

# PROVIDENCE KEEPS A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE BABIES

## GUARDIANSHIP IS VIGILANT

**Extraordinary  
Adventures of  
New York  
Children Who  
Have Tumbled  
Sometimes for  
Five Stories  
and Escaped  
What Seemed  
Certain Death**

A ghtseer new to the crowded East of West side, and turns on his heel. When he gets back to Indianapolis or Duluth he will tell 'em how babies are killed in New York. Didn't he see it, with his own eyes?

But that is because he did not follow the ambulance and the mother and the stream of sympathetic neighbors.

If he had—well, this is what he would have seen. In the waiting-room the mother rehearsing again and again the story of the accident. It had been such a dreadful night, that last night—with sleep for no one in the house. And her husband's breakfast to get at daybreak. The rooms were so hot. The baby fretted, so she tucked him into a clothes basket and left him there by the window to play or nap while she took just a few winks of bitterly-needed sleep. Heaven only knows how clever



CALLED FOR HER PAPA TO CATCH HER.

**N**EW YORK—In New York, city of many thrills, there is nothing more remarkable than the narrow escapes in its child world. The special guardianship exercised over babies, big and little, is especially vigilant in the summer time, for then more than ever are children exposed to the dangers of Manhattan's hurly-burly outdoor life.

Clang! Clang! Round the corner the perfectly drilled horse dashes. He heads for a huddled crowd almost without guidance from the reins. If it is in the crowded tenement district, perhaps in his wise old head he knows just what sort of a case is waiting for the ministrations of the young surgeon who swings lightly from the tail of the ambulance.

The crowd breaks, making a narrow avenue for the surgeon. His keen eye glimpses first the figure of a mother almost prostrate on the pavement, and beyond a smaller figure, ominously stiff.

Instinctively he glances upward to the fire escapes, now crowded with white-faced tenement dwellers. Which was it—third or fourth floor?—he wonders in that instant of crossing the sidewalk.

The surgeon's examination is hurried. The little white lips do not open to tell him where it hurts. The awful limpness of the thin little figure would strike terror to any one save an ambulance surgeon.

"I don't know," he says, crisply, to the torrent of questions from the mother. The policeman makes way for the doctor, who with the limp little figure in his arms swings into the ambulance; the driver gives the signal to the wise old horse—and they are off.

**FOLLOW THE AMBULANCE.**

After them goes the mother, wringing her hands and walling to high Heaven. And with her a stream of sympathetic friends, all bound for the hospital.

"Poor little kiddie. I guess that's his finish, all right!" exclaims a

baby fingers accomplish such wonderful escapes! Apparently baby was securely fastened in that clothes basket, but with all the skill of the stage expert in lock-picking and knot untying the wee hands loosened the detaining bonds; the baby ear attuned to catch childish laughter in the street below urged the baby knees to creep over the inviting window ledge and the catastrophe was accomplished.

**BABY SOON ALL RIGHT.** Just as she reaches this point in her narrative, and a murmur of sympathy buzzes through the hot reception room, word comes that the mother may enter the ward.

"He'll be all right in a day or two," says the surgeon, curtly. "No bones broken, no bad contusions, no internal hemorrhage. You can thank the quilts your neighbors were airing for that. Come back to-morrow at two and you can see him, all right. Maybe you can take him home."

"The good doctor!" cries the woman, and "The good doctor!" echo her sympathetic neighbors as they wend their triumphant way back to tenementland. And sure enough, in the next day or so babykin comes home as good as new, and the mothers who have been exercising unusual precautions in regard to fire-escapes and open windows forget again. Only the good God who loves little children and guards them against a million metropolitan dangers does not forget, writes Anna Steese Richardson, in *The World*.

Sometimes it is the window or an airshaft which offers baby an avenue of escape to what proves perilous freedom. Sometimes the children are sent to play on a roof which apparently is securely fenced by a good high coping.

Sometimes an awning breaks the flight through space. Or perhaps it is a friendly clothes line or a pile of soft rubbish.

The variety of falls and escapes therefrom in New York is almost as great as its population. The one greater thing is that with a record of a desperate fall a week ago through-

out the hot weather term, such a small—such a splendidly small—percentage of the accidents end fatally.

**FELL DOWN THE AIRSHAFT.**

For instance, there was the marvelous escape of those two Brooklyn tots, Catherine Morlarity, just past her second birthday, and Marie Clark, two years her elder, who live in the five-story tenement at No. 22 Front street. They went to the roof one day to play.

"Ring-around-a-rosy" these two were playing, and having a lovely time that day. They would swing around and around until they quite lost their balance. Then suddenly a frightful thing happened. They swung too close to the glass skylight, and fell, hand in hand, through the glass and down the airshaft.

As they plunged headforemost through 50 feet of space to the bottom of the shaft their screams brought every one in the building to the roof. Little Marie being the heavier of the two struck the bottom first, and her little playmate fell on top of her, partially breaking the fall. But the Unseen Hand had stretched out to save Marie. A bundle of old newspapers thrown into the shaft lay at the bottom between the bones of the baby and the stone pavement.

The shaft was too small for a man to climb down and rescue the children. The windows, too, that opened on it were mere slits in the wall. Yet the children must be rescued by some one at some hour. Next door was a firehouse and to this the frantic mothers ran. Firemen with axes and poles hurried into the building and in almost less time than it takes to tell it they had torn a great hole in the wall along the side of the shaft. The children were lifted out and hurried to the hospital. Now they are at home, and were it not for a tell-tale little scar each will carry all her life, no one need ever know they had been hurt.

**SAVED BY CLOTHES LINES.** Quite as remarkable was the escape of Master Sammie Weintraub of No. 70 Stanton street. This tenement is six stories high and Sammie Weintraub fell all the way from the top to the bottom, but six pairs of clothes lines, all weighted down with clean clothes, went with him, and when the ambulance surgeon unwound the yards and yards of clothes lines and laundry from Sammie all they could find as a souvenir of his tumble was a little cut on his forehead.

Little Margaret Hart, who at the time she took her tumble lived at No. 1960 Dean street, Brooklyn, chose just the nicest place she could to land

she had fallen held out its protecting arms, and as a result Baby Steiboldt rolled gently to the sidewalk, little the worse for her 50-foot fall. Little James Delibia, who despite his five years is still much of a mamma's boy, fell from the third floor of his home at No. 396 East One Hundred and Tenth street. Two good strong clothes lines, however, saved Jimmy from harm.

The life-saving clothes line again came to the rescue when Sammy Rabinowitz, four years old, of No. 309 Georgia avenue, Brooklyn, fell from a window of the third story of his home and landed on his feet, practically unharmed. Clothes lines had caught him and, after holding him suspended in the air a moment, dropped him lightly to the pavement. What saved two-year-old Peter Stehardt when he fell from the fourth floor of his home at No. 440 West Thirty-ninth street no one will ever know. There were neither clothes lines, awnings nor anything visible to save him. Yet, notwithstanding, he landed on the sidewalk unharmed. An ambulance surgeon failed to find even so much as a scratch on the little fellow.

**EASY VICTIMS OF BLACKMAIL.**

**When Royalty is Indiscreet There is Generally Nothing to Do But Pay Up.**

In spite of all precautions no one more readily falls a victim to the blackmailers' snare than a member of a royal house. If the blackmailer has the faintest shadow of a "hold" it is impossible to fight it out in court and the unhappy prince must grin and pay it.

The German crown prince is the latest victim. When he was at Ploen college he struck up a friendship with a young German noble, Count Hochberg who was also a student at Ploen. The friendship was kept up after college days were over, and for some time letters were exchanged regularly.

The count fell on evil days and had to emigrate to America, where he became chauffeur to a man named Barnes. After some time he dropped his own name and, having adopted that of Barnes, vanished from the sight and hearing of his friends.

Recently he has reappeared—with the crown prince's letters. These he threatens to publish unless his imperial highness cares to buy them. The prince's attitude resembles that of the duke of Wellington in a similar situation: "Publish and be hanged!" He says there is nothing in the letter;

he wrote to Count Hochberg that i

Recently King Leopold of Belgiu

received an anonymous letter from Liege saying that the writer was a accomplice in a plot to blow up th

royal palace at Brussels and to kill th

entire royal family. He demande

£1,000, which was to be placed at th

foot of a certain tree in the Kinken

pois wood near Liege. In return h

would reveal what he knew about th

plot.

The king sent messengers to th

place named with orders to place a

envelope at the foot of the tree an

then watch what happened. Th

watchers had not long to wait. A ma

# The Strike in the Clarion Office

BY CAROLINE A. HULING

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Helen Leland looked sweet and charming in her fluffy white gown as she left the ballroom with Harold Manning.

"Shall we have an ice before we go home?" he queried. As they passed under an electric light on the grand piazza he glanced appreciatively at the delicately flushed face.

"No, indeed! Not just now. I must go to the office first and arrange my copy, then, while the men are putting it into type, if you please, we will have our ice. After that we will go back while I read the proof. Business before pleasure," she quoted gaily as they turned into the street toward the Clarion office.

"No one would dream of associating business with you, especially in that stunning gown," rejoined Manning with cheerful gallantry.

Helen smiled wisely. "And yet it is serious business," she said, "this being society editor on a morning daily—even if we do go to balls in full dress and have a good time dancing."

Manning offered no contradiction, but really he could not associate anything serious with the petite, graceful figure at his side. To him she



"I Used to 'Stick Type' When I Was in College."

seemed a gay little butterfly, and even the question of her good looks scarcely presented itself to him definitely.

Indeed, she was not beautiful, though possessing a charm that often serves in good stead. She was bright, vivacious, quick witted and tactful, always saying just those pleasant things that put her companions at ease. Barely 22, and in the morning flush of glorious youth, Helen was full of enthusiasm, and enjoyed the ball quite as though she was attending it only for pleasure, with no idea of its being material for "copy."

The daughter of a country editor in a fashionable watering place, Helen was glad to earn a trifle during the gay season by writing for other papers, but was careful not to let it appear how much of this work she really did, feeling that her pen was freer if unembarrassed by the clamor of notoriety seekers. That she was society editor of the daily Social Review she did not care to conceal since it gave her opportunity to get material for her department and, incidentally, current gossip for her letter to metropolitan papers.

Harold Manning had no idea of the work she really did. Truth to tell he thought her rather frivolous, though sufficiently amusing. He had met her casually and, attracted by her airy passers le temps. This evening he had accompanied her to a ball at one of the largest summer hotels, her father, her usual escort, having a "publication day headache," as she termed it, after bringing out the Weekly Clarion.

They reached the office soon after midnight, and, giving him a novel from a pile of review copies on her desk, she turned to her work.

"Miss Leland, the copy sent up this afternoon is still on the book and Smithers and Morgan haven't shown up here to get up the stuff in time to go to press at five o'clock." It was Mr. Hurst, the publisher of the Society Review, who spoke and it was evident that he had been drinking.

"Helen, absorbed in her work, silently looked up with a puzzled expression.

"Can't we call your father? I can send one of the men for him," the publisher suggested.

"Oh, no, indeed!" she replied. "Father was too ill when he went home, and I know that if he is disturbed he will suffer all day to-morrow. I'll call up the Union office and see if they can spare a couple of compositors to help out."

"There is one 'sub' down there who will come at once," she said a moment later, laying down the receiver of her desk 'phone, "but I need two." A tiny frown wrinkled the high forehead which Manning was beginning to admire.

"Cannot I help out?" he hastened to ask, unwilling to witness her distress. "I used to 'stick type' when I was in college—you know I worked my way through. If you have got to stay here I might as well make myself useful."

"I will be awfully glad if you will," she eagerly replied. "I can't bear to arouse father."

Smiling, Manning removed his dress coat and vest and, protecting his linen with the gingham "jumper" that Helen proffered—kept by her father for such emergencies—he mounted the stairs to the composing room and, stick in hand, was soon busy.

It was an hour later, about two o'clock, when Helen had finished her copy and sent it up. While waiting to read the proof she turned to the novels she was to review for the Clarion. Just then Mr. Hurst reappeared, and this time his condition was very apparent.

"Miss Leland, the men have struck. They say your father didn't pay off in full Saturday and they won't work nights without their money. If this paper isn't out I'll take my work to another office."

"I will see about that myself," Helen replied instantly, her eyes blazing with wrath.

She fairly flew up the stairs. The men, sullen and defiant, had gathered in a group around the imposing stone.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "Get back to your cases at once! The Review must be on time or we lose the job."

"We want our money. We can't work for nothing," responded one of them doggedly.

"How much does father owe you?"

"Three dollars."

"And you?" she turned to another.

"Five dollars, but Hurst said that he gave your father three hundred last week and that he paid out most of it for a ball dress for you."

"For shame!" she cried. "I buy my own dresses, and—why—Hurst borrowed \$200 of father last week to pay for some paper. I am ashamed of you, to allow that man to influence you. Can't you see that he is intoxicated and not responsible? We must get this paper out and then he can take his work elsewhere. My father has been as kind to you as to his own sons and this is the way you act when he is sick and I cannot tell him! Frank, you learned your trade with us, I am deeply grieved by your conduct. I will pay you myself to-morrow. I have no money with me now. Back to your cases, every man," and the strike was over—quelled by a girl in an evening gown.

Manning had been a silent, but by no means uninterested spectator of the scene, which had passed too rapidly for him to take part in it. Now he turned in astonishment back to his case, his eye taking in the copy before him and his fingers mechanically putting the little slips of metal in the stick in his hand.

His mind was not upon the work that he was doing. Dancing before his mental vision was the picture of this girl—woman in very truth—garbed in a fluffy white gown, with throat and shoulders modestly bared, but with an expression of firmness and determination upon her face, and eyes alight with indignation, at variance with her costume, which of itself was so out of place in the dingy printing office. He had seen the effect upon the rough workmen, a vision of femininity novel to their eyes, but so all-compelling that they had been thoroughly subdued. As they returned to work and the girl left them he heard them mutter:

"We can't stand Miss Helen. We'd do anything for her. But if that Hurst comes up here again to-night we'll throw him out, good and plenty."

Manning noticed that Helen had checked Hurst, as he was about to re-enter the office, but he did not hear her say:

"You would better rest awhile, Mr. Hurst. The men are angry with you just now. They will work better without you," and the fellow returned to a near-by saloon.

The dawn was breaking when Manning took Helen home, for she had stayed to see the forms made up and the paper on press. A long cloak covered her white gown and there was no one on the streets to remark their appearance at an unusual hour.

A thrill of pride in her stirred the cold man of the world who had been only amusing himself with this light hearted child. He had been a fool; but his eyes were opened at last. This was the girl he had assumed to be a trifler, a frivolous butterfly. He had not thought her even pretty. Now, to him she was loveliness incarnate, and in his heart hope planted a germ for whose future lusty growth the mutual glances of young eyes augured well indeed.

**Too Big a Price.**

Does the pursuit of wealth cut the American man of business off from the old-fashioned relish of books and society? In other words, is he paying too big or disproportionate a price in time and strength for wealth and commercial prominence? My answer would be: Yes, beyond question.—From A. Barton Hepburn's "The American Business Man" in the Century.