

ANCIENT DINOSAURS.

One of Them Lively Enough to Catch Birds.

A person possessing the average of intelligence has a hazy impression that every prehistoric animal was a ponderous and clumsy, albeit a very strong, creature. It stalked across the country with steps which must have made the earth tremble. Present day forests would have been simply an impeding undergrowth to them. Most of them apparently were of huge dimensions from the point of view of a human being. Not all of the animals of the period of the mammoths, however, were the possessors of the massive, loglike bones one sees in museums. The bones of an animal which lived at the same time as the mighty saurians and was so light that it could catch birds have been discovered among those of a number of mammoth dinosaurs in Central Wyoming, not far from the Medicine Bow River. This animal, about the size of the largest kangaroo, had a skeleton of solid enough looking bones. They were, however, hollow, the shells being almost as thin as paper. It had claws like those of a bird, the chief difference being that they were larger. Scientists, after studying the structure of the bones, their refined lines and the character of the limbs, have come to the conclusion that it walked upon its hind limbs and was so quick of motion that it could catch with its fore limbs the queer, slow moving primeval bird with the long name—the archæopteryx. This bird had a long, slender, animal-like tail and teeth. The character of the tail evidently prevented it from flying for long distances, so it is considered quite within the bounds of reason that this lightly constructed dinosaur should be able to catch it.

Since the discovery of the extensive bed of remains of dinosaurs in South Central Wyoming by Walter Granger, of the American Museum expedition of 1897, it has been possible more completely to fill in the picture of the animal life of the prehistoric period, when the great dinosaurs roamed the earth. This "find" is said to be the greatest of extinct animals made in a single locality in any part of the world. Already 483 parts of animals have been taken up. It has been estimated that these represent at least seventy-three animals of seven different species, and that parts of at least one hundred were buried there.

The appearance of a herd of these great monsters of past ages trooping down Broadway, uncontrolled, would cause an absolute cessation of business there. The street would be cleared with alacrity. The hallways of every building along the street would be filled instantaneously, and every elevator glutted with humanity fleeing for safety to the upper stories of the skyscrapers. Those who preserved their mental equilibrium sufficiently to gaze calmly forth upon the procession of strange beasts as they passed in front of the buildings would be struck with several things. Perhaps they might think of Noah's problem with added respect.

The heads of most of the animals, undoubtedly, would seem comparatively small. This would be especially noticeable in the case of the herd eating diplodocus, or long limbed dinosaur. Almost as long and as high as a Pullman sleeping car, its head was only two feet long—shorter than the head of a horse. With a neck more than twenty feet long and a tail between thirty and forty feet in length, it suggested a huge serpent in its middle on four legs. On these, in appearance resembling those of an elephant, but much larger, the huge animal stalked along, each foot a yard in diameter, as it was set squarely upon the ground. Weighing four or five times more than the largest elephants, or from twenty to twenty-five tons, it doubtless would leave footprints in the asphalt and Belgian block pavements of Broadway as it heaved its way along. If one of these animals in the procession, in passing City Hall Square, should chance to spy the tender green leaves in the top of one of the trees, and fancy that they would tickle his palate, he would probably do something that would astonish and alarm the spectators in the upper stories of the buildings on the other side of the street. Shifting the bulk of his weight to the thick of his tail, he would slowly raise his huge body into a vertical position, kangaroo fashion, and calmly nibble of the tasty morsel, forty feet above the pavement. In imagination one can see those who had assembled at the windows of the third stories to watch the strange procession again rush in alarm to the elevators and stairways, in order to go up higher. It is supposed that a quarter of a ton of leaves and twigs was required daily to keep the huge mechanism of this creature in working order.

Recovering somewhat from their second alarm after reaching the windows of a story higher, the spectators will discover that there were still larger animals than the diplodocus, but of the same general appearance. There might be the brachiosaurus and the bariosaurus. Just how the former looked no one has yet been able to say, for only one or two of the bones have been found. These, however, are larger than similar bones of any other of the monsters of past ages yet dug up. "What an enormous neck!" the fearless would exclaim as the bariosaurus passed along under the window. "It's larger around than the necks of those animals which passed first."

There would be still other marvels in the procession when appeared a titanosaurus, or an atlantosaurus, another of the herb eating dinosaurs. He would be like a moving mountain.



THE LIVELY BIRD CATCHING DINOSAUR.

This animal, the smallest of the prehistoric dinosaurs, is in the act of catching the earliest known bird, the archæopteryx. From a painting by Charles R. Knight of a restoration made by Professor Henry F. Osborn, curator in the American Museum of Natural History.

sixty feet long and his back rising to the level of the third story windows. With great strides he would lumber past, his huge tail occasionally ploughing a furrow in the pavement. The spectators would hope that he would not fall against a building.

That a big head does not necessarily mean a big supply of brains is illustrated by the next animal which might be wandering along in the irregular procession. This is the triceratops. In some respects it makes one think of a rhinoceros, but it is two and a half times as long, for the longest rhinoceros is only ten feet, and this is twenty-five. With a head six feet long and almost as wide, five feet, it had a brain weighing only two pounds, while its body weighed ten tons. Man has a brain weighing over three pounds. The triceratops had the smallest brain for its size of any vertebrate known. It looked fierce enough, with two long horns pointing straight ahead from points over its eyes.

With curious wonder the eyes would follow the lumbering movements of the passing creatures. One of the spectators might chance to look up the street and suddenly exclaim: "Look at that thing coming down the street on two legs!" All eyes would turn to see the queer appearance of an animal not so large as those which have just passed on, but larger than any animal they had ever seen before, rushing down the street on its hind legs. Its comparatively short forefeet would hang in front of its massive breast, and a long kangaroolike tail would drag along on the stones behind the forelegs and its huge claws. Its head would be larger than that of the huge creatures which had gone before, although it would be hardly higher than a giraffe. There were evidently more brains in that head than in that of the stupid looking dinosaurs. The jaws have a look of power about them. As it dashes past it would show its teeth. They are sharp and wicked looking.

All eyes would watch this creature as it hastened along the street and overtook one of the slower moving diplodoci. Suddenly it might

spring for the throat of the creature. Its powerful jaws would close down upon the columnar neck of the great dinosaur. Then would follow a battle royal. Thunder roars would reverberate along the street. Lampposts and plate glass windows would be smashed into fragments under the blows of the tail of the writhing diplodocus. From right to left it would swing through a circle of eighty feet diameter. Under its lashings entire store fronts would disappear within the buildings. Stocks of the latest styles of garments would be torn to fragments by the flying debris and fall into the rear of the rooms in shapeless heaps. Blood would pour from the mouth in a torrent as strong as a stream from a street hydrant, painting the surface of the street red. The trunklike legs of the diplodocus would begin to tremble. They finally would give way and the great body would slowly sink upon the pavement, a prey to the cresaurus, a carnivorous dinosaur. The flesh eater would win over the eater of vegetation. Immediately the victor would grasp a portion of the dead dinosaur's tail with the gigantic claws of those comparatively diminutive feet, and, putting his teeth into the flesh, would tear off a huge piece. This relatively small dinosaur was perhaps one of the causes of the extinction of the race of the small brained, amphibious, herb eating saurians, the greatest land creatures known.

IN DARKEST SUBWAY.

Livingstone was exploring darkest Africa. "No," he modestly protested, "I shan't get lost. I once picked out my subway station from the surrounding ads!" All doubt allayed, he fearlessly pressed forward.

THE CRUELTY OF FOOTBALL.

"Football is a frightfully cruel sport," said the first fair one. "Yes," replied the girl in the ostrich feathers. "just think how many innocent little pigs must be slaughtered for their horrid balls!"

LEAKE DOLE OF BREAD.

How a Charity Has Persisted for More Than a Century.

An ancient and obscure charity which is estimated to have fed more than half a million inhabitants of this city has again come to the front. It is the "Leake Dole of Bread," and when first established, 112 years ago, it was as much talked about as the subway is to-day. There were only thirty thousand dwellers on Manhattan Island then, and when it was announced that John Leake, the wealthy merchant, had left in his will \$5,000 to Trinity parish to buy bread for the poor from week to week as the interest accrued, his "great philanthropy" was thought by many to have solved the pauper problem. As the city grew, however, and its poor increased, the Leake Dole was heard of less and less. In a city of thirty thousand seventy-two free loaves each week go a long way to alleviate misery, but in a community one hundred times as great their influence is scarcely noticed by the outside world.

A baker died the other day who had for many years given to every one who came to his bakery at midnight a loaf of bread. So many hungry men stood waiting in line each night in front of his establishment, at Broadway and Tenth-st., that the spectacle became one of the sights of the city, and was popularly known as the "bread line." With the death of this philanthropic breadmaker, Louis Fleischmann, a fear fell upon many of his pensioners that his charity might also come to an end. If it did, where were they to go? Some of them had heard of another place where bread was given away regularly, but only in a vague sort of way.

An empty stomach most times causes a brain to think faster than a full one. More and more was heard of this other charity. It was not long before the word went up and down the "bread line" that if "Fleischmann's shut up" there remained the Leake bread, which was given away every Saturday morning at St. John's Chapel, in Varick-st. To be sure, only seventy-two loaves once a week were to be had, whereas at Fleischmann's there were enough every night to supply all who came; yet even a few crumbs were better than nothing. A few members of the line even went down to St. John's Chapel to learn how much bread they might get, but before the whole regiment moved from Broadway to Varick-st. a bit of joyous news came like a countermand. It was announced that the Fleischmann charity would continue as before, and would never be abandoned until the corporation of which Mr. Fleischmann was the head passed out of existence.

So many more poor, however, know of the Leake Dole now than before Mr. Fleischmann died that its waiting list of pensioners is longer than ever. To some families two loaves are given each week, and others that are more needy, or that have more hungry mouths, obtain as many as half a dozen. As St. John's is situated in one of the poorest neighborhoods of the city, those who dispense the bread often discovered cases that are particularly pathetic.

In Beach-st., for instance, there live a husband and wife who for fifteen years have eaten little more than Leake bread. As the result of dropsy and kidney trouble, the man of the house has hardly stirred out of doors all that time.

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THE LEAKE DOLE OF BREAD.

An historic New-York charity, which is carried on in an unostentatious way at St. John's Chapel, in Varick-st. It has been aiding the poor for more than a century now.