

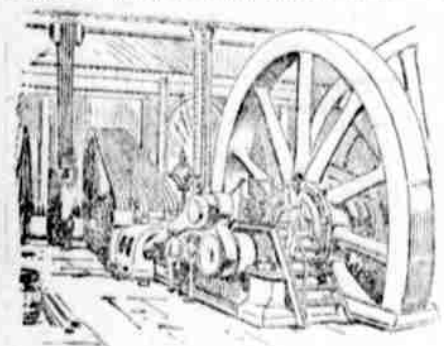
THE BROADWAY ROAD

RUN BY ENGINES OF ONE THOUSAND HORSEPOWER EACH.

Flywheels That Weigh Fifty Tons—A Wire Rope That Has Displaced Thousands of Horses—Most Remarkable Cable Ever Made.

[Special Correspondence.] NEW YORK, June 29.—When the cables began to run through the conduit that has been built under Broadway, the chief artery of this big town, mighty King-Coal took another stride in his wonderful march of triumph.

It means that instead of farmers toiling in their fields to make the fuel in the shape of hay and oats and corn that shall furnish the food for the horses that supply power to transport the busy crowds of the metropolis grimy miners will in future pick the fuel needed for that purpose out of the bowels of the earth.



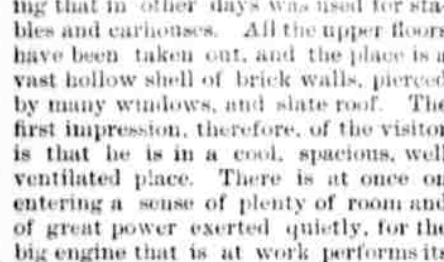
A THOUSAND HORSEPOWER ENGINE.

means that human ingenuity has again been applied to the lessening of the amount of labor required to do the world's work.

The use of cables in hauling street cars is not at all a new thing, even in New York. A cable line has been in operation in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street for several years, and, as all the world knows, in San Francisco, Chicago, Kansas City, Philadelphia and other cities the story of cable cars has long been an old one.

The opening of the Broadway road as a cable line is but the beginning of the reign of the wire rope in New York. Third avenue is about ready for the cable. Work was begun in that thoroughfare at about the same time as on Broadway.

I devoted half of yesterday to the stations at Fifth street and Sixth avenue and Houston street and Broadway. In a certain sense they are much alike. Both contain powerful steam engines that turn ponderous flywheels and pulleys of fabulous size, and though the engines at Houston street are larger and the wheels and pulleys heavier than they are at Fifth street the lay eye perceives little difference in these particulars.



MAMMOTH DRIVING PULLEYS AND CABLE.

ter will be the largest station in the city. As in the case of the station at Houston street, the machinery has been placed 40 feet below the surface of the street, and the superstructure will be rented out to tenants. The Sixty-fifth street station will be in a building formerly used as a horse and car barn, the same as the Fifth street station.

Hence the Recent Belgian Revolution. France has the largest proportion of voters to its population—1 to every 3.60. Belgium has the least—1 in every 46.20.

The din is terrific. The electric lights are not yet in place, and the gas jets flare and flutter in the constant hot drafts, casting weird lights and Dantean shadows everywhere. But many of these characteristics of the Houston street power house are due to the fact that the construction of the building overhead and of the power station itself is yet incomplete, and the men who are at work about the engines and the transmitting machinery are crowded together with masons and bricklayers and other laborers.

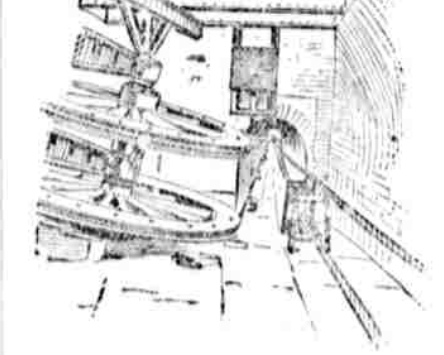
Still another power house is being built for the Broadway road. It is located at Front street and will not be furnished with such powerful engines and driving machinery as the stations that are now in operation. Of these, that at Fifth street propels the cable from Fifty-ninth street to Thirty-sixth and that at Houston the two cables from Thirty-sixth to Houston and from Houston to the Battery. In all three the engines are of the Corliss type. At Fifty-ninth street they are of 1,000-horsepower each, with cylinders 30 inches in diameter and 50 inches stroke.

The power is communicated to the drums over which the cables run by means of cotton rope instead of belts, which are being displaced in many instances where great power is employed. A pressure of 100 pounds of steam is used at both the power houses, and the engines are run at 60 revolutions a minute. The four engines at Houston street—one and a duplicate for each cable—have cylinders of two inches greater diameter than those at Fifth street, and the flywheels are more massive, and the driving pulleys and drums carry more ropes and are correspondingly wider and heavier.

Although the engines are of 1,000-horsepower and upward each, they are not worked to much more than half their capacity at present. The idea throughout is to have a superabundance of power and duplicate machinery everywhere—including extra cables, all strong—so that the possibility of a shutdown is reduced to a minimum. In case of an accident to any of the engines its mate can be put to work without stopping the cable, and the substitution of one cable for another would cause a delay of not more than 10 minutes.

The cable that pulls the cars on the upper section of the road reaches the Fifth street station through a tunnel lighted by incandescent electric lamps. This tunnel is an interesting place. It is cool and filled with the clean odor of the tar that is allowed to drip from a tank on the cable at intervals to keep it flexible. A man is employed to watch the cable constantly in this underground place, and though it is interesting to the visitor to watch the iron rope on its endless journey the workman says it has already grown monotonous to him.

The cable cars do not run much if any faster than horse cars, but they start with less delay, and so the trip is made in rather less time. The Third avenue line will have power stations at Sixty-fifth street and Third avenue and at Bayard street and the Bowery. The latter



My rival was a callow youth named Sam Greene. Something warned me of peril the minute I set eyes on him, but an hour later, when I heard that he could write poetry, I realized that it would be a fight to the death. Sam went straight to work to unhorse me. At the forenoon recess he presented Melvina Jackson with a lead pencil and a slate sponge, and she smiled sweetly as she accepted them. I wrote her a note meant to annihilate her, but she read it with her mouth full of apple and didn't seem worth a cent.

The British Soldier's Income. The British private is paid at the rate of a shilling, or 24 cents, a day. Butter, tea, coffee, sugar, any excess of meat above half a pound daily, vegetables, fish and everything beyond his pittance of meat and bread have to be paid for out of his 24 cents.

My elbow rival had to be provoked before he would fight, but when we got at it he proved to be a sterling antagonist. For a long time victory wavered in the balance, and then I won by a scratch. His hair was his tender point, and when I got hold with both hands he gave in. For a week Melvina placed me on a pedestal and almost agreed to elope. Then Sam Greene sent her a piece of poetry entitled "The Maiden's Heart," and I lost my grip again.

quenched the flames, turned my left heel and saved seven nuns from an inglorious fate. That was more than an offer for "She Died at Sunset," and for weeks I was a happy youth. I must credit Sam with going over and helping Mrs. Jackson to make soft soap and with painting the well curb red, white and blue at his own expense, and Melvina only treated him as a brother.

THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

Columbia, gem of the west, Fearless thou art, alone doth stand, A continent by freedom blest, Bright banners float o'er all thy land.

Of all the nations of the earth, What one can such a record show Of purity and sterling worth Among her men of years ago?

The stars and stripes, long may they wave, Grand emblem of a land that's free, Might and oppression found no grave: Thereon was reared sweet liberty.

And while the golden sunset rays In radiant flash across the earth, We'd offer up to God all praise For noble deeds that gave our Fourth.

A BOY'S STORY.

Fourth of July and Fireworks.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS (AL QUAD).

How I loved that girl—that Melvina Jackson! It was a case of love at first sight. I threw a paper wad at a red-headed boy in school, and the teacher made me sit with Melvina Jackson as a punishment. In after years I saw that she had a turn up nose, a freckled face, a cast in her left eye and a mouth like a milkpail, but at that period I looked up-



HIS HAIR WAS HIS TENDER POINT.

in her as a champion beauty. I didn't lose five minutes' time telling my feelings of adulation and admiration, but the most she would say was that she would ride down hill on my hand sled, borrow my geography in preference to any other and allow me to sharpen her slate pencil and lick the boys who snow-balled her after school. Thus we loved and loved, or at least I did. There came a time when I could look back and see where Melvina was cool, calculating and level-headed—where her love stopped dead short and business began, but I was blind then.

A year passed by before a rival entered the field. We had our spurs. There were occasions when we made up faces at each other across the schoolroom; when she turned from me and let another boy wash her slate; when I was glad that she left off at the foot of the spelling class; when I added up 9 and 8 on the black-board and made 15, and she giggled and was rejoiced. On the whole, however, we were happy. I licked 14 different boys for her direct benefit that year, and her per cent in geography was the highest of any girl in the school. We were engaged—that is, I had asked Melvina about half a million times if she would have me, and she had always replied that she guessed she would if the hogs didn't get in and root up the garden or some other awful calamity occur.

My rival was a callow youth named Sam Greene. Something warned me of peril the minute I set eyes on him, but an hour later, when I heard that he could write poetry, I realized that it would be a fight to the death. Sam went straight to work to unhorse me. At the forenoon recess he presented Melvina Jackson with a lead pencil and a slate sponge, and she smiled sweetly as she accepted them. I wrote her a note meant to annihilate her, but she read it with her mouth full of apple and didn't seem worth a cent.

My elbow rival had to be provoked before he would fight, but when we got at it he proved to be a sterling antagonist. For a long time victory wavered in the balance, and then I won by a scratch. His hair was his tender point, and when I got hold with both hands he gave in. For a week Melvina placed me on a pedestal and almost agreed to elope. Then Sam Greene sent her a piece of poetry entitled "The Maiden's Heart," and I lost my grip again. The only thing to be done was to lick him again, but he had had his hair shingled in the meantime, and the conflict did not terminate to my satisfaction. Some of the boys said I "hollered," and others said I licked, and it was an open question as to who won. He went right home and wrote another piece of poetry entitled "She Died at Sunset," and I should have been a goner but for Providence. I was hanging around Mr. Jackson's house in the evening, hoping to at least see Melvina's shadow on the kitchen window curtain, when I discovered that the smokehouse was on fire. I heroically

TUESDAY, JULY FOURTH, 9 to 12 A. M. THE GOURIER PLUNGE COUPON. FREE ADMISSION TO THE GREAT PLUNGE IN THE SANITARIUM OF THE SULPHO SALINE BATH CO. This coupon will admit to the great plunge FREE OF CHARGE, any boy or young man between the ages of 12 and 20, Tuesday morning, July 4, from 9 to 12 o'clock.

Mr. Chas. N. Hauer. Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Every thing which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

formance had just commenced, but a dozen rockets banged the old tent, set it on fire in as many places, and everybody had to turn to and fight the flames. Next day it was figured that 40 people had been hurt and damage done to the amount of \$2,000. Sam Greene lost an eye and had an ear almost torn off, while I had my nose broken and all my front teeth knocked out, and on top of that came an old fashioned home licking which kept us in bed for a week.

When the glorious day arrived, I had a cash capital of 27 cents. In firing the sunrise salute the air burst, and one of the pieces struck our bonceop. That would have made me a hero in Melvina's eyes, but that ornery Sam Greene managed to bury a hole in his vest exactly over his heart with a firecracker, and that dished me. We had a fight over it, but it resulted in a draw. Sam offered Melvina the first "asses candy," but I came in a good second with real pink lemonade. I think he discovered the circus procession before I did, but I was the first to call attention to a serpent 20 feet long painted on the canvas of a sideshow at the circus. It was which and I other until I got a plan to ruin Sam. I encouraged him to take Melvina in to behold the wild man of Borneo, while I remained an outsider. He fell into the trap and came out dead broke, while I still had 18 cents capital.

As my dear one and I sat under one of the circus wagons that afternoon eating gingerbread and living for each other alone, while Sam was trying to regain his lost prestige by turning handspins a few yards away, I remember that I appealed to Melvina to fly with me. She said she was too fat to fly, and I had to struggle with my disappointment. She promised on her solemn honor, however, to die the same night I did in case we both had bilious fever, and I was quite satisfied. When the shades of night began to fall, Sam Greene was a doomed boy. Poetry couldn't save him. He made a raise of 3 cents somehow and bought an orange and offered Melvina all the peeling and half the fruit, but she turned away in disdain.

There were to be fireworks in the evening on a vacant lot not far from the circus tent. The people were not disappointed. I had a front seat with Melvina on the grass, with the callow and hollow hearted Sam Greene as near as he could get to us. The fireworks were loosely piled under the stand. The first rocket had been fired when Sam dug his toe into my back. I resented the as-



sault, and a scrap was the consequence. It wasn't over half a minute when we rolled among the fireworks, and something broke loose. Ten seconds later candles, rockets, bombs, pinwheels, serps and all sorts of zigzag things were shooting about in the crowd. Melvina's father had just got hold of Sam and I and bumped our heads together with a "Thar, by gosh!" when a rocket struck him on the lower vest button, and he laid down. In the wild break the crowd walked all over each other, and half a dozen farmers' teams ran away. The circus per-

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SPECIAL SALE Saturday and Monday only OF MEN'S SUITS AT \$7.50. We will sell a line of Men's Suits, which at regular price have never sold at less than \$10 and \$12. They are strictly All Wool Cassimeres, Cheviots and Worsteds.

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