

IN AND ABOUT THE METROPOLIS

Sleeping in the Parks Rather Hard on These Places--Not Exactly the Beginning of Socialism.



NEW YORK.—The metropolis is fairly along in its outdoor period of the year, and whether any considerable proportion of 4,000,000 people live outdoors or in is a matter of great pictorial significance. The aspect of the city changes wonderfully.

Also the outdoor period brings with it many problems. The department of health sits up at night over new questions—they are always new, old as they are. Those having a care for street encumbrances are hard pressed. Officials assigned to prevent the crowding of fire-escapes with things that fire-escapes were not built to hold are on their rounds of inspection. Possibly more laws are broken in summer than in winter, and more officials are out of town or are tired in summer than at other times.

New York police justices continue in an increasing degree to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Hucksters, peddlers and beggars are leniently dealt with.

Just now the police are much puzzled by the new ruling of Magistrate Crane and others. The other day a man was arrested for sleeping in the park and for being definitely disrespectful to the grass and bushes. The magistrate discharged him.

"The parks belong to the people," he said. This scene has been repeated. Last summer in the height of the worst hot spell New York ever had the rules as to public places were temporarily suspended. Possibly they will never again be as rigid as they were. The thousands of people who took up their beds and went to sleep in Central park found it a pleasant experience, though it was said by the commissioner to be rough on the park.

This year those who may choose to sleep in the park, or in minor squares, are not likely to be severely punished for doing so, nor is there likely to be a very severe discrimination between those who leave a room to try the park grass and those who are simply tramps and have no other place. If it comes to the pinch the new socialistic spirit may give the tramp particular benefit of the doubt.

A TELEPHONE SYSTEM THAT WILL HAVE NO "LEAKS."



The fight over the telephone question, one that is costing both the holders of the present system and the advocates of the new one a great deal of money by way of advertising, is still on and seems a good way from settlement. It is the same contest that has been taken up in many parts of the country.

After all New York is very conservative—to put the case mildly. A new thing is not certain of having its first chance in the metropolis. Most of its experiments are with "sure things."

Speaking of telephone reminds me of the new switchboard which is likely to be revolutionary, since it will accomplish no less a feat than shutting the telephone out of the conversation.

In the new switchboard wires and plugs are so arranged that when the operator has connected the subscriber with the number he wants the conversation is to be heard by the two parties in interest and by them only. If the telephone girl sought to listen she must break the connection.

The value of this secret telephone system in the case of big institutions in Wall street and out of Wall street, which have their own "Central," will be apparent. Neither the central office nor the local switchboard central is taken into any secrets. Thus a message may be inviolate in its secrecy beyond either the present telephone system or the telegraph system, both of which are notoriously subject to "leaks."

THE GAS TRUST WITH TEARS IN ITS EYES



Just at this moment the public is more excited over the gas fight than over the telephone fight. The situation might look to an inhabitant of Mars, for instance, as funny as a comic opera—though whether a comic opera in Mars is really funny neither H. E. Wells nor Prof. Lowell has yet told us. Here is the legislature fixing 80 cents a thousand feet as the price of New York gas. Here is the gas trust protesting that this is confiscation, unconstitutional, ruinous and other things. Here is the gas trust in court with tears in its eyes after the privilege of collecting the full dollar and holding the 20 cents safely in cold storage for the consumer in case the final appeal shall show that the legislature really had the right to fix the price of gas at 80 cents. Then here are two of the newspapers offering to back up with costly counsel anyone who shall refuse to pay more than 80 cents, or who shall be ill-treated by the removal of a meter.

There is another trouble: There are thousands of quarter-in-the-slot meters in New York. You put in a quarter and the light wavers and leaves you when a quarter's worth is gone. Now, the meters have been figured for dollar gas. How is the gas company to be forced to change these meters which call for no gas bills and leave all figuring out of the matter, except the figuring of the wheels inside?

This is a burning question. "This," said a sad New Yorker yesterday, "is the real beginning of socialism."

The sad New Yorker forgot that the rate of car fare is fixed by law, that many commodities are priced by the legislature; that hours of labor, age of laborers, hours of sleep, the treatment of children, the day of worship and a vast number of other things are determined by statute. So that if this is socialism it isn't quite the beginning of it.

THE ATHLETIC EVIL AND EXERCISE FOR THE WORKING GIRL.



While New York has been whooping it up for Martin Sheridan, the mighty cop who hurled the discus to victory at the Olympic games, and for some of his fellow members of the American team—a large number of them Irish, by the way—some of the athletic incidents at Vassar and other girls' colleges have been provoking discussion here, especially in view of the remarks on athletics for girls made by Mayor Van Dyck, principal of the Woodward high school, Cincinnati, O. Vassar has never regarded bloomers as improper. In fact it had begun to appear that no one remained would condemn the "gym" costume so often commented upon as an ideal costume for women, leaving athletics out of the question. The protest comes from Mount Holyoke, from Smith, from Wellesley, that the good athlete is not a bad student, that some of the cleverest athletic girls are some of the cleverest students.

Naturally the girl students themselves are ready to protest. Martha Gardner, of Vassar, for example, insists that her healthy interest in athletics helped rather than hindered her with her studies, that she broke the hurdle record without losing flesh or "points." The same is true of Dorothy Clarke, who broke the record in the running high jump.

Only a few girls, as only a few men, have the opportunity for specializing in athletics, but all alike are interested in a kind of life very different from that led by the average wage-earning girl in the metropolis.

THE PARKHURST CHURCH, OLD—NEW.



Another New York landmark is to go, and will begin going in a few days. It will be a little harder to recognize Madison Square without the old Madison Square Presbyterian church, better known to New Yorkers and to sightseers as Parkhurst's church. The valuable corner occupied by the edifice in which so many pungent words have been spoken by the American Isaiah, was wanted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance company whose stately building occupies all the remainder of the block. By an arrangement with the church society the company built a new church on the opposite corner, facing the square as does the old church.

This new church, now complete, is a remarkable example of the modern tendency in church architecture. It is a complete return to the Greek temple style, without spire, turret or tower. A beautiful series of columns occupy the Fourth avenue front.

Dr. Parkhurst himself has sailed for Europe and his pulpit is now occupied by his assistant, Rev. Dr. Montgomery. Dr. Parkhurst, after a brief sojourn in Wales, will go to his summer home in Switzerland. He is accompanied by Mrs. Parkhurst.

The doctor's departure coincides with the announcement of a new vice crusade for this city. There was a time when this energetic preacher was in the forefront of any such movement that was really to accomplish something. OWEN LANGDON.

HORSE AND HORSELESS.

The Animal and the Auto Each Do the Other an Occasional Good Turn.

A farmer in Cadiz, Ind., recently jacked up his automobile to serve in lieu of a broken engine in the shelling of corn and cutting of fodder for his live stock and horses. The latter partook of their share of the feed without showing any hard feeling toward their deadly rival, the auto.

One man who has been touring the country says that the horses have accepted the automobile more gracefully than the farmers have.

He tells the story of an automobilist who met an elderly couple driving a skittish horse which decidedly objected to passing the unknown vehicle. The driver of the car stopped to offer his aid, but the man declined it with the remark:

"If you'll lead my old woman by, I guess the boss and I can make it all right."

Another horse and horseless yarn comes from a man in Oregon. He says:

"When I bought my car, I marveled that the company could sell it for \$1,550. Now I marvel that they could sell it at any price. Marveling is the cheapest part of the proposition, I find."

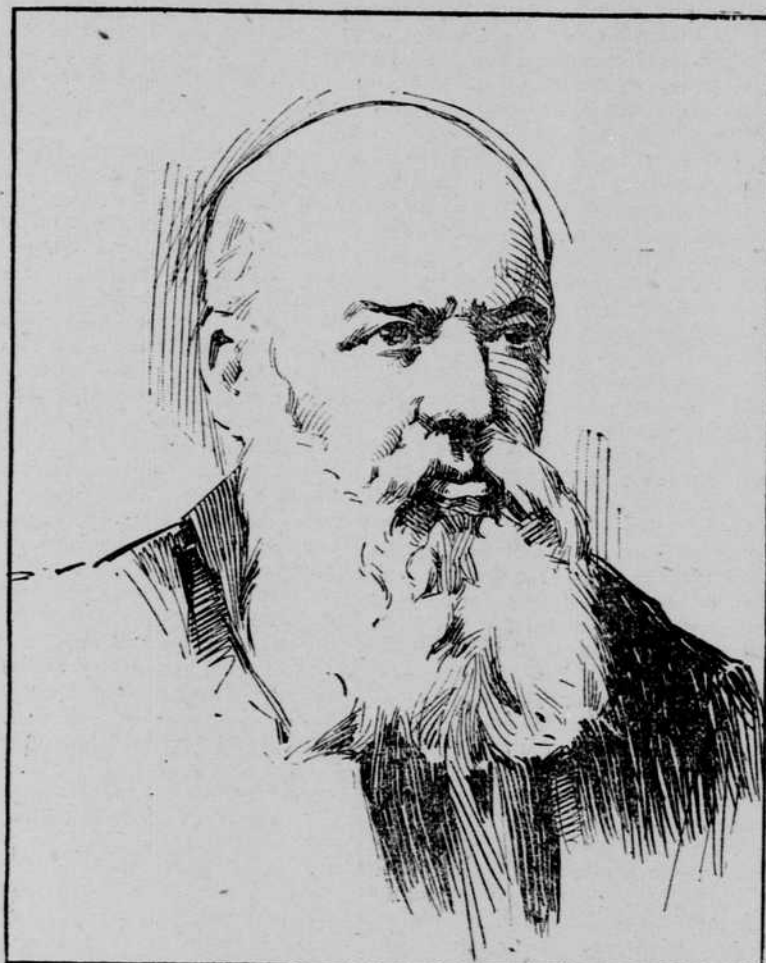
"My particular marvel out in my barn reminds me of the man who built so much stone fence in one day that

AUSTRIAN'S DISCOVERY.

Vienna Physician Learns a Way to Watch Movements of Digestive Organs.

Science, which is fast unveiling all mysteries, has now succeeded in determining by actual observation the movements and qualities of the digestive organs a subject hitherto limited to chemical experiments and the test tube. This latest discovery of the Austrian doctors, which is really a peep into the stomach, is the result of long and patient experiment in the Röntgen laboratory of the Vienna general hospital. The method adopted is quite simple, writes a Vienna correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. After a moderate meal the patient swallows a tiny capsule made of gold beaters' skin and filled with bismuth powder. He is then exposed to the X rays, and the photograph obtained shows in the abdominal cavity a sharply defined intensely black cruciform speck. This is the bismuth capsule, which is neither soluble nor pectable by the X rays. A second exposure takes place six or seven hours later, and in the mean time the stomach has exerted its digestive powers upon the bismuth capsule. If the same speck appears in the second picture it shows that the stomach has not been able to digest the capsule, but if it is no longer visible it indicates that digestion has already taken place, as the capsule must have been dissolved by

HEAD OF RUSSIAN UPPER HOUSE.



The council of the Russian empire, or upper house of the imperial douma elected Count Salsky president.

It took him two days to walk back to where he began. My car will take me—sometimes—so far from home in two hours that it takes the rest of the day for me to drive home with a provisionally hired horse.

HIS MOTHER'S TEACHING.

Didn't Believe in Capital Punishment for a Good and Sufficient Reason.

A southern jurymen tells of the disqualification of a jurymen who came before him. The case was a capital one, and the lanky backwoodsman declared determined opposition to capital punishment. Looking at him sternly and in somewhat suggestive of wrath, the judge asked the fellow if he did not think there were conditions so extraordinary as to warrant the hanging of the offender. He said he did not believe anything could make him assent to such a verdict.

"But will your honor let me explain?" said the disqualified citizen. "I'd like to give the court my reasons."

"I don't wish to hear any explanation from you. Go and sit down."

"Excuse me, judge, but you must hear my reason."

"Well, then, give it, and go along with you."

"The reason I am opposed to capital punishment, your honor, is that my old mammy taught me it were a sin to kill anything that wasn't fit to eat."

Big Bag.

Eva—Catharine used to be quite a nimrod.

Edna—Ah, indeed? Did she ever bag any big game?

"I should say so. Her husband weighs 318 pounds."—Chicago Daily News.

HAYMAKING UNDER EYE OF LAW.



An assessor of tithes must value every crop in Macedonia before it is taken from the field, and often the crops are allowed to rot as they stand before the official comes round, and the peasant thus loses the result of his year's labors. Occasionally the tithes collectors take a soldier to protect them, and to see that none of the crop is secretly sold or hidden before it has been valued.

Williston's Heart Trouble

BY S. E. KISER.

Williston was a busy man and he had all the life insurance he was able to carry. For such a man it is exasperating to be bothered day after day by insurance solicitors. There was one man in particular who made it hard for Williston to be patient. This man had once stopped a runaway horse and thus perhaps saved Williston's wife's aunt from being killed. He had not risked his life by leaping in front of the horse and grasping the bit, the truth being that he had stood in the street and waved an umbrella at the runaway steed, thus causing the animal to turn and break its neck by colliding with a tree. Williston's wife's uncle had been compelled to pay \$60 to the liverman from whom the horse had been hired, but the Willistons felt that the insurance man had perhaps saved their aunt's life, and it was, of course, impossible for Williston to be curt with the hero when he came around to solicit business.

Williston explained frankly that he had all the insurance he wanted, but, as everyone who has ever had to deal with an insurance solicitor knows, that kind of an explanation is useless. It merely gives the solicitor a chance to continue the argument by asking for permission to convince you that you cannot understand how much insurance you want and that you don't know how much you can afford to carry.

Well, Williston had been pestered by this Mr. Hossford until he felt like offering a premium to anyone who could suggest a plan whereby he might get rid of the nuisance without seeming to be rude or ungrateful. It was at about this time that the Willistons were invited to dinner at the home of one of their neighbors. When Williston had taken his place at the table he saw his plate begin to rise and fall in an uncanny manner. At first he thought the earth must be quaking, but, steadying himself, he found that only the plate was heaving and rocking, so the earthquake theory had to be abandoned. Before he had called the attention of anybody else to the queer actions of the plate he happened to look at his host, and then he knew that some kind of a joke was being played on him. Later he found that a flexible bulb attached to a slender rubber tube and operated by the playful gentleman at the head of the table had caused the bobbing of the plate. It was then that Williston had an inspiration. He borrowed the rubber contrivance from his friend and took it to his office. In the course of two or three days Mr. Hossford, the insurance man, called again to explain the admirable provisions of a new policy that his company had just begun to issue. After listening patiently for awhile, Williston said:

"Yes, I can see that this is a grand, good policy and I'd like to have it, but the fact is that I couldn't get it if I wanted it. I've been concealing something from you that I suppose I ought to have told you long ago. Your company wouldn't accept me as a risk."

Hossford would not be convinced. He wanted to know whether either of Williston's parents had died of consumption and when he was told that neither of them had he declared that there would be no trouble about securing a policy.

"You have been accepted by several other companies," he said; "you have a fine physique and with such a family history as yours there is no reason in the world why any company should turn you down."

"Well, you bring your doctor around here," Williston replied, "and if he says I'm all right I'll take one of these new \$5,000 policies."

The doctor and Hossford came around late in the afternoon and Williston at once signified his willingness to undergo an examination.

"I don't think," he said, addressing the physician, "that it will be necessary for me to take off my clothes. My trouble is of such a nature that you will easily be able to detect it. Just put your ear against my left side, doctor, and tell me what you think of my case."

"Ah, very well; that will do to begin with if you wish it so," the doctor answered, as he turned back the flap of Williston's coat and bent to place his ear against the subject's chest.

Half a second later he straightened up suddenly, with a troubled look upon his countenance.

"Ah! H'm!" he said; "this is extraordinary; just let me listen to that again."

He didn't listen long. When he straightened up the second time he shook his head dubiously and gave Williston a look of pity.

"Tell me the worst, doctor," the afflicted man said. "I will try to bear it. Do you think there is anything the matter with my heart?"

"I am sorry to say that there is," the doctor admitted. "To be candid with you, Mr. Williston, it's very serious. I would advise you to have all your business affairs so arranged that your family would be as well taken care of as possible in case of your sudden death, and don't under any circumstances run to catch cars or walk upstairs or do anything requiring the least exertion. I tell you this because you have asked me to speak plainly."

As Hossford and the physician were leaving, the solicitor turned to Williston and, putting out a hand, said:

"I'm mighty sorry, not that I care anything specially about losing the chance to write you a policy, but as a friend. Be careful not to do the things the doctor has warned you against."

"Thanks, old man. Good-by, and if we never meet again, remember that I have thoroughly appreciated your kindness."

When he was alone again Williston pulled out of his shirt sleeve a slender rubber tube (that had a flexible bulb at each end, and then sighed a long, long sigh of glad relief.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Whistle for Digestion.

"Whistling for half an hour after meals," says a well-known woman whistler, "is the best possible aid to digestion."

BEAR ESCAPES FROM PARK ZOO AND LUNCHES ON GIRL'S GOWN

Young Bruin Causes a Panic Among the Crowds—Delicate Feminine Lingerie to His Liking—Recaptured After Thrilling Chase.

Chicago.—Billy, the lord of the Malay bear family at Lincoln park, broke from his cage one Sunday afternoon recently and after causing a panic among the hundreds of men, women and children that crowded the animal house fed on the skirt worn by Miss Emma Boyer, daughter of an Evans-ton justice of the peace.

Billy possessed an appetite that was little short of marvelous. He wasn't content when he had finished the lower ruffe nor was he satisfied when he had devoured the first flounce. But he kept on and on until it seemed Miss Boyer would be lucky if she escaped with a waist.

And Billy proved he could eat while on a dead run. It mustn't be imagined that Miss Boyer was standing there inviting the bear to feed on her garments. Neither was she stroking the fur of his back. But she was running as rapidly as she could and Billy was compelled to trot at a lively rate to keep up.

Miss Lillian Cosby, cousin of Miss Boyer, was more fortunate. When she saw the animal she threw up her hands, yelled and fainted. And the bear, thinking her an inanimate object, sniffed and chased Miss Boyer some more.

There were exciting scenes in the park during the afternoon. Billy never would take a red ribbon for amiability. He is shrewd for a bear, as was proved by the manner of his escape.

Louis Schlenker, assistant animal keeper, fed the beasts at noon. The feeding of the bears is quite an event in the animal house and the throng of men, women and children surrounded the cage when the Malays received their food. And that gave Billy the opportunity of proving that bears belong in the class with the sellers of green goods. He sunk to the left of the door as the animal keeper came up. Schlenker tossed the food to the right and as his hand entered the cage the bear leaped upon it. He dug his claws into the keeper's wrist and followed with his teeth. Schlenker hastily withdrew his arm and as he did so the bear leaped from the cage.

Pandemonium reigned. Women caught their children in their arms and ran to the door. But he was a courageous little beast and he growled a few times and the people fell apart in their endeavor to give him room for passage.

Then the bear caught sight of Miss Boyer and her new spring gown. Miss Boyer is willing to admit that she doesn't possess as much curiosity as she did, for it was her eagerness that led her into trouble. When she saw the men and women falling over one another in their efforts to secure running room she rushed to the entrance of the animal house.

"Help!" shrieked Miss Boyer, and turned to run.

"Assistance!" shrieked Miss Cosby, and fainted.

By this time Miss Boyer was running. Her course led her through several bushes of shrubbery, but she didn't mind if she could but shake

the bear. But she couldn't. For the first flounce had convinced Billy that garment was made of the material he wanted. He reached for a flounce.

Men fleet of foot and with stout hearts were willing to come to her assistance, but when they arrived she was several yards ahead and increasing the distance. Some people may have an impression that a bear is a cumbersome animal and unwieldy. Miss Boyer, however, has no such impression of a bear. She admits she isn't qualified to speak as to his gracefulness, but she is positive he is a most agile beast, and she is just as certain she wouldn't have had enough of that dress to serve as a souvenir if the assistant trainer had not been thought himself of a trick he learned while a cowboy in the west.

In those days Schlenker was looked upon as the best wielder of a lasso in Montana. He secured a rope, made



BILLY WAS MAKING A MEAL OF HER DRESS.

a noose and started in pursuit. Billy had devoured four flounces and as many ruffles and had two of each within sight when Schlenker threw the rope. It became taut and Billy's idea of freedom was dashed to the earth.

His return was ignominious. He was still angry enough to fight, so the keeper and willing men by the score dragged him across the park. They pushed him into the cage and he was compelled to receive the contemptuous glances of his mate.

Miss Boyer's condition was not greatly improved, however, for her escort had been left behind in the chase and he carried the car fare. Miss Cosby was just recovering from her unconscious condition and the Evanston young lady thought her plight a sad one. And she was exceedingly happy when the young man arrived and she and her friend could board a car for Evanston.

The bears did not suffer from the attention they received during the remainder of the afternoon.

WORKMAN MADE MANIAC BY AWFUL EXPERIENCE

Trapped in Underground Tunnel, He Faces Death for Three Hours—Raves When Rescued.

Milwaukee, Wis.—Imprisoned in the third compartment of the city water company's Knapp street tunnel, under the Milwaukee river, with water slowly pouring in through a gap above his head and filling the lock in which he stood, John Slater, a laborer, faced death for nearly three hours the other



THE WATER ROSE ALMOST TO HIS SHOULDERS.

morning until rescued by the heroic work of Capts. Peter Lancaster and Harris G. Giddings, of the Milwaukee fire department.

With six companions Slater was caught while working in the tunnel at 11 o'clock in the morning, when a sandpocket above the tunnel gave way, leaving a gaping hole through which water poured upon them. All but Slater escaped. In turning he fell on the slimy bottom of the tunnel. Rushing water closed the heavy iron door of the diaphragm and he was locked within before he could arise.

When assistance was first called the fire department was summoned. As soon as he reached the scene Capt. Lancaster descended to the bottom of the shaft, where he was soon joined by Capt. Giddings and Assistant Chief Lawrence Hanlon. After repeated attempts the two captains succeeded in forcing open the door and shortly after 1:15 o'clock Slater was dragged out more dead than alive.

During the terrible ordeal Slater

lost his mind, raving like a maniac. When he was brought to the surface, he was blue and numb from exposure to the cold water, which had risen nearly to his shoulders during the three hours' battle. Staring wildly and muttering unintelligibly, he was hurried to the emergency hospital, where it is believed that he will recover without serious results.

FIRST OF THE CHAUFFEURS

Were Men Who in Fantastic Garb Terrorized the Buralites of France.

Chauffeurs existed long before there were automobiles. History tells us that along about the year 1795 there sprang up in France, principally in the eastern and central regions, fantastically dressed men with their faces blackened with soot and their eyes carefully concealed, who gained admittance to farmhouses and other isolated dwellings at night and committed all kinds of depredations and outrages.

They had an outrageous habit especially, from which they obtained the name that posterity has preserved for them. They first garoted their victims, and dragged them in front of a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet. Then they demanded of them where their money and jewels were concealed. Such interrogatories could scarcely be resisted.

It is from this that is derived the appellation of chauffeur, which once so terrified old ladies, but which at present evokes in us only cheerful and pleasing thoughts of automobilism and of voyages and excursions at 25 and 30 miles an hour, in which there is nothing but the roads and paved streets that are scorched.

Iowa Baby Is a Chameleon.

Des Moines, Ia.—A baby who changes color three times every 24 hours is a curiosity in Des Moines. The strange child is Eli Ram, the 14-month-old son of Count Natho, who married an American girl in Quincy, Ill., three years ago. When the little fellow awakens at sunrise he is a pretty, pink, fair-complexioned boy; at noon he changes color, and within an hour he is of the dark ginger color of his princely ancestor. At night he becomes an alabaster white. The mixture of blood is said to be accountable for the strange phenomenon.

Electric Generators.

In two decades the capacity of electric generators has increased more than a hundredfold, while they produce power with four times the former efficiency. The largest generator of 20 years ago was the 100 kilowatt dynamo, belted to a 150-horsepower engine, but dynamos now being built have a maximum capacity of 12,000 kilowatts.