

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**

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 wailing 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 sightseer new to the crowded East or 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

"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 throughout 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 Moriarity, 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-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

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 in her fall from the second story of the building. She was standing on the fire-escape watching her papa down in the yard below when she lost her balance. What was more natural than for her to call to her papa to catch her? And he did it!

Baby Helen Graf, a 21-months-old tot, who lives at No. 1357 Webster avenue, owes her escape to two strong little arms that her father has boasted of all his life. She was playing on the landing of the fifth floor of the fire escape when a misstep sent her plunging down towards the ground. At the fourth floor, however, her tiny hands struck the iron rounds of the ladder. Instinctively she clutched one of the rounds and hung on with all her baby might. Her mother rescued her.

OWES LIFE TO AWNING.

Sixteen-months-old Grace Sieboldt, who lives at No. 247 Tenth street, Brooklyn, fell four floors the other day, but a good strong awning directly beneath the window from which she had fallen held out its protecting arms, and as a result Baby Sieboldt rolled gently to the sidewalk. Little James Delibla, who despite his five years is still much of a mamma's boy, fell from the third floor of his home at No. 306 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. 300 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 Gebhardt when he fell from the fourth floor of his home at No. 440 West

CAPTAIN OF BOSTON AMERICANS



Dr. Harry Gessler, captain and right fielder of the Boston American league, is a product of the American association. He broke into major league baseball first with Brooklyn. From that club he went to Chicago, and thence in a trade for "Chick" Fraser, in 1907, to the Cincinnati club. In 1907, however, he went back to Columbus and it was from that club that he was purchased by Bos-

ton. Last year he was one of the few 300 hitters in the American league, batting for .308 and standing fifth in the league besides leading his club. He was among the leading batters in the American association in 1907, playing in 135 games and batting for .325. Gessler was made captain this spring by Manager Lake. He is a dentist by profession, and is 28 years old.

ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ

He Is the Man Who Keeps England Awake Nights.

German Master Mariner Has Roused the Fatherland to Unexampled Enthusiasm for Dominion—A Shrewd, Practical Man.

New York.—Among the distinguished officials who accompanied Prince Henry, the kaiser's brother, on his visit to America in 1902, was Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, the German secretary of state for the navy. Tall, burly, bearded, Neptune-like, apparently in the prime of life, though really approaching the age limit of three score years, the impression made by the personality of Germany's master mariner was one never to be forgotten.

Since then the name of Admiral von Tirpitz has gone round the world. He is the redoubtable builder of all-big-gun battleships who causes Britain so many sleepless nights. He is the man who has roused the Fatherland to her opportunity and potential destiny. The most illustrious of living ministers of marine, he is inspirer of that national obsession of sea supremacy through which Germany has become by a few years of persistent and systematic effort the second naval power in Europe to-day.

With feverish ardor, yet in silence and comparative secrecy, since the so-called Dreadnought era, Germany has been building battleships—jumping suddenly from 13,000 tons to 18,000 and more; widening and deepening the Kiel canal and fortifying her whole Baltic and North Sea coast lines until they bristle with great guns and mining defenses; fighting in the reichstag for an unprecedented naval budget, restlessly and indefatigably drawing on the state economies to build gigantic battle engines, fast armored cruisers, invincible torpedo-boats—a navy, in short, calculated within a closely fixed time to rival that of England both numerically and in positive combative strength.

The evolution of the Dreadnought type, which rendered virtually obsolete most of the ships not only of Germany but of England as well, evened up matters among the rival maritime powers. It gave them unexpectedly an opportunity to enter the grand



Admiral von Tirpitz.

ocean handicap with something like a fair sporting chance.

Tirpitz saw this and rose to the occasion. With the thoroughness as well as the promptitude characteristic of German state dynamics, when once the national spirit is aroused, he set about his task. It was an economic question, primarily, a matter of politics, in diverting money to the building of dockyards, armor foundries and the like, also of circumventing the watchdogs of the socialist party in the reichstag.

It was uphill work at first, but for tenure favors the stubborn. At the moment when Tirpitz was struggling to win over popular opinion to the support of his policy and was finding it difficult by reason of the increasing burden of taxation which a big ship programme was setting upon the shoulders of the nation, there came in 1899 the Bundesrath incident, when a German mail packet was seized by an English man-of-war. That turned the patriotic tide and the naval law of 1900 was the first result. Honors showered upon Rear-Admiral von Tirpitz and some big warships were laid down forthwith. The launching of these ships a few years later made Tirpitz a full admiral and the supplementary naval bill of 1907 won him the imperial order of the Black Eagle. He has been state minister of the admiralty since 1901.

A shrewd, practical man of plebeian origin (he was born at Kustrin in 1849), Admiral von Tirpitz has gained his naval knowledge at sea, in actual service and under circumstances which have shown him the necessity to the Fatherland of possessing such a fleet as present plans contemplate. A cadet at 16, at 20 a lieutenant and at 25 a lieutenant-commander, after 20 years of service he was flying the pennant of a rear-admiral and was known as a responsible officer, with a habit of thinking for himself and a wholesome contempt for the traditions of bureaucracy.

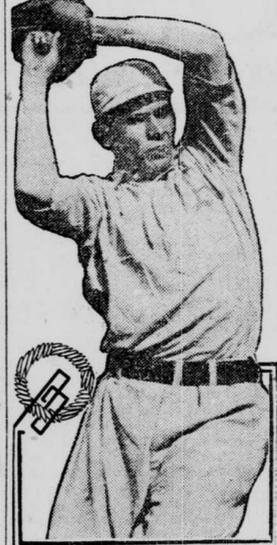
To-day, with the climax of his career in sight, his most radical and ambitious ideas adopted at home and studied with wonder abroad, Admiral von Tirpitz may still look forward to many years of active official life. He is intimately acquainted with the resources of every naval shipbuilding yard on the face of the globe.

Packing with Ferns.
It has recently been discovered that the leaves of the fern plant, which grows almost anywhere, is an excellent preservative for packing articles of food, fruit and even meat. It is said that on the Isle of Man fresh herrings are packed in ferns and arrive on the market in as fresh a condition as when they were shipped. A number of experiments have demonstrated that potatoes packed in ferns keep many months longer than those packed in straw. In fact, potatoes packed in fern leaves are as fresh in the springtime as when they were first dug in the fall.

WHEN YOU TAKE HER OUT TO THE GAME

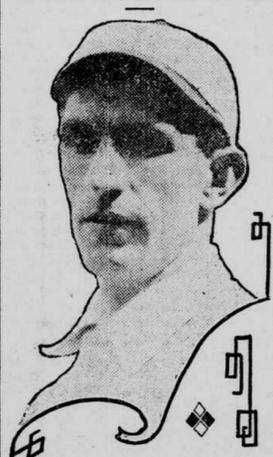
When you take her out to the ball game, and you're packed in the stand with the crowd, isn't it nice to have her ask you in a voice that is fearfully loud: "What makes that player who throws the ball wave his arms like that?" And—"Don't you think it's mean in them not letting the umpire bat?" And when a home player steals second and third. By a glorious slide to the base, she says: "It's cruel for the crowd to cheer when that poor fellow fell on his face." Then you try to explain, and she says: "Oh, I see! But why don't the rest of the players wear an apron to keep their suits clean like the man with the muzzie on 'em?" And—"Why do you say the pitcher's no good when he's hitting the bat every time?" And—"Why don't the policeman arrest them? Isn't stealing bases a crime?" Then, after you've answered these questions and two or three million more, you ask in the crowd as you go out the gate to find out what was the score. —Washington Herald.

"BIG CHIEF" BENDER.



After being touted as being "all in" last season by the Philadelphia critics, this Indian twirler of Connie Mack is showing a surprising reversal of form. Bender is considered a good batter and fielder, and he has subbed for Capt. Davis at first base for weeks at a time.

REGULAR SOX SECOND SACKER



Jake Atz, a product of the Southern league, is the regular second baseman of the Chicago White Sox this season. His work around the middle sack has been first-class thus far, but he is weak with the bat. Last season he played the utility role for the team and he is able to fill any position in the infield to advantage.

Fraser in "Semi-Pro." Ranks. Charles Cooper Fraser, lately of the world's champion Cubs, became a "semi-pro" player recently, when he signed up with the Milwaukee White Sox of the Chicago league. "Chic" has been sitting on the bench for Milwaukee for two weeks, but refused to play until the National commission had passed on a claim he made against the Chicago National league club. His signature to a Chicago league contract was obtained as soon as he had been officially notified that his claim would not be recognized.

Cigars, Too?
Bacon—This paper says that as Elwood Scott, a gigantic admirer of Miss Lola Wescott of Pongateague, Va., was taking a good-night hug, he broke one of her ribs. He also shattered the crystal of his watch at the same time.

Egbert—Doesn't say whether Elwood busted any of his cigars or not, does it?—Yonkers Statesman.

Don't be "consistent," but only true. —Holmes.

BALL AND BAT NOTES

Manager Rourke of the Omaha team has closed a deal by which he will trade "Red" Fisher, his star fielder to Stanley Robison for Delehanty and Rhoades of the St. Louis Cardinals. William Miller, the southpaw pitcher who was loaned to Bloomington, recently by Springfield for the season was recalled by the latter club owing to the fact that Pitcher Grady is out of condition and unable to pitch. Miller won all three games which he pitched for Bloomington.

Bobby Lynch of Chicago, formerly captain of the Notre Dame university baseball team, has joined the South Bend Central league team. He will play short.

Pitcher Bob Harmon of the Shreveport team, Texas State league, has been sold to the St. Louis Nationals. Manager Mack of the Philadelphia team of the American league has released Outfielder Strunk to the Milwaukee American association club. Jimmy Barrett, formerly of Boston and once noted outfielder on the baseball diamond, has been signed by Manager McCloskey of Milwaukee.

Grand Feat of Balancing.
A certain English mayor—the London Daily Telegraph tells of him—whose period of office had come to an end, was surveying the work of the year.

"I have endeavored," he said, with an air of conscious rectitude, "to administer justice without swerving partially on the one hand or impartially on the other."

The amateur gardener is generally cured by one good dose.

NEW 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-g! 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

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 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."

under command of Maj. Dade of the Fourth infantry.

They reached Tampa on December 23 and started on a march of 100 miles to Fort Drade via Fort King. The command, consisting of 117 officers and men, was attacked at the Withlacoochee river on December 28 by 800 Indians and 100 negroes, and after a desperate engagement of five hours the entire command was massacred, save three men, who were wounded, two of whom effected their escape.

The Dade monument is the only monument at the Point erected to the memory of the heroes of Indian wars, says Uncle Sam's Magazine. The officers of our army before the civil war served a lifetime on the frontier, and though engaged in many Indian campaigns were never rewarded by brevets. The law distinctly requires that brevets shall not be bestowed except in time of war; and the contests on the frontier for so many long years, the most hazardous of all warfare, were not so classed.

After all, an expert is only an individual with an opinion.



TORE A GREAT HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE SHAFT.

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.

Industry is too busy to even recall the days of depression.

TONGUE TELLS WHOLE STORY.

Its Condition from Day to Day Highly Important in Recording Disease Conditions.

It is a fact that in every disease there are a whole lot of things that cannot be read from the patient's tongue. The classic wall, "no tongue can tell the agony of my suffering," is of wider application than the patient uttering it is aware.

It is equally patent, according to American Medicine, that in every disease the tongue has a valuable story to tell and that the practitioner who ignores this story is in no sense modern, scientific or practical. In the light of day we do not cursorily examine the tongue; we keep an eye upon it. Not merely its aspect at the outset of treatment, but its variations are of prime significance.

The tongue findings are directly and vitally connected with diagnosis, treatment and prognosis. The mere presence of a coat on part of the tongue may signify nothing. A heavy coat

that promptly fades on proper treatment and shows no tendency to reappear is of less significance than the lightest coat that sticks firmly or promptly returns.

In a disease like tuberculosis, in which results of treatment hinge upon the perfect intactness of the gastrointestinal functions, it is of vastly higher importance to scrutinize the tongue from day to day than the affected lung. In practice we are too prone to disregard this most obvious fact. Either to amuse the patient or to satisfy a personal curiosity we thump the chest when we had better thump the office floor.

In recent years, through the light shed upon the alimentary tract by bacteriology, we have come to recognize local disturbances as expressive of loss of floral balance. In ordinary parlance the tract has become overgrown with weeds. This is shown by rude but plain evidence in the condition of the tongue.

Mme. Chevallier says that "a home without children is like champagne without fizz." Flat, as it were.