

# BRONX CHILDREN TO HAVE MANY NEW PLAYGROUNDS IN PUBLIC PARKS

### Department of Parks Has Provided Baseball Diamonds, Tennis Courts, Bathing Facilities and Has Made Other Important Improvements in the Forty-eight Parks of the Borough

Bronx leads by far all the other boroughs of Greater New York. In this borough the park area extends over 3,700 acres. This is several hun-



Summer camp in one of the large Bronx parks.

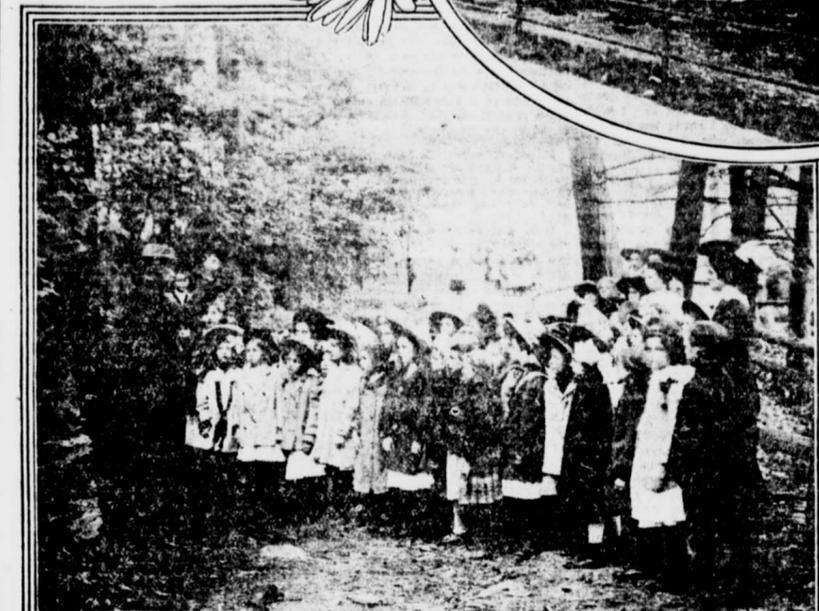
**M**AKE the parks public playgrounds. This is the chief aim and purpose of Park Commissioner Thomas W. Whittle, whose report to the Mayor sets forth the many improvements already effected which greatly extend the activities and materially increase the efficiency of the Department of Parks in The Bronx.

This year, for the first time in the history of the Park Department, playgrounds were established in areas set aside for the exclusive use of children. These areas were equipped with playground apparatus, fences, and in some cases privet was planted around the fences to screen them from the rest of the park. The daily attendance at these playgrounds indicates the popularity of this feature of recreation in public parks, and additional playgrounds will be laid out and equipped next year.

Not only did these playgrounds prove to be a source of enjoyment and benefit to the children using them, reports Commissioner Whittle, "but they were a positive benefit to the Department of Parks in that many children who might otherwise have been playing upon the lawns in restricted portions of the parks, thereby destroying to a greater or less extent park property, were drawn to these playgrounds where they were able to give full vent to their excess of feelings and enjoy to the fullest degree those kinds of exercise which were conducive to their well being both morally and physically.

The department has been particularly anxious this year to encourage recreation, and has provided more baseball diamonds, tennis courts, bathing facilities, golf courses, playground areas and all kinds of athletic activities, in order to fully satisfy the wants of the people in The Bronx.

There are forty-eight parks, large and small, named and unnamed, in The Bronx. In several of these important improvements have been made in the



Public school children intersted in lecture on moss and ferns in New York Botanical Gardens in The Bronx.

last four months and other work has been planned which can be done with funds now available.

An interesting comparison of park acreage cited in the report of Commissioner Whittle shows that The

department has provided more than the combined park acreage of Manhattan and Richmond, Brooklyn and Queens. The Bronx

Park Department has asked the Board of Estimate for \$453,000 to maintain the parks in the high state of efficiency and to extend their recreational advantages



Poe's cottage, located in Poe Park, Fordham.

as far as this budgetary request will permit.

The two largest parks in The Bronx are Pelham Bay Park, with 1,755 acres, and Van Cortlandt Park, which covers 1,132 acres.

Pelham Bay Park has 306 acres of improved area, of which 100 acres are used as a golf course and thirty-seven acres as an athletic field. Although located in the northeastern portion of Greater New York in a sparsely settled district, as compared with the density of population of other parts of New York city, a portion of this park is easily reached by railroad and is visited by many thousands of people in search of recreation, most of whom are from points outside of The Bronx. The park embraces the Eastchester and Pelham bays, where the shore line at high water mark measures more than fourteen miles. The boating and fishing on the bays and adjacent waters and the bathing beaches and athletic field and golf course are exceedingly popular.

Two additional bathing pavilions have been added to the bathing station at the athletic field, each containing sixteen dressing booths and 134 lockers. These increased accommodations were rendered necessary by the vast increase in the number of people who used these bathing beaches last year, when the facilities were found inadequate. There are two bathing beaches in Pelham Bay Park, both of which

are used by thousands of people during the summer. The report of the Park Commissioner states that "the Department of Health shall finally forbid the use of the Harlem River and the North and East rivers for public bathing, because of the fact that sewage is emptied into these rivers, thousands of people will thereby be forced to go to these beaches in Pelham Bay Park, which will necessitate the enlargement of the beaches there as well as the construction of additional pavilions and other facilities."

Tens of thousands of people come to Van Cortlandt Park for recreation and sport in the course of the year, of whom at least 90 per cent. are from places outside The Bronx. Various natural features and improvements unite to make this park immensely popular with the public. It contains a beautiful lake of thirteen and one-half acres, which is used for canoeing in the summer and skating in the winter. There are sometimes as many as 8,000 skaters on this lake at one time. There are a large parade ground, 22 baseball fields and 10 tennis courts.

Until recently there has been but one eighteen hole golf course at Van Cortlandt Park. It covers an area of seventy-seven acres of upland. Another course, already completed, occupies about sixty acres. This new course has been named the "Moshulu Course." The opening of this course has greatly relieved the congestion of the old course and has been the means of bringing many new golfers to the three courses now in the Bronx parks. The department has issued over 5,400 golf permits this year, which is greatly in excess of the permits issued in any previous year.

Old Fort No. 4 Park has recently been laid out on historic ground by the Department of Parks. In 1913, at the solicitation of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution of the city of New York, the Department of Parks acquired from the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity a small parcel of land containing approximately one-half acre, which was the site of the Revolutionary Fort No. 4, the remains of which were found by members of the Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. The Department of Parks has since acquired an adjoining parcel and has already cleared up and put into presentable shape the two parcels of land which will be known as Old Fort No. 4 Park.

Bronx Park contains 719 acres, of which 208 are cared for by the Department of Parks; 250 acres are used by the Botanical Society and 261 by the Zoological Society. Like Central Park, Manhattan, it is immensely popular with every one. Travelers and students coming to New York city visit this park as one of the great show places of the city; and the people living in that part of The Bronx immediately surrounding it use it as a general recreation and pleasure ground. The walks and approaches to this park have been completed this season and a new eight foot walk leading through one of the most beautiful sections skirting the Bronx River on the site opposite the greenhouses and the Alpine Garden has been constructed.

Crotona Park, which is the fourth in size in The Bronx, contains 154 acres. Being located in a very populous district and near several large schools it is a convenient recreation ground for the people of The Bronx. It has new a lake for boating, a large athletic field and several baseball fields and tennis courts.

The Department of Parks has established this season the custom of making a small charge for golf permits. Each holder of a permit if a resident of Greater New York pays a yearly fee of \$1. In the case of non-residents a daily fee of 50 cents is paid. Up to this time the department has received upward of \$3,000 in these fees, and in less than a month after the opening of the golf season about 3,500 permits were issued.

Commissioner Whittle has arranged for taking the census of the street trees. This will show the names of the street, containing trees, the kinds of trees, present condition of the trees, the street numbers of premises in front of which trees are located, the mileage of streets containing trees and the total number of trees in the streets in The Bronx.

For the purpose of taking this census the borough has been divided into sections. The cost of this census will be trifling, according to the Park Commissioner, as compared with the benefit to be derived. It will enable the department to more intelligently plan the work of caring for the trees in the streets of this borough, and at the same time furnish a ready record of information.

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# CARMAN TRIAL SENDS A MESSAGE TO JEALOUS WIVES. SAYS WOMAN WRITER

**W**hat shall show you that the motive for the firing of the shot was the jealousy and suspicion toward her husband of Mrs. Carman?

The words rang out clear and cold from the lips of the representative of the law in the court room at Minola, N. Y.

The shot was a shot that should ring around the world. It should ring its warning in the ears and hearts of thousands of wives who commit the supreme folly of being jealous. It should prove to them how fine is the line that separates folly from crime. It should show how suspicion may in the twinkling of an eye change to shame and shame to the sorrow that grows no sunset.

Not by any look nor sign nor so much as a shadow of interest did Mrs. Florence T. Carman, the wife accused of firing the fatal shot, give sign she had heard the charge. If in a moment of madness induced by the belief that the thing she treasured most in all the world was slipping from her, if in this moment she took a life there was no shade of remorse in the calm of her face.

No hint that the finger of suspicion she once pointed in secret at the woman who came to consult her doctor-husband had veered about and now pointed publicly at her brought a drop to her eyes. There was no tremor on her lips at the mention of murder.

Mrs. Louise Bailey was shot down in the office of Dr. Edwin T. Carman in Freeport, L. I. The hand that leveled the pistol first shattered the glass in the window at one side of the office, and through this hole took aim.

That is all. The tragedy itself is brief. There are no elaborate stage settings, no stories of simple tragedy of the home, this. And because it is so brief, so lacking in the usual elements that go to make the audience gape, the world wags its head and admits itself baffled.

"Going over to the trial?" inquired a reporter who was going to glean news for his paper.

"Yes," I admitted.

medicine had budded, flowered and been brought to fruition in the picturesque little town on the Great South Bay. Much of the success of the young doctor was due to the popularity and clever management of his wife. She was an ideal mother to Elizabeth, her baby daughter, and a devoted wife. The thing seemed impossible, incredible. And yet—

Behind cupped hands there began whisperings that all had not been as serene as a summer day in the Carman household. Mrs. Carman was jealous of her carefree, fun loving husband. At times the mask which showed her to the world as a woman of perfect poise, a happy wife, was rudely thrust aside. Then it was the calm blue eyes shone green and the serenity of her face wore a flush of jealous rage.

Incidents were cited at the club dances when scenes were rumored to have been the result of what the wife thought were the straying attentions of her husband. Certain callers at the doctor's office in one wing of his attractive home found the wife none too cordial.

All these of course were whisperings, mere rumors. Rumor at its best is likely to be nothing more than a mirage. Then came the news of the dictograph.

The woman all Freeport had believed to be as far above eavesdropping as the north is from the south had deliberately sat in her room upstairs and listened to the secrets held sacred between patient and physician.

Now the dictograph, installed in the husband's office while he was on a pleasure trip with the wife who was jealous of even his professional relations with other women, had turned telltale on the one it was made to serve. Its tattling tongue furnished a motive for the murder. The observing eyes of the law found where it had been rudely wrenched from the wall by the hands of fear. The wife admitted she had used it to silence or affirm her suspicions of her husband.

There followed speedily the arrest of Mrs. Carman, the sensational ride through Long Island roads where the doctor's automobile was almost as familiar an object as the cart of the milkman, and imprisonment in the ivy grown terraced jail at Minola, where an ironic fate has allowed the letters "N. C. J." (Nassau County Jail) to be worked out in flowers to gladden the eyes of the prisoners.

This week Mrs. Florence Carman stood at the bar of justice to be tried for the murder of Mrs. Louise Bailey.

Never has there been a prisoner more unmoved, more cold, more impervious apparently to every emotion. She has been called "The Woman of Steel." At the moment during the ordeal has she belied the title.

mirroring human emotions it is a frozen mask.

Her eyes are blue, not the deep blue of the night sky, but rather the pale metallic blue of madday with glints of gray in their depths. Her lips are thin and tight. Her hair is almost white, waved, and drawn back loosely from a high forehead. Her nose is long, with an inward curve. She is a statue.

One knows at a glance her toilet is always carefully made. Her blue serge suit is stylish without being smart. A white lawn collar, cut sailor shape, gives evidence she has not yet put aside her claim to youth. Her tribute to feminine vanity is a narrow black velvet ribbon banding her throat and tied in a chic bow behind her left ear.

The desire of a woman to charm goes with her to the very brink. A casual visitor in the court room would select almost any woman present as the accused before Florence Carman. She never deigns so much as to give a glance at the twelve men who hold her life in the hollow of their hands. She has a way of staring straight ahead at the witness on the stand without seeming to see. During the most damaging testimony she may turn and give the conventional smile to a friend or relative.

She might be attending a tiresome play instead of a fight for her own life. When the mother of the murdered woman went on the stand over the fate of her daughter and sobbed convulsively at the sight of the dress in which she had last seen her daughter alive, Florence Carman was moved to nothing more than a contemptuous smile as if she had little patience with what she viewed as melodrama. Yet she is a mother herself. Not two feet back of her sat her own little daughter, a tragic figure in this tangle of disgrace and death.

"Did you send flowers, a note of condolence or any message of sympathy to the bereaved family?" asked a reporter at the time of the shooting. "Considering the fact that Mrs. Bailey was shot in your house this seems the least you could do."

"Certainly not," was the reply. "It would be very bad form to do anything of the sort when I am suspected of bringing about the bereavement."

What of the man? What of the inspiration of all this passion of love, of jealousy, or hate? What of the debauched, philandering physician who handed out laudanum with his pills and kept his patients happy by the contagion of his good humor?

As he sat by the side of the woman accused of murder for love of him he looked like anything but the gay Lothario he has been painted. No more than the ordinary amount of good looks have come his way. He is short, stocky, heavy-faced. There is something of the feminine about his mouth with its distorted curves and full red lips. His head is large in proportion to his body. His hands hang to his knees. His eyes, once

flushing the irresistible twinkle, are lack-luster.

Those who saw him at the time of the tragedy find him aged with the snow drifting at his temples, the high color of health and vigor gone from his cheeks. Even the bright neckscarves, outward index of his cold loving life, have given place to subdued shades.

The day of reckoning is at hand. For every flippant word there is a sigh, for every sudden smile there is a tear. The man who looked on life as a sunny meadow wherein to wander and pluck the flowers of pleasure at will has awakened in the gloom of a dense dark forest with weird and fantastic shapes across his path.

Little Elizabeth Carman, Elizabeth of the golden hair and gay scarlet ribbons, sits back of her parents and wonders what it is all about. Her young child heart senses all is not well. At intervals in the trial she moves forward, searches mother eyes, smooths mother cheeks. It was the peremptory command to her to stop, playing the piano on the fatal night that has weighed heavily against her mother in the trial. Piano practice interferes with the work of the dictograph, draws out its voice.

Away back behind the jury box another daughter wonders why there is so much sorrow in the scheme of things. She is pretty Madeline Bailey, whose mother was the victim of the shot through the window.

Madeline is a telephone operator with a musical voice and a world of pathos in her dark eyes. Her draping of sorrow accentuate her youth. Now and again she reaches out and presses the hand of her father, husband of the murdered woman, who looks more like the brother of Madeline than her parent. When she glimpses Florence Carman through the bobbing heads, her face is stained with a warm crimson.

"I do not want any one to suffer," she sobs, "I just want mother."

It is another of the ironies of fate that the life of this woman who has been accused of having the pride of a princess and the heart of a tigress should be in a measure committed into the hands of a colored servant girl and a tramp.

They, of all the world, claim to know who it was sent the bullet crashing into the office on that night in June.

celon might be directed against him.

Florence Carman insists that she went to her room directly after dinner on the night of the shooting. She was suffering with sick headache, and her first intimation of a crime committed was when she heard the report of the pistol.

She declares the dictograph was installed because of the gossip of meddling friends and neighbors who twisted her about the favor her husband found with women. She says she was convinced by the aid of the machine that these innuendoes were false, that her husband was in every way blameless.

As before, this is a simple tragedy of the home. The accused is no spoiled daughter of society. She is the wife of a successful small town physician.

If Florence Carman, the "Woman of Steel," is guilty or if she is innocent, the fires of love and jealousy that raged in the furnace of her heart must have fallen into the dead gray ashes of remorse. Should she return to her home a free woman, free to return the hand-clasp of her neighbors, free to turn the lovelight in her eyes toward her husband, free to take her little daughter on her lap and mother her as she should

be mothered, a spectre must always be lurking at her elbow. It is not given that we should walk through the depths without being stung. The pity of it is that the innocent must walk with us.

This tragedy might have happened in any home where jealousy and suspicion are allowed to undermine the firm foundation of perfect trust and perfect happiness. They are the suspended swords of love, the requiem of the home. Florence Carman knows this truth as no other woman knows it. By draining to the dregs the cup of shame and sorrow she has learned it not wisely but well.

Frank J. Farrell, the tramp, says he was about to approach the house across the lawn when he heard the shattering glass, saw a woman thrust her hand through the window, heard the report of a pistol. In his own words he "beat it" as fast as he could, fearing suspi-

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This shows the popularity of the game and the justness of the demand on the part of the public and press which has made the construction of a new golf course at Van Cortlandt Park desirable.

Permits were issued to a club of young women to maintain a tent for camping and recreational purposes on Twin Island, and a similar privilege was granted the Boy Scouts of America for the use of ground on Hunter's Island. The department maintained at Orchard Beach in Pelham Bay Park three hundred camp sites for the exclusive use of families, for which a fee of \$10 was charged during the three summer months. This site is called "Ten-City" and is located near the bathing beach, where there is fine surf bathing and where there is a splendid outlook upon Pelham Bay and the Long Island Sound.

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