

The Great In-vent-or – Thom-as Edj-son - Part 3

Thom-as Edj-son's crow-ning di-sco-ver-y was the e-lec-tric light.

Some gen-tle-men of New York put one hun-dred th-ou-sand do-l-lar-s in-t^o Mr. Edj-son's hands.

They **told** him to ex-per-i-ment un-til **he** could **make** a light which ev-er-y one would **be** glad to **u**se.

Man-y had **tried** to d^o this and had not **su**c-**ce**-ded.

It i^s said that **he** **tried** tw^o th-ou-sand sub-stan-ces for the arch in hi^s glass globe **be-fore** **he** found one which sui-ted him.

D^o you **know** what **he** chose at last?

D^o you **re-mem-ber** the plant which the boy-s and girl-s of In-di-a, Chi-na, and Ja-pan **know** **so** well?

It i^s the bam-b^oo.

And it wa^S bam·b⁰o which Mr. Edj·son chose.

Oh, how glad this **l**ight made man·y peo·ple!

In ten cot·ton fac·tor·ie^S in one town were men,
wo·men, and chil·dren work·ing.

They worked in room^S where ga^S wa^S **u**sed.

The ga^S in·jured their eYe^S and health.

Now in tho^Se same fac·tor·ie^S there are sixty
th·ou·sand **e**·lec·tric **l**ight^S.

The bam·b⁰o burns six hun·dred hours **b**e·fore it
ha^S to **b**e re·pla^Ced.

Would you **l**ike a pic·ture of Mr. Edj·son?

Clo^Se your eYe^S then and think of him **l**ike this.

He i^S **f**ive **f**eet ten in·che^S **h**igh.

Hi^S **f**a^Ce i^S boy·ish, but ear·nest.

He ha^S **l**ight **g**ray eYe^S.

Hi^S hair i^S dark, slight·ly **g**ray, and fall^S **o**·ver hi^S
fo·rehead.

He is a pleasant man to see.

He loves his work.

For ten years he has averaged eighteen hours work a day.

You have seen that he is not a man to give up easily.

Once an invention of his—a printing press—failed.

He took five men into the upper part of his factory.

He declared he would never come down until it worked satisfactorily.

For two days and nights, and for twelve hours more, he worked without sleep.

He conquered the difficulty.

Then he slept thirty hours.

He often works all night.

He says he can work best when the rest of the world sleeps.

But **he** like^s fun, too.

One **day** he said to his **old** fri·end, of whom he learn·ed tel·e·graph·ing,

"Look here—I am **a·ble** to send a mess·age from New York to Bos·ton with·out any **wi·re** at **all**."

"That is im·pos·si·ble," said his fri·end.

"**Oh, no**, it's a new in·ven·tion."

"Well, how is it done?" said Mr. Mc·Ken**Si**e.

"**BY** sea·ling it up and sen·ding **by mail**," was the co·mi·cal an·swer.

He has tw^o chil·dren.

One, a girl, Ma·ry, is nick·named "Dot."

The o·ther, a son, Thom·as, is called "Dash."

Mr. Edj·son doesn't like to have **great** din·ner^s giv·en in his honor.

But the world give^s him **great** ho·nors.

At the Pa·ri^s **Ex·po·Si·tion** in 1881, tw^o **great** room^s were filled with his in·ven·tions.

The room^s were lig·hted with his light^s.

He re·ceives let·ter^s dai·ly in French, Ger·man, I·tal·ian, Spa·nish, Rus·sian, and Tur·kish.

Mr. Edj·son Says, "Any·thing i^s pos·si·ble with e·lec·tri·Ci·ty."

That he i^s a gen·iu^s, no·bo·dy can deny.

But d^o you sup·pose he could have done all the^se th·ing^s with·out hi^s great re·ading, or if he had been a la·zy per·son?