THE NEW LEADERS

Tammany Hall's Generals in the New Districts.

Mr. Croker's Selections Are All Bright Young Politicians.

Portraits and Sketches of the Men Who Have Just Been Promoted.

Eight new faces are now to be seen daily at the City Hall and in the city departments. They are the faces of the energetic young politicians just appointed the Tammany district leaders of the new districts formed under the reapportionment made by the Board of Aldermen July 19.

P. J. DOOLING.

Their business at the departments is to look after the interests of their constituents who want appointments or have other business in the public service. The new leaders are around early and often, and are giving the older hands at the game of politics a close race for the desirable places.

THOMAS J. DUNN.

The position of a district leader is an onerous and reponsible one. It takes a man of tact and ability to gain and maintain power and influence and a following and to conciliate all the conflicting interests of the party in a district. A place must be provided for this one and that one; when a constituent is unfortunate enough to be arrested his case must be looked after by his

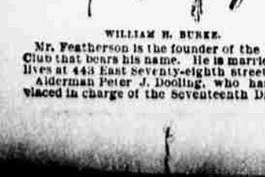
JOHN B. SEXTON.

leader, and in a thousand and one ways the leader must make friends and know how to keep them, so that on election day he can get all his party's vote in the box and carry his district.

When it is considered that a district leader is the practical ruler or is responsible for an army of 50,000 people or more, he must be regarded as a man of importance.

JOHN J. RYAN.

In the selection of his latest lieutenants Mr. Croker has carried out his idea of strengthening the organization by the infusion of young blood. They are all young men. The youngest is Maurice Featherson, of the Twenty-second District. He is not thirty years old, and, being clean shaven, looks much younger than he is. He will be known as the boy leader of Tammany Hall.



WILLIAM H. BURKE.

Mr. Featherson is the founder of the Social Club that bears his name. He is married and lives at 443 East Seventy-eighth street.

Alderman Peter J. Dooling, who has been placed in charge of the Seventeenth District, is thirty-four years old. He is an active worker and has faith in woman as a vote winner. He never misses an opportunity to do favors for the fair sex. He is in the liquor business. Until last year he never held office. Alderman Dooling owes his advancement to the Peter J. Dooling Association, which is a power in the politics of his district.

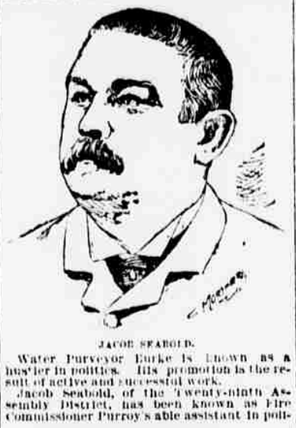
Leader Thomas J. Dunn, of the Twentieth District, is a business man and wealthy. He is proprietor of a bluestone yard at Sixty-eighth street and Avenue A. He is said to be worth $500,000. Dunn is a good organizer, and has been a large contributor to campaign funds.

Leader John B. Sexton, of the Twenty-third District, is well known to the public through the Sheriff's office, where he holds the position of Under Sheriff. He entered the Sheriff's office when Mayor Grant was Sheriff. It is said he will be the candidate for Sheriff when Sheriff Gorman's term expires. Mr. Sexton is just thirty-five years old.

WILLIAM F. STILLINGS.

The leader of the new Twenty-eighth District, W. F. Stillings, also belongs in the Sheriff's office. Mr. Stillings is counsel to the Sheriff. He lives on Washington Heights, where he became popular and well known while holding the office of School Trustee.

The Department of Public Works has furnished two of the new leaders. Superintendent of Streets John J. Ryan has been placed in charge of the Twenty-fifth District, and Water Purveyor W. H. Burke, of the Twenty-sixth. Mr. Ryan was formerly President of the Brickmakers' Union. Afterwards he became an attendant in the Ninth District Civil Court and later he was dockmaster.



JACOB SEABOLD.

Water Purveyor Burke is known as a hustler in politics. His promotion is the result of active and successful work.

Jacob Seabold, of the Twenty-ninth Assembly District, has been known as Fire Commissioner Purroy's able assistant in politics. He has had considerable experience as a political manager. He was Deputy Commissioner of Streets-Cleaning under Commissioner Coleman, and as an official showed marked executive ability.

MAURICE FEATHERSON.

APPROVE THE LYNCHING.

Redding Citizens Were Tired of the Delay in the Ruggles Cases.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

REDDING, Cal., July 25.—Citizens generally approve of the lynching early yesterday morning of John D. and Charles Ruggles, who robbed the Redding stage in May last and killed Wells-Fargo Express Messenger Burk Montgomery. The couple were tired of the law's delay and the petting by sentimental women of the prisoners in jail.

The affair was well planned and executed with deliberation and order. While the bodies were swinging some one suggested shooting them, but the suggestion was cried down. Two women witnessed the execution. The Ruggles brothers were well connected in this state, their father being a well-to-do rancher in Tulare County.

LINEN FROM MINNESOTA FLAX.

A Bale Sent to Ireland and Made Into Fine Towels.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 25.—Ten dozen towels have just been received here by John Kerwin and C. N. Bell, being the result of an experiment with Minnesota flax.

They sent a bale of flax grown at South Park, a suburb of St. Paul, to Belfast, Ireland. The flax now comes back in the shape of fine linen towels which are pronounced equal to the finest goods of the kind ever manufactured.

The manufacturer also sent back some samples of the prepared fibre in the shape of threads, some of which were as fine as silk.

MRS. RYDER A PRISONER, TOO.

Accused Consul's Wife Charged with Perjury at Copenhagen.

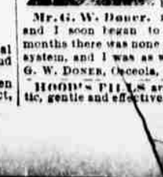
[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

COPENHAGEN, July 25.—The charge upon which Mrs. Ryder, wife of Henry H. Ryder, the American Consul in this city, was taken into custody, is perjury.

Mrs. Ryder, it is alleged, committed the crime at the examination of her husband, who was recently charged with fraud in the settlement of a testamentary estate.

Music at Washington Square and Paradise Parks.

There will be music by Conterno's Ninth Regiment Band at Washington Square Park this afternoon, and by Louis Conterno's Military Band at Paradise Park this evening.



Scrofula

Afflicted me 4 years—blotches all over my body, swelling in my neck, and in less than a year had lost 40 lbs. I was ruined by H. L. Tubbs, our druggist, to try HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and the blotches and lump in

Mr. G. W. Dauer. my neck disappeared, and I soon began to gain in flesh. In 4 months there was none of the disease left in my system, and I was as well and strong as ever." G. W. DONER, Osceola, South Dakota.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box. 25 cents.

THOUGHT FOLEY WAS SHOT.

So a Priest Gave Him Extreme Unction on the Sidewalk.

The Man Was Unhurt, Except by Being Thrown Out of a Saloon.

The spectacle of a priest administering extreme unction to a supposed dying man on the sidewalk at 1 o'clock A. M., by the light of two flaring candles, startled Dr. Cox, of Bellevue Hospital, this morning.

The doctor had been called with the ambulance to West Thirty-first street. In front of No. 426 was the man supposed to be dying. At his head burned two candles, and a priest, one of Father Gleason's assistants, who had been hurriedly called, was bending over the injured man.

The doctor interrupted the priest, made a hasty examination of the man, and then exclaimed:

"Why, this man's all right. He's drunk, that's all. Get up there, you!" and he touched the man on the sidewalk with his toe.

Just then Policeman Kolle, of the Twentieth Precinct, came up and asked: "Is he dead?"

Then the officer explained to the doctor that he had heard three shots fired, and when he ran up found this man on the sidewalk. The man said his name was Thomas Foley and that Michael T. McCormack, in front of whose saloon he was lying, had shot him three times. The policeman had arrested McCormack and taken him to the station-house, after summoning an ambulance. Then he had returned to take charge of the supposed dying man.

In the mean time a bystander had gone to Father Gleason's house around the corner and left word that a man was dying on the sidewalk in West Thirty-first street. The presence of the priest and the candles on the spot resulted.

When it was found that Foley had not been shot he was also arrested.

In Jefferson Market Court this morning each man told his story. Foley lives next door to McCormack's saloon. He said he was out with friends drinking Sunday night, and said that McCormack put him out of his saloon at 12.30 o'clock. Foley declared that he remembered nothing else of the affair, except that McCormack fired three shots at him. He fell down, he says, thinking he was shot.

McCormack admitted that he put Foley and two friends out of his place, but says that they came back again, and when he opened the door to send them away they dragged him out and pounded him.

"I fired two shots," he told Justice Ryan, "but I fired them in the air, simply to attract the attention of the police."

Foley persisted in stating that the shots had been fired directly at him. The revolver, which was taken from McCormack, was a six-shooter, of .34-calibre, and there were three empty shells in the cylinder. Both men were badly bruised about the face and body.

McCormack was held in $1,000 bonds for examination to-morrow morning. The complaint of disorderly conduct against Foley was dismissed.

HER LIFE FOR WEE KATIE'S.

Mrs. Rubling May Die from Injuries on the Railway Track.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

LONG BRANCH, July 25.—Mrs. William Rubling, of 26 Rivington street, New York, the heroic young mother who saved her three-year-old daughter Katie from being run over by a train of the Jersey Central Railroad last Saturday, is still hovering between life and death to-day, there being but faint hope held forth by the physicians for her recovery.

While sitting on the veranda of the Star Hotel here last Saturday evening, holding her three-months-old baby, Edna, in her arms, Mrs. Rubling heard some women scream. Feeling instinctively that the screams might in some way relate to little Katie, who had strayed from her mother's side, Mrs. Rubling jumped up and began to look for the child. To her horror she saw the little one standing motionless on the tracks, not far from the hotel, gazing at an approaching train as if transfixed with fright.

Engineer John Allen reversed the engine as soon as he saw the child's peril, but it was too late. Another instant and the train would have been upon the little one. At this moment the frantic mother, who had not even lain down little Edna, was on the tracks and with her disengaged hand caught up and flung aside Katie, but was herself struck by the pilot and tossed a considerable distance from the tracks.

Mrs. Rubling was bleeding and unconscious when she was picked up. The baby, which had been thrown out of her arms, was also bleeding from a not very serious superficial wound. Katie was entirely unhurt.

Mrs. Rubling and her baby were carried to the hotel, where Drs. Baker, John Pemberton, Harry Pemberton and Taylor attended to their wounds. Mrs. Rubling was found to be internally injured in addition to having a deep gash on her head and a dislocated rib.

Fathers W. P. Cantwell and Freary, of the Catholic parish, were called in yesterday to administer the last rites of the Church, as Mrs. Rubling was then thought to be in a dying condition.

ART MUSEUM TO BE FREE.

Park Board Arranges to Do Away with All Admission Fees.

The Park Board to-day took the necessary action to carry out the provisions of the new law authorizing the Board to provide for the opening of the American Museum of Art free of charge to the public every day in the week except Monday, when it will be closed for cleaning the premises.

Hitherto an admission fee has been charged two days in each week. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment has been asked to appropriate $50,000 for the maintenance of the museum under the new order, and as soon as the allowance is made the museum will be free at all times hereafter.

Lawyer John M. Bowers notified the Board that he had been retained by several property-owners on Eighty-seventh street to oppose the construction of a railroad on that street between Eighth and Columbus avenues as proposed by the transverse Road company now running through Central Park and coming out at Eighty-sixth street. He asked to be advised if a hearing is granted on any petition that may be presented by the road.

BLOODY RIOT AT A PICNIC.

Two Probably Fatally and a Dozen More Seriously Injured.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

MASCOUTAH, Ill., July 25.—News has just reached here of a bloody riot at a Turner picnic at Queen's Lake, seven miles southeast of here in Clinton County late last evening. The fight lasted about two hours, and revolvers, knives, slungshots and clubs were used in a reckless fashion.

Peter Miller, a hotel-keeper, of Venedy, was cut up in a frightful manner, and it is thought cannot live. David Sneiton, a nail-worker, of Belleville, was shot four times and had a finger mashed off. Joseph Miller, of New Memphis, had one ear cut off and one eye knocked out. A dozen more were more or less injured.

Two Out of Three Drowned.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

DETROIT, Mich., July 25.—By the capsizing of a rowboat in the Canadian channel off Belle Isle yesterday afternoon two unknown persons were drowned and a third had a narrow escape from death.

CAUGHT BERG IN CHICAGO.

A "World" Man Finds Mary Anderson's Alleged Murderer.

His Movements Traced Ever Since He Left Perth Amboy June 8.

Through the persistent efforts of WORLD reporters, another arrest has been made in the Mary Anderson murder case, and the evidence collected is of such a positive nature that County Prosecutor Adrain, of New Brunswick, is confident that the Perth Amboy mystery of June 8 is now practically solved.

Morris Berg, the latest suspect, was arrested Saturday night at Chicago, whither he was traced on the slenderest of clues by a WORLD reporter. He denies that he was ever in Perth Amboy, but there is plenty of evidence to the contrary, and Johnny Beisel, a thirteen-year-old boy who was taken to Chicago by the reporter, has positively identified him as one of two men who chased him and two other boys with knives away from the scene of the murder just before Mary Anderson was butchered.

In spite of this Berg has signified his willingness to return to New Jersey without extradition papers, and will be brought back by State Detective William Housel, who was sent after him.

After all apparent clues had been exhausted by the Perth Amboy police, WORLD reporters two weeks ago discovered that about thirty-five minutes after the murder of Mary Anderson, which was between 5.20 and 5.30 P. M. June 8, two men had boarded a Lehigh Valley freight train at a sandpit not far from the scene of the murder.

Brakeman Francis Schaffer, who talked with the men said that they perfectly answered the description of the two men who chased Johnny Beisel and his companions. The men appeared to be nervous, and at every stop of the train would hide in the bottom of the gondola car on which they were riding. One, an Irish-American, called his German companion, Who, it was afterwards learned, was Berg, "a — — cutthroat." The freight-train crew knew nothing of the murder until the next day or they would have detained the men.

On this slender clue a WORLD reporter traced the men to Packerton, Pa., to Weatherly, to Penn Haven Junction, to Coxeton and to Buffalo. Then they went back to Slatedale, Pa., where the reporter learned that one of his men was Berg, a carpenter, who had fled from there shortly before the murder because of a heinous crime he was alleged to have committed there and gone to Philadelphia.

His wife and children had previously gone to live with her brother in Chicago, and after diligent inquiry the reporter learned through a cousin of Berg at Slatington that he had made up with his wife and was living with her in South Halstead street, Chicago. There he was arrested saturday night.

Berg is forty-two years old. His brother-in-law confirms the report that he came to Chicago with a companion, who was an Irish-American, and who, Berg told him, came through with him from Philadelphia. Berg says his companion went West, to Idaho, he thinks, about July 8.

The clothes that Berg wore at Perth Amboy will be brought back with him. His wife did not know that he was arrested on suspicion of murder, but she manifested little emotion in parting with him.

THIS RAID SUCCEEDED.

Inmates of a Disorderly House Were Hidden Behind False Doors.

In Jefferson Market Court this morning Mme. Theo Andrea and a man arrested with her, who she said was her husband, were held in bail for examination on the charge of keeping a disorderly house at 40 West Fourth street.

This house had been several times unsuccessfully raided by Capt. McLaughlin's officers, who never could find the inmates, the latter vanishing as soon as the officers got inside the house.

A raid was made at 6 o'clock last night, and the inmates again disappeared, but the detectives found closets with false doors, in which several women were concealed. They found the closets by tapping on the walls with hammers.

PLANNING ANOTHER RAID.

The Dalton Gang of Train Robbers Very Bold.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

ADAIR, I. T., July 25.—The Dalton gang, which recently held up and robbed the Missouri, Kansas and Texas express train, are camped twenty-five miles from here and are making no endeavor to escape from the country. Members of the gang are in town every day or two and do not try to conceal their identity.

The officers here make no attempt to arrest them, and the robbers have become so bold as to defy the authorities. It is believed they are planning another raid.

BLAZE IN A TENEMENT.

Rumors that the Tenants Were Fastened In Were Unfounded.

Fire broke out in the tenement-house at 330 Cherry street early this morning, which for a few moments caused a good deal of excitement in the neighborhood.

Nine families live in the house, and Mrs. Noonan, who lives on the third floor, being ill, had to be carried out. Some difficulty in opening the front door gave rise to a rumor that the fire was incendiary and that the door had been tied with a rope. No rope could be found and the police broke the door in. The loss all told was about $200.

HIS OWN DETECTIVE.

Sailor Lynch Arrests the Man He Says Robbed Him.

James Lynch, a sailor, who had hunted the Bowery all night for a man who had robbed him of $85 in gold, was at the Tombs Court this morning with the man he claimed was the thief and $72 of the stolen money. The prisoner was Charles Wilson, who gave his address as 20 Bowery.

The men were employed on the schooner James Doyle, which arrived from Fall River, Mass., on Sunday.

Wilson was held for trial by Justice Divver in default of $1,000 bail.

EDISON WORKS BURNED.

A $100,000 Blaze Begins the Business Week in Schenectady.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

SCHENECTADY, July 25.—Fire broke out in the building known as the Tube Works No. 11 of the Edison General Electric Works in this city this morning about 8 o'clock.

The entire building with its contents, much valuable machinery and a large quantity of stock was entirely consumed.

It is supposed it was caused by spontaneous combustion. Loss about $100,000. Insurance not yet ascertained.

500 PEOPLE BURNED OUT.

The New Town of Iron River Almost Completely Destroyed.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 25.—The new town of Iron River, on the Northern Pacific line, had a $250,000 fire yesterday. The entire business district and most of the residences were burned. Five hundred people slept last night in cars.

A Year for a Heinous Offense.

Albert Smith, a half-witted fellow, giving his home as 85 Walworth street, Williamsburg, was given one year in the penitentiary this morning for an attempted criminal assault upon Katie Smith, 225 Throop avenue.

A CITY UNDERGROUND.

Streets and Avenues and Lanes in a Great Sewer System.

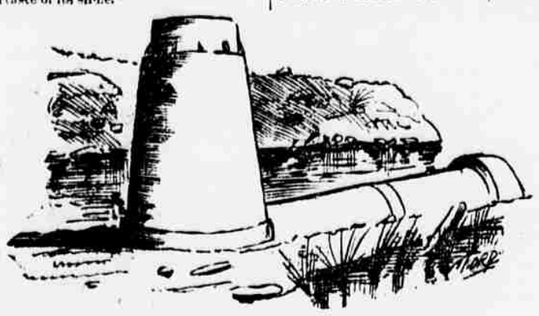
How That of New York Has Been Improved and Enlarged.

Not So Long Ago, as in Paris, It Provided a Hiding Place for Thieves.

"New York a leaky basket!"

It is but a paraphrase of Victor Hugo's apostrophe to his own beloved Paris in book second of "Jean Valjean."

"The intestine of Leviathan. Sometimes it overflowed. At intervals this stomach of civilization digested badly, the cloaca flowed back into the city's throat and Paris had the aftertaste of its slime."

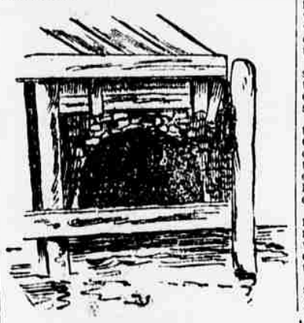


LOWER MAN HOLE IN UPPER HARLEM.

Down to very recent times the sewers of Paris were but miasmatic sinkholes. "Thousands of lives were lost in clearing and improving them—"making the toilet of the sewer," as the Poet of Liberty called it. And to-day, with 140 miles of sewer, costing $9,000,000, the air of Paris is polluted by their vapors.

"The air taken from a stable yard is purer, as has been scientifically proven, than the air breathed in Paris."

Take New York off, like a cover, and there will be found another New York underneath. A New York of sewers, which has streets and avenues, squares and blind alleys, crossings and corners.



AT WATT STREET.

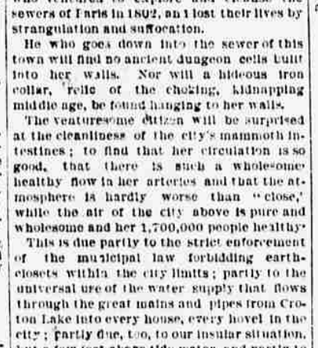
But, fortunately for the good people of this town, no such offensive perfume will stine the nose of the investigator as greeted those who ventured to explore and cleanse the sewers of Paris in 1892, and lost their lives by strangulation and suffocation.

He who goes down into the sewer of this town will find no ancient dungeon cells built into her walls. Nor will a hideous iron collar, relic of the choking, kidnapping middle age, be found hanging to her walls.

The venturesome citizen will be surprised at the cleanliness of the city's mammoth intestines; to find that her circulation is so good, that there is such a wholesome healthy flow in her arteries and that the atmosphere is hardly worse than "close," while the air of the city above is pure and wholesome and her 1,700,000 people healthy.

This is due partly to the strict enforcement of the municipal law forbidding earth-closets within the city limits; partly to the universal use of the water supply that flows through the great mains and pipes from Croton Lake into every house, every hovel in the city; partly due, too, to our insular situation, but a few feet above tide water, and partly to the eternal vigilance maintained by Engineer Horace Loomis and his men in charge of the sewers for the Department of Public Works.

Paris boasts of 140 miles of sewers. New York already has 437 miles of conduits for its refuse. This grand system of sewers cost to construct more than $13,000,000. The sewers run underneath nearly every street and avenue in the city, and the system is reduced to a perfect science.



OUTLET AT CANAL STREET.

In the office of Engineer Loomis are maps and charts which make clear the whole scheme in all its ramifications to the most inexperienced mind. It is as easy to learn about the situation and condition of things in the sewer at any given point as to discover where and what a certain house is.

For nearly two hundred years the sewers of New York were built on the "happen so" plan. There was no system. People were permitted to construct drains to suit their own conveniences, and even fifty years ago there were swamps and quagmires festering and breeding bugs, flies and bacteria all over the good island of Manhattan.

Then for several years the Honorable the Board of Aldermen granted permits for building sewers and conduits, culverts and drains. Then they took the matter into their own hands and "ordered" these things when they thought them needed.

It was not till 1865 that the sewers of Gotham were reduced to order by the Legislature of the State, and since then there has been a constant effort to systematize New York's gigantic digestive apparatus.

The situation of New York is without a parallel among all the big cities of the world. Surrounded on all sides by tide-waters, it has a most admirable outlet for its sewage, for with the ebbing of the tide the deposits from the sewers are carried out to sea and mingled with the waters of old ocean.

Along the middle of Manhattan Island is a ridge or backbone extending from Wall street to Inwood, the land sloping down to the river banks, making a natural descent for the artificial underground rivulets from the place of beginning to the rivers.

The city's tenement-house districts, under which are the most heavily worked parts of the sewer system, are located on the lower lands. This is a blessing, for the toilet of the East side and Greenwich sewers is performed twice every twenty-four hours with the tides for maid and valet de chambre.

A boatman navigating the great rivers that wash the edges of Manhattan Island might find forty wide-mouthed caverns under piers and bulkheads. They are the mouths of the city's sewers.

When the tide rises it finds its way in through these cavernous mouths, and, always seeking its own level, the edge of this tide-stream flows inward, uphill in some cases, clear to the very sources of the underground canals, washing the floors, the walls and the very ceilings.

Thus Dame Nature cleans house for the down-town sewers. For the uptown conduits she provides less bountifully. There are no cisterns in New York, but when rain patters on the roofs of Gotham conducting pipes carry the water straight down and into the sewers, and a smart shower of two hours acts as a splendid bath for the conduits.

But this is only an occasional bath, and were it the only provision Engineer Loomis would have to employ thousands of men to go down into the subsurface streets to scrub and clean them. The waste water from the reservoirs and aqueduct, however, serves as a constant wash for these sewers on higher grounds. When you have your hands under the water-cock, you help a little in the work of keeping the sewers open. The water that bubbles and sprays from the park fountains pleasing the eyes of the beholders, has another work to do before it becomes mere waste. It goes to join the water that has travelled from cellar to roof and back again in the business of purifying the city's subway conductors. Thus 250,000 gallons of water from the aqueduct wash the sewers each day after performing its other work in the city's factories and houses.

These agencies combined make New York's sewers the cleanest in the world, and keep the air free from the miasmas that arise in other great cities from their less perfect sewer systems.

Comparatively few men are employed in the work of artificially cleaning the sewers. Occasionally there is an accumulation of mud clogging up a sewer, and then the men lift the cover off a manhole, place a ladder in the opening, descend with shovel and bucket and hoist the stuff up to the surface, where it is carted away to the dumps in covered carts.

The sewers of New York are of all sizes, from the great Canal street arcade of stone masonry, eight feet high and sixteen feet wide, down to the twelve-inch circular pipes of vitrified stone cement that serve for short thoroughfares in the far uptown districts.

In olden days there was a large pond on the spot where the new Criminal Court Building is being erected—Centre, Franklin, White and Elm streets. It was known as the Collect Pond. The boys of fifty years ago skated there, yet the water was salty, showing that it was connected by some underground way with the river-seas, and people said it had no bottom. But when the growing city demanded the ground on which the pond stood for building purposes they carted a small hill away and filled up the "bottomless" pond.

AT LOW TIDE.

From this old Collect Pond two streams had flowed. The one to the south and into the East River, the other to the west and into North River; and for years there had been projected a ship canal with these streams and pond for a nucleus, the canal to run from river to river. It was said in those days of wisdom that the canal would always form the northern boundary of the city.

After the pond was filled up and the depot of the New York and Harlem Railroad was built upon its site, the creeks were utilized in another way, and to-day their waters flow in the Roosevelt street and the Canal street sewers.

The latter starts on the apex of "Bayard's hill," now the corner of Canal street and the Bowery. The course of the stream was straightened, and the great stone arch is but the roof of the old stream.

The scientists are certain the condition of the air in a sewer by the use of slits of silver paper. Impurity in the air discolors the paper, and if you make this test in this great arcade sewer, broad enough to march a regiment through in files of eight, you will find the chemical paper comes out unstained.

Twice every twenty-four hours the tide washes the floor of the sewer clear back to Broadway, while for several hours each day it is filled with sea water from floor to ceiling far back from its gigantic mouth. Its floor is 31 feet above high-water mark at the Bowery, but at high tide the great, gaping mouth is entirely submerged.

The Twenty-third street sewer, into which poor Callahan fell and was drowned, runs from Lexington avenue, the very point where he fell in, down to East River. It was built in 1847, and is five feet wide and four feet deep. The flow of water from the buildings that empty into the tributaries of this underground river is so constant and so great that it is nearly always half filled by the stream, and this stream, swollen by rains, carried Callahan down half a mile from where he fell in. At low tide there is a considerable waterfall at its mouth.

The Forty-second street sewer is only thirteen years old. It is a circular conduit of brick masonry, six feet in circumference, and contains a network of iron pipes. In building this sewer it was necessary to tunnel through Prospect Hill, which rises to a rocky bluff on the East River front. The tunnel begins at Second avenue and at the bluff the sewer is forty feet down in its bed of rocks.

The One Hundred and Tenth street sewer is a later marvel of engineering. It runs from Eighth avenue to East River, and is the main artery for a hundred smaller sewers, draining 447 acres of territory from the junction of Eighth and St. Nicholas avenues at One Hundred and Twenty-third street down to One Hundred and Seventh street and East River. It is six feet high and eight feet wide at its beginning, and eight by twelve feet at the mouth.

The 437 miles of sewers in New York are ventilated, and entrance is had to them by manholes that are built like subterranean towers up to the surface of the roadway above.

The sewers are sunk to an average depth of thirteen feet from the surface of the grade of the roadway above, though in the lower wards and flat districts they are frequently much nearer the surface, and the Canal street sewer lies but twelve inches below the pavement at its point of beginning.

But this is only an occasional bath, and were it the only provision Engineer Loomis would have to employ thousands of men to go down into the subsurface streets to scrub and clean them. The waste water from the reservoirs and aqueduct, however, serves as a constant wash for these sewers on higher grounds. When you have your hands under the water-cock, you help a little in the work of keeping the sewers open. The water that bubbles and sprays from the park fountains pleasing the eyes of the beholders, has another work to do before it becomes mere waste. It goes to join the water that has travelled from cellar to roof and back again in the business of purifying the city's subway conductors. Thus 250,000 gallons of water from the aqueduct wash the sewers each day after performing its other work in the city's factories and houses.

These agencies combined make New York's sewers the cleanest in the world, and keep the air free from the miasmas that arise in other great cities from their less perfect sewer systems.

Comparatively few men are employed in the work of artificially cleaning the sewers. Occasionally there is an accumulation of mud clogging up a sewer, and then the men lift the cover off a manhole, place a ladder in the opening, descend with shovel and bucket and hoist the stuff up to the surface, where it is carted away to the dumps in covered carts.

The sewers of New York are of all sizes, from the great Canal street arcade of stone masonry, eight feet high and sixteen feet wide, down to the twelve-inch circular pipes of vitrified stone cement that serve for short thoroughfares in the far uptown districts.

In olden days there was a large pond on the spot where the new Criminal Court Building is being erected—Centre, Franklin, White and Elm streets. It was known as the Collect Pond. The boys of fifty years ago skated there, yet the water was salty, showing that it was connected by some underground way with the river-seas, and people said it had no bottom. But when the growing city demanded the ground on which the pond stood for building purposes they carted a small hill away and filled up the "bottomless" pond.

AT LOW TIDE.

From this old Collect Pond two streams had flowed. The one to the south and into the East River, the other to the west and into North River; and for years there had been projected a ship canal with these streams and pond for a nucleus, the canal to run from river to river. It was said in those days of wisdom that the canal would always form the northern boundary of the city.

After the pond was filled up and the depot of the New York and Harlem Railroad was built upon its site, the creeks were utilized in another way, and to-day their waters flow in the Roosevelt street and the Canal street sewers.

The latter starts on the apex of "Bayard's hill," now the corner of Canal street and the Bowery. The course of the stream was straightened, and the great stone arch is but the roof of the old stream.

The scientists are certain the condition of the air in a sewer by the use of slits of silver paper. Impurity in the air discolors the paper, and if you make this test in this great arcade sewer, broad enough to march a regiment through in files of eight, you will find the chemical paper comes out unstained.

Twice every twenty-four hours the tide washes the floor of the sewer clear back to Broadway, while for several hours each day it is filled with sea water from floor to ceiling far back from its gigantic mouth. Its floor is 31 feet above high-water mark at the Bowery, but at high tide the great, gaping mouth is entirely submerged.

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But the newer territory and the sections on which the rapidly growing metropolis must build in the near future, the Department of Sewers has been wisely provident in this vital matter of public sanitation.

The casual visitor in the one-time swamp region east of the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad, in upper Harlem, has noticed and wondered at certain singular-looking turrets of buff-colored material. They appear singly and in serried rows, like pickets, in the middle of unimproved streets.

HUDSON STREET.

THE EVENING WORLD artist has taken the portrait of one of them standing at One Hundred and Forty-sixth street and Lenox avenue. It is a type of hundreds of them to be seen here and in the Annexed District. It is a landmark of advancing civilization.

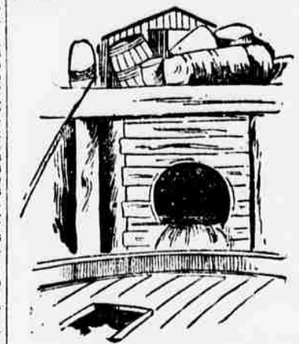
This one is 12 feet high, and if you climbed to its top you would find a plate of iron exactly like those you have seen under your feet in the downtown streets. The plate bears the mystic letters "D. P. W."

The letters stand for "Department of Public Works," and the plate is the cover to a sewer manhole. The sewer is at the foot of the town, sometimes partly revealed on the surface of the ground.

When the owners of property along that road decide to build they must do it with the understanding that the street will some day be filled in, so that that little tower will be entirely buried, save for the plate, which will then be on the level of the pavement.

In the Annexed District some of these advance courants of twentieth century city building actually stand thirty feet high from the present surface of the future streets.

When Bruneseau undertook the work of cleaning the ancient sewers of the city of Paris he was called by Napoleon the boldest, bravest man in all the Empire. The workmen found all sorts of things lodged in this cloaca.



ROOSEVELT STREET.

At the entrance to the Grand sewer they found, hanging to a crag in the wall of the passage, a frayed, shapeless rag of delicate fabric. On one corner was a heraldic crown, embossed and the letters "Lavbesp." The crown was a Marquis's crown, and the letters signified "Lambesême."

It was the night-robe of a Marquise, the lady with whom Marat had had improper intimacies. The old women of Paris decked out Marat in this robe after death. It was the winding sheet of the "Friend of the People." A Marchioness had slept in it. Marat had rotted in it. It had passed through the Pantheon to come to the rats of the sewer.

The sewer men of New York find little or nothing in the sewers. Now and then a stray coin has eluded its above-ground owner to reach the dirty fingers of the subterranean toiler.

In olden days the sewers of New York were the rendezvous of thieves and robbers. To-day their only living habitues are rats and bugs.

There is little danger to the workers in the New York sewers. Fatalities seldom occur.

Under Broadway there is very little sewer, almost none at all below Madison Square, the buildings on this great thoroughfare draining into the sewers under the cross streets. This is fortunate in view of the almost constant excavation of Broadway for other purposes, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find a bed for a sewer there, the subsurface from curb to curb being already literally crowded full of steam-pipes, gas-mains, subway conductors and tubings of all sorts.

FIRE ON THE CHARLESTON.

A Thirty-five-Minute Battle with Flames on the White Cruiser.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

PORT ORCHARD, Wash., July 25.—A fire broke out in the coal bunkers of the United States cruiser Charleston Friday. Within thirty seconds the pumps were started, and, after battling with the flames for thirty-five minutes, the fire was subdued.

The fire was caused by spontaneous combustion. The deck in the steerage had to be torn up to reach the flames. The berth deck in the steerage was partly destroyed, as were also the officers' bunks and part of the fittings.

The damage will not necessitate the ship's return to Mare Island.

RUN OVER BY AN ENGINE.

Two New York Central Cars Also Crushed Him, but He Survives.

Frank McNally, aged nineteen, of 559 West Forty-fifth street, was run over by engine No. 765 and two coaches of a New York Central Railroad train in front of 725 Tenth avenue at 7 A. M. to-day. He had his right arm crushed and was taken to Roosevelt Hospital.

AMONG THE WHEELMEN.

The Pottage City wheelmen will hold their annual meet July 28, 29 and 30.

The Racing Board has received an application to hold a meet from the Porkopolis wheelmen of Cincinnati for July 4, 1893.

The Kentucky Division has come out decidedly on the color question, and will hereafter accept applications for membership only from white wheelmen.

The Asbury Park wheelmen have decided to place on the programme of events for Aug. 6 a five-mile scratch race. The first prize will be a gold medal, second prize an urn, and third prize a banjo. The entries for this race will close Aug. 3.

On Wednesday Zimmerman is expected home, and the wheelmen in this vicinity will go down on the Sunnyside Stream to meet him. Boat leaves foot of West Eleventh at 6.45 A. M., and foot of Vesey street, North River, at 7.30 A. M.

The managers of the Springfield tournament, to be held in the Fall, have arranged for nineteen events on the two days' programme, and as the prizes are mainly diamonds, it will be known as the Diamond tournament. Summed up, the prizes are as follows: Twenty-seven diamonds, values distributed from $200 to $25, five high-grade bicycles and a team of horses valued at $1,000.

Knapp's Root

Least said,
Soonest mended.
Knapp's Root Beer.
Story's ended.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract, all dealers, 25c.

Extract Beer

CAMPBELL'S NOSE BROKEN.

The Battalion Fire Chief Injured in a Collision on Sixth Avenue.

Fire Chief Samuel Campbell, of the Seventh Battalion, is suffering from a broken nose and some cranial bruises to-day, as the result of a collision, in which he figured, while driving to a fire yesterday afternoon.

The accident occurred at Twenty-sixth street and Sixth avenue. The Chief was driving along at a rapid pace when Patrick Shine, of 504 East Seventy-fourth street, entered the avenue from Twenty-sixth street, driving east.

The wagons collided and Chief Campbell was thrown out on his face, receiving a broken nose and bad bruises. Mr. Shine was exonerated from all blame by Chief Campbell.

Found Two Boats Adrift.

Police of the Twenty-third Precinct are looking for an owner to a yawlboat, painted blue outside and green inside, and also to a sixteen-foot skiff, painted white outside and green inside, which were found adrift in the East River, near Forty-fourth street, this morning.

Knapp's Root

Now comes the welcome
summer time,
The heart of man to
cheer,
With bird, and flower and
pleasing rhyme,
In praise of Knapp's
Root Beer.

Knapp's Root Beer Extract, all dealers, 25c