

DR. WOODBURY, THE ECONOMICAL STREET CLEANING COMMISSIONER, IS MAKING VALUABLE REAL ESTATE OUT OF NEW-YORK'S ASHES.

UTILIZING CITY REFUSE.

WORK OF ENLARGING RIKER'S ISLAND—PRISON LABOR EMPLOYED.

September 1, the date when the Croton water should have been flowing from the hydrants on Riker's Island, has passed, and no piping has yet been laid under the channel between the island and the mainland. The contractor promises, however, to have the work finished by October 1. This delay, more than anything else, holds back the work of filling with city refuse the area of forty-one acres within the crib erected southwest of the island about six years ago. Other difficulties, too, have held back the Department of Street Cleaning in its efforts to dispose of almost the entire solid refuse of New-York in addition to the area of this island, which is destined, according to present plans, to become the site of the city prison, leaving Blackwell's Island entirely to the Department of Charities.

At present the prisoners are taken on a boat from Blackwell's Island to Riker's Island each morning to work, and are returned to the prison at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This materializes the hours of effective labor and diminishes by at least one-fourth the working efficiency of the force. While there are barracks sufficient to house and feed the 200 prisoners thus employed, the water supply of the island is limited, and sanitary conditions cannot be provided for so many men without abundant water. The only fresh water obtainable comes from a well 12 by 12 feet, and 60 feet deep, dug during the administration of Mayor Strong. The barracks were begun during Mayor Strong's administration, but were not completed. The Van Wyck administration finished the buildings, but the plan of filling the crib with city refuse was delayed by litigation, by the alleged preference of the Department of Street Cleaning for the more expensive plan of dumping the refuse at sea. It has been charged that this preference was in a measure due to the profitable contract held by the owner of patents on a dumping scow used by the department. This contractor has naturally opposed every plan for the final disposition of city refuse which contemplated the abandonment of his scows and the curtailment of his profits. His last effort to prevent the utilization of city refuse and prison labor was defeated lately by the refusal of the courts to grant a permanent injunction against the Department of Street Cleaning, prohibiting the filling of the crib with city refuse. It is asserted that much of the complaint in the past was due to the carelessness and indifference of contractors who were not unwilling to have this method of disposal forbidden by the courts in order that the sea dumping might be continued.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by the authorities has been the unloading of scows. Even 200 able bodied prisoners make only little impression in a day on a dozen scow loads of refuse, and therefore until recently the larger part of the



NEW BARRACKS READY FOR THE OCCUPANCY OF PRISONERS WORKING ON RIKER'S ISLAND.

city's refuse has gone to sea as formerly. A big dredge, capable of unloading three or four scows in a day, was finally secured, and by the aid of a small locomotive and a dozen automatic dumpcars, the waste is conveyed to the place where it is wanted and left there as rapidly as it is taken from the scows. This plan worked so well that the Department of Street Cleaning leased from the government the famous old dredge Hell Gate, and it is now discharging city refuse from scows at a rate which piles it mountain high above the carts and the 200 prisoners who convey it to the place of final deposit. So rapidly has the work proceeded with these appliances that Commissioner Woodbury has arranged for more dredges to be put into service as soon as the way is cleared to operate them. With the additional appliances which will soon be available, Captain Piper, superintendent of final disposition, says he hopes to complete the filling of the present crib in about eighteen months. This will add about forty acres to the area of the island. A second crib will meanwhile be constructed to the northeastward of the island and similarly filled.

The inability to use more dredges now is due to some experiments by contractors along the south side of the crib. One had a scheme for pumping the refuse from a barge into a crib. It was to be dumped from the scows. It is said that after losing \$1,000 the contractor discovered that New-York refuse came to Riker's Island in chunks too big for successful pumping. He sold his plant for a song to another experimenter, who thought he had invented an endless chain system of scow unloading, which would make both the city and himself rich. He failed, like the man who tried to pump the crib full, and left the plant he had used to block the way for unloading by the present method. A pile driver, derrick and other appliances are now engaged in removing these obstructions.

Still other difficulties have arisen from time to time. Much of the bottom on which the crib was built was soft mud, and a few days ago, during an unusually high tide, over fifty feet of the crib bottom on the south side of the island was undermined by the current and disappeared. The wall in this case was made of rough rock dumped into the



CAPTAIN PIPER (SIDE VIEW) AND WARDEN ERNST PEATUS CONFERRING ABOUT THE WORK.

CAPTAIN MYLES O'REILLY.

HOW REFORM HAS BEEN EFFECTED IN A DOWNTOWN PRECINCT—HIS RECORD IN BROOKLYN.

For they gave us Myles O'Reilly, from Gowanus-by-the-Bay. An' he woke us from the torpid trance in which we've groined so FRAY. An' he'll slash off all our buttons if we doesn't earn our pay. So there won't be nothin' doin' in the mornin'.

Captain Myles O'Reilly, better known by some as the "Brooklyn Terror," the "Blue Lightning," the "Morning Ghost" and the "Honest Cop," is to have a birthday party next Saturday, for on that

Hamilton-st. station of Brooklyn "wuz comin'" there were such exclamations as "ez up and down the Bowery."

"Why, he's the cop wot goes out huntin' for grafters and guns mornin's wid de milk wagons."

"He's the guy dat wen he finds a gin mill doin' bizness at 2 o'clock, he jest goes in and pulls de whole push."

And then some of the patrolmen of the precinct, who had formerly done duty under the "Honest Cop" in Brooklyn, talked about him in the following fashion:

As long as Captain O'Reilly was head of the Hamilton-ave. force, there was never a rald sent there from Police Headquarters. He found the precinct "prety wide open," and immediately set out to shut it up. He used to take long walks through its streets between midnight and morning, looking behind bar screens or where there were lights and a lot of noise. The first night he found a gang of men drinking and playing cards in a resort in Hamilton-ave. He walked in the back way, and ran plump into the proprietor. They recognized each other instantly, and the saloon man said:

"Nothin' doin', cap. Only a few friends of mine here."

"Put out the lights, run these men into the street, or I'll pull the whole crowd. And don't lie to me again," was the answer.

But the crowd was out in the street without being invited. The captain on his Haroun al Raschid tours of the early morning soon spread terror through the district. As Captain O'Reilly said at the time:

"It's sort of hard cleanin' up a district, but ez you've got to get the lay of the land. But after you've clean'd it up, it is easy to keep it clean. All the police want to do is to keep their eyes open—keep 'em open, understand?"

And so Captain O'Reilly, after he had been transferred to Oak-st., to clean up the Old Fifth, a few days after he had taken charge said to one of his detectives:

"It's the newspapers that are cleanin' up this place. They print a lot of pictures of the 'Brooklyn Terror' and all that, and these fellows are on the run before I know who they are."

The next night the captain was walking down Cherry-st., about 2 a. m., when he heard men swearing in a nearby cellar. He put his head to a crack, and heard one feller with a big voice say:

"The new captain is a hum and a bluffer. This talk that he's honest is all rot. He's out after the graft, same as all the rest."

"I'd like to have a crack at his mug. I'd make him drop his flukes."

"I'd like to kill him," said a third.

The captain thought it was getting interesting, so he stepped in. He came on them so suddenly that it sort of took the wind out of them. Then he said:

"I'm Myles O'Reilly; I'm the man you're goin' to kill."

The crowd is said to have looked as dazed as if he had hit every one of them over the head with a mallet. He came on them so suddenly that as a sort of souvenir Captain O'Reilly gave three or four of them a punch in the neck.

The force in his command at Oak-st. speak with the greatest respect of their captain, and many who did not know his ways when he first came, now are his warm admirers. As one of them said:

"He like the captain, although he is strict with us, for if he finds a man doing his duty he will always take pains to reward him somehow or other. He's good to the people around here, poor as they are. Do you see that barber shop opposite the station? Well, the barber charges three cents for a shave without lavy run and five cents with, and although he must suffer, the captain goes over there every day for a shave. One day he said to me:

"'Better patronize that fellow. Give him a chance. He's a Brooklyn man, and I want to help him along."

"Well, I went over there and found the captain had been paying the barber 15 cents every shave. The results were wonderful. The barber got new towels, polished his mirrors, and now is on the high road to prosperity."

"You can't exist in a precinct," he said one day, "poundin' the desk with his fist. 'If the police do their duty, I don't mean they can stop murder, suicide, burglaries and thefts, which are bound to happen occasionally, and which it is our duty to study each time and find the criminal. But I mean the evil resorts, those gambling, pool selling,

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MAINE LOBSTER CROP.

HOW THE CRUSTACEANS ARE CAUGHT AND KEPT FOR MARKET.

Bangor, Me., Sept. 20 (Special).—Now that the summer visitors have gone, the people along the eastern coast of Maine are turning their attention to the harvesting of the lobster crop that is to furnish materials for the winter broils and salads. In former years the lobsters were sent to regular markets as caught, but nowadays, in order to regulate the supply and maintain prices, a different policy is pursued, the catch being kept in pounds and cars, allowed to freshen, and marketed according to the demand. In these days, when the catch is much smaller than formerly, this system is indispensable, insuring as it does something like regularity in supply, and, consequently, a fair average of prices, whereas without it there would be an alternation of feasts and famines.

Lobsters are caught in traps—cages made of a framework of wooden slats or laths, semi-cylindrical in shape—two or three feet wide on the flat part and twenty to thirty inches deep, with netting to cover the ends, the netting extending inward in funnel form and having openings through which the lobster finds it easy to enter.

At stated intervals—once a day, usually—the traps are drawn up from the bottom where they are sunk, and the lobsters taken out. The trap is then freshly baited and sunk for another catch. The fishermen generally dispose of their catch to the owner of a pound, who keeps a large stock on hand and sells to wholesale dealers at points along the coast from Eastport to Boston, Portland being the largest market.

A pound is simply a large inclosure, usually formed by building a wall or dam across the mouth of a cove where there is a good, clean bottom. Some of these coves are inclosed with stone walls. Others are among the largest in Maine, and at Gouldsboro are among the largest in the world. In the latter there is a pound wherein the very best condition for lobsters can be kept in the very best condition for an indefinite period. All the pounds are now being placed in readiness for the fall crop.

As the season advances, the lobsters are brought in. A good many lobsters are kept in cars, which are great floating cages, whence they are shipped, in some cases quickly, to the market. In other cases the cars being moored alongside steamboat wharves, so that the transfer of the lobsters to a very short time—a case of "live lobsters while you wait."

The laws of Maine prohibit the taking of lobsters less than 10 1/2 inches in length, and, although there are many violations of the law, this prohibition has been a valuable protection to the young. Just as the theorists and statisticians send out periodical alarms about the destruction of Maine's forest, so they announce annually that the last Maine lobster will soon be caught and the day of its extinction is only an epicurean memory; but the coast of Maine is extensive, the lobster family is numerous and prolific and its commendable efforts in the direction of multiplication and expansion are being ably assisted by the United States Fisheries Department, whose work in the cultivation and propagation of this best of shellfish has met with gratifying success.

A CHINAMAN AT A TELEPHONE.

HE GETS THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY EVERY TIME.

"A Chinaman at a telephone is a funny thing," remarked a long distance telephone operator in "The Denver News" a few days ago. "You see, it is impossible to tell whether one person or half a dozen are talking, and we often become mixed up in listening to them. When one is speaking it seems, as if half a dozen are talking, and we often imagine the wires are out of order. To make matters worse, the Chinese delight in talking as fast as possible, and we never know whether the Chinaman at this end of the wire is talking or if it is the one at the other end. After the conversation is ended the Chinaman walks out of the booth with a self-satisfied smile on his face, and pays for a three minutes talk. We have lately discovered that he invariably talks as much during the time as could have been said by a white man in fifteen minutes."



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To be sure, the telephone company is not really "out" anything by the transaction, as it is paid by the minute, but, nevertheless, in the case of Chinamen, the company would be the gainer by charging for volume instead of time. A Chinaman always begins his talk in Pidgin-English; he says: "Hello. Is this Sam Ling, I bettee you don't know—yi hi ki zi he say he benno me," and so on, and it sounds on the wires as if several persons were at work.

An amusing incident occurred in the Denver office of the company last week. The long distance operator at Colorado Springs called Denver over one wire and informed the local office that another wire was out of order. An investigation resulted in a report being made to the effect that the wire was crossed with a dozen others, and that it would be impossible to use until the trouble could be located. An inspector asserted that he believed the wire was crossed with one connecting with the Tower of Babel, and the bell-ringer upstairs were ready to agree with him when a Chinaman walked out of a booth, glared around for a minute, and then said:

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AMERICANS VISITING EUROPE THIS YEAR

WILL FIND THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE FOR SALE AT THE BOOKSTALLS OF THE LEADING HOTELS THROUGHOUT THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE AND GREAT BRITAIN, AS WELL AS ON THE READING ROOM TABLES. IT MAY ALSO BE OBTAINED AT THE PRINCIPAL RAILROAD STATIONS. PERSONS UNABLE TO PROCURE THE TRIBUNE CONVENIENTLY WILL CONFER A FAVOR BY NOTIFYING THE TRIBUNE'S EUROPEAN BUSINESS OFFICE, NO. 149 FLEET STREET, LONDON.

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HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE WORLD. The rooms are bright, fresh and airy, and delightfully quiet. Bathroom to every suite. SAVOY RESTAURANT. The most famous Restaurant in Europe. The Orchestra plays during Dinner and the Opera Supper.

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"The Last Word" of Modern Hotel Luxury. Charming suites with private entrance, bathroom, etc. Over 300 rooms. Nearly 100 bathrooms. A magnificent Royal Suite.

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The perfection of Modern Hotels, with the finest location in London. The World wide reputation of Mr. Ritz of the Hotel Ritz, Paris, who is Manager, and of M. Siegfried, who is acknowledged to be the most expert of European chefs, is in charge of the Carlton Club, assures perfection in each Department.

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NEULLENS HOTEL, Aix-La-Chapelle.

HOTEL STRAUSS Nuremberg

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Panoramic view Rhine & Mountains. Every comfort. Facing Steamer Landing.

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HOTEL BRISTOL Vienna

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Gd. HOTEL NATIONAL, LUCERNE.

SOMETHING MORE THAN ASHES FOR THE NEW LAND AT RIKER'S ISLAND.