

A BROOKLYN BRIDGE CRUSH

A Screaming, Roaring, Seething Hell—A Struggling Mass of Tens of Thousands of Men, Women and Children

New York, Jan. 29, 1904.—(Editorial Correspondence.)—The East river and bay were full of floating ice. After a day of supreme cold, a fog so dense that one could not see as far as the length of a car settled down all over Greater New York. Ferry boats caught in the middle of the channel dare not move farther and floated with the tide. It was at the evening rush hour and New York's toiling slaves, eager to reach their homes, rushed for the Brooklyn bridge. From every direction they came trooping by the tens of thousands toward the bridge. Huge policemen stood in the middle of the street that runs across the front of the entrance, holding back the street cars, the trucks, the automobiles, the cabs, so that the surging crowds could cross over and then, for a short time, letting the vehicles have the right of way and again halting them to allow the crowds to surge forward.

The entrance to the bridge is a great steel structure, three stories high, open on all sides, where the chill winds rush through with cyclonic force. On the lower floor sixteen lines of street cars whirl around short curves, coming in on one side of the bridge and going out on the other. On the second story is the entrance to the foot paths over the bridge and to the New York elevated trains going north. Above this, are the Brooklyn elevated trains. At intervals of less than two minutes trains of six cars rush across the entrance, stop for a second or two, and speed onward. At right angles with these trains, come the Brooklyn elevated cars, shooting back and forth with equal rapidity.

On the first floor of the structure, as fast almost as they can be counted, the street cars swing in, long lines of lightning dashing from the trolleys, the wheels giggering and screeching on the short curves, the elevated trains roaring, crashing overhead and across the entrance amidst the indistinguishable jangling of scores of warning bells. Masses of people lined up against each street car track. Policemen walking up and down the tracks trying to keep the people off so that the car with its jangling bells, screeching wheels and lightning streaming trolleys can move along. Thousands of people are pressing on. No regard is paid for women and children; they are jammed and pushed and piled on top of each other; they surge forward, sideways, try to press back, but going always onward as irresistible as the waters of a flood.

The passengers in the street cars go out at the front, and those waiting to get on scramble in at the rear. Before the car stops, the more active and fiercer of the crowd begin to climb on. In an instant the car fills and passes on, policemen often pulling off those who are clinging unsafely to the steps.

On the elevated roads as soon as the gates are thrown open the solid mass of people press forward toward the twelve openings in the six cars and often not only jam the cars full, but the platforms are so crowded that the gates which swing inward cannot be closed. A few seconds only, and every human being that can be pressed in fills the cars and the platforms. On this occasion a woman was pressed forward with the mass behind, got an insecure footing on the platform, swung down by the side of the car and holding on until exhausted, she fell a mangled mass on the iron girders of the elevated track. The conductor was standing on the platform, but the people pressed so hard against him that he could not raise his hand to pull the bell rope to stop the train. So the cars hurled themselves onward and six trains went by the mangled form before one was stopped to pick it up.

Standing with my back to a great iron post, I watched the faces of this struggling mass. Everything human seemed to have vanished from them. There was a wild animal look in them—a look of pain, of distress, and fear. It was on the faces of the men, the women and the children. A rather feeble looking woman held up a little

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girl of eight or ten years of age, in front of her for more than ten minutes to keep the child from being crushed, until anguish was written on every line of her face and then the crowd surged forward and she passed out of view.

Yet there were some remnants of humanity left in that crowd—some of the tenderness that differentiates the human from the brute. I saw one powerful man, who, by exercising the strength of a giant, wedged his way four or five feet to one side where he put his arms from behind around a feeble old woman and literally carried her forward and into a car.

It seems to an old pop, however discourteous it may be to the president, that a little race suicide would be good for this part of the country. —T.

New York Notes

Bryan delivered a lecture in Madison Square Garden on the evening of January 26. The audience was large and cheered so much that Mr. Bryan frequently had to repress it so that he might go on. A large number of ministers were present, as his subject was "The Moral Issue." In that address, in speaking of the money question, he said: "It is not a question of gold or silver. These are but incidents." That has been the position taken by the populists from the first.

Rockefeller has not abandoned his old piratical ways. Just as present he is trying to crush an independent refinery at Richmond, Va., known as the Dixie Oil company. He has brought the price of oil down to 7 cents in Richmond. His raid on the works of the Dixie Oil company will be as disastrous as that of an invading army, and as far as the property of that company is concerned, it will be in a more dilapidated state than Atlanta was after Sherman marched through the town on his way to the sea. By all means let Rockefeller build a "temple of worship" on the campus of the Nebraska state university.

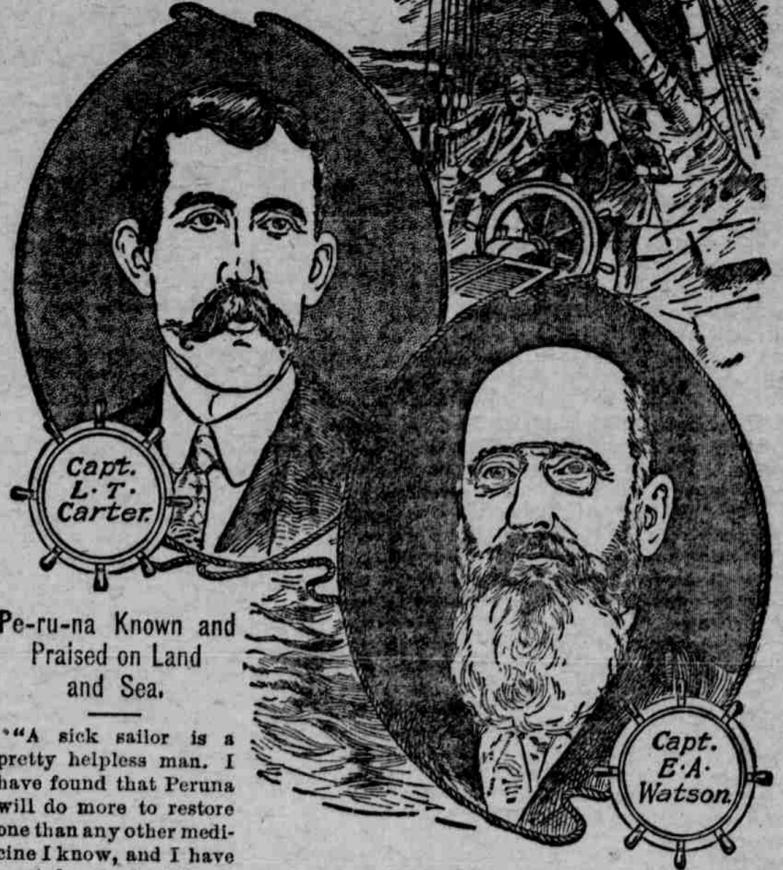
I know that the farmers of Nebraska will have sympathy with the hardships of this old pop in his mingling with the plutocrats where he has to eat his dinner at 6 o'clock p. m. nad put on a clean collar and have his boots blacked every day. Add to that the dodging of devil wagons, street cars, trucks, cabs and busses every time he crosses the street, and they can imagine what his conflicts and trials are. But there are some compensations. After a rehearsal of Italian opera, he kissed the prima donna. Now, this is no fake story. It was a real prima donna. Of Mrs. J. Allen Barris, the famous Louisia A. Baralt says: "Her triumph on the platform may justify one predicting for her a brilliant future," and the great Max Maretzek says: "Mrs. Barris has a beautiful quality of voice and decided talent."

Since Senator Burton of Kansas was indicted on nine counts for receiving \$4,500 in bribes to get non-mailable matter through the mails and the indictment of Senator Dietrich in Nebraska, the New York dailies have not talked so much about the republicans having "redeemed" Kansas and Nebraska from the populists.

New York is not all bad. There are heroes here whose names in the final roll of honor will stand near the head of the list. But these heroes and heroines are in the ranks of the humble, those who give a whole life of toil to make others happy. Of one of these, a housekeeper in New York, said: "Her name was Mary Gary. She came one morning to do the washing. Her manner was at first curt, and seemed to indicate that it was the washing, and not me, in which she was interested. Later I found that was only a cloak which she used to hide her real character which was invariably kind. As the morning wore on I became impressed with her conscientious and laborious attention to details. Nothing was too trivial to be painstakingly and thoroughly done. Her observing eyes saw all and more than all that was required of her, and she did everything willingly and almost eagerly. As the weeks passed into months and the months into years, her manner never changed. Her one desire seemed to be to do something for others. The abundance of her love manifested itself in the care and feeding of helpless animals found in the streets, and this in spite of the fact that food in her home was scarce and prices high. Her goodness was spontaneous, never reasoned out or argued over. Life for Mary simply meant work, from 5 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night. Yet she never complained.

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She never said that she was weary or that she was poor, but gave 'all that she had,' her time and her labor, ungrudgingly and cheerfully. I have learned from 'one of the least of these,' promptness, steadfastness and unselfishness." These are God's heroes. The heroes of Mammon are Rockefeller, Morgan and Schwab.

After the reporters had nagged Bryan most persistently for two days, he finally got a little "riled." When a lot of them told him that it would be the proper thing for him to do if he would say "Yes" or "No" to the question whether he would bolt in the St. Louis convention if the Kansas City platform was not adopted, Mr. Bryan turned angrily and said quickly: "It is an impertinent question, and I reply that it is none of your business. No one has a right to ask me that.



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How can I tell in advance what they will do, or what I shall feel impelled to do? Say this, that I don't think any one is called on to answer a hypothetical question of that kind." The liberal democrats in New York, who have been declaring that they would bolt the national democratic convention if it went back on the Kansas City platform, now feel pretty sure that they will have Bryan for a leader. They declare that if he, after