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Bird-Cage "Engineering."

Next Wednesday, unless they change their minds again, the Board of Estimate will hear arguments for and against the proposed bird-cage "terminals" of the Manhattan Bridge.

This bird-cage is a sample of boss government as opposed to government, of by and for the people.

The Low administration planned a good bridge, up-to-date, approved by leading engineers. For political reasons connected with the sources of supply of bridge material, the plan was changed by Best, who knew nothing about bridges when named as Commissioner, and is not permitted to use what knowledge he now has. Three years were lost by that change, three years of the jam at the present Bridge!

Now the Merchants' Association advises Mayor McClellan to go back to the Low plan. He will not do it. It would be too raw a confession of municipal blundering. Yet the Best plan is structurally unfit and preposterous.

And now, after three years of delay to replace a good bridge by a worse one—for reasons—it is actually proposed to repeat the blunder of the up-in-the-air "terminals" of the present Bridge! The makeshifts, the tamper-spoilers, the rib-breakers!

The Bridge needs a "terminal" about as much as the Boston trains need a terminal at New Haven and an "all out to climb ninety-nine steps to cross the river." Brooklyn citizens might go to that hearing and say so.

Real Seven-League Boots?

From Paris, home of the velocipede and the motor car, now come motor boots that carry the wearer along twenty-five miles an hour. Is the age of individual rapid transit at hand? Are seven-league boots a reality?

Motor boots appear to be sublimated roller skates. To each boot are attached four rubber-tired wheels, eight inches in diameter. The propelling power is derived from electric accumulators held in a belt. It took the velocipede only twenty years to become the safety bicycle. Ten years after Daimler fixed a small gas engine to a bicycle the motor vehicle was a practical success. Within a few years shall we need merely to put on motor boots to be whisked down to the office and back again at night?

Twenty-five miles an hour means Harlem in twenty minutes in the open air without risk of asphyxiation or dismemberment. It means half an hour to the Oranges or Yonkers and the outermost confines of the commuting belt in ordinary train time. Hats off to Constantini, abolisher of the car crush! Hats off to him as an apostle of fresh air, liberator of an enthralled people from the shackles of transit monopoly, benefactor of mankind! May he live to see all New York gliding along in speed and comfort and with a pleasurable sense of space annihilation on his rubber-tired motor boots!

One Man; Many Jobs.

Theodore P. Shonts is the digger of the Panama Canal. If he puts it through he will win fame surpassing that of De Lesseps after Suez.

You would think that good enough for one man. Yet Shonts sticks to the presidency of his little old Clover Leaf Railroad.

Charles A. Peabody is to be the Standard Oil president of the Mutual Life—to the disgust of the policy-holders. He is to get \$50,000 a year—one-third as much as Father McCurdy, but the same as President Roosevelt. It is supposed that he will retain his lucrative post as W. W. Astor's estate agent and his directorships in a dozen different enterprises.

Is any man big enough to spread out over one big job and some others?

Perfectly Killing.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Newest Study-Fad Brings Children Back to Nature.

A GERMAN educational experiment, undertaken this year, is being watched with more than ordinary interest by school officials all over the world. In the pine forest which surrounds Berlin a day school has been established for the benefit of children of that city who are weak and sickly, although not suffering from any actual disease, and it has restored many to sturdy health. Every morning the pupils go out into the forest and spend a large part of the day playing under the trees.

There are school-houses in the forests, and to these the children betake themselves at intervals.

As far as possible, however, the lessons that are taught are under the trees, free from the restraint of surrounding walls and overhanging ceilings. Gymnastics are freely taught, and under no other conditions do the little ones so quickly learn the hygienic value of systematic physical exercise.

Of course, music and other lessons are taught—the school is primarily that of the city transferred to the forests without. But the ordinary school hours are shortened in order to permit greater freedom in romping through the woods. Two hours and a half a day are devoted to the lessons actually necessary for



Scene at The Open Air School.

passing the various educational standards—and these are right in German, says the Philadelphia North American, from which the accompanying illustrations are produced.

Whenever the days are chilly, or rain falls, such instruction is carried on in the school-houses. These houses are light, airy and attractive, as becomes a part of the general system of outdoor education.

Soon after their arrival in the woods the city pupils are given breakfast. Each child's meal consists of a pint of milk and a portion of bread and butter, or a plate of oatmeal porridge.

After the exercises the duties of the morning, roaming amid forest surroundings and collection of plants and animal specimens, dinner is served. This consists, usually, of a good soup with meat and vegetables.

Here, too, the instruction of the little ones is carried on, and in a way to make them capable housekeepers later on.

They are allowed to play at housekeeping, to assist in preparing and serving the dinner, and are instructed as to various food values.

After dinner the little ones seek the shady spots and enjoy a siesta for a time. Their lessons are resumed for a time, and toward evening the homeward march is taken up.

Good Microbes and Bad.

WHEN wine, milk or some other organic liquid spoils we say that it "turns." The same expression is often popularly employed in regard to disease.

Among the people we hear that "such and such a person is very ill. The blood has turned."

For ages popular discernment has thus recognized a fundamental resemblance between the change in organic liquids and that in human organism. The progress of this great truth-to-day universally accepted by science—has been slow and difficult. It only had its beginning when the genius of Pasteur proved that organic liquids "turn" for the simple reason that microscopic organisms, "microbes," develop in them.

He demonstrated that when wine becomes bitter or syrupy certain microbes have been introduced which change or modify its natural qualities, and that when milk turns, sours or thickens it is owing to the work of lactic microbes, which change sugar of milk to lactic acid.

The observation led to the establishment of a wonderful science. Then it was that these penetrating minds, which for some time had the presentiment that the phenomenon of blood which turned was analogous to that of wine which stunk, put themselves to work, says Dr. Elie Metchnikoff, in the Philadelphia Ledger.

They reasoned thus: Since microbes make wine and milk "sick," other microbes perhaps render man ill in exactly the same way. And they found it to be so.

All microbes, whether good or bad, are capable of "turning" the blood, whether of man or beast. But the great majority of the microbes people contract themselves with "turning" of the blood and leave our blood alone.

These last are also certain harmful ones, for they spoil fermented liquors, such as wine, cider, etc. It was through them that Pasteur won his first renown. Biting or "pasteurization," is an efficient remedy to their harm. On the other hand, certain of these microbes are most useful to us. The yeasts which aid the baking of wine, beer and cider may be included in this category. In spite of the fact that the result of their labors, as it appears in fermented liquor, is very often abused by man.

Letters from the People

Yes, 1886. Hewitt and George... To the Editor of The Evening World: Did Roosevelt ever run for Mayor of New York? If so, in what year and who were the other candidates? B. C. B. R. T. and Hoodlums. To the Editor of The Evening World: In the eastern part of Brooklyn there

lies a section called Brownsville. The people inhabiting that section are well-meaning and hard-working. And yet often after work the B. R. T. trains running to that section are filled with hoodlums insulting respectable people by the score. It is about time the B. R. T. officials acted in that matter. MAX FORMAN.

Answers to Questions

An Office Boy's Wait. To the Editor of The Evening World: I am an office boy going on fifteen and graduate of grammar school and am in one place fourteen months and earn \$3.50 a week, but am discouraged because of treatment by clerks and all order me about like a dog, and even the employer never praises, though I work

hard. And when I asked for a raise of my salary the employer laughed and said to me: "The world is full of better boys than you are," and I got no more satisfaction than that. I want to ask men who started as office boys what chance an office boy has got to rise in his profession. For I am discouraged at bad treatment and poor salary. G. W. R.

CURLY

WONDERFULLY SPIRITED AND INTERESTING. A LIVING ROMANCE OF WILD NATIVES AND WIDE DISTANCES A Tale of the Arizona Desert By Roger Pocock

ages are sure to be wanting a fight, so Mr. Britisher obliges, and comes along hot with rifles and Maxim guns. Savages are plenty, so that if a few get spilt they'll never be missed. "It's good for them," says Mr. Britisher, "and it saves the crockery from being smashed at home." So you see how Mr. Britisher may have his peaceful scrapping with another boy, or go play with his savages when they want a looking; but he's serious none—just laughs and shakes hands afterwards. But what does he do when he feels real awful and dangerous? Civilized folk like us Americans, feeling as bad as that, turn loose the guns, and wipe each other out to a finish. Other people may prefer swords or battering-rams, or a tilt with locomotive engines, or cannon loaded with buffalo horns, or dynamite at ten paces; but all that would feel too tame for Mr. Britisher. No, he puts on his war paint—black suit and top hat—most hideous—calls on his lawyer in a frantic passion, and goes to law! Now look, see how these two families, the du Chenays and the Ryans, went to law. They came of the best fighting stock on earth; they were whole-blooded Irish, but they went to law. The du Chenays turned the Ryans out of their home and country, which was bad. Then the Ryans did worse; lay low and waited bitter years, gathered their strength, and struck from behind—the coward! Old Ryan got his enemy corrupted with drink and gambling, stole all his cattle, left him helpless to fight, then seized the home to try and turn a dying lady into the desert. He kept within the law, but there was not an honest card in his whole game. It was foul play, and I for one don't blame poor Jim for wanting no more law in the fight with Ryan. And yet I reckon that after the first fifty miles of his trail that day Jim's main thoughts were about the dinner he didn't have, and by sundown he quit caring who was dead and who was ruined, as he raked on, with aching bones and a played horse. It was night dark when he raised the Toughest Mine at Grave City against the red of Duke. Around him lay the rolling yellow swell of the hot grass, clumps of scorching cactus, blistered hills of rock; before him the mine-heads and the roofs with sparkling streaks of blue electric lamps. He jockeyed his worn horse past the Jim Crow Mine, and the house where my cousins lived, the Misses Jameson, then on through scattered suburbia, till, swinging round the corner into the main street, he rolled at a canter for the stable-yard. Alas! of the Republic saloon he heard his name called, and reined up sharp to speak with the small stable boy from Ryan's "ivery," who came limping out to meet him through the dust. "Say, kid"—he leaned over in the saddle, well nigh falling—"where shall I find the Duke?" The little one-eyed cripple jerked his thumb back at the Sepulchre saloon. "The Duke's in thar," he answered. "Jim rolled from the saddle, dropped his rein to the ground, quit his horse, brushed past the cripple, and went without a word. He was so stiff he could hardly walk, so dead weary that he reeled against the swing-doors trying to get them open. The cripple helped him, and he staggered in. The place was crowded, but the clash of his spurs along the floor made several punchers turn round lazy, asking him to drink, because he belonged to their tribe. Two



of the cowboys grabbed him, but he broke away and went on. Beyond the bar on the right were the gambling tables, each with its crowd of players, and at the third Jim saw Louisiana on a high seat watching for Low-Lived Joe, his partner, who dealt the game. Opposite them he found his father, then pushed his way through the crowd to Balshannon's side. The ivory chips were piled breast high in front of him, for play had been high, and the Duke had had a run of luck. The boy watched his father's face flushed high with excitement, his feverish eyes his twitching lips, and restless fingers at play with the round ivory counters which stood for five thousand dollars won since supper-time. Opposite he looked up at Louisiana on the high seat, all bald-faced shirt and diamonds, guarding his stacks of gold cota with a revolver. Low-Lived Joe faced up a card on the deck, and passed some chips to Balshannon. The rest of the players had quit to watch the big game through. "Well, Jim," says Balshannon, "what's the trouble?" He never looked up. But the boy was shaking all over. "Father, come, I want you." The Duke staked, then rolled a cigarette. "Don't bother me, Jim," says he, "you'll spoil the run. We can't do anything, boy, for we've lost those cattle!" "Ryan has seized the ranch, the sheriff's there! Come out!" Balshannon quivered, but Joe shoved him a pile of blue chips. "So Santa Cruz is gone!" Balshannon drawled, and doubted his stake. "Well, boy's your mother!" "Dead!" Balshannon went gray, the cigarette dropped from his fingers. "Dead!" he muttered. "Dead!" Then he looked up with a queer sort of smile. "Anything else?" he asked quietly. "Say, Duke," said Louisiana, "I'd like to see you struck from watching 'em." "Thanks, Pete," Balshannon staked out the whole of his winnings, then picked up the cigarette, struck a match and lighted it slowly. "Come home!" the boy was whispering. "Come home!" Jim saw the tears rolling down his father's face and splashing on the chips. "What's the use, my boy?" he said very softly. "Would that bring your mother back?" "Come home! Come home!" "I'm winning back our home!" Then Low-Lived Joe drew a card, and

as the boy went staggering away a great yell went up. Balshannon was winning back his home. Jim says he felt sick when he quit his father, cold down the back, and the floor was all a-slant and spinning round. Then everything went black, and he dropped. When he woke up he felt much better, lying flat on the floor with low water trickling over his face. 'T was a little lone-eyed cripple was leaning brandy to him. "Here's luck!" he gulped. "That's all right—where's my hat?" "Come out," says little Crook, "you need fresh air." Jim got up, and wriggled loose, because he hated being pawed, then led the way out past the three fiddlers and the crowd of harmonium to the door. Outside there was clear blue moonlight. "Where's my horse," says he. "Crook was lighting a cigarette. 'Yo' haws,' says he, 'is in the stable. He's unsteady, rubbed down, watered and fed before now, reckon you want to be watered and fed yourself.'" "No, kid, I'm not feeling proud enough for that." "Come on, then," says Crook, "and watch me eat. I'm just a lil' wolf in the shade, and if you'll feed 'em, I'll howl." They went to the pig fountain round the corner, and when Jim saw Crook eat he surely got ravenous. They both sat free and severe, then strayed back heavy to the street in front of the Sepulchre saloon. "Sit down," says Crook, "and I'll feed you a cigarette." So they sat down on the sidewalk and Jim yawned two yards and a quarter at one stretch, and quite says Crook about "yo' goin' to be riding to-night, so I had yo' saddle thrown on my buckskin mare." "I'll be riding my bed on the sleep-trail!" "My name is Crook; I work at the stable." "But why should you interfere? You may get hurt. I wouldn't like that, youngster." "Well, partner—Crook shuffled a whole lot nervous—I got a message for you from the boys. The Duke's had nothing but greasers working for him, and that's rough on us white men, but still he's surely good. He's dead straight, he don't wear no frills, and many a po' puncher broke, hungry, half dead of thirst has been treated amount to much—cept when you want an enemy of a friend—but our tribe is right into this fight a whole heap, for you see, the Duke is dirt; and if he comes up agin to-night I explain there'll be sun-play first." "Well, kid," said Jim, yawning with a big yawn, "I wish they'd put it off until to-morrow." "Yo' eyes is like' balled agin. Try a cigarette to keep you awake." "Can't you get my father away from this house?" "Not till the train comes in." "What's that got to do with me?" "Ask no more questions, anyway." "You say Michael Ryan's walk?" "He's due, but he may be stopped." "Then he's lost his home?" "Then nothing can save yo' father, nothing on a-hin." "As he spoke the sharp screech of the engine rang out from behind the curve, and with all its lights flashing the train rolled in. (To Be Continued)