

IF YOU HAD A MILLION—?

FIRST COMES J. CLANCY TO TELL WHAT HE WOULD DO.

The Dreams of Marie Eugénie Bartholomae—Miss Dean of the Subway Tells What She Would Do—The Spaniard Says Albert Bell, Who Has Ideas.

NOTE.—Fifty people in as many walks of life were asked what they would do if they had a million dollars. Twenty-eight answered, "I wouldn't do a thing," equivocally, and were otherwise mute; ten said, with slight variations, that they would devote the entire amount to the pleasure of the table, and eight said without hesitation, "I'd drop dead."

"I'd deliver myself up to the Central Office," answered J. Clancy, Express & Teaming—Moving A Specialty, "as he looked for calls on the little pad in front of the sign on Columbus avenue that also said: 'Mike, Coal, Ice, Wood,' painted in Mike's fine Italian hand."

J. Clancy had been asked what he'd do if somebody handed him a million dollars—a million dollars, just like that. At first J. Clancy suspected the reporter, but after he had been assured that the question was purely hypothetical and had been invited next door and had said "Sure!" when the man with the brilliant hair curled up and said the side said, "Same old story, Joe?"

"I'd give him a dollar for his honesty," which is one bone more I ever got paid for mine, tell him to roll his hoop an I'd like to a doctor."

"Examine me, doc," I'd say, "an' tell me how long I'm likely to live."

"I'd be all right years or thirty-one years two months an' eight days—like that industrial insurance man told me yestiddy, though how he does it out gets my goat—if he said thirty years, I'd tell you or mother smart feller to divide the million in thirty parts. See? That'd put me wise to what I could buy for a year."

"An' say, I'd have the doc 'How much fr' th' exam,' doc?" I'd say.

"Oh, a dollar," he'd say, like he was thinkin' the regular price was twenty, on'y he wouldn't care to carry it on the books, an' I'd toss him a century note an' say, "Get change," an' he'd say, "I'll send out fr' it, sir," an' while I'd be waitin' fr' it he'd say, "I'd give him a dollar for his honesty."

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MAGICIANS SWAP TRICKS.

A THIRD AVENUE SCHOOL OF THE BLACK ART.

Black Hair and Magic—The Newest Wizard's Waitecoat—The Magic Harp—Hobson and the Spirit Bells—The Indifferent Yankee—Beer and Sandwiches.

In a dingy back room behind a dingy Third Avenue shop a New York magician's exchange, its clearing house of professional magic, here every Monday night gather keen eyed, oily haired men and women intent on keeping abreast of their profession, eager for new ideas and ready to offer their own experience in exchange.

"Entre, entre," purred the wondrously clothed and bearded person who opened the door. Her breadth of figure and of face spoke the German, but her manner was straight from Paris. "I will give you so grande view. I will give you so grande place. It is so great things we are to see to-night."

Every one who came received the same welcome. Every one got the place from which "so grande view" was obtainable. Most of the arrivals she called by name, with many of them she exchanged a bantering salutation in French into which an occasional German word dropped.

Slowly the long, narrow room filled. The bench in front of the magic harp and the chairs were soon crowded, and the chairs were pushed up close around the huge stove, whose length after length of rusty pipe stretched the entire length of the place. Why the stove must always be the greatest possible distance from the pipe hole is a problem that not even a magician can solve.

As the men gathered a resemblance between them all was observed. Each might have been the twin of any of the others.

It was all in the hair and beard. The hair of each was cut after the same pattern, was dyed and oiled to the same degree of glassy blackness. Donor and recipient of the dusty lithographs that covered another wall was the highly colored original of this style of tonsorial art.

A particularly hearty burst of "Entre" and "Komm" herein from the door announced the arrival of an important person. He was the master of ceremonies.

The great door opened and the assured springiness of his step as he made his way to the stage announced the fact, while a single glance at his waistcoat gave ample proof that this was indeed an artist.

It was a wonderful waistcoat and that the wearer knew it, evidenced by the confident way in which he thrust back his spreading coat and inserted his thumbs in the armholes of the beautiful garment. It was of white broadcloth, cut very high and long, with a wide black facing, not too wide, though, to occupy space that might be used for the confetti shower of embossed and embroidered pearls, signet rings and diamonds that he wore occasionally in luxurious state and number over the entire broad expanse.

It was evidently the first appearance of the wonderful creation, for as it burst into full view a little murmur of awe and envy went over the room, a murmur to which the owner of the waistcoat was not unmindful, though an added lift of the head showed him not altogether indifferent.

As he stood under the portrait of the Great Master he seemed almost his reincarnation. The stygian black hair was the same, the impressive mustache and imperial, the same. Only different was an unfortunate tendency to embonpoint, for which even the greater breadth of waistcoat did not permit of compensation.

The sensation of the waistcoat having spent itself, though it was renewed in the eyes of every late comer, the business of the evening was put under way. "Ladies and gentlemen, your attention for one moment," when the performers took their places. There was no elaborate adjustment of cuffs and sleeves. The entire machinery of the magician's art as seen from the front of the stage was a plain, businesslike exposition.

It has been requested, said the man behind the scenes, that you be seated. There are some things about it that some of you do not understand.

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MAN'S TINY, DEADLY FOES

THE WORLD OF THE DISEASE PRODUCING GERMS.

How the Infinitely Small Plants and Animals That Afflict Mankind Are Studied—The Weapons Against Them—Problems About Them Yet to Be Solved.

It is now generally known to every one that most of the diseases which afflict suffering mankind are due to the growth of minute organisms in the blood and tissues. This was guessed a long while before there were microscopes powerful enough to reveal the organisms.

At that time a man who was ill was said to be afflicted by humors. Later on it became the general theory that many diseases were caused by ferments, and such maladies were called zymotic. Today it is known that these ferments are actually exceedingly small bodies of vegetable or animal substance.

It may surprise many persons to learn that the bacillus of tuberculosis and the germ of diphtheria are not minute worms or insects, but microscopic vegetables. They are, indeed, very near the border line between the kingdom of animals and the kingdom of plants, but in all their essential characteristics they resemble a rosebush or a tree.

The bacteria are divided into two parts, each of which afterward becomes a full fledged germ.

A bacterium often reaches maturity and begins to divide twenty minutes after it is born. As a result all germs multiply with amazing rapidity and the descendants of one individual twenty-four hours may number 17,000,000. Some germs, of course, increase much more slowly.

One of these fortunately is called, not by a parasitic protozoan, as these small animals are termed. Yet again a number of authorities say that smallpox may be caused by an animal rather than by a plant.

All the same, investigation shows that the majority of the organisms which cause the diseases of mankind are plants. The tubercle bacillus, which causes consumption, is undoubtedly a crude and low form of fungus. The bacilli of diphtheria, cholera, typhoid fever, botulism, tetanus, scarlet fever, pneumonia, appendicitis, peritonitis, blood poisoning, pimples, scarlet fever, measles, chickenpox, dysentery, typhoid fever and influenza are undoubtedly plants.

Like the higher orders of vegetables bacteria are divided into all sorts of genera and species. There are many varieties of bacteria, for example, as there are of potatoes, and the differences between the various kinds are strikingly different from the usual lights of buildings or of streets.

It would also, both in quality and in form, be entirely distinct from the colored lights whose use upon the railway it may, in the end, seem very general. A continuous line of light, more or less visible at a far greater distance than is the case with the usual lights, would be white, and of course should not change in tint in order to convey their meaning. The light of the signal would be of a different color from the usual lights of buildings or of streets.

As in our cities lights are arranged in lines and in groups, so the bacteria are arranged in lines and in groups. A signal could become a fiery arm, pointing outward or down or, if need be, midway between these directions, and so on. The light of the signal would be of a different color from the usual lights of buildings or of streets.

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SMELTS FOR THE HUDSON

800,000 LITTLE FISHES SET FREE IN THE RIVER.

They Were Hatched at the Aquarium—A Big Milk Can Capable of Holding 400,000 of Them—The Last Net Haul for Albany—The Process of Hatching.

"Milk from the sea cow?" Thus a waggish passenger to men from the Aquarium who had seen a north-bound subway train at the Battery Park station carrying a big can that did look something like a milk can of extra large size, but which was marked "New York Aquarium."

It was really a transportation can, one of several sorts and sizes used for carrying living fishes, and what this particular can contained at the moment was not milk from the sea cow, but 400,000 young smelts which had been hatched out in the Aquarium's fish hatchery and which were now on their way to be put into the waters of the North River.

The