can do this elec-tric, I'll be the first person in the world to catch a live gauss. I ought to get a swell write-up in the current issue of the Cycle."

When I heard this I almost had hysteresis—I knew his capacity for electrolyte, and that he had been visiting the bus-bar with great frequency of late. I wanted to hear more, so I induced him to explain the theory on which he was working.

"It's like this," said Harry, "When a gauss flies across a field it always travels along some transmission line, to the nearest arc-light, where it can restfully float around with the eddy-current. The gauss has a great reluctance about showing its phase (face), but he likes Maxwell, and if some is hung on a slide wire he gets all excited (like a generator). After opening his feeder wide, helix (or shelix) it until he is overloaded; his power factor is zero, and it is then possible to catch him in a magnet. This is much more humane than the old way. They used to get the gauss inside a Murray loop and then strangle it by means of a choke-coil."

"Come down," said I "or there is liable to be a big drop of potential."

Harry answered, "I shunt."

I told him that if he didn't I'd call one of those lightening arresters.

"He will use E.M.F., make you appear in court, charge you with electricity, and put you in some old wet-cell." Anode this would scare him."

He offered no more resistance and came down. He came down very slowly so as not to break the Right Hand Rule which he had in his pocket.

I said, "Harry I'm going to take you ohm."

"Lead the way," said he, "and I won't lag; let me cathode of your arm."

When we were seated in the motor he looked at me and said, "Ha! ha! That's good joke. Think what the copper-loss by not catching me."

I left him.

The next day there was no reactance. When I saw him two months later, he said he was off the juice forever. He also told me he had moved to Elmhurst.

The last I heard of him, he was running a condenser in a circular mil and Harry to show his patriotism, had joined the Edis-on storage battery.