

CAR THAT SWEEPS STREETS.

Marvelous Combination Vehicle That Cleans the Street as It Rushes Along.

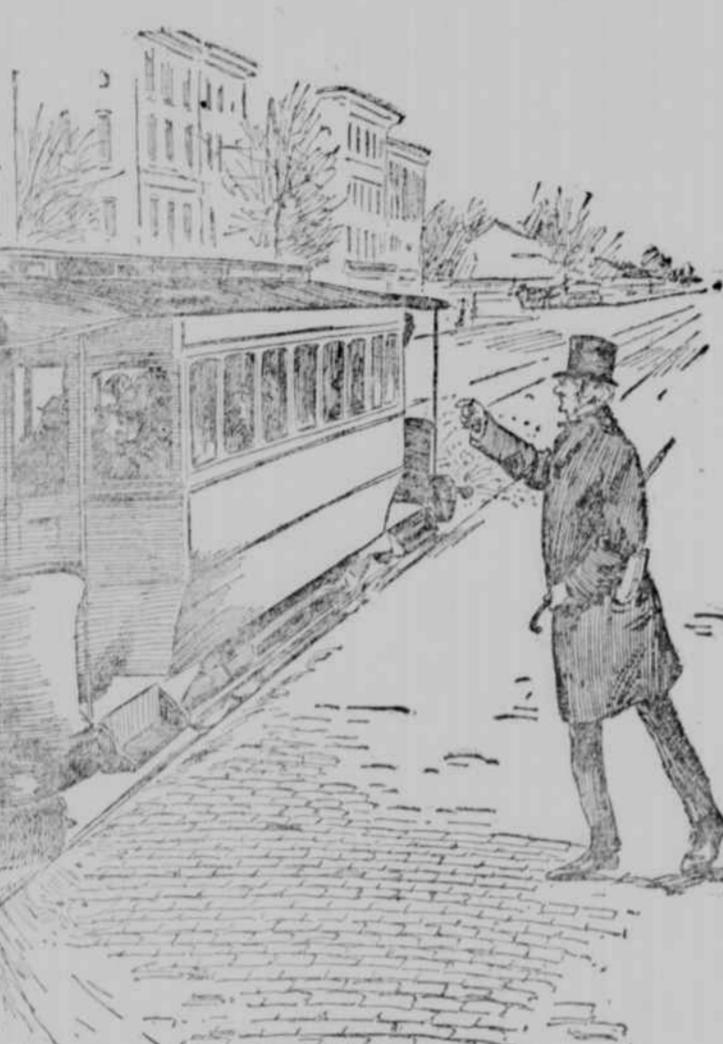
SPRINKLER TO THE REAR PLATFORM.

This Car is Sweeper, Passenger Carrier and Water Cart All in One—The Revolving Brush Makes a Lifesaving Fender.

A new street-car has been patented by Isaac W. Libby, of Boston. This car has certain improvements over the old cars. It gives, for one thing, a better accommodation for the motorman. But there are other points about the car which are so full of suggestion that a Tennessee man seeing it has combined a brush and sprinkler attachments, until now it looks as though the pedestrian and art-depended street-car would become the "chief store of the corner" in the public works of the city.

The new street-car has in front a large revolving brush, which also serves as a cow-catcher or fender. It absolutely prevents the car from running over pedes-

trians who are crossing the streets. This brush is four feet in diameter and so arranged that it sweeps away from the car instead of undersealing it. A door running in front of the car and striking the brush would not damage the car, and again a stopper caused the car to stop so that the car could be stopped. As motor cars are warranted to come to a halt within ten feet after the brakes have been applied no great harm beyond the breaking of a limb could be done by this street tossing in front of the automatic brush.



THE NEW STREET CAR THAT SWEEPS AND SPRINKLES THE STREETS, PROTECTS LIFE AND CARRIES PASSENGERS.

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The brush, ending outward slightly, sweeps the debris to a place outside the car tracks and piles it in neat rows along the sides of the track. So evenly does it work that a long, even ridge of street refuse lies along each side, while the tracks between the rails are clean and clean. The great advantage of this in street cleaning is that the sweepers do not need to touch their brooms at any point between the rails, and consequently, they neither have to look out for the street-cars nor to do much for their work all the time of safety.

In the rear of this ingenious car there is a shower. This is siled with water, and can carry from 50 to 100 gallons. But by a simple device, the sprinkler is arranged so that only the lightest spray escapes. This is just sufficient to settle the dust which the brush in turn has raised. Yet it is not enough to annoy street pedestrians. When the car stops, by an automatic device, the sprinkler comes into play, and continues to pour into the car after no inconvenience.

Theoretically the constant raising of dust in the streets and the constant sprinkling would be an insufferable nuisance, one not to be tolerated in any busy town. Practically there is no such trouble, though. This is hard to believe unless you have seen the details work. Running across a dusty back yard, on small, irregular land, the sprinkler, after a few moments, gathers up the earth and the water, and carries it off in a fine mist. In another instant it would have to sit down for the street-cars nor to do much for their work all the time of safety.

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during the last day of this period, and we were dipping our peak to a lolling swell that seemed to come from nowhere and return to the same place without making a ripple on the blue surface of Ocean. The sailors were all astir, and their shadows fell clear upon the glassy surface, but where the sun fell the water was as clear as crystal. We were well within the tropics then, and several big sharks had been seen playing about the vessel. Suddenly there came a splash, and the cook ran to where I was standing on the poop deck, crying that one of the sailors had drowned. I hastened to the bow of him drowning, telling the cook to throw him a rope, walking to the rail as I did so. The sailor was swimming about the quarter enjoying his bath when I suddenly saw an enormous black fin make its appearance a hundred yards or so from the ship. I yelled for the rope, and as I yelled I saw the fin move toward the sailor, cutting the water like a knife. I knew that unless the man was taken out quickly he would drown. I dashed myself to the cabin railing and set a line. Seizing a piece of rope I hastened to the rail just in time to see the form of an immense shark turn on its side to seize the sailor. As he did so there was an instant's glimpse of a long brown body, and then the water dashed into a sea of foamy foam, the shark seemingly being in trouble. I threw the line and in a moment the sailor was aboard, scared out of his wits, but alive and sound. The thrashing in the water still continuing we proceeded to investigate, and directly we were able to see that the shark had been pinned by a large swordfish, the sword running through the jaws of the shark in such a manner as to prevent the fish from opening them. Whether the shark's antagonists had deliberately attacked the shark we know not, but its swordfish must have been a good one, for the shark would have cut the teeth of any other instant had he been able to do so.

It's the duty of a mother to find out what the little people in the nursery are inclined to be. The nursery is inclined to be a moral pin cushion, and to subdue the inclination by doses of common sense, administered, not only daily, but hourly. Speaking of the nursery, how many women know how to train a boy in the way he should go? The average only boy, educated among a lot of women, is, I am sorry to say, either a molly coddle or a hypocrite. At seven years of age one of these mothers' boys comes to her and says, "Mother, I say self-made because the moral pin cushion is usually a person eaten up with self-consciousness. If she could eliminate the thought of herself from her life will she be happier? If she would devote more time sympathizing with other people and less with her own self, she would be more agreeable but better looking. This type of woman gets wrinkles around her eyes, has her mouth drawn down at the corners, and her forehead with heavy lines across it, the result of deep study as to how each wicked speech could be meant for her."

DUTY OF A MOTHER.—"I'm sorry to say that the little people in the nursery are inclined to be. The nursery is inclined to be a moral pin cushion, and to subdue the inclination by doses of common sense, administered, not only daily, but hourly. Speaking of the nursery, how many women know how to train a boy in the way he should go? The average only boy, educated among a lot of women, is, I am sorry to say, either a molly coddle or a hypocrite. At seven years of age one of these mothers' boys comes to her and says, 'Mother, I say self-made because the moral pin cushion is usually a person eaten up with self-consciousness. If she could eliminate the thought of herself from her life will she be happier? If she would devote more time sympathizing with other people and less with her own self, she would be more agreeable but better looking. This type of woman gets wrinkles around her eyes, has her mouth drawn down at the corners, and her forehead with heavy lines across it, the result of deep study as to how each wicked speech could be meant for her.'

There is wailing and gnashing of teeth among the manufacturers of walking canes because for some unexplained reason the wearing of canes has gone suddenly and completely out of fashion. Men of the smart set are now never seen to carry canes, except on occasional walk-in expeditions.

It seems that to be entirely swell at present in England it is necessary to have that fashionable ailment known as the "new heart complaint." It is described as "really meaning nerve," but invariably renders absolutely imperative a trip to the Riviera. Egypt having lost its vogue this year among the truly smart.

Small automatic appliances can be worked to stop the brush from revolving and to lift it straight from the street if it should not be needed, and the same appliance works with the sprinkling apparatus, which can be shut off quickly by the conductor or motorman.

In time of snows this stiff revolving brush keeps the car tracks free from drifts, making a snow blockade an impossibility; and in snowy weather it is still more valuable as its quick revolutions, by the time of the first drizzle, quickly to allow it to form into sheets of ice. In summer's dust and dirt it supplies the cry for street sprinkling.

Whether the cars will be in use or not is a question but they are certainly very ingenious arrangements, fulfilling in one small street car the purposes of carrying passengers, of street cleaning, street sprinkling, and at the same time providing a life-saving fender.

On Mr. Libby's car is a compact apartment for the motorman. When this compartment is added to the street-cleaning car and the complete model made there will be a street contrivance that is the most highly useful of any yet imagined in these days when inventive genius runs riot.

FRANK HAIGIE

A crazy horse.

The latest object of interest in Evanston was a crazy horse. It was broken the other evening, after having furnished its owner and several veterinary sur-

geons a subject for investigation for four days.

The animal was owned by Lee Gilbert, a contractor. Saturday he first noticed its strange antics. It would stand in its stall and nod its head continually, often for fifteen minutes at a time. Suddenly it changed its antics and amused the neighbors who came to look at it prancing up and down. It kept this up all that day and Monday, when it developed a tendency to bite. It snapped at everybody who approached it, even its owner, and Wednesday Gilbert decided to have the horse killed. The police were notified, and Officer Clifford shot it.

"There is no doubt in my mind but that the horse was insane," said Gilbert. "Veterinary surgeons examined it and all came to that conclusion. We thought it might have been bitten by a rabid dog, but could find no trace of any wounds.—Chicago News."

CLING CALL FOR JACK TAR.

Just as the Shrike Was About to Grab His Swardha on the Star.

"Speaking of wonderful adventures," said the retired sea Captain, "I don't think anything ever was more wonderful than the one I'm going to tell you. It happened many years ago, but that doesn't affect its excellence nor interfere with its truth. I was first mate on the lovely Lou of Bangor, and we had been on our way to South America for about four weeks. The wind had left the ship

MEETING QUEER PEOPLE.

Bab Gives Us an Insight Into the Lives of Odd Beings.

MORAL PINCUSHION CONSIDERED.

If People Would Forget Self, Life Would Mean Much More for Them—Searching After Unhappiness—Training Up a Child in the Way It Should Go.

New York, Feb. 10, 1897.

Do you ever stop to think of the queer things and the queer people in every day life? A little while ago I met the type of woman that I call "the moral pincushion." Everything stuck in her, unlike the hard, commanding pincushion, that one which is only a receptacle for needles. She is poor, moral pincushion was hurt by every point and winced as each pin, or needle was directed, as she thought, at her. The moral pincushion can always be made to suffer by the people who make little suffices in their lives, and the moral pincushion is the ideal woman, the best mother, will strike the right happy medium and make her boys polite and considerate, but self-respecting as well.

WOMEN WHO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

There's no doubt about it that we all go in the way we are trained. Somebody said there was a great deal of politeness wasted, but I don't believe that if the woman to whom you give a seat in the street or on the dock doesn't thank you, it is rather hard to restrain, but you yourself know that you have done what is right and what is polite, and you shouldn't, because of the ignorance of one woman, allow yourself to be inferior by concluding in future to forget your good manners. Women are a little too well used to being considered under the flag of ours. Too many of them have gotten to the point when they think that, simply because they are women, all consideration should be shown them. Of course, there is some truth in this, but because they are women, and this beautiful chivalry is shown to them, they should make every gentleman conscious of their keen appreciation of his recognition of them. You have seen the woman who, by sitting sideways, occupies two seats in the street car; you have, also, seen the woman who pins her wraps about her when she's at the theatre in such a way that she takes up more room than she needs. If you are forced to sit in a trained child, you have seen the woman who keeps, while three people waiting to a bank cashier or a ticket seller, you have been unfortunate enough to sit in front of the woman who puts her feet on the back of your chair and shows the prints of her dirty boots on your coat—not to mention how nervous those moving feet caused you to be. You have seen the woman who sits in the middle of a social gathering from you and never dreams that it was necessary to thank you; you have seen the woman who has, by her ill-temper, made your dinner party a failure, or your supper a funeral festivity; we've all seen these women; and the root of the evil manners they display is selfishness.

WORSHIPPERS OF SELF.

Sometimes these women, seen young enough to have knocked out of them in after life, are still more obnoxious. Some continue to be worshippers of self, until they reach their graves, and then, they are probably surprised to discover that they have not been quite as important as they thought. A sedate woman can make a whole household unhappy. If she wants to take a nap nobody must talk, not because it would awaken her, but because she wants them to wait until she can hear it all. If a seamstress is a trained nurse, she demands the greater part of her time, and the other women of her family can have her when "my work is finished."

She wants the best bit of the chicken,

the warmest room in winter, the coolest in summer, and always to have her feelings, physical and mental, considered.

She is the type of woman who drives man to his Satanic Majesty, and who breeds children that are either exact opposites, or else herself deformed. Nine times out of ten she is the thoroughly selfish woman, who has a son or daughter and I want to school! And you married Charles Brown—well, well, I could tell you something about Mr. Brown, but I won't." Now, there comes worry and misery. The pincushion is convinced that her husband loved some other woman more than he did her, and that he probably spends his days in regretting his choice.

HEMAN PINCUSHIONS.

Any little speech that she can possibly make unto herself and make herself miserable about the ways with an aversion that is so remarkable that one almost wonders if she is not greedy for status. It is true she's kindhearted, and her eyes will fill with tears as you tell her of some tale of woe, while she is the first to help where assistance is really needed. But, from her childhood up she has made herself the receptacle for all the nasty speeches uttered before her, who has allowed her to make them. She has allowed her to make them, until she is convinced that she is the most malreated, as well as the most super-sensitive woman in the world. It never enters her head to protect herself. She never thinks that all these careless speeches may not be meant for her; no, she goes along through life hurt by every pin-prick of thoughtlessness, wounded by every needle-point of sarcasm, and uneasiness.

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