

BOY AND GIRL BURNED IN FLAT

TRAGEDY IN GREENWICH STREET TENEMENT HOUSE.

"Sailor Jack," the cop, and Joe Topper, a Bohemian, at risk of their lives, brought children out dead—Parents, Returning From Work, Distracted.

Wrinkled-faced old women with faded cheeks over their heads stood at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the halls of the big ramshackle building at Greenwich and Albany streets, and leaning over the banister rail argued with each other on the question, "Do your old man make the wages my old man makes?"

"I mean the Beyers," explained the girl. "Why, don't people are full of industry. Dere's Bruno, de head of de family, he's working up in de Elizabeth street wheelwright factory, and de mother works in de Woodbridge office building at 100 William. I just saw her go 'way and lock de doors to de der scrubbing now. She looked de two ilds in dere wid de cat."

"Phew!" exclaimed one of the tenants, "I smell smoke."

"No do I," said another. "It's coming under de door of de Beyers. Hey, Maggie, run down to de corner and tell Dutchy, th' landlord."

In less than five minutes to tell it the house was an uproar. Women, carrying dirty-faced babies, ran into the street, shouting, "Fire!" Barefooted boys and girls ran out on the slushy sidewalk and joined in the cries. By the time the twenty families had groped their way through the twisted, greasy halls the flats were filled with smoke.

Joe Topper, a Bohemian living on the third floor, was the only man in the building at the time. He started on a tour of investigation, and going to the second floor climbed on his hands and knees to the door of the Beyer apartments. He tried to break it down, but was driven away by the smoke.

Out in the street a crowd of several hundred persons had gathered. They kept yelling, "Miss Beyer's two children were alone locked in the rooms. Topper, who heard the cries, scrambled back to his own apartments and climbed onto the front fire escape balcony. As he started down the fire escape ladder Policeman Charles Greber of the Church street station came running up the street. As he reached the house flames burst from a window on the second floor. When the crowd saw the policeman they cheered wildly.

"Here comes Sailor Jack!" they shouted. "Hoory! Hoory!"

BOYS AND FEMINOLOGY

When our California fruit growers began years ago to dry native figs they found that it was impossible to get a product equal in quality and commercial value to the Smyrna fig.

It could scarcely be sold at any price. Growers readily admitted the inferiority of the home product and agreed that the Smyrna fig tree should be planted in California in the hope that it would take kindly to the soil and climate.

This was a wise conclusion. Every country that buys figs has a special liking for the Smyrna fruit. The fig and the famous rug and carpets made by thousands of families in the interior villages, are the chief sources of wealth of Smyrna and its environs.

The railroad running southeast between Smyrna and Aidin is bordered by fig orchards, the production of the fruit for market giving employment to a great many natives. The crop, now amounting to 50,000,000 pounds a year, has trebled in quantity in the past twenty-five years.

The Austrians buy the poorest quality for the manufacture of fig coffee. This country and England are the largest consumers, but our purchases have decreased somewhat owing to the high tax imposed by the Dingley tariff.

Twenty years ago a California newspaper imported 14,000 cuttings of the best varieties of Smyrna fig trees and distributed them far and wide through the State. The great hopes depending upon this experiment were blasted, for when the trees came into bearing the fruit invariably shriveled and dropped as soon as it was as large as a marble.

This shows how foolish it is to embark in an enterprise without understanding the conditions essential to success. A vital fact with regard to the raising of Smyrna figs was wholly unknown to the California fruit growers: their first efforts, therefore, met with dismal failure.

This unknown fact was that the varieties of the Smyrna fig are exclusively female. The varieties of the wild fig, or caprifig, alone contain male organs.

It is these ripe seeds that give their peculiar flavor to the Smyrna fig. They were first imported from the island of Smyrna, who interested themselves in the transplanting of the Smyrna fig, should not have learned from time immemorial that there had been the custom among the natives to break off the fruits of the caprifig, bring them to the edible fig trees and fertilize them. It is a somewhat similar condition of affairs that is now being put in operation here, not by law, but by an agreement among the planters.

"The prevailing labor system is all wrong," says the Monroe Star, a white government paper, and therefore not to be accepted by the negroes. It is a somewhat similar condition of affairs that is now being put in operation here, not by law, but by an agreement among the planters.

"On the other hand, on those plantations where the negroes are held in a condition of practical bondage, knowing that in case they want to change their home they cannot remain on a neighboring place, they take the first opportunity to get away from the plantation. The Star mentions several cases showing how this system operates, of a negro renting land on a plantation, growing a crop of cotton and came out well ahead financially in the year's business. He owned a horse and buggy—the great ambition of every freedman—and his house was well furnished.

RUNAWAY NEGROES AGAIN.

A SCARCITY OF LABOR IN PARTS OF LOUISIANA.

Crops seriously affected by it—Results of a kind of servitude or peonage instituted by planters—Negroes fleeing to Arkansas to escape it.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 1.—Throughout Louisiana the crops last year were smaller than they were expected to be in consequence of the insufficiency of labor, particularly of negro labor. A similar condition of affairs is reported from Mississippi.

In Louisiana grinding on the sugar plantations was delayed for lack of enough labor, and the same was true of the rice crop. The negroes, still standing in the fields with a considerable loss in consequence. In north Louisiana the cotton crop suffered for a similar reason.

The labor demoralization in that region is reported to be very great in consequence of an effort on the part of the planters to restore a form of forced labor. This has resulted in many negroes running away to places where they enjoy greater freedom in the matter of employment.

The planters have tried to supply the deficiency by importing negroes from the black belt of Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina. Many thousands of negroes come into north Louisiana annually by way of Vicksburg, but it is complained that they work only one year in Louisiana and the next season emigrate to Arkansas, where they are better treated. They are pouring into Arkansas by way of Louisiana and the result is shown in the census, which reports a much larger percentage of increase among the negroes in Arkansas than among the whites, while the reverse is the case in Louisiana.

The north Louisiana papers in answer to the complaint of the planters point out that the fault is theirs because of their treatment of the negro and that the labor situation will remain permanently bad, if it does not grow worse, unless they change their methods, and allow the negroes to seek work where they can get the best terms instead of trying to keep them on the plantations in a condition of servitude or peonage.

It is perhaps forgotten that the suffrage was granted to the negroes largely because of an act of the Louisiana Legislature in 1866 which, while pretending to put in operation in the State an apprentice system for the freedmen similar to that in force in Jamaica, practically restored slavery in a limited form. It is a somewhat similar condition of affairs that is now being put in operation here, not by law, but by an agreement among the planters.

"The negroes are held in a condition of practical bondage, knowing that in case they want to change their home they cannot remain on a neighboring place, they take the first opportunity to get away from the plantation. The Star mentions several cases showing how this system operates, of a negro renting land on a plantation, growing a crop of cotton and came out well ahead financially in the year's business. He owned a horse and buggy—the great ambition of every freedman—and his house was well furnished.

He wished to move to a neighboring place where he could get a farm on better terms, but was prevented by the owner of the plantation, who would not let him go. This proved irksome, so taking what cash he had in hand he moved over the line into Arkansas, abandoning his farm, house and household effects, but he has prospered. The situation has grown steadily worse for years, the Star says. The north Louisiana planters have been securing their negroes later from the Southern States to the east, through labor agents, but this cannot go on forever, and the planters in Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina are beginning to object to being regarded as labor sources.

Labor is getting scarce in those States, and the planters object to the labor agents taking away their hands to work in Louisiana. The solution the Star proposes is the cutting up of the big plantations into small farms and their sale to white farmers, who are in possession of the land and worked by negroes on shares. The crop raised is divided between the negro, who raises it, and the white land owner, whose land it is raised on.

WHODR. JOHN T. METCALFE WAS

GREATEST PHYSICIAN OF HIS DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.

His Death in Georgia on Thursday Recalls Many Interesting Things in a Life That Was Full of Incident—Noted as a Raceur and a Sportsman.

Dr. John T. Metcalfe, who died on Thursday at Thomasville, Ga., was for many years one of the best known figures in New York city life. He stood at one time as the leading man of his profession in the city, according to various doctors and many more citizens. Dr. Metcalfe's body was brought here yesterday from Thomasville and was taken on by relatives and friends to Cold Spring and deposited in a vault to be interred in the family burying plot there next spring when the funeral will be held. Dr. Metcalfe's only living son, Capt. Henry Metcalfe, U. S. A., retired, was obliged to remain in Thomasville with his wife who is very ill.

Dr. Metcalfe was born in Natchez, Miss., the son of a physician, in 1818. He was graduated from West Point in the class with Gen. Beauregard in 1838, when he became Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery. He was transferred to the Ordnance Department very soon and resigned from the service in 1840 to study medicine, in which he was graduated from Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. He went abroad to complete his medical education and studied at Paris, Vienna, Dublin and Edinburgh.

It is said of him that he brought the Paris teachings in medicine to New York. He was a disciple of Louis, the noted clinician of Paris, although he had not been a student under him. Dr. Metcalfe attained not only a successful diagnostician, and his influence over his patients was remarkable. One of his associates said of him yesterday: "He always kept himself up to or ahead of the times."

Dr. Metcalfe began his practice in New York by visiting his patients on horseback, as the books tell of country doctors doing. This mount was succeeded by the doctor's gig, and after the gig had given way to the coach Dr. Metcalfe's carriage was still a spectacle of the city streets, known to everybody by reason of the rapid gait at which the doctor insisted that it be sent along.

The doctor was a conversationalist of unusual gifts, and was ever in demand as a dinner guest. His bona mots without number passed current. "as Metcalfe says," became a familiar phrase, and it is said that among younger physicians his stories or repartees are still passed around. He was an omnivorous reader, not only within the lines of his professional pursuits, but variously. His recreation was shooting. He was an enthusiastic sportsman, and would sometimes pack off on a shooting trip which might take him as far as the Dakotas.

Dr. Metcalfe was a general practitioner. The police say Miss De Long sold 200 tickets and that the people at the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria last Friday night. This affair was advertised as the "initial entertainment of the Cherokees Club" and was described as a concert by President Roosevelt, Gov. Odell and others.

The concert and cantata didn't materialize. The police say Miss De Long sold 200 tickets and that the people at the Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria last Friday night. This affair was advertised as the "initial entertainment of the Cherokees Club" and was described as a concert by President Roosevelt, Gov. Odell and others.

Dr. Metcalfe recalled the first box of quinine received at Natchez, which cost a fabulous sum. The custom in the South before that had been to feed cinchona bark in such quantities that it often irritated the patient's stomach and opium had to be administered to counteract the effect. He crossed the Atlantic one time in a sailing vessel in the great cholera year, when the nurses were convicts from the island, and he used to tell of the times when the physicians upon going to the hospital in the morning would find several patients dead and the attendants drunk on the stimulants which had been left for the patients.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Statement for the Year ending December 31, 1901

Table with columns for INCOME, DISBURSEMENTS, ASSETS, and LIABILITIES. Includes sub-totals for Received from Premiums, To Policy-holders for Claims by Death, and Insurance and Annuities in force.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES and other officers including names like SAMUEL D. BARCOCK, RICHARD A. MCCURDY, and JOHN T. METCALFE.

TICKETS SOLD: NO CANTATA. Helen M. De Long Arrested Again—Waldorf Bothersed by Buyers.

Helen M. De Long was arrested yesterday afternoon hiding in a closet in her flat at 317 West Fifty-eighth street, and was locked up in the West Forty-seventh street police station on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Gov. Odell has a very pleasant chat yesterday morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with Senator Platt, and later he attended to private business. In the afternoon a number of influential Republican Senators were at the hotel, and last night they discussed affairs at Albany with Senator Platt.

Improvement of French Waterways—Immense Expenditure. The bill that has just passed the French Chamber of Deputies for the improvement of the ports and interior waterways involves enormous expense. It appropriates over \$12,000,000 for widening and deepening various canals; nearly \$60,000,000 for building new canals; and \$32,000,000 for improving the harbors of Dunkirk, Havre, Nantes, Saint Nazaire, Bordeaux and others.

Deaths of Col. Addison A. Hanger. Col. Addison A. Hanger, of Washington, died yesterday morning at the residence of his son, General Hanger, at the age of 70. He was a member of the United States Army and served in the Mexican and Spanish wars.

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GOING SLOW ON LUNACY BILL.

GOV. ODELL SEES SENATOR PLATT—DANGER SNIFLED.

The Governor is Looking This and May Be Resting in Florida When the Amen Corner Dinner is Given to the Senator—Social Functions Are Wearing Thin.

Gov. Odell had a very pleasant chat yesterday morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel with Senator Platt, and later he attended to private business. In the afternoon a number of influential Republican Senators were at the hotel, and last night they discussed affairs at Albany with Senator Platt.

Gov. Odell has always been a robust man. Yesterday he looked thin, but not less hardy than usual. He said that the strain of social obligations associated with his place as Chief Executive of the State was somewhat wearing, and this led to a haphazard discussion later on in Senator Platt's rooms at the hotel.

"I sometimes wish I were as young as the Governor," said Senator Platt, "and as handsome as the Governor, for the reason that I would like to appear at all of the social functions incident to the life of the Governor. Of course, a United States Senator and all men in public life are required to attend these social functions. But, without appearing ungracious, these dinners, and luncheons and picnics are becoming more and more the burden of the man in public life. They are very pleasant, and we all love to attend to them, but still, when you are compelled to attend to your duties as a public servant, and this added strain of social life is put upon you, it is indeed at times tiresome."

"What I would like to see with politics is a very charming time, and the Governor is a fine man. You know he is one of our boys."

"What about the Lunacy bill?" the Senator was asked, "and some of the State Senators who are looking a little cross?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Senator Platt. "I reckon that if it is desired the Lunacy bill should pass. It is a most important one, and there are Republicans who believe that if it is passed and the Democrats should ever capture the Legislature, the law in very bad fashion."

Gov. Odell said that he had not given the appointment of Hamilton C. Goetz as Commissioner of the State Prison much thought. He said he had other matters to consider at the time. It is likely that the Governor would not decide about Goetz much before March 1. It is likely that the Governor would not decide about Goetz much before March 1.

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