

LIVE UNDER GROUND

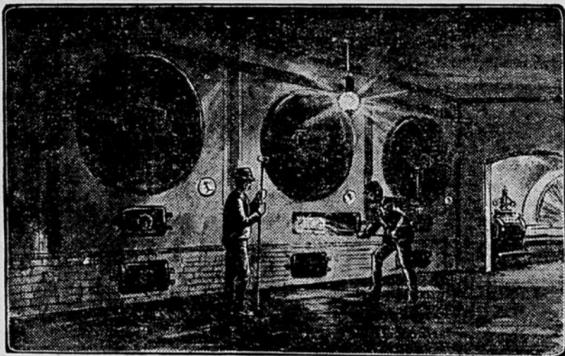
Huge Army of Chicago Workers Who Never See Daylight.

They Build Water Tunnels, Sewers and Conduits and Come to the Sunlit Streets Only on Rare Occasions.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

IT'S a wonderful sight—the life and bustle on the streets of a metropolis. But more wonderful perhaps is the life underground. There are several thousands of men, and even some hundreds of women, toiling day after day, night after night, coming to the sunlit streets only on special occasions—as a villager may take a trip from time to time to the nearest city. Underground Chicago has a population varying according to the season of the year and the number of tunnel projects, municipal sewer plans and railroad enterprises in process of construction. At present this underground population is estimated at 8,000—quite a fair-sized town—and if the wives and children were included we could fill a city of no mean proportions. Chicago with its sandy soil, its low level and other topographical drawbacks can boast by no means of as large underground population as Boston which at one time, when the subway was building and when some other big projects were under way, had working below the surface of the streets almost 30,000 men. In New York, Detroit, Cincinnati and other cities the residents walk above the heads of many thousands more of unseen fellow creatures.

So taking Chicago as a modest type or average of a big city, we find that there's a world beneath a world, rivaling perhaps the famous catacombs of Rome and the underground palaces of Alexandria. Chicago's bureau of public works estimates that some \$60,000,000 is invested in brick and stone, pipe and electric wire under the seemingly solid pavements. There are vast chambers heavily lined with brick and sewer pipes through which a large coach could comfortably be moved.

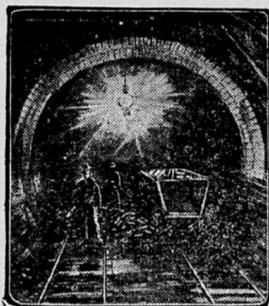


DOWN IN THE BASEMENT OF A CHICAGO SKYSCRAPER.

Chicago's water tunnels are as follows: Ten-foot tunnel, 4.3 miles; eight-foot tunnel, 9.8 miles; seven-foot tunnel, 11.8 miles; six-foot tunnel, 8.4 miles; five-foot tunnel, 3.6 miles. This makes a total of almost 38 miles of gigantic tunneling through which row boats—yes, even small yachts could be taken—that is when the water is at the proper level in the pipes. In fact, a little race between row boats could comfortably be held, immediately under State street, where the shoppers congregate, or under LaSalle street where the price of grain and the values of securities are set.

From the tunnels the smaller pipes lead into the streets and thence into the house where they narrow down to streams, three-quarters of an inch thick to be drunk up by a million and a half of inhabitants.

Still more Titanic is the intercepting sewer system which Chicago is now



WORKING IN A SEWER.

rushing to completion, or rather trying to rush, for there has been trouble with contractors and consequently much delay. The largest of these sewers is on the South side—at Thirty-ninth street, and will have, when completed, an inside diameter of 20 feet and will be four and a half miles long.

There are nearly 2,000 miles of water-pipe, 1,500 miles of sewer pipe, 1,000 miles of telephone conduit and duct, 1,800 miles of gas mains, and 70,000 miles of underground telephone wire. Besides there are the cable ducts, the street railway tunnels and the underground trolley lines. This net of avenues strung out would encircle the earth three times and for a man to walk and crawl through it once would be a task of years.

Now, of course, for all this great mysterious world below there are men—men who build, men who superintend and plan, and men who keep up the repairs. To the busy hubbub of the street where frantic money making is in progress, the sounds of that nether world never penetrate. Men are talk-

ing down there, crying out orders, and big machines are puffing. Sometimes laborers are killed by a blast or a suddenly discovered quicksand swallows a few. Sometimes even murder has been committed in the dark recesses directly below our feet; but we, standing 30 feet above, never heard, never suspected that human beings were suffering down there.

The laborers generally live in the vicinity of the points at which they enter their underground workshops. At seven o'clock or earlier they begin the descent. Then they ride on trams, sometimes for miles, before they reach the point at which the day's actual labor is begun. Great loads of building material are transported underground, heavy machines are put to service and the building of the tunnel proceeds at a rapid rate. By the light of lamps or electricity the men eat their lunches, and at the close of the day, long after the sunlight is gone, they return to see a darkened city.

In such construction work as that of the water tunnel to the two-mile crib men were sent below the surface and remained there for days, in some cases for weeks. More excluded from the world at large than coal miners, they saw only occasionally an inspector or a party of engineers visiting their dark, damp prison.

And after such a tunnel is completed constant repairs are required. Men must crawl back to these recesses with their brick and mortar and their ladders, hundreds being thus employed. Like those who build the subterranean passages they rarely see the sunlight more than a few minutes after breakfast.

Superstitions range among these mole-like workers somewhat as they do among the miners. For terrible tragedies have happened in the dark chambers, and the ghosts of the victims, the tunnel workers tell us, are wandering about under our feet. They never come to the surface, for they were not accustomed to the daylight. But down below the white shadows fit along—nearly every tunnel worker has seen them, right under the heart of the city, and has feared them more than the blasts and the quicksands themselves.

BAKER'S AWAKENING

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Judge Baker, recently appointed judge of the United States circuit court of a western district, was on his way to Chicago to attend a banquet given in his honor by the Legal Light club, and his whole appearance radiated satisfaction with himself and all the world. He had attained the height of his political ambition, and was recently married to the woman of his choice, and enjoying life in the beautiful home he had planned and built. His health and temper were uniformly good, and what more of fortune's favors could he reasonably expect? The judge was both contented and grateful.

Yet that very morning he had received an anonymous letter threatening his life. He knew it was from the "pal" of a criminal he had sent to the penitentiary, and it did not cause him a moment's anxiety, and he had left his wife in tears. She had bought him a silver-mounted revolver and begged him to go armed. And he had laughed at her fears and refused to carry the weapon.

"You would make me a lawbreaker, Myrtle," he had said, "by causing me to carry concealed weapons. I am used to threats and am not afraid of them. Those fellows know that they are guilty and deserve all they get, and they know, too, that I am too old a bird to be caught napping, and not one of them dares to look me in the eye. They can only bluster and threaten at a safe distance by mail. Besides, if I am to be marked for sacrifice I will fall in the track of duty."

So Judge Baker carried with him on his trip neither weapons nor worries. He threw off every care and was as genial at heart as he was in appearance. As he was speeding along on the Omaha express he gave himself up to the prospect of freedom and enjoyment of the next few days. So absorbed was he in his own pleasing thoughts that the man who was sharing his seat between sections had asked him for the correct time twice before he knew that he was addressed. Then the judge pulled out the massive gold watch, which was a present from admiring political friends, and had the miniature of a beautiful woman—his wife—painted on the inside of the cover.

"Ten minutes slow, am I? That accounts for my being late at the station. Are you sure?" he compared his watch with the other man's—"do we lose time going east or gain it?"

"That depends on how far west you live or have traveled. Omaha? There is no difference in the time between Omaha and Chicago. My watch is eccentric, and I cannot depend on it, but I can guess within three minutes either way of the right time."

"An English timepiece?" said the judge, looking at the watch curiously. "Where have I seen that watch before? It resembles one that belonged to my grandfather. The old gentleman left it to me. Permit me?"

The judge held out his hand intending to take the watch for inspection, but his request was evidently not heard, as the owner of the timepiece returned it to his pocket in a peremptory fashion.

"I wonder if he takes me for a 'con' man?" thought the judge humorously; then, as his seat mate was not talkative, he leaned his head against the cushions and cogitated on the speech he would make in answer to the toast to which he would be asked to respond. He had reached the point where he would fervently address the brilliant assembly as, "My honored colleagues of the bar," when he felt a touch on his arm, and was suddenly addressed by his companion.

"Observe those two men across the aisle! Shameful! shameful! That boy in a cadet's uniform is being confided by that man who has his back toward us. I have been watching the fellow and am satisfied he has played some kind of a skin game on the boy. Hear that?"

The cadet was hearing in a youthful, passionate voice for the return of some object which the man talking to him held in his hand and which was effectually concealed from observation by his position.

"Give it back, I tell you!" whimpered the cadet; "I don't mind losing the money, but give back my mother's watch; you card sharp, you thief!"

"Where is the conductor? Will no one save that poor boy's watch?" demanded the man with the judge, who had no wish to get into any judicial scrimmage, and was annoyed to find himself in a too familiar criminal element out of business hours.

Another cry from the boy determined the judge's frowny passenger to take part in the affair. The express was slowing up for a station, and the man who had the cadet's watch in his hand, the chain dangling from his fingers, made a rush for the door, pursued by the cadet bawling: "Stop thief!" and close in pursuit, flourishing a revolver, followed the interested passenger, who had drawn the judge's attention to the outrage.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" he shouted as he ran; "stop or I'll fill you with lead! You shall not rob that boy of his mother's watch. Give it back or I'll fire, d—n you!"

Through the pandemonium which followed the judge never moved from his seat. Indeed, the whole transaction was over in a flash light, and the passengers who had ducked their heads had not lifted them when the train was moving away from the station. No report of a revolver had sounded, and the indignant passenger had not returned when the conductor walked through the car. He was besieged by questions.

"Did the boy get his watch?"

"Is there any danger of being murdered?"

"Why do you allow such a thing to happen?"

"Did the man with the revolver shoot?"

"What do you mean?" asked the judge, sitting upright and beginning to look interested.

"You don't suspect that he was one of the gang?"

"That's just what, Judge Baker," answered the conductor, who was a fellow townsman of the judge. "I would have given you the wink, but I was sure you knew the fellow that was sitting with you. Why, judge, you gave him ten years for robbery and he stole a watch from your own pocket. Remember that? He'd be doing time yet, but he got free through some political hocuspocus. He knew you all right. And that cadet was a stool-pigeon."

"Why didn't you put them off the train?" asked the judge, severely.

"Couldn't till we stopped at a station. I was looking for a policeman in the depot when they bolted. Guess they didn't get any swag that time—but wasn't the trick carried out cleverly? The nerve of thatascal to sit down 'longside of you!"

Judge Baker laughed. Then he mechanically put his hand into his pocket. His presentation watch was gone. So was the big roll of bills that was intended for his Chicago expense money. For once the judge had been caught napping.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A DEMOCRATIC MISTAKE.

So-Called Leaders of the Party Do Not Read the Right Dope on the Philippine Question.

The Nashville American, one of the prominent democratic newspapers of the country, has no delusions as to the Philippine question. Alluding to the situation as developed at Washington, where certain democratic senators and representatives have assumed an attitude of hostility to the administration's policy in the islands, the American remarks: "If the question of surrendering the Philippines is not made the leading or a leading issue in the next national campaign, it will not be the fault of some of the senators of the democratic minority. It seems to be the misfortune of the democratic party that it has fallen into a condition in which it is possible for those to assume to be leaders, and to be so recognized, who, in better and braver days of the party would have been among the last to be selected as material for leadership." And then it adds:

"If such leadership, if it is leadership, is to continue and is to be followed, the party will be finally forced to put up its shutters and go out of business, or else continue as the sad remnant and enfeebled ghost of a once great and powerful party. The mistakes and blunders of the last two campaigns seem to have taught nothing to some of those who aspire to be leaders or who assume to speak for the party. Is it because they are incapable of learning? Or is it because they prefer personally to pursue a cheap and easy course which requires neither ability nor courage and which has brought them into some notoriety, as the wave of populism brought obscure men temporarily to the front? These seem to be able to view with some degree of complacency continued national defeat so long as they are permitted to parade as leaders in the mind of a few. It is related that sometimes in a heavy fog a phantom ship, supposed to be the Winfield Scott, is sighted off the northern shore of Anacapa and that the tragedy of 50 years ago is reenacted with all the gruesome details of a wreck at sea.

Approximately a September evening a few years back, a party of young people who were spending a week at Anacapa under the careful eye of a chaperone, were sitting about a big bonfire exchanging reminiscences and spinning yarns galore. Juan Ramirez, a Spanish sailor, who was acting as Major Domo for the party, had just finished a vivid word painting of the phantom ship, which he claimed to have seen upon more than one occasion. Considerable skepticism was manifested by his hearers, and one young man irreverently suggested that in Juan's case the apparition was probably due to a disordered mental condition, induced by an overdraught of aqua diente.

"My bien," said Juan, with a shrug of his shoulders and a deprecating outward fling of his hands. "My bien. It shall be upon such a night as this that the ghost ship will appear. At midnight I will take the boat and row to the spot. Those who doubt will go with me and we shall see—quien sabe?" The challenge was promptly accepted by two of the young men and one young woman with a heart for any fate.

And so it came to pass that at the noon of the night a small rowboat with the swarthy figure of the redoubtable Juan at the oars, and his three fellow-adventurers variously disposed about him, left the little pier and felt its way cautiously around the island to the scene of the wreck.

The night was indeed propitious for the purpose. A dense fog shut out the sky, enveloping the land and shrouding the sea in an impenetrable gray mystery. Save for the dip of the oars and the soft lap, lap of the waves against the cliff, the silence was unbroken.

The conditions could not have been more favorable for ghost seeing. The young woman with a heart for any fate shuddered visibly, and the young man who had "pooh-hoed" the loudest, started at the flight of a lone sea bird upon the shore. Noiselessly the little boat glided through the gray mystery of the fog. Suddenly Juan ceased rowing with a low "hiss!"

In a moment every sense was strained, and every nerve was tense with interest. Then, distinctly, close at hand, there sounded the "kerchunk, kerchunk" of the paddles of a side-wheeled vessel.

With his oars at rest, Juan sat silent and statuesque and the other occupants of the boat were rigid with attention.

"Kerchunk, kerchunk, kerchunk!" All at once the outlines of a great ship, headed due south, loomed up through the fog. Black clouds of smoke poured from her funnels, and the light at her prow was plainly discernible.

The apparition quickly faded and was followed by a rasping grating sound and the noise of a mighty shock.

Then there were cries of alarm, the voices of officers shouting orders to the crew, the clang of bells, and the shuffle of hurrying feet upon the deck. The commotion increased, more cries rent the air and the splash, splash of bodies leaping into the sea was heard.

Then all was still again.

"Madre de Dios!" cried Juan, and he dropped his oars into the water, and pulled back toward the island with a long, stately stroke.

It may have been an optical illusion, "the baseless fabric of a dream" or the chimera of excited imaginations—probably was nothing more. But there are a few persons in southern California who do not cavil at the story of the phantom ship of Anacapa.—Los Angeles Herald.

Not Quite What She Meant.

The pitfalls which the English language offers to the foreigner are many. A Frenchwoman who has undertaken housekeeping in New York thought she had a good working knowledge of the language, but she soon discovered her mistake. One day this summer she called a carpenter and planned with him to have some work done about the house in the way of putting up shelves, casing some doors, and improving the place in other small ways. She went over the ground with him as carefully as possible to get from him an estimate of what the work would cost. After it was done the bill submitted was considerably in excess of the sum first named. The woman endeavored to remonstrate, but succeeded only in putting her French thought into the following English: "But you are more dear to me than when we were first engaged."—Short Stories.

Modern Enterprise.

"How is this?" inquired the Visiting Potentate. "You have an extra edition on the streets announcing my departure, when I have just arrived."

"Oh," was the satisfied response of the editor of the Daily Yeller, "we issued an extra day before yesterday announcing your arrival."—Baltimore American.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

BY MAY GUTHRIE TONZIER.

Twenty-two miles due south of the seaport town of Ventura lies the island of Anacapa. The island is five miles long by one-half mile in width and is separated from the mainland by the shimmering waters of Santa Barbara channel.

The northern coast rises sheer out of the ocean 300 feet in height. A peculiarity of the island here is the absence of surf along the shore. There is no roar of breakers to warn seafaring folk of the treacherous reefs which underlie the placid waters near at hand. Only the gentle wash of the waves at the foot of the crags is heard. It was at this point that there occurred now nearly half a century ago, one of those maritime tragedies which have so frequently shocked the world.

The Winfield Scott, an ocean steamship plying between San Francisco and the isthmus, went aground upon Anacapa reef and sank within 100 yards of the shore.

It was in the month of September and at two o'clock in the morning. The sea was perfectly calm, but in the dense fog which prevailed the captain, who evidently thought he was in the regular course outside the islands, and desiring to get still farther out to sea, turned the prow of his vessel southward and ran bluff into the rocky shore of Anacapa.

The ship was a total loss, and of the 450 passengers aboard it is stated that 49 perished in the waves.

The survivors effected a landing upon the island, where they remained for upwards of a fortnight.

About ten years ago a wrecking party succeeded in recovering from the ill-fated Scott treasure valued at \$20,000.

The location of the sunken ship is an objective point of interest to the sightseers who from time to time visit the island, and many are the eerie tales that cluster around the spot.

Among these is one which has gained credence in the mind of a few.

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THE TILLMAN OUTBREAK.

Abuse of Republican Senators by the Brawling Knight of the Pitchfork.

The more the case of Senator Tillman is considered the less occasion for charitable judgment. He is always abusive, forever making charges and attacking the motives of other men. Even in the speech in which he lately assailed McLaurin he said to all the republican senators: "Politically you are the most infamous cowards and hypocrites that ever happened." That is not fit language for the senate, and the wonder is that the man who speaks it is permitted to utter it about as often as he speaks in the senate. In his so-called apology he repeated in less vehement language the same sentiment. It is an apology and an insult. If he fails to agree with other senators they are "more or less despicable" and will be the objects of his free abuse. In fact, he is in the senate as a protest against the educated and better element of his state. He came into public life by making war upon such men in the senate as Gens. Wade Hampton and Butler. His domination in the affairs of South Carolina meant the overthrow of the better element. His is a case of the survival of the unfittest. It is a far call from the gallant and courteous Wade Hampton to the bullying and foul-mouthed Tillman. It is sad to feel that the people of South Carolina find a better representative in Tillman than in Wade Hampton.

The senate is the judge of the qualifications of its own members. It has expelled members for treasonable conduct and utterances and for holding seats obtained by bribery. It would be justified in unseating a man who is constantly assailing the motives of those with whom he does not agree, and also on the ground that the senate is no place for a man who exhibits Tillman's characteristics. He should have been expelled, or at least censured, for declaring that he and his friends suppressed the negro voters in South Carolina by shooting them. A man who glories in the murder of American citizens should not be permitted to sit in the national congress. If all the democrats stood by Tillman the two-thirds necessary to expel cannot be obtained. Unable to do that, the republicans should investigate the charges he has made, and in connection therewith, if not sustained, they should declare that the man who makes such charges against senators and charges American soldiers with the practice of cruelties upon Filipinos is not fit to sit in the senate.

Years have passed since the senate has been disgraced by a personal collision between senators. In fact, there is but one case on record, when Senator Foote was the aggressor in an assault upon Senator Benton. Those were the days when differences were settled by the duel. The American people have made progress in refinement and public morals, so that such an outrage as that which occurred in the senate the other day causes much more indignation than a similar offense years ago. The senate should recognize this fact and make the punishment as severe as possible, to the end that blackguardism shall cease in that body.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The democratic ring might as well admit that it has lost the key to harmony in Kansas City. As a last resort a Nesbit law may be clapped on the town.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

David B. Hill has fixed up a platform for the democrats. The fact that he could stand on it himself will make a large percentage of the democrats regard it with suspicion.—Chicago Record-Herald.

There are those who know so little about the matter that they call reciprocity free trade. Did they ever hear any discussion relative to a reciprocity treaty with Great Britain?—Indianapolis Journal.

It is hardly to be expected that intelligent young men will join the democratic party after witnessing such exhibitions as are seen in congress and studying its record for the last ten years.—Albany Journal.

President Roosevelt has evidently given the Schley case a careful study, and, therefore, his finding will be accepted by the country as the judgment of an honest, conscientious man, anxious to do his duty.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).