

The Great In-vent-or – Thom-as Edj-son - Part 2

He fi-nal-ly **gave** up trY-ing to **be** a tel-e-graph o-per-a-tor.

He **o-pened** a lit-tle shop.

He in-ven-ted man-y th-ingS, and kept on think-ing.

He **could** not **make** hiS in-ven-tions **suC-CeSs-ful**, for **he** had lit-tle mo-ney.

He thought **so** hard that **he** for-got e-very-thing **else**.

ONce **he** waS asked to **speak** **be-fore** a com-pa-ny.

He for-got all a-bout it.

They sent for him, and found him at the top of a house put-ting up a tel-e-graph line.

He went in hiS work-ing clotheS to **make** hiS speech.

He felt queer when he found a room full of el·e·gant la·dieS.

But he made a good spee·ch.

Then he went to New York.

There he walked the streetS three weekS, look·ing for work.

No·bo·dy wanted a man wh^o ex·per·i·ment·ed.

By chan·ce, he one day went in·t^o an of·fi·ce where the tel·e·graph in·stru·ment waS out of re·pair.

He of·fered to fix it.

They laughed at him, but let him trY.

He su·c·cee·ded in fix·ing it.

They gave him a good po·si·tion.

From this time on there were bet·ter timeS for him.

Af·ter this the world soon sang hiS prai·seS; and, in the next ten yearS, For·tune poured in·t^o hiS lap half a mill·jon dol·larS.

This was the re·sult of his think·ing.

The man wh^o was in charge of the **U**·**n**i·**t**ed **S**tate**s** Pa·tent Of·fice called him "the young man wh^o **ke**eps the path·way to the Pa·tent Of·fice hot with hi^s foot·step**s**."

Mr. Edj·son **be**·**lie**·**ve**d that tw^o mess·a·ges could **be** sent **o**·**ve**r the **sa**me wi·re at the **sa**me **ti**me.

Of course the world laughed at the **i**·**d**e·**a**.

But soon our in·vent·or man·aged to send four mess·a·ges **o**·**ve**r the **sa**me wi·re at the **sa**me **ti**me.

Then the world stopped laugh·ing.

Peo·**pl**e said, "This young man is the **gre**a·**te**st in·vent·or of his **ag**e, and a dis·cov·er·er as well."

The Grand Trunk **trai**n·**bo**y had proved a **gen**·**iu****s**.

When twenty·six years of **ag**e, **he** mar·**rie**d a young **la**·**dy** of New·ark, Miss Ma·ry Stil·well.

Three years **la**·**te**r **he** moved to Men·**lo** Park.

This wa^S twenty-four mile^S from New York.

It wa^S not a plea^Sant pla^Ce, but he hoped to work there in quiⁱet.

He had so many vi^Si^tor^S that he could not work.

He said, "I think I shall fix a wiⁱre to my gate, and connect it with a bat^{ter}·y so that it will knock e^{very}·bo^{dy} over that tou^{ch}es it."

But he wa^S real^{ly} kind.

He would smile plea^Sant^{ly}, and ex^{plain} pa^{tient}·ly to any^{one} wh^o wished to know a^{bout} hi^S in^{ven}·tions.

At Men^{lo} Park he built a great lab^{ora}·tor^y.

This wa^S filled with bat·ter^{ie}^S and ma^{chin}·er^y.

Here all the world came to see hi^S won^{der}·ful talk^{ing} ma^{chine}.

It i^S called a pho·no^{graph}.

What d^o you think Mr. Edj^{son} called this ma^{chine}?

He said, "I have in^{ven}·ted a great many

ma·chineS, but this iS my ba·by, and **I** expect it to grow up and sup·port me in my **old age**."

Would you like to know the nameS of some of his in·ven·tions.

One iS the car·bon tel·e·phone.

The taSi·meter meaS·ureS the heat **even** of the far a·way stars.

The e·lec·tric pen mul·ti·plieS co·pies of let·terS and draw·ingS.

O·ver sixty th·ou·Sand **are** now in use in this coun·try.

The au·to·ma·tic tel·e·graph per·mitS the sen·ding of sev·eral th·ou·Sand wordS **o**·ver the **same** wi·re in one min·ute.

There **are** man·y o·therS.

Do you wonder that **he** iS called "The Wiz·ard of Men·lo Park?"